


*Ulrich Middeldorf*

А. В. Мацкий



THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF  
SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS



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THE  
LIFE AND LETTERS  
OF  
SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY HIS SON  
JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS

WITH TWO PORTRAITS IN PHOTOGRAVURE AND 40 ILLUSTRATIONS

AN ABRIDGED AND CHEAPER EDITION IN ONE VOLUME

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TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER  
I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME



## PREFACE

THE task of selecting from such a vast mass of material as has been kindly placed at my disposal by friends and relatives has been no easy one, and I venture to hope that, so far as I may have exceeded my duty as a biographer, the interest of the extraneous matter may, in some measure at least, atone for its admission.

I cannot adequately thank the many friends who have so generously helped me with contributions, or in allowing me the free use of their pictures for these pages. To Messrs. Graves and Son, Thomas Agnew and Sons, Arthur Tooth and Sons, Thomas McLean and Sons, and the Fine Art Society my special thanks are due for liberty to avail myself of their copyrights; but most of all am I indebted to my father-in-law, Mr. P. G. Skipwith, for his invaluable assistance in preparing this work for the press.

JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS

MELWOOD, HORSHAM,  
*July, 1899*

## PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

I N preparing this new edition in one volume, I have been able to correct some inaccuracies and to bring the matter within the necessary compass. Certain chapters dealing with Mr. Holman Hunt, Early Friendships, and George Du Maurier, have been omitted, as well as the reminiscences contributed by the late Valentine Prinsep, R.A., Lord James of Hereford, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Mrs. Charles Stuart-Wortley, Sir Noel Paton, and other artistic friends. Although the exclusion of these last-named contributions was unavoidable in an abridged edition, I trust that in its present form the book may achieve the success that has been accorded to previous editions.

J. G. M.

COMPTONS BROAD, HORSHAM,

*June, 1905*

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# THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

## SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

### CHAPTER I

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**I**T was at Southampton on the 8th of June, 1829, that the late Sir J. E. Millais made his first appearance in the world as the youngest son of Mr. John William Millais, the descendant of an old Norman family resident in Jersey, where for many years he held a commission in the Island Militia. There, according to local tradition, John William Millais and his ancestors had been settled ever since the time of the Conquest. He was a man of fine presence and undeniable talent, being not only a very fair artist but an excellent musician, with command of four or five different instruments. But with all his gifts he was a man of no ambition save where his children were concerned, and desired nothing more than the life he led as a quiet country gentleman. My uncle, William Millais, describes him as a typical old troubadour, who won all hearts by his good looks and charming manners, and was known in his younger days as the handsomest man in the island.

When quite a young man he chanced to meet an Englishwoman of gentle birth and great natural wit and cleverness, whose maiden name was Evamy, but who was then the widow of a Mr. Hodgkinson; and, falling in love with each other at first sight, they soon afterwards married.

Mrs. Hodgkinson had two sons by her first husband—Henry, who lived a quiet life, and recently left to the nation two of my father's best works; and Clement, who greatly distinguished himself as an explorer in the wilds of Australia. In the old days Clement was the principal A.D.C. of Sir Thomas Mitchell, and himself discovered several gold-fields in Northern Australia.

My grandparents, John William and Emily Mary Millais, at first settled at "Le Quaihouse," just out of St. Heliers, where their daughter Emily Mary was born; but later on they removed to Southampton, where my uncle William Henry, and afterwards my father, were added to the family. They presently, however, returned to Jersey, where, at the age of four years, my father's inborn love of Natural History—a love that lasted his lifetime—found means of development. At St. Heliers some choice sand-eels offered an easy capture. The rocks too abounded with novelties in the shape of "slow, sly things with circumspective eyes"; and at the pier-head no end of little fish were waiting to be caught. Here, then, was Elysium to the young naturalist. To one or other of these places he sped away whenever he could escape from parental control, regardless of the admonitions of his mother, whose anxiety on these occasions was hardly compensated by the treasures of the beach with which he stocked all the baths and basins of the household, or by the advance in learning he displayed in naming correctly everything in his collection.

There too, at St. Heliers, his taste for drawing began to show itself. Encouraged by his mother, who quickly discerned the boy's special gift, he devoted much of his time to sketching, and was never more happy than when his pencil was thus engaged. Birds and butterflies proved a great attraction, but it mattered little to him what was the object so long as he could express it on paper. Draw he must, and did at every spare moment.

In his maternal grandfather, John Evamy—a dear old man whom he greatly admired, mainly because of his skill as a fisherman—he found a delightful companion; and one of his earliest sketches, done in pencil at eight years of age, gives an excellent idea of this old gentleman engrossed in his favourite pursuit.



But Millais' truest and most helpful friend was his mother, whose love and foresight did so much to advance his aims and ambition, putting him in the right path from the very outset. She herself undertook the greater part of his education, and, being more gifted than most women, grounded him in history, poetry, literature, etc., knowledge of costume and armour, all of which was of the greatest use to him in his career; indeed, my father used often to say to us in after years, "I owe everything to my mother."

One attempt was made to send him to school, but it ended in miserable failure. Throughout his life restrictions of any sort were hateful to him—what he would not do for love he would not do at all—so when, after two days at school, the master tried to thrash him for disobedience, the boy turned and bit his hand severely—a misdemeanour for which he was immediately expelled. A happy day this for him, for his mother then resumed her work of tuition, and her method of teaching, in opposition to that of the old dry-as-dust schools, led the child to love his lessons instead of hating them.

My uncle William made an excellent water-colour portrait of his mother, which I am enabled to give here. The reader will see at a glance her strong resemblance to her boy John Everett, presenting the same clever, determined mouth, and the same observant eyes. Nor did the resemblance end here, for she had also the same great love of painting and music.

Others beside his mother very soon began to see that little John Everett possessed real genius, not mere ordinary talent; and one of his uncles was so much impressed with this idea that he used frequently to say to his children, "Mark my words, that boy will be a very great man some day, if he lives."

My father never forgot the good friends of his early days in Jersey, but cherished a lasting affection and regard for them. Amongst those most anxious to help in the early cultivation of his talent was a charming family named Lemprière, then resident in the island. Philip Raoul Lemprière, the head of the house and Seigneur of Roselle Manor, was a man whose personality made itself felt by everyone with whom he came into contact, his strikingly handsome appearance being enhanced by the dignity and kindness of his manner; and the same might be said in degree of every member of his family. To know them intimately was an education in itself; and, happily for my father, they took a great

fancy to him, making him ever welcome at the house. There, then, he spent much of his time, and, as I have heard him say, learned unconsciously to appreciate the beauties of Nature and Art. General Lemprière, one of the grandsons of the Seigneur, I may add, figures as "the Huguenot" in the famous picture of that name, painted in 1852.

Roselle, in a word, proved an endless source of interest and amusement to the juvenile artist. He could fish when he liked in ponds well stocked with perch and tench, and in the park was a fine herd of fallow deer in which he took great delight. A drawing of his—perhaps his best at that date—represents the tragic end of one of those beautiful creatures that he happened to witness. The circumstance impressed him deeply and, as he often remarked in after life, aroused in him the spirit of the chase, even in those early days and amidst such calm surroundings.

My father's cousin, Miss Benest—a wonderful old lady of eighty—writes: "When he was only four he was continually at work with pencil and paper, and generally lay on the floor covering sheets with all sorts of figures." She also mentions, as significant of the frank and open mind and the zeal for truth that he retained to the end of his days, that "when he did anything on a larger scale he used to come to my father, throwing his arms round his neck in his affectionate manner, saying, 'Uncle, *you do not always praise me as the others do; you show me the faults.*'"

His brother William was exceedingly clever, but without the same application and industry. As a young man he possessed a remarkably fine tenor voice, and a good tenor being as rare in those days as it is now, Mario, after hearing him sing, urged him strongly to go on the stage, saying he would make his fortune. But this was far from his idea of a happy life. He had no ambition to walk the boards, but sang because he loved it, and painted for the same reason, becoming ultimately well known as a water-colour landscape artist. His unselfish admiration for my father knew no bounds; he was always helping and taking care of his younger and more delicate brother, and did much by his cheery optimism and consummate tact to alleviate the hard knocks and petty worries that assailed the young painter whilst struggling to make a name.

In 1835 the family removed to Dinan, in Brittany, where a new interest awaited the budding artist, then in his seventh year. The

poetry of the place, as expressed in its fine mediæval architecture and interpreted by a loving mother, took a great hold upon his imagination, setting his pencil to work at once; but joy of joys to the juvenile mind were the gorgeous uniforms of the French officers stationed in the neighbourhood. Of this period William Millais sends me some interesting notes. He says: "I well remember the time we spent together at Dinan, where our parents resided for two years. We were little boys and quite inseparable, he six years old, and I two years his senior. Our greatest delight was to watch the entry of regiments as they passed through the town to and from Brest, and these occasions were of frequent occurrence. The roll-call generally took place in the Place aux Chaines, and each soldier on being disbanded was presented with a loaf of black bread, which he stuck on the point of his bayonet and then shouldered his rifle. We usually sat under the *tilleuls* of the Place du Guesclin, on a bench overlooking the soldiers and away from the crowd. On one occasion we noticed an enormous *tambour-major*, literally burnished with gold trappings, wearing a tall bear-skin and flourishing a huge gold-headed cane, to the delight of a lot of little *gamins*. Jack at once produced his sketch-book and pencil, and proceeded to jot down the giant into his book. Whilst this was going on we were not aware that two officers were silently creeping towards us, and we were quite awed when they suddenly uttered loud ejaculations of astonishment at what they had seen, for they had evidently been witnesses of the last touch made upon the drum-major. They patted the little artist on the back, gave him some money, and asked me where we lived. Our house was only a stone's-throw off, so we took them up into the drawing-room, and they talked for some time with my father and mother, urging them most seriously to send the child at once to Paris, to be educated in the Arts.

"The officers took the sketch back to barracks with them, and showed it in the mess to their brothers in arms. None of them could believe that it was the work of a boy of six, so bets were taken all round; and one of them went to fetch little Millais, to prove their words. In fear and trembling he came, and soon showed that he really had done the drawing by making, then and there, a still more excellent sketch—of the colonel smoking a cigar. Those who lost had to give the others a dinner."

Leaving Dinan in 1837, the family again went back to St. Heliers for two or three years, where Millais received his first

instructions in art from a Mr. Bessel, the best drawing-master in the island. Art was not taught then as it is now, so the boy's originality was curbed for the while by having to copy Julien's life-sized heads. In a very short time, however, the drawing-master told his parents that he could teach their boy nothing more; the spontaneity of his work was so marked that it was a sin to restrain it, and that they ought to take him at once to London and give him the very best tuition to be had there. To this excellent counsel was added that of the Lemprières and Sir Hillgrove-Turner, then governor of the island. Next year, therefore, they started for London armed with an introduction to Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., and coaching from Southampton they fell in with Mr. Paxton (afterwards Sir Joseph Paxton), of whom William Millais writes: "During the journey Mr. Paxton fell asleep, and Jack at once went for him and got him into his book. Just as he had finished the sketch Paxton awoke, and, seeing what had been done, was so astonished that he entered into conversation with my mother, which resulted in a letter of introduction to the President of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, where my brother afterwards went."

Their first visit in London was naturally to Sir Martin Archer Shee, and this is what they heard from him the moment they explained the object of their call: "Better make him a chimney-sweep than an artist!" But Sir Martin had not then seen the boy's drawings. When these were produced he opened his eyes in astonishment, and could hardly believe that they were the production of so childish a hand. At last his doubts were set at rest by little Millais sitting down and drawing the Fight of Hector and Achilles; and then with equal emphasis he recalled his first remark, and declared that it was the plain duty of the parents to fit the boy for the vocation for which Nature had evidently intended him.

That settled the matter. To the lad's great delight leave was obtained for him to sketch in the British Museum, where for several hours a day he diligently drew from the cast; and in the winter of 1838-39 a vacancy was found for him in the best Art academy of the time—a preparatory school at Bloomsbury, kept by an old gentleman named Henry Sass, a portrait painter of repute, but whose works had failed to catch the fancy of the public. Several of Millais' schoolfellows there are still living, and remember him as a small, delicate-looking boy, with a holland blouse and belt and a turn-down collar. Here he was in his element, drawing and

painting most of the day, and spending all the time he could spare in outdoor pursuits.

At Mr. Sass', as at most of the schools of that day, a good deal of bullying went on, and one of the students (a big, hulking, lazy fellow, whose name I suppress for reasons which will presently appear) took a special delight in making the boy's life a burden to him. This state of things reached a climax when, at the age of nine, young Millais gained the silver medal of the Society of Arts, for which this youth had also competed. The day following the presentation Millais turned up as usual at Mr. Sass', and after the morning's work was over, H. (the bully), with the help of two other small boys whom he had compelled to remain, hung him head downwards out of the window, tying his legs up to the iron of the window-guards with scarves and strings. There he hung over the street in a position which shortly made him unconscious, and the end might have been fatal had not some passers-by, seeing the position of the child, rung the door-bell and secured his immediate release. Almost immediately after this H. left the school—possibly to avoid expulsion—and failing as an artist, but being strong and of good physique, he became a professional model, and, curiously enough, in after years sat to my father for several of his pictures. Eventually, however, he took to drink and came to a miserable end, leaving a wife and several children absolutely destitute.

Of the occasion on which Millais received his first medal, William Millais, who was present, says: "I shall never forget the Prize-day at the Society of Arts when my brother had won the silver medal for a large drawing of 'The Battle of Bannockburn.' He was then between nine and ten years of age, and the dress the little fellow wore is vividly before me as I write. He had on a white plaid tunic, with black belt and buckle; short white frilled trousers, showing bare legs, with white socks and patent leather shoes; a large white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair in golden curls.

"When the Secretary, Mr. Cocking, called out '*Mr.* John Everett Millais,' the little lad walked up unseen by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who was giving the prizes, and stood at his raised desk. After a time the Duke observed that 'the gentleman was a long time coming up,' to which the Secretary replied, 'He is here, your Royal Highness.' The Duke then stood up and saw the boy, and, giving him his stool to stand upon, the pretty little golden head appeared above the desk.

“Unfortunately the Duke, being weak as to his eyesight, could make nothing of the drawing when it was held up to him, in spite of trying various glasses; but he was assured that it was a marvellous performance. He patted my brother’s head and wished him every success in his profession, at the same time kindly begging him to remember that if at any time he could be of service to him he must not hesitate to write and say so. It so happened that Jack did avail himself of this kind offer. We had been in the habit of fishing every year in the Serpentine and Round Pond by means of tickets given to us by Sir Frederick Pollock, then Chief Baron; but a day came when this permission was withheld from everyone, and then my brother wrote to the Duke’s private secretary, and we were again allowed to fish there.

“In those days the Round Pond at Kensington was a favourite resort of ours. It was not then, as we see it now, arranged in a circle, and tricked out with all the finery of a London lake. The shores were fringed with flags and rushes, and here and there were little bays with water-lilies. There was plenty of honest English mud too, in which the juvenile angler could wade to his heart’s content, and had to do so in order to get his line clear of the surrounding reeds. We used to tramp to and from the neighbourhood of Bedford Square, buying our fresh bait at the “Golden Perch,” in Oxford Street, on the way. We were keen sportsmen, and probably the pleasure we took in it was not lessened by the envy of other little boys to whom the privilege was denied. As the result of these expeditions many fine carp, perch, and roach were captured—at least they appeared so to us in those early days.”

My uncle goes on to tell of their home life and the amusements in which he and his brother indulged. They were fond of “playing at National Galleries.”

“In 1838–39 we were living in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. I went to a private tutor in the neighbourhood, but my brother never went to school at all. He was very delicate as a child, and was still being entirely educated by my mother, who was an exceptionally clever woman and a great reader.

“We were both of us mad upon Art, and we knew every picture in the National Gallery by heart. In our leisure moments we resolved to start a National Gallery of our own, and we worked daily upon pictures for it. I generally undertook the landscape department, and coined no end of Hoppners, Ruysdaels, Turners, etc., whilst the Titians, Rubens, Paul Veroneses, Correggios, and

Rembrandts fell to my brother's share. I made all the frames out of tinsel off crackers, and we varnished our specimens to give them the appearance of works in oil.

"The pictures varied in size from a visiting-card to a large envelope. We took off the lid of a large deal box, and prepared the three sides to receive our precious works. There was a dado, a carpet, and seats, and to imitate the real Gallery a curtain ran across the opening.

"What joy it was to us when we thought we had done something wonderful! I remember how we gloated over our Cuypp; a Rembrandt too was my brother's masterpiece, and the use of burnt lucifer matches in the darker parts was most effective, and certainly original. When anyone called to see us it was our greatest pride to exhibit our National Gallery."

At the age of ten Millais was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, the youngest student who ever found entrance within its walls, and during his six years there he carried off in turn every honour the Academy had to bestow. At thirteen he won a medal for a drawing from the antique, at fourteen he began to paint, and at seventeen, after taking the "gold medal" for an oil painting called "The Benjamites Seizing their Brides," he contributed to the annual exhibition a canvas which was placed by a French critic on a level with the best historical work of the year. It was the picture of "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," and was exhibited some few years ago in the galleries at South Kensington, where it attracted marked attention as the production of so young an artist.\*

At the Academy, where he was well treated and became a general favourite, they nicknamed him "The Child," a name that stuck to him for the rest of his life at the Garrick Club. He worked unceasingly, and was universally recognised as a youthful genius from whom great things were to be expected; but, as the smallest and youngest member of the community, he had to "fag," for all that, and was generally told off to fetch pies and stout for his fellow-students whilst they were at work.†

\* William Millais says: "James Wallack, the celebrated comedian, whose portrait Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., painted in 'The Brigand,' and who afterwards married my sister, was the model for 'Pizarro.' My father was the priest, and also sat for other figures in the picture."

† "I was told off," says Millais, "by the other students to obtain their lunch for them. I had to collect 40 or 50 pence from my companions, and go with that hoard to a neighbouring baker's and purchase the same number of buns. It generally happened that I got a bun myself by way of 'commission.'"

When he received the gold medal of the Royal Academy many famous men took notice of him, and notably Rogers, the poet, whose brilliant breakfast-parties are now matters of history. All the literary lions of the day were to be met there, and at that time things were very different from what they are now. Young men listened respectfully, as they were taught to do, when older and wiser men held forth. Rogers, I have heard my father say, would speak learnedly on some subject for perhaps five minutes, and then, after a pause, would say: "Now, Mr. Macaulay, kindly favour us with your opinion of the subject," whereupon Macaulay would square up and "orate." While he was talking Rogers, who was a confirmed invalid, would gradually slip down into his chair, his servant having to pull him up by the collar when he wished to speak again. He was extremely kind, though pompous in manner, and with little or no sense of humour. If a stranger arrived he would say to his servant, "Thomas, bring down that volume of *my celebrated poems*."

He took an almost parental interest in Millais, though occasionally treating him with a severity that bordered on the comic. My father hated sugar in his tea, and on more than one occasion openly expressed his dislike. "Thomas," the poet would say, "put three lumps of sugar in Mr. Millais' tea; he *ought* to like sugar. He is too thin."

Rogers had an MS. missal of great value, of which he was vastly proud. One day little Millais picked it up to show it to a young lady. "Boy," roared Rogers from the other end of the room, almost suffocating himself as he slipped down into his chair, "can't you speak about a book without fingering it? How dare you touch my missal!"

One day a poor-looking man, apparently a country clergyman, dressed in a shabby tail-coat, came to thank Rogers for hospitality before leaving town. As the departing guest vanished through the door, after shaking hands with the little artist, the poet turned to Millais, who was standing near, and said in solemn tones, "Boy, do you know who that was? Some day you will be proud to say that you once met William Wordsworth."

In 1895 Mr. Gladstone and my father were the only survivors of these famous parties. A singular circumstance was that though my mother, who was then a young girl, used frequently to breakfast at Rogers' house, yet she and my father never met there.



Referring to these early days, William Millais says: "We were brought up as very loyal subjects, and our chief delight was to go to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen and the Prince Consort start off up Constitution Hill for their daily drive. On one memorable occasion, when we were the only people on the footpath, and had just taken off our caps as the Royal carriage passed, feeling proudly happy that her Majesty had actually bowed to us, a sudden explosion was heard, and then another. My father, who had seen what had caused them, immediately rushed away from us and seized a man who was just inside the railings of the park, and held him till some of the mounted escort came to his assistance. This man was Oxford, who had fired at the Queen, and afterwards proved to be a lunatic. Of course we went immediately to examine the wall, and there saw the marks of the two bullets, which in a few days, with the aid of sticks and umbrellas, had multiplied considerably."

As a boy Millais was extremely delicate, and only by slow degrees and constant attention to the laws of health did he build up the robust constitution it was his privilege to enjoy in the later years of his life. It was part of his creed—a creed he lost no opportunity for impressing upon younger or less experienced artists—that good health is the first necessity for a man who would distinguish himself in any walk of life, and that that can only be had by periodical holidays, in which all thought of business affairs is resolutely cast aside. To him the breezy uplands of the North, where with rod and gun he could indulge his love of open-air pursuits, offered the greatest attraction. Every year, therefore, as soon as he could afford it, he took a shooting or a fishing in Scotland, and (except on rare occasions) in the first week of August off he went for a three months' holiday, no matter how important the work then in hand, or how tempting any commission that would interfere with his plan. One instance of this I well remember. Towards the close of a season of exceptionally hard work he got a letter from an American millionaire offering him a small fortune if he would cross the Atlantic in August and paint the writer, his wife, and three children life-size on one canvas. But he declined at once, remarking privately that the subjects were not interesting enough to induce him to give up his holiday.

But to trace his history as a sportsman I must go back to the days of his pupilage, when during the summer holidays he and my

uncle William (himself an expert fisherman) often started at day-break and walked all the way to Hornsey and back for a day's fishing in the New River. Cricket too was a great delight, and though the latitude of Gower Street did not lend itself to progress in the art, they practised after a fashion, played when they could, and assiduously studied the game at Lord's every Saturday in the season. That was in the days when the top-hat affliction permeated even the cricket field, as shown in a sheet of my father's sketches made on the ground about this time. Lillywhite is seen there in all his glory as the first cricketer of the day, his amazing head-gear possibly adding to the awe and admiration with which he was regarded by young and aspiring players.

A letter from William Millais is perhaps worth quoting as showing the straits to which he and his brother were put in their determination to master "England's game," and how they encountered and overcame them. He says: "We used to have fictitious matches under the studio in Gower Street, where there was a sort of small fives-court, by the light of a feeble gas-burner. We imitated the style of the great bowlers and batters of that day. If the ball hit certain parts of the wall it was a catch, and certain other parts denoted a number of runs. We kept a perfect score, and alternately batted and bowled. These matches used to last three or four days; it was great fun. Our cricket enthusiasm took us to Lord's two or three times a week, and we knew the style of every player."

On this period of Millais' life an old fellow-student is good enough to send me the following note: "The Sir John E. Millais of Presidential days was a very different person from the lad of thirteen whom, in the autumn of 1843, I encountered at the Royal Academy, when, with a host of probationers (that is, students of the Academy on trial), I entered the Antique School, and was greeted with shouts of 'Hallo! Millais; here is another fellow in a collar.' These cries came from the older students assembled and drawing from the statues, busts, and what not. Their occasion was myself, then just upon fifteen years old, who it was my mother's pleasure should wear on the shoulders of his short jacket a white falling collar some four inches wide. It so happened that Millais' mother had a similar fancy, and that being younger and much smaller than I his collar had a goffered edging, which, with his boyish features, light, long, and curling hair, made him appear even younger than he was. Upon the cries ceasing,

there arose from the semicircle of students a lightly and elegantly-made youngster wearing such a collar as I have described, a jacket gathered at the waist with a cloth belt, and its clasp in front. With an assured air he crossed the room to where I was standing among the arrivals. He walked round me, inspected me from head to foot, turned on his heel without a word, stepped back to his seat, and went on with his drawing. It so happened that the ever-diligent Millais, though much further advanced in the Academy, and a student in the Life and Painting, condescended from time to time to work among the tyros from the Antique, such as I was. At that time he was exceedingly like the portrait which was painted of him about the date in question, by (I think) Sir E. Landseer; \* but there was more 'devil' and less sentiment in the expression of his features. After being inspected, I settled to my work, and forgot all about that ordeal till I found Millais, who was then not more than five feet two inches tall, standing at my side, and, with an air of infinite superiority, looking at my drawing, which he greeted in an undertone as 'Not at all bad.' With such humility as became me I asked his advice about it, and he frankly gave me some good counsel. I ought to have said that, long before this, I had heard of his extraordinary technical skill in drawing and painting, and I revered him as the winner of that silver medal which (the first of his Academical honours) had fallen to his lot not long before; but he being a pupil in Sass's school and I a student in the British Museum, or 'Museumite,' so called, I had not come across the P.R.A. to-be.

"Abounding in animal spirits and not without a playful impishness, being very light and small even for his age, Millais was the lively comrade—I had almost said plaything—of the bigger and older students, some of whom had, even in 1843-44, reached full manhood. One of the latter was 'Jack Harris,' a burly and robust personage, a leader in all the feats of strength which then obtained in the schools, and the same who sat to Millais in 1848-49 for his exact portrait as the elder brother who kicks the dog in the picture of 'Isabella' now at Liverpool. Profoundly contrasted as in every respect their characters were, Millais and 'Jack Harris' were comrades and playfellows of the closest order at the Academy. For example, I remember how, because some workmen had left a tall ladder against the wall of the school, nothing would do but on one occasion Harris must carry Millais, clinging round his neck, to

\* The painter was John Phillip, R.A.

the top of this ladder. It so happened that just at the moment the door of the room slowly opened, while no less a person than the keeper entered and took up his duties by teaching the student nearest the entrance. Discipline and respect for Mr. George Jones [the master at that time] forbade Harris to come down the ladder, and his safety forbade Millais from letting go his hold. Doubtless the keeper saw the dilemma, for, without noticing the culprits, he hastened his progress round the room and left it as soon as might be, but not before Millais was tired of his lofty position."

The following lines (discovered amongst my father's papers) afford an amusing insight into the ways and doings of Academy students at that period. The writer's name unfortunately does not appear.

Mr. Jones, it must be observed, delighted in aping the appearance of the Duke of Wellington as far as he possibly could.\*

"Remember you the Antique School,  
And eke the Academic Stool,  
Under the tutorship and rule  
Of dear old Jones,  
Our aged military keeper  
And medal-distribution weeper,  
For whom respect could not be deeper  
In human bones ;

"Whose great ambition was to look  
As near as might be like 'the Dook,'  
With somewhat less of nasal hook,  
And doubtless brains ;  
Who, I imagine, still delights  
To try and look the ghost, o' nights,  
Of him who fought a hundred fights—  
The Duke's remains ?

. . . . .

"But to return—to go on talking  
Of those young days when we were walking  
Towards the never-ending chalking  
From casts, or life—  
Days of charcoal stumps, and crumbs,  
'Double Elephant,' and 'Plumbs,'  
Within the sound of barrack drums  
And shrilly fifes ;

. . . . .

\* "I may say of Mr. Jones that he was chiefly known as a painter of military pictures, and in dress and person he so much resembled the great Duke of Wellington that, to his extreme delight, he was often mistaken for that hero, and saluted accordingly. On this coming to the ears of the Duke, he said, 'Dear me ! Mistaken for me, is he ? That's strange, for no one ever mistakes me for Mr. Jones.'"

- " In silence let us gently sneak  
 Towards the door devoid of creak,  
 Which leads us back to that Antique,  
     Where youth still plods.  
 For now, behold, the gas is lit,  
 And nigh a hundred brows are knit,  
 Where miserable heathens sit,  
     Before their gods.
- " There from the Premier Charley Fox—  
 That party with the greasy locks,  
 Who vainly calls on long-tongued Knox  
     To hold his jawings—  
 Every back is archly bending,  
 For the Silver Prize contending,  
 This the latest night for sending  
     In the drawings.
- " Another minute—give them ten—  
 To cut these from the boards ; and then,  
 ' Past eight o'clock, please, gentlemen,'  
     Shouts little Bob.  
 And in the Folio (very cheap !)  
 The work of months is in a heap,  
 Not worth the wages of a sweep  
     For one small job.
- " But now to times a little later,  
 When first we drew upstairs from Natur',  
 When we were passing that equator  
     Of days scholastic ;  
 When we were nightly stew'd or fried  
 With bald-pates glistening by our side,  
 And felt ourselves, with conscious pride,  
     Beyond the Plastic.
- " We saw the graceful Wild recline  
 Exclaiming, ' Oh ! by George, how fine,'  
 And with the thumb describe a line  
     In aerial wave—  
 The right and proper thing to do,  
 It mattered not whate'er we drew—  
 Her, or the sad Cymmon Meudoo,  
     As captive slave.
- . . . . .
- " Enough ! I feel I'm going astray  
 From dear old Mrs. Grundy's way ;  
 And what her followers may say  
     I take to heart.  
 Yet, should these lines provoke a smile—  
 A moment of the day beguile—  
 I'll maybe send you, in this style,  
     A second part."

With so much work to do the little artist had hardly time to make any new acquaintances outside of those whom he met daily at the Academy; nevertheless he managed to occasionally see his two Jersey friends, Arthur and Harry Lemprière, for they were at school at Brighton, and frequently visited London during their holidays. To Arthur—now Major-General Arthur Lemprière—I am indebted for the following note of his recollections of Millais as a boy:—

“I remember Sir J. E. Millais when I was quite a small boy at school at Brighton, where he used to write to me and my brother Harry most beautiful letters, all illustrated and the words in different coloured inks. One of those letters began, ‘My little dears’; but instead of writing the word ‘dears,’ a number of deer were drawn, and so on through the whole of a Christmas story, in which he introduced coloured drawings of coaches and horses, travellers, games, etc.\*

“We always called him ‘Johnny,’ and he constantly spent the holidays with us at our home at Ewell, Surrey. My father and mother and all our family were very fond of him, as well as he of us.

“He seemed always, when indoors, to have a pen, pencil, or brush in his hand, rattling off some amusing caricature or other drawing. He was very active and strong, and blessed with a most pleasing, good-tempered, and gentlemanly manner. During the many years I knew him I never once recollect his losing his temper or saying an unkind word to anyone, and we all really looked upon him quite as a brother.

“I have heard my father say that my uncle, Mr. Philip Lemprière, of Royal Jersey, gave Sir J. E. Millais his first colour-box.

“It was in 1847 that I remember his drawing all the Lemprière family at Ewell standing round a table in the drawing-room, and watching eagerly a Twelfth-cake being cut by my eldest sister. It was all so cleverly grouped, and included my father and mother, my five brothers, seven sisters, myself, and himself. It was a picture we all greatly valued, as, in addition to the clever grouping, the likenesses were so excellent.

“Millais’ power of observation, even when a boy, was marvellous. After walking out with him and meeting people he would come home and draw an exact likeness of almost anyone he happened to have met. He was also well up in the anatomy of a

\* This letter, illustrated with little water-colours, was exhibited in the Millais Exhibition, 1898.



PIZARRO SEIZING THE INCA OF PERU. 1845  
First exhibited picture painted by Millais, executed at the age of sixteen





horse, and knew exactly where every vein and bone should be, and was very fond of drawing them."

In 1845 Millais happened to become acquainted with Serjeant Thomas, a retired lawyer known for his interest in Art. Recognising his genius, and knowing that he was very poor, Thomas offered him £100 a year to come to his house every Saturday and paint small pictures or backgrounds as might be required. The terms seemed fair enough, and in the end a contract was drawn up by the lawyer and duly signed, binding Millais to serve in this way for two years. Being obliged to undertake all sorts of work, such as the repainting of backgrounds and heads on the canvases of other men, the young artist, whose foremost thoughts were ever turned towards originality, naturally regarded such tasks in no kindly spirit, and as the days flew by he chafed more and more. At last—long before the two years were over—things came to a crisis. One Saturday morning—not quite for the first time—Millais came to his work some ten minutes late, when Thomas attacked him furiously, winding up a long harangue with a personal remark that stung him to the quick. He had just arranged his palette with fresh oil-colours, and in a moment it was sent flying at his employer's head. Happily for the head it was a bad shot; the palette struck against the wall, and then slowly descended to the floor. A violent slamming of the door announced Millais' departure and his determination never to enter the house again. They made it up, however, later on. Thomas agreed to increase the pay to £150 a year, and for a short time longer Millais continued his work. Finally, however, he gave it up, though offered far higher terms as an inducement to stay.

Some forty years passed away, and one Sunday morning, after a long walk with Mr. Henry Wells, R.A., Millais accompanied him to his studio in Stratford Place. Noticing a peculiar expression in his face, Mr. Wells said, "What are you looking at? You seem to know the place." "Know it!" said Millais, after a long pause, "I should think I do. Why, this is the very room in which I quarrelled with Serjeant Thomas, and over there (pointing to one end of the studio) I still seem to see the palette I threw at his head, with the paint-mark it left on the wall paper as it slid slowly down to the floor."

One of the most interesting relics of this period is the first cheque that the young artist received. It is for £5 ("Pay to Master Millais for a sketch"), and signed by Serjeant Ralph

Thomas, dated February 28th, 1846. The recipient seems to have been so delighted with this sudden acquisition of wealth that, instead of cashing the cheque at once, he sat down and made a sketch of himself in his painting dress on the back of it. It is now in the possession of Mr. James Wyatt.

It was in the summer of 1846 that Millais first travelled down to Oxford, where he stayed with his half-brother, Henry Hodgkinson, who lived in that town. One of the people whose acquaintance he made there was a dealer in works of art named Wyatt—a remarkable man in many ways, and one of nature's gentlemen. He took an immediate fancy to "Johnny Millais," and between the years 1846 and 1849 the young artist made frequent visits to Oxford as his guest.

In a wing of his house was a certain room that Millais used to occupy, and on the glass window may still be seen two designs he made in oils, one representing "The Queen of Beauty," and the other "The Victorious Knight." At this period it seems he had quite a mania for drawing; even at the dinner table he could not remain idle. When no one was looking he would take out a pencil and begin making sketches on whatever was nearest to his hand. "Take a piece of paper, Johnny," Mr. Wyatt would say, "take a piece of paper. We cannot have the tablecloth spoiled." "Johnny" was accordingly handed paper to relieve his superfluous energy, and the number of sketches done at table, and now in the possession of Mr. Standen (who married Mr. Wyatt's granddaughter), bears witness to his ceaseless industry.

Here, too, in 1846 he made the acquaintance of Mr. Drury, of Shotover, a quaint, benevolent old gentleman, who loved the fine arts and everything connected with them. He made a great pet of the young artist, and insisted on his accompanying him wherever he went in his pony-cart, for being a huge man and a martyr to gout he could not move without his "trap." Nothing could exceed his kindness to Millais. He gave him a gun, and allowed him to shoot over his property and to make the place his home whenever he cared to come. There are several sketches by Millais of old Mr. Drury and himself taking their toddles together—done just in a few lines, but (I am told by those who saw them at the time) highly characteristic.

William Millais tells us something of Mr. Drury and his peculiar ways. He says, "My brother often went to stay at Shotover Park, and on one occasion I was invited there too for a fortnight. There

was no one with Mr. Drury in the huge mansion except his niece, and we boys had the run of the place to our hearts' content, fishing and shooting wherever we liked.

"It is not easy to forget my first impressions there. I was informed by a stately old butler that 'Master Millais was engaged just then with the master.' I entered a darkened room, where the old invalid could just be seen sitting up in bed with a tallow dip in one hand and a square of glass in the other. He was moving the flame of the candle all over the under side of the greased surface of the glass, which was gradually becoming black with smoke; on this sheet of glass my brother had drawn figures of angels in all positions. I had evidently entered at the supreme moment, for our host, catching sight of me, cried out, 'Ah, ah! we've got it; you are just in time to see the New Jerusalem.' Upon examination, there really was a certain fascination about the appearance of this extraordinary 'Kalotype,' as he called it, but which might more appropriately have been called a 'tallow-type.'

"The dear old man was under the morbid impression that all his relatives wished him dead, so as to inherit his fortune, and for this reason he made a large 'Kalotype' of the subject, which was most ghastly. I cannot describe it exactly, but remember that a coffin occupied the centre of the picture, whilst a regular scrimmage was going on all round. This design was carried out by my brother under his directions. I shall never forget Mr. Drury's kindness to us boys. He completely spoilt us. I used to sing a great deal, and he expressed the greatest delight at listening whilst I accompanied myself on the organ in the large hall, where the gruesome 'Kalotype,' occupied a conspicuous place."

In 1847, competition being invited for cartoons for the decoration of Westminster Hall, Millais sent in a huge canvas which he called "The Widow's Mite." Except "Pizarro," it was the only picture that he ever executed on conventional lines, the figures in shadow being piled and grouped up to the culminating point, where Christ stands against a blaze of light, and addressing Himself to St. John, calls his attention to the woman's act of unselfishness. It was, however, voted "intellectually deficient, lacking the true note of grandeur when Millais was left to himself." This big canvas, which monopolised all the available space in his studio and occupied the young artist the greater part of the year, had as competitors the works of older and stronger men of the

day—G. F. Watts, Cope, Armitage, Sir John Tenniel, and others ; and I am told by a distinguished artist that “because she [the widow] holds by the hand a little nude child, it sets the critics somewhat against the work, as displaying such ‘bad taste.’” For some years it was exhibited in the Pantheon in Oxford Street. Ten feet seven by fourteen feet three was not quite the thing for the “show parlours” of the day, so it was cut up and sold in bits. Mr. Spielmann says that one of these sections is now at Tynemouth and the other in the United States, but I have since heard that it was distributed in still smaller pieces.

“Cymon and Iphigenia” (painted in 1847) was purchased by Mr. Wyatt in 1848, and the dealer was so pleased with it that he asked Millais to come down in the following year and paint a portrait of himself and his grandchild. This was accordingly done, and the portrait is now in the possession of Mr. James Wyatt.\*

The picture, “Grandfather and Child,” is interesting as showing the artist’s transition from the technique of “Cymon” of the previous year to the more distinctly Pre-Raphaelite and technically correct “Woodman’s Daughter.”

Mr. Spielmann’s account of the “Cymon” is not quite correct, either as to its subject or its history. As to its subject, it is certainly not a “riotous dance,” and its actual history is as follows : In the spring of 1852, when it was still in Mr. Wyatt’s possession, Millais saw it and suggested some improvements, which the owner willingly allowed him to carry out. He took it back, therefore, to Gower Street, and having (as he says in a letter) “repainted the sky and touched up the grass and foliage, draperies and effects,” he returned it to Mr. Wyatt in the following December. For its subsequent history I am indebted to a letter from Mr. Standen, the present owner, who says : “When Mr. Wyatt died, in 1853, the best of his pictures and effects were sold at Christie’s on July 4th, 1853, your father’s picture of ‘Cymon’ figuring largely in the catalogue. Mr. George Wyatt, the second son, bought it for himself, and gave 350 guineas for it. The picture was then taken to Newport, Isle of Wight, where he lived, and it remained there unseen till he died, in 1892. He left it to me by his will, together with many other interesting works.”

\* An excellent copy of this work, now in the possession of Mr. Standen, was made in 1850 by William Millais. Millais also painted Mrs. Wyatt and her child, and (in 1877) Mr. James Wyatt.



"CYMON AND IPHIGENIA." 1847



## CHAPTER II

### PRE-RAPHAELITISM: ITS MEANING AND ITS HISTORY

First meeting of Hunt and Millais—The pedantry of Art—Hunt admitted to the R.A.—They work together in Millais' studio—Reciprocal relief—The birth of Pre-Raphaelitism—The name chosen—The meeting of Hunt and D. G. Rossetti—First gathering of the Brotherhood—The so-called influence of Rossetti—Millais explains—The critics at sea—D. G. Rossetti—Ruskin—Max Nordau—The aims of Pre-Raphaelitism—Cyclographic Club—Madox Brown—"The Germ"—Millais' story.

**I**N this chapter I propose to devote myself exclusively to the history and progress of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, with which Millais was so intimately connected in the early years of his life. Those therefore who are not interested in this subject will do well to pass on at once to Chapter III.

In the art history of this century probably no movement has created so great a sensation as that which is commonly known as Pre-Raphaelitism. For years it was on everybody's tongue and in every newspaper of the day, and after the excitement it occasioned had died out, numerous pens were engaged in tracing its history according to their lights; but to this day the actual facts are known but to very few. I have them from the best possible authority—the originators themselves, my father and Mr. Holman Hunt.

How these two men first came together was graphically described to me in a long talk I had with Mr. Hunt shortly after my father's death. He said, "The first time I saw Millais was at the prize-giving at the R.A. in 1844. There was much speculation amongst the students as to who would gain the gold medal for a series of drawings from the antique, and it was generally considered that a man, thirty years of age, named Fox, would be the successful competitor. All voices were hushed when Mr. Jones mounted the steps and read out the name of John Everett Millais. Immense cheering followed, and little Millais was lifted up at the back of the auditorium and carried on the shoulders of the students

to the receiving desk. Fox, who only got the second prize, refused to get up when his name was called; but the students would not allow this: they made him go up and receive his medal."

Later on Mr. Holman Hunt, who, though he had worked very hard, had failed to get into the Royal Academy, was drawing one day in the East Room by himself. "Suddenly," said he, "the doors opened, and a curly-headed lad came in and began skipping about the room; by-and-by he danced round until he was behind me, looked at my drawing for a minute, and then skipped off again. About a week later I found the same boy drawing from a cast in another room, and returned the compliment by staring at *his* drawing. Millais, who of course it was, turned round suddenly and said, 'Oh, I say, you're the chap that was working in No. 12 the other day. You ought to be in the Academy.'

"This led to a long talk, during which Millais said that he was much struck by the drawing which he had seen me working at, and that there was not the least doubt that if a drawing or two like that were shown for probationership, I should be admitted at once. When I asked what he thought was the best way of doing the drawings, he replied, 'Oh, I always do mine in line and stump, although it isn't conventional.'"

After this the two boys fell into a discussion on the conventionality and pedantry of art as displayed in the paintings of the day, and it was evident that in both their minds had sprung up a sense of dissatisfaction and the idea of rejecting what they considered to be false and stunted.

A year went by. Mr. Hunt was admitted to the Royal Academy, and then had frequent opportunities for talking to his friend Millais. One evening, some two years later, it came out in the course of conversation that while Millais was painting the "Pizarro," already referred to, Mr. Hunt was engaged at home on a picture for exhibition at the British Institution—a notable incident, as marking the first occasion on which either artist painted a picture for exhibition.

Another year passed, and the young artists were in the full swing of their work, Mr. Hunt painting hard at his "Porphyro," and Millais at "Cymon and Iphigenia," a picture in which he seems to have been much influenced by Etty, the only man of the old school whom he really admired. After one of their many talks on originality in art, or, rather, the absence of it at that



time, Millais said to Mr. Hunt, "It is quite impossible to get our pictures done in time for the Royal Academy, unless we sit up and work all night in the last week. Let us paint together in my studio, and then we can encourage each other and talk over our ambitions." This was agreed upon, and from that time the two boys began to study side by side. How tremendously in earnest they were may be gathered from the fact that it was no uncommon thing for them to work on far into the night, sometimes even till four or five in the morning; this, too, night after night till the sending-in day.

There are always some parts of a picture that an artist hates doing. After a month or two Millais got quite sick of painting the draperies of the girls in his picture; so one evening he turned to his companion and said, "If you will do some of these beastly draperies for me, I'll paint a head or two in your picture for you" —an offer that was at once accepted. In this way they relieved each other upon occasion, and it is curious to notice how alike their work was in those days; so much so that when Hunt examined the picture in the Millais Exhibition of 1898 he could not distinguish the parts he had painted.

It was from these evening *séances*, and the confidence engendered by the free interchange of thought, that sprang the determination of these youths to leave the beaten track of art and strike out a new line for themselves. Raphael, the idol of the art world, they dared to think, was not altogether free from imperfections. His Cartoons showed this, and his "Transfiguration" still further betrayed the falsity of his methods. They must go back to earlier times for examples of sound and satisfactory work, and, rejecting the teaching of the day that blindly followed in his footsteps, must take Nature as their only guide. They would go to her, and her alone, for inspiration; and, hoping that others would be tempted to join in their crusade against conventionality, they selected as their distinctive title the term "Pre-Raphaelites."

"Each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are."

"It was in the beginning of the year 1848," says Mr. Holman Hunt, "that your father and I determined to adopt a style of absolute independence as to art-dogma and convention: this we called 'Pre-Raphaelitism.' D. G. Rossetti was already my pupil,

and it seemed certain that he also, *in time*, would work on the same principles. He had declared his intention of doing so, and there was beginning to be some talk of other artists joining us, although in fact some were only in the most primitive stages of art, such as William Rossetti, who was not even a student.

“Meanwhile, D. G. Rossetti, himself a beginner, had not got over the habit (acquired from Madox Brown) of calling our art ‘Early Christian’; so one day, in my studio some time after our first meeting, I protested, saying that the term would confuse us with the German Quattro Centists. I went on to convince him that our real name was ‘Pre-Raphaelites,’ a name which we had already so far revealed in frequent argument that we had been taunted as holding opinions abominable enough to deserve burning at the stake. He thereupon, with a pet scheme of an extended co-operation still in mind, amended my previous suggestion by adding to our title of ‘Pre-Raphaelite’ the word ‘Brotherhood.’”

Hunt, it should be explained, first met Rossetti in the Royal Academy schools, where as fellow-students they occasionally talked together. Rossetti, however, was an intermittent attendant rather than a methodical student, and presently, wearying of the work, he gave it up and took to literature, hoping to make a living by his pen. Here again he was disappointed. His poems, charming as many of them were, did not meet with the wide acceptance he had hoped for, and in a fit of despondency he came to Hunt and begged him to take him into his studio. But Holman Hunt could not do this—he was far too busy working for a livelihood, with little time to spare for the indulgence of his own taste as an artist; but he laid down a plan of work to be followed by Rossetti in his own home, and promised to visit him there and give him all the help he could.

Not satisfied with this, Rossetti betook himself to Madox Brown, whose style of painting he admired, and who, he hoped, would teach him the technicalities of his art, while allowing him free play in all his fancies. Madox Brown, however, had been through the mill himself, and knew there was no short cut to success. So, much to the disgust of Rossetti, he set him to paint studies of still-life, such as pots, jugs, etc. By-and-by this became intolerable to a man of Rossetti’s temperament, so he once more returned to Hunt, and begged him to take compassion on him; and at last, moved by his appeal, Hunt consented.

These are Hunt’s words on the subject: “When D. G. Rossetti

came to me he talked about his hopes and ideals, or rather his despair, at ever being able to paint. I, however, encouraged him, and told him of the compact that Millais and I had made, and the confidence others had in our system. Rossetti was a man who enthusiastically took up an idea, and he went about disseminating our programme as one to be carried out by numbers. He offered himself first, as he knew that Millais had admired his pen-and-ink drawings. He then suggested as converts Collinson, his own brother William, who intended to take up art, and Woolner, the sculptor. Stephens should also be tried, and it struck him that others who had never done anything yet to prove their fitness for art reformation, or even for art at all, were to be taken on trust. Your father then invited us all to spend the evening in his studio, where he showed us engravings from the Campo Santo, and other somewhat archaic designs. These being admired much by the new candidates, we agreed that it might be safe to accept the additional four members on probation; but, in fact, it really never came to anything."

The first meeting, at which terms of co-operation were seriously discussed, was held on a certain night in 1848, at Millais' home in Gower Street, where the young artist exhibited, as examples of sound work, some volumes of engravings from the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli, Orcagna, and others now in the Campo Santo at Pisa.

"Now, look here," said Millais, speaking for himself and Hunt, who were both jealous of others joining them without a distinct understanding of their object, "this is what the Pre-Raphaelite clique should follow." The idea was eagerly taken up, and then, or shortly afterwards, William Rossetti, Woolner, F. G. Stephens (now an Art critic), and James Collinson joined the Brotherhood—the P.-R. B., as it was now called.

Arthur Hughes, Frederic Sandys, Noel Paton, Charles Collins, and Walter Deverell also sympathised with their aims, and were more or less working on the same lines. Coventry Patmore, the poet, although in close association with many of the Brotherhood, was not himself a member, as the association was strictly limited to working artists.

Writing on this subject in the *Contemporary Review* of May, 1880, Mr. Holman Hunt says: "Outside of the enrolled body [the P.-R. B.] were several artists of real calibre and enthusiasm, who were working diligently with our views guiding them.

W. H. Deverell, Charles Collins, and Arthur Hughes may be named. It was a question whether any of them should be elected. It was already evident that to have authority to put the mystic monogram upon their paintings could confer no benefit on men striving to earn a position. We ourselves even determined for a time to discontinue the floating of this red rag before the eyes of infuriated John Bull, and we decided it was better to let our converts be known only by their works, and so nominally Pre-Raphaelitism ceased to be. We agreed to resume the open profession of it later, but the time had not yet come. I often read in print that I am now the only Pre-Raphaelite; yet I can't use the distinguishing letters, for I have no Brotherhood."

And now perhaps I may as well give my father's version of the matter as gathered from his own lips in 1896, the year when he was elected as President of the Royal Academy. At that time the papers, of course, had much to say about his art life; and, finding that some of them referred pointedly to D. G. Rossetti's influence on the style and character of his work, I asked him to tell me exactly what were his relations with Rossetti, and how far these comments were correct.

"I doubt very much," he said, "whether any man ever gets the credit of being quite square and above-board about his life and work. The public are like sheep. They follow each other in admiring what they don't understand [*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*], and rarely take a man at what he is worth. If you affect a mysterious air, and are clever enough to conceal your ignorance, you stand a fair chance of being taken for a wiser man than you are; but if you talk frankly and freely of yourself and your work, as you know I do, the odds are that any silly rumour you may fail to contradict will be accepted as true. That is just what has happened to me. The papers are good enough to speak of me as a typical English artist; but because in my early days I saw a good deal of Rossetti—the mysterious and un-English Rossetti—they assume that my Pre-Raphaelite impulses in pursuit of light and truth were due to him. All nonsense! My pictures would have been exactly the same if I had never seen or heard of Rossetti. I liked him very much when we first met, believing him to be (as perhaps he was) sincere in his desire to further our aims—Hunt's and mine—but I always liked his brother William much better. D. G. Rossetti, you must understand, was a queer fellow, and impossible as a boon companion—so dogmatic and

so irritable when opposed. His aims and ideals in art were also widely different from ours, and it was not long before he drifted away from us to follow his own peculiar fancies. What they were may be seen from his subsequent works. They were highly imaginative and original, and not without elements of beauty, but they were not Nature. At last, when he presented for our admiration the young women which have since become the type of Rossettianism, the public opened their eyes in amazement. 'And this,' they said, 'is Pre-Raphaelitism!' It was nothing of the sort. The Pre-Raphaelites had but one idea—to present on canvas what they saw in Nature; and such productions as these were absolutely foreign to the spirit of their work.

"The only one of my pictures that I can think of as showing what is called the influence of Rossetti is the 'Isabella,' in which some of the vestments were worked out in accordance with a book of mediæval costumes which he was kind enough to lend me. It was Hunt—not Rossetti—whom I habitually consulted in case of doubt. He was my intimate friend and companion; and though, at the time I am speaking of, all my religious subjects were chosen and composed by myself, I was always glad to hear what he had to say about them, and not infrequently to act upon his suggestions. We were working together then, and constantly criticised each other's pictures."

The friendly intercourse between Millais and D. G. Rossetti lasted but four years, from 1848 to 1852. From 1852 to 1854 they met occasionally, but after that they rarely came into contact, and in 1856 even these casual meetings came to an end. One reads then with a smile such observations as this in Mr. Spielmann's *Millais and his Works* (1898):—"This is no time to examine the principles and the bearings of this oft-discussed mission of eclectics; but it may at least be pointed out how clear a proof of what can be done by co-operation, even in art, are the achievements of the school. Millais' great pictures of that period—in many qualities really great—are certainly the combination of the influence of others' powers besides his own. His is the wonderful execution, the brilliant drawing; but Dante Rossetti's perfervid imagination was on one side of him, and Holman Hunt's powerful intellect and resolution were on the other; while, perhaps, the analytical mind of Mr. William Rossetti and the literary outlook of Mr. F. G. Stephens were not without influence upon his work. In a few short years these supports were

withdrawn from Millais' art, in which we find the execution still, *but where—at least in the same degree—the intellect or the imagination?*"

The "supports," as Mr. Spielmann calls them, never existed; and as to "intellect" and "imagination," is there nothing of these in "Ferdinand lured by Ariel," "Mariana," "The Blind Girl," "L'Enfant du Regiment," or "The Woodman's Daughter," with none of which had Rossetti any concern? Indeed, as to the three last-named pictures, I think I am right in saying that Rossetti never saw them until they were hung on the Academy walls. The "Huguenot," too, and the "Ophelia" were seen but once by him when the paintings were in process, and that was at Worcester Park Farm, when he and Madox Brown called and expressed their approval. And now I leave it to my readers to say whether the "Isabella" (the only pure mediæval subject) surpasses in point of design, execution, or sentiment such of Millais' later works as "The Rescue," "The Order of Release," "The Proscribed Royalist," or fifty others that could be named. My father hated humbug; and if Rossetti had been the guiding spirit of his works, as certain critics represent, he would have been the first to acknowledge it.\* It was the poetry of Nature that appealed to him—the love, hope, sweetness, and purity that he found there—and it was the passionate desire to express what he felt so deeply that spurred him on from the beginning to the end of his art life.

As to Rossetti, the fact is he was never a Pre-Raphaelite at heart. Himself a man of great originality, and a free-thinker in matters of Art, he was captivated by the independent spirit of the Brotherhood, and readily cast in his lot with them. But it was only for a time. By degrees their methods palled upon his taste, and not caring any longer to uphold them before the public, he broke away from his old associates, determined to follow the peculiar bent of his genius, which taught him *not* to go to Nature for his inspirations, but to follow rather the flights of his own fancy. His subsequent career is sufficient evidence of that. Only two years after he first joined the Brotherhood, Mr. Hunt, who taught him all the technique he ever knew, got him to come down to Knole to paint a background straight from Nature whilst he overlooked and helped him. After two days, however, Rossetti

\* It is a significant fact that in my father's letters of this period (1849-1853), the name of D. G. Rossetti is hardly ever mentioned.

was heartily sick of Nature, and bolted back to London and its artificial life.

In course of time the instruction he had received from Hunt began to bear fruit—one sees this in his picture called “The Girlhood of the Virgin”—and with further practice his art improved rapidly, and continued to do so as years went on.

The great mistake that nearly all the critics make is in confounding Rossetti’s later work, which is imaginative, sincere, and entirely of his own conception, with his Pre-Raphaelite work, of which he really did very little. They call his pictures such as “La bella mano,” “Proserpine,” “Venus Verticordia,” “Dante and Beatrice,” Pre-Raphaelite, which they are not in the very least. They belong to an entirely different school, which he himself founded, and which has since had such able exponents as Mr. Strudwick and Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

A common mistake that critics make is in assuming that the Pre-Raphaelite movement owed its origin to Mr. Ruskin. Amongst other writers on the subject is Max Nordau, and his statements are for the most part entirely wrong. He attributes the origin of the Brotherhood to the teachings of Ruskin, but Holman Hunt and Millais were Pre-Raphaelites before Ruskin ever wrote a line on the subject. At the Academy one of Mr. Ruskin’s admirers lent Hunt a copy of *Modern Painters*, and Hunt read it with enthusiasm, as partially embodying his own preconceived ideal of art. Millais, however, when asked to read the work, resolutely refused to do so, saying he had his own ideas, and, convinced of their absolute soundness, he should carry them out regardless of what any man might say. He would look neither to the right nor to the left, but pursue unflinchingly the course he had marked out for himself. And so he did.

Besides what my father has told me over and over again, I have it from Mr. Holman Hunt, his life-long friend, that he was never for a moment influenced by Ruskin’s teachings. Mr. Ruskin, it is true, held Millais up as the shining light of the Pre-Raphaelites, and explained his pictures to the multitude according to his own ideas; but that of course proves no more than that he admired my father’s work, and approved what he believed to be the object of his aim.

Probably no artist in England ever read less on art or on his own doings than did Millais. On rare occasions criticisms were forced upon his notice, and he read them; but faith in himself

and his own opinions was his only guide in determining what was good or bad in a picture, whether his own or that of another artist. When his work was done he banished all thought of it as far as possible, and when by chance his friend Dr. Urquhart, of Perth, called his attention to Max Nordau's statement that Ruskin was the originator and moving spirit of the Pre-Raphaelites in their early days, he indignantly denied it; and, after reading the passages the next day, he wrote to Mrs. Urquhart a letter in which he gave a rough history of Pre-Raphaelitism, and characterised Nordau's remarks as "twaddling rubbish on a subject of which he knows absolutely nothing."

Mr. Ruskin held that Art should be a great moral teacher, with religion as its basis and mainspring; but Millais, while agreeing with much of that critic's writings,\* was never quite at one with him on this point. He certainly held that Art should have a great and abiding purpose, giving all its strength to the beautifying or ennoblement of whatever subject it touched, either sacred or secular; but though himself at heart a truly religious man, he could not harp on one string alone, nor would his impulsive originality, absolutely untrammelled by the opinions of others, allow him to paint pictures in which he had no heart at the dictation of any man, however eminent.

Holman Hunt, too, painted his religious pictures on the Ruskin lines really as the outcome of the high ideals he had set up for himself from the outset. "Truth and the free field of unadulterated Nature" was the motto of these originators. As Pope says, they "looked through Nature up to Nature's God," being sincere in their art, and resolutely determined to pursue it to its highest ends.

In saying this I by no means lose sight of the fact that the Pre-Raphaelites one and all owed much to Mr. Ruskin for his championship of their cause when he came to the knowledge of what they were striving to achieve. With an eloquence to which probably no equal can be found in the annals of art criticism, he explained to an unsympathetic public the aim and objects of the Brotherhood, and it goes without saying that they were highly gratified by his championship. When too, later on, he turned round and abused some of Millais' best works as heartily as he had praised some others, the circumstance was regarded by

\* Millais knew nothing of Ruskin's writings until 1851, when a letter of his appeared in the *Times*.



Millais amongst others as merely one of the inconsistencies into which genius is apt to fall. No one ever doubted the sincerity of his motive. He expressed only what he believed to be right, and in so far as he was wrong he helped rather than injured the painter's fame.

Before the Brotherhood was formally constituted, another association, called "The Cyclographic Club," came into existence, its object being to establish and circulate amongst the members a kind of portfolio of art and criticism. Each member had to contribute once a month a black-and-white drawing, on the back of which the other members were to write critiques. This club, if it may be so called, was founded by N. E. Green, Burchell, and Deverell, and was afterwards joined by Millais, Hunt, Rossetti, and Arthur Hughes. In a contribution to *The Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham* Mr. Hughes says, "Millais, who was the only man amongst us who had any money, provided a nice green portfolio with a lock in which to keep the drawings. Millais did his drawing, and one or two others did theirs. Then the 'Folio' came to Rossetti, where it stuck for ever. It never reached me. According to his wont, he (Rossetti) had at first been most enthusiastic over the scheme, *and had so infected Millais with his enthusiasm* that he had at once ordered the case."\*

On this subject Mr. Hughes sends me the following note: "In connection with the circulating folio for designs, a few members of the Brotherhood met one evening at Rossetti's Rooms at Chatham Place†—Rossetti, Deverell, and myself—and one other, perhaps, but I cannot remember. When Millais came in he asked if the folio had arrived from him. Yes, there it was. Then if Madox Brown had agreed to join, and Rossetti told him that he resisted all persuasion, and would not. 'What a peevish old chap he is!' cried Millais. A little later he noticed that Deverell was smoking a cigarette, and earnestly exhorted him to give it up. 'Don't, Deverell, don't take to smoking; it is frightfully injurious, it palls the faculties.' He himself succumbed later on!"

The Brotherhood, it may be mentioned, neither smoked, drank,

\* Mr. Holman Hunt says his "influence" is purely imaginary. Millais had the "enthusiasm" for designs in pen-and-ink, and liked to see what others did. Some of the drawings were in colour. He adds, "I don't think we ever had any meeting, and after about four peregrinations we (Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti) seceded, because the contributions were so poor and the portfolio never arrived."

† This, I think, is a mistake, as Rossetti did not go to Chatham Place till 1853, when the Cyclographic Club had ceased to exist. Perhaps Mr. Hughes was thinking of the club which Lady Waterford and E. V. B. tried to organise.

nor swore, and that at a period when, as Thackeray has shown us, all Bohemia was saturated with tobacco, spirits, and quaint oaths. Millais, however, after attaining his "artistic puberty," as he called it, came to regard the pipe of peace as a friend and consoler when (as he sometimes was) well-nigh distraught with his work.

Out of the seven Pre-Raphaelite Brothers five were good men with their pens, and the Brotherhood being eager to defend the position they had taken up, were only too glad when, in 1849, it was proposed to start a magazine in support of their common creed. In the autumn of that year they met together in Mr. Hunt's room, in Cleveland Street, to arrange preliminaries with a view to early publication, when various plans and names for the magazine were discussed, and at last, on the suggestion of Mr. William Cave Thomas, it was decided to call it *The Germ*.

Arrangements were then made with a publisher, pens and pencils were set agoing, and in 1849 the first number of the periodical appeared in print. Millais' share in this seems to have been limited to two or three illustrations, which are now in my possession. He took, however, a great interest in the work, and subsequently wrote a complete story for publication; but, alas! before the time for this arrived the magazine came to an end for lack of funds to keep it alive.

Only four numbers ever appeared, and these are now so scarce that at a recent sale by auction a complete set fetched £100.

In the *Idler* of March, 1898, Mr. Ernest Radford has some interesting notes on *The Germ*—"the respiratory organ of the Brethren,"\* as he humorously calls it. It was edited, he tells us, by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and printed by a Mr. G. F. Tupper, on whose suggestion the title was changed in the third number to the more commonplace one of *Art and Poetry*; and, besides many valuable illustrations, it comprised contributions in prose and poetry by the Rossettis (Christina and her two brothers), Madox Brown, F. G. Stephens, Coventry Patmore, Thomas Woolner, and various smaller lights. Millais, he says, "who never practised an art without mastering it . . . etched one plate in illustration of a poem by Rossetti, which was to have graced the fifth number," but both etching and poem have disappeared. The drawing for the etching is, I fancy, amongst those in my possession.

He also wrote a story for the paper, which would have appeared

\* It was not of the "Brethren" only, others who were in sympathy with them also took part in the publication.

in the fifth number had the periodical survived so long. The following is a brief outline of the tale: A knight is in love with the daughter of a king who lived in a moated castle. His affection is returned, but the king swears to kill him if he attempts to see his lady-love. The lovers sigh for each other, but there is no opportunity for meeting till the winter comes and the moat is frozen over. The knight then passes over the ice, and, scaling the walls of the castle, carries off the lady. As they rush across the ice sounds of alarm are heard within, and at that moment the surface gives way, and they are seen no more in life. The old king is inconsolable. Years pass by, and the moat is drained; the skeletons of the two lovers are then found locked in each other's arms, the water-worn muslin of the lady's dress still clinging to the points of the knight's armour.

It seems from a letter of Rossetti's to W. B. Scott that, after the Cyclographic Club and *The Germ* had come to an end, Millais tried to found amongst the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers and their allies a sketching club, which would also include two ladies, namely, the beautiful Marchioness of Waterford and the Honourable Mrs. Boyle (known as E. V. B.), both these ladies being promising artists, above the rank of amateurs; but this scheme also fell through.

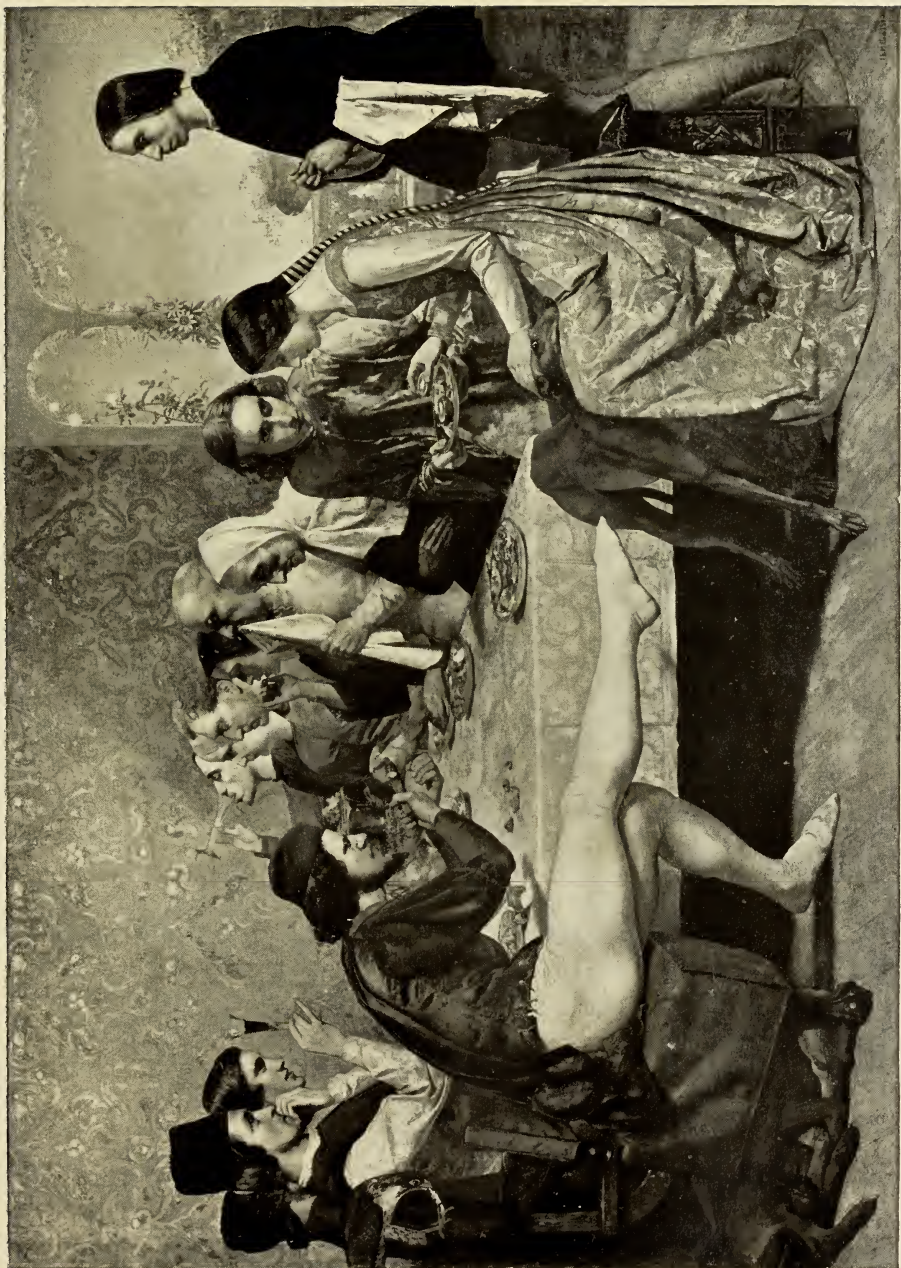
## CHAPTER III

“Lorenzo and Isabella”—A prime joke—“Christ in the Home of His Parents”—The onslaught of the critics—Charles Dickens unfavourable—Millais at work—The newspapers send him to Australia—The P.R.B. draw each other for Woolner—The bricklayers’ opinion—The elusive nugget—“Ferdinand lured by Ariel”—The ultra-cautious dealer—Millais at the theatre painting portraits—His sale of “Ferdinand”—Mr. Stephens tells of his sittings for “Ferdinand’s” head—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Combe—Their kindness to Millais—Millais’ letters to the Combes—His life in London—The Collins family—Letters about “The Woodman’s Daughter” and “The Flood”—“Mariana”—An obliging mouse—“The Woodman’s Daughter”—William Millais on the picture—The artist’s devotion to truth—Ruskin on the Pre-Raphaelites—He champions their cause—His unreliability as a critic.

MILLAIS’ first big work in which he threw down the gauntlet to the critics, marking his picture with the hated P.R.B. signature, was “Lorenzo and Isabella,” the subject being taken from Keats’ paraphrase of Boccaccio’s story :—

“Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!  
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love’s eye.  
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell  
Without some stir of heart, some malady;  
They could not sit at meals but feel how well  
It soothed each to be the other by;  
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep,  
But to each other dream and nightly weep.”

All the figures were painted from the artist’s own friends and relations. Mrs. Hodgkinson (wife of Millais’ half-brother) sat for Isabella; Millais’ father, shorn of his beard, sat for the man wiping his lips with a napkin; William Rossetti sat for Lorenzo; Mr. Hugh Fen is paring an apple; and D. G. Rossetti is seen at the end of the table drinking from a long glass; whilst the brother, spitefully kicking the dog, in the foreground, was Mr. Wright, an architect; and a student named Harris. Mr. F. G. Stephens is supposed to have sat for the head which appears between the watching brother and his wineglass; and a student named Plass stood for the serving-man. Poor Walter Deverell is also there.



"LORENZO AND ISABELLA." 1848



Millais planned this work as late as November, 1848, and carried it on, as Mr. Holman Hunt says, "at a pace beyond all calculation," producing in the end "the most wonderful picture in the world for a lad of twenty."

And now let us see what the critics had to say about it. *Fraser's Magazine* of July, 1849, was, to say the least, encouraging; witness the following critique:—"Among the multitude of minor pictures at the Academy, nearly all of which, we are bound to say, exhibit more than an average degree of excellence, one stands out distinguished from the rest. It is the work of a young artist named Millais, whose name we do not remember to have seen before. The subject is taken from Keats' quaint, charming and pathetic poem, 'Isabella.' The whole family are seated at a table; Lorenzo is speaking with timid adoration to Isabella, the consciousness of dependency and of the contempt in which he is held by her brothers being stamped on his countenance. The figures of the brothers, 'especially of him who sits nearest to the front, are drawn and coloured with remarkable power. The attitude of this brother, as his leg is stretched out to kick Isabella's dog, is vigorous and original. The colour of the picture is very delicate and beautiful. Like Mr. [Ford Madox] Brown, however, this young artist, although exhibiting unquestionable genius, is evidently enslaved by preference for a false style. There is too much mannerism in the picture; but the talent of the artist will, we doubt not, break through it."

But the critics were not all of this mind; there was considerable diversity of opinion amongst them. Some were simply silent; but of those who noticed the work at all the majority spoke of it in terms of qualified approval, regarding it rather as a tentative departure from the beaten track of Art than as the fruit of long and earnest conviction.

By the general public it was looked upon as a prime joke, only surpassing in absurdity Mr. Holman Hunt's "Rienzi," which was exhibited at the same time, and was equally beyond their comprehension. With a plentiful lack of wit, they greeted it with loud laughter or supercilious smiles, and in some instances even the proud Press descended to insults of the most personal kind. This, however, only stiffened Millais' resolution to proceed on his own lines, and to defend against all comers the principles on which the Brotherhood was founded. The picture was bought of the artist by three combined amateur dealers, who sold it

to Mr. Windus, of Tottenham. After remaining with him some ten or twelve years Gambart bought it, and again sold it to Woolner, R.A. It is now in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool.

In the following year was exhibited the picture commonly known as "Christ in the Home of His Parents," but with no other title than the following quotation from Zechariah xiii. 6: "And one shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in Thine hands? Then He shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of My friends." It was painted on precisely the same principle as was that which had called forth the derision of the multitude, and as both Rossetti and Mr. Hunt exhibited at the same time important pictures of the same school, there could no longer be any doubt as to the serious meaning of the movement. Then, with one accord, their opponents fell upon Mallais as the prime mover in the rebellion against established precedent. In the words of a latter-day critic, "Men who knew nothing of Art reviled Millais because he was not of the art, artistic. Dilettanti, who could not draw a finger-tip, scolded one of the most accomplished draughtsmen of the age because he delineated what he saw. Cognoscenti, who could not paint, rebuked the most brilliant gold medal student of the Royal Academy on account of his technical proceedings. Critics of the most rigid views belaboured and shrieked at an original genius, whose struggles and whose efforts they could not understand. Intolerant and tyrannical commentators condemned the youth of twenty because he dared to think for himself; and, to sum up the burden of the chorus of shame and false judgment, there was hardly a whisper of faith or hope, or even of charity—nay, not a sound of the commonest and poorest courtesy—vouchsafed to the painter of 'The Carpenter's Shop,' as, in utter scorn, this picture was originally and contumeliously called."

What the Academy thought of it may be gathered from the words of the late F. B. Barwell: "I well remember Mulready, R.A., alluding to the picture some two years after its exhibition. He said that it had few admirers inside the Royal Academy Council, and that he himself and Maclise alone supported its claims to a favourable consideration."

The picture itself, devotional and symbolic in intent, is too well known to need any description. The child Christ is seen in His father's workshop with blood flowing from His hand, the result



of a recent wound, while His mother waits upon Him with loving sympathy. That is the main subject. And now let us see how it was treated by the Press.

*Blackwood's Magazine* dealt with it in this wise: "We can hardly imagine anything more ugly, graceless, and unpleasant than Mr. Millais' picture of 'Christ in the Carpenter's Shop.' Such a collection of splay feet, puffed joints, and misshapen limbs was assuredly never before-made within so small a compass. We have great difficulty in believing a report that this unpleasing and atrociously affected picture has found a purchaser at a high price. Another specimen from the same brush inspires rather laughter than disgust."

That was pretty strong; but, not to be left behind in the race to accomplish the painter's downfall, a leading literary journal, whose Art critic, by the way, was a Royal Academician, delivered itself in the following terms: "Mr. Millais, in his picture without a name (518), which represents a holy family in the interior of a carpenter's shop, has been most successful in the least dignified features of his presentment, and in giving to the higher forms, characters, and meanings a circumstantial art-language, from which we recoil with loathing and disgust. There are many to whom his work will seem a pictorial blasphemy. Great imaginative talents have here been perverted to the use of an eccentricity both lamentable and revolting."

Another critic, bent on displaying his wit at the expense of the artist, said: "Mr. Millais' picture looks as if it had passed through a mangle." And even Charles Dickens, who in later years was a firm friend of Millais and a great admirer of his works, denounced the picture in a leading article in *Household Words* as "mean, odious, revolting, and repulsive."

But perhaps the most unreasonable notice of all was the following, which appeared in the *Times*: "Mr. Millais' principal picture is, to speak plainly, revolting. The attempt to associate the holy family with the meanest details of a carpenter's shop, with no conceivable omission of misery, of dirt, of even disease, all finished with the same loathsome minuteness, is disgusting; and with a surprising power of imitation, this picture serves to show how far mere imitation may fall short, by dryness and conceit, of all dignity and truth."

In an interesting note on this picture, Mr. Edward Benest (Millais' cousin) says, "During the three years I was working in

London I was a frequent visitor to the Gower Street house. . . . From the intellectual point of view this picture may be said to be the outcome of the combined brains of the Millais family. Every little portion of the whole canvas was discussed, considered, and settled upon by the father, mother, and Johnnie (the artist) before a touch was placed on the canvas, although sketches had been made. Of course, coming frequently, I used to criticise too; and if I suggested any alteration, Johnnie used to say in his determined way, 'No, Ned; that has been all settled by us, and I shan't alter it.'

"Everything in that house was characteristic of the great devotion of all to the young artist; and yet he was in no way spoilt. Whilst he was at work his father and mother sat beside him most of the time, the mother constantly reading to him on every imaginable subject that interested the boy, or stopping to discuss matters with him. The boy himself, whilst working, joined freely and cleverly in any conversation that was going on; and once when I asked him how he could possibly paint and talk at the same time, and throw such energy into both, he said, tapping his forehead, 'Oh, that's all right. I have painted every touch in my head, as it were, long ago, and have now only to transfer it to canvas.' The father—a perfect optimist—when unable to help in any other way, would occupy himself by pointing all Johnnie's pencils or playing whole operas on the flute. This instrument he played almost as well as any professional.

"The principal point of discussion with regard to the 'Carpenter's Shop' related to the head of the Virgin Mary. At first, as his sketches show, she was represented as being kissed by the child Christ; but this idea was presently altered to the present position of the figures, and the mother is now shown embracing her Son. These two figures were constantly painted and repainted in various attitudes, and finished only a short time before the picture was exhibited. The figure, too, of St. John carrying a bowl of water was inserted at the last moment."

The picture, when finished (not before), was sold for £150 to a dealer named Farrer, whose confidence in the young artist was amusingly displayed by pasting on the back of it all the adverse criticisms that appeared.

The models for this picture were as follows: the Virgin Mary, Mrs. Henry Hodgkinson, the Christ, Noel Humphreys (son of an architect), John the Baptist, Edwin Everett (an adopted child of

the Mr. Everett who married Millais' aunt), and the apprentice H. St. Ledger. In painting it, Millais was so determined to be accurate in every detail, that he used to take the canvas down to a carpenter's shop and paint the interior direct from what he saw there. The figure of Joseph he took from the carpenter himself, saying that it was "the only way to get the development of the muscles right"; but the head was painted from Millais' father. His great difficulty was with the sheep, for there were no flocks within miles of Gower Street. At last, only a few days before the picture had to be sent in to the Royal Academy, he went to a neighbouring butcher's, where he bought two sheep's heads with the wool on, and from these he painted the flock.

There is a good story about these Pre-Raphaelite days that I am tempted to introduce here in contrast with the graver portion of this chapter. Gold-digging is hardly an adventure in which I should have expected my father to engage; but the papers, of course, must be right, and in 1886 one of them (an Edinburgh evening journal) announced that at a certain period in the fifties Millais was travelling in Australia in company with Woolner, the sculptor, and the late Marquis of Salisbury, and for some time worked with his own hands in the Bendigo gold-diggings. None of us at home had even heard of this before; but there it was in print, and presently every tit-bitty paper in the country repeated the tale with all the rhetorical adornment at the command of the writer. "The frenzied energy of gold-seekers" was one of the phrases that specially pleased us, and we never failed to throw it at my father's head whenever he was in a bit of a hurry.

And still the tale goes on. Quite recently the familiar old story appeared again in an Australian paper, the writer observing that no biography of the deceased artist would be complete without an account of his experiences in the southern goldfields. It seems a pity to prick this pretty bubble; but as a matter of fact my father was never in the goldfields, and through the fifties he was hard at work at home. It was Woolner alone who went in search of the elusive nugget, but presently returned to his art work in England, richer rather in experience than in solid gold.

Of one of the evening meetings in Woolner's absence Mr. Arthur Hughes obliges me with the following note:—"While Woolner was in Australia his Pre-Raphaelite Brothers agreed to draw one another and send the drawings out to him; and one day, when two

or three of them were about this at Millais' house, Alexander Munro, the sculptor, chanced to call. Millais, having finished his Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood subject, got Munro to sit, and drew him, and afterwards accompanied him to the door with the drawing in his hand, to which Munro was making some critical objection that Millais did not agree with. There happened to be passing at the time a couple of rough bricklayers, fresh from their work—short pipes and all. To them Millais suddenly reached out from the doorstep and seized one, to his great surprise, and there and then constituted them judges to decide upon the merits of the likeness, while Munro, rather disconcerted, had to stand in the street with his hat off for identification. A most amusing scene !”

“Ferdinand lured by Ariel,” painted in 1849, was another important picture that warred with the prevailing sentiment of the day, its high finish in every detail and the distinctly original treatment of the subject tending only to kindle anew the animosity of the critics against Millais and the principles he represented. Even the dealer for whom it was painted as a commission for £100 refused to take it, and when, later on, it was exhibited at the Academy (now the National Gallery), it was ignominiously placed low down in a corner of one of the long rooms.

This shameless breach of contract on the part of the dealer was a bitter disappointment to the young artist, for he could ill afford to keep his pictures long in hand. His parents, never well off, had given up everything for “Jack,” and determined that he should lack for nothing that could in any wise tend to his advancement, and for the last four years—ever since he was sixteen years of age—he had striven hard to requite their kindness, supplying, as he did from the profits of his work, the greater part of the household expenses at Gower Street. To eke out his precarious income he often went to theatres, where he could earn small sums by making sketches of the actors and actresses ; but as he seldom got more than a couple of sovereigns for a finished portrait, this loss of £100 was a matter of no small moment to his family as well as himself.

But now another chance for the sale of “Ferdinand” presented itself. Mr. Frankum, an appreciative friend, brought to the studio a stranger who admired it greatly, and made so many encouraging remarks that Millais felt sure he would buy it. To his disappointment, however, no offer was made. The visitors went away, and he dolefully took up the picture to put it back in its accustomed

place, when, to his joy and amazement, he found underneath it a cheque for £150! It was Mr. Richard Ellison, of Sudbrook Holme, Lincolnshire, a well-known connoisseur, whom Mr. Frankum had brought with him, and he had quietly slipped in this cheque unperceived by the artist. The picture has since been successively in the hands of Mr. Wyatt, of Oxford, Mr. Woolner, R.A. (who made quite a little fortune by buying and selling pictures), and Mr. A. C. Allen, and is now in the possession of Mr. Henry Makins. From one of his letters to Mr. Wyatt (December, 1850) it seems that Millais made some slight alterations in, or additions to, the work after it had been sold to Mr. Ellison, for he took it again down to Oxford and worked once more upon the background, leaving it to dry the while in the possession of his friend Mr. Wyatt.

As to its merits, I need only quote the opinion of Mr. Stephens, who sat for "Ferdinand." In a recent notice of the work he says: "Although the face is a marvel of finish, and unchangeable in its technique, it was begun and completed in one sitting. Having made a very careful drawing in pencil on the previous day, and transferred it to the picture, Millais, almost without stopping to exchange a word with his sitter, worked for about five hours, put down his brushes, and never touched the face again. In execution it is exhaustive and faultless. Six-and-thirty years have not harmed it."

In a letter to me Mr. Stephens gives some further details about the picture and his sittings for it. He says: "My intimacy with Millais, of course, took a new form with this brotherly agreement [of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood], and it was probably in consequence of this that I sat to him for the head of the Prince in the little picture of 'Ferdinand lured by Ariel, which, being painted in 1849-50, was at the Academy in 1850, and is the leading example of Pre-Raphaelitism.

"According to Millais, each Brother worked according to his own lights and the general views of the Brotherhood at that time. Such being the case, I may describe the manner of the artist in this particular instance. In the summer and autumn of 1849 he executed the whole of that wonderful background, the delightful figures of the elves and Ariel, and he sketched in the Prince himself. The whole was done upon a pure white ground, so as to obtain the greatest brilliancy of the pigments. Later on my turn came, and in one lengthy sitting Millais drew my most

un-Ferdinand-like features with a pencil upon white paper, making, as it was, a most exquisite drawing of the highest finish and exact fidelity. In these respects nothing could surpass this jewel of its kind. Something like it, but softer and not quite so sculpturesque, exists in the similar study Millais made in pencil for the head of Ophelia, which I saw not long ago, and which Sir W. Bowman lent to the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888.

“My portrait was completely modelled in all respects of form and light and shade, so as to be a perfect study for the head thereafter to be painted. The day after it was executed Millais repeated the study in a less finished manner upon the panel, and on the day following that I went again to the studio in Gower Street, where ‘Isabella’ and similar pictures were painted. From ten o’clock to nearly five the sitting continued without a stop, and with scarcely a word between the painter and his model. The clicking of his brushes when they were shifted in his palette, the sliding of his foot upon the easel, and an occasional sigh marked the hours, while, strained to the utmost, Millais worked this extraordinary fine face. At last he said, ‘There, old fellow, it is done!’ Thus it remains as perfectly pure and as brilliant as then—fifty years ago—and it now remains unchanged. For me, still leaning on a stick and in the required posture, I had become quite unable to move, rise upright, or stir a limb till, much as if I were a stiffened lay-figure, Millais lifted me up and carried me bodily to the dining-room, where some dinner and wine put me on my feet again. Later the till then unpainted parts of the figure of Ferdinand were added from the model and a lay-figure.

“It was in the Gower Street studio that Millais was wont, when time did not allow of outdoor exercises, to perform surprising feats of agility and strength. He had, since we first met at Trafalgar Square, so greatly developed in tallness, bulk, and manliness that no one was surprised at his progress in these respects. He was great in leaping, and I well remember how in the studio he was wont to clear my arm outstretched from the shoulder—that is, about five feet from the ground—at one spring. The studio measures nineteen feet six inches by twenty feet, thus giving him not more than fourteen feet run. Many similar feats attested the strength and energy of the artist.”

And now I must introduce two old friends of my father, whose kindness and generosity to him in his younger days made a deep and lasting impression upon his life. In 1848, when he first

became acquainted with them, Mr. Thomas Combe was the Superintendent of the Clarendon Press at Oxford—a man of the most cultivated tastes, and highly respected and beloved by every member of the University with whom he came into contact—and his wife was a very counterpart of himself. Millais was staying at Oxford at the time, engaged in painting the picture of Mr. Wyatt and his granddaughter referred to in Chapter I., and the Combes, who were among the first to recognise and encourage the efforts of the Pre-Raphaelite School, took him under their wing, treating him with almost parental consideration. In 1849 he returned to Oxford, and stayed with them while painting Mr. Combe's portrait, and from that time they became familiar friends, to whom it was always a pleasure to write.

The following letters, kindly placed at my disposal by Mrs. Combe, serve to illustrate his life at this period. Mr. Combe, it must be understood, Millais commonly referred to as "The Early Christian"; Mrs. Combe he addressed as "Mrs. Pat."

*To Mrs. Combe.*

"17, HANOVER TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK,  
"November 13th, 1850.

"MY DEAR MRS. PAT,—Our departure was so velocitous that I had no time or spirits to express my thanks to you before leaving for your immense kindness and endurance of all whimsicalities attached to my nature. I scribble this at Collins' house, being totally incapable of remaining at my own residence after the night's rest and morning's 'heavy blow'\* of breakfast. The Clarendonian visit, the Bottleyonian privations, and Oxonian martyrdoms have wrought in us (Collins and myself) such a similar feeling that it is quite impracticable to separate. I had to go through the exceedingly difficult task of performing the dramatic traveller's return to his home—embracing ferociously and otherwise exulting in the restoration to the bosom of my family. I say I had to 'perform' this part, because the detestation I hold London in surpasses all expression, and prevents the possibility of my being pleased to return to anybody at such a place. Mind, I am not abusing the society, but the filth of the metropolis.

\* "Heavy blow" was a jocular phrase used by my father and the Combes.

“Now for a catalogue of words to express my thanks to you and Mr. Combe. I have not got Johnson’s dictionary near me, so I am at a loss. Your kindness has defeated the possibility of ever adequately thanking you, so I will conclude with rendering my mother’s grateful acknowledgments.

“Remember me to all my friends, and believe me,

“Yours most sincerely,

“JOHN E. MILLAIS.”

*Note.*—The “Bottleonian privations” refer to the hard fare on which Millais and Charles Collins subsisted at the cottage of Mrs. King, at Botley, whilst the former was painting “The Woodman’s Daughter.” Mrs. Combe’s motherly kindness to the two young artists is thus referred to by Dr. Birkbeck Hill in his book on the Rossetti letters:—“I have heard Mrs. Combe relate a story how Millais and Collins, when very young men, once lodged in a cottage nearly opposite the entrance of Lord Abingdon’s park close to Oxford. She learnt from them that they got but poor fare, so soon afterwards she drove over in her carriage, and left for them a large meat-pie. Millais, she added, one day said to Mr. Combe, ‘People had better buy my pictures now, when I am working for fame, than a few years later, when I shall be married and working for a wife and children.’ It was in these later years that old Linnell exclaimed to him, ‘Ah, Mr. Millais, you have left your first love, you have left your first love!’”

*To the same.*

“83, GOWER STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE,

“December 2nd, 1850.

“MY DEAR MRS. PAT,—Every Sunday since I left Oxford Collins and I have spent together, attending Wells Street Church. I think you will admit (when in town) that the service there is better performed than any other you have ever attended. We met there yesterday morning a University man of our acquaintance who admitted its superiority over Oxford or Cambridge. I am ashamed to say that late hours at night and ditto in the morning are creeping again on us. Now and then I make a desperate resolution to plunge out of bed when called, which ends in passively lying down again. A late breakfast (I won’t mention the hour) and my lay-figure [artist’s dummy] stares at me in reproving astonishment as I enter my study. During all this



time I am so powerlessly cold that I am like a moving automaton. The first impulse is to sit by my stove, which emits a delicious, genial, unwholesome, feverish heat, and the natural course of things brings on total incapacity to work and absolute laziness. In spite of this I manage to paint three hairs on the woodman's little girl's head or two freckles on her face; and so lags the day till dark, by which time the room is so hot, and the glue in the furniture therein so softened by the warmth, that the chairs and tables are in peril of falling to pieces before my face. . . . But I, like the rest of the furniture, am in too delicate a state to be moved when the call for dinner awakens the last effort but one in removing my body to the table, where the last effort of all is required to eat.

"This revives just strength enough to walk to Hanover Terrace in a night so cold that horses should wear great-coats. Upon arriving there I embrace Collins, and *vice versa*; Mrs. Collins makes the tea, and we drink it; we then adjourn upstairs to his room and converse till about twelve, when we say good-night, and again poor wretched 'Malay' [he was always called 'Mr. Malay' wherever he went] risks his life in the London Polar voyage, meeting no human beings but metropolitan policemen, to whom he has an obscure intention of giving a feast of tea and thicker bread and butter than that given by Mr. Hales, of Oxford, in acknowledgment of his high esteem of their services. At one o'clock in the morning it is too severely cold for anything to be out but a lamp-post, and I am one of that body. [An occult reference to his slimness.]

"Respecting my promised visit at Christmas, if nothing happens to prevent me I shall certainly be with you then. Shall probably come the night before, and leave the night after.

"I have entirely settled my composition of 'The Flood,' and shall commence it this week. I have also commenced the child's head in the wood scene.

"I have, as usual, plenty of invitations out, all of which I have declined, caring no more for such amusements. It is useless to tell you that I am miserable, as this letter gives you my every-day life.

"Remember me to Mr. Combe most sincerely, and to all about you, and believe me to remain,

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

In these days he frequently referred to and made fun of his extreme slimness, as to which William Millais writes: "My brother, up to the age of twenty-four, was very slight in figure, and his height of six feet tended to exaggerate the tenuity of his appearance. He took pleasure in weighing himself, and was delighted with any increase of weight. I remember when he went to Winchelsea in 1854 to paint the background for the 'Blind Girl,' whilst waiting for a fly at the railway station we were weighed. I just turned twelve stone, and when my brother went into the scales the porter was quite dumbfounded when three stone had to be abstracted before the proper balance was arrived at. 'Ah! you may well look, my man,' said my brother; 'I ought to be going about in a menagerie as a specimen of a living paper-knife.' We all know how that state of things was altered in after years; he might have gone back to his menagerie as a specimen of fine manly vigour and physique."

*To Mr. Combe.*

"83, GOWER STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE,  
"December 16th, 1850.

"DEAR EARLY CHRISTIAN,—I was extremely surprised and delighted at your letter. The kind wish therein that I might stay a little while at Christmas I am afraid can never be realised, as I can only come and go for that day. My family, as you may imagine, were a little astonished on hearing my intention to leave them at that time. They are, however, reconciled now, and I shall (all things permitting) be with you. I have settled down to London life again for the present, and the quiet, pleasant time at Oxford seems like a dream. I wish the thought of it would take that form instead of keeping me awake almost every night up to three and four o'clock in the morning, at which time the most depressing of all circumstances happens—the performance of 'the Waits.' To hear a bad band play bad music in an empty street at night is the greatest trial I know. I should not like to visit Dr. Leigh's asylum as a patient, so shall endeavour to forget all bygone enjoyments, together with present and future miseries that keep me from sleep.

"You will perhaps wonder what these ailments can be. I will enumerate them. First, a certainty of passing an unusually turbulent life (which I do not like); secondly, the inevitable enemies

I shall create if fully successful ; thirdly, the knowledge of the immense application required to complete my works for the coming exhibition, which I feel inadequate to perform. I think I shall adopt the motto 'In cœlo quies,' and go over to Cardinal Wiseman, as all the metropolitan High Church clergymen are sending in their resignations. To-morrow (Sunday) Collins and myself are going to dine with a University man whose brother has just seceded, and afterwards to hear the Cardinal's second discourse. My brother went last Sunday, but could not hear a word, as it was so crowded he could not get near enough. The Cardinal preaches in his mitre and full vestments, so there will be a great display of pomp as well as knowledge. . . .

"And now, my dear Mr. Combe, I must end this 'heavy blow' letter with most affectionate remembrances and earnest assurances to Mrs. Pat that I do not mean to turn Roman Catholic just yet. Also remember me kindly to the Vicar,

"And believe me to remain,

"Yours most affectionately,

"JOHN EVERETT MALAY."

The following letter is characteristic as showing Millais' careful regard to details. The materials asked for were for use in painting "The Woodman's Daughter."

*To Mr. Combe.*

"83, GOWER STREET,

"January 28th, 1851.

"MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—You have doubtless wondered at not hearing from me, but want of subject must be my excuse.

"I have got a little commission for you to execute for me. You recollect the lodge at the entrance of Lord Abingdon's house, where I used to leave my picture of the Wood ['The Woodman's Daughter']. Well, in the first cottage there is a little girl named Esther ; would you ask the mother to let you have a pair of her old walking-boots? I require them sent on to me, as I wish to paint them in the wood. I do not care how old they are ; they are, of course, no use without having been worn. Will you please supply the child with money to purchase a new pair? I shall settle with you when I see you in the spring. If you should see a country-child with a bright lilac pinafore on, lay strong hands

on the same, and send it with the boots. It must be long, that is, covering the whole underdress from the neck. I do not wish it new, but clean, with some little pattern—pink spots, or anything of that kind. If you have not time for this task, do not scruple to tell me so.

“‘The Flood’ subject I have given up for this year, and have substituted a smaller composition a little larger than the Wood. The subject is quite new and, I think, fortunate; it is the dove returning to the Ark with the olive-branch. I shall have three figures—Noah praying, with the olive-branch in his hand, and the dove in the breast of a young girl who is looking at Noah. The other figure will be kissing the bird’s breast. The background will be very novel, as I shall paint several birds and animals one of which now forms the prey to the other.

“It is quite impossible to explain one’s intentions in a letter; so do not raise objections in your mind till you see it finished. I have a horrible influenza, which, however, has not deterred me from the usual ‘heavy blow’ walks with Fra Carlo. . . . I thought I had forgotten something—the *shields*—which you most kindly offered to do for me. I was not joking when I hinted to you that I should like to have them. If you are in earnest I shall be only too glad to hang them round my room, for I like them so much better than any paper, that when I have a house of my own you shall see every room decorated in that way. . . .

“Yours devotedly,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

“The Flood” subject (a subject altogether different from that of another picture called “A Flood,” painted by the artist in 1870) was never completed as an oil picture, although he made a finished drawing of it, which is now in my possession, having been given to me by my mother.

As will be seen from his letter to Mr. Combe, “The Return of the Dove to the Ark” (otherwise known as “The Daughters of Noah,” or “The Wives of the Sons of Noah”) had the first place in his mind, and eventually he painted it at the house in Gower Street. It represents two girls (supposed to be inmates of the Ark) clad in simple garments of green and white, and caressing the dove. The picture was shown in the Academy of 1851, along with “The Woodman’s Daughter” and “Mariana,” and was next exhibited in Paris in 1855 with “The Order of Release” and



"FERDINAND LURED BY ARIEL." 1849



“Ophelia,” when, says Mr. Stephens, “the three works attracted much attention and sharp discussion, which greatly extended Millais’ reputation.” It was again shown in the International Exhibition of 1862, as were also “Apple Blossoms,” “The Order of Release,” and “The Vale of Rest”; and by Mr. Combe’s will it has now become the property of the University of Oxford.

On this subject my uncle, William Millais, writes: “The unbiassed critic must be constrained to admit that if there is one thing to criticise in the paintings in these days of his glorious youth, it is the inelegance of one or two of the figures. The girls in ‘The Return of the Dove’ and ‘Mariana’ are the two most noticeable examples, and I have heard the artist admit as much himself. The head of the little girl in ‘The Woodman’s Daughter,’ which was altered after many years much for the worse, was in its original state distinctly charming, although rustic. It was only at the instance of the owner, his half-brother Henry Hodgkinson, that he at last consented to repaint (and spoil) to a considerable extent the whole picture for a slight inaccuracy in the drawing of one head and the arm and boots of the girl. It was a very great misfortune, for the work of the two periods has not ‘blended’ as they have done so successfully in ‘Sir Isumbras.’”

Millais’ life in 1851, his hopes and ambitions, the pictures he painted, what was said of them and what became of them, are perhaps best related by himself in the following letters:—

*To Mr. Combe.*

“83, GOWER STREET,

“April 15th, 1851.

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—You must be prepared to see an immense literary assault on my works; but I fancy some papers will give me all the credit the others withhold. To tell you the truth, artists know not what course to follow—whether to acknowledge the truth of our style, or to stand out against it. Many of the most important have already (before me) admitted themselves in the wrong—men whose reputation would suffer at the mention of their names!

“I would not ask anything for the copyright, as the engraving will cost nearly five hundred pounds. That in itself is a great risk, particularly as it is the first I shall have engraved. I shall not permit it to be published unless perfectly satisfied with the

capabilities of the etcher. It is to be done entirely in line, without mezzotint. I am myself confident of its success; but it is natural that men without the slightest knowledge should be a little shy of giving money for the copyright.\*

"It was very unfortunate that Charley [Collins] could not complete the second picture for the Exhibition. I tried all the encouraging persuasions in my power; but he was beaten by a silk dress, which he had not yet finished. I have ordered another canvas to begin again next week, intending to take a holiday when the warmth comes. Such a quantity of loathsome foreigners stroll about the principal streets that they incline one to take up a residence in Sweden, outside of the fumes of their tobacco. I expect all respectable families will leave London after the first month of the Exhibition, it will be so crowded with the lowest rabble of all the countries in Europe.

"Say all the kind things from me you, as a husband, may think fit to deliver to Mrs. Pat, and believe me,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

*To the same.*

"83, GOWER STREET,

"May 9th, 1851.

"MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—I received the shields this morning, and hasten to thank you most heartily. I hope to see them ranged round my studio next week. No doubt you have seen the violent abuse of my pictures in the *Times*, which I believe has sold itself to destroy us. That, however, is quite an absurd mistake of theirs, for, in spite of their denouncing my pictures as unworthy to hang on any walls, the famous critic, Mr. Ruskin, has written offering to purchase your picture of 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark.' I received his letter this morning, and have this evening made him aware of the previous sale. I have had more than one application for it, and you could, I have little doubt, sell it for as much again as I shall ask you.

"There are few papers that speak favourably of me, as they principally follow the *Times*. For once in a way that great leader of public opinion will be slightly out in its conjectures. There

\* The picture ("The Dove") was never engraved, the woodcut only appearing in *The Illustrated London News*.



are articles in the *Spectator* and *Daily News* as great in praise as the others are in abuse.

"Where are you, in London or Oxford? Mrs. Pat's letter did not specify the locality. Remember me affectionately to her, and believe me,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

*To the same.*

"83, GOWER STREET,

"May 10th, 1851.

"MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—I think if your friend admires Charley's sketch he would be particularly charmed with the picture, and would never regret its purchase, as a work so elaborately studied would always (after the present panic) command its price, £150.

"Most men look back upon their early paintings—for which they have received but poor remuneration—as the principal instruments of their after wealth. For one great instance, see Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' sold for £20, now worth more than £1000! Early works are also generally the standard specimens of artists, as great success blunts enthusiasm, and little by little men get into carelessness, which is construed by idiotic critics into a nobler handling. Putting aside the good work of purchasing from those who require encouragement, such patrons will be respected afterwards as wise and useful men amongst knavish fools, who should be destroyed in their revolting attempts to crush us—attempts so obviously malicious as to prove our rapid ascendancy. It is no credit to a man to purchase from those who are opulent and acknowledged by the world, so your friend has an opportunity for becoming one of the first-named wise patrons who shall, if we live, be extolled as having assisted in our (I hope) final success.

"Hunt will, I think, sell his; there is a man about it, and it is a very fine picture. My somewhat showmanlike recommendation of Collins' 'Nun' is a pure matter of conscience, and I hope it will prove not altogether faulty.

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN E. MILLAIS.

"Hunt wants £300 for his picture."

To Mrs. Combe.

“83, GOWER STREET,

“28th, 1851.

“MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—I feel it a duty to render you my most heartfelt thanks for the noble appreciation of my dear friend Collins' work and character. I include character, for I cannot help believing, from the evident good feeling evinced in your letter, that you have thought more of the beneficial results the purchase may occasion him than of your personal gratification at possessing the picture.

“You are not mistaken in thus believing him worthy of your kindest interests, for there are few so devotedly directed to the one thought of some day (through the medium of his art) turning the minds of men to good reflections and so heightening the profession as one of unworldly usefulness to mankind.

“*This is our great object in painting*, for the thought of simply pleasing the senses would drive us to other pursuits requiring less of that unceasing attention so necessary to the completion of a perfect work.

“I shall endeavour in the picture I have in contemplation—‘For as in the Days that were Before the Flood,’ etc., etc.—to affect those who may look on it with the awful uncertainty of life and the necessity of always being prepared for death. My intention is to lay the scene at the marriage feast. The bride, elated by her happiness, will be playfully showing her wedding ring to a young girl, who will be in the act of plighting her troth to a man wholly engrossed in his love, the parents of each uniting in congratulation at the consummation of their own and their children's happiness. A drunkard will be railing boisterously at another, less intoxicated, for his cowardice in being somewhat appalled at the view the open window presents—flats of glistening water, revealing but the summits of mountains and crests of poplars. The rain will be beating in the face of the terrified attendant who is holding out the shutter, wall-stained and running down with the wet, but slightly as yet inundating the floor. There will also be the glutton quietly indulging in his weakness, unheeding the sagacity of his grateful dog, who, thrusting his head under his hands to attract attention, instinctively feels the coming ruin. Then a woman (typical of worldly vanity) apparelled in sumptuous

attire, withholding her robes from the contamination of his dripping hide. In short, all deaf to the prophecy of the Deluge which is swelling before their eyes—all but one figure in their midst, who, upright with closed eyes, prays for mercy for those around her, a patient example of belief standing with, but far from, them placidly awaiting God's will.

“I hope, by this great contrast, to excite a reflection on the probable way in which sinners would meet the coming death—all on shore hurrying from height to height as the sea increases; the wretched self-congratulations of the bachelor, who, having but himself to save, believes in the prospect of escape; the awful feelings of the husband who sees his wife and children looking in his face for support, and presently disappearing one by one in the pitiless flood as he miserably thinks of his folly in not having taught them to look to God for help in times of trouble: the rich man who, with his boat laden with wealth and provisions, sinks in sight of his fellow-creatures with their last curse on his head for his selfishness; the strong man's strength failing gradually as he clings to some fragment floating away on the waste of water; and other great sufferers miserably perishing in their sins.

“I have enlarged on this subject and the feelings that I hope will arise from the picture, as I know you will be interested in it. One great encouragement to me is the certainty of its having this one advantage over a sermon, that it will be all at once put before the spectator without that trouble of realisation often lost in the effort of reading or listening.

“My pleasure in having indirectly assisted two friends in the disposal of their pictures is enhanced by the assurance that you estimate their merits. It is with extreme pleasure that I received that letter from Mr. Combe in which he approves of his picture of ‘The Return of the Dove to the Ark,’ universally acknowledged to be my best work, parts of which I feel incapable of surpassing. When you come to town I will show you many letters from strangers desirous of purchasing it, which is the best proof of its value in their eyes. The price I have fixed on my picture is a hundred and fifty guineas; and I hope some day you will let me paint you, as a companion, ‘The Dove's First Flight,’ which would make a beautiful pendant.

“Ever yours affectionately,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

“Mariana in the Moated Grange” was exhibited this year with the following quotation from Tennyson’s well-known poem :—

“She only said, ‘My life is dreary—  
He cometh not,’ she said :  
She said, ‘I am aweary, aweary—  
I would that I were dead.’”

The picture represents Mariana rising to her full height and bending backwards, with half-closed eyes. She is weary of all things, including the embroidery-frame which stands before her. Her dress of deep rich blue contrasts with the red-orange colour of the seat beside which she stands. In the front of the figure is a window of stained glass, through which may be seen a sunlit garden beyond ; and in contrast with this is seen, on the right of the picture, an oratory, in the dark shadow of which a lamp is burning.

Spielmann’s observations on this work are not quite easy to understand. He says the subject is a “Rossettian one, without the Rossettian emotion.”\* If so, the lack of emotion must be due rather to the poet than to the painter, for, referring to this picture in the *Magazine of Art* of September, 1896, he speaks of Millais’ “artistic expression being more keenly sensitive to the highest forms of written poetry than any other painter of his eminence who ever appeared in England.” He thinks, too, that the colour is too strong and gay to be quite in harmony with the subject, though immediately afterwards he quotes the particular lines which Millais sought to illustrate :—

“. . . But most she loathed the hour  
When the thick-moated sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping towards his Western bower.”

The sun, then, was shining in all its splendour, and though poor Mariana loathed the sight, the objects it illuminated were none the less brilliant in colour. And so they appear in the picture. The shadows, too, are there in happy contrast, and every object is seen in its true atmosphere, without any clashing of values.

In the *Times* of May 13th, 1851, Ruskin noticed the picture in his characteristic manner. He was glad to see that Millais’ “Lady in blue is heartily tired of painted windows and idolatrous

\* The critic, too, seems to forget that all Rossetti’s emotional subjects were painted years later.



“MARIANA.” 1851



toilet-table,” but maintained generally that since the days of Albert Durer no studies of draperies and details, nothing so earnest and complete, had been achieved in art—a judgment which, says Spielmann, “as regards execution, will hardly be reversed to-day.” With delightful inconsequence, Ruskin afterwards added that, had Millais “painted Mariana at work in an unmoated grange, instead of idle in a moated one, it had been more to the purpose, whether of art or life.”

The picture was sold to Mr. Farrer, the dealer, for one hundred and fifty pounds, and after passing successively through the hands of Mr. B. Windus and Mr. J. M. Dunlop, it now rests with Mr. Henry Makins, who also owns “Ferdinand” and “For the Squire.”

During the execution of this work Millais came down one day and found that things were at a standstill owing to the want of a model to paint from. He naturally disliked being stopped in his work in this way, and the only thing he could think of was to sketch in the mouse that

“Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,  
Or from the crevice peered about.”

But where was the mouse to paint from? Millais’ father, who had just come in, thought of scouring the country in search of one, but at that moment an obliging mouse ran across the floor and hid behind a portfolio. Quick as lightning Millais gave the portfolio a kick, and on removing it the poor mouse was found quite dead in the best possible position for drawing it.\*

The window in the background of “Mariana” was taken from one in Merton Chapel, Oxford. The ceiling of the chapel was being painted, and scaffolding was of course put up, and this Millais made use of whilst working. The scene outside was painted in the Combes’ garden, just outside their windows.

Of all the pictures ever painted, there is probably none more truly Pre-Raphaelite in character than one I have already mentioned—“The Woodman’s Daughter.” It was painted in 1850 in a wood near Oxford, and was exhibited in 1851. Every blade of grass, every leaf and branch, and every shadow that they cast in the sunny wood is presented here with unflinching realism and infinite delicacy of detail. Yet the figures are in no way swamped by their surroundings, every accessory taking its proper place, in

\* A similar incident, in which the wished-for model actually appeared at the very moment when its presence was most desired, occurred some years later, when a collie dog suddenly turned up to serve as a model in “Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.”

subordination to the figures and the tale they have to tell. The contrast between the boy—the personification of aristocratic refinement—and the untutored child of nature is very striking, as was no doubt intended by Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose poem *The Tale of Poor Maud*, daughter of Gerald the woodman, the picture was intended to illustrate.

“ Her tale is this : In the sweet age,  
When Heaven’s our side the lark,  
She used to go with Gerald where  
He work’d from morn to dark,  
For months, to thin the crowded groves  
Of the ancient manor park.

“ She went with him to think she help’d ;  
And whilst he hack’d and saw’d  
The rich Squire’s son, a young boy then,  
Whole mornings, as if awed,  
Stood silent by, and gazed in turn  
At Gerald and on Maud.

“ And sometimes, in a sullen tone,  
He’d offer fruits, and she  
Received them always with an air  
So unreserved and free,  
That shame-faced distance soon became  
Familiarity.”

William Millais contributes the following note on this painting:—

“ I think, perhaps, the most beautiful background ever painted by my brother is to be found in his picture of ‘The Woodman’s Daughter’—a copse of young oaks standing in a tangle of bracken and untrodden underwood, every plant graceful in its virgin splendour.

“ Notice the exquisitely tender greys in the bark of the young oak in the foreground, against which the brilliantly clothed lordling is leaning. Every touch in the fretwork tracery all about it has been caressed by a true lover of his art, for in these his glorious early days one can see that not an iota was slurred over, but that every beauty in nature met with its due appreciation at his hands.

“ Eye cannot follow the mysterious interlacing of all the wonderful green things that spring up all about, where every kind of woodgrowth seems to be striving to get the upper hand and to reach the sunlight first, where every leaf and tendril stands out in bold relief.

“ This background was painted near Oxford in a most secluded spot, and yet my brother had a daily visitor—‘a noble lord of





"THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER." 1849



high degree'—who used to watch him work for a minute or two, make one remark, 'Well, you are getting on; you've plenty of room yet,' and then silently disappear. After a time these visits ceased, and upon their renewal my brother had in the interim almost finished the background. The visitor, on seeing his work, exclaimed, 'Why, after all, you've not got it in!' My brother asked what it was. 'Why, Oxford, of course! You should have put it in.' Millais, who had his back to the town, explained that although Art could do wonders, it had never yet been able to paint all round the compass."

To be near his work on this picture Millais stayed in the cottage of a Mrs. King, at Botley, Lord Abingdon's park, where he was joined by his friend Charles Collins.

The strawberries which appear in the picture, as presented by the young aristocrat, were bought in Covent Garden in March. "I had to pay five-and-sixpence for the four—a vast sum for me in those days, but necessary"—I have heard him say—"and Charlie Collins and I ate them afterwards with a thankful heart."

It was in this year (1851) that Ruskin took up arms in defence of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and no more earnest or more eloquent advocate could they have desired. In the first volume of *Modern Painters* he insisted that "that only is a complete picture which has both the general wholeness and effect of Nature and the inexhaustible perfection of Nature's details"; and pointing to "the admirable, though strange pictures of Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt" as examples of progress in this direction, he added, "they are endeavouring to paint, with the highest possible degree of completion, what they see in Nature, without reference to conventional or established rules; but by no means to imitate the style of any past epoch. Their works are, in finish of drawing and in splendour of colour, the best in the Royal Academy, and I have great hope that they may become the foundation of a more earnest and able school of Art than we have seen for centuries."

Here was a heavy blow to the Philistines of the Press; for at this time Ruskin was all but universally accepted as the final authority in matters of Art. But a heavier yet was in store for them. In an Addendum to one of his published *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*—lectures delivered at Edinburgh in November, 1853—he declared that "the very faithfulness of the Pre-Raphaelites arises from the redundance of their imaginative

power. Not only can all the members of the [Pre-Raphaelite] School compose a thousand times better than the men who pretend to look down upon them, but I question whether even the greatest men of old times possessed more exhaustless invention than either Millais or Rossetti. . . . As I was copying this sentence a pamphlet was put into my hand, written by a clergyman, denouncing 'Woe, woe, woe, to exceedingly young men of stubborn instincts calling themselves Pre-Raphaelites.' I thank God that the Pre-Raphaelites are young, and that strength is still with them, and life, with all the war of it, still in front of them. Yet Everett Millais, in this year, is of the exact age at which Raphael painted the 'Disputa,' his greatest work; Rossetti and Hunt are both of them older still; nor is there one member so young as Giotto when he was chosen from among the painters to decorate the Vatican of Italy. But Italy, in her great period, knew her great men, and did not despise their youth. It is reserved for England to insult the strength of her noblest children, to wither their warm enthusiasm early into the bitterness of patient battle, and to leave to those whom she should have cherished and aided no hope but in resolution, no refuge but in disdain."

Thus spoke the oracle in 1853, nor (as will presently appear) was his zeal abated in 1855, when "The Rescue" was exhibited, or in 1856, when "Peace Concluded" appeared on the Academy walls. But, strange to say, after that period works of Millais, executed with equal care and with the same fastidious regard for details (the lovely "Vale of Rest" and "Sir Isumbras" for instance), were condemned by him in unmeasured terms.

## CHAPTER IV

Millais commences "Ophelia"—Holman Hunt, Charles Collins, William and John Millais paint at Worcester Park Farm—Further letters to the Combes—Millais thinks of going to the East—Commencement of diary and "The Huguenot"—Hunt at work on "The Light of the World" and "The Hireling Shepherd"—Collins' last picture—Millais' idea for "The Huguenot"—He argues it out with Hunt—Meets an old sweetheart—Returns to Gower Street—Miss Siddal's sufferings as model for "Ophelia"—Success of "Ophelia"—Arthur Hughes and Millais—Critics of 1852—Woman in art—General Lemprière on his sittings for "The Huguenot"—Miss Ryan—Miller, of Preston.

"O PHELIA" and "The Huguenot," both of which Millais painted during the autumn and winter of 1851, are so familiar in every English home that I need not attempt to describe them here. The tragic end of "Hamlet's" unhappy love had long been in his mind as a subject he should like to paint; and now while the idea was strong upon him he determined to illustrate on canvas the lines in which she is presented as floating down the stream singing her last song:—

"There on the pendent boughs her coronet of weeds  
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down the weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element; but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death."\*

Near Kingston, and close to the home of his friends the Lemprières, is a sweet little river called the Ewell, which flows into the Thames. Here, under some willows by the side of a hay-field, the artist found a spot that was in every way suitable for the background of his picture, in the month of July, when the river flowers and water-weeds were in full bloom. Having selected his

\* *Hamlet*, act iv.

site, the next thing was to obtain lodgings within easy distance, and these he secured in a cottage near Kingston, with his friend Holman Hunt as a companion. They were not there very long, however, for presently came into the neighbourhood two other members of the Pre-Raphaelite fraternity, bent on working together; and, uniting with them, the two moved into Worcester Park Farm, where an old garden wall happily served as a background for the "Huguenot," at which Millais could now work alternately with the "Ophelia."

It was a jolly bachelor party that now assembled in the farmhouse—Holman Hunt, Charlie Collins, William and John Millais—all determined to work in earnest; Holman Hunt on his famous "Light of the World" and "The Hireling Shepherd," Charlie Collins at a background, William Millais on water-colour landscapes, and my father on the backgrounds for the two pictures he had then in hand.

From ten in the morning till dark the artists saw little of each other, but when the evenings "brought all things home" they assembled to talk deeply on Art, drink strong tea, and discuss and criticise each other's pictures.

Fortunately a record of these interesting days is preserved to us in Millais' letters to Mr. and Mrs. Combe, and his diary—the only one he ever kept—which was written at this time, and retained by my uncle William, who has kindly placed it at my disposal. Here are some of his letters—the first of which I would commend to the attention of Max Nordau, referring as it does to Ruskin, whom Millais met for the first time in the summer of this year. It was written from the cottage near Kingston before Millais and Hunt removed to Worcester Park Farm.

*To Mrs. Combe.*

"SURBITON HILL, KINGSTON,

"*July 2nd, 1851.*

"MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—I have dined and taken breakfast with Ruskin, and we are such good friends that he wishes me to accompany him to Switzerland this summer. . . . We are as yet singularly at variance in our opinions upon Art. One of our differences is about Turner. He believes that I shall be converted on further acquaintance with his works, and I that he will gradually slacken in his admiration.

“You will see that I am writing this from Kingston, where I am stopping, it being near to a river that I am painting for ‘Ophelia.’ We get up (Hunt is with me) at six in the morning, and are at work by eight, returning home at seven in the evening. The lodgings we have are somewhat better than Mistress King’s at Botley, but are, of course, horribly uncomfortable. We have had for dinner chops and suite of peas, potatoes, and gooseberry tart four days running. We spoke not about it, believing in the certainty of some change taking place; but in private we protest against the adage that ‘you can never have too much of a good thing.’ The countryfolk here are a shade more civil than those of Oxfordshire, but similarly given to that wondering stare, as though we were as strange a sight as the hippopotamus.\*

“My martyrdom is more trying than any I have hitherto experienced. The flies of Surrey are more muscular, and have a still greater propensity for probing human flesh. Our first difficulty was . . . to acquire rooms. Those we now have are nearly four miles from Hunt’s spot and two from mine, so we arrive jaded and slightly above that temperature necessary to make a cool commencement. I sit tailor-fashion under an umbrella throwing a shadow scarcely larger than a halfpenny for eleven hours, with a child’s mug within reach to satisfy my thirst from the running stream beside me. I am threatened with a notice to appear before a magistrate for trespassing in a field and destroying the hay; likewise by the admission of a bull in the same field after the said hay be cut; am also in danger of being blown by the wind into the water, and becoming intimate with the feelings of Ophelia when that lady sank to muddy death, together with the (less likely) total disappearance, through the voracity of the flies. There are two swans who not a little add to my misery by persisting in watching me from the exact spot I wish to paint, occasionally destroying every water-weed within their reach. My sudden perilous evolutions on the extreme bank, to persuade them to evacuate their position, have the effect of entirely deranging my temper, my picture, brushes, and palette; but, on the other hand, they cause those birds to look most benignly upon me with an expression that seems to advocate greater patience. Certainly the painting of

\* It was in this year, 1850, that the first specimen of the hippopotamus was seen in London. Millais seems to have been of the same opinion as Lord Macaulay, who says: “I have seen the hippopotamus, both asleep and awake; and I can assure you that, awake or asleep, he is the ugliest of the works of God.”

a picture under such circumstances would be a greater punishment to a murderer than hanging.

"I have read the *Sheepfolds*, but cannot give an opinion upon it yet. I feel it very lonely here. Please write before my next.

"My love to the Early Christian and remembrances to friends.

"Very affectionately yours,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

*To Mrs. Combe.*

"SURBITON HILL, KINGSTON,

"July, 1851.

"MY DEAR MRS. PAT,—I have taken such an aversion to sheep, from so frequently having mutton chops for dinner, that I feel my very feet revolt at the proximity of woollen socks. Your letter received to-day was so entertaining that I (reading and eating alternately) nearly forgot what I was devouring. This statement will, I hope, induce Mr. Combe to write to me as a relish to the inevitable chops. The steaks of Surrey are tougher than Brussels carpets, so they are out of the question.

"We are getting on very soberly, but have some suspicions that the sudden decrease of our bread and butter is occasioned by the C—— family (under momentary aberration) mistaking our fresh butter for their briny. To ascertain the truth, we intend bringing our artistic capacity to bear upon the eatables in question by taking a careful drawing of their outline. Upon their reappearance we shall refer to the portraits, and thereby discover whether the steel of Sheffield has shaven their features. [This they did and made sketches of the butter.] Hunt is writing beside me the description of (his) your picture. He has read Ruskin's pamphlet, and with me is anxious to read Dyce's reply, which I thank you for ordering. In the field where I am painting there is hay-making going on; so at times I am surrounded by women and men, the latter of which remark that mine is a tedious job, that theirs is very warm work, that it thundered somewhere yesterday, that it is likely we shall have rain, and that they *feel thirsty, very thirsty*. An uneasiness immediately comes over me; my fingers tingle to bestow a British coin upon the honest yeomen to get rid of them; but no, I shall not indulge the scoundrels after their rude and greedy applications. Finding hints move me not, they boldly ask for money for a drop of drink. In the attitude of Napoleon



commanding his troops over the Alps, I desire them to behold the river, the which I drink. Then comes a shout of what some writers would call honest country laughter, and I, coarse brutality. Almost every morning Hunt and I give money to children; so all the mothers send their offspring (amounting by appearance to twelve each) in the line of our road; and in rank and file they stand curtsying with flattened palms ready to receive the copper donation. This I like; but men with arms larger round than my body hinting at money disgusts me so much that I shall paint some day (I hope) a picture laudatory of Free Trade.

“Good night to yourself and Mr. Combe; and believe that I shall ever remain

“Most faithfully yours,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

*To Mrs. Combe.*

“KINGSTON,

“*July 28th, 1851.*”

“MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—Many thanks for Dyce’s answer, which I received yesterday, and as yet have read but little, and that little imperfectly understand.

“In answer to your botanical inquiries, the flowering rush grows most luxuriantly along the banks of the river here, and I shall paint it in the picture [‘Ophelia’]. The other plant named I am not sufficiently learned in flowers to know. There is the dog-rose, river-daisy, forget-me-not, and a kind of soft, straw-coloured blossom (with the word ‘sweet’ in its name) also growing on the bank; I think it is called meadow-sweet.

“I am nightly working my brains for a subject. Some incident to illustrate patience I have a desire to paint. When I catch one I shall write you the description.

“I enclose Hunt’s key to the missionary picture, with apologies from him for not having sooner prepared it. Begging you to receive his thanks for your kind invitation, believe me, with affectionate regards to Mr. Combe,

“Most truly yours,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

*To Mrs. Combe.*

“WORCESTER PARK FARM, NEAR CHEAM, SURREY,

“*September, 1851.*

“MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—You will see by the direction that we have changed our spot, and much for the better. Nothing can exceed the comfort of this new place.

“We all three live together as happily as ancient monastic brethren. Charley [Collins] has immensely altered, scarcely indulging in an observation. I believe he inwardly thinks that carefulness of himself is better for his soul. Outwardly it goes far to destroy his society, which now, when it happens that I am alone with him, is intolerably unsympathetic. I wish you could see this farm, situated on one of the highest hills in this county. In front of the house there is one of the finest avenues of elm trees I ever saw.

“We live almost entirely on the produce of the farm, which supplies every necessary. Collins scarcely ever eats pastry; he abstains, I fancy, on religious principles.

“Remember me affectionately to the mother who pampers him, and believe me

“Most affectionately yours,

“JOHN MILLAIS.”

*To Mr. Combe.*

“WORCESTER PARK FARM,

“*October 15th, 1851.*

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—You must have felt sometimes quite incapable of answering a letter. Such has been my state. I have made two fruitless attempts, and shudder for the end of this. Hunt and self are both delighted by your letter, detecting in it a serious intent to behold us plant the artistic umbrella on the sands of Asia. He has read one of the travels you sent us, *The Camp and the Caravan*, and considers the obstacles as trifling and easy to be overcome by three determined men, two of whom will have the aspect of ferocity, being bearded like the pard. Hunt can testify to the fertility of my upper lip, which augurs well for the under soil. It therefore (under a tropical sun) may arrive at a Druidical excellence.

“Two of the children belonging to the house have come in



"OPHELIA." 1852



and will not be turned out. I play with them till dinner and resume work again afterwards. The weather to-day has prevented my painting out of doors, so I comfortably painted from some flowers in the dining-room. Hunt walked to his spot, but returned disconsolate and wet through. Collins worked in his shed and looked most miserable; he is at this moment cleaning his palette. Hunt is smoking a vulgar pipe. He will have the better of us in the Holy Land, as a hookah goes with the costume. I like not the prospect of scorpions and snakes, with which I foresee we shall get closely intimate. Painting on the river's bank (Nile or Jordan) as I have done here will be next to throwing oneself into the alligators' jaws, so all water-sketching is put aside. Forgive this nonsensical scribble. I am only capable of writing my very kindest remembrances to Mrs. Pat, in which Charley and Hunt join.

“ Most faithfully yours,

“ JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

At this time Millais had serious thoughts of going to the East with Hunt, but eventually gave up the idea.

And now commences the diary, written closely and carefully on sheets of notepaper. The style savours somewhat of the conversation of Mr. Jingle; but, as in that gentleman's short and pithy sentences, the substance is clear.

#### EXTRACTS FROM DIARY

“ I am advised by Coventry Patmore to keep a diary. Commence one forthwith.—To-day, *October 16th*, 1851, worked on my picture [‘The Huguenot’]; painted nasturtiums; saw a stoat run into a hole in the garden wall; went up to it and endeavoured to lure the little beast out by mimicking a rat's or a mouse's squeak—not particular which. Succeeded, to my astonishment. He came half out of the hole and looked in my face, within easy reach.

“ Lavinia (little daughter of landlady) I allowed to sit behind me on the box border and watch me paint, on promise of keeping excessively quiet; she complained that her seat struck very cold. In the adjoining orchard, boy and family knocking down apples; youngest sister but one screaming. Mother remarked, ‘I wish you were in Heaven, my child; you are always crying’; and a little voice behind me chimed in, ‘Heaven! where God lives?’

and (turning to me) 'You can't see God.' Eldest sister, Fanny, came and looked on too. Told me her mother says, about a quarter to six, 'There's Long-limbs (J. E. M.) whistling for his dinner; be quick and get it ready.' Played with children *en masse* in the parlour before their bedtime. Hunt just come in. . . . Sat up till past twelve and discovered first-rate story for my present picture.

"*October 17th.*—Beautiful morning: frost on the barn roofs and the green before the houses. Played with the children after breakfast, and began painting about nine. Baby screaming—commenced about ten o'clock. Exhibition of devilish passion, from which it more particularly occurred to me that we are born in sin. Family crying continually, with slight intermission to recover strength. Lavinia beaten and put under the garden clothes-pole for being naughty, to stay there until more composed. Perceiving that to be an uncertain period, I kissed her wet eyes and released her from her position and sat her by me. Quite dumb for some time; suddenly tremendously talkative. These are some of her observations: 'We haven't killed little Betsy (the pig) yet; she means to have little pigs herself. Ann (the servant) says she is going to be your servant, and me your cook, when you get married.' Upon asking her whether she could cook, she answered, 'Not like the cooks do.' At five gave up painting. Bitter cold. Children screaming again.

"*October 18th.*—Fine sunny morning. Ate grapes. Little Fanny worked at a doll's calico petticoat on a chair beside me. Driven in by drizzling weather, I work in the parlour; Fanny, my companion, rather troublesome. Coaxed her out. Roars of laughter outside the window—F. flattening her nose against the pane. Mrs. Stapleton called, with married son and daughter, and admired my pictures ecstatically. Collins gone; went home after dinner. Sat with Hunt in the evening; pelted at a candle outside with little white balls that grow on a shrub. Composed design of 'Repentant Sinner laying his head in Christ's bosom.'\*

"*October 19th (Sunday).*—Expected Rossetti, who never came. Governor [his father] spent the day with us, saw Hunt's picture and mine, and was delighted with them. Went to church. Capital sermon. Poor Mr. Lewis felt very gloomy all the day; supposed it to be the weather, that being dull and drizzling. . . . Found two servants of Captain Shepherd—both very pretty

\* This sketch, now in my possession, was never transferred to canvas.

—one of whom I thought of getting to sit for my picture. Traversing the same road home, entered into conversation with them. Both perfectly willing to sit, and evidently expecting it to be an affair of the moment—one suggesting a pencil-scratch from which the two heads in our pictures could be painted! Bade them good night, feeling certain they will come to the farm to-morrow for eggs or cream. Went out to meet Collins, but found we were too early, so came home and had tea. I (too tired to go out again) sit down and write this, whilst Hunt sets out once more with a large horn-lantern. Despair of ever gaining my right position, owing to hearing this day that the Committee of Judgment of the Great Exhibition have awarded a bronze medal in approbation of the most sickening horror ever produced, 'The Greek Slave.' Collins returned with his hair cut as close as a man in a House of Correction.

"*October 20th.*—Finished flowers after breakfast, after which went out to bottom of garden and commenced brick wall. Received letter from James Michael—complimentary, as containing a prediction that I shall be the greatest painter England ever produced. Felt languid all day. Finished work about five and went out to see Charley. Walked on afterwards to meet Hunt, and waited for him. In opening the gate entering the farm, met the two girls. Spoke further with one on the matter of sitting.

"*October 21st.*—Painted from the wall and got on a great deal. Bees' nest in the planks at the side of the house, laid open by the removal of one of them for the purpose of smoking the inmates at night and getting the honey. Was induced by the carpenter to go up on the ladder to see what he called a curiosity. Did so, and got stung on the chin. . . . I walked on to meet Hunt with Collins. Met him, with two Toppers, who dined with us off here. All afterwards saw the burning of the bees, and tasted the honey. . . . Read songs in the *Princess*. Have greater (if possible) veneration for Tennyson.

"*October 22nd.*—Worked in the warren opposite the wall, and got on well, though teased, while painting, by little Fanny, who persisted in what she called 'tittling' me. . . . Hunt proposed painting, 'for a lark,' the door of a cupboard beside the fireplace. Mentioned it to the landlady, who gave permission, with the assurance that if she did not approve of it she should scrub it out. Completed it jointly about two o'clock in the morning. . . .

"*October 23rd.*—Our landlady's marriage anniversary. Was

asked by her some days back for the loan of our apartments to celebrate the event. 'If we were not too high they would be glad to see us.'

"Painted on the wall; the day very dull. A few trees shedding leaves behind me, spiders determinedly spinning webs between my nose and chin. . . . Joined the farmers and their wives. Two of them spoke about cattle and the new reaping-machine, complaining, between times, about the state of affairs. Supped with them; derived some knowledge of carving a chicken from watching one do so. Went to bed rather late, and read *In Memoriam*, which produced a refining melancholy. Landlady pleased with painting on cupboard."

Of this painting, by the way, my uncle, William Millais, has another and somewhat different tale to tell. He says:—"Our landlady, Mrs. B., held artists to be of little account, and my brother exasperated her to a degree on one occasion. The day had been a soaking wet one. None of us had gone out, and we were at our wits' end to know what to do. Jack, at Hunt's suggestion, thought it would be a good joke to paint on one of the cupboard doors. There were two—one on either side of the fireplace. Mrs. B. had gone to market. On coming into the room on her return, and seeing what had been done—a picture painted on the cupboard door—she was furious; the door had only lately been 'so beautifully grained and varnished.' Hunt in vain tried to appease her. She bounced out of the room, saying she would make them pay for it.

"It happened on the following day that the Vicar and a lady called upon the young painters; and on being shown into the sitting-room, Mrs. B. apologised for the 'horrid mess' (as she called it) on the cupboard door. They inquired who had done it, and on being told that Mr. Millais was the culprit, the lady said she would give Mrs. B. in exchange for the door the lovely Indian shawl she had on; so when the painters came in from their work, Mrs. B. came up cringingly to my brother and said the only thing he could do was to paint the other cupboard! He didn't paint the other door, but I believe Mrs. B. had the shawl."

And now, in continuation of the "Diary," we read:—

"*October 24th.*—Another day, exactly similar to the previous. Felt disinclined to work. Walked with Hunt to his place, returned home about eleven, and commenced work myself, but did very



little. Read Tennyson and Patmore. The spot very damp. Walked to see Charlie about four, and part of the way to meet Hunt, feeling very depressed. After dinner had a good nap, after which read Coleridge—some horrible sonnets. In his *Life* they speak ironically of *Christabel*, and highly of rubbish, calling it *Pantomime*.

“*October 25th.*—Much like the preceding day. All went to town after dinner; called at Rossetti's and saw Madox Brown's picture ‘*Pretty Baa-lambs*,’ which is very beautiful. Rossetti low-spirited; sat with him.

“*October 26th (Sunday).*—Walked out with Hunt. Called upon Woolner and upon Mrs. Collins to get her to come and dine with us; unwell, so unsuccessful. Felt very cross and disputable. Charlie called in the evening; took tea, and then all three off to the country seat.

“*October 27th.*—Dry day. Rose later than the others, and had breakfast by myself. Painted on the wall, but not so well; felt uncomfortable all day. . . .

“*October 28th.*—My man, Young, brought me a rat after breakfast. Began painting it swimming, when the governor made his appearance, bringing money, and sat with me whilst at work. After four hours rat looked exactly like a drowned kitten. Felt discontented. Walked with parent out to see Collins painting on the hill, and on, afterwards, to Young's house. He had just shot another rat and brought it up to the house. Again painted upon the head, and much improved. . . . My father and myself walked on to see Hunt, whose picture looks sweet beyond mention.

“*October 29th.*—Cleaned out the rat, which looked like a lion, and enlarged picture. After breakfast began ivy on the wall; very cold, and my feet wet through; at intervals came indoors and warmed them at the kitchen fire. Worked till half-past four; brought all the traps in and read *In Memoriam*.

“*October 30th.*—Felt uneasy; could not paint out of doors, so dug up a weed in the garden path and painted it in the corner. . . . Went to bed early, leaving Hunt up reading Hooker.

“*October 31st.*—Splendid morning. . . . Painted ivy on the wall, and got on a great deal. After tea, about half-past ten, went to see powder-mill man (Young's) to commission him to fetch Hunt's picture home. Sat in their watch-house with him and his brother, who eulogised a cat, lying before the fire, for its uncommon predilection to fasten on dogs' backs, also great ratting qualities.

Returned home about eleven and read *In Memoriam*. Left Hunt up reading Hooker.

"November 4th.—Frightfully cold morning; snowing. Determined to build up some kind of protection against the weather wherein to paint. After breakfast superintended in person the construction of my hut—made of four hurdles, like a sentry-box, covered outside with straw. Felt a 'Robinson Crusoe' inside it, and delightfully sheltered from the wind, though rather inconvenienced at first by the straw, dust, and husks flying about my picture. Landlady came down to see me, and brought some hot wine. Hunt painting obstinate sheep within call. . . . This evening walked out in the orchard (beautiful moonlight night, but fearfully cold) with a lantern for Hunt to see effect before finishing background, which he intends doing by moonlight.

"November 5th.—Painted in my shed from ivy. Hunt at the sheep again. My man Young, who brought another rat caught in the gin and little disfigured, was employed by Hunt to hold down a wretched sheep, whose head was very unsatisfactorily painted, after the most tantalising exhibition of obstinacy. Evening passed off much as others. Read Browning's tragedy, *Blot on the Scutcheon*, and was astonished at its faithfulness to Nature and Shakespearian perfectness. Mr. Lewis, the clergyman of the adjoining parish, called, and kindly gave us an invitation to his place when we liked. Had met him at dinner at our parish curate's, Mr. Stapleton.

"November 6th.—Beautiful morning; much warmer than yesterday. Was advised by Hunt to paint the rat, but felt disinclined. After much inward argument took the large box containing Ophelia's background out beside Hunt, who again was to paint the sheep. By lunch time had nearly finished rat most successfully. Hunt employed small impudent boy to hold down sheep. Boy not being strong enough, required my assistance to make the animal lie down. Imitated Young's manner of doing so, by raising it up off the ground and dropping it suddenly down. Pulled an awful quantity of wool out in the operation. Also painted ivy in the other picture.

"November 7th.—After breakfast examined the rat [in the painting]. From some doubtful feeling as to its perfect portraiture determined to retouch it. Young made his appearance *apropos*, with another rat, and (for Hunt) a new canvas from the carrier at Kingston. Worked very carefully at the rat, and finally

succeeded to my own and everyone's taste. Hunt was painting in a cattle-shed from a sheep. Letters came for him about three. In opening one we were most surprised and delighted to find the Liverpool Academy (where his 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' picture is) sensible enough to award him the annual prize of £50. He read the good news and painted on unruffled. The man Young, holding a most amicable sheep, expressed surprising pleasure at the fortunate circumstance. He said he had seen robins in the spring of the year fight so fiercely that they had allowed him to take them up in his hands, hanging on to each other. During the day Hunt had a straw hut similar to mine built, to paint a moonlight background to the fresh canvas. Twelve o'clock. Have this moment left him in it, cheerfully working by a lantern from some contorted apple tree trunks, washed with the phosphor light of a perfect moon—the shadows of the branches stained upon the sward. Steady sparks of moonstruck dew. Went to bed at two o'clock.

"*November 8th.*—Got up before Hunt, who never went to bed till after three. Painted in my hut, from the ivy, all day. After dinner Collins went off to town. Hunt again painting out of doors. Very little of moonshine for him. . . . Advised H. to rub out part of background, which he did.

"*November 9th (Sunday).*—Whilst dressing in the morning saw F. M. Brown and William Rossetti coming to us in the avenue. They spent the day with us. All disgusted with the Royal Academy election. . . . They left us for the train, for which they were too late, and returned to sleep here. Further chatted and went to bed.

"*November 11th.*—Lay thinking in bed until eleven o'clock. Painted ivy. Worked well; Hunt painting in the same field; sheep held down by Young.

"*November 16th (Sunday).*—To church with Collins;\* Hunt,

\* At this time Charles Collins was engaged on the background for a picture, the subject of which he had not yet settled upon. He got as far as placing upon the canvas an old shed with broken roof and sides, through which the sunlight streamed; with a peep outside the leaves glittering in the summer breeze; and at this he worked week after week with ever-varying ideas as to the subject he should ultimately select. At last he found a beautiful one in the legend of a French peasant, who, with his family, outcast and starving, had taken refuge in the ruined hut, and were ministered to by a saint. The picture, however, was never finished. Poor Collins gave up painting in despair and drifted into literature; † and when the end came, Holman Hunt, who was called in to make a sketch of his friend, was much touched to find this very canvas (then taken off the strainers) lying on the bed beside the dead man. The tragedy of vanished hopes!

† Charles Collins was a regular contributor to *Household Words*, but is chiefly known by his *Cruise on Wheels*, a work which met with success.

having sat up all night painting out of doors, in bed. After church found him still in his room; awoke him and had breakfast with him, having gone without mine almost entirely, feeling obliged to leave it for church. Hunt and self went out to meet brother William, whom we expected to dinner. Met him in the park. He saw Hunt's picture for the first time, and was boundless in admiration; also equally eulogised my ivy-covered wall. All three walked out before dinner. . . . In what they called the Roundhouse saw a chicken clogged in a small tank of oil. Young extricated it, and, together with engine-driver's daughter, endeavoured (fruitlessly) to get the oil off. Left them washing fowl, and strolled home.

"*November 17th.*—Small stray cat found by one of the men, starved and almost frozen to death. Saw Mrs. Barnes nursing it and a consumptive chicken; feeding the cat with milk. Painted at the ivy. Evening same as usual."

"*November 18th.*—Little cat died in the night, also chicken. Painted ivy. In the afternoon walked to Ewell to procure writing-paper; chopped wood for our fire, and found it warming exercise.

"*November 19th.*—Fearfully cold. Landscape trees upon my window-panes. After breakfast chopped wood, and after that painted ivy. . . . See symptoms of a speedy finish to my background. After lunch pelted down some remaining apples in the orchard. Read Tennyson and the Thirty-nine Articles. Discoursed on religion.

"*November 20th.*—Worked at the wall; weather rather warmer. . . . Evening much as usual.

"*November 21st.*—Change in the weather—cloudy and drizzling. All three began work after breakfast. Brother William came about one o'clock. After lunch found something for him to paint. Left him to begin, and painted till four, very satisfactorily.

"*November 22nd.*—All four began work early. William left at five, promising to come again on Monday. . . . After dinner Hunt and Collins left for London, the former about some inquiries respecting an appointment to draw for Layard, the Nineveh discoverer. After they were gone, I wrote a very long letter to Mrs. Combe."

The letter is perhaps worth insertion here, as showing the writer's attitude towards Romanism, which at that time he was supposed to favour, and as an indication of the general design of his picture, "The Huguenot." It ran thus:—

*To Mrs. Combe.*

“WORCESTER PARK FARM,

“November 22nd, 1851.

“MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—My two friends have just gone to town, leaving me here all alone. I dine to-morrow (Sunday) with a very old friend of mine—Colonel Lemprière—resident in the neighbourhood, or else should go with them. Mr. Combe’s letter reached me as mine left for Oxford. Assure him our conversation as often reverts to him as his thoughts turn to us in pacing the quad. The associates he derides have but little more capacity for painting than as many policemen taken promiscuously out of a division.

“I have no Academy news to tell him, and but little for you from home. Layard, the winged-bull discoverer, requires an artist with him (salary two hundred a year) and has applied for one at the School of Design, Somerset House. Hunt is going to-night to see about it, as, should there be intervals of time at his disposal for painting pictures, he would not dislike the notion. One inducement to him would be that there, as at Jerusalem, he could illustrate Biblical history. Should the appointment require immediate filling, he could not take it, as the work he is now about cannot be finished till March.

“My brother was with us to-day, and told me that Dr. Hesse, of Leyton College, understood that I was a Roman Catholic (having been told so), and that my picture of ‘The Return of the Dove to the Ark’ was emblematical of the return of all of us to that religion—a very convenient construction to put upon it! I have no doubt that likewise they will turn the subject I am at present about to their advantage. It is a scene supposed to take place (as doubtless it did) on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew’s Day. I shall have two lovers in the act of parting, the woman a Papist and the man a Protestant. The badge worn to distinguish the former from the latter was a white scarf on the left arm. Many were base enough to escape murder by wearing it. The girl will be endeavouring to tie the handkerchief round the man’s arm, so to save him; but he, holding his faith above his greatest worldly love, will be softly preventing her. I am in high spirits about the subject, *as it is entirely my own*, and I think contains the highest moral. It will be very quiet, and but slightly suggest the

horror of a massacre. The figures will be talking against a secret-looking garden wall, which I have painted here.

"Hunt's moonlight design is from the Revelation of St. John, chapter iii., 20th verse, 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.' It is entirely typical, as the above. A figure of our Saviour in an orchard abundant in fruit, holding in one hand a light (further to illustrate the passage 'I am the Light of the world') and the other hand knocking at a door all overgrown by vine branches and briars, which will show how rarely it has been opened. I intend painting a pendant from the latter part of the same, 'And will sup with him, and he with Me.' It is quite impossible to describe the treatment I purpose, so will leave you to surmise.

"Now to other topics. We are occasionally visited by the clergyman of the adjoining parish, a Mr. Lewis. He was at Oriel, and knows Mr. Church, Marriot, and others that I have met. He is a most delightful man and a really sound preacher, and a great admirer and deplorer of Newman.

"I cannot accompany 'The Dove' to the 'Clarendon,' as I have un-get-off-ably promised to spend Xmas with the family I feast with to-morrow, Captain Lemprière's. He is from Jersey, and knew me when living there, and I would not offend him.

"Our avenue trees snow down leaves all day long, and begin to show plainly the branches. Collins still fags at the shed, Hunt at the orchard, and I at the wall. Right glad we shall all be when we are having our harvest home at Hanover Terrace, which we hope to do next Tuesday week.

"Yours most faithfully,

"(at twelve o'clock),

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

"Please send me a letter, or else I shall be jealous."

Millais having in this letter stated his conception of "The Huguenot," it may be as well, perhaps, to describe here its actual genesis.

After finishing the background for "Ophelia," he began making sketches of a pair of lovers whispering by a wall, and having announced his intention of utilising them in a picture, he at once commenced painting the background, merely leaving spaces for the figures. As may be gathered from what has been already said,

both he and Hunt discussed together every picture which either of them had in contemplation ; and, discoursing on the new subject one evening in September, Millais showed his pencil-drawings to Hunt, who strongly objected to his choice, saying that a simple pair of lovers without any powerful story, dramatic or historical, attaching to the meeting was not sufficiently important. It was hackneyed and wanting in general interest. "Besides," he quietly added, "it has always struck me as being the lovers' own private affair, and I feel as if we were intruding on so delicate an occasion by even looking at the picture. I protest against that kind of Art." Millais, however, was unconvinced, and stuck to his point, saying the subject would do quite well ; at any rate, he should go on working at "his wall."

In the evening, when the three friends were gathered together, poor Charlie Collins came in for more "chaff" than his sensitive nature could stand. He had refused some blackberry tart which had been served at dinner, and Millais, knowing that he was very fond of this dish, ridiculed his "mortifying the flesh" and becoming so much of an ascetic. It was bad for him, he said, and his health was suffering in consequence ; to which he humorously added, that he thought Collins kept a whip upstairs and indulged in private flagellations. At last Collins retreated to his room, and Millais, turning to Hunt, who had been quietly sketching the while, said, "Why didn't you back me up? You know these unhealthy views of religion are very bad for him. We must try and get him out of them." "I intended to leave them alone," replied the peaceful Hunt ; "there's no necessity for us to copy him." A pause.

"Well," said Millais, "what have you been doing all this time while I have been pitching into Charlie?"

Hunt showed him some rough sketches he had been making—some of them being the first ideas for his famous picture, "The Light of the World."

Millais was delighted with the subject, and looking at some other loose sheets on which sketches had been made, asked what they were for.

"Well," replied Hunt, producing a drawing, "you will see now what I mean with regard to the lack of interest in a picture that tells only of the meeting or parting of two lovers. This incident is supposed to have taken place during the Wars of the Roses. The lady, belonging to the Red Roses, is within her castle ; the lover, from the opposite camp, has scaled the walls, and is persuading her

to fly with him. She is to be represented as hesitating between love and duty. You have then got an interesting subject, and I would paint it with an evening sky as a background."

"Oh," exclaimed Millais, delighted, "that's the very thing for me! I have got the wall already painted, and need only put in the figures."

"But," said Hunt, "this is a castle wall. Your background won't do."

"That doesn't matter," replied Millais, "I shall make one of the lovers belonging to the Red and the other to the White Rose faction; or one must be a supporter of King Charles and the other a Puritan."

After much discussion Millais suddenly remembered the opera of *The Huguenots*, and bethought him that a most dramatic scene could be made from the parting of the two lovers. He immediately began to make small sketches for the grouping of the figures, and wrote to his mother to go at once to the British Museum to look up the costumes.

Probably more sketches were made for this picture and for the "Black Brunswicker" than for any others of his works. I have now a number of them in my possession, and there must have been many more. They show that his first idea was to place other figures in the picture—two priests holding up the crucifix to the Huguenot, whose sweetheart likewise adds her persuasions. Again, other drawings show a priest on either side of the lovers, holding up one of the great candles of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Protestant waving them back with a gesture of disapproval. These ideas, however, were happily discarded—probably as savouring too much of the wholly obvious—and the artist wisely trusted to the simplicity of the pathos which marked the character of his final decision.

It will be seen then that the picture was not (as has been publicly stated) the outcome of a visit to Meyerbeer's opera of *The Huguenots*; though some time after Millais' decision he and Hunt went to the opera to study the pose and costumes of the figures.

And now for some final extracts from the "Diary."

"*November 24th.*—Painted on brick wall. Mr. Taylor and his son (an old acquaintance of mine at Ewell), in the army, and six feet, came to see me. Both he and his father got double barrels; pheasant in son's pocket. They saw my pictures, expressed



pleasure, and in leaving presented me with cock bird. Lemprières came. The parents and Miss thought my pictures beautiful.

" *November 29th.*—All painted after breakfast—Hunt at grass ; myself, having nearly finished the wall, went on to complete stalk and lower leaves of Canterbury-bell in the corner. Young, who was with Hunt, said he heard the staghounds out ; went to discover, and came running in in a state of frenzied excitement for us to see the hunt. Saw about fifty riders after the hounds, but missed seeing the stag, it having got some distance ahead. Moralised afterwards, thinking it a savage and uncivilised sport.

" *December 4th.*—Painted the ground. Hunt expected Sir George Glynn (to see the pictures), who came, accompanied by his curate and another gentleman, about the middle of the day, and admired them much. Suggested curious alterations to both Collins' and Hunt's ; that C. should make the 'Two Women Grinding at the Mill' in an Arabian tent, evidently supposing that the subject was biblical instead of in futurity. After they were gone Hunt's uncle and aunt came, both of whom understood most gratifyingly every object except my water-rat, which the male relation (when invited to guess at it) eagerly pronounced to be a hare. Perceiving by our smile that he had made a mistake, a rabbit was next hazarded, after which I have a faint recollection of a dog or cat being mentioned by the spouse, who had brought with her a sponge-cake and bottle of sherry, of which we partook at luncheon. Mutual success and unblemished happiness was whispered over the wine, soon after which they departed in a pony-chaise. Laughed greatly over the day, H. and self. . . .

" *December 5th.*—This day hope to entirely finish my ivy background. Went down to the wall to give a last look. The day mild as summer ; raining began about twelve. Young came with a present of a bottle of catsup. William made his appearance about the same time, and told us of the brutal murdering going on again in Paris. He did not paint. Young brought a dead mole that was ploughed up in the field I paint in. Though somewhat acquainted with the form of the animal, was much surprised at the size and strength of its forehands. Finished and chopped wood. . . . In the evening Will slept, H. wrote letters, C. read the Bible, and self Shakespeare ; and, later, walked out with H. in the garden, it being such a calm, warm night. Requested landlady to send in bill, intending to leave to-morrow. Had much consultation about the amount necessary for her, in consideration of the

many friends entertained by us. Felt, with Collins, a desire to sink into the earth and come up with pictures in our respective London studios."

On the following day Millais returned to Gower Street, his backgrounds being now completed; set to work at once on the figures in the two pictures, Miss Siddal (afterwards Mrs. D. G. Rossetti) posing as the model for "Ophelia." Mr. Arthur Hughes has an interesting note about this lady in *The Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham*. He says:—

"Deverell accompanied his mother one day to a milliner's. Through an open door he saw a girl working with her needle: he got his mother to ask her to sit to him. She was the future Mrs. Rossetti. Millais painted her for his 'Ophelia'—wonderfully like her. She was tall and slender, with red, coppery hair and bright consumptive complexion, though in these early years she had no striking signs of ill-health. She had read Tennyson, having first come to know something about him by finding one or two of his poems on a piece of paper which she brought home to her mother wrapped round a pat of butter. Rossetti taught her to draw; she used to be drawing while sitting to him. Her drawings were beautiful, but without force. They were feminine likenesses of his own."

Miss Siddal had a trying experience whilst acting as a model for "Ophelia." In order that the artist might get the proper set of the garments in water and the right atmosphere and aqueous effects, she had to lie in a large bath filled with water, which was kept at an even temperature by lamps placed beneath. One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, the lamps went out unnoticed by the artist, who was so intensely absorbed in his work that he thought of nothing else, and the poor lady was kept floating in the cold water till she was quite benumbed. She herself never complained of this, but the result was that she contracted a severe cold, and her father wrote to Millais, threatening him with an action for £50 damages for his carelessness. Eventually the matter was satisfactorily compromised. Millais paid the doctor's bill; and Miss Siddal, quickly recovering, was none the worse for her cold bath.

D. G. Rossetti had already fallen in love with her, struck with her "unworldly simplicity and purity of aspect"—qualities which, as those who knew her bear witness, Millais succeeded in conveying to the canvas—but it was not until 1860 that they married.

About the year 1873 "Ophelia" was exhibited at South Kensington; and Millais, going one day to have a look at it, noticed at once that several of the colours he had used in 1851 had gone wrong—notably the vivid green in the water-weed and the colouring of the face of the figure. He therefore had the picture back in his studio, and in a short time made it bloom again, as we see it to-day, as brilliant and fresh as when first painted. This is one of the great triumphs of his Pre-Raphaelite days. The colour, substance, and surface of his pictures have remained as perfect as the day they were put on. Nothing in recent Art, I venture to say, exceeds the richness, yet perfect harmony, of the colours of Nature in "Ophelia" and "The Blind Girl"; and the same thing may be said of "The Proscribed Royalist," "The Black Brunswicker," and the women's skirts in "The Order of Release"; whilst the man's doublet in "The Huguenot" and the woman's dress in "Mariana" are perhaps the most daring things of the kind ever attempted.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to "Ophelia" as regards its truthfulness to Nature, is the fact that a certain Professor of Botany, being unable to take his class into the country, and lecture from the objects before him, took them to the Guildhall, where this work was being exhibited, and discoursed to them upon the flowers and plants before them, which were, he said, as instructive as Nature herself.

The picture passed successively through the hands of Mr. Farrer, Mr. B. Windus, and Mr. Fuller Maitland, before it came into the possession of Mr. Henry Tate, to whose generosity the public are indebted for its addition to the National Gallery of British Art. It was exceedingly well engraved by Mr. I. Stevenson in 1866.

In the 1852 Exhibition, when both the "Ophelia" and "The Huguenot" were exhibited, there was another beautiful "Ophelia" by Millais' friend, Arthur Hughes, who is good enough to send me the following note about the two pictures:—

"One of the nicest things that I remember is connected with an 'Ophelia' I painted, that was exhibited in the Academy at the same time as his [Millais'] own most beautiful and wonderful picture of that subject. Mine met its fate high up in the little octagon room; \* but on the morning of the varnishing, as I was going through the first room, before I knew where I was, Millais met me, saying, 'Aren't you he they call Cherry?' (my name in the

\* Commonly known to artists of the period as "The Condemned Cell."

school). I said I was. Then he said he had just been up a ladder looking at my picture, and that it gave him more pleasure than any picture there, but adding also very truly that I had not painted the right kind of stream. He had just passed out of the Schools when I began in them, and I had a most enormous admiration for him, and he always looked so beautiful—tall, slender, but strong, crowned with an ideal head, and (as Rossetti said) ‘with the face of an angel.’ He could not have done a kinder thing, for he knew I should be disappointed at the place my picture had.”

“The Huguenot” was exhibited with the following title and quotation in the catalogue: “A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew’s Day, refusing to shield himself from danger by wearing the Roman Catholic badge. (See *The Protestant Reformation in France*, vol. ii. p. 352.) When the clock of the Palais de Justice shall sound upon the great bell at daybreak, then each good Catholic must bind a strip of white linen round his arm and place a fair white cross in his cap.” (The Order of the Duc de Guise.)

Mr. Stephens says:—“When ‘A Huguenot’ was exhibited at the Royal Academy, crowds stood before it all day long. Men lingered there for hours, and went away but to return. It had clothed the old feelings of men in a new garment, and its pathos found almost universal acceptance. This was the picture which brought Millais to the height of his reputation. Nevertheless, even ‘A Huguenot’ did not silence all challengers. There were critics who said that the man’s arm could not reach so far round the lady’s neck, and there were others, knowing little of the South, who carped at the presence of nasturtiums in August. It was on the whole, however, admitted that the artist had at last conquered his public, and must henceforth educate them.”

The picture is said to have been painted under a commission from a Mr. White (a dealer) for £150; but, as a fact, Millais received £250 for it, which was paid to him in instalments, and in course of time the buyer gave him £50 more, because he had profited much by the sale of the engraving. The dealers, no doubt, made immense sums out of the copyrights alone of “The Huguenot,” “The Black Brunswicker,” and “The Order of Release”; while—as to “The Huguenot” at least—the poor artist had to wait many months for his money and to listen meanwhile to a chorus of fault-finding from the pens of carping scribblers, whose criticism, as is now patent to all the world, proved only



"THE HUGUENOT." 1852



their ignorance of the subject on which they were writing. In turn, every detail of the picture was objected to on one score or another, even the lady herself being remarked upon as "very plain." No paper, except *Punch* and the *Spectator* [William Rossetti], showed the slightest glimmering of comprehension as to its pathos and beauty, or foresaw the hold that it eventually obtained on the heart of the people. But Tom Taylor, the Art critic of *Punch* at that time, had something more than an inkling of this, as may be seen in his boldly-expressed critique in *Punch*, vol. i. of 1852, pp. 216, 217. The women in "Ophelia" and "The Huguenot" were essentially characteristic of Millais' Art, showing his ideal of womankind as gentle, lovable creatures; and, whatever Art critics may say to the contrary, this aim—the portrayal of woman at her best—is one distinctly of our own national school. As Millais himself once said, "It is only since Watteau and Gainsborough that woman has won her right place in Art. The Dutch had no love for women, and the Italians were as bad. The women's pictures by Titian, Raphael, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Velasquez are magnificent as works of Art; but who would care to kiss such women? Watteau, Gainsborough, and Reynolds were needed to show us how to do justice to woman and to reflect her sweetness."

A sweeping statement like this is, of course, open to exceptions—there are many notable examples in both French and Italian Art in which woman receives her due—but in the main it is undoubtedly true.

"The Huguenot" was the first of a series of four pictures embracing "The Proscribed Royalist," "The Order of Release," and "The Black Brunswicker," each of which represents a more or less unfinished story of unselfish love, in which the sweetness of woman shines conspicuous.

The figure of the Huguenot (as I have said before) was painted for the most part from Mr. Arthur (now General) Lemprière—an old friend of the family—and afterwards completed with the aid of a model.

Of his sittings to Millais during 1853, Major-General Lemprière kindly sends me the following:—"It was a short time before I got my commission in the Royal Engineers in the year 1853 (when I was about eighteen years old) that I had the honour of sitting for his famous picture of 'The Huguenot.' If I remember right, he was then living with his father and mother in Bloomsbury

Square. I used to go up there pretty often, and occasionally stopped there. His father and mother were always most kind.

"After several sittings I remember he was not satisfied with what he had put on the canvas, and he took a knife and scraped my head out of the picture, and did it all again. He always talked in the most cheery way all the time he was painting, and made it impossible for one to feel dull or tired. I little thought what an honour was being conferred on me, and at the time did not appreciate it, as I have always since.

"I remember, however, so well his kindness in giving me, for having sat, a canary-bird and cage, and also a water-colour drawing from his portfolio ('Attack on Kenilworth Castle'), which, with several others of his early sketches which I have, were exhibited at the Royal Academy of Arts after his death.

"I was abroad, off and on, for some thirty years after I got my commission, and almost lost sight of my dear old friend. He, in the meantime, had risen so high in his profession that I felt almost afraid of calling on him. One morning, however, being near Palace Gate, I plucked up courage, and went to the house and gave my card to the butler, and asked him to take it in to Sir John, which he did; and you can imagine my delight when Sir John almost immediately came out of his studio in his shirt-sleeves, straight to the front door, and greeted me most heartily.

"I was most deeply touched, about a fortnight before he died, at his asking to see me, and when I went to his bedside at his putting his arms round my neck and kissing me."

A lovely woman (Miss Ryan) sat for the lady in "The Huguenot," Mrs. George Hodgkinson, the artist's cousin, taking her place upon occasion as a model for the left arm of the figure. Alas for Miss Ryan! her beauty proved a fatal gift; she married an ostler, and her later history is a sad one. My father was always reluctant to speak of it, feeling perhaps that the publicity he had given to her beauty might in some small measure have helped (as the saying is) to turn her head.

The picture was the first of many engraved by his old friend, Mr. T. O. Barlow, R.A., and exceedingly well it was done. It eventually became the property of Mr. Miller, of Preston, and now belongs to his son. As this gentleman bought several of my father's works, and is so frequently mentioned hereafter, the description of him by Madox Brown in *D. G. Rossetti's Letters*



may be of interest :—“This Miller is a jolly, kind old man, with streaming white hair, fine features, and a beautiful keen eye like Mulready’s. A rich brogue (he was Scotch, not Irish), a pipe of Cavendish, and a smart rejoinder, with a pleasant word for every man, woman, and child he met, are characteristic of him. His house is full of pictures, even to the kitchen. Many pictures he has at all his friends’ houses, and his house at Bute is also filled with his inferior ones. His hospitality is somewhat peculiar of its kind. His dinner, which is at six, is of one joint and vegetables, without pudding. Bottled beer for drink. I never saw any wine. After dinner he instantly hurries you off to tea, and then back again to smoke. He calls it meat-tea, and boasts that few people who have ever dined with him come back again.” Mr. W. M. Rossetti describes him as “one of the most cordial, large-hearted and lovable men I ever knew. He was so strong in belief as to be a sceptic as regards the absence of belief. I once heard him say, in his strong Scotch accent, ‘An atheist, if such an animal ever really existed.’ What the supposititious animal would do, I forget.”

Amongst other work of Millais this year was the retouching of “Cymon and Iphigenia,” a picture done by him in his seventeenth year, and now vastly improved by a fresh impression of colour and a further Pre-Raphaelite finish of the flowers in the foreground.

“Memory,” a little head of the Marchioness of Ripon, was also painted this winter. A more important work, however, is “The Bridesmaid,” for the head of which Mrs. Nassau Senior sat. “The Return of the Dove” was also finished and sent to its owner.

## CHAPTER V

1852-1853

Reminiscences of Turner—The Volunteer movement—Letters to the Combes—Goes to “George Inn” at Hayes—Arthur Hughes on his sittings—Millais in the hunting field—“The Order of Release”—Funeral of the Duke of Wellington—Millais’ first expedition to Scotland—With the Ruskins to Northumberland and thence to Callander—Their life in the North—Discussion on architecture—Dr. Acland—The Free Kirk in 1852—Meeting with Gambart and Rosa Bonheur—Millais’ comic sketch-book—He is slighted by the Academy—Foreboding on the election day—He is made an A.R.A.

FROM the first day of 1852 down to the opening of the Royal Academy Millais continued to work away at the figures in “The Huguenot” and “Ophelia,” devoting all his spare time to pictures of smaller importance.

My father had but a slight acquaintance with Turner, though my mother was among the few of her sex who were ever permitted to enter the great landscape painter’s house. She knew him well, and from her I obtained some interesting notes, which I give in her own words: “I used frequently to go and see Turner and his pictures, and though very few *ladies* were ever allowed to enter his doors, he was very kind to young artists. He lived like a hermit in a great lonely house in Queen Anne Street; his walls hung with many of his own pictures, which he refused to part with. He would not sell these on any account whatever, and one day he showed me a blank cheque which had been sent to him to fill in to any amount he chose if he would sell one of his pictures, but he laughed at the idea and sent back the cheque immediately.

“The glass over many of his works was broken, and large pieces of brown paper were pasted over the cracks, for he would not be at the expense of new ones. Mr. Frith rightly described the studio when he said ‘the walls were almost paperless, the roof far from weatherproof, and the whole place desolate in the extreme’; whilst

Munro\* used to say that the very look of the place was enough to give a man a cold.

“Withal he had a great sense of humour, and when telling a story would put his finger to the side of his nose, and look exactly like ‘Punch.’

“Apropos of his physiognomy, he always resisted any attempt to make a likeness of him ; but one day after dinner at the house of a friend, Count d’Orsay, a clever artist made an excellent drawing of him drinking his coffee ; but this was done without Turner’s knowledge, and is, I believe, one of the few portraits of him now extant.

“He disliked society, and was intimate with very few people, his principal friends being Mr. Bicknell, of Denmark Hill, and Munro, of Novar, though at times he frequented the Athenæum Club.

“After a while he took an intense dislike to his home in Queen Anne Street, and only Munro knew where he removed to. Before this, however, he spent much time with Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, near Leeds, for whom he painted many pictures. I have stayed there, and examined the exquisite water-colour landscapes he did there, as well as a large portfolio of birds’ eggs and feathers, also in water-colours, most beautifully finished.

“Turner had a fancy for architecture, but the lodges which he planned at Farnley are of a sort of heavy Greek design, and not quite a success.

“His one pleasure in the days when I knew him was driving himself about the country ; but he was evidently not accustomed to horses, as he paid no attention to them, being too much engrossed in admiring the landscape, and in consequence, one day Mr. Fawkes’ family, who were committed to his tender mercies, found themselves sitting in the middle of the road with the trap on the top of them.

“Turner told me that the way in which he studied clouds was by taking a boat, which he anchored in some stream, and then lay on his back in it, gazing at the heavens for hours, and even days, till he had grasped some effect of light which he desired to transpose to canvas.

“No one was admitted to his house in Queen Anne Street

\* Munro of Novar, who lived in Hamilton Place, possessed several of Turner’s best works, for which he had paid sums not exceeding £200. Amongst them was one of the artist’s masterpieces, “The Grand Canal at Venice,” which, after Mr. Munro’s death, was purchased by Lord Dudley for nearly £8000.

unless specially invited. There was a sort of little iron grille in the centre of the front door, through which the old housekeeper used to look and see who was there.

"As an example of the rarity of visitors, the late Lord Lansdowne, who was a great lover of Art and a friend of Turner's, told me that after receiving no answers to his letters he resolved to beard the lion in his den. He therefore went and knocked at the door, when a shock-head appeared at the iron grating, and its owner called out, 'Cats'-meat, I suppose?' 'Yes, cats'-meat,' answered his lordship, and squeezed himself in.\*

"After leaving Queen Anne Street, Turner seems to have taken a fancy to a little old-fashioned inn near Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. It was kept by a widow, and he asked if he might be allowed to live there. On her inquiring as to who he was, he said to her, 'What is *your* name?' to which she replied, 'Mrs. Brown.' 'Well,' said Turner, 'I'm Mr. Brown.' In this house he remained for some years, visiting only his friend Munro and the Athenæum Club.

"At last, one day he became seriously ill, and it was only by his constantly calling out for Lady Eastlake (the wife of the President of the Royal Academy), and on her being sent for, that his identity became known."

A series of revolutions in France, commencing in 1848, culminated in the famous *coup d'état* of December, 1851, when for the first time universal suffrage was established, and as the result, Prince Louis Napoleon was re-elected President of the Republic for ten years certain. He soon let them know what that meant. No sooner was he installed in office than he banished into exile the distinguished general officers who were opposed to him, disbanded the National Guard and appointed others in their place, dismissed eighty-three members of the late legislative assembly, and finally put an end to the liberty of the Press. These high-handed proceedings threw all England into a ferment. The newspapers raised a howl of execration against the tyrant; and the Government, taking alarm, established the Channel Fleet and called into existence a number of volunteer rifle corps to aid in the national defence. A glimpse at what followed will be found in the correspondence.

\* The Marquis of Lansdowne was a man of great benevolence and culture. At his table Millais and his wife constantly dined, and there they met all the literary and artistic celebrities of the day. He gave exquisite entertainments, and after dessert always called in the Italian cook to compliment him on the feast.

*To Mr. Combe.*

“83, GOWER STREET,

“*February 5th, 1852.*

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—Don't be alarmed at this mighty circular, and think that the French have already landed. They have not come here yet; but, to guard against such an awful event, the gentlemen of London are arming themselves and forming rifle clubs; and those who cannot give their personal assistance are aiding us by subscriptions for the purpose of furnishing rifles to those who cannot afford them, yet are willing to join in the service of their country—clerks and the like. My governor is on the Committee, and my brother and self have joined. Several very influential men are at the head of it. A number of ladies are getting up subscriptions, and ‘the smallest contributions will be most thankfully received.’ In the City there are a thousand double-barrelled riflemen, composed of the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange. I am sure you will see that such measures are stringent upon all Englishmen, and excuse my troubling you on such a subject.

“Faithfully yours,

“JOHN MILLAIS.

“P.S.—The advertisement of our club has appeared three times in *The Times*, and we already muster upwards of two hundred gentlemen.”

Amongst those whom he saw much of at this period, and to whom he was greatly attached, were his cousins George Hodgkinson and his wife Emily. He frequently paid them Saturday-to-Monday visits, when he was working in London, during the years 1851–54. He also corresponded pretty regularly with Mrs. Hodgkinson, who has most kindly placed her letters at my disposal.

*To Mrs. Combe.*

“83, GOWER STREET,

“*March 6th, 1852.*

“MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—I promised some time back to write you a letter. Pardon me, for I am a wretched correspondent. I am just now working so hard that I am glad to escape anything

like painting, but I confess, writing is almost as difficult a thing with me.

"I have very lately made the acquaintance of Mr. Thackeray, the author of *Vanity Fair*. He called unexpectedly upon me—not to see my picture, he said, but to know me. I have returned his call, and find him a most agreeable man. Mr. Pollen and his brother also have paid me a visit, accompanied by Mr. Dean. Pollen's brother is a good judge of painting, which is a rare thing in our days.

"I am getting on slowly, but I hope surely. Ophelia's head is finished, and the Huguenot is very nearly complete; the Roman Catholic girl is but sketched in. I am waiting for a young lady who has promised me to sit for the face, but is going to undergo an operation on her throat, which will prevent her doing so for a fortnight or more. . . . I rarely see Hunt or Carlo, as they, like myself, stay at home in the evenings and go to rest early, so that they may rise likewise. I believe they are progressing with their work, but I dare say you know more of them than I do.

"Yours most truly,

- "JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

*To Mr. Combe.*

"83, GOWER STREET,

"*March, 1852.*

"MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—Recklessly I commence this letter, without the least knowledge of what is to follow. This night I promised Hunt to spend the evening with him, but am restrained by the immensity of the distance, feeling rather tired from a long walk we took together on Sunday, to Mr. Windus, the owner of all the celebrated pictures of the late William Turner, R.A. He has some of the most valuable works in the world—upwards of fifty of Turner's most excellent paintings, some of which are valued at fifteen hundred pounds, and amongst his collection he has several of mine—one large and some small—besides drawings. Some day, when you are in town, I must take you there. It is really a treat to see the house alone. The furniture is of the most magnificent kind, and the rooms are open to the public, I think, twice a week. It is at Tottenham, about seven miles from London.

“Farrer has sent the picture of ‘Mariana’ to Edinburgh, to gratify the Caledonian curiosity, those people having expressed a wish to see some of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures. I am continually receiving Scotch papers with frightfully long criticisms, a vast quantity of praise and, of course, advice. To-day I have purchased a really splendid lady’s ancient dress—all flowered over in silver embroidery—and I am going to paint it for ‘Ophelia.’ You may imagine it is something rather good when I tell you it cost me, old and dirty as it is, four pounds.

“‘The Huguenot’ I have been working at to-day, but not very satisfactorily, having been disturbed all the afternoon.

“The Rifle Club is getting on splendidly. They have taken rooms in the Strand, and are increasing rapidly in numbers. All the country clubs are joining; so ultimately it will become a very prodigious assembly. At present the rooms they have are but offices in which they have the proposed uniform—grey turned up with green. The costume will be drawn in the *Illustrated News* of next week. When the corps is regularly formed, it is likely (as most of the members are private gentlemen and well-off) that there will be some place for members from the country to meet and dine, and reading-rooms for the accommodation of the whole body.

“I begin to feel tired at the sight of paints, having worked without intermission for ten months. This year I hope to enjoy the summer without a millstone of a picture hanging about my neck. The subject I intend doing will not require much out-of-door painting—nothing but a sheet of water and a few trees—a bit of flooded country, such as I have seen near you at Whitham.

“Yours most sincerely,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

*To the same.*

“83, GOWER STREET,

“March 31st, 1852.

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—Many thanks for your kind wish for my visiting you after Easter. I am partly under an engagement to accompany a friend to Paris should the weather be favourable. With regard to ‘The Huguenot’ picture, I am happy to say I sold it to a gentleman, the very morning after you and Mrs. Pat called, for two hundred and fifty pounds. I have finished another picture,

and have only to paint the skirt of Ophelia's dress, which will not, I think, take me more than Saturday. I have every hope of their being placed in very good positions, the principal hanger, Mr. Leslie, having called twice to see them, each time expressing great admiration.

"In great haste, most sincerely yours,  
"JOHN E. MILLAIS."

*To the same.*

"83, GOWER STREET,  
"Sunday, April 18th, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—Forgive my not having answered your letter sooner. Ever since the sending in of the pictures I have been running about London, calling, and taking walks into the country. You ask me to describe the dance of Mrs. Collins. I truly wish that you had been there. It was a delightful evening. Charlie [Collins] never got beyond a very solemn quadrille, though he is an excellent waltzer and polka dancer. Poor Mrs. C. was totally dumb from a violent influenza she unfortunately caught that very afternoon. She received all her guests in a whisper and a round face of welcome. There were many lions—amongst others the famous Dickens, who came for about half an hour and officiated as principal carver at supper. Altogether there were about seventy people. I heard many very cheering remarks about my pictures from Academicians, one of whom went so far as to say that they were the best paintings in the Exhibition. I am in great hope of finding them in capital positions after these compliments.

"I have just returned from the Foundling Church. The service is exceptionally good, and the children look very pretty. During the Litany one of the smallest fidgeted one of her shoes off, which fell through the palisades and on to the head of some person below. With all the evident care that is bestowed upon their education, I am astonished that the masters do not forbid the use of thumbs and saliva in turning over leaves.

"Next week, or rather this, I mean to commence painting again, for I cannot stand entire laziness. 'Romeo and Juliet' is to be my next subject—not so large as either of this year's. It is an order from a Mr. Pocock, one of the secretaries of the Art Union. 'The Huguenot,' which was sold to Mr. White, a dealer, has since been sold by him to Mr. Windus, the man who has all the celebrated



Turners, and has already one of my paintings—'Isabella,' from Keats' poem. I am glad that it is in so good a collection, but cannot understand a man perhaps paying double the money I should have asked him.

"With love to Mrs. Pat, believe me,

"Most truly yours,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

*Note.*—Nothing was done towards the painting of "Romeo and Juliet" beyond the sketch which the artist made for it in 1848, and which was shown by Mr. John Clayton at the Millais Exhibition in 1898, and an additional design of the balcony scene [1852]. After discussing various subjects with Mr. Pocock, Millais' suggestion of the "The Proscribed Royalist" was approved, and shortly afterwards the picture was painted, and passed into the possession of Mr. Pocock.

Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., tells me that at this date Millais sat to his father for the head of Lord Petre, in a picture of "The Rape of the Lock." "My father," he says, "painted Sir John on a small panel, just as he was, in a black frock coat, and a black cravat, with a little golden goose for a pin. The portrait was a very good likeness of him at that time, and was sold at the sale of my father's pictures in 1860. I don't know who purchased it."

"The Rape of the Lock" was bought by the late John Gibbons, of Hanover Terrace, who had a fine collection of pictures, and it is now in the possession of his son.

*To Mrs. Combe.*

"83, GOWER STREET,

"June 9th, 1852.

"MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—With this I send you the lace which you were kind enough to procure for me. [It was used in 'The Huguenot,' and afterwards in 'The Proscribed Royalist.'] In returning it to the lady, I hope you will express my acknowledgments for her great kindness.

"I have a subject that I am mad to commence ['The Proscribed Royalist'], and yesterday took lodgings at a delightful little inn near a spot exactly suited for the background. I hope to begin painting on Tuesday morning, and intend working without coming

to town at all till it is done. The village is so very far from any railway station that I have no chance of getting to London in rainy weather. My brother is going to live with me part of the time, so I shall not be entirely a hermit. . . .

“The immense success I have met with this year has given me a new sensation of pleasure in painting. I have letters almost every day for one or other of the pictures, and only wish your guest was as lucky, that he might go off to the Holy Land as soon as possible with me. I shall never go by myself. When I get to my country residence I will keep up a proper correspondence with both of you. Lately I have hated the sight of a pen, and have scarcely answered letters requiring an immediate reply. . . . I have been paying a long-standing visit at a relation's near Croydon, and have become acquainted with the clergyman of the adjoining parish—a Mr. Hamilton, rector of Beddington, one of the most delightful men I ever met. He is a great friend of Mr. Marriott and others whose names I have heard you mention. His church and village are quite *beaux idéals* . . .

“Yours very sincerely,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

This is the first letter in which Millais mentions “The Proscribed Royalist” and his intention to paint the subject. Having found a suitable background in a little wood near Hayes, in Kent, he commenced the picture in June, 1852, and from this date till the end of the year his home seems to have been alternately at Waddon, Gower Street, and the little George Inn at Bromley, kept by a Mr. Vidler. Most of this time seems to have been spent at the inn, which was within easy reach of the scene he had selected; near also to the big trees on Coney Hall Hill, where still stands the giant oak that he painted in the foreground of the picture, and is now known as the “Millais Oak.”

Touching this painting William Millais writes:—“An amusing incident occurred whilst we were at the George Inn, Bromley, my brother being engaged on the background for ‘The Proscribed Royalist’ in the old oak wood, and I (close by) on a large oil landscape.

“Old Mr. Vidler, the landlord, was very proud of his signboard, representing St. George killing the Dragon, and was mortally offended at our turning it into ridicule. One day during our stay a violent storm carried the signboard off its hinges and smashed it

to bits. The owner was only partly consoled on our offering to paint him a new one, and added ungraciously, 'But there, now, it will never be the same thing.'

"However, he thought differently when he saw the gorgeous thing we produced. My brother painted one side and I the other. Many people at this time came to picnic in the neighbourhood, and it soon got abroad that the new signboard was painted by a great artist. The old innkeeper was flattered by the numbers who came to see it, and made a practice of taking the sign in at night and in rough weather."

*To Mrs. Hodgkinson.*

"GEORGE INN, HAYES, NEAR BROMLEY,

*"Tuesday Night, June, 1852.*

"MY DEAR EMILY,—According to promise, I give you immediate information about our arrival. Upon arriving at Croydon we first drove to your mansion at Waddon, where we took in the remaining luggage and trotted on here. We ordered a repast, and in the interim of preparation walked to the oak trees and down to the farm, where I again encountered Mrs. Rutley, and expounded my views to her upon the necessity of having cover close at hand for my paintings, and how her farm exactly suited me for that purpose. She very graciously undertook to afford shelter for my box or myself in case of rain, storm, etc., and after the colloquy was ended I joined Will (who was too timid to make a request to a stranger) and walked on here home, where we found the tea waiting us.

"The clock of the church which adjoins our premises has just struck eleven, and signals me to bed. Another bell within me foretells an animal considerably larger than the nightmare visiting me—perhaps an evening mammoth. I am writing this by the light of composition candles, supposed not to require snuffing. The wick of one hangs gracefully over like a hairpin, and the other has an astonishing resemblance to a juvenile cedar tree, the latter prognosticating I believe the reception of letters, which will be particularly acceptable in the gloominess of our present retreat, more especially from our blessed little coz, E. P. H.

"Our landlady (Mrs. Vidler) has just called into action a spark of animation from the heir apparent of Gower Street. She broke in upon us to wish us a very good night, and is gone with Vidler

into the innermost recesses of the conjugal boudoir, probably to dilate upon the magnitude of our appetites.

"Yesterday I harpooned a most extensive whale [a patron] off the coast of Portland Place, having no less than ten footmen in attendance at dinner. The leviathan made most honourable overtures for an increase of acquaintance with the limner sprat [himself], who conducted himself with appropriate condescension and becoming self-denial, in defiance of the strawberries and cream. Somehow or other, I believe my evil spirit takes its residence more particularly in that all-surpassing luxury, cream. It was my ruin at Worcester Park, and directly I came here it invitingly stands within my reach. I wish I had courage enough to dash away that beverage, as Macbeth throws the goblet from him on the appearance of Banquo.

"During the journey to this place we diverted ourselves with the cup and ball, catching it upon the point during the progress of cab, train, and Croydon fly. William is snoring so loudly that you must excuse my writing more at present. I am sure he would send affectionate greetings to you had he recovered from his lethargy.

"Now to bed, to bed. 'Out d——d spot!' (a blot of ink on my finger).

"Affectionately your coz,

"JACK.

"P.S.—Wednesday morning. I have had a bad night's rest. Awoke by the maid at six, up at nine; breakfast off eggs and bacon. Very stormy aspect in the weather, the glass falling to much rain. If it comes, you will probably hear of all those magnificent oaks on Coney Hall Hill slipping down into the road, burying therein the most celebrated of artists! The landlady, unnaturally bland for a female, has already exhibited signs of maternal affection for William. . . . The rain has commenced in torrents, so no painting to-day; we must put up with profound meditations and cup and ball. The wind is so high that all the trees look as if they were making backs for a game of leap-frog."

A reminiscence of this period will be found in the following note, kindly sent to me by Mrs. Pitt:—

"Perhaps you may like to know the following story in connection with your father's life. When he was painting the picture 'A Proscribed Royalist,' near Hayes Common, I was paying

a visit to my mother, and was walking with my sisters one day, when we stopped for a minute behind an artist to look at his picture.

“‘How beautiful it is,’ I said, half to myself, ‘and how much our mother would like to see it.’

“We had not the slightest notion who the artist was, but he courteously turned round to us, and said:—

“‘If your mother lives near enough, I shall be pleased to take the picture and show it to her.’

“We thanked him and invited him to luncheon. He came, and our mother—a real lover of Art—of course admired the picture immensely, though we never knew who the artist was until the picture became public.

“It might have been a year or two afterwards that I was much struck with ‘The Huguenot,’ and when visiting my husband’s brother-in-law (Mr. Miller) at Preston, I discussed it with him. At that time he deprecated what was termed the Pre-Raphaelite style; nevertheless, he went and bought it.”

Millais had been working steadily for more than a month at Hayes, and was getting on well, when, to his great chagrin, he was called away from his work to attend at Oxford as witness in a lawsuit with regard to the will of Mr. Drury, of Shotover, the testator’s sanity at the date of the will being questioned, and he being one of the attesting witnesses. He happened to be with Mr. Drury in 1849, when the will was made, and, having spent two or three months under his roof, he could speak with the utmost confidence as to the state of his mind.

On the conclusion of Millais’ evidence, Mr. Justice Williams, before whom the case was tried, complimented him in the following terms:—

“Well, Mr. Millais, if you can paint as well as you can give your evidence, you will be a very successful man some day.” In the end the validity of the will was established.

*To Mrs. Hodgkinson.*

“HAYES,

“August 4th, 1852.

“MY DEAR COZ,—We have just concluded our customary game of skittles, and I hasten, with a shaky hand, to fulfil my promise of writing you a letter. To-day we were both obliged to leave

off painting early, as every two minutes a shower of rain came down, so since one o'clock we have had strong exercise in archery and the knock-'em-downs. Yesterday we also took a holiday, as it was wet; so we are not getting on precisely as we could wish. . . .

"Poor Mrs. Vidler has been bedridden for some time, owing, I am told, to an encounter with some drunken fellow who insulted her. They say that she doubled her mawleys in the true pugilistic style, and knocked over the inebriate vagabond to his infinite astonishment and discomfort, so injuring his leg in the fall that he has since been at the hospital. . . .

"I wish I was in a vein for describing a club feast that came off here a day or two ago. Upwards of eighty agricultural labourers sat down to table, the stewards wearing blue and white rosettes in their buttonholes. Of course almost all of them were drunk in the evening, and some of the drollest scenes took place outside the house. About one a.m. a fight was raging, which kept me awake for some time; and last night I never slept till four in the morning—I suppose from having drunk some rather strong tea at the Hasseys'—so to-day I feel sleepy and stupid.

"The Royal Academy conversazione I attended alone, William being upset with rheumatics. The first people I met were, of course, the Leslies, with whom I kept the greater part of the evening. The Duke of Wellington made his appearance about ten, and walked through the rooms with the President, Sir Charles Eastlake. All went off as those and most things do. I saw Mrs. Leslie (not Miss) down to her carriage, and walked home with Hunt.

"With a gentle smoothing down of George's ambrosian locks, believe me,

"Most sincerely yours,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

*To Mr. Combe.*

"GEORGE INN, HAYES, BROMLEY,

"*Tuesday Night, October, 1852.*

"MY DEAR COMBE,—Do not be astonished, or imagine me forgetful, in allowing so long a time to elapse without writing.

"I have but just returned to this place, after spending a week (bedridden) at Gower Street, where I went to be nursed in a

tremendous rheumatic cold I caught painting out of doors. I am well again now, and worked away to-day as usual at my background, which I hope to finish in two or three days at most, when I shall return to town for good. . . . I am waiting here for one more sunny day, to give a finishing touch to the trunk of a tree which is in broad sunlight. Both yesterday and to-day I have suffered from headache, without in the least knowing the cause. I have taken medicine enough to supply a parish, and am particularly careful in my diet, drinking nothing but water—even tea.

“This year I am going to paint a small picture of a single figure, the subject of which you will like; and you shall, if you like, have the first refusal of it. The one I am now about is the property of Mr. Pocock, and the other (of the same size) is for Mr. Wilkinson, M.P. for Lambeth, or Mr. Ellison, the gentleman who purchased ‘Ferdinand.’ You recollect seeing it at Oxford. It is quite a ‘lark’ now to see the amiable letters I have from Liverpool and Birmingham merchants, requesting me to paint them pictures, any size, subject, and amount I like—leaving it all to me. I am not likely to let them have anything, as they would probably hawk it about until they obtained their profit.

“I hear from Mrs. Collins that they may, perhaps, spend some part of the autumn at Hanover Terrace. I hope it will be so, as I would arrange for a tour together in the spring if all goes right—to Switzerland or Spain. Next year I hope to paint the ‘Deluge,’ which will not require any out-of-door painting, so I should be at liberty to take a holiday abroad. Write and let me know what you think of this; it is a project I really intend. Remember me most affectionately to Mrs. Pat, to whom I shall write in a day or two.

“Most sincerely yours,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

“The Proscribed Royalist” is one of the pictures referred to in the above letter, and this being the last mention of it in the correspondence, it may be well to introduce here the subsequent history of this painting.

The background was not completed until November; and to get the effect of sunshine on the brilliant satin petticoat of the female figure, Millais took the dress down to Hayes with him and rigged it up on the lay figure. The actual figure and face of the

woman were finally taken from the beautiful Miss Ryan, the model for "The Huguenot," and when that portion of the work was finished he commenced (in March) to paint the Cavalier hidden in the trees. For this figure his friend Mr. Arthur Hughes (himself virtually one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers) sat, and to him I am indebted for the following interesting note:—

"I was in the Royal Academy Library," he says, "one evening, looking at books of etchings, and had some by Tiepolo before me, when Millais came in and sat down beside me. Having asked for McIan's 'Highland Clans' (presumably for 'The Order of Release'), in his leisure he looked at the Tiepolos and criticised them at once as 'florid, artificial. I hate that kind of thing.' Then he asked me to sit to him for a head in his picture, 'The Proscribed Royalist.' I went, and sat five or six times. He painted me in a small back-room on the second floor of the Gower Street house, using it instead of the regular studio on the ground floor because he could get sunshine there to fall on his lay figure attired as the Puritan Girl. In the studio below he had taken the picture out of a wooden case with the lid sliding in grooves—to keep all dust from it, he said—and after my sitting he used to slip it in again. When I saw the picture I ventured to remark that I thought the dress of the lady was quite strong enough in colour; but he said it was the fault of the sun; that the dress itself was rather Quakery, but the sunshine on it made it like gold. His studio was exquisitely tidy. I had been admitted by a very curly-headed Buttons ('Mr. Pritchard, my butler,' as Millais used to call him), who received at the same time a tremendous wiggling for some slight *débris* left on the floor. After he had retired, Millais made it up to him by declaring he would undertake to make that boy paint better than a Royal Academician in a twelve-month! Apart from my admiration of Millais, it was a very interesting episode to me, from the revelation of character in the few inhabitants of the house, and the way he ruled all, and all was ruled for him. The gentleness of the father and the vigorous character of the mother, the picturesque but somewhat restless individuality of William Millais, were all interesting. Commissions were then beginning to pour in upon John, and in less degree on William, whose forte was water-colour landscapes, exquisitely drawn.

"The latter came in one day, saying, 'I don't care, I'm all right





"THE ROYALIST." 1853



for a year.' 'And your brother for twenty,' said his mother—a little sharply, I thought.

"William used to work in the front room, while John painted me in the back one. There was but a thin wall between the two, and we could hear William all the time, as he was very restless, singing by snatches, whistling, calling to John to know the time repeatedly, coaxingly, then imploringly, noisily, but getting no reply, John working hard and serious as grim death the while. But at last his patience gave out and he stopped work, and for the space of a minute he levelled such language at William as up to that time I had not heard used by one brother to another. But he did not tell him the time!

"During the sittings we talked once of the objection (among many others) the critics made to the amount of detail the Pre-Raphaelites gave in their pictures, and Millais said, 'If you do not begin by doing too much you will end by doing too little; if you want to stop a ball which has been thrown along the ground you must get a little beyond it.'"

"The Proscribed Royalist" now belongs to Mr. James Ogston, having been successively in the possession of Mr. Pocock, Mr. Plint, and Sir John Pender.

The headaches of which Millais complained in several of his letters are not, I believe, uncommon among men of his craft, long confinement in the studio unfitting them for work in the open, where they must perforce sit still for hours together, exposed to every wind that blows. In early life my father suffered a good deal in this way; and it was not until his friends, John Leech and "Mike" Halliday, persuaded him to follow the hounds that he found relief from this complaint. In his next two letters he writes enthusiastically on the sport as a source of health and strength.

*To Mr. George Wyatt.*

"85, GOWER STREET,

"1853.

"MY DEAR WYATT,—Many thanks for your kind attention to my wishes. The fleet must have been a wonderful sight. I was very nearly going with Leech, the *Punch* draughtsman, to see its departure, but found even greater attraction in hunting, which I have lately taken to. Every Saturday I accompany him

into Hertfordshire, where good horses await us, and we stay overnight at a friend's, and set off in the morning. I have been four times out, and have only had one spill, which did not hurt me in the least.

"I should not follow the chase but that I enjoy it above all other recreation, and find myself quite fitted for such exercise. The first time I ever rode over a fence gave me confidence from the comparatively easy way in which I kept my seat. Since then I have ridden over pretty nearly every kind of hedge and ditch. Leech is a good rider, and we go together.

"With kind regards from my family, believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

*To Mr. Combe.*

"83, GOWER STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE,

"Saturday, October 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—I cannot promise to pay you a visit, as I am now going to look for another background, which I must immediately commence.

"I returned the day before yesterday with my picture finished, all but the figures. To-day I am going to the Tower of London to look after a gateway or prison door [for 'The Order of Release']. I am undecided between two subjects, one of which requires the above locality, and the other the interior of a church. [The artist's first idea of the background for 'L'Enfant du Regiment,' painted in 1855.]

"With regard to our proposed journey, I shall be ready directly after my pictures are sent to the Royal Academy, to go with you to Norway or the North Pole. I look forward to this travelling-trip, as I have had so little recreation within these last four years, and I hope you will pay the Collins's a visit this autumn, as we could then discuss the merits of the different countries. I have a curious partiality for Spain, from reading *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*; but as you say, the distance is an obstacle. I know nothing about Norway, but I hope it is not colder in the summer than here.

"Do you intend coming to town to see the funeral of the Duke? I do not generally care about such things, but I shall make a little struggle for that. It will be worth seeing.

“Have you seen anything of Pollen\* lately, and has Jenkins gone yet? Last Thursday evening I met Tennyson and his brother Charles, a clergyman. Politics were the principal topic of conversation, the Laureate believing it Louis Napoleon’s secret intention to make war with and invade England. In this Tennyson thinks he would be successful, holding us in subjection for some little time, when he would be kicked over to fair France to resist the attack of almost all Europe. I can see you smiling at this, like a true Britisher.

“Ever yours most truly,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

With reference to “The Order of Release,” here referred to for the first time, the head of the woman (painted from my mother) was a perfect likeness of her in 1853, except only as to the colour of her hair, a golden auburn, which was changed to black, in order to contrast with that of the child.

Mr. F. B. Barwell tells me that Westall, the famous model, posed for the Highlander. He had been in a dragoon regiment, from which he deserted. Nemesis, however, overtook him one day in the studio of Mr. Cope, R.A., and he was taken back to his old regiment and tried by court-martial. Some time after this his absence was so lamented in the London studios that a subscription was raised by artists, and he was bought out of the service.

The picture is said to have been the first ever hung on the walls of the Academy which required the services of a policeman to move on the crowd. “Afterwards,” says Mr. Barwell, “when exhibited in Paris at the Great Exhibition in 1855, it arrested a great deal of attention, and in an article of *Le Temps*, by Théophile Gautier, that gentleman expressed himself completely puzzled as to how it had been produced—what the vehicle was, whether oil, wax, or tempered varnish—and bestowed a considerable amount of space in discussing its merits. The article was favourable on the whole, but implied that it *was another instance of those curious eccentricities only to be found in Albion.*”

In assessing the value of this picture it is interesting to note that it was sold by Millais to Mr. Arden, of Rickmansworth Park,

\* Mr. Pollen, a fellow of Merton College, and an authority on Art matters, was a frequent visitor to the Combes, and met there Millais and Hunt, whose works he admired.

for £400; that in 1878 Mr. James Renton bought it for £2853; and that at the sale of Mr. Renton's collection, on his death, it fell to Sir Henry Tate as the purchaser, at the price of £5000 guineas. In a sympathetic letter to myself Sir Henry says:—"The last time I saw Sir John, before illness had deprived him of speech, he told me that Mr. Renton had just died, and 'The Order of Release' was likely to come into the market. He spoke with much interest and enthusiasm of the picture. He had too much good feeling to even suggest that I should buy the picture; but we gathered that he would like it to belong to the nation, so it was a double pleasure to me to obtain it last month for my gallery, as I felt I was carrying out the wish of a greatly-valued and much-missed friend."

It was beautifully engraved in 1856 by the late Samuel Cousins, the finest engraver of last century, or probably of any other; and this, his first work on Millais' pictures, was followed by a long series of similar interpretations, all of the same high standard of merit. He was more or less engaged upon them right up to 1884, when, after beginning "Little Miss Muffet," he was obliged to surrender his tools to T. Atkinson, who finished the plate. Cousins was a quiet, plodding, and honest worker of the very best type, and his eventual election to the honour of Royal Academician was applauded by everybody as a compliment he well deserved.

The sufferings of an artist while painting, or rather trying to paint, a tiresome child, are amusingly described in the following letter:—

*To Mr. Combe.*

"83, GOWER STREET,

*"December 16th, 1852.*

"MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—Instead of going to a musical party with my father and brother, I will write you something of my doings. I have a headache, and feel as tired as if I had walked twenty miles, from the anxiety I have undergone this last fortnight [over 'The Order of Release']. All the morning I have been drawing a dog, which in unquietness is only to be surpassed by a child. Both of these animals I am trying to paint daily, and certainly nothing can exceed the trial of patience they occasion. The child screams upon entering the room, and when forcibly held in its mother's arms struggles with such successful obstinacy that

I cannot begin my work until exhaustion comes on, which generally appears when daylight disappears. A minute's quiet is out of the question. The only opportunity I have had was one evening, when it fell asleep just in the position I desired. Imagine looking forward to the day when next one of these two provoking models shall come! This is my only thought at night and upon waking in the morning. When I suggest corporal punishment in times of extreme passion, the mother, after reminding me that I am not a father, breaks out into such reproofs as these: 'Poor dear! Was he bothered to sit to the gentleman? Precious darling! Is he to be tormented? No, my own one; no, my popsy, my flower, cherub,' etc., etc., dying away into kisses, when he (the baby) is placed upon his legs to run about my room and displace everything. Immediately he leaves off crying, remarking that he sees a 'gee-gee' (pointing to a stag's head and antlers I have hung up), and would like to have one of my brushes. This infant I could almost murder; but the dog I feel for, because he is not expected to understand. A strong man comes with it and bends him to my will, and all the while it looks as calm as a suffering martyr. I do more from this creature in a day than from the other in a week.

"This year I hope you will come and see the produce of all this labour before the pictures go to the Exhibition—I mean a day or two previous, so that they may be quite finished. . . . Wednesday evening I went to a public dinner at Hampstead, and escaped in time to avoid returning thanks for the honour they intended doing me. I expect soon to have an invitation to a banquet at Birmingham in honour of the success of their exhibition, to which I sent 'Ophelia.' There I am afraid I must say something, as I lost only by some few votes the prize given to Ward's 'Charlotte Corday going to Execution,' and it is customary to propose the health of the unsuccessful candidate. My brother will accompany Hunt in time to attend the Magdalen evening festival, and although I shall not be with you on Christmas-day, you may depend upon it that I shall drink your and Mrs. Pat's health. Wishing her and yourself a happy Christmas, believe me,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

*To the same.*

“83, GOWER STREET,

“*December*, 1852.

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—You might have called fifty times and never have found all our family out, as you did the other day. If you had given me an idea that you intended calling, I should have been at home to meet you. As it was I was at the Tower of London in search of a background, in which I was unsuccessful. All the stonework is too filthy with the soot of town to make any good colour in a background. Let me know if you are coming up to see the lying-in-state or the funeral of the Duke [of Wellington]. I have been very lucky, having got a most excellent position from the *Punch* office windows, through the kindness of one of the principal writers, Tom Taylor, the man who wrote that flattering notice of my last year's pictures.

“This day I have commenced the figure in my summer's work ('The Royalist'), and to-night will be drawing the group of my other subject ('The Order of Release'), so I have begun my winter's work. I saw, last night, a friend's\* pictures, painted this year in Spain, which would make you alter your opinion about that country. The people and place must be magnificent. I never saw such costumes and natural taste in the manner of putting their dresses on. I think we must go to Spain. . . .

“Yours most truly,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

*To Mrs. Combe.*

“83, GOWER STREET,

“*December*, 1852.

“MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—How did you like the funeral procession? I expected to have heard Mr. Combe's opinion. In the *Illustrated London News* there is a drawing of the Royal carriages passing the *Punch* offices, and a likeness of me sitting in the front row between some ladies. You will see by that how good a position I had. I hear from Collins that you are not coming to visit them until after Christmas. Do not make it long after, as I

\* John Phillip, R.A.





"THE ORDER OF RELEASE. 1855



shall then be beginning hard work and unable to join you in walks, etc. Of course you have heard from Hunt since his return. Now that he has come home we have our old friendly meetings again, such as we used to have in former years. Charlie has so far altered as to join our evenings, which he used to look upon as almost profane. The evenings are so continually wet that I seldom take my usual walk to Hanover Terrace. Mrs. Collins is getting quite gloomy at the infrequency of my visits.

“Wilkie’s new novel, *Basil*, has come out. I have just finished reading it, and think it very clever. The papers, I understand, abuse it very much, but I think them inconsistent in crying it down and praising *Antonina*, which is not nearly so good. Have you read *Esmond*, Thackeray’s last book? I hear from Hunt that it is splendid, but it is in so much request at the library that I cannot get it.

“My private opinion of the Wellington car is that it looked like a palsied locomotive. All the dignity of size was lost in the little trembling motion it had over the stones of the streets. It suggested bruises on the hero’s nose from shaking of the body in the coffin. I say ‘private opinion,’ because a Royal Academician was mixed up in the design. Altogether the sight was a most imposing one, but there is so much talk about it that I am sick of the very name of the Duke’s funeral. It has taken the place of the weather in conversation. The first thing one is asked in Town, upon entering a room is, ‘Did you see it? Where from? And what think you of it?’ Young ladies, generally dumb on the first introduction, venture upon this topic as courageously as an accustomed orator. Believe me,

“Most truly yours,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

*To Mr. Combe.*

“83, GOWER STREET,

“February 15th, 1853.

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—All my family are gone out to a musical party, excepting my mother, who is ill in her room, suffering from a cold. I have but just returned from Hanover Terrace. Poor Mrs. Collins (also afflicted with cold) has entirely lost her voice. Charlie is rather desponding about the quantity of work he has

got before him, doubting the possibility of finishing for the Exhibition.

“I am progressing with my picture slowly, but of course will finish in time. . . . Hunt is so hard at work that I never see him. He is painting a modern subject, which you probably know more about than I do. I have lately become acquainted with a very busy Roman Catholic, a most mysterious-looking individual, a friend of Pollen’s. His name is De Bammerville. I dined with him last week, and he called to ask me to accompany him to Cardinal Wiseman’s this evening, but I excused myself. I believe him to be a Jesuit. He has a most extraordinary appearance—an excessively dark beard and complexion, and wearing wolf’s fur round his neck and wrists, with braid—altogether looking very like a stage Polish Count, who murders everyone and then goes down a trap-door with blue light upon him. I expect he looks upon me as a promising convert. He smiles at the notion of my attending Wells Street Church, and, no doubt, pictures in his imagination my sitting on a three-legged stool, painting a Holy Family for the only church.

“Yours most truly,

“JOHN E. MILLAIS.”

At the end of June, 1853, Millais, in company with his brother William, journeyed North for the first time, intending to take a good holiday after prolonged work at his easel. The expedition was at first suggested by the Ruskins, who had agreed to meet the brothers and introduce them to some of the beauties of the Northern hills. After spending a delightful week with Sir Walter Trevelyan in Northumberland, which the railway had then penetrated as far as Morpeth, the two brothers met the Ruskins there and travelled with them by private coaches to the Trossachs, taking *en route* the picturesque old towns of Melrose and Stirling.

To the former place their host insisted on accompanying them, taking Mrs. Ruskin and her friend, Miss McKenzie, in his dog-cart. There then they parted, the visitors betaking themselves to a carriage and pair under the guidance of a postillion. This gentleman, however, proved himself hardly equal to the occasion. After a brief halt at a hostelry in the hill country, where the whisky was supremely tempting, he was taken so seriously ill that he could no longer control his horses. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to dispense with his services and tool the animals along as best

they could. William Millais gallantly undertook this task, and after depositing the unhappy Jehu amidst the luggage on the top of the coach he evolved from his own inner consciousness something that served for reins, and managed to land the party safely at Callander, where rooms had been engaged for them.

Mrs. George Hodgkinson sends me a sketch of his, made at the time, showing the post-boy hanging on to the collar of one of his horses, as he piteously moans, "Aw'm verrarr baad—aw canna ride—oh dearr, oh dearr!"

At Callander the two brothers found apartments in the "New Trossachs Hotel," microscopic in size, but clean and comfortable, and took most of their meals with their friends, who were more luxuriously accommodated at the manse, at Brig o' Turk, some five hundred yards away. But, "hey, oh, the wind and the rain!"—especially the rain. For nearly five long weeks it came steadily down, regardless of Mrs. Ruskin and her brave championship of the climate of this, her native land. Except at rare intervals, sketching was out of the question. There was nothing to see; but health and strength were to be had by braving the elements. Mackintoshes had not then been invented, but the plaid of the country afforded some protection, and, thus habited, the whole party turned out day by day, spending their lives in the pure air. It was soon found, however, that the plaid was insufficient without the kilt, and as in those days sojourners in the Highlands were expected to adopt the costume of the country, not only for their own comfort, but as a compliment to the natives, whose judgment in the matter of dress was thus endorsed, it needed no great persuasion on the part of their friends to make the two brothers array themselves accordingly. John Millais, however, did not take kindly to the kilt. Unlike his brother, who continued to wear it to the end of the season, he discarded it after one day's wear, finding perhaps more trouble with it than he did with the plaid, until after many attempts he learnt the art of adjusting it in the proper fashion. His first attempt—in a big storm—was about as futile as Dame Partington's struggle with her mop against the Atlantic waves when they invaded her house. He came out of the combat beaten and wet to the skin; but alive, as he always was, to the humorous side of things, he made, the same evening, a sketch of the event; and shortly afterwards there appeared in *Punch* a more finished drawing of his, entitled "How to wear a Highland plaid."

Every day the united parties went on some expedition together, climbing perchance Ben Ledi, or fishing in Loch Achray, famous in local tradition for salmon that never were there, and, whenever it was possible to do so, making sketches of the scenery around. As to Millais, his only thought was a pleasant holiday and rest from his usual occupation; yet even he was caught at last by the fascination of a turn in the lovely little river Finlass. It suddenly occurred to him that it would make a capital background for a single figure if all the other part of the landscape were subdued in deep shadow; and on Mr. Ruskin consenting to stand, he began at once a portrait of the critic, which is now known as one of the best works he ever did.

The picture was afterwards purchased by Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Acland, whose recent visit to Callander had added greatly to the pleasure of the party. Millais refers to it in the following letter:—

*To Mr. Combe.*

“NEW TROSSACHS HOTEL, CALLANDER,

“STIRLING, *August 4th*, 1853.

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—Finding all my friends writing letters, I have just crossed the bog that separates us from them to send you a bulletin of our health and doings. Our patience has been most sorely tried, and has stood proof tolerably well. Cannot you see us, one by one and hour by hour, with anxious faces, trying to read the sun through Scotch mist and rain? Cannot you hear us singly giving our decided opinion of the day, hope buoying us up to tell other than our real sentiments about the state of the weather? “It’s a varry saaft dee” has greeted me every morning for the last five weeks, uttered by a buxom landlady, who is truly the only person I have seen unclouded about the physiognomy.

“Dr. Acland has been staying here a few days. What an amiable man he is! He left us on Monday, and I have taken his room, because of the fine view its window affords. I was determined to bring back something, so on the very afternoon of his departure I began a new picture. Oh that I had tried this bait before with the sun, for I had barely sketched-in my work before the sun, with British effulgence, burst out upon the rocky hills. The wet birch leaves gave back tiny images of him, and all

the distant mountains changed suddenly from David Cox to the Pre-Raphaelites.

“What was a purple wash became now a network of grays and lilacs, with no inconsiderable amount of drawing about their rugged peaks; in fact, such drawing as Nature always rejoices in. This post-meridian burst of light augured well for the morrow, and, indeed, Tuesday was a prince of days, and we worked well. Wednesday and Thursday likewise, though cold latterly went far towards cramping us. Ruskin comes and works with us, and we dine on the rocks all together, but only on fine days; so this course of living has been very much the exception. Only imagine a paper being sent here—‘that all stray dogs (during the dog-days) be shot!’ The mention of a mad dog suggests only heat and drought. Do dogs ever become mad in Scotland?”

“Ever yours sincerely,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

*To the same.*

“*c/o* MR. STEWART, BRIDGE OF TURK,

“CALLANDER, PERTHSHIRE,

“*August, 1853.*”

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,—My brother William has just received your letter, and as you kindly express a wish to hear from me, I take the present opportunity of sending you a few lines.

“This day (Sunday, August 14th) we have been to church, and taken a delightful walk to a waterfall, following the stream till we came to a fall of seventy feet, where we had a bath (my brother and self), he standing under the torrent of water, which must have punished his back as severely as a soldier’s cat-o’-nine-tails whipping. These mountain rivers afford the most delightful baths, perfectly safe, and clear as crystal. They are so tempting, that it is quite impossible to walk by them without undressing and jumping in. I am immensely surprised to hear that Hunt is going to Syria so soon. I confess I had begun to think that his intended voyage there was a myth, for he has not spoken to me about leaving England, although I receive letters continually from him. I suppose he thinks it would only meet with incredulity. I am painting a portrait of Ruskin, with a background

of rocks and a waterfall, which is close here, so I get at it easily in the morning.

“This year I am giving myself a holiday, as I have worked five years hard. If you have leisure to read, get Ruskin’s two last volumes of *The Stones of Venice*, which surpass all he has written. He is an indefatigable writer. We have, in fine weather, immense enjoyment, painting out on the rocks, and having our dinner brought to us there, and in the evening climbing up the steep mountains for exercise, Mrs. Ruskin accompanying us. Last Sunday we all walked up Ben Ledi, which was quite an achievement. I am only just getting the mountaineer’s certainty of step, after experiencing some rather severe falls, having nearly broken my nose, and bruised my thumb-nail so severely that I shall lose it. My shins are prismatic with blows against the rocks. . . .

“Very truly yours,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

*To the same.*

“c/o MR. STEWART, BRIG O’ TURK,

“CALLANDER,

“August, 1853.

“MY DEAR MR. COMBE,— . . . Ruskin and myself are pitching into architecture; you will hear shortly to what purpose. I think now I was intended for a Master Mason. All this day I have been working at a window, which I hope you will see carried out very shortly in stone. In my evening hours I mean to make many designs for church and other architecture, as I find myself quite familiar with constructions, Ruskin having given me lessons regarding foundations and the building of cathedrals, etc., etc. This is no loss of time—rather a real relaxation from everyday painting—and it is immensely necessary that something new and good should be done in the place of the old ornamentations.

“Surely now that there seems more likelihood of a Russian war you will not persist in travelling eastward. Assuredly you will all lose your heads. You in particular will verify your cognomen of ‘Early Christian’ in such an event, for that was generally their fate. Is there any chance of your coming to Edinburgh in October? Do, if you can, and hear Ruskin’s lectures, and we



will have a stroll over the city. Does your fountain still play? Have the gold-fish been boiled again? Is Emma still alive? And have you finished your shields? All these things I am anxious to know.

“Yours very faithfully,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

Both Ruskin and Millais felt that in modern architecture, no less than in modern painting, the lack of original composition and design was painfully evident. They had many talks on the subject, and as Mr. Ruskin intended to refer to this in a lecture at Edinburgh, Millais exercised himself in the evening by sketching designs of all sorts in a book which now lies before me. Figures, flowers, and animals are all grouped in every conceivable way, principally to be used in the decoration of church windows, the chief design being done on large sheets of grocery paper bought at a neighbouring shop, and pasted on strips of canvas fixed together by himself. This design (a water-colour drawing for the window referred to in the foregoing letter) represented angels saluting one another, the light being admitted through ovals, round which the arms of each figure clasped and met. It had a base line of 109 inches, and was shortly afterwards exhibited by Ruskin at his Edinburgh lecture. Many years after that it was seen by a noted cleric, who wished to have it carried out for a new window in one of our cathedrals. The expense, however, was found to be too great, so the idea was abandoned. Millais was especially keen to show his ability in this particular line, for, to his mind, a true artist should be able to design or draw anything, and he had recently been somewhat piqued by the observation of a newspaper, that “though Millais might be successful in painting, he was incapable of making an architectural design.”

*To Mrs. Combe.*

“NEW TROSSACHS HOTEL, BRIG O’ TURK,

“September 6th, 1853.

“MY DEAR MRS. COMBE,—I am almost ashamed to write to you, after permitting so long a time to elapse without a letter. I am enjoying myself so much here that I can scarcely find time to hold a pen; it is as much as I can do to paint occasionally. To-day

I have had a sick headache, which has prevented me from painting the background of a portrait of Ruskin. When the weather permits, we all dine out upon the rocks, Mrs. Ruskin working, her husband drawing, and myself painting. There is only one drawback to this almost perfect happiness—the midges. They bite so dreadfully that it is beyond human endurance to sit quiet; therefore many a splendid day passes without being able to work. This does not grieve me much, as I am taking a holiday this season, and when I return I mean (if you will receive me) to pay you a visit. Dr. Acland was staying with us a little while back, and I think greatly enjoyed himself. He is a delightful companion, and joined us in games of battledore and shuttlecock, which we play for exercise between hours.

“Mr. Ruskin is going to lecture in Edinburgh next month, and we are busy making drawings for illustration. You will probably hear of me as an architect some day! Are you going with Hunt and the Early Christian to Syria? Have you heard much of Jenkins, and how is the parson? The service here is as unlike that at Oxford as an oyster is unlike a crow. The church is a beautiful little house built on the border of a lake, and the minister is a good, hard-working, sensible fellow, who lives in the same house as we do. . . . The service, I confess, I do not like, but I am pleased with the people, who seem all earnestly desirous of doing their duty. The church is supported by the visitors to the hotels, there being no rich lairds about here, nobody but poor old bodies wrapped up in plaids. . . .

“Yours most truly,

“JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.”

In 1853 manners and modes of life of the Scotch peasantry were somewhat different from what they are now. The doggies came to church, as they still do in one or two remote districts, and the music was conducted by the precentor, whose comic personality is admirably hit off in one of Millais' sketches.

William Millais says of this visit to the North:—“How well I remember our going to the little Free Kirk, arrayed as well-turned-out Highland men. The service was to us somewhat comical, and we could hardly stay it out. The precentor was a little very bow-legged old man, with the wheeziest of voices, and sang the first line of the ‘paraphrase’ alone, whilst his little shaggy terrier, the image of his master, joined in a piteous howl. The other lines

were sung by the congregation, assisted by a few colliers. I afterwards tackled the little precentor, and asked him why he didn't have an organ. 'Ah, man, would you have us take to the devil's band?' was his answer.

"When the sermon came, it was most amusing to us to watch the old men passing their rams' horn snuff-mulls to one another, and putting little bone spades full of the pungent material up their noses to keep them awake.

"In front of us were two well-dressed young girls, in all the newest fashion, and when the shallow offertory-box was poked towards them, they put in a farthing. We afterwards saw them take off their shoes and stockings and walk home barefooted.

"As the whole congregation passed out, my brother allowed that they one and all riveted their eyes on his legs, and he made up his mind then to get rid of the beastly kilt, and left me to carry out his purpose. Just then I saw a carriage passing along the high-road, with a man gesticulating towards me. I at once recognised him as Gambart, the well-known picture-dealer. He stopped the vehicle, and got out and asked after my brother, and then introduced me to the lady inside—'Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur'—who expressed herself enthusiastically upon my appearance. 'Ah, my dear Millais,' said Gambart, 'Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur has been eagerly on the look-out for the Highland garb ever since we left Edinburgh, and yours is the first kilt she has seen. You are immortalised.' I told them that if they had been a little sooner they would have seen my brother in a similar garb. 'How beautiful he must look in it,' said Gambart. It was a pity they had not seen him. We lunched with them at Trossachs Hotel, but nothing would induce my brother to don the kilt again."

Among the most interesting records of this period is a large sketch-book of Millais'. The first part is filled with highly-finished drawings, illustrating the various "ploys" of the party—salmon-fishing, sketching, and expeditions in the hills—the latter half containing comical caricatures of the people who came and went.

In the evenings, after dinner, Art was frequently discussed, and Millais would occasionally make fun of the old masters, showing in a few lines the chief materials of their stock-in-trade. Some of these sketches are interesting as showing how a very few bare lines can be made to indicate unmistakably the characteristic styles of individual masters, such as Vandyck, Poussin, Greuze, or a Turner.

Mrs. Ruskin, being exceedingly learned in Scottish history, used to hold forth occasionally on the doughty deeds of the early champions of liberty and Christianity, and delighted to narrate the thrilling adventures of Robert Bruce, of the Crusaders, and of all the heroes of Highland chivalry. One evening Millais pretending, I regret to say, to have been much impressed by the woes and afflictions suffered by Robert the Bruce in prison, and his subsequent adventures with a fine specimen of *Arachne vulgaris*, took the sketch-book, saying that so important a subject required to be instantly fixed on paper, and he must at once make a design for future development. The drawing, however, was much appreciated, and led to many similar illustrations of Scottish history, such as the siege of Dunbar Castle by the English, the adventures of Lord James Douglas in the Holy Land, the siege of Acre, etc. And these from the same hand that painted "The Vale of Rest" and "The North-West Passage"! To my mind, they are as characteristic of Millais as any serious work of his. There is force and reason in the broadest and simplest lines, to say nothing of the genuine humour they exhibit.\*

Before parting with the Ruskin portrait, he repainted the whole of the background. He also finished at the same time a little picture called "The Highland Lass," now in the possession of Mr. Henry Willett.

One of the keenest disappointments of his early life occurred in 1850, when, after being elected to the honour of an Associate of the Royal Academy, the appointment was quashed on the ground of his extreme youth. Since that time, as he could not but know, his works had risen year by year in the estimation of the public, but as yet no official recognition of their merit had been accorded him by the Academy, and he began to feel somewhat sore at this neglect. He was, therefore, more than usually interested in the coming election, which was to take place on November 7th, 1853. Several influential Academicians had promised to vote for him, and, though himself an earnest supporter of authority when fairly exercised, he was not disposed to have his claim overlooked much longer. Gambart and other dealers, knowing that his pictures were always in request, had already made him tempting offers to exhibit solely with them, and from the commercial point of view

\* Millais showed these comic sketches to Leech, who was doubtless somewhat influenced by them in his subsequent and admirable illustrations for *The Comic History of England* and *The Comic History of Rome*.

it might have been to his advantage to do so; but he steadily refused to entertain the idea so long as any doubt remained as to the attitude of the Academy.

Another reason for this decision was that, having taken upon himself the championship of Pre-Raphaelite principles, he was determined to make the Academy acknowledge his power as the chief, if not the only, exponent of their principles, now that Hunt was off to the East, and Rossetti had wandered away on his own exclusive line; and if he ceased to exhibit there, some of those whose opinion he valued might perhaps think that he was afraid to continue the struggle.

And now the eventful day approached. But let William Millais tell the tale in his own words:—"On the day when the result of the election of Associates at the Royal Academy of Arts was to be made known, my brother, self, Wilkie and Charlie Collins all started off to spend a whole day in the country to alleviate our excitement. Hendon was the chosen locality. My brother wore a large gold goose scarf-pin. He had designed a goose for himself and a wild duck for me, which were made by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell—exquisite works of Art. We had spent a very jolly day, the principal topic of conversation being the coming election, Wilkie Collins being confident that Jack's usual luck would attend him and that he would certainly be returned an Associate of the Royal Academy.

"We had been walking along a narrow, sandy lane, and, meeting a large three-horse waggon, had stepped aside to let it pass, when we resumed our way, and shortly afterwards Jack's pin was gone! 'Now, Wilkie,' said my brother, 'how about my luck? This is an ominous sign that I shall not get in.' 'Wait a bit, let's go back,' said Wilkie. We were all quite sure that he had it on on leaving Hendon. Now, the fact of a huge waggon having gone over the ground we had travelled by gave us very little hope of seeing the golden goose again. A stipulated distance was agreed upon, and back we all trudged, scanning the ground minutely. I undertook the pacing. The waggon had ploughed deep furrows in the sand, and just as we had reached the end of our tether, Jack screamed out, 'There it is, by Jove!' And, in truth, the great gold goose was standing perched on a ridge of sand, glistening like the Koh-i-noor itself. We went straight to the Royal Academy, and Charles Landseer, coming out, greeted my brother with, 'Well, Millais, you are in this time *in earnest*,' punning on his name, which

they had entered as 'John Ernest Millais' instead of John Everett Millais."

It was on the day following the election that D. G. Rossetti wrote to his sister Christina (*Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham*):—"Millais, I just hear, was last night elected an Associate; so now the whole Round Table is dissolved"—meaning, no doubt, that Millais, having been received into the fold of the recognised authority, would cease to support the heterodox principles he had till then so strongly upheld. But nothing could be further from his thoughts.

He quietly continued his work on the same lines till 1860, when his painting of minute detail became gradually merged in greater breadth of treatment. Look at the landscape in "Chill October" (1875) and "The Woodman's Daughter" (1849). The effect is the same; only the mode of expression is different. He gained the technique used in the first-named picture through the scholastic and self-imposed labour of the second.

## CHAPTER VI

1853-1855

End of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—Holman Hunt leaves for the East—Letters to Charles Collins—"The Blind Girl" and "L'Enfant du Régiment"—Winchelsea—Thackeray writes whilst Millais paints—An eccentric vicar—Success of "The Blind Girl"—Ruskin's description of it—John Luard—Millais in Scotland with Halliday, Luard, and Charles Collins—Paris Exhibition of 1855—The English school at last recognised—How "The Rescue" came to be painted—Letters from Dickens—Models for "The Rescue" and criticisms on it—Appreciation by Thomas Spencer Baynes—Millais loses his temper and speaks out—Beneficial result—Firemen at work—Frederic Leighton.

MILLAIS, as we have seen, was now one of the elect of the Royal Academy, and his picture, "The Huguenot," had added much to his reputation as an artist; but it is quite a mistake to assume, as so many writers have done, that after this date the current of his life ran smoothly on without any serious obstruction or impediment. His great fight—perhaps the greatest fight of all—was yet to come; and as 1853 drew to a close, the elation he might otherwise have felt was restrained by circumstances and considerations of no small moment to a man of his sensitive nature. Leading members of the Academy were, as he well knew, prejudiced against him; the Press continued to jeer at him as an enthusiast in a false style of Art; D. G. Rossetti, wounded by their carping and insulting criticism of his "Annunciation," had retired from the contest; Walter Deverell, a devoted friend of Millais and an ardent supporter of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, was seriously ill; and now that Hunt, his greatest and strongest ally, was about to leave for the East, he knew that upon him alone would devolve the duty of maintaining the cause to which he had devoted his life as an artist. Charlie Collins, it is true, was still with him, and in "Mike" Halliday and Leech he had found other firm and faithful friends; but, highly skilled as these three

men were, both as artists and connoisseurs, they could hardly be expected to share the enthusiasm of himself and Hunt for a cause which they had made so peculiarly their own. Individual Pre-Raphaelites, such as Collinson, Hughes, and others, were doing good work, and the Academy did not exclude their paintings at the annual exhibitions; but the Brotherhood itself no longer existed in its old form as a body of associated workers. It had become, indeed, as Hunt says in one of his letters, "a solemn mockery, and died of itself."

*To Mr. Charles Collins.*

"WADDON, CROYDON,

"May 31st, 1853.

"MY DEAR CHARLEY,—This is how I went to Epsom races. . . . After coffee we spoke of the morrow's dust we should have to encounter, when it struck me that if we could obtain countrymen's white smockfrocks we could wear them there, defying the dust, and put on our swell coats unsullied, on arriving at the course.

"To procure these agricultural robes, measures were immediately put into execution. The maidservant, who was also going to the races in a van, undertook to get them before we were up, which promise she fulfilled.

"In case Hunt should have difficulty in finding his way from Wimbledon across the fields, I walked there just in time to meet his train. From this he emerged much depressed in body and spirit, having, in fear of missing the hour, carefully avoided sleep.

"We started in our ploughman attire, at about twelve o'clock. . . . Our costumes excited much jocularly of a most depressing order, such as inquiries as to price of turnips and milk, etc. On arrival we exchanged the rustic for the ordinary garment, and were recognised by many friends. . . .

"We presently dived into the alleys of the racing ground, and I speedily came to the conclusion that the audience attend principally for the sake of gorging themselves with pigeon pie and lobster salad. . . . Such tragic scenes I saw on the course! One moustached guardsman was hanging over the side of a carriage in a state of abject intoxication. . . . In the same carriage, seated beside him, endeavouring to look as though she were not cognisant of the disgusting reality, his mistress was offering a bottle of champagne to some other swells who sat on the box. In another



carriage I saw a woman crying bitterly, evidently a paramour of the man who was languidly lolling back in the cushions flushed with drink and trying to look unconcerned at the woman's grief. This was probably caused by a notice that his losses that day obliged him to do without her society for the future. . . .

"On Thursday, most likely, I shall see you. I have just received two letters, one of which is quite unintelligible. I can't read a quarter of a sentence; there are few things more provoking than this. . . .

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

The pathos and tragedy of life exhibited in the hurrying scenes of the racecourse seem to have impressed Millais strongly, and a most interesting pen drawing reproduces with fidelity one of the incidents mentioned in the above letter.

Charley Collins was much to him in these early days, at a time of life when men open their hearts to each other, discussing their doubts and fears with candour born of mutual sympathy and mutual striving after the ideal. In one letter to his friend Millais discourses thus on "Faith":—

*To Mr. Charles Collins.*

"1853.

"MY DEAR CHARLEY,—Many thanks for your long sermon. In the case of Tennyson's poem, I think you quite misunderstand his meaning. He does not imply that we have no light in the world, for he says in another place—

'But what am I?  
An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry.'

Which clearly implies that it is his weakness of 'Faith' to believe that the light which exists is at fault. A man would never ask for that which is not revealed. Regarding that passage you quoted—

'I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God'—

these lines, I think, only express the unsteadiness of his belief, which many good men have likewise felt. Even the Apostle Thomas was incredulous of that which was immediately before him. The whole poem is the expression of passing thought—praises of God and doubts in succession. It is very rare that very great men are the steadiest Christians, for they are conversant with all existing arguments against Scripture, which are very strong, as everything belonging to the devil surely is. The last line—

‘That slope thro’ darkness up to God’—

is the only part which could be objectionable to a Christian. There is that great mistake in all believers that they do not seem to understand how it is people *doubt*. The fact is that they do, and Tennyson amongst others must have had continual variations of faith. If you read *In Memoriam* carefully I think you will find it one of the most *religious works* ever written. It is all intense love. There are many passages of weakness, but the poem is conclusive in its entire trust in Christ, which is what is principally required of us.

“Good night, my dear Charlie.

“J. E. MILLAIS.”

I must now hark back to the beginning of 1854, when Millais had in mind two pictures—“The Blind Girl” and “L’Enfant du Régiment” (or, as it is more commonly called, “The Random Shot”)—both of which he was anxious to commence at once, and to paint concurrently. The latter demanded as a background the interior of a church, and for some time during the autumn he roved about in search of one suitable to his purpose. At last, on the recommendation of a friend, he started for Winchelsea, accompanied by Mike Halliday, and there he was fortunate enough to find what he wanted in the old Priory Church of Icklesham, about a mile away, and in the same neighbourhood the landscape he required for “The Blind Girl.”

But first he must settle the point of view from which to paint the interior; to which end he visited the church on several consecutive days. At length the sexton’s curiosity was excited as to the object of this mysterious visitor, and he asked him what he wanted. “Oh,” said Millais, “I want to paint the church.” “Well, then, young man,” replied the sexton, “you need not hang about

here any longer, for the church was all done up fresh last year.” It is an old-told tale, this, for Thackeray got hold of it, and told it at the clubs; but it is none the less true. I have heard my father tell it himself.

Another tale about this Winchelsea expedition is also worth repeating. About a month after Millais’ arrival Thackeray appeared on the scene, and the two worked together, Millais painting while Thackeray went on with *Denis Duval*, that fragment of a fine novel, unhappily left unfinished, in which the principal character was drawn from Millais himself. While thus engaged they were not altogether unobserved. To borrow a line from one of Thackeray’s most amusing ballads, “A gent had got his i on ’em,” the “gent” being an eccentric old clergyman of the neighbourhood who looked in now and then, and one Sunday morning appeared in the pulpit when they were in church. They were sitting right in front of him, and this dear old divine, catching sight of Millais, directed his discourse to the comparative beauties of Nature and Art. There was no mistaking what he meant, for, warming up as he went along, he punctuated his remarks by personal appeals to the artist as to the inferiority of man’s work to God’s. Leaning over the pulpit with outstretched hands, and eyes fixed on Millais, he cried aloud, “Can you paint that? Can you paint that?” And then, turning to the congregation as he slowly drew himself upright, he added in solemn tones, “No, my brethren, *he cannot paint that.*” Again and again this embarrassing scene was repeated, until at last Millais and his friend became almost hysterical in the effort to suppress their laughter.

Coming now to the painting which led to these sensational incidents, “The Random Shot,” I am glad to avail myself of Mr. F. G. Stephen’s description of it in the following words:—“This small picture represents an incident in the French Revolution, where some of the populace, attacking a church which is defended by the military, have accidentally wounded a soldier’s child who had been taken there for safety. The little one, wrapped in his father’s coat, has just sobbed itself to sleep on the tomb of a knight, where the child had been laid out of further danger; the tears of pain have ceased to trickle down its face, and its sobbings have found rest in sleep. The tomb is of alabaster, mostly of pure white, but dashed and streaked with pearly fawn and grey tints, according to the nature of the material, which acquires from time an inner tint of saffron and pale gold. The tale of ‘The Random

Shot' is explained by showing some soldiers firing out of a window of the church."

The tomb on which the child is lying is that of Gervaise Allard, knight, one of the many beautiful works of art still to be seen in the old church at Icklesham. Dante Rossetti was probably right in saying that the artist's first idea was to depict the scene as taking place in a church besieged by Cromwell, for several of the sketches in my possession suggest more forcible and warlike movement than is to be found in the picture itself. The child, too, was originally painted in several attitudes before that of repose was selected.

"The Blind Girl," a still more pathetic subject, is described by Mr. Spielmann as "the most luminous with bright golden light of all Millais' works, and for that reason the more deeply pathetic in relation to the subject. Madox Brown was right when he called it 'a religious picture, and a glorious one,' for God's bow is in the sky, doubly—a sign of Divine promise specially significant to the blind. Rossetti called it 'one of the most touching and perfect things I know,' and the Liverpool Academy endorsed his opinion by awarding to it their annual prize, although the public generally favoured Abraham Solomon's 'Waiting for the Verdict.' Sunlight seems to issue from the picture, and bathes the blind girl—blind alike to its glow, to the beauties of the symbolic butterfly that has settled upon her, and to the token in the sky. The main rainbow is doubtless too strong and solid. Millais himself told the story of how, not knowing that the second rainbow is not really a 'double' one, but only a reflection of the first, he did not reverse the order of its colours as he should have done, and how, when it was pointed out to him, he put the matter right, and was duly feed for so doing. But the error is a common one. I have seen it in pictures by Troyon and others, students of Nature all their lives, who yet had never accurately observed. The precision of handling is as remarkable as ever, and the surrounding collection of birds and beasts evinces extraordinary draughtsmanship."

In 1898, when the picture was seen again in the midst of Millais' other Pre-Raphaelite works, nearly all the critics agreed that, for a general balance of qualities, it should take the first place in the collection; the *Spectator* remarking that: "Nowhere else in the whole range of his works did the painter produce such a beautiful piece of landscape. The picture is full of truth and full of beauty, and the grass glows and sparkles in the sunlight after the storm.

The colour throughout is as brilliant as paint can make it, but perfectly harmonious at the same time. Of quite equal beauty are the two figures, the blind musician and her child companion, and the pathos is so admirably kept in its proper place that it is really touching. There is a true humanity about this picture as well as great artistic qualities."

But best of all is Mr. Ruskin's refined and accurate description of the picture. He says:—"The background is an open English common, skirted by the tidy houses of a well-to-do village in the cockney rural districts. I have no doubt the scene is a real one within some twenty miles from London, and painted mostly on the spot. A pretty little church has its window-traceries freshly whitewashed by order of the careful warden. The common is a fairly spacious bit of ragged pasture, and at the side of the public road passing over it the blind girl has sat down to rest awhile. She is a simple beggar, not a poetical or vicious one—a girl of eighteen or twenty, extremely plain-featured, but healthy, and just now resting, not because she is much tired, but because the sun has but this moment come out after a shower, and the smell of the grass is pleasant. The shower has been heavy, and is so still in the distance, where an intensely bright double rainbow is relieved against the departing thunder-cloud. The freshly wet grass is all radiant through and through with the new sunshine; the weeds at the girl's side as bright as a Byzantine enamel, and inlaid with blue veronica; her upturned face all aglow with the light which seeks its way through her wet eyelashes. Very quiet she is, so quiet that a radiant butterfly has settled on her shoulder, and basks there in the warm sun. Against her knee, on which her poor instrument of beggary rests, leans another child, half her age—her guide. Indifferent this one to sun or rain, only a little tired of waiting."

Neither the background nor the figures in this work were finished at Icklesham, the middle distance being, I think, painted in a hayfield near the railway bridge at Barnhill, just outside of Perth. Perth, too, supplied the models from which the figures were finished. The rooks and domestic animals were all painted from Nature, as was also the tortoise-shell butterfly (not a Death's-head, as Mr. Spielmann has it), which was captured for the purpose. Both here and in "The Random Shot" the backgrounds were painted with extraordinary energy and rapidity, and the work, as in most of the artist's best productions, went on without a hitch.

I find, amongst my father's letters, one from Professor Herkomer, dated April 5th, 1893, in which he says :—"I cannot refrain from writing to you, to tell you of the effect your picture, 'The Blind Girl' (1856), had upon me when I saw it in Birmingham lately. I am no longer a youngster, but I assure you that that work so fired me, so enchanted, and so altogether astonished me, that I am prepared to begin Art all over again. The world of Art is your deep debtor for that work, and so am I. P.S.—Do tell me the yellow you used for the grass."

The first owner of "The Blind Girl" was Mr. T. Miller, of Preston; the second, Mr. W. Graham; and, after passing through other hands, it became the property of Mr. Albert Wood, of Conway. For its subsequent history I am indebted to Mr. Whitworth Wallis, Director of the City of Birmingham Art Gallery, who says :—"I borrowed 'The Blind Girl' from Mr. Albert Wood in 1891, and induced him to part with it to Mr. William Kenrick, who presented it to the Art Gallery here as a permanent record of the success of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood Exhibition held in this city."

In the autumn of 1854 Millais betook himself again to Scotland, in search of health and amusement, accompanied on this occasion by his friends Charlie Collins, Mike Halliday, and John Luard, of whom I must now say a few words. John Dalbiac Luard (to give him his full name) began life as an officer in the 82nd Foot, but so devoted was he to Art, that in 1853 he left the service and took up painting as a profession. Sharing with Millais a studio in Langham Chambers, which they occupied together for some years—in fact nearly down to the time of poor Luard's death in 1860—he gave himself up to military subjects, of which "The Welcome Arrival" and "Nearing Home" were exhibited in the Royal Academy and subsequently engraved. His brother, Colonel Luard, kindly sends me a number of sketches that Millais made of himself and his companions during this tour, and assures me that the likeness of his brother is wonderfully good. In the first of the series we see the three men together. They have just arrived in Scotland, and, having made no plans beforehand, are at a loss to know what to do. Millais, in his impulsive way, suggests, "Oh, we'll go over and see —— at Aytoun. He'll be simply delighted to see us and give us some shooting. . . . Oh, no! There's not the slightest need to give notice. We'll start early and get there in time for breakfast." And so they did: they started very early



"THE BLIND GIRL." 1856





next morning—with the consequences depicted. However, they got their day's shooting, marred only by a trifling accident on the part of little Mike, who bagged Luard and the footman instead of the rabbit he was aiming at.

Later on, when Halliday and Luard left, Charlie Collins suggested a walking tour with Millais, and they started out together, eventually finding themselves at Banavie, near Fort William, where they seem to have come across "Long John," of whisky fame, who entertained them with samples of his wares. Most of the second series of sketches were made here, and in these the peculiarities of Collins' garments are not forgotten. In the kindness of his heart Collins looked rather to the necessities of his tailor than to his skill, with results quite appalling to worshippers of fashion. For similar reasons, too, he abjured fishing, a pastime he delighted in above all others.

The Paris Exhibition was now coming on. It was to be opened early in 1855, and Millais was anxious that English Art should be well represented.

It was an important occasion this, for in the eyes of France England, as "a nation of shopkeepers," had nothing to show in the way of pictorial art; nothing, at least, that would compare for a moment with the works of her own artists; and now, for the first time in the history of the two nations, English painters were invited to show what they could do in open competition with their neighbours. Millais sent, amongst other pictures, "The Order of Release," "Ophelia," and "The Return of the Dove to the Ark"; and other eminent artists contributed freely, sending out specimens of their finest works. The result was a veritable triumph for British Art, and was freely and handsomely acknowledged as such by the French Press. Théophile Gautier, the great French critic of the period, betrayed some bias not altogether unnatural in favour of his own countrymen, yet even he acknowledged the sterling merits of the English exhibits as far beyond what he had anticipated; and M. Duranty, a later and almost equally well-known critic, was still more complimentary. But perhaps the following critique, translated from one of the French papers, reflects most nearly the general opinion of the Press.

"The English contribution of paintings in 1855 was second in numbers only to the French, and came upon the Continental visitors to the Exhibition as a surprise. It was even more than a surprise, it was a revelation—a revelation of a school whose

existence was not even suspected; and English painters, but little esteemed till then, obtained a very great success. The distribution of awards is in most cases an unsatisfactory thing, and does not necessarily prove or disprove merit; but, of whatever value they may be thought, thirty-four were obtained by British artists in that year."

The reasons for this success are very lucidly explained by each of these critics. Novelty, the contrast with, and even the opposition to, Continental methods and ideals, the complete emancipation from tradition, the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, the exceedingly strong local colour, the conscientious endeavour to reflect Nature, and the renunciation of self on the part of the artists: these, amongst other circumstances, created a very strong impression upon the European public interested in Art, and were undoubtedly the chief features in the success achieved. The paintings of Messrs. Ansdell, Martin, Mulready, Millais, Hunt, Frith, Paton, Landseer, Danby, and Corbould were especially singled out for notice, Messrs. Noel Paton, Mulready, and Millais receiving the greater share. The school of water-colours was new, not only to Europe, but to Art, and the French were quick to see of what the new method was capable.

"The Rescue" (or "The Fireman," as the artist himself used to call it) was painted in 1855, and is certainly one of his finest works.

Its origin is thus accounted for by his brother:—"Early one morning, as we were returning from a ball in Porchester Terrace, we noticed the bright reflection of fire in the sky. Accordingly we told the cabby to drive in that direction, and a fire-engine dashing by at that moment increased our excitement. The fire was close to Meux's brewery, and we were in time to see the whole terrible show. On gazing upwards we noticed two firemen plying the hose as they stood on a rafter—themselves two black silhouettes against the mass of heaving flame—and I shall never forget the shout of horror that rent the air when the roof suddenly collapsed, carrying with it the rafter and the two brave men.

"We went home much impressed with what we had seen, and my brother said, 'Soldiers and sailors have been praised on canvas a thousand times. My next picture shall be of the fireman.'"

Mr. Arthur Hughes is also good enough to send me a note on the subject. He says:—"One day in 1855, the moment I saw

him [Millais], he began to describe the next subject he proposed to paint—‘to honour a set of men quietly doing a noble work—firemen’; and he poured out, and painted in words of vividness and reality, the scene he put on canvas later. I never see it or think of it without seeing also the picture of himself glorified with enthusiasm as he was describing it.”

It was at a dinner party at the Collins’s on January 29th, 1855, that Millais and Charles Dickens met (I think) for the first time. After dinner they talked till a late hour on pictures, and particularly on the subject of “The Rescue,” on which Millais was then engaged. Dickens, it will be remembered, objected strongly to Millais’ treatment of “Christ in the House of His Parents,” and had made no attempt to disguise his feeling in speaking of the picture in *Household Words*. He refers to this in the following letter to Millais :—

*From Charles Dickens.*

“TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

“Tuesday, January 13th, 1855.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the account of the fire brigade, which we spoke of last night.

“If you have in your mind any previous association with the pages in which it appears (very likely you have none) it may be a rather disagreeable one. In that case I hope a word frankly said may make it pleasanter.

“Objecting very strongly to what I believe to be an unworthy use of your great powers, I once expressed the objection in this same journal. My opinion on that point is not in the least changed, but it has never dashed my admiration of your progress in what I suppose are higher and better things. In short, you have given me such great reasons (in your works) to separate you from uncongenial associations, that I wish to give you in return one little reason for doing the like by me. And hence this note.

“Faithfully yours,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

When “The Rescue” was nearly completed, Millais wrote and asked Dickens to come and see how the work had progressed, and received the following reply :—

“TAVISTOCK HOUSE,

“April 10th, 1855.

“MY DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—I am very sorry that I cannot have the great pleasure of seeing your picture to-day, as I am obliged to go a little way out of town.

“I asked Wilkie Collins to let you know that there is a curious appositeness in some lines in Gay’s *Trivia*. You will find them overleaf here, to the number of four. The whole passage about a fire and firemen is some four-and-twenty lines long.

“Very faithfully yours,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

Mr. F. B. Barwell, a friend of the artist, has kindly furnished me with the following notes on the subject of “The Rescue” :—“This picture was produced in my studio, and presents many interesting facts within my own knowledge. After several rough pencil sketches had been made, and the composition determined upon, a full-sized cartoon was drawn from nature. Baker, a stalwart model, was the fireman, and he had to hold three children in the proper attitudes and bear their weight as long as he could, whilst the children were encouraged and constrained to do their part to their utmost. The strain could never be kept up for long, and the acrobatic feat had to be repeated over and over again for more than one sitting, till Millais had secured the action and proportion of the various figures. When sufficiently satisfied with the cartoon, it was traced on to a perfectly white canvas, and the painting commenced. It was now no longer necessary to have the whole group posed at one time; but Baker had to repeat his task more or less all through. The effect of the glare was managed by the interposition of a sheet of coloured glass of proper hue between the group (or part of it at a time) and the window. The processes employed in painting were most careful, and indeed slow, so that what Millais would have done in his later years in a week, took months in those earlier days. It was his practice then to paint piecemeal, and finish parts of his pictures as he went on. White, mixed with copal, was generally laid on where he intended to work for the day, and was painted into and finished whilst wet, the whole drying together. The night-dresses of the children were executed in this manner. Strontian yellow was mixed with the white, and

then rose-madder mingled with copal, floated, as it were, over the solid but wet paint—a difficult process, and so ticklish that as soon as a part was finished the canvas had to be laid on its back till the colour had dried sufficiently to render the usual position on the easel a safe one.

“By degrees the work was finished, but not till near midnight of the last day for sending into the Royal Academy. In those days Millais was generally behindhand with his principal picture, and so much so with this one, that he greatly curtailed his sleep during the last week; and on the last day but one began to work as soon as it was daylight, and worked on all through the night and following day till the van arrived for the picture. (Mr. Ruskin defended the appearance of haste, which to him seemed to betray itself in the execution of this picture, contending that it was well suited to the excitement and action of the subject.) His friend Charles Collins sat up with him and painted the fire-hose, whilst Millais worked at other parts; and in the end a large piece of sheet-iron was placed on the floor, upon which a flaming brand was put and worked from, amidst suffocating smoke. For the head of the mother, Mrs. Nassau Senior, sister of Judge Hughes of *Tom Brown* fame; was good enough to sit.

“The methods here described were gradually abandoned as Millais progressed in his career.”

On the whole, this picture met with a fair degree of approbation, but, as Mr. Spielmann says, “its artificiality, and still more the chromatic untruth, were savagely attacked. It was pointed out that the flames of burning wood emit yellow and green rays in abundance. Blazing timber, even incandescent bricks, would not cast such a colour, except in a modified tint upon the clouds above; that a fire such as this throws an orange light at most, and that therefore the children’s night-dresses should have been yellow, with grey in the shadows, and the fireman’s green cloth uniform yellow-grey. The latter part of the contention Ruskin demolished, for nearly-black is always quite-black in full juxtaposition with violet colour. But he could not meet the argument that, to accept as true the ruddy glow, one must agree that it is a houseful of Bengal-fire and nitrate of strontian that is alight. Seen by artificial light, the picture almost succeeds in concealing this error of fact.”

The following interesting note on “The Rescue” is taken from the *Table Talk of Shirley*, as quoted in *Good Words* of October,

1894 :—"I knew Thomas Spencer Baynes intimately for nearly forty years. For ten years thereafter Baynes was my constant correspondent. From London he wrote to me as follows on May 25th, 1855 :—"I went in for half an hour to the Royal Academy yesterday, but as I was almost too tired to stand, and did not stay any time, I shall say nothing about it, only this, that the face and form of that woman on the stairs of the burning house ["The Rescue"] are, if not, as I am disposed to think, beyond all, quite equal to the best that Millais has ever done, not forgetting the look of unutterable love and life's deep yearning in "The Huguenot." And those children! Ah me! I can hardly bear to think of it; yet the agony is too near, too intense, too awful, for present rejoicing even at the deliverance. And that smile on the young mother's face has struggled up from such depths of speechless pain, and expresses such a sudden ecstasy of utter gratitude and overmastering joy, that it quite unmans me to look at it. It is the most intense and pathetic utterance of poor human love I have ever met."

Millais himself knew this to be his best work. When, therefore, he went to the Academy on varnishing-day, 1855, and found that it had been deliberately skied, his indignation knew no bounds. He told the Hanging Committee to their faces what he thought of this insult, and of them as the authors of it. But perhaps that scene is best described in the words of Dante Rossetti, who, writing to his friend W. Allingham, said: "How is Millais' design ['The Fireside Story'], which I have not yet seen? I hope it is only as good as his picture at the Royal Academy—the most wonderful thing he has done, except, perhaps, 'The Huguenot.' He had an awful row with the Hanging Committee, who had put it above the level of the eye; but J. E. Millais yelled for several hours, and threatened to resign till they put it right."

Mention is also made of this incident in the *Life of W. B. Scott*, to whom Woolner, writing in May, 1855, said :—"The Academy Committee hung Millais—even Millais, their crack student—in a bad place, he being too attractive now; but that celebrity made such an uproar, the old fellows were glad to give him a better place."

Millais' amusement, when Woolner wrote, was to go about and rehearse the scene that took place at the Academy between him and the ancient magnates.

Seddon also wrote on May 3rd, 1855:—"The Academy opens on Monday. The hangers were of the old school, and they have kicked out everything tainted with Pre-Raphaelitism. My 'Pyramids' and a head in chalk of Hunt's, and all our friends, are stuck out of sight or rejected. Millais' picture was put where it could not be seen. . . . He carried his point by threatening to take away his picture and resign at once unless they rehung him, which they did. He told them his mind very freely, and said they were jealous of all rising men, and turned out or hung their pictures where they could not be seen."

Millais always went to life and Nature for his inspiration. Touching this particular picture, I heard him say that before he commenced the work he went to several big fires in London to study the true light effects. The captain of the fire brigade was a friend of his, and one evening, when Millais and Mike Halliday were dining with him, he said, after several alarms had been communicated, "Now, Millais, if you want to see a first-class blaze, come along." Rushing downstairs, the guests were speedily habited in firemen's overalls and helmets, and, jumping into a cab, were soon on the scene of action.

Years afterwards Millais was dining one night with Captain Shaw, the then chief of the brigade, and renewed his experience at a big fire; but this time he travelled on one of the engines—a position which he found much less to his taste than the inside of a cab.

The year after its exhibition in London "The Rescue" was sent to the Liverpool Academy, where it is said to have lost the annual prize by a single vote. Thackeray, who was now a great admirer of Millais' works, was quite fascinated with it, and it was due to his recommendation that the picture passed into the hands of Mr. Arden. Some years afterwards, when it was put up for auction at the Arden sale, at Christie's rooms, it was noticed that the canvas was covered with spots, due to its having been kept in an uncongenial temperature. The artist saw this, and offered to put things right; but, strange to say, the executors declined the offer, and it was sold, spots and all. The spots remained on the canvas for many years, and after seeing the picture in the Glasgow Exhibition in 1887, I spoke to my father about it, and, with the consent of the owners, he had it back in his studio and successfully removed the blemish.

It was in this year (1855) that Leighton (afterwards an intimate

friend of Millais) made his first appearance in the Academy with an important work—a big picture of “Cimabue,” which was bought by Her Majesty the Queen. Millais referred to him in the following words at the Academy banquet on May 6th, 1895:—“In the early part of the evening I spoke of my first meeting with Fred. Leighton. Let me tell you where and from whom I first heard of him. It was in the smoking-room of the old Garrick Club, and the man who first mentioned the name to me was William Makepeace Thackeray. He had just returned from travelling abroad, and, amongst other places, had visited Italy. When he saw me enter the room he came straight up to me, and addressed me in these memorable words: ‘Millais, my boy, you must look to your laurels. I have met a wonderfully gifted young artist in Rome, about your own age, who some day will be the President of the Royal Academy before you.’ How that prophecy has come to pass is now an old, old story. We are, as we may well be, proud of our dear President, our admirable Leighton—painter, sculptor, orator, linguist, musician, soldier, and, above all, a dear good fellow. That he may long continue to be our chief is not only the fervent prayer of the Academy; it is, unless I am much mistaken, the sincere and hearty wish of every member of the profession.”

His first meeting with the future President is also a matter of some interest. Speaking of this, he said:—“The first time I met Frederic Leighton was on the war-path. It was at a meeting of four or five of the original Artist Volunteers, held in my studio in Langham Place, and, if my memory serves me, it was to consider the advisability of adopting the grey cloth which the corps now wears.”

Then was cemented a life-long friendship between the President of the day and the man who eventually succeeded him in his office.

That the advent of Leighton was received with joy by the Royal Academicians will be seen by the following passage in one of D. G. Rossetti's letters in 1855:—“There is a big picture of ‘Cimabue,’ one of the works in procession by a new man, living abroad, named Leighton—a huge thing, which the Queen has bought, and which everyone talks of. The Royal Academicians have been gasping for years for someone to back against Hunt and Millais, and here they have him—a fact which makes some people do the picture injustice in return.”



## CHAPTER VII

### LEECH, THACKERAY, WILKIE COLLINS, AND ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Millais' affection for Leech—His first top-boots—"Mr. Tom Noddy"—Millais introduces "Mr. Briggs" to the delight of salmon-fishing—The Duke of Atholl and Leech—The ghost of Cowdray Hall—Death of Leech—His funeral—The pension for Leech's family—Letter from Charles Dickens—Thackeray—The littleness of earthly fame—Wilkie Collins—True origin of *The Woman in White*—Anthony Trollope—Letters from him.

LEECH, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and Anthony Trollope: what memories these names conjure up! They were amongst the oldest and most intimate friends of Millais, and were so closely associated with him at various periods of his life that no biography of any of them would be complete without some record of the others. It may be interesting, then, to those who know them only by their works to recall here some of the many personal qualities that endeared them to all who enjoyed the privilege of their friendship.

And first of Leech, the famous caricaturist of *Punch*. Here was a man of whom, if of anybody, one might say, "I shall not look upon his like again." "The truest gentleman I ever met," was what was said of him by those who knew him best—by such judges of men as Thackeray, Trollope, Frith, Du Maurier, Dean Hole, and others—and no words could better convey the sentiments of Millais himself. To speak of him after his death was always more or less painful to my father, though now and then, when sport was uppermost in his mind, he would talk enthusiastically of the happy days when they shot or rode together or rollicked about town as gay young bachelors bent on all the amusement they could find.

Hear what Du Maurier says of him in *Harper's Magazine*:—"He was the most sympathetic and attractive person I ever met ;

not funny at all in conversation, or ever wishing to be, except now or then for a capital story, which he told to perfection.

“The keynote of his character, socially, seemed to be self-effacement, high-bred courtesy, never-failing consideration for others. He was the most charming companion conceivable, having intimately known so many important and celebrated people, and liking to speak of them; but one would never have guessed from anything he ever looked or said that he had made a whole nation, male and female, gentle and simple, old and young, laugh as it had never laughed before or since, for a quarter of a century.

“He was tall, thin, and graceful, extremely handsome of the higher Irish type, with dark hair and whiskers and complexion, and very light greyish-blue eyes; but the expression of his face was habitually sad, even when he smiled. In dress, bearing, manner, and aspect he was the very type of the well-bred English gentleman and man of the world and good society. . . . Thackeray and Sir John Millais—not bad judges, and men with many friends—have both said that they personally loved John Leech better than any man they ever knew.”

This, I think, fairly sums up the character of the man whose name, as will presently be seen, figures so often and so prominently in my father's correspondence. It was in 1851 that they first met, and one of the first results of the intimacy that then sprang up between them was Millais' conversion to his friend's view of fox-hunting as one of the finest sports in the world both for man and beast. Hitherto he had insisted that, unlike shooting or fishing, at both of which he was already an expert, hunting was “a barbarous and uncivilised sport,” and as such he would have nothing to do with it. But Leech would not listen to this. As the old ostler in *Punch* remarked, “The 'orses like it, the 'ounds like it, the men like it, and even the fox likes it”; and as to health, urged Leech, it was only at the tail of the hounds that an artist could do justice to himself after the enervating influence of the studio.

That was enough. If only for the sake of health Millais would hunt; and the following season saw him at the cover-side, booted and spurred, and bent on going with the best if only his horse would let him.

With a view to this, Leech had introduced him to a bootmaker in Oxford Street for his first “tops”; and according to his own

account (for he never hesitated to tell a tale against himself), the interview was not lacking in amusement. Being but a stripling of twenty-one or thereabouts, his calves were in the embryo state so mortifying to young manhood. He was delighted therefore when, on measuring him, the shopman said with an air of admiration, "Ah, sir, what a fine leg for a boot!" But the conclusion of the sentence was not quite so satisfactory—"Same size all the way up." Leech was so amused with this that he immortalised the scene in *Punch*, and on more than one occasion afterwards my father sat as a model for some of his clever drawings in that periodical. From this time, indeed, till the day of his death John Leech was one of his closest friends. They hunted together in the shires, shot, fished, and stalked together; and all those amusing sketches in *Punch*, to which Leech owed his fame—all the deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, and salmon-fishing adventures depicted there as incidents in the life of "Mr. Briggs"—were but burlesque representations of Leech's own experience as a tyro on his first visit to Scotland, principally as my father's guest.

By the end of the first hunting season Millais had acquired a firm seat on horseback, and was known as a bold rider across country; and except when in later years Scotland claimed his presence, he followed the hounds with ardour year by year, visiting alternately Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and Leicester, where he and Leech and Mike Halliday kept their hunters—hired by them for the season.

Leech, though not quite so keen a rider, was a far better horseman than his modesty would ever allow him to acknowledge; but little Mike, though plucky enough, was always coming to grief, to the great amusement of Leech, who duly chronicled his mishaps in *Punch*, under the title of "The Adventures of Mr. Tom Noddy."

It was at Stobhall, near Perth, in 1855, that Millais introduced his friend Leech to the wild delights of salmon-fishing, and as the friend of "Mr. Briggs" he, too, appears in *Punch*. Leech was charmed with the prospective sport, but as a novice in the art of casting he tried in vain to effect a capture. The fish were there, plenty of them, and flies of the most seductive character floated before their eyes; but either the business-end of these flies was too apparent, or their movements were suspicious, or—— But who shall say by what process of reasoning a fish learns to distinguish between friend and foe? Anyhow, they could not be persuaded to rise.

Harling was then resorted to. For some days Leech sat patiently in a boat, hoping that some feeble-minded fish would be tempted to come and hook itself as the fly dangled carelessly from his rod, and at last he had his reward. Just below the dyke at Stanley the line suddenly straightened; Leech snatched up the rod, and away went a clean-run 25-pounder with the hook in his mouth! Then the struggle began, and great excitement for the fisherman, as this bit of Stanley water is a rough place, full of rushing streams and deep holes, in which are sharp, shelving rocks, from which the quarry must be got away at once, or he would certainly cut the line.

After allowing him one good run, Leech scrambled out amongst the rocks and stones of the Stobhall shore, and the fish making straight down stream, dragged him helter-skelter over boulders and through bushes, till he was nearly at his last gasp. Then, luckily for him, the salmon retreated into "The Devil's Hole," and sulked there for half an hour. The angler then recovered breath, and ultimately, at the bottom of Stanley water, my father gaffed the fish, to the great delight of "Mr. Briggs," as subsequently portrayed in *Punch*.

In the first edition of this work publicity was given to certain stories about Leech and of his visits to Blair Atholl which I have since been informed are incorrect. The facts of the matter were as follows. In the early fifties a lawsuit took place between the public and the late Duke of Atholl, as to a right of way through Glen Tilt, which attracted considerable attention. This came about owing to two young Cambridge undergraduates endeavouring to force a passage through the glen when a deer-drive was in progress. Public feeling seems to have been in favour of the trespassers, for abusive letters and paragraphs began to appear in the papers, the most noticeable being a cartoon in *Punch*, entitled, "Scene from the Burlesque recently performed in Glen Tilt.

"These are Clan Athol warriors true,  
And, Saxons, I'm a regular Doo."

A further lampoon from the pen of Leech, representing His Grace as "A dog in the manger," was not calculated to ensure the artist any especial favour in the neighbourhood of Blair Atholl. Yet nine years later (1860) we find him ensconced in the inn at Birnam, where he made the acquaintance of the duke's factor, to

whom he confided his wish to obtain some studies of deer and deer-stalking.

Upon the duke being told of this, he at once asked Leech to come to Blair. But with those awful caricatures fresh in his memory the artist was naturally shy of accepting the generous invitation. However, he went.

During the visit the kindness of the host served to dispel any feelings of nervousness on the part of his guest. In the morning, they sat on the steps of the castle, and here "Mr. Briggs" listened to many of those anecdotes of the forest which he afterwards so skilfully made use of for the benefit of the readers of *Punch*. None of those stirring incidents really happened to Leech. They were all told to him by the stalkers or by various members of the family.

A short time after the first visit Leech again stayed at Blair to complete his sketches. These are apparently the only occasions on which he was the guest of the Duke of Atholl. They were, we may say, purely on business; for he did not try his luck at the stags, either in stalking or at one of the drives. With his intense nervousness, and hatred of loud noises of every description, it is doubtful whether Leech took as kindly to either the rifle or the shot-gun as he did to horses and hounds. Moreover, his extreme tenderness of heart caused him to regard his own performances with the gun as the height of cruelty.

And now we come to a little ghost story that my father used to tell, and, as related by William Millais, runs thus:—"A very singular thing happened to my brother and John Leech when they were on a fishing tour, walking with knapsacks and staying at wayside inns. Happening to be passing near Cowdray Hall, they met the squire, whom they knew well, and he pressed them to return with him to dine and sleep, and being some distance from their next halting-place, and tired, they accepted the kind invitation.

"There was a terrible ghost story attached to the old house, and after dinner everyone seemed possessed with the determination to relate his or her experience of these weird goblins. It turned out that the hall was so full of visitors that only the quarters occupied by the local ghost were available, and they were situated in an unused wing of the hall. These were offered to the two fishermen, who of course laughed and scoffed at the idea of the ghost.

"The rooms were covered with fine old tapestry and kept in

beautiful order, with grand old-fashioned beds in them. When they retired to rest they were looked upon by the assembled company as heroes of the first magnitude. They were tired, however, and soon dropped into the arms of Morpheus.

"In the middle of the night my brother jumped out of bed in a cold shiver, and trembling in every limb. He told me that he felt as if he had been violently shaken by an invisible giant. They had been told that the ghost served its victims in such a manner. My brother went off to see Leech, whom he found sitting in the corridor, when he declared that nothing would induce him to go into his room again; and thus they passed the night in the corridor.

"Everyone was out cub-hunting when they reached the breakfast-table, and it was only late in the day that some of the visitors began to show themselves, and of course they were asked how they had slept. They laughed over the matter, and confessed that they had not seen the ghost. Later in the afternoon the squire came in in great excitement, holding in his hand the local evening paper, first edition, and said that there had been a severe earthquake in the night, that a village quite near had suffered serious damage, and that it was a most extraordinary thing that no one in the house had felt it. And then the fishermen told him how they had passed the night. The earthquake was the ghost's understudy on this occasion, and played his part admirably."

As Leech advanced in years his melancholy and sensitiveness, due in a great measure to overwork, increased. He became so nervous that the very slightest noise disturbed him; and living in London, as he did, he could hardly escape from barrel-organs, bands, whistling boys, and shrieking milkmen. At last that dread disease "angina pectoris" came upon him, and one evening, when Millais was painting, a terrified domestic, whom he at once recognised as Leech's housemaid, rushed in, saying that her master had another bad attack, and was crying aloud, "Millais! Millais!" The next moment Millais was off, and running through the streets of Kensington he mounted the stairs of his old friend's room, and found him lying across the bed, quite still and warm, but to all appearance dead, the belief in the house being that he expired at the moment of his friend's arrival.

A few days later he was laid to rest, and, says Du Maurier,\* "I was invited by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the publishers of

\* *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1896.

*Punch*, to the funeral, which took place at Kensal Green. It was the most touching sight imaginable. The grave was near Thackeray's, who had died the year before. There were crowds of people, Charles Dickens among them. Canon Hole, a great friend of Leech's, and who has written most affectionately about him, read the service; and when the coffin was lowered into the grave, John Millais burst into tears and loud sobs, setting an example that was followed all round. We all forgot our manhood, and cried like women! I can recall no funeral in my time where simple grief and affection have been so openly and spontaneously displayed by so many strangers as well as friends—not even in France, where people are more demonstrative than here. No burial in Westminster Abbey that I have ever seen ever gave such an expression of universal honour, love, and regret. 'Whom the gods love die young.' He was only forty-six."

Finding then that little or no provision was left for his family, my father took up the case, and with the aid of a few friends (notably "Dicky" Doyle), organised an exhibition of Leech's drawings, which brought in a considerable sum, but not sufficient to provide for the children's education. A pension from the Civil List was then thought of; but it was no easy matter to obtain this, as at that time (1864) these pensions were limited almost exclusively to the families of men whose lives were devoted to literary work alone. An attempt, however, must be made; and on an appeal, kindly supported by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Lord Palmerston, Lord Shaftesbury, and other influential admirers of Leech's works, a pension of £50 a year was granted to each of the children.

Numerous letters on this subject from His Royal Highness and other notabilities lie before me; but perhaps the most interesting is that

*From Charles Dickens.*

"GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER,

*"Sunday, December 18th, 1864.*

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—There are certain personal private circumstances which would render my writing to Lord Palmerston, *separately and from myself alone*, in the matter of the pension, a proceeding in more than questionable taste. Besides which I feel perfectly certain that a reminder from me would not help the powerful case. I should have been glad to sign the memorial,

but I have not the least doubt that the letter from myself singly is best avoided. If I had any, I would disregard the other considerations and send it ; but I have none, and I am quite convinced that I am right.

“You are a generous and true friend to Mrs. Leech.

“Faithfully yours ever,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

Mrs. Leech soon followed her husband. Leech’s only son was drowned many years ago in Australian waters, and his daughter Ada, who married Mr. William Gillett, has also joined the great majority.

As to Thackeray, my father and mother always regarded him as one of the most delightful characters they ever met. Though in dealing with the infirmities of human nature his works now and then show traces of cynicism, the man himself was no cynic—was rather, indeed, to those who knew him best, a most sympathetic friend, and tender-hearted almost to a fault. For some years he entertained and brought up as one of his family the daughter of a deceased friend ; and so grieved was he at the thought of parting from her that on her wedding-day he came for consolation to my father’s studio, and spent most of the afternoon in tears. They met so frequently—he and Millais—that but little correspondence of any interest appears to have passed between them. The genial nature of the man, however, peeps out in the following reply to my father’s invitation to stay with him at Annat Lodge, near Perth, when on his lecturing tour in 1857.

*From Thackeray.*

“QUEEN’S HOTEL, GLASGOW,

“*March 3rd.*”

“MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I got the sad news at Edinburgh yesterday—that there is to be no lecture at Perth, my manager not having been able to make arrangements there. So I shall lose the pleasure I had promised myself of seeing you and Mrs. Millais, and the pictures on the easel, and the little miniature Millais by Millais, which I hope and am sure is a charming little work by that painter. I am off in a minute to Edinburgh for Kirkaldy, and have only time to say that I am

“Very truly yours always,

“W. M. THACKERAY.”



Of Thackeray, Millais and Carlyle, William Millais tells an interesting story illustrative of the littleness of earthly fame, however highly we may regard it. He says:—"I was sitting with my brother in the Cromwell Place studio when Thackeray suddenly came in all aglow with enthusiasm at my brother's fame. Every window in every shop that had the least pretension to Art-display, he said, was full of the engravings of his popular works. On his way he had seen innumerable 'Orders of Release,' 'Black Brunswickers,' and 'Huguenots'; in fact, he had no hesitation in affirming that John Millais was the most famous man of the day. He then alluded to his own miserable failure at first, and told us how he had taken some of his works, which have since been acknowledged to be the finest specimens of English literature, to the leading publishers, and how they had one and all sneeringly hinted that no one would read his works after Dickens.

"My brother told him that, curiously enough, on the day before, an incident had occurred that proved that *his* fame, even amongst his own profession, was not all that Thackeray had painted it. He had met, near Shepherd's Bush, an old fellow-student of the Royal Academy (Mr. Frith calls him 'Potherd'), who had taken the second prize to his first, at the age of twelve. The man was full-grown then, and had strongly-marked features; moreover, he wore the same old military cloak, with lion clasp, that he used to wear in the old days, so my brother had no difficulty in recognising him; and, addressing him at once, he said, 'Well, P——, and what are you doing? and how are you? It is a long time since we met.' He said he was grubbing away at teaching—"slow work and worse pay"—or something to that effect. 'But who are *you*, pray?' On being told the name, he replied, 'What! little Johnny Millais! And now may I ask what you have done all this time? Have you pursued the Arts?'

"Thackeray immediately put this down to satire, but it was not, as we found out afterwards. The simple fellow either could not believe that the famous man was his old school-fellow, or was completely ignorant of his success.

"Before this, Thackeray told an amusing story of Carlyle, how that he had spent a day in the reading-room of the British Museum and had given a great deal of trouble to one of the officials, sending him up and down ladders in search of books to satisfy his literary tastes, and how, upon leaving the room, he had gone up to the man and told him that it might be some satisfaction to him to

know that he had obliged Thomas Carlyle, and that the official had answered him, with a bland smile and the usual washing of hands in the air, that the gentleman had the advantage of him, but that probably they might have met at some mutual friend's house. He had never heard of Thomas Carlyle."

Of Wilkie Collins there is little to be said in connection with the subject of the present work, though both he and his brother Charles were for many years amongst Millais' most intimate friends, and no one more admired his brilliant talent as a novelist. Since his famous novel, *The Woman in White*, appeared, many have been the tales set on foot to account for its origin, but for the most part quite inaccurate. The real facts, so far as I am at liberty to disclose them, were these:—

One night in the fifties Millais was returning home to Gower Street from one of the many parties held under Mrs. Collins' hospitable roof in Hanover Terrace, and, in accordance with the usual practice of the two brothers, Wilkie and Charles, they accompanied him on his homeward walk through the dimly-lit, and in those days semi-rural, roads and lanes of North London.

It was a beautiful moonlight night in the summer time, and as the three friends walked along chatting gaily together, they were suddenly arrested by a piercing scream coming from the garden of a villa close at hand. It was evidently the cry of a woman in distress; and while pausing to consider what they should do, the iron gate leading to the garden was dashed open, and from it came the figure of a young and very beautiful woman dressed in flowing white robes that shone in the moonlight. She seemed to float rather than to run in their direction, and, on coming up to the three young men, she paused for a moment in an attitude of supplication and terror. Then, seeming to recollect herself, she suddenly moved on and vanished in the shadows cast upon the road.

"What a lovely woman!" was all Millais could say. "I must see who she is and what's the matter," said Wilkie Collins as, without another word, he dashed off after her. His two companions waited in vain for his return, and next day, when they met again, he seemed indisposed to talk of his adventure. They gathered from him, however, that he had come up with the lovely fugitive and had heard from her own lips the history of her life and the cause of her sudden flight. She was a young lady of good birth and position, who had accidentally fallen into the hands of a man



"SIR ISUMERAS." 1857



living in a villa in Regent's Park. There for many months he kept her prisoner under threats and mesmeric influence of so alarming a character that she dared not attempt to escape, until, in sheer desperation, she fled from the brute, who with a poker in his hand, threatened to dash her brains out. Her subsequent history, interesting as it is, is not for these pages.

Wilkie Collins, of whom there is an excellent likeness by Millais in the National Portrait Gallery, died in 1889.

Anthony Trollope, the famous novelist, is the last of Millais' *amis du cœur* whom I need mention here. They met for the first time at a dinner given by Mr. George Smith to the contributors to the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, both of which papers owed their birth to Mr. Smith; and the friendship there formed ended only with Trollope's death in 1882. The lovable character of the man is seen in the autobiography published after his death, in which also is a most touching record of his affection for Millais. He writes:—

"It was at that table [Mr. George Smith's] and on that day that I first saw Thackeray, [Sir] Charles Taylor—than whom in later life I have loved no man better—Robert Bell, G. H. Lewes, and John Everett Millais. With all these men I afterwards lived on affectionate terms. But I will here speak specially of the last, because from that time he was joined with me in so much of the work that I did.

"Mr. Millais was engaged to illustrate 'Framley Parsonage,' but this was not the first work he did for the magazine. In the second number there is a picture of his, accompanying Monckton Milnes' 'Unspoken Dialogue.' The first drawing he did for 'Framley Parsonage' did not appear till after the dinner of which I have spoken, and I do not think that I knew at the time that he was engaged on my novel. When I did know it, it made me very proud. He afterwards illustrated 'Orley Farm,' 'The Small House at Allington,' 'Rachel Ray,' and 'Phineas Finn.' Altogether he drew from my tales eighty-seven drawings, and I do not think that more conscientious work was ever done by man. Writers of novels know well, and so ought readers of novels to have learned, that there are two modes of illustrating, either of which may be adopted equally by a bad and by a good artist. To which class Mr. Millais belongs I need not say, but, as a good artist, it was open to him simply to make a pretty picture, or to study the work of the author from whose writing he was bound to take his

subject. I have too often found that the former alternative has been thought to be the better, as it certainly is the easier, method. An artist will frequently dislike to subordinate his ideas to those of an author, and will sometimes be too idle to find out what those ideas are. But this artist was neither proud nor idle. In every figure that he drew it was his object to promote the views of the writer whose work he had undertaken to illustrate, and he never spared himself any pains in studying the work so as to enable him to do so. I have carried on some of those characters from book to book, and have had my own ideas impressed indelibly on my memory by the excellence of his delineations. Those illustrations were commenced fifteen years ago, and from that time up to this day my affection for the man has increased. To see him has always been a pleasure. His voice has been a sweet sound in my ears. Behind his back I have never heard him praised without joining the eulogist; I have never heard a word spoken against him without opposing the censurer. These words, should he ever see them, will come to him from the grave, and will tell him of my regard as one living man never tells another."

The following letters also serve to illustrate Trollope's appreciation of Millais' drawings, and the profound contempt he entertained for anything in the shape of cant:—

*From Anthony Trollope.*

"WALTHAM HOUSE, WALTHAM CROSS,

"June 4th, 1863.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—Ten thousand thanks to you, and twenty to your wife, as touching Ian. And now for business first and pleasure afterwards.

"X. (a Sunday magazine) has thrown me over. They write me word that I am too wicked. I tell you at once because of the projected, and now not-to-be-accomplished, drawings. They have tried to serve God and the devil together, and finding that goodness pays best, have thrown over me and the devil. I won't try to set you against them, because you can do Parables and other fish fit for their net; but I am altogether unsuited to the regenerated! It is a pity they did not find it out before, but I think they are right now. I *am* unfit for the regenerated, and trust I may remain so, wishing to preserve a character for honest intentions.

“And now for pleasure. I get home the middle of next week, and we are full up to the consumption of all our cream and strawberries till the Monday—I believe I may say Tuesday, *i.e.*, Tuesday, June 16th. Do, then, settle a day with the Thackerays and Collinses, and especially with Admiral Fitzroy, to come off in that week. I shall be in town on Wednesday night. Look in at about 11.30.

“Yours always,

“ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

“Why have you not put down Leighton, as you promised?”

*From the same.*

“WALTHAM HOUSE, WALTHAM CROSS,

“August 6th, 1866.

“MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I have written (nearly finished) a story in thirty-two numbers, which is to come out weekly. The first number is to appear some time in October. Smith publishes it, and proposes that there shall be one illustration to every number, with small vignettes to the chapter headings. Will you do them? You said a word to me the other day, which was to the effect that you would perhaps lend your hand to another story of mine. Many of the characters (indeed, most of them) are people you already know well—Mr. Crawley, Mr. Harding, Lily Dale, Crosbie, John Eams, and Lady Lufton. George Smith is very anxious that you should consent, and you may imagine that I am equally so. If you can do it, the sheets shall be sent to you as soon as they are printed, and copies of your own illustrations should be sent to refresh your memory. . . . Let me have a line.

“Yours always,

“ANTHONY TROLLOPE.”

## CHAPTER VIII

Millais' marriage—Life in Scotland—First visitors—A poaching keeper—"Peace Concluded"—"Autumn Leaves"—Millais' life in chambers—Serious war with the critics—He is attacked on all sides—The *Times* tramples upon him—The public support him—Marochetti—Millais on Press criticism—Charles Reade—Birth of a son—"Pot-pourri"—The advantages of being punctual—"Sir Isumbras" received with abuse—Sandy's clever skit—Sale of "Sir Isumbras"—Letters from Charles Reade—"Escape of the Heretic"—"Apple Blossoms"—"The Vale of Rest"—The artist's difficulties overcome—Anecdotes of "The Vale of Rest" and "The Love of James I."

ON July 3rd, 1855, John Everett Millais was married to Euphemia Chalmers Gray, eldest daughter of Mr. George Gray, of Bowerswell, Perth.\* In accordance with the Scottish custom, the wedding took place in the drawing-room at Bowerswell, and immediately afterwards came the baptism of the bride's youngest brother, between whom and his eldest sister there was a difference in age of nearly twenty-six years.

And here let me say at once how much of my father's happiness in after years was due to the chief event of this day. During the forty-one years of their married life my mother took the keenest interest in his work, and did all in her power to contribute to his success, taking upon herself not only the care of the household and the management of the family affairs, but the great bulk of his correspondence, and saving him an infinity of trouble by personally ascertaining the objects of his callers (an ever increasing multitude) before admitting them into his presence. A great relief this, for business affairs and letter-writing were equally hateful in his eyes; and in spite of himself, his correspondence increased day by day.

\* Miss Gray had been previously married, but that marriage had been annulled in 1854, on grounds sanctioned equally by Church and State. Both good taste and feeling seem to require that no detailed reference should be made to the circumstances attending that annulment. But, on behalf of those who loved their mother well, it may surely be said that during the course of the judicial proceedings instituted by her, and throughout the period of the void marriage and the whole of her after years, not one word could be, or ever was, uttered impugning the correctness and purity of her life.







Possessed in a considerable degree of the artistic sense, she was happily free from the artistic temperament, whilst her knowledge of history proved also a valuable acquisition. When an historical picture was in contemplation, she delighted to study anew the circumstances and the characters to be depicted, and to gather for her husband's use, all particulars as to the scene and the costumes of the period. Her musical accomplishments (for she was an excellent pianist) were also turned to good account in hours of leisure, and not infrequently as a soothing antidote to the worries that too often beset the artist in the exercise of his craft.

The newly-married couple set out for their honeymoon to the west of Scotland; and after a lovely fortnight in Argyllshire, Bute, and Arran, where deep-sea fishing formed their principal amusement, they returned to Perth and took possession of Annat Lodge, a typical old house with a cedared garden near Bowerswell.

Among their first visitors was Charles Collins. He, however, was not bent on amusing himself; he wanted to paint, and at his request my mother sat for him every day for a fortnight. Then, seeing that the picture made very slow progress, and that she was presented as looking out of the window of a railway carriage—a setting that would have vulgarised Venus herself—she refused to sit any longer, and the picture was never finished.

After this came a visit to Sir William Stirling Maxwell, of Keir, among whose guests was the handsome and accomplished Spaniard, Guyanyos Riano, who afterwards became a firm friend of my parents. Sir William was devoted to literature, and was then at work on his *Life of Don John of Austria*.

Their next visitors at Annat Lodge were John Leech and Henry Wells (now Royal Academician), both intimate friends, and when Mr. Wells left, Leech and Millais amused themselves with fishing and shooting in various parts of Perthshire, enjoying especially a week at Blair, where they were entertained by the Duke of Atholl. It was here that "Mr. Briggs," of *Punch*, originated in the fertile brain of Leech.

In the late autumn of 1855 Millais took a small shooting on the south bank of the Tay called Tarsappie—handy of itself as being near the town, and, as he presently found, equally handy for other people who liked to poach there. After some experience of their depredations it occurred to him that his keeper might possibly be in league with these gentry. So one day, on the

eve of a shooting party for which he had arranged, he made a little surprise visit to the ground, when Mr. Keeper was discovered reclining under a tree with a goodly array of hares and partridges tastefully arranged within reach. These Millais promptly made him gather up and carry in front of him to Annat Lodge, growling and groaning all the way under the heavy load. There was a vacancy for a keeper at Tarsappie next morning.

But it was time now to get to work again in earnest. Nothing could be done during the honeymoon, and not much while guests were about; and with pictures in hand and publishers pressing for drawings any further holiday was impossible. So limiting his amusements to a day now and then at his shooting, Millais settled down to work for the winter, taking up, first, the special edition of Tennyson published by Moxon, for which he made twelve drawings, and afterwards eighteen illustrations for the edition published by Macmillan. At these he worked mainly in the evenings, with the aid of a reflector lamp, commencing immediately after dinner and seldom leaving off before midnight. And this after painting most of the day!

Mr. Wells tells me that while he and Leech were there the evenings were generally spent in this way, Millais working away in the dining-room, in company with themselves and my mother; and nothing surprised them so much as the energy and persistence with which their host worked while carrying on at the same time a lively conversation with his wife and guests.

The picture called "Peace Concluded, 1856," but better known as "The Return from the Crimea," was painted this year, the subject being a wounded officer lying on a couch, at the head of which is seated his wife. An Irish wolf-hound is also lying curled up on the sofa. Of this picture Ruskin in his "Notes" wrote in terms which have seemed somewhat extravagant to other critics:—"Titian himself could hardly head him now. This picture is as brilliant in invention as consummate in executive power. Both this and 'Autumn Leaves' will rank in future among the world's best masterpieces."

Colonel "Bob" Malcolm sat for the man, and my mother for the lady; the portrait of her at this period being, I am told, singularly life-like. The Irish wolf-hound, "Roswell," bred in the Queen's kennels, was given to my mother by a Mr. Debas, and was the only pet animal she and my father ever possessed. They were both much attached to him, but he became such a terrible

poacher that, to save him from being shot, they sent him out to Australia, to my uncle, George Gray, who found him most useful in hunting big kangaroos, until he came to an untimely end by eating some poisoned meat that had been put out for the dingoes.

The picture was purchased by Mr. James Miller, of Preston. It is not, however, a good example of his art, though there are beautiful passages in the work.

“Autumn Leaves” is too well known to need any description here. It was painted this year in the garden at Annat Lodge, and probably in none of Millais’ works is the charm of the northern afterglow more strikingly presented. That it was highly appreciated by Mr. Ruskin may be gathered from the *Academy Notes* 1856, in which he refers to it as “by much the most poetical work the painter has yet conceived, and also, so far as I know, the first instance of a perfectly painted twilight. It is easy, as it is common, to give obscurity to twilight, but to give the glow within its darkness is another matter; and though Giorgione might have come nearer the glow, he never gave the valley mist. Note also the subtle difference between the purple of the long nearer range of hills and the blue of the distant peak.”

The picture (lately the property of Mr. James Leathart) was originally sold to Mr. Eden, of Lytham, from whom it passed to Mr. Miller, the purchaser of “Peace Concluded.” How he came by it is amusingly told by a writer in the *Magazine of Art* of November, 1896, who says:—“I should like to relate to you a circumstance connected with ‘Autumn Leaves,’ which I heard from Mr. Eden at Lytham. When the picture reached him he did not like it, and he asked the great painter to take it back; but this, Mrs. Millais said, was impossible. He was then told to sit opposite 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 it is on its way to be amongst the world’s masterpieces.”

Besides these works Millais found time to paint, in the spring of 1856, a small picture of a soldier in the 42nd Highlanders (“News from Home”), which he sold to Mr. Arthur Lewis, and also a little

portrait of Mrs. John Leech, which he presented to her out of affection for her husband. And in the Academy he exhibited, in addition to "Peace Concluded" and "Autumn Leaves," a "Portrait of a Gentleman," "L'Enfant du Régiment," and "The Blind Girl."

To arrange for this exhibition while continuing his work in town, he left Annat Lodge at the beginning of April, and took rooms in Langham Chambers along with his friend Captain John Luard; and here, while working with a will, they enjoyed themselves right heartily, after the free-and-easy fashion dear to the heart of youth. The two painters kept open house to their friends, but generally spent their evenings at the Garrick, where many of the literary and artistic celebrities of the day delighted to congregate when their work was over.

As to Millais, he was in no wise cowed by the combined forces of the Press and the Academy, who now put forth their strength to crush him as the leader of the new school of artists. Knowing that he stood on the vantage-ground of truth, he faced his foes in full assurance of victory in the end, whatever he might suffer in gaining it. And that he did suffer—in person, if not in purse—is evident from some of his letters to his wife, in which, as will presently be seen, he complains bitterly of his treatment.

In reading these letters it must be borne in mind that in those days a great London newspaper had far more influence in the formation of public opinion than it has to-day, especially in country places, where the utterances of the great "We" were too often regarded as "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ." Allowance, too, must be made for the fact that the letters were written in the hot youth of a man keenly alive to praise or blame, and whose whole future depended on the issue of the struggle in which he was engaged. Not only were the leading newspapers against him, but some of the most influential members of the Academy joined in the crusade with an animosity hardly conceivable in these liberal and more enlightened times; and but for the audacity he displayed in his dealings with them, they would have given him no chance of showing his pictures to advantage.

Happily all this sort of thing has long gone by. With a magnanimity worthy of our greatest paper, the *Times* has made full amends for the mistakes of former years; and much the same thing may be said of other papers; while as to the Academy, it is to-day about as pure and fair a tribunal as any on earth.

But now to the letters themselves, from which, as a picture of my father's life at this period, I quote somewhat fully.

Writing to his wife, he says :—

"*April 7th*, 1856.—We have just had breakfast. Luard is smoking a first pipe, and has prepared a palette for me to paint the little child's white dress. I found everything so nicely packed, my darling, that Luard has been noticing it and envying me.

"I cannot express the success of the pictures. It is far beyond our most sanguine expectations. I have increased the price of all three ['Peace Concluded,' 'Autumn Leaves,' and 'The Blind Girl'], which I shall get without any difficulty; and my studio has been already filled with eager purchasers begging me to remember them next year.

"All other years pass into absolute insignificance compared with this. I shall make a struggle to get the little soldier finished; but I am to go and help a brother artist, poor Martineau, who is in a fix with a picture.

"The artists here imagine that my pictures are the work of years, instead of a few months. There has been a report that I have taken to the most unfinished style, which, like many evil reports, have their good effect on me, for the pictures seem to astonish people more than ever by their finish. I know how pleased you will be to hear this; but you must not be too much elated; for this great mercy from God is very awful, and I cannot help feeling a little nervous about it, fearing a possible turn in my fortune. This, however, may be unnecessary and wrong in me; but seeing how differently He deals with many others about us, I am surprised at the steps I have made in advance."

After observing how different his and his friend Holman Hunt's styles are becoming, after running so long together, he continues: "What Ruskin and the critics are to do, I don't know; but it will be great fun for us."

In another letter at this period he says: "I am ashamed of myself for not having been to church to-day. I slept so sound that the bells were ringing before I was out of bed. Luard and Robert Malcolm get on admirably together. They are at this moment talking about the Crimea, and we have just been looking at L.'s sketches from Sebastopol. Halliday has just appeared, so I am writing this in a howl of conversation and much smoke. I dine with Leech at six."

And on *April 18th*.—"Yesterday I went with Luard to the

Garrick, and afterwards to the Olympic Theatre, to see *Still Waters Run Deep*, a most admirable play, and delightfully acted. This afternoon I go with Leech and his madam to choose the bonnets. He says there is but one really good place—not a shop—so I dare say I shall be able to get something pretty for you. . . .”

After sending in his pictures to the Academy he went home to Perth for a few days, and then returning to town he hastened to the Academy, to see how his works had been hung.

My father was very fond of going out in the evening, either to the Garrick or to a theatre, with some of his particular friends. On May 1st, 1856, he writes: “Last night Martineau, Halliday, and I dined with Luard at the Garrick, after which we adjourned to the Victoria Theatre, for the fun of the thing, to see a regular out-and-out melodrama, and were not disappointed. We got a box for 5s., and laughed so immoderately at the pathetic parts that we were nearly turned out. I dine with Leech on Sunday, at the ‘Star and Garter’ at Richmond, and with Hunt to-night; so I have plenty of occupation.”

It will be seen from the following letters how the world, the critics, and the purchasers of his pictures were disposed towards him:—

“*May 2nd*, 1856.—The private view is going on, but I don’t go near the Royal Academy, of course. I went for amusement to Christie’s auction-rooms, to see Rogers’ pictures sold, and there met Mr. Miller, who had just come from the exhibition, mightily pleased with his ‘Peace Concluded.’ Everything is going on splendidly, and I now wait for the verdict of the public, *who are the only really disinterested critics*. Every day I meet with the Academicians I perceive new horrors. So determined are they to insult every man who chooses to purchase my works, that this year they have done the same with Miller as they did with Arden, when he bought ‘The Order of Release.’ For the first time they have not sent him an invitation to the dinner, at which he smiles, knowing the reason. Anyhow, it is rather a triumph for us, as these wretched, ungentlemanly dealings only tend to reveal the truth.”

“*May 1st*, 1856.—I have just come from the Academy, which is open to the public this morning. I saw Eden (the owner of ‘Autumn Leaves’), which was my reason for going, but I didn’t go into the rooms, as I did not wish to be seen near my pictures. The impression of all the best men is most flattering to me, in



spite of the same unjust and determined opposition. On the whole, the critics are rather worse than ever, but it really does not seem to matter much, beyond leading ignorant people to say very foolish things.

“I have found out the name of the *Times* critic. It is F——, an artist. I don't, indeed, expect any better treatment from the Press in my lifetime, as the critics are too intimately mixed up with the profession. Of course, there are many criticisms as much in favour as some are against. I would not see them, however, had not Leech made me look at some, to see how absurdly contradictory they are; but the result is the same as in other years—there is no getting near the pictures at the opening—so I am perfectly satisfied with the reception of them this year.

“The only reason for being annoyed at the continued bullying from the Press is on your account and that of your family and friends, who think more of the matter than people in London, who only laugh at it. . . .”

“*May 3rd, 1856.*—Luard is smoking benignly, and asking me about the Royal Academy, and I have some difficulty to write this and answer his questions about the exhibition. I cannot tell you of the incivility of certain of the members and their cantankerous and jealous criticisms and ungenerosity. It is nothing new to me, however, for I have seen it for some years now. I dined at the Garrick yesterday, and saw David Roberts, R.A., and exchanged civilities. In the exhibition there is a very striking portrait of Miss Guyanjos, by John Phillip; but Landseer and others say it is only a libel on her. . . . Gambart [the dealer] has been here, but I cannot get him to sign the paper. No one will, under the present state of the copyright law. If he signed it he would be responsible for the actions of others, which no man would do. Besides, there would always be such a drag in the sale of the picture, for men will not purchase anything with a claim still on it. There is a great stir in the matter of copyright, and I think something will be done. As it stands, I hear it is impossible to obtain any legal hold in the matter. But enough of 'shop.' I must be off to the Royal Academy again, to make a sketch of the heads in 'Autumn Leaves' for the *Illustrated London News*. . . .”

The plot continued to thicken. Next day Millais writes:—“I hope this will come to hand before you see the *Times*, which is more wickedly against me this year than ever. It is well under-

stood here that the criticism is not above-board, and that there is more than mere ignorance in the man. Beyond a sudden surprise on seeing the criticism, I was not much disturbed, as it has been my fate from the first, and probably will be to the last, to meet with ungenerous treatment from newspapers. A very young man doesn't get 900 guineas for his pictures without some attempt at detraction. I am of course greatly astonished, as it is settled that I am to paint the principal man of the paper. This makes it a riddle, and will doubtless cause strange observations. All I beg of you and your family is to wait and see how *one* young man will oblige the great British organ to alter their views. There is some underhand trickery which must sooner or later come to light. I am not at all sure that it does not spring from the Academy itself; indeed, there is every reason to suppose it does. The envy and this determined cabal against me make me long to return home. In one word, I have the whole of the Royal Academy (with one or two exceptions) dead against me, which makes all intercourse with them unpleasant. The 'Peace Concluded' has sold for a great deal more than any other picture in the Royal Academy excepting Landseer's, and I shall obtain a still better price next year. With this knowledge, I think we may rest very well satisfied, as such solid success is never achieved against such powerful opposition without its having unmistakable deserts. This the world will see, in spite of all these shameful attempts to ruin me.

"I hope you will not care a straw for the *Times'* criticism. Our fathers will feel it much more than we, as they know less of the humbug of the British Press. People here in London soon perceive the injustice of such articles, so they go for nothing; but of course it retards my position in the country, where people regard as gospel what they read in the newspapers. Now let me assure you that I am 'quite calm' (as the French say), and you must not disturb yourself by picturing me in the act of tearing my hair for mortification. Nothing of the kind, my love; I am quite merry."

When the Academy was opened to the public an extraordinary amount of interest was shown in his work. There was always a big crowd round his pictures, but he was too shy to go near them himself.

On May 8th, 1856, he writes in the following strain:—"I never expected such complete success as the pictures are making. People cannot get near the two largest. I saw Marochetti [the

great Italian sculptor who worked in England] yesterday, and he made several attempts, but could see nothing. What the Baron said is sufficiently cheering. His coloured marble busts are magnificent beyond everything. I was so delighted with the surpassing beauty of a soft-coloured head (in marble, of course), of some relation to the Princess, that I expressed a hope that some day I should be rich enough to afford having *you* done in the same way; when he jumped at the thought, and said he would consider it an understood thing that he should make a bust of you in return for any sketch I should give him, adding that he would beg my acceptance of it if I hesitated. He has seen you, and admires you immensely. Indeed, as he is very desirous of getting portraits of all the most beautiful persons he can get to sit, this kindness has something to do with your looks. . . .

“I never saw anything more shameless than the treatment by the R.A. of my work. Every year it is the same. The surest sign of a young man’s work being worthless is generosity and applause from the Academy! . . . I have seen other papers all absurdly contradicting their former selves. Most of them are better than any I have ever before received; and some that have tremendously abused me for years have changed their critics, and now as immoderately praise me. The *Athenæum*, *Spectator*, *Chronicle*, *Press*, *Advertiser*, and many others praise me up to the skies, and papers that used hitherto to applaud now hiss me! It is simply ridiculous, but (as I am happy to think) you all understand this, so I won’t say any more about it. I don’t think there have ever been such endeavours to swamp a man as in my case, or ever such a complete failure.”

In these days, as will be seen, he felt keenly the shameless attacks of the critics, although personally so successful; for the artistic temperament is not prone to bear patiently the pin-pricks of constant and malignant opposition. His letter to my mother, dated May 8th, 1856, shows this. He says:—“I thought of you yesterday. You may imagine how heartily I wish you ‘many happy returns of the day.’ I have a very nice letter from your father this morning, and think that his version may be the right one. Certainly there never were such cunningly devised machinations against my character and fortune. It makes me hate ‘London’s fine city,’ and feel less dependence on the things of this world. Poor Hunt, though well praised in the Press, has not found a purchaser for his ‘Scapegoat,’ in spite of the lowness of the

price he asks. A very highly finished picture, too, and twice the size of my largest.

“The newspaper criticisms are by no means all against me, and I have more confidence in the weekly and monthly periodicals; but with *all* against me I could still hold my place. It is only a matter of time—perhaps beyond our lives—but ultimately right and truth must prevail. I confess it is a lesson to me—all this determined opposition. The best art does not at first meet with general comprehension, and I believe sincerely that the chief reason why my works are so picked to pieces is *their being out of the scale of received conventionalities*. One thing you will notice is that no criticism or reports go to say that any of the faces in the pictures are ugly, and hundreds are daily exclaiming about the beauty of the heads of the children. I cease to feel any more upon the subject, as nearly every notice goes only to contradict the preceding one. I see, too, everybody more or less inclined to lean favourably to Hunt, after abusing him. Human nature all over! It has been gradually coming to this, and I have now lost all hope of gaining just appreciation in the Press; but, thank goodness, ‘the proof of the pudding is in the eating,’ for in that way they cannot harm me, except (as your father shrewdly remarks) in the copyright. *Nothing could have been more adverse than the criticism on ‘The Huguenot,’* yet the engraving is now selling more rapidly than any other of recent times. I have great faith in the mass of the public, although one hears now and then such grossly ignorant remarks. . . . It is just the same with music and literature. At Gambart’s last night, a man made a complete buffoon of himself with wretched ‘comic’ songs, and the audience screamed with enjoyment. Also at the Haymarket Theatre the comedy there—a farrago of old, worn-out jokes, badly acted—was received with enthusiasm, and parts meant for pathos were mistaken for fun and laughed at accordingly.”

After giving some details of the ways of the two largest dealers in London, one of whom always dealt fairly with him, whilst the other invariably “made a poor mouth” and “crabbed” his pictures, but always re-sold greatly to his own advantage, as well as making a small fortune out of the copyrights, he continues:—

“I have been to Gambart’s this morning to settle how he is to pay for ‘The Blind Girl.’ All men have different ways of dealing, and his way is to pay me the moment the picture is in his possession. This is understood; and directly the R.A. closes (three

months from now) he settles. . . . Now I have to see X— (another dealer), with whom I have had no conversation since the opening. I have purposely kept away, so that he might learn the feeling of the intelligent public about the picture he has bought. If I had been before, I know he would have quoted (as he did last year) the newspaper criticisms, and their prejudicial influence, etc., etc. But, curiously enough, *whenever an engraving comes out from his firm there is always a favourable article in the papers. . . .*

“Since there is such a demand for my works, I can afford not to be humbugged by these people, as other poor fellows are; and I think one great reason for the opposition this year is the sudden great increase in my prices. The dealers, of course, like to get pictures for £200 and sell them for £2,000. . . . I am continually the object of unpleasant remarks from women as well as men, but beyond working out conscientiously a means of support for us both, I do not care; and this, please God, I shall accomplish in time.”

As a further insight into the rotten criticisms of the period, a day or two later he tells of the treatment meted out to Charles Reade, whom he mentions for the first time, and who afterwards became a great friend of his.

“*May, 1856.*—I have just come from the Crimean lecture of the *Times* correspondent, Russell [Sir William Howard Russell, afterwards a devoted friend], on the war. It was odd to see the man who at the time of the war was dreaded by both the army and the navy brought before the public, to receive in his turn their criticism. . . .”

Here follows an account of the lecture, which took place before empty seats, in spite of the eulogistic prelude of the *Times*; for only the famous correspondent's personal friends mustered in force:—“I dined at the Garrick with Reade, the author of *It is Never Too Late to Mend*. He is delighted with my pictures, and regards all criticism as worthless. *He has never been reviewed at all in the 'Times,'* although his book has passed through more editions than most of the first-class novels. White [the dealer] brought a finished proof of ‘The Huguenot’ this morning, and the few slight corrections Barlow [the engraver] has to make will not take him more than a week; so you may look for it very soon.”

On May 30th Annat Lodge was enlivened by the birth of Millais' first child (Everett), news of which he conveyed to his cousin, Mrs. George Hodgkinson, in the following terms:—“Just

a line to say that I am the distinguished owner of a little gentleman. The nurse, of course, says it is like me, adding that it is an extremely handsome production! But what nurse does not say the same thing? However, it has blue eyes and a little downy brown on the top of its head."

For the holiday season Millais took the manse of Brig o' Turk in Glenfinlas, and in August he and my mother went there, accompanied by her sisters, Alice and Sophie Gray. Here, after an interval of shooting and fishing, he painted a small portrait of the minister—a hard-featured and by no means prepossessing Celt—and then, returning to Annat Lodge, he set to work on "Pot-pourri" and "Sir Isumbras at the Ford."

Foreseeing that an account of her husband's pictures—how, when, and where they were painted, and what became of them—would some day be of interest, my mother determined to keep a record of all that he painted after their marriage, and forthwith started a book for that purpose. But, alas! the work was never completed. My father made such fun of it that in 1868 she unwillingly gave it up. It contains, however, explicit information about several of his works. Of "Pot-pourri" she says:—"This little picture was painted for a Mr. Burnett, but when completed he was unable to purchase it. It was painted from my sister Alice and little Smythe of Methven Castle, Alice's dress of green satin and point flounces forming a happy contrast to the rich velvet and gold trimmings in little Smythe's dress. The background is principally crimson, and the whole effect very rich and brilliant.

"Mr. Millais sold this picture to Mr. White, the dealer in Madox Street, for £150, and he in turn sold it, a week or two afterwards, for £200 to Mr. G. Windus, junior.

"When Mr. Burnett saw it he was most anxious to get it, and White promised it to him if he came on a certain day not later than four p.m. Mr. Windus, however, was equally determined to have it; and, arriving early on the appointed day, he waited till the clock struck four, and then carried off the picture in a cab, to the great disgust of Mr. Burnett, who arrived a quarter of an hour late." Moral—Even in business it is well to be punctual now and then.

My mother has some interesting notes on the subject of "Sir Isumbras," which she calls "The Knight, a dream of the past, 1857."

"This picture occupied Mr. Millais during the winter in conjunction with 'The Heretic.' He was extremely expeditious in

finishing the background, which did not take him more than a fortnight. During the end of October and beginning of November, 1856, he went every day to the Bridge of Earn and painted the old bridge and the range of the Ochills from under the new bridge, composing the rest by adding a medieval tower.\* The gardener afterwards brought a large quantity of flags from the river, and they were put in a tub and painted in his studio. The horse gave him a world of vexation from first to last. He always said he had chosen a fine animal to paint from, but most people thought not. He painted it day after day in the stableyard at Annat Lodge, and had made a very beautiful horse when Gambart, the dealer, saw the picture, and offered £800 for it, but said the horse was too small. Millais refused this price, thinking he ought to get more, and Gambart left. After a little while Millais began to think the horse was too small, and most unfortunately took it out, and finished by making his animal too large. All the critics cried out about the huge horse, called it Roman-nosed, and said every kind of absurd thing about it, forgetful of the beauty of the rest of the picture. The critics would, perhaps, not have been so ill-natured had they known the sufferings the horse cost the painter, who worked out of doors in the dead of winter, sometimes in frost and snow, perched on a ladder, and sometimes sitting in bitter east and north wind with his canvas secured by ropes to prevent it falling. The horse was never still for one instant, and like the painter was greatly aggravated by the intense cold. I had to send down warm soups and wine every now and then and attend to things generally. After the Academy closed without any offer being made for the picture, Millais determined to have it back to Scotland, and once more to entirely repaint the horse. After some months he completed it. The same animal came and stood day after day in our yard, the representation of the old one having been completely removed from the canvas by means of benzole, the smell of which drove us out of the painting-room for a day or two. The new horse now appeared, to my mind, exactly like the first one. It was almost finished, when one day, whilst it was still wet in places, a strong wind rose and blew over the iron chair to which the picture had been imperfectly fixed, one corner going like a nail right through the head of the knight. This was a dreadful accident, and Millais was in a state of mind, vowing he

\* The tower was painted from old Elcho Castle, situated on the south bank of the Tay, six miles below Perth. An additional group of trees also aided the composition.

would never touch or look at it again. However, in the course of a day or two a firm of London canvas makers mended it so beautifully that the rent could not be seen. I thought this picture doomed to failure, for on the day it left us to go to the Liverpool Exhibition, it poured in such torrents and was so stormy, that I became superstitious. However, with the new horse and the knight's leg lengthened, it attracted considerable attention in Liverpool, and the committee did not know whether to give Millais the prize of £50 for it or for his 'Blind Girl.' 'The Blind Girl,' however, carried the day by one vote."

Colonel Campbell, an officer quartered in Perth, sat for the figure of the knight, whilst the little boy and girl were respectively the artist's eldest son and Miss Nellie Salmon, now Mrs. Ziegler.

"Time and varnish," I have heard my father say, "are the greatest Old Masters that ever lived." And, in the face of recent experience, who will dare to say they are not? As quaint old Tusser has it, "Time tries the troth in everything"; tries, too, our Art critics, and their right to dogmatise as they do on works that Time has not yet touched; and in this matter of "Sir Isumbras" his judgment is dead against them.

In 1857, when the picture was exhibited in the Academy, it was greeted with howls of execration, the lion's roar of Mr. Ruskin being heard high above the jackal's yelp of his followers. The great critic could see in it no single point for admiration; only faults of fact, of sentiment, and of Art; but now that time and varnish have done their work, we find it as universally praised as it was formerly condemned—a lesson that living painters may well take to heart for their comfort in times of depression.

About the sale of this work my mother had a good tale to tell. One evening in 1858, when they were living in London, she was standing outside the house, waiting for the door to be opened, when she was accosted by a grey-haired man in shabby garments, who said he, too, wished to come in. The observation startled her, for she had never seen the man before; and, mistaking him in the darkness for a tramp, she told him to go away. "But," pleaded the stranger, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I want 'The Knight Crossing the Ford,' and I must have it!" The idea now dawned upon her that he was a harmless lunatic, to be got rid of by a little quiet persuasion. This, therefore, she tried, but in vain. The only reply she got was, "Oh, beautiful dragon! I am Charles Reade, who wrote *Never Too Late to Mend*, and I simply must have that



picture, though I am but a poor man. I would write a whole three-volume novel on it, and then have sentiment enough to spare. I only wish I had someone like you to guard my house!”

And he got the picture! For, though a stranger to my mother, my father knew him well, and was pleased to find on his return home that it had fallen into his hands. Reade was, in fact, an intimate friend of Millais, and when in town they met together almost daily at the Garrick Club.

That he was proud of his purchase the following letter to Millais attests:—

*From Charles Reade.*

“GARRICK CLUB.

“IL MAESTRO,—The picture is come, and shall be hung in the drawing-room. I cannot pretend to point out exactly what you have done to it, but this I know—it looks admirably well. I hope you will call on me and talk it over. I am very proud to possess it. Either I am an idiot, or it is an immortal work.

“Yours sincerely,

“CHARLES READE.”

In another letter he says:—“It is the only picture admitted into the room, and has every justice I can tender it. As I have bought *to keep*, and have no sordid interest in crying it up, you must allow me to write it up a little. It is infamous that a great work of Art should be libelled as this was some time ago.”

In a letter to Millais, asking for a ticket for the “private view” day at the Academy, he says:—“The private view, early in the morning, before I can be bored with cackle of critics and entangled in the tails of women, is one of the things worth living for, and I shall be truly grateful if you will remember your kind promise and secure me this pleasure.”

In the spring of 1857 Millais and his wife took rooms in Savile Row, London, where he chiefly occupied himself with his picture “The Escape of a Heretic, 1559.” Of this work, which was intended as a pendant to “The Huguenot,” my mother writes:—

“The idea of making a pendant to ‘The Huguenot’ occurred to him whilst we were visiting Mr. W. Stirling at Keir, in the autumn after our marriage. That gentleman possesses a book of fine old woodcuts of the time of the Inquisition, when persecutions in the Netherlands were carried on under the Duke of Alva. He

also possesses a series of Spanish pictures which had been used to illustrate his own work on *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* Amongst these woodcuts were several representing burnings in Spain, the women and men being habited in the hideous dress of the 'San Benito.' The victims were generally attended by priests exhorting them to penitence as they pursued their way to the martyrs' pile. The 'San Benito' dress consists of an upper shirt, without sleeves, of coarse sacking painted yellow, with designs of devils roasting souls in flames. With the aid of some engravings of monks of the different orders, sent by Mr. Rawdon Brown, and the habit of a Carthusian from the Papal States, lent by Mr. Dickenson, we easily made up the dresses for the models, whilst Millais drew the staircase of Balhousie Castle for the prison from whence the girl is escaping by aid of her lover. Millais worked on this picture and 'The Knight' at the same time. The expression of the lover's face gave him immense trouble. The model was a young gamekeeper in the service of Mr. Condie. He was handsome, very lazy, continually getting tired, and not coming when sent for. Millais took the face, and mouth particularly, many times completely out. The girl's expression was very troublesome also, and he was long in pleasing himself with it."

Whilst Millais waited the hanging of his pictures at the Royal Academy his wife travelled again to their home in the North. His letters to her at this time are particularly interesting, as showing what he thought of the artistic outlook.

In the first, dated May 13th, 1857, he says:—"My friends Bartle Frere and Colonel Turner dined with me at the Garrick yesterday. They are both old friends of mine, and we had a very pleasant party. I met Thackeray there, and he spread out his great arms and embraced me in stage fashion, in evidence of his delight at my pictures. He never before expressed such extreme satisfaction, and said they were magnificent."

The *Times'* review of the Royal Academy then came out with a stinging critique on his pictures, and all the other papers joined in chorus. On this he wrote to his wife, on May 15th:—"Doubtless you have seen the *Times* and its criticism. When I heard it was written in the same spirit as usual I did not read it. I therefore only know of its import through my friends. The general feeling is that it is not of the slightest importance. Criticism has been so tampered with that what is said carries little or no weight. Ruskin,



"THE WIDOW'S MITE." 1869



I hear, has a pamphlet in the press which takes a *pitying* tone at my failure. The wickedness and envy at the bottom of all this are so apparent to me that I disregard all the reviews (I have not read *one*), but I shall certainly have this kind of treatment all my life. The public crowd round my pictures more than ever, and this, I think, must be the main cause of animosity. . . . I should tell you that although my friend Tom Taylor is said to have written the first two reviews in the *Times*, this last is not attributed to him.

“The only good that I can see in the criticism is its unusual length (from what I hear it is nearly a column). I confess I am disgusted at the tone of the thing; indeed with everything connected with Art.

“Combe, of Oxford, came yesterday. He wants me to paint him a picture about the size of the ‘Heretic’ (*anything larger than that size is objected to*). There is no encouragement for anything but *cabinet pictures*. I should never have a small picture on my hands for ten minutes, which is a great temptation to do nothing else. I saw Tennyson again at the Prinseps’, and was most entertained at the ‘petting’ that went on. Miss B. [a famous beauty] was there, and asked after you. She has fallen off, but is still beautiful.”

In May, 1858, they went as usual to Bowerswell, where in due time the artist applied himself to “Apple Blossoms,” or “Spring” as it was latterly called, painting it in neighbouring orchards.

Here I must again avail myself of my mother’s notebook, and her remarks on “Spring Flowers,” as she calls it.

“This picture, whatever its future may be, I consider the most unfortunate of Millais’ pictures. It was begun at Annat Lodge, Perth, in the autumn of 1856, and took nearly four years to complete. The first idea was to be a study of an apple tree in full blossom, and the picture was begun with a lady sitting under the tree, whilst a knight in the background looked from the shade at her. This was to have been named ‘Faint Heart Never Won Fair Ladye.’ The idea was, however, abandoned, and Millais, in the following spring, had to leave the tree from which he had made such a careful painting, because the tenant at Annat Lodge would not let him return to paint, for she said if he came to paint in the garden it would disturb her friends walking there. This was ridiculous, but Millais, looking about for some other suitable trees, soon found them in the orchard of our kind neighbour Mrs. Seton

(Potterhill), who paid him the greatest attention. Every day she sent her maid with luncheon, and had tablecloths pinned up on the trees so as to form a tent to shade him from the sun, and he painted there in great comfort for three weeks whilst the blossoms lasted. During that year (1857) he began to draw in the figures, and the next year he changed to some other trees in Mr. Gentle's orchard, next door to our home. Here he painted in quiet comfort, and during the two springs finished all the background and some of the figures. The centre figure was painted from Sir Thomas Moncrieff's daughter Georgiana (afterwards Lady Dudley); Sophie Gray, my sister, is at the left side of the picture. Alice is there too, in two positions, one resting on her elbow, singularly like, and the other lying on her back with a grass stem in her mouth. He afterwards made an etching of this figure for the Etching Club, and called it 'A Day in the Country.' When the picture of 'Spring Flowers' was on the easel out of doors, and in broad sunlight, the bees used often to settle on the bunches of blossom, thinking them real flowers from which they might make their honey."

After visiting his parents at Kingston he went off shooting and fishing, as usual, for a couple of months, and on his return to Bowerswell he nearly finished the "Apple Blossoms," and commenced (in October) "The Vale of Rest."

Here my mother's notebook again proves helpful as an illustration of his life and work at this period; interesting, too, as a reflection of her own views on the only subject on which they were at variance. As a strict Presbyterian she greatly disliked his working on Sundays, as he often did when the painting fever was strong upon him; and her entries on this subject are at once quaint and characteristic. She writes:—"Mr. Millais exhibited no pictures in 1858. He began a last picture of a Crusader's return, and stuck, after five months' hard labour. I was much averse to his painting every Sunday, and thought no good would come of it, as he took no rest, and hardly proper time for his meals. He made no progress, only getting into a greater mess; so when spring came we were thankful to pack up the picture and go to Scotland. Here he occupied himself on his 'Spring' apple blossoms picture, but did not set vigorously to work till the autumn. This winter [1858] he has achieved an immensity of work, and I attribute his success greatly to his never working on Sunday all this year. I will describe his pictures of this year in order, and begin with the Nuns

(‘The Vale of Rest’), which, like all his best works, was executed in a surprisingly short space of time.

“It had long been Millais’ intention to paint a picture with nuns in it, the idea first occurring to him on our wedding tour in 1855. On descending the hill by Loch Awe, from Inverary, he was extremely struck with its beauty, and the coachman told us that on one of the islands there were the ruins of a monastery. We imagined to ourselves the beauty of the picturesque features of the Roman Catholic religion, and transported ourselves, in idea, back to the times before the Reformation had torn down, with bigoted zeal, all that was beautiful from antiquity, or sacred from the piety or remorse of the founders of old ecclesiastical buildings in this country. The abbots boated and fished in the loch, the vesper bell pealed forth the ‘Ave Maria’ at sundown, and the organ notes of the Virgin’s hymn were carried by the water and transformed into a sweeter melody, caught up on the hillside and dying away in the blue air. We pictured, too, white-robed nuns in boats, singing on the water, in the quiet summer evenings, and chanting holy songs, inspired by the loveliness of the world around them. . . .

“Millais said he was determined to paint nuns some day, and one night this autumn, being greatly impressed with the beauty of the sunset (it was the end of October), he rushed for a large canvas, and began at once upon it, taking for background the wall of our garden at Bowerswell, with the tall oaks and poplar trees behind it. The sunsets were lovely for two or three nights, and he dashed the work in, softening it afterwards in the house, making it, I thought, even less purple and gold than when he saw it in the sky. The effect lasted so short a time that he had to paint like lightning.

“It was about the end of October, and he got on very rapidly with the trees and worked every afternoon, patiently and faithfully, at the poplar and oak trees of the background until November, when the leaves had nearly all fallen. He was seated very conveniently for his work just outside our front door, and, indeed, the principal part of the picture, excepting where the tombstones come, is taken from the terrace and shrubs at Bowerswell.”

The background of “The Vale of Rest” remains very much to-day what it was when Millais painted it. A few of the old trees are gone, but there are the same green terraces, and the same sombre hedges; there, too, is the corner of the house which,

under the artist's hands, appeared as an ivy-covered chapel. The grave itself he painted from one freshly made, in Kinnoull churchyard; and much amused he was by the impression he made while working there. Close by lived two queer old bachelors who, in Perth, went by the names of "Sin" and "Misery." They watched him intently as he painted away day by day amongst the tombs without even stopping for refreshment, and after the first day they came to the conclusion that he made his living by portraying the graves of deceased persons. So they good-naturedly brought him a glass of wine and cake every day, and said what they could by way of consolation for the hardships of his lot.

The rest of the tale is thus told by my mother:—"The graveyard portion was painted some months later, in the very cold weather, and the wind often threatened to knock the frame over. The sexton kept him company, made a grave for him, and then, for comfort's sake, kept a good fire in the dead-house. There Millais smoked his pipe, ate his lunch, and warmed himself."

It is always interesting to hear from artists who have painted a successful picture, how and under what circumstances it was done. One man will tell you that his work was the inspiration of a moment, and the whole thing was dashed off in a few days, maybe a few hours—as was Landseer's "Sleeping Bloodhound." Another has, perhaps, spent months or years on some great work; it has been painted, repainted, altered a hundred times, and then not satisfied the painter. Again, an unsatisfactory pose of a figure has often driven a conscientious artist to the verge of insanity. And this was the case with the figure of the woman digging in "The Vale of Rest." I have heard my mother say she never had such a time in her life as when my father was painting that woman.

Everything was perfect in the picture except this wretched female, and nothing would induce her to go right. Every day for seven weeks he painted and repainted her, with the result that the figure was worse than ever, and he was almost distracted.

My mother then proceeded to hatch a plot with my grandmother *to steal the picture!* This was skilfully effected one day when he had left his work for a few hours. The two arch-plotters took it between them and carried it into a wine-cellar, where it was securely locked up.

When the painter returned to work and found his treasure gone he was, of course, in a dreadful state of mind, and on discovering



the trick that had been played him, he tried every means to make them give it up to him; but this they steadfastly refused to do. Here then was a predicament! For some days he would settle to nothing, and the model, who received good payment, would insist on coming every day and sitting in the kitchen, saying that she was engaged till the picture was finished. The situation at last became comic—Millais furious, the conspirators placid, smiling, but firm, and the model immovable.

At last he was persuaded to set to work on some water-colour replicas of “The Huguenot” and “The Heretic,” for Mr. Gambart, and as he became interested in them he gradually calmed down. When the picture was eventually returned to him, he saw at a glance where his mistake lay, and in a few hours put everything right.

My uncle William tells an amusing story about this, which is worth repeating in his own words:—“Millais, as everyone knows, had the greatest power in the realistic rendering of all objects that came under his brush, and the veriest tyro could not fail to recognise at a glance the things that he painted. I remember, however, a case in which the power was not recognised; in fact, the objects painted failed to convey the faintest notion of what they were intended to represent. An old Scotchman, after looking at ‘The Vale of Rest’ for some time, said to my brother in my hearing, ‘Well, the picture’s all well enough, but there’s something I don’t like.’ My brother, who was always ready to listen to any criticism, said, ‘What don’t you like? Speak out, don’t be afraid!’

“‘Well,’ said he, ‘I don’t like the idea of water in a grave.’ ‘Water in a grave?’ said my brother. ‘Well, there it is, plain enough’ (pointing to a mattock), ‘pouring into the grave.’ He had actually mistaken the sheen of a steel mattock for a jet of water, and the handle for a bridge across the grave. This was too good a story not to be passed round, and it was told on the occasion of the picture being privately exhibited at the Langham Chambers, just before being sent to the Royal Academy. There was a good assemblage of people, and amongst them, though unrecognised, the old gentleman himself. The story was told with great gusto by John Leech (in my presence), and a roar of laughter followed, coupled with the words, ‘What an old ass he must have been!’ Whereupon the old gentleman sprang up from the sofa and said, ‘I’m the verra man myself.’ It was honest of him, to say the least.”

Mr. M. H. Spielmann, who has carefully studied Millais' works, says of it:—"This picture I have always felt to be one of the greatest and most impressive ever painted in England; one in which the sentiment is not mawkish, nor the tragedy melodramatic—a picture to look at with hushed voice and bowed head; in which the execution is not overwhelmed by the story; in which the story is emphasised by the composition; and in which the composition is worthy of the handling."

"This is the year Mr. Millais gave forth those terrible nuns in the graveyard": thus Mr. Punch characterised the year 1859.\* Even Ruskin, denouncing the methods, and admitting (unjustly) the ugliness and "frightfulness" of the figures, was constrained to allow it nobility of horror, if horror it was, and the greatness of the touching sentiment. His charge of crudeness in the painting no longer holds good. Time—that grand Old Master to which Millais did homage in act and word—has done the work the artist intended him to do; and I venture to think that in the New Gallery of British Art there will be no more impressive, no more powerful work than that which shocked the Art world of 1859.

In 1862 Millais saw how he could improve the face of the nun that is seated at the head of the grave, so he had the picture in his studio for a week, and repainted the head from a Miss Lane.

During 1858 was also painted "The Love of James the First of Scotland." It will be remembered that this unfortunate monarch was confined for many years in Windsor Castle. In the garden below his prison used to walk the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort, and he fell in love with her; but his only means of communicating with her was by dropping letters through the bars of the grated window. This is the scene represented in the picture. The castle and wall were taken from the picturesque old ruin of Balhousie Castle, which overlooks the North Inch of Perth. Millais' model for this picture was Miss Eyre, of Kingston, whose sister, Miss Mary Eyre, he also painted the following year as "The Bride"—a girl with passion flowers in her hair.†

While the work was in hand, an old woman came for three days, and stood staring alternately at the artist and the castle, evidently without any notion of what he was about. Disliking the presence

\* The *Times* was this year favourable, and acknowledged "The Vale of Rest" as a work of merit.

† This lady was singularly like the Countess de Grey, and on this account the portrait was purchased at a sale by Lord de Grey.

of observers while he was at work, he looked up suddenly and exclaimed, "Well, what are you looking at?" To which she replied, "Weel—that's juist what a was gaein tae ask ye. What are *you* glowerin at?" *Cetera desunt.*

To the uninitiated I may explain that, in the Scotch tongue, "glowerin" means staring rudely and intently.

At this time (November, 1859), though work went on briskly, began a long period of anxiety on account of my mother's health, ensuing on the birth of her eldest daughter. She had imprudently gone, one cold winter's day, to Murthly, to make a drawing of some tapestry in the old castle, for one of my father's pictures; and, sitting long at her task, she contracted a chill, which affected the optic nerves of both her eyes. A temporary remedy was found, but in late years the mischief again reappeared, to the permanent detriment of her eyesight.

## CHAPTER IX

The struggle of 1859—Millais seriously feels the attacks made upon him, but determines to fight—Insulted at every turn—Origin of "The Vale of Rest"—The fight for independence—"The Black Brunswicker"—Millais describes it—Dickens' daughter sits for the lady—Mrs. Perugini describes her sittings—Faint praise from the Press—Great success of the picture—Holman Hunt likewise successful—Millais' black-and-white work—Letters to his wife—"The Ransom."

WE come now to the turning-point in the life of the painter—to the period when, with the exception of a few strong men of independent judgment, all the powers of the Art world were set in array against him—the critics, the Academy, and the Press—and, under the combined influence, even the picture-dealers began to look askance at his works as things of doubtful merit. Buyers, too, held aloof, not daring to trust their own judgment in opposition to so great an authority as Mr. Ruskin; for by this time Ruskin had attained a position in the land absolutely unapproached by any other critic before or since. With a charm of diction unequalled in English prose, he had formulated certain theories of his own which every artist must accept or reject under peril of his severest condemnation; and as "Sir Isumbras"—the last of Millais' works that may be termed purely Pre-Raphaelite—was found to sin against these requirements, it fell under his ban as utterly unworthy of the applause it had gained from the public.

It has been well said that "the eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony." And, as will presently be seen, that was, in Millais' view at least, the affliction from which Mr. Ruskin was suffering at this time.

It is not given to every man to withstand such a formidable attack as that to which my father was now exposed. One cannot therefore wonder that, under the strain and peril of the time, his

letters betray not only his amazement at the crass stupidity of some of his critics, but his deep sense of injury, and a rooted belief that envy, hatred, and malice were at the bottom of all this uproar.

All this, together with a record of his doings, during the months of April and May, 1859, will be found in the following extracts from his letters, in reading which it must be borne in mind that these letters were intended only for the eye of his wife, for whose comfort at this trying time he would naturally and rightly open his mind without any thought of egotism or empty boast.

The letters are dated from his father's house at Kingston, to which in joyous anticipation of success at the coming Royal Academy Exhibition he betook himself with his pictures early in April.

"*South Cottage, 7th April.*—There are three or four people after my pictures, and I have no doubt of making more than I expected by them. William will write to you about what was said, but I will simply tell you in a word that nothing could possibly be more successful, 'The Nuns' especially. I have called it

'The Vale of Rest,  
Where the weary find repose'—

from one of Mendelssohn's most lovely part-songs. I heard William singing it, and said it just went with the picture, where-upon he mentioned the name and words, which are equally suitable. Marochetti said to William, before a number of people, that 'The Nuns' should have a place in the national collection, between Raphael and Titian; and Thackeray and Watts expressed nearly the same opinion. Indeed, the praise is quite overwhelming, and I keep out of it as much as possible, as I am not able to bear it, I feel so weakened by it all. While William was showing the two large pictures, I was painting away at the single figure, which I finished perfectly, having worked at it from five in the morning. I felt quite inspired, and never made a mistake. It is, I think, the most beautiful of all.

"Nothing could exceed the kindness of my people about me, and only through their indefatigable assistance could I have finished the third. All were framed and sent into the Royal Academy in good time."

The three pictures were "The Vale of Rest," "The Love of James I. of Scotland," and "Apple Blossoms." They had been

seen and praised by hundreds of people before they were exhibited to the public, and the artist knew they were the best he had ever painted; but no sooner did they appear on the Academy walls than they were attacked as already indicated, the admiration of the public who persistently crowded in front of them, and his own knowledge of their value, being the only consolation he could lay to heart. His next letter betrays the revulsion of feeling caused by this cruel, not to say malignant, attack.

"*April 10th.*—In the midst of success I am dreadfully low-spirited, and the profession is more hideous than ever in my eyes. Nobody seems to understand really good work, and even the best judges surprise me with their extraordinary remarks. . . . Nothing can be more irritating and perplexing than the present state of things. There seems to be a total want of confidence in the merits of the pictures, amongst even the dealers. They seem quite bewildered. Even John Phillip said that he thought it was high time I should come and live in London. As if that had anything to do with my Art!

"I would write oftener to you, but really I have nothing either pleasant or satisfactory to write about. I am far from well, and everybody says they never saw such a change in any man for the worse. I could scarcely be quieter, too, as I never stay in town or have any wish to be amongst riotous fellows; yet the reaction of leaving off work is very trying. . . ."

"*April 13th, 1859.*—There seems to be but one opinion amongst unprejudiced people as to the success of my pictures this year, but £1,000 for a picture is a very rare thing. It is true that that sum has been given already this year for a picture by O—; but you must remember that my pictures are not vulgar enough for the City merchants, who seem to be the only men who give these great prices. . . . I am much better after yesterday's headache, and got up this morning early, and have been reading and playing chess with my mother ever since. . . . It is a fine day, so I shall go and see the University Boat Race. Yesterday I met in the Burlington Arcade an old friend from India, the brother of our old friend Grant who died. (I drew him in pen-and-ink, dying, surrounded by his family.) The brother has grown into an enormous man, with moustaches nearly half a yard broad—a very handsome fellow."

"*April 18th, 1859.*—Hunt and Collins dined here yesterday. The pain in my chest is nearly gone, so I am no longer uneasy.

It must have been from working too hard and leaning forward so much, but I hope to begin my work again this week. . . . Ruskin was talking to young Prinsep, and said he had been looking at the 'Mariana,' which I painted years ago, and had come to the sage conclusion that I had gone to the dogs and am hopelessly fallen. So there is no doubt of what view he will take of my works this year ; but (as Hunt, who has a high opinion of their excellence, says) if he abuses them he will ruin himself as a critic. Already he is almost entirely disregarded. I hear that Leighton has a picture in the Royal Academy, but nothing of its worth. This picture, whether good or bad, will be set up against mine. The enmity is almost overwhelming, *and nothing but the public good sense will carry me through.* . . . I am sanguine, in spite of every drawback, though I know there is a possibility of my not realising my anticipations regarding the sale of the pictures ; but in that case I am perfectly prepared to keep them. They must not, and shall not, be thrown away."

"*April 19th.*—William was singing at his Hanover Square Rooms last night, but I could not be there. He seems to have made a real success, as he always does in public. I am wonderfully well and have quite recovered my spirits, and am now prepared to act determinedly. No persuasion will now induce me to sacrifice my work. You see, by putting a very high price on it, *the dealers are entirely shut out*, and thereby become my most inveterate enemies, which is no joke considering the powerful influence they have. They, added to the Royal Academy, which is always against me, make the army a difficult one to combat. When I sold my works to the dealers they were my friends, and counteracted this artistic detraction. There is, without doubt, an immense amount of underhand work, and I can scarcely regard a single professional man as my friend. I am quite settled, however, in my position, to stand a violent siege."

After his visit to the Royal Academy to see how his pictures were hung, he writes:—

"*April 26th.*—It is always a melancholy thing to the painter to see his work for the first time in an empty room ; and yesterday was a most dreadful, dark, rainy day. Everything looked dismal. The single figure is not well hung, although perfectly seen. All three, of course, lose in my eyes, for they are surrounded by such a perplexity of staring colour ; for instance, an officer in size of life, in a brilliant red coat, is hung next to 'The Nuns,' which must

naturally hurt it. 'The Orchard' ['Apple Blossoms'], I think, looks better. There are no less than three pictures of orchard blossoms, but small, as the artist had no time to enlarge them. Hook's are very fine indeed, small, but lovely in colour—quite as good as my own. He is about the only first-rate man they have. Boxall has some *beautiful* portraits—one of an old man especially so. Stansfield and Roberts as usual. Landseer, of course, good; but, between ourselves, not quite so much so as of yore. He was most kind, and said he understood the quality of my work entirely; and when I told him they were unsold, he laughed and said, 'Oh, you need not mind about that. I would sell them fast enough.' Frank Grant, too, was most cordial, and asked after you. He and Landseer went backwards and forwards many times between 'The Orchard' and 'The Nuns.' I am told by all the Hanging Committee that they have come to the conclusion that 'The Vale of Rest' would have been perfect had I left the digging nun alone, and that 'The Orchard' is spoilt by Sophie's and Alice's heads to the left of the picture."

"*April 28th.*—I got home here [at Kingston] last night after a hard day's rubbing at the pictures, which improved them immensely. I see things are creeping favourably on. Landseer this year is a most energetic admirer; he said yesterday, before many of the members, that my pictures are far beyond everything I have ever done. Roberts, too, said I am sure to sell them at the private view. I have a few truly good friends in the Royal Academy, *amongst the best men*, in spite of the wicked clique who, of course, do their best to run me down. There is no great 'catch' this year, except perhaps O——'s companion picture to his last year's one. It is very good (well painted) but egregiously vulgar and commonplace; but there is enough in it of a certain 'jingo' style to make it a favourite. This work may at first attract, but after a while it will not stand with the public.

"Ruskin will be disgusted this year, for all the rubbish he has been praising *before being sent into the Royal Academy* has now bad places. There is a wretched work like a photograph of some place in Switzerland, evidently painted under his guidance, for he seems to have lauded it up sky-high; and that is *just where it is* in the miniature room! He does not understand my work, which is now too broad for him to appreciate, and I think his eye is only fit to judge the portraits of insects. But then, I think he has lost all real influence as a critic.



"To-morrow is the private view. I have given my tickets to John Leech and his wife. He knows all the Press men, *and is respected by all*, so his opinion will be taken and carry weight. Did I tell you I rowed with my father up to Hampton Court, and met William and a large party, Miss Boothby [whom William Millais afterwards married], Miss Eyre [who sat to Millais several times], Coleridge, etc.? Miss Boothby and I and William and Miss Eyre had a race home, and we beat them. My hands suffered in consequence, so I cannot row again just now."

"*April 29th.*—I have just come from the private view. To tell you the truth, I think it likely I shall not sell one of the pictures. The clique has been most successful against me this year, and few people look at my work. Ruskin was there, looking at 'The Nuns'; and Tom Taylor, who said nothing. Everywhere I hear of the infamous attempts to destroy me (the truth is these pictures are not vulgar enough for general appreciation). However, I must wait, for I don't know what the Press will say yet. Seeing that there is such a strong undercurrent against me, it is possible they may lift me up.

"Gambart was there, and several dealers, *but none spoke to me*. They are not anxious to *look into my eyes just now*, and no wonder! Reade is sitting beside me as I write this.

"The fact of the matter is, I am out of fashion. There will doubtless be a reaction, but the state of affairs in the Art world is at present too critical to admit of a good reward for all my labour. This is rather trying to me, I confess, after all my slavery, but it will account to you for my want of belief in the profession. You see, nobody knows anything about Art, so one is all at sea. The failures are most terrible in London just now, and things look very bad. What will become of Art, I don't know. It will not be worth following, if I cannot sell pictures such as these. I am sorry I have no good news for you, dear, but the look-out is anything but refreshing."

"*May 5th.*—I returned here last night and opened three letters from you—all so kind and nice that they quite set me up. There have been no inquiries for any of my pictures; but now they are once more crowded—this time more than ever. You may, perhaps, laugh at it, but I have heard it said that the want of purchasers is a great deal due to Ruskin having in his last pamphlet said that I was falling off.

"Hunt and Leech, as well as the Rossettis and their clique, have

expressed their admiration of my work of late, and yesterday Marochetti was kind enough to express the same sentiments. Landseer, who was with him, asked my address, in case he should have to write me, indicating his desire to sell them for me. After such opinions from such men, what is outside criticism? Yet, in spite of myself and my own convictions, I feel humiliated.

"It has become so much the fashion to abuse me in the Press, that my best friends now occasionally talk in the same way. I have lost all pleasure and hope in my profession.

"William has gone to the Exhibition, and I made arrangements to go to Aldershot with Leech; but all this anxiety, however much I try to dispel it, destroys my peace of mind, and I have a bad headache. Everybody bothers me too about living in the *North*, and says I have cut all my original friends, and will inevitably lose their interest. I candidly confess I never had such a trying time in my life. I would not care a farthing if I were a bachelor, but for your sake I cannot take such injustice calmly. It is a strange and unexpected end to all my labour, and I can only hope it will not affect you overmuch."

"*May 10th.*—Many happy returns of the day, my darling. I have just returned from Cambridge, where I met *Mrs. Jones, of Pantglass*, the duke's enchantress. She made many inquiries about you, and sent her best love. She is most amusing, and I talked with her all the evening. She is a very handsome woman, with a fine figure, and got up most gorgeously. I was made much of by the Cambridge men. Ruskin's pamphlet is out, and White says it is favourable, although stating that the pictures are painted in my worst manner. How extraordinary the fate of these pictures has been! Never have pictures been more mobbed, but now the crowds mostly abuse them, following the mass of criticism; yet the fuss they are making in a way makes up for the abuse. No words can express the curious envy and hatred these works have brought to light. Some of the papers, I believe, have been so violent that for two days together they have poured forth such abuse as was never equalled in the annals of criticism. My works are not understood by the men who set themselves up as judges. *Only when I am dead will they know their worth.* I could not believe in such wanton cruelty as has been shown to me this year. There is no doubt that the critics have ruined the sale, for all who would have come forward now say that the nuns and grave are miserable to look at, and the apple blossoms full of ugliness. Let

me, however, assure you that they *must* win their way to the front in time.

“The country is blooming everywhere now, and everything is happy. It is dreadful to be away from you so long. I am so glad to hear the children are well. I wish I could embrace them all; it would be delightful after all this vexation. Fate seems determined to make my profession hateful to me.”

Needless to say how welcome at such a time was the hearty support of the few members of the Academy and artist friends who refused to join in the cabal against him and his works, prominent amongst whom were Hunt, Landseer, Leech, Thackeray, Reade, and the two Rossettis. Amongst outsiders, too, were many sympathising friends, whose kind words and letters helped him to take heart again even in the darkest hours when oppression had well-nigh driven him to despair.

Amongst these was his friend Mr. Lloyd, from whose letter I venture to quote a few memorable words. He says:—“I merely wish, by writing to you, to protest on behalf of myself and many friends against the injustice of the London critics, and to assure you that whenever I have discussed your picture [‘The Vale of Rest’] with persons whose opinions are deservedly valued, I have found them nearly as enthusiastic admirers of it as myself. Some, too, agree with me that it is not only your greatest work, but that it by far excels in truthfulness, in rendering, and in nobleness of conception any picture exhibited within my recollection on the Royal Academy walls by any other artist. That you will live to see its merits more publicly acknowledged I have little doubt, and I sincerely hope that the ingratitude and prejudice of those who presume to dictate to the public what to admire will not induce you to disbelieve that there are thousands to whom your paintings are a great intellectual pleasure, and that the gradual liberation of the public mind from conventional rules will bring thousands more to the shrine hallowed by yourself and those of your brother artists who boldly and conscientiously pursue the path of truth.”

Returning now to Millais’ own letters, I find:—

“*May 13th.*—There is a decided improvement in the look of things. Gambart writes me a long letter, and I have a commission for a picture from New York. I am perfectly certain that there will be a reaction in my favour, sooner or later, as the abuse has been so violent. I wish I could afford to keep the pictures, as I am perfectly sure they will one day fetch very large sums. There is

no chance of my selling my pictures to *gentlemen*—the dealers are too strong. Picture-buyers can barter with them when they cannot with the artist, and my pictures have remained unsold so long that no one will believe that they are valuable. All the other pictures of any pretensions in the Exhibition are sold. This is, of course, fearfully dispiriting, and a matter of wonder to me, as I have a high reputation; but my detractors have really induced the public to believe that the faults in my pictures spoil all the beauties. The crowds, too, round the pictures increase, but I am too much disgusted to think more about them. If I sell them I will wipe the memory of them for ever from my mind, they have been such torments to me.”

At last the star of hope appeared on the horizon, in a quarter where it was least expected. The picture-dealers began to come round, making timid inquiries as to prices; and one of them actually bought “The Vale of Rest.” Commissions, too, came in, and the whole aspect of affairs was suddenly changed. The effect of all this upon Millais will be seen in the two following letters, written, it will be noticed, on two consecutive days.

“*May 16th.*—Cheer up! Things are quietly coming round. Already there is quite another aspect of affairs. W. is to give me a decided answer whether or not a client of his will have ‘The Nuns.’ There is a demand also for the small picture, and G. wants to have the copyright, and is to let me know to-morrow morning whether he will have the picture. Indeed, now I haven’t a doubt that I shall sell all three.\* So much for the brutal criticisms! The fact is, I shall have my own way after all. If dealers give my prices they must make twenty per cent. on them.

“Last evening I was dining at the Prinseps’, and Watts quite cheered me. He says *they will live for ever, and will soon find their proper place.* It will be a great triumph in the end. The curious part of it is that ‘The Orchard’ is considerably more popular than ‘The Nuns,’ and much more crowded. Hunt and Rossetti are wild about the latter. One sees now how abuse can create attraction! I have just been to G. to sign the last forty prints of ‘The Order of Release.’ He tells me that ‘The Royalist’ had done well for him, and you will remember how fearfully it was abused when exhibited. X. [a dealer] begs me to paint the

\* “The Vale of Rest,” bought by Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, through W. the dealer, for 700 guineas, was afterwards sold to Mr. Tate for £3,000. It now hangs in the Tate Gallery, and is by common consent regarded as one of the artist’s greatest pictures.

‘Petrarch and Laura,’ and the dealers all look rather sheepish in asking me what I want for the pictures, being evidently afraid of one another, and yet not liking to appear too eager.”

“*May 17th.*—I enclose X.’s letter, which you will understand. Whatever I do, no matter how successful, it will always be the same story. ‘Why don’t you give us the Huguenot again?’ Yet I will be bound the cunning fellow is looking forward to engraving this very picture. You see he says at the end of his note he will ‘risque’ engraving it if I like!

“I have now enough commissions to last me all next year, so I am quite happy. I am so glad to hear that you are getting well and strong again. That is better than all the sales of pictures.”

On May 21st he went to meet his wife at Birmingham, and brought her back with him to Kingston, where, after all the excitement of this year, he was glad to have a quiet time while working away at his small commissions.

Before saying good-bye to “The Vale of Rest,” let me quote the words of Frances Low, who has admirably caught the spirit of its teaching: “Who that has ever seen this picture forgets the wondrous sunset light that lingers, with a thousand evanescent hues, over the evening face of Nature, transforming and transfiguring decay, death itself, into a radiant golden vision? The spell of the figure is deepened by the dramatic face of the nun, whose deep, mysterious, and inscrutable eyes seem to reflect the spirit of inanimate Nature, with its unsurpassed loveliness and terror, and bid the troubled human soul seek its answer there.”

“The Black Brunswicker,” one of Millais’ most successful pictures, was now in his mind. In his next letter he gives his first idea of the way in which the subject should be treated.

“*November 18th.*—Yesterday I dined with Leech, who had a small dinner-party. Mrs. Dickens was there, also Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, whom you remember, and Billy Russell (the *Times* correspondent) and his wife. Shirley Brooks and myself were the rest of the party. We had some very interesting stories and gossip from Billy Russell, which would delight you all. I will keep them for you when we meet. Oddly enough, he touched upon the subject of *the picture I am going to paint*, and I asked him to clear up for me one or two things connected with it. He is a capital fellow, and is going to write me a long letter with correct information, which he can get. I told him my project (as it was absolutely

necessary), but he promised to keep it secret, knowing how things are pirated. It was very fortunate, my meeting him, as he is the very best man for military information. My subject appears to me, too, most fortunate, and Russell thinks it first-rate. It is connected with the Brunswick Cavalry at Waterloo.

“Brunswickers’ they were called, and were composed of the best gentlemen in Germany. They wore a black uniform with death’s head and cross-bones, and gave and received no quarter. They were nearly annihilated, but performed prodigies of valour. It is with respect to their having worn crape on their arms in token of mourning that I require some information; and as it will be a perfect *pendant* to ‘The Huguenot,’ I intend making the sweetheart of a young soldier sewing it round his arm, and vainly supplicating him to keep from the bugle-call to arms. *I have it all in my mind’s eye, and feel confident that it will be a prodigious success.* The costume and incident are so powerful that I am astonished it has never been touched upon before. Russell was quite struck with it, and he is the best man for knowing the public taste. Nothing could be kinder than his interest, and he is to set about getting all the information that is required.

“I sat next Mrs. Dickens, who desired her best remembrances to you, and hopes you will call and bring the children to see her.

“To-morrow I am going shooting with Lewis in Kent. I have made up my mind not to live in town, but out in the Kingston direction, as all the houses I have seen here appear dirty and damp. White, too, thinks it would be decidedly better for me to be out of the way of cliques. I will draw in my picture [‘The Black Brunswicker’] here. White confesses to me that, with the exception of Landseer and myself, there is not an artist whose pictures are safe to sell. Most men get a fictitious value placed on their works, and ruin themselves by producing too much. Their pictures are for sale every month. I am glad to think that when mine sell they are placed permanently.”

In the spring of 1860 they took a nice house at the corner of Bryanston Square, where he went on with his work on “The Black Brunswicker.” Miss Kate Dickens (Charles Dickens’ daughter, now Mrs. Perugini) sat for the lady—a handsome girl, with a particularly sweet expression and beautiful auburn hair that contrasted well with the sheen of her white satin dress. The picture had not long been finished before the figure was claimed by more than one of the celebrities of the day; while, as to the

Brunswicker, no less than five or six distinguished officers were said to have sat for it ; but the fact is that my father, wishing to obtain the handsomest model he could, went, on the invitation of his friend the Colonel of the 1st Life Guards, to inspect the regiment on parade at Albany Street Barracks, and there he found the very man he wanted in a private soldier—a splendid type of masculine beauty—and having, after great difficulty, obtained the uniform of a Black Brunswicker, he dressed him in it and painted his portrait. The poor fellow (I forget his name) died of consumption in the following year.

The curious in such matters may like to know how the figures posed. I may say, therefore, that the two models never sat together. “The Black Brunswicker”\* clasped a lay-figure to his breast, while the fair lady leant on the bosom of a man of wood.

The work was sold to M. Gambart for one thousand guineas. It took a long time to paint, and my father was so pleased with it that he afterwards did a replica in oils, which is now in the possession of the family.

Mrs. Perugini has kindly favoured me with the following note of her experience as a sitter for this picture :—

“I made your father’s acquaintance when I was quite a young girl. Very soon after our first meeting he wrote to my father, asking him to allow me to sit to him for a head in one of the pictures he was then painting, ‘The Black Brunswicker.’ My father consenting, I used to go to your mother and father’s house, somewhere in the North of London, accompanied by an old lady, a friend of your family. I was very shy and quiet in those days, and during the ‘sittings’ I was only too glad to leave the conversation to be carried on by your father and his old friend ; but I soon grew to be interested in your father’s extraordinary vivacity, and the keenness and delight he took in discussing books, plays, and music, and sometimes painting—but he always spoke less of pictures than of anything else—and these sittings, to which I had looked forward with a certain amount of dread and dislike, became so pleasant to me that I was heartily sorry when they came to an end and my presence was no more required in his studio.

\* “A gentleman came into his studio, and seeing his famous picture of the ‘Black Brunswicker,’ asked, ‘What uniform is that?’ Millais, who had been at great trouble and expense to procure the exact costume, replied, ‘The Black Brunswicker.’ ‘Oh, indeed,’ said the visitor ; ‘I knew it was one of the volunteers, but I wasn’t sure which regiment.’”—*The Memories of Dean Hole.*

“As I stood upon my ‘throne,’ listening attentively to everything that passed, I noticed one day that your father was much more silent than usual, that he was very restless, and a little sharp in his manner when he asked me to turn my head this way or that. Either my face or his brush seemed to be out of order, and he could not get on. At last, turning impatiently to his old friend, he exclaimed, ‘Come and tell me what’s wrong here: I can’t see any more, I’ve got blind over it.’ She laughingly excused herself, saying she was no judge, and wouldn’t be of any use, upon which he turned to me. ‘Do *you* come down, my dear, and tell me,’ he said. As he was quite grave and very impatient, there was nothing for it but to descend from my throne and take my place beside him. As I did so I happened to notice a slight exaggeration in something I saw upon his canvas, and told him of it. Instantly, and greatly to my dismay, he took up a rag and wiped out the whole of the head, turning at the same time triumphantly to his old friend. ‘There! that’s what I always say; a fresh eye can see everything in a moment, and an artist should ask a stranger to come in and look at his work, every day of his life. There! get back to your place, my dear, and we’ll begin all over again!’”

As the time approached for the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1860, great was the curiosity amongst those who had seen “The Black Brunswicker” \* as to the view the Press would take of it, after the furious onslaught they had made on the artist’s previous works. The remarkable success of these works, in spite of all their sneers and taunts, would hardly, it was thought, encourage them to renew the attack; but that they would give it a word of welcome was not to be expected, good as the picture was, and however much it might be admired.

And now, when it appeared on the Academy walls, the public hailed it enthusiastically as one of the greatest gems of the Exhibition; but, with few exceptions, the Press, apparently willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike, reviewed it in the most ungracious spirit. To Millais, however, these anonymous criticisms had ceased to be of any moment. Confident in his own powers, and in full assurance of success after the victory of previous years, he now found renewed pleasure in his work, and never

\* The picture occupied three months in painting. The success caused the artist to make an exact copy of the original. This, however, was never quite finished, and is now in the possession of the family.



spared himself in perfecting to the best of his ability whatever he had in hand, whether oil-paintings or black-and-white drawings for the magazines, then in great request. Of this year's letters I have few beyond those written to his wife immediately before and after the opening of the Academy.

"*April 27th*, 1860.—The Leslie dinner was most agreeable. The company there—Duke of Argyle, Lord and Lady Spencer, Lady Wharncliffe, Sir E. Landseer, Mulready, and myself. I went home afterwards with Sir Edwin, and spent some four hours in conversation over brandy and water. Yesterday Frere's dinner was delightful. To-morrow I go to the Royal Academy to touch up. Hunt's picture seems to be doing well as an exhibition."

"*May 2nd*.—I write this from Martineau's, where I have just seen Hunt and Val Prinsep. All yesterday I was at the Royal Academy, and in the evening I had such a bad headache that I was obliged to return and go to bed early. I am, however, all right this morning. I found the woman in 'The Black Brunswicker' looking much better than I had hoped, and I very much improved her. The whole picture is by far the most satisfactory work I ever sent there. Everyone has expressed the same opinion; its success is certain. I met Tom Taylor at the Cosmopolitan with your father, and he said he had heard nothing but '*dead good*' of it."

After commenting on some other Academy pictures he continues:—"The fact is, the Royal Academy is the only place for a man to find his real level. All the defects come out so clearly that no private puffing is worth a farthing. You cannot thrust pictures down people's throats."

"*May 3rd*.—You seem to see much more than we do here. I have seen no criticism on Hunt's picture [Holman Hunt was having a private exhibition of his work, which was very successful], and have only heard of one in the *Illustrated London News*. The *Times* hasn't noticed it yet. I read what it said of 'The Black Brunswicker,' which was flippant, and not at all hearty in praise; moreover, it reads the story wrong.\*

"I was at the Royal Academy this morning, but did not go when the public were admitted. Cooke (Royal Academy) asked me to dine with him at the Academy Club dinner at Greenwich,

\* Millais meant the incident to be taking place on the eve of Waterloo or Quatre Bras, June, 1815, at which battle the leader of the Black Brunswickers, the Duke of Brunswick, was killed. The young Prussian is supposed to be saying good-bye to an English girl.

the annual feast. Although I accepted, I was obliged to excuse myself, for I met Dalziel yesterday, and he said I must give him the 'Framley' illustration on Wednesday, so I have returned from the Academy to design it. Cooke was evidently much vexed, and some of the Royal Academicians seem to think I wish to avoid them, they are so suspicious of me. I could not help it, however, and they must think what they like. Yesterday I went to Arden's with Gambart, who, in my presence, offered more than once to buy from him 'The Rescue' [the picture of the fireman] for £2,000! Fancy that! *I received £580 for it.* Gambart appears to be in the best spirits, and anxious to have everything I am doing. He says if I will let him have my pictures to exhibit separately from the Royal Academy, he will give me as much again for them; it would be worth his while. Arden is very anxious to have 'The Black Brunswicker,' and I am to paint a duplicate the same size directly it comes from the Academy.

"I must now go and read *Framley Parsonage*, and try and get something out of it for my drawing. The dinner was very grand, and many of the blue ribbon swells were introduced to me, and asked whether the *Times* reading was correct. My picture certainly looks most satisfactory. There is nothing in the Exhibition to attract but Landseer's, Phillip's, and mine. I will try and leave this place on Thursday or Friday. This is a long letter, but I have lots to tell you when I come. So glad the children are well and your mother progressing. Keep yourself quite happy, for we have every reason to be thankful this year."

"*May 4th, 1860.*—I write this from Barwell's, after having been for about two minutes at the private view. That sight is always so sickening to me that I cannot stand it. I saw Gambart, and dine with him this evening. I think I told you Windus has sold 'The Huguenot' to Miller, of Preston, for over a thousand (White told me as much). Hunt's exhibition is a *tremendous* success, and I believe Gambart is to give him £5,000 for his picture. The public are much taken with the miniature-like finish and the religious character of the subject. The Royal Academy are tremendously jealous of the success of the picture, and his pocketing such a sum; but he has been seven years at it, and he says it has cost him £2,000 painting it. He hasn't earned a farthing all that time. I saw Watts' fresco in Lincoln's-inn Hall this morning, and it is *magnificent*—by far the best thing of the kind

in the kingdom. . . . To-morrow is the dinner at the Royal Academy, and next week I hope to get to work at the blocks for the parables and the *Cornhill*. I will come very soon, and will then get on with 'The Poacher's Wife' and other work."

"*August 14th.*—I have finished all my work except the parables, which I can do in the North. Bradbury and Evans want to buy my woodcut services, and I see them with Leech to-day at one. I will not bind myself in any way. At the same time, if they make me a thoroughly good offer, it is worth considering. Leech says he thinks they would give me £500 a year if I could regularly supply them; but this has to be considered, as I cannot let illustration interfere with my painting. It is pleasant to hear of my wood drawings rising to so much value. . . ."

Down to this time his black-and-white drawings, of which he made many, principally for contemporary literature, were done on boxwood, and destroyed in the process of cutting-in. Happily, however, the highly-finished illustrations, of which he did a large number in 1853 and the three following years, were drawn on paper in pen and ink, and finished in sepia-wash or body colour; so most of these drawings are still left in their original state, instead of being cut to pieces and ruined by the barbarians of the wood-cutting art.

Truly the wood-cutters of that day had much to answer for. Except, perhaps, Swain, Dalziel, and John Thompson (who cut the Tennyson blocks) not one of them had the faintest conception of how to retain the beautiful and delicate lines of the original drawings; and even the best work of these experts would make the hair of the engravers of *Harper's Magazine* stand on end nowadays.

The black-and-white artists of to-day have their drawings reproduced by various processes, which leave little to be desired; but if they could see, as I have done, some of my father's wood blocks before and after the drawings had been cut upon, they would indeed feel how much their predecessors had to suffer—even more, perhaps, than the old Celt of historic fame, who exclaimed, as he held his head in church on Sabbath morning, after "a nicht wi' Burns," "Puir auld Scotland, ye're sons are sair afflicted, whiles."

The choicest of my father's black-and-white drawings have never been seen by any but the family. Very few people have

any idea of the labour and care that he expended on these drawings. Each one of them was to him a carefully thought-out picture, worthy of the best work that he could put into it. He maintained, indeed, that the few men quite at the top of the tree, both in line and wash, were entitled to rank with the best exponents of oil and water-colour; and if he had lived I feel quite sure that, with his keen desire to encourage true Art, in whatever form displayed, we should in time see workers in black-and-white admitted as freely to the honours of the Academy as are the line-engravers.

Few and far between are those who could ever hope to achieve this distinction, but I have no hesitation in saying that infinitely better Art is to be found in *Harper's Magazine*, the *Century*, *Scribner's*, our Art magazines, and the best illustrated books of the day (and now and then in the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*) than in one-half the pictures that hang on the walls of the Royal Academy and other Art galleries.

Look at the drawings of such men as Phil May, Caton Woodville, C. D. Gibson, E. A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, Frederick Remington, E. Smedley, Reginald Cleaver, Archibald Thorburn, John Gulich, D. Hatherell, Frank Brangwyn, and half a dozen others of similar standing. Many of these are supremely excellent as works of Art; and yet they are not only unrecognised by the powers that be, but go for nothing in the market by comparison with hundreds of old engravings that have nothing but their antiquity and their rarity to recommend them. And why? Simply because they are not in fashion. No recognised connoisseur of Art has taken up black-and-white work with a view to a collection; and since few men dare to trust to their own judgment as buyers of Art works, fashion (too often but a passing phase of ignorance and vulgarity) controls the market. It may be said, perhaps, that as a black-and-white artist myself I am disposed to overrate the value of this class of work. My answer is that I have said here only what I have so often heard from my father—a man who touched every branch of the painter's art, who succeeded in all, and who knew the difficulties and relative values of each.

In 1860 he made a whole series of drawings for Anthony Trollope's novel *Framley Parsonage*—drawings afterwards sold to Mr. Flint, the dealer who, years before, had bought his "Christ in the House of His Parents"—besides illustrations for the *Cornhill*

*Magazine*, and a considerable amount of work for Bradbury and Evans. And from this time onwards, down to 1869, he was chiefly engaged in black-and-white work and water-colour drawings, under commissions from various publishers and picture dealers, including Hurst and Blackett, Chapman and Hall, Bradbury and Evans, Smith and Elder, Dalziel Brothers, and Gambart. He also did a little work for the *Illustrated London News* and drawings for *Punch*, one of which is referred to in the last chapter, the works illustrated by him during this period including Trollope's novel *Orley Farm*, and occasional numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, etc.

The money he received for these drawings was but a nominal recompense for the labour bestowed upon them; for, unless perfectly satisfied with the finished production, he would tear it up at once, even if he had spent whole days upon it, scamped work in any shape being an abomination in his eyes. It was a constant source of lament to him that, under the pressure of monetary needs, even first-rate men were sometimes compelled to turn out more work than they could possibly do with credit to themselves. He would notice this now and then in the illustrated literature of the day, and out would come the remark, "Another poor devil gone wrong for the sake of a few sovereigns!"

He himself liked the work as an occasional change from oils; but knowing how little the pencil could make by comparison with the brush, he refused to be drawn into regular magazine work, which (not altogether without reason) Marie Corelli stigmatises as "the slough of despond." His best work of this sort, and one of the best examples of wood-cutting, were to be seen in the series of drawings representing "The Parables of our Lord." They were engraved by the brothers Dalziel, and he made replicas of them in water-colour for a window that he afterwards presented to Kinnoull parish church in memory of my late brother George—to my mind one of the most beautiful windows in Great Britain. All the backgrounds to the parables were drawn from Nature at or around Bowerswell, and many of the landscapes can be easily recognised, having altered little since 1862.

During this time, too, he seems to have done a great number of water-colours, most of them being either copies of, or designs for, his larger works. For these there was a constant demand, and the dealers worried him into painting no less than seven

or eight water-colour replicas of "The Black Brunswicker" and "The Huguenot." He also made one or more copies of "The Ransom," "My First Sermon," "My Second Sermon," "The Minuet," "The Vale of Rest," "Sir Isumbras," and "Swallow, Swallow, Flying South," nearly all of which were bought by either Gambart or Agnew. Indeed, if a complete collection of his water-colour and black-and-white works at this period could be got together, they would make, I venture to think, almost as interesting an exhibition as that of 1897, in which scarcely one of them was included.

In 1860 he took the shooting of Kincaig, Inverness-shire, along with his friend Colonel Aitkin, and after some hesitation he threw aside his work in the month of August, and hastened to join his friend in the North.

He took his holiday, and then, returning to Bowerswell, he worked hard at "The Poacher's Wife" and "The Ransom," and in the spring of 1861 he went back to town, where he had engaged rooms at 130, Piccadilly, with a studio attached.

He had now bought No. 7, Cromwell Place, South Kensington, which, when remodelled under the direction of his architect, Mr. Freake, he used as the town house of himself and his family from the winter of 1862 to 1878, when they finally took possession of the large house that he built at Palace Gate.

"*May 30th.*—Yesterday morning, before going to the Derby, I called to see Lady Waterford and her drawings. She was so pleased, I think, for I found her drawings magnificent, so I could praise honestly. She was very kind and nice, and begged particularly to be remembered to you.

"Yesterday at the Derby was the usual crowd and dust; but I only got a small headache this time, and slept it off in an hour or so, after which I got up and went to Lewis's Club, where he gave Jopling and myself something to eat. After that we went to Cremorne. One striking fact which greatly astonished me was the absence of intoxication. I never saw one man or woman drunk the whole day, and must have passed thousands upon thousands of people; nor did I see a single row either at the race-course or the gardens, to which almost the whole company came straight from the course. The gardens were beautifully lit up with thousands of lamps, and the night was warm and lovely. Then there was dancing on the greensward—of course, amongst a certain class. Two splendid bands of music, and eating and

drinking in every direction ; yet not a single person drunk. I am very fresh this morning, and going on with the ‘Orley Farm’ illustrations. Jopling, too, is up, and beautiful in summer array. Last night, of course, I saw everybody, from every place I know—Perth men from their regiments, Stirling of Keir, Monckton Milnes, Leech, Thackeray, William, Jue (his wife), and the Hoares. . . .

“This evening I spend quietly with Dalziel, to look over proofs and talk the parables over, and on Saturday I have promised to go to Kingston and see my people, and perhaps row up the river, as they propose a picnic.”

“*June 6th, 1861.*—Plint has just been here and bought the picture of Mrs. Aitkin and John Lindsay, and I have promised to paint a small oil for him of Lucy Roberts. Plint gave X—£1,150 for ‘The Black Brunswicker,’\* and some time ago gave him £1,000 for ‘The Royalist.’ *So much for X—telling me that he had lost by me!* Now when he comes, I will say nothing to lead him to suppose that I know all about it ; but it puts me on my guard for the future.”

“The Ransom,” however (his big picture), was not sold ; so he went to Bowerswell at the beginning of August, and had some pleasant days’ trout-fishing at Loch Leven with Leech and John Anderson, the minister of Kinnoull.

Before closing this chapter it is necessary to say a few words about “The Ransom” and its subsequent history. Commenced with “Trust Me” in the autumn of 1860, the picture was not completed till the spring of 1862. The subject is that of the detention of two maidens who had been captured during the Middle Ages. The girls are seen in the act of returning to their father, a black-bearded knight, who in turn has to present gold and gems for their release. The costumes in this picture were most carefully studied. “Most of them,” says my mother, “were made by me, and I designed them from a book on costume lent by Lady Eastlake.” She then gives a few particulars as to the background and models. “The tapestry was the last part which was painted. It was done in the unfinished portion of the South Kensington Museum, where Mr. Smith, the decorator, hung it in position for the artist. Millais had great trouble with the knight. The head was taken from his friend Major Boothby, who gave him many

\* When first sold to a dealer “The Black Brunswicker” fetched £816. In May, 1898, it was sold by the executors of the late James Renton for £2,650.

sittings; but at the last moment he considered the expression unsuitable, and so called in the services of a Mr. Miller. The figure of the knight he drew from a gigantic railway guard, appropriately named 'Strong,' who was afterwards crushed to death in Perth Station. The page was a handsome youth named Reid, and Major McBean, 92nd Highlanders, and a labourer sat for the guards. Both the girls were painted from one model, Miss Helen Petrie."



## CHAPTER X

1861-1867

A holiday in Sutherlandshire—"The Eve of St. Agnes"—Comfortless surroundings—Death of Thackeray—His funeral—"My First Sermon"—Pictures of 1863—Paints Tom Taylor's son—Letter from Tom Taylor—"Esther"—Gordon's yellow jacket—"The Romans Leaving Britain"—Letter from Anne Thackeray Ritchie—"Waking"—In Scotland with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley—Meeting with Dr. Livingstone—Livingstone in pursuit of salmon—Millais goes abroad with his wife, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Henry Layard—He buys Michael Angelo's "Leda and the Swan"—Memorable evening at "Villa Spence"—Adelina Patti as a dancer—Makes the acquaintance of Liszt—They travel with Mario—"Waking"—The Callander shootings—Amusing letter from Sir William Harcourt—Letter to William Fenn—A deer drive in Glen Artney.

THE autumn of 1861 was spent in Sutherlandshire, where, as I gather from his letters, Millais found great enjoyment while fishing and shooting along with his friend "Mike" Halliday. In August of that year they were staying at Lairg, from which he writes to my mother:—

"We dined on Sunday at Rose Hall, and enjoyed it immensely; they were so kind. Lord and Lady Delamere were there, and he is a capital fellow. In the evening, after dinner, we drew blind-folded several subjects, and the result was absurd, as you may imagine. We dine here again next Sunday. Both Holford and his wife were most kind, and expressed great regret that they could not give us beds. Yesterday Mike and I shot all the day, but the ground is very inferior to Kinraig. Poor little man, he couldn't walk the hillsides, and was done up so completely that he couldn't shoot a bit. Halliday only shot three brace, which made in all seventeen brace and a half, *all of which*, by Mr. Holford's orders, is left to us. I send away a box to you, and another to Kingston."

In another letter he says:—

"I am almost sorry I sent you the grilse yesterday, for I killed a fine salmon this morning, 10 lbs. weight. I hooked it when far away from anyone, and had the fish on for more than half an hour

without being able to make anybody hear my shouting. At last Mike caught sight of me waving my bonnet, and came to my assistance with the gaff, and after playing the fish until it was quite done, he succeeded in securing it. It was a beautiful clean salmon, just up from the salt water. It struggled awfully, and took me down the river in the most gallant way. We have just returned from dining with the Holfords, who are indefatigable in their kindness and attention. I never experienced such unaffected kindness, and Mike finds the same. Poor little chap, he hasn't even risen a fish at all yet, except trout."

The letter winds up with an injunction to practise croquet, which was all the rage just then.

The later autumn days and the following winter were mainly devoted to painting "The Woman Looking for the Lost Piece of Money"—showing a female figure in the moonlight holding a lighted candle, with which she searches the floor. The picture unhappily came to an untimely end, but an engraving of it (made before it left the artist's hands) gives some idea of the striking effects of mingled moonlight and candle-light as depicted. In 1862 Millais gave the picture to Baron Marochetti in exchange for a marble bust of my mother by this famous sculptor, and one day the gas meter in the Baron's house in Onslow Square exploded, and the picture (frame and all) was shot through the window into the street, and completely destroyed.

During the spring of 1862 he was hard at work on a portrait of Mr. Puxley, a hunting squire, and the little picture of "The White Cockade," in which a Highland lady is seen attaching the white badge of the Jacobites to her lover's cocked hat. My mother sat for this picture, and an excellent portrait of her at that time is preserved there. A Scotch friend, hearing by chance of the subject of the painting, was good enough to present her with one of the original cockades worn in the bonnets of Prince Charlie's followers—a badge now extremely rare.

The summer of this year was an exceedingly busy one for the artist. He did an immense quantity of work for *London Society*, Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., Macmillan, Chapman and Hall, Sampson Low and Co., Dalziel, and Bradbury and Evans, and something too for the *Illustrated London News*. In the Academy he exhibited "The Ransom" (sometimes called "The Hostage"), "Trust Me," "The Parable of the Lost Piece of Money," and "Mrs. Charles Freeman."

August was now at hand, and with a light heart he fled away to his beloved Scotland, where he had taken care to secure beforehand what promised to afford excellent sport. First of all he went to the Helmsdale, the fishing of which he and his friend, Colonel Cholmondeley, had taken for that month. There, however, the fates favoured the fish rather than the fishermen, and at the end of the month he moved on to Inveran Inn, near Tain, where Mike Halliday and he had part of the River Shin for the month of September. Here another disappointment awaited him as to the fishing; but his letters show that in other respects the holiday was an enjoyable one. Writing to my mother on September 2nd, he says:—

“I arrived here yesterday morning at half-past five, and travelled all night, never getting a wink of sleep. However, when I had had a tub I felt all right. There was no bed for me anyhow. Brandreth was here, and left this morning with his wife, who came up from Dunrobin. He is a most kind fellow—took me out shooting all yesterday, and the result will come to you in the shape of a box of grouse. Mike took Mr. B.’s gun in the evening, and we got ten more brace, which made it a good day. Mr. B. has given me all his part of the river to fish in, besides the right to shoot with Mike on a moor fifteen or sixteen miles away from here; also to take three days on the moor immediately adjoining this inn, where we killed the birds yesterday. It is very fortunate, as the fishing is *very bad* this year. I went out last evening after the shooting, and only rose one fish. . . . The Cholmondeleys were very sorry at my leaving, and were most kind. You may expect to see him in Perth about the 15th.”

Towards the end of the season he took up his quarters at Bowerswell; and with a view to the well-known picture, “My First Sermon,” my sister Effie, then a child of five years, was selected as the model. She also sat, two years later, for the companion picture of “My Second Sermon,” and from that time onwards all the children in turn were enlisted as models for different pictures.

Later on in the autumn of 1862 some lines in Keats’ beautiful poem, “The Eve of St. Agnes,” caught the fancy of the artist, inviting him to illustrate them on canvas; and this he determined to do at once.

“Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm gules on Madeline’s fair breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;  
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one ;  
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees  
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :  
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,  
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees  
 In fancy fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled."

But where was a suitable background to be found? The picture, as conceived by the artist, demanded an interior such as was not to be seen in Scotland, so far as he knew; but in the historic mansion of Knole Park was a room well known to him, and exactly suited to his purpose. So, coming South rather earlier than usual this year, he and my mother betook themselves to Sevenoaks, where, at a wayside hostelry, they remained throughout December.

Knole was close by—a large house, tenanted by an old caretaker—and, except the floor (then covered with modern parquetry), this wonderful old room had undergone no change whatever since the time of James I. The old furniture and fittings of solid silver were still there, the same old tapestry adorned the walls, and a death-like stillness pervaded the apartment—"a silence that might be felt" at the midnight hour when the moonlight was streaming in through the window and no fire was burning on the hearth. And yet that was the time when the picture must be painted—that and a few hours later—otherwise the exact direction of the moonbeams falling on the figure could not be caught. No wonder, then, that my father, though by no means a nervous man, was sensible of a high state of tension while sitting at his work for three nights in succession amidst such weird and comfortless surroundings. My mother, too—for she it was who sat for the figure—was similarly affected, while her discomfort during those weary hours may be readily imagined. Think of the slender garments in which the figure is draped, the bodice unlaced, the room unheated; and this in the depth of winter! No wonder that she was accustomed to speak of it afterwards as the severest task she ever undertook. But the reward came at last, making amends for all it cost to win it. The painter caught the spirit of the poet, and embodied it in his canvas. The finishing touches were done at Cromwell Place,\* with the aid of a professional model, Miss Ford.

\* Millais lit up his canvas with a bull's-eye lantern when painting this subject in London. He found that the light from even a full moon was not strong enough to throw, through a stained glass window, perceptible colour on any object, as Keats had supposed and described in his poem.

My mother says in her notes :—“ This picture was marvellously quickly executed. After three days and a half at Knole and two days more at home, the work was complete, and highly finished. The magnificent bed represented was that in which King James I. slept. It cost £3,000, and the coverlet was a mass of gold thread and silver appliqué gimp and lace ; the sheets were white silk, and the mattresses of padded cotton-wool.

“ Millais’ fingers got numb with the cold, but there was no time to be lost, as the private view day was drawing near. When we got back from Knole the figure of Madeline had to be altered ; and when the work was exhibited the public thought the woman ugly, thin, and stiff. ‘ I cannot bear that woman with the gridiron,’ said Frank Grant (Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.), alluding to the vivid streams of moonlight on the floor ; and Tom Taylor said, ‘ Where on earth did you get that scraggy model, Millais ? ’ ”

The picture, after passing successively through the hands of Mr. Charles Lucas and Mr. Leyland, is now in the possession of Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. It was seen by Art lovers on the walls of South Kensington, and was amongst the works in the recent “ Millais Exhibition ” at Burlington House.

An appreciative letter from Val Prinsep is of interest as showing what artists thought of this work. Writing to Millais he says :—

“ It was a great pleasure to me, my dear old chap, to be able to purchase your picture. There is not an artist who has failed to urge me to do so. For the profession’s sake I am glad your picture is in the hands of one of the craft, for it is essentially a painter’s picture. After all, what do the public and the critics know about the matter ? Nothing ! The worst is, they think they do, and hence comes the success of many a commonplace work and the comparative neglect of what is full of genius. I’ve got the genius bit, and am delighted.

“ Yours ever,

“ VAL PRINSEP.”

No sooner was it finished than, in execution of a commission from Mr. Marley, of Regent’s Park, the artist set to work on a portrait of Mr. Henry Manners, now Marquess of Granby. Other pictures, too, followed in quick succession, notably “ Suspense,” “ The Bridesmaid throwing the Lucky Slipper,” and “ The Wolf’s

Den," the last-named showing portraits of all the artist's elder children.

For the rest, the year (1863) was one of mingled joy and sorrow. In September my brother Geoffroy was born; but a few months later the sudden death of Thackeray, the bright and genial novelist, cast a deep gloom over the household, both my father and mother being devotedly attached to him. They had noticed with distress his failing health and loss of appetite, when dining with them shortly before their annual migration to the North; but neither of them ever dreamt that this was the last time that they and he would meet. In a letter to my mother on Christmas Day my father wrote:—

"I am sure you will be dreadfully shocked, as I was, at the loss of poor Thackeray. I imagine, and hope truly, you will have heard of it before this reaches you. He was found dead by his servant in the morning, and of course the whole house is in a state of the utmost confusion and pain. They first sent to Charlie Collins and his wife, who went immediately, and have been almost constantly there ever since. I sent this morning to know how the mother and girls were, and called myself this afternoon; and they are suffering terribly, as you might expect. He was found lying back, with his arms over his head, as though in great pain. I shall hear more, of course. Everyone I meet is affected by his death. Nothing else is spoken of."

And again, three days later:—

"I go to-morrow with Walker, Prinsep, and Theodore Martin, to poor Thackeray's funeral—Kensal Green Cemetery; half-past twelve. I send every day to ask after the mother and girls. They are dreadfully broken by the death.

"My model is waiting, so I must leave off now. I made a beautiful little drawing of Lady Edwards' baby lying in the bassinet. Of course I had to idealise somewhat, as there was a look of pain in the face.

"I had five men dining with me last night, and the conversation was entirely about the loss we have all sustained. Cayley, Doyle, Prinsep, Martineau, and Jopling were the party."

In another letter, on December 31st, he added:—

"I went yesterday to the funeral, in Theodore Martin's carriage. It was a mournful scene, and badly managed. A crowd of women were there—from curiosity, I suppose—dressed in all colours; and round the grave scarlet and blue feathers shone out prominently!

Indeed, the true mourners and friends could not get near, and intimate friends who were present had to be hustled into their places during the ceremony of interment. We all, of course, followed from the chapel, and by that time the grave was surrounded. There was a great lack of what is called ‘high society,’ which I was surprised at. None of that class, of whom he knew so many, were present. The painters were *nearly all* there—more even than the literary men. The review of his life and works you sent me is *quite beautiful*—just what it ought to be—I suppose by Dr. John Brown, who was a great friend.”

“My First Sermon” was exhibited this year in the Academy, and at the Academy banquet on May 3rd, when (according to a newspaper report now before me) the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a graceful speech, referred to it as follows:—

“Still, Art has, and ever will have, a high and noble mission to fulfil. That man, I think, is little to be envied who can pass through these rooms and go forth without being in some sense a better and a happier man; if at least it be so (as I do believe it to be) that we feel ourselves the better and the happier when our hearts are enlarged as we sympathise with the joys and the sorrows of our fellow-men, faithfully delineated on the canvas; when our spirits are touched by the playfulness, the innocence, the purity, and may I not add (pointing to Millais’ picture of ‘My First Sermon’) the piety of childhood.”

This little picture of Effie\* was extremely popular. The artist himself was so pleased with it that, before going North in August of that year, he made an oil copy of it, doing the work from start to finish in two days! A truly marvellous achievement, considering that the copy displayed almost the same high finish as the original; but in those two days he worked incessantly from morning to night, never even breaking off for lunch in the middle of the day. Well might he say, as he did in a letter to my mother, “I never did anything in my life so well or so quickly.” The copy was sold as soon as it was finished, and I see from an entry in my mother’s book that he received £180 for it.

He was now, so far as I can judge, at the summit of his powers in point of both physical strength and technical skill, the force and rapidity of his execution being simply amazing.

\* “My First” and “My Second Sermon” were both painted in the old church at Kingston-on-Thames, where Millais’ parents resided. The old high-backed pews had not then been removed.

Leaving my mother at Bowerswell early in January, 1864, he returned to town, where, soon after his arrival, John Leech came to see him. As an old and intimate friend of Thackeray, Leech was distressed beyond measure by his death. He should never get over it, he said; and a month or two later his words gained a painful significance by his own death from heart disease. My father was constantly with him during the last stage of this terrible complaint, and never ceased to lament the loss of his old friend and companion.

This year proved to be most prolific of all in point of work. Writing to my mother on January 13th, he said:—

“I will come and look out for a background for ‘Moses.’ I am just going to begin Effie sleeping in the pew. It is very dark, but enough light for drawing. Have done both ‘Arabian Nights’ drawings, and another (two since you left) illustration for *Good Words*. I missed my train to Trollope on Sunday, and had to take a hansom all the way to Waltham—two hours there, and two back, but I got there in time for dinner.

“Hablot Brown is illustrating his new serial. Chapman is publishing it, and he is not pleased with the illustrating, and proposed to me to take it off his hands, but I declined. Messrs. C. and H. gave him so much more for his novel that they wished to save in the illustrations, and now Trollope is desirous of foregoing his extra price to have it done by me.”

“Effie sleeping in the pew” was, as indicated above, the subject of “My Second Sermon,” in which, the novelty of the situation having worn off, the child is seen fast asleep, being overcome by the heat of the church, and probably by the soporific influence of the pulpit. The Archbishop of Canterbury referred also to this work in his speech at the Academy banquet in 1865. According to the newspapers of the period his words were:—

“I would say for myself that I always desire to derive profit as well as pleasure from my visits to these rooms. On the present occasion I have learnt a very wholesome lesson, which may be usefully studied, not by myself alone, but by those of my right reverend brethren also who surround me. I see a little lady there (pointing to Mr. Millais’ picture of a child asleep in church, entitled ‘My Second Sermon’), who, though all unconscious whom she has been addressing, and the homily she has been reading to us during the last three hours, has in truth, by the eloquence of her silent slumber, given us *a warning of the evil of*



*lengthy sermons and drowsy discourses.* Sorry indeed should I be to disturb that sweet and peaceful slumber, but I beg that when she does awake she may be informed who they are who have pointed the moral of her story, have drawn the true inference from the change that has passed over her since she has heard her 'first sermon,' and have resolved to profit by the lecture she has thus delivered to them."

"Leisure Hours," a picture combining the portraits of Mr. John Pender's two daughters, was next taken up. Then came "Charlie is My Darling," a picture for which Lady Pallisser sat, and to which a little romance is attached. Whilst Millais was at work on this picture Sir William Pallisser visited the studio, where he was much struck with the face of the lady as portrayed. He begged for and obtained an introduction, and afterwards falling deeply in love with one another, she became Lady Pallisser. That work, too, was exhibited this year, and is now in the possession of an old friend of my father's, Mr. James Reiss. An illustration in oils of Tennyson's charming "Swallow, Swallow, Flying South," was also in hand now, for which my mother's sister, Alice Gray (now Mrs. Stibbard) sat; but the picture, though finished in time for the Academy, was not exhibited till the following year.

A portrait of Harold, son of the Dowager Countess of Winchelsea, was also painted this year, and satisfied with the work already done, Millais went off in July to the Helmsdale to try his luck once more as a fisherman. Of his life there, and the sport he met with, I have unfortunately no record, as, my mother being with him, no letters passed between them.

It was in the late autumn of 1864 that the artist completed an excellent portrait of Wyclif Taylor, son of his friend Tom Taylor, of *Punch* fame—a portrait that seems to have given great satisfaction to the parents.

*From Tom Taylor.*

"8, RICHMOND TERRACE, WHITEHALL, S.W.,

"December 27th, 1864.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I cannot allow the day to pass without thanking you for your beautiful portrait of our boy. It is an exquisite picture of a child, and a perfect likeness. Both his mother and myself feel that you have given us a quite inimitable

treasure, which, long years hence, will enable us to recall what our boy was at the age when childhood is loveliest and finest. Should we lose him—which Heaven avert—the picture will be more precious still.

“It seems to us the sweetest picture of a child even *you* have painted. If you would like to have it exhibited, I need not say it is at your service for the purpose.

“With renewed thanks, and all the best wishes of the season for you and yours,

“Believe me, ever gratefully yours,

“TOM TAYLOR.

“P.S.—I send you my Christmas gift in return, however inadequate. The . . . Ballad Book, which owes so much to your pencil.”

I have suggested that in point of technical skill Millais attained the zenith of his power in 1864, but the fact is too plain to be overlooked, that 1865 marked a distinct advance in the direction of larger and more important pictures, and greater breadth of treatment. His first picture this year was “The Evil One Sowing Tares”; and then came “Esther” and “The Romans Leaving Britain,” both of which present a fulness of power and facility of expression such as he had never before displayed, and this too without any sacrifice of the high finish that characterised his earlier works. In these pictures he seems to have accomplished with a single dash of the brush effects that, in former years, he attained only by hours of hard work.

Miss Susan Ann Mackenzie, sister of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, sat for the principal figure in “Esther.”

A lady kindly furnishes me with the following note:—

“The robe thrown over the shoulders of ‘Esther’ was General Gordon’s ‘Yellow Jacket.’\* In this ‘Yellow Jacket’ General Gordon sat to Valentine Prinsep, R.A., for the portrait for the Royal Engineers’ mess-room at Chatham. Millais so admired this splendid piece of brocade that he dressed Miss Muir Mackenzie in it, but *turning it inside out*, so as to have broader masses of colour. With her fine hair unbound, and a royal crown in her hand, she sat

\* “At the end of the Taeping Rebellion, and when Gordon gave up the command of the ‘ever-victorious army,’ the Chinese Government tried to offer him rewards. He would take nothing but the rank of Ti-Tu, or Field Marshal, and the ‘rare and high dignity of the *Yellow Jacket*.’”—BOULGER’S *Life of Gordon*, vol. i. p. 122.

for ‘Queen Esther.’ The picture was bought from a dealer by my husband, and it has since passed to Mr. Alex. Henderson with the rest of his collection.”

Millais was painting Miss Mackenzie’s head when the Yellow Jacket was brought in, and, as he draped it on her, he said: “There! That is my idea of Queen Esther; you must let me paint you like that.”

The subject of “The Romans leaving Britain” is one which had always had a great attraction for Millais. We see here, as Mr. Stephens says, “the parting between a Roman legionary and his British mistress. They are placed on a cliff-path overlooking the sea, where a large galley is waiting for the soldier. He kneels at the woman’s feet, with his arms clasped about her body; his face, though unhelmeted, is hidden from us in her breast; her hands are upon his shoulders, and she looks steadfastly, with a passionate, eager, savage stare upon the melancholy waste of the grey and restless sea.”

The sentiment and pathos of this picture were much admired, and soon after the close of the Exhibition (1865) Millais received the following interesting letter from Miss Anne Thackeray, daughter of the novelist before referred to, written from the home of the Tennysons at Freshwater, Isle of Wight:—

“I thought of you one day last week when we took a walk with Tennyson and came to some cliffs, a sweep of sand, and the sea; and I almost expected to see poor Boadicea up on the cliff, with her passionate eyes. I heard Mr. Watts and Mr. Prinsep looking for her somewhere else, but I am sure mine was on the cliff. Mr. Watts has been painting Hallam and Lionel Tennyson. We hear him when we wake, playing his fiddle in the early morning. They are all so kind to us that we do not know how to be grateful enough. We have had all sorts of stray folk. Jowett and the Dean of Christchurch, and cousins without number. It has been very pleasant and sunshiny, and we feel as if we should like to live on here in lodgings all the rest of our lives. Last night ‘King Alfred’ read out ‘Maude.’ It was like beautiful harmonious thunder and lightning. . . . I cannot help longing to know the fate of ‘Esther’ . . . after she went in through the curtains.”

The daughter of Scott Russell (the engineer of the *Great Eastern*) sat for the British maiden “Boadicea,” and the picture ultimately became the property of Sir Lowthian Bell. The background was painted down at Lulworth in Dorset.

At this time he had some idea of painting one of the closing scenes in the life of Mary Queen of Scots, and with a view to this he exchanged several letters with Froude, the historian, who kindly gave him all the information in his power. His letters, however, went to prove that the incident the artist had in mind had no foundation in fact, so the idea was at once abandoned.

In July he commenced the picture known as "Waking"—a portrait of my sister Mary sitting up in bed—and was getting well on with it when his little model showed signs of illness that compelled him to leave off for a time. It was finished, however, later on, and is now in the collection of Mr. Holbrook Gaskell. A bed, with all its accessories, is not commonly a thing of beauty, but in this case the artist made it so, the high finish of the still-life adding greatly to the general effect. Writing to my mother on the 29th of this month, he says:—"I am working very hard. Have commenced the duplicates of 'Esther,' and commence the Romans to-day. 'Joan of Arc' is gone, and I am hourly expecting Agnew to send for Alice ['Swallow, Swallow']."

On August 12th he and his friend Reginald Cholmondeley went off to the North—this time to Argyll, where Sir William Harcourt had taken a shooting called Dalhenna, amongst the lovely hills near Inverary. The great leader of the Liberals proved a most admirable host, and many are the good stories told of the jovial times the three friends had together. How Millais enjoyed it may be gathered from the following letters to his wife, all dated in August, 1866. In the first he says:—

"Harcourt and I shot twenty-three brace yesterday in a frightful sun, and enjoyed the day very much. Cholmondeley is not well (knocked up by the heat), so he didn't accompany us. H. is sending all the birds to England, and we don't like to have birds for ourselves. The cuisine is like that of a good club. His cook is here and manservant, and the comfort is great—altogether delightful—and the grapes and peaches were thoroughly appreciated. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland left yesterday. She looked so pretty at luncheon on Sunday. We have a great deal of laughing. To-day we are going to fish in Loch Fyne for *Lythe*, which afford good sport; and to-morrow we shoot again. Cholmondeley has his keeper and dogs with him. H. has a kilted keeper of his own, besides the ponies for the hill with saddlebags. We are going to visit the islands in a yacht, as the rivers are too dry for fishing salmon.

"I have been unusually well since coming here, and very merry. Lord Lorne is a very nice pleasant fellow, and all the family are kindly, and as soon as the Duke returns we are to dine there. Our cottage is such a pretty spot—roses and convolvulus and honeysuckle over the porch, and a swallow feeding her young within reach of our hands."

Of these Dalhenna days Millais loved to recall an amusing incident, the hero being one of the three shooters, who shall be nameless. One evening during a casual stroll about the domain, the sportsman spied a magnificent "horned beast" grazing peacefully on their little hill. In the gloaming it loomed up as a stag of fine proportions; and without pausing to examine it through a glass, he rushed into the house, and, seizing a rifle, advanced upon his quarry with all the stealth and cunning of an accomplished stalker. The crucial moment came at last. His finger was on the trigger, and the death of the animal a certainty, when a raucous Highland voice bellowed in his ear, "Ye're no gaen to shute the meenister's goat, are ye?" Tableau!

In a second letter to my mother he says:—"Harcourt is having a new grate put into his kitchen, to soften his cook. We have come in the dog-cart here for the day, taking boat at Cladich and leaving it almost immediately in terror, from the unsafeness of the boat in heavy waves. We walked on here, and H. at once let go a storm of invective against the landlady and the waiter, both being so supremely indifferent about our custom, that we had great difficulty in assuaging our appetites. After long suffering we obtained only very tough chops and herrings. We return to-morrow and shoot again on Saturday. To-day we drove through what the natives called the 'Duke's policies,' and met the great man himself, who was all smiles and politeness.

"I will return directly the fortnight is out, but not before, as H. looks on me as his mainstay in shooting, Cholmondeley not being well and avoiding the heavy work on the moor. The weather has been unendurably hot, but I thrive in it, and would be happy but for the midges, which nearly destroy all my pleasure. Harcourt is going to make out a plan for our tour abroad, as he knows all the parts we intend visiting. Outside has been a dreadful boy-German band playing for two hours, but now they have left off with 'God Save the Queen'; while just above us a duet has commenced, by two young ladies—'Masaniello.'

"We have killed comparatively little game, but enough to

make it pleasant, and I expect plenty of black game. Rabbits are abundant, and no one could be more kind and jolly than Harcourt.

“I like to hear from some of you every day, that you are all well; and after this fling I will return and work like a Trojan, before going South. I would like, if possible, to paint the firs at Kinnoull as a background, besides the copies.”

In his next letter he describes his meeting with Dr. Livingstone, of whom he saw a good deal during the rest of his stay at Dalhenna. After this he frequently dined at the Castle, and had long and interesting talks with the famous explorer, who used in the evening to amuse the Duke's children with his wonderful tales of Africa, then a *terra incognita*.

He writes:—“On Friday we returned to Loch Awe, and near Inverary found Lord Archibald Campbell and another younger brother catching salmon for the amusement of Dr. Livingstone, who is at the Castle. We were introduced, and I had a chat with the Doctor. They caught salmon in a poaching way with lead and hooks attached, which sank amongst the imprisoned fish, who are in pools from which they cannot get out. The same afternoon the Duchess called with a carriage full of pretty children, and asked us to dine, which we did after killing twenty-eight brace on the hill. There was no one staying at the Castle but Livingstone, but the party was large enough, as there are sons and tutors in abundance. In the evening we played billiards, and at tea drew out the African traveller, who is shy and not very communicative. To-morrow we shoot again, and I think of returning on Wednesday. The black game shooting commenced yesterday and I killed two, and this week we shall beat the low hills for them. . . . I am anxious to return now and get on with my work; but having promised to stay a fortnight, I stay that time.”

In September he rejoined his family at Bowerswell, and after working for a month on “The Minuet” (a picture for which my sister Effie posed as the principal figure, my aunt Alice sitting at the piano in the background), he and his wife and Sir William Harcourt made a tour on the Continent, travelling through Switzerland to Florence, where they were fortunate enough to meet their friends Sir Henry Layard and Lord and Lady Arthur Russell. Layard, the famous archæologist, was born in Florence, and Italy was an open book to him. He was, moreover, a most charming companion, and under his guidance my father was

enabled to see all the best Art collections in the city, including the treasures left by the Prince Galli, who had recently died. He was the last of his race, and had bequeathed all his paintings and pieces of sculpture to the hospital of Florence, including the marble statue of "Leda and the Swan," by Michael Angelo, a work of Art which had been in possession of the Galli family for over 300 years. This statue Sir Henry strongly advised Millais to buy at any price, saying that, if he did not do so, he would buy it himself for his friend Lord Wimborne, although he had no commission to do so. It was probably the last occasion, he said, on which a genuine work by Michael Angelo would be for sale, as the Italian Government were then about to put in force an Act prohibiting the removal from the country of great and well-known works of Art. Millais, therefore, attended the sale and purchased the "Leda," which was at once packed and sent off to London. A most fortunate thing for him, for the very next day came a missive from the Russian Government requesting the Italian Government to buy the "Leda" for them at any price, and the latter were not too well pleased when they heard that it was already on its way to England.

One evening my father and mother were invited to dine with a Mr. Spence at the Villa Spence—a house that formerly belonged to the Medicis, and is now one of the show places in Florence, with its exquisite gardens and wonderful underground chapel. They did not know whom they were to meet, but on arriving there they found amongst the guests Mario, Grisi and her three daughters, as well as Adelina and Carlotta Patti, and their brother-in-law Strakosch—altogether a dinner-party of geniuses. But geniuses enjoy themselves very much like other people. They told each other all the best stories they could think of in connection with their public lives, and after dinner Strakosch played, and Millais danced nearly the whole evening with Adelina Patti, who proved herself almost as good a waltzer as a vocalist. They met again at some state function in London about a year before his death, when she recalled the happy time they had spent that evening at the Villa Spence.

From Florence, accompanied by their friends, they visited Bologna and Venice, where they stayed with Mr. Rawdon Brown in his palace on the Grand Canal. Then to Rome, where they had to undergo the delights of fumigation by sulphur, and were nearly suffocated; for this was in the days of Cardinal Antonelli,

when the fear of the plague was at its height. Here, as at Florence, Sir Henry Layard again acted as their guide to the Art treasures of the city, and Lord Arthur Russell took them into the Vatican to see the Pope, Pius IX., whom my mother used to describe as a very nice, benevolent-looking old gentleman. He was dressed all in white, with a black biretta, and acknowledged their salutations as he passed.

Almost immediately after he had passed out, the Abbé Liszt came into the room, and was presented by the British Ambassador to my father and mother. Liszt at once struck up a conversation with my mother, to the great mortification of her husband, who was most anxious to talk to him, but could not speak a word of any other language than his own. After bidding good-bye to their friends in Rome, Millais and his wife went on alone to Pisa, to see Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., who was then on his death-bed.

Leghorn was now their aim, and after visiting several other places on their way, they arrived there at midnight in a way they did not anticipate. About ten miles from their destination the railway engine broke down, and there was nothing for it but to finish their journey as they did, in a country cart, sitting on the top of their luggage. There, however, they had the good luck to fall in with Mario again, who afterwards took ship with them for Genoa, where, with the aid of despatches, he helped them through the intricacies of the custom-house—a very real service in those red-tape days. The splendid Vandykes of Genoa were an immense pleasure to my father, but I never heard him express a wish to see any other masterpieces in the foreign galleries except the series of pictures by Velasquez in Madrid, for he already knew the Paris and Hague galleries, and loathed travelling in any form. And now their faces were set towards England, home, and duty; and as there was no railway in those days along the Riviera, they took the "diligence" all the way to Marseilles and from there home by sea.

"Sleeping," "Waking," and "The Minuet," the three pictures which Millais exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1867, may certainly be classed among the specimens of his later Pre-Raphaelite manner, of which the "Vale of Rest" was the first example. It would seem, therefore, that just for this one year he returned to his old love, before the production of his broader works of "Jephtha" and "Rosalind and Celia," both commenced in 1867.



These three pictures were exact portraits of my sisters Alice, Mary, and Effie, and (as I have often heard from those who knew them from their infancy) were not idealised in the slightest degree. The art of the painter was exercised only in seizing upon the beauty of a particular child at a certain moment, and transferring it to his canvas. That was not idealising, but simply catching the child at its very best. None of the three girls enjoyed sitting for their portraits. As one of them expressed herself at the time, "It was so horrid, just after breakfast, to be taken upstairs and undressed again, to be put to bed in the studio." When tired of gazing seraphically upwards she would wait till my father was not looking, and then kick all the bedclothes off, perhaps just as he was painting a particular fold—a trick which the artist never seemed to appreciate. The idea for "Sleeping" was suggested by seeing my sister Alice, then a very little girl, fast asleep the morning after a children's party. Millais went to the nursery to look for the child, and found the French maid, Berthe, sewing beside the bed, waiting for her charge to wake up; and when sitting for this picture the little model used often to go to sleep in real earnest.

My sister Mary tells the following story about "Waking." Being left alone for a few minutes during the painting of this picture, she slipped out of bed and crept up to the table where the palettes and brushes were left; and then, taking a good brushful of paint and reaching as high as possible, proceeded to embellish the lower part of the work with some beautiful brown streaks. Presently she heard her father returning, and bolted back to bed. Foreseeing that in another minute he would discover the mischief, she wisely hastened to explain that she had tried to help him in his work by painting for him the brown floor that she knew he intended. Poor Millais turned in a desperate fright to his picture, and saw the harm that had been done, but with his characteristic sympathy with children he never said a word of reproach to little Mary, seeing that she had really meant to help.

During 1865 and 1866 he made water-colour copies of "Ophelia" and "The Huguenot," "The Black Brunswicker," "The Minuet," "Swallow, Swallow," and "The Evil One Sowing Tares," and copies in oil of "Esther" and "The Romans"; also two oil pictures, one of which was a portrait of a Miss Davidson, and the other a small one of Effie as "Little Red Riding Hood."

From Sir William Cunliffe Brooks the shootings of Callander

and a small part of Glen Artney were taken in 1866. This was a grouse shooting, but now and then a stag came on to the ground. Millais got three, and then a fourth made its appearance, and returned again and again to the ground—one of the grandest stags ever seen in that neighbourhood. My father was of course keen for a shot, but he happened to know this stag, having spied it on several occasions on the borders of the neighbouring forest rented by Sir William, and being on most friendly terms with the owner, he let it go. Afterwards, in the course of conversation, Sir William expressed his anxiety to shoot this particular stag, but added (as any true sportsman would), "If he is anywhere about your march you had better kill him."

Days went by, and the end of the season was approaching, when one evening Millais espied the great stag feeding on his ground about fifty yards from the march. Now was his chance—his last chance of a shot at such a monarch as this. He was excited beyond measure, and his stalker was even more elated, for (as unfortunately sometimes happens) there was intense rivalry and bitterness between him, a man of small pretence, and the head stalker at Glen Artney, who was a tremendous swell in his own conceit. Then the stalk began, and just as the quarry crossed the march a shot from Millais' rifle laid him dead. At that moment, to the astonishment of my father, who had seen nobody else about, up rose Sir William and his stalker, who had been after the same game. The stag was therefore carted off to Glen Artney, and Sir William being satisfied with my father's explanation, the two remained as good friends as ever.

After slaying this noble hart, he could not refrain from exulting over his success in a wild letter to his friend Sir William Harcourt, who replied as follows :—

*From Sir W. V. Harcourt.*

"STUDLEY ROYAL, RIPON,

*"October 3rd, 1866.*

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I received your insane letter, from which I gather that you are under the impression that you have killed a stag. Poor fellow, I pity your delusion. I hope the time is now come when I can break to you the painful truth. Your wife, who (as I have always told you) alone makes it possible for you to exist, observing how the disappointment of your repeated failures

was telling on your health and on your intellect, arranged with the keepers for placing in a proper position a *wooden* stag constructed like that of . . . You were conducted unsuspectingly to the spot and fired at the *dummy*. In the excitement of the moment you were carried off by the gillie, so that you did not discern the cheat, and believed you had really slain a 'hart of grease.' Poor fellow, I know better; and indeed your portrait of the stag sitting up *smiling*, with a head as big as a church door on his shoulders, tells its own tale. I give Mrs. M. great credit on this, as on all other occasions, for her management of you. I am happy to hear that the result of the pious fraud has been to restore you to equanimity and comparative sanity, and I hope by the time I see you again you may be wholly restored. . . .

"Pray remember me to Mrs. M.

"Yours ever,

"W. V. HARCOURT.

"I see that, in order to keep up the delusion, puffs of your performance have been inserted in all the papers."

There are some fortunate beings in this world who have never missed a stag, and never can or will; but Millais was not one of these. In the following letter to his friend Mr. W. W. Fenn (written during his tenancy of Callander), he describes faithfully and amusingly the hardships and disappointments of deer-stalking:—

*To Mr. W. W. Fenn.*

"CALLANDER, N.B.,

"*Sunday, October 7th, 1866.*

"DEAR FENN,—My wife and eldest daughter have gone to the Free Kirk; and that I may do as good a work, I send you a line, albeit I am aching in all my limbs from having crawled over stony impediments all yesterday, in pursuit of ye suspicious stag. You know the position of all-fours which fathers assume for the accommodation of their boys, in the privacy of domestic life, and you can conceive how unsuited the hands and knees are to make comfortable progress over cutting slate and knobby flint, and will understand how my legs are like unto the pear of over-ripeness.

"I had two shots, the first of which I ought to have killed, and I shall never forget the tail-between-legs dejection of that moment when the animal, instead of biting the dust, kicked it up viciously into my face. After more pipes and whiskey than was good for me, we toiled on again, and a second time viewed some deer, and repeated the toilsome crawling I have referred to. Enough! I missed that too, and rode home on our pony, which must from my soured temper have known it too. I tooled him along, heedless of the dangers of the road, until the gladdening lights of home flickered through the dining-room window. Mike is not a sympathising creature under these circumstances, being thoroughly convinced that a cockchafer's shoulder ought to be hit flying at a thousand yards; so, after the never-failing pleasure of the table, I retired, to dream of more stomach perambulations up and down precipices of burning plough-shares, the demons of the forest laughing at my ineffectual efforts to hit the mastodon of the prairies at fifteen yards distance. You may depend upon it, roach-fishing in a punt is the thing after all. When you don't excite the pity and contempt of your keeper, what boots it if you don't strike your roach? (probably naught but the float of porcupine is aware of it), but when you proclaim to the mountains, yea, even to the towns adjoining thereto, that you have fired at the monarch of the glen, how can you face the virgins and pipers who come up from the village to crown you with bog-myrtle, and exalt your stag's horn through the streets rejoicing?

"All gone to Callander—to the kirk—and the wife will return presently, seriously inclined; so will I cast off this skin of frivolity. You must forgive me for being a boy still, and a little wild after yesterday's excitement. Michael returns in a day or two, and we shall very shortly leave this for a short stay at Perth, and then home to sit under the trophy of my own antlers. On the whole, the stay here has been pleasant, in spite of a nearly perpetual rain, which (distilled through peat-bog) has dyed my poor feet a sweet cinnamon brown, like the Lascar crossing-sweepers.

"You will hear from Stephen Lewis his adventures, which I believe he will narrate to his customers seated all around him in Turkish shawls, in the manner of the 'Arabian Nights.'

"How Arthur is ever to hold his own after the prowess of Stephen remains to be seen; but—I wouldn't be Arthur. A strong smell of roast mutton calls me away, and I think your mother will have enough work in deciphering this.

“Remember me very kindly to her, and tell her, tell her, that when I return, I come to thee!

“Very sincerely yours,

“J. EVERETT MILLAIS.

“I haven’t uncorked a tube or moistened a brush, but I hope the hand hasn’t lost its cunning.”

At the end of the season my father and mother spent a week with Sir William Cunliffe Brooks at Drummond Castle, which he rented from Lady Willoughby de Eresby, a place which, in point of situation and entourage, has no superior in Great Britain; indeed, it would be impossible to imagine more lovely surroundings. The old castle stands on an eminence in a park in which all the natural beauties of wood and lake are enhanced by floral and arboreal gems from foreign lands. Wild fowl of various sorts adorn the lakes, and herds of half-wild fallow deer roam through the park, whilst up in the great wood of Torlum may in autumn be heard the voices of the big wood stags.

The sanctuary in Glen Artney Forest had remained untouched since the visit of the Queen and Prince Consort in 1845, and now, as the deer were becoming too numerous, Sir William decided on a drive. Three rifles were posted on a high ridge above the sanctuary, and over a thousand deer came up by three separate passes. Six or seven of the best were killed, and of the survivors about seven hundred made their way into the next corrie, within ten yards of the ladies who had gathered there to see what they could of the sport. My mother used to describe this as the finest sight of the kind she had ever witnessed.

## CHAPTER XI

1867-1872

Transition in Art—"Rosalind and Celia"—"Jephthah"—"Sleeping" and "Waking"—The Paris Exhibition—Holman Hunt's "Liberal Whip"—Frith and Millais go to Paris—Visit to Rosa Bonheur—"The Boyhood of Raleigh"—"The Flood"—Millais goes deer-stalking—Illness of his father—His death—Sport in the North—"The Knight Errant"—Millais goes to Loch More—A cow who eats salmon—"Chill October"—Death of Charles Dickens—Millais draws him after death—Dr. Anderson—"Victory, O Lord!"—Dr. Grote—The Artists' Benevolent Fund—£16,000 collected at the first dinner—"Hearts are Trumps"—Portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim—Its reception in Paris and Munich—Mrs. Heugh—Autumn holidays—Death of Sir Edwin Landseer—Mr. Thomas Hills—Millais on Landseer and his critics—He finishes Landseer's uncompleted pictures—Anecdotes of Landseer.

THE year 1867 witnessed another of the great transitions in the period of Millais' Art life. As "The Vale of Rest" proclaimed his emancipation from the excessive detail of Pre-Raphaelite expression, so the two works "Rosalind and Celia" and "Jephthah," painted this year, showed a further development—one might almost say a new departure—in the style and character of his work, marked as it was now by a greater breadth of treatment, while exhibiting the same careful attention as before to every accessory and detail.

We have seen how, in earlier years, he struck out a line for himself, and regardless of all outside opinions and influences, sought to paint exactly what he himself saw in Nature, omitting no detail, and taking Truth alone as his master; and we know how he was laughed at for his pains. But "he laughs best who laughs last." The work of those early days was but the prelude to achievements that have since made his name famous in the realms of Art. They were simply years of self-education, of hardship and drudgery, in which the foundation of his future success was laid. In his own words, they "taught him everything." And many a time have I heard him say to young artists,



"ROSALIND AND CELIA." 1867





who thought to escape a grind like this by studying in Paris the methods of the impressionist school, “Ah! you want to run before you have learnt to walk. You will never get on unless you go through the mill as I did, and as every successful artist has had to do.”

Even in pictures that mysterious influence called Fashion makes itself felt at times. Impressionism was now the latest fancy, and as interpreted by such men as Millet, Corot, and Whistler, Fashion was justified of her children; but to young British artists the wave of impressionism that passed over Art circles a few years ago probably did more harm than good, the apparent ease and simplicity of the works exhibited betraying no sign of the arduous toil by which the artists had attained their skill. Had any of them been questioned on this point, he would doubtless have given much the same answer that my father did, and so perhaps have saved his art from the desecration of mere hazes of paint by men who do not even know how to draw. The public are beginning to find this out now—to distinguish between genuine Art and imbecile trash; and it may be hoped that under the educational influence of our numerous Art galleries and exhibitions even the most ignorant amongst us will in time come to a better understanding of what is meant by Art.

In “Rosalind and Celia” two or three broad streaks of the brush express exactly a fallen leaf which a few years before would have been highly worked up; and both here and in other works of the period a distinct change is observable in the artist’s methods—in flesh-painting no less than in the treatment of costume and landscape. And yet nothing was lost; the quality of the work remained unchanged; it was simply produced now with a freedom of touch that proclaimed the maturity of the artist’s power.

Millais had great difficulty with the figure and pose of Celia. He painted it originally from his wife’s sister, Mrs. Stibbard, who had so often sat to him before; but for a long time he struggled in vain to produce the effect he desired. Again and again he painted the figure out, and it was only at the last moment, when the picture was about to leave his hands, that he succeeded in his object, taking for his model a pretty, dark woman, the wife of one of Lord Rothschild’s clerks.

For Rosalind, Mrs. Madley (a professional model) sat, whilst an actor took the part of Touchstone; and for a background the

artist resorted to Knole Park, near Sevenoaks, where he painted it in the month of June.

Very interesting is it to notice the careful study of expression in the three Shakespearean characters. There is Rosalind full of alert vigilance while entering into the spirit of the part she is playing; but poor, tired Celia, who rests wearily beside her, betrays no interest in the escapade which is beyond her strength. Touchstone is not tired, but only glum and bored, and he certainly looks it.

The lines chosen from *As You Like It* (Act II. Scene iv.) run thus :—

*Rosalind.*—Oh, Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

*Touchstone.*—I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Rosalind.*—I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore courage, good Aliena !

*Celia.*—I pray you bear with me ; I can go no further.

Good as is the engraving of this work, it gives, of course, no idea of the magnificent colouring of the original. This is a great loss, as "Rosalind and Celia" is a grand example of the artist's skill in harmonising the rich colour of the costumes with the softer tints of the sunlit beech forest.

The picture was sold for a sum far below its value ; but, as usual, the value advanced with every change of hands. It is now in the possession of a gentleman by whom it is fully appreciated—Mr. James Bunten, of Dunalastair. Hanging at the end of the dining-room, in which are no other pictures, it looks out upon snow-capped Schehallion and the valley of the Tummel—one of the happiest reunions I have ever seen of Nature and Art.

"Jephthah," another picture of this year, is in many respects quite as fine a work as "Rosalind and Celia," though perhaps the subject itself is not quite so attractive. Colonel C. Lindsay sat for the principal figure. He was a particularly handsome man, with beautiful, deep-set, grey eyes, like those of his daughter, Lady Granby. The lovely girl walking away with her arm round her sister's waist was a Miss Ward, and the two other figures were models. This picture (exhibited in 1867) was the first of Millais' works that commanded a very large price, showing an immediate appreciation by the public of his later acquisition of power. Mr. Mendel, of Manley Hall, became the owner, and on the sale of

his pictures it passed once more to dealers, finally coming into the possession of the present owner, Lord Armstrong.

This was one of Millais' most arduous years. August came—the time for him to put away his paints and fly to the hills for sport and relaxation—but still he stuck to his work, partly for the love of it, and still more, perhaps, because of an accident that prevented his walking about.

His life at the time is described in the following letters to my mother, who was then staying, with the children, at St. Andrews, in Fife:—

“I have been working hard all day (indeed I can do nothing else, as I am quite lame), and two days more will finish the ‘Sleeping’; but ‘Rosalind’ goes on slowly, and I don’t see an end to it. . . . I must try and do two illustrations this month, and a drawing for Macmillan—‘Tom Brown.’ Marochetti called this afternoon, and is to take away ‘Leda and the Swan’ to-morrow to cast. He will take the greatest care of it, and I shall give directions to his man to put a plate underneath, to make it work better on the pedestal.

“I dine to-morrow with Frith, and Tuesday with Mason, the artist. I worked from half-past ten till nearly seven, without any rest, and shall do the like till all is done, as I detest a moment lost. . . . I have finished ‘The Minuet,’ and part of ‘Sleeping,’ [water-colour copies] to the utmost, almost like Meissonier, and (with another two days to each) I could make them *quite* as finished. They are certainly the best-paying things I do, as I consider I am making a hundred a day whilst working.

“I am quite delighted that Albert [his brother-in-law Albert Gray] is here. He is a very companionable, capital fellow; but it is, of course, very slow for him, and if he doesn’t hear from his friends in Paris he should not waste his holidays with me.”

“*August, 1867.*—I have been working hard all day at ‘Rosalind,’ and it is now another picture. Alice’s head I repainted, as I found it was not in the right place. I have made it better—at least I like it better—and painted it from that pretty model Mrs. Madley, who called when Ford [Sir Clare Ford] was lunching here. The head of ‘Rosalind’ also is deficient, but I don’t think either wants much now. I only want another day’s work for ‘Sleeping,’ and I have begun ‘Waking’; but the more I do the more there seems to be done, and I don’t know when I shall finish; which is not so much to be deplored, as I couldn’t shoot if I had the

opportunity, for my foot is little better. . . . I am heartily sick of work, and I don't care a bit whether I get shooting or not; for I know that, wherever I go, it will be more than a fortnight before I can walk at all. If I go to Fowler's I must buy a new rifle, and the least I can get a good one for is £40—which is offered to me by Halford [Sir Henry Halford], who is not able to shoot.

“The exertion of painting from ten till seven in such heat is more than enough, and I don't pay the least attention to anything else. Even if I should be able to get away the first week in September (which is very improbable) I should not go to St. Andrews, as I have promised Fowler to be there at that time. I can get the little pictures done, but the ‘Rosalind’ has a good month's work yet, as I must do the drawing, which I can't do properly elsewhere.”

At this time all his friends were off to the hills, while he was still slaving away at his easel all day long. What that means to an ardent sportsman none but a sportsman can know. To me it looks uncommonly like a month's imprisonment with hard labour. But perhaps I had better give his own ideas on the subject, as expressed in the following letter to my mother:—

“*August 16th, 1867.*—My models have gone—never, I trust, to return—but I have an immense deal to do. Just about half-past four the studio is at its hottest, and I generally give you a line then, as I can do nothing else. Charles Buxton has asked me to Fox Warren, but I will not leave my work. Harcourt is going there, and then on to Scotland. He sent me, this afternoon, a letter from Fowler, who is shooting at another place, and has had splendid sport—eighty brace—so the grouse can't be bad there. They expect me at Braemore the first week in September, but I don't see a chance of it. . . .

“Last night I dined with Hodgkinson, and went afterwards to Arthur Lewis' and played billiards. A number of his friends were there, and he seemed in excellent spirits. Val Prinsep is in town, and one or two others, but the club is nearly deserted, as indeed every other place is, in spite of Parliament still sitting.

“Leighton has gone to Greece and Constantinople, so we may expect houris and kiosks next year in the Royal Academy. . . . My studio is in a woeful state of dirt, but I won't allow it to be cleaned as long as the ‘Sleeping’ and ‘Waking’ are there; so I lock my door directly I have done for the day, and never open it till I come down in the morning.

“An old gentleman, Lord H——, called with a lady (I suppose his daughter) yesterday. He wanted to see me, and evidently his reason was to discover whether I was painting portraits, as he inquired if I would paint a likeness, and I told him on no account.

“Last night I received a French publication, in which appears a criticism of my pictures in Paris, and as far as I can make out they are really favourable. . . . I expect I shall have to give up the ‘Rosalind,’ but I shall see better by next week. However, if I have any doubt I will finish the small affairs and leave at once ; so don’t be surprised if you suddenly hear of me. It is more than I can endure, and life is too short to be such a fool as I am, working here and hating every touch. The picture, in the bright sunlight, looks like a rhinoceros hide !”

By August 22nd, however, he became interested in “Rosalind,” as appears by a letter of that date in which he says, “It is a thousand pities to leave the ‘Rosalind’ as it is, and I have half a mind to give up all the shooting. I am really getting on splendidly now, but it is terribly hard work in such weather.”

But a few days later he seems to have got into a muddle in the painting, to which he had now again taken an intense dislike. In a letter of August 27th, he says, “Since writing to you this afternoon I have finished the ‘Sleeping’ and worked all day on the ‘Waking.’ I am afraid the ‘Rosalind’ will stick altogether if I don’t finish it at once. I would rather anything almost than have to return to it, I hate it so much. . . . I have now finished ‘Waking’ as well, and dine with Hodgkinson this evening, taking ‘Sleeping’ to Barlow [the engraver] *en route*.”

Happily “Rosalind” came all right at last, and he was extremely pleased with it ; but he often said afterwards that it cost him more hard work and anxiety than any picture he ever did except “The Vale of Rest.” After this time he was hardly ever embarrassed by his work, and never for a moment came to a standstill over any picture, his facility of execution seeming to increase as the years went by.

“Rosalind” was sold by the Agnews to a Mr. Hamilton, of Liverpool, and when that gentleman left the neighbourhood it passed into the hands of Mr. A. G. Kurtz. After that it came once more into the possession of Messrs. Agnew, who sold it to Mr. Bunten, of Dunalastair, for £5,000.

In view of another great Art Exhibition in Paris in the following year (1868) an effort was again made to secure a fair and full

representation of the best British talent, and ultimately Millais was induced to send some of his finest pictures. His friend Holman Hunt was, of course, to the fore in urging him to do so. His letter is so characteristic of the man and his lofty aims that I give it here almost in full.

*From Holman Hunt.*

“ 14, LUNG ARNO ACCIAGOLI, FIRENZE,

“ *May 26th, 1867.*

“ MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I was glad to get your letter the other day, although I had not in any degree been out of patience in waiting for it, for I know by bitter experience how hard it is to get time to write to friends. I still wish you were going to the Paris Exhibition. Of late I have been feeling very strongly indeed the responsibility which every man, and especially remarkable and successful men, are under to do the utmost that is possible, with their talents, and I believe that for this it is essential that they should know of everything, as far as possible, that others are doing in the same branch of work. Of course you will not suppose that I mean a great man should bother his little life, or any of it, in trying to get medals and twopenny honours in future competitions, but he should see and judge with all his steadiest powers that he is leaving none of the heaven-trusted talents he has within him unused and uncultivated. All the Italian journals here are speaking of the English pretensions to a place in the Art world as meaner than those of any other nation. It may be concluded, of course, that national prejudice and vanity blind this race of patent geniuses, but at the same time we should have to admit the possibility that our own higher estimate of the English claims may be affected by the weaknesses which influence the Italians; and at this distance, calling upon my memory of the pictures we English painters have produced in the last ten years, I must admit that while in little pictures we have exhibited certain artistic merits not possessed in the same degree by any other country, in seriousness and importance of subject we are far behind where we should be, seeing that we have about eight or ten really great painters, amongst whom J. E. Millais has the highest powers of all. You must not be testy with me that I revert to this subject. Remember that lately I have had many reasons to think of the perennial interests of life. In a few days

we shall both be lying in our dark bed under the growing flowers, and the naked soul of us will have no riches that we have not already laid up in heaven ; and these must surely be composed of (amongst other things) the intellectual advance which the energy and modest scrutiny of man have enabled him to make in his life on earth. You may say that I should first do something great myself, but I might lose time in waiting. . . .

“ You have really a faculty for painting such as perhaps no other man ever had—certainly such as none since Titian ever possessed. . . . In dramatic force I am convinced that nearly all the old Art is merely puerile (I have not yet seen Tintoretto), and that by developing this particular power in yourself you may take a position higher than that ever occupied in Art to this time.

“ I am well assured that you put my name down on the Academy list with the kindest intention. I should, however, I must avow, have been unhappy had I been elected, for I should have had to do so disagreeable a thing as to retire after having been elected. Many good friends of mine are in the body, and these I know would not have understood my objection to remain, and if I stayed it would only be doing violence to my conscience, which will not allow me to see in the institution as at present constituted anything but a power most injurious to the true interests of Art. . . . For my own personal interest I know I am unwise in my views. I may lose in professional gains, but I hope to meet with enough success to allow me to do my own work in my own way ; and with this secured to me I have no excuse for considering more about the morrow. . . .

“ Yours ever affectionately,

“ W. HOLMAN HUNT.”

In 1868 Millais went to Paris, accompanied by Frith ; and again Gambart kindly acted as cicerone. Under his wing they were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Rosa Bonheur, of whom Frith has some interesting notes in his *Autobiography*. He says : “ In 1868 the Great Exhibition was held in Paris, in which the English school of painting was worthily represented, and as worthily acknowledged, by the French. I went to Paris, accompanied by Millais, as I have noted elsewhere. . . . Above and beyond all the eminent French artists to whom Gambart introduced us, we were most anxious to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. Our desire was no sooner made known to that lady than

it was gratified, for we received an invitation to luncheon with her at her château, in the Forest of Fontainebleau. See us then, arrive at the station, where a carriage waits, the coachman appearing to be a French abbé. The driver wore a black, broad-brimmed hat and black cloak, long white hair, with a cheery, rosy face.

“‘But that red ribbon?’ said I to Gambart. ‘Do priests wear the Legion of Honour?’

“‘Priest!’ replied Gambart; ‘what priest? That is Mademoiselle Bonheur. She is one of the very few ladies in France who is *décorée*. You can speak French; get on the box beside her.’

“Then, chatting delightfully, we were driven to the château, in ancient times one of the forest-keeper’s lodges, castellated and picturesque to the last degree; date about Louis XIII. There lives the great painter with a lady companion; and others, in the form of boars, lions and deer, who serve as models. The artist had little or nothing to show us of her own work. Her health had not been good of late; besides, when her work is done, ‘it is always carried off,’ she said. Stretching along one side of a very large studio was a composition in outline of corn-threshing (in Spain, I think), the operation being performed by horses, which are made to gallop over the sheaves—a magnificent work, begging to be completed.

“‘Ah,’ said the lady, looking wistfully at the huge canvas, ‘I don’t know if I shall ever finish that!’

“Of course Millais was deservedly overwhelmed with compliments, and I came in for my little share. That the luncheon was delightful goes without saying. One incident touched me. We spoke much of Landseer, whose acquaintance Rosa Bonheur had made on a visit to England, and with whose work she had, of course, great sympathy. Gambart repeated to her some words of praise given by Landseer to a picture of hers then exhibiting in London. Her eyes filled with tears as she listened.”

It would be too great a tax upon the patience of my readers to trace the history of Millais’ works outside of those best known to the public. I shall, therefore, confine my attention henceforward to his *chefs d’œuvres*, merely mentioning the titles and dates of others as they were painted, and adding at the end of this volume a catalogue as complete as I can make it, with some few notes on each.

It will be noticed that in the selection of a model Millais



commonly wandered more widely than most of his craft, rarely resorting to professionals, except where the exact set of a costume or a steady pose of figure or limb was necessary to his work. In other cases he generally found what he wanted amongst personal friends or members of his own family, who were always glad to render him any service in their power. For his diploma picture, “A Souvenir of Velasquez” (painted in 1867) he was fortunate enough to find a model in a pretty child who was sitting by him in church one Sunday, and whose parents (strangers to him) kindly allowed her to come to him.

In his minor works portraits of his own children are of common occurrence, and in one of his larger pictures—“The Wolf’s Den”—Everett, George, Effie, and Mary are all seen together (their first appearance as a group), playing at “wild animals.” Arrayed in wolf-skins, the children are emerging from the recesses under the grand piano.

“The Boyhood of Raleigh” (painted in 1870) is another and much more important work, in which members of the family appear, the two boys being painted from my brothers Everett and George (both now deceased); but for the sailor, who is entrancing them with romantic tales of the Spanish main, a professional model was employed. The background was painted at Lady Rolle’s place, on the Devonshire coast.

For a full description of the picture I am indebted to Mr. Stephens, the Art critic, who, writing in one of the reviews of that year, says:—“This work glows in the warm light of a Devonshire sun, and shows the sunburnt, stalwart, Genoese sailor—one of those who were half pirates, half heroes, such as Kingsley has delighted countless boys by describing—seated, with his brawny, bronzed shoulders towards us, on a sea wall, while before him, and at ease upon the floor, are Raleigh and his brother, listening eagerly and with rapt ears to the narration of wonders on sea and land. The sailor points to the southward, for there lies the Spanish main, the scene of all his troubles and adventures. The young Walter sits up on the pavement, and with his hands locked about his raised knees, and with fixed, dreaming eyes, seems to see El Dorado, the islands of the east and west, the ‘palms and temples of the south,’ as well as the Mexican and other monarchs he had read about. Ships, gold, the hated Spaniards, and (most brilliant of all) that special object of his life’s endeavours, the ‘fountain of youth,’ were before his

fancy. The other boy, whose intelligence is not of the vision-seeing sort, but rather refers to the visions of others, lies almost at length on the ground, leaning his chin within both hands. A toy ship stands near the boys. The scene includes a low pier or wall, as of a battery looking on to the sea, which, shimmering and barred with delicate hues of blue and green, reflects on a sunny sky. At the feet of the group lie a starfish, seaweed, a rusty anchor, and waste of the beach, with some stuffed birds of outlandish sorts and bright plumage, and dry flowers."

In the same year was painted "The Flood," for which my sister Sophie (Mrs. MacEwen), then a baby, sat or rather lay in her cradle. The subject, as Mr. Stephens says, "was first suggested by a real occurrence of a child being borne away on the waters in its cradle, which took place at Sheffield in 1864; and the artist's intention of using the incident is noted in Charles Reade's novel, *Put Yourself in His Place*."

A little tale attaches to this picture which I think is worth recording. Fifteen years later—it was in 1885—my father saw it again, at an exhibition of his works in the Grosvenor Gallery, and after looking at it for some time it flashed across his mind that he could very materially improve it by repainting part of the background. It would cost him, of course, a considerable amount of time and trouble to effect this change; but that was nothing: he never thought of himself in a matter of this sort. The alteration must be made; and, feeling sure that the owner would be highly gratified by the attention, he had the picture sent at once to Palace Gate, and did what was required to set it right. But (as the old saying is) he reckoned without his host. So far from being pleased with the attention, the owner, when he saw it in the studio, was very angry. "You have spoilt my picture," he cried. "Oh, no, I have not," said Millais with a smile, and with two or three wipes of a turpentine rag he swept away for ever the hated "improvement." "There's your picture," he said, and to the amazement of the owner, there it was, with the background and everything else precisely the same as before!

The kitten in the child's cradle belonged to the Millais' household, but was surreptitiously captured by Fred Walker, in whose *Life* it is mentioned under the expressive name of "Eel-eye." It was an evil-minded little miscreant, but its moral defects were forgotten in the halo of Art with which it was held to be invested.

Millais painted the background of "The Flood" close to Windsor, going there during some inundations. The old cradle was a Scotch one, the property of T. Faed, R.A.

The winter of 1867 was rendered memorable by two visits from Rubinstein, the famous pianist, on an introduction by Professor Ella. My father and mother were both passionately fond of music, and on the second visit he was good enough to play the whole evening, to the great delight of themselves and their friends. In after years they often talked of the intense pleasure he had given them.

In the following year (1868) Millais was mainly engaged on "The Sisters" (a picture of his daughters Effie, Mary, and Carrie, in white dresses and blue sashes), a portrait of Sir John Fowler, "The Gambler's Wife," "Stella," and "Vanessa." And in the Academy he exhibited "Rosalind and Celia," "The Sisters," "Stella," and "Pilgrims to St. Paul's." The autumn he spent, as usual, in Scotland, staying some time with his friends Sir William Harcourt and Sir Edwin Landseer; and after a brief visit at Braemore, as the guest of Sir John Fowler, he went on to Fannich, when Landseer also took up his quarters there.

In the Academy of 1869 he exhibited "The Gambler's Wife," and portraits of Sir John Fowler and Miss Nina Lehmann.\* His well-known work, "The Widow's Mite," was also painted this year.

And now, on the approach of autumn, his father's health, which had for some time been a source of anxiety to the family, became so much worse that when August came Millais was afraid to start for his usual holiday in the North. On the 18th of that month the old man, who was then living at Kingston, near London, was seized with paralysis; and on the following day Millais wrote to his wife, who had gone to Scotland in the hope of his joining her there, "Since writing hastily this morning I have taken my father in a brougham home to Kingston, as I didn't like the moving from one conveyance to another, and when I got him home he was better and spoke more clearly; but he has evidently had a serious shock, which he will never get over. He is so tottering that he cannot rise from his chair without assistance, and when I took him into the studio he was dreadfully overcome on seeing

\* Mr. Barwell writes:—"It is extremely difficult for a portrait painter to satisfy a devoted parent who adores his child. In this case the writer asked Mr. Lehmann if the likeness satisfied him. The reply was, 'When I look upon that picture I am looking at my child.'"

the picture of 'The Widow.' Altogether he is so weak, it is melancholy to see him. I stayed with him till seven, and called on Kershaw, the Kingston doctor, who was to receive a letter about his case. . . . I shall not leave town until I am quite satisfied about his state."

And again, on the 16th of August, he wrote:—"I have been every other day to Kingston to see my father. I was with him yesterday for some hours, sitting in his garden, watching the fish in the stream which flows at the end of the walk under a pretty weeping willow. He was weaker yesterday, but clearer in the eyes, and, I think, on the whole, better. I called twice to see Kershaw, and left word he is to write and let me know whether it is safe for me to leave. My father wishes me to go, and I almost think I might now, as I don't imagine he is in any danger. His head is quite clear, and I know he would be delighted to hear from you; so write a cheery letter about the children. . . . I dined yesterday at Little Holland House, and to-day with Val Prinsep. Am not working at all, for I am too tired."

His father—a fine old gentleman, who had many friends and never an enemy—passed away peacefully on January 28th, 1870. He had lived to witness the success of his son—for which both he and his good wife had made so many sacrifices—and now that his fondest wish was gratified he was content to enter upon the long sleep that awaits us all.

In 1869 Major Vans-Agnew and John Campbell, of the Indian Civil Service, joined Millais in grouse-shooting near Loch Maree and the little deer forest of Torridon, in Ross-shire, where they had splendid sport. But his experience later on in the season was not quite so happy. At that time two forests in Scotland were in the hands of men who were tuft-hunters rather than sportsmen, and on his visits to one of them (at B——) he found to his chagrin that, instead of the equality of treatment commonly meted out to sportsmen, the chance of a shot depended on the social rank of the shooter. As he said in a letter to his wife, "Every day there was a lord on the best beat, a baronet on the second-best beat, and I have to scrape along the outside where there are no stags"; and in another letter, "I have just returned from my second unsuccessful stalk, and, as before, no shot; and that is not surprising, as there are no deer on the ground where I am sent! Had I gone to B——'s [another house where similar snobbishness predominated], as I was asked to do, it would have been even worse. However,



"VICTORY, O LORD!" 1870



there is the river, which is fair anyhow. The Lord X—— (who is a capital chap) and the baronet go away to-morrow, so I shall, perhaps, have a shot before I go. Anyway, I don't much care for sport under such circumstances, nor whether I kill twenty stags or none! When things are worked in that way no sportsman does. I have got strong and feel well; and that is the great thing.”

In 1869 the new galleries in Piccadilly were opened for the first time, and Millais sent in 1870 four subject-pictures—“The Boyhood of Raleigh,” “A Widow's Mite,” “Flood,” and “A Knight Errant.” “The Widow's Mite” originated in this wise. After finishing “The Gambler's Wife” the model came one morning dressed in widow's weeds, and begged to see the artist. He was much touched at seeing her pale, sad face, and on hearing her story, which was the usual tale of penury, he asked her to come again next day, dressed as she was, as he could, perhaps, think of a good subject. She came accordingly, and he at once commenced “The Widow's Mite,” with her as model.

About “The Knight Errant”—the only picture of Millais' in which the nude figure is seen—I have a word or two to say. It is admittedly one of the finest examples of his art; and, to my mind, a more modest or more beautiful work was never limned; but the pharisaic spirit of the age was against it. Mrs. Grundy was shocked, or pretended to be, and in consequence it remained long on the artist's hands, no one daring to buy it. At last (in 1874) a dealer purchased it, and (with this “hall-mark”) it at once gained the favour of the public. Then Mr. Tate came forward as a purchaser, and thanks to him, it is now in the gallery he so generously gave to the nation. Both the figures were from models, and the woodland background was painted at Wortley Chase.

Millais originally painted the distressed lady who had been robbed, stripped, and bound by the thieves, as looking at the spectator, and I remember well this position of the head in the picture as it hung on the drawing-room walls at Cromwell Place; but after a while he came to the conclusion that the beautiful creature would look more modest if her head were turned away, so he took the canvas down and repainted it as we see it now.

His work this year (including two fine portraits in oil, “The Marchioness of Huntly” and “Sir John Kelk,” both of which were exhibited), kept him in town a month later than usual; but September found him amongst the hills again, where he seems to have had excellent sport. Writing to my mother from Loch Luichart,

he says :—" I arrived here on Thursday. Went out on Friday and missed two stags, then went out yesterday and killed two and a fawn, which was running by the side of the first stag I shot. It was on the other side, so when we went up to the stag we found it wounded beside the dead (maybe) father. . . . I am going to fish the Blackwater to-morrow, which is, I believe, a pretty good river. This place is lovely, but the weather yesterday in the forest was terrible with rain and snow. However, I stand it well, and shot both stags through the heart. There are only Kelk's two sons and a Harrow boy here, but another college companion comes to-morrow. They are all very nice and kind, and the house most comfortable."

Later on in the same month he writes from Braemore :—" I have not heard a word how you are getting on, but it may be there was a letter to me after I left Loch Luichart. I left on Thursday, as my remaining there interfered with his [Kelk's] boys' sport. Only one can go out stalking each day, and they were so generous they were always wishing me to go. . . . I was very lucky, and shot well, killing four stags in three days' stalking.

" I go on to Lord Westminster's (Loch More, by Lairg, Sutherland) on Monday, and shall be there a week and then return South. It has done me a lot of good. I feel very hard and fit for the work. . . . The weather has been alternately summer and winter. Two days in the mountains were cruel, and I was hailed and snowed upon for hours."

During this period (1867-1871) he enjoyed excellent deer-stalking on Braemore, Fannich, Loch Luichart, Dunrobin, and Loch More. Many splendid stags, including five royals, fell to his rifle, some of his best and most exciting stalks being on Braemore. There is a capital sketch by him in the game-book at that house, in which he appears standing over two fine harts that he had killed right and left after a long and exciting stalk. But it was of his pursuit of a big ten-pointer on Loch Luichart that he was most fond of talking. The weather had been cold and wet, which (as all sportsmen know) keeps deer constantly on the alert, and for three days he had stalked the ten-pointer without getting a shot. At last they found him in company with a herd of some fifty other deer, and amongst them an eight-pointer, very nearly as good as the big fellow. The animals were feeding near the head of a big corrie; but getting a puff of wind from one of the back eddies, they all made off along a pass well known to the stalker. How-



ever, a sharp piece of manœuvring and a quick run enabled the shooters to cut them off, and with two shots Millais killed both the big stags as they came galloping by at full speed.

He was now so skilful with the rifle that his friend Joe Jopling, a member of the English Eight, frequently urged him to come and shoot at Wimbledon, anticipating great things of him there ; but neither target-shooting nor public display was to his taste, so he never entertained the idea.

From Braemore he went on to Loch More, for stalking and salmon-fishing, as a guest of the Duke of Westminster. And here a curious thing happened, as mentioned in the *Life of Joseph Wolf*, the animal painter. Mr. Gould, the naturalist, who was also a guest of the Duke's, when out fishing one day landed a salmon, which he concealed in the bracken behind a small bush in a meadow. When he came to look for his fish it was nowhere to be found, and after a long and unsuccessful search he began to think the keepers had purloined it. They, however, laid the blame on the cows, suggesting that they had eaten it. The idea was scoffed at by every sportsman in the house, and to prove its absurdity a fresh salmon was brought from the larder and put in the same field, when, to the astonishment of the scoffers, the cows promptly marched up and devoured it. "*Credat Judæus!*" was the reply whenever my father told this story ; but nowadays most naturalists are well aware that salmon or any other fish are readily eaten by ruminants.

It was October 10th before he got back again to Perth. And now came upon him in overwhelming force the desire he had long entertained to paint at least one landscape in the country he loved so well. For years past he had thought of this, but the demand for his works becoming ever more and more pressing, he could rarely escape from town before the middle of August, and must generally be back at his work again in October, just as Scotland was putting on its most attractive garb.

His chance came at last. A subject that he greatly fancied was close at hand, and he could now find time to paint it. Away down the river Tay, some five miles below Perth, is a little backwater whose shores are covered with tall reeds and rushes, the haunt of duck and moorhen and other aquatic birds, and between this backwater and the river is a long strip of land covered with willows. Nothing here, one would think, demanding special attention ; and, in fact, though many artists must have passed the place by railway,

no one had as yet been tempted to stop and paint it. But to Millais this wild landscape, with trees and rushes swaying in the wind as he had often seen them, was full of a beauty all its own that he must needs present on canvas. Stopping therefore one evening at the little station of Kinfauns, he made arrangements for commencing work at once; and so "Chill October" came into existence.

Of the picture itself little need be said. It is known to everyone who cares for Art, and its sentiment, so characteristic of the hand that gave it birth, appeals to every lover of Nature in her varying moods.

Pasted on the stretcher at the back of this picture is a sheet of paper, on which the following note appears in Millais' writing:—" 'Chill October' was painted from a backwater of the Tay just below Kinfauns, near Perth. The scene, simple as it is, had impressed me for years before I painted it. The traveller between Perth and Dundee passes the spot where I stood. Danger on either side—the tide, which once carried away my platform, and the trains, which threatened to blow my work into the river. I chose the subject for the sentiment it always conveyed to my mind, and I am happy to think that the transcript touched the public in a like manner, although many of my friends at the time were at a loss to understand what I saw to paint in such a scene. I made no sketch for it, but painted every touch from Nature, on the canvas itself, under irritating trials of wind and rain. The only studio work was in connection with the effect.—JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. 18th May, 1882."

There is a little tale about it that my father was fond of repeating. While the work was in progress he kept the picture at the stationmaster's hut close by the scene he was painting, and every morning and evening the railway porter, a well-known character, used to help him to and fro with his canvas and easel. He took a special pride in this, and later on, when the work was finished, he commonly referred to it as "the picture *we* made doon by the watter side." So many people asked him questions about it, that at last he became quite an authority on the subject, and (keenly alive to the glory it brought him) delivered his opinions freely to all comers. "Ye see," he would say, "Mr. Mullus wud sit heër a' day, jist titch titch wi' they bit brushes. A' dinna ken how the man cud dae it, it was that cauld."

He had a great opinion of "the man," but none whatever of his

art, as may be gathered from his remarks to my uncle, George Gray, on visiting him shortly after the sale of the picture in 1871. “Is it true,” he said, “as a’ was seein’ i’ the papers, that Mr. Mullus had got a thousand poonds for yon picture he painted heër?” “Oh, yes, Jock,” said my uncle, “that’s all right.” “Weel,” responded Jock after a slight pause, “it’s a verra funny thing, but a’ wudna hae gien half-a-croon for it mysel.”

“Flowing to the Sea,” a much gayer picture than “Chill October,” was also painted this year (1870), and was till recently in the collection of Mr. Benzon, of Kensington Palace Gardens. The scene, taken from the banks of the Tay, at Waukmill Ferry, shows the river in the glowing sunlight of the northern harvest-time; and the figures are those of two men of the 42nd Highlanders, with a girl (Mrs. Stibbard) seated on a bench. There all is joy and brightness, the blue stream and the bluer sky, bright autumn tints on the trees and the grey hills in the distance, while the tunics of the two soldiers give a nice splash of colour, which the artist knew so well how to use without a touch of crudeness. The scene is little changed since then. When I was there, in the autumn of 1897, the same old ferryman was still winding his passengers across the stream in the same spot by the farmhouse, and, for aught I know, he is still on his winding way.

In June, 1870, Charles Dickens died. My father had long entertained a tender regard for the great novelist, and went down to Gad’s Hill Place and made a sketch of him. He intended at first to make only a little outline drawing; but the features of the great novelist struck him as being so calm and beautiful in death that he ended by making a finished portrait, the value of which may be gathered from the charming letter I venture to insert here.

“GAD’S HILL PLACE,

“June 16th.

“MY DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—C—— has just brought down your drawing. It is quite impossible to describe the effect it has had upon us. No one but yourself, I think, could have so perfectly understood the beauty and pathos of his dear face as it lay on that little bed in the dining-room, and no one but a man with genius bright as his own could have so reproduced that face as to make us feel now, when we look at it, that he is still with us in the house. Thank you, dear Mr. Millais, for giving it to me. There

is nothing in the world I have, or can ever have, that I shall value half as much. I think you know this, although I can find so few words to tell you how grateful I am.

“Yours most sincerely,      “KATIE.”

The church of Kinnoull (about half a mile from Bowerswell), where my mother now lies buried along with many other members of her family, was endeared to my father by many interesting ties. He liked the place itself, and still more the dear old minister, John Anderson—“the Doctor,” as we used to call him—and in the winter of 1870 he designed for the church what I cannot but consider one of the most beautiful stained glass windows in Great Britain.\* The subject is the same as that of his drawings of the parables, of which, it may be remembered, he made duplicates in water-colours. From these duplicates enlarged drawings were made and reproduced in glass with a success even more brilliant than he had anticipated.

The old “Doctor” (now, alas! gathered to his fathers) was so remarkable a character and so intimate a friend of my father’s, that a few words about him here will not, I hope, be considered out of place. He was one of the old school of parsons, now, unhappily, dwindling in number day by day. A man of highly cultivated mind, and a born orator, he never failed to interest his congregation, rich and poor alike; and, to my thinking, his broad Scotch accent gave an additional charm to his words as he delivered them from a full heart, without (so far as one could see) even so much as a note to aid his memory. I have never in my life listened to a more impressive preacher. He was a bit of a poet too, and wrote verses upon nearly all of Millais’ best-known pictures, while his sporting propensities were mainly limited to fishing, on which he was quite as keen as my father. Many a jolly day they had together on Loch Leven, when anglers there were few and far between, and the sport much better than it is to-day.

Here is what he says about the new window:—

*From the Rev. John Anderson.*

“KINNOULL MANSE, *Monday.*

“MY DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—Now that I have found some time to study the window, I venture to offer you my unmixed congratula-

\* The window itself was presented by my grandfather, George Gray, of Bowerswell.

tions. It is very difficult to single out particular portions for praise, where all is excellent; and, in the pointed and polite language of Mrs. Malaprop, ‘comparisons are odorous.’ On the design and blendings of colour I need not dwell, for they at once strike every beholder of average taste; but that which appears to me one of the greatest triumphs of the work is the marvellous perspective of the various landscapes. Painted glass in general, so far as my acquaintance with it goes, offers to the eye no more perspective than that which is seen upon a china vase or teacups. The Kinnoull window is of a very different character, and is at once a window and a picture true to Nature. In a word, I look upon your designs as commentaries worthy of the great utterances of Him by whom the parables were spoken. . . . Yesterday, to a large audience, I preached my first sermon on the ‘Virgins,’ and I am preparing another upon the ‘Wedding Garment,’ intending to go from top to bottom [of Millais’ designs].

“We are once more settling down to the old gin-horse round. The North Inch looks smaller after Hyde Park, but we keep our hearts up by looking at the Grampians and listening to the murmurs of old Father Tay.

“Give our kindest love to Mrs. Millais, and with best wishes for all, I remain

“Your obliged friend,

“JOHN ANDERSON.”

“Victory, O Lord!” (better known perhaps as “Joshua”) was exhibited in 1871. In the composition of this picture the artist seized the moment when Moses, Aaron, and Hur are seen on the top of the mountain, while Joshua fights with the Amalekites at the foot, as described in Exodus xvii. 10, 11, 12, 13. “So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek: and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses’ hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.” The work is, perhaps, best described by Mr. F. G. Stephens, who (writing at the time of the Exhibition) says:—“Moses is seated,

his face absorbed in religious triumph and an ecstasy of victorious zeal, and he is thoroughly steadfast and immovable, while his supporters look as if fatigue overcame their energies and destroyed their hopes for victory; each of them, though nearly fainting, clasps an arm of the chief against his breast, and bears it up with his hands—back, loins, and lower limbs all centred in one action. Aaron, in red, is erect; he turns half about, so as to catch a glimpse of the fight in the valley below the rocky mountain side on which the three are placed. Hur has the staff-hand of Moses, and, like Aaron, clasps it against his breast, bringing to it the support of all his remaining strength. Such are the design and composition. Among its more striking qualities is fine flesh-painting. Notice the legs of Moses, which are as fine pieces of bold and vigorous painting as we know. Mr. Millais has had this picture in hand during several years past; it does him great honour, and redounds to his credit more than many of his recent works."

Coming down from the sublime to the ridiculous, there is a little joke connected with this picture that I cannot refrain from repeating. Some years after it was exhibited Millais was called upon to paint the portrait of a handsome Jewish lady, whose husband, Mr. Moses, had, for reasons best known to himself, changed his name for a good old English one. This little circumstance was not forgotten when the portrait appeared on the Academy walls. In his report of the Exhibition a waggish critic wrote:—"Some years ago Mr. Millais painted a famous picture, 'Moses, Aaron, and Hur.' This time we see he has painted Her without Moses."

"George Grote" was painted this year (1871) for the members of the Convocation of London University, of which Dr. Grote was vice-chancellor. And a sore trial to Millais was this portrait. For the life of him he could not get it right, and at last the Doctor, who had sat to him no less than twenty-two times, positively refused to sit again. Still, the portrait must be finished; and finished it was, the artist parting with it at last in a most unhappy frame of mind, dissatisfied both with himself and with his work. Years went by; and his eye, now fresh and critical, again rested upon the painting, when, to his great delight, he saw that it was one of the best portraits he had ever painted.

In another direction, however, he met with a great disappointment. To him, as to other artists, modern dress, especially that



"CHILL, OCTOBER," 1870





of the black-coated fraternity, is a stumbling-block that no amount of skill can entirely remove ; and when (as sometimes happens) the physiognomy of the sitter presents no point of interest, the portrait painter's task is wearisome in the extreme. But now the prospect of a portrait thoroughly to his mind lay before him. Tom Taylor was most anxious that he should paint that tragedy queen of her day, Mrs. Rousby, the actress, and (as Millais thought) all the preliminaries were arranged ; but, from reasons the nature of which I cannot ascertain, the contract did not come off, and Millais lost for ever the chance of a picture that he had looked forward to with the greatest enthusiasm.

It was in this year that the Artists' Orphan Fund was founded by Millais and his friend Philip Hardwick, the architect ; and a most prosperous and beneficent undertaking it has proved. Under its provisions poor artists, their widows and children enjoy the same benefits as are provided for poor authors by the Literary Fund, or poor actors by the funds of the Theatrical Society ; and since its establishment, in 1871, a whole legion of applicants have found relief through its instrumentality.

The origin of this institution was described by Millais at the Academy banquet in 1895, when proposing the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales and other Members of the Royal Family." He said :—"In 1871 the late Philip Hardwick and I started the Artists' Orphan Fund, and to ensure success I asked His Royal Highness to take the chair for our inauguration dinner. His Royal Highness accepted with that alacrity which he always shows in doing good, and the result of that dinner was a subscription of £16,000. We gave a second dinner the following year for the same object, and I then appealed to His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who presided in the same spirit, when a further sum was obtained of £6,000, making in all £22,000. The Artists' Orphan Fund is now a flourishing institution, and its prosperity is mainly due to the assistance given us by their Royal Highnesses."

In the autumn of 1871 was painted "The Millstream," or "Flowing to the Sea," presenting a view of the little brook below the mill at Stormontfield salmon-ponds, some six miles above Perth ; and amongst the portraits of the year were that of the Duke of Westminster and a fine quarter-length portrait of Sir James Paget, the great surgeon of the period. Of this portrait, Mr. F. G. Barwell says :—"A son of Sir James told me that he

thought he could have recognised the original if only a part of the picture had been shown him and with the head concealed, so completely had the painter caught every characteristic of his father."

And now another idea took possession of Millais' mind. In a review of his works it was asserted that, successful as he was in certain branches of his Art, he was quite incapable of making such a picture of three beautiful women together in the dress of the period as Sir Joshua Reynolds had produced in his famous portrait of "The Ladies Waldegrave." He happened to see this review, and at once determined to show the world that such a task was by no means beyond his power, even when handicapped by the ungraceful dress and coiffure of the early seventies. The result was "Hearts are Trumps," in which the three beautiful daughters of Sir William Armstrong (now Mrs. Tennant-Dunlop, Mrs. Secker, and Mrs. Ponsonby Blennerhasset) appear, engaged in a game of cards. That he was not altogether unsuccessful in his effort may be gathered from the following notice of this work in *The Life and Work of Sir John Millais*, by Mr. Walter Armstrong, published in 1885. The author says:—"Few of Sir John Millais' pictures—perhaps none—made greater sensation on their appearance at the Academy than this group of three young girls. The arrangement is, of course, not a little reminiscent of a famous Sir Joshua; but there is a bravura in the execution, and a union of respect for the minutest vagaries of fashion with breadth of hand and unity of result, which has never been excelled since the days of Don Diego Velasquez. And here I may pause for a moment to contrast the modern painter's way of going to work with that of his forerunners of a few generations ago. In the picture last mentioned there are many accessories—a tall Chinese screen, a bank of red, white, and yellow azaleas, a card table, an Oriental gueridon with an empty tea-cup—and all these, as well as the wide-spreading draperies of the three girls, were painted entirely by the hand of the master, which, moreover, had previously designed the grey dresses with their pink ribbons and yellow lace. In all this the distance is wide enough between the work of Millais and the 'Waldegraves' of Reynolds, in which, as Walpole tells us, the journeyman had finished the table, etc., with the minuteness of a Dutch flower-painter. During the lifetime of Lady Waldegrave a small copy of Millais' picture used to hang at Strawberry Hill, near the group of Walpole's nieces. It served, at

least, to show how slight was the fancied debt from the modern to the less than modern master.”

One of my earliest recollections is being sent with an important message to the studio one morning, when my father was engaged on this picture. He was so completely absorbed in his work that, though I spoke to him again and again, he neither saw nor heard me; so I went back to my mother and told her that “there was something wrong with father, as he couldn’t speak.”

Amongst the works of 1873 was the portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim. It made quite a sensation in Paris, at the 1878 Exposition Universelle, and again at Munich in the following year—a sensation all the greater, perhaps, in Paris, as at the time the French really knew little or nothing of English Art, and looked only with pitying eyes on what they were pleased to call “efforts at Art.” That they had some reason for the sneer, something more worthy of them than mere prejudice or jealousy, can hardly be doubted. One must conclude, therefore, that the English pictures, except the few exhibits that found their way into that country in 1855, were not exactly of the highest order of merit. Indeed this is evident from the fact that they now welcomed English Art as equal to the best of their own, and placed it at once in the class to which it was entitled.

“Mrs. Heugh” was also a portrait of this year, and one that afforded Millais some amusement. He used to say that the family were so extremely religious that even the parrot whose portrait appears in the picture could not refrain from an occasional word in season, and frequently exhorted him to “Let us pray” whilst the work was proceeding. That the result was satisfactory appears from the following letter from Mr. John Heugh, acknowledging the receipt of his mother’s portrait:—

*From Mr. John Heugh.*

“HOLMEWOOD, *February 13th, 1873.*

“DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—I must not lose a post in telling you that the picture not only arrived safely, but that it is magnificent. All my ladies are in raptures at the likeness, and at the picture—position, accessories, colour, tone, are all in such harmony. They tell the story so simply and so truly, just as if one walked into the room and saw her in her calm, dignified, intelligent, but reposing old age. I shall never be able to thank you enough.

“Yours very truly,      “JOHN HEUGH.”

While Millais was away in Scotland this autumn he lent his studio in London to Holman Hunt. He himself repaired to Sutherlandshire, where, having rented the Shin again for salmon-fishing, he enjoyed excellent sport, along with his son George, then eleven years of age. After a pleasant stay at Inveran, the two went on to Scourie, where, by the kind permission of the Duke of Westminster, they had first-rate salmon and sea-trout fishing in the Laxford and Loch Stack.

A sad and memorable event of this year was the death of poor Landseer, for whom my father entertained a high regard. Both he and my mother frequently visited him in his later years, when adverse circumstances had crushed him to the ground, and he was always delighted to see them, particularly my mother, in whose presence he seemed to forget his troubles.

One of our greatest friends in these years was Mr. Thomas Hyde Hills, a partner of Mr. Jacob Bell, and ultimately head of the firm of Bell & Co., Oxford Street. He was also a great friend and admirer of Landseer. In 1873 Millais painted a portrait of Mr. Hills, and presented it to him as a mark of his appreciation of the many kindnesses he had shown the artist's children; and in thanking him for the picture Mr. Hills wrote:—"I am sorry to say our poor friend Sir Edwin will never see it, for I fear he is dying, and will be but a very short time with us; but he expressed his great gratification and delight when I told him of your kindness. Poor old fellow, I should have liked to hear what he would have said if he had seen it."

In another letter he complained of the scanty approval vouchsafed to the dead artist's works by certain critics, notably Mr. Ruskin; and written on the back of it is a rough outline of Millais' reply, running thus:—"You are healthy and right in your preference for Landseer's work to those of animal paintings by old masters. Mr. Ruskin's fine English is sometimes exceedingly mischievous. Although the manner of execution and painting may be preferable to Landseer's, no man dead or living has had so comprehensive a knowledge of animal life, or has depicted its forms so accurately or well."

As an artist Landseer had the remarkable gift of being able to draw with his left hand almost as well as with his right. He was also a brilliant talker, and could imitate to perfection the cry of any animal with which he was familiar. Being asked one day at Lord Rivers' to go and see a very savage dog that was tied up in

the yard, he crawled up to the animal on his hands and knees, and snarled so alarmingly that the dog, overcome with terror, suddenly snapped his chain, jumped over the wall, and was never seen again.

Another tale about him my father used to relate. One day several members of the Royal Academy were discussing in the big room of the Academy the merits of a picture which had been hung on the line, showing a youth and a girl leaning out of a window on the second floor of an old Elizabethan house. The ceiling of the room below them, as seen through the window, was so high that it seemed impossible for anybody in the room above to stand upright. Their legs, if they had any, must inevitably go through the ceiling. Various opinions were expressed on the subject, but all that Landseer said was, as he walked away, "Well, they are there, *not-with-standing*."

Landseer left behind him three large unfinished pictures, "Finding the Otter," "Nell Gwynne," and "The Dead Buck"—all on the easels in his studio—and his dying wish was that Millais, and no one else, should complete them. The work was accordingly taken up as a sacred trust, and the result, I venture to think, justified the confidence reposed in the artist.

Landseer, as we all know, had a style so peculiarly his own that any connoisseur can recognise it at a glance, but that it can be successfully imitated by a master-hand, the following little story tends to show :—

In the portrait of Nell Gwynne (life-size) she is seen passing through an archway on a white palfrey. This picture, in which the horse alone was finished, was bought by one of the Rothschild family and given to my father to complete. One morning a celebrated Art critic called, and was much impressed by the work. "Ah! to be sure," he said, going up close and examining a deerhound which almost breathed in the foreground; "how easily one can recognise Landseer's dogs! Wonderful, isn't it?" "Yes, it is wonderful," remarked Millais, lighting another pipe; "I finished painting that dog yesterday morning, and have done the whole of it myself!"

The park and trees forming the background of "The Dead Buck" Millais drew mainly from Nature, while following as far as possible the lines of Landseer's sketch, on the back of which I see written "Glen Feshie." This picture went to America.

"Digging Out the Otter" was left in so imperfect a state that at least two-thirds of it (including the figure, the horses, and most of the hounds) had to be painted in, the hounds being indicated only by charcoal lines; yet so cleverly was this accomplished that I think it would puzzle even artists to say for a certainty which was Landseer's work and which Millais'.

## CHAPTER XII

1874-1878

“The North-West Passage”—Captain Trelawny—A curious compact—Prints of Millais’ pictures in distant lands—“The Fringe of the Moor”—Letter to Mary Millais—“The Deserted Garden”—Ruskin disapproves—Archibald Stuart-Wortley—Millais gives him lessons—Mr. Stuart-Wortley’s notes on them—Miss Dorothy Tennant—Sir William Harcourt, Lord James, and Millais at lawn-tennis—“Over the Hills and Far Away”—Lord Lytton—John Forster—“The Yeoman of the Guard”—Invitation from the Queen of Holland—“The Sound of Many Waters”—Painting under difficulties—A mad preacher—Commission to paint H. R. H. the Princess of Wales—“Effie Deans”—“The Bride of Lammermoor”—“The Princes in the Tower”—Henry Wells, R.A., on Millais—Illness and death of Millais’ second son.

“THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE,” exhibited at the Academy in the spring of 1874, was perhaps the most popular of all Millais’ paintings at the time, not only for its intrinsic merit, but as an expression more eloquent than words of the manly enterprise of the nation and the common desire that to England should fall the honour of laying bare the hidden mystery of the North. “It might be done, and England ought to do it”: this was the stirring legend that marked the subject of the picture; and its treatment by the artist lent a dignity and a pathos to the words that undoubtedly added to their force. “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin”; and here we have the touch in the attitude and surroundings of the brave old seadog, and the expression of his weather-beaten features as in deep thought he gives utterance to the sentiment nearest to his heart. By his side is outspread a map of the northern regions; and with her hand resting on his, his daughter sits at his feet, reading what we may take to be the record of previous efforts to reach the Pole. He is at home now—this ancient mariner, stranded on the sands of life, like the hulk of an old ship that has done its duty—but as he listens to these deeds of daring, the old fire burns within him,

and in every lineament of face and figure we see how deeply he is moved.

No wonder that those who saw the picture—and there was always a crowd in front of it as it hung on the Academy walls—were moved in turn; and it would seem from a letter to Millais from Sir George Nares, who commanded the expedition to the North Pole in 1879, that its influence on the spirit of the nation—for engravings of it found their way into every corner of the land—was quite remarkable.

The early history of this painting is worth relating, if only as bringing into view one of the most remarkable characters that ever crossed the path of the artist. In the wide circle of his acquaintance there was but one man who came up to his ideal of the old sailor whom he wished to depict, and this was an eccentric old gentleman named Trelawny, who, when first applied to, resolutely refused to sit to him, hating as he did all the works and ways of modern society. Captain Trelawny was no ordinary man. His friends spoke of him as a "jolly old pirate"; for his early life was spent in cruising about in the Mediterranean and neighbouring seas, and the adventures he met with on those expeditions were eminently suggestive of the appellation. It happened to him at one time to fall into the hands of some Greek pirates, who took him ashore as a prisoner, and the end of it was that he married the daughter of the chief, and the happy pair spent their honeymoon in a cave. With all these vagaries, he was a man of considerable talent. Byron and Shelley were intimate friends of his, and he himself is well known for his reminiscences of them, and his autobiographical *Adventures of a Younger Son*.

This was the man whom Millais was so anxious to capture for his picture. In later years they had frequently met, and at John Leech's funeral, attended by them both, Trelawny came up, and in his bluff, unceremonious way shook Millais warmly by the hand, declaring that as mutual friends of the deceased, "the finest gentleman he had ever met," they too must be friends. And so they were. But for all that, Millais, fearing another refusal, could not bring himself to prefer his request, nor would he listen to his wife's proposal to try her persuasive powers on the old skipper. At last, in desperation, she went off unknown to her husband, and boldly tackled the picture-hater, who, after many refusals, turned round suddenly and said in his bluff way, "But





"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE." 1874



I'll tell you what I'll do. I am greatly interested in a company for the promotion of Turkish baths in London. Now, if you will go with my niece and take six Turkish baths and pay for them yourself, I will come and sit six times to your husband." Agreed. My mother had never been in a Turkish bath in her life, and knew nothing about them, but go she must or risk the success of the picture. So on the days appointed Trelawny came to the studio, and being assured that my mother had had her bath, surrendered himself to the artist; and so the picture was finished. Not, however, as it appears now; for as a strict teetotaler, Trelawny protested against the introduction of a tumbler of hot grog such as an old sea-dog might naturally have beside him, and it was only after the sittings were over that this was added as an accessory that could hardly be dispensed with. Poor Trelawny, when he saw it in the Academy, was very angry, fearing that everybody would recognise his portrait; and though he remained on friendly terms with my father, I doubt whether he ever quite forgave this little joke of his.

This was not the only alteration that was made in the picture before it was exhibited to the public. After the background and the two central figures were finished, my sister Alice and myself were called in to represent two children turning over a globe, in the right-hand corner, and every day for about a fortnight did we turn that wretched globe, till we hated the sight of it. All to no purpose, too, for it was found at last that our figures spoilt the composition and marred the simplicity of the tale. So out we went; that part of the canvas was cut away, and a new piece deftly inserted in its place. The flag of old England now floats over the space formerly occupied by our unsuitable forms.

The female figure was painted from a model, who also posed for the picture "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," painted in 1876. "The North-West Passage" fell into the hands of Mr. C. F. Bolckow, and is now, by the generosity of Mr. Tate, the property of the British nation.

Considering the vast number of cheap and generally excellent prints of Millais' works that have passed into the hands of people of all nations, it is not surprising to hear that some of the most popular have found their way into places where one would least expect to come across them; "Cherry Ripe," for instance, in a Tartar's hut, and "Cinderella" (gorgeously framed) in the house of a Samoan chief. "The North-West Passage" I met with

myself in the remote wilds of South Africa. I had been shooting springbuck on the Great Karroo, when a tropical thunderstorm compelled me to gallop off to the nearest shelter—the hut of a Hottentot shepherd, some miles away—and there before me hung a gaudy German oleograph of this picture nailed to the mud walls—the only adornment of the place. Anywhere else I should have been disposed to laugh at it as a ludicrous travesty of the original; but here it seemed like the face of an old friend bidding me welcome in the wilderness. The shepherd's opinion of it was distinctly original. In reply to my inquiry, he pointed to the Union Jack as displayed in the picture, and said in broken English, "I like that cotton goods. It would make good clothes."

In the autumn of this year were painted the two landscapes "The Fringe of the Moor" and "The Deserted Garden," the scene of the former being taken from the extreme end of the Rohallion ground, beyond the ruined village of Trochray, and close to the Loch Kennard march. It used to be a favourite beat for black game, and many were the delightful days my father and I spent there with our kind host Mr. John Bett.

The picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1875, along with "The Deserted Garden," "The Crown of Love," "Miss E. Tennant," "No!" "Eveline, daughter of E. Lees, Esq.," and the portrait of her sister Gracia.

The following letter to my sister Mary (then at school) is so characteristic of the writer, that I make no apology for introducing it here:—

*To Miss Mary Millais.*

"ST. MARY'S BIRNAM TOWER, N.B.,

*"November 8th, 1874.*

"MY DARLING MARY,—Having finished my first landscape ["The Fringe of the Moor"], why shouldn't I write a line to my own one? Yes, my labours are all over up the hill, but only to begin again down in the valley ["The Deserted Garden"]. Albeit it is an egg in the basket, and I hope a very pretty chicken will come out of it.

"I have a very crabbed pen (quill) which jibs and shies like an ill-tempered horse. What character there is in pens! Each one has its own—even the steel ones, which are supposed to be all of one pattern. Now you will think I have nothing to write about;

and yet I have lost a good cousin, who was a Miss Evamy, and Lady M—— has got another little boy. And so it is; creatures are buried and creatures are born. I have been to church this morning like a good father, and you can form no idea how deserted the building was. Mr. C—— had few more to address than Mrs. Graham, Tina, the Poples, and ourselves. He has a choir of boys in dimities now, and we, as his army, were as the Clan McTavish, five-and-twenty praying men to his five-and-thirty pipers.

“Miss Sophie is a wee bit out of sorts. Every day, after our dinner, she sings to her mother’s accompaniment two songs by Lionel Benson—like Gounod’s, and I needn’t add very charming. In her red dress she lifts up her head and sings like a robin on a twig; and somebody thinks the bird is not so pretty—an infatuated old fozzelam who sits over the fire and desecrates the room with tobacco.

“Mr. Bett is going to dine with me to-day, and I give myself a holiday on Wednesday and shoot with him. The last day I went out I killed two beautiful roe and a grand capercailzie, that came down with a flop that Homer would have said made the earth tremble; but I didn’t perceive the vibration. I don’t think it is maidenly for young ladies to wear cock birds’ feathers in their hats, otherwise I might obtain one for you.

“You will be delighted to hear that your papa’s figure is even more shadowy than when you left, as he has been walking eight miles every day, and on his legs (may I mention them?) the whole time between, say, half-past ten and half-past five.

“Since our remonstrance with Mrs. B——, Carrie’s writing has much improved, the upstrokes going up like sky-rockets, and coming down with a thud, thus. . . . That’s the way to do it, as you know from experience.

“Give my love to all the good girls—I don’t care for beauty, you know!—and tell Effie when she has learnt all the European languages, to get up a little Patagonian, as I have some idea of going there for a summer; you will all like it so much.

“Your affectionate father,

“J. EVERETT MILLAIS.”

“The Deserted Garden” was painted from “the wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot”—at the end of the upper garden terrace of St. Mary’s Tower, Birnam. It was a lovely spot as seen from the terrace gate looking down the hill across the

river; but when I was there two years ago I found it much changed, all the wood and coppices having grown up and hidden the distant grass field and the woods beyond the river, which were formerly in view.

The only additions made were the sundial and the hare, the latter of which was afterwards added in London, and, as Mr. Spielmann says, could very well have been dispensed with.

Millais always thought "The Deserted Garden" one of his best works, and wrote to that effect to the owner, Mr. Thwaites. "Never mind what other people may say about your picture," he said; "it is and always will remain one of the very best works I ever did." Ruskin, however, denounced it, as will be seen from the following remarks by Spielmann:—

"A touching view, typifying silence and neglect. Millais illustrated it with Campbell's verse, 'Written on visiting a scene in Argyleshire'—

'Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
To mark where the garden had been.'

"Piteous as such a scene must be to most of us who love a fair garden and grieve to see it fall into decay and degradation—for neglected cultivation does not readily turn back into the lovely wilderness of Nature from which it was born—the emotion is as nothing to that which it stirred in the breast of Ruskin. He denounced with despairing vigour the '(*soi-disant*) landscape' in which Millais gave scrubble instead of growth—'his finding on his ruinous walk over the diabolic Tom Tiddler's ground of Manchester and Salford'—and loudly lamented that the man who had painted 'Ophelia' and 'Autumn Leaves' had turned to that summariness which is antipodean to Pre-Raphaelitism, careless and incomplete. But the rest of the world hailed in it a work of real poetry—a verdict which to-day will generally be modified to not more than distinction and suggestiveness."

We had many pleasant visitors during the autumn of 1874, including a reading party from Oxford, consisting of Mr. Aubrey Harcourt (nephew of Sir William), Mr. Smith Dorrien, and Dr. Lloyd (now organist of Eton College)—a very merry and interesting trio. They had no sooner taken their departure than Mr. "Archie" Stuart-Wortley made his appearance. He was then in the gay and happy state of irresponsible bachelorhood, with no par-



MRS. BISCHOFFSHEIM. 1873





ticular profession to hamper his movements nor any settled views as to his future. His interests seemed to be centred in guns and sketch-books, and as my father presently discovered in him artistic and literary talent, he strongly advised him to cultivate this, offering, in a word, to teach him to paint. Lessons in Art were then begun, and of these the pupil himself has kindly sent me some notes as a short tribute to the memory of his master. Mr. Stuart-Wortley, I may say, is now among our best portrait painters. He writes:—"To have been a pupil of Millais, though only for a short time, as I was, is, I believe, a unique experience. I can safely say that I learnt more from him in a few short weeks than from all the other masters who from time to time directed, or mis-directed, my artistic studies put together. Short as the time was, it served to bridge over, for my poor capacity, the deep and often impassable stream that separates the amateur from the serious or professional painter.

"It was at St. Mary's Tower, in the year 1874, that I had the privilege, in response to the kindest of invitations from the great artist and his kind and hospitable wife, of not only watching him paint and observing his method, but of actually painting a small picture alongside of him all day, and under the direction of his frequent hints, scoldings or encouragement. In despair sometimes to catch the form and colour, or the relative value of varying foliage on different planes, I would lay down my palette, and, going round to where he paced to and from his canvas, eager, absorbed, his eyes glittering like stars in the concentration of his gaze upon subject and picture, would exclaim, 'I can't draw those leaves,' or grasses, or whatever it might be. 'Dash it, my boy,' he would say, 'you *must* draw them. Remember that if you don't some fellow will come from round the corner who *will*;' and then, in an exhibition, where will you be?' Then he would in turn lay down his palette, come round to my easel (we were not five yards apart), and, in the kindest way, show me where I was going wrong and how to correct it. I have studied under several masters, and had the honour since then of visits to my studio from many great artists. They could all tell you the part of your picture that was wrong, but Millais was the only one who could in five minutes (for he was always in a whirlwind hurry) show you how to put it right. I never knew him wrong on a point of drawing, proportion or perspective. I once heard the present President of the Royal Academy, who might be ignorantly supposed by superficial

observers, from the dissimilarity of their methods, to feel slight sympathy with Millais' work, remark that he had never seen a line of Millais' out of drawing. And this observation may still, I think, stand unchallenged. He would alter and alter for ever, up to the last moment, and it was not until he could not see how to do any more—an exalted point to have reached—that he would let his picture go. So far from being, as many thought from the freedom of his later execution, careless or hurried in his method, he was the most conscientious and laborious of painters. His utter absorption in his work precluded the possibility of his being anything else, even had he not been what he was, the most accurate observer of Nature perhaps in the world, and, in consequence, as well as perhaps naturally, her most honest and devoted admirer.

“‘It doesn't matter how beautifully a thing is painted, it is no good if it isn't *right*. It's got to come out'—meaning that it must be rightly drawn, in right proportion, and in the right place.

“At another time—'You must handle your brush gracefully; the execution should be more *prettily* done.' This combination of unerring accuracy with love of beauty (a more rare gift than is supposed among painters) is always to be found in his work.

“His appreciation of beauty in women was great. I remember the intense interest with which we all listened, during a discussion on the beauties of the present day, to his views on their comparative merits. He very distinctly gave the palm to Georgina, Lady Dudley, of all that he had seen, though he rated Mrs. Langtry very near her. On one occasion, in my studio, he said, 'What business have you to miss the beauty of that woman's nostril? Give me a brush.' And in two minutes he had put in the necessary line to refine my hard presentment. He was very strong on refinement and beauty of line in a woman's face and on the scale and size of a portrait—that it always should be *under* life-size and, so to speak, stand back in its own atmosphere behind the frame. Very severe against false enlargement of the eyes—'Ah, now you are getting to draw them nice and small,' to me on the subject of eyes. The only part of a face that could not be painted absolutely literally from Nature, he declared to be the juncture of the wing of the nose with the cheek, accounting for this view by the fact that it is intensely mobile, varying with the slightest change of expression, action, or light, and that, therefore, to fix it hard and fast in any direction is a mistake.

“A great believer in quality, texture, and what Reynolds called ‘richness,’ he left no means unused. In the boldest and broadest treatment we find eyelashes put in with the finest possible sable brush. ‘What does it matter *how* you do it? Paint it with the shovel if you can’t get your effect any other way.’ He used anything that occurred to him—the palette-knife very largely.

“On my admiring the beautiful quality of some subordinate part of his picture—‘Ah! that came by a fluke. We all get happy flukes now and then, but it’s only the fool that wipes them out.’

“Another delightful quality, in his landscapes especially, was his close observation and loyalty to the truth of objects of natural history. He added the keen insight of the true sportsman that he was to the perceptions of the great artist. Compare the meaningless birds of the conventional landscape-painter to the flock of swallows sailing overhead in ‘Chill October.’ Mark the truth to Nature of the roedeer in ‘The Moon is Up’; of the grouse in ‘Over the Hills and Far Away’; or, again, of the rooks in ‘Murthly Castle.’ In the same and all his other landscapes are details of foliage, grasses, and mosses that a botanist would instantly recognise as absolutely true. For him there was no ‘staffage’; any figure or object introduced had not possibly, but probably, been there.

“No wonder the public were always in touch with him, and he with them. He had a great belief in public opinion as a whole, and a great contempt for expert, or rather literary, critics. He could not have conceived the idea of achieving notoriety or success by making things black or grey, shadowy or incomplete. He loved and worshipped Nature rather than painting, and could always find beauty in his own day. Yet the worshippers of fads, the affected praisers of all that is dark, or smudgy, or insincere, though they yelped at his heels occasionally, dared never to attack him in front, and fawned on him openly, defeated by his sincerity.

“Once he seized me by the arm, and made me go round the Grosvenor Gallery with him. He stopped longer than usual before a shadowy, graceful portrait of a lady, by one of the most famous painters of our day—an arrangement in pink and grey, or rose and silver, shall I call it? At last, ‘It’s d——d clever; it’s a d——d sight too clever!’ And he dragged me on.

“He loved the criticism of a fresh eye on his work, and I was

not the only one who felt the difficulty in his studio of answering his invariable question, 'Now tell me, do you see anything wrong? Does the drawing look right to you?' etc.

"He was interested in all the questions and events of the day, and knew all that was going on, as an artist should, but he never lost his power of absorption in his work.

"Mr. Gladstone once, visiting my studio, described to me his sittings to Millais, Holl, and Watts. Of Millais he said, 'I never saw such a power of concentration in any man. I don't think I was in his studio for that portrait more than five hours and a half altogether.' This was in allusion to the famous picture formerly owned by the Duke of Westminster, and now, by the generosity of Sir Charles Tennant, in the National Gallery—probably the finest modern male portrait in existence.

"'Paint all your friends and relations, and anyone you can get to sit to you. You can't have finer practice than painting life-size portraits. Never mind the money; never refuse work.'

"He was a true sportsman—a good shot and an ardent fisherman. To the latter pursuit he brought the same 'power of concentration' remarked by the great man in his studio, and he could have killed anyone who began to talk to him of pictures when his mind was running on salmon or grouse. He often said how many times he had wished to paint a grouse-drive, and, for fear of comparisons, it is perhaps the only thing I am glad he did not paint."

Amongst the most attractive pictures of 1875 was "No!" showing a pretty girl reading over a letter she has just written, refusing an offer of marriage. This was a portrait of Miss Dorothy Tennant, the wife of the late Sir H. M. Stanley, the famous explorer—a young lady whose talents were quite as remarkable as her personal beauty. As children, we all had a great affection for "Dolly," for she was very kind to us, and many a happy afternoon did we spend with her in her studio at Richmond Terrace, where, besides all her studies of children, was a most fascinating assemblage of birds and reptiles, of which she was very fond.

This year St. Mary's Tower was not to be had again for his autumn holiday, as the Duke of Rutland wanted the place for himself and his family; but Erigmore, on the same hill, and with a charming garden attached, was happily at liberty, and Millais, who delighted in the neighbourhood, was only too glad to secure it.

A lawn in front of the drawing-room windows afforded ample space for a tennis ground, and as lawn-tennis was the latest novelty in outdoor sports, we must of course play it. And we did, after a fashion, my father the keenest and most enthusiastic of us all. He was quite fierce in his determination to master the game, the more so as we were expecting visitors who probably knew something of it already. They came at last—Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry James, and my uncle George Stibbard—and were so taken with the game that they too must become proficient, or perish in the attempt. In deadly earnest, then, they set to work. The balls flew about in the most lively and erratic way, and, as to the rules, nobody knew exactly what they meant, and nobody cared so long as his interpretation was upheld. The thing was to get this interpretation accepted by the adversaries, and to this end the game was stopped again and again, until one or other of the opponents gave way. Never was heard such an array of arguments as a disputed "fault" would draw forth from that able lawyer, Lord James, or such a torrent of eloquence as the great leader of the Liberal party\* let fall now and again in imploring his host and partner to keep clear of "that horrid net," and never did the host himself go to work in more fiery mood than at this new plaything that had caught his fancy. For hours together the game went on in this absurd fashion, the genial banter of the combatants keeping us all in fits of laughter as we sat and watched the performance. It may be better played nowadays—I venture to think it is—but whether more amusement was ever got out of it may well be questioned.

It was here that the scene of "Over the Hills and Far Away" was painted. The lovely valley of the Tay, as seen from the Trochray beat on the high ground of Rohallion, had attracted Millais' attention during his frequent visits to his friend Mr. John Bett, who for twenty-five years had the shooting over these moors, and except Murthly Moss no ground in the neighbourhood could vie with it in point of the variety of its attractions to the artist and the sportsman alike, the scenery being magnificent, while in the woods below, and the breezy uplands above, every variety of game was to be found. Here then, after a careful survey of the position, he pitched his tent—a little wooden hut put together by a local carpenter as shelter in case of storm—and here for six

\* Sir William has resigned the leadership since this was written, and has now (1904) joined the great majority.

weeks he worked away at his picture in great content. In the immediate foreground Rohallion Moor itself was seen; in the middle distance to the right, where a wooded hill stands in bold relief against the sky, are the Duke of Atholl's covers of Ladywell; and on the left are the broken slopes of Kinnaird. In the distance the river, like a silver streak, creeps through the lowlands of Dalguise and Ballinluig, and still further away may be faintly discerned the blue summit of grand old Ben-y-gloe.

He often said that he enjoyed the work on "Over the Hills and Far Away" as much as anything he ever did. His materials were all on the spot and he had nothing to do in the morning but take his gun and "shoot" his way up to the moor, a distance from Erigmore of about five miles. The walk there along the Birnam burn is a most lovely one, and he greatly enjoyed the privilege so generously granted to him by Mr. Bett. In the evening he would return home bringing a hunter's appetite and a brace or two of grouse, with perhaps a blackcock, a woodcock, or a snipe.

One day, while at work, he noticed a big pack of black game coming over from the west, and without moving from his painting-stool, he threw down his palette and killed a blackcock as it flew overhead. But that was not his usual practice; as a rule he never shot at birds that were moving about in his immediate neighbourhood. He liked to see them and hear their cheery cries. The grouse, constantly noting his presence, soon became quite tame, and approached so closely that on one occasion he was actually able to paint in a whole covey before they moved from the spot. The birds can be seen in the middle distance, slightly to the right of the picture.

This picture, once the property of Mr. C. E. Clayton, and afterwards of Mr. Kaye Knowles, is now in the possession of Mr. J. C. Williams.

Brunet Debaines, who made a successful etching of "Chill October," entirely failed in his translation of this work, as also of "Murthly Moss." The beauty was quite lost in the etching, all the softness and poetry disappearing in the cold, harsh lines of the needle. It is a great pity that such a process was attempted, as photogravure would have suited both of these pictures to perfection. Apart from the happiness of composition and brilliance of detail, "Murthly Moss" and "Over the Hills" owe their success to the skilful blending of subdued colours, none of which are much in contrast, whereas "Chill October," though also subdued in tone, is

a mass of contrasts exactly suited to black-and-white, and readily lends itself to reproduction, even in so rough a form as etching.

A letter to his wife (then in Germany with two of his daughters) gives a little insight into Millais' life at this time. Writing from Birnam Hotel, Birnam, under date of October 30th, 1875, he says :—

“I shot at Murthly (only Lord Cairns, Graham,\* and myself), and dined there afterwards. Yesterday I dined with the Manners', and met Lord Salisbury, whom I liked. Played whist after dinner. Still dreadful east wind, and all my reeds blown the wrong way. Two or three days' good weather would suffice to finish; but it is cruelty to animals, painting in such cold and wretchedness. . . .

“I am sorry to see a report in the papers that typhoid is very prevalent in Paris. It makes me nervous, hearing that, after Everett's attack. Ask Bishop about it.

“There is no news here, of course. I am all day on the moor, and shot a grouse this forenoon. The cold was intense, and I took a turn occasionally, to keep up my circulation.”

It was at one of the dinner parties this year at St. Mary's Tower that, as the guest of the Duke of Rutland, Millais met for the first time Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli), who, on his way to Balmoral, had broken his journey for a few days' rest at Dunkeld. On returning to Erigmore that night, he remarked to his guests what a very interesting talker Disraeli was. It turned out afterwards that the great statesman, being overcome by the fatigue of his journey, had remained almost silent, whilst Millais himself had talked hard the whole evening, to the entertainment of the whole party, Disraeli remarking to the Duke that he had never come across anyone with such a refreshing and continuous flow of original observations.

Two of Disraeli's sayings may be repeated here, though one, if not both, have already appeared in print. On their first meeting Millais expressed a hope that the illustrious statesman would enjoy the quiet repose of St. Mary's after his long and arduous work in the session of Parliament just concluded. “Yes,” said Disraeli, “I am already happy in this lovely spot. There are no secretaries or Government bags here.” And on another occasion, when they met again, he told Millais he could never enjoy the Academy banquet, for he always had a speech under his plate.

\* Mr. Henry Graham—the tenant of Murthly shootings and fishings at this period.

All my father's friends were most enthusiastic about "Over the Hills and Far Away."

A letter from the Duke of Westminster, whose wife he was then engaged in painting, also echoes the same sentiment.

*From the Duke of Westminster.*

"GROSVENOR HOUSE, LONDON, W.,

"November 22nd, 1875.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—Elcho, C. Lindsay, and self rather broke into your house burglariously yesterday afternoon. I hope you will forgive us, but I wanted such an 'array of talent' to see Her Grace then and there.

"They were very much pleased, as well they might be; but it was too dark to see well the landscape ['Over the Hills and Far Away']. William Russell [Sir W. Howard Russell] writes that 'the landscape caused him real admiration and pleasure, and he does not know of any of your works so true and brilliantly agreeable—the Scotticisms of the foreground wonderful in their faithfulness, and the whole composition so strikingly complete as to make it a triumph of British landscape painting'—in all of which I cordially agree.

"He praises equally the portrait.

"Yours sincerely,

"WESTMINSTER."

Two notable portraits—that of the late Duchess of Westminster, standing on the terrace at Cliveden, and Lord Lytton—were painted this year. The latter was a commission from John Forster, the friend and biographer of Charles Dickens, and our neighbour in Palace Gate. Forster seems to have been on equally intimate terms with Lord Lytton, for whose character and poetic works he entertained the highest admiration. He was himself in failing health, and fearing that he should never see his friend again—for Lord Lytton had just been appointed Viceroy of India—he wrote to Millais in most pathetic terms, begging him as a personal favour to make a portrait of Lytton before he started for the East. This Millais did, but alas! poor Forster died in the following year, before the picture was finished. It is now, by the late owner's bequest, in the South Kensington Museum.

In the summer of 1876 was painted "The Yeoman of the



Guard," a picture which, like "The North-West Passage," could hardly have been expected from the same hand as that which created "Lorenzo and Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes," so widely different is it from either of them in character and sentiment. In "The Yeoman" we have a splendid type of the fine old British warrior of which the nation is so proud—a subject entirely after Millais' own heart. He delighted to paint it, and always considered the picture amongst the four best that ever came from his brush.

It was in 1875 that the idea of this work originated. Millais, having received a commission from a dealer to execute a very large picture of the Yeomen of the Guard searching the vaults beneath the two Houses previous to the opening of Parliament, made a preliminary visit to the Tower of London to see the "Beef Eaters" and study their costume. He was much struck with the splendid colour and tasteful design of the uniform, and thinking that under artificial light its pictorial strength would be lost, he abandoned his original idea, and decided to paint a single figure in all the glory of the open air. The difficulty was to find a model who came up to his ideal wearer of this historic costume; but this at last he found in Major Robert Montagu, a grand old man who most kindly came and sat for the head and hands. The Major had done yeoman service for his country in many campaigns, and his fine dignified head and figure were exactly what the artist required.

Now, to sit to an artist for two hours involves a greater strain than is commonly supposed. It is not surprising therefore that this old gentleman, who was over eighty and very infirm, found the work almost too much for him; yet having once commenced he would not give in. He was supplied with soup, etc., every three-quarters of an hour; and to relieve the strain on his gallant sitter Millais worked at a higher pressure than he had ever done before. The head and hands were dashed in, and completely finished in a few days; and yet, like so much of his best work, it suffered nothing from the rapidity with which it was executed.

My uncle, Henry Hodgkinson, who was one of my father's most devoted admirers, and already owned "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru" and "The Woodman's Daughter" (both fine examples of the painter's earlier manner), had long wished for a specimen of his more recent works, but his limited means restrained him from indulging the desire. Now, however, when he saw "The

Yeoman" for the first time, he could no longer resist the temptation. The picture must be his at any cost; and he bought it. A proud man that day and ever afterwards of this possession. We children knew nearly every touch of the brush on the canvas; yet every time we went to see the new owner the whole category of its charms had to be recounted over and over again and carefully explained to us, as if we had never seen the picture before. His admiration for it was simply unbounded; and when, later on, the artist expressed a desire that it should be left to the nation, he unselfishly jumped at the suggestion and carried it out by his will.

The Queen of Holland, who had visited my father and mother more than once in Cromwell Place, was good enough to send them an invitation this year to visit her, but unfortunately they could not avail themselves of it. The Queen was a very clever woman, with a great love of Art, and practised it with considerable success.

"Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," was now painted, and presented to G. F. Watts, R.A., in return for the excellent portrait of Millais by that great artist. In reply came the following letter:—

*From Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.*

"LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE,

*"July 19th, 1876.*

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I cannot tell you how greatly I admire the picture you have sent me! You have never done anything better. I shall have it up in my studio, as an example to follow. I feel proud of the possession.

"Yours very sincerely,

"G. F. WATTS."

About this time my father, who had so often called upon his family, especially his daughters, to act as his models, determined for his own pleasure to paint all their portraits, and in turn we all sat to him for this purpose; but his best works this year were the portraits of Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger and the twin daughters of Mr. J. R. Hoare. My sister Carrie and myself also sat as models for a picture called "Getting Better"—certainly one of the least successful of his works.

The autumn unfortunately was rather a trying time for him. Having determined on "The Sound of Many Waters" as the subject of his next landscape, he betook himself to the Rumbling

Brig, near Dunkeld, where in a little cottage belonging to Mr. Tomson, close to the well-known waterfall, he found apartments near the scenery he wished to paint, the view being taken from the left bank of the river Braan immediately above the fall where it is spanned by the Brig. He started, however, so late in the year that he had to put up with many discomforts in the shape of snow and storm that seriously interfered with his work, as will be seen from the following letter to his daughter Mary :—

*To Miss Mary Millais.*

“RUMBLING BRIG,

“*November 9th, 1876.*

“DEAREST MARY,—I fear that, after all, I shall have to give my work up and finish it next year, as there is nothing but snow over all, and I have a cold as well, which makes it positively dangerous to paint out in such weather as this. However, we will see what to-morrow brings. It is dreadfully dull here when there is nothing to do. I have been in my hut this morning, and I hoped a blink of sun would thaw sufficiently the snow on the foreground rocks to enable me to get on, but the storm is on again, and it is simply ridiculous trying to work, as everything is hidden with a white sheet. . . .

“The madman is still here, and I have had no word from Dundee about his family. He preaches with naked feet, all day, to the rocks and trees.

“Your affectionate father,

“J. E. MILLAIS.”

The madman referred to was a poor creature who appeared nearly every day, and somewhat annoyed the artist by his persistent attentions. Writing to his wife on November 10th, Millais says :—“I got rid of the madman by writing to the Superintendent of Police in Dundee, who came this morning and fetched him away. He has been under the influence of Father P——, and was preaching, barefooted, to the rocks and trees all day.”

Writing to her again, on November 14th, he says :—“This picture is full of vicissitudes. I recommenced work yesterday, and got on wonderfully, but required water; and it has come with a vengeance to-day; and again I am trembling for the safety of my hut, as it is submerged at this very moment—a perfect deluge,

and likely to continue all night. I have, however, got on so extraordinarily well these last two days that I may finish this week if I have a house to paint in. The labour in this painting is certainly *much greater* than in any I have yet done, and it will be very thoroughly carried out. . . . I am sure no sledge-harnessed mariner of Nares' crew has worked harder than I have at this North Pole of a picture. I stand until I am ready to drop, and drink enough whiskey and water to make an ordinary man quite giddy; but without feeling it."

As he anticipated, the deluge continued. In one night the river was swollen to bursting-point; it broke over the banks and swept away the painting-house and smashed it to pieces amongst the rocks. Happily for Millais, he had some warning of what was coming, or his picture would have been swept away too. Early in the morning he saw the danger, while at work with the Tomsons trying to strengthen the river bank; and just in the nick of time they seized the picture and carried it off in safety to the cottage. Then the weather changed again, turning suddenly warm and mild, and in great joy Millais finished his picture, and bore it off in triumph to Birnam.

His last letter to my mother from the Rumbling Bridge is redolent of the doubts and fears which constantly beset every true artist, even when he has done his best work. He says:—"I am still suffering a great deal from standing constantly in such a damp place, but it is well over now. I really don't know what the result is. Sometimes I think the work is the best thing I have done, and at others I think it is a failure. All I know is that I can do no more."

During the summer of 1876 he received a commission from Manchester to paint H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, who, as intimated by Colonel Gardiner, graciously consented to sit. Unfortunately, however, the day named conflicted with Millais' engagements; so he ventured to express the hope that a later date might be arranged. The Princess herself very kindly consented to this; but for some reason or other the Manchester authorities changed their minds, and, to the great disappointment of the artist, the arrangement fell through.

In the following year (1877) he painted two beautiful subjects from Scott's novels, "Effie Deans" and "The Bride of Lammermoor." The models for "Effie Deans" were Mr. Arthur Gwynne James (nephew to Lord James of Hereford), my brother Everett,



"A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD." 1876



Mrs. Langtry, and Mrs. Stibbard. Mr. James was also good enough to stand for the Master of Ravenswood in “The Bride of Lammermoor,” Lucy Ashton being represented by a very pretty girl who formerly served in Aldous’ flower-shop, in Gloucester Road. This picture was finished in February, 1878. Its value as a work of Art may be gathered from the following letter.

*From Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.*

“LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE,

“July 26th, 1878.

“MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I have only just seen your ‘Bride of Lammermoor,’ and must write to tell you how much it charmed me. Lucy Ashton’s mouth is worthy of any number of ‘medailles,’ and the French were quite right to give it to you (I disapprove highly of the principle of giving such things at all, and may perhaps say so very distinctly, but that is another matter). I hope your boy is better.

“Yours very sincerely,

“G. F. WATTS.”

“Effie Deans,” now in the possession of Sir Edmund Loder, is one of Millais’ most successful pictures in the field of romance.

“Yes!” (another picture of his, painted in 1877) shows a pair of lovers saying good-bye.\* Mr. Lionel Benson, a well-known vocalist, stood for the man, and a professional model took the part of the lady.

Mr. Barwell says, “Within a day of sending in this picture the lovely head of the girl appeared to the painter not high enough above the shoulders. He had the courage and the skill to shift and repaint the head about three-quarters of an inch higher—a task so difficult that the success accomplished on the spur of the moment is truly astonishing. The alteration is said to have occupied one morning only.”

Early in 1878 was commenced his picture of “The Princes in the Tower,” for which he had already painted the gloomy staircase at St. Mary’s Tower, Birnam, N.B. Not being quite satisfied that the background was sufficiently like the spot in “The Bloody

\* This picture, I am ashamed to say, was the subject of much unseemly jest amongst the artist’s family, who strongly objected to the portmanteau introduced here as suggestive of departure. We always spoke of it to him as, “Have you put in my sponge-bag and tooth-brush?”

Tower," where the boys are supposed to have been murdered, he sent me on three successive days to make pencil sketches of the interior; and finding from them that he had got the steps too small, and the staircase going the wrong way, he went and made drawings himself. Then, throwing aside the work he had already done, he started the picture again on a new and larger canvas, showing the exact surroundings of the place where the bodies of the murdered princes were found.

The first canvas was eventually used as the background for "The Grey Lady," illustrating an observation Mr. Wells, R.A., once made to me:—"One of Millais' most remarkable gifts," he said, "was his readiness to grasp at once the utility of either backgrounds or models, and assign them, without apparent forethought, to the composition of the very pictures for which they were most suitable. The face of the women in 'The Huguenot' and 'The Rescue,' the old knight in 'Sir Isumbras,' and many others were actually portraits of human beings, and yet they represented to the life characters in the scenes depicted. It is no easy task to work up from a model the exact character that is wanted. Millais just looked about amongst his friends, or models came to him, and he saw at a glance for what subject or story they were best suited, whilst lots of us were racking our brains to know what to do with, perhaps, the very same material. Now (as a remarkable instance of this) the mother of those two handsome boys in 'The Princes in the Tower' came to me and asked if I could make use of them in any way. I saw at once what picturesque little chaps they were, and for more than a fortnight cudgelled my brain to find some use for them. At last my mind was made up, I strolled round to Millais' one afternoon to tell him of my intention, when, to my astonishment, I saw on his easel figures of my prospective models already half finished in the picture we have mentioned. The fact was, that after seeing me, the boys had been taken to Millais, who at once assigned to them the characters of the young princes, and began his picture the very next day."\*

It is, perhaps, a trivial thing to record, but I have heard my father say he could never look at this picture without feeling the scrunch of acid-drops beneath his feet. Those young wretches, he explained, would bring packets of these delicacies when coming to sit, and whiled away the time by eating them. Now and then

\* The mother of these two fair-haired boys was a former model. She sat to Millais for the figure in "The White Cockade."



some would fall to the floor, irritating him beyond measure when he trod upon them.

This year (1878) was a very sad one for Millais and his family. No sooner had he finished a portrait of Mrs. Langtry ("The Jersey Lily"), then in the zenith of her beauty, than his second son, George, was taken seriously ill. While keeping his terms at Cambridge he contracted typhoid fever, and being a very keen sportsman he so far neglected his health as to go out snipe-shooting while still under medical care. A chill ensued, followed by consumption, and in August he passed away at Bowerswell at the age of twenty. It was a terrible blow to my parents—all the heavier as he was now old enough to be a companion to my father during his autumn holiday, and many a happy day had they spent together with rod and gun.

Never dreaming that his end was so near, they had taken him with them to Scotland, for which they started earlier than usual this year, having secured a little house called Dhivack, situated in the heart of the Inverness-shire mountains, about eight miles north of Loch Ness and the village of Drumnadrochit—a lovely place belonging to Mr. Arthur Lewis and tenanted for several years by John Phillip, R.A.

For some weeks after this my father was too depressed in spirit either to work or to play; and it was not till the end of September that he plucked up courage to go to some of the deer-drives at Balmacaan, organised by the late Earl of Seafield. Occasionally, too, he trolled for big trout in Loch Ness, where the gloomy grandeur of the ruined Castle Urquhart—"the tower of strength which stood four-square to all the winds of heaven"—seemed to echo the sentiments of his own sad heart, and presently he determined to paint it.

If (as I think) the picture must be admitted a failure, it must be remembered that it was painted only as a distraction from the sorrowful thoughts of a man bowed down with grief.

## CHAPTER XIII

1878-1881

The new house—Millais' delight in Kensington Gardens—He receives, in Paris, the Gold "Medaille d'Honneur"—Is likewise created an Officier du Legion d'Honneur—Sir Edgar Boehm's letter on the Paris Exhibition—Letter from Monsieur Emile Bayard—French recognition of British Art—Notes by Professor Herkomer—Mr. Frith, R.A., on Paris artists and studios—Millais and Frith are painted for Gambart's house—Sarah Bernhardt—Invitation from the Queen of Spain—Albert Gray's notes on Millais' visit to Holland—His admiration for Rembrandt and Franz-Hals—"Paul Potter's Bull," a poor production—"Barry Lyndon"—Gladstone—His portrait of 1879—Sir Edward Poynter on this picture—It is presented to the nation—Letter from Mr. Gladstone to the author—Alcyone Stepney—"Cherry Ripe"—Appreciations from distant lands—"Princess Elizabeth"—Sophie Millais sits for the picture—Lines on "Princess Elizabeth"—Eastwood—Thomas T———Millais a D.C.L. of Oxford—John Bright—Millais paints his own portrait for the Uffizi Gallery—Miss Beatrice Buckstone—Letter from Sir William Richmond—The Millais Exhibition, 1881—Letters from artists—Lord Beaconsfield—Letters from him—His very last letter—His death—Autograph letter from the Queen—Millais paints, for Her Majesty, a small replica of Lord Beaconsfield's portrait.

THE house in Palace Gate being now finished and ready for occupation, Millais was glad to leave Cromwell Place in 1878 and take possession of his new and more commodious home. Writing of it in 1885, Mr. W. Armstrong says:—

"Before the visitor puts his hand on the bell he will stand a moment to examine the home Sir John has raised for himself. It is characteristic of the man. None of the thought-out quaintness of the Anglo-Dutch revival, but a great plain square house, with an excrescence here and there where demanded by convenience. The ornamental details are Renaissance of a rather severe type, the few columns introduced being Roman, Doric, and Ionic. From the side towards the park the most conspicuous thing is the great studio window. The whole of this façade is rather shapeless, no doubt because it was thought that the open ground to the north would be soon occupied by masking houses. But the main

front is an excellent piece of design, especially in the details. The credit for the work has often been given to Sir John Millais himself, but as a fact he did no more than sketch out a general notion of what he wanted for the use of Mr. Philip Hardwick, the responsible architect.

"The hall is a room about five-and-thirty feet square, with a marble pavement and dado. It is divided into parts by white marble columns, beyond which the wide staircase rises in three flights to the first floor. The white marble gives the keynote to the decoration both of hall and staircase; except that the doors, which open all around, are of dark polished mahogany, the whole is as high in tone as London air will let it be. The ornaments are a few busts on *gaines*, and the general effect is that of a Genoese *palazzo*. To the right of the hall is the morning-room, and the walls of both are almost hidden under etched, engraved, and photographed reproductions of Sir John Millais' pictures.

"On the first-floor landing we find the famous fountain with Boehm's black marble sea lion. Behind the fountain hangs a piece of tapestry, and on either flank stand busts."

On the right of the landing is the large dining-room hung with Millais' own works, and two enormous pier-glasses, whose carved frames are attributed to John of Bologna; on two other sides are drawing-rooms, and on the fourth is his studio. "This," says Mr. Armstrong, "is a room about forty feet long by twenty-five wide and twenty high. It is distinguished from most of the studios lately built in London by its simplicity. There are no cunningly-devised corners, or galleries, or ingle-nooks, or window-seats; the severity of Mr. Hardwick's architecture prevails here as in all the rest. The only ornaments are a few oak pilasters running up to the cove of the ceiling, and the finely-proportioned mantelpiece. For an active and popular painter a large studio is a necessity, and even this spacious room Sir John finds none too large."

That is quite true: space meant much to Millais. He liked to see his work, whatever it might be, from all points of view, and to walk backwards and forwards in front of it, studying it under all lights. The floor was of parquet; and it amused him to notice, as he often did, young visitors looking at it instead of the pictures, for he knew that their thoughts were tending rather to the worship of Terpsichore than that of Pallas Athenæ. "What a lovely room for a dance!" was commonly the first exclamation. And in truth it was. It was lit by electricity, and on three of the walls hung

Italian tapestries. In the left-hand corner was the bureau, and near it a table covered with the artist's painting materials. In the centre stood the dais for his models, and facing it, at the end of the room, was the large canvas of "Time clipping the Wings of Love," painted by Vandyke, and purchased by Millais at the Blenheim sale.

In a word, the house was all that he desired ; but unfortunately there was no garden, and the intervention of Thorny Lodge deprived him of an uninterrupted view of Kensington Gardens, in which he delighted to stroll, especially in the early mornings, when the chestnuts and almond trees were coming into bloom. "After all, I am but a few steps from the country," he used to say. "There are few parks in England more beautiful than these gardens. I could paint some good landscapes here." To this extent he was a thorough cockney, though he could never bring himself to say, with the Iron Duke, "London is the best place in the world to live in for half the year, and I don't know any better for the other six months."

In his younger days he was not too proud to hire a boat and have a good row on the Serpentine, and in later life he would often spend an hour leaning over the railings of the ornithological enclosure, watching the ducks, wood-pigeons, and peacocks displaying themselves. Any little bit of natural history so near at hand delighted him, and great was his joy one morning when he discovered a couple of pheasants in the shrubberies near Rotten Row. "There's more game here than at Craig Vinian," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, Craig Vinian being a shooting he had rented where the sport was very poor.

Though himself no gardener, he was, as might be expected of the painter of "Ophelia," fond of everything that grew and flowered. Of a solitary bed of lilies of the valley which raised their heads amidst the London smuts in our back courtyard he was inordinately proud ; and a vine that climbed over the back of the house, and in summer led its dainty tendrils through the open windows, he came to regard with almost the scientific interest of such horticulturists as Pope and Shenstone.

Apropos of his love for Kensington Gardens, Miss Jameson, my mother's cousin, favours me with a pathetic reminiscence. She says :—"The last walk I ever had with him was about a fortnight before he was finally restricted to the house. It was late in the afternoon of a spring day, the sun shining brightly and a cold east



"THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR." 1877



wind. He told me he would take and show me something beautiful. We went into the Gardens to a spot where there was a magnificent magnolia in full blossom. This was what he wished to show. He could not speak above a whisper, but pointed constantly with his stick to these flowers and the different spring blossoms that he loved so well, making his usual remark of the delight it was to have such gardens so near at hand to walk in. I always associate them with him now."

From the Art point of view, it was a propitious year for Millais, this Annus Domini 1878. He had sent to the International Art Exhibition at Paris several important works, including "Chill October," "A Yeoman of the Guard," "Madame Bischoffsheim," "The Three Miss Armstrongs," and "The Bride of Lammermoor"; and *malgré* the prejudice of the French Academy against foreign Art, especially British, had won for his exhibits their highest prize, the gold *médaille d'honneur*.

Determined, too, to mark still more emphatically their appreciation of his talent, the French conferred upon him, along with Sir Alma Tadema, the honour of an officer of the *Légion d'honneur*. To Professor Herkomer was also awarded the gold medal of the Academy, and great joy was it to them all not only to find their works placed on a level with those of Meissonier, Gérôme, Bonnat, and other distinguished French artists, but to feel that they had helped to raise English Art and English artists to a position never before attained in the land of the Gaul.

Mr. Frith, R.A., was the first to tell Millais the good news. Referring to the *médaille d'honneur*, he writes:—"I congratulate you on your well-deserved success, and I don't believe there is an artist in England who, after swearing he ought to have had it himself, will begrudge you the honour."

From Boehm, too, the famous sculptor, and from M. Emile Bayard, editor of the *Journal Officiel*, came, as will be seen, most appreciative letters.

*From Mr. J. E. Boehm.*

"HOTEL DE LA PLACE DU PALAIS ROYAL,

*"Paris, le 30 Avril, 1878.*

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I cannot resist to congratulate you upon the splendid effect which your pictures make in the exhibition here. We certainly will be very pleased when you come over to

see them. They are the first which strike one most forcibly on entering the first room of the English Art Department, where they almost occupy the whole room. On the left-hand side the old mariner [Trelawny] looks quite superb. Madame Bischoffsheim seems to walk out of the frame, and some of the French artists I saw, who peeped in, are tremendously struck with your work. Altogether British painters are splendidly represented, and everyone must feel proud and glad at the judicious selection. The exhibition is far from being finished, and is the biggest and grandest thing of the kind that ever was made. It gives me the impression of being the last that ever will be. It covers miles on both sides of the Seine. No flooring was done yet (yesterday), and the most prominent object in the industrial part are packing-cases and straw. The light for sculpture is bad, though my rearing cart-horse looks very well in the open air, and Leighton's figure fine, and makes a sensation.

"I think you ought to have no misgivings about your very fine work; light, arrangement, everything most satisfactory; so forgive this long rigmarole. I could not help it.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"J. E. BOEHM."

*From M. Emile Bayard.*

"PARIS, 14 Mai, 1878.

"MONSIEUR ET MAITRE,—J'ai reçu de M. Hodgkinson une lettre charmante dans laquelle il m'autorise à reproduire votre 'Garde Royal.' Je lui écris pour le remercier.

"Quel autre tableau de vous pourrais-je obtenir des propriétaires? Si je pouvais avoir les Montagnes d'Ecosse par exemple, superbe paysage, je serais bien heureux. Enfin, mon cher Maître, si vous voulez bien être assez bon pour m'indiquer vous même comment je dois faire pour obtenir une deuxième œuvre, vous m'aurez aidé à ma besogne qui est de populariser en France votre glorieux nom et d'apprendre au public ce que tous les artistes savent déjà, à savoir quel puissant peintre vous êtes.

"Veuillez agréer, Monsieur et Maître, l'assurance de mon profond respect.

"Votre humble serviteur,

"EMILE BAYARD,

"du *Journal Officiel.*"



Rather different this from the tone of M. Théophile Gautier in 1855, when he laughed to scorn the works of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood as "eccentricities only to be found in Albion." Equally significant, too, are the observations of M. Duranty, who, writing this year (1878) in one of the French reviews, is glad to notice the immense advance in English Art since 1855. In a most interesting article he traces the origin of the English school to Holland, "an origin of parentage, but not of imitation. The same houses, the same sky, the same manners, the same maritime life, the same religious tendencies, are found in England and the Netherlands. Since 1855 the influence of French and Italian Art has produced its effect, though the national character of the school is little altered. Through all the differences of schools and tendencies the English eye has remained the same." The school of Mr. Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites is, he thinks, on the wane. "Mr. Millais especially, by the force of his artistic intuitions, and influenced somewhat by Baron Leys and M. Jules Bréton, has been able to emancipate himself from most of the fetters which trammelled him in his earlier career. Minute Pre-Raphaelism has disappeared, but the bold and vigorous hand, the penetrating eye of 1855, are more vigorous and penetrating in 1878. The variety of his work is splendid, ranging from exact minuteness to the greatest effects, and is suffused with the magic of the most dreamy and pensive charm. Millais is one of the men of the Art of the nineteenth century."

With the usual French aptitude to generalise, M. Duranty cleverly sums up the characters of the various continental and insular schools in this wise:—"German painting," he says, "is sober, restrained, reflective, grave, sometimes profound, sometimes smiling; but it seems to bear the weight of a grey sky and to reflect the cares of a laborious life on a hard and ungrateful soil. Russian Art has a bizarre and local flavour. Denmark is provincial. Sweden is French. Norway is German. Holland is English, without English distinction. Belgian Art is material. Southern Germany bursts forth into an explosion of colour which has the tone of copper, a noisy fanfare sounded to attract attention. In Switzerland and in Greece, as in the small states of the north, Art draws its inspiration either from France or Germany. Italy ferments, but from the confusion will flow a clear and pleasant stream. Spain and Italy are alike. Above all towers English Art, original, delicate, scrupulously true, expressive, full

of a lofty intellectual 'dandyism,' full of sensitiveness, grace, and refined tenderness, full of historical sentiment which joins modern things to the lofty accents and strong attractions of the past; an art of penetration, elegance, and poetry, absolutely bound up with the genius of the nation; an art in which melancholy is joined to pleasure, and singularity to precise reality."

October was the month fixed for the distribution of the prizes; and, in compliance with an official notice, Millais and Herkomer hastened to Paris to receive their medals in person. What passed is best described by Professor Herkomer, who kindly writes to me:—"It has always been a proud moment in my career when I obtained one of the great medals of honour in Paris (1878) with the splendid painter, your father, whose superb art raised the status of English Art. I was at that time not even an Associate of the Royal Academy. I remember well, when we went to Paris to receive our medals, the joy he felt in the great pomp that surrounded the event of the distribution of medals to all nations. I remember his appreciation of the way in which France, above all countries in the world, appreciated the Fine Arts, which it exemplified by placing the flag that headed the Fine Art Section in the one place of honour, above the throne of the President of the Republic.

"As it happened, we did not have to go up the great steps to receive our medals singly, greatly to your father's relief. Sir Cunliffe Owen received them all in a basket, and I could not get your father to ask him, as he passed us, for our medals. He was too modest and shy, but he pushed *me* on, and said, 'No; you ask, you ask!' It was a great contrast, this great man in his modesty, to my unhesitating young impudence, because *I* did not hesitate to ask for them, and, what is more, got them. Thus we went home with our medals in our pockets, while the others had to wait weeks, until the red-tape arrangements had been officially carried out.

"I can say no more than that my whole life was wrapped in admiration of his art, and to know him was to love him."

While in Paris Millais made the acquaintance, and visited the studios, of most of the distinguished French artists, notably Gérôme and Meissonier, Gambart, the picture dealer, who had made a fortune, kindly acting as his cicerone.

An amusing account of this visit is given by Frith in his *Reminiscences*. He says:—"Most of the principal British painters

were well represented; and the French artists (to their great surprise, it is said) found that there was really a school of Art in England worthy the name. I went to Paris with two friends, one of whom was Millais, and we were received very graciously by many of the French painters; Millais, of course, carrying away, as he deserved, the lion's share of applause. We were not surprised at the kindness of our reception; but the houses—palaces would be the better name—in which some of the artists lived surprised me very much. Millais and Leighton are pretty decently lodged; but Detaille and Meissonier outstrip them in splendour. I had never seen either of these gentlemen before, and when I was introduced to a demonstrative little man as brisk as a boy of twenty—attired in black dress trousers and a blue silk blouse, open in front, disclosing a bright red shirt, a long grey beard falling over the latter—as M. Meissonier, I had an example before me of the truth of the saying, that big souls often locate themselves in small bodies. Detaille is a soldierly-looking man, reminding one of the figures he draws so well; but his house! and his bed! the latter a marvellous structure—we had a sight of it from his studio: black and gold splendour—I told him I should be afraid to sleep in it.

“We met our old friend Gambart in Paris, with whom was De Keyser, the head of the Academy at Antwerp. He had come to Paris mainly to paint portraits of Millais and my humble self, for introduction into a large composition to be executed by him on the walls of Gambart's house at Nice. We take our place in a group of contemporary painters.

“Sarah Bernhardt, actress, sculptor, and painter, is a friend of Mr. Gambart's, and as we were desirous of an introduction to a person so celebrated, a day was fixed for our visit. We were admitted through large gates into a garden, with little tables dotted about. Carpeted steps led up to the chief entrance; we passed it, and found ourselves in a large hall, furnished with magnificence in the shape of sculpture, armour, clocks, etc. Only a rapid glance was possible, as we were ushered immediately into the studio—many more sculptures in various states of incompleteness, huge tropical plants, and unfinished pictures—and as we entered, a boy dressed in white, with yellow hair, sprang from a sofa and greeted us warmly. This seeming boy was Miss Sarah Bernhardt, whose masculine attire was assumed for the convenience it afforded for the practice of the Art she loves far

more than that in which she is famous. She made the astounding declaration to me that she hated acting, and would rather succeed in painting or sculpture, or both, than in any other earthly calling.

“Of her painting I cannot speak, for I saw no completed work; but her sculpture surprised us all, and left little doubt that if she devoted herself entirely to that Art, she would take a high place amongst its professors.”

Of Millais' previous travels under the temptation of foreign Art Mr. Albert Gray sends me the following notes:—

“Millais was one of those who have no delight in travel, or, rather, of those to whom the irksomeness of catching trains, of being immured in trains, and of bundling into and out of hotels, appears in the light of a prohibitive price. The conditions to which the genuine tourist with more or less contentment resigns himself frequently supplied him with a final argument against a trip which would have comprised some much-desired sights.

“He knew the principal galleries of Italy, and I believe had been to Dresden. The distance of Vienna and St. Petersburg put them out of the question for him. Paris he was familiar with. For many years he had meditated Spain, and could have gone there on the most favoured tourist terms, when his friend Sir Clare Ford was minister at Madrid. It was a lasting regret with him not to have seen his favourite Velasquez at the Prado.

“There remained Holland; and Holland was more accessible. As the Whitsuntide of 1875 approached his courage was screwed to the sticking point, and he embarked at Queensborough with his sister-in-law Mrs. Stibbard, G. D. Stibbard, and myself. Having been twice to Holland, I was appointed courier. Our camp was pitched successively at the Hague and Amsterdam, from which centres all things possible in a nine or ten days' trip can be done without the daily movement of baggage.

“The gallery at the Hague gave him genuine pleasure. Here for the first time he saw the larger works of Rembrandt, and he returned again and again to ‘The Lesson in Anatomy.’ His method of viewing a gallery would seem remarkable to the ordinary tourist. He never looked inside a guide-book or catalogue, though he was sometimes glad to have his opinions corroborated. There were, of course, but few high-class works the authorship of which he could not fix at a glance. He would thus enter a room, and after a rapid survey concentrate his atten-



"EFFIE DEANS." 1877



tion on so much as seemed to him really 'great work.' Ver Meer, of Delft, was almost new to him, the fresh examples of De Hooch maintained his opinion of that skilled craftsman; while Paul Potter's 'Bull' left him cold.

"At the Mauritzhuis we fell in with Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., and the two Academicians went through the rooms together.

"The divergent aims and interests of the two men displayed themselves forthwith. Millais, grasping Frith's arm with one hand and pointing with the other, would eagerly proclaim the triumphs of Rembrandt or Franz Hals; while Frith, wondering how his friend 'could admire paint laid on with a palette-knife,' would strive to detain him before a Metsu or a Gerard Dow.

"Haarlem and Leiden, Delft and Dordrecht were all visited from the Hague. Millais pronounced the sculpture of the monument of William the Silent at Delft to be quite first-rate, and thought the choir-stalls at Dordrecht equal to the finest Italian work. The corporation pieces of Hals at Haarlem filled him with unbounded enthusiasm, and it was here that he conceived the purpose of similarly treating the Yeomen of the Guard, a purpose which he sadly abandoned after making one or two sketches for the group and finishing the well-known single figure now in the National Gallery.

"In those days the pictures of Amsterdam were much less well seen than at present. The collections were divided, and the big pictures shown in insufficient space. Millais was disappointed with the 'Night Watch,' but was unstinted in his admiration of the other large Rembrandts. The revelation of Amsterdam to him was, however, Van der Helst's 'Banquet of the Arquebusiers.' For pure painting, grandeur of style and colour, he considered it the finest work of the kind in the world; and he was pleased to be reminded that Sir Joshua Reynolds had entertained a similarly high estimate of this monumental canvas. It must not, however, be supposed that in his 'Valhalla' Van der Helst would have been assigned a place quite near Rembrandt.

"Millais had had a letter of introduction to the principal print-seller of Amsterdam, who received him with great distinction. I well remember among the gentleman's first inquiries as to Millais' impressions of Dutch Art was one put in a loud staccato, 'And what do you think of Ferdinand Bol?' Often afterwards did Millais repeat the question, giving the fullest rotundity to the word Bol."

No sooner had he returned to England than he was honoured with an invitation from the Queen of Spain to visit her at Madrid. The opportunity was most tempting, for he had long desired to see Madrid, and would probably have done so ere this, but for his rooted aversion to travelling and a lurking fear that the wealth of colour and the picturesqueness of the country and its inhabitants might tend to wean him from his love of English subjects, and so destroy the national character of his Art. John Phillip's admirable paintings were in themselves a stimulus in that direction; Millais had friends, too, there—intimate friends in Madrizzo and other eminent artists—and was himself a member of the Madrid Academy; and most of all was he anxious to see and study for himself the unique collection of Velasquez' pictures that Madrid alone can boast. But now he was for the moment out of heart. After the excitement of his Paris visit the loss of his son came back upon him with renewed force, compelling him, however reluctantly, to decline the royal invitation—a circumstance that I fancy he regretted in after years.\*

By this time (after his visit to Paris) he had quite given up black-and-white work; but, at the special request of Messrs. Smith and Elder, he made four drawings for the *edition de luxe* of Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon," the woodcuts of which, though very well done, do but scant justice to the originals.

Now for the first time Mr. Gladstone was to sit to him for his portrait, an event he looked forward to with interest as affording an opportunity for seeing something of the inner man of the great Liberal leader who was shortly to set Midlothian aflame with his marvellous oratory. Gladstone, he felt sure, would talk; and no one knew better than himself how to draw a man out while apparently absorbed in painting his portrait.

It was in 1879 that this sitting took place, and everything came off as anticipated. Gladstone proved to be not only an ideal sitter, but a most entertaining and charming companion. Instead of keeping silence, as other great men are apt to do, in face of a

\* It was in 1890, when Mr. Charles Stuart-Wortley and his wife were at Madrid for an International Conference, to which Mr. Stuart-Wortley was sent as Principal Delegate for the Government, that an invitation to Millais to come to Madrid was addressed personally to my sister by Queen Christina. This verbal invitation was followed by a more formal one transmitted through our old and much-beloved friend Sir Clare Ford, the British Minister at the Court of Spain, who, writing to Lady Millais, says, "Millais can talk about it, and make his arrangements to come and see the Velasquez pictures whenever he likes. I shall give Apelles a *Royal* (Academician) *Welcome*." Owing to ill-health, however, he was forced to decline this second invitation.



struggle such as that in which he was so soon to engage, he entered freely into conversation on the various topics of the day; and when, a little later, we were all assembled at lunch, he astonished us beyond measure by the extent of his learning on subjects commonly attractive only to the specialist. His reading and his memory were alike amazing. To my father he talked eagerly about the early Italian and Florentine painters, betraying an intimate knowledge of the men, the times they lived in, their works, and where these were now to be found. Then, as might happen, the latest *bon mot* from the clubs would suddenly flash across his mind, or we should be treated to a disquisition on fish and the art of capturing them; or, finding that my mother was interested in early Scottish history (a subject of which he had made a special study) he would pour forth to her from the fountains of his knowledge, setting her right in the pleasantest manner on various points of interest. Music, sport, science, art were all taken up in turn, as he addressed himself to one or other of us; and singularly winning was the deferential tone he assumed, even when speaking to the youngest man at the table. A red-hot Tory who was dying to tackle him on a leading political topic was so carried away with the charm of his conversation that he left the room without even mentioning the subject.

The portrait "is almost a piece of politics, as well as a work of art. It was painted at the time of the Bulgarian agitation for the Duke of Westminster, then, as now, one of the warmest friends of the oppressed nationalities in the East. When Mr. Gladstone took up the cause of an oppressed nationality nearer home, and advocated Home Rule for Ireland, the Duke of Westminster became politically and personally estranged. He could not endure, it was said, even to see Mr. Gladstone's portrait facing him on his walls. However this may be, he certainly sold it to Sir Charles Tennant." Happily, any personal estrangement there was, was healed before Mr. Gladstone's death; and during his retirement and illness at Hawarden the Duke of Westminster was one of the most kindly and attentive of neighbours.

Through the generosity of Sir Charles Tennant, the picture is now the property of the nation, as foreshadowed in a graceful speech by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., at the Academy banquet in May, 1898. "In reviewing the events of the past year," he said, "I must make more than a passing mention of that brilliant exhibition of the works of our late President, Sir John Millais,

which was held in these rooms during the past winter. No one could see that great display without astonishment at the range and variety of the genius of our great painter. To characterise the nature of his genius would be as out of place now as to give a list of his prominent works; but, if there was a point on which he was supreme, it was in that great series of portraits, of which, perhaps, the culmination is the well-known noble presentation of Mr. Gladstone, unrivalled since the days of Rembrandt and Velasquez in its rendering of the mind and spirit of the man. It is with the pleasure and satisfaction which will be shared by everyone present that I am enabled to announce to you that that portrait will eventually find a place in our national collection. The present owner, Sir Charles Tennant, a trustee of the National Gallery, has authorised me to state that he intends to give it to the nation, to be placed in Trafalgar Square, where it will stand as a monument to the genius of the artist, to the greatness of the statesman, and to the liberality of the giver."

But perhaps of even greater interest, now that Mr. Gladstone is no longer amongst us, is the letter he was good enough to write to me but a few months before the shadow of death began to fall upon his path.

*From Mr. Gladstone.*

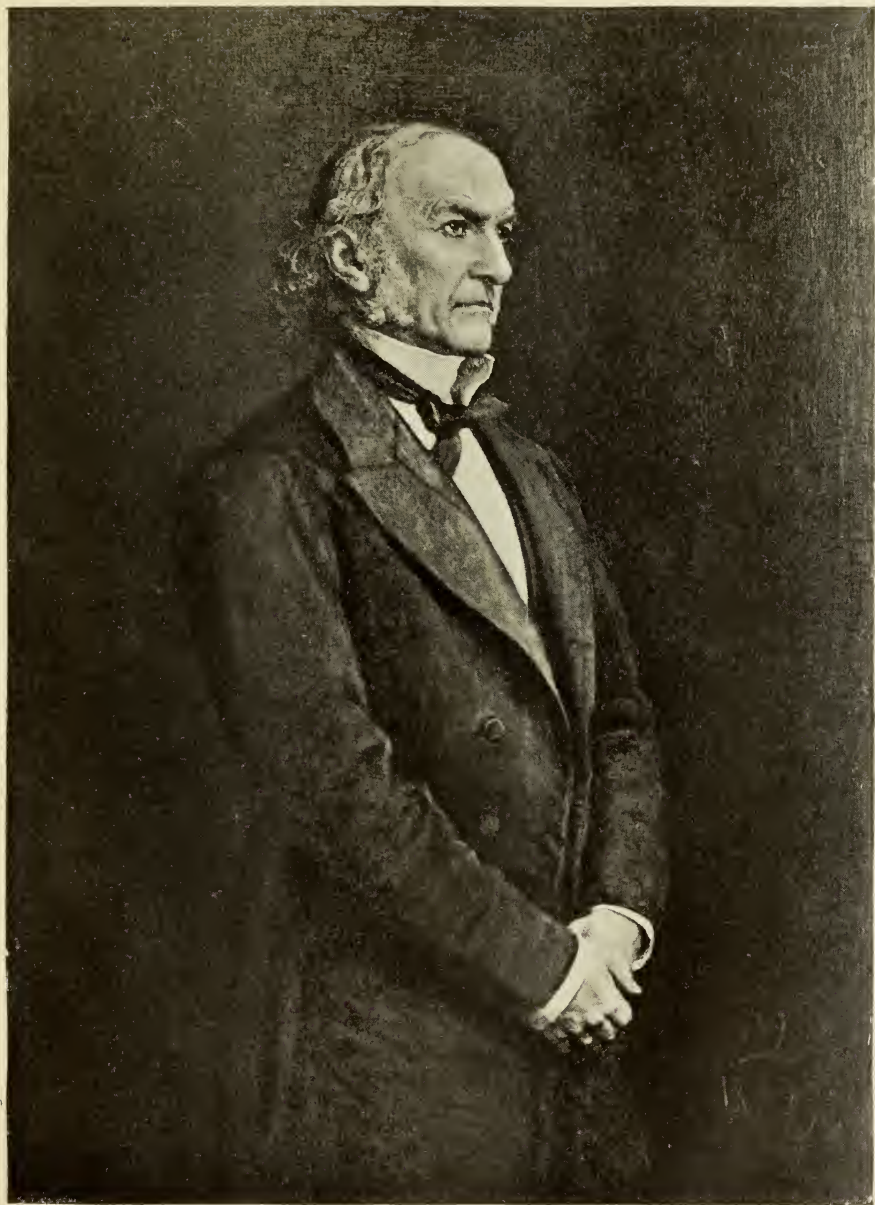
"HAWARDEN,

"November 4th, 1897.

"DEAR J. G. MILLAIS,—The subject on which you have addressed me is, I can assure you, one of much interest to me as well as to yourself; but the state of my health at the moment, as well as my declining years (an objection not likely to mend with time), obliges me to be brief in my answer to your letter.

"It was at his own suggestion, and for his own account, that he undertook to paint me, while I rather endeavoured to dissuade him from wasting his labour on an unpromising subject. He, however, persisted. I was at once struck with a characteristic which seemed to me to mark him off from all other artists (and they have in my long life been many) to whom I have sat. It was the intensity with which he worked, and which, so far as I may judge, I have never seen equalled.

"It has always excited my surprise that many artists are able



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE. 1379



to paint portraits, and likewise to hold copious conversations with their sitters.

“ I have had interesting conversations with your father, but not to any large extent during the sittings. One is tempted to fear that the common practice must entail a division of energy unfavourable to the work ; for portrait-painting in good hands is surely not only a work, but a very arduous work.

“ The result of your father’s practice was that, of all the painters I have ever sat to, he took the fewest sittings. This, as well as his success, was due, I think, to the extraordinary concentration with which he laboured. He had no energies to spare ; and no wonder, when we see what energies he put into his pictures.

“ Although I think the highly-finished portrait in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant was completed upon sittings not amounting to five hours, I beg you to understand that their comparative brevity was not owing to impatience on my part, for, in truth, I never felt any. He always *sent* me away.

“ It appeared to me impossible to prolong such labour as his over a continuous series of hours, and I think he very judiciously gave himself, whether sometimes or habitually, some recreation or change after the sittings. Upon the whole I felt an unusual interest in the work, which extended, I can assure you, to the man. I rejoice in the security as well as the extent of his well-earned fame.

“ Believe me,

“ Very faithfully yours,

“ W. E. GLADSTONE.”

Millais was in great form this year (1879), but, for the first time for some years past, he produced no landscape. His time was devoted exclusively to portraits and figure subjects, the former including, besides Mr. Gladstone’s, portraits of Mrs. Arthur Kennard, Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. Beddington, Mrs. Stibbard, and Miss Alcyone Stepney, and later on the well-known “Cherry Ripe” and “Princess Elizabeth.”

The child Alcyone was a difficult little bird to catch. She could only be taken on the wing, for when perched on the dais, she was so frightened that there was nothing for it but to take her down again, give her some flowers to play with, and let her run about the studio at her own sweet will. Whatever details were wanted had to be got by catching her up now and then, and

holding her for a few minutes at a time; and in this way a likeness was secured.

“Cherry Ripe” was the first of many beautiful child pictures that came from Millais’ easel during this and the next fifteen years, and quite amazing was the hold it took upon the public fancy. Miss Blanche Barette, a professional model, was said to have sat for the figure; but, in fact, the little model was Miss Edie Ramage, now Madame Francisco de Paula Ossorio, a niece of Mr. Thomas, editor of the *Graphic*. She used to come to the studio accompanied by her mother, who was somewhat shy and nervous; and it often amused my father to see how completely the little girl did the honours, and tried to put her parent at her ease, bringing her a chair, and occasionally answering for her when spoken to.\*

Mr. Spielmann has an interesting note on this subject, of which I am glad to avail myself. “Miss Edie Ramage,” he says, “was the belle of the fancy dress ball given by the *Graphic* in the year the work was produced. She impersonated Sir Joshua Reynolds’ ‘Penelope Boothby,’ and was thought to be so charming that she was again dressed in the character and carried off to the artist’s studio. He was so delighted with his little model that it was agreed upon the spot that he should paint a portrait of the child, and that the price should be a thousand guineas. . . . So popular was the picture, it is said, that of the coloured reproduction which appeared in the *Graphic* in 1880 600,000 copies were sold, and that had the unsatisfied orders been met the issue would have reached a million; indeed, the publisher had to return several thousand pounds in cash and sustain actions at law for damages for non-delivery.

“The picture, painted with a sureness of touch and richness of palette to be found only in Sir John’s best work, with a setting singularly felicitous in design, seems to be a good deal darker than it was. More than any other of his pictures it contains a dash of that *espièglerie* which is one of the principal charms of Sir Joshua’s representations of fascinating childhood.”

It was engraved by Samuel Cousins, whose wonderful skill Millais rejoiced to notice in the following letter to my mother, dated November 7th, 1881:—“You will be glad to hear that yesterday I saw at Mr. Cousins’ his engraving of ‘Cherry Ripe,’

\* “Cherry Ripe” and her husband escaped with difficulty from Manilla during the Spanish-American War, 1898.

and that it is simply *by far* the most enchanting work which has ever been done from any of my pictures. MacLean, who published it, has just been here, and acknowledges its success already as unbounded, and I have promised to paint him a pendant. . . . I have also Herkomer's engraving of Lord Beaconsfield, which is excellent.”

Thanks to the engraver's and woodcutter's art, “Cherry Ripe” found its way into the remotest parts of the English-speaking world, and everywhere that sweet presentment of English childhood won the hearts of the people. From Australian miners, Canadian backwoodsmen, South African trekkers, and all sorts and conditions of colonial residents, came to the artist letters of warmest congratulation, some of which stirred his heart by the deep emotion they expressed. Nor were letters always enough to convey the sentiments of the writers; they must needs break forth into poetry. Witness the following, dated from “Athole Bank, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, January 1st, 1882” :—

“An humble Cannok on the shores  
Of great Ontario's lake,  
Who matchless ‘Cherry Ripe’ adores,  
The liberty would take

“To throw across the wintry sea  
A warm and grateful cheer  
To glorious Millais, and may he  
Enjoy a good New Year !”

On the back of this is written :—

“SIR,—Though an obscure backwoodsman like myself can hardly expect to receive even an echo to the foregoing humble greeting (pardonable, I trust, at this festive season), I shall at least have given myself the satisfaction of expressing some little portion of the gratitude of Canadians towards one who has done so much to brighten the homes of the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world with his wonderful creations.

“I have the honour to be,

“Yours most respectfully,

“WILLIAM MURRAY.”

“Princess Elizabeth” was painted as a companion picture to the “Princes in the Tower,” and partakes of the same pathetic character. It is happily described by Spielmann as “one of Millais' tenderest and most pathetic pictures of child-life. The poor little princess is represented, before she was removed to

Carisbrooke Castle to die, composing her touching letter to the Parliamentary Commissioners, begging that her own loved servants should not be taken from her as was ordered, and that she might be allowed to join her sister, the Princess of Orange. In accordance with her request, the more cruel policy was reversed ; her servants were left to her, but soon afterwards, on September 8th, 1650, this little daughter of Charles I., who had spent more than half her brief life of fifteen years in prison, was released by death, 'with her pale cheek resting on the Holy Book.'

"The exquisite rendering of the pathos of the subject, the beautiful realisation of the sweet, wistful face and entirely characteristic and child-like pose, as well as the fine painting of the head, raise this picture far above the rank of genre or anecdote, and award it a dignified place as a work of history."

My sister Sophie, then a child of twelve, sat for the figure ; but it was by the merest accident that she was selected. The subject had been for some time in my father's mind, but before attempting to give it form and shape, he must finish a picture he had commenced, combining a portrait of herself and another child. Sophie was to be presented full-face ; but one morning, while on her way to the studio, she had a nasty fall, that so disfigured one side of her face as to make it impossible to proceed with her portrait. A vacant canvas was, however, at hand, and also the dress Millais had procured for "Princess Elizabeth," and as he hated to lose time, he started at once upon the new picture, taking Sophie as his model instead of the professional he had intended to employ.

A singular interest attaches to the magnificent wardrobe that appears in the background of the picture. It was once the property of that unfortunate monarch whose daughter is here depicted, and was used by him as a wardrobe. Of exquisite workmanship, and displaying on the panels two little images of solid silver, it was probably made about the time of Elizabeth. There is an engraving of it in the earliest known work on British furniture. Millais bought it from a dealer shortly after it had been taken from Theobald's, in whose stores it had rested for several centuries, and to these stores, I believe, it was finally returned.

The late Prince Albert Victor, who honoured me with his friendship when we were students together at Cambridge, was so taken with a proof engraving of this picture, presented to him



by Her Majesty, that he would allow nothing else to hang on the walls of his dining-room. He told me he had the greatest affection for it, and should take it with him wherever he went.

The autumn of 1879 was spent at Eastwood, a charming house on the banks of the Tay, belonging to Mr. Athole MacGregor, and here Millais amused himself with his fishing on the Tay and the rough shooting of Craig Vinian.

A great character was old Thomas T——, our boatman at Eastwood. He was one of the old Highland mail-coachmen, and used to entertain us with stories of the old days when he wielded the whip between Perth and Inverness; the quaint and caustic character of his remarks, whether grave or gay, adding immensely to the force of whatever he said, as the following little anecdote may show. Mrs. X——, then in the zenith of her fame as the most beautiful woman of her day, was staying with us, and spent a day on the river, watching my father fish. The old boatman seemed much impressed with her charms, and next day Millais asked him what he thought of her. "Weel," said T—— (always a rabid *laudator temporis acti*), "A've seen the day when Missus T—— could ha' lickit her a' to pot." Perhaps she could—she looked it—but not exactly in the sense that her lord and master intended, for the worthy Mrs. T——, who weighed some twenty stone, could hardly have been anything but extremely ill-favoured, even in her most palmy days.

More portraits awaited Millais' return to town. He had undertaken to paint (amongst others) Bishop Fraser, the Right Hon. John Bright, Principal Caird of Glasgow, Mr. D. Thwaites, Luther Holden, P.R.C.S., Mrs. Perugini, and Miss Evelyn Otway; and the moment he reached home he set to work to fulfil the commissions.

John Bright, by the way, was, like himself, a keen salmon-fisher, and in the previous autumn they had enjoyed the sport together at Dalguise as guests of Mr. Rupert Potter; for though Bright abhorred the idea of slaughter for the sake of sport, he held with certain scientists the comfortable doctrine that fish are insensible to pain!

During the winter other commissions came in, and along with them an invitation from Florence to add to the collection in the Uffizi Gallery of portraits of artists painted by themselves. To do this he wheeled up close alongside of the canvas on which he was to paint, a huge looking-glass that always stood in

the studio at Palace Gate, and in two or three days the whole painting was completed. "You see," he said, "it is done very quickly; for as I know exactly when to keep still, I'm a pretty good sitter."

The two subject-pictures "Cuckoo" and "Diana Vernon" were also painted this year, the latter being really a portrait of the Hon. Caroline Roche.

In 1880 came the gratifying intelligence that, in recognition of Millais' genius as an artist, the University of Oxford proposed to confer upon him the distinction of D.C.L. The honour was, of course, accepted, and Millais gladly seized the opportunity for renewing his acquaintance with that delightful city under such pleasant auspices, and at the most charming time of the year. On the appointed day, however, the weather suddenly changed for the worse; the sky was overcast, and no sooner had the procession to the theatre started than down came the rain in torrents, to the intense disgust of a famous mathematician, who had made so sure of a fine day that he neglected to provide himself with any protection against the storm. Millais flew to his relief; but so suddenly did he open his umbrella that the mathematical "trencher" was sent flying through the air, followed by the owner, who, gallantly charging into the crowd in his efforts to recover it, was unmercifully chaffed by sundry ribald students, who had assembled as usual to witness the show.

The presentation of the D.C.L. degree always calls forth much good-humoured banter and nonsense from the giddy youth of the 'Varsity, and Millais of course came in for his share. On the conclusion of the Public Orator's eulogistic address in Latin, a bright youth quietly lowered down from the gallery a huge pot of Brunswick blacking, presumably as a delicate allusion to a certain picture whose name it recalled.

About this time, to the great delight of Millais, a new and most charming model was discovered in the person of Miss Beatrice Buckstone, granddaughter of the famous comedian J. B. Buckstone, and with the consent of her parents (for she was then but a child of 12 or 13) she sat for the three pictures, "Cinderella," "Caller Herrin," and "Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen." It was at St. James' Theatre, in the winter of 1880-81, that this happy discovery was made. One of my sisters who happened to be at the theatre one evening when the child was



CARDINAL NEWMAN. 1881



playing in "Good Fortune" as a member of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's company, was so struck with her beauty that she prevailed on my father to go and see her. He, too, was equally captivated, and at once wrote to her mother, asking leave for her to sit to him. This being granted, little Beatrice presently appeared in the studio, when we all agreed that never in our lives had we seen a more lovely child. Her face was simply perfect, both in form and colour, and nothing could be more charming than the contrast between her bright golden hair and those big, blue-grey Irish eyes that peeped at you from under the shade of the longest black lashes that ever adorned the human face. The pictures for which she sat in no way exaggerated her beauty; they were but portraits of her own sweet self. It seemed a pity that she should ever grow older; but she did, and in course of time became the wife of Mr. Walter Warren, who is connected with the stage.

Reference has already been made to the exhibition of Millais' paintings in the Bond Street Rooms in 1881. About twenty of his best pictures were sent there, and the show, which was under the charge of his old friend Joe Jopling, proved an immense success. Especially gratifying to Millais was the interest it aroused amongst his brother artists, and their generous appreciation of his works, as evidenced by letters from nearly all the leading painters of the day.

In no year did Millais appear to greater advantage in portraiture than in 1881. In succession he painted Lord Beaconsfield (unfinished), Cardinal Newman, Principal Caird of Glasgow, Sir John Astley, Sir Henry Thompson, Lord Wimborne, Sir Gilbert Greenall, the Duchess of Westminster, and Captain and Mrs. James (Effie Millais); and all alike were recognised as fine examples of his talent, especially the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, which, as will presently be seen, commanded, even in its unfinished state, the approval of the Queen.

In March both Lord Tennyson and Lord Beaconsfield came to give him sittings for their portraits. Beaconsfield, whose portrait was a commission from the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., was then in poor health. He walked upstairs to the studio with some difficulty, and the task of posing in the standing attitude was at the time too much for his strength, so all that could be done was to paint the head in and make a rough outline of his figure as he stood for a moment or two previous to being seated on the high-backed chair which was placed for him on the dais. He

came only three times to the studio, and the last time his pluck alone carried him through his self-imposed ordeal. An arrangement was made for him to come again two or three days later, but the following day he was taken so seriously ill that the appointment had to be given up. What followed is a matter of history. To Millais' deep and lasting regret, he never again saw this most brilliant and most interesting of England's statesmen.

The two following letters will be read with interest, the second (written in bed) being the last that ever came from the pen of the illustrious statesman.

*From Lord Beaconsfield.*

"19, CURZON STREET, W.,

"*March 2nd, 1881.*

"DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—I am a very bad sitter, but will not easily forego my chance of being renowned to posterity by your illustrious pencil. All this week I am much engaged, but I am free, at present, on Tuesday and Wednesday the 8th and 9th, and could on either day be at your service. Choose the day. Would noon be a good hour?

"Yours faithfully,

"BEACONSFIELD."

*From the same.*

"19, CURZON STREET, W.,

"*March 9th, 1881.*

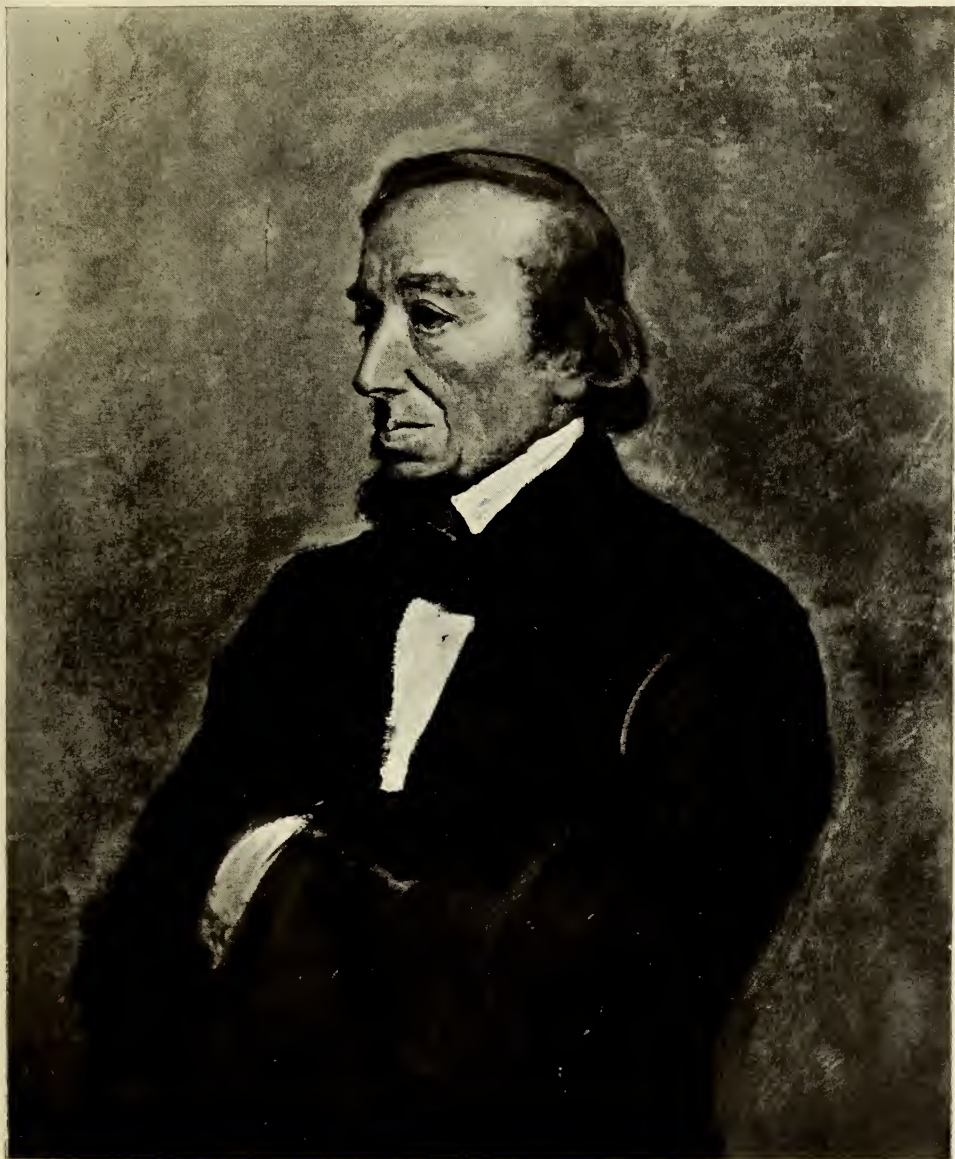
"MY DEAR APELLES,—Alas! I am in the gout, and cannot leave my bed! Most vexatious! I will write to you again, and trust I shall be able to give you the greater part of next week.

"Yours sincerely,

"BEACONSFIELD."

Writing to his wife on March 31st, Millais says:—

"Tennyson has just gone, and comes again to-morrow. Unfortunately Lord Beaconsfield has been taken seriously ill, but I have got his likeness fairly well, if he is unable to sit again. I called yesterday and saw Lord Barrington [his private secretary], who told me that he (Beaconsfield) is very anxious for his



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. 1881

(In progress, after two sittings)





portrait to be in the Royal Academy, and will get the Queen's command to admit it—the only way to get it in now. He hopes to be well enough to sit again in April, but to-day's bulletin is ominous. It looks as if he would die! I have two pretty ladies to paint, and Cardinal Manning immediately, so I have enough to do. Letters are pouring in, and I am beside myself to answer them. I have also to begin Sir Henry Thompson."

His fears were only too well grounded. On April 19th Lord Beaconsfield passed away, and Millais having received a command from the Queen to exhibit his portrait, finished or unfinished, set to work at once on the background, leaving the face untouched, and only clothing the figure in the familiar frock-coat of the departed statesman. The picture was then sent to the Academy, where it was exhibited by itself on a screen hung with crape.

Afterwards, on Her Majesty's command, Millais made a replica of the portrait on a smaller scale, pending the completion of which he received the following letter from the Queen's private secretary:—

*From the Earl of Abercromby.*

"33, CHARLES STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE, W.,

"June 29th, 1881.

"DEAR MR. MILLAIS,—The Queen has sent me the three photographs which I enclose, as Her Majesty wished you to see them in case they may assist you in making some slight alterations in the copy of the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield.

"The Queen thinks that the mouth in the photograph is exaggerated; that the photograph looking down at the newspaper gives the form and also something of the peculiar expression about the corner of the mouth, suggesting a keen sense of humour, which contrasts with the extreme seriousness of the upper part of the face. It prevents the whole expression being sad, which perhaps you may be able to avoid in your second portrait, though, of course, it was the actual expression of the face at the time you painted the large portrait.

"Will you be so kind as to return me the photographs as soon as you conveniently can, as Her Majesty wishes me to send them back to her.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"J. G. ABERCROMBY."

And finally came from the Queen herself, in her own handwriting, a gracious acknowledgment such as Her Majesty alone knew how to pen.

*From Her Majesty the Queen.*

“BALMORAL CASTLE,

“October 16th, 1881.

“The Queen wishes herself to express to Mr. Millais her warm thanks for the beautiful picture of dear Lord Beaconsfield, which he has so very kindly painted for her, and which she values most highly.

“It will form a most valuable addition to the Queen’s collection of modern pictures, and has for her a peculiar and melancholy interest from being the last portrait her dear and ever-lamented friend and great Minister ever sat for, and when, as it were, the shadow of death was already upon him.

“Mr. Millais has given the peculiar, intellectual, and gentle expression of his face.”

## CHAPTER XIV

1881-1885

Tennyson—Edward Lear's music—Tennyson's dislike to servants in the room—He recognises a strong likeness between himself and Charles Dickens—Millais paints his portrait—Sir Henry Thompson's portrait by Millais—Sir John Astley—Cardinal Newman—John Garret—Murthly—A perfect highland residence—Good sport—Yarns of the river—A monster salmon—The careful sportsman—A solemn warning strangely illustrated—Thomas Carlyle—An anecdote of him—The Hanging Committee—Mrs. James Stern—Millais becomes a member of the Institute of France—"Pomona"—"Nell Gwynne"—"The Grey Lady"—Pictures of 1884—A portrait from scant materials—Second portrait of Mr. Gladstone—Millais visits Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden—John Gould—A visit to the old naturalist—"The Ruling Passion"—"Found"—Millais becomes a baronet—Letter from Mr. Gladstone—Congratulations—A dinner party of thirteen, and what followed.

"SWEETEST EYES" being now finished, Millais began his portrait of Tennyson, for Mr. Knowles, editor of *The Nineteenth Century*, and an intimate friend of the poet. He had known Tennyson for many years, one might almost say from his youth upward, and at one time they were much together; but their friendship never seems to have ripened into intimacy—a circumstance somewhat remarkable, as an intense love of Nature was common to them both, and no man was more keenly alive than Millais to the charm of Tennyson's works. Most of them he knew by heart, some he selected as subjects for pictures, and as we have seen, some of his best work in black-and-white was the illustration of the laureate's poems.

It was under the inspiration of the poet himself that, while staying at Farringford, he made sketches for "Maud" and "Dora," Tennyson's son, Hallam, sitting to him for one of the illustrations of the last-named poem.\*

\* See Tennyson's "Life," by his son, vol. i. p. 380.

But to Millais Tennyson was always somewhat of an enigma. For at least forty years he was so short-sighted that any book he wished to read must be held almost close to his eyes, and yet the scenery of his poems and all the natural objects he refers to are so exquisitely and so minutely depicted that one could hardly believe that he had never seen them. His taste for music was most varied. Though, as we know, he delighted in the works of the great composers, he would now and then seemingly enjoy music that was scarcely classical. An instance of this occurred at a musical party one evening in Cromwell Place. Edward Lear, a charming man and author of the well-known *Book of Nonsense*, could hardly be called a musician, but being good at "vamping" he sat down to the piano and hummed rather than sang two of Tennyson's songs to tunes of his own composing. It was a clever performance; but the really musical people there were quite surprised at the eulogistic terms in which Tennyson spoke of the compositions. I cannot help thinking, however, that it was regard for the man rather than the music which caused this unexpected outburst of praise.

Tennyson greatly disliked the presence of servants at meals; so one day when he and Mr. Knowles came unexpectedly to lunch, my mother did the waiting herself, and afterwards (my father being away at the time) showed them round the studio. Nothing, however, seemed to interest the poet till they came to the sketch of Dickens made after his death, when after looking at it for some time he suddenly exclaimed, "That is a most extraordinary drawing. It is exactly like myself!" And so it was, though no one had ever noticed this before. Dickens was a much smaller man than Tennyson, both in stature and figure, but the facial resemblance between the two was quite remarkable.

That grand leonine head of Tennyson's, and the noble mind that beamed through every feature, were inspiration enough to ensure the best work of any artist to whom he might sit; and Millais rising to the occasion, as he always did, was happy enough to secure a portrait so satisfactory to himself that he spoke of it to Tennyson's eldest son, the present peer, as in his estimation the finest he had ever painted.\* He said, too, much the same thing in the following letter.



"CHERRY RIPE," 1879



*To Philip Calderon, R.A.*

“BOWERSWELL, PERTH, N.B.,

“October 25th, 1892.

“DEAR CALDERON,—I am shooting three days a week, and haven't commenced a landscape, and as the frost has come severely I don't think I shall have the chance of doing so this year. Winter is evidently to arrive earlier than usual, for the distant mountains, seen from here, are already white with snow, and the leaves are showering from the trees.

“I saw Woolner at the Garrick the night before I left town for the North . . . and talked a great deal about Tennyson.

“At one time I knew Tennyson well, but of late years saw little of him—I think not at all since I painted his portrait, which, without immodesty, I am sure is the best of him. From my earliest days I have been a worshipper of his works, and have still, I believe, his first volume, published with his brother's poems.

“I stayed at Farringford before I was married, and he took me up one evening to show me his two children asleep in their cots (Lionel and Hallam). Proud father! At that time he was such a smoker that he took his tobacco from a *basket* beside him, when one pipe was out, immediately filling another from it; and many a pleasant walk and talk I had with him on the downs.

“Ever yours sincerely,

“J. E. MILLAIS.”

Sir Henry Thompson was another subject such as a portrait-painter delights to see before him. A splendidly modelled head, with bushy eyebrows and deep-seated penetrating eyes, revealed to the least observant eye the powerful mind of one of our greatest surgeons. It was a real pleasure to Millais to paint him, and all the greater as Sir Henry was himself an artist of no mean repute. In early life he studied painting as a pupil of O'Neil, and afterwards of Alma Tadema, and on more than one occasion his pictures were accepted by the Royal Academy. Referring to this portrait, a well-known critic says, “The keenness and incisive insight, decision, and masterfulness of the original are perfectly suggested, and with a hand as firm to paint as was the eye to see.”

The portrait of Sir John Astley, that was now taken up, Millais spoke of as "the easiest thing I ever did in my life." There was no need to pose this subject; he just stood there, rattled off his racy yarns, and smoked his cigar, the artist himself chiming in whenever there was a pause; and the picture, growing under his hand with astonishing speed, was finished in a few days.

As already noted, Sir Gilbert Greenall and Cardinal Newman were also painted this year; and Millais, who had a great respect for the Cardinal, declared him to be the most interesting sitter, except Mr. Gladstone, who ever entered his studio. His portrait was, in the artist's opinion, amongst the finest he ever painted.

In marked contrast to either of these men was Mr. John Garret, President of the Baltimore and Maryland Railway Company, who was now to sit for his portrait. An American fresh from the States was he, and no more delightful specimen of the race ever left the country. From humble surroundings he had risen to wealth and honour as one of the richest and most respected men in the States; a most genial man withal, a gentleman at heart, and brimming over with the dry humour of his country. Very taking was the frank and artless way in which he talked of himself and his doings, without a particle of swagger or self-conceit; and his tales about other people were so irresistibly comic that the artist had to drop his brush every now and then for a hearty laugh. For once in his life he was quite sorry when the portrait was finished; sorry, too, that he could not accept Mr. Garret's invitation to come over and paint him again in his own home, surrounded by all his pet thoroughbreds. An order this that would require a canvas of Brobdingnagian size, and (as Millais said) he really could not undertake to paint by the acre.

Our tenancy of Murthly commenced this year (1881), and for ten consecutive years my father held it to his great delight. He knew by heart, as one may say, every bit of the ground and every turn of the river, and his love of the place increased year by year.

Except deer-stalking—and for this, as time went on, he felt himself getting a bit too old—Murthly had everything that a sportsman could desire. Though big bags were not to be made, there was ample sport for two or three guns from August 1st to the end of January, and the variety of the game added greatly to the interest of the shooting. Besides pheasants, of which about a thousand were reared every year, from 300 to 600 brace



of partridges were brought to bag each season. There was also first-rate wood-shooting, including black game, woodcock, capercaillie, hares, rabbits, and roe deer; and two little moors yielded about 150 brace of grouse. But what pleased us most of all was "the bog," situated in the middle of one of the grouse moors and about three-quarters of a mile long, with another small bog some eight hundred yards away, where the duck, teal, and snipe could take refuge on being disturbed.

A large number of these birds always bred there, and after the first two or three weeks of shooting, the places of those that were killed were always filled by passing migrants wending their way south; so one frequently had just as good a day's shooting on October 1st as on August 12th. It was a sight to see when the first shot of the season was fired among the water-fowl. In one moment over a thousand ducks and teal were in the air. Yet to shoot them was no easy task, as many a keen sportsman found out to the lowering of his pride as a gunner. One noble lord, who was considered a good shot, told me himself that he had got rid of 105 cartridges, and that his bag for the day was two partridges, both of which he killed with one shot!

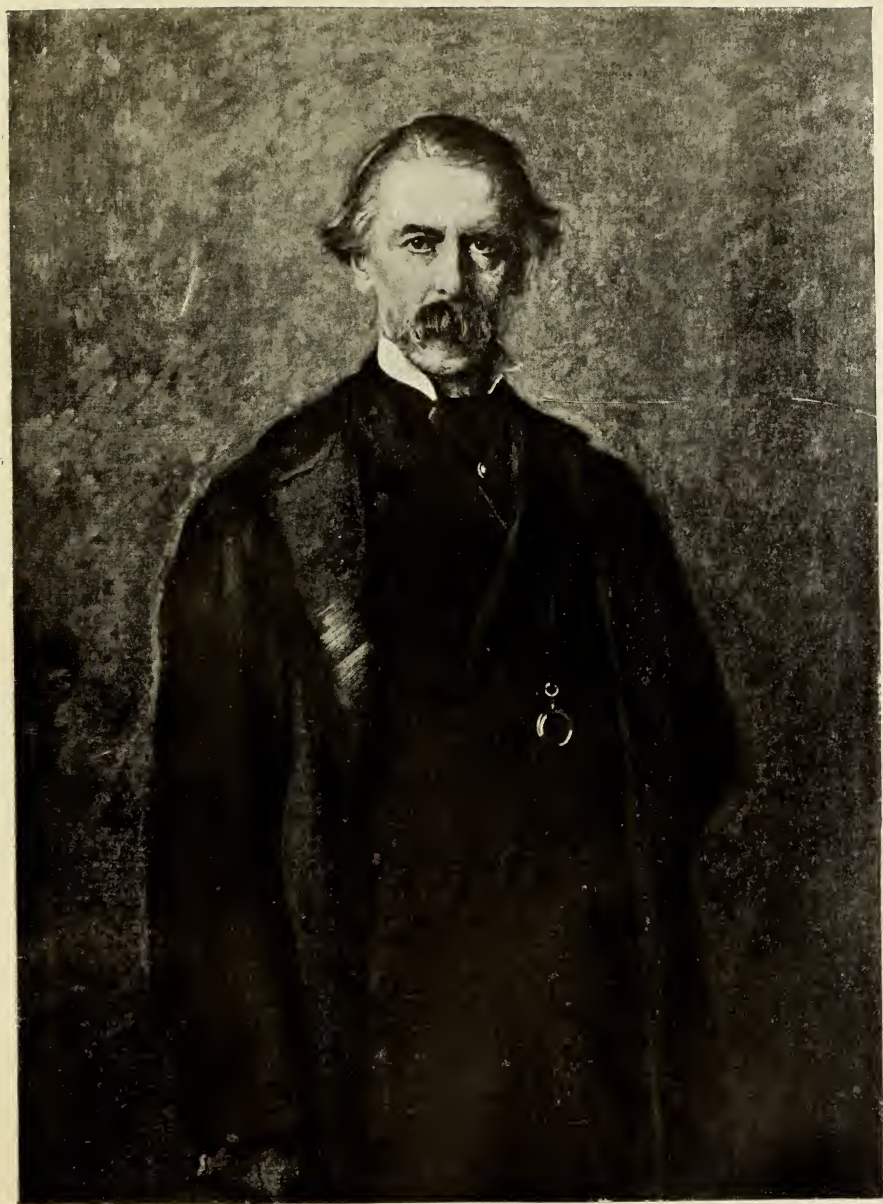
My father delighted in these jolly days at "the Bog," and, with his enthusiastic nature, expected everyone else to do so, no matter whether the mosquitoes bit their legs or they got wet up to the middle and shot nothing. I can see him now as he used to squat behind his favourite whin-bush, banging away to left and right, and occasionally fetching down what he persisted in calling "the teal that at heaven's gate sings." When he got a particularly tall one he was as pleased as a schoolboy, and would have been sorely disappointed if anyone had failed to rejoice with him; but his delight in any success was always that of simple enthusiasm, absolutely free from any thought of swagger. If anyone else shot well he was the first to notice it, and many a time his hearty applause spoiled his own chance of a shot.

This shooting at "the Bog," which took place once a week all through the season, was not without its dangers, even to the most experienced sportsmen. In one drive the butts were placed in echelon, and, being constructed of whin-bushes on a whin-covered moor, were not easily seen. Some few accidents, therefore, occurred there. One day a well-known sportsman fired straight into a whin-bush, behind which my uncle, George Gray, was sitting extracting his cartridges. On another occasion my

father himself, when firing at a blackcock, put an ounce of shot, at twenty yards, into the game-bag, which covered the person of Master Bob Keay, the keeper's son, who was quietly packing the game behind a tussock. But the most alarming occurrence within my experience happened in this wise: My father was in one of the forward butts to the left, and I in one at the extreme end of the bog. I was getting most of the shooting, and as the drive was nearing the end, my father, seeing some snipe slipping away between us, moved down behind the bushes to a butt exactly opposite me, without telling me he had done so. By-and-by a snipe came along low, and I killed it, when, to my horror, an incensed parent suddenly rose from behind a big whin-bush in the line of my fire, and let go some red-hot words that one may hope were blotted out in another place, like Uncle Toby's famous oath. Happily, only two pellets had struck him, one on the forehead, and the other on the chin; for if one of them had touched his eye it would certainly have blinded him. A word of explanation satisfied him that the accident was due to himself alone; and for the rest, what can you not forgive a man who has just tasted part of an ounce of No. 6? The only unpardonable thing was the flippancy of a wretched punster, who persisted in calling me "Bag-dad" for the rest of the day.

The fishing at Murthly was distinctly good. Though previous tenants and their friends had not caught more than forty or fifty fish each season, my father got about that number each year to his own rod alone. Our best season was in 1890, when 120 fish were killed between August 22nd and October 10th (no great number in comparison with takes in other rivers in Scotland), yet the average size of the salmon is probably larger than that of any other river in the world. A photograph I have shows the result of a first-rate day by two rods, one on the upper and one on the lower beat. Fifteen fish are here seen, with an average weight of twenty-one pounds, the largest weighing thirty-two pounds.

The river was divided into two sections, comprising in all about six miles of water, and most of the fishing was done by casting from a cobble, as the streams were too deep to wade. For harling (*i.e.*, sitting in a boat and trailing a fly and a couple of minnows behind, so that the fish comes and hooks itself) my father had the profoundest contempt, and thought little of the man who caught fish in that way if he were able to cast. Rain or shine, nearly



SIR HENRY THOMPSON, BART. 1881



every day when possible to fish saw the old sportsman flogging away at his favourite pools. His energy was extraordinary. Even a young man finds it pretty hard work to throw twenty or thirty yards of line on a nineteen-foot rod continuously for six or seven hours together, but he delighted in doing it, and hardly ever gave up his rod to Miller (the fisherman) to cast in his stead.

Before coming to Murthly he had never landed anything exceeding thirty-two pounds, but here there was always a chance—a chance dear to the heart of a salmon-fisher—of that forty or fifty-pounder which he longed to hook; and the day came at last (in 1888), when a forty-pounder kindly accepted his invitation—to his subsequent regret. A few days afterwards another of equal weight came to land when he least expected it, and but for Miller's carelessness a third, about the same size, would have shared the same fate. He was well hooked, and after over an hour's struggle to get away was so obviously exhausted that they towed him to the shore, when the gaffer, missing his first shot, made the fatal mistake of trying a second immediately afterwards, thereby catching, not the fish, but the cast, which instantly parted.

And here (with many apologies to the reader) I am afraid I must bring myself into this narrative. As all fishermen know, there is in every big stretch of water a master fish (generally an old male) which annually comes up from the sea, and, locating himself behind some big stone, keeps off all other fish about his own size. Such a one for several years frequented the great black pool opposite Miller's house, and every device was tried to catch him, but in vain. My father tried, and Miller tried, and at last I tried, my father kindly lending me his boat one afternoon, while he contented himself with looking on. Now this piece of water is about the most difficult cast on the Tay, requiring a very long line and, commonly, a lot of patience to fish it successfully; but this was just what my father could not stand as a mere spectator, with no hand in the game, so at the first sign of impatience I handed him the rod, and on the third cast he was into what was evidently a monster. My time was now up (I had to fly for a train to Cambridge), but two days later I had a letter from him telling me he had caught the "calf," a grand, clean-run fish of forty-four pounds, after a fair fight of an hour and a half. Delightful news this, told in the writer's happiest vein, to which, in sheer nonsense, I replied that next year I would fish that

water with him and catch a bigger one. Well, nothing is so sure to happen as the unexpected. Towards the end of 1890 I was fishing there with my father, when, on my second cast behind the big stone, the line straightened, and I had hold of another "calf!" There was no doubt as to his size, for we had a fine view of him as he sprang out of the water after rushing up stream for about one hundred yards; and though big fish seldom give very interesting play, this one, after a preliminary sulk, fought like a lion for two hours and a half, taking us four times across the river. Even the powers of a "calf," however, are limited, and though he absolutely refused to come into the shallows, we got the boat endways-on from the shore, and after several attempts Miller got home with his cleek. There was a kick from the fish as he came over the gunwale, the gaff straightened, and the monster was in the boat, whilst my father and I did a dance of delight on the bank. This fellow weighed forty-six pounds, the largest ever caught at Murthly.

The annual wood shoot, which usually took place about October 20th, was an event always much enjoyed by Millais. Five good guns were generally invited to join us, including old friends in the neighbourhood, such as Mr. John Bett, of Rohallion; Mr. Athol MacGregor, from Eastwood; Colonel Stuart Richardson, of Ballathie; and George Gray, from Perth. This shoot lasted for three days, and we always covered the whole ground, enjoying, as we went along, a great variety of beautiful landscape, from cultivated fields to shaggy Scotch fir-woods, heather-lands, and bogs. To a good performer with the gun it was quite possible to kill, right and left, a roebuck and a snipe, and immediately afterwards to bag, in like manner, a lordly cock capercailzie and a woodcock.

The shooting at Murthly being somewhat dangerous, none but the safest guns were asked, and even these were always warned by the host to avoid firing towards houses, etc. This little lecture, which, in the course of time, became a standing joke in the family, was repeated one day (a day I can never forget) while crossing a big turnip field in pursuit of partridges. In the middle of the field was a cottage, at one of the windows of which sat an old woman engaged in knitting, and now, of course, the customary "word in season" could not be omitted. We listened with mock gravity, but five minutes later the wisdom of the advice was proved to us in a way we had hardly expected. Firing at a

partridge flying back, my father killed his bird, peppered the old woman, and smashed five panes of glass, all at one shot! I am sorry to say it, but a shriek of joy went up from the whole party, while my father hurried off to make all the reparation in his power for the injury he had inflicted.

In 1891 Sir Douglas Stewart, the proprietor, died, and the estate falling into the hands of Mr. Fotheringham, who naturally wished to take it over himself, we had to give it up. This was a great blow to all of us, as after such a long tenancy we had almost come to regard it as our home. Apart from the place itself, so charming and so unique in its way, my father had a great affection for all the people about it, and I venture to say they had for him. In the three keepers—James Keay, James Haggart, and Robert Conacher—we had quite exceptional men of their class, Highlanders of the very best type, in whom were blended all the finest qualities of unspoilt natures. Of James Keay (a gentleman in everything but social rank) my father was particularly fond, and he always considered him one of the best men he ever came in contact with. James Miller too (the fisherman), though a man of somewhat different stamp, was a great favourite of his; and of all the mourners that a few years later assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral to pay their last tribute to Sir John's memory, I doubt if any outside the family knew him better or felt his loss more sincerely than these honest and tough old Highlanders.

So much for Murthly and its reminiscences. I must come back now to the beginning of 1882, when, at the request of his old friend Reginald Cholmondeley, Millais undertook to paint for him a portrait of Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle was then a frail old man of eighty-three, but his picturesque and rugged features lent themselves well to portraiture, as may be seen from the excellent likeness of him which now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. It was purchased by the nation in 1894, and in a letter of that year to Sir George Scharf, Millais says, "I painted Carlyle in three sittings. The hands alone were unfinished."

Amongst the numerous anecdotes connected with Carlyle is a story about these visits to Palace Gate, commonly told as an illustration of his sarcasm and rudeness of speech; but the facts are not exactly as recorded. The tale runs that, struck with the grandeur of the marble staircase and the fine pictures that hung on the walls, he said, turning to the artist, "And does all this

er——” (indicating the surroundings with a wave of his hand) “come from a paint-pot?” It was not he who made this polite inquiry, but his niece who accompanied him and who afterwards wrote his life.

A commission from the Queen now engaged Millais' attention. He was to paint for exhibition this year a portrait of H.R.H. the Princess Marie of Edinburgh, then a child of seven or eight years, and now Crown Princess of Roumania. Instructions for this portrait were conveyed to him through Lord Abercromby, who after some preliminary correspondence wrote to Millais:—“The Queen is much pleased at the manner in which you have so readily proposed to paint the portrait, and Her Majesty leaves the whole arrangement of the attitude and dress entirely to you, wishing to have not merely a portrait, but a characteristic picture of your own composition. I enclose another photograph, as the attitude is so pretty and graceful that I thought you might wish to have it by you. It gives a very good idea of the gracefulness of the little Princess, and (as you so well know) children's attitudes vary greatly and have so much of character in them.”

In composing this picture Millais thought it would be well to show the multitude that, though of high degree, the little Princess was by no means brought up to lead an idle and useless life, but was taught to work for others, if not for herself; so he designedly presented her holding her knitting in her hands. The picture, however, though Her Majesty was graciously pleased to approve of it, was not altogether to his mind. He strove hard to get the effect he wanted, but the divine *afflatus* that alone can give life to works of this sort failed him, as upon occasion it was wont to do. The result was an excellent likeness, but nothing more.

In a letter to my mother, dated April 18th, 1882, he speaks of the hard work then devolving on him as a member of the Hanging Committee of the Academy, which perhaps accounted in some measure for this failure. He says:—“At last I have a moment to write, having finished the hanging at the Royal Academy yesterday. From half-past nine till dusk I have been there every day, and dined and attended councils afterwards till *eleven*. Never has there been such work. *Eight thousand* works were sent in; so you may imagine what trouble and anxiety the hangers have had in selecting and placing works according to their merit. During this time my correspondence increased, and this morning I have been writing without cessation till now,



nearly two o'clock. This is my twenty-second letter, and still my table is littered with the unanswered. The Duke of Westminster writes asking me to paint the lady he is to marry. I have, of course, undertaken the commission, but have to answer his last, appointing sittings. The Queen yesterday sent through Ponsonby, her approval of the Princess Marie's portrait. She seems highly pleased, so that is all right."\*

Other notable portraits of this year were those of the Marquess of Salisbury (painted for W. H. Smith, M.P.), the Duchess of Westminster, J. C. Hook, R.A., and Mrs. James Stern. Hook's portrait was given to him in exchange for one of his own pictures of the sea. "Mrs. Stern" Millais considered the best portrait of a lady he had ever painted, except, perhaps, that of Mrs. Bischoffsheim—as it well might be, considering the time and labour bestowed upon it. In a letter to me Mr. Stern writes:—

"Mrs. Stern has the most pleasant recollections of her sittings to your father. When he began to paint her portrait he asked her if she would give him as many sittings as he wanted, as he wished to finish her picture like a miniature. Mrs. Stern answered that she would be delighted to do so, and he actually painted the face *through a magnifying glass.*"†

Of all the honours that were showered upon Millais during his lifetime none were more highly valued by him than the two he received this year. As against two formidable rivals, the Abbé Liszt and M. Geefs, the Académie des Beaux Arts elected him as a Foreign Associate, while from Germany came the Order "Pour le Mérite," these being respectively the highest civil distinctions that either of the two countries has to bestow, and reserved exclusively for men of eminence in Art or Science. The election by the French Academy was announced to Millais in the following letter:—

*From M. Delaborde.*

"INSTITUT DE FRANCE,

"ACADEMIE DES BEAUX ARTS, PARIS,

"4 Mars, 1882.

"MONSIEUR ET TRÈS-HONORÉ CONFRÈRE,—J'ai l'honneur de vous prévenir que dans la séance de ce jour l'académie vous a

\* In his speech at the Academy banquet in May, 1882, the Duke of Edinburgh said:—"Before sitting down I should like to say, in one word, how much I have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the fine pictures which adorn this room and the adjoining rooms. And more especially I desire to thank one of the most distinguished members of your institution—Mr. Millais—for the admirable way in which he has perpetuated, and the charming manner in which he has drawn the features of my little girl."

† It is interesting to note that Mrs. James Stern is the sister of Mrs. Bischoffsheim.

nommé à la place d'associé étranger vacante par suite du décès de M. Giovanni Dapré.

"Aussitôt que l'académie aura reçu l'ampliation du décret approuvant votre élection, je m'empresserai de vous l'adresser.

"Agréé, Monsieur et très-honoré confrère, avec mes félicitations personnelles l'assurance de ma haute considération et mes sentiments devoués.

"VTE. HENRI DELABORDE."

From other members of the Institute came also hearty letters of congratulation, and the Duc d'Aumale, who had himself done much for Art in its widest sense, left his card at Palace Gate, on which was written after his name, "*félicite Mr. Millais de son confrère a l'Académie des Beaux Arts.*"

Millais' best picture of the year was undoubtedly "Pomona." The little goddess of the orchard was Margaret Millais, third daughter of his brother William ; and as a reward for her sittings he presented her the following year with a charming portrait of herself.

This year also produced "The Captive," for which Miss Ruby Streatfield, now the Hon. Mrs. Colville, stood, and amongst other work was the completion of a big canvas begun by Landseer and left unfinished at his death—the picture now known as "Nell Gwynne." As already stated, Landseer expressed a wish, when dying, that Millais and no other should complete the three paintings left unfinished in his studio, and this was one of them. The title was selected by my father, and my sister Effie sat for the figure of the lady. When it came into his possession there was nothing on the canvas except the white palfrey, which was beautifully finished. A blank space was left for the hound in the immediate foreground, and in the background was a suggestion of a lake and swans. And now, being greatly pressed for time, he called in the aid of John O'Connor, who painted for him the big stone archway—the first time since "The Rescue" (when Charles Collins painted the fire-hose) that he ever allowed the hand of another to touch any canvas of his.

In 1883 "The Grey Lady" came into being. Some years before, it may be remembered, Millais painted one of the upper staircases at St. Mary's Tower, Birnam, as a background for "The Princes in the Tower," but ultimately laid the painting aside as unsuitable for his purpose. This he now took up again, utilising it for the

picture in hand. The wraith of a murdered woman is supposed to haunt the staircase of a Highland castle, and is here seen staggering across the foreground in a tragic attitude, the subtle treatment of the subject recalling that of his earlier picture, "The Eve of St. Agnes." My sister Alice (Mrs. Stuart-Wortley) sat for the figure; and it is really a capital likeness of her, attenuated to the shadowy form of a ghost.

"I noticed the unfinished canvas," says Mrs. Stuart-Wortley, "one winter's day in his studio, and he said what a ghostly subject it would make. The same evening he asked me to sit to him, so on that and most evenings following I posed for the figure of 'The Grey Lady.' It is probably the only picture he painted almost entirely by the electric light."

Altogether it was a very busy year, much of the artist's time being devoted to the interest of his friends. Besides the portrait of himself, now finished and presented to the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, he painted and gave away three other portraits. One of his niece, Margaret Millais, he presented to herself, one of Sir Henry Irving to the Garrick Club, and one of the Marquess of Lorne to the Canadian Art Gallery. It was owing to a request from the Princess Louise, when the Marquess was Viceroy of Canada, that this last-named picture was painted. The Princess asked for a sketch for the gallery then being organised, and in response Millais sent this portrait as his contribution to the collection.

The two child-pictures—"Little Miss Muffett" and "The Message from the Sea"—were produced in 1884. They were both painted from models, and passed into the hands of Mr. Wertheimer, as did also that of "Perfect Bliss"—a child revelling, all unnoticed, in the luscious fruits of a strawberry-bed. Two other works followed them, "The Stowaway" and "The Waif and Stray"; and before the year was out he finished, besides a number of portraits, the large canvas entitled "An Idyll of 1745." In this picture a little English drummer-boy, dressed in the gorgeous uniform of the day, is leaning against a tree on the bank of a Highland stream and discoursing sweet music on a fife to three rough little maidens from the hills, who, with wide-open eyes, regard him admiringly. On the other side of the tree is another English soldier-boy, watching with evident pleasure the innocent

joy of the rustic audience ; and in the distance are seen the tents of the Southern army.\*

The models for the three girls gave him more trouble than any he ever had to deal with. They were three little gipsies whom he engaged to come and sit for him in London ; and with the characteristic carelessness of their race, they just came when they liked, and only smiled benignly when lectured on their lack of punctuality and the grievance it was to the artist. Again and again he would explain to them that unless they came at eleven o'clock he could not get the light he wanted. They would promise to come, but not until one o'clock next day would any of them turn up, and then perhaps only one. Once, to his intense annoyance, they failed to appear until the afternoon light was waning, and none of them attempted to offer any excuse. That he was uncommonly glad when the work was finished goes without saying.

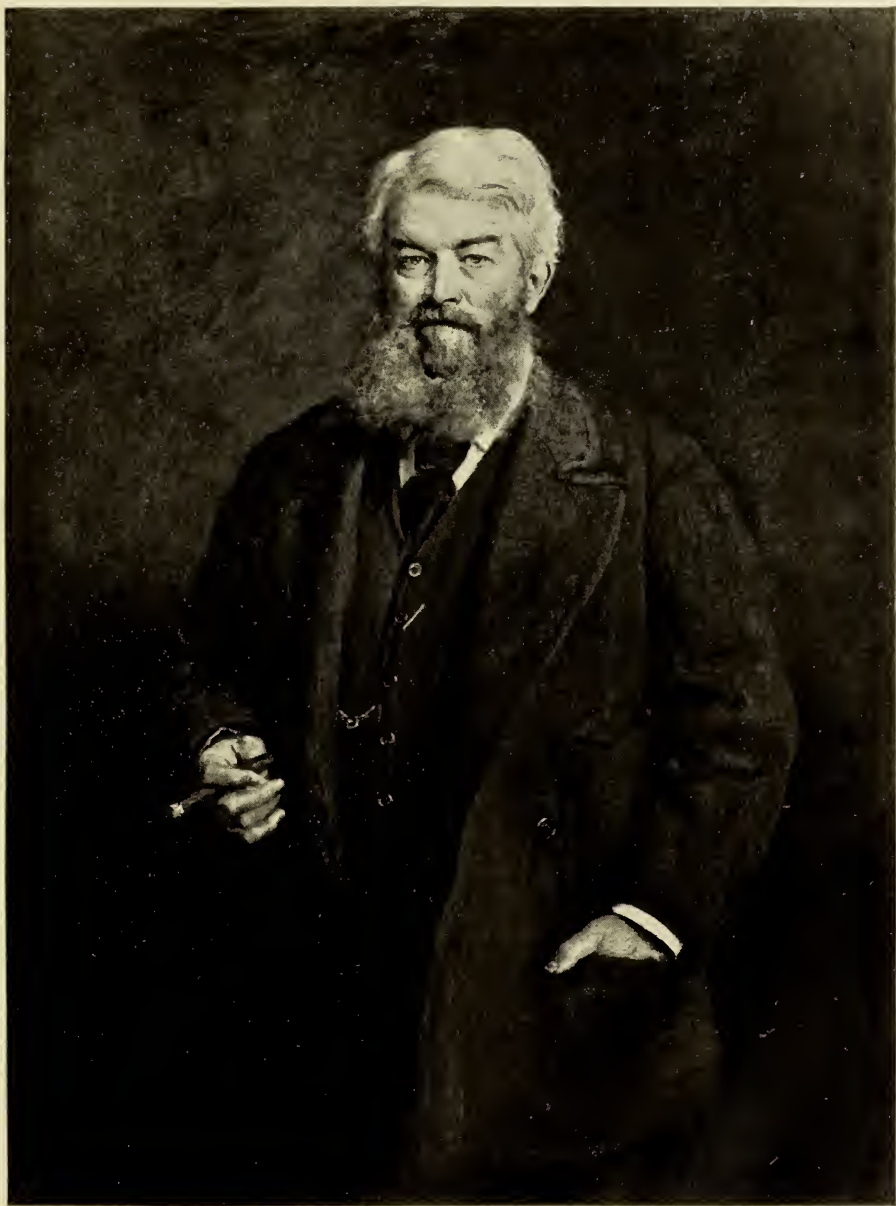
One of this year's portraits that interested him very much was that of little Lady Peggy Primrose,† youngest daughter of the Earl of Rosebery. During the progress of this work the child became much attached to my father ; and afterwards when, owing to an illness, some of her pretty hair had to be cut off, one of her golden locks was sent to him at Murthly, at her special request. He was much touched by this souvenir of his little friend ; and the childish gift is still carefully preserved at Bowerswell. The portrait was exhibited at the Academy in the following year as a pendant to that of Lady Sybil Primrose by Leighton.

Another portrait of this year was completed under circumstances of considerable difficulty. Millais was asked by his old friend, the late Sir George Russell, of Swallowfield, to try to make a portrait of his deceased brother Sir Charles, the only materials at command being a sketch by Desanges, a water-colour of the boy in early youth by Richmond, and a lock of his hair. From these, however, he evolved a portrait the truth of which may be gathered from what Sir George said of it in a letter to the artist :—

“Your picture of my dear brother has arrived. The more we look at it, the more amazed and delighted we are. It is truly wonderful, and to me the possession is one of priceless value—

\* Originally the scene was drawn in as taking place on board ship ; but as the artist progressed he abandoned the idea, and altered the background to that of a Highland landscape.

† Now Countess of Crewe.



SIR JOHN ASTLEY. 1881



under your touch he seems to live again. No words of mine can adequately thank you, and I shall prize it not only as a marvellous and beautiful portrait, but also as a memento of my dear old friend, yourself.—Always your grateful and affectionate friend,

“GEORGE RUSSELL.”

Before leaving for the North in August a good start was made with a second portrait of Gladstone, representing him on this occasion in his robes of crimson and lake as a D.C.L. of Oxford. The brilliant colouring of the robes seemed to give additional force and fire to a face always marked by the strong individuality of the man, and when finished, in the following year, Millais considered the portrait a better one than that of 1879. Lord Rosebery happily described it as “Gladstone the fighter,” in contradistinction to the earlier portrait, which he named “Gladstone the scholar.”

Writing to his wife on August 1st, 1884, Millais says:—“Only a moment to write, so hard at work. I have Gladstone better than the first time. Miss Gladstone and Lady Stepney have been, and are *delighted*. I never did so fine a portrait, and I am getting on with the other works as well. I hope to finish them, but not Gladstone, which would be impossible. Dined with him last week. Lord Rosebery has been and seen ‘Peggy,’ and is also delighted, so I have good reason to be pleased; but the work is terribly hard, painting till five every day. Just finished basket of flowers in Fox White’s picture [‘A Waif’]. Have been all day at this. I have only now to finish ‘Peggy’s’ background. I come North with George and Charles Hall on the 8th, arriving at Birnam next morning; so send the traps for us. . . .”

Returning to England in October, he paid a short visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden—a visit he greatly enjoyed—and then commenced at home what he always considered one of his best works, “The Ruling Passion.”

The origin of this picture was somewhat singular. John Gould, the famous ornithologist, had a fine collection of birds-of-paradise, most of them then extremely rare and valuable; and through the agency of German and Dutch collectors he managed to obtain from New Guinea specimens of any new species that might be discovered. Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley, of whom I have spoken before, was also an enthusiastic collector, and with a view to

business he paid several visits to Gould at his house in Charlotte Square, and ultimately by the exercise of great tact and patience he attained his end, securing at big prices such specimens as he wanted. I went with him on several of these occasions, and was greatly amused at the old man's veneration for his treasures, and the tenacity with which he clung to them when my companion even so much as hinted at a purchase. He was at this time a confirmed invalid and confined to his couch, and when a drawer-full of birds was placed in his lap he would slowly and solemnly lift the lid and handle his specimens with fingers trembling with emotion. At other times his temper, owing to his infirmities, was not altogether angelic. He hated the sight of a stranger, and except the few naturalists of his acquaintance, no one was ever allowed to be admitted to his presence. Greatly, therefore, was I surprised when one day he expressed a wish to see my father.

It was in the middle of winter when my father and I called upon him, by appointment; and after waiting impatiently half an hour in a cold hall, we were just on the point of leaving when the door opened, and we were ushered into his sitting-room. The old man was evidently got up for the occasion. In front of him, as he sat propped up on his couch, was a lovely water-colour drawing of a humming-bird recently discovered (the Chimborazo Hill Star, I think), on which he apparently wished us to believe he was working. But it would not do. We nearly laughed outright when, in reply to an inquiry whether the work was finished, he said, "Oh, no; I am just going to put in another humming-bird in the background," and suiting the action to the word, sketched on it an object such as never yet was seen on land or sea. However, artist or not, he was a devoted and well-informed naturalist, who by sheer hard work had won his way to the front in a profession in which none but an enthusiast could ever hope to succeed.

And now, calling in his two daughters to help him—for they alone were ever allowed to touch his cases—the old man showed us all his latest gems from New Guinea and the Papuan Islands, and afterwards his unique collection of humming-birds, all of which were set up in cases, and may now be seen (alas! with diminished lustre) in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.\*

My father was delighted with all he saw, and on our way home he said to me, "That's a fine subject; a very fine subject. I shall

\* After Gould's death his collection of humming-birds was sold to the authorities of the Natural History Museum for something over £5,000.



paint it when I have time.” And he did. “The Ruling Passion” was commenced in the early spring of 1885, and finished in time for the Academy Exhibition that year—a really wonderful performance, considering the labour expended on the numerous figures and accessories.

Perhaps no work of Millais has improved so much in the same space of time. When it was hung in the dining-room at Palace Gate there was a coldness and want of tone about it that was most noticeable; yet every year it seems to have sunk and sweetened, till to-day it is almost like a different picture. The figure of the woman leaning over the couch with her arm round the neck of one of the boys is, I venture to think, as fine as anything he ever painted; but if he could have persuaded himself to sacrifice the two little children (as he did in “The North-West Passage,” after weeks of labour on them) the picture would no doubt have been vastly improved. With their happy, bright little faces they somewhat clog the composition and weaken, if not destroy, the sentiment, as Millais himself eventually saw. However, “time and varnish,” as he said, have been very good even to them, and a hundred years hence they may possibly be looked upon as indispensable accessories to the composition. As originally painted, the crude colour of the old man’s pillow and blanket militated against the general tone of the picture; so when it came back from the Academy Millais altered this, to the great improvement of the work.

Mr. Spielmann says of it, “Mr. Ruskin, who wrote, ‘I have never seen any work of modern Art with more delight and admiration than this,’ once told me that he thought it the finest of its kind painted in modern times, whether for sentiment or for management of colour.”

Millais’ old friend, T. O. Barlow, the engraver—then, alas! nearing the end of his days—sat for the principal figure; the two little boys were “Bubbles” and his brother George, the artist’s grandsons; the graceful woman was a model who also stood for the principal figure in “The Nest”; and the boy in the sailor-suit was Ivor Byng, son of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, formerly chaplain to the House of Commons. The girl in the foreground, to the left, was a professional model, who also sat for one of the girls in the “Idyll.” The big Sheraton bookcase at the back of the picture was formerly used in my mother’s room, and all the birds were taken from my collection.

The picture was originally painted as a commission ; but the prospective owner rather objected to it as reminding him of the sick-room in which one of his family had recently died after a long illness. My father therefore decided to keep it himself, hoping, as he said, that if it ever passed out of the possession of the family it would go to some public gallery.

It was in June of this year that, with the approval of the Queen, Mr. Gladstone's Government, then on the eve of retirement, decided to do honour to Art by offering baronetcies to Millais and Mr. Watts. Mr. Watts, for reasons highly honourable to himself, declined the offer ; but, as will be seen from the subjoined letter from Matthew Arnold, Millais had long held that a distinction like this was not only an honour to the recipient, but to the whole body of artists, and an encouragement to the pursuit of Art in its highest and noblest form. He therefore accepted with pleasure the proffered dignity.

And now letters of congratulation poured in upon him from all quarters, from friends at home and friends abroad—letters enough to fill another volume of this work—but none of them more generous, more enthusiastic, or more valued by my father than those from his brother artists. Some few of these I append, together with one or two others that seem to me of special interest. And first the graceful letter from Mr. Gladstone, conveying the offer of the baronetcy.

*From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

“ 10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,

“ *June 24th, 1885.*

“ MY DEAR MILLAIS,—It is with a very lively satisfaction, both personal and public, that I write, with the sanction of Her Majesty (and lawfully, though at the last gasp), to ask you to accept the honour of hereditary title and take your place amongst the baronets of the United Kingdom.

“ Believe me, sincerely yours,

“ W. E. GLADSTONE.

“ Unless I hear to the contrary, I hope to come and sit at twelve to-morrow.”

*From Mr. Frederic Leighton, R.A.*

"2, HOLLAND PARK ROAD, S.W.,

"June 26th, 1885.

"DEAR MILLAIS,—Let me be among the very first to congratulate you warmly on your new and merited honours. English artists will rejoice that the position of Art in the national life has been at last acknowledged by an English prime minister, and they will rejoice not less that two such worthy recipients of honours were at hand among us.

"Believe me, dear Millais, ever yours,

"FRED LEIGHTON."

*From Mr. Du Maurier.*

"NEW GROVE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD HEATH,

"June 26th, 1885.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—Let me warmly congratulate the baronetage of England, in your person, on your accession to the order. I think they should have made you a Baron instead of a baronet; but it is a step in the right direction. After all, the great surgeons and physicians, whom I look upon as being, *avec nous autres*, the salt of the earth, are honoured at least to this extent; so we are in fairly good company, in spite of *swipes*, *stinks*, and *stucco*.

"With everybody's love, yours sincerely,

"G. DU MAURIER."

*From Mr. Matthew Arnold.*

"ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,

"June 29th.

"MY DEAR MILLAIS,—Nothing could make you more the head of your profession and more admired by the public than you are, but I am very glad that you should shed lustre on the baronetage; the more so as I remember a conversation at Birnam in which you maintained with a great deal of force that these marks of recognition to artists had their real value and utility.

I am glad that the recognition should have been given, and glad too of the opportunity of saying with what cordial admiration, liking, and regard, I am

“Sincerely yours,

“MATTHEW ARNOLD.

“I hope and trust you are all right again. I wonder if Mrs. Millais (to whom give my best congratulations) would let me come to luncheon some day in July.”

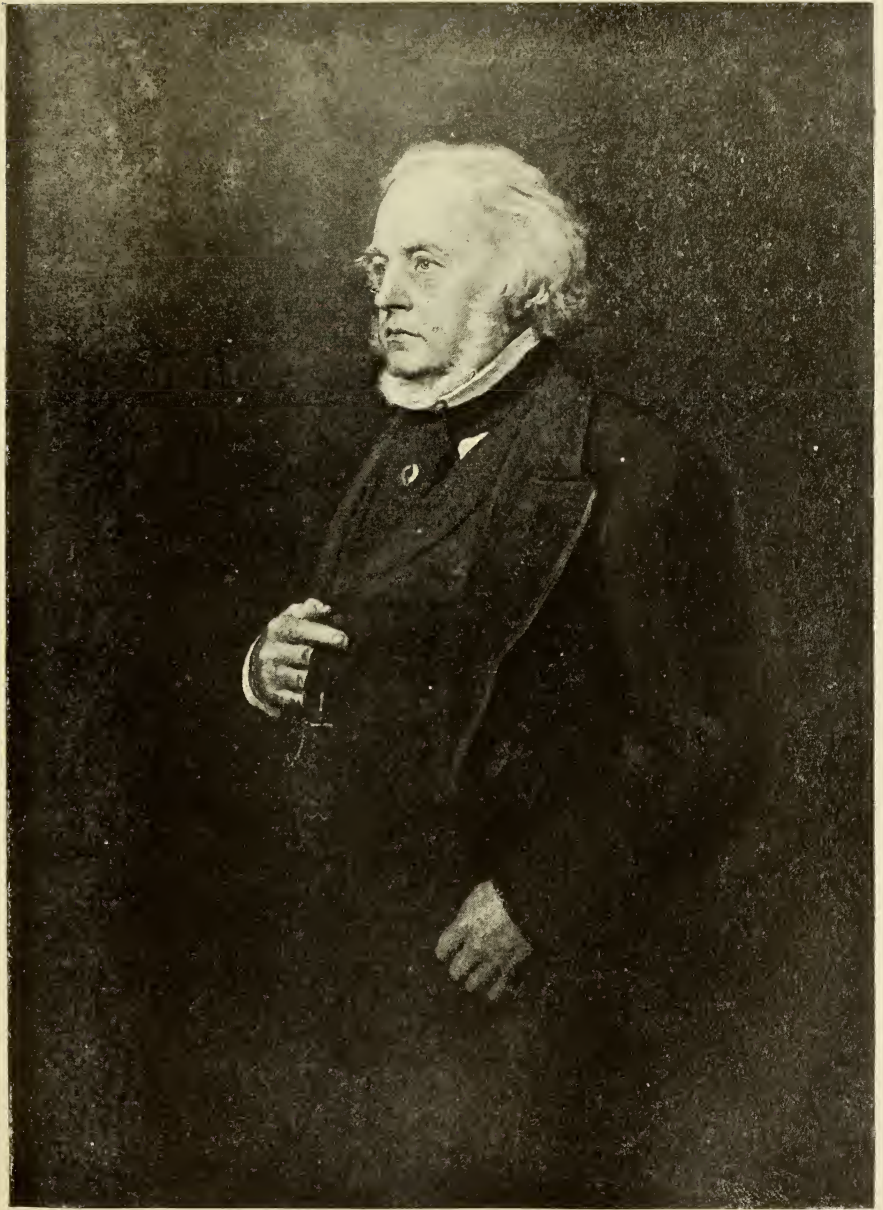
Returning now to his life at Palace Gate, I find a letter to my mother, dated August 1st, 1885, in which he says:—“You will be glad to hear I have quite finished ‘Little Nell,’ Mrs. Jones, and Gladstone; so I have only a little to do to the Master of the Rolls [Lord Esher] and Barlow—backgrounds. Indeed, I finished before I expected, but it has been hard, hard work. . . . I find, on comparing what I have been doing with the Royal Academy work just returned, that it is better than what I have done since; but the scratches\* done by malicious hands will take me some time to repair.

“Crabbe, George Stibbard, and I leave on Sunday evening, so have everything ready for us. I have just got through a terrible lot of unanswered correspondence, so as to be clear. My head is quite giddy with all I have had to do, and I never seem to be free of *vexatious* work.

“I wrote just now asking Lord Wolseley for October 1st till the 10th, to fish, as he failed to come last season.”

A few days later he and his friends joined my mother and other members of the family at Birnam Hall, Murthly, and in the following months the party was increased by the arrival of five additional guests—Matthew Arnold, Miss G. S——, and three of my old college friends, Edgar Dawson, Arthur Newton, and E. S—— (I suppress his name for reasons that will presently appear), making thirteen in all. An unlucky number this, as we all know; but nobody noticed it till we had all sat down to dinner, when Miss G. S—— called attention to the fact. She dare not, she said, be one of the thirteen, after her painful

\* These “scratches” were the work of some miscreant who went through the rooms of the Academy shortly after its opening, scratching and cutting with some sharp instrument many of the best pictures. It was thought that the perpetrator of this infamous act was some artist whose mind had been unhinged by repeated disappointments, but the culprit was never discovered.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT. 1880



experience on a former occasion when thirteen were present ; and my father failing to laugh her out of her superstition, asked me as the only son at home to go and dine in the drawing-room, which I accordingly did. Still the lady was not at ease ; she became very anxious, and said repeatedly, " I fear some calamity will happen."

When the ladies were about to rise, I came back to the dining-room, and found Matthew Arnold discoursing learnedly on the subject of superstition. " And now, Miss S——," said he, with a laugh, " the idea is that whoever leaves the table first will die within a year, so, with the permission of the ladies, we will cheat the Fates for once. I and these fine strong lads (pointing to Edgar Dawson and E. S——) will all rise together, and I think our united constitutions will be able to withstand the assault of the Reaper." The three men then rose, and the ladies left the room.

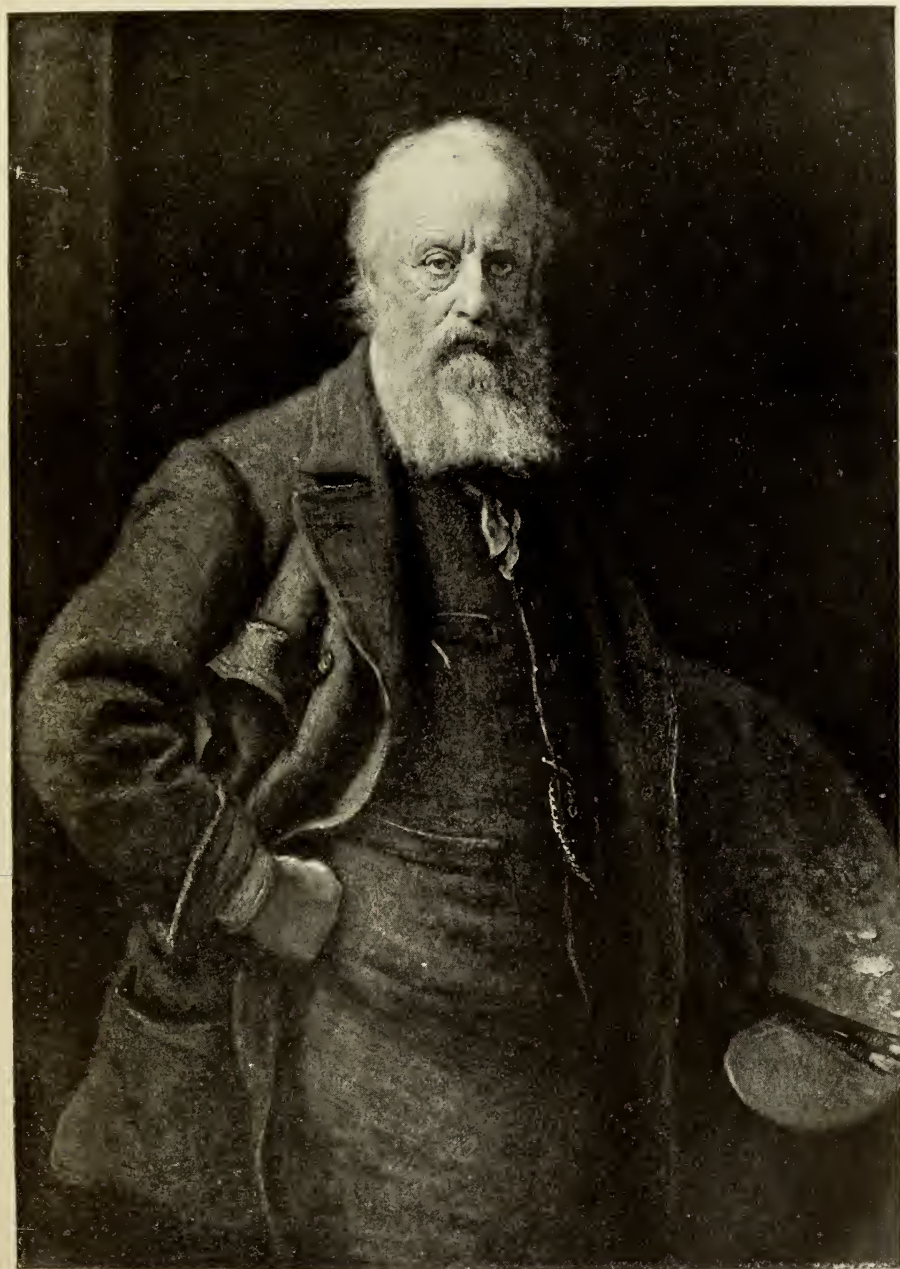
The sequel was, to say the least, remarkable. Some six months later Matthew Arnold, then in the prime of life, and to all appearance in robust health, died suddenly of heart disease. And hardly had we recovered from the shock of this terrible news when we learnt from the papers that E. S—— was found dead in his bed, with an empty revolver by his side ! He was a clever young fellow, and had dramatised with immense success a novel by an authoress now famous, but then comparatively unknown ; but no sooner was it put on the stage than the authoress, who afterwards dramatised it herself, compelled him to withdraw his play. Then, in a fit of the blues, he wandered off to America to hide his grief, ultimately reaching New York, where his life was ended ; whether by his own hand or that of another it is impossible to say. The most skilled detectives of New York were baffled in their inquiry, though inclined to favour the theory of murder.

After this our thoughts naturally flew to Edgar Dawson, the last of the daring three. He was a very dear friend of mine, with whom I had corresponded for many years, and happily I could assure my friends that he, at least, had outlived the fatal year. He had gone out to Australia for the benefit of his health, and in his last letter he told me he was coming home again by the *Quetta*, a steamer that, leaving Melbourne on February 18th, was already on its way to England. But, alas, that steamer never reached its destination ! It foundered on one of the thousand reefs that

skirt the coast of New Guinea, and not a single soul was left to tell the tale.

And now what shall be said to these things? The facts are exactly as I have stated them, and are only too well known to many now living. The conclusion to be drawn from them I leave to my readers. For myself, I am content to state what I know, without attempting "to point a moral or adorn a tale."





J. C. HOOK, R.A. 1832



## CHAPTER XV

1885-1889

“Bubbles”—The model—The true history of the picture—Ignorant criticism—Marie Corelli’s mistake—Her apology—The artist’s model—The Grosvenor Exhibition, 1886—Millais meets “The Huguenot” again—“Mercy”—Millais’ love for the Highlands and its people—Autumn and winter landscapes—An artist taking hints—“The Old Garden”—Third portrait of Mr. Gladstone—Mr. Gladstone’s letter—The National Portrait Gallery—A strong appeal—“Dew-drenched furze.”

COME we now to “Bubbles,” one of the last pictures of 1885, and now familiar to all the English-speaking world. Spielmann says of it:—“This world-famous picture, so happy in inspiration (and so keenly adopted for commercial purposes), spread over the world by the million by illustrated newspaper, print-dealer, and soap manufacturer, is a far higher class of painting than it has become the fashion to assume. It has frequently been called a ‘pot-boiler’; but it is forgotten that ‘pot-boilers,’ whatever the motive of production, are usually better and more freely-painted pictures than those which are more deliberately thought out and more restrainedly executed. In this case the painting of the head is pure, rapid, and sweet in touch, without any torturing of the colours; and at least it may be said that it introduced, through one man’s initiative (and he not Millais), a revolution in favour of ‘artistic advertisement.’”

And, in the main, Spielmann is right. The picture was not, however, in any sense a “pot-boiler,” nor was it painted with any idea of the commercial purpose to which it was ultimately turned. Millais painted it simply and solely for his own pleasure. He was very fond of his little grandson, Willie James—a singularly beautiful and most winning child—and seeing him one day blowing soap-bubbles through a pipe, he thought what a dainty picture he would make, and at once set to work to paint him, bubbles and all. Willie, then about four years of age, was delighted to sit.

He would, perhaps, hear some more of those charming fairy tales that his grandfather was so fond of telling him? And he did. The sitting brought enjoyment to them both, and the portrait was finished in an incredibly short space of time—a speaking likeness of the child, without any flattery whatever. Only the soap bubbles remained to be added. And here a difficulty arose. Bubbles (as Millais liked to paint them) are too evanescent for portraiture; so he had a sphere of crystal made, and got from this exactly the lights and colours of its aerial counterpart.

Shortly afterwards Sir William Ingram came to the studio, and falling in love with the picture bought it for the *Illustrated London News*. Other pictures, such as “Cinderella,” “Puss in Boots,” “Little Mrs. Gamp,” and “Cherry Ripe,” had been previously disposed of in like manner, and artistically reproduced as supplements to that paper or the *Graphic*; and knowing that the purchasers would do justice to his work, as they had done before, Millais handed it over without any concern as to its fate, or that of the copyright that, of course, went with it.

After using it as a supplement to their paper, the proprietors sold the picture (as they had every right to do) to Messrs. Pears. And now Mr. Barratt, Messrs. Pears' manager, appeared upon the scene. To my father's astonishment he called at the studio one morning with specimens of the coloured engraving that they proposed to publish as an advertisement of their wares. My father was furious. He protested strongly against this utilisation of his art; but knowing that he had no power to prevent their using the picture in any way they liked, he at last consented to look at the specimens. Their excellence tended somewhat to assuage his wrath; he admitted, as he was bound to do, that the work was admirably done, and with an expression of his regret at the purpose to which it was to be turned the interview ended. Clearly, therefore, no blame attached to him; and as to Messrs. Pears, I cannot but feel that we ought to be grateful to them for their spirited departure from the beaten track of advertisers. The example they set has tended to raise the character of our illustrated advertisements, whether in papers or posters, and may possibly lead to the final extinction of such atrocious vulgarities as now offend the eye at every turn.

The advertisement appeared; and then some of the smaller fry of the Press, “the little buzzing things that stink and sting,” began to whine about the “degradation of Art,” of which, in their

ignorance, they found Millais guilty. These attacks he treated with contempt like a famous predecessor, who shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

But presently a more formidable antagonist raised her lance against him. In her brilliant novel, *The Sorrows of Satan*, Marie Corelli made one of her characters say : “ I am one of those who think the fame of Millais as an artist was marred when he degraded himself to the level of painting the little green boy blowing bubbles of Pears’ soap. *That was an advertisement*, and that very incident in his career, trifling as it seems, will prevent his ever standing on the dignified height of distinction with such masters in Art as Romney, Sir Peter Lely, Gainsborough, and Reynolds.”

A nasty hit this, and one that Millais had hardly expected from a lady who had so often complained of the attacks upon her own works ; and having some slight acquaintance with her, he sent her a statement of the facts, asking jocosely, “ What, in the name of your ‘ Satan,’ do you mean by saying what is not true ? ”

Her reply was at once generous and characteristic. I am permitted to give it in full, seeing that her book was read by thousands of people who may never have heard of the correction she made in later editions.

*From Miss Marie Corelli.*

“ WAMPACH’S HOTEL, FOLKESTONE,

“ *December 24th, 1895.*

“ DEAR SIR JOHN MILLAIS,—Your letter has had the effect of a sudden bomb thrown in upon the calm of my present sea-side meditations ; but I have rallied my energies at last, and I assure you in the name of Satan, and all other fallen and risen angels, that I meant no harm in the remark I put into Geoffrey Tempest’s mouth concerning you. It is out of the high and faithful admiration I have for you, as a king amongst English painters, that I get inwardly wrathful whenever I think of your ‘ Bubbles ’ in the hands of Pears as a soap advertisement. Gods of Olympus ! I have seen and *loved* the *original picture*—the most exquisite and dainty child ever dreamed of, with the air of a baby poet as well as of a small angel—and I look upon all Pears’ posters as gross libels, both of your work and you. I can’t help it ; I am made so. I hate all blatant advertisement ; but, of course, I could not

know (not being behind the scenes) that you had not really painted it for Pears. Now the 'thousands of poor people' you allude to are no doubt very well-meaning in their way, but they cannot be said to understand painting; and numbers of them think you did the picture solely for Pears, and that it is exactly like the exaggerated poster. Of course it makes me angry—even spiteful—and I confess to being angry with you (not knowing the rights of the matter) for letting Pears have it. 'Bubbles' should hang beside Sir Joshua's 'Age of Innocence' in the National Gallery, where the poor people could go and see it with the veneration that befits all great Art. I hope you will forgive me my excess of zeal; for now that I know you had nothing to do in the 'soap business,' I will transfer my wrath to the dealer, and pray you to accept my frank apologies. The passage shall be altered and put straight in the next edition of *Satan*. In the interim I send you as a Christmas-card the portrait of my small sweetheart, the little boy you admired, who personated 'Bubbles' at the tableaux at Queen's Hall last spring.

"He was a trifle big for the part, and the photographer has not posed him with absolute correctness; but still, it makes a pretty picture. I hope I may bring him again to see you some day. He still talks in solemn tones of 'the great Sir John Millais,' and said to his mother, 'You know it is quite true, mother, Sir John *did* speak to me'—as if he fancied there might be some doubt cast on the event. We are staying here till Christmas is over, and hope to return to town next Sunday.

"With regards, and once more begging your pardon for my impulsive remark, which arose only out of excess of honour for your work,

"Believe me

"Very sincerely yours,

"MARIE CORELLI."

Returning now to the more immediate subject of this work, there was, somewhere about this time, an amusing scene at Palace Gate that I well remember. My father was on the look-out for a model for one of Shakespeare's heroines that he intended to paint, and while we were sitting at lunch the butler announced that a lady had called to see him on the subject. Being engaged in an interesting conversation with Matthew Arnold, my father said to me, "Here, Johnnie, run down and see if she will do." I accord-



DIANA VERNON. 1880





ingly went downstairs, and found myself in the presence of one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. "Well, do you think I shall do?" she said, after some preliminary conversation. "Oh, certainly," I replied. "Come at ten o'clock on Monday morning."

About five minutes later in came the butler again. "Another lady downstairs, please, Sir John." "Oh, go along and see her too, Johnnie," said my father impatiently. I went, and, behold! another lovely creature, whose charms almost rivalled those of the first applicant. After a short interview, she said, "When may I come?" "Ten o'clock on Monday morning," I replied, and went back to the dining-room. By this time, however, my father had flown, and not until next day could I tell him of the success of my mission. Then, in glowing terms, I painted to him the charms of the two models I had engaged; but, to my surprise, he did not seem at all pleased. Forgetting for the moment his instructions to me, he had himself engaged two other models for ten o'clock on Monday morning, and all I got as he walked off to his studio was, "Ah! that's the worst of sending young fellows like you to interview pretty girls. You'd engage every blessed hour that stepped inside the place, if you got the chance!"

When Monday came all the four ladies turned up; but, following the example of the "wise child who goes out of the room to laugh when the old man has hit his thumb with a hammer," I refrained from entering the studio that morning. Enough for me to learn, as I did a little later on, that one of *my* ladies—Miss Dolan, a favourite model of Lord Leighton's—had been selected.

In 1886 came the exhibition of Millais' collected works at the Grosvenor Gallery.

In the following year he painted my sister Sophie twice—in powder as "Clarissa," after the manner of Gainsborough; and in fancy dress as "Punchinella"—a charmingly graceful portrait. Then came the autumn, when, weary of work, he fled away to his beloved Murthly and the sport that awaited him there, to say nothing of certain landscapes that he had it in his mind to paint so soon as the shooting season was over; for by this time he knew by heart the many sylvan beauties of the place, and had long thought of the charming pictures that some of them would make. Nor were these the only considerations that urged him northwards. He knew the Highland people as few Englishmen are ever

privileged to do, and no one appreciated more than he their many estimable qualities; knew, too, the warmth of their welcome whenever he appeared among them; and as to his own people, the gillies and others who waited upon his pleasure, no man had ever more devoted servants. In Walt Whitman's happy phrase, he "had the pass-key to their hearts," and was never more at home than in the midst of these faithful followers.

One among many instances of their thoughtful consideration it was always a great pleasure to him to recall. In the winter of this year a terrific gale and snowstorm raged throughout the night, sweeping the valley of the Tay from end to end; and in this valley—some two miles from Birnam Hall—was his shelter hut, in which he had left his picture of "Christmas Eve, 1887," with the wet paint turned towards the wall. In great anxiety he waited till the morning, when he hastened to the spot, expecting to find the hut and its contents blown clean away. To his delight, however, there it was, standing four-square to the winds of heaven; and there, too, was the village carpenter who built it, a dear old man who lived four miles away, and, "fearing for the hoose," had come all the way down at midnight in the blinding gale and made it thoroughly secure! I am sorry indeed that the name of this brave and benevolent old fellow has escaped my memory.

This was the second of the well-known series of Murthly landscapes, the first being "Murthly Moss," a picture begun and finished in the previous autumn. Before commencing this work (Murthly Moss) a day or two was spent in looking around for the best point of view—a quest in which my brother Geoffroy's skill as a photographer proved a most valuable help, enabling the artist to see, side by side, the various views that specially attracted his attention, and finally to select what he thought best. The wooden hut was then put up, and the work begun.

Needless to say with what loving care this picture was painted. The painting speaks for itself. The reeds and marsh plants in particular are rendered with all the force and precision of the old Pre-Raphaelite days, and nothing is left undone to convey to the beholder a faithful portrait of the scene. Says Mr. Spielmann—an authority whom it is always a pleasure to quote whether one agrees with him or not—"If not a 'great landscape' in the conventional sense, it is a very great transcript from Nature—full of the light peculiar to the Scottish marshes, and full of atmosphere—an exquisitely true portrait of the scene on a late September

afternoon. It must be admitted that the picture does not look at its best in the Academy; seen in its own home its more delicate beauties become apparent, and the more it is gazed at and the longer it is known, the more does it grow upon and delight the spectator. Every bit of the landscape is truthfully rendered—the sedgy foreground, the middle distance of trees, and the distant hills; all as carefully and lovingly measured and drawn, said Millais, as if he had been working and stippling from the cast in the Academy schools. There is a unity of conception and a harmony of sentiment that compensate for the lack of deliberate composition; and the charm of the silvery-golden tones adds to the grace of the whole.”

The critic is quite right. As seen in the Academy, the picture lost half its charm. The perfect peace and the mellow softness of the landscape demand that it should be seen apart from all others, as it was in the artist's studio and is now in Sir Cuthbert Quilter's house. Thus isolated, the sweet poetry of the composition never fails to make itself felt, raising it at once to its rightful rank as one of the finest, if not the finest, of Millais' landscapes.

When the next picture (“Christmas Eve, 1887”) was taken up winter was already casting her mantle over the Northern hills. There was a keenness and a crispness in the air that filled sensitive southerners with thoughts of home; but for Millais, inured as he was to the rigours of the northern climate, winter had no terrors. He loved the bracing air of the mountains, and above all, those fine still days that so often follow in the wake of St. Martin's summer, and hardly noticed as it came the change to biting frost and falling snow. With such protection as his hut afforded, he went steadily on with his work until, on Christmas Eve itself, the final touch was added to his painting—a view of the old castle of Murthly as seen from the north-west.

The two landscapes of 1888, “Murthly Water” and “The Old Garden,” were painted at Murthly in the autumn of that year, the former being a view of the river as seen from the Stenton bank looking up towards Birnam at a spot where the artist used to stop and lunch after fishing. This was the beat he specially reserved for himself; and every day when outdoor sport was possible, he worked it from end to end, starting at the head of “Tronnach,” a long swirling flat, out of which he took some twenty or thirty fish every autumn.

In the picture my brother Geoffroy and Miller, the fisherman, are seen seated on the shingle arranging the rods and tackle. The whole landscape is suffused in bright autumn sunlight, in which the red leaves of the maple are brilliantly conspicuous; but the work is not generally considered to be in the artist's best manner. Mr. Spielmann speaks of it as "perhaps Sir John's poorest landscape," while Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., probably our best living painter of sunny landscapes, is loud in praise of its wonderful colouring and perfect truth to Nature. The fact is, it was painted rather for the artist's pleasure in the place itself than with any view to a great picture; and if he himself could have had a voice in the matter, it would probably, like many others, have been excluded from the exhibition of 1898. The Academy, however, were not to blame for this *omnium gatherum* of Millais' works. In order to obtain certain pictures indispensable to the collection, they were in one or two cases obliged to admit other works of no interest to the general public, however valuable in themselves as fulfilling the purposes for which they were painted.

It was amusing to hear the comments of the public on these multifarious works. In one room was the portrait of a middle-class magnate of unprepossessing exterior, which, for diplomatic reasons, Millais had allowed himself to paint; and opposite to it, with his face glued to the canvas, I noticed a well-known A.R.A., an old friend of the family. He was still there, examining every detail of the work, when I returned after a long and careful scrutiny of other pictures; and passing close by him I ventured to say, "You seem deeply interested in that picture." "Yes," he replied, "perhaps as much as in any in the exhibition, which is saying a great deal. It is a marvel of technique, and I am taking lessons. I *have* to draw these sort of people, you know."

Says a well-known author, "There is nothing good or Godlike in this world but has in it something of infinite sadness." Without necessarily endorsing this sentiment, I may fairly point to "The Old Garden" as a presentment of the pathos of Nature under the garb of a homely landscape—a picture always associated in my mind with Fred Walker's masterpiece, "The Harbour of Refuge."

The garden is that of the old castle at Murthly, then inhabited by Sir Douglas Stewart; and near at hand is the park where "Christmas Eve" was painted. To emphasise the tone of sadness

he sought to convey, Millais at first painted in the figure of a widow (and I think also a child) wandering amidst the scenes of bygone happiness; but as he could not get the figures to his satisfaction, he wisely painted them out. Another difficulty was how to break the broad expanse of the terrace in the immediate foreground, and this he got over by introducing part of a beautiful old fountain which he discovered in another corner of the garden. This is the only feature which is not in the scene as it actually exists to-day.

“Shelling Peas” was one of the “small and early” pictures of this year, and was presented to Leighton in return for his kind present of a statuette that caught Millais’ eye while taking a glance at the objects in the sculpture room the day before the opening of the Academy. Meeting Leighton a moment afterwards, he told him how he admired a delicate little bronze of a young girl turning to look round at a frog or some other reptile that had startled her. “I am so glad you like that,” said the President, laughing; “I did it.” And when the exhibition closed, he sent it to Millais as a present, with a charming letter such as he so well knew how to write. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. James Orrock.

The summer of 1889 found him at work on his third and last portrait of Mr. Gladstone, taken on this occasion with his grandson, the eldest son of Mr. W. H. Gladstone. This was a golden-wedding gift to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone from the women members of the Liberal party, the subscriptions being from one penny upwards. After its exhibition in the Royal Academy in 1890, Millais repainted the head of the statesman, and the picture was then forwarded to the Countess of Aberdeen, on behalf of the donors. Its receipt was kindly acknowledged by Mr. Gladstone in the following letter:—

*From Mr. Gladstone.*

*“July 25th, 1889.*

“MY DEAR SIR J. MILLAIS,—As a rule I dare not give an opinion on a portrait of myself; but it seems to me that the work which, to my surprise, I found finished and hung this morning, and which you have accomplished with so wonderfully small an allotment of sittings, is the most exact and living likeness of me that you have yet produced.

“The picture of my dear little grandson is delightful.

“The book was ready for your messenger, but you have dispensed with it.

“I now descend to a mean request—that my coat may revisit me in time for the party on Saturday,

“And I remain, sincerely yours,

“W. GLADSTONE.

“My wife joins in thanks.”

Millais painted also a half-length replica of Mr. Gladstone's portrait, and as a Christmas gift presented it to his wife, who thus replied:—

*From Mrs. Gladstone.*

“DOWNING STREET,

“January 2nd.

“How shall I thank you half enough, dear Sir John, for that glorious present! Coming as it does as a New Year's gift, words are very weak to express all I feel. This picture will go down as an heirloom in our family, whilst your name will make it very precious.

“Thank you with all my heart for the pleasure you have given me for the second time, in which I include my children's thanks.

“Yours gratefully,

“CATHERINE GLADSTONE.

“I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you and Lady Millais and any of your family on Wednesday evening.”

At this time the establishment of a National Portrait Gallery and the safe housing of the national pictures were much in Millais' mind, as will be seen from his letter to the *Times* (published on April 25th, 1889):—

*To the Editor of the “Times.”*

“SIR—As one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, may I add a word to Sir Henry Layard's admirable letter of the 23rd? He is only too gentle when he says the non-fulfilment

of the promise made to the trustees by successive Governments 'approaches a scandal.' It is a scandal outright.

"In the Upper House, Lords Hardinge and Lamington have done their best to urge the Government to give us a site and sufficient means to erect a suitable building, but unfortunately, in the Commons, although we have good friends, we have no persistent and troublesome advocate, no importunate widower to help us. With such assistance, we might obtain what we ask. How long the public will submit to half their property being shunted to a temporary habitation in the East of London, the other half stowed away in the cellars of Great George Street, Westminster, I do not know, of course. I feel sure smaller and poorer European States would not be guilty of such unpardonable and mischievous delay.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

"2, Palace Gate, Kensington,

"April 24th."

In a letter to his wife, dated May 7th, 1889, Millais calls attention to his letter in the *Times*, which, he says, "has contributed to the realisation of our wishes in regard to a National Portrait Gallery. At the Royal Academy dinner I sat next to Arthur Balfour, and he admitted I was 'sponsor' to the gift; indeed, I have had thanks all round, and a most flattering letter from Scharf, the director, who says that my letter has done it. Layard also was most kind about it."

"Twa Bairns" formed the subject of his next picture. They were Frederick and Mary Stewart Phillips, children of Mr. Frederick Phillips, of Godshell, Isle of Wight, and were painted in Highland dress, forming, as Mr. Spielmann says, "one of the most attractive groups ever painted by the artist. To ensure accuracy in the tartan, Sir John borrowed from the Stuart Exhibition, then in progress, one of Prince Charlie's own to paint from."

In the autumn of 1889 Millais went to the North, determined to go in for sport alone. He would not look at his paints, he said; and he stuck to his word until one fine day in November the potent voice of the wood spirits compelled him to change his

mind. In the early morning the long grass bearded with dew lay at his feet, and all around were firs, bracken, and gorse bushes, festooned with silver webs, that showed a myriad diamonds glittering in the sun. It was a fairyland that met his eye, whichever way he looked, and under its spell the soul of the painter was moved to immediate action. A large canvas was brought out, and presently "Dew-drenched Furze" dawned upon the world.

The view was taken from a spot near the old sawmill road leading from the factor's house at Murthly to Gellie's farm, and the wild moorland around Murthly Moss. This road passes straight through "the big wood"—a great cover of Scotch firs and larches many hundreds of acres in extent, and our favourite shooting-ground for capercaillie and roe. A little path runs from the head keeper's house parallel to the main road, and only a very short distance away, and between these Millais found a suitable clearing from which he could see exactly what he wanted to paint. It was a plucky venture, this grappling with a scene such as had probably never been painted before, and might possibly prove to be unpaintable; but confident in his own powers, and sustained by the indomitable spirit that had enabled him to bring to a successful issue many a task of apparently equal difficulty, he went on bravely with his work, *malgré* the discouraging look of the picture in its earlier stages and the adverse comments of the family, who, all in turn, favoured the artist with their opinions as the work progressed. But he himself never faltered in his belief in the paintable character of the subject, or in his ability to convey to others the charm of its manifold beauties. Only a few days before the work was finished was this apparent to the critics of his household, whose strictures then gave place to pæans of praise.

There is a cock pheasant standing in the foreground, which the critics were particularly hard on, insisting that it was a stuffed bird, just smudged into the picture, and that the artist had expended no trouble on it. No trouble, indeed! Why, that pheasant nearly drove him wild, and caused me more than a week's unhappiness. I was with him when the picture was painted, and after drawing pheasants for him in every conceivable attitude, I caught a wild bird and caged it, so that he could study it himself. This he did, with the cage placed beside the picture, where he kept it several days. At last he became so bothered



with it that he asked me to paint the bird myself, thinking that in the position he had selected it would add repose to the scene. I accordingly painted it, spending two days over the work; but the result was not satisfactory. The bird looked hard and flat, and in the end my father spent half an hour in painting over it, making it quite a different creature.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE MAN AND HIS HOME LIFE

Portraits of Millais—A counterfeit friend—Personal habits—The sacred umbrella, and what became of it—The advantage of a strong voice—"Old Gallipots"—Books and latter-day illustration—Chess—Lines on Royal Academy Exhibition—"Twa Dogs"—A prize poem on Robert Burns—Begging-letters—A draughty situation—Autograph hunters—Lines for music—Rev. Armstrong Hall on Millais and the influence of his northern home—Spielmann on his life and death.

AND first of Millais' personality. Portraits of him at all stages of his life are happily preserved to us. One in the possession of my sister Mary was painted by John Phillip, R.A., when a student at the Academy; and on comparing it with another portrait by the same hand, when Millais was thirteen years of age, it would seem to be somewhat earlier in point of date. This second portrait, in which he appears as "a Highland Page," was intended, says a critic, "as a study for the greater work, 'Bruce about to receive the Sacrament on the morning previous to the battle of Bannockburn' (Royal Academy, 1843). Millais would tell how Phillip (not yet a member of the Royal Academy) entered the life school of the Academy and, looking about among the students, asked the little fellow with the golden hair if he would come and sit to him, which, of course, the boy was delighted to do. A copy of this head in Phillip's picture (of which the original is now in the Mechanics' Institute at Brechin) was made by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., for Millais, at his request."\*

A fine pencil drawing of him was done in 1850 by Charles Collins, for Mr. Combe, of Oxford, who bequeathed it to Oxford University; and in 1853, when Millais had attained twenty-four, his friend Holman Hunt also made a sketch of him in

\* As a boy Millais also sat to Frith for Anne Page's little son, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

pencil, that some years afterwards appeared in the *Magazine of Art*.

In 1854 Munro, the sculptor, produced and exhibited at the Academy a fine medallion showing the head of the artist in bas-relief; and, according to Spielmann, John Phillip painted him again in 1859; but of this portrait I have no personal knowledge.

In 1863 appeared the fine statuette by Marochetti, along with one of my mother, modelled by him at the same time; and in 1871 Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., painted a splendid likeness of Millais as he appeared at that time—a quiet, even sombre work, but full of character and most masterly in execution.

In 1880 came Millais' portrait of himself for the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. It shows him as he was then, in the prime of life and health, and is generally admitted to be by far the most satisfactory portrait of the artist—in the words of a critic, "holding its own with singular power among the auto-portraits of the great masters of the world, from the mighty painters of Italy down to the present day."

The bust modelled by Onslow Ford, R.A., in 1896, is about as fine a piece of work as that great sculptor ever did. It was absolutely true to life—almost painfully true to those who knew Millais in his latter days; and, as a critic says, "It is a splendidly decorative work, showing the President in the robes of his office, with the chain and medal across his shoulders, and the Prussian Order, 'Pour le Mérite,' about his neck. Although, as may be seen, it was wrought when the shadow of death was already enveloping the painter, so that the geniality of the man has given way in some measure to the suggestion of suffering, dominated by the strenuousness of life—it remains, in its finely-observed and lovingly-modelled head, one of the three principal works left to show what manner of man he was. In the exhibition (1898) it was accorded a position in a room by itself, so placed that it might meet the eye of the visitor with its keen and saddened look, as he passed from the contemplation of the master's works."

As to photographs, the latest of all was taken by Elliott and Fry in 1896; and an admirable likeness it is, though tinged, of course, with the sadness observable in the sculptured bust of that year. But to those who knew him best, even more interesting is a photograph taken some years ago at Birnam Hall, by Mackenzie, the local photographer. There I see my father, standing in the

porch with a pipe in his mouth, just as he used to do after breakfast, before strolling off to his beloved river; and so happy is the likeness to the man himself that one can almost see in it the merry twinkle of his eye.

He was proud of his height—just over six feet—and would say to us sometimes, “If any of you boys show signs of being taller than your father, I’ll punch his head.” Like other men, great and small, he had his “double”—several doubles it would almost seem. As a young man he certainly bore a close resemblance to Lord Leighton, and was more than once accosted by mistake for that gentleman; but in later years his likeness to the late Sir Robert Loder and Lord Wemyss was commonly remarked upon, though the one was a shorter and the other a taller man than himself.

Enough, perhaps, has now been said as to his personal appearance, unless, as Carlyle insists, his clothes must be taken into account. In that matter, though his apparel proclaimed the man, it certainly did not proclaim the artist. He hated the affectation of the long-haired and velvet-coated tribe, whose exterior is commonly more noticeable than their Art, and just dressed like other men according to circumstances of time and place, only too happy to escape the observation of strangers as he moved about the world.

His escapes in this way not infrequently afforded him considerable amusement. Travelling one day from Perth to Dunkeld, he got into a railway carriage in which were already seated three young men of the Dundreary order, all strangers to him. On passing Murthly station, one of them said, “Oh, Murthly; that’s where Millais, the artist, lives. Seen his pictures this year?” “Yaas,” drawled another, “and I don’t think much of him since he’s taken to advertising soap. I say, Charlie, you know Millais, don’t you?” “Oh, *intimately*,” said number three, calmly polishing his eye-glass; “shall probably drop in there later on.” But, alas for Millais, the “later on” time never arrived. He lost for ever the chance of entertaining this “Truthful James.”

As to his personal habits, there was little perhaps to distinguish him from others of his class who, blessed with good health and spirits, get as much enjoyment out of life as they can in the intervals of business. He rose betimes, and took good care that others of his household should do so too; but I gather from his letters that in the days of his youth he was not quite so religiously devoted to early rising as some of us were led to believe. Except



"CINDERELLA." 1881



when a clock that ought to have known better struck eleven before he got up, he rose punctually at half-past ten, and yawned over his breakfast in a most unbecoming manner; but when, in later years, young olive-branches began to gather around his table, pressure of work and the good example that poor paterfamilias is always expected to set compelled him to bestir himself at a much less comfortable hour. Eight o'clock was then the order of the day. At that time, or commonly much earlier, the cheery voice of the master, emphasised by rousing knocks at the sleepers' doors, resounded down the corridors; and woe betide the youngster who failed to respond to that signal. At 8.30 to the minute we must all be down to breakfast, under peril of a fall in the parental barometer and a tiresome lecture on punctuality, with which some of us, I am sorry to say, were only too familiar. In Scotland, indeed, this rule was even more imperative, any violation of it being regarded as betraying a sinful indifference to the demands of sport.

Another peculiarity, too, had the master of the house. Though generous and good-natured to the last degree, there were two articles of his that he would never allow anyone to touch—his walking-stick and his umbrella—the latter a gorgeous creature with a silver knob, which had been given to him by an old friend. As children, we all stood in awe of that umbrella, no one daring to take the smallest liberty with it. But the time came when timidity must yield to pressure of circumstances. One fine morning Geoffroy and I, having been promoted to the dignity of Eton jackets and top-hats, must needs mark the occasion in becoming fashion. So, seizing upon the sacred "brollie" as a protection against the weather, we marched off in our finery to our favourite resort, the "Zoo." Alas the day! Finding that buns failed to enliven a stupid bear, we prodded him up with our only weapon, with the result that it was torn into shreds and the silver knob horribly mauled by his teeth. All that remained of it was the framework, and this we sorrowfully returned to its accustomed place in the hall. What followed I need hardly relate. Enough to say that, in the punishment of the wretched offenders, the mangled remains of the fetich played a conspicuous part.

The carrying power of my father's voice was another peculiarity, and one that won him upon one occasion a well-deserved compliment. A remarkably pretty girl was staying with us at

Birnam Hall, and the day after her arrival the men of the party fell to discussing her claims to beauty. Objections were taken to various points of detail, but my father stopped the talk by saying in his emphatic way, "Well, you may say what you like. The *tout ensemble* is perfect, and it is many a day since I set eyes on so lovely or so nice a girl." At that moment the young lady herself appeared, and throwing her arms round his neck, said: "I really must give you a kiss, you are such a dear, and certainly the only man of taste here." She had heard every word that was said, as her bedroom was separated from the dining-room only by a wooden wall.

His *bonhomie*, indeed, never failed to find favour with the fair sex. An amusing illustration of this occurred at a shooting-lodge in Inverness-shire, where he and two other men, old friends of his, were on a visit. A very pretty *ingénue* whose nonsense sometimes verged upon slang was also there, and with the privilege of youth and beauty, she assumed an almost parental familiarity with the whole party. Two or three days after the arrival of Millais and his friends, the host asked her what she thought of them. "Well," she said candidly, "I don't think much of your two paltry knights, but I do like old Gallipots"—a subtle allusion, perhaps, not only to Millais' profession, but to his weakness for cream with his porridge, which had been the subject of a little practical joke. He had chaffed his host at breakfast on what he called a meagre and miserable supply of this luxury, and at night he found in his bed what he thought was a hot bottle, but which on further examination turned out to be a huge jar of cream, cold and leaky, and labelled "With Mr. ——'s compliments." There was great fun over this next morning when he produced the jar and helped himself to the contents.

At home and at leisure, he was always the life and soul of the household. Whatever his troubles in the studio—and, like other artists, he was often sorely worried with his work—he left them all behind when he joined the family circle, and was ever ready for any nonsense that might be going on. But it was during his holidays in Scotland that he was always at his best. In the intervals of sport he loved to bandy words with such ready wits as Mr. Herbert Wilson, Mr. Arthur Eden, Sir William Howard Russell, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Henry James, some of whom were generally amongst his guests; and when they were there the stream of nonsense reached its highest point.



He was an omnivorous reader, when he had the chance ; but in London there was little or no time for books. His reading there was commonly limited to the daily papers, a magazine or two, and one or two weeklies, such as *Punch*, *The World*, and the *Illustrated London News*. As novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and Miss Braddon were his favourite authors, and in the realm of poetry he was thoroughly familiar with the works of Tennyson, Browning, Keats, and Burns ; but in the later years of his life nothing pleased him better than a veritable history of travels and adventures in foreign lands.

Caton Woodville's drawings in the *Illustrated London News* were an especial joy to him, the great bulk of that artist's work being always of the same high quality. "Deuced clever fellow, that Woodville. He'd be an R.A. if I had a voice in the matter," he would exclaim when a particularly fine example caught his eye. And as to Edwin Abbey's illustrations in *Harper's Magazine*, of the old English songs and the plays of Shakespeare, his admiration knew no bounds. I think I may say that he frequently urged on the Academicians Abbey's right to become an Associate, even on the merits of these drawings alone ; and that he has now attained that honour is perhaps due in some measure, at least, to Millais' championship in former years. Alfred Parsons' work in *Harper's* must also be noticed as, in Millais' opinion, of the very highest merit.

In early life my father was devoted to chess, at which he became so expert that at the age of twelve he was frequently pitted against Harvitz, one of the finest players of the day ; and though in later years he seldom found an opponent, he loved to work out the problems in the *Illustrated London News*, and every Saturday night he would take the paper up to his bedroom for this purpose.

Acrostics, too, were a great amusement to him.

Another pastime of his was writing nonsense verses for the amusement of his friends, some few of which, rescued at the time from his waste-paper basket, have happily fallen into my hands. His description of a private view at the Royal Academy (written in or about 1870), and his imitation of Burns, I am tempted to give here as illustrations of his humour.

## THE R.A. EXHIBITION.

“ First Monday in May  
Is the opening day  
Of the great R.A.,  
When the public go.  
But the thing to do  
Is the private view,  
Select and fave—  
For the Swells, you know.

“ Elbow and push  
Your way through the crush  
To the porter in plush  
At the top of the stair.  
A catalogue he  
Will deliver to thee,  
With bended knee  
And graceful air.  
Then make for the room  
(Through a dismal gloom)  
To the left of the door ;  
And, once you're inside,  
Go on with the tide.  
Observe the Skyed,  
For you'll see little more.

“ All round you a patter  
Of commonplace chatter,  
Occasional smatter  
And cant about Art ;  
Archbishops and Dooks,  
Dilettantes and Snooks,  
And Beauty who looks  
Especially smart.  
Every step you will greet  
Friends who say ‘ What a treat ! ’  
As they stand on your feet  
In the hullabaloo.

Not a moment of peace,  
Or a chance of release.  
You will presently squeeze  
Into gallery 2.  
Portraits here staring,  
Grand effects flaring,  
Animals glaring,  
Hang on the walls.  
Little girls skipping,  
Winter scenes (nipping),  
Lots of Dutch shipping,  
Preparing for squalls.  
Huntsman and hounds,  
Old churches and towns,  
Dons, D.C.L. gowns,  
Are there by the score.  
Birds' nests, pickle-jars,  
Pussy cats, jolly tars,  
Soldiers home from the wars  
Abound evermore.

“ Now turn to the right—  
The big rooms in light,  
Where the members invite  
Great people to dine.  
Railway station of Smirke's  
Where they hang their own works,  
Reserving (the Turks)  
To themselves all the Line.  
The gems of the year  
Are supposed to be here ;  
But the critics will sneer  
At the notion, I guess.  
Albeit for size  
They must gain the prize,  
In spite of the wise  
Myrmidons of the Press.”

His parody on Burns originated in this way. In 1870 my brothers George and Everett returned from the Continent, bringing with them two dachshunds that they hoped would command his admiration ; but in this they were grievously disappointed. The breed was then little known in England, and he could see nothing in it to admire. A year or two after that there was a merry party assembled at Kepplestone, Mr. MacDonald's seat near Aberdeen ; and the conversation turning upon Burns, Millais volunteered a parody on “ The Twa Dogs,” and taking up a sheet of paper, produced the following lines. The final rhyme, it will be observed, is a little faulty, but not more so than some that appear in the original :—

"Twa dogs, I mind, that fash me sair—  
 A muckle and a mickle beastie—  
 A crippled forin' cretur, rare  
 Nae doubt, but bonnie not the leastie ;  
 Wi' waddlin' leggies, crook'd and sprawlin',  
 And snoot as long as 'Dinnie's'\* caber—  
 A sort of sandy insect, crawlin',  
 No canny in the hoose of labour ;  
 And these be either curious breedies  
 Frae France, wi' lugs that fa' and tummell.  
 I dinna ken, mysel', what need is  
 For mair than *ane* o' sic a funnell."

In 1859 his muse assumed a graver tone. It was the centenary of Burns' birth, and for some years previously all Scotland was stirred with the thought of celebrating it in becoming fashion. Amongst other things there must, of course, be one or more prizes for poems, for which the public were invited to compete; and rather for his own gratification as an ardent admirer of Burns than with any ulterior view, my father presented a contribution—his first and almost his last essay as a poet. No less than 621 poems were submitted for competition, and at the grand celebration at the Crystal Palace, where some 14,000 persons assembled, the poem to which the first prize was awarded was publicly read. All the poems were then collected in a centenary volume, and, much to my father's surprise, a prize of £10 was awarded to his effusion as amongst the first twenty-six in point of merit.

To come back to plain prose; if there was one thing more than another that my father hated it was writing letters; yet write he must, either personally or by deputy, nearly every day of his life. Letters simply poured in upon him day by day—prayers for relief from the Artists' Benevolent Fund (founded and administered mainly by himself); petitions from budding artists to be allowed to submit their pictures to his criticism, or soliciting his advice under all sorts of difficulties; and downright begging-letters, many of them of the Micawber style, and some even still more plausible. These are the penalties that fame imposes on greatness in any art or calling, and there is no escaping the infliction. Witness Macaulay, whose amusing remarks on this subject I recall as apposite illustrations of this:—"A fellow," he says, "has written to me telling me that he is a painter, and adjuring me, as I love the Fine Arts, to hire or buy him a cow to paint from"; while another man, whose sanity was, perhaps, open to question,

\* Donald Dinnie, a famous Highland athlete.

bombarded Millais with a series of letters, all more or less in the following strain:—"S—on-Sea. Dear Sir,—You are evidently unaware or negligently jealous of the remarkable genius being now displayed by Mr. A. Smith, the son of our local butcher. His works display a plane of thought never equalled by any of the Old Masters. . . . The first train to S—on-Sea is ten a.m., and unless," etc., etc.

But perhaps I had better give one or two instances within our home experience. Ladies were, perhaps, the greatest sinners in this respect. On the most frivolous pretences, not always very exact in point of truth, they would ask straight out for monetary help; while others, more expert in the art of begging, would first write for advice only, and then would follow a letter of thanks, with a request for something more substantial. In a letter now before me the writer says:—"Sir,—In thanking you for having so kindly informed me the course to take relative to my little daughter's best method to make progress in drawing, may I also solicit your name as a subscriber to a book I have written on the mysteries of the life of Shakespeare? I am but a *humble working man*, but many eminent persons have subscribed," etc., etc. That was true. Many had subscribed, but none of them ever got the book.

Another man wanted a photograph of Millais for a book he was bringing out on men of mark. The photograph was sent, and in acknowledging the receipt this gentleman says:—"I note that in your last you have omitted—*no doubt quite accidentally*—to enclose the order form for the twenty pounds' worth of copies of the book. Neither do you say that you will be agreeable to support the coming volume to the extent named." I am afraid the omission he complains of was not altogether accidental, for this goodly twenty pounds' worth is not to be found amongst my father's effects.

But perhaps the most amusing application was from a man in Devonshire, who wrote as follows:—"I was out in an open boat in my nightshirt for three days and three nights, with only a jug of water for refreshment. My sufferings were very great, and I should feel much obliged by your kindly sending me a donation of £5." That was all. No explanation as to how he came to be in such a draughty place so scantily clad, and as my father knew nothing of him, he too, I fear, failed in his object.

To other applicants, however—to those whose necessities were

great, or who might fairly claim his sympathy as members of his own profession—his ear was ever open. It was a real pleasure to him to minister to their needs, whether in time or money, and he was never happy till satisfied that he had done all he could in this way. As to his brother artists, a letter to his daughter Mary, in December, 1891, fairly expresses his feeling. He says:—“I have already signed, and sent to London, the papers you refer to. I never delay anything connected with applications of poor painters, their widows, or children, as I know their anxieties, and the importance of timely help.”

Needless to say, this sympathetic spirit was still more marked in his intercourse with his own family. He loved and was beloved by all, and no man ever better deserved the affection he enjoyed.

A minor worry to him, as to others in his position, was the craze for autographs. Requests for his signature were constantly coming in; and, ever ready to give any little pleasure he could, he would commonly comply with them; but when, as sometimes happened, a whole swarm of them appeared amongst his morning's letters, along with a lot of birthday books, that must, of course, be returned to the owners, his patience was apt to give way. “Do they suppose I have nothing else to do than to sit and write my name all day?” he would exclaim as he slammed the studio door, resolved that no power on earth should get a signature out of him that morning. Under pressure like this he once told one of my sisters to write and say “No” to every autograph-hunter under the sun; but, while acting upon this order, she was so touched by a request in the handwriting of a child that, cutting off the signature from a letter addressed to herself, she sent it to the applicant. And very glad she was that she had done so, for, two days later, came a pathetic little letter from the child, thanking her for the gift, and saying that, owing to some spinal complaint, she was doomed to lie on her back for life, and her sole amusement was the collection of autographs.

Another nuisance to Millais was that, owing to the similarity between his Christian names and those of two of his sons, one of whom was a dog-fancier and the other a naturalist, his time was occasionally wasted over letters in which he had no interest. After struggling for some minutes over hieroglyphics familiar enough to us, he would spell out, perhaps, some such question as

this: "Why has the name of Savonarola the sixteenth, my famous basset-hound, been omitted from page 527 of the Kennel Club stud-book?" or, "Will you write us an article on the scarcity of owls in the Inner Temple?" And then, flinging the letter from him, the master of the house would, I grieve to say, mutter to himself some words that were neither complimentary nor considerate, seeing that *we* never complained when our time was wasted over such frivolities as a flattering invitation to open a new Art School in an unknown neighbourhood, or to deliver a lecture on the Fine Arts in some wretched educational centre.

His love of music was great. Here are a few lines of his (written in 1884) that his daughter Alice afterwards set to music.

#### TO PSYCHE.

"O Psyche, what a chance thou lost  
When Cupid was thy swain!  
Thou mightst have cut his tiny wings  
Too close to grow again,

"And cast his quiver far away,  
His crimson roses shorn  
Of cruel barbs, and left to us  
The rose without the thorn.

"Thou mightst have poisoned all his darts,  
Broken his bow in twain,  
And saved the world from bleeding hearts,  
From yearnings, grief, and pain."

One more specimen of his lyric muse I am tempted to give.

#### A LOVE SONG.

"Fly, gentle dove, with thy burden of love,  
To my sweet one, sweet,  
Nor rest until her window-sill  
Is at thy feet, thy feet.

"Tap on the pane with thy bill again,  
Should she not hear.  
A moment's rest on her quiet breast;  
Not more, my dear, my dear.

"Then on thy wing the answer bring  
With no less speed—  
Just one word, my bonny bird;  
But one word I need."



"POMONA." 1882





The entertainment of his friends, either in London or the North, was always a great pleasure to him. He loved the bright and genial talk of a well-assorted party around the dinner-table, and being himself a *persona gratissima* amongst men of culture and sociability, his company was much sought after in society. But, as has been said of Macaulay, “his distaste for the chance society of a London drawing-room increased as years went on. Like Casaubon of old, he was well aware that a man cannot live with the idlers and with the Muses too. He really hated staying out, even in the best and most agreeable houses. It was with an effort that he even dined out; and few of those who met him and enjoyed his animated conversation could guess how much rather he would have remained at home.”

Not that he cared to shut himself up, either at home or anywhere else. He loved the society of kindred spirits, such as Lord James, Herbert Wilson, Arthur Eden, John Hare, Sir Henry Irving, John Toole, Carlo Perugini, General Lambton, Sir William Dalby, and others; and as he was pretty sure to meet some of these at the Garrick Club, he generally spent his evenings there, unless, indeed, his old friend Perugini dropped in, as he often did, for a game of cards.

Writing in the *Daily Graphic* of August 14th, 1896, the Rev. Armstrong Hall says:—“Millais’ life and work in Scotland were both closely connected with and influenced by a city and a river. The city was Perth, in the outskirts of which is situated Bowerswell House, the loved home of his wife’s family, and with the immediate neighbourhood of which were linked many of the most intimate associations of the last forty years of his life. The river was the Tay, which, seen as the artist and the fisherman see it, rarely fails to appeal to the heart and the imagination. The Englishman who knows nothing of Perth beyond its comfortable hotel and its spacious and often bewildering railway station, is not seldom at a loss to understand the claim of the city to its title of ‘fair’; but those who have lived there, as Millais did, can neither be blind to, nor fail to appreciate, the glories of its surroundings—the rolling Strath of Tay, the lavishly tinted and ever-changing woods, the distant hills, now purple with heather, now white with ice and snow, the majestic river, instinct with movement and life and sound.

“‘This is much better than the Riviera,’ Millais said as he gazed away to the north from Perth Bridge one bright winter

morning of last year. . . . The climate of the Perth winter, too, suited Millais. 'I can't see to paint in London in November,' he used to say. But the winter in Perth is usually open, and while the days are sadly short, their brightness is a revelation to most Southerners wintering there for the first time. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that the President preferred to see the New Year in before returning to London. . . .

"And while atmospheric conditions and happy family associations link the President to the city of Perth, it was the spirit of the Tay which syren-like drew him to its banks and waters by a fascination which he found irresistible, and compelled him, as no other artist of his capacity had ever been compelled, to hasten to interpret its message and its song. Nor was the hold thus exercised likely to be weakened by the boundless facilities for sport provided by the river and its guardian woods. For he was a sportsman of the best type."

Yes, this "message and its song" were ever in his heart; even in the long weary weeks of April and May, 1896, when his life was slowly ebbing away. He was almost too weak then to think of them without tears; and as any little distraction was a relief to him, I brought him every day a few drawings of deer and deer-stalking on which I was then engaged. They interested him greatly, and after a careful examination he would write on his slate a short criticism of each and his advice as to which to use for my book and which to discard, together with other hints and suggestions that I need hardly say were most valuable. The last I showed him was a little drawing of a stag lying in the sunshine on a hillside, which reminded him so strongly of a famous stalk he once enjoyed that he began a long account of it on his slate and worked away until he was quite exhausted. In the end he wrote, "Don't show me any more. It makes me think of Scotland, which I shall never see again."

Miss Eliza Jameson had a somewhat similar experience at her last interview with my father. She writes:—"The last time that I saw him was about a week before his death. He was very quiet, and I sat and held his hand for a little, but on my remarking on some heather in his room, which a friend had sent from Perthshire, he broke down and I came away."

In bringing this chapter to a close I am glad to avail myself once more of Mr. Spielmann's excellent little book on *Millais and his Works*; for no more fitting or more eloquent tribute to

my father's memory has appeared in the Press. With consummate skill he has painted for us the man as he lived, and has touched with a master's hand the last sad scene of all. "Such," he says, "was Sir John Millais—heartiest, honestest, kindest among all English gentlemen of his day. He was the big man with the warm heart, which he wore upon his sleeve; plain-spoken, straightforward, genial, and affectionate, who rarely said a cruel thing and never did a harsh one; without a grain of affectation and without a touch of jealousy. Almost to the end his life upon the moors seemed to have kept him for ever young, and their winds to have blown the cobwebs of prejudice from his mind, and every morbid and paltry feeling from his heart. Unspoilt by the extraordinary measure of the well-merited success that attended the development of his genius, he maintained to the last the hearty innocence of a youth, and the high hopes and sanguine optimism of a man at the beginning of life rather than one in the prime and vigour of his later manhood, in the heyday of his fame. The death of Leighton overpowered the nation in the intellectual love they bore him; the death of Millais plunged us into still profounder grief. We have not had in his case, as in Leighton's, to wait until he died to know how much we loved him. To all he thought worthy of his friendship he gave it unasked, freely and heartily; and something more than friendship came in that warm clasp of the hand, so quick to grip, so slow to loosen. So thoroughly did the greatness of the man match the greatness of the artist—such was his simplicity—that those who knew him mourned in him rather the friend whom they loved than the painter they honoured and admired.

"There is little need here to recall the splendid personality of the artist, the keen sportsman, whose prowess with the gun, the rod, and the long putting-cleek, and whose spirits, whether in the saddle or on foot, commanded the admiration of the many for whom the triumphs of Art are a lesser achievement. But as I write, his figure seems to rise before me, shedding that magnetic pleasure round him his presence always brought. He turns to look at me, as he has done a score of times, from his round-backed chair before the great fireplace of the studio. He has discussed the pictures on the easels, ranged twice across the room, in his half-halting, half-explosive, wholly delightful way. His pipe is between his teeth, the beloved briar, more precious than the finest cigar Havana ever rolled. The travelling-cap of tweed, at first

raised once or twice as if to ventilate the head, then carelessly replaced rakishly on one side, is finally thrown on to the table close at hand, and reveals the silver fringing to the splendid head—a hairy nimbus, like a laurel-wreath, lovingly placed by the crowning hand of time. The strong voice—that was to become, alas! weazened, husky, and inaudible at last—sounds loud and fresh and hearty in my ears; the powerful, kindly hand is placed with genial roughness on my shoulder; the smile, so full of charm; the untutored halting eloquence; the bright, happy, infectious roguery of the accentuating wink; the enthusiastic talk on Art, now optimistic, now denunciatory of fads and foolishness; a great jolly Englishman, unaffected as a schoolboy, and as unconscious as a man of genius. I see him as he turns, Anglo-Saxon from skin to core; sixty and more by the almanac, but fifty by himself; vigorous and bluff, full of healthy power of body and of mind. I see him, true, straightforward, honest; staunch as a friend; hearty, but not vindictive, as a hater; generous in his blame as in his praise, glowing with enthusiasm for a young painter's success, or flushed with anger at a folly or a wrong. And then he smiles again—that smile of extraordinary sweetness and significance, which ever and anon lights up the handsome face and strikes the key-note to all that is tender in his work, all that is graceful and lovable in his pictures of passion or of beauty, in woman, man, or child.

“And then again I see him, little changed, the kindness of his manner what it ever was; the geniality of his friendship as gentle and cordial as before the cloud had gathered. But it is difficult to hear him now, and the strain of talking is great. He stops in the course of a sentence, and pointing in apology to his throat, he laughingly rounds off the conversational fragment with a knowing side-shake of the head. Once more I see him, forgetful of his dying self, striding off to the hospital to cheer a member of the Academy lying ill, for he is now the President, and father of his flock. Then he vanishes from sight to his room of sickness, agony, and death. And word comes out to us of his heroism, his gentleness, his patient suffering, whispered tales of the old white-bearded man, wasted, worn, and dumb, but bright and handsome still, who yet has a warm and lusty grip for the one or two who may say good-bye, and a faint smile of happy greeting that shows he is the old Millais still. And then we are spared the rest. And this is the end of a bright and sunny life—the cruel lining to a cloud of purple and of gold.”



"BUBBLES." 1886



## CHAPTER XVII

1890-1895

Pictures of 1890—Farewell to Murthly—Portraits of Gladstone and his grandchild—The story of “Emma Morland”—“Halcyon Days”—The fire at Newmill—“Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind”—An obliging collie—Failing health—Millais abandons work for a while—Portrait of John Hare—Continued illness—Lord Rosebery’s advice—Death of Mrs. Gray—“Speak! Speak!”—Professor Herkomer on Millais’ work—Letters from Linley Sambourne and Professor Richmond—Millais reverts to the serious subjects of his youth—Notes by Rev. Armstrong Hall.

JUDGING from the letters before me, Millais seems to have worked uncommonly hard in 1890. In July he had finished the portraits of Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Gibbs, and was engaged upon the child picture of “Dorothy,” daughter of Mrs. Harry Lawson; and, as I gather from his letters to my mother, who had gone to Birnam Hall to make ready for his coming, it was only by working every day from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. that he was enabled to join her, as he did, on the 19th of August.

There “Dew-drenched Furze,” “Lingering Autumn,” “The Moon is Up,” and “Glen Birnam” kept him fully occupied in the intervals of sport; and, the weather breaking up at the end of January, he said good-bye for ever to his beloved Murthly, and returned to town. Writing from Birnam to my sister Mary, he says:—“I have finished my work here, and you may expect me home early next week. I strolled down to the river and bid the Millers adieu; and Tennyson’s lines occurring to me, ‘No more by thee my steps shall be, For ever, and for ever,’ it was only with an effort that I was able to restrain a tear. . . . As you may imagine, I am now groaning to be comfortably ensconced in the studio, surrounded with the artistic productions of the winter, which you will see in due time. Snow is all round us here, but not deep, and on the whole it has been much milder and, of course, much brighter than in London. . . . Will telegraph when I start,

which cannot be until after Monday, as George shoots that day with me—our parting shot.”

These “artistic productions of the winter,” along with other work, occupied all his time during the following summer. In a letter to my mother, dated August 1st, 1891, he says:—“I am working still terribly hard, and hope to get away at the end of the week. . . . The work [Mr. Gladstone and his grandchild] is to all intents and purposes finished. I have had both Sant and Fildes to see it, and they are unanimous in approving—especially the new head of Gladstone. When I return I will paint him in black robes and take out the child,\* which divides the attention and spoils the dignity of the picture. . . . I have still to do something to the hand and hat of ‘Grace,’† for Tooth, touch Mrs. Wertheimer’s eyes (she came Wednesday), and paint a little figure in ‘The Old Garden,’‡ besides finishing little Rothschild; but I see my way now to all. I do so long to be with you and have rest.”

The next letter, dated August 3rd, 1891, refers to a drawing which my father kindly promised me as a frontispiece to my book, *Game Birds and Shooting Sketches*. He says:—“I have made, I think, a pretty drawing of Bewick for your book, and I will take it to the publishers, when it can be produced as a frontispiece. It has been very difficult work, because I am now out of the way of such small drawing. When I see the size of your book I will be able to give instructions as to the reduction of the drawing, which is too large as it is.”

Then comes a letter to my mother, dated August 17th:—“I am now so well on with my work that I see my way to joining you in a few days. . . . I shall finish the Rothschild boy so that the parents can see it, and I have put the little figure in ‘The Old Garden’ for Wertheimer. Mrs. Wertheimer gave me a sitting yesterday, and I did what he asked, so those two can be removed on Monday. . . . Gladstone’s portrait remains here till I return, and I can then make up my mind what to do with it. The head is now quite first-rate, so I know it will be satisfactory.

“James [Lord James of Hereford] can, when I am away, call and see Phyllis’ picture [‘Little Speedwell’s Darling Blue’], which is finished enough for the moment; so I can leave with comfort.

\* This he was not permitted to do.

† Miss Grace Palliser.

‡ This does not refer to the large landscape painted in 1888, but to the sketch in oils which he first made, and which is now in the possession of Mr. Wertheimer.





HEAD OF "PORTIA." 1886



I have only to touch 'Grace' [Miss G. Palliser], which is not a difficult matter, and I think Monday morning or Tuesday at latest will see me off. I could not have enjoyed my holiday without having done all that was necessary, and I need not say how anxious I am to see you after such a long absence. . . . I dine this evening again with the Peruginis, who have been most kind and hospitable.

"Sorry to see poor Lowell [James Russell Lowell, the American poet and ambassador] is gone—another man I knew well. I am reading, in *Harper*, Du Maurier's novel, in which he pays me a great compliment.\*

"There is some chance, I hear, of Lord Salisbury (when his Government retires) making Leighton a peer, which, I think, would be a proper compliment to the Arts. If I live long enough I may be made one too, but I have no desire beyond what I have. . . .

"The picture of Mrs. B. is thought about the strongest thing I have done, and I myself see it is first-rate. So I must wait my time in the disposal of it, and leave the finishing touches of the background until I return. Altogether, I have reason to be quite comfortable, and I now only think of the pleasant prospect of meeting and having what the Americans call 'a good time.'"

The picture of Mrs. B., known as "Sweet Emma Morland," has a somewhat curious history. In 1886, or thereabouts, a lady, who described herself as a professional model, called at Palace Gate, hoping to obtain work from Millais. Her features were refined, and not without some claim to beauty, and Millais, having decided to paint her, commenced at once the picture in question. She gave him several sittings afterwards, and the work was getting on well, when one day she appeared with tears in her eyes, and said she could never sit again; that she was the wife of a hump-backed professor of French, somewhat superior to herself in station, and that having accidentally discovered that she was earning money as a model, he was perfectly furious, and forbade her ever to sit to anyone again. It was, of course, a great disappointment to Millais to have his work put an end to in this way, but there was no help for it. The canvas was put away

\* The *Tribby* compliment runs thus:—"Rossetti might have evolved another new formula from her. Sir John Millais, another old one of the kind that is always new, and never sates nor palls—like Clytie, let us say—ever old and ever new as love itself!"

in a corner of the studio, and there it remained until one morning in 1891, when Charles Wertheimer happened to catch sight of it, and asked him why it had not been finished. Millais then told him the story, adding, "I have not seen or heard of her for years, and am not likely to do so again, under the circumstances." "That is a pity," said Mr. Wertheimer; "I should have liked to buy it, if finished." Strange to say, that very afternoon the post brought a letter from Mrs. B. saying that her husband had just died, leaving her very ill-provided for, and she would be glad if Sir John could give her some work to do. He was very pleased to do this, and so "Sweet Emma Morland" was finished. He kept the picture himself, though since his death it has passed out of the hands of the family.

In the autumn of 1891 he rented the salmon-fishing of Redgorton, where he had good sport, killing about forty fish. He also took on lease for four years the shootings of Stobhall, along with a comfortable residence called Newmill, into which he removed in October. This was really the best shooting we ever had, as far as quantity went, our annual bag running to over three thousand head, including, in favourable seasons, as many as six hundred brace of partridges and a thousand wild pheasants. Here, for a while, he enjoyed the peace and freedom he so greatly needed. Yet when the landscape appeared before him in the full glory of its autumn tints he could not resist the temptation to secure at least some record of its beauty; so, selecting for his scene a quiet backwater near the house, he set to work on the picture now known as "Halcyon Days."

Hardly was it finished before its existence was threatened by the destruction of the house in which it was lodged. During the night of January 10th, 1892, a fire broke out in the old part of Newmill, and, in spite of every effort to conquer it, the whole place was burnt down to the ground.

The fire, serious as it was, might have involved even graver consequences but for the sagacity of a water-spaniel belonging to a brother officer of mine, Captain Malcolm Murray, of the Sea-forths. Being a bit wild, I had promised to give it a couple of months' training at home during my "long leave," so it was sent off to Newmill with my soldier-servant, John Whiteford. It was a bitter winter's day, with three feet of snow on the ground, when he arrived; and having lit a huge fire in my bedroom

he turned into bed in an adjoining room, taking the dog with him as a companion. Some time after midnight he was aroused by the dog, who sat in the middle of the room howling as if his heart would break. Seeing no cause for this, the man got up and beat him, and then turned into bed again; but the howling still went on, and one or two more lickings failing to stop it, Whiteford gave up the attempt in despair, and went to sleep. Fortunately Watson, my mother's maid, was awake by this piteous noise, and, coming downstairs, found dense volumes of smoke streaming through the house, on which she raised an alarm, and in another minute the inhabitants were all racing for their lives to escape the flames that were now spreading rapidly. Then from neighbouring cottages came to their help all the men about the place, who, working with a will, sent the furniture flying out of the windows into the deep snow, where next morning the grand piano figured conspicuously—a finer example of black-and-white than my father quite cared to see. What he thought of it may be gathered from the following letter to my brother Everett.

*To Mr. Everett Millais.*

“BOWERSWELL, PERTH,

“January 11th, 1892.

“DEAR EVERETT,—We have had a terrible experience of fire, but all of us are safe and unharmed. At three o'clock this morning your mother and I were awakened by Watson saying the house was on fire. We dressed anyhow, and I got your mother out, and then saw great flames streaming out of the windows of the old part of the house. Your mother was taken at once to a farm, where there was a comfortable kitchen stove, and there she and I remained until the big dwelling was gutted, for the firemen and engine couldn't arrive in time to save anything. Nearly all our things have been saved, as the men threw them out of the windows and brought out a lot of furniture—my picture, 'Halcyon Weather,' being brought out first. Indeed, considering how quickly the fire involved the whole mansion, it is wonderful what was accomplished. Poor John's things, however, are all gone—his guns and portmanteau full of clothes. The servants also lost everything, as the fire originated in that wing, and the smoke made it impossible to save anything. Your

mother was wonderfully placid through all the turmoil, but I fear she will feel it more by-and-by.

"We are comfortable here, but I feel my chest a bit, after being up in such a night—often in and out to see what was doing. Fortunately the night was quite calm and still, otherwise very little could have been got out.

"Your affectionate father,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

One thing of mine, however, was saved. As soon as everything was out of the building, Whiteford, who knew I valued extremely a case of drawings I had done in Western America, pluckily broke through the window from the outside and, fighting his way through smoke and flames, just managed to reach the case and stagger out with it, though nearly suffocated in the attempt. So great was the heat that he found it impossible to rescue some valuable guns which lay just beneath the portfolio. My father was delighted with the man's bravery, which he himself witnessed, and afterwards made him a handsome present besides supplying him with a new kit.

Many were the kind and cordial invitations that Millais and his wife received from friends in Perthshire, now that they had lost their *pied-à-terre* in that part of the world; but Bowerswell, the home of the ever-hospitable George Gray, was open to them; so there they went, and remained until the disappearance of the London fogs enabled them to return home in comfort.

Deep snow was now everywhere around, and over the Perthshire hills came driving blasts that filled up the valleys, putting an end for a time to sport. But to Millais idleness was simply unbearable; under any circumstances he must be up and doing, and as snow-scenes had always a great attraction for him he started another landscape, in illustration of the well-known lines:—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind;  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude."

It was not altogether a cheery site that he selected for his work—a bleak and draughty place near the gamekeeper's house on Kinnoull Hill—but the scene in front of it was what he wanted, and that was all he ever thought about when bent on business. Looking northward, you see a road winding away round Corsey



"MURTHLY MOSS." 1887





Hill to join the old highway from Perth to Dundee, described by Sir Walter Scott as "the entrance to the Highlands"; on the right appear some of the fine old Scotch firs that embellish the craggy side of Kinnoull, and on the left are the wind-swept fields of Hatton farm. There then, in the midst of the snow, he planted himself and his paraphernalia, and bravely worked at his painting from day to day until he had got all he needed to enable him to finish it in the studio.

In the following spring it was exhibited at the Academy, but by some oversight only the first line of the quotation he sent with it appeared in the catalogue, and so the dramatic force of the picture was probably overlooked by the multitude. A keen observer, however, would not fail to notice the misery of the wretched woman in the middle distance, as she sits by the side of her child, while her husband calmly walks away, leaving them to their fate. The dog too partakes of her misery, howling aloud in painful indecision as to which of the unhappy pair he should follow.

A somewhat curious circumstance attaches to this dog. When well on with his work Millais asked Howie, the gamekeeper, to find him a good dark-coloured collie to paint from—one of those intelligent animals that generally abound in the Highlands—but for two days the keeper strove in vain to find one. On the third morning, however, Millais found sitting by the side of his easel at the top of the hill the very dog he wanted, and was quite surprised by the affectionate greeting it gave him. "Well, Howie," said he, when his keeper came up, "I see you have got him at last." "Na'," said Howie, "he does na' belong to me. A' was thinking you had brought the bit doggie yoursel', Sir John." It was doubtless a stray collie that appeared so opportunely. In three days, during which he stayed in the keeper's house, his portrait was finished, and he then disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

The picture is not perhaps an attractive one at first sight, but it must inevitably grow upon the spectator who cares for absolute truth in form and colour. Apart from the tale it tells, the impress of Nature in her wildest mood is there. We see it in the fir trees standing out against the sky, with their branches turned back upon themselves by the force of the passing gale—an effect that Millais believed had never been depicted before; and as for colour, did anyone ever see before so many colours in

snow? Yet they are all there in Nature for him who knows how to look.

In March, 1892, he returned to town, only to find his work impeded by heavy fogs, and himself far from well. The swelling in his throat, too, caused him some uneasiness, and he had hardly yet shaken off the baneful effects of influenza, from which he suffered severely in the previous spring. So this summer he did but little work. For days together he would go into the studio in the morning saying, "I feel better. I think I shall try and do some work to-day"; but no sooner had he got his colours ready than the same sense of lassitude would return, the same incapacity for concentrated thought. He would then throw down his palette in despair, pull out the card-table, and play Patience for the rest of the morning.

And much the same thing occurred in 1893. During these two years his correspondence (always a burden) became larger than ever, and to add to his troubles, a defect in my mother's eyesight which an operation failed to remove not only caused him great anxiety, but deprived him of her valuable and ever-ready help. So, this year too, little was accomplished in the way of Art.

One portrait, however—that of his old friend John Hare, the comedian—remains as proof that even at this wearisome time were intervals when his pristine vigour asserted itself in fullest force. It is, I venture to think, an admirable painting, both as a likeness and a work of Art, and it is pleasant to find it so gracefully referred to in Hare's autobiography, where, speaking of Millais, he says:—"It was in these days [1865] that my friendship with John Millais began, a friendship strengthened and cemented by years, and by my increasing and intimate knowledge of the most simple, most large-hearted, and most delightful of men. Neither success nor the honours that had been heaped upon him by his own and other countries have in the remotest degree spoilt that fine and manly nature. As John Millais was to his friends in 1865, so he was in 1895. . . . I shall always feel that the greatest compliment ever paid me was Millais' desire to paint my portrait. 'I am going to paint you, old fellow,' he said, 'and you must come and sit for me next Sunday.' I went again and again, and charming indeed are the recollections of those sittings, of his bright and cheery talk, and the infinite pains that he took with his work. When the picture was finished he, with characteristic generosity, presented it to my wife."

The year 1894 opened somewhat badly for Millais. He had hardly shaken off the depressing influence of influenza before other ailments fell upon him, to the serious interruption of his work. "St. Stephen" and "Speak! Speak!" were then engaging his attention at Perth. Writing to Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., on January 18th he says:—"I am coming up to town very shortly, but remain here as long as I can, working daily, yet not altogether up to the work in health. I have suffered continuously from rheumatism, and had one very severe attack of lumbago, which confined me to bed; so you see you have not a monopoly of ailments. . . . I am painting subjects I have thought of years back, and no landscapes, and am much interested in my work, but dreadfully despondent at times, overwhelmed by a recurring conviction that the game is played out—no more pictures wanted. As long as our work looks fresh and new it is called garish, and must be so to a certain extent, not being fairly gauged in company with the old masters, through the ignorance of critics who are not able to see the extraordinary amount of good form in the moderns—notably in the illustrations to magazines."

Millais then returned to town. The background for "St. Stephen" was already painted—from a disused stone-quarry on Kinnoull Hill, close to the scene of "Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind"—and he now went steadily on with the work, drawing upon his own imagination for the face of the martyred saint, and getting Mr. Gordon McEwen, a brother of his son-in-law, Captain Douglas McEwen, to sit for the figure until relieved by a professional model, from whom it was afterwards finished. The shoulder of the hill, just beyond the big fir tree in the picture, conceals the entrance to the quarry. A week's work in the open air sufficed for the shadowy wood and the retreating figures of the murderers, for one of whom he obtained a model in Perth, where he roughly sketched in the principal figure.

Now came another relapse in Millais' condition. His old prostration returned in an aggravated form, and, being quite unable to work, he took himself off to Christchurch, in Hampshire, where, after a prolonged stay, he recovered sufficiently to enable him to return home and finish two other pictures—"The Empty Cage" and a portrait of Miss Ada Symon.

His wife was then away in Germany, under the care of a famous oculist, and on April 25th her mother, Mrs. Gray, died—a bright, cheery old lady, to whom we were all devotedly attached.

Millais felt it very deeply, and, writing to his wife on May 1st, expressed his great regret that his doctor, Sir Richard Quain, would not allow him to attend the funeral. His concluding words are:—"Although so distressing to lose your mother, she has lived so straight, so good a life, that one ought to be thankful; but it will be a great sorrow to you."

His health now showed signs of improvement, and as soon as "St. Stephen" was finished, he took up the painting of "A Disciple," engaging as his model a Miss Lloyd, who had recently sat to Leighton for his "Lachrymæ." The subject interested him almost as much as that of "St. Stephen," and he was proud to think of the two paintings, when finished, as amongst the best things he had ever done. Writing to his wife, on July 1st, 1894, he says:—"You will be glad to hear Quain is certainly restoring my health, and I am able to work a little every morning, but I am giving up all engagements and dinners. . . . I never told you that Tate purchased 'St. Stephen' and 'A Disciple' for the nation, because I was expecting you home and I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you. I am, of course, very pleased at their destination. Lady Tweeddale called, and I shall perhaps paint her as well as her daughter who accompanied her."

In the autumn he went, as usual, to Scotland, again availing himself of Mr. George Gray's hospitality; and in November was commenced the picture known as "Speak! Speak!" The subject, he told me at one time, had been in his mind for forty years, with full intention of painting it, but again and again circumstances beyond his control had thwarted his design. Now, he delighted to think, his wish would be gratified.

The picture tells its own tale. It is that of a young Roman, who has been reading through the night the letters of his lost love; and at dawn, behold, the curtains of his bed are parted, and there before him stands, in spirit or in truth, the lady herself, decked as on her bridal night, and gazing upon him with sad but loving eyes. An open door displays the winding stair down which she has come; and through a small window above it the grey dawn steals in, forming, with the light of the flaring taper at the bedside, a harmonious discord, such as the French school delight in, and which Millais used to good effect in his earlier picture "The Rescue."

An old four-poster bedstead being a necessary element in



BEATRICE CAIRD. 1879



the composition, he purchased one in Perth, and had it set up in one of the spare rooms at Bowerswell, and there he worked away at the painting for two months, by which time he had got all he wanted to enable him to finish it elsewhere. Miss Hope Anderson, daughter of the old minister at Kinnoull, stood for the figure of the lady, and was in turn succeeded by Miss Buchanan White, a neighbour of Mr. Gray's, but the lady's face was left till Millais' return to town, when he painted it from Miss Lloyd. The young Roman, only roughly sketched in at Bowerswell, was painted in London, when Millais was lucky enough to find a good-looking Italian as a model.\*

From first to last he took quite a romantic interest in this picture. Never before, I think, had I seen him so well pleased with any work of his own; and when at last the Royal Academy decided to purchase it under the Chantrey Bequest, he was quite wild with delight at this marked appreciation on the part of his brother artists.

*Punch* had an amusing note on the painting that Millais used often to chuckle over, the suggestion being that it represented a young man whose wife has run up a fearful bill for diamonds, and this so haunts him that he has a nightmare in which she appears arrayed in all her finery.

All through the summer of 1894 Millais' general health continued to improve, but unhappily the local malady showed little, if any, signs of abatement; and though the able specialists whom he called to his aid spoke hopefully of the case, he had himself a strong presentiment—an impression he was never able to shake off—that his life was doomed. Happy for him that at such a time he could face the future unmoved by any sense of fear; for though he seldom went to church, his whole being was permeated by a sense of “the Divinity that stirs within us.” Christianity was with him no mere profession, but a living force by which his actions were habitually controlled; and so in the consolations of religion he found all the help he needed to enable him to bear up bravely and without a murmur even in the darkest hours of his life.

One is not surprised to find that, under such influences, his attention was drawn even more forcibly than before to Biblical

\* It has been said that “but for the sight of that throat [the Italian model's] he might never have painted the picture,” and that “the scene is the turret-room at Murthly Castle”; but these are mere “guesses at truth” and—bad ones.

scenes as fit subjects for his brush. He had often talked of them with his friend the Rev. Armstrong Hall, minister of St. John's Church, Perth—a man of culture and refinement—and had gathered from him many valuable hints, especially as to the artistic capabilities of various New Testament subjects. In the autumn of 1893, when "St. Stephen" was in his mind as the next subject to be taken up, they discussed together the age of the deceased martyr, as to which there seemed to be some doubt; and finally coming to the conclusion that he was but a youth when he met with his tragic end, Millais so represented him.

To this latter-day trend of his thoughts Mr. Armstrong Hall referred in touching terms, quaintly reflective of his belief in Scottish influence, in an obituary notice in the *Daily Graphic* of August 15th, 1896. "Everyone," he says, "who knew the President was struck by the way in which, his bright lightheartedness never failing him, his mind in recent years had nevertheless turned to the portrayal of serious themes. 'Speak!' 'St. Stephen,' 'Time,' and 'A Forerunner,' were but outward and visible signs of the drift of his thoughts, and those who were permitted to share his confidence knew that scenes more sacred still were 'incubating,' as he used to term it, in his imagination. He was himself conscious of the change. 'Are you surprised,' he asked, 'that I have come back to the solemn subjects of my early years?'

"How largely Millais was indebted for this change, or rather for this growth, to his life in Scotland it is not hard to imagine. The grey sky, the short winter days, the serious Scottish character, the quiet and repose of Bowerswell—antithesis to the unavoidable bustle and unrest of life in London—all combined, in the Wisest Hands, to bring him gently but surely into sympathy with the sentence of death which was upon him, although he knew it not, and so to remove from his naturally sensitive mind the dread with which the last summons is associated. Death had no alarms for him. The messenger has but set down his hour-glass, and pushed gently open the door which was already ajar.

"Millais has passed away, as he would have wished to do, within a few steps of the studio door; but Perth will miss him more than, in the nature of things, London can do, and the river will flow to the sea with the sorrow of one who has lost a lover, interpreter, and friend."



## CHAPTER XVIII

1894-1896

Serious illness of Lord Leighton—Leighton asks Millais to take his place as President of the Royal Academy—Last meeting of the two friends—Leighton's last letter to Millais—The Academy banquet, 1895—A yachting trip to Jersey—The juvenile octogenarian—A grievous disappointment—Pathetic letter to Frith—Death of Lord Leighton—Millais is elected President of the Royal Academy—Letters of congratulation—Serious illness—Millais' last visits to the Academy—The beginning of the end—He says farewell to his old friends—His death and burial—Touching lines in *Punch*.

“**T**IME THE REAPER” and “A Forerunner” were examples of those subject-pictures that Millais delighted to paint. The former was commenced at Bowerswell while “Speak! Speak!” was in progress, and was finished in 1895, the head being painted from a photograph of himself taken in profile, with the addition of a white beard, which gave it a striking resemblance to portraits of his father.

And now, in the early spring of this year, the Royal Academy was menaced with a heavy blow. To the deep regret of every member, Lord Leighton, the most brilliant and accomplished man who ever presided over its councils, was taken seriously ill. Heart disease, from which he had suffered for some months past, assumed so serious an aspect that, under the advice of two eminent physicians, he was compelled to relinquish, for a time at least, the arduous work and responsibilities attaching to the presidential chair. A special meeting of the council was therefore held, when, in reply to the President's observations, Millais was deputed to assure him that they would cheerfully do his work amongst themselves so long as might be necessary to the restoration of his health, and would find someone to preside in his place at the coming banquet.

The next morning came the following letter :—

*From Lord Leighton, P.R.A.*

“ THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, S.W.,

“ *March 27th, 1895, 9.45 p.m.*

“ DEAR MILLAIS,—Fresh from the meeting and your touching and affectionate expressions, I write a little word which may at first startle you, that you must not answer at once, and that you cannot push away.

“ My dear old friend, there is *only one man* whom *everybody*, without exception, will acclaim in the chair of the President on May 4th—a great artist, loved by all—*yourself*. You will do it admirably, that I well know ; and you will have the huge advantage of doing it for once only instead of year after year. You have a misgiving about your voice ; but, in the first place, it is only *at first* that your hoarseness hinders you ; your voice warms as you go on ; and, in the second, it is *quite immaterial whether you are heard all over the room*. Those nearest will hear and enjoy you ; the rest may be read, as the whole English-speaking world will read in the columns of the *Times* (the reporter is at your elbow, and you will give him your MS.) what you say on this occasion.

“ Dear Millais, every man in the profession will rejoice to see you in that chair on that night ; and let an old friend of forty years say you *may* not refuse this honour. You said very kindly just now that all my brothers would come to my aid at this juncture. I ask you, in full confidence, to do so.

“ Ever yours affectionately,

“ FRED. LEIGHTON.”

To a request so charmingly and so touchingly made there could be but one answer. Millais wrote at once accepting it as a command, and assuring his friend that everything should be done as he wished. Only one speech, he understood, would be required of him at the banquet ; he would get through it as best he could, and for the rest he could not but indulge the hope that before another season came round the President would be well enough to resume his duties.

“ Show Sunday,” at the end of March, was to be poor Leighton’s



"FORGET-ME-NOT." (Mrs. JAMES.) 1883



last day in England, and I went with my father to his house in Melbury Road, where we found him along with a crowd of picture-lovers, and the usual array of so-called "smart" people. With his characteristic urbanity he was showing them his last beautiful works, "Flaming June" and "Lachrymæ"; but what a change a few months of suffering had wrought in him! He seemed nervous, and looked for the first time really ill, interested, however, to all appearance, in the things around him, and even more attentive than usual to his guests. To my father he was cordiality itself, and on our taking leave he said to him in a half-whisper, "Come and see me quietly to-morrow, old boy. I go the next day."

The meeting and the parting were alike sad to Millais. Never before had he recognised the serious character of Leighton's illness, and his heart sank within him at the thought that never again would his old and beloved friend occupy the presidential chair, and possibly he would see his face no more.

In spite of poor Leighton's absence, the Academy banquet was a great success. For more than a month Millais had been preparing for it, always dreading, nevertheless, that his voice would not be heard, or would possibly break down altogether; and now when the time had come to give vent to it, he played his part so bravely that everyone was gratified, "fulfilling the duties of President," as the Archbishop of Canterbury humorously remarked, "with such geniality and such eloquence, when we could hear him, and such perfect dumb-show when we could not."

During the summer he took a short yachting trip to Jersey and back in the *Palatine* along with two widow ladies (Mrs. Watney, the owner of the yacht, and her friend Lady Metcalfe), to his great enjoyment and the immense improvement of his health. He came home in the highest spirits, and risking the displeasure of his family at so vile a pun, referred to the trip as "the widows' cruise."

It seemed indeed to be the turning-point towards complete recovery; for, a few weeks later, while shooting with his friend Mr. Julius Reiss at Corrie Muckloch, Perthshire, the additional tonic of the fine Highland air worked such wonders for him that, on his reporting the improvement to his doctor, Sir Richard Quain, that juvenile octogenarian expressed himself most hopefully as to the case. Here is his letter:—

*From Sir Richard Quain, M.D.*

“67, HARLEY STREET,

“August 30th, 1895.

“DEAR MILLAIS,—I am delighted with your report of your health and, if possible, more with your determination to keep it good. You can, and you must, for your health and life are precious, not only for yourself and your surroundings, but to the world of Art, which owes you so much and will owe you still more; for you can and will, by care, do as well as you ever did. More I cannot say. . . .

“People have been very good to me in the grouse and salmon way, and yesterday Fiue sent me a capital haunch. I might like the stalking if I were on the hills, but I had my innings for some twenty-five years. I was looking only yesterday at the list of my bags. My biggest (twenty-seven days, including Sundays, which did not come in for sport) was seventeen stags and six hinds—not bad for a cockney doctor! That was in Glenmore Forest. I once said to a little lady that, spending all my time curing people, I went to Scotland for a change—killing. With an arch smile, she said, ‘Not quite so great a change!’

“I will not bore you with any more nonsense, so only beg to offer my kind regards to my lady, and all good wishes for the great R.A.

“I am, faithfully yours,

“R. QUAIN.”

To me too, on September 1st, my father wrote in the most encouraging terms:—“I had excellent sport at Reiss,” he says, “killing to my own gun seventy brace of driven birds. In the four days we (six guns) got upwards of 400 brace. Now I am keen on the fishing, which ought to be good this year, as this last week has been one continuous spate. To-morrow I hope to be into them.”

One incident of this year is interesting from the sporting point of view. During the winter a fallen tree had drifted down the river and settled itself in one of the best pools in Upper Stobhall. One day Sir J. Wolfe Barry lost a good fish by running on to it; so my father gave orders for it to be cleared away, and, some two days afterwards, thinking that his orders had been carried out, he

lost while casting there the heaviest fish he had ever hooked—perhaps the largest fish ever seen on the Tay. From his great experience he knew that this monster was not foul-hooked, for, as he afterwards described the incident, “the beast, even when given all the strain I dare put on, fairly made me spin about like a teetotum.” After worrying on for an hour and a half, during which the fish, never showing a fin, worked down seven or eight hundred yards, it suddenly seemed to take a new lease of life and went full speed up stream right to the head of the pool, towing the angler along the bank. Imagine his astonishment when at this point the fisherman told him to try to keep the fish clear of the sunken tree! That was now impossible; the salmon went straight for it and broke the cast! What happened then I leave to the imagination of my readers. Suffice it to say that ever afterwards he spoke of the incident in saddened tones, as one of the keenest disappointments of his life.

Writing to his brother William, on October 13th, he says:—  
 “To-morrow is my last day on the river, where I have worked like a slave with indifferent success, considering the water, which has been perfect nearly all the season. Somehow the fish wouldn’t rise when they were fresh and first came up, and now they only occasionally rise to a fly. Of course you will see in the papers all sorts of grand reports about the fishing, but the truth is there is general disappointment; my number (with one fish to-morrow) will be forty—*your* fish about the biggest. However, the exercise has been of great benefit to me, and *I never felt better*, although my voice continues feeble.”

A month later his health gave way again, and he was obviously somewhat alarmed about his throat. Yet he managed to pluck up spirits enough to write as follows:—

*To Mr. Frith, R.A.*

“BOWERSWELL, PERTH,

“November 15th, 1895.

“DEAR FRITH,—Don’t be alarmed at seeing my handwriting. I am not going to ask you for a temporary loan, or any favour; I am only so bored here that I must write to an old friend, when I can find one, and tell him I shall be glad of a line containing any news of the world that he may think of, to cheer my solitude. I have only one pleasant walk here, the Hill of Kinnoull, where

I always feel a kind of St. Hubert, and expect to meet the stag with a cross between its horns—all thick, dark, fir wood—only Hubert wasn't *deaf and dumb*, as I am.

"Now, I see, Sala is going—not so long after Yates—whilst our friend C—— defies the grasp of the skeleton hand. His coat-tails somehow always give way, and he escapes. I come up to town the end of this month, to paint—*perchance to die*. My ailments make the club almost impossible, so I am restricted in all my joys, old man, as you are. I hear bad accounts of Leighton, whom (with a father between 90 and 100) I thought good for 190; and the newspaper correspondents alone know what is to happen in the Royal Academy if anything in the shape of a new President is demanded.

"Lucky dog, you! On a rainy day you can go to the Crystal Palace garden to look at the Mastadons and Ichissaurus (*can't* spell it) in the middle of the fountains, whilst here I see only mist.

"Ever yours,

"J. E. MILLAIS."

And now the door of Bowerswell closed behind him for the last time. Never again would he see the green terraces and yew hedges of his northern home; never again the fir woods and the rushing Tay, which had been to him both his joy and his inspiration; never again the familiar faces of the many friends that he left behind. All were to be no more, for the Great Reaper had stepped across the threshold and marked him for the sickle.

The "bad accounts of Leighton" were a source of great anxiety to him, not only for his friend's sake, but in the interest of the Academy, of which he was so distinguished an ornament. For himself (as announced in the Press), the state of his health precluded the thought of his acting as President longer than might be necessary, his mind being rather bent on giving up work altogether; but later on he was induced to change his views.

In January, 1896, poor Leighton died, and was buried in St. Paul's. Millais, of course, attended the funeral, and at the request of his colleagues, bore with him the splendid wreath of the Academy, and deposited it on the coffin so soon as it was lowered into the crypt.

Then his friends on the Council and other members of the profession began to gather around him; and, listening to their solicitations, he wrote to his brother in the following terms:—





"THE LITTLE SPEEDWELL'S DARLING BLUE." 1892



*To Mr. William Millais.*

“THE ATHENÆUM,

“February 5th, 1896.

“DEAR WILLIAM,—Do not be surprised if, after all my resolutions against being President, I am placed in the chair. I am assured that it is necessary and expedient for me to act.

“The work will be often *terribly irksome*, but I have thought it over seriously, and I see that the Royal Academy might suffer if I decline. At any rate (if elected, as I have no doubt I shall be), I will be P.R.A. until we have settled a bit after this calamity. . . .

“Your affectionate brother,

“JACK.

“This comes just as I was dreaming of retirement!”

The election came off on February 20th, 1896, when (with the exception of his own vote, which was given in favour of Calderon, the chairman at the meeting) Millais was unanimously appointed as President. He looked, as everyone noticed, very pale and ill; but, cheered by this signal proof of the appreciation of his colleagues, he returned home in better spirits than when he left, and fairly hopeful as to the future. For though Félix Sémon, the great throat specialist, pronounced him to be suffering from a malignant tumour for which an operation was necessary, other eminent men thought otherwise, and his sanguine temperament led him to accept their opinions rather than Sémon's.

The flood of congratulations that now poured in upon him was quite overwhelming. Every artist in England seemed impelled to express his delight, and (as may be imagined) it was no small business to answer all these letters, however delightful the task. Enough for these pages to give two or three of them, from eminent and well-known men, as characteristic of the whole. And first from Mr. John Collier, who, as a representative British artist, was entitled to speak for the whole body:—

*From the Hon. John Collier.*

“NORTH HOUSE, ETON AVENUE, N.W.,

“February 21st, 1896.

“DEAR SIR JOHN MILLAIS,—I feel that I must send you a line, not to congratulate you—for your acceptance of the

Presidentship cannot add to your fame—but to congratulate ourselves, the English artists, that you have undertaken this heavy burden for the honour of our Art.

“It is a great thing for our profession that the official head of it should be the greatest British painter of the century.

“I know you will be overwhelmed with letters, and I ought not to add an unnecessary one to the number; but I feel very strongly in this matter, and also I have the memory of too many kindnesses received from you to let me hold my tongue.

“Yours very sincerely,

“JOHN COLLIER.”

*From Sir W. V. Harcourt.*

“6, BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.,

“February 21st, 1896.

“DEAR MILLAIS,—I cannot fail to write one line—though I know it is unnecessary—to tell you to accept my heartfelt sympathy and pleasure at the event which has placed you in the great position which your genius and the long labours of an honoured life have so well earned for you.

“I reckon myself as one of your oldest and most attached friends, and as such am most deeply interested in this happy occasion.

“The recollections of the old days are treasured up as years gather over our heads.

“Your sincere friend,

“W. V. HARCOURT.”

*From Mr. Holman Hunt.*

“DRAYCOTT LODGE, FULHAM, S.W.,

“February 24th, 1896.

“MY DEAR MILLAIS,—I don't know whether it is definitely settled yet that you shall be the President of the Royal Academy, but I have no doubt that it soon will be, for, whatever differences of interests there may be among the members, when once it was known that there was a possibility of your accepting the post, there could have been, and there will be, but one feeling about the surpassing fitness of the choice of yourself. . . .



MASTER ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD. 1892



“That you may hold it for some years is my hearty wish, but I trust that you will not make any kind of promise to keep it for life. The post is quite a different thing to fill, in the amount of work required, to what it was in Sir Joshua Reynolds’ time. London, with six million of inhabitants, and about three-quarters of these calling themselves ‘artists,’ would wear any man to death if he felt there was no escape for him. It would assuredly interfere with his opportunities for work very mischievously. I was sorry that so true an artist as Leighton allowed himself to be hampered with the duties permanently. . . . He did the duties magnificently, but he could have worked magnificently also, and the work would have remained for all generations; and this may be the same with you.

“Give my felicitations to Lady Millais, who will have to take so large a part in the new honour; and give my love to Mary.

“Yours very affectionately,

“W. HOLMAN HUNT.

“Did you ever hear of Lear’s pun?—which would be more appropriate now. It was—that the *Millais-nium* of Art had come. You have gone a letter higher—from P.-R.B. to P.R.A.”

March now set in with a rigour that added greatly to Millais’ discomfort. His voice, once so powerful, sank to a whisper, and at times he could hardly make himself heard. There was, however, a great deal to be done in view of the coming exhibition, and with characteristic bravery he devoted his whole time and attention to the work. Specially trying was the month of April, when, day after day, he had to act as Chairman of the Hanging Committee—a task at once so responsible and so exhausting that his health well-nigh broke down altogether before it was finished. He recovered himself, however, sufficiently to take a final survey of the exhibition before it was opened to the public, and to welcome, with his usual geniality, the artists whose works had been accepted.

A writer in the *Daily News* of August 14th, 1896, thus describes one of his last visits to the Academy:—

“There was something very pathetic in the way Millais lingered round the galleries of the Academy during the last days before it opened for the first time under his presidentship. He was in the rooms on the Saturday before the private view (the last of the

members' varnishing days) shaking hands with old friends, and saying, in a hoarse whisper, which told its tale tragically enough, that he was better. He came again on Monday—that was the outsiders' varnishing day. The galleries were full of painters, young and old, hard at their work—much to do and little time to do it in—when someone said, 'Millais is in the next room.' Young men and old, they all looked in, mournfully realising it might be their last chance to see the greatest of their brethren. There he was, leaning on the Secretary, and slowly going his round. One young painter, perched upon a ladder, varnishing his canvas, felt his leg touched, but was too busy to turn round. Again he was interrupted. It was the President, who, in a scarcely audible whisper, wished to congratulate him on his work. That was on Monday. He came again on Tuesday. There was discussion amongst a few of the members about a picture that in the hanging had not got so good a place as it deserved. 'Take one of my places,' he said; and he meant it. It was not the first time he had offered to make way, giving up his own position to an outsider."

On Saturday, May 2nd, he went to the Academy to receive the Prince of Wales. But now the disease had made such rapid advance that he could hardly walk round the room. After one or two efforts to keep pace with the Prince, he began to hang back, and His Royal Highness, on learning the cause, very kindly insisted on his returning home at once. He then left—never to return again.

And now the conviction grew upon him that his days were numbered. More than ever he liked to have his children about him, and as I had now adopted Art as a profession, he delighted to give me all the help in his power by way of practical suggestions and advice.

As I write, the last morning he spent in his beloved studio comes back vividly to my mind. I had long wanted him to paint "The Last Trek," a drawing of which he had kindly supplied as frontispiece to my book, *A Breath from the Veldt*, and Mr. Briton Rivière had also urged him to do so;\* and now—pointing to a

\* Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., writes:—"On one of our last meetings alone before his fatal illness stopped all effort, we got upon the subject of your African book and its illustrations. I told him how much I had been impressed by his own beautiful frontispiece, 'The Last Trek,' and that I hoped he would paint a large picture of it in the style of his Arctic explorer. His face lighted up at once, and he said, 'I'll do it.'"



large white canvas which stood on one of the easels—he whispered, "Well, Johnnie, you see I have got the canvas at last, and I am really going to begin 'The Last Trek' to-day."

The subject appealed strongly to his feelings. It was that of a scene I had myself witnessed in South Africa—a white hunter dying in the wilderness attended by his faithful Zulus. The title, too, seemed to please him (perchance as having some relation to his thoughts about himself); and after talking for some time on various points—such as the atmosphere of the southern plains, and the appearance of the parched and sun-cracked soil—he suddenly paused in his walk about the room, and, putting his hand to his forehead, said solemnly and slowly, "This is going to kill me! I feel it, I feel it!"

The idea seemed to be but momentary. In another minute he was quite calm again, and, throwing down his palette, which was already prepared, he pulled out his cards, and quietly commenced a game of Patience.

An hour later he felt so extremely unwell that he retired to his own room downstairs, closing the studio door behind him for the last time.

He had commenced, though he knew it not, "The Last Trek"!

Henceforward he was a prisoner in his own apartment. Everything that the highest medical skill could suggest was done to prolong his life; but there was no arresting the decline that now set in. Even to whisper became a great exertion for him; he suffered, however, but little pain, and the presence of his wife and family, who were about him night and day, added greatly to his comfort.

He was glad to see, also, now and then, such old friends as Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Chudleigh, Mr. George Smith (of Smith and Elder), Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, Lord James, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Westminster, and Mr. and Mrs. Perugini, all of whom came in from time to time. Most of the Academicians, too, and many of his old Garrick friends, including Mr. Toole and Sir Arthur Sullivan, called and saw him, and he specially sent for Mr. Ernest Crofts, a newly-elected Royal Academician, that he might shake hands with him, and present his congratulations. The Princess Louise, too, honoured him with a call, and cheered him with her most gracious and unaffected sympathy; and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, though himself unwell and soon, alas! to follow his departing

friend, made a drawing of him, which he afterwards bequeathed to my sister Mrs. Stuart-Wortley.

Too painful were it to follow any further the progress of the fatal malady from which he suffered. Enough to say that in May his condition became so serious that tracheotomy had to be resorted to, and was skilfully performed by Dr. Treves, assisted by Mr. Hames, F.R.C.S., and that, thus relieved from the most distressing feature of his complaint, he lingered on in comparative comfort until death put an end to his sufferings.

By command of the Queen bulletins of the patient's health were occasionally sent to Her Majesty. The Princess Louise also made frequent inquiries, as well as sending lovely flowers.

My mother, too, attended at Windsor in compliance with the Royal command, and was most graciously received by Her Majesty, who expressed in the kindest way her sympathy with the dying man and his family.

Before the end of the month he had sunk into a comatose state, significant of the coming end, and in the afternoon of August 13th, in the presence of his wife, my brother Everett, and two of my sisters, he breathed his last.

During his long illness his frame, once so robust, had wasted away to a mere shadow of his former self; his beard and moustache, too, had been allowed to grow; and as he lay in his last sleep, with the lines of care and suffering all effaced, his face looked like that of a mediæval saint. In his usual felicitous manner Lord Rosebery noticed this in a most kind and sympathetic letter to my mother:—"But in any case my memory of your husband must always be one of charm without alloy, for even of his death-bed my recollection is one of divine beauty and patience."\*

By request of the Royal Academy, who undertook the management of his funeral, he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on August 20th, 1896, the pall being borne by Mr. Holman Hunt,

\* Writing to my brother Everett, Lord Rosebery said:—"I cannot resist saying that, while no one admired your father's genius more than I did, I loved him even more than I admired him. There was about him a charm of manliness and simplicity that I have never seen equalled, and which no human being could resist. It showed itself publicly and conspicuously in that last exquisite speech which he made to the Academy at the dinner of last year, which moved me more than any other speech that I can recollect. Has any likeness been preserved of him as he lay dying? I was urgent with your sister that this should be done, for I never saw so beautiful a sight, putting its pathos on one side."

Mr. Philip Calderon, R.A., Sir Henry Irving, Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., Viscount Wolseley, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Carlisle, and the Marquess of Granby.

And there he lies in "Painters' Corner" in the same niche with his friend Leighton, and with his illustrious predecessors Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Benjamin West, Opie, Fuseli, and Sir Edgar Boehm.

So went to his long home (in the words of the *Standard*) "the very type of the true Englishman—genial, sincere, hopeful, content with his own lot, and full of benignity to others who trod, sometimes with weary feet, the road that led him to renown."

There is something in the sound of *Punch* sadly out of harmony with an occasion like this; but those who know the tenderness that underlies the humour of that brilliant periodical will not be surprised at my repeating here the charming and most sympathetic lines that appeared in it immediately after the funeral.

"SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.\*

*President of the Royal Academy.*

"BORN JUNE 8TH, 1829.

DIED AUGUST 13TH, 1896.

"A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a MAN."

"—*Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 4.

"At last Death brings his Order of Release,  
And our great English painter lies at peace,  
Amidst a nation's sorrow.  
A man in heart and Art, in soul and frame,  
By love encompassed, and secure of fame,  
Through history's long to-morrow.

"The world seems greyer, gloomier, far less young,  
For loss of him, the free of touch and tongue,  
Nature's own child in both.  
By glowing canvas or by rushing stream,  
With brush or rod, he was no thrall of dream,  
Feebleness, fad, or sloth.

"Fresh as the morn, and frank as noon's full flush,  
In friendship as in Art, with speech or brush,  
Health, heartiness, and power  
Were his, from earliest critic-chidden days,  
To that fine prime when universal praise  
Hailed genius in full flower.

\* By permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.

## JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

“Men loved the man, and Art the artist crowned.  
The brush that pictured poor ‘Ophelia’ drowned  
    In young Pre-Raphaelite days,  
Glowed with a virile vigour, and sweet charm  
Too masterful to take abiding harm  
    From mere mimetic craze.

“English he was, and England best inspired  
His skill unfailing and his toil untired.  
    On his strong canvas live  
Her loveliest daughters and her noblest sons,  
All that to a great age, which swift outruns,  
    Its greatest glories give.

“And he among those glories takes high rank.  
Painter more masterly or friend more frank  
    Its closing scarce shall show.  
Our good, great MILLAIS gone! And yet *not* dead!  
His best lives on, though that worn, noble head  
    In rest at last lies low!”

## CHAPTER XIX

His Art life and methods—The joy of work—Methods—Materials—Models—The difficulty of painting children—Sitters and their peculiarities—“The most beautiful woman in the world”—Modelling—Millais as a critic—His views on Art—Advice to young students—Interviewers.

EVERY artist, says Balzac, must pass through three different periods :—“The first third of such a life is spent in struggling, the second third in getting a foothold, and the last third in defending it.” And Millais’ life was no exception to the rule. His work nevertheless was to him a lifelong joy, chequered only by difficulties and disappointments such as every true artist must occasionally encounter. “The joy of working” was his even in the days when all the powers of the Press were arrayed against him and insults were heaped upon him on every side ; and still more was it his when “Time that trieth all things” had given him the victory.

As to his methods, they varied according to circumstances of time, place, and subject. In his Pre-Raphaelite days and the intermediate period, which may be said to have ended with “The Vale of Rest,” he sat down to his work, getting up only now and then to note the effect from a distance ; but as the years went on—in fact from the commencement of “Rosalind and Celia” to the end of his career—he stood up before his easel and constantly walked to and fro, adding to his painting only a few touches at a time. His big looking-glass was also in frequent use, enabling him to see his work as reflected from various angles, and to detect in an instant any defect in drawing.

In the early days, too, before commencing a picture he would make a large number of sketches, and often a highly-finished drawing in black-and-white, of the subject he intended to paint ; while for “The Rescue” he made, as we have seen, a big cartoon, which he afterwards traced on the canvas. Later on, however,

he contented himself with rough sketches in charcoal on the canvas itself, eventually making these only suggestively as he became more sure of his aim.

Subject-pictures were the only exception to this rule. For these he always made pencil sketches—just a few lines to indicate the broad features of the composition—while portraits he would commonly start without any drawing at all, commencing at the head, and generally securing a satisfactory likeness in two sittings of an hour each.

It was to the finishing of his paintings, the working out of every detail, that he mainly devoted his time. Nothing would content him short of the full realisation of his ideal; and to achieve this was often a sore trial to his patience. "The Woodman's Daughter" distressed him greatly because a little jay's feather amongst a mass of herbage refused to go right; and for a whole month "The Vale of Rest" was a misery to him because the line of a woman's back conflicted with the rest of the composition, and he did not see how to prevent it. And so it is, as Mr. Van Prinsep said at the Literary Fund dinner the other day, "Art may seem an easy thing to some people; but it is so difficult that even the most successful men have felt appalled with the hugeness of their difficulties."

In the days of his youth he liked to have people about him to talk to when he was at work, or to read, or even to sing to him; but later on he allowed no one to come near him when at work, finding that the slightest movement on the part of a companion, or any sound except that of distant music, broke the current of his thoughts. During the last few years of his life, however, he would not object to the presence of one of us at a time, so long as there was no moving about the room; and in this way I learnt the meaning of those games of Patience that he so often resorted to in the course of his work. After pondering for some time over a difficulty, he would draw the card-table out in front of his picture, and while apparently absorbed in dealing out the cards, would every now and then take a momentary look at his work, until at last—perhaps after an hour's play—he would suddenly jump up, seize his palette and brushes, and dash in a few broad touches that set everything right. Thus was achieved in one hour more and better work than he could have accomplished in three hours by the old Pre-Raphaelite methods.

His materials, including the extra smooth canvas and even



"HALCYON WEATHER." 1892





vellums that he used in the Pre-Raphaelite days, were obtained from Messrs. Roberson, of Long Acre. He generally preferred a grey-tinted canvas, and had it made too large for the stretcher, the latter being made with rounded edges so as to avoid marking the canvas in case he wished to enlarge his work. In later days he used prepared panels, smooth canvas, millboards (for black-and-white work), and once or twice semi-absorbent Roman canvas, which came into fashion about 1885. The very last order he gave was on February 19th, 1896, for "plain canvas,  $49\frac{3}{4} \times 31$ ; extra canvas all round."

For portrait painting he used an invention of his own in 1881—a thick, coarse canvas heavily coated with a preparation showing strong brush-marks—by which the painting of the background was greatly simplified; but for the face and hands of the figure he first scraped those portions of the canvas quite smooth with a piece of cuttle-fish or a bit of glass. This brush-marked canvas is now called by his name.

The vehicles he employed were quick and slow-drying copal, also (after 1850) Roberson's medium. The Pre-Raphaelites were most particular in the preparation of their colours, often making them themselves from the raw material—a circumstance that no doubt contributed largely to the preservation of their freshness. Millais, however, soon found that Messrs. Roberson were as careful as himself in that matter, so he gave up making his own paints, though to the last he stuck to the old fashion of procuring his zinc-white in bladders or in china pots, lest the metal of the tubes should spoil it. These china pots (2 lb. each) were a great convenience to him when painting a snow-scene, enabling him to get a good brushful of paint at a time; but it was only in later years that he ventured on subjects of that sort, fearing as he did that the lead in the white might ultimately turn a bad colour.

As to brushes, other than those in ordinary use, he preferred one now known by his name, but which was in use before artists' colour-men came into existence—a brush made of hog's hair, held with a quill and bound with string—as he found that the metal of the ordinary brush was liable to make scratches on the canvas.

For models (as will have been seen already) he was largely indebted to personal friends, and still more frequently to his own daughters, who were constantly requisitioned. Portraits of my sister Effie are seen in "My First Sermon," "My Second Sermon,"

"The Minuet," "New Laid Eggs," "The Wolf's Den," etc.; of Alice in "Sleeping," "Sisters," "The Picture of Health," "Mrs. Stuart-Wortley," and "The Grey Lady"; of Sophie in "The Flood," "Still for a Moment," "Punchinello," "Clarissa," and "Princess Elizabeth in the Tower"; and of Mary in "Waking" and "The Last Rose of Summer."

For the rest professionals were engaged; and very charming some of them were. Some, too, had interesting tales to tell of themselves, and their experiences in life, sad or amusing, as the case might be; and some—well, models are not always perhaps what their name would seem to imply; they vary, like other people, and whether good, bad, or indifferent is of small moment to the artist, so long as they serve his purpose.

Of all models the most difficult to deal with are undoubtedly children. A man must, first of all, understand them and their winsome ways; understand too how to win their hearts and allay their fears at the sight of a stranger. And then the portrait-painter is but at the beginning of his task. For some little time at least they must be made to sit still; and only those who have tried it know how hard this is to accomplish. "It's no use whistling jigs to a milestone," says the Irish proverb; and equally useless is it to reason with a child. They must be amused, each of them in its own way; or if old enough to appreciate the virtues of bribery and corruption, these forces may be employed to advantage.

Millais was quite an expert in this line of business. Being naturally fond of children, he liked to study their ways and make notes of their most fascinating attitudes as they played about in the parks and gardens, and would often stop to talk with some little creature who seemed to have lost its way. They, too, took naturally to him, and it would be strange indeed if he failed to win the heart of any child after two minutes' talk in his studio. A variety-entertainment was always ready for them there—lovely dolls, picture-books, boxes of chocolates, etc.—and, for the elder ones, a never-ending supply of fairy tales, that kept them as happy as he was himself while recording their charms on canvas.

Superficial observers were apt to think he had no real sympathy with childhood, "or he would not have painted it so ugly"; but, as a critic thoughtfully observes, "the fact is that he saw the beauty of childhood even in ugly children; and that children, pretty or ugly, he never tired of painting. From plain children

to pretty children, the evolution was a simple one, and the charge which we so often hear that Millais used his emancipation from the bonds of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood to cast aside great artistic themes for the rendering of pretty girls that the public would like, the dealers buy, and the newspapers publish, is worthy only of persons ignorant of his work. From the very beginning children have inspired him. Probably no eminent painter, except Edouard Frère and Josef Israels, has painted so many, and rested his reputation so frequently upon his realisation of them, even when he knew that the types he chose were not to the public taste."

Touching sitters and would-be sitters for portraits he had many tales to tell. One charming old gentleman, well advanced in the sere and yellow period, had recently taken to himself a young and pretty wife, who came with him to the studio and insisted on remaining there while his portrait was being painted. But it was not to be. To the great amusement of the artist she lavished so much affection upon her husband as, leaning over him, she arranged the flower in his button-hole, brushed off here and there a speck of dust, and generally touched up his toilet, that at last, conscious of the absurdity of the situation, the poor man blushed violently, and Millais was obliged to insist upon her retirement.

On another occasion Mrs. W——, a handsome woman of the Juno type, came to sit, and Millais succeeded in obtaining a life-like portrait. But, unfortunately, it did not please the lady. What she had hoped was that he would present her, after the fashion of some of his portraits, as a woman of the soft, clinging, essentially dependent type of beauty—in fact, the very opposite of what she was herself—and on his declining to alter the portrait, both she and her husband made such uncomplimentary remarks that he at once let them off their bargain and had the picture hung in the dining-room at Palace Gate.

The sequel was amusing. A certain royalty came to the studio one afternoon, accompanied by (amongst others) the disappointed husband, and in his passage through the room his eye fell upon the rejected picture. "Hallo, W——," he said, "what a splendid portrait of your wife! What is it doing here?" There was no reply; but next day came a cheque for the picture, which Millais, however, returned.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us!" Only portrait-painters of celebrity know what a relief

such a "giftie" would bring to them. Quite amazing was the number of letters my father received in the course of his life from would-be sitters who insisted that either their charms or those of their children ought to be immortalised by the painter's art. And yet not one in twenty had the smallest pretension to beauty. One lady, who modestly described herself as "the most beautiful woman in the world," called again and again to see him, but was always refused admittance. Taught by past experience, he would not have his work broken in upon by a stranger, whose pretensions were probably false.

He was talking of this to Mr. Gladstone one morning, while painting his portrait (1879) and discussing the subject of bores. Mr. Gladstone, who seemed much interested, thought it was a mistake not to give the lady a chance of displaying herself; for surely, he argued, she must possess some great attraction to justify her persistence. Oddly enough, at that moment she called again—her features hidden by a long black veil. Mr. Gladstone's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and at his request the lady was shown upstairs to the studio. The *dénouement* was somewhat curious. As the shrouded figure advanced into the room she slowly raised her veil; and there appeared a wretched creature—in my father's words, "a Venus with the face of a battered tomato—one of the most ill-favoured women I ever saw." He bowed her out with all the politeness at his command, and after a hearty laugh, in which his companion joined, proceeded with his work.

Of Millais' etching I have already spoken. Something, too, he knew about modelling with the clay—"the art of drawing in the solid," as someone happily defined it—but I do not remember having seen him practise it, beyond putting some finishing touches to a basset-hound my brother Everett once modelled and sent to the Grosvenor Exhibition. It would seem, however, that he had some skill in this line, as amongst the letters he received on being made President was one from Mr. Adams-Acton, an old gold-medallist and travelling student of the Royal Academy, who concludes his congratulations in the following words:—"I had the distinguished privilege of a visit to my studio in the Marylebone Road from you, many years ago, and as long as I live I shall never forget the masterly way in which you handled the sculptor's material, cut off the head of our mutual friend Frith, and readjusted the clay in a more suitable and characteristic pose."

Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., also writes:—"When he went round the sculpture gallery at the Royal Academy which I had arranged (1895), I was very much struck how in every case he instantly put his finger on the best quality in each particular work, and also made allowance for each shortcoming, such as 'Perhaps he was not very well at the time,' or 'Poor fellow, I suppose there were no pretty girls amongst his acquaintance, so he was obliged to do what he could get,' and so on. I shall never forget my parting with him, and never cease to feel grateful that it was my privilege to get to know him as well as I did in so short a time."

"He was indeed," says Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., one of my father's dearest and most valued friends, "the most sympathetic and appreciative of critics; but this was not the result of weakness, nor would his good nature blind him to a fault for one moment. On the other hand his eye seemed instinctively to pick out what was good. When anyone said, 'How poor this is,' or 'How wrong that is,' he would often say, 'Yes, I know that! But look here, how well this is understood, and how clever that is.' With unerring judgment he would choose what was good, and evidently took delight in doing so."

"As a critic of an unfinished picture," continues the same writer, "he was invaluable, but not generally upon those lines that might have been expected. For instance, though himself gifted with a remarkable sense of colour, he hardly ever made any spontaneous suggestion as to colour, but generally confined his remarks to points of drawing. Upon this he was wonderfully clear-sighted and practical. He never pointed out an error without being able to show in detail how it should be rectified. Subtleties of perspective in a face which might well trouble many so-called 'draughtsmen' were patent to him by a kind of instinct. He not only saw such subtleties, but he could express them, as we find in his girls' and children's faces, where a slight dissimilarity between the two eyes, or a deflection in a mouth from perfect symmetry—sometimes so charming in Nature and lending much character to a face—were never shirked by him, but given exactly as Nature had formed them and with Nature's charm and limitations—with no loss, but rather a gain of real beauty.

"Though, as I have said, he hardly ever offered any suggestions about colour, he was always ready with them when asked for, and in these again he was wonderfully clear, sometimes reducing his conclusions almost to a certainty. His suggestions, however

bold, were always possible and nearly always in harmony with the artist's own scheme, in fact evidently made in order to strengthen and develop that. I remember on one occasion, when hanging the Academy summer exhibition with him, that we were considering the general effect of a particular wall which looked dull and ineffective, and his love of vitality in colouring at once asserted itself in a highly characteristic manner. He said, 'It wants waking up with some bits of red, like poppies in a field. It is all dull now, but a few touches of red will turn the whole wall into colour.'

Of his attitude towards his own works, Mr. Briton Rivière speaks with authority as one of the few men now living with whom he conversed freely on matters of Art. He says:—"He was remarkably frank in the estimate of his own work, and knew perfectly well, making no secret of his knowledge, how permanent his reputation was likely to be. Even when suffering from that occasional depression that must haunt the most sanguine member of his profession, I do not think he ever wavered in his belief as to what he really could do. I remember a delightfully *naïf* instance of this which occurred one day when I called upon him on my return from a visit to Haarlem. We were talking about the Frank Hals' collection there, and became enthusiastic on the subject. In the middle of our conversation he suddenly turned round and pointed to a large, important picture of his own, saying, 'I can fancy that, some day, people will talk of that picture as we are now talking of Frank Hals.' There was no sign of boasting or conceit in his tone; only quiet consideration and conviction. Men of unusual capacity generally know their power perfectly well, but the majority of them are too reserved to express this knowledge. On the other hand Millais was as open and frank as a boy, and would have thought it mere affectation to disguise such a belief from a friend."

Towards the works of other artists, home or foreign, he was absolutely eclectic, finding in every school of Art something to admire. Talking on this subject with his friend Dr. Urquhart, of Perth, he said:—"The best has been already done in Art, such as the sculpture of Greece, the portraits of Rembrandt, etc.; but artists are doing just as well to-day; only their work has not the *prestige of age*. The newest Art texture may be very fine in both detail and conception, but the hard lines have yet to be worn off. Artists have to wrestle to-day with the horrible antagonism of

modern dress ; no wonder, therefore, that few recent portraits look really dignified. Just imagine Vandyck's 'Charles I.' in a pair of check trousers !”

Touching the value of Art from the economic standpoint, he continued :—“Burton [keeper of the National Gallery] has been trying for twenty years to get hold of a Frank Hals ; but the Dutch are quite right to hold their inheritance. The artists have been a fund of wealth to Holland, as they bring so many tourists there. Paul Potter's 'Bull,' however, is a very over-rated affair. Many men draw and paint domestic animals better than the old masters—notably Henry Davis. A fine old Velasquez, with a hero on horseback, looking as if he would eat you up, is mounted on a poor horse, poorly drawn—an impossible creature. A far higher standard in this respect is required now. None of the old masters can touch Meissonier in this respect.”

Whistler he would have no man follow. “Clever a fellow as he is, I regard him as a great power for mischief amongst young men—a man who has never learnt the grammar of his Art, whose drawing is as faulty as it can be. He thinks nothing of drawing a woman all out of proportion, with impossible legs, and arms proceeding from no one knows where. Any affectation of superiority in style has its effect on certain minds, and attracts a certain number of followers ; but when a spectator has to ask himself 'Is this right?' he may be pretty sure it is wrong. Take Browning for instance—most charming and unaffected of men—his conversation was ever direct and clear ; yet when he got a pen in his hand he was often quite unintelligible. I read his *Cordille*, and could make nothing of a very great deal of it ; yet Browning's genius, as displayed in other works, is undoubted.”

To young men who thought of following Art as a profession—even to such as displayed considerable aptitude and cleverness—he rarely gave any encouragement, knowing as he did what thorns and briars beset the path of the artist, how many of even the most gifted men have gone down when almost within reach of the goal of their ambition, and how hopeless is the outlook for mere mediocrity in Art. “The public,” he would say, “are too discriminative now. They want something more than merely good Art. Only the very best of everything is in demand. The man who can draw a few lines in black-and-white better than anyone else is wanted ; the man who can paint a pretty good oil-painting is not. Strange to say, too, there is such a thing as fashion,

even in Art, and its vagaries may at any time prove fatal to the man who has depended on Art for a living, however clever he may be."

He himself was at one time almost driven to the point of despair, as upon occasion he confided to a lady writer—the only lady who ever succeeded in "interviewing" him—for he had a strong objection to the wily interviewer of the period, as Sir George Reid reminds me in an amusing note:—"Your father, once speaking about interviewers, who seemed to have been bothering him greatly with their questions, remarked, 'These fellows want to know everything; they want to know what you had for dinner, and if you say "chops," then they want to know what you did with the bones!'"



## CHRONOLOGY

**S**IR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A., D.C.L.; Member of the Institute of France, of the Academies of Antwerp, Vienna, St. Luke's, Rome, and San Fernando, Madrid; Honorary Member of the Academies of Belgium, Scotland, and Ireland; and Officer of the Legion of Honour.

- 1829. Born June 8th, at Southampton.
- 1838. Won silver medal of the Society of Arts.
- 1840. Admitted student of the Royal Academy Schools.
- 1845. Gold medal for painting.
- 1846. Exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy ("Pizarro").
- 1847. Took part in the Westminster Hall Competition ("The Widow's Mite").
- 1848. The Pre-Raphaelites join with others in founding the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.
- 1853. Associate of the Royal Academy.
- 1855. Married Euphemia Chalmers, daughter of George Gray, Esq., of Bowerswell, Perth.
- 1863. Royal Academician.
- 1871. In conjunction with Philip Hardwick he founded the Artists' Benevolent Institution.
- 1878. Médaille d'Honneur, Paris International Exhibition.
- „ Officer of the Legion of Honour.
- 1880. D.C.L., Oxford.
- „ Exhibition of collected works, Fine Art Society.
- 1881. Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery.
- 1882. Pour le Mérite. The highest civil order of Germany.\*
- „ Foreign associate, Academie des Beaux Arts.
- „ Grand Officier du Legion d'Honneur.
- 1885. Baronet.
- 1886. Exhibitions of collected works, Grosvenor Gallery.
- 1887. Gold medal, Berlin Art Exhibition.
- 1893. D.C.L., Durham.
- 1895. Officer of the Order of Leopold.
- 1896. President of the Royal Academy (with other appointment *ex officio*).
- „ Order of St. Moritz and St. Lazerus (from the King of Italy).
- „ Died August 13th. Buried in St. Paul's Cathedral August 20th.
- 1898. Exhibition of collected works, Royal Academy.

\* The German order "Pour le Mérite" was founded by Frederick the Great as the highest distinction for military service. Its statute was revised in 1842, in order to include scientists and artists. The latter class is limited to a membership of thirty Germans and thirty foreigners.

## LINEAGE

(Compiled from the *Lineage and Pedigree of the Family of Millais*,  
by I. Bertrand Payne, 1865.)

The family of Millais, originally from Normandy, settled in the island of Jersey. "Les Monts Millais," a bold range of hills to the north-east of the town of St. Helier, and the "Cueillette de Millais," in the parish of St. Ouen, seem to prove that in early times its members were among the most notable residents in the island.

Evidences exist showing that Geoffray Millays held his lands under the Crown in 1331, and John Millays, presumably his son, paid tax to the Prior of St. Clements in 1381. The family and name, spelt also as Milles, Mylays, and Milays, is traced from this period by the tenure of property and their intermarriage with several of the principal families in Jersey, from whom are derived many notable houses and personages connected with the military and civil history of this country.

JOHN MYLAYS *m.*, about 1540, Périnne, sole daughter and heiress of the Le Jarderaï family, and thus became possessed of the estate of Tapon, which remained in the family for nearly three centuries. Their eldest son,

JOHN MILAYS, was *b.* 1542, and had by Catherine Falle, his wife, amongst other children,

JOHN MYLAIS, who *m.* Elizabeth Poingdestre, and had issue

JOHN MILAYS, who *m.*, first, Mary, daughter of John Bisson; and, secondly, Jane, daughter and heiress of Benjamin Bertram, and had, with other issue,

EDWARD MILLAYS, who was also twice married. First, in 1671, to Margeret, daughter and eventual heir of the Rev. Joshua Pallot, by whom he had issue, Edward, of whom hereafter. He *m.*, secondly, Judith, daughter and eventual heir of Annice de Carteret, who *d. s.p.* The brother of this Edward Millays (John) is recorded as tenant of the Crown in Gronville and St. Clement in 1668.

EDWARD MILLES, the son, *b.* 1672; *m.*, 1696, Mary, daughter of John Mourant, and was succeeded by his second and surviving son,

EDWARD MILLAIS, *b.* 1710; *m.*, 1728, Rachel le Geyt, an heiress, and had issue three sons and five daughters. Of the latter, Mary, who *m.* Rev. John Dupré, rector of St. Heliers and commissary of the Bishop of Winchester, was mother of Edward Dupré, D.C.L., Dean of Jersey, and grandmother of John William Dupré, Attorney-General of that island. Of the three sons,

EDWARD MILLAIS, *b.* 1729; *m.*, 1752, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Falle, and had, amongst other issue,

EDWARD MILLAIS, Capt. R.J.M., *b.* 1769, who *m.* Sarah Mary, daughter of William Matthews, and had, amongst other issue,

JOHN WILLIAM MILLAIS (second son), *m.* Mary, daughter of Richard Evamey, Esq., and widow of Enoch Hodgkinson, Esq., and *d.* in 1869, having had issue,

I. William Henry (Ward Hill, Farnham, Surrey), *b.* 1828; *m.*, first, 1860, Judith Agnes, daughter of Rev. (Preb.) Charles Boothby, son of Sir William Boothby, Bart., by whom (who *d.* 6th April, 1862) he had issue one daughter. He *m.*, secondly, 7th June, 1866, Adelaide Jane, youngest daughter of John Farquhar Fraser, Esq. (county court judge), by whom he has issue one son and three daughters.

II. JOHN EVERETT, created a Baronet 16th July, 1885.

I. Emily Mary, *m.* John Johnson-Wallack of New York.

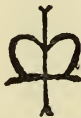
II. Ellen Amelia }  
 III. Mary Elizabeth } both *d.* young.



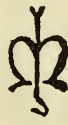
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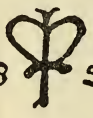
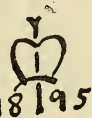
(1879)



(1889)



(1896)

 Millais 1852    18  58    18  95

*Edward Millais*

1896.

SIGNATURES

# CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF MILLAIS' WORK IN OIL, WATER, AND BLACK-AND-WHITE

## OIL PAINTINGS

*In the column wherein is indicated the place of subsequent exhibition, the following are the abbreviations employed and their signification:—*

R.A.	denotes Special Millais Exhibition at the Royal Academy . . . . .	. . . . .	1898
B.	Brussels International Exhibition . . . . .	. . . . .	1897
C.	Chicago International Exhibition . . . . .	. . . . .	1893
Bm.	Birmingham Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition . . . . .	. . . . .	1891
M.	Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition . . . . .	. . . . .	1857 & 1887
G.G.	Special Millais Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery . . . . .	. . . . .	1886
F.A.S.	Special Millais Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery . . . . .	. . . . .	1881
L.	London International Exhibition . . . . .	. . . . .	1871
P.	Paris: the Avenue Montaigne Exhibition . . . . .	. . . . .	1855
	And the International Exhibitions of 1867, 1878, & 1889		

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
CUPID CROWNED WITH FLOWERS	[1841]	1898	R.A.	R.A.	Miss Millais,	
WILLIAM HUGH FENN (destroyed picture)	c. 1845	—	—	—	{ Mr. Fredk. Crisp. { (Mr. Houghton).	
BAPTISM OF GUTHREN THE DANE	1845 or 1846	—	—	Bm.	{ S. Kensington Museum. { (Mrs. Hodgkinson).	
PIZARRO SEIZING THE INCA OF PERU	—	1846	R.A.	—	(Mr. J. H. Mann).	{ For the priest elevating the cross Millais' father sat. { Has passed through hands of Morby and Co., Hooper, and is now the property of Mr. J. B. Greenwood. The picture was retouched in 1870. Size 63 x 48.
ELGIVA . . . . .	—	1847	R.A.	—		
THE WIDOW'S MITE . . . . .	—	1847	{ Westm'r Hall. { British Institutn.	—	{ Cut in two; half now in Tynemouth, half in U.S. (H. M.'s Commissioners). { (Mr. Driver Holloway. { (Mr. Daniel).	
STUDY OF AN INDIAN'S HEAD	—	1847	{	—		
THE MOORISH CHIEF . . . . .	1846	—	{	—		

CHILDHOOD YOUTH MANHOOD AGE MUSIC ART	.	.	.	1847	1896	Leeds.	—	{ A set of Panels for lunettes, formerly in the Judges' Lodgings, Leeds; now removed to the Leeds Art Gallery. Mr. Fred Arnold.	
IPHIGENIA (Study for Cymon and Iphigenia) THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN SEIZING THE DAUGHTERS OF SHILOH	.	.	.	1847	—	—	—	—	William Millais sat for male figures.
W. HUGH FENN . . .	.	.	.	1848	1848	{ British Institu.	{ F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	{ Liverpool Art Gallery. (B. G. Windus). (Mr. T. Woolner, R.A.). (Mr. C. Ionides). Mr. Holland.	{ Isabella (Mrs. Hodgkinson). Man with napkin (Millais' father). William Rossetti (Lorenzo). Man paring an apple (Hugh Fenn). Man with long glass (D. G. Rossetti). Brother (Mr. Wright, Mr. Harris), F. G. Stephens. Serving man (Mr. Plass). Walter Devereil.
ISABELLA (Lorenzo and Isabella)	.	.	.	1849	1849	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. James Wyatt.	
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN AND HIS GRANDCHILD (Mr. Wyatt)	.	.	.	1849	1850	R.A.	{ F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. Henry F. Makins. (Mr. Ellison). Mr. Wyatt. (Mr. T. Woolner, R.A.). (Mr. C. J. H. Allen). Mr. F. A. Beer. (Mr. T. E. Plint). (Mr. J. Heugh). Oxford Univ. Gallery. Mr. J. H. Standen. Lady Millais. (Mr. Hy. Hodgkinson). Sir J. E. Millais, Bart. Mrs. Jekyll. Mr. Farrer.	Mr. F. G. Stephens.
FERDINAND LURED BY ARIEL	.	.	.	1849	1850	R.A.	{ F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. F. A. Beer. (Mr. T. E. Plint). (Mr. J. Heugh). Oxford Univ. Gallery. Mr. J. H. Standen. Lady Millais. (Mr. Hy. Hodgkinson). Sir J. E. Millais, Bart. Mrs. Jekyll. Mr. Farrer.	{ Millais' father. A carpenter. Mrs. Hodgkin- son. Christ (Noel Humphreys). St. John (Edwin Everett). Joseph (H. St. Leger).
CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS (The Carpenter's Shop)	.	.	.	1849	1850	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. J. H. Standen. Lady Millais. (Mr. Hy. Hodgkinson). Sir J. E. Millais, Bart. Mrs. Jekyll. Mr. Farrer.	Professionals.
THOMAS COMBE . . .	.	.	.	1850	1851	G.G.	—	—	
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA . . .	.	.	.	1851	1851	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Sir J. E. Millais, Bart. Mrs. Jekyll. Mr. Farrer.	
THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER	.	.	.	1850	—	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. H. F. Makins. (Mr. B. G. Windus). (Mr. J. M. Dunlop).	
THE CONJURER . . .	.	.	.	—	—	—	—	—	
MARIANA IN THE MOATED GRANGE	.	.	.	1851	1851	R.A.	{ G.G. Bm. K.A.	{ Mr. H. F. Makins. (Mr. B. G. Windus). (Mr. J. M. Dunlop).	

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
RETURN OF THE DOVE TO THE ARK; or, "Daughters of Noah caressing the Dove," &c.; or, "Wives of the Sons of Noah"	1851	1851	R.A.	{ P. '55. G.G.	{ Oxford Univ. Gallery. (Mr. Combe).	
THE BRIDESMAID ("All Hallows' E'en")	1851	—	—	—	{ Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. (Mr. Knight). (Mr. T. R. Harding). Marchioness of Ripon. (Nat. Gall. of British Art. (Mr. Farrar). (Mr. B. G. Windus). (Mrs. Fuller-Maitland). (Mr. Henry Tate).	Marchioness of Ripon.
MEMORY . . . . .	—	1852	—	R.A.		
OPHELIA . . . . .	1852	1852	R.A.	{ P. '55. G.G. R.A.	{ (Mr. B. G. Windus). (Mrs. Fuller-Maitland). (Mr. Henry Tate). Mr. T. H. Miller.	Miss Siddal (Mrs. D. G. Rossetti).
THE HUGUENOT . . . . .	1852	1852	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	Mr. T. H. Miller.	Gen. Arthur Lemprière, Miss Ryan.
THE HUGUENOT (sketch)	—	—	—	Bm.	J. Pierpoint Morgan.	
THE HUGUENOT (study)	1852	—	—	—	Mr. A. Wood.	
MRS. COVENTRY K. PATMORE	—	1852	R.A.	G.G.	{ Mrs. Coventry K. Pat- more.	
HEAD OF OPHELIA (with wreath)	1852	—	—	—		
THE ORDER OF RELEASE . . . . .	1853	1853	R.A.	{ P. '55. F.A.S. R.A.	{ Executors, Mr. James Renton.	{ Westall, a model, stood for jailer and prisoner. Lady Millais for the wife.
THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST, 1651.	1853	1853	R.A.	{ G.G. Bm. R.A.	{ Mr. James Ogston. (Mr. T. E. Plint). (Sir J. Pender). { Mr. Joseph Arden. { (Mr. B. G. Windus).	Mr. Arthur Hughes, Miss Ryan.
THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST	—	1853	—	—		
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (signboard)	1853	—	—	—		
WAITING; or, "A Girl at a Stile"	1854	—	—	—		
A HIGHLAND LASSIE; or, "Head of a Scotch Girl"	1854	—	—	Bm.	{ Mr. Edward Nettlefold. { (Mr. Joseph Arden). Mr. Henry Willett.	

JOHN RUSKIN . . . . .	1854	1884	F.A.S.	{ G.G. Bm. R.A.	Sir Henry Acland, Bart. { Mr. Hodgson. (Mr. D. Bates).	The Falls of Glenfinlass.
LANDSCAPE STUDY OF WATER- FALL	1854	1886	G.G.	G.G.	Mr. James Orrock.	Portrait.
MISS SIDDAL . . . . .	1854	1897	{ Soc. Por. Painters.	—	{ Mr. Holbrook Gaskell. (Mr. Joseph Arden).	Westall, a famous model. Mrs. Nassau Senior.
THE RESCUE . . . . .	1855	1855	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	Mr. T. H. Miller.	
THE RANDOM SHOT (originally "L'Enfant du Régiment")	1855	1856	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.		
THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE, 1856 (correct title, "Peace Concluded")	1856	1856	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. T. H. Miller.	Col. Malcolm Paton. Lady Millais.
AUTUMN LEAVES . . . . .	1856	1856	R.A.	{ M.'57. F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	{ Corporation of Manchester. (Mr. Eden). (Mr. James Leathart). { National Gallery. { Mr. Bartley.	{ Alice Gray. Sophie Gray. Miss Smythe of Methven.
WILKIE COLLINS . . . . .	1856	—	—	—	{ A. E. Street. { Mr. Gambart.	
THE KINGFISHER'S HAUNT .	1856	—	—	—	{ Corpn. of Birmingham. (Mr. T. Miller).	
THE HUGUENOT . . . . .	1856	—	—	—	{ Alderman Kenrick. { Mr. A. Wood. (Mr. Graham).	
THE BLIND GIRL . . . . .	1856	1856	R.A.	{ Bm. R.A.	{ Mr. H. G. Chetwynd Stapylton. { Mr. John Pritchard. { (Mr. B. G. Windus). George Boyce.	Alice Gray. Mr. David Smythe.
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN ; or, "The Picture-book"	1856	1856	R.A.	{ F.A.S. G.G.	Mr. H. G. Chetwynd Stapylton.	
POT-POURRI . . . . .	1856	—	—	G.G.	George Boyce.	
HEAD OF A GIRL . . . . .	1857	—	—	R.A.	Mrs. Wilfrid Hadley.	Alice Gray.
HEAD OF A GIRL . . . . .	1857	—	—	R.A.	Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A.	Sophie Gray.
SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD ("A Dream of the Past")	1857	1857	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. R. H. Benson. (Mr. Charles Reade). (Mr. William Graham).	Col. Campbell. Everett Millais. Miss Salmon.

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
THE ESCAPE OF A HERETIC, 1559	1857	1857	R.A.	{ M. '87. R.A.	{ Sir Wm. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P. Mr. Gambart. Mr. Gambart. Mr. Gambart. John Leech. Rev. John Stewart.	A gamekeeper from Rohallion.
THE ESCAPE OF A HERETIC, 1559 (small oil version)	—	—	—	—	{ In America. { Mr. Arthur J. Lewis).	A private soldier, 42nd Highlanders.
THE HUGUENOT (small copy)	1857	—	—	—	{ Mr. Grindlay. { (Mr. Peter Miller).	Professional.
THE HUGUENOT (small copy)	—	—	—	—	{ National Gallery of British Art. { (Mr. W. Graham). { (Mr. Henry Tate).	Miss Eyre.
MRS. JOHN LEECH	1856	—	—	—	{ (Mr. C. Churchill. { (Mr. Bolckow).	{ Lady Dudley. Lady Forbes. Alice Gray. { Sophie Gray. Professional model (Agnes Stewart).
REV. JOHN STUART, Minister Brig o' Turk	1856	—	—	—	{ Mr. Clarke. { (Mr. Burnett). { (Mr. Graham). { (Mr. D. Price).	Helen Petrie. Miss Mary Eyre. Miss Eyre.
NEWS FROM HOME	—	1857	R.A.	—	{ (Mr. B. G. Windus). { (Mr. Gambart).	
WEDDING CARDS	1857	—	—	—	{ Exors. Mr. J. Renton. { (Mr. T. E. Plint). { (Mr. James Price). Lady Millais.	{ A private soldier, 1st Life Guards. Miss Kate Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens. Exact replica.
THE VALE OF REST	1858	1859	R.A.	{ P. '62. M. '87. Bm. R.A.	{ Mr. Gambart.	
THE LOVE OF JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND	1859	1859	R.A.	R.A.	{ Mr. Clarke. { (Mr. Burnett). { (Mr. Graham). { (Mr. D. Price).	
APPLE BLOSSOMS ("Spring")	—	1859	R.A.	—	{ (Mr. B. G. Windus). { (Mr. Gambart).	
CHILDREN GATHERING GRAPES	—	—	—	—	—	
HEAD OF A LADY (cutting a lock of hair)	—	—	—	—	—	
MEDITATION	—	1859	{ French Gallery.	—	—	
HEAD OF A WOMAN	—	—	—	—	—	
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER	1860	1860	R.A.	{ R.A. { G.G.	{ Exors. Mr. J. Renton. { (Mr. T. E. Plint). { (Mr. James Price). Lady Millais.	{ A private soldier, 1st Life Guards. Miss Kate Dickens, daughter of Charles Dickens. Exact replica.
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER	1860	—	—	—	—	
THE RIVALS	—	1860	—	—	—	
THE RINGLET (see 1859)	—	1861	—	—	{ Mr. Gambart. { (Mr. Hart).	



THE RANSOM . . . . .	1862	1862	R.A.	G.G.	{ Alderman Kenrick, M. P. { (Mr. C. P. Matthews).	{ A railway guard named Strong. Major Boothby. { Mr. William Reid (page). Model for both { girls, Miss Helen Petrie.
THE WHITE COCKADE . . . . .	1862	1862	{ French { Gallery.	{ G.G. { B. { R.A.	{ M. Stuart M. Samuel. { (Mr. W. Webster).	{ Lady Millais and a professional (the mother of { Two Princes in the Tower).
MRS. CHARLES FREEMAN . . . . .	—	1862	R.A.	—	(Mr. F. W. Cosens).	Lady Waterford.
"TRUST ME!" . . . . .	—	1862	R.A.	—	{ Destroyed in explosion in { Baron Marrochetti's house	
PARABLE OF THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY . . . . .	—	1862	R.A.	—	(Mr. B. G. Windus).	
THE BRIDE . . . . .	1862	—	—	—		
LADY IN A GARDEN . . . . .	1862	—	—	—		
A PASTORAL . . . . .	—	1862	—	—		
HEAD OF A GIRL . . . . .	—	1862	—	—		
WANDERING THOUGHTS . . . . .	—	1862	—	—		
THE MUSIC MISTRESS . . . . .	—	1862	—	—		
MR. PUXLEY . . . . .	1862	—	—	—	Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Puxley. Mr. Gambart.	Lady Millais.
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY . . . . .	1862	—	—	—	Mr. Gambart.	
THE POACHER'S WIFE* . . . . .	1861	—	—	—	{ Mr. C. Gassiot, { (Mr. Fleming).	Col. Malcolm Patten. Lemprière. Mrs. Aitken. Effie Millais (Mrs. James).
THE CRUSADERS† . . . . .	1860	—	—	—		
WAITING . . . . .	1862	—	—	—		
MY FIRST SERMON . . . . .	1863	1863	R.A.	{ G.G. { R.A.	Mr. C. Gassiot.	
MY FIRST SERMON (copy) . . . . .	1864	—	—	—		
MY SECOND SERMON . . . . .	1863	1864	R.A.	{ G.G. { R.A.	{ Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. { (Mr. C. Lucas). { (Mr. F. Leyland).	Effie Millais (Mrs. James). Lady Millais. Miss Ford.
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES . . . . .	1863	1863	R.A.	—	{ The late Philip Rathbone { of Liverpool.	
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES (small version) . . . . .	—	—	—	—	Mr. A. Wood of Conway.	
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES (small version) (oil sketch) . . . . .	—	—	—	—	Lady Millais.	
HENRY MANNERS (Marquess of Granby) . . . . .	1863	—	—	R.A.	Mr. C. Brinsley-Marlay.	
SUSPENSE . . . . .	1863	—	—	—	(Mr. G. R. Burnett).	

\* Apparently unfinished.

† Abandoned after five months' work. Heads and shoulders only finished.

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
THE WOLF'S DEN BRIDESMAID THROWING THE LUCKY SLIPPER	—	1863	R.A.	—	{ (Mr. Brockbank). (Mr. T. E. Plint). (Mr. Moore). Mr. Colls. Mr. Agnew.	Everett, George, Effie, and Mary Millais.
	—	1864	{ Crystal Palace.	—		
A ROMAN GIRL MY SECOND SERMON (oil copy)	1863	—	—	—	Lady des Voeux. (Sir J. Pender, M.P.)	Two daughters of Sir John Pender, M.P.
	1864	—	—	—		
LEISURE HOURS . . . .	1864	1864	R.A.	{ F.A.S. G.G.	{ (Mr. James Reiss. (Mr. T. Turner). Sir John Kelk, Bart. (Mr. Sam Mendel).	Lady Pallisser.
	1864	1864	—	{ R.A.		
"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING "	1864	1864	—	{ G.G.	Mrs. T. Taylor.	Mrs. Stubbard.
"SWALLOW ! SWALLOW ! " .	1864	1865	R.A.	{ R.A.		
MASTER WYCLIF TAYLOR (son of Mr. Tom Taylor)	1864	1886	G.G.	G.G.	{ Mrs. Neston Diggle. (Mr. Noble).	
	—	1864	R.A.	R.A.		
LILLY (daughter of J. Noble, Esq.)	—	1864	R.A.	R.A.	{ Mrs. J. L. Daniel. (Major-Gen. Bythesea).	
HAROLD (son of the Dowager Countess of Winchelsea)	—	1864	R.A.	R.A.		
THE CONJURER . . . .	1864	1886	G.G.	{ G.G. P. '67.	Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bt. (Mr. F. T. Turner).	Miss Muir Mackenzie.
THE PARABLE OF THE TARES ; or, "The Enemy Sowing Tares"	—	1865	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.		
JOAN OF ARC . . . .	—	1865	R.A.	R.A.	Sir I. Lowthian Bell, Bt. (Mr. F. T. Turner).	Miss Scott.
ESTHER . . . .	—	1865	R.A.	R.A.		
THE ROMANS LEAVING BRITAIN }	1865	1865	{ P. '67. R.A.	R.A.	—	Miss Maitland.
THE GREEK SLAVE . . . .	—	—	—	—		
THE ROMANS LEAVING BRITAIN (oil copy) }	1865	—	—	—	—	Miss O'Kell
ESTHER (oil copy) . . . .	1865	—	—	—		
MISS DAVIDSON . . . .	1865	—	—	—	—	
ATTENTION DIVERTED . . . .	—	1865	Fr. Gallery	—		

RED RIDING HOOD . . .	1864	1865	{ French Gallery.	G. G.	Rt. Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P.	Effie Millais.
THE MINUET . . .	1866	1867	R.A.	{ F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	{ Sir John Kelk, Bart. }	Effie Millais (Mrs. James).
"SLEEPING" . . .	—	1867	R.A.	{ M. '87. G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. C. J. Shaw. (Mr. J. C. Harter). }	Alice Millais (Mrs. Stuart-Wortley).
"WAKING" . . .	—	1867	R.A.	{ M. '87. G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. Holbrook Gaskell. }	Mary Millais.
JEPHTHAH . . .	1867	1867	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Lord Armstrong, C.B. (Mr. S. Mendel). (Mr. W. Armstrong). }	Col. Lindsay. Miss Russel.
MASTER CAYLEY . . .	—	1867	R.A.	—	{ Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. E. C. Potter). }	
STELLA . . .	1868	1868	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mrs. Holt. (Mr. G. Holt). (Mr. E. C. Potter). }	
VANESSA . . .	1868	1869	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Institution of Civil En- gineers. }	
SIR JOHN FOWLER, Bart., C.E.	1868	1869	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. J. C. Buntten. (Mr. A. W. Kurtz). }	Mrs. Stibbard, Mrs. Ellis, and an actor.
ROSALIND AND CELIA . . .	1868	1868	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Royal Academy. }	
A SOUVENIR OF VELASQUEZ	1868	1868	R.A.	{ L. '71. P. '78. G.G. R.A.	{ Mrs. C. E. Lees. (Mr. C. P. Matthews). }	Effie, Mary, and Alice Millais.
SISTERS . . .	1868	1868	R.A.	{ M. '87. Bm. R.A.	{ Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. McConnel). }	
GREENWICH PENSIONERS AT THE TOMB OF NELSON (originally "Pilgrims to St. Paul's")	—	1868	R.A.	{ R.A.	{ Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. J. Heugh). }	
GREENWICH PENSIONERS AT THE TOMB OF NELSON (small oil version)	—	—	R.A.	—		
THE BRIDE . . .	—	—	—	—		
HEAD OF A GIRL . . .	—	—	—	—		
EXCELSIOR . . .	—	—	—	—		

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
MILKING TIME . . . . .	—	1868	—	—	(Mr. Albert Grant).	
THE GAMBLER'S WIFE* . . . . .	—	1869	R.A.	{ P. '78 M. '87 G.G. }	{ Mr. Humphrey Roberts. (Mr. J. Farnworth). }	{ Miss Silver (who also sat for "The Widow's Mite"). }
NINA (daughter of F. Lehmann, Esq.) . . . . .	1869	1869	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. }	{ R.A. Mrs. Frederick Lehmann. }	
A DREAM OF DAWN . . . . .	—	1869	R.A.	—	—	
THE END OF THE CHAPTER . . . . .	—	1869	R.A.	—	—	
A WIDOW'S MITE . . . . .	—	1870	R.A.	{ Em. R.A. }	{ Corpn. of Birmingham. }	Miss Silver.
A FLOOD . . . . .	1870	1870	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. }	{ Corpn. of Manchester. (Mr. C. P. Matthews). }	Sophie Millais. Fred Walker's cat, Eel-eye.
CHILL OCTOBER . . . . .	1870	1871	R.A.	{ P. '78 F.A.S. G.G. }	{ Lord Armstrong, C.B. (Mr. S. Mendel). }	Kinfaun's backwater, River Tay.
THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH . . . . .	1870	1870	R.A.	{ M. '87 F.A.S. G.G. }	{ Mr. James Reiss. }	Professional model. Everett and George Millais.
SIR JOHN KELK, Bart. . . . .	1870	1870	R.A.	{ R.A. }	{ Sir John Kelk, Bart. Nat. Gall. of British Art. }	
THE KNIGHT-ERRANT . . . . .	1870	1870	R.A.	{ L. '71 G.G. }	{ (Mr. Albert Grant). (Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P.) (Mr. Henry Tate). }	
MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLY . . . . .	—	1870	R.A.	—	—	
"YES" OR "NO"? . . . . .	1871	1871	R.A.	{ P. '78 G.G. R.A. }	{ Mrs. Moir. }	Mrs. Ellis. Mrs. Stibbard.
FLOWING TO THE RIVER . . . . .	1871	1872	R.A.	R.A.	{ Mr. Samuel Lewis. (Mr. E. L. Benzon). (Mr. Kurtz). }	{ Stormontfield Salmon Ponds and Mill (six miles above Perth). }

\* Millais received £250 for "The Gambler's Wife," while Mr. Humphrey Roberts is said to have refused £5000 for the picture.

MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY . . .	1871	—	—	Corpn. of Liverpool.
MISUNDERSTOOD . . .	1872	—	—	University of London.
GEORGE GROTE . . .	1871	1871	R.A.	Corpn. of Manchester. (Mrs. Leopold Reiss). (Mr. Albert Grant). (Mr. R. Brocklebank).
"VICTORY, O LORD!" . . .	—	1871	R.A.	{ M. '87 G.G. R.A.
A SOMNAMBULIST . . .	—	1871	R.A.	{ G.G. M. '87
MRS. HEUGH . . .	1872	1873	R.A.	{ M. '87 M. '87 R.A.
"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS" . . .	1872	1872	R.A.	{ P. G.G. R.A.
SIR JAMES PAGET . . .	1872	1872	R.A.	{ M. '87 G.G. R.A.
FLOWING TO THE SEA . . .	—	1872	R.A.	G.G.
MASTER LIDDELL . . .	1871	1872	R.A.	—
MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER . . .	—	1872	R.A.	{ P. '78. G.G. R.A.
MRS. JEX BLAKE . . .	1872	—	—	Duke of Westminster.
"OH! THAT A DREAM SO LONG ENJOYED, ETC." . . .	1872	1873	R.A.	Rev. Jex Blake.
THOMAS HYDE HILLS, ESQ. . .	1873	—	—	Mr. Thomas Hills.
MRS. MILLAIS . . .	1873	—	—	Sir J. Millais.
HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD EARLY DAYS . . .	1873	1874 1873	R.A. R.A.	Lord Rothschild. (Mr. C. P. Matthews).
SCOTCH FIRS . . .	1873	1874	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.
MRS. BISCHOFFSHEIM . . .	1873	1873	R.A.	{ P. '78. G.G. R.A.
NEW LAID EGGS . . .	1873	1873	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.
SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT . . .	1873	1873	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.
				Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim. Mr. Peter Reid. Professor T. Case.
				{ Mrs. Secker. Mrs. Blennerhasset. Miss Armstrong.
				{ Waukmill Ferry (six miles above Perth). Female figure (Mrs. Stibbard).
				Birnam Hill, near Dunkeld, N.B.
				Miss Effie Millais (Mrs. James).

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
THE PICTURE OF HEALTH .	1874	1874	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE	1874	1874	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
THE FRINGE OF THE MOOR	1874	1875	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
MISS EVELEEN TENNANT (Mrs. F. H. Myers)	1874	1875	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
STILL FOR A MOMENT . . .	—	1874	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
WINTER FUEL . . .	1873	1874	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
A DAY-DREAM . . .	—	1874	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
FORBIDDEN FRUIT . . .	1875	1876	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
EVELINE (daughter of T. Evans Lees, Esq.)	1875	1875	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
GRACIA (daughter of T. Evans Lees, Esq.)	1875	1875	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
“No 1” . . . . .	1875	1875	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
THE DESERTED GARDEN . . .	1875	1875	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
FINDING THE OTTER* . . .	1874	—	—	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
REV. JEX BLAKE . . .	1875	—	—	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
THE CONVALESCENT . . .	1875	—	—	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
MR. JAMES WYATT . . .	1875	—	—	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	
“OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY”	1875	1876	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. { P. '78. M. '87. G.G. R.A. { M. '87. G.G. R.A. { G.G. R.A.	Miss Alice Millais. Captain Trelawny. Trochray Moor, Strathguy, N.B.	

\* Background, some hounds and figures by Sir Edwin Landseer; principal hounds, horses, figures, and the landscape, by Millais.

1875	"MODEL" (a Basset Hound)	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	Miss Alice Millais.
1875	THE CONVALESCENT	1875	R.A.	Mr. George Belliss.	Miss Alice Millais.
—	THE CROWN OF LOVE	—	{ G.G.	{ Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.	Mrs. Ellis.
1876	"STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!"	1877	{ R.A.	{ Mr. Hy. Schlesinger.	
1876	MRS. SEBASTIAN SCHLES- INGER	1876	{ G.G.	{ National Gallery.	Col. Robert Montagu.
—	A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.	1877	{ P. '78.	{ (Mr. H. Hodgkinson).	
1876	TWIN DAUGHTERS OF T. R.	1878	{ F.A.S.	{ Mrs. Hoare.	Miss Alice Millais.
1876	HOARE, ESQ. ("Twins")	1876	{ G.G.	{ Mr. Humphrey Roberts.	J. G. Millais.
1876	GETTING BETTER	—	{ R.A.	{ (Mr. E. Hermon, M.P.).	
1876	GEORGE MILLAIS	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
(1876)	EVERETT MILLAIS	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
(1876)	MISS EFFIE MILLAIS	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
(1876)	MISS MARY MILLAIS	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
(1876)	MISS ALICE CAROLINE MILLAIS	—	R.A.	Lady Millais.	
1876	ITALIAN GIRL, AN (for a time known as "Pippa")	—	—	{ Mr. J. Dunnachie of Glenboig.	
—	LORD LYTTON	1876	R.A.	{ South Kensington Mus.	
—	DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER	1876	R.A.	{ John Forster.	
—	COUNTESS GROSVENOR	1877	—	{ Earl Grosvenor.	
—	LADY BEATRICE GROSVENOR	1877	G.G.	Duke of Westminster.	
1876	MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE	—	G.G.	Duke of Westminster.	
1876	MRS. JAMES REISS	—	—	Mr. James Reiss.	
1876	LORD RONALD GOWER.	1881	F.A.S.	{ Shakespeare Museum, Stratford-on-Avon.	Miss Florence Coleridge.
1877	RED RIDING HOOD	—	—	{ (Lord Ronald Gower.	
1877	A GOOD RESOLVE	—	—	{ Mrs. MacDonald of Kepplestone.	
1877	EFFIE DEANS (oil copy)	—	—	{ Mr. Julius Reiss.	
1877	THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY	1877	{ G.G.	{ British and Foreign Bible Society.	
—		—	{ R.A.		

TITLE	DATE		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
EFFIE DEANS . . . . .	1877	1877	{ King St. Gallery.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Sir Edmund Loder, Bart. (Mr. Arbutnot). (Mr. Bischoffsheim). (Mr. Robert Loder, M.P.).	{ Mrs. Langtry. Mr. Arthur James. Mr Everett Millais.
A GOOD RESOLVE . . . . .	1877	1878	G.G.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. Julius Reiss.	Mr. Lionel Benson.
"YES!" . . . . .	1877	1877	R.A.	R.A.	Exors. Mr. James Renton.	Miss Maxse.
PUSS-IN-BOOTS . . . . .	1877	1877	{ McLean's Gallery.	R.A.	{ Sir W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart.	
THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS } . . . . .	1876	1877	R.A.	G.G.	(Mr. David Price).	Scene just above Rumbling Brig, nr. Dunkeld.
BRIGHT EYES . . . . .	1877	—	—	G.G.	Mrs. Macdonald.	
MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE . . . . .	—	1877	G.G.	—	Duke of Westminster.	
THOMAS CARLYLE . . . . .	1877	—	—	G.G.	{ Nat. Port. Gallery. (Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley).	
MRS. STIBBARD . . . . .	1878	1879	G.G.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. G. D. Stibbard.	
A JERSEY LILY . . . . .	—	1878	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. H. M. Kennard.	Mrs. Langtry.
THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER . . . . .	1878	1878	R.A.	{ F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	{ Royal Holloway College. (Mr. Holloway).	Professional.
ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER . . . . .	—	1878	R.A.	—	{ (Mr. Lee). (Mr. Bullock).	Birmam, N.B.
MRS. C. BUXTON . . . . .	1879	—	—	—	Mr. C. Buxton.	
COUNTESS OF CARYSFORT . . . . .	—	1878	R.A.	—	{ Mr. Angus Holden. (Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt).	Mr. Arthur James.
BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR . . . . .	—	1878	{ King St. Gallery.	M. '87. { G.G. R.A.	{ Mrs. Schenley.	
MISS HERMIONE SCHENLEY . . . . .	1879	1880	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mrs. Schenley.	
THE BRIDESMAID . . . . .	1879	—	—	R.A.	{ Mr. J. W. Knight. (Mr. T. E. Plint).	Miss Mary Millais.
MRS. JOPLING . . . . .	1879	1880	G.G.	{ G.G. B. R.A.	{ Mrs. Lindsay M. Jopling. (Mrs. Louise Jopling-Rowe).	



1879	MRS. S. H. BEDDINGTON	1879	R.A.	R.A.	M. '87.	Mr. S. H. Beddington.
1879	RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE	1879	R.A.	R.A.	{ P. '89. G.G.	{ Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. (Duke of Westminster, K.G.)
1879	THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH	1881	F.A.S.	F.A.S.	{ F.A.S. G.G.	{ Royal Holloway College, (Mr. T. Holloway).
1879	MISS BEATRICE CAIRD	—	—	—	{ R.A. G.G.	{ Mr. G. D. Stibbard. (Mrs. Gray).
1879	CHERRY RIPE	—	—	—	{ P. '89. R.A.	{ Mr. C. J. Wertheimer. (The Graphic).
1879	URQUHART CASTLE	1879	R.A.	R.A.	{ R.A. G.G.	{ Exors. Mr. J. Renton. Mr. A. Kennard.
—	MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD	1879	R.A.	—	—	—
1879	A MOORISH CHIEF	—	—	—	—	—
—	MISS CATHERINE MURIEL COWELL STEPNEY (originally "Portrait of a Child")	1880	R.A.	R.A.	R.A.	{ (Hon. Lady Cowell Stepney.
1880	BISHOP FRASER	1881	R.A.	R.A.	{ M. '87. R.A.	{ Corpn. of Manchester. (Dr. Fraser).
1880	MRS. PERUGINI	1881	G.G.	—	R.A.	Mr. C. E. Perugini.
1880	DIANA VERNON	—	—	—	R.A.	Mr. G. Gurney.
1880	RT. HON. JOHN BRIGHT	1880	R.A.	R.A.	{ M. '87. R.A.	{ Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P. (Sir Wm. Agnew, Bart., M.P.)
1880	MRS. CAIRD	—	—	—	R.A.	Exors. late Lady Millais.
1880	"CUCKOO!"	1880	R.A.	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. (Mr. Lees).
1880	RICHARD COMBE	—	—	—	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. Richard Combe. St. Bartholomew's Hos- pital.
1880	LUTHER HOLDEN, P.R.C.S.	1880	R.A.	R.A.	G.G.	Sir Arthur Otway, Bart.
(1880)	MISS EVELYN OTWAY	—	—	—	—	Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
—	SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART.	1880	R.A.	—	—	—
—	GIRL WITH VIOLETS (small picture)	—	—	—	—	—
						The Honble. Caroline Roche.

Miss Sophie Millais.

Miss Edie Ramage.

Glen Urquhart, Loch Ness, N.B.

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	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
GIRL AT THE STILE (small picture)	—	—	—	—	—	—
D. THWAITES . . . . .	1881	1882	R.A.	R.A.	Mrs. Thwaites.	—
CARDINAL NEWMAN . . . . .	1881	1882	R.A.	{ M. '87. R.A.	Duke of Norfolk, K.G.	—
CHILDREN OF OCTAVIUS MOULTON BARRETT, ESQ.	1881	1882	G.G.	{ G.G. R.A.	Mr. O. M. Barrett,	—
"SWEETEST EYES WERE EVER SEEN"	1881	1881	G.G.	{ G.G. R.A.	Mrs. Sanders.	—
REV. JOHN CAIRD, D.D. . . . .	—	1881	R.A.	{ R.A. G.G.	(Mr. Everett Gray). University of Glasgow.	Miss Beatrice Buckstone.
JAMES GARRET . . . . .	1881	—	—	—	{ James Garret of Balti- more.	—
SIR J. D. ASTLEY, BART. . . . .	1881	1881	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A.	Sir James Astley Corbett, Bart.	—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON . . . . .	1881	1881	F.A.S.	{ F.A.S. G.G. R.A.	Mr. James Knowles.	—
SIR HENRY THOMPSON . . . . .	1881	1882	R.A.	{ M. '87. G.G. R.A.	Sir Henry Thompson.	—
LITTLE MRS. GAMP . . . . .	1881	—	—	R.A.	T. Agnew & Sons.	—
CINDERELLA . . . . .	1881	1881	R.A.	{ P. '89. R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	Miss Beatrice Buckstone.
CAPTAIN JAMES (Royal Scots Greys)	—	1881	R.A.	G.G.	(Major James).	—
MRS. JAMES (see Miss Effie Millais)	—	—	—	—	—	—
SIR GILBERT GREENALL . . . . .	(1880)	1881	R.A.	G.G.	Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.	—
CALLER HERRIN' . . . . .	1881	1882	F.A.S.	G.G.	Mr. Walter Dunlop.	—
DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER (Lady Constance Leveson-Gower)	1881	—	—	—	Lord Ronald Gower.	—
LORD WIMBORNE . . . . .	—	1881	R.A.	—	Lord Wimborne.	—
THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD	—	1881	R.A.	{ M. '87. G.G.	(Rt. Hon. W. II. Smith, M.P.)	Miss Beatrice Buckstone.
NON ANGLI SED ANGELI . . . . .	—	1881	—	—	Mr. Tonge.	—

POMONA . . . . .	1882	1882	{ Tooth's Gallery, {	{ G.G. R.A. {	{ Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor (1898). (Mr. C. Neck), Mr. J. Stern, R. Budgett, Esq., M. J. Orrock, (Mr. E. J. Poole), Duke of Westminster, K.G., Mr. H. F. Makins. }	Miss Margaret Millais (Mrs. Parkinson).
MRS. JAMES STERN . . . . .	1882	1882	R.A.	{ G.G. R.A. {	{ Mr. J. Stern, R. Budgett, Esq., M. J. Orrock, (Mr. E. J. Poole), Duke of Westminster, K.G., Mr. H. F. Makins. }	
OLIVIA . . . . .	1882	1883	{ Tooth's Gallery, {	{ G.G. R.A. {	{ Mr. J. Stern, R. Budgett, Esq., M. J. Orrock, (Mr. E. J. Poole), Duke of Westminster, K.G., Mr. H. F. Makins. }	
DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER . . . . .	1882	—	—	{ G.G. R.A. {	{ Duke of Westminster, K.G., Mr. H. F. Makins. }	
“FOR THE SQUIRE” . . . . .	1882	1883	G.G.	{ G.G. R.A. {	{ Mr. H. F. Makins. }	
J. C. HOOK, R.A. . . . .	1882	1883	R.A.	{ P. '89, G.G. R.A. {	{ Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A. }	
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH (“A Little Duchess”) . . . . .	1882	1882	R.A.	{ R.A. {	{ H.M. the Queen, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, (Mr. E. Fox-White), National Gallery of British Art, (Mr. J. Dyson Perrins), Mr. R. Budgett. }	Mrs. James.
THE STOWAWAY . . . . .	1882	1885	D.G.	{ R.A. {	{ H.M. the Queen, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, (Mr. E. Fox-White), National Gallery of British Art, (Mr. J. Dyson Perrins), Mr. R. Budgett. }	
NELL GWYNNE (called in Official Catalogue “An Equestrian Portrait”) . . . . .	1882	1897	{ N.G. B.A. }	{ — {	{ Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, (Mr. E. Fox-White), National Gallery of British Art, (Mr. J. Dyson Perrins), Mr. R. Budgett. }	
DOROTHY THORPE . . . . .	—	1882	R.A.	G.G.	{ (Mr. J. Dyson Perrins), Mr. R. Budgett. }	
MRS. RICHARD BUDGETT . . . . .	—	1882	R.A.	—	{ (Mr. J. Dyson Perrins), Mr. R. Budgett. }	
MRS. GARROW-WHITBY . . . . .	—	1882	G.G.	—	{ (Mr. J. Dyson Perrins), Mr. R. Budgett. }	
LOVE BIRDS (originally “Une Grande Dame”) . . . . .	—	1883	R.A.	—	{ (Mr. J. Dyson Perrins), Mr. R. Budgett. }	
THE CAPTIVE . . . . .	—	1882	F.A.S.	—	{ Gallery of New South Wales, Mrs. Ernest Hills, (Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P.), (Mr. R. Brocklebank), Hn. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., (Rt. Hn. W. H. Smith, M.P.), Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone. }	Miss Ruby Streatfield (Hon. Mrs. Colville).
DROPPED FROM THE NEST . . . . .	—	1883	F.A.S.	{ G.G. R.A. {	{ Mrs. Ernest Hills, (Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P.), (Mr. R. Brocklebank), Hn. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., (Rt. Hn. W. H. Smith, M.P.), Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone. }	
MARQUESS OF SALISBURY . . . . .	1883	1883	R.A.	{ M. '87, G.G. R.A. {	{ Mrs. Ernest Hills, (Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P.), (Mr. R. Brocklebank), Hn. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., (Rt. Hn. W. H. Smith, M.P.), Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone. }	
GEORGE DU MAURIER . . . . .	1883	—	—	—	{ Mrs. Ernest Hills, (Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P.), (Mr. R. Brocklebank), Hn. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., (Rt. Hn. W. H. Smith, M.P.), Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone. }	
THE YOUNG MOTHER . . . . .	1883	—	—	—	{ Mrs. Ernest Hills, (Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P.), (Mr. R. Brocklebank), Hn. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., (Rt. Hn. W. H. Smith, M.P.), Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone. }	Lady Elizabeth Manners.

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	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
JOSEPH JONES, ESQ. . . . .	1883	—	—	—	Mr. Joseph Jones.	
SIR CHARLES RUSSELL . . . . .	1883	—	—	—	Sir George Russell.	
J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. . . . .	1883	—	—	—	{ Mrs. Macdonald of Kepplestone.	Mrs. James.
FORGET-ME-NOT . . . . .	1883	1883	R.A.	R.A.	J. G. Millais.	
THE GREY LADY . . . . .	1883	1883	R.A.	G.G.	Messrs. Agnew.	
T. H. ISMAY . . . . .	—	—	R.A.	—	Mr. T. H. Ismay.	
CHARLES WARING . . . . .	—	1883	R.A.	—	—	
MASTER FREEMAN . . . . .	—	—	—	—	—	
SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART., P. R.A. . . . .	1883	—	—	—	Mrs. Macdonald.	
LITTLE MISS MUFFETT . . . . .	1884	1884	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mr. J. M. Keiller.	
PERFECT BLISS . . . . .	1884	1884	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	{ R.A.	{ Mr. G. McCulloch. { (Mr. C. Wertheimer).	
AN IDYLL, 1745 . . . . .	1884	1884	R.A.	{ R.A. R.A.	{ Sir F. Wigan, Bart.	
LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE . . . . .	1884	1885	R.A.	R.A.	Earl of Rosebery, K.G.	
LADY CAMPBELL . . . . .	1884	1884	G. G.	{ G.G. R.A.	{ Mrs. Fredk. Lehmann.	
A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA (not "Deep") . . . . .	1884	1884	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	
THE MISTLETOE-GATHERER . . . . .	1884	1884	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	
SIR HENRY IRVING . . . . .	—	1884	R.A.	G.G.	Garrick Club.	
FLEETWOOD WILSON . . . . .	—	1884	R.A.	G.G.	Mr. Fleetwood Wilson.	
LADY GILBERT GREENALL . . . . .	1884	—	—	G.G.	Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bt.	
MISS SCOTT (of Philadelphia). . . . .	—	1884	R.A.	—	Mr. Freeman.	
MARQUESS OF LORNE . . . . .	—	1884	G. G.	—	{ National Gallery of Canada.	Miss Leila Campbell.
LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER . . . . .	1885	—	—	—	{ (Now in New York), Mr. Kingsland.	
MRS. JONES . . . . .	1885	—	—	—	Mr. Joseph Jones.	
RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE . . . . .	1885	—	—	—	Earl of Rosebery.	

THE RULING PASSION; or, "The Ornithologist"	1885	1885	R.A.	{ C. G.G. R.A. G.G. Do'des wells.	{ Lady Millais. Mr. J. S. Forbes. Mr. Ed. Fox-White. Mr. Fraser. (Mr. G. Nathan). Mr. W. H. Millais. Christ Church, Oxford. Lord Iveagh. { Messrs. A. & F. Pears. { <i>Illustrated London News</i> .	{ T. Oldham Barlow, R.A. Hon. A. Byng. { Miss Byng. George and William James.
ORPHANS . . . . .	—	1885	R.A.	—	—	—
A WAIF . . . . .	—	1885	1885	—	—	—
SIMON FRASER . . . . .	—	1885	R.A.	—	—	—
FOUND (hounds and buck in the picture by Landseer)	—	—	—	—	—	—
MISS MARGARET MILLAIS . . . . .	1883	1885	G.G.	G.G.	—	—
RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE	—	1885	G.G.	—	—	—
LILACS . . . . .	1886	1887	R.A.	R.A.	—	—
BUBBLES . . . . .	1886	1886	{ Tooth's Gallery.	{ P. '89. C. B. R.A.	—	William James, R.N.
T. O. BARLOW, R.A. . . . .	1886	1886	{ M. '87. R.A.	R.A.	Corporation of Oldham.	—
RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY	1886	1886	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	—	(Mr. M'Lean).	—
LORD ESHER	—	1887	G.G.	—	Mr. J. Dunnachie.	—
PIPPA (now "An Italian Girl")	—	1886	—	—	(Mr. M'Lean).	—
PORTIA . . . . .	1886	1886	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	—	—	—
MRS. CHARLES STUART- WORTLEY	1887	1887	G.G.	R.A.	{ Rt. Hon. C. Stuart- Wortley, M.P.	—
THE NEST . . . . .	1887	1887	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. W. H. Lever.	—
MURTHLY MOSS, PERTHSHIRE	1887	1887	R.A.	R.A.	{ Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P.	{ Carnleth Moss, between Stanley and Murthly, { looking north to Rohallion.
CECIL WEBB . . . . .	1887	1887	—	—	J. Webb, Esq., of Newstead.	—
JOHN GUILLE MILLAIS (unfinished)	1887	1887	—	R.A.	J. G. Millais.	—
MRS. ELDER . . . . .	1886	1886	—	—	Mrs. Elder.	—
THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON	1887	1887	—	—	The Duke of Devonshire.	—
PENSEROSO . . . . .	1887	1887	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	{ Mrs. Cameron. { (Mr. C. J. Wertheimer).	—
ALLEGRO . . . . .	1887	1887	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	R.A.	{ Mrs. Cameron. { (Mr. C. J. Wertheimer).	—

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	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
MERCY, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S } DAY, 1572	1886	1887	R.A.	—	{ Nat. Gall. of Brit. Art. { (Mr. Henry Tate.)	{ Lady Granby. Sophie Millais (nun). Geoffroy { Millais (cavalier). Rev. R. Lear (priest).
EARL OF ROSEBERY . . . MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON.	—	1887	R.A.	—	(Mr. J. S. Forbes).	Miss Sophie Millais.
CLARISSA . . . . .	1887	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	{	—	Cornelius Vanderbilt. Mr. Paul Hardy.	
MISS VANDERBILT . . . . .	1888	—	—	—	{ Executors Lady Millais.	
MRS. PAUL HARDY . . . . .	1888	R.A.	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. Pandelli Ralli.	{ Tronnach beat, near Birnam Hall, looking up the river.
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER	1888	N.G.	N.G.	{ P. '89. C.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer. Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	The Old Castle, Murthly.
MURTHLY WATER . . . . .	1888	R.A.	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.	
THE OLD GARDEN . . . . .	1888	R.A.	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. Fredk. Phillips.	
C. J. WERTHEIMER . . . . .	1888	G.G.	G.G.	R.A.	{ Mr. J. Orrcock. { (Lord Leighton, P.R.A.)	
CHRISTMAS EVE . . . . .	1888	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	{	R.A.	(Now in United States).	
TWA BAINS (Frederick and Mary Stewart Phillips, chil- dren of Frederick Phillips, Esq., of Godshill, Isle-of- Wight)	1888	—	—	—	Mrs. King Harman. Mrs. Sandars.	Gellies Wood, Murthly, N.B.
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN . . . . .	1888	G.G.	G.G.	—	{ Mr. G. McCulloch. {	The Mill Pond, Murthly, N.B., looking south.
FORLORN . . . . .	—	N.G.	N.G.	—	Mr. J. Ogston.	Carnleth little bog, Murthly, looking south.
SHELLING PEAS . . . . .	—	G.G.	G.G.	C.		
DUCKLINGS . . . . .	1889	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	{	—		
AFTERNOON TEA (by the artist called "Gossips")	1889	{ M'Lean's Gallery.	{	—		
COL. KING HARMAN, M.P.	1889	—	—	R.A.		
DEW-DRENCHED FURZE . . . . .	1890	N.G.	N.G.	{ C. R.A.		
LINGERING AUTUMN . . . . .	1890	R.A.	R.A.	{ R.A. R.A.		
"THE MOON IS UP, AND YET IT IS NOT NIGHT"	1890	R.A.	R.A.	R.A.		

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and his Grandson.	—	1890	R.A.	—	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
Portrait of a Lady . . .	—	1890	N.G.	—	
Master Ranken . . .	—	1880	G.G.	—	
Hon. Mrs. Herbert Gibbs.	1891	1891	R.A.	R.A.	Hon. Herbert Gibbs.
Glen Birnam . . .	1891	1891	R.A.	R.A.	{ Mrs. Rylands. Mr. C. Wertheimer.
Grace . . .	1891	1891	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. Julian Senior.
Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.	1891	1891	R.A.	R.A.	{ Rt. Hon. Joseph Cham- berlain, M.P.
Mrs. Charles Wertheimer	1891	—	—	R.A.	Mr. C. J. Wertheimer.
Dorothy, daughter of Mrs. Harry Lawson	—	1891	R.A.	—	
"The Little Speedwell's Darling Blue"	1892	1892	R.A.	R.A.	{ Mr. W. H. Lever. { (Sir Julian Goldsmid).
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind!"	1892	1892	R.A.	R.A.	Major Joicey.
Halcyon Weather . . .	1892	1892	R.A.	{ C. R.A.	Lady Millais.
Master Anthony de Rothschild	1892	—	—	R.A.	{ Mr. Leopold de Roths- child.
"Sweet Emma Morland".	1892	1892	N.G.	R.A.	Mr. Stephen T. Gooden.
John Hare . . .	1893	1893	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. John Hare.
The Girlhood of St. Theresa	1893	1893	R.A.	R.A.	Mr. E. M. Denny.
Pensive (or Sad) . . .	—	1893	R.A.	—	Mrs. Cameron.
Merry . . .	—	1893	R.A.	—	Mrs. Cameron.
"Speak! Speak!" . . .	1895	1895	R.A.	R.A.	Nat. Gall. of Brit. Art.
Time, the Reaper . . .	1895	1895	N.G.	R.A.	Lady Millais.
St. Stephen . . .	1895	1895	R.A.	R.A.	Nat. Gall. of Brit. Art.
The Empty Cage . . .	—	1895	N.G.	—	
Ada, daughter of Robert Rintoul Simon, Esq.	—	1895	R.A.	—	
A Disciple . . .	1895	1895	R.A.	—	{ Nat. Gall. of Brit. Art. { (Mr. Henry Tate.)
					Mrs. Bartin.
					Miss Phyllis James.
					Corsey Hill and Kinnoull Woods, Perth, N.B.
					Backwater, near New Mill House, Stanley, N.B.
					{ Miss Hope Anderson. Miss Buchanan White. Also professional.
					Mr. Gordon McEwen.
					Miss Lloyd.

TITLE	DATE EXHIBITED		FIRST EXHIBITED	SUB-SEQUENT EXHIBITION	OWNER (PRESENT OR FORMER)	MODEL FOR
	SIGNED	EXHIBITED				
A FORERUNNER . . . . .	1896	1896	R.A.	R.A.	Sir Charles Tennant.	Professional.
SIR ROBERT FULLAR . . . . .	1896	—	—	R.A.	Sir Robert Fullar.	
SIR RICHARD QUAIN, BART. . . . .	1896	1896	R.A.	R.A.	Sir Richard Quain.	
STANLEY LEIGHTON, M.P. . . . .	—	1896	—	—	Lord Manners.	
THE HON. JOHN NEVILLE } MANNERS }	—	1896	R.A.	—	Marquis of Tweeddale.	
THE MARCHIONESS OF } TWEEDDALE }	—	1896	R.A.	—	Captain Crabbie.	
MASTER CRABBIE . . . . .	1896	—	—	—	—	

In addition to the above, Spielmann gives:—

THE BRIDE . . . . .	. . . . .	in the possession of	Mr. A. D. Grimmond.
BRIGHT EYES . . . . .	. . . . .	"	—
THE GOOD KNIGHT . . . . .	. . . . .	"	—
THE SCHOOL TEACHER . . . . .	. . . . .	"	—
ROMEO AND JULIET . . . . .	. . . . .	"	Mr. A. Campbell Blair.
WINTER GARDEN . . . . .	. . . . .	"	Mr. Tankard.

Other oil pictures which Millais intended to paint, but which, from one cause or another, fell through, were:—

King Alfred. (1845.)	Christ feeding the Pigeons.
"Come unto Me, ye weary." (1852.)	St. Christopher.
The Return of the Crusaders. (1856.)	The Last Trek.
The Shipwreck.	A Seascape in the Orkney Islands.
Yeomen of the Guard searching the two Houses of Parliament.	

The seascape referred to was Millais' last ambition, being the only phase of Art which he had not touched. He felt that he could do it, and had he lived a few years longer there is no doubt he would have carried out his ideas. A grand scene for the subject had been determined upon. This was the view from a wild spot in the old church-yard in the island of Pomona, looking across an arm of the Atlantic to the gloomy precipices of Hoy.



## WATER-COLOURS

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	REMARKS
PARK SCENE WITH FAL- LOW DEER	c.1839	H. R. Lemprière.	
LOVERS UNDER A TREE	1839	William Millais.	
ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS LETTER TO THE LEM- PRIÈRE FAMILY	1844	H. R. Lemprière.	
VIEW NEAR ST. HELIERS.	1845	Geffroy Millais.	
PORTRAIT OF A CHILD	1846	J. H. Standen.	{ Sketch for Child in "Grand- father and Child." The original is now Mrs. Standen.
MARIANA . . . . .	c.1851		
MISS ALICE GRAY . . . . .	1853	George Gray.	{ Bust. Pencil and water- colour.
GEORGE GRAY . . . . .	1853	George Gray.	Pencil and water-colour.
EFFIE, DAUGHTER OF MR. GEORGE GRAY (after- wards Lady Millais)	1853	George Gray.	Size 10 × 8½.
LADY MILLAIS IN FANCY DRESS	—		
THE MARCHIONESS OF RIPON	1853	{ The Marquess of Ripon, K.G.	Size 5¼ × 7.
MISS SOPHIE GRAY . . . . .	1854	George Gray.	{ Size 9 × 7. Chalk and water- colour.
JOHN LEECH . . . . .	1854	{ National Portrait Gallery.	
MRS. JOHN LEECH . . . . .	—		
SIR ISUMBRAS . . . . .	1859	William Millais.	
PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY	1858		
THE WHITE COCKADE . . . . .	1862	Fine Art Society.	Size 4½ × 3¾.
THE RANSOM . . . . .	1862	George Gray.	Size 8 × 7¼.
FINDING OF MOSES . . . . .	1862	Gambart.	Sketch for oil picture.
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER	1863	Gambart.	
TWO WATER-COLOURS . . . . .	1863	Mr. Colls.	No title given.
THE WISE VIRGINS . . . . .	1863	Mr. Watson.	
THE FOOLISH VIRGINS . . . . .	1863	Mr. Watson.	
STUDY OF A ROMAN GIRL.	1863	Mr. Colls.	
MARGERET WILSON . . . . .	1863		
THE ORDER OF RELEASE . . . . .	1863	Agnew.	
THE HUGUENOT . . . . .	1863	Agnew.	
MY FIRST SERMON . . . . .	1864	Agnew.	
MY SECOND SERMON . . . . .	1864	Agnew.	
"CHARLIE IS MY DARLING"	1864	Agnew.	
SWALLOW! SWALLOW!	1864	G. D. Stibbard.	Size 9¾ × 7.
THE EVIL ONE SOWING TARES	1865	W. Quilter.	
OPHELIA . . . . .	1866	W. Quilter.	
TWO WATER-COLOURS . . . . .	1866	—	No title.
THE MINUET . . . . .	1866	Gambart.	
THE HUGUENOT . . . . .	1866	Gambart.	
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER	1867	Gambart.	
WILL HE COME? . . . . .	1868	Mr. Baker.	
MR. FOWLER . . . . .	1868	Sir John Fowler.	
A WATER-COLOUR . . . . .	1868	Agnew.	No title.

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	REMARKS
YOUTH AND AGE . . .	1869	Lady Lindsay.	Size $9\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ .
ILLUSTRATION FOR MOORE'S "LALLA ROOKH" } THE WIFE } A GIRL SERVING (a book } illustration) } EFFIE LADY MILLAIS . } SISTER ANNA'S PROBA- } TION } MISS EFFIE MILLAIS . } A SHEPHERDESS . . . } TWO FIGURES ON A ROAD. } ANGLERS OF THE DOVE . } THE PRINCE CARRYING } THE PRINCESS UP THE } HILL } AMINE AND THE LADY . } ZOBEBIDE DISCOVERS THE } YOUNG MAN READING } THE KORAN }	—	—	{ This is the largest water colour Millais ever did. Highly finished. For <i>Once a Week</i> . For <i>Once a Week</i> . For <i>Once a Week</i> . { Size $9 \times 7$ . In fancy dress. Full length. Size $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ . Size $6\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ . Sketch for <i>Once a Week</i> . Size $5 \times 4$ . Sketch for <i>Once a Week</i> . Size $4\frac{3}{4} \times 4$ . Size $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ .
	1875		
	—	E. Dalziel.	
	—	G. Dalziel.	

Mr. M. H. Spielmann kindly sends me the names of the following, of which I have no notes or information. Several of these are, however, sure to be included in the above list under water-colours of no title.

THE APPOINTMENT  
THE BIRD'S-NEST  
THE BRUNETTE  
A DREAM AT DAWN  
THE END OF THE CHAPTER  
THE FISHERMAN  
THE GHOST STORY  
THE GIPSY (with baby)  
HASTINGS  
"MARK," SHE SAID, "THE MEN ARE  
HERE"

A MOTHER'S LOVE  
THE OLD STORY  
PALACE OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY  
PARABLE OF THE STRAYED SHEEP  
PORTRAIT OF A CHILD  
THE ROCKING-HORSE  
THE SEAMSTRESS  
THE SEQUEL  
A SHEPHERDESS  
YES OR NO?  
YOUTH AND AGE

## BLACK-AND-WHITE DRAWINGS

**M**OST of the drawings done by Millais during his childhood and youth are now in the possession of the family. Many are, however, not applicable to successful reproduction, so they have not been figured. The artist made elaborate drawings for many of his more important Pre-Raphaelite works, but the resting-place of but few are known.

It was in 1859 that the artist seriously commenced book-illustration, and from this year to 1864 he did an immense number of pictures for books and periodicals. Notable amongst these were eighty-seven drawings which he executed for Anthony Trollope's novels, *Orley Farm*, *Framley Parsonage*, *The Small House at Allington*, *Rachael Ray*, and *Phineas Finn*.

After 1864 he only occasionally made studies for his pictures, whilst in illustration he rarely employed his pen and pencil, except to oblige some personal friend. Not being in a position to trace and name the drawings that were delivered to publishers between 1859-1864, I have merely inserted dates of delivery of work, giving names where it is possible. Nearly the whole of these drawings having been worked direct in the wood blocks were destroyed in process of cutting.

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	MEDIUM
TURKS ROBBING A CHEST.	1839	J. G. Millais.	Pen and ink.
MAN ON A BOLTING HORSE	1839	William Millais.	Wash.
MÊLÉE IN A BANQUETING HALL	1839	J. G. Millais.	Line in sepia ink.
CHARLES II.'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO LONDON. (Won the Society of Arts Medal)	1839	William Millais.	Pencil.
SCENE IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.	1840	J. G. Millais.	Pencil.
BENJAMITES SEIZING THEIR BRIDES	1840	Geoffroy Millais.	Pen and ink.
SCENE FROM "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK"	1841	William Millais.	Sepia.
DESIGN FOR THE COVER OF A BOOK ON ARMOUR *	1845	Geoffroy Millais.	Pen and ink.
THE LEMPRIÈRE FAMILY.	1845	General A. Lemprière.	Pencil.
DESIGN FOR BOOK-PLATE "NARCISSUS"	1846	Geoffroy Millais.	Pen and ink.
WOOD SCENE, WITH GIPSY D. G. ROSSETTI DRINKING	1846	Fairfax Murray.	
(study for "Lorenzo and Isabella"; highly finished)	1847	J. G. Millais.	Indian ink and pencil.

\* At this time Millais frequently visited the Tower of London with his mother. There he made drawings of English armour from its earliest to its latest stage. In the book above mentioned are some twenty pages of carefully executed pen-and-ink drawings. They are not, however, interesting from the artistic point of view, except to show how thorough was the youthful artist's self-tuition. The cover is both artistic and of careful design.



During his first residence in the North, in 1853, Millais illustrated two books with highly finished drawings and sketches; many of them are comic. The following being the best are illustrated in this work. They belong conjointly to the author and his brother Geoffroy.

A Fishing Party on Loch Achray.  
 A Wet Day's Pastime (containing portraits of the artist, his brother William, and Sir Henry Acland.  
 The Best Day's Sketching.  
 Away-Ye-Goo.  
 The Kirk in Glen Finlass.  
 Sir Henry Acland.  
 Sir James Simpson.  
 Imitations of Vandyck.  
 Greuze.  
 Tourists at the Inn.  
 Designs for Gothic Windows.  
 Enter Lord and Lady Fiddledidee.

The Tourists' Highland Reel.  
 Sketch of the artist feeling sides of his room.  
 Sir Henry Acland assisting a certain lady to complete one of her large religious pictures.  
 A certain lady has large views on the subject of Art.  
 A Pretty Girl.  
 Bruce at the Siege of Acre.  
 Lord James Douglas provides for the Royal Household.  
 Death of Lord James Douglas.  
 Bruce and the Spider.  
 Black Agnes dusting Dunbar Castle.

#### 1848-1854.

Many of the sketches that Millais made for his pictures between these years were carefully preserved in a large volume by the artist's wife. This book now belongs to the author and his brother Geoffroy. The following sketches and finished drawings being considered his best are reproduced in these volumes:—

The three original ideas for "L'Enfant du Regiment."  
 Sketch for "Emma Morland" (Tennyson).  
 Three drawings of "Peace Concluded."  
 Roswell (an Irish wolf-hound).  
 Sketches for the "Crusaders."  
 The Crusader's Return.  
 Head of Ruth.  
 Various sketches (Tennyson illustrations).  
 The Parables (four sketches).  
 Edward Gray.  
 Study of a young girl looking away.

Study of a Child slipping from its mother.  
 Two first ideas for "The Royalist."  
 Two first ideas for "The Order of Release."  
 "Come unto Me, ye weary."  
 First ideas for "The Huguenot."  
 Pre-Raphaelite sketch.  
 Two drawings for the *Germ*.  
 Sketches for "Mariana."  
 Sketch for "Ferdinand lured by Ariel."  
 Sketch for a story by Rossetti to have been published in the *Germ*.

#### 1854.

Two sets of line drawings in the possession of Col. Luard:—

- (1) Eleven pen-and-ink drawings, illustrating a walking tour in the Highlands undertaken by the artist and his friend Charles Collins during the autumn of 1854.
- (2) Five pen-and-ink drawings, representing a day's shooting in Argyle. Characters: the artist, John Luard, Michael Halliday, and their host.

TITLE	DATE	OWNER	MEDIUM
HEAD OF MRS. STIBBARD AS A CHILD	1855	George Gray.	Pencil.
HEAD OF MRS. CAIRD AS A CHILD			
SKETCH OF DORA (Moxon Ed. of Tennyson)	1857	C. Fairfax Murray.	Pencil.
SKETCH OF ALICE GRAY FOR "APPLE BLOSSOMS"	1859	George Gray.	Pencil.
THE VALE OF REST . . .	1859	Virtue Tebbs.	Indian ink.
THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER INFANT DAUGHTER OF LADY EDWARDS	1860	F. B. Barwell.	Pencil.
A REVERIE . . . . .	1863	Lady Edwards.	
CHARLES DICKENS (Gad's Hill, June 10th, 1870)	1868	Mrs. MacEwen.	Wash and pencil.
THOMAS BEWICK (frontis- piece to <i>Game Birds and Shooting Sketches</i> , by J. G. Millais)	1870	Mrs. Perugini.	Pencil.
THE WILDFOWLER . . . . .	1891	J. G. Millais.	Wash.
THE LAST TREK (frontis- piece to <i>A Breath from the Veldt</i> , by J. G. Millais)	1894	J. G. Millais.	Line and wash.
MCLEOD OF DARE . . . . .	1896	I. Micklethwaite.	Black and white (body colour).
IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	—	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	{ (Illustration to W. Black's novel, pen and ink).
THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE	—	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Indian ink.
DORA . . . . .	—	H. Virtue Tebbs.	Pen and ink.
STUDY FOR THE RESCUE . . .	—	Sir William Bowman, Bart.	Pencil.
"WAS IT NOT A LIE?" . . .	—	D. Bates.	Chalk.
"THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH" }	—	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Sepia and Indian ink.
HEAD OF OPHELIA . . . . .	—	Francis Austen.	Pen and ink.
ST. AGNES . . . . .	—	Sir William Bowman, Bart.	Pencil.
	—	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Pen and ink with colour.

The following, without being in any way a complete list, shows something of Millais' black-and-white work for contemporary literature. Nearly all these drawings were destroyed on the wood-blocks.

### 1856.

- Jan. Twelve drawings for Tennyson.  
 July 1. Two drawings for Dalziel Bros.  
 Oct. 12. Further drawings for Tennyson, including "Dora," "Edward Gray," "Locksley Hall," and the "Miller's Daughter."

### 1857.

- June 27. Three drawings on the wood for Dalziel Bros.

Later Millais accepted a commission to do thirty drawings of the Parables of our Lord, for which he received £300.

## 1861.

- June He sold to Mr. Plint six *Framley Parsonage* drawings.\*  
 July 5. All the *Orley Farm* drawings were sent in.\*

## 1862.

- Jan. Bradbury and Evans. Seven drawings.  
 Dalziel. Three drawings for *Mistress and Maid* and one for *Olaf*.  
 April 2. Smith and Elder. Drawing of "Irene Wood."  
 „ 8. Chapman and Hall. Eight drawings.  
 June Dalziel. Six drawings for *Good Words*.  
 „ 29. Smith and Elder. One drawing, "Knight and Bishop."  
 July 3. Bradbury and Evans. Twelve drawings.  
 „ 27. *Cornhill Magazine*—"Black Gordon" and "Sir Tristram," "Woman nursing a Child."  
 Aug. 2. *London Society*. One drawing.  
 „ 19. Smith and Elder. Four drawings for *Small House at Allington*.  
 Oct. 9. Smith and Elder. Five drawings for *Mistress and Maid*.  
 „ 22. Macmillan. *Robinson Crusoe*. Two drawings.  
 „ 22. Sampson Low. *Maggie Band*. Two drawings.  
 Nov. 3. Smith and Elder. Two drawings. *Small House at Allington*.  
 „ 27. Dalziel. "Thoughtful Girls." Four drawings.  
 Dec. Drawing for the *Illustrated London News*.  
 „ 18. Bradbury and Evans. Nine drawings.

## 1863.

- Jan. 12. *London Society*. Four drawings.  
 „ 16. Dalziel Bros. Four drawings of "The Parables."  
 „ 17. Asked by Mark Lemon to illustrate a sensational novel. Refuses.  
 Mar. 4. Smith and Elder. Four drawings.  
 May 23. Bradbury and Evans. Six drawings.  
 June 1. Smith and Elder. Two drawings.  
 July 2. Smith and Elder. Drawings.  
 „ 18. "Iphis and Anaxarte."  
 „ 20. "Miss Eyre and Roswell" (Millais' dog).  
 „ 20. "Anglers of the Dove." Two drawings.  
 „ 20. "Queen Mary."  
 „ 28. "Everett Millais in a Swing."  
 „ 28. "Lovers."  
 „ 28. Mr. Sykes (a book-plate for).  
 Sept. 9. Drawings for Mr. Colls:—"The Parting of Ulysses," "Henrietta Maria,"  
 "The Crusader's Bride," "The White Cockade," "Old Letters."  
 „ 30. *No Name*. A drawing for Wilkie Collins.  
 Oct. 1. Hurst and Blackett. "Les Miserables," "Lost and Saved."  
 „ 13. Dalziel Bros. Four Parables.  
 Nov. 18. Mr. Burnett. Various drawings.  
 „ 18. Mr. Colls. Indian Girl, Effie and others.

\* Most of these drawings were executed in his chambers, 160, Piccadilly. For the backgrounds he took flying visits to the country.

## 1864.

- Jan. 1. Bradbury and Evans. Nine drawings.  
 ,, 14. Dalziel. *Arabian Nights*. Two drawings.  
 Feb. 18. Drawings for *Good Words*.  
 Sept. 22. Chapman. Drawing of Rachel Ray.  
 Oct. 6. Drawings for Smith and Elder.  
 Nov. 14. A little Swiss Boy.

## 1865.

- June Hurst and Blackett. Various drawings.

## 1866.

- May 26. Cassell and Co. Six drawings.

## 1867.

- March. Cassell, Petter and Co. "Little Songs." Various drawings.  
 Dec. 14. Virtue and Co. Four drawings for *St. Paul's*.  
 July. Virtue and Co. Five drawings for *St. Paul's*.

## 1868.

- Dec. Drawings for Anthony Trollope.

## 1869.

- Feb. 11. Virtue and Co. Six drawings.

## 1879.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. *Barry Lyndon* drawings.

## 1882.

A drawing for Anthony Trollope for *Good Words*.

No date.

Illustrations to Wilkie Collins' *No Name*.

## ETCHING.

Millais, although not caring for this method of artistic expression, at various times practised the art. The first example known is that of an etching which was to have illustrated a story by D. G. Rossetti in the fifth or stillborn number of *The Germ*.<sup>\*</sup> Between the years 1863-1865 he did several etchings, which cannot now be traced, whilst in the year 1865 it is certain that he joined an etching club. In that year, too, he etched his own coat of arms as a frontispiece to Mr. Payne's *Lineage of the Millais Family*.

<sup>\*</sup> Said to have been intended to illustrate a story by D. G. Rossetti called the "Intercession of St. Agnes."



## ENGRAVED PICTURES

Engravings in mezzotint or in the "mixed" manner (of mezzotint and etching combined) are entered in this list as mezzotints.

TITLE	ENGRAVER	METHOD	PUBLISHER	DATE
AFTERNOON TEA . . .	F. A. Laguillermie	Etching . . .	T. McLean . . .	1890
ASLEEP . . .	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint . . .	Henry Graves & Co.	1868
AUTUMN LEAVES . . .	J. Dobie . . .	Etching . . .	<i>Magazine of Art</i> . . .	1896
AWAKE . . .	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint . . .	Henry Graves & Co.	1868
BEACONSFIELD, THE EARL OF	H. Herkomer, R.A.	Mezzotint . . .	Fine Art Society . . .	1832
BENNETT, SIR W. STERNDALE	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint . . .	E. S. Palmer . . .	1875
BISCHOFFSHEIM, MRS.	C. Waltner . . .	Etching . . .	<i>L'Art</i> . . .	—
BLACK BRUNSWICKER, THE	T. L. Atkinson . . .	Mezzotint . . .	Henry Graves & Co.	1864
BLIND GIRL, THE . . .	—	Photogravure	<i>Magazine of Art</i> . . .	1893
BRIDE, THE . . .	—	Photogravure	<i>Magazine of Art</i> . . .	1896
BRIDE OF LAMMER- MOOR	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . . .	1881
BRIGHT, RT. HON. JOHN	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . . .	1882
BUBBLES . . .	G. H. Every . . .	Mezzotint . . .	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1837
CALLER HERRIN' . . .	H. Herkomer, R.A.	Mezzotint . . .	Fine Art Society . . .	1882
CAPTIVE, THE . . .	G. H. Every . . .	Mezzotint . . .	Fine Art Society . . .	1885
CARPENTER'S SHOP, THE	Prof. L. L. Gruner, of Dresden . . .	Mezzotint . . .	{ Moore, McQueen & Co. . . . .	1868
CARPENTER'S SHOP, THE	Thomas Brown . . .	Line . . .	<i>Art Journal</i> . . .	1883
CHERRY RIPE . . .	{ Samuel Cousins, R.A. . . . .	Mezzotint . . .	T. McLean . . .	1881
CHILL OCTOBER . . .	Brunet Debaines . . .	Etching . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . . .	1883
CHILL OCTOBER . . .	C. Waltner . . .	Etching . . .		
CHRISTMAS EVE . . .	{ R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A. . . . .	Etching . . .	T. McLean . . .	1889
CINDERELLA . . .	—	Photogravure	T. McLean . . .	1884
CLARISSA . . .	F. A. Laguillermie	Etching . . .	T. McLean . . .	1889
CONVALESCENT, THE . . .	Dujardin . . .	Heliogravure	<i>Magazine of Art</i> . . .	1888
DROPPED FROM THE NEST	—	Photogravure	Fine Art Society . . .	1884
EFFIE DEANS . . .	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mixed . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . . .	1878
ELIZABETH, PRINCESS FALLEN FROM THE NEST	T. L. Atkinson . . .	Mezzotint . . .	Fine Art Society . . .	1887
FLOOD, A . . .	—	—	—	—
FOR THE SQUIRE . . .	G. H. Every . . .	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . . .	1885
	C. Waltner . . .	Etching . . .	{ British and Foreign Artists' Association . . .	1881
FORBIDDEN FRUIT . . .	E. Gilbert Hester {	Etching and Mezzotint . . .	Arthur Lucas . . .	1897
GAMBLER'S WIFE, THE	Ch. Waltner . . .	Etching . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . . .	1879
GLADSTONE, RT. HON. W. E. (1879)	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . . .	1881
GLADSTONE, RT. HON. W. E. (1885)	—	Photogravure	<i>Magazine of Art</i> . . .	1889
GLADSTONE, RT. HON. W. E. AND GRAND- SON	D. A. Wehrschmidt	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . . .	1890

TITLE	ENGRAVER	METHOD	PUBLISHER	DATE
GOWER, LORD RONALD	P. A. Rajon .	Etching .	{ Lord R. Gower's <i>Reminiscences</i>	1877
GREENALL, SIR GILBERT	} T. O. Barlow, R. A.	Mixed .	Private Plate .	—
GREENWICH PEN-SIONERS	} H. Macbeth-Rae-burn	Etching .	<i>Magazine of Art</i> .	1896
HOOK, R. A., J. C. .	Otto Leyde, R. S. A.	Dry Point .	{ British and Foreign Artists' Association	1884
HOOK, R. A., J. C. .	A. H. Palmer .	Mezzotint .	Portfolio .	1888
HUGUENOT, THE .	T. O. Barlow, R. A.	Mezzotint .	{ D. T. White, and H. Graves & Co.	1856
HUGUENOT, THE .	G. Zobel .	{ Stipple and Etching	B. Brookes & Son .	1869
HUGUENOT, THE .	R. B. Parkes .	Mixed .	B. Brookes & Son .	1880
IDYLL OF 1745, AN .	W. Hole, R. S. A.	Etching .	Virtue & Co. .	1897
IRVING, HENRY .	T. O. Barlow, R. A. {	Mezzotint and Etching	Arthur Lucas .	1885
ISABELLA . . . .	H. Bourne . . .	Line . . . .	<i>Art Journal</i> . . .	1882
JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER	} ———	Photogravure	<i>Magazine of Art</i>	1891
JERSEY LILY, A. . .	T. O. Barlow, R. A.	Mixed . . . .	H. B. Ansdell . . .	1881
JUST AWAKE (see "Awake")	—————	—————	—————	—
LILACS . . . . .	G. H. Every . . .	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1888
LINGERING AUTUMN .	Th. Chauvel . . .	Etching . . . .	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1892
LITTLE DUCHESS, A (H. R. H. Princess Marie of Edinburgh. Crown Princess of Roumania)	} G. H. Every . . .	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1884
LITTLE MISS MUFFETT	{ T. L. Atkinson and S. Cousins, R. A.	Mezzotint . . .	T. McLean . . . .	1884
LOVE BIRDS . . . .	T. L. Atkinson . .	Mezzotint . . .	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1885
MANCHESTER, BISHOP FRASER OF	} T. L. Atkinson . .	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1882
MINUET, THE . . . .	{ Samuel Cousins, R. A.	Mezzotint . . .	Henry Graves & Co.	1868
MOORISH CHIEF, A .	C. Goodeve . . . .	Line . . . . .	<i>Art Journal</i> . . . .	1879
MURTHLY MOSS . . .	Brunet Debaines .	Etching . . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1890
MY FIRST SERMON .	T. O. Barlow, R. A.	Mezzotint . . .	Henry Graves & Co.	1865
MY SECOND SERMON .	T. O. Barlow, R. A.	Mezzotint . . .	Henry Graves & Co.	1865
NEST, THE . . . . .	G. H. Every . . . .	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1890
NEW LAID EGGS . . .	{ Samuel Cousins, R. A.	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1875
NEWMAN, CARDINAL .	T. O. Barlow, R. A.	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1884
"NO!" . . . . .	{ Samuel Cousins, R. A.	Mezzotint . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1877
NORTH-WEST PASSAGE	A. Mongin . . . .	Etching . . . .	{ British and Foreign Artists' Association	1881
OLD GARDEN, AN . .	{ R. W. Macbeth, A. R. A.	Etching . . . .	T. McLean . . . .	1891
OLIVIA . . . . .	J. Stephenson . . .	Mezzotint . . .	—————	—
OPHELIA . . . . .	J. Stephenson . . .	Mezzotint . . .	Henry Graves & Co.	1866
ORDER OF RELEASE, THE	} Samuel Cousins, R. A.	Mezzotint . . .	Henry Graves & Co.	1856
ORMONDE, MAR- CHIONESS OF	} C. Waltner . . . .	Etching . . . .	—————	—
ORPHANS . . . . .	—————	—————	T. McLean . . . .	—
"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY"	Brunet Debaines .	Etching . . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1888
PAGET, SIR JAMES, BART.	T. O. Barlow . . .	Mixed . . . .	—————	—

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PICTURE OF HEALTH, THE	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons .	1876
POMONA . . . . .	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	Arthur Tooth & Sons	1882
PRINCES IN THE TOWER, THE	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	Fine Art Society .	1879
PRINCES IN THE TOWER, THE	Lumb Stocks, R.A.	Line .	<i>Art Journal</i> . . .	1884
PROSCRIBED ROYALIST, THE	W. H. Simmons .	Mixed .	{ E. Gambart & Co., and Henry Graves & Co.	1868
PRINCESS ELIZABETH (see "Elizabeth")	—	—	—	—
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PUSS IN BOOTS . . .	T. L. Atkinson and Samuel Cousins, R.A. . .	Mezzotint .	T. McLean . . .	1886
REVERIE, A . . . . .	C. Jeans . . . . .	Line . . . . .	<i>Magazine of Art</i> . . .	1896
ROSALIND AND CELIA.	W. H. Simmons .	Mezzotint .	Henry Graves & Co.	1870
RUSKIN, JOHN . . . .	—	Photogravure	<i>Magazine of Art</i> . . .	1891
SALISBURY, THE MAR- QUESS OF	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint .	Fine Art Society . .	1887
SHAFTESBURY, THE EARL OF	Richard Josey . .	Mezzotint .	Henry Graves & Co.	1878
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STELLA . . . . .	T. L. Atkinson . .	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1876
STILL FOR A MOMENT	George Zobel . . .	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1876
STOWAWAY, THE . . .	T. O. Barlow, R.A. {	Line and Mezzotint	E. F. White . . . . .	1886
SOUVENIR OF VELAS- QUEZ	G. McCulloch . . .	Mezzotint .	Art Union . . . . .	—
SOUVENIR OF VELAS- QUEZ	Lumb Stocks, R.A.	Line . . . . .	Portfolio . . . . .	1883
TENNYSON, ALFRED LORD, D.C.L.	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mezzotint .	Fine Art Society . . .	1882
VALE OF REST . . . .	C. O. Murray . . .	Etching . . . . .	<i>Art Journal</i> . . . . .	1893
VALE OF REST . . . .	—	Photogravure	Berlin Photog. Co. . .	—
VANESSA . . . . .	T. L. Atkinson . .	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1876
WAIF, A . . . . .	—	Photogravure	Dowdeswell . . . . .	1885
WAKING (see "Awake")	—	—	—	—
WESTMINSTER, DUKE OF	T. O. Barlow, R.A.	Mixed . . . . .	H. B. Ansdell . . . .	1877
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WIDOW'S MITE, THE .	C. Waltner . . . .	Etching . . . . .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1880
YEOMAN OF THE GUARD, A	C. Waltner . . . .	Etching . . . . .	<i>L'Art</i> . . . . .	—
"YES!" . . . . .	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1878
"YES" OR "NO"? . .	Samuel Cousins, R.A.	Mezzotint .	T. Agnew & Sons . .	1873
"LITTLE SPEEDWELL'S DARLING BLUE"	—	Photogravure	T. Agnew & Sons . .	—
THE KNIGHT ERRANT	—	Photogravure	Hanfstaengl . . . . .	1898
ST. STEPHEN . . . . .	—	Photogravure	Hanfstaengl . . . . .	1898
THE LAST TREK . . . .	—	Photogravure	H. Sotheran & Sons	1898
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