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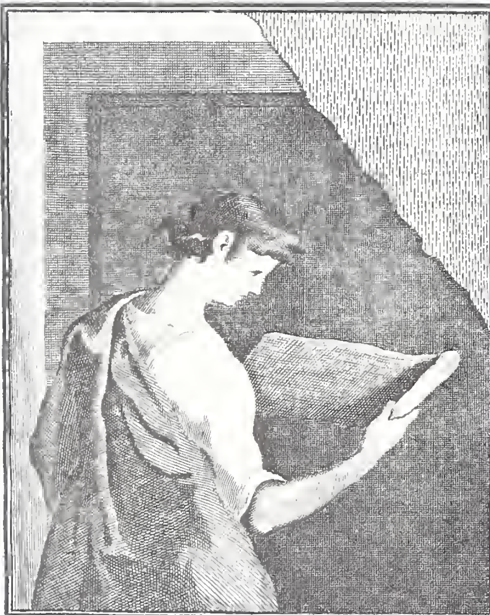

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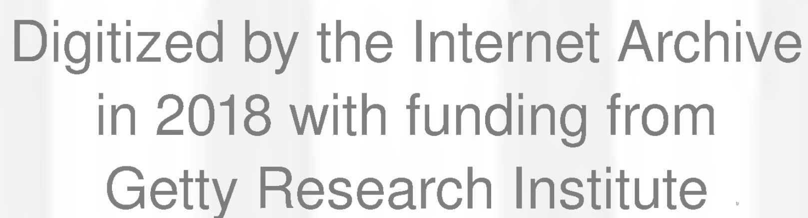
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Magazine of Art

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Venetian Bead Stringers

THE MAGAZINE OF ART

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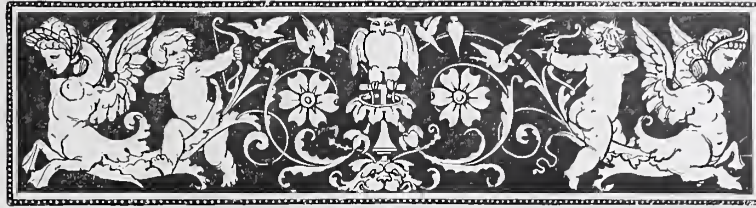

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THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

CECIL VAN HAANEN.

M. CECIL VAN HAANEN, who eomes of a Duteh family, was born at Vienna in November, 1844. His father, a landseape-painter of established reputation both in Germany and Holland, gave him the first lessons in his art. Then he followed a regular course of instruetion at the Aeademy in Vienna, and subsequently passed six years in Antwerp, where he studied under Van Lerius and Verlat. For six months he was employed in London as a draughtsman for several of the leading illustrated magazines, and in 1873 visited Veniee for the first time. Here the influenee exereised upon him by Passini was a strong one. This and the adviee of Bettenkofen, another friend, gave another stamp to Van Haanen's

THE WATER-CARRIER.

(Painted by C. Van Haanen. By Permission of J. J. Elliott, Esq.)

style, and he soon resolved to remain in the City on the Lagoons. The field when he began to work in it was still a rich one; but it has long since been exhausted. Those who still talk of Venice as an art-centre, and try to induce young painters to choose work there, are manifestly ignorant of the truth. And the truth is just this: that Venice is daily losing something of her picturesqueness; that painters have used up the material for good subjects; that there is little or nothing of fresh and effective to be chosen. The merit, the charm of Passini's and Van Haanen's first pictures lay in their originality. They were so new in form and feeling; this presentment of Venetian popular life was so simple, so novel; it was done with such sincerity and strength, with such cunning effects of line and colour, that the public eye was arrested, surprised, delighted. But familiarity has bred contempt, and Venetian scenes are fast becoming monotonous. Yet when, in 1876, M. Van Haanen exhibited his brilliant canvas, "The Bead-Stringers," in Paris, it achieved sudden success. It obtained a third-class medal; and two years later the artist reproduced the subject on a larger scale and with additional figures. When shown in Paris in 1878 it gained another medal, and was soon bought by Mr. J. J. Elliott. The sight of girls in groups sitting in the streets and courts to string beads, though rare to-day, was then a very familiar one. Everybody who saw "The Bead-Stringers" praised the brilliancy of its colour and its skilful composition. Its originality, after all, was the best of it. There is no doubt that the picture exercised a great influence upon some painters, who straightway went and did likewise. Producers of dismal Doge-and-wedding-ring costume pictures soon left these to take subjects from the workshop and the *calle*, while several foreign artists were drawn by this vivid view of low Venetian life to come and study it for themselves.

A STREET WRANGLE.

(Painted by C. Van Haanen.)

Unfortunately, most of them came too late, when what was the really picturesque part in the life of *la bassa plebe*, as Venetians style themselves, had disappeared. A score of years ago the inhabitants of each quarter might be known by special details in dress. For instance, a girl from Cannaregio wore something that distinguished her from a girl of Castello or the Giudecca; it might be a dainty little pointed slipper (*mulete*) with high heels and rosettes, an elaborate head-dress, or a shawl of Oriental hue and texture, that served to proclaim her place of abode. And not only had each quarter its affectation in dress, its special things to wear and its special way to wear them, but the dialect, even in each district, possessed characteristics of its own. Now all these delicate and yet remarkable *nuances* in the life of the Venetian poor have been effaced. Santa Marta, the home of so many picturesque fisher-folk, where painters always sought for good models—Santa Marta is blotted out, buried under the hideous cotton factory which now stands there. And if the women have lost their picturesque look, what shall be said of the men? The democratic *blouse*, as one sees it in Brussels or in Paris, is now no less generally donned in Venice. Perhaps the gondolier yet keeps something of his picturesqueness, where he is not forced to put on a hideous livery of red, yellow, and black, with staring badges bound to his arm. He, however, will pass away ere long with other transient things, for Venice is in a

terrible stage of transition. The once lovely island of S. Elena is now an eyesore; there, on the blue lagoons, steamers are built and railway carriages tinkered. Polenta mills and black spouting chimneys have long turned the Giudecca into a very strip of Birmingham or Battersea. In fact, Venice is changing, fast changing, into a smart, pushing, industrial town.

The *bigolante,* or water-carrying damsel, is among the most familiar figures in the sea-city. M. Van Haanen has here shown us a striking type of woman, with the *bigolo* across her shoulders, from which are slung the bright copper buckets that she has just filled at the public well, while chattering and chaffing with a dozen of her sex, who if not so handsome are surely as talkative. To show how refractory are handsome models, we can tell the reader that this charming portrait remained long unfinished, as the original had eloped with a lover, who luckily soon proved faithless, and then Gigia, or Nina, or whatever her name may be, returned to Venice, where she continued to pose for the artist. So, if she lost an admirer, at least we gained a delightful picture.

Another successful canvas of M. Van Haanen's, which he produced in 1877, was "Prise de Bec," that we have here entitled "A Street Wrangle" for want of a better equivalent. Angry slatterns abound in every city, but in no place is the noise of their warfare or the roll of their adjectives heard with greater ease than in silent Venice. Two Xantippes have here made the room over-warm for both, and one now recedes before a final blast of bitter words from her antagonist. Those who know how shrill is the voice of a vexed Venetian beldame, how powerful is her dialect, and how rich her vocabulary of invectives, will have got the best help to an appreciation of the humour and truth in this clever scene of feminine dispute. "Prise de Bec" was shown in the Paris Salon, and became the property of a wealthy Marseillais.

CECIL VAN HAANEN.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

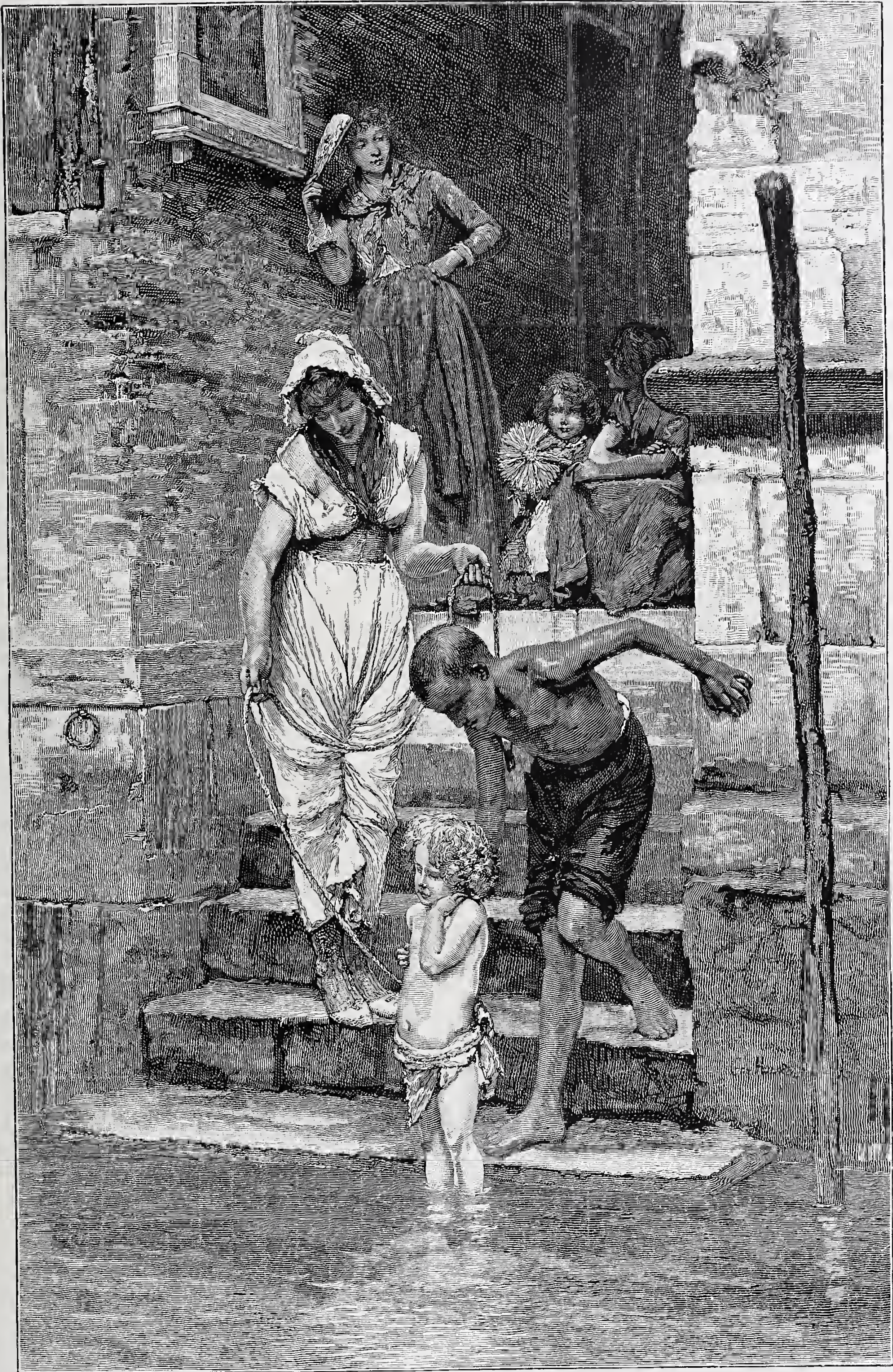
"The First Dip," the last illustration, was bought by Mr. J. J. Elliott, who saw it in M. Van Haanen's studio, in 1880, and two years later it was shown to the public at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. Nothing could be truer to life than this little episode in a Venetian urchin's existence. In every canal, during the hot season, such a group of *popolani* may be seen—the

cautious mother who has secured her timorous son to a rope, as he cannot swim; the lazy on-lookers, glad of any trivial matter for interest; the braver, splashing friends in the water, who are ready to duck this coward when their first chance comes. It was a picture very bright and true in colour, notable, if but as a masterly piece of flesh-painting.

I saw lately a most clever sketch of a gondolier's head which M. Van Haanen had produced in just a couple of hours. Before all the things paintable in Venice are appropriated, I would recommend painters to go to the gondoliers. For it must be allowed that they are very comely, and look always ready for the brush of a Velasquez or a Titian. It is their good looks and their good manners which make foreigners so weakly enthusiastic in praise of Gigi or Beppo, of

A COBBLER'S SHOP.

(Painted by C. Van Haanen. By Permission of T. McLean, Esq.)



THE FIRST DIP.

(Painted by C. Van Haanen. By Permission of J. J. Elliott, Esq.)

Momolo or Tita; and that is why the demure English misses drop their scarlet Bädekers to glance back over gondola cushions at lithe Francesco, and ask him impossible questions in impossible Italian. An English lady, a visitor, whose gondolier had been dismissed for drunkenness and insolence, was next day heard to exclaim, "The dear creature! I positively *love* him; and he shall come back to-morrow." I do not think Chawles or Jeames Yellowplush would provoke such a peculiar speech. Certainly the gondoliers are very handsome, nay, very distinguished in their way; but they have qualities of venality, of thriftlessness, of indolence, that he who did not see deeper than the thin surface of their charming personality could never detect; though doubtless, if he did, he would be ready enough to forgive all for the sake of their good looks, pleasant manners, and obliging disposition.

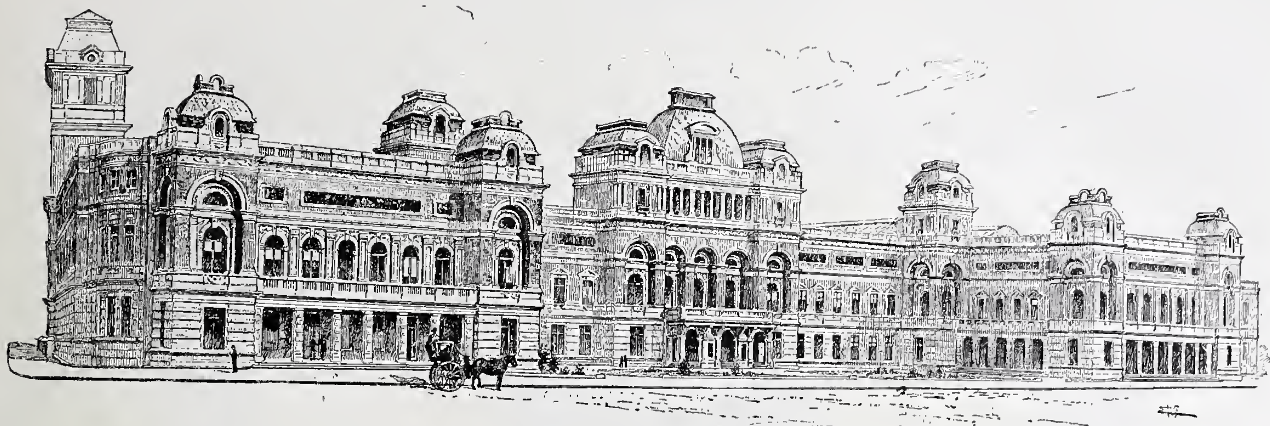
"A Cobbler's Shop," which was purchased by Messrs. Agnew when it was exhibited in 1883, is well known in England from a large engraving published by Mr. McLean. A similar subject had been painted for Mr. Elliott two years before, and the idea of choosing this first came to the artist when he had repeatedly noticed a cobbler who daily, with two or three planks, built up his out-of-door workshop opposite the Arsenal. For fifty years, *Jahr aus, Jahr ein*, in snow or sunlight, he had made this little tent of boards the place where he beat or stitched shoes, and where many a soft-eyed *tosa* came to try on her pair of *mulete*, and had the heels made higher or the toes adorned with brighter rosettes. Yes, that must have been long ago, for *progresso* and the invincible, infallible *municipio* has since swept all such frivolity away. There are no more out-door slipper-shops; they have been sternly abolished by law. And now the girls never don their dainty *mulete*; at the tobacco manufactory the women who work there are absolutely forbidden to wear them. The quiet place where the cobbler used to construct his *atelier* is now transformed into a mimic square about as big as a table-cloth, and wholly out of keeping with the old façade. *Progresso*, once more; freshen, polish, efface; scrub, scarify S. Mark's; whitewash the Ducal Palace; plaster, daub the Academy Carpaccios with "a common hearth-broom;" barter away to English Jews choice bits of sculpture taken from some crumbling bridge; are we not at home in our own city? may we not play the Vandal there when *progresso* prompts us to such congenial work?

In 1885 the rejection by the Royal Academy of a small picture by Van Haanen gave matter for talk and surprise. But it was really by an oversight that his picture was not placed; hitherto he as a foreigner had been remarkably well treated by that fastidious and exclusive body who yearly hang and are hung in Burlington House. At the Grosvenor Gallery in that year we all could admire his impressive "Juliet" in her trance, lying in the Capulets' tomb, white-robed and with a massive crucifix upon her breast; and it was in the pages of this magazine that the first engraving of this striking picture appeared. This year the artist was represented at the Academy by "Acqua Alta," or "A Spring Tide," where girls, surprised by the sudden swell of the tide, are hemmed in, and forced to strip off shoes and stockings before they can leave their temporary refuge on the steps of a bridge. In this little picture all M. Van Haanen's distinguishing qualities are made manifest: his daring yet triumphant combinations of colour, his broad, rapid, vehement touch, his faculty for composing, for placing, for utilising his figures. The sense in him for colour must ever have been strong; but Venice has surely deepened it. He is a brilliant colourist. Only lately, at his studio, I saw a most surprising little study in reds, one could almost term it; the picture of a red-haired girl in a red dress lounging before the old brick fireplace of a kitchen, bright with burnished pots and vessels of ruddy copper. Not many would attempt to get a pleasing effect by so daring a monochromatic arrangement; but the picture, as Van Haanen has done it, is both charming and ingenious; and it is a good example of the painter's fearless, sensuous, original style.

Among other works that all helped to strengthen Van Haanen's reputation in England, as elsewhere, we may name "Washerwomen," exhibited at the Academy in 1881, and bought by E. P. Heseltine; the "Sartoria" pictures, of girls taking afternoon coffee in their workshop, "The Fortune-Teller," "La Siesta in Chiesa," "The Mask Shop," and many other subjects and half-length portraits.

There is no doubt that one must place Van Haanen with the most notable foreign painters of to-day. There are those who would count him as an Englishman, perhaps, because he speaks English like a native, and because his work has always found exceeding favour in the English market. But the style and method of his painting comes closer to that of France than of England. It has all the Gallic brilliancy and dash—none of the British *pesanteur*, vagueness, sentimentalism. Again, it would be unfair to consider him as for ever linked to Venice, and as capable of merely making brilliant sets of Venetian *genre* pictures. At some date his art will assuredly find a new field for its exercise, as the pseudo-Venetian "School" is slowly dropping to decay, through lack of the right subject-matter, of that interesting material for which no talent, however brilliant, no technique, however faultless, can ever eventually make just amends.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.



THE FAÇADE, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

(Drawn from the Model designed by the late Major-Gen. Scott.)

AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

"Sweetest nut hath sourest rind."—Touchstone.

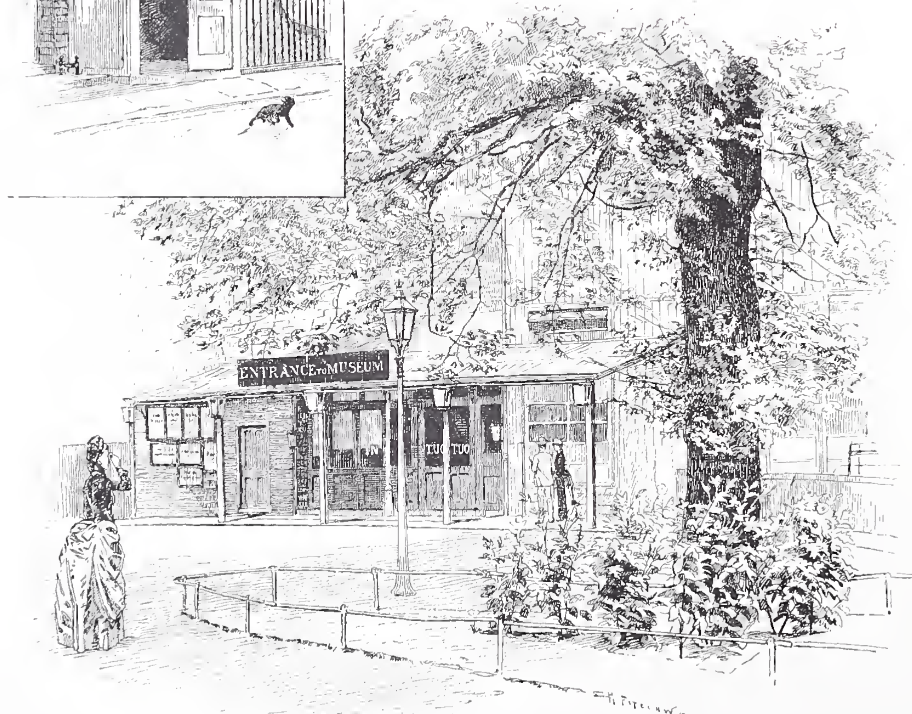
IN these degenerate days, when studious thought is not too common, when there is so much that is superficial and pretentious and so little that is deep and thorough, when we have so much veneer and so little solid mahogany, the influences that appeal to the eye alone are at least as potent with the multitude as those that appeal to the intelligence; and this is especially true of those external influences which touch the feelings or affections. Though the moralist should preach for ever of the durability and solidity of intellectual charms and mental acquirements, and of the evanescent nature of that beauty which (as we are unavailingly told) is but "skin-deep," men who fail to find these attractions in irresistible combination will generally, if the only alternatives be beauty or wit, make sure of the beauty — or what they happily regard as beauty, which is to them the same thing—and trust to Providence for the wit.

So also is it with other aspects of this many-sided susceptibility to external influences. As an instance pertinent to the matter now under consideration, the impressiveness of architecture, exterior and interior, is felt more or less by all sentient beings, and strangely affects the emotions and graver aspirations. The Church of England found this out, not too soon, and brightness and beauty reign in many temples which fifty years ago were deplorable spectacles of squalor and decay. Even Nonconformists, no longer content with the "little brick uglinesses" in which their forefathers worshipped, strive to give their chapels an ecclesiastical appearance. So with our hospitals, museums, and other public buildings, with our places of amusement, and even with our shops and warehouses—a fair exterior is regarded as a first essential, as a passport to the public favour on which they are dependent. We know that jewels are to be found (occasionally) on dirt-heaps, and there are eccentric people who would prefer to seek them there. Most of us, however, expect to see them in a setting suited to and enhancing their beauty; and this brings us to the main object of this brief paper, which is

ENTRANCE TO PREMISES FORMERLY THE PATENT OFFICE MUSEUM.

to protest against any longer continuance of the neglect which withholds from one of the noblest museums in Europe that external dignity and grace without which it can never become so truly "popular" as it deserves to be.

If the visitor to the museum could be dropped into its courts from the clouds, without approaching it by its miserable entrances, he would have little to complain of. The interior is dignified and graceful in structure and decoration; but the unfinished exterior and the public entrances are shabby to the last degree. If we go to other metropolitan museums we find façades more or less suggestive of their importance. The British Museum and its terra-cotta congener at South Kensington are handsome and imposing enough, each in its own way; the Piccadilly front of the Jermyn Street Museum is remarkable for its simple elegance; even Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields has an air of respectability about it as the whilom residence of its founder; but the visitor to the South Kensington Museum, whether he reaches it by the Cromwell Road or by the Exhibition Road, can scarcely fail to be depressed and disappointed at the outset, however soon his first impressions may be modified by the pleasurable surprises of the interior. At the one entrance he finds a bare, ugly, unfinished brick structure with a lean-to like a cart-shed, and a dismal vestibule of most unpromising aspect; at the other there is an excrescent structure of wood stuck on to the wall some feet above the level of the Museum, which is reached by a flight of wooden steps such as might be expected to lead to a beer-cellar or coal-hole. The entrance to what was, until recently, the Patents Collection is equally mean, and though its present condition is partly attributable to the removal of that collection, the accompanying sketch shows, not unfairly, what the public have long been accustomed to see. The precincts of the museum are surrounded by a patched-up ramshackle wooden fence of rural aspect, quite in keeping with the other exterior arrangements.



THE TWO PRINCIPAL ENTRANCES.

It seems almost incredible that a nation with an income of nearly ninety millions should be content to leave one of its most important public institutions, year after year, with so inadequate an external appearance, especially as its mission is distinctly educational, and a handsome and appropriate façade is, therefore, of great value as a *primâ facie* indication of the importance of its contents. It appears that for three or four years past the attendance at the South Kensington Museum has been declining. This is not as it should be; and doubtless if its claims to public attention were emphasised by the completion of the exterior with adequate approaches and entrances, it would speedily become known to thousands who now see no inducement to pass its uninviting portals. What these might become is sufficiently indicated by the illustration which heads this article, sketched from the model exhibited at the foot of one of the staircases, and representing the principal front as designed by the late Major-Gen. Scott. Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Director of the Museum, has set his hand to many great and useful undertakings with distinguished success: it will add to his well-deserved renown if his energy can be successfully opposed to the *vis inertiæ* which complacently tolerates the existing state of things. FRANCIS FORD.

OLD BLUE-AND-WHITE NANKEEN CHINA.

BOTTLE, DECORATIONS, MEDALLIONS WITH ARABESQUE SCROLLS.

(Collection of A. T. Hollingsworth, Esq.)

TALL SUCRIER, TIGER-LILY PATTERN.

(Collection of A. Andrews, Esq.)

DECORATIONS, *PRUNUS* ON ROCKWORK, WITH BIRDS.

(Collection of A. T. Hollingsworth, Esq.)

OLD Blue-and-White Nankeen China, so celebrated of late years, has been recently qualified by an art-critic as "delightful, wonderful, mysterious, and not to be described." Although to the uninitiated the *penchant* for the collection of this ware has been revealed as the very latest novelty in "crazes," it is, at most, but an old favourite reinstated; and it is open to demonstration that the demand in the past for this commodity—which has at least the recommendation of good taste—was so considerable that an incredible number of pieces have found their way to Europe, especially during the last three centuries. Perhaps the earliest direct mention of this choice porcelain being introduced to England is referable to the accidental visit of Philip of Austria and Joan, the King and Queen of Castile, in 1506, when the king presented to Sir Thomas Trenchard certain cups of Oriental china, described by Marryat as still in the possession of Trenchard's descendant, and said to be blue-and-white Nankeen.

To account for the appreciation of blue-and-white porcelain, it must be conceded that the qualities should be altogether special to justify either the fashionable mania, or the prices, which, to the bulk of the public, seem disproportionate to the apparent simplicity of the ware. In desirable specimens the material of the paste or body should be of the finest quality, perfectly white, homogeneous, and smooth to the touch as highly-polished marble; the form of the objects should be as graceful and delicate as possible; the outline, finish, and surface free from irregularities; the blue of the most vivid and translucent complexion and sunk so deeply into the body of the porcelain as to simulate agate; the glaze, which is to enshrine, protect, and heighten these perfections, should be colourless, and present a surface equalling that of burnished steel; adding design of decoration, another important element of which we shall treat more fully, this combination results in a representative specimen of porcelain, which, even to total strangers to the ware, presents attributes of cheerful cleanness and even brilliancy, sufficiently

remarkable to obtain recognition and favour almost spontaneously. There is another feature, and that is that true blue-and-white china has hitherto proved practically inimitable; the ancient manufactures of Delft are closest, as at the first glance deceiving the eye with a general air of resemblance; but neither paste nor colour has any real similarity, the body of the Delft copies being of light, loose, and very fragile clay, and not absorbing the colour. At modern imitations all the *contrefacteurs* have tried their hands; the German and French, though not wanting in ingenuity, have failed utterly; and with the modern Chinese and Japanese, though they, it is true, enjoy all the advantages associated with local industries carried on according to immemorial usages, the manufacture has degenerated beyond all comparison; so that, though their artificers are still paying the old pieces the compliment of making them their models, none too scrupulously, the average imitations should not deceive the veriest tyro in knowledge of the subject.

BEAKER WITH SWELLING CENTRE: ON THE BODY A GRANDEE RECEIVING HOMAGE, ON THE NECK WARRIORS.

(Collection of Augustus W. Franks, F.R.S., F.S.A.)

The Celestials have compared the hue of their blue to that of "the sky after rain;" and since it is acknowledged that Chinese connoisseurs, who are understood to regard fine blue-and-white appropriately as "Celestial ware," keep the choicest examples in their inaccessible cabinets, it may be asked, where is this phenomenal ceramic to be met with, interviewed, and studied? A steady importation, in response to a demand which commenced at least three centuries ago, has contributed to lodge in Europe a sufficiency of the porcelain in question, unless spirited American collectors, who, it now appears, are the true enthusiasts, should suddenly by sheer force of dollars and enterprise attract all the blue to the States. In Holland it is still abundant, though even in the "pays de bleue" it is no longer to be procured with facility, or purchased at reasonable prices. At the Mauritshaus, in the Hague, is the Royal Museum, which contains a fairly representative collection confined to choice specimens of the ware, and there are also numerous private collections, especially in Friesland. The blue-and-white section (vol. v. of the Inventory) of the famous Dresden Collection is probably the most ancient in Europe as concerns the Oriental portion; it was largely brought together, between the years 1694 to 1705, by Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. These specimens were chiefly used to decorate the Dutch palace afterwards known as the Japanese palace. The Green Vaults were celebrated for containing fifteen fine hawthorn pots among other treasures. The collection is now installed in the Johanneum. At home, in the British Museum, is the extensive illustrative collection made by Mr. Augustus W. Franks, F.R.S., F.S.A., and generously presented by him to the nation. Three of our illustrations are drawn from this valuable source. The Orrock Collection, probably the finest of our day, exclusively consisting of selected examples of blue-and-white, has recently been acquired by the South Kensington Museum; while there are other interesting gatherings, such as that found in Hampton Court Palace, the remains of a collection originally made, it is understood, for William III. The collection at Blenheim Palace was long reckoned one of the attractions of that edifice, a large portion of the porcelain there, it is recorded, being the gathering of Mr. Spalding; the "rank and file" of this collection, which, though numerically strong, presented but few choice examples of blue-and-white, have just been dispersed under Mr. Christie's hammer. Among the collectors of the metropolis, it may be mentioned that Mr. Cyril Flower has made a large gathering of pieces, arranged with special taste in a suite of rooms designed for the installation of his blue-and-white; Sir Henry Thompson's collection was one of the earliest to attract attention to the department of ceramics in question; the collection of blue-and-white formed by Mr. Frederick Leyland, and the "Peacock

Room," decorated by Mr. Whistler for its reception, are not unknown to fame; Mr. Alfred Morrison, Mr. Louis Huth (one of the best judges of Eastern china), and Mr. George Salting, all experienced collectors possessed of cultivated taste and knowledge, have secured many of the finest pieces obtainable; Mr. A. Andrews (whose specimens are chosen with exceptional judgment), Mr. George James, and Mr. A. T. Hollingsworth, rejoice in carefully-selected collections. Among our illustrations will be found reproductions of examples in the possession of these gentlemen, who have obligingly placed their treasures at our disposal for this purpose.

We have only incidentally to consider the subject of the manufacture of porcelain in the Chinese Empire; the early history is obscured and contradictory, but this industry may be held to date back before the Christian era. The Portuguese, after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, were the first to introduce Oriental ware in any considerable quantity on their return to Europe in 1518; but long before this time porcelain was becoming famous. Marco Polo, the Venetian, was one of the earliest, if not the first of European travellers, who penetrated into the Celestial Empire. He describes, in 1280, the vast importance of the china manufactories, and states that cups, bowls, and dishes were made at Kinsai, to be exported all over the world. He was probably the means of directing attention to the productions of the far East. Various notices of porcelain occur among the accounts of travellers of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, and it is evident that, at an early date, Chinese ceramic wares found their way to Persia, thus accounting for the similarity of shapes noticeable between this china and the brass vessels of graceful form of native Persian origin. Chinese porcelain probably reached Europe through Egypt. From a letter written by the Sultan in 1447 it is shown to have been brought to France at that period, and that Charles VII. possessed several pieces. In 1487 the Sultan sent a present of porcelain vases to Lorenzo de' Medici. References to porcelain are frequent in the "Inventory accounts" of the Fifteenth and later centuries. The Portuguese enjoyed the first monopoly of the "Indian trade," as it was designated, and it is due to their enterprise that large collections of porcelain, especially vases of great size found in Spanish palaces, were brought direct to the peninsula. The Dutch followed the Portuguese, and long succeeded in monopolising the commercial intercourse with India and Japan, and they imported large quantities of porcelain into the north of Europe. The Batavia factory was established in 1602, when the Dutch East India Company was incorporated, and they settled at Formosa in 1624, to be driven out by the Chinese in 1662, whence the trade was transferred to Canton. A great deal of interesting china has reached Europe through the Dutch East India Company and the Straits Settlements. According to the reports of the Company, the ambassador of the United Provinces returned to Batavia, after visiting the Emperor of Japan, in 1630, with 21,567 pieces of porcelain. Eleven vessels arrived from the East Indies in 1664, carrying to Holland "44,943 pieces of Japan porcelain of the rarest character," and eleven other ships, leaving Batavia the same year, transported to Holland 16,580 pieces of porcelain of various descriptions. The Dutch merchants were the most active of all nationalities in this commerce, and the evidence of their cargoes of china, and especially the blue-and-white, which found special favour with their countrymen, survives in the immense quantities still treasured in the old Dutch families. Our own East India Company, founded in 1600, though for awhile excluded by the Portuguese and Dutch from direct intercourse with India and China, traded from Gombron, the *entrepôt* opposite Ormus, on the Persian Gulf, where Oriental commodities were exchanged for those of Europe. China dishes and "puslanes" of all descriptions quickly became articles of general importation to Great Britain.

The French East India Company was pushing the same trade. For instance, the sale took place at Nantes, 4th October, 1700, of the cargo of the *Amphytrite*, when there was advertised "167 barses ou caisses de pourcelaine," containing "garnitures de cheminées," &c. Amongst the returns of the Danish East India Company are the lists of merchandises from the East in 1759 and 1760, with detailed statements of the number of pieces of porcelain imported, "Bleues et blanches" figuring largely in the inventories. The Regent Orleans was an amateur of blue-and-white; and in the "History of Porcelain," by Jacquemart and Le Blant, mention is made of the sale of the collection of the Duc d'Aumont, which occurred in 1782. In the catalogue, under the item of "Porcelaines, ancien bleu et blanc de la Chine," it is thus set forth: "Elles ont appartenu à M. le Dauphin, fils de Louis XIV., qui aimait ce beau genre et s'en était fait une collection recommandable. Cet ensemble, qui est peut être le dernier et le seul existant d'élite, fournit une occasion au connaisseurs."

The Chinese are said to have kept the composition of porcelain a great secret, yet there is no doubt that they allowed large quantities of the raw material, in the shape of "china clay," to be taken away from the country by ships as ballast. There was a large amount of fable intermixed with the early history of the materials employed, and it was asserted that they only arrived at perfection after being buried for a hundred years.

"Porc'lain earth for years must lay
Bury'd, and mix'd with elemental clay."

Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, who was by the Emperor of China made governor of Yang-tcheow-fou, describes, in the history of his travels (1298), the process by which the Kaolin was brought to the proper consistency at his day:—"They collect a certain kind of earth, as it were, from a mine, and, laying it in a great heap, suffer it to be exposed to the wind, rain, and sun, for thirty or forty years, during which time it is never disturbed. By this means it becomes refined and fit for being wrought into vessels. Such colours as may be thought proper are then laid on, and the ware is afterwards baked in ovens or furnaces. Those persons, therefore, who cause the earth to be dug, collect it for their children and grandchildren." The supply was abundant in his time, the prices were modest. "Vi è in della città gran mercato, di sorte, che per un grosso Venetiano si haverà otto scodelle."—"Great quantities of the ware are sold in the city, and for a Venetian groat you may have eight porringers (bowls for soup, &c.)."

The chief cause of the decadence of the different

CYLINDRICAL VASE, ROSE AND TICKET PATTERN.

(*Collection of A. Andrews, Esq.*)

VASE, WITH THE EIGHT IMMORTALS, WARRIORS, AND LONG LADIES.

(*Collection of A. Andrews, Esq.*)

manufactories whence china has been launched upon the market may probably be ascribed to the difficulty of getting the true paste under conditions most favourable for working; thus the so-called antique blue-and-white china is composed of a hard, homogeneous material, which takes a perfectly smooth surface, and is, moreover, absorbent before being baked, what the French call "a greedy paste," which sucks in the colour in regular layers as it is applied by the brush of the decorator, and when fired

remains unchanged, while the ground is an excellent white; whereas the paste of pieces of modern Chinese

CYLINDRICAL VASE: THE CENTRE BAND WITH WHITE DRAGONS ON A BLUE GROUND.

(Collection of Augustus W. Franks, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.)

fabrication shows, after painting, glazing, and firing, a slightly tinted surface, which, on examination, will be found of a granulated texture, like imperfectly fused sand; the colour has a superficial character, and appears mixed with the covering of glaze rather than deeply sunk into the body of the porcelain itself, as in the specimens which are prized by collectors. Various were the speculations as to the composition employed; shells, bones, and similar substances were, it was assumed, incorporated with the clay; it is generally admitted that the porcelain in question is usually formed of two materials, one known in China as Pe-tun-tse, a mixture of felspar and quartz, obtained from a pounded rock after repeated washings, and formed into bricks, whence it is described as "white clay bricks;" this material is fusible. The second, termed Kaolin, is infusible, being a hydrated silicate of alumina, derived from the decomposed felspar of granite; this is also formed into cakes. The two materials, after repeated cleansings and finings, are kneaded together and form the clay ready for the potter. The damp material is moulded, turned on a wheel to get an even surface (many of the bottles, vases, and similar pieces are moulded in parts, and pieced together in an early stage), laid to dry, passed through other hands to remove superfluous material, and farther fined down on a revolving table; the decoration in blue is then painted; the glaze is applied by dipping the piece, or it is blown on with a tube; the foot is next fashioned, the under surface of superfluous clay removed on the wheel, the mark is inscribed, and glazed, and the vessel is ready for the furnace. Enclosed in a seggar, a clay receptacle of coarser character to protect it from injury, it is left in the furnace for twenty-four hours; the result is the completed piece of blue-and-white, and if it is fine enough no supplementary decoration is added. The glaze is Pe-tun-tse mixed with fern ashes and lime; steatite is also occasionally introduced into the composition of both the paste and the glaze. The blue

VASE AND COVER, FROM A GARNITURE OF FIVE PIECES.

(Collection of Augustus W. Franks, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.)

pigment is another important factor. That generally used seems to have been a preparation of cobaltiferous ores of manganese.

JOSEPH GREGO.

WHERE the fell flood of Lethe darkly rolled
Between black-browed and sombre-visaged walls,
With sinuous wave and sluggish-moving tide
And murmurs like the faint and weary groans
Of souls long stricken by the pain of hell,
One, cursed by all the Olympian gods at once,
Stood neck-deep in the stream, yet could not drink.
Sometimes he raved and shook the rocks around
With words so wild that Hades shrank in awe.
Anon the majesty of regal thought
Arose and ruled within his fevered soul;
And thus he spake in commune with himself:

"Ye stars, that naked in yon sea of blue
Float on for ever through harmonious space,
Lighting the dim half world to which the moon
Shall come not till the month be full of joy;
Ye winds, that sweep the ocean's wrinkled front,
And fondle it to music and to sleep,
What hope hath man in life or yet in death,
If nothing slumbers in the silent grave
That shall not wake again to strife and pain?
Oh, many-shadowed dell where I was born,
Near the soft murmur of the silver waves
Of tremulous Ægean, where the stream
Of a babbling brook rushed down the grassy slope
And shivered into spray upon the strand,
Hast thou forgot me? Spirits of earth and air,
Is hope then dead, and is there naught in all
This nether world but hot and seething thirst?"

And lo! there came a faint and distant strain
Of sweetest music, like the whispered voice
Of muted strings, rapt to their highest tones,
Borne up on broken chords of throbbing harps;
And a dim, strange light, like an unreal dawn,
Broke slow across his vision. Strong it grew
Until it glowed like matin skies of gold;
And a sweet perfume stole across the air,
And lulled his throbbing senses from their woe.
Then from the vista of supernal light
Grew out a form of wondrous loveliness,
And a voice spake along the shadowy gulf:

"Lo! I am she that ruled the great round world
Before thou wert or ever man was born
Of heaven's eternal fire; sprung from the foam
Of everlasting seas, and marked by Zeus
To be alike man's misery and hope.
Tantalus, look around thee. In these shades,
Condemned by wrath of gods and curse of fate,
Thou lingerest alone 'mid dancing waves,
Consumèd by a never-dying thirst."

"Oh, speak it not," he cried with husky throat.

"Nay, hear me out," she said; "I bring to thee
That for which men have bled and nations fallen."

A wild light sprang into his fevered eye,
And high above his head he tossed his hands:

"Great gods, that dwell in far Olympian heights
At last my sufferings have reached your souls;
I thank ye. Goddess, speak, I wait thy words."

"Nay, think not of the gods," she said, "for they
Are deaf to thee; but I have heard thy moan.
Now, Tantalus, behold me: am I fair?"

"Fair as the gleam of dawn on Ida's brow,
When the sweet sun kisses the sleeping streams,
And wakes them into laughter and to song."

"Me it hath pleased," she said, "to look on thee
With pity. 'Neath this fair and spotless front
There glows a passion deeper than this pit.
Stretch forth thine arms, lift up thy burning eyes,
Drink deep of love, and all thy pain forget."

"To drink of love? Ah, what care I for love—
I that am doomed with this eternal curse?
Give me but water: I will bless thy name."

"What hope shall come when love is cold and dead?"
So Venus spake in music such as wind
Doth make among the grass and summer flowers.

"What profits life without the simple faith
Of souls made one in perfect sympathy?
We two shall be as gods girt round with light,
And the strong fire of hearts that flame with love."

"Goddess, the soul within me craveth naught,"
He said, and hoarse his voice rang through the shades;
"I tell thee this, though speech be grievous pain:
Had I no tongue to say I want not love,
I had no tongue to burn for want of drink."

Then Venus leaned a little space across
The dark and bitter flood, and on his brow
Her breath blew hot and cold, with pantings quick,
Full of swift passion and love's ecstacy.

"Yet think, ah, think," she said, "of sweet desires,
Of rapturous longings and of burning dreams.
Amid the languorous shadows of the woods,
Where strong grey trunks majestically rise
To bear on high their canopy of green,
Where sweet the winds breathe out their amorous sighs
Among the trembling crannies of the leaves,
And the air is heavy with the scent of flowers;
There, as thou liest half entranced by sleep,
I'll come to thee—I, beautiful as light—
With passionate arms and moist and clinging lips,
To sting thy face with kisses keen as fire.
To clasp thee in these fair and rounded arms,
Upon this bosom white as untrod snow,
But warmer than dear Cyprus' summer sun.
Thee shall I circle round with yearning love
Till all thy senses reel as if in wine,
And the last ecstatic throbbings of thy breath
Die out in whispers amorous as mine;
And we two, faint with wild, unspoken sweets,
Drift into sleep to wake and dream again.
Wilt thou, my Tantalus, wilt thou love me now?"

"And in these woods," he said, "shall there be brooks
That ripple over stones in lucent waves,
And dew upon the petals of the flowers,
And rain that droppeth from the trembling leaves?"

"Forget thy curse," she said, "and think of love."

"Forget my curse!" he cried. "Goddess, look round:
Long years have fled into the buried past
Since I, a man, gazed into woman's eyes
And dreamed the golden dreams of youth and love.
I do remember them so faintly now
I think it must have been some other fool
Who was so fond among the flowers and wine.
Thou art immortal, Goddess, like myself;
But thy existence is for ever bright:
To thee it is no bitter curse to breathe.
Think, then, of what a fate is given me.
Shut in this pit in darkness and in gloom,
I listen ever to the hideous wails
Of all whom Jove has doomed to punishment.
Their sobs and moans assail my helpless ears
From night till day, from day till blacker night.
The foulest odours of the gruesome pit
Offend my nostrils, and the ceaseless gloom
Deceives my eyes with stark and horrid shapes.
Damp icy vapours float about my head,
And clammy hands of spectral forms unseen
Fall on my flesh and cause my bones to chill.
But, ah, within I have a ceaseless fire
That burns the very blood up in my heart,
And makes each nerve within my stricken frame
Throb with the white heat of black Vulcan's forge.
And, mark you, this shall never, never end;
But through the tireless cycles of the years
My doom shall follow me without a pause—
This doom that links the future with the past.
For see, my curse is doubled in this wise:
I look back from this fetid tomb of joy
Into the fair, sweet past of earthly life,
To see friends, brothers, sisters, mother, all
Standing with outstretched hands upon the shores
Of those dear waters that still kiss our Greece,
And bear her purple argosies afar;
To hear the echo of the clang of arms,
The ring of spears, and thunderous shock of shields,
And the great shouts of victory that smote
The everlasting skies, and bade the stars
To tremble in their orbits: and to know
That these are past—irrevocably past,
While all the future reaches out its arms
To grapple me in long embrace of pain,
Of agony that speech could never tell,
Had I a tongue within my mouth to speak,
And not this crusted, smouldering lava stream.
The past, the dead, dear past, comes wandering back
To torture me with dreams of happy days.
The future, that shall never end, rolls on,
Each minute orbed into a bursting hour,
Each hour distended to a throbbing year—
Time but a drop in hell's eternity—
No thought that is not darker than despair,
No hope but that to-morrow's stricken womb
Will breed a sorrow greater than to-day's;
Cursed beyond cursing, doomed beyond black death,
Alone in Hades with this endless thirst."

He paused, sore shaken by the storm of grief,
And for a little space was silent; then
He said:
"If thou hast come to me in faith
To pour the balm of pity on my soul,
Give me one draught of water—only one—
That this eternity of bitter pain
May cease a moment its relentless flight."

Then Venus sighed a long and quivering sigh
That shook her round, white bosom like the snow
Blown by the northern wind, and then she said:

"So be it. One pure draught shalt thou now have
Of water sweet as from Castalia's spring."

Afar from out the thick and silent gloom
There grew the form of one who bore an urn.
He glided to her side and placed it there,
And vanished. Venus lifted high the bowl,
And stretching it to Tantalus, said:
"Drink."

Then for a moment, as he quaffed the cup,
The sounds of Hades died upon his ear,
The world and life lay captive at his feet—
Life throbbing with the pulse it knew in youth,
The world aflame with joy too great to be.
'Twas done, 'twas past. He tossed aside the bowl,
And turning once again his fevered eyes
Upon the goddess, saw what pain before
Had hidden from his blind and tortured soul—
That beauty which had swayed Olympian gods.
Grief gone a moment from his helpless life,
Love entered in, and thus he swiftly spake:

"Venus, forgive, forgive. I knew thee not;
For thou art something greater than a god—
A woman full of pity and of love.
Hear me, sweet goddess, hear me once for all:
I love thee—dost thou wonder? Yes, I love.
Thou camest here with passion in thy heart:
Thy fire has touched me, and now I am thine."

But Venus rose and sighed again that sigh
That sounded like the parting breath of life,
And smiled a smile so full of hidden tears
That Tantalus was stricken. Then he cried:

"Sweet Venus, still thy pity now I crave.
Ah, leave me not alone in sightless gloom,
My curse the sorer for that one sweet draught,
My soul the darker for one gleam of hope."

Then Venus sighed once more, and tremulous,
With one fair arm soft whitening through the dark,
She spoke in accents sadder than his own:

"Nay, love shall live where nothing else can be.
No meaner want can tarry in the soul
When love proclaims himself the god of all;
Love's monarchy is absolute, his sway
Triumphant as the kingdom of the sun.
Farewell, thou hadst thy choice, thou hast thy way;
Love lingers not for him who clasps it not,
When first the bosom throbs with that dear thrill
That speaks the perfect sympathy of two
That all the gods have willed shall be as one.
There is no room in all the big, round world
For aught to be that is as great as love;
For love shall live where nothing else can be.
Thou hadst thy choice. Now, Tantalus, farewell."

W. J. Henderson.

"THE FIGHTING 'TÉMÉRAIRE' TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP, 1838."

"The flag which braved the battle and the breeze,
No longer owns her."

TURNER'S pictorial epicedium of the old *Téméraire* might have been purchased just upon fifty years ago for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds. It reflects but little credit upon the discrimination of the public taste in 1839 that this glorious and beautiful dream, this golden vision, should have been returned from the walls of the Academy to the studio of the master "not sold."

Mr. James Lennox, Turner's first American patron, some time afterwards offered five hundred guineas for it, but money did not tempt him to part with any of his pictures after having been placed with those concerning whose future he had a purpose in his mind. "They might have had 'em; but now they shan't have 'em," he muttered determinedly.

In that bare and chilly gallery on the first floor of the dingy, gloomy house in Queen Anne Street West, so ably described by a writer to the *Times* of November 10, 1856, were stacked up against the walls or rolled up in dark closets, hundreds of the most noble landscapes that were ever painted—priceless emanations of contemplative thought. From the warped sashes and paper-patched framework of the ill-fitting sky-lights, rain descended in streams. Thrust into old drawers were piles of masterly drawings, while portfolios and boxes in every nook and corner of the dusty dwelling were filled with reams of sketches—rudiments and forethoughts of finished works.

Accused of avarice! Yet the painter of these refused hundreds, cheques for thousands—often scornfully, but always with persistency, to the despair of his patrons and wonder of the dealers. Artists scoffed and sneered: "Turner was mad. He meant to be buried with his 'Carthage' for a winding-sheet."

Endowed with wonderful prescience, looking beyond the ignorance and cant of his critics, who accused him of the "violation of every rule of perspective,"

THE FIGHTING "TÉMÉRAIRE" TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP, 1838.

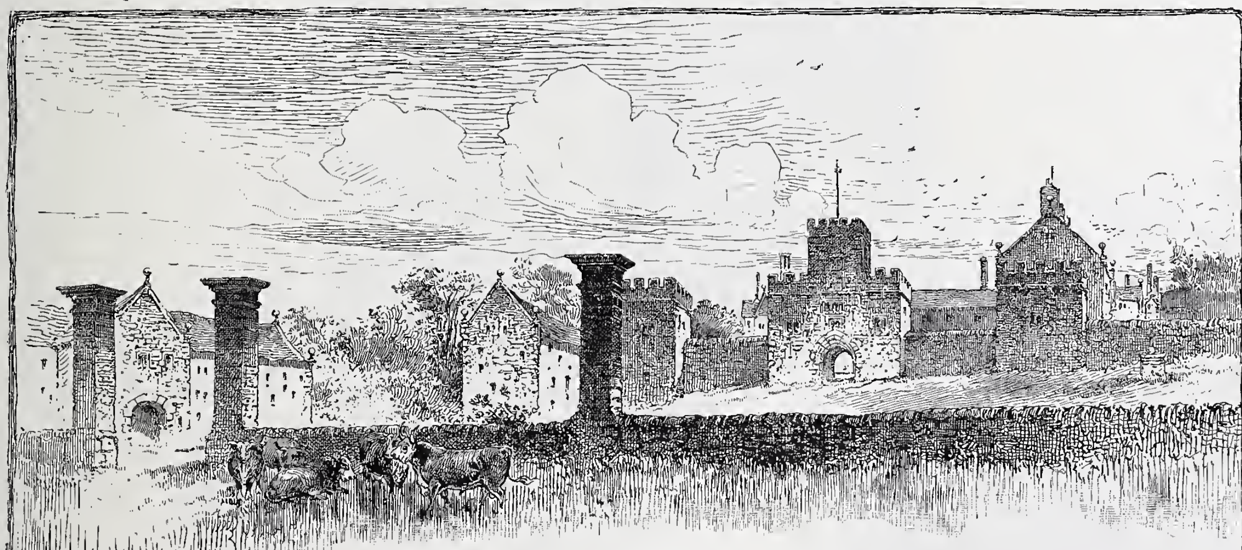
(Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. National Gallery.)

of "trickery and experiments in the most outrageous extravagances of colouring, joined to the most unlikely and unseen effects," he knew the time was coming when his creations would be understood and read aright.

Turner made acquaintance with the *Téméraire* in his picture of the "Death of Nelson;" she lies beyond the *Redoubtable* on the right. Some thirty years after this picture was painted, he was going down the river one evening with a party of brother artists to sup at Greenwich, when out of the cold blue mist loomed the majestic war-ship, the grand old 98-gunner that under Harvey had silenced and taken captive the *Fougueux* at Trafalgar, being towed to her grave by a fiery, fussy little steam-tug. Stanfield, who was of the party, drew Turner's attention to the subject as a grand one for a picture. Had he not also depicted her in his painting of Trafalgar for the Senior United Service Club? Turner painted it, probably from a rapid outline he could only have made in the short time afforded him whilst passing her. But a scene once contemplated by him was indelibly impressed upon his receptive brain; his mental observations and reflections were searching and exhaustive, nothing was overlooked; the reflected lights and sunset shadows upon the gigantic hull, bathed in dewy mist, display a perception of effect the more marvellous because only rapid impressions. Turner has, in this golden allegory, conveyed effects with colours hitherto unknown to art; the tones range from broad deep shadows—always soft, the eye can penetrate their inmost depths—up, up the scale to hues of dazzling brightness. What infinite space, what sense of atmosphere is here! Colour upon colour, and yet there is no colour, so rapid is the transition from grey to blue, into warm reds and soft purple, melting into evanescent distance. As a picture it is a poem, as a poem it breathes sweet melody; it is replete with sentiment and subtle meaning. It tells us of Nelson and Collingwood, an appeal to touch the national pride of an Englishman, and, withal, reminds us of the other side; mark the dark drift of blood-stained vapour that shrouds the setting sun.

E. Barrington Nash.

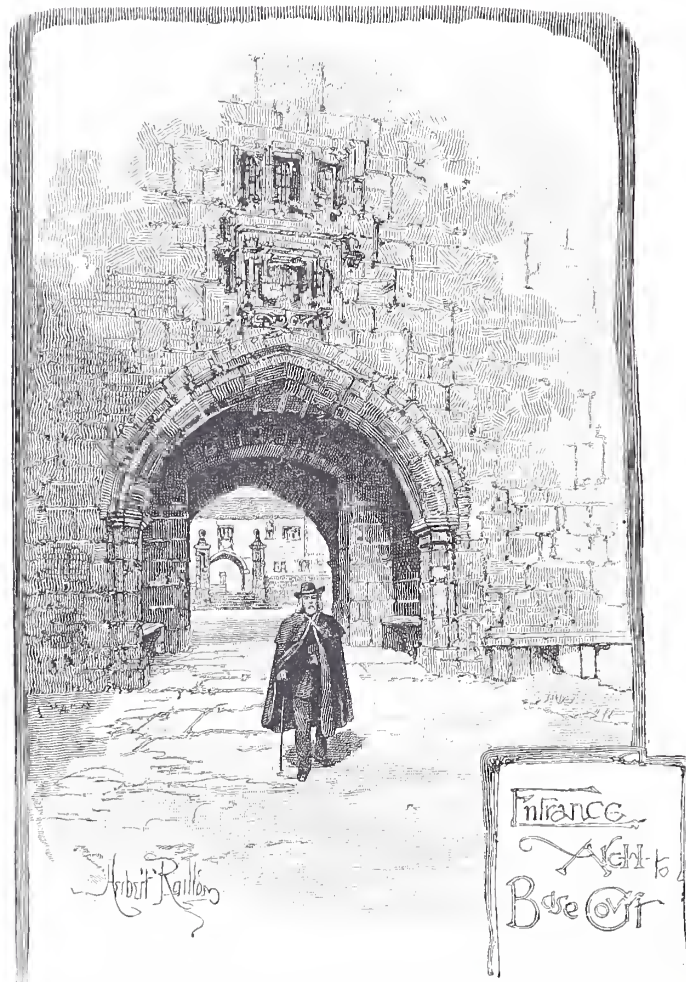
HOGHTON TOWER.—I.



VIEW OF HOGHTON TOWER.

THE neighbourhood of the busy town of Preston, in Lancashire, does not, to those who know the district only from the railway, suggest the search for picturesqueness or for records of the former life of England. Yet in the region between the great commercial centres of Preston and Blackburn lies a tract of country which possesses all the charms of our English landscape; and on its most favoured site is built a house of exceptional interest in the history of English architecture, and one which recalls, more vividly than perhaps any other in England, the characteristics of English life and society in the great turning-point of our civilisation, the age of Elizabeth and James I. The house of Hoghton Tower and its surroundings have a harmony and

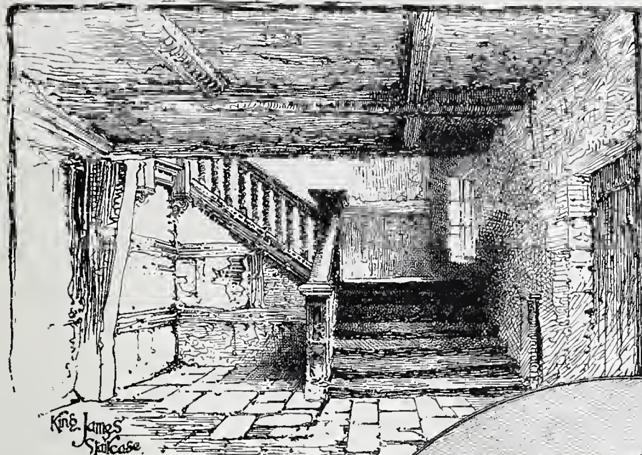
suggestiveness of their own. The impression which they give is complete and simple. They require little effort of the imagination to fill in the picture; no modern disfigurements need be removed by our fancy; the additions which we are called upon to make are slight and obvious. We may sit on the trim garden turf and people the quiet house with the men and women of the Seventeenth Century; there is nothing save the occasional sound of a railway whistle to disturb our reverie by reminding us of another age.



ENTRANCE ARCH TO THE BASE COURT.

Moreover, Hoghton Tower makes no excessive demand upon our historical knowledge of the conditions of life in the past. It does not require us to call up the uncomfortable grandeur of the vast establishment of a great baron. It does not call for a knowledge of the warfare of former time, for it has only slight reminiscences of the days when an Englishman's castle was his house, rather than his house his castle. It was built to be lived in, and was fashioned to supply the needs of family life. It was not meant to harbour a crowd of retainers, but to be the home of an opulent country gentleman, where he dispensed becoming hospitality to his friends and neighbours. It tells us of the quiet times when English life was above all things a country life, when English society was pre-eminently provincial, and when English civilisation centred round the houses of its gentry, who lived among their tenants, were useful according to their capacities, and were respected according to their deserts.

It is not without reason that this district of the valley of the Darwen should thus tell the tale of England's development in the Sixteenth Century. Its folk were, on the whole, favourably situated, and their lines had fallen in comparatively pleasant places. They were far enough from the border-land of England to be free, as a rule, from the devastations of the Scots. The troubles of the Welsh marches did not greatly affect them. The great estates of the Dukes of Lancaster had passed to



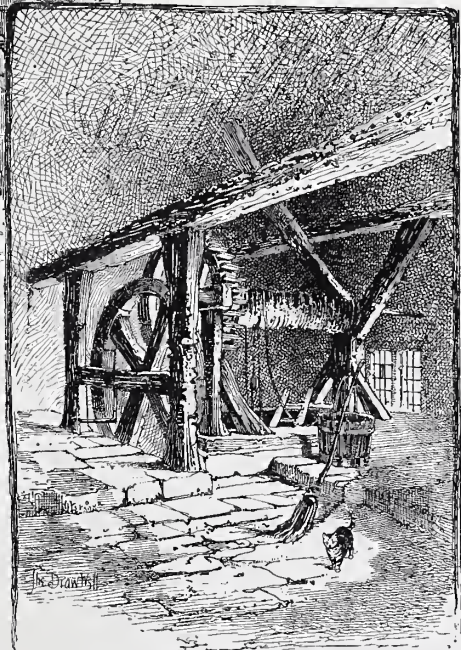
KING JAMES'S STAIRCASE.

the Crown on the accession of Henry IV., and the smaller lords were not so overshadowed by great feudatories as those who dwelt in the more settled and bustling districts of the south. The whole neighbourhood bears signs of the early existence of comfort, which are notably absent a little further north. The northern part of Lancashire has all the characteristics of the Scottish Border. It seems to have been a land where men in old days encamped rather than lived, and have consequently left few traces of their presence. But as we draw nearer to the Ribble we find many farmhouses and even cottages, which were built in Tudor times, solid and substantial. It would seem that the district was flourishing in a quiet way, and only needed a little encouragement to show clear signs of the civilisation of peace.

A QUAINT GABLE.

In this favoured district of Central Lancashire, on a spur of the Pendle Hills—the last high ground before the plains are reached which fringe the sea—stands Hoghton Tower. Its site is such an one as the castle-builders of former times would have chosen; for the river Darwen and a tributary brook have eaten channels on two sides of the hill, while the third side slopes gently downwards, so that the house stands on a triangular piece of ground, of which two sides are strong with natural defences. But, unlike the castles of older times, Hoghton Tower stands boldly on the highest ground in the neighbourhood. It seeks no shelter, and makes no attempt at concealment. If its natural defences were a reminiscence of the traditions of the past, its conspicuous and inviting position was an earnest of the future. The lords of Hoghton were foremost to perceive the advent of a time of internal peace, and to express their confidence by the new dwelling which they chose for themselves.

Hoghton, which probably took its name from its situation, the *High Town*, was one of many townships which were held by one of the followers of William the Conqueror, who was styled Baron of Penwortham.



THE DRAW-WELL.

His granddaughter received Hoghton as part of her dowry. On her death it passed to her second son, and his son was known as Adam of Hoghton in the reign of Henry II. There is no need to tell the names of the Hoghton lords, how they married rich heiresses and laid manor to manor till they were possessed of a goodly heritage between Preston and Ashton-under-Lyne. But Hoghton had charms as a hunting-ground, and Edward III. granted its lord a licence to enclose five hundred acres as a deer-park. It was a rare permission, as the royal right of chase was jealously guarded by the English kings. Within this park the lords of Hoghton lived —tradition says in a tower by the riverside, but there are no remains to identify the spot. It was not till 1565 that Thomas de Hoghton began the present building on the summit of the hill. How much of it he finished it is hard to say, for he was suspected of disaffection towards Elizabeth and was driven into exile; and on his death the possession of his lands at Hoghton was the subject of dispute. In fact, the first attempt of the Hoghton lords to build themselves a house in which they might live in ease and comfort seemed to be somewhat premature for those parts. First exile, then a lawsuit, then a homicide was their fate. The last disaster shows that peaceful ways of settling disputes were of slow growth. Thomas de Hoghton had on his lands some cattle which a neighbouring lady claimed to be hers. It would seem either that she made no effort to have the question legally settled, or that she failed in her attempt, as Thomas de Hoghton called the cattle his for the space of three years. At last the lady found a champion in a distant cousin of Thomas, who went by night with eighty men to drive off the disputed cattle. Thomas, warned of this intention, gathered together a band of thirty and went forth to resist. In the conflict which followed in the darkness of the night Thomas was killed, and his widow had at least the satisfaction of adding to the possessions of her house another manor which the author of the mischief surrendered in compensation for the ill that he had done.

In the days of Richard, son of the slaughtered Thomas, the house at Hoghton must have been brought into the shape which it still bears, for it was a sufficiently magnificent place to receive in 1617 the honour of a royal visit from James I. Sir Richard de Hoghton was one of the first who received the new honour of a baronetcy, an order which was regarded as coming between a baron and a knight. No doubt the king, as "fountain of honour," might confer what distinctions he pleased; but James I. was more anxious to fill the royal coffers, without the need of raising money through his Parliament, than he was to recognise merit by his new creations. The title of baronet was sold for something like £1,000, the estimated cost of thirty soldiers who were for three years to defend the colonists who had been settled in Ulster. It is but fair to say that Sir Richard de Hoghton was interested in such a plea. He had served in Ireland under the Earl of Essex, from whom he received the honour of knighthood. He was no upstart in search of a title, and a baronetcy could give him and his descendants no additional distinction in any one's eyes.

The opulence, the geniality, and personal popularity of Sir Richard drew upon him the costly honour of a royal visit, and the festivities at Hoghton Tower were long famous. It would seem that the royal visit caused a great stir in the quiet neighbourhood, and many legends grew around it. Men told in later times how the king stayed for a month at Hoghton Tower, and how one day at dinner he drew his sword in a fit of royal mirth, and, as a token of his appreciation of Lancashire beef, knighted a loin, and raised it to the rank of *sirloin*. Sober enquiry shows that sirloins were known before the days of James I., and that the king's visit to Hoghton was confined to three days, which were mostly spent in hunting and eating. If the hunting matched the eating, the sport must have been plentiful, for the table at Hoghton furnished thirty dishes at breakfast, fifty-five at dinner, and forty-seven at supper; and the dishes of that time bore substantial joints, and not the elegant trifles wherewith the modern host allures his weary guests.

Sir Richard de Hoghton did his duty as host to the full, and was well helped by his neighbours, who received from him presents of livery cloaks which they wore, "rather for his grace and reputation, showing his neighbours' love, than any exacting of mean service." Nor did the nobles and knights who were present think it beneath their dignity to dance in masks before the king "in the middle round the garden." With these were ruder entertainments: "dancing the Huckler, Tom Bedlo, and the Cowp Justice of the Peace." These entertainments have some historical importance, as they were performed before the king to beguile the quietness of Sunday; and the story goes that it was at Hoghton Tower that those who resented the Puritan spirit of their magistrates presented to the king the "Lancashire Petition" that he would authorise them to continue on Sundays the pastimes to which they had been accustomed. It is not improbable that at Hoghton Tower James I. signed the "Book of Sports," which may have been wise in view of the conditions of the neighbourhood, but which it was certainly unwise for the king to attempt afterwards to apply throughout

England. Perhaps royal progresses, of the kind which James I. especially loved, were not the best way of discovering the wishes and feelings of his people. However this may be, there is no doubt that at Hoghton Tower the bountiful provision of feasting, masquing, liveries, attendants, and the like, though no doubt it caused Sir Richard to set his house in order, did somewhat towards impoverishing his estate; and the troubles of the coming time did still more in the same direction.

When war broke out between Charles I. and Parliament, Sir Gilbert de Hoghton was naturally a royalist, and as such suffered in the king's service. What is more afflicting to us at the present day, his house suffered likewise. After the capture of Preston by the Parliamentary forces in 1643, a troop was sent to take Hoghton Tower, which was fortified and held by thirty or forty men. Its garrison surrendered; but soon after the conquerers had entered a "tall strong tower between the outer and the inner court," there was an explosion of gunpowder, by which many men were killed and the tower was destroyed. An account written hastily at the time attributes this disaster to deliberate treachery on the part of the garrison, and says that over a hundred men suffered from the explosion. This would make the tower a building of considerable size, quite out of proportion to any other part of the existing house. It is most probable that the account was greatly exaggerated, that the explosion was accidental, and that its consequences were not so serious. In the present building there are no traces of any other tower save that over the gateway, which was probably rebuilt on a smaller scale at the beginning of the next century. There are, however, some who suppose that the tower which was blown up occupied another position in the centre of the building, and has now totally disappeared; but it is difficult to reconstruct the house in accordance with this supposition.

Sir Gilbert's successor was of a different type. He was a Puritan, and sat as Member for Lancashire in the Long Parliament. His son, Sir Charles de Hoghton, similarly represented Lancashire in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., and was a staunch supporter of the Whig party. The traces of his Puritan and of his Whig principles are clearly left in Hoghton Tower at the present day. A bailiff's house, which was erected by the gate in 1700, bears over the doorway a reference to a text of Scripture; and in the courtyard of the house stands a statue of William III.—the hero of the Whig politicians. Nor were Sir Charles's principles expressed only in acts of personal testimony. He founded and endowed a school at Hoghton for the children of the neighbourhood, and may be reckoned as one of the first of the gentry who saw their responsibility of providing for the education of those who dwelt on their lands.

After this the palmy days of Hoghton Tower were ended for some time, and it was neglected by its owners. The political aspirations of the Hoghton baronets connected them with the neighbouring town of Preston, which generally counted one of them amongst its Parliamentary representatives in the Eighteenth Century. But during this time the conditions of English life were greatly changed. The smaller gentry lived on their estates, while those who wished to make a figure in society hastened to London and deserted the homes of their ancestors. In old days a landowner recognised that land-owning was an occupation, requiring care and management as much as any other pursuit. The landowners of England, from the great nobles to the smaller gentry, were thorough men of business, and might be seen in their office by any one who had a request to prefer. The buildings of Hoghton Tower show clearly enough that the idea in the mind of those who erected them was that of providing a comfortable abode for one who had abundant occupation at his doors. The house was intended for one engaged in the management of his estate, who was himself a practical farmer, but whose position involved the duty of hospitality. It was not unnatural that the new generation of fine gentlemen should feel little attraction towards a house which was, in itself, a mute reproach to those who neglected the work which their ancestors had done with cheerfulness. Perhaps we do not sufficiently realise how the increased activity of Parliament produced a gradual dislocation of English county life. The baronets of Hoghton preferred the excitement of contested elections to the excitement of the chase, and found life in London more to their taste than life among their county neighbours.

The expenses of contested elections and of a London life soon began to tell upon Hoghton Tower. Its spacious park, "which in former times was so full of timber that a man passing through it could scarce see the sun shine at mid-day," disappeared, and its trees were sold. "The red deer in great plenty" no longer attracted a royal hunter. The house itself was allowed to fall into decay, and was even let out in tenements to families of weavers, who tore down the wainscots for fire-wood. Until late years it remained an interesting ruin. The walls, it is true, remained uninjured by man's ravages, but the roofs fell in and the rooms were left desolate. Within the last twenty years Hoghton Tower again became the residence of the family which has such a long record of continuous possession. Its repair was gradually undertaken, and has been carried on with scrupulous

care. There was no need of restoration, for the main fabric remained unaltered, even in the disposition of the rooms. All that was necessary was the repair of had fallen, and to enable us to appreciate the scrupulous care shown in all that has been done to restore it to its ancient dignity. In its main characteristics,

THE OUTER COURTYARD.

the woodwork and the adaptation of the house to the requirements of our own day. This process is still going gradually on. Enough of the old tenantless rooms remain to show us into what neglect the house Hoghton Tower remains unaltered. Inside as outside the house, there is nothing which jars with the memories of the days when James I. held high festival within its walls. M. CREIGHTON.

SOME HISTORIC GLOVES.

GLOVES did not, of course, lose all at once the dignity of trust and usage which had become proper to them. They were, so late as the days of James I., gifts of significance. The practice of making a present of a finely-wrought pair in greeting to a visitor with whom it was well to be on good terms was kept up when James visited the Universities, those offered for his acceptance at Oxford being of the long-famous manufacture of Woodstock. Long-established custom demanded a general giving of propitiatory gloves from any person taking high office, and this was still kept up. Row records how "Mr. David Lyndesay, Bishop of Brechin, was installed Bishop of Edinburgh, and Mr. Thomas Sydserffe wes consecrat Bischop of Brechin the 29 of July, 1634. There was then many rich gloves distributed to noblemen, bischops, gentlemen, docters, and ministers quho were present and called to the solemnitie." With like dignity they were used as wedding presents to friends far into the Stuart period. There is Howell, in 1647, writing in thanks for the "rich nuptiall favours you appointed me for hands and hat," which he declares that he wears "with much contentment and respect, most heartily

wishing that this late double condition may multiply new blessings upon you, that it may usher in fair and golden daies, according to the substance of your

LEATHER GLOVE, THE CUFF EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD AND SILVER THREADS.

(English. Seventeenth Century.)

bridal ribands, that these daies may be perfumed with delight and pleasure as the rich scented gloves I wear for your sake." With people of good birth and well-mannered, on momentous occasions there were gloves, still breathing sentiment and full of significance, passed between friends in profession of kindliness and in all courtesy. But those who held then to the old days, which would still be good in their esteem, would find plenty of indications of neglect and recurring proofs of decay in reverence to lament and shake their heads over. The gloves, white in colour and wide-cuffed, which had once been peculiar to kings, and so common to them that it is mentioned almost as a reproach of Henry II. that he never wore gloves except when hawking,* had long before died out. The gloves of royalty had come to take rank by display, like that pair of Henry VIII.'s in his wardrobe at Hampton Court, "lined with white vellat, each glove trimmed with eight buttons and eight small aigletts of gold enamelled." But richness was no longer a refuge for rank. Wealth was more generally held, and formed its own aristocracy. Quite common people could and did wear gloves; and the author of "England's Vanity," a rare book of 1683, reproaching women with the example of good Rebekah, who did not disdain to take up pitcher and go to the well for water, says, derisively:—"When now poor girles, surprised in an imperfect dress or a foul pair of gloves, are ready to sink down with fear and shame, . . . not considering how far they impose on the folly of such addressers who should respect more the outward niceties than the inward virtues, and court rather the *cloaths* than the *woman.*"

The change of tone evident in writing of gloves might well make us look into and through them into their times, for the causes which so altered manners and brought about the downfall of customs so venerable and so general. Did wealth bring, with all the affectations of superior refinement and most

LEATHER GLOVE, THE CUFF EMBROIDERED AND FRINGED WITH SILVER THREAD.

(English. Seventeenth Century.)

mincing manners, a real disregard of truer politeness, or was it that gloves had been brought down to people who made no pretension to courtesy, and

* "Gesta Hen. II., Benedictus." ("Rolls Papers.")

so debased the emblem of it? Or was the wisdom of that age then developing to the point of disbelief, and beginning to regard these old-fashioned customs as empty and foolish?

Certainly the time of decadence had come. Sir Thomas Overbury, praising the sweet hand of the milkmaid, so that the milk for it might almost be thought whiter or sweeter, "for never came almond glove or aromatic on her palm to taint it," wrote then far more respectfully of gloves than Jonson, and others with rougher pens than he. These scoffed at gloves, and made mock of the associations connected with them. Especially as they were given by lovers as favours did men poke cruel fun at them, and sharpen upon the token their keen-edged wit. It is in their satire that we find the true reason of the fall of gloves, and can see in what respect the times were altered to account for it, for therein is written the epitaph of chivalry. In a chance incident of those days the position is seen at once. A Duke of Brunswick, with a hare-brained enthusiasm which would have made him a good knight-errant, became enthusiastic over the neglect with which Elizabeth of Bohemia was treated by her father, our James I. Inspired, as Miss Benger says, with "a sentiment of chivalric devotion as far removed from vulgar gallantry as heroism from ferocity," he appropriated one of her gloves, and, after reverently kissing it, wore it always after as a badge in front of his hat. He took an oath, too, holding his undrawn sword in hand, that he would never lay down arms until Elizabeth and her husband had been restored to the Palatinate, and altered the motto on his shield to "Für Gott und für sie" (For God and for her). But he lived a century too late. The tournament had gone, trial by wager of battle was looked upon as an obsolete folly, and, in an instance where the unrepealed law which established it was appealed to, was absolutely forbidden by James. The lists of war had been widened by gunpowder; the rough courtship, which was all that could be expected of men devoted to quarrel and chiefly proud of muscle and strength, had gone too, and with all this the gloves which had shared in these scenes had been gradually but surely dwindling and losing power.

What there is of picturesqueness and romance about these former times, as well as the conditions of life in dress and manners in the period of transition, may be seen in the gloves which illustrate this article. However incredulous we may be of relics, and prone to associate them with museum catalogues which make too great demands upon our belief, there is no doubt of the genuineness of several of these pictured gloves. The gloves of the Crowmer family, which are beautifully embroidered and with a degree of skill which many a modern needlewoman might envy, can be traced back through an unbroken succession of generations. They are believed to have belonged to a member of the family who became sheriff of Kent; but whether William, who held that office in 1585, or Sir James, who was similarly honoured in 1603, owned them, it is not possible to say. But they belong, beyond doubt, to that period. So, too, we may not believe in the hat of "Pontius Pilate's great-grandmother" or the "piece of Solomon's Temple," which figured so largely in Don Saltero's Tavern Museum, once so popular, but we may feel a little more faith in the wedding gloves of the wife of Hampden, which Horace Walpole had in keeping at Strawberry Hill, and which have gone I know not where. Even more authentic, I believe, are the gloves of Shakespeare, which, with an indubitable descent through a line of illustrious possessors, of whom the last will be no less famous, can be traced to the hands of Garrick, who, in 1769, received them from a lineal descendant of the poet. Despite of the "discovered" portraits, the very dubious carved "initials," even of the too numerous mulberry-tree relics, there are at least good grounds for believing this pair of gloves to have been worn by him who was "for all time," especially when we consider that in his day gloves, as his frequent references to them sufficiently prove, had a direct personal value. Another pair attributed to Shakespeare, and in the keeping of Miss Benson, of Leamington, I have elsewhere written of.

It is something in favour of the gloves that are here represented that many others of equal, if not of greater, age have been preserved with almost religious care. The gloves of the Austrian regalia, still to be seen in the Treasury at Vienna, popularly believed to have belonged to Charlemagne, have, at any rate, antiquity enough to give them every title to respect. It is to be regretted, supposing one single pair to have had successive employment in the rites of English coronations, that we have not been equally careful. That so many excellent specimens of undoubted antiquity and reasonable credence remain is so much to be thankful for. Where a family of the line of Douglas in unbroken descent from his day preserve, with other mementoes of Otterburn, a pair of gauntlets bearing the white lion of Percy, there is no room for doubt; and even where gloves have changed hands, there is frequently, beyond their intrinsic evidence of age, a claim for the truth of them so old as to become presumptive proof of their authenticity. Concerning the pair in the possession of Mr. Redfarn, with a drawing of which he has kindly favoured me, it is only fair to add his own remarks:—

"The gloves of Cromwell represented on this

plate are made of dark grey leather, and ornamented with a deep and heavy fringe of twisted brown silk; the length of gloves from the tip of the middle finger is twelve inches, and the length of the fringe five inches. Inside the left gauntlet (turned up in the sketch so as to display it better) is a piece of ancient paper, much worn and discoloured, on which is the following:—

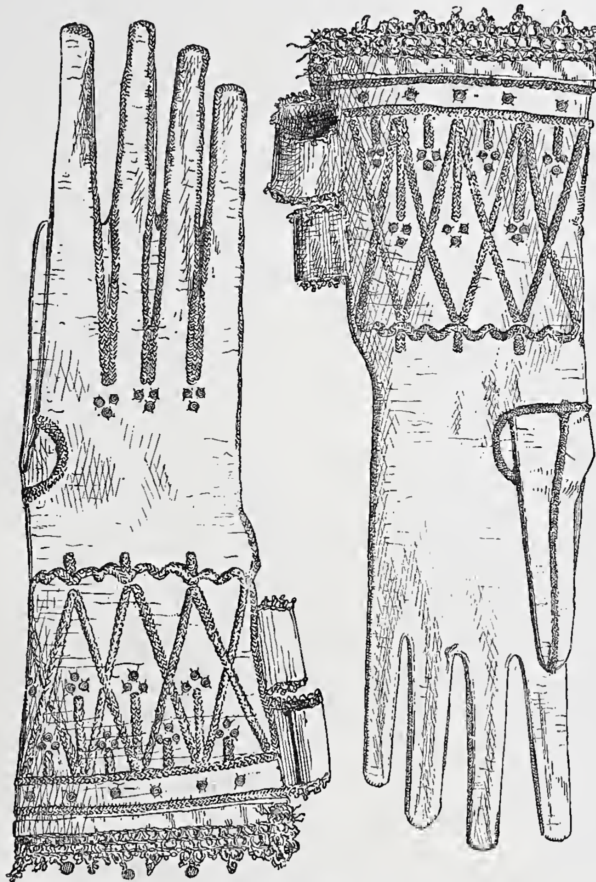
'These Gloves did . . . . .
Oliver Cromwell & was. . . .
gift of a Gentleman of . . . .
Huntingdon 1 04

Cromwell was a native of Huntingdon, that family having resided there many ages.'

"The date, which is partly obliterated, was doubtless 1704, the style of the writing being certainly of that period. This date brings the memorandum to within forty-six years of the death of Cromwell, and there is good reason to believe that the gloves have not changed owners more than three or four times since 1658. They are well authenticated."

This is not the only pair extant believed to have been worn by the Protector, but I have not been able to procure a sketch or photograph of the other. A glove given by Henry VI. to Sir Ralph Pudsay, of Bolton-by-Bowland, in Craven, in memory of his having found asylum there when fleeing from Hexham, and undoubtedly genuine, was shown at South Kensington in 1862.

A glance at the illustrations will show at once that the old glover had not very much to learn in respect of cutting out. It is not so very long ago that a patent then recently acquired for an improvement in the thumb-piece, was found to have been anticipated in gloves over a century ago; and so far as these specimens may seem unwieldly, it must be remembered that the requirement of a skin-fitting glove, so often carried to unsightly extremes, is entirely modern. Never in gloves, and seldom in shoes, were English men and women in bygone days tortured by tightness. The gloves of Charles II., for a sketch of which I am again indebted to Mr. W. B. Redfarn, fully indicate another frequent feature of old-time gloves. Cuffs so elaborately ornamented were not intended to be hidden—decidedly not—but very often the sleeves of gowns and other body-garments grew large and aggressive, so that with a small gauntlet the sleeve would have had to remain uppermost or be spoiled by crushing. To obviate this the gloves were split open at the side, and loops of wide ribbon fastened across, allowing of its distension to any required width, and making another point of colour in dress as a whole. Lines stitched down the backs of gloves will be noticed as familiar to other days than these.



GLOVES WORN BY KING CHARLES II. AT THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER, SEPT. 3, 1651.

(The Property of A. J. Clark Kennedy, Esq.)

There is no need to trace the history of gloves to the present day. It would be well, from an artistic point of view, to mention that a fashion of wearing them white is evident from the literature of the later Stuart period. Gay makes one Lydia, a faded beauty, lament—

"No more my name shall reign the favourite toast;
On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes mis-spell'd record a lover's flame;
Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
And as they catch the glance, in rows arise
With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaux approach
In crowds behind to guard me to my coach."

And Pope asks—

"Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?"

It was customary for very delicate people to wear them at night. Johnson mentions the mode in the *Rambler*, and Swift mentions

"night gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeathed by Tripsey when she died."

And the Rev. Samuel Hoole, in his "Aurelia," revealing how a beauty was made up, said the parts of

"such renown
Are cull'd from every quarter of the town;

> She buys her beauties at a price immense,
> Her breath from Warren, and her teeth from Spence;
> Each night her face is wrapp'd in greasy bands,
> And Chinese gloves enfold her arms and hands."

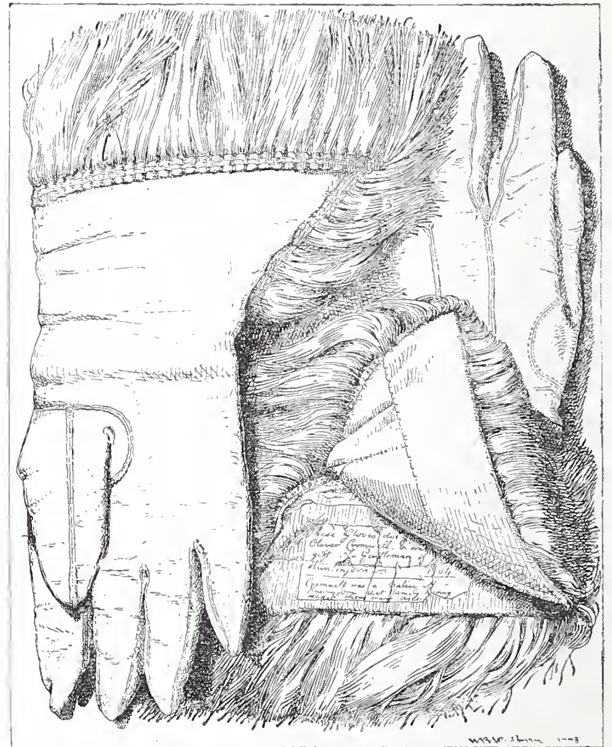
GLOVE OF SIR EDWARD DENNY, KT.

(*Temp. King James I.*)

Heavy gold fringes were worn to gloves in the time of William IV.

For the rest we have dropped every quality of gloves except that utility by which Emerson said every Englishman ruled all his acquisitions and actions. Pelham would have three tradesmen to make his gloves, "one for the hand, a second for the fingers, and a third for the thumb;" and young Disraeli exceeded, in actual wearing, this measure of foppery by more noticeable gloves of white kid with long hanging fringes of black silk at the wrists. De Grammont could send to Paris every week for a fresh supply of gloves, and the etiquette of the assembly-room under the early Georges required that a fresh pair of gloves should be put on for every dance. It may, perhaps, be remembered that Goldsmith, in one of his letters, while in the University at Edinburgh, mentions that he happened to "slip into Lord Kilcobry's"—he meant Kirkcudbright's—and adds, "Don't be surprised, his lordship is only a glover." His lordship, at any rate, was the sixth of that title, and inherited the name, if not the position, of the Maclellans, who were once uncrowned kings of Galloway; and from him descended the great Federal general. For all that he was still only a glover, and kept a stall in the outer hall of the Assembly Rooms at Edinburgh, to supply the frequent needs of the dancers.

Even these refinements have been swept away. It is more to our mind to-day to decide upon whether we can get seven-and-three-quarters on without splitting, or shall be obliged to have eights, and as to whether we shall pay four or five shillings for them. We may reasonably regret the total decay of sentiment in gloves, but since we get, at the same time, a very desirable plainness in them—for gloves, from a fashionable point of view, are remarkably simple and stable—we may, on the whole, rest content. We import from France some fifteen millions of pairs per annum, besides what we wear of home manufacture, and if these were to be worn figured, painted, or in any way patterned, there



OLIVER CROMWELL'S GLOVES.

(*The Property of W. B. Redfarn, Esq.*)

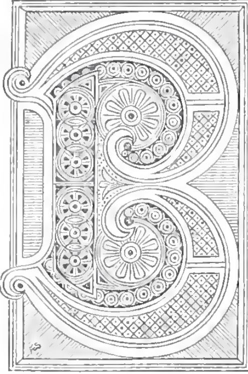
would be soon let loose a flood of tawdry ornament which would be beyond bearing. There have been patents taken out—one in 1864—particularly for printing, stamping, or embossing designs, figures, arms, emblems, or other devices upon our gloves, but a blessed neglect has so far fallen upon these proposals.

S. William Beck.

A DANCING GIRL.

(Painted by G. Courtois. Salon, 1882.)

A NATIONAL ART-EXHIBITION.



BEFORE speaking of a scheme for a national exhibition of works of art, it is perhaps advisable to refer to the causes which render such a movement necessary. From different reasons a great deal of attention has lately been called to the Royal Academy, chief among them being its refusal, by large majorities, to reduce the number of works now allowed to be exhibited by individual artists at its annual exhibition. The indignation that has been caused by this refusal to grant a small reform has been interesting and somewhat amusing, as being quite out of proportion to the extremely insignificant proposals. For if these conditions had been accepted, the result would only have been to increase the number of individual contributors to the exhibition—a slight advantage to outsiders. However, in refusing these propositions, the Royal Academy has (perhaps for the first time) done the best thing for art and the very worst it could for itself. The public is now beginning to see that before it can hope for small improvements it must insist on some drastic reforms. These must be indicated to show that much more is asked from the Royal Academy than a small curtailing of some of the enormous privileges of its members, and will have to be conceded before it can regain the now lost respect of the public.

There is one point to which too much attention cannot be drawn, and which cannot be reiterated too often. It is that the Royal Academy elects its own members, and that they are elected for life. This is the diseased root from which the other evils grow, and until this is torn up nothing but evil will be the fruit.

What is now demanded of the Royal Academy is that it shall make two simple but drastic alterations in its constitution :—

(1) That every new member of the Royal Academy be elected by a wide suffrage of the artists of the kingdom.

(2) That such new members be elected for one year only.

These are the reforms that are needed and justly demanded. The Royal Academy, in granting them, would, by making every artist feel that he had a voice in the direction of his country's art, give to the art of the kingdom an impetus that has never been given before; but it has already shown that it is deaf to all suggestions, and prefers to pass on its way in a growing storm of anger and ridicule. It may be asked, By what right are these demands made? There is no doubt that this is a difficult question, the answer to which must depend on whether the Royal Academy is a public or a private body. This is not in the province of this paper to discuss. But as it has been conclusively proved in these columns, and elsewhere, that the Royal Academy has been practically endowed by the nation, it surely owes a debt to the public! Legal right to interfere the public may not have, but its moral right to demand these reforms is difficult to question. It is on this ground that the Royal Academy is asked to remove the obstructions to the growth of art which have been indicated above. But as there can be little doubt what answer it will give in its present mood, the following scheme has been formulated for conducting an independent national exhibition of works of art :—

Any such undertaking must be considered under two aspects—(1) financial, (2) artistic. These are entirely distinct, and it is proposed to keep them so by the election of two committees—a Managing Committee (selected from and by the guarantors), to deal with all questions of finance, and an Artistic Committee, to which will be entrusted the sole responsibility of selecting and hanging the works of art submitted to it.

As it is impossible to proceed without funds, it is proposed first of all to obtain guarantees for money to pay expenses before and during exhibition. In the event of the exhibition not being self-supporting, the deficit will be met by a *pro ratâ* call on the money guaranteed—*i.e.*, each guarantor will lose from the sum he guarantees the proportion that the deficit bears to the total amount guaranteed.

For example, if the total amount guaranteed is £500, and the deficit to be met is £100, each guarantor will lose one-fifth of the sum he guarantees.

If the exhibition pays expenses, the money advanced by the guarantors will be returned.

If there is a balance it will be carried forward to the next exhibition.

When a sufficient sum is guaranteed, a circular explaining the "movement" will be sent at once to the suffrage, and every effort made to advertise it to voters and the general public.

It is desirable that the suffrage should be *as wide*

and as universal a suffrage *of all ranks and conditions* of artists as possible, WITHOUT DISCREDITING the suffragan voice.

Let us say, every artist who in the last two years has exhibited a work of art in any of the principal exhibitions. Let us say for "principal exhibitions" the different widely-known existing Art Societies, and the exhibitions managed by the Municipal Corporations of the provinces.

The circular will be an explanatory programme, stating very distinctly that the voter to whom it is sent will have no pecuniary responsibility, and asking—

(1) That the voter will submit two works to the Selecting and Hanging Committee for exhibition;

(2) That the voter will send in his name as a candidate for the Selecting and Hanging Committee;

(3) That the voter will vote the names of twenty for the Selecting and Hanging Committee;

and will then proceed to explain that these twenty will be chosen from a list of names given in response to paragraph (2), and that this list will be sent early next year.

Then early next year this list of names collected, as above, will be sent to the suffrage, and by its vote will be annually chosen the Selecting and Hanging Committee of twenty.

The financial part of an undertaking like this is usually the most difficult and always the most uninteresting, and although this does not affect the principles of the scheme, it is perhaps better not to completely ignore it. At present, although the movement is hardly known, and has only been discussed privately, there is already enough money promised to guarantee the rent of a very fair gallery. When the scheme is more widely known (and means to secure this end are now being taken by a provisional committee) the guarantees will be quickly and largely increased. Will the guaranteed money be called to cover a deficit? This is a question for the future to answer. But—from the wide publicity that will be given to the exhibition by the voting, from the support it will receive from artists, most of whom for the first time will have a voice in the choosing of their judges, and above all from the interest the public will take in an undertaking which appeals so directly to its sense of fairness and justice —it is not unreasonable to hope for financial success.

Although the financial part of this scheme is important, it will not be judged by this, but by the artistic success of the exhibition. What this will be cannot be foretold. But the consideration of this leads to the main points of the proposal, viz., the suffrage and its qualifications, and whether such a suffrage would elect a competent jury. This is where all the discussion will centre. Before suggesting the qualifications necessary for a voter, the peculiar circumstances of English art must be carefully studied. In this kingdom there is not, as in France, one large and all-embracing exhibition, which forms almost entirely the voting body. To include artists of all schools it has been found necessary to go farther afield. The voting body indicated in the programme will be large enough to place it beyond the suspicion of only representing groups, while at the same time it will be difficult to flout as a suffrage of the pavement.

The arguments for and against a wide suffrage in art are the same as those for and against its widening in other and more important affairs. There is on the one hand disbelief in the intelligence of a wide suffrage, the rusty warnings against appealing to the "uncultured many instead of the cultured few." On the other hand, it inspires confidence in its disinterestedness, seeing that it is not likely to be biassed by any personal consideration, and its vote will only be given at the dictates of conscience and the desire to do right.

According to the opinions expressed on the suffrage, so is the question answered of what kind of jury a wide suffrage would choose. Will it be recognised to possess a high standard of merit, or will it be the incompetent outcome of an ignorant vote? What is the case at the Salon, for the direction of which a jury is annually chosen by the exhibitors? Do the voters there record the names of an incompetent jury? Again, does this jury, in any shape or in any form, show incapacity in fulfilling its duties? It is obvious that the voting body (which would be the first to suffer from any incapacity on the part of the jury) does not think so, or it would cease to elect it. While here, in this kingdom, we have a self-elected body from which the jury is drawn, which jury would be chosen as the most competent by any one with the slightest knowledge of art?

Another vital part of this scheme is that the jury will be chosen annually. This is a point which cannot be insisted upon too much, for it is by this that the growth of art and artistic feeling will be recorded. By these means it will be possible for an artist, by the force of his artistic powers alone, to take his place at once in the foremost ranks of his calling; not as now, having to wait through sickening years for the death or ignominious retirement of those who have long ceased to hold any authority by their artistic talent. As the selection of the jury will register the rise of ability, so, necessarily, will it register its fall. This seems hard, almost cruel, but it is bare justice. It will only be a record of that mysterious ebbing and flowing of artistic ability

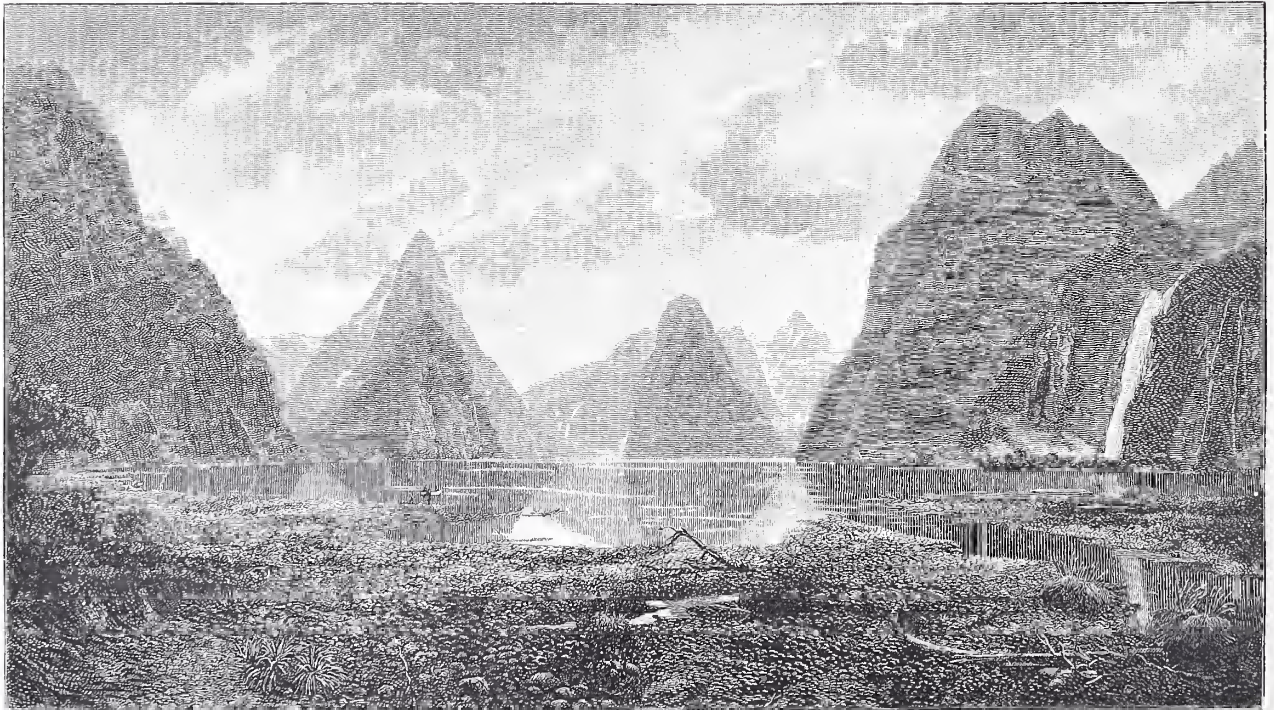
which every artist knows so well—the record of that unsuccessful striving to accomplish tasks to-day which yesterday seemed almost easy. It is this ever-shifting current of artistic power, altering from day to day and year to year, which will be registered by the annual selection of the jury. And as surely as success will be rewarded, so those whose powers are waning will have to render place to others. It is only by these means that growth is possible.

These are mainly the points connected with the scheme which one can measure with some amount of accuracy. But there are other influences which will be fostered which, though difficult to gauge, will not be without effect on art. Will this pointing to a path which leads to freedom have no effect on the minds of artists? This having a voice in the art of the country must have some influence for good! No longer to speak "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," no more to be tried before self-elected judges, but to be tried by a jury which they have helped to call! Then the annual striving for excellence in art—and art alone—the emulation caused by the wish to obtain the confidence of the suffrage, although difficult to gauge, must surely be for good!

It has been said that this is all quite true, but it involves too many sacrifices on the part of artists to succeed; that they will refuse to till to-day, when possibly the harvest in the future may be garnered by others. This may be so, but it is an unhappy and an uncharitable belief. The experience of the promoters of this scheme is, that there is a different spirit abroad. And if not now, possibly in the future this protest may cause all self-elected judges to pause before saying "this work is bad," that "good," another but "indifferent." For the commencement of this agitation cries "check" to them, and if an exhibition is held on the lines indicated in this paper, and is followed by a more successful one the year after it is "mate." H. H. La Thangue.

ART IN NEW ZEALAND.

Unlike the fairly compact presentment of art in the Victoria and New South Wales sections of the Exhibition, the drawings and paintings of New Zealand artists involved a good deal of exploitation of the Albert Hall gallery and the New Zealand Court—two points lying very far apart. The inconvenience of this arrangement was somewhat mitigated by the fact that the latter and smaller



I.—MILFORD SOUND.

(Painted by Eugène von Guérard, Colonial Exhibition.)

II.—FLOOD IN THE OTIRA GORGE.

(Painted by J. Gibb. Colonial Exhibition.)

collection was but a reflection of the former. In summarising the characteristics of the exhibition, it is necessary to distinguish between New Zealand art and the aspects of art in New Zealand. The title of this article is applied in a purely conventional sense to the works of colonial artists, and these present no

features that are not common to the paintings shown by the Australian colonies. They are essentially home-products in spirit and in method. They suggest nothing of the stimulating influences of a young and vigorous community, exiled from academical influences, and working out fresh ideals in a novel environment. The best examples in the collection might have found congenial and unobtrusive positions in our Academy exhibitions of twenty years ago. In this respect they differ altogether from the more representative vitality of the Canadian pictures, many of which reflect something of the ferment of modern art movements, the quickening influences of contemporary aspirations, and a notable accord with the teachings of Bastien-Lepage, Jules Breton, and other French masters. New Zealand art, in fact, can only be said to exist in its very restricted application to the primitive and archaic art of the Maoris, the wood-carving of canoes and *wharés*, the jade or nephrite *meré-pounamus*, the curious objects of personal adornment, and other illustrations of barbaric handicraft. The show of indigenous art concerns the archæologist and ethnologist rather than the artist. The show of colonial art, likewise, contains little that appeals to painters and students of painting. Its interest is of another and far more popular kind. As a pictorial commentary on the work of government surveyors, the observations of botanists, the records of photographers, these paintings and drawings possess a value that is quite independent of the artistic handling of materials. Landscape is naturally the predominant subject of study, and is almost invariably treated in the spirit of a physicist, whose chronicle of phenomena and facts is both precise and abundant. The process arouses curiosity and invites investigation. In some we find foregrounds burdened with distracting detail, elaborated with minute and painstaking fidelity, in which all the circumstances of vegetation and local configuration are reproduced with mechanical exactitude. In others the aims of landscape art are wholly ignored, and we have a wild medley of tree-ferns, palms, gigantic parasites, and still more gigantic forest trees, each item being independently studied as a botanical specimen, the whole closely resembling a section of an immense conservatory. These natural objects are enveloped in no sort of atmospheric medium that might harmonise the crude local tints and merge the garish detail in some broad and concentrated effect. The principles of still-life studies applied on a large scale to landscape are necessarily fatiguing by reason of the petty and laborious workmanship and excessive detail the system demands.

The scenery of New Zealand offers an astonishing variety of material for the enterprise of landscape-painters; and all the more prominent districts of the colony are represented at South Kensington. From the South or Middle Island, we have many idyllic pictures of the Canterbury plains, radiant with sunshine and pastoral content; grim visions of the south-western lakes—Te Anau and Wakatipu; impressive studies of the magnificent deep-sea inlets that intersect the lower spurs of the Southern Alps; and of the wild primitive Bush, mountain gorges, and foaming rivers, many a suggestive sketch, in some of which the immense snowy cone of Mount Cook dominates the scene like Fujisan in Japanese landscapes. In the pictures of North Island, the great isolated peak of Mount Egmont, curiously islanded by plain and sea, is a notable feature; while the wonderful volcanic district of mountain, lake, and hot springs, stretching from Ruapehu and Tongariro to the Bay of Plenty, finds ample illustration. The abundance of landscape in the collection is only natural. As pioneers are led to exploit the superficial resources of a new land, before developing manufactures and mines, so the New Zealand painters have hitherto laboured as explorers, chiefly intent on noting physical facts in a literal and conscientious spirit. Such illustrative work possesses the value and interest that befit a great popular exhibition, while it presents little that calls for criticism from an artistic point of view. Few, indeed, show any attempt to apply the principles of modern realistic art to the fresh and suggestive material of which nature is so prodigal in New Zealand. All things *bizarre* or phenomenal in the land seem to have attracted many painters to depict scenes in quite a scientific spirit of exactitude. Mr. Charles Bloomfield's series of studies, embracing diverse aspects of the marvels of Rotomahana, are interesting absolutely from their topographical quality. They are very sincere attempts to embrace in small compass the bewildering phenomena of the White and Pink Terraces, with all their astonishing surroundings of iridescent rocks, pellucid basins, boiling cauldrons, hissing geysers, and mud volcanoes. The interest in these paintings was, of course, greatly increased by the devastation that followed the eruption of Mount Tarawera this summer, when both of the fantastic terraces were destroyed and the whole surface of the country deformed by the upheaval and mud-deposits. In other works we find some remarkable examples of the petty insistence on detail carried out to the annihilation of breadth and harmonious *ensemble*. Mr. T. Ryan's "Swampy Lagoon" is a study of vegetation that invites microscopic inspection. The effect is somewhat like a mosaic in greens and browns, each botanical specimen being presented in defiance of the law of relation, while in the midst a spot of blue shines like turquoise, engaging the attention like the glittering

eye of the Ancient Mariner. Closely investigated, this disconcerting blotch of colour resolves itself into a bird of gorgeous plumage, which may be accepted as an interesting note of natural history, though otherwise of dubious value in the composition. Still more curious is the distribution of violent local tints and antagonistic accents in the "Settler's Home, Sunset," of Mr. J. Symons. These are extreme instances of distempered vision. Mr. John Gibb's "Flood in the Otira Gorge," which we engrave (II.), is a sober and skilful treatment of mountain landscape, mainly effective by the clever rendering of the tumultuous river and the concentration of light on the near mass of water. All the minor elements in the picture are rightly subordinated to this effect, and the balance of light and shade is thoroughly preserved. The scene pourtrayed is encountered by the traveller in crossing the island between Christchurch and Hokitika, and suggests no more than a glimpse into the romantic and impressive regions of wood and water and mountain that extend from the western limits of the Canterbury plains towards Mount Cook and its allied ranges. In Mr. Gibb's picture a passing shower lowers over the mountains, veiling in gloom and mist the heights of the wooded defile, in whose hollow the river roars. From a rift in the storm-clouds the pallid light plays on the foaming river in the foreground, heightening the impression of gloom, and contrasting with the calm and clear sky beyond the higher peaks of the mountains. This painting, despite its thin technique, is imbued with true romantic feeling, and shows some perception of the value of detail. The painter has not shown a prying delight in elaborating the rata-trees and other local vegetation overhanging the river. In Mr. Gibb's "Stiff Breeze in Cook's Straits," the handling of the rolling sea under a lurid sky of broken lights is spirited, and shows by far the best workmanship in the canvas. Two views of "Lyttleton Harbour," one looking seaward and the other giving the port with its shipping and the mist-encircled heights above the town, are good examples by the same artist. The atmospheric quality and soft grey tone of the latter work distinguish it among the marine work in the Exhibition. Two landscapes, by Captain Edwyn Temple, wrought in a melodramatic spirit, are startling presentments of savage desolation from which the suave and subtle influence of aërial envelopment seems banished. In the "Gorge in the Two-Thumb Range," the greenish tone of the sky, with its ruddy bars of stratus, has a flat opacity quite irreconcilable with the quality of atmosphere, however rarefied and dry. The picture has much of the ghastly impressiveness of a dream. Less hard and crude, yet scarcely less garish in effect, is the "View on the Rangitata River," showing a wide river-bed of dry boulders with runnels of clear blue water, bare, steep hills of harsh brownish tones rising on each side of the desolate valley, and the distant range of mountains partly masked by whirling mist and cirrus. With all its sins against art, this kind of work derives a certain value from the local veracity of the painter's observation. Its ill-disciplined vigour is more fruitful in illustration than the inexpressive and faltering technique of Mr. Kennett Watkins's "On the Waikato River," the original of our last engraving. The same painter shows a very different degree of capacity in his "Mount Egmont," and a large study of forest and undergrowth, with some moas striding in the foreground, entitled "The Haunt of the Moa." Another picture with the same title, by Mr. Sherriff, badly placed in the Albert Hall, has much quiet solemnity of colour, and is decidedly imposing.

Milford Sound, one of the most striking of the lake-like inlets on the south-western coast of South Island, is a rich field for New Zealand painters, and figures under many aspects in pictures by M. von Guérard, Mr. E. de Bathe Brandon, Mr. L. W. Wilson, and others. M. Eugène von Guérard's "Milford Sound" (I.) shows an upper bend or reach in this beautiful inlet, out of whose glass-like waters rise in stark and desolate grandeur the gaunt and frowning mountains. The loose detached clouds, with filmy edges in full illumination, which float in a dark-toned sky, are potent accessories in the weird and melancholy impressiveness of the picture. Like one or two other landscapes near it, the vision of Milford Sound might be termed a fantasia in oils, so strange is its aspect, so suggestive of the magic land of romance and witchcraft. As if to call us back to the work-a-day world, the artist has introduced what looks like a toy steamboat, but which is doubtless accurately drawn to scale. It is fortunately well-nigh merged in the reflection of the mountain-side, and scarcely serves any utilitarian end, though the circumstance is noteworthy, as it betrays the artist's conscientious respect for physical facts. M. von Guérard's second contribution, "Lake Wakatipu," gives a vivid impression of the lake-district of Otago, within the southern section of the Alpine ranges. The long line of the distant sierra, with its snow-fields, is presented with curious visibility against a pale olive-toned sky; while the deep and calm lake, rippled by a breeze in the foreground, mirrors the pyramidal forms of the lower mountains. The vegetation on the shores of the lake is carefully studied; and a canoe, navigated by Maoris, gives the local life and colour that every one knows how to value. The glowing tone of the cloudless sky and the Mediterranean blue of the water are the most notable features in Mr. H. C. Sepping Wright's

transcription of "Lake Taupo"—the largest lake in the colony, and associated with some interesting Maori legends. The bird's-eye point of view taken by the painter must be considered a strange choice in an artist. Almost in the centre of this lake is an island which, according to the natives, is haunted by a dragon, and is therefore, like many another spot around Rotomahana, looked upon as *taboo.* The lake lies at the south-western extremity of the great belt of volcanic country that extends to White Island, with its sulphurous springs; in its neighbourhood are the volcanoes Tongariro and Ruapehu, the latter of which broke out in active sympathy with Tarawera on the memorable 10th of June last, after having been quiet within the whole period of Maori tradition and history. One of the few landscape studies inspired by decorative feeling is an oblong upright composition by Mr. E. W. Payton, which shows a sunny vista of lake and plain, with the snowy cone of Tongariro in the vaporous distance.

III.—ON THE WAIKATO RIVER.

(*Painted by Kennett Watkins. Colonial Exhibition.*)

Among the water-colours are not a few drawings that more than hold their own in competition with the paintings. A "Landscape," by Mr. J. L. Cousins, is a sound, broadly handled piece of work which gives a truthful rendering of sunny mist in a deep mountainous valley. Mr. John Gully's "Wairoa Valley" and "Kaikowia," though somewhat laboured, are soberly harmonised and of good atmospheric quality. The various portraits of Maori chiefs, and the like, are among the most interesting exhibits in the Exhibition, though the greater number have slight artistic quality, and are little removed from enlarged photographs. The majority of the flower-pieces aim less at decorative effect than scientific accuracy. Miss Margaret Stoddart's "In the Bush" and "Mountain Daisies" may be noted as successful treatment of still-life from an artistic point of view. The latter painting is not merely a good botanical study but an agreeable essay in decoration. The collection of studies and drawings forwarded by Mr. David Blair, Head-Master of the School of Art, Christchurch, is among the best educational exhibits from the colonies, but is altogether too extensive to be dealt with in detail. An arrangement of objects of native workmanship is a clever example of still-life by A. S. Taylor. Among the water-colour drawings of native flowers there are several by Mrs. G. Hetley, Mrs. Tizard, Miss Cheeseman, and Miss Ridings, that are very well executed. The "Nikau Palm," by the first-mentioned lady, may justly be called excellent, even among the large display of this class of work exhibited by colonial ladies. J. A. Blaikie.

Magazine of Art — Gustave Jacquet pinx

PANDORA'S BOX

THE SURF PHANTOM.

(*Painted by F. S. Church, A.N.A.*)

MOVEMENTS IN AMERICAN PAINTING.

THE CLARKE COLLECTION IN NEW YORK.

ONE great cause for the undeveloped state of the fine arts among English-speaking people on the western edge of the Atlantic was the absence of a Church which asked for works of art. The colonial position toward Europe down to the present century was a minor matter in a people so independent; it merely helped to keep the practice of sculpture and architecture, painting and music, at the lowest ebb until the first quarter of the present century. The other and more liberal patron of the arts, the State, was in no position after the Revolution to fill the place unoccupied by the Church. Portraiture alone flourished, but not so well that a fair workman like the late F. B. Morse, for example, did not gladly drop his brushes in the hope of making a better living by the newly-invented telegraph. In his day *genre* pictures by Americans began to find favour. Mount, Robert W. Weir, and a few others managed to exist, and historical and religious paintings were evolved by Trumbull and Allston, and, later, by Leutze. The movement then was from interiors, from *genre*, from cabinet pictures, to the out-of-town world of the forest, plain, and river, and the American landscapists, led by Thomas Cole, appeared. The Pre-Raphaelite movement in England exerted more or less influence on the American art of that period. Extreme believers were recruited in America, who bravely painted according to Ruskin, with a

conscientiousness that forgot the colour-relations of things, and placed one leaf in a landscape as distinctly on the canvas as if it were three feet off, or as if the human eye were a telescope. After American Art had staggered far enough in that direction, she opened her eyes to her position, and began to run the other way. James M. Whistler is the leader of this reaction, which is indeed very lucky to have so gifted a bandmaster. Men who share his sentiments are found in France and America, rarely in England, among the most talented workmen of the day. The American landscape school, which arose after the *genre* epoch just mentioned, may be said, as a school, to be on the decline. At least it can no longer claim a major place in the American world of art, notwithstanding that George Inness, John La Farge, Homer Martin, R. Swain Gifford, and other excellent landscapists are still at work; whilst of new men like Albert Ryder, A. Harrison, Enneking of Boston, and Senat of Philadelphia, there is a little army who either make landscape a medium for ideal thoughts or strive after truth to nature. A reaction has recently taken place in American painting from landscape, back again to that *genre* work which was reasonably popular before the Civil War. To illustrate this, let us look at the private collection of a young New York merchant who is identified with it because of his modest but continued encouragement of this side of native painting.

Mr. Thomas B. Clarke received the impulse to collect pictures, oddly enough, from a landscapist of genius who has never worked satisfactorily in *genre*, the elder George Inness. Landscapes therefore help to enliven the halls and drawing-rooms of the dark New York house, land in the city being so costly that only the very rich can show their pictures to the best advantage. But *genre* pictures predominate in a way that shows how early in his collecting years Mr. Clarke began to encourage the department of American art which seemed to him to stand most in need of assistance.

THE PROFESSIONAL REHEARSAL.

(Painted by Thomas Eakins.)

Without talk and with only modest sums to offer, he was often one of the first to enter the studio of some young artist of whom he had heard promising things, and if the man seemed in earnest, and the work showed ability, he bought frankly, as he would in business, at the lowest price obtainable without haggling. If a good picture appeared at the Academy, the Society of American Artists, or an auction, he was generally among the first to offer a reasonable sum. The taste growing, and with it his belief in the need of further encouragement of work on the figure, Mr. Clarke

established certain annual prizes at the National Academy for native paintings containing figures—making an exhibition of most of his collection to swell the fund. The value of his example to native artists cannot be easily estimated, for it showed other men in a similar position that, with the proper spirit and the necessary self-instruction, it did not need a very long purse to obtain a more than respectable number of silent companions to line their walls. It was Mr. Clarke's initiative that broke down the popular idea of the costliness of paintings, and more especially of the worthlessness of native work as a form of investment. Perhaps those who have not watched the difficulties of artists may not realise the importance of this demonstration in a community where the vast majority of men work for a living, and many who might be called rich are infected with certain venerable business traditions concerning what is, and what is not, a "sound investment;" what will, and what will not, make the prudent elders in trade look askance; what can, and what cannot, affect a merchant's standing. Before the Civil War a young merchant dared not wear a braid lest his bank should refuse him credit and the Chadbands of trade privately ruin his reputation. Not so many years ago a young merchant who should be so reckless as to buy American pictures unless avowedly a millionaire, would run the risk of financial taboo, owing to the suspicion his proceedings might arouse in this mercantile *camorra*. But if anything is sure, this is—that better things may be expected of a given art if ten men of moderate fortune encourage it than if one man of colossal fortune deigns to assume the part of patron. As a matter of fact the Vanderbilts, Morgans, and other great buyers of paintings in New York have neglected the talent at their doors, and turned the heads of foreign painters whose success was already as great as they could bear.

Only four painters can be spoken of here, and of the four two have studied in Europe; two are homebred. Thomas L. Eakins is a Philadelphian who returned to his native place after a very thorough training at the École des Beaux-Arts and in the studios of the painters Bonnat and Gérôme, together with a certain amount of work with the sculptor Dumont. He has done much teaching in Philadelphia, where, until lately, he was instructor in the life-school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. In 1878 he taught in the School of Practical Anatomy, and is now at the head of a schism from the Academy schools. Eakins made his mark at the Centennial Exhibition with "Chess-players," a broadly and severely painted interior, very dark, very realistic, very sober. He has painted many portraits, including those of Professor Rand and Dr. Brinton, the distinguished writer on American Indians; of Professor Gross, also, attending a surgical clinic at Jefferson College, less pleasing than the "Chess-players," but rudely powerful; and an historical painting of William Rush, the first Pennsylvanian who did anything in sculpture, carving in wood his ideal figure representing the River Schuylkill. Eakins has iron-bound limits in execution, but very remarkable originality. He has boldly seized on subjects never attempted before by artists of his training and parts, such as a water-colour of the national pastime called "Baseball," an oil-painting of an expert sculler seated in his outrigger, a sportsman "Whistling for Plover," and a view of the Delaware river covered with such uncouth sailing craft as factory operatives can obtain when they wish to take a sail. The picture here produced is not his best, but it is far from his worst; perhaps "Chess-players" and one other, "Listening to Music," surpass it. The people's note is struck again. Here is the stage robbed of all glamour, the actor and musician in shirt-sleeves, ding and devil-may-care, who tinkle on the zither in preparation for the evening's work. It is peculiarly characteristic for just that reason, since Mr. Eakins is always inclined to put things as badly as possible, as if he had a perfect hatred of neat and showy outsides.

Harry Siddons Mowbray is a complete contrast to Eakins. Fifteen years his junior, this young and almost unknown artist has a soft and captivating style, light rich colour, and a most facile brush. The "Arabian Nights" has fascinated him more thoroughly than it has Robert Louis Stevenson, for he sticks far closer to the original than that charming writer. His first appearance in America was with an "Aladdin" in an open courtyard, with pretty phantasmal figures coming towards him over the wall. The work was so clever that it was no surprise to learn that Mr. Mowbray had been painting and selling for some years abroad. Most of the pictures he painted in Paris have gone to England. Singularly enough, this lover of sweet-faced, gentle girls, fairies, and soft, flame-coloured draperies underwent the same influences as Eakins. He, too, worked under Bonnat and took his pictures to Gérôme to be criticised. It is the old story of the bees. From the same flowers one sucks honey-like sweetness, the other tart and acrid stuff which some people like about as well as poison. Both are good. It depends on the mood. Mr. Mowbray was born of British parents, at North Adams, Massachusetts, in 1859, had no American training, and has just returned to settle in New York. His largest canvas, "Lalla Rookh—The Rose Festival," was bought in Paris by Mr. Henry Barbé. It is four feet long by two and a half high. "The Etchers," dated 1882, was sold from the Salon of 1883. It is broadly and

truly painted, well composed, not worried in handling, not cluttered. One elderly man stands behind a table, another sits at the end working, a third, well to the rear, bends down to bathe a plate. This was his first Salon picture. Besides the "Made Captive" (or Sense in the toils of Peris), given herewith, there is in the Clarke Collection a delicately-coloured little scene from the "Arabian Nights," in which the sisters are talking over the story for the coming night. They are not particularly Oriental; we must imagine them Greek girls who have been sold into the harem of the tyrant. With such a faculty of painting brilliantly a pretty fancy, Mr. Mowbray will go far, particularly in the United States, where the great demand is for delicate paintings which to the cheek of beauty will not bring a blush.

MADE CAPTIVE.

(Painted by H. Siddons Mowbray.)

These are the two who have studied abroad; let us look at two who are guiltless of foreign teaching. Gilbert Gaul, A.N.A., has exhibited at the National Academy of Design for many seasons, but only in comparatively recent years has he painted scenes of war. One of the largest and most effective is "Charging the Battery," a view by moonlight of a handful of men scrambling into a breach in fortifications caused by the explosion of a mine. "To

the Rear" is a quieter episode. The wounded man is forlorn, but not quite hopeless, and the unwounded

TO THE REAR.

(Painted by Gilbert Gaul, A.N.A.)

comrade has a look of sympathy. Here the light appears to come from the moon; stars are visible in the dark sky spaces to the right overhead. The scene is very true to the late Civil War, and has been selected owing to the local colour of the subject.

Mr. Gaul has also painted various pictures of the dishevelled mountain bandits who infested, and probably still inhabit, the ranges of Virginia. As a military

painter he has few rivals. For one reason or another, military painting has never flourished much in the United States; not even in the height of war; not even after the success of the North. Winslow Homer, Eastman Johnson, and others did something in that line; newer men are Julian Scott, Zogbaum, Thule de Thulstrup; but home-life, interiors, landscape of a very wide range, are much preferred.

Though F. S. Church, A.N.A., is still young, and has had no European training, he is better known in Europe than any of the preceding. *L'Art* of Paris has spoken of his sketches in the highest terms. Mr. Church is a member of nearly all the art societies—Academy, American Artists, New York Etching Club, and Water-Colour Society—and contributes to all. His earlier pictures remind one rather of the broad jokes on canvas perpetrated by Mr. William H. Beard, but are less vigorous. Gradually the fantastic, rather than the farcical, attracted him. "In the Marshes" (1882), at the Society of American Artists, was followed (1883) by "The King's Flamingoes," a slender girl seated with a flamingo-wand over her shoulder, and a group of flamingoes in the water before her. His method with oils makes one think of a man who begins with water-colour and brings over into oils some of the traits of the lighter material. Yet his is not the intentional water-colour effect which some French oil-painters seek; but his technique is somewhat sketchy, as a rule, and his colours extremely light. White, pale red, smoky brown, light greens and blues—these are his favourite colours. "Elfin Tandem," "Mad as March Hares," "Weirdness," "The Sea Princess," indicate Mr. Church's choice of subjects. "From a Fairy Tale" and "White Peacocks" belong to this year; "Pandora," a genial view of that gift of the gods kneeling desperately on her box—a graceful slip of a girl—whilst imps fly out from under the lid, was shown in 1884. The Autumn Academy of that year had a characteristic bit of humour—"The Little Mermaid;" and the Spring Academy of 1885 an equally characteristic bit of blond colour—"Peacocks in the Snow." Mr. Church is a strong American type in appearance, in energy, helpfulness, and good heart. He has done much teaching, from necessity rather than choice; but perhaps a steady growth of popularity, founded on reasonable grounds, may spare him further drudgery of that sort, and give him a chance to do more serious work than he has yet done. His "Young Girl with Mummy's Head," owned by Mr. William H. Payne, is an excellent piece of technique, and shows inclination to more serious subjects. The "Surf-Phantom," reproduced on our first page, makes itself out of the white breaker and the green wave. The picture records one of those sudden visions that befall us at times when the inanimate seems to take life for an instant, and we understand why the Greeks saw in the crests of wind-blown waves the manes of the white horses of Neptune.

There are others in Mr. Clarke's collection who deserve but cannot receive attention. Louis Moeller, for example, a most careful and perfect *genre* painter, Charles F. Ulrich, Winslow Homer, J. G. Brown, who would be much relished in England, F. X. Harris, W. L. Picknell, Douglas Volk, Francis C. Jones, and many more are fairly represented. Most of them are very young men, but their work shows considerable promise.

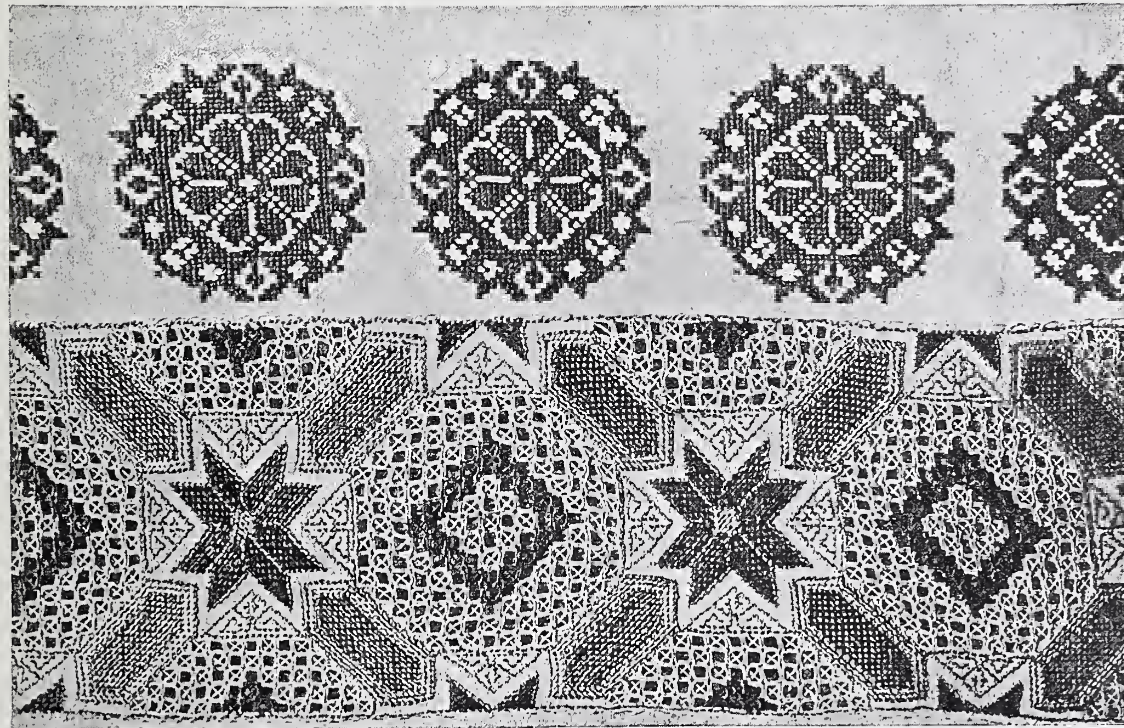
The example of Mr. Thomas P. Clarke has not remained sterile in a city whose inhabitants are not dull to the advantages of combining pleasure with small risk of loss. At least a dozen men of moderate means are quietly buying native work from his initiative, and with a definite purpose of doing more than cover a blank space here and there on their walls. This fact opens up the great question of individual encouragement of the arts as against State patronage. Until recently the State has encouraged only architecture, and in that line the latest efforts have had the worst results; the old Government buildings are more dignified and handsome than the great erections on which millions are squandered today. The national Government has lately begun to patronise sculptors and painters, almost always selecting inferior men, and the State legislatures are following suit with the eagerness and poor taste of the *nouveau riche*. The encouragement of struggling artists by men in the position of Mr. Clarke appears to be unvaryingly wholesome. To judge from America alone, the State does better to refrain from such attempts to encourage art as those which do so much honour to the Governments of France, Italy, Germany, and the British Empire. Is this because politics and society make a rule for America which does not apply to Europe? Or is it possible that, if we examine more closely the effects of State encouragement of the fine arts in Europe, there will be found objectionable features which raise the question of its wisdom even in a military despotism or a constitutional empire? To Americans it is a question of larger importance, because the cry of State neglect of the fine arts is incessant and European precedent is brought to bear on legislators; but if State encouragement is only for the talented, while genius goes to the wall, the millions will be spent merely to rivet the shackles of mediocrity upon the taste of the nation. At present the two kinds go on together; yet encouragement of painting by individuals rather than by the State appears to belong to those forms of Government which rest on the completest enjoyment of the right to vote.

CHARLES DE KAY.

ENGLISH DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

DECORATIVE needlework, in which is included needle-made lace, has undoubtedly an Eastern origin, coming direct from the great fountain-heads of civilisation, Assyria and Egypt. The steps by which it moved westward, through Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, Greece, Sicily, Italy, and thence spread over the whole of Europe, may be traced in fragments of needlework which still exist; and in the Eastern work of to-day are found the selfsame modes of working which are represented on prehistoric monuments. We know that the Plumarii, or embroiderers of Rome, were of Phrygian nationality, and we have evidence that the Saracenic and Moorish art, which was derived from the Egyptians, was carried on by Greeks in Byzantium after the removal thither of the Roman Empire.

One of the earliest forms of decorative needlework seems to have been that worked on a woven fabric, the threads of which, both woof and weft, were withdrawn in places, and a pattern fashioned by the skilful manner in which the spaces there created were worked over. That this form of embroidery—from which there can be no doubt that needle-made lace sprang—had reached great perfection in very early times may be seen in the example we give here of ancient Rhodian work.



EMBROIDERY OF DRAWN THREADS.

(*Ancient Rhodian.*)

It is difficult to discover by what means Anglo-Saxon England arrived at such perfection in needlework. Already in the Seventh Century after Christ, as we find from the wonderfully minute description of the grave-clothes of St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, embroidery seems to have been in a high state of cultivation, practised, no doubt, by the monks or nuns of the ancient monasteries. When the body of the saint was disinterred in the Twelfth Century, we are told that not only his body but his grave-clothes had been miraculously preserved, the gold all untarnished; and the linen sheet which covered him and the relics which had been buried with him was, it would appear from the description, of that same early form of lace which we find on Egyptian monuments. But there is so much difficulty in determining from written records when the work of the loom is referred to and when

that of the needle, that a wide field is left for rival theorists. Some time before the Norman Conquest, however, we find Anglo-Saxon women adepts in the finest kinds of embroidery. The wife of Edward the Confessor was "perfect mistress of her needle." William of Poictiers, secretary to William the Conqueror, states that "the English women are eminently skilful with the needle and in weaving of gold." William himself, in fact, appeared at his coronation in a splendidly-embroidered robe of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, from which we may gather that the art existed in England from much earlier times and did not come thither from Normandy. Whether the far-famed Bayeux Tapestry is the work of English or of Norman women signifies little to us; for, though it is extremely interesting from an archæological point of view, it is of coarse and very primitive workmanship, and we know that much finer embroideries were executed; and we may be certain that the coronation robe of the Conqueror was of that fine gold and silk work which was known in the time of St. Cuthbert.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

(English Tent Stitch. Sixteenth Century.)

Judging from some of the fragments which have been preserved in tombs, and in which the fine gold thread or wire is as brilliant now as in the day when it was used to embroider the robes of the dead, the work of those early times was similar in style and equal in workmanship to that celebrated Byzantine dalmatic preserved in the treasury of the Vatican, and said to have been worn by Charlemagne at his coronation in the Eighth Century. Some of these fragments are of a species of weaving, although clearly done with the needle, over threads of gold; and so even are they, and so fine, that it is almost impossible to imagine their being done by human fingers. One such specimen has been let into one of the chasubles which formerly belonged to Westminster Abbey, and is now the property of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, probably at some time when it has been repaired. It is simply put in as a patch, and is evidently of much earlier date than the chasuble itself, which is of Fourteenth Century work, made up again with embroidery of a later date. The "patch" shows the figure of a mounted knight in armour in the dress of Edward I., with a silver label on the neck of the horse.

In 1246 the embroidered orphreys of the English clergy in Rome excited the admiration of Pope Innocent IV., who, finding they were worked in England, is said to have exclaimed, "Truly, England is our garden of delight; in sooth, it is a well inexhaustible, and where there is great abundance; from thence much may be extracted!" He thereupon caused letters to be sent to the Cistercian abbots in England, enjoining them to procure a certain number of such embroidered vestments, and send them to Rome for his own use. (Matt. Paris.) From this time the highly-prized English embroideries seem to have found their way to Rome, and are still to be found in different parts of Italy, though rarely now, as they are bought up by collectors. From this spreading of the English embroideries in other countries probably arose the distinctive name of "opus Anglicanum," applied now by most authorities to one particular form of stitch, but probably originally used merely to denote English work, which at that period was the finest and most beautiful known.

Towards the latter end of the Thirteenth Century distinct names were given to different classes of embroidery. The inventory of the needlework belonging to St. Paul's Cathedral in 1295—printed by Dugdale—is one of the earliest documents in

which we meet with these distinctions. We find in this the "opus plumarium," "opus pectinium," "opus pulvinarium," and "consutum de serico." About the "opus pectinium" there seems to be great uncertainty. John Garland (early Thirteenth Century) explains in his dictionary that it was done with some instrument like a comb; and it seems natural to infer that that kind of needlework which was practically woven over threads with a needle, just as tapestry is still woven by hand with a shuttle, was probably pressed together with a comb as the work went on; and that the knight in armour patched into the Westminster chasuble may be an example of "opus pectinium."

PORTION OF A SCARF.

(Old Manilla Drawn Work on Pina-Cloth.)

The Syon cope of about this date, worked by the nuns of Coventry, and given in 1415 to Syon House by Granet, is universally looked upon as one of the finest specimens of English work. It has had a stormy history. In the time of Elizabeth it was removed to Flanders, thence to France, and finally to Portugal, whence it was bought by the South Kensington Museum, and brought from Lisbon. It has, therefore, been much cut about, and perhaps added to. It contains most of the stitches

enumerated in the St. Paul's inventory. The border is worked in fine tent stitch, over single threads of the coarse linen which forms its ground—this is the "opus pulvinarium," of which all forms of cross stitch and many grounding stitches are varieties. The "opus plumarium," which is not worked over counted threads of the canvas, but with the stitches taken irregularly and melting into each other, possibly took its name from the Roman Plumarii, and is also used in the cope; but the greater part of the grounding of the centre or original portion is of a species of embroidery not specially named, but which is to be seen in the work of the period, and seems to be of Byzantine origin. The silk and gold thread is wholly laid on the surface of the material, and is caught through to the back in a pattern by stitches of strong linen thread, which are only to be seen on the back, so that none of the precious material is wasted or lost. There are many finer examples of the peculiar flesh stitch, which is now exclusively called "opus Anglicanum," than that in the Syon cope, but nothing, perhaps, finer than the embroidery taken as a whole. The working of the flesh in the lines of the muscles, instead of in straight lines, does not appear to be peculiarly English, for the flesh in the Vatican dalmatic is worked in exactly the same style; and there are many other examples; but the English nuns alone seem to have modelled the flesh after it was worked with small heated balls of metal, so as to give it somewhat the appearance of low relief at a little distance. The silk used was extremely fine, the same as that reeled at the present time by the Indians, Chinese, and Japanese, and the stitch is simply a fine and very close feather stitch, following different lines, and sometimes worked in circles or waved lines, according to the form of the flesh.

Persian embroidery is very frequently done in fine tent and cross stitches, but the Eastern mode of working was always more artistic than the European—artistic effect being gained by the position and slope of the stitches, while the English ideal of perfection was to have all the stitches of even length and all sloping in the same direction. The English had the bad taste also to work elaborate pictures in place of the purely decorative Eastern patterns. We give an example (p. 44) of one of the embroidered box-covers, so common in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but work of the same description of much earlier date is known.

Another noted piece of English embroidery is the hearse-cloth belonging to the Fishmongers' Company, and used at the funeral of Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who killed Wat Tyler in 1381. This has been added to at a later date, apparently, but it is an extremely fine specimen of gold couched embroidery and "opus plumarium" in silk. Couched embroidery, we should say, is that in which the threads are laid on the surface of the material, and not carried through it. These palls and hearse-cloths, which were kept by certain guilds and fraternities for use at the burial of a brother, seem to have given employment to embroiderers at all times. The Merchant Taylors' Company possess two of them of about the Sixteenth Century, the Ironmongers' Company one dated 1575, while that of the Vintners' Company has been transferred into a new ground of purple velvet, and is difficult to date accurately. Many churches possessed palls for the use of the parishioners, in some cases the gift of rich members of the congregation; and among these we find many rich specimens of mediæval embroidery, probably all of them of English workmanship.

In all times decorative needlework seems to have been highly esteemed as an employment for women of the upper classes. In very early days knightly families sent their daughters to the castle of their suzerain lords to learn to weave, spin, and embroider; and we find records that teachers of embroidery took very high salaries. During the times of the Wars of the Roses, ladies of high degree, reduced through the fortunes of war, earned their living by executing and teaching embroidery. Men, however, seem to have been as skilful with the needle as women in mediæval times, and there are records of embroideries executed by monks as well as by nuns; while we know that the wonderful embroideries preserved in San Giovanni, in Florence, were the work of a man. At the Court of Isabel la Catolica regular trials of needlework were held, and Catherine of Aragon brought with her from her mother's Court all the skill in needlework for which she was famous there; and in the long years of her trouble and desertion she taught embroidery and lace-making both to her women and the poor around her. The Spanish stitch introduced by her into needlework seems to have been that kind of "laid" work for which Spain has always been famous, frequently done in black silk upon a white ground, with gold introduced. It is very possible that she also taught the stuffed gold work known as basket stitch, which also seems to have been largely practised in Spain, and is, in fact, still executed in that country. Fresh varieties were introduced again by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, learned in France and practised in the time of her imprisonment. Probably by her was begun that curious and elaborate work consisting wholly or chiefly of point-lace stitches. Some of the embroideries of this period, of which we give a very fine example (p. 48) in the cap worked in silk and fine gold thread, are extremely beautiful, and are treasuries of stitches for the instruction of modern workers. No trouble

was spared in perfecting the most minute details. In some cases we find pea-pods, in which, while the closed pod itself is worked in the finest point-lace stitch, the peas which it contains, although never destined to be seen, are quite as carefully and elaborately worked. About the same time, or a little later, and lasting on with it through the Stuarts to Queen Anne's time, came in the heavily-embroidered bed furniture, worked with worsted upon twilled cotton, in which the fillings were so often also point-lace stitches.

At this point of the history of English decorative needlework it would be well to go back to trace the evolution of lace from embroidery. Every writer on lace seems to take it for granted that needle-made lace, as we know it, was introduced in Italy in the Sixteenth Century, at the period of the general renaissance of art, after the dark ages, in the form of "lacis" or darned netting and "cut work," now called appliqué, and that to the Netherlands belongs the credit of inventing the weaving of patterns by twisting threads upon a pillow by the help of pins, known in ancient times as bone lace, from the use of fish bones either as pins or bobbins. With the latter kind of lace, although it has been largely made in England, we have nothing to do, as we are here treating of needlework, to which the greatest and the most exquisite variety of lace belongs.

The two arts which appear never to have passed through a period of decadence in ancient times were needlework and illuminating MSS. These were always carried on in the same perfection in some of the retired monasteries or convents which escaped demolition, and from one country to another these arts of peace seem to have passed even in the stormiest times. We have evidence, as we have seen, that in Egypt, more than three thousand years ago, a species of decorative needlework existed, frequently described as "netted work," or with "a pattern of netting, the meshes of which shut in irregular cubic shapes." The grave-clothes of St. Cuthbert, already referred to as disinterred in the Twelfth Century, had "a fringe of linen thread of a finger's length, and upon its sides and ends were woven a border of projecting workmanship fabricated of the thread itself." We read also in England of a network called "filatorium," of which in 1327 the Exeter Inventory mentions three pieces as belonging to the cathedral for use at the altar. "These thread embroideries," says Dr. Rock, "were chiefly wrought during the Fourteenth Century; but as early as 1295 St. Paul's had a cushion of the kind." An English pyx, or Corpus Christi cloth, was found in recent times at the bottom of an old chest in Hersett Church, in Suffolk, which is thus described by Dr. Rock:—"To make this pyx-cloth, a piece of thick linen about two feet square was chosen, and being marked off into small equal widths on all its four edges, the threads at every other space were, both in the warp and woof, pulled out. The chequers or squares so produced were then drawn in by threads tied on the under side, having the shape of stars, so well and delicately worked that till it had been narrowly looked into the piece was thought to be guipure lace." Dr. Rock also mentions other specimens of the same kind of work, and says: "In the Middle Ages in England it was not unusual to suspend upon pastoral staffs, just below the crook, a piece of fine linen. We see them represented on effigies and in illuminations; but existing examples are of the utmost rarity." Without any means of determining the date of the ancient lace work found at Hersett, it is, of course, impossible to draw any conclusion from it as to the existence of this form of embroidery along with the other kinds which gave so much glory to English women in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries; but looking to the evidence that exists of its antiquity in England, it is perhaps not going too far to suggest the possibility of our Anglo-Saxon work, which was so much better than any other known at the time, as to excite the cupidity of Pope Innocent IV., including in it some of these lace-worked pyx-cloths, and thus introducing into some of the convents of Italy examples which were improved on and modified, and in a later age gave rise to the early Italian lace—purely work of the needle—with which we are now familiar in antique specimens of the Sixteenth Century, sometimes known as "Greek" lace.

A more legitimate outcome of the drawn lace-work, of which an example of ancient Rhodian work is given above, is the fine-drawn lace or embroidery which was at one time practised in England to a considerable extent, but was never, perhaps, carried to the extreme perfection of the example shown in our illustration (p. 45), which is old Manilla work on pina. In this the lace is entirely made by drawing away threads of the pina, and thus forming a net—the original of hand and later machine-made net—upon which the pattern is worked.

In studying the history of any of the industrial arts, one is struck with a fact constantly reiterated in all branches—that the excellence of any one manufactory depends on the taste or energy of one man or woman, and his or her immediate pupils or successors. While art itself always lives, it dies out in one locality to spring to life in another. It is so with all the finest delft or porcelain factories. A period of seventy to one hundred years seems to be the limit of the age to which any art-manufacture preserves its fame for great productions. England seems to have had a long reign as the queen of

needlework; but after the Fourteenth Century her supremacy began to decline and continued to do so, although it is probable that in some convents beautiful work was still done. In the time of Henry VII. we find that resort was had to Italy, not only for the gorgeously-woven velvets, pile upon pile and cloth of gold, but also for the fine embroideries which decorated the orphreys of the vestments and apparels ordered for the new chapel in Westminster Abbey. The impulse given by the introduction of "opus Anglicanum" into Italian convents, and the natural rivalry of the nuns to equal or excel the foreign workmanship, bore its fruits, and as the art declined in England it arose in new glory in Italy. In early times enormous sums were lavished on needlework in England—the work of English men and women.

CAP EMBROIDERED IN POINT LACE AND GOLD STITCHES.
(*English. Sixteenth Century.*)

We read that Edward II. paid a hundred marks to Rose, the wife of John de Bureford, a citizen and mercer of London, for a choir cope of her embroidering, to be sent as an offering to the Pope. Whether the decadence arose from want of this generous patronage, or other causes, we know not, but the later work of English hands was for a time coarse and careless, and Italy became the country whence the richest specimens of needlework were derived.

LILY HIGGIN.

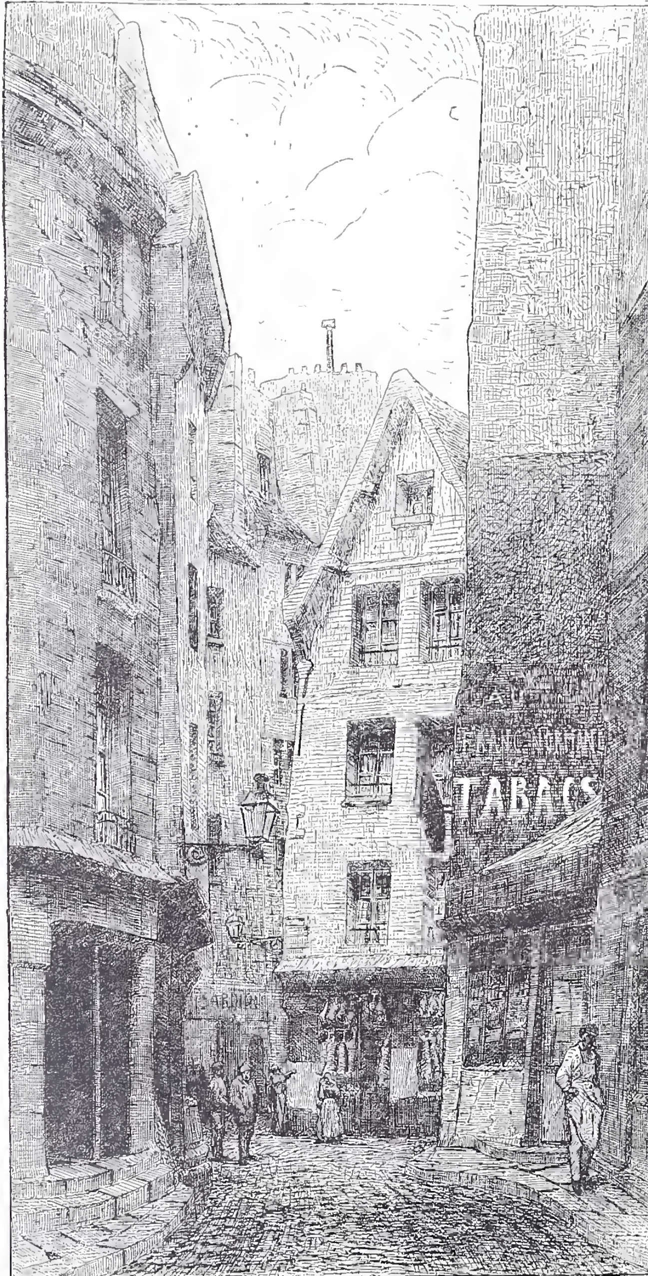
THE PARIS OF THE REVOLUTION.—I.

SUPPOSING a benevolent disciple of Buddha had made his way to the capital city of Christian Europe about the closing years of the ninth decade of the Eighteenth Century, what would he have beheld? A city where the lights were lurid and the shadows black as Erebus, a Paris grim, and a Paris gay. Huge rose the blocks which sheltered its toiling masses, blocks often four, five, or even more storeys high; the narrow and winding streets were lined with dark and dingy shops, broken by clefts or archways through which the explorer would emerge into well-like court-yards, down whose colossal sides the water had dribbled for years, leaving long, green, unhealthy patches, and rendering the ground sodden with a perpetual pool in the centre of the yard. These narrow streets were mostly crowded and very dirty, and all were without any accommodation for the foot-passenger. Walking through them was a toil and a fatigue

I.—THE CONQUERORS OF THE BASTILLE.

(*Painted by François Flameng. Salon, 1881.*)

to a man, and almost impossible to a well-dressed woman. The poor were in momentary danger of being run over from the numbers of coaches and cabriolets which drove recklessly all over Paris. Arthur Young and another English traveller about the same time both speak indignantly of the shameful manner in which the "booby-hutches" of the men of fashion rattled over the pavement, the coachman of a minister of state appearing to imagine that he would not do honour to his master's rank unless he set the pavement on fire (*brûler le pavé*). For a short time in the day, when the sun was powerful, these winding lanes and tall tumbledown streets were often picturesque, and from an artistic point of view decidedly interesting, with their towers and their gables, their sides often out of the perpendicular, and their numberless storeys built upon cyclopean arcades. At night all was dark. Even in the widest street there was no light, save the flickering gleam of a tallow-candle in a lantern swung high up across the roadway. As to the pavements, they were veritable valleys formed of round stones on both sides, inclining to the gutter in the centre, down which, after heavy rain, the water came pouring like a mountain stream. Sometimes bridges had to be improvised—a plank, for example, from one edge of the valley to the other, over which delicate personages had to be borne by athletes not unwilling to lend their gallant arms on such an emergency (v.). All these dismal streets ended finally in the quays bordering the Seine, which, flowing in a semicircle through the city, seemed to bring it daily life and hope. Innumerable barges laden with fuel and provisions were always to be seen moving slowly along, while in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries and the Champs Élysées the river was lively with large pleasure-boats covered with awnings. Then, as now, the washerwomen stood in ranks on their barges; then, as now, certain shallow inclines were used by the ostlers and coachmen who came to wash their horses. The shores of the river were as yet only partially embanked. In the busiest parts, however, they were paved to the water's brink; and the wide area of round stones was dotted with merchandise, amongst which the people toiled, bearing heavy burdens on their shoulders and on their heads (IV.). In the neighbourhood of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the river seemed to flow through a city not wanting in certain picturesque majesty, but when it began to fork at the Pont Neuf there was a painful sense of oppression, for the distance was blocked by houses on the bridges. Those on the Pont St. Michel presented a hideous aspect. Their river walls were either black or of a most unhealthy green, with endless rags drying from the windows, the whole shored up by worm-eaten beams, which, meeting the river, became the landing-place of all kinds of filth. The Pont Notre Dame and the Pont au Change were also covered with houses. The Pont Neuf, over which all day long flowed one continuous human



II.—RUE DE PIROUETTE, NORTH SIDE OF LES HALLES.

(*After Martial.*)

stream, had none. Its massive piers were surmounted by heavy overhanging parapets, which gave the bridge the appearance of being part of a fortress. Indeed, old Paris had in many respects the aspect of a city of the Middle Ages. Not only the Bastille, but the Châtelet in its centre had the aspect of a fortress, while both the Abbaye and the Temple seemed to combine the gloom of a monastery and a prison.

Toward the west the river became more gay. The sun lit up the palaces and gardens, and life seemed at a first glance delicious and enchanting. At the Place Louis Quinze on the one side, and the Champs de Mars on the other, you seemed already in the suburbs. A small detachment of soldiers or a market cart became quite a feature, while the houses in the Faubourg St. Germain were surrounded with gardens in which there were mimic hills and dales, woods, waterfalls, and rustic bridges. The Boulevards to the north and west were, in fact, fresh and delightful, lined as they were with rural-looking homes. In the Faubourgs the people found innumerable pleasure gardens, where, nearly every evening in the week, to the sound of a violin, human couples whirled like so many animated teetotums.

III.—A LADY OF THE PERIOD.

But the place to which the pleasure-seekers mostly fled as darkness enveloped the city was the Palais Royal, attracted by the porticoes resplendent with light. Hither comes our Eastern sage. He passes into arcades which from one end to the other seem absolutely incandescent. In their glowing luminosity he sees a jostling crowd slowly move, pushing, ogling, joking, laughing, the roar of their voices rising and falling, but ever increasing in shrillness. Two and two, arm in arm, sometimes followed by an old woman or a servant, but mostly alone in undisguised insolence, a line of women arrayed in blue silk pelisses trimmed with fur, and bonnets of the most outrageous description, display their venal charms, followed by troops of libertines, who exchange with them a constant round of cynical interrogations. In 1784 De Goncourt tells us that there were no less than 70,000 such women in Paris, with a revenue estimated at 143,800,000 livres, and that some of those who lived in the Palais Royal spent 50,000 livres a year. And with this fact contrast another. "Remember," says Taine, speaking of Paris on the eve of the Revolution, "that in 1786 two hundred thousand persons are enumerated whose property, all told, has not the intrinsic worth of fifty crowns." It was reckoned that there were 4,000 gaming-houses established in Paris. From gilded saloons intended for those used to loll on couches or flutter about boudoirs, to wretched dens where ragged players hazarded two liards and were refreshed with haricots and cheese, every class and every section of a class had its own gambling-house. The greatest, in fact, were not ashamed to make money by gambling.

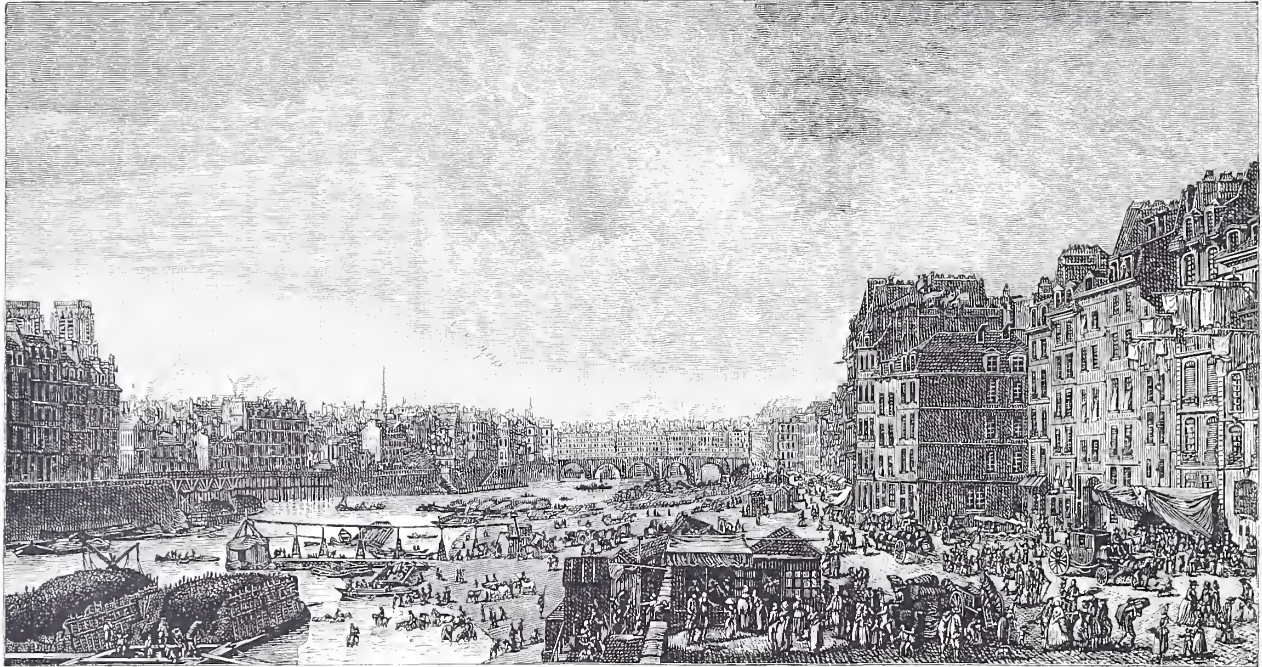
When 1789 opened, luxury was insolent as ever. Never had fashion been more capricious or more fecund in new inventions. Never was Longchamps more brilliant. Never had apartments been more magnificently furnished. An Aspasia of the day had a carriage the harness of which was studded with paste in imitation of diamonds; and another appeared in Longchamps in a coach as splendid as that of the Lord Mayor, drawn by eight English greys, each of which cost a hundred and twenty guineas, and standing up behind were three tall footmen and a chasseur in rich liveries, with swords, canes, and bags.

Our benevolent Buddhist visits a hospital. It is called the Hôtel Dieu, looks on to the Parvis of Notre Dame, and is immediately under the eyes of the Archbishop. The stench as he enters is overwhelming. He goes through the wards. Each bed contains on an average three patients, the larger ones being intended for six. Some are placed on the roofs of the bedstead, and those who attend have to go up a ladder to reach them. All sorts of patients are put together: the wounded, the fever-stricken, lying-in women, those suffering from small-pox, those infected with the itch. The small-pox patients lie four to six in a bed, in every stage of the disorder. The walls of the hospital are covered with dirt, vermin, and all vileness, one side of the walls being so dark that the vermin increase unchecked. Our Oriental has not yet seen the worst horrors, but it is enough; he thinks that he already has the plague, and he is content to learn the rest from Tenon's report to the Academy of Sciences, published by command of the king, 1788.

One would have thought the Hôtel Dieu the acme of human misery, but our traveller finds a lower stage in the Parisian Inferno—the Bicêtre.

This unhappy institution had become in the time of Louis XVI. a mere human sewer, into which were flung all the refuse of society. The sexes were confounded, as were all ages and all infirmities. Those who could not pay 150 francs a year for a single bed had to share one with seven other persons. Each night the dormitories were a battle-scene. The wretched prisoners were half-starved and suffered from scurvy; the discipline was so brutal that revolts were numerous. As to the galley-slaves and those lying under sentence of death, they were immured below in a series of narrow dens, with no light but what came through a sighing hole in the vault. Lunatics were treated to the same rigours, being chained and shut up in cells of six feet square, into which air and light only entered through a little window in the door. They lay on a plank covered with straw, which was renewed once a month. Chained by the middle of the body, their feet and hands manacled, naked for the most part, and shivering with cold, receiving neither care nor medicine, they were in a state of continual fury, reviling the curious who came in pleasure parties to see them, rushing on their keepers when the doors were opened, and trying to break their heads against the wall, and often succeeding.

Accustomed to the permanence of the Himalayas and the primeval forests, our Oriental could not possibly have imagined that a few short months and all these things would be changed; that this Augean stable would be cleansed not with water but with blood; that the streets would be full of songs of hope and the cries of a people joyous as those who live in the first days of a new Religion.



IV.—THE PORTE AU BLÉ, FROM THE END OF THE OLD CATTLE MARKET TO THE PONT NOTRE DAME.

(*After a Print by De l'Espinasse in 1782.*)

Towards the end of the year 1792 there had been a terrible purification of the Bicêtre. Many had made short shrift, and had found a speedy exit from their pains. The mad, however, were there still in all the misery we have detailed. Philippe Pinel, the incarnation of the new spirit of the time, believes in the healing power of liberty, gentleness, justice. But as yet it is only theory. Appointed by the National Assembly head physician at the Bicêtre, he finds there a keeper of rough appearance but of generous heart, who accompanies him on his first visit. The madmen, as usual, howled and struggled in the cages. "When they become very bad what do you do?" he asked. "I unchain them," replied the keeper. "And what then?" "They are calm."

It was exactly what Pinel wished to try, and experience coming thus to the aid of his theory he declared to the Government his intention of taking off the irons from the prisoners confided to his charge. As the deputy, Couthon, delegated to be present, listened to the horrible cries of the insane, he said to Pinel, "You must be mad yourself to wish to unchain these wild beasts." The physician had marked one, an old soldier, who had become delirious through drink. He was evidently cured, but his fury did not cease. His herculean strength had enabled him several times to force off his irons, break open his

door, and half murder his keepers. Pinel came to him, made a short speech, and then setting him free, told him to go and unchain the others, saying he had confidence in him, and that henceforth he would take him into his service. The freed man obeyed the doctor's order, the tears rolling down his cheeks. This man, Chevinge by name, became Pinel's domestic, and showed such devotion that when the doctor married he made the one time furious madman—this is to be literally understood—the nurse of his children!

V.—AFTER THE RAIN: A SCENE IN THE RUE ST. DENIS.

(Painted by G. J. A. Cain. Salon, 1885.)

Such was the true spirit of the Revolution; unfortunately its conduct fell into the hands of men who had not the faith, the courage, or the intelligence of this illustrious physician; nevertheless, the change in Paris was enormous. It was as if a stone had been lifted off a great tomb, and the people had risen from the dead.

Whence came the spirit of revolution? To say it was in every heart seems very vague, but such was the fact. As 1789 drew nigh, all Europe, Pope and Kaiser included, discovered a new and unwonted interest in humanity. Far from the impetus coming from below, it was chiefly the upper and middle classes who were affected, and among them it was the women who often led the way. Ideas so changed in Paris that politics, hitherto ignored by fashionable

society, became the all-absorbing subject of discussion. Women got excited over their tea-table; young people ceased their badinage and diligently read the gazettes; wives of bankers, countesses, marchionesses, duchesses—all were seized with an extraordinary disinterestedness, and hastened to welcome the Revolution. Not only were the chief salons of Paris revolutionary centres, but foreigners of distinction were converted to the generous idea of the happiness of humanity. Twelve ladies, mostly artists, commenced a movement which exactly recalls the enthusiasm of Apostolic times. They brought all their jewellery and a great number of articles in silver and gold, which they offered to the nation in the person of its representative, the National Assembly. Every one hastened to follow their example. A printer determined to send the silver buckles off his shoes—the whole Parisian world cut off their silver buckles and replaced them by copper. Their jewels and rings given up, women contented themselves with a little piece of polished stone from the Bastille mounted in laurels and surrounded by a great rosette of tricolour.

No better emblem of universal peace and goodwill than the rainbow, and nothing more transient. In the joy of their first love the French people appeared materially, as well as spiritually, like a rainbow embracing the world. On the eve of the Revolution patterns for dresses all ran in parallel lines of various colours. In '86 and '89 the looms of Louviers produced as many striped cloths as plain.

When the Revolution actually took place Parisian society dressed themselves in every imaginable combination of the tricolour. Gauze bonnets adorned with the national cockade at either side, and an immense bow of tricolour ribbons at the back; dresses *à la Circassienne*, of which the three colours formed the pattern (III.), slippers in the same colours—such was the patriotic dress. Men wore dresses in which the same idea was prominent; their coats were blue; their waistcoats, red stripes on a white ground; even their gloves were striped with the three colours.

The tricolour was evolved by the Revolution. Said Camille Desmoulins in his famous appeal in the gardens of the Palais Royal, "We must have a cockade to recognise each other, shall it be blue or green?" "Green," cried the people, as they tore sprigs off the trees. But green being the colour of the Comte d'Artois, it was determined to adopt those of the city of Paris, red and blue. The Bastille was taken (I.), and Lafayette, always faithful to his idea of a constitutional monarch, insisted on their uniting in the cockade the royal white. Thus the tricolour was formed, and worn by Louis himself when he came to Paris. Its rival, the scarlet cap of Liberty, at first a mere classic emblem having no party significance, suddenly became the symbol of those who were for drastic remedies and the reign of pure democracy. It originated in the arrival in Paris of some Swiss soldiers amnestied by the law of March 28, 1792, still wearing the galley slave's red cap.

In the heat of the Revolution no important ceremony could be performed without the red cap. The official before whom civil marriages took place at the Hôtel de Ville was clad in red cap and red carmagnole; in like manner the leader of a funeral wore the sacred emblem, while the drapings were bordered with the tricolour. The cap of Liberty appeared on the new money coined by the Republic, it was the crown of civic fêtes, and became the chosen emblem of the Revolution. There was great joy when it was given out that a young woman at Nîmes had given birth to a child with a red cap on its forehead. The legend of the child with the red cap went the tour of all the clubs in France. It was an omen and a prophecy. The New France was born democratic.

RICHARD HEATH.

SOME PORTRAITS OF SARAH SIDDONS.

No family is more remarkable for hereditary genius in the whole annals of art than that of our great tragic actress. Literally and actually she was born and bred an actress, appearing on the stage while a mere child in a benefit performance for her father, Roger Kemble, a comedian of no ordinary capacity, and in whose company she regularly appeared until she attained the age of fifteen, when she was removed from the theatre and placed under the protection of Mrs. Greathead at Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, her parents having perceived a growing attachment between their daughter and a young actor of the company. In three years the engagement received their approval, and Sarah Kemble became Mrs. Siddons on November 26th, 1773, at Coventry. The following year finds them fulfilling an engagement at Cheltenham, which at that time was dividing honours as a resort of fashion with Bath in the soothing sophistry then attached to these springs. Among the visitors to the little theatre came Lord Bruce, afterwards Earl of Aylesbury, and Lady Bruce, a daughter of Henry Hoare of Stourhead, who, much impressed with her natural and graceful impersonation of Rosalind, requested Henry Bate, afterwards the Rev. Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, Bart., dramatic author, also of *Morning Post* celebrity (notwithstanding his cloth, hero of four duels, two of which were in the cause of the

MRS. SIDDONS.
(*Drawn by J. Downman, A.R.A.*)

beautiful Mrs. Hartley, and another with Stoney Bowes over the notorious Lady Strathmore), and friend of Garrick, to come and report upon her merits.

His letter, dated August 12th, 1775, which the writer has failed to trace further than a sale catalogue of autograph letters in 1851, is thus described:—"H. Bate to David Garrick, reporting impressions of Mrs. Siddons' performance and person in her twentieth year with a view to her engagement;" and, again (19th), another letter "with a list of the characters she prefers." This incident, together with her inclination, precipitated her first appearance in London on December 29th, 1775. The play-bills were only inserted in two journals of the day, viz., *The Public Advertiser* and *The Gazetteer*, and ran thus:—"'The Merchant of Venice.'—King as Shylock (not Garrick, as sometimes stated), Bensley as Bassanio, Reddish as Antonio, a Miss Jarrett as Jessica, and Portia, a Young Lady" (Mrs. Siddons, the unnamed). This was succeeded by inferior parts in Bate-Dudley's "Blackamoor washed White," and in Mrs. Cowley's comedy of the "Runaway," in which Miss Younge was the attraction. On the 23rd of May, 1776, she appeared as Mrs. Strictland in Hoadley's "Suspicious Husband," with Garrick as Ranger. So far as comedy ever suited her talents, nothing could be sweeter than the representation of this young, lovely, and timid wife. This was Garrick's last season, and Mr. Siddons wrote "hoping he would arrange for some definite salary with his successors (Sheridan, Ford, and Linley)—£3 per week for Mrs. Siddons and £2 for himself." It became, however, the interest of Sheridan to apply his talents in support of the theatre, in which he was so materially concerned; and as he looked for assistance to the comic muse alone, no engagement was offered to Mr. and Mrs. Siddons. He brought

MRS. SIDDONS.

(Painted by Sir T. Lawrence.)

MRS. SIDDONS.

(Painted by T. Gainsborough, R.A. National Gallery.)

out immediately the "Trip to Scarborough," which was played to crowded houses, and his next production was the "School for Scandal," which deservedly raised his fame to undisputed pre-eminence over all contemporary dramatic writers.

In the summer of 1776 Mrs. Siddons fulfilled a short engagement at the Birmingham Theatre, under the management of Richard Yates. Here Henderson first saw our greatest actress. He stated freely that "she had never been equalled," and predicted "that she would never be excelled." After a short stay at Manchester, where she sustained the character of Hamlet, she proceeded to Bath, where she out-rivalled the attractions of Palmer and the Cotillion Balls. Associated with Bath is our earliest-known portrait of Mrs. Siddons. Exceedingly interesting it is, proving how nature had endowed young Lawrence with extraordinary facility in seizing a likeness—an art not to be taught. Happily in the interest of art it was engraved, the original being only a crayon sketch—his early method of portraying heads. It is inscribed to the Count de Brühl. T. Lawrence, æt. 13. Thomas Sheridan (father of Richard Brinsley), being in Bath in 1782, was strongly urged to witness the performance of a young actress who was said to distance all competition in tragedy. To his astonishment he found it was the lady who had made so little impression upon him in the "Runaway." Sheridan immediately obtained an engagement for her at Drury Lane, then under the management of King, and it was by his advice that she was induced to adopt the character of Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage," in which she appeared on October 10th, 1782. Thus burst forth upon the astonished town the transcendent genius—Sarah Siddons.

This impersonation has been perpetuated in the engraving by Sharpe after the drawing by Stothard, who also, as well as Ramberg, delineated her in many of her sequent successes—as Mrs. Beverley in the "Gamester," as Belvidera in "Venice Preserved," as Zara in the "Mourning Bride," as Calista in the "Fair Penitent," and as Euphrasia in the "Grecian Daughter"—a character which appears to have fired the souls and inspired the pencils of Hamilton and Sherwin, of Lawrence, Harding, and Macklin. The secret of her art was nature. She was original. She copied neither living nor dead. There was nothing studied in action which was always classically correct—no tricks or starts to proclaim the actress. Sparing in gesture, she was always dignified, graceful, and picturesque, always mistress of herself. Her regal form, commanding in its height, towering above her sex, rather courted and was best displayed in classical attire, allowing full play and expression to her actions. At the end of the season she went to Dublin, where her brother John was playing, and where also she sat to Horace Hone for the exquisite miniature he painted for the Hon. Mrs. O'Neill, and which we engrave as one of the best of her portraits. On returning to Drury Lane in 1783, perhaps the most critical and interesting period of her life, occurred the celebrated contest of the two Lady Randolphs, Mrs. Siddons bearing away the laurels from her rival, Mrs. Crawford. Dr. Johnson's letter to Mrs. Thrale, recording the now historical visit of the great actress to him, dated October 27th, 1783, is of interest, showing how, in the space of one year, it had become a passion to admire her and an honour to be of her acquaintance. He states that "neither praise nor money, the two powerful corruptors of mankind, seem to have depraved her." When Mrs. Siddons came into the room there happened to be no chair available. "Madam," said the doctor, with a gracious smile, "you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself." He promised to come and see her Queen Katherine, but was not spared to do so. This was the year also of the "Tragic Muse," the finest female portrait Reynolds ever painted, and pronounced by Edmund Burke, with his characteristic ardour, to be "the noblest portrait he had ever seen of any age." Whether the conception of this picture was suggested by Russell's complimentary poem, or by the circumstance of her appearance as the Tragic Muse in the Epilogue to Sigismunda, we have Mrs. Siddons' own words that the *position* was an accidental one. As he saw her absorbed in the contemplation of the abstract conception of Tragedy, so he doubtless painted her. He seized as a model for the composition the Prophet Joel of Michelangelo. The two attendant figures, Terror and Remorse, stand behind the chair, one with the bowl of aconite and the second with the inverted dagger. Sir Joshua displayed peculiarly his own taste in the indefinite style of dress in which he arrayed his goddesses, muses, and nymphs, for which he adduces reasons in his fourth Discourse. Pictures must and will perish, but the graceful homage paid by Reynolds will be borne to posterity on the hem of Mrs. Siddons' robe in the vigorous and beautiful engraving of Haward, which will doubtless be renewed for ever.

The portrait here engraved after Downman, a Devonshire worthy of whom too little is known, is one of some twenty delicate drawings of the beauties of the day, designed for the adornment of the Duke of Richmond's private theatre in Privy Gardens. Murphy's delightful comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," in which Mrs. Siddons excelled as Mrs. Lovemore, was a play often acted here. Lord Derby, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Fox, General

Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, and Miss Farren, &c., usually personated the leading characters. Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons in her twenty-ninth year, also here engraved (from the painting in the National Gallery), speaks for itself without any comment further than that it was purchased in 1862 from Major Mair, who married a granddaughter of its original. In 1868 a portrait of Mrs. Siddons by Romney was lent to the National Portrait Exhibition, South Kensington, by Mrs. Philip Martineau—being the only one of her by this artist known to the writer.

MRS. SIDDONS.

(Drawn by H. Hone, A.R.A. Engraved by Bartolozzi.)

Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons' favourite impersonation and greatest triumph, was first presented to her votaries on February 2nd, 1785, and repeated on the opening of Holland's new Drury Lane Theatre, on which occasion Charles Kemble made his first appearance as Macduff. She played this part again upon the opening of Covent Garden Theatre in September, 1803, and took leave of the stage in the same character June 29th, 1812. There was probably never a better stage presence than that of Mrs. Siddons, whose heroic form was of perfect symmetry and intensely captivating in elegance and grace of movement, while her attitudes, though impressive under the influence of impulse, were always characterised by dignity and ease. Her features, though strongly marked, were finely shaped, and so influenced by emotion that most people imagined her more beautiful than in reality she was. Beyond all known parallel was the extreme flexibility of her finely-formed brows, lending expressive aid to eyes brilliantly beautiful and penetrating. A voice naturally plaintive and melodious, became at will sonorous and commanding, clear and distinct of utterance, and her pronunciation was refined and correct. That it may be shown how surely envy follows success, Mrs. Galindo's scurrilous effusion claims a record here, wherein she stated that the "circumstantial details" of the great *tragédienne's* life were sedulously bought up and destroyed by her friends, and that large sums had been paid for Percy Wyndham's "Strictures" to undergo similar annihilation. Mrs. Siddons writes to John Taylor (editor of the *Sun?*), from Nuneham, *à propos* of this subject: "I earnestly entreat, if it be not too much vanity to suppose you would wish to preserve them a moment beyond reading them, that you will burn all my letters, for there is nothing I dread so much like having all this nonsense appear in print by some untoward accident—not accident either, but wicked or interested design." John Taylor evidently gratified his wish of preserving such interesting memorials of the Siddons in preference to deferring to her earnest entreaty. The above found its way to Sotheby's, with other letters, in 1854, four guineas being then the modest price paid for her autograph.

The Kemble family portraits as portrayed by Lawrence alone would fill an extensive gallery, of which the Rollas, Richards, Hamlets, Catos, and Coriolanuses of John Philip, quadrupled by replicas, would form no small portion. Then there is the lovely sister, Mrs. Twiss, painted by both Reynolds and Lawrence, whose cause was gallantly championed by Shakespeare's commentator, George Steevens, when she was maligned in *The Public Advertiser*. Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Twiss was exhibited the same year as the "Tragic Muse" (1784). Walpole marks his catalogue—"good, very simple." She acted with Mrs. Siddons in "Jane Shore" and the

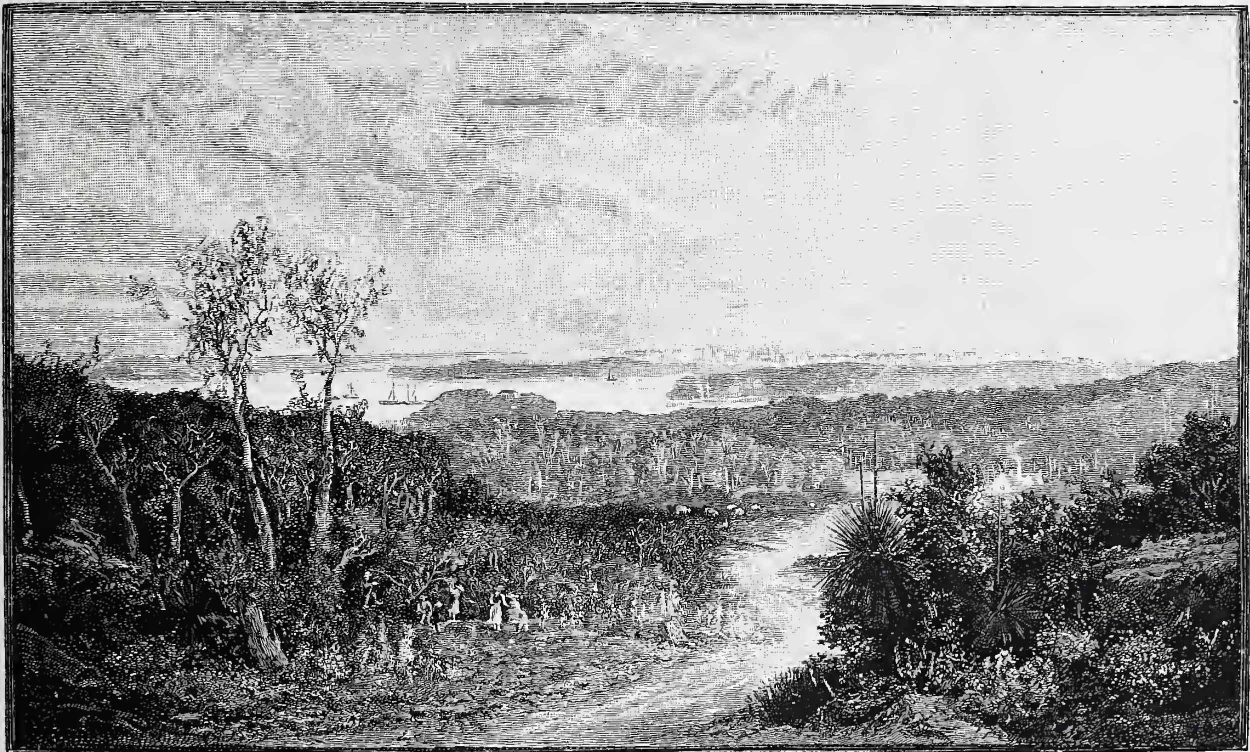
"Mourning Bride." Lawrence has perpetuated the features of the beautiful and fragile Maria Siddons, whom it was thought he would marry, and some say the disappointment hastened her end. This fair flower passed to rest at Bristol on October 6th, 1798. The real cause, as of her sister's death also, was undoubtedly consumption. The fond mother was stricken with anguish. "Two lovely creatures gone," she says, "I feel myself like poor Niobe grasping to her bosom the last and youngest of her children."

Lawrence painted for Mrs. Fitz-Hugh a beautiful whole-length of Mrs. Siddons reading "Paradise Lost," her favourite poem. Two of his other portraits of her were exhibited when painted at the Royal Academy in 1797 and 1804. The Duke of Bedford lent another Lawrence portrait of her to the British Institution in 1830, and Mr. Ewart yet another in 1857. There are many more besides; but space will not permit of their enumeration, or of those by Harlow. It remains but to record the demise of England's greatest actress at her residence in Upper Baker Street, June 8th, 1831. She lies in Paddington churchyard. All honour to her great name! *Esto perpetua.* E. Barrington Nash.

ART IN THE COLONIES.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE art-critic who is blessed or cursed with a conscience finds no small difficulty in discussing work of the character presented to him in the exhibits of the younger colonies. It is not that there is not good promise, and in parts good work, to be found in such a collection, but rather that in work produced apart from European influence and upon lines largely independent of systematic training, one fails on the one hand to recognise the familiar sign-posts which serve to guide the wanderer in a new field of art, and on the other one is debarred from criticism referred to a standard of which the artists themselves have no knowledge, or illustrated by examples with which they are not familiar.



SYDNEY IN 1882.

(Painted by W. C. Piguenit.)

It may be said, then, "Why not leave such criticism alone?" and, indeed, many people would go

even further, and add, "If you cannot say something nice about the work, pray keep silence altogether." Discretion, no doubt, is the better part of valour. Still, bearing always in mind the conditions of production, it may be possible to so deal with the work before us as to avoid the Scylla of undue harshness without falling into the Charybdis of undue appreciation of what is, for the most part, more interesting for its promise than praiseworthy for its performance.

This feeling, or something very like it, must be my excuse for writing at all about the art of South Australia. It would be easy indeed to say sharp things of the somewhat miscellaneous collection on the walls of the South Australian court. As Lewis Carroll wrote of the Christ Church belfry when under the heading of "The Artistic Merits of the Belfry" he began and ended a chapter with, "This belfry has no artistic merits," and then went on with the most perfect equanimity to the discussion of another subject altogether, so it would be possible to dismiss the collection now on view at South Kensington with the remark that, as ordinary art, it is not within the scope of ordinary art-criticism. It is hard enough to go into a gallery of European pictures and apply faithfully to their consideration the canons of art which have at least been tolerably definitely fixed for us by past students of the beautiful. It is harder still, perhaps—for there one treads upon dangerous ground indeed—to write a fairly conscientious account of a purely amateur collection of drawings, though that even is possible, since for such work too a standard has been tolerably well established, and one may hope that a well-intentioned hint, even if ill-received, may possibly bear fruit. When, however, an amateur collection of drawings is placed before one, and when at a glance one sees that the artists who produced them have been guided in their work entirely by their own perception of first principles, serious criticism becomes impossible, and a few general remarks alone can fairly be made. With the best of material, indeed, the hanging and arrangement of the "Fine Art Exhibit" of these colonists would make any interested person tear his hair. It is difficult to distinguish one picture from another in merit where a number hang side by side. Apparently, however, in South Australia one is expected to descant upon the superiority of a view of some unpronounceable place over an adjacent bale of wool, or to draw a comparison between a water-colour and a carefully-assorted collection of seed-potatoes. The difficulty is somewhat increased by the catalogue, in which the seed-potatoes are carefully enough described, but only about half the pictures are entered at all, and not the haziest idea of their position on a somewhat extensive wall-space is vouchsafed. It is very much to be hoped that, if the Colonial and Indian Institute becomes a *fait accompli*, the art-productions of the various colonies will be hung in a somewhat more digestible manner. The fault of which I speak was especially prominent in New South Wales—where the pictures, some of which possessed considerable merit, appear to have been treated simply as articles of furniture, or rather, one might say, as a sort of adjuncts to the display of household goods, which were arranged in small partitioned alcoves. I had to climb over ropes and make the best of my way through a forest of sofas and easy-chairs in order to stand before some of the paintings, which the general public can scarcely have seen at all—and they were by no means the worst of the collection.

To return to South Australia. The only professional work in the section—Vintner's portrait of Jacob Montefiore, the first commissioner of South Australia, is interesting, but scarcely colonial—is that of L. Gouldsmith, one of whose capital drawings of Adelaide we reproduce. Besides these the same artist has on the opposite wall a strong painting of the harbour, which, with a couple of others, does not appear in the catalogue. The colour—and what so lends itself to the appreciation of colour as a mass of weather-beaten hulls?—is capital, though lacking a little in greys, whose absence injures the perspective. Such work as this needs, however, nothing but a little study and the opportunity of observation of good methods, to do credit to any colony. Unfortunately, the colony honoured will not be South Australia, for I believe that Mr. Gouldsmith belongs elsewhere, and was merely "employed" to make the water-colour drawing first mentioned for the guidance of Messrs. Gillows in the decoration of the vestibule of the exhibition. This is presumably the reason why his own work does not appear in the catalogue, from which all professional work has been purposely excluded. The people of Adelaide are, it is understood, beginning to take a special interest in art. A professorship of drawing at the University, though it sounds a little like grasping the wrong end of the stick, yet ought to bear fruit, as every effort to place art on its proper footing is certain to do. But if it were intended to seriously exhibit the art of the colony for what it is worth, the rule excluding professional drawings is manifestly absurd on all grounds. If we wish to note the progress of a new departure in art, to predict the future of a freshly-budding movement, it is to the pioneers, and especially to the teachers, we ought to look. Is their work honest and faithful? Do they know whereof they speak? If so, then at least one of the conditions of progress has been observed, and we may look beyond at the talent of the individual, with the reasonable hope that that talent may not prove abortive for having strayed aside out of the true path.

The amateur collection of which I have spoken is neither better nor worse than much of its kind. It is, however, lamentably deficient in principle or aim. Of method, strictly speaking, there is none, though its absence is replaced, in some cases, by a considerable amount of natural taste and some power of observation. Of figure-drawing there is absolutely not one specimen, unless a painting of R. H. Shaw's of "Preparing for a Corrobboree" in a bushman's hut may be suffered to come under that head. But the landscapes and flowers are many of them pretty. The strangeness and picturesqueness of the scenery and the tropical magnificence of the flora are, no doubt, a help to the interest of many of these productions, whose subject is often more interesting than the handling of it. But, after all, the amateur, at least, need not disdain to claim notice on this ground. The selection of a good subject not only implies a considerable amount of taste, but it has made the success of more than one so-called great work. I wonder how many of the people who stand day by day entranced before Doré's "Christ Leaving the Prætorium" would give the picture a second thought if they were told that it represented—it would be easy to find a comparison if I did not fear to offend some ultra-susceptible enthusiast: let us say if it represented any domestic event of insignificant proportions and comparative unimportance. There is no excuse for a South Australian young lady painting a pot of arum lilies, but we are all ready to forgive the Rev. A. Sells for having sent us those sketches of South Australian scenery, and still more grateful for his explanatory notes upon them, which, however, it is only just to the artist to say, are scarcely needed. It would be an immense comfort, though, *bien entendu*, if many of our painters would only do likewise, and explain in the catalogue that the green patch in the left middle distance represents a group of oak trees, and that the small red objects in the right-hand corner of the picture are cows. So also Miss Fiveash's "Group of South Australian Flowers" (catalogued under the name of Smith, presumably for the sake of uniformity) make us wish for more.

I am afraid that is all, unless I mention some fairly-executed busts of prominent colonials by August Saupe—surely there are no amateur sculptors, are there?—which comprise in effect all the "statuary" on exhibit, unless we admit the claims of the Commissioners to class under the head of sculpture—I told you how difficult it was to follow out their ideas—two plaster casts of South Australian fish and a "double profile" cast of the merino ram! I cannot leave this court, however, without a few words about the photography on exhibition. Very properly, now that its artistic limits have been defined, photography is beginning to take its place among the arts. In such colonies as those of Australia it has a double advantage. It is likely to be more remunerative than painting, which, in the encouragement it gives to the artist to do his best, is by no means a matter of small importance; and, besides, the clear atmosphere of the Australian continent offers the photographer the hearty co-operation of Nature at her best. There are a great many good photographs, of more or less artistic value, and depicting more or less interesting objects—our old friend the merino ram comes out well, but I am not "posted on rams"—but clearly the palm must be given to Mr. J. Hammer for a series of excellent opal pictures of South Australian fruit and flora, the artistic outline and general excellence of which leave very little to be desired.

Pass we to New South Wales. Here a somewhat different state of things presents itself. An enthusiastic amateur can do more for an art-exhibition than any amount of mere cut-and-dried exhibitors, and to Edward Combes, C.M.G., we owe what seems to be a fairly representative collection of the art-work of the colony. That gentleman himself is the chief exhibitor, although his name does not appear in the catalogue—apparently the opposite principle of selection prevails here, and amateurs give way to professionals—and sends a large number of watercolours and a couple of oils. As might be expected in a set of sketches put together hastily, as I believe these were, the work is very unequal; but Mr. Combes evidently has an open mind as well for what is best in art as for what is lovely in nature. The breadth of David Cox and the refinement of Copley Fielding have both influenced him, as is shown, the former by the "Road from Tarana to Oberon," the latter by the "Cascade Brenez." Mr. Combes maintains throughout a style of his own, and though his work shows little attempt at composition, he never fails to touch you with the freshness of his impression of nature.

The same want of figure study, of course, prevails in these latitudes. Mr. P. Fletcher Watson tries a few, sketchily indeed, without models apparently, and consequently without success. He has evidently aimed at something brilliant in colour and Italian in style, but has hardly succeeded; the ambitious striving after effect to the disparagement of honest drawing which seems to have inspired the work needs more knowledge than Mr. Watson at present possesses to carry it off. The sketches show, however, a considerable feeling for warmth and transparency of colour, which only needs a little study of elementary drawing to make it both marketable and, what is better, good in itself. The same feeling for colour runs through

most of the work—it is perhaps natural in such a climate—and W. C. Piguenit's two paintings of "Sydney in 1882" and "A Billabong on the Murray River" are very attractive in this respect. Perhaps in the former it is even a little overdone. The brilliant purple of the figures in the foreground is a blot upon the picture which might easily be removed. Here, again, the artist needs to *draw* his forms more carefully. I may be wrong, but the impression these pictures give me is that Mr. Piguenit can draw correctly if he chooses, but has perhaps been affected with that pernicious doctrine about the needlessness of accuracy of form which came in with the Impressionists, and has done so much to ruin good work in this country and America.

In curious contrast is the Pre-Raphaelite style of Charles E. Hern's drawing of "Katoomba Falls," which reminds one of the early work of John Brett. If Mr. Piguenit wants narrowing down to correctness of outline, Mr. Hern needs broadening in his ideas, and I am glad to see that he is to settle amongst us here. There are qualities in his work which make me wish to see more of it, especially when he shall have seen more himself of other people's. A. H. Hunt's "Fading Light," which is apparently much "fancied" in the section, is decidedly "of the chromo-chromoish;" but the figures are well and carefully drawn, and the composition, though a little straggly, has evidently been the result of thought.

I have left to the last some of the best work in New South Wales, that of the two Collingridges—Arthur and George—which is, in some respects, the most satisfactory there. If I were to make a guess, I should say that Arthur Collingridge had either been for a short time in Paris, or had had some teaching from a recent pupil of the "Beaux-Arts." His faults are the faults of the modern French school, and his virtues, to a great extent, have the same source of inspiration. The "Christmas Bush Gatherers" is an ambitious picture, representing a boatful of figures, principally females, well grouped and harmonised, though slightly too much in the middle of the picture, engaged in gathering the pink blossoms of the Christmas bush. The whole thing is too flat, and lacks atmosphere, but it is well drawn and composed, and, but for the want of tone perspective, well coloured. The water-colours of George Collingridge are even better, and I should

ADELAIDE.

(Painted by L. Gouldsmith.)

like to dwell upon two or three of them, but my article has already run beyond the appointed length. If I were to add anything it would be to warn the coming artists of a young country against the two faults already hinted at—carelessness in any form, especially such carelessness as accompanies an intentional sacrifice of accuracy to so-called effect; and the alternative failing of over-conscientiousness and slavish fidelity to detail. Breadth of conception, accompanied by a truth of form which is instinctive rather than laboured, is perhaps an ideal which cannot be easily reached. But to recognise its truth is to have set one foot at least on the right road.

MIRAGE EFFECTS ON THE BOGAN.

(Painted by Edward Combes, C.M G.)

ARTHUR GREY.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

VAN DYCK AT THE COURT OF CHARLES I.

WHEN, in the early spring of 1632, Van Dyck arrived in London, he was lodged in the house of one Mr. Edward Norgate, to whom the king paid "fifteen shillings per day for the maintenance of Van Dyck and one servant." This, however, was but a temporary arrangement. The king bestirred himself to find a suitable home for his beloved painter, and finally found him a summer residence at Eltham and winter quarters in the Blackfriars, which, since the Reformation, had been used as a guest-house for distinguished visitors. Here Van Dyck lived in a style that befitted a rich noble rather than a portrait-painter, though he never allowed a life of pleasure to interfere with the colossal industry which has left us more than 350 large portraits as the result of nine years' work. Four months after his arrival he had completed nine large canvases, among them the well-known masterpiece of the king and queen with their two children, which still remains in the Windsor Collection. Windsor, indeed, is a storehouse of Van Dycks, and among the twenty-two examples contained in the castle we have specimens of almost every time and manner, from the portrait of James I., painted in 1621, to the latest days of his decadence. This royal group is, perhaps, the gem of the collection; and the masterly portrait of the king may be termed the type Charles, and probably served as the sole model for many of the five-and-twenty portraits of the king which Van Dyck painted later. There is at Windsor another picture for which Charles unquestionably gave sittings, namely, the series of three heads—profile, full-face, and three-quarters—which was painted to enable Bernini to model a bust of the king, whom he had never seen. These studies are very fine, and probably give us an exact portrait of the king, for the bust modelled from them was so successful that the queen announced her intention of having hers executed in the same manner, and accordingly sat to Van Dyck for the profile and full-face portraits at Windsor, which are the best and most studied of the nineteen presentments of Henrietta Maria executed by Van Dyck. These bring us down to the year 1639, but we must go back

to the time when Van Dyck had been only four months in England, and had been newly created "Sir Anthony." Remembering his widespread reputation, the scale of his charges at this period strikes us as extremely moderate, even when every reduction is made for the decrease in the value of money. For a full-length figure he asked only £25, £20 for a half-length, and £100 for a family group. But he probably found it impossible to maintain his establishment upon these terms, for in the following year his prices were almost doubled. The king, however, appears to have exercised the Stuart prerogative of paying only when he liked and what he liked, for Van Dyck received no payment either of his pension or for his work between the years of 1633 and 1637, and when at length his claims were settled, he in many cases received only half what he asked; the "Roi à la Chasse," now one of the principal attractions of the Salon Carré of the Louvre, being among the pictures thus reduced in price, for, while Van Dyck valued it at £200, the king refused to give more than half that amount. In testing prices of this period, we may remember that Rubens received £8,000 for his frescoes on the ceiling of the Great Hall at Whitehall—a comparison which shows £100 to be a remarkably low price for a masterpiece of the size and importance of this fine presentment of the king out hunting.

Van Dyck's practice of leaving his work undated makes the task of following his progress a difficult one, but we can date the various groups of the family of the king by the age and number of the children. Of these groups the finest is that now in the Turin Gallery, and which must have been painted in the autumn of 1635, when the Duke of York was between fifteen and eighteen months old. In the Windsor group two other children have been born to Charles, and this picture of the five children of the king, painted late in 1637, is extremely interesting, though less firmly executed than its predecessor at Turin. Indeed, the tide had already turned, and Van Dyck, though only thirty-eight years old, was a man of failing powers. True, he had some fine portraits still to paint, but he had now arrived at a mechanical and careless manner of production, and, having long painted for fame, now painted for money. This, probably, is the period referred to by Roger de Piles, who relates that in these later days he worked with marvellous rapidity, and never for more than one hour at a time on one portrait, whether to sketch or to finish. In this manner he would work on several pictures in one day, and often retained a sitter to dinner that he might study his expression when free from the constraint and ennui of posing. "After having lightly blocked in a portrait, he made the sitter pose in the attitude he had decided upon, and then, with brown paper and black-and-white chalks, he drew, in a quarter of an hour, the figure and clothes, which he arranged in a large manner and with exquisite taste. He then gave the drawing to competent persons in his employ to paint from, with the help of the real clothes of the sitter, which were always sent to the studio by Van Dyck's request. The pupils having done all they could to the draperies, he passed lightly over them, and in a very short time put into them, by his intelligence and skill, the art and the truth we admire. For the hands he had persons in his service of both sexes who served him as models." Here "the truth which we admire" is not a little outraged, and in Van Dyck's later days the disparity between the different parts of the portraits became a serious defect.

We know no more of the details of his private life in London than in Antwerp; but he had not been long in London before the scandal of the Court coupled his name with that of Venetia, the lovely wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, who was among his favourite sitters. This scandal is important to us insomuch as it led to the painting of the allegorical composition with Lady Digby as "Prudence," now in Windsor Castle. Like most of Van Dyck's allegories, this is a confused and crowded composition, and is in every way inferior to the simple portrait of this lady, whom he painted after her death in 1634. A sudden illness struck her down, and she died without the gradual wasting of ill-health, and with her bloom and beauty unimpaired. Lying so, as if in a calm sleep, but with a faded rose falling from her hand, we now see her in the Dulwich Gallery. The scandal of her attachment to Van Dyck was probably groundless, for neither it nor the death of Lady Digby lessened Sir Kenelm's friendship for the painter, and it was through his influence that Van Dyck was commissioned in 1638 to decorate the walls of the great hall of Whitehall Palace. The subject chosen was the "Institution of the Order of the Garter," and the work was to be executed in tapestry at the short-lived works at Mortlake, after Van Dyck's designs. The cost of the wall-hangings was estimated at no less than £75,000, and the project was postponed, probably from want of funds, so that all that remains to us of this scheme is a black-and-white sketch for the composition of the march of the Knights of the Garter. Meanwhile Van Dyck was leading a life conspicuous for its licence even in that age of lax morality, and the king, anxious to reform his favourite, and probably desirous to make amends for the disappointment which the failure of the project for the decoration of Whitehall must have caused the painter, negotiated a marriage with Margaret Ruthven, granddaughter of that Earl of Gowry who had been beheaded for high treason

in 1584. The act of attainder had deprived the family of their estates, and Margaret brought no dowry save that afforded by the moderate generosity of the king; but a royal strain mingled with the noble blood in her veins, and her youth, her beauty, her position, and Court influence, made her a brilliant mate for the gouty, worn-out rake. The marriage took place in 1639, but it had come too late; the years of Van Dyck's success were over, nothing could now save his fortunes or his life. There was by this time little to do in England; king and nobles had graver things than portraiture to think of, and Charles was raising an army to march against his Scottish subjects. Work being scarce, Van Dyck shut up his house and took his young wife first to Antwerp and then for a tour through Holland, staying at the Hague to paint the portraits of Constantin Huyghens and his six children. Affairs were meanwhile going from bad to worse in England, and, instead of returning to London, Van Dyck, in January, 1641, repaired to Paris, attracted thither by the news that Louis XIII. intended decorating the gallery of the Louvre in a style similar to that in which Rubens had already adorned the Luxembourg, and that Poussin, who was in Rome, had declined the commission. It turned out, however, that Poussin's refusal was not final; indeed, after two months' hesitation, he finally undertook the commission. Van Dyck then returned to England, but hardly with any hope of work; the king's poverty was so extreme that he had been forced to pawn his jewels to obtain food for his table; and, in the hope of assuaging the wrath of the country party, had contracted his ten-year old daughter, Mary, with the son of Frederick, Prince of Orange, who, to prove his gratitude, sent to the impoverished king a present of some thousands of pounds. The times were gloomy, but Van Dyck cannot have failed to be interested in the fate of the king and of his next most powerful patron, Strafford, then a prisoner in the Tower, at whose trial he was probably present, even if he was not among the hundred thousand spectators who saw the tyrannical, faithful head struck off its shoulders. We do not know how long Van Dyck remained in London after this, but in the autumn he returned to Paris, intending to execute the commissions given him by Cardinal Richelieu. But his health grew worse from day to day, and on the 16th of November he gave up work, and requested a passport for himself, his five servants, and his coach and four horses. Two days later he started, and journeyed home with all possible speed. But the cold and hurried journey increased his illness, and he reached home a dying man, and lived only long enough to see the daughter that was born to him on the 1st of December, whom he left an orphan when she was but nine days old.

F. Mabel Robinson.

Sarah.

Give me a maiden such as this,
When summer's slipping past its prime,
When bramble all in berry is,
And the fringed bloom has left the lime.

When maples shimmer into gold,
And down the hedge-ways poppies flare;
And the first breath of alien cold
Shudders across the shining air.

Then through the harvest-field she goes,
And lifting each with careless poise,
From shining cup to cup bestows
The nectar, with a silvern noise.

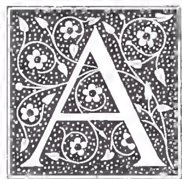
The colour of her native sky
Shines clear from her unconscious glance,
And through her hair the breezes fly
And ruffle it to radiance.

Sometimes we speak a word or so;
Twice we have smiled—no more may be;
I can but gather her into
The garner of my memory.

Kate Carter.

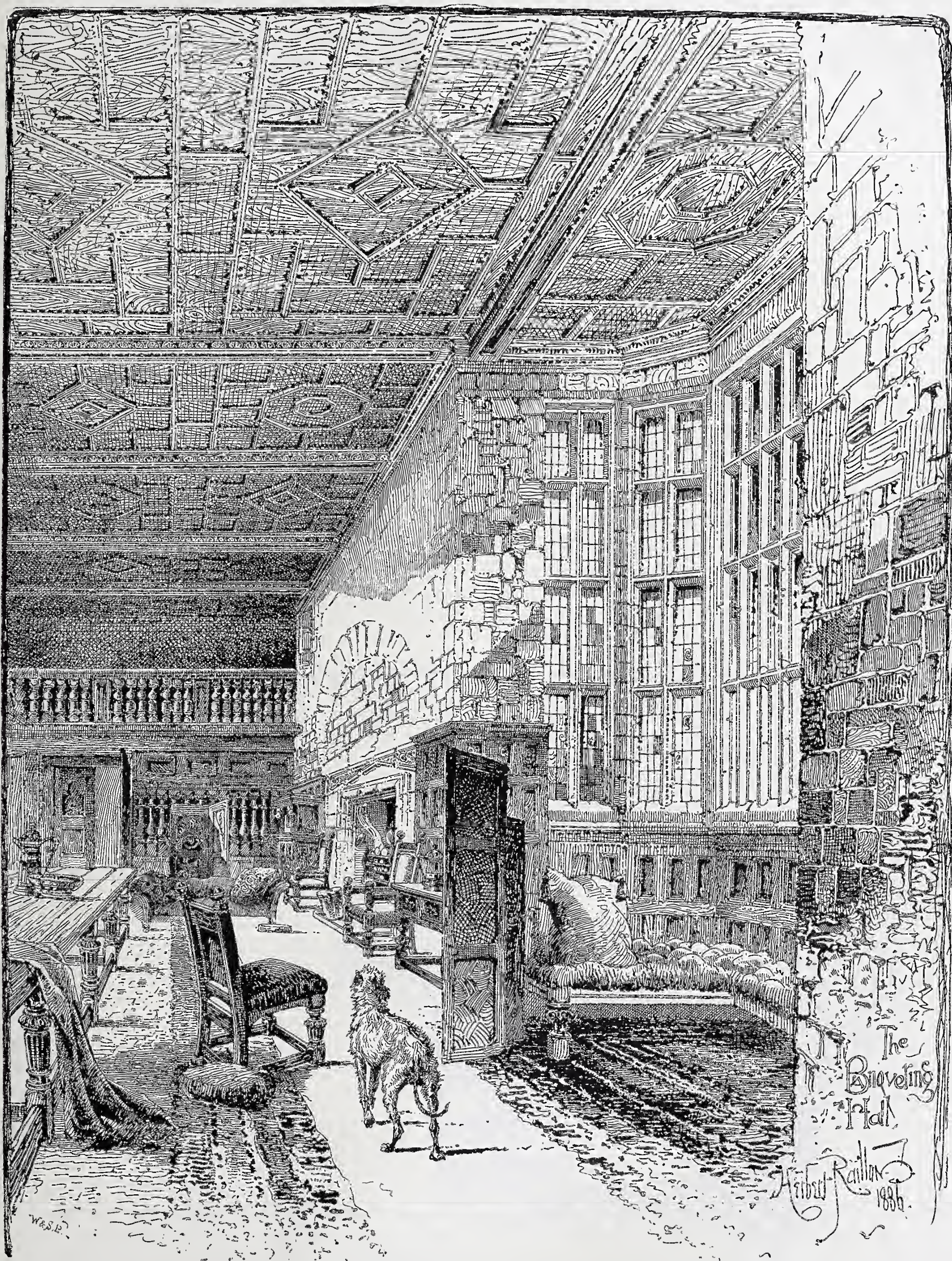
THE INNER COURTYARD.

HOGHTON TOWER.—II.



S Hoghton Tower stands in a commanding position on the top of a hill, it is a conspicuous object both from the high road and from the railway between Preston and Blackburn. In the days when it was first built nothing could be seen save the gateway tower peeping out amongst the forest, which embosomed the house on every side; but the forest was felled in the days when Hoghton Tower was neglected, and when the hill-side had once been cleared it was found difficult to allure young trees to their deserted habitation. Originally a fine avenue of trees fringed the road that led to the house, and it long survived when the forest had departed; but the day came when the avenue also disappeared, and left as the sole memorial of its presence the tall gate-posts of stone, which marked the fence that separated the entrance from the adjoining park. Now that the grassy hill-side slopes gradually up to the entrance, the gate-posts have lost their meaning, and look uncomfortably forgotten in their isolation.

As we pass through this gateway and enter the enclosure we are at once reminded of the time when an English gentleman lived on his estate and farmed his own land; when "the home farm" was a reality, and not merely an ornamental appendage to a country house. At Hoghton Tower the farm-buildings form an integral part of the dwelling, and the approach to the house leads directly past them, reminding us of the merchant princes of the Sixteenth Century, whose dining-room was entered through their counting-house, whose social life was the compliment of their business. The first building that greets us is a large substantial barn, built in 1695. It runs along the left side of this outer court, and an eye which demands symmetry looks in vain for any corresponding building on the right. The house



THE BANQUETING HALL.

itself was built first, and as need arose these additions were made in hopes, no doubt, of further extension as the estate prospered. On the same side as the barn stands another spacious building, known as King James's stable, which may well be a memorial of the great preparations made for the royal visit in 1617. At all events, it also was an afterthought, and was raised after the main building was finished, for it is partly within and partly without the enclosure of the second court, whose wall runs into it in the middle. Probably the original stable was bounded by the wall; but more room was needed, and the building was boldly extended outwards.

The position of these domestic appendages furnishes an historical commentary on the design of the house itself, which was built at the period when the traditions of military architecture still survived, but were being adapted to the conditions of more peaceful life. The entrance gateway to the original house was still guarded as a memory of the past, and stands in the middle of a massive square tower, which has no windows on the outside in its lower storey, and is surmounted by battlements. From its centre rises a smaller watch-tower, which bears a flag-staff. Probably this smaller tower is due to the repairs made after the explosion of 1643, when this gateway tower was rebuilt upon a smaller scale. From it run curtain walls, which are flanked at each corner by two smaller towers of similar style, with battlemented cornices, and the whole of this part of the building suggests a miniature castle of the Edwardian type. But this military appearance is belied by the barn which lies confidingly beyond the protection of the embattled wall, while the stable also has partly crept outside. Before the end of the Seventeenth Century towers and battlements had become merely reminiscences of a bygone time, and it was not worth while even to consider their former meaning when new work was to be done.

On passing through the gateway tower we are inside the outer court of the original building. On the right stands the bailiff's house, built in 1700, a plain substantial building, in accordance with the general style of the house, but with a severity of its own, which seems due to the builder's desire to emphasise his puritan principles, which he has done still more by a reference to a text of Scripture carved over the doorway. Along the opposite side of the court run the offices of the house, which also bear marks of being increased by subsequent additions. In the courtyard the native rock crops out and harmonises with the hard greystone, quarried from the millstone grit, of which the house is built.

Midway in the courtyard, separating these outlying appendages from the house itself, rises a stone parapet with a gateway between two stone pillars, which end in a massive cornice surmounted by a pyramid bearing a ball on its summit. The ground rises, and a few circular steps lead up to the walk, which passes along the projecting wings of the main building of the house, and leads through an archway corresponding to that of the great gateway to the inner quadrangle, round which the main part of the house is built. The quiet simplicity and homeliness of this inner court recalls a Sixteenth Century college at Cambridge. But Hoghton Tower is not built of bricks blackened through damp, but of the hard greystone which has only grown grimer by exposure to the winds which sweep the summit of the hill. The clearness and distinctness

THE FIREPLACE IN THE BANQUETING HALL.

with which every architectural detail stands out in all its precision is one of its greatest charms. The ornament is plain, almost severe. The windows are mullioned, and have no projecting cornices. The building is two storeys high, and is strong only in its perfect simplicity and the dignified harmony of its proportions. One side of the court, which is covered by the banqueting hall, is rendered more ornate by its projecting oriel, surmounted by a gable, and a corresponding gable crowns the roof above the doorway. The banqueting hall occupies the entire height of this side, and its tall windows, divided equally by two transoms, are carried almost continuously along the wall, and thus give the general aspect of the court the amount of diversity which is needful. The statue of William III. in the middle of the court is somewhat out of keeping with the severe truthfulness of its surroundings. It is conceived in the heroic style. The puny Dutchman is transformed into a Roman general, crowned with laurel, and seems vainly striving to throw himself into an attitude becoming this unwonted dignity, and to be dimly conscious that he is not succeeding.

The house is entered by two doors; the larger and more imposing, which is reached by a few steps, leads into the banqueting hall. A round-arched doorway, enclosed by a massive square-headed cornice, holds a stout oaken door, with a postern for ordinary use. The other door, which is simple and square-headed, opens upon the main staircase which led to the dwelling rooms. Again we see a proof of the simplicity of English country life. The larger doorway was for the reception of guests and visitors; the small and unpretending entrance for the use of the family. Opening the small door, we find ourselves in an entrance-hall, whose staircase, with its twisted balusters of oak, is still known as the "King's Staircase," and leads to the two wainscoted rooms, not yet restored, which James I. occupied. The rooms, as was customary, extended the whole breadth of the building, and were entered from one another. The needs of greater privacy and freer communication have made it difficult to adapt this plan to modern requirements; and in the parts which have been restored and are inhabited a passage has been carried round one side, and the bedrooms open into it. Necessary as is this change, it tells us something of the difficulties which a modern architect has to face, from which his predecessors were free. They had their light from two sides, and when once they had fixed the general proportions of their main building, had no further trouble about the proportion of the several rooms. We feel that the restored rooms have suffered by the loss of the windows on one side and of the space required for the passage. Otherwise they are left unaltered. The old wainscoting, which seems of the date of 1700, has been repaired; all else remains as it was first designed.

One little room, a boudoir, is curious for the rude decoration of its upper panels, which has survived from early times. It is known as the "Guinea Room," because the panels are painted with a simple pattern containing at its four corners representations of gold coins. The ornament and the name have given rise to various interpretations; perhaps the room was used for business purposes, and was adorned with symbols which reminded its occupant of his duty and gave a significant hint to his visitors; perhaps it was a card-room, where the players were urged to greater carefulness by the sight of their stakes wherever they turned their eyes.

The chief and most characteristic room in Hoghton Tower is the banqueting hall, which occupies nearly the whole of one side of the court and projects beyond. It is entered by the dwellers in the house from a staircase in the minstrels' gallery, which runs, as is customary, above the passage which opens from the entrance in the court. This passage is separated from the hall by a wooden screen, provided all along with hinged shutters, through which communication was carried on with the kitchen. The interior of the hall is of dressed stone with a high wainscot. Its daïs has two oriels, with lovely views along the valley of the Darwen which flows below. The square mullioned windows extend almost continuously along the side which looks into the court, and give the room a cheerfulness which is sometimes wanting in such halls. The fireplace tells of the increased desire for warmth felt by the inmates. The simple round arch which first enclosed it has been filled in, and a square fireplace erected below with a rude representation of a chase sculptured on its lintel. This, again, was narrowed in later, and the large grate of hammered iron bears the date of 1701. The room throughout is an excellent example of refined and befitting stateliness, free from all display. Simple alike in its design and in its details, it has a quiet charm, due to its perfect harmony, which more pretentious buildings vainly strive to obtain.

Opening from the music gallery is a drawing-room, known as the "Ladies' Room," where the ladies retired after dinner. But they were not condemned to entire seclusion from the gentlemen who were left at table. A window opens into the hall; and, if the laughter was loud, the ladies could look out and ask the cause; or, if the revel was prolonged, they could give signs of their impatience. It is needless to describe in detail the less important rooms. It is enough to say that the house was designed to supply all wants and was self-contained. Even all the old draw-well remains, which drew water from a depth of some 150 feet. The only part which has

disappeared is the chapel, which originally projected beyond the main house above the defile of the Darwen.

The walled garden which runs outside the court placed mouldings on their cornices. The house, as we look at it, seems almost a natural growth in such a place; the grey stone of the district is tiled with grey slabs which harmonise with its tint. The

THE NORTH TERRACE.

looks down upon the Darwen, peeping through the trees at the bottom of the cliff on which the house is built. From it one enjoys to the full the picturesqueness of the house, with its gables surmounted by huge balls of stone, and its chimney-stacks, which are wrought into architectural ornaments by the well-prospect on clear days ranges from the Old Man of Coniston to the Great Orme's Head in Caernarvonshire, and is bounded inland by the Yorkshire hills. Alike in itself, its surroundings, and its memories, Hoghton Tower is a symbol of the history of English civilisation and of English art. M. Creighton.

G. H. Boughton. A.R.A. Pinx.

THE COUNCILLORS OF "PETER THE HEADSTRONG."

ROUND ABOUT WEST DRAYTON.

MIDDLESEX is not a beautiful county. Its hills are few, and are not as the hills of ruggeder shires. It is flat and unindividual, and its unbuilt-upon acres are cultivated to every hedge and headland. But if Middlesex has not the wooded uplands, the long, watered valleys, the deeply-dipping highways, the luxuriantly-hedged lanes of more romantic provinces, not the less is it profusely picturesque; while in human and historic interest it is unapproachable by any other southern county. Its historic houses are legion; for the circumstance that its rural portions have for two centuries been mere suburbs of the seat of Empire has made it the abiding-place of a crowd of personages whose shades still in death loom large. Nearly all our great men in history, in letters, and in art have lived in Middlesex, and there have worked for fame.

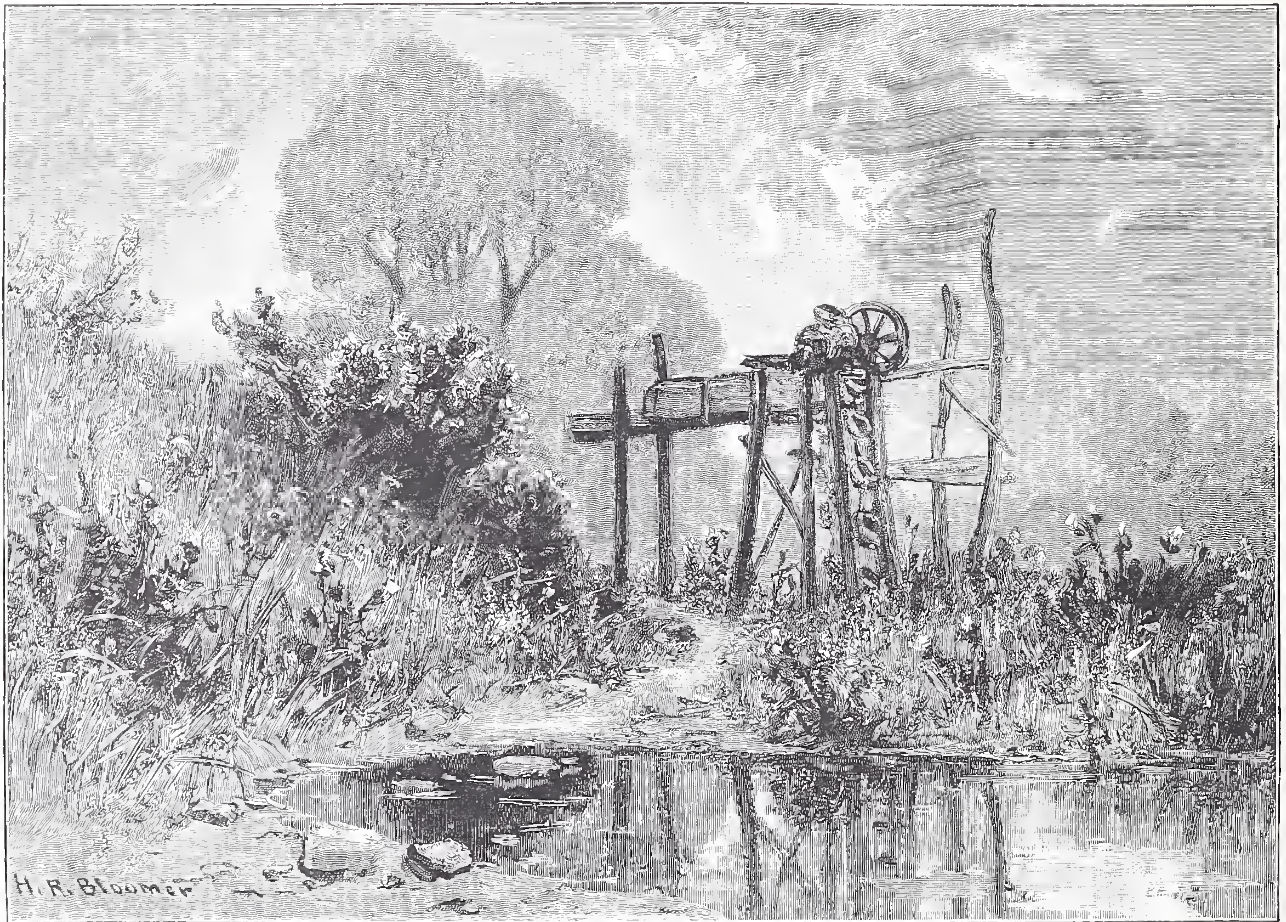
AN OLD BRIDGE.

It is a rich, productive bit of country, crowded

with market gardens, and though it cannot be said that a perspective of bean-fields and cabbage plantations is superlatively pictorial, yet there are seasons of the year, and hours of the day, when such a prospect is clothed with mystic charm. In spring the belts of blossoming orchards, which define the long vistas of white and powdery roads, atone for the superabounding presence of the cabbage of commerce. In autumn the perfumed blossom has changed to clusters of faintly odorous fruit, which, in ripened hues of gold and purple, spangle the background of brilliant green.

The fall of dusk over these stretches of flat, uninteresting fields, with a darkling distance of woodland, and a square grey church-tower for all diversity, is always peculiarly fascinating. The dull transitional grey, which in late autumn follows the last western glimmer, seems slowly to descend to earth, opaquely thickening as it falls. Just above the tree-tops it meets and intermingles with the white chilly vapour which rises from the land; for in these western parts of Middlesex there is abundance of water in canals and little rivers, while the Thames is never far away. The mist winds in and out among the trees, slowly surrounding trunk and branches with tender mystery as of a semi-diaphanous veil of gauze. This is the most silent hour of the autumn day. The caw of the rooks high in the elms ceased an hour ago; the small birds sleep; all the sounds of country life are stilled; and the tramp of a tarrying labourer, or the rarer flash of a carriage dashing homeward, alone break the eerie stillness.

It is in just such a polder-like country as this that West Drayton lies. The name points to its sylvan origin. It is the town or village of "dreys," as the squirrels' nests are still termed in the rural districts of Hampshire and Berkshire. Between Hanwell and Uxbridge West Middlesex is largely given up to the delights of brickmaking—a business which scars and materialises the country, but is not unpicturesque in itself. The soil is that stiff, retentive clay which possesses the very negative virtue of being best adapted for the making of the bilious yellow bricks that have rendered nearly the whole of suburban London dingy and dispiriting. West Drayton is upon



EARLY MORNING IN AN OLD BRICKFIELD.

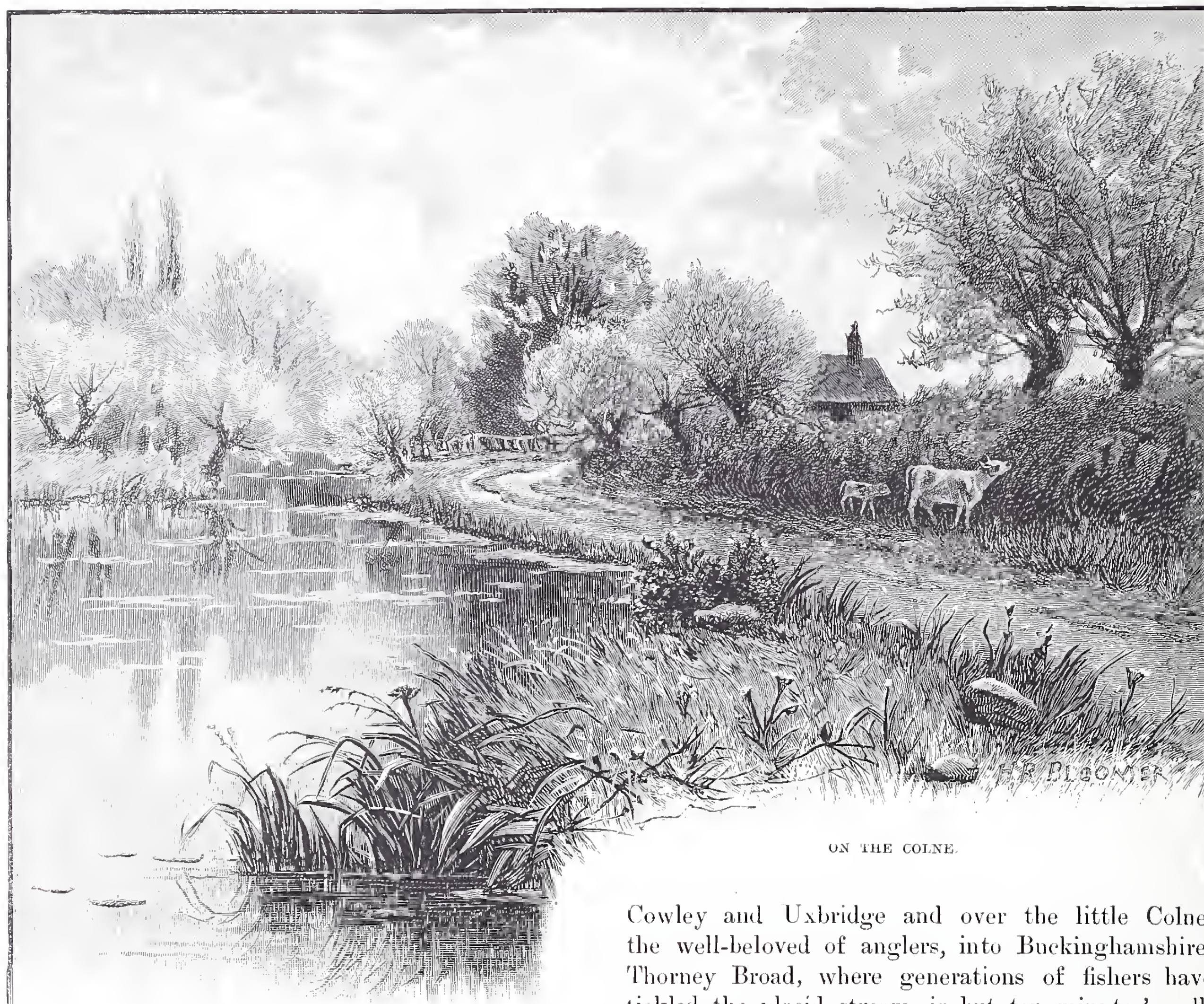
the fringe of the brickmaking zone; but although it is a parish of market-gardens rather than of brick-fields, it wears the sordid air of an industrial village, in particular as it extends towards the hamlet of Yiewsley. The entrance to the village from the railway station is not destitute of rural prettiness. A long, high wall, backed by a thick growth of trees, extends for some distance along the road, until at a bend it terminates at a tall, slender, disused gateway of hammered iron, in the style of mid-eighteenth century. The gate has been closed for many a year; the grass has grown thickly as turf over the once trim gravelled path; the ragged herbage flourishes in rank luxuriance upon the lawn. This is Drayton House, and there needs no glance at the long rows of many-sized windows to learn that it is empty and desolate. It is a very picturesque piece of early Jacobean brickwork; and time has so mellowed and stained its walls that it is difficult now to pronounce whether they were built of the red brick of other-where, or the yellow product of the neighbourhood. Through the beaten trellis-work of the gateway there is a good view of the spacious old house, with its undulating red-tiled roof, pictorially marshalled masses of chimneys, and thick growths of creepers. Although it stands so near to the road, it has a sequestered look which lends it a tinge of mystery. The house has an undeniable ghostly savour, which may be responsible for the marvellously uncanny stories the villagers tell about it. Ghosts haunt its low-ceiled chambers, and the moss-grown garden walks are often at midnight illumined by the swift passage of a white and lambent figure. But the strangest story of all is that Drayton House—or Burroughs, as it was formerly called—was an occasional residence of Cromwell, and that at the Restoration his friends disinterred his body, and reburied it here beneath the black and white lozenges which pave the entrance-hall. A former house on this site was the seat of Sir Thomas Burgh, King Edward IV.'s Esquire of the Body; and the De Burghs are now Lords of the Manor of Drayton, although they did not purchase the manorial rights until a century ago.

At West Drayton, as in most English villages, the church, the manor-house, and the green all cluster together. For so small a place the green is of unusual size, and is covered with that thick velvety turf of brilliant hue which bespeaks old age. It has a fringe of uninteresting houses, backed on one side by a belt of tall poplars. Impinging upon the green are the sturdy walls, of late Tudor or early Jacobean brickwork, which once surrounded the stately manor-house of the Pagets. More than a hundred years since the Earl of Uxbridge of that day demolished the roof-tree which had sheltered his house from the days when its consequence was being slowly builded by Sir William Paget, Secretary of State and executor of Henry VIII. Now a market-gardener grows cabbages and potatoes upon the spot where Sir Christopher Hatton and "the Lord of Hunsdon's Vale" once lived. Great barns and ranges of stabling still remain, large enough in their decay to house a regiment of men and horses. Also there exists yet, and in very admirable preservation, the embattled gate-house, which was a characteristic feature of Tudor country houses. It is built of the hard, ruddy, slender bricks that were so well and truly made in those days of beef and beer. The entrance is beneath a low, pointed arch, and two octagonal towers flank the archway, with its massive oaken gates hung of old time upon their rusty hinges. Upon one of the towers is an open bell-turret which adds grace and height to the somewhat squat erection. Near by stands the church, stone- and flint-built, which is architecturally more attractive than the majority of West Middlesex churches. The interior was restored a generation ago, and is consequently now not remarkably inviting. There is, however, a curious octagonal font, lavishly ornamented with emblematic carvings. The most interesting accessories of the old tombs of the Pagets and De Burghs—the helmets and banners—of course have disappeared. Soon it will be possible to count upon the fingers the funeral helms yet remaining *in situ* in English churches.

The prettiest bit of West Drayton is a strip of the high road leading to Harmondsworth and Harlington. At the fork of the roads is a little pond, shaded by the trees which bend over it, and by the thick plantation opposite. Here on summer afternoons the cows going home for milking halt, and with great wistful eyes and an air of sensual content, drink their fill of the stagnant water. For a few hundred yards the road is really pretty; it is too little curved to be beautiful. It is well, and on one hand thickly, bordered with trees, which form an archway overhead, through which the sun marks upon the white highway a gilded trellis-work. But turnip-fields and potato-patches lie beyond; soon the country opens out once more into a monotonous plain, and the brief charm departs.

Such are the *délices* of West Drayton. Eastward, in the direction of Hayes, the air is tinged with the heavy vapours from many brick-kilns in the distance. Crossing the canal, near the railway station, the change from the rural to the industrial is sharp enough to be painful. The turbid waters of the Grand Junction Canal bear unpictorial freights of bricks sometimes in brightly-painted barges of brilliant green, but more often in craft which has not been painted within the memory of man. Cart-loads of bricks encumber the narrow bridge. West Drayton

roughly marks the limit of the brick-burning industry hereabouts; and on towards London, through Hayes, Southall, and Hanwell, there is a long line of kilns, some actively smoking, others desolate and decaying, mere melancholy collections of rubbish heaps. Ordinarily uninviting enough, there are times when these abandoned brickyards have in them the makings of pictures, as may be seen from Mr. Bloomer's sketch (page 74). In the tender blue of a summer morning, before the mist has quite evaporated, they are seen well; but if your soul be bent upon studying the picturesque side of an exhausted brickfield, you must needs hie thither in early morning of mid-autumn. Six o'clock in September is nipping, yet roseate, and the sun is not long in struggling through the banks of fog which, as they curl away into the upper air, reveal the presence of mysterious mechanical gear, broken and beyond service, roofless huts, and long-forsaken kilns, falling brick by brick to shapeless ruin. It needs these atmospheric effects to give the magic touch which differentiates the barren and desolate from the suggestively pictorial.



ON THE COLNE.

Through the hamlet of Yiewsley the uninteresting road, bordered by squalid houses, winds on to Cowley and Uxbridge and over the little Colne, the well-beloved of anglers, into Buckinghamshire. Thorney Broad, where generations of fishers have tickled the placid stream, is but ten minutes' walk from West Drayton station. The Colne is the boundary between Middlesex and Bucks, and flows past many a bit of that simple sylvan beauty for which the county of Waller and Burke is famous. It is a pretty little river, crossed by pretty little bridges often sharply arched in the fashion of the country. The Colne is a sequestered Thames in miniature. All about it is *petite* and charming. Equable, slow-moving, and always smiling, it is comparable rather to a placid unemotional blonde than to a sensuously-developed beauty, large and languishing and lazy, like Saccharissa. There is little reminder of Middlesex in the devious twisting banks with their edgings of pollards, and in the water-side pathways, all grassy and rush-fringed. Good anglers of the placid sort who are contented with the day of small things, and thirst not after the

clever lightsome trout and the lordly pugnacious salmon, ought when they die to fish for ever in the Colne, in sempiternal "fishing-weather of the choicest." Of water there is plenty in the neighbourhood of Drayton; for there is likewise the canal, which, as it passes through Cowley, is by no means unpicturesque. It is just far enough from London to begin to be pure and edged with rushes, and for its towing-path to be shadowed with trees and bordered by open timber-dotted meadows. Seen as Mr. Bloomer has depicted it, this canal, just emerging from the matter-of-fact stage of existence as a mere highway of burden, approaches very nearly to the purely picturesque.

On Sunday mornings there is smaller activity and lessened movement upon the canal itself and upon its banks. Canal-water is never very pure; but upon a Sunday and in a spot such as this, it seems, perhaps because of a partial cessation of the churning which it undergoes at other times, to have suddenly grown less opaque and more like to the swifter-moving water of a river. The unheroic bargee, with his inured countenance and callous oaths, vexes the towing-path but little; though here and there, mayhap, a barge or two, well protected with tarpaulins, may be moored out of the way of traffic.

If West Drayton be not overwhelmingly interesting in itself, it is the centre of one of the most historically attractive portions of Middlesex. Within an easy walk there is Hayes, with its Archiepiscopal Rectory House; Harlington, with the scanty remains of Dawley and abounding memories of Bolingbroke; Cranford, with its haunted manor-house, and its flavour of Berkleian romance; Uxbridge, with its proud pretension to be the county town of Middlesex, to the prejudice of dirty Brentford. It is a land of long-descended legends, of ghostly visitants in panelled chambers, of confused traditions of feudal splendour and ecclesiastical consequence. The last wanings of romance linger around the ancient mansions, and tales of old time still are told in the sequestered villages, whose people have changed in little, often not even in religion, since the last moat was dug in England.

J. Penderel-Brodhurst.

SUNDAY MORNING ON THE CANAL.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

HER FATHER'S EYES.

THE Church of St. James's at Bruges is an interesting old Gothic pile, rich in art, but among all its treasures the two paintings by Louis and Anna Deyster are perhaps the most interesting. Generally the sacristan first draws the curtain from the "Crucifixion," which was the earliest painted, and is a work in many respects almost equal to that of Van Eyck. The style is both easy and powerful, the colouring almost Venetian in its richness, the figures of the three Maries are full of expression, and are of a noble grace more akin to the Italian than the Flemish schools. When you have sufficiently taken in the spirit of this painting, with its mysterious landscape and weird stormy sky, the sacristan, as if to lead your mind to the spiritual meaning of it, softly draws another curtain in an adjoining chapel, and the "Resurrection" bursts upon your view. The sorrow of the Crucifixion melts away before the influence of this its glorious end. Raphael himself could hardly have rendered the subject more poetically or divinely. You ask who is the artist, and are told, baldly, "Louis and Anna Deyster;" but probably the sacristan's knowledge goes no farther. There are, however, some very pretty stories connected with these works which, though maybe unknown to the sacristan, I will now relate.

Louis Deyster (born in 1656) was the son of a rich burgher of Bruges. He was a boy of a melancholy, retiring nature, who loved nothing better than to pass his time in painting little pictures which he was too shy to show to any one, and would often efface one to paint the next on the same canvas. He was afterwards placed as a scholar in the studio of Johann Maes, and thence he went to Rome and Venice, where he spent several years in copying the works of the great masters in those two cities. It was in this way he obtained his Italian grace of design and colour. His father died when he was seventeen years of age; and Louis, left alone, married at an early age, and for some years his love of art took only a secondary place in his life, for he was at this time scarcely known as an artist. He was only twenty-six when his young wife died, leaving him with two baby girls, the eldest of whom was named Anna. This loss so affected him that he retired entirely from city life, and having sold the Deyster mansion in Bruges, took his two children to a little country house. The great cars with his furniture were rolling heavily out of Bruges, when a little sketch fell from one of them and slid into a stream. The driver would have stopped, but Louis Deyster, saying it was only a valueless trifle, bade him go on.

Two little boys rescued the picture, washed the mud from it, and then, after the manner of boys, began to fight for the ownership of it. During this struggle the rich Burgomaster Roelof passed by, parted them, and demanded how they had obtained possession of such a treasure as a sketch by Van Eyck, to whom at first glance he attributed it. He ended by giving the boys some money for it, and placed the sketch in his own gallery, for in those days the love of art was so strong that every burgher who possessed a revenue formed a picture gallery. That of Roelof was especially rich in art-treasures, for he was an enthusiastic amateur and a good judge. He could not rest till he had found the author of this mysterious sketch; and at length, hearing that Louis Deyster had left Bruges with his goods and chattels on the day he found it, set out to seek him in his retirement, and arrived just at the moment when Deyster was burning a mass of studies and sketches which he had no room for in his smaller house. "What are you doing? Stop, sir, I beg you stop!" cried Roelof, from the door, just as a sketch was being thrown on the fire. Louis Deyster turned to see the visitor who had introduced himself so unceremoniously. He was much surprised to find that his despised little picture had become famous in Bruges, and still more astonished when the good Burgomaster pleaded with him for the sake of his own fame and his country's glory, and for the future good of his little girls (who were with their nurse in the garden), to come back to Bruges and take his rightful place as an artist. Louis Deyster was shy and had no trust in his own genius, which he had hidden so long; his grief for his young wife was still fresh, and he had no taste for the great world; but the Burgomaster reasoned and pleaded well, ending with, "Come and stay at my house and paint me a large picture from that sketch, and I will give you six thousand florins."

Such an offer as this was like a dream to the diffident Deyster, but its effect was that within a

short time he and his baby girls were comfortably ensconced in a pavilion in Roelof's park, where was a beautiful studio which had once been prepared for Rubens, when he painted the "Martyrdom of St. Symphorien." Here the little sketch grew into a great work, and Roelof had quite a triumph the day he introduced the artist and his work, the "Crucifixion," to the art-enthusiasts of Bruges. Fame and success followed. Deyster no longer hid his light, but he grew famous and rich, and leaving the studio in the park, bought a handsome house and lived a life of luxury. Many years after, the Burgomaster Roelof met him in the midst of a fine cavalcade, both horses and men dressed in the height of extravagance, and as they passed he shook his head sadly. Louis Deyster leaped gaily from his horse, and said, "Come, come, my good Burgomaster, don't lecture me as you used to do. Resign yourself to know in the gay cavalier the once melancholy artist. Thanks to you, fortune has smiled and made a man of me. I slept, but now I awake to real life. You have put in my hand a magic ring which can satisfy all my desires. This is my paint-brush."

"You have dissipated in wild extravagance your own patrimony and that of your children, my friend."

"Well, give me a few more years of pleasure, and we will then think of the future. My girls will want 100,000 florins each for *dot*. Eight pictures will gain that sum. I should hardly require two years to paint eight pictures. Anna is yet only seventeen years, and her sister less. There is no hurry; the future is ours."

"The future is with God," replied the Burgomaster solemnly, shaking his head; "and God grant that your youth may not be a cause of grief to your old age."

"There you are again with your bad omens, my friend," laughed the painter. "Adieu! it is I who am the wiser man of the two; I live the life of an artist." So saying, he remounted his horse, but before he was well in the saddle the spirited creature, frightened by a passing carriage, plunged and threw his rider, who, falling against a stone, was wounded severely in the head. The Burgomaster in alarm sent in haste for the best surgeon, who gave very small hopes of his survival. It was a sad day for the two motherless girls when their father was carried home and laid on his bed, when he called in delirium for his children, who were weeping by his side all the time and yet unrecognised. For a month his life was despaired of, but little by little consciousness was restored, and it was known that Louis Deyster would live, but never more would he awake to the life of art. He was blind!

The thoughtful Anna kept the terrible knowledge from him as long as she could by saying that the bandages on his eyes were necessary, but there came a time when he found that the world was as dark to him without them, and recognised that darkness meant poverty to him and the young girls just beginning life. Those eight pictures to gain their wedding portions would never be painted now! There was nothing for it but to sell his rich furniture and his studies, and again retire to seclusion and poverty. Roelof, however, the faithful friend, again came to the rescue, and carried him off to the pavilion of Rubens, where he had painted the "Crucifixion." But no new and hopeful career was opening upon him now as when he first entered it; the studio once so bright seemed to him a living tomb. The good people of Bruges took little more heed of the painter when they saw him passing along their streets, leaning on the arm of his daughter; perhaps some wise ones would shake their heads and think, "It is his own fault. If he had shown more foresight he need not have come to this."

Five years had passed, when the Burgomaster Roelof invited the art-amateurs of Bruges to visit his house to see a new acquisition. To those who remembered the "Crucifixion," the meeting of to-day recalled their first sight of that picture. In the same place that it had then stood was now a large frame of the same size covered with a curtain. When his guests were assembled the Burgomaster with his own hands drew the curtain, and a murmur of admiration was heard as the "Resurrection" was unveiled.

"Louis Deyster has recovered his sight," cried an enthusiastic connoisseur. "The work has every sign of his hand. His elevated composition, his characteristic pose of the heads, his noble draperies, which make one feel the form, his warm and golden colouring, his wonderful chiaroscuro—the picture is by Louis Deyster and no other."

The Burgomaster for reply put his finger on the colour where it was yet fresh, saying, "This work was finished yesterday."

"Then he *has* recovered his sight. No one but he can have painted this," cried the enthusiast.

"And he never did anything so good before his blindness," added another.

"Should you think 10,000 florins too much to pay for it?" asked Roelof.

"I will give as much as that in the name of my Church," put in eagerly the *curé* of St. James's. "One of my parishioners has left a legacy of that sum for an altar-piece in his mortuary chapel. I could certainly not do better than this."

Roelof opened the door of a room near, and led out the blind Louis Deyster and his daughter Anna.

"God has not restored our friend's sight," he said, "but He has consoled him in his child. She is the artist who has painted this picture."

It was true. When Anna realised the destruction of her father's hopes, she gave her whole soul to making him feel his trial less. She had always loved art, and it was a great resource to him for her to continue to paint, he giving her instructions by word of mouth. In time it seemed to him that though blind he saw with her eyes, and that he painted again with her hands. She gained his style so closely that to this day it is difficult to distinguish the father's work from the daughter's. The worthy art-amateurs of Bruges bowed in reverence to the blushing girl who stood before her great picture, and on whom her father's mantle of fame had descended.

LEADER SCOTT.

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST-LIFE.

THE STUDIO "SMOKE."

THERE is no more jovial and refreshing phase of London life, no more pleasant and recreative entertainment, than the artist's "smoke;" and the outsider who has never been privileged to attend these social receptions can form but an imperfect idea of the jollity and rollicking good-fellowship (sober withal) that underlie the genial earnestness of the artistic community. The life of the artist, as William Hone has expressed it, is pre-eminently one of thought rather than of action: the fascination of his work, the very solitude of it, are exhausting to him in a greater or lesser degree; so that, after a period of lengthened application, the average painter, on being released from his easel, loves to seek the congenial society of kindred spirits, and yield himself up—with a solid predetermination to be amused—to the enjoyment of some innocent relaxation, such, for instance, as that afforded by a studio "smoke," with its conversation and tobacco, its recitations and music.

It is probable that no section of recognised society has undergone a more complete change in its general relation to the outside world during the present century than the fraternity of artists. "I don't like painters," said James Smith—he of the "Rejected Addresses"—to his host, General Phipps, the lover and patron of artists; "I can't like them, especially at the dinner-table: I know nothing in their line, and they know nothing out of it." That was threescore years ago; but now the old order has changed indeed—both as regards manner and, if one may say so, general information. Painters no longer deem it necessary to affect the velveteen jacket, the flowing locks, and slouch hat of the last generation, though their antipathy to the "chimney-pot" hat is as unconquerable as ever. Our old friends Dick Tinto, McGilp, and Mr. Gandish, now that they have pushed forward their borders even unto Chelsea, Campden Hill, and Hampstead, are as well versed in the topics of the day as was James Smith himself when he gave expression to his contemptuous experience. They threw off their more pronounced Bohemian habits when they withdrew their household gods from Newman Street, and to-day that classic thoroughfare, immortalised by the pleasant discourse and associations of Thackeray and his creations, is for the most part given over to professors of dancing and teachers of calisthenics.

But in the midst of all these changes of habit and abode, the one great characteristic passion of the artist (apart from that for his muse, *bien entendu*) still

"THE KNIGHT OF THE HILL'S" STUDIO SMOKE.

remains, as it ever will remain to the crack of doom—his love of SMOKE. Tobacco seems more distinctively the artist's prescriptive right, as he faces his work in his studio or in the open, than even the journalist's or the angler's, and nearly as much his "food and lodging," sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Pickwick's acquaintance at the "Magpie and Stump." Has any one ever thought, perchance, how much Sir John may owe to his pipe, or Sir James to his cigarette? But for an accidental cloud of tobacco-smoke we should never have had that wonderful etching of George Cruikshank's—"The Triumph of Cupid"—which, with all its hundred wonderful little figures, remains in many respects his masterpiece. When Captain William Myddleton, "the sea-captain of renown," trod the cobble-stones of Ludgate Hill nearly three hundred years ago, exhibiting to the astonished gaze of the worthy citizens the first tobacco-pipe ever seen in the Metropolis, he little dreamt of the carnivals of art-inspiring smoke that would be held by a grateful posterity within gunshot of the spot. It is rare to find an artist who does not smoke at his work—when he can; but in the case of portrait-painters this is obviously often impossible. Mr. Frith tells an amusing story of the time when he was painting the Prince of Wales's wedding picture. When General Cust's turn to sit to him came round, the artist, who had previously been painting a number of ladies, produced with a sigh of relief his long-forbidden pouch. "I hope you don't mind my smoking a pipe?" he asked. "Certainly not," replied the General, "if you don't mind my being sick at once."

Up to within recent years when an artist bade his friends and boon companions to his studio, "pictures and smoke" were held to be the only rational and necessary fare, with an accompaniment of spirits and soda-water, sandwiches, and such-like modest refreshment. Just such evenings as these were the "smokes" given by the late Mr. Frank Stone, when a notable company, famous in literature and art, would assemble. An eminent living Academician loves to recall the memory of these gatherings, and relates how the host used to set up his pictures for his guests to criticise or even to paint their suggestions upon, if they were so minded. And he relates how one would give a touch here, while another would add a light to the drapery there. Not that the painter really sought assistance. On one occasion, when Landseer painted a dog in the foreground, Mr. Stone, not quite approving of it, had no compunction in painting over it.

Nowadays "smokes" are for the most part given just before or just after "sending-in day," according to fancy or convenience; and while some hosts will set out their pictures, sketches, and collections of drawings for their guests' inspection, others there are who make it a point of honour to hide away anything resembling a brush, canvas, east, or other object which might remind the visitor of his daily occupation. Of recent years innovations of an important nature have been introduced into these receptions, in the form of music, recitations, conjuring, and, above all, supper. And thus they came about. Time was when the aristocratic "Wandering Minstrels" created something of a *furore* with their smoking-concerts—when my Lord Grey played the drum, we believe, and another noble earl condescended to produce other sounds of a musical description. With this blue-blooded society the Moray Minstrels were subsequently allowed to fraternise, and as the latter company included in its ranks a certain proportion of artists, the conjunctive idea of "music and smoke" became gradually imported into the studio. Then the famous Saturday nights of the Savage Club, and the successful musical *conversazioni* of the Hogarth, encouraged this development, until men finally carried the nondescript smoking-concert into their homes and workshops.

A typical "Smoke" of high degree is that to which the "Knight of the Hill"—otherwise known by the facetious as Chairman of the Waterworks—periodically bids his professional friends and particular cronies. Although, on looking round the great crowded and brilliantly-lighted studio, one feels that, owing to the host's position, there ought somehow to be something of semi-officialism about the entertainment, there is nothing observable in his manner or in that of his guests to support the impression. *Camaraderie*, pure and simple, reigns throughout the evening. Whisky and soda, and other liquors, flow merrily the while, and as painter and sculptor, architect and writer—helping themselves to the smoking-tackle, which lies ready to hand on every table—pair off to examine the pictures, or form themselves into groups to discuss the current topics of the art-world, they turn the studio into as busy a news-mart as a Press Association or the bazaar at Ispahan, while the wreathing smoke floats lazily around and softens the outlines of men and things. It is an interesting assemblage, in which every member helps to give character to the whole; while in and out, from group to group, glides the cheery host, a cigarette hanging limply from his lips, looking after the physical and mental entertainment of his guests.

Soon the scene becomes more animated. Here in a corner collects a little knot of cartoonists and others who have contributed weekly to the "gaiety of nations," and at least one of whom, according to the word of a deceased premier, has even influenced the course of political events, both at home and abroad. To him an earnest *confrère* is declaiming his views with energetic gesticulation and a Scotch accent, and is not a little disconcerted by the sudden verdict of "Moonshine!" jerked in by his

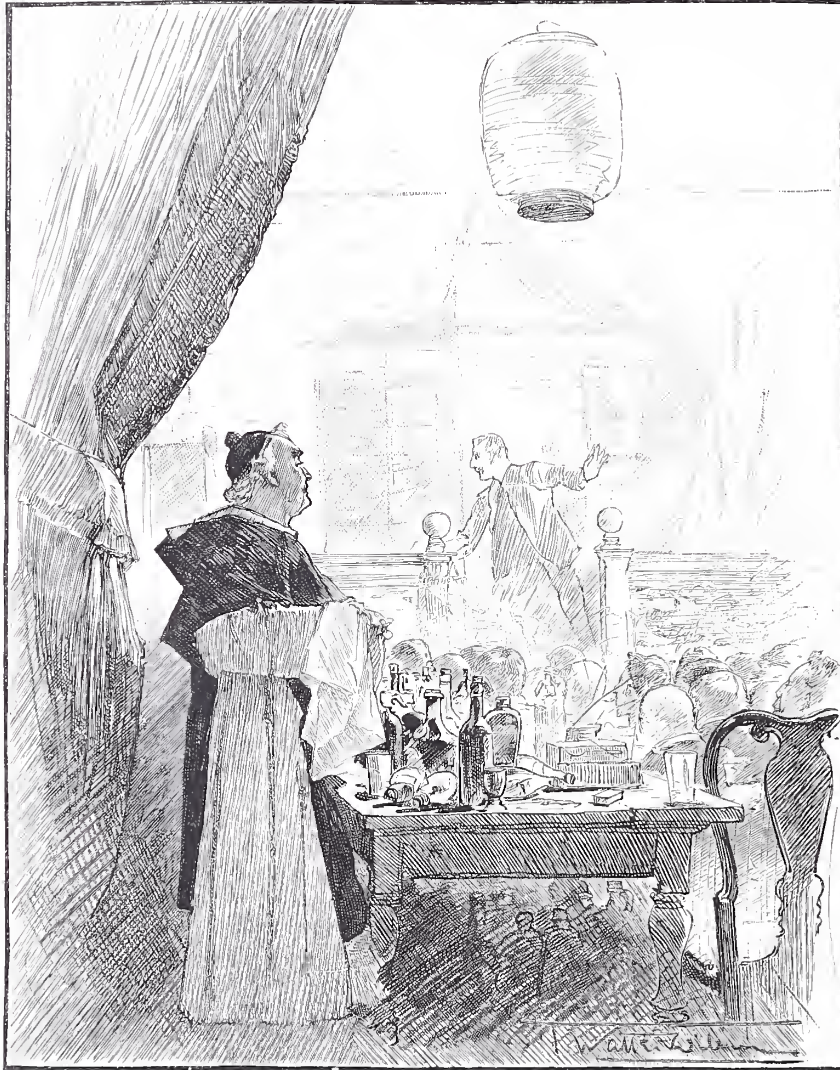
neighbour—a funny dog, who resembles Clive Newcome's rollicking friend "F. B." in more than one particular. Before the other can retort the interrupter moves off with his companion, a jolly little man, with a pointed beard and merry twinkling eyes, known as "'Arry" in his own circle, to listen to the rich stories which Mr. Forth, the Academician, caressing a whisker, with his head cocked comically on one side and a quaint smile playing about his shaven lips, is pouring into the willing ears of the last new Assoeiate. There, a couple of members of the Academic body are comparing choice specimens from their rival collections of prehistoric flint implements; close by, the architect of half the artists' houses and the decorator of most of them join issue on a question of design; while beyond, a more noisy group is discussing the permanency of water-colours and the reform of the Academy with quite a singular unanimity of opinion. And so, amid the buzz of conversation, the cracking of jokes, and the explosion of laughter, the time wears on. Presently the host announces that the amateur-conjurer, Mr. Playman, is about to give an exhibition of sleight-of-hand (see p. 84). Then the whist-players, scorning such frivolity, draw their table on one side, and a circle is formed around Mr. Playman. "Here, Greg, Bismarck, Charley, Cherub, plenty of room!" As soon as all is ready, and the eminent Academician has wiped his glasses, the performance proceeds. Ye gods, what an ideal audience for a conjurer! What delightful appreciation! What amiable complaisance! And when it is over conversation breaks out afresh, a rush is made for the supper-table, and then by twos and threes men take their leave until but half a dozen are left, who draw round two old opponents in argument. The one is plump and round in figure—round from whatever point of view you survey him—and in his extensive countenance amiability and shrewdness struggle for the mastery; the other is Mr. Nick O'Teen (whose own "Smoke" we are presently to visit), the new Associate, whose knowledge of costume and armour is a byword throughout the community. "I am only a little fat man," says the elder one, drawing up the corner of his mouth and blinking his eyes, "but I know water-colour art root and branch, and they *do* say——" The other listens as he sprawls in his chair, interjecting "Wonderful!" from time to time, just as Mr. Burchell, to the general discomfiture, interpolated "Fudge!" at Dr. Primrose's; and then, when his antagonist, well satisfied with himself, takes another eigar, he pulls himself together to reply. And as the listeners fill a last glass and, with a smile, draw closer round, we take our leave of them and of the "Knight of the Hill."

The Marlborough Road "Smoke" is a little more "free and easy;" it has fewer cigars and more pipes; it is essentially an "outsider's" gathering, and the greater amount of "go" it displays is probably owing to the fact that oil is thicker than water. The linkman at the door salutes you by name: "Good evening, Mr. Wilson," "Shall I call on you to-morrow, Mr. Paget?" He is in the daytime the favourite hack-model in the neighbourhood. You enter the crowded studio by degrees—to do so quickly and at once is impossible—and by-and-by you reach your host. But he is too excited and hot (the thermometer is up near the century, while the atmosphere's normal proportion of oxygen is away down at zero) to devote more time to you than a hearty greeting involves, and raising his voice, so as to drown the conversation, he announces, amid loud applause, that "King Fred" has

"I AM ONLY A LITTLE FAT MAN."

MR. NICK O'TEEN.

consented to give his funny imitation of Mr. Irving. A continuous round of recitation and song has been going on for the past two hours—for this is a genuine "Smoking Concert"—but no item in it is more popular than this. Retiring, if you are wise, to the prettily arranged refreshment-room, where your host's model, clad as lay-brother (in which character he has for years been a regular institution on the Academy and other walls), dispenses sips and snacks, and from the roomy recesses of which you can obtain as good a view of the raised stage or gallery as the smoke-laden atmosphere will allow, you prepare to enjoy the side-splitting rendering of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" In the course of this heartrending idyll, the reciter, aping "Our Only Tragedian's" method of disarranging his toilet in his emotional scenes, tears frantically at his clothing, so that at the end his coat and waistcoat, boots, cravat, and collar, which have been scattered in all directions, have to be brought back to him by various members of the audience. And thus the round of amusement goes merrily on.



MR. PLAYMAN'S AMATEUR CONJURING PERFORMANCE.

The "Smoke" given by Mr. Nick O'Teen, A.R.A., is of a more comprehensive description. Here "oil" and "water"-men of every grade meet on common ground. It is a representative home of the modern costume-painter or archæological artist — the man with whom an anachronism is a heinous crime, but whose heart is ever softened and opened by the proximity of a fellow "Kernoozer." Here, on smoke nights, historical dress and fine armour is the main subject of debate, and the relish and indomitable persistence with which men of the school will discuss and re-discuss them is one of the most astonishing characteristics of the clan. At length the solleret and mail-shirt is talked out for a time, and the singing and playing by professional musicians of renown add softness to the pipe and quality to the liquor, and delight the soul of Mrs. Nick O'Teen, who is listening

surreptitiously in the gallery that runs high across the studio. Soon the small hours come and go, and then cries are raised for the "Punch-bowl," the song the host is famous for, and which he sings to perfection. So filling a glass of toddy (just to keep up the illusion), he sends the drinking-song carolling forth from his musical throat and lips. By this time all the early-risers have left, and just as young Nick is inwardly yearning for bed, a couple of youngsters, more lively than the rest, make a raid on the fine hanging suits of armour and weapons, and deaf to the polite entreaties of the distracted owner, proceed to gird them on. The hint is sufficient for the others. They run to the *cassoni*, and drag out their beautiful contents, which they don, irrespective of date and custom, until they appear as masqueraders more incoherent and eccentric than the wildest dreams of Mme. Tussaud's could suggest. Suddenly a "happy thought," a heaven-inspired notion, occurs to Mr. O'Teen. Advancing to Mr. Tayler, his senior Associate, and offering him the cigar-box (behind the lid of which he hides a yawn) he begs him to favour the company with that charming piece of his (in forty-two stanzas) called "Sending-in Day." Mr. Tayler, who has been anxiously awaiting this invitation all the evening, and was by this time seriously thinking of beginning it unasked, springs to his feet and commences. The visitors take the hint, and hurriedly divesting themselves of their borrowed plumes, and, hazarding a variety of excuses, they steal quietly from the room, till Mr. O'Teen is left the sole and only auditor of stanza forty-two. M. H. Spielmann.

A KINGLY ARCHITECT.

LINDERHOF AND NEU-SCHWANSTEIN.

A VISIT to the mountain castles of the late King of Bavaria impresses us with the fact that the unhappy monarch should be judged, not from a royal point of view, not by those who, having cheerfully submitted to the laws of etiquette all their lives, cannot conceive the possibility that one in so exalted a position should live after his own heart. But let a man with a moderate amount of fancy, with a deep love for Nature under her grandest aspects, a poet and an artist at the same time—let him ask himself if, with the means at King Ludwig's disposal, he would not have led a similar life. A life of incessant enjoyment of nature's charms, a life in which every day added some new beauty to the beauty amassed yesterday, a creative life to the last! Wide as was the range of his artist's eye, his heart was bound up in his home, and he sought no beauty in nature that his fatherland did not offer. All his actions are now represented as the crazes of an insane mind, and yet who would call him mad because every year he travelled hundreds of miles to reach the summit of some giant of the Bavarian Alps, where he was satisfied with life in a modest hut, only to be able to watch sunrise and sunset in what seems their real abode? He never allowed a summer to pass without spending a week each in the old hunting lodges his father and uncle had built on the Herzogstand (6,200 feet), the Hohe Schachen (6,000 feet), and other summits. Life in town was odious to him; odious must have been the small rooms with their gaudy furniture in the castles he inherited from his father, Berg and Hohenschwangau. But a son's piety made him respect them, and every year he spent some months in each as a tribute to his father's memory. Those who have seen the

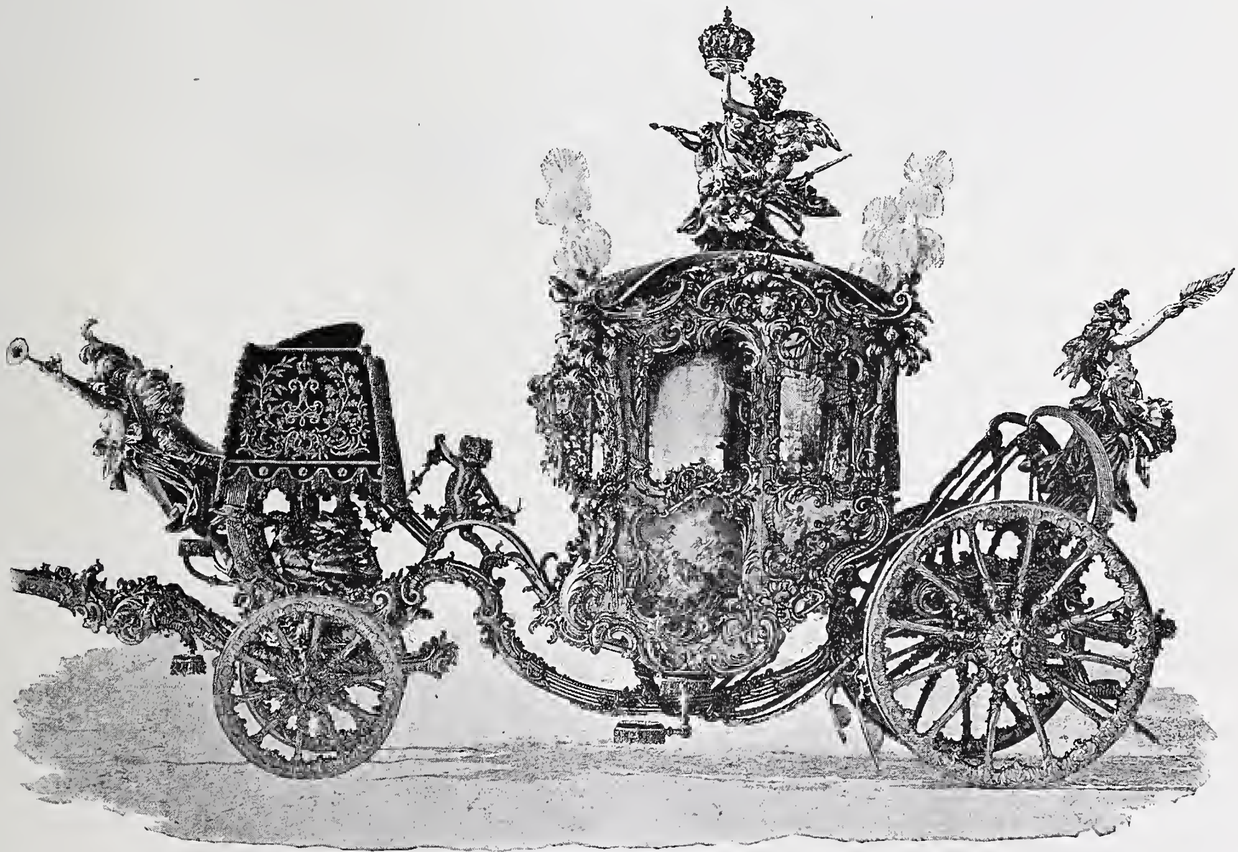
castles which are really his own creations must all admit that a richer fancy, a grander mind, has never set about building a house to dwell in. Some attention must be paid to the date at which each palace was built, the size of its proportions being an exact reproduction of the growth of his ambition. Linderhof is the oldest and the smallest, and is not reached without some difficulty. The same stout horses that so often dragged the royal carriage up the steep Ettaler Berg have to be substituted for our own steeds, who could not perform the journey in one morning. Along good roads, kept in order by the king's munificence, between softly undulating mountain fields, through thick woods, where the woodman's axe has not sounded for centuries, we advance into the very heart of the mountains. When we expect at every moment to hear the tinkling of a mountain-herd's bells, and where we suppose that the brown beams of an Alpine hut will appear from out the thick branches of pine and larch, our carriage suddenly halts at a lofty iron gate with well-built lodges at either side. The park, from being a master-work of the gardener's art, gradually passes into the virgin forest, but the excellent roads spread far and wide, even beyond the Bavarian frontier, into Austria and Tyrol.

THE HUNDINGS-HUT.

For those who have travelled in France, the eye has scarcely fallen upon Linderhof, when the lips murmur "Trianon," and indeed that jewel is the model of the tiny mountain-palace. The house itself is one mass of ornaments—statues, balconies, emblems, columns, gilt iron gates, copper domes scarcely allow the original form to be discerned. Behind the house, where the hill rises out of a narrow platform, decorated with flower-beds in grotesque forms, a bower of linden trees on the side of the hill describes a semicircle, from the centre of which a cascade rushes over thirty steps and falls into a splendid fountain, where a Triton, holding in his firm hands the reins of three fiery steeds, presides over the gurgling waters. At either side of the house, fountains and complicated gardening fill the space between it and the semicircular linden-bower; in front a very fine display of gardening and of waterworks forms the greatest attraction of Linderhof. Fountains with gilt statues, broad marble steps, balustrades, statues, colossal vases, everything adorned with flowers of the rarest kind, gradually rise to the summit of a hill crowned by a small temple containing Venus and Cupid in marble. At the foot of the terraces stands a fine old linden-tree, up which lead two flights of wooden steps, and in whose branches a strong balcony bears a table and half a dozen chairs. Here, when the lime-tree was in full blossom, and the bees made it alive with their humming, the king would take his breakfast and survey all the beauty around.

The palace (p. 89) is a jewel of priceless value outside and inside. Its golden gates open upon a vestibule of gold and white, from which rises a double staircase to a narrow landing above. The number of rooms is so limited, that not even one visitor could have been received. While a change the king had ordered in his bedroom was being made, he slept in the large mirrored salon, an alcove of which was hung with thick curtains to exclude the ever-recurring mirrors. The dining-room has a table which can be lowered to the ground floor, so that the king was served without any one being present. The rooms are all furnished in a style similar to that prevailing in Herrenchiemsee, but of a somewhat later date. Gobelin tapestry covers the chairs and sofas, even the floors, and is imitated in the wall and ceiling paintings. Gilt carvings are everywhere—on the doors, the walls, the

ceilings, the furniture, the chimneys; these in the mirrored salon are of lapis-lazuli, and in the reading-room, with its ermine-lined throne, of malachite, as are also the implements of the writing-table. Six tiny boudoirs, each lined in different coloured satin divided into compartments by gilt carvings that support tiny Indian and Chinese vases, contain the pastel portraits of French Court celebrities of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. reigns. On the ground floor are a marble-lined bath with frescoed walls, a dressing-room, and the kitchens and servants' apartments. The house can be heated by water-pipes, the chimneys being insufficient for a winter in the Bavarian Alps, and more for beauty's than comfort's sake. When we have seen the place in summer's verdant dress, and have decided that nature is undoubtedly its chief charm, we find it well-nigh incredible that the king should have spent so many winter months there. And yet he never failed to visit Linderhof in the cold time of the year, and his drives over the snow one foot high in his splendid sledges, with outriders and coachmen and lantern-bearers in pure French style, were among the greatest joys of his solitary life. On the side of the hill, high above the palace, what appears to be moss-grown rock suddenly turns on its axis, and admits us to an undreamt-of realm of light and beauty. Narrow but lofty passages in the rock, glowing in ruddy light, lead to a dome-like grotto supported by great stalactite columns. At our feet a lake spreads far its sombre waters; the background is formed by a picture of the German Venus and Tannhäuser; on all sides the rock shows its weird forms somewhat softened by wreaths of stony roses and groups of ferns and palms; shells and crystals reflect the deep rosy light everywhere, and from above comes rushing a great waterfall, artificially divided into myriads of glittering drops that shine for an instant and fall into the lake below, where a gilt boat formed of an enormous shell, with a beautiful Cupid at the helm, waits ready to receive the royal hermit. The noise is deafening, and the light, which changes from pink to blue, and from blue to green and purple, is bewildering. If the whole affair were half the size, it would be a plaything unworthy of a great mind; as it is, it so much resembles the phenomena seen at Capri, or at Staffa, that we cannot but keep silence and admire.



THE STATE CARRIAGE.

At about half an hour's drive from Linderhof, just as we cross the Austrian frontier, a narrow path leads into the heart of the wood, up a steep ascent to a small opening in the forest—a place so wild and romantic, so forlorn and solitary, that it is difficult to

picture to oneself the mind which once loved it. An emerald green lake reflects the giant larches, whose hanging branches are softly stirred to motion by the light summer wind. Between the lake and the great block-house—the Hundings-hut (p. 86)—there is just room for carriage or sledge to drive up. An enormous door swings open, and we enter what is certainly the greatest extravaganza ever built in modern times. The house, entirely formed of horizontally placed giant firs, well lined with moss and tree-bark in the interior, is built around an enormous old tree—the mythical world-ash—which perforates the roof and spreads its verdant branches protectingly over the whole building. From wall to wall, roughly-painted sail-cloth curtains, in picturesque folds, somewhat reduce the great height of the apartment. In one corner a primitive fireplace, with kettle dangling from a chain, is surrounded by grotesquely formed tree-trunks, covered with hides of bear and buffalo. Rough cupboards, splendid antlers, skins, and candlesticks formed of horns adorn the walls; candelabra of antlers hang from the ceiling, rough pottery stands on shelves around. A second, smaller apartment contains the primitive bed, a table and bench. Every implement, every ornament, is in the same style; everything is carried out on a large and splendid scale. The block-house also contains a kitchen with a modern range, and a comfortable coach-house and stables to match. The man who guards this sanctum told me that the king often surprised him in his homely occupations, and, although he never lost a word to a poor man, would watch him cooking his dinner, or carving buttons out of a deer's antlers, for half an hour together. My question as to how the king spent his many solitary hours was answered by a melancholy shake of the head and the one word "Reading, reading, reading!"

THE OLD CASTLE AT HOHENSCHWANGAU.

From the Hundings-hut it is a long journey to Hohenschwangau. The wild highland scenery imperceptibly changes to a splendidly-kept park, from whose gravel walks we suddenly look upward and perceive the new Burg, proud and grand in its granite splendour upon the summit of a densely-wooded mountain, against a background of mountains so steep that it seems a miracle trees should find room to take root there. The old castle of Hohenschwangau, where the king spent the years of his youth, is situated on the farthest edge of a chain of hills, dividing two beautiful mountain lakes, the Alp- and Schwan-see. Opposite, and high above it, towers

the new castle (p. 92), on a hill which is one dense wood in front, and at the back forms a steep precipice of rock, rising from out of the narrow Pöllach Valley. Through a steep ravine the river Pöllach forces its way, and, forming one seething mass of foam, precipitates itself into the narrow valley below, where in graceful windings it rushes into the plain. High blue mountains with snowy crests, and the ravine with its waterfall and bridge can be viewed at once. The road to the castle gently winds up the hill between forests whose mighty forms remind us of Californian growth. Half an hour's drive takes us to the castle gates. We gaze up at the enormous height of the round tower, from whose side, just

WINTER AT LINDERHOF: WAITING FOR THE KING.

above the waterfall a delicate bridge, which at a distance looks like a cobweb, spans the ravine, and far in the wooded background appears the mountain road which leads to Linderhof. Only the eye of a genius could have discovered this site for a castle, from whose windows the wide plain with three lakes, the mountain lakes and Hohenschwangau, the whole range of under the roof, where vultures fly around it, projects a tiny watch-tower. On all sides we see a bewildering mass of projections, corner-towers, galleries, gabled roofs, that only to an architect's mind at once reveal the plan of the formidable building. Two enormous copper-tiled roofs surmount the two central buildings, separated by a thick tower of

moderate height. One of them covers the Throne Room, which by itself takes up five storeys, and, with its high balcony of columns, forms the front of the castle. It is surmounted by a gigantic bronze knight in armour, bearing shield and lance. The back building is the Ritter or Knight's House, with its frescoed front in the great courtyard. The Virgin Mary, surrounded by angels, and St. George with the dragon in brilliant colours, give relief to the pale granite of which the whole castle is built. The foundations and lower storeys are formed of roughly-hewn granite; in the upper parts the same material is polished, and shines forth into the plain a brilliant jewel in the setting of the wooded mountains.

We enter the castle by the thick, vaulted gate, which gives ample accommodation for the stewards and servants in the king's retinue. In the courtyard is the foundation of what was to have been the chapel. The granite blocks only conceal a portion of the rock upon which the little church was to have been built, with its steeple higher than any of the existing towers of the castle. To the right is the unfinished square tower, surmounted at a height of six storeys by a round tower with loopholes. The gate and the tower are connected by a long gallery, up to which leads an open flight of marble steps. From the tower another gallery, a storey higher and just as long as the first, takes us to the Knight's House, to which, however, another flight of open steps leads from the interior courtyard. The Knight's House is six storeys high in all, but in the interior every suite of apartments takes up two rows of windows, the height of the rooms being quite extraordinary. The oaken doors lead to a vaulted hall and a vaulted gallery, with twenty windows in Queen Anne style. The ground-floor contains lodgings for the servants, and the kitchens and store-rooms, in which every imaginable commodity has been provided for, and the grand old forms of chimney and range preserved, although everything is fitted with gas and electric light. A winding staircase in the round tower, painted and gilt like the galleries below, takes us to the storey above—the king's own apartments. A double door of glass and wrought-iron admits us to the ante-room, which is wainscoted with oak up to a height of six feet; above are six large and four smaller pictures illustrating the Siegfried myth, but the artist was not allowed to get his inspiration from Wagner's opera, but in this, as in all the other apartments, the subjects were taken from the original old works. The ceiling shows the oak rafters, splendidly carved and illuminated in gold and colour, as we see them in rare instances in some old Gothic church of purest style. To the right a massive oak door leads to the Throne Room, which in form and size is like one of the great domes in the crowded cities of Europe. On three sides tall porphyry columns with gilt capitals support a gallery, from whose balustrade of marble rise columns of lapis-lazuli that reach to the gilt dome of the ceiling with its silvery stars and suns. The floor is mosaic, and shows the twelve images of the Zodiac. On the walls there are twelve fine paintings on a golden background, illustrating the lives of holy monarchs—Saint Elizabeth administering to the poor, Saint Mathilde converting King Clovis, a Christian king gaining a victory over infidel Hungarians—and so forth, through history and legend, a bewildering mass of splendid forms and colours. In the semicircle of the apse, on a brilliantly gilt wall, the central figure of each picture is repeated, each separated from his neighbour by a conventionally formed palm-tree; and high above, in the dome, is the figure of Our Lord supported by angels—"Christ reigning over the kings of the earth." The wealth of colour, the profusion of gold, the shining porphyry, the bright marble—everything contributes towards our bewilderment. And now that Art has tried her utmost, nature is allowed to rival and surpass her. One step through the arched windows opening on to the balcony, and we have a picture before us such as is rarely seen in the immediate neighbourhood of a human habitation. At our feet the green forest with its delicate tree-tops, in the valley the two lakes—one of them light green, the other almost black—and behind them in soft undulations the neighbouring mountains covered with woods throughout, and the distant ones in steep ascents, blue, hazy, confused with the light clouds in the blue heavens above.

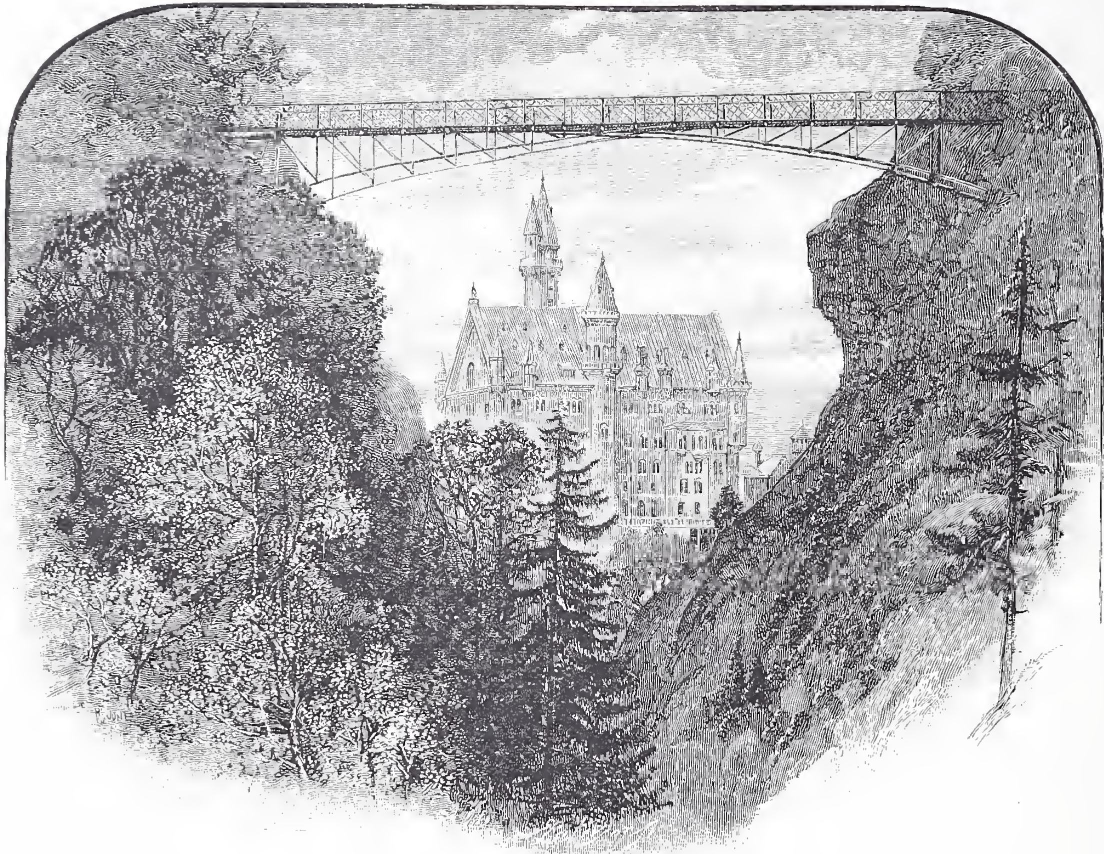
We return through the King's Hall and the ante-room to enter the apartments. The first is the dining-room. We will say at once that the rooms are of enormous height, that the windows, each divided into two arches by marble columns, reach almost to the ceiling. Every door and every window has heavy curtains of satin covered with gold-embroidered designs, which are repeated upon chairs, sofas, and stools, and are generally so rich that the original material can scarcely be detected. In all the rooms the carved wainscoting reaches to half the wall's height, and the upper space is covered with pictures, to all appearance painted upon the wall, and in many instances an imitation of Gobelin tapestry. The oak carvings of the dining-room are rich and rare, and the forms of cupboards, sideboards, and shelves, altogether new and original, give fine opportunities for a grand display of plate, which, when I visited the castle, still peered out of every nook and recess. From this room a narrow apartment with arrangements for a sleeping attendant leads to the king's bedroom. This apartment is the most charming in

the whole castle, fitted with truly royal splendour, but without pomp or ostentation. The wainscoting is carved in a delicate purely Gothic pattern, and the oak is old and therefore darker than in the other rooms. The poetical figures from "Tristan and Iseulte" people the walls; the ceiling, with its carved rafters, is a masterpiece of the wood-carver's art. A glass door leads out upon a balcony which dominates both the lakes and the waterfall and bridge. A small turret gives the room a semicircular bow-window, whose tiny stained-glass panes form coats-of-arms. The ceiling of this cosy corner is a painted sky with silver stars, and the seats that run round it are covered with the same material as the chairs and curtains in the bedroom—dark blue satin, almost entirely concealed beneath the blue and silver coats-of-arms of Bavaria, silver lilies, and crowned swans. Blue Turkey carpets cover the floor. Opposite the door, on a platform covered with blue velvet, stands the imposing four-poster. It is carved out of old oak, in the fine leafy Gothic style, and with its steeple-like roof touches the lofty ceiling. The carvings were imitated from the stalls in the choirs of world-famed Gothic churches. Heavy curtains, embroidered outside and inside, descend in rich folds to the ground. The pictures in this room are the finest in the castle, and prominent among them is the one filling the space between balcony and turret—Iseulte, in flowing garments, sending a last farewell to the departing Tristan. The noble figure with the veil fluttering in the wind is the embodiment of fond yearning. Near the turret, a firm Gothic door with steel mountings opens into a delicious little chapel, taking up the whole height of a small round tower, with handsome stained-glass windows, richly ornamented gilt walls, and a carved prayer-stool, or what might with more fitness be designated as a prayer-throne. Another door leads from the bedroom into the dressing-room, where several oak tables bore a wealth of small objects in gold, silver, bronze, majolica, and carved wood.

The next door that is opened admits a draught of cold air; it takes us to the grotto, which reminds us that the whole castle is built round a rock. By way of contrast it opens upon a hothouse, fastened to the castle's side like a swallow's nest, at a truly bewildering height. Through the grotto we enter the king's reading-room, which is divided into two halves by means of columns. Between the balcony and the turret stands the writing-table, under which a well-worn bit of the carpet proves how much of his time the king spent here, since the castle was fit to be inhabited. Dark green velvet, embroidered in gold, covers the chairs and the writing-table, while the writing materials are of gold, studded with precious stones, which two high candlesticks of gilt bronze are made to match. The upper part of the wall is adorned with pictures from the "Meistersinger," painted by the Vienna artist Aigner, who, shortly after completing them, went mad, and died lately. The balcony in this room has the finest view of all, because it shows us at one glance the ravine with waterfall and bridge, and the twin lakes with the old castle. Only the plain is shut out by a projecting wall of granite, upon which at a great height is fixed a tall marble statue of Mary with the Child, supported by a gigantic winged angel-head. Another room resembling the salon already described takes us back to the ante-room and the winding staircase. Where this ends the pillar which supports the many hundred steps of stone finishes in a beautifully-cut stone palm, and where a railing would suffice for common mortals, a terrible dragon of white marble keeps guard.

The ante-room of the second floor is similar to that below, only the pictures are taken from the epic "Gudrun," whose heroic figure dominates in every canvas, until she floats, a beautiful corpse, on the moonlit sea. All the space taken up in the lower storey by the series of apartments just described, on the upper floor forms the Singers' Hall alone. This enormous apartment has two rows of five windows on each side, each window being divided into three compartments by slender marble columns. Where it looks down upon the courtyard, three tall glass doors, like the porches of a church, open upon the balcony, whilst the upper windows are of stained glass, and admit a beautifully softened light. The corners are formed by turrets with stained windows. The great size of the room is somewhat reduced by a wall which rises to half its height, and cuts the whole length of it into two unequal parts, communication being established by a dozen arched openings. The wall and ceiling half-way up form a balcony above, finished off by a gilt balustrade. The upper end of the room is occupied by a recess, up to which lead five broad steps, whilst the wall above, containing a box for the ladies of the court, is supported by porphyry columns. The background of the recess is filled by a painted forest. The salient feature of the hall are the pictures taken from "Parsifal"—not less than twenty-four. Under each picture is a carved seat with gilt leather cushions, and between the seats stand enormous candelabra of gilt bronze, set with stones. From the ceiling, the open rafters of which are carved and gilt and painted, and descend far down the walls, hang five enormous brass hoops, gracefully decorated, upon which, in the form of pyramids, are fixed four hundred wax candles, to which must be added the two hundred candles on the candelabra. Whenever the king stayed at Neu-Schwanstein the whole suite of apartments

was brilliantly lighted with electric lamps, fed by steam-engines concealed at some distance in the lights were to be extinguished before the royal equipage had passed a certain point in the Pöllach



THE NEW CASTLE AT HOHENSCHWANGAU.

forest. But once or twice a week he would give orders to have the six hundred candles of the Singers' Hall lighted, which he then paced for an hour or two.

At midnight the carriage waited at the door, and the king would drive through the black forests to Linderhof. The servants knew full well that no Valley, where the castle is visible in the dark frame of the ravine. It was his pleasure to stop there for a moment, gaze over the dark abyss with its rushing waters upon the hundred brilliantly-lighted windows, and to feel that he had built himself a fairy castle indeed.

BETTINA WIRTH.

TATTERED AND TORN.

PAINTED BY ALFRED KAPPES.

THE fact that a great many military pictures are painted by French artists is sometimes taken as evidence that the French are a nation of soldiers. But it should be borne in mind that across the Channel soldiers are very cheap models, seeing that a young artist of small means (or none) cannot fail to be greatly influenced in his choice of subjects by this consideration. Some similar motive may have induced Mr. Alfred Kappes to devote himself to negroes. At all events we know that in New York negroes are cheap models, and that Mr. Kappes is a painter of negro life. In "Tattered and Torn" he shows us three old cronies in a bare room, evidently not overburdened with this world's goods, seeking consolation from that impartial friend of rich and poor—tobacco. Apparently, too, from the care with which she nurses the flame, it is the poor old woman's last match.

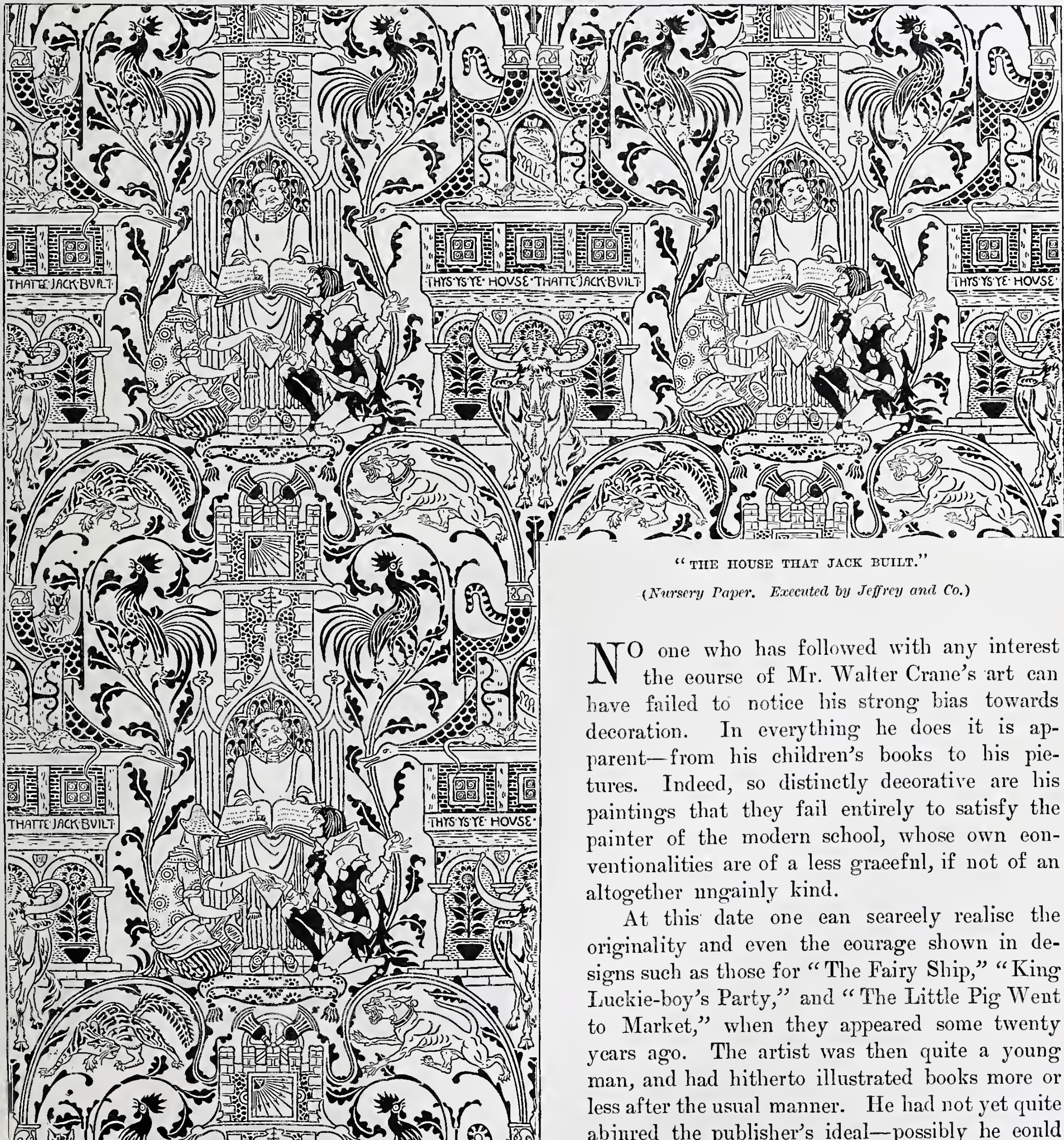
The artist is a young man, and a member of the American Water-Colour Society, which holds its annual exhibition at the National Academy of Design

TATTERED AND TORN.

(Painted by Alfred Kappes.)

in New York. He has not gone down to Richmond or New Orleans for his models, but up to the top of a New York tenement-house, where live the negro family or families, servants of the residents below; with them—that is, on the same floor—Mr. Kappes makes his artistic home, and has his models all about him. It is an amusing sight that meets one on that top floor, where swarm the shiny-skinned piccaninnies with their woolly heads and laughing faces. And what a studio for a painter of negro life! In more senses than one Mr. Alfred Kappes ought to be "at home" with negroes.

AN ARTIST IN DESIGN.



"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

(*Nursery Paper. Executed by Jeffrey and Co.*)

NO one who has followed with any interest the course of Mr. Walter Crane's art can have failed to notice his strong bias towards decoration. In everything he does it is apparent—from his children's books to his pictures. Indeed, so distinctly decorative are his paintings that they fail entirely to satisfy the painter of the modern school, whose own conventionalities are of a less graceful, if not of an altogether ungainly kind.

At this date one can scarcely realise the originality and even the courage shown in designs such as those for "The Fairy Ship," "King Luckie-boy's Party," and "The Little Pig Went to Market," when they appeared some twenty years ago. The artist was then quite a young man, and had hitherto illustrated books more or less after the usual manner. He had not yet quite abjured the publisher's ideal—possibly he could

not afford to; but even as long ago as in "One, Two, Buckle My Shoe," and in his "Noah's Ark A B C," the tendency of his gift was pronounced;

DESIGN FOR PANEL (*Executed in Gesso*).

and it is easy to see that, had he dared, he would even then have gone much farther in the decorative direction.

In the "New Series" of toy books which followed, a very noticeable feature is the flat treatment of the designs—a treatment at once decorative and most suitable to the process of colour-printing employed. This merit of fitness is scarcely appreciated by the casual critic, although it is one upon which the value of all applied design very greatly depends.

It is an outward and visible sign of the born decorator that he should readily accept the conditions to which his work is subject, not only adapting himself to them, but taking to them kindly. To most men it would seem that all restrictions are irksome. Directly their scope is in any way limited they feel themselves hampered, and their natural facility deserts them. There are exceedingly few to whom restrictions seem to make no difference, to whom the very conditions of restraint seem rather to suggest ever new expedients to design. You may be sure that any one who works as freely as ever under strict limitations as to space, line, colour, and so on, is of the "natural order" of designers.

Whereas the coloured drawings of the artists before Walter Crane were inevitably more or less hashed in the reproduction, his designs lose so little in the process of translation on to wood that, with the exception of an occasional crude tint, attributable, it may be presumed, to the printer, they may be said to be quite satisfactorily rendered. They were always such as could be reproduced with surprisingly few printings. Equal decorative fitness is observed in the suitability of his wall-paper designs for distemper-printing, stamping, or what not, in the appropriate breadth of treatment in the panel (page 96) designed for execution in sgraffito, and in the absolutely mosaic treatment of the graceful emblematic figure of "Air," given on page 99, one of a series of cartoons executed in mosaic. The mosaicist who could not work out successfully a drawing so precise and workmanlike as that would be indeed incompetent.

In the later and more elaborated series of toy-books, such as "The Yellow Dwarf" and others of that period, the capacities of colour-printing are more heavily taxed, but they are in no case overstrained. Taking the toy-books all round, it may be said of them that they evince always that artful simplicity of purpose, and that calculated directness of execution, which are of the very essence of decoration. The same qualities are exemplified even more conspicuously in the artist's designs for decoration, painted or modelled; but it will be more convenient to the reader to refer rather to the picture-books with which he is presumably familiar than to works of decoration not accessible to him.

Very many of the coloured book illustrations might be adapted, almost without alteration, to execution in stained glass, and some of them, for all the comparative triviality of the subjects, are of a dignity worthy, on a larger scale, of serious wall decoration. The fact is, the artist is himself very much in earnest; design is to him no trivial thing,

POET AND PEGASUS (*Sgraffito Panel*).

to whatever purpose applied; the idea of deviating from strict adherence to the decorative conditions of

the case in point seems never to occur to him. He sets himself to get all he can out of the material and tools he has to employ, and all the fun he can out of the work; and to him the greatest "fun" is the

WOOD NOTES.

(Wall Paper. Executed by Jeffrey and Co.)

exercise of his best faculties, and the most complete expression of himself. His art is streaked with a poetic vein, which gives to it no little of its charm. It is not surprising, therefore, that in "The Sirens Three" he should have tried his hand at verse. But it is the somewhat mystic poetry in his own proper art that we have to deal with. He could not design a daisy wall-paper without thinking of Chaucer, and even going so far as to introduce into the pattern the burden of the song, "Si douce est la Margarete." It is significant, by the way, of the poetic sympathy of the public that it was found commercially

expedient to produce that same design also *without* the inscription. It is as though the popular verdict was "None of your poetry for us, thank you, Chaucer, or whoever it may be."

Notwithstanding Mr. Crane's presumable disappointment in the lack of any substantial appreciation of the poetic suggestiveness in his designs, he has never ceased to put meaning into his work, if only for his own artistic satisfaction. In his quite recent design for embossed leather paper (page 100) the idea is to represent "the Golden Age." "It is a dream," says the artist, "which, whether in the past or in the future, whether earthly or heavenly, humanity must always cherish, and which, even if we are sceptical as to its past existence or future realisation, we can at least realise in thought;" and, what is more, we can "have its image and emblems upon our walls." This capital design will doubtless adorn the walls of many who care no jot for its meaning, who value it wholly for its grace and beauty. But even these have no cause of complaint against the artist, who, over and above the full weight of decorative design, throws in, for such as may care for it, all this to them superfluous wealth of suggestion; for it in no way interferes with the admirable distribution of the design, its largeness of style, and its suitability to the purpose for which it is intended.

All the meaning of the wall-paper decoration, entitled "Wood Notes" (page 97), is suggested by its title. The engraving fails, of course, to express the tapestry-like quality of the colours in which it is designed to be printed; but it does in some degree render the effect of intricacy and vagueness, which is one of its most delightful characteristics. There is a *primá facie* objection to all such repetition of living and moving forms as must occur in decorating a wall with a pattern like this. In proportion as the creatures introduced approach to nature they become unsuited to repetition. Mr. Crane himself would probably be the first to admit that a tapestry in which there was a whole pack of hounds and a family of piping Pans would be preferable to any mechanically produced repetition of the same forms of boy and beast and bird over and over again. Wall-paper is confessedly something in the nature of a makeshift, and in the comparative dearth of Walter Cranes to design tapestries for us, and in our inability, for the most part, to afford the luxury of noble tapestries on our walls, we have every reason to be grateful alike to the artist for turning his attention to such a thing as wall-paper, and to the manufacturer who tempted him thereto.

The advisability of introducing living forms into mechanically repeated manufactures depends entirely upon the possibility of keeping them in appropriate subjection, which in its turn depends very much upon the art of the artist. In a frieze of figures which Mr. Crane some years ago designed for wall-paper, the objection to the repetition of the series of caryatid figures was not got over. There was a similar objection to a panelled frieze of his in which the same boy in the same boat recurred with irritating regularity round the room. In the "Wood Notes" the various creatures peopling the scroll are most artfully kept down. They are subdued to what may be called the tapestry key; and the forms which strike the eye first are the bold lines of the leafage, among which the woodland creatures are more than half hidden at first; it is only by degrees that one becomes fully conscious of them all. There is a certain delightful mystery about the design, and the meaning of it grows upon you. It is seemingly inspired by old tapestry; but there is no attempt to imitate the texture or effect of weaving. It is *boná fide* wall-paper, frankly block-printed. Nothing in the way of wall-paper could well be more suitable for covering the walls of a dining-room; or, better still, of a hall and staircase. There the liveliness of the design would be a perpetual source of delight.

Very noticeable in these two designs is the art with which the space is filled; but only a designer, perhaps, would notice it. Others can scarcely realise how difficult it is to fill a space; or rather how much it is a matter of instinct—cultivated, of course, but still of instinct. Mr. Crane's instinct seldom errs in this respect. The panel, "Poet and Pegasus" (page 96), was designed lately as an exercise in space-filling; but already in the days of the early picture-books it seems to have come naturally to him to occupy a page in such a way that it seemed as if it must be so. In the picture-books, too, we see the germs of the fun which finds further expression in his nursery wall-papers. In some of these the ornamental character is quite remarkable; but even where the fun is most prominent the lines of the design are admirably graceful. The decorative conditions are never lost sight of; the fun is subservient. The latest production of this kind is "The House that Jack Built," which is illustrated above.

In this the house that Jack is supposed to have built is a notable feature; and it might form, with its arcading, timber-work, brick, shingle roof, and hinged granary doors, a model for a new pattern in toy "boxes of bricks." The way in which the belfry tower, with its bells and battlements and characteristically ornamental flint-work, balances the house, and the manner in which the perpendicular lines are broken by the outspread book in the one case and the upper storey of the house itself in the other, are most ingenious. The "priest all shaven and shorn," is an obvious reminiscence of old church brasses, but

never was priest in old church brass so delightfully cherubic as he who here unites the maid to the graceful tatterdemalion of Mr. Crane's imagination—not by any means one's preconceived idea of "the man all tattered and torn," any more than is the officiate priest, but surely a most decorative figure.

This article is but a very partial view of Mr. Crane's position as a decorative designer. Messrs. Jeffrey and Co. having allowed us to reproduce some of his latest wall-paper designs, it was only natural that comparatively disproportionate notice should be taken of his designs in that kind; but his decorative qualifications are, as I said, apparent throughout his work. Without ever having seen his tapestry cartoon of "The Goose Girl," designed for Mr. Morris, one could see in his picture-books how well qualified he was for the task. It was no task to him. In "Beauty and the Beast," for example, he designs a tapestry background as tapestry-like as it is appropriate to the picture. So, again, he thinks nothing of designing the furniture and decoration of a room as the scene of an incident in the tragic life of Bluebeard. In "The Princess Belle Etoile" the knights imprisoned by the wicked fairy are ranged round the enchanted hall with an ornamental propriety indicative of the inveterate decorator. Everywhere he seizes the occasion for design, whether in domestic decoration, furniture, costume, or the trappings of horses and chariots. And yet the sentiment is not sacrificed to ornament. The "singing harp," for example, with which "Jack" of "Beanstalk" fame escapes, is not merely graceful, but as much *alive* as Jack himself. And so in his later books: the decorator in search of an idea might appropriate simple but effective schemes of colour from "The Baby's Opera," "Baby's Bouquet," "Panpipes," and "The Golden Primer," to say nothing of borders and diapers scattered throughout their pages. All this is done, too, without any affectation of archaic style. The influence of Italian art is very evident. And there are traces of Japanese influence, not only in "Aladdin" (which strikes one as less completely his

EMBLEMATIC FIGURE OF AIR.

(Cartoon for Mosaic. Executed by the Murano Glass Company.)

own than most of his work), but, for example, in the management of the swans harnessed to the fairy chariot in "The Yellow Dwarf," and the flight of doves in the contents page of "Panpipes." The little gesso panel (page 96) of the piping shepherd, again, distinctly owes something to the art of Japan. But he has always, or nearly always, digested his artistic nutriment. But for Japanese influence we might never have had "King Luckie-boy's Party;" yet how utterly unlike Japanese art it is!

Further, in the illustrations to Grimm, from title-page to printer's mark, the design savours very appropriately of mediæval German influence. The manner is more or less that of Dürer or Holbein, but the actual design is very much his own; and it is not altogether unworthy of the masters who inspired him. It is refreshing to see in many of the head and tail pieces in this book a deliberate return to that ruder but more direct style of draughtsmanship which the great designers found sufficient for their purpose.

Space fails in which to do much more than mention "The First of May" and "The Sirens Three," upon the merits of which, as figure drawing, I feel myself scarcely competent to speak with anything like authority. I can say, at least, that in both there are ornamental designs of unusual merit. The proof of the artist's exceptional gifts is that there is actually no one with whom to compare him. Mr. Burne Jones has not turned his attention to work so distinctly ornamental; Mr. Morris has confined himself almost entirely to ornament. One could wish, in the interests of English decorative art, that there were a score of his like among us, to share with him the credit he reflects upon it. LEWIS F. DAY.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

(Embossed Leather Paper. Executed by Jeffrey and Co.)

THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE BY GUSTAVE MOREAU.

THE sixty-four water-colour drawings produced by M. Gustave Moreau, nominally in illustration of the Fables of La Fontaine, enable those who are curious of what is rare and original in art to study the master's peculiar talent to greater advantage than they have up to the present time had the opportunity of doing in England.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE: THE GENIUS OF FABLE.

(Drawn by Gustave Moreau. By kind Permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co.)

M. Moreau is a true child of the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. His imaginings have in them that element of wistful sadness which, though it may assume a hundred different shapes, appears as an ever-present ingredient in the art of our generation, so soon as it enters upon a noble and aspiring, or even an earnest phase. Bitten with the *mal du siècle* in one of its subtler and less-easily recognised forms, he declines to grapple closely with the aspects and problems of everyday human life: taking refuge in rainbow-hued yet not joyful dreams,

in noble if over-subtle allegories, in symbolical abstractions, he yet succeeds in realising these, with a rare power, as concrete and conceivable, though not precisely as familiar visions; infusing into them a genuine pathos which has its source in the mournful yet irresistible attraction exercised over the master by the inscrutable mysteries which envelop the existence of humanity as a whole. And his vision, too, is primarily that of the painter, though it is also that of the poet, for his conceptions are not first painfully excogitated from a literary standpoint, and then translated into line and colour, but are primarily pictures, whatever be the rank which we may think should be accorded to them as such.

In this fanciful series may be discerned many of the master's best qualities, both as a craftsman and as a painter-poet; for, though the illustrations are, in comparison with his great works in oils, small in dimensions, they contain much of the essence of his strange imaginative power, while they have over the latter productions certain special advantages. M. Moreau's local colour is in oils often jewel-like and exquisite, but it not infrequently lacks general harmony and sense of value in the ensemble. In the water-colours, on the other hand, a more than equal splendour of local colour is attained, while the general scheme is better balanced, the general tone more harmonious. It would not be altogether fair to the master to discuss the drawings as seriously meant to illustrate La Fontaine's exquisitely natural and simple imitations of the Æsopian apologues, the unique charm of which lies in the unforced wit and gentle humour with which they are coloured, in the homely common sense, the Attic salt, so suitably married to the cunning ease of the great fabulist's style. The brilliant visions of M. Moreau are attached but by a slender thread to the well-known *moralités*. His variations, it may be urged, are so dazzling and so little like the themes upon which they are built, that, to appreciate their singular charm, only the mere outline of the latter must be borne in mind, and their aim and spirit banished, as much as possible, from our thoughts.

Perhaps the rarest merit—though it is one among many others—which the drawings have, is to bring into prominence one of the most exquisite and one of the least-heeded qualities of the master's art: his power of suggesting, without direct imitation, much that is most delicate and most beautiful in the art of Persia and of India at its apogee, at the time when, during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, it flourished, and was a true and genuine thing. The most modern schools have acquired much, both good and evil, from the study and imitation of Japanese art generally, and especially of the naturalistic school of the last and present centuries—a school which busies itself with the purely exterior manifestations of humanity and of the outer world, stopping absolutely short of any attempt to interpret —nay, to suggest—the finer shades of human feeling, the penetrating and ennobling force of human sentiment. M. Moreau, taking an entirely different direction, has saturated himself with the veiled pathos, with the mysterious glamour, of the earlier art of Persia, full of passionate languor, and sharing with the incomparable lyrics which have won a wider renown the poetry of dream and reverie. In the exquisite "Frontispiee," showing a semi-nude female figure—the Genius of Fable—mounted on a fantastic gryphon which bears her effortless through the azure sky, heralded by the blue-bird found only in her land of dreams, there is much of the peculiar quality which we have endeavoured to define; less, however, than is revealed by a very similar design not included in the present series—the exquisite "Peri," exhibited by M. Moreau in 1878. Still more strongly exhibited is the same influence in the avowedly Oriental designs, such as the miscalled "Dream of the Mogol" ("Songe d'un Habitant du Mogol"); the "Matron of Ephesus," one of the most beautiful, in conception and execution, of the whole set; the "Mouse Metamorphosed into a Maid;" and "The Two Friends"—both genuine scenes worthy of the "Arabian Nights"—all of which gracious inventions are distinguished by a large measure of that *naïveté* and sincerity so hard to attain in such subjects. Something of the Lionardesque quality visible in such works of the master as the "Jeune Fille avec la Tête d'Orphée" (at the Luxembourg) is distinguishable in the delightful allegory, "The man who ran after Fortune, and he who waited for her in his bed," in which, however, the critical might maintain that the rich architecture overshadowing the sleeping Fortune is structurally impossible. Another subject which distinctively illustrates the quality of M. Moreau's imagination is the lurid, striking picture, melodramatic in its intensity, which he has contrived to make out of our old friend "The Wolf and the Lamb." The enormous threatening form of the wolf standing out against the angry evening sky becomes a kind of apocalyptic vision; all the elements of the picture—the gaunt, bare trees, the sombre atmosphere—are big with evil and prophetic of the cruel fate which is presently to overwhelm the defenceless lamb. Out of the quaint "Against the Hard-to-Suit" (a paraphrase which inadequately renders the French "Contre les Délicats"), the master has evolved a subtle allegory, very modern in its intensity and in the true *Weltschmerz* which pervades it. A divine form, resembling in its radiance that of Phœbus Apollo, stands erect in a dimly-seen ideal landscape, gazing upwards in mute distress, yet the while playing upon a rich and splendid

lyre. The divinity is surrounded by pigmy beings, vaguely human in aspect, who, making him the mark for their small venomous arrows, have drawn thin streams of blood, yet cannot succeed in reaching the vital parts of the god whom they torment. A representative specimen of the skill with which the painter uses colour as a medium for accentuating a poetic idea is the "Goddess of Discord," a drawing furnished with the quotation, "L'auberge, enfin, de l'Hyménée lui fut pour maison assignée;" of which, according to the fashion of the painter, the pungent satire is deliberately ignored, the scene being conceived with intense seriousness. The goddess, a beautiful, snake-crowned Fury, half lies, half reclines, in deceitful repose on the steps of a richly ornamented house or temple, her pallid form being set off with draperies of heavy poisonous green and lurid red, which add strange force and pathos to the design. Occasionally, it must be owned, M. Moreau's very genuine inspiration deserts, or rather betrays him, with the result that the scenes depicted become rather melodramatic and spectacular than genuinely impressive. Instances of this phase—happily by no means the predominant one—are furnished by such examples, among others, as the, in their way, striking drawings, "The Pigeons and the Vultures," "The Elephant and the Ape of Jupiter" (the meaning of which is absolutely missed), and "The Head and Tail of the Serpent." It is, however, when the painter touches earth, and is perforce compelled to grapple with the homelier and more exclusively humorous subjects treated by the fabulist, that he is least satisfying; for here it is no longer possible to build up on the substructure of the apologue visions sad, mystic, or terrible, clothed in the hues of the rainbow. The painter's technique, so well suited to one side of the task which he has set himself, is not equally well adapted to express adequately the realistic scenes of rustic and everyday life; and—wisely, perhaps, seeing of what peculiar temper is his artistic nature—he makes no attempt to express the purely comic or satirical side of the themes chosen for illustration. Thus it will be readily understood why it is that such familiar and cherished fables as "The Miller, his Son, and his Ass," "The Raven and the Fox," "The Oyster and the Litigants," "The Dairy Woman and the Pot of Milk" (a poor equivalent for the original title, "La Laitière et le Pot au Lait"!), *et hoc genus omne*, have found in the master an unsympathetic and unexhilarating exponent.

A piece of colour of marvellous strength and brilliancy is the "Ganymede Carried off by the Eagle," a drawing of larger dimensions than those illustrating the Fables, not forming part of the series, though it appears at the exhibition. There are wanting here two beautiful drawings seen in Paris: the one a new version of the legend of the Sphinx, in which the monster appears, with a type of beauty serenely impassive and far removed from humanity, lying unheeding in the midst of the mangled remains of her victims; the other, a "Salome with the Head of St. John the Baptist," which is one of the painter's most exquisite conceptions as well as one of his most brilliant pieces of technique. CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE PARIS OF THE REVOLUTION.—II.

I HAVE referred to Arthur Young's graphic picture of the interior of Paris in 1787; he has in the same account left us another touch which forcibly suggests the moribund condition into which misgovernment had brought the whole country. "The last ten miles of my approach to Paris," says Young, "I looked in vain for that throng of carriages which near London impedes the traveller. The road to the gates of Paris, in comparison, was *a perfect desert*." In passing through Paris he experienced that indefinable agitation which fills the natural world at the approach of some tremendous cataclysm. "All ranks of men seemed to think they were on the eve of some great revolution in the Government." "1789," "1792" came, and what a change, even if the traveller had been blind and could only judge by the one sense of hearing.

Six thousand voices were in the streets shouting the titles of innumerable journals and pamphlets, which streamed alike from the royalist and revolutionary press. "Every hour," writes one, "produces its pamphlet; thirteen came out to-day, sixteen yesterday, and ninety-two last week." During the summer of 1789 everybody was busy reading pamphlets; "even lackeys were poring over them at the gates of hotels." The centre for their publication was the Palais Royal, and the course of events might be indicated by a chronologic list of their titles and dates of issue.

But this crying of journals and pamphlets is only a fraction of the roar of voices which, ever

increasing, witnesses that a new birth has taken place in the world. At every cross-way, at every boundary-stone, some one is speechifying; men are realising a common life such as they never dreamt of. One sounds a horn; immediately three or four horns reply. As if all this was not enough, the Revolution and its adversaries appeal to the public by a hundred thousand posters—red, blue, white, yellow, green; and the public, bewildered by these contending voices, bursts into acts often terrible, always alarming. Beginning with attacks on houses and factories, it suddenly performs a prodigy: the Bastille, redoubtable for ages, falls in a few hours. The authorities wring their hands in despair. Ever and anon the mob reigns; the *lanterne* and sabre do dreadful work. In no other city in the world are the trades dependent on luxury so important; the Revolution is their ruin. Yet nobody says "Hold!" Twenty thousand workmen will be out of employ when the decree for suppressing liveries and armorial bearings takes effect; quite a horde of lacqueys and questionable hangers-on will be thrown on the streets by the sequestration of the goods of the Church.

It was famine which at every stage acted as a goad to the Revolution—famine from which it seemed no more possible to escape than from the wooden cages in which they shut up the madmen in the Bicêtre. And, in the winter of 1788-89, the elements seemed to accentuate the bad government of man. A season so severe had not been known for seventy years; the Seine was frozen from Paris to Havre, and hardly a fountain in Paris moved, all were congealed. In July, 1789, every baker's shop in Paris was surrounded by a crowd, many of whom waited for hours before they got a piece of bread. And what they got was generally blackish, earthy, and bitter, producing inflammation of the throat and pain in the bowels. The suspicion of foul play laid hold of the popular imagination until the cry arose, "The corn is poisoned and causes dysentery!" "Bread! bread!" was the cry of the hordes of October.

I.—SAINT-JUST.

(From a Portrait by J. L. David.)

Grim Paris knew its difficulties, feared worse, but liberty was worth all it might cost. France, indeed, was like the man who had found the pearl of great price. The new life enabled the citizens to bear any

II.—VICTIMS OF HISTORY.

(Painted by Paul Svedomsky. Salon, 1880.)

sacrifice; and so, in the midst of an ever-increasing storm, Paris laughed and sang.

Valenciennes is in the hands of the Austrians, the English have Toulon, the Vendeans are in open rebellion, Dumouriez is a traitor. And yet, with the foreigner on the soil and a good portion of the country in the hands of the enemy, there are men at Paris who are resolved, at any cost, that France shall live a new life. They call on the people, and 60,000 men are enrolled in twenty-four hours, and in the midst of apparent ruin out spring forty armies. Whoever else may disbelieve in the tyrants at Paris, the people do not. Ruined shopkeepers, starving artisans, alike refuse to attribute their calamities to the Revolution; they know and have realised, as never was realised on such a scale before, that man is infinitely more dependent for life on a word from Heaven than on all the granaries of the world, and they are intensely sure that there never were any ideas more certainly entitled to be called such a word than those that lay at the heart of the Revolution. Thus the joy of a great and new faith sustained them, giving to the raw levies of the Republic, and to the old men, women, and children, an absolutely overwhelming force. At the sight of the black flag floating from Notre Dame

III.—1790.

telling that the country is in danger, all Paris works for one end. Bronze is wanted for the cannon, and lead for bullets—the church bells will serve for the first, the coffins of our "très illustres et très puis-

IV.—"À LA ROBESPIERRE."

sants seigneurs" for the last. A foundry is established at the Luxembourg, thirty furnaces are at work elsewhere; citizen Perrier turns out from his factory no less than twenty cannon a week, and in two days 400,000 lbs. of powder are made. All sections of the women are busy stitching gaiters, clothes, tents, sacks. A church is devoted to their use, and they sing as they work:—

"Cousons, filons, cousons bien,
V'là des habits de not' fabrique
Pour l'hiver qui vient;
Soldats de la République,
Vous n'manquerez de rien."

And this wonderful gaiety seizes every heart, reaching the very prisons, where lie the men and women whom the Revolution is hurrying out of existence. They make songs, they play music, they write stories, and cannot prevent themselves from being jocular. At nightfall they collect around the fire; each brings some contribution to the entertainment. The women stitch and broider. Covers are laid, they touch glasses, and doubtless sang the song composed by one of their number:—

"Trinquez, rétrinquez encore,
Et les verres bien unis,
Chantez d'une voix sonore
Le destin de vos amis!

Nos reconnaissantes ombres
Planant au milieu de vous,
Rempliront ces voûtes sombres
De frémissements bien doux!"

Whence this equanimity, this gladness of heart, with the prospect of that dismal journey in the jolting tumbril to the Place de la Révolution? We hear of a Du Barry starting back in horror; but, with hardly an exception, all the victims place their heads on the board as quietly as they had laid down each night to rest. "Bailly," said a bystander to the good little *bonhomme*—"Bailly, you tremble!" "No, my friend, it is the cold;" and well he might shiver—an old man without his coat, in a cold, drizzling rain, waiting his turn to mount the scaffold!

All the ordinary helps to gaiety seemed withdrawn or materially lessened in Paris of the Revolution. Dress was not altogether neglected, but it submitted slowly but surely to the restraining influence of the gravity and severity of the times. In their coats of every colour, with collars forming a violent contrast, the National Assembly might have suggested to the eye of a colourist a magnificent parterre in springtime. Taken individually, and as presented in our illustration, 1790 (III.), these grave and ardent senators were decidedly picturesque figures. In the Convention, doubtless, colours were not so brilliant; but the man who grew to be its leader, and for a short time its master, was a careful if not an elegant dresser. A waistcoat whereof the collar, very open, developed at the breast into two enormous pointed lappets, was said to be "à la Robespierre" (IV.). But the revolution in dress, though not so rapid as in some other things, was great. According to the interesting portrait by David, which we here engrave (I.), Saint-Just wore his hair in long, free curls, surmounted by a broad-brimmed artistic felt, his outer coat had a high collar and great lappets, those of his embroidered waistcoat being tucked away under his inner coat. Over all he wears a Byronic cloak, and, saving his great white cravat, this celebrated Terrorist might pass for the most sentimental of German poets. As events advanced, dress became simpler and simpler. The doing away with buckles, lace, and perukes had been in itself a revolution. When Bailly appeared at Court in shoe-strings it was thought a direct insult to Majesty, and the Master of the Ceremonies looked at him with horror. Dumouriez, happening to catch his piteous glance, first at the shoe-strings and then at him, hardly knew what to say, but muttered, "Alas! yes, monsieur; all is over now!" While the upper and well-to-do classes still wore shorts, the people had taken to pantaloons. They are, in fact, quite typical of the Revolution, "Sans-culottes" simply meaning one who wore trousers instead of breeches.

V.—THE "TRICOTEUSE" OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

In the sequel the Revolution regenerated art as it is doing everything else. But the change for the moment was unreal, and entirely superficial and histrionic. The notion that the French Republic was a sort of successor and reproduction of the ancient Roman and Greek Republics greatly pleased the friends of reason and the worshippers of nature. Subjects, style of drawing and painting, all were taken from the antique.

How was it the women took such an interest in the Revolution? How was it they became the leaders in its worst excesses? How was it that a saner but no less ardent portion attended the National Convention as so many unpaid representatives, taking with them their knitting-needles and their luncheon, and arriving there before the doors opened so as to secure a good place, from which they vociferated their opinions while they plied their needles vigorously (V.)? Because, says Michelet, they were mothers, and had seen their children starving. Doubtless there was another cause: 70,000 of their number devoted to a life of infamy had to be avenged.

Quinet, the austere critic of the Terrorists, has noticed that, while monarchical tyrants have generally terrorised their own families as well as the public, the Revolutionary tyrants were in some remarkable instances beloved by their immediate relations. The pictures left us of the home of Camille Desmoulins are radiant with gaiety and love. In their apartments in the Cour du Commerce, Saint-André-des-Arts, below those occupied by Danton, he and his wife might have been found in the darkest moment of the Terror taking their simple *déjeûner*, inexhaustibly gay, thanks to the light-hearted epicureanism of the one and the love of innocent raillery which distinguished the other. While Lucile is straining her coffee, or talking to her husband of one of their favourite books, Young's "Night Thoughts," Camille dances little Horace, and forgets the feverish struggles of the previous day. One morning General Brun is their guest. He earnestly warns his host to moderate his ardour against the Terror; Desmoulins answers with animation, says he counts on public opinion,

on his friends, on Danton. His wife rises, embraces him, encourages him with all sorts of intrepid thoughts. "Leave him alone," she says to Brun, "he owes all to his country." Quieted by Lucile's sympathetic ardour, Camille picks up the child, and tossing him in his arms, cries gaily, "*Edamus et bibamus cras enim moriemur*" (VI.).

Nothing more easy than to be cynical over Paris of the Revolution. Never did a people present themselves in an attitude more provocative of mirth to those who imagine that they have no interest in the struggles of humanity; but consider the work done in those few weeks during which the National Convention lived! Take the matter of education alone. In those debates, propositions, decrees, nearly all the ideas now being realised by the foremost nations of the world were affirmed. Condorcet proposed a plan of universal education which should offer to every individual of the human species the means of providing for his wants, of assuring his well-being, of knowing how to exercise his rights, and of understanding and fulfilling his duties. His proposals, with some modifications, were accepted by the Convention, and at this moment Paris offers such an education to any human being of any nation, even the most inimical to France, freely and gratuitously.

VI.—CAMILLE DESMOULINS.
(*After François Flameng. Salon, 1882*).

Under the Convention primary schools were distributed all over France, and the children taught first of all and supremely their duties to the Republic. Liberty, independence, obedience to the laws, simplicity of life—these were the cardinal notes in the education the Revolutionists sought to give their regenerated Paris. "We offer," said they to the people, "the happiness of virtue, of ease, of the golden mean: the happiness born of enjoyment without superfluity, the happiness born of hatred of tyranny; the pleasure of possessing your own hut, and a field cultivated by your own hands."

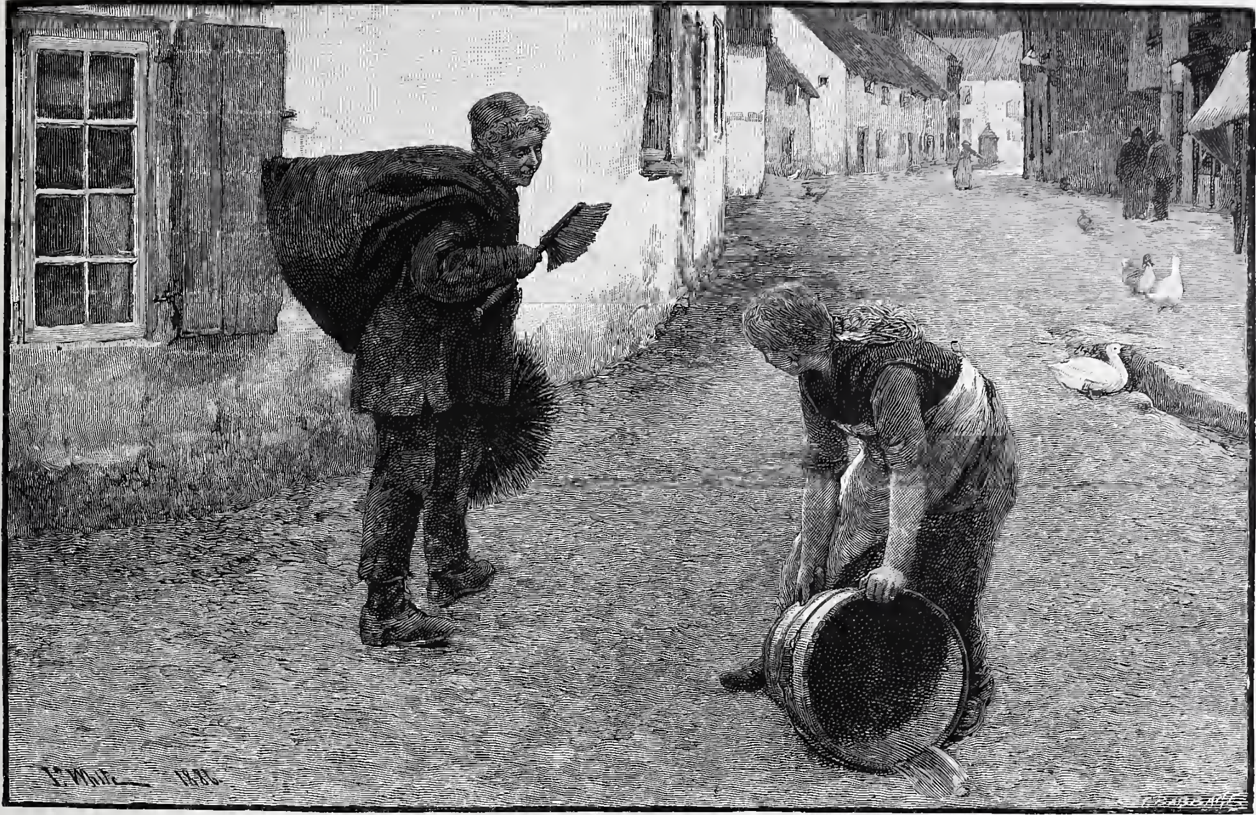
When an individual steeped in sin suddenly becomes a man of right intentions, the moment is volcanic; his brain is often imperilled, and his nerves and his muscles horribly excited. This is a well-known fact, repeated in human experience thousands of times. And need we be surprised if the same convulsive delirium attends the conversion of a city?

RICHARD HEATH.

Magazine of Art.

Adolph Menzel pinx.

A Forced Contribution



THE VILLAGE OTHELLO.

(Painted by John White. Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, 1886–7. By Permission.)

CURRENT ART.

THE Institute of Painters in Oil Colours can show this winter some dozen works which, though on a comparatively small scale, are of considerable interest, while the substratum of the exhibition remains much what it was. Both here, and—on a more extensive scale, though accompanied with more *réclame*, and with a more questionable eccentricity—at the gallery of the Society of British Artists, there may be discovered in the work of some few painters of the younger generation a genuine effort to explore fresh paths, or to follow the lead of the more adventurous spirits in seeking to infuse new blood into the inert body of British art.

Mr. E. J. Gregory is represented by two works, of which the more important—" Kept In "—shows, in half-length, a sulky damsel of about fourteen summers with dishevelled hair and aspcet indicative of manners and temper of the " Tattyeoram " type. The characterisation is admirable, the drawing of the youthful face, beautiful even in its partial distortion, is singularly bold and accurate; but the touch, in its delicate precision, lacks some of the frankness and breadth to which former works of the painter, on the same scale, have accustomed us. The smaller contribution of the same artist—" Arrived "—shows a young girl about to drive on shore the canoe which she has just piloted through a lock or canal bordered by walls of red brick and banks of the greenest green grass. The colour of this work is in its ensemble unpleasant, if locally true, owing to the too complete contrast between the masses of the vivid tints of the grass and the pinky-red of the bricks and shore, the one reacting upon the other. Very remarkable, however, is the suggestion of the onward motion of the canoe, and most consummate the manner in which the transparency of that portion of the water which is in deep shadow is maintained. Mr. Gregory shows himself the uncompromising, the unexaggerated, but also the unexciting realist, resolute in his endeavour to exclude what he evidently considers the pseudo-idyllic, but eliminating also the greater part of the simple charm which would naturally belong to a subject like the present, and which a painter of the temperament of Frederick Walker would

without effort have imparted to it. Mr. J. R. Reid shows further development, though in a somewhat perilous direction, since the appearance of his remarkable evening-piece last summer at the Grosvenor Gallery. In both the landscapes contributed to the Institute there is too manifest a desire to attain the charm partly inherent in, partly conferred by time on, the landscapes belonging to the beginning of the present and end of the last century; and this lends to them, at first sight, an air of *pastiche*, which they do not altogether deserve, and obscures the close and subtle study of light and atmospheric effect which a closer inspection reveals. The moment chosen by the painter for delineation in both "The Thames: Evening" and "The Angler" is the mysterious one when the sun has sunk below the horizon, but it is not yet night. In the former picture there should be specially noted a sky of exquisite truth and delicacy—of a pale, tender, yet warm blue, veiled by the thin vapours of evening; in the latter the grouping of the figures in the foreground is remarkable, as well as the fashion in which they are married to the landscape, while the unsubstantial aspect which they assume in the evening light is no less ably suggested.

M. Fantin is as well known in England as in France as a poetic realist in portraiture, second to few or none in sober strength and in the subtle pathos of his characterisation; he is also known as an exquisite flower-painter; but the more romantic side of his complex personality has not been as frequently illustrated here. It is exemplified at the Institute by a series of subjects of comparatively small dimensions, as typical of which may be taken the "Tannhäuser," which is a kind of *résumé* of the painter's style in this phase. Technically there is much to admire in the painting of the nude form of Venus and the half-draped figures of her nymphs, half-lighted by the tender, tremulous rays which filter through the grey-green foliage; but the sentiment which informs the whole, though there is in it more *naïveté* than at first sight appears possible, is not worthy of the consummate artist; it has an artificial flavour of 1830, a "keepsake" quality, a weak prettiness which repels, and has the effect of neutralising the enjoyment which might be derived from the technical merits of the execution. Mr. F. D. Millet displays his well-known neatness, skill, and precision in "The Interlude," an interior showing a young lady seated at a piano or harpsichord, and about to resume a duet, which she is playing with a violinist—an old gentleman, wearing powder, and elaborately costumed in the fashion of the close of the last century. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, in a little picture somewhat affectedly styled "Adam and Eve," has naturally and simply painted a little boy and girl gazing wistfully into the window of a village sweet-shop in which are displayed oranges; the colour harmonies are yet again combinations of the warm grey and buff tones, which were those of his most conspicuous success some two years ago; the execution is broad and free, but the result is an unsuggestive and not very interesting performance, which does not greatly excite our hopes for the future. In the most important of his sea-pieces,

BURDENS.

(Painted by T. B. Kennington. Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, 1886-7. By Permission of Mr. J. P. Mendoza.)

"Fishing-boat off Scarboro'," Mr. Edwin Hayes shows diligent and sympathetic observation of the form, colour, and movement of waves and of atmospheric effect generally, with a certain hesitancy and timidity of touch; he has very evidently studied, and been profoundly impressed by, the art of Turner and Callcott in similar subjects, as is evidenced by the happy illumination of the coast in the far distance. Similar qualities are displayed by him in another large work, "Entrance to St. Pierre Port, Guernsey," which we engrave on p. 112. Mr. C. Napier Hemy's large "Land's End Crabbers" is a bold and successful presentment of green transparent waves, in animated but not violent motion, with a large fishing-boat, well placed and skilfully painted, which occupies the greater part of the foreground; but the figures of the fishermen who man it, seen in energetic action, in the very act of "crabbing," have not the frank, spontaneous movement or the concentrated earnestness which they should suggest in order to make a work of this order completely successful.

Among a number of works which want of space forbids us to dwell upon there may be pointed out Mr. T. B. Kennington's pathetic "Burdens" (p. 110), and the quaint piece of Mr. John White's, not altogether appropriately styled "The Village Othello" (p. 109).

The exhibition of the Society of British Artists is made notable by the appearance of five works by Mr. J. M'N. Whistler, of which three are of large dimensions. None of these, however—although there is in each of them, as in everything that leaves his studio, much that is subtle and masterly—will be likely completely to satisfy any but the most ardent and indiscriminating worshippers of the artist. In some respects the most successful, and, if not the cleverest, the most complete, of the three productions is the so-called "Harmony in Black, No. 10," showing a young lady in a black walking costume, seen on a black ground, the only relief given to the picture being the small feather of neutral tint in her hat, and a small, vague object of dark red, cleverly enveloped in the murky atmosphere of the middle distance. There is much to admire in the suppressed vivacity of the figure, in the suggestion of impending movement, while, on the other hand, the treatment of the curious problem which the painter deliberately sets himself to solve strikes us as being far less subtle than in numerous earlier examples. Still, however great the technical skill lavished on such a problem, however artful may be the gradations attained in the treatment of the rebellious material, a vast sheet of black paint must always remain *per se* undecorative and unlovely: therefore its employment in a work of art can only be defended on the ground that it is a further weapon of expression, adding new force and individuality to the subject chosen; that it is in special and inseparable harmony with that subject, and aids the painter to convey a meaning which cannot equally well be expressed by other means. In the present instance the connection between the youth and grace, the health and vivacity, of the figure represented and its surroundings of impenetrable gloom, is not apparent; these, on the contrary, detract from the suavity of the effect which might have been attained had the colouring been that adopted, for instance, by the same painter in one of his most successful works, the "Lady Archibald Campbell." Another large canvas is the "Harmony in Red: Lamplight," in which the gradations of a delicate red, softened, and, as our neighbours would phrase it, "assagi" by a deadened lamplight, are followed with great skill and evident enjoyment. But, again, is it justifiable to employ for a technical exercise of this kind so vast a canvas? and are not the folds of the cloak worn by the female figure, which is the pretext for the harmony, needlessly ungraceful?

Mr. Jacomb Hood, in the portrait of a bright-haired blonde, of ruddy complexion, clothed entirely in black, and seated at ease on a black chair in an empty grey room, displays considerable skill in presenting the human figure in an attitude of unstudied but not ungraceful repose: the defects of the picture are the crude, uncompromising black of the lady's costume, and the unpleasant slaty grey of the walls and background. That there are blacks and blacks, that one sober grey can be as widely asunder as are the poles from another kindred tint, could not be better proved than by a comparison of the blacks in this picture with those in the "Harmony in Black," or of its greys with those in the background of the unfinished "Lady Colin Campbell," which is another of Mr. Whistler's contributions. Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, seems to have aimed, in his most important contribution, "A Summer Day," at rivalling the successes of Mr. Alexander Harrison in presenting the nude figure in the open air; but, if this has been his aim, his representation of three naked boys, grouped with unnecessary contempt for harmony of line in a vast expanse of sand, under an evening sky of blue, reflected in shallow pools beneath, cannot be pronounced successful. "Terpsichore," by Mr. Ludovici, Jun., is a study of a pirouetting danseuse dimly seen in a half light; as a note or *impression* of rapid movement happily indicated it would on a smaller scale be interesting and suggestive, but, thus presented on a canvas of very large dimensions, it becomes almost an impertinence.

The best picture in the exhibition is "A Girl's Head," by Mr. Clausen. True, the undisguised imitation of Bastien-Lepage is as evident and as little concealed as ever; the modelling of this young girl's

ENTRANCE TO ST. PIERRE PORT, GUERNSEY.

(Painted by Edwin Hayes. Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, 1886-7.)

head is so entirely in the mode of the latter painter's "Rustic Idyll"—for instance, the light, over-bright greens of the background are so much those typical of the master—that it is clear that Mr. Clausen glories in following over-closely in the footsteps of his admirable French model. Yet, for all that, this same modelling is so firm and so masterly in its precision, there is expressed in the youthful face such pathos and such vitality, that criticism is almost disarmed; it must frankly be owned that the painter, in a manner, vindicates his right to the use of the style he has so skilfully made his own.

A GIRL'S HEAD.

(Painted by George Clausen. Society of British Artists, 1886 7.)

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

A FATAL PORTRAIT.

AMONGST the more recent acquisitions of the Royal Museum of Painting in Brussels is one not included in the catalogue of 1882—a half-length portrait of a man in armour; a pale, lean face, with narrow piercing eyes, cold as the gleam of his steel hauberk, and so intense in their gaze that one sees not whether they be grey or brown. Thin-lipped and proud, there are hard lines on either side of the mouth, showing through the sable-silvered beard; his dark hair is slightly grey and thin upon the temples. This is the great Duke of Alva, the "Scourge of the Netherlands," at sixty years of age. A striking portrait, it was at one time attributed to the hand of Antonij van Moor, the Sir Antonio Moro of our Catholic Mary's Court; indeed, in firmness and breadth of handling, it might pass for Van

Moor's work, though in colour it is colder than most of his portraits. There is no discernible signature upon this canvas, but recent investigation proclaims it the work of Willem Keij of Breda, and further connects the painting of this wan, baleful countenance with one of the most tragic events of history.

Willem Keij, or, as the Spaniards called him, "Caijo," was in his time little less esteemed than Van Moor himself as a portrait-painter. Dominic Lampsonius, the learned secretary of the Bishop of Liège, wrote that "Keij's skilful hand paints faces that you might deem alive, so successful are they." Born at Breda, in Holland, Keij studied in the school of the versatile Flemish Italianiser, Lambert Lombard, at Liège. He did not, however, like his master and the greater number of the pupils of that school, lose the independent national characteristics of honest realism and sober handling in an attempt to rival the florid Italian style, and his works, except portraits, were accordingly, with all due praise, pronounced to be inferior to those of Frans Floris. Keij entered the Painters' Guild of St. Luke at Antwerp in 1532; there he painted an altar-piece for the mercers' chapel in the cathedral, and portraits of the city councillors in the town-hall; these were destroyed by fire at the time of "the Spanish Fury" in 1576. Other portraits, recorded in sales and catalogues of later times, remain untraced. Little indeed of his work remains. There is a mediocre portrait of Lazarus Spindla (1566) at Hampton Court, which, in an inventory of Charles I., is ascribed to Willem Keij; it is, however, hardly worthy his reputation. A finer portrait is that of Cardinal Granvelle at Besançon, probably the one by Keij mentioned by Van Mander.* The portrait of a man in a black hat, in Pesth Museum, is, according to a recent critic,† probably identical with a portrait by Keij so described in Rubens' catalogue. Thus our portrait of the terrible duke is almost the only clue we have to the reputation of a painter whose name stands besides those of Van Moor, Porbus, Josse van Cleve, Cornelius de Vos, and Adrian Thomas Keij, the grand-nephew of our Willem.

Antwerp was in Willem Keij's time the wealthiest city in Europe, and a cradle of the arts. Keij made money there, according to Van Mander, who, in his "Schilderboeck," tells how Keij lived in "a beautiful house near the Exchange, more like a councillor's than an artist's." The house still stands, No. 1 Courte rue des Claires, close to the Bourse. Van Mander demurely praises those artists to whose professional reputation a moral and social one can be added, citing Keij as such an one, with his handsome dress and face, "his noble bearing, and exemplary conduct." Such a description of the painter tallies well with the portrait of him, paint-brushes in hand, engraved by Jan Wieriex, in a collection of portraits of Belgian worthies published at Antwerp by Galleius in 1572. He appears there as an unusually handsome man in a flat cap, a handsomely-slashed coat, and a small ruff, over which flows a long beard, elegantly pointed and curled. His is a sensitive face of noble contour, with melancholy lines about the brow and cheek, his large eyes are full of intelligent feeling; it is a head of the best Flemish type, a rare one amongst a people not remarkable for beauty of feature. The portrait is inscribed, "Gulielmo Caio Bredano pictori," and below are the eulogistic verses of Lampsonius:—

> "Quos hominum facies, ut eos te cernere credas
> Expressit Caii pingere docta manus
> (Si tamen excipias unum me judice morum)
> Culpari Belgae nullius arte timent."

This was the man who was honoured with the appointment of portrait-painter to the new Governor of the Netherlands, the terrible Duke of Alva. Alva had been but ten months in the country, and in his determination to crush disaffection and to establish the Inquisition for the uprooting of heresy, he had already hurried the people to the stake by hundreds, and drowned and buried them alive by scores, for punishment and prevention of that dangerous free thought which invariably prompts a desire for free action. Rich burghers, country nobles, and artisans, irrespective of rank or merit, fell victims to the Spanish fanatic greed, and their property was confiscated to help fill the Spanish state-coffers, no longer sufficiently supplied from America. In these few months Alva had reduced "the prosperous Netherlands to a charnel-house." The story is told of Alva how, when a gallant young officer under Charles V., he rode from that monarch's camp in Hungary to Madrid to spend a few hours with his young wife, accomplishing the feat in eighteen days. Implacable now in hate as he had once been determined in love, he had prepared to revenge Count Egmont's former rivalry of his military fame, and to remove a present obstacle from his path of subjugation, and the Protestant Admiral Hoorn had been lured from his country retreat to share Egmont's arbitrary imprisonment.

The portrait was painted in Brussels, where the duke was in residence, and the last sitting was given on the 4th of June, 1568. His sallow face a mask for the treachery in his mind, thus he looked that day when he signed the secret order of execution for the brilliant conqueror of St. Quentin, the darling of the citizens of Brussels, and for honest bluff Admiral Hoorn, that day when he silenced the kneeling Bishop of Yprès, summoned to shrive the condemned and

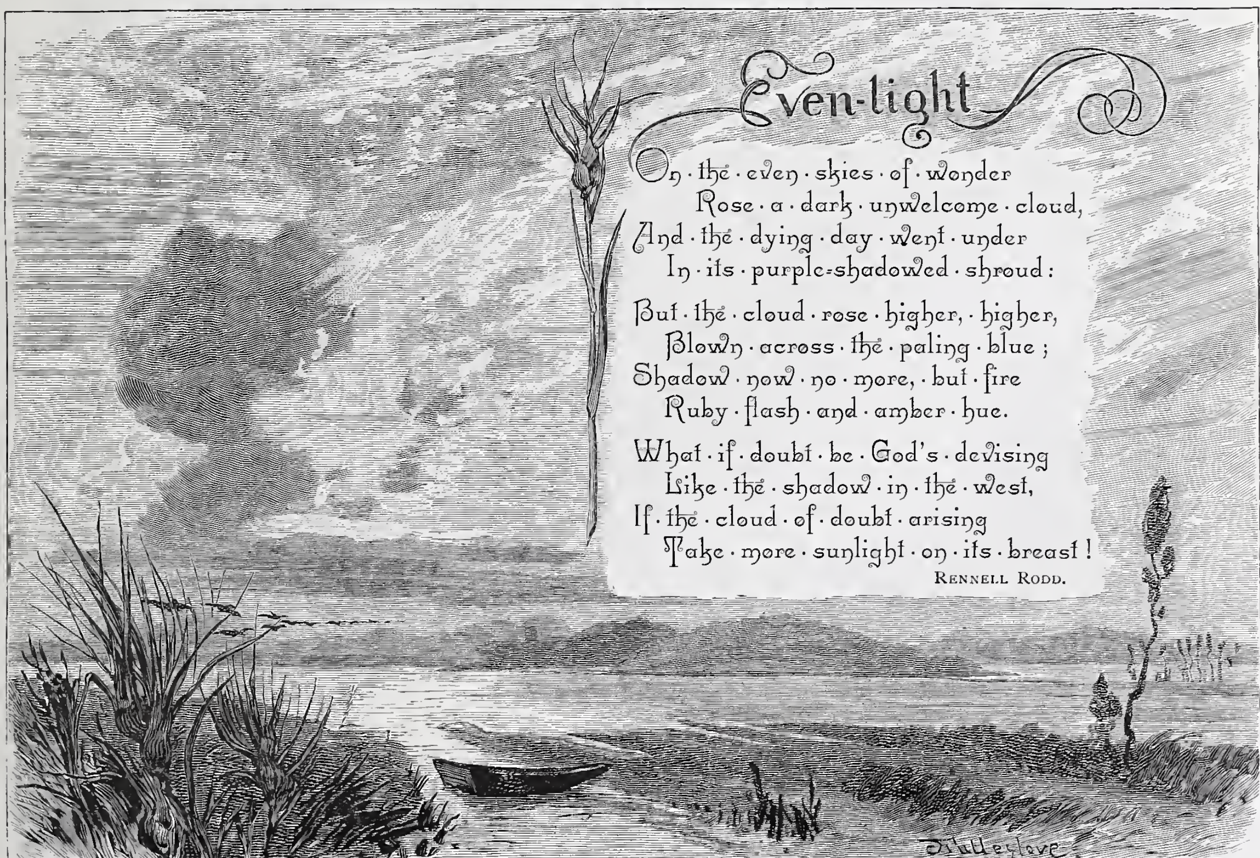
* "Le Livre des Peintres, de Van Mander." Hymans; Paris, 1884.

† *Ibid.*

not to plead for them. Those glittering eyes rested upon the painter putting finishing touches to his portrait, and upon Egmont's trembling countess. Unwilling ears surprised the secret the countess begged for in vain. Keij, the painter, was at his work, and a few words overheard betrayed the impending fate of the two noblemen. Stricken with horror—some say with the very sight of Alva's face at the moment—weighed down by the burden of a State secret which the whole country was trembling to divine, Keij went home. Whilst the Countess Egmont and her twelve children nursed false hopes in their convent, the sensitive soul of the artist sickened of this crowning addition to the despair and the horrors of which he and his countrymen had already supped full. The next day, Whitsun Eve, when Egmont's head fell upon the market-place of Brussels, the portrait-painter to the Duke of Alva died, an unintended victim to the same sentence of death.

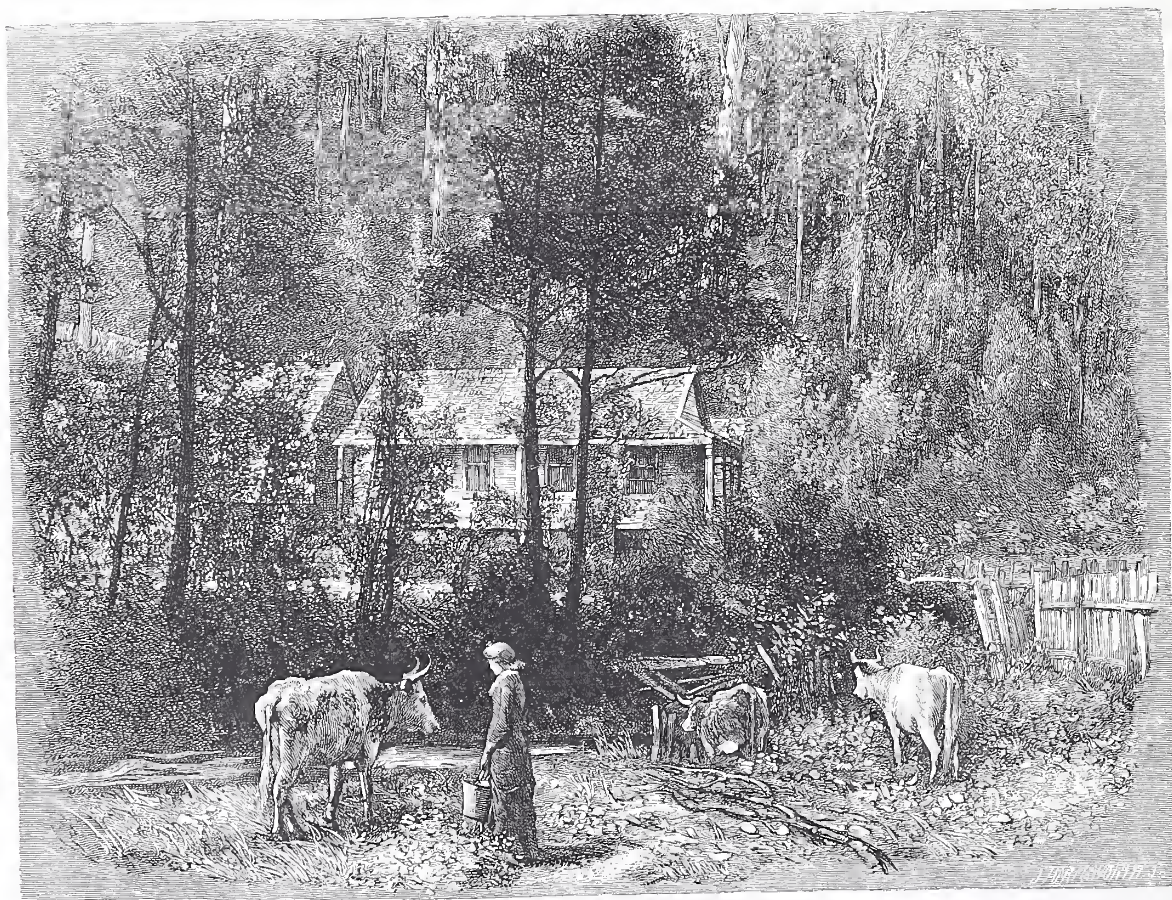
Heart and brain might well succumb to a shock which startled all Europe. The wail which rose from the crowd in the Grande Place, echoed from the folks within doors all through the city, it brought tears of excitement to the eyes of Alva and his soldiery, it roused a country to rebellion. With the great tragedy the lesser one is associated. Who knows what fears beset the painter for himself, for his dearest friends? When he heard the words of the condemnation they were a revelation to him. If the great ones of the earth were not safe before injustice, he might ask, how much of justice had there been in the burnings and slayings of the past six months, in which many good Catholics had trustingly half acquiesced? If the Protestant Hoorn should righteously suffer for his heresy, yet what reason could suffice to condemn the loyal Catholic Egmont, who had himself helped to burn and slay with fanatic fervour in the cause of the Catholic Church? It was enough to make the most devout cherish doubts of the piety of the Government. Of what qualms of Protestant questioning may have assailed Keij's mind in that last twenty-four hours of his life, we have no record, only the story goes that he confided the terrible secret to a trusty friend, and died upon the same day as Egmont and Hoorn. To-day the memory of the patriot nobles is honoured in bronze upon the square of the Sablon, and their fellow-victim's portrait of their murderer hangs upon the walls of the public picture gallery a few hundred yards away.

ANNIE R. EVANS.



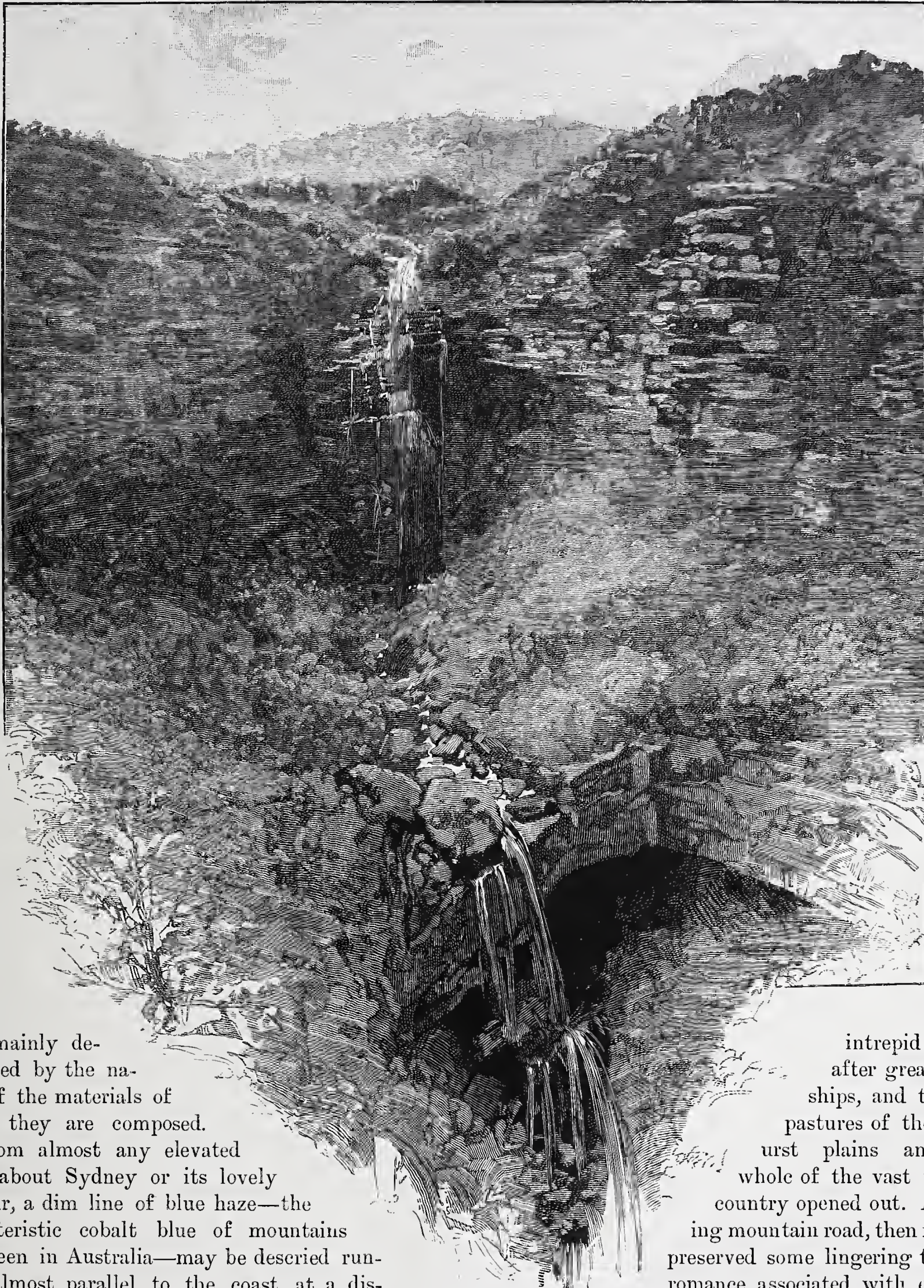
IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEW SOUTH WALES.

AUSTRALIA is a new world to the naturalist, an island-continent at once new and old, a surviving fragment of an extinct world, with a fauna and flora belonging to a geological period long passed away in the other hemisphere—a flora which in other lands has been fossilised and transformed into coal-measures; a fauna which is a living paradox, a disjunctive conjunction between birds and beasts, between reptiles and fishes, whose characteristics it presents distinct yet combined. And Australia also presents a not less novel aspect to the landscape artist. Its beauties are not those of other lands; its very defects are unique, often singularly strange, and sometimes grotesque: "the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write." But when once the dweller in the wilderness, or the temporary sojourner in the lonely bush, becomes familiar with the unbroken solitudes of vast forests and interminable plains, he often becomes enamoured of the subtle charm which these things possess, the entire absence of all conventional bondage, and the contemplation of free horizons. "Whispered to by the myriad tongues of the wilderness, he learns the language of the barren and uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphics of haggard gum-trees blown into odd shapes, distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the Bush interprets itself, and the poet of our desolation begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand better than all the bountiful richness of Egypt."



A HOME IN THE BUSH.

The landscape scenery of Australia must, of course, always be regarded with reference to its geological era. Its hills are the oldest in the world, its rocks the relics of more elevated regions belonging to the Silurian epoch; and their modelling and sculpture, effected by the denudating agents ever at work, have



WENTWORTH FALLS.

been mainly determined by the nature of the materials of which they are composed.

From almost any elevated point about Sydney or its lovely harbour, a dim line of blue haze—the characteristic cobalt blue of mountains only seen in Australia—may be descried running almost parallel to the coast, at a distance varying from fifty to a hundred miles. This deep haze veils the outlines of the Blue Mountains, or Great Dividing Range, long considered by the early colonists the boundary of all possible advance. What might lie beyond those blue-tinted ranges was a dream they long failed to realise, until at length the rampart was stormed by three intrepid spirits after great hardships, and the rich pastures of the Bathurst plains and the whole of the vast western country opened out. A winding mountain road, then formed, preserved some lingering tinge of romance associated with crossing the Blue Mountains until recent years, when the completion of a single line of zigzag railway across and beyond as far as Bourke made this mountain retreat readily accessible.

When at Christmastide the hot days come and the midsummer sun is pitiless, when the slenderly-

clad Fauns and Cupids and Venuses in the sculpture gallery and public gardens become objects of envy, and Sydney a Sahara, then the tired mind thinks of the Blue Mountains, as of old the wearied publicist turned to thoughts of murmuring stream or Sabian farm.

The way from Sydney lies straight across the wide Emu Plains, and after crossing the Nepean river, the hills rise abruptly, and the ascent at once commences. As your iron Pegasus zigzags up the near spurs, picking his way from point to point, from rise to rise, the retrospective views become very fine. First the silvery thread of the river Nepean running almost at the base of the escarpment, its banks fringed with bulrushes and white "she-oaks;" away and beyond, across the plains, stand the orange-groves of Paramatta, an antique among colonial towns, the whole prospect bounded by a glimpse of the distant sea—the beautiful South Pacific Ocean.

Short, straight runs, a quick right-about-face—fresh vistas and openings new—*da capo* and *da capo*—quickly lift the traveller to the heights, *en face* with the battlemented cliffs, steep escarpments, and huge ramparts, which, in the light of the setting sun, perfectly illustrate the Laureate's line:—

"A looming bastion fringed with fire;"

while far below are seen fosse and trench too deep for the bravest storming column. You thread the congeries of wooded heights overlooking deep ravines and dark gorges which may be bottomless. Wild-flowers abound, among them that queen of wild-flowers, the regal Waratah, with its beautiful crimson petals, and you thus realise how beautiful are the Australian wild-flowers. And you look down upon the tops of countless gum-trees crowned with young transparent leaves of tender rose-colour, which look like wild-flowers but are not. The narrow single line of roadway winds a serpent coil along the face of some of the precipices, doubling on itself like that glittering reptile; nothing stops it—the rugged pathway widens out, the sandstone rock opens and lets it in, while beyond, tier upon tier, stand the shadowy mountains wrapped in a blue haze that is profound.

If the holiday-seeker be a lover of nature in the deeper sense, he may find some shelter away from the hotels that are springing up along the route—say in the beautiful Valley of Clwydd, or the idyllic Hartley Valley in the very heart of the mountains; and settling down for awhile, make acquaintance at the same time with the people who occupy the little mountain farms they have wrested from the wilderness (p. 116), and the collie dogs whose progenitors came from the land of the heather and the flood, and the flaxen-haired children with strangely familiar names. The people are very scattered in such eyries, and care little about the world beyond. They were not greatly excited about the doings of the Mahdi; the old Biblical narratives, and Joseph's brethren going down into Egypt to buy corn, interest them more than any Nile Expedition of their own day. The manhood of the district is away on the reclaimed land all day, and the dogs and the children represent an antipodean Arcadia. There, if he has not lost the capacity of enjoying the simple dues of fellowship amongst "nature's unambitious underwood and rustic flowers that prosper in the shade," he may spend many long summer days and silent nights beneath the vast ebon dome and lily stars, and become in a new and unexpected way acquainted with himself. One feels at such a time and in such a place as though held in suspension between two worlds. All things talk thoughts to him, and the mysteries of woods and streams are laid bare. He has what the old Greek sought as necessary to his intellectual life—a home open to the full influences of the presence of the mountains and the sea, the forests, and the sky and clouds—a home wherefrom all these things can be held in view, through trellised over-hanging galleries, or loggia-like verandas, common in Australia: a dash of sunshine here, a sweep of sea-breeze or glimpse of the distant hills there.

Mounts Victoria and Blackheath are the points from which the most striking *coup d'œil* of the Blue Mountains may be obtained. Govett's Leap, the Katoomba Falls, and the Wentworth Falls (p. 117) are the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Blue Mountain gallery. Govett's Leap is unique as a spectacle. One can approach to the very edge of the perpendicular wall of cliffs overlooking the great valley below, and vainly try to take in the whole scene at a glance. It is like overlooking a vast drowned continent from which the waters have receded, and a thick forest sprung up far down in the abyss scooped out below, walled in by mural precipices absolutely vertical; or like some ancient battle-field of the Titans over which Time, the all-healer, has spread a green mantle, covering the blood-stained field and its perished legions, while through the umbrageous canopy here and there crop up the scarred ruins of lofty perpendicular bastions, bare Cyclopean walls of sandstone amidst the sea of greenery; stormed silent ramparts, and huge gaping fissures left by nature's dread artillery, the dense forest growing thicker and deeper as if seeking to hide for ever the grim record buried in its vast solemn gorges and dark ravines. And these immense valleys, out of which rise headlands of bold cliffs like rocks amidst deep waters, spread right away in the shadowy distance to where the western spurs dip to plains of dim perpetual blue. Some of Doré's ideal illustrations are singularly like the scenery of the Blue Mountains. There is something weird-like in

its character, leaving the impress of a feeling decidedly "uncanny."

There are two falls at Govett's Leap which precipitate themselves noiselessly into the mighty chasm. Like the Staubbach, they do not fall far before they become neither water nor mist, but a delicate veil of gossamer texture, through which the wet rocks glisten in the sun. The Katoomba Falls are of the same character.

The balsamic odour of the eucalypti permeates the air around, and their sombre colour is relieved by the presence of the scarlet flower of the native bottle-brush, the crimson hybiscus, and here and there the silky oak shows its blossoms of tawny gold. The leaves of the young blue gum—both sides alike—seem bluer here than elsewhere, and the bloom is as delicate as that of an English peach, and just as easily effaced by the gentlest touch. The temperature at this elevation is delightful, and the hot dust of the plains becomes a memory. The ranges supply inexhaustible excursions, full of sylvan paths, renewed health, and quiet breathing.

So pass the summer days in this Valley of Avalon. A cloudless sky, soft Australian nights, and ever the distant mountain chain! For every distance there is a different kind of beauty—as you approach or recede it changes, and gives place to something new and strange—and it is the far-away kind of beauty that here prevails. A chromatic sequence of undulating lines in harmonious modulation—symphonies in blue and arrangements in purple.

Near the Hartley Valley is Mount Piddington, one of the highest points in the Blue Mountains, commanding a view of the whole country. Standing thereon, one is led to believe that it is not without design that Australia has been reserved for a period so far in the world's history—that all this vast Australian land is one of nature's great reserves awaiting the fulness of time. Waiting until the fitting moment when, all barriers swept away, the overflow from the Old World becomes irresistible. Try and picture these lonely hills during, not the æons of geologic time, subject to the never-ceasing operation of "the mill that grinds so slowly," but during only the six thousand years whereof some record remains to us. Old Egypt and its multitudinous people, Assyria, and the Chaldæan seers mapping out the stars in their courses; Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, the Gothic period, the Revival, the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Georgian eras, are all included in that known span. Then came Cook's discovery of this summer land of silence, and the first trickling stream of civilised life percolating the land of the dawning, the gathering current yearly growing fuller and swifter, rising rapidly to the full tide of vigorous, emancipated virility. Through all the slow centuries past, the varying year clothed and reclothed these unknown hills and plains, the sap gathered within the bough, the dark funereal-coloured trees soughed and rustled in the lonely night wind, the trunks shed their bark and not their leaves, after their strange fashion—no falling leaves drop where there are none to mourn the dying year—no explorers burst into that silent sea of impenetrable thicket or solitary plains of thirst. Savage races, who do not build, and leave little more trace behind them than the Mastodon and other *sauria*—races which somehow seem ever destined to disappear when the white man comes—in the meanwhile roam the wilds; lightly come and lightly go! An unremembered Past broods like a presence amidst these dark ranges, lonely gorges, and wide sunlit plains. We look with pity at the bark "gunyah" of the blacks, and their "mia-mias" of gum-bushes to shelter them from the wind. They were but a stage in the slow growth of the history of man, and had their purpose,

> "And we are a stage too—not the end;
> Others will come our work to mend,
> And they too will wonder at our poor ways."

Any kind of country-life away from towns is termed "living in the bush." We prefer the unsophisticated dalesman of such districts as this to his city contemporary! Forest-fires, or bush-fires, as they are called, are the excitement of the settler's life. One day the Kanimbla Valley and the big fire that once raged there was spoken of. And on a cloudless sunny day we revisited the scene. The path led down a deep descent in the narrow ravine, and the red perpendicular cliffs above and the tall trees together spread a welcome protection from the sun. A slight breeze now and again rustles the tallest ones, which move softly and dreamily; but it quickly passes, and again all is sunshine and silence. Some tall solitary ones seemed to have grown aspiringly upwards towards the steep bastions frowning down upon the ravine, as though seeking to escape the imprisoned solitude of the sombre gorge, and then, having ceased to grow, stretch vain arms imploringly on high. Another mighty tree, struck down in some tempest, has fallen across in the most fantastic disorder.

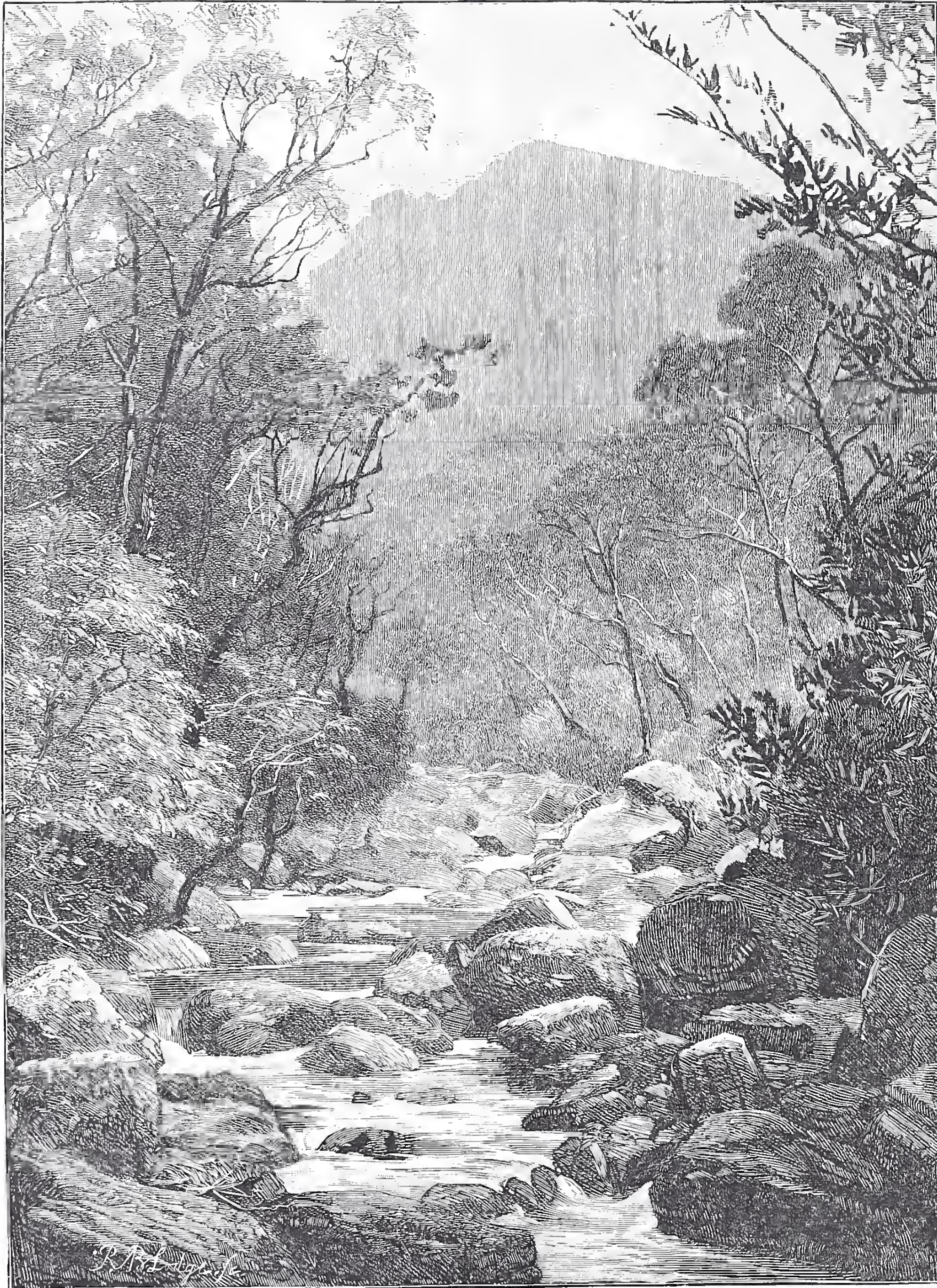
But we have reached the Kanimbla Valley! The path leads on beneath feathery woodlands and purple shadows, accompanied by a loud hum of insect life. With us goes the murmuring rivulet that fell from ledge to ledge above (p. 120); but there are no kelpies in it, and we miss the song of birds. Oh! to hear

> "The mellow ouzel once more sing!"

Flocks of Blue Mountain parrots flit from tree to tree, and green parrakeets abound, and the sulphur-

crested cockatoo, with his discordant screech, as well as gay Australian robins, and beautiful blue and yellow wrens.

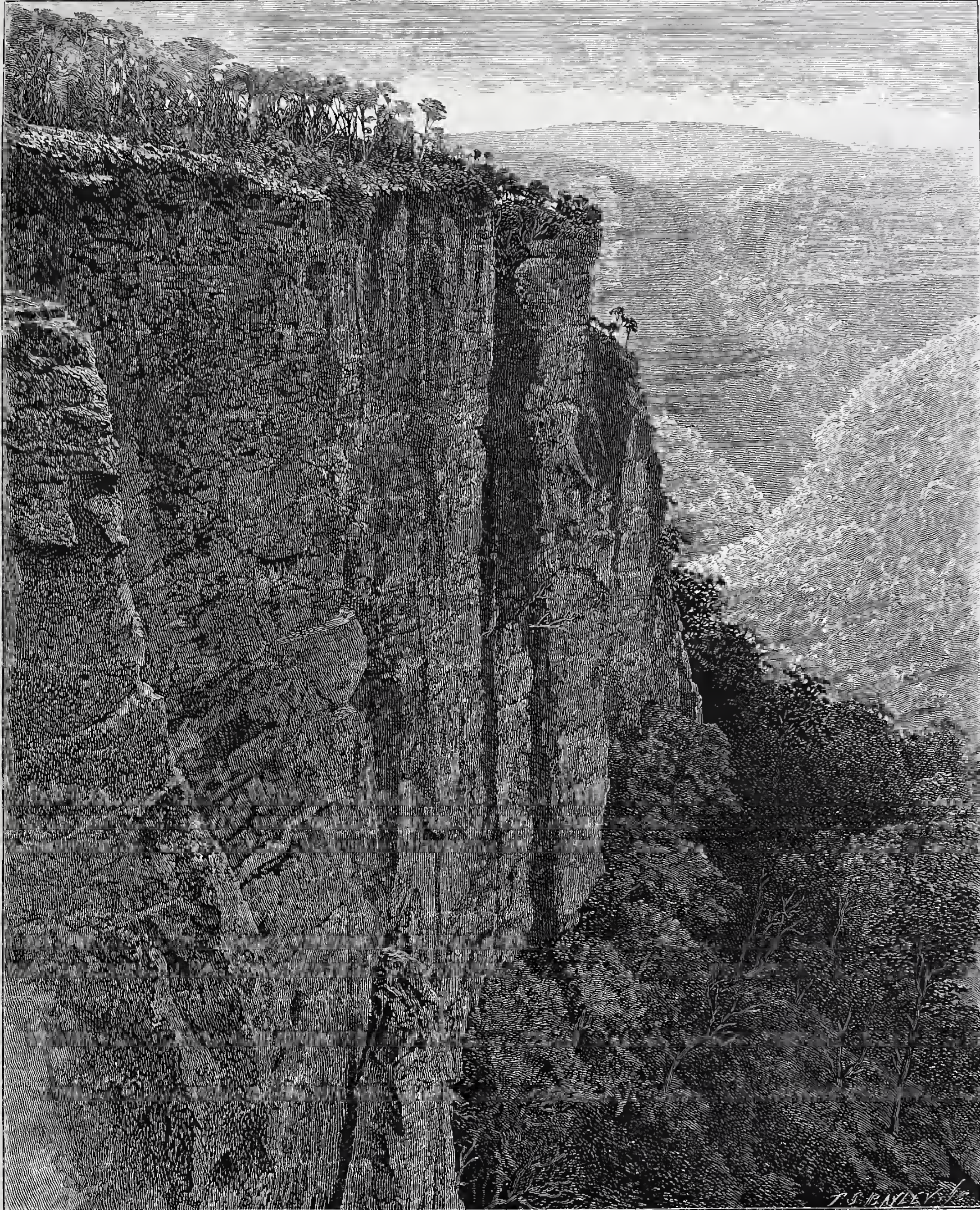
Then the great valley opens, and we are told how, their mad haste, charging right and left in sudden paroxysms of fiery energy, driving everything before them — wallaroos, fainting flocks of parrots, and "'wildered wild things"—then eddying round some



THE VALLEY OF THE GROSE.

on one fierce day of summer heat, as the blood-red sun sloped down the sky, flames burst forth, and then from bough to bough was borne the fiery terror, until over countless leagues rolled billows of surging, raging flames; flames rolling over each other in larger tree than others for a moment before 'whelming it, like a swift running sea, from sight. And then the swift evening wind joins company with the fire-king, and they make a night of it! The flames rage and roar, lashed into a fiery passion of

indescribable fury by the wind, till all is madness. The black darkness enhances the seething brilliance of the sea of fire; a thousand fiery tongues lick up every sapling and shrub, dashing against each

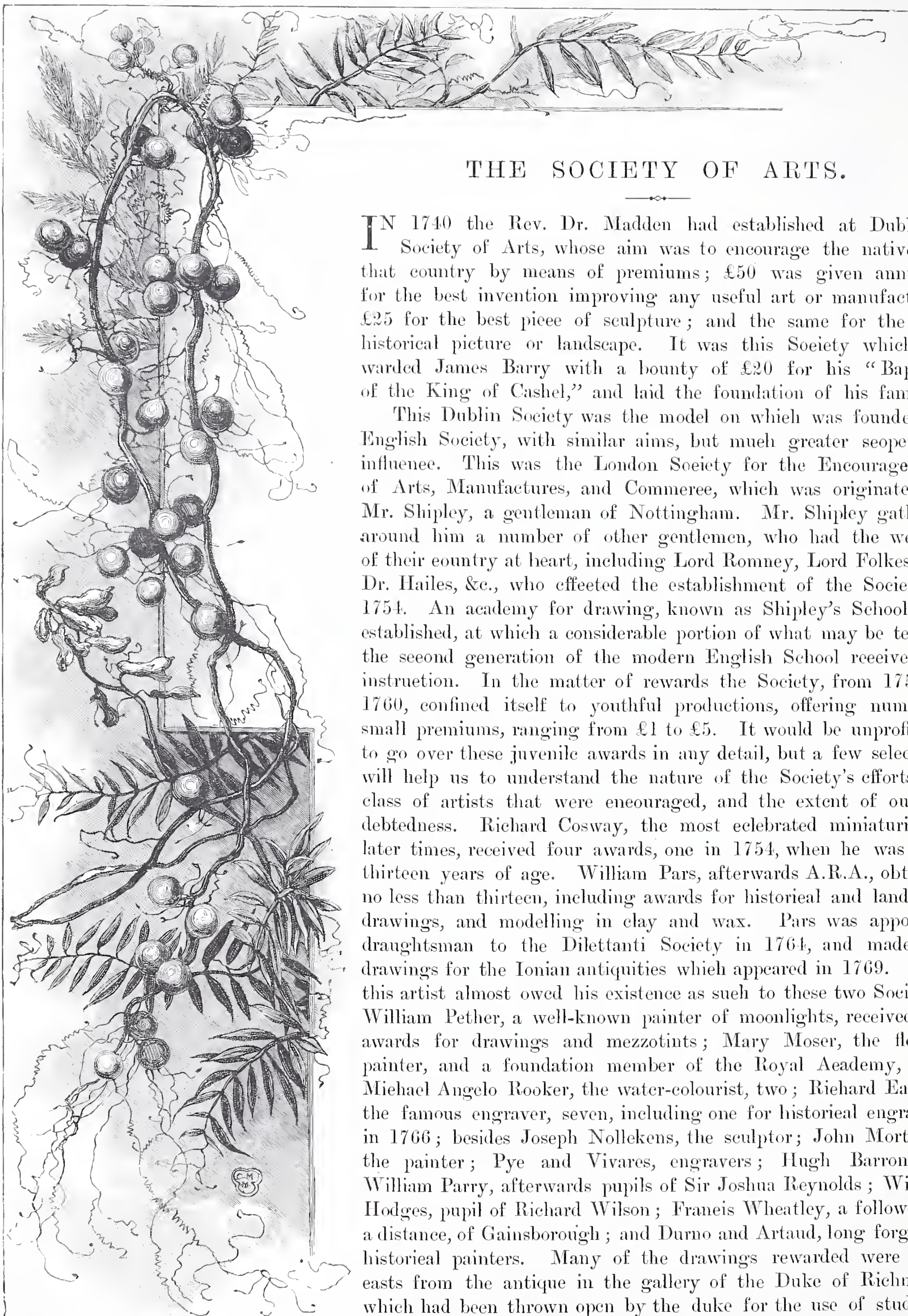


THE VICTORIA CLIFFS.

other in the demoniacal race; on, on they speed, tall trunks falling one after another, and as they fall scattering showers of sparks like rockets in the air until all seems a valley of fire. But such conflagrations are little heeded, unless, as in a recent one in Otway Forest, life is lost, and brave pioneers, who have made homes in the lonely bush, left destitute.

The afternoon wore on; the highest red bastion far above began to blaze a farewell to the dying day; it was dark before we regained the highlands, and there is no twilight in Australia. We are grateful for a note from the silver-voiced bell-bird, but what would we not give to hear at eventide, in these solitudes, "the nightingale to his brooding mate tell all his tale!"

STEPHEN THOMPSON.



THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

IN 1740 the Rev. Dr. Madden had established at Dublin a Society of Arts, whose aim was to encourage the natives of that country by means of premiums; £50 was given annually for the best invention improving any useful art or manufacture; £25 for the best piece of sculpture; and the same for the best historical picture or landscape. It was this Society which rewarded James Barry with a bounty of £20 for his "Baptism of the King of Cashel," and laid the foundation of his fame.

This Dublin Society was the model on which was founded an English Society, with similar aims, but much greater scope and influence. This was the London Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, which was originated by Mr. Shipley, a gentleman of Nottingham. Mr. Shipley gathered around him a number of other gentlemen, who had the welfare of their country at heart, including Lord Romney, Lord Folkestone, Dr. Hailes, &c., who effected the establishment of the Society in 1754. An academy for drawing, known as Shipley's School, was established, at which a considerable portion of what may be termed the second generation of the modern English School received its instruction. In the matter of rewards the Society, from 1754 to 1760, confined itself to youthful productions, offering numerous small premiums, ranging from £1 to £5. It would be unprofitable to go over these juvenile awards in any detail, but a few selections will help us to understand the nature of the Society's efforts, the class of artists that were encouraged, and the extent of our indebtedness. Richard Cosway, the most celebrated miniaturist of later times, received four awards, one in 1754, when he was only thirteen years of age. William Pars, afterwards A.R.A., obtained no less than thirteen, including awards for historical and landscape drawings, and modelling in clay and wax. Pars was appointed draughtsman to the Dilettanti Society in 1764, and made the drawings for the Ionian antiquities which appeared in 1769. Thus this artist almost owed his existence as such to these two Societies. William Pether, a well-known painter of moonlights, received five awards for drawings and mezzotints; Mary Moser, the flower-painter, and a foundation member of the Royal Academy, two; Michael Angelo Rooker, the water-colourist, two; Richard Earlom, the famous engraver, seven, including one for historical engraving in 1766; besides Joseph Nollekens, the sculptor; John Mortimer, the painter; Pye and Vivares, engravers; Hugh Barron and William Parry, afterwards pupils of Sir Joshua Reynolds; William Hodges, pupil of Richard Wilson; Francis Wheatley, a follower, at a distance, of Gainsborough; and Durno and Artaud, long forgotten historical painters. Many of the drawings rewarded were from casts from the antique in the gallery of the Duke of Richmond, which had been thrown open by the duke for the use of students, and was for some time under the direction of Cipriani.

In 1760 the Society, having increased in wealth and influence, started on a more ambitious line of patronage, and began to reward with substantial premiums matured artists who produced the best historical pictures and landscapes. This year Robert Edge Pine received the first premium of 100 guineas for "The Surrender of Calais," and "Mr. Casali" the second of 50 guineas. Pine gained another premium of 100 guineas in 1763 for "Canute and his Courtiers." But who was Mr. Casali who gained the second premium in 1760, two firsts in 1761 and 1762, and again another award in 1766? England was at this time a happy hunting-ground for the very dregs of Italian art, then at the nadir of its degradation. Numerous Italians, with old-masterish looking names (and sometimes a string of imposing titles), jostle one another in the earliest English catalogues. "Chevalier Andrea Casali" was one of them; that and his triumphs at the Society of Arts is all that is recorded of him by contemporary writers. In 1763, besides Pine, we find the names of John Mortimer, who gained the second premium, and George Romney, who received a bounty of £20. In the following year Mortimer achieved the first distinction for his picture of "St. Paul Preaching to the Romans." Romney received another premium in 1765.

In landscape-painting we find the names of George and John Smith in 1760, 1761, and again in 1763. These were two of the Smiths of Chichester—tame, conventional workers, who flourished and prospered at a time when Richard Wilson never knew for certain where his next dinner was to come from. One or two specimens of their work may be seen at South Kensington. In 1764 we find a much better painter, George Barrett, gaining the first premium—he was an Irishman, and had previously obtained awards from the Dublin Society; in 1767, Thomas Jones, a pupil of Wilson, who gained another in the following year; in 1769, Edmund Garvey, whose subsequent recognition by the Royal Academy is said to have disgusted Joseph Wright of Derby; and in 1771, James Lambert—not George Lambert, the founder of the Beef-Steak Club, a celebrated scene-painter, and an artist of high power, but "Lambert of Lewes," a mediocrity whose works have little or no artistic worth, but a distinct antiquarian value, and are well known to Sussex archæologists.

In 1764 the Society began to reward marine painters. Richard Wright, Francis Swaine, and John Clevely are among the names that appear, none of them of any note. The sculptors who obtained premiums are all of them well known. The name of Joseph Nollekens occurs six times; Thomas Banks, five; John Bacon, nine; Scheemakers, twice; and Flaxman, four times. In 1770 we find Thomas Bewick receiving a bounty of seven guineas for wood engravings.

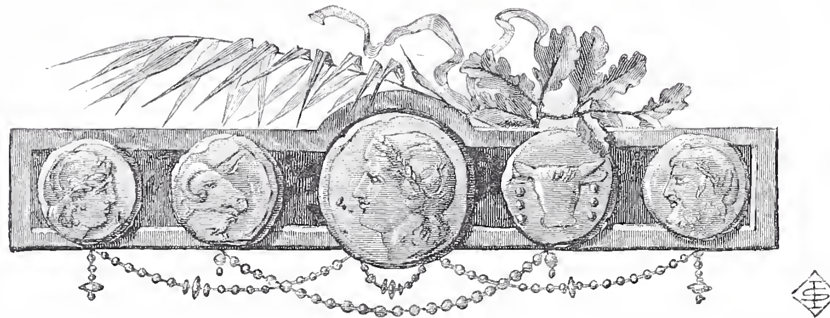
During this early period—1754 to 1776—the Society spent no less a sum than £8,325 5s. in assisting the Polite Arts, and we cannot but look back with gratitude on this association of private individuals, which did so much at a critical time, when artificial support was greatly needed, for the advancement of art among us. That they helped to develop the talents of those we have cited, in addition to a crowd of inferior workers, entitles them to our high consideration.

In 1760 the Society of Arts assisted at an experiment which was to have very great results in our art-history. The English artists determined to hold a public exhibition of their works, and applied to the Society of Arts, who agreed to lend them their large room in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, on condition that the exhibition should be free, which the Committee got over by charging sixpence for the catalogue. The result was entirely successful, but a majority of the artists had two complaints to make: first, there were too many visitors, patrons of art being crowded out and inconvenienced by the great numbers of "inferior persons" for whom the exhibition was "not intended;" second, that the successful competitions were more prominently placed and obtained greater attention than the works of established artists who had not entered for the premiums. The Society would not relinquish the principle of free exhibitions, so the following year saw two displays: a collection by sixty-five artists calling themselves "The Free Society" at Beaufort Buildings, and another by a much larger and more important body—the "Society of Artists of Great Britain"—at Spring Gardens. Thus it went on until 1769, when the Royal Academy, rising out of the dissensions of the latter body, opened its initial exhibition and gave the death-blow to both. The Free Society lingered until 1779, and the Society of Artists until 1791.

The English painters of this period made various efforts to be historical painters. In 1773 Reynolds, West, Angelica Kauffmann, Cipriani, Barry, and Dance offered to paint freely an historical picture each for the decoration of St. Paul's. Bishop Terrick absolutely opposed this—probably he thought it was popish—and the proposal fell through. On the whole, we need not regret his decision, wrong-headed as it undoubtedly was. In the following year the Society of Arts, remembering that they had already done much for English artists, and thinking to avail themselves of the generous spirit displayed in the above, proposed to the same artists, with four others added, viz., Wright of Derby, Mortimer, Romney, and Penny, that they should each paint a picture for the large room of their new building in the

Adelphi, their reward to be the profits arising from the exhibition during one year; but this the artists themselves rejected. Three years later Barry, being "anxious to show what little he could do," entered upon one of the most remarkable efforts in the whole range of British art. He offered to take the entire decoration upon himself, and to carry a frieze with life-size figures round the room, after the manner of the decoration of the Farnese and other galleries, illustrating human culture. Poor Barry! he was terribly earnest and enthusiastic, and as terribly impatient and ill-tempered. He made enemies on every side, but very few friends. Violent, defiant, and scornful, he earned for himself universal dislike, ending in his expulsion from the Academy. Yet his enthusiasm carried him through his self-imposed and gigantic task. It occupied him six years; his reward—some 300 guineas and a gold medal from the Society, and about £500 proceeds of the exhibition. He told Blake that while engaged on it his food was mainly bread and apples. This may be merely an energetic way of expressing his poverty, but it is certain that he began without funds and without friends, and was much distressed throughout its progress. When finished the performance was received with mixed applause and derision, the former largely predominating. The pictures are easy of access, in excellent preservation, and but little dimmed by time, so that every one can form his own judgment. It is difficult to restrain a smile at the spectacle of Cabot, Raleigh, Drake, and Dr. Burney swimming about among tritons, nereids, and odd fish of that sort, or on glancing over a panorama of almost every variety of costume the world has ever seen displayed on the plains of Elysium! But, after the smile has passed, the pictures still assert themselves. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the earnestness of the painter, or refuse recognition of the many fine renderings of Greek ideal form. His allegory is not pure; it is crowded with anachronisms, but his exalted purpose, his nobility of ideal, his devotion and patriotism, should save him from sarcasm. One cannot help feeling that in this subject Barry had overtasked not merely his own capability, but also the capacity of his art.

ALFRED BEAVER.



THE SAND-HARVEST.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY A. LEPÈRE.

M. LEPÈRE is as yet, in this country at least, unknown to fame, but his picture of the "Sand-harvest," or "La Récolte du Sable," is a successful work, and of interest for many reasons. Amongst others it is engraved by the artist himself, and should, therefore, be rendered more faithfully than by the hands of another. It is comparatively rare to find one man successfully pursuing two or more distinct branches of art. Not every one possesses the requisite versatility and diversity of talent; and even where these are found it is difficult to contend against the strong tendency towards specialisation which is so marked a characteristic of the present age. When competition is so keen, a man who has scored a success in any direction is naturally inclined to make the most of it, and prefers to walk in the familiar track than to venture into "fresh fields and pastures new." Often when the artist himself is of an adventurous spirit, he is prevented from essaying fresh conquests by the public, which persists in disregarding his efforts to extend his dominion and in calling for work similar in character to that with which it associates his name. To these influences are largely due the frequent repetitions of subject which enable us at first glance to attribute a certain picture to a particular man.

M. Lepère has chosen for his subject a picturesque scene in the life of the poor villagers of Ste. Adresse, near Havre, who win a precarious existence by collecting and selling the fine sand deposited by the retiring tide which is used in making mortar. As this can only be obtained at low tide, they are sometimes

THE SAND-HARVEST.

(Drawn and Engraved by A. Lepère.)

obliged to work by night as well as by day, and are not always, we may imagine, so fortunate as to enjoy the bright moonlight which illuminates M. Lepère's picture. It is hard work for the horses drawing their heavily-laden carts over the wet sand, but no long breathing-space can be allowed them, for the tide rises rapidly in this part of the coast. In the distance the lights of the village twinkle against the dark background of the hill as if to welcome the toilers to return and take their well-earned rest.

LUDWIG PASSINI.

A PAINTER OF MODERN VENETIAN LIFE.

ALTHOUGH his surname be Italian, M. Ludwig Passini is an Austrian subject. He was born in Vienna on the 9th of July, 1832. Both as painter and engraver, his father's talents obtained wide recognition in that city. And doubtless from the father came those first influences that directed the son to choose an artistic career. It was the habit of Passini *père* always to carry a sketch-book, which daily walks in town or country enabled him to embellish. Some object picturesque and fresh, a face, a figure, or perhaps the charming details of a landscape, noted and portrayed upon the spot, were constantly brought home as the best gain from such excursions, in which the boy joined. Deeper things, however, than mere lessons in speed and precision of draughtsmanship were learnt by young Passini when, in company with his father, he took these walks. He was then taught the significance of that supreme rule in art which commands painter and poet to draw their inspiration direct from Nature, to look at the core of things, to look searchingly and with the eyes of the soul. How well Passini profited by this teaching all his pictures prove.

But if he learnt these lessons, it was by chance; they were not imparted to him with intention. For his father wished him to become an architect. In Vienna architects throve, while painters went hungry. To be a rich *Oberbaurath* was surely better than to be a breadless Michelangelo. This conviction caused Passini *père* to place his son at a first-rate technical school where he should get a sound mathematical training. It was a mistake. The boy detested figures; he made advance in nothing but in drawing. He was an artist born: an artist he needs must be. And when Passini saw the futility of forcing his son to walk in a wrong road, he yielded and sent him to study at the Academy, under Führich.

Not long, however, could young Passini enjoy this great advantage. The year 1848 brought with it trouble and the calamities of war; the bayonet, not the brush, had to be handled then. Passini's father, dismayed by the general blight that had fallen upon art and commerce, moved, in 1850, with his family to Trieste. Coming thither, his son bravely started upon his artistic career, and then first knew the pleasures, hazards, and excitements of an independent life. A year's practice in painting portraits and scenery gave him at least greater skill and a firmer trust in his powers. Yet he must soon have felt that not in such an atmosphere could they ripen or expand. Trieste must have appeared to him a dry field for an artist who aimed high, or he would not so soon have left it, against his father's wish, for the loveliest of all lovely cities, Venice. What a great moment in his life must this have been! Walking alone, wide-eyed, through silent church and palace, face to face with those radiant treasures on their walls, may not the boy of nineteen have aspired to join the glorious company of Venetian painters, those mighty ones who have made eternal day for Venice, to keep touch with them, not as disciple, but as colleague?

In our estimate of Passini we should attach importance to this visit to Venice, and to the time when it occurred. For myself, I like to think that Venice made him what he is. I like to think that she put his spirit into action, that she drew out, directed his powers. At all events, in a very critical period of his life, the young painter could have had no finer nor more potent stimulus than by being placed amid the lights and colours of Venice, and near her playful, friendly, naïve people. Work in the studio of a fellow-countryman kept him at first constantly employed. Werner just then was doing much profitable hackwork—painting florid views of Venice for the dealers, or even for the shop windows, to catch *forestieri*. He soon saw Passini's talent, and commissioned him to put figures into these scenes. They worked together for awhile with fair success; and this employment first led Passini to watch and study Venetian folk. Now he could very closely

remark picturesque types and detect what was charming, characteristic, and significant in the people's life his permanent home. Of that time the greater portion was spent in Rome in the production of several

AT MASS.

(Painted by Ludwig Passini.)

and ways. Werner took him thence to Dalmatia, where they met Karl Haag, from whose influence Passini drew great profit. In 1855 he left Werner and went to Rome, finding there not only friends but fortune. No doubt he had his full share of checks and disappointments in his combat to come out from the crowd and get a footing upon the golden path to success. An artist's life in its beginning has always more cloud than sunlight in it; and surely Passini's time of early endeavour cannot have been without gloom. That can scarcely have been a red-letter day for him when some smart American put his nose round the studio-door and made this query: "Oil-colour or water-colour?" "Water-colour." "Oh! good-morning!" And the visitor vanished.

But before many years were over, Passini obtained fortune and a place among notable painters in Rome. The picture of "Boys Playing Poggi" achieved great success in 1863, and in that same year the artist made the acquaintance of the lady who afterwards became his wife, Mlle. Warschauer, the daughter of a wealthy Berlin banker. This marriage brought him to the Prussian capital and into contact with many distinguished men there; with Liszt among others. The great pianist became his friend; and to him Passini may partly owe his highly cultivated taste in music. Nine years elapsed before he made Venice remarkable pictures, mostly of Roman clerical life. These all showed the artist's singular faculty for individualisation, for giving to each face on his canvas a character of its own, for making his work charm by its truthfulness, humour, *naïveté*. Now the subject would be some naughty young novice arraigned before his stern abbot for the awful crime of having lit a cigar in the sacristy; or, again, the painter exhibited portly prelates sitting in their cathedral stalls, wrapped in a mist of incense; or boys on the rack before their grim ghostly adviser, whose question in Bible history not the cleverest of them all could answer. With such scenes Passini steadily increased his reputation as a fine *genre* painter. One of his larger pictures, when exhibited in Paris, obtained the *grande medaille d'or*, while another won for him a like distinction in Berlin.

Before he grew weary of Rome, and before deciding to settle in peaceful Venice, he had made brief visits to the City on the Lagoons; and there, in 1871, he produced his masterpiece, the "Tasso-Reader" (p. 131). Twenty years previously, when once at Chioggia with Werner and others, this scene had stamped itself upon his memory, and he had longed to paint it. Now the opportunity had arrived. Learning from a brother artist that the reader he remembered having seen at Chioggia had not yet become a figure in history, but still entertained fisher-folk there

THE PROCESSION OF THE HOST.

(Painted by Ludwig Passini.)

with daily outdoor lectures from Italian poets, Passini hastily started for the island, and took lodging at a carpenter's, just opposite the scene which he rapidly transferred to his canvas. Each day, unobserved at first, he watched and worked with feverish zeal. The good-humoured *popolani* were won over by his own singular charm and kindness of manner to do their part in making his picture a success by willingly remaining stationary, as if under a photographer's lens. And thus it has something of almost photographic accuracy and realism. Every detail of the scene is closely reproduced. All Chioggian types are here: types of youth and age; the athletic young fisherman, with jacket hung, hussar-fashion, on his shoulder, wooden clogs, and coarse brown socks pulled over his trousers; the grey-beards in their red caps; even a restless baby, reduced to silence by the melodies in this reader's rough-edged volume. He declaims well, and has now reached a glorious passage. Not a few of his listeners know by heart the lines he is reading—the tale of Erminia among the shepherds, of Armida's palace, of Clorinda's death; they have sung them to a strange, plaintive melody years ago, while waiting on the lagoons in moonlight for wind to fill their sails. What a revelation we get here of a people's life! what an evidence of its culture, of its intelligence, of its innate sensibility for the finer pleasures is afforded by this group of bronzed seafarers, eagerly listening to poetry in their humble market, fanned by Adriatic breezes and lulled by the surge of breakers! The picture contains all the poetry of Venetian popular life. Nor is it a disparagement of England to say that such a poem could never be suggested by Billingsgate or by Yarmouth. Who there would suffer any enthusiast to read passages aloud from "Hamlet" or from the "Faëry Queene"? Perhaps General Booth, or a sub-lieutenant in the Skeleton Army, might more readily be heard. The Chioggian reader and General Booth are each of them ministrants to popular emotion, but with very different instruments they touch their public and achieve their effects.

Settled at last in the city of his heart, for not Rome or Berlin could ever satisfy him after Venice, Passini continued to produce truthful and vivid studies of Venetian folk life. He set the example that has since been so successfully followed by others. His remarkable faculty for the arrangement and the individualisation of his figures which was evident in the "Tasso-Reader" is again discernible in such pictures as those engraved on pages 128 and 129, "At Mass" and the "Procession of the Host." The last-named shows the interior of the Frari church, where a priest is leaving the sacristy to take the holy wafer to some dying person. It was painted for a certain exalted personage, whose critical eye was hurt by the figure on the left. The old woman's face is there turned from the spectator; and the exalted personage wished to see it. But Passini could not alter this, even though the suggestion came from so distinguished a quarter; and after a final ineffectual attempt on the part of the exalted personage to secure it, notwithstanding its one offending figure, the picture passed into a dealer's hands.

Of the smaller outdoor scenes which Passini has hitherto painted none can surpass his admirable "Zucca-Seller," an engraving of which is given on page 132. It is a very delicate piece of *genre* work. Who that has ever watched life in any *rio* of Venice does not remember just such an old fruit merchant as this one who is bargaining from his boat, full of gourds, with a group of garrulous women?

Passini is an indefatigable worker. None of that Epicurean languor of spirit which Venice begets and fosters can ever touch him. Hindered at times by ill-health, he spends all the bright days of winter and spring in his large studio at the Palazzo Vendramin. I have delightful memories of my visit to him there, when he showed me some of his numerous studies for another picture that will surely be as successful as "Die Neugierige," which at the Berlin Exhibition recently found such signal favour. Nor can I forget one childish face that I saw upon his easel, a hasty sketch, done for a friend's album, of a little girl, into whose eyes the artist had infused some of the glory of Venetian sunlight. And the remembrance is for ever mine of pleasant talk with him in a cool, green garden near his home upon the Grand Canal.

Brightness will return with the New Year to Venice, for the dark cloud that covered her has passed; and the bells that break into music on St. Mark's Day will announce the opening of her Art festival which cannot fail to make the city gay. This exhibition is to receive the contributions of national artists only, but an exception to the rule has been made in favour of those foreign painters of note who reside in Venice. This will enable Passini to enrich the collection by some fresh proof of his genius. Were it not that he uses water-colour, Englishmen might probably be as familiar with his work as they are with the vivid Venetian scenes of Van Haanen and of Henry Woods. It is Englishmen alone who are the losers. Passini cares little for favour with the crowd; nor is he ever likely to believe that immortality for the artist hangs from a nail in the walls of Burlington House. Austria, at any rate, is proud to number him with her most famous artists, while, among European painters of *genre*, his position is certainly with the first.

Space just permits me to close with a comparison. It is clear that the serious art-critic delights in comparisons. One lately told the ingenuous that "beauty was in some way like jam." Though I am far from

A TASSO-READER.

(Painted by Ludwig Passini.)

aspiring to the halo of sweetness and light that crowns any serious art-critic, I want my simile nevertheless. And though comparisons are odious, perhaps Passini will not resent it if I liken him to a forerunner, to Carpaccio. Diversity of methods, if you will; but the same spirit. Both are examples of spirits finely touched to fine issues. Carpaccio worked in oil; Passini uses water-colour. Carpaccio dealt with fantastic legends, with dragons and basilisks, with whatever he felt inclined to treat in his own quaint, individual fashion. And Passini portrays calm scenes of Venetian popular life which reveal the manners and customs of an irresistibly charming race. But in all Carpaccio's work you feel the man; his friendship for humanity, his joy in his work, the resolve to make his own bright, kindly spirit influence all. There Passini resembles him—in spirit, in his perception of what should be seized and shown if a picture is to move human sympathy. Only to the best painters and poets is given this power to look deep, and to rouse in us by one magical touch fresh pity and goodwill for mankind. Kindliness and a certain radiant sincerity mark the manner of Carpaccio. These qualities may with equal truth be attributed to Ludwig Passini, for they are eminent in his work. And those who have the privilege of his friendship will know that they are equally eminent in the man.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

A ZUCCA-SELLER.

(Painted by Ludwig Passini.)

FORCED CONTRIBUTIONS.

PAINTED BY ADOLPH MENZEL.

OUR frontispiece this month is an etching by Ch. Courtry of one of the latest productions of the great German artist, Adolph Menzel, whose work is not so well known in England as it should be, although we have already been able to present to our readers some specimens from his *magnum opus*, the illustrations to the works of Frederick the Great, with whom his name will be always associated. Although at the time he painted "Forced Contributions," the artist was in his seventieth year (having been born at Breslau on the 8th of December, 1815), there is no falling off noticeable in the dramatic power of his composition and the individuality and reality which he imparts to all his figures. The

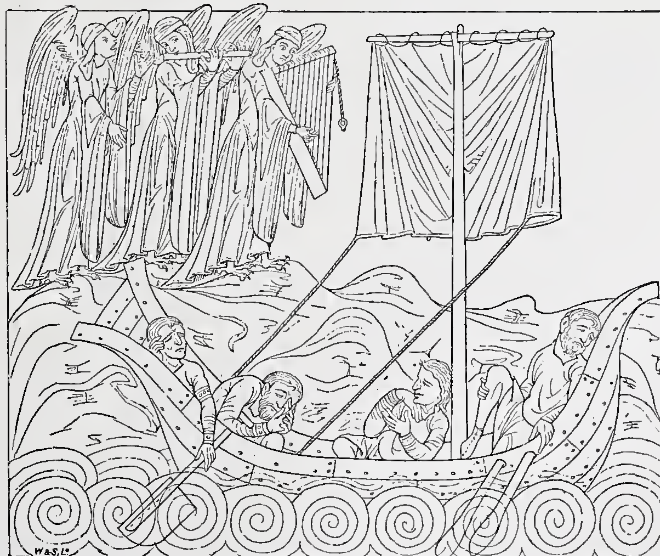
incident represented is one that was common enough one or two centuries ago in time of war. A peaceable household is suddenly broken into by a captain at the head of his company, who comes to demand "the sinews of war," while his followers call unceremoniously for wine and whatever else they want. The contrast is very striking between the pained expression on the face of the merchant at parting with his gold, and the easy attitude of the soldier as he stands looking at one of the coins he has picked up from the heap on the table in front of him before sweeping it all into his pouch.

THE MYTH OF ODYSSEUS AND THE SIRENS.

OT the least disastrous among the calamities of the Franco-Prussian War was the burning of the Library of Strasbourg, and perhaps the choicest treasure there destroyed was the famous "Hortus Deliciarum" of the Abbess Herrad de Landsperg. Not only was this priceless MS. itself burnt, but the only complete copy of it perished in the same flames. The Society for the Preservation of the Historical Monuments of Alsace is busy collecting all the scattered reproductions of individual plates that exist, but it can never hope to complete the series. Splendid and exact coloured copies of a few of the full-page miniatures were made by M. de Bastard for his projected "Recueil de Peintures et Ornements des Manuscrits." The book was never published, and the original drawings now lie in the Bibliothèque Nationale. A series of these have been published in the *Gazette Archéologique*, and three of them form the subject of the present paper.

Naturally it is not with a view to the discussion of the art of the Middle Ages that I have chosen the miniatures of Herrad; the curious on this point must examine — all that is left — the coloured reproductions in Paris. Each of our small woodcuts represents a full-page miniature about a foot and a half in length. My object is rather to tell the curious story of the art-form of the Sirens in the ancient and partly in mediæval times. Herrad's Sirens are the last survivors of a long artistic ancestry. From first to last in classical art the Sirens are not fish-women, but bird-women; not mermaids, but harpies. In mediæval times custom fluctuates; the siren is sometimes half bird, sometimes half fish; in modern times the fish-woman has obtained. With the modern mermaid, lovely though she is, we have nothing to do; we leave her on her northern rocks to comb her golden hair.

Herrad's book seems to have been a sort of encyclopædic *précis* of Christian faith and experience. It began with the history of the Jewish people, and, following the Bible order, went through the history of Christ and the Apostles, everywhere mingling sacred tradition with profane legend, the whole interspersed with abundant mystical comment. The Siren legend is introduced in somewhat quaint connection to emphasise the backsliding of Solomon thus: — 283, "The Daughters of Jerusalem before Solomon;" 284, "Solomon Looking on at a Performance of Marionettes;" 285, "The Wheel of Fortune;" 286, "The Ladder of the Virtues." Then follow our three Siren pictures. In the first (I.) the three Sirens — the number three, in place of Homer's two, has somehow become canonical — stand on a rock. One sings, another plays the flute, the third the lyre. Below them passes the bark with the enchanted mariners. One in the prow has fallen asleep in an odd, realistic pose, clasping his knee. The water below is indicated in the old,



I.—THE SINGING OF THE SIRENS.

(From the MS. of Herrad.)

conventional, classical way. In the next picture (II.) vengeance has overtaken the transgressors. The three horrid sisters have ceased to sing their baleful song;

II.—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MARINERS.

(*From the MS. of Herrad.*)

they fall upon the mariners and drag them to the shore of death. In the third picture (III.) comes the triumph of the Christian soldier. His ears are stopped; he is bound to the mast; he may pass secure, and more than secure, for his holy crew drag down the wicked Sirens by the hair, and they perish miserably. The Sirens are the pleasures of the world; the bark is the Church; the mast is the Cross, bound to which the Christian in full armour may safely, if somewhat incongruously, navigate the world. Herrad leaves us the moral: "Salomon et rota fortunæ et scala et Syrenæ admonent nos de contemptu mundi et amore Christi." Among much childish symbolism and elaborate trifling, this old-world story would not miss its mark. Some of the nuns had passed the Sirens, and the music of their voices had left only a memory to ache for ever in the silence of their lives; and some were young, and wondered, perhaps, what the strange music was that they had fled unheard; and all, we may hope, turned for strength and comfort to the next page (No. 290), whereon Herrad had emblazoned the banqueting-house whither Christ led the Church.

But my object is not the pathos of this wonderful MS., but the art-form of the Sirens. The *locus classicus* for mediæval use is the description of the Sirens in the Fourteenth Century Bestiary, often quoted, but which I must cite once more:—

> "De la Sereine vus dirom
> Que mult ad estrange façon
> De la centure en amont
> Est la plus bele rien del mond
> En guise de fame est formée
> L'alhe partie est figurée
> Come peisson u com oisel."

As late, then, as the Fourteenth Century the classical tradition of the bird-woman Siren persisted side by side with the novel fish-woman. Herrad preferred the older form. Though their heavy drapery gives them at first the appearance of wicked nuns, her Sirens are essentially woman-faced birds. They have wings and bird-feet, though their hands are human, probably to facilitate their playing on the flute and lyre.

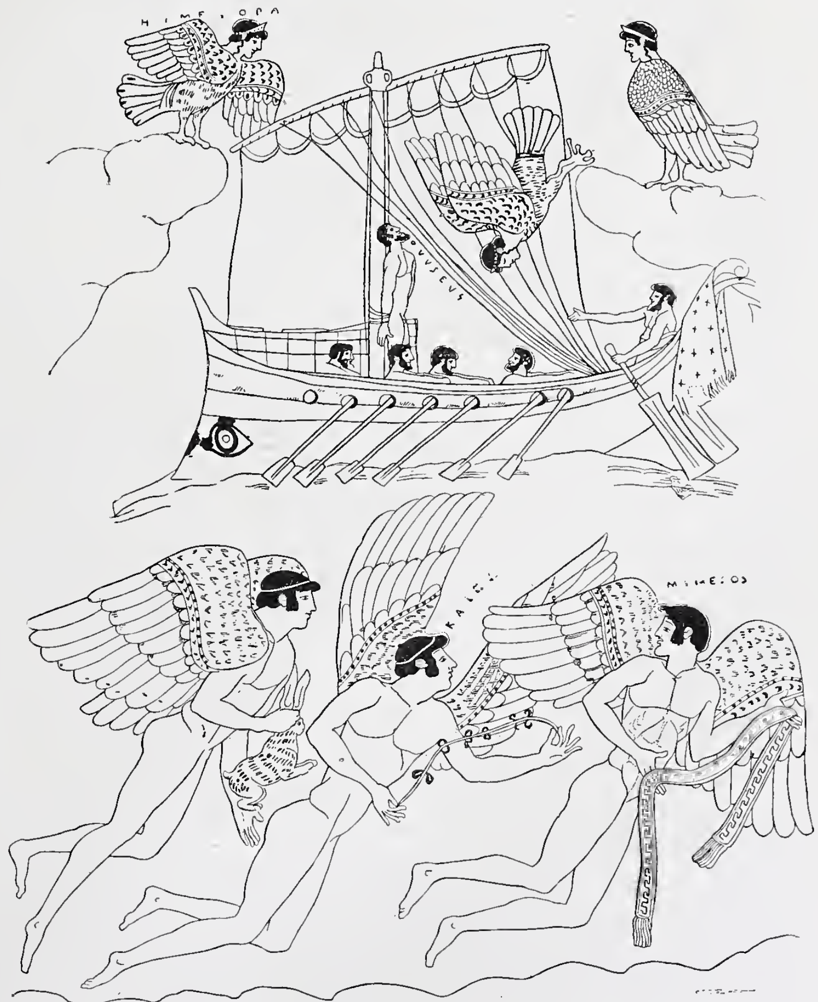
I want to go back and trace this odd bird-woman form as nearly as may be to its origin. The classical monuments representing the passing of the Sirens are, unfortunately, very few; no sculptor or painter of any note has, so far as we know, attempted this subject. If we except Etruscan ash-chests, we are left with a few gems and terra-cotta reliefs, all of indifferent workmanship. To these we may add one vase of the fine red-figured period, now in the British Museum. The shape is the sort of amphora usually known as stamnos, a shape which has left us some of the finest red-figured drawing extant. It dates about the middle or end of the Fifth Century B.C. We have taken a long leap backwards in time, but the conception of the Siren's form is substantially the same—the bird-woman—only she is almost wholly bird, with nothing human but the face. The vase has often been published in classical dictionaries and the like, but by the publication of the obverse only it has been shorn of its simple and obvious meaning. On the reverse (IV.) three youthful love-gods fly across the sea, indicated by a curved, waving line. The Sirens of Herrad stood for the manifold temptations of the world; the Sirens of the vase-painter

III.—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SIRENS.

(*From the MS. of Herrad.*)

of the Fifth Century B.C. stood for a peril less complex—the enchantment of love. Over one love-god is written "HIMEROS," and over one Siren his counterpart her name stands, "HIMEROPA." In the Fourth Century the analysis of love into its constituents of longing, desire, regret, and the like, was popular in art and in literature. Here we have no right to assume that the love-gods represent three different phases; rather they correspond to the triple Sirens, and by the name HIMEROS, given to one, the fatal *attraction* of all is emphasised. The gist of both obverse and reverse is just the thought of the great love chorus of Sophocles, so nearly contemporary—a thought trite enough now, but wonderful to the first man who passed from feeling to reflection—Love unconquered in fight; Love who wrests the hearts of upright men to harm; Love, above all things in this myth of the Sirens, "whose way is on the sea" (ὑπερπόντιος). If our mind is full of Roman trivialities, or even with the conceits of Alexandrian days, if we think of the Greek god Eros as a mischievous urchin with bow and arrows, we could by no better means correct our perverted taste than by looking long at these grave and decorous youths in their stately flight: regarded as a mere bit of drawing, we could scarcely find a pleasanter balance of composition. The last youth carries a hare, the familiar love-gift of the Greeks.

Though we have gone back over fifteen centuries, we seem no nearer the solution of our difficulty—the bird-woman form. The answer will, I think, be found in a vase-painting (V.) of a little earlier date, figured on the next page, from a cylix in the Louvre. The vase has its own interest. It is signed with the potter's name, Nikosthenes, which appears somewhat dimly in our reproduction. Of the work of Nikosthenes, one of the most popular and most distinctly mannered of the potters of antiquity, we possess seventy specimens; our vase is among the finest. It is not, however, with its place in the history of art that we have to do; rather with its close and curious analogy to the stamnos just discussed. The ship, with its crew, is there, and the bird-woman perched above. The design was long interpreted as representing Odysseus passing the Sirens. Closer attention shows, however, that the artist had no such meaning. There are two ships; the principal sailor (hitherto, presumably, Odysseus) is not bound to the mast; and last and most important of all, the bird-woman is purely *decorative*. She is perched on a scroll forming no integral part of the picture. The design, in fact, represents two racing galleys, and they have no manner of connection with the bird-woman. Perched on a spiral post, as here, she occurs on countless vases, simply to fill vacant space; her accidental juxtaposition to the ships suggested the Odysseus interpretation. Further—and here comes the point of my argument—some such accidental juxtaposition of decorative bird-woman and galleys, whether racing or not, in all probability suggested the *art-form* of the myth of Odysseus and the Sirens, a form quaint enough to need some such naturalistic explanation. The influence of accidental decorative juxtaposition in the formation of traditional art-types is a subject as yet but little explored, and likely to be fruitful.

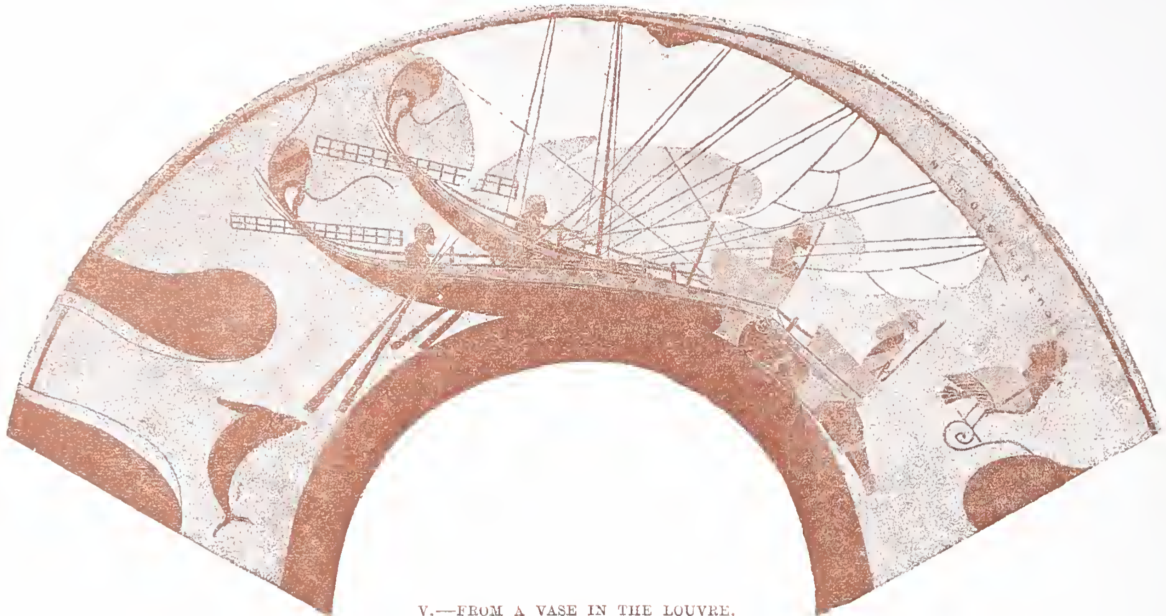


IV.—ODYSSEUS AND THE SIRENS—THREE LOVE-GODS.

(From a Vase in the British Museum.)

What the bird-woman ultimately symbolised we should have to follow her to Assyria and to Egypt to discover; our point is sufficiently made out if we conceive that she was adopted as the representation of Homer's Sirens through an accident in decoration. That Homer conceived of his Sirens as bird-women, he gives us no hint.

With the literary form of the myth of the Sirens I have here no concern, but it is impossible to leave a myth so beautiful without noticing its sad and swift degradation. To Herrad her Sirens were the embodiment of the vulgar enticements of the world; to the vase-painter of the Fifth Century they symbolised the purer, but still all too common, lure of love; while to Homer the subtler bait they offer is one that tempts only the elect. "Hither come, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achæans; here stay thy bark, that thou mayst listen to the voice of us twain. For none hath ever driven by this way in his black ship till he hath heard from our lips the voice, sweet as the honeycomb, and hath had joy thereof and gone on his way the wiser. For, lo! we know all things—all the travail that in wide Troyland the Argives and Trojans bare by the gods' designs; yea, *we know all* that shall hereafter be upon the fruitful earth."



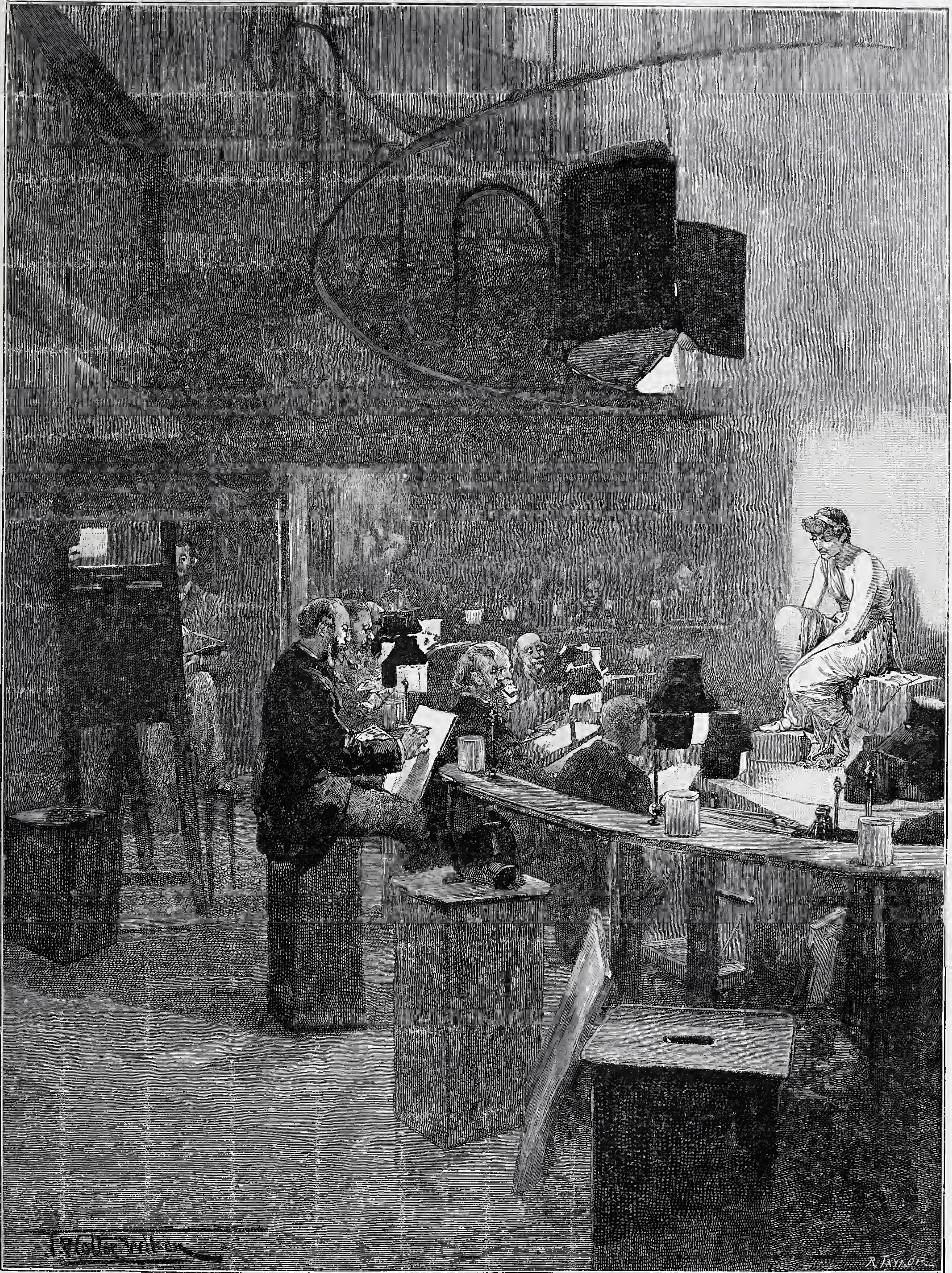
V.—FROM A VASE IN THE LOUVRE.

"So spake they, uttering a sweet voice, and my heart was fain to listen." JANE E. HARRISON.

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST-LIFE.

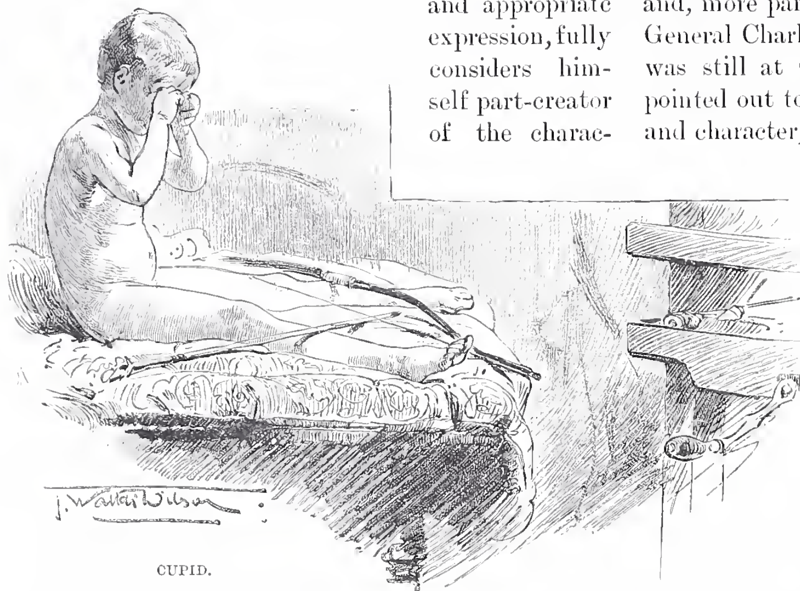
THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

THE artist's model, take him for all in all, is no aristocrat: he does not even claim to be a gentleman; yet if antiquity, attended by usefulness and fair dealing, can confer dignity upon a calling, his profession has a claim to respectability concurrent with the art of painting itself. His origin is lost in the misty recesses of a remote past; for when the oft-quoted Dibutades and his daughter first drew and modelled from the living figure nearly three thousand years ago, they were but re-inventing the expedients of a far earlier generation of Egyptians and Phœnicians. Ignorant of his long descent, his utmost pretension—akin to that of the organ-blower who congratulated the organist on the way in which *they* performed on the instrument—is exemplified by Mr. du Maurier's handy individual, who explained to his visitors, "I sit for the 'eds of all 'is 'oly men. I order his frames, stretch his canvases, wash his brushes, set his palette, and mix his colours. All *he's* got to do is just to *shove 'em on.*" Some models there are who, selected for the sake of their fine physique or for some accidental resemblance, have sat for many years for a certain set of characters—heroes of mythology, maybe, or modern geniuses—till they come to believe themselves more or less identified with the persons of the originals, and in some manner sharers in their fame.



THE MODEL AT WORK.

A well-known model, much esteemed for his Apollo-like form, makes no secret of his belief that he is the most perfect specimen of a man in England; while another, who has constantly sat for Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Pecksniff, Bill Sikes, and the like, with suitable action and appropriate expression, fully considers himself part-creator of the characters with Dickens. But these are the eccentrics of the class. The rest take a more matter-of-fact view of their trade: they follow it because it pays and is honest, and thank God from their hearts that they have it to follow.



CUPID.

Of models there are, broadly speaking, two kinds: the Regular and the Occasional—the latter being further divisible into the Professional and Amateur. In the last class, setting aside the ordinary portrait-sitter, are to be found those persons who possess qualities not often seen in the regular model, a rare beauty, or a singular expression or development. Thus many ladies of the Austrian Court, but a few years since, deemed it an honour to pose for Hans Makart's elongated nymphs and goddesses, just as at the present day well-grown young actors and society beauties aspire to a classic immortality through the sculptor's chisel, retiring in enforced modesty in Burlington House behind "1401. Adonis," and "1527. Hypatia." Then we have the "rustic beauty," whose sweet face and large, gentle eyes first fascinated our greatest living master, and are now for ever famous in her country's art; while in contrast to her—and what a contrast!—the noisy, pot-house, boon companions of Morland, who, for the price of a red herring and a gill of gin, would sit for his figures as long as he pleased, singing their vulgar songs the while and amusing the painter with their stories of dissipated life. Unintentional sitters perhaps hardly come within the category of models at all; but there are many facts of interest in connection with these unconscious aids to artists. Among them may be mentioned the prisoners charged with murder, whom, as they stood in the Newgate dock, Mulready would always sketch in support of a theory he entertained with respect to murderers and their deeds; and, more particularly, the fine old pensioner who, as General Charles Gordon informed the present writer, was still at Charterhouse in his boyhood, and was pointed out to him as the original, both in appearance and character, of Thackeray's immortal Colonel Newcome. Finally, among the amateurs is the poor artist himself, who, unable to afford the luxury of models for his great picture of "The Pompeian Games," paints, *nudatum corpus*, with the assistance of a strong imagination and a pier-glass.

The pathetic side of model-life is to be found in the class of the Occasional Professional. Here we meet with the beautiful girl who comes no one knows whence and, when her work is done, goes no one knows whither. She sits for the head or the figure, and conceals herself behind the cloak of anonymity, which is always treated with respect. The work done, the money earned which is to tide her over her distress, she is seen no more. On the other hand, there is the lady of the ballet, a Cockney as a rule, who talks grandly of "the perfeshun" (she has been posturing in the back row at the Royal Terpsichorean Music Hall for the past two months or thereabouts); calls an artist in oil a "pīnter," and in black-and-white, a "caricatoor." She remains in the studio for about the same period as she has adorned "the stige," and returns at last like a prodigal to her native scullery—if she can get a character.

The trade of the regular professional model is precarious at the best of times. Like so many others, he suffers indirectly from fashion in art as well as from the whim of the artist. Muscle may have "gone out," or his nose be too aquiline, or it may have been too often repeated in recent exhibitions. But when times are good he is a man to be envied. In the summer months, if he is fortunate enough to be chosen one of the nine Academy models, and can fill up his remaining hours with engagements, he may earn as much as £5 a week, or, taking a yearly average, £2 a week—terms which might well tempt the not-too "broken gentleman" from his cab-driving, and the cultured governess from her slavery. The working hours at the Academy life-class are four in the morning, with ten minutes rest after each hour, and two in the afternoon. Two shillings an hour are paid for the "head" in the daytime, and half-a-crown

for the "figure," and five shillings in the evening. At South Kensington the pay is also good, and like-

GENERAL UTILITY.

wise, though not to the same extent, at the Slade Schools and the Langham life-class. At the latter time-honoured institution, to which fuller reference will be made on a future occasion, the most esteemed models of the day have made their *début*. Male and female, draped and undraped, they sit on alternate weeks. Amongst the members who gather round in rows are men who have drawn and painted for half a century, and still paint on, as Etty did, from the life—always working, always learning. The scene here is strangely like that of the Academy life-school at Somerset House, as handed down to us by Rowlandson and Pugin; the size of the little theatre is the same, and all other arrangements correspond, save for modern improvements in the appliances. With the model the attitude to be assumed is a matter of considerable importance, for the pose is occasionally very painful to retain for any length of time, especially when the head is turned or the arms uplifted; and to move or to behave otherwise than as a well-conducted statue is to blast one's reputation as a sitter, however good one's figure or lovely one's proportions. Shifts are usually employed to help the model in difficult positions, and often display considerable ingenuity. Zoffany's celebrated picture of the Academy Life-School in 1770 shows how the model's uplifted arm was supported by a string from the ceiling, as it would be now; for instance, in Mr. Birch's "Last Call" (p. 140), the falling horseman is "hung in chains" suspended from the rafters in a position he could not otherwise assume. "The Headlong Fall of Lucifer" has ere now been painted with the model standing in a suitable attitude on a mirror, the necessary appearance of foreshortening being obtained from the reflection. "Young Bacchus" has been kept vivacious and laughing for hours by an assistant shooting the sweetmeats known to childhood as "hundreds and thousands" into his open mouth; while an expression of wondering and complaisant admiration has been planted on "Galatea's" face by the simple expedient of placing a looking-glass for her to gaze into. How amiable are these little devices to assist the model in assuming a required expression or to render bearable what would otherwise be a painful ordeal, when we think of the cruelties practised by bygone generations of painters; when, if tradition can be believed, slaves were bought to be tortured by ambitious artists, just as Giotto stabbed his model to the heart to get the expression of the death-anguish for the "Crucifixion" he was painting!

Nowadays, the model is often trained to his work from childhood. He or she may be pressed into the service by the parents, or be farmed into it by some such person as the notorious "Mother" Dresser. This speculative female "borrows" likely children from her neighbours, promising a shilling a day in the event of an engagement, and pockets the extra six for her trouble; and she considers herself the victim of a conspiracy when the growing young model finds its way to the studios on its own account, as sooner or later it is sure to do. These untractable and not over-washed youngsters are always in a certain demand for "Cupid," and similarly pleasant characters

THE PURITAN'S HEAD.

in these days of triumphant Babydom. The model Rolfe, who sat for Reynolds's "Infant Hercules," and

died so late as 1875, began business at the tender age of two or three; Joe Wall, one of Landseer's favourite models, like her gracious Majesty the Queen, spent just fifty years upon the "throne;" and Deschamps posed for over forty years at the Paris Academy—which, by-the-by, had a markedly injurious effect upon the figure-painters of the period. The judicious use of the model, indeed, is a matter of the first importance. Sir Joshua declared that he is chiefly valuable as being something *to depart from*, though Raphael, in his "Dispute of the Sacraments," repeats the same individual in all the figures in so slavish a manner that the very identical cap appears on the head of each.

When an occasional model is in want of an engagement, he or she looks up the Academy catalogue (no other), extracts the names of the figure-painters, divides them into districts, and then begins a house-to-house canvass (beginning with Academicians, for their good word is worth money any day), with the constant refrain, "Do you want a model, sir?" and times must be bad indeed if the well-favoured applicant, whether patriarch, warrior, goddess, masher, or beldame, does not obtain the employment sought. Italians, as a rule, believing in the power of numbers, hunt in company, and will often appear in droves at the studio-door, assuming each his favourite pose in the front garden to the disgust of the disturbed artist and the wonderment of the passers-by. They are well trained, these Italians, and possessed of great powers of endurance; the writer knows of one who stood with a weighted basket lifted above his head for *five consecutive hours,* without complaining of fatigue. Yet the Italian is a glut in the market; he holds too strongly with Mr. Ruskin's opinion of the "artistic value of dirt," and is rapidly being driven back by his English rival. The British model, as a rule, does not fraternise with his kind, and knows little of his colleagues. Sometimes he is called in to pose with a female model, and matrimonial alliances often result between them. Speaking generally, he is thrifty and sober, unless perchance he aspires to sit for the little-called-for "toper" characters, and dishonesty on his part is almost unheard of. Dissipation on the part of the woman is equally rare, if only from motives of policy, for recognising that her health is her daily bread, her form, both in its general treatment and its clothing, receives her first and especial care. The girl is, with few exceptions, virtuous, hard-working, guileless, and honest, and, when well educated, she not unfrequently enslaves the man she sits to, and then Miss Rose Madder blossoms forth into Mrs. Vandyke Brown. More than one member of the Academy, at the present day, can boast of a wife whom he has drawn from the ranks of the models, and who has become, in point of fact, a model wife. The male model is seldom so fortunate in this direction, but he loses no opportunity to improve the state of his exchequer. He usually starts a business to fall back upon in the slack season. In days gone by he would, like Wall and Steward, combine professional pugilism with sitting, "just to keep his muscle up;" but in these degenerate

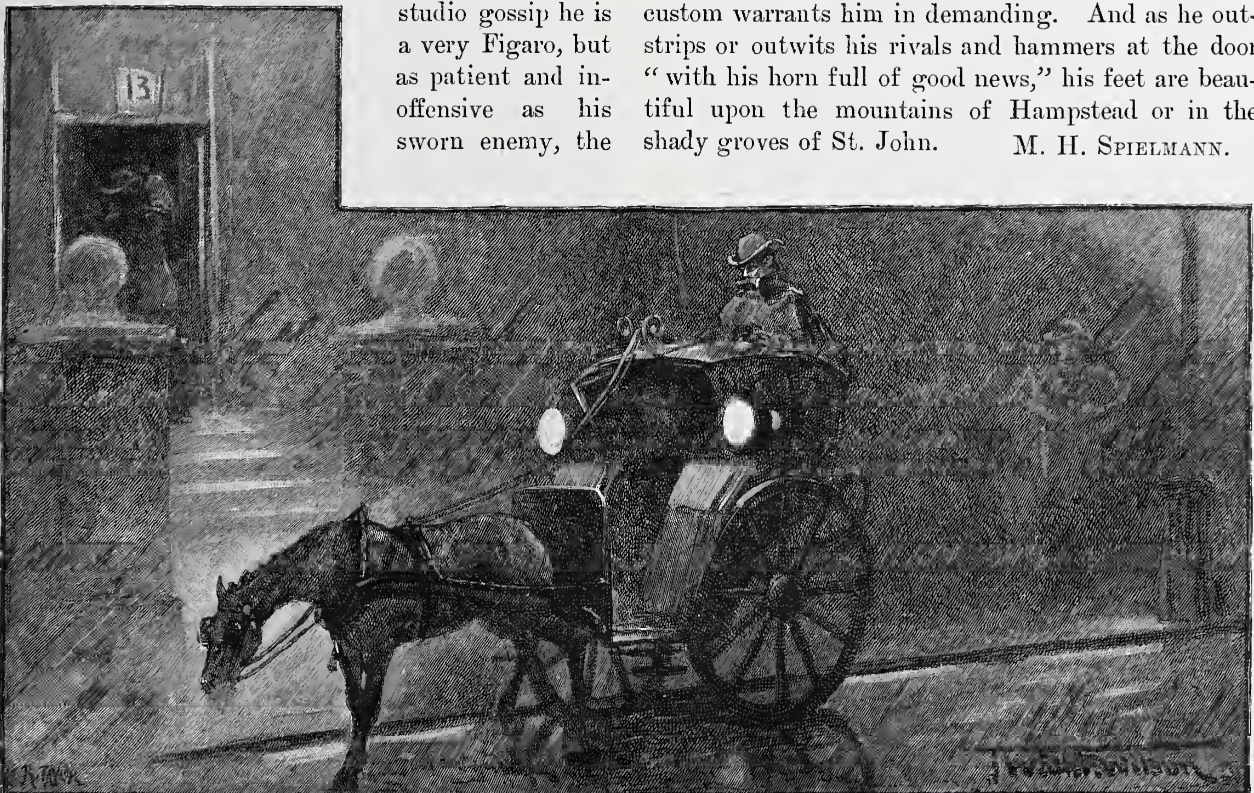
"THE LAST CALL."

times he more often takes refuge behind a tavern sign, or buys and patches up old costumes and armour to re-sell at a profit to his employers. Sometimes he is an old soldier, a worn-out actor, or a circus gymnast whose muscular development stands him in as good stead on the canvas as under it. Occasionally, like the well-known and eccentric Mr. Irish, the "king of models," he has been a little of most things—from a lawyer—up and down. "My wonderful power of expression, sir, which is especially remarkable in my Puritan's heads," he tells you, with his hand in his bosom, "I gained during my seven years' experience as an actor. I have supported Mr. Kean, sir, at the Wells—when he came exhausted off the stage; and I once 'doubled' Mr. Dillon when he refused to leap from the balcony in the fourth act. *I* made that leap, sir, and broke my leg. *Now* I sit to artists. As Shakespeare says, 'I'll draw the form and model' —Richard the Third, V, Three—H'm!"

It will be seen that the model is altogether a man *sui generis;* his race is apart, so to speak, from the humdrum classes of everyday London life. He is to the artist much what a character in real life is to the author—a substratum on which to fashion the creature of his imagination—and serves also in the capacity of the paper-manufacturer or type-founder by helping to provide the materials required for the production of great works. As a newsmonger and purveyor of studio gossip he is a very Figaro, but as patient and inoffensive as his sworn enemy, the lay figure itself. Perhaps the most important function of his life, apart from pocketing his daily earnings,

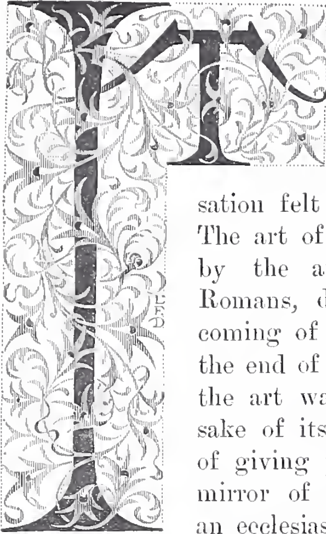
VENUS.

is to crowd and bustle with his fellow-models round the Academy doors on "election night," and, on learning from the porter the name of the new Associate, to rush wildly to the house of the chosen of the Forty, there to claim the guinea which established custom warrants him in demanding. And as he outstrips or outwits his rivals and hammers at the door "with his horn full of good news," his feet are beautiful upon the mountains of Hampstead or in the shady groves of St. John. M. H. Spielmann.



GLAD TIDINGS.

SOME TREASURES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



It is beginning to be understood that the Dark Ages were not so black as they have long been painted, but in one respect at least civilisation felt something like eclipse. The art of painting, as understood by the ancient Greeks and the Romans, died away, and till the coming of Cimabue and Giotto at the end of the Thirteenth Century, the art was practised not for the sake of itself nor for the purpose of giving pleasure, not to give "a mirror of realities," but only as an ecclesiastical engine, to impress dogmas upon the faithful, to give an awful magnificence to places of worship, and to make the narratives of Holy Writ and the legends of the Church familiar as by picture-books to those who could not or were not allowed to read them. The work undertaken by the Greek Church was well done; not one but probably many artists of real genius must have been employed before the stately and simple series of designs was completed, which even now serve as models to painters who attempt the same themes. Gorgeous and dignified was also the scheme of colour they employed, and firm and skilful their workmanship. But the series completed, it was, so to speak, "stereotyped" by command of the Church, and such life as it had was imprisoned for ever. This Byzantine art had no rival worth mentioning, and practically became the sole art of painting in the world, as fixed and lifeless as that of Egypt—more lifeless than the contemporary Buddhist art to which it bears many points of similarity. We may therefore well speak of the Dark Ages as applied to painting, and cherish the first symptoms of the dawn of life and nature as they appear in the pictures of Cimabue and Duccio. Viewed from this point of view, the first two of our engravings may properly be held to represent two of the treasures of our National Gallery.

With regard to our Cimabue (for where there is some doubt on such a subject as the authenticity of a picture by so rare a master we may fairly give ourselves the benefit of it), it is a treasure mainly from an historical point of view, for its condition is bad, and in conception it is not so fine as that famous "Madonna and Child" by the same artist which still hangs in the chapel (the Rucellai) in Santa Maria Novella at Florence, for which it was painted, but it is something to have a work which will in some fashion fill the place of a picture which was the day-star of the revival of painting in Europe. The enthusiasm which it aroused in the people of Florence is too well-known perhaps to need mention here; the scene of its procession through the streets is familiar to many from that remarkable picture by which the present President of the Royal Academy earned the firstfruits of fame, yet the words of Vasari are always pleasant reading. "It was," he says, "an object of so much admiration to the people of that day—*they having never seen anything better*—that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honoured by it." It is well worth to have a picture of the same subject, of the same time, perhaps by the same hand, with the same Byzantine type slightly softened in the same way, and the same symptoms of animation and human tenderness, as that which caused such joy in Florence six hundred years ago. This was one of thirty-one pictures purchased in 1857 from the Lombardi-Baldi Collection, for which the sum of £7,035 was paid. It was previously in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, and is supposed to be that mentioned by Vasari as existing in that church. Other similar Madonnas by Cimabue are in the Louvre and the Academy at Florence; the former came from St. Francis at Pisa, and has medallions of twenty-four saints in the frame, the latter came from Santa Trinità, and has four angels on each side, and underneath the busts of four prophets.

The figures in our Cimabue are larger than life, but the Virgin and Child by Duccio, which we represent side by side with it, are much smaller. They are on the central panel of a triptych, which altogether measures two feet high by two feet seven inches wide. Though not such a stately performance, it is a much better example of the master, and its authenticity is undoubted. The juxtaposition with the Cimabue will suffice to show something of the difference between the types of the Virgin favoured by the two masters. Both are little altered from their Byzantine models, but there is more refinement and tenderness in that of Duccio. He was born about twenty years later than Cimabue, and performed the same service for the art of his native city of Siena as Cimabue for Florence. A similar honour to that

paid to Cimabue's Virgin of the Rucellai Chapel was accorded to Duccio's great altar-piece when removed from the artist's studio to Siena Cathedral. Part of this work still remains at Siena, but some of the numerous panels of which it was composed have been recently dispersed. Our triptych was found at Pisa, and was purchased from the Lombardi-Baldi Collection at the same time as the Cimabue. Two other very interesting panels by Duccio have recently been added to the National Collection (1139, 1140). These are in better condition than the triptych, which shows (especially in the face of the Madonna) the green ground which was laid for the flesh-tints. Those, however, who wish to make the best of what cannot be helped, may derive some satisfaction from the very defects of this still charming picture. In the central panel the revelation of the green ground illustrates the artist's method, the figure of St. Dominic on one wing shows some of his best work little damaged, and in that of St. Catherine we see how completely the work of the most subtle-fingered artist may be vulgarised by repainting.

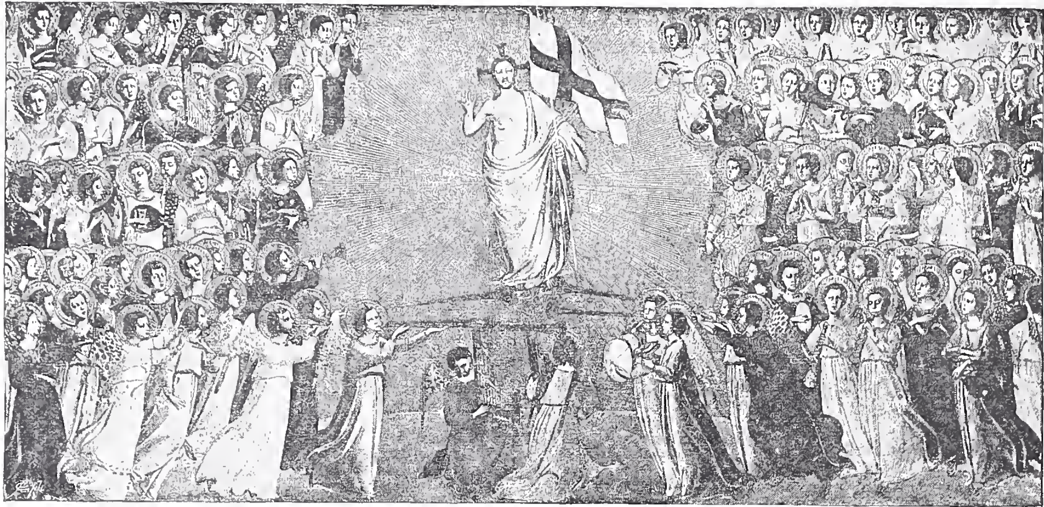
In our best if not our only specimen of the inspired brush of Fra Angelico (663), we have a treasure whose value needs no explanation, historical or technical, but yet no small portion of its value as an item in our National Collection is due to the peculiar position which Angelico holds in the history of Italian art. Living from 1387 to 1455, he inherited the traditions of the old religious school of Giotto and his followers, and witnessed, almost unmoved in aim, the new impulses given to art by the genius of Masaccio and the scientific and realistic tendencies of such men as Paolo Uccello and Piero della Francesca. Yet in his constant study of the faces of his fellow-men, in the joy which he had in his art, and even in the grace and dignity with which he informed his figures, he seems, in his own spiritual way, to have felt in no small degree the artistic freedom of his time. The illustration contains but the central compartment of the picture in the National Gallery, and this was only the predella of an altar-piece which is still in the Church of San Domenico at Fiesole. The predella is in five compartments, and though but twelve and a half inches in height, contains over 250 figures. In the centre is Christ, holding the banner of the Resurrection in his left hand, and surrounded by the angelic choir singing and playing on various instruments of music. In the next compartments are the Madonna (with a star on her robe), the patriarchs, the prophets, the saints and martyrs of both sexes; in the outer panels the "Beati" or "blessed" of the Dominican Order (the order to which the artist belonged, and in whose band of "Beati" he was enrolled at his death) in their black and white robes.

MADONNA AND CHILD. CIMABUE. (NO. 565.)

MADONNA AND CHILD. DUCCIO. (NO. 566.)

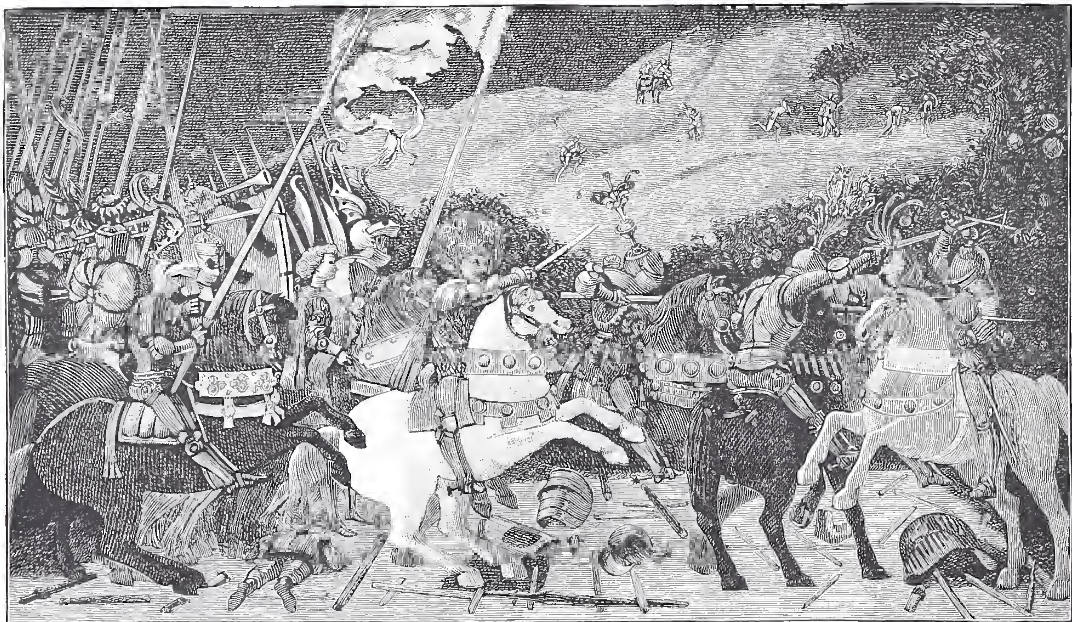
Our Paolo Uccello is also a real treasure, for it is the first existing example of a master few of whose works have survived the ravages of time. It also marks well the tendencies, both artistic and social, of its time. We see the artist's delight in the new-found science of perspective, of which Uccello was one of the most ardent students; while the careful painting of the hedge of roses and pomegranates shows

a freshly awakened love of natural beauty. We see also that the patronage of art has partly passed from



CHRIST SURROUNDED BY ANGELS IN THE MIDST OF THE BLESSED. FRA ANGELICO. (NO. 663.)

the Church, and that painting is employed for the adornment of private mansions and the glorification of martial prowess. We can fancy the artist delighting himself in passing from one side of his picture to another, and watching the carefully arranged lances on the ground shifting with the position of his eyes, and the pride of its possessor in gazing on the pictorial



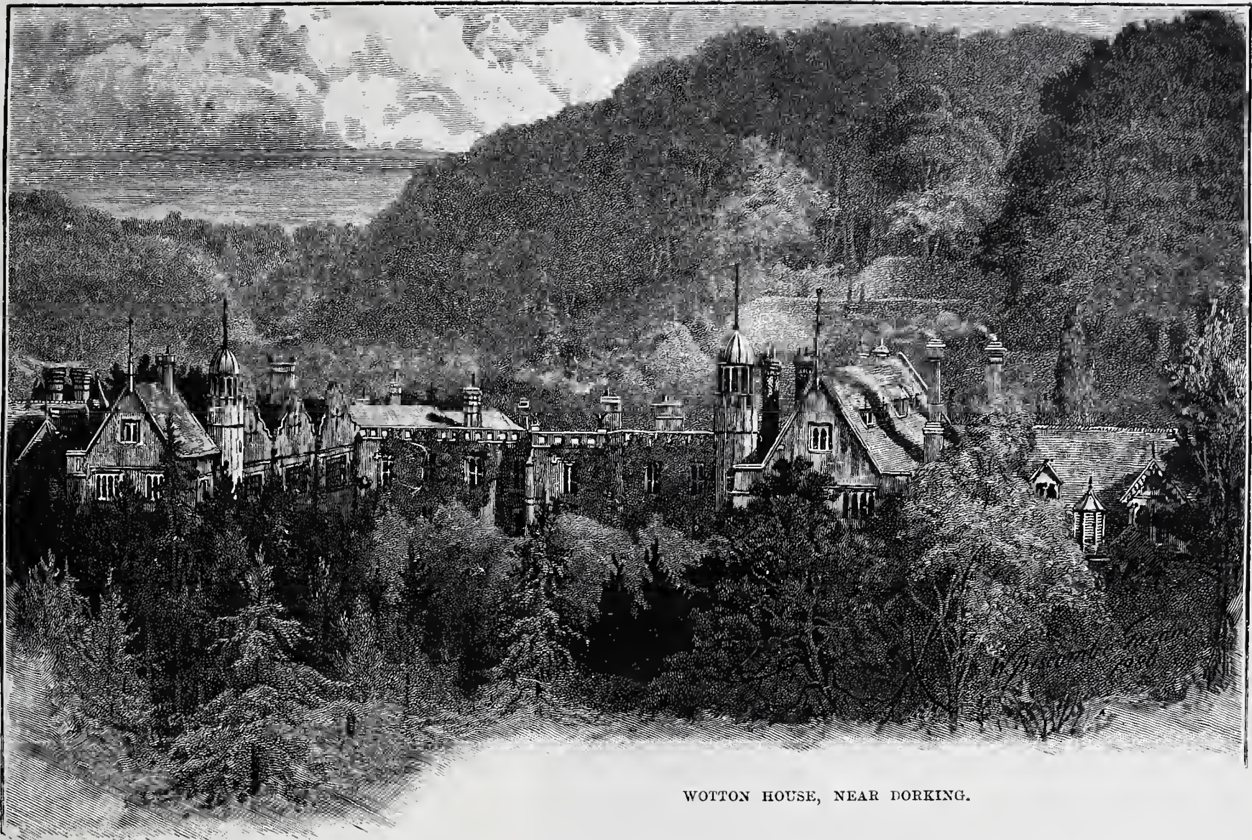
THE BATTLE OF SANT' EGIDIO. PAOLO UCCELLO. (NO. 583.)

record of the discomfiture of his adversary or the triumph of himself. For we do not know whether the figures (that vigorous old man in the turban and that graceful stripling with his bassinet at his saddle-bow) represent the conquerors or the conquered. The latter is the theory of the catalogue, which supposes the picture to be one of a series mentioned by Vasari. Of this there is some doubt, and also whether the picture really represents the Battle of Sant' Egidio. It is certainly a very interesting picture, and by the artist to whom it is ascribed. Our engraving shows the originality and vivacity of the whole composition, but the dexterity of the painting can, of course, only be seen in the work itself. It also came from the Lombardi-Baldi Collection.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Magazine of Art. Solomon J. Solomon. pinx.

Cassandra.



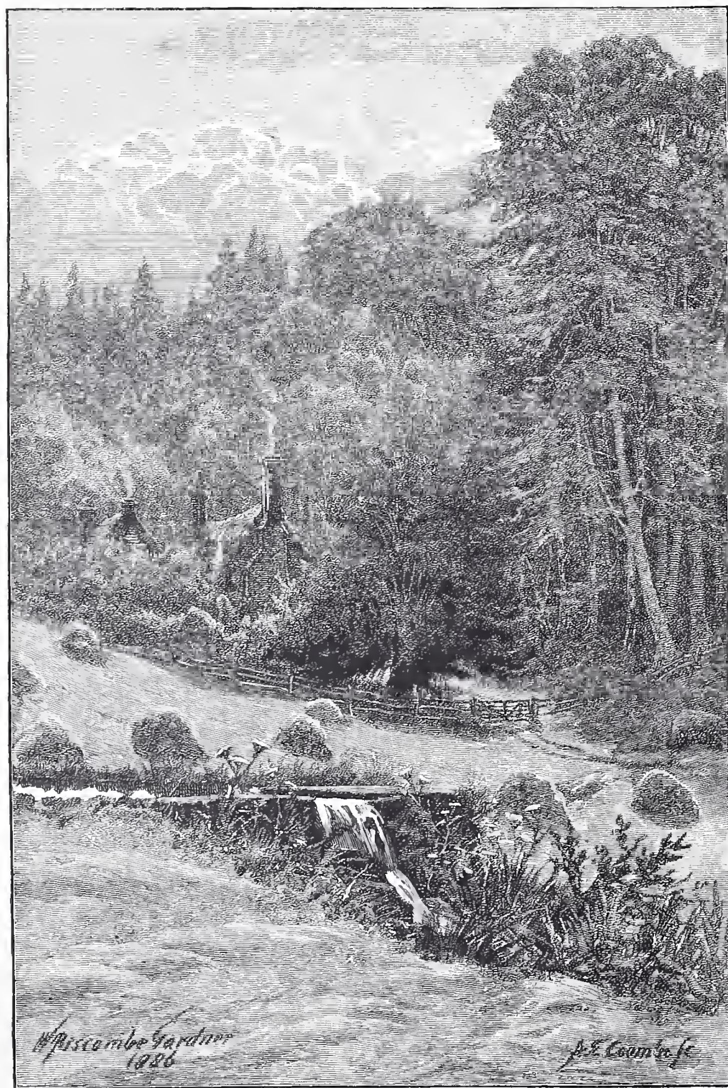
WOTTON HOUSE, NEAR DORKING.

WOTTON HOUSE.

UST below the steep and sheer escarpment of the North Downs, where they topple over suddenly three hundred feet into the gracious vale of Holmesdale below, the greensand begins to rise gradually in a gentle slope, growing higher and higher as it stretches southward, till at last it attains its greatest elevation of nearly a thousand feet above sea-level at Leith Hill, some five miles as the crow flies from Dorking. Tiny streams of great beauty have cut themselves wee upland valleys in the long sweep of that rich slope, and the friable nature of the deep yellow or ruddy sandstone lends itself so readily to their excavating influence, that the mimic gorges and corries they have worn in time through the yielding rock present sometimes most mountainous effects for scenery on so small and modest a scale as that of our quiet Surrey hill country. Two of these petty streamlets, with their correlative combes, run together from the larch-clad flanks of Leith Hill, itself about a mile south of the village of Wotton; their upper course lies through wonderfully wild and moorland-looking country, overrun by bracken, gorse, and heather, and in places the little dales produce almost as barren and dreary an aspect as the valleys traversed by the Snowdon torrents around Pen-y-gwryd and the Capel Curig lakes. But as they converge down the long slopes of the greensand the scene gradually assumes a gentler and more smiling appearance: hanging woods of beech and birch and holly replace the gloomy larches and pine-trees of the higher flanks, and a perfect thicket of purple rose-willow displays its gorgeous mass of waving blossom along the twin banks of the now united streamlet. Even in its primitive condition, indeed, the spot must always have been a very attractive one: the meeting-point of two brawling hillside brooks, with separate views up either little dale, can never fail in its own small way to be thoroughly picturesque, varied, and beautiful.

Just below the point, however, where the pair of petty rivulets rush together joyously into a wedding embrace, the squires of Wotton built themselves a good, solid, red-brick house in the spacious days of great Elizabeth; and around that quaint old gabled mansion the interest of the district now, of course,

mainly centres. Like most people of their own day, the Elizabethan Evelyns chose for their home a very different site from the one that would be chosen under like circumstances by the founder of a modern family. Nowadays we should prefer an open and airy position on the hill-top, or, at least, high up the flanks of the down, with a wide view from the drawing-room windows over the exquisite undulating summits of the Surrey hills. Such positions can be found in abundance at Holmbury St. Mary, or on the gusty heights by Ewhurst windmill; but in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries the monastic ideal of a low site in a rich valley with those two prime necessaries of life—wood and water—at your very door, still dominated the minds of the English squirearchy. So the Evelyns planted their brand-new mansion in the very hollow of the tiny dale, close on the streamlet whose gentle windings had engineered the valley for their use, and simply threw away for ever the exquisite view they might otherwise have obtained from every window of the big house. What was their loss is our gain, for though to its inmates Wotton House must be thereby the less beautiful and habitable, to those who look down upon it from the hillside above it forms at present a most charming element in a delicious landscape. The fact is, no house can at once both see the picture and be the picture. We nowadays, for the most part, elect for seeing it; the Elizabethan builders preferred rather to make their house a bit of it—the central factor in the total prospect. Wotton House looks out only upon a courtyard on one side, and upon a garden on the other. It has wholly sacrificed its possible view to the Elizabethan standard of solid comfort. But in doing so it has made itself a lovely object in everybody else's view from the adjoining brows; and since this plan obviously conduces to the greatest happiness of the greatest number—the more so as the present representative of the Evelyns does not generously throw open his home to those who would naturally wish to see it—I, for one, have no fault to find with the Elizabethan architects.



THE GAMEKEEPERS' COTTAGES—ON THE WAY TO FRIDAY ST. POND.

A certain suggestive air of snugness and comfort, indeed, clings always to these old-fashioned mansions nestling close with smoke-wreathed chimneys in their combe-like hollows. Professor Tyndall has long since taught us, to be sure, that on grounds of health we ought sedulously to avoid such snug quarters, where the germs of microscopic or morbid organisms literally swarm in the stagnant air; and that duty compels us rather to prefer the wind-swept heights of Hindhead or the dry, cold air of Alpine pastures. But as a mere picture, and for somebody else to live in, nothing could be more charming than situations such as that of Ford Abbey or of Wotton House, planted daintily in the exact middle of a sweet small valley, with wooded slopes rising warm and beautiful on either side, and a Dutch garden of Quaker-like trimness contrasting quaintly in the foreground with the graceful woodlands and the wayward wanderings of the tiny streamlet. It was very foolish, no doubt, to stick a house in such an extremely low and damp position, but how very thankful we ought all to be (who do not live in it) for that picturesque foolishness of mediæval monks and Tudor architects.

The very name itself of Wotton, which ought, of course, to be more properly spelt Wootton (as it is still pronounced), shows that the hamlet must always have

been heavily wooded from the earliest ages. Wood-town is the literal signification of the Anglo-Saxon

WOTTON WOODS, FROM ABOVE THE INSTITUTE.

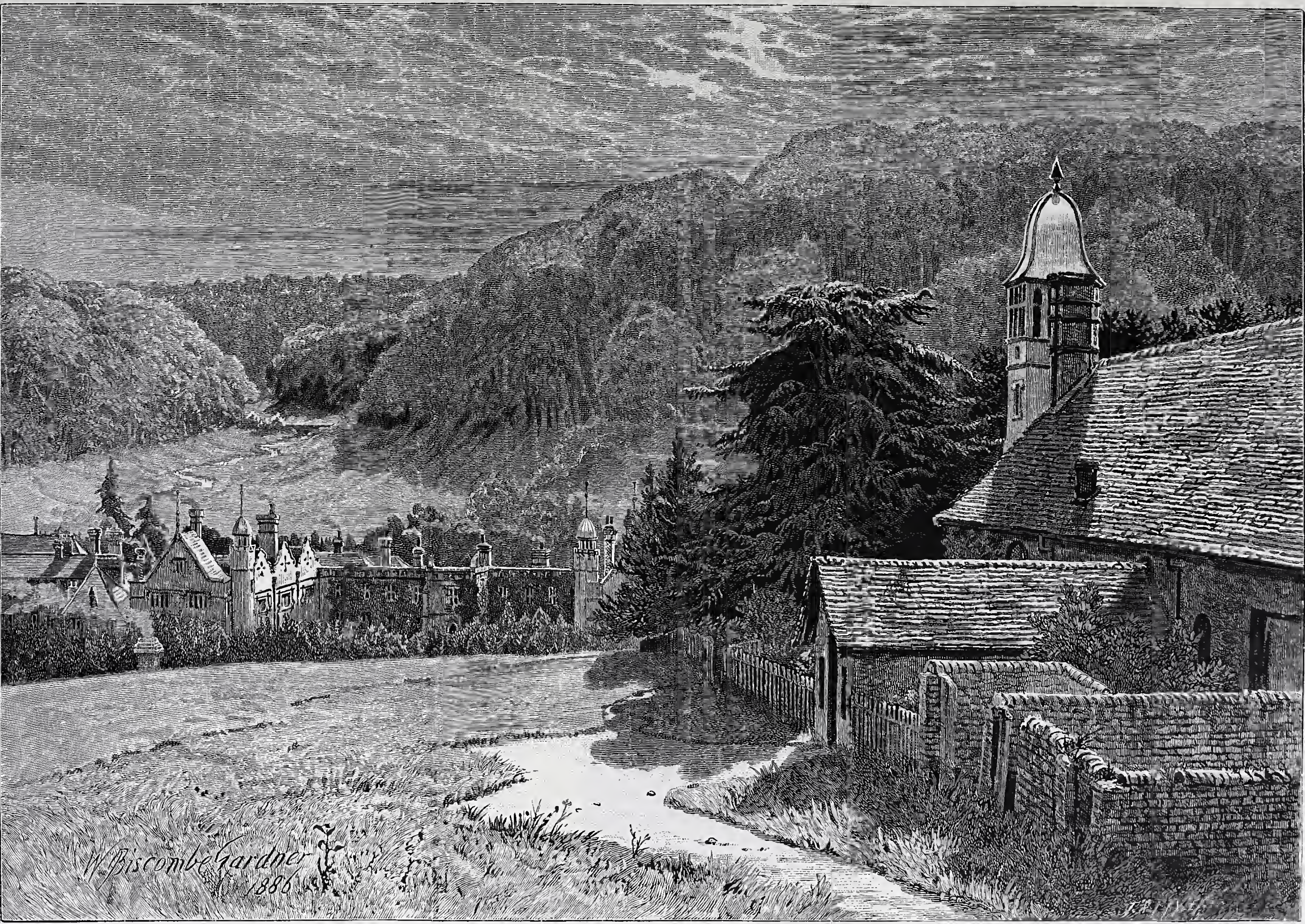
Wudu-tun, soon softened to Wudeton and Wootton; and other villages or hamlets of the same name occur abundantly with pepper-box profusion over the whole face of England. Still, a large part of its modern woodiness may, no doubt, be traced directly to the actual plantations of the most famous of the Evelyns, the author of "Sylva" and of the delightful diary. It was he who set out "the oval circle of laurel grove at Wotton;" and it was he who covered the higher slope of Leith Hill with the dark Scotch firs that lend so much forest-like gloom and mystery to the approach to the summit from the Wotton direction. But the birch and beech are probably native, as is also certainly the undergrowth of holly, "a viretum all the year long," which gave the entire vale of Holmesdale its name, as well as the districts of Holmwood and Holmbury. For a holm-bush is the old English name of the holly-tree, and a holm-oak, the *Quercus ilex* of Linnæus, is merely the oak with leaves like holly. All through this district of Surrey, in fact, the holly flourishes as I have never seen it flourish elsewhere, growing often almost to the dimensions of a forest tree, and bearing an abundant crop of berries, which amply supply the London market with by far the greater part of its Christmas decorations.

John Evelyn was unfortunate, however, in both his pet gardens and plantations. That untamed savage, Czar Peter, who hired his civilised house at Deptford, Sayes Court, amused himself, with the Tartar recklessness of a true Russian (as yet it was not necessary even to scratch them), by driving a wheelbarrow full-pelt through his landlord's trim hedges of yew and boxwood. The "most boscaresque gardens" were left an utter wreck, and only the hollies, which, says Evelyn, "nemo impune lacessit," escaped destruction at the hands of the imperial navvy. At Wotton, fate was almost equally adverse, though in another manner. The great storm of 1703—*the* storm, as people for half a century emphatically called it—did terrible havoc in the woods so well beloved by the father of English woodcraft. "Methinks that I still hear," says Evelyn in "Sylva," "sure I am that I feel, the dismal groans of our forest when that late dreadful hurricane subverted so many thousands of goodly oaks, prostrating the trees, laying them in ghastly postures, like whole regiments fallen in battle by the sword of the conqueror, and crushing all that grew beneath them. Myself had about two thousand blown down, several of which, torn up by their fall, raised mounds of earth near twenty feet high, with great stones entangled among the roots and rubbish, and this almost within sight of my dwelling, now no more Wotton, stripped and naked, and almost ashamed to own its name." The storm, indeed, was by far the most terrible ever experienced in England within historical times: the one to which Addison alluded in his verses on Blenheim, and which Macaulay has immortalised, *apropos* of those verses, with his usual frank and obvious

exaggeration. "The great tempest of November, 1703," he says in his famous essay, "the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast." It was, in fact, exaggeration apart, a very bad storm indeed, and it did a lot of damage at Wotton; but, like the Great Fire of London, it did good in the end as well, for it allowed Evelyn, a most judicious forester, free room to make those glorious modern plantations which are now the boast of Wotton parish. Many trees are still pointed out whose planting tradition vaguely attributes to the very hand of the author of "Sylva."

THE EAST WING AND FOUNTAIN.

The nucleus of Wotton House itself is genuine Elizabethan, but many additions have been made of later date, not always wisely, and sometimes, it must be confessed, in execrable taste. The main front, though quaint, is square and heavy, giving on a courtyard or quadrangle, one of whose sides is formed by the open gateway, while the other three are covered by red-brick buildings of some dignity. The whole mass, however, from most points of view, shows a trifle too solid, rectangular, and formal; but my friend Gardner's artistic eye has instinctively caught in the two accompanying drawings of the house the only aspects which break up the monotonous straightness of the lines, and impart to the somewhat clumsy and



WOTTON WOODS, FROM THE FRONT OF THE INSTITUTE.

wearisome façade a picturesque variety of turret and gable-end. This effect can only be obtained where the foliage of the trees masks the long stretches of straight brick wall and square windows at measured distances below, so as to let the eye dwell rather upon the pretty broken outline of the roof and eaves, with their quaint intermixture of chimney and battlement, of vane and minaret, than on the level plane of unrelieved brickiness. Rococo as is the general picture thus produced, it is sufficiently redeemed by clambering ivy and Virginia creeper, by the shrubbery in the foreground, and the exquisite hanging woods in the rear, to make as lovely a point in real life as it does in Mr. Gardner's sympathetic sketches. Even the inevitable schoolhouse on the hillside, where rustic children get daily crammed with our cheap modern substitute for an education—almost as showy for the money, and only twice as tedious, as the real article—chimes in wonderfully with the older surroundings, and serves to give a touch of feudal kindliness to the great solitary overgrown monopolist mansion of the village potentate.

THE OLD ICE-HOUSE.

As for the gardens, they are still antique: Eighteenth Century or earlier in their pretty affectations, with dear old fountains, half redeemed by age from their pristine bad taste, standing in the midst of trim-kept grass-plots, and Italian quaintnesses of artificial terrace and plaster parapet. They remind one somewhat of that charming sketch of an old-world garden in Mr. Austin Dobson's "Dead Letter," which everybody who loves English poetry ought long since to know by heart:—

> "So trim it was. The yew-trees still,
> With pious care perverted,
> Grew in the same grim shapes; and still
> The lipless dolphin spurted;
> Still in his wonted state abode
> The broken-nosed Apollo;
> And still the cypress-arbour showed
> The same umbrageous hollow."

Whoever loves a sweet, peaceful, country walk, a ramble through shady alleys of overarching beech-trees, a bickering stream that runs at its own sweet will down tiny cataracts, an ancient house of delightful lawless architectural jumbles, and a charming garden of old-fashioned formality, will surely not be disappointed with Wotton. And if he can obtain leave for a stroll through the grounds, he must not neglect one delicious walk at the back of the house past the archway of the ice-house, where gnarled old roots of beeches stand out against the crumbling sandstone background, and golden-brown leaves strew the ground in autumn with colours too rich for any artist's paint-box. But I need not dwell further on that pretty little picture, for Mr. Gardner's sketch sets it bodily before you. Those who do not know the Surrey hills already will take a hint from his loving pencil. If *he* can't induce them to see for themselves, I am not vain enough to hope that I can do it.

GRANT ALLEN.

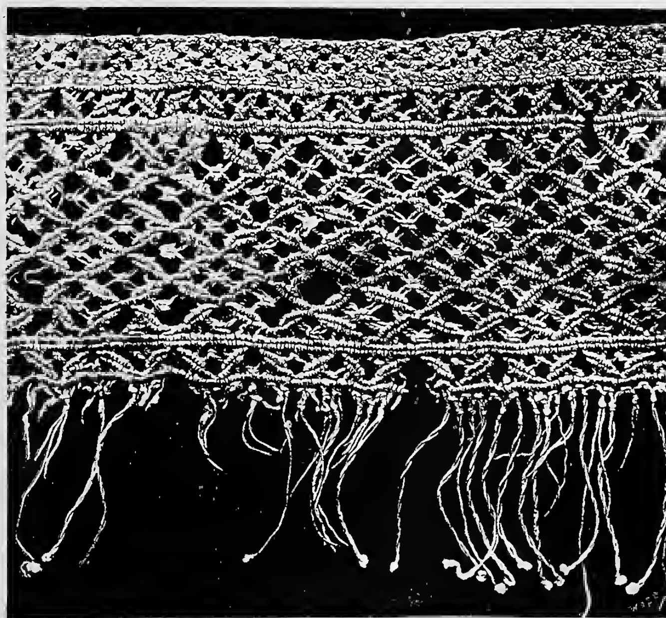
MORE ABOUT ENGLISH DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

IN speaking of drawn work as the earliest form of lace, we have shown that in Anglo-Saxon times, and for some time after the Norman Conquest, it was known and practised in England; but there is abundant evidence that this form of needlework took its rise, as we have seen, from the people of Assyria and of Egypt, and that it gradually spread westward. In Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, and in the Greek islands, we find workmanship with the needle which carries on all the old traditions; and at the present time in Turkey, the borderland between lace and embroidery is touched in work which comes to us executed but yesterday.

The ransacking of old stores for the English market has brought to light, within very recent days, work which is of decided Oriental birth, but by which one can trace the whole evolution of lace to that which was first made in the Sixteenth Century in Italy, and thence spread over the whole of Europe.

We know that the first fabrics made in a loom were limited as to design to coloured, or otherwise varied, straight lines in the woof and warp producing stripes or checks only. The earliest lace known is of geometrical design, and it was not until the end of the Seventeenth Century that this form was replaced by the flowing lines of the French Louis XIV. style. And we shall see that there was a very excellent reason for this.

A wonderful set of antique worked towels was lately consigned to Messrs. Howell and James, of Regent Street, apparently the work of some convent or some one family or colony, which exemplified the whole history of lace as clearly as if they had been collected for that purpose instead of being purchased amongst a quantity of more ordinary embroideries at Cairo, that great market-place for antique needlework. In one of these the linen or cotton ground was woven with a silken thread at intervals of about a quarter of an inch. Taking these lines as guides, at the ends of the towels threads were drawn out of the fabric in the same manner as described by Dr. Rock, in speaking of the Hersett pyx cloth, in chequers. These little square holes were then sewn over with the needle with very fine silk, forming a complete network; and on the network so made the pattern was worked, partly by running the needle in and out, or darning it, or by embroidering a pattern in chain-stitch with the hook.



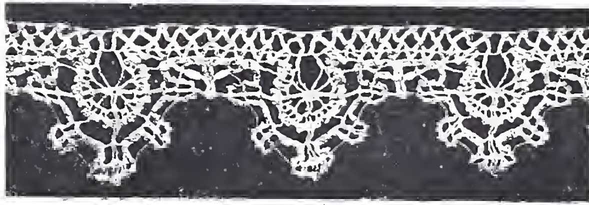
FINE KNOTTED LACE: GENOESE. "PUNTO A GROPO." (B.)

Another specimen had many more threads drawn out in both directions, and in place of sewing round the holes and making them round, or leaving them square, as in some examples, fine silk was with the needle woven backwards and forwards over and under each thread between the open squares, and drawn together so as to produce a very beautiful open network of octagonal form. Both in this specimen and in others, where the net was left of square shape, or made round by working over, each alternate hole was filled in with a fancy stitch.

This fancy stitch was made by fastening threads across from side to side, crossing each other, and caught together in the centre by a knotted or a satin-stitch, or by weaving the thread over each alternate warp. Other specimens, again, were more elaborate as to these fillings. It was evidently found that the single threads were too weak, and they were therefore doubled and twisted to give strength. In place of hook work, lines and edges of button-hole stitch were used to outline the design, and to prevent the drawn threads from running into the fabric beyond it.

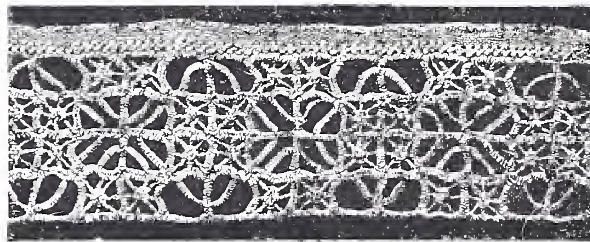
Another form of this drawn work brought us at once to the semblance of the old Italian Sixteenth Century lace (A). So many threads were drawn out each way that a very open square network alone was left of the

original fabric, and these threads were worked over with close button-hole stitch. In some cases



EARLY PILLOW LACE: ITALIAN. (C.)

strong threads had been fastened from corner to corner of the square, and worked over in the same manner; elaborate patterns being worked out, in which it was almost impossible to tell which were the threads of the ground and which were added by the needle. In some of these specimens all the outline of the design intended to be embroidered on was worked round, either with plain over-casting, with hook-chain, or with button-hole stitch, and medallions of the cloth were left entire, while around them a net was fashioned of the threads of the fabric and ornamented with needle stitches.



OLD ITALIAN DRAWN LACE, KNOWN AS RETICELLA OR GREEK LACE. (A.)

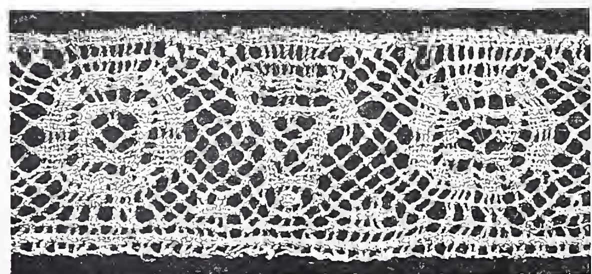
That lace-like patterns made by drawing the threads of a woven fabric, and working them into geometrical designs with the needle, preceded needle-point and pillow lace in every country, seems to admit of no doubt. In the earliest Venetian pattern books for lace occur examples of "Punto Ciprote," or lace of Cyprus, which appears certainly to be drawn work, probably similar to that which we have recently referred to. In Spain, in 1592, we find the complaint made that the women waste their time over "cadenetas," which is also said to be drawn linen work. Charles V. ordered lace-making to be taught in all the schools in the Netherlands about 1560; but this again was linen work darned on netting. At Bayonne, in 1679, we read of the women making the finest linen work "open like network;" and in Italy itself we find the earliest lace made, "Punto a reticella"—described as "either made by drawing the threads of the cloth, or by working in button-hole stitch over a parchment pattern"—Greek lace.

This drawn lace has never died out. It has always been practised to the greatest possible perfection in Spain, and is at the present time executed in Manila, on the fine grass cloth known as pina. It is, in fact, almost impossible to believe that the exquisite patterns and infinite variety of stitches are made by the dexterous drawing away of the threads of a fabric as fine as the finest cambric.

Genoa has the credit, rightly or wrongly, of introducing "Punto a gropo," or knotted lace, known as Macramé (B); but this also was a mere reproduction of an Eastern form of making fringe. To such perfection was this knotted lace carried, however, that some specimens made with very fine linen thread are difficult to distinguish from needle-point. On the square, round, or octagonal net, made by withdrawing threads from woven fabric, were darned patterns, and we must suppose that the elaborate trees, birds, and plants executed on the network edge of St. Cuthbert's winding-sheet were so worked.

It is impossible for any practical needlewoman to look at the ancient specimens of drawn work without perceiving at once how natural it would be for a clever worker to think of dispensing altogether with the troublesome preliminary of drawing threads out of a woven fabric, and to knot the square-shaped netting on which the pattern was to be darned—lacis—or to lay down her threads over some stiff material, or on a frame, and work them over with button-hole stitch — Reticella, or Greek lace—both being in the first instance so exactly like the drawn work that only a practical needleworker can distinguish them.

In the same manner, instead of leaving portions of the fabric intact and only drawing threads and making network round them, the idea suggested itself of laying a piece of woven stuff over the pattern, sewing it over to the required shape, and cutting away all that was not wanted; working the ground in with loops or crossed threads, covered with



EARLY PILLOW LACE: ITALIAN. (*ca.*)

button-hole stitch—or cut work, which is thus described: "A network of threads was attached or gummed to a piece of cloth called 'Quintin,' from

the town in Brittany where it was first fabricated, and the pattern formed by sewing round the parts of the cloth that were to remain with button-hole stitch, and cutting the rest away." The old grounds (French "réseau") were altogether made in button-hole stitch over thread, either placed in geometrical forms or in loops springing from each other.

Modern lace appliqué is still made in much the same way, except that machine-made net is used for the ground, and sometimes another description of thread, and one can trace the weaving of the thick portion of the design imitating the "Quintin," it is difficult to distinguish the two forms of work which went on side by side.

Whether the old drawn embroidery—which was undoubtedly the earliest form of lace, coming from the East, as other forms of decorative needlework did, and perhaps in the first instance from Sicily, whence others of the industrial arts made their way—was always known in Italy; and how it came to be so

YOUGHAL LACE: A REPRODUCTION OF ANCIENT FLAT VENETIAN. (E.)

net, or muslin, used for the design. After the elaborate needle-made laces had attained great excellence, it was but another easy step to think of weaving the ground by plaiting and twisting threads together over a pattern marked out on parchment, and thus pillow or bone lace, of which the Netherlands claim the invention, came into use, replacing appliqué, or cut work (C and C*a*). Looking at old specimens of this woven lace, it appears to have been at first as close an imitation as possible of the cut work with needle-made ground, which, as we have seen, itself grew out of drawn needlework. Except that on close inspection the ground proves to be made of plaited early practised in Anglo-Saxon England; whether it was a remnant of the trading of Phœnician and Greek merchants with Cornwall, or of the Roman occupation, it is now impossible to determine; but the most that can be said for Italy as the inventor of lace is that in the Sixteenth Century there was not only a great revival of the old work, but that it developed into wholly new forms (D), and the exquisite point laces of Venice, of Spain, and of Portugal arose, and were later introduced into France and England, though in each country different modes were adopted.

Point lace stitches, which are, most of them,

modifications of the homely button-hole stitch, still used by our seamstresses as making the most serviceable edge that is possible, and which, as we have seen, had been known and practised in the East in very early times, came into fashion as ladies' work about the time of Queen Elizabeth, as we have said, and gave rise to the elaborate but very ugly work which became a perfect rage during the next century. Boxes with highly decorated covers, made of the raised work covered with point lace stitches in silk, were very common in Queen Elizabeth's time and that of the Stuarts; in some cases mixed with the stuffed basket stitch in gold, which apparently came from Spain with Catherine of Aragon. One of the copes preserved in the Chapter Library at Durham is worked in this style, and is said to have been presented to the cathedral by Charles I. Bibles and books of devotion were also frequently worked with this raised work. In the earlier examples the stuffed portions were simply covered with silk evenly laid across from side to side; but later, the most elaborate coverings were worked in close button-hole stitch, or in some more open form of the same, and it is no uncommon thing in the work of the time of Charles II. and James II. to find the figures, which were first drawn upon satin, completely clothed in several different garments, all of point lace work in coloured silks. The hair was worked in long knotted stitch, which we find very commonly in antique Chinese and Japanese embroidery, and made by twisting the silk a great many times round the needle.

The heavy bed and furniture coverings, which about the same time came into vogue, were purely English, and are found in no other country. They were almost always worked in worsted of a peculiar blue-green, mixed with other and more vivid greens, and some browns, but rarely any other colouring. Some were large foliated designs, adapted from the homely kale leaf (F, p. 156); others were in the form of a tree, growing up from a curious conventional ground, on which was always to be found a stag, a spotted leopard, or cheetah, and probably a dog or two, or a rabbit. Conspicuous in all these embroideries are caterpillars raising themselves on end, and butterflies; sometimes, though more rarely, birds. In later work, reds, yellows, and blues were introduced; and the carnation, which is always present in work of the Stuart period, gives place to the tulip.

There are many specimens of Elizabeth's time, some ascribed to the queen herself, of fine silk embroidery on satin, in feather stitch, and also of tent and cross stitch, similar to that found in the Syon cope. This seems to have been a period of great activity in English needlework; and there are some very beautiful specimens extant in which the design has first been worked on canvas in cross or tent stitch, and very elaborate embroidered enrichments worked over it.

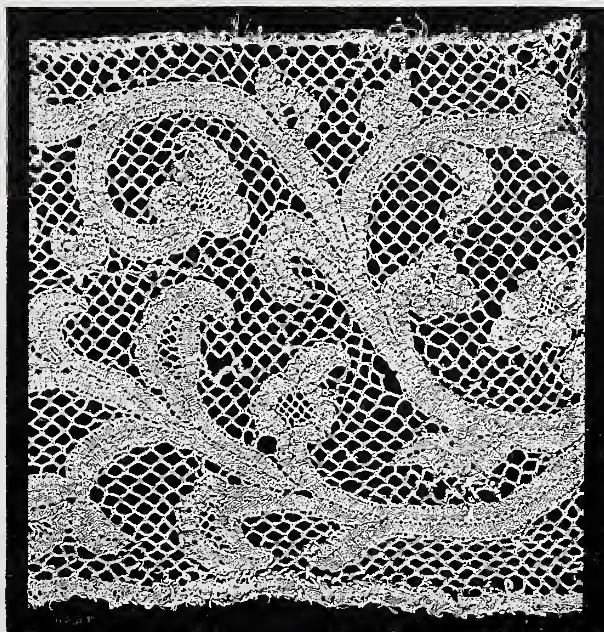
In the time of Charles II. came in bed-furniture of a very different description from the heavy crewel work. Coverlets and pillows were made of satin, on which beautiful and very elaborate patterns were traced by quilting, and the curtains were worked in silk embroidery on satin, often enriched by gold thread. There is a counterpane which belonged to Charles II. still in existence, of the quilted work, and a little later beautiful designs were embroidered over the quilting in satin stitch of gold-coloured or yellow silk. This work probably was introduced into England from France, for about the same period we there find gorgeous bed-hangings and covers in which the quilting was laid down with gold thread; but, for examples of the most artistic kind, we must go to Sicily, where the working of counterpanes and hangings on fine white linen in yellow silk reached the greatest perfection; and some of our English work, of the time of Queen Anne, seems to have been copied from Sicilian models, which are infinitely finer and in better taste than the French work of the period. Many beautiful examples exist also of Portuguese work in this style; and it is possible that they were introduced from that country by the queen of Charles II., although she does not appear to have come laden with much that was of value. During Queen Anne's time, beautiful embroideries were executed in the French style on silk or satin for dresses, bed-coverings, and furniture. About this time, elaborately-ornamented aprons of silk, stiff with gold and silk embroidery of a very fine kind, were common. Embroidered coats and waistcoats for gentlemen succeeded; but these would appear to have been the work of professional embroiderers, and many were French. We find numbers of them worked on pieces of silk on which the pattern of the garment has been marked out by the tailor, and which have never been cut or made up. Later again, a fashion arose for working Chinese or Indian designs on fine cambric for dresses, first in fine ordinary embroidery, and afterwards in equally fine tambour stitch. This kind of work was much practised in France at the time of Louis XVI.; and some exquisite portière curtains, worked for Marie Antoinette in tambour, still exist. The English work on cambric was evidently the original of chintz. In the early part of the present century ladies embroidered their own dresses, and schools were established for the teaching of needlework, which was considered a necessary part of every lady's education, as we constantly find by references in old-fashioned novels and books.

The Victorian age has seen the death and the rebirth of English embroidery. The revival has been

but of recent times—fourteen years will cover it; but it seems to have taken a strong hold upon the people, and we may fairly say that, in no period of English history, have such true examples of decorative art been produced with the needle. There is not that perfection of workmanship, perhaps, which in earlier times made our embroideresses in working floral designs not only work the pod of the sweet-pea in two separate sheaths, but work the peas inside it with as great perfection as if they were to be exposed to view; but there is a truer sense of what decorative art is. There is growing up in England now a better-educated taste in art of all kinds. Along with our training of craftsmen and women is growing a training of the public, who are the purchasers and patrons; and if the standard of excellence is only kept always moving upwards, the present condition of English decorative needlework should only be a foretaste of what we may attain to.

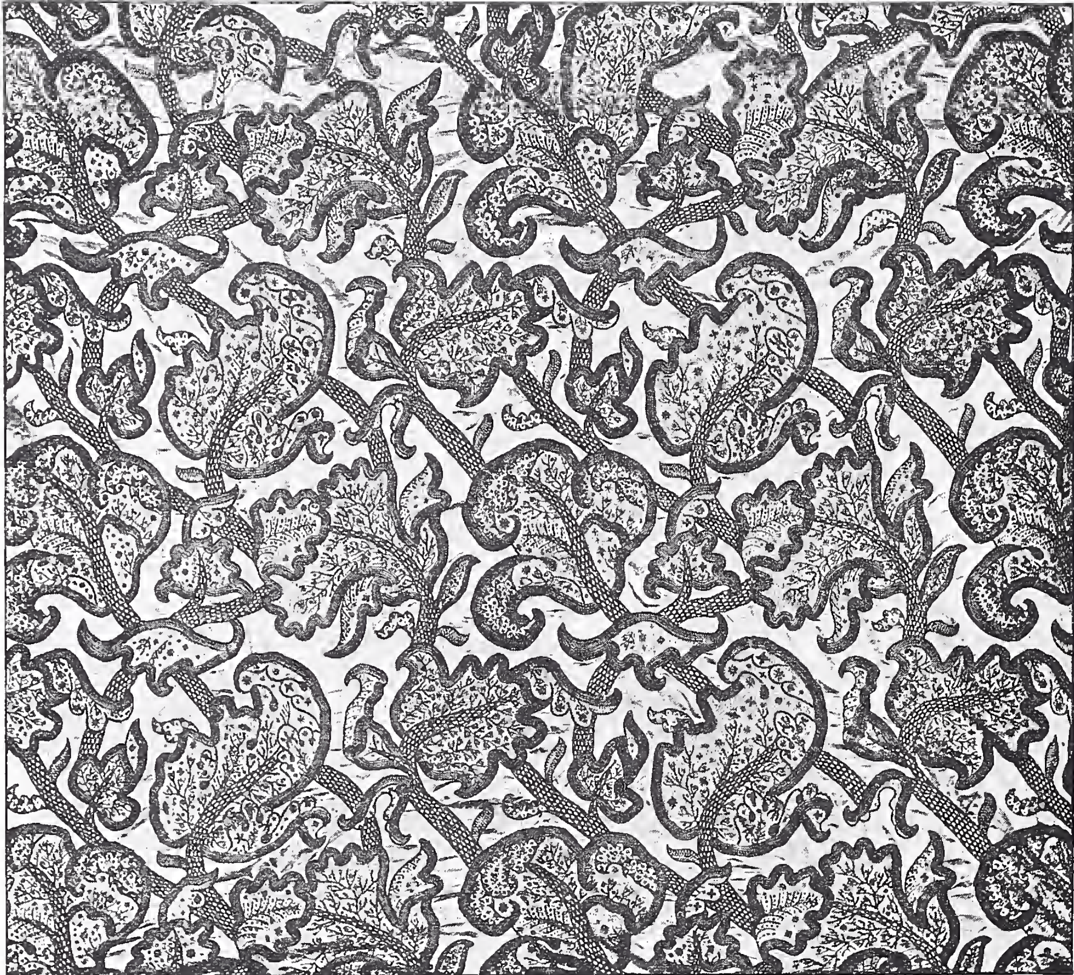
One branch of decorative needlework is still waiting a revival, although work is produced in Ireland now which may claim comparison with much of the old lace. England has never been specially distinguished for needle-made lace. The "Point d'Angleterre" was, as is well known, a mere name given to Flemish lace to evade the regulations made against the importation of foreign laces. The dexterity exhibited by our women in the Sixteenth Century on the ugly raised work showed that they could have made point lace as well as they undoubtedly made strange garments in lace stitches for the Queen of Sheba and Esther, who were the favourite heroines of the raised work mania; but needle-made lace has never attained to any great celebrity in England, although at different times it has been made a fashionable pastime for ladies. The attempts to establish a needle-made lace trade in Ireland, with one exception, sprang from philanthropic efforts to assist the indigent peasantry, and almost all these industries date from the famine years. At Carrickmacross, lace-making was first taught to a domestic servant by her mistress, Mrs. Grey-Porter, wife of the Rector of Dunnamoyne, in 1820. Mary Steadman, this fortunate servant-maid, became an adept in her craft, and was patronised by many ladies of good position. Later, a Miss Reid, of Ahan, near Carrickmacross, conceived the idea of teaching the peasantry around, and in an outhouse on her mother's farm she established a small school or factory, where she and her sister taught lace-making, and superintended the execution of orders, which quickly began to come in as the work increased in beauty.

In 1846 the idea of Miss Reid's school was extended on the Bath and Shirley estates, on which the town of Carrickmacross is situated, and by the help of a public grant no less than seven schools were built and established on the Bath estate, and a large central one on the Shirley estate for the purpose of supplying teachers and designers. To Mr. Kennedy (afterwards M.P. for Louth, but at that time manager of the Bath estate) is due the initiation and success of the Carrickmacross lace industry, which is still fairly flourishing. The lace made is of two kinds, known as appliqué and guipure, both coming under the ancient category of "cut-work." In the former the pattern is drawn out and worked with point-stitches on cambric on a ground of Brussels net; the superfluous cambric is afterwards cut away. This is very similar to Brussels appliqué. In the other the design is also traced with a linen thread on cambric, and worked round with point-stitches; but the different parts of the pattern are connected together by bars of thread, worked closely over with button-hole stitch, technically called "brides," or with small pearls or loops called "picotees."


PILLOW LACE, ITALIAN: REPLACING CUT WORK. (D.)

Limerick had a lace trade as early as 1829, established by an Englishman named Walker, who took over twenty-four English girls as teachers, and in a comparatively short time created a large industry, at one time giving employment to 1,500 people. At the present time the trade is almost at an end. In the early days there was a great variety of needle-made laces in Limerick, but of late years there have been only three—appliqué and guipure, similar to the Carrickmacross

lace, and tambour work on net, never a high class of work, and one which has been allowed to deteriorate so much that the very name of Limerick lace is discredited. The "Innishmacsaint" lace—first started in 1849 by Mr. Maclean, is one of the best and most flourishing trades at the present time. It is raised needle-point of very fine quality. Since 1869 it has been a regular trade article, all that is made being purchased by a lace merchant, and the demand for good lace is well kept up.



ENGLISH CREWEL EMBROIDERY. KALE-LEAF PATTERN. (F.)

What is, however, especially known as Irish point is that which came originally, and still comes chiefly, from Youghal (E), where it was regularly taught in the schools attached to the convent of the Presentation Order of Nuns, at the time of the Irish famine. In 1868 a lace merchant offered to buy all that was produced to any extent, and since that time the trade has been on a purely commercial footing, and is increasing in importance. Lace of the same description as the Youghal, which is also purely needle-made of the flat Venetian character, is made at New Ross, Kenmare, Kinsale, Killarney, Clonakilty, and Waterford, though it is not so fine as that made at Youghal.

The exhibition held at the Mansion House in 1883 showed conclusively the dexterity of the Irish lace-makers, and that they could court comparison of their work with the finest of the needle-made laces of other times. The reproduction of the exquisite flounce belonging to Mrs. Alfred Morrison was as perfect as could be, and left nothing to be desired, except that the excellence should not be allowed to die off. There are many reasons why lace-making should be more successful in Ireland than in England, and not least important among the influences which foster the industry may be reckoned the greater number of convent schools, and the greater hold which the nuns obtain over their pupils. It is emphatically a craft which can only be learned by the young, and great patience and much time are needed to obtain that proficiency without which lace-making is unprofitable.

LILY HIGGIN.

Lullaby.

1

TREAD lightly where my lady lies,
For she has closed her pretty eyes
And fall'n a-slumbering.
She seems more tender than the flower
Whose petals fold at sunset's hour;
So still she lies and scarcely breathes,
Quiet as a little bird that sheathes
Its head within its wing.

2

You may go search thro' glade or grove,
You'll find no daintier lady-love
In ours or fairyland.
And this is why her dreams are sweet,
She hears the fairies' pattering feet,
And sees them circling round and round
As they her resting-place have found
And by her wondering stand.

3

See, they have hailed her "fairest fair,"
And crowned her queen of revels there
Where mortals may not tread.
The great red sun has rolled away,
But dewdrops bright and glow-worms gay
Shine glimmering down the pearly hall
Where the merry folk hold carnival
And the fairy feast is spread.

4

Now let us make this roundelay,
"The cynic's head is soonest gray
And a simple heart's a prize.
For fairies watch round every one
That lives and laughs and loves the sun."
This song we'll sing her when she stirs,
But while she sleeps sweet dreams be hers,
Tread lightly where she lies.

HAROLD E. BOULTON.

THE PRACTICAL EDUCATION OF THE ARTIST.

THE following paper—the subject of an address delivered by me to the students of the Camden School—I should hardly have ventured to publish were it not that I am profoundly impressed with a sense of the mischief which threatens our national art through the misguided, if enthusiastic and conscientious, efforts of a section of the rising generation of painters to introduce a foreign element or characteristic into the English school of painting; and that I have waited in vain for a more worthy voice to be upraised in protest. It is not that I fear anything so serious as destruction, or even permanent evil, to our art, from this plausible attempt at ill-directed reform, for, happily, I have too much faith in that right-mindedness of our race—which comes not so much from virtue as from sheer stubbornness; what I apprehend is rather temporary damage to the art, and the utter artistic ruin of the student. The torch of art will continue to be borne aloft, under circumstances of oppression and adversity, as of over-

prosperity, by the few who are ever at hand to conserve that which is sound and true; and, strengthened by the examples of the past, we shall certainly be able to resist the modern importation. At the same time I cannot but deplore the fact that while many able pens have been busy of late in ventilating questions of minor importance, they have ignored the greatest; while seeking to improve one institution they have forgotten the art. My belief, then, that it is injudicious to discuss the frame whilst the picture is in danger, or to set about designing new railway-tickets when a collision is imminent, induces me to bring this vital question to the attention of the public.

The subject of this paper, viz., the education of the student in practical art, is one that has been largely discussed in artistic circles, and has created some difference of opinion. Many hold that in this country we are deficient in the power of giving a practical art-education, as compared with the advantages offered by foreign centres, more especially that of Paris. Against this view I must enter my protest, and upon the following grounds.

One of the most potent reasons for believing that a course of foreign study does not materially assist the youthful student is that, notwithstanding the large number of young people who have studied abroad, it is impossible to mention the name of any artist of the first rank in our English School who, as a student, gained any artistic knowledge by a course of foreign training. Take, for instance, such men as Reynolds, Hogarth, Turner, Gainsborough, Constable, De Wint, Crome, William Hunt, and many others, whose early art-training was entirely English. If they do not show that a course of foreign study is detrimental they at least prove that it is possible to attain the highest degree of excellence without it; and they demonstrate also that during a long period we have had a great, noble, and national school, while, notwithstanding all the boasted opportunities of the foreign schools, there has not yet been produced from amongst the English students trained in them a single artist of sufficient power to be classed with those I have mentioned—men whose education as students was entirely acquired in this country.

There is one very important fact in the history of art with which we are all familiar, and which brings to bear on this subject such strong and conclusive evidence that we shall do well to consider it here. The Dutch and Flemish schools had a long and illustrious history, a galaxy of men of the highest excellence and power in their own walk. Those schools existed for some centuries, and culminated in the triumph of some of the greatest names in the history of art—such as Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, and others. For a long period all prospered and went well, and the art increased in power and beauty, until, in an evil moment, the artists of a later generation allowed themselves to be seduced by the glamour of Italian art to do that which has influenced so many of the students of our own day, namely, to study in the great art-centre of the period—Rome—and to attempt to equal some of the qualities which had made that centre so truly great. The natural consequence of this was that the men who studied in Rome imported into Holland the manner and style of their great Italian masters, but with this fatal drawback—they acquired the *surface* qualities without the inner spirit—the inevitable result on all imitative minds, for that which came *naturally* to the Italians, came only to the Dutch as a matter of conventional education, and while they lost the national characteristics in which they were so powerful, they failed to acquire the beauty and quality of the masters they so blindly followed. From the moment these importations became fashionable the Dutch and Flemish schools degenerated, and in the course of barely half a century, *as* schools and as producers of fine art, had absolutely ceased to exist. They had become mere weak reflections of a fashionable art acquired from an uncongenial centre. Should we not draw from this example our own irresistible conclusions? Depend upon it, if the present passion—or infatuation—for acquiring a foreign quality uncongenial to ourselves be persisted in, the same fate will inevitably overtake our own school—a school which in its own way, and especially in one or two branches, stands pre-eminent.

I am perfectly aware that I may be met with the statement that "Art is Universal." So it is; but its translation, its *rendering*, is strictly national. And so it *must be*. The character or nationality of the artist *must* appear in his work—if he have any character or nationality in him—and neither ambition nor effort can give a man a genuine power which the very accident of his race denies him. It is all very well for an Englishman to say, "I will paint and excel like Raphael the Italian, or Rubens the Fleming;" he can no more do it than Burns could have written like Corneille, or Dumas like Dickens; nay, no more than Milton could have taken the place of Petrarch, or Shakespeare of Dante. The *language*, the *surface-qualities*, may be acquired; but the nationality, the *spirit* which inspires them with life, can be no more assumed than the artist can retrospectively change the place of his birth.

The principal notion that has induced young students to go abroad for artistic education is a desire to perfect themselves in the knowledge and practice of *form* more than *colour*. There is no doubt that in a school such as the present Parisian School, they have a method of imparting very rapidly a seeming excellence in that direction; but it is a seeming excellence only, because it is as impossible for a student to become by any royal road great in form as it is to become great in colour. He may acquire a style by which he may shine with a borrowed light and attract with a false lustre; but it is certain to have an ephemeral existence, because art acquired in that manner can be but a reflection of greater minds, and therefore a mere semblance of the greater excellences of those masters under whom he has studied, and whose national mode of thought must be out of harmony with his own.

When we come to examine the pictures painted under the conditions I have mentioned, what do we see? We find scenes which profess to represent English life or English landscape masquerading, so to speak, as works of the master under whose eye, or influence, they have been painted. Their intended English peasants are not English peasants at all, but *réchauffés* of Millet's or Jules Breton's peasants, painted somewhat as Millet and Breton saw the Frenchmen, but not as they *felt* them. The outward imitation is often so close that the style of costume is adhered to as much as is possible without making it altogether incorrect; the British smock is prodigiously like the French blouse, and the boots narrowly escape being sabots. The light and shade, the key of colour, and the general character, impress the spectator as belonging to Normandy and not to England—that is to say, the Normandy essentially of Millet, of Breton, of Bastien-Lepage, because it is through their eyes only that these young painters *believe* they see the beauties of nature; so that, as a matter

of fact, they speak to us, not in English or in French, as they fondly imagine, but simply in broken English. Their work shows that under no condition can they be anything but imitative, and that they could not exist except under the ægis of far greater minds than their own. Their undoubted surface-ability occasionally enables them to usurp a position to the serious detriment of better men than themselves; but happily fine art always triumphs in the end, and only that art instinct with national character can survive. Imagine for a moment what would have been the effect on English art if our painters had pursued this mistaken course. To use an Hibernianism, there would have been *no* English art. Realise, if you can, a Gallicised Hogarth, an Italianised Gainsborough, a Dutch Reynolds! But our great men *being* great men recognised the value of our insular position—artistic as well as geographical. They understood that to be essentially characteristic they must be essentially national, and, acting on this conviction, they by their genius established a great and living school. Let us but lose that individuality, with its faults and virtues, and we shall betray the trust they left us—our national art will assuredly perish in our hankering after cosmopolitan art. "This stupendous blunder," says M. Ernest Chesneau, with infinite truth, "—for cosmopolitan art is a blunder—this poisoning of the limpid founts by admiration, is one of the most extraordinary in the history of the human mind. But Phidias, Raphael, Velasquez, Rubens" (substitute for these Corot, Millet, Breton, Bastien-Lepage) "—all masters who are imitated and copied—recommended by their very works, nay, insisted on the direct observation of nature. Far from being responsible for the sins of their imitators, they have condemned them beforehand by their practice and example. Do not accuse these great men; accuse the bunglers who have read the wrong lesson from their works. . . . . In thus formulating these immortal types, the masters yielded up the secret of their power. They do not say to their followers: 'Do *what* we have done;' they say, 'Do *as* we have done; set to work to embody from the truths it is given you to know, what we have embodied from the truths with which we were familiar.' *Why, faint hearts, do you insist on being taken in tow?*"

Now, you will probably ask, "Are we never to study abroad?" This question is easily answered. I should say, "By all means study abroad;" but the real question is, "*When?*" My answer to that would be, "When you have gone through a course of instruction in your own country, and when you have attained that which is of the greatest importance—the power of selection—that is to say, the power of discerning in art the good from the bad, so that you may avoid that which to the youthful mind appears what it is not." The chief difficulty youth has to contend with is its own impressionability—its susceptibility to outside influences, and the ease with which it mistakes the shadow for the substance. It is quite right that all phases of opinion should have a fair hearing; but when any particular doctrine, after long and earnest consideration, is felt by thoughtful men to be erroneous and misleading, it becomes a duty on their part to enter a protest against such mischievous influences. When work of the imitative kind of which I have just spoken is held up for our guidance and instruction, as the only work to follow and to emulate, it is time for those who have hitherto remained silent (although entertaining a deep conviction of the evils attached to such doctrines) to endeavour to point out that that which is now held up as the "be all" and "end all" of painting is no more than a passing fashion which will in no great time be swept away, and its place, I trust, be occupied by a truer and healthier phase of art.

When a French artist comes to England the first things he asks to see are pictures by characteristic English painters. If you attempt to show him pictures that are conceived entirely in the Parisian methods, he at once meets you with the remark, "Yes, they are very clever and may be novel to English minds, but they are mere reflections of my compatriots, imitations which, if they were exhibited in my own country—in the Salon—would be lost in the ruck of other works of their own calibre. We admire and esteem the great men of our own land, and we should be no more deceived into believing that these were fine examples of our art, than you would into believing that an imitation of Millais, or Hook, or any other of your distinguished painters by one of my countrymen, was by the hand of the master himself. No, I want to see your *English* pictures. They may, in my eyes, have many imperfections, but at least they have an individuality that is delightful, and for that reason I wish to see them."

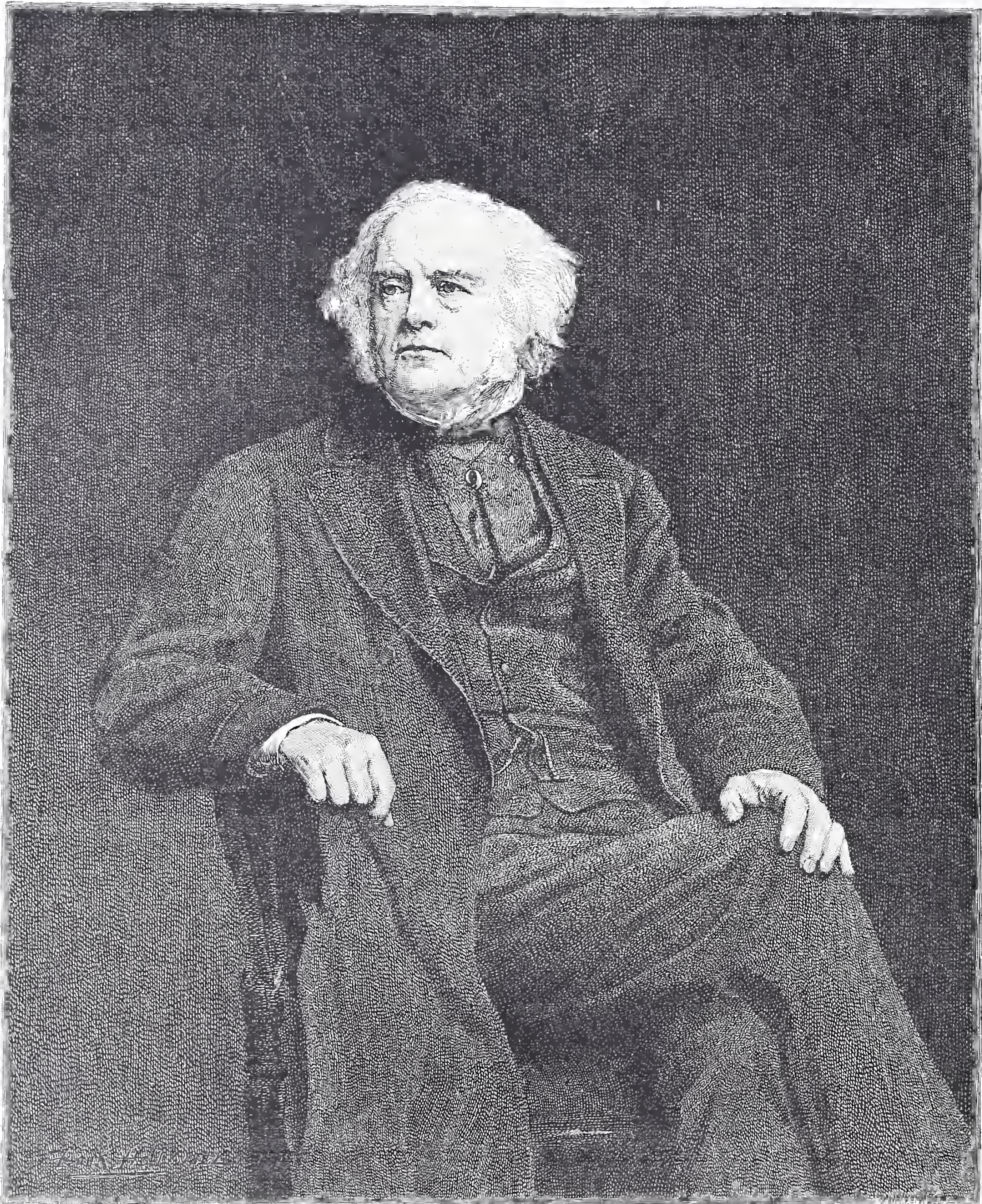
If our students will bear this in mind, and giving up all attempts to sail under false colours, make it their aim and ambition to continue the best traditions of our national art, which, though it may have great faults, is at least individual, and has qualities of the highest order, this protest will not have been made in vain. JAMES D. LINTON.

THE PROGRESS OF ART IN BIRMINGHAM.

"GIVE a dog a bad name and"——well, we all know his fate. It is something of this sort that has for the last sixty years pursued the artistic character of Birmingham. In fact almost ever since Birmingham has emerged from her first innocent village state she has been aspersed in this manner. Perhaps there was—indeed we know there was—cause for such accusations at one time; but things are altered now, and it would be as well to change the cry of "Brummagem rubbish," which is applied to all cheap, common, and inartistic manufactures, for the expression is no longer true, and to repeat it, therefore, is worse than an affectation. It may surprise some of our readers when we calmly state, strange as it may seem, that, far from being the centre and hotbed of all that is inartistic and ugly, the Birmingham of to-day is perhaps the most artistic town in England. Yet such is our opinion after a careful examination of the products of many of her chief firms, and of the institutions in the town for art-culture and art-training. It may be true that all this progress is of comparatively recent date, but that does not alter the truth of our statement.

Forty years ago the art of Birmingham was at its

lowest ebb, and the town was producing those monstrosities in jewellery, silver, and metal wares that were then in such constant demand all over the country, of improving the character of the output. A so-called "School of Design" was opened, and shortly afterwards the first steps were taken in the formation



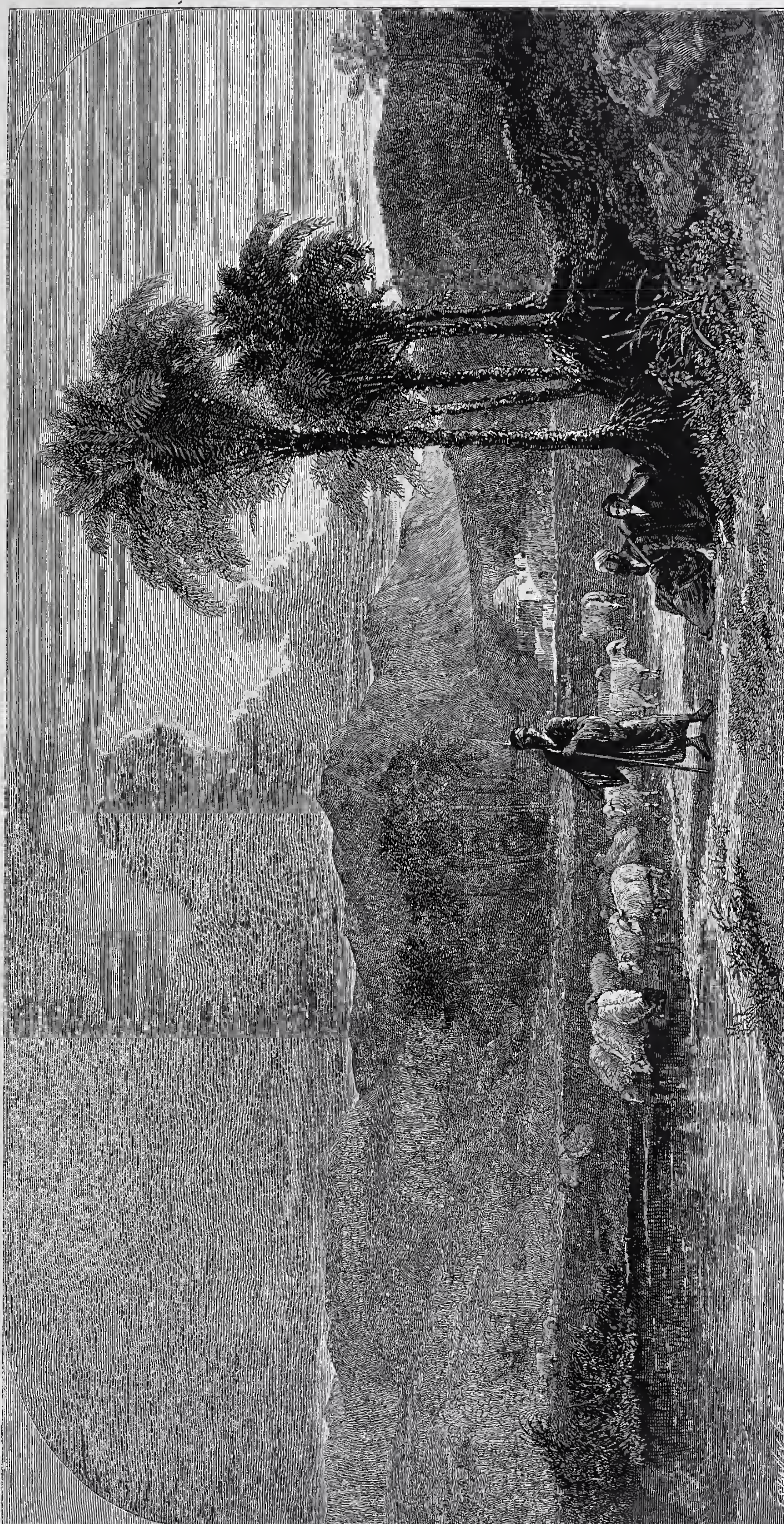
THE RT. HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

(Painted by Frank Holl, R.A.)

to which, from the accident of their being manufactured in Birmingham, was given the opprobrious title that so incorrectly is still often applied to the productions of the Birmingham of to-day. A far-seeing body of men, about this time, saw the advisability of the Public Collections, which have resulted in the magnificent Art Gallery recently opened in the town. For many years the teaching was of little value, and until the appointment of Mr. George Wallis, the well-known Keeper of the South Kensington

Museum, to the mastership, very small progress was made in the path of improvement.

Of late years the subject of the art-training of the town has occupied the attention of some of the most thoughtful men of the place, and quite recently the Corporation—having learned how greatly the prosperity of the city depends not only upon the excellence of make of the articles she produces, but likewise upon their artistic merit — has taken the greatest interest in the art-education of the youth of the district. The work of the Corporation of Birmingham is an interesting example of the value of municipal government when wisely administered for the good of the community. In Birmingham it is not considered sufficient to foster art merely by purchasing works of art out of the public funds; the system pursued there is a more thorough and much nobler one. This wise interest taken by the governing body of the town has recently culminated in the building of one of the noblest museums and art galleries in the kingdom, and in the erection, fitting up, and management of a



THE ARAB SHEPHERDS.
(Painted by W. J. Müller.)

Municipal School of Art, which, for completeness and excellence of teaching, is not to be equalled throughout the country. Thus not only are there exceptional opportunities for studying the art of other ages and other countries in Birmingham, but the art-tuition that is accessible to the whole community is of the very best.

The art-teaching of the town is not confined to the one principal school; there are eight branches of it attached to the chief Board schools, and as most of the children taught in those institutions receive instruction in the elements of drawing, any child that possesses talent is discovered, and his taste fostered by more advanced studies in the branch art-school in his neighbourhood.

We believe we are right in saying that Birmingham is the first town in England which has had the courage to take into its own hands the art-education of its youth. In most other cities this all-important element of education has been in the hands of private societies and schools of design connected in some way with South Kensington. It is only lately that the Corporation of Birmingham has been empowered by Act of Parliament to take over the "School of Design," so that it might control the art-training of the town as well as the museums and galleries. This it has been enabled to do through the generosity of one gentleman, who gave the very valuable site for the school, and of three other inhabitants of the town who subscribed the necessary £20,000 for the building of it. These generous contributions have been further supplemented by the endowment of the school, by a donor who remains anonymous, with fourteen scholarships and a hundred and twenty free admissions to the classes.

The building and its internal arrangements are, without doubt, the best and most complete for the purpose in all England, and the results of the art-training in Birmingham, as shown by the last official Blue Book, are extremely interesting and satisfactory as compared with other towns. Without going into statistics, for which this is scarcely the place, we can say that, at the last Government Third Grade (advanced art) Examination of students, Birmingham passed one-seventh of the number of successful students in all England, and gained more than one-fifth of the total number of prizes. This immense improvement is chiefly due to the admirable teaching and organisation of Mr. E. R. Taylor, the head-master. Another year even better results may be expected, as since the classes have been removed to the new building, the work of the entire school has greatly improved owing to the increased facilities for teaching, demonstrating, and lecturing.

The tone of the whole school is one of marvellous earnestness; it is not only that every master on the staff seems to be interested heart and soul in his work, but all the students also. There is an entire absence of that gossiping and, doubtless, pleasant dallying with art, which one notices in some schools which are principally devoted to the education of the richer and leisured classes. Here each one is intent upon his task. Work is insisted upon. Mere idlers are excluded by the enforced observance of the rule that every student by the end of two years must have passed the Government First Grade Examination. If he fails to do so his place knows him no more.

It has been urged by detractors of the method of teaching employed in this school that too much attention is paid to drawing and painting—the purely pictorial departments—and too little to the study of design; that the school, in fact, is used more as a place for the education of artists and painters than as a school of design. This objection, we think, is partly a mistaken one. It has probably been brought about by the fact that at the Birmingham school it is one of the chief endeavours of the management to make an artist of the workman before he is taught to be a designer in his own special branch. It is one of the principal objects of the school to encourage the imagination of the student even at the risk, in the first stage, of some loss of practicability in his design. He is led to form his taste, to accumulate knowledge, and then, most important of items, to give play to his fancy. The chief fault of designers—artisan designers—is that they cannot draw, hence in Birmingham they are taught to study first from the cast and later in the life class.

But although design is by no means neglected in the early stages of the students' training—for every one of them, whatever the object of his work, goes through a course of elementary design, and must attend lectures on the history of art and the development of ornament—we think that advanced design might be more systematically taught. Probably, however, it is not the system of teaching which is really at fault, but the different estimation in which design is held in comparison with "the Fine Arts" by public opinion. If on this point Birmingham agrees with the rest of the world, and it is generally thought in the school that painting is the highest form of art, the authorities cannot fairly be held responsible, for until a designer in metal or fabrics is considered to be on an artistic level with painters and sculptors, and until he receives an adequate remuneration for his work, a young man will not be content to remain what is called "a mere designer," but will strive to become a sculptor or painter, although the whole bent of his genius may be towards design.

But the Municipal School of Art is only one of the means of culture in Birmingham. The

remarkably fine Art Gallery there is doing a very great work, and one that cannot fail to be of incalculable influence in the refinement of the public taste and the improvement of technical design. The Committees of Management and of Purchases have exercised a very wise discretion in the selection of the objects in the gallery; they have not fallen into the mistake so commonly made, of supposing that an art gallery is but a synonym for a collection of pictures. In the present paper we have not space to describe the comprehensive and most valuable collections of industrial art, and examples of architectural detail, which have been brought together in this gallery; but we hope to speak of them in another article. On the present occasion we can only refer rather briefly to the pictures which are already the property of the town.

The collection of thirty-nine Coxes, which hangs in the first gallery, is a fine one, though it unfortunately contains very little of his water-colour work. This is greatly to be regretted, as most of David Cox's strongest work was done in this medium. He only took to oils late in life, when his method was fixed, and he always found difficulties with the new vehicle; not that he did not succeed in painting freely in oils, but that his water-colours show more of that directness of aim, that refreshing, familiar air of nature so characteristic of Cox, qualities by which his pictures win their way to our hearts. But be that as it may, many of the works in this collection possess the same qualities of atmosphere and breeziness that distinguish his water-colours. They show us, as his works in the other vehicle do, the very sands, and heaths, and woods, and commons that we all have known, warm with summer sun, or misty with the rising dew. In his oils, as in his water-colours, be they suggestive or highly finished, there shines out the simple, sincere, and lovable soul of the old artist. Some five or six of those at Birmingham show Cox at his best. No one but he could have painted the beautiful "Changing Pasture," with its enormous stretch of open midland plain, its wonderful middle distance merging imperceptibly into the blue of the far horizon, above which lies a long, low line of luminous cumulus clouds which carry the eye into a far, far distant heaven. This picture is full of the noblest imagination, and conveys an impression of space, of air, and vast extent of country that may easily be overlooked from its quiet and modest scheme of colouring.

The "Rhyl Sands" is another example of Cox's power of expressing wind. All over this canvas, which is one of the largest he ever painted, one can feel the strong salt-breeze blowing, and the effect is gained by the simplest and most direct method. One of the finest pictures in this gallery is "The Skirts of the Forest," which we engrave (p. 164). This is a very typical Cox, full of fine English feeling and truth of observation. The colouring is quiet, beautiful, and true; but although it is rich, it lacks a little the brilliancy of his water-colour work. Hanging with the oils are two or three of his water-colours, of which "Asking the Way," although hung in a much worse place than its merit deserves, shows Cox's wonderful breadth and power in his favourite medium. The portrait of the painter, who was a Birmingham man, by Sir John Watson Gordon, which hangs amongst the collection of his paintings, is one of the most interesting works in the gallery. It is full of that subtle insight into character which makes a psychological study of a portrait.

Birmingham is fortunate in the possession of two of W. J. Müller's finest works: the "Arab Shepherds," which was bought for a large sum by the Purchasing Committee, and "Prayer in the Desert," which was presented by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Another Müller, "Street Scene in Cairo," presented at the same time by Mr. Chamberlain, if authentic, which we doubt, is a very poor example of the artist. The "Arab Shepherds," which we engrave (p. 161), is one of the greatest treasures that the gallery possesses. It is a remarkable picture, not only from its colour and force, but for its poetry and fine feeling. The painting of the bare and arid mountains is a wonderful combination of fidelity to nature and poetry of treatment. This picture received the distinction of being rejected by the Royal Academy in 1842. The "Prayer in the Desert" (incorrectly entitled "Prayers in the Desert" on the frame) is a no less interesting example of Müller's art. It consists of a group of seven Mussulmans, Negro as well as Arab, who at sunset face towards Mecca and offer up their evening prayer. It is a bold composition, and a piece of fine colour.

The "Condottiere" of Sir Frederick Leighton (p. 165) is one of the strongest examples of that artist that we have ever seen, and Birmingham is fortunate to possess so fine and masculine a piece of work by a painter whose productions are usually more remarkable for their taste, colour, grace, and charm than for more virile qualities. It is not only in the head of the filibustering mercenary that the President is so successful, but in the treatment of armour and textiles as well, in which he is broad and enlightened.

As a pendant to this picture hangs the grand portrait of John Bright, by Holl. This is a remarkable work, both for its strength and individuality of character and its breadth of treatment; it has found an appropriate resting-place in the town with the political history of which the name of Bright will always be connected. In this portrait Mr. Holl is probably seen at his best; his subject has interested him, and it is evident that he has worked *con amore.*

It is to be hoped that the second portrait of Mr. Bright, which the artist is about to paint for the Reform Club, will be as successful as this one. As will be seen from our engraving (p. 160), which is an admirable reproduction from the original, the leonine head stands out with the utmost force from the black background, and it is painted with an absence of that scaliness of skin which in the highest lights occasionally mars Mr. Holl's work.

THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

(Painted by David Cox.)

There is one picture in this gallery which we much regret to see, and that is the huge and entirely hideous picture by W. Geets, "The Martyr of the Sixteenth Century." The subject—the leading forth of a woman for burial alive—is revolting, and the treatment of it and the technique of the picture are not of sufficient merit to be any excuse for its presence in the gallery. The treatment is in no way remarkable, unless it be for its entire absence of beauty. As individual studies the figures may possess some interest, but the picture is entirely lacking in unity. The work doubtless exhibits some painter-like qualities, but that is all. Although exceedingly popular, from the crowd upon the canvas and the horror of the subject, it should never have been allowed to enter the gallery, for it can serve no purpose artistic or educational.

The "Detected Correspondence" of Opie is a really fine work by an artist who now is generally as greatly underrated as at one time he was overesteemed. The "Dreamers" of Albert Moore is one of the most beautiful examples of that highly decorative artist's work that we remember to have ever seen. The scheme of colour is of creamy white, yellow, and pink, with here and there a little most valuable green in the cushions and carpet.

We think that the gallery made a mistake in purchasing Professor Richmond's large but unimpressive "An Athenian Audience During a Representation of the Agamemnon." It is interesting and to

A CONDOTTIERE.

(Painted by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.)

some extent decorative, but as a picture it is a failure. There is a flatness about it which is insufficiently explained by the fact that a screen above the audience is supposed to destroy all strong lights and shadows. If the Committee could in any way have obtained one of Professor Richmond's entirely admirable portraits of ladies it would, we think, have been of far greater service.

Besides these few pictures which we have chosen for special comment, the gallery contains good examples of the work of Sir John Gilbert, Noble, Syer, Etty, Henry Dawson, Napier Hemy, Henry Moore; a mysterious, imaginative, and beautiful A. W. Hunt; an ungainly and inadequate Briton Riviere, two unfair canvases of D. G. Rossetti, and works of many other artists. It may interest some readers to learn that Mr. Burne Jones, himself a native of Birmingham, has accepted a commission for a large work for the town, in which he is already represented by two very fine coloured windows; and commissions have also been accepted by other artists.

But the work of the pictorial part of the gallery does not end here. Collections of pictures are constantly being exhibited on loan. At present there is a large and most interesting exhibition of the works of a veteran local artist, Mr. F. H. Henshaw, whose pictures, chiefly of woodland scenery, are of great beauty and value. Before this a small number of Mr. Burne Jones' works were exhibited, and the magnificent collection of Mr. Watts' paintings, with which he has recently endowed the nation. These noble, thought-inspiring, and beautiful works must, perforce, have influenced for good at least some few of the eleven hundred thousand persons who visited the great Midland Art Institution in the course of the first year of its existence.

A. St. Johnston.

CASSANDRA.

HERE are many names in the mythology of ancient Greece which, in the course of years, escape the memory of him who has not kept on friendly terms with the classic authors of his school and college days. It would be rather difficult for such an one to repeat "right away," as our American cousins prettily phrase it, the names and functions of the Three Furies, the Three Fates, or the Nine Muses; but Cassandra is one of those poetic creations which brand themselves on the memory, and whose name and individuality work themselves into the proverbial philosophy of nations, and become the common possession of every cultured mind. To him who never knew Cassandra in the tragic pages of Homer, Euripides, and Æschylus, and who has but a dim recollection of her pitiful story as set forth in the classics of his own land—such as Chaucer, Lydgate, Caxton, Chapman, and Shakespeare—the brief retelling of her tale will be rather welcome than otherwise.

Cassandra was one of the nineteen children whom Hecuba, his second wife, bore to Priam, King of Troy. She was dowered with rare beauty, and amongst her many lovers was Apollo, who promised if she would look favourably on his wooing to grant her whatever she asked. The gift of prophecy was the boon she craved; but no sooner was the power hers than she refused to fulfil her part of the contract. The outraged god could not take back his gift, but he wetted his lips while imprinting on hers the parting kiss, rendering by this act her prophecies for ever futile. She might lift up her voice and cry aloud, but no one, believing her, would ever give heed to her prophetic ravings. Their tragic truths, however, came home to all concerned when it was too late.

On the taking of Troy, Cassandra sought sanctuary in the temple of Minerva, and from the altar of the goddess the impious Ajax dared to drag her—not he who aspired to the leadership of the Achaian host on the death of Achilles, but the Locrian Ajax, who defied the lightning and despised the gods.

This is the moment chosen by the artist, and he has depicted the incident with the dramatic energy which is only the gift of masters. The Herculean Ajax bears the outraged prophetess aloft on his shoulder, while she throws back her head and lifts up her arms appealingly to the goddess. For the moment we behold the triumph of brute-force. Cassandra's white diaphanous robe has caught on the head of the bronze serpent, which is conventionally associated with the figures of Minerva, as may be seen on an old Greek vase in the British Museum; and the straight line caused by this entanglement, like the segment of Minerva's shield to the right of Cassandra's left arm, helps the composition amazingly. The upturned tripod is a telling and appropriate incident in the immediate foreground, and the whole setting forth of the subject, as we see it in our etching, is artistically vivid and pronounced. Draughtsmanship, modelling, chiaroscuro, and characterisation are all excellent.

As a painting it may be described as a chromatic

achievement whose key-note is flesh-colour and white. It was one of the few pictures in last year's Royal Academy exhibition which commanded the admiration of all visitors; and judges felt that in its author, Solomon J. Solomon, an English youth whose studies at the Royal Academy have been supplemented by a year's training under Cabanel, England had gained a new painter, who, by continuing loyal to himself and to his art, will, at no distant date, turn the hopes of his friends into accomplished prophecies. J. F. R.

NOTES ON LONDON MONUMENTS.

IN a recent number of this magazine* some reference was made to the emotional influences of architecture, and the same current of thought carries one, not unnaturally, to a consideration of the impressiveness of sculpture. The two arts are, indeed, very closely allied, and are never more effective than when they are displayed in fitting combination—sculpture imparting an additional charm to the graces of architecture, whilst architecture reciprocates such adornment by supplying the fittest setting for the work of the sculptor. The range covered by these arts, regarded from an impressional point of view, is great indeed. The simple grandeur of the Pyramids and Sphinx, or of the ruined Coliseum, awakens emotion in most people of ordinary intelligence; and, on the other hand, few who are alive to a sense of the ludicrous can gaze unmoved on the griffin at Temple Bar. These two examples, therefore, will serve to typify the sentimental extremes of the influences to which we refer. The scope of this paper is, however, not general, but particular, being confined to a brief consideration of some points connected with the statues and other monuments to be found in the streets of London, where the sculptor's art is not by any means so adequately or so successfully represented as it ought to be, considering the great wealth and importance of the Metropolis, and the long roll of worthies who have gained for themselves undying fame, but who live only in the deeds they have wrought, the lessons they have taught, and the work they have accomplished.

It must be manifest to the most superficial observer that the difficulties which beset the sculptor are very great—so great, indeed, that only the ablest artists are able to surmount them. In portrait sculpture, in our own time especially, the question of costume is of itself a most perplexing one to deal with; for the attire of the well-dressed Englishman of the Nineteenth Century is as unpicturesque as can possibly be conceived. That it has not always been so is clear from the fact that Robert Raikes, by W. Brock, on the Victoria Embankment, or John Hunter, by Weekes, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, suffers in no way from being represented "in his habit as he lived."

LIFE AND DEATH IN CHEAPSIDE.

Owing to these difficulties of attire—to which may be frequently superadded deficiencies of physique — it cannot, we think, be doubted that, generally speaking, the most satisfactory memorial of a man of note is a bust or medallion showing the head and features only: the attention is then concentrated on what it is most desirable to preserve and perpetuate; and such a work, when executed with the subtle perception of the true artist, can never be commonplace, for those who seek it aright will always find in the face of the truly great that which gives dignity to even the

* "An Outside View of South Kensington Museum." THE MAGAZINE OF ART, November, 1886.

plainest and most homely features. But as there always has been, and probably always will be, a demand for full-length figures, the sculptor must aim at producing a statue which in its attire shall approximate to that of its subject, without being too servile a copy. In illustration of this point we may refer, on the one hand, to Foley's excellent statue

LORD HERBERT OF LEA (STATUE IN FRONT OF THE WAR OFFICE).

of Lord Herbert of Lea, in front of the War Office, happy in its treatment, suggestive in its pose, and fortunate in its site; on the other, to Story's sitting statue of George Peabody, at the back of the Royal Exchange, with his ugly boots and trousers thrust into the faces of the passer-by with a pertinacity which produces a sense of irritation unfavourable to the calm contemplation of the embodiment of philanthropic munificence. It is quite a relief to turn from this figure to Dalou's charming group on the fountain close by, one of the most beautiful pieces of modelling in London. We do not remember that any sculptor has been daring enough to portray a man of fashion attired in the "claw-hammer" coat (as the Americans call it) essential to the evening dress of a gentleman of the Victorian era, but many examples of the frock-coat and trousers are to be seen in our streets, as in the statues of Sir Robert Peel at the top of Cheapside; of Rowland Hill, on Cornhill; of John Stuart Mill, seated on an ottoman, on the Victoria Embankment; of Lord Palmerston, in Palace Yard; of Robert Stephenson, in Euston Road; and of Brunel (not improved by the decorative masonry behind him), on the Victoria Embankment. Those who wish to study such attire in its

fullest sculpturesque development will find it in High Street, Camden Town, where Richard Cobden may be seen clothed in frock-coat, overcoat, trousers, and double-breasted waistcoat.

Sometimes an effort has been made to evade the difficulty of dress by the adoption of robes of state, as in Raggi's statue of Lord Beaconsfield, in Palace Yard, but though they may add to the dignity, they tend to destroy the simplicity of the figure thus overladen with cumbrous finery. The employment of the Roman toga or other simple drapery is so manifestly incongruous that it needs not to be dwelt on here, although examples of this treatment may be found in London. At the back of Whitehall is a delicately modelled statue of James II., attired in Roman armour, with a wreath around his unworthy brow, and a similar statue of Charles II. stands in front of Chelsea Hospital: both are supposed to be the work of Grinling Gibbons. There are also to be found some comparatively recent works of the same character—for example, Westmacott's bronze statue of Charles James Fox, in Bloomsbury Square—but the toga and sandals do not meet with much approval now, and we but rarely see this blending of the modern with the antique.

For decorative effect in open spaces equestrian statues are of the first importance, and of these we have several examples. The best is the oldest—Le Sueur's bronze statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, which, happily, escaped the destruction to which it was consigned by the Commonwealth Parliament, owing to the cunning and cupidity of Rivers, or Rivet, the brazier to whom it was sold. With a prescient eye to future political changes, he buried the statue instead of breaking it up, and converted sundry fragments of old bronze into handles for knives and forks, which were readily disposed of to both Royalists and Puritans. At the Restoration the statue was unearthed, and in 1676 it was again set up at the expense of the Crown on a pedestal which is generally attributed to Grinling Gibbons. Of other equestrian statues, the most notable are those of George III., by Wyatt, in Cockspur Street; George IV., by Chantrey, in Trafalgar Square, originally intended for the Marble Arch before its removal to the north-east corner of Hyde Park; and the Duke of Wellington, also by Chantrey, in front of the Royal Exchange—all of them very creditable works. The statue of George III. is, however, dwarfed in appearance by its site, which, like all open spaces, requires a figure of colossal proportions. Another equestrian statue of the Iron Duke, one which served as the butt of every caricaturist, has at last disappeared from London. What, we would ask, can be a more striking comment on the artistic taste which sanctioned the erection of this monstrous statue, than the fact that, although it cost £30,000, we are now, only forty years after it was put up, glad to be rid of it at any sacrifice, and expend more money on its banishment to the country? It is, however, satisfactory to add that a new statue of this great soldier, by one of the most successful sculptors of the day, is now in the hands of the founder, and will before long be in position opposite Apsley House.

The position so long occupied by the discarded equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington leads to the consideration whether some effort cannot be made to crown our massive arches and gateways (such, for example, as those at Hyde Park Corner) with groups of sculpture. It is certainly matter for regret that many appropriate structures seem doomed to permanent incompleteness because no attempt is made to provide such adornment as that which may be seen on the portal of the Ducal Palace at Brunswick, the Arch of Victory at Munich, the Brandenburg Gate at Berlin, or the arch of the Place du Carrousel at Paris, adornment expressly contemplated in designing the architecture.

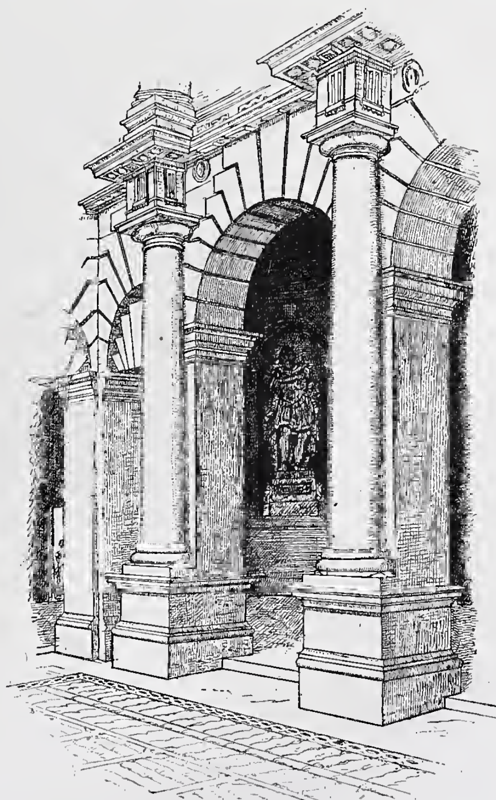
From Wellington one naturally turns to Nelson, whose statue on the top of the column in Trafalgar Square suggests the notion that the Admiral has been ignominiously mast-headed. This peculiar use of a lofty column, of which many examples are to be found at home and abroad, has little to recommend it beyond the vague idea that the honour paid to a departed hero is in some way proportionate to the elevation of his figure; and it is to be hoped that the mistake will never again be committed of honouring a man by placing his statue 150 feet from the ground, where it presents the singular appearance depicted in the sketch on page 172. The corresponding treatment of the Duke of York (with a spike on the top of his head, for the purpose, it has been said, of filing his unpaid bills) is a matter of comparative indifference; but it is none the less a discredit to the nation that when so many famous men are unremembered in our public sculptures, no less than £26,000 was provided half a century ago for the erection of a column to the memory of a prince who was an incompetent commander, and whose mistress sold the commissions which he had to bestow.

If we call to mind the men and women whose worth is or is not commemorated by the erection of statues in the streets of London, the first name that occurs to us is, of course, that of the gracious Lady who for half a century has so worthily occupied the throne, performing the duties of her exalted position and fulfilling her domestic functions as wife and mother in a manner which deprives the noisy demagogue of his keenest weapon—a weapon which in the early part of the century was ready enough to the hand of those who desired to point their satire

with references to the inner life of the Court circle. There is certainly a statue of the Queen, by Lough, in the quadrangle of the Royal Exchange, but not one Londoner in a thousand has ever seen it, and Her Majesty's Jubilee should not be allowed to pass without an effort being made to erect, on the best site that can be found, a statue as worthy of her name and fame as that which in Hyde Park perpetuates the memory of the Prince Consort.

Of other Royal statues there are several—such as they are. Most people will be surprised to hear that there are two of Queen Elizabeth; one (brought from the old Lud-Gate) over the side entrance to St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, and the other at the Royal Exchange. The latter may be classed, literally, amongst those that cannot be seen. In November last the writer visited the Exchange for the purpose of seeing the statues, and after an ineffectual search for Elizabeth and Charles II., was directed by a friendly policeman to the eastern angles of the quadrangle. It was about half-past two in the afternoon, the weather tolerably clear, but the first corner into which he peered was so shrouded in darkness that he could distinguish nothing but the faintest traces of some lettering on what might be the base of a statue. He then turned to the opposite corner where the light from the gas-burner of a neighbouring office enabled him dimly to perceive a pair of legs which he supposed to be those of Charles II. and not of Elizabeth, but this presumption remains to be confirmed by further investigation when the City skies are exceptionally clear. The statue of Sir Robert Peel, at the top of Cheapside, and that of William IV., at the equally perilous convergence of King William Street, Gracechurch Street, Eastcheap, and Cannon Street, are other instances of statues that cannot be seen, but for a different reason—the unceasing traffic and the necessary concentration of the wayfarer's attention upon his own personal safety. Nothing is more essential to sculpture than repose of treatment, and it is not extravagant to add that repose of situation is also favourable to its success. However desirable it may be to erect a statue where it will be seen of many, it is certainly undesirable to place it where it can only be contemplated at the risk of one's life. Other Royal statues include one of George III., by Bacon, in the quadrangle of Somerset House; Henry VIII. may be seen above the west gate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which he was the re-founder; and Richard I., by Marochetti, flourishes his sword at Westminster after his desperate manner. The statue of "good Queen Anne," which has taken the place of its maltreated predecessor in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, is simply a reproduction of Bird's earlier work, with England, France, Ireland, and America at the base of the pedestal.

Amongst other statues, not already referred to, are Marochetti's bronze figure of Lord Clyde (overpowered and dwarfed by the group of Britannia and the British lion on the base), Boehm's Lord Lawrence and Sir John Burgoyne, and Noble's Sir John Franklin, all in Waterloo Place; Sir Charles J. Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, by G. G. Adams, and General Havelock, by Behnes, in Trafalgar Square; Westmacott's Canning, and Noble's Lord Derby, in Palace Yard; William Tyndale, Robert Burns, and General Outram, on the Victoria Embankment; Gresham, Myddelton, and Whittington, who occupy niches at the Royal Exchange; a modern statue of Sir Hugh Myddelton, by John Thomas, on Islington Green; marble figures of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, forming part of Thornycroft's graceful fountain at the south end of Park Lane; another statue of Shakespeare—a reproduction by Fontana of the figure (designed by Kent and executed by Scheemaeker) on the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey—erected by Baron Grant in Leicester Square, also appropriately adorned with busts of Hogarth, Reynolds, Newton, and John Hunter; Chantrey's bronze statue of Pitt, in Hanover Square; Lord George Bentinck, by Campbell, in Cavendish Square; Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford, by



CHARLES II. IN THE SHADE.

Westmacott, in Russell Square; Belt's Lord Byron, which reminds one of an old Chelsea chimney ornament, in Hamilton Gardens; Dr. Jenner, by Calder

Marshall, now in Kensington Gardens, but originally set up in Trafalgar Square; Captain Coram, by Calder Marshall, in front of the Foundling Hospital; and Thomas Carlyle, by Boehm, on the Chelsea Embankment.

Perhaps a statue is never more favourably seen than when it stands in a niche of appropriate design, for, apart from the circumstance that it has then a suitable background, and is to some extent protected from the weather, such a position obviates the great and almost insuperable difficulty that presents itself to the sculptor who is required to model a figure or group which shall be pleasing and harmonious from every point of view in the open. The back of a modern Englishman in frock-coat and trousers is not an artistic object, and the same remark will apply to such a figure as the Victory which surmounts the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place. No one who approaches this memorial from Regent Street needs to be told that it should never have been placed in an open space, but against some background, so that it would be impossible to see the ludicrous effect presented by the contour of the principal figure viewed from behind. And here it may be observed that this question of contour is of vital importance in bronze statues, owing to the darkness of the material and the consequent difficulty of distinguishing details, points which are not always sufficiently considered.

THE PINNACLE OF GLORY.

There are two or three other monuments which demand some notice. Reference has already been made to the Temple Bar memorial, a memorial of the perversity with which, having removed one obstacle to the traffic of an important thoroughfare, the Corporation forthwith set to work to erect another, in spite of ridicule and protest. Temple Bar was an interesting relic of a bygone time, fraught with many historic associations; but the new erection is simply a monument of vanity and folly, and we may hope for a time when its place will know it no more. A plate on the front of the Palace of Justice would fulfil its only useful purpose—that of marking with accuracy the site of the last of the old City gates. The Monument, on Fish Street Hill, has told many tales in its time—some of them lying ones—but it is a noteworthy memorial of that which was both a disaster and a benefit, the great fire of London. Like the Duke of York's column, it is now deprived of one melancholy function, that of provoking suicidal epidemics, and its association with the names of Christopher Wren and the sculptor Caius Gabriel Cibber (father of Colley Cibber) renders it additionally interesting. Finally, there is the great Egyptian monolith known as Cleopatra's Needle, which serves as a monument of perseverance and munificence, but is nothing less than an anachronism in its present position. Far more eloquent was it as it lay prostrate on the sands at Alexandria than it can ever be on the Thames Embankment; but having been brought to London, the only suitable place for its erection was the ground in front of the British Museum, where it might be regarded as part of the collections of the great national storehouse.

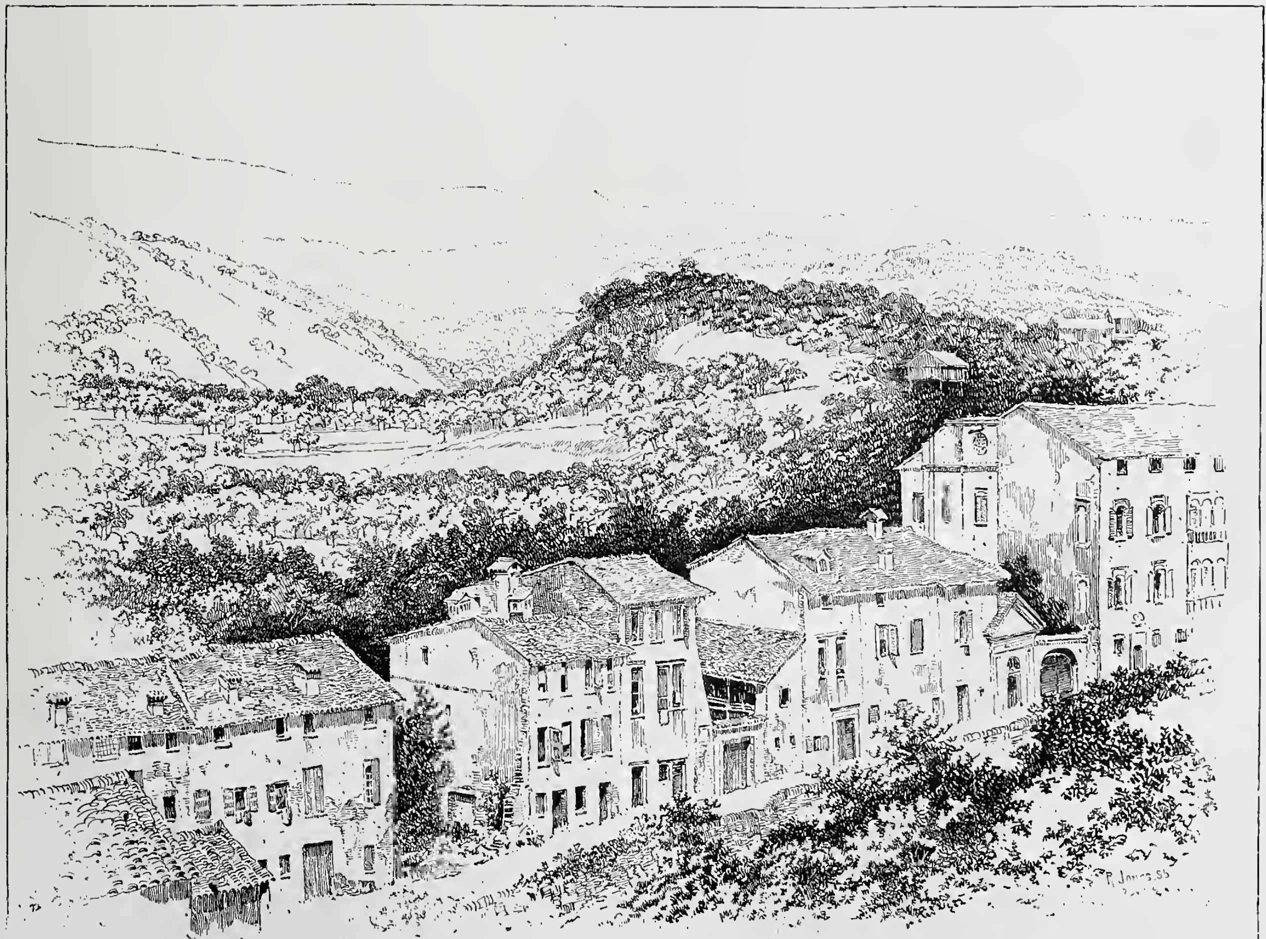
It will be seen, from what has been already said, that few questions are more beset with practical difficulties than that of London monuments, especially portrait statues. One of these, and not the least, arises from the chronic condition of the London atmosphere, which begrimes and defaces

marble and bronze with the strictest impartiality. Statues of public men are no sooner unveiled than they become disfigured with soot and dust, which the rain washes into streaks, the natural gravitation of the grimy streams producing unsuspected and sometimes curious effects on face and figure. The only thing to be done to obviate this recurring annoyance is to wash the sculpture periodically; and as this is a matter which has recently been referred to a committee by the City authorities, it is probable that it will receive increased attention.

It may be suggested, as a possibility worth consideration, that the life and work of a great man might sometimes be more appropriately commemorated by the erection of an artistic group symbolising or depicting his achievements, instead of the inevitable statue in modern European attire. A medallion portrait might easily form part of such a monument, which would have the advantage of providing a decorative effect almost unknown to the metropolitan thoroughfares. If their increased picturesqueness can be combined with improvement in the artistic qualities of our commemorative sculpture, or in the form which it assumes, a distinct advance will be made of sufficient importance to justify the contributory suggestions of this paper. FRANCIS FORD.

ASOLO.

WHY should I rashly, vainly exhibit its beauty and distinction to the world's cold eye? Who cares either to hear or to believe? None but the fool makes parade of his most precious things; wherefore, then, should I call others into my heart's garden, to use the shadow of its leaves, and take pleasure in one of its peerless flowers? Perhaps every man in his life at some time finds a little harbour, calm and lovely, and aloof from the tumultuous world. Then, does he quickly advise others



THE "CITY" OF ASOLO.

of his angle of repose? Does he tempt other tossing ships to approach the haven? Asolo, reader, Asolo is my little harbour, my imagined port of peace; full of refreshment, above "these noises," environed with clouds, with verdurous hills, and the music of moving boughs; and if I tell you something about it here, that is because not yet am I convinced that selfishness is in fine the master-thing, the real end of all wisdom. Moreover, praise of my pitch, words of enthusiasm as I combine them, will never touch you thoroughly. So may I speak, and vent my desire to proclaim the charms of this leafy citadel, fearless that any will seek to invade it.

For me, a citadel; for most, a city. It is a white city, placed on the ridge of a green hill, with green hills beside it, smooth, stately mountains at its rear, and all the large, blue Lombard plain before. Over eighty miles the eye may travel, across the countless tiny squares that are fields, and the tiny lines that are hedgerows, across this seeming ocean of foliage and grass, until, if clear be the daylight, it can discern the dark domes of Padua below her pale hills, or may even catch a glimpse of dim belfries in Venice. Here, from such altitude, one surveys the procession of the storm-clouds, as in majesty they approach and assemble, and, dividing, descend. Now, in late summer, each day has its tempest; those vine-leaves over the lattice glisten perpetually; one may read Milton by the glare of fire from heaven. And when not from the sea, as generally, but from a northerly point these storms advance, then first over the darkening mountains rain falls as an ashen curtain, while all the birches shake; though villages in the plain are still touched with sunlight, and the Euganean peaks stand tranquil against a crocus-coloured stripe of sky.

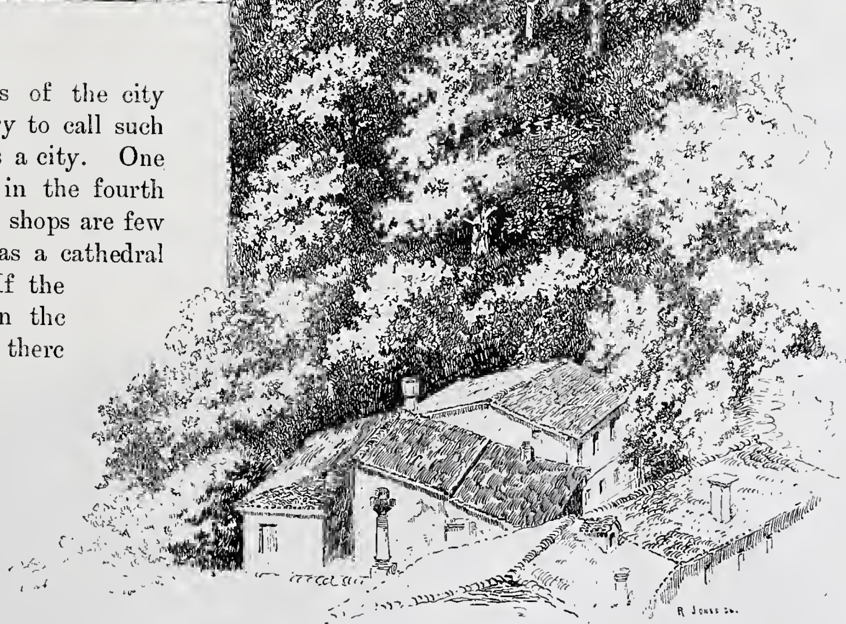
Such excessive rain, perilous, indeed, to the peasant's autumnal supply of wine and wheat, makes one the more eager to see sunshine, and a stainless dome of azure over all. For not from house comforts or the refinements of a quiet chamber can solace be had in Asolo. We must live and move and breathe abroad, in fine air, and taste the pleasures of these windy slopes with the birds that merrily in fruit-boughs extol this gracious landscape. Sunlight must not be missing if we are to enjoy life. Morning sunlight that falls through trembling vine-leaves on the grassy hill before us, and changes all the dew there to diamonds; a bird's voice from the white jasmine arbour at its summit; the sound of mowers whetting scythes amid large daisies and tasselled grasses below; laughter of boys as they strip trees of their red fruit—these are calls, irresistible appeals to enter and enjoy the fragrant world without. Who shall disregard them? For to-day at least give no entertainment to the teasing of the schoolmen; put Plato out of sight, and let us walk up this white street, along which Cæsar once passed, while plants and frail ferns peered out at him from crevices in its stone walls just as they do now. Here, too, Napoleon walked when he climbed the highest of these adjacent hills to survey the bed of the Piave. We are following the track of two vanished emperors.

High over Asolo, at the crest of the hill round which the city is built, stands the Rocca. The excellent position of this grim castle, first constructed centuries earlier, made a mediæval tyrant rebuild it and use it as his redoubtable fortress; but time and the vengeance of enemies have left us nothing of it now save four broken walls. The air comes to us fresher as we mount the hillside to reach them. Through orchards and under trellised vines we must go, past great, grey boulders of rock to which pale harebells cling, along a path beset with poppies and tufts of violet thyme; wantonly we pluck in passing a cluster of hazel-nuts from the hedge where they hide, still white and tender in their green sheath. And then, at the summit, how magnificent is the sight! What prisoner, with such a view before him, could ever have suffered greatly in this stronghold?

Alas! perhaps he passed life underground, descending by those dark stairs at the side of the wall. Here is still the entrance to a subterranean passage which once led to another castle as far distant as Padua. Brambles and acacias almost hide a deep well in the centre of the ruin, whose water is ever sparkling and cool. But where about Asolo is the water not sparkling and cool? Pure, bright water abounds; whether at shallow streamlet running between steep, moss-covered rocks, or at clear springs in a green vale, one may alike drink delicious draughts. Though light tongues, in disparagement, have taunted Asolo with having but two good things—air and water—they are yet valuable possessions, nor by any means her only satisfactions for the impressionable traveller. Stay; when we descend to the market-place we will taste the water which spouts from an ancient fountain there. For a while let us respire this exquisite air and rest our eyes upon the wide, blue plain below. Then take from the mouldered wall a piece of ivy or a blackberry blossom for memory before we leave La Rocca. No sadder, sweeter place than this have I ever found, nor has any morning passed here alone been lost for me.

Descent to the town is easy if one follow the line of rugged wall that once surrounded the hill, and of which now but a part remains. Horses bringing the post-bags have toiled up the steep, winding road; with jingling bells at their neck they now start forward at a faster pace, for they have reached the

LA ROCCA, ASOLO.



curve where the first houses of the city stand. It seems a pleasantry to call such a scattered handful of houses a city. One may walk from end to end in the fourth part of an hour. But if the shops are few and scantily stored, Asolo has a cathedral and four or five churches. If the only hotel be humbler than the humblest of Italian inns, yet there is a theatre at which peasants may applaud "Fedora;" and so we must gravely style the home and refuge of Queen Caterina Cornaro "la città di Asolo." There stands her palace yet; all the colour has not yet gone from the frescoes on its front. She came hither to pass quiet days after her glory as queen of Cyprus had been extinguished. With Bembo as her chief counsellor and companion, she held a little court here; and in his pedantic, tiresome "Asolani" he gives a delightful picture of her garden retreat. The place has still the tranquil beauty that once soothed her as she walked through her orchards in moonlight or listened on afternoons to falling water while at rest in the green shadow of braided vines.

Earthquakes at various times have shaken Asolo. Perhaps from that cause many of the houses lean curiously. The main street leading to the market-place is very narrow, with a low arcade at one side of it. Round that fountain on Saturdays brown peasants wrangle over sheep and corn; women there display their stores of butter and fruit; and on stalls are arranged bright-coloured scarves and large shining earrings, from which Beppo may choose if he will take back to the hills a gift for his dark-eyed

amorosa. But on other days nothing mars our pleasure in the sound of the water splashing into its wide, stone basin; the cicala sings steadily from a garden above the road, where flame-coloured pomegranate-blossoms mix with the white stars of the jasmine. Silence is here, too; the eloquent silence that pervades yonder expanse of purple plain. All here has a calming, healing influence upon the soul. That is why Asolo for me counts as a harbour, a citadel into which I can retreat and recover from the buffeting of the world.

Just where the road sinks and swerves in the direction of Bassano, there stands a building in which the first Napoleon once passed a night. If that rebellious Asolano who with musket lay in ambush for the Corsican had but done his will unhindered, there would never have been an Austerlitz nor a Waterloo; but neither would Asolo be just as it now is: the Imperial soldiery would doubtless have illumined the hillside with its flames. Then in the smoke of that burning would have perished the Villa Armena, a delightful country home for the young Armenians who come here in holiday time from their college in Venice. The Padri of San Lazaro, in fixing upon this palace as their summer house, gave another proof of their remarkable instinct for pleasant places. It has the noblest position, standing aloof, above the town, with a choice of views; facing the plain, southward, and, northward, Monte Grappa, with those mist-crowned heights that lead away past Feltre and the silver Piave to grander peaks of rock in fair Cadore.

As the sounds of morning tempted us to leave our chamber, so we are drawn out again into the cool atmosphere at night. Again we mount the grassy slope, slippery with dews, to survey the scattered lights of the houses below; fire-flies flit through the trees; cicalas shrill in the jasmine bower that flings around us its subtle perfume; for a moment, like a thin red flame on the crest of that dark mountain, the moon lingers. She sinks; and we are alone beneath stars.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

SOME TREASURES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—II.

FEW pictures in the National Gallery are of more varied interest than that by Piero della Francesca —"The Nativity" (908)—which we engrave. It was probably never finished, has been much injured and badly restored, but there is enough left of it to be characteristic of the artist, and to mark with singular clearness the epoch at which it was painted. Piero was one of those Umbrian artists who, like Luca di Signorelli, shared in the intellectual movements of Florence, but while he did this he remained Umbrian in feeling, and all his religious work is touched with that gentle reverence and tender sentiment which distinguish his school. He was one of the earliest of the Italians who adopted the then new method of oil-painting, though whether in his case it was learnt from the Flemings is doubtful; he was a student of anatomy, of perspective, of natural light and shade, and all these efforts of his to advance his art are clearly perceptible in this picture. As a colourist he also stands forward as an inventor, for

"THE ANNUNCIATION." FRA LIPPO LIPPI. (666.)

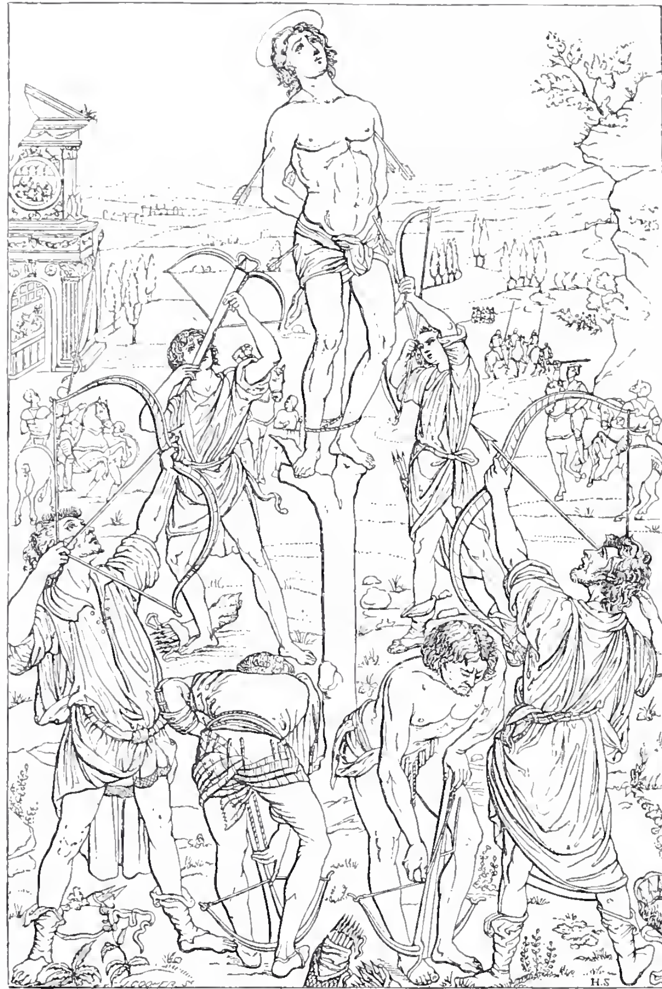
"THE NATIVITY." PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA. (908.)

his colours are not only harmoniously arranged, but strange and fine in quality, even in this imperfect work. Yet with all this he was a careful and conscientious artist rather than a brilliant and confident one. There is a want of freedom about his drawing of the nude parts of his figures, as though he had to take too much pains to be accurate to allow his hand easy play; there is often a want of variety in his drapery, as though one study sufficed for a model for many figures; and these figures are of much the same type, always frank and simple in bearing, but with little liveliness or variety of expression. But they have one great source of interest for us, they are evidently portraits taken from life, and show us the types of men and women with which the artist was familiar in his day. It is always a tendency of artists to remain more or less faithful to the types which surrounded them in early life, and it is not improbable that the originals of these sturdy, healthy, very human, but very pure-minded angels lived at Borgo San Sepolcro, where the artist was born, and where, at all events, some considerable portion of his life was probably spent. Some descendants of his were till recently (perhaps now are) living there, and it was from them that the picture was bought by Cav. Frescobaldi of Florence, from whom the late Mr. Alexander Barker had it, and Mr. Barker was its last possessor before the nation acquired it, at the sale of his collection in 1874, for £2,415. Even in our engraving we can find traces of close personal observation of nature, and the dawn of many beauties hitherto beyond the reach of the painter's art. The angels are firmly planted on their feet, open their mouths like singers, and touch their lutes with skilled fingers. The posture of the Mother is very natural, and the Infant is very baby-like. The sameness I have spoken of in the drapery is seen in that of the angels, but the mantle of the Virgin is simple and beautiful. Everywhere we see the result of personal study—study of perspective in the landscape, the shed, and the town; of light and shade in the roof and wall, in the reflections in the river, and the illumination of the figures; study of animals in the ass braying, in the magpies on the roof, and the finches in the bush.

In some respects our grand specimen of the

THE VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST. POLLAIUOLO (?). (296.)

art of Antonio Pollaiuolo—"The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" (292)—is even a greater treasure, for it is not only the finest work extant by this rare artist, but also the finest he ever painted. He, too, was an innovator, a pioneer, a master of many arts, and a student of anatomy and perspective. He was a goldsmith, and it was among the goldsmiths at that time that the study of anatomy was pursued with the greatest ardour, and many great sculptors wholly in oils, and is an example of the technical acquirements of Florentine painting at that time which has probably no equal elsewhere. The colour is indeed not brilliant, but that may be more the result of time and change than of any deficiency of the painter; but in its sombreness there is rich variety, and harmony, and strength still perceptible enough. In composition the picture is crowded, and there is something brutal and ludicrous as well in



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN. ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO. (292.)

and painters before and after were goldsmiths or pupils of them. In the list will be found the names of Ghiberti and Luca della Robbia, of Botticelli and Ghirlandajo, of Verrocchio and Francia. Such training gave a plastic tendency to their work, and in this picture of Antonio's we see what pains he has been at to get definiteness of form and clear relief. Less to be expected of him was perhaps the magnificent and varied landscape behind the figures, stretching into the distance not by mere scientific accuracy of line, but a feeling for atmosphere not visible even in the work of Piero della Francesca. This work is the little distance between the saint and his ruthless murderers. The latter feeling is perhaps unreasonable, as the shorter the distance the more certain the shot, and consequently the more swift and humane the despatch of the victim, and it may possibly be due to a sentiment inherited from generations of sportsmen, who would like to give a fair chance even to a saint, and pride themselves on a long shot; but that no notion of this kind entered into the Italian mind at the period is evident from many a picture, including a little one recently added to the National Collection, in which Amor is firing

at Castitas at about an inch from her shield. But though the composition is rather crowded, each figure holds its place, and the variety and truth of the several attitudes show that the artist was really a master of the figure, and the passive limbs and calm expression of the saint are finely contrasted with the businesslike brutality of his executioners. No picture can have a better pedigree than this, for it was painted for the altar of the Pucci chapel, in the Church of San Sebastiano de' Servi, at Florence, in 1475, and was purchased at Florence of the Marchese Pucci in 1857. Vasari praises its admirable execution and fine foreshortenings, and calls special attention to "one of the archers, who, bending towards the earth and resting his weapon against his breast, is employing all the force of a strong arm to prepare it for action; the veins are swelling, the muscles strained, and the man holds his breath as he applies all his strength to the effort." The sum of £3,155 4s. 6d. was paid for this grand work.

Of a very different nature from either Piero della Francesca or Antonio Pollaiuolo was Fra Lippo Lippi, who is scarcely less notorious as a very loose monk than celebrated as a very fine painter. Although his name is not connected with any great technical novelties, he may be held to have done his share in the development of the art of painting. As a sensuous colourist, a designer of magnificent compositions, and a painter of the joy and beauty of life, he broke away from the traditions of the purely spiritual school which had in Florence its last representative in Fra Angelico. He expanded the domain of art, and led the way towards the triumphs of the Sixteenth Century. The picture we engrave (666), and another representing "St. John the Baptist with Saints" (667), are two of the most precious in our collection, and in them at least it is hard to find that lack of religious feeling and that presence of worldliness of which his pictures are generally accused. It cannot be said to be in Lippi's favour that these unmonastic qualities appear in his later pictures, but that is all the more reason why we should prize these two which, with a few early Madonnas still preserved elsewhere, show that at least in his youth he was able to inspire his work with something of the saintly spirit of Fra Angelico. The two pictures, "The Annunciation" and the "St. John the Baptist with Saints," were painted for two lunettes in the palace of the great Cosmo de' Medici at Florence. "The Annunciation," as can be seen in our engraving, is marked with the crest of Cosmo (three feathers tied together in a ring) on the pedestal which supports the lily. It is not only for their pure sentiment, but for their lovely colour and ornamental richness, that these two pictures are to be prized, and as examples of what tempera painting could effect they are scarcely equalled by any in the collection. "The Annunciation" was presented to the nation by Sir Charles Eastlake in 1861, and he was fortunate and wise enough in the same year to secure the other, in his capacity of Director of the National Gallery, from Mr. Barker. At the same time he purchased two other fine pictures—"The Beato Ferretti," by Crivelli (668), and "Saints," by Ortolano (669)—paying £2,500 for the three.

As an example of tempera painting, however, even these lunettes of Fra Lippo Lippi must yield in finish, in depth, and transparency to the exquisite "Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ, with an Angel standing on each side of her" (296), which, formerly ascribed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, is now attributed by the catalogue to Antonio Pollaiuolo. If, indeed, this be Antonio's work, there is no doubt that he could attain a jewel-like quality of colour which does not in its present state mark his "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." The work is evidently from the same studio if not from the same hand as No. 781—"The Angel Raphael and Tobit;" and Signor Morelli thinks he recognises in the latter a dog introduced into undoubted pictures of Pollaiuolo. He does not, however, go so far as to ascribe these pictures to that master, and Dr. J. P. Richter (see his "Italian Art in the National Gallery") and other recent critics think that it is by some pupil of Verrocchio. One reason, perhaps the principal one, for this opinion, is the strong likeness between the head of one of the angels and a very celebrated angel in the only thoroughly authenticated picture by Verrocchio—"The Baptism of Christ"—in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence. The latter angel is said to have been painted by Lionardo da Vinci, when a pupil of Verrocchio. But it is not to one pupil of Verrocchio only that this picture suggests a likeness. The Infant has been said by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle to be "stamped in the mould" of Lorenzo di Credi, and if, as Vasari says, Verrocchio numbered Perugino also amongst his pupils, we have a third student in his school to whose work this picture bears striking affinity. With regard to Perugino this is seen especially in the exquisitely sensitive hands, with their fastidious harmony of subtle curves, and in the lovely landscape. At least one other critic of authority, though whether in print or not I cannot say, has been bold enough to ascribe the work to Lionardo da Vinci himself. The riddle of the authorship of the picture is, therefore, still unread, but this does not prevent it from being one of the treasures of the National Gallery. It was formerly in the possession of the Contugi family, of Volterra, and was purchased in 1857, at Florence, for £455 16s. 8d.

The present paper has already mentioned fine works in the old method of tempera and a method of oil-painting which appears to have been in use in

Florence before Antonello da Messina's introduction of the Flemish practice. We know he brought it to Venice before 1473, and there at present our knowledge rests. But long after oil-painting was adopted by Piero and Pollaiuolo and Antonello, and many other painters, the old method was still used, if not preferred, by more conservative artists. Botticelli, for one, never used the new method, nor did the Cavaliere Carlo Crivelli, of whose elaborate and fantastic art the National Gallery possesses the finest display in Europe. For ingenuity in composition and rich abundance of detail and decoration, the picture we engrave—"The Annunciation" (739)—is remarkable even among Crivelli's works. It is less remarkable than some in its sentiment. Though this is always overstrained, there is a very tender and pretty pathos in the "Dead Christ supported by Angels" (602), and there is sentimental imagination of a strong, if affected, kind in many of the saints of the great altar-piece (788). In looking at "The Annunciation" it is difficult to believe in this superb dandy of an angel with his palpably useless wings, or not to resent the intrusion on such a scene of St. Emidius of Ascoli with the model of his city in his hand. It is equally difficult not to admire the costumes and furniture, and not to be interested in the curious details of the Virgin's chamber, and the extensive street scene with its figures, all doubtless faithful pictures of a past that has gone for ever. Crivelli was born at Venice in the early part of the Fifteenth Century, and is said to have studied there, but his work, if it bears traces of the influence of the Vivarini, bears yet more of that of the school of Squarcione at Padua. His earliest dated work is marked 1468, and he appears to have lived and worked chiefly at Ascoli. "The Annunciation" was painted for the convent of the Santissima Annunciata at Ascoli, and was presented to the National Gallery by Lord Taunton, then Mr. Labouchere, in 1864.

"THE ANNUNCIATION." CARLO CRIVELLI. (739.)

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

JULES WORMS PINX — MAGAZINE OF ART — JAZINSKI SC

UNDER THE CHARM

A HUNTING STUDY: TIME OF ROWLANDSON.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

IT has been said of the gifted designer and dainty humourist, too quickly snatched from the work he loved so well, that "his reputation spread faster than that of any artist who ever lived." His qualifications were so versatile that recognition became almost universal; indeed, so extended was the appreciation of his sunny and genial abilities, his humorous fancy, and the specially popular qualities of his art, that the sudden and premature extinction of such varied gifts of grace and gay pleasantry has inflicted a personal loss on countless numbers of kindly admirers, spread all over the world, whom his pencil had made his friends. With a mind of a singularly frank constitution, and with the buoyancy of spirit peculiar to perennial youth, united with a gentle reticence and tenderness of sympathy quite feminine in their characteristics, Caldecott was dowered by beneficent fairy godmothers with faculties capable of assimilating all fairy lore; his was the kingdom of boundless imagination, no impossible land, as its privileged secrets are disclosed by his wand, and its scenes depicted by his hand, but a pleasant abiding place, where even extravagant absurdities, seemingly irreconcilable with sober fact, are rendered rational and open to visual demonstration. To the poetic temperament was superadded the enthusiastic enjoyment of more robust life, the love of field sports, and the manly passion for the excitements of the hunting-field, which give such practical value and zest to his equestrian delineations. His fondness for all animated nature enabled him to express to the life not only the forms but even the emotions of the creatures he drew, painted, and modelled, evidently as a labour of love, and this faculty is especially noticeable in his drawings of dogs and horses, which he understood in all their points most intimately. There is beauty as well as spirited dash and genial fun at his command; who would not dote upon the winsome English maids it was his happy faculty to perpetuate upon paper? As an illustrator of the thoughts of others he displayed the keenest insight into the intricacies

and inmost conceptions of his authors. His facility in this respect approached intuition, and the felicitous outpourings of his own pen show how lavishly nature had endowed his mind, proving that, if the world had not claimed him as an artist, he would probably have become scarcely less popular as an author; moreover, in his own adopted vocation, Caldecott hovered between the respective careers of an illustrator, painter, and sculptor. As a modeller he exhibited abilities which, it is acknowledged on high authority, were altogether exceptional.

Apart from the immediate cause which hastened his end, Caldecott might be regarded as a singularly fortunate youth, endowed with good gifts of no ordinary type—tall, graceful, slight, and well-proportioned, with an impressive face, which once seen was likely to linger on the memory. His winning charm of manner, which attracted and attached all who met him, was the reflection of refined and delicate feelings. The art with which he conveyed his sportive or moving conceptions by brush, pen, pencil, or modelling tool, was quite spontaneous—the result of no schooling but that of abounding nature—and his directness of meaning gave him a grasp upon the popular taste which made all he produced in the widest degree successful. Truly to his case might apply with full force the unsatisfactory adage concerning those "whom the gods love," the sequel of which was unhappily too quickly verified in his instance. Brief, indeed, was his art-career, since it is but eleven years ago that the public unanimously realised in him a fresh and emphatic exponent of the graphic art, on the appearance of a newly-illustrated edition of Washington Irving's "Old Christmas," followed at a short interval by "Bracebridge Hall," both of which may be regarded as revelations. During the short duration of his working career what delight to our eyes and rich stores to our memories have his sketches afforded! Old favourites have reappeared under guises which have renewed their freshness and revived their charm through his magic auspices, while the artist's own fertile imagination and ever-fresh inventive faculties have furnished a long and diversified succession of pleasant episodes and graphic fanciful novelettes, felicitously told in the universal language of pictures; moreover, quite apart from technical proficiency, it must be universally admitted that Caldecott's work, even when dealing with everyday themes, is remarkable for sparkling originality.

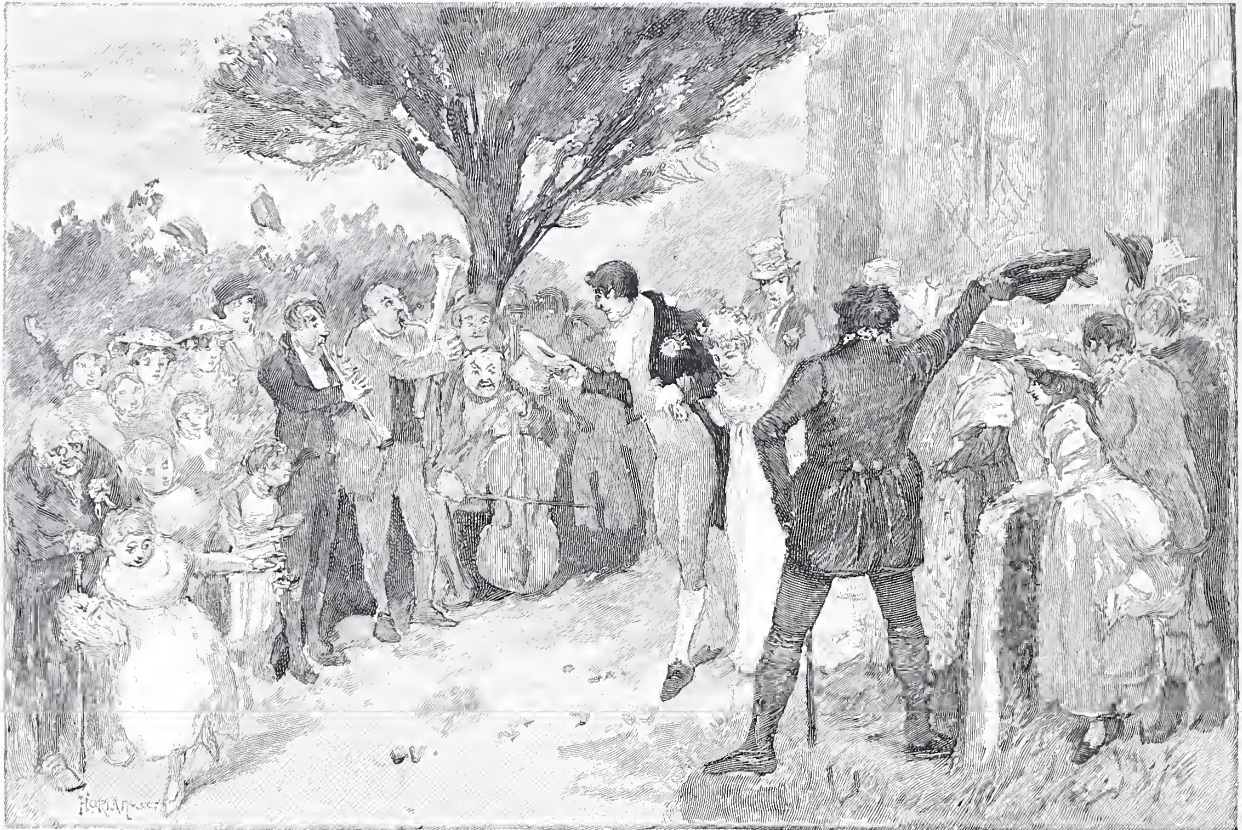
Randolph Caldecott was the son of an accountant at Chester; he was born on the 22nd March, 1846,

"GONE AWAY."

in Bridge Street in that picturesque antique city. He was there educated at Henry VIII.'s school, under the mastership of Mr. James Harris, who is said to have taken a pride in his gifted pupil; the youth not only became the head of the school, but delighted his preceptors and schoolfellows by the exercise of his pencil, for, like budding geniuses of his ilk, the child was father to the man. It is related that his master used to show with gratification a sketch made by his promising pupil in an old Virgil of the familiar incident of Æneas filially bearing off from the burning ruins of Troy his father Anchises. Art-training was not neglected at this period, and Caldecott attended the school under Mr. Davidson. His best lessons were learned direct from nature, and he zealously availed himself of his opportunities for studying urban and rural life. The fields afforded him a boundless studio, where the animals and birds —in the delineation of which he excelled from the first—were to be interviewed, and their characteristics carefully noted for future service, his retentive memory assisting him to store up the results of these juvenile observations, to be applied with good effect when his artistic career opened up.

It appears that his father, a successful man of business, who did not live to realise the full measure of his son's artistic success, was disinclined to encourage these youthful predilections for the profession of an artist, and Caldecott entered on active life as a bank clerk. Even here, where uncongenial surroundings might be anticipated, he was so fortunate as to fall on agreeable lines in this, to his temperament, prosaic calling. His initiation to the basis of commercial stability was not of a sternly inflexible order. While engaged at the headquarters of the Whitchurch and Ellesmere Bank, Shropshire —contradictory though it appears—Caldecott seems to have been in clover; a great part of the day, we are told, was available for open-air recreation, the congenial advantages of hunting, shooting, and fishing were at his disposal, and eagerly enjoyed. In a kindly memorial which appeared in the *Manchester Quarterly* (July, 1886) from the pen of William Clough, one of the artist's earliest associates and his friend through life, it is recorded of this particular epoch: "We who knew him can well understand how welcome he must have been in many a cottage, farm, and hall. The handsome lad carried his own recommendation. With light brown hair falling with a ripple over his brow, blue-grey eyes, shaded by long lashes, sweet and mobile mouth, tall and well made, he joined to these physical advantages a gay good humour and a charming disposition. No wonder then that he was a general favourite." Removed in 1867 to the larger field of Manchester, in the Manchester and Salford Bank, he secured a wider outlook. The graphic art was here pursued; not only did he transfer to paper all the salient features of his surroundings, and all manner of men, such as are encountered in big cities, but he was a steadfast student at the School of Art, working severely to qualify himself, and even toiling almost the night through. One of the most ingenious of his drawings belongs to this period, and is reproduced by Mr. Clough in his review of Caldecott. A clerk in the bank being asked, at the time of the Fenian disquietudes, if he could use a revolver, replied: "Oh, yes! In Ceylon I've often shot snipe and elephants on the wing"—a whimsicality promptly seized by the artist, who has drawn the jungle and black native beaters, with the venturous Nimrod blazing away at two flying mammoths. Their ears being enlarged to wings, they do not seem utterly unlikely to fly, and their bodies being of balloon-like proportions rather assist the idea. "They are not burdened with incongruous wings, and really on paper the event does not look so improbable after all." At Manchester, Caldecott farther developed his aspirations, painting in oil and water-colour, attacking his favourite hunting scenes, in which he must be assigned the front rank, and illustrating one or more local papers, such as the short-lived *Will o' the Wisp*, and in 1869 contributing to the *Sphinx* drawings in which "the germs of his genius are to be found." His ideas now gravitated towards town, and his youthful ambition pointed to a position on *Punch*, to which he subsequently contributed a good many drawings, but never attained a permanent position on the staff. Disappointment, as usual, beset his earlier attempts, for at first he made a tentative and flying visit to London, bearing an introductory letter to the good-natured editor, whose easy disposition occasionally led him into inflicting unintentional discouragements. Caldecott experienced this in an acute degree. He brought to Mark Lemon a drawing on wood and a book of sketches, the "Fancies of a Wedding." The encouragement he received must have been flattering; the wood-drawing was accepted, and the "Fancies of a Wedding" detained. Nothing was ever more heard of either. "From that day to this," said the victim of this disillusionising experience, "I have not seen either sketch or book;" and when the incident was recalled, on Caldecott's meeting the jovial editor, he responded: "My dear fellow, I am vagabondising to-day, not Punching," a jest which somehow failed to console the neophyte. His own impulses, backed by the encouragement of friends, decided Caldecott to try London as a residence in 1872. From this period his serious art-career may be dated. Here he made many friends, some of whom were of service to him in after-life.

He resided for awhile at Great Russell Street, and frequented the museum, where he evidently studied the Elgin marbles, and particularly the friezes of

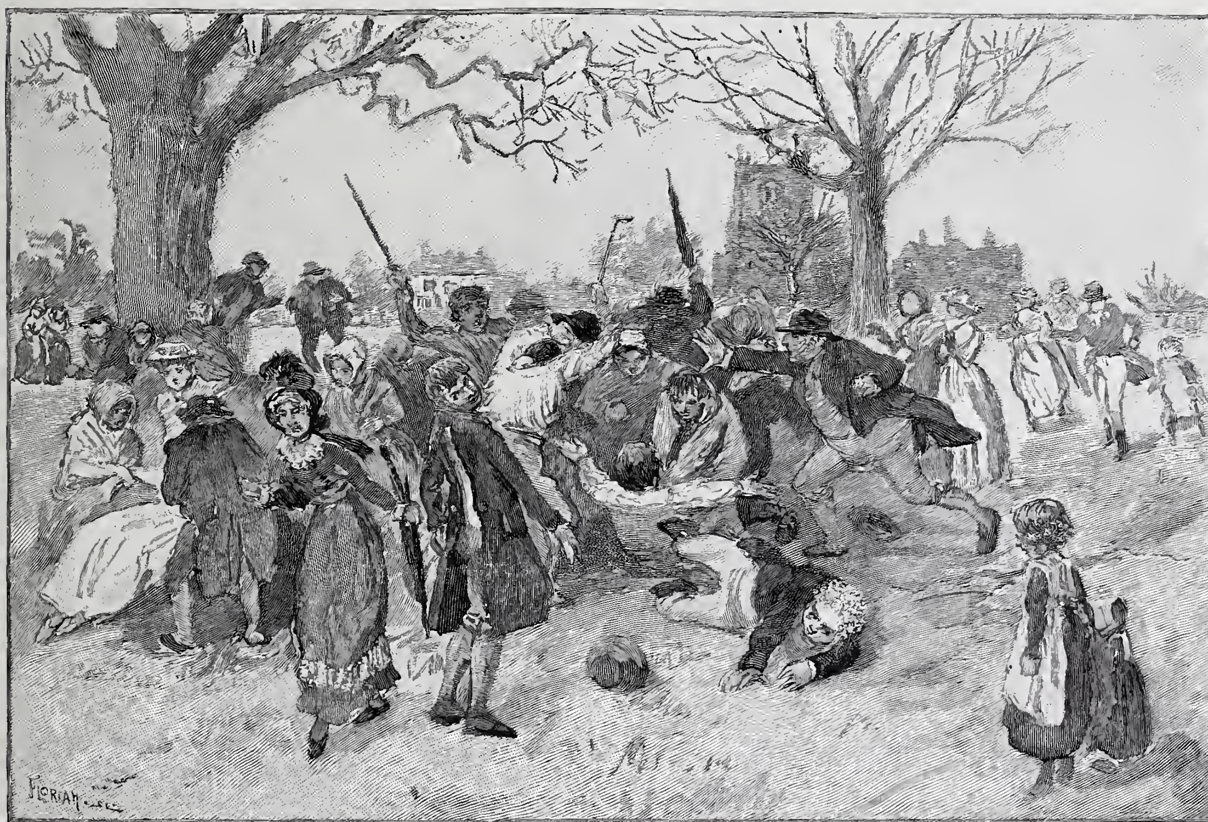


ORIGINAL STUDY FOR "BRACEBRIDGE HALL:" THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

the Parthenon, with reverent admiration. Somewhat of the ideal and classic grace of Phidias was grafted on to his own individuality, and the relievos he executed at this and subsequent stages of his career and at Florence prove how deeply he had imbibed the chaste and elevated inspirations from this font. Mr. Blackburn, whose tours to Brittany he shared and illustrated in after-years, was able to give Caldecott both encouragement and assistance; while M. Dalou, the distinguished French sculptor, who, like every one who met him, at once became partial to the young artist, afforded Caldecott the practical hints which could be gathered in his *atelier*. Among Caldecott's earliest contributions must be reckoned his work done for *London Society*, which was excellent. He studied for a time at the Slade School of Art, and began to investigate the productions of his predecessors, Gillray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, and others, mostly for hints concerning manners and habiliments. His inclinations disposed him to the graceful costumes of the past century, but with the occasionally downright vulgarity and savagery of the professional caricaturists Caldecott had nothing in common; while his forerunners of the Eighteenth Century often revelled in portraying vice, it will be noted that his work, without exception, is wholesome in its innocent fun. A work on the "Harz Mountains," by Mr. Blackburn, published in 1873, contained drawings by Caldecott; and at this time he did some work for the *New York Daily Graphic*, which included a visit to Austria, the commencement of those delightful expeditions and sojourns on the Continent, undertaken for a combination of business and pleasure—and often, alas! in vain search of health—of which the pictorial evidences fortunately survive. In fact, Caldecott seemed to get plenty of diversity, and was frequently on the move both at home and abroad. Already his temporary abiding-place had become "his very old rooms," while he writes—and he was an admirable correspondent—concerning the "good look at Europe" he had indulged on his Vienna trip. He was away a month, and, Ulysses like, "saw many towns, and conversed with many peoples and tongues."

From the apparent facility with which Caldecott executed all he attempted, it has sometimes been hinted by very exacting critics that his art is somewhat superficial, and that he was indifferent to

sustained effort, if not unconscious of the lack of that severe artistic training which would in all probability have resulted in suppressing much of the very apparent spontaneity of his productions. Such was not, however, the fact, and though he was ever a student, and daily making that progressive advancement in art which direct application to nature infallibly registers, as soon as he found regular occupation for his talents, to him as to the less fortunate B. R. Haydon came the conviction that "Ars longa est," which he fittingly illustrated. He writes from his studio by the British Museum in the year 1873: "I wish I had had a severe training for my present profession. Eating my dinners, so to speak. I have now got a workshop, and I sometimes wish I was a workman. Art is long: life isn't." Much of an artist's career is necessarily told in his work; the travels and by no means tedious tasks performed by Caldecott in his brief ten years of active employment afford unusual variety in this respect, and in the synopsis of his productions will be found the record of the concluding part of his life. Much of his time, before the outcome of his taste for hunting—are among the most characteristic of his works. One of the first of his book-illustrating commissions in 1875 happened to fall on fairy lore. This was "Baron Bruno, and other Fairy Stories," by Louisa Morgan. In the same year, at the instance of Mr. J. D. Cooper, the eminent wood-engraver, Caldecott gave the strength of his talent for the fitting illustration of Washington Irving. The venture was a complete success, and brought fame and request for his work; the admirable sketches of the American author were revivified by the artist's interpretations of our old-fashioned English life. The year following "Old Christmas" was succeeded by "Bracebridge Hall," which fully sustained the reputation created by its predecessor; it must be acknowledged that Caldecott has never excelled these delectable examples of his peculiar abilities. By the obliging permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the publishers of these delightful books, we are enabled to reproduce two original sketches of somewhat earlier date, illustrating leading incidents in "Bracebridge Hall," "The Combat on the Village Green" and "The Village Wedding,"



ORIGINAL STUDY FOR "BRACEBRIDGE HALL:" THE COMBAT ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

commissions began to engage all his energies, was spent in studying animals and birds at the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere. His equestrian studies— which are rendered with some material variations in the book itself. In 1876 the Royal Academy accepted the artist's first important oil-painting,

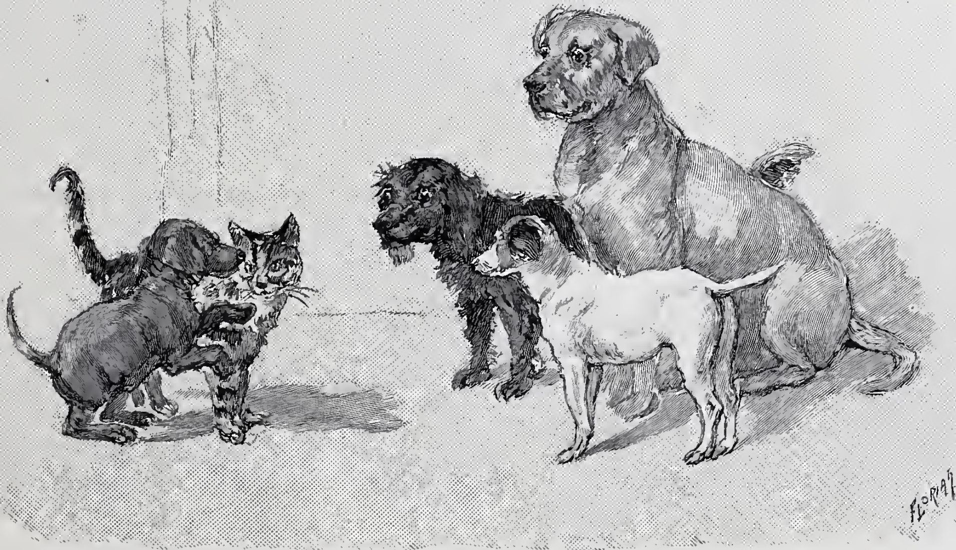
the "Three Ravens." *The Graphic* has contained the chief part of Caldecott's published work, excepting his book-illustrations and his "picture-book" series, which are inimitable, and a very feast for children of all ages. *The Graphic* proved a congenial opening for the artist. The art-editor, Mr. W. L. Thomas, at once recognised the attractive nature of his pictorial contributions, and everything Caldecott offered henceforth was accepted, and duly delighted the public in its pages. The Christmas number for 1876 introduced the first of his original designs in colours, "Grandfather's Christmas Visitors," and the year following appeared the series of four "Monaco papers," written and illustrated by Caldecott, in the familiar form of letters. To the time of his lamented death he continued to draw for *The Graphic*, the Christmas and summer numbers affording an uninterrupted succession of pleasant little comediettas—for the plots of which he was responsible, and, for the most part, his sketches were reproduced in facsimile in colours.

"Leaves from a Sketch Book" was rendered in facsimile by Edmund Evans in 1883, and published under the auspices of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, who have issued the famous series of "Caldecott's Picture Books," the first of which, "The House that Jack Built" and "John Gilpin," came to bring immeasurable wealth of happiness to childhood in 1878. Goldsmith's "Elegy on a Mad Dog" appeared in 1879. Among his contributions to serials may be mentioned "The Screen in the Lumber Room" and "Vauxhall," illustrations to Austin Dobson's lyrics which appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

He was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. At the exhibition his contributions always held their special interest, and to the galleries in Piccadilly his most finished *chefs-d'œuvre* were sent. In 1883 he exhibited a series of four admirable hunting scenes, and in 1885 there appeared his two important drawings of "The First Flight" and "The Last Flight," which at the sale of his remaining works (by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, June 11, 1886) were secured by the authorities for South Kensington Museum. He also contributed in 1883 and 1884 to the exhibitions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Oil. Caldecott suffered from a complaint of the heart, the legacy of a severe rheumatic fever, and it was partly for the sake of his health, and also on a commission from *The Graphic* to execute sketches of "Scenes in America," to be continued from week to week, that

"THE HORSE RACE."

he visited the United States, and betook himself to spend the winter in Florida. The weather on the voyage proved inclement, and he only lived to send over two instalments of the series of "The Americans according to Caldecott," which appeared February 20 and 27, 1886, as "American Facts and Fancies," while the summer number contained the last of the historiettes prepared by his gifted hand, "Paul and Virginia, or the Very Last of the Smugglers." Gradually declining in health, Caldecott's mirth was tinged with the shadow of melancholy. In the memorial written in *The Graphic* by the hand of a friend, it is aptly said: "Altogether he gave one the idea that he would like to be boisterous with humour, had he not a concealed gnawing trouble always upon him; but the cheeriness of the man and the quantity and quality of his work done manfully for years under these painful conditions was heroie." Dying far away from home and eomrades, at St. Augustine's, Florida, where he expired February 12, 1886, it is comforting to think that he was accompanied by a devoted wife, and, though a resident of but a few weeks among strangers, had already made many kind American friends. JOSEPH GREGO.



HIS FIRST LOVE.

A LOST ART REVIVED.

PERHAPS the strangest of the many strange events in the life-history of art is the way in which one special braneh of it will bud into existenee in some country, blossom to its full beauty, remain for some short time in the perfection of its fruition, then wither to its deeadence, and ultimately entirely decay. Yet this is an oeeurrence which is constantly to be noticed in the history of any one of the arts. The phases of development and retrogression it undergoes are in most eases the same, or follow in very similar lines. An art springs into being, grows apaee, flourishes for the time of its full strength, and then lapses through years—perhaps generations—of degradation into the imbecility of old age, and finally beeomes entirely extinct; in short, it is numbered among "the lost arts." These words, "a lost art," have always been felt by the writer to be one of the saddest expressions in the English tongue. If the arts are born in joy, and are in some sort the expression of man's happiness and better nature, it is grievous to think that the fruit of so mueh gladness and sunshine should have perished from our

ken; but if, as some believe, the arts have sprung from struggles long and sharp, from man's labour

1.—WHITE GRASSES ON A BLUE GROUND.

(*Vase made by Messrs. Webb.*)

and travail, that they are the gains of his bitter contest with life, and are the results of sorrowful experience and trial, how much sadder then it is to think that all this harvest of art should have ripened to the sickle but have failed of its seed.

On the other hand, of a somewhat similar character is the joy with which we hear of the recovery, by modern thought and science, of those old methods which formerly enriched the earth with so many objects of beauty. The art which is the subject of the present paper—that of Cameo-glass making—possesses this interest in an eminent degree. After having been "a lost art" for a thousand or fifteen hundred years, the process by which the glorious Portland, Auldjo, and Neapolitan vases were produced has been revived, and so successfully revived as to take its place amongst the first favourites of modern art manufacture.

It was in Egypt and Syria that the art of glass-making made its first great strides, if it did not actually have its origin there, but it was not until the art reached the shores of Greece that its full capabilities were recognised. The Greeks accepted it as a medium at once, and made this material as subservient to their ideas of beauty as they did all others. To them it was left to develop the art of glass-making to its culmination. From the very nature of the material the specimens remaining to us of their work are few and are probably not the very finest of their execution, but they are sufficient to prove that in the purely artistic side of glass-making—as distinguished from the scientific—the Greeks were, as usual, pre-eminent.

The excellence of antique glass should not surprise us when we remember how greatly glass was

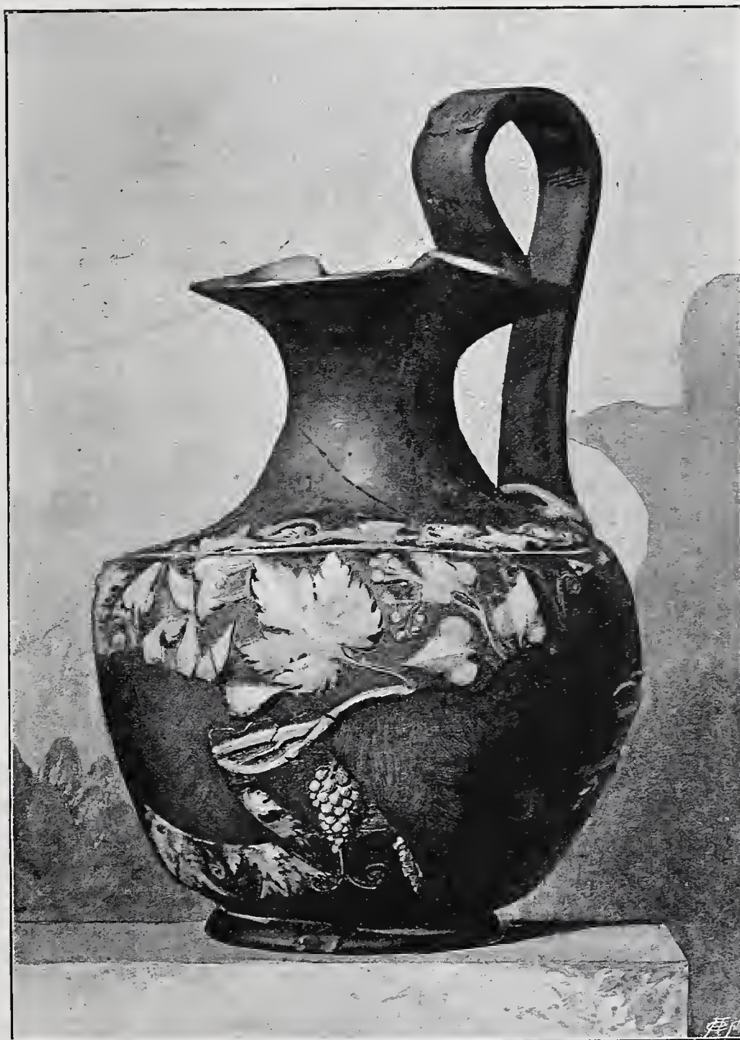
2.—ORIENTAL DESIGN IN WHITE AND GOLD ON CRIMSON GROUND.

(*Vase made by Messrs. Webb.*)

admired in all its forms in classic times, and what consistent and generous patrons of it were found amongst the Roman emperors and men of wealth.

It were a many-times-told tale to relate what prices Nero paid for fine pieces, or to tell again of the patronage of Tiberius, Hadrian, Tacitus, and others. Strabo tells us that so early as the times of Augustus there was at Rome everything necessary for the manufacture of glass, for its colouring, and even for the imitation of crystal and precious stones; and Pliny, who died, it will be remembered, in A.D. 79, says of contemporary artists that "they carved glass more exquisitely than silver." So numerous are the remains of antique glass that Wincklemann considered the material to have been in much more general use in ancient than in modern times. Wherever the Romans carried their arms and established their empire they took their refinements and luxuries, so that at the present day specimens of their glass are constantly being exhumed in nearly all the countries of Europe, and in some parts of Asia and Africa as well. Not only did they use it for their household utensils and their personal ornaments, but they employed it very extensively in their mural mosaics and in the tesselated pavements of their floors.

Even of the cameo-glass, the branch of which we are writing more especially, there are so many fragments remaining that we may not unjustly consider that it was a frequent, though costly, method of decoration in quite early times. Indeed, so common had this "chiselled glass" (by which we may suppose cameo-glass is meant) become by the time of Clement of Alexandria, who died early in the Third Century, that he includes it amongst the offensive and effeminate luxuries of his time. He was somewhat of a Vandal, and speaks of wishing to destroy all the pieces of carved glass-work in the interest of the public as being "a pretentious, useless vainglory," good for nothing but to be broken, and to cause to tremble all those who lifted them to



3.—THE AULDJO VASE (IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM).

their lips. But, notwithstanding the pious aspirations of Clement, the art of cameo-glass making continued to flourish for more than another hundred years longer in Italy, after which time it began to decline, owing to the withdrawal by Constantine of all the best artists and artisans from Rome and Italy to the new empire he had founded in the East. For some time the art flourished in Byzantium, but the Greek spirit in it was almost dead, and from that time dated its rapid decline; although the Byzantine mosaics and some fine specimens of glass in the treasury of St. Mark's, in Venice, witness to this day that the art existed in the East long after it had quite died out in the West.

The finest examples of cameo-glass now extant are the Portland vase, the amphora-shaped vase in the Naples Museum, and the *œnochoë* in the British Museum, which is called the Auldjo vase. Of these the Portland or Barbarini vase is, without doubt, the most beautiful. It has a romantic history. In the year 1644, during the pontificate of Urban VIII., a sepulchral monument on the ancient road to Tusculum, about three miles out of Rome, was opened, and, enclosed in a carved marble sarcophagus, was found the superb piece of cameo-glass, which was called, after the name of the reigning Pope, the Barbarini vase. The tomb was that of Alexander Severus and of Julia Mammæa, his mother, which fixes its date at about A.D. 235, but the vase, which is in the finest style of Greek art, probably dates from about B.C. 150. During the last century it passed into the hands of Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to Margaret, Duchess of Portland, since which time the vase has been known by the name it now bears. When in 1786 the superb collections formed by the Duchess were sold by auction, Wedgwood determined to buy the vase that he might copy it in his jasper ware, and he bid as high as a thousand guineas for it, his competitor being the Duke of Portland, son of the late owner. At this bid the Duke, crossing the room, asked Wedgwood why he so greatly desired to possess the vase, and upon learning his reason generously said that if Wedgwood would let him buy it he would lend him the vase for as long as he liked that he might reproduce it at his leisure. This offer Wedgwood accepted; he gave over bidding, and shortly afterwards left the room with the vase, which had become the property of the Duke. Twelve months were spent in the making of the model, and so costly was the work, and so careful the finish given to each copy by the gem-engraver whom Wedgwood employed, that although he sold for £50 each the fifty copies which he made, the outlay far exceeded the sum he gained. But that did not trouble Wedgwood; he had made the finest copy possible of a masterpiece of art.

The Duke of Portland afterwards gave the priceless original to the British Museum, of which it is now one of the chief ornaments. Some time afterwards a demented fool, anxious to gain a most unenviable notoriety, smashed the vase into a thousand atoms. It has, with marvellous skill and patience, been pieced together again, so that it is almost as beautiful as ever, and is now carefully protected in the Gem Room, where it is only to be inspected under the watchful eye of the blue embodiment of the law.

The body of the vase is of clear glass of a deep sapphire colour, and the cameo decoration, which is in high relief, is of white, opaque glass. The subject of the superb ornamentation is supposed to be the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, though there are many opinions upon this point. The vase when first made was entirely covered with a thick coating of opal-glass, which has been carved away by the hand of the sculptor just as he would have treated a gem. For a long time, indeed, the vase was considered to be a work in some magnificent kind of sardonyx. By the variation of the thickness of the white layer, gained by the differences of the depth of relief, most beautiful tones of colour are produced. Even on the bottom of the vase there is carved in low relief the beautiful head of a man in a Phrygian cap. This piece was not replaced when the shattered vase was restored, but was mounted, for purposes of easier inspection, by the side of the vase itself.

Wedgwood little thought when making his celebrated reproduction of the Portland vase that within the century a copy would be produced in the original material; yet such a copy was executed some time ago by Mr. Northwood of Stourbridge, a most accomplished artist in glass, on the commission of Mr. Philip Pargeter, himself an experienced and artistic glass-maker. This vase, which is to be seen in the Birmingham Art Gallery, is an entirely praiseworthy effort, but how far short it falls of the exquisite beauty of the real Portland vase only those who know the original can perceive. Some idea may, however, be gained by comparing it to one of Wedgwood's fifty copies which is in the Wedgwood Room in the same gallery.

Most of the known specimens of antique cameo-glass are similar in colouring to the Portland vase: the ground of a deep sapphire blue, and the relief in an opaque white. Occasionally the transparent blue is lined inside with a layer of white to intensify the colour. In some pieces, however, other colours than these two are used, three, four, and even five layers of colour having been found on some rare fragments.

Naples seems to have been one of the chief glass-making centres of Italy, the number of Greeks who were there probably being the reason for the greater excellence and beauty of its productions. It seems probable that much of the cameo-glass was made in or near Naples, and the other two specimens—mentioned above—the Auldjo and the amphora-shaped vase now in the museum at Naples, were both disinterred at Pompeii.

The celebrated Naples vase is of the same colour as the Portland vase—white upon blue. The shape is very beautiful, and the decoration of vines, masks, children occupied in gathering and carrying the grapes, and browsing goats, is graceful and charming in the extreme. This vase probably had at one time a foot of silver or gold, as the shape of it is such as to prevent it standing without a support.

The third piece of which we have spoken, the Auldjo vase, which we engrave (3), is also in the British Museum. It is of the form known as *œnochoë*, and the decoration consists of a band of vine-leaves and grapes and sprays of ivy most naturally and exquisitely chiselled.

Perhaps the most noticeable part of these pieces of antique glass (or, perhaps, one should say the part that may be noticed with the greatest advantage by modern workers) is the handles and the manner in which they are applied to the body of the vase or jug. They are entirely right both in their proportion and their adjustment; instead of ruining the form, as modern handles almost invariably do, they are part and parcel of the design, and as such are of the utmost value to the composition.

But in making an acquaintance with glass of ancient times, cameo or other, one must not endeavour to do so by inspecting only the perfect and entire specimens which exist at the present day. These are very few in number, and are not always of the best style or the best period of art. It is by studying the fine fragments that so many collectors have brought together, and which still are so constantly found in the treasure-teeming soil of Rome, that we can best form an estimate of the degree of perfection to which the Græco-Roman artificers brought the manufacture and the decoration of glass. This can very well be done by the student in London, as the collections in the British Museum and the South Kensington Museum are both rich in examples of this branch of art. The collection that Mr. Slade bequeathed to the nation is alone sufficient for all purposes of study. Probably many of the pieces of cameo-glass in this, as in other collections, were obtained by pressing the glass in moulds when in a plastic condition, and afterwards finishing the detail and sharpening the outline by the lapidary's wheel and the gem-engraver's chisel. It is most likely that many of the small plaques and medallions in the rougher and cheaper glass of this character were thus obtained. At a later date, when the art was already in its decadence, the glass-makers endeavoured to gain the effect of "chiselled glass" by superposing the paste in the desired design upon the piece to be ornamented. This was frequently done, and the effect thus cheaply gained was often fairly good. This work also would be finished by the engraver.

The revival in modern times of this very beautiful art is, we believe, originally due to Mr. Philip Pargeter, of Stourbridge, though the credit of the development of it to its present beauty and success belongs to another eminent firm of glass-makers—Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons—of the same neighbourhood. Mr. Pargeter only executed a very few pieces, more as examples of what still could be done than as a permanent branch of his business, but the Messrs. Webb recognised the capabilities that the revived process possessed, and from the first have given it the encouragement and support that only an enlightened, artistic, and wealthy firm can bestow. They have during the last twelve or fourteen years, since they began the making of cameo-glass, entirely trained a staff of workmen for this special purpose, the quality of whose productions is absolutely beyond rivalling at the present day. The height of their attainment is far below the level of the antique in some ways, but of its character—which is of no mean order—it is entirely pleasing and satisfactory. We engrave (Fig. 5) one of the most ambitious of their efforts. This cameo, a dead white on an opaque black ground, is a very beautiful example of their productions, as are also the vases shown in our illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2. The grasses in white cameo on a beautiful blue ground show their skilful treatment of natural forms, and the Oriental design in

4.—CHINESE DESIGN.
(*Bowl made by Messrs. Webb.*)

cameo of white and a fine gold colour on a body of rich crimson is both beautiful in detail and striking in effect. Although much of their work is really excellent, we cannot say that we approve of it all. To point out the faults of it before we speak in its praises, the ornamentation is often, in fact generally, excessive. With much less labour a far more beautiful result might be obtained. It is not necessary, or indeed desirable, that a piece should be decorated *all over*. At times, too, the colours of the glass, beautiful in themselves, are not well contrasted or harmonised.

Although in its general principles the process is much the same as the ancient methods must have been, the work is much aided and accelerated in modern times by the employment of acids. These agents do in an hour or two the work which must formerly have occupied weeks and months of constant labour. The manner in which the cameo is obtained in the first place is very simple. The glass-blower dips the end of his tube into a pot of molten glass of the colour which is to form the body of the object; this lump of glass he rolls to a convenient shape on the marver by his side, he then dips it into a roughly-shaped cup of plastic glass which his assistant has formed of the colour of which the decoration is to consist. If three colours are required the operation is repeated. The lump of glass thus obtained is then re-heated in the flame of one of the pots, and the different parts become welded firmly together. The workman next blows the piece to the form required, of which he has a full-size drawing on his bench, just as he would a bowl or vase of ordinary glass. After the article has been thoroughly annealed and tempered it is ready for the hands of the decorator. The great difficulty in the making of the cameo is to get the different layers of colour of such a make that they will expand and contract equally. It frequently happens that a beautiful piece will "fly" in the workshop, after it has been entirely finished, if it be exposed to any sudden heat or cold; but, with their increasing knowledge of the quality and value of the different colours employed in the work, the Messrs. Webb are reducing these costly accidents to a minimum.

5.—WHITE CAMEO ON OPAQUE BLACK GROUND.

(*Plaque made by Messrs. Webb.*)

The designer, who next takes the vase in hand, draws upon it in a black varnish, which is impermeable to acids, the pattern or ornament with which it is intended to decorate the object. The piece of glass is then immersed in a bath of hydrofluoric and other acids, which eat away the whole surface of the vase excepting the parts protected by the varnish. Thus the design is roughly gained in relief before it is touched by the hands of the engraver. From this time the work is done entirely by hand—the glass-engraver working upon it at the lathe with a wheel or with minute engraving tools just as he would carve a gem. The whole value of cameo-glass as an art-object depends upon the beauty of the design, and the exquisiteness and delicacy of the execution of it. If less expensive pieces are required we hope that they may be obtained by putting less ornament upon them, but of the present high quality. Because a vase has a spray of wild rose or eglantine upon one side of it, it is no reason that it should have a peony or a chrysanthemum upon the other: yet such seems to be the opinion of the average English decorator. Good taste cries aloud for simplicity, and this again means less expense of production.

But when speaking of cameo-glass making as an art, we must not forget the very great excellence attained by the Chinese in work of this character. It is a singular fact that when the art had entirely died out in the West, the Chinese should have been practising it with very great success. It would be an interesting question to investigate whether the Chinese discovered the art for themselves independently of all Western influence, or whether some

specimen of Greek workmanship and a knowledge of Greek method were carried into that farthest East from Constantinople after Constantine succeeded in establishing his Eastern Empire. The Byzantine influence was doubtless felt all over Turkey and Asia Minor, and it is very possible that some wandering merchant may have carried a knowledge of the art across Asia into "far Cathay." But though this point may be disputed, the excellence of the cameo-glass they make cannot be. Our illustration (Fig. 4) is not taken from an Oriental piece, though the decoration is Chinese. It is another example of the Messrs. Webb's work. Many of the Chinese pieces which are apparently decorated in this manner are not so in reality. The heathen Chinee, finding the work both difficult and costly, blandly punches and presses bits of glass into different forms which he very skilfully attaches to the surface of the object to be decorated. This is done so neatly as to deceive very many, but with a careful examination the imitation pieces may easily be distinguished from the genuine article. We believe that this fact has not before been noted, and the collector should always bear it in mind when purchasing Oriental specimens.

Judging from the quantity of good cameo-glass (not to speak of the poor) which is turned out by the Messrs. Webb, Messrs. Stevens and Williams, and by the two or three other firms about Stourbridge which manufacture it, the art, which has been only so recently revived, seems to be thriving. Whether it will survive or not rests, of course, with the public. To those who take an interest in a really beautiful manufacture we have this advice to give—"Buy; but look twice (or oftener) before you buy once." Mere richness and lavishness of decoration are not the qualities one should require in cameo-glass.

ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON.

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST-LIFE.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

TAKING one consideration with another, the lot of the Hanging Committee is emphatically not a happy one. Probably no other handful of men in England is so roundly and regularly abused by a certain section, and there is probably no other body that, on the whole, deserves it less. If his assailants are to be believed, there is no depth of meanness and ignorance with which the "hangman"—as he used, without ironical intent, to be called—is not chargeable; no nepotism, no favouritism, no egotism too gross for him to descend to. He is capable of all and any petty villainies, instinct with the vilest of motives, and will, as lief as not, damn his rogue's soul with envy, hatred, and malice, and all

THE START.

uncharitableness, in comparison with which the indiscretions of Nero and the lamentable inaccuracy of Ananias not only sink into insignificance, but almost appear in the light of virtues. The revilers, who, it must be admitted, though a noisy are not a large class, comprise the disappointed riff-raff of the profession; they look upon the hanger much in the same way as the Irish peasantry regard the bailiff—as their natural sworn enemy, notwithstanding that, for policy's sake, their resentment remains inactive, and their denunciation is reserved, more or less, for private ears. But when their vanity is satisfied, or their "merit recognised"—as they prefer to put it—by the hanging of their pictures, they hold their peace, and leave it to the "other fellows" (who the previous year were quite content) to lift up their voices in violent lamentation and loud reproach.

Under the circumstances, it will be readily believed that, as Sir Martin Shee told the Royal Commission years ago, with the subsequent confirmation of Sir Charles Eastlake, "there is no more disagreeable duty than hanging," which is "a charge of great delicacy, great difficulty, and exposing the members to many invidious reflections." Apart from the drudgery of it, and the loss of time it involves—and "time" with popular artists is often a great deal more "money" than with other professional men—there are additional serious disadvantages in a function which is admittedly the only drawback to membership—of the Academy at least. Not only is the hanger necessarily laid open without defence or power of reply to such little insinuations as have been referred to above, however honest and innocent of any trace of guile he may be, but his sensitiveness—and there *are* sensitive Academicians, whatever detractors may say—occasionally causes him to forego his right of exhibition, partially or entirely, for very fear of unjust suspicion. Members have been known to take down their pictures to make room for an "outsider's" work—a noble reply to an ignoble charge too often brought of late—a reply we should like to see oftener repeated by some members. An instance of this has been recorded by Sir Edwin Landseer when he mentioned in evidence that Thomas Daniell, who for more than two-score years wrote himself down R.A., took his picture from an excellent position to make room for a meritorious work, which proved to be by the French sea-painter, Gudin. A further decided drawback, it may perhaps be mentioned, is the possible but not very usual risk of assault by aggrieved candidates for space. At least, one case in point can be brought—that of Mr. Richard Evans, a portrait-painter of no mean ability. He had been drapery-painter and assistant to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and had executed the Raphael arabesques in the South Kensington Museum, so that he felt himself entitled to some consideration. He was a tall, brawny, ho -tempered Scot, who, after making a formal protest to Mr. Knight, the secretary, marked his sense of the treatment his picture had received by proceeding to break that inoffensive gentleman's head—for which luxury the law compelled him to pay fifty pounds down for damage done.

To "hang" well requires a very peculiar talent on the part of the member. "He must unite judgment with honesty," as Eastlake concisely expressed it; which, more expansively put, signifies that to incorruptible uprightness, conscientiousness, and self-abnegation, he must add a knowledge of effect and an eye for symmetry. He must not spare himself in the never-ending and almost impossible task of placing each work in fair and pleasing juxtaposition, so that its tone shall not be hurt by the tone of its neighbour, nor its colour overpowered by colour. He must keep every good work in view, and, above all, he must have a special aptitude and genius for solving problems of the "fifteen puzzle" type; for the matter of "fitting in" is the most difficult of all, and gives rise to more heartburning and injustice than all the other causes put together. That such an ideal standard is seldom reached is proved by the occasional instances of pictures thrown out two or three years in succession being placed at last on the line; but, for all that, many have approached nearer to it than is generally supposed. "Ah, we're a queer lot," said an Academician, speaking of these varying verdicts on the same works, "but if we are, it's only because we're human, like the rest of you."

The Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy in days gone by consisted of only three members. That was when the exhibition was in Somerset House; when skied pictures were hung out of sight about twenty feet high, according to Martini's engraving, and when works were so difficult to get that canvases were admitted bad enough to warrant mild little historical Edwards, when criticising one by Carter, in saying, "Whoever views that production will be inclined to pity the imbecility of the artist, if they do not reflect that nothing but great effrontery could possibly stimulate a man to present so wretched an offering." At the present day it is necessary to have at least six hangers for painting, one for sculpture, and one for architecture; and yet, notwithstanding this increase, the hanging takes twice as long as it did twenty years ago. The hangers include primarily the last-elected Academician, and then a selection of the members of the Council, who take their turn in rotation. As there is no law to compel members to serve, it would not be surprising if they were found unwilling to fill

so ungrateful an office, but, as a matter of fact, a sort of *esprit de corps* prevails, and prevents this shirking of a duty from which nothing but illness is held to excuse them. It is inevitable under the existing mode of appointment, whereby each Academician's turn to act comes round every seven or eight years, that there should sometimes be disproportionate representation of landscape or figure-painters on the Committee, amounting occasionally to the total exclusion of one class or the other. But Eastlake expressly stated that the best hanging he ever saw was carried out by a committee of three landscape-painters.

On entering the dusty, lumbered rooms, to which none but themselves and the Council are supposed to have admittance, the hangers find huge stacks of pictures of various acreage leaning against the walls: their work beginning where that of the Selecting Committee left off. Seizing their rules and lumps of chalk, and each attended by a carpenter or two, they distribute themselves about the place, and setting to work with extraordinary vigour, they attack the couple of hundred privileged, or members' pictures, which they hang, take down, re-hang, remove, and hang up again half a dozen times before most of them are placed. All is hurry and confusion, and when, finally, every picture is hung that can be hung, the result is voted more or less to everybody's dissatisfaction. Surely a more thorough system of exasperating elderly gentlemen, of irritating their nerves, fatiguing their bodies, and ruining their temper was never devised by mortal man. Then the hanging of the "accepted" pictures is proceeded with, and lastly, the "doubtfuls" are placed. But who shall tell of the difficulties that arise during the work? or whose pen shall record the words that are muttered, the curses that are delivered broadcast? Whole walls are hung and re-hung, at a moderate computation, four or five times in the effort to do well and to do better; and then, probably, when all is complete, a member of the Council (which "sits" continuously during the proceedings of the Hanging Committee)—the President or Secretary, may be, for they are always in and about—objects to a certain arrangement, or it may be found that a certain artist has monopolised too much space, and his pictures are pitilessly pulled down. On the compilation of the catalogue it has been discovered, ere now, that a single artist has had as many as *ten* pictures hung—a state of things, of course, altogether contrary to Cocker. It is while placing the "doubtful" pictures that injustice must perforce occur, for a time comes when considerations of space are paramount, when merit must give way to measure, and skill to size and shape. Every effort, it must be conceded, is, as a rule, made to accommodate a meritorious work, and the hangers will sometimes go so far as to take it out of its frame and put it into a narrow gold "flat," if this will reduce its size so as to allow of its being more worthily hung. Although the rules set down to guide the hangers are arbitrary in their character, a considerable amount of latitude and discretion is left in the application of them. Thus, on one occasion, soon after the removal of the Academy to its present abode, Mr. Watts, mindful, no doubt, of Mr. Ruskin's dictum that "if a picture is let in at all it should not be hung so high as to hurt the feelings of the artist or the necks of the public," obtained his fellow-hangers' consent to arranging the works to the advantage only of the public. The result was delightful and loudly applauded; there were few pictures above the line, and there was no crowding. But the cry that went up outside was simply appalling in its exceeding bitterness, while a well-known artist-rhymester, in the course of a satire on the Academy, referred to the incident as follows:—

> "So, after all the talk and promise given,
> Regrets for snubs when hard for wall-space driven,
> Owning th' injustice the outsiders bore;
> With thrice the hanging-space they had before,
> Now, when within their spacious halls they fix,
> They positively hang—*an extra six!*"

In judging of the little idiosyncrasies of a Hanging Committee, it must be borne in mind that contrary opinions are often very strongly held by its component members—that, for example, while some believe that every work should, in justice to outsiders, be hung if possible, no matter where, others hold it a truer kindness to crowd a picture out altogether rather than give it an inferior position, so that it might have "a line chance next time." On this ground one of the present prides of the Academy, who had sent in two good pictures, had one well hung and the other "crowded out," until the Council interfered. *Then* he was plain "Mr."—an outsider—while now he sits in the gates of his enemies, and every dab of his brush is paid for in gold. If there is a characteristic peculiar to any section of the Hanging Committee it is the "clannishness" of some of its Scotch members. This amiable weakness has produced many an amusing scene. Wilkie was once observed wandering to and fro, and from room to room, with a cabinet picture in his hands, endeavouring, with incomparable pertinacity, to find it a good position on the line. At last his persistence attracted the attention of one of his colleagues. "Why, what on earth are you doing with that picture of Brown's?" he asked. "Brown?" replied Wilkie, with his strong accent and quaint intonation, "eh; I thoucht it was Bourlett!" And forthwith he set it down and troubled with it no more. On another occasion, when the Committee consisted of

Roberts, Mulready, and the "English Paul Potter," the former was left alone while the others betook themselves to luncheon. On their return, they found that Roberts had made good use of their absence, inasmuch as he had covered nearly the whole line-space in one room with works by Caledonian artists. "This won't do at all," exclaimed Mulready; "we can't have this. Why, you've turned the place into a regular Scotland Yard! Take 'em down," he continued, turning to the carpenters; "take 'em all down." Roberts, not unnaturally, was very wroth. "Then I suppose I'm not wanted here?" he cried; "I might as well go home?" "*Just* as well!" returned Mulready. Roberts took him at his word; and it is a well-known fact that they never spoke to each other again. In later times this compatriotic feeling has by no means died out. A case

IN FULL SWING.

has been known in recent times of a Scotchman who not only planed down a countryman's frame to fit his picture into a good place, but as it was still too big, took similar liberties with the surrounding frames. This venial failing, if it is a failing, is set off by a very pretty independence which characterises the Hanging Committee, and their refusal

to be improperly coerced has brought about some historical incidents. When Gainsborough demanded of them to relax an arbitrary rule in the case

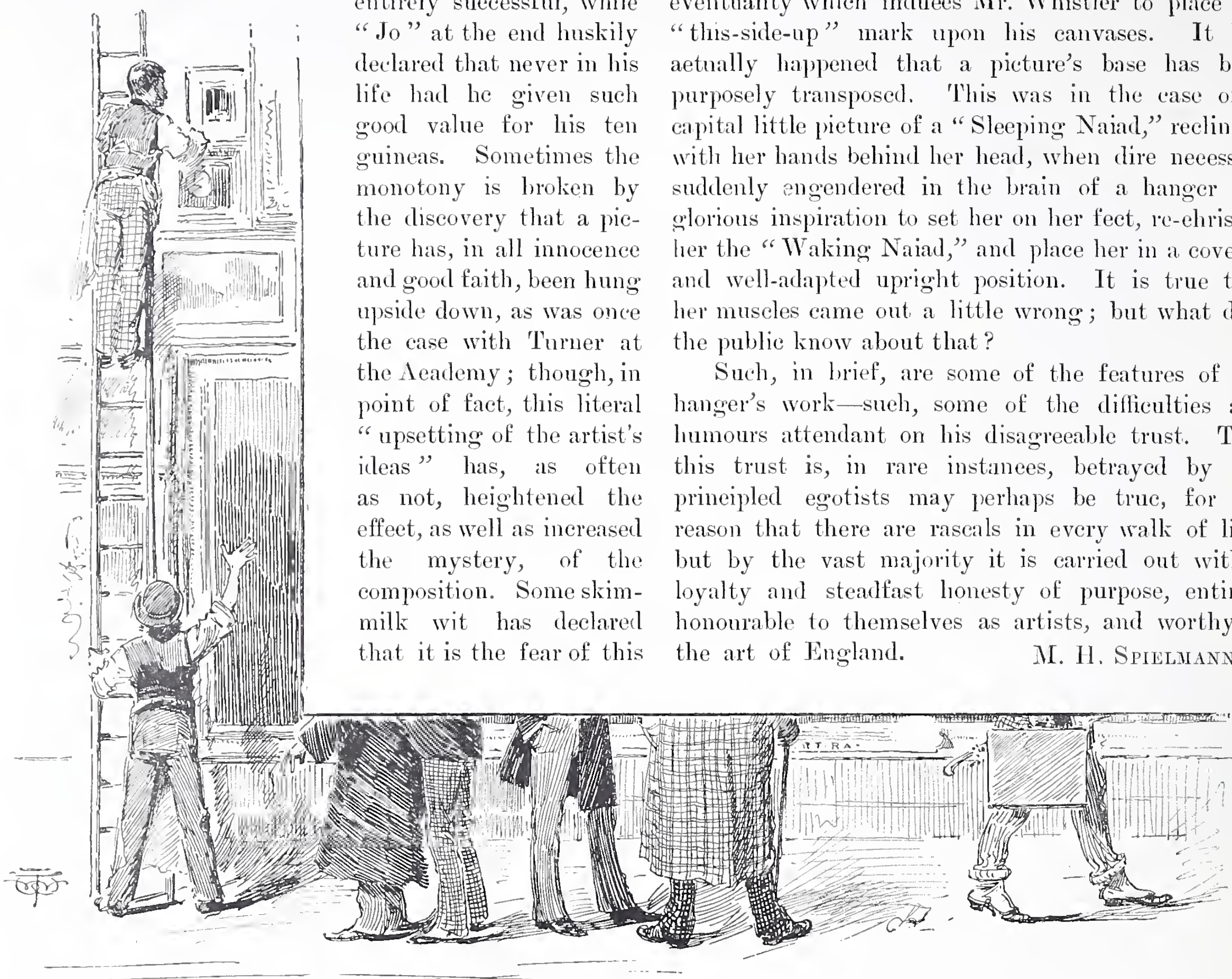
A QUESTION OF FIT.

of his royal picture, as a condition of its exhibition, he concluded his letter in terms to the following effect:—"If you refuse me this indulgence I will never exhibit with you again, and that I swear by God." Fully sensible of the consequences of non-compliance, they returned the picture to the artist; and, as they foresaw, he kept his word. Much the same treatment was meted out to Jones under somewhat similar circumstances. Again, the power given to the Committee to deal with members' works "when age or infirmity may paralyse the hand without checking the ardour of the veteran artist" has been liberally construed on several occasions. Once, when a respected member, now dead, sent in two lamentably bad portraits, one was "accidentally forgotten" and sent back to the artist; while the other, after being touched up about the ghastly eyes by the conspiring hangers, was hung in a dark corner—where, curious to relate, it attracted the attention of an esteemed representative of the daily Press, and elicited from him a generous meed of praise!

Laughable incidents are, happily, inseparable from hanging, and some of them recur with the regularity of the exhibition itself, whether at the Academy, the "Suffolk-ated Artists," the "Royal Waterworks," or the Institute. In the galleries of the last-mentioned society, especially, where the members do not feel themselves individually responsible for a hundred and twenty years' prestige, as is the case—or should be—with Academicians, many a funny scene may from time to time be witnessed by the privileged observer. For instance, whilst a hanger walks round "fitting in," as the end of his labours approaches, an attendant carpenter is always ready to hand him a picture—always the *same* picture, mind—to fit any space, whatever its size may be. "Confound that thing," the artist exclaims at last, as it is offered him for the fiftieth time. "Put it down, d'you hear? Do you call *that* five by three?" Hereupon the carpenter, who does *not* put it down, escapes with it to an adjoining room, where he tries by similar arts to force it on another hanger; for some poor devil has promised him a guinea if he can get it placed. Then the presence of a cantankerous member will sometimes paralyse the efforts of the Committee to get through its work. The writer recalls an occasion when such a Mar-all, by his objections, effectually, if conscientiously, prevented a single picture being definitively hung on the first day. At length, his colleagues, being men of resource, told off one of their number—known among his large circle as "Jo," and popularly supposed from his argumentative powers to be able to give a rattle a start of half the dictionary and then talk its spring off—to occupy the malcontent

"DO YOU CALL THAT FIVE FOOT BY THREE?"

in discussion on pictures and art-principles in general, while they went on with the work. The ruse was



entirely successful, while "Jo" at the end huskily declared that never in his life had he given such good value for his ten guineas. Sometimes the monotony is broken by the discovery that a picture has, in all innocence and good faith, been hung upside down, as was once the case with Turner at the Academy; though, in point of fact, this literal "upsetting of the artist's ideas" has, as often as not, heightened the effect, as well as increased the mystery, of the composition. Some skim-milk wit has declared that it is the fear of this eventuality which induces Mr. Whistler to place his "this-side-up" mark upon his canvases. It has actually happened that a picture's base has been purposely transposed. This was in the case of a capital little picture of a "Sleeping Naiad," reclining with her hands behind her head, when dire necessity suddenly engendered in the brain of a hanger the glorious inspiration to set her on her feet, re-christen her the "Waking Naiad," and place her in a coveted and well-adapted upright position. It is true that her muscles came out a little wrong; but what does the public know about that?

Such, in brief, are some of the features of the hanger's work—such, some of the difficulties and humours attendant on his disagreeable trust. That this trust is, in rare instances, betrayed by unprincipled egotists may perhaps be true, for the reason that there are rascals in every walk of life; but by the vast majority it is carried out with a loyalty and steadfast honesty of purpose, entirely honourable to themselves as artists, and worthy of the art of England.

M. H. Spielmann.

VAN DYCK.

THE works of Sir Anthony Van Dyck brought together this winter at the Grosvenor Gallery formed as representative and complete an exhibition of the master's art as could be expected. Antwerp and Ghent and Mechlin being beyond the field of collection open to Sir Coutts Lindsay, it was inevitable that the painter's great sacred examples should be missing, and that nothing should be forthcoming that truly represented that characteristic section which culminated in the famous "Crucifixion" at Mechlin, the penetrative solemnity of "The Elevation of the Cross" at Courtray, and "The Ecstasy of St. Augustine" of 1628, at Antwerp. Considering, however, the numerical proportion of the portraits to the artist's religious, historical, and mythological work, in the prodigious sum of his achievement, the Grosvenor exhibition could not well have been completer. The portraits, for instance, in M. Guiffrey's catalogue are as three to one, compared with the remaining paintings, and it is no matter for surprise that the proportion at the Grosvenor was even greater. With the exception mentioned above, and the very indifferent representation of the painter's marvellous accomplishment as an etcher, the collection illustrated the well-marked periods of Van Dyck's career with a completeness that has never previously been approached. Of the dawn of that brilliant progress of triumph, when the influence of Rubens was paramount, because uncontested, Lord Methuen's "Betrayal of Christ" may be taken as a typical example, full of interest and instruction to the student. Unrepresented is the brief sojourn in England during the winter of 1620–21, an episode in Van Dyck's life once regarded as mythical, and now fully

established. What work he did, if any, in those few weeks is not known, though it is surmised that we may attribute to this time the head of the full-length of James I. at Windsor, and the earliest of the many portraits of the Earl of Arundel, the great collector, Van Dyck's patron, the Mariette of his age. Of the adventurous voyage to Italy in the hey-day of the painter's youth, when his genius was nourished in 1632, when the enchantment of Rubens was once more active, though subordinate to the maturing forces of Van Dyck's ever aspiring personality. Even in the romantic style of the finest of the English portraits, with their unparalleled distinction of grace, charm, and refinement, the painter's individuality is not more decisively proclaimed than in the portrait of "Snyders and his Wife," in the incomparable "Lady

SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK. (I.)

(From the Picture by Van Dyck. By kind Permission of the Marquis of Bristol.)

and stimulated by the master-works of the Venetians, we have unsurpassable fruits, both in paintings executed in Italy and subsequently in Flanders, in the superb portraits of the Balbi family, in the imposing and majestic serenity of the "Marchesa Brignole-Sala and Her Son," in the "Don Livio Odescalchi," and in the magnificent "Rinaldo and Armida" from the Duke of Newcastle's collection. Less extensively represented at the Grosvenor, though not less complete in its plenitude, is the incredibly fecund period previous to the final journey to England and Child" of Lord Brownlow, and in the "Wife of Snyders." And it is precisely in such works that the noblest influences of the art of Rubens are most visible. The last-named work is especially valuable as supplying a reconciling *nexus* between the English portraits and the so-called Gevartius, the master's "Portrait of a Gentleman" in the National Gallery, now generally attributed to Rubens. That this ascription is not adopted in the National catalogue may, or may not, be due to the reasonable doubts of the authorities. The comparison suggested may be

extended to other undisputed works of Van Dyck, and with instructive results.

The leading incidents of Van Dyck's career, the story of his wanderings, the substantial facts of each period of his artistic development, and the succession of his works, are now fairly determined by the "Pictorial Notices" of W. H. Carpenter, the "Catalogue Raisonné" of Smith, and by the exhaustive labours of M. Jules Guiffrey in his splendid quarto, "Antoine Van Dyck, sa Vie et son Œuvre." For more than a century after his death we find his biographers improving on the many pleasing legends of which the gallant and brilliant painter was the hero; while fundamental matters of biography, such as the date of his birth, his earliest relations with the English Court, the fortune he bequeathed at his death, and so forth, were governed by the breath of tradition. Thus Descamps, himself a painter and member of the Académie Royale, affirms, among other fables, that Van Dyck's father was a painter on glass of Bois-le-Duc, and is uncertain whether Van Dyck was born in 1598 or 1599.

THE MARCHESA BALBI OF GENOA (PORTION ONLY). (II.)

(From the Picture by Van Dyck. By kind Permission of R. S. Holford, Esq.)

He was born, says M. Guiffrey, at Antwerp in 1599, the seventh of the twelve children of François Van Dyck, a merchant of wealth and reputation, and of Marie Cuypers, who was his second wife. From his mother, a woman of artistic gifts and refined sensibility, he inherited the exquisite sense of refinement which is a precious quality in his work, and possibly, likewise, that "something feminine—not

HENRIETTA MARIA. (III.)

(From the Picture by Van Dyck. By kind Permission of the Duke of Grafton, K.G.)

effeminate," which Coleridge declares is "discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius," of which we have the more positive and melancholy expression in the Madrid portrait of the painter and Sir Endymion Porter, and the more vivacious aspect in the Marquis of Bristol's "Portrait of the Painter," reproduced in our first illustration. We know not what portents announced the genius of the boy, but from the irresistible splendour and astonishing prodigality of the artist's brief career, it is natural to assume a precocity not less than that of Raphael, and only inferior to that of Mozart. It is known he was the pupil of Hendrick Van Balen in 1609, and it is assumed he was working under Rubens two years later. At this date, 1611, it is clear that Van Dyck must have already displayed his powers, for, in a letter of this year, Rubens writes to Jacques de Bie, the engraver, that he had refused more than one hundred pupils and offended many of his friends thereby. To this period of apprenticeship belongs the admirable story of how Van Dyck repaired certain injuries in a picture of Rubens, accidentally caused by some of his pupils, too curious inquirers into the secrets of the master's technique. The incident is circumstantially detailed by Descamps—he speaks of the arm of the Magdalen and the cheek and chin of the Virgin as involved in the calamity—and whatever basis the story may have in truth, it illustrates with dramatic force the early tradition of Van Dyck's extreme facility as the pupil of Rubens. And yet, so far as we may judge from his pre-Italian work, at no time can it be said that the craftsman in him dominated over the artist. He was from the first both painter and artist, full of faith in his calling and in himself; a genius compacted of fire and impulse, impressionable, assimilative, and aspiring. Whatever influences may be detected, or are broadly apparent in his work, there is ever some revelation of the artist's personality. If there are instances among the early religious pieces of Van Dyck, where we feel that he is denaturalised by the influence of Rubens, is overmastered by the robust energy and clamorous *brio* of the elder painter, we feel also that the individuality of the artist is not led captive. It is not the assimilative dexterity of the craftsman that confronts us in these works, but rather the strife of a personality not sufficiently developed to subject such influence to its own spiritual needs. Here it is the witchery of enchantment, the uncontrollable source of exaltation and excess; afterwards, as we know, the influence of Rubens became a beneficent and potent factor in Van Dyck's art. We need no contemporary evidence that he wrought with swift and assured intrepidity in his greatest work as in the more hasty of the later English portraits, and in those which are his only because he touched them in part. And this assurance of handling was combined with extraordinary warmth of conception, fertility of design, and an imaginative spirit, not, indeed, of the highest creative force, but undeniably noble and elevating.

Van Dyck's first visit to England, under the protection of that "evangelist of the art-world," Lord Arundel, was not very productive, nor, we may be sure, very satisfactory to the young and ambitious painter who was emulative of the magnificent example of Rubens. The reign of Cornelius Van Jansen was approaching the end, but the times were not yet ripe. In the spring of 1621 Van Dyck was again in Antwerp, and in the autumn he started for Italy, stimulated to this memorable enterprise by the generous counsel of Rubens. It was this joyous setting out from Antwerp that led to the historic adventures at Saventhem—as charming and idyllic an interlude as the sentimental voyager could desire. The story suggests a pretty picture: the gay and chivalrous painter on his white horse, the gift of Rubens, with all the world before him like an opening paradise, riding into Saventhem, and falling a victim to the beauty of Anna Van Ophem. The episode is like a page from the "Wanderjahre" of "Wilhelm Meister." It is a pity to spoil so delightful a story, but, as M. Guiffrey observes, with the philosophy of a critic, it is better to know the truth than to cling to error, however sweet and alluring. Van Dyck did not, for his love's sake, present two pictures to the village church, but received a good round sum for a "Holy Family" and a "St. Martin," of which last we had a reminiscence at the Grosvenor in Mr. Holford's "St. Martin Dividing his Cloak." By November 20 he was in Genoa, and visited Venice, Rome, Palermo, living at Rome with the Cardinal Bentivoglio, whose portrait he painted—the picture now at the Pitti Palace, and one of the glories of Florence.

Driven from Sicily by the plague, the painter returned to Genoa, after a brief sojourn in Florence and Turin. At Genoa he lived for a time with Lucas and Cornelius de Waël, producing with prodigious facility some fifty of his most superb and masterly portraits, many of which yet remain in the Genoese palaces. To this date must be assigned the famous "Marquess Spinola" in "silver-shining armour;" the "Marquess de Brignole-Sala"—one of the most imposing of his equestrian subjects; the fascinating "Portrait of a Lady"—No. 6 at the Grosvenor—a work of incomparable beauty, with the glow and splendour of a Bronzino; and the two portraits of the Balbi family, the delightful group of the "Children" (29), lent by Lord Cowper, and Mr. Holford's radiant and lovely "Marchesa Balbi," which is reproduced in our second illustration. In

this sumptuous portrait the vigorous handling, the dark, rich, glowing colour, the solidity of execution, present the most striking contrast with the "Sir John Byron" hung next to it, as if to emphasise the painter's later manner, the uniformly slight impasto, the vague aërial environment in which the figure is enveloped as in a vaporous distance.

Passing to the second Flemish period (1626–32), we arrive at some of the painter's greatest work in the Grosvenor exhibition; the imposing "Abbé Scaglia," Velasquez-like in its realistic force; the "Francis Snyders and his Wife"—with interesting points of analogy with the "Jean de Waël and his Wife" at Munich; and lastly, omitting other works not less characteristic, the charming "Lady and Child" (118) from the collection of Earl Brownlow.

A LADY AND CHILD. (IV.)

(From the Picture by Van Dyck. By kind Permission of Earl Brownlow.)

DÆDALUS AND ICARUS. (V.)

(From the Picture by Van Dyck. By kind Permission of Earl Spencer, K.G.)

This beautiful painting, which we are privileged to reproduce here (IV.), abounds in valuable evidence of the felicitous fusing of the influence of Rubens and Van Dyck's subtler idiosyncrasies. The flesh-painting, in colour and modelling, is masterly, and the indescribable piquancy of mingled vivacity and melancholy grace is a circumstance of intense personality, exquisitely expressive of Van Dyck's temperament. Early in 1632 Van Dyck was living at Blackfriars, knighted by the king, with a pension of £200 a year settled on him by his royal master. With no loss of time he commenced the series of portraits of the Royal Family and of the celebrities of the day that form so large a proportion of his work. Of the king no less than nine examples were at the Grosvenor; of the queen, five, with the Windsor portrait of the three royal children. Of this last subject numerous portraits exist in this country and on the Continent, the most brilliant of the group being the variant of the Grosvenor picture at Turin. The Duke of Grafton's portrait of Henrietta Maria, of which we give an engraving (III.), is by no means the most notable of the numerous portraits of the queen, though not without something of the painter's grace and distinction. The white satin dress is broadly painted, but the accessories are extremely feeble.

It is impossible here to consider even the most distinguished of the long array of historical portraits at the Grosvenor. No artistic work exists that less needs the descant of moralist or historian, or more completely reproves the technical exposition of the critic by the gracious and unstinted measure of its revelation. The Muse of History was alone the inspiring medium to set forth the perfect praises of these triumphs of genius. What gleanings of history we gather from the ample pages of the chronicler appear but thin and barren stuff in the presence of such witnesses as the Duke of Norfolk's "Charles I.," with its haunting pathos; the "Strafford" of Sir Philip Egerton; the romantic and peerless distinction of Lord Cowper's "Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart;" the undying charm of the "Killigrew and Carew," and many another entrancing presentment of bravery and gallantry. Our last illustration, after Lord Spencer's "Dædalus and Icarus," is one of the finest examples of Van Dyck in the collection, as well as an extremely happy conception. The sullen expression of the youth, like an Adonis in the toils of Venus, is full of charm and delight; nor is there in the whole collection anything more masterly than the flesh-painting, or more admirable than the flawless modelling of the Icarus.

The last of the nine years of the painter's life was, if we are to believe his earlier biographers, shadowed by the gloom of ill-health and failing fortune. Did he, with Sir Kenelm Digby, emulate Sir Epicure Mammon, and grow learned in the jargon of alchemy? Did he who was master of a more heavenly alchemy consort with plumbers and pewterers? Descamps reports of this now-exploded fable, "Les vapeurs du charbon et le déplaisir de se voir trompé, lui causent beaucoup de chagrin; épuisé d'ailleurs par ses plaisirs il vit sa santé diminuer avec sa fortune." Happily, his end was not thus. He left some £15,000 sterling, a fact that sufficiently disproves the charge of improvidence and folly that was once prevalent.

J. A. Blaikie.

LEONE LEONI AND POMPEO LEONI.*

M. EUGÈNE PLON has produced in his "Leone Leoni, Sculpteur de Charles-Quint, et Pompéo Leoni, Sculpteur de Philippe II.," a work which, for interest, artistic and historical, for splendour and completeness of illustration and type, must take rank beside, or perhaps above, his admirable "Benvenuto Cellini." The book is very far from being a mere *ouvrage de luxe*, but is, on the contrary, as might have been expected, a solid and exhaustive biography and criticism, which is likely to remain the definitive authority on the subjects of which it treats. It is purposely shorn of all unnecessary ornament in the body of the text, incorporated with but separate from which are, however, reproductions of all the works of Leone Leoni and of his son Pompeo, including both those which were already attributed to these masters, and others which M. Plon—a most acute and unbiassed critic, as well as an indefatigable worker—has with certainty been able to trace to them. Among these reproductions are eighteen of the finest and most accurate héliogravures that have yet been produced even by the house of Dujardin, sixteen by comparison somewhat less successful heliotypic reproductions by A. Quinsac, and a large number of important etchings and drawings from the hand of the well-known artist M. Paul Le Rat. These last are executed with his usual skill and patience, but it becomes, nevertheless, evident that etching proper cannot compete with the mechanical and semi-mechanical processes in the accurate representation of plastic works in the round.

M. Plon's task has this time been, in some respects, a more grateful one than in dealing with the life-work of the famous Florentine; though the more picturesque and more popular figure of Cellini, as exhibited in his own astonishingly vivid autobiography and in the records of the time, was a better nucleus ready to the hand of him who should undertake to fill up and correct the strong outline thus provided. There, M. Plon's research led him inevitably to state and to prove that the vast mass of the work so complacently attributed during the last three hundred years to the great sculptor, goldsmith, and medallist, was neither from his hand, nor even from his studio; though the indefatigable biographer had certainly some few gains to show on the other side. Here, M. Plon has been able to restore to two great artists, famous, no doubt, but very imperfectly known, a number of works either dubitatively ascribed to them, or, up to the present time, anonymous; to place before our eyes in exquisite reproductions the whole of these works, so far as they are at present known to exist; and to give, with respect to many other works mentioned in the correspondence and records of the artists themselves,

* "Leone Leoni, Sculpteur de Charles-Quint, et Pompéo Leoni, Sculpteur de Philippe II., par Eugène Plon. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie., Imprimeurs-éditeurs."

and of the time, such accurate descriptions and data as will probably ere long have the result of promoting the re-discovery of these lost treasures. The author, profiting by the recent researches of the Marquis Campori, Signor Amadio Ronchini, Signor A. Bertolotti, Signor Carlo Casati, and others, and completing the new materials thus obtained by extensive and productive researches on his own account in the archives of Madrid, Simancas, the Escurial, and Toledo, as well as at Milan, Parma, and Guastalla, has succeeded, chiefly by the aid of a skilful chronological arrangement of the correspondence of Leone Leoni with his numerous patrons, not only in defining with great precision the artistic and moral individuality of his chief hero, whose strange figure now stands out with absolute clearness, but in throwing new side lights on certain personages of the highest historical importance. Thus, we are enabled to see the shameless, brilliantly versatile Pietro Aretino—the "Divus P. Arretinus Flagellum Principum," as he, with sublime impudence, styles himself in one of the medallic portraits executed for him by Leoni—in the somewhat novel rôle of the peace-maker, the moderator of undisciplined passion, the sincere, if not altogether disinterested, patron of his fellow-townsman—for Leoni was also a native of the genius-producing Arezzo. New light is also shed on the character and tastes of the famous Antoine Perrenot, Cardinal Granvella, the trusted counsellor of Charles V. and of Philip II., the real Regent of the Netherlands under Margaret of Parma, and afterwards the Viceroy of Naples.

It is, indeed, a strange personality that M. Plon has so carefully and so vividly unfolded to us; one, indeed, in all respects worthy to be paralleled with that of his last hero Benvenuto; and the more so, since in their earlier time the two brilliant sculptors were ardent rivals and bitter enemies, hating each other with the implacable hatred of which the artists of the Sixteenth Century have given so many examples. Leone Leoni now appears as a sculptor and worker in bronze of more sustained merit, greater power of production, and more complete achievement, as a realist of far greater truth and pathos than his more celebrated contemporary. Benvenuto, on the other hand, displays in his chief masterpiece, the "Perseus with the Head of Medusa" of the Loggia—open to criticism as that work unquestionably is—an imaginative power, a fiery energy, an individuality, to which the Aretine sculptor cannot lay claim in the same degree. But then, to compare with such a work as, for instance, Cellini's bronze bust of Cosimo de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, at the Bargello, the series of portraits executed by Leone in bronze and marble of his great patrons of the House of Austria—including, as these do, the unsurpassed bronze bust of Charles V., the great group showing the same monarch overpowering an allegorical figure of Fury, and the marvellously truthful and individual full-length bronze figure of Philip II.—is to be convinced

MARBLE STATUE OF THE EMPRESS ISABELLA.

(By Leone Leoni. Prado Museum, Madrid.)

of the great superiority of the latter sculptor over his rival in all that appertains to a close and sympathetic study of nature and a genial interpretation of its less obvious manifestations. As a medallist, Cellini has left work of greater delicacy and precision than his contemporary, while, on the other hand, Leoni's production in this branch is far greater, and some of his works show a larger and grander style than is revealed by any similar work of the Florentine now extant. As a goldsmith we are still able to appreciate Cellini in some few absolutely authenticated works at Vienna, the Uffizi, and perhaps the Louvre, while Leoni has left no known specimen of the art to which, like many great artists of his time and of the preceding century, he first applied himself. Nevertheless, the exquisite ornamentation lavished on the armour, arms, and insignia of his bronzes, serves to indicate how consummate must have been his taste and skill as an *orafo*. For supremacy in moral turpitude, for unrelenting bloodthirstiness, for unmitigated, unpalliated ruffianism, Leone Leoni competes quite as successfully with Benvenuto as he does for the foremost place in art. If the latter has, again, some brilliant instances of audacious villainy to show, enhanced, as they are, by the inimitable naïveté and picturesqueness with which he relates them, Leoni has more evenly sustained his reputation as a deadly, implacable enemy, incapable of remorse as of hesitation; as a scoundrel, indeed, who, but for the commonplace motives which generally actuated his evil deeds, would be entitled, without doubt, to occupy a place in the first rank of criminals. In 1538, when, after a short period of bitter rivalry between Cellini and Leoni, not unaccompanied by explosions of wrath on both sides, the former was disgraced and imprisoned in the dungeons of the Castle of St. Angelo, he suspected, and, in the memoirs, accused "Leone Aretino" of having attempted to compass his death by mixing powdered diamond, or rather crystal, with his food. A little later, the Aretine, then holding the office of engraver of the Pontifical dies in succession to Cellini, was guilty of a most horrible outrage on a German goldsmith in the service of Pope Paul III., known as Pellegrino di Leuti, whom, in punishment for some insulting accusations, he mutilated in the face, so as to leave him for life "a monster horrible to behold." For this murderous attack he had nearly suffered the penalty of loss of his right hand, but, luckily for his age and for posterity, this punishment was commuted for that of the galleys, which he suffered for a whole year, before he was delivered by the illustrious Admiral Andrea Doria, and by him carried to Genoa. The fine medal executed by Leoni of his liberator bears on its reverse the effigy of the sculptor himself, framed in the chains of the galley-slave, to have worn which he appears to have deemed a memorable misfortune rather than a shame. Later on, in 1545, we find our hero sending from Milan to Venice a hired bravo to assassinate a former assistant, Martino Pasqualigo, for no other reason than that he had proved recalcitrant, and had declined to depart with the master who had brought him to Venice. This audacious and absolutely cold-blooded enterprise, which only partially failed, seeing that the unfortunate Martino remained disfigured, appears to have revolted even the cynical Pietro Aretino, who first sulked, and then addressed to his worthy *protégé*

BRONZE BUST OF CHARLES V.

(By Leone Leoni. Prado Museum, Madrid. Reproduced from the Héliogravure by Dujardin in M. Plon's book.)

a letter full of reproaches. Leoni's crowning misdeed, however, is the atrocious attempt made by him, in 1559, with the aid of his son-in-law Alessandro, to assassinate Orazio Vecellio, the son of his intimate friend and benefactor, Titian, at a time, too, when the former had, at the request of Leoni, become his guest. This attempted assassination was not the outcome of any quarrel, nor was it even an act of jealousy or family *vendetta*, as were, in most cases, the less inexcusable crimes of Benvenuto; it was variously attributed at the time to the envy aroused in the breast of the Aretine sculptor by the order, given by Philip to the Governor of Milan, to pay to Titian the large arrears of certain

BRONZE GROUP OF CHARLES V. WITH AN ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF FURY.

(By Leone Leoni. Prado Museum, Madrid. Reproduced from the Héliogravure by Dujardin in M. Plon's book.)

pensions, and to the desire of Leoni to rob Orazio of a sum of two thousand ducats just received by him on account of these same pensions. It is highly characteristic of the time that, notwithstanding the impassioned indictment and appeal addressed by the aged Titian to King Philip, the assassin appears to have escaped with a fine, and, what must have been a very short banishment, seeing that in the same year the Medici Pope, Pius IV., confided to him the execution of the monument to be erected to his brother, the Marquis of Marignan, in Milan Cathedral.

The great sculptor's career appears, nevertheless, to have been not only one of continuous artistic glory and success, but also, throughout its latter portion, one of comparative ease and good fortune, chequered only by the inevitable drawbacks of those days, such as delays in the payment of well-earned pensions and rewards. Loaded with benefits and honours, including that of knighthood, by his august patron Charles V., he built for himself a magnificent mansion at Milan—on the inner and outer façades of which may yet be seen most characteristic sculptures from his own hand—and died there, full of years and of glory, in the year 1590.

His works, to some of which we have already alluded in passing, deserve, and will now doubtless obtain, the most serious study. It is probably because the two most important monuments from his hand to be found in Italy—the tomb of the Marquis de Marignan already referred to, and the colossal statue of Don Ferrante Gonzaga, in the square at Guastalla—show more evidence of the decadence and over-emphasis which had already begun to characterise Italian art in the middle of the Sixteenth Century, than do the magnificent series of iconic works at Madrid, that the fame of Leone Leoni has in later times been less than is his just due, and that it has rested rather on his extensive but subordinate productions as a medallist than on his achievements as a sculptor. It is at Madrid that he must be studied to be appreciated at his true worth. No portrait statue of the Sixteenth Century can be said to surpass the bronze bust of Charles V. here reproduced, in which, exquisite and highly finished as is the detail of the ornamentation, and supremely elegant as is the Michelangelesque pedestal, all the component parts are happily subordinated to the countenance of the Emperor-King, to which the poetic realism of the artist has imparted a truth and a melancholy dignity so moving, that to find their parallel in portraiture we must look back to the great Florentine school of the Fifteenth Century. The great group which shows the same monarch trampling on a nude male figure typifying Fury (one view of which is here given) is also, in its way, a masterpiece, remarkable for the expression in the figure of the triumphant king, of calm, resistless power, and, in that of the embodiment of Fury, for the suggestion of impotent rage; though we may be constrained to own that the excessive elaboration of the accessories somewhat mars the symmetry and expressive power of the group as a whole. Even more subtle, in some respects, is the characterisation which marks the full-length bronze statue of Philip II., delineated in his youth, before his accession to the throne of Spain. The self-concentration, the glacial hauteur of the young prince, rendered with an insight and an absolute success scarcely attained in the same degree even by Titian in the portraits of Madrid and Naples, contrast in the most striking fashion with the august dignity of his illustrious father, so successfully indicated in the works just referred to. The attitude of the figure, though intentionally stiff and constrained, is none the less suitable and characteristic. Much, too, might be said in praise of the pathos and dignity, the becoming reticence, shown both in the marble bust and the full-length bronze figure of Queen Mary of Hungary, the sister of Charles V.; much, too, as to the elaboration of detail displayed in the bronze and marble effigies of the Empress Isabella, executed not from life—for she died long before Leoni entered the service of the House of Austria—but after a posthumous portrait built up by Titian from a Flemish original. Here, as M. Plon points out, it is evident that the iconic figures, of German and Flemish workmanship, which surround the tomb of Maximilian at Innspruck, have exercised a marked influence on the North-Italian artist. It is clear, from a comparison of his works in bronze with his far less important sculptures in marble—for the most part replicas of the bronzes—that he was rather a metal-worker, a *statuarius*, than a sculptor proper: his achievements in marble (if they were, indeed, entirely his), with all their elaboration, bear certain marks of a timidity and constraint markedly unlike the absolute *maestria* shown in his great works in metal. As a medallist, Leone Leoni was certainly remarkable, especially considering that he flourished at a period which was, for that art, undoubtedly one of decadence; but he was also, as M. Plon by his numerous and faithful reproductions enables us to see, very unequal. While some medals bear marks of having been executed in a perfunctory fashion, and are relatively heavy, characterless, and not first-rate in technique, others, such as those of Andrea Doria (with the reverse of Leoni himself), Martin de Hanna, Ferrante Gonzaga, and Michelangelo, are remarkable for energetic and happy characterisation, and recall, if they cannot be said to equal, the achievements of a preceding age.

So far as we are informed, the life of Pompeo

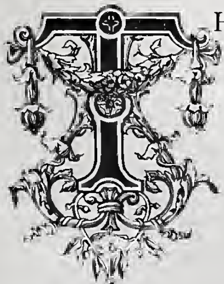
Leoni—prolonged as it was to a duration almost equal to the years of his father, for he died in 1610—was ruffled only by one dramatic incident, that of his condemnation, by the Inquisition, for Lutheran tendencies, shortly after he had proceeded to Spain, upon the abdication of Charles V., in charge of the series of works executed by Leone Leoni for the royal house. He then, it appears, escaped with a year's incarceration in a monastery, after having been exhibited in one of the numerous *autos-da-fé* of the time. To Pompeo must be conceded high rank as an artist of great and various accomplishment, influenced though he was throughout his career, as was indeed inevitable, by the genius of his father, in almost all the works of whose maturity he had a share. Those in the completion of which he is known to have assisted included the whole series of portrait-statues brought by him to Madrid, and there terminated, and the great *retablo* of the Church of San Lorenzo in the Escurial, executed by him conjointly with Leone at Milan between 1582 and 1589, and thence transported to Spain. If we judge him by the works in which his father had no part, such as the tomb of Charles V.'s daughter, Doña Juana, at the Descalzas Reales, and the famous mausolea of Charles V. and of Philip II. erected at the Escurial, on either side of the high-altar of San Lorenzo, we find his art, especially in the last-mentioned elaborate and magnificent groups, full of dignity and truth, if wanting somewhat the fire, the life, and the sympathetic insight which mark Leone's best productions: there is in Pompeo's manner, too, a nearer approach to the portrait-art of the North, from which his father had already derived much. In one memorable work, however, which it is by no means M. Plon's least merit to have revealed to us in a whole series of admirable reproductions, Pompeo, submitting himself entirely to influences other than those of Leone, succeeded in producing a masterpiece. We refer to the very important marble tomb of the Grand Inquisitor, Don Fernando de Valdès, Archbishop of Seville, erected in the collegiate church at Salas in the Asturias. In the central high-relief, showing the kneeling Inquisitor with his chaplains, the realistic truth and devotional ardour of Donatello and his Florentine followers are emulated; in the central niche the figure of "Faith trampling on Heresy" reveals, in its exquisite subtlety of type and expression, the strong influence of Lionardo da Vinci, while the execution of the draperies betrays the follower of Michelangelo; the figures of the cardinal virtues which crown the work are, on the other hand, of the Raphaelesque type popularised by Marc Antonio. Yet the whole is far from being a *pasticcio*, or a mere product of eclecticism; it is a genuine living work, and the greatest achievement of its author.

Pompeo Leoni, from an examination of the restricted series of medals which we possess from his hand, must be judged scarcely, if at all, inferior in this branch of his practice to his accomplished father. Specially noticeable among these is the portrait of Don Carlos at the age of twelve, with the curious legend, on the reverse, "In benignitatem promptior," framing a beautiful figure of Apollo, who holds in the palm of his hand a group of the Three Graces.

One of Pompeo's best claims to be remembered with gratitude and admiration is founded on the fact that he succeeded in becoming the possessor of three of the most famous volumes of Lionardo da Vinci's literary works and artistic remains, forming part of those left by the master to Francesco Melzi. Amongst these were included the two most famous of all, the "Codice Atlantico" of the Ambrosian Library, and the hardly less renowned volume of drawings now in the Royal collection at Windsor Castle.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

UNDER THE CHARM.



HIS picture, whose title, "Sous le Charme," sounds more natural in French than in English, is one of those which our grandfathers would have called a "conversation piece," but which we, in our love of change, classify under the much less descriptive and almost meaningless word *genre*. The name is comparatively new, but the thing itself is as old as the days of Alexander the Great, if, indeed, this kind of practice does not go back to the days of Pericles. We often speak and write of classic art as if the genius of the ancient world were devoted solely to subjects religious and heroic; but nothing could be further from the fact. Both in painting and sculpture the Greeks delighted in producing subjects domestic and familiar—nay, even comic and grotesque, and their range in this respect was quite as wide as our own. Pyreicus, who flourished about the third century before the commencement of our era, was one of the most famous

genre painters of ancient Greece, and his work was highly esteemed.

A *genre* picture, then, represents any familiar episode or incident in ordinary life, as opposed to subjects of historic, religious, or poetic interest, and, like all other works of art, it ought to tell its own story. In the case before us the incident is plain enough. It is simply the old, old story of a man being bewitched by a pretty face. The traveller, whom we see seated in the centre of the little court-yard, is probably a friend of the house. He has thrown his cloak and hat on the chair, and his impedimenta, in the shape of a knapsack, on the ground. Just now he was sitting at the little table on the right, ministering to his thirsty soul; but the mellow notes of a contralto voice, accompanied by the twanging of a guitar, falling on his ear, he turned incontinently round, and, facing the player, was content to sit, as we see him, fixed and fascinated *sous le charme*.

The young lady at the door notes the simplicity and susceptibility of his nature, and calls the attention of the elderly gentleman to the situation. The episode is Spanish to the core, but it is seldom that we see the effects of glamóur so amusingly rendered, and the aspect and attitude of an unsophisticated mortal absorbed and lost in wonder, love, and admiration, so graphically and faithfully reproduced.

The author of the picture is Jules Worms, who was born at Paris in 1837; but some authorities make him five years older, and make the year of his birth 1832. Having finished his academic course, and made a certain mark in the Salon, he travelled in Spain, where he found ample scope for his pencil in depicting those subjects which have since made him famous. He is at home both in water-colours and in oils, and is essentially a *genre* painter, although now and then he attempts portraiture, and not without success. He has carried off several medals, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1876.

J. F. R.

The Wanderer's Song.

Day is dead, and blent in shadow
Lifts the ridge that crowns his tomb,
Mists are rising from the meadow,
And the woods are massed in gloom.
Homeward bells of lowing cattle
Sound along the village street,
And the gossips' shrilling prattle,
And the children's running feet.

Cool the fountain water splashes,
And the lights show one by one,
While the first star faintly flashes
In the gold wake of the sun.
Silent groups return from reaping
With a reverence past the shrine—
Hold you God in His good keeping,
Give you lighter hearts than mine!

Out beyond the hills that bound you
Deeds are done and thoughts are thought—
Such a battle rages round you,
But it vexes you in naught:
Evening air a-scent with clover,
And the peat smoke softly curled
Up the dark hill-side and over—
This is all your little world!

Have ye other lives to travel,
Quiet dwellers in the trees,
Deeper problems to unravel
Than the darkest drift of these?
Loftier aims in other ages,
Wider orbits, keener fears?
Rest you now! for labour's wage is
Dreamless sleep and quick-dried tears.

Here men change not, men desire not,
Here men wander not away;
Here they fail not who aspire not,
Here are still content to pray.
Such a rest from all the riot!
Fairest valley that thou art,
This contagion of thy quiet
Spreads its twilight on my heart.

Now the mountains lie in trances,
All the forests sway in dreams,
And the moon with silver lances
Strikes the ever-waking streams:
Waking stream, we race together,
Rush and swirl and even flow,
Breasting crags or skirting heather
To a sea we neither know.

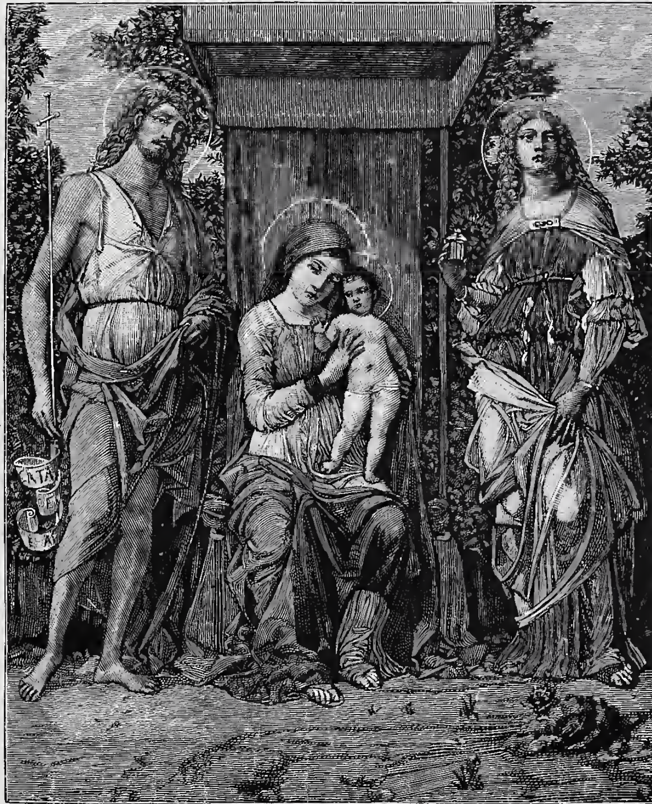
Your swift eddies envy surely,
As they near the rocky leap,
Yonder lake that lies so purely
Hardly rippled in its sleep;
So, half-envious, I too linger,
Pace the village to and fro,
While yon peak gleams like a finger
Pointing skyward through the snow;—

Then away—and no returning!
Whirls the eddy down the gorge,
Where, night through, the fires are burning
And the sparks fly from the forge.
On, till these blue stars are setting
And the dawn unrobes the sky!
Such an Eden of forgetting
I would ask for when I die!

RENNELL RODD.

SOME TREASURES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—III.

THE "Virgin and Child Enthroned; St. John the Baptist and the Magdalen," by Andrea Mantegna (274), is without doubt one of the most precious pictures we possess. In the first place, the pictures of Andrea Mantegna are rare. Not many years ago thirty-three only of them were known, independently of frescoes, and this total included the famous "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" at Hampton Court. A few more have been identified since, including a remarkable one in the Brera at Milan, but he is still, and must always remain, one of the rarest of the greater old masters. The National Gallery is fortunate in possessing four of his pictures, including the "Triumph of Scipio," perhaps the finest example of his more sculpturesque style. Mantegna was in spirit more of a sculptor than a painter, and with the exception of the picture we engrave, the examples in the National Gallery are like imitations of bas-reliefs painted in grisaille. It is one of the charms of the "Virgin and Child" that it is treated in a more painterlike spirit. In the carefully modelled figures and extremely elegant and learned disposition of the drapery we see indeed his love of form and his feeling for classical sculpture. We recognise the pupil of Squarcione of Padua, the ardent lover of antiquity, from whose teaching, poor painter though he was, the Renaissance received a great impulse. But we also see a tenderness and restraint of sentiment which did not belong to Squarcione nor often to his great pupil. The St. John is almost Umbrian; the Virgin has something of the shyness and humility of those of Ambrogio Borgognone. Moreover—and this is perhaps even more remarkable—the picture charms by its colour, which, though subdued, is variegated, cheerful, sweet, and harmonious. In the child standing erect upon his mother's knee, the artist has contrived to combine natural truth with spiritual dignity. In the picture as a whole we see Pagan art converted, as it were, to Christianity. St. John and the Magdalen are noble figures, classic in style, Christian in sentiment.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ENTHRONED; ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND THE MAGDALEN.
ANDREA MANTEGNA. (274.)

The "Triumph of Scipio" is one of his latest

works, having been completed in 1506, a few months before the artist's death. This "Virgin and Child," on the other hand, is regarded by some as one of his earliest. This is the opinion of Dr. J. P. Richter, who, in his "Italian Art in the National Gallery," states that it was painted half a century before the "Triumph of Scipio." But we would rather follow Dr. Woltmann in classing this Madonna among those later works which "show the artist in the fulness of his powers, displaying a further perfection of style, a delicate toning, and a softer blending of colour, finer modelling, and a greater tendency towards grace of form, without any sacrifice of manly vigour and character." This picture has long been deservedly celebrated, and has a long pedigree. It is stated to have belonged to Cardinal Cesare Monti, who was Archbishop of Milan from 1632 to 1650, and to have remained in the private chapel of the Palazzo Monti till the family became extinct in the last century, when it passed into the possession of the Andreani family, and thence to those of Mellerio and Somaglia. From the representative of the last-named the picture was bought by Signor Baslini, and its next proprietor was Signor Roverselli, from whom it was purchased for the National Gallery in 1855, the price paid being £1,125 12s. On a scroll attached to the cross held by St. John is written, "Ecce agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi," and on the inner side of the scroll above is the painter's signature, "Andreas Mantinia, C.P.F." (*Civis Patavinus fecit*).

Whether we regard the beauty of Mantegna's art, or its importance in the history of painting, it is difficult to over-estimate the value of fine examples of his work to a national collection. In the pictures of Piero della Francesca and Antonio Pollaiuolo we have seen the effects of the study of anatomy pursued in a spirit of science and realism. In those of Mantegna we see it combined with the study of classical style and a greater appreciation of the physical beauty of the human body, and its capacity for spiritual expression, not only in the face but in its every member. The art of Mantegna, as shown in this Virgin and Child, is as it were at the cross-roads of art; here meet roads from the ancient worlds of Greece and Rome; later roads from the South trodden by Giotto and Donatello; roads beginning towards Venice and Ferrara, Bologna and Milan.

It is on different grounds that Antonello da Messina's fine "Portrait of a Young Man" (supposed to be himself—1,141) is here placed among the treasures of the National Gallery. He was indeed a fine portrait-painter, but his particular importance in the history of art consists in his being the first Italian painter to thoroughly master the Flemish method of painting in oils. We have alluded to the efforts of the Florentines, of Piero and of Pollaiuolo in this direction, but if we examine this picture by the side of those of the Florentine masters we shall not fail to see how much more nearly it approaches the works of Jan Van Eyck in richness and transparency of colour and the fusion of tints. The invention of the Van Eycks was not the invention of painting in oils, but that of glazing with oil-colours a ground laid in tempera. The medium they employed was a kind of varnish, and Jan's habit was to work the surface so evenly that it is almost impossible to detect the work of the brush. Antonello's practice, as seen in this picture, was so like that of Van Eyck, so much more like it than that of many Flemish painters, that there was much plausibility in the story that he went to Bruges in order to learn the art from the master himself. The little "Crucifixion" (1,166) might well be taken to be by the same hand as Van Eyck's little "St. Francis," Lord Heytesbury's replica of which was exhibited at Burlington House last year. Unfortunately for the story, Jan Van Eyck died before Antonello was born, and the latter must have learnt the method from some follower of the great Fleming. As pointed out by Signor Morelli, he need not have left Italy for that purpose, seeing that there were painters enough of the school of Van Eyck there in the middle of the Fifteenth Century, and that Roger Van der Weyden himself stayed several years in Italy at that very time.

At Venice, at least, the influence of Antonello's technique on his contemporaries was great, even on Giovanni Bellini, the father of the true Venetian school. The last quoted authority says: "His practical mastery of the new method, still unknown in the city of lagoons, of glazing in oil-colours, a ground laid in tempera, must have given Antonello a higher status in Venice than his intrinsic merits as an artist would have warranted;" and he adds that he was "for some time the most popular portrait-painter in Venice." The exact date when Antonello settled in Venice is not known, but he was there before 1473 and died there about 1493. Antonello was an artist of small range, and though when we look at our little "Crucifixion" we are inclined to rebel against Signor Morelli's dictum that "admirable as Antonello is in his portraits, he stands before us as just as barren and shiftless when the problem is to give utterance to some deep feeling of the soul," there is too much truth in it. Other remarks of the same great critic with regard to the Sicilian are very valuable, and will be of service even to those who have not opportunity of studying Antonello's works outside the walls of the National Gallery. He says that from 1473 down to 1478 Antonello retained the ruddy tint of the Flemings in his flesh, but afterwards adopted a lighter one like Bellini, and that he "exaggerates the linear perspective of the eye to such a

degree that the look of the person represented becomes unnaturally sharp." If the portrait we engrave be really one of the painter himself, it accords well with his art. The expression is that of a searching observer, but scarcely of a man of highly poetic temperament. The early "Salvator Mundi" (673), painted in 1465, when the artist was about twenty-one, shows that he was then entirely subdued to the manner and feeling of his Flemish masters. The head connection with the portrait we engrave, for if this be indeed a portrait of Antonello he must have made very rapid progress to paint like this when he was no older than represented on this canvas. With the exception of the Van Eycks and the Solarios, there is scarcely a more strongly or delicately modelled head in the gallery.

The picture with which we must for the present close our selections from the National Gallery is not only one of the finest we possess, but one of the finest of

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN. ANTONELLO DA MESSINA. (1,141.)

is of the type used by the latter—perhaps that ascribed to Quintin Matsys (295) is the most like it of any in the National Gallery—and there is nothing in the least Italian about it. It is more interesting than beautiful. We see that the artist is yet a student, without mastery of materials, a poor draughtsman, an inexpert modeller, and that his design did not produce satisfaction to himself till it had been altered considerably from its first appearance. The old line of the tunic and the right hand were originally higher, and their forms are distinctly visible through the overpaintings. All this is of interest in

the world; not only the finest oil picture of the master, but one of the finest of the whole Umbrian school. In no other picture is the Umbrian strain of religious sentiment, that aspiring and contemplative rapture, wrought to more exquisite a pitch; in none other is the execution more skilful or the colour more brilliant, transparent, and harmonious. So graceful indeed is this picture, so delicate and beautiful the drawing of the hands, the figure of St. Michael has so lively a spirit, and that of Tobias an air of such refinement, that it was long thought that the peculiar distinction of the work was due to the mind and hand of

Perugino's great pupil, Raphael. A drawing of "Tobias and the Angel," in the collection of the University of Oxford, which was ascribed to Raphael, has been held to confirm this theory. How plausible it is we may see from the other undoubted works of Perugino here. These are a pretty, simple, and small "Virgin and Infant Christ, with St. John" (181), and a large "Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome and St. Francis" (1,075). The former has no great distinction; the latter is formal, but it is of sufficient beauty and importance to compare with 288. In neither do we find anything to match the spirited grace of St. Michael, the exquisite figure of Tobias, or the benevolent dignity of his companion. In colour the two works still less bear comparison, and in drawing the latter picture is marked much more strongly by the peculiar mannerisms of Perugino, especially in the hands and feet. Notwithstanding the tender beauty of the heads, it is, on the whole, comparatively artificial and uninspired.

ST. MICHAEL.

THE VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

PERUGINO (?). (288.)

Yet there is no sufficient reason to doubt that the whole of these lovely panels, both in design and execution, owe their existence to Perugino alone. The drawing at Oxford is now held by good judges to be "of a still higher order of excellence" than the picture, and yet to be by Perugino, and there is another for the same figures at the British Museum which is more unmistakably by his hand. Moreover his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel at Rome are considered to be as fine as this picture. Here, at all events—and this is more important than the matter in dispute—we see the point at which the master and the pupil touched.

This picture, like many others in the collection, is mentioned by Vasari. He records that it was painted by Perugino for the Certosa, or Carthusian Convent, near Pavia. The three panels formed the lower part of the altarpiece. Above were three others: in the centre the Almighty, which is still in its original place; at the sides the Announcing Angel and the Virgin, which are now lost. It would be interesting if we could ascertain when this portion of the altarpiece was painted; but that is also a matter of much dispute. The colour alone would suggest that the artist had been to Venice. He went there in 1494, and two years later he stayed there for some time, and it has been supposed that he may have received the commission to paint the altarpiece for the Certosa at Pavia during one of these visits to Northern Italy, and that it may have been executed at Milan, where he was invited to enter into the service of the Duke Lorenzo Sforza. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, on the other hand, think it may have been painted in the year 1504, during the artist's stay in Florence, when he would have been stimulated to do his best by the presence of Raphael, Michelangelo, and Lionardo da Vinci.

The three panels which we engrave were purchased from the Certosa at Pavia by one of the Melzi family in 1788, and were bought for the National Gallery of Duke Melzi of Milan in 1856 for £3,571 8s. 7d.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

By permission of T.D. Galpin Esq. *Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.*

THE SYMBOL.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Lam. 1. 12.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.

"WHAT does Frank Dicksee exhibit this year?" is a question so frequently asked after the opening of each recurring exhibition at Burlington House, that this fact alone is a sufficient testimony to the prominent position attained, at a comparatively early age, by the youngest Associate member of the Royal Academy. Mr. Dicksee, like Sir Frederick Leighton and a few others who might be named, is a direct illustration of "the sudden making of splendid names." The exhibition of his famous picture, "Harmony," at once placed him in the foremost rank among living artists, and, in spite of early success—so fatal to many—he still maintains his position as one of the most prominent, painstaking, and conscientious painters of the day.

Frank Dicksee was born on November 27th, 1853, in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square. He may be said to have been nurtured in an atmosphere of art. The locality in which he was born has long been associated with some of the foremost names in the art of the present century. His father, Mr. T. F. Dicksee, has been a prominent exhibitor at the Royal Academy for many years; his uncle, Mr. John Dicksee, is also well known in the profession; and his sister last year obtained a conspicuous position on the line at the Academy. It is seldom, indeed, that so many members of the same family display such marked talent in the same walk of art.

Mr. Frank Dicksee received his first lessons in art from his father. To use his own phrase, he cannot remember when he did not draw. His love for art grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. At the age of sixteen he left the school in Bloomsbury where he had been educated—an establishment kept by the Rev. G. Henslow, now Professor Henslow—and worked at home for a year to prepare himself for entering the schools of the Royal Academy, which he succeeded in doing before he was seventeen.

A LOVE STORY.

(Painted by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Agnew.)

In 1872 he was fortunate enough to obtain the silver medal for a drawing from the antique, and in 1875 the gold medal for his picture of "Elijah

Confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard." This picture was the first he exhibited at the Royal Academy,* and was hung near the line, in what was then called the Lecture Room. It is a fact worthy of note, that Mr. Hamo Thornycroft obtained the gold medal for sculpture the same year, and was, by a curious coincidence, elected an Associate of the Academy at the same time as Frank Dicksee. At this period a great deal of Mr. Dicksee's time was devoted to illustrative work for various magazines, including the *Cornhill*, *Cassell's*, and the *Graphic*. He also worked for a considerable time with Mr. Holiday, making cartoons for church windows, and decorative work generally. This varied experience, no doubt, did much to foster that perfection of drawing and careful finish of details for which his work is distinguished.

His early and careful training was soon destined to bring about splendid results. In 1877 the well-remembered picture, "Harmony" (p. 220), was exhibited, and it is not too much to say that it took the world of London by storm. What the Academicians themselves thought of it was indicated by the position in which it was placed—that is as a centre in the first room, and it was at once purchased by the Council under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. This beautiful work, so original both in subject and treatment, so instinct with true poetic feeling, must be still vividly remembered by all who saw it on the Academy walls. The girl seated at the organ, the lover listening in rapt attention, the glory of the evening light through the stained-glass window forming an aureole round the girl's glistening hair, the subdued but beautiful colour, the carefully finished yet not too prominent details, all formed a veritable poem on canvas, bringing indefinite association with Adelaide Procter's "Lost Chord" and

> "A twilight song; while the shadows sleep
> Dusk and deep,"

and, indeed, with all beautiful abstractions, whether of music, poetry, or painting.

Mr. Agnew purchased the copyright of this picture, and published an etching of it by Waltner, of which many thousand copies were sold. The painter's fame was now assured, and the artistic world looked eagerly for the next production of his pencil, but greatly to the regret of many of his friends Frank Dicksee did not exhibit the following year. He was much occupied in various ways, among other things on the illustrations for Cassell's *édition de luxe* of "Evangeline," and this turned his attention to Longfellow's beautiful poem as a subject for his next picture.

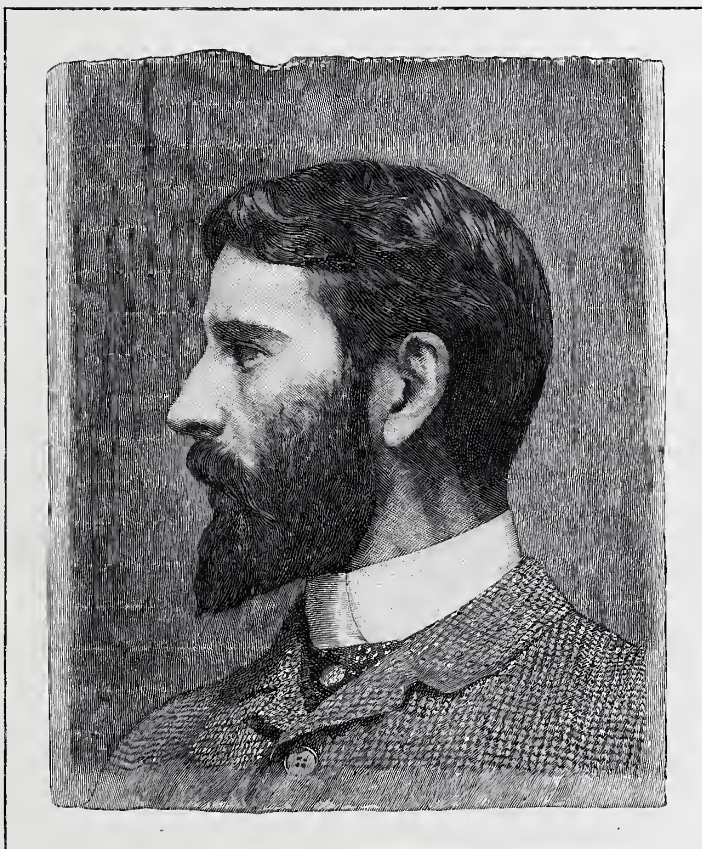
* His first exhibited picture was hung at Suffolk Street, and purchased by the late General Pomeroy Colley.

In 1879 "Evangeline" was exhibited, and if not quite equal to "Harmony" in its abstract subjective character, it was a work on a far more ambitious scale, and, at the same time, interpreted in every line and tone the true feeling of the poet himself. The artist left nothing to chance in this picture. Apart from the careful studies of figures, he visited Lynmouth in search of effects of evening light; and not in vain, as is evidenced by the beautiful after-glow in the evening sky and on the surface of the glassy sea. The grouping of the numerous figures, the subdued tone, and the fine head of Benedict Bellefontaine, were all admirably conceived, and rendered the picture one of the most striking in the exhibition. As an instance of the extreme pains bestowed on it, it may be mentioned that even when it was approaching completion the painter still left nothing to chance. Being in want of some details for the beach, he went down to Herne Bay and brought up some wreckage and seaweed in order that the minutest detail should be true to Nature. This picture was purchased by the Fine Art Society, and is now in the possession of Mr. W. B. Greenfield, of Gloucester Square.

In 1877 Frank Dicksee was introduced to Sir W. Welby-Gregory, whose wife, the Hon. Lady Welby-Gregory, is well known as the founder of the School of Art Needlework. At this period the baronet was rebuilding the family mansion at Denton, and as he was anxious to have the fact recorded on canvas, Frank Dicksee was commissioned to paint the well-known portrait group of Sir William and his wife, which was exhibited in 1880. In this picture a model of the new mansion was introduced, together with a beautiful specimen of embroidery—a product of the School of Art. This group contains all the technical skill and fine colour for which the painter was already distinguished, but, of course, lacked the interest to the general public which his subject-pictures awakened. It led to many commissions for portraits—almost all of which the painter wisely declined, as he felt that his right path lay in another direction. In this year Mr. Dicksee also exhibited a charming head of a girl at the Academy under the title of "Benedicta." This picture was also bought by the Fine Art Society and engraved by Cousins.

In January, 1881, at the age of twenty-seven, Mr. Dicksee was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, being then, as he still is, the youngest member. His election was followed by the exhibition the same year of his picture called "The Symbol," which is certainly one of his finest works. As may be seen from the photogravure which we publish as a frontispiece, it represents a group of revellers in the gayest costumes coming through an archway in some old-world Italian town. The girls,

beautiful in form and face, are disporting themselves in true Bacchanalian fashion, but the attention of the leader of the troupe, a gaily-dressed gallant, is suddenly arrested by an old man with a basket of relics by the wayside, who holds up a crucifix for sale. The moral of this story is conveyed by the motto attached to the title, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" The writer of this article took the late William Eastlake to see this picture when it was in the artist's studio. Eastlake—a nephew of Sir Charles—was one of the keenest critics of the day. Though not resident in London, he was acquainted with most of the leading artists, and never missed an opportunity of going the round of the studios before the sending-in day. On coming away from Mr. Dicksee's, after seeing this picture, he said, "I have seen nothing to approach that in colour and power in any of the studios I have visited. It reminds me of the work of the old Venetians." It is a curious fact, however, that Frank Dicksee did not visit Italy until after the production of this picture. He went there in the following winter in company with his friend, Mr. Andrew Gow, A.R.A.



FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.

The succeeding year Mr. Dicksee exhibited what is perhaps the most purely poetical of all his works, "A Love Story" (p. 217), with the motto attached:

> "In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
> That tremble round the nightingale."

This picture is so well known, by means of the engraving published by Agnew, that it hardly needs description, except to say that in beauty of conception and skilful work, especially in the tender rendering of moonlight, it fully maintained the reputation of the painter. This was followed in 1883 by the largest work Mr. Dicksee had yet produced, namely, "Too Late." Although somewhat slighted by the critics, there is no doubt that this picture, if by an unknown hand, would have made the reputation of the painter. The figures were life-size, and the feeling throughout—to say nothing of the masterly execution—was of the very highest character. The picture was purchased by Mr. Agnew.

For the first time after this Mr. Dicksee appears to have descended into a more conventional groove, and produced a picture from a subject which has been a favourite one with all painters since the English school was founded, namely, "Romeo and Juliet." The suggestion for the subject arose from the fact that Messrs. Cassell and Co. commissioned the artist to illustrate this play in their "International Shakespeare." Though not, perhaps, so happy in colour as some of his previous works, there was much in this picture to elicit admiration. The face of Juliet was exceedingly beautiful, and the effect of the breaking morning light especially happy. The picture was bought by Mr. Tooth, and is now in the possession of Mr. Churchill, of Weybridge. An excellent etching of it by Waltner has recently been published.

A commission from J. Aaird, Esq., of Hyde Park Terrace, resulted in the picture of "Chivalry," exhibited in 1885. In this picture—though here again the subject was somewhat conventional—there was a return to the rich, harmonious colouring of the artist's earlier work. The effect of the knight in complete armour, in strong relief against the warm glow of the evening sky, was very striking, and the whole picture seemed instinct with the feeling of the Venetians.

Mr. Dicksee's latest exhibited work at the Royal Academy was "Memories" (p. 221), which appeared on the walls last year. This picture contains a deeper pathos than any previous work from the same hand, with the exception perhaps of "Evangeline." True feeling is expressed in the face of the young widow

as, with the child at her knee, she sits listening to the girl at the piano, and yearns, with an indescribable yearning,

> "For the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

The effect of this picture, which is very deep and rich in tone, was damaged at the Academy by the proximity of some intensely light canvases. It was seen to better advantage in the Manchester Exhibition, where it was afterwards exhibited. It is now the property of Mr. William Carver, of Broughton.

Frank Dicksee, now only at the age of thirty-three, should have a great future before him. With his intense devotion to his art, with his absolute mastery of technical difficulties, with his fine poetic feeling, and his actual shrinking from anything at all approaching the vulgar or commonplace, we may look with confidence to the production of a long list of noble works. Judging by what he has done, it is safe to assert that there is no painter living who has a more refined or higher feeling for art. Indeed, he is one of the very few exponents we have of pure poetic art, the art which does not take its subjects from the common events of life, nor from the books which have been so continually drawn upon by both bygone and living painters, nor from the classics, nor (except in the case of "Too Late") from the higher inspiration of the Scriptures. He works up to an ideal evolved from his own inner consciousness. An idea strikes his mind—a veritable flash of genius. The thought grows, it is embodied on canvas, it assumes definite shape, but is still more or less an abstract ideality; for, in many cases, when his picture is nearly finished, he has not even given it a name. "Harmony" and "The Symbol" were amplifications of Langham sketches which, according to the rules of the club, expressed ideas that crossed his mind on the spur of the moment.

HARMONY.

(Painted by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Agnew.)

It is somewhat difficult to define Mr. Dicksee's position with regard to contemporary art. His

MEMORIES.

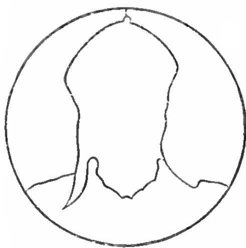
(Painted by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.)

sources of inspiration do not appear to be drawn from any particular school or painter. His method is peculiarly his own. His texture is exceedingly rich—the result of much previous loading. His colour, as before remarked, is suggestive of the Venetians, only we know that the feeling for colour is intuitive, as he had no close acquaintance with the wonderful colourists of that school. If asked whence he drew his inspirations, he will tell you that he has always been surrounded by an atmosphere of art, but that he cannot recall any special circumstances beyond his daily surroundings that influenced his style or fostered his love for painting. It is probable that, had his early studies been pursued in the foreign galleries, or the studios of Paris or Brussels, his work would not have been distinguished by such marked individuality. His conceptions are born of a poetic mind, his skill results from careful training and intense and continuous application.

As Mr. Dicksee has wisely, so far, steered clear of the Scylla of Portraiture, we may fairly hope that he will also weather the Charybdis of Conventionality. Unfortunately, the temptations to stray from the higher paths are great in these days. The Sirens haunt the shores with golden lyres in their hands. The highest art is not always the most profitable, though in this respect, hitherto, Mr. Dicksee has no reason to complain. Indeed, his pictures have commanded exceptionally high prices for so young a man. Still it is undoubtedly the case that the higher the art, whether in poetry, painting, or music, the narrower is the circle of admirers. Mr. Dicksee must be prepared for this, but he must not let it daunt him. He will have his reward in the knowledge that men of the highest culture and the most refined minds are his warmest admirers, and that the "things of beauty" he produces are to them "a joy for ever."

SYDNEY HODGES.

PICTURES IN ENAMEL.


HEAD OF ST. MARTIN: DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SECTIONS OF THE ENAMELLED PLATES.

I HAVE been asked to write a few words about an invention which, though not new, is scarcely very widely known, and though a private property has features of general interest to all those who care about modern developments of art. The art of enamelling on metal is of great antiquity, common in the decoration of small personal objects to all nations from an early date in their civilisation. Jewellery, horse-trappings, &c., dating probably before the Roman occupation, have been found in Britain. It was known to the Greeks and Etruscans, to the Egyptians in the time of the Ptolemies, to the Chinese possibly long before, to the artificers of Byzantium and ancient Russia, of Persia and Ireland, and Italy and France. Moreover, it is an art which has had a sustained life, carried on through the works of Limoges, of Battersea, of Canton, and Yedo down to the present day. Yet it has been reserved to the present century to discover some adaptations of enamel unknown to the ancients or to any less modern time. It was comparatively but the other day that the art of *cloisonné* enamel on porcelain was discovered by the Japanese, and the patent which secures to Messrs. Simpson the right of producing enamel pictures in sections is dated but three years ago.

The point about this invention which is most interesting historically is the large size of the works which can now be produced with facility and fine effect by painting with enamels on metal in the ordinary way. I do not say that there is nothing new in the methods of painting used in connection with the invention; on the contrary, the execution of the enamels is in many ways original, but with this the invention patented by Messrs. Simpson has nothing to do. The discovery we are about to note is a mechanical one—one of those bright thoughts that, notwithstanding their brightness, sometimes linger without betraying their whereabouts for centuries, even though thousands have been searching round the very spot.

The discovery consists in dividing the design into sections like those of stained glass, particularly the stained glass of Munich, where the pieces of glass follow the contours of the objects, the junction running along well-defined outlines, so as not to disturb the general design or to cut across a delicately-painted or highly-illuminated part of the work. The notion is so simple, so natural even, that one wonders it was not discovered before. The wonder increases when we remember that (as Labarte says) the first true painting in enamel, which commenced about the end of the Fourteenth Century, was probably suggested by the modifications introduced during that century in the art of glass-painting. It is true that at that time no one thought of executing large works in painted enamel. Till the middle of the

Sixteenth Century its use was confined to small plaques, and plates, and dishes, and basins, and candlesticks, and such comparatively small ware. In 1885 the sale of the Fountaine collection gave the public of London an unusual opportunity of studying the masterpieces of the artists of Francis I. and Henry II. of France, of Pénicaud and Courtois, of Léonard Limousin and Pierre Raymond. What prices they fetched is scarcely to the present point, but they were so remarkable that it may be pardonable to mention that a ewer with a mythological procession sold for £2,415, a dish with "Moses and the Serpent" for £2,940, while another dish painted with "The Supper of the Gods," after a design by Raphael, brought the enormous sum of £7,350. More to the purpose is it to note that about the date of the latter dish (1555)—or to be accurate four years later—Pierre Courtois, or, as he signed himself, Pierre Courteys, executed some works in painted enamel, which were not dishes or ewers, but large medallions (such as Messrs. Simpson are executing now) for the adornment of the famous Château de Madrid, commenced by Francis I. and finished by Henry II. These twelve medallions are in existence now—nine of them in the Musée de Cluny at Paris, three somewhere in England. They were the largest painted enamels in existence till recently. They represent heathen divinities and the cardinal virtues, and are five feet six inches high by forty inches wide. A comparison between these enamels and those of Messrs. Simpson shows how much the old artist would have gained if he had thought of the plan of dividing his figures into sections corresponding with their members. They are divided, but in squares, like a picture formed of many tiles, and they suffer accordingly.

Another important improvement in Messrs. Simpson's process is the shallow modelling of the forms by beating up the copper from the back—*repoussé* work, in fact. Apart from the artistic value of this in giving relief to the forms, it has a mechanical value in preventing the thin copper from being warped in firing. To fire an enamel on a perfectly flat thin piece of metal of any considerable size without disturbing its shape is nearly impossible, and the old enamellers used to curve their plaques a little to avoid this difficulty, so that a large oval plaque would have a section like that of a shield. In the works with a smooth surface produced by Messrs. Simpson this device is still necessarily adopted. When it is added that the sectional division enables the enameller to make a more careful adjustment of his colours, perhaps the most notable characteristics of the invention have been noted; but this last point is not of small importance, for one of the most awkward properties of enamels is this, that they do not fuse at the same temperature. The heat required for one colour will be totally destructive to another, so that the enameller who uses several on the same piece will have to begin with those which require the most heat, and after they are fired proceed with the next hardest, and so on, finishing with that or those most easily fusible. Another very obvious advantage of the new process is that if an accident happens in firing (or otherwise) the damage is confined to the section in which it occurs.

HEAD OF ST. MARTIN.

Our first illustration, the head of St. Martin, is quite unintentionally appropriate, as it is in St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the Fields, that Messrs. Simpson's premises are situated. This head, enamelled on metal, is life-size. From the accompanying diagram it will be seen that it is made in four pieces. The head and throat and mitre in one piece, the vestment in another, while

the remaining two are occupied by the background and scroll inscribed with the name of the saint. The colours employed in the first are the usual flesh-tints for the face; the mitre is gold and set with large rubies *en cabochon*, the *vittæ* are of white striped with green. In the lower piece the vestment is white, the pectoral, like the mitre, set with rubies, in transparent enamel over gold-leaf, and other jewels of an opal-like character over silver. The background is dark blue with a white and yellow scroll. The work is most elaborate; the principal pieces must have passed through the kiln many times, from the first when the plate was coated with a yellow enamel, to the last when the flesh-tints were laid on.

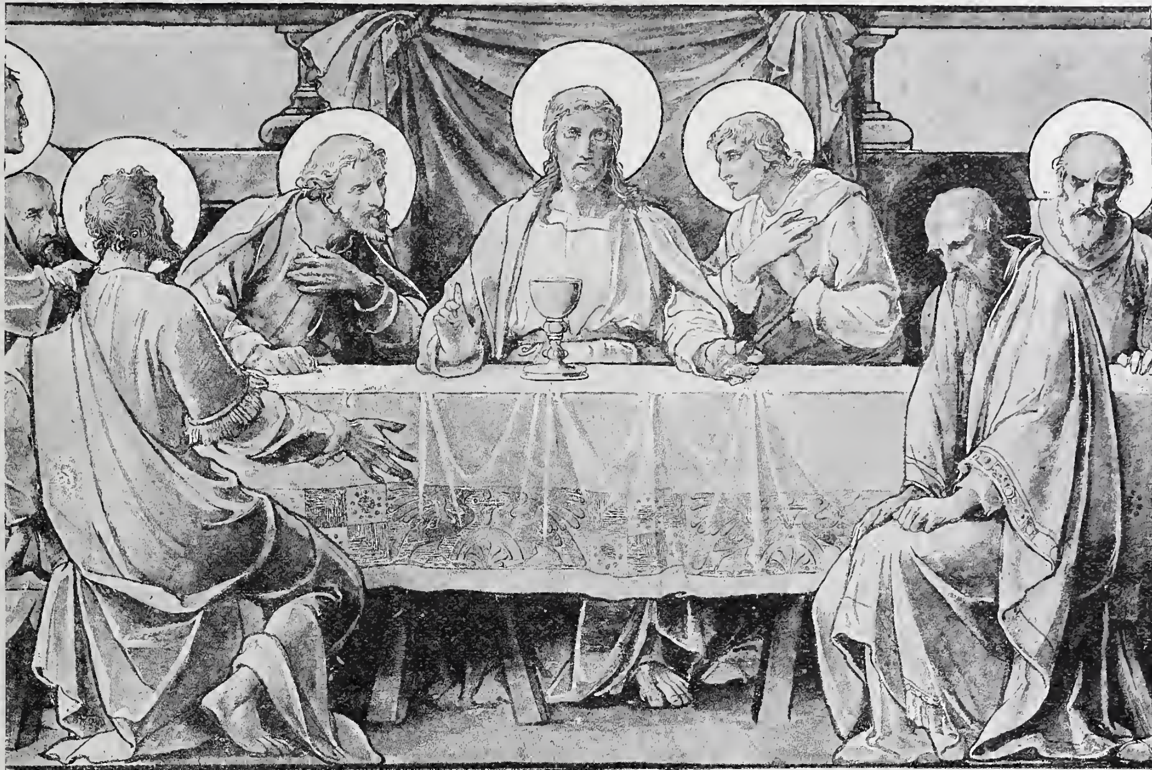
The yellow ground is one of the most effective elements of the technical process of Messrs. Simpson. The laying of transparent enamel over gold-leaf was a very early invention, and this process is sometimes largely employed by Messrs. Simpson. It is

DECORATIVE PANEL.

employed, as we have seen, in the jewels of St. Martin, but this is a different thing from the use of yellow enamel as a ground. The latter answers much the same purpose, though of course it does not give quite the same brilliancy of effect. Nevertheless a plaque with a rough surface, simply covered with this enamel and coated with a colourless one, has a marvellous likeness to beaten gold; and unless the light is strong it is sometimes easy to mistake this yellow enamel, gleaming through or between the superimposed colours, from the tint of real gold-leaf. Its value, however, is of a different kind; gold, valuable as it may be as a foil under jewels and to accentuate special points of brightness, is too strong and metallic to serve for a general ground common to flesh and drapery alike. This office of general illumination—a reservoir, as it were, of light underlying the whole composition, warming the lights on the folds of drapery, giving a

lively tone to the carnations, enriching generally every superimposed colour of the enameller's palette —is admirably performed by this yellow enamel.

The most important work yet executed by Messrs. Simpson in painted enamel is the altar-piece or reredos, of which we engrave the central portion. Although our print was taken from the cartoon, the expressions of the various heads are even finer in the finished enamels. The whole picture contains thirteen figures, rather more than one-third life-size, and is composed of from forty to fifty sections, painted with the elaboration of a picture in oils. It need scarcely be said that a work of this kind possesses one advantage over ordinary painting, viz., that if preserved from violence, it has nothing to fear from damp or dirt, and can be cleaned with absolute impunity by an unskilled hand. The scheme of colour throughout is bold and brilliant without being gaudy, the light is equally distributed, so that the effect is of the equable and quiet illumination of a large room full of reflected light. In this picture the value of the ground of yellow enamel is apparent everywhere, especially noticeable, perhaps, in the draperies of green and red and purple, the tints of which are remarkable for their purity and richness, anything like crudeness being avoided by frequent paintings or "glazings," a term which may be applied with unusual appropriateness to the thin films of coloured glass of different hues which with the enameller take the place of paints.



AN ALTARPIECE.

Our second illustration shows the adaptation of the process for the decoration of domestic interiors. There is scarcely any design, however elaborate, which it is not capable of reproducing. It would not be easy to find one more elaborate, more graceful, or fanciful than this. The border is painted in bluish grey and yellow upon a dark blue ground. In the panel in the centre the figures are stone grey upon a strawberry ground. Elaborate as it is, it yet does not in point of colour show the capabilities of the art of enamelling as practised at Messrs. Simpson's. The variegated plumage of birds, with the metallic lustre of the pigeon's breast and the peacock's tail, the richest festoons and the brightest flowers, are all within its compass. It could make imperishable the decorations of a saloon at Fontainebleau or a gallery in the Farnesina, or to come down to modern days it could reproduce faultlessly the most capricious *fantaisie* of M. Habert-Dys, or the more ordered and simpler beauty of a design by Mr. Lewis Day. Some of Messrs. Simpson's most successful panels are far more powerful in colour than that we engrave, being rich in transparent enamels over gold. The subjects

selected are very varied: in some are represented figures of the seasons or other allegorical subjects; in others figures in picturesque costumes of the middle or other ages.

What the future of Messrs. Simpson's enamels may be it were rash to prophesy, but a sight of their galleries is not a little calculated to raise visions. Now that the question of size has practically disappeared, it is theoretically possible that a whole interior of a cathedral could be coated, not with fading frescoes, but with imperishable pictures in enamel. To be more moderate, the invention does appear to offer especially in this climate a means of decorating churches and public halls with imperishable pictures, and of lighting up many a private house with a kind of beauty hitherto unattainable.

As a matter of course, in such designs as we reproduce here, a large portion of the expense is caused by the amount of highly-trained artistic work required to paint the designs in enamel colours. But Messrs. Simpson have made an effort towards producing comparatively cheap and equally effective if not equally delicate decoration. By the employment of mechanical means to stamp the reliefs, and to cut the sections, borders, cornices and panels of rich colour and fine pattern can be manufactured at a cost moderate enough if durability and effectiveness are taken into consideration. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

ICONOCLASM AND THE DESTRUCTION OF ART.

THE Reformation, as conducted by Henry VIII., was very destructive to the arts in this country. The artistic wealth of the monastic houses had astonished foreign visitors such as Hentzner: and Henry and his myrmidons, not content with plundering this, set themselves wantonly to demolish many of the fairest architectural erections in the sweetest spots of England, covering the land with heaps of crumbling ruins mourning for the folly and wickedness of man.

A contemporary Chronicle of London gives us, in quaint uneducated language, a picture of the ruthless destruction of miracle-mongering images and shrines, in 1537, which we will quote, adding some punctuation to make it intelligible:—

"On Saynt Mathies day th' apostulle, the xxviij day of February, Sonday, did the bishop of Rochestere preche at Polles Cross [St. Paul's, London], and had standyng afore hym alle his sermon tyme, the picture [image] of the Roode of Grace in Kent, that had byn many yeris in the abbey of Boxley in Kent, and was gretely sought wt [with] pilgryms: and when he had made an end of his sermon the pictor was toorn all to peces. Then was the pictor of saynte Savior that had stand in Barmsey [Bermondsey] Abbey many yeris, in Southwarke, takyn down.

"The xxij daye of Maye, Wensday, was there set up in Smythfeld iij skaffoldes; the one was for my lord mayir and aldyrmen, and the deuke of Norfocke, the deuke of Suffocke, and my lord prevesele [Privy Seal]; and the tother for the bisshop of Worcetter, wheer on he stoode and preche. And the third skaffold was made over agaynst ye bisshop, where on doctr Forrest, a graye freere of Greenewitche, whiche had byn many yers afore a grete precher at Polles Crosse, and beside hym was there a pictor set up that was broughte oute of Walis, that was called Dervelle Gadern; and a little beside that a payr of galous set up, and when the Bisshop had made an end of his sermon, then was the freer had to the galous and hanggid alive by the myddylle and the armys wt chaynys, and there burnd, and the pictor cast into the fyer to. Then was the pictor of our lady of Worcetter brought to London. Then was the Roode that stood in Saynt Margit Pattens Churche yarde takyn a waye which had stoud there xxxv yere and more, *and with yn a litille while after there was burnd on a nyght over a gaynst the same churche a grete mayne of housis.* Then was the pictor of our lady of Walsynggame, which was the grettist pilgremage in all England, brought to London. Then was the Rood of Northor and Saynt Unckumber, that stode in Polles many yeris, taken down, and our lady of grace, yt [that] stoud in Polles many yers. Then was Saynt Thomas Schryne of Canterbury take down, which had byn many yeris a grete pilgremage . . . Then it was comaunded that no light should be set in churches afore no Image, but all take a waye."

Michael Wodde (1554) tells us that "If a wife became weary of her husband, she offered oats at Powles at London to St. Uncumber;" with what amount of success we cannot say. Sir Thomas More mentions the saint as a sleep restorer in his "Dialogues" (Bk. ij., ch. 10)—

"If ye cannot sleep but [nor] slumber
Give otes unto Saynt Uncumber."

Dervel Gadarn was a Welsh saint of the Sixth Century. His festival was on the 5th of April. Michael Wodde says: "If a Welchman would have a purse, he prayed to Darvel Gathorn;" whence we may assume that Davy would have been in high repute now—"a grete pilgrimage," as the chronicler says, had not bluff King Hal cut short his career. It was a current belief among the Welsh that one day the saint would set a forest on fire, a prophecy supposed to be curiously fulfilled when Doctor Forrest was burned. Davy's wooden horse is still preserved (or was until recently) at Llanderfel Church, Merionethshire. The Rood of Grace from Boxley was that celebrated image which moved its head, eyes, and lips, on the approach of a penitent; the mechanism by which this was effected was exposed on the occasion

referred to by Hilsey, who had succeeded Fisher (sent to the block in 1535) as Bishop of Rochester.

In 1536 the lesser, and in 1539 the greater monasteries were suppressed and their property confiscated. In some cases the buildings were bestowed on the king's instruments and satellites, in others demolished for the sake of the materials. A callous letter of John Portmarus, employed by Cromwell, the Vicar-General, to destroy the magnificent Cluniac Priory at Southover, Lewes, is dated March 24th, 1538, and is among the Cottonian MSS. It gives us a vivid notion of the heartless and aimless destruction that was going on all over England, robbing us of so many exquisite specimens of the builder's craft, some of which in their ruins are almost as great pilgrimages now to the lovers of the picturesque as they were in the old days of ignorance and superstition to the terror-stricken sinners hoping to purchase salvation with some share of their often misgotten wealth. "The last I wrote to y^r^ Lordship was the 20th day of this present monthe by the hands of Mr. Williamson, by which I advertise your lordshypp of the length and greatness of this church and sale, we had begun to pull the whole downe to the ground, and what manner and fashion they used in pulling it downe. I told your lordshypp of a vault on the right side of the high altar, which was borne with four pillars, having about it five chapels, which be compassed in with walls 70 stepys of lengthe, that is, feet 210. All this is downe Thursday and Friday last. Now we are a plucking downe an higher vaulte, borne up by four thick and gross pillars, 14 feet from side to side, about in circumference 45 feet. This shall be downe for our second work." I wonder whether Cromwell or Portmarus knew of or troubled about the heavy curse with which the founder, the first Earl de Warenne, concluded his charter—"May God visit with the sword of his anger, and wrath, and vengeance, and everlasting curses, those who act contrary to, and invalidate these things." This wholesale destruction of the monastic houses involved the obliteration of many sumptuous monuments of the early English sculptors. At Lewes, for instance, were the tombs of a long line of De Warennes, from the Conquest onwards, of which only a few inconsiderable fragments have been recovered.

Elizabeth was as iconoclastic as her father, and turned her attention to the pictorial decorations of churches, which had hitherto escaped. An incident related by Strype illustrates this. Dean Symson had placed an illustrated prayer-book on her cushion, as a New Year's gift, hoping to please her thereby. It was soon evident that this was not the case, for after sermon, instead of mounting her horse, as usual, she marched straight into the vestry, and rated the Dean soundly for his idolatry and disregard of her proclamation, adding significantly, "I pray, Mr. Dean, how came you by these pictures? Who engraved them?" "I know not who engraved them—I bought them." From whom bought you them?" "From a German." "It is well it was from a stranger. Had it been from any of our subjects, we should have questioned the matter. Pray let no more of these mistakes, or of this kind, be committed within the churches of our realm for the future." "There shall not." This matter being bruited about, the clergy hastened to obliterate all pictures from the walls of their churches, lest they should be deemed idolatrous or Romish; their place being supplied by texts from the Scriptures.

In the Bursar's accounts of Eton College we read under date 1560: "Item, to the Barber for wypinge owte the Imagery worke uppon the walles in the churche, vj^s.^ viij^d.^" This refers to the obliteration of a fine series of wall paintings by William Baker, who worked in the latter half of the Fifteenth Century, and is believed to be the author of an equally interesting series of pictures in Winchester Cathedral. The Eton pictures were discovered in 1847, and careful copies taken of them, which are now preserved at Eton. Again, in the churchwardens' accounts of Melford Church, Sussex, we find under 1562:—"Item, paid to Prime for the scraping out of the payntings all ye length of ye Queere [Choir], x^s.^ vj^d.^" The images and carvings suffered equally. Quoting again from the Eton accounts, we have in 1570:—"Item, to Glover and his labourers for two days' breking downe Images, and filling their places with stone and plaister, iij^s.^ iiij^d.^" In the last few years many hundreds of frescoes in various churches all over the country have been recovered from sometimes as many as thirty coats of whitewash, the accumulations of three centuries.

The Puritans began their active crusade against art in 1643, when Dowsing and his men commenced operations at Cambridge, the stained glass being the special object of attack. At Queen's College they "beat down a 110 superstitious pictures [*i.e.*, in the windows] besides Cherubims and Ingravings [sculptures]. . . . And we digged up the steps [of the altar] for three hours, and brake down 10 or 12 apostles and Saynts within the hall." Again, at King's College they decided to break "1 thousand superstitious pictures"—which refers to the magnificent series of windows in the chapel. But in the college accounts we find the entry of a douceur paid to this Dowsing, which perhaps may account for the preservation of this incomparable monument of early English glass-painting, commenced in 1515 by Bernard Flower, the king's glazier, and continued

after his death, eleven years later, by six other glaziers, all Englishmen. In the minutes of the day's proceedings of the Council of State, July 31st, 1650, we have these entries :—

"6. The Statues of King James and the late King, standing at the west end of St. Paul's, to be thrown down and broken to pieces, and the inscription on the stonework deleted, and a letter written to the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen, to see this put in execution."

"7. The Statue of the late King at the Exchange, London, to be demolished by having the head taken off, and his sceptre taken out of his hand, and this inscription to be written—'Exit tyrannus Regum ultimus, anno primo restitutæ libertatis Angliæ, 1648,' and this to be done between this and Saturday next."

A pitiful and ghastly exhibition, truly, which was suppressed before the year was out, for on August 14th the statue was ordered to be wholly taken down.

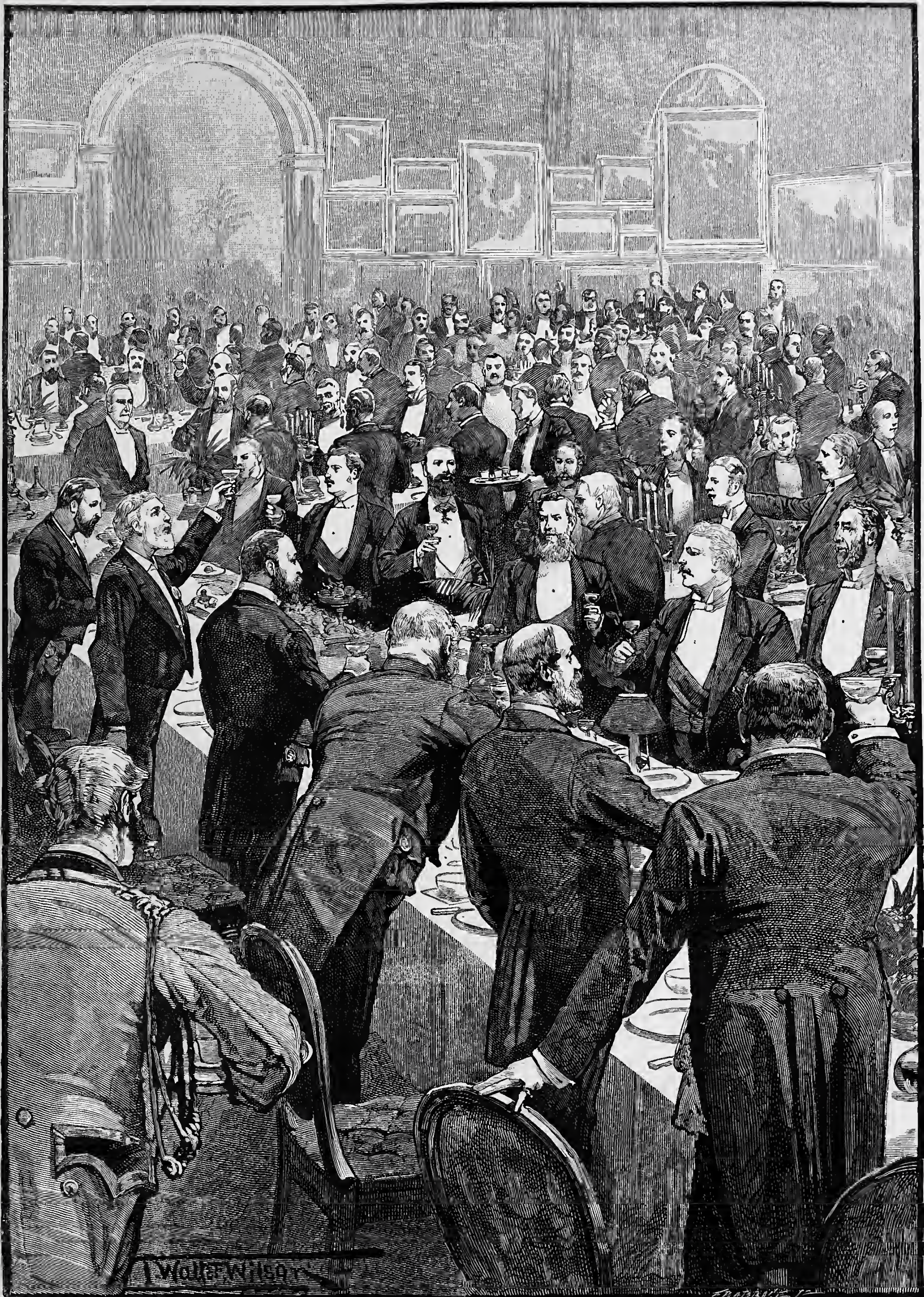
ALFRED BEAVER.

GLIMPSES OF ARTIST-LIFE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

ACCORDING to the Sage of Chelsea, dinner is the *ultimate* act of communion: "Men that have communion in nothing else can sympathetically eat together, can still rise into some glow of brotherhood over food and wine"—a sentiment actively endorsed the whole world over ever since Lot first made a feast unto his mysterious visitors. But hospitality pure and simple is one thing, and hospitality with a motive is another. When we Englishmen—for it is more especially an English trait—desire to do honour to a fellow-man, we usually act on the principle which governed Colman's Board of Guardians, who met annually to eat a dinner "for the good of the poor." But when we seek just a little in return, when in our own private heart we hope for some solid outcome from our hospitality—"que les effets suivent," as Corneille so delicately puts it—is it not true that we then open wide our arms, and that our "chicken and champagne" develop into a noble banquet, the richness of which is only restricted by the value of the favours we look for in return? Did King Arthur ever think of coming to business with his Knights of the Round Table before the roasted ox was picked to the very bones? or did Rufus demand imposts and subsidies till he had feasted his assembled barons on pasty and malmsey? Worldly-wise, they knew as well as the modern Parisian *impresario* that, as Lord Stowell's unaffected

"NO, SIR JOSHUA, YOU MAY NOT MAKE ME KNOWN TO DR. JOHNSON."



"THE QUEEN!"

philosophy hath it, "Dinner lubricates business," or, as put more satirically by that academic gad-fly, "Peter Pindar"—

> "The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
> Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind."

It is no disrespect to the Royal Academy to lay it down that the origin and continuance of their annual feast is entirely based on this common-sense view of things. To their credit be it said that the founders of the institution six-score years ago at once perceived the necessity, in a country where a love for art was but an adopted sentiment, if not merely a fashionable mimicry, of interesting the public in the refining influences they were bringing to bear on the grosser tastes of the age. Then, if a "painter-fellow" unmistakably made his genius felt, he might come to be considered a "respectable and ingenious artist," though he might still be associated in the popular mind with the "rogues and vagabonds" of the stage. It was clear that some plan should be devised wherewith to impress the minds of the people —aye, and the "upper classes" too—with a sense of the supreme dignity of art which their hearts could not feel; and to teach respect for the art if not the artist by playing, if necessary, on their native snobbery, and eventually, perchance, to raise that potent little "bump of acquisitiveness" on the head of John Bull, on the existence of which all prosperity in this direction must of necessity depend. And this was the undoubted origin of the Royal Academy banquet. The first dinner that was eaten by Academicians, *quá* Academicians, was an informal affair, which took place at the St. Alban's Tavern in January, 1769, merely to celebrate their establishment and the fixing of their bye-laws, just as Adam and Eve, tradition relates, sat down to "roots and water" in honour of the lady's creation. Then Reynolds would invite persons of eminence to meet his fellow-members at unofficial dinners; but the first banquet proper was held just before the opening of the exhibition in 1771. St. George's Day was chosen for the purpose, out of compliment to the King, and was adhered to for some time afterwards. There were present all the eminent men who were connected with the Academy from its foundation, princes of the blood, men distinguished for rank or talent, as well as the few "outside" exhibitors—the latter long since struck off the rolls. Dr. Johnson was there and Oliver Goldsmith as honorary members, filling unremunerative posts. "The King has been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting which he has just established," wrote Goldsmith somewhat ruefully to his brother; "but there is no salary annexed, and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt." However, he took to the ruffles kindly enough, for he never missed a dinner in his life; while, on the other hand, Gainsborough hardly ever deigned to be present. But Dr. Johnson was always a prominent figure at these festivities, and took unusual interest and delight in their success. On the 1st of May, 1780, a banquet to ninety guests was held to celebrate the removal of the Academy to Somerset House, eclipsing anything which had gone before. "The exhibition is eminently splendid," he wrote to Mrs. Thrale on the same day; "there is contour and keeping, and grace and expression, and all the varieties of artificial excellence. The apartments are truly very noble. The pictures, for the sake of a skylight, are at the top of the house; there we dined, and I sat over against the Archbishop of York." In 1784 Johnson ate his last dinner in the exhibition rooms. A year or two previous the chairman, Sir Joshua, who invariably presided, and with that grace and *bonhomie* which displayed so well his pleasure and pride in the gathering, had "the Doctor" on one hand and the great virtuoso, Horace Walpole, on the other. Johnson, on introductory thoughts intent, whispered anxiously into the President's ear-trumpet. Sir Joshua nodded, and turning towards Walpole (who was, in virtue of his position and influence, one of the twenty-five "standing guests" of the Academy), he said: "Mr. Walpole, may I make you known to Dr. Johnson?" "*No*, Sir Joshua," replied Walpole, severely, "you may *not* make me known to Dr. Johnson" (p. 228) —a little incident which by no means improved the Doctor's opinion of "fine gentlemen." He was, however, soon after consoled for this affront by being called up from his seat by the Prince of Wales during the banquet of 1784 for the purpose of introduction. By this time the dinner-list had increased to one hundred guests, and many an interesting and curious little incident has since occurred to break the fatted monotony of the feast. In 1786 the handsome, ill-fated Duc d'Orleans, a most honoured guest, sat under his full-length portrait by Reynolds, "so that after the bottle had passed freely round none could tell the copy from the original!" Three years later Mr. Burke, with a sublime disregard for the pre-arranged toast-list, proposed, with the Prince's sanction, the health of "an English tradesman who patronises the art better than the Grand Monarque of France—Alderman Boydell, the commercial Mæcenas;" and the toast was received and honoured with extraordinary enthusiasm. In 1829 the Academy dinner formed the last occasion on which the then President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, appeared in public, just as forty-one years later it saw Charles Dickens, who responded for "Literature,"

literally dying at the table, as he stood up to deliver a funeral oration over his dear old friend Stanfield. Once, in 1852, the Academicians narrowly escaped having to dispense with dinner altogether, for the canvas that was stretched across the upper part of the room caught fire, and, but for the energy of the attendants, would itself have consumed dinner, pictures, Academicians, and all.

I have referred above to the "ulterior motive of hospitality." Let those who doubt the fact turn up the annual reports of the dinners, and observe how succeeding Presidents, during the many years the matter of the Academy site constituted the burning art-question of the day, would gracefully buttonhole Ministers (metaphorically speaking) in their after-dinner speech, and attempt to extract from them an undertaking to befriend the Academy; and how Russell, Derby, Disraeli, in succession, illustrating Dr. Doran's saying that "a good dinner *sharpens the wit*, while it softens the heart," would disengage themselves with equal grace and greater tact. But the Academy got its own way at last, notwithstanding, aided not a little by its dinners. Who can tell what would have been to-day the position of artists and the status of art but for them?—a painful reflection for our national pride, without doubt, but one that can hardly be evaded or contravened. Let those who carp at the Academical extravagance in spending some £40,000 at the pastrycook's—for that is about the total of the dinner bill, all told—consider for a moment how the judicious investment of that sum has benefited the artist of the present day; how it has made art fashionable, if not popular; works of art things to be acquired, and the collection of them a praiseworthy pursuit. It is all very well for a popular Pen, who has ere now feasted with the annually hospitable Brush, to declare that the effect of "eating a tavern dinner and drinking tavern wines in an overheated apartment, and subsequently listening to a number of more or less flowery speeches . . . is simply to demoralise those influential persons" who are the guests of the evening. The Academy has had to make the best of a bad job, and he must be a captious critic indeed, and, moreover, a very blind one, who does not perceive that they have made the job the very best they could, so far as "art patronage" is concerned.

Few festive institutions have undergone so little change during a hundred years' existence as the Royal Academy banquet. The *venue*, it is true, is altered; the costume of the guests, too—frills, silk stockings, buckles, and three-cornered hats—have given way to stove-pipe adaptations for head, neck, wrists, and legs; and the time of meeting has been advanced gradually from four o'clock in Sir Joshua's time to half-past six. In the Academy "Constitutions and Laws" there are no less than nine rules governing the regulation of the annual dinner. They provide that the great room shall be the scene of the celebration, that not more than a hundred and forty invitations, which can only be issued by the President and Council, may be sent to eminent persons—that is to say, "persons in elevated situations [p. 232], of high rank, distinguished talents, or known patrons of art"—the remaining seats being reserved to Members and Associates. The only vacancies which may be filled up are those caused by the non-acceptance of Ministers. No guests can be invited unless proposed by a member of the Council, when he is balloted for, and damned by two black balls. Nor will the fact of his having been present on a former occasion be of the least assistance to the candidate; he must be balloted for again, and with less chance of admission. It is this jealous exclusiveness, unquestionably, which has retained for the Academy dinner the high prestige it certainly enjoys, nor can wiles of any kind procure an invitation for a man the Council has determined to keep without. It is generally understood that the gentleman of whom the following couplet was written in the London Stock Exchange—

> "*Honours* kings can give, *honour* they can't;
> Honours without honour is a barren grant"—

offered to purchase ten thousand pounds' worth of pictures if they would but bid him to the feast; but the Academicians, with their peculiar and erratic spirit of independence, and with the flame of St. Anthony burning bright and strong within them, withstood all temptation and seduction from that quarter. A Lancashire manufacturer—and not a few Lancashire manufacturers, be it understood, are on the list of *personæ gratæ*, with the result that some of the finest collections of contemporary art may be found in their galleries—once informed me that his frequent invitations to the dinner cost him, on the average, two thousand pounds apiece.

At the present day the banquet takes place in Gallery III., where, at the long table skirting the north wall, and at the seven supports projecting from it, covers for about two hundred and sixty are laid. As each guest arrives, he advances past the guard of honour furnished by the Artists' Corps—for things are done on a very grand scale indeed—and in exchange for his card of invitation he receives a catalogue and a lithographed plan of the tables, with a list and cross-references. The President, supported by his officers, greets him at the head of the decorated staircase, with that proverbial grace and charm of address which make him an ideal host. Then he mixes with the crowd of celebrities—brilliant with uniforms and orders—until he hears "that tocsin of the soul," the dinner announcement. The scene

which follows has been described, with no little spirit, by Mr. John Soden :—

"See now the grandest glory of the year
When to his board the Painter bids the Peer;
Where Poets, Statesmen, Soldiers, Bishops, rush
To bow before the triumph of the Brush;

ELEVATED SITUATION.

Where even Princes play an honoured part
Before the great nobility of Art—
The most resplendent dinner of the year,
For England's genius assembles here;
The Painter's table is by none outvied,
Which makes each humblest dauber flush with pride.
All there, that taste suggesting, wealth can buy,
Enchants the mind, and fascinates the eye."

And now all settle to their seats—no slight or rapid business, this—and find themselves arranged for the most part with consummate tact. The Chairman is established of course in the seat of honour: "the radiant and rubicond chair, which the President is happily toning down," as Dickens expressed it when, in 1853, he and Dean Milman (who was afterwards Professor of Ancient Literature to the Academy) replied for "Literature." Next to him on either hand sit the members of the Royal Family present. Beyond, on the left, are the members of the Diplomatic Body and of Her Majesty's Opposition; and on the right the highest Church dignitary and the members of the Government. Then spread about in judicious juxtaposition are Presidents of Learned, Scientific, and Artistic Societies (but conspicuously not those of the painting-societies), directors of public departments, masters of City Companies, men eminent in "blood," in the State, the Law, the Church, the Services, the Universities, in Literature, Science, and Music, and the Press—(you may see facing each other the editors of the *Times* and *Punch*, like Dignity and Impudence, journalistically speaking). Then the *Times* reporter is an important personage—the only reporter permitted to witness and share in the festivities. This excessive jealousy, and, I venture to think, impolitic economy as regards the Press, is a sore point in more than one editorial room; and although "slips" of "the *Times* man's" notes are distributed to the other offices that choose to accept them, at least one London daily refuses to take any notice whatever of a meeting to which its representative is not specially bidden—to the disadvantage and annoyance, of course, of its readers.

At length the business of the evening begins in real earnest. Amid the inspiring clatter of knives and forks there is a general unbending: the Eminent, forgetting or condoning, so to speak, his eminence, and the Moneybag, inwardly hugging his dollars, hobnob together, a Babel of tongues is let loose, and the sound of many voices waxes exceeding great. It is true that the last new Associate is hardly comfortable in the draughty seat his flesh is heir to, but he is proudly conscious of the fact that he *is* present, and he blesses the reform (if report be true) which enables him to dine in the same room as his Big Brothers, instead of sitting at a table apart. Then, too, he reflects that as time advances, and maybe plays havoc with his skill, he will approach nearer the Presidential chair, until, by a sort of automatic checking system of compensation, when sight and hearing both fail him (if he but live long enough), he will at length be in

"WHO'S THAT SPEAKING NOW?"

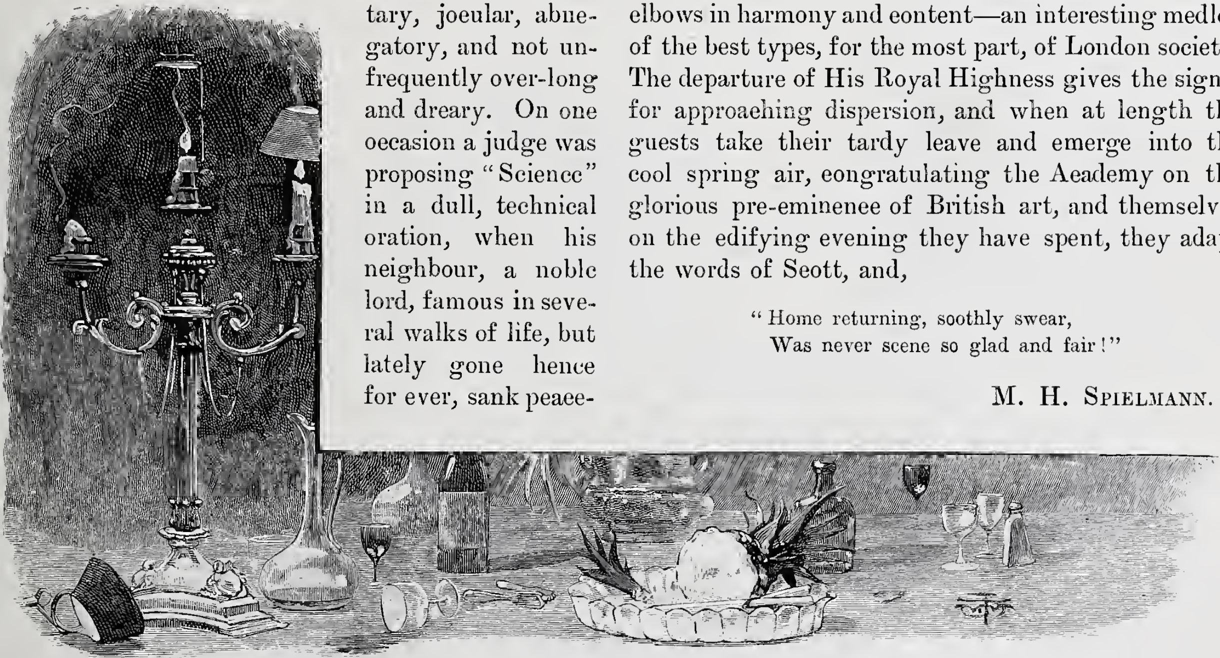
the best possible position both to see and hear. And thus amid turtle, wine, and jollity, the evening flies away, till the toast-master, humble in expression but

commanding in tone, craves silence for the Chairman. The spreading hand of darkness has stolen softly over the august assembly; and when in the increasing gloom the President rises, his features are scarcely visible. In polished, scholarly phrases, and eloquent, rounded periods he proposes the first loyal toast with exceptional earnestness—for, as a matter of fact, the Sovereign is more to the Academy than to other institutions. He ceases; and when all have risen to their feet, as "The QUEEN!!" (p. 229) bursts from all lips, just as the glee-singers give out the National Anthem, suddenly on the moment, by an unseen hand, the lights are turned up with brilliant effect, the more dazzling for its unexpectedness and for the previous obscurity. It is a little bit of startling theatrical trickery, time-honoured and—sobering. Then follow the usual speeches—eloquent, mellifluous, complimentary, jocular, abnegatory, and not unfrequently over-long and dreary. On one occasion a judge was proposing "Science" in a dull, technical oration, when his neighbour, a noble lord, famous in several walks of life, but lately gone hence for ever, sank peacefully, as was his wont under such provocation, into slumber. The toast was duly honoured, and "Literature" proposed, and just as the poet-inspector "Mr. Luke," as Mr. Mallock aptly called him in his "New Republic," was replying, the sleepy one awoke, more or less, to reality and "flowery nothings." He listened for a moment, then turned to the judge and curtly growled, "Who's that speaking now?" (p. 232). "Mr. Luke." "H'm," he grunted, "his drivel's as bald as the idiot's that sent me off." And re-adjusting his skull-cap, he composed himself once more, and was soon again unconscious in Morpheus' lap.

Then when the talking is happily over a general move is made, and the company, headed by the President and the most honoured guests, adjourn to the neighbouring rooms to examine the pictures to the enlivening accompaniment of Mr. Foster's glee-singers. Here Blood, Brains, Taste, and Shoddy rub elbows in harmony and content—an interesting medley of the best types, for the most part, of London society. The departure of His Royal Highness gives the signal for approaching dispersion, and when at length the guests take their tardy leave and emerge into the cool spring air, congratulating the Academy on the glorious pre-eminence of British art, and themselves on the edifying evening they have spent, they adapt the words of Scott, and,

"Home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so glad and fair!"

M. H. SPIELMANN.



THE FLORENTINE FÊTE.

THE world of Florence at present divides its artistic enthusiasms between Donatello—whose name has been a glory to her for five hundred years—and the façade of the Duomo—which for the same space of time has been a thing of beauty even though unfinished. In one the spirit of Renaissance sculpture took birth; in the other, the form of Gothic architecture began a new life, transplanted to Italian soil, and enriched with southern warmth and colour—rich, grand, and lovely, yet still through all the centuries incomplete! In this the Duomo has only shared the fate of most of her humbler sisters, the Florentine churches. They are all like fine old illuminated books without frontispieces, and even where they have been added nothing is more remarkable than the curious dissonance between the church and its façade. Excepting Or San Michele, which has either four façades or none, as you choose to state the case, there is not a single church whose architectural meaning is in the smallest degree expressed by its front. S. Lorenzo, the Carmine, and S. Spirito, and many others, show only rough blackened bricks above their

massive doors, being usually destitute of façades. It is said that the cause of this deficiency was a heavy tax which one of the Popes of the Middle Ages put upon finished churches, and the astute Florentines evaded it by leaving theirs uncompleted.

Santa Maria Novella—the "Bride" of Michelangelo—which is a building of pure Thirteenth Century Italian Gothic, was given a Renaissance face by Leon Battista Alberti in the Fifteenth Century, a stiff combination of rounds, triangles, and two huge meaningless scrolls instead of gables, which not only hide but dwarf the elegant proportions which strike one so forcibly in the interior.

The still finer Gothic of Santa Croce put on its white mask in modern times, and though in some ways it is very rich, yet even when time shall have mellowed the white marbles, it never can be a true face to the building, for its three gables stand up unsupported into the air in all their pasteboard thinness, hiding the real form, and yet making the proportions look more meagre. A tricuspidal façade may veil but never adorn a Gothic beauty. It was only the good taste of the Florentine public which saved the new façade of the Duomo, just now completed, from the same fate. The three cusped gables were in De Fabri's plan, but by general public vote they have given place to a basilical termination of the façade, which carries out Arnolfo's design of a Lombard gallery as a cornice, and harmonises with the tower of Giotto. If the Nineteenth Century set itself to complete the work of the Thirteenth, it could not have been better done than by going back faithfully to the old forms.

It is true that in its five hundred years of life the Duomo has not been faceless; indeed, it has put a different front to the gaze of each century, and it might prove interesting to trace these curious vicissitudes. First there came Arnolfo's design, which was left uncompleted at his death in 1300. When Giotto was elected Capo Maestro in 1332 he set about improving on Arnolfo, who, however fine an architect, was not an *artist* in the same degree as Giotto. He took away Arnolfo's ornaments, and with Andrea Pisano's assistance began carrying out his new model, which was rich in canopies with saints beneath them, in numberless columns of varied shapes, sculptured apostles, prophets, saints, and angels, and scripture stories, with above them rows of statuettes of illustrious men—for even in his days the veneration for genius was almost as great as that for sanctity.

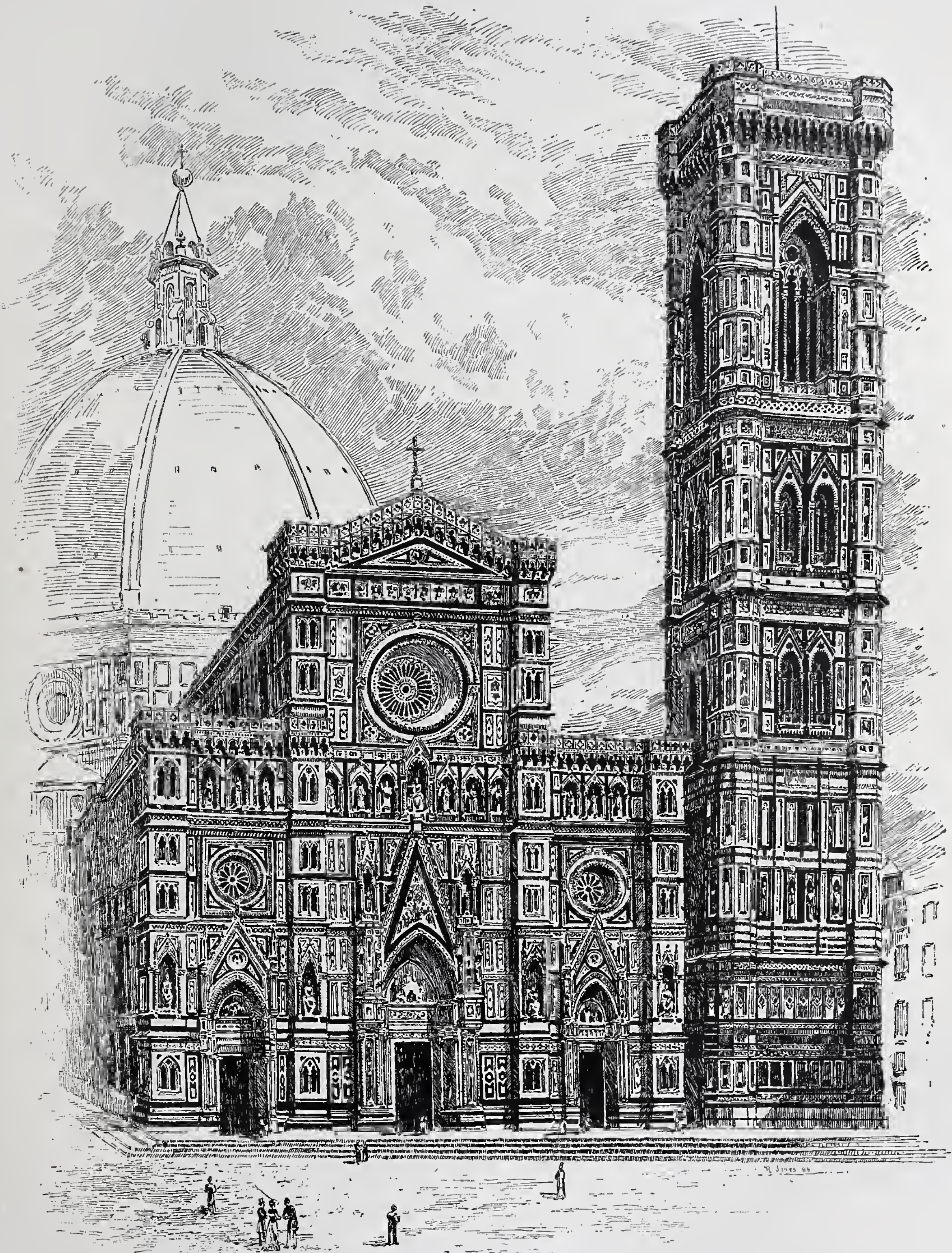
But before this was far advanced Giotto began to dream of his tower, and so fired the ambition of the burghers that they signed a document to the effect that "the Florentine Republic, soaring even above the conception of the most competent judges, desires that an edifice shall be constructed so magnificent in its height and quality that it shall surpass anything of its kind produced in the time of their greatest power by the Greeks and Romans." (From Del Mégliore's MS., dated 1334.)

Probably Giotto gave his heart more to the building of the lovely bell-tower, which was all his own, than to the completion of another man's designs, for the tower rose steadily, and the façade of the cathedral was still uncompleted at his death. Another forty years elapsed before, under the hands of many artists, famous and not famous, it was carried on. The famous ones were Andrea Orcagna and Taddeo Gaddi; the others Neri di Fioravante, Benci Cione, and Francesco Salsetti. Then came Brunelleschi, fresh from his investigations in the Pantheon, and all hands were called to the work in the dome.

When that was done the Florentines began to be discontented with the florid façade, which had been evolved out of so many minds and hands, and which, moreover, was even yet only two-thirds towards completion. They found out that it was contrary to all architectural canons, and Lorenzo di' Medici called a meeting in the Duomo itself. All the artists of the day were there, and a great deal of discussion took place, but with a very common result of meetings—no conclusion was drawn, and the two-thirds of a façade endured yet another hundred years. Then the Grand Duke Francis I. brought all the deliberations to action, and, through the Senator "Buonaccorso Uguccioni," caused an order to be given for the façade to be destroyed, and one by Buontalenti to replace it—an act which, Settimani says in his Chronicle, was to the senators "eternal infamy." He goes on to tell how the pretty porphyry columns and carving were thrown down in pieces—"a work of shame which, if all the world were to unite together in reproving it, could not express blame enough." The statues were lowered with ropes, but some fell and were broken—a fate they shared, however, with one of the modern statues on the new front, which fell on being raised to the niche and was mutilated. The unfortunate statues, degraded thus, took up lower positions in the city.

The Evangelists were received in the interior of the Duomo, while the Apostles were kept in the cold at the foot of the avenue of the Poggio Imperiale, where they are to be seen, noseless, at the present day. Pope Boniface VIII. has sat for 300 years in his marble chair, and bereaved of his hands, in the Oricellai Gardens, where the Plato Academy once met and talked Greek in classic shades. The Grand Duke set up some of them in his *cortile* at the Riccardi Palace, and the Podesta took some to adorn the Bargello.

But the "eternal infamy" would have been greater if, after this vandalic demolition, Buontalenti's



DE FABRI'S NEW FAÇADE, FLORENCE DUOMO.

façade had been erected, for he was of the time when Renaissance architecture had gone down to its most ungraceful depths, and to face Arnolfo's lovely, airy Italo-Gothic he would have put a frightful combination of square doors with triangular pediments, great bare circles for windows, with gigantic figures reclining on them, like a multiplied Bacchus on his barrel, and a profuse use of flat pilasters. It is

not known why this was not erected, but probably, as in the present day, Florentine public taste asserted itself, and preferred the bare bricks to false art.

Several attempts were made to cover these bare bricks at different times. Leo X. was so pleased with the frescoed canvas front with which Andrea del Sarto decorated it in his honour in 1515, that he desired it should be perpetuated in marble; but this was never done.

Another false canvas and plaster front covered the bricks when Ferdinand I. was married to Christina of Lorraine; but this was blown away in a storm, and in 1688 some artists covered the stones with plaster and painted a façade in fresco, which time kindly effaced. The new front began to be talked of early in this century, and, funds being collected, a competition was opened for designs in 1862. After many competitions, De Fabri's plans were chosen in 1867. But the architect did not live to see his work finished; he died in May, 1883. The new façade is quite an epitome of Nineteenth Century Florentine art, for there is scarcely a sculptor's studio in the city that has not furnished a statue or relief.

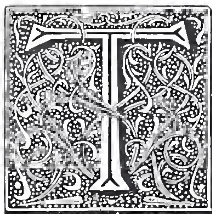
The architectural proportions of the interior are indicated by the four ornamented piers, two of which support the outer walls and two mark the division of nave and aisles. The three doorways and wheel-windows above them are very rich in sculpturesque effect, each arch supporting a fine statue, and the tympanum being filled with bas-reliefs. The relief in the centre is by Professor Passaglia, and represents the Madonna enthroned above, and below her the "Signoria" of the Republic who ordered the building of the Duomo, with Pope Calixtus III., Christopher Columbus, St. Catherine of Siena, and Pius V. — a mixture of personages worthy of a humanist of the Fifteenth Century. Amalia Duprè, daughter of the late sculptor of "Cain," has executed the statues of the two patron saints—S. Zenobi and Santa Reparata—in the tabernacles at the side of the great entrance.

Popes and saints occupy the pinnacles of the pillars. The lunettes of the side doors have fine mosaics by Professor Barabino, one representing Charity, with the Misericordia below, and the other Faith. The architraves and archivolts are all covered with reliefs of sculptured subjects. Each of the great piers has a large tabernacle with important statues. Cardinal Valeriani, who blessed the foundation in 1296, by Professor Salvini; Bishop Tinacci of Narni, who gave his benediction to the first pillar in 1357, by Professor Ulisse Cambi; Pope Eugene IV.—who consecrated the cathedral in 1439, when the Œcumenical Council was held which united the Greek and Latin Churches—a noble statue by Professor Vincenzo Consani; and, lastly, St. Antonino, who blessed the beginning of the façade in 1446, by Professor Bortone. Near the top is a broad zone of niches. In the larger central one is a Madonna and Child; the twelve others contain the Apostles. On the whole, given the difference which has naturally taken place in artistic feeling, the new façade is as true to the spirit of the Duomo as it is possible to be, and is well worthy of it.

LEADER SCOTT.

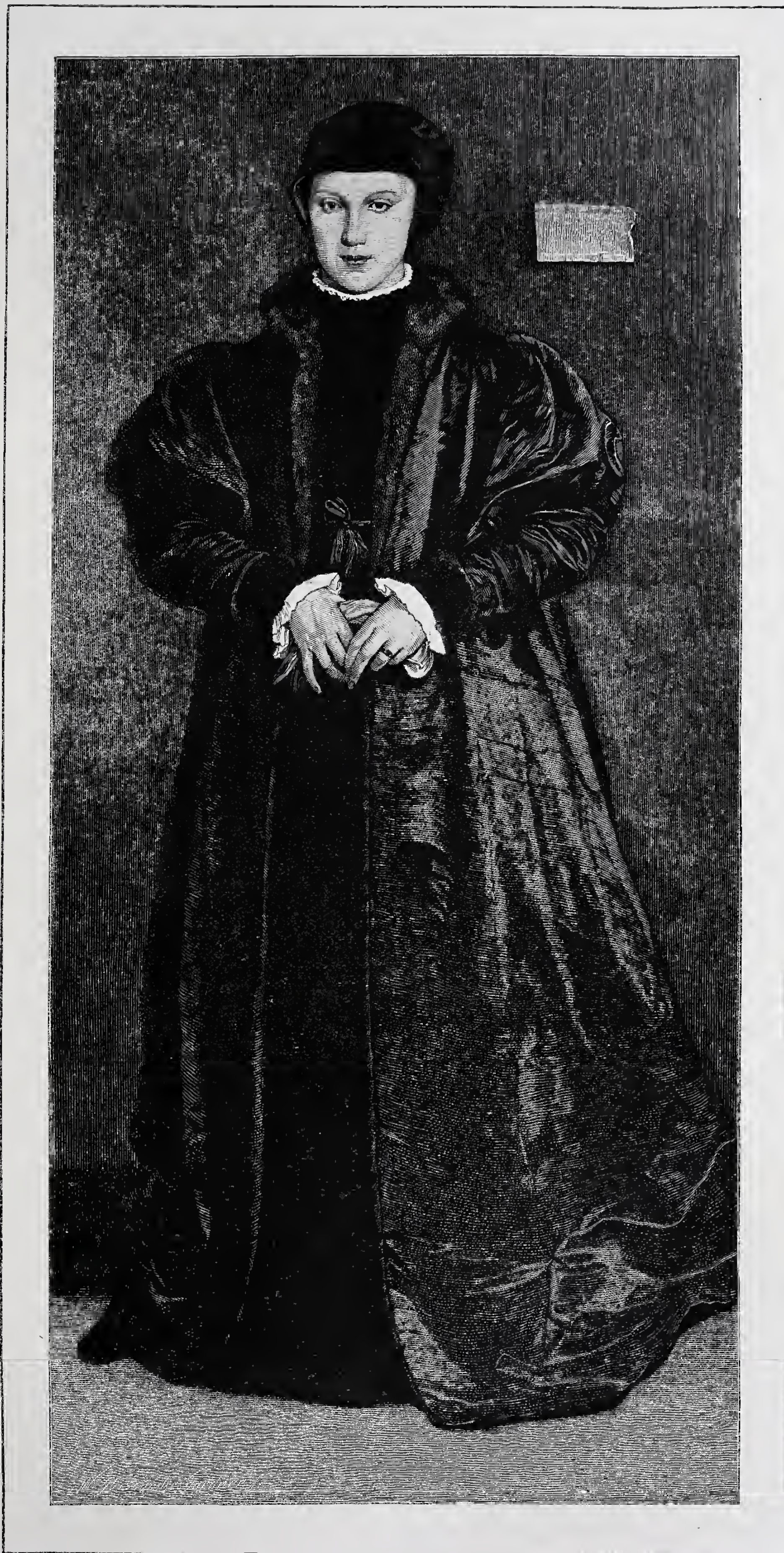
CHRISTINA, DUCHESS OF MILAN.

PAINTED BY HANS HOLBEIN.



THIS masterpiece of Holbein's art is described in the catalogue of King Henry VIII.'s "Stuff and Implements at Westminster" (the old "York Place" or Whitehall of after-times) as: "Item, a greate table with the picture of the Duchyes of Myllayne, being her whole stature."

Christina, Duchess of Milan, the young widow of Francesco Sforza, when residing at the Court of the Regent of the Netherlands in 1538, received through our Minister, John Hutton, an enquiry as to the probability of her complying with the "pleasure" of Lord Privy Seal Cromwell, by consenting to succeed Jane Seymour as Henry's Queen. Among the State Papers of Henry VIII. is an interesting letter (488, Hutton to Cromwell), dated 14th March, 1538, notifying the arrival at Brussels on the 10th of that month of Philip Hobbie (Sir Philip Hoby), accompanied by a servant of His King's Majesty named Mr. Haunce, who was no other than our painter Hans Holbein—probably better known as Mr. Hanns, or Hanse, surnames being then superfluous and of little moment. From this letter it appears that Hoby's mission concerned the marriage negotiations, and Holbein's was "to procure the perfect picture" of the Duchess, he being described as "a man very excellent in making of physiognomies." It is further stated that Mr. "Haunce" "having but three hours' space, hath showed himself to be master of that science, for it [the portrait] is very perfect"—this



CHRISTINA, DUCHESS OF MILAN.

(*Painted by Holbein. By kind Permission of the Duke of Norfolk.*)

probably refers to the smaller panel-portrait in the Royal Collection. Hutton speaks of two portraits, one being more finished than the other. For this "paynted table" Holbein received the sum of "x. li for his costis and chargis at his tyme sent aboute certyn his Gracis affares into the parties of High Burgony, [and] by way of his Gracis rewarde x. li," as "certefyed" by Sir Bryan Tukes' account of payments of the Royal Household.

The beauty of this portrait is so majestic in its simplicity and nature, that picture and painter are alike forgotten. The very presence of the woman in her full stature and black satin gown is realised, and her soft brown eyes speak out below the clear brow, shaded by the hood, against which the delicate white complexion is contrasted. The only relief to the drapery is the sable lining of the spencer. A ring upon the third finger of the left hand, laid with a fine ruby, is the only ornament. The hands, enclosing a glove, are as delicate and as finely modelled as any Van Dyck ever depicted.

To the marine blue background is affixed pictorially a *cartellino* or label with this inscription—"Christine daughter to Christierne K of Deñark, Dutches of Lorrayne and hered Dutches of Milan."

This picture has been lent to the Trustees of the National Gallery by His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., E.M.

E. Barrington Nash.

RUSSIAN BRONZES.

It is rather interesting to note how eagerly Russia has of late years—that is, within the last generation—taken to the practice of art. Lying away to the right and north, out of the main line of march from East to West followed by the successive races which have peopled Europe, she has been glad to content herself with such scraps of Oriental art as accident or occasional military service and forays threw in her way. Her semi-barbarous condition tended, in whatever she imitated, rather to exaggerate than chasten the gorgeous tastes and practice of the East; and the result has been that, almost till our own day, though geographically placed on the hither side of the Urals, she has been, in respect of art, beyond the pale of European influence.

Like every other country, however, Russia has felt the civilising effect of applied science, and the steam engine, which never ceases going and coming by night and by day, on land and on sea, has done, and is doing, its beneficent work. There is scarcely an *atelier* of any note in Paris in which Russian students have not worked. Like all other tyros in art, light, colour, and shade first caught their eye, and in due time we had such famous painters as Alvazovski and Von Becker, Siemiradski and Verestchagin. Nor was the Russian student long in familiarising himself with the various aspects of form, and, with the assimilative power of his race, mastering, within certain limits, the art of sculpture. In this branch Gratchoff and Lieberich are as thoroughly representative of Russian acquirements and Russian predilections as the painters we have named are in theirs.

These remarks have been suggested by the important collection of bronzes now being exhibited in the sculpture galleries of Messrs. Bellman and Ivey in Piccadilly. There are numerous examples here of Italian, French, and English bronzes of remarkable excellence. The last-named nationality is represented by such artists of repute as Ida Clarke, with "Foals" and "Retriever and Pups;" T. Nelson Maclean, with nearly half a score of his delightful classic subjects, all of which he has had cast in Paris; and H. Montford, whose "Le Réveil"—a young girl standing her graceful height, yawning and stretching herself—for sweetness and beauty, and searching knowledge of the human frame, would make a fit companion to Nelson Maclean's "Ione." Waldo Story's "Dancer," too, is full of grace.

But excellent as these are, and though France and Italy are represented by reductions from the works of some of the most famous sculptors of these countries, the veteran Falguière being of the number, and although, moreover, there is in the galleries a large collection of Tanagra figures, showing how exquisite the art of the antique world was

three centuries before Christ, it is to the Russian collection of bronzes we would draw special attention. All the other sculptors, Italian, French, and English, are inspired by Greek models, and we can readily find the archetypes of their works in the British Museum, and in the lovely little figures dug up a few years ago near the village of Tanagra.

The Russian sculptor cares nothing for nymphs and naiads, or classic nudities of any kind. The graceful treatment of drapery and the sensuous sweep of contour are nothing to him. He never aspires to classic ideals, draped or undraped, and therefore has no need for severity of form, or an exhaustive knowledge of anatomy. The customs and costume of his country are with him in all this. The primary instinct of his race still clings to the Russian artist; and in sculpture, as in painting, he is most at home in treating incidents of the chase or the battle-field. In such themes his love of detail differentiates him from the sculptors of the West, and his delight is in absolute realism. From swords and spears to buttons and straps, every detail about man or beast is rendered with religious exactitude. Here, for example, in Gratchoff's "Before the Battle," we see a mounted Cossack, terrible in aspect, with his sabre in his mouth, a pistol in one hand and a rifle in the other, straining eagerly towards the enemy, as his horse plunges along. In this group the minutiæ of the man's uniform and the trappings of his steed are most faithfully rendered. This comes out all the more forcibly when we turn to the companion group, called "After the Battle," which represents the same trooper returning with the *spolia opima,* and leading his enemy's horse, which neighs for the loss of his master. The same remark applies to this artist's "Cossack's Farewell," in which we see him stooping down from the saddle to kiss his wife. In the "Return," the Cossack has dismounted and kisses his wife, while the horse neighs as he recognises his approach to home. Our two illustrations explain themselves.

A CIRCASSIAN AND HIS BRIDE.

(From the Bronze by M. Gratchoff.)

No less true and spirited are Professor Lieberich's "Wolf and Fox Hunts," and his conflicts with bears. In one of the latter the bear has broken the gun of the hunter and risen on his hind legs to give him the fatal hug; but the man buries his knife in the entrails of the infuriated beast, and one wonders whether its ripping up will be sufficient to

release him. In the fellow-group the bear has got an old man down, but his son stands by with an axe in the act of delivering a vigorous blow at the brute's head. Professor Lieberich, the author of these works, used to accompany the late emperor in his hunting expeditions, and to some of the stirring episodes represented in bronze he himself has been an eye-witness.

But war and the chase are not the only sources of inspiration; the Russian finds abundant materials from which one of the family carries up a pail of water, while another male member to the left cuts up wood to boil the pot, which is suspended from one of the shafts of the cart. An elder daughter is up in front of the van handing down such of the family utensils as are wanted to a younger sister. The mother has descended from the waggon and is nursing baby; while the patriarch of the family, having denuded himself of his coat and boots, sits on the bank philosophising in his own way. One

THE BOMB.

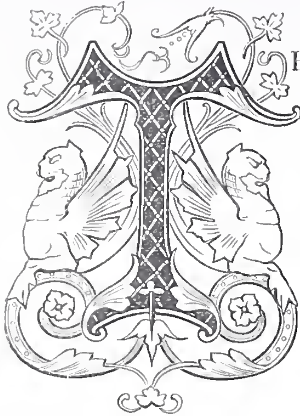
(From the Bronze by M. Gratchoff.)

in the peaceful scenes and movements of domestic life to employ his modelling tool as well as his pencil. Indeed, like some nations whose art-education is more advanced, the Russian is apt to let the arts overlap each other, *i.e.*, allow one branch to overstep its own peculiar province and trench on that of its neighbour. A painting may be sculpturesque in treatment, just as sculpture may be pictorial.

Here, for example, is a large bronze representing a scene which, if transferred to canvas, we should call an admirable example of Dutch *genre* painting. We see an emigrant waggon, curiously thatched and covered, drawn up on the edge of a stream, of the sons ties up the horse to the tail of the van, and the cow, which has accompanied the family all through their long journey, is allowed quietly to graze near the stump of a tree. Some rakes and a sieve lie on the top of the waggon, which is covered with skin, while lower down the roof is thatched like a house; and the variety of texture and detail, not only on the waggon, but throughout the whole group, embracing man and beast, is expressed most admirably. The sculptor's name is L. Posene, and, although his subjects lack the breadth and unity of classic Greece, he must not on that account be refused an honourable place among plastic workers.

John Forbes-Robertson.

LAFENESTRE'S "TITIAN."*



HIS sumptuous volume is the latest addition to the series of great masters which began with Holbein in 1880, and has since then been continued by these enterprising Paris publishers. The high degree of excellence maintained by these fine art publications, which the French press pours out year by year and day by day with a rapidity so marvellous, may well excite our admiration and envy. Nothing is more likely to spread abroad the knowledge and love of art than these carefully written and admirably illustrated works, which help, in the best sense of the word, to popularise, or, as our neighbours say, *vulgariser*, the history of painting and painters.

M. Lafenestre, Conservateur of the Louvre, to whom the life of Titian was entrusted, and whose knowledge of Italian art and former labours in this field are well known, has spared no pains to make his work complete, and produce a book worthy of his great subject. His aim, he tells us, has been less to write a critical analysis of Titian's art, than to show us the painter among his friends and pupils, and in his relations with the princely patrons whom he served in turn, and the circumstances under which his masterpieces were produced. For this purpose he avails himself largely of the Marchese Campori and Canonico Braghirolli's recent researches in the Este and Gonzaga papers, and of the treasures of the Simancas archives, first published in Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's valuable work. To these last historians, indeed, he acknowledges his obligations throughout the book, frequently quoting their criticisms, while at the same time he gives us Signor Morelli's opinions and those of other distinguished writers side by side with his own impressions. All this is put together after the pleasant and lively fashion of French writers, and told with a sympathy and perception, a grace and charm of style, certain to attract readers; while the fifty full-page reproductions of Titian's masterpieces which adorn the book, as well as countless smaller plates, are of the greatest value to the student in illustrating the gradual development and successive stages of an art the most varied and a genius the most splendid that the world has ever seen.

The story of Titian's hundred years of life embraces the most brilliant period of the Italian Renaissance, and brings us into contact with all the most illustrious personages of the Sixteenth Century. Doges and popes, kings and emperors, statesmen and soldiers, poets and wits and artists, we meet them all in these pages, we read their letters and see their features as they live again on the painter's canvas. These princes, whose lives offer so strange a confusion of moral baseness and refined love of beauty, and whose crimes were so black, and whose taste was so exquisite, are all here. Alfonso d'Este, for whose studio Titian painted our wonderful "Bacchus and Ariadne," the scarcely less beautiful "Venus-worship" of Madrid, as well as the famous "Tribute Money" at Dresden; Federico Gonzaga, who bought the "Christ at Emmaus" and the "Entombment," which—now in the Louvre—once hung in Charles I.'s palace at Whitehall, to be sold for £120 after his death; the fiery Duke of Urbino, who looks down on us from the walls of the Pitti in his burnished armour—we find them all in turn approaching the painter, now with angry threats and imperious commands, now with flattery and presents, all eager to retain his services, or make use of his art, to gain their unscrupulous ends. Here, too, are the grand old Doge Andrea Gritti, and the wily pontiff Paul III., with those handsome Farnese sons and grandsons who wasted the patrimony of the Church, and the graceful, poet of the Court of Ferrara, and the famous Captain Davalos, and that strange being whom Titian chose for his closest friend and companion, and painted as Pilate in his great "Ecce Homo," Aretino, the parasite of kings and "Scourge of Princes," the adviser whom he finds so indispensable, who whispers his praises in royal ears, and is ever at hand urging him to ask for new offices and favours—Aretino, who, with all his brutality and astuteness, had at least the merit of appreciating to the full the rare and marvellous genius of his friend. And besides all these, one mightier still, the great Emperor Charles V., who for twenty years and more was the most constant, as well as the most powerful, of all Titian's patrons. Twice over at his bidding the seventy-years-old painter crossed the Alps in the dead of winter to join Charles's Court at Augsburg, and returned loaded with gold and honours, in Aretino's words, "no longer poor as a painter, but rich as a prince," to tell his friends what signal marks of favour he had received from his

* "La Vie et l'Œuvre de Titien." Par Georges Lafenestre. (Paris: Maison Quantin.)

imperial master. To these visits we owe Titian's famous portraits of Charles V., the one in which he appears in full armour, mounted on the charger he rode at Mühlberg, and through the rolling clouds and mists gathering on the banks of Elbe a gleam of sun breaks on the great Kaiser's pale stern face as he goes forth to conquer his foes; the other in which he is represented sitting alone in his armchair by the window. Sick and sad at heart, he sits there apart from friends and courtiers, and the thin worn features wear a look of settled gloom as he muses over the vanity of human greatness, and the weariness of the burden he will soon lay aside to seek the shade of convent walls.

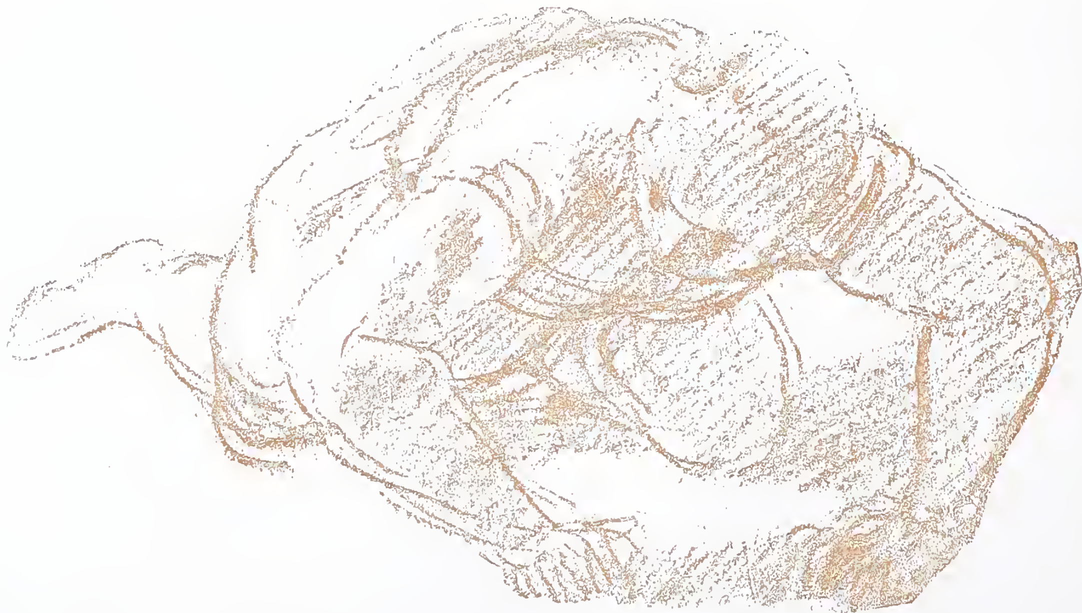
And the women, too, on whose beauty Titian delights to dwell, those fair Venetian ladies, with their perfect forms and gorgeous costumes, whom he painted in a thousand pictures—they are all here. There is the girl with the lovely face which haunted his youth, whether she was, according to the old tradition, his mistress Violante, or, as M. Lafenestre inclines to think, his wife Cecilia, whose early death he felt so deeply; and Laura Dianti smiling down upon us in the garb of Venus or Flora, and the noble Duchess Eleonora, whose royal type of countenance may well have been the model of his dark-eyed "Bella" and the "Urbino Venus," and the bright-haired child Roberta Strozzi, and Mary of Hungary, and the sad-eyed Empress Isabella, whose portrait her imperial husband bore with him to the cloisters of Yuste and looked upon as he lay dying. And sweetest and fairest of all, there is Lavinia, Titian's youngest and best-beloved child, whom he counted "dearer and more precious than all else in the world," and painted now in the light of her radiant maidenhood, with the pearls twisted in her yellow hair and the smile parting her coral lips, now in the ripened beauty of her married life, and once again after the hand of death had snatched her from her father's love, in that mournful picture engraved by Van Dyck, which shows us the aged painter by his daughter's side, and before them the prophetic skull which contrasts sorrowfully with her brilliant and animated countenance.

And in the midst of all these the figure of Titian himself stands out, with his strong individuality clearly defined. We see him as he moved among the cultured society of Venice, or in the gay Court of Ferrara, courteous and amiable, distinguished by his fine manners and easy grace, a thorough gentleman in all his ways, and a great favourite with princes, fond of luxurious surroundings and social intercourse, taking delight in the company of women, but never stooping to imitate the licence of his friend Aretino, shrewd and cautious in his bargains with the true commercial instinct of a Venetian, keeping a keen eye on his own interests and those of his children, always generously appreciative of excellence in others,

SKETCH FOR LANDSCAPE: TITIAN.

and, from first to last, fired by that noble enthusiasm for beauty in nature and art which was the secret of his inspiration. We follow the boy of Cadore as he goes from his mountain home to enter the *atelier* of the Bellini, with Palma and Giorgione for his fellow-students; we see his genius speedily asserting its supremacy until he stands without a rival, gathering up in his person all the accumulated efforts of former generations of Venetian painters, and, at the same time, displaying the originality of thought and magic power of execution that were destined to influence all future art. We see him, and this is the least pleasant part of the picture, in his dealings with the rich and great, writing those innumerable letters to his different patrons in which he adopts Aretino's fawning tone, and flatters and cringes to those from whom he would ask a pension for himself or a canonry for his son, and painting pictures and urging his requests with the same unwearying perseverance. But with all his great friends and love of luxury, he does not

STUDY OF A MAN KNEELING: TITIAN.



STUDY OF A MAN STOOPING: TITIAN.

forget his humbler relatives at Cadore, and often contrives to do one or other of them a good turn.

THE MADONNA DI LA PESARO: TITIAN.

And year by year, as autumn comes round, he leaves Venice to visit the old home, where churches and altars are still adorned with his paintings. We follow him as he journeys, sketch-book in hand, through the hill-country, among those dolomite mountains that he has made all his own, watching

the summer storms sweep over plain and shore, taking rapid sketches of jagged peaks and forest glades, and rocky foregrounds of castellated towers and quiet homesteads that are to figure in the background of some famous picture. We give an example of one of the many sketches so modern in spirit, so dramatic in their feeling for life and movement, their suggestions of changing light and colour, which are reproduced in M. Lafenestre's book, and which, better than any of his oil-paintings, reveal Titian to us as the founder of the new art of landscape painting. Here and there we catch a glimpse of the great master in his home-life, in that spacious house in the Biri Grande, on the edge of the lagoon, where he moved after his wife's death in 1530, and from which he could see the blue hills of Ceneda and the crag of Antelao in his native Cadore. His sister Orsa, "mother, companion, and steward of his household," lives with him to watch over his three children; and Aretino steps in to scold the unruly boys, and exhort the elder Pomponio, the future canon, whom he addresses playfully as "Monsignorino," and who already gave signs of those extravagant and dissipated tastes which were to prove the bane of his father's old age. The house is full of paintings, and all the princes and men of letters who visit Venice flock there to see these masterpieces by Titian's hand and converse with the great painter. Aretino and Sansovino are daily guests; and here, as evening approaches, a select company of distinguished friends meet to enjoy the beauty of the gardens and sit down to a delicious supper, while sweet strains of music and singing fill the air till midnight, and the lagoon swarms with gondolas that bear fair women over the waters. Here it was that, in 1566, a young stranger from Florence, Giorgio Vasari, found the old man of eighty-nine, "with the brushes in his hand, still painting pictures worthy of admiration and immortality."

Nothing, indeed, in Titian's history is more remarkable than the way in which, all through his long life, he absorbs and assimilates every influence about him. Never tired of learning, he is always adding new stores to his former acquisitions, and when close upon seventy he visited Rome, we find him studying the Vatican statues and works of Michelangelo attentively, and confessing that this new experience has greatly improved his style. This, no doubt, was the secret of his perpetual vigour, and of the extraordinary fertility which marked his declining years.

But there is a charm in his early works which all the learning or experience of later years could never excel. None assuredly is more winning than the "Madonna of the Cherries," in the Belvedere at Vienna. For perfect finish and bright rich colour, for tenderness of feeling, this sweet Virgin, bending her head in a rapture of motherly love towards the playful Child who offers her the cherries, has never been surpassed. The "Noli me tangere" of the National Gallery belongs to a period some ten years before, and was painted about the same time as the famous "Assunta," which Titian executed for the Franciscans of St. Maria Gloriosa. It breathes the same idyllic freshness and pastoral charm that we find in so many of Giorgione's pictures, in Titian's "Three Ages" at Bridgewater House, and in his still lovelier "Allegory of Love" in the Borghese Palace. The Christ, His mild countenance beaming with love and mercy, meets the passionate Magdalen in an open stretch of woodland country sloping down to a far blue plain, such as Titian saw from his villa at Manza in the Ceneda hills.

The "Madonna di la Pesaro," painted in 1526, reveals Titian's powers at their height, and is one of the grandest works of Italian art. It is a typical Venetian picture, painted to commemorate a victory of Pesaro over the Turks, won some years before by the warlike Bishop Jacopo. The dignified forms of the senators kneeling at the feet of the Madonna in all the magnificence of their brocaded robes, the spirited action of the armed knight who unfurls the standard above the captive Turk in the background, and the play of sunlight breaking through the marble columns of the portico on the fair and gracious Virgin, who bends from her throne to welcome the victor home, are splendid and characteristic examples of Titian's noblest manner. The "Peter Martyr," which perished in the disastrous fire of 1867, followed in a few years, and then in rapid succession came a number of well-known works, amongst others, in 1539, the large "Presentation in the Temple," with the lovely little blue-robed Virgin mounting the steps in a glory of light among the crowd of Venetian senators, and the steep crag of Marmarolo lifting its rugged form beyond the palaces of Venice. The "Danaë" of Naples, painted at Rome in 1545, marks another stage in his career, and many of his most famous portraits belong to the next ten years. But although he still worked with an industry and energy almost incredible, and showed no sign of failing powers, in his declining years he became too fond of repeating the same subjects, and of painting works to order rather than for his own satisfaction. When he did, he could still produce a masterpiece, as we see in the beautiful Antiope, whom he painted sleeping in the forest shades of Cadore, or in the solemn "Christ Crowned with Thorns," whose tragic grandeur struck Tintoretto with so much wonder as it hung unfinished in Titian's home, that he begged it of him, and hung it up in his own *atelier* to serve as a model for other artists.

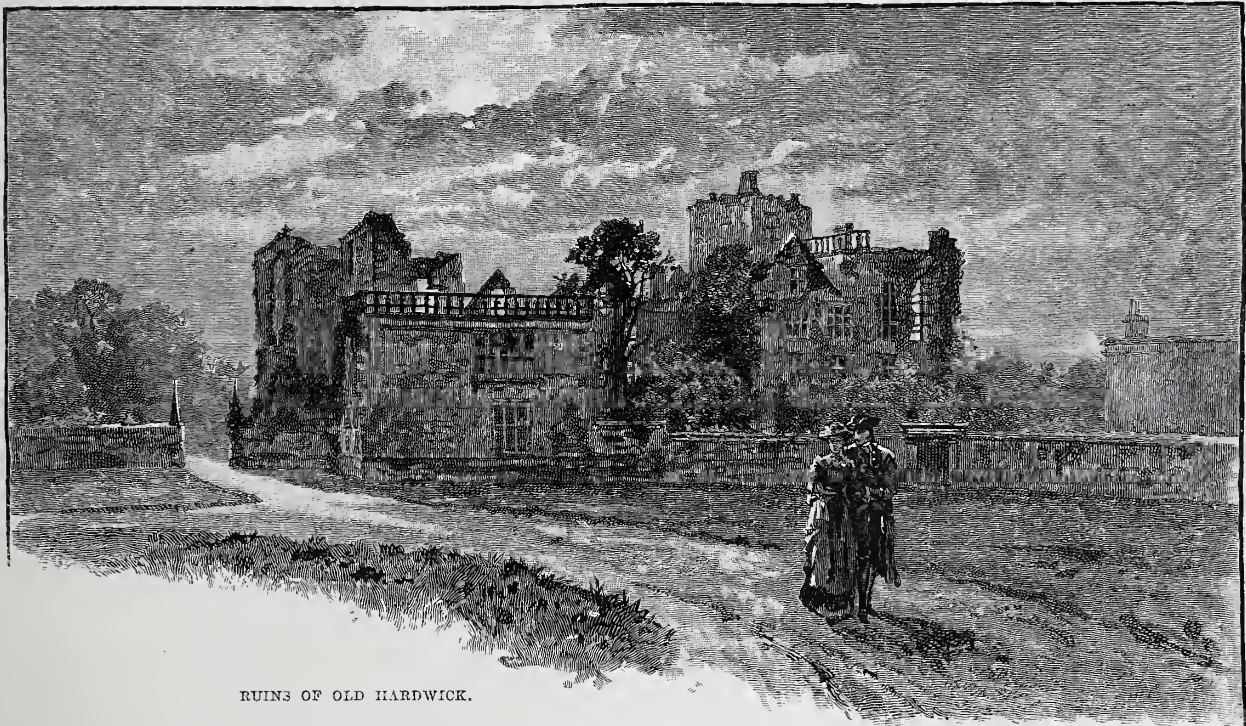
With old age his love of money grew upon him,

and in spite of the "lordly wealth" which he is declared by Aretino to have amassed, he is always complaining of his poverty in his letters, and begging for consolation from his patrons in the shape of gold crowns. Philip II., for whom he worked continually after the death of Charles V., seems to have been very remiss in his payments, and Titian despatched picture after picture to Spain with the same piteous entreaty for assistance.

In 1576 the plague desolated Venice, and on the 27th of August the aged painter, now in the hundredth year of his glorious life, fell a victim to this terrible scourge, leaving an unfinished "Pietà" which he had offered the Franciscans in exchange for a grave in their church, to bear witness that his eye was not yet dim, and that his hand had not lost its cunning. When they heard Titian was dead, the terror-stricken Venetians forgot their panic for a moment, and bore the great master to his rest in the Frari Church, where they buried him within sight of two of his grandest creations. A few days afterwards his younger son, Orazio, died in the Lazzaretto, the beautiful house in Biri Grande was plundered by thieves, and Pomponio soon squandered the remains of the hardly-earned fortune which his father had left behind. But the immortal part of Titian's labours was beyond his reach, and the fame which the great man had won could not perish. His countrymen had called him *il divino* in his lifetime, and succeeding generations have confirmed their verdict, and brought their own meed of praise to swell the tribute of the ages. As Mr. Ruskin wrote long ago, "there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they."

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

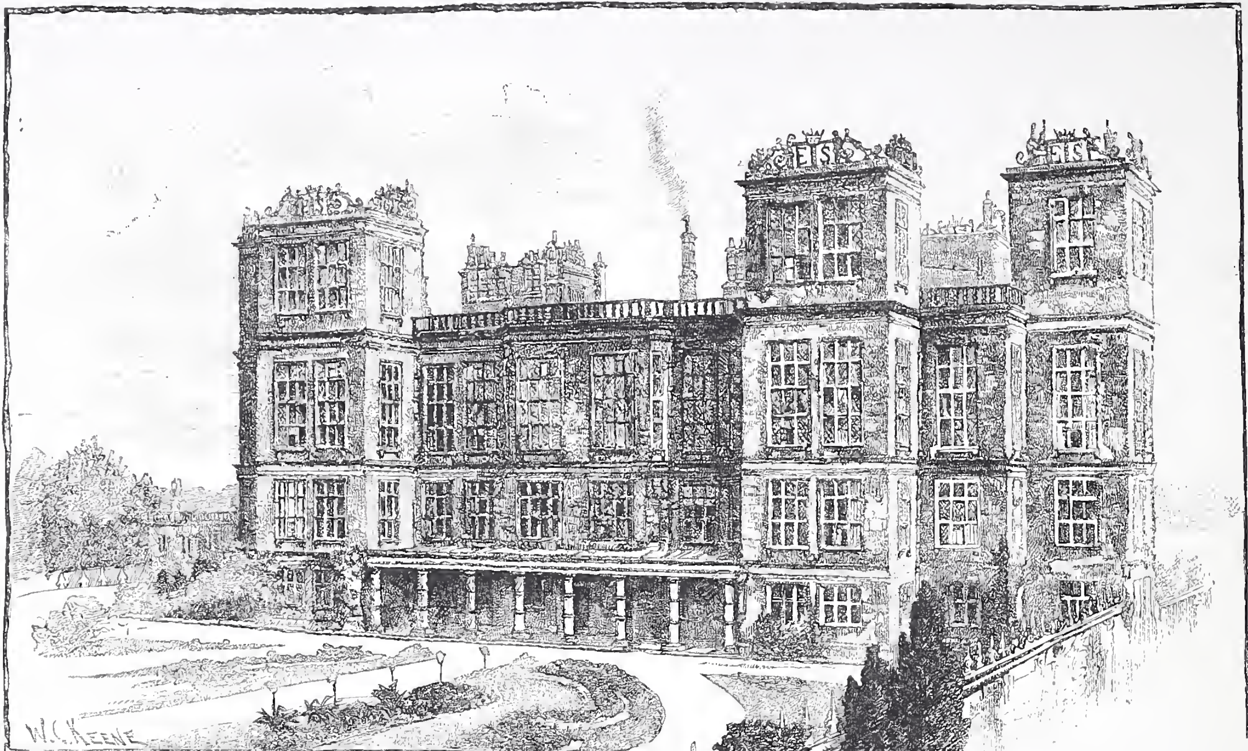
HARDWICK HALL.



RUINS OF OLD HARDWICK.

DERBY does not rank among the largest of the English counties, but within a prescribed compass it comprises the most bewitching scenery and the choicest number of ancient castles, historic halls, and old churches to be found between Thames and Tweed. Shakespeare might be proud, indeed, of his county, that American paradise, which includes Warwick, Kenilworth, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon; but Peveril of the Peak could boast with no mere local vanity of Castleton, Haddon, Chatsworth, Hardwick, Bolsover, Wingfield, Wingerworth, Eastwood, Kedleston, Duffield, and other great houses of Derbyshire.

Hardwick Hall is, perhaps, of these the noblest. It is at once rich in architectural beauty, opulent in works of art, absorbing in historic interest, and set



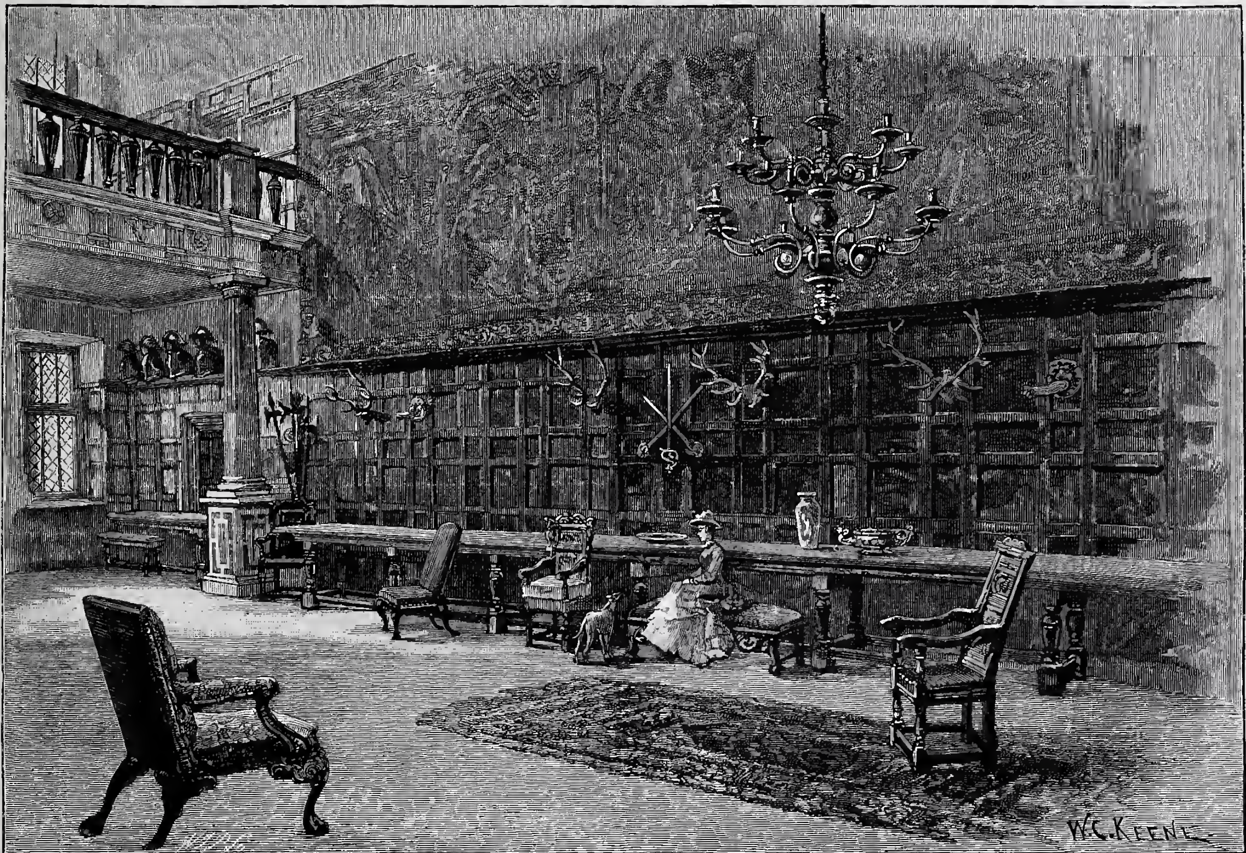
WEST FRONT, HARDWICK HALL.

in an oak forest in whose glades Robin Hood and his band of outlaws met to receive the benediction of their "curtal Friar." Ancient, it is not decayed, and in comparison with it Chatsworth is modern. It bequeaths to the Victorian era the vitality of the Elizabethan age, and is the home of a statesman worthy at once by his noble ancestry and national service of the powerful Tudor Queen and the present Empress. Haddon and Hardwick were fortunate in escaping those battle-shocks between Royalist and Roundhead that reduced great houses so near as Wingfield Manor, Bolsover Castle, and Eastwood Hall to ivied ruins. The present ducal palace at Chatsworth was, of course, not built until after the troubles of the Commonwealth; but the erection of the present Hall at Hardwick was commenced in 1590 and finished in 1597.

Although Hardwick possessed a place in our national annals long before the days of "Bess of Hardwick," it is to this remarkable woman that it owes not a little of its fame. She adds a personality to the place, a history to the house. If not one of the most refined, she was certainly one of the most masterful women of the Elizabethan period. It was an age of rulers; but next to the Sovereign she was the most dominant spirit of the epoch. Queen Elizabeth said of Elizabeth of Hardwick, "There ys no lady yn thys land that I better love and lyke." The portraits of "Good Queen Bess" and "Building Bess" hang close together in the picture gallery at Hardwick. There is as much physical likeness as there was mental resemblance between the two women. Both were masculine; both were sandy of hair, freckled of complexion, thin of lip, and repellent of mien. Both were fond of power; both abused it by tyranny. Mutually attached, they lived parallel lives. Mary Queen of Scots was the wretched prisoner of the one Elizabeth; the other Elizabeth, as Countess of Shrewsbury, was her implacable gaoler; but while the Queen remained unmarried, Bess of Hardwick had the courage to enter into the bonds of matrimony four times. Not one of these alliances would seem to have been a union of affection. Each was made for her own selfish aggrandisement. She was married at the age of fourteen to her first husband, and survived her last seventeen years. She commanded men to marry her, and they obeyed the magnetic mandate; first Robert Barley, of Barley, in the county of Derby, a gentleman of great wealth, all of which he settled absolutely upon his young wife; secondly, Sir William Cavendish, by whom she had six children; thirdly, Sir William St. Loe, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth, to whose ample estates in Gloucestershire she succeeded; and, fourthly, George Talbot, Earl of

Shrewsbury, then the greatest subjeet of the realm. Hardwiek passed to the deseendants of her seeond husband, and thus belongs to the Cavendish family.

Bess was born in the old Hardwick mansion where her father died; but that mania for building which Horaee Walpole notiees eaused her to demolish this substantial strueture, and to ereet 200 yards away the present edifiee, "as if intending to eonstruet her bed elose to her eradle." To this redoubtable dame we owe Hardwiek Hall, a noble example of the rieh and delicate style of domestie arehiteeture, with lofty and large-windowed rooms, whieh prevailed in the last years of Elizabeth and the first of James I., and whieh sueeeeded the dark, feudal piles built by the Plantagenets for purposes of menaee and defenee. Standing on a table-land on the eastern boundary of Derbyshire, and amid sylvan stretehes of woodland seenery, Hardwiek makes a striking feature in a landseape, panoramie in its extent and effeets. The elevated ridge on whieh it is erected commands the range of romantie heights that form the Peak, whieh roll away in stormy waves of hill against the distant sky-line, oeeanie in their grandeur. The ruined, roofless Hardwick, with its dismantled turrets, its mutilated walls eovered with a tapestry of ivy, the home of the owl and the bat, and its grass-earpeted floors, makes a pieturesque foil to the modern house, although the differenee between their respeetive ages is not marked by many years. No part of old Hardwiek is older than the reign of Henry VIII.; and no portion of new Hardwiek is newer than the time of Queen Elizabeth. One apartment of stately proportions, with traees of glass remaining, and with bold stueeo figures in *alto-relievo* in fair preservation, remains of the old house. A portion of old Hardwick was oeeupied by retainers up to the close of the Seventeenth Century, and mueh of the fabrie was conveyed to Chatsworth as material for the ereetion of the "Palaee of the Peak." Old Hardwiek looks far more aneient than it is; while modern Hardwick is so light in appearanee, and so well preserved, that it belies its real age. The façade of glass so relieves its hoary stone-work setting, gently tinted by the mellow touch of time, that it is diffieult to believe that the place is 300 years old. The building is a parallelogram with six square towers, each 100 feet high. The prineipal front is 280 feet in extent, and seems one large sheet of glass, whieh, when flashing baek the sunlight, burns on the dusky hill-erest like a fiery jewel. The eighteen windows in the pieture gallery alone eontain 27,000 small diamond-shaped panes



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

of glass. The building is all eyes, hence the description given of it in the familiar distich—

"Hardwicke Hall,
More glass than wall."

Dark in her intrigues, "Building Bess" seems to have had a passion for light, so that, as Lord Bacon remarked, when speaking of this peculiarity of Hardwick, "one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun or cold."

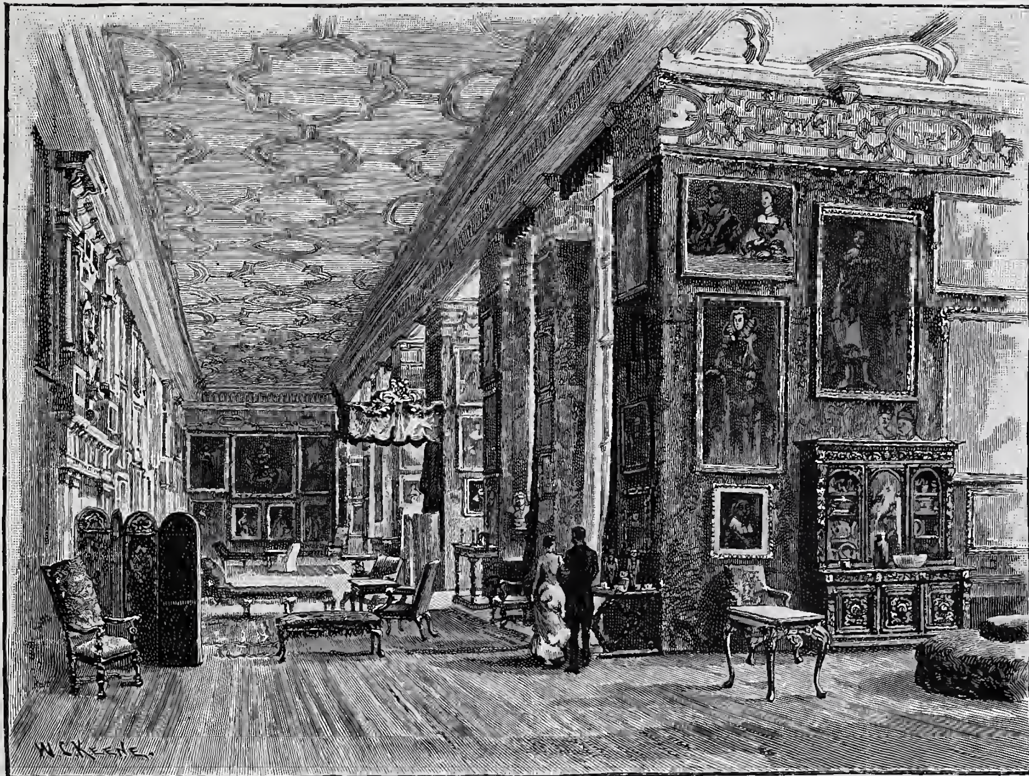
When you enter Hardwick, you are fully convinced of its ancient character by the dark wainscoting of the rooms, the curious carvings, the heavy oak staircases, the quaint tapestry, the massive chimneypieces, the Tudor chairs, the old cabinets, the inlaid chests, the portraits, relics, and memories of the past. The place remains in almost the same condition as when the Countess lived here in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and you can people the deserted rooms with a visionary company of the fair women and brave men she entertained within these walls. The large and lofty entrance hall is panelled in old oak, and hung with modern tapestry, the subjects of which are taken from Rubens and Snyders. Here are trophies of the chase and relics of the battle-field, battered helmets, breastplates, and armour. Here is the historic armchair—more treasured than many thrones—removed from the village inn at Whittington, in which William, the fourth Earl of Devonshire, sat when he and his friends hatched the conspiracy to bring about the downfall of James II. A life-size statue of Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott, faces the entrance. On screens is mounted some very fine old silk tapestry, in gold and silver lace, representing Lucretia, Artemisia, Penelope, and the Virtues. Here is the original sketch of Holbein's famous portrait of "Bluff King Hal." The antique brass chandeliers that depend from the roof, and the perpendicular brass-work of the massive fire-dogs with which the great fireplace is provided, are full of suggestions to the art-furnisher. The west end of the hall is crossed by the minstrel gallery, supported by four pillars, and connecting the dining and drawing rooms upon the first floor. The north staircase leads us into the curious little chapel, hung with ancient tapestry illustrative of incidents in the life of St. Paul, which contains some quaint chairs, with cushions covered with needlework at least a century older than the present hall. There, too, is a rich and rare altar-cloth, with figures of saints under canopies, and in this sanctuary are preserved the original quarto Prayer Books and folio Bible of the reign of Charles I.

The dining-room is a spacious apartment, wainscoted in dark oak in small panels. There is a fine embayed window, in which the modern billiard-table seems out of keeping, and a notable chimneypiece in parget-work. It is lavishly decorated, and in letters of gold you are admonished that the "Conclvsion of all Thinges is to feare God and keepe His commavndementes." The walls are enriched with portraits of many noble personages, including the first Duke of Devonshire, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Horatio, first Lord Walpole, the Chancellor Pelham, and the Earl of Southampton, who was Lord Treasurer to Charles II. The "Cut Velvet Bedroom," which is hung with Flemish tapestry, next receives inspection. Hardwick Hall is a treasure-house of tapestry. Each room is hung with rich specimens, some of which bear the date of 1428. Above the dark oak panels of the drawing-room—wainscoted two-thirds of its height—the story of Esther and Ahasuerus is told in tapestry; but the most curious examples of needlework in this apartment are "The Judgment of Solomon" and "The Sacrifice of Isaac," from the fingers of the Countess herself. The subjects are treated in a pre-Raphaelite manner, the costumes of the Old Testament characters being those of the Elizabethan period. The Queen of Sheba wears a monstrous ruff, a broad-hipped Spanish farthingale, a very long-pointed stomacher, high-shouldered "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, and rosettes on her high-heeled shoes. Solomon appears in slashed and puffed doublet, *à la* the Earl of Leicester. Abraham offers up Isaac in puffed trunk hose, doublet, and ruff, suggestive of Lord Burleigh. The needlework is beautifully done, but the effect is comic in its incongruity.

The story of Hero and Leander in tapestry sprawls across the principal staircase which conducts us to the State Room, or Presence Chamber, 65 feet long by 31 wide, and 26 high, independent of a recess 21 by 18 feet, in which stands a sumptuous State bed, with velvet canopy and ostrich plumes. The history of Ulysses is told in tapestry from Beauvais of great value; and above is a remarkable frieze in stucco, representing a stag hunt and the Court of Diana. This parget-work is in high relief and coloured. Peculiar to the Elizabethan period, it is more quaint than artistic. This State Room is an apartment to linger in. The whole of the furniture is of the time of James II., and it requires little effort of the imagination to think that the courtiers of the period have just left those old chairs and stools and adjourned into another chamber.

In the Library are more family paintings and more tapestry. There is a portrait of Bess of Hardwick herself, worth studying from a physiognomical point of view; and a spirited equestrian picture of the fourth Duchess of Devonshire, the work of three artists, the horse being painted by Van

Blooman, the landscape by Horizonte, and the portrait by Kent in 1747; Van Dyck contributes a masterly portrait of Jeffrey Hudson, the celebrated dwarf, with a monkey on his shoulder. There are gorgeously embroidered velvet fire-screens with gold fringe, Sixteenth Century work, and the inevitable initials "E. S.," which appear all over the place: on the battlements of the six square towers above and in the ground beneath, being bedded in the turf of the west front garden. The books on the shelves, with a few exceptions, are neither rare nor valuable, and seem to be out of sympathy with the room. There are few landscapes on the walls at Hardwick; but the windows of the library frame some of the fairest pictures in these realms—views of the grand old park and its ancient oaks, vistas of woodland, and peeps of peakland in the dreamy perspective. The Red Dressing-Room and the Green Bedroom, both remarkable for their valuable tapestry and richly-carved chimneypieces and doors, introduce us to Mary Queen of Scot's Room. It is a small apartment, placed in one of the projecting towers that look upon the setting sun. The bed is hung with black velvet, and presents a funereal appearance—as sombre as the ill-starred life of the queen. The embroidery in this room, as well as much other artistic needlework that graces the walls and furniture of Hardwick, is ascribed to the patient fingers of the captive Queen. Hardwick is a reliquary of her work, and her memory lends to the place a sad and tender interest. There are iconoclastic writers who argue that Mary never was at Hardwick; that she never could have executed a thousandth part of the needlework imputed to her; that if she had spent as many years in captivity as every old castle claims for her imprisonment, she must have been alive at the present time. Granted that no ruin is considered to have an historic reputation unless it has been the scene of Mary's confinement, or been shattered by Cromwell's cannon, Hardwick may claim exemption from the general indictment, when it is remembered that she was for seventeen years in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury. True, the tragic scene at Fotheringhay occurred four years before the erection of the present Hardwick; but there is no reason to show she was not detained at the old Hardwick, whence the tapestry to adorn the new house was removed. We know that she spent many unhappy hours at Wingfield, Chatsworth, Buxton, Sheffield, and other places in the immediate neighbourhood; and the scepticism which scoffs at the astonishing amount of beautiful needlework she executed is discounted by a contemporary account of the way she spent her time when under the charge of



THE PICTURE GALLERY.

the Earl and Countess:—"All day she wrought with her nydill, and the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and contynued so long at it till very payne made her give it over."

The law of association links Hardwick with another forlorn female figure almost as pathetic as that of Mary. The unfortunate Arabella Stuart was kept in seclusion here by her grandmother, the stout old Bess. In the Picture Gallery is a full-length portrait of the Scottish Queen, in a black velvet habit, and the original "Marie Stuart cap," with a gauzy veil, bearing the date of 1578, being the thirty-sixth year of her age and the tenth of her captivity. It is a melancholy face, the eyes heavy with unshed tears. In the same gallery is the picture of Arabella as a child, with a doll in her hand, thoughtless of her destiny, which was to die raving mad in the Tower.

The Picture Gallery is the most impressive room in Hardwick. Perhaps it is one of the noblest apartments in the world. To the modern architect its structural proportions should furnish an inspiring study. One hundred and seventy feet in length, 23 feet wide, and 26 feet high, it extends the whole length of the east front of the house, with the exception of the towers. Eighteen windows, each 20 feet high, set in recesses 20 feet square, light up this grand gallery. The walls are covered with tapestry. The pictures, 168 in number, are for the most part portraits of the family and its connections, and are by Holbein, Van Dyck, Sely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hanneman, and others. There are characteristic half-lengths of Queen Elizabeth and Bess of Hardwick. The monarch is depicted arrayed in a gigantic farthingale, and extravagant robes upon which snakes and lizards are embroidered. The picture of her favourite Countess is surrounded with the effigies of her four husbands. There is an unfinished portrait of the "Beautiful Duchess" by Sir Joshua, and portraits of the first five Dukes of Devonshire; while there are admirable pictures of Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry VIII., Burleigh, the Earl of Cumberland, and Lord Bacon. Of suggestive interest is the portrait of Thomas Hobbes, "the Malmsbury philosopher," very old, wrinkled, and splenetic of visage. His speculations do not seem to have agreed with him. Looking from the faded canvas he might be a Diogenes surveying the royalties and nobles who surround him, and who, if they stepped out of their frames, with rustle of silk and brocade and damask, would fill the gallery with a galaxy of rank and beauty, a company of sovereigns and statesmen, of patriots and intriguers, of despots and their victims, such as can never hold court together again.

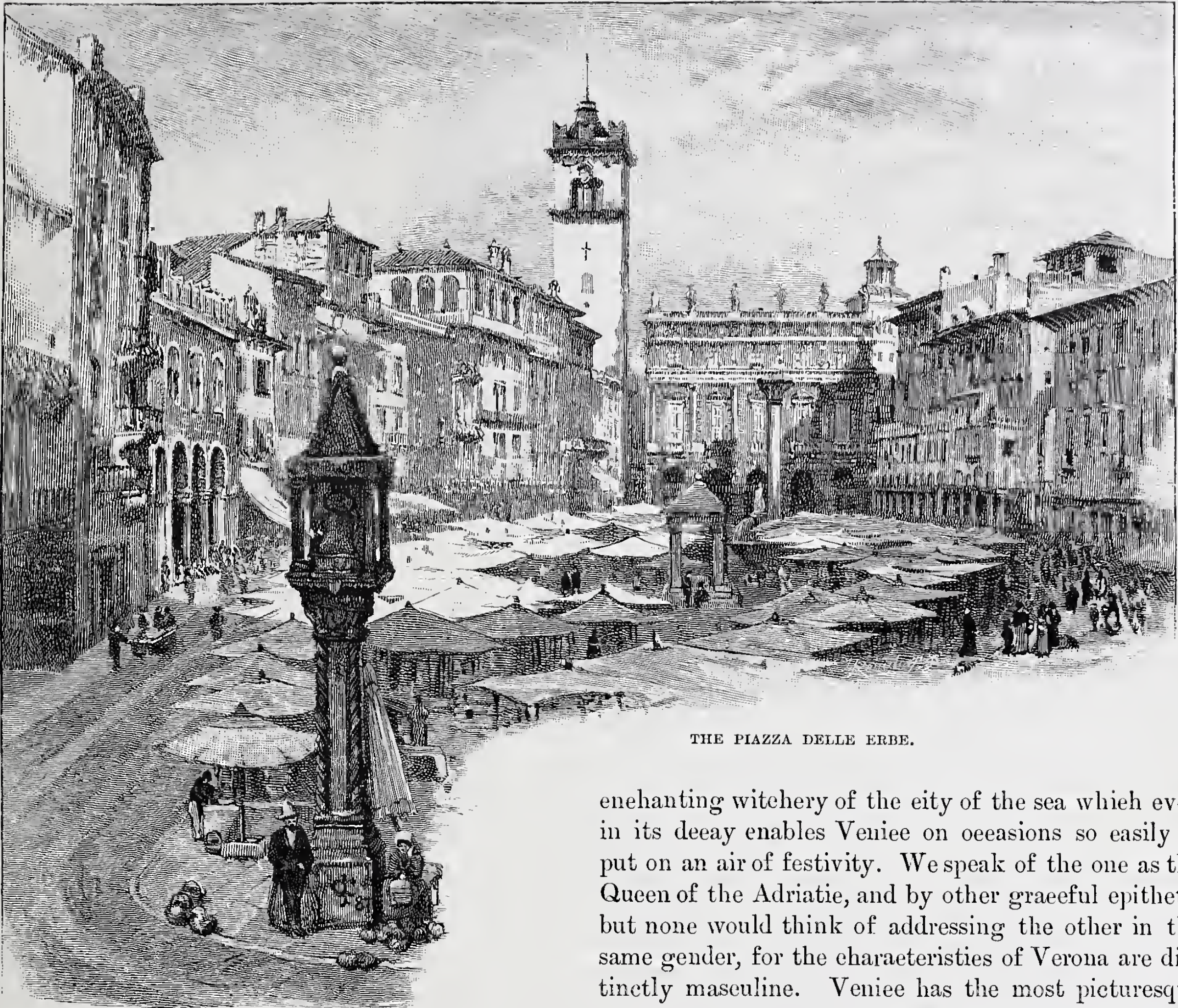
EDWARD BRADBURY.

CORNER OF PICTURE GALLERY NEAR THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

Magazine of Art — Ed. Detaille pinx

In time of Peace

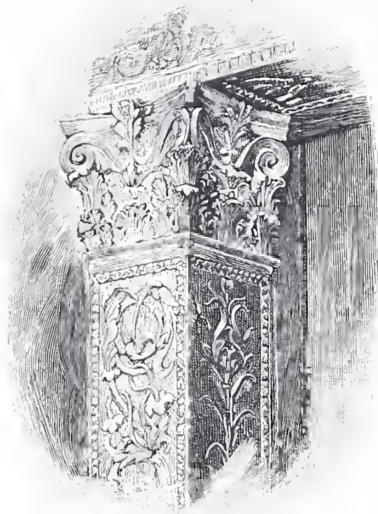
VERONA LA DEGNA.



THE PIAZZA DELLE ERBE.

MANY-TOWERED Verona lives, like Venice, in the shadow of its great past; a past beside which the interests and occupations of to-day seem dwarfed into insignificance. Nobly placed as it is, its eastern approach swooping down from the great Alpine gate out of Germany into Italy, through which the Goths always entered, to the broad plain of the Adige, encircled by distant mountains, magnificent fortifications, and groves of tall dark cypresses, it yet does not possess the irresistible fascination that the sea-Cybele, but a few hours distant, exercises over all who come within the subtle influence of her magic spell. There is little of that play of colour flashing in the morning sun, the glitter and sparkle of transparent water for ever ebbing and flowing, and the opaline tints reflected on every side from countless things of beauty and of fading splendour. Its charm resembles that of noble prose or grave history, rather than the lighter graces, the enchanting witchery of the city of the sea which even in its decay enables Venice on occasions so easily to put on an air of festivity. We speak of the one as the Queen of the Adriatic, and by other graceful epithets, but none would think of addressing the other in the same gender, for the characteristics of Verona are distinctly masculine. Venice has the most picturesque past, but Verona reaches back to the imperial age, and its Roman arches still stand athwart busy streets and cast deep shadows over Nineteenth-Century men and women. Fortifications cut out of the solid rock, walls of precipice surmounted with towers, all speak of the stern achievements of mighty men of war: the Emperor Gallienus, Theodoric, Charlemagne, and the mediæval Scaligers who built their walls upon those of Theodoric, and crowned them with towers crested with forked battlements rising picturesquely against a background of bold steep hills. The battlemented wall was the cradle of civic life, the typical form of defence which rendered it possible for the life and the arts of citizens to be preserved and practised in an age of habitual war. And Verona was the city which headed the great Lombard league, "the beginner of personal and independent power in the Italian nation, and the first banner-bearer, therefore, of all that has been vitally independent in religion and in art throughout the entire Christian world to this day."

The two cities well illustrate the difference between a military and a naval power in mediæval times. Ascend the Campanile of St. Mark, the masthead of Venice, and note the contrast! You will see no feudal castles or fortress-crowned hills, though the Veronese mountains are dimly visible in the distance. The sea is everywhere; the Adrian wave laps the marble steps of the crumbling palaces, and beats outside the Lido shore, and isolates the city from the great highways of Italy. The near prospect is a vision of beauty! The picturesque architectural groupings, the white domes, the glittering pinnacles and crimson-tipped cusps and finials, the busy quays, the gaily-painted Dalmatian and Albanian craft along the Riva dei Schiavoni, the old decaying arsenal—lingering evidence of her former maritime greatness—and the unique character of the scene, will make you feel again there is but one Venice! Then—if you have not done so before—ascend the flight of steps by the Adige river, opposite the Ponte di Pietra at Verona, to the terrace above, whence may be seen the great plain of the Adige and the Po; or better still, view it from that promontory or spur of the Alps, of which the last rock dies into the plain at the eastern gate, and mark the feudal castles spread over the province of Verona, and remember the many others of the era of the Scaligers enfolded by the hills, and thus not visible to the gazer's eye. Says one who perhaps knows it better than all others: "I do not think that there is any other rock in all the world from which the places and monuments of so complex and deep a fragment of the history of its ages can be visible, as from this piece of crag with its blue and prickly weeds. For you have thus beneath you at once the birthplaces of Virgil and of Livy—the homes of Dante and Petrarch, and the source of the most sweet and pathetic inspiration to your own Shakespeare—the spot where the civilisation of the Gothic kingdoms was founded on the throne of Theodoric; and there whatever was strongest in the Italian race redeemed itself into life by its league against Barbarossa; the beginning of the revival of natural science and medicine in the schools of Padua; the centre of Italian chivalry, in the power of the Scaligers; of Italian cruelty in that of Ezzelin; and, lastly, the birthplace of the highest art, for among those hills, or by this very Adige bank, were born Mantegna, Titian, Correggio, and Veronese."



PILASTER AND CAPITAL: PALAZZO DEL CONSIGLIO.

A closer acquaintance with the impressive memorials of other days which abound in the dark shadowy streets and picturesque suburbs will reveal phases of Italian art which cannot be studied elsewhere. There are remains which Time's effacing finger has robbed of the element of beauty, though not of interest; architecture and sculpture so full of massive strength that it seems as though it would last

> "Till the great winter lay the form and name
> Of this green earth with them for ever low."

Verona well repays an extended study. It is good to live awhile among these fragments of history. And let it be in that beautiful time in Italy when spring shall blow her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and the early rains brighten the somewhat grim but noble old city. Flowers will then deck the mouldering wall, soft shadows sleep athwart the pale red and peach-blossom coloured marbles, and flowering weeds and fragrant creepers dress the time-stained courts and cloisters, and writhed pillars and shattered columns. And let it be held in remembrance when treading the fortressed hills whose soft and crumbling limestone abounds in fossil remains, that it was here the celebrated Fracastoro—who had read in Pliny and Theophrastus of these so-called "semblances generated by the plastic force of nature"—was led to the conclusion that "these buried shapes were not mockeries of life, but had, indeed, once lived; and, under those white banks by the roadside, was born, like a poor Italian gipsy, the modern science of geology."

It is perhaps best to take the ancient monuments in chronological order, though there is at one point a gap of many centuries in the historic sequence. Classic Verona, the Verona of Catullus and Pliny, is represented by the amphitheatre, with few of the outside range of arches remaining, but with an interior nearly perfect, because the practice of keeping it in repair has gone on in all ages, and thus become a part of the history of the building. You may sit there on a sunny morning when the warmth draws forth the timid lizards in noiseless play about the marble seats, and re-people with the past this arena, where 22,000 people found room to make a Roman holiday. The Roman theatre is on the Theodoric side of the Adige, but as far back as 895, the time of King Berengarius, it became a licensed quarry for the despoiler, and except by a few fragments of early Ionic sculpture

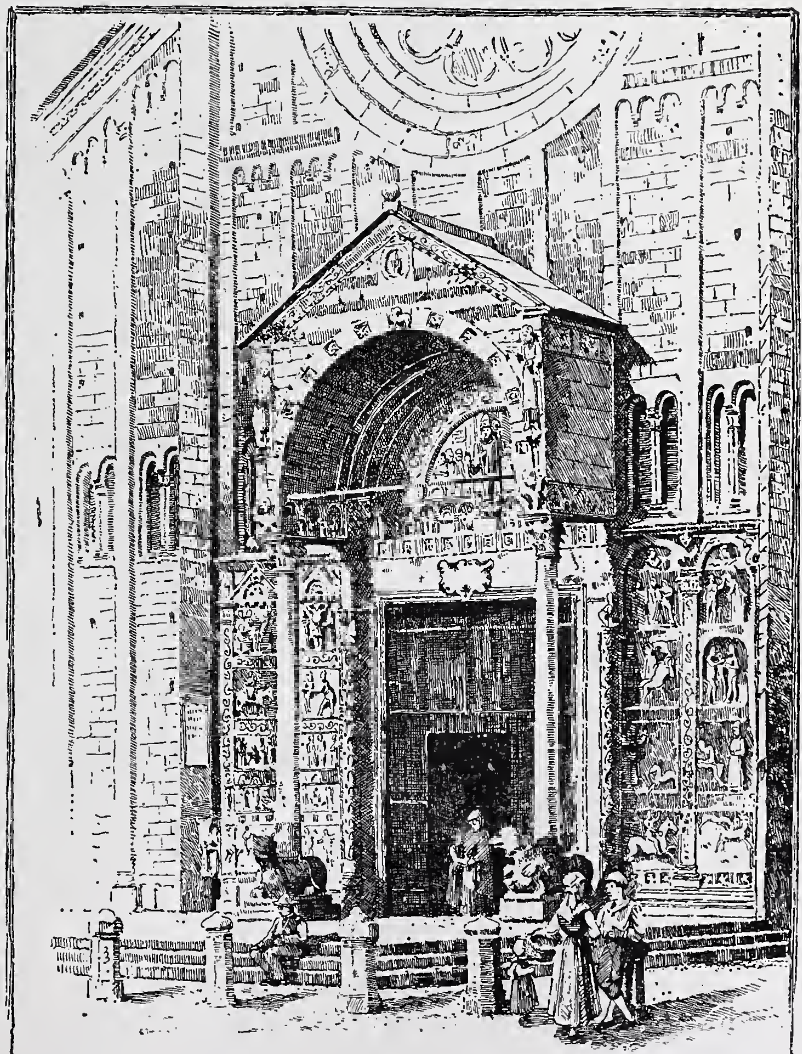
its splendour is but a memory. The Porta dei Borsari, of the time of the Emperor Gallienus (265), is a link between the style of the Antonines and the darkest period of the Middle Ages, and the Arco de' Leoni, though less perfect, is in purer taste.

Of the Verona of the Nibelungen and of Theodoric there are but portions of wall remaining, although Verona was the favourite capital of Theodoric the Goth. Relics of that age must be sought in Ravenna alone! Between the Third and the Twelfth Century there is a wide architectural gulf. It is a far cry from the amphitheatre to San Zeno, from Diocletian to Barbarossa! The Lombard style, or Romano-Byzantine, of which our own Norman is but a variety, is the expression of the introduction of Christianity into barbaric minds. And San Zeno itself has been termed by an eminent architectural authority the great example of what, in contrast to Pisa and Lucca, may be considered the barbaric form of Italian Romanesque. It was a period marked by both savage and noble characteristics, a stage of transition, and the art of the time partakes of its contending features. It is reflected in the Lombardic decoration, so wild and strange: their uncouth beasts and dragons; their shafts set upon the backs of lions and reptiles—all expressing symbolically the thoughts and aspirations of the Middle Ages.

The Church of San Zeno, built in this style, is an example of surpassing interest. An adequate description would fill a volume, and we can here give but the most superficial glance. The plan is that of the Latin basilica without transepts, and the interior is remarkable for the grandeur of its proportions and its elevation. There is a spacious crypt, supported by forty pillars, entered from the nave by double flights of steps, the arches supported by coupled shafts of beautiful red Verona marble. The portal is a fine example of this style, being really an advanced porch, the pillars as usual resting on the backs of animals. The decorations are very remarkable. Those on the flanks of the portal blend subjects from the Old and New Testament with representations of knights jousting and incidents of the chase. Above the portal appears the most characteristic form of the Lombard window—the perfect circle—exhibiting the principle of the arch in its fullest development. The delicate pilasters of the façade have seldom been so gracefully adapted. They are almost as slight as those of the apse of the Duomo, belonging to a much earlier period than the cathedral itself.

The Duomo, attributed to Charlemagne, was rebuilt in the Twelfth Century. The porch, with its arches one over the other, is very characteristic of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries in Italy. In one of the chapels is an "Assumption" by Titian. The "Biblioteca Capitolare"—a rich mine of early MSS., many of them palimpsests—is where Petrarch first read the Epistles of Cicero.

The great Church of San Fermo Maggiore—a vast Romanesque basilica without aisles, but with small transepts—recalls the Eremitani at Padua. The exterior of red brick and warm-coloured stone has details numbered among the most finished and delicate

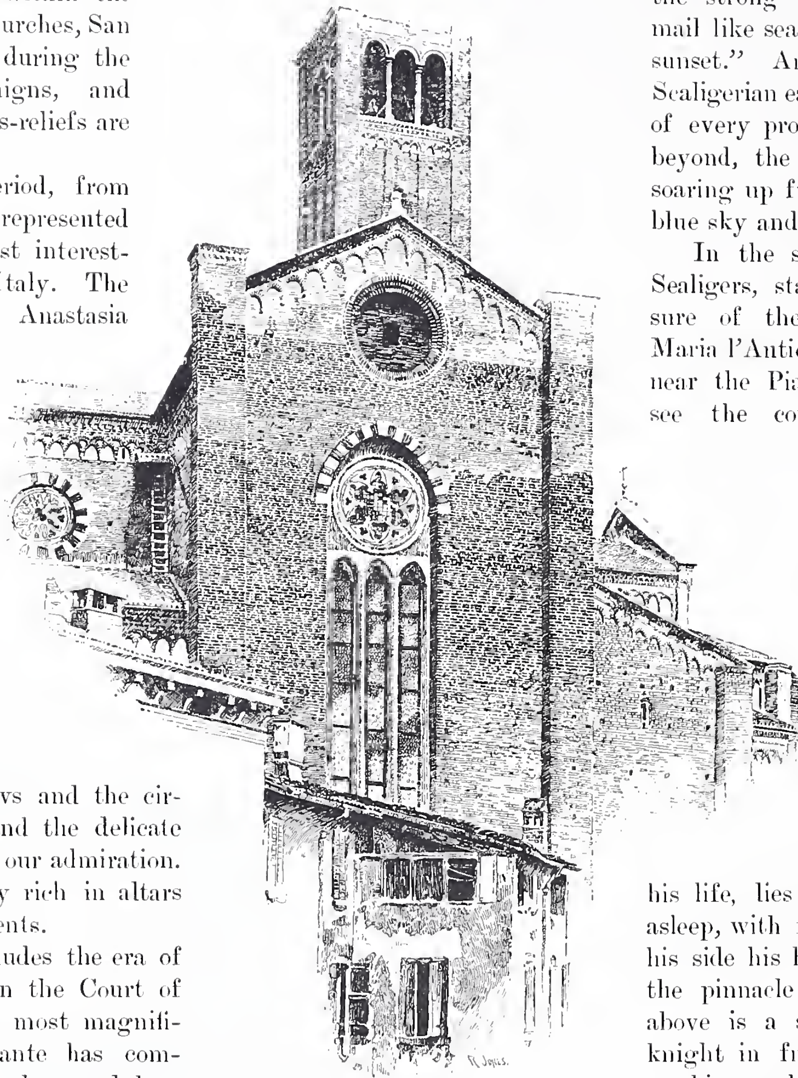


THE PORCH: CHURCH OF SAN ZENO.

examples of Gothic work, from which all the best Venetian types were borrowed. The outer arcade is wrought in fine stone, with a band of inlaid red brick, the whole chiselled and fitted with exquisite precision, all Venetian work being coarse in comparison. Instead of a rose window there are four delicate lancet windows, and the porch has the unusual feature of a flight of steps within the arch. Like other churches, San Fermo was looted during the Napoleonic campaigns, and some of the best bas-reliefs are in Paris.

The Gothic period, from 1200 to 1400, is represented by some of the most interesting monuments in Italy. The Church of Sant' Anastasia (1307) may be taken as the type of Italian Pointed Gothic in which the somewhat unsettled ideas of the age found expression. The front has never been finished. But the south transept displays a grace of line, with its three lancet windows and the circular one above, and the delicate arcading, that wins our admiration. The interior is very rich in altars and Gothic monuments.

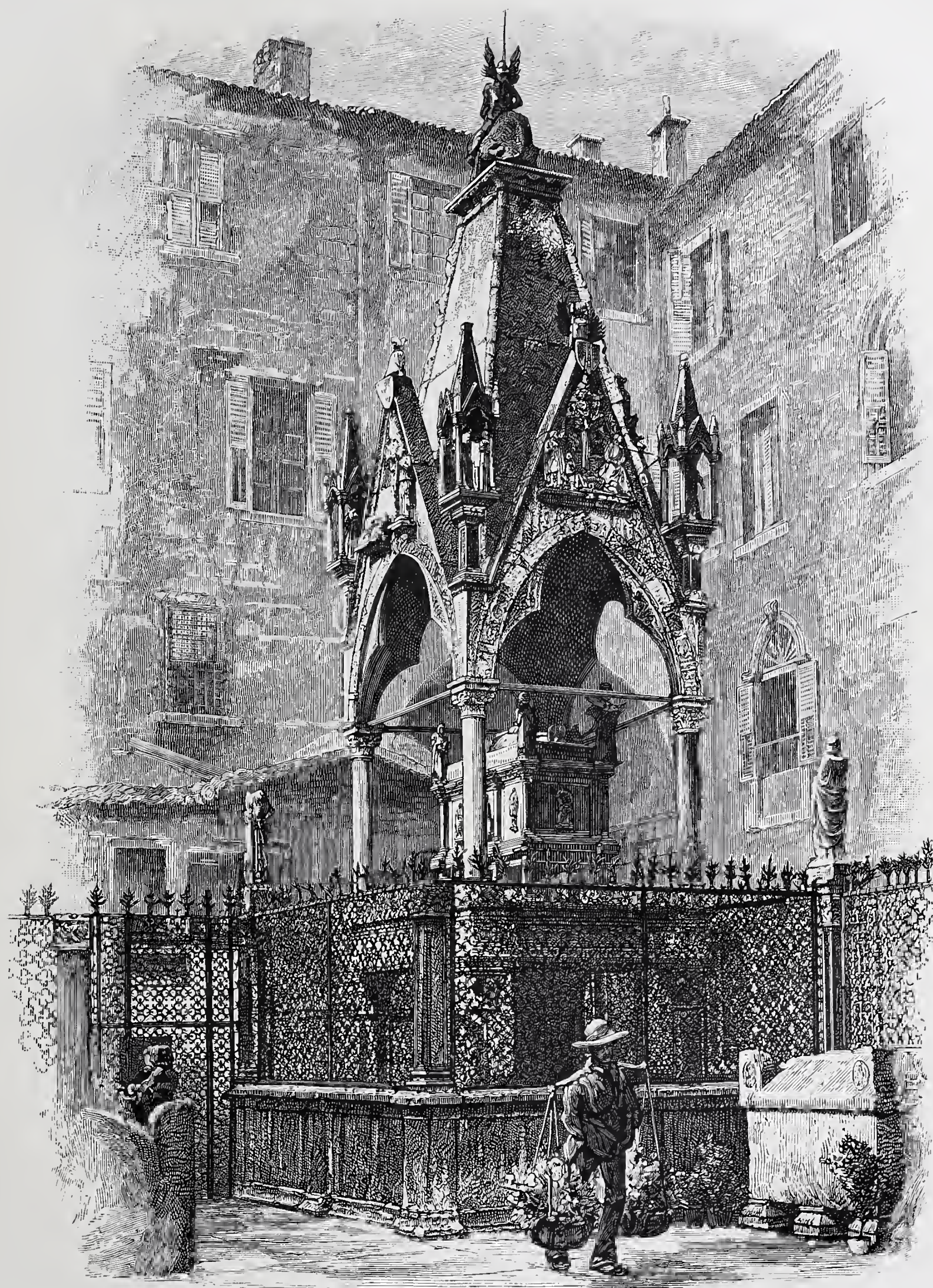
This period includes the era of the Scaligers, when the Court of Cangrande was the most magnificent in Italy. Dante has commemorated the splendour and hospitality of the "mighty Lombard" in his "Paradiso." For all that, the sensitive poet chafed at his dependent state, and keenly felt "how salt another's bread," how weary the "going up and down another's stairs." Could one but stand in imagination about the year 1300 in the magnificent Campanile, which with projecting machicolations still rears its unbroken height of nearly 300 feet above the Piazza dei Signori, he would look down on one of the fairest scenes in mediæval Italy! By the river-side, palaces and garden-courts with plashing fountains, and pillars of exquisite coloured marbles wreathed with vines and fragrant flowers, amidst which move, clad in richest costume, groups of fair women and brave men, while wandering echoes of music and song float upward on the soft breeze. Beyond the gates, troops of knights ride along, "noble in form and face, dazzling in crest and shield; horse and man one labyrinth of quaint colour and gleaming light—the purple and silver and scarlet fringes flowing over the strong limbs and clashing mail like sea-waves over rocks at sunset." And beyond stand the Scaligerian castles along the crests of every promontory; and again beyond, the Veronese mountains soaring up free and far into the blue sky and drifting clouds.



THE SOUTH TRANSEPT: CHURCH OF SANT' ANASTASIA.

In the superb tombs of the Scaligers, standing in an enclosure of the Church of Santa Maria l'Antica by the open street near the Piazza dei Signori, we see the consummate form of Gothic tomb in all its gradations, from the austere to the florid. That of the noblest of them, Cangrande, is also the simplest. It stands above the portal of the church. Upon the sculptured sarcophagus, depicting the principal achievements of his life, lies the warrior as one asleep, with folded arms, and by his side his knightly sword. On the pinnacle of the arched roof above is a small statue of the knight in full armour, mounted on his war-horse, with the blazoned drapery floating back from the horse's breast; "so truly drawn," writes the author of the "Stones of Venice," "that it seems to wave in the wind, and the knight's spear to shake, and his marble horse to be once more quickening its pace, and starting into heavier and hastier charge as the silver clouds float past behind it in the sky." Close by this effigy of the stern old Ghibelline stands that of Mastino II. It is an exquisite work of art, a four-square canopied structure of three storeys, with the usual double effigies representing Mastino in life and in death. There are few specimens of circular or polygonal buildings of any class belonging to the

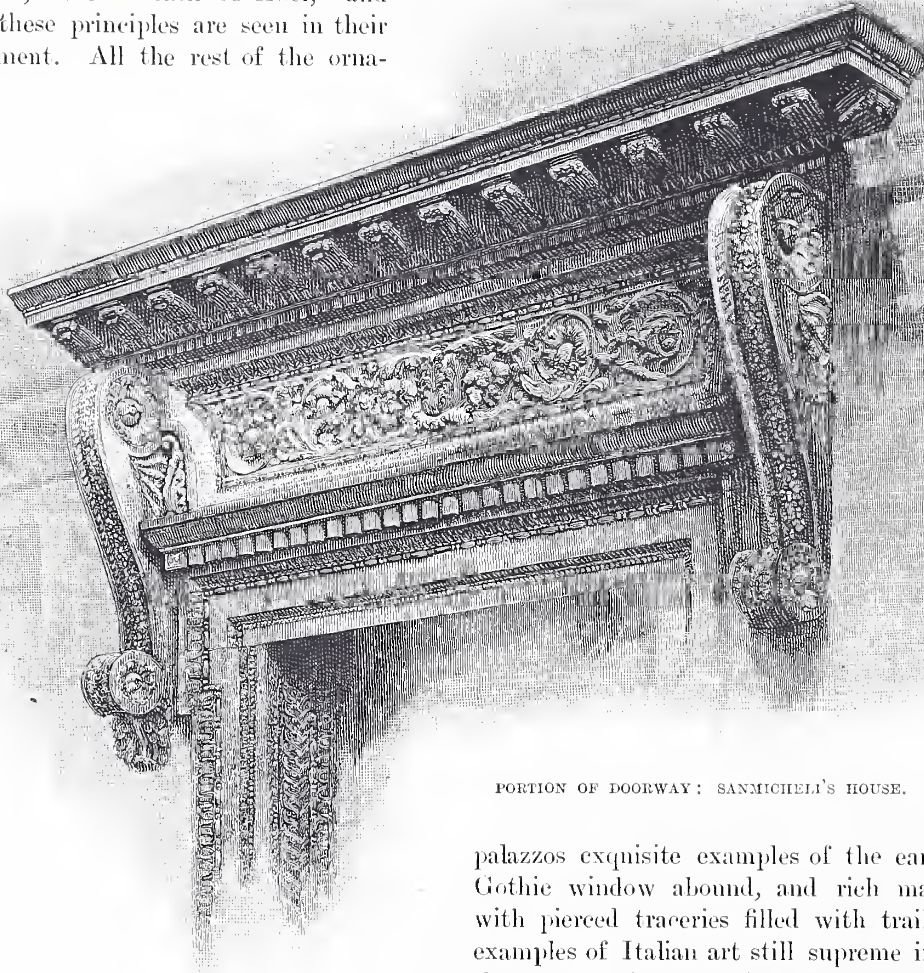
Gothic age in Italy. These tombs, though taking that form on a diminished scale, illustrate all the with advantage by the student with Linear Gothic in France. The veracity of Gothic work, the naturalism



MONUMENTS OF THE SCALIGERS: TOMB OF MASTINO II.

best principles of Italian design, together with an exuberance of exquisite ornament. They are splendid examples of Surface Gothic, and may be contrasted of the Gothic workmen, and their love of all forms of vegetation, are peculiarly illustrated in these monuments. Branches and stems and trunks of trees—

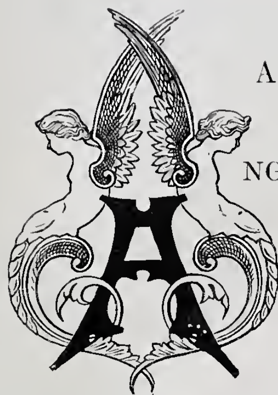
roots and all—as materials of ornament, were essentially a feature characteristic of Christian art; whereas the various forms of leafage belong to all architecture. The pagan sculptor saw little beauty in the stems of trees, and they preferred the rigid triglyph, or the fluted column. In the treatment of the "Temptation," the "Death of Abel," and other relievos, these principles are seen in their fullest development. All the rest of the ornamentation is "bossy sculpture," set on the broad marble surface. Flowers and leaves alternate with designs bearing the *scala* or ladder, the armorial bearings of the family. The details of white Carrara on a groundwork of pale red Verona marble greatly enhance the beauty of the sculptures. The monument of Can Signorio is by far the most sumptuous; but, for all that, the work is coarser. It is crowded with niches and statues; but though too ornate it still belongs to the noble time of Gothic art. The bevelled dog-tooth moulding, used in profusion in the Verona and Venetian Gothic, is employed in the arches of the niches of this tomb, to set off by its vigour the delicacy of the floral ornament above. Each of the armour-clad equestrian figures on the pyramid of the structure represents the warrior as he appeared in life, his face turned towards the setting sun; and the figures recumbent upon the sarcophagus are placed in the opposite direction, so that the first rays from the east shall fall upon the sleeping effigy.



PORTION OF DOORWAY: SANMICHELI'S HOUSE.

In the silent streets and back courts of the old palazzos exquisite examples of the earlier and later Gothic window abound, and rich marble balconies with pierced traceries filled with trailing flowers—examples of Italian art still supreme in Verona. In the period of the revival few set their mark so visibly upon Verona as the great architect Sanmicheli (born 1484). The achievements of his versatile genius fill what has been termed "the great fifty years" of Italian art. The Palazzo del Consiglio, belonging to the Renaissance period, was built by Frà Giocondo. The proportions and details are full of the charm of the Cinque-cento style. We found many years ago in a disused storey of the interior (since restored) the beautiful Renaissance pilaster represented in our second illustration. The "Annunciation," in bronze, which adorned the façade, is by Giovanni Campagna. In modern times the ancient city, from its position, has been the constant theatre of war. Those who remember Verona in old Italian days will hope that the time may be long ere these picturesque hills again reverberate with the boom of cannon or the clash of armed hosts.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.



ANGELICA KAUFFMAN AND HER ENGRAVERS.

RYLAND AND BURKE.

NGELICA KAUFFMAN may be considered the first of her sex that attained to eminence in portraiture or the higher grade of historical painting. In her time admired and patronised by all ranks, making friends as rapidly as she painted, her fanciful portraits became the fashion, and her pencil was in such demand that ladies quarrelled concerning their precedence in her studio.

Maria Moser, Miss Benwell, Lady Diana Beauclerc, Lavinia, Lady Spencer, and Maria Cosway, are a few names that will always remain eminent in the annals of Eighteenth Century art; but it was the just pride of Angelica to excel all these in the art of creative ability and skill of composition which distinguishes her own conceptions. Her productions being extremely well suited to the general taste and interesting times in which she lived, were much sought after by the engravers, and became not only in the fashion, but the fashion itself. Her name became a toast to the wits of the day, and her studio a fashionable rendezvous of society. True, the next generation did not support the admiration for her works, but art degenerated with the new century, and her pictures became profanities, the charming and chaste classical compositions were to our prudish grandmothers positively indecent, and required draping by daubs of body colour, or hiding under attic mattresses or in the obscurity of the lumber room.

About the period of Angelica's arrival in England the Messrs. Boydell (John, better known as Alderman Boydell, and Josiah, his nephew) were endeavouring to educate and refine the public taste, then in a state of utter depravity, by issuing a series of historical prints, landscapes, views, and various fanciful subjects after the most noted pictures in England, and engraved by the most celebrated artists. The paintings were selected from the collections of His Majesty George III., the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Radnor, Sir Peter Leicester, Lord Bessborough, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Bute, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Orford, Peter Delmé, &c. The engravers employed upon this gigantic and praiseworthy enterprise were Ravenet, Anth. Walker, Chambars, H. Byrne, William Canot, John Browne, Woollett, Bartolozzi, Val. Green, and others. In fact, the effect of this work is so monumental in its character, that it forms the most important epoch in the whole annals of the rise of the engraver's art in England. From a very scarce catalogue issued by the Boydells in Cheapside, now in the hands of the writer, it appears that the prints were issued in seven volumes, though single detached plates were afterwards sold separately. To the first volume Bartolozzi contributed three plates, viz., (No. 50) "Virgin and Child" (catalogued Lady and Child), after Sasso Ferrata, from Lord Middleton's collection; (53) "Venus, Cupid, and Satyr," after Luca Giordano, from the Duke of Devonshire's collection; and (54) "Mother and Child," then in the collection of Clotworthy Upton, Esq.—all in pure line, as were all his early contributions to this magnificent publication, including the notorious Clytie (Plate 64). The copperplate of this masterpiece in line engraving survived the great destruction, and has since then been purchased from Messrs. Graves by the historian of the engraver, Mr. Andrew W. Tuer.

Angelica designed the frontispiece to volume the fourth, representing Honour and Riches crowning Patience, Industry, and Perseverance; it was engraved by the brothers S. G. and J. G. Facius, who invariably worked together upon the same plate. They also engraved four other subjects by her, ovals, for the same volume, viz., "Ariadne Abandoned by Theseus;" "Sappho Composing an Ode in Honour of Venus;" "Sophonisba, Queen of Carthage;" and "Phœnissa, Friend of Sophonisba." Volume the sixth contained the portrait of Angelica Kauffman after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraved by Bartolozzi, one of three portraits Sir Joshua painted of her, being that in Lord Spencer's collection.

Apropos of Sir Joshua and Angelica, it may not be amiss here to relate the circumstances connected with Nathaniel Hone's pictorial satire of the "Conjuror." Hone, a member of the Academy, an excellent painter in enamel of miniatures, conceived himself injured by the success of Reynolds, who carried away the principal patronage of the town, and took every opportunity of opposing and defaming him. It is generally allowed that Sir Joshua borrowed some of his attitudes from Vandyck, so Hone painted a picture of an old man in a loose fantastic gown, holding a wand in his hand in the act of commanding the very transcripts (after Vandyck) he affirmed Reynolds had used to rise out of

the flames. Seated by his side, and resting her head upon his lap, was a female figure. The painting was sent to the 1775 Exhibition and hung in position for admire Angelica, and it was considered probable that she would become Lady Reynolds, but the allusion was as stupid as it was offensive. The members of the

THE LADIES GEORGIANA AND HENRIETTA SPENCER.

(Engraved by William Dickinson. From the Collection of Arthur Kimber, Esq.)

some days, when Chambers drew the attention of the committee to the remarkable resemblance of the figure in person and features to Angelica Kauffman. Hone denied it was so, and offered to paint a beard upon the sitting figure. Sir Joshua did undoubtedly Royal Academy agreed in council that the picture of the "Conjuror" was a most malicious satire upon their President, and directed that it should be removed from the walls and returned to the artist. Hone tried in vain to appease the anger of the lady

he had so grossly insulted; he wrote letters, he published statements, he made declarations, and altered the picture, all to no purpose. It outraged the feelings of society. Every one sided with the President and sympathised with Angelica; the fate of the "Conjuror" was sealed. Hone opened an exhibition of his own at 70, St. Martin's Lane, opposite Old Slaughter's Coffee House of artistic fame. The catalogue, containing the history of this picture, Nathaniel Hone's statements concerning it, his letters to Angelica and her dignified reply, together with a list of his works in enamel and oil then exhibited, is now esteemed as one of the greatest curiosities in academic annals.

LADY RUSHOUT AND CHILD.

(Engraved by Thomas Burke. From the Collection of Arthur Kimber, Esq.)

Sir Joshua had no friendly Boswell with ever-ready pencil to note down for the perusal of posterity

his foibles and frailties, otherwise it might not be a matter of speculation why he declined the services of the rose-crowned Hymenæus. Northcote, his historian, was always conscientious, seldom anecdotal, but never humorous or sentimental. Fuseli deserted poor Miss Moser to pay court to Angelica, who had no lack of admirers. Dance was desperately in love with her, but received no encouragement, though he might have as Sir Nathaniel, the fair Angelica being very ambitious both with her pencil and in her desire to make a good match. Dance was not over-scrupulous in either his art or his *affaires des cœur*. The portrait Garrick commissioned him to paint of himself as a present to Mrs. Garrick he parted with on the offer of a few extra guineas from another patron, to the great annoyance of his friend (Garrick). There is no doubt but that his want of success in obtaining the hand of Angelica, stimulated by pique and prejudice, prompted Dance to connive in the infamous rôle assumed by the valet of Count Horn, who was rather a vain fool than a rogue, or he would not have so quietly acquiesced in the arrangement made by her friends for him to quit the country upon the payment of a small annuity, to which he adhered, and does not appear to have ever troubled her again. It must have been a sad blow to the great ambition of her life—an advantageous marriage; many would have sunk under the treachery she had been subjected to.

Angelica did not give way, however, to *tædium vitæ*, but threw her whole life into her art. Content hitherto with executing oil and pastel portraits in her own pretty and fanciful manner, she now gave her poetical imagination full sway, and commenced designing exclusively for the engravers the almost inexhaustible series of classical compositions suggested by the writings of Ovid, Virgil, and Homer, with which her name is now more popularly identified.

These compositions are exceedingly graceful, the drawing is tolerably correct if not very vigorous; her works abound in what the Italians style *gusto*—that is, great taste in the arrangement and design of the attitudes. It is a fashion still with many modern writers to censure her art as a little gone by; they see in the female forms a spiritless and impossible beauty, and in her men, women in disguise. Her designs, they say, represent a style of art in which mere prettiness and finish of technique give the sole value to works destitute of all the higher qualities of art, which value "has been greatly exaggerated by those who are attempting the revival of it." There are those that see in her classical representations and fanciful portraits an interest of their own, as a bit of social history, a comprehensive representation of the kind of art which satisfied the aspirations of society a century ago; and there are others, lovers of art, and those who admire without understanding wherein lies the merit of what delights their eyes, to whom they give great pleasure. There is so much purity, such infinite grace and elegance, and such complete tenderness and harmony in her productions, appealing to the senses without offending the eyes, that we marvel at writers stating that the artistic taste of the society of that day was frivolous and destitute of any serious thought in accepting the engravings so numerously multiplied by Ryland, Burke, Bartolozzi, and many others. It is almost entirely due to these engravings that we are so well acquainted with her work, the originals being still retained by the families who eagerly sought their acquisition at the time of their production. When, by the exigencies of death and succession, the public have an opportunity of possessing examples of Angelica's art, they are not adverse to paying substantial sums for such, as may be instanced by the dispersal of the "Rushout" collection.

Angelica Kauffman's fame as a designer of purely decorative compositions was as firmly established in Paris, Munich, Vienna, and Berlin, as in London. The engravings were dispersed abroad as quickly as produced in England. In Vienna they were adapted to the decoration of the faïence, still bearing the name of its place of production, though now chiefly produced in Berlin. The most eminent of the Viennese *artistes* of her time did honour to her compositions by signing their names upon the copies they transcribed upon porcelain. In France and England the cabinet-makers readily adapted the designs to their own efforts of creative skill. Of the beauty and excellence of the cabinet-maker's art of that charming period it is not necessary to dilate upon here. It is satisfactory to know that there is a revived appreciation for such masterpieces of manipulative skill. But, nevertheless, it is a duty incumbent upon all interested in maintaining, or rather retrieving, the supremacy of our art industries, to deplore and expose the degenerating influence of the prevailing manner of production in which excellence is entirely sacrificed at the shrine of speed and cheapness. The writer has many times received the assurance of art-workmen that they prefer to be employed upon such work as that of Chippendale or Sheraton to the rubbish they are compelled to produce to "keep pace with the times," otherwise foreign competition in imported work and workmen. William Wynne Ryland was one of the earliest transcribers of Angelica's classical compositions in the stipple manner of engraving, which he is said to have introduced from France, he having studied under Le Bas for five years. He was appointed engraver to George III., of whom he engraved two

portraits after Ramsey, and one of Queen Charlotte holding the Princess Royal on her lap, after Cotes. Ryland engraved three fanciful portraits by Angelica in the Turkish costume, viz., Lady Mary Wortley Montague; Lady Hester Stanhope, Lady Mary's friend and companion in travels; and Mary Duchess of Richmond, elder daughter and co-heir of Charles, third Earl of Ailesbury. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was the elder daughter of Evelyn, Earl (afterwards Duke) of Kingston, and married Edward Wortley Montague, sometime Ambassador to the Porte. It was there she wrote the "Letters" on which her literary fame chiefly rests. She returned to England in 1761, and resided for some time at Acton Priory, the beautiful grounds of which have been lately ruthlessly devastated by that metropolitan monster, the speculative builder. Lady Mary was as witty as she was beautiful, and attracted great attention. The original drawing, as vivid and pure as in the day of its delineation, of Lady Mary seated at her tambour frame, was exhibited in the loan collection of engravings of the Bartolozzi school, side by side with Ryland's transcript, generally known as "Morning Amusement," and is now among the art-treasures collected with excellent taste and judgment by John Lumsden Propert, whose name will always be associated with the superb collection of Wedgwood he has rescued from possible oblivion.

Ryland also engraved Angelica's "Maria," suggested by Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," for which Miss Benwell, a sister artist, skilful with her crayons, sat with her favourite dog "Floss." The engraving by Ryland, subscribed "Ludit Amabiliter," is one of the many portraits Angelica drew of her own self; her vanity may be excused, as it was undoubtedly a pleasing and very expressive face, and suited the composition of the subjects where infused, as, for example, the "Cupid Bound to a Tree." Angelica has depicted her own features in her representation of Aglaia, who is breaking Cupid's bow; and in "Venus Presenting Helen to Paris," her face in that of Venus is one of the most perfect and expressive she ever drew. The writer heard a lady affirm that if that was Angelica's portrait, she had "idolised" it a great deal. It is presumed she meant idealised. These two subjects form part of a series drawn mostly from Horace, of which Ryland also engraved the "Olim Truncus," "Dormio Innocuus," "Juno Cestum," "O Venus Regina," as well as "Beauty Crowned by Love," "The Judgment of Paris." There are some eighteen of these subjects, all of uniform size, of circular form, invariably printed in red chalk, and now seen framed almost always close to the print in the effective Reynolds moulding. It is quite a rarity to meet with one of these with a margin, having been mutilated in obedience to the fashion that obtained in decorating the walls with circular and oval frames, that so well accorded with the half-Greek half-French style of the Adams. This also has had its period of revival, to which is now succeeding the pure, chaste, and elegant designs and embellishments associated with the era of the Pompadour. Ryland's labour and life were terminated by a sad event, which Strutt, in his "Dictionary of Engravers," scarcely alludes to. He was charged for forging and uttering and knowing to be forged a bill of £210 on the East India Company. The evidence against him was not at all conclusive, and he was most probably the dupe of a rogue in the transaction. Being of a highly nervous and sensitive disposition, he attempted escape and suicide, facts which were deemed confirmatory. He was executed in the prime of life, July 28th, 1783, protesting his innocence to the last. The engraving of "King John Ratifying Magna Charta" was generously finished by Bartolozzi for the benefit of Ryland's wife and children, as he did not live to complete it. The "Death of Procris," and other plates he left unfinished, were worked upon by his pupil, Thos. Fielding.

For vigour, boldness, and brilliancy of effect, no engraver's works in the stipple manner can compare with those produced by Thomas Burke, which alone would have preserved the fame of Angelica Kauffman, who has left it upon record that she preferred his translations of her compositions to those of Ryland, or even Bartolozzi. Burke probably studied at the Dublin Academy, but little is known of his early life prior to his coming to London. He excelled equally in mezzotint and stipple—*i.e.*, what must be called stipple for want of a more expressive term, being unlike the method of any other engraver in that manner. Ruskin has described engraving (*i.e.*, in line) as the "art of scratch;" so relatively mezzotint, or, more correctly, mezzo-tinto, would be the art of scrape, and stipple the art of puncture. Burke peppered his plates with these punctures so closely that the effect of surface resembles the velvety ground laid on a mezzotint plate. In illustration of this article I have selected the fanciful portrait of "Lady Rushout and Child," which, of course, in process of reproduction, loses somewhat the distinctive technique of the engraver. Sir John Rushout (created Baron Northwick, 1797) married Rebecca, daughter of Humphrey Bowles, Esquire, of Wanstead, Essex. Lady Rushout and her three lovely daughters, Anne, Harriet, and Elizabeth, have been perpetuated by Plimer's pencil, which was in constant employment for the family for many years, in numerous miniatures exquisitely executed. Among the many things of beauty which will doubtless prove joys for ever to those that

appreciate her art, as translated by Burke, are the "Cupid and Ganymede," "A Flower Painted by Varelst," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Jupiter and Calisto," "Cleopatra Throwing Herself at the Feet of Augustus after the Death of Marc Antony," "Alexander Resigning his Mistress Campaspe to Apelles." The face of Campaspe is beautifully expressive of surprise and wounded honour, and almost speaks her feelings. "Angelica and the Muse Clio" and "Angelica and Sacriponte" are subjects identified with her own portrait. In my next article I shall speak of Angelica's art as translated by the Achilles of Eighteenth-Century engraving—Francesco Bartolozzi.

E. Barrington Nash.

VENUS ATTIRED BY THE GRACES.

(Engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A. From the Collection of Arthur Kimber, Esq.)

KOREAN WARE.

MUCH interest has lately been excited by various novel forms of pottery said to come from Korea, the land of the morning calm, and not a little controversy has arisen in consequence of divided opinions respecting this reported novelty; some people assert it is all made either in China or Japan, while others regard it as an entirely new candidate for favour. Without entering on this disputed point, it may be well to examine some of the ware in question, which for convenience sake must be called Korean. The largest collection, and probably the first exhibited in England, was that formed by Mr. Burton at his curiosity warehouse in Falmouth. When Korea was first opened to foreign commerce, in 1882, Mr. Burton desired a correspondent in Japan to go to Korea and search for anything

likely to suit him. The result of this commission was the arrival of sixty boxes of curios, consisting chiefly of pottery and wood-carving. The greater number of the vases in this collection were of a greyish-green colour, in varying shades; many of large size and uncommon shapes, as in the first illustration. They are usually made of white, but sometimes of a fine red clay. Wholesale dealers have assured me that the clay of which these vases are made is not Japanese, though the decoration may possibly be so. Their bright, hard, grey-green glaze is in many cases finely crackled all over, but in others the surface is speckled with a varying grey tint, probably gained by sprinkling; in a few examples this speckle is of a tawny-leather colour.

Some of these jars are sent here quite plain, but the most interesting are decorated with figures of men and animals, formed entirely by raised spots of coloured enamels, and finished at the top and bottom with delicate patterns made by small dots of various coloured enamels. The decorations on these jars are curious and wonderfully varied. No. 1 is a jar of peculiar shape, resting on the heads of three rabbits, or more probably hares, the latter being sacred animals. It is ornamented in a very high style of art, with men in superbly-jewelled cloaks. In No. 2, a funny little red crab is pointing a bulrush at a white bird. No. 3 represents a black demon dog with gold eyes. On No. 4 various kinds of comic fish disport themselves, their scales and colours all depicted with rare fidelity. Jars decorated with fish are often enclosed in a painted net.

No. 5 is the second of a very fine pair; jars of this ware are often in pairs, each jar representing one stage of a story. In this instance the first jar displayed a spirited fight between a man in Chinese dress and a large fish. The man's dress is splendidly jewelled in raised patterns; he is putting a blue and red chain on the fish, whose scales, head, and whole frame are in low relief. In No. 5 the man is proudly riding the conquered fish. This jar is speckled grey; the rest are crackled. No. 6 shows some long elegantly-shaped leaves and white storks, or cranes, as we are now taught to call them. On two very large jars of this kind are displayed what may be river-gods, emaciated, half-nude men, each with a

GREY WARE.

spotted nimbus,* and holding out a bowl, from which foaming water pours down in a cascade and forms a stream; fish leap out of the water, with scales, eyes, and teeth carefully shown. The skeleton frames of the men are most realistic; they wear jewelled bracelets. These vases, with a large part of the first collection sent from Korea, have gone to New York. On one pair of jars are tall, dignified monks, who calm green monkeys by holding out their rosaries;† the monkeys are then led away in chains. The animal pictures show close and intelligent study of nature. Thus, in a deep saucer-plate is a mass of rock and seaweed, among which may be seen the eyes and back of a crab, patiently waiting in this hiding-place hoping to catch two little green tortoises who are swimming about above him. One vase in my collection represents a large brown octopus holding down a green crab with one of its tentacles, while a whole procession of smaller octopuses come running, armed with lotus leaves and flowers to beat the crab. These animals are cleverly turned into a resemblance of little boys by twisting four tentacles round into a sort of frame; two are left out for legs, two for arms, and the soft body has much the look of an infant's bald head with protruding eyes. All these creatures, down to a baby octopus hardly an inch long, have all the suckers on their numerous tentacles carefully developed. The lotus-flower is a sacred emblem in all Buddhist legends; it signifies purity and the new birth of the soul, as however black and defiled may be the mud from whence it springs, the blossom is always virgin white. It is, perhaps, the direct appeal to nature shown in these studies that induces people who never cared for pottery before to take such a keen interest in Korean ware. Men who scorn blue-and-white China, and scoff at Persian tiles, fall victims at once to the fascinations of Korean toads and shrimps, whose mimic battles the artist has invested with human interest. One quaint pair of vases shows an old man with large teeth guarding a basket of fruit from children, who are dancing round him; in the second vase he is holding out a cup, which one of the children is filling from a large teapot. The children are all dressed in balloon trousers and large Vandyked collars and cuffs. One of the minor gods in Japanese legends, Hotei, is always surrounded by children, but he

BROWN WARE.

* Some saints have a yellow circle like those in mediæval pictures.

† Rosaries seem to have been first known in India about 250 B.C.; they were introduced into China three centuries later. All Buddhist monks carry them, and these pottery pictures represent some of the miracles said to be performed by their aid.

carries a large bag, and is very stout. These Buddhist legends, which have travelled from their birthplace, India, to China, and thence to Korea and Japan, may well have received many variations in the course of centuries. Some figures, especially hunters, are represented with dark brown faces and hands on the grey ware.

There are numerous bottles of this ware, all of the common bulbous shape; the long necks are always black, and the decorations, chiefly comic animals, are in most cases very roughly painted, not in raised enamels, but just smeared on. Some of these bottles are of terra-cotta, unglazed. Another species of grey ware has an uncrackled glaze, finished at the top and bottom with gilding and painting, and decorated by deeply incising and raising parts of the clay, apparently while wet, and adding other portions either by slip or enamel. Thus one pair of jars has large green leaves and stalks rising from the sea-shore; octopuses, star-fish, and shells lie about. In the next jar the sea has become rough, the fish are all curled round stones or hidden, while a lurid sun looks out of a storm-cloud. A large stock of ware similar to this, which came from Korea, and was exposed for sale at the Army and Navy Stores, was sold off at once. Some specimens have Chinese seals stamped at the bottom, but most are unmarked. Numerous pieces of this ware would seem to have come from various factories, both on account of the different clays used, as well as the widely differing styles of decoration. Some articles are so roughly painted and badly burnt, they would point to a rude origin; while other specimens, notably one representing an eagle and python fighting, are so beautiful as to mark a new era in pottery. This latter piece was pronounced on very high authority as wholly Korean, unmixed with the Japanese element; but the Japanese now claim that the art of the two countries is so intermixed that it can hardly be separated; in that case both countries must have art of some kind.

The second illustration shows a group of brown pottery articles of a curious make. The most beautiful examples of this ware are formed of a thin, hard, dark brown paste which rings like metal. I have been assured by experts that this paste is unknown in Europe, and have often feared my own specimen would be broken, as people seem unable, without constant trials, to convince themselves that it is not copper. It is quite unglazed; the surface, left smooth in parts, is in others worked up in dots and cross-lines, usually finished round the top with raised patterns and gilt stars. But the chief decoration is formed of figures, moulded in low relief in soft white clay, painted in natural colours, brilliantly varnished, and applied to the surface of the ware; they seem not to have been burnt after colouring. No. 1 is a fine example of this class. The figures are delicately modelled. The man on the casket seems performing some incantation; he draws a gold mallet across his mouth, while a white rat brings him a green scroll. In Japanese legend the god Daikukeï is represented with a mallet and a rat; not that the rat is his symbol, but because the day set apart for his worship in the calendar is known as the "day of the rat." * There are so many Buddhist forms of this divinity that No. 1 is probably one of them. In India he is regarded as the god who gives men their heart's desire, and in old pictures stands on a lotus leaf. This kind of pottery could never have been cheaply produced. Many figures seem performing incantations; one old sage has raised a horned demon precisely like a mediæval one.

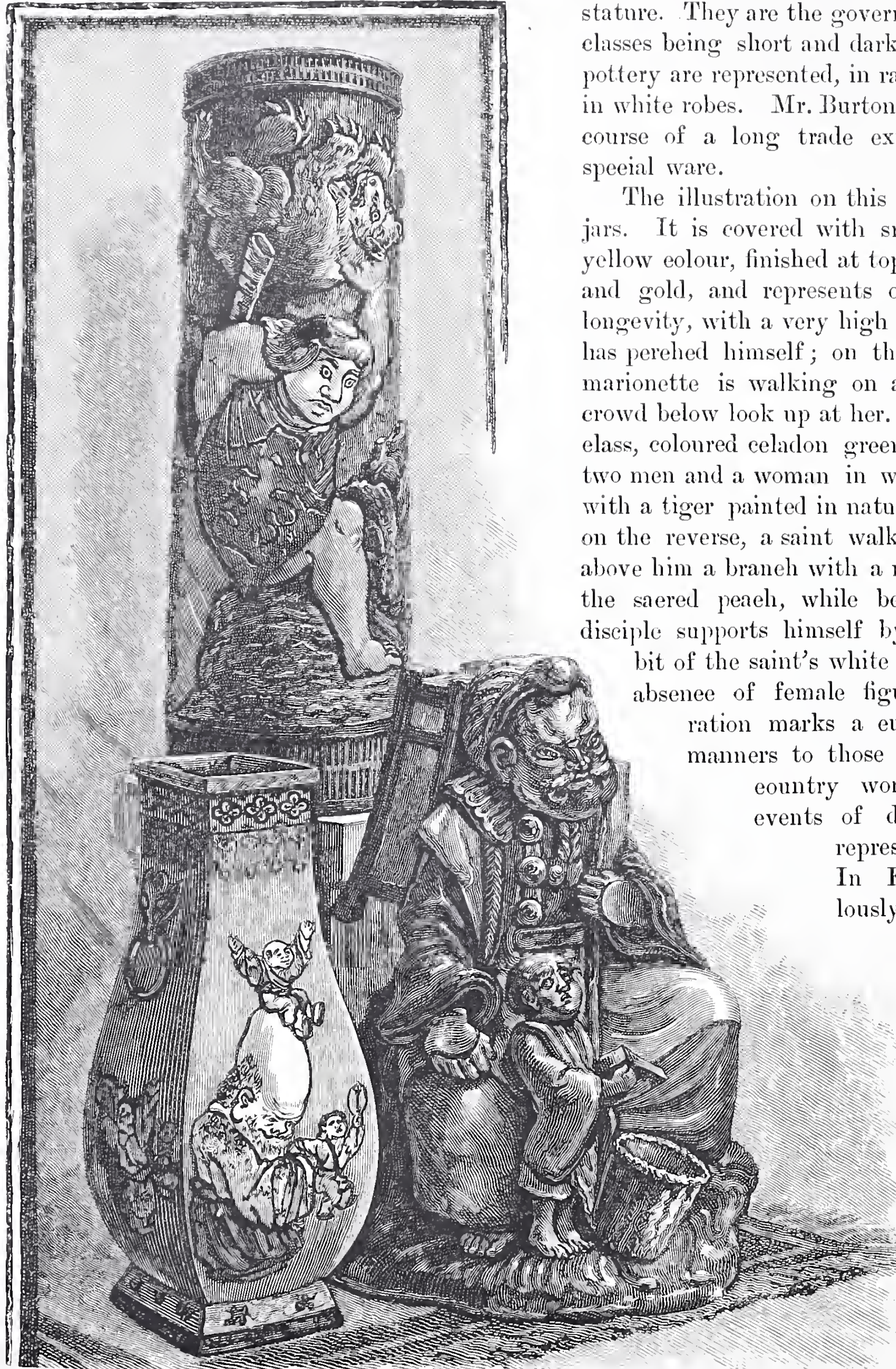
The vases Nos. 3 and 4 belong to a different kind of pottery. The clay is heavier and thicker, and the figures are moulded in the body of the vase, and painted afterwards; no white clay is used. The modelling is not nearly so delicate as in the caskets. Some pieces are only decorated with gilding, and have much the appearance of bronze. This gilding is frequently overdone. It can be seen at once that ware such as this may easily become vulgarised, and the figures, unless in the hands of an artist, be roughly executed. There are specimens exhibited for sale in London and elsewhere, made of very coarse clay, which look quite modern. Some dealers assert that they are made neither in China nor Japan, but come from India. They are very moderate in price, but the clay is soft and often chipped, when the body is seen to be of a red colour, the brown being only an outside colouring.

One jar, of which we give an illustration, is made of stoneware, ornamented with white lotus flowers and green leaves, and crabs playing about, all in raised enamel; the glaze is a very dark brown. This ware is sometimes decorated with interlaced octopuses, whose bodies have been raised and incised while the clay was wet, and finished with touches of enamel. Another similar jar has figures of the immortals in bright jewelled enamel spots, which look especially brilliant on the dark surface. These jars make very good lamp-stands.

Another illustration shows a large jar of heavy stoneware, glazed with light brown, resembling an old-fashioned ginger-beer bottle. It is boldly and effectively decorated with patterns in dotted enamel. The tortoises have been moulded separately and applied; the cranes are in white enamel. The tiger on the lid is highly glazed, coloured, and finely

* British Museum Catalogue of Japanese Drawings.

modelled. A tiger is one of the national emblems of Korea; tigers seem plentiful in the country, and their skins, with hair four inches long, form part of the tribute paid to China. The tiger is depicted naturally in Korean art, differing from the lion, who, being a fabulous animal, is shown with an impossibly frilled mane, and gets mixed up with the kylin. Specimens of this stoneware are very rare. There are some globular covered dishes made of fine white clay, their decorations being numerous rabbits moulded in the clay, and the whole surface covered with rich chocolate-covered glaze. Travellers in Korea speak of the tall, dignified men, with blue eyes and light beards, who wear white padded garments and high stove-pipe hats, which apparently add to their stature. They are the governing race, the subordinate classes being short and dark. On one style of fine pottery are represented, in raised enamel only, figures in white robes. Mr. Burton says he has never, in the course of a long trade experience, met with this special ware.



YELLOW WARE AND BROWN FIGURE.

The illustration on this page gives one of these jars. It is covered with smooth glaze of a tawny yellow colour, finished at top and bottom with black and gold, and represents on one side the god of longevity, with a very high head, on which an urchin has perched himself; on the reverse, a tiny doll or marionette is walking on a tight rope, while the crowd below look up at her. On another vase of this class, coloured celadon green, are shown on one side two men and a woman in white walking on the sea, with a tiger painted in natural colours beside them; on the reverse, a saint walking on the sea, holding above him a branch with a red fruit on it, possibly the sacred peach, while beside him a half-sinking disciple supports himself by holding in his mouth a bit of the saint's white robe. The almost entire absence of female figures from Korean decoration marks a curious difference in their manners to those of Japan. In the latter country women mingle in all the events of daily life, and are duly represented on their china. In Korea women are jealously secluded, and never permitted to appear outside in daylight, but in return they are allowed the run of the streets after dark, when no man, except government officials, may venture abroad without express permission, on pain of severe punishment.

Only female saints and marionettes appear on Korean ware. Generally the decorations are confined to men, children, and animals. On some hundreds of grey vases I have examined in Mr.

Burton's collection I have never seen a female figure. If, as has been suggested, the ware is all made in

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Japan, it is a singular fact that the feminine element should have been so completely eliminated.

The detached figures are numerous and interesting. They are generally very well modelled. That given in our illustration is a bit of low-toned harmonious colouring, only brown, dark red, and old gold; the flesh dark brown, and highly polished; the robe texture roughened. The paste is a fine white clay; the face has a strikingly Burmese type, and Burmese patterns have been pointed out in some of the jar decorations. Some of the figures are of carved wood, painted and brilliantly varnished, and it is impossible, without close inspection, to tell which are wooden and which pottery figures. There is said to be in Korea a palm-tree yielding a varnish which appears to gild the object covered with it.

The only bit of porcelain I have seen purporting to come from Korea is a pale green plate, with a picture of the imaginary people who live in Central China, and are supposed to have holes through their chests. One man is being carried by means of a large pole thrust through his chest, the ends resting on the shoulders of his two companions. They are dressed in large green leaves, and the happy individual in the middle, with dangling feet, is smoking a lotus-flower pipe. His face is not the least Chinese; it is precisely the comic face of the typical Irishman of Donnybrook Fair.

The cylinder in our illustration is a specimen of bamboo carving, an infant Hercules, a fat child struggling with a bear. This is probably the Japanese Kintoki. The cylinder exactly resembles many of the kind which come from Japan, only the bamboo is much thicker and the carving better than any I have seen. This piece of work bears the Japanese impress more than anything else in the collection from Korea. The inspiration on the pottery appears drawn more from Chinese than Japanese sources. The men are dressed more like mandarins; the raised enamel decoration is found on very ancient china preserved in old houses in China, and notably on some pieces taken from the Summer Palace, Pekin. I regret not having any wooden figures among my illustrations.

Mr. Anderson, in "Pictorial Arts of Japan," bears witness to the wonderful carving of two wooden figures of Brama and Indra, in the temple at Nara, over six feet high, and rivalling the finest productions of Greece, the work of an unknown Korean sculptor of the Seventh Century. Though no record is left of Greeks having penetrated to Korea, yet their influence seems to have reached there, possibly from India, as the soldiers still possess Greek helmets and heavy iron armour inlaid with silver, and officials condemned to death take poison after the Greek manner. In Mr. Burton's collection are a number of wooden figures of saints, in every degree of emaciation and stoutness, exceedingly well carved. Some are three feet high, standing on roots of trees; others, meant to hang up, represent the first of the immortals, Han-Chung-le, who obtained the elixir of immortality, always shown as a fat half-nude man.

Mr. Lowell speaks of the weird figures put on the king's palace in Korea, to scare away demons. Perhaps these idols have been hung up in houses with a similar intention. Mr. McLeod says that

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the Koreans used to be half-followers of Confucius, half-Buddhists; they have now the ruins of seventy temples, but no religion is left except ancestor worship

and the fear of demons. He imagines that the tombs of the early emperors, if they are ever opened, will be found to contain great antiquarian and artistic treasures. It is evident that the Koreans are far from being the barbarous and ignorant people they have been called. They are born poets and artists, they have a passion for music, and they venerate literature. At the capture of Klanghoa, in 1866, Admiral Roze found a library of 3,000 or 4,000 books all well arranged; and Mr. Riedal, bearing witness to the native ingenuity of the workman, says that one of them at once made a counterpart of his watch, never having seen one before.

Wherever this ware has been produced, it has required much thought and employed many hands. The suggestion that it is all made in a mysterious hidden village in Japan, where artists and artisans alike work in secret, and send their products to Korea to be thence exported to England, can hardly be a solution, especially as the ware, after all these journeyings, is sold here at a cheaper rate than similar articles from Japan. The latter country is overrun by tourists, many of whom devote themselves to hunting out everything connected with pottery, and the existence of a hidden village could not long remain a secret. The assertion that, because it is good, therefore it must be Japanese, is also hardly a convincing argument. It is very possible that Japanese workmen may now be returning to Korea some instalment of the debt of gratitude their country owes her for having taught them so many arts in older days. The early history of both countries is full of evidence that from the Korean peninsula, the arts of wood-carving, metal-work, and pottery came to the Japanese. Among others the factories of Hizen, Kioto, Hiogo, and Satzuma were founded and for many years directed by Koreans. In the latter place it was a Korean who discovered and utilised the fine clay, which gave to collectors that minutely crackled ware so much prized in Japan, and so rarely seen in this country. Clay from Korea was imported into Japan at the beginning of this century.

Mr. Burton's collections, from which all my illustrations have been taken, were purchased at Kokafu and Fusan, Korea. He was told the town the pottery came from was Kingkitao, province of Oo-sio. Master mariners whose ships come to Falmouth have said they had seen similar ware to that in his shop hawked by pedlars about Kokafu, Korea.

MADELINE A. WALLACE-DUNLOP.

IN TIME OF PEACE.

PAINTED BY ÉDOUARD DETAILLE.

It would be difficult to find a definition more expressive of the art of Édouard Detaille than that of the title to our frontispiece. His drawings are charmingly characteristic of this phase of military life and manners, while the scenes and episodes depicted by his confrère De Neuville are essentially those in time of war. Detaille lacks the movement and life of De Neuville, though he possesses greater power of delineation in expressing character and individuality. He is, moreover, a careful and correct draughtsman, and his knowledge of dress and detail places his productions above criticism. They are pretty and pleasing, and very popular in Paris; for this reason few of his works are seen in London, though some have found their way to New York.

It is but eight years since that an eager and appreciative group gathered daily round the "Souvenir of Camp St. Maur"—his second year of exhibiting at the Salon—which work established his reputation. During the Franco-German War, Detaille acted as secretary and attaché to General Appert, and rendered efficient service to his country by the valuable aid of his pencil in the sketches he made of the positions of the Germans. In 1873 he exhibited "En Retraite," which brought him the ribbon of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. "The Charge of the Cuirassiers in the Village of Morsbronn" was in the Salon of 1874, and in the succeeding year he exhibited the well-known picture of "The Passing Regiment," which is now in Washington.

Many of Detaille's later works have been in water-colour, in which he is equally happy, and we much prefer his drawings to his paintings, as exhibiting more freedom in the handling of his colours and greater delicacy of definition. Detaille is at present engaged upon a gigantic enterprise, full of interest, being no less than the production of four hundred and fifty drawings representative of a century of types and uniforms of L'Armée Française. Of the text of this work, which is to be published by subscription, it need only be recorded that it will emanate from the pen of Jules Richard. Detaille's drawings will be reproduced in facsimile by Messrs. Goupil's photogravure process. Of this we are convinced, that there is no living artist who can depict so accurately and with such conscientious care the soldiers of France, past and present, than Jean-Baptiste-Édouard Detaille.

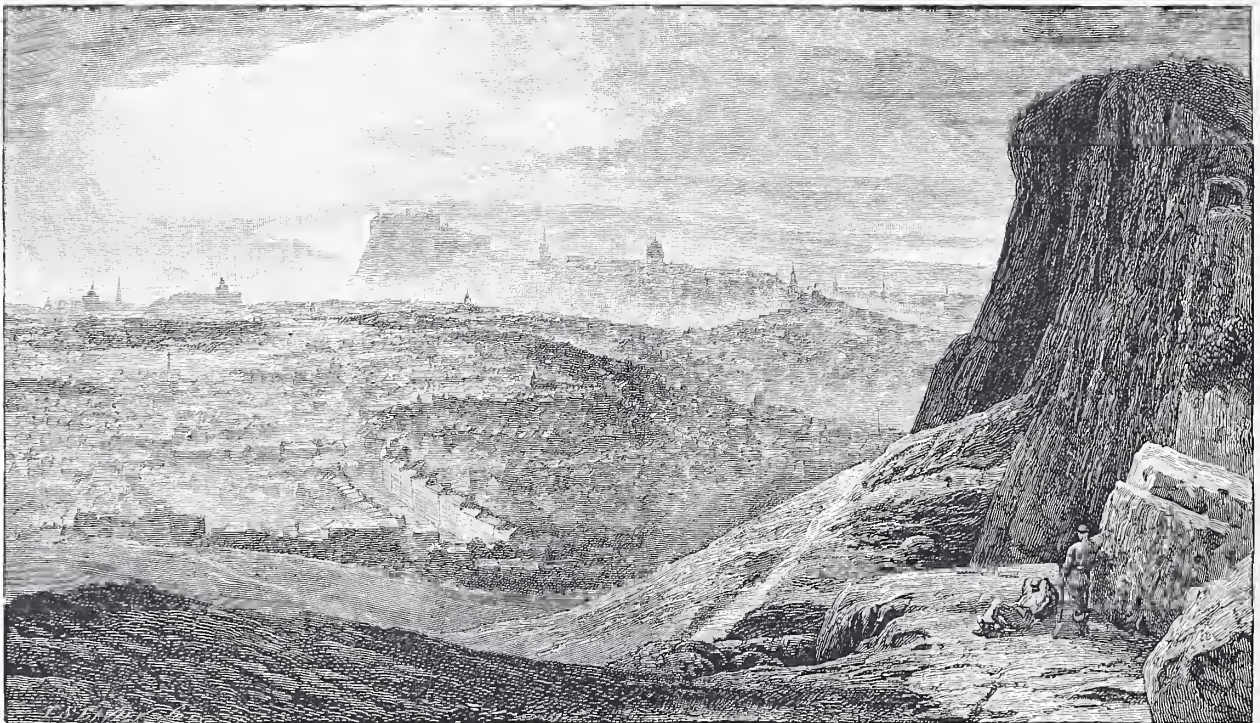
CURRENT ART.—I.

DESPITE a distinct falling away in the sculpture, and certain rather startling lapses on the part of painters of high repute, the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year is decidedly encouraging. It shows throughout a better display on the line, a higher level of achievement where privilege was too often wont to usurp the plea of merit, than has been seen for some time past. Good as it is, on the whole, it is found to be conspicuously interesting when compared with the low average of the last few years. In the Academical body the most notable absentees are Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Watts, both of whom elect to send work to the Grosvenor that might have supplied Burlington House with the fuller representation of English art it somehow always fails to attain. At the same time, it is but fair to admit the greater comprehensiveness and revived vitality of the present exhibition. We have still to deplore the inclusion of much work that is inspired by no sort of artistic spirit whatever, that is merely iteration of low aims and out-worn conventions, annually looked for and accepted with the resignation which the Academical critic willingly accords to the inevitable tributes of mediocrity. Not only, however, is there somewhat less than usual this year of the complacent continuance in stereotype, but a good deal of evidence of the awakening force of enterprise and experiment, which, combined with the remarkable quality of the year's portraiture, should render the exhibition memorable. Purists may urge that work of an experimental character should not find a place in a national exhibition, and that completeness of achievement should here be the test of work, success in the low aim being better worth record than inadequate accomplishment in the higher. But this view ignores one of the chief functions of the Burlington House show, which is to represent English art as a whole—not merely Academic or fashionable art, but every new movement or undercurrent of the world of art—and would, if inflexibly adhered to, exclude, as before now has happened, work that heralds a revival and marks a distinct and interesting epoch. Apart from the indisputable successes of the year, which we shall proceed to note, by far the most stimulating fact to be chronicled of the Royal Academy is to be found in the vigour and freshness of some of our younger painters. The attempt may be occasionally allied to rash endeavour, the ideal may be imperfectly realised, yet when knowledge and zeal go hand-in-hand with daring—as in Mr. Solomon's "Samson," perhaps the most ambitious picture of the year—it is impossible not to feel that the Academy has gained greatly as a representative institution in thus enlarging its borders. Experimental, in a sense, such work may be; but experiment, even when carried out with less than half the power and conviction of Mr. Solomon, is something better than stagnation, and altogether the best presage of renewed health in the body artistic that just now could be desired.

A cursory tour of the Academy galleries suffices to show the ascendancy of portraiture. Not only is it abundant, but of notable excellence. Mr. Holl contributes the full tale of eight, of which three at least —the "Lord Stalbridge," the "Sir G. O. Trevelyan," and the "W. S. Gilbert, Esq."—are remarkable examples of the artist's robust style, solid execution, and forcible presentment. Eight is also the number of Mr. Herkomer's works, six of which are portraits. Of these, two are foremost among the portraits of the year; and it were a hard matter to decide the question of priority suggested by the masterly portrait of Mr. Briton Riviere and the more subtle charm of the unnamed portrait of a lady in black, numbered 377. With these works must be classed the portrait of the painter himself, by Mr. H. G. Herkomer, a picture of astonishing veracity of character, and in its realistic strength second to none in the exhibition. M. Carolus-Duran is represented by a superb full-length of Mme. la Vicomtesse Greffulhe, one of his finest works; an unfinished and bewitching "Mlle. M.-A. Carolus-Duran," wrought with incredible ease and mastery; and a third portrait, "Everard A. Hambro, Esq.," which in no sense competes with its brilliant companions. Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. William Playfair, and his extremely original and daring essay in decoration, "Carnation, lily, lily, rose," are uncompromising examples of the artist's method. Forsaking Venice, Mr. Fildes sends two portraits, "Mrs. Fildes" and "Mrs. W. L. Agnew," the former bright and assertive in colour rather than Venetian, but for all its deficiency of repose undeniably attractive. In portraiture Sir John E. Millais' "Lord Hartington" and "The Earl of Rosebery,"

and Mr. Pettie's five examples, fail to come within the category of second-class work; nor do we find among the seven of Mr. Ouless one that recalls the finer accomplishment of his earlier style. In other respects also Sir John Millais disappoints expectations. His most important canvas, "Mercy," is supposed to depict an incident of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, and its not very lucid expression is unredeemed by any beauty of colour, while for dramatic significance in the figures we have little else but meaningless violence of gesture. "The Nest" and "Lilacs" are the titles of two smaller works by the same painter, both suggestive of the Christmas number style of art, dry and disagreeable in colour, and steeped in the tritest kind of popular sentiment. The President's most individual work is "The Last Watch of Hero," the chief portion of which represents Hero wistfully gazing out into the night, with an expression of melancholy boding, less intense, though more dramatic, than that of the beautiful witch in Sir Frederick Leighton's "Simætha the Sorceress." There is nothing, indeed, that transcends the average accomplishment of the artist in and "After," and is a complete and convincing repetition of the artist's later triumphs. With the rich and reposeful beauty of colour that marks his second contribution, the portrait of Mrs. Joseph, Mr. Orchardson takes a prominent position in another branch of art. The Hon. John Collier, Mr. William Carter, and Mr. J. J. Shannon all contribute notable examples of portraiture, though the works of the last-named are by no means of equal merit.

In his single picture, "The Women of Amphissa," Mr. Alma-Tadema presents an unusually elaborate transcript of history, drawn from Plutarch, and illustrated with all of the painter's wonted research and skill, and more of dramatic characterisation than is commonly to be found in his larger canvases. The incident is not of the kind that admits of rapid apprehension, however simple and direct may be the painter's method of interpretation, and Mr. Tadema, it must be owned, has not chosen the readiest means to depict the incident treated in this brilliant and attractive picture. Like Mr. Tadema, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse sends but one picture to the Academy, and this likewise is derived from history. The



I.—EDINBURGH, FROM THE SALISBURY CRAGS.

(Painted by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1887.)

the beauty of drawing and admirable arrangement of drapery that distinguish alike these harmonious paintings. So is it with Mr. Orchardson's masterpiece in *genre*, "The First Cloud," which follows the same line of thought as the "Mariage de Convenance" painter's dramatic intention in "Mariamne" is realised with a forthright simplicity which is decidedly imposing; the figure of Herod's discarded wife, descending a wide flight of marble stairs, is stately and impressive, while the artist has skilfully

II.—THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN VISITING THE STUDIO OF ALBRECHT DÜRER.

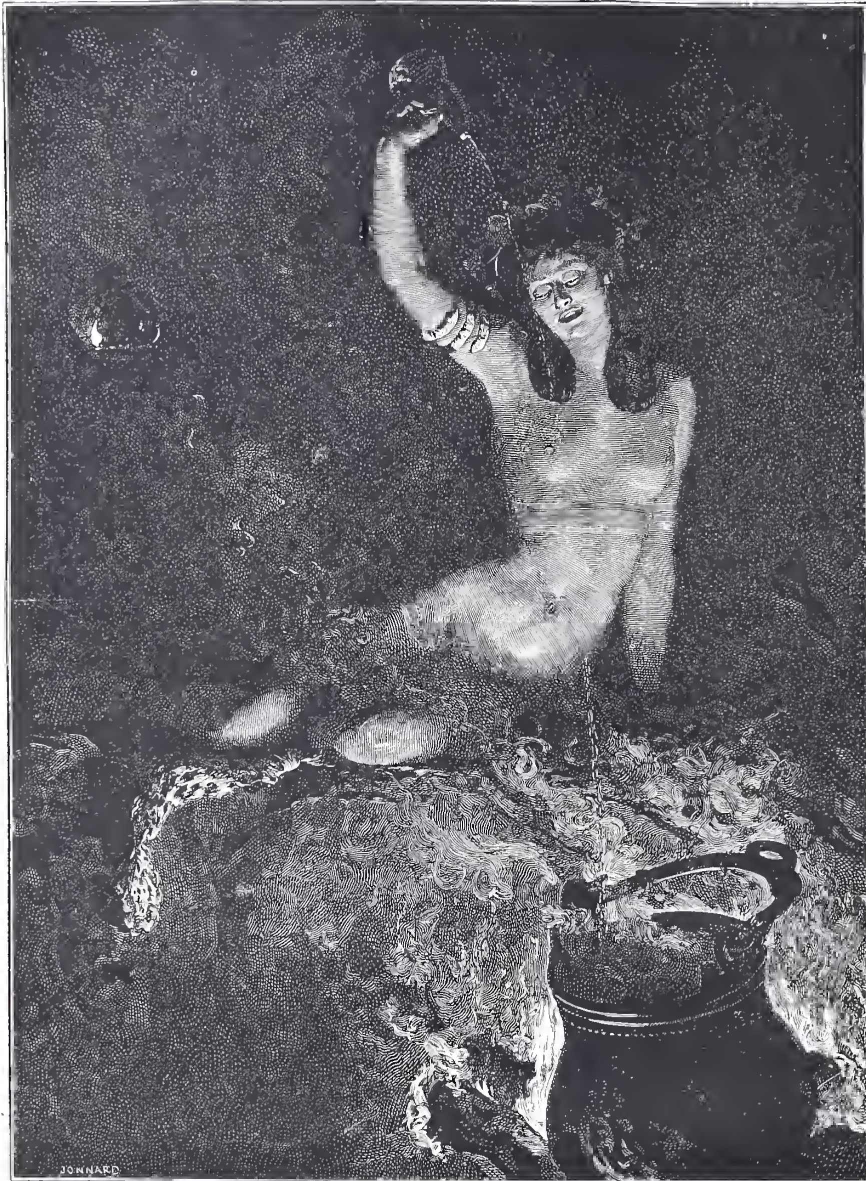
(Painted by Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I. Royal Institute, 1887.)

preserved the unity of the scene by the expressive parting glance of Mariamne, the significant figure of Salome whispering in Herod's ear, and the judges seated in the apsis beyond. The Hon. John Collier's most important Academy picture, "An Incantation," which we reproduce (III.), is a remarkable example of an extremely interesting and always limited class of pictures. Its subject is eminently a painter's subject, and one that could only occur to a painter, fraught as it is with problems of technique which of themselves suffice to attract an artist of Mr. Collier's gifts and executive powers. We cannot, however, in their instance, disassociate the technical interest of the subject from the painter's admirable revelation of its beauty, by which he has proved himself the worthy ally of the poet who tells us men do not know how beautiful fire is. There is nothing in nature more difficult than to transfer to canvas the play of inconstant flame on the nude figure, while the *crux* is indefinitely increased when the purely artistic aims of the painter are additional circumstances in the problem. The pictorial scheme of "An Incantation" is altogether happy, and the pose of the sorceress at once natural and effective. Under the varying glow of warm reflected light, and in the subtle gradation of the shadows, the flesh-texture is admirably rendered, and the modelling throughout is masterly. Such work as this is something beyond the "new revelation of promise and excellence" which Sir Frederick Leighton detected on the walls in the course of his speech at the banquet. Mr. J. C. Hook gives us of his best in a masterpiece of colour and atmosphere, "Young Dreams," and a landscape worthy of the fathers of the art, most unsuggestively entitled "Tickling Trout." Mr. Colin Hunter sends three "coast marines" of the well-known quality; Mr. John Brett pursues his old method with conviction in two iridescent transcripts from Scottish waters; and Mr. Henry Moore almost equals, in the like number of sea pieces, the unsurpassed breadth and vigour of his Channel sea, "The Newhaven Packet," of last year. Mr. Briton Riviere's "An Old-World Wanderer," the best of three contributions, is also one of the least-mannered and most taking of his works. Mr. Yeames, with "The Christ-Bearer," a realistic and striking work; Mr. Goodall, with "Misery and Mercy," a gigantic version, substantial, yet empty withal, of a well-worn theme; and Mr. Armitage, with a ceremonial piece, destined for a church, of still more amazing proportions and still feebler platitude, are in all respects well represented. Mr. Herbert's single tribute; Mr. Burgess's two; Mr. Cooper's four; Mr. Crofts' modest essay after Meissonier; Mr. Graham's two; Mr. Marcus Stone's "Morning;" and Mr. Leader's quartett of landscapes, are precisely what every one looks for. Mr. Long, also, is of the company, both in his two portraits and his two figure subjects. The latter send us to Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola" and to Cardinal Newman's "Callista," though neither of these literary directions is in the least persuasive of the painter's inspiration. In the same way Mr. Frith dignifies inanities by respectable associations that appeal to the superficial culture of the unimaginative. Mr. G. H. Boughton has not exhibited for some time past anything so true, so sensitively felt, so delicate in colour, as his "Dancing down the Hay, Orkneys." In "Hesperia" Mr. F. Dicksee's retrogression from the standard of last year is decided. Mr. Val Prinsep's presentment of Echo, "habitans in montibus," a pale nymph in the cool grey shadow of the mountain, is hardly so successful as his "Ayesha," a well-wrought study from life, fine in colour, and free from any romantic affinity to the inexpressive "She" of Mr. Rider Haggard's story. Mr. J. W. Oakes makes a refreshing departure in imaginative work in his ethereal Alpine landscapes, "Hailstorm in the St. Gothard's Pass;" Mr. Alfred Hunt's "On the Dangerous Edge" and Mr. Alfred East's "The Land between the Locks" are works of the finest quality in the landscape of the year, which, though diminished in quantity, is fully equal to that of last year in the more precious attributes of art.

Mr. MacWhirter's grey and luminous "Edinburgh, from Salisbury Crags," which we engrave (I.), is one of the painter's freshest and most skilful pictures; sober in colour, good in its treatment of the panoramic outlook—especially in the atmospheric fusion of the nearer topographical features—and charged with local fidelity in the pale, suffused light and windy sky. Our remaining illustrations are drawn from two exhibitions of widely diverse character. Those who admired the historical tableaux at the Prince's Hall in 1885, to which Sir J. D. Linton's learning and taste so largely contributed, will not have forgotten the elaborate and effective group of famous figures once again represented in the President's beautiful drawing at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. To say that the water-colour, which we reproduce (II.), is somewhat lacking in the vitality of movement and expression is to be oblivious of the artist's aim. The qualities of animation to be looked for in a picture are necessarily absent from a stage-arrangement of the kind which Sir James Linton has here reproduced from the life. Our fourth illustration is after Mr. Leslie Thomson's landscape, "On the Essex Coast," in the central gallery at Suffolk Street, where, like all else there, it is exhibited with unusual advantages as to space and lighting. The painter who respects his art may well think that one hanging on the principles of Suffolk Street is worth

more than half a dozen in other galleries. Better fifty years of Whistler than a cycle of R.A. You may be rejected by the S.B.A., but you cannot be skied. Mr. Thomson's picture is one of the best examples of his fine aërial quality, rich solemnity of colour, and perfectly realised ensemble.

plenitude. Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Carter, Mr. W. B. Richmond, Sir J. E. Millais, the Hon. John Collier, and Mr. H. S. Tuke are well represented in portraiture, Mr. Collier following up his success at the Academy in his "Lilith," which many will prefer to "An Incantation." In landscape we have a refined



III.—AN INCANTATION.

(Painted by the Hon. John Collier. Royal Academy, 1887.)

Leaving the sculpture of the year for future notice, we can only now observe of the Grosvenor Gallery that, like the Academy, the show is fuller of good and interesting work than last year. Mr. Burne Jones is in force with four works, one a "Portrait" of irresistible charm, and Mr. Watts, with a "Judgment of Paris," reveals his gifts of grace, refinement, and imagination with power and

and sympathetic rendering of mist and moonlight in "A Summer Evening," by Mr. Hennessy; Mr. Alfred Parsons's finely composed "Going Westward;" Mr. North's "Upland Water-meadow;" with excellent marine pieces by Mr. Napier Hemy—who is at his best this year—and Mr. Henry Moore; and an "Evening—November," by Mr. Mark Fisher, of uncommon quality. Mr. Arthur Lemon, Mr. J. E.

IV.—ON THE ESSEX COAST.

(Painted by Leslie Thomson. Society of British Artists, 1887.)

Christie, Mr. T. H. McLachlan, Mr. Maurice Pollock, Mr. Marius di Maria, and others among the younger painters show work that will receive further consideration. Mr. Alfred East is not so well represented as at the Academy, nor are Mr. J. W. Waterhouse and Mr. Albert Goodwin. For the rest, we must also postpone notice of Mr. C. W. Mitchell's "Through Death unto Life;" Mr. Poynter's "Corner of the Market-Place;" Mr. Hacker's "Pelagia and Philammon;" Mr. C. E. Hallé's Italian Souvenirs, and other works of pretension and importanee.

KUGLER'S "ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING."*

THE appearance of this new edition of Kugler's "Handbook of Italian Painting" marks the fresh stage in the history of art criticism which has been reached within the last few years.

Franz Kugler's original work was first published in German exactly fifty years ago, and the English translation edited by Sir Charles Eastlake appeared in the year 1841, when Mr. Ruskin's name was yet unknown and "The Stones of Venice" still unwritten; before the foundation of the Arundel Society or the publication of Lord Lindsay's "Sketches of Christian Art." The National Gallery in those days numbered some sixty pictures, and the art criticism of foreign handbooks, consisting for the most part of pages of extravagant eulogy, was largely devoted to the pictures of Domenichino and the Caracci.

The new and increasing interest in the early Italian sehools of art which sprang up during the next twenty years made a second and third edition of the work necessary, and this remained the standard book on the subjeet until the year 1874, when a fourth edition was published, with considerable alterations and additions by Lady Eastlake. This embodied first and foremost the vast stores of new material derived from Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's five volumes on "The History of Painting in Italy," and, secondly, a collection of valuable notes on Italian pictures by Sir Charles Eastlake and Herr Otto Mündler. And now that the study of art is cultivated on a sounder basis than ever before, and that the investigation of old artists and their pictures is pursued with a subtle analysis, a closeness of observation, and a scientific method unknown in former years, our old friend Kugler meets us again in a new dress, revised and in great part rewritten by a new editor.

Many causes had combined to render this fifth edition neeessary. The researches of eminent scholars in Italian archives during the last few years had thrown new light on the lives of many painters, and in particular Signor Gaetano Milanesi's learned notes on Vasari, in the edition of 1878-83, had corrected many of the old biographers' mistakes. The Italian

* "Italian Schools of Painting." Based on the Handbook of Kugler, originally edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A. Fifth Edition, thoroughly revised and in part rewritten by Austen Henry Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L. (John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1887.)

school of the National Gallery had received large and important additions, while in Italy itself the removal of many pictures from churches to museums and public galleries required to be noticed if the handbook was to fulfil its original purpose of a guide to English travellers. The catalogues of most foreign galleries had also been rewritten, and many distinguished artists, whose names were unknown to the last generation of art critics, had become the objects of a reverent and sympathetic study. Again, art literature had received important contributions in the shape of monographs on separate masters by the best French and German writers, and the new volumes on Titian and Raphael, which show the perseverance of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their indefatigable labours. Above all, the appearance of Signor Morelli's famous work on "Italian Masters in German Galleries," published at Leipzig in 1880, and translated into English by Mrs. Richter three years later, had created a complete revolution in the study of art. An Italian by birth, although he wrote in German and assumed a Russian *nom de plume*, this distinguished connoisseur was already well known by his articles on the Borghese Gallery in the *Zeitschrift zur bildende Kunst*, and brought to his task an intimate acquaintance with the pictures and drawings of the different painters whose style he discussed.

"L'art de deviner l'auteur d'un tableau en reconnaissant la main d'un maître, est le plus fautif de tous les arts." So wrote l'Abbé de Bos in the last century, and it must be admitted that in some ways the difficulties which beset the connoisseur in forming a right judgment on the genuineness of pictures, in deciding questions of disputed authorship, and in discriminating between an authentic work and a good old copy, increase with every year. When we consider how few pictures of the old masters have not undergone the "fatal process" of cleaning and restoration, and how little in many cases of the original work remains, we shall agree with Lady Eastlake that the connoisseur who pretends to decide upon the merits of Italian pictures should possess "the impartiality of a judge, the ardour of a zealot, and the patience of a saint." And often the only way by which we can arrive at any certain conclusion in these matters is by following Signor Morelli's "experimental system," and studying each painter's individual manner of treating details of the human form.

If we examine these points carefully, under Signor Morelli's guidance, we shall see that Gian Bellini shapes the thumb, Palma Vecchio and Bonifazio the ear, in a peculiar fashion; that Cima's upper lip and Mantegna's long and bony ear are easily to be recognised, and that Raphael's manner of drawing the hand and fingers varies considerably at different periods of his career. But since the surface of many paintings has been too much injured for the original outline to be always visible, this method can best be pursued by studying drawings by the old masters, which Signor Morelli calls, with good reason, one of the purest joys upon earth, and which the art of photography has rendered accessible to all. But, far from relying upon these mechanical tests, the true connoisseur will seek to discover all that can be known of the artist's history and character, of the country to which he belonged, and the race from which he sprang, of his family surroundings, and the particular circumstances under which his works were produced. Thus alone is it possible to form a clear and definite idea of a painter's style.

VIRGIN AND CHILD AND SAINTS, BY TIMOTEO VITI.

(*Brera, Milan.*)

The bold conclusions at which Signor Morelli arrived by following this system, and the sweeping manner in which he overturned received traditions, at first sight startled art circles and roused a storm of controversy. But by degrees his opinions gained

ground, and they are now generally accepted in this and other countries, while his scientific methods of investigation agree too entirely with the modern spirit for him to find any lack of followers. Under these circumstances a new edition of Kugler's handbook had become indispensable if the work was to keep its hold on the popular mind as a standard book, and the publishers were fortunate in finding a scholar so well fitted to undertake the task of revision as the present editor. Sir Henry Layard is not only possessed of remarkable qualifications for the work, as his earlier writings testify, but is himself a personal friend of Signor Morelli. He has frequently accompanied that learned connoisseur on his visits to foreign galleries, and learnt from his own lips his views of pictures and their authors. Thus he appears before us as the able advocate of Signor Morelli's opinions, while at the same time he gives us the result of the most recent researches in art literature and the benefit of his own learning and experience.

The old and somewhat meaningless division of Kugler's handbook into "periods of development" has been abandoned in favour of separate and fuller chapters on the different Italian schools, the rise, development, and decline of each being followed from beginning to end, and its artists grouped together. The work thus gains immensely in completeness and usefulness, and that portion which relates to the North Italian schools has been entirely rewritten. The very interesting painters of Verona and Ferrara are for the first time adequately treated. The works of Morone, Liberale, and the Veronese Raphael, Cavazzola, are all admirably described, and we are glad to find that justice is done to that charming and poetic artist, Dosso Dossi, whom his contemporary Ariosto names in the same breath as Mantegna, Lionardo, and Gian Bellini, and whom Sir Henry Layard justly calls the greatest colourist of the school of Ferrara.

The pages devoted to the Umbrian school are no less interesting. Fiorenzo di Lorenzo is acknowledged as the author of the beautiful panels representing the life of St. Bernardino in the gallery of Perugia, and as the undoubted master of Pinturicchio, with whose manner his style bears an affinity so marked. As might be expected from a writer who twenty years ago devoted his attention to the frescoes of Spello, Sir Henry Layard here gives Pinturicchio himself that share of praise of which Vasari unjustly robbed him; he is recognised as the author of most of the drawings in the "Venice Sketch Book," and what Morelli calls "that pure invention of Sienese municipal vanity"—the fallacy of supposing the boy Raphael to have supplied designs for his frescoes in the Libreria of Siena—is summarily dismissed. Again, the truth of Morelli's theory as regards the early training of the "great Urbinate" himself is abundantly proved. Timoteo Viti is restored to his place as the first master of his illustrious fellow-citizen, and a sketch of this master's altarpiece in the Brera is given to show the strong likeness between Timoteo's "Saints" and the standing figures in Raphael's "Dream of a Knight" in the National Gallery.

Passing to the Lombard school, we find Lorenzo di Credi from this chapter restored to his proper place among the Florentines, while fuller accounts are given of both Luini and Gaudenzio Ferrari, whose fine group of weeping women in the great "Crucifixion" at the sanctuary of Varallo forms the subject of the accompanying illustration. The lovely little "Annunciation" in the Louvre, formerly ascribed to Credi, is now numbered among Lionardo's rare works; and while it is to be regretted that the present editor has not pronounced with greater certainty on the superiority of the Suffolk "Madonna" in the National Gallery over its rival, "Vierge aux Rochers," in the Louvre, we are grateful to him for recognising the cartoon in the Royal Academy as one of the most precious productions of the master that have been preserved.

When we come to the Venetian school Sir Henry Layard is thoroughly at home, and no part of the present work is more valuable than that which relates to the early masters of Venice, and the numerous artists of secondary rank who issued from the *atelier* of Giovanni Bellini, and whose individual style it is by no means always an easy matter to recognise. The peculiar charm of Giorgione's exquisite art is more fully defined than before, and a high place among the immortals is given to him of right. The actual number of authentic works which are all that remain to us by the hand of this unrivalled master is placed on Signor Morelli's authority at twelve. This list, which is given in the present edition, includes "The Three Ages," attributed to Lotto, in the Pitti; "The Madonna with St. Roch and St. Anthony," formerly ascribed to Pordenone, in the Madrid Gallery; and the "Sleeping Venus," mentioned by the Anonimo and Ridolfi in the Seventeenth Century, which had vanished until Signor Morelli discovered the missing Giorgione in a much injured picture hanging in an obscure corner of the Dresden Gallery, and described in the catalogue as a copy of Titian by Sassoferrato.

Lorenzo Lotto, another Venetian painter, who was a scholar of Giovanni Bellini, and whose merits have never before been sufficiently recognised, here receives the measure of attention which his noble portraits in our public and private collections should long ago have won for him. For Lotto's style has a marked individuality which raises him far above the rank of a mere imitator, as he has hitherto been

commonly termed. The refinement of his heads and play of light and shadow in his pictures justify the expression of Signor Morelli, who aptly describes him as a painter who was "Correggiesque before Correggio." To Correggio himself Sir Henry Layard, again following Morelli, restores the graceful "Madonna and Angels," given in the Uffizi catalogue to Titian, while the much over-praised "Reading Magdalen" of Dresden is ascribed to some Flemish painter of the Seventeenth Century, an opinion which no one is likely to dispute.

As we read this book we feel how great has been the revolution of art scholarship in recent years, and how far the spirit of destructive enquiry has penetrated into this domain. Vasari's errors are exposed at every turn, old traditions and long received opinions are cast to the winds; every statement must be supported by external and internal evidence; every document must undergo the strictest and most searching criticism. On these grounds the old tradition of Gaudenzio Ferrari's visit to Rome and friendship with Raphael, handed down for generations by the peasants of Varallo, is rejected as devoid of foundation; and the well-known letter of Raphael to Francia, and the sonnet addressed by the Bolognese master to Raphael, first published by Malvasia in his "Felsina Pittrice," are condemned as forgeries of comparatively modern date.

Some of Sir Henry Layard's other judgments are likely to provoke discussion among German and English critics. The fresco of the "Last Supper" in San Onofrio of Florence, formerly attributed to Raphael, is here given to Gerino da Pistoja, and we are informed that Signor Morelli assigns the authorship to Giannicola Manni—a very probable suggestion when we consider the mingled Florentine and Peruginesque influences which the painter's style reveals. The "Apollo and Marsyas" of the Louvre, which so many critics persist in calling an early Raphael, is given to Perugino, and the grand "Christ at Emmaus," in St. Salvatore, at Venice, ascribed to Giovanni Bellini by tradition, and to Carpaccio by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, is said to be the work of an almost unknown scholar of Bellini, Benedetto Diana. The so-called "Belle Ferronière" of the Louvre is transferred from Lionardo to the Milanese artist Bernardino de' Conti, and the well-known fresco of the Madonna and Child in the cloisters of San Onofrio in Rome is ascribed to Beltraffio.

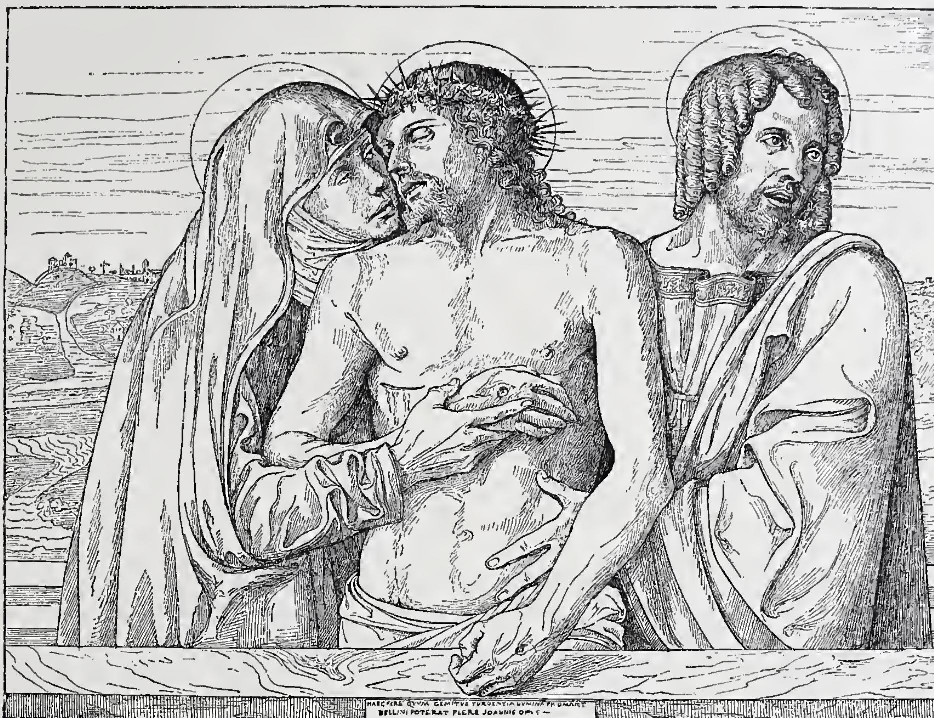
But there is one defect in the work before us which every reader of Mr. Ruskin's writings will deplore—that is the treatment which Tintoretto receives. The very poor and inadequate description of this great master's style and works which appeared in former editions has been retained, and the present editor's apologetic note will hardly dispose art students to forgive this omission in a work otherwise admirably adapted to be their guide.

GROUP OF WOMEN FROM "THE CRUCIFIXION," BY GAUDENZIO FERRARI.

(*Varallo.*)

In conclusion, a word must be said as to the illustrations, chiefly of the works of Sixteenth Century masters, which have been added to the present edition. They are for the most part a decided improvement on the earlier woodcuts, and have been very carefully chosen. Among others we are glad to see Mantegna's portrait-group of the Gonzaga family in the Castello di Corte at Mantua, Melozzo di Forli's fine "Angels" in the sacristy of St. Peter's, and Giovanni Bellini's "Pietà" in the Brera, the most profoundly moving conception of the subject ever painted by artist-hands.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.



PIETÀ, BY GIOVANNI BELLINI.

(Brera, Milan.)

ART AT THE MANCHESTER JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition buildings, of which the materials are brick, iron, and glass, and to which Messrs. Maxwell and Tuke, of Manchester, have imparted an architectural significance that would do credit to any capital in Europe, lie in a suburb which embraces the Botanical Gardens, and they are nearly three miles distant, in a south-westerly direction, from the centre of Manchester. The Fine Arts Section flanks one side of the north-easterly half of the nave which gives on the Botanic Gardens. These owe all their enhanced beauty to the cunning hands of Mr. Clapham, who possesses the eye of a scientist as well as that of a landscape-gardener. The nave is about fifty feet in breadth, and fully a thousand feet in length, and gives an altogether satisfying impression to every one who enters it. The Art Section occupies thirteen rooms, the first five of which are a hundred feet by thirty, and are devoted to living masters. Then comes a sort of Salon Carré, eighty feet by sixty, and hung with works of great dignity and importance. When it is passed, we enter upon a series of seven rooms, each eighty feet by thirty, and it is on these walls that we look for the works of deceased masters, the last three rooms being occupied by water-colours, and a very exhaustive collection of reproductions in black-and-white in all the various processes from pure line and mezzotint to photography and photogravure. Judiciously placed here and there are masterpieces in English sculpture from the hands of such well-known artists as Calder Marshall, Hamo Thornycroft, Brock, Birch, Boehm, Sir Frederick Leighton, and many others.

The hanging of the pictures of deceased masters

was entrusted to T. O. Barlow, R.A., the eminent engraver, and of those painters whom we still happily have among us to J. C. Horsley, R.A., the no less eminent painter. Each working according to his own untrammelled sense of what is fit and appropriate in the arrangement of pictures, we have a satisfying result which is rarely paralleled either on the walls of the English Academy or of the French Salon. Sir James Linton and Mr. Fripp have been equally painstaking and happy with the water-colours. Nor must we forget to mention Mr. William Agnew, the chairman of the Fine Arts Section, to whom is mainly due the immense credit of having brought all these works together.

Entering the first room, then, we would remind our readers that our function on this occasion is description rather than criticism. The men here have all taken their place and can do without our imprimatur. Even confining ourselves to the former, our glance, in a collection so unusually large, must necessarily be but cursory.

In the near end of the room we find Madox Brown, the decorator of the dome of the Exhibition, and the painter of the very remarkable frescoes which adorn the Town Hall, in close proximity to Marcus Stone. The latter is represented by his large picture of Edward II. of Bannockburn notoriety, idling away his time with his worthless and fatal friend Gaveston. Near this, by the former artist, sits Cromwell on his white horse; and so intent is his brooding that the animal has stopped on its usual course over its master's farm in Huntingdon, and is now leisurely cropping the grass at the wayside. There is much impressive dignity about this picture, and our readers will remember that this warrior-statesman and his army once, when at Dunbar, lay in the hollow of the hand of old General Leslie, but by the urgent importunity of the Scottish preachers in his camp, Leslie and his men were hurried to destruction, or, as Cromwell himself said, "The Lord has delivered them into my hands." How the Lord Protector may have looked upon that supreme occasion Mr. Gow shows us in his fine picture hanging in Room IV. The English army was on the point of starvation, could not have moved an inch, and must, but for the mad clerical impetuosity to which Leslie so weakly yielded, have surrendered to the Scotch. No wonder that Cromwell kept the anniversary of the Battle of Dunbar with a thankful heart for the rest of his life.

Madox Brown's "Romeo and Juliet at the Balcony" is also here, and so is his great picture of "Work," painted a quarter of a century ago. The pictures of artists of kindred soul hang near, as may be seen by Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death," which represents, as our readers will remember, Our Saviour being wistfully watched by His kneeling mother as He stands His height in His father's workshop. This most important example of the artist's power has been presented to the Corporation of the city of Manchester by its owner, Mr. William Agnew, at a cost, we believe, of some ten thousand guineas. The same painter's "Professor Owen," "Strayed Sheep," and that extraordinary vision of the "Scape-Goat," are all here; so also are some of the most important landscapes of Alfred W. Hunt, a learned and poetic painter who has never received at the hands of the English public the warm recognition and praise he merits. Mitchell, Morgan, Yeames, Wynfield, Henry Woods, Storey, and Horsley are all on this same wall; while at the far end hang three fine cattle pieces with light aërial landscapes, by H. W. B. Davis, who has Lady Butler's "Connaught Rangers" and her "Return from the Balaclava Charge" for neighbours. Leader and Frank Topham are admirably represented on the same side; while the opposite wall can boast among its other attractions Orchardson's "The First Dance," and in another apartment there is quite a series of his best works.

Entering Room II., we find six portraits by Ouless *en bloc*—this phrase holds good of all the leading men—an important Sidney Cooper, five pictures by H. S. Marks, with a fine sea-piece by Moore close by. At one end of the room are half a dozen delightful Petties, but only two of Gregory's works. Frank Holl's magnificent portraits are all together. Goodall has three excellent examples in this room, and John Brett two; while in the way of sculpture we have Calder Marshall's "Sabrina being Thrown into the Severn."

In Room III., Burne Jones has no less than a dozen of his pictures all together, in the close neighbourhood of such congenial spirits as Stanhope and Walter Crane. Calderon has three of his best pictures here, including "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," and G. F. Watts is also worthily represented by his "Love and Death," and two or three others of the delightfully mystic kind; beneath these are ranged a dozen portraits of living notables, forming a sort of dado to the rest of the wall. Painter and poet alternately form this magnificent row, and as some of our readers may wish to know the names of those whom a man like Watts delights to honour, we may as well give them. They are, beginning on the left hand, Morris of the "Earthly Paradise," Millais, Matthew Arnold, Leighton, Tennyson, Watts himself, Lord Lytton, Burne Jones, Swinburne, and Calderon. Besides these, Mr. Watts has Sir Wiliam Bowman, and Motley of the "Dutch Republic." Horsley's "Rent Day at Haddon Hall" and his "Banker's Private Room" are both here,

and near them five examples of Val Prinsep and Luke Fildes, with five or six splendid Hooks all of a row. The picture sent by Luke Fildes is that gloriously exhilarating canvas on which is depicted the "Village Wedding," wherein we behold that gallant red-coated Guardsman with a smirking damsel on each arm. Pictures by Frank Dicksee, George Leslie, and Oakes, that seldom seen though highly accomplished landscapist, are also in this room, which has the further advantage of possessing Onslow Ford's finely sculptured figure in the act of singing a funeral dirge.

In Room IV. stands Sir Frederick Leighton's famous bronze group of "The Python Slayer." On the walls we find among Frith's contributions several of the famous pictures of other days, which, we are not ashamed to say, still delight us—"Coming of Age in the Olden Time," "Merry-making," "Hogarth a Prisoner at Calais," "The Derby Day," in another room, and "Ramsgate Sands." Croft's "Evening of Waterloo" is here, also Woodville's "Saving the Guns at Maiwand;" and we hail about half a score of Rivieres all in a group—"Daniel in the Lion's Den," "Circe and the Companions of Ulysses," "Ulysses and Argus," "His Only Friend," "The King and his Satellites," &c. Then come some eight masterpieces of Orchardson's and some half a score of Faed's, among the latter of which is "Worn Out." There are also *en bloc* a dozen examples of Alma-Tadema, among which is his famous "Festival of the Vintage." There is only one solitary example of Herbert, so far as we can remember, and that is a study of Cordelia which figures in the large fresco in the House of Lords. Two Peruginis and two Boughtons hang in the neighbourhood, while sculpture is worthily represented by Hamo Thornycroft's "Teucer," undoubtedly the finest figure in the whole exhibition.

In Room V. one side is filled with the masterpieces of Sir Frederick Leighton, with "Alcestis" in the middle. His great mural work called "Daphnephoria," with its twenty feet of length, is appropriately placed in the Salon Carré, and flanked by two of the masterpieces of Millais. Keeley Halswelle, Vicat Cole, Peter Graham, Erskine Nicol, Sant, and Burgess, and Herkomer represented by his "Last Muster," will all be found in this room, and as the visitor walks round he will meet with a perfect burst of Millais. Here is his "Somnambulist," standing most appropriately between the picture of the sweet little girl called "Asleep" and the other equally sweet little thing called "Awake." The group of fourteen also includes his "Bride of Lammermoor," his "Boyhood of Raleigh," the old sea dog asserting that "England ought to do it" (the North-West Passage), his "Fringe of the Moor," "Vale of Rest," "Greenwich Pensioners," and his magnificent portraits of Sir Henry Thompson, Sir James Paget, &c.

Besides the "Daphnephoria," the Hall of Honour, if we may so say, is graced by large pictures by Long—"Gods and their Makers," for instance, and his "Babylonian Marriage Market" and "Diana or Christ?" Poynter's "Visit to Æsculapius" is in this room, and so also are his four great mural works, including "Atalanta's Race" and the "Dragon of Wantley." One of Landseer's finest red deer pictures hangs here. Sir James Linton, President of the Institute, who, with Mr. Fripp, has hung with marked success the water-colour room, has several of his large oil subjects in the great room, including his "Victorious," the "Banquet," and "Benediction."

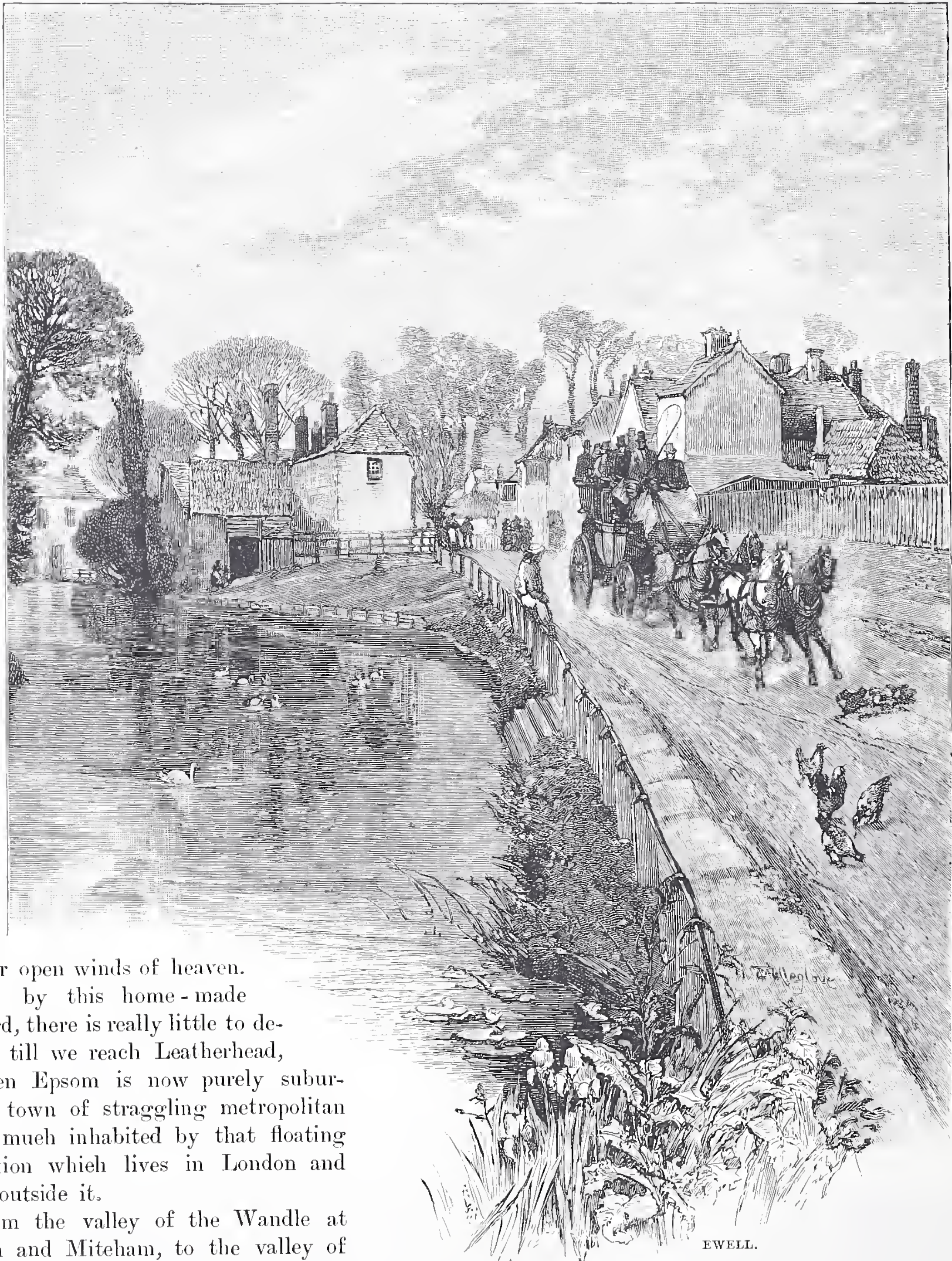
Much as we should like to, we must not go farther, for our space is already exhausted. The division devoted to the works of deceased masters is no less interesting than that already traversed, and Maclise, and "Phillip of Spain," and Turner, Müller, and a host of others will reveal their glories to all visitors to whom heaven has granted the gift of intelligent and perfect vision.

John Forbes-Robertson.

TO DORKING BY COACH.

LONDON may be said to stop short at Dorking. Beyond that point begins the Surrey Weald, which is still country, pure and simple, unabsorbed as yet by the spider-like claws of that devouring national cancer, which Cobbett loved to call "the Wen." A drive by coach from Piccadilly to the White Horse Inn in Dorking High Street thus leads one through the entire panorama of southern suburbs, which begin to be beautiful and to suggest the country only after the road has passed Epsom. Nobody can pretend to wax enthusiastic, indeed, over the rural charms of Clapham, Brixton, Streatham, and Merton. Even Morden Park itself, an oasis in the desert, is but London greenery, and Ewell rejoices in that outer and visible sign of the metropolitan postal district, the flaring public-house. I always consider that London shows signs of failing in any given direction with the last gin-palace; the

country begins where the first genuine old-fashioned inn hangs out its swinging sign-board honestly to the four open winds of heaven. Judged by this home-made standard, there is really little to detain us till we reach Leatherhead, for even Epsom is now purely suburban, a town of straggling metropolitan villas, much inhabited by that floating population which lives in London and sleeps outside it.



EWELL.

From the valley of the Wandle at Merton and Mitcham, to the valley of the mousling Mole at Leatherhead, the long, straight road crosses sundry ups and downs of minor hills and river basins, all with streams flowing down the soft tertiary slope towards the Thames above London. The country side rises gradually all the way to the North Downs, whose open expanse begins to unfold itself in broad stretches about Ewell and Epsom. The road, indeed, running by necessity from village to village, follows almost exactly the junction of the two strata, with all the regularity of a geological map. For there are few or no towns or villages on the waterless chalk; but just at the point where it joins the tertiaries, town after town was early placed by the first settlers of primeval Surrey, because there they could have, on

CHANGING HORSES AT ASHTEAD.

the one hand, the advantage of water-supply, and on the other hand the great grazing ground of the chalk at their very door. Croydon, Carshalton, Sutton, Cheam, Ewell, Epsom, Ashtead, and Leatherhead, all thus follow one another in a single long line upon the very junction of the two formations; and a similar line of less suburban villages continues the succession in due course by the slope of the Downs across to Guildford. The Dorking road itself, being, of course, predetermined in its route by the lie of the villages, strikes this curious line of continuous population at the town of Ewell and continues along it, with chalk on the left and tertiaries on the right, the whole way as far as Leatherhead.

Geology and earth-sculpture have always far more to do, indeed, with the scenery of a district than most of its inhabitants are apt to imagine. The beauty of this delightful drive from London to Dorking, for example, confessedly the prettiest bit of road within anything like the same distance of Charing Cross—our modern London Stone—depends entirely upon the structure of the chalk Downs, and the mode in which the deep-set gorge of the Mole has been cut right through them by that burrowing river. From the London basin, the whole surface of south-eastern England, now carved into undulating hill and dale, was once uplifted into a huge dome or elongated boss by an elevating energy which exerted itself along a line still marked by the Forest Range of Surrey and Sussex. From that great central axis, at present worn away to the lesser heights of St. Leonard's Forest, Ashdown Forest, Crowborough Beacon, and the hills that abut upon the sea at Hastings, the country formerly fell away gently on either side in a swelling curve to the Thames Valley northward, and the bed of the English Channel on the south. Of this vast and rounded boss, the two ends alone now remain, in the North Downs and the South Downs: the whole of the central and highest portion has long since been denuded away by atmospheric agencies, leaving nothing to represent it at last but the Weald Valley, with the Forest Ridge as the final relic of the original axis of elevation. Under such circumstances, one might perhaps have expected that the Weald itself, that vast natural hollow upon which one looks down from the neighbourhood of the Devil's Dyke at Brighton, from Boxhill near Dorking, or from the wind-swept height of St. Martha's at Guildford, would be drained by a single great river of its own, or at any rate by two distinct streams, flowing down the lowest axis of the valley parallel with the Downs, and emptying themselves into the sea at Pevensey and Romney respectively. That would, no doubt, be really the case if the rivers had had to make themselves beds in the Weald Valley as we actually find it. But instead of that, what do we now see? Northward and southward, the Weald basin empties itself into the Thames and the Channel by transverse rivers, which with extraordinary perversity seem to cut their way headlong through the barrier of the chalk Downs, much as the Devil himself proposed to do in the case of the Dyke to which he still stands sponsor on the Brighton uplands. The Wey at Guildford thus bursts right through the rearing wall of the Hog's Back and the Merrow Downs to join the main stream of the Thames between Weybridge and Chertsey. The Mole at Dorking similarly flows, in apparent disregard of all natural laws, clean athwart the continuous line of chalk Downs which stretch across the country at Boxhill and Denbies. The Medway does the same about Maidstone and Rochester; and the Stour likewise bisects the same long ridge in the district between Wye, Chilham, and Canterbury. On the south the Adur is equally irrational at Bramber and Shoreham: as are the Arun at Arundel, the Ouse at Lewes, and the Cuckmere river in its bold passage through the outlying bulwarks of Beachy Head.

Why this curious and determined attempt on the part of the rivers, best exemplified by the Mole between Leatherhead and Dorking, thus to cut their way out against all seeming probability through the very highest range of hills in their own neighbourhood? It is because the rivers and the river-beds are themselves a relic of the older state of things, when the whole country rose gradually in a sweeping slope toward the county border of Surrey and Sussex. When the Mole first began to excavate that deep gorge through which it hurries between Box Hill and Denbies, it still flowed at the level of the hill-tops, and ran down the steep slope from the summit to Leatherhead in a series of cataracts. Gradually, however, the water wore itself a channel through the soft rock, while at the same time a long process of aërial denudation carried away the upheaved and friable material from the centre of the boss to form the sediment of the early Thames. At last the chalk was entirely removed, atom after atom, by the slow dissolving power of water, from the central mass, and only the two ends or bases, the North Downs and the South Downs, were left to bear witness to its former existence. The steep escarpments towards the Weald, seen well at Box Hill or Reigate on the northern side, and at the Devil's Dyke and Chanctonbury Ring on the southern half, still mark the point up to which the face of the chalk has been cut away. And the process even now continues in action; year by year the front of the escarpment recedes imperceptibly, and the rain-water slowly cuts back the Downs, an inch in a lifetime, in the direction of London

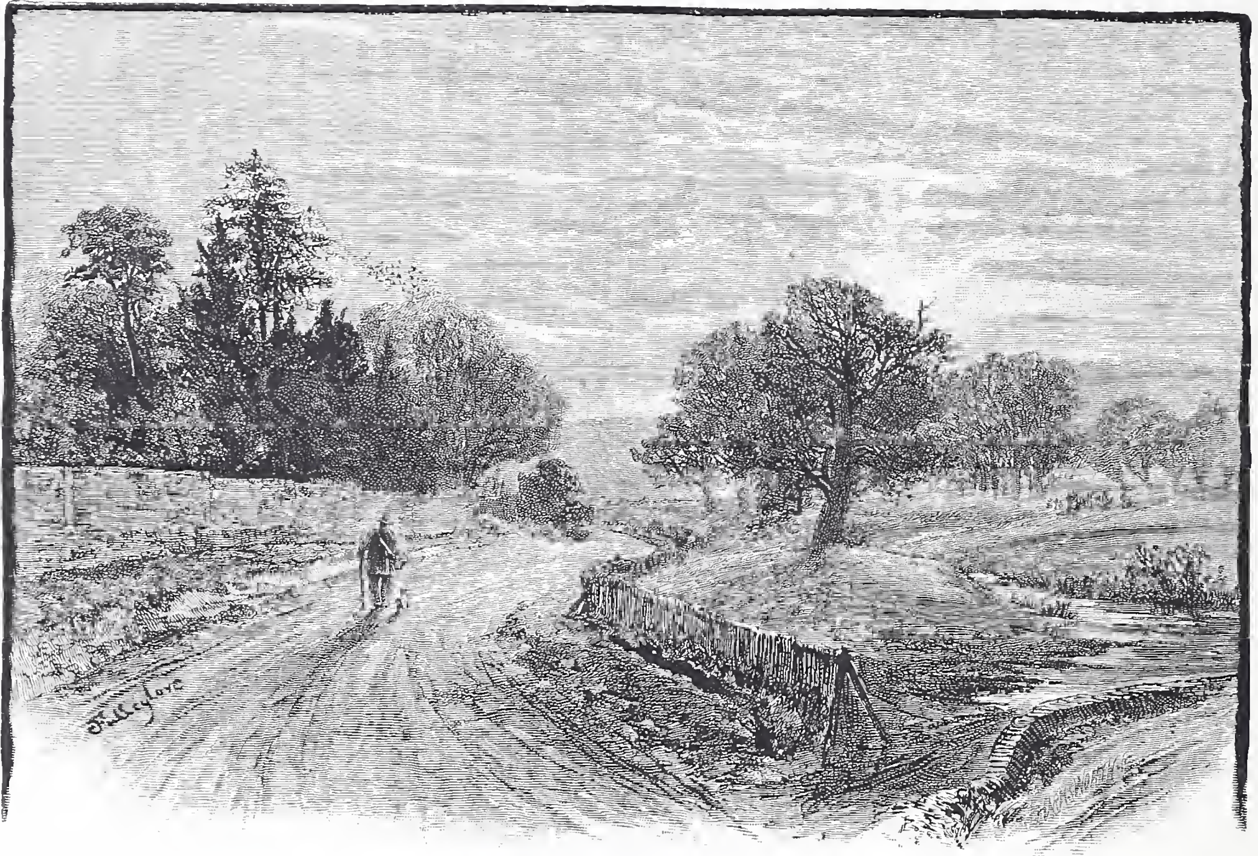
or of the English Channel. At last—in a few hundred thousand years or so—the barriers of chalk will disappear entirely, and an open plain will then stretch from the Weald (if there be any Weald at all left) to the present level of the Thames Valley.

Up the gorge thus cut in the steep ridge of the chalk by the burrowing river, the road from London to Dorking leads us through a beautiful ravine, overhung on either side by tall banks, in places precipitous, and thickly clad in part by yew and boxwood. The Vale of Mickleham they call this delicious little bit of English country, from the quaint small village with its dear old-world square church-tower, dedicated to St. Michael, which nestles in the dell about half-way between Leatherhead and Dorking. Michael-ham soon drops into Mickleham, which once more in turn gets easily corrupted as a surname into Micklem. John Stuart Mill calls the valley "a spot unrivalled in the world for the exquisiteness, combined with accessibility, of its scenery;" but that, of course, is the grotesque exaggeration of an austere philosopher. It is curious, too, to note that Mill, too often erroneously regarded as a mere vulgar, hard-headed utilitarian, was strenuously opposed to the running of a railway through this delightful valley, on the ground that it would surely destroy the chief beauty of a typical piece of English scenery. As usual, too, the alarm of the pessimists was quite unnecessary. The railway has come, and even Mr. Ruskin himself could hardly pretend that it is the slightest disfigurement to the charms of the valley. The line but rarely obtrudes its long curves upon the spectator's notice, and the great white clouds of fleecy steam, snorted from the palpitating nostrils of the locomotive, add positive grace and evidence of life to the scene as viewed from Box Hill or Norbury.

All around is familiar ground to English art and English literature. On the right, as we leave Leatherhead, the Mole accompanies us (inversely) on our road; while above rise the wooded slopes of Norbury Park, with their antique giant yews, the Druid's Grove, commemorated in George Meredith's mystical poem, "The Woods of Westermain." The gleaming white house on the hill-top above is Norbury itself, a landmark for the tourist for many miles around among these downs and valleys. The opposite heights bear the general name of the Mickleham Downs, a famous hunting-ground of London botanists and entomologists. A footpath, lovelier than the road itself, leaves the highway at the entrance of Norbury Park, and after passing through the whole of those "enchanted woods," emerges by a bridge across the Mole at the opposite side. At Mickleham itself the rearing wall of chalk begins to mount towards its southerly escarpment, and the river, flowing close to its foot in a meandering course, has cut away the opposite banks alternately into steep slides, overgrown

LEATHERHEAD.

with yews and other sombre evergreens. Presently, at a turn of the road, we come upon the glorious cedars-of-Lebanon of Juniper Hall, a famous historical house, inhabited during the French Revolution by a party of *émigrés,* among whom were reckoned Madame de Stael and Talleyrand. Here, too, it was that Fanny Burney first made the acquaintance of her future husband, General D'Arblay. Her cottage, Camilla Lacey, built with the proceeds of the novel whose name it enshrines, lies a little higher up among the hills to the right, on the extreme outskirts of the grounds of Norbury.



NORBURY PARK AND THE RIVER MOLE.

At Burford Bridge, by an ugly new brick structure, we cross the Mole—"the sullen Mole that runneth underground"—and though the title of the river has probably nothing at all to do with the action of burrowing, it is still a fact, no doubt by pure coincidence, that near this point, in Fridley Meadows, the stream does actually disappear in dry seasons down a series of swallow-holes, excavated in the friable chalk by the running water, as often happens with all rivers that run over a calcareous bed in chalk country. I am bound to admit, however, that I make the remark at second hand, for I have never seen the Mole run dry myself, nor anything like it. The Burford Bridge Hotel, close by the crossing, is a famous old-fashioned country inn, close to the very slope of Box Hill. Keats wrote "Endymion" in its parlour, they say; and behind it a very beautiful path runs up to the keeper's house on the top, whence the view suddenly opens out over the escarpment and the broad expanse of the Weald below. Just beneath Box Hill itself the road becomes particularly beautiful and impressive. The steep slide on the left is covered with box-trees; in front rise the delightful woods of Deepdene, and the three sandstone hills upon whose sides and feet the town of Dorking itself is built. We rattle up the one long High Street of that dear old-fashioned country town, and in a few minutes reach the White Horse, one of the few antique coaching-houses still left intact in England, with a wide archway from under whose shade the coach emerged in the days when Samuel Weller the elder guided its course from the "Markis o' Granby." The Wellers are not even now extinct, and more than one of the clan still holds out in Dorking town to prove the truth of Dickens's local colouring. But I have never met with Sam himself, whose kind is now doubtless to be numbered with the mastodon and the dodo.

GRANT ALLEN.

Magazine of Art. Domingo pinx

HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

EVICTED.

(Painted by Blandford Fletcher. Royal Academy, 1887.)

CURRENT ART.—II.

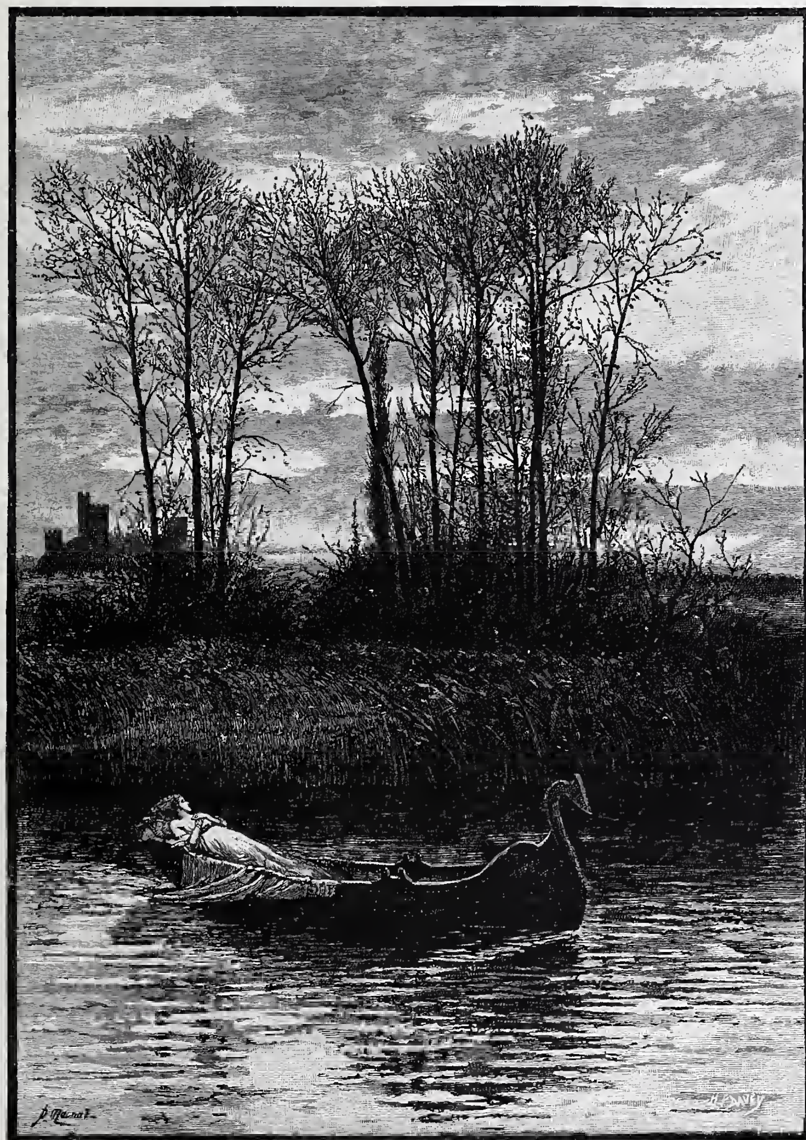
THE old lines of separation between the painter of the figure and the painter of landscape are no longer so rigidly defined as they once were. "Landscape with figures," among the Dutch and English masters, is a title-phrase of well-recognised signification. It either implied a partnership in which the figure-painter played an unimportant part, or a treatment of the figures by the landscape artist himself which was merely accessory to the pictorial scheme or a subservient factor in the composition. Now, however, we have a class of figure-painters, originally stimulated by French example, whose choice of open-air subjects directly studied from nature brings their work within the scope of true landscape. In such work the figures are a great deal more than complementary to the landscape, and the landscape, it should be added, is no merely conventional setting. Both are interfused by indissoluble principles of harmony, for in his treatment alike of figure and of landscape the painter's aim is to give an impression of actuality. This impression is attained by the realistic presentment of the figure in its true relations to the conditions of light and atmosphere of the visual scene, a method that necessarily involves the rejection of all superfluities of detail and local tinting, and abhors the over-busy toil that perpetuates a multitude of petty facts, present indeed, but immaterial to the problem, and therefore virtually non-existent. Mr. Stanhope Forbes is one of the most able exponents of the artistic problems suggested by the study of the figures in an open-air environment. This year his single contribution to the Academy, reproduced in our full-page engraving, is fully equal in technical accomplishment to his work of the last two years, and decidedly superior in artistic qualities. "Their Ever-Shifting Home" represents a scene that almost everyone has witnessed, and in conditions that are equally familiar. The procession of vagrants, headed by the pathetic figure of the woman and child, the weather-stained cottages on the steep hill-side, the grey, silvery atmosphere, and the diffused, beamless light of a late autumn evening, with the vaporous distance faintly suffused with the misty sunset—these are the pictorial circumstances which Mr. Stanhope Forbes

has unified in an impression of admirable force and veracity. The test of an appeal so simple and direct, so full of truth and sobriety, should remain in the common experience of all, if only seeing and observation were faculties less generally divorced than they are. As a matter of fact, it is not work conceived in this artistic spirit and constructed on these sound principles that receives wide and easy acceptation, but rather the picture that abounds in a spurious and photographic realism, with its non-natural record of local colour, accents, and detail. In "Their Ever-Shifting Home" the painter's broad and expressive style of handling and remarkable sensitiveness of perception are most happily combined.

Somewhat akin to Mr. Forbes's method is that of Mr. Frank Bramley, whose "Eyes and No Eyes" is a vivacious and broadly treated painting of character, though by no means comparable with the work of Mr. Forbes in colour, or as an achievement in tone. The laughing girls and the old sailor, trying his hand and eyes at threading a needle, are painted with great force and humour, and their presentment in the sunny air is extremely spirited and natural. The Venice which Mr. Van Haanen discovered, and which has been so prolific a source of open-air *genre*, is but slightly represented this year. The only example by Mr. Wood is a sound though not remarkable piece of work, entitled "Under the Vine." Mr. Eugène de Blaas sends a "Venetian Fruit-seller," after the well-known type as to model and execution; while Mr. Paoletti's study of a street scene, "The Antique Seller," with a larger measure of vitality in the figures, shows equal deftness in the arrangement of studio properties, and equal dexterity of handling. Mr. Logsdail has abandoned Venice, only to transfer something of its gaiety and life to the streets of London, which assume a transfigured aspect in his "St. Paul's and Ludgate Hill" and "The Bank." The distressed citizen may well turn regretfully from the last-named of these exuberant transcripts to the sober actuality of a De Nittis, or a water-colour by M. Jules Lessore. Among pictures that represent incident with more or less frankness of illustration, Mr. Blandford Fletcher's "Evicted," which we engrave (p. 289), is one of the most successful as regards lucidity and concentration, without which qualities of expression such paintings are as unimaginative and tiresome as the recital of a diffuse story-teller. In theme Mr. Fletcher's picture is closely related to Mr. Walter Langley's fine and pathetic drawing, "Betrayed," at the Institute, though there is little accord in treatment between the painting and the water-colour. The incident in "Evicted" is instantly apprehended, is indeed depicted with strength and conciseness, while the element of pathos—which commonly ensnares the painter of scenes that appeal to the popular weakness for obtrusive violence—is suggested with delicate restraint. When what may be called the painter's didactic aim is so completely realised as in "Evicted," a want of atmospheric quality in the painting, felt in the hard contours of certain of the figures, may seem a small blemish. The various groups of villagers and children are effectively disposed, and the dramatic relation between the evicted woman and girl and the bailiff and the neighbours who watch their retreat from the cottage door, is skilfully preserved. Renewed visits to the Academy and the Grosvenor supply no grounds for revising the first and favourable impressions of the landscapes of the year, which, though less notable on the whole, are by no means obscured by the unwonted excellence of the portraiture. In both exhibitions there is not a little work that may justly be regarded as full of refreshment for the toiler among our ever-multiplying galleries. Landscape-painters may be resolved, by a natural process of selection, into definite classes, but this year men of the most diverse views and most opposed methods have contrived to put forth their strength and prove the eclecticism of critics. At the Academy we find Mr. Hook showing one of the most masterly and most original landscapes of the year, in addition to sea-pieces that rank among his best works as a colourist; while another old hand, Mr. J. W. Oakes, surpasses the promise of years gone by in his extremely taking and novel adventure in Alpine landscape, "Hailstorm at the Devil's Bridge." Mr. Leader, Mr. Brett, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, and Mr. Graham offend against no traditions, but Mr. Alfred Hunt and Mr. Albert Goodwin—to name but two prominent painters—have escaped the bondage of mannerisms which have hitherto formed portion of their title to individuality. Mr. Goodwin's "Shipwreck—Sindbad the Sailor" is somewhat timidly realised as to form and colour in the foreground, though the stormy sea, and the wild sunset with its fantastic pageantry of cloud, are full of force and movement. There is, however, more dignity and more strength in the same painter's "Assisi—Sleeping in the Moonlight," which, for all its delicacy of handling, is broad in effect and has true aërial quality. Mr. Alfred Hunt's landscape, "On the Dangerous Edge," has the beauty of colour and the intangible charm, not always aptly called poetic, that are not infrequent in his paintings and drawings. In the present instance these qualities are combined with unusual technical force and a simple and unaffected breadth of treatment. Mr. Alfred East's larger Academy picture, "The Land between the Lochs," is in most respects the best landscape in the exhibition, and, if not finer in colour, is larger in style and more dignified in presentment than

the painter's "Autumn Afterglow" in the seventh room.

At the Grosvenor Mr. East shows but one work, "A Misty Moonrise," an agreeable version of a favourite theme, though decidedly trite and flimsy compared with the stronger examples at the Academy. Mr. David Murray's delicate and harmonious sketch, "An April Day," possesses all the artistic qualities absent from his crude and discordant picture, "A Little Farm, Well Tilled." Mr. Henry Moore's "Morning—Goree Bay," is only less strong than his best picture at the Academy, "Clearness after Rain;" Mr. Napier Hemy surpasses his best work of late years in his "Spearing Fish;" and Mr. Hamilton Macallum, in "Crossing the Bar," shown in our fourth engraving, and in "The Draught of Fishes," is as attractive as ever in his sunshiny and atmospheric seas and his capital and extremely facile treatment of the figure. Mr. Mark Fisher must be reckoned with those who have escaped the bondage of self-forged traditions, and signalises his liberation in "Evening—November," a landscape of delightful sincerity, with subtleties of tone and a suave beauty of colour that place the picture among the best of the year. Mr. W. J. Hennessy, not having the respect for studio conventionality which binds many an artist, is always intent on giving his individual impressions derived direct from nature; and individual in a very notable fashion is "A Summer Evening," an engraving of which forms our fifth illustration. Many have attempted to use in colour the transfiguration of the landscape by the moonrise and the incommunicable sentiment it arouses in the observer, and have failed by a too prying investigation of the source of the charm. The magical hour, the hour when "the moon is up and yet it is not night," has before now inspired Mr. Hennessy in work that betrays the closest affinity with the pure, luminous tone and refinement of colour which distinguish "A Summer Evening." The high moon, like the high sun, though not to the same extent, is associated with "the dry discolouring hours," and Mr. Hennessy, with natural poetic instinct, and also with painter-like feeling, avoids the less attractive problem which has resulted in many glittering unatmospheric night-pieces with their hard metallic moons. In Mr. Hennessy's picture the moon hangs in the vaporous, sheeny air as in measureless space, and the impression of mystery and infinity is finely presented in the landscape, in the subtle gradations of the glimmering, dusky foliage, and in the aërial depth and vibrating quality of the shadows in the foreground. Altogether, Mr. Hennessy's work demands the quiet communing of those to whom its rare artistic qualities appeal. It will charm the lover of nature, unsophisticated by the dogmas of æsthetic professors, quite as much as it will delight artists themselves.



THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

(Painted by Peter Macnab. Society of British Artists, 1887.)

Passing to the work of Mr. Burne Jones, there can be no manner of doubt that this artist's powers in colour and in design are most admirably manifested in "A Portrait." The ingenuous landscape in the primæval Arcadia, which forms a background rather than an atmospheric or terrestrial scene in "The Garden of of the landscape doubtless intensifies the piquancy of the wild-eyed melodist and the guileless rapture of the absorbed pair of lovers. In "The Baleful Head" the painter's treatment is still more arbitrary, and the literary appeal more complex. More exquisite painting in certain details could not be desired

"ME WON'T SIT."

(Painted by F. G. Cotman, R.I. Royal Institute, 1887.)

Pan," is a strange and lifeless presentment of gnarled trees and undulations, sombre by reason of the saddest green and brown. The picture is based on a convention that can appeal to few. The dead, airless, birdless garden is vivified, indeed, by the charming figure of Pan piping to two of the pastoral people of the poetic Golden Age, while the hushed solemnity than the painter gives in this singular representation of Perseus revealing the mirrored head of Medusa to Andromeda, but the picture does not arouse the facile apprehension of the subject afforded by "The Garden of Pan." It invites examination and stimulates curiosity by its marvellous detail, but wonder is almost the only emotion stirred, and this is hardly a

desirable, still less a victorious, result in the work of so accomplished and thoughtful an artist.

mingling of sullenness and conscious whim that lights the face. As the work of a landscape-painter this

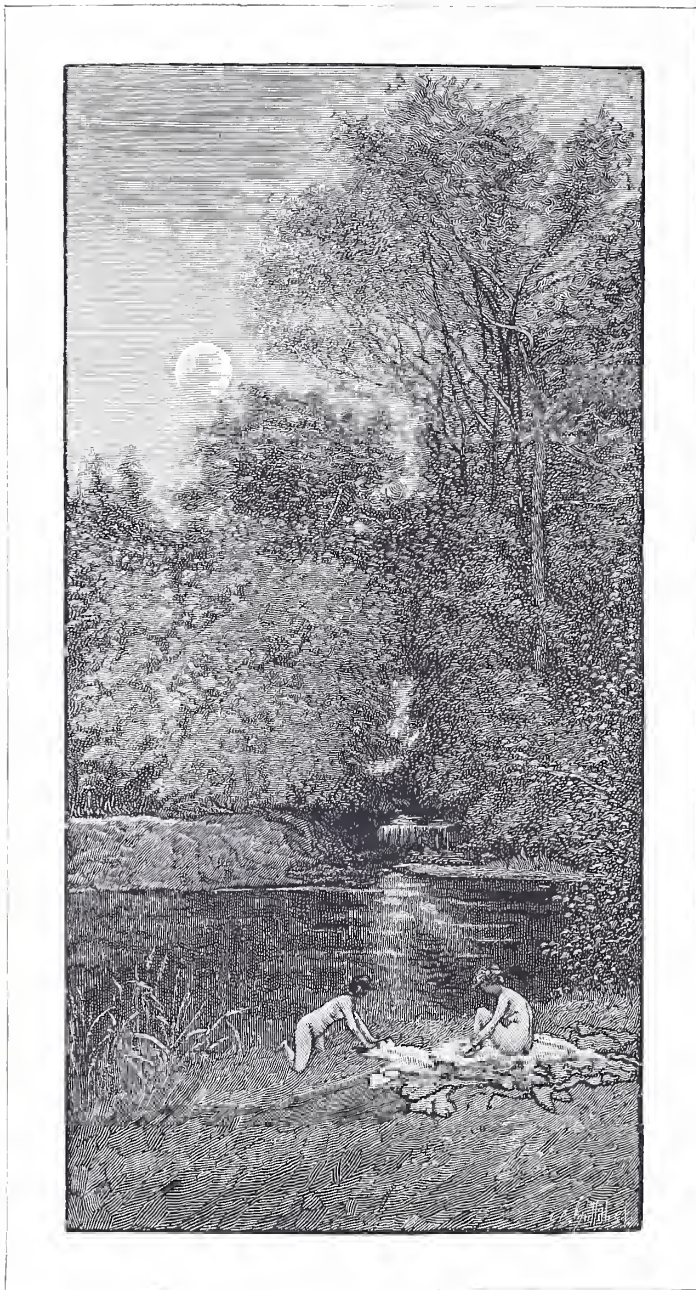
CROSSING THE BAR.

(*Painted by Hamilton Macallum, R.I. Grosvenor Gallery, 1887. By Permission of Messrs. Agnew.*)

Our second engraving is after Mr. Peter Macnab's Tennysonian illustration at Suffolk Street, which depicts the Lady of Shalott, stricken by the mysterious curse, voyaging in an archaic barge down the river to Camelot, whose towers loom in the distance of the forlorn winter landscape. The sky is barred with low-toned clouds of warm purple, with interspaces of greenish sunset-light, the effect of which, combined with the flat landscape, is decidedly accordant with the poetic tragedy. The sky and water reflections are skilfully treated, but the further bank, with its gathering mist, is flimsy in handling—a fact that is not observed in black and white. But why the artist depicts the unhappy lady pillowed high in the stern in unutterable discomfort passes all conjecture. Mr. F. G. Cotman's delightful picture of petulant childhood, "Me Won't Sit," which we reproduce from the water-colour at the Institute, will recall to many the original in oils which was in last year's Academy. The force of expression in this charming drawing involves every circumstance in the child's dress, in the shoeless foot, the wayward limbs, the shrinking head, with the humorous clever study of the figure, with its admirable accessories, is a very convincing proof of versatility.

Returning to the Grosvenor, we find a certain number of paintings that cry aloud for notice, not by reason of their extraordinary merit, but because of their mere size or conspicuous position. Mr. C. W. Mitchell's "From Death unto Life" deals with a subject that demands the highest powers in the artist to invest it with the dramatic significance which alone might render its treatment tolerable. Mr. Mitchell's large canvas is neither frankly realistic and modern, nor is it an attempt to follow in simple, unquestioning faith the old Italian masters of religious art. The result is without interest or elevation, cold and repellent in colour as in its lack of proud inspiration. Mr. Hallé's "Buondelmonte and the Donati" is somewhat more life-like than his two "Souvenirs" of Italy, and is decidedly stronger in pictorial effect than anything the painter has yet exhibited. At the same time it suggests nothing of the Florence of Machiavelli. Excepting the works of Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Solomon, and one or two more, there is more timidity in literary

or historical illustration this year than for some time past. If only we could absorb its unpleasant colour, Mr. Pettie's scene from "Peveril of the Peak" (at the Academy) must be allowed to be a pretty and taking representation; Mr. Harrington Mann's "Scene from 'Rob Roy,'" which depicts the unhappy Morris grovelling at the feet of Helen Macgregor, shows a certain vigour of conception, and is handled in a robust, unconventional spirit. In Mr. Knox Ferguson's "Rashleigh and Osbaldiston" there is force, but it is not of the illustrative kind. Altogether it is clear that the literature of romance and history is yearly becoming a less potent source of inspiration with our painters, and what was once a most popular and distinctive form of British art seems on the point of extinction. To regret this is natural enough, for such work, to fulfil its functions, necessitates a pictorial scheme that exercises the higher artistic powers. Painting and picture-making should be intimately allied; but we have plenty of evidence in these days that the one art may be exercised without any knowledge of the other.



A SUMMER EVENING.

(Painted by W. J. Hennessy. Grosvenor Gallery, 1887.)

FARNLEY HALL.

S Mr. Ruskin sat meditatively by the fire on the eve of his last departure from Farnley Hall in December, 1884, the following words dropped slowly from his lips, and were entered the next morning by Mrs. Ayscough Fawkes, his hostess, beneath his name in the visitors' book: — "Farnley is a unique place. There is nothing like it in the world, a place where a great genius was loved and appreciated, who did all his best work for that place, and where it is treasured up like a monument in a shrine." No one who knows Farnley will wonder at this exalted estimate of the place, but to others it may be worth while to explain why it is that no one can be said to know Turner thoroughly until he knows Farnley. This knowledge of Farnley, however, awakens despair as well as enthusiasm among instructed persons, as may be seen by its effect upon Mr. T. C. Farrer, to whom the privilege of preparing the illustrations for this article was frankly and generously given by Mr. Fawkes. He writes:— "To have the run of these rooms is a liberal education for an artist if he succeeds in resisting the strong temptation that is sure to take possession of him, to throw his paints and brushes into the deepest part of the Wharfe and then follow them. I think it is worth more than years of Academy study." It is inexplicable that so careful a biographer as Mr. Hamerton should have written his "Life of Turner" without paying a single visit to the place.

Turner went to Yorkshire for the first time in 1797, and very shortly afterwards—the date is not precisely known—the foundation of a long, close friendship with Mr. Walter Fawkes, the holder of the Farnley estates at that time, must have been laid. Up to 1825, when Mr. Fawkes died, Turner was his almost constant guest. Old diaries and letters show that no family festival was considered complete without him. After the loss of his friend, Turner could never be induced to visit Farnley again, although he kept up an affectionate intercourse with the next generation. His whole relationship through half a century with the Fawkes family shows him as a far more human, lovable creature than he has hitherto been considered. Although the records of his doings are but scant, it is quite obvious that Turner at Farnley, sunning himself in the warmth of a generous friendship, was not the morose, slatternly, self-indulgent genius that Mr. Hamerton and Mr. Thornbury depict. The children of the house do not seem to have had much affection for him, it is true, and one of the daughters, still living, has an ineffaceable memory of her tears and distress at a satirical drawing, made by an elder brother, of Turner on his knees to her as a wooer. The situation appeared to her one of horror. The same lively brother made a vigorous caricature of the artist (p. 299), which evidently has the necessary spice of truth in it. In later years these same young people set a higher value upon their eccentric friend, and a continuous interchange of courtesies was carefully maintained after Mr. Walter Fawkes's death. The two letters subjoined were addressed to Mr. Hawksworth Fawkes, the eldest son of Mr. Walter Fawkes, just a year before Turner's death. Mental and physical decay are apparent in them, but the affectionate and confiding friendship which they breathe makes them worth quoting. "The pie" referred to in the first was the last of a long series of Yorkshire pies which went from Farnley every Christmas. The "catalogue" is supposed to be a list of Turner's own drawings at Farnley, which, unfortunately, no longer exists; and the allusion to Fairfax's sword, &c., is made in connection with a drawing which Turner made of those relics. There is, in truth, no greater proof of Turner's unselfish devotion to his friend than his innumerable drawings, not only of Farnley, externally and internally, but of the various treasures which Mr. Fawkes had amassed. Mr. Fawkes was an ardent admirer of Cromwell, and was the happy possessor of his hat, watch, and rapier, and also of the swords of Fairfax and Lambert. These still adorn the entrance hall. The letters are as follow:—

"Dec. 27, 1850.

"Dear Hawksworth,—Many thanks for the pie, it is excellent. It did only arrive in time to drink the health of all friends at Farnley, and wishing the compliments of the season, and to Lady Barnes and family—Farnley like former times. Old Time has made sad work with me since I saw you in town. I always dread it with horror now. I feel it acutely now, whatever—gout or nervousness—it has fallen into my pedestals, and bid adieu to the marrow-bone stage. Your catalogue is capital, but I could wish to see the total number even in writing even at the end. Fairfax's sword, Black-jug, and the warrant I do not find. Perhaps you are right, upon second thoughts. Mr. Vernon's collection, which he gave to the National Gallery, are now removed to Marlborough House, and the English masters likewise. The Crystal Palace is proceeding slowly, I think, considering the time, but I suppose the glass-work is partially in store for the vast conservatory. All looks confusion worse confounded. The Commissioners are now busy in minor details of stowage, and hutting all sent before the glass conservatory is ready—to be in bond under

Farnley Hall from the Gardens

Farnley Hall & River Wharfe from the Chevin.

the duty to be layd on if sold. Have the goodness to accept my thankful remembrance, and all at Farnley,

"And believe me, most truly yours,

"F. H. Fawkes, Esq., "J. M. W. Turner.

"Farnley Hall."

"Dear Hawksworth,—Many thanks for the brace of long-tails, and brace of hares. In regard to the drawings, you say 19. I do not recollect how they were seen, but you must be the best judge in what way you wish them to be rendered convenient to yourself, for you seem to wish to bring them to town. The birds, I think, were pasted or fixed in Major Fawkes's Book of Ornithology, rather of a large size to illustrate his wishes. A cuckoo was my first achievement in killing on Farnley Moor, in earnest request of Major Fawkes to be painted for the book. The Crystal Palace has assumed its wonted shape and size. It is situated close to the Barracks at Knightsbridge, between the two roads to Kensington, and not far from the Serpentine. It looks very well in front because [of] the transept taking a centre like a dome. But sideways, ribs of glass, frame-work only, towering over the galleries like a giant. Respects to all at Farnley.

"Believe me, dear Hawksworth, yours truly,

"January 31, 1851." "J. M. W. Turner.

The hand of death must have been laid on Turner with paralysing effect when he wrote thus, or ten years earlier, June 22, 1840, Mr. Ruskin could not have made this entry in his diary:—

"Introduced to-day to the man who beyond all doubt is the greatest of the age; greatest in every faculty of the imagination, in every branch of scenic knowledge; at once

the painter and poet of the day, J. M. W. Turner. Everybody had described him to me as coarse, boorish, unintellectual, vulgar. This I knew to be impossible. I found in him a somewhat eccentric, keen-mannered, matter-of-fact, English-minded gentleman: good-natured evidently, bad-tempered evidently, hating humbug of all sorts, shrewd, perhaps a little selfish, highly intellectual, the powers of the mind not brought out with any delight in their manifestation or intention of display, but flashing out occasionally in a word or a look."

Turner's abruptness of speech is still remembered at Farnley. A genuine love of art runs through the Fawkes family, and one of the daughters, anxious for his criticism, ventured one day timidly to lay before him a water-colour drawing of her own. His only comment was, "Put it in a jug of water." Her momentary chagrin was great, but on turning the advice over in her mind she became persuaded that in that one pregnant sentence Turner had revealed one of his secrets. He certainly worked in what may be called a "sloppy" manner. Only once did he relax his usual secretiveness, and let Mr. Fawkes see him at work. At breakfast one morning the conversation turned upon war-ships, and Mr. Fawkes, handing a small bit of paper to Turner, said, "Show me the size of a man-of-war on that." The idea tickled Turner. He took his host to his room, and in his presence, and before the end of the morning, produced the highly-finished, marvellous water-colour now hanging in the Saloon at Farnley, called "The 'First Rate' taking in Stores." The same ship is repeated three times at different angles and different distances, with every detail accurate and clear. It was a wonderful feat of memory and of speed, but the method of working was no less remarkable. The paper was soaked, blistered, daubed, rubbed, scratched with the thumb-nail (kept hideously long for the purpose), until at length beauty and order broke from chaos.

FARNLEY HALL, FROM THE LONG DRIVE.

In the May and June of 1819 Mr. Fawkes exhibited his Turner water-colours at his house in Grosvenor Place, and for this a special catalogue was made, which was partially illustrated by Turner himself. The following dedication is yet another proof of the strength of the bond which united the two friends, and is a testimony to the worth of each:—

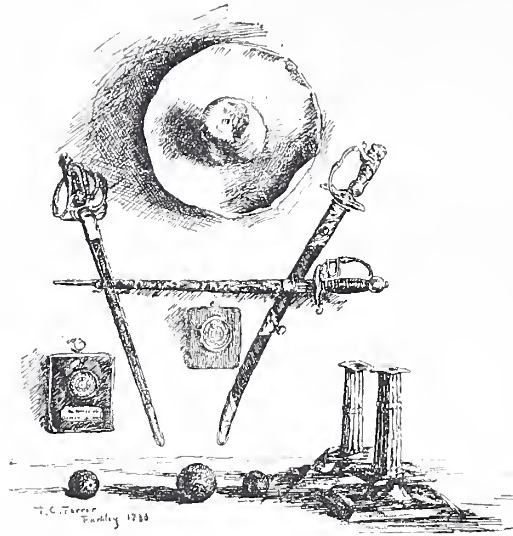
"*To J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., P.P.*

"My dear Sir,—The unbought and spontaneous expression of the public opinion respecting my collection of water-colour drawings decidedly points out to whom this little catalogue should be inscribed. To you, therefore, I dedicate it: first, as an act of duty, and secondly, as an Offering of Friendship: for be assured I never can look at it without intensely feeling the delight I have experienced during the greater part of my life from the exercise of your talent, and the pleasure of your society.

"That you may year after year reap an accession of fame and fortune is the anxious wish of

"Your sincere friend,

"London. June, 1819." "W. Fawkes.



RELICS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It should not be forgotten that this was written long before Mr. Ruskin had "discovered" Turner, or before any large section of the British public had done him homage. Beyond question Mr. Fawkes's unstinted, loving appreciation of his friend was one of Turner's strongest inspirations, and, on the other hand, Turner's choice of a friend is a proof of his insight into character, and of his sympathy with high-minded rectitude. One little incident recorded of Mr. Fawkes by Leeds historians reveals what manner of man he was. In 1795, during the terrible distress brought about by the high prices of food consequent on our foreign wars, he exercised the most rigorous economy in his own house, and distributed weekly twenty loads of wheat among the poor of his estate and neighbourhood. His example proved infectious, and stimulated the millers of the valley to grind the wheat without payment.

Much of Turner's best work was done for Farnley on direct commission. The Swiss water-colours, hanging in the Saloon, are an instance in point. Mr. Fawkes persuaded him to go to Switzerland, and suggested many of the points from which sketches were made. It was a happy thought, for these sketches are among the incontestable proofs of Turner's genius. The majesty of the great snow-ranges has baffled every brush but his. Who but Turner could paint the very heart of a snowstorm as it rages in the "Mont Cenis"? He was crossing the pass on January 15, 1820, during a storm, when an accident occurred to the diligence. By a sudden turn he saved his life, and instantly set to work to reproduce his impression of the wild, whirling scene. The result is a striking instance among many of his restraint in the use of colour and of the untrammelled use of his thumb-nail. Above this, in lovely contrast, hangs the radiant, golden "Lausanne," full of that fine gradation of tone which must have been produced by "putting it in a jug," or some analogous process. The magnificent "Thun," and "Bonneville," reproduced in the "Liber Studiorum," are close by, and near to these is the imposing "Falls of the Reichenbach," with its gleaming shafts of light. Chamouni, which daunts every other artist, fascinated Turner, and inspired some of his strongest work. Three of the many drawings he made of it hang at Farnley, the large one over the mantelpiece in the Saloon being dated 1804. The gaunt, bare trees, scarred by lightning, overlook a vast expanse which has been swept by the fury of the storm, and in the foreground, in strange and daring anachronism, a large snake lies coiled. "The Strid," in the same room, is interesting not only on account of its rare beauty, but for its topographical accuracy. Nature is more untouched here than usual. She was, in fact, attuned to Turner's mind. His landscapes, although they convey an essentially true impression, frequently show more characteristic features of the scene than can be seen from any one spot. Two drawings of "Dead Grouse," done with wonderful *verve* and power, were the outcome of his domestic life at Farnley. Turner, though an ardent sportsman, was a bad shot; but being firmly convinced one day that a bird had fallen to his gun, it was brought in the next morning for him to immortalise. A series of marvellous bird-drawings, done for the "Book of Ornithology" referred to in Turner's second letter quoted above, lie in seclusion at Farnley, and for brilliance and precision are equal to any of the master's work.

To speak of all the treasures in the Saloon would be to speak of each of the fifty-one water-colours hung in it sixty years ago under Turner's own supervision; but those who are fortunate enough to gain

admission should look without fail for "Naples," taken from St. Elmo at high noon under a cloudless sky, and with a miraculous haze shimmering over the sea; for "Venice from Fusina," a ghostly city enveloped in that mother-of-pearl atmosphere so easily generated in that fairy region; for the "Rialto," with its delicate sky; for the "Lancaster Sands," which was shown at Burlington House two years ago; and for "Mont Blanc from the Val d'Aosta," which ought to have been, but was not, chosen for the exhibition. The "Windermere," with its wonderful sky and fresh blues, is special proof of the excellent state of preservation of most of the pictures, emphatically attested by Mr. Ruskin in 1884. Thirty years had elapsed since his previous visit, but after careful scrutiny he decided that no change had passed upon them, and within the last few months Mr. Ayscough Fawkes has verified the accuracy of this judgment by discovering that, although in many cases the mounts had covered a considerable portion of some of the drawings, their removal has made no line of exposure visible. Several interesting dates and signatures have been in this way concealed.

The Saloon, which may be called the core of the house, also contains another remarkable series of drawings—the famous "Rhine" sketches—which are kept under lock and key, and are not within reach of ordinary visitors. In some year unknown, Turner made a flying visit to Rhineland. He was only absent from England three weeks, and on his return went straight to Farnley with fifty-one drawings rolled up with irreverent care and stuffed into the pocket of his overcoat. Mr. Fawkes bought them on the spot for some £500, and Turner was so delighted with his bargain that he volunteered to mount them. The next morning he made a raid upon the little town of Otley, and having furnished himself with materials, stuck each drawing upon cardboard with four wafers! Many of the series are done upon paper which he coloured to his mind by laying it in tinted solutions. This fell in with his habit of putting in the high lights by scratching.

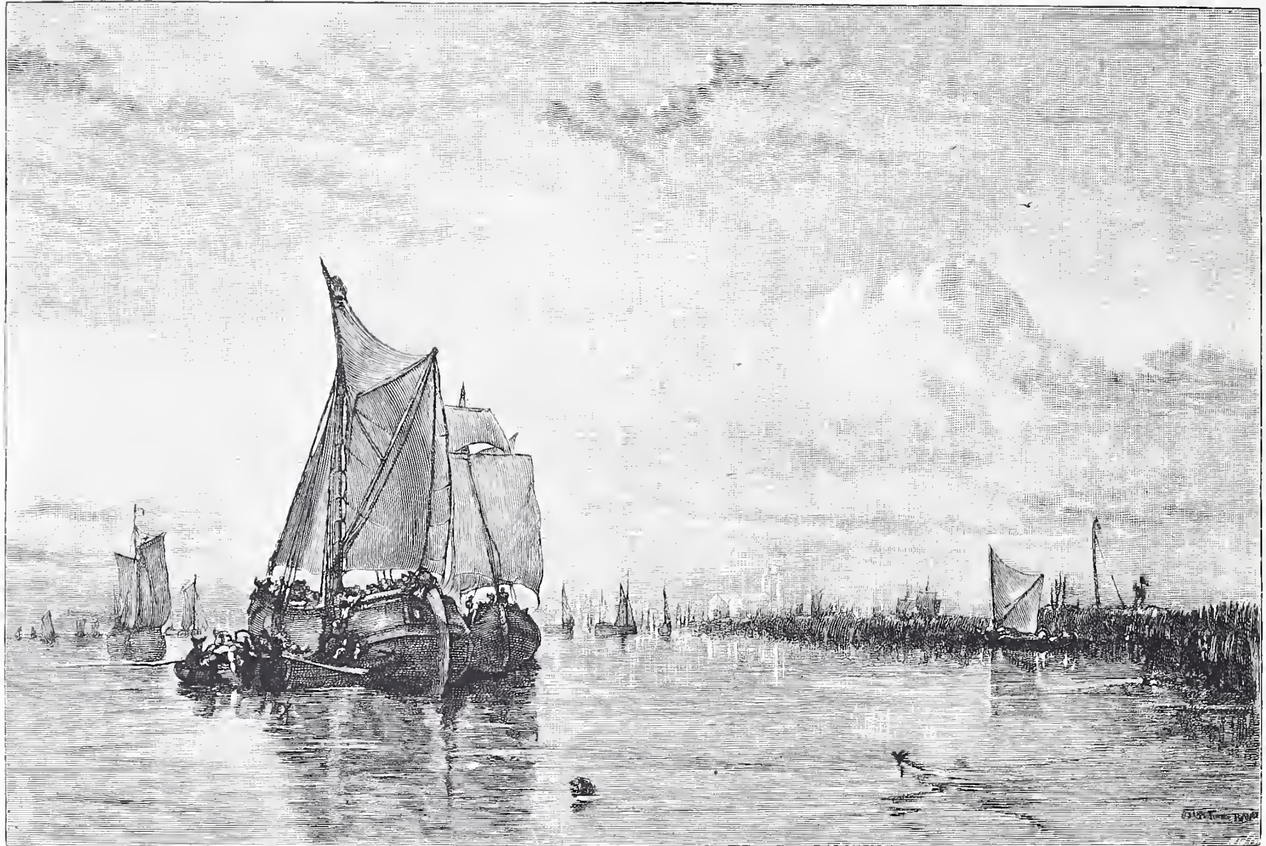
The drawing-rooms at Farnley are devoted to oil-colours. In the larger room hangs the "Pilot-Boat," lent to Burlington House two years ago, and which Mr. Ruskin, probably in a moment of enthusiasm, called Turner's greatest work. At any rate it is Turner's art at its ripest, and is full of the mighty swing of the sea in all its "power, majesty, and deathfulness," to use Mr. Ruskin's own phrase. Opposite hangs "Dort," a canvas of unusual size, with a large breadth of golden atmosphere, and a vast expanse of water of wondrous limpidity. Mr. Fawkes bought it two or three days before it went to the Royal Academy. These pictures keep stately company, for by their side are to be found a delicious "Lady Hamilton," by Romney, "Miss Horneck," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and, noblest of all, the superb Van Dyck, "The Duchess of Arenburg and Daughter," which occupied the place of honour when shown at Burlington House. It came from the Orleans gallery, and the pendant to it, which is said to be slightly inferior, is the property of Lord Leicester. A beautiful portrait, "Lord Treasurer Cottington," by Cornelius Janssen, is a fine example of another school, and in the inner drawing-room is a picture which takes an even wider range, the scarlet "Magdalen at the Foot of the Cross," by Velasquez.

Of the house which holds these treasures of art little need be said. It lies embosomed in woods overhanging the Wharfe about a mile and a half from Otley. Sheltered from the northern blasts, with the purple moors cresting the hill-side in which it nestles, and with the Wharfe running brown and clear over a pebbly bed at its feet, it commands a beautiful view of the longest stretch of lovely Wharfedale, which, from Arthington to Bolton Abbey, Burnsall, and Kettlewell, was well trodden and well loved by Turner. The older part of the house dates from 1581, but it has been so continuously altered by successive owners that the outlines of the original structure have been lost. The outer hall shows what may be remnants of an altar and a piscina, and its stone fireplace bears date 1657. The inner hall, with its stone-mullioned oriel window, is a picturesque room, used frequently for meals, and adorned with a chimney-piece and over-mantel of oak, made from the bedstead in which James I. is said to have slept at Hawksworth Hall,

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., P.P.

(Caricature Sketch from Life made by Hawksworth Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley.)

in the next valley. Three of Snyders' pieces of gory ferocity are sunk in the oak-panelling in obedience to the conventional demands of the early part of the century. The newer and more spacious part of the house was added about a hundred years ago by the same architect who designed Castle Howard, but its rectangular uniformity makes it deficient in interest. The lodges at the Arthington Gate were planned by Turner himself, but they were not sufficiently successful to justify another effort of the sort.



DORT.

(Painted by J. M. W. Turner.)

To true lovers of art Farnley is no inaccessible fortress, but to mere curiosity-mongers the doors are firmly closed. Much has been suffered from the lawless incursions of visitors, who handle the china, test the chairs, and inspect the carpets, but never glance at a picture. Ilkley stands a few miles higher up Wharfedale, and Farnley commends itself as a suitable place for a day's outing to the idlers who crowd that fashionable watering-place. The pictures, it should be understood, hang in the rooms where the daily life of the family is passed, and therefore every strange guest must necessarily occasion some inconvenience. But the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Ayscough Fawkes, are careful to make it known that any genuine art-lover will always be made welcome, provided that a written enquiry be sent as to the suitability of the day and hour of the proposed visit.

S. A. Byles.

BYWAYS OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

SOME PORTRAITS OF GREAT AND LITTLE MASTERS.

NOT even the rich burghers of the Netherlands, nor the noble dames of Venice and Florence, have fared better at the hands of the portrait-painters than painters themselves. After monarchs and Court beauties—there are six or seven hundred engraved portraits of Charles I. in existence—painters have been limned the oftenest. Of all the great artists we have many pictures; and few, indeed, are the little

masters who have not had their portraits painted once or twice, sometimes (as in the happy case of

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

(*After Van Dyck.*)

Jean Wildens, who sat to Van Dyck) by the most eminent hands. The reasons for this are, I fancy, principally two. It is more difficult to paint oneself than to paint a sitter; and ambition, joined to a proper vanity, has urged many men, chiefly of the greatest, to paint themselves. And famous artists have usually been "proper men"—beings of gracious presence and winning face, with somewhat of romantic negligence about them. Witness the poet's glance of Raphael, and the chivalrous mien and knightly carriage of Rubens. There are several famous collections of portraits of painters on canvas and in black and white. The examples of self-portraiture at Florence range from Dürer to Sir Frederick Leighton; Van Dyck's "Iconographie" includes many of his contemporaries; of yet another, and, albeit it is confined to northern painters, a very rich collection, I am going to speak.

A hundred and fifty years ago Europe knew little more about the personality of the painters of the Low Countries than she knows to-day of the Japanese masters. The chief events in the lives of the greatest of them were familiar to amateurs; but of the little masters scarcely the names were known beyond the territorial limits of their schools. Marlborough's campaigns in Flanders had much to do with informing the collectors both of England and France upon the merits of the Netherlandish painters; and we owe it to the quicker artistic sympathies of the French that during the first half of the Eighteenth Century much was written on the other side of the Channel upon the schools of Holland and Flanders. But for a long time what was thus written was inexact and ill-informed. Félibien wrote the lives of some few Flemish painters, but his work is little more than a catalogue. De Piles compiled biographies of eighty painters, but he took his facts at second-hand, following mainly Sandrart, who was himself the mere careless copyist of Karel van Mander. Florent le Comte followed on the same tack, and copied all the errors of his predecessors. D'Argenville did better, but the scope of his work was limited. Karel van Mander began with the brothers Van Eyck, and brought his lives down to 1604. Not satisfied with treating of the German, Flemish, and Dutch schools, he included all the others. The result was unwieldy and disproportionate. Houbraken, his continuator, possessed a better literary capacity, and enjoyed, moreover, the advantage of knowing the painters whose lives he wrote, and of seeing the pictures he described, but he is often too brief, and his dates are confused and vague. Cornelis de Bie's rhymed histories of Flemish painters are destitute of any value whatsoever, and are only curious as a turgid collection of superlatives. The three quarto volumes of Campo Weyerman are even less to be considered. They are mostly compiled from Houbraken, and very clumsily compiled. In 1751

JEAN WILDENS.

(*After Van Dyck.*)

Johan van Gool began to print his "Lives," which were commendably exact, judged by the lights of

his time; but his book is about as interesting as a dictionary, which, indeed, in its formality and baldness it much resembles.

To these inadequate biographers enters, in 1753, Jean Baptiste Descamps, Professor of Painting at the Rouen Academy of Design, and an artist of some merit in his day. In that year he printed the first volume of his Lives of the Flemish, German, and Dutch painters; but it was not until 1764 that the fourth and final volume appeared. This elaborate and careful book, the fruit of many years of enquiry and examination, is incomparably the best series of biographies of painters of the three great northern schools that had been written down to that time. Descamps' judgments are just, and his lives are in general written with discrimination and proportion. For his day the book was a triumph of research; but we are so minutely informed now upon the lives and deeds of his heroes, that many of his articles have become mere outlines. The value and charm of the volumes consist chiefly now in the two hundred splendid copper-plate portraits with which they are embellished. These portraits are the work of many hands. Several of the finest are after Van Dyck; a considerable number were copied from the originals by Eisen, and engraved by Ficquet, R. Gaillard, and D. Sornique. A few have obviously been reproduced from Van Dyck's "Iconographie," although it was not until 1759 that the best edition of that magnificent book was published at Amsterdam. But to this day the greater number of the portraits remain inaccessible save in Descamps' work, which has become scarce and sought for. My own good fortune it was to buy three of the four volumes years ago for twopence a volume from a bookstall at Chelmsford. That was one of the rare rewards of the frugal book-hunter.

The six portraits which accompany this article are reproduced from Descamps. They have been chosen without regard to the personality of the painters, and solely to illustrate the diverse excellences of the old French engravers upon copper. As it happens, the selected portraits are all the work of one engraver—Ficquet. Most of the emblematic borders were invented by C. Eisen. The fact that the work is all done in miniature renders its excellence the more remarkable. These oval medallion portraits of an inch and a half by an inch and a quarter are executed with great boldness and freedom, while lacking nothing of the microscopic delicacy of miniatures. Soft lace-like textures are worked up with a technical skill which equals the individuality and verisimilitude of the faces. Every stroke is firm and precise, yet the effect is seldom rigid. Ficquet had several styles, as these plates indicate, and he was as successful in reproducing the characteristics of a later school of portraiture as in translating into black and white the bold and graceful work of Van Dyck. His plates are the gems of Descamps' volumes; but most of the other collaborators did their work with considerable technical success, and of the two hundred portraits not more than a score are mediocre, and not more than half a dozen really poor. Such was the care lavished upon the work that not one of the cartouche frames is duplicated, while an effort, always creditable if not invariably successful, has been made to indicate in the emblematic borders the bent and characteristics of each painter's work.

Incomparably the best plate in the four volumes is Ficquet's portrait of Rubens after Van Dyck. The handsome, knightly features of the painter of the "Descent from the Cross" were never more finely limned than by his great contemporary; and certainly they have rarely been so well engraved as in this little plate, so clear and definite, so full of individuality, so thoroughly expressive of the man of genius and the *grand seigneur*. Not even Michelangelo himself lived a fuller and statelier life than the prince of Flemish painters. Courtier, ambassador, and scholar, as well as painter, the instinct of the artist was in everything he did. There is no more picturesque figure in the history of art. Brought up and educated, if not born, in one of the most interesting cities of Europe, where every street had a history and every house a legend, it was not his fortune to have known the splendid Antwerp of former days, when hundreds of ships lay anchored at once off the Tête de Flandre, and thousands of waggons laden with the rich stuffs of the Orient and the spices of the Indies yearly entered its gates. When Rubens was born, the city in which, had the times been happier, he would have seen the light, was yet smoking from the fires kindled in the "Spanish Fury," its wealth had vanished, its commerce had fled before the havoc of warfare, its noblest buildings were ruins, and its light had gone out. But, despite its desolation, the Antwerp of three centuries ago had great traditions and a splendid history, which could not but inspire a boy who loved the heroism of great deeds, and who felt within him the pulsations of genius. From his earliest years a frequenter of courts, dowered with a handsome face and a stately presence, he grew up to be a man of the world without the vices of the world; a diligent student of letters as well as of art; an intimate of princes without the servility of the courtier; a depository of secrets of state without the insolence of office. The proud spirit of the man and the Fleming is seen to the full in the haughty rebuke he administered to the Duke of Braganza, who, fearful for his pocket when he learned that a painter was coming to visit him attended by the train of a prince, begged of Rubens to postpone his journey and

to accept a purse of fifty pistoles to recompense him for his lost time and his wasted expenditure. Rubens returned the money, with the remark that he was going to Villaviciosa not to paint but to amuse himself, and that he had taken a thousand pistoles with him for his expenses. He was almost the first painter who made a great fortune by his art; as he said himself, he found the Philosopher's Stone upon his palette. His genius was phenomenal and many-sided, and although his reputation as an ambassador has been lost in his renown as a painter, he did important and pregnant work as a negotiator of pacts and treaties. Charles I. never did greater honour to himself than when he honoured Rubens.

The portrait of Jean Wildens is likewise after Van Dyck. He was a meritorious artist in landscape; but he owes most of his surviving reputation to the work he did for Rubens, who said of him that he knew no painter who could better subordinate the accessories of a picture. He painted landscapes upon many a canvas signed by Rubens, and painted them well; but the old impression that his master owed more to him than he cared to confess has long since been exploded.

From Rubens to Antoine-François Vander Meulen, battle-painter in ordinary to Louis Quatorze, is a far cry. The interval between the births of the two men was little more than half a century, but in the meanwhile Flemish art had undergone a melancholy change, and there is exceeding little genius in Vander Meulen's endless pictures of battles and sieges. He was a Bruxellois, but he did not hesitate to accompany the armies of the Grand Monarque in their operations in the Low Countries. He saw many battles, and was present at the assault of many towns and citadels, and straightway filled canvas by the yard. "Victory, which everywhere accompanied the Grand Monarque," exclaims Descamps in a fine frenzy, "gave subject after subject to the painter with such rapidity that he had scarcely time to take breath between one triumph and another." He was royally paid; sumptuously housed at the Gobelins; and treated as a genius sent from heaven to pass down to posterity the pomp of his master's triumphs. He painted acres of glory, and his pictures found a meet abiding-place in the vast galleries of Versailles. They form a series wearisome in its monotony, these "Passages of the Rhine," these "Sieges of Maëstricht," these "Takings of Besançon." Not even the events they relate were of any conspicuous permanent importance, although at the time they appeared to be making of France a Colossus of whom it behoved Europe to stand in awe. Vander Meulen loomed large and had his day, as the French had theirs in Flanders and Brabant; but he has left behind him nothing of enduring excellence. He was really little more than a Seventeenth Century special artist at the seat of war, who painted views of battles instead of sketching them in black and white. He was by no means destitute of talent; and many of his pictures of smoke and slaughter make a sufficiently terrific *ensemble*. But his horses are often wildly unnatural, and numbers of his warriors seem never to have heard of the science of

ANTOINE-FRANÇOIS VANDER MEULEN.

(From the Engraving by Ficquet.)

fence. Ficquet's plate of him is very fine and delicate.

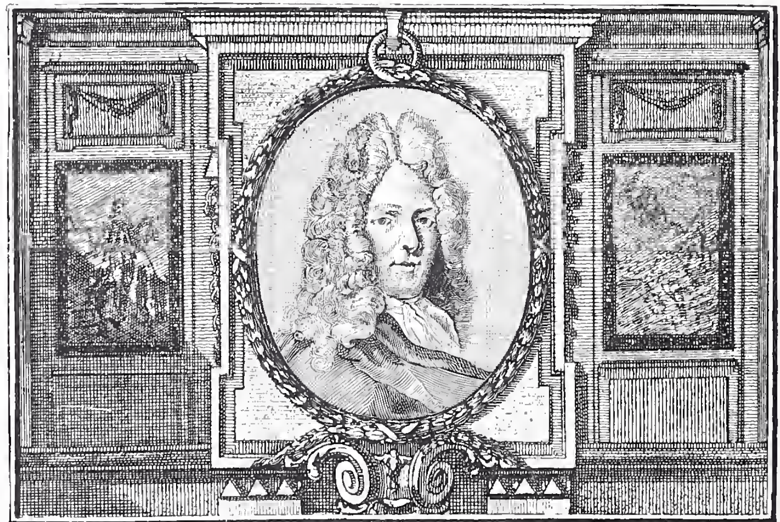
Of Sir Godfrey Kneller it is not needful to say very

GODFREY KNELLER.

(*From the Engraving by Ficquet.*)

much. Two conspicuous strokes of good fortune he had, which were given to few of his contemporaries: he was the pupil of Rembrandt, and he painted (less well than they deserved) two generations of lovely women. Assuredly the Hampton Court beauties had no reason to thank the painter who reproduced their robes with fine fidelity, while giving them all the same expression of simpering vacuity. He was Court painter to four English monarchs; he was a Baronet, and an hereditary Chevalier of that mysterious entity, the Holy Roman Empire; he painted his own portrait for the Florentine Gallery; and he made a great fortune, largely by the exercise of a commercial shrewdness which was not altogether admirable. When he died, five hundred unfinished portraits were found in his studio. Before commencing a portrait he exacted one-half the fee—sixty guineas for a full-length and thirty guineas for a half-length—and since it was impossible that he should ever finish all that he began, it is clear that he had brought away from his native city of Lübeck notions more applicable to the affairs of commerce than to conduct worthy of art. The multitude and distinction of his sitters have glorified him with a reflected light; and with the great life of England from Charles II. to George I. his name must ever be associated; but among the really great in art he can have no place.

Jacques-Antoine Arlaud, the subject of the fifth portrait, was a Genevese, and a miniature-painter, and flourished between 1668 and 1743. He did much work, and good work, in England, and was one of the most cherished friends of Sir Isaac Newton. But London prices were not high enough for the dignified miniaturist, and he returned to Paris, where much of his life was passed. He painted most of the French and many of the English grandees of his time, and retired to Geneva in early middle age to enjoy the fortune of forty thousand *écus* that his miniatures had brought him. He left his books, pictures, and engravings to the city of Geneva, which is still the richer for them. Among the pictures that he took with him from Paris to adorn his Genevese retreat was his own "Léda." In Switzerland, in 1729, a painting of the nude was anathema; and Arlaud was seriously reproached by his friends for the enormity of hanging the naked Léda in his studio. He defended himself as well as he could until 1738, and then the picture mysteriously disappeared. Its fate did not become known until after its painter's death. He had cut it into pieces, and presented the fragments to various of his friends.



JACQUES-ANTOINE ARLAUD.

(*From the Engraving by Ficquet.*)

Arlaud was an admirably clever portraitist; and all his biographers agree that he had but one fault. "Il se mettait sans façon, et cependant d'un ton très

modeste, au premier rang parmi les plus grands peintres," says Descamps, with admirable *naïveté*.

John van Huysum (1682—1749) was the most distinguished member of a family of artists. He painted flowers and fruits as they had never been painted before, and obtained for his pictures prices was personally unpopular. He carefully guarded the secrets of his pigments, and had but one pupil—a lady—of whom he speedily grew jealous. She—it was Mademoiselle Haverman—much disconcerted him by going to Paris and painting in his manner and with his pigments. Not one of the Dutch

JOHN VAN HUYSUM.

(From the Engraving by Ficquet.)

which moved his contemporaries to amazement. Where others before him had received florins in tens he obtained hundreds. He had as many commissions from the crowned and the great as if he had been a portrait-painter. But he had no fine artistic generosity in his composition; and although many people speculated in his pictures, which fetched greatly enhanced prices even during his lifetime, he masters ever took more microscopic pains with his work than Van Huysum did; and although he painted much, he was not nearly so prolific as some of his greater contemporaries. His countrymen, who have always loved flowers, still greatly prize his paintings. He was unfortunate in all save his art; and he died miserable and morose, if not actually broken-hearted.

J. Penderel-Brodhurst.

ART PATRONS.—I.

REMESES II.

HE name of Remeses II. occurs so late in the history of Egypt that his place as first in our series of art patrons ought, perhaps, to be occupied by King Suphis, who erected the great pyramid eight centuries before the reign of Remeses, and not later than 2,132 years before the birth of Christ. But of Suphis we know very little, whereas the name of Remeses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, is more familiar to us than that of any other Pharaoh. Moreover, by choosing an art patron of the Nineteenth rather than of the Fourth Dynasty, we get a picture of Egypt in its golden age. But from the Fourth and Fifth Dynasties date the pyramids; indeed, some of them may belong to a still earlier time, for during the Fourth Dynasty Memphis was already spoken of as "the land of pyramids." This early age of civilisation, art, and skill stands clearly out like a mountain peak above a cloud, while a little lower all is lost in mist. For the age of power was succeeded by long centuries of strife and warfare and oppression, during which the grinding power of the invader seems to have crushed out all love of art. But at length the Egyptians triumphed, the invaders were cast out, and a native prince, being raised to the throne, founded the Twelfth Dynasty—the age of a remarkable revival of arts and letters.

By this time all perishable traces of the earlier days of learning must have disappeared, and the massive pyramids, the masonry of whose passages has never been surpassed in any age, were probably all that remained of former greatness. But taste and custom were unchanged, as they remained throughout the whole time of Egyptian power, and the Egyptians of the days of Osirtasen took up the history of Egyptian art just where their forefathers had laid it down. The first thing was to restore the buildings of the past, but beyond this the reign of Osirtasen produced many monuments worthy of the best age—such as the tombs of Beni Hassan and the famous protodoric colonnade at the great Temple of the Sun of Karnak, which, though now begun, was not completed till the reign of Remeses II. Still, great as are the works of Osirtasen, his dynasty is best remembered by those irrigation works, unparalleled in the world's history, which were constructed by one of his successors, Amenembat III., and which, after a lapse of forty centuries, still render the Fayoom the most fertile province of Egypt.

History repeats itself, and the history of Egypt is a series of cycles consisting of a brilliant period of power, followed by long ages of invasion, strife, and decadence. To the revival of the Twelfth Dynasty succeeded a miserable oppression that endured through centuries. The conquering invaders of Asiatic race were known as the Shepherd Kings, and they made themselves so hateful to the vanquished people that herdsmen for ever after were outcasts in Egypt. Oppressor and oppressed seem to have mingled little, for when at length the hateful yoke was shaken off, and the native princes formed the Eighteenth Dynasty, or "Dynasty of the Deliverers," the Egyptians were an unchanged people. Once again freedom and wealth brought with them a revival of arts and letters, and Egypt was now approaching the zenith of her power. So prosperous, indeed, was she towards the close of this Dynasty, that the title of Thothemes III., "Ramenk" (helper), was inscribed on amulets throughout all ages as the luckiest of omens.

At the beginning of the Nineteenth Dynasty Asiatic invasion again threatened the prosperity of Egypt, and the reigns of Remeses I. and Sethi I. were occupied in securing the hard-won liberty of their kingdom. But Remeses II. carried his victorious arms far into Asia, subduing many nations. This was the period of the Israelitish captivity, and the princess who found Moses among the bulrushes was one of the daughters of Remeses. The sixty-seven victorious years of his reign form the Augustan age of Egyptian art, and most of the finest buildings now remaining are of this period. Nor are these exclusively of the massive character which we are accustomed to consider Egyptian, long slender columns and arches being admitted, though the latter were used chiefly in the crude brick dwellings, which have for the most part perished.

Tombs and temples were always constructed somewhat on the same models, and in the same impressive and awesome style. The Egyptians were a pre-eminently idealistic and conventional people, with whom the first aim of art was the expression of an idea. The leading idea of their religion was life after death, and their tombs were commemorative of the immortal dead, the walls being inscribed with scenes from the life of those whose bodies, rendered almost imperishable by embalming, rested within some closely-sealed-up and hidden chamber of the tomb. All art and decoration were subordinated to the expression of religious ideas, and to this conventional and emblematic character Egyptian monuments owe the restrained grandeur and sublimity peculiar to themselves. The temples were built not for places of worship, but as the dwelling-places of God, the supreme unnamed Being who was "worshipped in silence." From the temples we learn much of the ways of thought of the Egyptians; but their lives are revealed to us with far more clearness in the sculptures of the tombs, which depict such an immense variety of subject that every sepulchre unearthed tells us some fresh story of the life and civilisation of this people, so wedded to conventionality that their customs continued the same throughout the whole period of their power. It is true that we have neither archaic art nor historic record of their infancy as a nation; but from the time of the building of their earliest pyramids until their final overthrow—a period of over two thousand years—their art, their manners and customs, remained practically the same. The progress of time, the increase of culture and of wealth, brought greater perfection in art, greater luxury in the home; but the character of art and custom was the same early and late. Indeed, art crystallised so early, and convention so utterly banished originality and naturalism from the domains of architecture and decoration, that we have a clearer idea of the personal appearance of the rulers of the Third Dynasty than of those of the age of Cleopatra.

Of Remeses II. we are, however, enabled to form a very clear idea, for his mummy was among those discovered at Dayr-el Rahari in 1881, and unrolled last summer at the Boulak Museum. True, the mummied carcase of a man who was over a hundred years old when he died gives us the worst possible impression of his appearance; but when all allowances are made, the greatest of the Pharaohs is proved to have been a little man with long arms, high facial bones, and small flat skull—a man, in fact, of low Tartar type. Yet this very lowness of type adds to the psychological

interest of the character of this remarkable monarch. Remeses was about forty years old when he came to the throne—the Egyptian year of twelve months of thirty days coincided sufficiently nearly with our own — and he reigned sixty-seven years, his sons being regents during the latter part of his reign. He was three times married, and his wives bore him thirty-six children; but the total number of his offspring was a hundred and seventy, all of whom, by Egyptian law, took equal rank. He was a great, and, what was less usual, a humane conqueror, and the treaty of peace with the Hittites, drawn up in the twenty-first year of his reign, and which still exists sculptured on stone at Karnak, testifies as unmistakably to his humanity and diplomacy as do his monuments to his love of art and the immense wealth of his kingdom. He it was who completed that temple at Karnak of which Osirtasen had made so noble a beginning centuries earlier, and which remains the largest temple in the world; and he also erected a smaller temple at Koorneh. Near by this is the monument with which the great Pharaoh's name is pre-eminently associated—the tomb which he built for his own resting-place, and whieh for dignity and beauty both of mass and detail holds a first place among the monuments of Egyptian art. The inner walls of this Remeseum are covered with sculptured scenes from the life of the great ruler; and here lie the fragments of that enormous statue which was as much greater than the other colossi of Egypt as Remeses was greater than other kings, and of which the fragments weigh about 1,000 tons. How such a mass was carved, how raised, how placed, and with what foree shattered, are among the questions we vainly ask of the silent past. For, strangely enough, the ever-varied sculptures of the tombs give us no hint of building or construction. How were those solid blocks of granite raised to the lofty lintel of the temple door? How was the obelisk at Karnak, 2,000 tons in weight, dragged 138 miles from the quarry, and those at Heliopolis taken six times that distance? And how were tools of bronze tempered so that they were preferred to steel, and could carve and engrave the hardest granite? We ask ourselves too with equal wonder, though with less admiration, how a false emerald was made of glass to form a pyramid sixty feet high, and another great enough for a statue thirteen and a half feet high to be carved out of it? But from a very early time the Egyptians excelled in glass-making to an extent unsurpassed by any modern nation. They could produce several colours in the same piece of glass, and in the nefarious art of imitating precious stones they rivalled the Parisians of to-day. They were, indeed, extremely fond of jewels, as of all other bright and pleasant things, including music and social intercourse and feasting; and the perpetual memory of death enforced by their customs and religion was probably enjoined as a corrective to the excessive gaiety of their nature. Feasting is among the most frequent subjects in their sculpture, and here, despite the trammels of conventionality, the Egyptian love of caricature often displays itself in a very amusing manner—the pompous man, the toady, the valetudinarian, the affected great lady, all giving scope to the artist's humorous faculties, and contrasting oddly enough with the solemn character of the general composition.

These representations, as well as relics of furniture, show us that an Egyptian house was arranged far more in accordanee with the European mode than are Eastern houses of to-day. Reclining was never customary, and rooms were furnished with sofas, chairs, stools, and tables, much as we ourselves would wish to furnish our rooms in so hot a climate; while in winter time the floors of the wealthy were covered with mats of wool, or of a cotton fabric woven so as to produee a long, warm, fluffy pile. The Egyptians resembled us, too, in the great care they bestowed on their gardens—roses, violets, and other flowers were always to be had in abundance all the year round, and these played a part only secondary to music in the enjoyment of their feasts. The vineyard was generally made to form a portion of the garden, the vines being trained into shady bowers and bosquets; and it is to be feared that the Egyptians were rather too fond of the juice of the grape. Their morals, indeed, were of the loosest, for though no man might have more than one wife living at the same time, the women slaves of his household were generally all members of his harem. Yet Egyptian ladies enjoyed an occidental amount of freedom—they went abroad unveiled, they feasted with the men, they were eligible as heirs to the throne, and they took their part in business and public affairs. Caste, indeed, rather than sex, made the distinction in Egypt; and the barriers between class and class were well-nigh impassable. The highest grade was the sacerdotal and military, and to this the king belonged, he, on his coronation, becoming a member of the company of the gods. As the highest class were priests and soldiers, so the lowest were herds, who are generally depicted as dirty, tattered, and unkempt, and often grotesque and deformed. Yet among these outeasts there were outcasts, for no keeper of sheep or cattle would intermarry with the swineherds. But these distinctions, relentlessly pursued to the very gate of the tomb, were all swept away after burial. King and swineherd alike were judged by their survivors before the rites of burial—essential to salvation—were permitted, and these once performed, highest and lowest shared equally in the joys of immortality.

F. Mabel Robinson.

"HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH!"

Painted by José Domingo.

THERE is no living artist of equal eminence of whose life so little is recorded as of that of José Domingo. In the catalogue of the Morgan collection, not long since dispersed in New York, it is stated in the meagre note appended to his name that he was a pupil of Meissonier, and it has been also said that he studied under his talented countryman, Fortuny. It is true that for some time he was in the *atelier* of Fortuny, who early recognised his ability, and extended to Domingo his friendship and encouragement; but he worked there as a friend, and not as a pupil. There are many who regard him as an imitator of Meissonier; but those who know the technique of the two now equally celebrated artists can recognise in each a distinctive method which can be appreciated as readily as their individual handwritings. Both excel in delicate and accurate finish. Meissonier's detail is often excessive, and but for his skilful manipulation his work would appear laboured. Domingo (as was his friend Fortuny) is gifted with a marvellous and glorious sense of colour, together with a rapid and vigorous execution even in the almost microscopic works he often produces. With equal facility and with great freedom he has depicted, on a grand and imposing scale, episodes of war and incidents of history, so varied is his art. The most important of his early works were purchased by the Spanish Government. The first important work of the artist seen in this country, "Behind the Scenes," was purchased direct from the easel by Mr. Myers, to whose discrimination and judgment we are indebted for the introduction of many of his works into England. The beautiful little gem, "À ma propre Santé," was sold recently at Christie's, at the dispersal of Colonel Hawes's collection, and is at present on view at the Guardi Gallery, in the Haymarket, with two others by Domingo, viz., "The Old Painter" and "The Challenge." His works are now keenly sought after by Americans. The landscape representing an effect of the white glaring heat of a mid-day sun in Spain, in the possession of the Vanderbilt family, is thought by Domingo to be his greatest and most successful effort.

Queen Mary at Fotheringay.

AH! wearily, and woe is me!
Ah! wearily the time drifts on;
Unrestful, of a verity,
The life whose love of life is gone.
No heartsome sports the hours engross,
A nerveless round consumes the day,
To broider hems, or gaze across
The dreary flats of Fotheringay.

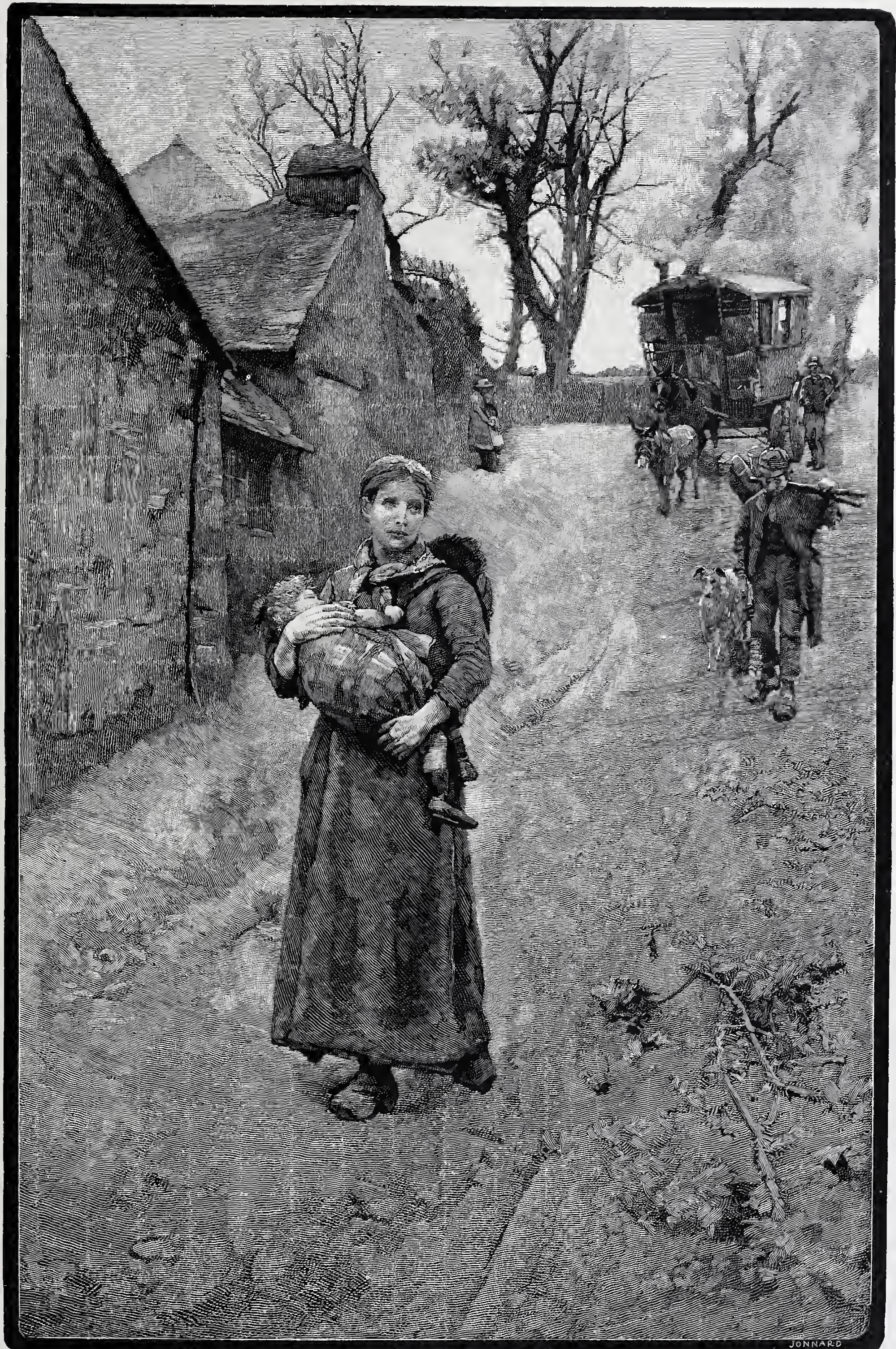
I hear through distant forest glades
The falconer ride by the banks of Nenne,
'Mid tuneful madrigals of maids
And deep-toned notes of English men.
I'd rather be the dove they kill,
Sating their talons with my blood,
Than, being a haggard, at their will*
Return obedient to the hood.

What love, what royal clemency,
O Sister Queen, Elizabeth,
Yon gloomy bastions testify,
This captive woman witnesseth!
My realm four roods of prison ground,
Four faithful lieges left alone,
My Maries four that hover round
Their Mary's shadow of a throne.

O Mary mother, maid divine,
That sittest in the height serene,
A sorry plight on earth was mine
To be a woman, and a Queen!
Soon may these mortal prison bars
Before my white-winged soul be riven,
Soon may it soar above the stars,
And win the bonnie hills of heaven.

Harold E. Boulton.

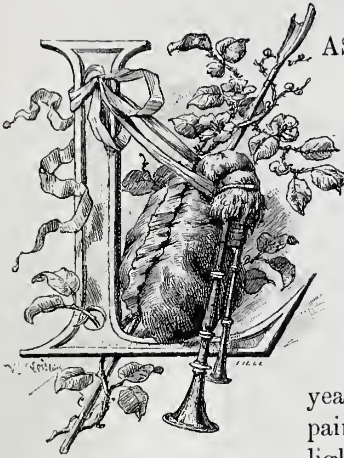
* A haggard is an old hawk caught and trained in falconry.



THEIR EVER-SHIFTING HOME.

(Painted by Stanhope A. Forbes. Royal Academy, 1887.)

THE SALON.—I.



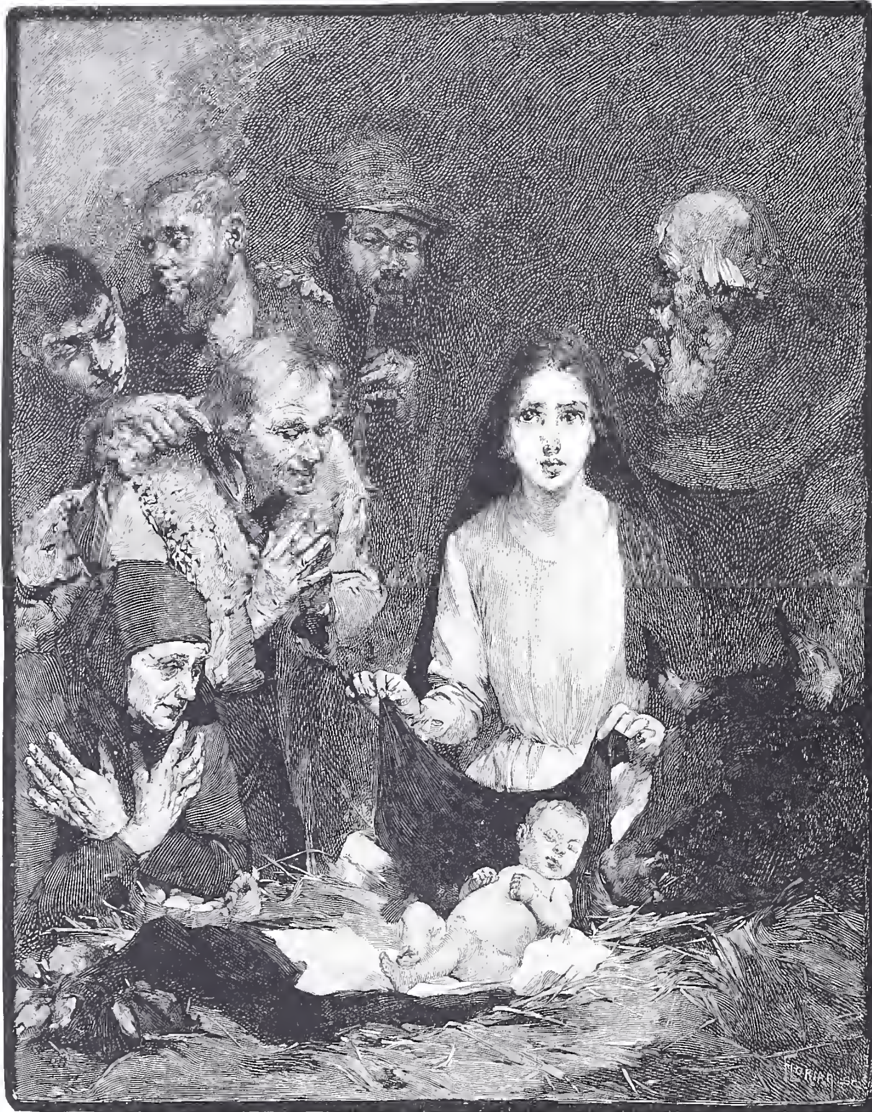
LAST year the Salon might be described as being devoted to the apotheosis of Victor Hugo and M. Pasteur, and appealing to the feelings of the multitude by an unlimited exhibition of the material woes of the *prolétariat*. This year the heroes whom the painters and sculptors delight to honour are General Boulanger and the centenarian, M. Chevreul, while the chief distinguishing characteristic which gives colour—and very lugubrious colour—to the exhibition is the growth of a new species of horror, before which all previous efforts in the same direction must pale. The melodramatic terrors which M. J.-P. Laurens and his imitators love to conjure up are out of fashion, realistic scenes of murder and outrage pall upon the popular taste, even starvation and the unutterable woes of the great cities are superseded: in their place huge canvases appear on which are delineated hospital scenes, medical operations, diagnoses, and finally — most triumphant horror of all—"Le Choléra-morbus dans un Village!" The exhibition contains some noble productions, prominent among which are vast decorations, in which the newest principles of colouring are successfully carried to their extreme limits; many beautiful landscapes, which, if they lack the serious charm of the elder school of the century, attain considerable decorative effect; and high achievements in the branches of *genre* and portraiture. Yet the general impression derived from the vast gathering of paintings is coloured and tainted by the presence of the class of work which we have indicated. The production, and still more the presence in a great public exhibition, of such subjects, is serious evidence of a decadence of taste so great that, if it continue to progress in the like proportion, we must despair of the future of French art, regarded from the higher point of view as a serious and noble branch of culture, and an integral part of the life and idiosyncrasy of the nation.

M. Puvis de Chavannes sends the cartoon, or rather the outline, of a vast composition with which he has been commissioned by the State to adorn the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. Its central point is occupied by an ideal female figure typifying the Sorbonne, and from this radiate various groups of highly generalised figures illustrating literature, science, philosophy, and history. The scheme of the whole is even a more abstract one than that adopted

HÉRODIADE.

(Painted by J.-J. Henner. Salon, 1887.)

by Raphael in the "School of Athens," and the "Disputa;" for there definite concrete personages represent the sciences and arts which they have created or adorned, while here the types and incidents employed for illustration are purely symbolical, and both composition, forms, and facial types are reduced



LE SOMMEIL DE JÉSUS.

(Painted by L. Deschamps. Salon, 1887.)

to the simplest and severest elements. The design cannot yet be judged as a decorative whole, seeing that it at present lacks the magic colour which the painter succeeds in evolving from the cunning juxtaposition of tints in themselves so effaced. But somehow—apart from the acknowledged mannerisms and drawbacks of the great artist's style, to which the public, in gratitude for his many noble qualities, has succeeded in accommodating itself—it seems to lack the sincerity and austere grandeur of conception of some recent achievements, and to be, in a sense, a toneless echo or variation of these. Let us, however, suspend our judgment until the vast work appears in its definitive shape. The far-reaching influence exercised by M. Puvis de Chavannes on the art of France is almost as strikingly evidenced as it was last year, in a number of extensive decorations, in which pale, delicate tints combined with great skill, and suggesting, notwithstanding their flatness, atmosphere and space, exercise a most powerful effect, rather crushing their stronger and more positive rivals than being overpowered by them. That consummate but eccentric *décadent*, M. Besnard, exemplifies one of the most fashionable tendencies of French art, not so much to cease aiming at naturalism and to aspire to the ideal, as to seek the attainment

of a striking and faithful interpretation of nature in her most accidental and unnatural aspects. By exhibiting common objects in simplified form, in a combination, or rather opposition, of natural and artificial lights, this painter succeeds in imparting to them a certain strange unfamiliarity of aspect, combined often with high decorative qualities; but true imagination, true power of ideal generalisation, are absent. A very successful specimen of his peculiar manner is the important decoration, "Le Soir de la Vie," showing in vaporous hues an old man and woman sitting in mute contemplation, their figures illumined partly by an intense star-light, partly by the light of the hearth seen within the dwelling upon the steps of which they are placed. Another quaint, fascinating instance of this eccentric *parti pris* of illumination is supplied by his "Une femme nue qui se chauffe." M. François Flameng's huge tripartite decoration for the staircase of the Sorbonne shows: (1) St. Louis handing to Robert de Sorbon the charter of foundation of the Sorbonne; (2) Abelard lecturing on the hill of St. Geneviève; and (3) the Prior Jean Heynlin established with his printing-press in a subterranean chamber of the Sorbonne. Consummate skill is evinced in the balanced arrangement of groups, filling with decorative effect the spaces to which they are allotted, in the generalised treatment of landscape, and in the skilful combination of hues of moderated brilliancy; but if we look beyond, and seek for any real grasp or appreciation of the subjects chosen, for any genuine evidence of an intention to express their higher significance, we are disappointed.

Another semi-decorative work in four divisions—the subject of which is, however, somewhat strangely chosen for a decoration—is M. Eugène Thirion's "Les Nuits de Musset." Here the solid, powerful technique of the artist and his conscientious execution rather militate against his success than otherwise, in the peculiar style which he has chosen for the occasion to adopt. Among the huge performances in the conception of which the aim has evidently been primarily dramatic or narrative rather than decorative, the first place in respect of size belongs to M. Cormon's "Les Vainqueurs de Salamine," in which he has delineated the stream of the Greek victors moving along in triumph, after the memorable battle, accompanied by rejoicing citizens, women, and children in festal attire. In this powerful suggestion of forward movement we recognise the painter of the grand "Cain" of the Luxembourg; and we may further legitimately admire the boldness with which he has avoided pseudo-classical types and conventional ideality of treatment. But in other respects there is little in the work to justify its existence: it shows no real dramatic unity or force, while from a technical point of view the colour is scattered and unpleasant, and the handling loose and unsatisfactory.

M. Clairin's "Funérailles de Victor Hugo,"

CLÉOPÂTRE.

(Painted by Alex. Cabanel. Salon, 1887.)

showing the cenotaph of the poet, watched on either side by huge mounted guards, and surmounted by a draped genius floating in the night air, is marked by a pretentious emptiness, both of conception and execution, bordering upon the ridiculous, and is thus in touch with one side only—and that the lowest—of the poet's genius. Of all these enormous canvases, the one which by its dramatic energy, the skill of its grouping, and its real animation, most compels our admiration—though this is qualified by a lurking suspicion that the subject is, after all, not an adequate one for treatment on such a scale—is M. Tattegrain's "Les Casselois se rendent à merci au Duc Philippe le Bon," showing a vast crowd of armed citizens and peasants, who, accompanied by their priests, make submission, in the midst of a terrific storm of wind and rain, to the knightly bands headed by Duke Philip. The much over-praised M. Rochegrosse, whose chief quality is a certain naturally-expressed ferocious energy, a dramatic temperament of the lower and more melodramatic order, attracts much attention with a vast, crude representation of the death of Julius Cæsar, characteristically styled by him "La Curée." The grouping of the conspirators, pressing round and streaming towards the prostrate dictator, each less anxious apparently to strike a blow for liberty than to satiate his sanguinary rage, is one-sided and inartistic; the colouring, though in a light key, is harsh and crude, and the execution insufficient. Intensely strong and dramatic the work undoubtedly is from a brutal, purely physical standpoint; but such a scene of the shambles need hardly have been identified with an episode the heroic side of which must always overpower its lower and more terrible aspect. Full of technical faults, garish of aspect, and even in some respects dramatically unsuccessful, is the same painter's strange "Salomé dansant devant le roi Hérode." Yet he has succeeded in creating, in the weirdly-attired figure of Salome—here delineated in scanty yet gorgeous apparel of half-Assyrian half-Egyptian mode, decked with rich jewels, and sinuously moving, rather than dancing, with lotus blooms in either hand—a type of devilish fascination, of most penetrating influence, such as would worthily embody the voluptuous yet mystic visions evoked in verse by a Baudelaire or a Gauthier. Few things in the exhibition have a more haunting power over the spectator. M. Cabanel displays some of the qualities of the master in his "Cléopâtre," in which he portrays the Egyptian queen, after the Battle of Actium, intently watching, in a chamber of her palace, the effects of potent poisons administered to condemned slaves, so that she may choose for herself that which kills with least suffering. Consummately skilful, if too evidently studied, are the lines of the picture and the individual groups which make it up, while, on the other hand, the dramatic passion exhibited is of a perfunctory and conventional kind, and the colouring, if gay and carefully distributed, is yet wanting in depth and vibration. As a decoration, M. Bouguereau's round canvas, styled "L'Amour Vainqueur," showing a triumphant Cupid carrying through the air a beautiful female child, clinging and submissive, would be above reproach were the hues of the flesh brighter and less timid in their polished perfection, and the heaven of an intenser and more transparent blue. The drawing and grouping of the figures is, as usual, perfect, though it does not attain to real dignity of style.

M. Benjamin-Constant has this year attempted with success what is for him almost a new style, in his "Orphée," in which he has, on a large canvas, delineated the entirely nude figure of the singer—half-vision, half-reality—advancing slowly into the depths of a deep-blue, mysterious night, through a rocky gorge illumined by a light which may be that of the stars. There is in this work—which displays, with the painter's high technical qualities, somewhat of his usual want of real strength—a greater and more poetic intensity of vision than is usual with him, though the sublimity of the subject is rather approached than actually realised. More in the master's popular manner is a "Théodora," showing the Byzantine Empress, in the Rembrandtesque chiaroscuro which he loves, seated on a magnificent throne, clad in glowing robes, and wearing jewels the luminous splendour of which is chastened by the peculiar light in which she is enveloped. Nothing in the exhibition is purer in feeling or more really ideal in the delicacy of its charm than M. Adolphe Weisz's "Tournesol," a design showing the nude Clytie turning amorously to the sunflower. The colour is somewhat cold, and the drawing, if correct, displays less absolute mastery than do some of the numerous *académies* here; but almost alone this year among similar subjects does the work justify its existence and exhibit the legitimate use to which the nude can still be put in art. The Salon has seldom contained so few works dealing, or professing to deal, with sacred subjects, though it has to show some few consummately wrought eccentricities, to which it is sought to add a new piquancy by clothing them with well-known and revered titles. A work of genuine power and pathos is, however, Herr von Uhde's "La Sainte Cène," conceived in the same spirit as the already famous "Christ with the Little Children," which, some two or three years ago, excited so much attention in both Germany and France. In a poor chamber, into which penetrates everywhere the sad grey light of a northern sky, is seen the Saviour seated with the Apostles at an uncouth, humble board; He alone is robed in the

traditional red and blue garments, His followers appearing in the coarsest and most neutral-toned garb, and their types being deliberately chosen from among the homeliest, the saddest, and most toil-stricken models of to-day. The Christ is timidly conceived, and halts between the realistic and the conventional, but the Apostles are delineated with an intensity of pathos and of true religious fervour such as goes far to redeem the too evident *parti pris* of the artist, and his desire to surprise by the originality of his point of view. The execution, if somewhat loose and undecided in its breadth, is that of the true painter, while the lighting of the figures and of the whole scene is admirable. The German master's desire is evidently to emulate, without imitating, the intensity of devotional pathos which Rembrandt, making use of the elements of everyday life around him, succeeded in imparting to such subjects, and of which the "Christ at Emmaus" in the Louvre is so sublime an instance. But in the case of the elder master the tendency exhibited was a natural one, in accord not only with the simple fervour of his own nature, but with the peculiar religious tendencies of his country and period; while in the case of the modern artist, if the truth and depth of the religious feeling exhibited be undeniable, the effort to attain originality by means of eccentricity of outward presentment is too evident, and detracts somewhat from the high value of a very remarkable work. That, notwithstanding the painter's nationality, it should, under existing circumstances, have been admitted to a prominent place in the exhibition, shows the high appreciation in which it is held by a body of French artists. Few things here reveal more consummate technical ability than M. Dinet's brilliantly-lighted "Adoration des Bergers," which he—in this resembling the majority of modern painters—has chosen to represent as an Eastern scene of to-day. Though religious feeling is almost entirely absent, it would not be quite fair to describe the work as irreverent or insincere, for it is thoroughly unaffected, and hardly professes to be more than a piece of Biblical *genre*. The group of the Virgin and Child adored by the shepherds is seen, half in bright sunlight, half in luminous shadow, relieved against the white wall of an Eastern house; the heads—of which some are in full light, some in reflected light, and some in shadow—are drawn and modelled with the skill of a master; the colour, too, has a cheerful, harmonious brightness, not much affected in these days by the French school. In singular contrast with this work is M. Deschamps' treatment of the same theme, "Le Sommeil de Jésus." This is rendered in the earthy tones and with the sombre harmonies peculiar to the old Spanish school which M. Deschamps in a measure imitates, and displays the loose facile touch and somewhat of the same expressive power which characterise his more avowedly modern productions. The standpoint is not far removed from that of Herr v. Uhde, greater sacrifices being, however, made to the merely picturesque; but we are very far removed from the real sincerity and deep pathos of the German artist.

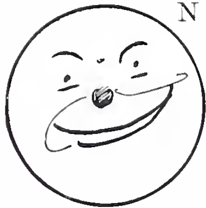
Where shall we class the brilliant study which M. Henner in most eccentric fashion has chosen to style "Hérodiade"? He shows us against a wall of tawny brown a girl in the first freshness of youth, with abundant auburn hair falling loose, clad—so far as she is clad—in bright scarlet; she holds, probably for no other purpose than to justify the title of the picture, what on examination proves to be the head of St. John the Baptist on a charger. The piece should have been simply designated "Étude," and as such would have commanded our admiration in respect of its fine technical qualities. For the painter has accomplished the marvel of producing a piece in which the only colours contrasted with the hues of pallid flesh in strong relief are warm brown and brilliant red arranged in large masses, with a result, nevertheless, which is not

L'AMOUR VAINQUEUR.

(*Painted by W.-A. Bouguereau. Salon, 1887.*)

unpleasantly hot, but rich and harmonious. M. Henner's admirers may regret the temporary disappearance from his works of the exquisite blues against which he relieved his mysterious evening landscapes and his pallid voluptuous nymphs, but it was high time for the reputation of the painter that this wearisome monotony of technique and subject should receive some break. The present work is a step, though not a very long one, in a somewhat fresh direction, if it be not an actual advance.

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF A SPECIAL ARTIST.



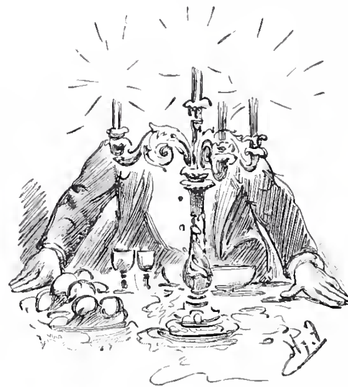
N receiving a request to jot down a few personal incidents in my career as a special artist, for the entertainment of the readers of The Magazine of Art, I had no hesitation in complying, except that I feared my paper might disappoint some, dealing as it would with the ridiculous rather than with the sublimer aspects of art. I must explain at the outset that in selecting notes from my sketch-books I shall not attempt to produce a literary essay, but shall simply leave the descriptive matter, like the sketches themselves, erratic and fragmentary.

My earliest reminiscence in connection with the work of a "special" is a trip I undertook to the West of Ireland at the suggestion of the late Tom Taylor, who had just returned from the Wild West, and was so struck by the extraordinary characteristics of the natives that he thought it would be a good thing for me to look them up. This I did, and managed

A PIPE OF PEACE.

to fill my sketch-books, which some years afterwards provided material for several pages in the *Illustrated London News.*

After making the accompanying note of a "Pipe of Peace" in the market-place at Galway, I strolled along the bank of the river; and while sketching "Stone-breakers," an incident happened which first



ALL I SAW OF THE SPEAKER.

aroused me to the fact that I was something more than the usual harmless sketching amateur. A fiend in human shape, an overbearing overseer, came up and roundly abused the poor labourers for taking the base Saxon's coin. Inciting them to believe that I was a special informer from London, he laughed on my declaring that I was merely a novice, and informed me I ought to be "dhrounded." He was about to suit the action to the word and pitch me into the salmon-stuffed river, when stopped by the mediation of my models.

The public have no idea, or seldom think, of the great trouble and expense incurred in faithfully depicting everyday scenes. Still, it is not possible even for a "special" to see everything, or to be in two places simultaneously; and consequently, in ordinary pictorial representations, dummy figures are frequently looked upon as true portraits. One boat-race, for example, is very much like another. Some years ago I executed a panoramic series of sketches of the University Race from start to finish, and, as they were urgently wanted, the drawings had to be sent in the same day. Early in the morning, before the break of fast, I found myself at Putney, rowing up to Mortlake, taking notes of the different points on the way—local colour through a

fog. Getting home before the Londoners started for the scene, I was at work, and the drawings—minus the boats—were sent in shortly after the news of the race. The figures were imaginary and unimportant, but one correspondent wrote to point out the exact spot where he stood, and complained of my leaving out the black band on his white hat, and placing him too near a pretty girl, adding that his wife, who had not been present, had recognised his portrait.

Having come into this troubled world while others in arms were making a noise in the Crimea, I have always taken an interest in the doings of that time; so it was quite *con amore* that I acted as "special" at the Balaclava Celebration Banquet twelve years ago. The roll-call was funny, remembering that it was that of the Light Brigade—some *were* "light," and many were heavy; one, I recollect, was about eighteen stone. I was standing close to Miss Thompson, and had she painted a sequel to her celebrated picture, I fear many of the figures would have had to be drawn out of the perpendicular. The scene was not altogether elevating to lookers-on, but we were repaid not only by Mrs. Stirling's delivery of the "Charge," but by a careful study (what a figure for immortal Charles Keene!) of one of the "Non-Coms.," who, no doubt, twenty years before was a better and a wiser man, and tackled the "Rooshins" with greater dexterity than he displayed on this occasion in managing a jelly. He had waiters to right of him, waiters to left of him, and waiters behind him, but that jelly defeated him, although he charged it with fork, spoon, and finally with fingers. Banquets are not easy to depict, for the men are generally as stiff as a row of Christy Minstrels (with chairman and toast-master for corner men). More than once, after waiting for the rising of a particular figure to sketch, the only view I could get of him was the not particularly satisfactory one depicted on page 316.

On Christmas Day, 1878, I started off to visit the distressed districts in and about Sheffield Manchester, &c. It was exactly the same work, on a larger scale, that has, within the last few years, made a sensation through overdone dramatic treatment. The proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, however, declined to use many of my subjects as being "too painful." Visiting slums, seeing death from want and misery on all sides, is certainly not the most pleasant way of spending the festive season. In company with detectives, clergymen, or self-sacrificing district visitors, you may swallow the pill with the silver on; but try it single-handed and it is a very different affair. I was taken for some demon rent-collector prowling about, and was peered at through broken windows and doors. To describe all this

NOTES AT A SOUP KITCHEN.

would only be a repetition of the experience of Mr. Sims and Mr. Barnard nearer home, but I give a

MY EASEL.

leaf from my sketch-book "at a soup kitchen." Being enthusiastic, in a weak moment and by special desire I tasted the soup, and quickly went home for an antidote.

Great political excitement, there is no doubt, turns men's heads. Once I recollect finding a most dignified provincial politician in this state, and necessity compelled me to turn him into a sketching-stool. Mr. Gladstone was speaking at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, and although close to him on the platform, I could not, being only five feet two, see over the heads of others when all stood to cheer. I mentioned this fact to my neighbour. "Oh, you must not miss this scene!" he said, and quickly, without ceremony, he had me on his back, his bald head serving as an easel. It has struck me since that had this old gentleman, a big man in his native town, and still bigger in his own estimation, seen himself as others saw him at that moment, the probability is that he would not have felt anything like so kindly to me as I did to him.

If there is one thing I dislike more than another it is a crowd, particularly an electioneering crowd. Political fever is a bad malady, even when one is impervious to it, if he has to fight his way through an infected mob. In this position I found myself in a manufacturing Midland town, with a demagogue holding forth in the hall, and I very much outside, with no chance of getting in. Quickly slipping round to the hotel and ordering a carriage, I got into it and drove rapidly up to the hall, cheered by the mob, who doubtless looked upon me as some active politician. Had I put my head out of the window and promised them any absurdity, I believe they would have chosen me their member on the spot.

Telegram—"Election, Liverpool, see to it at once." So I did, on arriving in the evening. I rushed off to a "ward meeting." To my surprise the artist of a rival paper sat down beside me. He did not frighten me away, but candidly confessed that he had seen a private telegram of mine saying I was starting, and his editor packed him off by the same train. Ha! I must be equal to him! I sat up all night and drew a page on wood, ready for engraving, and sent it off by the first train in the morning. It was in the press before my rival's rough notes left Liverpool. One would hardly think, to see candles stuck in my boots, that the hotel was the Old Adelphi. I trust the "special" of the future will find the electric light, or a better supply of bedroom candlesticks. All day again sketching, and all night hard at work, burning the midnight oil (I was nearly writing boots). A slice of luck kept me awake in the early morning. A knock at my door, and to my surprise a friend walked in who had come down by a night train for a "daily," and seeing my name in the visitor's book had looked me up, thinking I could give him some "tips." "All right," I said, "a bargain; you sit for me and I'll talk. Here, stand like this," the Liberal candidate. "Capital!" "Now round like this," the Conservative, "drawn from life." And after another day of this kind of thing, I reached home without having had an hour's sleep. Oh! "a 'special's' life is not a happy one!" When I hear accounts of the sufferings of the more legitimate "specials" during campaigns and troubles abroad, I feel that they ought to have a share in the immense profits of the papers they represent, and

AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

that memorials should be erected to them outside their offices.

I have had to struggle through a good many

"fancy fairs," Brummagem bazaars, where embarrassing egotistical young creatures and their silly satellites will *not* understand that a "special" with a pencil in one hand and a sketch-book in the other cannot do his work with arms full of the rubbish

MYSELF AT A LUNATIC BALL.

they implore him to purchase. He has contributed his drawing to the Book of the Fair, and now, O Nemesis, he is asked to buy it! He gets rid of one pretty pest, and the very next step is tackled by another, equally audacious. Work is impossible. I have suffered more than my share of this kind of martyrdom; pockets packed with pin-cushions filled and dangerous to sit down upon; bad cigars you are told not to smoke; surprise packets safe to be empty, and no end of horrors, until one day by a mere accident I found a password. A sickly-looking youth with a roll of music under his arm—bothered to death to buy—said he was looking for the concert-room. "Oh," all cried, "he is one of us! going to sing, delicious!" So, ever since, I make one purchase, a piece of music, dash forward, mildly ask for the whereabouts of the concert-room, and all is well.

Fancy dress balls are better; the only difficulty is to find anything original to sketch. The ingredients of a ball of three hundred, say, would be as follows:—Thirty Marie Stuarts, ten Marguerites, twenty-eight Fausts, fifty Flower Girls, nine Portias, three Clowns, sixteen Matadores, thirty Sailors, twenty-five Ophelias, twenty-five Desdemonas, the remainder uniforms and nondescripts. One I went to was an exception, being at a lunatic asylum. My Editor, in sending his "young man," omitted to say that the invitation was crossed with "fancy dress only," so I arrived in ordinary war-paint in the depth of winter many miles from London. The Doctor was horrified. "This will never do. My patients will resent it. You *must* be in fancy dress." All my host could find was a seedy red curtain and an old cocked hat (had it been a nightcap I should have been complete as Caudle). I wrapped this martial cloak around me, and soon found myself in a most extraordinary scene. The patients wore costumes designed and made by themselves, in marked contrast to their stylish keepers. Among the guests the county families were well represented, and garrison officers from a neighbouring depôt formed a motley group which a looker-on, viewing the scene as in a kaleidoscope, would laugh at. One turn, and the next moment some incident might occur which an imaginative brain could easily work into a romance too touching to relate.

The "Duke of York" had a great contempt for my appearance, but when introduced to him as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, he unbent, waved his bauble, and commanded me to be seated. The visitors eyed me suspiciously all the evening, and on my entering the supper-room, accompanied by the Doctor, they were seized with the idea that I must be a very dangerous case, and readily made room, in fact made off. One of the poor patients was an artist, and showed me his sketch-book, the work of many, many months—a number of drawings in colour, stuck one on top of the other, resembling an elongated concertina, so that only the corners of the pages could be seen.

A momentary glance and a thumb-nail sketch is worth all the photographs in the world. But in crowded portrait groups it is sometimes impossible to see the original; therefore, to complete a design, be

THE DUKE OF YORK.

it admitted in self-defence, I have to depend on photography. It is astonishing how difficult it is to get a photograph of an ordinary individual. A pressing letter generally brings forth some such reply as this:—"Sir,—I have not been photographed for

years. I enclose, with much pleasure, the only portrait of me in existence; it is out of my wife's album. I will therefore feel obliged by your taking great care of it, and returning it as soon as you can. It is considered an excellent likeness. Perhaps now I have less hair on my head and more on my face, and some consider me stouter." I show the gentleman as altered to command, but when I meet him and make the accompanying sketch it is too late. He has already inserted a paragraph in the local paper to say that I am "chiefly known as the artist who draws unrecognisable portraits." I make it a rule never to read the endearing inscriptions on the back of such photographs. To reverse the photographs in an old family album and read the dedications would be too much for most of us. I give the suggestion to Mr. Gilbert for a new song in the next revival of the "Palace of Truth."

AT A FANCY FAIR.

I feel that I have already drawn out this unintentionally egotistical article to too great a length. I fear these few incidents strung together are hardly worthy of the valuable space they occupy, so I will pass over many reminiscences of all sorts and conditions of men and things at home and abroad, and close my sketch-books, which have hitherto been more private than I have now made them. An artist's sketch-book! how dear to him, how useless to others, this article will show. HARRY FURNISS.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

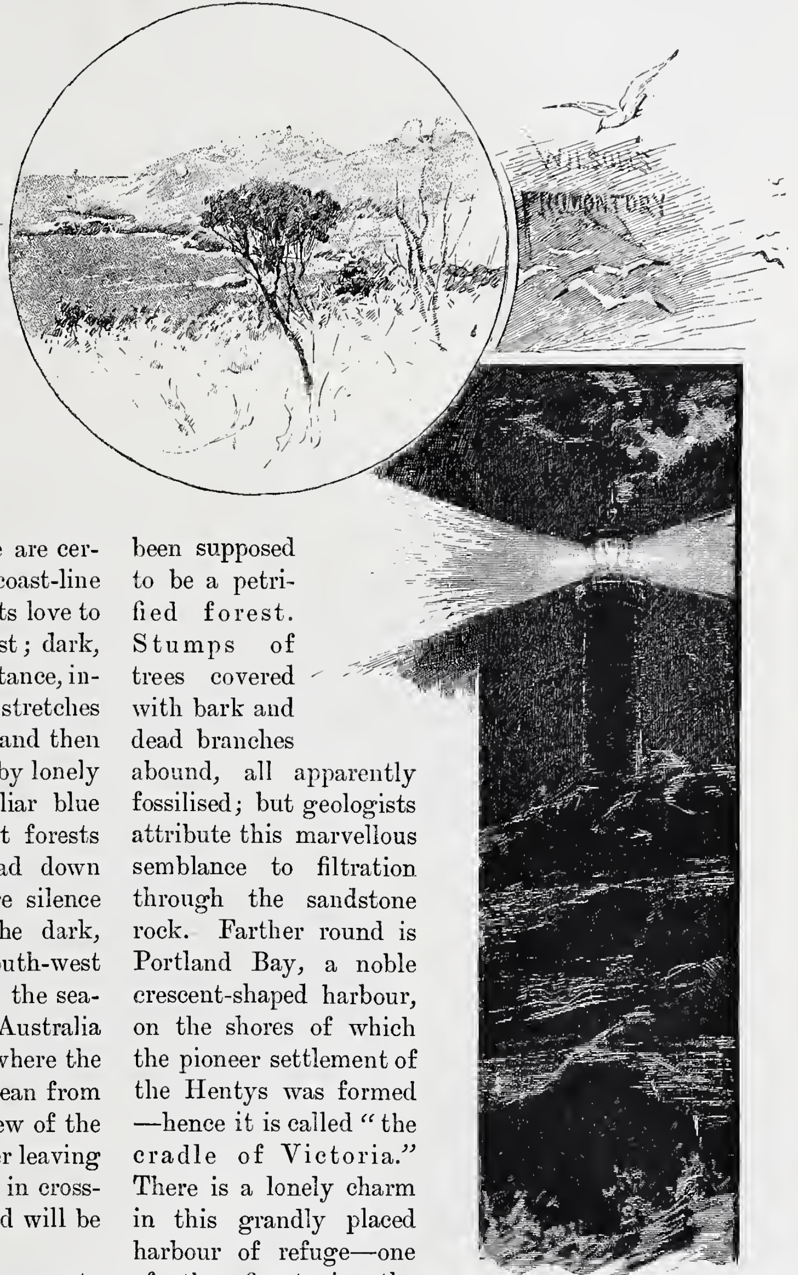
THE DRAWING I MADE FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

THE ORIGINAL.

AUSTRALIAN COAST SCENERY.

An island continent nearly as large as the whole of Europe may be expected to present a considerable diversity of character in the scenery by which it is encircled. From Cape York, at its northern extremity, almost under the equator, with only narrow Torres Straits separating it from tropical New Guinea, to Wilson's Promontory in the south—the "land's-end"—facing the vast expanse of the Southern Ocean; and from North West Cape, on the coast of Western Australia, washed by the Indian Ocean, across the continent to Rockhampton on the east coast, looking out on the summer seas of the Pacific Ocean, is a range immense enough to embrace nearly every variety of physical aspect. Yet there are certain broad features characteristic of all the coast-line of this "land of the dawning," as the colonists love to call it:—leagues of blank, lifeless, rocky coast; dark, forbidding, sombre wastes of interminable distance, interspersed with huge sand hummocks; long stretches of dreary scrub and bent, wind-blown ti-tree, and then again sand hummocks; and all these backed by lonely mountain ranges, half-hidden in that peculiar blue haze which universally prevails where vast forests of gum-trees clothe the hills, and spread down the dark ravines and solemn gorges, where silence and solitude keep unbroken Sabbath. The dark, frowning cliffs of Cape Leeuwin, on the south-west corner of Western Australia, looming out of the sea-mist, are usually the first glimpse of Australia seen by the voyager, that being the point where the mail ships which have crossed the Indian Ocean from Suez first touch upon the land. But this view of the coast will probably be a very brief one, for after leaving Albany another five or six days are consumed in crossing the Great Australian Bight, when no land will be in sight.

But to view the scenery it will be necessary to trans-ship at Glenelg, where the South Australian mails are landed, and come to close quarters, pursuing the line of coast round to the western shore of Cape Bridgewater. Here may be seen really impressive coast scenery—precipitous cliffs, and wild reefs of rocks, over which the stormy waves dash with indescribable grandeur. The roar of the winds and waves is deafening, and there are hollow caves into which the sea leaps and bellows with the ferocity of a wild animal. On the top of the cliffs is what has been supposed to be a petrified forest. Stumps of trees covered with bark and dead branches abound, all apparently fossilised; but geologists attribute this marvellous semblance to filtration through the sandstone rock. Farther round is Portland Bay, a noble crescent-shaped harbour, on the shores of which the pioneer settlement of the Hentys was formed—hence it is called "the cradle of Victoria." There is a lonely charm in this grandly placed harbour of refuge—one of the finest in the Southern hemisphere. The vast expanse is unbroken, save by a few skiffs or cobles, and the occasional visit of intercolonial steamers. You may listen the day through to the measured cadence of the long line of surf breaking on the shore, or watch the unscared seagull hovering above the green waters close to the cliffs, poising almost within arm's length over the curling foam, displaying its white plumage and pink legs and bill as it floats and floats, and



WILSON'S PROMONTORY.

pauses again and again in graceful attitudes, as self-conscious as a *ballerina* at the Pergola, in the old days of *Il Re Galantuomo*. Portland will one day be the queen of watering-places, when Australia has its ten or twenty millions of inhabitants instead of only three, and terraces of houses and white villas will stretch along these unworn, grassy cliffs. At present it is very sparsely inhabited, and the people, belonging as they do to the "Pilgrim Fathers" of Australia, are comparatively well off, and repose on their laurels. In Portland no one is ever seen in a hurry. Beyond the town are pleasant heaths where the wild flowers grow, and on the table-land between the two capes, amongst the wind-blown sand, beautiful heath flowers with bright crimson bells abound, while in Bridgewater Bay the cliffs are decked with creepers, clematis, scarlet peas, and other beautiful seaside plants.

Following the coast-line, Lady Julia Percy Island is passed. Its cliffs are almost perpendicular; and at certain seasons of the year its caves literally swarm with seals. Then past Belfast and Warnambool, a fertile agricultural country; then more sand hummocks and dreary stretches of dark shrub, until Cape Otway, with its dense forest ranges, comes into view.

At the base of one of these ranges, in a crescent-shaped curve, sheltered on all sides, stands Lorne, the antipodean Lynmouth, but without its climbing street—one of the most popular little watering-places in Australia. It is within a day's journey of Melbourne, and the approach to it, over one of the mountain spurs, past deep gorges, from which ascends the delicious fragrance of the young gum-trees and the delicate perfume of the wattle blossom, and under trees where flutter gay flocks of brilliant-hued parrots, is one of its chief attractions. The descent to the little township, with the sparkling sea right in front, is like a bit of North Devon. You may wander about the shore and gather shells and marine specimens in the orthodox way, or plunge into the virgin forest, still as wild and pathless as when the fast-expiring tribes of aborigines alone wandered o'er the land. There are fern-gullies, waterfalls, and fairy glens, at short distances from the hotels; and roam where you may, you hear the sea's faint murmur, and catch through leafy bowers glimpses of the bright blue ocean.

The tree-crowned heights, Mount St. George, Mount Sabine, and others, are intersected by romantic cañons and deep glens and ever-murmuring cascades. The finest of these, the Erskine Falls, leaps from point to point in a framework of beautiful ferns, its silvery shower sprinkling the pendent trails of bright green foliage with diamond drops, which glisten and sparkle in the intense light of an Australian sun as the main body of the water, again united at the base, rushes away down the gorge. Another beautiful cascade, called the Phantom Fall—so called because, although once seen by some pioneer tourist, years elapsed before it was again discovered, notwithstanding the efforts of repeated search parties—has attractions of its own. At yet another point on the river is a picturesque nook known as the Sanctuary, sometimes used by visitors for Sabbath services. Ledges of rock form natural seats, and at the feet of the little congregation the murmuring river flows ever onward, furnishing as it flows that natural imagery which so aptly lends itself to any reflections upon the course of human life for ever hurrying on to the mysterious ocean. But there are endless excursions to be enjoyed amongst the wooded glens of these Otway mountains, and the sunsets at Loutitt Bay are not surpassed by anything seen on Italian shores.

The next place of interest is Port Philip Heads. Between two points—Points Nepean and Lonsdale—a narrow opening is seen, and this passed, you behold one of the largest bays in the world—say, rather, an inland sea, for its length is some forty miles, and its breadth fifteen or twenty.

Queenscliff, on the table-land of Point Lonsdale, with its lighthouse and extensive fortifications, is a fashionable watering-place, well furnished with huge hotels and boarding-houses, being accessible by rail or boat from the city of Melbourne, which stands at the farthest end of the great bay, only three hours' journey from the Heads. Little watering-places—to be big ones in the near future—are scattered along the shores of the bay the whole distance to Melbourne.

But we must pursue our way round the coast; and after passing Philip Island and Wilson's Promontory we come to the Gippsland district, enclosing the well-known Victorian lakes and the Ninety-mile Beach, a vast series of sand hummocks stretching along without break that immense distance. The great current from the Australian littoral, past Cape Howe, here meets the full force of the Southern Ocean with its fierce gales coming straight from the Antarctic regions, and the result is ninety miles of storm and surf.

At Cape Howe the corner is turned, and the whole east coast right away to Cape York—a distance of several thousand miles—faces the South Pacific Ocean. Cape Howe was the point where Captain Cook, in 1770, first struck upon this "land of summer silence," and whence he sailed along the rock-girt coast on the way we are going, noting its promontories and bays, until he reached the flowery banks of Botany Bay. Throughout the greater part of the east coast the valleys of the dividing ranges slope down to the Pacific. In these valleys a luxuriant vegetation is found, teeming with palms and ferns; and the brilliant verdure of a semi-tropical forest clothes the slopes and ravines with an opulence of fragrant wild flowers and aromatic shrubs. The cabbage-palm towers to a height of seventy feet, the

gigantic wild fig is hung with rich draperies of curious spreading parasites, and tree-ferns attain a perfection of beauty in the warm atmosphere of the sheltered glens. The golden wattle fills the air with an indescribable fragrance, the drooping acacia, or "myall" of the aborigines, emits a strong odour as of violets, and the white cedar, or "Australian lilac," with its pendulous clusters of blossoms, adds its delightful fragrance at sundown and for a brief time afterwards.

Perhaps the most striking spectacle of all is the "flame-tree" (*Brachychiton acerifolium*) when covered with its large racemes of brilliant red flowers. The Illawarra Mountains, at this part of the coast, are at certain seasons conspicuous for miles from their glowing crimson adornment. Nor should the abundant *Banksiæ*, so characteristic of Australia, with their cylindrical clusters of blossom, be overlooked.

BROKEN WATER: LORNE.

(*From a Photograph by J. W. Lindt, Melbourne.*)

After passing Botany Bay, the massive cliffs are again seen to be cleft through, and impressive portals, with lighthouses perched on either side, admit the voyager into one of the finest harbours in the world —Port Jackson, with the city of Sydney standing on its farthest shore. Sydney Harbour, with its numberless little coves and bays, is, as regards coast scenery, "the roof and crown of things." Here, of all places, the lotus-eater's ideal of dreamful ease is suggested, for all around seems to invite the weary traveller to rest and never wander more. There is a world of loveliness in the ever-changing panorama of sea and shore, of picturesque islets, sloping cliffs, and handsome villa residences with beautiful gardens running down to the water's edge. Ships of war ride at anchor, and the largest mail-steamers can go straight to the quays at the edge of the city. Sydney has no background of picturesque peaks, such as one sees in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, where the picturesque Corcovado, the Pão de Assucar, and the Organ Mountains impart such a scenic character to the bay. But in variety and animation, in ever-changing vistas of low hills, jutting cliff, and wooded cove, it is unrivalled.

Immediately after rounding the North Head, on the way northward to Queensland, Manly Beach, a favourite place of resort outside of the harbour, is passed. Hotels and residences line the shore, where you can sit and watch the long line of rollers breaking on the beach. The colour of the South Pacific here seems to be of the most exquisite turquoise, and the snowy foam of the ever-breaking waves is scattered into diamond dust with each measured

beat of the mighty ocean, under the brilliant sunlight of the Southern hemisphere.

On rounding Cape Moreton, the strange hills known as "the Glass-houses" come into view, and the increased heat will warn you that tropical Queensland is at hand. But it is not until Hinchinbrook Island is reached, a considerable distance farther

MOUTH OF ST. GEORGE'S RIVER.

(From a Photograph by J. W. Lindt.)

north, that the beauty of Queensland coast scenery comes into view. There magnificent vegetation is seen, extending down to the marge of the sea. Queensland has many specialities impossible in more temperate latitudes. The *Stenocarpus Cunninghami*, a proteaceous tree, displays, when in full bloom, one gorgeous mass of bright crimson stamens, tipped with orange. The silky oak (*Grevillia robusta*) has a downy foliage, nearly hidden by its flowers, resembling branched combs of crooked golden wire; and amongst the noble pines is seen the "bunya-bunya." In the warm, sheltered waters animal life abounds—that strange marine animal, the dugong, the bêche-de-mer—so dear to Celestial epicures—and the pearl oyster, which is to toilers of the sea what the coveted nugget is to the digger on land. Farther northwards the coast-line is very beautiful, and lovely islets stud the sunny waters.

A most wonderful geological curiosity is the "Great Barrier Reef" of Queensland, 1,200 miles long. Here may be found every kind of coral formation—atolls, fringes, and other coralline wonders. The width at one part is more than ninety miles. A period of two years was spent in its survey by Captain Stanley, brother of Dean Stanley, the ship's surgeon and naturalist being Mr. Huxley, now Professor Huxley, and the artist Mr. Brierly, now Sir Oswald Brierly. North of Hinchinbrook Island, whose hills tower 2,500 feet above the sea, there is surpassingly beautiful scenery for many miles along the Queensland coast. Cardwell, with its fine harbour, is passed—a lovely place, backed by a

VIEW OF LOUTITT BAY, FROM MOUNT ST. GEORGE.

(From a Photograph by J. W. Lindt.)

picturesque coast range, and dotted over with white villas, half-concealed in groves of palms and orange-trees. From Rockingham Bay the coast-line is equally beautiful, and the smooth waters are studded with verdant islets. Mourilyan Harbour is one of the most picturesque in the world, with a purely tropical forest sloping to the water's edge. There is, indeed, no more delightful trip in the world than a yachting voyage in the summer seas of northern Queensland.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

MAGAZINE OF ART. PALMA VECCHIO, PINXT.

THE DAUGHTER OF PALMA.

No. 46, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE.—I.

WHEN the occupant of the house which I am about to describe is asked by ladies in what is termed "Society" whereabouts Mecklenburgh Square is situated, he is accustomed to reply that travellers thither usually change horses at Meux's Brewery, the corner of Tottenham Court Road. As a matter of fact, Mecklenburgh Square, in the parish of St. Pancras, is the easternmost of the squares in the W.C. district. It is a quiet, shady nook, full of tall old trees; and in its north-western corner, where the railings of the garden of the adjoining Foundling Hospital bring about the pleasant boon of "No Thoroughfare," there nestle two tall old houses. They are both very curious habitations. No. 47, the residence of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, I know only by repute; but I have heard marvellous stories of the treasures of ancient and modern art which it contains. With the interior of No. 46 I am very well acquainted, for it has been for many years in the occupation of Mr. Sala, of whom for more than thirteen months I have been the secretary and amanuensis. Externally No. 46 has not the slightest pretensions to architectural handsomeness, and but for the green plants in the windows, and the virginia creeper mounting from the area to the balcony, the house would have a dingy aspect. We will not loiter on the doorstep. A pull at the bell brings to the door a neat damsel, in raven black dress and white apron, and we are in the hall, a vestibule somewhat narrow in proportion to its apparent height. I say apparent, because in reality the hall is of the normal dimensions of an English middle-class mansion; but the appearance of additional altitude has been artfully given to it. From a rich gold moulding springs the painted semblance of a fluted "cove," supporting a long oval frame, the border of a beautifully-painted ceiling representing the apotheosis of Psyche. It was executed by Mr. W. J. Callcott and Mr. Baccarri, under the direction of Mr. Sala, who was himself in early life an assistant in the painting-room of Mr. William Beverly, at the old Princess's Theatre. Scattered over the composition are the butterflies typifying the soul; and one has flown and seems to rest on the spandrel of the arch beneath, which presents an unbroken surface of gold, bearing this inscription from Phocylides:

THE HALL.

ΜΗΔΕΝΙ ΣΥΜΦΟΡΑΝ ΟΝΕΙΔΙΣΗΙΣ ΚΟΙΝΗ ΓΑΡ Η ΤΥΧΗ ΚΑΙ ΤΟ ΜΕΛΛΟΝ ΑΟΡΑΤΟΝ

"Reproach no man with his misfortune, for Chance is even-handed, and the future unseen."

The wall on the left hand is wholly covered with fine old line engravings of the fable of Cupid and Psyche—one of the sweetest love stories in the world — after the paintings of Raphael, in the Farnesina at Rome. The lower part of the right hand wall is entirely taken up by a mahogany press, with glass doors, and crowded with old china. On the top of this press is another display, not of china, but of heavy stoneware and Dutch and German pottery, while in the centre is Minton's reproduction of Thomas's equestrian group of Lady Godiva. The late Mr. Thomas was the gifted executant of the ceramic fountain at the Bethnal Green Museum. "Those will be 'curios' some day," Mr. Sala remarks, as he points to a "Jubilee jug," a brown

"Toby" executed by Messrs. Doulton for Mr. John Mortlock, and a "Jubilee mug" from the Children's *Fête* in Hyde Park. Above this press three magnificent works of art reach to the ceiling. First comes an artist's proof of the engraving after De Neuville's "Tel-el-Kebir;" next is an artist's proof of the etching after Munkácsy's "Christ before Pilate," on the margin of which the great Hungarian painter has written a brief but affectionate dedication to the inhabitant of No. 46; thirdly, is a splendid drawing in monochrome of an "Arab Wedding," by Mr. R. Caton Woodville. The floor of the hall is laid with crimson cloth, over which are Persian and Arabian rugs. In the mat is woven the single Greek word ΑΝΑΓΚΗ—Fate—Destiny—Necessity. Finally, the fanlight over the street door is filled with richly painted glass of Greek design, executed by Mrs. Louise Avant.

Passing through the doorway beneath the arch, in the centre of which is suspended a large disc of peacocks' feathers, you enter the inner hall, one side of which is completely filled by a sideboard, adorned with a towering trophy in rosewood and silver, supporting three immense cut-glass flasks for perfumes, the gift to the occupant of the venerable Viscountess Combermere, whom he has had the honour to know for more than fifty years. Among the remaining decorations of the inner hall are a very ancient specimen of Japanese lacquer, old medallions of Nelson and Wellington, a Persian scimitar, a curious little Dutch picture of a tooth-drawer after Jan Steen, and a glass bulb enshrining a tiny stuffed canary, which when alive was a gift from the Countess of Rosebery. Then there are engravings and miniatures galore; the mezzotint portrait of Thomas Carlyle, by Whistler, and a water-colour drawing by W. Callcott—one of the painters of the ceiling in the entrance-hall—of the act-drop at the old Alhambra Theatre. This has at least the merit of being unique, for the Alhambra, act-drop and all, perished in the flames. A fine old Venetian lantern of thick corrugated glass, framed in gilt bronze, hangs from the ceiling. Ascending the stairs to the first floor, not an inch of wall is visible. It is covered with the delightful drawings, about a hundred in number, known as Boucher's Cupids, executed by that facile artist for Madame de Pompadour. The window on the first landing has been recently filled with stained glass, executed in Mrs. Louise Avant's studio, "in order," as the occupant puts it, "to shut out the view of the chimney-pots, the cowls, and the cats, and make even foggy mornings look pretty." Among the works of art covering the staircase wall from the first landing to the drawing-room are artists' proofs before letters after Briton Riviere's "Charity," G. H. Boughton's "Dutch Maiden," and Gustave Doré's "Night of the Crucifixion." Then there is an exquisite water-colour drawing of "Sunset" by William Beverly; there is a life-size crayon portrait of the late Madame Sala, Mr. Sala's mother; there is a full-length portrait, by Bradley and Rulofson, of San Francisco, of the late Mrs. Sala; and there are two frames full of scratchy, coloured etchings—political caricatures, so the occupant has told me, drawn and engraved by himself some forty years ago. He has entirely forgotten their purport and significance, although he recognises among the crowd of people with very large heads and small bodies, Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Donald Nicoll, sometime one of the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. At the summit of the staircase the view terminates with a great vase of blue-and-white china, draped with crimson plush, and we have arrived at the drawing-rooms.

Ere entering, however, a glance may be bestowed on the door, the panels of which are filled with wood carving in a tasteful Renaissance design. Above the door hangs an electrotype replica in iron, silver, and gold of the great "Paradise Lost" shield, executed in *repoussé* by M. Morel Ladeuil for Messrs. Elkington, and the original of which is in the South Kensington Museum. Just within the drawing-room door, to the left, stands a quadrangular cabinet of ebony and gold, with glass sides. It is divided into three parts, the lowermost a plinth, from which rise one above the other two graded platforms, covered with purple velvet. On the sides and tops of these platforms are displayed with exquisite symmetry and taste the jewellery and other relics of the late Mrs. Sala. Her tea-caddy, in *repoussé* silver; a large silver crucifix from Seville; a long amber chain from Grätz, in Styria; filigree work in gold from Genoa; a large crimson feather fan; her ivory tablets and gold pen; uncut diamonds and topazes given her in Queensland; a tiny gold *bonbonnière* from Lady Combermere; a dainty little box in inlaid woods from General Lord Wolseley, whom she knew when he was a major on the staff in Canada in 1863; a great feather fan from Mexico; a quantity of ancient toy silver, mainly picked up at pawnbrokers' shops; and, lastly, bound in black morocco, doubled with white watered silk, with a vellum panel on the top cover bearing a sable cross and the date of her death, a book of her husband's writing, the copyright of which he had given her for her pin-money. On a chair close to this quiet shrine is an oil painting by Luke Fildes, R.A. It is the original sketch for his grandiose picture of "Betty." Hard by, again, is a fine example of Gerard Douw, a surgeon probing a wound in the breast of a cavalier, who has been worsted in a duel, and who is supported in the arms of his wife.

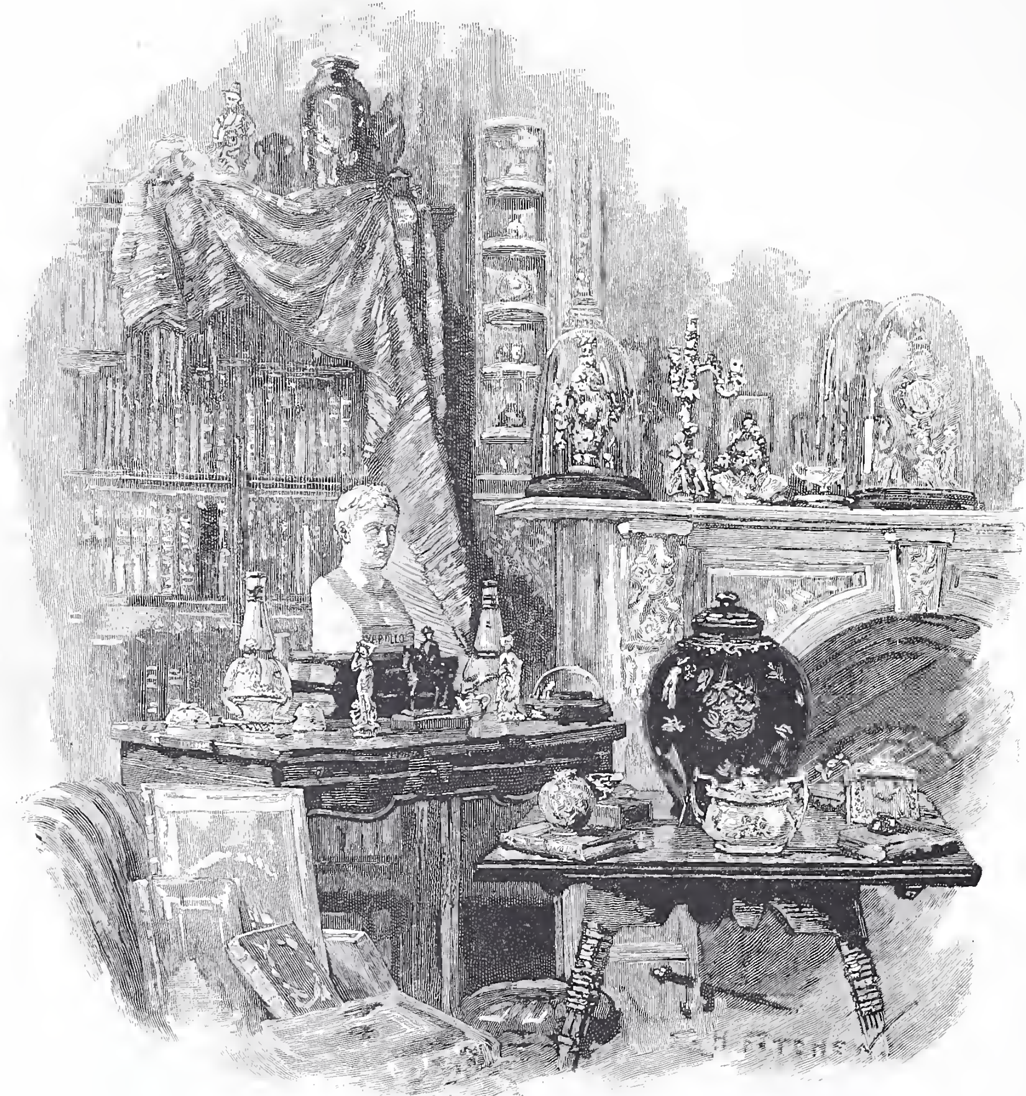
Midway between the front and back drawing-rooms is a table filled with specimens of English engraved glass, and on another table is an array of old plate. The candlesticks are Queen Anne's, rams' horns, and twisted flutes. There are cups, too, of vermeil; a silver sacramental spoon (for extreme unction) from Moscow; a silver coffee-pot, enriched with coral, from Tangiers; and a lovely little full-length statuette of Marie Antoinette, by Lord Ronald Gower. A great pile of art-books close by is surmounted by two cups and saucers of rare old Dresden, between which rises a miniature eight-day clock, in engraved brass, of the date of only the day before yesterday. "One cannot have everything old," the proprietor sometimes remarks.

The drawing-room is full of china, but the articles are so numerous that I must content myself with enumerating only a few of what the collector tells me are the capital pieces. On the mantelpiece and the *étagères* on each side of the pier-glass the porcelain is exclusively Dresden, while that over the book-case on each side is Minton, backed by terra-cotta statuettes after the marbles in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. On the table in the centre of the drawing-room is a Sèvres trophy of Marguerite daisies and natural dried grass. Another striking object is a great jar and cover of modern Minton, of the deepest navy blue with dull gold ornamentation. Other noteworthy pieces are a Sèvres vase of turquoise blue, bearing the crown and cipher of Louis Philippe; a Russian porcelain clock of the time of Catherine II.; a Viennese bowl of the reign of Maria Theresa; Anthony and Cleopatra, in old Yarmouth; and the Seasons, in old Worcester. Then I mark a very curious bit of old Wedgwood, a clock in white earthenware, surmounted by a figure of John Wesley preaching in a white surplice over his black bands. There is a good deal more Russian china of the periods of Paul, Alexander I., and Nicholas. But I come to the end of the china by noticing the occupant's curry-dish, supported on a little square table. It is in reality a supper-dish of the last century, of Yarmouth ware, circular in form, with four compartments radiating to a centre containing a movable cup; but Mr. Sala, when he came back from India, utilised it once or twice as a dish for curry: mutton-curry, chicken-curry, fish-curry, and vegetable-curry, prepared in the respective manners in vogue in the three Presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, and in the Island of Ceylon, occupying the four radiating compartments, while the cup in the centre was heaped high with rice. I have omitted to mention among the ceramics a curiously beautiful bust of the first Napoleon, by Cerruti. I really thought that it was marble, but the proprietor tells me that it is white biscuit Sèvres. It bears the name of that factory and the date 1808. Then, again, there is a charming little cup and saucer of almost transparent *pâte tendre*, profusely

ENGRAVED GLASS.

jewelled with rubies and pearls, with adornments in burnished gold. This delicious little gem of Spode ware was given to Mrs. Sala twenty years ago by the late Alderman Copeland.

Touching the bust of Napoleon, I may here remark that the collector has a craze for relics and souvenirs of the first Emperor and the first Empire. At the base of Cerruti's bust is a small contemporary equestrian group in bronze of Napoleon as First Consul. In his bedroom is the famous "Adieu Malmaison" portrait after Isabey. In the "office" hangs an engraving dated 1815, representing the little King of Rome in the full uniform of a field-marshal, kneeling and saying, "I pray Heaven for France and for my papa." In a drawer of one of the cabinets is a piece of striped nankeen, with which the walls of the drawing-room at Longwood were hung. On a sofa in the front drawing-room is the walking-stick used by Napoleon at St. Helena, a stout ash staff sheathed for half its length with silver, engraved with the names of the successive owners of the stick, from Sir Hudson Lowe to Mr. Frank Marshall, who presented it to its present owner. Of the many Napoleonic books in this house I shall speak briefly when I come to treat of the library.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The works of art on the walls of the front drawing-room demand a few words. I note a grandly coloured transcript of Highland scenery by Gustave Doré; a view in Venice, by Clara Montalba; a water-colour of an old watchman, by John Absolon; a curious water-colour, being a design for a painted ceiling, dated 1662, by De Witt; a drawing in distemper, by John O'Connor, of the Place Vendôme, after the demolition of the Column; Lord Ronald

Gower's crayon drawing of the Duchess of Devonshire; two tender marine water-colours, by William Beverly; a drawing of Roman peasant life, glowing with colour, by Keeley Halswelle; two fanciful in an oval gilt frame: the picture closely resembling a mezzotint after Gaspar Poussin. As a matter of fact, it is neither a painting nor a print. The foundation of the work is a white

THE FRONT DRAWING-ROOM.

aquarelles, by Kenny Meadows; a graceful little group of Cupids in water-colour, by Thomas Stothard; a tiny oil picture of a French priest at dinner, by Genevieve Ward; and a water-colour drawing of a woman nursing two children, by John Flaxman. There is a remarkable old "curio," too, a landscape earthenware dish which cost twopence; this a clever Italian artist held over the flame of a candle until he had smoked it jet black. Then with leather stumps of graduated size he worked out his landscape, putting in the high lights with the point of a penknife, and ultimately floating

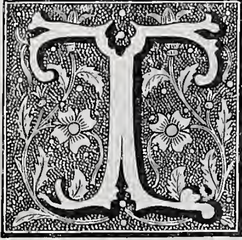
varnish over the whole to fix it. It was then framed and glazed, and I suppose may be considered as imperishable as any mundane thing can be. Next to it an equally interesting but far more valuable object is hung. This is a concave silver plaque, about a foot in diameter, in an ebony frame. The plaque exhibits a group of nymphs and satyrs dancing in a landscape. One satyr, one nymph, and a baby fawn are completely finished in *repoussé* work. Equally finished are a hand and a foot here, a tree or a stone there, but three-fourths of the personages are represented only in outline. It was left unfinished for a purpose; its executant, M. Morel Ladeuil, being desirous of showing to the occupant of No. 46 the exact technical process of the *opus mallei*, or art of working in *repoussé*.

OLD SILVER.

I do not think that I have forgotten much about the drawing-room save that among the artists' proofs there is the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, after Sir John Millais; but there is some of that illustrious master's own handiwork in Mr. Van de Weyde's sumptuous life-size crayon portrait of Mrs. Sala, which stands alone on an easel of black and gold, draped with purple velvet embroidered with lilies and lined with white satin, with fringes and cords of gold bullion. There is also a very beautiful statuette of a Madonna—a "Nuestra Señora de las Siete Dolores"—to which a somewhat curious history is attached. Mr. Sala, attracted by the singular loveliness of the face and hands, bought the figure in Mexico more than twenty years ago. It was undraped, or, rather, was clad only in a suit of blue "tights;" so when he came home he put his purchase away in a drawer. Some ten years afterwards, happening to show the figure to the late Mr. Ewing, that talented sculptor at once proposed to drape it, which he did by means of a pocket handkerchief cut in half and dipped in a basinful of warm size, so that the drapery when dry stiffened in the folds imparted to it by the artists' modelling-tool.

BESSIE CARALAMPI.

NATURE IN THE LOUVRE.



URNING to the left on entering the Louvre, I found myself at once among the sculpture, which is on the ground-floor. Except that the Venus of Milo was in the collection, I had no knowledge of what I was about to see, but stepped into an unknown world of statuary. Somewhat indifferently, I glanced up and then down, and instantly my coolness was succeeded by delight, for there, in the centre of the gallery, was a statue in the sense in which I understand the word—the beautiful made tangible in human form. I said at once, "That is *my* statue. There lies all Paris for me; I shall find nothing further." I was then at least thirty yards distant, with the view partly broken, but it was impossible to doubt or question lines such as those. On a gradual approach the limbs become more defined, and the torso grows, and becomes more and more human—this is one of the remarkable circumstances connected with the statue. There is life in the wide hips, chest, and shoulders; so marvellous is the illusion that not only the parts that remain appear animated, but the imagination restores the missing and mutilated pieces, and the statue seems entire. I did not see that the hand was missing and the arms gone; the idea of form suggested by the existing portions was carried on over these, and filled the vacant places.

Going nearer, the large hips grow from stone to life, the deep folds of the lower torso have but this moment been formed as she stooped, and the impulse is to extend the hands to welcome this beautiful embodiment of lovingkindness. There, in full existence, visible, tangible, seems to be all that the heart has imagined of the deepest and highest emotions. She stoops to please the children, that they may climb her back; the whole of her body speaks the dearest, the purest love. To extend the hands towards her is so natural, it is difficult to avoid actually doing so. Hers is not the polished beauty of the Venus de Medici, whose very fingers have no joints. The typical Venus is fined down from the full growth of human shape to fit the artist's conception of what beauty should be. Her frame is rounded; her limbs are rounded; her neck is rounded; the least possible appearance of fulness is removed; any line that is not in exact accordance with a strict canon is worked out—in short, an ideal is produced, but humanity is obliterated. Something of the too rounded is found in it; a figure so polished has an air of the bath and of the mirror, of luxury; it is *too* feminine; it obviously has a price payable in gold. But here is a woman perfect as a woman, with the love of children in her breast, her back bent for their delight. An ideal indeed, but real and human. Her form has its full growth of wide hips, deep torso, broad shoulders. Nothing has been repressed or fined down to a canon of art or luxury. A heart beats within her bosom; she is love; with her neither gold nor applause has anything to do; she thinks of the children. In that length of back and width of chest, in that strong torso, there is just the least trace of manliness. She is not all, not too, feminine; with all her tenderness, she can think and act as nobly as a man.

Absorbed in the contemplation of her beauty, I did not for some time think of inquiring into material particulars. But there is a tablet on the pedestal which tells all that is known. This statue is called the "Venus Accroupie," or Stooping Venus, and was found at Vienne, France. The term "Venus" is conventional, merely to indicate a female form of remarkable beauty, for there is nothing in the figure to answer to what one usually understands as the attributes of the goddess. It is simply a woman stooping to take a child pick-a-back, the child's little hand remaining upon the back, just as it was placed, in the act of clinging. Both arms are missing, and there appears to be some dispute as to the exact way in which they were bent across the body. The right arm looks as if it had passed partly under the left breast, the fingers resting on the left knee, which is raised; while the left arm was uplifted to maintain the balance. The shoulders are massive rather than broad, and do not overshadow the width of the hips. The right knee is rounded, because it is bent; the left knee less so, because raised. Bending the right knee has the effect of slightly widening the right thigh. The right knee is very noble, bold in its slow curve, strong and beautiful.

Known of course to students, this wonderful work seems quite overlooked by the mass of visitors to the Louvre, and its fame has not spread. Few have even heard its name, for it has not been written and lectured into the popular mind like the Venus de Medici. While I was studying it several hundred visitors went straight past, without so much as a casual glance, on their way direct to the Venus of Milo, of which they had read in their guide-books, and of which they had seen splendid

photographs in every window. One came along, on the contrary, very slowly, carefully examining the inscriptions upon the altars and various figures; he appeared to understand the Latin and Greek, and it might have been expected that he would stay to look statue. I could get but two—these were duplicates, and were all the proprietor of the shop possessed; there was some trouble to find them. I was told that as they were so seldom asked for, copies were not kept, and that there was only this one particular view, a

THE VENUS ACCROUPIE.

at the Accroupie. He did not; he worked all round the statue, reading every word legible on the base of the insignificant figures against the wall, and so onwards down the salon. One of the most complete of the guide-books dismisses the Accroupie in a single line, so it is not surprising that people do not seek it. But what is surprising is that in a city so artistic as Paris there should be so few photographs of this very bad one. Other shops had none. The Venus of Milo is in every shop—in every size, and from every point of view; of the Accroupie these two poor representations were hunted out from the bottom of a portfolio. Of course, these remarks apply only to Paris as the public know it; doubtless the studios have the Accroupie, and could supply representations of every kind; casts too can be obtained at the Louvre. But

to those who, like myself, wander in the outer darkness of common barbarian life, the Accroupie is unknown till we happily chance upon it. Possibly the reason may be that this statue infinitely surpasses those fixed ideals of art which the studios have for so many centuries resolutely forced upon the world. It seems that after a certain length of art study, the natural eyesight is lost. But I hope and believe there are thousands of people in the world in full possession of their natural eyesight, and capable of appreciating the Accroupie when once their attention is called to it.

I knew it was useless to search further among the galleries of the Louvre, for there could not be two such works in existence anywhere, much less in one collection. Therefore I did not go a step beyond, but sat down to enjoy it, and when I had gazed enough for one morning I turned to leave the place. There are never two works of equal beauty of any kind, just as there are never two moments of equal pleasure: seize the one you have, and make much of it, for such a moment will never return. In walking away I frequently looked back—first at three or four yards', then at ten yards' distance; gradually the proportions diminished, but the great sweep of outline retained its power. At about thirty yards it is remarkable how this noble work entirely overshadows the numerous figures close to it. Upon each side of the gallery the wall is lined with ranks of statuary, but they are quite lost as statuary, and seem nothing more than wall decorations, merely curious castings put there to conceal the monotony of the surface.

THE VENUS ACCROUPIE FROM THE GALLERY.

Cleverly executed they may be, but there is no other merit, and they appear commonplace. They have no meaning; the eye glances along them without emotion. It always returns to, and rests upon, the Accroupie—the living and the beautiful. Here is the difference between genius and talent. Talent has lined the walls with a hundred clever things, and could line miles of surface; genius gives us but one example, and the clever things are silenced. Here is the difference between that which expresses a noble idea, and that which is dexterously conventional. The one single idea dominates the whole. Here is the difference, again, between the secret of the heart, the aspiration of the soul, and that which is only the workmanship of a studio, ancient or modern. The Accroupie is human, loving, tender; how poor are goddesses beside her! At forty, fifty, sixty yards, still looking back, though the details now disappeared, the wonderful outline of the torso and hips was as powerful as ever. Ascending the steps which lead from the gallery I paused once more, standing close against the wall, for other figures interfere with a distant view, and even at that distance (eighty yards or more) the same beauty was recognisable. Yet there is no extended arm, no attitude to force attention—nothing but the torso is visible; there is no artificial background (as with the Venus of Milo) to throw it into relief; the figure crouches, and the love expressed in the action is conveyed by the marvel of the work as far as it can be seen.

Returning next morning I took the passage on the left (not as before on the right), and so came at once to the top of the steps, and to a spot whence a view can with little trouble be obtained. Perhaps it is more than eighty yards away, but the effect is the same, despite the distance. The very best place to view the statue is exactly in front of it, two or three yards away, or as close as you like, but precisely in front. It requires no careful choice of position so as to give a limb more prominence, or render the light more effective (the light just there is bad, though it is near a window). The sculptor did not rely upon "artistic" and selected attitudes—something made up for the occasion. No meretricious aid whatever has been called in—no trick, no illusion of the eye, nothing theatrical. He relied solely and simply upon a true representation of the human body—the torso, the body itself—as he really saw it in life. When we consider that the lines of the body seen in front are gentle, and in no way prominent, it is apparent how beautiful the original must have been, and how wonderfully the form has been rendered in marble for this to be the best position to view it.

Three large folds, marked by deep lines, cross the lower part of the torso, and it is these creases that give the work its life. They are but just made in stooping, and will disappear as she rises from that position. These three grooves cross the entire front of the torso; the centre one is forked at its extremity near the right hip, and the fork of this groove encloses a smaller crease. Immediately under the right breast there is a short separate groove caused by the body leaning to the right; this is a fold of the side, not of the front. Under these folds there must be breath, there must be blood; they indicate a glowing life. The immense vitality of the form appears in them, and even as an athlete's muscles are exhibited in relief at his exercises, so exceeding strength of life is evident in these grooves. A heart throbbing steadily and strong, veins full of rich, pure blood, a warm touch, an eager wish to be affectionate, and self lost in the desire to love—this is the expression of the folds. Full of the energy of exceptional vitality, she gladly gives that energy for the delight of the little one.

There are no grooves on the torso of the Venus de Medici or of the Venus of Cnidus; they are sculptured in attitudes chosen to allow of the body and the limbs presenting an unbroken smoothness. They have the roundness of the polished column. They are ideals, but do not live. Here the deep grooves and the large folds are life.

As we move slowly around the statue, from left to right, after observing it in front, the right breast gradually advances, and its outline appears. The act of stooping and leaning to one side causes the right breast to be lower than the left. By degrees the right breast recedes and the left advances, and, standing at the full left of the figure, there are three chief lines to notice—that of the back seen in profile, of the torso, and of the left thigh. The thigh is raised, and, so stretched, seems slightly compressed near the knee. It is more rotund than thick or heavy; it is not so much size as roundness; it is not mere plumpness, but form.

A step farther and the back begins to appear, and the outline of its right edge. Standing exactly at the back, there is a remarkable flatness at the lower end of the mesial groove. This flatness is somewhat in the shape of an elongated diamond; it is rather below the loins, and is, I think, caused by the commencement or upper part of the pelvis. In stooping and at the same time leaning to one side, the flesh at this spot is drawn tightly against the firm structure under the skin, so that the flatness is almost, if not quite, hollow. Had the sculptor been representing a goddess he would have concealed this flatness in some way or other, or selected a position which did not cause it, for the conventional art-beauty must be equally rounded everywhere. Had he been poorer in conception he would have slurred it over, or not even observed it. The presence of this flatness or slightly hollow surface demonstrates how true the work

is to reality. The statue is a personality, a living thing. As the line of the horizon recedes at sea, and that which now appears the edge or boundary is presently sailed over, so the edge or outline of the body recedes as you move around it. Another step, and the right thigh and the right breast are in sight, with the ends of the grooves. Lines that look almost straight are changed, as you approach, into curves. The action of the limbs is most apparent when viewed from the right side of the statue; but its most beautiful aspect is exactly in front. In moving round, it is very striking to observe how the least change of position—if you do but move an inch—alters the outline and curve of the work; the breast, not visible before, is now apparent, as the bust rises; another inch and it becomes a demi-lune, till it swells to its full undulation. At every step the figure alters, but no matter at how many angles it is looked at, it always has beautiful curves. They adapt themselves, these curves, to the position of the eye, and wherever the eye is placed they satisfy its demands for beauty. Examine any part, and it is found perfect; for instance, the inside of the right knee (visible from the left of the statue) slightly bulges, being pressed out by the stooping position.

At a third visit it seemed to me that the statue had grown much more beautiful in the few days which had elapsed since I first saw it. Pondering upon the causes of this increasing interest, I began to see that one reason was because it recalled to my memory the loveliness of nature. Old days which I had spent wandering among deep meadows and by green woods came back to me. In such days the fancy had often occurred to me that, besides the loveliness of leaves and flowers, there must be some secret influence drawing me on as a hand might beckon. The light and colour suspended in the summer atmosphere, as colour is in stained but translucent glass, were to me always on the point of becoming tangible in some beautiful form. The hovering lines and shape never became sufficiently defined for me to know what form it could be, yet the colours and the light meant something which I was not able to fix. I was now sitting in a gallery of stone, with cold marbles, cold floors, cold light from the windows. Without there were only houses, the city of Paris — a city above all other cities farthest from woods and meads. Here, nevertheless, there came back to me this old thought born in the midst of flowers and wind-rustled leaves, and I saw that with it the statue before me was in concord. The living original of this work was the human impersonation of the secret influence which had beckoned me on in the forest and by running streams. She expressed in loveliness of form the colour and light of sunny days; she expressed the deep aspiring desire of the soul for the perfection of the frame in which it is encased, for the perfection of its own existence.

The sun rolls on in the far dome of heaven, and now day and now night sweeps with alternate bands over the surface of hill, and wood, and sea; the sea beats in endless waves, which first began to undulate a thousand thousand years ago, starting from the other rim of Time; the green leaves repeat the beauty that gladdened man in ancient days. But for themselves they are, and not for us. Their glory fills the mind with rapture but for awhile, and it learns that they are, like carven idols, wholly careless and indifferent to our fate. Then is the valley incomplete, and the void sad! Its hills speak of death as well as of life, and we know that for man there is nothing on earth really but man; the human species owns and possesses nothing but its species. When I saw this I turned with threefold concentration of desire and love towards that expression of hope which is called beauty, such as is worked in marble here. For I think beauty is truthfully an expression of hope, and that is why it is so enthralling—because while the heart is absorbed in its contemplation, unconscious but powerful hope is filling the breast. So powerful is it as to banish for the time all care, and to make this life seem the life of the immortals.

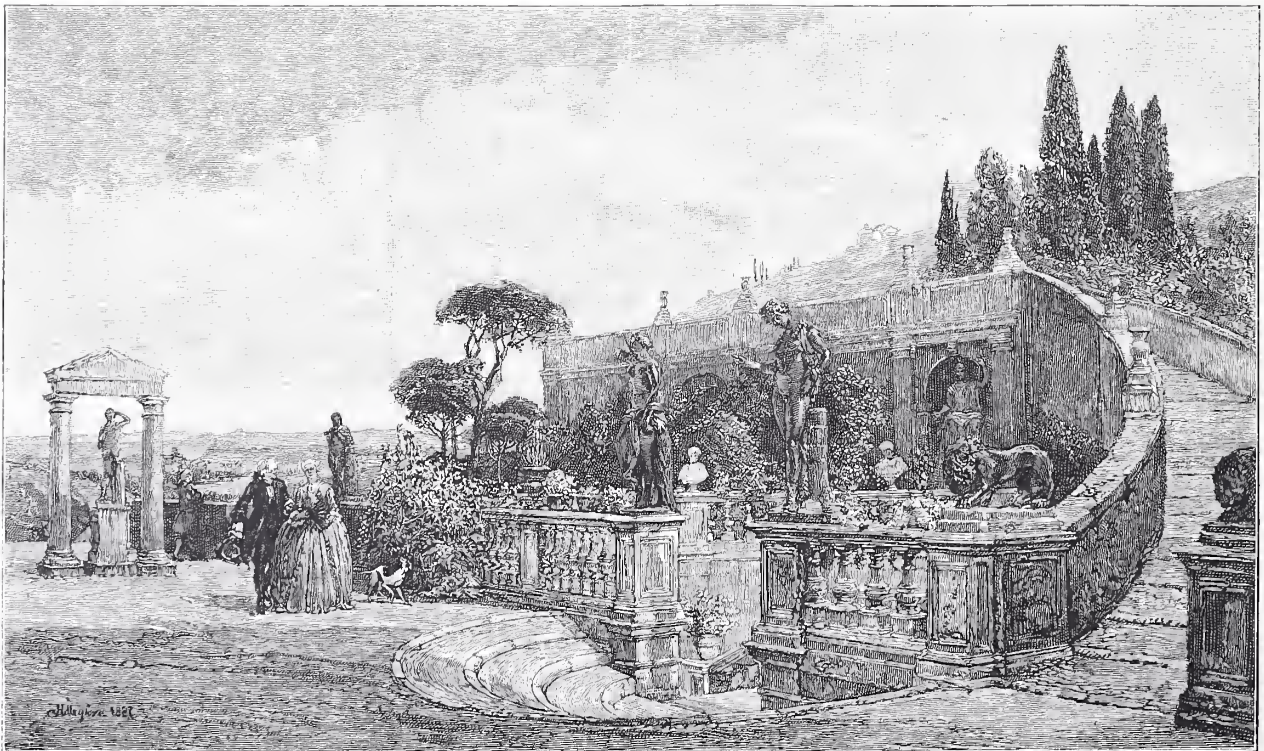
Returning the next morning, my thoughts went on, and found that this ideal of Nature required of us something beyond good. The conception of moral good did not satisfy one while contemplating it. The highest form known to us at present is pure unselfishness, the doing of good, not for any reward, now or hereafter, nor for the completion of an imaginary scheme. This is the best we know. But how unsatisfactory! Filled with the aspirations called forth by the ideal before me, it appeared as if even the saving of life is a little work compared to what the heart would like to do. An outlet is needed more fully satisfying to its inmost desires than is afforded by any labour of self-abnegation. It must be something in accord with the perception of beauty and of an ideal. Personal virtue is not enough. The works called good are dry and jejune, soon consummated, often of questionable value, and leaving behind them when finished a sense of vacuity. You give a sum of money to a good object and walk away, but it does not satisfy the craving of the heart. You deny yourself pleasure to sit by the bedside of an invalid—a good deed; but when it is done there remains an emptiness of the soul. It is not enough—it is casuistry to say that it is. I often think the reason the world is so cold and selfish, so stolid and indifferent, is because it has never yet been shown how to be anything else. Listening to the prophets of all times and climes, it has heard them proclaim their ordinances, and has seen these

observances punctually obeyed for hundreds of years, and nothing has come of it all. To-day it listens to the prophets of humanity, and it sees much real benevolence actually carried out. But the result is infinitesimal. Nothing comes of it; it does not satisfy the individual heart. The world at large continues untouched and indifferent—first because its common sense is not convinced, and secondly because its secret aspirations are in no degree satisfied. So that it is not altogether the world's fault if it is stolid. Everything has been tried and found wanting. Men rushed in crowds to the gold-diggings of California, to the Australian "finds;" and in like manner, if any real spiritual or ideal good were proffered, crowds would rush to participate in it. Nothing yet has been given but empty words, and these so-called "goods" have proved as tasteless, and as much Dead Sea apples, as the apples of vice; perhaps even more bitter than the regrets of vice. Though I cannot name the ideal good, it seems to me that it will be in some way closely associated with the ideal beauty of nature.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

CURRENT ART.—III.

LANDSCAPE painting in England, though it cannot be said to be represented by the great work of a little clan of painters—as in Constable's prime—is yet not without the vitality that springs from sound method and an artistic interpretation of natural impressions. At the same time, it is tolerably evident that neither Constable nor the older Norwich school is just now a healthy influence. In the more promising work of the year there is much of the compromise and experiment that may mark a period of transition. The result is a striking diversity of manner, together with, it must be owned, an inflexible continuance in mannerisms by no means remarkable. There are pictures that suggest nothing but an arbitrary combination of "the dead pieces of nature," like a child's puzzle, in which trees, hills, water, and all the parts of the material scene form a kind of mosaic or patchwork, without any aërial scheme or unifying principle. Then there are the sectional presentment and the literal transcript, both of which often possess the laborious fidelity as to detail which in effect involves the maximum of falsehood in the general aspect. Unfortunately there are no means at hand by which such work may be tested,



AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

(Painted by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Royal Institute, 1887.)

THE LAST BRIEF VOYAGE.

(Painted by W. H. Bartlett. Royal Academy, 1887.)

whereas the force and truth of portraiture—apart from technical and stylistic qualities—may be instantly apprehended by any intelligent visitor to our galleries. By means of the catalogue the landscape is identified, possibly through some item of local observation in the picture which involves memory and association. Or the mere label, with perhaps a poetic quotation, is sufficient, and the picture, which may be without any sincere artistic qualities of intention or execution, is accepted as a work of art. The force of association, sentimental or literary, is so powerful and insinuating with the general public, that it will ensure the triumphant reception of the worst work of any painter who is shrewd enough to apply it adroitly. Everybody who studies our gallery sightseers will be ready with instances. There is, for example, a picture that represents a certain romantic locality of the English coast which enjoys an immense reputation among seekers of the picturesque, not to speak of other accidental circumstances that appeal to more factitious sources of sentiment. The painting is compacted of almost every conceivable species of falsity. What is more astonishing is its failure to present even a truthful record of local facts, such as might merit a sort of recognition, and yet—for the reasons referred to—a chorus of rapture goes up daily before this picture.

It would be easy to multiply examples of this ingenuous worship of what is ugly or commonplace. The illustration might have been drawn from a more conspicuous class of work—from high places, in fact—but it will serve none the less. The gift of seeing is indeed a gift; while the possession of eyes is common to all. Most people who are credited with observation are content to use their eyes with a prying assiduity that suggests a second fingering sense. To few is it given to see through the eyes, as Blake puts it, and not with them, and thus to be sensitively open to the passive reception of impressions, to be able to say with the poet, "My eyes make pictures when they are shut." This power is generally exercised, though not invariably, by those painters who are gifted with a just perception of the essentials of landscape, who know how to select and what to reject, to what lengths they may carry realism without impairing the breadth and unity of their conception.

While the common praise of mediocrity is due to defects of taste quite as much as to want of training, there is no doubt that custom is in this matter, as in others, a tyrannical influence. Schooled by the too profuse examples of many successive Academies, the majority insensibly, and without questioning, accept the stereotyped impressions annually recurrent. One might anticipate, with natural shuddering, the results of the honest *plébiscite* of visitors on the year's landscape. Would Mr. Hook's "Tickling Trout" then retain the position due to its special distinction of originality, in style and in sentiment, or would Mr. Alfred East's "The Land between the Lochs"—which we reproduce (p. 341)—be awarded its rightful and not less isolated place among the best work at both exhibitions? Such speculations are interesting, though scarcely profitable. To turn to Mr. East's picture, we have to consider what is not merely the painter's finest achievement, so far, as a colourist—and a colourist, by the way, of peculiar individuality—but beyond all doubt the most subtle interpretative landscape either at the Grosvenor or at the Academy. Mr. Hook's masterly work displays higher technical accomplishment, and by its expressive breadth and simplicity, if not in colour, is affiliated to certain classics in the art—the work of the great French masters whom Richard Wilson followed afar off. The foreground, though the figures are admirably treated, is perhaps not altogether relevant to the landscape scheme—is, indeed, much like the *cadenza* introduced by some skilled executant in a composition of self-contained dignity and completeness.

"The Land between the Lochs" is an interesting personal revelation, both in the suggestiveness and mystery of its atmospheric scheme and in its singular beauty of colour. Look at it as we will, with the prepossessions of whatever landscape school we may favour, the silent-working charm of this extremely individual presentment of wild moorland under the brooding and breathless spell of summer calm captivates the imagination by the slow and insidious process that always effects the most enduring impression. More instant and more easily analysed is the fascination of Mr. East's delicate and fantastic "Autumn Afterglow" (No. 608 at the Academy); but the larger style and more solemn and reposeful colour of "The Land between the Lochs" are combined with a more searching and sympathetic interpretation of nature. The smaller picture has a peculiar elegance of handling, and is extremely taking; the other produces a more lasting impression, and in many ways seems to prophesy of yet higher achievements in the painter's future.

While landscape pure and simple is scarcer this year, there is a fair proportion of good work in which landscape is an important element. In the first room at the Academy Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "Past the Old Town" may be noticed for the fine treatment of the smoky sunset and the large and tranquil rendering of the various objects—canal-barges and the like—touched by the skyey influence. This is the best example of the painter this year, and he has produced few pictures more thoroughly pleasing or more free from mannerism. In the same gallery Mr. Graham's "An Easterly Breeze," with capital drawing in the nearer water and excellent

rendering of conflicting currents, is, on the whole, somewhat void of life and air; Mr. Colin Hunter's foreshore and figures in "Their Share of the Toil," on the other hand, are uncommonly true. In Mr. Briton Riviere's "An Old-World Wanderer," the multitudes of sea-fowl are admirably painted, and so also is the calm and opalescent sea, but the weedy rocks are somewhat over-studied, and the Greek who has landed on the lone island scarcely expresses the poetic sentiment of Coleridge's verse. He is far more of a wonderer than a wanderer, though why a Greek should wonder at the sight of so many gulls and their kin is difficult to conjecture. Close by is Mr. Boughton's "Dancing Down the Hay," a picture that easily holds its own among the few poetic examples of landscape not wholly based on school conventions. The active luminous quality of the sheeny atmosphere in this beautiful picture is realised with extreme delicacy of gradation, and is marvellously assisted by the sober, unobtrusive presentment of the figures.

In the next room we must note, in addition to Mr. East's landscape and Mr. A. W. Hunt's "On the Dangerous Edge," already spoken of, a painting by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, entitled "Summer," in which excellent study and well-directed observation are combined with a curiously narrow insistence on the importance of detail. Thus the general aspect of the picture is both feeble and false, though the painting reveals on examination much care and conscientious labour. "The Pool," by Mr. Ernest Parton, is scarcely an average example. Nor does Mr. Percy Belgrave quite attain to the excellence of his last year's work in "Low Tide on the Cornish Coast," though "The Leech-Gatherer," also in the third room, is finely conceived, broadly atmospheric in colour, and decidedly impressive in effect. Nearly opposite to this picture is Mr. Arthur G. Bell's "Home of the Wild-fowl," a tranquil and soberly harmonised work, perhaps the best of numerous renderings of quiet water-ways and spacious aërial influences. Another meritorious study is Mr. Frank Dean's "A Tidal River," where the perfectly realised sentiment is agreeably personal, without a touch of exaggeration.

Passing to the next room, we are arrested by Mr. Mark Fisher's "Cattle in Berkshire Meadows," a picture that runs the painter's Grosvenor landscape very close in the masterly painting of the sky and the exquisite aërial quality of the distance. And here also are Mr. Leslie Thomson's fresh and unmannered "Hampshire Common," Mr. Anderson Hague's "Ripening Corn"—with the warm shadows of the cornfield very finely rendered—and Mr. Edwin Ellis's coast scene, "A March Morning," with its dark heaving sea and velvet-like green uplands, the force of which is striking in an unpleasant sense. Certainly Mr. Ellis is better represented at Suffolk Street than here. In the adjoining room, Mr. John Brett's "Ardentrive Bay; a very low barometer," is unquestionably dispiriting in effect, and so far may be considered a sympathetic study of the phenomena of atmospheric depression. But so also is its glittering companion with the too-suggestive title "Kyle-Akin," which is like a dying mackerel for iridescence, though we have no note of the meteorological conditions. Of another order of art is Mr. Joseph Milne's broad, strong, and most harmonious "Tay Backwater, Kinfauns," a fair example of pure undebased landscape, constructed on sound principles, and carried out with unflinching fidelity. Passing Mr. East's "Autumn Afterglow" and Mr. Mark Fisher's beautiful pastoral, "Sheep Crossing Hillside—Moonlight," we come to the subject of another illustration, Mr. Bartlett's representation of an Irish funeral. "The Last Brief Voyage" (p. 337) depicts a party of women—fisher-folk for the most part—who have come from some remote lake-side or island to the burial-place. The mournful analogy suggested by the title is scarcely needed to enforce the pathos of such an incident, which on the whole is realised by the painter with broad significance, if not with subtlety. There is something left to desire, however, in the handling, which is rather mechanical, and in the presentment of figures and boat, which is a little inflexible and void of true atmospheric environment.

Mr. John Fulleylove's "An Italian Garden," reproduced here from the original water-colour at the Royal Institute (p. 336), is a delightful variation on a theme which the artist has long since made his own. Be the scene where it may, in Tuscany or at Rome, at Wilton or Penshurst, or some later creation of our own Augustan age devised by Kent and sung by Pope, nowhere do we find the charms of Nature and the art of man so intimately blended as in some old many-terraced garden, with its fountains, alcoves, shrines, and graceful statuary. Marble and bronze are not exempt from the transfiguring influence of sun and wind and rain, even in an Italian garden, and Mr. Fulleylove has rendered their beauty of texture and surface in the sunny atmosphere with all his accustomed felicity and technical accomplishment. Nor are we without suggestions of the antiquated courtesies of a brave and gallant age, which are naturally associated with such scenes. The company of courtly promenaders on the stately terrace give a final touch of completeness to the poetic sentiment. Those who know Italy only through our romancists might think Mr. Fulleylove's sky too cold and bright, not having marked the clarifying effect of a keen

north wind in Tuscan spring-time. Altogether a cheerful spot is Mr. Fulleylove's Italian garden; and if the romantic soul aspires towards another presentment—conceived none the less in "an artist's humour" — there is Miss Mary Robinson's "An Italian Garden," a little volume of lyrics with intuitive right of which belongs to the Berlin Photographic Company; the group of figures is excellent in expression and pose, while the painting of various textures in high light—especially the dark marble of the fountain and the draperies of the figures—is of fine quality.

A CORNER OF THE MARKET-PLACE.

(Painted by E. J. Poynter, R.A. Grosvenor Gallery, 1887. By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New Bond Street.)

vision, where music and moonlight and feeling are one. Mr. Poynter, whose brilliant and highly-finished "A Corner of the Market-Place" is reproduced on this page, is not in great force this year, exhibiting but this one picture at the Grosvenor, and showing nothing at Burlington House. The painter's learning and skill are fully displayed in the admirable lighting and composition of this picture, the copy-

The sculpture at the Grosvenor can scarcely be said to sustain the promise of last year. Nor is the show at Burlington House, which we reserve for future treatment, comparable on the whole with the exhibitions of the last three years. At the Grosvenor, Mr. Harry Bates's small bronze bust "Rhodope" (p. 343) has, indeed, the distinction of style that is always sufficiently rare, and shows delicacy and research

THE LAND BETWEEN THE LOCHS.

(Painted by Alfred East. Royal Academy, 1887.)

in the modelling. Mr. Nelson MacLean's statue, "Comedy," in marble, though a less successful treatment of the theme than the sculptor's "Tragedy," is yet the most dignified and impressive example at the Grosvenor. Mr. Onslow Ford is well represented by his bust, "The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.," a piece of portraiture of excellent force and character. While there is not a little to praise in the design of Mr. Waldo Story's marble group, "The Fallen Angel," the chiselling lacks strength and expression.

RHODOPE.

(Bust by Harry Bates. Grosvenor Gallery, 1887.)

There remain for notice, among the Grosvenor pictures, a few prominent figure-subjects. Mr. Arthur Hacker makes a rather conspicuous departure from the class of domestic *genre* in which he first attained repute. His "Pelagia and Philammon" is derived from Kingsley's "Hypatia." Considered as mere illustration, as a rendering of incident, as a revelation of character and emotional expression, the picture has remarkable merits, and is one of the few successes of the year in its class. The painter's conception has true inspiration and dramatic feeling; that is to say, the title is not, as is frequently the case, a label or index for the cultured reading public. Mr. Collier having elected to cite Rossetti's poem on behalf of his painting—"Lilith"—it is natural there should be people who resent a non-Rossettian treatment of a theme which is regarded by many as exclusively the poet's. This view may not be sane, or, at least, reasonable. It is difficult, none the less, to accept Mr. Collier's "Lilith" from this point of

view, for it cannot be said of her, "Not a drop of her blood is human;" though the "soft, sweet woman" is presented with uncompromising realism.

The "Icarus" of Mr. W. B. Richmond naturally recalls the painter's "Hermes" of last year, but the pictorial idea is much more successfully realised, and with greater refinement and repose of colour. Once again, however, it is easily recognised that Mr. Richmond's distinction lies in portraiture, in work of the noble serenity and dignified grace of presentment seen in the admirable portrait of the Earl of Pembroke. Absolutely wanting in such evidences of good taste is Mr. J. J. Shannon's showy full-length portrait, "A Queen of Hearts," where excellent technical qualities are sacrificed to a vulgarity of presentment that is altogether amazing in so good a performance. The pose of the figure is worthy of a photographer in search of new sensations. Mr. Lathangue's large figure-subject, "The Runaway," is somewhat uninteresting, the fruit of French example unredeemed by any personal revelation of sentiment, such as is charmingly manifested in Mr. Jacomb-Hood's elegant and alluring "Spring." Much more representative of the painter is Mr. Lathangue's vigorous "Study of a Boy's Head," which is modelled with uncommon skill, and is withal fine in colour.

Our last illustration is taken from Suffolk Street. The work of Mr. W. Christian Symons is at all times interesting by reason of its unconventional record of sincerely observed facts. Often the artist displays a rather assertive exuberance in the sharp lights and highly accentuated local colour of his realistic schemes. "The Figure-Head of the 'Cupid'" is in his most florid manner. In black and white something of the repose that is wanting in the painting mitigates what may be called its reverberating force, without lowering the vitality of an extremely vigorous picture.

THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CUPID."

(Painted by W. C. Symons. Society of British Artists, 1887.)

WHERE HAROLD, THE ENGLISH CHIEF, AND HIS KNIGHTS RIDE TO BOSHAM CHURCH.

REPRODUCTION OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY IN FACSIMILE.

THE idea of reproducing in facsimile the world-known Bayeux Tapestry, which has been undertaken and finished by the Leek Embroidery Society, is worthy of all commendation, for the number of English people who stop at Bayeux to see the original still treasured in its cathedral is few; and to the rest of us, although familiar in our mouths as household words, its actual appearance is almost unknown. Its very name is misleading, for in these days we have come to think of tapestry as work of the loom only, whereas the roll of historic drawings which records the story of the conquest of England by the Normans is a rude kind of needlework, executed in worsted upon a strip of linen cloth. It was originally in one piece, measuring 227 feet in length by about 20 inches, probably the width of the cloth. The story is recorded in quaint picture panels occupying the centre of the cloth, and at the top and bottom are two borders in which the artist seems to have given his fancy full play; for though in most cases the figures in the border have some reference to the central picture, we find in others figures of fabulous creatures, and animals such as the camel and the lion, which must have been hardly less creatures of imagination to the people of that time. In the lower border, near the beginning, are representations of some of Æsop's Fables, and we find also many of the operations of husbandry—ploughing, sowing, and harrowing—as well as field sports. Towards the end the border is filled with slain men and horses, to indicate the terrible slaughter of the Battle of Hastings. The drawings, though quaint, are full of spirit, and a general likeness is preserved throughout in the delineation of the principal characters, which might lead one to suppose that they were intended to be portraits—scarcely flattering, let us hope, but the medium is not favourable for the portrayal of the human countenance. The artist has treated the subjects typically, one man standing for an army in some cases, or one tree for a wood, although in others he has not been afraid to introduce a number of figures. His own portrait, it has been supposed, appears in No. 10, where the superscription "TUROLD" is evidently intended for the dwarf who is holding the horses of William's messengers.

HERE HAROLD SET SAIL BY THE SEA, AND HIS SAILS BEING FILLED WITH THE WIND, CAME INTO THE LAND OF COUNT GUY.

There is a strong Norman bias in the treatment of the story, which would show it to be the work of a

Norman artist. Tradition ascribes the needlework, as is well known, to Matilda, wife of the Conqueror,

HERE HAROLD TAKES THE OATH TO WILLIAM AND DEPARTS FOR ENGLAND.

and her ladies; and the fact that it was given to the Cathedral of Bayeux by Odo, the brother of William, to whom he had rendered such valuable assistance at the Battle of Hastings, would seem to lend colour to the belief that it was presented to the archbishop by the queen on its completion. The story commences with the sending of Harold as an ambassador to William of Normandy by Edward the Confessor; records his capture by Guy, Earl of Ponthieu, his release by the peremptory order of William, and his reception by the duke; his stay in Normandy and taking of the oath to support William's claims to the English throne; his return to England and ascension of the throne on the death of the Confessor; and, finally, the Norman invasion and the tragic issue of the Battle of Hastings.

It will be remembered that Edward, afterwards called the Confessor, and his brother, sons of Ethelred II., and of Emma, the daughter of Richard I., Duke of Normandy, had been obliged to fly from England and take refuge in the country of their mother; and that when Edward subsequently came to the throne of England, he filled his court with Normans, almost to the exclusion of the Anglo-Saxon nobles, and thus facilitated the Norman invasion which took place after his death.

The first picture on the canvas shows us Edward the Confessor giving audience to Harold and his companions, who are about to leave for Normandy. The king is seated on his throne in the attitude of giving the law to his subjects; his feet rest upon a footstool, a crown ornamented with *fleur de lis* is on his head, and a sceptre in his left hand. His robe is evidently embroidered on the collar, the wrists, and down the front, probably with that fine gold embroidery for which the Anglo-Saxon women were so famous. Each panel bears a quaint superscription: the second has "[V]BI HAROLD DVX ANGLORVM ET SVI MILITES EQVITANT AD BOSHAM ECCLESIA." Accordingly we are shown Harold and his followers riding to the then important seaport of Bosham in Sussex, where he was to embark. He is represented with hawk and hound, to show that his mission was a peaceful one. We next have the Church of Bosham, which the travellers enter to seek the Divine blessing on their embassy. Bosham still retains its name, and in its church, which was restored some years ago, was found a stone coffin containing the remains of the daughter of Canute. The next panel shows us that the parting feast is over (in the border the animals are engaged in licking their paws) and that the embarkation has begun. This is curious. Harold, the heir to the throne of England, is shown wading bare-legged to his boat, in the same manner as his followers, his hawk still upon his wrist, and carefully carrying his hound, so that he at least shall start dry-shod. We next find the vessels containing the embassy nearing the territory of Guy, Earl of Ponthieu, and evidently looking out with some anxiety and uncertainty as to their reception. The foremost vessel contains Harold alone in full dress, but armed with a spear, which seems to indicate that he is approaching an enemy's country. "HIC APPREHENDIT WIDO HAROLDV̄," is the superscription of the next panel, and accordingly we see the unlucky earl stripped of his nether garments for disembarkation, seized by the count's people. Here we are first brought face to face with Norman and Anglo-Saxon, and note the accuracy with which the artist shows the differences between both men and horses of the two nations. Guy is armed with a huge sword, as well as a basilard, or hunting knife, which latter is suspended from his saddle. Harold and his followers are shown armed only with the sax, that faithful weapon which served for knife at meals as well as for warfare, from which a Saxon was never separated day or night, and which was always buried with him. This is half drawn from the scabbard, as if resistance was intended. In the next panel Harold is depicted stripped of his cloak, the sign of nobility, bearing his hawk reversed on his wrist—to show that his hunting days are over—and riding to Beaurain, well guarded by a party of armed horsemen.

We are then shown Guy seated upon a throne, less ornate than Edward's, but decorated with dogs' heads and claws, receiving Harold as a prisoner. Then we have the introduction of two messengers whom William has sent to demand the release of the prisoner. As his first message does not seem to be complied with, we find two more mounted men

galloping at full speed, while a watchman in a tree is seen observing their movements, ready to carry the news without delay to William. All this is evidently intended to show how great were the obligations under which Harold lay to the Duke of Normandy. We next see William himself riding to meet Harold, and receiving him with great honour.

Subsequent panels introduce us to Harold's adventures in Normandy, where he goes out with William's troops, doing good service in the expedition against Conan, Earl of Britagne, and assisting at the taking of Dinan. William is then shown arming Harold as a knight in return for his services. He places the helmet on his head, and with the other hand braces the straps of his hauberk.

We next have Harold taking the oath to support his rival's claims to the throne of England. He swears by the relics in a shrine which stands beside him, and by the host upon the altar. This oath Harold afterwards repudiated as having been forced from him in captivity. Then we find ourselves in England again, where Edith is looking forth from the palace at Bosham for Harold's return. The earl is received by the king and reprimanded for his oath to William.

The panel showing the burial of Edward the Confessor in the Church of St. Peter at Westminster is interesting; and the fact that the building was scarcely finished is indicated by a man being shown fixing the weathercock, while over the west end of the church is a hand representing the First Person of the Trinity, and signifying that it was by the Divine will that the king had lived to see his work completed. The artist now goes back, and in successive panels shows us the death-bed of the Confessor, and his recommendation of Harold to the people as his successor.

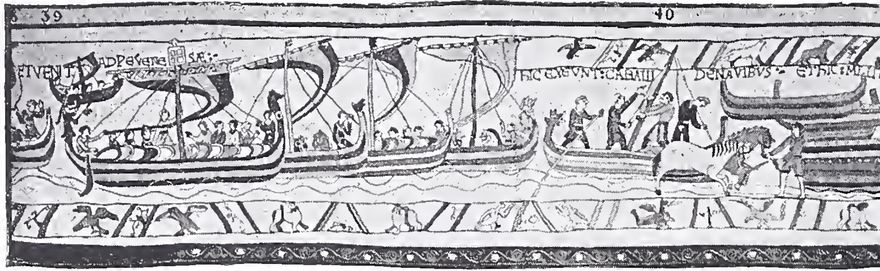
HERE HAROLD THE EARL RETURNED TO ENGLAND AND CAME TO KING EDWARD.

Now we have Harold seated upon the throne of England in full state, and by his side the Archbishop "Stigant," as the Norman artist calls him. In the adjoining room we are shown "men wondering at a star"—the comet which in 1066 affrighted the nation by its sudden appearance, and was supposed to presage woe to England. The worsted comet, with its streams of fire, is certainly a terrible looking object. This is said to be the earliest representation that exists of one of these heavenly bodies.

The succeeding panels take us to Normandy again. William has received the news of Harold's treachery, as he deems it, though Harold's reply to his messengers was: "I promised what did not belong to me. My royal authority is not my own. I could not lay it down against the will of my country." Then we have the building of ships by the Normans, trees being felled and planks prepared, the launching of the vessels in a quaint and primitive fashion, and, finally, the landing of the Normans at Pevensey. The duke's own ship, the *Mora*, which was presented to him by Matilda, is honoured by having a panel to itself. We then see the order of disembarkation, the seizure of sheep and cattle, the cooking and eating of the viands, and the blessing asked by Odo, who stands with his thumb and forefingers extended. A number of panels show us incidents of the invasion—the preparation for battle, the sending out of scouts both by Norman and Saxon, the address of William to his troops, and, finally, the last eight scenes, representing the battle itself. According to the tapestry, the Saxons were attacked on all sides, but they fought with such bravery that the fate of the day long hung in the balance. When all seemed lost for the Normans, Odo, Archbishop of Bayeux, putting on a

THE CORONATION OF HAROLD—MEN WONDER AT THE STAR—HAROLD ON HIS THRONE RECEIVES NEWS OF DUKE WILLIAM'S EXPEDITION AGAINST ENGLAND.

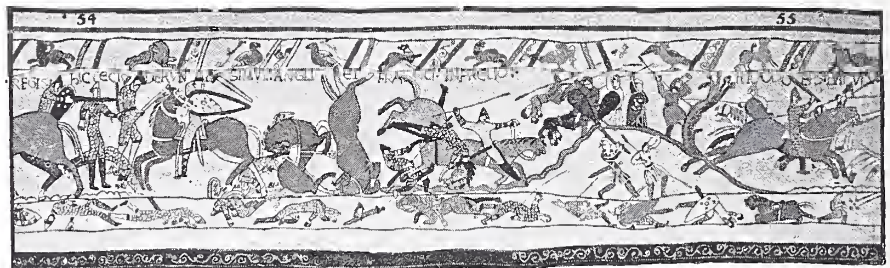
hauberk over his white alb, and holding a mace in his hand, rode into the thickest of the fight, and



LANDING OF DUKE WILLIAM AT PEVENSEY.

turned the fortune of the day; and there is also depicted the incident of William himself rushing into the battle with vizor raised to counteract the false report of his death. At last the Normans have reached the English standard, and, finally, we have the death of Harold, whose eye was first pierced with an arrow, after which he was struck down by a Norman axe. The truth of the statement that not one noble Saxon remained alive is borne out by the tapestry, for the group of men who are shown in the last panel retreating before a body of fully equipped horsemen are untrained peasantry, armed only with club and mace.

The reproduction of the tapestry was begun in the spring of 1885, and completed in 1886, having been divided amongst thirty-five ladies. The facsimile drawings of the original were lent from the South Kensington Museum, and tracings from these transferred to linen as nearly as possible resembling the original; the wools were all specially dyed exactly to the hues of those in the tapestry at Bayeux, and the stitch of the original is exactly reproduced.



THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS: HERE ENGLISH AND FRENCH FELL AT THE SAME TIME IN THE BATTLE.

The work on the Bayeux Tapestry is decidedly coarse, though we know that the Anglo-Saxon ladies of the day worked exquisitely in fine gold and silk embroidery—a fact which may be explained by supposing that the artist who probably directed the work wished to produce a bold general effect rather than elaboration of detail, or that the Norman ladies were not so skilled with the needle as those of the conquered country. As the gorgeous robe worn by William at his coronation was of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, we are inclined to adopt the latter theory.

The tapestry is exceedingly interesting from an archæological point of view, from the light which it throws upon the manners and customs, the arts, dress, weapons, amusements, and mode of warfare of the age to which it belongs; and its reproduction in such careful form by the Leek Society is to be hailed as a public benefit.

LILY HIGGIN.

AN OLD ENGLISH TOWN.

IN a remote corner of Gloucestershire, in a pastoral valley where mingle the waters of the Avon and the Severn, the two classic streams of the western midlands, lies the ancient and decaying town of Tewkesbury. Peaceful and forgotten sleeps the old town now, amid its rich level meadows, sometimes irrigated overmuch by the swollen rivers, and its belts of orchards, fragrant with the perfume of fruit that is ripening. It is a luxuriant, fertile, amply-timbered land, this little wedge of Gloucestershire, overlapped by rich Worcestershire and that country of rough cider and rosy cheeks through which flows the romantic, many-twisting Wye. It has all the sylvan charm of the farther midlands, added to the languorous variety conferred by many streams of water. For here there flow not only the stately Severn, with its traditions of great salmon and its memories of the Welsh hills, and the poetical Avon, which surely must have quickened much that was within him who once dwelt within sound of its

ripple, but also two little local streams which are picturesque in all save nomenclature. It is impossible to go into ecstasies over streamlets with such names as the Carrant and the Swilgate; yet they count for somewhat in brightening the landscape immediately surrounding Tewkesbury. Their currents are not swiftly moving; but they are excellent foils for the wider, stronger, statelier waters of the two rivers which have looked upon the making of so much history.

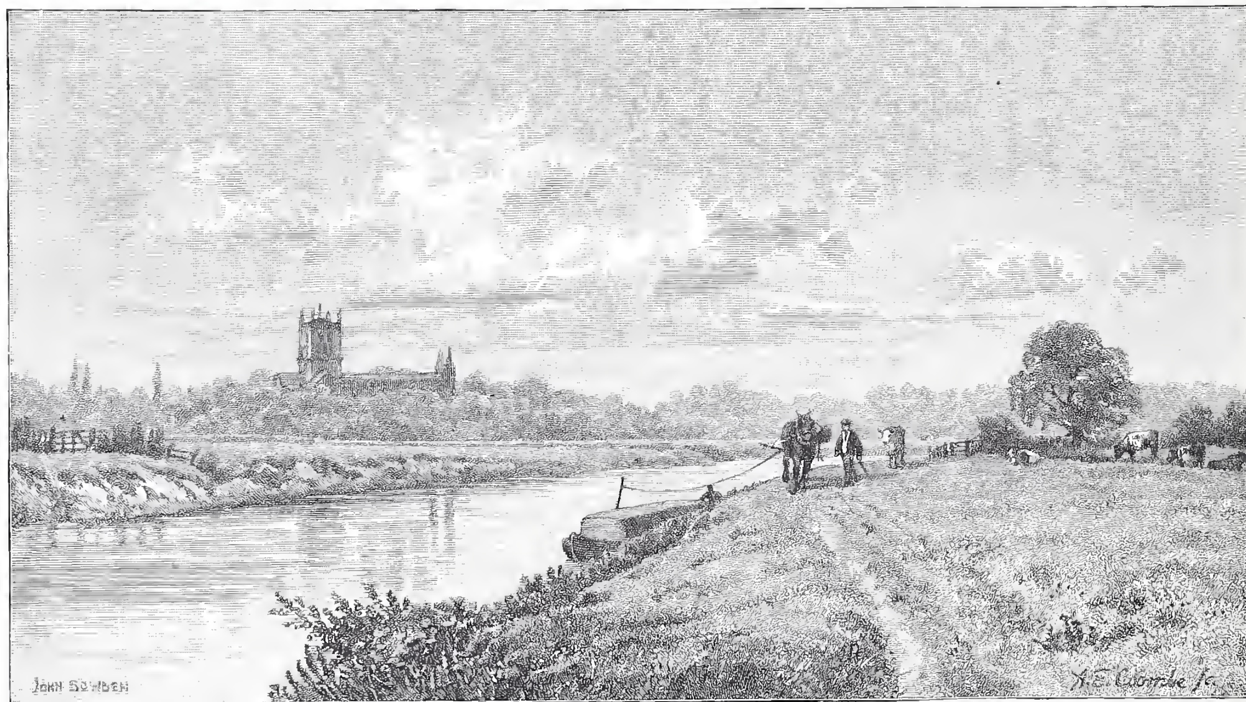
Whoever shares my passion for pastoral scenery—so tender, and so homely, and so legendary—cannot but be enchanted with a distant view of Tewkesbury. Sheer out from the wooded plain, as if from the very midst of the watered meadows, rises the massive, pinnacled tower of the ancient Abbey of the Virgin, while just above the trees can be seen the roof-line of its long and graceful nave. For many a mile across the valley is this grey landmark visible. Sometimes too it is audible; for the bells of Tewkesbury have that soft, rippling, musical note (rarely found in this country, where the office of bells is to make a noise) which so readily floats across a champaign country. Upon a nearer approach, old red-tiled houses are seen nestling beneath the towering abbey in irregular groups, backed and almost surrounded by the trees which abound so thickly in this happy, quiet valley. Here there is no distant hum, as of the progress of many men, such as you hear when you look from afar upon a great city; for Tewkesbury is little more than a village of some five thousand inhabitants. At the end of its streets of tall, gabled houses you step into meadows, and find yourself wandering at once by the banks of rivers, or along narrow, high-banked lanes, glorious with wild flowers and thickly grown with ferns. They who go into ecstasies over the white, well-trimmed lanes of the south, have never seen the wilder hedgerows and the ruddier soil of Stafford, Warwick, or Hereford. It is one of the chief charms of a little country town, that while you labour in a street you may sniff the perfume of the fields and the scent of the hedgerows. Of the stately grandeur of Tewkesbury Abbey, as seen from the farther bank of the Severn, a characteristic sketch appears on the following page. Belted in with trees, it seems, at a short distance, to stand solitary in its dignified and beauteous age, the one immutable thing in the midst of change. Now the majestic tower looks upon nothing but peace; yet in the meadow beneath its shadow the crown of England was finally lost to the House of Lancaster, and twice, long afterwards, it

THE AVON AT TEWKESBURY.

looked out upon the capture by the Roundheads of the loyal little town.

It is hard to say which of the entrances into Tewkesbury is the more purely picturesque. The lover of half-timbering and of that irregular street architecture which gives the town one of its chief charms, will be well satisfied with the "Black Bear" corner, where the streets all at once cease and give place to open country. The "Black Bear" Inn is a very favourable and well-preserved example of a style of workmanship which was almost peculiar to the western and northern midlands. Its overhanging storeys, its succession of high-pitched roofs, its black, massive barge-boardings, and the long, narrow, heavily-mullioned windows, make up a picture which is rarely seen in such perfection. The durability of these ancient frame-buildings is amazing. Built as the olden artificers built them, they will outlast any ordinary thin-walled erection of brick. There is many a half-timbered barn still standing, hale and substantial, which housed the corn of the lord of the manor before ever Edward Plantagenet was "stabbed . . i' the field by Tewkesbury." Nails were never used in putting together the framework of these buildings. Whether the wood used was chestnut or oak, it was always joined together with great oaken pins, which never corrode; while the joists and rafters were so ponderous that dry-rot is usually powerless to injure them. The "Black Bear" Inn is a most attractive type of hostelry of a period long anterior to the general use of wheels. It covers a generous expanse of ground, and extends in the rear into a long range of barns and stables, somewhat bulgy of wall and serpentine of roof, but still meet for many a year's good service. The little horse-pond in front supplies that rural touch which, save perhaps in the dignified High Street, throws its charm all over Tewkesbury.

But to my mind, what I may call the river-front of the town makes an even more striking picture. Where the Avon flows past the rows of warehouses which line its urban bank, the water takes upon itself somewhat of the hue of cities. The rippling clearness which you admire so much beside the rocky foundations of Warwick Castle or by the spire of Stratford Church here merges into the faintly earthy colour which belongs to most rivers during their passage through a town. Yet the traffic is not great; for the commerce of Tewkesbury, formerly considerable, has dwindled, like its population, and its once large output of textiles is now but small. Silk mills, lace and stocking factories, are neither noisy nor obtrusive, and the casual visitor might pass away from Tewkesbury in utter ignorance of its having any manufactures at all. Once upon a time—Falstaff's time—the town was famous for mustard, which is reputed to have been remarkably thick and pungent. Sir John opined that the wit of Poins was "as thick as Tewkesbury mustard." Much consumption of their own mustard may perchance have accounted for the fiery tempers of the Tewkesbury



TEWKESBURY, FROM THE SEVERN.

people in days of old. According to a seventeenth century writer, "a true Tewkesbury man" was "a choleric gentleman who will bear no coals." The descendants of these fire-eaters are a sedate enough race, commendably proud of their interesting old town.

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE HOMESTEAD.

The warehouses which here line the Avon side are mostly tall, brown, and decaying, capped with time-worn tiles and pierced with narrow windows. A few canal barges, gay, mayhap, in the brilliancy of new paint—startling yellow or cruder green—or dingy with the long carrying of much merchandise, are moored to the dusky, weather-beaten walls. There they lazily unload, for time goes not for much in these easy latitudes, and a man, even if he be but a bargee, has time to realise that he lives. This line of gabled, water-washed storehouses has much of a Dutch savour, and reminds me strongly of the canals in that Dordrecht which Turner painted. The square tower of the abbey rising up behind increases the illusion.

Tewkesbury contains really but three streets, properly so described; and the chief of them is of course the street called High. It is full of old houses, of ages as diverse as their altitudes, and several of them are half-timbered. The variety of the architecture lends much picturesqueness to the view from the cross. The ruggedness of the roof-lines of these black and white houses is very pleasing to the eye, more especially in those places where the foil is a piece of tall Georgian red brick, or a shop low, whitewashed, and dormered. The High Street is crooked, as most streets meet for the artist should be, and it holds within it one or two of those good old inns which Dr. Johnson thought so vastly improved the foreground of a picture. There is a tradition that it was in one of these half-timbered houses in the High Street that Edward, Prince of Wales, was stabbed to death by the angry peers of the victor of Tewkesbury. The legend is more than doubtful; for there is another that the prince was slain in the fight; and yet a third, remembered by Shakespeare when he makes Richard of Gloucester admit that he stabbed the last of the Lancastrian princes in his "angry mood at Tewkesbury." The commonly received tradition is that the brutal doing to death of Prince Edward took place in the victor's tent after the battle. Whether or not the Duke of Gloucester had any hand in it we shall never know for certain. "Did ye not kill this king?" demands the angry Lady Anne Plantagenet in that splendid and unnatural scene in "Richard III." "I grant ye," is the cynical answer; and Shakespeare wrote little more than a hundred years after the Battle of Tewkesbury. But whether he was in this expressing the general belief of the time, or was only heightening the dramatic contrast, is a crux which must be left to the learned in Shakespearean criticism. Of public buildings Tewkesbury has none, exception made of the unhandsome Town Hall, built in 1788 by Sir William Codrington—who long sat for the borough—and adorned with his portrait by Beechey. To build a town house for one's constituents in these latter days would be a Star Chamber matter.

The glory of Tewkesbury, and one of the finest architectural possessions of the west, is the Bene-

dictine Abbey of the Virgin, hard by the field still called "Bloody Meadow," whereon "this summer sun of York" so brilliantly shone upon that fateful day in 1471. At Tewkesbury there was an inversion of the usual order of things: instead of the town growing up around the abbey, there is reason to suppose that the town existed first. There was a religious house there at a very early date; but the abbey, whose church is now the parish church of the town, was founded by Robert Fitz-Hamon about the end of the eleventh century. He was the first of the many exalted personages who were destined to be buried there—many of them his own descendants. For the lords of Tewkesbury and patrons of the abbey were of the very salt of the earth—De Clares, Despencers, and Beauchamps; all names of might in their day, and full of great memories now. The King-maker became possessed of the united inheritances of these three families by his marriage with the Lady Anne Beauchamp; but he brought no luck to Tewkesbury. His daughter Isabel, who succeeded him in the patronage of the abbey, was the wife of "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence;" and both of them are buried here. The abbey derives most of its outward dignity from its beautiful arcaded Norman tower, which rises to a height of more than 130 feet. Within, the church is very grand and massive, and of great size. The work is a remarkable blending of the Norman with the finely decorated achievements of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The restoration of this abbey was one of the last works of Sir Gilbert Scott. Few churches are so full of memorials of the great territorial lords who were associated with their history in early days. In adjoining bays upon the north side of the choir are the Warwick and the Founder's Chapels and the splendid Despencer monument. In the Warwick Chapel was buried Isabel le Despencer, who erected it in honour of St. Mary Magdalen, and in memory of her first husband, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. It is an interesting piece of work, superaboundingly decorated. In the elegant chantry chapel, built in 1397 as a shrine for the founder of the abbey, was discovered, some ninety years ago, the coffin of the pious Fitz-Hamon, whose ultimate posterity made so melancholy an ending. The fan-work tracery of the ceiling of this chapel is very admirable. The Despencer monument is by far the most elegant and artistic memorial in the abbey. It consists of a handsome four-tiered decorated canopy, exquisitely carved in stone, covering the marble effigies of Hugh, fifth Baron Despencer, and his wife, born Elizabeth Montacute. In 1875 the body of Lord Despencer, who had then been dead five centuries and

HIGH STREET, TEWKESBURY, FROM THE CROSS.

THE "BLACK BEAR" INN, TEWKESBURY.

a quarter, was found beneath the monument, together with the bones of his widow. Very full of lugubrious human interest is the vault in which were buried the Duke of Clarence—he of the malmsey butt—and his Duchess, Isabella Neville. When it was opened, sixty years ago, the bones of a man and a woman were found—all that was left of "Dominus Georgius Plantagenet, Dux Clarencius, et Domina Isabelle Neville, uxor ejus," to use the language of the brass let into the floor above. The remains have been removed, and the vault is now open to all comers; and somewhat gruesome is the sensation of standing in the resting-place of the mighty sorrows of "fleeting Clarence" and the unhappy wife who died three months after him. The vault has a massive arched roof and a tiled floor. A notable monument is that of Sir Guy de Brien, a valorous knight, who bore in many a fight the standard of Edward III. Wakeman, the last Abbot of Tewkesbury, began to build himself a gorgeous monument; but the Dissolution came, and it remains an incomplete cenotaph. The details are rich and florid; but the effect is flashy and unsubstantial. The skeleton-like effigy of the Abbot is exceedingly repulsive. But Wakeman was not destined to lie in the church of his abbey. At the Dissolution he was pensioned, and, having conformed to the new faith, was consecrated first Bishop of the newly-created see of Gloucester.

When the abbey was restored, the floor of the choir was discovered to be literally undermined by vaults containing the remains of the De Clares, Earls of Gloucester, and other magnates. The most interesting "find" was the tomb of Isabella, daughter of Thomas Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, and mother of the Duke of Warwick. The embalmed body was in good preservation, and upon the head was a mass of wavy auburn hair. The tomb of Edward, Prince of Wales, was not found, and it is impossible to say whether or not he was buried here, or among the heaps of slain upon the battle-field near by. It was his widow, Anne Neville—Shakespeare's "divine perfection of a woman"—who afterwards married Crookback. At the Dissolution there was an end of the glory and the riches of Tewkesbury Abbey; but the church was happily spared, and was purchased from the Crown for a parish church. It is a solemn and splendid pile, and it permits some faint conception of what England lost when nine-tenths of her finest churches were stripped of their adornments and pulled stone from stone for mere gratification of the lust of cupidity.

But it is merely the shadow of its olden self; for the Commissioners of Henry VIII. ordered the destruction of some of the chapels, and the Cromwellians battered to pieces many fine tombs.

The presence of the abbey confers an air of gravity and sedateness upon the quiet little town which becomes its age and history. It is a pleasant and a favoured spot, full of museful memories and of much gentle pleasure for the eye. It owns the picturesqueness of ancient streets, full of gabled houses; of flowing waters, lazy, disportful, and lively with salmon, and withal bearing a semblance of busy commerce. It is surrounded by a country full of that unemotional beauty which is one of the abiding delights of English landscape. Here are long twisting lanes overhung with trees, which darken and cool the way; wide swells of undulating meadows, dotted with kine; heavy belts of darkling woodland; with many a straggling, half-timbered homestead, ruddy-roofed, many-windowed, and all enshrined amid the blossom of apples and the bloom of the simple, lovely flowers that inspired the *Sylva Sylvarum*, as they have inspired so much more of our delightful old garden literature.

J. Penderel-Brodhurst.

THE DAUGHTER OF PALMA.

Painted by Palma Vecchio.

The works of Jacopo Palma (called "Il Vecchio," in distinction from his grand-nephew, "Il Giovine") are but rarely met with in England. There is no example of his art in the National Gallery, though there are two in the Hampton Court collection, possibly, if not probably, from his hand. They were described in the catalogue of King Charles I., of glorious memory, as "done by Old Palma." The "Madonna and Child adored by Saints" has been a very beautiful little gem, and was thought worthy of being ascribed to Titian in James the Second's catalogue, but it has been disfigured by the process ingeniously termed restoring, which means in this instance first removing the varnish, and with it part of the surface colours and glazings, by friction or solvents, then over-painting the portions so destroyed, the result being that it is impossible to say who really painted the picture. Many conceive the "art" of restoring to be an innovation of the nineteenth century. Not at all. One Pietro Mattoni (1605—1678), who designed many of the mosaics in the Church of San Marco at Venice, acquired the *sobriquet* of "Vecchia" from his ability in restoring old paintings. The other work ascribed to Palma at Hampton Court, "A Holy Family," is somewhat Titianesque in character, and is said by the authors of "Titian" and "Painting in North Italy" to be a replica of a panel in the Madrid Museum. The work which represents St. Bridget or St. Catherine offering flowers to the Infant Jesus is a portrait of the original of our frontispiece, one of Palma's three beautiful daughters, the one immortalised by Titian in the "Flora," and in other charming presentments of this *bella delle belle*. In the Belvedere at Vienna the three Graces are seen as painted by their father; and the charming child of Nature, with the sunny brown hair, and a violet in her bosom, endowed with the beauty of a goddess, is "the most beautiful Violante," who appears again as the central head of the three sisters painted in one picture, which is in the Dresden Gallery. In the Sala di Venere of the Palazzo Pitti at Florence hangs the marvellously-beautiful "Ritratto di Donna" (18), for some time believed to be the portrait of a Duchess of Urbino, now generally called "La Bella di Tiziano," but without doubt the portrait of our daughter of Palma,

"Violante." It must ever remain a loss to history and art that the painters did not always inscribe upon the panel or canvas the name of the person depicted, as did sometimes Holbein, Cranach, and Van Dyck.

Good examples of Palma's works may be seen in the galleries of Vienna, Munich, and Berlin, as well as in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. His manner, though not that of a copyist, bears much resemblance to the manner of Titian, and his portraits are justly esteemed for their natural animation and pleasing expression, as well as for the warmth and harmony of the colours.

M. Thibault has done justice to Palma by his beautiful transcript in pure line engraving, which expresses all the lofty sentiment and tender pathos of the painting. The softness of the flesh tints is very reminiscent of our great but sadly unappreciated engraver, Strange. E. Barrington Nash.

THE SALON.—II.

M. JULES LEFEBVRE recedes somewhat from the very high position taken up by him last year; for in his super-exquisite "Morning Glory" (*sic*), a study of an idealised female figure, half-draped and crowned with pale blond locks, in which are twined the flowers which give their name to the picture, he shows a tendency to return to a too highly-refined subtlety, closely verging upon affectation. However, in a portrait group of two fair children, a girl robed in brown velvet, and a long-haired boy wearing a suit of the same hue, the hand of the master is again apparent. Though his besetting sins of hardness of outline, of want of real harmony or fusion of colour, when he ventures upon positive keys, are still drawbacks to the perfect enjoyment of his work, the modelling of the heads reveals a consummate skill and a searching characterisation only too rare and too little in accordance with the art of the hour.

M. Jules Breton still shows a measure of the old enthusiasm and the old ideality in two works, "À travers Champs," and "La Fin du Travail," in the latter of which he has attacked, with much courage, if not with complete success, one of the most difficult of atmospheric problems, the representation of the setting sun as it nears the horizon and inundates with its almost horizontal rays the whole landscape, turning it to liquid gold. In the admirably modelled, carefully balanced figures which are framed in these landscapes, the classical element, always so distinguishable in the artist's work, has become somewhat too prominent, being less balanced than heretofore by the vivifying power and *modernité* of sentiment which served as a corrective to its idyllic grace. That most masculine of painters, Madame Demont-Breton, sends this year two of the noblest and most earnest works in the exhibition: one, "Le Pain: Dauphiné," in which the modelling of the figures, and especially of the nude torso of the man bending over the blazing fire, is very remarkable; the other, "Danse Enfantine," a delicious idyll full of life and vigour, and revealing also unmistakable qualities of style. The latter shows a youthful Pan piping in a spring-tinted forest-glade to two nude children, who, entwined together, dance joyously in the long grass. The great charm of this last picture is its absolute serenity, the genuine zest which it displays, and the entirely unconventional pastoral feeling imparted to a subject which might so easily degenerate into a mere echo of ancient art.

M. Carolus-Duran is, perhaps, less brilliantly represented this year than he is at our own Royal Academy. His "Andromède" furnishes yet another proof of his entire want of style and lack of imagination in presenting the nude, but it supplies also further evidence of his freshness, power, and delicacy as a colourist, and of his mastery over the difficult art of flesh-painting—that is, if once we admit, and accustom ourselves to, his anti-Venetian technique in such matters. Nothing can be more delicious than the harmony formed by the fair, pallid flesh-tones, the cascade of blond locks, and the framing of pellucid green sea, above which rise grey-green and buff-coloured rocks.

M. Emanuel Benner continues his imitation at a distance, and in an entirely different key of colour, of M. Henner's wood-nymphs; showing as usual nude female figures framed in a sylvan landscape, in which pale green and light brown tones predominate. His study is, however, unredeemed by the element of mystery, of pastoral poetry in the Venetian mode, which still lurks in the elder master's productions, though rather as a reminiscence of former conceptions than as a genuine, present inspiration.

Among the sculptors whose present aim appears to be to distinguish themselves as painters, M. Falguière sends "La Madeleine," a nude study, in which he displays much of the painter's quality in the rendering of flesh and the suggestion of the enveloping atmosphere which makes vague its contours; but in his over-anxiety to avoid the pitfall of an unduly sculpturesque point of view, he has fallen into

the opposite extreme, choosing forms too imperfect for imitation, and modelling them with insufficient curious *béret,* stand at ease or stride up and down, in close confabulation with clients, male and female.

À TRAVERS CHAMPS.

(Painted by Jules Breton.)

precision. M. Paul Dubois, who, by the way, entirely fails to contribute to the section of sculpture, sends two small portraits of exquisite quality, in which the pathetic gravity of the rendering is not more remarkable than the unobtrusive firmness and charm of the modelling and painting.

Among the modish realists who regard Paris as a microcosm, and are disinclined to push their observations beyond the sphere of its immediate influence, M. Béraud always attracts attention by the incisiveness of his observation, by his unsparing, almost ferocious truth of characterisation. This year he is only partially successful with "Le Cantique," in which is delineated an interminable procession of black-robed men and women of all possible social grades, intoning a hymn or canticle, the effect produced being—whether designedly or undesignedly we do not venture to pronounce—that of a huge, combined yawn rather than a combined uplifting of voices. Admirably lighted, and displaying remarkable finesse of characterisation, with much genuine humour, is his "Au Palais," a representation of the Parisian *Salle de Pas Perdus,* peopled with a crowd of black-robed French lawyers, who, wearing the

M. Dantan repeats once more, in "Un Moulage sur Nature," the remarkable *tour de force* by which he made his first great success. He shows again the interior of a sculptor's studio flooded with an even silver light, in which, in the midst of plaster casts and sculptor's implements of all kinds, a nude female model stands erect, submitting patiently to the strange process of being cast. The manner in which, without strong shadow, the subtle gradations of the different objects and their relative position are preserved, and the delicate rosy hues of human flesh are contrasted with the pallid chalky tints of the plaster statues, is nothing short of masterly; but the picture, save as a consummate exercise, has no special interest. A daring and successful study of conflicting lights, natural and artificial, is furnished by M. Rixens' "Laminage de l'Acier," in which are seen half-nude workmen at work at furnaces, the light emanating from which strives for mastery with the daylight admitted only through some small loopholes. The technical problem has often been solved with greater subtlety; but what really gives to the picture rhythmical vigour and a certain powerful decorative effect is the delineation of the row of workmen, who, stripped

to the waist, are seen in violent yet regular action, which shows lurid and strange under the peculiar chequered light.

An instance of success in fixing a transient and delicate effect of light is M. Muenier's "Le Bréviaire," showing an old *curé* seated in a formal garden stocked with hollyhock and dahlia, just at the moment when the rays of the setting sun have struck his eyes, and he drops his book, gazing up half-dazed. There is no bravura in this modest-looking piece, and yet the difficult though not strained effect sought for is realised with rare firmness and skill. A certain restrained pathos lends an additional charm to the picture. Mr. Welden-Hawkins—most thoroughly Gallic of Englishmen—sends "Dimanche Matin," the delineation of a Millet-like peasant girl, who, awkward yet touching in her Sunday finery, sits half-pensive, half-foolish, on the outer bench of a cottage, her somewhat heavily painted figure being in a deliciously luxuriant garden-landscape, of which, however, it scarcely seems to form an integral part. Mr. Bastien-Lepage fails to convince. The *luminaristes* and *naturalistes* of the Scandinavian group—always one of the most attractive of the Salon, in virtue of its sincerity, and of the skill, combined with a measure of reticence, with which it deals with the most modern problems—are this year somewhat less strong than usual, M. Edelfelt having reserved his strength for the *Exposition Internationale*, while some others have works of less importance than usual. Here, however, is M. Kroyer, with a charming effect of afternoon light, "Un Jour d'Été sur la Plage de Skagen," in which the forms of boys bathing are shown just sharply tipped with the rays of the retreating sun. For its truth and transparency of atmospheric effect this may be recommended to the notice of Mr. Stott of Oldham, whose essay in the same direction will not have been forgotten by the frequenters of the Suffolk Street Gallery. M. Kroyer's other contribution is "Soirée Musicale dans mon Atelier," a favourite impressionist effect, dealing with the aspect of a partially lighted chamber thickly peopled with human

LE SOIR.

(*Painted by E.-A. Duez.*)

Sprague Pearce has a "Sainte Geneviève" firmly and finely modelled, but scarcely sincere in feeling, while its imitation of some of the peculiarities of beings. This oft-repeated subject, though it has now lost some of its piquancy, has rarely been treated with more delicacy, or with a more sympathetic

skill; the individual elaboration of the curiously and somewhat arbitrarily lighted human heads being as but rather the man *en représentation*, somewhat too evidently aware that he is in the presence of

MARCHÉ D'AUTOMNE.

(Painted by V.-G. Gilbert.)

successful as is their happy combination into a pictorial whole. M. Skredsvig shows considerable daring in his "Soir de la Saint-Jean en Norvège," a realistic idyll, the motive of which is a boat peopled with youthful peasants bent on holiday-making, placed on the glassy surface of a cold northern lake; no sky is seen, but only the mountainous bank of the lake, somewhat hard in the crude greenness of its hue. The figures are, in their conscientious accuracy and clever characterisation, over-sharply defined and wanting in atmospheric effect, but, on the other hand, the reflections of boat, sky, and land in the wide-spreading, unruffled surface of the water are superbly rendered. Among the portraits pure and simple, other than those already referred to, must be mentioned, in the first place, M. Bonnat's astonishingly vigorous and characteristic head of M. Alexandre Dumas, drawn and modelled with an almost sculptural precision. It shows not only the living, breathing man, but also a measure of the mental individuality of the personage; yet not the real depths of that individuality, admiring France gathered round to do him honour. M. Fantin-Latour, who appears to have adopted a hastier, though by no means a less effective technique than heretofore, has a singularly pathetic and true portrait of a fair-haired *bourgeoise*, provincial rather than Parisian, distinguished by that "sweet reasonableness" which he so well knows how to impart to his least attractive figures. The prince of the higher portrait-painters, M. Elie-Delaunay, does not this year contribute anything to the exhibition.

Battle-pieces are less numerous, and on a somewhat smaller scale than on former occasions. Among them may be singled out M. Aimé Morot's melodramatic but powerful "Bataille de Reichshoffen," in which are depicted with unsparing realism of detail the horrors of an unsuccessful cavalry charge. If the figures of a young officer wounded to the death as he heads the charge, and of a front rank of troopers following with fixed gaze and set teeth to meet their fate, are so exaggerated in their dramatic energy as to savour rather of the stage than of the battle-field,

there yet runs through the whole terrible scene a pulsation of true human passion which saves it from condemnation. Specially admirable are the riderless horses driven mad with terror, and the figure of a mortally-wounded trooper who, relaxing his hold of bridle and sabre, sinks gradually to the ground.

It is evident that the point of view and ultimate aim of the landscapists have changed, their greatest efforts being now directed to secure lightness and airiness of tone, with a certain symmetry and decorativeness of aspect, rather than emotional effect or true dignity of style. An unusual number of works highly successful from this newer point of view appear at the Salon; yet though their decorative effect is satisfactory, the interest they excite is transient, the impression, both visual and mental, which they leave behind being at the best vague and superficial. Something of this result is, perhaps, to be attributed to the vastness of the canvases which the most modern landscape-painters appear to require for the realisation of their conceptions. To the elder school belong that limited but exquisitely pathetic landscapist, M. Pointelin, who sends two works, and M. Harpignies, who shows all his sober dignity of style, with an unusual charm, in a superb study of a beech-glade seen in flickering sunlight. A younger painter, M. Jan-Monchablon, striking out a new line for himself, sends two representations of undulating cultivated fields backed by distant downs, in which he manages to combine exquisite delicacy and precision with true breadth of atmospheric effect. Admirable specimens of the most modern phase of landscape-painting, thoroughly achieving the decorative charm chiefly sought after, are supplied by M. Japy, M. Argence, M. Quost, M. Montenard — who almost alone faces the difficulties of bright sunlight—and by many others. Two works which may be said to stand by themselves merit, for different reasons, a special mention. M. Vollon has, besides one of his consummately skilful groups of still-life, a sea-piece, "Port de la Joliette à Marseille," which is one of the gems of the exhibition. The picture has a completeness and unity of purpose and aspect which at once reveal the consummate master; rarely have subtly graded harmonies, extending from buff and pale green to the most brilliant turquoise blue, been combined with so delightful a result. M. Duez has sent one of the biggest among the enormous canvases of the exhibition—an impression entitled "Le Soir"—devoted to the representation of a section of vivid green turf crowning a cliff, and upon which are pasturing cows of life size, the rest of the picture being taken up with a vast expanse of sea and sky, both of a curious all-pervading tone between pale mauve and lilac. As a piece of decoration the work must fail, on account of the want of harmony shown in its principal lines, and by reason of the peculiarly unpleasant character of the contrast afforded by the two almost unbroken masses of colour brought into violent juxtaposition. As an attempt to translate the impression produced by a peculiar and transient aspect of nature, it is on too large a scale, and is too unmeaning in its failure to render the mysterious charm which the scene itself might possess, to be pronounced a success. We must not leave the paintings without calling attention, however briefly, to M. Gilbert's "Marché d'Automne" and M. Sicard's "Après le Duel," both of which we reproduce.

(*Statue by E. Barrias.*)

If a high technical level is still attained in the great section of sculpture, the exhibition suffers much from the abstention or the languid participation of some of the greatest artists of France. M. Paul Dubois and M. Auguste Rodin contribute nothing, while M. Dalou shows only two bronze busts, and M. Antonin Mercié a mortuary monument of minor importance. The most remarkable achievement here is M. Chapu's recumbent statue of the late Monseigneur Dupanloup, destined for his monument in the Cathedral of Orleans. The figure

is presented with open eyes and with hands folded in prayer, the head half raised on pillows—a compromise between the Florentine mode and that of the Burgundian school; it is a conception of the most pathetic dignity realised with consummate skill. If the monument is of potent effect, notwithstanding the untinted, sugary whiteness of the marble out of which it is carved, how much would its aspect, both from an architectural and a sculptural point of view, have been enhanced by a judicious application of tinting in low even tones, or of polychromy and gilding confined to minor details, such as we find in some tombs of Mino da Fiesole and the Rosselini! M. Mercié's "Génie Pleurant" presents a child-genius weeping, palette in hand, on the grave of a deceased painter. This figure is modelled with an exquisite truth which does not exclude style, but the sorrow expressed is such as would become a whipped child rather than such as might be expressed by an abstract personification of immortal genius; and so far the work fails.

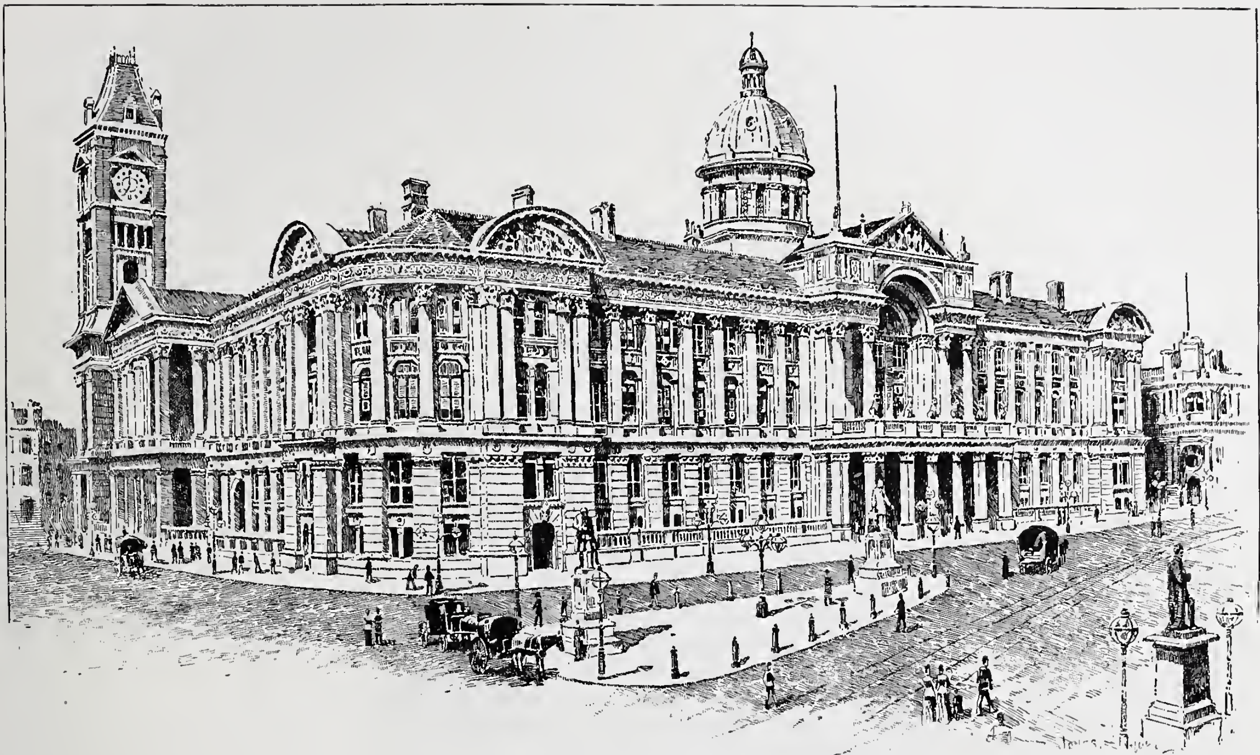
M. Injalbert, with his three superb decorative reliefs destined for the decoration of the Préfecture of Hérault, almost wins us over to admire the florid unrest of the Berninesque style; so bold and exquisite is their execution, so great a charm has he succeeded in infusing into them. Few things here have greater merit or display a more even power than M. Steiner's bronze group, "Berger et Sylvain," the plaster cast of which some two years ago excited so much admiration; it is classical, and yet thoroughly vivacious and true. We fancy that M. Falguière's exquisitely finished, thoroughly mortal, and modern "Diane" is also an old friend. Great executive ability is displayed by M. Arias in his elaborate group "La Descente de la Croix," in which, however, the influence of Michelangelo's unfinished "Pietà" in Sta. Maria del Fiore is too apparent. M. Barrias contributes a striking statue of Mozart, while the veteran painter, M. Gérôme, sends an "Omphale," which, though wrought out with all his fastidious care and skill, lacks individuality and the suggestion of vitality. To M. Frémiet's consummately modelled but undecorative and horrible "Gorille"—the presentment of a gigantic ape carrying off a nude woman, whose almost inanimate form hangs helpless in his grasp—the *Médaille d'Honneur* has, with a deplorable lack of true judgment, been accorded.

APRÈS LE DUEL.

(*Painted by N. Sicard.*)

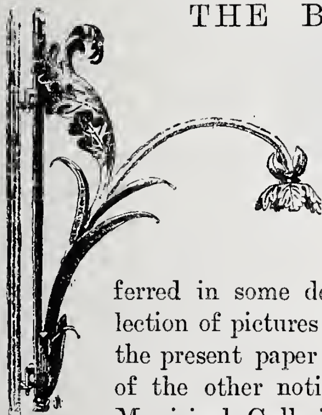
Magazine of Art — A. Moore pinx.

THE DREAMERS



THE ART GALLERY AND COUNCIL HOUSE, BIRMINGHAM.

THE BIRMINGHAM CORPORATION MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.



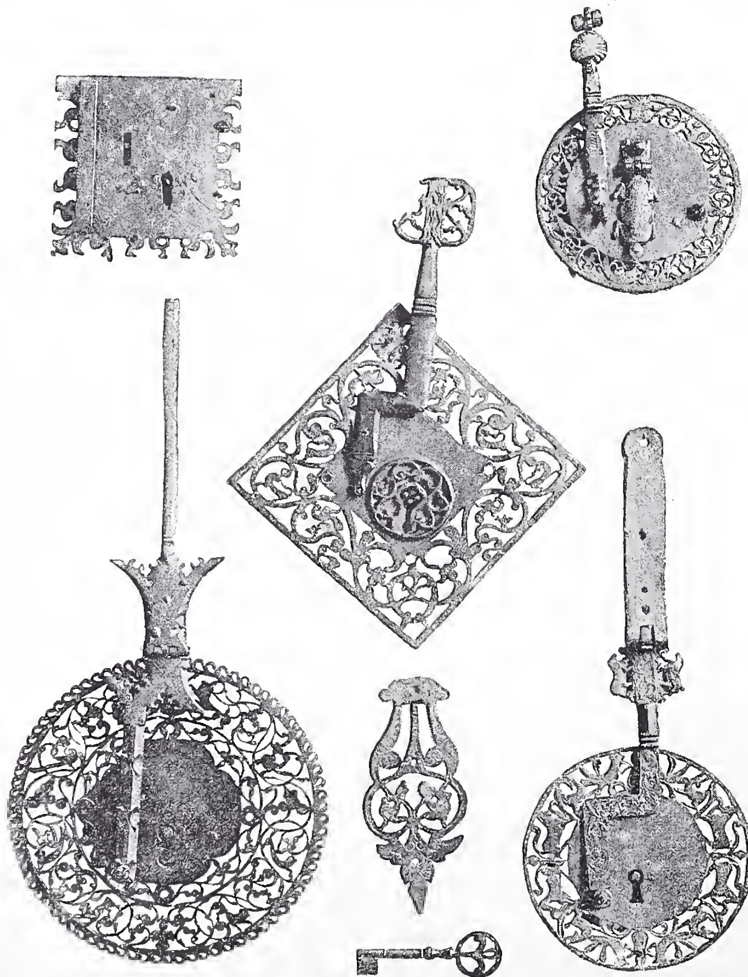
IN a recent number of this Magazine we dealt with the "Progress of Art in Birmingham," and referred in some detail to the valuable collection of pictures formed by the town. In the present paper we wish to refer to some of the other noticeable art objects in the Municipal Galleries, and to call attention to the faet that the Committee of Management of that institution does not fall into the mistake, so often made, of thinking that painting and sculpture are the only branches of art worthy of consideration. Although these twin-sisters may, in their noblest forms, be the highest expression of art, they are not those that most generally and most readily enter into our daily life; and though the exhibition of the most highly perfected types of ideal beauty, as displayed in the finest statues and pictures, may be most valuable as a means of awakening the emotions and training the poetic imagination, it is not these forms of art that will prove to be of the greatest value in the technical education of the artisan. It is for this reason that the Committee has formed the very fine collection of industrial art objects which has been so admirably arranged by Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the Keeper of the Museum.

Birmingham, as we all know, is principally oceupied with working in iron and metal. Much attention has accordingly been given to those branches of art, and many and very fine examples of the best ironwork of Italy and Germany are to be found in the Italian Gallery and the Industrial Hall. It is a pity that such examples as these did not belong to the town before the museum was built, as perhaps the inhabitants might then have been spared such an exhibition of ugliness as is to be seen in all the ironwork of the gallery itself. It is a strange fact, and a sad one, that the productions of large firms, be they workers in iron or in gold, hardly ever possess the artistic merit to be found in the productions of a small one, where the artificer is artist as well as artisan. Where the executant is also the designer, there is likely to be perfect relationship between the design and the purpose of the article, and also between the design and the material in which it is to be executed. Let anyone look at the two brackets we engrave (pp. 365 and 366), and compare their

design with that of any of the extensive iron-work of the museum itself, or with that of almost any one of the great public institutions in London. Instead of being cast by the ton in some great foundry, where the workman cares no more for a bracket for a cathedral choir than he would for a pipe for a city sewer, these brackets were lovingly hammered out of the rough in some obscure and dingy smithy in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, probably by the very man who designed them. It is interesting to note that in Italy—particularly in Siena, where the craft has never died out—the art of working in hammered iron is still continued, though its early simplicity is sadly impaired. It seems almost like stepping back into the Middle Ages to enter one of the dark little smithies where master and apprentices are all hard at work with hammer and file, perfecting some piece designed by the *padrone* himself.

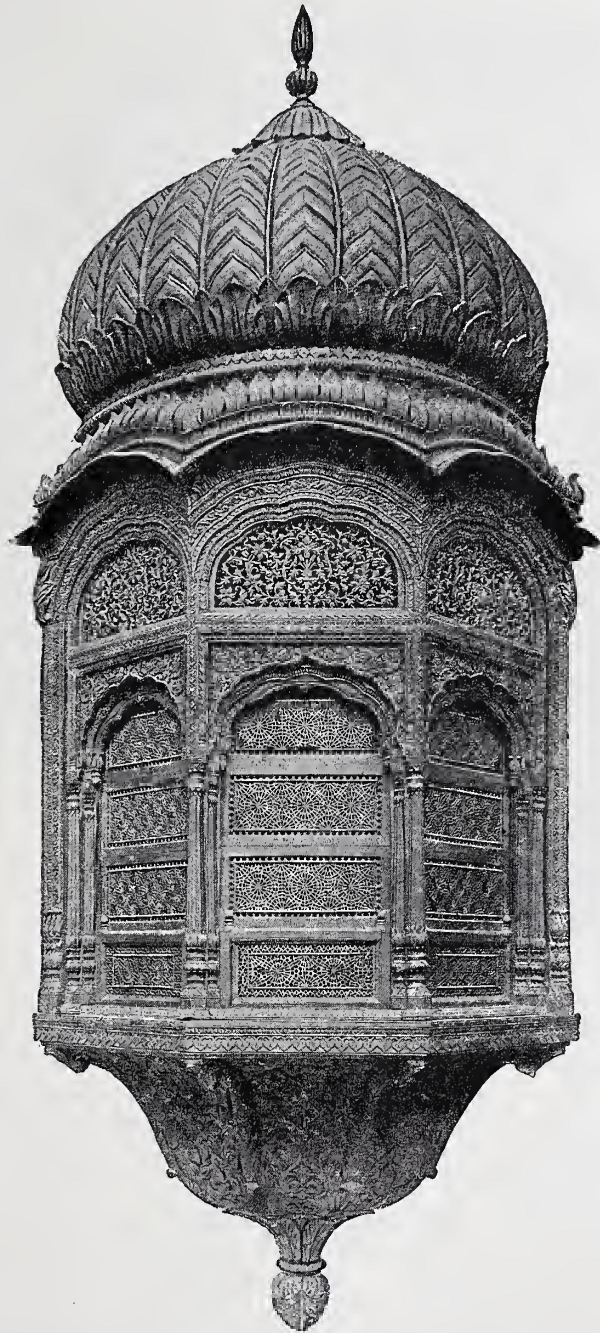
A specially interesting and valuable feature of the Birmingham Museum is the admirable collection of Mediæval and Renaissance art which is exhibited in the Italian Gallery. Before the present museum was built, the town was fortunate enough to obtain the services of Mr. J. C. Robinson, the well-known connoisseur, who made a special journey to Italy and formed for the Birmingham Corporation the collection of Italian art of which we speak. Some years back there was a terrible epoch of destruction and so-called "restoration" of old buildings in Italy (most unhappily not ended yet), and many gems of art were ruthlessly removed from their original places and sold to anyone who would purchase. Of this most lamentable state of affairs Mr. Robinson availed himself to form for the South Kensington and Birmingham Museums the valuable collections which they possess. Many people made a great demonstration about the Vandalism of thus bringing to England these "venerated marbles," and drew a piteous picture of the sorrowing Italian nation, who looked on with streaming eyes whilst their poverty thus compelled them to part with their very household gods. Little did these people think that this very Vandalism was the means of preserving from the lime-kiln and mason's yard the sculptured monuments of their ancient glory which the modern Italians — the greatest Goths, in many respects, that the world has ever seen—were not only willing, but glad to sell for a mere song.

The collection to which we refer consists of admirably selected examples of architectural detail: balcony-fronts, chimneypieces, fountains, brackets and decorative panels, with two superbly ornamented well-heads from Venice, one of the fourteenth and the other of the beginning of the sixteenth century. Amongst the chief treasures of this part of the collection are two vigorous Caryatid figures, from the Frangipani Palace at Pordenone, by Jacopo Sansovino. These have been built into the wall of the gallery on either side of a doorway, and present a fine effect, which, however, is to some extent marred by a stone balcony-front of another period and style having been placed on their bent heads and brawny arms. The town is fortunate in its possession of the terra-cottas which were brought from Italy at the same time. The Della Robbia panel which is in the collection is uncoloured and unglazed, and is—perhaps partly for these reasons — a singularly beautiful specimen; it is preserved in its original tabernacle frame of blue and gold, which greatly enhances its beauty and completeness. The whole of this charming panel is of most delicate and spiritual



GERMAN SIXTEENTH CENTURY LOCKS.

execution, and is full of that noble devotional feeling which distinguishes all the best works of the Della Robbias. In the same gallery there hangs a fine panel of the Crucifixion; it is in plaster, in very low relief. The composition of the group is admirable, and the crowd of figures is full of life and movement; but, for all that, we think it can scarcely claim to be by the hand of Donatello, as stated in the catalogue, although of the *school* of the great Florentine master. The examples of fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth century carved furniture exhibited in the Italian Gallery, although not numerous, are very good, and do much to render the collection complete; several of the large wedding-coffers, once filled with the household linen that always formed part of the dower of a bride, are exceptionally fine.



INDIAN WINDOW.

It is a pity that the examples of Renaissance metal-work, other than of iron, are not better and more numerous, for in a town which produces so much both of silver and plated goods and of jewellery, the example afforded by a few specimens of the best fifteenth and sixteenth century work would be of incalculable benefit. And here a remark may be made with which the parsimonious members of the communities to be benefited will entirely disagree: it is, that cost in the purchase of an article for an art gallery is not to be considered when it means the difference between buying, for a small yet extravagant sum, an object of second-rate artistic value or execution, and purchasing, for a large sum that in the end will prove to be cheap, a first-rate and entirely valuable one. This mistake is constantly made by public bodies, who naturally and most rightly desire to keep down the expenses of their institutions; but it should always be remembered that an article exhibited in a permanent gallery is supposed by the visitor to be the best obtainable, and to represent the finest period of the style in which the object is made. To exhibit, therefore—especially in a manufacturing district, where the style of the article is likely to be copied—a second-rate or in any way inferior specimen, is not only of no service, but is actually a disadvantage. Costliness of material has nothing whatever to do with the artistic merit of the object exposed; and a sculptured vase or wine-cup of gold may be of less value to the student and the artisan than a brazen ewer of good form, sound taste, and fine decoration. "Purchase the best, and nothing but what is best," should be accepted as a maxim by the committees of these institutions. In Birmingham, apparently, this has generally been done, but not, we regret to say, always. Quantity has occasionally been preferred to quality, apparently with the idea of furnishing the galleries. This mistake, although perhaps warrantable in the past, should be considered unpardonable in the future.

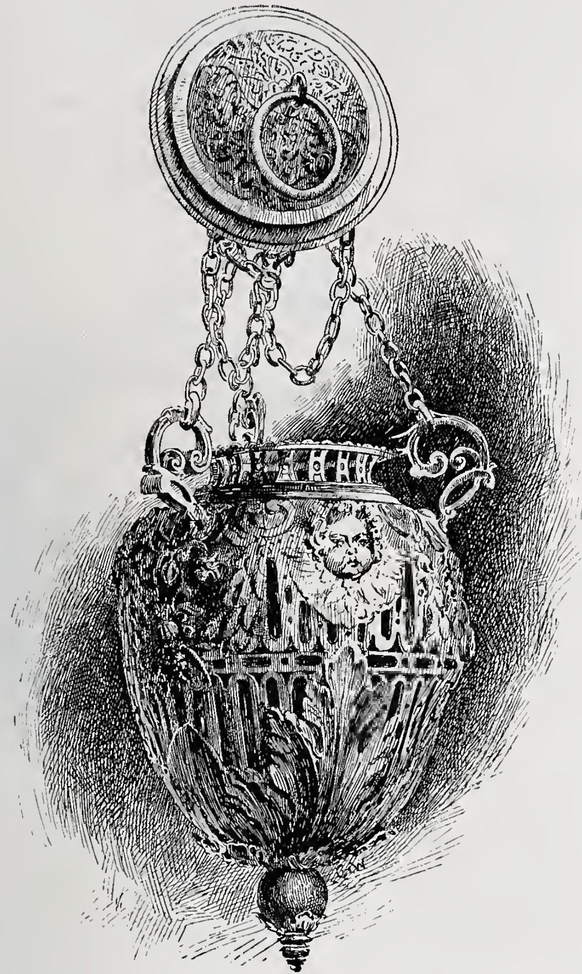
That quality has not always been set before quantity appears to some extent from the objects in the Industrial Hall, where those collections which are of the first importance to artisan designers are exhibited. Although this Industrial Hall contains many real gems of art, there is much in it that one regrets to see exposed as examples of the best art production. Possibly the mistake has been made of purchasing ready-made collections, formed either by amateurs not too well informed, or by dealers who have not thought too much of quality. Here, again,

much of the antique metal-work is poor, though several of the pieces are worthy of close attention. We engrave (p. 365) one of the most charming items, a silver parcel-gilt hanging lamp of the sixteenth century. The decoration of Cupids' heads and festoons of flowers above the open-work of this lamp has a very beautiful effect. Had there been a greater number of fine specimens of silver ware exhibited in Birmingham for some years before the production of the "Nettlefold Memorial Vase," on view in this part of the museum, this huge and unsightly piece could never have taken so ungainly a form.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AND INDUSTRIAL HALL.

That one should not look a gift-horse in the mouth is very sound advice, and it seems almost invidious to make any remarks concerning the magnificent donation of Oriental art lately presented to the museum by a gentleman who has himself collected the greater part of it in the East. But it would be impossible to overlook so important a part of the contents of the Industrial Hall. This collection, contained in ten or twelve large cases, includes examples of all the most important branches of Oriental art: porcelain, carvings in ivory and jade, *cloisonné* and other enamels, jewellery, lac-work and decorative bronzes from both China and Japan; and it naturally, from its interest, extent, and variety, attracts a large amount of attention. This is just a case in illustration of what we have been saying. The collection is too large, and choice has been made without sufficient care. Much is of the very highest order of merit, but some, if not of a low quality, is at all events very mediocre. A great deal of the porcelain is poor, and the Japanese bronzes do not give a fair idea of the perfection to which this branch of art is carried in Japan. A much truer notion of what has been done there may be gained from a piece in another case, a curious drum-shaped vase, raised on a decorated foot and surmounted with a small bronze figure of a boy. The execution of this piece is in every way admirable. Many of the pieces of lac in this collection are, *au contraire*, of the very finest quality, and must be of the greatest value to the japanners and *papier-mâché* makers of the district.

The managers of the museum have very wisely paid great attention to their collection of Oriental art,

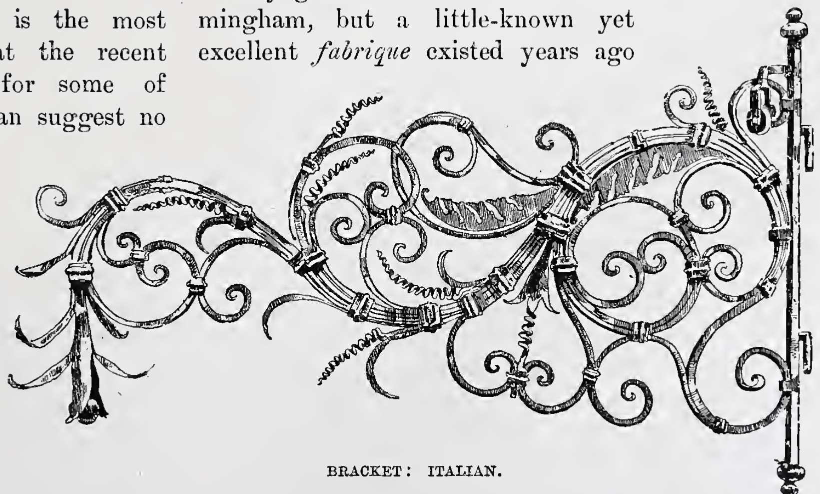


SILVER PARCEL-GILT HANGING LAMP: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

and one of the most important of the recent acquisitions is the very beautiful Indian window which we engrave (p. 363). This is the most valuable of the purchases made at the recent Colonial and Indian Exhibition, for some of which we must frankly admit we can suggest no purpose, either artistic or technical, unless they are intended as warnings against what must be avoided both in execution and in design. This very fine and unique example of wood-carving is a bay window, with dome top and sliding lattice panels. The little lattices are of most beautiful pierced work, and are of the usual intricate interlaced geometrical designs; the top and bottom parts of the window are carved in low relief, with singularly rich floral decoration in the Punjab style, which is neither strictly conventional nor truly natural. For the want of proper space on the walls of the Industrial Hall the window has been placed in the Wedgwood Gallery, where it is quite out of harmony with its surroundings; and as, moreover, it is rather high in position, much of the detail of decoration is lost, though the general effect is improved. This has been done from no want of taste on the part of the Keeper of the Museum, but for want of space in a building that is already too small for its purpose.

Another of our engravings (p. 362) evidences that the museum provides directly for the wants of one of the principal local manufactures, that of lock-making. This illustration shows a few of the many examples of locks that the gallery possesses; they are probably all of sixteenth century German origin. In one of the two galleries in the Industrial Hall is placed another technical collection; this has special reference to the making of guns and small arms of all sorts, which is one of the principal industries of Birmingham. It is a singularly complete series, including examples of crossbows, matchlocks, wheel-locks, and of almost all sorts of firearms, from their clumsy beginning to the perfection of the present day; but its interest is chiefly, though far from entirely, of a technical character, and therefore details are unnecessary here.

One of the greatest connoisseurs of enamels, the late Sir Francis Scott, of Barr, bequeathed his valuable collection of Limoges to the town of Birmingham, and it finds a worthy resting-place in the Art Gallery. Many of the pieces are of extraordinary worth, and not one is unworthy of attention; not a few of the Limousin and Pénicaud examples are of rare quality. In this way it is a model of what a collection should be. The art of enamelling is not practised to any great extent in modern Birmingham, but a little-known yet excellent *fabrique* existed years ago



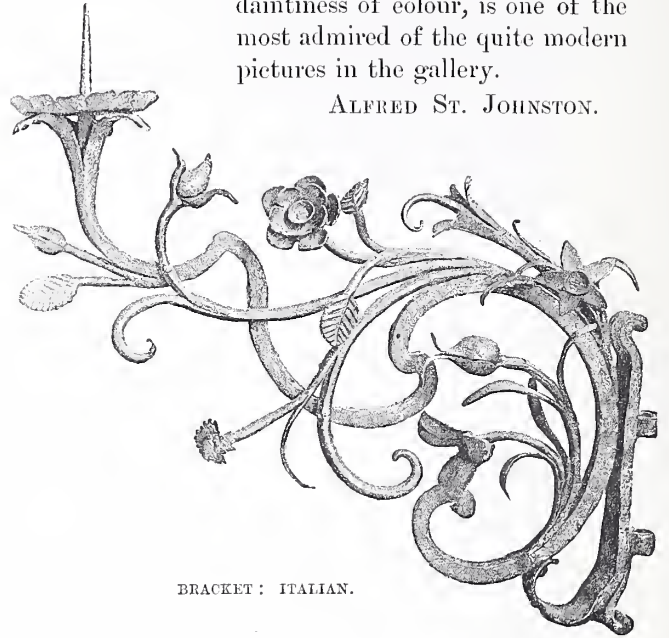
BRACKET: ITALIAN.

at Bilston, a few miles from Birmingham, and this in its day produced enamels as good in many ways as

the more celebrated Battersea ware. Specimens of the Bilston enamel have lately been presented to the museum, and are noticeable for the very beautiful blue tint of the ground.

There is much more in this Art Gallery which is well worthy of mention: for instance, the very large collection of Wedgwood, of which we are unable to speak, as most of the finest pieces of the great potter's work in the gallery devoted to the collection are at present only on loan, though the owners have already generously presented the town with selections. The present paper has been written more with the idea of showing the lines on which an institution which promises to be of almost incalculable value in the future is worked, than to describe in detail the many beautiful objects exhibited therein. In conclusion, we wish to say that it must not be thought that the directors of the Birmingham Gallery, so mindful of the industrial forms of art, neglect the higher branches. That this is not so may be inferred from the facts that only a month or two back the committee purchased Mr. Holman Hunt's splendid picture, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," which is as admirable for its noble simplicity and truth of imagination as for its glory of colour; and that a work by Mr. Burne Jones is shortly to be added to the collection. By permission of the Council of the Museum and Art Gallery, we are able to give as our frontispiece Mr. Albert Moore's beautiful picture, "The Dreamers," which, from its poetry, its delicacy of draughtsmanship and daintiness of colour, is one of the most admired of the quite modern pictures in the gallery.

Alfred St. Johnston.



BRACKET: ITALIAN.

ART ON THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

COURT PATRONAGE AND PAINTERS.

On her Majesty's accession the prospects of art, outside the Royal Academy, were excellent indeed. William Hunt, De Wint, David Cox, Samuel Prout, George Cattermole, J. D. Harding, and a strong body of artists whose successors have yet to be found, were making the water-colour exhibitions the delight of lovers of the art. All these practitioners were at their best. George Barrett was still at work, but his health was failing, and he died in 1842. The Royal Academy was in a transition state: there were found famous names whose laurels are unfading, but who had then done their best work, and there were younger men just coming on whose reputations properly belong to the Victorian era. Eighteen hundred and thirty-seven was in itself a memorable year in the annals of art, since the first exhibition of the Academy was that year held in the galleries at Trafalgar Square. A few weeks before his death, William IV. had opened the new exhibition in state, handing the keys of the gallery to the President, Sir Martin Archer Shee. On the 28th of April the King proceeded to the National Gallery with great *éclat*. He was accompanied by the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, and a royal suite which filled seven carriages. The royal party was received by the President, by Sir David Wilkie, principal painter-in-ordinary to his Majesty, and by the officers of the Royal Academy, who attended their distinguished visitors through the exhibition.

It is questionable whether royal patronage can make good artists. In the instance of George III.'s partialities the answer would be in the negative; but in reviewing the numerous members of the profession who at that date boasted of "royal appointments," the interest taken in art by the reigning family is noteworthy. There was, besides Sir David Wilkie—who cannot rank, all things considered, at his highest as a portrait painter—Sir William Beechey, who had enjoyed much court favour, and had, in a previous reign, ruled as principal portrait painter. As a rule, the names thus honoured in 1837 are not the most famous in the craft. W. J. Newton was miniature painter-in-ordinary to their Majesties; he was knighted in 1837. J. C. Schetky was marine painter to his Majesty and the Royal Yacht Squadron, an office

he also enjoyed under Queen Victoria; Stephanoff was historical water-colour painter-in-ordinary to his Majesty; A. J. Stothard was medal engraver to the King; Peter Rouw was sculptor-modeller of gems and cameos to George IV.; P. Turnerelli was sculptor of busts to their late Majesties George III. and IV.; W. Wyon held the office of chief engraver to the Royal Mint; H. B. Chalon was animal painter to William IV.; William Essex was enamel painter to the Princess Augusta; Andrew Robertson was miniature painter to the Duke of Sussex; J. Simpson, one of Lawrence's assistants, was painter-in-ordinary to the Queen of Portugal. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria had their little court of limners; V. Bartholomew was their flower painter, H. P. Bone their enamel painter, and H. Collen their miniature painter.

The Queen's special appointment was to favour W. C. Ross, to whom her Majesty sat in 1837. Well-deserved honours fell thickly upon this artist; he was elected Associate in 1838, named miniature painter to the Queen, made full R.A. and knighted in 1839. Sir David Wilkie retained his post in the household, and was at once commissioned to paint her Majesty's first Council. The Queen also patronised G. Hayter, who, as miniature and portrait painter to the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, had already been sunned in court favour. He was appointed portrait and history painter to her Majesty, received substantial encouragement in the way of royal commissions, and was knighted. Though he was a member of the Academies of Rome, Florence, Bologna, Parma, and Venice, our own Royal Academicians never received him into their body. They failed to recognise "the higher qualities of art" in his works, a conclusion in which their judgment is confirmed by the verdict of posterity. Hayter's last picture exhibited at the Academy was the Queen's portrait, shown in 1842, though he lived till 1871. Alfred E. Chalon, R.A., was appointed painter in water-colours to her Majesty. Richard Westall, R.A., died before the exhibition of 1837, but one of his pictures appeared in the Academy. His last employment was to give drawing lessons to Princess Victoria. One of the masterpieces in the same exhibition was the "Arundel Mill and Castle" of John Constable, R.A., who died on April 1st, 1837. The pre-eminent merit and originality of his works had yet to find the recognition since amply accorded. The disappointed artist himself wrote in reference to the mezzotints after his pictures by Lucas, "The painter himself is totally unpopular, and will be so on this side of the grave; the subjects are nothing but art, and the buyers wholly ignorant of that." W. Daniell, R.A., one of the old school, whose views of India are well known, also died in 1837.

J. M. W. Turner, at that time the R.A. professor of perspective, was represented by "Snowstorm, Avalanche, and Inundation, Val d'Août;" "The Grand Canal, Venice;" "The Story of Apollo and Daphne;" and "Hero and Leander"—in none of which was he at his best. Thackeray wrote some amusing criticisms on these pictures in his paper, the little-known *National Standard*, wherein he also waxed merry over Sir David Wilkie's portrait of William IV. Wilkie was in his worse manner. He sent three portraits besides that of the King, with the subject pictures of "Mary Queen of Scots Escaping from Lochleven Castle," "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller," and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." His hand was losing its cunning. Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., had seven works, including the portrait of Queen Adelaide; H. P. Briggs had eight; Abraham Cooper, R.A., had seven; A. E. Chalon, R.A., had eight, as also had James Ward, R.A.; Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., contributed some excellent works, which well sustained his reputation; C. R. Leslie, R.A., exhibited his "Perdita," and "Charles II. and Lady Bellenden," a scene from "Old Mortality;" Sir A. W. Callcott sent his "Raffaelle and the Fornarina," which did not add to his fame. George Jones, R.A. ("Wellington-and-Waterloo" Jones), who was librarian, contributed six works; Maclise, then an Associate, had seven exhibits; John Linnell, not yet distinguished by the Academy, sent the same number; W. Mulready, R.A., was represented by his "Toy-seller," and by "Brothers and Sister;" Edwin Landseer, R.A., exhibited eight works, the most remarkable of them being "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "Return from Hawking," and "The Highlands."

H. Howard, R.A., secretary, and professor of painting, sent five works; T. S. Cooper was painting Canterbury meadows and Scotch sheep; T. Uwins, A., sent one of his best Italian canvases, "The Lesson" (Tarantella). In the field of portraiture, T. Phillips, R.A., was represented by eight works; H. Sass (the founder of the school of art immortalised by Thackeray in "The Newcomes") sent four, as also did Sir William Beechey, R.A.; S. Drummond, A., had three; George Richmond was making way in the same field. W. Etty, R.A., contributed some works of size, including the colossal "Syrens and Ulysses," which hardly add to his fame. Samuel Lover, R.H.A., whose artistic reputation has faded before his literary celebrity, sent three portraits and one subject picture; H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., eight works. David Roberts, then competing for Academical honours, exhibited his "Tower of the Giralda, Seville," concerning which the president had written to him: "I trust the public will have sufficient taste to appreciate your labours, and justice enough to

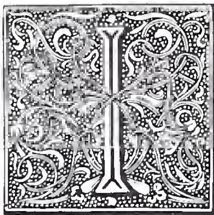
reward them." John Martin, who was never in favour at the Academy, after ten years' absence from its exhibitions had sent his "Deluge;" and H. Weekes, the future R.A., exhibited the bust of "The Painter of Belshazzar's Feast." Edward Corbould, then looked upon as "the water-colour Maclise," had a scene from Spenser's "Faëry Queen." Royal patronage was reserved for this artist, who, after fifty years, is still an active member of his profession. In 1842 Prince Albert bought his picture of "The Woman taken in Adultery," and Corbould was later appointed drawing-master to the youthful princes and princesses. The Royal Academicians of that day included John Gibson, who resided in Rome, Sir F. Chantrey, Baily, Westmacott (professor of sculpture), Eastlake, Allen, A. E. Chalon, W. Collins, Reinagle, Wilkins (professor of architecture), T. Daniell, and others.

Among the Associates were W. Westall (landscape painter), A. J. Oliver, S. A. Hart, J. J. Chalon, G. F. Joseph, J. P. Knight, J. Gandy, F. R. Lee, G. Arnold, F. Danby (who seldom exhibited), A. Geddes, and those already mentioned.

The Associate Engravers numbered Samuel Cousins, C. Turner, R. Graves, R. J. Lane (chiefly a draughtsman on stone), and W. Bromley. Cousins' "Bolton Abbey," which revolutionised the engraver's art, and extinguished "line" engraving, was the most remarkable contribution in this walk to the exhibition of 1837. John Tenniel, of *Punch* fame, sent a drawing from "The Fortunes of Nigel." Grant, the future P.R.A., contributed "The Meeting of H.M.'s Staghounds at Ascot Heath," an ambitious sporting portrait group, familiar from the engraving. There were other names well known in art—Bonomi (the sculptor, famous as an Egyptologist), C. W. C. Marshall (who sent his "Psyche" from Rome), W. Dyce (then residing in Edinburgh), G. Hayter, J. A. O'Connor, H. B. Pyne, H. Singleton (who belonged to the earlier days of the Academy, where he first exhibited in 1784, though he never attained the honour of election, for some unaccountable reason), Witherington, A. Fraser, Behnes, and others. Among the younger men whose names were beginning to be noticed were Thorburn (his first exhibition), Poole, E. W. Cooke, G. F. Watts (his first year), T. Boddington (who also exhibited for the first time), Cope, R. Redgrave, Herbert, Horsley, and others—a generation of painters, many of whom, still in the flesh, may now feel entitled to celebrate the jubilee of their fifty years' association with the Royal Academy.

No review of the painters who were occupying the field in 1837 can be complete without the name of the unfortunate enthusiast B. R. Haydon, who looked upon himself as the representative of "the grand school." On her Majesty's accession, Haydon, with his sanguine disposition, fancied he saw a chance of acquiring royal favour, with a settled income, and immediately applied to be appointed her historical painter—without success. His failure Haydon attributed to his own fault, sins of omission in not striking "at the right moment," and of commission too—"the Queen would never forgive me for sending her a ticket of admission to the raffle for 'Xenophon,'" one of his devices for floating pictures. No less fatal was his misguided hostility to the Royal Academy. JOSEPH GREGO.

NICOLAS POUSSIN: THE MAN AND HIS WORKS.



IN a letter to one of his friends, written in 1647, Poussin illustrates his ideas on painting from the Greek theory of modes in music. According to this theory a particular subject could only be treated in its appropriate mode. If it was grave, serious, and full of wisdom, the Doric mode would be used; if vehement and furious, the Phrygian; if melancholy or plaintive, the Lydian; if peculiarly sweet and touching, the Hypolydian; if jocund, the Ionic. It is clear that he did himself practically apply this theory to painting, since, in this same letter, he says, "I hope before another year is over to paint a picture in the Phrygian mode."

To discover, he said, the right mode in which a subject should be treated, the painter must carefully consider the dominant feeling it is intended to inspire. And if he does this he will not only discover the mode, but its exact variety.

Nowhere can the results Poussin obtained by this rule be better seen than at the Louvre, where he is represented by thirty-nine paintings, some among them being his finest. Compare, for example, the varieties of the Phrygian mode as illustrated in the different forms of Terror inspired by the events depicted in the "Plague among the Philistines," the "Rape of the Sabines," the "Judgment of Solomon," and the "Deluge."

In the "Plague among the Philistines," terror being inspired by a calamity which appeared the effect-

of the displeasure of some unseen power, *Anxious Dread* gives the key-note to the picture. In the foreground, figures, with nose and mouth muffled, are fleeing the infection. A father thus protecting himself seeks his child, who, from the dead body of its mother, looks up with the most piteous expression of anxiety possible to an infantile face. Other figures are engaged in removing the dead and dying; while an anxious group have gathered at the steps of the temple around a priest, who is pointing to the image of the national god fallen before the trophy lately taken from the enemy. The absorbing character of religious terror, and the revolting nature of the plague that has befallen Ashdod, are suggested by the appearance of a number of rats, which run fearlessly about the streets and along the buildings. The lurid and angry sky which shuts in the distance carries the mind to the source of the calamity.

In the "Rape of the Sabines" the painter has seen that the terror aroused by a sudden act of violence would take the form of *Fright*. The Sabines are seen flying in all directions, a father in the immediate foreground being absolutely panic-stricken, while the girls struggle like frightened birds in the hands of their captors.

In "Solomon's Judgment," another form of terror affords a very different variety of the "vehement and furious" mode. Here the sentiment which dominates the picture is *Horror*, aroused at the king's command to divide the living babe. Solomon, unmoved, sits in the centre between two pillars; while on either side are distributed, in a perfectly balanced arrangement, two groups, every figure being affected with horror, either at the command of the king or by the raging madness of the mother of the dead child. This form of the composition is, of course, intended to symbolise the perfection of Solomon's justice; the painter, however, by all kinds of antagonisms, and by a happy arrangement of forms, escapes from anything like geometrical formality.

THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

(*Painted by Nicolas Poussin.*)

In such a scene as the "Deluge" (p. 372), the terror would be so overwhelming as to produce *Despair*. This, accordingly, is the effect of the picture: hopelessness clings round the imagination as clammy weeds to a drowning man. The rain has been descending many days; the trees hang as if they had been steeped in water. The distance is a flood which is slowly rising; all but the roofs of the houses are submerged; a fall in the river has become a cataract. On a rock in its centre a boat has wrecked; two of its rowers are drowning; a third holds his companion against the uplifted stem, that

he may raise his arms in one last despairing prayer. The answer comes in a flash of lightning across the leaden sky. In the foreground huge rocks enclose the pouring waters. A boat is being steadied against the rocks by a feeble old man, who plants his oar in the bed of the river. A father has already climbed upon the slippery heights and is lifting his child from the mother in the boat, into which a drowning man is trying to raise himself. A horseman is drowning in mid-stream; another man makes ineffectual efforts as he clings to a sinking boat. On the opposite rock is the incarnation of all the evil—a great serpent, triumphantly trailing itself from height to height.

From scenes in the Phrygian mode we turn to those in the Ionic. These are bacchanals and mythological subjects, which Poussin treats with an elevation and purity almost Miltonic. Nothing seems to have so touched the poetry of the painter's soul as the deeper thoughts of the ancient world. His feasts and bacchanals have quite a religious character. They represent an ideal world in which enjoyment is the end of existence.

In the "Triumph of Flora" the dominant note is *Gladness*—the gladness of spring-time, the mirth of youth. The grace and beauty of this picture is only to be expressed in a poem like "L'Allegro," to which it would be a fitting accompaniment. The figures are painted with an inimitable charm of form and colour; the landscape, like that of Milton, being in perfect keeping with the mirth of the dancers. The early summer green, the azure of the distant mountains, the clouds sweeping like the wing of an archangel across the sky, render this picture as full of fresh life and joy as Milton's song on "May Morning."

In the same room is a bacchanalian subject (No. 441) in which we see a further stage in the Epicurean idea of life—a picture which sets before us the kind of sensuousness inherent to the worship of nature in southern climes. A group of nymphs and fauns are in the foreground, listening to one who plays the lute. Some children are frolicking, or, tired with play, have fallen asleep. Bacchus lies under some great trees on a bed of vine-leaves. A faun is bringing him a goat; another is pouring some wine on his head—

> "Braid your locks with rosy twine,
> Dropping odours, dropping wine."

A darkening wood on one side, some rocks on the other, the time late summer, the hour when the sun has just fallen and empurpled the distance—nothing can exceed the harmony of the idea, the form, and the colouring of the picture. In this magnificent painting Poussin shows himself a master of colour as well as of mode; never was colouring more in harmony with the season of vintage, just as in the former picture it was fresh and fair as snowdrops and violets. But where he is most masterful is in his moderation. It would be impossible to wish for more or for less. With Poussin, genius itself is made to serve, and not to rule.

We pass from these to a class of pictures of a lyric or plaintive character, conceived in what the artist would have termed the Lydian mode. Our first example is "Moses saved from the Waters." The dominant note here is *Pity*. Egypt Poussin only knew through his "brave old Greeks" and the Bible histories. Naturally, he conceived the scene in the spirit of a Greek myth. The daughter of Pharaoh appears as some beneficent goddess, surrounded by her nymphs; the genius of the Nile beams benignantly on their charity; the distance, in which classic temples mingle with pyramids and obelisks, and which is rich and mellow as one of Domenico's, symbolises the regal but maternal heart that has extended its pity to the forlorn infant.

In "Orpheus and Eurydice" we have another instance of the way in which Poussin's method worked in landscape. The moment chosen is that in which Eurydice is bitten by the serpent. Orpheus as yet knows not the calamity that has befallen him; his soul is lost in the melodious melancholy of his lyre. The landscape—evening by the side of a river late in summer—gives exactly that atmosphere of vague, sweet dread which pervades such localities at such an hour. On the opposite bank five weary sons of toil are dragging a large boat up the stream. This touch shows that the philosophic painter was not insensible to the sufferings of the poor—that, indeed, he knew of nothing more in harmony with the sufferings of the gods.

But his most perfect effort in this mode, perhaps one of the happiest productions of his genius, is the "Shepherds of Arcadia" (p. 373). An inscription on a stone, half-hidden by vegetation, has been discovered by some shepherds. One leans down to read, but scarcely has he deciphered the words than the thought is borne home that here lies one who has been as he—"et ego in Arcadiâ." This revelation of the coming darkness of the tomb passes like a cloud over the bright azure of their souls. The shepherd who reads grows sadder, the one who is leaning on the stone is plunged in meditation, while the third explains the melancholy discovery to a girl who stands pensive, pondering a fact so sorrowful for her and all she loves. Need we add that the landscape sympathises with the new trouble, and wears an air sad and portentous?

But Poussin recognised another mode, touching as the Lydian, but in which the joy was perfect and serene. This was the one which he frequently chose for his New Testament scenes. Here the truth of his method becomes peculiarly manifest.

It compelled him to a direct consideration of the history at its original source, in order that he might find out the key-note for himself. And thus it is that his New Testament pictures, beyond those of any painter, are pervaded with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. That spirit he has caught with wonderful feeling in such compositions as "Healing the Blind Men at Jericho," "The Woman taken in Adultery," and his "Holy Family." The unclouded faith, the philanthropy, the Divine pity, the searching word that tore off every mask of hypocrisy, are all present in his conception of the life of Jesus Christ.

In the "Blind Men at Jericho" the dominant note is *Benevolence.* The face of the principal figure is, indeed, that of the "Good Physician," while the attitude and expression of the two patients are exactly those of the blind. To the one already under the Master's hands faith has come; he feels a certain confidence that his eyes are about to be opened. The other has only just begun to hope, and is feeling his way. A bystander watches the operation with extraordinary interest. He brings his face so near the head of the man about to be healed that the vague helplessness of the sightless one comes into extraordinary relief when thus contrasted with a gaze so intense and penetrating. To balance this figure is another whose whole soul is wrapped up in the Operator. He looks at Jesus with admiration. The disciples on the one side, some townsfolk on the other, make up the group, while behind is the city and the distant country. The whole picture is in harmony with the character of the chief actor: solemn, strong, placid, full of light. If ever human benevolence was expressed by colour, it is here, for the atmosphere is suffused with a tender glow which penetrates everywhere and permeates all things. Nothing in the picture gives the impression that the event depicted is superhuman or miraculous, but rather that it was perfectly natural and possible to the highest kind of human goodness and intelligence.

Poussin has not tried to depict any of the sublimer facts of the life of Christ. His method compelled him to recognise that the very first thing a painter had to do was to understand the subject he undertook to represent. To enter into the meaning of the sufferings and death of the Saviour of the World was probably felt by Poussin to be beyond the limits of his genius, and thus his method saved him from adding to the long and melancholy list of magnificent failures.

His nearest approach to such subjects was in his Last Suppers, but the finest of these compositions is not in the Louvre. The highest point he reaches in his conception of the work of Jesus Christ is in his picture of "The Woman taken in Adultery" (p. 369). Poussin has perceived that the impressiveness of that scene did not lie so much in the singular charity Jesus displayed towards the sinner as in His power to search the conscience. Poussin's pictures might always be described by a single word, namely, that of the idea or sentiment depicted in action; so here it would be enough to write "*Conscience,*" for never in any painting has the highest faculty of human nature been shown more powerfully at work. The group in front of the Master are hotly disputing; all wear a recriminatory look, as if each would say to the other, "Thou art the man." The youngest, with a last word on his lips, his face troubled, is in the act of departing. On the other side a man is anxiously striving to draw away his friend, who seems riveted to the spot. A disciple is explaining to another bystander the words written on the ground, which the latter attentively reads with a face showing how conviction is working. The woman kneels on the ground, pale as death, but it is not she who is the object of interest; it is the Heart-searcher and the human Conscience. How has Poussin represented the Christ? He seems to have tried to depict in His face absolute innocence combined with a knowledge of the innate sin of men's hearts. Poussin's idea of the Christ was the very opposite to the most recent of French conceptions; he never thought of Jesus as the apotheosis of intellect, but as the poet-peasant of Galilee, absolutely good, absolutely true, far removed from all ordinary notions of intellectuality and learning. He accordingly represents Him here with the look, half-startled, half-beseeching, of a holy child who has suddenly beheld some great wrong committed in his sight. His face, fresh and full of health, contrasts with the ashy pallor of the woman, while the severe, austere forms of the background and surroundings show that Poussin did not see in this story the slightest laxity, but a morality profoundly severe.

In this mode, which Poussin would have called the Doric, may certainly be included the example chosen from among all his works to take its place among the masterpieces of art in the Salon Carré—the landscape entitled "Diogenes throwing away his Bowl."

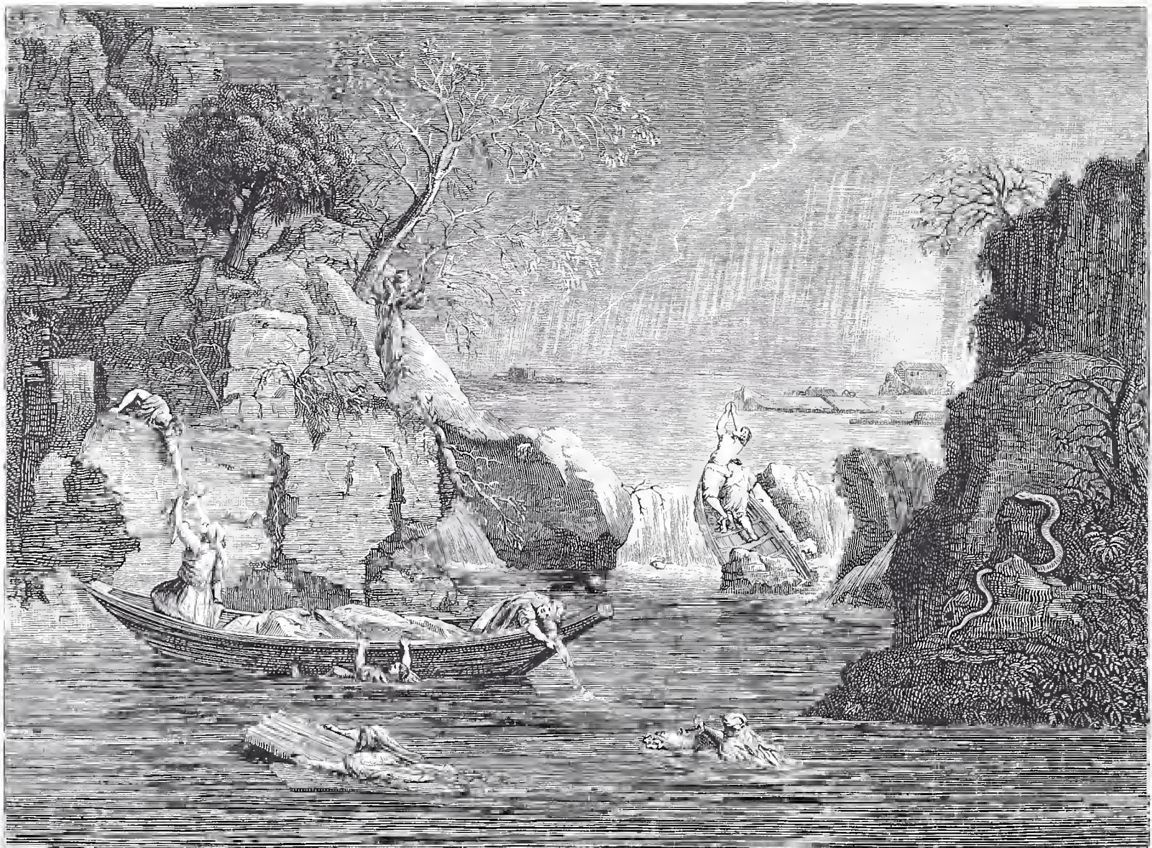
As the Bacchanalian picture already described sets forth the Epicurean idea of life, so this depicts the Stoical. Diogenes the Cynic, representing the wise man, who is ever advancing in wisdom, has come to fill his bowl at the brink of a river; the sight of a young man lapping up the water from his hand teaches him a lesson. But the figures are on the smallest scale; it is by the landscape, symbolic of the grand whole of things, that Poussin would give expression to the Stoical idea of wisdom: serene

equanimity attained by a life in all respects conformed to Nature. The picture appears unattractive at first sight, but is soon filled with the calm glow of a summer evening. It represents a river valley pleasantly wooded, along whose banks villas and summer-houses appear, their inhabitants tranquilly enjoying their repose, some walking, some conversing, others bathing. On one side is seen part of a town, geometrically built, and flooded with light. Everything is in harmony with the Stoical idea of the perfect life. All things are subordinated to the supreme good—a universe moving in calm order and beauty. Nothing obtrudes itself; composition, drawing, colour, all is executed with that restraint, even in finish, which gives everything its relative value, producing exactly the effect proposed: tranquil grandeur, philosophic calm. It is Poussin's own soul transferred to canvas.

Philosophy in painting—this was Poussin's distinctive characteristic. Pope attempted it in verse, but his art bears no comparison with that of the painter, who is not confined to one language, but speaks in tones more universal than any other, and only less spiritual than those of music. Poussin inculcated philosophy through the eyes. It was a great and noble work, hardly possible except to a man who was himself a philosopher and lived as he taught. Here, indeed, is a ground of additional admiration, for it rarely happens that genius is allied to a temperament perfectly balanced and altogether philosophic.

To claim for Poussin a place on the highest tier in the pantheon of the arts would be inconsistent with that just estimate of things which this study enforces. Poussin was exceeded in genius by many who were his inferiors in every other particular. Even among his contemporaries he was by no means the most gifted: it must be admitted that Valentin, Domenico, and Claude Lorrain all felt and expressed their subjects with more tender feeling and more touching beauty.

Poussin seems to have wished in a last series to express his secret thought concerning his own career. He only succeeded in painting one picture, and that he left unfinished, for the obedient hand was rapidly losing its power to obey the behest of the master-mind. Pallid and incomplete it is, if read in the light of the myth of which it represents the opening scene, the most affecting of all his works.



THE DELUGE.

(Painted by Nicolas Poussin.)

Apollo, exiled from heaven, keeps the flocks of Admettus. While thus occupied he beholds Daphne, the daughter of the river Peneus. He falls in love with her, but the nymph prefers Leucippus, a young man of her own age. Apollo pursues her, but the moment he catches her in his arms, Daphne cries to her father, who straight away transforms her into a laurel tree. So Apollo discovers that the beautiful has escaped him, leaving him nothing but a branch of laurel.

SHEPHERDS OF ARCADIA.

(Painted by Nicolas Poussin.)

RICHARD HEATH.

ART PATRONS.—II.

KING SOLOMON.

AMONG the rulers of the Jews, King Solomon stands alone as an art patron, for none before him and none after possessed the riches and repose essential to a patron of the arts. His reign was politically the golden age of Israel, and as the outcome of his father's warlike and victorious administration he inherited wealth, peace, and a kingdom that was at unity with itself. Then for the first time and the last did the Hebrews rank among the great powers, able to meet even the Egyptians on equal terms; extorting tribute from all the surrounding Canaanitish tribes, with the exception of the Phœnicians. The policy of David had been as judicious as it was courageous; and, perceiving that the conquest of the narrow strip of coast held by the Phœnicians would bring no advantage to the pastoral tribes of Israel, he had remained at peace with his maritime neighbours. The Jews had no knowledge of shipbuilding or navigation which would enable them to use the Phœnician ports, so that the expulsion of these Canaanites would have been a positive loss; while, on the other hand, Phœnicians and Israelites alike had much to gain by friendly intercourse, so that the friendship contracted between David and the sea-coast kings was built on the sure rock of mutual convenience and self-interest.

The Phœnician territory between the Mediterranean and the mountains was at no point, from its southern extremity below Mount Carmel to the north of Tyre, more than between two and three miles across, and even in the neighbourhood of Sidon it was barely fifteen miles from Mount Lebanon to the sea. Thus it fell that the great urban populations of Tyre and Sidon—the shipbuilders, artisans, and workers in metal—were as dependent on imported food as are we English of to-day. It was therefore no small convenience to this race, the most adventurous and interesting of all the peoples of antiquity, to be on good terms with the cultivators of the fruitful plains and valleys of Galilee and Samaria. To the Israelites it was of equal advantage to get a market for their produce and to be at peace with a people able not only to import gold and cedar wood, but to execute building works which they themselves could not undertake. For the Hebrews—a pastoral people, and originally dwellers in tents—had no architecture of their own, and had already developed the distaste for handicraft that is still characteristic of their race. Thus all the skilled labour on the works both of David and Solomon was provided by the Phœnicians.

The reign of David had been a brilliant period of growth and consolidation, of advance in civilisation, wealth, and culture; and Solomon inherited a territory, a people, and an exchequer such as fell to the lot of no other ruler of the Jews. We, who view him through the light cast on his character by the degradation of his later years, find him a repulsive rather than an attractive character, but to his subjects this radiant and beautiful young king, surrounded by the gorgeous magnificence dear to the Oriental heart, and already endued with unusual wit and wisdom, seemed to carry with him glad auguries of peace, magnificence, and prosperity. It was not only that he was very beautiful in person, gracious in manner, brilliant and wise in speech, that he inherited in a great measure his father's poetic genius and love of music, but he devoted himself in an unprecedented degree to the internal government of his kingdom, and he possessed to perfection the Hebrew talent for commerce. True, he early showed signs of the defects natural to men of his temperament; the sensuousness of the Song of Songs betrays a character naturally inclined to self-indulgence and luxury, and his marriage with the daughter of the King of Egypt, contracted for reasons of State policy, suggests that even in his youth he regarded the obligations of religion lightly. The marriage was regarded with something like horrified surprise on the part of the Israelites, but it fulfilled its immediate purpose by cementing peace with Egypt and promoting commerce in the linens and woollens of the Hebrews, who received in exchange the Egyptian war-horses and chariots which Solomon, contrary to Hebrew tradition, deemed essential to the maintenance of peace. Some show of power was indeed necessary to secure the safety of a city overflowing with gold and jewels, as Jerusalem became in Solomon's later days; and that he restrained his people from warfare was rather because he placed a high value on peace than because he had no occasion for war. For he allowed a new Syrian kingdom to arise at Damascus, far more dangerous to Israel than that of Soba which had been destroyed, and during his reign the Edomites regained the whole of their territory with the exception of the port of Elath, so that he bequeathed to his successor an insecure throne and a kingdom surrounded by formidable enemies. His wisdom expended itself chiefly in personal learning, matters of home policy, and commercial enterprise; for by his administrative reforms he laid the foundations of a well-managed State, and under him the commercial resources of the kingdom were thoroughly developed. Hitherto the carrying trade had been entirely in the hands of the Phœnicians, who, however, confined themselves to the Mediterranean; but the conquest of Edom provided the Israelites with an opening to the Red Sea by way of the Gulf of Akaba, and Solomon made the most of this tremendous addition to his powers. The Hebrews were ignorant of the arts of shipbuilding and navigation, but the Phœnicians were willing partners in this enterprise, and they furnished builders for the fleet, and skilled mariners for the officers and superior seamen of the vessels. The first voyage was one of discovery, for the region below the Red Sea was as yet unexplored, though it is probable that Solomon knew something of the products of Southern Asia before he undertook so expensive a work as the building and manning of a merchant fleet. The voyage of these vessels occupied three years, and extended down the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, and across the Indian Ocean, as far as Madras and Ceylon; and the ships returned laden with treasures, all rare, and many of them hitherto unheard of in Israel—gold, silver, precious stones, nard, aloes, sandalwood, cypress, ivory, apes and peacocks, fantastic and beautiful creatures of which the like had never been seen before. But, besides these ocean-going vessels, Elath was the port for a great number of coasters, trading with the ports on the Red Sea, and probably it was through these that the Queen of Yemen or Sheba first heard of the wisdom of Solomon and of the splendour of his palaces. For everywhere the traders took with them stories of the prosperity of fruitful Israel, of the magnificence of her cities, and

of the wisdom, wit, and justice of her poet king. South to Aden, east to Ceylon, the seamen carried their story, and the overland traders of the Continent bore the same news in their caravans; so that the East still teems with legends and traditions of the learning of Solomon, his skill in magic, and the magnificence of his cities.

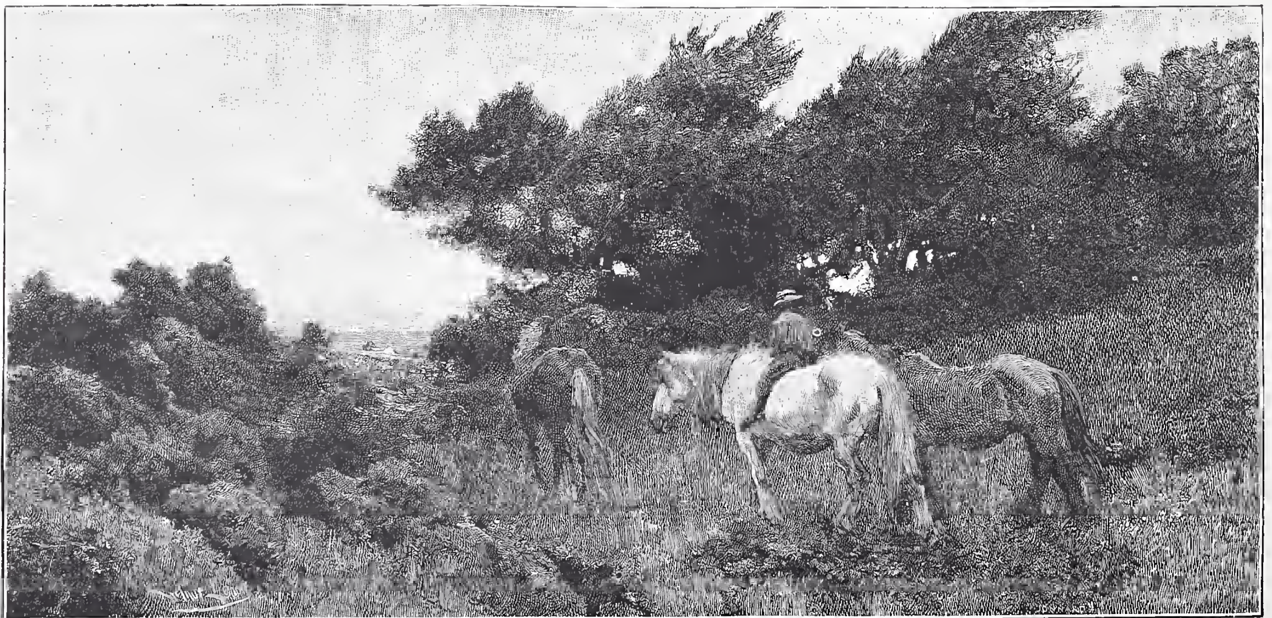
We may be sure that these stories lost nothing in the telling; yet when the Queen of Sheba communed with the King and saw Jerusalem, she confessed that the half had not been told to her, and that his wisdom and prosperity exceeded all that she had heard. And, indeed, when the Temple and the palaces were completed, the park and gardens filled with rare plants and flowers, and tenanted with strange birds and animals, the city must have displayed a magnificence unrivalled even in the annals of the East. The site of Jerusalem, before its neighbourhood was disfigured by the brick and mortar rubbish—the refuse of repeated destructions—which now gives it such an air of desolation, must have been the most beautiful and impressive of the ancient world, for its position at the extreme edge of one of the highest table-lands in the country gave it the appearance of a mountain city, while its junction with the high land at the back afforded space for expansion—a rare advantage in those days of mountain cities. From either of the two main roads leading to it—one from the Mediterranean, the other from the Jordan, passing Jericho and the Mount of Olives—the city, surrounded by its strong walls, had the appearance of an impregnable fastness. The route from the sea was an ascent of two thousand six hundred feet, while from Jericho, which was only thirteen miles distant, the incline was not only steeper but greater, Jericho being nine hundred feet below the level of the sea. At the Mount of Olives the splendour of Jerusalem began, for there was the sumptuous palace of Solomon's Egyptian queen, and there, in later times, temple after temple was raised for the idolatries and oracles and enchantments of his heathen wives. We cannot be certain whether the House of the Forest of Lebanon was inside the gates or whether it and Solomon's own palace adjoined the house of the Egyptian wife; but, in either case, this large hall, with an area almost equal to that of Westminster Hall, with its cedar columns, its throne of gold and ivory, its three hundred golden shields and two hundred golden targets, must have been one of the chief sights even of a city in which silver was no more accounted of than the stones of the streets. But the great glory of Jerusalem was the Temple, a monument rather of wealth than of artistic skill. It, like all Solomon's buildings, was designed by a Phœnician architect; and the skilled workmen who carved the wood and stone and wrought the gold and founded the brass were citizens of Tyre and Sidon, only the rough labour being provided by the hundred and fifty-three thousand Canaanite settlers who were drafted off to the forests of Lebanon to hew timber, and to the port of Joppa to carry the materials from the sea-board to Jerusalem. Of the architecture of the Temple we know little except its proportions, and that, like most temples of antiquity, it was divided into three courts, called, in this case, the porch, the holy place, and the holy of holies. It was extremely small, measuring only thirty-five feet in width, while the total length was only one hundred and five feet; so that its impressiveness depended on its golden walls and pillars, floor and ceiling, its precious jewels, and the richness of the embroidered hangings that curtained off the sanctuary. And mingled with all this gold we read of brass, a compound that seems to have been scarcely less esteemed in those days, when the tin mines of Spain and Cornwall were among the recent discoveries of the Phœnicians, and the brass made at Tyre from the tin of Tarshish or Spain and the copper from Cyprus was still a fancy article, commanding a very high price. The cost of this golden temple was defrayed by the moneys left by David and by the offerings of the people, but heavy taxes were levied to create funds for the palaces, towns, and fortresses that arose in such ruinously rapid succession. No exchequer could long endure such a drain, no nation support so vast and sumptuous a court, without murmuring; and though we do not know what was the relative value of gold and of the commodities of life, the stress laid upon the fact that all the vessels in the palaces were of gold points to the conclusion that this provision was as sumptuous in those days as it would be in our own. Much of the wealth of Solomon, as of all Oriental monarchs, was the fruit of monopolies; and, in later times, he increased the number of these—levied a tax of ten per cent. on all the produce of the Israelites, and, as the treasury emptied, imposed tax after tax, till a revolt of the people ensued, the result of the King's oppressions rather than of his idolatries. Yet, dearly as he loved wealth, luxury, and ease, and grievous as was the burden he imposed, he always remained the practical ruler of his people, sitting on the judgment seat, preaching and blessing in the Temple, moving from place to place to inspect the building works at the ports and at the new cities which he built in Northern Palestine. His stupendous intellect was inexhaustible; the organisation of his trade enterprises, the government of his kingdom, the superintendence of his buildings and of their decorations, were insufficient to satisfy its vitality, and he found abundant leisure for study and for writing. Indeed, it is probable that this very thirst for knowledge was one cause of his idolatry, for by the study of magic arts dear to

Eastern races, though forbidden to the Jews, he probably sought to find a key to that door which is locked against human intellect. There must have been some very grave charge to be brought against the greater number of his writings and of his acts, for at the session of the Great Synagogue, after the exile, the whole of the Book of Solomon was rejected by the rabbis, and with it perished the thousand and five songs of Solomon, the greater number of his three thousand Proverbs, and his natural history of plants and animals, while the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes were near sharing the same fate. But what we have of his writing is not only of great beauty but of profound psychological interest, for whether or no we accept the Song of Songs and the Preacher as Solomon's own work, they must be taken as exactly expressing his state of mind at different stages of his career. The Song of Songs is a rhapsody of love, so passionate, although pure, that it has never been publicly read in either the Jewish or the Christian churches, nor was it permitted to the young men of the Hebrews to read it. Between the ardour of this ecstasy—one of the most beautiful poems of the Bible—and the worldly wisdom and clear sense of the Proverbs, there is the gulf that separates a youth under the charm of his first passion from the keen but disillusioned enjoyment of life by a thoughtful man in his prime. But, both these phases passed—the first extinguished by the second, and both obliterated by the world-weary satiety that comes to those who have yielded to every wish, gratified each desire, and fulfilled their utmost ambition—then, looking back upon a life that had had for its aim power and pleasure and self-glorification, Solomon left with his people the confession that he had found this selfish seeking after wisdom, power, and magnificence nothing but vanity and a striving after wind.

F. Mabel Robinson.

CURRENT ART.—IV.

Resuming our survey of landscape painting, and turning in the first place to the Grosvenor, we find in the diversity of sincerely recorded impressions encouraging evidence that many of our younger artists are honestly determined to interpret nature through direct and independent study. It is not surprising—while in every way it is a hopeful sign—that there should be considerable variety both in the personal quality of style and in the technical method; for the aspects of nature are of infinite diversity, and affect the susceptibility of the artist in ways so subtle and complex as to baffle analysis. To recognise truth and sincerity, even when associated with half-realised attempt or partial failure in execution, is not less the critic's duty than the process of selection entailed by a first visit to a great



EVENING.

(Painted by Arthur Lemon. Grosvenor Gallery, 1887.)

exhibition. It was finely observed by M. Alfred Stevens, with respect to the oft-heard remark, "I have never seen nature thus," that what is wanted is the power to see the painting with the intelligence of the artist; "one should learn to see, as in music one learns to hear." Now it is obvious that the distinguished critic and painter believes to some extent reasonableness of this tendency may be sufficiently tested in exercising the function indicated by M. Stevens; and it cannot be doubted that there is plenty of material in the landscape of the year. Just as at the Academy we have so much definite and interesting variety in the work of Mr. Hook, Mr. East, Mr. Joseph Milne, and half a dozen other painters, so at

TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.

(Painted by John Pettie, R.A. Royal Academy, 1887.)

in the educating influence of picture galleries, and it is undoubtedly true that a person possessed of a sensitive ear for music may develop the true critical faculty, without acquiring any scientific knowledge, by the persistent hearing of every description of music. And so it may well be with him whose study of painting and sculpture proceeds originally from a naturally acute, but unorganised, perception of beauty in colour and form. But something further is needed in the higher criticism of art, beyond the primitive gifts of nature, beyond knowledge even, and culture—something that partakes of discipline and self-criticism. All men who undertake to judge painting, and painters more than any other men, are more or less conscious of a strong and almost invincible bias towards this school or that, or some method or style of marked individuality. The the Grosvenor the revelation of personality is not less notable. Of Messrs. Hennessy, Mark Fisher, David Murray, and Alfred East we have already spoken. Mr. Arthur Lemon shows in force at both exhibitions, and it is from the Grosvenor that we select for illustration one of the finest examples of this admirable colourist and accomplished painter of animals. In "Evening" (p. 376) the artist presents the edge of a rough woodland opening to the sea, with a group of horses being ridden homeward in the lengthening shadows of the foliage, while the warm and solemn glow of a lurid sunset vivifies the scene. The magical influence of this glowing effulgence is rendered with searching fidelity of observation, and harmonised with masterly effect. The animals are excellent in modelling and drawing, and it would be hard to cite an illustration of "value" so fraught with subtlety

as the tone of the central grey horse in the dusky shadow of the tamarisks.

The diversity of which we have spoken is very effectively exemplified in the large and finely-composed landscape "Going Westward," by Mr. Alfred Parsons, forming our full-page illustration, the copyright of which remains with the artist. The other contribution in oil by Mr. Parsons, the undulating orchard-scene, "When Nature painted all things gay," at the Academy, is one of the Chantrey purchases of the year. "Going Westward" possesses greater distinction of style, and is altogether more vigorous and individual than anything we have had from the painter since the first exhibition in oils at the Institute. Though the composition shows obvious premeditation of a kind extremely uncommon among modern painters of landscape, the presentment is eminently artistic, thought and care as to the design being supplemented by a frankly unidealised rendering. A notable source of impressiveness in this striking picture is the perfect accord between the tumultuous sky, with its golden and orange sunset lights and wild cloud-forms — which, by the way, are very finely handled—and the quieter colour of the wide and spacious landscape of rich green meadows, winding water-way, and distance of hill-ranges. In the same room we must note Mr. Adrian Stokes's very skilful treatment of the figure in "The Sand-hills, Jutland;" Mr. Corbett's pleasing, impressive, though timidly realised "Evening on the Arno;" and Mr. Costa's "'Twixt Summer and Autumn, Pisa," a good example of the painter's elegant style. Mr. R. W. Allan has never painted anything more sound and broadly atmospheric than "Across the Heath;" and Mr. Ernest Parton presents something of a departure from his woodland studies in his crisp and sparkling "Valley at Mentone."

Among painters of landscape whose method is purely decorative, Messrs. J. R. Reid and J. E. Christie show attractive work. Mr. Reid's present transcendental style, when compared with his former undebased realism, suggests one of the most perplexing transmigrations conceivable. It may be a kind of evolution, but it can hardly be considered a development. Mr. Heleké's Surrey landscape (204) possesses nothing of the vitality that might justify its size, and is somewhat tame and vapid. The autumn landscape in Mr. F. O'Meara's "October" is comparatively insignificant, by reason of the dramatic intensity that characterises the figure of the old hag. The power revealed by this remarkable conception is so extraordinary that it is a pity the painter did not devise a more dramatic channel of interpretation. An engaging problem is successfully treated in Mr. Maurice Pollock's "Noon," a far-stretching waste of marshland and sea-cliff under the blaze of broad noon and cloudless ethereal blue. The impalpable gradations of the calm and heated atmosphere are very finely rendered, the picture showing at all points independent study of nature no less than sensitive observation. Of M. di Maria's two very interesting Tivoli landscapes, one (109) is a charming example of rich decorative colour.

Returning to the Academy, Mr. Pettie is more successful this year in *genre* than in portraiture. The excesses in high lights and local tints of unpleasing rawness that detract from his other work are absent from his humorous and brilliant illustration of the old saying, "Two Strings to Her Bow," which we reproduce (p. 377). Here the painter's characteristic *verve*, which is sometimes displayed as if it were the afflatus of the poet, is under appropriate control. The incident is depicted with immense spirit, and with a delicate apprehension of its whimsical aspect. The vivacious damsel, with her two rival swains, is delighted with the situation, and, so far from feeling any of Captain Macheath's embarrassment, is coquettish enough to be entirely pleased with herself, and would not for the world disturb the balance of power which she parades with such pretty ostentation. Another good example of *genre*, soundly painted and full of originality, is Mr. R. J. Gordon's "A Proposal." Several other figure-subjects and landscapes must be noticed before arriving at the sculpture and water-colours. Mr. Picknell's woodland, "Bleak December," the best of the painter's pictures this year, has less than usual of actuality and vigour. Close by are Mr. V. Cabianca's very harmonious Venetian night-piece, "Moonlight," and one of Mr. G. A. Storey's most animated canvases, "A Young Prodigal." Mr. C. L. Bokelmann's "Fire in a Village" is effective to a certain extent, but the figures are over-studied in pose, and the incident is not spontaneously realised. Of the two large ceremonial paintings by Mr. H. T. Wells, the second, which depicts the morning of the accession of her Majesty at Kensington Palace, is by far the more attractive. The humour of Mr. H. S. Marks finds capital scope and variety in "Dominicans in Feathers;" Mr. Frith's "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Beautiful Widow" is somewhat dry and tame, as illustration; while, both in humour and in character, Mr. T. Faed's "No Rose without its Thorn" shows unwonted depth. In the fifth gallery we note Miss Emmeline Deane's sombre and powerful portrait, "Mlle. Anna Belinska;" a spirited episode of war by Mr. John Charlton, entitled "Bad News from the Front;" and the "Napoleon Leaving Moscow" of Mr. Crofts, in which the painter of some clever military pieces is unfortunate in his subject. The succeeding room contains the original of our third illustration, Mr. J. S. Noble's "A Christmas Carol,"

a group of hounds in winter durance wistfully attentive to the carolling of a cheerful robin perched on the snowy ledge of their prison railing. This picture is certain to prove extremely popular when reproduced. As in all the work of this excellent and conscientious animal painter, the hounds are admirably painted, and the little touch of sentiment is not strained. Mr. E. J. Gregory falls short of his wonted artistic distinction in "When the Cat's away," a sulky child fondling a pet mouse, a picture somewhat heavily handled, and disagreeably hot in colour. Among the remaining landscapes that repay attention, we can do no more than mention Mr. E. S. Calvert's "Lingering Light;" Mr. E. R. Fox's "By Quiet Waters;" Mr. G. Boyle's pleasing and Corot-like "Flow, softly flow, by Lawn and Lea;" Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Estuary of the Rhine;" Mr. Claude Warren's "Suffolk Landscape;" Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Afternoon in February;" and Mr. E. T. Compton's excellent Alpine landscape, "Ice-fall of the Gepatsch Glacier, Tyrol." In Mr. H. Gandy's "Rescue," which we engrave (p. 384), there are qualities of *technique* that by no means lend themselves to reproduction in black and white. In the first place, the colour is singularly refined and harmonious, and the painter's handling is elegant in a very marked degree, the simplicity and breadth of the pictorial effect being associated with a beauty of surface and texture approximating to the "finish" of the painter of ceramics. And yet there is not a touch of pettiness or a trace of over-busy research in the rendering of the fleecy barred clouds of the luminous grey sky, or in the admirable painting of the soft shifting sand, of the stunted firs, and of the patches of heather. The presentment of the figures is likewise eminently artistic. Altogether, the picture possesses uncommon decorative value, and is of the kind one does not weary of, but seeks with renewed appreciation when more ambitious work clamours in vain.

One of the best military pictures of the year is Mr. A. C. Gow's vivacious and well-studied historical transcript, "The Garrison Marching out with the Honours of War: Lille, 1708." The scene is realised with vigorous actuality, and over-brims with force and expression. From Hogarth to Wilkie is a far cry, but from Wilkie to Mr. Laslett J. Pott's "News of a Victory" the transition is somewhat more natural, and, at the same time, more suggestive. Though the incident is set forth with a good deal of skill, Mr. Pott's treatment of the figures is scarcely so varied in

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Painted by J. S. Noble. Royal Academy, 1887.)

character or so spontaneous in action as the theme demands. Several figure-subjects, varying between the frank study of the figure and work endowed with pictorial qualities, remain for notice. Most of them show considerable advance upon the standard hitherto attained by the respective painters. Miss Henrietta Rae's "A Naiad" reveals a delicate feeling for graceful and harmonious line as well as an agreeable scheme of colour. The same artist's "Eurydice sinking back to Hades" is less successful when viewed from the dramatic standpoint, though equal in technical ability. A good study of a peasant girl somewhat in the manner of Mr. Clausen is shown by Miss Theodora Noyes in "Noonday." Here the modelling is not so sound as the drawing, but the colour is very pleasing, and the landscape is broadly

PEACE.

(Statue by E. Onslow Ford. Royal Academy, 1887.)

GOING WESTWARD.

(Painted by Alfred Parsons, R.I. Grosvenor Gallery, 1887.)

presented and cleverly subordinated to the figure. Other good studies are Mr. Plimpton's "Into that Wondrous Track of Dreams again" and Mr. Kennington's "Idlesse." An extremely individual picture, both in its independence of current methods and in its aggressive personality of vision, is the "Christening Sunday" of Mr. Charles. Notwithstanding the undeniable vigour of the painting, the effect is not altogether attractive, the crabbed harshness of the handling being carried to excess, so as to impair rather than elucidate the realistic scheme aimed at. Dignity of style is combined with a persuasive, because unaffected, sentiment in Mr. Audley Mackworth's "Christ Calming the Sea." The figures are presented with admirable force and truth in the dusky, glimmering atmosphere, the tone and mystery of which are excellently rendered. Mr. Herbert Schmalz has forsaken the rather insipid mediævalism of his female figure-studies, and found worthier scope for his powers in picture-making in his large canvas entitled "Widowed." Here the treatment of a truly romantic conception is more robust and realistic than we are accustomed to expect from the artist.

The sculpture at the Academy is not nearly so fine a collection as that of last year. This is due to the preponderance of dull or merely respectable work, quite as much as to the paucity of distinguished examples. Mr. Onslow Ford's statue, "Peace," which we reproduce (p. 380), is beyond all question the finest achievement of the year. It is the nude figure of a young girl poised on a breastplate, advancing with a gesture of graceful eagerness, bearing a palm in one hand and carrying a dove on the other, which is uplifted outwards and slightly forward. The composition is strikingly beautiful at all points, and possesses wonderful force of expression, while the modelling, in research and finish, is altogether what the learning and skill of Mr. Ford have for some years past accustomed us to look for. Among designs in low relief, Mr. Harry Bates is without competitor, for there is nothing that approaches within measurable distance the imagination and fine feeling for the antique that mark Mr. Bates's three beautiful panels illustrating the story of Psyche. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's portrait sketch, "Robert Glassby, Esq.," is one of the few good busts in the exhibition. The same sculptor's allegorical illustration of the Horatian "Post Equitem sedet atra Cura" is a curiously mediæval conception, somewhat overweighted by its efflorescent symbolism, which injures the effect of the horse and its riders. Mr. Roscoe Mullins shows a charming group of boys at play, "Conquerors," which is very finely executed. A model of the memorial statue of General Gordon is exhibited by Mr. Thornycroft, judging from which the pedestal is of inordinate height. Other works that merit study or command attention are Mr. MacLean's marble statue "Tragedy," which we have previously commended in its original; Mr. Pomeroy's admirable statuette "Giotto;" and Miss Hallé's bronze medal "Herr Joachim."

Though there is some improvement in the average quality of the Academy water-colours, the collection of drawings is very far from representing contemporary achievement in this peculiarly English branch of art. Among ladies who are always prominent exhibitors, the first place must be accorded to Miss Anna Alma-Tadema, whose brilliant and veracious presentment of "The Garden Studio" reveals a technical mastery of an extremely complicated subject that is as complete as it is rare. Still-life is well represented by Miss Kate Hayllar's firm and harmonious study, "The Eleventh of August;" and among flower-pieces, excellent work is contributed by Miss Helen Thornycroft, whose "Peonies" is a fine decorative study; by Mrs. Lawson in "Azaleas;" by Miss E. A. Stock and Miss Cook; and by Mr. W. J. Muckley, whose vigorous study, "Chrysanthemums," is good both in colour and in arrangement. Mr. Arthur Melville's fine draughtsmanship, skilful composition, and command of limpid harmonious colour are admirably combined in his "Outer Court of a Mosque." The pastels are somewhat indifferent, the best being Mr. Scholderer's study of a boy (1,253), and Miss Hilda Montalba's "On Campden Hill." Among the figure-subjects, Mr. F. Dicksee's "Othello" must be placed with the best of the artist's Shakespearean illustrations; and in landscape we may note artistic feeling and excellent method in Mr. Calvert's "Homewards," Mr. A. W. Weedon's "On the Maas, Dordrecht," Mr. Rickatson's "Near Burnham Beeches," Mr. D. Green's "Clearing-up after Rain," and Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Royal Mail Steamship *Ormuz* fitting out."

Summarising general impressions of the Academy, there is no doubt that repeated visits fully sustain the favourable judgment originally expressed. The remarkable quality of the portraiture is by no means the only fact of distinction to be noted, though it is natural and accurate to speak of the artistic year as a year of portraits. Putting aside landscape and portraits, however, there are five pictures, any one of which would have been sufficient to redeem the mediocrity of the last few years, and these, when their merits are considered *en somme*, render the exhibition memorable indeed. Of these the most striking achievements are Mr. Sargent's "Carnation, lily, lily, rose," Mr. Solomon's "Samson," and Mr. John Collier's "Incantation." Each of these paintings may be cited as marking an epoch, or may be referred to as contributing peculiar distinction to the year's art. Very separable from these, because they show no significant

departure in style or aim, are Mr. Orchardson's charming variations on an old theme, "The First Cloud," and Mr. Waterhouse's noble and impressive "Mariamne." The purchase of Mr. Sargent's picture by the trustees of the Chantrey Fund affords profound satisfaction, however alien to the general character of the South Kensington Gallery this masterpiece of art may appear when gathered to its miscellaneous company. With respect to Mr. Solomon's picture, it is impossible to ignore the arbitrary hanging of a work which at Paris or elsewhere would have received far different treatment. It is nothing but the discouragement of art to place this important and original picture anywhere but in the most honourable position on the line. As it is, its full power and beauty may only be apprehended from a disadvantageous standpoint behind Mr. Boehm's marble bull in the central hall. But comment on so palpable an injustice is needless and perhaps useless.

RESCUE.

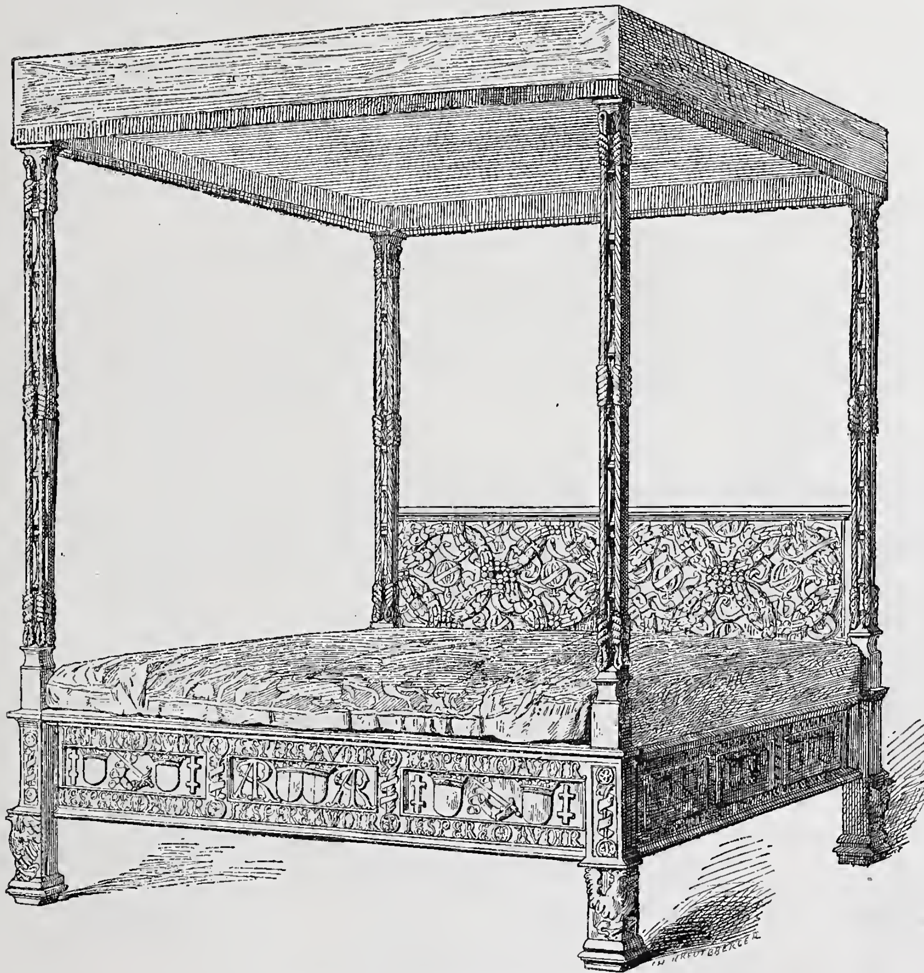
(Painted by H. Gandy. Royal Academy, 1887.)

FRENCH FURNITURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

IT is a matter for regret that the history of art is so often approached from one point of view alone. On painting, architecture, and the higher arts we have boundless sources of information, but the study of such handicrafts as the making of furniture or the carving of wood is almost entirely neglected. This omission is the more serious because it is in reality the lesser arts which afford the completest picture of the life of a period or a people. A glance at the furniture of a modern house is enough to give us at once a general impression of the tastes and habits of the occupant. So the furniture of a past age bears the imprint of its own time and tells its own story; it enables us to glance into the homes of generations which have long since passed away, to sit at their hearths, to enter into their pursuits, and

* "Le Meuble en France au XVIe siècle," par Edmond Bonnaffé. Paris: J. Rouam, Editeur. London: Gilbert Wood and Co.

to reconstruct in some measure their aspirations and daily life. There is yet another reason why the more domestic arts are a valuable study; they represent to us the achievement of a nation, not, as is the case with painting and sculpture, flashes of individual genius. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to M. Bonnaffé for his scholarly work on "Le Meuble en France au XVIe siècle." A complete history of furniture would, until the information we already possess is arranged and much fresh material accumulated, be too great a task for one man to undertake, and its performance at any time can only be rendered possible by the writing of monographs such as the one before us. M. Bonnaffé has taken up the history of French furniture where M. Viollet-le-Duc left it, that is at the end of the Gothic period, and in carrying out his task has shown a knowledge of his subject which is quite remarkable. The period with which he deals has not, perhaps, the interest which clings to the productions of the Middle Ages, but even though it exhibits a sad deficiency in taste, it is, historically speaking, of the utmost importance.



THE BED OF ANTOINE, DUKE OF LORRAINE.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century conditions of life were undergoing a universal transformation. People were exchanging their nomadic habits for the settled peacefulness of domesticity. The making of furniture as an art was consequently cultivated as it had never been before. Instead of the trestle beds and tables which could be folded up, packed in a chest and carried away in a caravan by its restless owner, we find a system of household decoration the pre-eminent characteristics of which are stability and substantiality. Moreover, the French of the period under consideration were essentially a stay-at-home people; private life had an importance for them which more southerly races, such as the Italians, who spent their day in the open air, failed to recognise, and it is therefore by no means surprising to find that the domestic arts flourished more vigorously in France than elsewhere.

At the end of the fifteenth century the Renaissance was asserting its influence in every country of Western Europe, but it was in France that this influence was most rapidly and keenly appreciated.

England and Germany always remained Gothic at heart, and in the arts of both these countries the Renaissance played but a tardy and feeble part. M. Bonnaffé is accordingly fortunate in his subject, for it enables him not only to give us a history of the furniture of France in the sixteenth century, but to tell us at the same time how the Gothic style was superseded by the revival of classical forms, and how finally these revived forms degenerated into monstrous distortion and a love of ornament for its own sake. In fact, the history of the Renaissance is written as clearly as possible in the furniture manufactured in France during this period.

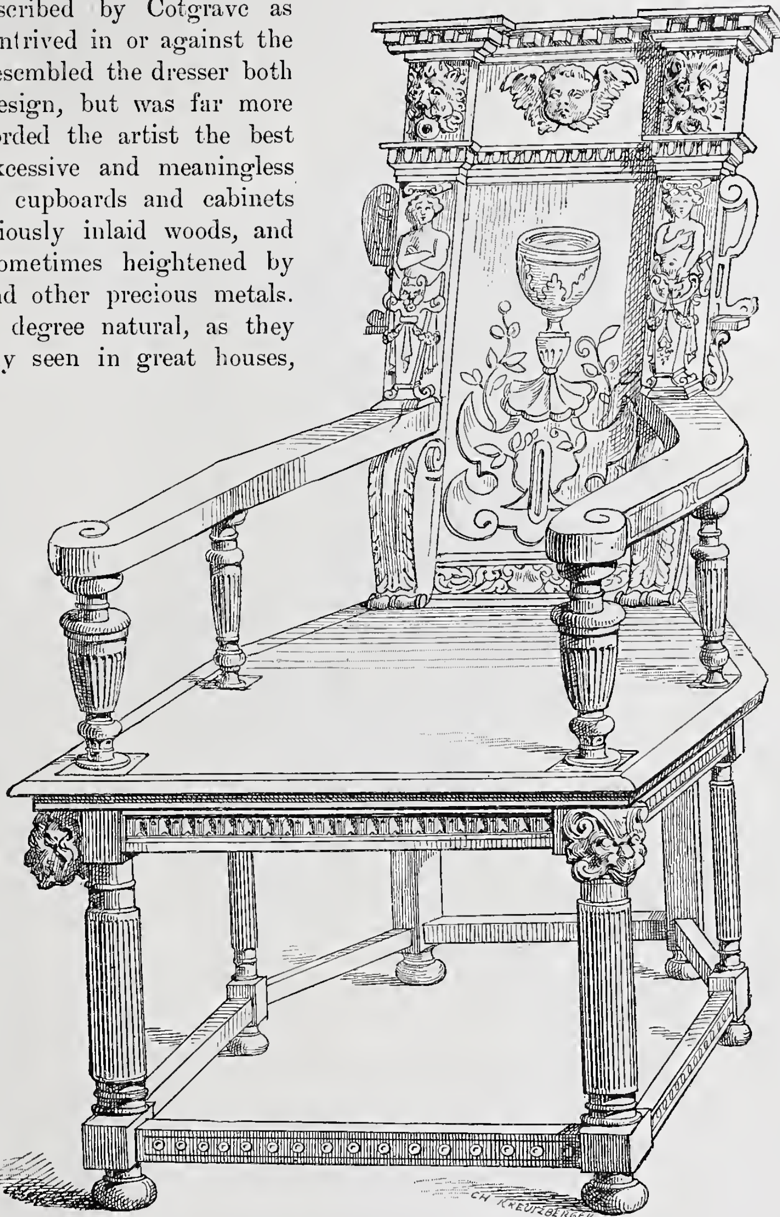
In England all the early Renaissance work was carried out by Italians such as Torrigiano; the French workmen, on the contrary, seem at once to have understood for themselves the charm of the new style, and though cabinets decorated with classical ornament were being made in every province in France, we hear of very little imported labour. The French work of the early Renaissance was beautiful in design and still Gothic in spirit; in fact, its connection with the revival of classical forms is only observable in an occasional pilaster or a panel decorated with arabesques. The next stage in this development is marked by a gradual decline of the Gothic spirit, but at the same time by a refined use of the new system of ornament. An excellent specimen of this style of work we reproduce; it is the door of a dresser from Champagne, and is noteworthy on account of the freedom of its execution as well as the restraint and absence of exaggeration in its design. As the century goes on, however, a style of decoration is introduced which becomes more and more grotesque and chimerical, until at length the artist's fancy passes all bounds; architectural designs, only fit for stonework, are translated into wood, walnut is ornamented with marquetry, gold or silver takes the place of oak, every inch of space is overlaid with ornament, and pilasters or caryatids, which no longer support anything, and so have lost all structural value, are placed at every corner. Furniture makers, instead of aiming at the production of a finished work of art, then vied with one another in crowding into a small space a mass of incongruous decoration without regard to what was harmonious or appropriate. A chair, table, or dresser was considered merely as an opportunity for an artistic experiment. It afforded the workman a chance of inventing a new "pattern," or of suggesting a fresh combination of classical forms. In this unwholesome straining after novelty the true principles of design were forgotten, and the degradation of the Renaissance became complete.

DOOR OF A DRESSER.

It is interesting to note in detail what constituted the furniture of a Renaissance house. First and foremost came the *chest*, which was put to every possible use; it not only contained the household linen, but served as a table, a bench, and in the houses of the poorer classes even as a bed. It was generally made of oak or walnut, but the most highly prized were of cypress or cedar, which were not only durable but lent a perfume to the linen they contained. Ladies of fashion were punctilious in this matter, for, says Chasseneuz, writing in 1529, they placed bags of dried rose-leaves in their chests, that their clothes might be sweetly scented. In sleeping-rooms chests stood at the foot of the bed, were covered with cushions and rugs. Next in importance came the *dresser*, on which plate and household utensils were set out. The lower part of the dresser was open, the upper part contained drawers or cupboards. Sometimes it consisted of several tiers or shelves, and concerning this M.

Bonnaffé records an amusing point of etiquette; plain Madame de Charolais was allowed four shelves to her dresser, but Madame la Duchesse, her daughter, was permitted, if she wished it, to have five. The *cupboard*, described by Cotgrave as "a hole or box contrived in or against the wall," somewhat resembled the dresser both in purpose and design, but was far more elaborate, and afforded the artist the best opportunity for excessive and meaningless decoration. Many cupboards and cabinets were made of variously inlaid woods, and their effect was sometimes heightened by the use of gold and other precious metals. This was in some degree natural, as they were generally only seen in great houses, the poorer class contenting themselves with their chest or dresser.

What immediately strikes us in the *table* and *chair* of the Renaissance period is their terrible discomfort. The chair, with the exception of the faldstool, "a low, large, and easie foulding chaire, having both a backe and elbowers," to use Cotgrave's words, was extremely uninviting, even if it was "straight enough to induce attention," while the table, with its heavy, longitudinal support terminated by consoles at each end, seems everything that it should not be. There can be no doubt that they were heroes in those days, and certainly only men cast in heroic moulds could have endured for a moment such cumbrous and uncomfortable furniture as this. How the squire of the sixteenth century behaved at dinner is a problem which seems to us incapable of solution. He could not lean back in his chair without seriously injuring himself against its elaborately carved back, nor could he stretch his legs under the table without bringing them into violent contact with an arcaded balustrade or a caryatid.



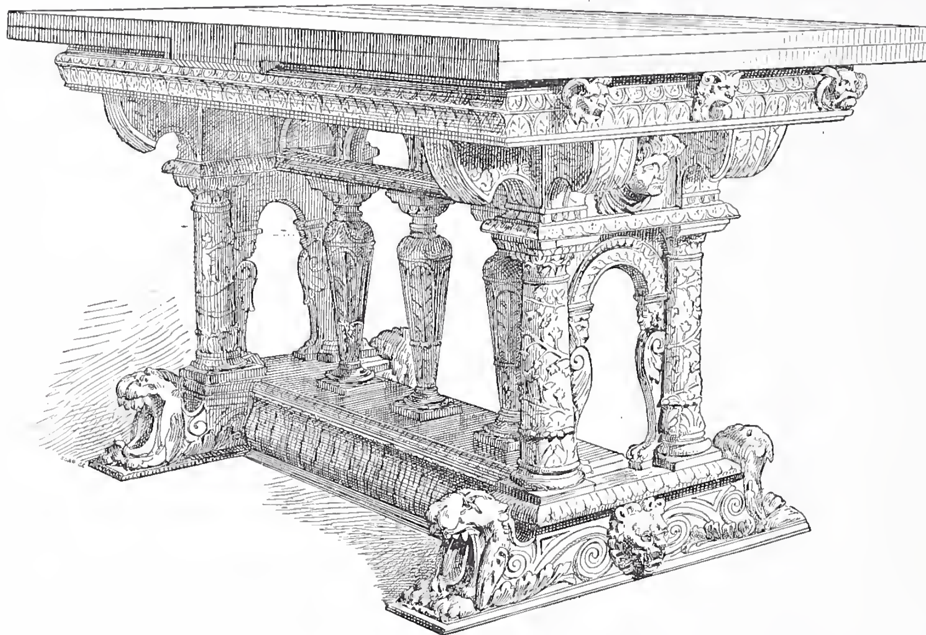
ARM-CHAIR: BOURGOGNE.

And yet M. Bonnaffé insists with a good deal of unconscious humour that comfort is only relative, and that the furniture of the sixteenth century was quite as comfortable to its possessor as our arm-chairs or sofas are to us. But surely human nature cannot have undergone so radical a change in three short centuries; the sturdy warrior may have reconciled himself to discomfort on moral grounds, or may have made a virtue of necessity, but it is impossible to believe that he regarded as luxurious the awkward chairs and tables which illustrate the work before us. In fact, M. Bonnaffé emphasises the untenability of his position by confessing that when people desired to take their ease they preferred to sit on cushions on the floor. And every one, nowadays, will applaud their choice.

The illustrations of chair and table which we reproduce are good examples of the uncomfortable magnificence to which we have referred. They are both stable and decorative, but their design is so architectural and they are so heavy in construction as to suggest anything rather than homeliness and ease. The form of the table is derived directly from that of the tables in use among the Romans, and emphatically marks the reaction which took place at the time of the Renaissance against the movable furniture of the Middle Ages.

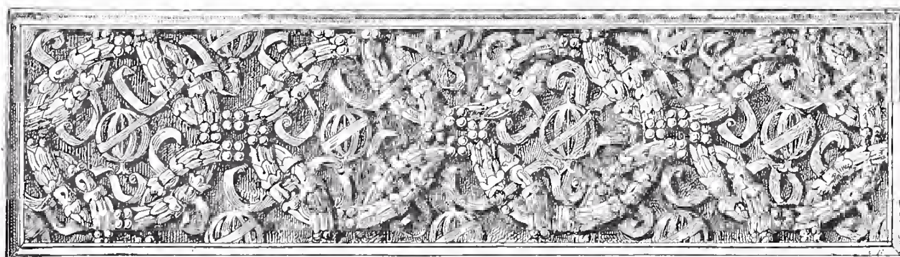
The *bed* of the period we are considering was

regarded with a kind of mysterious respect. It was not only indissolubly connected with the sanctity of marriage and the awfulness of death, but in court etiquette it was the seat of ceremony, and upon it the king sat at official receptions. Very few carved bedsteads, however, have come down to us, as they early went out of fashion, and were either broken up or relegated to garrets, curtains and drapery becoming far more important than the bedstead itself. Of one of the finest specimens, however, we are enabled to give an engraving. It belonged to Antoine, Duke of Lorraine, and is now preserved in the museum at Nancy. Each of its rectangular cross-bars is divided into three oblong panels, which are decorated with the coats of arms and monogram of Duke Antoine and Renée de Bourbon, his wife, and bounded on each side by a frieze bearing the device "J'ESPERE AVOIR." The head of the bed is ornamented with interlaced crowns, spheres, and banneroles of exquisite workmanship. The hangings, which have now disappeared, are said to have been of extraordinary magnificence, and undoubtedly the bedstead itself is one of the finest monuments of Renaissance wood-carving that has come down to us.



A TABLE.

We cannot quit M. Bonnaffé's book without referring to the excellence of its illustrations, the value of which is greatly enhanced by the fact that they are reproductions of pieces of furniture actually in existence. Concerning furniture, as concerning all other manifestations of artistic energy, it is from actual examples alone that a just estimate can be formed, and therefore we would suggest as the best supplement to M. Bonnaffé's book a visit to the South Kensington collection of French furniture. This collection is small, it is true, but of great excellence, and although it is placed in a room where it can only be seen with great difficulty, it is eminently worthy of the most careful study. Such a work, for instance, as the cabinet of walnut-wood and marquetry, attributed, probably on insufficient authority, to Bachelier of Toulouse, seems to sum up for us the true spirit of the Renaissance in France. CHARLES WHIBLEY.



EN MER.

(Painted by Frank Myers Boggs.)

"EN MER."

PAINTED BY FRANK MYERS BOGGS.

TO sail around a coast is usually more interesting, from the point of view of the purely picturesque, than to pass through the waste immensities of the ocean. There is, it is true, not the majestic silence of distant waters and a sail-less horizon, so tender, so impressive, and so lonely. But, instead, there is the life, the variety, the colour furnished by the goings and comings, the tackings and becalmings of the fishing-boats and the heterogeneous coasting-craft that constantly hug the shore. Coasting is full of incident which appeals strongly to the lover of sails and spars, who sees in all the life of the sea that untrammelled carelessness which upon land can only be attained to through much vexation. Mr. Boggs seems to have just this appreciation of the salt air and all that it signifies. But his picture is somewhat misnamed, for his fishing-smacks are not at sea, but are apparently putting out from the mouth of a river. "En Mer" is a river or coasting scene, rather than a seascape; but the scent of the ocean is about it, and it is full of touches of sailor-craft. It may have been painted anywhere—in the estuary of the Thames, at the mouth of the Scheldt, or where the Seine broadens out to the sea. There is nothing peculiar or distinctive about these wide-sailed fishing-boats and the black ugly steamer puffing along its hasty way. They are to be seen almost anywhere in European waters; and Mr. Boggs deserves all the credit that can be given to a man who paints effectively a scene familiar to everybody in its picturesque commonplaceness. He has painted it, too, with a broad and breezy touch, suggestive of the swirl of water and the rippling of wind among the sail-cloths. A picture like this, in spite of the heavy wreaths of smoke from the shore, recalls all the poetry of the sea. These great, top-heavy fishing-boats, with their orange or tawny-brown or less pictorial dirty-white sails, their maze of seemingly purposeless cordage, their shallow hulls lying low in the water, are as picturesque as any craft that ever sailed upon the ocean, from the days when the ships which Homer catalogued swam the waters, until now, when the lines of beauty in shipping are somewhat despitefully considered. There is hardly a mile of coast in Western Europe where some such goodly sight as this may not be seen upon any day, and almost at any hour. Art owes much to the inspiration of the sea, with its moods and humours, its beauty, majesty, grace, and terribleness. To paint well the ocean and the ships it bears is, perhaps, not a warranty of genius in an artist, but no mere common mediocrity ever yet painted waves and ships in such a way as to delight those who love the sea. The stereotyped manner, the heavy, inflexible touch, become painfully obvious when they are used to limn the ocean and its life, and the burdens that it carries. The painting of "great waters" and of the leviathans that do business upon them, be they handsome as yachts, or hideous as men-of-war, demands a freedom of touch and a sympathy of conception of which mediocrity is incapable. "En Mer" is not a mediocre picture, but possesses excellent qualities of invention, *technique,* and grouping, and is sufficiently idealised to be almost romantic.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

Her Garden.

WHAT years have slipped since those last hours
We tarried in this garden-plot;
Amid her sweet, old-fashioned flow'rs,
Pansies and pinks and bergamot.

The peonies were full of bloom,
Lupins and lilies 'mid their green;
And dahlias, that through the gloom
Glimmered and shone like stars terrene.

Her roses too—by many a sage
In rose-lore reckoned worth renown—
Of varied tint, in varied stage,
Here bud, here bloom, here dropping down.

Again, in tender fancy's freak,
I seem to learn their names from her,
The "Damask," "Blush," and this antique
Twi-coloured "York and Lancaster."

I see her deft hands cull and store—
Where'er decay perfection mars—
The fragrant, falling petals for
Her bowls and tall pot-pourri jars.

Vain thought! A wild, untended air
Lies over path and flow'r and tree;
They lack the impress of her care,
Th' influence of her ministry.

Unheeded now the roses blow,
And strew their loveliness around;
Untrained, the clematis trails low,
And weeds make waste the pleasant ground.

Moss-grown the paths are, and a-fringe
With unkempt grasses either side;
The little gate creaks on its hinge,
Now rocking to, now opening wide.

As if to ape a joyance gone,
Some birds a sudden treble raise;
While still the little gate creaks on,
And lets in careless waifs and strays.

A haunted place; whose shadows fall
Over my spirit, sad and deep;
Since the loved hands that tended all
Were clasped so long ago in sleep.

KATE CARTER.

SIENA AS A CRADLE OF ART.

THE history of Siena is the story of a little world. Self-concentrated and complete within its five miles of battled wall, this city on the Tuscan hill-crest has its long record of changing fortunes, its chequered phases of revolution and reform, its moments of triumph and enthusiasm. Painting was from the first the favourite expression of the spiritual side of the national character, which developed no individual school of sculpture and, speaking broadly, left no mark upon letters. And it is the religious element that is most conspicuous here—an element which, having its root in the impressionable and enthusiastic nature of the citizens, clung to conventionality and formalism, and endured long after the quest of beauty had become the sole motive of the other master-painters of Italy. Down to the close of the fifteenth century Siena had not yet discovered that art was worthy of being made an end in itself, or that it had any existence apart from the mysticism which surrounded its renaissance. The interest lies mainly with the patriarchs of the school, who were as zealous in their conservatism and as content with the traditions they had received, as its latest workers were ingenious in assimilating all that could be acquired abroad.

SIENA, FROM THE WALLS: SAN DOMENICO AND THE CATHEDRAL.

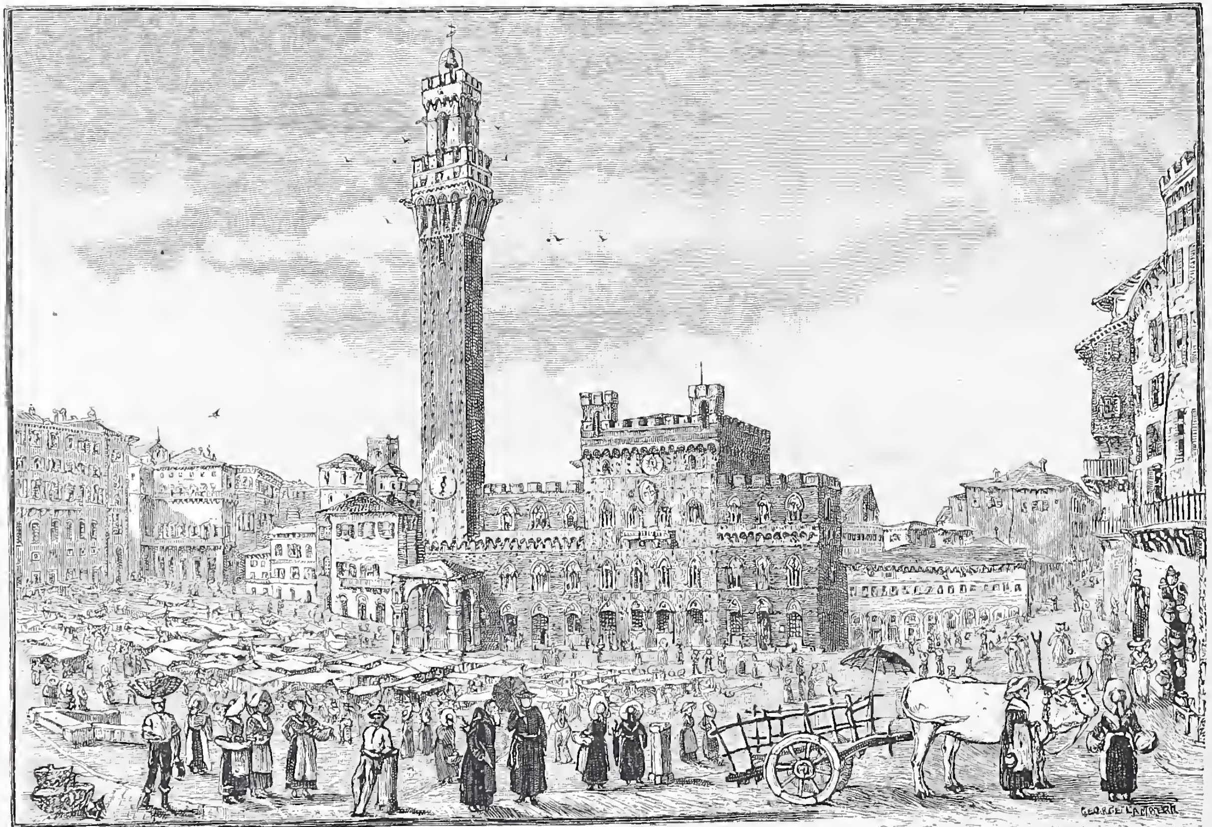
Of all the feud-distracted unsettled cities of the south, there was not one so perpetually torn with internecine struggles as Siena, and the historian De Comines has very correctly said, "La ville se gouverne plus follement que ville d'Italie." Yet out of this chaos of changing supremacies, out of

the jarring discord of parties for ever at strife, there arose here an art, calm and contemplative, sensitive, refined, and mystical. And this is but an apparent contradiction. The history of the arts is full of such seeming paradoxes; for the passions of life seldom find direct and obvious expression in the arts, but the same impulse which moves the one may reveal itself in the other in a totally different form. Those warrior-citizens, who, returning from the most triumphant victory that had yet been won by any Italian state, upon the field of Monte Aperto, dedicated their city to the Madonna, were as sentimentally impulsive as they were emotionally violent. Hence it is that of all the names which are familiar as founders and supporters of the Siennese school, from the awakening revelation of Duccio down to the tender sweetness of Matteo, the brothers Lorenzetti alone have found a larger field for art in the rejection of mere dogmatic mysteries and the contemplation of a wider humanity.

The origin of the school is lost in obscurity; books have been written and arguments multiplied to prove and disprove the exactness of that date, inscribed beneath the "Madonna" of San Domenico:

"Me Guido de Senis diebus pinxit amenis
Quem Christus lenis nullis velit agere penis. *Año Di.* 1221."

Milanesi has defended its antiquity; and Della Valle's quaint and interesting research maintains the date; for Guido's name would have been famous too, he says, only there was no "sacred singer" to tell of him as Dante did of Cimabue, and Petrarch of Giotto and Simone. But after all the question loses importance, for even if this picture did show any very marked advance on previous achievements, the traces of other outlines beneath the present surface are evidence of considerable re-painting, so that, were it originally the work of some old Guido unremembered in the archives, its present condition would scarcely warrant any definite assumption. The question is exhaustively discussed in Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's book, and the "Madonna" of San Domenico is traced to the same hand as the "Madonna" of the Palazzo Publico. Taking these pictures as we see them to-day, though still Byzantine in spirit, they mark the beginning of the end, and are, at least, far beyond the contemporary productions of such painters as Margaritone of Arezzo. The archives preserve a number of other names as belonging to the middle and latter half of the thirteenth century, but their works can no longer be identified. Vasari's reticence on the antiquity of the Siennese school is suspicious in one who has been accused of partiality.



THE MARKET-PLACE, SIENA.

The great reformer is Duccio (Buoninsegna), whose career began some time after that of Cimabue but considerably before that of Giotto, for a picture ascribed to this master in the museum at Nancy is dated 1278, while he is known to have been, for a short time at least, at Florence in 1285. In 1310 his throned "Madonna," the work of two years, was carried in triumph through the winding street of palaces while all the people followed, making holiday in honour of his genius, and the virgin of Monte Aperto was displaced from the high altar of the Duomo to make room for this masterpiece. The panel was painted on both sides, and it is in the twenty-six compartments of the reverse, which illustrate the life of the Saviour, that we see the power of the man, when free to give his imagination full play, overcoming the conventional mannerism which use had prescribed for the manifestation of deity.

INTERIOR OF SIENA CATHEDRAL, WITH PULPIT.

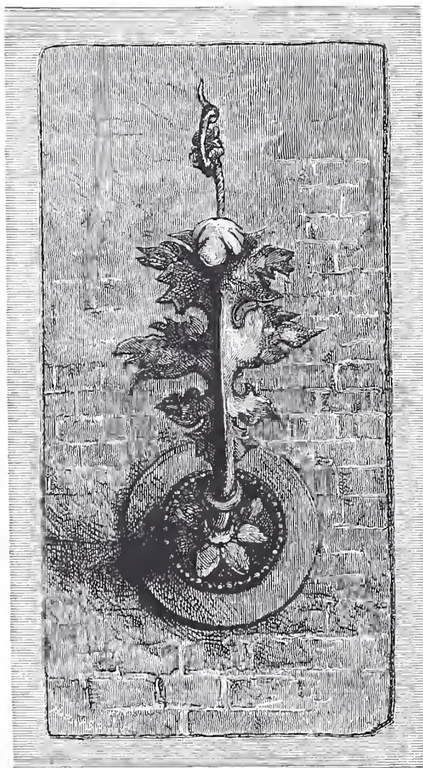
This much may at least be asserted in favour of the antiquity of this school. In the first place, that tradition preserves to us a name, and attaches that name to a picture which we have by us still, as that of the father of Siennese art; and that this painter preceded, by however short an interval, his greater successor Duccio. Secondly, that before the influence of Giotto could have made itself widely felt, Duccio had painted a "Madonna" which his countrymen honoured as the Florentines did that of Cimabue, together with a series of pictures which exhibit an entire independence of the old methods of mechanical execution, and a new dramatic element. The treatment of his "Maries at the Sepulchre" and the "Entry to Jerusalem" places them almost upon a level with the achievements of Giotto.

No mention of Duccio is recorded after the year 1320. His contemporaries Ugolino and Segna share his facility of technical execution, but attain to no great individuality; but in the beginning of the fourteenth century a painter flourished whose fame spread over the whole of Italy and away to French Avignon, where faint traces of his presence still remain.* Simone Martini developed the manner of Duccio, and how little he owes to Giotto may be studied at Assisi, where their frescoes are seen side by side. His works exhibit a kind of realism wedded to conventionality, vigorous, often affectedly graceful, and careful to minuteness in detail. His colouring has been aptly compared to that of a miniaturist, bright and cheerful, but unrelieved, and regardless of the facts of light and shade. In this he was followed by his brother-in-law Lippo Memmi, in

* Erroneously called by Vasari, Simone Memmi, the name by which he is popularly known His wife was the daughter of a painter named Memmi.

conjunction with whom he sometimes laboured, and indeed by most of his successors. Simone appears to have worked chiefly at Siena, where he found constant employment, even receiving commissions for golden lilies and golden lions from his decorative *bottega*. Lippo also painted in the neighbouring city of San Gemignano, and at Orvieto. Subsequently the two found their way to the papal court at Avignon, where Simone enjoyed the friendship of Petrarch,* and enshrined the face of Laura in his more perishable art.

Of the lives of the two brothers Lorenzetti, or Laurati, but few facts are known. Vasari's account is so incomplete that he scarcely mentions the great work upon which Ambrogio was engaged, in the Palazzo Publico of Siena, during the years 1337 to 1339; in which he illustrated contemporary theories of government, displaying the harmony of peace, the discord of civil feud and party warfare, in perhaps the most wonderful allegory that has yet found its expression in painting. High above the citizens that gather to his throne sits crownless the giant figure of the Commune; ranged on either



TORCH-HOLDER.

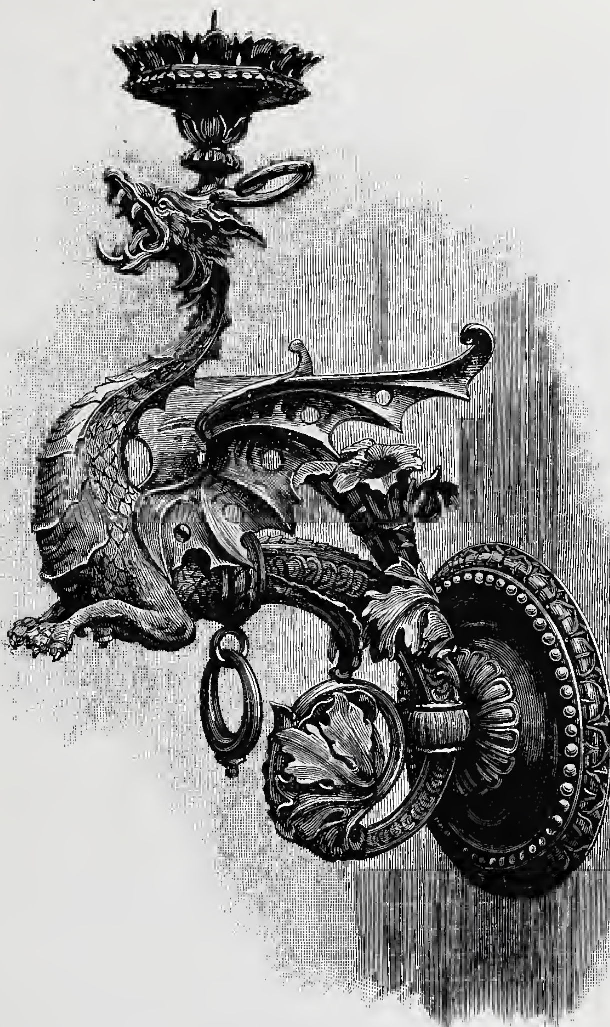
hand are Peace, Fortitude, and Prudence, Magnanimity, Temperance, and Justice, crowned and calmly immortal; Faith, Hope, and Charity rest higher still, poised star-like in a dark blue sky. Every incident of this elaborate conception is full of meaning, and the element of beauty prevails throughout, in the presentation of Concord sitting among the citizens, in the mailed horsemen that keep ward around the throne of the Commune, in the quiet, imperturbable face of Fortitude. Another fresco, once in the church of the Frati Minori, an effort wholly new in art, described by Vasari, and more minutely by Ghiberti, in which the raging of the elements, the fury of rain and wind, was consummately depicted, now exists no more. This painter and his brother Pietro, to whose hand is assigned beyond doubt or dispute the "Hermit Scene of the Pisan Campo Santo," whether or no we look upon them as the authors of that great "Death and Judgment," have travelled so far beyond the limits of Siennese art, and exercised so wide an influence, that they lie outside an enquiry into the idiosyncrasies of the school. But the delicacy of Ambrogio's hand in the treatment of an altar picture is well seen in the "St. Dorothy" of the Accademia triptych, holding up in the gathered skirt of her dress the flowers of Paradise that never fade.

The story of the fourteenth century closes with Taddeo Bartolo, an earnest religious painter, full of awe and reverence, who at times manifests the force and action seldom found in the earlier masters. He is the last patriarch of the school, which fell henceforth into mere mechanical affectation and weakness. The versatility of Vecchietta, painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer, prevented his attaining to excellence in any of the arts which he professed; though there is a certain power of realism about his bronze figure of the dead "Marino Soccino," now in the Florentine Uffizi; while it is difficult to understand, after contemplating his forty-seven works in the Academy, how Sano di Pietro could ever have been called the Fra Angelico of Siena, his one claim to notice consisting in the delicacy of the patterns he traced upon his draperies and in the glories of saints.

The conservative spirit of the Siennese and their confident pride in the merits of their own school laid such restrictions on the immigration of artists from other cities that no corrective influence could be brought to do battle with those inbred affectations which succeeding painters only intensified; and the fifteenth century witnessed the decadence of an art which had in its own individual line reached a high excellence at a very early date. One master, however, during this period produced much delicately beautiful work which has perhaps not wholly received due recognition. Matteo da Siena, far removed as he may be in genius and power from those

* "Ma certo il mio Simon fu in Paradiso,
Onde questa gentil donna si parte;
Ivi la vide, e la ritrasse in carte."
PETRARCH: Sonnet 49.

contemporary workers who were at this time creating a revolution in art, was at least as far removed from them in intention. Content with the narrower scope of religious sentiment, he has infused into the faces of the Madonna and her saints a solemn sweetness of his own, and the rapt gaze of his young angels at times recalls the indescribable beauty of Botticelli. A picture of our "Lady of the Snows," in the little church thus dedicated because snow fell in midsummer, is an exquisite creation, too little praised because too little known. When he attempts such subjects as the Massacre of the Innocents, he is evidently beyond his powers and behind his age, but in the sweet St. Barbara of San Domenico we see the culmination of the sentimental beauty of Siennese art.

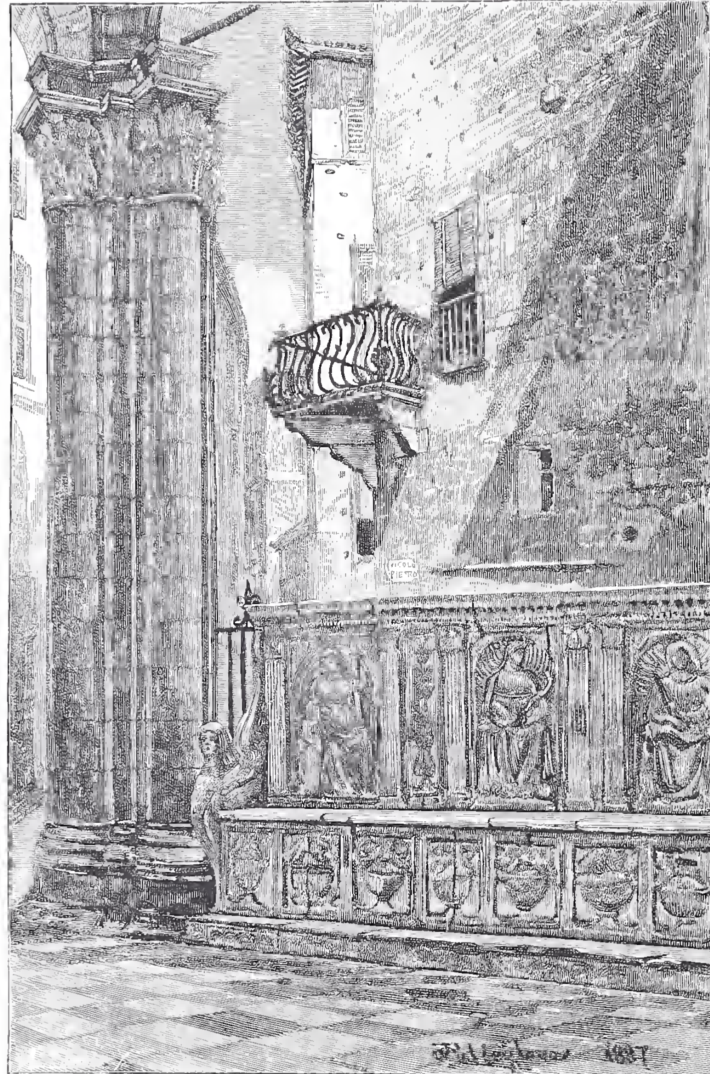


BRONZE TORCH-HOLDER.

Sculpture, meanwhile, had found but a few representatives of any conspicuous merit. When Niccolo and Giovanni Pisano departed, they left the tradition in the hands of Agnolo and Agostino, who designed and decorated many churches both in and out of their native city, and were well esteemed in their day. Many of the painters were sculptors and architects, and were successively employed in keeping up and decorating the Duomo. But the only name that rises into individuality, the one master whose art redeems Siennese sculpture from the charge of insignificance, is Jacopo della Quercia; and the work of his hands has been rendered so dear, even to those who have never seen it, by the no less perfect language in which a great writer, and a true lover of all beautiful things, has told its praise, that it needs no word here. The more delicate and intricate art of wood-carving has continued to flourish from the Barili and Romagnoli of the sixteenth century down to the Giusti and Querci of to-day.

St. Catharine, the daughter of a Siennese dyer, born in the year 1347, played a remarkable part in Italian politics; by her influence the Pope was

reconciled to the Florentines, and induced to return from Avignon to Rome. But it was not until the lapse of a century had surrounded her name with the glamour of the past that her story became a motive for the last and least sincere efforts of religious art. Those later painters, Razzi, Beccafumi the shepherd boy, and the versatile Baldassare Peruzzi, owe nothing to the old inspiration; they assimilated all that could be learned in other cities of Italy, and have left their handiwork in many places. But the school of Siena was no more; after a hundred years of degeneracy, with one lingering note of beauty in Matteo's angels, it had disappeared for ever.



LOGGIA OF THE CASINO DE NOBILI.

How deeply art had entered into the life of the Commune is shown by many visible signs. We have a record which tells how a painter was appointed to conduct an embassy; we have the painter's street; we find the greatest artists of their day setting frescoes on the city gates; the city itself filled with graceful *loggie* and fountains of exquisite design; the very bronze torch-holders and rings for the tethering of horses admirably executed; most notably those modelled by the sculptor Giacomo Cozzarelli for the palace of the *magnifico* Pandolfo Petrucci. All this points to the artistic completeness achieved by Siena.

To this day she preserves many of her picturesque old-world customs, and, save that the towers on her palace-fortresses are no more, the streets have undergone no change. Time has almost effaced the frescoes on her gates, but still the shadow falls from the tower of the Signoria on the dial pavement of her piazza; she still celebrates the centenaries of her great sons; and the springs of Fonte Branda are not yet dry.

RENNELL RODD.

MARY OF BURGUNDY ENTREATING THE SHERIFFS OF GHENT TO PARDON HER COUNCILLORS HUGONET AND HUMBERCOURT.

(*Painted by Emile Wauters. Liége Museum.*)

EMILE WAUTERS.

IT is a curious fact that, priding ourselves as we do on our non-insularity in the matter of art and art knowledge, we in England should know little more of one of the greatest of living history painters than his name. Though still a young man—for he has hardly yet reached the middle age — Emile Wauters has for nearly twenty years enjoyed a European reputation. Yet we here have heard but little more than the faint intermittent echo of that name, and that only when his work at the Salons of Paris or Brussels has challenged the attention of the whole art-world, and laid the critics' vocabulary of praise under heavy contribution. Under these circumstances I have deemed it more useful to devote the present article to a biographical rather than a critical notice of the man and his principal works, reserving for some future occasion an analytical inquiry into his school, his style, and his methods; thus placing for the first time before the English reader the simple history of his achievement, his long record of continuous success. We shall thus be enabled to form at least a second-hand estimate of the powers of the artist who has now, with the gradual retirement of Gallait, won for himself the premier place in the modern Flemish school, and who, judging by the ever-increasing virility of his handling and the subtlety of his *technique*, has not yet reached the highest point to which he is destined to attain.

Born in Brussels in 1848, Emile Wauters early evinced his passion for art, and while still a boy determined to become a painter. He entered the studio of M. Portaels, and for three years associated with the brilliant group who were his fellow-students.

At the end of that time M. Godecharle, son of the famous sculptor and a friend of the family, struck with young Wauters' remarkable progress, sent him to Paris to receive the benefit of M. Gérôme's counsel and instruction. Here the picture of "The Battle of Hastings: the Finding of Harold by Edith"—a work of precocious talent—was begun. In 1868 M. Wauters was sent to study in Italy, again by the kindness of M. Godecharle, but although he visited all the chief cities in succession, returning by way of Bavaria, and brought back a vast number of sketches and studies as the result of his journey, his sojourn the Government invitation to attend the opening of the Suez Canal. Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, and Cairo were visited in turn, and three weeks were spent in the latter town amid *fêtes* and rejoicings of all kinds; a brilliant experience, one fraught with consequences for an impressionable and enthusiastic young painter. But just as the party were starting up the Nile as the guests of the Viceroy, the sad news reached him of Mme. Wauters' dangerous illness, and, hastening home, he only arrived in time to close her eyes.

In 1870, when he was only twenty-two years of

EMILE WAUTERS.

(From a Sketch by the Artist.)

amongst the Italian masters happily exerted no undue influence upon his purely national feeling and methods. The following year he exhibited at the Brussels Salon his "Great Nave of St. Mark's" and "The Battle of Hastings," both of singular merit. The former was purchased by the King of the Belgians, and the latter by M. Löwenstein, of whose collection it is still an important feature. The artist's youth was the only disqualification for the medal that the general verdict declared should be his; but his claims were not allowed to go unrecognised, for the Minister of the Fine Arts summoned him to his chamber and officially offered him as compensation age, his great historical picture of "Mary of Burgundy entreating the Sheriffs of Ghent to pardon her Councillors Hugonet and Humbercourt" was finished, and, being exhibited, created a perfect *furore* (see p. 397). Equal success attended it when it was shown at the London International Exhibition in the following year. It was regarded as the most important work of the Belgian school, and called forth the following criticism from a contemporary:—"There is much to be learnt from this remarkable picture. Few things in its way are more masterly than the grouping, lighting, and character of the citizens. . . . It is a work of great power, wherein the artist dismisses all

the paraphernalia of false effect—indeed, a conception which few men would venture to realise, without a well-grounded consciousness of power to carry it out in its full force." The picture was bought by the Belgian Government for the Liége Museum, where it now is. Great as was this achievement, M. Wauters succeeded in eclipsing his former efforts with "The Madness of Hugo Van der Goes," which became the sensation of the Brussels Salon of 1872. This life-size picture, which, etched by M. Monzies, forms the subject of our frontispiece, is perhaps the best-known of all his works. We are shown with extraordinary pathos and power Van Eyck's unfortunate pupil, who, for love's sake, lost his reason and took refuge in a monastery. Here all remedies and restoratives were applied, but none with good or sedative effect save the singing of the choristers. All the heads in this admirable composition are fine, especially — as it should be—that of the madman himself. The livid but noble face, bearing eloquent witness to that poignant grief which unhinged his reason; the eyes, looking without seeing, no longer "the windows of the mind;" the beautifully-drawn hands, with their nervous, convulsive grasp; and the grey robe, with many a trace of the wearer's recent paroxysm — these first arrest the attention of the beholder. Then are arrayed, with consummate skill, the "brother" who, with excellent action and with but half attention, directs the singing; another, who closely watches its effects; the choristers, and finally the players and the prayers, who complete a composition which, considered either artistically or psychologically, is nothing less than a triumph. The picture was immediately purchased by the State for the Brussels Museum, and the gold medal that was awarded to it was replaced at the king's command by the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold. On the strength of this success M. Wauters was commissioned by the town to decorate the Lions' Staircase in the Hôtel de Ville with two large works representing respectively "Mary of Burgundy swearing to respect the Communal Rights of Brussels, 1477" (see p. 401)—M. Wauters is evidently fond of long, resounding titles—and "The Armed Citizens of Brussels demanding the Charta from Duke John IV. of Brabant," a commission which was not completed till 1877. Then followed three distinctions in rapid succession. Contributing to the Vienna International Exhibition in 1873, he was elected a member of the Imperial Academy in that city; in 1875 he gained a "second-class" medal at the Paris Salon; and the following year his portrait of the son of M. Somzée, leaning on a hoop, won him a "rappel" of the same order. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1878 the jury awarded him the third of the medals of honour by twenty-three votes out of thirty-one, a distinction which carried with it the nomination of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; but it is said that the friends of Alfred Stevens, offended at what they considered a slight to the older man, prevailed upon M. Rolin Jacquemy, the Minister, to withhold his consent to the award. M. Wauters thereupon marked his sense of the injustice he suffered by refusing the great commissions that had been offered him to decorate with frescoes the Palais des Beaux-Arts and the Palais de Justice in Brussels. In the meantime balm to a limited extent was applied to his wounded pride by his election to the Academy of Madrid.

ACHMED: A STUDY IN TANGIERS.

(From the Artist's Sketch-Book.)

For the next two years M. Wauters devoted himself to the painting of full-length portraits, and in 1879 received a medal of honour from the Munich International Exhibition. In 1880, the jubilee of Belgian Independence, he held aloof from the national exhibition, and, gathering a collection of some fifty of his works into his studio, he threw it open to the public, receiving some ten thousand of his countrymen and many foreign visitors—prominent among whom was M. Munkaczy, who came from Paris to "render homage to the young artist's genius." Of the portraits then exhibited, the most

admirable were "Mme. Judic as Niniche;" "Mme. Somzée," leaning on the keyboard of her piano; and "Master Somzée," on horseback by the sea-shore. The two latter, being again exhibited at the Berlin Salon in 1883, gained the medal of honour. The next year M. Wauters was again an exhibitor at the Paris Salon, and on this occasion was created an Officer of the Legion of Honour.

Four years previously, in 1880, the artist had been commissioned by a specially formed company to paint a panorama for Vienna of the Austrian victory at the "Battle of Custozza;" but, partly fearful of wounding Italian susceptibilities, and partly impatient of the conventionality which somehow inevitably selects battle-scenes for the subjects of panoramas, Wauters cast about for some less hackneyed treatment - matter. At that time Prince Rudolph was on the eve of departure for Egypt, and Wauters, stirred by a lively recollection of the delights of his former visit to the East, decided to travel in his train, hoping, by welding habits and customs, architecture and costumes, flora and vegetation, into a comprehensive, harmonious whole, to produce a work entirely original in design and interesting in subject. May and June, amidst the torrid heat, were passed in Cairo in company with his brother, Professor A. J. Wauters, and during that time some seventy studies were made. In six months from that time, having been assisted only by a couple of pupils, he produced in Brussels the vast work, "Cairo and the Banks of the Nile," a canvas 380 feet long by 49 feet high! It was exhibited in Brussels for a month, after being "opened" by the king and queen, and then was transferred to Vienna, where the emperor performed for it the same good offices. It was afterwards exhibited at Munich, and again at Brussels, and then was transported to the Hague, where it may now be seen. In 1882 another large work, but this time only 26 feet long, for the same company, proceeded from his brush. It represented "Sobieski and his Staff before Besieged Vienna," and whilst it was in progress the Academy of Belgium conferred upon the painter the chair rendered vacant by the death of Verboeckhoven.

A VILLAGER OF ERNZEN.

(From the Artist's Sketch-Book.)

Placing his house in an agent's hands for disposal — for he had determined to settle down in one of the great art centres, Paris or London—M. Wauters set out for Spain. There he stood entranced before the mighty work of Velasquez, who for him — Fleming that he is — forms, together with Van Dyck and Franz Hals, the great trinity of his artistic worship and belief. Thence he passed over to Tangiers, spending five months in making studies, and producing, among other work, "The Morocco Fisherman," "The Great Mosque," and, best known of all, "Serpent - Charmers of Sokko." After a long tour in Austria and Germany he returned to his native city—forgetting apparently his former intention of quitting it; and, sending to the Antwerp International Exhibition eight portraits and his large "Cairo, from the Bridge of Kasr-el-Nil," a work immediately purchased by the city, he carried off the medal of honour. This same picture was sent to our Royal Academy in 1884, when the artist experienced the novel sensation of finding himself skied, and his work, in consequence of its multitude of tiny figures, entirely invisible to either critic or public!

Returning once more to Brussels, he completed the portrait of his father, in the uniform of captain of the "Chasseurs Eclaireurs;" and his two masterpieces of portraiture, the late Baron and Baroness

MARY OF BURGUNDY SWEARING TO RESPECT THE COMMUNAL RIGHTS OF BRUSSELS, 1477.

(Painted by Emile Wauters. Hôtel de Ville, Brussels.)

Goffinet, the last-named being probably the finest work the artist has produced. In February of the present year M. Wauters for the second time held an exhibition of some twenty-five of his works in his splendid studio, which the king opened in person, creating the artist on the occasion Commander of his Order; and immediately afterwards he received a commission from the Chamber of Deputies to decorate the staircase of the Palais des Beaux-Arts and to paint full-length portraits of the king and queen. This was followed by an intimation from Munich that he had been elected an honorary member of the Academy of that city—an event which closes, for the present, one of the most brilliant records of which living artists can boast. It is not easy to imagine what further honour the still youthful painter can look for, save that recognition and justice in London which even the ordinary second-rate "outsider" is justified in claiming, and generally obtains.

M. Wauters is an inveterate sketcher and one of consummate skill, whether with chalk or pencil-point; and from some of his sketch-books, which he has kindly placed at my disposal, have been drawn the accompanying facsimile studies. His rapidity at this work is extraordinary—the portrait of himself having been drawn before a mirror in the course of a few minutes. To the figures of the Arabs, and of the Flemish peasant, as well as to the drawing of the hands and draperies, which we hope to be able to reproduce at some future time—all of them, in spite of appearances, impressions of the moment rapidly recorded—special attention may profitably be paid, for few things from the hands of modern masters are more instructive or will more worthily repay study than these entirely correct sketches, whether regarded for their precision or character, or as examples of facility in the use of the crayon or pencil.

M. H. Spielmann.

HEINE AS AN ART-CRITIC.

Among the letters which Heine wrote from time to time to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, during his long residence in Paris, there are three describing the Salons of 1831, 1833, and 1843. These, with two short digressions on Louis Robert and Paul Delaroche in letters bearing the date of 1841, contain the whole of Heine's remarks on art subjects, occupying only some fifty pages of the new popular edition lately issued by his old editors, Hoffmann and Campe. There is, of course, no attempt at systematic treatment, they are but the brilliant letters of a special correspondent, but that special correspondent is Heine. He naturally avoids all technical praise or blame, and contents himself with describing the subjects and meaning of the popular pictures of the year in a free, chatty manner; frequently forgetting his subject and digressing into politics; yet often, on the other hand, touching with a light hand art problems of moment, and never failing to attract our attention and interest us.

Heine had just arrived in Paris, where he was to stay till his death. The air was still full of political excitement, it was no time for art; he could hear artists of all kinds execrating the July revolution, for their occupation was gone, they were not heeded. The very pictures, hung on screens which were placed before the old masters in the Louvre, looked forlorn, like the foundlings of a hospital in comparison with the religious paintings hidden behind them, which sprang from and were nourished by the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. But Catholicism had lost its hold on France, and was treated either with aversion or silence. And, as a proof of this, Heine adduces the fact that in the Salon there were only twenty-nine religious pictures in all, while there were as many as thirty subjects from Sir Walter Scott's romances alone. Romanticism was indeed at its height: Heine calls it misunderstood Romanticism, but does not enter into a comparison with the dreamy, mystic Romanticism of Germany, which was the subject of one part of his "Über Deutschland." Another reproof is that most of the painters, like their confrères in literature at that time, were trying to outbid each other in extravagance; or, as they themselves termed it, allowed their "personality" full play. The Romanticism of the littérateurs, with Hugo at their head, showed itself in the search for the fantastic, gloomy, and mysterious elements of the Middle Ages, in the love of depicting extraordinary passions and crimes, in revolt against all the traditional rules and subjects of calm and sedate classicism. The Romanticism of the painters was chiefly shown in the new historical school, initiated by Géricault, and led by Delaroche, Delacroix, and Horace Vernet. It was not the historical school of Lebrun, with the aim of deifying Louis XIV., nor that of David, whose subjects were the reflection of the republican virtue period, but one which sought out the poetry which dwells in all that is past, as Heine says. It derived its inspiration from Shakespeare, Goethe, and Scott, and its *technique* from the Flemish school, with Rubens at

its head, adding French grace thereto. Delacroix has indeed often been compared to Rubens, both in draughtsmanship and colouring. Delaroche, who, as Heine wittily says, was the "court painter of beheaded royalty," was the most definitely "historical" painter of the school.

Interesting is the way in which he shows that this choice of "romantic" subjects was in part due to the natural desire of painters to escape from the unartistic modern dress; and that there were two ways of getting rid of this dreadful modern dress without reverting to traditional or classical subjects. The first, employed by some of the Germans of the time, was to deck living people with the wardrobe of catholic and feudalistic mediævalism. The second was to take subjects from such existing peoples as still wore national dresses undisturbed by civilisation, such as the Tyrolese, the favourite subjects of the Munich school, and the Italians. Robert, whose "Moissoneur" (now in the Louvre) kindles Heine's enthusiasm, was such a painter; he had gone to Rome, and thenceforth pictured Italian life in poetical colouring. In his enthusiastic appreciation of Robert, Heine's well-known Hellenism breaks out; the picture is "a holy poem," a "poem of humanity," an apotheosis of life as against the asceticism and continual contemplation of death, supposed by Heine to be the chief characteristic of Christianity. Here men are depicted as sinless, their earthly days' work is an unspoken prayer, "they are holy without heaven, reconciled without an atonement, pure without cleansing." Matter is made holy, the whole form is shown in natural and free action, illuminated with sunshine; while in Catholic pictures only the head, as the seat of the spirit, is given. We need not stay to dispute either the last remark or Heine's caricature of Christianity; it is enough to remember his sufferings on his ten years' bed of sickness, and his half-sorrowing renunciation of Hellenism in a late preface, when he saw that the "Greeks were but children."

It is in a digression following on the mention of Descamps that Heine states his creed in art. Heine confesses himself a supernaturalist in art. He believes that the artist cannot find all his types in Nature, but rather that the most remarkable types spring immediately from his consciousness as symbols of his innate ideas. For example, instead of the old-world architects finding their types in forest avenues and grottoes, the resemblance was only seen after the temples were built; and the types were not in outward nature, but innate in the soul of man. Further, either in the creation or appreciation of art, the intellect as against the imagination has very little scope. In the creation of a work of art the idea springs from the mind, fancy then offers a thousand ways of expressing the idea, and to the intellect is consigned the mere rôle of selecting the best out of these means. With regard to the criticism of works of art, all principles, rules, or forms derived by abstraction from the products of previous schools are of no use. Each new genius must be judged by æsthetics of his own, must be studied and judged according to his own aim. The question to be asked is, Has he the means of expressing his idea? If he has, then let us next remark that this idea comes from the world-spirit, passing through the crucible of the personality of the artist. Let us freely criticise the means—that is, in painting, form and colour—but let us regard the idea with a certain reverence.

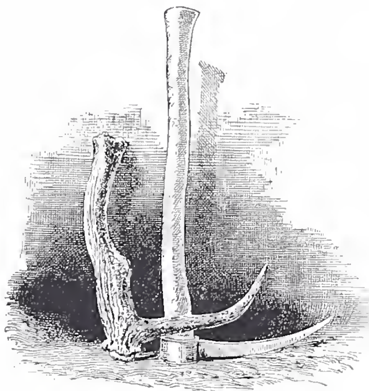
Besides Robert and Descamps, Scheffer, Delaroche, and Vernet receive the most attention. Scheffer is but half praised, though Heine finds that two studies of Faust and Marguerite suit the peculiarities of that painter's manner. But he is offended by the "snuff and green soap" colouring and vague outline of the master, which he rightly describes as morose, joyless, and dead. Incidentally, he well points out the difference between the two classes of portrait-painters—those like Titian and Van Dyck, who paint so that you can recognise the character through the lineaments of the face, and those who merely paint for the recognition and remembrance of relatives. Delaroche's "Cromwell looking at the Corpse of Charles I." gives Heine occasion for a long comparison between Charles and Louis XVI., Cromwell and Napoleon. To him these heroes are but personifications of the two ever-conflicting ideas of the poetry and prose of life. Here poetry lies slain, and prose is proud and victorious. And with the death of Charles the poetry of England ended, for the caricature that stood in Heine's mind for England is very far removed from the realm of poetry. With this "Cromwell" Delaroche exhibited the well-known "Princes in the Tower," and the death scenes of Richelieu and Mazarin. Delaroche exposed an allegorical picture of the July revolution, which may now be seen in the newly-arranged Salle des États. Heine took a pleasure in listening to the remarks made by the crowd that always gathered before it. Here is the dead body of one of the patriots in the foreground. Some one remarked felicitously, "How wonderfully true! How naturally painted, that dead man lying on the ground. It's just like life!"

The 1843 letter is very short; he is altogether dissatisfied with the exhibition, he calls it an anarchy in gold frames. But he touches on the rich subject of the influence of the Zeitgeist, the spirit of the times. Art, if it wishes to be vital and true art, must ever be contemporary and conformed to the spirit of the times; disparagement of the present,

or longing after the past, can produce nothing that will live. The present contains enough of poetical elements to the seeing eye. But, to Heine, the characteristic note of this Salon throughout is that of Philistine industrialism. The religious pictures which, in comparison with the Salon of 1831, were numerous, were all, to Heine, afflicted with an air of mercantile speculation. The portraits, still more, all seemed as if they had been thinking, in the hours when they sat for the painter, of how much they would have to pay. The letter concludes with a most characteristic notice of Horace Vernet, one of the heroes of the 1831 Salon, and the most popular of all the French painters at the time. Vernet has no style and no beliefs; he works like Nature with apparent indifferentism. All subjects are alike to him; he treats all in passing, almost in the manner of a pamphleteer. And so prolific! How many thousand soldiers he had painted! No German prince, with the exception of Prussia and Austria, possessed so many soldiers. If it be true, continues Heine, that on the day of Resurrection a man's works follow him, Vernet will on that day be followed by at least 100,000 cavalry and infantry.

Such are some of the more important points in these fragmentary notices on art by Heine. They consist, it is true, in but three letters sent by a special correspondent to a foreign newspaper, preserved from oblivion by the name of the writer; but to the rapidly increasing number of those in England who find a certain charm in Heine which they find but seldom elsewhere, yet have not ventured from the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the author to his miscellaneous works, this mention of these witty letters will not come amiss. GARNET SMITH.

FLINT KNAPPING.



STAG'S HORN AND IRON PICKS.

HIDDEN away in a secluded corner of East Anglia there lurks and lingers an artistic industry, which, if the opinions formed as to its origin are correct, may fairly claim to be considered the oldest in Great Britain—the craft of the flint-knappers of Brandon.* Owing to an odd chain of causes it has hitherto succeeded in surviving the lapse of some two thousand centuries; but its existence is now so remarkably precarious that, failing some fresh development within the next ten or twenty years, it must inevitably disappear. While these unconscious exponents of an antique art were still displaying their hereditary skill, and the clink of their hammers was not yet silenced in the streets of their little town, it occurred to the writer to pay a visit to the scene of their labours, partly for the sake of placing on record some of the more striking facts connected with the growth and decay of the manufacture, and partly also in the hope of administering a friendly stimulus to its failing energies.

About the natural characteristics of Brandon much might be written. It is situated on a tongue-shaped strip of marshland that runs up from the great level of the Fens into the heart of the heathy district surrounding Thetford, now a decayed market town, but in Saxon times the seat of one of the East Anglian bishopries. Through this region flows the Little Ouse, a bright chalk stream, here forming for some distance the boundary of Norfolk and

THE DIGGER AT WORK.

* See an excellent monograph on the Brandon Flint Trade by S. B. J. Skertchley, published in 1879, as part of the memoirs of the Geological Survey.

Suffolk, to join its larger namesake a few miles below Ely. Centuries ago, geologists tell us, the Fenland of the eastern counties was very much what the Wash remains to the present day—a vast shallow expanse of salt water, with here and there a creek winding among the hills that fringed its shores (see p. 408). As time went on, and the rivers of the interior brought down their tribute of midland mud, this miniature Mediterranean was gradually silted up, and became a wide morass of brackish lagoons and serpentine streams, while acre by acre the sea resigned its ancient inheritance. At Brandon, where the green water meadows stretch on either side of the Little Ouse, we are actually standing on an old sea bottom, and the sandy slope which dips towards us (as shown in Mr. Speed's admirable illustration, p. 407) is nothing but the old sea-beach. A landscape thus composed not unnaturally presents some unusual features. From Lakenheath (the very name of which is itself suggestive) to Thetford the railway runs through an uncanny combination of marsh and moorland scenery—a picturesque chaos in which, as in the primæval universe described by Ovid, *pugnant humentia siccis.* Now the train skirts a gleaming pool, where reeds rustle musically, and herons are fishing, and anon it enters a sandy waste, clothed with spinneys of pine and birch, and haunted by rabbit and curlew. At one moment you are surrounded by the sleepy serenity of fat cornfields and fertile pastures, stretching farther than the eye can reach; at the next you are looking out upon a scene almost Scotch in its desolate beauty. This sense of bewilderment perhaps reaches its climax at Brandon, where the nymphs of heath and fen meet, so to speak, in mortal combat. At this point you will notice starveling alders climbing to discomfort, if not to death, up the barren sand-hills, and melancholy pines standing wet-footed and woebegone in the marsh below.

Let us turn, however, to the little town itself, which, with its straggling streets of flint-built, red-roofed houses, lies in felicitous confusion on either bank of the river. A bridge of mediæval irregularity, destined some day, no doubt, to give way to an uglier and more convenient structure, forms the focus of its civilisation, the natural stronghold of such idleness as it engenders, and an excellent coign of vantage from which to follow with an aimless gaze the barges lazily moving down to Lynn, or the swifts that swoop and squeal about the house-tops. Considering its size, Brandon is

GRIMES GRAVES.

singularly prosperous and wide awake, and can boast of large saw-mills, and a flourishing trade in the preparation of rabbit-skins, which helps to keep its population employed. But its chief glory is still undeniably its flint-knapping. It is that which gives it a unique interest among the country towns of England, and enables it to look down superciliously upon the mushroom activities of Birmingham and Sheffield. As one crosses the bridge and saunters up the sunshiny street the mind goes back instinctively over the long dumb centuries from the matter-of-fact age of Iron to the mysterious age of Stone.

Most of the flint now used in the manufacture comes from the Ling Heath, a large common on the Suffolk side of the river. The ground is honeycombed all over with old and new pits, and presents the appearance of being scarred by small-pox. The stone lies in well-marked strata, or "sases," of which the lowest is the most highly prized. This "floor-stone" is reached at an average depth of forty feet, where the diggers are now at work, but the pit into which we descended was considerably deeper. The shaft is carried downward by successive stages, placed at right angles to each other, in a slanting direction (or, as the local phrase runs, "on the sosh"), so that by the time the bottom is reached the chalk has been under-cut something like a couple of yards. Through the solid walls burrows are then driven, radiating in a series of lyre-shaped patterns from the central opening. Jambs (pronounced "jarms") are left to support the roof, as in coal mining. The digger works lying on his side, or sitting in the constrained posture represented in our drawing (p. 404), by the light of a small wax candle. He uses a one-sided iron pick, with which he removes the chalk below the slab of flint, and then prizes the stone down by the help of a short crowbar. It is afterwards broken up and carried to the surface *upon the head of a second workman*, who deposits it on the stages left at the sides of the main shaft, and climbs up after it, repeating the process till he gains the open air with his load. Here the stone is stacked endways, covered with dried fern and fir-boughs (to prevent the sun and wind from changing its colour), in heaps averaging one ton in weight, each forming a one-horse cart-load, known in the district as a "jag." *

Nothing is more remarkable in the flint mining than the total absence of all labour-saving appliances, such as windlasses, or even ladders, for raising the stone. In this respect, as we shall see, the modern workman is behind his neolithic predecessors. The comparatively small number of men engaged in the business (even during its most flourishing period), and the lack of capital to pay for improved plant, must, we imagine, be held answerable for the existing state of things.

Leaving the Ling Heath, bright with broom and all manner of chalk-loving plants, bugloss, campion, and the like, and picking our way among the mounds of chalk and flint that lie beside the burrows, let us follow one of the little carts that carry the stone down to the village below. As we draw near, the sharp, ringing tap of many hammers betrays the presence of the workmen, and, entering a low wooden shed, with long windows opening on to a small yard, we find ourselves face to face with the "flakers" and "knappers." Huge heaps of stone stand outside ready to be broken up, and still mightier mountains of waste morsels testify to their unremitting toil.

Passing by the necessary process of drying the stone, when it is moist, we may regard the manufacture as falling under three heads, the two former of which may be conveniently taken together. These are "quartering" and "flaking," usually the occupation of a single workman. His first task is to "quarter" the stone, *i.e.*, to break it up into more convenient pieces, about six inches square. He next proceeds to "flake" the flint, the most delicate and difficult operation of the craft, requiring absolute certainty of hand and nicety of aim. With hammers of various shapes and sizes the flaker strikes off strips from the whole outer edge of the stone, until only a small conical "core" remains, which is laid aside for building purposes. The best flakes run from four to five inches in length, and according as they are four or three-sided, are termed "double" or "single-backed." A good flaker will produce several thousand in a day.

The third process, or "knapping," remains to be briefly described. Holding the flake or strip of flint with its face uppermost upon a "stake" of iron driven into a large block of wood, the workman delivers a sharp tap upon its surface with a flat hammer of peculiar construction, and cuts off an oblong fragment of the size he requires. This he proceeds to trim into shape with a number of minute but nicely-calculated strokes so rapid as to be almost inperceptible. By this means he turns out, if he is a skilled hand, from 3,000 to 4,000 finished gun-flints in a single day. They range from the "Large Musket" to the small "Pocket Pistol" size, and vary considerably in excellence. Large quantities are annually exported from London to the Gold Coast for the interior of Africa, where a brisk trade is still done with the confiding aborigines! Besides

* This, and sundry other words used in the industry, surmised by Mr. Skertchley to bear traces of pre-Aryan origin, have been submitted to Professor Skeat, who gives no countenance to the theory. They all belong to the local East Anglian dialect.

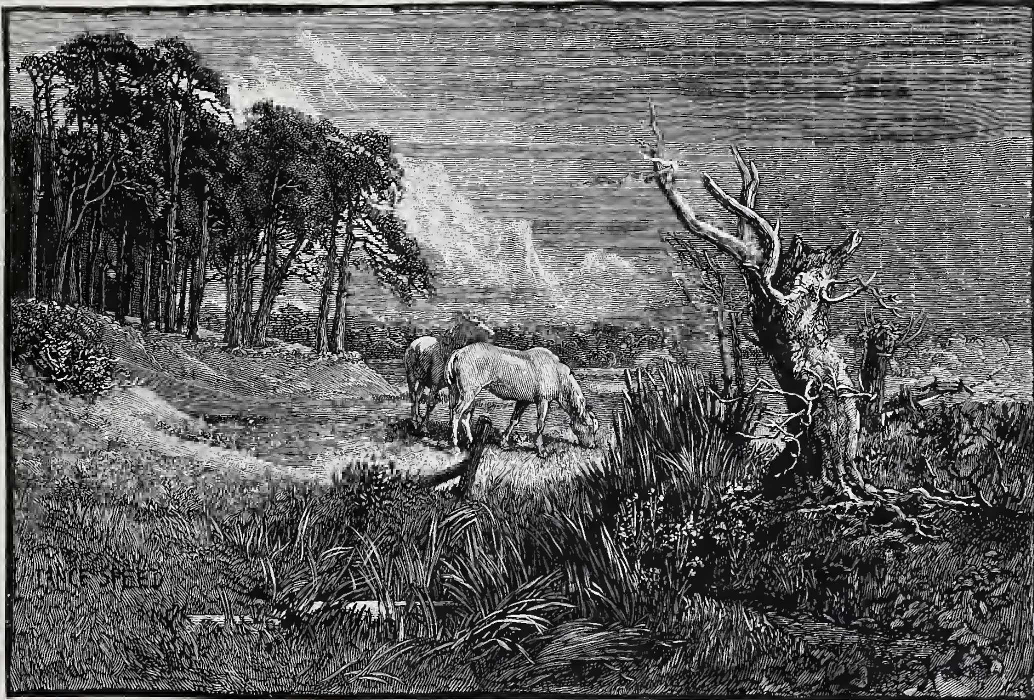
the gun-flints (which now form the staple of the manufacture), a fair number of "strike-a-lights" are made at Brandon, and these possess a peculiar interest of their own, as will subsequently appear.

Mr. R. J. Snare, the leading representative of the industry in the town (to whom we are indebted for much of our information), at present employs about a dozen hands all told. There are, perhaps, thirty or forty persons of all ages, including the diggers, who work independently, now earning their livelihood by making gun-flints. Stimulated to great activity during the French wars, the trade received a deadly blow from the introduction of percussion caps in 1835. Mr. Snare's father, a veteran of some eighty years of age, can remember the time when they turned out from his workshop alone every week no less than ten tons of finished flints, and paid carriage to the large amount of £30.

We will now briefly summarise the arguments that Mr. Skertchley and others have adduced to prove the Brandon flint-trade to be a direct survival from pre-historic times. In the first place (without insisting upon the evidence of palæolithic flint-knapping which the district affords), there are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the town some neolithic workings known as Grimes (pronounced "Grimm-es") Graves. These, until their exploration in 1870 by Canon Greenwell and Lord Rosehill, were supposed to be a British burying-place. They are a number of rudely circular depressions, about 250 in all, varying in diameter from 30 to 60 feet, and occupying, as our illustration (p. 405) shows, the greater part of a good-sized spinney. The depth of the one excavated by the exploring party (which still remains open) cannot have been less than 30 to 40 feet. When the bottom of it was reached, galleries of irregular height were disclosed leading in various directions from the central shaft. The Canon's interesting account proceeds as follows:—

"When the end (of one of the burrows) came in view, it was seen that the flint had been worked out in three places . . . forming three hollows extending beyond the chalk face of the gallery. In front of two of these hollows were laid two picks, the handle of each to the mouth of the gallery, the tines pointing towards each other. The day's work over, the men had laid down each his tool ready for the next day's work; meanwhile the roof had fallen, and the picks had never been recovered. . . It was a most impressive sight, and one never to be forgotten, to look, after the lapse, it may be, of 3,000 years, upon a piece of work unfinished, with the tools of the workmen still lying where they had been placed so many centuries before."

A large number of these picks (of which those just alluded to actually retained on their chalky surface the impression of the workmen's fingers!) were found during the excavations, as well as sundry axe- or adze-heads, which fitted accurately into the holes in the roof and sides of the burrow. The picks



BRANDON: THE OLD SEA-BEACH.

BRANDON: BEFORE THE SEA RETIRED.

were made from the antlers of the red deer (*Cervus elaphus*), the horn being broken off about 16 or 17 inches from the brow end, and all the tines being removed except the brow tine. The resemblance between this implement and the one-sided iron pick used by the modern digger is immediately apparent when they are placed side by side as in our sketch (p. 404), the curves of the tines of horn and iron being almost exactly identical. It is also a noteworthy circumstance, as showing the extremely local character of the industry, that all the tools used in the trade are produced at Brandon itself and nowhere else.

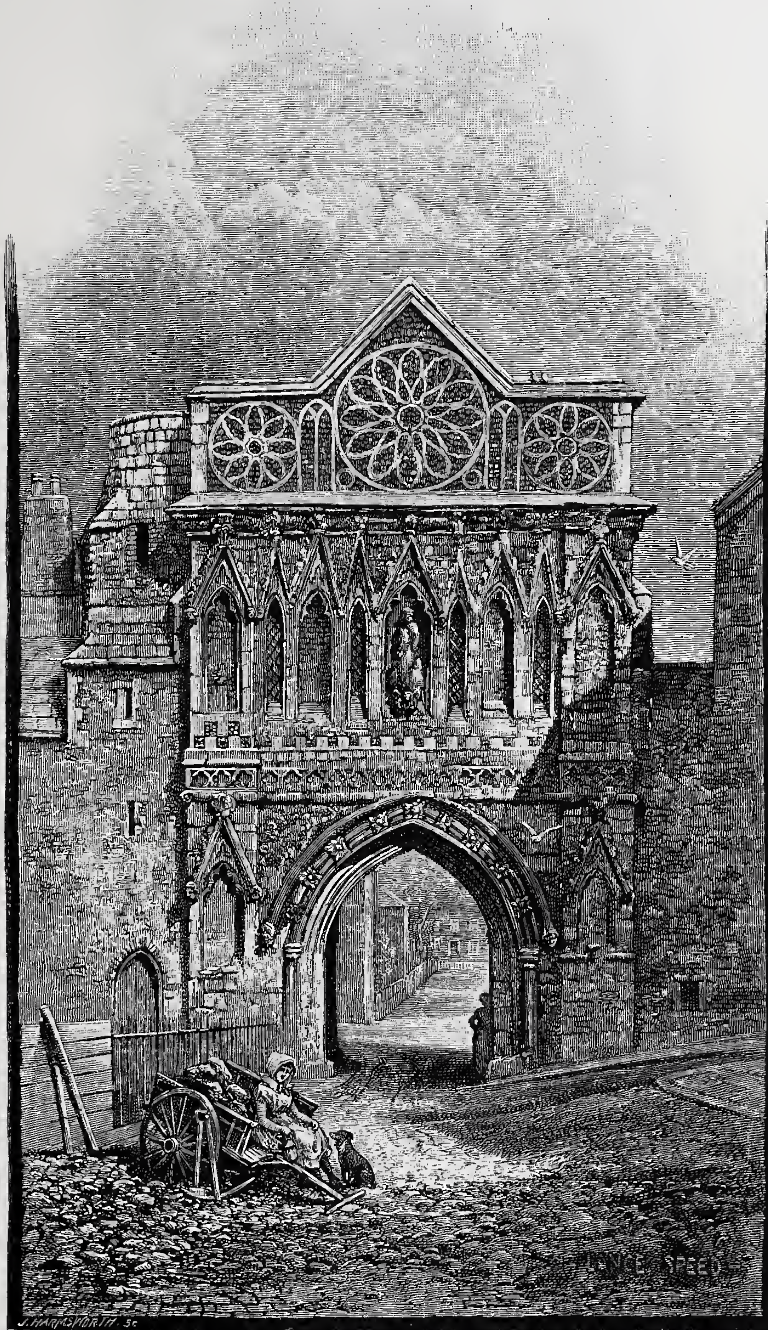
The stone dug from Grimes Graves was probably raised to the surface in baskets, and worked into the larger implements (the refuse from which abounds near the pits) on the spot, while the more delicate varieties were finished in workshops by the river's bank. The manufacture must have been on an immense scale. The products of the art lie scattered far and wide over the heaths and open spaces of the neighbourhood, from the exquisitely finished arrow-head to the rude wastes thrown aside as useless before its completion.*

It is a pet theory of the writer's that the old Broomhill fair, till recently held on a barren waste within easy reach of these workings, was a survival through British and mediæval times of a pre-historic market for flint cutlery. And the gun-flint itself, as it leaves the hands of the "knapper," affords some support to this theory. It is merely a specialised "strike-a-light:" and the "strike-a-light" (in its oval or discoid form) is practically identical with the so-called scrapers of neolithic times. These "scrapers" are found in large quantities round Brandon, and are generally supposed (as their name, indeed, implies) to have been used in dressing skins: but Mr. Evans, in his work on "Ancient Stone Implements," points out the extreme probability that some of them, at all events, were made for the purpose of obtaining light, either from knobs of iron pyrites, or later from iron itself: and if this is admitted, a perfect pedigree has been made out for the gun-flint of to-day. Originating with the earliest savage who hit on the notion of using a splinter of flint for the tip of his rude javelin; organised and developed by the neolithic excavators of Grimes Graves; kept alive during long centuries by the continuous demand for "strike-a-lights," after its more costly productions had been superseded by bronze and iron; revivified and remodelled by the invention of fire-arms; dwindling once more from the effect of the further invention of percussion caps, and now subsisting on the precarious charity of African negroes, it would seem to have well-nigh completed the cycle of its existence.

But some hope yet remains for it. There is still one loophole of escape from the narrow conditions under which it pines; and to point out this possibility we will devote what is left of our space. Alongside the manufacture of "strike-a-lights" and gun-flints there has existed at Brandon since the

* The variety of their design is endless: in one collection made by Mr. F. Norgate, of Downham, *since the autumn of* 1884, the writer saw specimens of at least a hundred kinds.

middle of the fifteenth century the art of producing ornamental work for architectural purposes.* Up to 1450, or thereabouts, it seems not to have occurred to any one to use flints for building except in their rough natural state. About that date, however, owing to the great extension of trade in Norfolk and Suffolk which followed the Wars of the Roses, a sort of religious mania for church-building set in,



FLINT-WORK IN ST. ETHELBERT'S GATEWAY AT NORWICH. XIX. CENTURY.

and the architects of the period, casting about for a mode of decorating their walls, conceived the idea of shaping and dressing flints for that purpose. The discovery once made, the new fashion spread like wildfire, and as one church after another, reared by

* This subject, hitherto strangely neglected by writers on English architecture, has lately been admirably handled by Mr. F. T. Baggallay, in a paper read in 1885 at the Royal Institute of British Architects, and entitled "The Use of Flint in Building, especially in the County of Suffolk." To this gentleman the writer's acknowledgments are due.

the wealthy wool merchants and shipowners of the eastern counties, took the place of the more modest structures of the Norman and Early English periods, each builder vied with his neighbour in the intricacy and elaboration of his designs. Perhaps the finest specimen of squared flint-work in any building in Norfolk is to be found in the wall of the old Bridewell on the south side of St. Andrew's Churchyard, Norwich. The Thorpe Chapel in the Church of St. Michael Coslany, and the east end of the Guildhall in the same town, are two more notable examples; while the Town Hall at Lynn, and numerous churches in Norfolk and Suffolk, present the most exquisite varieties of this form of ornamentation. Mr. Baggallay points out in his paper that there are two distinct systems employed, one in which the flint forms a dark background for a tracery of freestone; and the other (as in a majority of instances) in which a stone wall is divided into panels filled up with flint.

FLINT ORNAMENT AT FORNCETT ST. PETER. XV. CENTURY.

We have only room for a couple of illustrations of this style of work. One (here figured) represents a small crocketed shrine surmounting a crown with the letters I.H.S., which forms the central decoration of the church-porch at Forncett St. Peter in Norfolk, built about 1480; and has been chosen to exemplify the choicer designs of the best period. The other (p. 409) is of St. Ethelbert's Gateway, leading into the Close at Norwich. In this the decadence of the art is strikingly evidenced by the crude and commonplace geometrical tracery which fills the gable over the arch, and is the result of a "restoration" by the Dean and Chapter early in the present century.

Architectural work of this sort is still occasionally in demand, and it is in this direction that a fresh development of the ancient craft can alone be looked for. If this almost forgotten branch of the art could be extended, as Mr. Baggallay pleads in his paper, and could receive new life from draughtsmen of artistic ability, its evil day might be indefinitely postponed, or perhaps altogether averted.

H. F. Wilson.

ART IN ITS RELATION TO HISTORY.

A SUGGESTION FOR ST. STEPHEN'S AND BURLINGTON HOUSE.

HOW long does the morning last? Till Odin's time? or Merlin's? When may the myths be said to end, and history fairly to begin? While Merlin was flirting with Vivien on the Breton sands Arthur was still marking time by the Roman calendar, having heard very little of Christ, and absolutely nothing of "Anno Domini." Yet the worship of Odin—who ceased to be the Prince of Denmark and was discovered to be a god about the year when Christ was born—had flared its course through our heavens, and was already fading into darkness. How swiftly the hours move! Since Odin came there has been time for three or four religions such as that he gave us. How slowly the hours move! Since Christ came we have not found time to shake off all the myths that shroud our morning in a blinding mist. Surely it is only sunrise with us still.

And then, how many mornings history has seen—and evenings, too. The first faint flushings in the East that broke over India and Persia; the meridian splendour that made Athens for a time the acropolis of the world; the darkness that fell upon Rome just when day was beginning to dawn upon Britain. So many and so varied are the lights that one cannot always discern precisely the direction in which the shadows lie. To read history is like recalling the

scenes of our childhood. Much is forgotten, much is exaggerated, or confused, or has taken a new shape or colour in our minds. Not until we actually revisit the long-deserted home do we realise its true proportions. Then, though landmarks may have disappeared, the neighbouring fields where we gathered buttercups may have become hideous with brick and mortar, familiar faces may be missing, yet the little that does remain possesses a reality strong enough to correct our dreams of the past, to awaken dormant memories, and to give cohesion and substance to associations that were otherwise but fragmentary and elusive.

It is thus with History and Art. In History we read the record of the event; in Art we revisit the scene. History may tell us more than Art can show us, just as memory may recall things which have ceased to exist and incidents which have left no visible trace. But what Art does show us is not a shadow, but the substance itself, of which History is but the word-picture. If History is the living soul of the past, Art is its visible incarnation.

Now this, which is the primary, is also the noblest relationship that can exist between Art and History. They are co-ordinate and complemental to each other; and Art thus related to History I will call *Historic Art*.

But there is also a secondary connection between the two, in which Art, abandoning its higher function of speaking with original, independent, undivided authority from one age to another, accepts the humbler rôle of emphasising or illustrating the speech of the historian. A historical painting (as the term is generally understood) is not a real voice speaking to us; it is only the echo of a voice. Art thus related to History I will call *Histrionic Art*.

These definitions are indeed somewhat defiant of the old traditions, which lay down that "historical painting is that highest branch of the art which can embody a story in a picture and invest it with the warmth of poetry," and that "histrionism" is "stage-playing." But I am not afraid of breaking away from old traditions, if by so doing I can give to the terms in which my subject must be stated clearer and truer values. The closer the alliance between History and Art, the more necessary it is that these values should be clear and true. History, Historic Art, and Histrionic Art are three things as distinct from each other as three children of one family bearing the same name. In one sense, and that a very true sense, the artist is a historian, and the historian is an artist. The vanishing point of History is found in mythology, and the vanishing point of Art is found in hieroglyph. But the definition I seek is not one that shall divide myth from history, or picture-writing from picture-painting; it is rather one that shall differentiate the motive underlying two representations of the same thing. Take, for instance, the ninth book of the "Odyssey" and compare it with Turner's great painting in the National Gallery of "Ulysses taunting Polyphemus." The first is a drama recited in our ears; the second is the same drama acted before us in dumb show. But the reciter speaks as one whose eyes are filled with visions of beauty or terror; and the actor's face is a revelation of his voiceless passion.

Is not the motive the same, then, in each? By no means. In the first it arises in the narrative and springs to the event. Will the huge rock hurled by the Cyclops sink Ulysses' ship? In the second it is purely æsthetic, and asks for no event beyond the perfect correlation of light and darkness and colour in a splendid sunrise.

But now turn from this painting of Ulysses' ship to one that hangs side by side with it—"The Fighting *Téméraire* tugged to her Last Berth."* The motive, so far as art is concerned, is the same in the two pictures—it is æsthetic; it is the perfect correlation of light and darkness and colour in a splendid sunset. But there is something in the picture of the *Téméraire* which we do not discover in the "Ulysses," and which goes far beyond it; something not founded on imagination, or tradition, or research. It is the witness of an epoch in our national life—of the passing away of the old order and the bringing in of the new. While the picture of Ulysses' ship is only a *historical painting*, the picture of the *Téméraire* is *Historic Art*.

This is a distinction of which very little has been said by writers upon Art; but it is one we should do well to consider. In the light of it the old lines of classification disappear as of little account. Here are two pictures by the same painter—the one claims to be historical, but it is only histrionic; the other claims simply to be landscape, but it is historic. See now how this distinction touches sculpture. The beautiful statuary which enriches the west front of Lichfield Cathedral is an epitome of the history of Christianity for eighteen hundred years—but it has no historic value; and that, not because it is modern, for the last treasure added to the cathedral—the recumbent figure of Bishop Selwyn—being the actual portrait of the man, is, and will remain for ever, true Historic Art. See also how it touches architecture. The new Law Courts, though built upon lines of the purest Gothic, are a histrionic semblance only of a past age. But the Temple Church, hard by, is not a semblance at all—any more than the rainbow is a semblance of the rain, or snow the semblance of cold. The rainbow *is* the rain falling in drops; and the Temple Church is

* An engraving of this picture will be found on p. 17 of the present volume.

the passion of an age crystallised into a beautiful shape—just as under certain conditions of the atmosphere the water which is in it crystallises into a snowflake.

See, last of all, how this distinction between Historic and Histrionic Art touches the drama. We call "Coriolanus" a historical play, "Romeo and Juliet" a tragedy, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" a comedy. But which of them is really historic? Which of them stands co-ordinate with history? Which of them shows us the thing itself of which history is the word-picture? Surely not the one we call historical. The play of "Coriolanus" adds nothing to our knowledge of the Roman nobles, or the tribunes of the people. If there is in it a touch of true historic art it is where it shows us the mutinous, vacillating crowd of citizens:—"Let us kill him, and we will have corn at our own price." Shakespeare may have actually heard these words —in the streets of London. And then, in "Romeo and Juliet," just so far as the art of it hangs upon history it is not historic. But when it makes old Capulet say to his daughter:—

> "Look to't, think on't, . . . I do not use to jest.
> An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
> An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
> For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee"—

and Juliet to her mother:—

> "Is there no pity . . . sitting in the clouds?
> O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!"

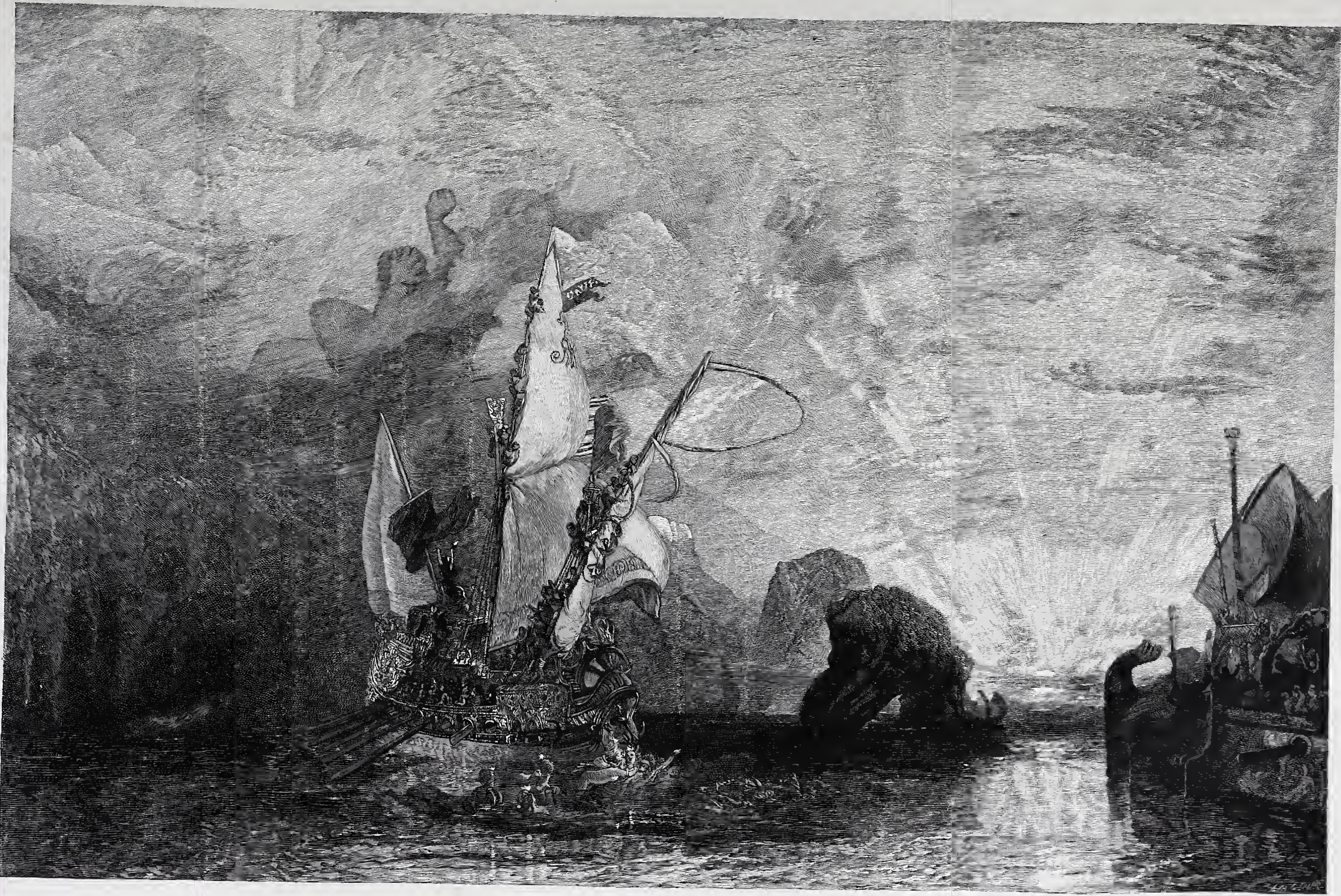
—here Art becomes at once the revelation of the spirit of an age. As to Justice Shallow, and the Welsh Parson, and Mistress Anne Page—"sweet Anne Page," "who has brown hair and speaks small like a woman"—it matters very little that their names are not written in the books of the chronicles of the kings of England. If the people, and not the camp or court alone, are the nation, and if History is the record of a nation's life, then the Art which brings us face to face with generations that have passed away —that makes us laugh with them, and weep with them, and think their thoughts—the art that does this, whether it be landscape or figure, painting or architecture, sculpture or the drama, tragedy or comedy, is, before all things and above all things, Historic Art.

Art, then, in relation to History may be either historic or histrionic; and the two ideas should be kept absolutely distinct from each other in our minds. Of the painting of history, and what is my hope for it in the future, I have some very earnest words to say. But if they are to have any practical value the considerations on which they are based must be clearly stated.

I note (first) that the art which has historic value is always contemporary art. To realise the degradation to which King Solomon sank in his worship of Ashtoreth we should look, not at the Aphrodite of the Greek sculptors, but at the Astarte of the Assyrians. There we should see, not the transcendentalism of an exalted ideal of human beauty, but the incarnation of real human lust. If we would know what the early Christians thought of the Master, we must look, not at the "Crucifixions" and "Holy Families" of the Renaissance, but at the rude frescoes on the walls of the catacombs. There we never see Him either as a baby or as a dead man, but always as the living Christ.

I note (second) that although the art which is historic possesses a worth apart from, and altogether incommensurate with, its artistic merits, yet there is no splendour of genius, or refinement of knowledge, or mastery in craftsmanship that the artist can bring to his task that does not add its full value to his work. A small medallion of the first century, engraved with a slender outline of St. Paul, is sufficient to control the imagination of Raphael, who, when he paints the Apostle, adopts it as his model. But what might we not have possessed if the unskilled hand that first drew the face, familiar then in the streets of Rome, had itself been that of a Raphael. And then in our own country. Since we have had portrait-painters the history of England has been written, not alone by Camden, or Hume, or Macaulay—but by Holbein and Van Dyck, Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, in a thousand portraits that unite the highest historic truth with the highest artistic merit.

I note (third) the extreme reticence of true Historic Art. The fine painting which delighted London a few years ago of a Babylonian marriage market is a poem, a satire, a fable—what you will—but it is not historic. Like the play of "Coriolanus," it is based on our knowledge of History; but it adds nothing to that knowledge, nor can it correct it in the least particular. For that we should have to look to the walls of the royal palace of "The Great City," where we should see Art, again rude in draughtsmanship, but Historic:—Semiramis by the side of her husband Ninus, she killing a panther, he piercing a lion with his dart. Of Semiramis herself the Poets and Historians—Herodotus, Diodorus, Ovid—have much to tell us, but each telling us a different story:—that she was born of a goddess, that she became a goddess after her death, that she was nurtured by doves, that she was metamorphosed into a dove—with many other minutiæ, even to such trifling details as the dressing of her beautiful hair, and the murder of her husband. Dante knows exactly where to find her in Hell; where, indeed, with Virgil, he saw her, in that long line of shadowy



ULYSSES TAUNTING POLYPHEMUS.

(Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. National Gallery.)

forms, castigated by the black air, uttering wild cries of lamentation; where—

> "The infernal hurricane that never rests
> Hurtles the spirits onward in its rapine,
> Whirling them round and smiting."

Compared with all this, how reticent is Art! It tells us only that Semiramis was a woman, and that, like many a sweet-eyed English girl, she followed the chase and loved to be in at the death.

Not of her husband. Art says nothing about that; but of the panther. Perhaps Semiramis never killed Ninus after all. If she did, however, it is not likely that she would have commissioned her Court painter to portray the deed upon the walls of her palace; so the silence of Art must not be taken to contradict the utterance of History. Art does not deny that Semiramis slew her husband and was a goddess. It only affirms that she was a woman. And we believe it. If a woman can be both human and divine, then we may believe History too. Otherwise we are tempted to think that History has dealt with Semiramis much as Mr. Richard Swiveller dealt with the "small servant" at Bevis Marks—when he said, trimming the candle and depositing his sixpences in the saucer, "To make it seem more *real* and *pleasant*, I shall call you the Marchioness." When it became necessary to designate her by a proper name, he was content for her to be known as "Miss Sophronia Sphynx," that being, as he said, euphonious and genteel, and, furthermore, indicative of mystery. But he himself called her "the Marchioness" to the last. And so History. It begins, for example, by telling us precisely when England became converted to Christianity; it presently discovers that we are not exactly followers of Christ—but it calls us Christians still. This is not being *real*. And Art goes on making statues to be placed in the streets of London, and to get smoked there, as black, and as surely, as a flitch of bacon gets smoked in a farm-house chimney. Surely this is not making things *pleasant*. Can nothing be done to make History more true and Art more lovely?

If the day has not fully dawned there is yet light enough to show us our path; and the light is brightening. If Christianity has still a little more to accomplish in us before it has quite conformed us to the pattern of Christ, we are, nevertheless, a nation with high aspirations, ready and strong to do great deeds which shall be worth recording. And we have an Academy capable of drawing pictures on a wall. Let the nation, through its representatives, choose the event, and the artists choose from among themselves the man who shall paint it. One picture every year: of the chief event of the year, or the most noble deed done, or the highest good achieved. In the choice of subjects there should be no boastfulness of petty princes blazoning their puny exploits. Nothing should be recorded that had not stirred the heart of the people. In the choice of painters there should be no voluntary display of raw ambition, or fashionable frivolity, or senile declension; they should be chosen by the suffrages of their fellow-painters, in their prime—so that their work would become in itself a true historic record, not only of the executive power, but of the collective judgment of a living school of Art. There is no genius of which the nation is proud that would be waste material, or might not take its share in such an enterprise. Landscape, the glory of English Art, would find its place, as we have seen in the picture of the *Téméraire*. Even the sculptor need not stand idly by, for the sequence of glowing canvases might well be varied by a bas-relief in marble. This would indeed be Historic Art:—the true marriage of Art with History. And think what would be the issue—in ten years, in fifty years, in a century! We look with wistful eyes into the future, and what do we see? Unless the future altogether belie the past, we see such scenes as these:—

The hospital at Scutari—the sick and wounded of our soldiers on their pain-stricken beds, and then—

> "Lo! in this house of misery
> A lady with a lamp we see
> Pass through the glimmering gloom,
> And flit from room to room.
> And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
> The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
> Her shadow as it falls
> Upon the darkening walls."

It is "Santa Filomena." It is Florence Nightingale—herself—not an imaginary suggestion of what she might have been, but she herself—

> "As if a door in heaven should be
> Opened, and then closed suddenly."

And then we see the interior of a class-room in London, with a few grave men and thoughtful women, and the pale faces of many children—large-eyed, wondering children—who shall grow up to see themselves in this picture, and to know that they were painted there because the opening of the first Board School was a revolution mightier than any that has yet been chronicled in England. And then we see the Senate House at Cambridge, and the first "girl-graduate" receiving her degree, that shall make her as wise as Merlin himself, and still leave her as beautiful as Vivien.

We look for scenes like these, because, although the past returns no more, yet the future shall be like it. Do we look for them in vain? That is a question that can only be answered by a nation. WYKE BAYLISS.

1, 2.—PENNY OF GEOLNOTH (833-70).

3, 4.—GROAT OF EDWARD I. (1272-1307).

5, 6.—PENNY OF GUTHRED.

"NEW COINS FOR OLD."

THE new coinage, issued on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee, is not altogether a subject for rejoicing. It suggests, however, a comparison of the new money with the antecedent coinage of this country. The first thing that strikes one is that, with the exception of the Queen's portrait, there is nothing new in the designs at all. They are, practically speaking, reproductions of existing models, which were themselves more or less modifications of earlier types.

The pedigree of pattern in our coins may be easily traced a long way back. On the early Saxon coins the effigies are archaic enough. There is no pretence of portraiture. Geolnoth, Archbishop of Canterbury (Fig. 1), would pass for the conventional saint of early Christian sculpture, and the legend round his head takes very much the form of an exaggerated nimbus, such as one associates with primitive Byzantine art. The lettering of the period is, however, vigorous and effective; it forms invariably something of a pattern—which is just what much later inscriptions fail to do. The way in which the word "moneta" is engineered into the design of the reverse of the coin (Fig. 2) is most ingenious. The groat of Edward I. (Fig. 3) shows us for the first time the head of the king in a quatrefoil, foreshadowing the reverse of the Victorian florin of 1850 which marks the era of the short-lived Gothic revival. In the penny of the same reign the king's head is enclosed in an inverted triangle, the crown spreading out so as to fill the broad space at the top, just as his beard adapts itself to the pointed end.

7.—GROS OF HENRY V. (REVERSE).

It was not, of course, by accident that these symbolic shapes were used; they marked the connection between Church and State. That connection was indicated from the first by the cross, which, in one shape or another, appears on our coinage from the ninth century (Fig. 2) to the nineteenth. On the reverse of the groat and other moneys of Edward I. are shown (Fig. 4) the cross and crowns, on the reverse of the "gros" of Henry V. the cross and fleur-de-lis (Fig. 7); and at an early period, as on the reverse of Henry VII.'s groat (Fig. 8), the quartering of the royal shield is marked by a cross, whose foliated extremities project considerably beyond its limits. In a coin of Elizabeth's (Fig. 9) the broader cross assumes a more prominent character, and is indeed a striking feature in the design.

9.—REVERSE OF ELIZABETHAN COIN.

The quarterings of the shield follow, naturally, the course of events. At first, under Henry VII., the three leopards quartered with the three fleur-de-lis (Figs. 8, 9, &c.); then, in James's reign, this quarterly shield quartered with the Scottish lion and the Irish harp; and, finally, the arms as we know them, indicating the renunciation of an empty claim to possessions in France. The plain crosses of St. George and St. Andrew make a very poor heraldic show on the reverse of Cromwell's half-crown (Fig. 10). It is quite puritanically barren of anything like beauty.

8.—GROAT OF HENRY VII. (REVERSE).

With the Restoration the royal arms resume their place on the coinage, together with the cross; the four shields form, in fact, the arms of the cross; whilst the crowns surmounting them take the place of its foliated extremities. The crown piece of Charles II. (Fig. 11) is the type on which our new double florin is based. It may be worth while, therefore, to trace the many variations through which it passed. Something like it occurred on the reverse of the Scottish "lion noble" of James VI., where the arms of the cross are formed by four monograms, J. R. (each with a crown above it), grouped about a central letter S.

The reverse of Charles's five-guinea piece seems to have been taken as the actual model for the new

coinage; which, however, lacks the breadth of its original. On the crown piece of the same reign (Fig. 11) the spandril or space between the shields is occupied by a cipher of interlacing C's. Charles issued also a half-dollar, having in each of the intervals a thistle. On the half-crown of James II. neither cipher nor sceptres occur; the interval is quite plain—and bald, be it admitted; whilst in James's "real" (American Plantations) the four shields of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France are pointed in shape, leaving no room for a central star, and are linked by chains extending between them. William and Mary naturally introduced their own cipher W/M, and in the central space between the points of the shields a lion takes the place of the star. After the death of Mary, William at first omits the cipher, and then, by the introduction of a fleur-de-lis-like rendering of the Prince of Wales's feathers (Fig. 12), acknowledges for the first time the Principality. In the reign of Queen Anne we find the feathers alternating with the rose. Under George I. the feathers alternate with interlacing G's—a cipher naturally very much like the cross C's of Charles—and in the South Sea Company's crown we have a double S alternating with the G's. George III. introduces crowns between the shields, which, for example, on the Dorien shilling (1798) and on the sixpence of 1819 are of a very hard and mechanical shape.

10.—CROMWELLIAN HALF-CROWN.

11.—CROWN OF CHARLES II.

12.—HALF-CROWN OF WILLIAM III.

13.—SOVEREIGN OF CHARLES II.

14.—PUGIN FLORIN (REVERSE).

15.—NEW DOUBLE FLORIN (REVERSE).

16.—ROYAL OF JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND.

An unsettled taste in shields appears, by the way, to have prevailed about that time. The form varies from severe to florid: the happiest instance is that which gives its name to the "spade" guinea. In the Puginesque florin, the rose, shamrock, and thistle occupy the spandrils, which are now cusped in the Gothic manner and the old black letter is substituted for the Roman character. A very interesting variation on the scheme of cross shields occurs on the gold sovereign of Charles II. (Fig. 13).

The characteristic of our later coinage generally is that it is small in style, bald, and ineffective. The florin of 1850, though not admirable in detail, has, at all events, a richer effect than other coins of about the same date. All the early designs are comparatively full of detail, and look rich. It is quite curious how nearly the new double florin follows the lines of King Charles's model, and yet how much poorer and thinner it appears! This is not owing entirely to the substitution of the sceptres for the cipher of the king; the lettering is more meagre, the crown is less significant, the shields are comparatively squat, and the charges on them do not occupy the field. This last offence is peculiar to modern heraldry. It comes of a mistaken pictorial intention, and results infallibly in nakedness of effect. *If* the pictorial idea is to prevail (let us hope it may not), then let us give up heraldry, at all events. The heraldic charge which does not occupy its space has no excuse for itself: its ornamental distribution is very much its justification. And whenever the art of the herald was of any account it was so justified, as, for example, in the Scotch "royal" of James VI. (Fig. 16), in the Bordeaux "gros" of Edward I. (Fig. 17), or the "gros" of Henry V. (Fig. 18). Compare the new double florin with its prototype. It looks as if the new shield had been purposely made wider, so as to

17.—BORDEAUX GROS OF EDWARD I.

18.—GROS OF HENRY V.

allow of more space round about the leopards. The earlier English shield recalls the Middle Ages; the new one reminds us of the modern die-sinker, who, with the coach-builder, shares the credit of degrading an art which was once upon a time peculiarly ornamental past all recognition as ornament. The note-paper heading of our day, and the coach panel, are quite typical examples of that triumph of mechanism over art which seems just now to be approaching a climax in our coinage.

The alternative to an arrangement of separate shields is, of course, to quarter them on a larger shield (Figs. 8, 9, 19, &c.). In Edward VI.'s reign we have a shield of oval shape surrounded by the cartouche, which was then coming into fashion. The cartouche appears again in the coins of Mary and Philip. In the reign of James it becomes, in some instances, so poor as to remind us of the debased versions on sovereigns and half-crowns still current. The picturesque supporters of the royal arms have never been turned to full account in our coinage. The reverse of Henry VIII.'s pound-sovereign shows the supporting lion and dragon, but the more recent unicorn does not figure on our coinage at all.

19, 20.—HALF-CROWN OF HENRY VIII.

Various emblems and heraldic devices occur from time to time on the coinage of the realm: the fleur-de-lis, for example, as on the reverse of Henry V.'s "gros" (Fig. 7); the Tudor rose on the sovereign and "noble" of Henry VII. (Figs. 21, 22); the crowned rose on the half-crown and other coins of Henry VIII. (Fig. 20); the portcullis on the groat of Henry VII. (Fig. 23), and on some of Elizabeth's East Indian coins. Even on Scottish coins, the thistle, though it occurs in all manner of shapes, is never very adequately treated. The Irish harp fares better in the reign of Elizabeth, but the later versions of it are not happy. The kneeling figure of St. Patrick, as a harpist, on the halfpenny, &c., of Charles II. might be mistaken for King David.

21.—SOVEREIGN OF HENRY VII.

In the dollar of George III. the royal shield is surrounded by the Garter, presenting, with the outer inscription, the effect of a double line of lettering with a plain band between (on which, however, the word "dollar" is conspicuous). In the half-crown that plain space is, to a great extent, occupied by the collar of the Order of St. George. This is the type chosen for reproduction in the new half-crown (Fig. 24). The idea of the design is good, but the lettering is poor, and the charges on the shield insignificant. Pistrucci's St. George and dragon, which is also reproduced in the new coinage, dates equally from the reign of George III. (Fig. 25). In fact the old dies appear to have been used again.

The figure of St. George appeared on the "angel" of Henry VI. in a rude and not very beautiful form. But it is on the "George noble" of Henry VIII. that he is first represented on horseback. Rough-hewn as the Gothic image may be, there is a dignity about it to which the more accomplished art of the later period can lay no claim. Pistrucci's design is better than a great many before and after it, but it would surely have been worth while to commemorate the present occasion by a contemporary work. It must be granted that, if an old model was to be adopted, the Mint could scarcely have chosen more wisely. But would it not have been wiser that in the coinage of 1887 the art should be written up to date? No one will, surely, contend that we have no living sculptors to compare with Pistrucci.

22.—NOBLE OF HENRY VII.

In the reign of William and Mary we are introduced to a not very beautiful Britannia, and also to the simple denominational 3 or 4 surmounted by a crown, which may well be superseded by some more worthy device. On the penny of George III. the ruler of the waves is more comfortably seated, in the attitude so familiar to us; and we have also the beginning of that small and styleless lettering characteristic of our modern money.

The mantle surrounding the royal shield on the reverse of the two-pound piece of George IV. was not an acceptable innovation. It appears again under William IV. The more ornamental mantling which takes its place on the crown piece, though of too late a period to be in itself very excellent, is not so bad. George IV.'s "lion shilling" is only just better than the shilling with the royal arms in a very common cartouche, with feeble sprays of rose, shamrock, and thistle, insufficiently occupying the space round about.

The wreath which adorned the head of Charles II.

23.—GROAT OF HENRY VII.

24.—THE NEW HALF-CROWN (REVERSE).

and subsequent sovereigns, and which occurs as a separate device on the bank-tokens of George III., reigns supreme on the reverse of the lesser moneys of George IV. and his successors. It is not a feature worth retaining. The new shilling and sixpence show some slight improvement on the old, but this design, too, lacks largeness: at best it is not a triumph of invention (Fig. 26). The failure on the part of the Mint to produce a more satisfactory Jubilee issue is the more surprising, inasmuch as the official reports published show that there is some one in authority who is thoroughly well up in the subject. The mistake has been, perhaps, mainly in hanging too timidly on to the skirts of precedent. That is hardly the way to encourage manly design.

25.—THE TWO-GUINEA PIECE (REVERSE).

It will be seen that the story of our coinage is scarcely a hopeful one. Good things have been done; but from the time of Elizabeth it is a downward course that has to be chronicled. The coins of Henry VIII. are admirable. So are the delicate productions of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The coins of James I. are still very good. Compare the "noble" of Henry VIII. (Fig. 27) with the "spur royal" of James I. (Fig. 28). Some decline under Charles I. was inevitable, and the reverse of many of his coins is poor enough, but even amongst the "money of necessity" good things occur; and his own effigy is generally well done.

In like manner our colonial coinage cannot pretend to compete with Elizabeth's East Indian, or even with some of Charles II.'s Indian coins, the latter obviously of Bombay workmanship; and that at a time when no one, apparently, had yet thought of perverting the native craftsman.

From the reign of Henry VII. downwards, we have in the obverse of the coin of the realm a series of authentic likenesses of the successive sovereigns —Henry VIII., as we know him through Holbein; Charles I., as Van Dyck painted him; the Georges, more or less in the likeness of Roman emperors, and so on. To consider them in detail would lead us into the discussion of the wider subject of portraiture, and especially of the art of modelling in England, during all that time. But generally speaking, one may say that the earlier medallions — Henry VII., Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I.—with their delicacy of low relief, and their altogether fit rendering, are far to be preferred to the later and more picturesque, as distinct from sculpturesque, treatment of the effigies of, for example, Charles II. and George I. One would have thought the necessity for flatness in a coin so obvious as inevitably to override every other consideration. The higher the relief the greater must be the evidence of wear. The prominent traits are the first to suffer, and to suffer most grievously. When no feature in particular is remarkably salient there is no noticeable disfigurement until the image gets legitimately worn down. It fades, so to speak, gradually away in the pocket (like riches themselves), instead of being mutilated.

26.—NEW SHILLING (REVERSE).

It will be as much as the limits of this article will allow if we compare the medallions of our English queens —Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne —with that of her Majesty. Even Croker's Queen Anne (Fig. 29), which lacks the dignity of the Elizabeth (Fig. 30), and the delicate daintiness of the Mary (Fig. 31), is altogether larger in style than the Jubilee portrait (Fig. 32). Mr. Boehm may have produced a likeness, in the photographic sense, but artistically he has not improved upon the model he designs to disestablish.

Of later days the tendency appears to have been to get the image always larger and larger. In the first instance, as I said, the head was insignificant. Even when portraiture became the mode the broad band of inscription continued for a long while intact, and formed a border to the head, whilst the size of

27.—NOBLE OF HENRY VIII. (REVERSE).

28.—JAMES I. SPUR ROYAL (REVERSE).

the portrait was subordinated to the symmetrical design of the coin. The crowns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., for example, form a central feature

in the design. The head occupies much the same position as the shield on the obverse, or the rose on the reverse, of the half-crown of the latter (Fig. 20); it takes the place of the arms or the Tudor emblem, that is all.

29.—TWO-GUINEA PIECE, QUEEN ANNE (OBVERSE).

Queens Mary and Elizabeth set their crowns back on their heads, James plants his further forward again, Charles sets it back once more; but, with one exception, it is firmly planted on the head. We are still a long way off the insignificant diadem perched so perilously on the head of our Sovereign Lady. The exception is in the Elizabethan coin (Fig. 30). But even there the crown is intrinsically and artistically of importance. One must absolve the artist selected by her Majesty of any intentional disrespect or satirical intention; but one is tempted to ask, Is the crown such a toy as that? Loyalty forbid!

From Henry VII. to Charles I. the band of inscription round the coin is unbroken, except by the cross of the crown. Charles II. breaks that tradition and the band; and it appears to have been thenceforward more and more the idea to get the head as large as possible, at whatever sacrifice. Mr. Boehm's object appears to have been to bring in as much of the bust as he could, and to display as many as possible of the orders, &c., which (if wanted at all) might have been more ornamentally introduced in the accessories of the design.

The Elizabeth in the margin is not the best example that might have been chosen. It was selected because it shows the bust with all imaginable fuss of orders, and so on. But notice the reticence of relief, the design, the dignity—and then look at the new Victoria! (Fig. 32.) In the double guinea of Queen Anne (Fig. 29) the relief of the shoulder might well have been reduced. It is a distinct mistake to make the relief highest just where it is least interesting. But in the new coins it would appear as if the face had been sacrificed to the ribands and orders piled up towards the base of the medallion. The excess of projection where it is not wanted accounts to some extent technically for the poverty of the head itself.

30.—COIN OF ELIZABETH (OBVERSE).

The mechanical way in which the model was reproduced may, again, in part account for the shortcomings of the new coinage. What Mr. Poynter contends should have been done, did actually occur. The original model, it appears, was on a large scale, and was reduced *mechanically* to the size of the various coins. Now there is no reason why mechanism should not be made use of. But it is the abuse of mechanism to let it take the place of the artist, instead of preparing the way for him. The designer should surely have had each one of the reduced models to work over. It must be clear to the intelligence even of the least artistic that the proportionate relief of the parts should vary according to the scale of the work. What would be effective in a large medallion must often be quite inadequate on the coinage scale. There are tricks well known to the die-sinker which the sculptor has to learn by sad experience. For all that, it is well worth while to employ the best artist, even though he may have no great experience in the *technique* of die-sinking. But, having little experience in work of the kind, there is surely all the more reason why he should take every pains to perfect his model himself, and not put his faith in a machine. Had Mr. Boehm no choice? Then he need not have accepted such conditions. An artist owes something to his art.

31.—GROAT OF MARY I. (OBVERSE).

This brings us to the vexed question of the choice of a designer. It has been suggested that a national memorial should have been put up to national competition. But competition in art has proved so persistently a failure, that one must be sanguine indeed to anticipate good results from it. It is doubtful, too, whether even in a thing of national importance the best men would compete. A plebiscite of sculptors might have answered, and they would possibly have been pretty much of one mind in this instance. In any case, the selection of a foreign artist is regarded by many as something in the nature of a slight upon national art. It is her Majesty's Jubilee, it may be said, and who more fit than herself to choose the artist to immortalise her? But, on the other hand, British sculptors are justly aggrieved when a production is put forth, presumably as the best we can do, when they themselves know it to be very far from representing the standard of national design; and it aggravates their grievance to think that the favoured artist bears not even an English name.

32.—NEW DOUBLE-FLORIN (OBVERSE).

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE AMERICANS AT THE SALON.

IF there has been this year a conspicuous falling off both in the quantity and the quality of the works exhibited by the American group at the Salon, this is attributable not so much to any diminution of power or to any slackened energy on their part as to a conjunction of fortuitous circumstances. First, of the two painters who, in assimilating the *technique* and standpoint of the most modern French school in two entirely distinct phases, have, each in his own way, carried their art far beyond the merely imitative stage, making of it by process of assimilation and original development a new and distinctive thing, one is entirely unrepresented, while the other has not put forth his full powers. Mr. J. S. Sargent, so lately an idol of the fickle Parisians, but whom, after unduly exalting, they had with equal lack of moderation cast down from his pedestal, because at a certain point of his career he entered upon an unsuccessful phase of experiment and undue seeking after originality of point of view and aspect, has migrated to England, where, as will be in the recollection of all, he has already "imposed" himself with surprising success, considering the uncompromising character of his style. Paris is, it may be supposed, a little surprised, a little shocked, at the want of taste evidenced in such an abandonment; for, like the capricious enchantress in M. Octave Feuillet's "Dalilah," she delights in casting off her aspirants, but cannot brook that they should reverse the process and take her *bouderies* seriously. Mr. Alex. Harrison, who as a devotee of the *plein air* school in its most moderate and least aggressive phase has few rivals in France, is represented this year only by the not very distinctive "Crépuscule." His most complete work, the singularly skilful, brilliant, and withal true "En Arcadie," which will be remembered as the chief ornament, the very backbone, of the recent Art Club exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, had last year been badly hung and insufficiently distinguished by the jury of the Salon, where the genuine idyllic vein underlying an uncompromising naturalism of treatment had not met with due appreciation. At the so-called Exposition Internationale held this summer in M. Georges Petit's charming gallery of the Rue de Sèze, Mr. Harrison showed a whole series of studies for this same picture; all of them genuine and successful efforts to render with unconventional truth the effect of sunlight and shadow playing directly in the open air on the surfaces of the nude human form. This same Exposition Internationale constituted in many respects an epitome of the most serious side of the so-called impressionism, taken in its widest sense as including the

LA FILLE DU FERMIER.

(Painted by Elizabeth J. Gardner. Salon, 1887.)

kindred, but distinguishable, styles of the *luministes, naturalistes*, and those newer experimentalists, as yet without a generic name, who have lately sought to combine the qualities of style associated with the elder schools of the century with the effort to attain atmospheric truth which is the distinctive quality of the younger generation. By the side of typical productions from the hand of the acknowledged chief of the *impressionnistes*, M. Claude Monet, and of his compeers, MM. Sisley and Pissarro and Mlle. Berthe Morisot, were to be seen the works of MM. Cazin, Besnard, Renoir, Raffäelli, and many others; while the Scandinavian group, represented by its two protagonists, MM. Kroyer and Edelfelt, occupied a position apart. Nothing is more interesting than to compare the tendencies and standpoint of the most modern painters of the North with those of the French school from which they issue, and to confront them with the contemporary generation of Americans who have sought instruction and inspiration at the same source. The Scandinavians aim at, and often attain, consummate mastery in matters of *technique*, and are deeply interested in all the most fashionable problems connected with light and atmosphere; but they do not affect mere bravura displays of the knowledge so acquired. Their chief aim is, after all, to show humanity, and especially the humanity which they know and love best—that of the rude, homely folk of the North—not only in its exterior relation to the environing natural phenomena of which it forms part, but as dominating and forming the natural centre of those phenomena. In this they have followed the example of the most profoundly moved and the most essentially human among modern French painters, such as Jean-François Millet and Bastien-Lepage, though without seeking to assume the peculiar manner of either master. The path entered upon by the Franco-Scandinavian painters is undoubtedly one which, if earnestly and legitimately followed, as it at present is, must lead to lasting as distinguished from merely ephemeral or technical developments. Were it possible to discern in the works of the chiefs of the school, in addition to consummate skill used with a certain retiecence, and placed at the service of a true and poetic realism, that peculiar distinctiveness of view, that novelty, in truth, which is one of the elements of genius, we should be disposed to place them in the front rank of modern painters; as it is, we must still class them among the truest and the most sympathetic. Nearly related to the last-mentioned Northern group, as a consequence not of imitation on the one side or the other, but of natural growth, is the most modern offshoot of the Munich school; that which includes such artists of distinction as Herren Von Uhde (a Prussian by birth), Liebermann, and Kühl, and, with a difference, the instructor of the present generation of Bavarian realists, Herr Diez. It has been generated by an assimilation of the revolutionised principles of execution daringly and, to a great extent, successfully asserted by modern French pioneers; upon which has been grafted an earnest Teutonic realism, which is not so much an absolute novelty as a revival of those national tendencies which were temporarily effaced during the *Zopfperiode*, and the subsequent pseudo-heroic and pseudo-religious period. There is, perhaps, in this naturalistic development of contemporary German painters more passion, more individuality, than is shown in the art of their Northern kinsmen; but there is also more self-consciousness, a more evident effort to attain by artificial means to the naïve simplicity of the elder schools of Germany and the Low Countries; the natural result being that absolute sincerity is not always attained, while the real earnestness of the school is sometimes undeservedly placed in doubt.

Modern American artists bred in France, and indoctrinated with all its newest principles and prejudices, have been singularly successful in adopting the technical processes and the exterior characteristics of their chosen brethren in art; while, with one or two commanding exceptions, which are such as prove the rule, they have not succeeded in penetrating below the surface of the tendencies which they seek to emulate. They rather content themselves with an imitation which has become second nature, but which can never serve as the foundation of a truly national school, bearing the stamp of a genuine artistic idiosyncrasy, nor can, indeed, constitute the basis of any really sustained development. The main difference between the American and the Scandinavian group, as we apprehend it, is that the former, with their French accomplishments in technical matters, have sought to assume in all respects the French standpoint, to see through French spectacles, to be moved by French sympathies, to be fired by French ideals; while the latter have known what to take and what to leave, out of that which has been placed before them for imitation. They have wisely chosen, having obtained such artistic discipline as is still only to be had in France—and such as is, indeed, best suited to express the truths, pathetic through the very seriousness and sincerity of their realism, for which they seek—to remain Northmen at heart, and to delineate what they know best, and must inevitably feel most deeply. True, the American artistic temperament is in some respects so nearly akin to the French—especially in the peculiar sensitiveness to the purely visual phenomena of light, shade, and colour in their most subtle relations—that imitation becomes a labour of love; the American painters

assume the French vesture, and almost the French body, with consummate ease. Even they cannot, however, Gallicise themselves—if we may be permitted the expression—as thoroughly as they imagine; and though they may masquerade ever so long, and with ever so high a degree of enjoyment and success, they will never, in the path which they are so persistently following, acquire the sincerity and conviction which must underlie all enduring and vivifying art. They will never have the same excuse which Frenchmen of this generation may claim for their most daring paradoxes, their most outrageous negations of artistic canons—the excuse that they are following by a natural process the irresistible bent, for the time being, of the national genius, as developed by and reacting upon its political and social surroundings.

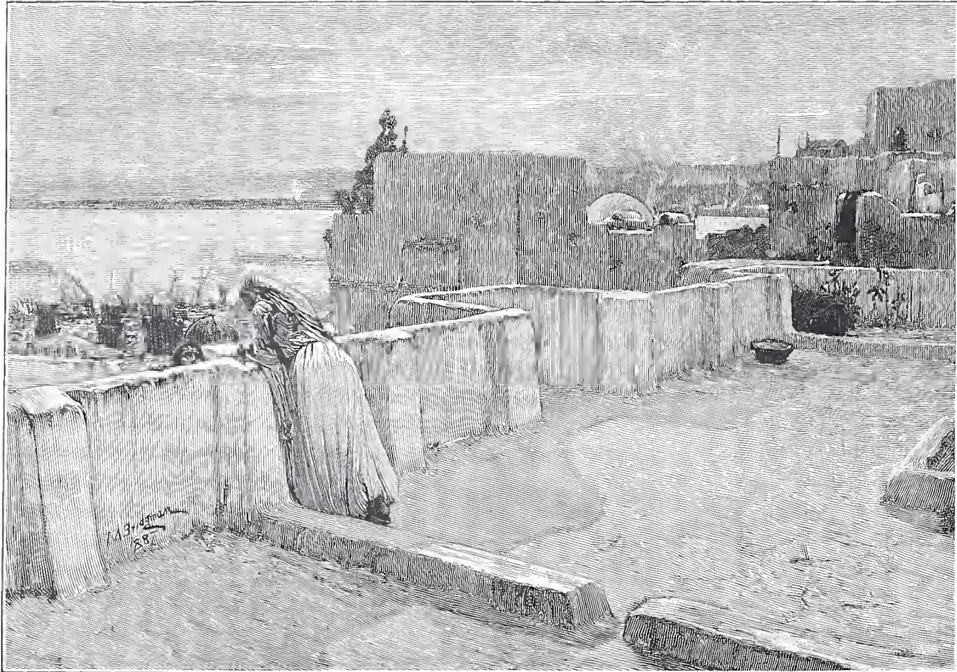
After all, the bright particular star among American artists exhibiting this year in Paris was still the veteran Mr. Whistler. He abstained from contributing to the Salon, perhaps justifiably dissatisfied with the place accorded last year to his "Sarasate," which, somewhat ungenerously hung in one of the huge central saloons, in what was nominally a position of honour, yet appeared to lose, in juxtaposition with its overpowering neighbours, the greater part of its subtlety and charm. He contributed, however, to the Exposition Internationale one of the most complete and varied collections of his works that have yet been seen together, most of them, no doubt, old favourites, which had appeared either at Messrs. Dowdeswell's or at the gallery over which the painter himself presides; but which, nevertheless, had hardly yet been seen to such high advantage as in M. Petit's harmoniously-ordered gallery. In the vestibule was shown a complete series of the Venetian etchings in their latest and most perfect state—a work which, as a whole, must count as the worthiest and most sustained manifestation of Mr. Whistler's subtle and original talent—we had almost written genius. Nowhere has his consummate mastery over technical difficulties, his happy inventiveness in matters of execution, been more worthily allied to a serious grace of conception and arrangement which has not in this instance, as in some others which might be pointed out, been allowed to exclude earnestness or pathos. There reappeared also in Paris, in what seemed to be an improved condition, the full-length portrait of a young lady in a black walking costume, which had been one of the painter's chief contributions to the gallery of British Artists in the winter; while scattered throughout the gallery of the Rue de Sèze peeped forth a whole series of those

EN OCTOBRE.

(Painted by Ridgway-Knight. Salon, 1887.)

delicate *impressions* and notes in oil and pastel which are among the master's most characteristic manifestations.

At the Salon itself we have to deal chiefly with the works of that more imitative section of the American group, the nature of whose art we have above sought to define. The "Ste. Geneviève" of Mr. Charles Sprague-Pearce, showing the youthful saint absorbed in mystic self-contemplation as she tends her flock near a village of rude and primitive aspect, has, from a technical point of view, some admirable qualities. In conception and execution it is manifestly based on the art of Bastien-Lepage, whose firm, searching execution is emulated in the well drawn and carefully modelled head of Ste. Geneviève; the former master's well-known Joan of Arc has haunted his American admirer, though there is nothing approaching servile imitation in the picture. But here the inherent vice of a reproduction or attempted assimilation of the distinctive qualities of a real artistic personality manifests itself. We are carried away by the genuine inspiration, the true quality of vision, shown by the French master, and easily pardon the undeniable faults which are revealed in his work; while, on the other hand, his emulator fails to carry conviction with the elaborately simulated, but palpably artificial, inspiration of his careful performance. This cannot, therefore, seeing what is its subject and its evident aim, be deemed to have attained real success. Another instance of a successful reproduction of the French conception and method, as regards externals, is Mr. Ridgway-Knight's "En Octobre" (p. 423), a fresh, graceful, and particularly well-ordered presentment of rustic life, which stands midway between the art of M. Lhermitte and that of M. Jules Breton, though without attaining the pathos which both of these genuine masters have infused into their best works.

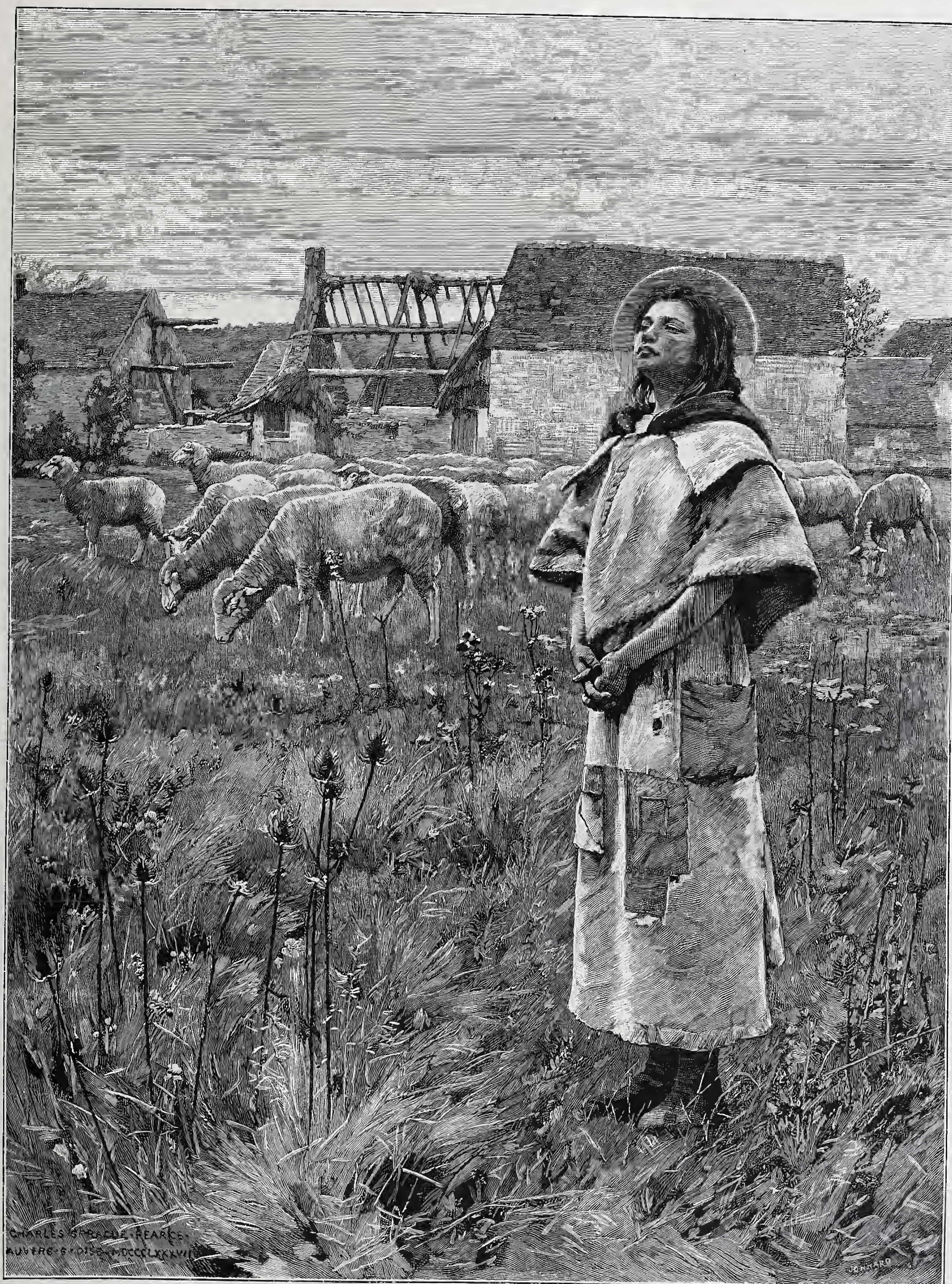


SUR LES TERRASSES, ALGER.

(*Painted by F. A. Bridgman. Salon, 1887.*)

Mr. Bridgman, a coldly correct and somewhat conventional, if withal highly accomplished, disciple of M. Gérôme in his Oriental phase—though with more ease in the precision of his execution—has departed somewhat further than usual from his accepted models in his "Sur les terrasses, Alger."

Mr. Walter Gay's "Une Sollicitation à Richelieu" (p. 426) savours of the standpoint of M. Vibert, with an admixture of the peculiar, calculated romanticism of Paul Delaroche. Mr. William T. Dannat, whose earnest, vigorous work has frequently adorned the galleries of the Society of British Artists, has been, this year, represented only by the "Portrait de M. Ch. Laplante." Mr. Julian Story has attempted an unusually ambitious flight with his vast canvas, "Mlle. de Sombreuil," displaying in his choice of this trying and dangerously well-worn subject an audacity more than commensurate with his powers of conception and execution. Great pains have certainly been expended in the selection of the types and the suitable but not unduly prominent accessories; yet the artist has rather wrought out his scene bit by bit with painful

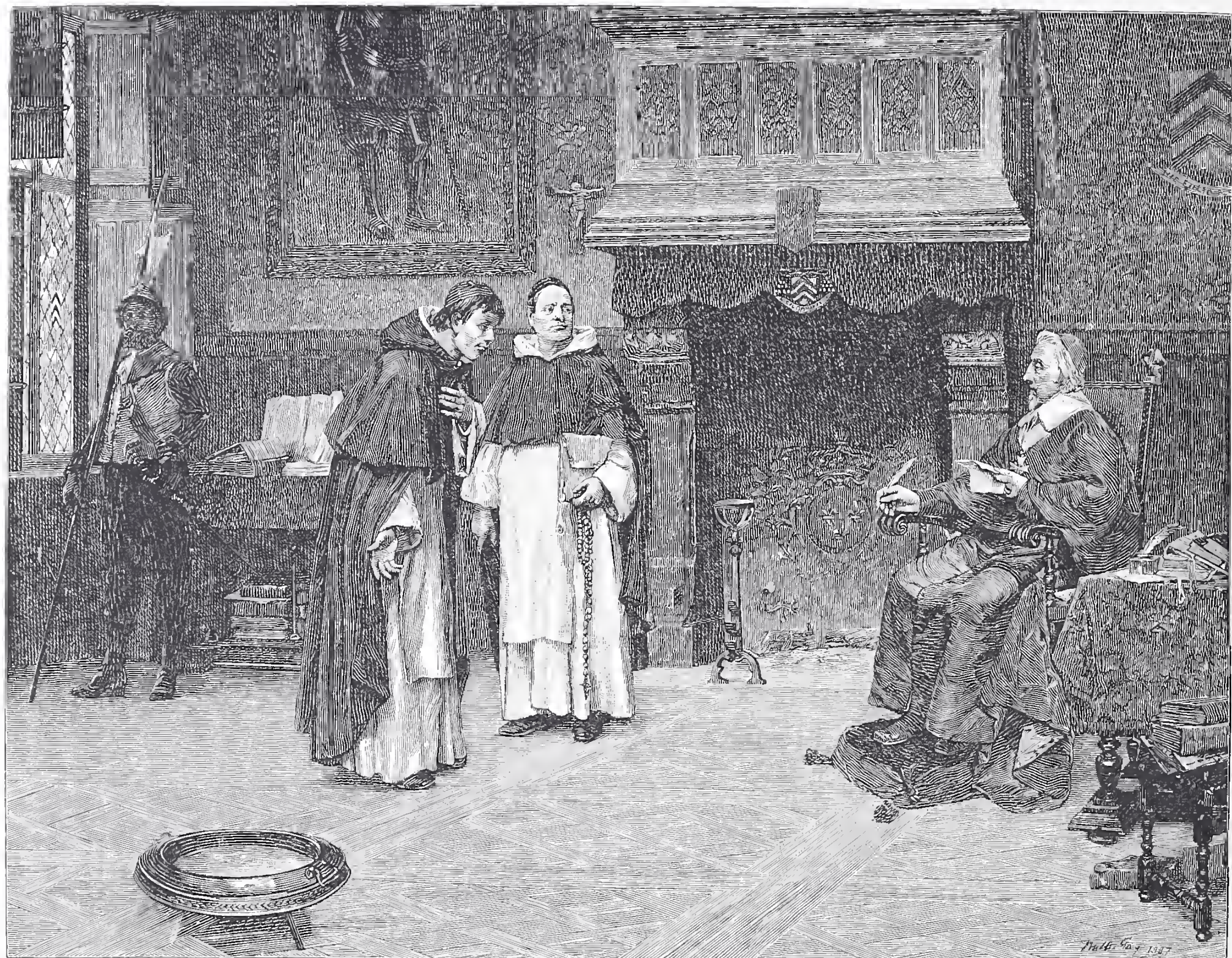


STE. GENEVIÈVE.

(*Painted by Charles Sprague-Pearce. Salon, 1887.*)

ingenuity than really seen it with the dramatic vision of the creative artist. The colour is timid and ineffective, the conception both melodramatic and weak, and the central group—which should be the real *raison d'être* of the work—unsatisfying in its conventionality and absence of incisive force.

Miss Elizabeth J. Gardner has produced in "La Fille du Fermier" (p. 421) a singularly successful pastiche of the over-dainty style of her masters, those consummate draughtsmen MM. Bouguereau and Jules Lefebvre; with an overpowering leaning, however, to the manner of the former artist, whose style she simulates as cleverly as does Miss Dorothy Tennant that of M. Henner. Nevertheless, Miss Gardner does not reproduce quite all the mannerisms of her prototype; for her flesh-painting, though cold, is not as leaden and dull in its half-tones as is that of M. Bouguereau; while her drawing, if not as daring in its attack of difficulties as that of the virtuoso whom she has taken as her model, is yet both pure and correct. So high a degree of technical accomplishment deserves to be employed to better purpose than in such an imitation as the present work, clever as it is: it remains to be seen whether the artist can put forth original powers.



UNE SOLLICITATION À RICHELIEU.

(Painted by Walter Gay. Salon, 1887.)

Scattered throughout the limitless galleries of the Champs-Élysées were to be seen specimens in all styles of the artistic work of less known denizens of the United States; few of these falling below a certain standard of technical achievement, but few, on the other hand, having any permanent interest or value.

The dangerous power of imitating and assimilating without effort the exterior characteristics of a foreign style, which is so prominent a characteristic of the children of the New World in artistic matters—not in painting only, but to a high degree also in music and architecture—is just now everywhere apparent; and, with some few exceptions, it takes, and insufficiently fills, the place of genuine originality and enduring natural development.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

Larunda.

FOOLISH little Larunda!
To haste, when Jupiter held dear
Juturna, nymph of some clear well,
To haste away, in Juno's ear
The secret thing to tell.

She whispered very soft and low—
No louder than the summer air
Goes breathing lightly to and fro—
As one that scarcely dare.

She whispered, but he heard it said;
Like javelins was his anger hurled;
And dumb for evermore the maid
Passed to the under-world.

To guide her Mercury was sent:
He held her hand, he saw her grace;
Her lips were dumb, but eloquent
Indeed her eyes and face.

Her lips were dumb? Ah! no, not this,
Since when his words of passion fell,
Her lips responded to his kiss
Amid the asphodel.

KATE CARTER

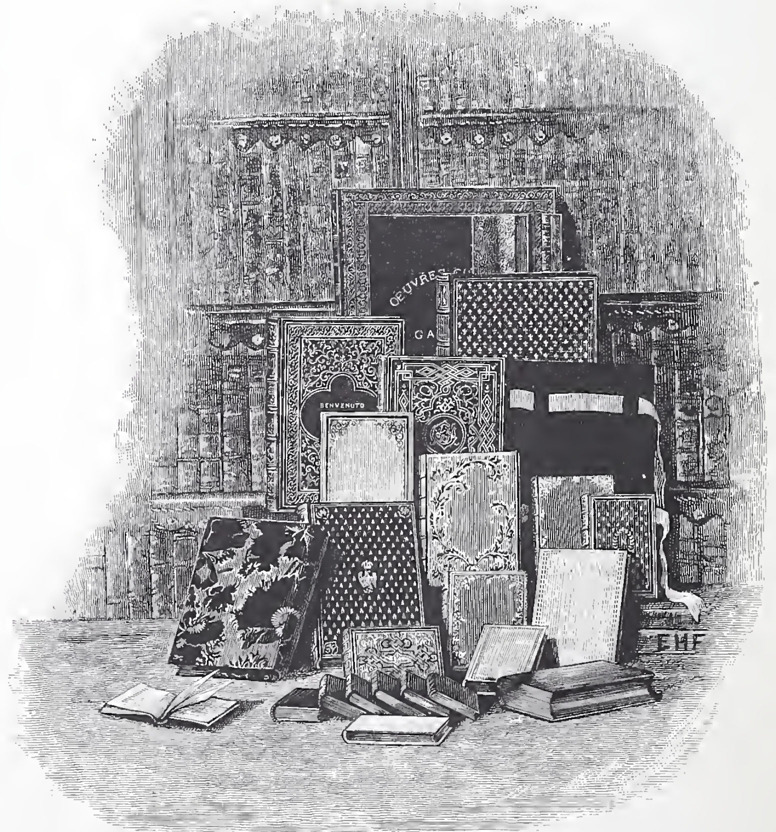
No. 46, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE.—II.

IN the back drawing-room of the house of which the contents I am attempting to describe, there is a conflict between literature, *bric-à-brac,* and pure art; but I am glad to think that art in its truest sense predominates. We must, however, take the "curios," for which the proprietor has a life-long craze, first. The *portières* between the front and back drawing-rooms are of Henri Deux tapestry; and between them is suspended a group of four ostrich eggs in a network of silk and silver, and with long silver tassels, terribly tarnished by time. These are souvenirs of Mr. Sala's travels in Morocco more than twenty years since. The eggs were obtained for him by a friendly Hebrew at Tetuan; and the proprietor sometimes adds: "If he *did* steal them from a mosque, there are more ostriches left in Barbary to lay more eggs with shells to be afterwards utilised for pious purposes." On the mantelpiece is a "broad sweep" of wax statuettes and rag-doll *figurines* representing types of Mexican costumes —*guerrilleros,* an Indian squaw, cobblers, peasants, monks, beggars, and so forth. Mr. Sala bought these picturesque little objects in Mexico City in 1864; but, as he had to return from the land of the Aztecs to the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, a Mexican friend promised to forward the figures to Europe. They were "forwarded" with a vengeance: packed in crates and in horsehair they journeyed on mule-back through the *cumbres,* or mountain defiles, by Puebla to Vera Cruz. They must have had a rare shaking on the way. After "kicking about" for some time on the wharf there, they were shipped to Havana, whence they were re-shipped to St. Thomas; and thence somehow or other they got to Southampton, to London, and to Mr. Sala's then residence in Guilford Street, Russell Square. When opened, the crates presented a shocking spectacle—nothing less indeed than a *macédoine* or salad of arms, legs, market-baskets, coachwheel hats, beads, targets, spears, and feathers. As for the Indian squaw, she had to be emptied bodily into a saucer, for she was in a hundred and fourteen pieces. The figures were, however, skilfully restored by an expert in such matters, and bear at present not the slightest appearance of having suffered any injury. Towering in the centre, above this row of effigies, is Mr. Boehm's well-known statuette of William Makepeace Thackeray. This is the original model; and it came straight from the sculptor's studio as a gift to the collector. On a little cabinet piano, at least eighty years old, stand two very curious objects, to each of which the collector fancies a pedigree might be attached, but which are unfortunately deficient in documentary evidence to prove their origin. One is a miniature bureau or escritoire of old rosewood, the sides, legs, and the handles and keyholes of the drawers profusely ornamented with gilt-bronze of the Louis Seize period. I was

unable to persuade Mr. Sala to tell me how much he gave for this gem; all that he would acknowledge was that he has had it ever since he was a young man; that he bought it at a pawnbroker's; that he paid for it by instalments, and that it took him two years to do so. His idea is that the toy was made for one of the little Dauphins, the sons of Louis XVI. Next to the bureau, under a glass shade, hermetically sealed, is a full-length statuette, about a foot high, of Queen Elizabeth in regal robes, with kirtle and farthingale richly embroidered and adorned with pearls, purfled sleeves, and an immense ruff, all in wax. This "curio" was found in the attic of an old house in Montpelier Row, Twickenham, where it is well known the maids of honour of Queen Caroline, consort of George II., used to dwell when accommodation was lacking at the Palace at Richmond. "Putting this and that together," the collector is inclined to think that the figure of good Queen Bess may have been modelled and draped by one of the maids of honour in question. On either side a great mirror over the fireplace (the grate and marble fender of which are full of old pottery) projects a gas-bracket; but as "G. A. S." has a great dislike to gas as an illuminator, he has hung the brackets with curious odds and ends. On one side a lady's reticule of the early part of the century, Russian peasant-made lace, a Russian penitent's iron chain; on the other a Turkish fez, Oriental fans, more peasant lace, and a superb, tattered, and dirty piece—goodness knows how old—of embroidered silk, picked up by the collector in the Bezesteen at Constantinople. I may incidentally remark that some of the antimacassars on the easy-chairs in both drawing-rooms are of Turkish silk gauze from Broussa, and others of Irish "nun's lace," the material having been worn by Mrs. Sala.

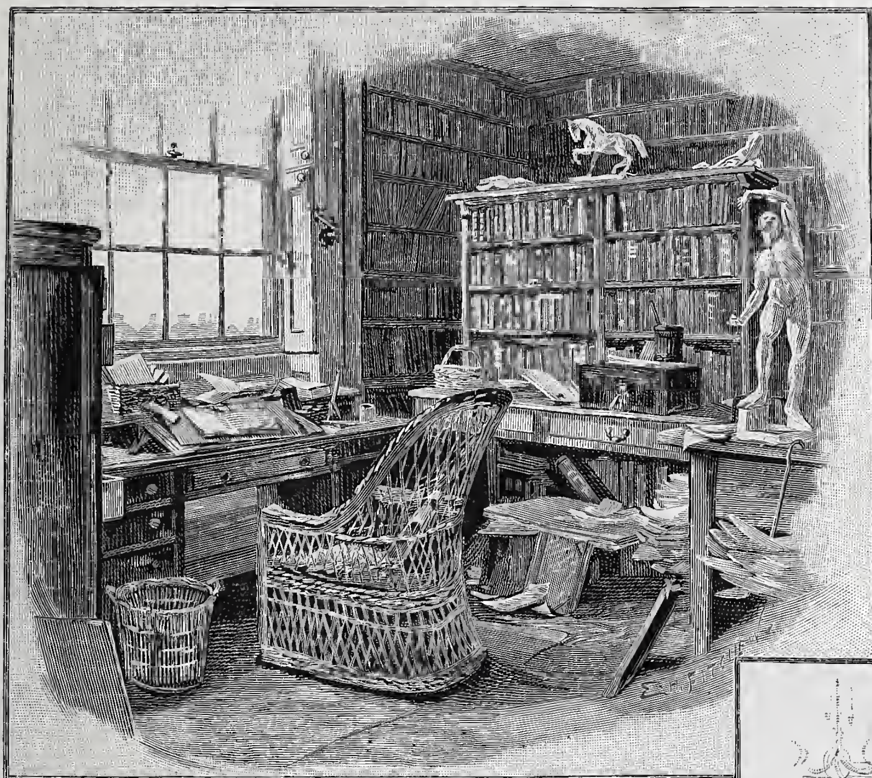
THACKERAY.

In the centre of the room which I am describing there is a vast writing-table with drawers or cupboards in black and gold, the top inlaid with red morocco; this is heaped high with odd and pretty things. There is a plaster statuette of good old George III. in a blue cutaway coat with a red collar, yellow buckskins, a white wig, but no pigtail, dated 1820. The sculptor's name is Rossi. Then, carefully shielded by a glass shade, are a few of the many superb examples of bookbinding in this quaint house, among them Mr. Serjeant Pullen's "Order of the Coif," bound in judicial scarlet and ermine—at least, approximately so: crimson velvet doing duty for the scarlet, and white silk for the ermine. Then there is a sumptuous art-book, "A Life of Benvenuto Cellini;" a rare miniature edition of the "Works of Napoleon the Great," published in 1821—the year of his death—and bound in morocco of the Imperial green hue; tiny copies of "Tasso" in Italian, and of Demoustier's "Lettres à Emilie sur la Mythologie;" Caro's Italian translation of the "Æneid;" and a rare old book in Spanish, "Idea de un Principe Politico y Cristiano," printed at Valencia in 1697, and bound in black and gold brocade, being a portion of the last dinner-dress worn by Mrs. Sala. At the angles of the table are piles of albums, each holding about two hundred photographs of carte-de-visite size, collected during the last twenty years, and relating to all kinds of things and people in almost every country in the world. Altogether there must be some five thousand photographs in the house. The other books are all



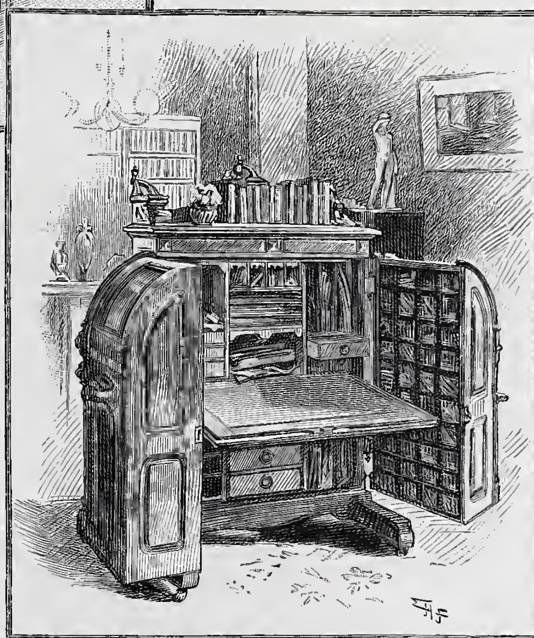
SPECIAL BINDINGS.

rarities: ancient almanacs in scarlet morocco, Las Casas' "Account of the Cruelties of the Spaniards to the Indians in the West Indies," the Frankfort (1572) edition of the "Effigies Regum Francorum," cookery-books and chap-books of the time of Charles II., and an engraved set of the inimitably droll caricatures of Lionardo da Vinci. A casket made from the tree under which William Penn signed his treaty with the Indians in 1682 (given to Mr. Sala at Philadelphia by his friend Mr. G. W. Childs), and a beautiful walnut book-slide with medallions in white and blue Wedgwood, enhance the attractions of the table, the centre-piece of which is a bronze reproduction, about four feet high, of the statue of the Triumphal Augustus. The collector sent it from Rome as a birthday present for his wife. The walls are lined with book-cases, but of the volumes on the shelves I have not space to tell in detail. On every chair there is a pile of art-folios; in the corners are rolled-up maps and charts, books on anatomy, and children's books galore, for the last of which, especially those illustrated by Miss Kate Greenaway, the collector has an innocent passion. I mark, too, a superb collection of the works of Gavarni, and, appropriately bound in blood-red morocco, two volumes of ghastly aquatints, the "Desastres de la Guerra" and the "Proverbios" of the famous Spanish painter and etcher, Don Francisco Goya y Lucientes. The collector tells me that in divers dens in the remote upper regions of the house—dens into which not even his secretary is permitted to penetrate—he has a large collection of the etched works of Goya, including the "Caprichos," the rare "Prisioneros," and the rarer "Bull Fighting" series. My sketch of the back drawing-room would not be complete without mentioning that the window overlooking the garden is filled with handsomely painted glass of mediæval design and heraldic character; and that as a centre-piece of the pile of china surmounting one of the book-cases rises Lord Ronald Gower's terra-cotta bust of Marie Antoinette, as he has imagined the hapless queen in the tumbril on her way to execution.



THE STUDY.

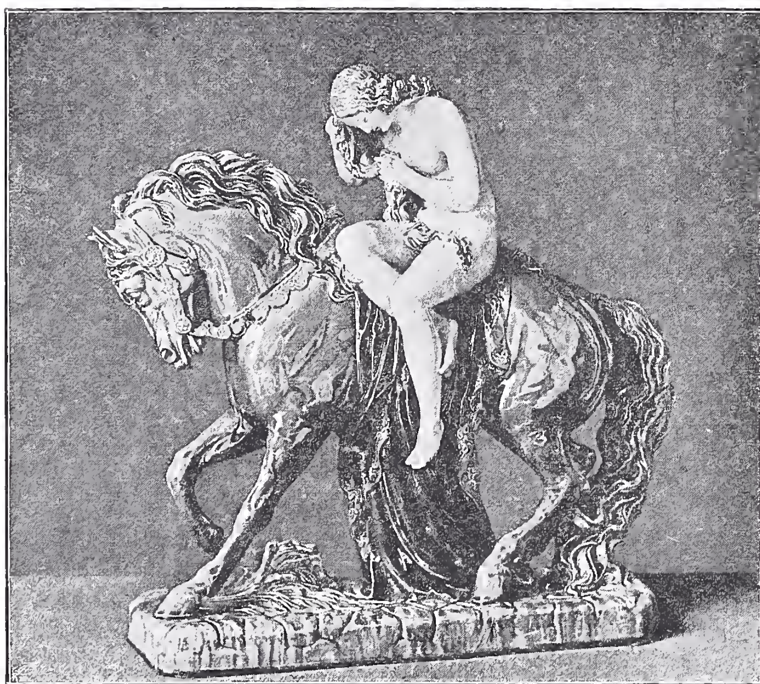
Descending to the ground floor, I must say something about an apartment, no illustration of any portion of the contents of which appears in THE MAGAZINE OF ART. It was formerly the dining-room, but there is no dining or giving of dinners now at No. 46, Mecklenburgh Square; and the simple luncheon which Mr. Sala shares with me when I join him nearly every day at one o'clock is brought



THE "ADJUTANT-GENERAL."

to us on a tray. The *salle-à-manger* has been converted into a library and writing-room. The long dining-room table remains; but it is piled with English and foreign newspapers and periodicals and books of reference, from the "Post Office London Directory" to Appleton's "Dictionary of New York;" and at one corner of this table there is space for my desk, where I sit and write from dictation leading articles for a daily newspaper, or "Echoes," or other literary work on hand. The proprietor sits at the opposite angle in a long, low chair, and occasionally from his fauteuil, in which he is almost invisible, there arise the blue curling fumes of a cigar. On a circular table at the other extremity of the apartment is a large counting-house desk for holding papers (in bundles duly tied up and docketed), and the parapet of the desk supports "Cassell's National Library," arranged in a neat black case with two shelves. Round three sides of the room run continuous book-cases—the only breaks are the door and the windows—breast-high, filled with volumes, large and small, on many subjects and in many tongues. The tops of these book-cases are crowded with porcelain and bronze ornaments, among which may be particularised an old Wedgwood bust of John Wesley and a curious statuette of Don Quixote, the latter from the pottery works of the Marques de Pickman at Seville, and remarkable for being the only example of artistic work ever produced at the great Spanish factory of chocolate-pots. There are two delightful statuettes in silvered bronze of a Merveilleuse and an Incroyable, and a pair of strangely-carved Maori heads in fossil Kauri gum, brought by the collector from New Zealand. Let me note, too, over the centre of the book-case facing the windows the portrait in oil (life-size, three-quarter length) of the late Mrs. Sala by Baccani. This beautiful work of art was exhibited "on the line" at the Royal Academy about twelve years ago. It was placed next to Sir Frederick Leighton's "Egyptian Sling-Thrower." At the foot of this portrait is another and quietly sorrowful memorial—a shrine about eighteen inches high, draped with purple silk curtains, and over the cornice of which is suspended by chains a little silver lamp. In front of the shrine is a small silver Calvary Cross of three steps, flanked by miniature altar-candlesticks. Within the shrine is a cabinet photograph portrait of Mrs. Sala, taken at Brisbane, in Queensland. A packet of these portraits arrived at Menzies' Hotel, Melbourne, on December the 31st, 1885, the day of the poor lady's death.

A few brief words must conclude my notes of the quondam dining-room. The walls above the book-cases are hung with choice artists' proofs, among which I may mention Sir John Millais' "Yes," his "Princess Elizabeth," his "Princes in the Tower;" Mr. Edwin Long's portrait of Henry Irving as Hamlet; and Gustave Doré's "Martyrs of the Amphitheatre," "Christ leaving the Prætorium," and "The Dream of Pilate's Wife." There is also a

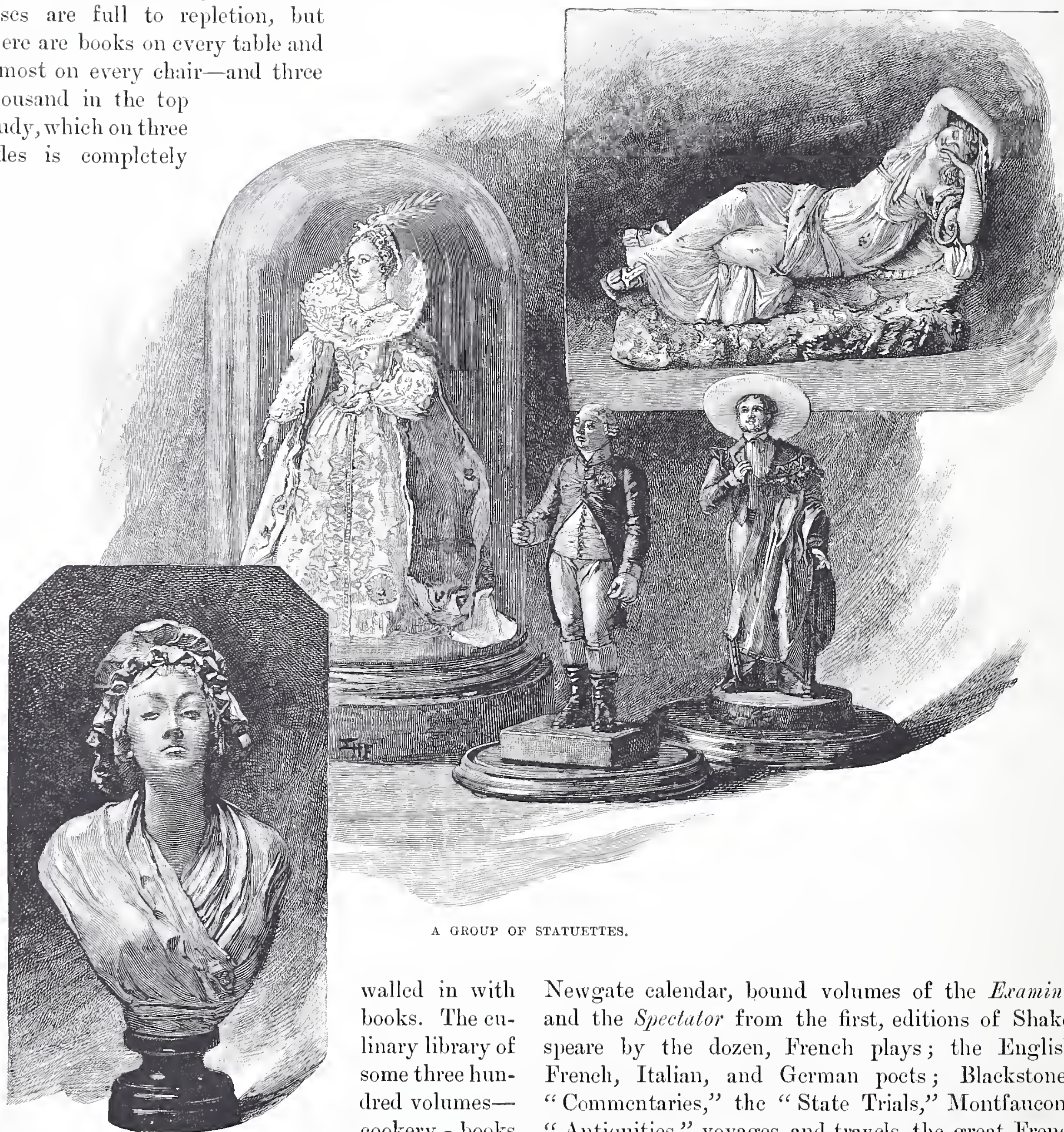


LADY GODIVA (p. 325).

very fine line engraving of the "Atalanta" of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A.; a splendid etching of cattle, after Sidney Cooper, R.A.; and a grand landscape in oils—a transcript of scenery in the Highlands—painted expressly for the collector by his friend, Gustave Doré. There are some very fine bronzes on the mantelpiece, a large clock with surmounting figure, candelabra, vases, and so forth, principally by Barbédienne, of Paris; but the only bronze "curios" are a pair of beautiful figures of mermen bearing flambeaux in gilt bronze (of Italian workmanship and seventeenth century date) and a couple of very stiff, but most characteristic, bronze candlesticks of the era of the Consulate. I am happy to be able to dismiss the apartment which was once a dining-room, with a reference to one more genuine "curio," a quadrangular case of glass framed in ebony, in which is displayed a hat of white felt, very low in the crown and monstrously broad of brim, profusely embroidered in gold, silver, and green silk, with the Mexican cognisance—the eagle sitting on the "nopal." The hat is completed by a kind of "pudding" or "hame" of stuffed felt, embroidered in the same manner as the hat itself, and designed to go round the crown to ward off the rays of the sun. This strange head-gear, part of the costume which the collector wore during the many weeks of his sojourn in the land of the Aztecs, was a present from his friend the late Don Eustaquio Barron, of the great Mexican banking house of Barron, Forbes, and Co., who was Mr. Sala's host in Mexico just after the war of 1863. Touching wars and rumours of wars, the collector showed me one day a large field-glass, in one barrel of which there was a deep dent. "I should be sorry to lose that field-glass," quoth Mr. Sala, "for once upon a time it saved my life. It was down in Virginia, and I was camping out on the shores of the Rapidan. I was always," he continued, "a very bad rider; but you had to ride, *nolens volens*, in those parts and at that time, for warlike operations had converted the major portion of the State of Virginia into an immense desert of stiff mud. It chanced one night that with a dozen genial American friends I was invited to visit the hospitable quarters of some general whose name I have quite forgotten, but who was celebrated for his adroitness in brewing 'hot whisky skins.' It was about 10 p.m. and on a moonless night that our cavalcade set forth; and I could not help fancying as I clambered into my saddle that there was a subdued titter among my genial friends. I had ridden in the forenoon a horrible horse, whose vicious performances between my astonished legs I never felt surpassed till many years afterwards I went to Australia and witnessed the achievements of a buck-jumper; but on this Virginian night I was put on a big brute which, by the uncertain light of a few petroleum lamps, seemed to me to be about thirty hands high. His head reminded me of the case in which Signor Bottesini keeps his contrabasso. This monster was evidently not bridle-wise, for when I bade him by word of rein turn to the left, he turned to the right; when I pulled him, he bolted forwards; and when I would have urged him into a canter, he stood stock still, shaking his diabolical head. Then it seemed to occur to him that I was a hebetudinous and incompetent 'fraud,' and that he was bound, as a horse that respected himself, to get rid of me as soon as possible; but fortunately I bestrode a M'Clellan saddle—a modification of the Mexican one—and he was unable to shake me off. At last he elected to run away with me. Away we went. It seemed to me that I must have ridden the races for the Derby, the Oaks, the St. Leger, the Grand National, the Ascot Cup, and the Grand Prix all combined in one grand rush, lasting about ten minutes. I know that we dashed through a wood; but more than this I do not know, because I was slashed about the face by the branches of the trees till I saw nothing but showers of sparks. Then the belly-band of the saddle broke. I felt that things were getting serious, and gained a firm hold on the mane of the madly-galloping brute. Next a great blaze was visible; the horse went down and 'chucked' me over his head on to the border of a bivouac fire which had been made in a clearing of the wood. This clearing bristled with 'snags'—the jagged stumps of trees that had been felled—and it was on my left side on one of these snags that I was pitched by the horse with the big fiddle case head. Fortunately between the 'snag' and my vitals there was the field-glass, slung by a strap over my right shoulder, else it would surely have gone hard with me."

There are only two more apartments at No. 46, Mecklenburgh Square, on which I need touch. On the ground floor, behind our library and writing-room, is a smaller room, which the collector calls "the office," principally, I should say, for the reason that in one corner is a large Chatwood's fire-proof safe, which was given to Mr. Sala by Mr. Henry Irving. On the door of the safe is a silver scutcheon engraved with the motto, "Safe bind, safe find." In the middle of the room stands a large bureau of American manufacture, the multifarious drawers, shelves and pigeon-holes of which are used exclusively for assorted business documents. The owner finds this bureau so useful to him in the systemisation of his work that he sometimes calls it the "adjutant-general." On the shelves lining two of the walls are about twelve hundred volumes, and before the arrival of the iron safe and the "adjutant-general" the room was known as "the dock" for books waiting for binding. Touching Mr. Sala's library,

I have never been able to obtain from him any definite information as to the number of books which he possesses, but from a rough calculation I should say that, in addition to the twelve hundred in the office, there are about two thousand in the dining-room, about as many or more in the drawing-room—where not only the book-cases are full to repletion, but there are books on every table and almost on every chair—and three thousand in the top study, which on three sides is completely



A GROUP OF STATUETTES.

walled in with books. The culinary library of some three hundred volumes—cookery-books in all languages, and many of them hundreds of years old—are in Mr. Sala's bedroom; and there are more book-cases in the bath and drawing rooms and in the attics. I am absolutely bankrupt as to space, and cannot give even the faintest outline of the contents of a library which is uncatalogued, and touching which its owner is singularly reticent. But I may just hurriedly say that the most sumptuously-bound books are in the drawing-room, that the dining-room contains what is known as an ordinary gentleman's library, and that the shelves in the top study are crammed with books of reference, large and small: polyglot dictionaries; grammars, Murray's handbooks, gazetteers, racing calendars, the Newgate calendar, bound volumes of the *Examiner* and the *Spectator* from the first, editions of Shakespeare by the dozen, French plays; the English, French, Italian, and German poets; Blackstone's "Commentaries," the "State Trials," Montfaucon's "Antiquities," voyages and travels, the great French "Encyclopédie," picture-gallery books and catalogues; books about farming, forestry, horticulture, hunting, shooting, fishing, bicycling, gymnastics, and other subjects too numerous to mention; and the "Post Office London Directory," a work which my principal declares to be indispensable to a daily journalist. Of books of Mr. Sala's own writing there is not one to be found in his house.

BESSIE CARALAMPI.

The Chronicle of Art.

ART IN OCTOBER.

THE controversy as to whether the annual exhibition at the Royal Academy adequately represents the art of the nation is not yet at an end, but has lately worn the aspect of a duel between Mr. Holman Hunt and "R.A.," which does not promise to lead to any profitable result. The proposition of Messrs. Holman Hunt, Walter Crane, and George Clausen, to establish a rival exhibition, was of a sufficiently startling nature to attract attention even in these radical times, and as we feel that in the pages of this magazine our readers will naturally expect to find some record of an agitation which so seriously concerns the future of English art, we have availed ourselves of the assistance of Mr. H. H. La Thangue, with whom the seheme originated, to place his views before them in the article entitled "A National Art Exhibition." The seheme he advocates has much to recommend it to "outsiders;" but such an exhibition, if ever formed, would start at a great disadvantage to compete with the Academy. Assuming for the nonce that there is as much artistic talent outside the ranks of the Academy, as there is within them, the R.A.'s would have on their side all the advantages which prestige, fashion, and a very convenient gallery can bestow. However, the supporters of the new movement are not daunted at the prospect, and have appointed a committee to collect funds, &c., who request all willing to lend assistance, either by guaranteeing a certain sum of money, or in any other way, to send in their names to T. H. Thomas, Esq., Hon. Sec., 1, Wentworth Studios, Manresa Road, Chelsea.

THE scheme for the establishment of a rival exhibition is not likely to secure much sympathy from the public, which has already plenty of galleries to visit, and it is probable that eventually the extreme party will join their forces with those who demand only a reform of the Royal Academy. The principal demands of this section are that the number of pictures which Academicians have the right to exhibit at Burlington House should be considerably reduced, and that "outsiders" should be represented on the committee of selection. But it is one thing to demand a reform and another to get it carried out. A great deal of attention has been given to the question whether the Royal Academy is a private club subject to no jurisdiction but its own, or a national institution amenable to the will of the public; the truth being, as has so often been pointed out in these pages, that it occupies an anomalous position, which enables it to assume at will either the one character or the other. But a more important aspect of the question for the would-be reformers is whether they can arouse sufficient interest in the matter to secure the appointment of a Royal Commission which will not allow its recommendations to be set aside. Whether these recommendations would satisfy the discontented outsiders is another matter altogether.

THE suggestion is raised once again by a correspondent to the *Times* as to the desirability of affixing brief descriptive labels at the foot of each picture in the National Gallery. No more sensible proposition was ever made, and it is astonishing that the utility of the idea has never commended itself with sufficient force to the powers that be.

AT the art galleries of Messrs. Winch and Co., of 24, Old Bond Street, there is now to be seen a picture for which it is claimed that it is "a replica or old copy" of the world-famed "Madonna di San Sisto." But little apparently is known of the history or pedigree of the exhibited work, save that, according to report, it has lain upwards of 150 years in the cellars of an Italian palazzo, and that, having been originally painted on a kind of silk, it has subsequently been laid down on canvas. Upon this last fact is founded the hypothesis that the picture may have been intended to serve as a processional banner, which some connoisseurs have, on very insufficient grounds, held to have been the original destination of Raphael's masterpiece itself. The picture now in London is of dimensions less by a third or more than the original, the personages being correspondingly reduced, with the exception of the *putti* at the foot of the picture, which seem to be nearer the dimensions of those in the Dresden work. The only other peculiarity worthy of notice is that the strange defect of vision noticeable in the original, in the otherwise sublime figure of the infant Christ, and due no doubt to injudicious cleaning, is in the copy less prominent. The picture is exhibited in the orthodox Bond Street fashion—that is to say, in an artificially darkened chamber under a gas-light—a mode of arrangement sufficiently objectionable in dealing with modern works, but which renders it impossible to form any definite opinion as to a production, the colouring and technique of which call for critical examination. However, it is sufficiently evident, even under existing conditions, that the work shown is not only not a replica of the San Sisto picture—to have put forth such a suggestion shows even more than the daring usually displayed in dealing with the great works of the Urbinate—but that it is not even an old copy, if by that expression we are to understand a copy executed anywhere near Raphael's own time, or by any painter of his school. The picture may have been executed somewhere about the beginning of the last century, though it would be rash to express a decided opinion on the point until an opportunity should be offered of seeing it in the light of day. It must be frankly stated that it gives but a poor idea of the divine original, for which its most enthusiastic admirers have with some show of justice claimed the title of the picture of the world—a claim it might be hard to gainsay, were the sublime inspirations of the central group sustained throughout the work. As it is, those who would not proclaim themselves unquestioning worshippers can only point to a

certain want of unity in the general conception, to a certain failure to combine into a distinct whole all the component parts, as drawbacks not found in the same degree in some of the great painter's altar-pieces, such as the "Madonna del Foligno" and the "Madonna del Pesce," which have not quite attained, though they have perhaps deserved, the same universal celebrity.

Want of space, and not want of interest, has prevented any earlier notice of the exhibition of the original sketches by Melton Prior illustrating the Soudan War and Nile Expedition. The greater part of these drawings—we prefer this term as being more characteristic of the care bestow .d upon their composition and linear expression—are familiar, having been reproduced in the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Prior, though a young man, may be regarded as a veteran, having pictorially recorded the principal episodes of thirteen campaigns in as many years. His artistic career has grown contemporaneously with the rapid rise of General Lord Wolseley to the proud position he now occupies in the military profession. The drawings, 144 in number, not filling a vast amount of wall-space, are arranged in chronological sequence, illustrating the first and second campaigns from the departure of Baker Pasha and staff from Suez in the *Mansourah* for Suakim to the return of the Nile Boat Column to Korti. The interest naturally centres in the latter part of the campaign, recording the dauntless pluck and fighting capacities of our soldiers and sailors in the ever-memorable Nile Expedition, undertaken at the eleventh hour, to succour and relieve brave Gordon at Khartoum. Of great historic value are these vigorous and animated studies, bringing home to us forcibly the soul-stirring incidents and salient episodes of one of the most remarkable achievements in the annals of war. Unquestionably faithful, they are endowed with the pathetic interest that will ever be attached to this expedition, so gallantly waged by officers and men, so fiercely contested by a dauntless and intrepid enemy. Graphically described are the incidents connected with the passage of the Whalers up the Nile; every boat is a marvel of accurate draughtsmanship, though it must have been difficult to depict hurriedly the sweeping curves of these long open yawls. Away past Assiout, Korosko, through the tumbling waters of the cataracts and their attending difficulties—such are some of the scenes grasped by the keen perception and rapidly interpreted by the facile pencil of Melton Prior. How wonderfully he expresses movement, and not a line without a meaning! Here are the Camel Corps at Dongola starting for the front to join the column on that perilous desert-march from Korti to Metemmah. The battles of Abou Klea and Abou Krou, and the heroic march in square to the banks of the Nile, whence Sir Charles Wilson made his valorous *reconnaissance* of Khartoum, are also faithfully represented. The inspection of these vivid impressions of actual scenes evokes our admiration for the high courage, presence of mind, and skill necessary to depict such accurately—awakening also sad remembrances of the sorrow and shame of this fruitless enterprise.

Sketches and studies by the students of the School of Art attached to the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution were lately on view in the class-rooms of the Institute for the inspection of friends. In the productions of the life class we noticed some very promising and earnest work by Daniel Porter, and a head by Miss Steggall is vigorous and well drawn. The show of the Sketching Club is rather mixed, and landscape does not play the part it should. There are still rural nooks and corners within half an hour or so of Charing Cross, notably round Ealing and Old Acton, through the fields to Twyford Abbey and Perivale, suggestive of many a pretty sketch. The whole of the works of the students are forwarded once a year to South Kensington for competition and the general inspection by examiners.

The exhibition which the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists makes this autumn is exceptionally good. Many of the works which have previously been exhibited show to much greater advantage on the walls of the Society's handsome and well-lighted galleries than they did in town. Perhaps it is for this reason that we admire Mr. Burne Jones's "The Depths of the Sea" even more than we did when it hung in the Academy. Next to this picture—a contrast which would be almost comical were it not so sad—hangs Mr. Marcus Stone's "Gambler's Wife." The shallow sentiment, feebleness, and inanity of the one is in very strange antithesis to the passion, intensity, and thoughtfulness of the other. The P.R.A. sends "Gulnihal," which is one of the elegant and accomplished, if somewhat meaningless, pictures of pretty girls which he affects. Mr. Leader exhibits a large "Stormy Weather, Capel Curig," which is marred by mannerisms and shows no special insight into nature, and Mr. John Collier sends his powerful portrait of Mr. Alma Tadema. In the same room hangs Mr. Orchardson's magnificent "Master Baby," which is alone sufficient to give interest to an exhibition. Almost opposite to this example of masterly colour and draughtsmanship hangs the huge canvas, "Too Late," of Mr. Herbert Schmalz. Except for some few bits of pleasant colour, this most pretentious picture has nothing to redeem it. The sentiment is mere mawkishness, and there is an entire disregard for the truth in it which, even in Mr. Schmalz's work, is surprising. The "Poultry Farm" of Mr. Alfred East is one of the most satisfactory works in the present exhibition; there is such beauty of assertive colour in it, and such a just appreciation of tone and true value, that it is an entirely delightful and restful experience to turn to this picture after looking at much of the work of many men who are far better known. W. Holman Hunt's portrait of "Sir Richard Owen" is hung close to Mr. Orchardson's "Master Baby," as though for purposes of comparison. The absolute fidelity to truth, the careful finish, and the resulting hard effect of the one picture, are the exact opposite to the breadth and style of the R.A.'s masterly work. One feels that Mr. Hunt's portrait is an admirable likeness, and one full of psychologic insight; but it lacks the charm of Mr. Orchardson's work. Mr. John Brett's "An Argyll Eden" is too hard, hot, and mustardy to suggest a garden of Paradise. Mr. Frank Holl and Professor Richmond both exhibit; the former sends his powerful "One of the Six Hundred," and the latter his charming and eminently satisfactory portrait of Miss Burne Jones, and his neither satisfactory nor charming "Hermes."

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon lends his fine "Cassandra;" and in the same room is hung Herr W. Geets' huge, repulsive, and hideous picture, "The Vengeance of Jeanne la Folle," which shows, with every horror morbidly and disgustingly accentuated, the jealous queen of Philippe le Bel about to mutilate, with a great pair of scissors, the entirely nude figure of the Court lady of whom she is suspicious. The

picture is one that should never have been painted, for it is a disgusting subject which conveys no lesson, and is one that assuredly should never have been accepted for exhibition, for it is bad art. Birmingham has the misfortune to already possess one work by this painter in her Permanent Free Collection; perhaps Herr Geets thinks she would like to possess another. We trust that that may never happen; the first picture has done quite sufficient damage to the struggling but progressive taste of the town. The interesting "St. Paul's and Ludgate Hill" of Mr. Logsdail, which is a real bit of history for the future, almost photographic in its truth, attracts a great deal of attention. The local men make a good display this year, as, too, do those who have left the town. Mr. Henshaw, the Birmingham veteran, who has recently recovered from a serious illness, sends "A Summer Evening;" Mr. E. R. Taylor, the master of the School of Arts, exhibits three thoughtful canvases; Mr. Pratt and Mr. Baker send characteristic work; and Mr. Munn's portraits this year are striking. Mr. Moffat Lindner sends two imaginative landscapes, which are full of charm. Mr. Breakspeare is not up to his usual level, and Mr. Walter Langley, who is wisely keeping clear of oils, is quite up to his very high pitch of excellence in feeling and technique. Mr. W. S. Boyd's "Going to Mass" is a striking picture, which is full of power and promise.

At Manchester this autumn there are nearly eleven hundred numbers, and at Nottingham nearly a thousand. The Manchester gallery is thickly leavened, to its considerable advantage, by foreign works, almost exclusively French and Dutch. Most of the French canvases have been seen at the Salon; several of the Dutch ones have, we fancy, not before left the Netherlands. There is more variety than was observable in any of the three previous exhibitions at Manchester. Among the pictures that have been most talked about are Mr. Holman Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents;" Sir John Millais' portrait of Mr. Barlow; Mr. Gow's "Cromwell at Dunbar," which has been purchased from the Chantrey Fund; Mr. Val Prinsep's portrait of Mr. F. R. Leyland; Mr. Burne Jones's "Sybilla Delphica;" and Mr. Phil Morris's "Love the Conqueror." Almost the only piece of sculpture is the President's "Sluggard." There are several examples of Josef Israels, notably the "Nothing Left" (which has been engraved in The Magazine of Art under the title of "Alone"), "Return by the Dunes," and "A Mother." Israels has here also two water-colours, "The Anxious Wife" and "Resting." One of the best bits of flesh-painting among the foreign works is a Belgian "Type of Beauty" by M. Louis Maeterlinck. The portrait is of the fleshly Flemish type, and is hardly spiritualised enough; but the carnations are fresh and luminous, and the accessories are thoroughly well painted. The "Sunny Hours" of Mr. E. A. Waterlow deserves the careful hanging it has received. The colours blaze too much, and even in the background of sea there is no relief; but the picture is full of charm, and the figures are well conceived and well expressed. Up to the present time the sales have realised about £4,000. Amongst the most important works disposed of are—Henry Moore, A.R.A., "Mount's Bay," £630, purchased for the Corporation; E. Burne Jones, A.R.A., "Sybilla Delphica," £800; H. C. Whaite, "The Heart of Cambria," £840; D. Langee, "Washing Day," £350; Dendy Sadler, "A Game of Chess," £125; and Eyre Walker, "The Edge of the Combe," £105.

At the Nottingham Exhibition there is little that is distinguished, and most of that little is not new. Mr. Orchardson's "On Board the *Bellerophon*" has been lent by the Royal Academy; Mr. John Faed sends his "Gentle Critic;" Mrs. Jopling the large portrait of "A Fair Venetian;" Mr. Horsley, R.A., his "Young Life on Old Ground;" Mr. Andrew MacCallum the "study in impasto" which he names "Golden October;" and Mr. Faed, R.A., his "Seeing them Off." The foreign pictures are few; and perhaps the best of them is Herr W. Geets' "Jeanne Van de Gheinste." Jeanne was Charles V.'s first mistress, and the mother of Margaret of Parma, and in the picture she nurses the infant princess. For so elaborate a piece of work the *motif* is inadequate, nor is there anything in the figure-painting to redeem the picture from being a mere triumph of technique. Herr Geets has filled his picture with properties—hangings, furniture, carpets—pictorial enough in themselves, and cleverly painted, but the whole is no more than a technical exercise. In Mr. Hamilton Jackson's "Farewell" there is a good deal that is pleasing, alike in sentiment and in execution. In "Her Town Garden" and "Look at Pussie" Miss A. S. M. Fenn gives indication that, with a little less of stiffness, she could paint well in domestic *genre*. A good number of the landscapes concern themselves with the lovely West Midland scenery, which has hitherto been so unaccountably neglected. One of the most notable of these is Mr. J. H. Mole's "In the Birklands, Sherwood Forest:" an admirable example of tree-painting.

The Derby Exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers consists of 205 numbers, more than one-third of them the work of Mr. Seymour Haden. With three or four exceptions, all these etchings date from some years ago. Among those done since 1880 are the "Cowdray," the "Rustic Bridge," and the "Cows in a Landscape." Mr. Seymour Haden's etched plates are so familiar that there is nothing fresh to be said of them. Certainly the most remarkable etching in the exhibition is M. Rodin's modestly named "Sketch," wherein that incomparable artist (the rejected of the Academy) has put some of his most original work. The lack of force and originality that are so striking in the work of the rank and file of contemporary etchers is noticeable enough in this as in previous exhibitions of the Society of Painter-Etchers; but, this exception made, there is much that it is not difficult to praise. Among the more important impressions are Mr. Haig's "St. Edmund's Chapel," Mr. Slocombe's mezzotint "The Judgment of Paris," Mr. Hole's "If thou hadst known," and Mr. W. W. Burgess's "Cities of England"—to wit, London, Westminster, Rochester, Salisbury, Lincoln, and Ely. Mr. Macbeth exhibits nothing, nor does Mr. Law.

The National Art Treasures Exhibition at Folkestone is very large and very heterogeneous, and many of the objects accepted by a too-complaisant Committee would not generally be included in the category of art treasures. The Corporation of Rye is under the impression that a set of gibbet-chains, containing a skull, is a treasure of art; and possibly they may be right. But it is cynically unfeeling of them to put it that way. There is a very large series of pictures—nearly two thousand numbers, in fact—very unequally divided between old and new. Of the modern pictures the few that are really remarkable have, of course, been seen before. Of such are Israels' "Silent Conversation" and "The Day Before the

Departure," and Mr. Alma Tadema's "Death of the First-born." There is an abundance of clever pictures, chiefly landscapes and domestic *genre;* but, in the main, theirs is the level prettiness of mediocrity, the unillumined excellence of technical accomplishment. There are many Old Masters, although unhappily their pictures form a collection and not a selection. A large proportion, too, are of doubtful parentage. Still there is much that is of high achievement among these gems of the little masters, and these second-rate efforts of the supremely great. There are a few Turners and Sir Joshuas — among the former the "Walhalla" and "A Summer Storm," and among the latter a portrait of Dean Rayner. But what shall be said of the hanging of these pictures? The first President and "Puggy Booth" are bracketed with Gainsborough and George Morland as "Old Masters;" as, too, is the Chevalier Desanges! Mr. Gathorne Hardy lends an important selection of Dutch, Italian, and French works, which seem, on the whole, to be more carefully ascribed than is the case with a very large number of the pictures at Folkestone.

There are a few examples of the work of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. Tinworth, and certain others; but the revival of English sculpture is not well represented; is, indeed, hardly represented at all. The collection of sculpture, like so much else in this exhibition, is chaotic and haphazard. That which came was accepted; but no effort seems to have been made to procure a series of works competent to tell a coherent story of development. In other departments the exhibition is more satisfactory. There are a few interesting pieces of church-plate, of which the most remarkable is a silver-gilt chalice of foreign make, with enamelled *plaques* and chased ornamentation. The date of 1415 is given to this chalice; but we should prefer to post-date it somewhat. The corporations of several towns in the Southern Counties have lent their gold and silver plate. Much of it is modern; but some of the older pieces are of considerable excellence and chastity of workmanship, as witness a silver-gilt basin and ewer given by Bishop Parkhurst in 1574 to the Corporation of Guildford. Of silver plate of more miscellaneous character there is a large and, on the whole, a good collection. The enamels and miniatures are often of real excellence; while there is much that is interesting in the examples of arms and armour (wherein are included some fragments of the Meyrick collection) and antique furniture. Among the Meyrick armour are a complete suit of mail of the time of Henry VIII. and a demi-suit of the Sixteenth Century, well and delicately engraved. A series of swords and rapiers, chiefly of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, would, had they been well arranged, have given some idea of the development of a weapon to which the arts of the chaser and engraver have been lavishly applied. A Louis Quatorze rapier, with a chased steel hilt inlaid with gold, is an admirable example. Less handsome, but curious by reason of the incongruity, is a Colichemarde blade, mounted in silver with a Dresden-china hilt.

Lady Dorothy Nevill lends a number of examples of the work of Sussex artificers in iron. Some of them, as for instance three fire-backs, are capitally done. The handwork is everywhere good; but the quality which it most conspicuously lacks is lightness and grace. A good collection of Japanese art-work is lent by the Japanese Fine Art Association. The lacquer-work, carving in ivory, and chasing in silver, are full of delicacy and fineness of touch. The British Museum has lent a large number of duplicate prints to illustrate the arts of engraving and etching on metal, and South Kensington has sent a small series of reproductions of objects of art in the great European museums. These two exhibits are very nearly the most instructive in the building; and the value of that from the British Museum is much increased by its admirable arrangement, and the chronological and biographical information with which it is illustrated. Great Russell Street also sends a selection of early printed books, in which many treasures have been vouchsafed to Folkestone. The Folkestone Exhibition is not without its value; but it contains much that has nothing to do with art, how curious soever in itself; and the lessons to be learned are too often obscured by the lack of perspicuous arrangement.

The death is announced of Mr. Charles Callahan Perkins, author of "Tuscan Sculptors," "Italian Sculptors," "A Handbook of Italian Sculpture," and "Ghiberti et son École." Also of Mr. T. Webster, R.A., the oldest member of the painters in the Academy, who was born on the 20th of March, 1800; elected an A.R.A. in 1841, after the success of "Punch" exhibited at Trafalgar Square in 1840, and an R.A. in 1846; and was placed on the list of Honorary Retired Academicians in 1877. His "Going into School" and "Dame's School" are at the National Gallery, and "Good Night," "The Village Choir," "Grace," "Going to the Fair," and "Returning from the Fair," at South Kensington.

We have received from the Art for Schools Association a series of ten autotype reproductions of Seventeenth Century portraits, the subjects chosen being Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, the Children of Charles I., Archbishop Laud and Lord Strafford, from engravings after Van Dyck; James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, John Hampden, and John Pym, from engravings by Houbraken, and Lord Fairfax, from an engraving by Houbraken after Cooper; Oliver Cromwell, from an engraving by Faber after Sir Peter Lely; and John Milton, from an engraving by Virtue after Faithorne. The object of this Association, which is to bring art within the reach of elementary schools, is worthy of all praise, but for the purpose for which the prints are intended, which is to hang on the schoolroom walls, the present size ($7\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.) is rather small, and reproductions on a larger scale would have been more effective.

Miscellanea.—In the two volumes of "The Iconography of Christian Art" (London: George Bell) we have the famous fragment of Didron completed, at a vast expense of time, research, and labour, by Miss Margaret Stokes; as it stands, it is one of the most serviceable of books, and should pass at once into every art-library, public or private, in the country. In the fifth series of "The Cabinet-Maker's Pattern Book" (London: Wyman) there are some good models and a number of very ugly ones. Mr. J. S. Gibson's "The Wood Carver" (Edinburgh: Scott and Ferguson) is worth having; the text is clear and workmanlike, and the designs for copying are, on the whole, well chosen and well produced. In "Songs from Shakespeare" (London: Cassell and Co.) we have a dainty little volume containing all the best-known songs, prettily illustrated, and in some cases accompanied by the musical settings. Among the books lately issued in the "National Library" (London: Cassell and Co.) are Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," "Pepys's Diary" (1662-63), and Pope's Poems.

ART IN NOVEMBER.

The Hanover Gallery makes this autumn a very agreeable if not a very striking show, and the collection which it contains is remarkable for an absence of the vulgarly sensational works which so often disfigure the neighbouring galleries. The cynosure of all eyes is Bastien-Lepage's already famous portrait of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, which was last seen at the exhibition of the deceased artist's works held at the École des Beaux-Arts. It is a most exquisite study of whites of every hue, from the warm glowing tone of the ivory statuette which the great *tragédienne* holds, to the cold absolute white of the filmy wrap which envelops her neck; and though warm yellowish gradations have the upper hand in the picture, it is an honest solution of the difficult problem proposed, not a dexterous shirking of its difficulties. The portrait, however, is much more than this; it is an unexaggerated yet an astonishingly vivid presentation of the strange personality of the actress, viewed from its most attractive side. The painter has, with the rarest intuition, divined and successfully brought to view those finer and subtler characteristics of the hyper-sensitive, artistic nature portrayed, which in a delineation of the kind it is so easy to miss. It is interesting to meet here with a small painting by the famous Louis Gallait, an artist whose works belong entirely to a former generation, though he still lives, and has not altogether abandoned the practice of his art. The painting in question is a small water-colour, showing, in a framing of desolate coast, murky sea, and dark sky, a despairing woman watching while she supports her child; a dog gazing upwards at his mistress with sympathetic disquiet completes the group. Though entirely artificial, and even in some measure theatrical, the little picture is impressive, and, above all, remarkable for the skilful manner in which it is composed; the theatrical element, too, is of the higher order, not melodramatic, but purely tragic. Of three landscapes by Corot, two are much below the usual high standard of that great stylist; the largest composition being even open to the charge of clumsiness and want of feeling, faults which can very rarely be brought against the master. A small river-side subject of the usual type is distinguished in a high degree by his wonted silvery exquisiteness of general tone, but even this is hardly as vividly impressed with the painter's real idiosyncrasy and poetic powers of interpretation as we may expect Corots of quite the first class to be. Of two good specimens of the art of Jacque, one, a little interior of an outhouse, with a group of sheep upon which falls a pale ray of sunlight, has more warmth than is usual with the artist, and is nobly composed. Several specimens of Diaz are perfunctory in style and of no particular interest; and a pastel, showing a coast scene with undulating green downs, is not a good example of the great Jean-François Millet. A tiny interior in which the cold grey of stone arches is cleverly contrasted with the dusky glow of a richly decorated altar, serves to recall the skill of Bonnington as a colourist. Two oil sketches by Munkacsy, landscapes the tonality of which has for its basis a silvery brown, are of undoubted charm, though they savour somewhat of *chic* and of a superficial observation of natural phenomena. By James Maris is a small Dutch coast-scene, a river-side harbour with shipping, seen under a grey shifting sky. The effect and emotional impression aimed at are very happily realised, but they are those with which the painter has already made us somewhat too familiar. Not without technical merits is a large piece by Paul Lazerges, an Oriental landscape with the figures of two Arabs, somewhat under life-size; rather a studio piece, however, than a work revealing serious intention or real sympathy for the subject in hand.

It would be hard indeed to find encouraging words to speak of the present exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society. Almost the only work of real merit and distinctive style is Mr. William Padgett's "Betwixt Marsh and Sea," a study displaying much warmth of colouring in low tones, among which the warm grey hues of shifting clouds and the buff tints of sand predominate. There is, however, in the handling too even a monotony of impasto, and too great an appreciation of the manner of James Maris, an original and genuine painter, but not a very safe model. Two little water-colours by Mr. H. J. Jephson, "After Sunset: Piazza Michelangelo, Florence," and "Sunset: on the Arno, Florence," show some appreciation of the peculiar aspect of earth and sky immediately on the going down of the sun in the south; the monument to Michelangelo on the plateau near San Miniato is, in the former, boldly and successfully profiled against the evening sky, but in both drawings the workmanship is over-slight, and real aërial gradation is wanting. "Venetian Bead-Stringers: the Gossip," by Sigr. A. Posdocimi, and its companion picture, have some brilliancy and purity of tint, though, for the infinitesimal space which the little water-colour drawings cover, the bright hues are too daringly and uncompromisingly juxtaposed. Mr. A. Miller's "Reine Chrétienne" is a strangely close *pastiche* of Henner's "Orpheline," one of the ornaments of the last Salon.

The Salon Parisien, as M. J. van Beers continues to call his Bond Street peep-show, has for a third time opened its doors, to regale the public with an exhibition which appeals to a class of sensations which have but little to do with those which art, whatever be its quality, should aim at evoking. As a purveyor of horrors, too, M. van Beers, though lavish and unburdened with scruples, is not really successful; he is too entirely self-possessed, too unconvinced, too prosaically vulgar, to be a real *évocateur* even of those of a purely physical order. He entirely lacks the vastness of conception, the measure of sincerity which gave to the art—if we must so designate it—of a Wiertz, resulting, as it did, from the real hallucinations of a diseased brain, a certain interest and a

raison d'être. These would-be fantastic conceptions are evidently concocted, like "Shilling Shockers," with absolute *sang froid* and deliberation, to meet a supposed popular taste. It would be idle to deny M. van Beers' great though unequal technical acquirements, his skill as a draughtsman, his occasional brush-power, his versatility, and a certain *verve* and energy with which he stamps most of his productions. But these qualities, besides being often wasted on totally unworthy subjects, are not always well or evenly applied so as to make up a whole which, from a purely technical point of view, can be styled complete or homogeneous. A curious triptych, "The Death of Jacob van Maerlandt," apparently painted under the influence of Leys, shows, underlying its intentional hardness and dryness, draughtsmanship of considerable skill, but the effect of archaic simplicity aimed at is lost through the palpable insincerity and lack of sympathy betrayed by the painter. The principal figure in "The Death of Jacques van Artevelde," the prostrate form of the dead patriot, bearing all the marks of a violent and ignominious death, is drawn and composed with great skill and success; yet the picture, though in its peculiar way forcible and horrible enough, cannot fairly be termed dramatic; it excites merely unmitigated horror, scarcely tempered by pity, for the catastrophe exhibited is one which does not in any way explain itself. The painting entitled "Vivent les Gueux" is simply preposterous, whether we regard it as a picture or as a show. We miss the series of delicate landscape-sketches—real *impressions*—which on a former occasion were an oasis in the desert of prosaic horror and vulgarity.

The Photographic Society's Exhibition in Pall Mall was large in quantity—there were nearly eight hundred numbers—and distinctly satisfactory in quality. The extraordinary progress of photography as an art during the last few years was well attested by the presence of so much work that was excellent, and so little that was mediocre. It is precisely in its most difficult developments that photography has so astonishingly advanced—that is to say, in instantaneous work, and in the "taking" of animals and children. All the recognised processes were extensively illustrated, and in one case at least—that of Messrs. Dixon and Gray—a medal was awarded for the process, in this instance the "Orthochromatic." It was not unnatural that the most successful of the photographs exhibited should often have been landscapes. Messrs. G. West and Son's yacht studies, taken from a small sailing-boat, fully merited the medal they obtained. They have all the technical excellence of good instantaneous work combined with skilful management. Admirable, too, were Mr. Cartland's pictures of dogs, which are as difficult to photograph as babies, but, unlike them, repay the operator for his pains. Mr. F. W. Edwards's copies of four of Mr. Tinworth's panels show what the camera in skilful hands can do in the reproduction of relief-work. Not a touch has been blurred or slurred. Mr. Leonard Blake's portraits of children (which obtained a medal) are among the most successful things of the kind which have yet been done. In landscape there was nothing better in the exhibition than Mr. Holcombe's "Idylls of Capri" in platinotype. Each picture of the series is charmingly soft and clear. At its present rate of progression this admirable exhibition will speedily outrun the space allotted to it.

The sales at the recent exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours realised £11,217 2s., the prices ranging from five to five hundred guineas.

The Society of Lady Artists will hold their exhibition of pictures for 1887 in the Drawing-Room Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The days for sending in pictures are the first Friday and Saturday in March. The Burlington Fine Arts Club will hold shortly what should prove to be an interesting exhibition of the works of McArdell, the great mezzotint engraver, certainly one of the masters of the Eighteenth Century.

In the exhibition of the Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters which is now open in Glasgow the works of local artists are supplemented by a considerable number of drawings that come from London. Sir J. D. Linton shows two small but carefully finished figure-pieces—"The Flag of Truce" and "Taken by Surprise." "The Gipsy Encampment," a large landscape with numerous figures, is an important example of Sir John Gilbert's well-known style; and from Mr. H. Moore come two admirable sea-pieces, of which the finer is a Dutch view, "Scheveningen—Waiting for the Boats." Mr. H. S. Marks exhibits a pair of figure-pieces; Miss Clara Montalba shows two richly tinted Venetian scenes, and a view on a quiet Swedish stream; and Miss A. Alma Tadema is represented by a small interior, "My Sister's Room," remarkable for the very careful and intelligent precision of its treatment of detail. Messrs. Smart, Waller-Paton, Beattie-Brown, David Murray, J. C. Noble, Denovan Adam, and other leading Scottish Academicians and Associates contribute, Mr. R. Herdman, in particular, showing some admirable studies of roses; and Sir W. Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A., sends a frame of small landscapes, excellent in their truth and quietude, and in the harmony of their subdued and restricted schemes of colour. The two large drawings contributed by Mr. Arthur Melville are favourable examples of the breadth of handling and truth of tone which characterise the works of this artist, who has learnt much from contemporary French methods. His "View in Old Edinburgh," a scene under artificial lighting, is bold and effective; and in "Winter" he has, by skilful treatment, evolved an admirable subject from the simplest material—a frozen lake, with its embrowned reeds, beneath a grey, snow-charged sky, with just a touch of fresh green introducing variety in the distance. In "A Bit of Battersea-on-the-Thames," Miss K. Macaulay's spirited touch has turned to good account the rigging and other details of shipping; and Mr. J. Paterson's "Via dei Bianchi, Florence," is original in its colouring, which deals mainly with various combinations of browns and blues. The three landscapes of Mr. R. B. Nisbet, though small, are thoroughly representative of the works of this painter, who joins to a close observation of nature an equally close study of the best water-colour art of the past. Mr. E. A. Walton's "Phyllis," a fancy portrait-subject, is especially successful in its tones of grey. One of the most striking works in the exhibition is Mr. Tom Scott's "Border Moss-Troopers Returning from a Raid," a work previously shown in Edinburgh; and the same artist sends several smaller subjects, views in Selkirkshire, admirably fresh and spirited in treatment.

The Loan Exhibition of Ecclesiastical Art held in connection with the Church Congress at Wakefield was of unusual interest. Wakefield is famous for its fine collection of church-plate—the whole of which was exhibited. Much of it is comparatively modern, but nearly all is good. A ninety-eight-ounce flagon is a fair example of silversmith's work in 1723; and a handsome silver dish dated 1692 is very characteristic of the immediately pre-Annian manner of the

English workers in silver. Exception made of Wakefield, the diocese of Ripon is not rich in church-plate ; but the exhibition contained an excellent, if small, collection from many sources. Of really ancient plate there was a little—by far the oldest piece being a silver chalice, undated and difficult to date, lent by Archdeacon Boyd. The design of this vessel is severely simple, the chastity of its fashioning being in very remarkable contrast to the florid lines of so much of the later work. Mr. Fallow's series of drawings and photographs of pre- and post-Reformation chalices and patens were the efficient carrying out of a happy idea. The show of ecclesiastical embroidery was fairly good—most of the examples coming from East Grinstead and Wimbledon. There were a few missals and books of hours—about which there was nothing remarkable.

It is evident that the Birmingham Corporation Art Gallery is properly appreciated. In the first ten months since its opening it has been visited by 1,002,307 people, a number equal to two-and-a-half times the whole population of the borough. By way of comparison, we may mention that the largest number of visitors to the South Kensington Museum in a complete year is 1,030,000. It is thought that the large attendance at the gallery has been due in no small measure to the fine collection of the works of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., which that eminent painter kindly exhibited on loan.

Mr. E. Burne Jones's "Sibylla Delphica," Mr. H. Clarence Whaite's "Heart of Cambria," and a portrait of the late Mr. W. A. Turner, Chairman of the Exhibition Sub-Committee of the Corporation, have been bought for the Permanent Fine Art Gallery of the city by the Corporation of Manchester.

The so-called Lausanne Raphael has been sold by public auction in that town, and realised 200,000 francs.

The Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin celebrates this year its centenary, not of its existence, for that dates from 1699, but of its exhibitions, of which the present one is the fifty-eighth. Its first exhibition, in May, a hundred years ago, was due to a reorganisation of the Academy and its associated institutions by command of Frederick the Great, who died in the August of that year. The 3,468 works here exhibited are grouped in seven different sections—(1) oil pictures ; (2) water-colours and drawings ; (3) engraving, etching, and wood-cutting, and drawings for these ; (4) sculpture ; (5) architecture ; (6) an historical section, or deceased masters under the above heads ; (7) decorative art. These, distributed in sixty-one rooms, neat and small, with a catalogue of 385 pages to serve as guide, provide a formidable task for the art-connoisseur. The exhibition is international, and though French artists do not contribute any pictures, nor the Flemish many, it is in the highest degree interesting as illustrative of the work of Düsseldorf, Munich, Vienna, Weimar, and other less known art-centres. The English school is well represented by some of our best men, though it is clear that difficulties, no doubt in many cases insuperable, prevented the collection of the best works of those artists who do contribute. But though this school is represented by not quite its best work, it has made a most lively impression on the German writers on art, on artists themselves, and especially on the art-loving public of Germany: on all hands is heard praise of our technique, our frank portraiture, and our choice of subject. The German contingent is naturally strong, and no doubt better selected than any foreign one could be ; and from it it is easy to select scores of pictures that defy criticism, so far as power of painting, skill in drawing, composition, colour, and all other technical points are concerned. They show not only an excellent result for close study, but also a thorough system of teaching. But, as usual, it is difficult to find a picture that appeals to the higher feeling for sentiment, or any attempt to express an ideal. The perfectly symmetrical bodies are not animated by the soul that in painting and sculpture, as in poetry, must be there to truly vivify the work. As to the presence of an over-balance of feeling that makes the painter's hand tremble, and causes the mechanical perfection of his work to seem a kind of impertinence, there is but little. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to omit such a work as that of Fritz von Uhde, "Komm Herr Jesu sei unser Gast," where we see a cottage, with its dinner-table set out, a humble board indeed just supplied by the mother of the house with its brown bowl of soup, the children surrounding it in reverent attitudes. This is made the scene of a touching ideal. The peasant-labourer, father of the house, has just said the grace that gives the title to the picture, when he is arrested by the actual presence of his Lord, whom he has asked to be his spiritual guest. The charming treatment on the natural plane of broad but true imitation suits the exalted idea and makes a picture rich in spirit, and carried just far enough, for here an over-elaboration of details would be intrusive and damaging. A picture in which excess of spirit somewhat impairs the physical expression is "Auferweckung," by Albert Keller, also of Munich, where the raising of the daughter of Jairus is put in the most simple way ; the craning forward of the friends and mourners is precisely what the imagination of the artist who has observed nature would and must conceive, absolutely free from conventional and theatrical forms of sham emotion. Another picture in the true vein of feeling is by C. Frithjof Smith, also of Munich, "In der Kirche," a work full of art-power in all senses, not unrelieved by sentiment of a high order, as seen in the expressions of the men, women, girls, nuns, forming the congregation in a village church at vespers. These pictures cannot be described, except at great cost of words, as they are precisely expressive of an artistic feeling that cannot be translated into written language.

Of the historical paintings, one remarkable in its motive and power is by Hermann Kaulbach, a son of the great Wilhelm Kaulbach, whose wall decorations in the new Museum of Berlin are so well known. It represents the crowning of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, as she lies dead in the church, on her bier. The Emperor, Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen, takes his crown from his head and places it on hers. Her children, clinging to the Emperor and to one another, form the centre of sentimental interest, but the treatment of the whole work is of the first order for true art-expression. In *genre* there are instances of great men doing small work, with the consequence that there are examples of consummate art-knowledge embodied in comparatively mild subjects. Of these, perhaps the best is "Ein Forsterheim," by Ludwig Knaus, where a mountain gamekeeper has come home after his day's work, and is just settling himself for the evening. A maid-servant on her knees is lighting the wood in a stove. The accessories

of various weapons and spoils of the chase furnish the apartment with a rich variety of textures and forms delightfully painted, better, perhaps, than any other living man could paint them. For examples of perfect *genre* painters and excellent scholarly work, not without feeling, mention may also be made of an "Altargemälde" by Hans Canon and Carl Probst, both of Vienna. The last-named contributes a perfect example of *genre* in a work called "Nach Schweren Tagen." But, finally, it would be impossible to close any notes of these pictures without allusion to the wonderful little experiment by Professor Frantz Rumpler, the head of a girl in mediæval costume, grey on a white background, grey lace and white linen forming the dress of the head and shoulders. This mass of light is relieved only by the strongest mass of full colour in the necklace and the beads over the dress. These works form a typical collection of varying ideals, valuable to the English observer as containing, in larger measure than he is accustomed to see at home, the feeling that vivifies a picture and the executive power that embodies this spirit, and frequently both in just equilibrium.

Mrs. Jopling's portrait of Sir J. E. Millais recently exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery is to be reproduced by the photogravure process. Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., has finished an etching of "Bacchus and Ariadne" from the picture by Titian in the National Gallery. Mr. A. H. Haig is now etching a plate of Limburgh-on-the-Lahn as a companion to his Mont St. Michel.

We regret to have to record the death of the famous French sculptor, M. Ernest Eugène Hiolle, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and one of the professors of the École des Beaux-Arts. M. Hiolle took the Second Prix de Rome in 1856, at the age of twenty-three, and the Premier Prix in 1862 with "Berger Aristée perd ses Abeilles." Both his works for the Prix are now in the Musée de Valenciennes, and his "Arion" and "Narcisse," exhibited in 1867 and 1869 respectively, are in the Luxembourg. The death is announced, also, of the Russian painter and Academician, Paul Semenovich Sorokin, who devoted his art chiefly to Scriptural subjects; of Mr. John Prichard, who had a large share in the restoration of the Llandaff Cathedral; of Mr. E. W. Godwin, the well-known architect. We have also to deplore the loss of Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, author of "An Art Tour in the Northern Capitals of Europe," and of numerous contributions to our pages and those of other periodicals dealing with art; of Lord Monkswell, one of our most accomplished amateur painters; and of Mr. A. B. Durand, one of the founders of the American National Academy of Design.

In "A Manual of Oil Painting" (London: Cassell and Co.) the Hon. John Collier gives some sound practical advice to students who cannot get instruction from a competent master. His aim is to teach a student "to represent faithfully any object that he has before him." "Whenever we look at a scene we have a patchwork of shades and colours floating before our eyes, and this, in fact, is the scene; we have to place on canvas similar patches, similar in form, position, colour, and intensity. It ought not to be difficult; and yet it undoubtedly is difficult;" and Mr. Collier goes on to explain how the difficulties may be best overcome, recommending the beginner to commence with studies from still-life and feel his way gradually through landscapes of various degrees of difficulty to the representation of the nude figure. We must caution the student not to adopt Mr. Collier's opinion that in oil painting the original drawing may without detriment be "clumsy, untidy, vacillating;" but with this exception we commend his practical instruction, which is given sufficiently in detail to be really useful. In a second chapter, headed "Theory," Mr. Collier gives a clear and interesting sketch of Thomas Young's theory of colour, as adopted by Helmholtz, to whose "Physiologische Optik" he refers the reader desirous of fuller information. In "Flowers and How to Paint Them" (London: Cassell and Co.) the flowers are represented by ten chromo-lithographic reproductions of drawings by Maud Naftel, to serve as models for students. These are all clearly and accurately drawn, and, so far as chromo-lithography will permit, truthfully coloured, and there are also outline studies of various flowers. In the text Miss Naftel gives careful and minute directions for copying the plates, and concludes by recommending her students to employ the knowledge they have gained in working direct from nature—advice in which we heartily concur.

Messrs. Field and Tuer have lately added, to the large number already in the field, another *édition de luxe* of Gray's "Elegy," in the shape of a sumptuous quarto, bound in white vellum. The text, printed on fine toned paper, is supplemented by an introduction from the pen of Professor John W. Hales, and illustrated by Norman Prescott Davies with sixteen facsimile reproductions of his original drawings, in the possession of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. Some of the illustrations are charming, especially the frontispiece, "Stoke Pogis Church," and "the breezy call of incense-breathing morn," representing a farmyard, with the house on one side and an old thatched shed on the other and a rick nestling under a tree just beyond the fence, over which we catch a glimpse of the fields in the mist of early morning, but they are unequal in merit, and Mr. Davies shows an undue preference for Norman arches, which we find in no less than six of the sixteen illustrations, in scenes the character of which leaves no room for doubt that their presence is due solely to his imagination.

Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read may account himself fortunate to have secured for his poem, "The Closing Scene," describing the death of the year and the close of a sorrow-burdened life, such a beautiful setting as it has received in the volume lately published by the J. P. Lippincott Company (London: John Stark). This imperial 8vo is illustrated by twenty-four fine engravings after drawings by W. H. Gibson, W. H. Low, H. Bolton Jones, E. H. Garrett, J. F. Murphy, D. W. Tryon, Bruce Crane, C. H. Dewry, W. L. Taylor, Howard Pyle, and James B. Sword. The graceful landscapes in their leafless gloom truthfully express the tender melancholy of the poem, and the drawings have lost nothing in the hands of the engravers, amongst whom appear such well-known names as Fred Juengling, Robert Hoskin, John Dalziel, and Jno. P. Davis. Even in this company the work of J. W. Lauderbach calls for special mention, whose rendering of Mr. Murphy's drawing, "The Sentinel Cock upon the Hillside Crew," is a masterpiece of wood engraving, as well for its beauty and truth of line as for its exquisite fineness and delicacy. The figure subjects are not quite on a level with the landscapes, but the book is one which all lovers of wood engravings will be glad to possess.

ART IN DECEMBER.

We are requested to state that Mr. John Burr and Mr. John R. Reid have withdrawn from the Society of British Artists.

Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons have made a generous gift to the British Museum of a collection of engraved works published by the firm during a long series of years, and announce their intention of sending in future a proof copy of every plate they publish to the Print Room. The collection includes twenty proofs after Sir J. E. Millais, fourteen after Sir Edwin Landseer, three after Reynolds, and many others, all executed by well-known engravers. This excellent example has already been followed by Mr. Lefèvre, who has announced his intention to present to the Print Room a complete set of the best proofs attainable of all his publications, which comprise twenty of the works of Mr. Alma Tadema, twenty-seven after Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, and productions of Messrs. J. C. Hook, W. H. Hunt, E. Nicol, F. Goodall, and others—in all one hundred and twenty-five subjects.

As is not infrequently the case at Mr. McLean's gallery, the chief attraction offered this winter is a new picture by Sir J. E. Millais. It is a single figure, called "Portia," a blonde seen almost full-face, wearing semi-academical robes of brilliant crimson. Of course the hand of the master is evident in much of the craftsmanship; the firm modelling of the head, the life gleaming from the eyes, the rich broken tints of the red robes. Yet the effect of the whole is, alas! strangely commonplace, not to say vulgar; the picture is, as it were, a kind of glorification of all that is most prosaic, most soulless, and least distinctive in the beauty of English womanhood. It adds another to the long list of "pot-boilers," which will do nothing to enhance the reputation of our ablest master of the brush, from whom seems to have departed all ambition to rise above the dead level of a certain superficial and mitigated imitation of the outside realities of human nature. Signor Favretto, one of the most distinguished of the Neo-Venetian school, has not been happily inspired in his large "Venetian Fruit-seller," a strange composition, showing lovers embosomed in arsenic-green cabbages and other natural produce, all treated on the same scale. So great is the confusion of objects, all striking the eye with the same insistence, that it is only after a time that we appreciate the subtlety and skill with which the heads of the flirting pair are delineated. A large work by Herr G. Bauernfeind, "The Gate of the Temple at Jerusalem," shows some careful architectural drawing and much labour in the rendering of the Oriental figures grouped within the gate, but it is hard in colour and of insufficient interest. Herr Max Todt sends two agreeable pieces of *genre* on a small scale, of which the better is "Gossips at a Village Inn." Signor Nono's "Amanuensis" cannot be pronounced a success as to the central group, but the surroundings, especially the kitchen utensils and other objects of still-life, are rendered with much decision and richness of touch—a richness accorded, however, with too great an impartiality to the whole of the picture. The exhibition contains also a number of specimens of the now somewhat *démodée* Hispano-Italian school of Fortuny and Madrazo, as well as some not very noteworthy specimens of the art of Messrs. Peter Graham, Leader, Albert Moore, H. W. B. Davis, Briton Riviere, and other English artists.

Messrs. Tooth have this year secured for their winter exhibition an important specimen of the art of M. Meissonier, executed as late as the present year. The technique reveals the painter's increased solicitude for breadth of general effect, the touch being larger, if less sharp, and the finish not so minute as in less recent examples. The scene is a sparsely-wooded, uninviting country, seen under a chilly November sky; it is crossed by a high road, deeply rutted and uneven, along which, in the face of a terrible blast which tears the last dry leaves from the branches, a cavalier, wearing the costume of the beginning of the century under a huge black cloak, and mounted on a bay horse, seeks to make his way. The landscape is studied with the keenness of observation to which M. Meissonier, in his later productions of this class, has accustomed us, but it is somewhat open to the charge of airlessness. The horseman, whose physical discomfort is suggested with unexaggerated truth, is worthy of the painter, while the movement of the horse is somewhat lacking in spontaneity. But the group has the fault which is not uncommon in M. Meissonier's works of the same class; it seems to have been studied too much by and for itself, and appears too little as a natural and indispensable part of the landscape with which it is combined. A work of great elaboration, displaying in parts much skill, is M. Gallegos' curiously-named picture, "A Procession: St. Mark's," showing a scene suggestive rather of the interior of some Spanish cathedral. In a corner of a vast and magnificent edifice appears, issuing from a brilliantly illuminated chapel, a procession of priests and choristers, robed in vestments which are embroidered with a lavishness and splendour suggestive of the Middle Ages. The picture belongs to the later development of the Fortuny-Madrazo school, and its *raison-d'être*, except as a display of technical skill, is not very apparent. M. Lhermitte contributes two works, of which one, "Noon," a very agreeable performance, though, for him, a trifle over-academic and timid in colour, is the subject which has been etched by the painter himself as the frontispiece to the October number of *Les Lettres et les Arts*. M. Benjamin Constant sends "A Doge," robed in crimson and gold, and shown in a Rembrandtesque half-light; the head and the splendidly clad form seem to have no very necessary connection with each other: the whole is a souvenir in tone and colour of his great picture of Justinian

which appeared last year at the Salon, and, though not very interesting, has a completeness and a subdued splendour of colour which cause it to stand out in contrast with its strange surroundings. M. Munthe is always M. Munthe, but his work, though limited in scope, is always sincere and charming. He surpasses himself in an exquisite little snow-scene, in which, under the murky light of a declining winter sun, is shown a straggling village street, or group of houses, with a foreground in which appear women wringing and folding linen. Here the most delicately truthful effects are legitimately obtained by aid of a subtle appreciation of values. Mr. Vicat Cole is represented by an important landscape, painted in 1869, which, though mechanical in style, shows a far greater effort to attain truth than do his works of to-day.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Water-Colours contains no single work of great importance, but can show several drawings of unusual delicacy and refinement which will, perhaps, not attract all the attention which they deserve. Mr. Albert Goodwin is entitled again to the foremost place by reason of the indefatigable search after truth, of the persistent effort to solve new problems, which his work displays. The most important, though perhaps not the most entirely successful, of his drawings this winter is a view showing the town of Lucerne in the foreground, with the Righi, glowing in the red gold of the after-glow, in the distance. This, though admirable in conception and arrangement, suffers somewhat from the abruptly sharp contrast between the splendid illumination of the distance and the unexaggerated sobriety of tone which marks the foreground. Completely successful is a masterly little drawing, "The Reuss as it Leaves the Lake of Lucerne," in which, with remarkable boldness, if with somewhat undue emphasis, the artist has painted in greenish tints the reflection of buildings, toned red and orange by the warm light of the declining sun, on the surface of the bright blue stream. An angry "Sunset" of powerful and pathetic effect, by the same painter, is somewhat marred by the opaque brown tone of the wreaths of vapour, which obscure and obliterate, instead of merely veiling, the landscape. Mr. Matthew Hale, who is always welcome in his true rôle of landscape-painter, sends, among other things, a drawing of exquisite freshness and delicacy, "Over the Brae," perhaps, in its unobtrusive way, the most consummate piece of work in the exhibition. Here are specimens, too, of the skilful and sympathetic if mannered art of Mr. J. W. North, of which one, "Barley-field over the Hedge," is in his best style, and less affected than usual. It is interesting to find that genuine artist and nature-worshipper, Mr. Henry Moore, striving to wean himself from his beloved sea: his spring landscape entitled "Buttercups and Daisies," many portions of which are conscientiously studied and true, cannot be pronounced a complete success, for the painter has not quite succeeded in fusing into a homogeneous whole the elements of which his picture is composed. Mr. Herbert Marshall has wisely abandoned London for the time in favour of Dordrecht, Rotterdam, and Winchester. In his "Dordrecht from the River," the broad expanse of still, grey water is admirably delineated, while the middle-distance and sky are less satisfactory. Miss Clara Montalba displays her usual warmth and well-known skill in suggesting atmosphere, but also her incapacity for sound and finished workmanship, or for attaining that true breadth and synthetic power which alone can be allowed to take the place of detailed truth. The exhibition contains also numerous specimens of the art of Mr. Carl Haag, powerful and energetic in its way, but coarse in fibre and obvious in sentiment.

There have been temporarily placed in the library of the Burlington Fine Arts Club four pictures belonging to Mr. Alfred Seymour, of which two are of exceptional interest. The most important is a "Virgin with the Infant Saviour, enthroned between four Angels," by Piero della Francesca—or degli Franceschi, as he is now more correctly called. This is certainly the best-preserved specimen of the subtle, scientifically-calculated art of the painter of Borgo San Sepolcro which exists in England, and of all his easel pictures—with the exception perhaps of the famous diptych at the Uffizi, in which are presented the profile portraits of Federigo di Montefeltro and his consort Battista—it is the one from which we can now best understand the great advance made by the Umbro-Florentine master in perspective, in combination and fusion of colour, in chiaroscuro, and above all in the nature of the medium employed. Mr. Seymour's panel is, as to subject, somewhat wanting in interest and cohesion, as compared with better-known and more important productions of Piero, but the heads—especially those of the Infant Saviour and of the angels—are modelled with the most admirable yet unobtrusive skill, the eyes sparkle, and the lips seem, to a higher degree than in any contemporaneous productions, to give forth breath. We are able, from a study of this little injured specimen, to assure ourselves how terribly the two authentic and interesting works in the National Gallery have suffered. In the one, the "Baptism," there reappears the rose-crowned angel seen to the left of the throne in this panel; in the other, the "Adoration of the Shepherds," we find among the singing angels a type identical with one of those here delineated to the right of the throne. All the four angels who here surround the Virgin may be recognised in the great altar-piece at the Brera in which Federigo di Montefeltro is shown in adoration before the Madonna, a work attributed to the unknown Fra Carnovale, and evidently produced in the studio of Piero. Another work of high interest is a triptych of the "Adoration of the Magi," formerly attributed to Lucas van Leyden, and now correctly ascribed to Jérôme Bosch, of whose fantastic, humorous productions but few specimens are known to exist in England. The central panel of Mr. Seymour's "Adoration" appears to be an exact replica of the picture in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, the subjects of the wings being, however, entirely different. The work makes a striking impression by its quaintness and originality, though it is not a quite first-rate specimen of the Flemish art of the period. Very curious is the employment, in the design of the precious offerings made by the Magi to the Infant, and even in the decoration of the garments, of the debased architectural ornamentation of the end of the Fifteenth Century. A small head and bust of a child, attributed to Titian, has nothing of his grand manner either in the flesh-painting or in the rendering of the white linen and black silk of the costume; it looks rather like a fine specimen of the work of Federigo Zuccaro. A characteristic, highly-individualised portrait by Murillo appears to have suffered from abrasion, and is, in its present condition, somewhat raw and blurred. It is described as a portrait of Murillo by himself, but the type does not agree with other recognised delineations of the master from his own hand, such as that in the collection of Earl Spencer.

Messrs. Liberty and Co.'s annual exhibition of Eastern embroideries was quite as successful this year as usual. The modern Turkish embroidery produced under the auspices of the "Turkish Compassionate Fund," though a good assortment of beautiful work, formed but a small part of the show, which included a number of handsomely embroidered Portuguese coverlets of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, some beautiful Louis XIV. and XVI. brocades, a few specimens of Persian and Indian embroidered work, and a very fine collection of mandarins' robes and temple hangings from China, and of Japanese fukusas decorated with various emblems, such as the "Tai Sakana" (symbol of wedded happiness), the "Takara-Fu-Ne," or "ship of good luck," and others, into the meaning of which it would be interesting to enter at length, but space forbids. To visit this exhibition was to enjoy a feast of beautiful colours which formed a violent contrast to the gloom of a November day in London.

A singularly interesting exhibition of artistic work in hand-embroideries and decorative hangings is on view at the depôt of the Donegal Industrial Fund, 43, Wigmore Street, London. These embroideries, which are executed by trained peasant-workers and by many distressed ladies in Ireland, from the designs and under the direction of the Donegal Industrial Fund, constitute a new departure in art-decoration for the house. Mrs. Ernest Hart, who has founded this industry with patriotic objects which explain themselves, has, by a happy inspiration, gone to the early Celtic sources—the Erse Missals and the Darrow Bible—for art motives. She employs threads of polished flax known as the "Kells" threads, and the embroideries are executed on linens—undyed or vegetable-dyed—on woollens, and on poplins. In some an effect of harmony is sought, and in others the more brilliant impression derived from contrast. Many of the designs are from old Sicilian and Oriental sources. Among those which are most admired is a set of hangings embroidered in various shades of yellow and red silk, or of yellow and red "Kells" threads upon madder-dyed hand-spun woollens. These were designed especially for the Associated Artists of New York, and have, by command, been sent to the Queen, who has intimated her intention to order a similar series of curtains for Windsor Castle.

The Rev. Samuel Barnett is organising an exhibition of engravings and black-and-white drawings, to be held at the St. Jude's Schools, Whitechapel, from December 26th until January 8th, and after that date on every successive Saturday and Sunday until February 21, 1887.

The picture gallery of the Royal Museum at Berlin, which is rapidly becoming one of the most representative galleries of Europe, has lately been enriched by several new pictures, two of which are already hung—a small throned Madonna with two angels by Benedetto Bonfigli, and an important work by the Veronese painter Francesco Bonsignore. The latter is a St. Sebastian, a solitary figure, two-thirds life-size, with the hands tied above the head against a background of sky and landscape. The picture is in the earlier Mantegnesque period of Bonsignore, and is remarkable in being painted on canvas. It is dated 14—, the latter part of the date being apparently illegible. A portrait of Jan van Eyck and a Crucifixion by Altdorfer have also been acquired, but are not yet exhibited.

At a cost of £12,000 the Salle des États in the Louvre has been redecorated, and the examples of the modern French school have been rehung. The decorations, which were designed by M. Guillaume, the architect, have been severely criticised; and they are undeniably heavy and overcharged. Pending the completion of the alterations which have been in progress for some time at the Louvre, many of these modern works have been hung in badly-ventilated rooms or in situations where they caught the rays of the sun. The result of this carelessness is now only too obvious. Several of the pictures are cracking, and cracking badly. The remainder of the collection of modern French work has been placed in the Salle du XVIII. Siècle. The large room in the Pavilion Dénon has likewise been rearranged, and Lebrun's battle-pieces have been removed thence to the Galerie Mollien.

We have to announce the death of two celebrated line engravers: Mr. George Thomas Doo, R.A., F.R.S., and Mr. T. A. Prior. The list of important plates produced by the former is too long for our limited space, but his engravings after Lawrence, among which are included "Nature," "Lord Eldon," "Miss Murray," and "Lady Selina Meade," are as well known as any, and the first-mentioned may be considered his finest work. Mr. Prior will be chiefly remembered for his engravings after Turner, of which "Dido Building Carthage" was exhibited at the Academy in 1864, and "Apollo and the Sibyl" in 1874. His last work, "The Fighting *Téméraire*," completed just before his death, is now on view at Mr. Graves' Gallery, Pall Mall. The death is also announced of the Danish painter, C. Laude, and of the German sculptor, Dielmann; of Mr. G. J. Vulliamy, who was until quite recently superintending architect to the Metropolitan Board of Works; of Mr. George Smith, late of Lisle Street, where he formerly carried on with his brother, the late Mr. William Smith, of antiquarian renown, an extensive print-selling business; also, at the age of ninety years, of Mr. Ambrose Poynter, father of the R.A., and formerly well known as an architect.

Once again Christmastide returns with its flood of cards of all sorts and sizes, shapes and sentiments. Broadly speaking, those of a tasteful and artistic order predominate, and there is a decline noticeable in gaudy colours and humorous designs. Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner's collection includes some graceful landscapes printed in monotint, after designs by R. W. Fraser, Allan Barraud, and Ernest Wilson; flowers and wreaths, arranged by Ernest Wilson and Charles G. Noakes; pictures of children—awake, by St. Clair Simmons; asleep, by Alice Havers; and of cats and dogs, by Helena J. Maguire. The "Three Little Maids from School," as represented by Jane Dealy, will win all hearts; and amongst the prettiest cards of the season are some delicately-coloured reproductions from photographs of children by Robert Faulkner. The same firm have also produced several series of autograph cards, decorated with birds and sprays, which will certainly secure a warm welcome. In Messrs. Wirths Brothers' animal series, the cats playing on signboards and dogs sheltering under umbrellas in snowstorms are cleverly drawn; and their landscape cards, covered with the delicate frosting for which the firm is noted, are beautifully printed. Messrs. Sockl and Nathan have produced a set of cards in commemoration of the "Colinderies," of which "The Indian Jungle" is the most successful. Their collection also includes some pretty flowers and wreaths, some clever

humorous drawings of animals, and a series of private cards ornamented with little vignetted landscapes printed in brown and grey. One would have thought it impossible to introduce much novelty into a collection of Christmas cards, but Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have succeeded in the attempt. Their wonderful reproduction of the "Ansidei" Madonna is a very fine specimen of chromo-lithography. The etchings by S. Myers of Constable's four pictures, "The Rainbow," "Dedham Mill, Essex," "The Little Anglers," and "The Hay-Wain," are almost beyond the range of Christmas cards, though Mr. Myers' etched portrait of the master cannot be pronounced a success. "Ye Olde Markets," painted by Alfred Rimmer, make an interesting series, and the autograph cards with designs painted in sepia and silver are neat and elegant. The "Christmas Bells" and crescents are novelties in shape, and the cheaper cards include designs by well-known artists too numerous to mention. For young children Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have provided a coloured picture-book—"The Babes of the Wood"—illustrated by W. J. Wiesand.

Christmas Books.—Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have published a new edition in one volume of "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," with Randolph Caldecott's illustrations, which are too well known to need any comment. We advise all our readers to take advantage of the opportunity and secure a copy. The same publishers have also reprinted "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley," with fifty illustrations by Hugh Thomson, who has, in most cases, succeeded admirably in realising the quaint humour of "The Spectator." His pictures of Sir Roger's Chaplain, of Will Wimble with the puppies, and the same character at the dinner-table describing how the jack was caught, deserve special mention. In "Romances of Chivalry" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) Mr. John Ashton has retold, in modern language, a dozen of the old tales, in the selection of which he has avoided those relating to Charlemagne and the Arthurian legends, which he reserves for future series. The volume is illustrated with facsimiles of old woodcuts, which are delightfully quaint, and is provided with a glossary. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has lately published a second and cheaper edition of Vernon Lee's "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy," which we have already noticed. "Prince Peerless" (same publisher) is a collection of eight short and interesting fairy tales by Madame Galletti di Cadilhac, with six capital illustrations by her brother, the Hon. John Collier. "The Land of Little People" (London: Hildesheimer and Faulkner) is a pretty gift-book for children, who will delight in the coloured illustrations by Jane M. Dealy, though several of Mr. Fred. E. Weatherly's poems speak more directly to "children of a larger growth." The book is well printed and "gotten up." In the "Cruise of the Land-Yacht *Wanderer*" (London: Hodder and Stoughton) Dr. Gordon Stables gives a full and particular account of a journey from Twyford to Inverness in a caravan. It is not every one who would enjoy life on the road as much as the author, but those who feel tempted to try it would do well to read this book first. It is written in an easy, chatty style, and contains a few good illustrations. Messrs. Blackie and Son have published an edition of "Rip Van Winkle," with some capital illustrations by Gordon Browne. In the frontispiece, Rip's figure is printed rather too dark for the sake of contrast with the ghostly crew of Hendrick Hudson; but the drawings which show him basking in the sun at his cottage door regardless of Dame Van Winkle's scolding voice, draining the dregs of those excellent Hollands, waking from his long sleep, returning to his native village and deserted home, are delightful realisations of the text; the pictures of the dog Wolf, and the tail-piece, representing an amused barber trimming Rip's beard, are exquisitely humorous; and the squat, phlegmatic figure of Nicholas Vedder, seated on a bench with a pipe in his mouth, is a masterpiece. "Down the Snow Stairs" (same publishers), by Alice Corkran, describes the adventures of a little girl called Kitty in Naughty-Children-Land, to which she goes by accident, and whence she cannot escape until she meets with the good fairy "Love." It is an amusing story, and well illustrated by Gordon Browne. Messrs. Blackie and Son have also sent us "A Final Reckoning," by G. A. Henty, a capital tale of bush life in Australia, illustrated by W. B. Wollen; "The Young Carthaginian," by the same author, illustrated by C. J. Staniland; "The White Squall," a good tale of the seas, by John C. Hutcheson, with six illustrations by J. Schönberg; "Tales of Captivity and Exile," retold from history, and "The Late Miss Hollingford," a tale for girls, by Rosa Mulholland, reprinted from *All the Year Round*. This story was much admired by Charles Dickens, with whose "No Thoroughfare" it is bound in the Tauchnitz collection. The same publishers are issuing a new edition in shilling volumes of "Old Fairy Tales," retold by Laura E. Richards, and illustrated by Gordon Browne, which will doubtless find favour with the little ones. Messrs. Cassell and Co. have published a number of good illustrated books for boys and girls, only a few of which we are able to mention. "Lost among White Africans," by David Ker, illustrated by Walter Paget; "Heroes of the Indian Empire; or, Stories of Valour and Victory," by Ernest Foster; "The King's Command: A Story for Girls," by Maggie Symington, illustrated by Hal Ludlow; and "Under Bayard's Banner," by Henry Frith, illustrated by E. Blair Leighton.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have lately issued another portfolio of "Character Sketches" by Fred. Barnard, taken this time from Thackeray. The characters chosen are Colonel Newcome, Major Pendennis, Becky Sharp, Major Dobbin, the Little Sister, and Captain Costigan. The most successful portrait is that of Major Pendennis, who is represented standing in a carefully studied attitude, looking out of a club window, with his pince-nez between the finger and thumb of his right hand, and his handkerchief held airily behind his back in the left, while his hat, stick, and gloves lie on the bench before him. Mr. Barnard's conception of Major Dobbin is also very happy, whom he pictures sitting awkwardly on the music-stool by the piano, and looking with a puzzled wistfulness at Amelia's baby, which he holds carefully in his left arm. The drawings are exquisitely reproduced in photogravure. The same publishers have issued an *édition de luxe* of Sir Walter Scott's "Christmas in the Olden Time," with illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett, Harry Fenn, J. Steeple Davis, George A. Teel, Henry Sandham, Childe Hassam, and H. P. Barnes, who have successfully revived the Christmas of long ago, with its masks and its mummers, its merry revelries and large-hearted hospitality open to rich and poor. The volume is bound in cloth of gold, and would make a handsome gift-book. "From Gold to Grey" (same publishers) is a volume of poems and pictures of life and nature, the former by Mrs. Mary D. Brine, the latter by artists too numerous to mention. It is lavishly illustrated on every page in the style of "The Changing Year," and makes a very pretty picture-book.

ART IN JANUARY.

At a meeting of the Royal Academy held on January 7th, Mr. Marcus Stone was elected an Academician, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert an Associate.

Sir F. W. Burton and Mr. E. Burne Jones, who resigned their membership together in 1870, have been re-elected to the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the former as an honorary, the latter as an ordinary member; and Mr. T. Lloyd has been promoted from the rank of Associate to full membership of the Society. Mr. John P. Seddon has been appointed cathedral architect of Llandaff in succession to his late friend Mr. Prichard. M. Bartholdi, who modelled the colossal statue of Liberty now on Bedloe's Island, has been made a Commander of the Legion of Honour. M. François Bouvin, the French *genre* painter, has suffered the greatest deprivation that can befall an artist in the loss of his sight. M. Antoine Brasseur, the picture restorer, who died lately at Cologne, has left his collection of pictures, valued at 400,000 francs, to the museum of his native town, Lille.

This year the Royal Academy Exhibition of Old Masters covers a wide field of production, both in the English and the foreign work, and is altogether extremely interesting. On the whole, it is in portraiture that the show is most representative and most abundant. Such masterly examples of Velasquez as the Duke of Wellington's "Francisco de Quevedo" and "Pope Innocent X.," or Mr. Holford's "Philip IV." and "Gaspar de Guzman," suffice alone to distinguish the exhibition. The "Innocent X." is overwhelming in force and distinction, the flesh superbly modelled, and the clear rubicund tones of the sinister face are marvellously harmonised with the red cap and cape. Beyond such accomplishment as this the power of painting cannot go. Of the Titians, the finest are the sumptuous "Caterina Cornaro" and "The Falconer," which last offers instructive comparison with the "Cosmo de' Medici" of Angelo Bronzino. Of Tintoretto there is a sombre and very impressive "Portrait of a Man," like the preceding, from Mr. Holford's gallery. In the same room are the admirable portrait of Murillo by the artist himself, and a good Bronzino—"Leonora, Duchess of Tuscany." In the fourth and final room, a very striking portrait is Murillo's "Marquis of Caspio." In the central gallery is a remarkable "Portrait of a Woman" (124), by Lorenzo Lotto, of extraordinary interest and charm. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, and Romney are all well represented in English portraiture, the last-named especially by his delightful portrait of Lord Thurlow's children at a harpsichord, the "Marchioness Townshend," a suave and delicate example, and the fresh and vigorous "Countess of Glencairn." Of Hogarth's two portraits, that of the unfortunate Miss Ray is the stronger and more characteristic. Not even such work as this, and the "Peg Woffington" (25), will persuade people of the great satirist's distinction in portraiture. For the rest, there are a very good Dobson, some Gainsboroughs of every degree of merit, of which the "Lord Mountmorres" and the "Countess of Chesterfield" with marvellous drapery are excellent types, and the "Mrs. Lloyd" of Sir Joshua Reynolds—somewhat tanned and leather-like, but full of interest nevertheless. Among the Flemish and Dutch portraits are Rembrandt's "Martin Looten," a notable example; three representative works by Frank Hals, of which Mr. Sellar's "Portrait of a Gentleman" (97) is the most admirable; and, in the central room, three Van Dycks of varying quality. Whether a painter who achieved *maestria* so early in life as Van Dyck could have painted all those portraits in this room is good matter for the sceptic.

English art at Burlington House is represented by diverting extremes of taste and style. There is, for instance, the astonishing "Venus and Adonis" of Turner, regarded by some as a *pasticcio* of Titian, though in colour it is more like a weak attempt of Etty, and in drawing a debased Maclise. Against this eccentric product of native art we must put Mr. Keiller's magnificent Constable, "Helmingham Park" (151), a landscape that is as completely isolated from all competition here as the works of Velasquez are among the portraits. Another notable work is Mr. Benson's rich and most harmonious "Coast Scene" by J. S. Cotman. In the same room must be noted Vincent's "Old English Homestead," full of Dutch influence; two excellent examples of Collins; a capital little Wilson lent by Mr. Orrock; Turner's wonderful moonlight on the Tyne—never was that river so transfigured; and Prout's admirable and well-observed "Dover Backwater." The Dutch painters of *genre* and animals occupy the second room. Here are representative works by Teniers (101, 110), with Her Majesty's famous "Alchymist;" interiors by Isaac and Adrian van Ostade, and by Anthony Palamedes; sea pieces by Van de Velde, Capelle, and Backhuysen; and other works by masters who figure in all these exhibitions. More striking, because of less frequent occurrence here, are the very beautiful Cuyp, Mr. Holford's "View of Dort," with its exquisite rendering of moist golden atmosphere at sunrise, and the noble woodland of Hobbema (59), which suggests to admirers of the French painter more than one example of Diaz. Other noteworthy works by Philip de Koninck, Paul Potter, Paul de Vos, and a Greuze of very fine quality —the "Portrait of an Old Lady" (85)—are in this room.

The third gallery contains the best work of Rubens, the study for the famous Antwerp picture, "The Elevation of the Cross;" the "Pan and Syrinx," from Buckingham

Palace; and a "Holy Family," from the Earl of Carnarvon's collection. Here also is the Duke of Wellington's Correggio, "The Agony in the Garden," which was a portion of the spoils of war. Taken from the carriage of Joseph Buonaparte after the Battle of Vittoria, this replica of the National Gallery picture was restored by the Duke to Ferdinand VII., by whom it was returned as a present to the victor. Passing to the fourth room, we find many objects of great interest representing German and Italian schools. The remarkable and unascribed German painting, "The Day of the Crucifixion" (200), is attributed in the accompanying engraving by Jacob Matham to Albert Dürer, though there is little enough of that master's style in the painting, apart from the vigour of the design and the ingenuity of the composition. Some of the works of Sienese painters are doubtfully ascribed to Giovanni di Paolo, of Siena. The so-called Masaccio, "The Ordeal by Fire," well repays study, and as much may be said of the curious "Battle Scene, with Amazons" (192), with its quaint landscape and distant view of Siena. "La Columbine," the one example of Luini, is a lovely and fascinating picture of a girl with a spray of purple columbines in one hand, painted throughout with great subtlety and wonderful finish. In connection with this work must be noticed Lionardo's beautiful "Study of a Head" (168), in monochrome, supposed to be a study for the "Vierge aux Rochers." The large and important collection of water-colours by Turner occupies two rooms, and comprises some extremely brilliant work, embracing a period of more than half a century. The dark and murky days of winter are very unfavourable to the study of these delicate and highly-finished drawings. The marvellous sèries of architectural subjects, such as the Abbeys of Tintern and Llanthony, the cathedral interiors of Ely and Salisbury, defy examination in the dubious and ever-changing light of January days. The arrangement of the drawings is, as nearly as could be determined, chronological, and no better or more instructive plan could be devised. Among the early work that may be indicated as prophetic of the artist's culmination are two broadly-treated studies in neutral tint (8 and 9), the former a very fine and atmospheric open-air study, the second remarkable for the masterly presentment of foliage in sunny air. Notable as anticipating the larger architectural water-colour of a later date are the "Ruins of an Abbey" (13), the interior of Malmesbury and Tintern (25 and 26), and the exquisite west front of Bath Abbey Church (30). An early and typical example of Turner's faithful and loving elaboration is the wonderful study of "An Old Water-Mill" (15), lent by Mr. J. E. Taylor. It is in the second room that we find the artist's best work. Here are the "Edinburgh," shown at the Royal Academy of 1802; the "Norham Castle," four years earlier; and the "Fonthill," with its warm, hazy, spacious atmosphere—a miracle of almost impalpable gradations. Of like quality is Sir Richard Wallace's brilliant little drawing, "Grouse-Shooting," with its calm spaces of ethereal blue beaming through the wet and windy mists. On all sides one finds more than enough to engage attention, even to the neglect of the treasures in the adjacent galleries.

The Van Dyck exhibition at the Grosvenor—which we propose to illustrate and consider in a future number—is as imposing and representative as the most sanguine anticipations could have conceived. No one with any knowledge of the nature of Van Dyck's work in the private collections of England will feel surprise that the painter's genius is here chiefly represented by portraits. Of the splendid collection of one hundred and sixty-six paintings and sketches now at the Grosvenor, the large majority is made up of portraiture. This, fortunately, comprises brilliant examples of his Genoese work, in addition to a comprehensive gallery of English historical figures of inexhaustible interest and the highest qualities of art. Among the former there are "The Children of the Balbi Family" (29), lent by Earl Cowper, and "The Marchesa Balbi" (77), from Mr. Holford's collection, with the superb "Portrait of a Lady" (6) that came from the Panciatichi Palace at Rome. The authenticity of this last is disputed by experts, but its many-sided affinity to the second portrait cannot escape observation. A mere list of the world-famous portraits painted in England will suffice to indicate the wealth of the collection. Foremost among them are the Duke of Norfolk's "Charles the First," the group of the three royal children lent by Her Majesty, the Duke of Devonshire's "Thomas Killigrew," the spirit-stirring "Strafford" (43), the "Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland," "Sir John Byron, first Lord Byron," the "Countess of Southampton," and "The Earl of Arundel and one of his Grandsons." While no representative works of the painter's treatment of religious subjects are to be noticed, the exhibition that includes the magnificent "Armida and Rinaldo," from the Duke of Newcastle's galleries, cannot be considered merely a collection of portraits. This beautiful work, glowing with the passion and colour of Rubens, and instinct with Van Dyck's flashing sense of grace, is, perhaps, the most representative picture at the Grosvenor. It is certainly that work which claims comparison with the painter's master.

The winter exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club constitutes an apotheosis of James McArdell, the favourite mezzotint engraver (or more properly scraper) of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of whose work the historical exhibition devoted by the same club in 1881 to an exposition of the rise and progress of the *manière noire* had contained specimens too few in proportion to his influence on the art. He is now seen in his full glory, the main gallery being entirely filled with what is practically a complete series of his plates, for the most part in the earliest and finest states. McArdell, who developed to full and splendid maturity the art borrowed from Holland, and practised by Beckett, Williams, John Smith, and Faber, undoubtedly contributed more than any other artist of his time to the great efflorescence of mezzotint engraving which took place during the latter half of the Eighteenth Century. Possibly his works do not display all the subtlety and variety which mark those of John Raphael Smith, all the delicacy and refinement exhibited by those of Valentine Green, nor do they surpass some of the technical triumphs achieved by Richard Earlom; but for breadth and frankness of style, for strength and brilliancy, McArdell stands unrivalled. He triumphs, of course, chiefly as the incomparable translator, into black and white, of the masterpieces of Reynolds' middle period—for, dying in 1765, he had no opportunity of trying his skill on the later works of Sir Joshua's maturity. Among the most exquisite specimens of his power and sympathy in interpreting his favourite master may be mentioned the "Frances Countess of Essex," and the "Jane Lady Cathcart," though the exhibition furnishes perhaps more remarkable specimens of the engraver's mere technical skill. In this respect, the "Lady, after Van der Myn," and the "Lady with Embroidered Sleeve," after Ramsay—both represented by most brilliant early states—are unsurpassed. In dealing with the great masters of an

earlier time, McArdell displays a comparative lack of that sympathy and penetration which make him the interpreter *par excellence* of Sir Joshua. For instance, in the brilliant plate of the "Lords John and Bernard Stuart, after Van Dyck" (Lord Cowper's version), much of the aristocratic grace of the original evaporates, while we find some of Rubens' colour, yet little of his splendid frankness and vigour, suggested in the transcription of the famous double portrait of the painter himself with his second wife Helena Forman, which was until lately at Blenheim. That the sublime pathos of Rembrandt is still farther from the engraver's sympathies is shown in the mezzotint, remarkable in many respects, executed from the great drawing by that master, now placed side by side with it: this is a study for Mr. Boughton Knight's so-called "Holy Family," formerly in the Orleans Gallery. The catalogue is not up to the usual high standard attained by the Burlington Club. The information it contains is meagre and vague; the remarks on the personages portrayed are chiefly remarkable for their naïveté, and the present *provenance* of the works which McArdell engraved is but rarely indicated, with the result of robbing a charming collection of some of its interest and value.

Messrs. Agnew have offered the English public an opportunity of passing judgment on M. Munkacsy's last and by no means least ambitious venture, the "Death of Mozart," a work which, in scale, falls little short of his "Christ Before Pilate" and "Crucifixion." Fortunately the musical accompaniments, which at the time the picture was exhibited in Paris drew down universal ridicule, are here wanting, and the picture is allowed to speak for itself. Allowing for the peculiarities and mannerisms of the school of which the painter is a distinguished ornament, for the vast bituminous masses and unpleasantly toned shadows which that school affects, there is in the technique of the work much to praise. The colour, notwithstanding its forced sobriety, has passages of subdued richness, the handling is broad and brilliant, and many of the personages are well studied, while the grouping has a more rhythmic harmony than is usual with the painter. But the incident chosen as the basis of the work—the apocryphal anecdote which tells how the dying master was consoled in his last moments with the strains of his Requiem chanted by a group of friends—is itself a somewhat theatrical and melodramatic one, suited rather to the taste of 1830 than to that of the present day, and M. Munkacsy has not known how to extract from it even the pathos, of a somewhat obvious kind, which it naturally suggests. True there is much that is moving in the aspect of the dying Mozart, bending forward in his last struggle to catch the harmonies of his own "swan's song;" but the group of singing friends—admirably individual types all of them, and exhibiting truthfully, yet not disagreeably, the facial action of singing—has hardly even a stage pathos, while the action of the doctor who, watching the dying man, leans forward, linking the figure of the latter with the singing group, is both grotesque and inexpressive. It is more than ever evident that the painter, strive though he may after dramatic effect, has not the gift of communicating to his personages that dramatic thrill which should unite them, as it were, with an invisible bond, and make of what must otherwise remain a mere group of individuals and an accidental juxtaposition of incidents, a consentient whole, through which passes the breath of life, and from which the onlooker may derive the impression that it is momentarily held together by some dominant idea, some over-mastering sentiment, some aim or emotion affecting and connecting all its component elements, although with varying and, it may be, opposite results.

The fourth annual exhibition of drawings in monochrome is open at the St. James's Gallery, King Street, and comprises the usual studies in oil, *gouache*, chalk, and washes of Payne's grey Indian ink, neutral tint, charcoal grey, sepia, and the *et ceteras* that make up a "black-and-white" show. Though without any work of special merit, there is a spirit of general excellence pervading the entire exhibits. Among the half-dozen drawings contributed by Caton Woodville is the original of the now familiar "Am I not a man and a brother?" (28), as well as an interesting study (68) "At the Colinderies." The Cornish sketches sent by C. Napier Hemy, though small, exhibit much of the vigour and force of his larger works. Miss Alma-Tadema sends a well-drawn study of a female head—the pose is very strained. "Salisbury Cathedral" (75) is a charming little drawing by A. W. Henley, and very suggestive of atmosphere. The Leatherhead sketches by W. Biscombe Gardner are highly reminiscent of that quaint old market-town and the willow-skirted Mole. "The Pool Below London Bridge" (59) is an effective massing of strong light and shadow by the well-known hand of C. W. Wyllie. "On the Seine" (77), by G. L. Seymour, is an important work in size and technique. J. Charlton sends (159) "Start of the Four-in-Hand," and (134) "The Meet at the Old Hall." Last, but not least in interest, we may mention (122) "The Miller's Courtship," by R. W. Macbeth. Very sweet and pensive is the expression of the maid. Very earnest, and surely not in vain, is the pleading of the miller.

The fine copy of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which was lately on view at Mr. Bain's shop in the Haymarket, has been purchased for the Print Room of the British Museum. It is a folio, inlaid with one hundred and ninety-three prints and drawings, amongst which is a portrait in water-colour of Charles Lamb, as he appeared in 1819, by G. F. Joseph.

We hear that the Manchester Society of Architects has been empowered by the Fine Art section of the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition to undertake the collection, selection, and hanging of such architectural drawings, &c., as will illustrate the progress of architecture in the United Kingdom during the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and that the members are now taking steps in that direction.

The Mayor of Lancaster has announced his intention of erecting an art gallery and school of art for that town in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

We have to record the deaths of M. Joseph Melin, a distinguished French painter of animals; of M. Édouard Lièvre, painter and engraver of Paris, Knight of the Legion of Honour, and author of a book called "The Works of Art in England;" of M. Victor Deroche, the French landscape-painter; and of Baron Charles Arthur Bourgeois, a distinguished sculptor, who executed a bust of Lamartine for the Institute. The death has also been announced of Johann Georg Meyer, a *genre* painter, better known as Meyer von Bremen, at the age of ninety-three; of Mr. John Henry Mole, Vice-President of the Institute of Painters in Water-

Colours, at the age of seventy-two; of Mr. John Warrington Wood, the sculptor; and of Prof. Jordan, the well-known writer on Roman topography, who left his great work, "Die Topographie der Stadt Rom," unfinished.

THE first volume of M. N. Kondakoff's "History of Byzantine Art," preceded by a preface from the pen of the erudite Professor A. Springer, of Leipzig, and brought forward in M. Eugène Müntz's "Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art," bids fair to fill up a much-felt void. Applying himself almost exclusively to the study of early Christian and Byzantine illuminated MSS., and neglecting, except for the purpose of occasional comparison, the great works of those schools in architecture, and their achievements in the decorative arts of mosaic, metal-work, and ivory, the Odessa professor assuredly throws much additional light on his subject, aiding still further to dispel the consecrated idea, already, however, on the wane, that Byzantine art was, during the whole of its long reign, a thing of absolute conventionality, mummified and debarred by artificial bonds from all efforts to come into closer contact with nature, or to vary its immutable forms. M. Kondakoff shows that, while in the great works in mosaic which have always been looked upon as the typical embodiments of the art, much conventionality and adherence to recognised types reigned even as early as the Fifth and Sixth Centuries, the miniatures of the same period revealed at once a keener appreciation of classic art and a more real attempt to attain naturalism by a study of nature at first hand. He attributes this little-studied phase of Byzantine art to a revival of Greek, as distinguished from Roman, influence; but he omits, in dealing with this section of his subject, to explain how it was that the earliest works at Ravenna, such as the mosaic of the "Good Shepherd" in the mortuary chapel of Galla Placidia (*circa* 450), display a beauty so potent in its placidity, so little akin to the Roman style of the extreme decadence, at a period when the Græco-Byzantine influence had not yet been directly exerted in Italy. The next volume of M. Kondakoff's work will be looked forward to with keen interest.

THE sixth volume of the English version, edited by Professor Mahaffy, of Victor Duruy's "History of Rome" (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.), fully maintains the high standard reached by its predecessors. Like them, it is published in two parts, of which the first contains 255 wood engravings, a coloured map of the empire for the reigns of Septimius Severus, Caracalla, and Gordian III., and three beautiful reproductions in chromo-lithography, by Dambourgez, of the treasure from Tarsus (gold coins of Alexander, Philip II., and Hercules, engraved during the reign of Alexander Severus), of the gold plate called the Patera of Rennes, and of the Portland vase. The second part contains 191 wood engravings, three maps, and two coloured plates, one of a fragment of mosaic pavement found in 1811 in the bath of a Roman villa at Bognor, Sussex, and the other of the consular diptych of Flavius Felix. The wood engravings, from originals of coins and gems, busts, statues, sarcophagi, and other monuments, architectural ruins, and conjectural restorations, form a very instructive commentary to the text, and are executed with uniform excellence. The period covered in this volume is from the accession of Commodus to the death of Diocletian, at which date the editor has decided to bring the work to a conclusion, as being that at which the history of pagan Rome really ends. The general index, which occupies thirty-seven pages, has been prepared especially for the English version. Professor Mahaffy does not exaggerate the value of this work in stating that it is "the most complete Roman History yet published in the English tongue, and not likely to be superseded in our day."

WE have received from Miss Julia Boyd, the editor, a handsome quarto volume bound in black morocco containing a number of impressions from copper-plates and wood-blocks engraved by Thomas Bewick and his pupils, to which she has given the title of "Bewick Gleanings," as representing the *aftermath* of the Bewick workshop after the harvest (consisting of the series of blocks used in the last editions of the "History of Quadrupeds," "British Birds," "Æsop's Fables," and "Memoirs") had been reaped for the memorial edition—two volumes of which have already been published by Mr. Quaritch. Miss Boyd frankly owns that the majority of the wood-blocks (most of them small engravings of quadrupeds) are the work of the pupils, but a few, of which the wagon and four horses descending a hill, seven by three and a half inches, is the largest, were undoubtedly cut by the master's own hand. The copper-plates include a number of designs for money orders, receipt forms, &c. The frontispiece is a beautiful etching by Mr. C. O. Murray after Ramsay's picture, "The Lost Child," giving a full-length portrait of Bewick (as well as of the painter and his wife) in the foreground. The volume contains also another portrait, engraved on steel by Meyer after Ramsay, said by Bewick's family to be "a most excellent likeness," and an impression from an electrotype which the editor obtained from Mr. Croal Thomson, of the *small* Chillingham bull. To these attractions Miss Boyd has added an interesting memoir of Bewick, short biographical sketches of some of his pupils, and notes on the blocks and plates, which we should have preferred to see printed on the same page with the engravings. The book is printed and published by Andrew Reid, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

"FOR EVENTIDE" (T. Nelson and Sons) is a collection of hymns and short poems, edited by H. L. L., interleaved with texts surrounded by coloured floral designs. "Glad Tidings" is a similar book bound in cloth. "Under the Mistletoe," "Christmas Roses," and "All Round the Clock" (Griffith, Farran and Co.) are the prettiest coloured picture-books for children we have seen this season. The nursery rhymes for all these are written by Robert Ellice Mack. The designs for the first two are by Lizzie Lawson, for the third by Harriet M. Bennett, and all are printed in colour and monotint by Ernest Nister of Nuremberg, whose work deserves high praise. The same publishers have sent a series of tiny text-books called "Our Father's Gifts," one for each month, containing thirty-one texts embellished with floral borders. The story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" (Macmillan and Co.) has been retold in hexameters by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, and illustrated by some sketches left unfinished at the time of his death by Randolph Caldecott. Mr. Tennyson quotes in the preface from the artist's last letter to him, "I have been making several attempts at the giant," which accounts for the various presentations here given—in one of which he figures as a lean, lanky Irishman armed with a huge shillelagh; in another as a plump, egg-shaped alderman, and so forth. The sketches exhibit the humour characteristic of the artist, and the drawings of animals, especially of the frog and the tiger, show him at his best.

ART IN FEBRUARY.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Sir John Gilbert, P.R.W.S., and Sir James Linton, P.R.I., have joined the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists as honorary members, and at the last general assembly of the Society Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram (of the Society of British Artists) was elected President.

It is somewhat difficult to find a *raison d'être* for Mr. McWhirter's exhibition of works in oils and water-colours at the rooms of the Fine Arts Society, unless it be to justify the taking description, "Land of Burns and Scott," chosen for the show. The collection reveals little that is new with regard to this painter's art, sufficiently well known to the public through his numerous contributions to the great summer exhibitions. It appears, as before, facile and not wanting in certain superficially attractive qualities, chief among which is a faculty for choosing striking and eminently paintable subjects. The execution is easy, but it is also slovenly and incomplete; showing neither that real swiftness and breadth which, seizing upon the essential elements of the subject delineated, worthily takes the place of patiently elaborated detail, nor that searching workmanship which attains truth by the accurate reproduction of a series of carefully observed natural facts. There is in the painter's transcripts, no doubt, a certain element of the graceful and the picturesque, beyond the mere photographic reproduction of nature; but it is of the most obvious and easily attainable kind, penetrating no deeper than the very surface of things. Most pleasing and delicate among the water-colours is, perhaps, the one which shows beeches almost stripped by the winds of late October of their brown leaves, standing out against a sky of pure and delicate blue. The best piece of painting in the gallery is the large flower-piece in oils, in which is depicted a clump of thistles caught on either side in a tangled mass of brambles, and enlivened by the butterflies which alight upon it. This has both breadth and delicacy of execution, together with an unusual tenderness of feeling. Much appreciation of the fragile grace of wild flowers, with some timidity of drawing and execution, is revealed in the collection of small water-colour studies, each of which comprises a separate variety, painted not in an artificial group, but as it actually springs from the ground.

Another room at the same gallery is occupied by a new series of M. Roussoff's drawings of scenes and types studied in and near Venice. The Russian painter again appears as a most correct and competent executant belonging to the now established Italian school of water-colour painting, which is remarkable rather for breadth, solidity, and decision, than for transparency or real brilliancy of colour. Though not exactly a colourist, he attains generally a certain strength and unity of general tone, without achieving any special harmony or charm. He succeeds in reproducing once again, with an unaffected but highly prosaic realism, many familiar—alas! a little too familiar—people and places. Somehow, M. Roussoff's work leaves the impression that he is a highly accomplished craftsman, to whom his productions, conscientiously and completely as they are executed, are not exactly a labour of love, or the outcome of any special vision or insight of his own. Best of the numerous drawings is certainly the large one showing the interior of a mosque at Constantinople—not the great Byzantine temple of St. Sophia, but a gaily-decorated edifice of less architectural importance. This leaves an impression of unity and charm lacking in many of the other examples, and is a remarkable yet unobtrusive example of technical skill.

It becomes at once evident from even a cursory examination of Mr. Sutton Palmer's exhibition, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, of an extensive series of water-colour drawings made in illustration of the scenery of the English Lakes, that the artist has undertaken no distasteful or indifferent task, but revels in the tranquil beauties of the summer scenes which he delineates with such skill. He never tires of the gently-flowing lines of the mountains in which the lakes lie embosomed, or of the dense summer foliage of the trees which clothe the hillsides, penetrated occasionally by the tremulous rays of a half-veiled sunlight. The refinement and loving care evidenced by the patient, yet neither hard nor unduly small, execution are worthy of the highest praise. They are the result, not alone of a conscientious and ungrudging study of nature, but of a genuine appreciation of its calmer and less emotional aspects. At the same time, there is in these drawings too close an adherence to one scheme of colour, tender, no doubt, but over-timid and monotonous in its refinement. Greater vigour, greater variety both of technique and of feeling, the evidence of a more personal and distinctive impression made on the artist by what he portrays, and a less exclusive devotion to a certain restricted series of atmospheric effects of the more usual and obvious type, are desirable to complete Mr. Palmer's art and widen its scope. To enumerate the many drawings of high merit which make up the collection would be both tedious and unnecessary. It is especially in those in which, beyond a foreground of pale green luxuriant woodland, stretch vistas of island-studded lake, gently clasped by the undulating masses of the hills, that the painter is most successful. Among the drawings on a smaller scale, the "In the Woods, Ullswater," and "Nature's Garden, Thirlmere," have a very genuine and original charm.

Since last October, Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have added to their well-chosen exhibition of works by foreign artists a whole series of pictures, among which there are to be found three or four of the very first class. A

genuine masterpiece of colour and execution is the "Beppino" of M. Carolus-Duran, one of the few French painters of the present generation who condescend to be colourists. Generally in his most brilliant technical triumphs there remains a flavour of the *atelier*, a suggestion of conscious *bravura*, which prevents them from taking the highest rank as works of art; but in this exquisite study of a pale flaxen-haired child, splendidly robed in a gold-embroidered crimson dress, with surroundings showing many gradations of the same jewel-like colour, relieved with broadly-suggested masses of pink flowers and green leaves, a higher level is attained. No doubt the technical problem has chiefly occupied the consummate painter, and he has assuredly been stimulated by the exquisite "Infanta Margarita" of Velasquez at the Louvre; but, nevertheless, in delineating this fragile little Beppino, overweighted with his splendid trappings, he has given proof of a pathos and sincerity which lift the picture to a height not reached in the majority of his works. An important water-colour by Meissonier, "En Vedette," representing a mounted sentinel motionless in a green, misty landscape, has all his usual breadth and minute finish, with a more than common intensity of expression. As usual, however, the clever landscape and the cleverly-designed figure seem to have been separately studied, and not really to grow the one into the other. A really fine and genuinely inspired landscape by Corot is the simple representation of a leafy alley, thickly studded on either side with beeches and other trees, and having in its centre a sandy walk, with one or two figures. The subject is not in itself a very inspiring one, but yet the great master has succeeded in revealing in it an element of peaceful beauty, and in infusing into it much of his style, his pathos, and his subtlety of execution. We regret to see here a work like Signor Enrico Crespi's "Lesson in Anatomy," which, though not devoid of technical merit, would better grace one of the more sensational exhibitions in Bond Street. The painter, half-afraid of having dared to brave the difficulties of so repulsive a subject, has treated it in a semi-sentimental fashion, shrinking from the horrors of a crudely realistic presentation, and failing to replace these by any interest of the tragic or melodramatic order. A large series of landscapes by Mr. Gilbert Munger, dealing chiefly with scenes in Northern France, and especially with views of the Forest of Fontainebleau, so dear to the great school of French landscapists—now, alas! well-nigh extinct—proves rather an intimate acquaintance with the works of the masters of that school, and especially of Rousseau and Diaz, than a genuine study or distinctive appreciation of nature. There is a breadth and skill in the distribution of light and shade, a certain pictorial quality which, on a first inspection, attracts; but a closer examination soon reveals the study rather of art and artists than of nature, the absence of a genuine contact with, or observation of, the natural phenomena delineated, and the superficial character of the whole.

The exhibition of the Glasgow Institute contains a few interesting foreign pictures. Small landscapes by Corot, Diaz, Rousseau, and a garden-scene by Fortuny represent the painters of the last generation, while among the works by living Continental artists are two particularly vigorous sea-pieces by H. W. Mesdag, and two admirable still-life subjects by Bergeret, including a very large and masterly study of lobsters and shrimps. A moonlight pastoral by Charles Jacque is one of the finest works by that painter that we have seen, remarkable for the transparency of its shadows, and for its depth of poetic feeling. The most important of the works by deceased masters of the English school is the large "Sunny Thames" of Frederick Walker, an unfinished subject, graceful in the figures of its group of country children, and splendidly mellow in the colouring of its landscape. Among the London painters Sir John Millais sends his "Little Miss Muffit" and his "Mistletoe-Gatherer;" Albert Moore his "White Hydrangeas"—a nude study, accurate in draughtsmanship, and pleasing in its well-calculated scheme of conventional colour; Sir J. D. Linton, the smaller version of his "Declaration of War;" Tom Faed his pathetic but too slightly painted "Why Left I My Hame?" while "The Gold of the Sea" and "A Breezy Morning, East Coast," show J. C. Hook's and Henry Moore's power of dealing with the brilliancy of sky and ocean. The Royal Scottish Academy is well represented on the walls in works by Sir Noel Paton, W. E. Lockhart, W. M'Taggart, Waller Paton, John Smart, and other of its members. Among the Glasgow painters Alexander Mann, who last year exhibited a very delicate figure-piece of a Venetian bead-stringer, sends a large view on the Findhorn, remarkable for its quiet reality and truth of tone. James Paterson in his "Autumn Morning, Moniaive," also exhibits good landscape work executed upon French lines; and James Guthrie, one of the strongest of the younger Glasgow painters, in his "Apple Gatherers" manifests power of vigorous handling, and keen perception of "values" in an open-air effect.

The first exhibition of the Dublin Art Club has been very successful, and the sales have been large. The collection certainly was the best ever got together in the Irish metropolis outside the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and if succeeding exhibitions can be kept up to a similar high standard of excellence, the new club will prove an important factor in the art-education of the people. The exhibits numbered only two hundred and thirteen, including a number of works sent on loan, and some specimens of Irish pottery, decorated with Celtic ornament, by Mr. Charles Russell, but the paintings and drawings had evidently been carefully selected by the committee. It is not often that the Dublin public has the advantage of studying the works of Mr. Burne Jones, and the ten drawings contributed by that artist were the centre of growing interest. Mr. H. S. Marks was represented by the small study for his well-known "Franciscan Monk and his Model;" Mr. Alfred Parsons by his "Silver Streaming Thames," with its exquisite figures, by Mr. Abbey if we mistake not, and his "Mowing Time;" Mr. E. A. Waterlow by two fine works, "The Shepherd's Return" and "The Young Boat-builder," the latter of which, although not sent for sale, was ultimately secured by an Irish collector; Mr. Fred Cotman sent his "Village in the Salt Marsh," which was also sold, and his "Miller's Quay;" Mr. Paget, his "Circe;" Mr. Stott, two impressionist works, "The Kissing-Ring" and "Grandfather's Workshop;" and last, but by no means least, Mr. T. M. Rooke, his "Thistle-down Gatherer." Seven of the Irish Academicians contributed excellent work, notably the two Osbornes, Mr. Hone, and Mr. Bingham McGuinness, the landscapes and Continental bits in water-colour by the latter finding as usual ready purchasers. Mr. R. T. Moynan, a rising young artist, who only recently took the gold medal at Antwerp, had some excellent figure studies; and the works of Messrs. Kavanagh, Inglis, Cairns, and others added much to the interest of the collection, as did those of Dr. Booth Pearsall. In this as in other exhibitions in Ireland, the lady artists,

Miss Purser, Miss Manning, Miss Armstrong, and Mrs. Webb Robinson, took a high place, the contributions of Miss Purser being of a very powerful kind, especially the large decorative panel, "The Captivity of St. Patrick," intended for a Dublin hospital, as a gift from the Kyrle Society.

The International Exhibition of Art, Science, and Industry, to be opened at Saltaire in May next, is in aid of the new schools of science and art now being erected by the Governors of the Salt Schools at a cost of over £12,000; and from the names of those who have already promised to exhibit in the various departments we should think that the success of the exhibition is well assured. Amongst the contributors to the Loan Collection of Art are H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Lord Ripon, Lord Rothschild, Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I., Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the British Museum, and the Council of the Royal Society of Arts. Mr. Ernest Hart will also lend his magnificent collection of Japanese art, and Mr. Josephs his collection of miniatures.

The Société Chalcographique was, as is well known, recently formed under the auspices, though not exactly under the official ægis, of the British Museum, the Louvre, and the Berlin Museum, with the chief officials of which are associated some of the most distinguished amateurs, for the reproduction, in the most accurate and artistic manner, of scarce and important prints necessarily little known to the public. It has now justified its existence by a first issue of remarkable interest, giving an earnest of the catholic and intelligent manner in which its efforts will be directed. The reproductions, which are by MM. Charreyre, MM. Boussod, Valadon and Co., and the Autotype Companies of Berlin and London, are in general first-rate, though the paper on which they are printed is, perhaps, somewhat slight. First in interest, as in beauty, is the incomparable series of the "Twelve Sibyls," attributed to Botticelli and Baccio Baldini, from the collection of Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch. This, as a series, is unique, there being even in the British Museum, famous for its unrivalled collection of early Italian prints, only three very poor impressions from the set; the second series, in which the astonishingly grand, if fantastic, conceptions are toned down and conventionalised, being, however, there represented in its entirety. Belonging to the same early group is the great "Christ Before Pilate," also given to Baccio Baldini, and a duplicate of one of the famous "Otto" prints, from the collection of Baron Edmond de Rothschild. An early Florentine print, "La Lutte pour le haut de Chausse," is of special interest, because it is evident that a German print recently discovered at Lüneburg, and attributed to "the Master of 1464" (a reproduction of which is also given), is a clumsy adaptation of its subject and design. In the Italian series we find further the great print of Mocetto, showing the Madonna enthroned and surrounded by saints, apparently after a design for an altar-piece by Giovanni Bellini, and a curious North Italian engraving, "The Mænads striking down Orpheus," having much affinity with a well-known Mantegna drawing, and also with the later miscalled "Hercules, Nessus, and Deianira" of A. Dürer. Among the early German specimens are the interesting "Check to the King," a print of the end of the Fifteenth Century, attributed to the "Master of the Illustrations to Boccaccio;" an absolutely unique study of nude figures in the style of, though not by, Schöngauer, given by M. Dutuit to the Bibliothèque Nationale; and, from the Albertina, an unfinished state of Dürer's above-mentioned print, also called, and with more propriety, "The Effects of Jealousy."

We have to announce the death of the well-known French artist, M. C. F. Gaillard. He was a pupil of Léon Cogniet, and as an engraver he won the Prix de Rome in 1856, medals in 1867 and 1869, a medal of the First Class in 1872, and again in 1878. As a painter he obtained a medal of the Second Class in 1872, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1876.

The volume of the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," devoted to Japanese art, has been contributed by M. Louis Gonse, editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, than whom no one could have been found better fitted for the task. It contains the results of further research made since the publication of his great work bearing the same title, in two quarto volumes, in 1885, and forms a complete handbook to the study of all departments of Japanese art, which will be available to many who cannot get access to Dr. Anderson's great work on the same subject. About one-third of the book is devoted to painting, another to sculpture and metal-work, and the remaining portion to architecture, lacquer-work, tissues, pottery, and engraving. The illustrations are excellent. In "Le Livre," another volume of the same library, M. Henri Bouchot takes up the tale where M. Lecoy de la Marche dropped it, in his "Manuscrits et la Miniature," viz., at the invention of the printing press, and has managed to compress into a small volume of 318 pages a concise history of printing and the kindred arts, paying especial attention to the illustration of books. This branch of the subject is exemplified by a number of facsimile reproductions of trade-marks, title-pages, and other engravings, ranging in date from the earliest examples to the end of the Eighteenth Century. The book is completed by a chapter on binding, with illustrations taken from several of the most famous libraries.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have published another volume in the Fine Art Library series, entitled "Engraving: its Origin, Processes, and History," translated from the French of M. Le Vicomte Henri Delaborde by R. A. M. Stevenson, with a supplementary chapter by William Walker on the rise and progress of the British school of engraving, which was somewhat neglected by the author of "La Gravure." This, and a chronological table of our most noted engravers, adds greatly to the value of the work for English readers.

When what was called "Early English furniture" was all the fashion, Mr. Moyr Smith (a follower, if not actually a pupil, of Mr. Talbert) was one of the most energetic exponents of that now extinct style. Of late years he has devoted great part of his time to the editing of a journal called *Decoration*. In "Ornamental Interiors, Ancient and Modern," he has re-issued a number of illustrations which have appeared in that journal, together with others lent by decorators, manufacturers and publishers, and some few reproductions of old work. The examples given are naturally very unequal, but many of them are in their way excellent. This, however, cannot be said to apply to the author's own figure-designs, which are not only out of drawing, but already very much out of date. The letter-press is less interesting than the illustrations. One wonders rather to whom it is addressed; it is either too technical

or not technical enough. The artistic standpoint may be judged from the fact that "glacier" window-decoration is seriously considered—and that Mr. Somebody's machine embroidery is declared to produce "as good, or even a better, effect than hand-work." We are scarcely astonished after that to find that Mr. Ruskin is all wrong, and that Mrs. Haweis comes in for a kind word.

THE Autotype Company has published an admirable reproduction of a drawing by Frederick Shields, entitled "Christ and Peter." It represents that episode in Gospel history where the impulsive Peter advances to meet the Saviour walking on the sea. The artist has finely conceived the situation, and has drawn with skill and knowledge the figure of Christ pacing with supernatural firmness the troubled sea, and upholding the sinking Apostle. Part III. of the "Art of Bartolozzi," published conjointly by the Autotype Company and Messrs. Sotheran, is now issued, and contains many good things.

"LE VIEUX PARIS : FÊTES, JEUX ET SPECTACLES," by Victor Fournel (published by Alfred Mame et Fils, Tours), is just what the title leads one to expect, a history of the street-life of old Paris. The book is divided into fourteen sections, in each of which is described some aspect of street-life under such headings as mystery-plays, fairs, jugglers, acrobats, marionettes, circuses, &c., the method adopted being chronological, and mention being made of all celebrated scenes and personages. One of the most interesting chapters is that devoted to Longchamps, which is illustrated by a series of costume portraits from the end of the Seventeenth Century onwards. The volume (a royal octavo) contains 526 pages, and is illustrated throughout by reproductions from contemporary MSS., pictures, and engravings. "Les Environs de Paris," by Louis Barron (Maison Quantin), is the second volume issued in "Le Monde Pittoresque et Monumental," and it is high praise to say that the execution is equal to that of the first "L'Angleterre, L'Écosse et L'Irlande." The author has made thirty excursions into the suburbs of Paris, and stops in his walk to describe briefly, but graphically, any building, monument, or locality which is rendered interesting either by its artistic qualities or its historical associations. The book is beautifully illustrated by M. G. Fraipont, whose 500 sketches have evidently been made from nature, and show not only an eye for the picturesque, but a true designer's instinct for the decoration of a page. The work forms a large octavo volume of about 600 pages, and is made practically useful as well as ornamental by a good coloured map of Paris and the surrounding district, and an index.

"THE NEW AMPHION" (David Douglas, Edinburgh) is a dainty little volume containing sketches and contributions in prose and verse from many famous men, and is the outcome of a desire on the part of the students of the University of Edinburgh to establish a Union, whose walls it is designed to raise as the strains of Amphion's lyre builded of old the walls of Thebes. Amongst the contributors are Robert Browning, who leads off with a spring song, John Stuart Blackie, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Oliphant, and R. L. Stevenson, who concludes with a lament for the good old days. The best of the illustrations are a head by John Pettie, R.A., and a sun engraving from a Greek gem. "Saint Hildred," described as "a Romaunt in Verse," by Gertrude Harraden (T. Fisher Unwin), is a poem of a sentimental character, with four illustrations by J. Bernard Partridge. "Legends of the Basque People" (same publisher) is a valuable collection of the popular tales with which these interesting folk beguile the tedium of the long winter evenings, simply and sympathetically retold by Mariana Monteiro, who informs us in a preface that they are no longer believed with the unquestioning faith of old, and are beginning to lose their influence on the life of the people. The book is illustrated by four photogravures from drawings by Harold Copping, who in the frontispiece, depicting two witches in their flight through the air, has caught the weird spirit of the legend of Aquelarre. The last two illustrations might have been omitted without detriment to the book.

"THE LEGENDARY HISTORY OF THE CROSS" (T. Fisher Unwin) is founded on a very rare Dutch book published by Veldener A.D. 1483 (of which only three copies are known to exist), consisting of a series of sixty-four woodcuts, with a verse in Dutch at the foot of each explanatory of the engraving. These are here reproduced in facsimile, and their story retold in English by John Ashton, who has also supplied an introduction, giving some account of the various books that have been written on the history of the Cross, and comparing the version given in Veldener's book with one derived from a series of frescoes of the Fifteenth Century which formerly adorned the walls of the chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross at Stratford-upon-Avon. These frescoes were destroyed when the chapel was repaired in 1804, but before their destruction they were fortunately copied by a certain Mr. Fisher, from whose sketches Mr. Ashton gives illustrations. The book, which is further enriched by a preface from the pen of Mr. S. Baring Gould, is uniform with "A Smaller Biblia Pauperum," issued by Mr. Unwin two years ago.

THE presentation-plate published by the Art Union of London this year is a large line-engraving by A. Willmore of the picture by W. B. Leader, A.R.A., entitled "Streatley-on-Thames." The engraving scarcely does justice to the original, as it fails to reproduce its soft atmospheric effects, which are certainly not the least attractive portion of the artist's work.

A HANDSOME volume of 500 pages has just been published by A. Mame et Fils, Tours, entitled "Les Maîtres Italiens en Italie," by Jules Levallois, laureate of the French Academy. The book is beautifully printed on fine paper, but the engravings cannot equally be commended, being executed in that dry style which has much to do with the popular indifference to the old masters. The author, however, has done his part to render the work full of interest, giving us his impressions of the great works of art still existing in Italy, and describing their present surroundings in a bright and easy style. M. Levallois so arranges his space as to compel due attention to the most important epochs and most renowned names in Italian art. Of his nineteen chapters he devotes six to Florence and four to Rome, while the other art-centres have to content themselves with one or two. He dwells wisely and lovingly on the influence of Francis and Savonarola, finding the cradle of Italian art in the upper church at Assisi. Lionardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Correggio necessarily occupy much space, but we doubt whether a name of any importance is passed over in this comprehensive work.

ART IN MARCH.

Sir John Millais is painting a portrait of the Marquis of Hartington. He has also made great progress with the picture intended as a companion to "A Huguenot," which represents a Roman Catholic gentleman about to set forth to join in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but restrained by the entreaties of a Franciscan nun, who has cast herself at his feet, praying him to take no part in the slaughter to which he is summoned by a brown-frocked monk.

Mr. Marks will be represented at the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy by three pictures—"The Minstrel," in which a wandering troubadour is represented singing a love-song to five monks, who gaze on him with varying expressions of amusement; "An Œcumenical Council," a group of penguins, exceedingly quaint, placed on a rock by the sea; and "The Old Tortoise," suggested by White's "Natural History of Selborne," showing the famous naturalist pausing in his reading to study the ways and habits of what he called "an abject reptile."

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A., is progressing with his colossal statue of General Gordon, which is to stand in Trafalgar Square, facing south, between the fountains.

Mr. S. J. Solomon, of whose picture of Cassandra, exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, we published an etching by J. Dobie in The Magazine of Art for March, is now at work on a still more important canvas, the subject of which is the binding of Samson. The central group, representing Samson and the Philistines, is full of contorted action, to which the figure of Delilah on the right hand of the picture, half shrinking from the consequences of her act, half mocking the fallen hero, is a fine contrast.

Some of the personal friends of the late Randolph Caldecott have decided to erect in London an enduring tribute to his worth. The executive committee consists of Mr. Mundella, M.P., Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. George Howard, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. C. Scott Gatty, and Mr. T. Armstrong (Secretary). It is proposed, with the consent of the Dean, to place a mural tablet in the crypt of St. Paul's. The design, which Mr. A. Gilbert, A.R.A., is prepared to make, together with the inscription, will be submitted to the Dean for approval.

By the time these pages are published a successor will have been elected to Mr. Richmond, who, having reached the advanced age of eighty years, has joined the ranks of retired Academicians. There will then be two vacancies for Associates, who, according to the laws of the Society, will not be chosen until the diploma works of the Academicians-elect have been deposited. It is probable also that two or three of the senior Academicians will follow Mr. Richmond's example, and that an extra vacancy will occur among the A.R.A.'s. It may be imagined that the interval before these vacancies are filled will not be a period of serene tranquillity for the ambitious.

The latest movement in the direction of the reform of the Royal Academy comes from within. It is a scheme submitted to the Council by a well-known R.A., commonly reputed to be strictly conservative, whereby one hundred artists should have the right to have one or more of their pictures hung without submitting them to the Selecting Committee. We have not space to enter at length into the arguments for and against this scheme for the creation of a hundred third-class R.A.'s, but to us it seems to tend entirely in the wrong direction. The result would infallibly be that all the places worth having on the walls at Burlington House would be occupied by the pictures of the three privileged classes, and that no chance whatever would remain to those who were left in outer darkness. We should much prefer to hear that the present members had decided to submit their own works to the judgment of the Selecting Committee, though perhaps in that case it would be desirable to adopt some different method for the appointment, or election, of that body, in which such very large powers would then be vested. We cannot help thinking that some such arrangement would supply a wholesome stimulus to certain artists whose ambition is too easily satisfied by election to the dignity of A.R.A., and would really foster the truest interests of art. Of course we could not, considering the constitution of their Society, reasonably ask the Academicians to consider such a proposition, much less expect them to adopt it.

The New English Art Club, whose exhibition last season in Pall Mall created so favourable an impression, has made a step in advance. The Dudley Gallery has been taken for the months of April and May, during which time an exhibition of most interesting works of art may be confidently expected. The jury of selection has just been elected, after a very full poll of the members, and consists of the following: Messrs. J. Aumonier, F. Brown, J. E. Christie, G. Clausen, Stanhope Forbes, T. F. Goodall, P. Jacomb Hood, T. B. Kennington, W. J. Laidley, T. S. Lee, J. S. Sargent, S. J. Solomon, J. H. Thomas, and J. M. Whistler, whose names are a sufficient guarantee that the exhibition will not be commonplace.

Messrs. Agnew's exhibition of water-colour drawings by deceased and living artists is chiefly remarkable as including some already well-known specimens belonging to

both classes. There is little absolutely new work calling for comment, save, it may be, a classical idyll, "The Old, Old Story," by Mr. Alma-Tadema, as solid and clever as usual, and almost as lacking in real human interest, although the aim to suggest sentiment is pretty evident. Mr. Birket Foster is represented by a series of Italian scenes, stippled, neat, and, in every sense of the word, small. Several unfinished specimens of Turner's late manner appear, which are neither very representative nor very satisfactory: an exception must, however, be made in favour of the slight but beautiful sketch, "A Swiss Landscape." Among many examples of the work of Copley Fielding which are here shown there should be specially distinguished the very large and remarkable "Distant View of the Cumberland Hills from Eskdale," painted in 1833. The master—always open to influences from the outside — here appears to have assimilated much of the manner of George Barrett, and even of David Cox; but, for all that, this work has a higher truth and sincerity than is usually attained by him. Space and atmosphere are suggested with admirable skill, and the grey, cloudy sky especially is drawn and modelled with a mastery and delicacy which few, if any, Englishmen could now equal. Several important drawings from the collection of the late William Graham reappear, and among them Rossetti's "The First Discovery of Ophelia's Madness"—not, perhaps, as deeply felt as some works of the same early time, but remarkable for the daring juxtaposition of brilliant, almost unbroken tints, used in a fashion which recalls and emulates the splendour of the finer mediæval stained glass. The late Fred. Walker's much-overrated "Lilies" has little of the painter's finer and more distinctive qualities; it is somewhat stiffly and awkwardly composed, and lacks simplicity and pathos, while the execution suffers from a noticeable abuse of body colour. The "Philip at Church" is, on the contrary, profoundly earnest and moving, though, from a technical point of view, there is much—notably the hotness of the colour —to which exception might be taken. It is pleasant to renew one's acquaintance with Mr. Burne Jones's beautiful "Eros and Psyche," a work which must always charm by the brilliancy and delicacy of its colour, though it may not possess the profound significance which out-and-out worshippers of the master claim for it, as for all his works.

The Goupil Gallery is at present filled with a somewhat ambitiously styled "Exhibition of Italian, French, and Spanish Pictures," which cannot certainly be taken to be in any way representative of the schools of the three nations. It is in reality a very miscellaneous show, in which are to be found not more than two or three examples of the first class. A very remarkable work, which has, however, appeared on a previous occasion in London, is M. Gérôme's "Master of the Harem," showing a huge slave clothed in a satin robe of staring yellow, with a white turban, and wearing a belt full of arms of all kinds; he stands motionless, holding a terrible-looking whip. The execution is of the usual exquisitely neat, glassy kind, to which the great painter has remained faithful, and the colour must be judged rather *criarde* than brilliant. What gives the picture its value is the true dramatic force with which this repellent type of almost bestial ferocity has been realised—and realised, too, without extraneous aid—by means only of the subtlety and power with which the facial expression has been conceived and conveyed. A charming little study is "Arranging Flowers," by M. C. Bisschop, a Dutch painter, who follows, *longo intervallo*, those glories of his country, Vermeer, of Delft, and Pieter de Hooch. This simple figure of a girl in sober attire, whose form is partly illuminated by the rays coming from an open window, is rendered interesting by its simplicity and repose, and by the unobtrusive skill with which the light is managed. The only other noticeable things here are the pretentious eccentricities of Señor J. Benlliure, a painter by no means devoid of humour, but whose works, even when most characteristic, must rank rather as caricatures than as serious productions. His technique, though ambitious and laboured, is incomplete, its chief defects being a certain patchiness and want of repose, and an abuse of impasto.

Those who remembered M. E. H. Fahey's remarkable "Great Yarmouth" at the Royal Academy last year looked forward with much hope to his exhibition at the gallery of the Fine Arts Society of water-colour drawings of the Norfolk Broads. These hopes will, however, be only partly realised. It might have been expected that the painter would give a more distinctive view than he has here revealed of these strange regions, the fascination of which is so undoubted and yet so difficult to define. Without infusing into his delineations an undue ideality or a false prettiness, he might, with more earnestness, have been more successful in giving a personal and penetrating impression of their peculiar charm—a charm of isolation and repose, by which it may be doubted whether he has really been much moved. Several drawings, however, may be cited as having a very real pathos and attractiveness, and among them another "Great Yarmouth" (23), seen across an expanse of water, under a grey sky tinged with the yellow tones of a quiet, sober sunset. The technique of the series, while giving evidence both of breadth and skill, is not very searching or complete. Notably, much more might be made by a true colourist out of the sober harmonies which Mr. Fahey in most instances affects. One of the chief attractions of the exhibition is the oil-painting of "Great Yarmouth," to which we have already referred.

Among the chief attractions of the present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy are "The Early Career of Murillo," by the late John Phillip, which has recently been acquired by a Scottish collector, and Mr. Orchardson's "Master Baby," which figured in the Grosvenor Gallery last year. Mr. McWhirter's "Three Witches," three small but delicate and refined examples of *genre*-painting by Mr. Hugh Cameron, Mr. Tom Graham's "Harbour Light," Mr. Oakes's "Corner of the Harvest Field," Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Heart of the Coolins," and Mr. J. R. Reid's "Shipwreck," are other important works contributed by the London painters. The place of honour in the great room is occupied by Mr. W. E. Lockhart's scene from "The Last Days of Pompeii," a subject delicate, refined, and telling in colour, full of archæological knowledge and admirable painting of details, and most skilful in its rendering of the three figures introduced—those of Glaucus, Nydia, and the old jeweller Servilius. Mr. R. M'Gregor, who is rapidly gaining in command of colour—his mastery of tone is already admirable—sends several pleasant subjects of rustic life; and Mr. J. T. Ross contributes some admirable garden scenes, full of vivid and harmonious tinting and pleasantly introduced figures. Mr. R. Herdman, in addition to various portraits and examples of flower-painting, has an important figure-picture—"Landless and Homeless, Farewell to the Glen" —a carefully considered and dramatically rendered scene

of a Highland eviction. Mr. R. G. Hutchison in his "Reminiscences of the Crimea" shows a cottage scene, excellent in its character-painting, and both faithful and effective in its lighting; and from Mr. G. O. Reid and Mr. R. Paton Reid come some admirably-handled *genre* pieces. Mr. W. D. M'Kay, Mr. J. C. Noble, and Mr. J. Lawton Wingate are among the most notable contributors of landscape, and the last-named painter is represented by a flower-study, treated with singular delicacy. Among the examples of animal-painting is a masterly and artistic study of a collie and her pups by Mr. R. Alexander, one of the most striking things on the walls; while portraits are contributed by Mr. George Reid—among the rest, his strikingly vivid full-length of Lord Justice-Clerk Moncrieff—Mr. M'Taggart, who also shows a powerful sea-piece, Mr. W. Hole, Mr. J. Kay Robertson, and Mr. R. Gibb.

The annual exhibition of the Manchester Academy, which opened on February 15th, is a very representative one, and the local vigour of the Manchester School is seen in the leaning towards "impressionism" observable in the best work of the younger men. Mr. Anderson Hague sends nine pictures, among which are several good landscapes. His "Chrysanthemums" and "An Unwilling Model" are both excellent of their kind; and the portrait, "Hilda"—a child in an old oak chair, in tones of red with an interesting but subordinate background of grey blue—is an admirable piece of colour, and deserves the place of honour it has obtained. Mr. Somerset has perhaps the finest landscape in the exhibition. He seems to combine the eye for effect possessed by the "impressionist," with the poetic feeling of the older landscapists, and his "Cornfields," a departure from his favourite purples and russets, is a graceful and thoughtful painting. Mr. Stott, of Oldham, has some interesting though eccentric pictures; his "Atelier du Grand-père" is well painted but absolutely uninteresting, and his "Pastoral with Gorse"—one of Old Crome's subjects—is quite unsuccessful; but he has a portrait of "T. D. M.," a seaman, which is full of character, and which gains much by its quiet, subdued treatment. Miss Isabel Dacre has a good study of children in "The Swans," and Miss Florence Monkhouse one or two simple figure-subjects, remarkable for their interesting treatment. Among much that is worthy of remembrance, the straightforward landscapes of Mr. Henry Davis, the sharp, vivid water-colour sketches of Mr. Hopwood, the Egyptian subjects of Mr. Artingstall, and the drawings from the neighbourhood of the Château de Concy by Mr. Bright Morris, all call for a fuller recognition than our space allows.

Manchester has recently been the battle-field of the two great schools of art-teaching—the advocates of the French system and those who uphold South Kensington and all its works. Mr. J. H. E. Partington, an artist well known in Manchester, began the battle in January by delivering a fierce attack on South Kensington. The students of the Manchester School, resenting his desire to abolish them, with their geometry, perspective, and outline, to make room for a foreign system of education, took up the cudgels, and a lively newspaper controversy ensued. The Manchester students sent the correspondence to twenty representative artists, and some of their letters in answer were printed at length in the *Guardian.* Sir John E. Millais, Bart., R.A., in some remarks of a general character, took a strongly Conservative line, and replied to the students that he had "no doubt that your art-teaching in Manchester is both good and sufficient, and I am sure that your advantages far exceed those of a past generation." Mr. Walter Crane was "not concerned to defend the South Kensington system in all its details;" but considered that the course Mr. Partington advocated, "however interesting to the painter, would be absolutely valueless as a training in design." Mr. William Morris summed up his opinion in these words:—"It is not the proper business of these Schools of Art as now established in this country to create professional painters or designers, but to teach people to draw and to paint, and to give them information as to the history of the arts, so as thereby to further the genuine taste for and appreciation of art, the widespread feeling of which can alone produce true artists." Mr. Partington found an able ally in Professor Herkomer, whose lecture at Salisbury, an elaborate attack on South Kensington, was fully reported in Manchester. Both sides have freely quoted Mr. Ruskin's opinions, and as his letter is both impartial and characteristic we give it in full.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire, *2nd Feb.*, 1887.

Sir,—I am sixty-eight this month, have my own business to do and books to read, and beg to decline reading the 3×8=24 columns of Manchester "opinions" on the subject of art-teaching, amongst which you honour me by the request that I should intercolumniate mine. If the twenty-six students on whose behalf you sign will subscribe each of them a shilling fee for my opinion, let them buy my "Laws of Fesole," and lend the book to each other, and *do* what it *bids*, till they begin to understand a little what it means. And for unfeed reply to your newspaper editors, here is my—not *opinion*—but very sure and stern knowledge. That it is impossible for Manchester, or any town the least like Manchester, to have Schools of Art in them at all. Art cannot be taught by fouling the skies over their heads, and stealing their drink from other lands.—Ever your faithful servant, John Ruskin.

You have, of course, my entirely complacent permission to publish my reply in the *Guardian.*

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Partington and his allies will try the interesting experiment of starting a rival school in Manchester on a more synthetic system than that which obtains at South Kensington and its branches.

The oil-paintings at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition will be arranged by J. C. Horsley, R.A., and T. O. Barlow, R.A., and the water-colours by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., and Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I.

The ninth annual exhibition of modern pictures in oil and water-colours, at the Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport, was opened on the 7th of March. There are 958 exhibits, which have been well hung, and the collection is an attractive one. Among the prominent figure subjects are "Pharaoh's Daughter," by E. Long; "Entreat Me not to Leave Thee," by Solomon J. Solomon; "A Roman Triumph," by F. W. W. Topham; R. B. Browning's "Joan of Arc and the Kingfisher;" and P. H. Calderon's "Golden Fetters." The landscapes include a very fine example of W. L. Picknell's powerful brush, "Sunshine and Drifting Sand." There is also good work by H. Moore, Peter Ghent, A. Parsons, E. Parton, A. MacCallum, and others. The last-named is very well represented. Among the water-colours the drawings of C. Napier Hemy, John Finnie, W. A. Shackleton, R. Hartley, J. C. Salmon, and the late W. W. Deane attract special notice. The majority of the works exhibited come from studios in London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., but Southport art is creditably represented by F. T. Sibley, F. Krause, and W. H. Longmaid.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods have sold the following pictures collected by the late Mr. E. Magrath:—C. Heffner's "Autumn," 215 guineas; W. Kray's "The Fisherman's Dream," 270 guineas; "The Sacristan's Daughter," by C. Bisschop, 220 guineas; Ernst Zimmermann's "In Doubt," 240 guineas; "The Pharisee," by M. de Munkacsy (study for his picture "Christ Before Pilate"), 310 guineas; "The Two Families," original study by the same artist, 520 guineas; A. Pasini's "Le Harem sur le Bosphore," 400 guineas; and "Waiting for the Boats," by Walter Longley, a water-colour drawing, 200 guineas.

On the 2nd of April next Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods will sell by auction fifty-seven of Mr. Watts' works, the property of Mr. C. H. Hildith Richards, of Old Trafford, Manchester. They include "Virginia," "Hebe," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Time, Death, and Judgment," "The Angel of Death," "Bianca," "Ariadne in Naxos," "Mid-day Rest," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "The Island of Cos," "Love and Death," "Paolo and Francesca," "Ariadne Deserted by Theseus," and the "Return of the Doves." Many of these works were exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881. Most of them are either replicas of larger pictures known by the same names, or the original designs for them.

We have to record the death of M. L. J. Daumas, sculptor, who was a pupil of David d'Angers; he was born at Toulon in 1801, and made his first appearance at the Salon of 1833, when he contributed "Un jeune Gladiateur après le Combat;" he became a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1868. Also of Dr. Henzen, Director of the German Archæological Institute at Rome. Also of M. Charles Laurent Maréchal, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut, well known as the artist of important works in stained glass; he was born at Metz in 1801, and commenced life as a saddler; he received a First Class Medal of Honour at the London Exhibition of 1851 on account of his glass pictures, and another at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, in 1855; he was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1846.

"On the Box Seat," by James John Hissey (Richard Bentley and Son), is a description of a drive in a phaeton from London to Land's End and back, out by way of Winchester, Southampton, Weymouth, Launceston, and home *via* Ilfracombe, Bristol, Abingdon, and the Thames Valley. Mr. Hissey is a pleasant travelling companion, chatty and cheerful, with a genuine love of the beauties of his native land, and an artist's appreciation of the changing effects of storm and sunshine, and the endless variations of our ever-shifting sky, though we must confess that we find his constant praise of the days gone by, and abuse of modern "improvements," a trifle wearisome. The book is illustrated by sixteen engravings by J. Pearson of sketches by the author, and two reproductions of pages from Colonel Paterson's "Roads" edition of 1829, and Thomas Kitchin's "Postchaise Companion," published in 1767.

The latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" is entitled "Alexander's Empire," and is, perhaps, the most important volume that has yet appeared in the series. Therein Professor Mahaffy accomplishes the no mean task of conducting the reader through the intricacies of one of the most complicated periods of history. The author begins with a brief sketch of the building-up of Alexander's vast empire, and then in a number of lucid chapters unfolds the partition of that empire among the Diadochi and their successors, and finally tells us how the divided empire fell to pieces when it came in contact with the western power of Rome. The period under discussion is particularly important because it witnessed the spread of Hellenism, the equivalent in the Third Century B.C. of the European culture of to-day. The New Comedy, the New Philosophy, the New Criticism of the age profoundly influenced the world, as did the revived art of Pergamum and Rhodes. Of all these signs of intellectual activity Professor Mahaffy has a word to say, and it is because what he does say upon them is so excellent that we regret that he did not cut the wars and intrigues of Macedonia, Syria, and Egypt a little shorter and devote rather more space to Hellenism and the Alexandrian spirit. We are sorry in so excellent a book to have three complaints to make: in the first place, a want of revision is manifest throughout; secondly, we think that authorities are not enough quoted, even for a popular work; and, thirdly, many of the cuts are execrably bad. We cannot conceive what purpose is served by giving the public such totally wrong impressions of the "Laocoön," or the "Venus of Milo," as are here given; and these are not the worst illustrations in the book.

"The Naturalistic School of Painting," by Francis Bate, is a scholarly-looking pamphlet of ninety-seven pages, published at the offices of *The Artist*. The opening chapters have a tendency to be somewhat prolix; but as he goes on and warms to his work, the author grows vigorous and terse. If the thing said be not exactly new, the manner of saying it is undoubtedly fresh and earnest. The author's object throughout is to indicate the character of the phenomena of light, colour, atmosphere, and form, and their relations to each other as affecting the art of picture-painting. The book, in short, may be summed up in Herbert Spencer's phrase, and called a searching exposition of the "science of appearances."

The National Society has lately published at the Depository, Westminster, two large chromo-lithographic reproductions of works by old masters. The pictures selected are the "Flight into Egypt," by Gaudenzio Ferrari, and "The Entombment" of Pietro Perugino. The plates are adapted by Mr. J. E. Goodall and lithographed by Messrs. M. and N. Hanhart, who have done their work very well. They measure about 27 by 21 inches, and are suitable for decorating the walls of school-rooms.

"The Year's Art" for 1887, compiled by Marcus B. Huish (J. S. Virtue and Co.), contains three new features which make this well-arranged handbook more useful than ever to all who have to do with art and artists. The additions are: (1) A complete list of exhibitors at the Royal Academy, with the titles of works exhibited by each; (2) eight illustrations of the drawings required under the new regulations in the various standards in Government Elementary Schools; and (3) an epitome of the Law of Art Copyright, by Reginald Winslow, Barrister-at-Law. Part 7 of Mr. R. E. Graves' new edition of "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" (George Bell and Sons) carries on the work from Pieter van Laar to Francesco Mazzuoli, better known as Parmigiano. This excellent book fills a void which is so acutely felt that it scarcely needs any recommendation: we can only say that we wait anxiously for its completion.

ART IN APRIL.

Mr. Luke Fildes has been elected an R.A., and Mr. George Aitchinson Professor of Architecture in succession to Mr. Street. Mr. Robert W. Allan and Miss Maud Naftel have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. The Incorporated Society of British Artists have elected Mr. Waldo Story and Mr. Theodore Roussel as members, and Mr. Charles Keene an honorary member.

The nation has good reason to thank Mr. Henry Vaughan for giving to the Print Room of the British Museum his six fine drawings by Michelangelo which were formerly in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and exhibited not long since by the Burlington Club.

An exceedingly strong memorial, signed by about three hundred architects of Great Britain, has been sent to the Liverpool Cathedral Committee, asking that the competition designs may be exhibited in London. We can scarcely conceive reasons sufficiently strong to admit of a refusal on the part of the Committee to agree to the request of a memorial that bears with it so many and such important names.

The Society of British Artists continues to pursue with fervour and thoroughness the new departure from the ancient tradition of Suffolk Street which marked the accession of Mr. Whistler to the presidency. The present exhibition is full of interesting work presented under exceptional advantages. The general scheme of decoration is similar to that of last year, but the arrangement of the walls and the lighting are even better. The hanging of the paintings in the large central room, from which Mr. Whistler's productions are magnanimously excluded, illustrates what is practically a new principle in this country. The pale amber canopy suspended over the parquet flooring is somewhat curtailed, by which the pictures gain considerably. All the paintings in this room are virtually on the line, and measured by the standard of Burlington House, are something better than on the line. All the circumstances of hanging show admirable taste and a well-tempered zeal for the artistic claims of painters and the enjoyment of the public. Each painting may be studied in secure isolation, without the distracting influences of crowding, and the stupid massing of discordant and incongruous works in vogue elsewhere. On the whole the paintings shown are worthy of the excellent taste and ingenious method of presentment by which they so largely benefit. Mr. Whistler's "Nocturne in Blue and Gold: Valparaiso Bay" (156) is an extremely beautiful and subtle night-piece, an alluring vision of transpicuous darkness and infinite aërial space. Not less happy in another and profounder key is the "Gardens" (158), a reminiscence of Cremorne, a Rembrandt-like study of the play of artificial lights on moving vapours, full of mystery and fascination. Less luminous in tone than some of the President's portraits, though highly characteristic in its simple and telling realism, is the "Arrangement in Violet and Pink." Other notable portraits, to which we can only now refer, are Mr. Jacomb-Hood's "Game and Sett" (103), and Mr. Roussel's audacious and clever portrait of Mr. Mortimer Menpes (121), and a charming "Portrait of Miss Menpes" (189). In the large room the most conspicuous work, and that which is certain to be much discussed, is "A Nymph" (137), by Mr. W. Stott (of Oldham), a decorative study of the nude of singular originality in design, a composition of eminent learning and beauty, suffused with the voluptuous atmosphere and warm tremulous light of some poetic garden of Boccaccio. Mr. Edwin Ellis—"Under Flamborough Head" (100)—is at his best in the cool sunless colour of his chalk headland, and the admirable distance of his sea-piece. Mr. Picknell has never surpassed the vigorous breadth and intrepid handling of his "When Shadows Lengthening Fall" (106). Mr. Anderson Hague, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. Leslie Thomson are all represented by landscape of excellent quality. Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram's rather theatrical canvas "Helpless" (146), a wild sea with a ship drifting ashore—in which the marine painter is associated with Mr. T. C. Gotch—is altogether on too large a scale. Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Grey Day on the Merwade," full of brooding calm and vibrating colour, is a delightful and perfectly realised sketch. For the rest we can only note Mr. Arthur Hill's excellent study from the nude, "The Signal" (111); Mr. Cattermole's "Revenged" (135)—a capital piece of melodrama; Mr. W. C. Symons' broad but rather spotty "Figure-head of the Cupid" (145); and Mr. Alfred East's delicate and sensitively-observed water-colour, "A Fitful Gleam of Sunlight on the Snow" (210).

The exhibition of the New English Art Club now being held at the Dudley Gallery is full of interest. Its general level of excellence, especially from a technical point of view, is very high, and it contains little commonplace work. It shows throughout the influence of Continental methods, as well as in some cases a decided tendency towards eccentricity. Of the more ambitious works, "In Arcady," by Mr. Alex. Harrison—evidently a member of the "open-air" school—is a marvel of strong painting, while Mr. Kennington's "Battle of Life," a pathetic, low-toned picture, is full of power, but unfortunately too closely suggests Mr. Fred Brown's "Hard Times" of last year. Mr. J. S. Sargent contributes two canvases, one of them being the "Portrait of R. L. Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson." Mr. G. Clausen sends one of his admirable studies of rural life, and among the landscapes, in which the collection is particularly strong, we have to mention Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Winter on the Broad," and Mr. S. Llewellyn's "Summer-time near the Sea." For the rest, Mr. Tuke's two seascapes, Mr. Shannon's portraits, Mr. W. L. Wyllie's studies, and

the small canvases of Messrs. Jacomb-Hood and L. B. Hall are worthy of especial notice in an exhibition where there is much to praise and very little to blame.

This is the second year in which the lady artists have occupied the Salon Carré of the Egyptian Hall. The committee of management have very wisely taken a leaf out of the book of J. McNeil Whistler, Esq., the reforming and distinguished President of the Society of British Artists, and have this year rejected upwards of four hundred contributions, which in their opinion did not reach the heightened standard lately adopted. The result is a more than ordinarily good exhibition, especially in the oil-colour section, and the critic can use the same terms of praise or blame respecting it that he would in surveying any other art-collection with a perfectly clear conscience. Ellen Partridge sends a charming figure subject of a young girl, which she calls "Alpen Rosen." It is at once frank and conscientious in treatment, and well up to her usual mark. In Mrs. Cooper's work we fear there is a slight falling off, and she certainly does herself injustice in her little picture of "Farm Buildings;" her ivory miniature is better. Kate Macaulay sends nine pictures, of which the best is most assuredly "A Bit of the Thames at Battersea." Mrs. Marrable is another artist whose industry is irrepressible, and whose progress in her art is of a very pronounced kind. Her "Rome, from the Old Convent Garden, Palatine Hill," is a good example of gradated distance, and "A Side Street in Vienna" is in such perspective as would do credit to an architectural draughtsman. "A Maid of Araby," by Kate Hastings, is broad and effective in treatment, and bespeaks a fine artistic sense in its author. We are very much pleased, too, with Emily Barnard's "Blanche," Maud Smith's "Marjory Daw," and with "Green Grow the Rushes," by Maud Naftel (the new Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours). Lady Lindsay, who is a member of the Royal Institute, contributes a "Cottage Posy," tastefully composed, and good both in drawing and colour. A similar remark is applicable to Fanny W. Currey's "Red Roses," Mrs. Cecil Lawson's "Spring Blossoms," and especially so to E. H. Stannard's "Alicants," and Emma Walter's "Roses and other Flowers." Miss Beresford has been very successful with her "Impromptu Loving Cup"—a peasant boy offering his cap full of water to a peasant girl; and Mrs. S. E. Waller's "Philip, younger son of Captain Noble, C.B.," is honestly and largely treated, and is, we should imagine, a successful portrait. We must next name, also with emphatic approval, Kate Perugini's "Peggy," Katherine M. Bywater's clever illustration to "The Water Babies," Annie L. Robinson's charming portraits, "Red Rose in White Rose Garden," "The Young Widow," by Madame Schwartz, and the "Portrait of a Lady," by Blanche Jenkins. Among the pictures on the screens may be mentioned without prejudice to the others, Helen Thornycroft's "Orchids," the "View on the Mole" of Bessie Spiers, and "A Bit of Monmouthshire," by Charlotte Spiers. Such artists as Madame Bisschop, Mrs. Val Bromley, the Marchioness of Waterford, Mrs. Jopling, Hilda Montalba, and Clara Montalba require only naming here, as we are sure to meet them elsewhere.

At the Fine Art Society's gallery in New Bond Street will be found a most interesting collection of sketches and studies in Egypt and Algeria by Mr. F. A. Bridgman, which enables the visitor to catch what the artist very properly calls "A Glimpse of the East." We could scarcely wish a better cicerone. He has an eye to catch whatever is characteristic of the countries he visits, and, with a hand trained under Gérôme, this native of Alabama can reproduce what he sees with a vividness and truth worthy of the master. We have carefully noted his progress since his first appearance in the Salon years ago, and few men have attained to his assured position more deservedly. Open courtyards with the sun flecking the white walls or trellising them with shadows of interlaced branches are among the subjects he loves to depict; and he peoples them, too, with whatever is characteristic of the East, its horses being his special forte.

The twenty-third annual exhibition at Mr. McLean's gallery of cabinet pictures in oil by artists of the British and foreign schools is a well-chosen collection of fifty-nine pictures. Rosa Bonheur occupies the place of honour on the left-hand wall with a vigorous painting of a couple of wild boars, followed in the distance by others. She calls it "A Foraging Party in the Forest of Fontainebleau," and it forms a companion picture to the one painted some years ago for M. Lefevre, only this one represents spring, whereas the other was a winter scene. The far end of the gallery is occupied by a very lovely yellow-haired girl in spotted wrapper and slate-coloured petticoat and carrying a basket of ferns. The picture is almost too sweet, and had the painter, Sir John Millais, thrown a little more of his wonted force into it, it would have been so much the more characteristic. The place of honour on the right-hand wall, as one enters, is occupied by a large picture by Silvio G. Rotta, representing a fashionable "Picnic at the Lido, near Venice," as it might have occurred towards the end of last century. The three artists whom we have named are supported by such men as Peter Graham, George Boughton, E. Ellis, John Pettie, and other men of mark.

The French gallery in Pall Mall, where the stay-at-home Londoner first acquired his knowledge of Continental art, still maintains its pre-eminence. Occupying the place of honour on the left-hand wall as we enter, and flanked by two of the most delicate Corot-landscapes we have seen for a long time, hangs the "Camel Market, Cairo," by Professor Müller, of Vienna. The "Ships of the Desert," some light-coloured and some dun, lie or stand about the market-place in picturesque groupings round a palm tree, while two stalwart white-robed Ethiopians do their endless chaffering. An old mosque fills up the background, and nothing is wanting in the treatment of sunlight or shade, of local fact or general effect, to give Oriental *vraisemblance* to the scene. Another picture the verisimilitude of which is most striking, fronts Professor Müller's work, at the other end of the room. It is a battle-piece full of the most thrilling incident, and represents the "Rout of Schamyl's Forces by the Russians in 1847" at Salti. We see the flat white-capped, blue-coated Russians charging furiously down the pass on the devoted Circassians, who are readily recognisable by their furred head-gear or white turbans, while a body of foot, by a narrow mountain track to the right, takes them in the flank. The patriot chief has evidently been out-manœuvred; but his faithful followers fight on singly and in groups unflinchingly to the death. The artist is F. Roubaud, a Russian, whose professional training was acquired in Vienna. Another Russian of undoubted power is G. von Bochmann; his "Old Fish Market, Revel," shows a confused assemblage of dogs, horses, and carts, with fisher-folk haggling with

their customers, all in front of some tumble-down sheds, which age or the original architect has almost shouldered into the Baltic. The picture is low in tone, and the vigorous handling is in excellent keeping with the character of the scene. Turning to landscape proper, we find in Karl Heffner's "On the Road to Ostia" such a loving transcript of nature as but rarely falls from the pencil of even her devoted and most gifted worshippers. Yet here, as in all cases, whether in art or literature, when human excellence rises into regions supernal, the inspiring objects are wondrously simple. Another Munich master of eminence, who takes as prominent a place among figure-painters as Heffner does among landscape-painters, is Professor Holmberg; his "Council of Peace"—a cardinal and two lesser church dignitaries in earnest conclave in a well-appointed apartment—is admirable in its treatment of light and dark and colour, and further remarkable for the facial expression of the various figures. C. Seiler's exquisite little gem, so delicate in colour and pathetic in theme, will be found upstairs. It represents the reconciliation of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua a few days before the death of the former. One is hardly prepared to hear that the painter of such tender episodes is also a warrior of renown. Yet such is the fact, M. Seiler having won the iron cross for valour in the field during the Franco-German War. Besides those already named there will be found in this gallery some very desirable examples of such masters as Bouguereau, Ed. Frère, Heilbuth, Meissonier (a brilliant example), Van Marcke, and Munkacsy.

The Tooth gallery, which is next door, can boast of an equally noteworthy collection in which the works of distinguished men of the Continental schools are judiciously intermixed with those of eminent men of our own. At the same place, only upstairs, is being shown an important work by Frederick Goodall, R.A., representing Our Saviour with a little child on His knee, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." The quotation is the name Mr. Goodall gives to his work, and we have to congratulate him on his success. He has infused into his subject much tenderness and grace, and clothed the whole with a sweet religious solemnity which cannot fail to strike any beholder. The picture is sure to become very popular.

It is gratifying to learn that the Canadians are taking such an interest in art as was evinced by the crowds of people who visited the loan exhibition of pictures held lately at Montreal. The exhibition was a very good one, and included among other pictures "The Shepherdess," by J. F. Millet; "A Landscape," by Corot; "A Pool in the Woods," by Diaz; "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by Gabriel Max; "Les Communicantes," by Jules Breton; "After the Victory," by Benjamin Constant; "Seascape," by Henry Moore, A.R.A.; "Redding the Nets," by Colin Hunter; A.R.A.; "On the Medway," by W. L. Wyllie; and "The Crown of Flowers," by Bouguereau. It has been suggested, as a fitting way of marking the Queen's Jubilee, that the various gentlemen who were kind enough to lend their pictures for this exhibition should add to their kindness by donating one from each of their collections to the permanent picture-gallery of the city.

Messrs. Cassell and Company's annual exhibition of works in black and white will be opened early in June, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

Art-lovers who take art seriously will perhaps be angry with Mr. Furniss for his gigantic artistic joke. It is, however, just as well now and then that a man who sees the weak side of our art and artists should be able to show it to us in the playful manner adopted by Mr. Furniss in his "Royal Academy" at Bond Street.

We have to announce the death of M. Ernest Hillemacher, the accomplished *genre* painter. He was a pupil of Cogniet, and exhibited many pictures at the Salon and other important exhibitions. Amongst these were "Molière Consultant sa Servante," "Partie de Whist," "Joconde Consultant Fiametta," "Philippe IV. et Velasquez," and "Le Vieux Mortimer et Richard Plantagenet." He obtained medals of the first and second classes at the Salons of 1848, 1857, 1861, and 1863. He became a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1865. Of Mr. William Collingwood Smith, a member of the Old Society of Painters in Water-Colours, at the age of seventy-one. His training was that of an oil-painter, in which capacity he first appeared at the Academy in 1836, with a picture of the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. From that date till 1855 he was a frequent contributor to the Academy, the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists. He was elected an Associate Exhibitor of the Old Society in 1843, and sent to the exhibition of that year "The Eagle Tower at Carnarvon," views of Clovelly, Dover, and other places on the coast. He became a full member in 1850. Of Franz Plattner, a fresco-painter largely employed in Tyrolese churches; and of the Munich engraver, F. W. Zimmermann, born in 1826.

The interesting and comprehensive "Buccleuch" collection of the engraved works after Landseer, Wilkie, and Reynolds—formed under the advice and assistance of Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., for His Grace the late Duke of Buccleuch, K.G.—recently dispersed at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, cannot be considered otherwise than satisfactory, as showing that the revived appreciation of these masterpieces of manipulative skill is increasing year by year, which may be instanced by the following prices. Landseer's "Be it ever so Humble" (22), a superb proof, £27 6s.; "Bolton Abbey," of which there were several states, the engraver's proof bringing £38 6s. 6d.; "Challenge," the large plate by Burnet, proof and etching (63), £30 9s.; Thomas Landseer's "Chevy" (67) brought £21; "Children of the Mist" (69) and "Cover Hack" (75), 19 guineas each; the "Deer Pass" (96), £46 4s.; "Dignity and Impudence," the large plate (104), £65 2s.; "Hunters at Grass" (208), one of three proofs of this rare and much-prized work, £131 5s.; "Laying Down the Law" (236), £50 8s.; "Monarch of the Glen" (255), not a vigorous proof, £78 15s.; Lewis' "Shoeing," signed artist's proof (383), £32 11s.; "Stag at Bay" (397), by Thomas Landseer, £73 10s.; bringing a total of over £3,000. Among the Reynolds prints the higher prices realised were mostly proofs from the plates engraved by Hancock's pupil, Valentine Green, in mezzotint, whose portraits exhibit a perfect mastery of his art. "Mrs. Abingdon as the Comic Muse" (551), by J. Watson, £68 5s.; "Lady Bampfylde," by Thomas Watson (578), £131 5s.; "Mrs. Carnac" (661), by J. R. Smith, £107 2s.; "Lady Elizabeth Compton" (686), by Valentine Green, £131 5s.; "Viscountess Crosbie" (698), by Dickinson, £94; "Lady Betty Delmé" (713), £84; "Countess of Derby" (714), £78 15s. (the painting was exhibited in 1777, but subsequently destroyed by the earl in a fit of passion); "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire" (717), by

Keating, £115 10s.; "Miss Jacobs" (849), (the premium print), £60 18s.; "Lady Louisa Manners" (903), by Valentine Green, £102 18s.; "Mrs. Pelham feeding Chickens" (964), (only proof states exist of this plate), £136 10s.; "Isabella, Duchess of Rutland" (1,009), by Valentine Green, £131 5s. (the painting perished in the fire at Belvoir Castle); "Mrs. Sheridan, the St. Cecilia," £84; "Mrs. Siddons" (1,030), a superb proof, £73 10s.; and the renowned "Ladies Waldegrave," by Valentine Green (1,087), a pearly and delicate proof (before the plate changed hands), with a texture like velvet, £262 10s. On April 16th, 1792, Mr. Greenwood sold in Leicester Fields (or Square) a fine proof of this engraving for 19s.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods have also sold the following drawings:—D. Cox, "A Welsh Coast Scene," £53; Copley Fielding, "A Lake Scene, with Cattle and Figures," £131; Birket Foster, "At Clovelly," £53; Sir J. Gilbert, "Cavaliers and Roundheads," £50; "Crusaders," £54; J. Linnell, "Mid-day Rest," £115; Tom Lloyd, "The Barley Field," £54; "Taking Home the Cow and Calf," £63; A. Tadema, "Flora," £315; R. Thorne Waite, "On the Sussex Downs," £73; J. M. W. Turner, "La Haye Sainte," £84; F. Walker, "A Rainy Day, Cookham," £325; J. Israëls, "Return from Labour," £67; J. E. Meissonier, "The Smoker, a Reverie," £903. Pictures:—F. Holl, "Times of Fear," £168; J. Linnell, "A Woody Landscape, with Figures," £115; A. Moore, "Azaleas" and "The Companion," £110; C. M. Keisel, "Apple Blossom," £126; Vicat Cole, "A Surrey Cornfield," £703; "The Decline of Day," £882; T. S. Cooper, "A Landscape, with Cattle and Sheep," £162; W. P. Frith, "Dr. Johnson's Tardy Gallantry," £420; J. Syer, "In Devonshire," £173; L. Gallait, "Art and Liberty," £152; "Italian Pilgrim at an Altar," £131; Baron H. Leys, "Interior of an Artist's Studio," £152; A. Schreyer, "An Arab Horseman," £210; J. Lies, "Christian Martyrs," £105.

On all sides we see preparations for the loyal celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. Messrs. Johnson, Walker, and Tolhurst (jewellers) have sent us a cardboard plate, on which are beautifully printed in colour a number of designs for brooches and other ornaments, which have been specially executed as memorials of the Jubilee year. Of these, an arrangement of the crown and monogram in gold and diamonds is the simplest and most elegant.

Messrs. Jeffreys and Co., paper-stainers, have produced a Jubilee wall-paper decoration; the design, which was specially made by F. Vincent Hart, is rich and handsome, as well as appropriate. It consists of a frieze and a wall-paper, divided by a band, on which are introduced the notes of "God Save the Queen." The two large panels which ornament the frieze are emblematic of Her Majesty's titles, "The Queen of Great Britain" and "Empress of India," the Victoria Cross and the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," being introduced into the one, while the Star of India, tiger, lotus, and motto, "Heaven's Light our Guide," form a part of the other. In the chief panel of the wall-paper is introduced the British crown, with lion and star of the Order of the Garter, supported by rose, shamrock, and thistle, with its motto, "Tria juncta in uno," framed in by a broad soft banding, which forms the leading outline of the design. Through this run ribbons, with the words "Annus Jubilæus, 1887," and "Regina, Uxor, Mater, Præstans." India is represented by the elephant, Australasia by the kangaroo, Canada by its wheat, South Africa by the ostrich, and a ship and lighthouse are introduced to typify all our distant possessions not specially represented. This sounds very complex, but as all these emblems are kept in proper subjection to the main features of the design, the general effect is both rich and harmonious.

Mr. S. Drewett, of Northumberland Avenue, has published a series of six views of Westminster Abbey by Alfred Dawson, with monograph by Miss Bradley. They make a pretty little set of pictures; "The Nave," "The Abbey from Dean's Yard," and "The Chapel of Henry VII." will undoubtedly find many admirers.

In his sumptuous work on "Old English Letter Foundries" (Elliot Stock), Mr. Talbot Reed has paid a fitting tribute to the art of type-founding, which, with its sister art of printing, has perhaps had more influence on the growth of civilisation than all the other arts put together. The origin of typography, which dates from the invention of movable type, is lost in a mist of obscurity, which Mr. Reed can do little to penetrate. It is interesting to note that the earliest method of type-founding with the punch, matrix, and mould, has scarcely been improved upon since the Fifteenth Century. Modern machinery, however, has diminished the individuality of this as of most other crafts; yet the beauty of the type in which the volume before us is printed is a solid argument against the total decadence of the art. Mr. Reed has increased the value of his work by the specimens he has given us of some historic founts. Of these the most beautiful is the example given on p. 262, of the type employed in Wilson's "Homer." The present volume, in spite of its being an erudite work on a technical subject, is eminently readable.

New Prints.—The Autotype Company may be congratulated for the skill and sympathy exercised in the faithful reproduction by its new copper process—autogravure—of ten selected etchings typically representative of Méryon's "Eaux-Fortes sur Paris," comprising Le Stryge, La Morgue, L'Abside de Notre Dame de Paris, La Galerie de Notre Dame, Le Pont au Change, Le Pont au Change (second plate), Rue des Chantres, St. Etienne-du-mont, Le Petit Pont, Tourelle, rue de la Tixeranderie. Charles Méryon drew the Paris he saw with great linear precision and appreciation of aërial perspective. Those interested in the art of the etcher will feel grateful to the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke for his suggestion that led to the publication of this work, as well as for the interesting preface and illustrative notes that accompany it. Of the reproductions we cannot give them higher praise than by stating that they are absolute facsimiles in touch, tone, and relief. The photogravure reproduction of "Orpheus and Eurydice," by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., is now announced as ready by the publisher, Mr. George Rees, of 115, Strand. The plate has been produced by Messrs. Annan and Swan, and is fairly satisfactory. The grain is extremely fine and very suitable to the flesh, but the drapery lacks the vigorous shadows of the original. "Christ Healing the Sick," after the painting by Gabriel Max in the Berlin Gallery, has been engraved in mezzotint by Arlent Edwards, also published by Mr. Rees. The drawing and general feeling are admirably reproduced, but the ground is laid too lightly. We advise Mr. Edwards to study McArdell and Valentine Green, and use copper in lieu of steel, even if the number of impressions be reduced.

ART IN MAY.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, now open in Pall Mall, is somewhat unequal. It contains a good deal of commonplace work, and at the same time many drawings of great interest. The President's picture, to which is given the place of honour in the exhibition, has for its subject "Cardinal Wolsey, on his way to Westminster Hall," but it is unsatisfactory both in colour and composition. Mr. Carl Haag sends several Eastern subjects, very similar in spirit to many of his previous works. They are conventional and garish in colour, and false in effect, especially "The Sphinx in a Full Moon Night." Mr. Holman Hunt's cartoon will, no doubt, look much better when put to the purpose for which it is intended, and translated into mosaic. As a water-colour it is somewhat cold and hard, and there seems a straining after effect, almost amounting to distortion, in the faces of the doctors. Among the more interesting works are three seascapes by Mr. Henry Moore, of which "A Wild Day off the Dutch Coast" is in his best manner; several charming landscapes by Mr. A. W. Hunt, and two vigorous studies by Mr. A. H. Marsh. Miss Clara Montalba's "Old Mill, Zaandam," and "Cannon Street Bridge," both possess great merit, while Mr. Charles Robertson's Eastern pictures are well studied but somewhat deficient in freedom. Mrs. Allingham sends but one small canvas in her characteristic style. Perhaps the most striking works in the gallery are Mr. Herbert Marshall's studies of London, but our space only allows us to mention his "Temple Embankment—Twilight" and "St. Paul's from Cheapside."

At the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours the form of art that is peculiarly English is well represented every spring, and this year more fully than usual. The President, indeed, sends but one drawing, the "Emperor Maximilian Visiting Albrecht Dürer," which we engrave elsewhere, but the members generally exhibit in strength. Mr. T. Collier heads the landscapes with a vigorous and finely-handled "Snowdon from Pensarn Beach;" Mr. H. G. Hine's "View from Lewes Beacon" is a noble presentment of the Sussex Downs suffused in tender light; Mr. Whymper, Mr. James Orrock, Mr. E. M. Wimperis, Mr. T. Pyne, and Mr. Aumonier show excellent work, broadly rendered and full of vivacious observation. Mr. Claude Hayes and Mr. Alfred East exhibit their powers as colourists in several fine drawings; while in sea-pieces Mr. Napier Hemy, in "The Little Trawler," Mr. Edwin Hayes in "The Needles Rocks, Dublin Bay," and Mr. Huson in several coast-marines, are seen at their best. Hardly pleasing in colour, though full of technical skill, is Mr. Arthur Severn's "Sunlight on Clouds and Sea." There is delicate poetic quality in Mr. Bale's charming pastoral "Going to Fold." Mr. Wetherbee's Millet-like "Shepherd and his Sheep" is less individual, and also a less complete expression of sentiment than his refined and beautiful drawing entitled "A Shepherd Boy.' Mr. Fulleylove shows firm technical accomplishment in "An Italian Garden," the textures of bronzes and stone balustrade being admirably rendered. Mr. Weatherhead and Mr. Walter Langley show sound and thoughtful work, in which the human interest is profoundly revealed, and in Mr. Langley's "Betrayed" the colour is very fine. Mr. Charles Green adds to his pictorial successes by his delightful transcript from Dickens, "Little Dorrit's Visit to the Theatre;" Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "The Rigour of the Game" has both point and piquancy, and Mr. Dollman's "The Top of the Hill" genuine and unforced pathos. "A Bacchante," by Mrs. Stillman, is a finely-wrought head, and among other figure-subjects that possess distinction may be named Mr. Towneley Green's "The Milkmaid," Mr. H. R. Steer's clever and vivacious interior, "Duty or Inclination?" Mr. Bayes' transcript from the "Antiquary," and Mr. Yeend King's "Three-score and Ten." Altogether, there is abundant good work, and more than can here be noted, in the total of one thousand and twenty-eight drawings at the Institute.

Sir Oswald Brierly, a loan exhibition of whose pictures is now being held at the Pall Mall Gallery, has probably a more minute acquaintance with ships and shipping than any other living painter. He has spent many years of his life at sea; he has sailed in all waters; and the knowledge of rigging displayed in his drawings proves him to be almost as much a sailor as an artist. For this reason, and because his drawings, extending over many years, are very varied in style, the present exhibition is full of interest. His earlier drawings suggest the old masters of water colour, such as De Wint, or even Turner, while his later manner has a good deal of the brilliance and delicacy of some of the best modern work. Sir Oswald Brierly is throughout seen at his best in calm seas, his representation of storm effects being often mannered. A notable feature in the exhibition is the artist's evident delight in the old wooden ships, the architecture of which, of course, gives more scope for artistic treatment than the cold, hard lines of the ironclad. Among the pictures which call for special notice are the Armada series (9, 144, 146, 148, 149, &c.), several of which have been engraved; "Mist" (1), which is quite Turneresque; "Sunset" (5) and "Moonlight" (15), both examples of strong painting; the vigorous "Yarmouth Tug Saving a Dismantled Smack" (34); "Brönöe Sund, Norway" (106), and many of the Venetian series. One word of protest must be entered against the artist's method of giving titles to his pictures, which, as a rule, serve not to describe the picture, but to introduce the name of some royal or noble personage.

It was a happy thought to bring together the series of drawings, illustrating Scott's work, by Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I., and Mr. James Orrock, R.I., which are now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery in New Bond Street. The drawings in themselves are masterly, and the fact that they illustrate well-known scenes and personages from Sir Walter Scott's romances adds greatly to their interest. Sir J. D. Linton's contributions are all figures, and from a technical point of view could hardly be surpassed. In the rendering of textures, in tone and colour, they reach the highest point of excellence; but as portraits of Scott's heroes and heroines they do not seem altogether to succeed. They are too smooth and clean, and fall short in humour. The most satisfactory are Nanty Ewart, Marmion, and Harry Bertram; the most disappointing is that of Dominie Sampson. Mr. Orrock has been fortunate in his choice of subject. The flats of the Solway and the misty borderland have given him an opportunity for displaying his power of representing distance and atmospheric effect, of which he could not fail to take advantage. His sketches of "Branksome Hall" (8), "Lanercost Priory" (19), and "Criffel" (27, 47, and 54), are in his most picturesque manner; but perhaps the finest work exhibited by him is his drawing of Carlisle (69).

Mr. Harry Furniss's much-talked-of "Artistic Joke" will not be found disappointing. This popular artist has, with great good humour, burlesqued the aims and methods of most of "the Forty" and some outsiders, in a manner quite his own. At the same time the exhibition is something rather more than a joke. Taken in connection with the catalogue, which is full of good things, it may be regarded almost as a serious contribution to artistic criticism. The severe condemnation of "babiolatry" and pictures of the "Baby Blackleg" school is well-merited, as is also the contempt heaped on those artists who make up for poverty of idea by poetic titles, or who "draw you any number of 'single figures,' having the romantic names of 'Book of Beauty' heroines, and the artistic individuality of a postage stamp." The broadest burlesque in the whole exhibition is "Lady Godiva," a joke at Mr. Horsley's expense. The idea of blindfolding and draping the horse is inexpressibly funny. The Slade professor at Oxford is represented in the act of "delivering 'a talk on Art, personal and otherwise,' particularly personal, dashing off a portrait, etching it with his knee, beating it out in metal with his toes, and carving it in wood with his coat-tail." The artists whose manner Mr. Furniss has best caught are perhaps Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Marcus Stone. The travesty of Mr. Dicksee's "Harmony" given in the catalogue will be regarded as almost impious by admirers of that popular work. It should be remarked that in the catalogue Mr. Furniss gives sequels of many of his pictures, and that his portraits are all back views.

The exhibition of works by the Société d'Aquarellistes Français, held at the Goupil Galleries, does not give a very favourable impression of French Painting in Water Colour. It can, however, hardly be regarded as a representative exhibition, and it is decidedly prejudiced by the presence of many drawings obviously intended only for book illustration, and so purposely deficient in technique. Such are the drawings of M. Detaille, which possess merit as careful delineations of French uniforms, but are scarcely worth a place in an exhibition of water-colours. Nor is the value of the exhibition enhanced by the admission of such inept work as the series of sketches by M. Boutet de Monvel. They may be described as Kate Greenaway *à la Française*, and they are probably intended to be decorative, but they are far too tasteless for that purpose. At the same time there is an abundance of good work on the walls, especially in landscape. M. Gaston Béthune's "Quai des Esclavons" and "Charing Cross Station" are careful and interesting studies; M. V. Gilbert's "L'Averse" is a picturesque rendering of a rainy day; and MM. Courant and Zuber both contribute excellent sea-pieces and landscapes. The Impressionists, too, are strongly represented, and among the eccentricities of M. Besnard are several rapid but masterly suggestions, such as "La Seine à Triel" and "Table de Cabaret." The same artist's portrait of M. Le Gros must not be overlooked; and, finally, attention must be called to the charcoal studies of M. Lhermitte.

The spring exhibition of the "Liver" Society of Artists was opened on the 16th of April at the Corporation Art Gallery, Liverpool. This Society within the last few years has developed from an amateur sketching club into a position of considerable local importance, and now includes a number of able young artists. Among the two hundred and eighty-four exhibits there are many of high technical merit, notably those by Robert Fowler, R. A. Morrison, G. H. Neale, A. E. Brockbank, G. Cockram, J. S. Crompton, J. T. Watts, P. Hagarty, F. Shaw, D. Woodlock, A. W. Ayling, P. Ghent, J. T. Steadman, and M. S. Hagarty.

The fifty-eighth exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin, is scarcely equal to those of former years. The President, usually prolific, has sent only three works, and those not by any means remarkable; and were it not that the two Osbornes have been industrious, that Mr. McGuinness has some noble landscape upon the walls, and Mr. Yeates some fine portraits, the collection would be only an indifferent one so far as the Academic portion is concerned. Mr. Augustus Burke, who used to go to Brittany for his subjects, has this year apparently confined himself to Kent, where the skies must have been somewhat dull and heavy, and Mr. Edwin Hayes, apparently, has sent by no means his best work. There are no signs of any Irish school in the exhibition, and there is but little of Irish landscape, and it is a singular fact that of the 507 works, nearly one half have come across the Channel, and that about a hundred and fifty are by lady artists. Of the landscapes in oil, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie's "Hame o' the Heather" deservedly takes the first place, for it is an excellent work, and full of power and feeling. Miss Purser, a rising local artist, has two fine portraits, one of Miss Wynne, a charming composition, and the other of the well-known Dr. Salmon of Trinity, and these will in many respects bear comparison with Mr. Yeates' more ambitious work, though in others they are surpassed by that artist's "Miss Gordon" and his life-like presentment of Miss Katherine Tynan, the poetess. Mr. William Osborne's "Lucky Chance," "Bull on his Island," "Strongbow," and other studies from the animal world, show all that artist's usual ability, and in "Tired Out," by Mr. Walter Osborne, is found the most pathetic subject in the collection, treated in a masterly manner. A young Irish artist, Mr. Moynan, who will make a name for himself, has a fine "Portrait of a Lady" and a charming "Blue Belle," each of which affords evidence of study in Continental studios; and three other promising local artists, Messrs. Kavanagh, Cairnes, and

Inglis, have contributed some of the most charming landcapes. As usual, a few of the English Academicians have contributed. Unfortunately, the sales have been only few, the general depression in Ireland having at length very seriously affected exhibitions of this class.

The exhibition of the Irish Fine Art Society is always a bright and cheerful collection, and this year it is a remarkably good one. Here, as at the Academy, Mr. Bingham McGuinness has some good studies; but most of the work is that of lady artists, and it is pleasant to note many paintings and drawings of considerable merit. Miss Currey's "Marshes of the Tideway," Miss O'Hara's "Thief on the Premises," Miss S. Holmes' "Christmas Roses," Miss Barton's "Lonely Mere," are remarkable in the midst of much good work; and Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Ussher, Mrs. Naftel, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. David Murray, and other well-known artists have greatly helped to make this exhibition attractive and profitable. Here, as at the Academy exhibition, however, the sales have been but small.

An exhibition of photographic and other reproductions of the works of Raphael is now on view at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The collection is arranged chronologically, and includes all the drawings, easel-pictures, and frescoes of the master which have as yet been reproduced. Thus all the studies for a picture are grouped with the picture itself, and a rare opportunity is afforded of watching the changes and development of the artist's style. A catalogue has been issued by the museum committee to accompany the exhibition. It contains not merely a list of the objects exhibited, but of all known existing works by Raphael, of whatever kind, with references to the publications in which they are discussed, and, in the case of every work which has been photographed, the name of the photographer. The collection has been formed and the catalogue drawn up by Professor W. M. Conway.

We have to announce the death of the following:—Mr. Charles William Campbell, the accomplished mezzotint engraver. He was born on July 13, 1855, and in 1870 entered the office of his father, a surveyor and architect, where he remained till 1878. For some time he studied at Oxford in the Slade School, painting in oil and water colours, and diligently drawing in pencil and chalk. In Italy he drew in the churches of Florence, Venice, Pisa, and Lucca, confirming his keen zest for the virtues of early Italian painting. His first published plate was "The Birth of Galatea," entrusted to him by Mr. Burne Jones, whose confidence was loyally justified, as the result was a most delicate and charming mezzotint.—Frederick Bacon, the engraver, born in London in 1803, who was a student of the Royal Academy for some time under Fuseli. He was employed chiefly by Colnaghi and Puckle, and by the Art Union, retiring from active life in 1869.—M. Aimé de Lemud, born in 1816. He was a pupil of M. Maréchal, of Metz, and first exhibited at the Salon in 1844, when he sent the fine picture entitled "Le Prisonnier," which obtained for him a medal. After an apprenticeship, he practised with great success the art of engraving, which he had not studied until lately. His plate of "Beethoven" was exhibited in 1863, and won for him a medal; in 1865 he was decorated.—M. Oudiné, the French medallist and sculptor, who was born at Paris in 1810, and was a pupil of Galle. He obtained the Prix de Rome as a medallist in 1831; designed the fine head of the Republic coins of 1848 and 1871, and as a medallist he gained a medal of the first class in 1839, and a *rappel* in 1857. For sculpture he obtained a second class medal in 1837, a first class medal in 1843, and second class medals in 1848 and 1855, his principal works being "Le Gladiateur Blessé" (Salon, 1837), "La Reine Berthe" (in the garden of the Luxembourg), and a "Psyché Endormie." He was decorated in 1857.—And the *genre*-painter, R. Jordan, of Dusseldorf.

The fine collection of pictures formed by the late Mr. John Graham, of Skelmorlie Castle, was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods on April 30th. The highest prices were W. Mentzler, "Marguerite," 440 gs.; D. Roberts, R.A., "On the Grand Canal, Venice," 530 gs.; P. Nasmyth, "A Woody Landscape with Figures," 580 gs., and "The Falls of Shirra, Inverary," 1,210 gs.; P. Delaroche, "A Christian Martyr," 550 gs.; Ary Scheffer, "Mary Magdalen," 620 gs., and "St. John in Patmos," 580 gs.; Baron H. Leys, "Antwerp during the Spanish Occupation" (on panel), 1,400 gs.; J.-L. Gérôme, "The Nile Boat," 1,500 gs.; Rosa Bonheur, "Early Morning in Fontainebleau Forest," 810 gs., and "A Highland Raid," 3,900 gs.; J. Linnell, sen., "The Edge of the Wood," 550 gs.; W. Müller, "The Dogana, Venice," 640 gs., and "The Acropolis, Athens," 760 gs.; Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., "The Shepherd's Bible," 1,020 gs; F. Danby, A.R.A., the "Vale of Tempe," 210 gs.; W. Holman Hunt, "The Finding of our Saviour in the Temple," 1,200 gs.; J. Linnell, sen., "Under the Hawthorn Tree," 1,030 gs., "The Sheep Drove," 1,850 gs., and "The Return of Ulysses," 1,400 gs.; Sir J. E. Millais, "A Dream of the Past: Sir Isumbras at the Ford," 1,300 gs.; C. Stansfield, R.A., "Moonlight on the Coast of Holland," 700 gs.; D. G. Rossetti, "Venus Verticordia," 450 gs., and "Pandora," 550 gs.; the last work of Sir David Wilkie, R.A., "The School," 1,650 gs.; E. Burne Jones, A.R.A., "Fides" (*in tempera*), 440 gs., and "Sperantia" (*in tempera*), 640 gs.; J. M. W. Turner, R.A., "An Italian Landscape," 1,100 gs., "The Wreck Buoy," 1,000 gs., "Van Goyen going about to Choose a Subject" (bought from the artist in 1844 for 300 gs.), 6,500 gs., and "Mercury and Argus," 3,600 gs.; Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A., "The Master Gawler," 2,300 gs.; and T. Gainsborough, R.A., "The Sisters: Portraits of the Misses Ramus, afterwards Lady Day and the Baroness de Noailles," 9,500 gs.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods have also sold the second portion of the Buccleuch collection. A greater portion of the fine and rare examples of the Rembrandts were sold out of the country, and are not likely to return. A first state of "Rembrandt leaning on a Stone Sill," £135; "The Flight into Egypt," first state, £115; the third state of the large plate of "The Resurrection of Lazarus," £135; the famous Hundred Guilder Piece, "Christ Healing the Sick," first state, £1,300; first state on Japan paper of "Our Lord before Pilate," £1,150; "The Crucifixion," £290; a first state of the large unfinished plate of "St. Jerome," £124; "The Three Trees," £165; "The Three Cottages," £275; the landscape, with a ruined tower, £260; ditto, with a flock of sheep, £180; ditto, with an obelisk, £255; "The Gold-weigher's Field," £210; "St. Francis Praying," first state, on vellum, £110; and "The Shell," first state, £185. Amongst the portraits, Renier Ansloo, £200; Abraham Fransz, second state, with the curtain, £510; John Lutma, Wilson's second state,

£176; Uytenbogaert, first state, before the curtain on the right, £1,280; Coppenol, the small plate, first state, £320; the large plate, second state, on Japan paper, £1,190; another impression, third state, £130; Van Tolling, second state, £800; the "Burgomaster Six," second state, £500; and "The Great Jewish Bride," first state, £150; another impression, second state, £260.

The Autotype Company has sent us the fourth part of "The Art of Francesco Bartolozzi," which completes the issue of this fine work. This part contains reproductions of Cipriani's "Psyche Going to Bathe" and "Psyche Going to Dress;" the "Venus Chiding Cupid," after Sir Joshua; the "Madonna del Pesce," a masterpiece in line engraving which originally appeared in the grand but unfortunate enterprise known as Tomkins' "Gallery of the Old Masters;" Reynolds' charming "Lavinia, Lady Spencer;" two Hebes, one by Angelica Kauffman, and the other, by Cipriani, being a portrait of Emma, Lady Hamilton. We can sincerely praise the great taste displayed in the production of this work.

Professor W. M. Conway's "Early Flemish Artists, and their Predecessors on the Lower Rhine" (Seeley), is a modest but useful piece of work. As a brief history of the developments of Flemish art, it is adequate, instructive, and perspicuous; regarded as a handbook for the student, it puts pleasantly and precisely all that is salient and all that it is essential to know. One of the chief values of the book is the admirable lucidity with which it describes the manners of the quickly-succeeding schools which early brought the art of the Netherlands to perfection. The book is not confined to painting, but deals in lesser detail, but not the less adequately, with wood-cutting and tapestry-working. The chapter upon the effect of the Guild system upon art is a very good exposition of the constitution and working of the industrial organisations which exercised a wide influence upon the microscopic excellence of all artistic crafts in Flanders. Also, there is a capital chapter upon the rise of landscape-painting in the Belgian Netherlands, and the influence of Jan van Eyck thereon. But why does Mr. Conway so persistently use the German "Köln" when he is writing of Cologne? If this be as it should be, why does he not speak of "Gand" and "Anvers"?

"Anne Gilchrist: Her Life and Writings." The volume before us scarcely justifies its title. It consists for the most part of the correspondence which passed between Mrs. Gilchrist and many of the most distinguished literary personages of her time. But Anne Gilchrist can hardly be said to be the central figure. Several of the earlier chapters refer almost exclusively to the Carlyles, while the later portion of the book may be broadly described as a collection of letters addressed *to* Mrs. Gilchrist by the Rossetti family. In fact, the few essays reprinted at the end of the volume give us a clearer insight into Mrs. Gilchrist's character than the whole of the memoir which precedes them. Despite this want of proportion, the book is full of interest. The glimpses we get of the Carlyle household are charming, and the table-talk reported by Mr. Gilchrist fills us with regret that the seer of Chelsea never had a Boswell. Besides the artists Linnell, S. Palmer, and Madox Brown, Walt Whitman and Lord Tennyson were among Mrs. Gilchrist's friends, and it is pleasant to meet the poet laureate in the character of a humourist.

Although the Co-operative Printing Company of Edinburgh might have given a volume so interesting and exhaustive as "Gairloch in North-West Ross-shire," by John H. Dixon, F.S.A. Scot., a shade better paper and a slightly broader margin, all lovers of the Highlands and the dwellers therein will be thankful for the book as it is, in the hope that in a future edition it will appear in a garb less faulty and worthier of its claims. Were we asked to name three of the most romantic lakes in Scotland, Loch Maree would be one of them. It is about this lake, so lovely and dream-like in its beauty, and the mountain region of Gairloch, whose shoulders and summits glass themselves in its waters, that Mr. Dixon speaks, and speaks so well. In the construction of his book he follows mainly the lines laid down by Lord Archibald Campbell in his sumptuous volume on Argyllshire, but adds to it important features which the patrician's book lacks. The historical records, legends, archæology, poetry, and natural history, in its widest sense, form the theme of Mr. Dixon's "Gairloch." His friends, John McMurtrie, M.A., treats of its shells; William Jolly, F.G.S., of its geology; and Professor W. Ivison Macadam, of its mineralogy; while he himself prefixes to the volume a Gaelic glossary which the Sassenach will know how to appreciate. The book is appropriately dedicated to Sir Kenneth S. McKenzie of Gairloch, a branch of the Seaforth family. The McKenzies and their doings, warlike and predatory, form the most exciting chapters in Mr. Dixon's book, and the clan may be well pleased to possess so devoted and accomplished a chronicler. The volume is enriched with several full-length portraits, sundry subjects of archæological interest, a map, and many vignettes.

We have received from the Stereoscopic Company the "A B C of Modern (Dry Plate) Photography," which will be welcome alike to the professional and the amateur operator. A treatise which has reached its twenty-first edition requires no commendation at our hands. From James Newman we have a thin shilling volume describing briefly, but clearly, the principles and practice of harmonious colouring in oil, water, and photographic colours, as applied to photographs on canvas, paper, glass, silver plate, &c., by "An Artist-Photographer;" and from Crosby, Lockwood, and Co. we have "The Artist's Manual of Pigments," by H. C. Standage, an author whose treatises on house decoration and picture hanging give him a right to be heard, even had the present manual not reached its second edition.

In "Modern Methods of Illustrating Books" Mr. Trueman Wood gives an account of the various mechanical processes of illustration which have been developed during the last quarter of a century. The gist of his argument is that photo-etching and other methods of producing surface blocks are gradually driving wood-engraving out of the field. The author, however, takes a very hopeful view of the situation, and holds that mechanical methods can not only do all that wood-engraving can do, but can also produce results of which the latter is wholly incapable. From an artistic point of view this is, of course, a matter of controversy, but there can be no doubt that the mechanical processes based upon photography have the double advantage of cheapness and of greater accuracy of detail. Those interested in the subject cannot do better than consult Mr. Wood's work, which, if not attractive to the "general reader," will be found of great value as a book of reference.

ART IN JUNE.

The following gentlemen have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours: Alfred East, Yeend King, Cyrus Johnson, John O'Connor, and A. W. Weedon. Miss J. M. Dealy and Miss A. M. Youngman were also elected lady members.

It is a pleasant change, after wearying the eye with miles of canvas in the larger and more ambitious galleries, to visit Mrs. Allingham's dainty little exhibition, entitled "In the Country," which is now being held in the rooms of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street. Here everything can be seen, for all the pictures are on the line, nor does the exhibition contain anything garish or inharmonious. Red-roofed cottages, old-world gardens, sandy lanes, heather-clad downs, and the blue distance of the Surrey Hills—these are the materials of Mrs. Allingham's art, and out of them she has given us such a picture of one of the most charming districts in England as we have never seen elsewhere, unless it be in Mr. George Meredith's novels. In the whole series of drawings which deal with Surrey, the peculiar, indefinable charm of that county has been caught exactly; tone, colour, and feeling are alike perfect. "Sand-hills Common" (4) with its purple heather, the tall, over-hanging banks of "Nightjar Lane" (15), and the broadly treated "Under Hindhead" (40) might, in fact, be regarded as an epitome of Surrey landscape. Nor must the skill with which Mrs. Allingham puts in her figures be forgotten. A glance at "Banacle from Gray's Wood" and "Milking" (48) will illustrate what we mean in a moment. Where all is so good in colour it is difficult to particularise, but perhaps the gem of the collection is the uppermost one of "Three Studies."

There are few artists whose reputation does not suffer somewhat by the exhibition of their collected works. The examination of a hundred pictures from the same hand is sure to reveal a certain sameness and mannerism which we fail to detect in isolated examples. From this point of view the exhibition of pictures and drawings by Mr. Henry Moore at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, entitled "Afloat and Ashore," will probably do little to increase the estimation in which this finished painter of the sea is held. Mr. Moore is, of course, pre-eminent in the representation of the "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," but we must confess that his larger pictures, when hung together, prove a little wearisome. It will be a surprise to many who know Mr. Moore only from the works exhibited by him in the yearly exhibitions, to find that he is a painter of the land as well as of the sea, though the present collection proves that he is wise in devoting himself chiefly to seascape. Among his water-colour drawings attention should be called to "A Rough Day: Lowestoft," "Prawners Starting for the Rocks," a turquoise-coloured drawing, and the wonderfully clever impression, "White Fog: Gorée Harbour." Of the oil-paintings, perhaps the most brilliant canvases are "The Queen of the Night," "Thunder-shower Passing Off," a very able study of sky, and "A Sapphire Sea."

The summer exhibition of "The Nineteenth Century Art Society" is only noteworthy as being the least interesting exhibition open in London. Not only is it marked by the absence of works of conspicuous merit, but its walls are crowded with amateurish pictures which it would have been far kinder never to hang at all. But though the majority of the pictures on the walls are commonplace and dull, the exhibitors have made a genuine effort to atone for this dulness by affixing to their works the most bizarre and romantic titles. A figure of a girl is entitled "Je pense à toi;" to the portrait of a child is attached this legend, "The age of simple faith, when we believed and questioned not;" while a still-life group representing a bunch of red and white hawthorn and a painter's palette is described as "Art in Love with Flora." The popular practice, which has incurred Mr. Furniss's just wrath, of making the picture subservient to the title, cannot be carried further than this. The only works to which it is worth while to call attention are two small canvases by Mr. Padgett, painted in his usual manner and full of poetic feeling, and the landscapes of Mr. F. Hind.

On the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May an interesting little exhibition was held at Messrs. Litchfield's, 3, Bruton Street, Mayfair, of the decorative work done by Miss Tuckett, of Shirehampton, Bristol. Some portion was embroidery, and the remainder painting in oils on satin velvet or plush, but the whole of the work was remarkable for its strong originality and artistic merit. Miss Tuckett draws her designs—after making a rough suggestive sketch—directly on the material, and in embroidery uses methods of her own which cannot very easily be classed among known stitches; but the effects she obtains are almost uniformly good, and although she sets herself some extremely difficult problems in colouring, she succeeds in working them out to harmonious results. She has some striking decorative panels worked upon a material which exactly reproduces the ground of old woven tapestry; and her painted designs of the massed petals of stalkless single dahlias upon dark velveteen are fine studies of colour. Miss Tuckett also exhibited some good examples of oil painting upon coarse earthenware plaques, and her studies of the delicate blossom of horse-chestnut upon sombre backgrounds were specially pleasing.

Among the new pictures added to the McLean Gallery, Sir J. E. Millais' "Clarissa" is by far the most important. The painter calls it a recollection of Gainsborough, and Phillip of Spain in his portraits never imitated Velasquez more successfully than has Sir John the great English master. Clarissa is a three-quarter length, and stands against a Gainsborough background in a Gainsborough hat, from which her powdered curls fall in rich masses over the shoulder. The hat itself sits jauntily on the head, and the splendid sweep of its upturned edge, trimmed with pearls and crested with a snow-white plume, gives to the whole head a delightful air of bravura. To this the sweet quiet face and full grey eye of the lovely wearer are in soothing contrast. Clarissa wears a tight buff dress open at the throat and, like the half sleeves, bordered profusely with lace. Her hands and arms are gloved, and from her right wrist hangs by a pink ribbon her folded fan, while, with an absent air, as she stands full-faced before us, she holds in her hands a letter half torn through. The figure is altogether very charming, and Gainsborough, we cannot help thinking, has been most successfully emulated.

An interesting series of water-colour drawings by W. W. May, R.I., is now being exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Dowdeswell, the result of a winter trip to and from the island of Madeira. As a matter of course, these drawings refer chiefly to the coast and its belongings; but the artist has introduced so much variety into the different scenes, and has chosen them with such a sense of artistic propriety, that we never weary of his work, whether it refers to sea or to seashore. "Salto do Cavallo," "Rising Sea," "Funchal Bay" with its boats ashore and afloat, "Rua de Sabao," and "Repairing the Coaster," are among those which more immediately struck us. With cloud phenomena and the various aspects of the sea Mr. May appears to be perfectly familiar. It may be mentioned that by the time this reaches our readers the Dowdeswell Gallery will have been removed to much larger and better lighted premises than those now familiar to the public. The new gallery is that lately occupied by the Salon Parisien Cie., at 160, New Bond Street.

At their gallery in Cockspur Street Messrs. Obach have got together some excellent examples of Continental Art. An exhibition which includes a Millet, two Meissoniers, several Corots, a Rousseau, as well as works by Mesdag, Israels, Mauve, and Alfred Stevens, cannot fail to be interesting. Of the two pictures by Meissonier, "Le Voyageur" is the more satisfactory, and is indeed an excellent example of the great master's art. The figure is painted with extraordinary exactness and solidity, while the background is merely indicated, the panel in some places being not even covered. J.-F. Millet's picture represents a peasant girl seated under a tree, through the branches of which the sunlight falls on her figure. It is wonderfully luminous, and full of the refined feeling characteristic of all Millet's work. A good opportunity is afforded us of studying Corot, half a dozen of whose dreamy landscapes are exhibited; while the picture by Th. Rousseau is the admirable example of the art of a painter whose work is seldom seen in England. Israels is strongly represented as far as numbers go, but no one of the pictures here exhibited quite does justice to his art. Finally, a word must be said of the landscapes by Mauve, which are charming both in tone and colour, two water-colour drawings by this artist being especially fine.

The present age has scarcely produced a more exquisite piece of work than the piano-case designed by Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., and just executed by Messrs. Johnstone, Norman and Co., of New Bond Street. Its design is Greek in character and of extraordinary beauty; three years of patient toil have been spent in its production, and its minutest detail bears evident traces of individual skill and intelligence. The groundwork is of ebony, in which ivory, mother-o'-pearl, coral, box and cedar woods are solidly inlaid and magnificently carved. On the upper side the names of Apollo and the Muses, enclosed in wreaths, are inlaid in ivory and mother-o'-pearl, while the other sides of the case are decorated with an egg and tongue moulding of boxwood, a beading of ivory, and a key-pattern border variously inlaid. At the extreme end of the piano is a plaque of beaten silver, representing a Greek lyre, the workmanship of which is beyond praise. A painting by Mr. Poynter, R.A., entitled "The Wandering Minstrels," a group of Egyptian musicians in a Greek garden, occupies the underside of the fall. This is conceived in a decorative spirit, and is admirably adapted for the space which it is intended to fill. The painting is flanked by two small panels, also designed by Mr. Poynter, the subjects of which are groups of musical instruments. At present they exist only in water-colour sketches, but they are to be inlaid with the same materials which have been employed in the other decorative portions of the piano. The most disappointing parts of the whole work are the music-rest and the candle-stands, which are of carved and beaten brass, inlaid with silver and copper. In themselves they are monuments of taste and ingenuity, but had they been in duller metal they would have harmonised more thoroughly with the rest of this charming work.

The sixteenth annual exhibition of the Liverpool Society of Painters in Water Colours was opened at the Walker Art Gallery on the 16th of May. The collection of 250 drawings includes much good work both by local men and London Associates. Among the latter are Robert W. Allan, E. F. Brewtnall, S. J. Hodson, A. Hopkins, H. Moore, A.R.A., E. Radford, and F. Smallfield, all of the Royal Water Colour Society; and C. R. Aston, J. E. Grace, C. J. Lewis, and Thomas Pyne, of the Royal Institute. The President of the Society, W. Wardlaw Laing, has an upright nude figure of a little girl pausing on the brink of the sea, entitled "Hesitation," in which drawing and flesh-texture of very high quality are combined with true and refined colouring. Other figure subjects of prominent merit are "A Reverie," by R. E. Morrison —a lovely study, in rich, low tones, of a girl's head—and "In Argolis beside the echoing Sea," a bright-toned classical subject by Robert Fowler. J. S. Crompton's "The Accusation," "Colonel Newcome in Charterhouse," by F. Smallfield, J. S. Ireland's "Salt Sea Spoils," and Cuthbert Rigby's "In Grandmother's Chair," also call for notice. In landscape the Society is strong. T. Hampson Jones's Venetian subjects, notably "Morning Sunlight, Venice," are subtle studies of light and colour, broad and harmonious in treatment. Peter Ghent's chief drawing is an evening scene in a Welsh village street. Isaac Cooke has a view of Liverpool from the Cheshire shore in a cool grey scheme of light. Other striking and important landscapes are "Storm Winds of Autumn," by R. W. Allan; "A Silvery Day," by James Towers; "Summer's Evening," by J. McDougal; "Blackberrying," by James Barnes; "A Haunt of the Waterfowl," by W. Follen Bishop; "Lancaster," by C. L.

Saunders; and "In Kirkstone Pass," by J. Jackson Curnock. Among smaller drawings, some of the best work is by John Finnie, John Pedder, William Eden, James E. Grace, James T. Watts, W. Pilsbury, and Miss M. S. Hagarty.

At the Liverpool Jubilee Exhibition the fine arts, though not so prominent as at Manchester, are fairly well represented. The special feature is the collection of battle subjects, and includes a number of important works by Mrs. Butler (Miss E. Thompson), R. Caton Woodville, H. Bellanger, A. Villiers, A. H. Tourrier, Alfred Paris, E. Brisset, Eugène Medard, A. Dumaresq, &c. Other prominent exhibits are "Bertrand de Born," by P. Lehoux; "A Woodcutter," by G. Clausen; "Lilith" and "Saved," by J. D. Watson; "The Jester's Song," by A. Savini; "Carlyle," by J. McN. Whistler; "A Florentine Procession," by Mrs. Benham Hay; "Memphis," by F. Goodall; and "The Wye and the Severn," by C. E. Johnson. Outside of the Art Gallery there are various collections of pictures of interest, including a number of portraits by Gainsborough, Romney, &c., lent by Colonel Ireland-Blackbourne; and a collection of Alpine views, by A. Crofts and others, lent by the Alpine Club.

The National Exhibition of Fine Arts at Venice was opened by the king on the 1st of May. Besides painting and sculpture, there are important exhibits of glass, mosaic, furniture, wood-carving, and the newly-revived majolica and faïence industries of Pesaro, Novi, Faenza, and Cantogalli. The exhibition is restricted to Italian artists, or to such as by long residence in Italy have identified themselves with Italian art. The buildings erected for the purpose in the public gardens present a pleasing exterior, the water-front being in the classical Pompeian style. The pictures are very well seen, and no one can complain of being skied; it has also been attempted as far as possible, where several works are sent by one artist, to hang them together, or at all events in the same room. Generally speaking, the exhibition is strong in landscape and decidedly weak in portraiture: the subject-pictures are in some cases characterised by a roughness, not to say a coarseness, of execution which is not always balanced by power and effect; indeed, this roughness or sketchiness may be said to distinguish the Italian school throughout, as represented at this exhibition, at which several of the more careful *genre* painters, and others like Signor Costa, well known in England, are conspicuous by their absence. The landscapes are remarkable for brilliancy of colouring and atmospheric effect, reminding one to a certain extent of the daring ventures of the French impressionists, but not marred by inartistic selection and weak execution. Of pure landscape the most remarkable exponent here is certainly Signor Ciardi, whose six pictures are hung together, the place of honour being assigned to a large view of fruitful green fields and corn, presumably the plain of Lombardy with the Alps beyond, entitled "Messidoro," to which a gold medal was awarded at the Berlin exhibition last year. Not less beautiful are his scenes in the Dolomite country, and the water-piece called "Spring-clouds on the Lagune of Chioggia." Of landscapes with figures Signor Lorenzo Delleanni sends two fine specimens, the "Feast at the Hermitage" and "In Excelsis," the latter a beautiful glimpse of a religious procession making for some mountain shrine, with the clear morning light of the highlands on a still grey lake, and luminous mists dividing to reveal the snow beyond. The impressionist school of landscape alluded to is well represented by Signori Carcano, Belloni, and Del Orte.

Of purely Venetian pictures the most successful is Signor Favretto's "Traghetto della Maddalena," purchased by the king, who has indeed secured some of the best paintings in the exhibition, amongst which are Signor Fragiacomo's exquisitely delicate "Laguna," and a Madonna by Professor Barabino. Of subject-pictures, Cavaliere Giuliano's "Ravveduta," "La Festa del Paese" by Raffaello Armenise, Signor Guardi's "Ultime Gioje," a group of veteran pensioners, Lancerotto's sketches of Venetian life, and Signor Nono's "Orecchini da Festa," an old peasant putting the family earrings in her daughter's ears on the way to church, in the midst of a brilliant landscape with a foreground of gaudy melon flowers and weeds, are among the most striking; while Signor Rotta's "Forzati" deserves considerable praise for the variety of types of villainy and cunning he has depicted in the faces of his convicts on their way to work. The classical pictures are not generally successful, and while there is an absence of any highly imaginative or refined work, a tendency may be observed to emulate certain enormities too familiar on the walls of the Salon, revealed by such productions as Signor Carpanetto's large canvas representing a woman with her head upon the railway line, holding her hands to her ears to shut out the sound of the approaching train. Horrifying also in its hideous realisation of the "tavern brawl" is Signor Camavano's otherwise powerful picture, "A Game of Cards," in which one player lies in a pool of blood, while the *Sergenti* keep off the crowd and hurry the aggressor through the door, one of them supporting the figure of a frantic woman who rushes forward towards the murdered man. Professor Talleone's "Tippler" is a clever rough character sketch, and his portrait of Colonel Tasca, the more noticeable where portraits are scarce, is strong but unsympathetic. Two successful sketches of London streets by Sala suggest a familiar note; and Signor Carlo Lasciani's "Carità," a pretty picture of a young *sœur de Charité,* deserves appreciative notice.

In sculpture there is much of the realistic and rather grotesque class, full of cleverness, but the cleverness of degeneracy, with a good many works of average merit, several pretty pieces by the sculptor Augusto Felici, and two remarkable productions by Urbano Nono, "Christ Tempted by the Devil," and a bronze figure of a boy playing ducks and drakes and poising the stone to throw, to which Prince Humbert's prize has been adjudged. Venice has been in festal attire for the opening, the Grand Canal looking its very best, gay with tapestries and flags, and bright with antique barges and costumes of the olden time. The exhibition will remain open until the 25th of October.

The Freehand Drawing Books, consisting of examples selected by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., from the South Kensington Museum, and published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, seem to answer their purpose admirably. Besides being well drawn and engraved, they are excellently printed, and have the advantage of cheapness. The copies are taken for the most part from the collection in the South Kensington Museum, and are not only valuable as exercises in freehand drawing, but are interesting in themselves, and likely to be of great service in the cultivation of the pupil's taste. The labour of both student and teacher is simplified by the construction diagram which accompanies each design.

In commemoration of the Jubilee celebration the Coalbrookdale Company have produced a portrait bust of the Queen from a model by Mr. Conrad Dressler. The bust will be published in three sizes, 36, 24, and 18 inches high, in bronze metal. Her Majesty is represented crowned and wearing the insignia of the Garter, St. Patrick, the Star of India, and St. Michael and St. George.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Samuel Cousins, Hon. retired R.A., the famous engraver. He was born at Exeter on the 9th of May, 1801, and while quite a child began with a blacklead pencil to draw portraits which attracted the attention of his friends. When only eleven years old he obtained a silver palette from the Society of Arts for a copy in pencil after James Heath's engraving of "The Good Shepherd" by Murillo, and a year later he won the Society's silver medal for a drawing in black and white. At the instance of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland he was apprenticed to S. W. Reynolds, famous as a mezzotinter after Sir Joshua, with whom he remained seven years as an apprentice and four more as an assistant in the workshop. In 1836 Sir T. D. Acland gave him a commission to engrave Lawrence's portrait group of Lady Acland and her children, and Lawrence was so pleased with the plate that he wanted to secure Cousins' services for himself exclusively; to this the latter would not agree, but he soon afterwards made from Sir Thomas's "Master Lambton" a mezzotint which brought him much renown. Thenceforth his progress was rapid, and he engraved plates too numerous for us to catalogue, after Lawrence, Landseer, Reynolds, and Sir John Millais; "The Queen receiving the Sacrament," after Leslie; "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," after Eastlake; and "Marie Antoinette in the Temple," after E. M. Ward, an impression of which hung in his dining-room, and was considered by him one of his best works. He was elected an Associate-Engraver in 1835, an "Associate-Engraver in the new Class" in 1854, and a Royal Academician Engraver in 1855. When this class was dissolved Cousins became an Academician proper. He retired in 1880. For a fuller account of his life and work we must refer our readers to "Artists at Home," from which these particulars have been taken.

The death has also been announced of Jakob Maurer, a German landscape-painter of repute; of M. Ruprich Robert, the French architect who was much employed in the restoration of the cathedral at Rheims; of M. E. L. Vernier, who obtained medals in 1869 and 1870 for engraving, in 1879 and 1880 for painting, and the Legion of Honour in 1881; and of the Belgian animal painter, M. Louis Robie, who frequently exhibited in Paris. We regret, too, to record the death of Sir Horace Jones, the City architect, late President of the Institute of Architects, and the designer of the City markets at Smithfield, Leadenhall, and Farringdon, of the Council Chamber and Library at Guildhall, and of Holborn Viaduct. Sir Horace also furnished the designs for the Tower Bridge which is to be. An admirable portrait of him, by Mr. Ouless, is now on view at the Academy, No. 12 in Gallery I.

Mr. Hamerton's "Imagination in Landscape Painting" (Seeley and Co.) is a fine volume adorned with numerous reproductions, in etching, in stipple, and in steel, of famous landscapes of very various schools. There are Gainsborough's "Watering Place" and Claude's "Queen of Sheba;" David Cox's "Windmill" and Turner's "Val d'Aosta." These reproductions are all good. We do not so much like some of the "process" vignettes, of which the volume contains many; and yet it is hardly possible to find any fault with this book. Upon a difficult and obscure subject that has rarely been handled in English, Mr. Hamerton writes with wide knowledge and with an insight into the workings of the painter's mind which is quite remarkable. He sees, and he knows how to tell his readers in English which is exceedingly pleasant to read, why it is that imagination is the very soul of landscape-painting. Turner and Claude and Gainsborough were masters of landscape because they saw nature through a glorified film of imagination, which permitted them, while faithfully reproducing, to add a something which to the mere draughtsman is non-existent. It is, indeed, the possession of this imaginative faculty which is one of the strongest and subtlest marks of genius. There is much, too, as Mr. Hamerton shows, in a judicious use of exaggeration—such exaggeration, that is, as Turner permitted himself in his happiest work. The observations upon fancy, or ideality, as distinguished from imagination, in landscape, are marked by that lucidity of criticism for which Mr. Hamerton's work is always notable; and they are aptly illustrated by such a picture as Constable's "Lock on the Stour," in which a scene that would strike the unartistic vision as commonplace enough is idealised into a quietly beautiful thing faithfully transcribed. Painting is not the only art in which, when it reaches its most supreme expression, these qualities are present. They exist also in literature; and there, as in painting, they mark the distinction between the copyist and the creator. The pictures will render this book attractive to everybody; while to the student it will be of enduring moment and value.

"The Dedication of Books," by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. (Elliot Stock), is a discursive and by no means exhaustive volume on an interesting subject. It should be a matter for sincere congratulation that the age of venal dedication has gone by. It seems almost unintelligible to us that books should have been written only that some ignorant person might be glorified in an inept and fulsome address. After the Restoration this venality seems to have reached its height, and dedications had then a definite market value, their price varying from five to ten guineas. In the last century the writing of dedications was regarded as an art, which required a special gift. Dr. Johnson, for instance, was appealed to by numberless persons to write dedications for them, and he once told Boswell that he had "dedicated to the royal family all round." He appears to have considered it as by no means an unworthy act to write an address to be signed by another hand. The least satisfactory portion of Mr. Wheatley's book is the chapter on modern dedications. He does not even refer to either Swinburne's or Rossetti's dedications, though both these poets have been particularly happy in addressing their works to their friends. Mr. Swinburne's poetic dedication of his "Songs before Sunrise" to Mazzini should certainly have been quoted, while the few simple and dignified words to his brother with which Rossetti prefaces his "Poems" should find a place in any collection of dedications. To one other dedication, which has always seemed to us unrivalled as a piece of rhythmic prose, no reference is made. This is Professor Palgrave's dedication of his selection of Herrick's "Hesperides" to Lady Maud Cecil, breathing the true spirit of grace and courtliness characteristic of the best dedications of the Augustan age.

ART IN JULY.

The new rooms of the National Gallery have just been thrown open to the public.

Mr. Alfred Stevens has been elected a member of the Society of British Artists.

The department of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum has been lately enriched with several examples of various arts. Among them is a beautiful terra-cotta vase, shaped like an *alabastron*, signed with the name of the potter "Pasiades," and dating from about 450 B.C. It is decorated with figures of mænads, which are well drawn and designed with considerable energy and grace. With this may be noticed a fine *lecythus*, dating 420 B.C., painted in reddish-orange on a black ground. On it there is a group consisting of Œdipus, who has slain the Sphinx near a pillar, intended to represent the temple of Apollo; and of Castor and Pollux. Apollo himself is at one side. There is also a figure supposed to be that of Æneas. Another object of great interest is an armlet or ring of silver, upon which is placed, as if walking on its outer surface, a fly of solid gold, beautifully modelled and finished after nature. There are also a number of oblong plates from a belt of silver, with bells of the same metal pendent from their lower edges (from the design embossed on the belt, this is evidently Assyrian); and an armlet of silver gilt, decorated with browsing goats and with lions, much as we see them in Asiatic Greek work of about the Sixth Century B.C.

Lord Ronald Gower has offered to present to Stratford-on-Avon a costly Shakespearean monument designed by himself. A plaster cast of it is to be seen in the Crystal Palace. The monument consists of life-size figures of Shakespeare's principal characters, with the poet himself in the centre of the group. The gift has been accepted.

Mr. E. Burne Jones has nearly completed a fine picture called "Caritas," a beautiful and holy woman clad in red and blue, holding a nude infant on each arm, and watchfully regarding her charge. Four children are at her feet, one of whom clasps her blue girdle, the pendent end of which encloses the bodies of two of his companions standing at her knees, while the fourth, holding an apple, is at the woman's feet. There is much tenderness in the whole composition.

On the recommendation of the Committee for the Applied Art Section, the Council of the Society of Arts has determined to offer prizes for certain classes of art workmanship, to be competed for at the latter end of the present year. The prizes will be awarded to workmen only, and the work must have been executed in the United Kingdom or its dependencies. The prizes offered this year are in the following eight classes :—1, Painted Glass, £25, £15, £10; 2, Glass-blowing in the Venetian Style, £10, £5, £3; 3, Enamelled Jewellers' Work, £25, £15, £10; 4, Inlays in Wood, with Ivory, Metal, or other material, with or without Engraving, £25, £15, £10; 5, Lacquer, applied to the decoration of Furniture or small objects, £25, £15, £10; 6, Decorative Painting on Wood, Copper, or other material, applied to Furniture and Internal Decoration, £25, £15, £10; 7, Hand-tooled Bookbinding, £25, £15, £10; 8, Repoussé and Chased Work in any Metal, £25, £15, £10. Objects sent in for competition in classes 1 and 6 must not exceed fifteen feet superficial. In the case of large works, a portion only (sufficient to give an idea of the whole work) need be sent. Further particulars can be obtained on application to the Secretary, H. Trueman Wood, Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

The success of the recent exhibition at the Salon is without precedent, over half a million (562,577) having visited the galleries. Of this tremendous number it is calculated that 282,577 have paid the admission fee, while the total is made up by 280,000 free admissions. The highest number of free admissions last year was on the third Sunday in May, when 44,000 visitors were counted from noon till five o'clock. This year, on the corresponding Sunday in May there were 51,112 free admissions, which clearly shows that the exhibition is growing rapidly in the public estimation. Turning to the financial side, we find the gross receipts reach about 360,000 francs, 340,000 of which were paid for admission, this sum exceeding by 30,000 francs the amount received last year, which was 310,000. Finally, after the expenses of superintendence, organisation, installation, &c., have been paid, there will remain about 190,000 francs to be added to the available capital already possessed by the Society of French Artists.

The representation of the "Alcestis" at Bedford College was an intelligent attempt to place a Greek play before an English audience. Artistically speaking, it was worthy of a good deal of praise; the costumes were graceful and accurate, and though exigencies of space did not allow the evolutions of the chorus to be satisfactorily performed, this deficiency was atoned for by the excellence of the scenic arrangements in other respects. The acting was adequate, but the general effect was spoiled, as it has invariably been in similar performances at the Universities, by the barbarous pronunciation of Greek as though it were English. If this is the alternative to acting the play in English, it would be far better to do the latter, for this would, at any rate, have the merit of intelligibility.

The collection of Mr. Du Maurier's refined drawings now on view at the Fine Art Society's room is valuable as an accurate presentment of the life of the upper classes in England in the Nineteenth Century. There is in nearly all of them a spice of Thackerayan cynicism, and a contempt for the shallow snobbery characteristic of those who are attempting to "soar" which is quite refreshing. Mr. Du Maurier, too, is a finished draughtsman, and, besides setting before us men and women drawn with a firm and graceful touch, can render the effects of light and shade as they have seldom been produced in black and white. The disappointing elements in this artist's work are a certain monotony, especially in the types of elegantly dressed women and superbly tailored men which he has created, and a lack of the instinctive humour which is never absent, for instance, from Leech's happiest efforts. All the drawings in the present exhibition are old friends, familiar to us from the pages of *Punch*, and are without exception far superior to their reproductions.

The fifth exhibition of works in black and white which have been executed for the various periodicals and serials published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., falls in no respect behind its predecessors. It is full of excellent work, and is the best possible illustration of the artistic energy thrown nowadays into book illustration to which Sir John Millais referred in a recent speech. Among the most interesting drawings we may mention Miss Dorothy Tennant's charming sketches of street Arabs, Mr. Railton's Windsor series, and Mr. Blair Leighton's costume studies; nor must we omit to call attention to Mr. Alfred East's landscape, "By Tranquil Waters." Mr. Fred Barnard's illustrations of Thackeray are scarcely equal to the same artist's drawings of characters from Dickens, which were a feature of the exhibition last year—no doubt because his humour is more akin to that of the latter novelist.

At the Burlington Fine Arts Club, 17, Savile Row, there is an exhibition of a very fine collection of Spanish-Moresque, and Majolica pottery. The club has issued a good catalogue, containing much information for the unlearned. Permission to view the collection can be had through members, but the secretary can grant permission to such art-lovers as happen to be unknown to members.

Messrs. Bellman and Ivey, of 37, Piccadilly, have just opened an exhibition of sculpture. It is to be regretted that with all our picture exhibitions we so rarely have offered to us an exhibition of a choice collection of works in metal and marble. There must surely be an opening for works of sculpture, if they are of a size suitable to the decoration of our rooms. The exhibition in Piccadilly is rather for the buyer than for the connoisseur in art. Many of the works are small reproductions in bronze or terra-cotta of large works well known to the public, and most of the original works in marble have been exhibited before; but there are many graceful things that would prettily decorate a room. The pedestals are in many cases hardly less attractive than the groups and figures that surmount them.

There has recently been opened in Rome an exhibition of embroideries, textiles, and laces which is of singular interest and importance. Italy may be said to be the land of lace-making and embroidering in modern Europe, and the present collection, exhibited in the Palazzo delle Belle Arti, is in every way worthy of the country. The Church has been most generous in the loan of altar-cloths and sacerdotal vestments. The cope of Eneas Silvio Piccolomini—Pope Pius II.—who was raised to the chair of St. Peter in 1458, is lent by the Chapter of the Cathedral of Pienza, and is one of the finest examples, if not the finest, of mediæval embroidery extant. Not only is the needlework of the highest order of merit, but the design, which consists of a series of pictures admirably conceived, is gloriously simple, naive, and direct. The cope which comes from the Church of St. Giovanni in Laterano is another magnificent example of Fifteenth Century work. Perhaps the most interesting object exhibited amongst the embroideries is the dalmatic of the Emperor Charlemagne, which, lent from the Vatican, attracts more attention from its great historic, as well as its artistic, interest than any other piece. This robe, which is evidently intended for a man of large stature, was worn by Charlemagne in 801, on the day of his coronation, which took place in Rome. It is of a royal blue, and although the original silk is frayed by time and has worn away in places, the richly embroidered figures, in silk and gold, of our Lord and His angels are still in an admirable state of preservation considering that the garment is more than a thousand years old. The imperial cloak of Napoleon I., which is exhibited in another case by some members of the Bonaparte family, contrasts very ill, despite its richness of purple velvet and its weight of gold embroidery, with the artistic feeling of the work and the noble sentiment of the design upon the dalmatic of the earlier and greater emperor.

The Odescalchi family send to the exhibition some very interesting mediæval costumes, and examples of embroidered banners still attached to the poles that bore them successfully through many a bloody fray. They also contribute the complete wardrobe of Innocent XI., the Seventeenth Century Pontiff, who was of their family. The tapestries exhibited are not so distinctly Italian as the rest of the exhibits, the finest specimens being a series of exquisite Bacchanalian scenes of French manufacture. The drawing of the designs in these noble examples is only equalled by the beauty of the colouring, which is as fresh and pure as though they had been woven yesterday. There are some superb specimens of Flemish arras, and several pieces of Florentine make. The municipality of Modena lends the very complete collection of textiles which it has acquired for educational purposes, and this exhibit alone almost suffices to place before a visitor the origin, development, and decadence of the weaver's and embroiderer's art in Italy. The collection—a most comprehensive one—has been admirably arranged, being divided into five parts, "Mediæval," "Renaissance," "Decadence in the Seventeenth Century," "Modern," and "Foreign," in which last is exhibited a small piece of *tappa* from Hawaii, exquisitely decorated with a printed design, which is singularly remarkable—if it be not Japanese. Cases of lace of all periods and from all parts of Italy fill one hall, and in this branch Italy shows that there is no falling off in modern times, however inferior we may consider her present-day textiles to be. But in these, as in all her manufactures, modern Italy is taking enormous strides.

Mr. Ball, the American sculptor, has lately completed the model of a statue of J. P. Barnum, heroic size, which has been commissioned under rather peculiar circumstances. The two partners of Mr. Barnum, being much pleased with the effect of the importation of "Jumbo," which brought

an immense influx of dollars to their purses, begged his acceptance of his own statue in bronze as a mark of their esteem and appreciation. The great showman accepted the tribute, but with the curious proviso that he should never see it, and that it should not be ereeted till his death. The partners commissioned Mr. Ball, who had already modelled a very successful portrait-bust of Mr. Barnum from life, to execute the statue, which he has done with much more artistic feeling than could be expected from such an extremely modern subject. It is being cast in the Royal Foundry at Munich, and will then be packed and placed in the care of Mr. Barnum's executors, to be kept till the time of its erection after his death. For a memorial statue to be made during the life of the subject is unusual, but that he should have no curiosity to see how his form and lineaments are to be presented to posterity is more unusual still.

The dcath of Prof. Com. Vincenzo Consani, the Florentine sculptor, which took place on June 29th, will be a great loss to Italian art. Consani was one of the very few sculptors who are faithful to a high and classical ideal, and never stoop to the materialistic style which is ruining modern Italian sculpture. One of his finest statues, the "Amazon," is in the possession of the Marquis of Salisbury, and Her Majesty the Queen has at Buckingham Palace a statuette of "Music," which was sent her as a present from the last Duke of Lucca by the hand of the artist himself, one of whose pleasant reminiscences was a quiet evening spent with Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and the Italian song she sang to him. His best works are at Lucca, his native town. The magnificent tomb there to the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, who lived in 1100, is very noble in design. Consani's last large work was the statue of Pope Eugene IV., which fills one of the four great tabernacles on the new façade of the Duomo. For many years the Professor had filled the office of secretary to the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, and he was also a member of the Commission for the preservation of Ancient Art.

We have to announce also the death of M. E. Carrier-Belleuse, the distinguished French sculptor, a pupil of David d'Angers. His first appearance was in the Salon of 1851, and he continued, with the exception of a short interval, to contribute annually to that exhibition. In the present Salon a portrait of General Boulanger and "Diane Victorieuse" bear his name. The monument of Masséna at Nice, the earyatides of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, the torch-bearers at the foot of the grand staircase of the Nouvel Opéra, are all his work. He won in 1861 a third class medal, a *rappel* of the same grade in 1863, another medal in 1866, a Médaille d'Honneur in 1867, the Legion of Honour in 1867, and the grade of an Officer in 1885. He was a great artist with a pure taste, manifested in animated and chaste designs, among which the "Psyché Abandonnée" ean scarcely be surpassed.—The long and painful illness of M. Eugène Louis Lequesne, another sculptor of renown, has also terminated fatally. He was born in Paris, became a pupil of Pradier, obtained the second Grand Prix in 1843, the Premier Grand Prix in 1844, a medal of the first class in 1851, and a *rappel* of the same grade in 1855. He completed the Victories on the tomb of Napoleon I. which Pradier left unfinished. —The last name on our list is that of M. Vincent Vedal, who was born at Carcassonne, and became a pupil of Delaroche and the École des Beaux-Arts. He first exhibited at the Salon of 1843, obtained a medal of the third class in 1844 and of the second class in 1849, and became a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1852. His "Feuilles d'Automne" and "La Source" were in the Salon of this year.

Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods have sold the following pictures:—J. Vander Capelle, A Frozen River Scene, £215; P. Wouwermans, A Camp Scene, with soldiers halting at a sutler's booth, £267; A Landscape, with a lady on a grey horse giving alms to a beggar, £278; Van Dyck, Portrait of a Lady in a black damask dress, £55; Portrait of Gusman, Marquis of Leganes, Governor of Milan, in armour, £525; Vivarini, The Saviour, holding the Cross, £210; Marco da Oggione, The Saviour appearing after the Resurrection, holding the Cross, £220; Parmegiano, The Madonna with the Infant Saviour, St. John, and the Magdalen, £210; A. Cuyp, Milking Time, a woman milking a dun cow, £682; J. Ruysdael, A View in Norway, with a river falling over rocks in the foreground, £435; A. Vander Meulen, The Siege of Tournay, with Louis XIV. and his staff in the foreground, £210; J. Wynants, A Sunny River Scene, £283; P. P. Rubens, Atalanta and Meleager pursuing the Calydonian Boar, £351; Sir T. Lawrence, Portrait of Canova, £210; J. Ruysdael and De Keyser, A Landscape, with a state carriage drawn by four horses, £399; Murillo, The Immaculate Conception, £1,837; Sir J. Reynolds, The Laughing Girl, £252; P. Potter, A Landscape, £325; F. Drouais, The Guitar Player, £735; Madame du Barri, in a gauze dress, holding a basket with roses, £955; Watteau, A Fête Champêtre, with a girl dancing to a bagpipe, £262; A Fête Champêtre, a composition of thirteen figures, £283; J. B. Pater, The Morning Bath, an interior with eight figures, £299; The Toilet, £362; L. Boilly, Interior of an Artist's Studio, £210; Nattier, Madame Victoire, daughter of Louis XV., £409; A Lady in a white silk dress, £273; F. Boucher, The Triumph of Amphitrite, £630; The Flower Gatherers, £1,050; Madame de Pompadour in blue silk dress, £10,395; T. Gainsborough, Horses Drinking at a Spring, £1,701; P. Pannini, A View of the exterior of St. Peter's at Rome, with a state procession of foreign Ambassadors, £840; Interior of St. Peter's at Rome, with numerous figures (the companion), £1,155; J. B. Santerre, Mdlle. de Marez, actrice de la Comédie Italienne, £2,100; F. Hals, A Cavalier, holding a glass, with a lady, a dog and attendant, £194; E. De Witt and Terburg, Interior of Cortz Kirch, Amsterdam, £493; F. Guardi, A pair of views near Venice, with ruins and figures, £110; Sir A. More, Portrait of the Artist, in black dress and ruff, £257; Raffaellino del Garbo, A Lady in crimson and black dress, £236; Sir J. Thornhill, Sir Robert Walpole in his robes, seated at a table, £262; Van Dyck, Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, £189; and J. M. W. Turner, Kirkstall Abbey, £53.

"Spanish and Italian Folk-Songs," translated by Alma Strettell (Macmillan and Co.). Only dwellers in the two peninsulas who have lived with and made friends of the people, and have listened, under the shade of the olive or in the soft evening light, to the people's songs, will be able fully to appreciate the beauty of these "Jitanas and Rispetti." In the originals the sweet turn of the words and the musical diminutives count for much: in the translations, of course these are not; but they are excellent translations notwithstanding, and bring back to those who have ears to hear the pathos and the passion of peasant life in Italy and Spain. Artistically, the book is very attractive. It is accompanied, rather than illustrated, by

some tiny photogravure plates, reproducing sketches by John Sargent, Edwin Abbey, and other artists, which add greatly to its charm, and it is well printed on Dutch paper, and most tastefully bound, while the margins of the pages must satisfy the longing of every margin-loving soul.

"Sketching from Nature," by Mr. Tristram Ellis (Macmillan and Co.), a useful handbook, has deservedly reached its second edition.

Pictures of English cathedrals in chromo-lithography, No. I., Newcastle (Andrew Reid, Newcastle-on-Tyne). This representation of the cathedral of Newcastle-on-Tyne is a very strong piece of colour printing, too strong in fact. There is always a tendency in chromo-lithography to increase positive colours, and to lose that more subtle quality tone, and this tendency is strongly shown here. It is a reproduction of a picture by T. M. Richardson. That is a fair guarantee that the original picture is good, and, with the exception that the colour is forced, the reproduction is good also. It is almost deceptive, indeed, in its reproduction of the marks of the brush.

Mr. Walter Armstrong, in a series of articles reprinted from *The Guardian* (Seeley and Co.), has given us an excellent sketch of the art-treasures now in the National Gallery. This institution began in 1824 with the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection, and the object of its founders was to provide English artists with worthy models of style rather than to vie with foreign galleries in getting together as large a number of pictures as possible. Though but little more than sixty years old, it now stands in the very front rank of European galleries; in the total number of its pictures, it is true, it is inferior to most of its rivals, but its standard has always been high, and in quality it is surpassed by none of them. It is sad to learn how many golden opportunities were lost by its earlier trustees, who, from ignorance and divided responsibility, not only declined at a low price many masterpieces which have since been acquired for immense sums, but in several instances squandered money on positive forgeries. However, a body of men who purchased Van Eyck's "Arnolfini and his Wife," one of the most exquisitely painted pictures in existence, for £630, and Moroni's magnificent "Tailor" for £320, deserve some credit. The greater part of Mr. Armstrong's pamphlet is very properly devoted to the consideration of the Italian schools, in examples of whose art the National Gallery is peculiarly strong; but the Flemish and Dutch schools are not neglected, and what Mr. Armstrong tells us is invariably so much to the point that it is to be hoped he will supplement his present *brochure* by an account of the works of the English school.

Hitherto there has been no description at once trustworthy and concise of the architecture and art of the ancient Egyptians. We are therefore much indebted to Professor Maspero for his work "L'Archéologie Égyptienne" (Lecantin and Co.), which, in a small compass, contains all the information we have so long needed. Professor Maspero is a very keen observer, and he writes of everything Egyptian with a fulness of knowledge which is unrivalled. The first portion of the present volume is occupied with a discussion of the domestic, religious, and military architecture of the Egyptians, and the author finally disposes of the view held by the old school of Egyptologists that there existed in the Egyptian mind an absolute distaste for symmetry. Subsequent chapters deal with the sculpture, painting, and industrial arts of Ancient Egypt. The value of Professor Maspero's work is increased by the charm of his style and by the accurate, though unpretentious, illustrations which accompany the text.

The title of Vernon Lee's latest work, which has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is somewhat misleading. It is termed "Juvenilia," not as being the production of youth, but because it deals with topics which the authoress regards as peculiarly engrossing "up to a certain age." It is, in fact, a collection of sermons on a variety of artistic texts, covering a sufficiently wide area, and written with all the spirit and enthusiasm which we have learnt to expect from Vernon Lee. These sermons, however, with hardly an exception, lose a great deal of force from being written with an intensely personal feeling and a self-analysis with which it is difficult for the reader to thoroughly sympathise. "Botticelli at the Villa Lemmi," a temperate protest against the practice of taking works of art from their surroundings and massing them together in distant galleries, and "Apollo the Fiddler," a discussion of artistic anachronism, seem to us decidedly the best of the essays.

The volume on the Italian Pre-Raphaelites represented at the National Gallery, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse (Messrs. Cassell and Co.), is admirable alike in conception and execution. It professes to be a guide to the understanding and appreciation of Italian art of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries as illustrated in our great national collection. But it is something more than this. Mr. Monkhouse has filled up the gaps which unfortunately exist in the National Gallery, and has given us in a very small compass what is really an historical sketch of Italian art from Cimabue to Raphael. This period is full of interest, especially to Englishmen, for in addition to the fact that it was with Cimabue that modern art may really be said to have begun, the Italian Pre-Raphaelites inspired the most important artistic revolution that has ever taken place in England. Throughout the Byzantine age hieratic restraint was supreme; any attempt at realism or even classicism was condemned as nothing short of blasphemy. Tradition says that a painter in the Twelfth Century who dared to give to a sacred personage the features of the pagan Zeus was remorselessly struck with palsy, and this tradition exactly expresses the spirit of early Christian art. Pictures were painted not because they reminded anyone of anything, not because they were beautiful, but because they illustrated a fact which the Church insisted should be accepted in a particular sense. But with the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches, and with the adoption by the latter of rational views on art, a new era was inaugurated, and the Italian school, which counted among its members such masters as Giotto, Masaccio, Pollaiuolo, Botticelli, Crivelli, Mantegna, and Perugino, was made possible. Of these and many more Italian painters, Mr. Monkhouse has given us an account, and with the exception of what seems to us a scarcely justifiable outburst of enthusiasm over Botticelli, he has done his work with a restraint and absence of rhetoric which is admirable. The illustrations which accompany the text are exactly what they should be, unpretentious yet adequate, while the index is singular in its completeness. We trust that similar handbooks will be issued not only to the later Italian schools, but to the no less important schools of Holland and the Netherlands.

ART IN AUGUST.

LOVERS of ecclesiastical architecture will be glad to know that the interesting old church of Inglesham, on the banks of the Wiltshire Thames, is about to be repaired. The church contains some valuable Romanesque work untouched by the restorer's chisel, and the chancel walls and nave arcades are stated, upon competent authority, to date from the eleventh century. The roof is ruinous, and owing to the lack of drainage, the foundations of the walls are rotting. Mr. J. P. Mickelthwaite estimates the cost of the indispensable reparations at £550, of which £350 has yet to be raised. There is so little Romanesque work remaining unspoiled in our churches that the opportunity of preserving that at Inglesham ought not to be neglected.

THE Court of Appeal is to be congratulated upon having taken a long step towards removing some of the proverbial obscurity of our copyright law. Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, who own the copyright of a drawing called "Sounding the Charge," commissioned a Berlin colour-printer to print a large number of copies of it. The order was executed, but the printer likewise struck off some hundreds of copies upon his own account, and sold them in England at a lower price than Messrs. Tuck were asking. Copies having been sold in this country after the registration of the copyright, the infringement was clear, and the Court before whom the case was first tried gave damages amounting to £100, but declared that penalties could not be recovered. The Divisional Court, by way apparently of illustrating the glorious uncertainty of the law, reversed this decision ; but the Court of Appeal has upheld the original verdict. It is to be hoped that pirates, German and other, will be helped by this decision to a recognition of the elementary fact that it is best, as Carlyle put it, to "deal in the veracities."

"LEADING CONSERVATIVES" is the title of a large painting exhibited by Mr. MacLean in the Haymarket, the work of Mr. C. Kay Robertson. In most paintings of this class the chief problem is to give an impression of spontaneity to the grouping and of *vraisemblance* to the pictorial scheme. This has been solved, on the whole, with considerable success by Mr. Robertson. His right-hand group, for instance, which comprises the seated figures of the late Lord Iddesleigh, Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir R. E. Webster, the Marquis of Lothian, Lord George Hamilton, and others, is disposed with excellent effect. In most pictures of the kind the figures appear as if posed for photographic purposes, but there is nothing of this unnatural effect in Mr. Robertson's painting. The portraits are full of force and life, and, for the most part, striking likenesses. In the centre stands the Marquis of Salisbury in the act of addressing what seems to be a Round-Table Conference—if the ominous phrase be permissible—while to the left are seated Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Cross, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Lord Ashbourne. Behind the Premier—an admirable portrait, by the way—appear standing Mr. Balfour, Mr. Plunkett, Lord John Manners, Mr. Akers-Douglas, and other prominent members of the Party. Altogether, six-and-twenty portraits are comprised in this capital memorial of the last Conservative victory.

TERRA-COTTA and Doulton-ware are successfully combined in the execution of the reredos, pulpit, and font designed by Mr. Blomfield for the English church of St. Alban at Copenhagen, which have recently been on view at Messrs. Doulton and Co.'s works, Lambeth. In the pillars that support the octagonal font, as in the divisional columns of pulpit and reredos, and in the decorative tiles that give relief to the smooth surfaces of the terra-cotta, the dark blue and grey of the Doulton-ware is admirably effective and applied with excellent judgment. Mr. Tinworth's art is employed to great advantage in four alternate panels of the font, and in the reredos, the central panel of which is a very skilful adaptation of the sculptor's well-known representation of the Ascension. The smaller circular panels of the font represent appropriate subjects, such as Christ blessing Little Children and the Finding of Moses, the last-named being a composition of singular beauty, and one that is remarkable even among the long list of the sculptor's achievements. It is no new thing that Mr. Tinworth should invest a familiar theme with new significance, but in this instance the *naïveté* of his treatment is especially striking. Mr. Blomfield's reredos, a Gothic design with crocketed gables and pinnacles, possesses an agreeable elegance and good proportion. The more elaborate and massive pulpit is a refreshing departure from architectural conventions, though it is, of course, difficult to estimate the true effect of a bold and original design of this nature until it is seen *in situ*.

THE Mappin Art Gallery at Sheffield, which was recently opened, contains a valuable collection of pictures given by the late John Newton Mappin and Sir Frederick Mappin, and these should form the nucleus of one of the finest collections of pictures in the provinces. The gallery is a handsome Renaissance building, situated in the Weston Park, well out of the smoke and dirt of the town. It consists of six rooms, tastefully decorated, all of which are on the ground floor, and are well lighted from above. The present permanent collection has been crowded into too small a space to make room for a somewhat mediocre loan collection. When it is properly hung, nearly every important picture may have line-space, and there will still be room for additions. Pettie, R.A., and William Müller are both well represented, and the two Southern scenes by the

latter artist from Morocco and Algiers are some of the finest specimens of his power of colouring and broad vivid realisations of strong atmospheric effect that any other public gallery possesses. There are good pictures by Goodall, Landseer, Linnell, Sidney Cooper, Creswick, Lewis, Marcus Stone, Armitage, Boughton, Frith, E. M. Ward, and other past and present members of the Royal Academy. If the Sheffield Corporation will buy pictures wisely, and hang those they already possess to good advantage, they may possess the finest collection of modern pictures in the provinces, and they have a palace to contain them.

An exhibit in the Manchester Exhibition that has attracted considerable attention is the pictures for schools shown by the Committee of the Manchester Art Museum. These pictures are of three classes: those of birds, flowers, architecture, and historical portraits, are educational in the strict sense of the word; then there are landscapes, whose interest is chiefly geological and geographical; and, lastly, there are pictures pure and simple, examples of such various masters as Caldecott, Walter Crane, Watts, and Turner. The pictures are either lithographs or wood or steel engravings, and are all good of their kind. To each picture is attached a label explaining the motive and subject of the picture and the method of its reproduction. A few of these pictures are from time to time lent to different elementary schools in Manchester and Salford, and the children have shown the greatest interest in them. There is no doubt that in a part of the country which is greatly dependent on good designing for its commercial success this movement has a practical value, and any endeavour to infuse the light of fancy and imagination into the dark lives of the children of the poor deserves the greatest encouragement.

The sixth exhibition of the Norwich Art Circle has been very judiciously devoted to the works of James Stark, the pupil of Crome, and one of the lesser luminaries of the Norwich school. It contained altogether over one hundred works, including two or three portraits of Stark by other artists and a number of water-colour sketches contributed by Mr. A. J. Stark. It is these water-colours, rapid and unfinished as they are, that bring us nearest to Stark's individuality; they are full of fresh observation, and show a boldness and originality of colour which is not often found in his oil pictures. In his poorer pictures he is mannered and laboured, though always careful and accomplished, but in his best pictures, like the Duke of Sutherland's "Penning the Flock," and "Sheep-Washing—Morning," belonging to the Rev. H. H. Carlisle, he rises almost to the level of his master, "Old Crome." None of them is finer than the example recently added to the National Gallery, a purchase which makes us hope that some day the national collection will contain a David Cox, a good example of Cotman, an important picture by Bonington, a fine De Wint, not to mention many more of our greatest artists who are as yet unrepresented there.

The ancient city of Chester has added itself to the number of towns which have annual art exhibitions. The first exhibition at the Grosvenor Museum was opened on 27th July by the high sheriff of the county. There are three hundred and thirty-two exhibits, which are well accommodated in the museum galleries. A good deal of the work is amateurish, but a sufficiency of good pictures gives the collection interest. Among the artists whose contributions claim special notice are Walter Crane, John Finnie, Peter Ghent, R. Fowler, F. Beswick, H. Fantin, J. J. Curnock, H. Herkomer, Alfred Parsons, Walmsley Price, J. R. Dicksee, W. G. Collingwood, and Arthur T. Nowell.

The French newspapers are discussing, *à propos* of the resignation of the Director, what is to be the future of the Sèvres porcelain factory. Is it to be a factory competing with private enterprise, or is it to be a school of art for potters? At present it is neither the one nor the other. Sèvres was created, as everybody knows, to encourage the production of artistic porcelain; but many people in France seem to consider that there is now no necessity for the continuance of such encouragement. It is true that a very great deal of porcelain is now produced in France; but the artistic value of the majority of it is debatable. A reformed and efficient school at Sèvres ought to greatly improve the average of merit in French ceramics.

The exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts at Berlin, which was opened on the 1st of July, is a fair average show. The recollection of Prof. Herkomer's portrait of Miss Grant has brought white pictures into fashion, and the prejudiced English visitor will trace on one or two canvases a reminiscence of Mr. Whistler's works in the Berlin Exhibition last year. This year's work is strongest in portraiture, among the remarkable pictures being Count Harrach's admirable portrait of Baron Knesebeck, and female portraits by Max Koner, Carl Gussow, and Sichel. Crowds are attracted by Prof. A. von Werner's picture of Prince Bismarck addressing the Chamber. It is no doubt a speaking likeness, but scarcely satisfactory as a work of art. The background and accessories are inevitably ugly, and the Chancellor is represented with open mouth in the act of speaking, one hand fumbling with the tail of his coat, the other holding his notes. Those who have seen him speaking will at once recognise the truth of the picture, but the next generation will hardly be satisfied with such an unheroic treatment of a heroic subject. Another picture which attracts popular attention is the "Return of the Holy Family from Jerusalem"—a beautiful group in the glow of an Eastern sunset—in the smoothness of the painting and the soft rich drapery reminding one not a little of the President's works. Professor Oswald Achenbach sends two of his well-known Neapolitan studies; and from England we have Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Antony and Cleopatra," and an etching by Prof. Herkomer of his portrait of Miss Grant, which is shortly to be published by a Berlin firm. A tinted bust of the sculptor's wife by Max Klein, and two fine classical studies by Hildebrandt, are most conspicuous among the sculpture.

Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods have sold the following:—J. Holland—"Venice after Rain," and "Venice," companion, £241; E. Verbeckhoven—Landscape with Sheep and Lambs, £178; T. Webster—"The Dirty Boy," £152; "The Impenitent," £157; "The Wreck Ashore," £157; "Waiting for the Bone," £157; Baron H. Leys—"Interior of a Cabaret at the time of the Siege of Antwerp," £183; Sir H. Raeburn—"Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.," £535; "Ann Edgar, Lady Raeburn," wife of Sir Henry, £850; "H. Raeburn," the artist's son, on a grey pony, £330; Sir J. Reynolds—"Miss Jarman," £168; J. Constable—"Hampstead Heath," £1,050; and "West End Field, Hampstead," £294; T. Gainsborough—"Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane," £5,092.

"Cybèle" and "Amphitrite," companion pictures by Paul Baudry, were recently sold in Paris for 40,000 fr.; Boulanger's "Les Amours Vendangeurs," 4,000 fr.; Corot's "Le Coup de Vent," 5,100 fr.; Diaz's "Vaches à l'Abreuvoir," 8,700 fr.; Greuze's "Jeune Fille en Buste," 10,800 fr.; Lagilliere's "Portrait de Jeune Dame," 16,700 fr.; and Mignard's "Portrait d'une Jeune Princesse," 5,500 fr.

In the middle of July died M. Nicaise de Keyser, a member of the modern Antwerp school of painters. A quarter of a century ago, when art criticism was more lenient than it is now, he was considered to be the first of Belgian painters. Lapse of time has proved that he was not a great artist; but he was considerably above mediocrity. The son of a poor Flemish farmer, he was early thrown upon his own resources, and at the age of fifteen he already lived by his brush. He was for four-and-twenty years Director of the Antwerp Academy. He painted principally battle-pieces, history, and portraits. His best pictures are a "Christ on Calvary," painted for a church at Manchester; and a "Battle of Woeringen," in the Museum at Brussels. But his most characteristic work is the series of portraits of great artists which he painted in fresco upon the peristyle of the Antwerp Museum. These groups are dignified and balanced, and it is probably upon them that De Keyser's reputation will rest. He was 74 years of age.

We have to announce with much regret the death of one of our distinguished landscape painters—Mr. J. W. Oakes, A.R.A. He was born on July 9, 1820, and was fully occupied with work up to the last. His birthplace was Sproston House, near Middlewick, Cheshire; he was privately educated at Liverpool, and artistically under Mr. Bishop, of Liverpool College. He first exhibited in the Liverpool Academy, shortly becoming a member, and later honorary secretary. In 1847 Oakes sent his picture "Nant Francon, Carnarvonshire," to London, where it was exhibited at the British Institution. His first appearance at the Academy was in 1848, with "On the Greta, Keswick," following it with many others, amongst which "The Warren," "A Solitary Pool," "Marchlyn Manor," "Maldreath Sands," "Aberfraw Bay," "A Carnarvonshire Glen," "Autumn," "Dee Sands," "The Poachers," "The Bass Rock," "Old Sandpit," "A Sandy Bit of the Road," "Fording a Tidal Creek," and "Sheltered," are perhaps some of the best. In 1859 he left Liverpool for London, and, with but very few exceptions, exhibited annually at the Academy. Oakes was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1875, and an Honorary Member of the Scottish Academy in 1883.—We have also to announce the death of Prof. Pfannschmidt, an historical painter much admired in Berlin; and of the French historical painter, M. A. Colas, who was born at Lille in 1818. He exhibited an important work at the Salon of 1849, entitled "The Erection of the Cross;" he also decorated the cupola of the church of Notre Dame at Roubaix, and otherwise enriched churches at Esquelbec and Warcoing.

Mr. Hodgson, R.A., is very much to be congratulated on his "Fifty Years of British Art" (London and Manchester: John Heywood), which sets forth such a glowing eulogium of the Royal Academy as has not of late been uttered. This some time past, indeed, that venerable institution has come in for a good deal of unkindness and contempt. Its ways have been criticised, its function has been questioned, its awards have been bitterly debated, its very shillings have been pursued with enquiry. Mr. Hodgson does much to restore it to its ancient equanimity. Of faith, hope, charity, and journalistic eloquence he has an abundance; and he bestows them all upon the foundation to which he has the honour to belong. He has been to Manchester (it seems); he has looked upon the Jubilee pictures; he has come to the conclusion that English art has advanced since her Majesty's accession to the throne; and that the Royal Academy (as nearly as we can make out) is responsible for everything. He can find no fault with it. His enthusiasm takes in the past and the future alike—those who have belonged to it and those who will one day belong to it: Mulready with Mr. Alfred Hunt, Maclise and Mr. Logsdail—*et cætera, et cætera!* To the pleasing task of glorifying his predecessors and contemporaries in distinction he devotes himself and whatever qualities are in him—"his wit, his humour, his pathos, and his umbrella." It really warms the heart to listen to his simple praise of Academicians dead and gone—to hear the frescoes of Maclise (R.A.), for example, described, apparently in all sincerity, as "works of high aim and consummate power;" to be assured not only that "the fame of Edwin Landseer (R.A.) rings loud like organ-tones and the clang of bells," but also that "his technical ability was of a very high order;" that Mr. W. P. Frith (R.A.) "has his share of Hogarthian observation and humour," and in his time "could throw off his Dr. Johnson as well or better than anybody else;" that "J. C. Horsley (R.A.) has a vein of playful humour all his own;" that John "Phillip" (R.A.) "was quite an unique personality," whose works "have much of the force of Velasquez, with greater brilliance of colour;" that Thomas Faed (R.A.) "is no conventional sentimentalist"—what Academician ever was?—but a painter who, from the year of his "Mitherless Bairn," "has continued to produce works in the same vein with greater mastery of execution, and, in obedience to the spirit of the age, with greater and greater richness of colouring!" Who, with assertions like these to bid him "tremble and turn and be changed"—who shall declare that Chivalry is no more, and Imagination has had its day? And the best of Mr. Hodgson is, that he is always at the height of his noble argument. Thus, to him, "pondering dreamily over the history of art"—and passing in review, no doubt, the achievement of Van Eyck, Raphael, Rembrandt, Titian, Claude, Corot, Millet, Sidney Cooper, and others—"it has often occurred that there has been no more wonderful birth in it than that of Mr. Lawrence Alma Tadema" (R.A.), inasmuch as "no one who ever lived has gone . . . anywhere near the same length in objective truth." After this explosion of discovery, such a remark as that the reputation of Briton Riviere (R.A.) "is not of an ephemeral character," or that "Manchester, it may be, has revealed Mr. H. Stacy Marks" (R.A.), falls rather flat; and even the dazzling originality of such reflections as that "Edwin Long" (A.R.A.) is "not only an artist of great ability," but also "above and beyond all else a constructive genius," or that "Peter Graham (R.A.) must in his youth have received a vivid impression," produces a distinct feeling of anti-climax.

Mr. Hodgson, it is further to be observed, does excellently in that he eschews all technical criticism. He is Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, but he writes as one who has never read the works of Mr. Harry Quilter—as one to whom a picture is only literature in another form. "Pale Death," says he of a masterpiece of Mr. Watts (R.A.), "whose impartial foot kicks at the cottage

door as at the king's gates, demands admission, and Love bars the way—poor ineffectual Love, who always tries to bar the way, only to be pushed ruthlessly aside, to be crushed down among the roses, whose bloom shall wither and glad the heart no more; whose perfume shall nevermore swell the incense of the morn and fill a happy home with sweetness and delight." 'Tis a gorgeous passage:—though we "don't seem to get no forrarder" by its aid, it must be admitted that 'tis a gorgeous passage! Nor is it the only one of the kind; there are plenty more, as purple and as proud—or even more so. To this indifference to the technical aspect of a picture we are probably indebted for the glowing apostrophe with which Mr. Hodgson brings his pamphlet to a close. "Ye shades of the venerable dead," he cries, "sweet, placid souls of Copley Fielding, De Wint, and David Cox, could ye behold" the works of Alfred Hunt and Carl Haag, "ye would say, 'It is another world, and we know it not!' Another world" (here our author lapses, not for the first time, into unconscious poetry)—

> "Another world it is, and we have lived
> To see it come!"

Here he is understood to say, we take it, that Messrs. Alfred Hunt and Carl Haag are greater men than Cox and Fielding and De Wint. The opinion is debatable, no doubt; and what opinion that is worth a rush is not? But the Royal Academy has always ignored the art of painting in water-colours, perhaps because it is the only form of painting in which England has excelled; and Mr. Hodgson is the Royal Academy incarnate.

"We don't expect grammar at the Wic.," said a Surrey-side playgoer from his seat in the Victoria gallery, "but you might jine your flats." It were fond to look for technical criticism from a Royal Academician and a Professor of Painting; but Mr. Hodgson really might have been a little more careful about his facts, and have bestowed on his orthography a little of the boiling ardour with which he has informed his style. "Gerome," for instance (the name of the painter), is usually spelt with a couple of accents; and the French, who ought to know, are accustomed to the name of the artist of "The Murder of the Duke of Guise," not as three words but as one. Mr. Sidney Cooper is an Academician, and so was John Philip; and the negligence which gives a *y* to the Christian name of the one and adds an *l* to the surname of the other is therefore all the more incredible. It is historical, too, that the P.R.B. consisted of seven members, whose names were Dante Gabriel and William Michael Rossetti, W. Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, James Collinson, F. G. Stephens (now famous as a master of chronology and impassioned literary style), and J. Woolner; and it is a little startling to find the number reduced by one, and the list still further bedevilled by the presence of the names of Charles Collins, Ford Madox Brown, and Henry Martineau, to the exclusion of Messrs. Stephens, Woolner, Collinson, and W. M. Rossetti. But there are spots on the sun itself; and we shall be greatly surprised if Mr. Hodgson's pamphlet does not go far towards reinstating the Royal Academy in public favour, and stopping that yearly exodus of English students to foreign schools which we all so bitterly deplore.

"Dalmatia, the Quarnero, and Istria, with Cettigne in Montenegro, and the Island of Grado," by T. G. Jackson, M.A., F.S.A. 3 vols. (Frowde.) The eastern littoral of the Adriatic is almost an unknown land to the wandering student of art and history, and Mr. Jackson has been both fortunate and foreseeing in his selection of this most interesting district for the subject of these three handsome volumes, which contain the record of as many holiday tours and their discoveries. Both to the historian and the archæologist much of the matter he dilates upon and delineates is set forth for the first time, and admirably set forth too. Enthusiastic in his subject, he yet restrains himself sometimes too rigorously to satisfy the interest he awakens in his readers, and we should gladly welcome two fuller works by him, treating more largely of the history and artistic record of the history of this most interesting district. Greek, Roman, Goth, Hun, Turk, and Italian have by turn made it their home, and each has left some solid trace of occupation. Some of the evidences of this varied possession had already been given to the world, but very much of that which dates since the decay of the Roman Empire is now placed for the first time before the English reader. The antiquities of Pola in Istria have been set forth by Stuart, and Robert Adams found the style since known by his name in the palace of Diocletian at Spalato, a building which influenced the architecture of all that came after it, and in which may be traced the germ of all Lombardic and Romanesque design. The fruit of it is naturally abundant in the architecture of Dalmatia, and it is interesting to trace how the arched roof of the little temple of Æsculapius influenced the style of the whole of this district down to the latest days of the Renaissance. Particularly worthy of study by the architect is the charming design of Giorgio Orsini for the cathedral of Sebenico, where this peculiarity of construction seems to have reached its zenith, and which, from a scientific as well as an artistic standpoint, is worthy of an extended monograph. But it is difficult to select from the treasures amassed by Mr. Jackson, so varied and so numerous are they. Woodwork where East and West meet in design, marvellous metal-work where purely mediæval detail crops up in work of the seventeenth century, mosaics of almost classic style, are all set forth by his accomplished pen and pencil. The plans of the early basilican churches throw much light on early ecclesiastical ritual and arrangement—in fact, there is no student of the past, whatever be the special subject of his study, who will not find some new light thrown on it by Mr. Jackson's new record, which is exceedingly full of interest and written in a style so clear and simple that it must delight not only the student for whom it is mainly intended, but that wider public that includes all lovers of history and of art.

The children of this generation are fortunate in their literature, and not alone in the literature itself, but in the illustrations provided for them. What, for instance, can be more charming than Mr. William Allingham's "Rhymes for the Young," just published by Messrs. Cassell and Co.? Mr. Allingham shares with Mr. Louis Stevenson the distinction of being the most finished writer of songs for children that the present age has known, and his delightful poems, "The Fairies," "Robin Redbreast," and "Wishing," have long been deservedly popular. When we say that the present volume contains these three old favourites, with many other songs equal to them in grace and melody, we feel sure the book needs no further recommendation. The illustrations which accompany the text are by Mrs. Allingham, Kate Greenaway, Harry Furniss, and others, and are all excellent in their way.

ART IN SEPTEMBER.

Mr. Calderon has been elected keeper of the Royal Academy, in the place of Mr. Pickersgill, who resigned some months ago.

Among the various sums expended by the City of London in 1886 on education and fine art are £210 for a bust of Lord Shaftesbury, £100 on account for a bust of Sir R. W. Carden, £262 10s. for a bust of General Gordon, and £1,000 for a replica of Queen Anne's statue.

Mr. Armitage's picture representing the institution of the Franciscan Order, which was recently at the Academy exhibition, has been placed in the Church of St. John, Duncan Terrace, Islington.

The Luxembourg, after being temporarily closed for repairs, has been re-opened to the public. The last purchases of the State will be found in their places. They include pictures from the Salon by MM. Mesdag, Lambert, Henner, Isabey, Gaillard, Roll, &c.

The humours and graces of Eighteenth Century life as portrayed in the genial and charming conception of the Addisonian literature find a sympathetic and artistic delineator in Mr. Hugh Thomson, a collection of whose drawings for a variety of popular magazines is on view at the Fine Art Society's galleries, New Bond Street. Mr. Thomson is a facile draughtsman, with considerable humour, and even more than considerable flexibility of fancy, and possesses no slight power in a rarer direction—in a delicate feeling for the minor points of composition. If this last-named faculty is not always exercised with good results, and in some of these drawings is not exercised at all, the fact is no more noteworthy in Mr. Thomson's work than it has been in the early efforts of most young artists. On the whole, there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Thomson has a career before him both as a book illustrator and in original design. It is to be hoped that he will not narrow his enterprise as an artist wholly to literary illustration of artistic periods, for he is evidently qualified to take more adventurous flights and a wider range in art than are expressed by the present exhibition. The drawings include some lively and piquant illustrations of Sir Roger de Coverley and his circle; of Gay's delightful "Journey to Exeter;" of the story of the gallant militia captain, Sir Dilbery Diddle; and a series of clever sketches of "A Morning in London." In the first series we have some capital hunting scenes, in which Mr. Will Wimble, and horses and hounds, are depicted with admirable spirit and excellent characterisation. At times, it is true, these drawings recall the inimitable sketches of Randolph Caldecott, occasionally not to the advantage of the former; but where they are diverting, the artist's work is full of fun and active inspiration. Among the more striking examples we may name, "If Puss was Gone that Way?" (17); "The Grey-stone Horse" (20); "With all the Gaiety of Five-and-Twenty" (24); "Will Wimble in the Hunting Field" (30); the excellent studies of hounds in No. 38; and the delightful drawing of horses, huntsmen, and an old hound, grouped by a roadside inn, in No. 49. Excepting "Tom Touchy," the artist's types of men and women are thoroughly acceptable from the literary standpoint, and show little tendency to exaggeration or caricature.

The autumn exhibition in the Manchester City Art Gallery is scarcely up to the level of its predecessors. This is doubtless accounted for by the fact that artists preferred to send their pictures to provincial galleries which were not brought in direct competition with a collection of modern paintings such as that at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. However, Manchester has a fair share of the masterpieces of the season, and the exhibition contains scattered elements of interest. The "Last Watch of Hero," by Sir Frederick Leighton, has been purchased for the permanent collection, and naturally occupies the place of honour in the large gallery. The committee also purchased Mr. Watts's "Prayer" at the recent Rickards sale; and these two purchases have created great interest in the locality. When to these two pictures we add Sir J. E. Millais' portrait of Lord Hartington, Mr. Luke Fildes' portrait of his wife, Mr. Herkomer's portraits of Mr. Briton Rivière and Sir Edward Watkin, Mr. Logsdail's "The Bank," and Mr. Parson's Chantrey picture, it will be seen that Manchester is not wholly without some of the pictures of the year. The chief interest in the galleries, outside the very celebrated pictures, lies in the work of Mr. Edwin Ellis, which is more serious and important than much that comes from his easel. "After a Three Days' Gale," a fine scene at a harbour's mouth, and "Flamborough Head," a bold study of rocks, cliff, and sunlight, may fairly be called "natural history made beautiful." They are thorough honest out-of-door studies, full of vigorous thought and clever workmanship. The landscapes of Mr. John Reid, Mr. A. W. Hunt, Mr. Anderson Hague, Mr. Hey-Davis, and Mr. Waterlow, all deserve fuller mention than our space permits; and an excellent water-colour gallery has to be passed over in undeserved silence.

The seventeenth autumn exhibition of modern pictures at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, was opened on Monday, 5th September, and will remain on view until the first Saturday in December. The collection was hung by the members of the Library, Museum, and Arts Committee of the Corporation, assisted by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., Frederick Brown, and T. Hampson Jones. Although there are few very remarkable pictures, there is so much excellent work that the exhibition takes rank as distinctly above the average, and the judicious hanging contributes not a little to

this result. A place of honour is given to Solomon J. Solomon's "Samson," which has been presented to the city by Mr. James Harrison. Other well-known pictures in oil are "Lilith," by the Hon. John Collier; "Master Baby," by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.; "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," by J. S. Sargent; "Pelagia and Philammon," by A. Hacker; "Cigarette Making," by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A.; "A Young Prodigal," by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.; "Baron H. De Worms," by Frank Holl, R.A.; "Kyle-Akin," by John Brett, A.R.A.; "Two Strings to Her Bow," by John Pettie, R.A.; "Callista, the Image-Maker," by Edwin Long, R.A.; "Their Ever-Shifting Home," by Stanhope A. Forbes; "Now Came Still Evening On," by H. W. B. Davis, R.A.; and "Shipwreck," by John R. Reid. Among the water-colours are "The Death of Virginia," by Robert Fowler; "On the Harbour Bar," by C. Napier Hemy; "The Pod with Nine Peas," by E. K. Johnson; "Recruiting for Savonarola," by F. W. W. Topham; "A Bacchus Festival," by G. R. Bach; "Responsive to the Sprightly Pipe," by Tom Lloyd; "An Interesting Story" and "Betrayed," by Walter Langley; and "The Top of the Hill," by J. C. Dollman.

Local artists are well represented, especially in water-colour. The majority of their works are landscapes, with or without figures. A few, however, show good work in portrait and figure subjects. W. B. Boadle has three portraits, representing Sir James Picton, Mr. D. McIver, and "A Gentleman." In the first a difficult subject is well dealt with, and in the last a good one has called forth the painter's best powers. R. E. Morrison has portraits of C. S. Aldrich and Canon Postance, the former, shown at the Academy, being one of his happiest efforts. G. Hall Neale has a good portrait of the composer Godfrey Marks, as well as some able studies of Ulster cottage interiors, with figures. Robert Fowler, besides his important water-colour from the Royal Institute, has an ambitious oil painting illustrating the text, "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be." Though not without faults, it deserves attention as a serious effort in one of the highest walks of art. Fred Shaw's "Wandering Minstrels," performing before a critical company in an old-fashioned garden, shows a marked advance. Richard Wane's "Fisher-folk" is a capable study of a coast scene with figures; and W. Wardlaw Laing has a very attractive water-colour study of the nude in his "Girl and Snail." Both pose and modelling are particularly happy.

In landscape, John Finnie holds his own with a fine oil of "Rydal," and with a powerful and brilliant study in water-colour of "The Little Orme's Head," the ocean bathed in glowing sunlight. James Barnes is at his best in "Spring," a woodland scene, with a well-modelled girl figure plucking hawthorn blossom. Isaac Cooke has a pleasing after-sunset effect on Windermere, as well as two breezy studies in water-colour of Cheshire scenes. Parker Hagarty's "In the Nantgwilt Valley" is a fine sombre study of mountain moorland in autumn, in which vastness and solitude are subtly expressed. "Drowsy Twilight," by Peter Ghent, is a graceful pastoral Surrey scene, refined and pleasant in its treatment. Two young water-colourists show considerable advance—A. E. Brockbank and G. Cockram—and their work gives excellent promise. T. Hampson Jones has several able drawings, of which "Bidston Village" is the most important. John McDougal's principal drawing, "Summer-time in a Cornish Village," is a thoroughly successful rendering of cool forenoon sunshine. John Sinclair is well represented by a twilight scene, "On the Tranmere Shore," and a bright and breezy "Cheshire Hayfield." Miss M. S. Hagarty has several well-chosen subjects, in which light and colour are deftly handled; "A Village by the Sea" is particularly attractive.

William Stott (of Oldham), R.B.A.—so his style runs—has a very ambitious painting entitled "A Nymph," which attracts notice and criticism of various sorts. A nude female figure is lying supine on the greensward in a shaded grassy dell, where only spots of sunlight penetrate. Roses and hollyhocks, and other plants which display long perpendicular lines, are abundant. The tone of the picture is fresh and agreeable, and the flesh-painting in parts is excellent; in others it is at least questionable, and the drawing and modelling, especially of the left arm, are distinctly faulty. It is a pity that in so ambitious a performance so clever a painter has not been at more pains to perfect his workmanship.

The autumn exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists is decidedly above the average. There are many works by new local artists which show admirable *technique*, individuality of thought, and power of expression. The principal works, as usual, come from London; the most prominent may be taken as Mr. Watts's portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., in his LL.D. robes and wearing his chain of office. The modelling of the hands and face is superb, and the gradations of tone on the brilliant crimson robes are of extraordinary delicacy and subtlety. This picture will undoubtedly rank as one of Mr. Watts's greatest achievements. The artist's other contributions, the young knight "Aspiration," his weird, mysterious figure shown at the Grosvenor, "The Spirit of the Ages," are already well known. Mr. Burne Jones lends the beautiful and charming portrait of his daughter in a rich Venetian blue dress. Mr. Hunt's poetic picture, "On the Dangerous Edge," with the admirable rhythmic movement of the shallow waves towards the dark cliff, its glow of light "betwixt the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon," and the calm peaceful little village full of graceful repose, is the landscape of the exhibition. Mr. East contributes an attractive and purely English landscape, a fine harmony of colour and an excellent transcript of nature. The Hon. John Collier has sent his "Incantation." It is seen to greater advantage than in London, and the whole leaves the impression of an earnest, capable master. Mr. Calderon's "Hampden," Mr. Small's humorous "Last Watch," Mr. Murray's "Picardy," Mr. John Reid's touching and pathetic "Fatherless," Mr. Goodwin's lurid and stormy sunset "Sindbad," and Mr. Frank Holl's vigorous portrait of Sir George Trevelyan, may be enumerated as amongst the features of the present collection, though nearly all the well-known men are adequately represented.

The local artists have received an addition to their ranks in Mr. E. S. Harper, whose Academy picture, "Ho! Ho! the Breakers Roar," is full of power. Mr. Wainwright sends a small head of a white-haired man in a crimson robe, painted in his usual skilful manner. Mr. Pratt has several pleasing contributions, and also has Mr. S. H. Baker, but with the exception of a fine water-colour, Mr. Radclyffe is not seen at his best. Mr. C. T. Burt sends two excellent landscapes of good breadth and colour. Altogether the exhibition is very interesting, and contains much good and honest work.

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