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THE
ART JOURNAL





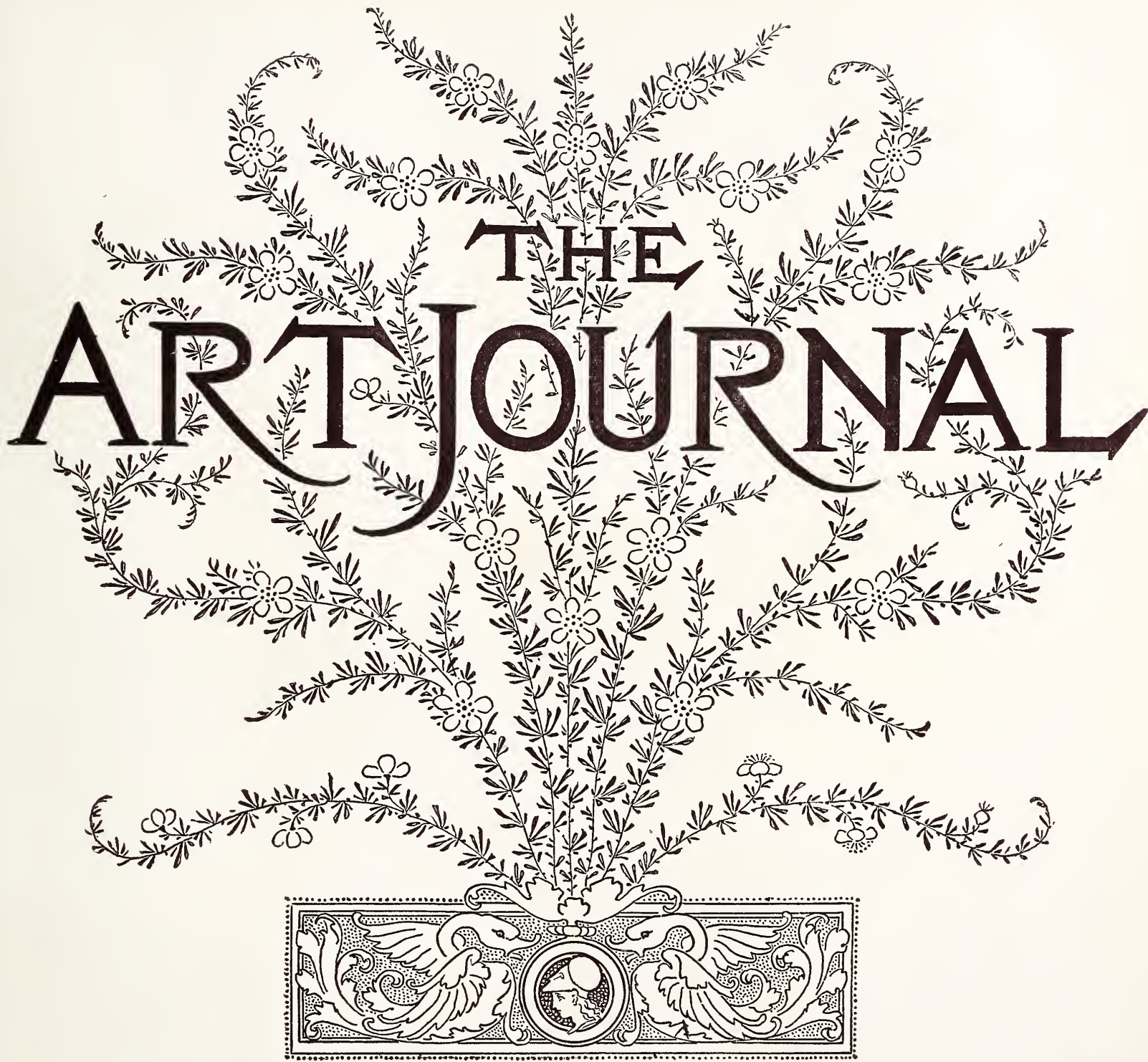
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THE ART JOURNAL.

ETCHED BY L. MULLER.

SCHOOL BELLS.

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CONTENTS

LIST OF PLATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ETCHINGS.

		TO FACE	DESCRIBED
		PAGE	ON PAGE
1. SCHOOL BELLES	L. MULLER, <i>after</i> FRED. MORGAN	I	15
2. A SPRING DAY	<i>Drawn and Etched by</i> FRED. SLOCOMBE	65	84
3. THE LADY OF SHALOTT	MACBETH RAEBURN, <i>after</i> J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.	129	142
4. LIGHT	M. T. HOLZAPFL, <i>after</i> GABRIEL MAX	221	237
5. THE KNIGHT'S DREAM	J. GROH, <i>after</i> RAPHAEL	277	300
6. HARROW	<i>Drawn and Etched by</i> PERCY ROBERTSON	333	333

PHOTOGRAVURES.

1. NIOBE	<i>From the Picture by</i> SOLOMON J. SOLOMON	97	102
2. APPROACH TO THE BEALLOCH-NA-BA, APPLECROSS	} <i>From the Picture by</i> H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.	161	170
3. PALLAS ATHENE AND THE HERDSMAN'S DOGS			
4. THE CUIRASSIERS	<i>From the Picture by</i> J. L. E. MEISSONIER	305	307

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS.

1. MY LITTLE MODEL	<i>From the Drawing by</i> LUDWIG PASSINI	33	45
2. LITTLE CHRYSANTHEMUM	<i>From the Drawing by</i> MAUDE GOODMAN	193	200

LITERATURE.

ACANTHUS, Lotus, and Honeysuckle, The, 269
 Adrienne Le Couvreur, 315
 Antocolsky, 103
 Art Gossip, 32, 61, 94, 125, 157, 192, 220, 275
 Art in the Provinces :—
 Birmingham, 273
 Tyneside, 175
 Art Sales of 1889, The, 301
 Australian Scenery, 85
 Australian Silver Wedding Gift to the Princess of Wales, 244
 BASTILLE, The, 77
 Bavarian Caricaturist, A, 143
 Beauty in Colour and Form : How to Seek, Where to Find, 260, 284
 Berkeley Castle, 33
 Biographies of Artists :—
 Antocolsky, 103
 Corot, 208

Biographies of Artists (*continued*) :—
 Miss Maude Goodman, 200
 Frank Holl, 53
 Jean-Paul Laurens, 1
 Ludwig Passini, 43
 Fritz Von Uhde, 65
 W. L. Wyllie, 221
 Boscobel and Whiteladies, 178
 Bye-ways of Book Illustration, 90
 CATTLE, 284
 Centennial Exhibition of French Painting, xxxv
 Clubs in Edinburgh and Glasgow, 288
 Colloquies with Collectors :—
 Mr. Stopford Brooke, 135
 Corot, 208
 DEAR Grandmother, 338
 Decoration of the Houses of Parliament, The, 189
 EAST Anglia, 193, 232

El Cigarillo, 183
 Etchings, New, 160, 220
 Exhibitions :—
 Burlington Fine Art Club, 158
 Dowdeswell's, 158
 Grosvenor Gallery, The, 94, 192
 New Gallery, The, 191
 Nottingham Autumn Exhibition, 351
 Royal Academy, 60, 185, 217, 245
 Royal Hibernian Academy, 126
 Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, 157, 248
 Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 158
 Society of Lady Artists, 158
 Society of Painter Etchers, 158
 FAN to be Coveted, A, 22
 Fans and their Makers, 120
 Foreign Artist and Author in England, A :—
 London, 351

French Caricature in the Nineteenth Century, 113
 GOODMAN, Miss Maude, 200
 HADDINGTON Abbey, 263
 Hall, Samuel Carter, 129
 Holl, Frank, 53
 Harrow, 333
 Humorists in Art, English, 248
 INDUSTRIAL Art in Germany, The Development of Modern, 38
 JANE Grey, The Lady, 168
 KEPT In! 332
 LAURENS, Jean Paul, I
 Leicester's Hospital, Warwick, Lord, 277
 Lippman's Italian Wood Engraving in the Fifteenth Century, 268
 MARY Stuart, Was she Beautiful? 16
 Miniature Painting in my Time, 154
 Morning Devotions, 282
 Museum Buildings at South Kensington, The, 340
 My Silks and Fine Array, 177
 NAPLES Museum, Antique Glass at the, 311
 Newest Associate of the Royal Academy, The, 221
 Newlyn, 97, 137
 Northamptonshire Steeples, Some, 227, 254
 OBITUARY, 129, 275
 O Little Feet! 52
 PAINTED Hall, Greenwich, The, 201

Passini, Ludwig, 43
 Paris Exhibition, The, i, v, ix, xvii, xxv, xxxiii, xli
 Portrait, A, 318
 Prints, New, 64

REVIEWS:—

Antique Carved Furniture and Wood-Work, 96
 Art in the Modern State, 63
 Biographical Catalogue of the Portraits at Merton, 96
 Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia, 160, 276
 Book of Old Ballads, 63
 Books for Boys, 63
 Century of Artists, A, 358
 Church Bells of the County of Stafford, The, 160
 Coaching Days and Coaching Ways, 95
 Enchanted Island, The, 63
 End of the Middle Ages, The, 96
 English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages, 96
 Essays of Elia, The, 29
 Etchings, New, 160, 220
 Graveurs du XIX Siècle, The, 160
 Handbooks, 128
 Handbook to the National Gallery, 63
 Henry Irving Shakespeare, 128
 Heroines of Shakespeare, 95
 History of French Painting, A, 159
 Irish Pictures, 63
 Japan and its Art, 192
 Japanese Fairy Tales, 63
 Kensington, Old, 62
 Last Voyage in the Sunbeam, The, 128
 Llewellynn Jewitt, 276
 Minor Poems of John Milton, The, 96
 Notes on Pictures in the Royal Gallery at Venice, 96
 Notre-Dame de Paris, 96

Reviews (continued):—

Old Chelsea, 31
 "Old Master" Photograph Album, 63
 Orient Line Guide, 276
 Peninsular Co. and Oriental Steamship Guide, 276
 Pilgrims and the Anglican Church, 220
 Religion in Recent Art, 128
 Remarkable Bindings in the British Museum, 127
 Trip Round the World, A, 30
 Ulwar and its Art Treasures, 276
 Walks in Palestine, 63
 Rokeby, 325
 Rose Leaves, 155
 Royal Academy in the Last Century, The, 129, 161, 238, 293, 320
 Royal Female School of Art, 64
 Royal Palaces, The:—
 Hampton Court, 249
 St. James's and Whitehall, 212
 Tower of London, 108
 Westminster, 24
 Windsor, 47
 Russian Sculptor, A, 103
 SECRETAN Collection, The, 305
 Supplement:—Art and Industries
 Sword and Dagger Fight, A, 118
 TECHNICAL Education from the Handicraftsman's Point of View, 82
 Textile Fabrics at the South Kensington Museum, 329
 Trocadero Museum, The, 171
 Types of Beauty in Renaissance and Modern Painting, 5, 70, 148, 343
 UHDE, Fritz von, 65
 WELLINGTON Statue, The, 93
 Wolfe Collection, The Miss, 12

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

FENELLA ARMITAGE, 33
 WALTER ARMSTRONG, 22, 300
 EUSTACE BALFOUR, 263
 D. BINGHAM, 77
 J. PENDEREL BRODHURST, 178, 221
 LADY COLIN CAMPBELL, 53
 A. C. R. CARTER, 301
 RICHARD DAVEY, 16, 168, 315
 LAURA DYER, 269
 FRED. A. EATON, 129, 161, 238, 293, 320
 ROBERT FARQUHARSON, 189

A. HARRIS, 38
 HENRY HAVARD, xvii, xxv, xxxiii
 J. A. HEATON, 260, 284
 LEWIS HIND, 193, 232
 J. E. HODGSON, R.A., 129, 161, 238, 293, 320
 MRS. ALFRED HUNT, 325
 FRANCIS HUSKISSON, 201
 W. R. LETHABY, 227, 254
 W. J. LOFTIE, 24, 47, 102, 212, 249
 ALICE MEYNELL, 97, 137
 COSMO MONKHOUSE, 358
 EVELYN M. MOORE, 120
 CLAUDE PHILLIPS, I, 65, 113, 171, xxxv

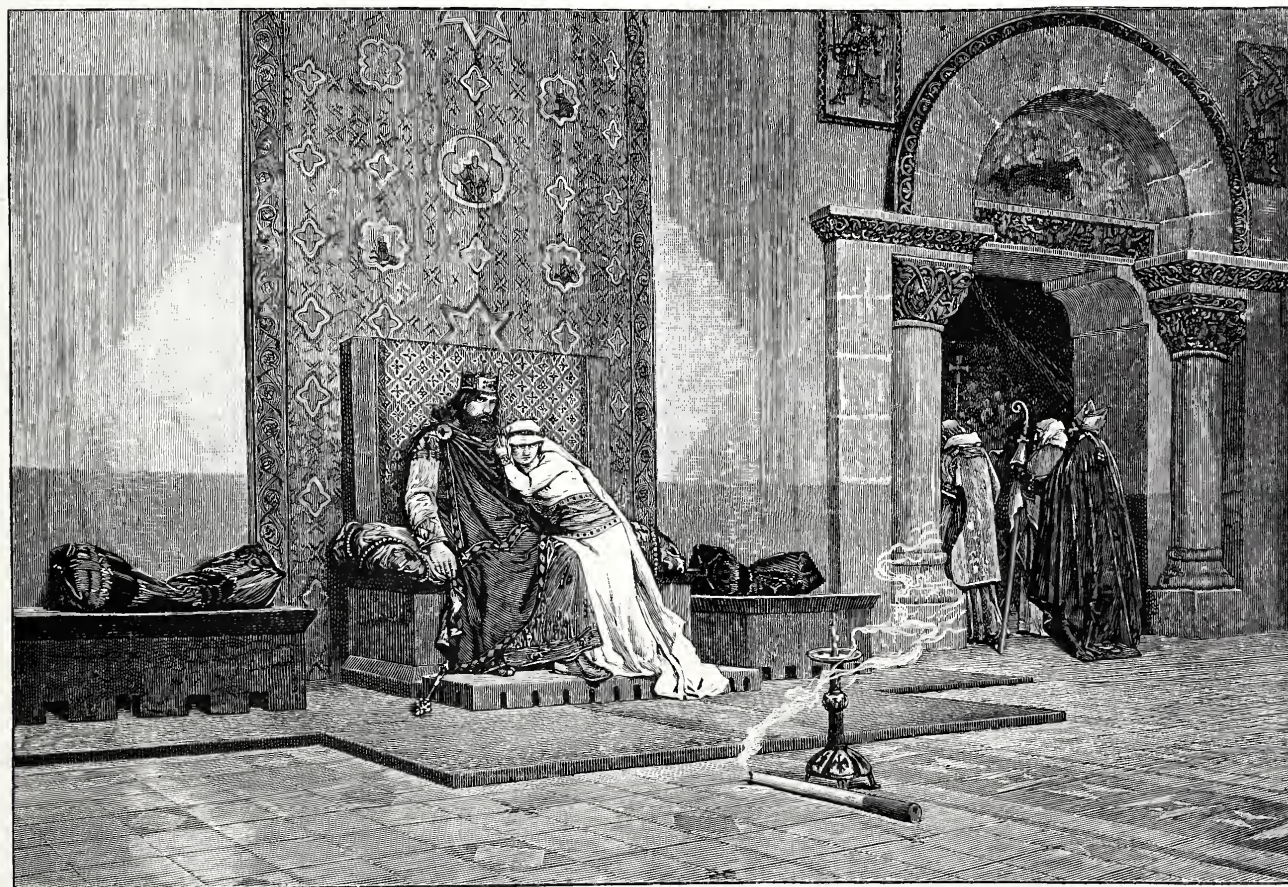
GILBERT R. REDGRAVE, 90, 329
 WALTER ROWLANDS, 12
 FRANCES SITWELL, 5, 70, 148, 343
 R. A. M. STEVENSON, 208
 EMILY SWINNERTON, 277
 STEPHEN THOMPSON, 85
 PERCY M. THORNTON, 333
 GODFREY TURNER, 154
 ROSAMOND VENNING, 103
 P. VILLARS, 351
 ROBERT WALKER, 288
 HENRY WALLIS, 311
 CHARLES WHIBLEY, 143

THE ART JOURNAL.

JEAN-PAUL LAURENS.

M. JEAN-PAUL LAURENS occupies among French artists of the time a position in some ways unique, since he is undoubtedly, if we have regard to his deliberate choice of theme, artistic vision, and mode of treatment, a descendant of the Romantic school; the last, it may be said, who has succeeded in commanding the attention of those naturalists of modern France whose standpoint has, during the period of the third Republic, irresistibly imposed itself, equally in matters literary, dramatic, and artistic. M. Laurens' ro-

manticism, if romanticism it be, is, however, in harmony with the positive, the sombre and depressing influences peculiar to his generation. While it is far from the cold and calculating precision which deprived the highly-wrought art of Paul Delaroche of all sympathetic power, it is still farther from reaching the dramatic yet truly human passion which distinguishes the inspirations of the arch-romanticist, Eugène Delacroix, causing them to survive undimmed the caprices of fashion and the dangers of that ridicule which attaches to



L'Excommunication de Robert le Pieux.

an art or a mode too recently extinguished to be beautified by the halo which a respectable antiquity would confer. M. Jean-Paul Laurens may nevertheless be justly styled a romanticist, in virtue of his love of subjects scenically dramatic rather than truly and naturally evolved from the tragedy of human life; in virtue of his aim to strike the imagination equally with the vision, and both rather than to touch the heart, of the beholder; to impress by the exhibition of violence and horror, or

by the exertion of a strange fascination, rather than by the true and sympathetic delineation of typical phases or individual instances of human life, noted or evolved from personal observation. While rising superior to the attraction which so many modern artists have felt for the outward paraphernalia, the mere *défroque*, of romanticism, he indulges everywhere in his love for violent antitheses, for dramatic contrasts, which are painfully wrought out and elaborated, rather than naturally produced

from the elements of human passion. The result is that his art is necessarily narrow in scope, and apt to strike with a momentary intensity rather than to exercise a penetrating and subduing influence, or to affect permanently the artistic tendencies of the period. The manner—more particularly the dramatic manner—of Victor Hugo, has not been without influence on M. Laurens, as is especially made evident in his choice of subjects; though the vast apocalyptic visions and often intentionally confused outlines of the great poet are not easily recognisable in the more sober and concrete, the diminished and realistic mode of expression of the painter. In his singularly marked leaning towards the darkest aspects of religious and secular history, in his treatment of such subjects with a bold admixture of realism, which is yet very far from the naturalism of the most modern schools of France—with their intentional acceptance of all the elements, intellectual and physical, of a conception on an equal footing—the artist occupies a position which cannot exactly be paralleled with that of any predecessor or contemporary. In many respects—in the unpleasing vigour and often studied harshness of his colouring, as in a certain smouldering fierceness of temperament—he recalls the strange Hispano-Italian group of painters whose art was the outcome of the Counter-Reformation; men like Ribera and the intensely fervid Zurbaran, who became enamoured of the technical methods and standpoint of Caravaggio, and grafted on it a sacred art of tears and blood which was all their own. M. Laurens is not, however, like another consummately skilful contemporary, M. Ribot, an avowed imitator of the subjects as well as the artistic methods of the masters we have just named. He is rather naturally akin to them in temperament and in his tendency to seek in the book of humanity the sombre and terrible only, shutting out, or failing to perceive, the pleasant lights and hues with which its pages are chequered. The exigencies of modern life and modern art have made of him—being what he was and is—a painter of history and of religious and historical legend, rather than of devotional subjects proper.

Born at Fourquevaux, in the Haute-Garonne, in 1838, the painter commenced at the age of thirteen his apprenticeship to a certain Antonio Buccaferrata, who appears to have gained his living by the pictorial decoration *a fresco* of provincial churches of minor importance. With him and his painter-company the youth then journeyed—much as Théophile Gautier's strolling players, in the "Capitaine Fracasse," journeyed—across Southern France, contributing his humble share in the delineation of such stock subjects as the 'Death of St. Anne,' the 'Entombment,' and the 'Holy Family.' The history of the artist's early time is charmingly embodied in the "Roman d'un Peintre" of a sympathetic and too little read contemporary, M. Ferdinand Fabre, the close friend of M. Laurens, who merited the loving care of his appreciative biographer by an admirable portrait of the latter which appeared at the Salon in 1868. In this biographical romance we find humorously narrated the encounter of the youthful rustic—for such M. Laurens then was, as were, too, in their beginnings such greater glories of France as Millet, Baudry, Bastien-Lepage, and many others—with the terrible Buccaferrata. In the pages of M. Fabre this grotesque figure stands forth, less as the orthodox limner than as one of those picturesque vagabonds portrayed by Gautier in his eccentric masterpiece. Interesting, above all, is one strange incident given with singular sobriety and power by M. Fabre, to which

we may well attribute some share in the development of the tendencies subsequently so exceptionally predominant in the painter's peculiar art. We may, without an undue exercise of the imagination, deem that we can discover in it the origin of the magnetic fascination, not unmingled with repulsion, which scenes of death and terror have irresistibly asserted over his artistic temperament. With a pen which, with the aid of the simplest words, brings before us a scene worthy of Ribera, M. Fabre shows the strange preceptor, with his youthful pupil as torch-bearer, painfully striving to reproduce by night the mask of a dead peasant woman, the reposeful expression of whose lineaments is, by the magic of the fitful torchlight, converted into a vision of mysterious horror. This grim yet grotesque scene appears to have completely unnerved the impressionable apprentice who was thus forced to become a subordinate actor in it. For he took to flight, and abandoning his company of strolling limners, found refuge at Toulouse, where he entered the Fine Arts School, and made such rapid progress that the Municipality, following the admirable custom which obtains in provincial France, sent him to perfect his studies at the great art-centre, Paris. Here his early career was—as we may gather, though we cannot know with any certainty, seeing how reticent is the master himself on the subject—the usual one of penury and struggle, the depressing influence of which, reacting on a temperament already sombre by inclination and by training, may have still further conduced to mature his pessimistic sympathies for the strangest and the most exceptional scenes of the past and present. We learn that he became the pupil of Léon Cogniet, and afterwards of Bida, but that he did not at once succeed in obtaining the coveted academic distinctions.

His *début* at the Salon was made in 1863 with a 'Mort de Caton d'Utique,' followed, in 1864, by a 'Mort de Tibère,' in 1867 and 1868 respectively by a 'Jeune Fille morte' and 'Vox in Deserto,' and in 1869 by a 'Jésus guérissant un Démoniaque,' 'Hérodiade,' and other works. It is in 1872, with two distinctive and, in their peculiar way, altogether original works, that the painter first definitely made his mark. These were the 'Mort du Duc d'Enghien' and the 'Pape Formose' (Luxembourg). Though M. Laurens has since achieved higher things than this last mentioned work, it would be difficult to point to a more instructive specimen of his manner or one more characteristic of his artistic personality. A subject intensely dramatic from a scenic point of view, yet in no way so representative or so typically human as to be really moving, is expressed with intense vehemence and at the same time with a certain dignity which takes it out of the category of melodrama. The horror of the theme is rendered tolerable by a subordination, though not an effacement, of its purely physical elements. The painter here already appears as the energetic and consummate draughtsman he has proved himself to be, but, at the same time, as one who either disregards or is incapable of the supreme harmonies of composition; the colouring of the work is marked by a forceful harshness and dryness, by an abruptness in the contrasts of light and shade, which are still marked characteristics of the master.

After this striking success M. Laurens made a journey to Italy, whence he brought back for the *École des Beaux-Arts* a copy of one of Masaccio's frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel of the Carmine. The effect of the study and contemplation of Italian Art revealed itself, not in any modification of the painter's standpoint or choice of subjects, but in a

variation of his scheme of colouring, which became for the moment more animated and less sober in its force. This new departure was illustrated by 'L'Excommunication de

Robert le Pieux,' a work which we here reproduce. It shows with characteristic dramatic intensity the unhappy son of Hugues Capet, upon whom the extreme sentence of the Church



La Répudiation de Berthe, Femme de Robert le Pieux.

has just been pronounced in consequence of his refusal to repudiate his consort Bertha; a second Francesca, she still clings to him in terror yet in love. Another phase of the

same story is the terrible 'L'Interdit,' perhaps the most profoundly tragic of the painter's works. In 1876 followed another typical production worthy of careful analysis:

'François Borgia devant le cercueil d'Isabelle de Portugal.' Of the same year is the noble portrait by the master of himself, now one of the modern series which adorns the Painters' Gallery at the Uffizi, and there worthily holding its own against formidable rivals. Mindful of the ultimate destination of the work, M. Laurens appears to have complacently dwelt on the resemblance which his features bear to those of Michelangelo, while giving to his self-presentment much of the noble austerity and incisive characterization of a Bronzino.

wanted strength and depth, rather than real brilliancy, or harmony of colour.

In the later 'Théodobert et Thierry II.' the artist has again illustrated the period of early French history which he so specially affects. Its theme is the *guet-apens* into which the elder brother Théodobert has drawn the younger Thierry, in order to extract from him at the point of the dagger the secession of the Austrasian province. In the recent 'Répudiation de Berthe,' M. Laurens shows us the tragic climax of

the story, two stages of which have already occupied his brush; the persecuted Robert le Pieux, crushed at last by the anathemas of Rome, which weigh both on himself and his land, gives up his beloved queen, who departs in despair.

Once—and, it is believed, once only—M. Laurens selected for an important canvas a subject belonging altogether to the history of our own day. This is the 'Last Moments of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico,' an incident the attraction of which for M. Laurens, in virtue of its intensely dramatic character, of its suggestion of irresistible force and terror, it is easy to understand. The pathetic scene, awe-inspiring in its bald simplicity, in which is portrayed the Austrian prince going sad but undaunted to meet his bitter fate, is rendered with an unflinching yet far from trivial realism, and with an intentional harshness and violence of contrast in the disposition of light and shade, which have a moving power of their own; though it cannot be said that the highest capabilities of the scene for mere pictorial representation have been exhausted. The most extensive, if not the most successful, of the master's



Théodobert et Thierry II.

In 1877 M. Laurens produced the famous 'L'Etat-Major Autrichien devant le corps de Marceau,' a work which won for its author the highest distinction of the Salon, the *Medaille d'honneur*—for once not conferred in virtue of size and elaboration merely—and, what is more, vastly extended his fame, promising more than has, perhaps, since been achieved in the same direction. The important 'Délivrance des Emmurés de Carcassonne' of 1879 (now at the Luxembourg) is in all respects less successful than its immediate predecessor, though the work has a certain un-

achievements is the vast series of compositions, having as their main subject the 'Death of St. Geneviève,' which has been placed in the recently desecrated church of the Pantheon, formerly dedicated to that saint. Splendidly energetic as are many of the separate groups which make up the ensemble, imposing as is the truculent fierceness of some of the rough Frankish types upon which it has delighted the painter to dwell, the work cannot, as a decorative whole, be pronounced a success. The subtle harmony of design which should make itself unobtrusively felt in so

vast a composition is wanting, and is insufficiently replaced by the confusion and over-crowding of its component parts; whilst the harsh general tone produced by the tawny, russet-brown, and other sombre combinations affected by the artist is singularly unpleasing when brought, as it is, into close juxtaposition with the bare stone columns and walls of the monumental church for whose adornment the elaborate paintings have been designed. In direct contrast with this important specimen of misapplied yet genuine power is the series of pictures in which M. Puvis de Chavannes has, in the same edifice, delineated incidents from the youth of the patron-saint of Paris. A singularly reposeful effect is in these attained by the well-harmonized, seemingly-simple general lines of the composition, while the tender, deftly-linked harmonies of the colour have a real decorative power, confronted though they are with the more brilliant local tones of the other vast canvases in whose neighbourhood they appear.

The works which M. Laurens has produced during the last preceding years—in 1884, 'Théodobert et Thierry;' in 1886, 'Le Grand Inquisiteur chez les Rois Catholiques;' in

1887, 'L'Agitateur du Languedoc'—though they deal with subjects such as apparently still have power to move profoundly the painter, fail to impress the beholder as vividly as did former performances of the same class. Is it that the master, discouraged by the overwhelming wave of naturalism which has of late, in France, carried all before it—leaving above water only such proudly pre-eminent personalities as have force to battle against numbers—feels himself less in sympathy with the public, less sure of acceptance than he was some few years since? The position of a painter whose eminence is acknowledged, yet whose works, while possessing special characteristics which cause them to stand out from the many productions more congenial to the taste of the newest generation, are not in the main available for the purposes of monumental or purely decorative art, must indeed be a difficult one just now. Yet the strong lurid personality of M. Laurens must always lend to anything he produces an interest *sui generis*, while his technical accomplishments should enable him to attack with success any new artistic problems to the solution of which he may choose to devote himself.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

TYPES OF BEAUTY IN RENAISSANCE AND MODERN PAINTING.

NO one who has ever looked at pictures can have failed to notice how a particular type of features, and especially of feminine features, is apt to prevail in all the works of any given school or master, and to impose on them a certain monotony and uniformity of aspect. Indeed this very monotony, this resemblance of all the female personages—at least of all those whom the artist intended to be beautiful—to one another, is one of the chief signs whereby even those who know little of art and its history are often able at a glance to say to what master or school a picture belongs. And both the ignorant and the well-informed must often have asked themselves how this prevalence of distinct types in the works of particular painters, or groups of painters, is to be accounted for.

Beauty in real life, as it appears among any given population or to any given pair of eyes, is, and must surely always have been, various alike in colour, feature, and expression. Why then does no single painter or group of painters represent, or even attempt to represent, that variety to any considerable extent? Why does each tend as a rule to conform to a particular ideal, and repeat,

voluntarily or involuntarily, nearly the same set of features, wearing often the same expression in whatever character they are represented, and even accompanied by the same structure and position of the hands? Is it that a sort of family likeness really prevails among the inhabitants of any one place at any one time, and that partly from physical conformation, partly from wearing the same fashions and dressing the hair in the same way, the women of a certain country and period have really to a great degree resembled each other? Is it, on the other hand, that the artist who has taken the lead and set the standard in a particular period has been one in whose brain and imagination some specific ideal of beauty has been inborn apart from experience? Or can we rather read in the work of such an artist something of his own history, and in his habit of delineating over and over again the same type of womanhood the record of some absorbing passion of his life? Or has some mere prosaic reason of convenience or accident, no longer to be traced, made a particular model the fashion in a particular studio or school? Or again, is it that some great patron of art required of a painter that the women



No. 1.—Portrait of a Lady, by an anonymous engraver, about 1450.

in his pictures, whether saints, sibyls, or heroines, should be



No. 2.—Head of Princess, in Fresco of *St. George and the Dragon*. By *Vittore Pisano*, at *Verona*.

depicted under the lineaments of a woman dear to him, his mistress or one of the ladies of his family?

Sometimes a distinct answer can be found to questions like these, and an historical clue traced that will help us in some degree to satisfy our curiosity. Oftener we find no answer and no specific clue, and can only observe the facts, and note the characteristic resemblances and differences of type between the works of one school and another. Perhaps what strikes one most at the outset is the wide divergence of taste between one period and another as to what actually does constitute beauty in woman. Something of this effect may no doubt be put down to mere diversities of costume, and we moderns are apt to exclaim at first sight against the ugliness of a picture or portrait in which, when we can bring ourselves to look at it again and get our eyes used to some extravagance of bygone fashion, we can well enough recognise beauty in disguise.

The study, so far as Italian art is concerned, can naturally not begin to much purpose until the day of primitive and abstract devotional work is over, and the spirit of nature and individualism has dawned, that is, until the fifteenth century or period of the early Renaissance. Connoisseurs, indeed, can distinguish between the types employed by one school and another, even in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and can tell, for instance, a female saint in a Siense from one in a Florentine picture. The types of Giotto and his Florentine followers are marked by greater squareness of form and severity of look; those of the Siense, especially *Simone Martini*, by a more delicate oval, a greater suavity of expression, and more graceful poise of the head. But these

are minor differences, and to the ordinary observer the predominant characters throughout the work of this period are the same broad regularity of feature, the same fulness of jaw and chin, the same low straight forehead and narrow faultily drawn eyes, suggesting the influence of a uniform devotional and technical tradition rather than the exercise of individual choice or the study of individual models.

But in the Florence of the fifteenth century all is changed. We find, indeed, a painter like *Fra Angelico*, whose vocation it is, re-animate the devotional tradition of art, and in whose works, as essentially the painter of sentiment, religious emotion, and aspiration, we look in vain for any vivid reflection of the individual aspects of life. But side by side with *Angelico* we have other masters, as *Andrea del Castagno*, *Paolo Uccello*, *Pesellino*, who are in love with reality and fact, in the shape not only of individual men and women, but of beasts, birds, fishes, plants, and all the face of nature, and all the truths of natural appearances and perspective. And midway between these groups we have an artist like *Filippo Lippi*—the central master of Florence in the second and third quarter of the century—who partakes in an equal degree of the devotional and the naturalistic impulse.

It is in work produced or influenced by *Paolo Uccello* between 1420 and 1450 that we seem first to trace how the



No. 3.—Head of *Virgin*. From Picture by *Filippo Lippi*, in the *National Gallery*.

actual portraiture of individuals comes in to modify the use of generalised types of features in Tuscan art. There still exists

in the Louvre a set of ruined portraits supposed to be those painted by Uccello, as related by Vasari, of the chief artists of his time in Florence; and everybody knows the noble and strikingly individual profile head of the fair-haired young Galeazzo, riding bareheaded in the midst of the fight, in his picture of the battle of S. Egidio at the National Gallery. There are to be found in various galleries a number of single profile heads, portraits of ladies technically much resembling the known works of Uccello, only rather more advanced, which are commonly attributed to Piero della Francesca. Such are the so-called portraits of Isotta da Rimini (No. 585) in the National Gallery, and the similar head which hangs near it (No. 758). One cannot say that in this group of heads there prevails any single identical cast of features, but rather a mode of treatment and a peculiar fashion of dress which give them a strong generic resemblance. They all show a clear precision of profile drawing against a dark, generally bluish background, rather sharp but regular features, blond hair shaved off the top of the forehead and drawn back under either a close coif of some richly embroidered stuff, or else under the forked Burgundian head-dress known as the *hennin*. The eyebrows are arched but pale, the throat long and thin, the general effect far from beautiful, according to our nineteenth-century ideals. Our illustration of this type is not from a painting, but from a unique early engraving tinted with colour in the Berlin Museum, the date of which is about 1450. Here, in spite of the ludicrous heavy head-gear and ugly bald forehead, we can see that the woman herself must have been handsome, with full lips and eyes, well-finished features, and a certain nobility of bearing, and the throat, though long, is not so caricatured as in some of these portraits. The elaborate and solid working of the embroidery and jewels by the anonymous engraver makes a curious contrast with the almost shadeless face defined by a single rigid outline.



No. 4.—Portrait of a Lady. By Ghirlandaio. From a Picture lent by Mr. Willett to the National Gallery.

We take our second illustration of this general type of appearance and fashion from the work of a master of Northern Italy, Vittore Pisano, or Pisanello. He worked chiefly at Verona, and was one of the greatest students of natural fact and detail in his age. A medallist as well as a painter, he had a special practice in the art of individual portraiture. His noble portrait medallions are well known, but of paintings by his hand there remain very few. We have in the National Gallery his interesting and fanciful little

panel of St. George and St. Anthony. His most important extant work, and one of extraordinary energy both in conception and detail, is the much injured fresco of the St. George and the dragon story, high up in the church of St. Anastasia, at Verona. Our illustration (No. 2) is the head of the Princess Cleodolinda in the story, as photographed direct from the original fresco of Pisano. The reader may perhaps smile at being asked to consider her as a type of beauty; and here again it is true that the bald forehead and heavy ungainly head-dress make it almost impossible for us now to be just to the features at once strong and vivacious, the bright, well-set eyes, and beautifully drawn ear, with which this forcible master has endowed his ideal princess.

Coming back to Florence, the monk Filippo Lippi was, as we have said, the central master of that city from about 1430 till his death in 1469, and joined hands on the

one side with Fra Angelico, by his sympathy with the spirit of religious rapture and devotional brightness and innocence, and on the other hand, and especially in later life, with the realists. If there is any artist whom we should expect to find reproducing in his work the features of individual models, it is Fra Filippo. Documentary evidence, which in so many cases has refuted the biographical gossip of Vasari, has confirmed it in the case of this incorrigible friar, who was in truth the very Fra Filippo of Mr. Browning's famous poem. In spite of his vows

and his preferments, he was all his life an ardent and reckless lover, always getting into scandalous predicaments, and needing all the favour and the protection of the Medici to get him out of them. His worst scrape of all, the seducing of Lucrezia Buti, a nun of the convent of which he was chaplain, and whom he had chosen as the model for a Madonna he was painting for the convent chapel, dates after he had reached middle age. The scandals which arose out of it, and which ended in both monk and nun being relieved of their vows and permitted to marry, date between the fiftieth and sixtieth years of his age. Whether influenced by the events of his life or not, a change is observable between the earlier and the later periods of Lippo Lippi's work. Its colour becomes greyer and more monotonous, and the features of



No. 5.—*Venus*. From a Picture in the National Gallery by Botticelli.

Madonna and female saint, from being delicate, finely finished, and daintily devout like those of Angelico, with an expression at once animated and spiritual, become fuller and heavier, the nose more rounded, the faces noticeably broad and short from forehead to chin. This type of Lippi's later Virgins is represented by the Madonna in the National Gallery, No. 586, reproduced in our third illustration. Features like these, framed by soft falling frills of gauze-like drapery in the head-dress, prevail among all the women of his later pictures; they may be suggested by those of Lucrezia Buti, but the type is hardly as marked and individual as one would have expected from the circumstances of the story.

Three great names dominate the art of Florence in the twenty years following Fra Filippo Lippi's death, from about 1470 to 1490; those, namely, of his son, Filippino Lippi, of Sandro Botticelli, and of Domenico Ghirlandaio. They differed widely by temperament alike as men and artists,

though all three bore their part in the intellectual and æsthetic movement of the age, and helped on their art towards a wider scope and a more complete mastery. Filippino was a lover of animated action, and a devotional painter of great depth and fervour of sentiment. Sandro Botticelli was all this and more; a poet and mystic, an artist of strange inventions and caprices, whose works have singularly touched the students of our own generation by their haunting expression of melancholy and yearning, by a rare and indescribable quality of eccentric grace, a beauty in ungainliness, an ascetic pallor and sadness combined with a passionate delight in all beautiful and far-fetched detail. Ghirlandaio, on his part, was a spirit of indomitable but cooler energy, the great, comparatively literal and prosaic, portrayer of legendary history under the lineaments of contemporary life, the great grouper and marshaller on the painted scene of the men and women of contemporary Florence.

Mr. Pater, with the insight of sympathy and his usual fine research of thought and language, has put into words the characteristics of Botticelli's imaginary women, and it would be superfluous to attempt a repetition here. Virgins, angels, saints, Venuses, Graces, allegorical personifications, all bear—or all with one exception to be hereafter noticed—

the same haunted, wistful, world-weary looks—looks of tenderness, pallor, and mystery, but never of bloom or joy, on features of which the structure hardly varies. The high forehead somewhat salient above, the nose a little rounded and thickened at the end, the upper lip long and cloven, the cheeks rather thin and sunken towards the lower part, the melancholy grey eyes and mouth, the fair hair, partly falling in ringlets beside the ears and partly twisted in elaborate fantastic knots and plaits, often intermixed with jewels and flowers and terminating inextricably among the ornaments of the dress—what need is there to catalogue this combination of features, the repetition of which haunts us in every gallery? The sentiment and expression doubtless are Botticelli's own, but the features, one would say, must have been given him, and

been those of some one that he knew. A vague tradition identifies them as those of one Simonetta Vespucci, a mistress of Giuliano de Medici; and there are extant portraits of women of her type professing to represent this lady, and to be by the hand of Botticelli. But the tradition is of very doubtful authority, and one picture so inscribed—the profile of a woman whose naked bust is entwined by serpents, in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale—is certainly not by Botticelli at all. On the other hand, the nearly universal prevalence of a similar type among the works of several of Botticelli's contemporaries makes it probable that it was really derived from some member or members of the Medici family, the omnipotent rulers and Art patrons of Florence at this date. How it prevails among the saints and Madonnas of Filippino Lippi will be realised by any reader who remembers either the picture of the Virgin and Child by that master in the National Gallery, or his famous "Vision of

St. Bernard' in the Badia, at Florence. The works of Ghirlandaio afford us more direct evidence on the point, giving us as they do what may be called the prose to Botticelli's poetry. Almost all the accessory and bystanding personages in Ghirlandaio's great frescoes of sacred or legendary history are portraits of contemporary Florentines. Thus in the frescoes of Santa Maria Novella he is said to have introduced the portraits of more than twenty members of the families for whom the work was done, the Tornabuoni, the

Tornaquinci, and their connections. The Tornabuoni and Medici houses were intimately connected, the mother of Lorenzo de Medici having been Lucrezia Tornabuoni. Some of the portraits in Ghirlandaio's frescoes can be identified by the help of medals and the evidence of coats-of-arms and suchlike, as, for instance—so at least it would seem—the likeness of Giovanna degli Albizzi, wife of Lorenzo de' Tornabuoni. A few years ago a very interesting half-length portrait on panel, by Ghirlandaio, came into the possession



No. 6.—*Head of Spring. From a Painting by Botticelli at Florence.*

of Mr. Willett, of Brighton, who has lent it to the National Gallery. It represents exactly the same personage in the same costume, and seen in the same position, as one of the ladies in Ghirlandaio's fresco of the 'Visitation,' and the features and legend of a contemporary Florentine medal seem to identify her without doubt as Giovanna degli Albizzi, the bride of Lorenzo Tornabuoni, a lady famous for her beauty and accomplishments. On the other hand the repeated portrait of

this Giovanna in Botticelli's fascinating frescoes formerly in the Villa Lemmi near Florence, and now in the Louvre, more resembles another lady in Ghirlandaio's composition, somewhat different in position and costume. Of Mr. Willett's picture we give a reproduction (No. 4), by the kind permission of the owner and authorities of the National Gallery, and the reader will not fail to notice the general resemblance of the type of feature and proportions of the face to the ordinary Botticelli

type as represented by the Venus, also from a picture in the National Gallery, which we place next it for comparison (No. 5). Several other extant portraits of the time and school, and several drawings and studies of Ghirlandaio for his great frescoes, repeat features little dissimilar, so that it would seem as if a kind of family resemblance, enhanced by identity of costume, had really existed among the ladies of the Medicean connection in Florence, and become reflected in the art of the painters whom they chiefly patronised.

I have spoken of a single marked exception which exists among the uniformity of Botticelli's ideals. That exception is the figure of Spring in the allegorical picture so named in the Uffizi, painted also, it should be said, for the Medici. Our next illustration shows what she is like. Moving among roses and evergreens, her hair besprinkled with flowers and flowing loosely over her forehead and beside her eyes, a rich wreath or collar of flowers about her shoulders, her robe embroidered with flowers that seem in the act of springing into life, she advances with a subtle glance, and a smile of inward exultation, which utterly differ from the expression given by this painter to any other woman type of his creation, and recall much more that which was presently to play with such mysterious effect about the eyes and lips of the women of Leonardo. Nor is the Spring unlike the other creations of Botticelli by expression only, but by feature. The eyebrow slanting downwards to the nose, the smiling, long, and narrow eyes, the finely finished nose and nostrils, the tapering cheeks and pointed chin, the full voluptuous lips, have no place elsewhere in this master's art.

If in the works of the younger Lippi, of the wayward and mystical Botticelli, and of the great cool-headed and clear-sighted workman Ghirlandaio, we find under all diversities of expression and sentiment this general uniformity of feminine type and feature, we have only to turn from the masters of Florence to those of neighbouring schools to find the same phenomenon presenting itself in a still more obvious form. Take the Umbrians, at least those whose artistic home and centre was the city of Perugia, and we find them one and all repeating a single dominant type with surprisingly little

variation. Who does not know the typical Madonnas or female saints of Perugino, so different from the Florentine? the rounded heads poised mechanically this way or that in adoration, the blond or light-brown hair parted smoothly above the rounded forehead, and rolled about the ears and neck into soft loops that mingle with those, still softer and more flowing, of the fluttering gauze veil or scarf? The eyebrows are always very thin and arched high above the eyes, the eyelids full and drooped, the mouth a baby rosebud with a pouted underlip, the chin small and delicately moulded. To remind the reader of the universal prevalence of the type, we take our illustration (No. 7), not from a Madonna or saint, though there is no more complete example than the kneeling Madonna in Perugino's masterpiece at the National Gallery, but from one of the sibyls in the same master's series of decorative frescoes in the Sala del Cambio at Perugia. This is one of the few of Perugino's works in which secular and pagan elements find a place beside themes of Christian devotion: but the painter casts one uniform character and sentiment over both. The art of Umbria towards the close of the fifteenth century is indeed, on the whole, far more purely ideal, sentimental, and traditional than that of Florence at the same period; far more given to repeating stock attitudes and gestures of devotion, adoration, compassion; far less touched by the secular and realistic spirit; elements of individuality and portraiture are therefore less to be looked for



No. 7.—Head of a Sibyl. From a Fresco by Perugino at Perugia.

in it. Whether Perugino's types were founded on any living models, or were pure creations of devotional imagination and sentiment, we cannot tell. It is on record that he had a handsome wife, and that he took a pride in her, and delighted that her "beauty should go beautifully." We know, too, that the ruling family at Perugia in those days, that of the Baglioni, was famous for the physical beauty of its men and women. But it is difficult to suppose that the beauty of that fierce and bloodthirsty race, whose tragic lives and deaths are told so vividly in the chronicles of Matarazzo, can have been of the cast to furnish models or suggestions for the types of innocence and meekness that prevail in Perugian Art. It should be said that not only Perugino himself and his

immediate pupils (including Raphael at a certain early period of his career) repeated thus uniformly a single type, but a very similar type prevails with slight modifications, as if it belonged to the very air of the city, in the works of his contemporary, Pinturicchio. And Pinturicchio was an independent master, almost the equal of Perugino in fame and genius, and more employed than Perugino was on commissions for great series of narrative subjects in fresco, like those in the cathedral library at Siena, that gave scope for the introduction of crowds of accessory and secular personages.

Let us glance now at the chief centre of Art on the northern slope of the Apennines, Bologna. Contemporary and of similar artistic rank with the Florentines and the Umbrians, of whom we have spoken, were two Bolognese painters, Francesco Francia and Lorenzo Costa, the latter belonging originally to the neighbouring school of Ferrara. In their works, taken together, we seem again to trace the influence

of an individual and pronounced local type. Experts can tell quickly enough the difference between a head by Francia and one by Costa, but they resemble each other much more than they resemble the contemporaries of any other schools, whether Florentine, Umbrian, or Venetian. Francia, indeed,

at one period of his life was distinctly influenced by Perugino and imitated him, but when he is himself he has nothing of the Umbrian softness and roundness, no high-arched eyebrows or rosebud mouth; the oval of his faces is always long, with a tendency to squareness in the chin, and straightness in

the lines of the mouth, eyebrows, and eyelids; the hair rolls back low over the ears in plain, heavy masses, and is bound smoothly over the crown with narrow bands of ribbon, in contrast alike to the heavy twists, the waving side ringlets, and fanciful plaits of Florentine fashion, and the loose rolls and loops and interwoven scarves of the Umbrians. We take an example from three accessory figures in Francia's 'Marriage of St. Cecilia,' in one of the famous series of frescoes at Bologna. These frescoes were painted by various hands for the ruling family of the city, the Bentivogli, who were great patrons of Art and artists, more especially of the painter of the 'Marriage of

St. Cecilia;' and it is at least allowable to conjecture that the ladies of that family and court suggested the master's favourite types, though we have no authenticated medals or other portraits to prove it.

FRANCIS SITWELL.



No. 8.—Figures from a Fresco of the 'Marriage of St. Cecilia,' by Francia. At Bologna.



THE MISS WOLFE COLLECTION.

PROBABLY the largest bequest ever made to Art by a woman was that which Miss Catharine Wolfe left the year before last to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It consisted of her collection of pictures, valued at £100,000, and an endowment of £40,000, the income from which is to be expended for their preservation and increase. I do not recall any gift of a similar nature worth mentioning, except that of the old masters given to the National Gallery by the Queen in 1863 and the pictures acquired by the Wolverhampton Art Museum under the will of the late Mrs. Cartwright.

Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, who died in April, 1887, aged fifty-nine years, was the daughter and only surviving child of a wealthy New York merchant. The large property inherited from her father made her the richest maiden lady in the United States, and the beneficent heart which he also bequeathed her made her one of the most charitable. During her life she literally gave away millions of dollars for various benevolent and religious purposes, the Episcopal Church especially benefiting by her generosity. Many are the hospitals, missions, colleges, schools, and chapels which have cause to bless her name, and not less so the American public, especially that not inconsiderable fraction of it constituted by the people of the City of New York. Miss Wolfe left them another legacy of worth—the example of a noble life. A lady in the true sense of the word, pure, cultivated, gracious, sincere, she was an honour to American

womanhood. When in New York, she lived at her house in Madison Avenue, a mansion crowded with pictures, statuary, and bric-à-brac, but in the summer occupied her beautiful villa of "Vinland" at Newport, Rhode Island. This house is near the "Old Stone Mill," or "Round Tower," which Long-

fellow has immortalised in his "Skeleton in Armour." Miss Wolfe secured the services of two English artists in connecting her home with the legend by a frieze, telling the story of the ballad, painted by Mr. Walter Crane, and a stained-glass window, portraying some of its characters, the work of Mr. E. Burne-Jones.

Before the year which saw the gift of Miss Wolfe's collection, the New York Art Museum had not received many donations of paintings of special interest or great value. But in 1887 it was made richer by the following contributions: Meissonier's famous 'Friedland, 1807,' Piloty's 'Thusnelda at the Triumphal Entry of Germanicus,' Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' all three from the Stewart sale; Détaillé's 'Defence of Champigny;' Sir Joshua Reynolds's large portrait group of the Hon. Henry Fane and his guardians, formerly owned

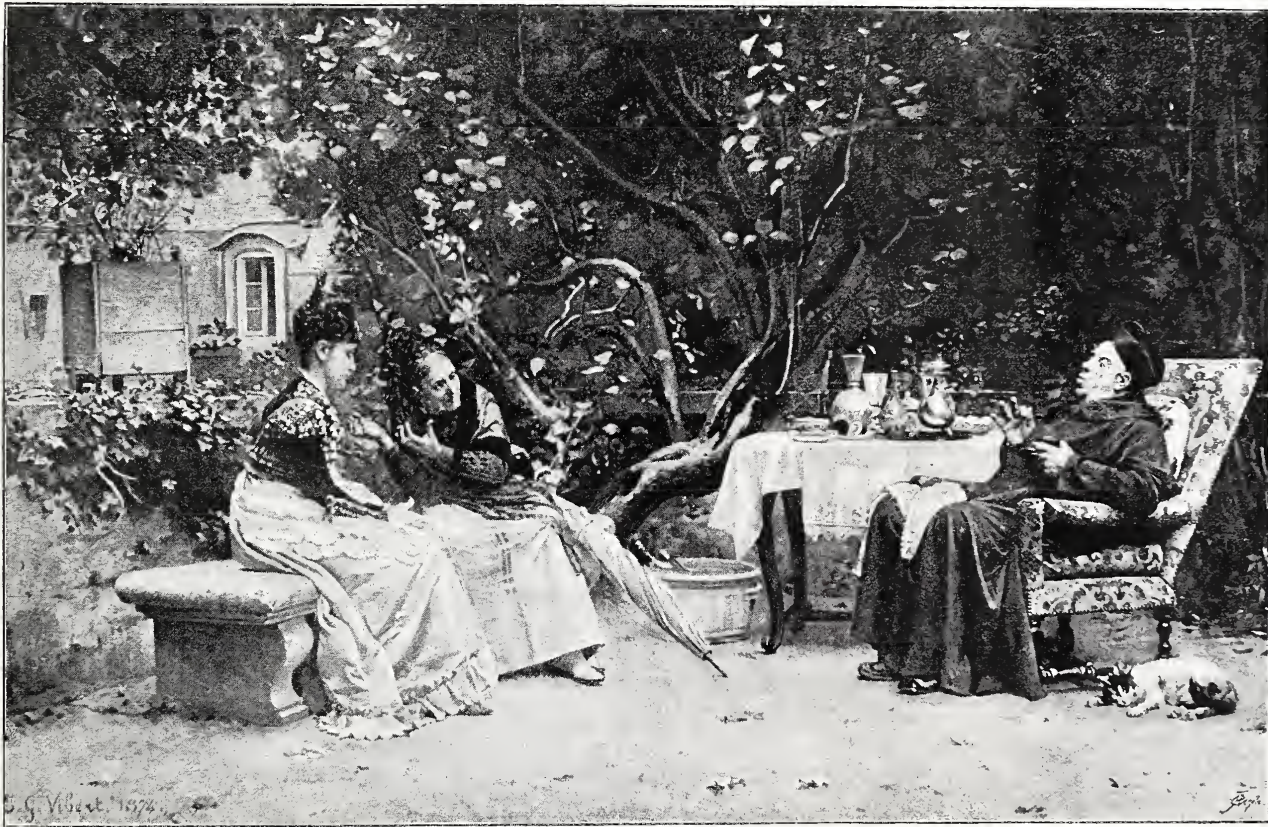


Miss Wolfe. From the Picture by Alexandre Cabanel.

by the Earl of Westmoreland, and given by Mr. Junius S. Morgan, the well-known American banker in London; Lhermitte's 'Vintage;' Dannat's 'Quatuor,' and twenty pictures presented by Mr. George I. Seney, including excellent examples of the work of Israels, Mauve, and Lerolle, and of the American painters, George Fuller, George Inness, and F. D. Millet, among others.

Miss Wolfe's legacy comprised 120 oil paintings and 22 water colours, many of which were painted to her order, and a number purchased from the artists. Others were bought at celebrated sales, such as the Laurent-Richard. In character it is fairly cosmopolitan, and while it shows a preference for figures over landscape, and for the gratification to be got from bright colours rather than from "tone," it reaches a very good average. It is eminently a popular collection, and will please the majority of visitors better than if it were less catholic in its nature. I am not sure that, on the whole, it is not better so. Better that the people should be attracted by pictures which will give them pleasure, and teach them something, at any rate, of Art, than pass by greater works whose qualities they cannot understand. The greatest good of the greatest number is a phrase worthy of adoption, perhaps, by directors of public museums. There are no old pictures in the

collection, nor any English ones, except 'A Puritan Girl,' by Boughton, and a woman's head by Sir Frederick Leighton. The collector's countrymen are represented but by two pictures, one, a portrait of her father, by Daniel Huntington, the venerable president of the National Academy, and the other, a coast landscape, in water colour, by W. T. Richards. Nor are the great Frenchmen of the romantic school largely present. Millet and Delacroix are not here, and Rousseau has only a small picture, but by Decamps there is an important and beautiful work, 'The Night Patrol at Smyrna,' bought at the John Taylor Johnston sale in New York in 1876, for £1,670. Superb in colour, full of passion, warmth, and light, fiery in action, this is the finest painting in the collection. The subject is the same as that of Decamps's picture at the Salon of 1831, which is now owned by Sir Richard Wallace, of which this is a smaller replica with some changes. It is, I



The Reprimand. From the Picture by G. T. Vibert.

think, the same one which was sold at the Wertheimer sale in Paris (1861) for 25,000 francs. In it one can see the "solid white walls and deep brown shadows of the inimitable Decamps" which Blanchard Jerrold spoke of when writing on the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857, where the original was shown. Troyon has two excellent pictures, one in particular, 'Study of a White Cow' climbing a field-path, with heavy shadows and a rich blue sky, deserving warm praise; Diaz, three landscapes and a Holy Family; Fromentin, an 'Arabs crossing a Ford,' with some of his admirable horses; Dupré, two good pictures, 'The Hay Waggon,' and 'The Old Oak;' and Daubigny, a couple of companion river scenes, 'Morning on the Seine,' and 'Evening on the Oise;' while Corot contributes a 'Ville d'Avray.'

For the rest, we have paintings of the sober and respectable Munich and Dusseldorf schools, pictures by Dutch and

Belgian artists, brilliant examples of the Spanish-Roman family, and various works by living French painters. Some of these have gained a wide popularity through reproductions. Such are Gabriel Max's maiden martyr, called 'The Last Token;' Knaus's 'Holy Family,' painted for the Empress of Russia in 1876, but for some reason not taken by her, and purchased of the artist in Berlin by Miss Wolfe for £4,000; and Cot's 'The Storm,' a youth and girl, with flying draperies around them, hastening to shelter. Other pictures of the same *genre* as the last one are Cabanel's 'Shulamite Woman,' Makart's 'Dream after the Ball,' Merle's 'Falling Leaves,' Lefebvre's 'Graziella,' and Chaplin's 'Haidée.' Among these rather characterless studies of beautiful women, the irreproachable drawing of Lefebvre's Capri fisher-girl is perhaps the thing most worthy of notice. Kaulbach's 'Crusaders before Jerusalem,' a repetition of his fresco in the Berlin

Museum, shows a mingling of history and allegory in his usual vigorous style. An inferior work by another famous German, is Piloty's weak and theatrical 'Wise and Foolish Virgins,' in which the artist has clothed some of the maidens of the Scripture parable in an Egyptian costume, and the rest in a nondescript dress, possibly intended for Greek, but smacking more of the shop of a costumier for fancy dress balls. The large original of this picture was lately on public exhibition in New York. The rich tones of a 'Bashi Bazouk,' by Bargue, in which yellows are contrasted with the turquoise blue of a pipe-bowl, reveal brushwork superior to Gérôme's, and envelop the softer flesh tints in an atmosphere which the great French draughtsman cannot render. By Gérôme himself are an 'Arab Boy' and 'Prayer in a Mosque, Old Cairo,' the latter an interesting and faithful reproduction of a crowd of worshipping priests and Arnauts in robes of vivid colours, standing under a long perspective of arches, with pigeons

fluttering at their feet and around the quaint lamps hanging above. Meissonier is admirably represented by his 'The Two Van de Veldes' (engraved in *The Art Annual* for 1887), 'A General and Adjutant, Shores of Antibes,' and a water-colour of his 'Sign Painter.' An exquisite specimen of Cabanel's skill as a painter of *dames du monde* is his portrait of Miss Wolfe, where the donor of this collection stands in a dress of palest lemon satin, trimmed with dark grey fur, and relieved against a dull red wall. In this case the costume has not been made too much of, and the fine personality of the sitter dominates the whole. This is, indeed, the portrait of a lady, and if that dangerous word, elegance, can be safely used anywhere, it might be here, in speaking of the figure and its accessories. The slender hands are most admirably rendered, and accent the impression left by the face—a type full of distinction. M. Cabanel has here shown that he can do justice to a subject worthy of his utmost skill. The picture is life-



Lost. From the Picture by Albert Schenck.

size and nearly full-length. Bonnat, with a gravity of touch fitting his theme, has painted an 'Egyptian Fella-h-woman and Child,' from studies made at the opening of the Suez Canal. The mother, holding the nude child asleep on her shoulder, stands facing us in the twilight, sombre, pathetic. For colour, a dark blue robe, a head-dress of tawny yellow, a blue bead or two, a little touch of red on the edge of the haik. An important Jules Breton is his large 'Religious Procession in Brittany,' a *pardon* crowded with devout worshippers walking through the churchyard. Grave peasants, bearing lighted candles, come forward between rows of white-coifed women, a picture not without feeling. But, to my mind, the Breton of the collection is a charming little study of a peasant-girl knitting in an orchard, with tender shadows and bright sunshine falling on yellow-green grass between the trees. Munkacsy's 'Pawn-Shop,' familiar to most readers, hangs on the wall near—strong painting and with many

merits, but also too much bitumen. There are characteristic works by Vibert, Pasini, Henner, Roybet, Domingo, Boldini, Wahlberg, Rico, Bouguereau, Schenck, Rosa Bonheur, and many others.

To return to the German contingent: Knaus, in his 'Old Woman and Cats,' has treated one of those homely subjects in which his real strength lies. The witch-like crone sitting by the kitchen stove is a lover of cats, and they are all around her. Cats and kits are the motive, and never truer were painted. Cat character is here perfectly represented—a far from easy task; one could not wish to have it better done. Stand forth, Herr Knaus, painter of cats, and fear no work of Godfried Mind, the Raphael of cats, or of that other great delineator of domestic felines, the Frenchman, Lambert. 'Surprise,' an excellent portrait of a terrier looking into a mirror, is by Joseph Stevens, the Belgian animal painter, whose works are not common.

Among the water-colours the most remarkable are Fortuny's 'Camels reposing,' the one by Meissonier before referred to, Bida's drawing of the 'Massacre of the Mamelukes,' and some sketches by Louis Leloir. Bida's picture, a replica of one in the Luxembourg, is deficient in colour, but a note-

worthy example of his power of drawing. Enticed by stratagem into a narrow courtyard between high buildings and the gates shut upon them, the doomed band of fierce warriors have been slaughtered almost to a man by the murderous fire poured down from roofs and windows. Their frantic



The Intended. From the Picture by Berne-Bellecour.

horses dash wildly about, and in the foreground one of the few survivors raises his clenched fist to hurl a last malediction at his destroyers.

From this incomplete survey it will be seen that Miss Wolfe's legacy has in it much that is of lasting value. Her

generous deed may be safely relied upon to incite a noble emulation, and assist to provide, in a country whose government affords scarcely any patronage to the Fine Arts, means for the delight and education of the people.

WALTER ROWLANDS.

SCHOOL BELLES.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRED. MORGAN.

AMONG the dreams which will be the last to disappear before the advance of realism is the happy illusion that school girls—the group, the mass, or the row of school girls—are pretty. Of course the exceptional girl is pretty, and now and then she is numerous enough to make a noticeable minority. But the many are mediocre, as in all other qualities, so in beauty. Moreover, adolescence is a time of partial and intermittent development, and a number of young people together present contrasts of proportion which are almost comic. This is true; in a lesser degree, of man and womankind fully grown; so that the early Florentines, with their singular habits of truthfulness, have been the only school who ventured to show the variations, for instance, in the size of human heads. All other painters have thought it necessary to bring these differences within limits. Mr.

Fred. Morgan's school girls are all harmonious and all pretty. He satisfies the conventionalities, moreover, by giving the expected emphasis to the disposition of his young maids, one of whom is haughty, another susceptible, another so devoted to Mangnall's Questions and the use of the globes that she walks alone with the printed page, and the others are too young to be conscious. It was Mr. Boughton who discovered the charms of the Waterloo costume. In Thackeray's time it was held too grotesque for presentment in illustrations, and he was obliged to put the people of "Vanity Fair" into the vapid garments of the 'fifties before he could hope to make his readers take them seriously. But since Mr. Boughton showed the world—now several years ago—how well both man and maid could look in short waists, the Academy has never been a year without them.

WAS MARY STUART BEAUTIFUL?

NO question has been more frequently asked than the one, whether Mary Stuart was really beautiful or not. People seem to imagine that when she was alive men had a different estimate of beauty to that which holds good now, and were apt to consider beautiful what we should deem almost ugly. But if we reflect we shall find that, at least amongst the educated of the sixteenth century, the standard of beauty must have been if anything higher and more refined than at present. The Renaissance of Art had brought about a great subtilty of taste, and the painters, poets, and romancers of this marvellous period, judging by their pictures and descriptions of female loveliness, were perfect connoisseurs in what must hold good in all ages as beautiful in woman. The difficulty with regard to our ascertaining for certain whether the personal charms of the famous Queen of Scots were equal to their reputation, results from the fact that very few of her authentic portraits have been reproduced in cheap form, and consequently an immense number of spurious likenesses of her, more or less well-featured, are in circulation, which differ from one another in many essentials, notwithstanding a certain general resemblance, and thereby occasion considerable confusion and lead many people to think that the beauty of this illustrious princess has been greatly exaggerated. The portraits

of this Queen should be divided into three categories: the authentic, by artists of repute, which were taken from life when she was Dauphiness and Queen of France; those which were painted by inferior artists when she arrived in Scotland and England; and, lastly, the amazing collection of spurious and posthumous presentments of her, painted and engraved for the purpose of keeping alive the legends of her martyrdom for the Catholic faith, among the Catholics both of the Continent and of the United Kingdom; and among these figure

very conspicuously the number of severed heads of Queen Mary on a charger, all of which are manifestly apocryphal.

Although in many old country houses, especially in Scotland, small portraits of a baby-head in the quaint infant's cap of the sixteenth century are solemnly shown to strangers as portraits of Mary Stuart as a child, no well-authenticated likeness of her is known to exist until she had passed from childhood into youth. The earliest existing representation of her is on a silver testoon, dated 1553, and was executed in Paris by John Achesoun, the Scottish medallist. The youthful

Queen is shown in profile, and wearing her crown as Queen of Scots. Her neck is particularly graceful, but the nose is rather defective. This unique medal is preserved in the British Museum.

The next "earliest" portraits, so to speak, are those by Clouet, of which we give reproductions from admirable drawings prepared for the Niel collection. The originals, in two crayons, are in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Clouet, surnamed Janet, anglicised in Charles I.'s catalogue of pictures at Hampton Court as "Genet," who deserves as a portrait painter to rank with Holbein, made several series of drawings of the principal personages of the Courts of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II. of France, and possibly took



Mary Stuart. From an original Portrait preserved in the Bodleian Gallery, Oxford.

many likenesses of Mary Stuart, of which fortunately several are still extant. The earliest of the two represents Mary at sixteen. The face is pear-shaped and bears a strong family likeness to that of her cousin Elizabeth at the same age. The eyes are small but expressive, the nose straight, and mouth singularly beautiful and delicate. The eyelids are very thick and heavy. A square-cut dress gives breadth to the otherwise very slender figure, and the intervening space up to the frilling is filled with gauze quilted in lozenges. There is another likeness by Clouet in the Castle Howard collection of French portraits,

which was most probably executed at the same time, although dated earlier. The nose is curved, but the brow is noble and



*Mary Stuart as a young girl. (Clouet.)
Preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.*

the mouth charming. I believe Mr. Magniac has an oil portrait attributed to Janet almost identical with this drawing.

The Windsor portrait by Janet, painted upon a square card, is the earliest known coloured portrait of Queen Mary. It belonged to Charles I. It is strikingly like the drawings in the Bibliothèque Nationale, but the costume is more elaborate. She is represented in a dark crimson, almost purple, velvet dress, striped with gold, in the act of putting a ring on the fourth finger of her right hand.

At the Peterborough Exhibition of Relics of Mary Stuart (1887), the writer noticed a portrait, belonging to the Menzies family, of Mary Stuart, of extreme beauty. In the catalogue it was attributed to Juan de Medina, and as being painted while Mary was Dauphiness, and apparently at the age of fifteen. It cannot, however, be by Juan de Medina, for this painter was born nearly a century later, was a pupil of Rubens, and lived the greater part of his life in England, where he has left many excellent pictures, often confounded on account of their style with those of his master. But there are evidences to my mind, from the manner in which the picture in question is painted, and the brilliance of its colouring, that it is by Paris Bordone, who certainly was at the Court of Henry II., and is well known to have painted several portraits of Mary Stuart, one of which is at Milan in the possession of the Marquis Trevulzio. A portrait of Mary it un-

1889.

doubtedly is, for it bears a striking resemblance to the chalk drawing by Janet already described. In this small but truly magnificent work we behold her still in the bloom of girlhood, the incarnation of youthful beauty, with roses on her well-rounded cheeks, with light hazel eyes, with an arch, mischievous expression lurking in them, and shaded by exceptionally thick lids and delicately pencilled eyebrows. The mouth is full and smiling, the chin and neck exquisitely modelled, and the hair precisely of the colour of the famous lock which belonged to Charles I. and which the Queen treasures, and which is of the loveliest golden hue and very glossy. A head-dress of gold, studded with immense rubies and emeralds, confines it, but, owing to the bold width and height of her abnormally expansive brow, even at this early age Mary Stuart had evidently been made aware that it was necessary in some way to soften this feature. For this purpose an ingenious contrivance was invented, which she eventually converted into the famous head-dress which still bears her name. With scarcely an exception all Mary Stuart's early portraits have a jewel of some size hanging just over the centre of her forehead—a clever device which obliterates without diminishing its air of majestic command, that somewhat virile air common to women with exceptionally intellectual and handsome brows. The Duke of Portland possesses a portrait of Mary attributed to Porbus, in which the face is as enchantingly beautiful as it is in the picture which we have just described, but less girlish, owing perhaps to the fact that the colour has faded. In the deeply interesting collection of Mr. Alfred Morrison are two portraits of Mary Stuart by Hogenberg. One portrait, medallion-shaped,



*Mary Stuart as widow of Francis II. of France. (Clouet.)
Preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.*

is reproduced on page 20. It was published by Cock, and corresponds with the head of Mary on the marriage medals.

The Queen in the original is seen resting her left hand upon a tasselled cushion. The inscription is "Maria Scotiæ



Mary Queen of Scots. From the Picture in the House of Lords.

Regina Francorum Regis Conjunct. Anno 1559." The second engraving, which by the kindness of Mr. Morrison we reproduce on this page, is after an unique contemporary engraving by Liefrinck, and represents Mary Stuart as Queen of Scotland. In the upper corner of the full-size original engraving is a shield with the Scottish lion and crown upon it.

The portrait of this Queen by Janet—which we also engrave—from the collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale, represents her as *La Reine Blanche*—that is, as the "White Queen," or widow of Francis II., it being the custom of the French queens to wear white as mourning. It is easy to trace in this picture a strong resemblance with the earlier ones by the same artist, but the features appear elongated, the

cheeks hollow, and the nose sharper, possibly the result of ill-health and premature grief.

The oil painting by the same artist as this sketch is at Hampton Court. It corresponds in every particular with the chalk drawing which we reproduce, and is mentioned in Charles I.'s catalogue. On the back is branded Charles I.'s cypher when prince—"C. P." crowned—twice repeated, and also his cypher when king. Here is a small slip of paper with an inscription half obliterated, of Janet—"Queen Mary of Scotland, appointed by His Majesty for the cabinet room, 1631." In the catalogue of Charles it is described as "A defaced picture of Queen Mary of Scotland in her white mourning habit, given to the King by the Marquis of Hamilton." It is beautifully painted, the complexion is very delicate, the eyes hazel, the hair exceedingly fair, and the lips remarkably pink.

There is another portrait of Mary Stuart at Hampton Court by Mytens, but it does not give one a very favourable idea of her beauty and is possibly a made-up work. The original is in the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Scharf



Mary Stuart as Queen of Scotland. After an unique contemporary Engraving by Liefrinck, after Hogenberg, in the possession of Alfred Morrison, Esq.

describes with great minuteness a portrait which I studied with attention when in Edinburgh last year. It is

said to be the property of the Duke of Hamilton, and is shown in the state apartment at Holyrood Palace. It is



Portrait of Mary Stuart, after Leonard Gaultier and R. Gourdelle. From a rare Engraving in the possession of Richard Davey, Esq.

inscribed as "Ætatis 16," and consequently is attributable to the year 1558 or 1559. The costume differs from that of any other portrait of Mary Stuart known. The square-cut crimson gown, fitting tight at the shoulders, and with sleeves amplified from the elbows, showing a richly brocaded and puffed under sleeve, resembles portraits of Queen Mary of England in the last year of her reign. In the Holyrood picture a doubly-folded frill or small ruff fits tightly round the throat, close up to the face, supported by a rich circling of jewels, from which in front hangs a circular jewel with a pendent pearl. The space between the square-cut top of her dress and the frill ruff is filled with white linen embroidered with yellow flowers. The figure, seen nearly to the knees, stands towards the right, and holds a dark brown glove in her left hand. The other hand raises the end of a long jewelled chain which passes round her waist and hangs down in front. The face of Mary closely accords with her best authenticated portraits. The eyes are brown and have a peculiar look which is very noticeable in the drawing by Janet and the square card miniature at Windsor. The jewelled framework of her head-dress, from which a long black veil falls behind, is not a simple circle, but dipped in the centre as seen in De Heere's portrait of the Duchess of Suffolk, mother of Lady Jane Grey, dated 1559. Her rich brown hair is gathered up in a high mass over each temple. The hands are delicate, with long and thin fingers, without any rings. A handsome enamelled ornament with figures, and three pearls pendent from it, is attached to her breast. No gold is employed on the picture as in Holbein's portraits.

There is a very lovely portrait of Mary, undoubtedly authentic, in Dalkeith Palace, representing her at an early age, in

which she is shown as wearing a very long stand-up collar, edged with pearls and adorned with a little bouquet of corn flowers and poppies, a nosegay of which is coquettishly stuck in her cap, which in this instance is peculiarly elegant, and so contrived as to permit a more than usually liberal glimpse of her auburn hair. Among the pictures exhibited at Peterborough was an original drawing lent by Her Majesty by Janet, representing Mary Stuart wearing the *deuil blanc* for her first husband in 1560, and the companion drawing which is supposed to be Darnley. The face is almost identical with the drawing by Janet in the possession of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The Duke of Portland also sent a portrait of Mary as a widow, wearing the white mourning robes of a French Queen, which were so elaborate that had it not been for the towering stature of this Princess, she must have looked like a bundle of lace and gauzes. In the same exhibition there was a small square picture representing Mary in a most picturesque dress. She is shown as standing in a wainscoted room leaning by a table. Her head-dress consists of rows of fine white lawn, twisted round and round the back of the head the better to secure, as it were, her celebrated cap, which, however, is covered at the back with a veil of the thinnest tissue of silver. The Queen's dress is open at the throat, round which is entwined a magnificent pearl necklace. The wide white silk sleeves are enriched with an arabesque pattern of infinite delicacy and beauty, wrought in pearls of all sizes. The dark velvet petticoat is cut very short to display her ankles, which, by the way, like the feet, are very thin, and encased in black hose with red sandals. Over her shoulders she wears a loose cloak of the Royal Stuart tartan, trimmed with grey fur. The face is very delicately painted and resembles the Clouet picture. This portrait was evidently painted by some miniaturist when Mary was at Holyrood. It



Portrait in miniature of Mary Stuart. Attributed to Zucchero. Preserved in the British Museum.

might possibly be by Rizzio, who, according to tradition, was not only an eminent musician, but also a skilful painter.

There exists in Genoa, in the gallery of the Marquis Spinola, a small portrait of Mary Stuart in black velvet, wearing the usual ruff and coif, which is distinctly attributed in an old catalogue to David Rizzio. The Italian portraits of Mary are numerous, far more so than is usually believed, but in all probability, the greater number of them are apocryphal, and some purely imaginary, owing their origin simply to the popularity which this Queen obtained after her execution in Catholic countries. A recent and close inspection of the Fraser-Tytler picture at the National Portrait Gallery, convinces me that it is not a portrait of Mary Stuart at all. The costume is magnificent, but the face is not that of Mary Stuart, although the initials "M. R." figuring on a locket held in the hand, as also on a crown, pertain to royalty. It is much more likely to be a portrait of Mary of Guise, and as Mr. Scharf remarks, bears a resemblance to the picture of this queen in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

I possess a rare engraving, a portrait of Mary Stuart, engraved by G. Vertue (1735), of a portrait of Mary Stuart described as existing in St. James's Palace. It is evidently a likeness, and the costume is extremely elegant. She wears the full ruff, the popular coif, and a veil or mantle of the thinnest gauze edged with lace. The features, regular and dignified, strongly resemble those in Leonard Gaultier's portrait, of which I possess a very ancient engraving, reproduced in this article. I have never been able to ascertain whether this portrait still exists in St. James's Palace, or whether it is the one now preserved in Kensington Palace. I am convinced, however, that it has been painted from Gaultier's picture, with certain alterations in the details of the costume. The Gaultier portrait is unquestionably from a contemporary sketch, possibly by one of her attendants—by Amyas Carwood?—who according to an ancient tradition

made a drawing of Mary on the morning of her execution, which was in all probability made more for political purposes; on his return to France, at any rate, it most assuredly was used in the production of the celebrated pictures at Blair College and Windsor representing the Queen of Scots going to execution. We reproduce, by kind permission of the governor of Blair College, a portion of this interesting picture, a replica of which, painted for King James I., is in the possession of Her Majesty, and which she most graciously lent to the Peterborough Exhibition of portraits and relics of Mary Stuart.



Portrait of Mary Stuart, at the time of her death. From a rare Engraving in the possession of Alfred Morrison, Esq.

It was formerly the property of Elizabeth Curle, one of the ladies in attendance on Mary, and was bequeathed by her, in 1620, to the Seminary or Scots' College at Douai. Her brother Sebastian was at that time a student or professor there. Here it remained until the outbreak of the Revolution in France (the Reign of Terror). The inmates of the college were obliged to fly, and the portrait was taken out of its frame, rolled up, and hidden in a chimney. The late Rev. Charles Gordon of Aberdeen was at that time a student of the college and helped to hide it. In 1814, it was taken from its place of concealment, transferred to the Scottish Benedictine Convent in Paris, and finally brought to Scotland, in 1830, by the late Bishop Patison and deposited at Blair. The Queen is seen walking majestically towards the block, and holding in her outstretched hand a crucifix. Her costume is of black satin, with a long train. She wears her favourite cap covered with a long veil of the thinnest gauze, edged with lace. The original veil was shown at Peterborough, but it was probably only one-half of it; for, notwithstanding its length, it could not possibly have covered the figure as completely as represented in the picture. It is divided by thicker threads into a number of small squares, forming a pattern, and also belonged

to Elizabeth Curle. After many adventures it fell into the hands of the Cardinal of York, who left it by his will to Sir John Cox Hipplesley, who had helped him to obtain his pension from the British Government. On close examination of the portrait, the writer perceived some half-effaced lines indicating this chessboard-like pattern. What is specially remarkable about this picture is, that it affords us an opportunity of

flatly contradicting one of Mr. Froude's unkindest and most mischievous remarks anent the Queen of Scots. That historian, it will be remembered, intimates that, "in order to produce a dramatic sensation on the scaffold," she had put on under her black dress a suit of vivid crimson, so that "when she took off her upper dress she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures round her, blood-red from head to foot."



Portrait of Mary Stuart, from the famous Picture of her sketched by Amyas Carwood on the morning of her execution. In the possession of the Trustees of Blair College, by whose permission this reproduction is given.

Now, Amyas Carwood in his picture has introduced in the left corner, as if seen through a window, a representation of the tragedy on the scaffold; the Queen is kneeling to receive her *coup de grâce*. She wears, it is true, a red under-shirt with no sleeves; but as there was no necessity for her to divest herself of her petticoat, she still retains that garment, and it is

of black satin. The same will be seen in two other very old pictures representing this terrible scene; *ergo*, we may conclude that, though like most of her contemporaries, the Queen wore underclothes of scarlet wool or cloth—there was and is still a prejudice in favour of this colour—she did not "stand" for dramatic effect arrayed in "blood-red from head to foot."

The portrait of Mary said to be by Zucchero (page 19) has been recently re-discovered, so to speak, by Mr. Louis Fagan in the Print Department of the British Museum. It is painted on the lid of a small box about three inches in diameter.

The first illustration to this article is the famous portrait from the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The full-length picture from the Robing Room of the House of Lords (page 18) is of course valueless from an archæological point of view, but nevertheless it gives a very fair idea of the Queen's majestic presence and unusual stature.

After a minute inspection of over fifty portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, I have come to the following conclusion as to her personal appearance. She was exceedingly tall, but well-proportioned and elegantly made, always carrying herself with surpassing majesty and grace. Her face was oval, almost pear-shaped, like that of her cousin Elizabeth, to whom she bore a striking resemblance. The nose was straight and well-formed, but not aquiline. Her eyebrows arched exquisitely, and were of a darker hue than her hair, but the lashes were evidently thin; a defect, however, amply compensated for by the thickness of her eyelids, which were remarkably heavy and beautiful. Her eyes were light hazel, small, but full of expres-

sion, and singularly brilliant. Her mouth was charming, and her teeth to the last were white and regular. The chin was heavy and rather too long, but her ears were very small and delicate. The real colour of her hair, as shown in her earlier portraits, and proved by the lock of it possessed by the Queen, was of the purest golden shade imaginable. Her usual expression was benevolent and pleasing, and her smile bewitching, but when angered she could assume a terrible and even menacingly haughty aspect, which struck terror into all who beheld her. But her moments of violence were rare, and as a rule she bore her sorrows with great serenity, and even cheerfulness. In short, she was rather handsome and fascinating than beautiful, although as a girl and very young woman she must have been transcendently lovely. Her friends perished for her, her servants adored her, and whether she be innocent or guilty of the grave charges brought against her, all men of chivalrous nature must ever cherish her memory and defend it even against evidence and reason.

In the forthcoming Stuart Exhibition we shall doubtless have an opportunity of seeing an even larger number of portraits of Mary Stuart gathered together in one place than was the case at Peterborough and Glasgow.

RICHARD DAVEY.

A FAN TO BE COVETED.

THE woodcut on the following page represents the fan which was raffled for at the "silver fête," held last summer at the Danish Exhibition. The enterprise, not an easy one in its way, was carried through by the tact and energy of Miss du Maurier. What she undertook was nothing less than to create a little gallery in miniature, in which a hint should be given of what twenty, less one, of our best-known artists, painters and draughtsmen, are doing in this fifty-first year of Victoria. The prime cost of the fan was a shilling or two. In the raffle there were one hundred tickets at a guinea each; and fabulous stories are told as to the profit the happy winner, Mr. Michal Schwabacher, through whose courtesy this engraving is given, might since have made, even had he taken the whole century of tickets himself.

The collection begins well with a head of Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. Harry Furniss. I don't *know* the order in which the pictures were done, but it looks as though Mr. Furniss were the first *invité*, and that he had determined his hero should not run the risk of having to play second fiddle to the gentleman on the middle stick. Next to the "Dizzy" comes the forcibly painted head of a black man from the brush of Mr. Edwin Long; then a lady with a touch of the ancient Roman, by Mr. Alma Tadema; a little dame in a pinafore, by Sir John Millais; a pretty, tousle-headed *bohémienne*, by Mr. Fildes; and a neat, demure, down-glancing English maiden by Mr. George du Maurier. Each of these four girlish heads is characteristic in its way, and gives a real glimpse into the individuality of its author. After them comes a curious trio. One of Sir Frederick Leighton's black-haired and somewhat tragic Italians, divides the square, enthusiastic head of Mr. Gladstone from the gallant insincerity of King Charles the Martyr. The two men avoid each other's eyes, as they would in life. The 'Charles' is Mr. Pettie's contribution, as might be guessed; the 'Gladstone'

repeats the head in which we have some of the last handiwork of the lamented Frank Holl. Mr. Richmond's lady looks weak and oppressed in the shadow of the great home-ruler's crown; she offers, moreover, a comic contrast to the brave head of Mr. Punch, *en général grec*, at her back. To Mr. Tenniel and Mr. Frank Dicksee belongs the credit of having filled their space better than either of their rivals. The crest of Mr. Punch's helmet and the flossy, flower-decked head of Mr. Dicksee's small girl, fit and repeat the frame very happily. Mr. Boughton's little head between them is rather over-small; while Mr. Marcus Stone's contribution, beyond the Dicksee, is wanting in decision. It looks as if it had wandered here and was kept from straying farther by Mr. Briton Riviere's bloodhound. By far the most dignified head of the whole—nineteen, we were going to say, but at a second glance we see that Mr. Sambourne has indulged in a full-length portrait!—of the whole eighteen, then, is that of the said bloodhound. In the days when Lord Hatherley sat on the woosack in a full-bottomed wig, a head as far away in its superiority to human weakness might have been found. We don't know where we could find one now. Beside the great dog, Mr. Frith's portrait of himself seems out of place; Mr. Charles Keene's *bourgeois*, still more of a contented egotist than he was meant to be; and Mr. Sambourne's frog an impertinent reptile indeed. The last work in the collection is a head by Mr. Orchardson. It is good enough, perhaps, for its place, most certainly not for its author. What a fascinating little museum might be got together for our descendants if a fan like this were painted, say, every five years! What changes of fashion in Art, or rather in artists, it would record! and how surely, in the smallest compass, it would mark the level of our Art and of our interest in Art! We present the idea to such of our readers as have the tact, energy, and opportunity required to carry it out.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE ROYAL PALACES.

THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.



THE chief residence of all English kings, from the reign of Edward the Confessor to the reign of Henry VIII., was the old Palace of Westminster. It is possible, and indeed probable, that the isle known as Thorney was the place of the king's residence long before the reign of Edward, but we must take into consideration two or three facts which tend to a contrary conclusion. For example, until the time of Cnut, or Canute, the successive waves of the Danish invasion would have made an un-

protected and unfortified place like Westminster uninhabitable to the court. As a fact, we know that Ethelred and his son were constantly within the walls of London, the one place which Cnut found impregnable. If, therefore, any king lived at Westminster before the Confessor, Cnut's stepson, it may possibly have been Cnut himself, and a tradition of very old standing makes Westminster rather than Southampton the scene of Cnut's celebrated reproof to his courtiers. The tide at Westminster, especially in those days, when the river bed was so very much more widely extended than it is at present, would have been an object of constant notice from the Thorney shore, and the more so because, as almost all archæologists agree, the Thames could be forded at low tide from Tothill to Thorney, and from Thorney to Stangate. Cnut, therefore, may have

had good reason to wish the tide to stand still for him, as there was no bridge nearer than that of London.

It can never be settled now unless we should find the deeds or charters of one of these early kings dated at Westminster, and so, leaving the regions of conjecture, we may begin with Edward, who certainly did habitually live here, and who died here at last a few days after the consecration of the Minster he had built closely adjoining his palace, in January, 1066, the fatal year of Hastings.

The palace had already its great hall, and a few other build-

ings were identified after the great fire in 1834 as having in their walls remains of the substantial architecture which Edward had introduced from Normandy. What it was like we may judge by the few low arches in the dark cloisters of Westminster Abbey which have escaped the destroyer. Some remains of the same period were removed only a year or two ago by the authorities of Westminster School, who, though presumably persons of education and cultivation, are chiefly known to the outer world for their ruthless vandalism where the remains of ancient architecture are concerned.

There is a tradition that the palace was burned in the time of Edward the Confessor, and was consequently rebuilt by him. The first palace was probably like most domestic buildings of that period in Middlesex, where timber was abundant. When Edward repaired it after the fire, stone no doubt was for the first time introduced. The first of the royal charters dated at Westminster is one to Ramsey Abbey, and cannot be earlier than 1052. From that time on they are frequent, and the Norman kings constantly resided here, especially on ceremonial occasions, such as their coronations, marriages, and the great festivals of the Church. The Painted Chamber was always said to have been an integral portion of the palace of the Confessor, and in it he was believed to have died. It stood very nearly on the site of the present House of Lords,



Cloister of St. Stephen's.

but rather across it, as the greatest length was from east to west. When its ruins were finally destroyed very little if any remains of Edward's time were to be seen, the walls and windows being evidently in the same style as the buildings of Henry III., though the foundations may have been older. Adjoining the Painted or St. Edward's Chamber was the old House of Lords, called the Parliament Chamber, which occupied a large area southward from the end of Westminster Hall, crossing the spot where Marochetti's statue of Richard I. stands now. Under it were the cellars of the Confessor's

time, in which Guy Fawkes stored the gunpowder. Adjoining them northward were other remains, probably of the same period. All these were of the nature of what we should call "reception rooms," or "state apartments;" the King's private apartments were to the westward and nearer the Abbey; in fact, it is very probable that King Edward's palace communicated with the domestic building of the Abbey.

Next after the Confessor as a builder at Westminster comes that very reprehensible monarch, William Rufus. To his reign must be assigned the great hall. Not only did it stand on the site of the present hall, but it was of the same dimensions, and, in fact, the present walls up to the springing of the roof are mainly of Norman construction. This ancient

chamber had a flat roof, supported, in all probability, by great timber pillars, such as we see at the Tower of London, and divided by them into aisles. The windows were round-arched, and as there was no attempt at fortification here, they were numerous and spacious, but placed at somewhat irregular intervals, as if either to avoid other neighbouring buildings, or to include some older hall, perhaps that of the Confessor. Many of these windows still exist under the present facing of the wall, and have been uncovered during the various "restorations" the hall has undergone. One, in particular, is on the east side, close to the southern end, and was sketched by Billings for Britton and Brayley's book in 1834.

This great *Aula Regis* became immediately, and remained



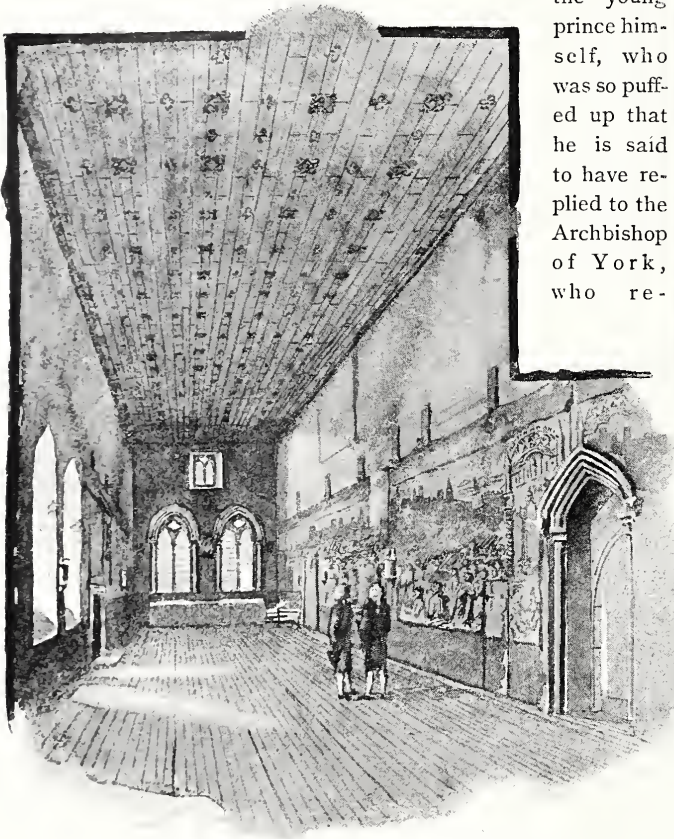
Crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel.

to our own day, the headquarters of the Courts of Justice. Theoretically the King himself heard and decided cases, but from the time of Edward, at least, the King's assistants in the meting out of justice were his chaplains. By degrees the King's Bench at the upper end of Westminster Hall became the chief tribunal of the Kingdom, while the King's revenue and things affecting it were regulated by the Barons of the Exchequer, and Common Pleas were heard by inferior officers, sitting, we may suppose, nearer the door. The word "exchequer" is the same as our word "chess-board." The table before the Barons was covered with chequer-work to facilitate counting; for we must remember that the so-called Arabic numerals—which are really distorted Greek letters—

had not yet been introduced, and counting was done either with chequers or with balls on wires. Tally-sticks were also used.

In this old Norman hall, most of the great events of English history before the time of Richard II. took place. William Rufus is said to have been discontented with it as too small, and to have intended to build another to which this should be as a bed-chamber. Henry I. constantly held his court in it, making the palace his chief abode. Here his consort, "good Queen Matilda," died. Stephen is said to have founded the famous Chapel of St. Stephen, on the eastern side of the hall. It afterwards became a collegiate church, with a dean and canons. Thomas Becket made extensive

improvements and reparations for Henry II. In 1170 Henry crowned his son and held a great feast in the hall, at which he attended the young prince himself, who was so puffed up that he is said to have replied to the Archbishop of York, who re-



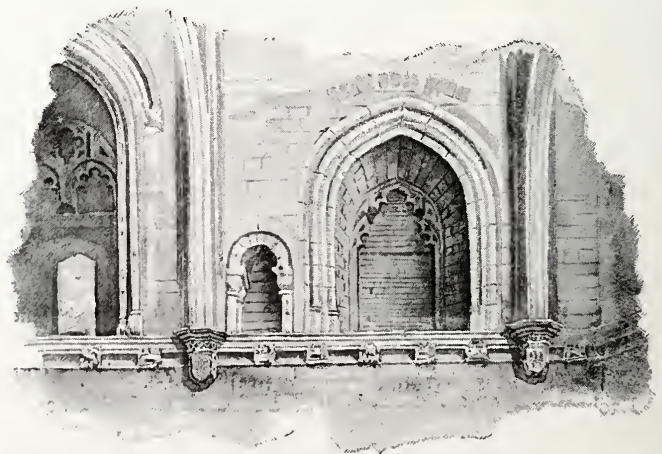
The Painted Chamber. Apartment in the Palace of Edward the Confessor.

marked on the king's humility, that "he, being born of princely blood only on the mother's side, serveth me that am a king born." This proud youth is actually called Henry III. in some chronicles; but he died before his father, in 1182. The coronation feast of Richard is memorable in history for the presence at it of the citizens of London, and for a massacre of the Jews who had come to bring the King a present. After his imprisonment Richard was crowned again. From the reign of John we have the evidence of the so-called Close Rolls and other records as to the buildings, and, in particular, we have full accounts of what was done by Henry III., who was an extravagant but very artistic builder. Of his work, however, it may safely be said, that little or nothing remains. He appointed a certain widow, Margery Leveland, housekeeper here, and gave her eightpence a day for wages, about equal to ten shillings of our money. Very large sums were spent in 1219 and the following years, and we read of a quay, or a bridge perhaps, over a branch of the Tyburn, which ran into the Thames south of the palace; of a wall and gate, of the glazing of the hall windows, and other works. In 1225 a great council, the precursor of the parliament of a slightly later date, was held in the Norman Hall, and the Magna Charter was confirmed. Many other councils of a similar kind were held in the next few years. In 1234 we read of the King's sitting in judgment in the hall on some Jews who were accused of having murdered a Christian child at Norwich. It would take too long to narrate all that has come down to us of the coronation and other feasts, of

the betrothals and other court ceremonials, and of the meetings of Great Councils during the reign of this king. They are detailed at length in the pages of Britton and Brayley, who have also a great deal to tell about the decorations and paintings which Henry bestowed lavishly on all his palaces, and especially on Westminster. Apart from his taste for Art we do not hear much good of Henry III., who was in most respects a worthy son of the despicable John. It is, therefore, the more necessary to mention to his credit that on New Year's Day, 1237 (1236, old style), he desired his treasurer to assemble the poor to the number of six thousand, to a feast. The weak and aged were to be in the great hall; those who were stronger and "in reasonable plight" to be in the lesser hall; and the children in the King's chamber and also in the Queen's.

Repairs and improvements went on during the next three reigns, but want of space compels me to pass them over in order to mention the two most important of the mediæval buildings of which any fragment now remains. A great deal of the oldest building was destroyed by a fire in 1298, when the King had to remove for a time to the house of the Archbishop of York, afterwards known as Whitehall.

This fire necessarily led to much rebuilding, and under Edward II. the burnt chambers were all restored, and the flat roof of the old Norman Hall repaired and painted. The old hall also saw the coronation festivals of Edward III. (1 Feb., 1327), and of his grandson, Richard II. (16 July, 1377), and in 1397, the works which have made the Westminster Hall of our time what it is were in full progress. The old flat roof was removed, the timber supports were abolished, the walls were raised, and the little Norman round-headed windows were replaced by the fine row of Perpendicular windows we now see on each side. The new roof has often been described and is very well known. The architect of this most perfect building deserves to be famous. He was the same Henry Yeveley who designed the tomb of Richard and Anne in the Abbey. The entire roof, which has been repaired over and over again, is of oak, a fact worth mentioning because it has frequently been asserted that it is of chestnut. In the reign of George IV. forty loads of ship's timbers were brought up from Portsmouth Dockyard, being the well-seasoned oak of



Norman Arch in Westminster Hall.

which "the wooden walls of old England" were built, and the roof was thoroughly repaired. At this time, too, the carvings

of the string course were renewed, how far or completely it is impossible to tell. They are beautiful examples of the heraldry of Richard's day, before it had stiffened into the forms prescribed by the rules of the professional heralds. The visitor too often neglects to examine them carefully. Richard's white hart, his badge, and the lion, his crest, are represented in a long series of carvings, some forty-eight in number, which, though they all give us the same two objects, are never exactly repeated. They were probably coloured and gilt when they were first put up. One cannot but remember that the first great solemnity in the new hall was Richard's abdication in favour of Henry of Lancaster—the first act in the hundred years of the Wars of the Roses. It was on the 29th September, 1399. On the 24th November, 1499, the last of the fighting race of Plantagenet was beheaded on Tower Hill. In that single century of internecine strife every male of the royal family perished.

The pen might easily linger over the great historical scenes which these

old walls have witnessed. It retained its ancient position as the head-quarters of law and justice, and state trials almost always took place in it, from that of Sir John Oldcastle, in the reign of Henry V., to that of Warren Hastings, in the reign of George III. Here Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and his rival, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, received each his sentence of death in 1551 and 1553. Here in the reign of Elizabeth the Duke of Norfolk, at that time the only duke in England, was condemned for treason, 1572. Here Strafford and his unhappy master met for the last time. Here Charles himself defied the "High Court of Justice." But it is impossible even to enumerate all the great historical occurrences which have taken place in Westminster Hall.



Interior of Westminster Hall.

Only second to the hall in the old palace was the Chapel of St. Stephen. It stood east of the hall, and at right angles to it, with a beautiful cloister adjoining it. The Chapel was injured in the fire of 1834, but might well have been restored. Fergusson compares it with the contemporary Sainte Chapelle at Paris, but I confess I think it was better to pull it away, even in favour of "the unmeaning gallery" which occupies its place, than to restore it as the French chapel has been restored, that is, by the removal of every vestige of antiquity, even to the splendid stained glass, which, by the munificence of its present owner, Mr. Henry Vaughan, is in the South Kensington Museum. If any one wishes to see what might have happened to St. Stephens he has only to get leave to see the ancient crypt, which still remains intact, but so bedizened in

tawdry colour and gilding that it resembles nothing so much as a modern tavern. The cloisters form a cloak-room for the members of the House of Commons!

After a fire in 1512 Henry VIII. deserted the palace of his ancestors, and, when he had taken Whitehall from Wolsey and St. James's from the nuns, he had no occasion to return to live among the shrines and memorials he had himself desecrated. Since then it is only on record that one king ever inhabited the place. George IV. stayed the night before his coronation in a room lent him by the Speaker.

The process by which the King's palace at Westminster became the palace of Parliament was very gradual. After the fire in the royal apartments in 1512, the Houses of Lords and Commons continued to use their ancient places of meeting

down to the year 1834, when again a fire broke out, this time with far more terrific effect. Many of us have seen Turner's grand view of the conflagration. It was on the 16th October, and just at dusk, that the flames began to rise from a point close to the old House of Lords, which, with the Painted Chamber, the Chapel of St. Stephen, where the Commons sat, and the Library, all were destroyed.

In June, 1835, a committee reported in favour of an entirely new building, to be erected on the old site. It was to be in either the Gothic or the Elizabethan style, and a prize of £300 was offered for the designs recommended. Charles Barry, R.A., J. W. Buckler, D. Hamilton, and W. Railton each received a prize; but the choice of the committee fell on the drawings of the first named, and he accordingly became the architect of the new Palace, and was afterwards knighted. I am sorry, as I have said, that Sir Charles did not save and even restore the chapel; but the way in which Westminster Hall is worked into his

design is a stroke of genius. Much no doubt of the Gothic of Barry is very anomalous. He had at his elbow a man very thoroughly imbued with a kind of mediæval taste, Augustus Welby Pugin: but though Pugin understood Gothic detail and ornament, he had not Barry's cultivated eye

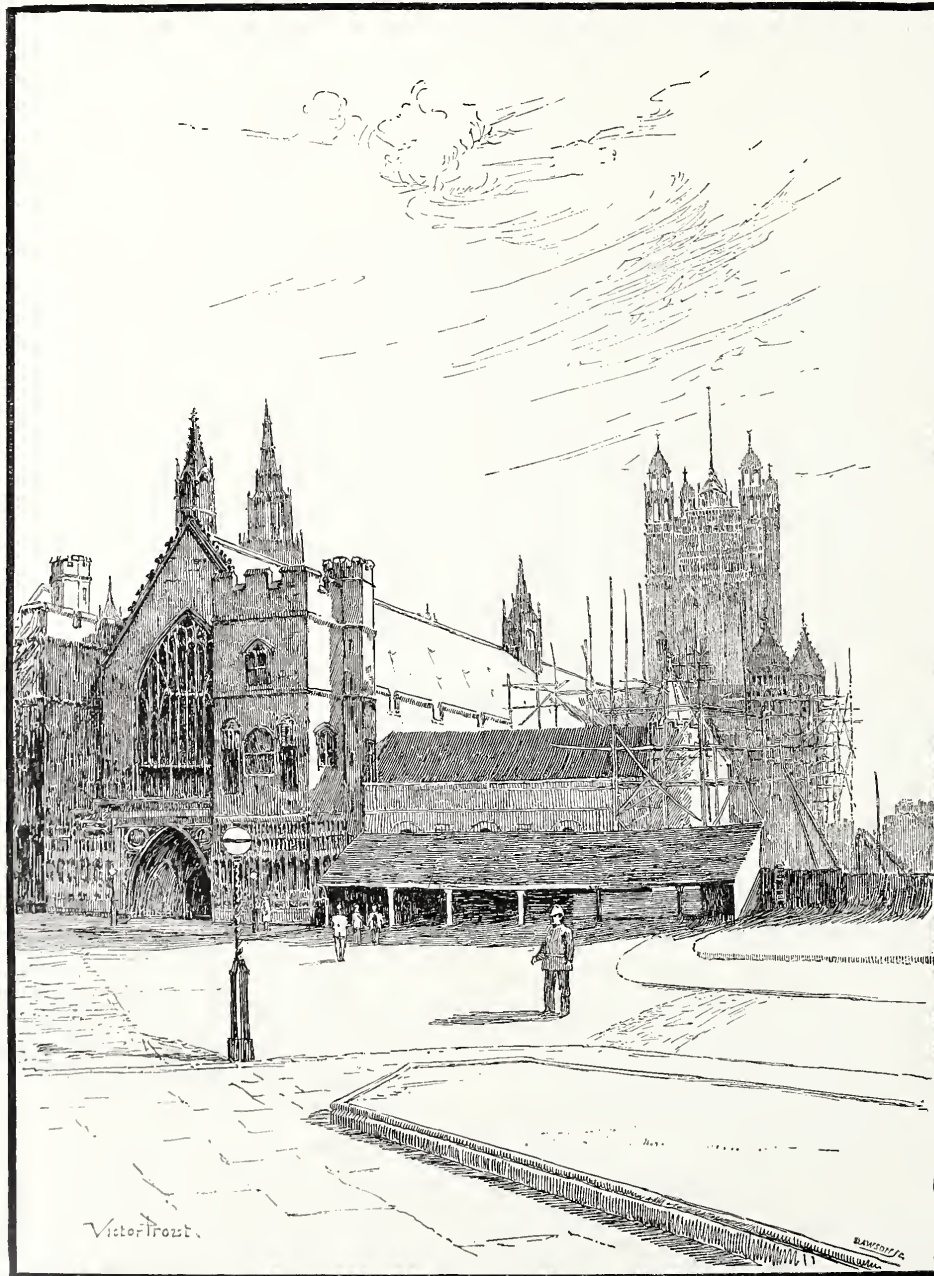
for proportion and mastery of mass in large buildings. The exact balance of the east front, the absence of a stately gateway, which is not Barry's fault, for he intended to build one, the overloading of the walls with panelling and statues, all these things may be objected to the new Palace; but, on the whole, and especially when compared with any other public building erected since, it is by far the most satisfactory, state-

fully, and characteristic pile in England. The view of Westminster Hall is greatly spoilt by some mean modern buildings, Soane's incongruous, but not unhandsome Law Courts having been pulled down by an officious chief of the Office of Works, before the public were aware of what was happening.

It is curious to observe that the chief control of the Palace of Westminster is in the hands of the descendant and heir of the man to whom the office of Chamberlain was granted by Henry I. The present "Deputy joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England," to give him his

full title, is Lord Aveland, the son of Lady Willoughby, the descendant of the Berties, Dukes of Ancaster, who were the descendants and heirs of Aubrey Veer, or "De Ver," who held the office in 1100, nearly eight centuries ago.

W. J. LOFTIE.



Westminster Hall.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

ELIA illustrated! How? The answer is between the covers of the first two volumes of the Temple Library, "THE ESSAYS OF ELIA" (London: J. M. Dent & Co.), edited by Augustine Birrell, with etchings by Herbert Railton. Those who know their Lamb might well have cried that to illustrate him was to court failure. It is enough to say that Mr. Railton has achieved a success, not in execution alone, but also in reproducing the sentiment of Elia's dainty fancies. There are six drawings, and one wishes, like Mark Twain's savages, when they had dined off their missionaries, that there were more of them. 'An old China Closet' we have been permitted, through the courtesy of the publishers, to reproduce from the original drawing. Lamb had "an almost feminine partiality" for old china. When he went to a great house, he always inquired first for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. He loved "those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that, under the notion of men and women, float about, in that world before perspective—a china teacup." The frontispiece to the book is a delightful little view of the Gyffs Cloister at Christ's Hospital, where Lamb passed his friendless boyhood. Who does not know Elia's excursion to Mackery End in Hertfordshire, another of the illustrations. He journeyed there one summer with his cousin Bridget—she who had the awkward trick of reading in company—"at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question without fully understanding its purport, which is provoking and derogatory in the

highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question." One of the pleasantest drawings is that of 'The Temple Church,' which goes with the essay on "The Old Benchers of the Middle Temple." In that "most elegant spot" off Fleet Street Lamb was born, and passed the early part of his life. "Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years what was the king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are my oldest recollections." Lamb loved an old house almost as much as he loved old china, and he never forgot his love for Blakesmore in H—shire. There, as a boy, he used to sit and read Cowley, "with the grassplot before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it about me—it is in mine ears now—as oft as summer returns." Many years later he visited this haunt of his lost boyhood, and found that the owner had pulled it down. It exists again in Mr. Railton's drawing, a long, low, whitehouse, nestling between trees. The sixth illustration is a charming little rendering of 'The Tombs in the Abbey,' which were the unconscious cause of an angry note from Elia to Robert Southey. The introduction to these

volumes is from the pen of their editor, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and it is just what it should be, neither more nor less. "No apology is needed for another edition of 'The Essays of Elia,'" says the author of "Obiter Dicta." "All that an editor of them has to do is to see that work so delicate, so conscientious, so elaborate, is neither insulted with bad type



or ill-tempered paper, nor injured by bad printing." This Mr. Birrell has done most excellently well. He has followed the text of the two original editions of the Essays. "The spelling is often quaint, sometimes wrong, but always Lamb's, and therefore better than anybody else's."

Mr. W. S. Caine adds "A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD" (George Routledge and Sons) to the literature of travel, because he has found that "the *obiter dicta* of other travelers has been of so much greater service to him than the recognised guide-books." The illustrations are many and good, and enlivened by the presentment of the author in various picturesque attitudes. There is Mr. Caine in a "jinkishas;" Mr. Caine canoeing on the Bow River; Mr. Caine, hands on hip, watching the consummation of a bear

hunt; Mr. Caine buying chrysanthemums at Yokohama; Mr. Caine shooting the rapids, and Mr. Caine on the back of an elephant in the market-place at Jeypore. The book is interesting, practical, and not without humour, and ranges from the menu of an Atlantic liner to the wages of a Japanese labourer. The journey lasted from August, 1887, till March in the following year, when the news that "Parliament was meeting earlier than usual" brought the member for Barrow-in-Furness home with a rush. He roamed through Canada, Japan, China, Ceylon, and India; and it is interesting to know that the trip may be done in good style for about £350, and luxuriously (exclusive cabins) for £420 to £450. Mr. Caine speaks highly of the climate of British Columbia. "It is as nearly perfect as possible. Taken as a whole, it is one of the most delightful countries in the world, and were



Mount Stephen.

I compelled by circumstances to seek a fresh home away from the old country, it would have attractions that would prove irresistible to me." He also gives practical information as to the rate of wages and chances of employment in Manitoba. An increasing number of young Englishmen, weary of the drudgery of desk, throw their thoughts to this land, where the struggle for daily bread no longer begets pallor and weariness, but strength and health, and the keen delight of physical exercise. Mr. Caine drives one more nail into the coffin of their hopes. He was asked what were the chances of success for a smart Englishman of five-and-thirty, who had had a fifteen years' training in some good merchant's office in London or Liverpool, and had saved £2,000. His reply was, "Manitoba wants neither him nor his money. All the trade of the country

is plucked before it is ripe by Canadians from Ontario and Quebec. The ordinary clerk or book-keeper is a drug in the market." Persons of this class are styled "remittance men," because their chief occupation is borrowing dollars till they get their remittance from home. Mr. Caine repeats the old story—that the emigrant who is really wanted in Manitoba is the clever agricultural labourer who is a single man.

Mount Stephen, the monarch of the Rocky Mountains, of which we give an illustration, is over 12,000 feet high. At the base is Kicking Horse Pass, which owes its name to an obstreperous horse ridden by one of the surveyors. The animal chose that spot to kick. Mr. Caine describes the view from this place as magnificent. "A huge valley, filled from side to side with magnificent pines and cedars, their dark green intensified by the red brown areas burnt by forest fires—

in which the enormous trunks stand up like black masts 200 feet high, and 10 or 12 feet thick—is flanked by peak and pinnacle, the Kicking Horse River meandering through its bottom like a silver ribbon.” Considerable space is given to Japan. On one occasion the author and his daughter were invited to join a family party, who were giving an entertainment in a tea-garden. “We declined the food, but took tea and sweets, chatting with them through an interpreter. They were very anxious to know if my daughter was married, and at first rather despised her, in that she was not. But on my explaining jocularly that she was waiting for the young Mikado (a lad of eight), they accepted the statement with perfect gravity, and saluted her with profound respect. Our guide afterwards told us that they would consider it ill-bred to show doubts of any statement, however preposterous, made to them by a stranger and a guest.” The last chapter is devoted to “Social Problems in India.” So much did the member for Barrow-in-Furness find to interest him in that country, that he has decided to spend this winter there, so we may expect another book.

Familiarity deadens our interest in those historic treasures the Past has given us. We have lived so long in the next street, as it were, to the Tower, and Hampton, and Shakespeare's

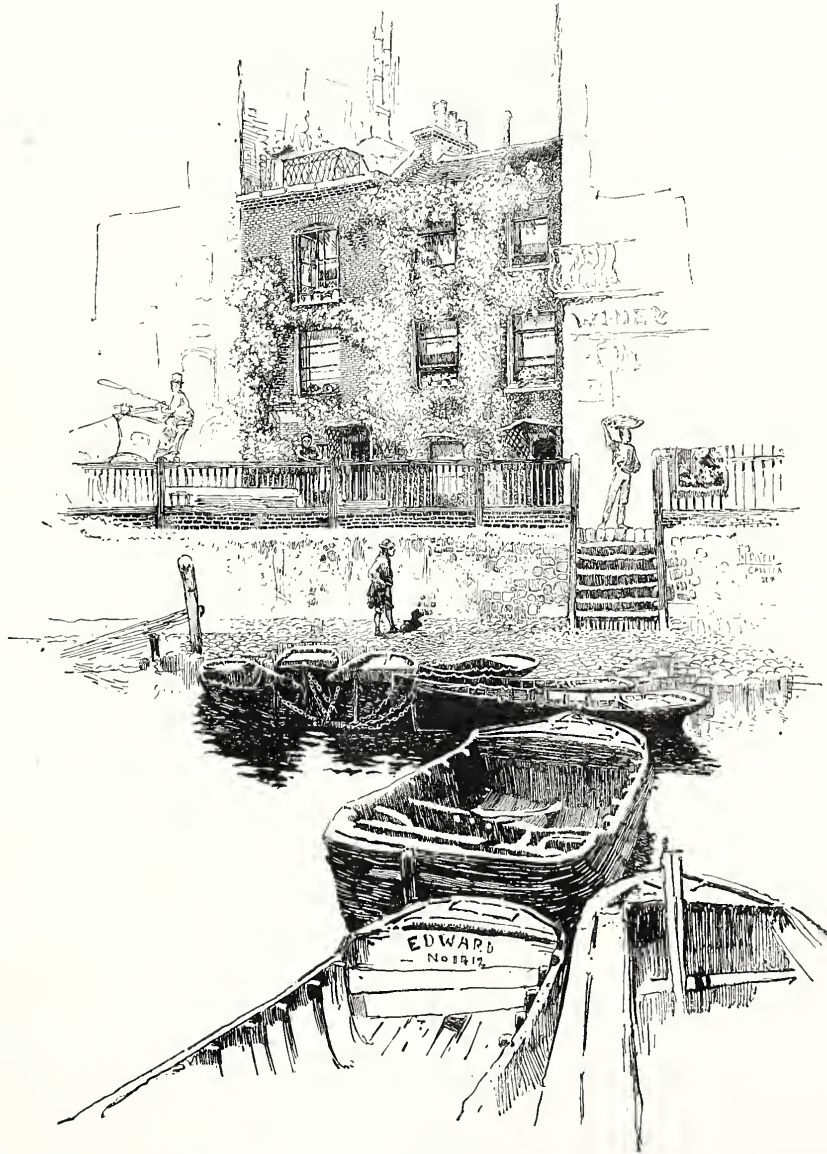
home, and the tavern where Dr. Johnson talked to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that we think nothing of them. But Americans are differently minded, and one of them, Mr. B. E. Martin, has written a little book on “OLD CHELSEA” (London: T. Fisher Unwin), which says the last word about that “suburb.” The illustrations are by another American, Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose name is a sufficient passport for their excellence. One

of them, which we reproduce here, shows the last dwelling-place of “the greatest landscape-painter England has known.” It was the westernmost of the two tiny houses, where the vines climb to the iron balcony on the roof. In the front room Turner died. “To the upper window, no longer able to paint, too feeble to walk, he was wheeled every morning during his last days, that he might lose no light of the winter's sun on his beloved Thames.” Any one who cares to go as far as Battersea Church may sit in the little vestry window where he used to sketch. This old church, where Blake was married,

forms another of the illustrations. Turn where you will in Chelsea it is alive with the presence of the long array of famous men and women who there lived and worked. Mr. Martin has lingered lovingly in its byeways, gathered all the folklore and here written it down. Chelsea owes everything to the river. The suburb might never have arisen had not that “safe, swift, silent highway” made it of easy access to town. Few would have ventured to go by the land route, with the probability, even in daylight, of an encounter with foot-pads. Close to St. Mary's Battersea still stands a wing of Bolingbroke House, in one of the rooms of which Pope began his “Essay on Man,” and where he plotted with his host and Swift and Chesterfield. Shelley was

sometimes at Chelsea, and Maclise lived within view of the river, not far from Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his near neighbour George Eliot. We all know the house where Carlyle lived, and there are many others whose story is told in this book, but the most haunting thing about “Chelsea” is the vision of Turner, old and feeble, at that upper window gazing morning after morning on his beloved Thames.

C. L. HIND.



Turner's Last Dwelling-Place.

ART GOSSIP.

MR. JOHN BAGNOLD BURGESS has been elected to fill the chair at the Royal Academy, vacated by the death of Mr. Frank Holl. The new Academician and his work are well known to our readers, a memoir of both having been given in the month of October, 1880.

The Royal Academy has purchased some letters of Gainsborough which show up an hitherto unsuspected trait in his character—that of amativeness; they are addressed to Jackson, of Te Deum fame.

The Presidentship of the Royal Society of Water Colours remains in Sir John Gilbert's hands, to the evident satisfaction of the majority of those over whom he benignly exercises his sway.

Japanese collectors are much interested in a rumour that the South Kensington Museum has purchased a Japanese sword for a hundred pounds! As no sword hitherto seen in this country has had a greater value than twenty pounds, it must be something extraordinary.

The Liverpool Art Congress was a success, in so far as it attracted a goodly array of Royal Academicians and Professors, who read a vast number of papers. But if the association is to differ in any way from its defunct predecessor, "The Social Science Congress," and to do any real good to the country at large, it must direct its attention more assiduously to the improvement of practical every-day Art, and less exclusively to theories and Academic reform. The pictorial and glyptic arts and architecture are all advancing in a steady and satisfactory manner, and the attention of the provinces is already sufficiently drawn to them. The so-called "higher branches" of Art are already suffering from repletion, due in a great measure to the hundreds who are encouraged to rush from the school of Art into them instead of the workshops. What the association must do, and what, if we remember rightly, its original prospectus proposed to do, is to get into touch with the Art manufacturers, bring them on to the platform, and hear from them wherein schools of Art fail to be of use to them, and what they want in the matter of Art; to ally itself with the Science and Art Department (which, by the way, was curiously enough unrepresented at the congress), and endeavour to get such reform effected in its procedure as will make it a valuable feeder to industrial Art, rather than, as at present, a training school for a profession whose ranks are glutted.

At a recent meeting of the executive council of the British section of the forthcoming Paris Exhibition Sir F. Leighton said it would be damaging if British Art was not as well and excellently represented as it was in 1878; that the expenses of freight, insurance, etc., would be about £3,000 if any number of works of Art of the highest class were sent for exhibition, and he hoped the council could see their way to increasing their grant for the Art section. Sir J. D. Linton, concurred in this view, and the council voted, including pre-

vious grants and donations, £2,000. Sir F. Leighton said with that sum they could make a beginning, and could forward an appeal not only to the public for donations, but to collectors and artists for the loan of suitable works of Art.

The Stewart Exhibition at the New Gallery promises to be highly interesting, not to say sensational. Of course it will have no political character, as may be seen from the fact that the Queen is the principal exhibitor, and sends several pictures, miniatures, and personal relics from Windsor. Lord Ashburnham, the President, a Roman Catholic, and one of a family always faithful to the Stewarts, possesses the shirt, stained with blood, which Charles I. wore on the day of his execution, and this with other relics he will lend.

Mr. Boehm, R.A., is at work, by command of the Queen, on a statue of the late Emperor Frederick, which is to be placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. His Majesty is represented in cuirassier uniform, over which are worn the robes of the Garter; the hands rest upon his sword. The statue will stand near to that of the late King of the Belgians, by the same sculptor. Mr. Boehm has also in hand the colossal bronze equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, which is the Jubilee offering of the women of England to the Queen, and will be placed in Windsor Park.

Sir Frederick Leighton has upon his easel three charming and congenial subjects. One is a picture of two Greek girls playing ball on a terrace above the sea and is called 'Sphærizusæ.' Another is that of a Sibyl standing shrouded in red beside her tripod, and the third is a priestess in white, offering oblation in front of a column.

Mr. Whistler has returned from his honeymoon with his portmanteaus heavy with copper-plates upon which he has etched the Renaissance beauties of the Loire district. Some examples from Mrs. Whistler's hand show that she is endowed with a fine artistic feeling as well as a thorough knowledge of draughtsmanship.

From the United States we learn that the extension of Schools of Art or Design, on the pattern of those of the Science and Art Department, is being canvassed. One cogent argument is adduced, namely, that much of the money now lavished on pictures, for instance 50,000 dollars for a Meissonier, would be much more advantageously expended upon the endowment of schools. A more reasonable method would be the abolition of the prohibitive tariff which now prohibits the dissemination of the Fine Art of the Old World.

M. Dalou's monumental group, 'Le Triomphe de la République,' will be inaugurated this year on the National Fête day.

We omitted to state that the illustrations, 'Head of Virgin' and 'Venus,' in the article on "Types of Beauty in Renaissance and Modern Painting," in this number, are from photographs by Messrs. Ad. Braun & Co., Dornach and Paris.



Ludwig Dorn 1888
Venezia



Berkeley Castle.

A FEUDAL CASTLE.

“ I AM the Lord of Berkeley, a faire castle on the bankes of the Severne, in Wales.” Such are the words in which Froissart relates the reply of Maurice Berkeley, when sorely wounded at the battle of Poitiers, he became the prisoner of John de Hellene (1356). The brave young knight, then only twenty-six years of age, had been fighting side by side with his gallant father, Thomas III., Lord of Berkeley; nor was this the first time they had been in action together, for it is related that he accompanied his father on other warlike expeditions in which he bore his part during the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III.; and mention is made of his attendance upon the King or the Black Prince, both in Scotland and in France. While the old lord, in his sixty-fifth year, escaped unhurt and returned to die in peace in England, his son remained a captive in France more than four years. Once during his captivity he was allowed to visit his native home on parole, and was eventually ransomed, but the wounds received at Poitiers were never really healed, and, only surviving his release a few years, he died in 1366 at the feudal home of his ancestors.

“A faire castle” indeed is it from which the Lords of Berkeley sallied forth with their attendant knights and esquires at the King’s summons, whenever the flower of the

English army took the field in foreign lands, or nearer home when Scotland and England were the scene of conflict. Standing high above the valley of the Severn, which from the upper windows is seen winding along through rich pasture

lands, where ruddy apple orchards abound, or where herds of cattle graze in the fertile meadows, it is authoritatively stated to have been one of the oldest continuously inhabited castles in the whole kingdom, if not in Europe, and it curiously retains all the characteristics of a mediæval castle with the luxuries of an English mansion. A wealthy convent stood on the site in the early Saxon era, until its confiscation through wicked plots, originated and carried out by Earl Godwin in the reign of Edward the Confessor. That nobleman left his nephew in well-assumed sickness to the care of the abbess and her nuns, and on his recovery he carried a sad tale of immorality to the King’s ears, concealing the real originator of the foul plot, and by thus accomplishing the suppression of the religious house, achieved his own ambitious aim of getting possession of



the lands for himself.

Traces of this monastic foundation still exist in the “Evidence Room” of the keep, once the convent chapel dedicated to Our Lady, and now sacred to the custody of the vast trea-

tures of ancient manuscripts and other documents connected with the estate. Though the convent was suppressed and the lands attached to its foundation made over to Earl Godwin, a few of the nuns were living at Berkeley some years after: no doubt retired to some humble abode, where, bereft of the rich revenues once belonging to their community, they lived their lives really to the profession which their rule and habit demanded. Godwin's sacrilege was so repugnant to the feelings of Gueda (his wife), that she refused to eat of anything which came from the Berkeley manors, and consequently had a separate establishment at Woodchester, some ten miles away. Tradition still connects the name of Godwin with the place. A fine old silver goblet, said to have belonged to him, is amongst the family plate, and of this the tale is told that there was a fate upon its use. It was the Earl's daily custom to drain the cup before starting on his hunting expeditions; but one day he omitted to do so, and a vast area of his lands in Kent, still known as the Goodwin Sands, was swept away by an encroachment of the sea.

Viewed from the broad water-meadows beneath the castle walls, or from the high road leading to the town, the building looks like some massive fortress keeping watch over the surrounding country, yet half hidden by the "tuft of trees" to which Bolingbroke's attention was called (*Richard II.*, II., iii.) on his march to Bristol. A visitor is much surprised, on a closer inspection, to find that modern improvements have been carried out without interfering in any way with the ancient structure; the keep, as it now stands, and the adjoining buildings were erected in 1154, King Henry II.

coming in person to see that the engagement made with one of his adherents, Robert Fitzharding, respecting its completion, was faithfully fulfilled. Fitzharding was of Danish descent: his father crossed with the Conqueror, and, distinguishing himself at the battle of Hastings, was rewarded by rich gifts of land in Gloucestershire. The larger portion of these had long been the inheritance of the Berkeleys, and for many years after the Norman Conquest a ceaseless feud was kept up between them and the usurpers; but at last, after long and fierce warfare, a happy termination to these differences was achieved by the intermarriage of the two families, and their enmity was buried at the marriage-feast. From this union of the Berkeleys and Fitzhardings sprang the noble family who for centuries played a very important part in the history of their country.

One by one fresh additions to the existing buildings were made in successive reigns, and in the fourteenth century it assumed its present proportions. No doubt its outward aspect is scarcely altered from that which it presented to those who visited the castle in the train of those early sovereigns who oft spent some time at Berkeley.

Before recalling any of the events which are

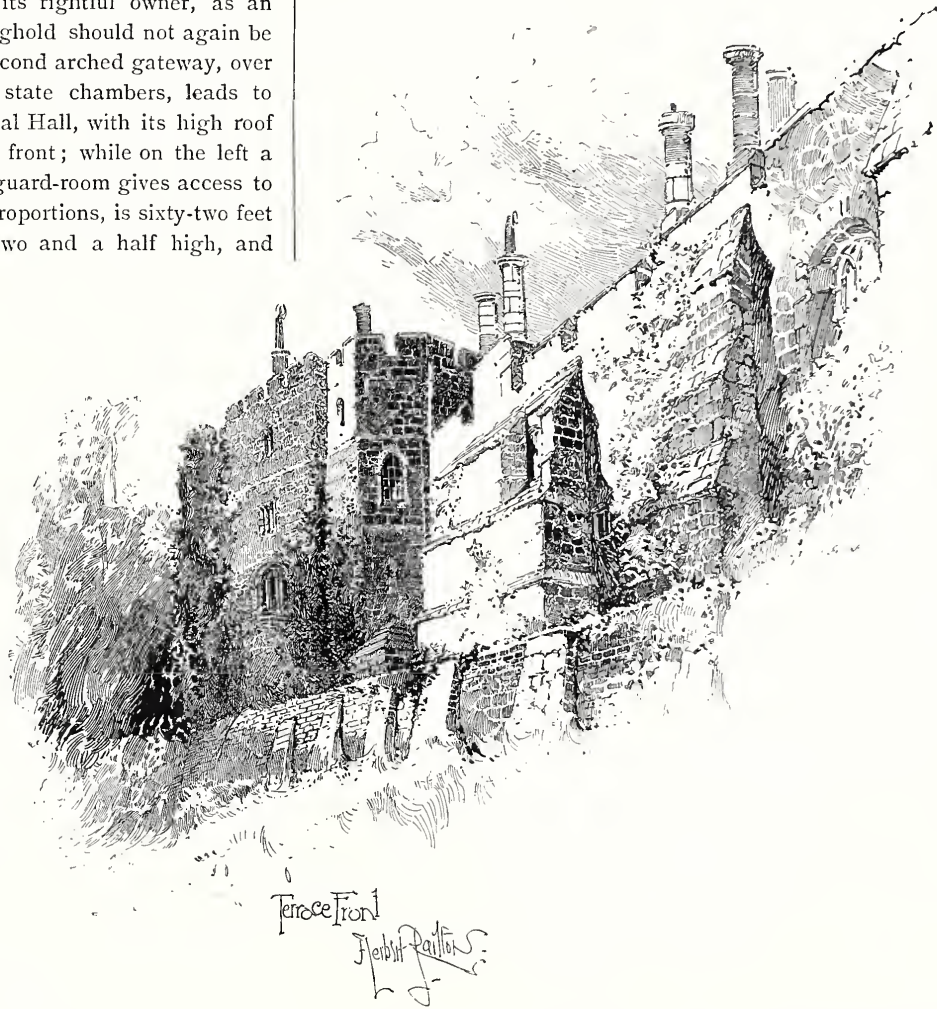
connected with the spot, the castle itself should be explored; the old moat is now filled up, and the trees and shrubs which it is planted testify by their size and growth how many long years have passed since the wooden drawbridge was replaced (1587) by the present substantial bridge of stone. Under a low archway the visitor enters the outer courtyard, when the high battlemented walls of the keep rise before him. A large breach made under Oliver Cromwell tells of the gallant defence



made by Lord Berkeley and his little garrison for the King; it remained unrepaired by agreement with the Lord Protector, when the castle was restored to its rightful owner, as an earnest that this formidable stronghold should not again be put into a state of defence. A second arched gateway, over which are some of the principal state chambers, leads to the inner court; the great Baronial Hall, with its high roof and rich mullioned windows, is in front; while on the left a steep flight of steps under the old guard-room gives access to the keep. The hall, of beautiful proportions, is sixty-two feet long, thirty-two wide, and thirty-two and a half high, and within its walls many very important scenes have taken place. Here lay the body of the murdered Edward II., neglected in death as in life, awaiting Christian burial, till the Abbot of Gloucester and his monks traversed the sixteen miles of rough country which separated their abbey from the castle, and suddenly appeared before its gates; admittance was not refused them, and, with cross uplifted, the abbot bade his brethren carry forth the body of their murdered sovereign, and place it on the bier which was waiting. None dared offer any opposition, and thus, with reverent hands, it was removed to Gloucester, and laid in the cathedral, where a beautiful tomb marks the spot.

What stormy meetings have taken place at Berkeley since the year 1215, when the barons, being in arms against King John, assembled there, and sent their ultimatum to the King, "from the army of God and

Holy Church!" Their stern demands resulted in the Charter



granted at Runnymede; but many of those who had been on the victorious side upon this occasion soon suffered loss



of their own lands. Among them was the Lord of Berkeley; | and, judging by many documents bearing King John's sig-

nature, and dated Berkeley Castle, we know that for many years it was held by the King. Contemporary manuscripts



frequently record royal progresses to this neighbourhood. Milford and Bristol were ports from which many expeditions set sail, and it would naturally follow that such an important castle, lying in the direct line of route, should be the chosen resting-place of the royal travellers.

Richard II. was entertained at Berkeley in 1383, but in 1399 his deposition was fully discussed and decided upon in the church and in the castle at Berkeley, where Henry of Lancaster, the Duke of York, and others met in solemn conclave.

William, Marquess of Berkeley, bequeathed the castle and its lands to Henry VII. and his heirs male, and it was held as a royal residence for the space of sixty-one years, only reverting to the Berkeleys at the death of Edward VI. In the domestic accounts of court expenditure at this time, found in the State Paper Office, entries occur of the expenses of "the Queene's laundresse" on the annual journeys from "Windsore to Berkeleye." In order to repair the roof of the great hall during the period of its royal occupation, the lead was stripped off the old Manor House at Wotton-under-Edge, a family mansion not far distant, which was thus left to ruin and decay.

The chapel in the castle, which adjoins the saloon, is of a very ancient date (though not in comparison with the disused one in the keep); on its walls may be traced portions of the Book of Revelation, translated by John Trevisa, chaplain to the family, and Vicar of Berkeley in 1350, a date which decides when the chapel was built and in use. The importance

of the Berkeleys in matters connected with the interests of the Church may be gathered from the existence of a Papal Bull, under seal of eleven cardinals, to endow the worshippers in this chapel, dedicated also to Our Lady, with very special privileges. The drawing-rooms are spacious, and full of interesting memorials, including relics of Queen Elizabeth, bequeathed by her to a niece, Lady Hunsdon, whose daughter married into the Berkeley family. Indeed, in every corner of the castle an antiquarian finds subjects for study, while the lover of romance can people each spot with fancies of chivalry and knight-errantry, for many rooms are hung with fine old tapestry, and there is no lack of secret doors.

The keep may be reached from the courtyard by the flight of steps alluded to, or by passing through the state bed-chamber to the place of imprisonment and final murder of Edward II. Historians have disputed the exact spot. It was most probably in the dungeon-room that the unhappy monarch was confined, a dismal apartment with only an arrow-slit in the wall, while many feet below the floor is the actual dungeon, the foul odours from which were one of the King's sad causes of complaint.

What a strange reverse of fortune for the King to find himself a prisoner in the castle which a few years before he had seized from its owner, then in rebellion, and who had died in Wallingford Castle after some years' confinement! His son Thomas, a prisoner elsewhere, had made his escape, recovered possession of his lands and his houses, and very shortly after received orders to undertake the custody of the deposed monarch. As the early spring day was drawing to its close, the unhappy King found himself at the castle, and was conveyed to the keep to drag out a few weary months of existence, until the 21st of September, 1327, when his murder



was accomplished. History relates that Lord Berkeley was too considerate to his royal captive. Various attempts were

made to effect the King's death without direct violence, and Lord Berkeley, in consequence of his refusal to sanction the horrible crime, was either removed, or willingly retired, from the office of gaoler, when others were found willing to execute the foul deed. There was little to record of those days; the soldiers in the guard-room were close by the dungeon-room where King Edward lay, till the night when Maltravers and Gurney carried out the assassination of their sovereign. The charge of being at least accessory to the murder was laid against Lord Berkeley, who stood his trial, but was at last declared innocent, having proved both his illness and his absence at the time.

Old manuscripts tell of the princely revenue and magnificence of the Berkeleys in succeeding generations; in their journeys some hundred and more retainers accompanied the lord and his lady, dressed in tawny cloth in summer, with

the rampant lion as the badge on their shoulder, while in winter white frieze, lined with crimson, was the livery they wore. The order for proper serving of the table, and all the duties of the ushers and yeomen of the hall, were laid down with minute exactness, and there are also house accounts of expenses for many royal visits besides those already named. King John, Henry III., Margaret of Anjou, Henry VII., Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I., have all left records of their passing some time at Berkeley, and in 1595 the marriage of Thomas Berkeley into Lord Hunsdon's family brought the family into close connection with the royal house of Tudor. For the rich apparel of himself and his wife at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and the extravagance of their mode of living, this earl (first) had to sell some of his estates. Entertaining the Queen was also a very costly honour, so much so that when her Majesty (remembering the



excellent sport which the chase at Berkeley had afforded) proposed a second visit, the noble lord informed her that the park palings had been removed and the deer were at large. In view of court favour, Lord Berkeley and the Lady Katherine, his wife, made annual offerings to the Queen and principal officers of the Crown of great value; but the Queen knew well, and said boldly, that she was aware no love could exist between them after the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Katherine's brother, had perished on the scaffold. Her Majesty was also much incensed because a valuable lute which she coveted had been bought and given to Lady Katherine by her husband.

During the Parliamentary Civil War Gloucestershire was the scene of many a conflict, and in 1642 Berkeley was besieged by Captain Forbes. Sir Charles Lucas was in command of the brave garrison who, when summoned to surrender, replied

that they would eat horse-flesh first, and men after that. A battery was stationed in the adjacent meadow, and all preparations were made for a very determined assault. The church was one of the outposts of the defenders, and was held by musketeers until finally carried by storm; fifty men were killed and ninety taken prisoners. The besiegers then proceeded to plant their ordnance on the roof of the church, and at that threat Sir Charles Lucas offered to treat for a surrender. His terms were accepted; the governor marched out with his arms and three horses, and not more than £50 in money; and when the garrison, five hundred strong, were gone, eleven pieces of cannon and six months' provisions fell into the hands of the Parliamentary forces. At the termination of the Civil War, Lord Berkeley got possession of his own once more, and the family lived in undisturbed enjoyment of their home.

FENELLA ARMITAGE.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN INDUSTRIAL ART IN GERMANY.

THE MUNICH EXHIBITION.

IN two former numbers of *The Art Journal* (January, 1887, and March, 1888), I have given an account of the educational system as applied to Art Industry in Germany, and of the results of this system upon the trades and handicrafts of the country. At the time when the latter of these articles was written, I thought the subject had been sufficiently elucidated, but the circumstance that during last year an important exhibition of German Industrial Art was held at Munich, has afforded me the opportunity of seeing a number of high-class productions, which would not otherwise have come under public notice; it also gave me the pleasure of meeting several of the men who are directing Industrial Art, and of ascertaining influences which are largely responsible for both good and bad Art in Germany. I have therefore suggested to the Editor that there is scope for another article in order to conclude the series in a satisfactory manner.

In the Exhibition at Munich it was impossible for a skilled observer to avoid noticing the important effect which is produced by various diverse influences upon works of Industrial Art. Among these I may name as the most important—Royal Patronage; State and Municipal support to education; Æsthetic Societies (*Kunst Gewerbe Vereine*); and the open acknowledgment of individual talent, whether in the designer or the workman.

Many of the most costly and elaborate works in the Exhibition were either purchases made by royalty, or presents from towns and districts to royalty on marriage or other important celebrations. This feature must at once be recognised as a most important one in the development and production of the highest class of works, and it has the result of placing the pursuit of Industrial Art as a profession on a level with Pictorial Art.

With regard to state and municipal assistance, my former articles have to some extent dealt with the question, and available records, such as the Report of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, fully bear out all that I and others have said on this aspect of the question.



Fig. 1.—Crowning Figure of Service of Plate.
Designed by Prof. H. Götz.

I have not before alluded to, but the influence which they exert is great, and generally in a good direction. They are very numerous, and appear now to exist in every centre of importance where Art Industry is carried on. They are composed of artists, workers, and traders, and whilst their functions and operations vary in different places, they exercise a vast influence upon the furtherance of artistic industry, by the propagation of a spirit of zeal and emulation among the various towns and provinces, as well as by furthering the national and imperial interests of German trade as against the world. From the spirit of the speeches and writings of their members, it is clear that they conceive themselves to hold a "mission" for the furtherance of national Art and Industry; and in their separate or combined capacity they are able to exert a powerful influence upon governmental and corporate bodies, as well as upon the artists, designers, and workmen of the empire.

The number of these Industrial Art Societies (including those for architecture), as recorded in the "*Kunst Handbuch*" for Germany, is over sixty, with nearly 40,000 members; but besides these there are many hundreds of Local Societies in connection with Central Unions, forming in some provinces of the empire a complete network over the country. The fees for membership vary from 3 marks yearly in some places, to over 20 marks in others. It is clear, therefore, that they are within reach of handicraftsmen and artisans.

The work of these societies extends to the establishment of periodical or permanent exhibitions and sample museums; the promotion of pageants and artistic performances, besides the general encouragement of Industrial Art, the guidance of educational movements, the elevation of national and individual taste, and the diffusion of literature bearing upon the subject.

With regard to the acknowledgment of individual talent, I may state that the catalogue of the Munich Exhibition contains against many of the best works, not only the name of

the exhibitors, but also those of the designers, and even of the modellers and chasers engaged in their production. This arrangement is not only good and fair in itself, but it enables the visitor to trace to the fountain-head the individual influences which are at work in the production of all the finest articles, and also to discover the close connection which exists between the educational system and the artistic handwork of the country.

Thus in the exhibits from the Grand Duchy of Baden (at Munich), it is impossible to pass over the fact that the professors in the "Kunst Gewerbe" school in Carlsruhe and Pforzheim are regarded not only as arbiters of taste, but also that they act largely as designers and modellers for the trades in the towns and cities of Baden, and also in some of the smaller industries of the Black Forest. The same may be noticed in many other provinces and towns throughout the empire. I need only mention in this respect such men as Director Götz of Carlsruhe, Professors Widemann of Frankfurt, Miller of Munich, and Ofterdinger of Hanau, all of whom are teachers in the "Kunst Gewerbe" schools of their respective towns, to prove the assertion that the men who are directing the educational destinies of Industrial Art in Germany, are the same men who are chiefly instrumental in producing the finest and most costly works in which Art and Industry are combined.

The space at my command does not permit me to speak fully of the contents of the Munich Exhibition, and I must confine my notice of it to the description of what will, I expect, be of greatest interest to most of those who scan this article—the illustrations; these are selected from exhibits at Munich, and I am much indebted to the owners and designers of the several works for the means of reproducing them in an English publication.



Fig. 2.—Prize Cup (Silver). Designed by Prof. H. Götz.

first to say a few words on the present position and tendencies of German Art as affecting the industrial productions of the country.

In the Neue Pinacothek at Munich there is a picture by Kaulbach, representing the battle of the styles, in which the "Zopf" or "Rococo" style is being seriously worsted by an onslaught of artists and philosophers under the protection of Minerva. This contest was at the time an earnest and successful one; but I regret to say the evil spirit called Rococo, if scotched, was not killed, and that it is again raising its head, and receiving the worship and encouragement of a numerous band of artists.

At first I was under the impression that this deplorable resurrection of bad taste was to be traced mainly to the gorgeous follies of the late King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, who seemed determined to outdo Louis XIV. in the extravagance of his taste as regards his palaces and surroundings; but a closer investigation leads to the inevitable conclusion, that among the artists of Bavaria there is a strong and determined effort being made to restore the Rococo style to its pedestal in the temples of Industrial Art, and that the bad results of this effort are not confined to Bavaria alone, but are spreading throughout the other states of Germany. For several years past much good has been done by the dissemination of first-rate ancient motives by means of casts and photographs, and the taste of the schools has run upon Renaissance and Cinque Cento styles with advantage; but just now the tendency appears to be to overstep the limits of chasteness and severity, and to fall into the worst errors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Whether this tendency will spread in wider circles or receive an early check it is at present impossible to say; but should the former re-

It is, however, necessary | sult occur, it will be a deplorable matter for the future of

German Industrial Art, especially if it should pervade those local schools in which good old styles have held their own

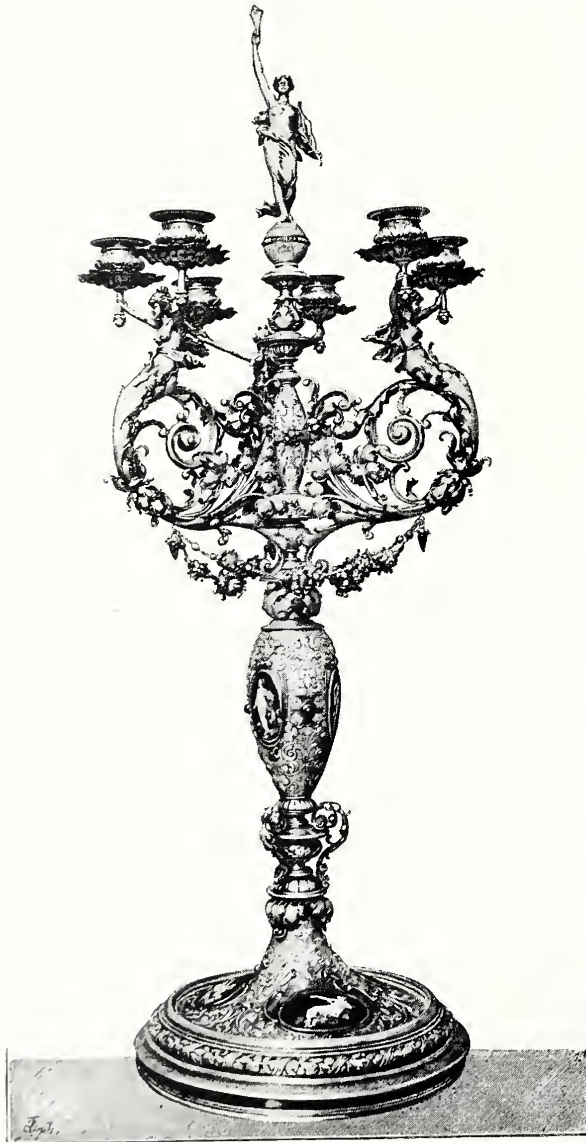


Fig. 3.—Candelabrum in Silver and Enamel. Designed and executed by L. Posen.

through periods of adverse influences, or where good "motives" have been recently reverted to after many years of decadence and misdirection of taste.

The illustrations to this article have (as I have said) been selected from works exhibited at Munich.

Fig. 1 is the central or crowning figure of a magnificent service of silver plate, which was presented by the towns and cities of Baden to the Grand Ducal Heir on his marriage.

The design of this large and important group of objects, which includes an elaborate centre-piece and two side epergnes, was made by Professor H. Götz, Director of the Kunst Gewerbe School in Carlsruhe; the figures, which are numerous, were modelled by Professor H. Volz; the floral decoration and chasing by Professor Rudolph Mayer, both also of the Kunst Gewerbe School in Carlsruhe. The exhibitor is Mr. Ludwig Paar, court jeweller and silversmith in that city. The base, which is of ebony inlaid with silver, supports four allegorical male figures, representing the Sea, the Earth, Toil, and Pleasure. These are surrounded by

appropriate emblems, dolphins, dogs, fruits, and implements. From above these rises a shaft formed of three human figures intertwined in muscular action, supporting an oval epergne or dish, above which the top of the central shaft is crowned by a draped female figure bearing a torch. The bold design of the whole work is well supported throughout, and the modelling and chasing of the figures (showing carefulness and great skill in handwork) are exemplified in the illustration.

Illustration Fig. 2 is a prize cup presented by the Grand Duke of Baden to the winner of the Pforzheim races. It also is designed by Professor Hermann Götz, and executed by Mr. Ludwig Paar, of Carlsruhe.

Illustration Fig. 4 is a screen of open work in wrought iron, with a centre of rich silk embroidery in Japanese style. The design is by Professor Götz, and the wrought-iron work is by Mr. H. Hammer, locksmith, etc., of Carlsruhe.

Fig. 5, on next page, represents 'Atlas supporting the Globe,' and is designed for a centre-piece for the table. It is exhi-



Fig. 4.—Wrought-iron Screen. Designed by Prof. H. Götz. Executed by Mr. H. Hammer.

bited by Messrs. Schürmann & Co., of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. This work has excited a certain *furore* in Germany and has

been shown during the last four years at various exhibitions. It is one mètre high, in silver, on a base of ebony. The design and execution of this important work are by Prof. Widemann, now of the Kunst Gewerbe School at Frankfort. He was formerly an apprentice at Gmünd, in Württemberg, and was first instructed in Industrial Art at the Fortbildung School there. The ebony base is tripartite, and on the corners are three female figures in sitting attitudes — they represent the Zones: a negress holding bow and arrow (Torrid); a woman of Lapland with a penguin, reindeer, etc. (Frigid); and Pallas Athenæ, allegorical of Art and Science (Temperate). Above these figures, on the central support, is the muscular figure of Atlas bearing the terrestrial globe. The whole is crowned with a small winged figure representing "Amor," as lord of the world, measuring the passions of mankind with a pair of compasses. The beautiful design of this work is (if one may venture to criticise) somewhat marred by the profusion of detail, and the lack of harmonious play of line in the three female figures. There can be no doubt of Widemann's genius as a designer. He exhibited other works of extraordinary merit at Munich, and his

future career will be watched with great interest by all promoters of Industrial Art in Germany.

Illustration No. 3 is one of a pair of candelabra exhibited by the firm of L. Posen, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine. This work is in silver, with cartouches of Limoges enamel inserted, and pendants and knobs of lapis-lazuli and Indian granite. Numerous objects of an elaborate design and workmanship are exhibited by this firm. The whole of the design and execution of every part of their work is carried out in their own workshops.

In addition to the many fine examples in silver plate, profusely decorated and enriched with Limoges enamel and precious stones, they also exhibit cabinets in ebony inlaid with various metals and with panel pictures on enamel, which evince the employment of high artistic talent in execution; but space does not admit of other illustrations of their work.

Illustration No. 6 is decorated and coloured linen by Mr. August Trantwetter, of Ludwigsdorf. The beauty and variety of his exhibits cannot be too highly commended. The introduction of fast colours into table-cloths, towels, handkerchiefs, and other articles; and the varied application of linen



Fig. 5.—Atlas supporting the Globe (Silver). Designed and executed by Professor Widemann.

stuffs to other purposes, such as altar-cloths and curtains, is a noteworthy feature in modern textile Art in Germany.

The sale for these articles must be enormous on the Continent and in America, and it appears extraordinary that our English

manufacturers of linen have been so backward in taking up and carrying out the idea. Mr. Trantwetter informs me



Fig. 6.—Altar-Cloth (Coloured Linen). Designed and woven by Mr. August Trantwetter.

that all the designs (which are almost endless in variety) are arranged by himself, with the help of such ideas as he can gather from old embroidery. He states that he has had no theoretical instruction, but that he learned Art-weaving from his father in his earliest youth. He has kept up with the spirit of the times by visiting Art museums, and by gaining information wherever it was to be found, and "has done all possible to keep on the right track."

This is a clear case of a self-taught man who has risen to eminence in his trade by his own abilities, and who is, no doubt, now exercising a great influence, not only for his own profit, but for the spread of novel ideas with regard to linen-weaving in Germany.

All the colours used are "fast," and will wash well with ordinary care. I regret that the illustration gives so feeble an idea of the original altar-cloth, which is mainly dependent upon colour for its effect.

Illustration No. 7 is a specimen of wrought-iron work from Nuremberg, by Mr. Gustav Frey, locksmith, etc. It is a trade sign after the old German custom, and a worthy reproduction of antiquity in modern work.

In concluding this series of articles, I wish to say that I am sure we in England have a great deal to learn from the methods by which Art-industry is promoted and encouraged in Germany. We may differ from them in our æsthetic notions and may condemn some of their work as being contrary to our ideas of taste; but as regards instruction and the general promotion of Art-industry by the active co-operation of all available influences we are far behind the Germans. It is true we have a certain amount of State aid towards Industrial Art, but it is very doubtful whether more than a fraction of it goes directly and beneficially to the object for which it is intended, in consequence of the defects of the

system under which it is administered. As a rule, our municipalities and local bodies have neither the will nor the power to render the aid required. Trade jealousies interfere with voluntary combinations of those who are most interested in success. And the Trades-Unions of our work-people have never, so far as I am aware, put forth any decided efforts for the elevation and improvement of our handicraftsmen in artistic work. I do not wish to speak or to judge severely, but I am confident that unless more vigorous efforts are made to secure a fair share of the Industrial Art-industry of the world, we shall make no progress; on the contrary, we are in great danger of losing a good deal of what we now possess, in consequence of our supineness and want of proper organization and instruction.

We have the advantage of possessing the nucleus of a good school of taste, which has recently budded into more active work, and is producing some good results in its closer alliance with industry. Its sphere of action is at present too limited to exercise a very marked effect upon the general trades of the country. In several departments our best work compares well with the best German work, but we have not enough of it. As I have shown in this article, the union of execution with instruction in Germany is one powerful method of improving the Art-industry of the country; and in my writings for



Fig. 7.—"Schlosserfirmenschild" in Wrought Iron. By Mr. Gustav Frey, Nuremberg.

many years I have urged the necessity of having teachers in our Schools of Art who are intimately acquainted with the requirements and processes of trade, as well as with theories of Art.

A. HARRIS.

LUDWIG PASSINI.

AT the head of those painters who of late years have made Venetian popular life interesting, we must certainly place Ludwig Passini. This position he deserves as an im-



Ludwig Passini.

pulse-giver, as the discoverer of the artistic side of modern Venetian life. Moreover, as a water-colour artist he comes into the very front rank. In his own particular genre of painting he is without a rival on the Continent. We think that there are comparatively few Art-lovers in England who are aware of his importance. They confound Passini the aquarellist with Pasini the French painter of Oriental subjects. If Venice is an Art-centre flourishing and popular, they believe that this is due to the talent of Van Haanen, Fildes, Logsdail, and Henry Woods. But they forget (if indeed they ever knew) that Passini had been working in Venice before any of these now noted painters, and that the line they took, the line of humorous and sentimental portraiture of the Venetian people, was a line that he had previously adopted as leading to success. We still see the newspapers allude to the "modern Venetian school," and we are still asked to believe that M. Van Haanen founded it, while Blaas, Woods, Tito, and their train all represent it. Such statements do no harm. At least they make these distinguished artists—ever on the watch for humour—smile. None of these gentlemen ever intended to found or to join a "school." Each has his own manner of seeing and his own manner of painting, quite irrespective of the other. Some even have found out that Venice, as a subject-furnisher, is getting used up; and they have abruptly turned from the Canal Grande to Cheapside. In Passini's day it was different. His work and his conceptions had all the merit of freshness and originality about

them. We can hardly praise pictures of modern Venice for these virtues now. It is the old truism of familiarity breeding contempt, of repetition begetting satiety. Passini has, however, the distinction of coming first. Life in the *calle*, on the canals, and in the churches, gave him his subjects and he marked out the road for all who followed him. No other city perhaps in modern times has found such a faithful exponent of the various phases of its daily life as Venice has found in Passini. And if it were possible to unite all his Venetian scenes in one exhibition, the careful student would assuredly find them the best, completest set of Venetian idyls; pictures that should help him to know the Sea Queen almost as thoroughly as if he had lived for years with her on the lagoons.

Passini was born in Vienna on the 9th of July, 1832. His case was that of so many other artists, who by their parents are



Over the Wall.

started on the wrong track, and who by their own wilfulness, persistency, or (shall we say) their own instinct of self-pre-

ervation, break aside and turn abruptly into the right one. His father, who had great knowledge of Art, and retained to the last a keen interest in it, was yet loth to let his son take it up as a profession. It was not lucrative enough. He wanted to make him an architect; and with this end in view, the young Ludwig was placed in the hands of an excellent master, who should train him up to be one of Austria's most noted and opulent architects. But the boy cared for none of these things. His sympathies and his talent lay in another direction. At last his aversion to the work he was called upon to do became so strong that his father, not without a struggle, gave in. The boy was allowed to study at the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts, where, under the able guidance of Führich, he made rapid progress. Führich taught

the young student much that was valuable to him, his main doctrine being that Art's highest aim is to portray whatever is spiritually, not merely physically, beautiful. He urged his pupils not to regard technique as an end and aim in itself; he besought them to look at the soul of things, to make for the spiritual in painting, and to let that triumph over the physical. Beauty of soul was that for which the artist had first to strive; to copy nature was not enough. Excellent lessons these, that bore excellent fruit.

When, through stress of circumstances, his family removed to Trieste young Passini, at the age of nineteen, found himself thrown entirely upon his own resources. The world lay all before him where to choose, and he chose Venice. The siren city called to him across her broad blue belt of Adriatic Sea;



The Tasso Reader.

and to her summons he responded. Though his father opposed it, this was a wise step. A plunge in the dark, if you will, but a plunge that brought him out into the fair light of fame and fortune. Not Vienna it was, but Venice, that gave us Passini.

For some while of course he had a sharp struggle with adversity. Luck, however, threw him into contact with Anton Werner, the famous German artist, who at once helped and encouraged him. Recognising the young fellow's zeal and ability, he took him into his studio, and commissioned him to paint figures into the Venetian street scenes which he was hurriedly making up to tempt the tourist. Though this was, much of it, sorry sort of work, this share in the manufacture of pot-boilers, Passini got his profit and learnt his lessons from it all. It proved his first introduction to the careless,

playful Venetian folk whom later he was so faithfully to study and to depict. Werner took Passini with him to Dalmatia, and thence to Rome, where their term of partnership ended. Passini had then to rely solely upon his own worth. Talent, pluck, and dauntless energy helped him speedily to come to the fore. From small portraits and trivial scenes for the picture-dealer's vacant space of window, he went on to achieve more ambitious work. And he succeeded. His first pictures of Roman clerical and bourgeois life have the note that distinguishes all his work, the kindly humorous note, the warm, deep sense for humanity. It is because in all his pictures he shows this sense that they move and delight us. "Homo sum, nihil humani alienum me puto." To that Terentian motto Passini has kept very true.

With his Roman period, however, we have no care to deal.

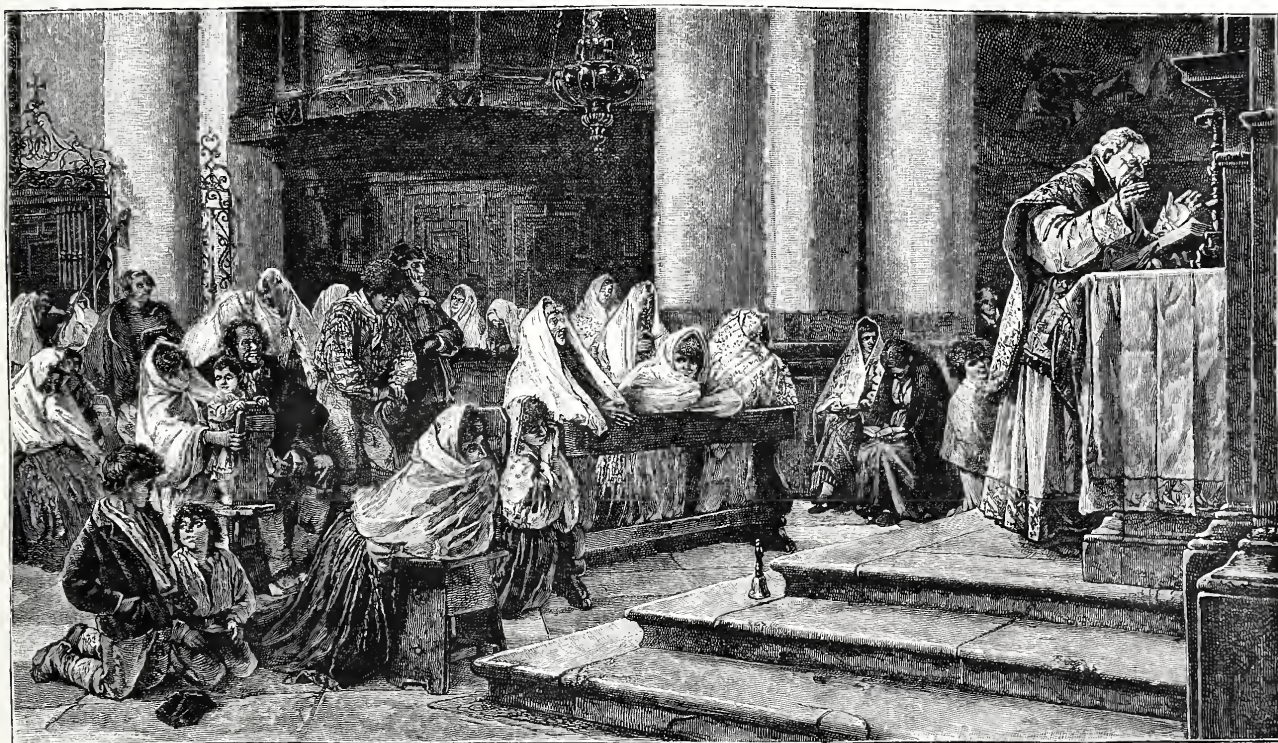
We may merely note that Rome gave him fortune and a loving wife. In 1873 he returned to Venice, settled there, took a studio and became identified with the city on the lagoons. Just two years before this he produced the 'Tasso Reader,' which commonly ranks as his master-piece. It was a scene that he had witnessed daily during his brief stay with fisher-folk on their island at Chioggia. The picture composed itself under his eyes, needing no artificial arrangement to give it effect. Near the low arches of a crumbling palace that served them as market for their fish, these rough Chioggioti were wont to meet and listen attentively to the reading of stirring passages from Tasso or from Ariosto. No more picturesque and faithful insight into Venetian folk-life could have been given than this which Passini offers us in so masterly a way. It is a picture that will live as long as Venice herself, it is a poem on which is set the seal of immortality.

How various and vivid Passini can make a mere common-

place scene, he has shown us by his picture 'At Mass.' What individuality and interest are given to the heads of each of the kneeling women; and what true types of Venetian urchindom are the two curly-headed inattentive *tosì* who bend their knee yet cannot bridle their tongue!

Such a haekneyed subject as a flirtation scene between a fisherman and his dark-eyed *morosa* becomes by Passini's art delightful. And more interesting yet as a bright bit of *rio* life we have his 'Zucca Seller,' where garrulous women chaffer with an old gourd-seller about the price of his cargo. Such a group of bargainers may be seen on any *fondamenta* to-day in Venice. There women are the best hands at driving a hard bargain, and husbands always leave it to them to beat down the fisherman or subdue the exorbitant greengrocer. In this case evidently the victory is to the ladies.

Passini as a painter of children stands supreme. The original sketch, "Amalietta," or "my little model," which he



At Mass.

has kindly made expressly for the pages of *The Art Journal*, reproduced by the Royal Female School of Art, of which an account is given on another page, may be taken as a fair sample of his power to treat the sweet Venetian child-faces, with their intelligent bright eyes and delicate complexion. The model for this head was startled, it seems, at the eagerness with which the artist gazed at her while working. His keen scrutiny at last drew from her the question, "Why do you look at me like that? Do you think I am going to run away?"

How charming, too, is the little girl peeping on tiptoe over a wall! She is delightful as a study of childish curiosity, and her attitude is so natural, so graceful, that we are almost as interested as she to know what there is "over the wall."

Another quality which marks Passini's work is his desire to finish, his care to carry out his plan, if once begun, conscientiously to the end. This may displease such persons as like sketchiness, but sketchiness, we imagine, is what Passini

abhors, though there is nothing finikin or laboured in his style. He always tries to work upon broad lines, and to keep true to a technique both large and free. With him the idea is the main thing, and he aims at making the idea dramatic, human in all his subjects, never consenting to sacrifice this to mere technique.

Delicacy distinguishes all Passini's work. You will never find, as you may find in his followers, vulgarity of subject and vulgarity of treatment. Yet his scenes have nothing namby-pamby about them; they are life-like, good-humoured, sane. Healthiness counts as a great and rare virtue in Art just now, as in literature; Passini's point of regard is eminently healthy, and we thank him much for that.

A German critic has very justly ranked Passini with those he calls "the naïve artists." If "naïve" be to seem to produce one's best and finest work as if it were done unconsciously, then Passini undoubtedly is naïve. So, too,

are all great artists. And if the word also only mean that freshness and naturalness are his main instruments for effect, than we may call Passini naïve, though, as we remarked before, with him the thought, the idea, comes always first. Reflection does not, of course, give him his pictures. These, his keen and ceaseless observation of nature procures. Something kindly, fascinating, and truthful there is about all his work, something indefinable which makes the whole of humanity seem dearer and more loveable to us and restores our belief in its nobility. It is in fact that same healthiness of conception which we admire in Shakspeare.

If Passini worked in oil instead of in water-colour perhaps his name would be more familiar to Englishmen than it is to-day. He has not exhibited much in London galleries, Berlin and Paris taking all that he is able to furnish. The Parisians indeed were the first to recognise his powers when they conferred the *Grande Médaille d'Or* upon him after the appearance of his first important picture in the Salon. Berlin followed suit later, while Vienna, his birth-place, is ever proud to rank him with her chosen few.

In Venice any studio could hardly fail to have its touch of picturesqueness. Passini's atelier is no exception, although it cannot

be said to possess any particular advantages of light or of space. He works in one of the long lofty rooms at

the top of the Palazzo Vendramin, near the Carmine church—

facing it, in fact. Only the clang of the bells can disturb him at his art, to which he devotes all the best and sunniest hours of a Venetian day. If unbidden visitors pertinaciously mount the dark stairs that lead to this sanctum, they are met by a bright-eyed old lady, who, looking through the wicket, declares that the signore is invisible. "Ghe xe el modelo; non si può veder el signore, adesso!" A sound argument, she thinks this is, to keep off outsiders. But, for ourselves, we never found it convincing enough; and often would we pass on into the studio in spite of her appeals, saying that we were the very model for which the signore was so impatiently waiting. And for this audacity a cigarette and delightful talk with the most genial of men were our regular reward.

Among his many friends and admirers, Passini has been able to count a famous musician and a famous monarch. He was on terms of close intimacy with Liszt, who delighted in his society, and would always play to him, unasked,—a fact which speaks volumes for the friendship of the musician and the painter. By the late Emperor Frederick Ludwig Passini was held in high regard; and it was at the Villa Zirio that the

painter bade a last farewell to the brave Kaiser not long before his end,



A Fisherman's Wooing.



A Zucca Seller.



Windsor from the Meadows.

THE ROYAL PALACES.

THE PALACE OF WINDSOR.

LT would be very curious if we could with safety assign the three oldest regal residences in England to three successive kings. Edward the Confessor was succeeded by Harold. After Hastings Harold was succeeded by William, his conqueror. Now, the three oldest palaces in England are Westminster, undoubtedly built by Edward, Windsor, and the Tower. The last-named we assign, of course, to William; but it would, as I have ventured to remark, be very interesting if we could assign Windsor to Harold. There is no improbability in it—quite the contrary—but there is no direct evidence either way. Certainly the mound on which the Round Tower stands belongs to the Saxon period. Every great landowner had a similar mound as a protection, and built on it his wooden castle. Clewer, the parish in which this mound stood, belonged to Harold, and there can be little doubt that whatever there may have been of a residence on it belonged to him likewise, and may—here conjecture comes in—have been his headquarters as earl of this province, partly because of its contiguity to the forest and the river, and partly because of its neighbourhood to the moated manor-house which was the country residence of his royal brother-in-law, King Edward at Windsor, which is now distinguished as Old Windsor.

There are no Norman remains now visible above ground at

Windsor Castle, yet it certainly was inhabited by the Norman kings, and was so highly valued by William the Conqueror that when he granted the manor of Clewer to one of his followers, named Ralf, he expressly reserved to himself the half-hide of land on which the castle stood. At the same time by one of those forced exchanges, at which Henry VIII. was afterwards so great an adept, William took Old Windsor from Westminster Abbey, giving the monks two manors in Essex instead, speaking in his charter of the pleasantness of the situation.

Although a visitor will think the Upper Ward comparatively modern, the Norman Castle was undoubtedly situated at that side of the Round Tower. It is probable that a fosse of some kind crossed what is now the Lower Ward, at a certain distance west of the mound; but Windsor was always more a domestic than a military building, more a palace than a fortress, and was often taken and retaken in civil wars.

Windsor Castle owed as much as did Westminster Palace to the building craze of Henry III. To him is due the creation of the Lower Ward, and some kind of chapel, probably a very fine one, existed on part of the present site of St. George's. This old chapel was dedicated to St. Edward; and there is much probability in the guess that what is now called the Albert Memorial Chapel, which was formerly known as Wolsey's Tomb House, should be identified with it; for the

south wall of the cloister, which forms the north wall of the Memorial Chapel, is clearly the work of Henry III. The upper part of the walls and the roof are completely modern, and I think it probably extended farther westward before St. George's was built. The domestic buildings of the same period were on the north side of the chapel and cloisters, and extended along the cliff above the town, where we still see very ancient remains; and three towers were, we know, built along the western side of the Lower Ward. The King's residence was on the spot now occupied by the Canons' Houses, which contain many fragments of thirteenth-century architecture. Here Henry had his hall, his kitchen, and other "residential chambers," and there were also apartments for the Queen. Later in the reign Queen Eleanor removed to the Upper Ward, where new rooms, probably on the north side, may be identified with the modern state apartments. Here in the reign of Edward III. was the royal nursery.

Edward gave the king's hall and the adjacent buildings to the canons of his new chapel of St. George, and they hold them still, though the chapel of that day has been replaced by the present gorgeous structure, designed by the celebrated Sir Reginald Bray for Edward IV. The old chapel, or the eastern

part of it at least, fell into decay, though Henry VII. thought of using it for his own tomb before he decided on Westminster. Henry VIII. allowed Wolsey to arrange for his own burial in it, and he began about 1524 to make himself a handsome tomb in the Italian style, then so rapidly coming into fashion. His sarcophagus of black marble lay unused in the chapel for centuries, the bronze statue and various decorations being stripped off in the time of the Commonwealth, and sold. In 1805 the sarcophagus was taken for the burial of Lord Nelson, whose body lies underneath, not within it.

The royal vault underneath Wolsey's Tomb House was planned by George III., and is entered by a passage from the great Chapel of St. George. Here lie in solemn state the king himself, his two next successors, and many of his descendants, the last body buried here being that of the lamented Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. The building has been entirely renovated, or completed, and is of the most gorgeous character it is possible to imagine. Two monuments, one of the Prince Consort, who is represented as an

ideal knight, and one of the Duke of Albany, occupy places on the inlaid marble floor.

The Chapel of St. George presents many features of interest and is well known to the public. The choir is made resplendent with the banners and plates of the Knights of the Garter, the oldest order of chivalry now extant; but the visitor is not to imagine that the plates in the stalls which profess to show the arms of the first knights are nearly as old as they appear to be. They were at the earliest placed in these new stalls by Edward IV. This king, who left elaborate directions as to his monument, was buried in the chapel, as was the king whom he had displaced, Henry VI. Henry VIII., and Jane Seymour, his third wife, were also buried here, and beside them Charles I. None of these kings have monuments, and indeed, there are no monuments of English kings, either here or in Westminster Abbey, erected since the reign of James I. The extraordinary "cenotaph" of the Princess Charlotte is at

the western end; near it is a statue of her husband, Leopold I. of Belgium, and close by monuments to the late King of Hanover, and to the Duchess of Gloucester, the last survivor of the children of George III. One of the most pleasing features of the chapel is a sort of oriel window, in a Renaissance style, which lights a kind



The Canons' Houses.

of closet built on the top of the north aisle and approached from without by a private stair and a doorway in the cloisters.

Immediately facing St. George's Chapel is a row of small houses, the residences of the Military Knights, an order as old as the Garter itself, having been instituted by the first Knights of St. George.

The most pleasing feature of the Lower Ward, after the chapel, is the horse-shoe cloister, very prettily "restored" some years ago. The picturesque half-timbered houses which surround it are the residences of officials connected with the chapel, including the organist, whose house at the north-western corner looks out over the steepest part of the cliff towards Eton College.

The present Round Tower, which forms a connecting link between the Upper Ward and the Lower, is mainly due to the genius of Wyattville, the architect who, under George IV., transformed Windsor Castle. The first tower on this mound, which must, as I have said, be at least as old as the time of Harold, was probably more like a timber stockade than a

regular building. Whether anything of this remained when Edward III., imitating a fabulous King Arthur, instituted his order and wanted a round table, where his knights could dine together, is very uncertain. Edward ran up an oval building on the mound, and this structure, which was but slight, was used by Wyattville, who strengthened it, as the foundation of the present magnificent and characteristic building. I say "characteristic," because it is the Round Tower, the keep of Windsor Castle, which is its chief and central feature, conspicuous far and wide with the Royal Standard floating from its summit.

The Round Tower is the official residence of the Constable, who is at present represented by a well-known and clever sculptor.

Passing the Round Tower we enter the Upper Ward by the so-called "Norman" gate, a building which, as we see it from without, is wholly of Wyattville's work; but it contains some very ancient features within. On our left is Queen Elizabeth's Gallery, an extremely pleasing Tudor building, now used for the Queen's Library. The lower rooms of this wing were long inhabited by George III., when old, blind and dotting, and here he died in 1820. We are now at the north-western corner of the Upper Ward. The Queen's private apartments occupy two of the three sides, the eastern and the southern. The famous Long Gallery connects them, and is the most clever of all Wyattville's devices for making Windsor Castle into a suitable palace. Before his time the towers along the eastern and southern sides were connected by



The Gateway, Castle Hill.

"curtain" walls, and the royal apartments, such as they were, combined almost every possible feature of discomfort, the best being little passages opening one out of the other. Wyattville by building the long corridor united all these separate residences, enabled them to communicate conveniently, and rendered unnecessary the "Queen's House," in which George III. and Queen Charlotte generally lived when they came to Windsor, or the Lodge in the Great Park, to which George IV. retired until the renovated castle was ready for him. The Queen's private dining-room is over a kind of portico in the corner of the court.

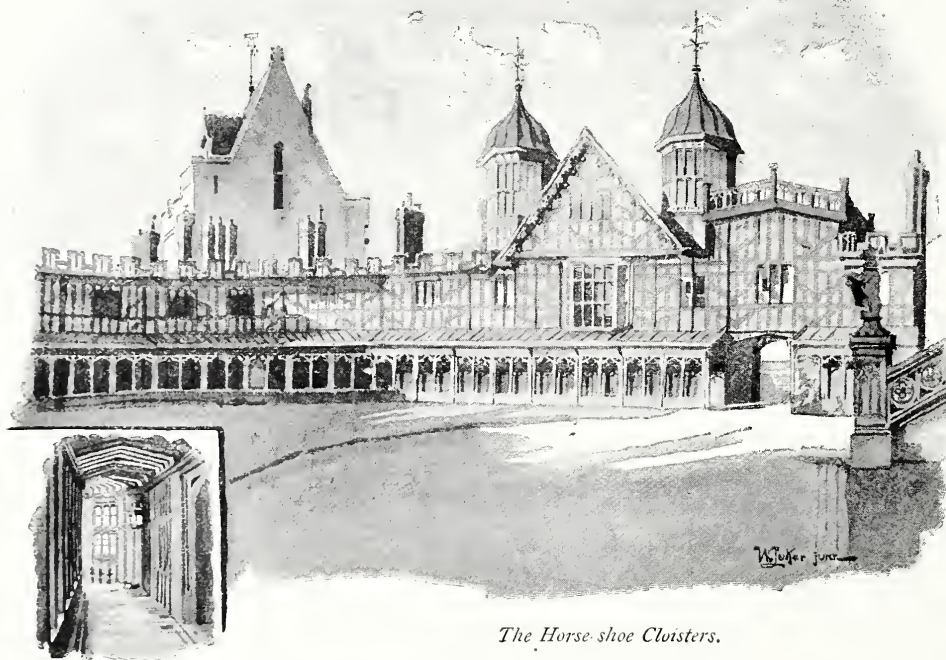
The apartments which are opened to the public when the court is not in residence at Windsor Castle are in the wing on the north side of the Upper Ward. Here it is probable

that the queen of Henry III. built a residence late in the reign. Here certainly there was a royal nursery in the time of Edward, and some of the chambers of the interior may possibly date from the same period. There were two or three open courts, one of which, glazed over, still remains. But the Waterloo Gallery, St. George's Hall and other great rooms have wholly filled up the others. The Star Building, designed by Sir Christopher Wren for Charles II., stood, and stands, on this north side, and the interior is probably but little altered since that time; but the "star," a representation of the badge of the Garter which was on the outer wall, has disappeared, and Wyattville "Gothicised" the windows as far as he could.

The State apartments are not, architecturally, of much

beauty. Classic and Gothic strive together everywhere, and but for the windows we might decide that Classic, or at least,

for recovery of the picture, and Van Leemput got nothing. The group of five figures with a great dog is probably quite as valuable.



The Horse-shoe Cloisters.

the Italian or Palladian style of Wren, has prevailed. One thing the visitor should notice: the exquisite finish of every detail. Every moulding on a door, every chandelier, every bit of wood-work or metal-work, whatever the style of the design, is, in workmanship, as nearly perfect as possible. Just as the first two or three chambers we visit are nearly in Wren's style, so St. George's Hall and other additions by Wyattville, are nearly Gothic, but Gothic of the type which prevailed after Strawberry Hill and before the new Houses of Parliament. On the whole they are no worse in this respect than some "restorations," probably by Salvin, in the Lower Ward. Salvin's Gothic is unimpeachable, Wyatt's is not; but neither of them really represents anything that could ever have been on the site before. Unfortunately, while St. George's Hall shows us what Wyattville thought a Gothic hall should be like, Salvin's clock-tower falsifies the history of a very interesting and curious building.

At the grand entrance stands a very fine statue of the Queen with a deer-hound at her feet, by Mr. Boehm. The staircase leads to the principal floor, but it is on the ground-floor, not, of course, shown to the public, that some of the oldest relics of architecture are to be found. The visitor will probably be more interested in the famous "Vandyck Room," where if the price of some £16,000 paid for the Blenheim portrait of Charles I. be accepted as a criterion, he will see a wealth of Art "beyond the dreams of avarice." The equestrian picture here was sold about the time when the king it represented so nobly was laid, a headless corpse, beside the body of his predecessor in the vaults of St. George's Chapel. A certain Van Leemput bought the picture for £200. At the Restoration such bargains were, of course, repudiated. Van Leemput, however, asked 1,500 guineas as compensation. This was refused, but he had an offer of 1,000, and when he would not take it an action was brought successfully

The park which is attached to Windsor Castle is one of the finest in England, and comprises nearly all that is left of the great Berkshire forest of King Harold's and King William's time. From the little Home Park, it stretches southward for many miles, and you are hardly out of it till you reach Chobham, through Cranbourne and Swinley, Ascot and Bagshot. From Windsor Castle the Park seems interminable and unbroken, but, as a fact, the Home Park and that further expanse of wild wood round Snow Hill are only joined together by the narrow green line of the old avenue of elms known as the Long Walk. George III. thought, perhaps rightly, that farms were better than forests; and much land, some of which has now been restored to the Park, was turned by him into

arable, and cultivated by leaseholders. When Norden surveyed the Great Park for James I., the circuit was about seventy-seven miles, the portion close to the castle being very small, and the town encroaching upon it on all sides. Charles II. first planted the elms which were to bridge over



Statue of George III.

the distance between the Home and the Great Parks, and like all elms more than two hundred years old, they are beginning to show signs of decay. Had they been oaks they would now be in their prime.

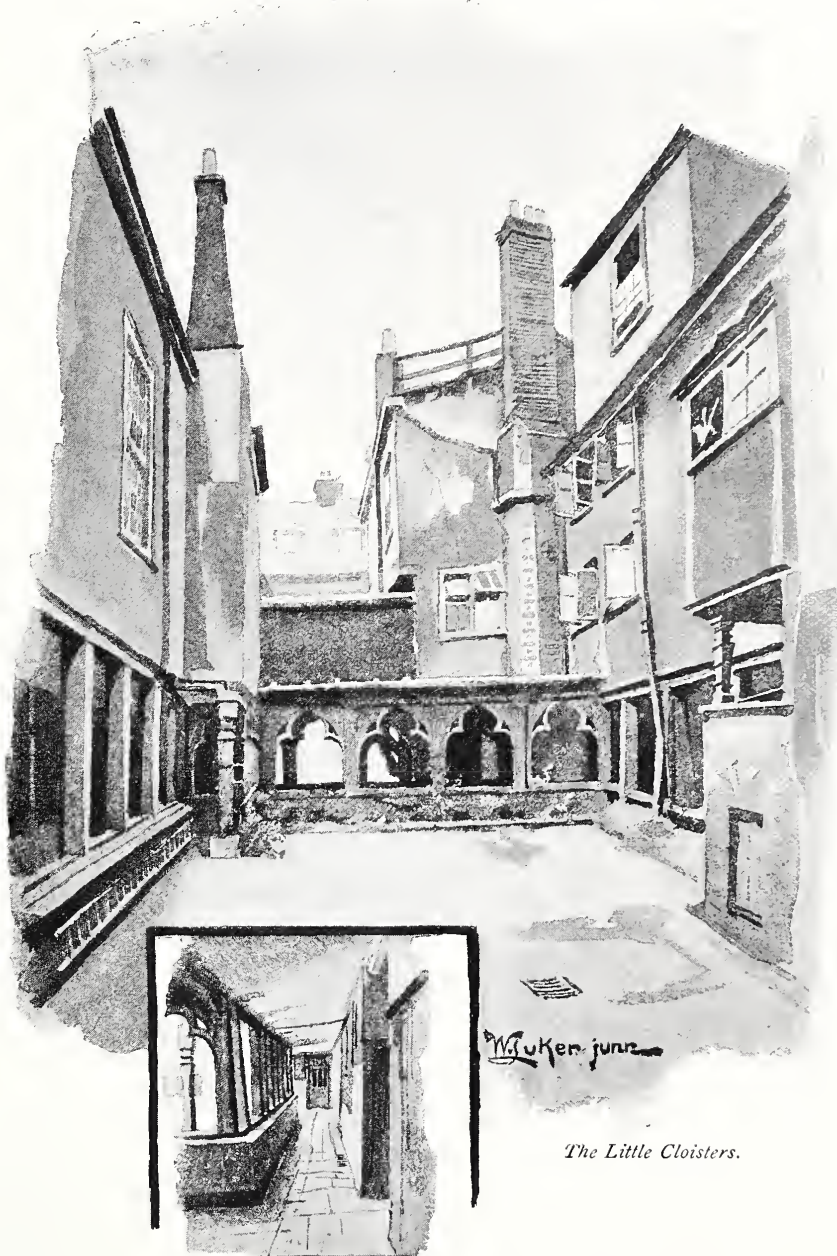
The statue of George III. on Snow Hill is inscribed "to the best of fathers" by his unworthy son and successor; and it will soon have a powerful rival in the statue of the Prince Consort which the women of England presented to the Queen in her Jubilee year. Beyond Snow Hill we see a small church, erected for the use of the few workmen and others who live in the Park, on the site of the private chapel of George IV., who lived in the cottage hard by, of which only a room or two, fitted out for tea, remains. A little farther we see the red walls of Cumberland Lodge, a handsome and substantial house, much injured by an attempt to Gothicise it after a fire many years ago; but of which the comparatively untouched stabling gives us an idea. One more feature of the Great Park must not be neglected: Virginia Water, where will be seen a fishing lodge, and the famous mock ruins, formed of real Roman pillars and other remains brought from Tunis or its neighbourhood on the north coast of Africa.

Altogether, a visit to Windsor, especially on a fine day, is full of enjoyment. The historical associations, many of

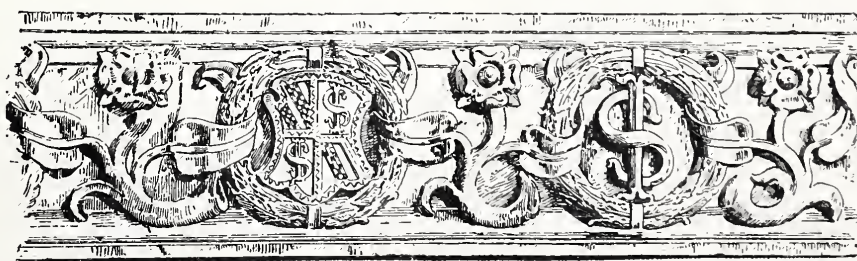
them recent, are not so obtrusively prominent here as at the Tower of London; but they are sufficient, and of sufficient interest to add a charm to what would otherwise only appeal to the eye. Every loyal Briton should feel proud of Windsor Castle. It is a symbol—more than a symbol, a tangible result of popular monarchy: those frowning towers pierced with wide windows were never meant for war; those slopes are better adapted for flowers than for defence. Windsor is a palace first and a castle afterwards, and the contrast between it and the Tower is sharpened by their very different situations; the one grey and

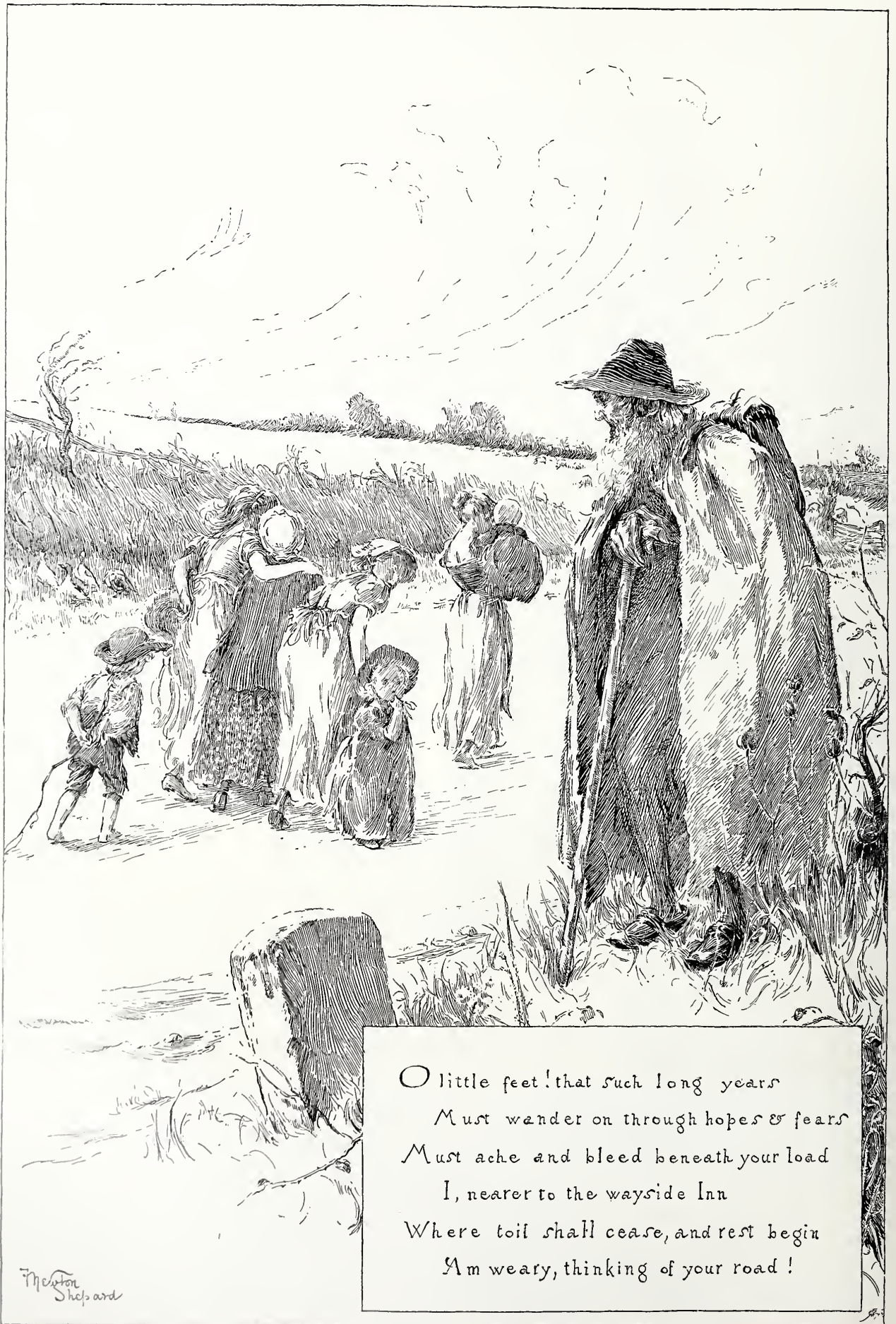
gloomy in the fog and smoke of east London, the other gay and bright, surrounded by the green lawns and the shady avenues of well-wooded Berkshire.

W. J. LOFTIE.



The Little Cloisters.





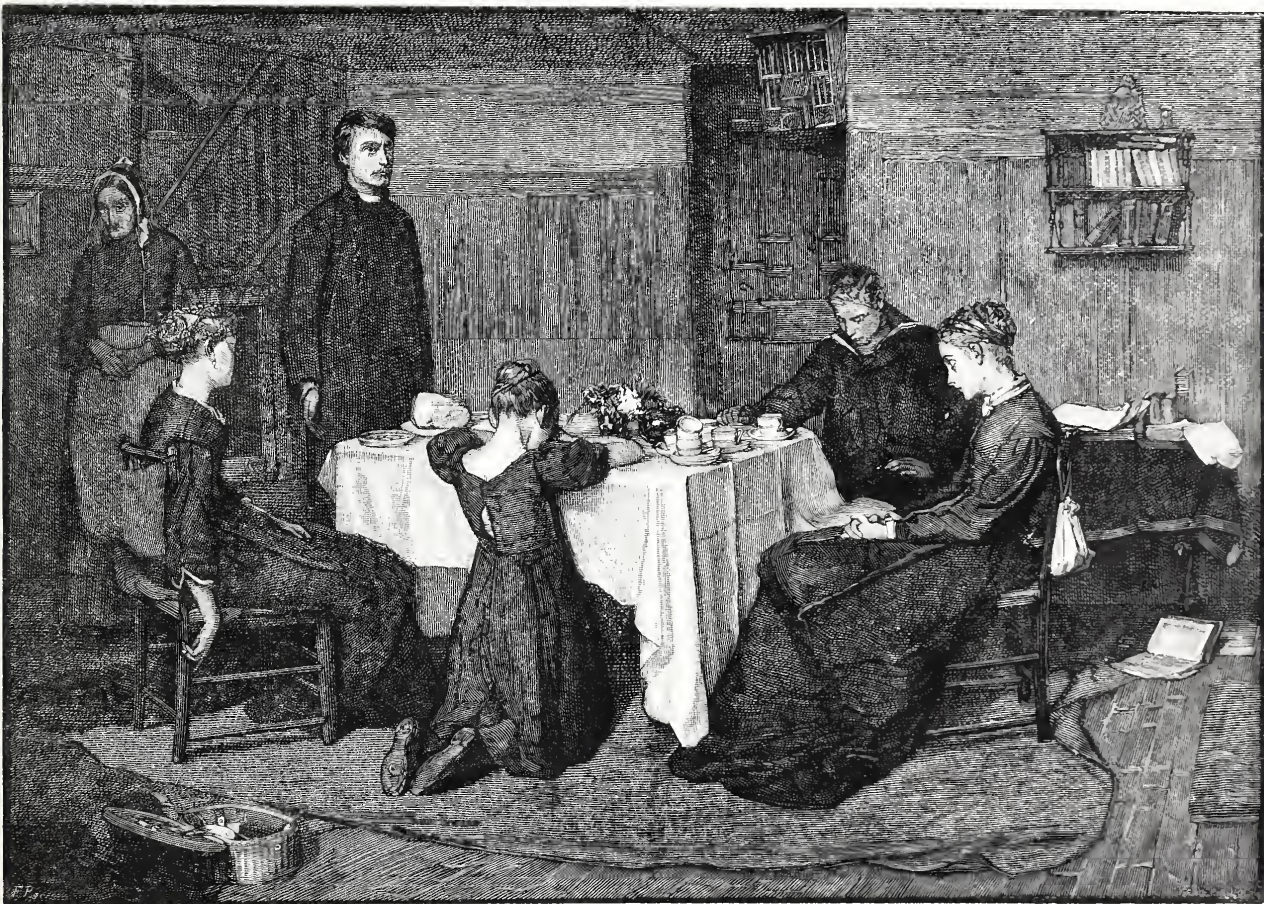
O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes & fears
Must ache and bleed beneath your load
I, nearer to the wayside Inn
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin
Am weary, thinking of your road!

Merton
Shepard

FRANK HOLL AND HIS WORKS.

IT is somewhat of an open question whether the modern fashion of "one man" exhibitions ever does much lasting good to the fame of the one man in question. Certain mannerisms which either pass unnoticed or else attract the notice of the public agreeably in isolated pictures, are often far less easy to accept in the aggregate; and habitual forms of exaggeration which may have helped to make an artist's fame as his works appeared as individual specimens on the walls of the Academy or Grosvenor year by year, may serve to mar that reputation when an opportunity is given of comparing all at once the works of his lifetime. That there are

noteworthy exceptions to this is not to be denied, as, for instance, the Tadema exhibition at the Grosvenor some years ago, which was only a further revelation as to the beauty and completeness of that artist's work. But will the Holl exhibition now taking place at Burlington House materially add to, or detract from, the fame of the artist whose loss we all deplored last year? With the large mass of the British public there is little doubt that Holl's fame will suffer no diminution. In the first place, he was successful all his life, a very large quantity in the estimation of *la race moutonnaire* which forms the public at large in this as well as in



"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." By permission of F. C. Pawle, Esq.

other countries; and besides this, he appealed for many years of his life to the love of cheap sentimentality which is so notoriously characteristic of the inhabitants of the British Isles. He not only told them stories, but he told them his stories in capital letters; and they loved his stories even as children like a picture alphabet. Everything was on the surface, and was underlined to make it better understood. The strong repression of emotion which one finds in the works of Israels, the stern, homely, simple pathos of that painter, are completely and entirely absent from the works of

Holl. He undoubtedly meant well; he tried to feel his subject as much as he could, but he had neither the deep feeling necessary, nor the dramatic instinct which often takes the place of deep feeling so successfully in Art, and consequently his subject pictures are shallow and weak in conception, and distinguished only by the eager desire to make his *story* (that curse of modern painting!) as plain and distinct as possible.

Perhaps if Holl had had to fight his way against the adverse criticisms which so often assail young artists, it

would have been better for his talents. Fighting in some form or another is the natural state of man, and mental fighting will develop his intelligence even as bodily struggles will develop his muscles. To struggle and *to overcome* is a healthy state of being, but this was almost denied to Holl. Born in 1845, his father, an engraver, trained his pencil till the age of fifteen, when he entered the Royal Academy schools. From that moment until his death last year, at the early age of forty-

three, his artistic career was one of continuous success. In 1862 he gained a premium and the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique. In 1863 he received the gold medal and a scholarship of £25 for two years for the best historical painting, 'Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac.' In 1864 his picture, 'Turned out of Church,' was hung at the Academy Exhibition. In 1865 he exhibited the 'Fern-Gatherers,' in 1866 'The Ordeal,' and in 1867 'The Convales-



Returned from the Wars. By permission of Sir Thomas Lucas.

cent,' both of which are to be seen at present at Burlington House. An earlier picture than either of these is also to be seen there, 'Industry,' which was painted in 1863, and is full of remarkable promise, a promise which can hardly be said to be fulfilled in 'The Ordeal,' which hangs on the opposite wall. In 1869 Holl definitely claimed and received the suffrages of the British public with 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away' (see Illustration on page 85), and

obtained for it from the Royal Academy the two years' travelling studentship for painting.

This picture may be said to have been the foundation-stone of his reputation. The Queen, on visiting the Academy, wished to acquire it, and as that was not possible, owing to its being already sold, she gave the artist a commission for another work. No doubt in 1869, twenty years ago, art and artistic appreciation were at a considerably lower ebb than they

are at present, and all honour should be given to those who, like Holl, tried to strike out a line for themselves, and went to real life for their inspiration instead of seeking it in the pages of romances. Still, it is to be doubted whether, if this picture were exhibited now for the first time, it would make the mark it did twenty years ago. It certainly tells its story plainly enough; in fact, it might almost be said that there is nothing but the story in the picture; but the telling is weak,

the pathos is diluted, and the chief figure in the picture, the curate's son at the end of the table, would, if he were isolated from his surroundings, look more like a schoolboy "caught in the act" and expecting a birching, than a son of the Church repeating those beautiful words, full of oriental dignity, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." There is nothing dignified, nothing manly about this weak-kneed youth, and one is irresistibly



Ordered to the Front. By permission of Sir Thomas Lucas.

reminded of the French lady's definition of the sexes of the human race, *Hommes, femmes, et curés!* The figures of the girls are better, and best of all is the kneeling child, while the painting of the heads of both the child and the girl on the left, with her intricate mass of golden plaits of hair, are full of merit. The use of red, too, is judicious; the dull red brick floor, the red cushion in the seat of the chair, the red rosebuds amongst the flowers on the table, give a certain relief to the eye, but the effect of the picture is somewhat

marred by the first sign of that sootiness in black, which many people have reproached the painter with all through his career.

The next event which marked the artist's career was the appearance, in 1871, of the picture painted for the Queen's Commission, 'No Tidings from the Sea,' which must certainly be considered in every way as inferior to 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.' The figures of the grandmother and the little child are distinctly ill drawn, the heads being grotesquely out of proportion in size to the bodies; and as to

the central figure of the fisherman's wife, the *abandon* of grief is certainly not visible in her attitude. Put a stalwart young lover in the place of the grandmother and child, and call the picture 'Yes or No,' or something similar, and the girl's attitude and bearing would need no alteration whatever. Compare such a picture as this, which was no doubt considered one of the famous pictures of the time, and which would probably be the subject of the keenest competition if put up for sale at Christie's, compare it with that of the young painter of the Newlyn School, Bramley's 'Waiting for the Dawn,' which was exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. The subjects are identical, a young fisherwife and her mother waiting in sick anxiety and passionate grief, fearing the worst, for news

of the husband who is out on the raging waste of waters. But what a difference in the interpretation! Putting aside all question of technical excellence, of the silvery harmoniousness and breadth of treatment of the one, and the sootiness of colour and cramped composition of the other, in the mere story-telling capacities of the two artists, what a difference is to be found! No one could have looked long at 'Waiting for the Dawn' without feeling a lump rise in his throat, but the longer one looks at 'No Tidings from the Sea' the more coldly and calmly critical one becomes. And yet the one picture all but missed its purchase for the Chantrey Bequest, and the other was purchased by the Queen.

In 1872 another one of the pictures now at Burlington House



The First-born. By permission of Mrs. Hill.

was exhibited, 'The Village Funeral,' and was followed by 'A Seat in a Railway Station, or Leaving Home,' in 1873 (which we engrave); 'Deserted' in 1874; 'The First-born' in 1876. In both 'Leaving Home' and 'The First-born' the pitfall of over-emphasis, into which Holl so frequently fell, is even more manifest than usual. On the bench of a railway station sit four people; they are placed against a flat wall whose surface is only broken by the window of a waiting-room on which 'Third Class' is inscribed as it were to label the pathetic interest of the picture. There is no escape for the eye except at one end, into a dark entry filled with the figures of two soldiers and a ticket collector. The occupants of the bench are an old countryman, savouring somewhat of his kindred in domestic drama, a young soldier

and a girl, and at the further end of the bench, a chubby-checked widow. The chubby-checked relict is evidently meant for what the French call *le clou* of the picture. She is ostentatiously counting her money in her lap, with her railway ticket in one hand. It may be doubted in passing whether any woman would count her money in such a way, especially, alas! a daughter of poverty, who knows only too well to a farthing what is in her slender purse. That this picture is an advance on such canvases as 'My First Sermon' and others of a similar kind which so long satisfied the artistic wants of England, is not to be denied for a moment; but the question is, will the exhibition of such pictures now add anything to the fame of the artist who painted them, or will they faintly whisper the suggestion that after all perhaps he was, in spite

of all his undeniable talent, somewhat overrated? And yet Holl had good stuff in him even for his subject pictures when something aroused it in him. Both the picture of 1877, 'Gone!' and that of 1880, 'Ordered to the Front,' are admirable in their way. In the group of two ragged young women, an old woman, and a child, standing in the gloom of a railway station, while the train that is carrying away the emigrant father, husband, son, or brother, steams out into the cold chill daylight beyond, there is not only strength but undeniable pathos. One of the young women turns back towards the spectator clutching her baby's head to her breast, as if it were all that was now left to her, while the old woman beyond holds up a pair of aged, skinny hands in passionate grief

at losing those she cannot hope to see again this side of eternity. Colour and composition are both good in this work, while it is further distinguished by a reticence, yet strength, of expression and conception, not usually to be found in the rest of Holl's subject pictures. His "Ordered to the Front" is perhaps the finest picture, apart from his portraits, which he ever painted. A group of stalwart Highlanders are waiting on the platform of a railway station for the train which is to take them away from their wives and children. In the centre a young wife leans back against her husband's shoulder, her hand hidden under his against his breast, and on her face the dazed, half-stupid look which comes with great sorrow. She has wept all her tears; she has none left with which to ease



No Tidings from the Sea. By permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

her grief, and she stands there in patient submission to the hand of Fate which is wresting her husband from her. On the bench at one side sits a widow beside her soldier boy, her hands clasped round his arm, her head bowed in utter speechless sorrow, while he looks down at the bowed head with the mixture of compassion and wonderment more or less natural to a young fellow who is eager to get abroad and see the world, hardly realising how different the separation is to the lonely old mother left behind, whose world he is and he alone. The companion picture to this one, "Returned from the Wars," or "Home again," as it was called when it was exhibited in 1881, is by no means as fine as "Ordered to the Front." Joy is far more difficult to depict successfully in Art than sorrow, for vul-

1889.

garity is waiting round the corner for the artist who would portray joy, and often succeeds in substituting herself as model. It is in some ways easier to be an Israel than a Fortuny, and "Home again," though a fine work, is not wholly free from the taint which has spoiled so many modern pictures.

From 1879 may be said to date Holl's greatest successes, for in that year he revealed himself as the greatest portrait-painter of men of his time. His portrait of the veteran engraver, "Mr. Samuel Cousins," though almost his first portrait, may be said to be one of his very finest works, and it is much to be regretted that the authorities at Burlington House were not able to obtain the loan of it, as it would have been most interesting to compare it with such recent works as the magnifi-

cent portrait of the 'Duke of Cleveland, K.G.,' painted in 1886, that of 'Sir George Trevelyan,' in 1887, and that of 'Earl Spencer,' in 1888, which may almost be said to be his last work. In portrait-painting, Holl seemed to discover within himself a strength, one might almost say a virility, which is, with one or two exceptions, totally wanting in his subject pictures. He seemed to read his sitters' characters as well as their features, as indeed all true portrait-painters should; we therefore get, in such portraits as those of Sir George Trevelyan, Lord Dufferin, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Lord Stalbridge, an actual insight into the nature of the original, and are made to understand what manner of man he really is. That he also failed occasionally in this faculty of

insight, no one can deny who pauses opposite the portrait of 'Lord Wolseley.' "Our only general" may have many faults, but that of possessing a weak face and a wandering eye is not amongst them; neither can a figure suggestive of at least a six-foot stature be counted amongst his attractions.

But even in his portrait-painting, admirable as it is in many ways, Holl could not divest himself of his love of over-emphasis. The heads by him give one the impression that there is no atmosphere between you and them, they "stand out," to use a favourite expression of the country cousins who throng the galleries, to such a degree that occasionally they leave the unfortunate bodies to which they are supposed to belong about six feet behind them; as, for instance in the portrait of 'Mr.



Leaving Home. By permission of Mrs. Hill.

Pierpont Morgan, of New York,' one of the last three portraits painted by Holl, wherein the face and hands are so cut out against a black background, that one is irresistibly reminded of a Russian "ikon," where the face and hands alone are painted, the rest of the figure being shrouded in metal.

But to the painter of such a portrait as that of 'The late Captain Mitchell Sim, aged 94,' much should be forgiven, for it would indeed be hard to find a truer or a more unexaggerated rendering of a stately old gentleman. The head is admirably painted, quiet, dignified, self-contained in expression, with none of that forced concentration or exaggeration of light on the face which is so marked a characteristic of Holl's portraits. The drawing of the figure of the old man, as he sits upright on his chair, loth to allow

the natural feebleness of his great age to appear, is excellent; the nervelessness of the limbs and the hands, one of which clutches the crutch-handled stick which has helped the old sea-dog so long to stand as erect as of yore, being most excellently well suggested without being over-insisted upon. Yet even in this portrait, admirable as it is in execution and expression, what can be said for the background? Heavy, opaque, leathery, it suggests the idea that the portrait has been painted on a piece of brown American cloth, by way of expediting matters. But in this incapability of painting backgrounds which should harmonize with the rest of a portrait, and notably with the head of the sitter, Holl by no means stands alone, for the Art of backgrounds seems to be as yet in its infancy in this favoured land; and we either get the

American-cloth background such as Holl habitually used, against which the head of the portrait "stands out" like a silhouette projected from a magic lantern, or else the highly-ornate Japanese embroidery background which effectually extinguishes the sitter altogether. Backgrounds such as those of Carolus Duran, where the richness of detail is kept in subordinate and studied harmony with the figure whose pictorial aspect it is intended to complete and enhance, or Fantin's expanses of soft greys, which relieve the flesh tints with such admirable delicacy, are as yet, alas! unknown; and it seems hardly too much to say that until artists study and understand the values of backgrounds better, the annual tale of mediocre portraits is hardly likely to be improved upon.

Holl's sympathies, as his earlier works prove, being chiefly with the poor and needy, it is perhaps not much to be wondered at that his two most conspicuous failures should be the two portraits he painted of royalty. One would have thought that he, whose brush was almost over-truthful in the delineation of such mortal things as wrinkles and other peculiarities, would not have had much of the courtier in his composition; but not even Vandyck or Sir Peter Lely, when portraying the Stuarts, could have more sedulously worked to conceal the truth from posterity than did poor Holl. However, the muzzling of the ox is not only condemned by Scripture but is also an unwise act; and the not unnatural result of Holl's attempt to smoothe away some of the characteristic peculiarities of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is that the portrait painted for the Benefers of the Middle Temple is quite the weakest and poorest canvas that ever issued from his studio. That Holl's work was unequal it is impossible to deny, but to return to my opening remark, I do not think that until this exhibition of his collected works, any one realised how exceedingly poor was a good deal of the work done by this lucky child of fortune. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a good saying, but "let sleeping dogs lie" has also got merit amongst proverbs; and it is more than probable that Holl's reputation would have remained at a higher level, enshrined in the memories of those who had seen and known his works singly as they appeared at the exhibitions, if his ardent admirers had not stirred up the waters of controversy, by giving an opportunity for those comparisons which we are told on good authority are invariably odious.

And yet with all his faults of exaggeration and poorness of conception, Holl still remains one of the foremost of our modern British Artists, honest, independent, painstaking, and

though not a Velasquez, as some of the blowers of his trumpet would have us believe, he yet stands, as a portrait-painter of men, ahead of most if not all of his contemporaries, and it may be many a long day before any one arises in this country capable of taking his place.

For permission to engrave 'No Tidings from the Sea' we are indebted to Her Majesty the Queen; to F. C. Pawle,



The Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain. By permission of The Fine Art Society.

Esq., for 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away;' to Sir Thomas Lucas for 'Returned from the Wars' and 'Ordered to the Front;' to Mrs. Hill for 'The First-born' and 'Leaving Home;' and to The Fine Art Society for Mr. Chamberlain's portrait.

GERTRUDE E. CAMPBELL.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academy must be congratulated on having, on the occasion of this their twentieth exhibition, brought together one of the most fascinating collections of pictures ever shown at Burlington House. An absolutely unsurpassable series of Rembrandt's masterpieces has been collected, as it were, without looking beyond London itself. French Art, too, of the eighteenth century is here more worthily represented than it has ever been before in an English public gallery. The collections of Sir Richard Wallace and Mr. A. de Rothschild have yielded all their finest Watteaus and Lancrets, while the latter half of the century is illustrated by two important, if mannered, examples of the most complete and the most vicious style of Greuze. The third instalment of Turner drawings is hardly less interesting than its two immediate predecessors; while the Horrocks Miller collection of English pictures, belonging chiefly to the first half of this century, forms a complete section by itself.

Rubens, the inexhaustible, the ever-vigorous, does not pale even before the masterpieces of the greatest of Dutch masters. Lady Ashburton's grand decoration, 'Peasants going to Market,' shows, besides its vigorous colour, a rhythmic suppleness of contour and movement somewhat unusual in the productions of the magnificent Fleming. The noble portrait of Rubens's patron, the famous Earl of Arundel, has a ceremonial splendour, both of conception and execution, and at the same time a true pathos, which most happily combine to render the personality of the great *dilettante*. Mr. Martin Colnaghi's happily resuscitated 'Marriage of Mars and Venus' is invaluable as showing the *modus operandi* adopted in the Antwerp studio at the time of its greatest vogue.

Among the Rembrandts, which cover one whole side of the great gallery, those of Buckingham Palace take the first place. The most widely known of these is the so-called 'Shipbuilder and his Wife,' a superb work, executed in the year 1633, which has already appeared on the walls of the Academy. Still finer, in the tempered yet gorgeous harmony of its colour, and the happy realization of marital pride and joy expressing itself in outward pomp and profusion, is the so-called 'Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife' (painted, not in 1645 as the catalogue states, but about 1636), which is in reality one of the portraits of Rembrandt with his beloved wife, Saskia. The 'Lady with a Fan,' painted in 1641, is perhaps the most splendid example here exhibited of the Leyden master's technique in his second stage. Manchester House sends three portraits showing the artist at different stages of his career, and bearing different misleading descriptions; Lord Ilchester supplies yet another, of unusual style and vast proportions, dated 1658. Nothing here is more exquisite in the strange beauty of its low-toned colour-arrangement, and the restrained vigour of its execution, than the so-called 'Black Archer,' a pathetic presentment of a young negro richly costumed. To the last period of the master's life belongs the vast canvas showing the 'Parable of the Unmerciful Servant,' and a hitherto undescribed but highly important

'Portrait of a Man,' lent by Mr. Owen Roe. Among the other Dutch pictures contributed may be mentioned Lord Northbrook's fine and subtle 'The Intruder,' by Metsu; Jan Steen's 'Portrait of the Painter;' and an exquisite riverscene and sea-piece, by A. Cuyp and Jan van de Capelle respectively. Among the rarities of the show must be counted the 'Portrait of William van de Velde,' by Michel van Musscher, a pupil of A. van Ostade; and the 'Interior of a Cottage,' by Esaias Boursse, dated 1656, and painted with a measure of the technical mastery which distinguishes the great Vermeer of Delft. Of Lord Northbrook's exquisite pair of landscapes by Claude le Lorrain, one, the 'Shepherd playing on a pipe,' is a very masterpiece of true pastoral sentiment and execution—worthy, indeed, to mate with the famous Wantage picture, 'The Castle by the Sea.' Antoine Watteau, who, by his suggestion in quasi-pastoral subjects of sensuous charm commingled with an element of gentle melancholy, might fairly deserve the appellation of the Giorgione of the eighteenth century, has never, save at the Louvre and in the royal palaces of Berlin and Potsdam, shone as he here shines. Sir R. Wallace's 'Fête Champêtre' and 'Rendezvous de Chasse,' his 'Music Party' and 'The Music Lesson,' Mr. A. de Rothschild's 'La Cascade,' and Lord Northbrook's 'Masquerade,' show the great "little master" at his best. Nicholas Lancret appears, by the side of his archetype and *chef d'école*, "of the earth earthy." Yet by a certain fresh crudity of colour, by a lively, mannered grace, he succeeds in maintaining himself and asserting his peculiar individuality even in the presence of his master.

In the first gallery we may single out Turner's magnificent, if not very true or convincing, 'Quillebœuf,' one of the best preserved of his oil paintings, and several of the earlier landscapes of John Linnell, remarkable for their pellucid clearness of atmosphere. Of exquisite charm is Richard Bonington's 'A River Scene: Picardy,' luminous and delicate in hue as a grey pearl, notwithstanding a certain characteristic dryness of touch.

One of the most agreeable puzzles of the exhibition is the 'Mrs. Charles Scott,' by an unknown painter, showing a delightful feminine dandy of the middle of the last century, robed in a filmy pink *négligé* of Pompadour fashion, and leaning with nonchalant ease on a polished table. In the fine and numerous series of Turner water-colours, which are for the most part in exquisite preservation, those of the transitional period, between the first and second styles, hold this time a sway hardly disputed even by the fanatics of the magically brilliant third style. The 'Pembroke Castle,' the 'Cader Idris,' the 'Falls of the Clyde,' and above all the 'Edinburgh,' combine a measure of noble realism, of masterly firmness and precision of design, with an unforced pathos naturally arising out of the scene portrayed, in a fashion which cannot exactly be paralleled in any of the later works. Of unique interest, however, as now appearing for the first time in a public gallery, is the series of fifty-one 'Rhine Sketches,' drawn by Turner during a tour made by him up the Rhine, in 1819.

ART GOSSIP.

THROUGH the liberality of Sir Theodore Martin a good Dutch picture has been added to the National Gallery, and may now be seen on a screen in Room X. It is the portrait of a man of about sixty years of age, dressed in a dark robe trimmed with fur, with a linen collar, and seated in a high-backed chair, with a red curtain behind him. The picture is a fine example and signed "N. Maes, An. 1664."

A very interesting supplement to the Stuart Exhibition, now open at the New Gallery, has been arranged in the King's Library at the British Museum. It consists of a number of autograph letters, MSS., prints, including many portraits of Mary Queen of Scots and others, missals and other books of devotion, besides medals and coins, all carefully labelled and exhibited in glass cases.

The Greek Government has refused to proceed with the arrangements made with France for the excavations at Delphi on account of the French Chambers having thrown out the commercial treaty with Greece. The spectacle of the Greek ministry bargaining antiquities against the duties on dried currants is not a pleasing one. It is said that the Germans are to take the place of the French at Delphi.

Two statues of women, life-size, with heads perfect, have been found in the excavations on the Acropolis at Athens; they are of the archaic period. There have also been found two groups of heroic size in Poros stone, one represents Hercules killing the Triton, and the other three monsters, of each of which the upper part has the body of a man and the lower that of a serpent. They appear to be of a very early date.

The Reform Club purposes having portraits of Mr. W. E. Gladstone and the Marquis of Hartington, and subscriptions are being handed in. The list at present shows £420 for the marquis, as against £410 for his late chief.

The Duke of Westminster has presented a Turner, 'Dunstanborough Castle,' to the National Gallery of Melbourne.

The Society of Painter-Etchers will hold an Exhibition this spring in the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

It is pleasant to know that we have something besides portraits to look forward to in our exhibitions this spring. Professor Herkomer is completing a very important picture, which he has been at work upon for the last six years, and into which, he says, he is "putting all his strength." The subject, a very fine one, not unlike that of the artist's first, and so far best picture, is this time the 'Charter House,' and represents the old brothers on their way to chapel. The canvas is nine feet long. Those who remember the artist's picturesque and painter-like representation of the 'Chelsea Pensioners,' will expect much from his now maturer hand. Besides his large subject picture he has a number of portraits on hand, and his school of Art at Bushey is in a most flourishing condition. A proof of this is the interesting fact that from last Christmas to this about £2,000 worth of work has passed through the Professor

to his students. This is a substantial sign of the practical success of the undertaking at all events. It is one thing to educate young artists, but quite another to be able to give them a good start on the uphill path of living by their art.

The death, at the age of eighty-four, of Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A. (retired), occurred on the 14th December. It was not till 1838 that a picture of his was hung on the line at the Academy. The picture was immediately sold, and from this time his success was assured. In 1840 he was elected an Associate, and in 1851 a R.A. It was about this time that, with the help of Mr. H. Cole, he formed the museum of ornamental art at Marlborough House, the nucleus of the present museum at South Kensington. In 1858 the Queen appointed him Surveyor of Crown Pictures. In 1866 he joined his brother Samuel in preparing a history of British Art from the time of Hogarth, under the title of "A Century of Painters."

Although there is a question as to ratification by the Liverpool City Council, there is little doubt that Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Captive Andromache' (recommended for purchase for £4,000 by the Arts Committee) will find a resting-place in the Walker Gallery. A similar sum has been paid to Señor Domingo, the Spanish artist, for the portrait of the young King Alonzo.

The committee of the "Frank Holl Memorial" have agreed that the memorial is to take the form of a tablet, with either a medallion or a bust of the late artist, which will probably be set up in the crypt of St. Paul's; and in addition to this one of the late artist's works will be purchased and presented to the National Gallery.

Mr. Alfred East, R.I., has started for Japan, having been commissioned by The Fine Art Society to paint a series of landscapes of that country.

It has been decided by the committee of Les Beaux-Arts that the monument to be erected in memory of the painter J. F. Millet, sculptured by M. Chapull, is to be placed in the public gardens at Cherbourg.

The celebrated statue of 'La Vénus à la Coquille,' by Coysevox, which has stood in the park at Versailles since the time of Louis XIV., has been lately removed to Paris.

In view of the first official visit of the President of the Republic, which is now fixed for the 15th of February, a fine portico has been erected at the entrance to the foreign section of the Exhibition, which has been executed in England and erected in Paris by English workmen. It consists of a series of arches surmounted by the arms of England, and produces a very good architectural effect. The Fine Art Section of the Exhibition has been divided by M. Antonin Proust, the special commissioner for that section, into six distinct departments under a number of carefully chosen inspectors, and no pains are being spared to make this part of the Exhibition in each department thoroughly representative.

REVIEWS.

IT was meet and right that another history of Kensington should be compiled before the generation has altogether passed away which remembers it in its picturesqueness, and



Thackeray's House.

with its principal associations, regal, literary, and artistic. No one will dispute that Mr. W. J. Loftie, the most recent historian of London, and himself an inhabitant of the "old Court suburb," is probably the person best qualified for the task. The selection of the young artist who has added so much to the success of the book was also, we believe, the author's. The result is a handsome, readable, well-illustrated volume, which will be an ornament as well as a valuable addition to many a library in and out of the great parish with whose past and present it deals. The whole is divided into seven sections, which deal successively with the geography, the old families, Holland House, old Kensington, the palace and gardens, the church, and modern Kensington.

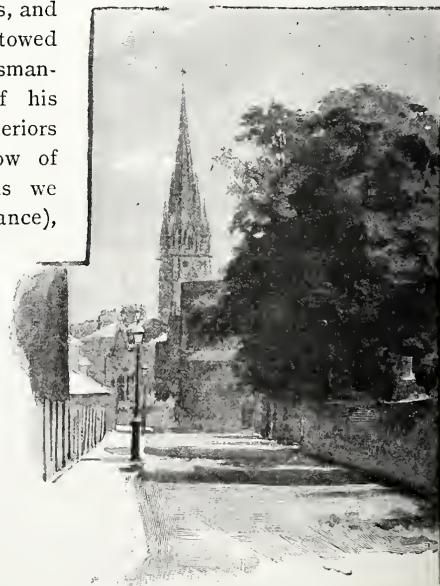
There are probably few persons outside the small circle having to do with its government who are aware how considerable a portion of the metropolis this parish of 2,225 acres covers. It stretches from Kensal Green on the north, to Brompton on the south, including each of the cemeteries, full of illustrious dead, which are called by those names. Its eastern and western limits touch Sloane Street and "Olympia." The circumference of this vastly populated and tenement-covered area is six miles. Of the past and the present of all this there is naturally ample material to fill a much larger volume than the present one, even were it not encroached upon by no less than sixty pages being set aside to a list of subscribers, a snobbish device which such a work surely did not need.

The difficulty being what to select and what to avoid, we can hardly congratulate the author upon his success in this respect. Looking at the work merely from the artistic side, we find that the homes of the painters, which add so much to the beauty and interest of Kensington, are hardly mentioned. Two lines suffice for a description of Sir Frederick Leighton's singularly interesting residence; Sir John Millais's is merely noted as "a large, plain, red brick villa!" Mr.

Fildes will, for the first time, learn that his house was once inhabited by Cetewayo! Mr. Marcus Stone's, Mr. Boughton's, and others of mark, are not even mentioned, although, curiously enough, they are copiously illustrated in the text. When bankers and well-to-do tradesmen have their names recorded, why should Mr. Vicat Cole, who inhabits Little Campden House, merely be recognisable to those who know him as "an eminent artist?" Two pages are devoted to the doings of Sir James South, but his neighbours, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Hook, R.A., and Mr. Alfred Hunt, who successively inhabited No. 1, Tor Villas, have surely a greater claim to mention and immortality. Another trait which will diminish the pleasure of many in the work is the unstinted denunciation of the architecture of every building, not only in, but out of the parish; Mr. Loftie fills pages with indignant outbursts against the Albert Memorial, Albert Hall, City and Guilds Institute, Natural History Museum, all of which are outside the parish. The first named, he says, looks "as if it could not stand for ten minutes longer!" Poor Sir Gilbert Scott's parish church comes in for equally strong blame. As for the new district of red-brick houses which have been such a godsend to many of us unsophisticated ones, they act as a red rag to a bull, and Mr. Loftie fumes over them until we are glad to turn to a new subject.

Our notice must not conclude without more than a word of praise to Mr. Luker, junior, who has adorned the book with more than three hundred illustrations. Set to work evidently upon the lines of Mons. Myrbach and other recent French illustrators, he has caught all the strongest points and very few of their feebler ones, the most conspicuous of the latter being the imitation of their large and disfiguring autographs.

A little more management of his figures, and more care bestowed upon the draughtsmanship of some of his architectural interiors (the east window of St. Mary Abbots we note as an instance), and he will take a foremost position amongst our illustrators. It is not given to every young man to have such a chance as the illustration of "Kensington" has afforded him, and to very few to emerge from so difficult a task



Holland Street.

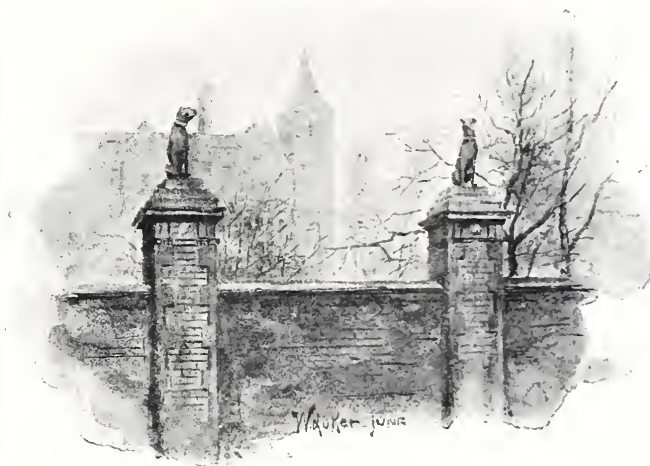
as satisfactorily as he has done. "Kensington" is published by Messrs. Field and Tuer, who have shown the excellence of their printing in both type and illustrations.

The "Book of Old Ballads" (London: Hildesheimer), which Miss Havers has illustrated for the season, is rather like a collection of overgrown Christmas cards. Still, it is pleasant enough in its way, and to vast numbers of people will probably appeal with the certainty of success. Miss Havers's idea of the British rustic (male and female) is a trifle æsthetic no doubt, and her theory of what constitutes an old ballad is astonishing rather than scientific. All the same, her pictures are pretty; and the songs she has selected for illustration are old, old favourites; and the book is nicely got up; and there can be no doubt that it will be a success. Mr. H. A. Harper's "Walks in Palestine" (London: The Religious Tract Society), takes us over old ground in an easy, quiet, special-correspondent sort of way; also it is illustrated with twenty-five photogravures (from negatives taken by Mr. Cecil Shadbolt), which are good of their kind; also it is well enough "got up" for most people. Of "The 'Old Master' Photograph Album" (London: Smith, Son and Downes) we need only say that it is—as Mr. Wedmore might say—"a distinct novelty," that it gladdens the beholders with a number of suggestions "in the soft tints of chromo-lithography" of various examples of Velasquez, Reynolds, Rembrandt, Raphael, Gainsborough, Landseer, Turner and others; that it is nicely bound in Russia leather, and has a very pleasant smell; and is fitted with an ingenious patent lock.

Mr. Andrew Lang is always breaking new ground and in "The Gold of Fairnilee" (Bristol: Arrowsmith) he appears as a writer for children; the book (which is strangely illustrated) is not exciting, but it is very prettily written, and contains some natural and charming sketches of child-life and child-character. Mr. Henty publishes (London: Blackie) "The Lion of St. Mark's," and "The Cat of Bubastis;" the latter is the better and livelier book, but it is illustrated by Mr. Weguelin, whose work is seldom inspiriting, while the former is illustrated by Mr. Gordon Brown, who is always clever and suggestive. Mr. Harry Collingwood, in "The Missing Merchantman" (London: Blackie), tells a good brisk story as it deserves, and is ably seconded by Mr. Overend. Mr. George Manville Fenn's "Quicksilver" (London: Blackie) is one of his best works for boys; his illustrator, Mr. Frank Dadd, has more than once succeeded in doing him justice. Miss Rosa Mulholland's "Gianetta" (London: Blackie) is pleasantly invented and pleasantly told; it is intended for girls, and most of those for whom it is intended will be glad to have it. Lieutenant-Colonel Marshman's "Brave Deeds," collected and illustrated, (London: Griffith), is something "by-ordinar" in the way of books for the young: it tells of such feats of arms as those of the Carabineers at Ramilies, the 15th Life Guards at Waterloo, the 57th at Albuera, the Grenadiers at the Alma, and it tells of them (1) in a few clear lines of text, and (2) in a picture representing the mcllay at its height, which pictures—being well invented and well drawn, not more confused than the rest of their kind, and capitally reproduced—are in their way inspiriting in no mean degree. Mr. Lovett's "Irish Pictures" (London: The Religious Tract Society) is cheerfully and candidly written, and is illustrated with many full-page pictures and vignettes; it is not for the very young, but even these will like it and be interested in it. Of "Golden Love," and "A Chaplet of Gems," and a dozen other booklings of the same type, one needs say no more than

that they are all edited by Mr. George C. Haité, all published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co., and all very nicely illustrated, and that the best of them "The Traveller" (illustrated by Mr. J. Fennimore) is the work (in verse) of Mr. George Manville Fenn. From the same firm, too, comes a reissue of the sixteen "Japanese Fairy Tales," published some little while ago by the Kobunsha Society, Tokyo; they are very neatly illustrated, printed and produced, and may be presented with the utmost assurance to any English-speaking child in existence.

Mr. E. T. Cook's "Handbook to the National Gallery" (Messrs. Macmillan & Co.) is by far the completest record in existence of what Mr. Ruskin terms "without question the most important collection of paintings in Europe for the purposes of the general student." The historical portion of the book is admirably done; the notices of the various schools and painters represented in the National Gallery are models of clearness and conciseness, while the tables, which tell us how and when each picture was acquired, will prove of the utmost value. Besides giving us a great deal of useful



Campden House.

information, Mr. Cook has included in his volume the references scattered up and down Mr. Ruskin's works to the pictures now in our national collection.

HANDBOOKS.—Mr. Wyke Bayliss has written, in "The Enchanted Island" (London: Allen), a handbook to the dædal intricacies of a cultured mind. It is an eloquent handbook; it is a handbook full of allusiveness; it is a handbook teeming with quotations from the poets; it is also a mystical handbook, and a handbook of bewilderment, and a deeply religious handbook. But it does not appear to advance things in the least; and the conclusion to which it forces a simple-minded reader is, that if the author paints architecture with all this literary matter bubbling in his brains, the wonder is not that he should paint it well, but that he should be able to paint it at all.

ART HISTORY.—Lady Dilke's "Art in the Modern State" (London: Chapman) is an exhaustive account of Art in France—or rather the organization of Art in France under Louis XIV. It is our author's contention that "the France of Richelieu and Colbert gave birth to the Modern State;" so

that if we want to know anything about "Modern political and social organization," we must look to it, or go wandering after marsh fires in the mist—a mist of our own creation. The Age of Louis the Great, indeed, was an age of formulation and construction, and under its formulative and constructive aspects it has, if we would understand ourselves, to be studied. Lady Dilke has taken it up in so far as it formulated a theory of Art, and constructed a system of education and production; and the result is a book of singular interest. The opening chapters, "France under Richelieu," and "France under Colbert," are good, elucidative stuff; and they are succeeded by a series of discourses on the academies of architecture and painting, on the arts of sculpture and engraving, and on "The Academical School," that may be read with profit by almost everybody. Lady Dilke, we should note, has nothing to say of Claude and Poussin; these great artists were practically not French but Roman. "I swear to you," writes Poussin to de Chantelou, "that if I had to live in this country I should become a mountebank like all the rest." She is just, however, to Lebrun (a master of singular energy, invention, and accomplishment, and as great an organizer in his way as Colbert in his), and his enormous following; and she has much to say that is useful and suggestive on the outcome

of Lebrun's achievement. Her work, indeed, is one that no one who is interested in the history of Art will care to miss.

NEW PRINTS.—Mr. Brown's "Eight Etchings of Salisbury" (Salisbury: Brown) is published at six shillings, and contains some clever and taking work; the "Joiner's House," the "George Inn," and the "Old House in Minster Street," are perhaps the best of the set, but the "High Street Gate" and "St. Thomas's Church" will have plenty of admirers, and a good deal might be said for Mr. Brown's view of the Cathedral; the plate called "Salisbury," and made up of vignettes like a page in an American Magazine, is a mistake, and should be suppressed. The photogravures of Lake scenery produced by Mr. Hubert Bell (Ambleside) are interesting, fairly well done, and very cheap. A photogravure of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Strayed Sheep" (London: Annan and Swan) may be cordially recommended to admirers of the painter. Mr. James Faed's portrait of Miss Annie Swan has been reproduced in photogravure (Edinburgh: Oliphant); it is essentially commonplace. Mr. C. E. Sauery's "Annunciation" (London: Rorke) is an interesting picture of its kind, and the reproduction in photogravure appears to be completely successful.

THE ROYAL FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

THE establishment of a class for the study of chromo-lithography, and the recent enlargement of the premises, give us an opportunity of saying a few words about this excellent institution. The Royal Female School of Art has been in existence almost half a century. Its first abiding place was Somerset House; but for twenty-eight years the pupils have "wrought in sad sincerity" in Queen Street, Bloomsbury. The career of this establishment has been somewhat chequered. In 1859 the Government grant was withdrawn without rhyme and without reason. But the superintendent, Miss Gann, was equal to the emergency, and, with the assistance of the City companies, a bazaar at the South Kensington Museum, and subscriptions from teachers and students, the school was saved from dismemberment, and the year 1860 found the Female School of Art (not yet Royal) securely established in Queen Square, under the management of a committee, and under the able superintendence of Miss Gann, as an independent institution in connection with the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. Two years later the Queen granted her patronage to the school, which has been enjoyed ever since. Hardly a year has passed but her Majesty has purchased specimens of the students' work. She also gives an annual scholarship. Since 1860, 2,227 students have received their Art-education in the school, a large number of whom have become teachers,

or are gaining their livelihood as designers in various industrial trades. Prizes, medals, and valuable scholarships, including the Gilchrist of £50, are offered for competition, and quite a number of students have been admitted from the Royal Female School of Art into the Academy Schools. The general course of instruction comprises geometrical drawing and perspective; free-hand drawing from the flat and from the round; shading from the flat and from the round; drawing from solid models; figure drawing from the flat, from the antique, and from the life, including anatomical studies and drapery; modelling in clay and wax from the ornament, figure, etc.; painting in water colours, tempera, fresco, and oil, exercises in composition and original designs for decoration and manufacture.

Recent additions to the school buildings consist of a studio for the study of the life and one for painting, together with a library, class and lecture rooms. The members of the chromo-lithographic studio are former students of the school, who are now earning a livelihood by the practice of this branch of the reproductive arts. The lady manager is Miss Rushton, and for the excellence of the work produced we need only point to the reproduction of Signor Passini's water-colour, 'My Little Model.' This first essay in a new field, so far as *The Art Journal* is concerned, has been so well received that it is proposed to give others during the year.



THE ART JOURNAL.

A SPRING DAY.

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY FRED. SLOCOMBE.

FRITZ VON UHDE.



Fritz von Uhde.

THE origin of Herr Fritz von Uhde, his early career, and subsequent progress towards complete development, are in strange contrast with those of by far the greater number of artists of marked individuality who have appeared during the present century. Successful cultivation of any branch of the Fine Arts as a profession, and the attainment in it of genuine

and sustained success, as distinguished from an imitative if elegant amateurism, has rarely been achieved when no serious and persistent devotion to practical study has been possible until the plastic period of youth has been passed. That the achievement of the Saxon soldier-painter has been exceptional, no less than the very sudden and decisive development of his artistic individuality, will be seen when we come to consider the stages of a career as short as it is striking—above all, in the swiftness with which, immediately after definitive self-recognition, firm ground has been reached and celebrity won.

Herr von Uhde was born on the 22nd of May, 1844, at Wolkenburg, in Saxony. Not as a mere dry detail of biography, but as a fact having certain importance in connection with the peculiar colouring of the sacred themes in the presentation of which he has already attained a widely acknowledged if a still-contested reputation, it should be mentioned that his father was President of that peculiar local ecclesiastical body, the *Evangelisch-Lutherisch Landes-Consistorium*. The painter pursued the study of Art, though without much success, at Dresden in 1867. He then devoted himself entirely, for the time being, to a military career, and entered a Saxon cavalry regiment, as an officer of which he took part in the great Franco-Prussian war of 1870—71. Herr von Uhde remained in military service until 1877, latterly occupying in his regiment the position of *Rittmeister*, or riding-master, for which there is—as a post to be filled by a commissioned officer—no exact equivalent in the English army. He had not, during the active period of his life, ceased to pursue his favourite study at all possible odd moments, but at this point he resolved to concentrate all his energies on the study of painting, and to make it the definitive career of his life. He at once proceeded to Munich, as to the chief teaching-centre of Germany, and thence soon afterwards to Paris. There he appears to have studied with M. Munkacsy, and to have been at the same time strongly, though, as it has been subsequently shown, not permanently, influenced by the seventeenth-century painters of the Low Countries. All this time,

however, the neophyte was—as he showed a little later on, though not in his very first Parisian productions—drinking in the precepts and the example of the younger naturalistic-impressionist school of France, and especially of its *luminariste* branch, with its worshippers of *plein air* and evenly-diffused light.

In 1880 Herr von Uhde sent to the Salon his first work of any importance, 'La Chanteuse,' a canvas which showed unmistakably the impression made upon him by the Dutch manner of the seventeenth century, while at the same time giving proof of the careful consultation of nature at first hand. The 'Concert de Famille,' exhibited the following year in the same place, betrayed the influence exercised over the yet unformed artist by the popular M. Munkacsy. The period of the long postponed *Lehrjahre* being now, as he deemed, at an end, Herr von Uhde returned in 1882 to Munich, and it was there that the full results of the influence of French impressionistic technique first showed themselves. It became evident that the painter, boldly thrusting aside the traditions of past and contemporary German Art, intended to cast his lot with the most recent schools of France—adopting, so far as his artistic means permitted him to do, their most uncompromising mode of dealing with every-day realities. It would be claiming for him something more than his due, to represent Herr von Uhde as the actual pioneer of French impressionism in Germany, seeing he was preceded by a contemporary artist—also as well or better known in Parisian galleries than in his native country—Herr Max Liebermann. To this well-abused but now very generally accepted painter, against whom it was until quite recently the fashion to direct the pointless shafts of Teutonic satire and the leaden weight of Teutonic æsthetic criticism, belongs the credit of having introduced *modernité*, with all its advantages and drawbacks, into modern German Art, and thus to have taken the principal part in the development of a style which already holds its own against the romantic and pseudo-realistic schools of the Fatherland, while seriously threatening in time to overwhelm both.

What gives to Herr von Uhde, in a certain sense, a position unique among the younger painters of the Gallicized naturalistic school which has now gained a footing all over Europe, and in an equal degree in America, is not the skill with which he gives effect to the newest theories—for there are both in France and elsewhere many practitioners endowed with technical powers far greater than those of the German impressionist, whose style is from this point of view still in an evolutionary and progressive stage—but the serious and thoroughly original use which he makes of the naturalistic-impressionist standpoint and technique. He remains, if not alone, at any rate entirely apart, in the earnestness of his effort to show that this school, while adhering rigidly in all main points to its theory and practice

—especially to its mode of observing and representing humanity and the outward aspects of nature—may aspire to treat in earnest and reverent fashion, if with what must inevitably appear a large measure of eccentricity, the highest and noblest themes.

But to return, after this too lengthy digression, to the actual stages of Herr von Uhde's artistic progress. It was on his final return to Munich that all trace of old Dutch costume, all influence of old Dutch masters in matters of style, disappeared from his work. It is then that he produced—it may be under the influence of Herr Liebermann, completing that of the most modern French masters—a well-balanced and sober piece of naturalism, 'Les Couturières.' This was followed by 'The Organ-grinder,' and 'The Organ-grinder is Coming,' both motives taken from modern Dutch life. An equally uncompromising piece of realism, lighted up by no spark of humour, conscious or unconscious, is the 'Drum Practice of Bavarian Infantry,' executed about the same time. It is, however, with the already famous work, 'Let the Little Children come unto Me,' which appeared at the Salon in the year 1885, that the painter's peculiar talent first took definite shape. He attained at a leap, in his treatment of sacred Art, the style, and revealed the standpoint, which, like all genuine novelties or revivals with a purpose, have drawn down upon their author much not unjustifiable, if somewhat narrow criticism, and also much misrepresentation. The scene passes in a bare colourless interior—which may be that of a Bavarian schoolroom—lighted by the cold grey light of a temperate day, evenly pervading the whole scene, after the fashion familiar to the French painters of this decade. In the foreground is seated the Saviour, clad in a long robe of cold dull blue; He appears as a generalised and impersonal, rather than a strongly individualised figure, and wears an expression into the pity and mansuetude of which enters a peculiar element of sadness and depression. To him are brought by parent or teacher the children, sturdy Bavarians of to-day, of all ages and sizes, delineated with an almost portrait-like realism, both as regards physical type and costume; no prosaic and too familiar detail of the latter being suppressed. They approach, gently drawn on, and unabashed by the divine Presence, which to them has nothing of the supernatural apparition, but reveals itself as Christ the brother and the healer, the consoler of the lowly, and the hope in the hard and dull dead-level which is the life of to-day. It may be fairly said by the artist's opponents that here is not only pictorial representation in a new or revived form of a consecrated subject, but an attempt to embody argument and to maintain a controversial attitude; and that so far the treatment of the subject, quite apart from a certain momentary repulsion, generated by the outwardly strange though thoroughly earnest mode of representation adopted, exceeds the limits of pictorial Art.

Herr von Uhde's enthusiastic admirers, and they are many, have cited in his favour the illustrious examples which at once present themselves; that of Albert Dürer, and, above all, that of the most pathetic of all painters of kindred subjects, Rembrandt. The parallel thus attempted is certainly not, in the first instance given, an accurate one. Dürer, though he adopted without idealisation of feature or form the rather individual than elevated types of his time and country, in no way sought to bring his delineations of sacred themes down to the level of the ordinary contemporary life of that period; but, on the contrary, by the fiery energy, the intensity

of spiritual as of terrestrial passion which he infused into these, caused them to stand out as far from the commonplace realities of his day as did, in another fashion, the more generalised representations which characterised contemporary Italian schools. It is evident that it is the unique quality of Rembrandt's sacred Art—so unmindful of all hieratic conventionalities, of all preceding formulas, yet under the superficial realism of its manner of delineation, so aspiring in its essence, so sublime in the heart-piercing simplicity of its interpretation—which has attracted and subjugated the modern painter.

No reference is here intended to any technical points of resemblance between the two artists, for it would be difficult to imagine a system of illumination and colouring, or a general method, more dissimilar from that of the great master of poetic chiaroscuro, than is the manner of Herr von Uhde. It has already been indicated that he affects the method of the French luminarists, and loves to envelop his subjects in the diffused light of a tempered and, as it were, veiled daylight, and that his colour harmonies are not of the splendidly audacious, but rather of the "muted" and deadened order. None the less is his treatment of religious subjects, from the evangelical point of view, shorn of the external pomp and the symbolism which have by most schools been deemed essential elements of such scenes, clearly in the first place inspired by that of the Leyden master. Yet there is between the point of view of the latter and that of his modern imitator a very essential difference. Rembrandt, although he casts aside all precedent, and creates anew the consecrated incidents of sacred history which he selects for delineation, deals with them without *arrière pensée*, and in no way, save by unequalled pathos of representation, seeks to dissociate his Christ from his surroundings. Neither does he, in giving to his sacred themes a realistic aspect which shall be within the comprehension of all, consciously endeavour to conceive them from an exclusively modern point of view. The element of "apartness"—of the memorable and supernatural—if it may be said, in one sense, to be absent from the thoroughly human types of the great master, is attained in an unsurpassed degree by means of his magic use of the mysteries of light and shade. Herr von Uhde, on the contrary, brings his half-idealised, wholly impersonal, Christ boldly into immediate contact, and, what is more important, into dramatic action, with types which are not merely of to-day, but are so localised and individualised as to become absolute portraits. Nothing but the real reverence and intensity of feeling with which he performs his self-imposed task could, with such a *parti pris*, neutralise the dangerous element of the grotesque which underlies such a mode of representation. The sense of incongruity is not felt to the full in such a subject as the one now under consideration, in which the element of symbolism must necessarily outweigh the mere dramatic conception; its dangers are more fully evident in such definite historical representations of sacred history as 'The Last Supper' and 'The Nativity,' which are among the artist's later works. If we regard only the deliberate selection for reproduction of purely local and unidealised types of the artist's own time and country, we find a near parallel to Herr von Uhde's system in the quaint pictures of religious genre produced by Pieter Breughel the elder, and yet more in certain earnest realistic works belonging to the Spanish school of the seventeenth century, such as the early 'Nativity' by Velasquez in the National Gallery, and the 'Naissance de la Vierge' and 'Cuisine des Anges,' by

Murillo, in the Louvre. In these latter performances there is a naïveté and sincerity such as disarms criticism, but, on the other hand, a total absence of the mournful attitude, the self-consciousness, or the evident *arrière pensée* of the nineteenth-century painter. It is, as cannot be too often repeated, with the sad yet consoling conception of sacred Art and sacred subjects evolved anew by Rembrandt that his ideal of lowliness and kinship in suffering has most in common.

Next in order in the enumeration of Herr von Uhde's productions comes the picture now in the National Gallery of Berlin, 'Come, Lord Jesus, and be our Guest,' which is in style and treatment a pendant to the work just described. A labour-worn German artisan of to-day is shown at the moment when he is about to sit down with his family to the poor mid-day meal: as grace is about to be said, Christ enters at the door, and is welcomed by the humble host with an adoring but characteristically awkward gesture, yet without the surprise or confusion attendant upon a supernatural vision. It is to be remarked, as a point of importance in divining the artist's meaning, that here, as elsewhere in his interpretation of sacred themes, the type of the Christ is unvarying in feature as in pitying sadness of expression and simplicity of adjustment. Next follows—first among definite historical subjects from the life of Christ attacked by this painter—the 'Supper at Emmaüs,' in which the figures of the Apostles are treated as modern artisans. We then come to what is perhaps the most important performance of Herr von Uhde up to the present time, 'The Last Supper,' exhibited in 1887 at the Salon, and in 1888 at the Munich International Exhibition. Here again we have the bare northern chamber of distinctively German aspect, pervaded with the mournful grey light of a dull day, which, be it remarked, Herr von Uhde suggests with far greater success than he does the atmospheric effects which are absolutely those of open air. The Saviour sits at the humble board, mildly human in his robes of tempered red and blue, surrounded by the Apostles, who are, as before, men of the homeliest aspect, city-dwellers of to-day, depressed by manual labour and gnawing care. Insisting on the physical imperfections and the special individuality of these types with a realism all too uncompromising, the painter has yet succeeded in impressing on them a supreme earnestness, a child-like simplicity of faith, to which he may well point as the best justification of what he has dared and accomplished. The technique shows here a marked improvement, the atmospheric envelopment of the figures being admirable, while on the other hand signs of hesitation and want of mastery in the handling are still apparent.

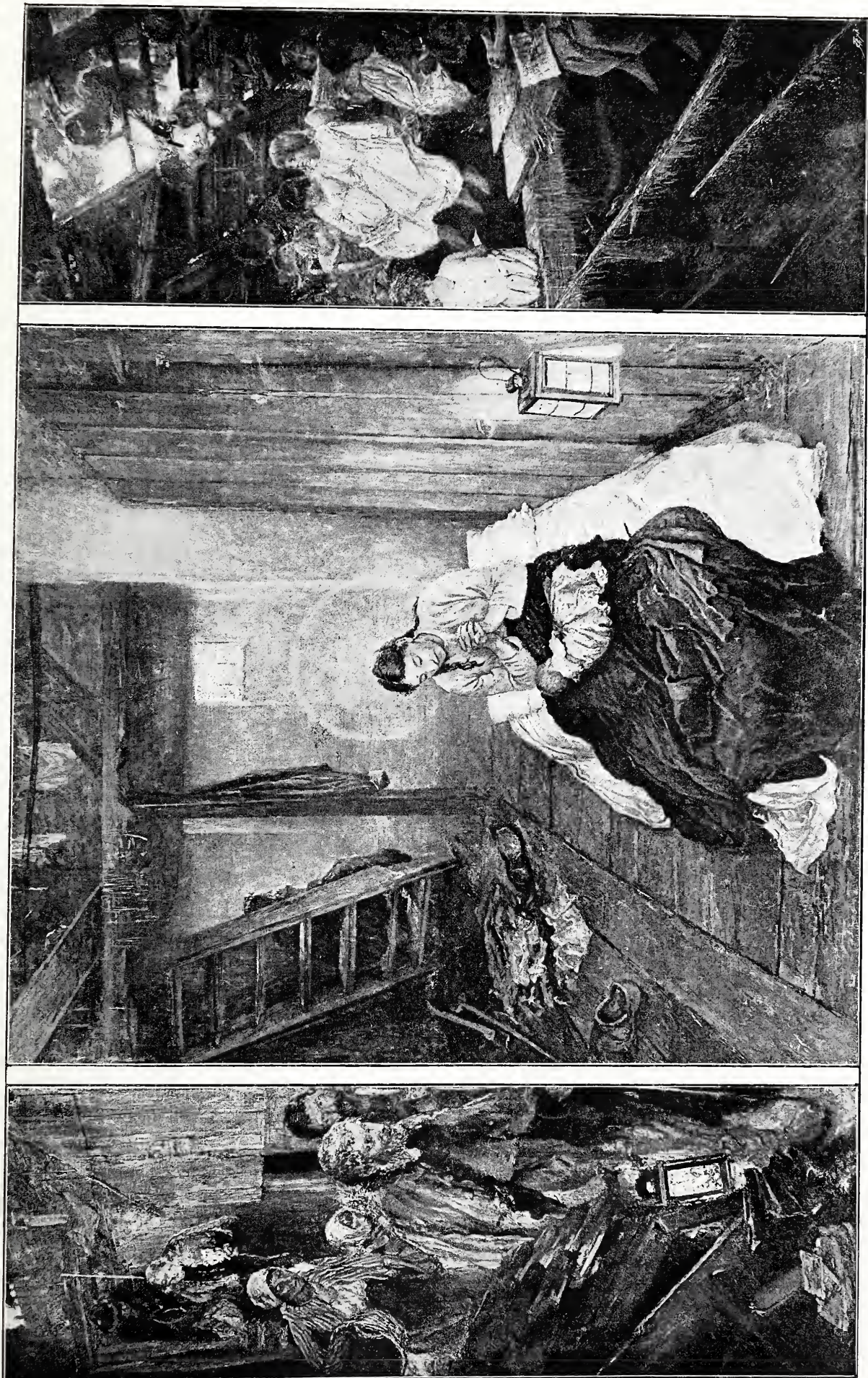
The next succeeding work of the series, 'The Sermon on the Mount,' treated in the most modern *plein air* fashion, with a more marked leaning than had yet been evinced towards the school and tonality of M. Puvis de Chavannes, is in some respects less successful. The flatness of the French master's peculiar style is emulated, but in a less degree the subtle harmonies of his colouring. The transposition of a scene so vast in import, the very essence of which is its universality, to a flowery mead of the Bavarian Highlands, peopled only by a congregation of sturdy peasants, is in this instance almost a *reductio ad absurdum* of the artist's standpoint in delineating the typical scenes of sacred history.

The last and, from a technical point of view, the most successful of Herr von Uhde's works, is the triptych of 'The Nativity,' which appeared for the first time at the Munich International Exhibition of 1888. In the central compart-

ment is shown in a humble chamber, faintly illuminated by the supernatural light radiating from the Mother and Child, the Virgin adoring the sleeping Christ, while St. Joseph, again a modern local type, is seen in the middle distance, seated on a ladder, in silent contemplation. In the wing to the left of the spectator appear the Shepherds, represented as we might easily assume that Herr von Uhde would represent them; and in that on the right is seen a quaint bevy of child-angels, in giving form to which the painter has for once overstepped the barrier which usually divides his thoroughly serious creations from the trivial and the grotesque. For has he not attired even these immortal essences in a quasi-realistic, thoroughly prosaic garb, for which, granting his standpoint, we can find no sufficient excuse? Notwithstanding a certain exaggeration, which is yet not incorrectness, of perspective in the central compartment, the work is admirable in execution, and reveals its author as for the first time in full possession of the subtleties characteristic of the most advanced French technique. It is also, with the regrettable exception just pointed out, and notwithstanding a certain all-pervading eccentricity indispensable from the artist's resolutely maintained point of view, most moving as an exposition alike naive and deeply-felt of the most human of all sacred scenes. Modern as is the aspect of the whole, there is something in the simplicity and absence of self-consciousness of the central group which recalls, not Teutonic, but rather, this time, Italian Art of the fifteenth century.

The question must, however, be faced, whether, into the system of presentation of sacred subjects adopted by the Saxon painter, there does not inevitably enter a certain spirit of paradox, a certain conscious effort to depart from accepted canons, which, inter-penetrating the undoubted and intense sincerity of his conceptions, detracts to a certain extent from their value; whether also, in the attempt to show the true significance of sacred history, its true applicability to all mankind and to all time, he does not in some instances narrow its scope and meaning as much by his wilful anachronism in one direction, as others, by an unnecessary archæological correctness, succeed in doing in another.

In the present period of self-consciousness, of analytical criticism, and, above all, of diminished enthusiasm and diminished use for sacred Art, is it possible thoroughly to overcome the difficulties of a task such as Herr von Uhde has set himself—a task which requires all the unconscious naïveté, as well as all the intensity of sacred passion, which alone a Rembrandt has brought to bear on its achievement? Does not the very necessity which the painter's chosen standpoint imposes of pictorially emphasising an apparent paradox, rather than realising an inevitable truth, detract from the power, and, above all, from the influence of the delineation? As it is, Herr von Uhde's Art is, notwithstanding its combative character, so entirely sincere, so penetrating in its pathos, that we are tempted to wish that its scope might be enlarged, its mode of representation simplified and generalised, if this might be, without diminution of its intensity of purpose. It may be likened to a vigorous shoot, which having to battle for existence against a thick and frozen crust, has notwithstanding grown to maturity living and fecund, yet with its branches still awry from the struggle to come forth. How little imaginative work of the time is there which—opposed as it must be by indifference and negation—does not reveal in its form and spirit something of this very struggle to overcome the adverse conditions which meet it on the threshold!



THE NATIVITY.

Whatever the final shape which Herr von Uhde's presentations of biblical history may take, he has already achieved results the value of which can hardly be overestimated. While boldly adopting the most advanced technical fashions of his day, he has put them to a noble use, and shown that they may be made the vehicle for expressing conceptions which, in their essence, if not in their outward form, are exalted. He has shown, at a time when all that is new and vigorous in modern production has been taught to express itself in other directions; when only the various aspects of

every-day humanity and of inanimate nature have evoked a new and genial interpretation; that the worn-out conventionalities of so-called sacred Art, as it now exists, may be exchanged for living realities. His conceptions contain, notwithstanding an undeniable alloy of self-consciousness and of paradox, an element of expressive power, a penetrating pathos, and a vitality such as alone the true fire of artistic inspiration, working with the aid of a genuine and all-embracing sympathy, can account for.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

TYPES OF BEAUTY IN RENAISSANCE AND MODERN PAINTING.*

WE come now to the great names of the great period of Italian Art, and first and foremost among them

stands that of Leonardo da Vinci. "When a nation's culture," says Signor Morelli, "has reached its culminating point, we see everywhere, in daily life as well as in literature and Art, that grace comes to be valued more than character. So it was in Italy during the closing decades of the fifteenth century and the opening ones of the sixteenth. To no artist was it given to express this feeling so fully as to the great Leonardo da Vinci, perhaps the most richly gifted man that Mother Nature ever made. He was the first who tried to express the smile of inward happiness, the sweetness of the soul." Not only tried but succeeded, at the same time preserving a power and strength of character in his

work unequalled by any other painter. Little as there is of that work, and uncertain as is the share due to his hand in much that bears the stamp of his

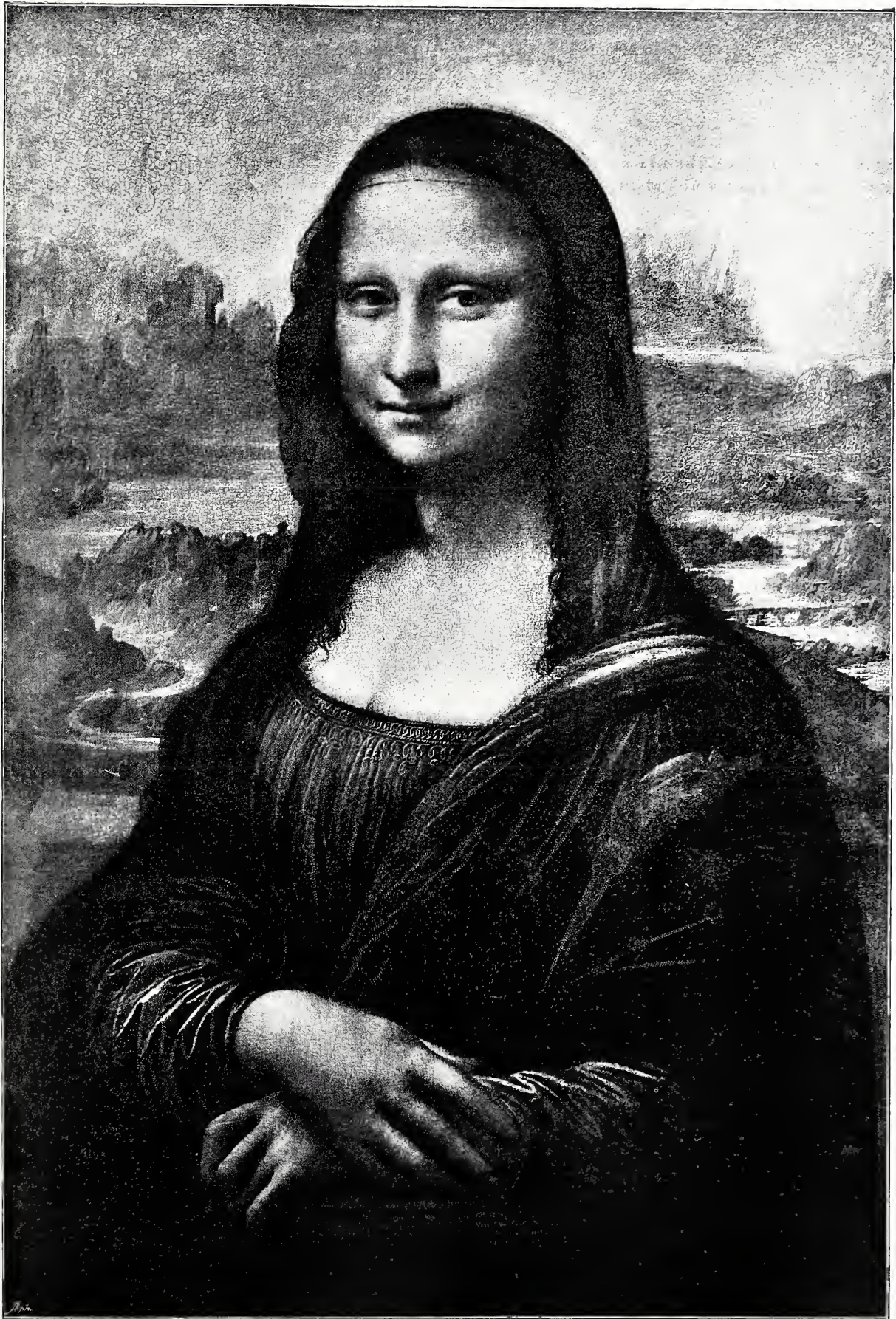


No. 1.—Group from one of the 'Alexander and Roxana' Frescoes at the Farnesina Palace, Rome. Sodoma. From a Photograph by Ad. Braun et Cie., Paris.

invention, no other master has left us so distinct and unmistakable a type of womanly beauty. Who that has once seen it can forget the face of the Gioconda? that face described by Mr. Pater, — "Its beauty, wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the out-

ward form, the animation of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Age, with its spiritual ambition and

* Continued from page 11.



No. 2.—Portrait of *La Gioconda*. Leonardo da Vinci. From a Photograph by Ad. Braun et Cie., Paris.

imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave, and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern Merchants, and as Leda, was the Mother of Troy, and as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences in an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."

The literary fantasia thus composed by Mr. Pater on the theme of Leonardo's famous portrait may not commend itself equally to all students. But the portrait itself, damaged and changed in colour as it is, must always rank as one of the central works of the world's Art. It was painted comparatively late in Leonardo's life. The mysterious smile which gives it its power was a thing he had often tried to represent in earlier days, before he found it realised, as we may presume, to his soul's content in the features of this particular model. In his early drawings, before he left Florence, we find him repeating the familiar type of the fifteenth-century masters of that school; but at Milan, partly under the influence of the prevailing fashion of that school, partly in obedience to some inward vision of his own, he gradually adopted the altered type by which we now chiefly recognise him. This is the type of the Virgin in the 'Vierge aux Rochers,' and with added years that also of the St. Anne in the Louvre picture, which last, if not actually painted by the master himself, is certainly adapted from the cartoon by

his hand now in the Royal Academy. This cartoon is supposed to have been the design for Leonardo's intended altar-piece for the church of the Servi which set all Florence in excitement and was publicly shown there for two days to eager crowds. The cartoon is of infinite beauty and one of the most precious of the master's works that has come down to us. Leonardo knew that the power of expressing the soul in the face in painting could only be attained by a perfect mastery of the art of modelling or light and shade, and therefore gave

up years to acquiring this mastery while he was living in Milan (1485-1500) at the court of Lodovico Sforza ('Il Moro'). This prince placed the Academy he had founded at Milan under Leonardo's management; here the master had a large school of pupils and followers who carried out his designs and suggestions with devotion, and made many repetitions of his works. His two great works during this time were the famous 'Last Supper,' and the model for a colossal equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, which was afterwards made a target of by the French archers on the occupation of Milan by Louis XII.

The Royal Academy design is one of these great designs that was never carried out, and is only known to us by the drawings and studies for it which are now in the Queen's collection at Windsor, and an engraving and miniature which are also supposed to represent this design.

The Milanese school, which at first exercised considerable influence

on Leonardo, was, in its turn, so influenced by his overmastering genius that at the end of the fifteenth century it was divided into two distinct branches, one of which consisted of his direct pupils and imitators, and the other being only indirectly influenced by him, and retaining many characteristics of the original school. Among the Lombard painters indirectly influenced by Leonardo, Luini comes first. He, it seems, was not, as formerly supposed, a pupil of Leonardo's, but having learned first with an unknown painter called Scotto, he



No. 3.—St. Apollonia, Saronno. Luini.

became the pupil of Borgognone, under whose influence, as well as that of Bramantino, his early pictures were evidently painted, and it is doubtful whether he ever even saw Leonardo. Nevertheless, in his second manner, which dates from about 1510 to 1520, Luini approaches nearer, especially in his female heads, to the Leonardo type than any perhaps of the master's direct pupils. Indeed, many of Luini's pictures have long passed under the name of Leonardo, and in the expression of spiritual sweetness and grace he attained a degree of perfection that might well be attributed to the greater master. Still, Luini is sweet and spiritual with a difference, and what has been said

of the Gioconda could never have been suggested by one of Luini's heads. Here is no touch of unfathomable and almost frightening mystery, no hint of the conflict between the old world and the modern idea, but a serene and endearing loveliness, perfect in itself if less passionate, less fascinating and intoxicating to the imagination than that other and greater beauty. So that one wonders after all how any one could ever have mistaken the work of one for the other; and yet again, if we think of the face of the angel that looks out upon us in the 'Vierge aux Rochers,' might it not have been painted by either? It is only in his third or "blond" manner, as it is called, that Luini becomes independent and entirely himself, and to this period belong his masterpieces, the great series of frescoes at Saronno (from one of which we have taken our illustration, a St. Apollonia, with the emblems of her martyrdom), Milan and Lugano, and two large altar-pieces in oil, one at Legnano, near Milan, and the other in the Cathedral

at Como. Some of the most lovely examples of his type of beauty are the saints and sibyls by his hand in the church of St. Maurizio, at Milan, a church which abounds in much fine work of his later manner.

A more direct pupil and imitator of Leonardo was Giovan Antonio Bazzi, known as Sodoma, who is now reckoned among the painters of the Milanese-Lombard school, from the fact that in his youth (1498—1500) he spent two years at Milan under Leonardo's immediate influence. He seems to have followed the master as closely as possible, not only in his art but in his habits, and even in his personal appearance. Vasari gives a highly coloured and probably exaggerated account of

the wildness and disorder of Sodoma's life; but the fact that he kept horses in his stable, and all sorts of odd animals in his house as pets, does not tell much against him, and whatever his ways of life may have been, there is no doubt about the admirable qualities of his art. Many of his works have been, and indeed still are, attributed to Leonardo. Signor Morelli goes so far as to say, "I believe I should not be far wrong were I to maintain that the majority of the better works ascribed to Leonardo in private collections are by Giovan Antonio Bazzi." The splendid 'Leda' of the Borghese Gallery, an altar-piece in the gallery at Pisa, and several

Madonnas both in England and Italy, long ascribed to Leonardo, are now authoritatively put down to Sodoma. The drawing by him at Vienna for one of his frescoes of the 'Marriage of Alexander and Roxana,' in the Farnesina palace at Rome, used to be universally considered to be a superb drawing by Raphael. Our first illustration is a group taken from one of these frescoes.

In some of his heads, especially those of women, which have much fervour, animation, and even tenderness, Sodoma certainly does come near to Leonardo; what we miss in him is that unerring and absolute beauty which both in Luini and Leonardo holds us spell-bound while in its presence, and becomes a living memory for ever after.

We know that Raphael admired Sodoma's work on the ceiling of the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican so much that he not only left it as it was when he came to paint the walls there himself, but to do him honour he introduced a portrait of Sodoma by the side of his own in his great

fresco of the school of Athens. This figure, which wears a white garment and white cap, used to be considered a portrait of Perugino, who, however, never had anything to do with this particular room, and who would then have been much older than the man here represented. Signor Morelli is here again my authority. The chief features of Sodoma's life have been already dwelt upon in the *Art Journal*, 1884, pages 101, 133.

Thus the fertilizing spirit of Florentine Art, as brought to Milan by Leonardo da Vinci, and modified by the influences he found already at work there, had germinated in that new soil with results the most fruitful and fascinating. A new and peculiarly attractive type of beauty, uniting the extreme of



No. 4. —Delphian Sibyl. Michelangelo. From a Photograph by Ad. Braun et Cie., Paris.

physical grace with the extreme of intellectual sweetness, and marked by a mysterious inwardness and subtlety of expression



No. 5.—Head from Drawing at Windsor Castle. Michelangelo.

unknown to the ancient world, had been evolved in the studio of the great master, and repeated or reflected by every one who came within the sphere of his influence. Varied according to the individual temperaments of the painters, nearly the same features smile at us, with varieties of the same beguiling grace, from the frescoes of a score of famous churches in Milan and its neighbourhood, and from a hundred altar-pieces scattered throughout the galleries of Europe. Beltraffio ranks foremost among the immediate disciples of the great magician; Luini is the greatest and most prolific of the independent masters touched by his influence, and in this quality of facial charm almost surpasses his master; lastly, Sodoma, as we have seen, carries the same sentiment and a kindred ideal away to Siena, and finally inscribes with the bewitching stamp of the school his luxurious series of frescoes in the palace of the Chigi at Rome.

Meantime at Florence the second in date of the great crowning artists of the school was one in whose genius the softer graces are commonly supposed to have been lacking. I speak, of course, of Michelangelo, and it is true that sternness, that strength, that the *terribilità* which has become proverbially associated with his name, are the chief characteristics of his genius. But the tenderness of the strong man is the tenderest of all when he allows it to be seen. When the spirit of sweetness and beauty that was in Michelangelo makes its voice

heard at all among the more predominant spirits of power, of menace, or of gloom, it speaks to us in accents that are irresistible. Witness not only the Madonnas and Children of his youthful time, like the statue at Bruges (*Art Journal*, 1882, page 97) and the bas-reliefs at Florence and the Royal Academy, composed with actions and sentiments as full of tenderness as of power, but numberless figures and episodes in the great compositions of his later life, and especially in that which was its central work—the great series of frescoes representing the history, creation, and doom of man, in the Sistine Chapel; the Eve in the Temptation and Expulsion; still more



No. 6.—Mary Magdalene, in picture of St. Cecilia, at Bologna. Raphael. From a Photograph by Ad. Braun et Cie., Paris.

the poignantly passionate mother clasping and being clasped by her children in the Deluge scene; some of the younger

Sibyls, and many of the enigmatic groups of human beings that nestle in attitudes of brooding repose in the lunettes or the triangular fields above them. By far the most regular type of beauty in the whole series of Michelangelo's works is the famous Delphian Sibyl of the Sixtine ceiling, of which our Illustration No. 4 will serve to remind the reader. Here the

form of the head and features are of a perfect harmony, and the glory of physical womanhood is perfectly reconciled with the expression of inspired wisdom, as she gazes with parted lips and open eyes on the fulfilment of her dream. Our fifth illustration is from a chalk drawing at Windsor, and may be taken as a fairly central example, free from any stress of expression or exaggeration of feature, of Michelangelo's type of womanhood.

The name of Raphael is as inveterately associated with the ideas of feminine and childlike grace and sweetness as that of Michelangelo with those of imaginative daring and almost superhuman strength. And in the very genius itself of Raphael there is, as has often been said, something feminine in the best sense, a quality of pliancy, of adaptability, of swift readiness to absorb and reflect surrounding influences. Raphael is far less constant to one ideal, far less original in his choice of female types, than any other of the great masters of his time. In actual portraiture

his vision of his sitter seems singularly free from bias or preoccupation, his mind imposes no mould of its own on its sitters, and of all the great portrait painters he is perhaps the least prone to "idealize," the most faithful in grasping and rendering the actual lineaments of the person he is painting. This is equally true of his early Florentine portraits of Angelo

and Maddalena Doni, and of those of his later Roman time, including the accessory personages in the frescoes of the chamber of Heliodorus. In imaginative and devotional work, on the other hand, though he is idealist of the idealists, yet his types are far from constant, and in the early part of his life they are almost always borrowed. Thus in the famous 'Spasializio' of the Brera, in the 'Crucifixion' belonging to Lord Dudley, in all the series of Madonnas of the Perugian and early Florentine time, now in the Berlin Gallery, in the Uffizi, and in London, he does but borrow with more or less variation the types of his teachers



No. 7.—*Bridgewater Madonna. Raphael.*

Perugino and Pinturicchio; sometimes falling short of their example; sometimes, on the other hand, improving on it with an added touch of grace and beauty of his own.

In the course of his four years' work at Florence he learnt much both from Leonardo and Fra Bartolommeo; but before the end of that period, *i.e.* about 1507, he had adopted, and remained faithful for several years, to a type of female saint

and virgin which was not strictly suggested by any other master. This is that type of somewhat insipid sweetness, with the blonde hair rolled backwards from "airy brows" of exquisite contour and purity, with the pure straight nose, the meek downcast eyes and full cheeks, the rather vapid mouth, which we recognise over and over again in the Virgins of La Belle Jardinière, the Bridgewater Madonna (which we give as an example of the type), the St. Catharine of the National Gallery, the Magdalene of the Borghese Entombment, and many examples more. It is hard to suppose that any real form of flesh and blood humanity can have posed to Raphael for this type of saintly grace and refinement. Not so with another type which prevails in some of his noblest work done six years later at Rome. I mean the dark-haired, dark-eyed, broad-browed, Roman-looking type which we find in the Magdalene of the St. Cecilia at Bologna (No. 6), and again transfigured and ennobled in the Madonna di San Sisto. This type we feel sure was taken from a living model when we compare it with the same lineaments as represented in 'La Velata,' the Veiled Lady, at the Pitti (see *Art Journal*, 1882, page 1).

Perhaps no painter's ideal is more associated in our minds with a real woman than that of Andrea del Sarto. "The force of a beautiful face carries me to heaven," wrote Michelangelo, and so might the face of Lucrezia, Andrea's beautiful wife, if only, as Mr. Browning says in his immortal poem, she had urged—

"God and the glory! never care for gain . . .
Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!
Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!
I might have done it for you. So it seems."

But it is to be feared that she did care for gain, and that indifference to luxury was not exactly what she urged. There is something wanting in the face that Andrea painted over and over again in almost all his Madonna pictures, something rather trivial and commonplace, in spite of a great deal that is attractive and winsome. The painter did sometimes take another model, but somehow the face always turned out like that one that was stamped on his heart, whether for good or evil, as he chose. Pretty Lucrezia is

thought now not to have deserved all the hard things that have been said about her, and it is evident that Vasari, who worked in Andrea's studio, had a personal grudge against her. He says she was remarkable as much for pride and haughtiness as for beauty and fascination, but certainly the former qualities never appear in Andrea's pictures of her, in which a little pride and dignity would not be amiss, and one cannot but suspect that Vasari must have called them forth himself. If with the "perfect mouth she had but brought a soul too," Andrea's art might possibly have taken a loftier flight, but after all his best

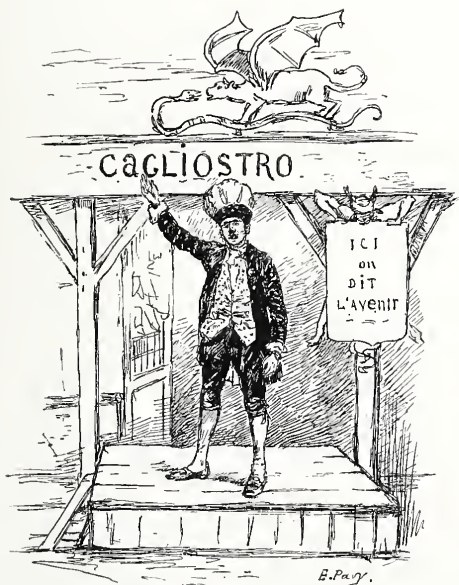


No. 8.—Portrait of Lucrezia (Madrid). Andrea del Sarto. From a Photograph by Ad. Braun et Cie., Paris.

work, and we should only judge him, or any other artist, by that, does not fall so very far short of the highest. The perfection of his execution, the exquisite beauty and transparency of his colour, the wonderful sense of atmosphere, will always keep him in his place among the first painters of the maturer Florentine Art. No doubt in the type of his heads, especially of women, there is more realism than poetry, more every-day prettiness of form than nobility of expression. If we think of a Leonardo or Luini head beside even the best of Andrea's this will at once be apparent.

FRANCES SITWELL.

THE BASTILLE.



Cagliostro's Booth.

at this ceremony. This is hardly to be wondered at, seeing that the destruction of the old prison-fortress is still regarded as a deadly blow struck at monarchical institutions, and that it was followed by scenes of tumult and carnage such as the world has seldom witnessed. It is true that poor Louis XVI. was not so squeamish. He visited Paris three days after the capture of his "royal castle," was received with enthusiasm, and hailed as "the restorer of French liberty." With smiling face he ascended the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, still stained with the blood of poor old De Launay and his staff. He was present, too, at the celebration of the first anniversary in company with the Queen and the Dauphin, and took the oath to the Constitution on the altar of the country, Bishop de Talleyrand officiating in full canonicals. His Majesty having fled to Varennes with his family was not present at the celebration of 1791, but in 1792 he once more played a certain part in the pageant, and was even hailed with cries of "*Vive le Roi*," "by men wearing breeches," when he appeared on the balcony of the Ecole Militaire. In 1793 the celebration was observed in a very perfunctory manner. Before the 14th July, 1794, the "Restorer of French liberty" and Marie Antoinette had been guillotined; the *fête* then sputtered gradually out, and little more was heard of the Bastille until 1880, when, Julius Grévy being President of the Republic, it was decreed that the famous 14th July should become the great national holiday.

In many countries the news that the Bastille had fallen was at first received with delight. On the first anniversary Lord Stanhope and six hundred and fifty-two friends of liberty dined together in London to celebrate the event. *Paris Risen, or the Destruction of the Bastille*, was played at Astley's to crowded houses. The University of Cambridge gave a prize to a Latin poem entitled *Bastilia Expugnata*. Sir James Mackintosh wrote his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. Fox described the

THE Parisians have recently constructed a model of the Bastille, the centenary of whose fall is to be celebrated with great pomp and circumstance at the Universal Exhibition this year. It appears that none of the European governments are to be officially represented

capture of the Bastille as the greatest event that had ever happened in the world, and Pitt, foretelling a glorious future for the new constitution, declared that the French had shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin the world had ever seen. Alfieri and other light-minded, as Macaulay calls them, celebrated the triumph of the Parisian mob with hymns and odes—poor Alfieri afterwards flying from Paris in disguise, with the loss of all his books, furniture, and the money he had invested in French funds. But everywhere, when the details of the capture of the Bastille became known, and the Revolution showed itself in its true light, people changed their minds, some making public atonement.

The new Bastille, with a portion of the Faubourg St. Antoine, constructed of wood and canvas, was run up in a few months. The old Bastille (not nearly as old as the Tower of London) took twelve years building, from 1370 to 1382, the architect being one Hughes Aubriot, who was the first prisoner confined within its walls. It consisted of eight towers seventy feet high, connected by curtains ten feet thick; then there was an outer wall and two moats, one of which was twenty-five feet deep, and was filled with water when the Seine overflowed its banks. Within the wall were numerous buildings, such as the Governor's house, the council chamber,



Major White and Tavernier.

the library, and the kitchen; there were also courtyards where the prisoners were allowed to walk or play and to

receive their friends. The cells were spacious, with the exception of those on the fourth, or top story, but as the Bastille was originally meant for a fortress—to protect Paris from English pirates coming down the Seine—the windows were narrow and the prisoners had to put up with a short allowance of light and air.

The Bastille was capable of holding one hundred prisoners, but in general it contained only half that number, and sometimes it was nearly empty. For example, in 1764 there were only four captives. There were certainly dungeons below ground which at times were flooded, but these were only used for punishment when prisoners were recalcitrant and gave trouble. Beneath the foundation of each tower was a small conical chamber in which a prisoner would have been unable to sit, to lie down, or to stand upright. But there is nothing to show that prisoners were ever confined in these terrible *oubliettes*. According to M. Viollet-le-Duc, the celebrated architect, these *oubliettes* were simply ice-houses, such as existed in several castles.⁵

Only two forms of torture appear to have been practised in the Bastille, those of water and the boot, and Charpentier, in his "Bastille unveiled," admits that when the prison fell into

the hands of the mob neither instruments of torture, nor skeletons, nor men in chains were discovered there. Barrière, too, mentions that citizens, when the gates of the Bastille were thrown open, were indignant at not finding cells filled with racks. One citizen did find what he thought was some terrible instrument of torture, but it turned out merely a printing press which had been seized by the authorities in the time of Louis XV.

The Bastille was several times taken before it finally succumbed in 1789. In 1411, during the reign of Charles VI., twenty thousand Parisians rushed against it and vainly endeavoured to carry it by assault. They then lighted huge fires round it in hope of smoking out the garrison. After a short resistance the Governor consented to surrender on condition of being allowed to leave Paris unmolested. His conditions were accepted, but he had no sooner opened the gates

than he was dragged to the Châtelet and beheaded. In 1418 another Governor surrendered the Bastille, and another massacre took place. The fortress was then handed over to the English, and Sir John Falstaff was named Governor. Some years later Sir John was succeeded by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, who capitulated in 1436 and was allowed to march out with arms and baggage, unmolested. During the League Bussy Leclerc surrendered the Bastille and was permitted to leave the country, and in 1593 Dubourg opened the gates to Henry IV. During the Fronde the place was besieged by the Duc d'Elbœuf, and after two shots had been fired the Governor, Du Tremblay, capitulated; and a few years later Louvière, on being threatened with death if he did not open the gates in two hours, followed the example of Du Tremblay. From that period, until the Revolution, the Bastille, whose record was not a brilliant one, was allowed to enjoy tranquillity.

Attacked once more in 1789, the old fortress capitulated after a resistance of two hours, the Governor consenting to open the gates on condition of the garrison being allowed to depart in peace. As upon more than one previous occasion, the conditions were not observed, and the capitulation was followed by the massacre of De Launay and a number



Burnet's Wine-shop.

of his officers and men, whose heads were paraded through the city.

No sooner had the place been captured than the Parisians, in whom the bump of destructiveness is strongly developed, set to work to demolish it; and "so deep were the roots which despotism had given to this old castle," that it took Palloy and five hundred men two long years to remove it from the face of the earth. The Parisians could not tolerate the sight of that stronghold of tyranny and insisted on its complete destruction; yet they sent small models of the prison, made out of Bastille stones, to each of the eighty-three departments. Some of the stones were used in the construction of Pont Louis XVI., now Pont de la Concorde, others were set in rings and in brooches; a pound weight of these cost "as much as a pound of good meat," and the Chevalier d'Eon, of dubious sex, sent several pounds to Lord Stanhope. "The key of that

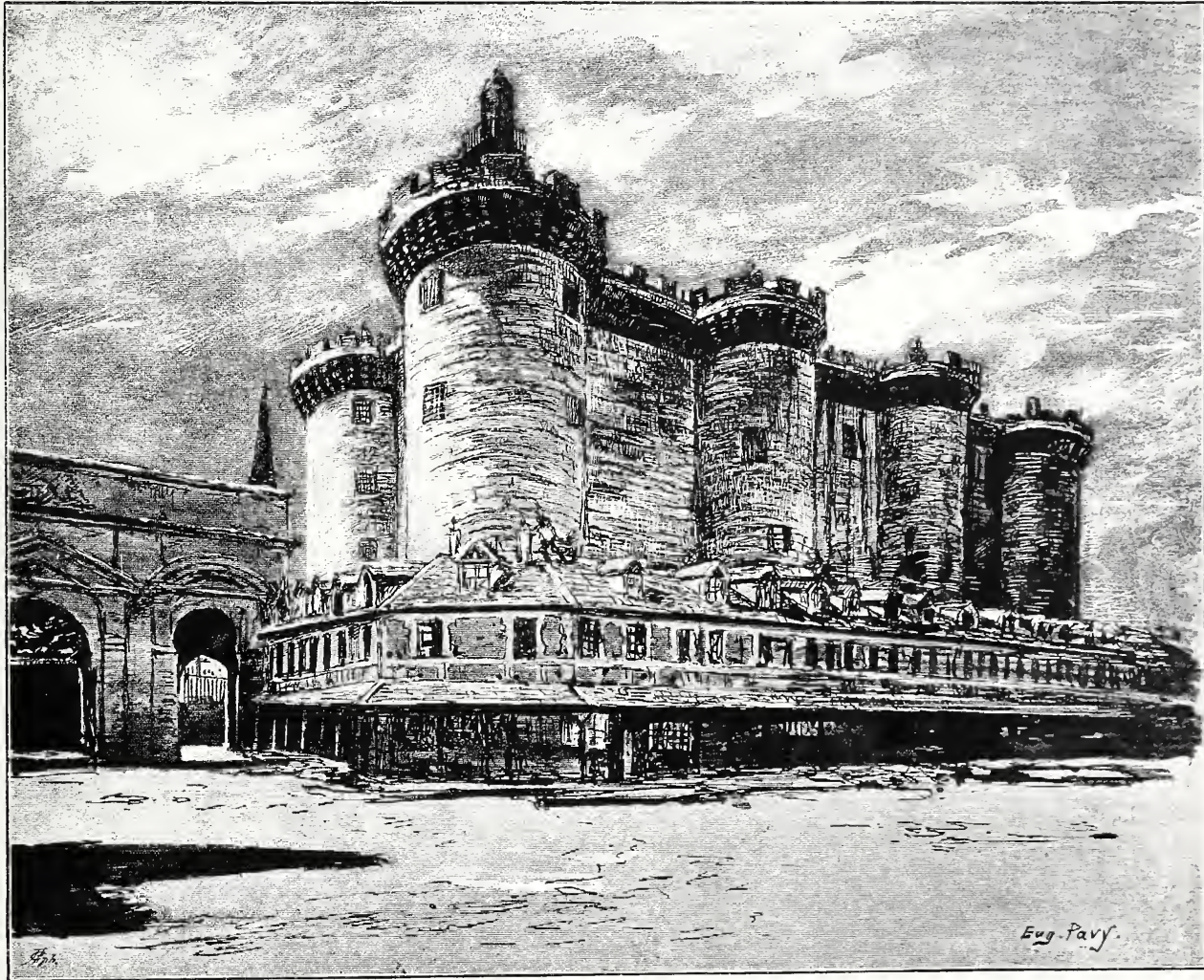
robber den," said Carlyle, "shall cross the Atlantic; shall lie on Washington's hall-table."

Instead of razing the Bastille to the ground, would it not have been better to have preserved it, like the Tower of London, as a show place? In that case there would have been no necessity for constructing a sham Bastille on a reduced scale to-day. Even Marat found fault with the blind fury of the Parisians in 1789. "The philosopher," he wrote, "finds food for reflection in the ardour with which a number of wretched artisans exposed their lives in order to destroy a monument of tyranny which was used only to punish their oppressors."

In 1796, Henry Swinburne wrote, in his "Courts of Europe,"

"I have been at the site of the Bastille, now a timber-yard. As there have been fifty-seven new prisons instituted in Paris, I think I may say that the Parisians have uselessly destroyed an ornament of the town." And Henry Swinburne was right. The destruction was useless.

In September, 1789, Horace Walpole wrote to Miss Hannah More:—"I congratulate you on the demolition of the Bastille; I mean, as you do, of its functions. For the poor old soul itself I had no ill-will to it; on the contrary, it was a curious sample of ancient castellar dungeons, which the good folks, the founders, took for palaces; yet I always hated to drive by it, knowing the mysteries it contained. [Not many in the



The Bastille.

reign of Louis XVI.] Of itself it did not gobble up prisoners to glut its maw, but received them by command. The destruction of it was silly and agreeable to the ideas of the mob, who do not know stones and bars and bolts from a *lettre de cachet*. If the country remains free, the Bastille would be as tame as a ducking-stool, now that there is no such thing as a scold. If despotism recovers, the Bastille will rise from its ashes!—recover I fear it will. . . . Every crowned head must ache at present; and the frantic and barbarous proceedings in France will not meliorate the stock of liberty."

Walpole was right. Despotism did rise from its ashes in the manner he foretold—arose in the shape of one Napoleon Bonaparte, who erected eight Bastilles in various parts of

France. "With what shouts of joy, with what imprecations did the world resound on the subject of the Bastille!" wrote a Republican historian of our day, M. Lanfrey. "What blood shed to destroy it! What enthusiasm for the conquerors! It was no longer the inoffensive Bastille of the feeble Louis XVI. which was now to be re-established (in 1809), but eight Bastilles, at the discretion of an irascible and miserable despot; they were to be built in the name of liberal ideas, and not a protest nor a murmur was heard."

It was pretended that the Bastille menaced Paris, but the French capital is now commanded by Mont Valerien and a dozen other forts, whose artillery is of a very different calibre to that with which the old prison fortress at the top of the

Rue St. Antoine was armed, and which so alarmed citizens for their liberties. But for Mont Valerien the Communists would in all probability have resisted the Versailles troops in 1871, and its guns, which repose tranquilly under its wing, could now quell any insurrection in Paris.

A few years ago what relics of the Bastille could be found were placed in the Hôtel Carnavalet, where they form a separate museum. Among them may be seen one of the stone models; the ladder made by Latude, swords and pikes, *lettres de cachet*, pictures of the period, and a plan of the Place Louis XVI., dated 1785; for four years before the place was captured by the mob Louis XVI. had approved of the demolition of the Bastille, the site of which was to be turned into a public garden.

In England we have at all events one Bastille. In September, 1690, Vanburgh, poet, dramatist, architect, was arrested as a spy and committed to prison in the "King's Castle," where he is supposed to have written one of his comedies.



Rue St. Antoine.

He was released in 1692 and on his return to England built, at the top of Maize Hill, Greenwich, a miniature Bastille in red brick, "and there it stands unto this day to witness if I lie."

Two other Bastilles may somewhere still exist in merry England, unless they have been thrown into the melting-pot, for we read in Paston's letters of "a salt saler like a bastell, gilt with roses, weighing 77 ounces, and another of greater bulk with windows." These were models of the Bastille of St. Antoine which had been presented to that doughty knight, Sir John Falstaff, who must not be confounded with the fat Jack of Shakespeare.

The new Bastille stands far away from the site of the old Bastille, which is now occupied by a column raised to the memory of the heroes who fell during the three days of July when Charles X. was driven from the throne. The first proposition was to erect on that site a statue to Louis XVI., "the restorer of French liberty," the eldest brother of the monarch expelled

in 1830. So wags the world. A colossal female figure, representing Liberty, for a while occupied the spot where the statue of Louis XVI. was to have been erected, and this was replaced by an enormous elephant—or the model of one—about eighty feet high, but when some person or persons unknown painted it green it was taken down, and for forty years the Place de la Bastille remained a sort of desert in summer and a swamp in winter.

The old Bastille was armed with naval and other guns, meant for firing salutes, and with "playthings of Marshal Saxe." The new Bastille, possibly lest Parisians should be alarmed, has only one gun, which stands close by the sentinel's tower. Before entering the new Bastille the visitor passes through a portion of the Rue St. Antoine as it existed a century ago with its quaint old shops, where wares of the period may be purchased from citizens dressed as people dressed before the Revolution. Here we have a porcelain shop and on the opposite side of the way a cobbler in his

stall. Strolling through the street or seated in front of the wine shop of Jules Burnet, one sees men of the *Gardes Françaises* in their blue uniforms and white gaiters, with now and then a pensioner belonging to the garrison. In front of one shop appears Cagliostro, who for a trifle will tell you your fortune. Cagliostro, implicated in the necklace affair, was once a prisoner, who on being liberated fled to England and prophesied, "The Bastille will fall and people will dance on its ruins." And it was so. Then walk up and have your fortune told. We note, too, in the Faubourg the church of Ste. Marie, formerly a chapel-

of-ease to St. Paul's, where deceased prisoners used to be buried at midnight; now it is a Protestant church. The visitor may dine at the Hôtel de Mayenne, or merely quench his thirst at the auberge dedicated *Aux Enfants de Bacchus*. He may have his wig curled or powdered by a perruquier, order a suit of clothes from M. Godard, or a doll from M. Jumeau. At stated intervals the band of the French Guard marches up and down the Faubourg playing airs of the period, and then the whole scene is full of colour and animation.

When you venture inside the Bastille you can either ascend to the battlements or else descend into the cells, in one of which is to be found two prisoners done in wax. The prisoner with the flowing beard is evidently the unfortunate Major White who was discovered in the Bastille when it was captured. He was from Aberdeenshire, served in the army of Prince Charles Edward, and after the battle of Culloden fled to France, where for some political crime he was thrown into prison. He was probably out of his mind when Louis XVI.

came to the throne or he would have been released. The first thing he did on recovering his liberty in 1789 was to



A Hardware Shop.

ask for a lawyer, probably with a view of suing for damages. Eventually he was taken over to England by Lord Keith, and what then became of him we know not. Charpentier, who saw him at Charenton (a lunatic asylum), shortly after his release, said, "This prisoner speaks such good English that he is believed to be an Irishman!" And he was Scotch. The other prisoner is probably Tavernier, who was confined for having conspired against the life of Louis XV. He, too, was out of his mind. The only other prisoners found in this stronghold of tyranny when it fell were the Comte de Solages, confined at the request of his family, and four men committed for forgery and awaiting their trial as offenders against the common law.

In the way of ordinary "appartements," one can see the cell where Bassompierre, formerly a Governor of the Bastille, was confined for twelve years and wrote his memoirs, which are still consulted by the historian. The cell where Voltaire, twice confined, wrote his "Œdipe" and his "Henriade," and from whence he was released on the promise of going to England. The cell from which Latude and Allègre effected their escape by means of a rope ladder three hundred feet long with two hundred and eight rungs, which they had taken eighteen months to manufacture. We find, by the

1889.

way, that Latude, like Mr. O'Brien, was dissatisfied with his nether garments. The Major of the Bastille, in fact, reported—"This prisoner is obstinate, and has up to the present time refused to wear the breeches made for him by M. de Rochebrune, which are well lined, have silk garters, and are got up in the best style." What Latude wanted was to be measured for his trousers, and it was against the rules for a tailor to enter the Bastille. Then there are the cells where de Sacay wrote his translation of the Bible, that in which the Abbé Morellet composed his treatise on the liberty of the press, and that in which General Dumouriez had leisure to study the classics.

But of all the cells, the one which evokes the most interest is that in which the mysterious individual, called the "Man in the iron mask," or rather "velvet mask," was confined. He was first taken to the Bastille in 1673, was removed in 1674 to Pignerol, thence to Exiles, next to the Isles of St. Marguerite, then, in 1698, back to the Bastille, where he died in 1703.

The regulations show that the prisoners were not treated with wilful neglect. The Governor had to be informed of all complaints, and if a prisoner were ill the doctor had to send in frequent reports. In the event of dangerous illness the Minister and Lieutenant-General of Police were communicated with, and those authorities had to give their permission before a confessor could be called in or the last sacrament administered. Burials always took place at night, and as a general rule the family name of the deceased was kept secret.

On arriving at the Bastille the prisoner was first taken to

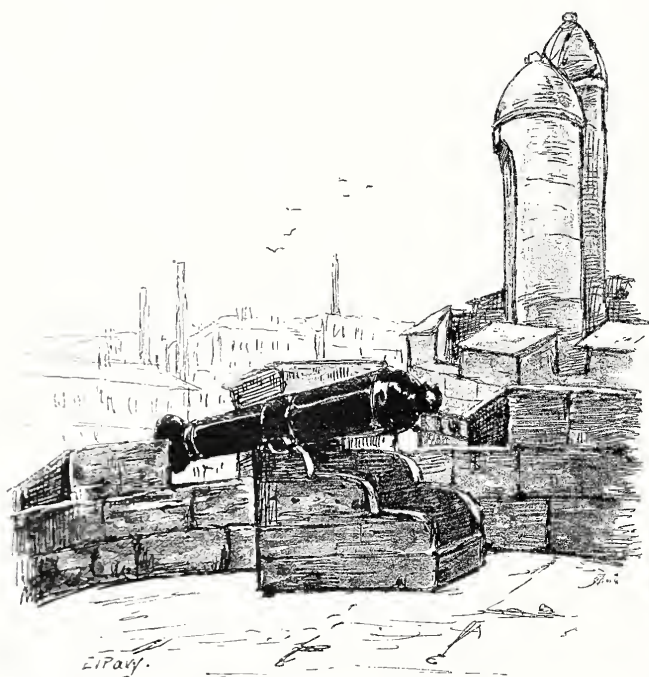


The Church of St. Mary.

the council chamber, where he had to give up everything about his person; he was not searched unless he excited distrust.

Y

All the articles taken from him were restored when he left prison.



Watch-Tower and Cannon.

As regards orders for incarceration the greatest care was taken to prevent errors or abuses. Each *lettre de cachet*

had to be signed by the king and countersigned by the minister, who every day received a report concerning the prisoners.

When a prisoner was arrested by order of the king a police agent touched him with a white wand, and the aid of the archers was seldom required to overcome resistance. Prisoners were rarely condemned to solitary confinement; there were generally two prisoners of the same class in a cell, or a master and his servant. The king found food and fuel; the food was wholesome and abundant. De Renneville, who was a second-class prisoner and who abused the Bastille in five volumes dedicated to George II. when he was released and safe across the Channel, admits that he always had several dishes for dinner: soup, entrée, remove, dessert, and a bottle of wine, and extra rations on feast days. No wonder that the prisoners petitioned the Governor to curtail their bill of fare and to share the saving between them, that some prisoners who went into the Bastille poor left it with a round sum in their pockets, and that others asked to stop a little longer.

In fact, for the prisoners who had committed no heinous crime, the Bastille resembled the Queen's Bench which flourished for many years after Her Gracious Majesty came to the throne. They could keep dogs, cats, or birds, enjoy the use of tobacco, stroll about, pay each other visits, indulge in cards, chess, draughts, or billiards, borrow books from the library, and obtain pen, ink, and paper. Of course, some prisoners were more harshly treated than others, and breaches of discipline were sometimes severely punished. On the whole, the poor old Bastille did not deserve the rough treatment it received from the hands of the mob in 1789, nor did Launay and his comrades deserve death and mutilation.

D. BINGHAM.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION FROM THE HANDICRAFTSMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

IN view of the promised legislation on the technical education question, it would perhaps be an opportune moment to endeavour to ascertain the opinion of the workers themselves, as to their own requirements, and the meaning they attach to the phrase "technical education;" and also to deliberate as to the most suitable machinery for attaining the desired result.

We hear almost daily of meetings and conferences to discuss the question in its various phases, and articles in the press constantly meet the eye; but the speakers at the meetings are almost invariably learned professors, Members of Parliament, or other prominent persons, while the paragraphs and articles generally emanate from the pen of a more or less known literary or professional man; but notwithstanding that it is on the handicraftsman that the new system of culture is to be brought to bear, strange to say, little or no effort is made to ascertain his view of the matter, and yet the success or failure of the scheme depends entirely on his acceptance or rejection of it.

Rightly or wrongly the handicraftsman's definition of the term "technical education" is that it means the more complete or systematic instruction of a person in the principles of the trade or business he may be following—that is to say,

that after his workshop training as an apprentice, or at least after he has acquired a practical knowledge of the elementary principles of his business, he should be instructed in the scientific principles underlying it; or, in other words, he should know *why* as well as *how* certain processes should be carried out, and further, the way to carry them out in the most efficient and expeditious manner.

But when he looks around him and inquires into the nature of the schemes put forward in the name of technical education, what does he find? Suggestions for re-organizing or extending the present system of primary education, plans for imparting industrial training and the use of tools in public schools, and schemes for instruction in various handicrafts to be given to all comers promiscuously. The practical worker knows that all this is merely beating about the bush, that however desirable these things may be in themselves they only touch the fringe of the subject. There is no doubt that the re-organization of the present system of primary instruction in this country, to the extent at least of making the teaching of drawing compulsory in all schools and of extending the practice of giving object lessons, would be very beneficial, and would be a good preparation for the technical instruction to follow later, inasmuch as it would be training the *hand*

as well as the *eye* and would induce the student to study *things* as well as *words*; but in itself it can hardly be called technical education.

Practical drawing is undoubtedly one of the most useful subjects that can be taught in schools, as it is the foundation, more or less, of a great many of our handicrafts. One of our greatest scientists, Professor Huxley, has said: "In my judgment there is no mode of exercising the faculty of observation, and the faculty of accurate reproduction of that which is observed, no discipline which so readily tests error in these matters, as drawing properly taught; I mean figuring natural objects, making plans and sections—approaching geometrical rather than artistic drawing." And again he says: "Nothing has struck me more in the course of my life than the loss which persons who are pursuing scientific knowledge of any kind sustain from the difficulties which arise because they have never been taught elementary drawing."

It is clear therefore that a knowledge of drawing is of very great assistance to those following a scientific calling, while it is most essential to those engaged in the industrial arts, and would also no doubt be of service to a great many even who are employed in commercial pursuits. Indeed, as Lord Rosebery said at Keighley: "The art of drawing is the keystone of technical instruction in this country;" and yet it is taught in not more than a fourth of our elementary schools.

As to the promiscuous teaching of trades, it is well known than any tradesman taking an apprentice would select a boy fresh from school with no knowledge whatever of the trade he is going to learn. The boy is more likely to be obedient and persevering than he would be if he found, as would almost certainly be the case, that the instruction he was then receiving was at variance with his previous instruction on the subject. Professor John Perry, of Leonard Street Technical College (a gentleman of very extended experience in such matters), says: "Workshops in primary schools will add enormously to the unskilled labour in the country."

No! technical education to be of any real benefit must *follow*, or, at most, run concurrently with the workshop training, in no case can it precede it; the youth must go through the drudgery of his profession before he can master the higher branches of it.

Professor Garnett said at a conference at the "Society of Arts:"—"It is a pure waste of public funds to teach a clerk enough plumbing to mend a water-pipe in his house. The teaching of specific trades must be limited to the members of those trades."

No system of technical education, however perfect, however well considered its details may be, can possibly prove beneficial to our artisans generally, if drawn up on a stereotyped plan. No universal formula issued from a central office can ever attain the desired end.

Although the information gained abroad by the Royal Commission on Technical Education will doubtless be of great assistance in legislating on this subject, still too much reliance must not be placed upon it; for it does not necessarily follow that because a certain system works well somewhere on the Continent, therefore its introduction here will produce equally good results.

In dealing with this subject, national—nay, even local—prejudices must be respected, if we wish to enlist the sympathies of our workers; each locality as well as each separate trade must be treated on its merits. It is not sufficient to say,

"They do these things better in France, therefore you must abandon your old methods and do as we instruct you." The superiority of the new methods and their results must be demonstrated before they will be generally accepted. Men, though they be merely working men, are not well-trained horses that can be driven in any direction at the will of a master.

Then, again, there is too much philanthropy and patronage imported into this matter. It has always been assumed in these discussions that the promoters of the project are entirely disinterested, that all who give of their time or substance in furtherance of it are making great sacrifices for the good of the wage-earners—in short, it is held that the worker alone will reap the benefit of the higher culture in store for him, and that he ought therefore to be very grateful and quite ready to follow any line marked out for him. But the worker himself cannot quite see it in that light, he thinks that the benefit will at least be mutual—that if by means of the better training of the producer the country is enabled to compete more successfully with her foreign competitors, it follows that more capital flows into the coffers of the merchant and the manufacturer, and that consequently he, the worker, is not the sole gainer; and in this opinion he is supported by no less an authority than Sir Philip Magnus, the Principal of the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, who said: "Technical education had a direct benefit upon industry so far as it concerned the masters, but it only indirectly benefited those who occupied the lower rungs of the industrial ladder."

In order to insure the success of any plan of technical instruction the workers must, in the first place, be convinced of its necessity, and in the next they must be consulted in drawing up its provisions; then it must be understood that instruction in any particular industry will be imparted only to those already employed in that industry, and further, that the instructors themselves will also be drawn, as far as possible, from its ranks. It will not do to allow institutions professing to work in the cause of technical education to compete with existing commercial establishments, either by soliciting orders in the usual way of trade, or by "developing the Institution commercially," as it is sometimes termed, and then executing by amateur labour the orders they have obtained. We know that this kind of thing is done, and it is no doubt an excellent way to flood the market with inferior work and to lower prices, and thus injure the trade it professes to benefit and to vitiate instead of raising the taste of the purchaser.

It is absurd to suppose that adults, without any previous knowledge of the subject, can be taken in hand by a technical education agency and instructed in a given industry with the result that in a few months they can far excel the regular workers at that industry with all the advantages of their workshop training. And yet this is what is claimed for some of the agencies that have been established. Such institutions simply harass the trade in whose name they act, without benefiting the community in the slightest degree; and indeed they greatly retard the progress of genuine technical instruction, because on the one hand they disgust the workers and make them suspicious of every plan put forward, and on the other they help to induce the public to think that as there are so many institutions afloat there is no necessity to make any further effort.

In what direction is this technical education craze leading? It is to be feared that, unless an effort be made to check it, it will result in the creation of a new, or the extension of an existing government department, with an army of instructors

and examiners and a policy of cram and payment by results, such results being decided by unpractical men.

Surely no such elaborate machinery is necessary. Cannot the best of our handicraftsmen be engaged to instruct their fellows, with payment according to numbers?

Professor Silvanus Thompson, Principal of the Leonard Street Technical College, speaking of the Science and Art Department, says, "Their whole system of certificating Science teachers and Art masters would break down utterly the moment they attempted to apply it to the technical training of workmen. Such teaching must be by specialists." And further, he says, "No credit was given for technical excellence of execution in the work of students sent in for the national competition. If a wood-carving was sent in there was no heading under which it could come; the examples were judged simply as so much 'raised ornament,' as though they were clay, the adaptability of the form to the material being absolutely neglected." After speaking of "the complete inability of the man who merely knows the abstract science to teach its application in technical operations," he goes on to say, "The South Kensington system is most fatal to the actual training of the workman," and after describing the probable effects of placing technical education under the control of the Science and Art Department, as, in his opinion, "the very antithesis of what technical education ought to be," he gives utterance to this trenchant sentence: "If they wanted to thoroughly condemn technical education, there was no surer way than to pass such a bill as would hand technical education over to the system of cramming for examinations under teachers who knew nothing of the industries."

The "Institute of British Wood-Carvers," taking this view of the matter, has set an example to other handicrafts by establishing classes for instruction in drawing, modelling, and carving. The students must be *bona-fide* wood-carvers, and men from their own ranks, conspicuous for their ability, have been elected to instruct them. Surely this is the right principle to govern institutions of this kind, that talent should be recognised and rewarded, and that it should be utilised for the

advancement of those who are less gifted. In this case the venture is well supported by the trade, but the danger lies in the students' fees, which are necessarily rather high.

It would be far more efficacious as well as economical for the imperial or local authorities to assist in establishing and supporting such institutions as this, where the special requirements of the particular industry dealt with are thoroughly understood, than to erect costly buildings and appoint highly-paid professors and officials.

So-called technical classes are constantly being formed, and it frequently happens that a man is appointed instructor who has hitherto been utterly unknown in the trade he undertakes to teach, and in some cases a man is appointed who is well known in his trade to be quite unfit for the post. It is not likely under such circumstances that the students will have confidence in their instructor.

Then also with regard to Industrial Exhibitions, the jurors are generally appointed in a haphazard fashion, and frequently have no connection at all with the trade on which they are called upon to adjudicate, the result being that the exhibitors might just as well draw lots for the prizes.

In conclusion, then, there can be no doubt that a proper system of technical education administered honestly in the interests of the workers by the workers themselves, eliminating the dilettanteism which has hitherto figured so prominently in schemes of the kind, will do much to raise the status of our handicrafts and to re-establish this country in the markets of the world, but it must be free from the paralyzing centralization of a government department. There must not be a repetition of the procedure of existing Schools of Art, under which a student may spend three months on a piece of work which if produced in the workshop would have to be done in two or three hours. Economy of time is as essential as skill in production, but that aspect of the matter is almost lost sight of at the government schools.

The handicraftsmen themselves best know their own wants, and with encouragement and assistance are the most likely persons to be able satisfactorily to supply them.

'A SPRING DAY.'

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY FRED. SLOCOMBE.

MR. SLOCOMBE sets a good example when he brings the art of etching face to face with nature. The needle is too generally devoted to the translation of the other pictorial arts into its own methods of presentation, and it is a pleasure to see it record the direct artistic impression; for its methods are important enough to take their own independent place. It is a distinct language, and not a mere *patois*. Etching will always find some difficulty, perhaps, in English landscape, on account of the general lack of distinctness in the natural forms peculiar to our scenery. A passage that is characteristically English has too many rounded shapes of hill and of foliage. An etcher who uses the very stenograph, or shorthand, of his art may have the courage to render the English park land or rolling country in its summer redundancy, for his suggestions may omit what they will; he works implicitly (to restore a useful word to its right use) and may

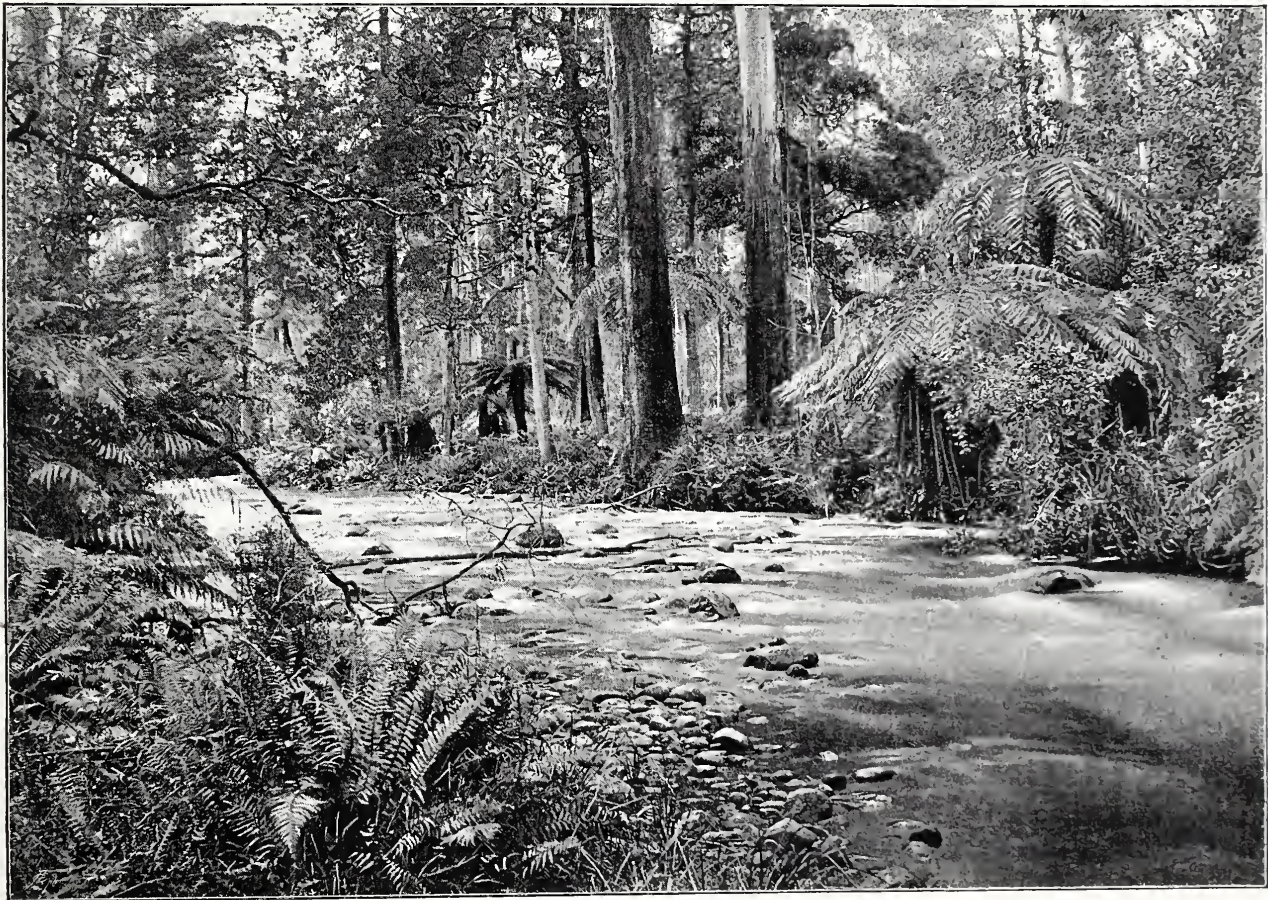
imply, or forbear to imply, according to his purpose at the moment in noting the scene. But an explicit etcher is constrained to look for something less distinctively English—a place where the trees are less entirely deciduous, or where the "bones of the land" show through thin soil, making sharp lines of rock, such as give to some of the country of the west of England its charm of contrast with the round rich mounds and pastures of the interior. Or else he is wise to choose a winter subject when the fine design of the trees is apparent, and still wiser to bring his winter to the boundaries of early spring, when the twigs, without loss of delicacy, have that charming bourgeoning at the tip—a minute detail which changes, when it appears, the whole aspect of the rural world; or to push on the evolution another stage, as in Mr. Slocombe's 'A Spring Day,' and show the fragile veil of green that lies so light under the slowly strengthening sun.

AUSTRALIAN SCENERY.



THAT great Southern Ocean which puts a complete girdle of sea round the earth, and holds in its keeping the island-continent of Australia, from the vast expanse of its wilderness of waves, forms a not unfitting introduction to a land where illimitable plains and seemingly interminable forest-ranges are a prominent feature. It is not easy—perhaps impossible—to all at once grasp the salient features of a continent nearly as large as Europe; or with however broad decisive strokes to limn in barest outline the physical aspects of a country which, from its great size, necessarily in-

cludes a considerable diversity of climate, and therefore scenery, and all else that may be comprised in latitudes ranging from 10° to 40° . If we could by an eagle flight raise ourselves to an altitude whence *en ballon* we could see the great island-continent spread out below like a vast panorama right away from Cape York, but 10° from the equator, to its southern extremity in Victoria, it would be seen that climatically it is divided into two unequal halves—Australia within the tropics, and Australia in the more temperate zone—the latter being the larger half. It will be necessary for the beholder to remember that the land has been portioned into five colonies,



On the Watts River. From a Photograph by J. W. Lindt.

for there are no very marked natural boundaries. He will miss the presence of any impressive divisions like the stupendous chain of the Alps between France and Italy, or the Pyrenees between France and Spain, and he will mark the absence of broad rivers or great waterways fitted for inland navigation. Rivers he will see, but none in any degree commensurate with the size of a territory approximating to that of the United States of America. There is no mighty Missouri rolling down to the sea, no majestic Parana fed by navigable tributaries, themselves noble rivers. The most important of them,

the River Murray—called the Australian Nile, and also the Australian Mississippi—pursues its devious course for some 1,400 miles between Victoria and New South Wales, thence through South Australia, until it flows into the sea at Adelaide. During the fiery summer seasons it is sometimes very hard pressed, and numerous snags and dead gum-trees render navigation difficult; the Murrumbidgee, rising in New South Wales, a river 1,500 miles long, however, lends its friendly aid, by uniting with it; and the Darling, which, if traced through the Barwan, has run a course of nearly 2,000 miles, also unites

with the Murray farther south, and surrenders that individual existence which it has hitherto preserved with so much difficulty. Rivers like the Hunter and the Hawkesbury—and the beautiful scenery of the Hawkesbury claims more than passing notice—seem more imposing, but the promise raised by first impressions is not kept, as, descending from the ranges which run all along the east coast, their course is but a comparatively brief one ere they flow into the ocean. In tropical Queensland the rivers are navigable but for a few miles from the coast, and many are little more than chains of water-holes for a great portion of the year.

But, on the other hand, such a spectator could not fail to be impressed by the immense extent of territory, the sense of space, the vast tracts of level and undulating grassy country taken up for pasturage—some of the sheep-runs being as large as the whole of Palestine—and by the lonely mountain ranges covered with dense forests of eucalyptidæ, a sea of rolling hills interspersed by dark ravines and solemn gorges, gloomy and awe-inspiring, for all the verdure is darker in colour than at home. Here and there amid the dense forest-ranges rise thick columns of smoke, indicative of “bush fires,” which seem always in progress somewhere, though they attract little notice, and in a territory so vast burn themselves out unheeded. Nor does it take long to familiarise oneself with the peculiar blue haze which closes every vista, that veil of cobalt blue which forms the universal drop-scene of Australia.

Our voyager *en ballon* would look down upon countless leagues of barren coast encompassed by stormy seas, a coast apt for sudden changes and swift alternations of temperature; swept by uninterrupted currents from vast expanses—the biting blast from the Antarctic Ocean and the icy fastnesses of the south polar region, the dread artillery of the wide Southern Ocean, and the soft gales which come from the region of the summer isles of Eden in the adjacent Pacific. A coast alternately presenting bare tracts of interminable length, piled with sand-hummocks, broken here and there by intervals of dark scrub, and twisted, tortured, wind-blown trees, or lofty precipitous cliffs, with perhaps a solitary lighthouse above, and hollow, fantastic caves scooped out at the base below, in which the boom of the wild waves breaking is heard unceasingly; and then again interminable sand dunes stretching along the whole length of “Ninety-mile Beach,” beyond Wilson’s Promontory. Sometimes the lonely ranges standing back from the coast run down to the water’s edge, displaying, as at Cape Otway, vast forests impenetrably dark and dense. Though Australia is *par excellence* a sunny land, such is not the impression conveyed when regarded from the sea, whence its aspect is forbidding and gloomy, any signs of life, villages, or townships appearing only at long intervals; for it must be borne in mind there are but three millions of inhabitants in all this land, the size of Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal!

Still keeping in view the southern portion, the next matter for remark is the flatness of South Australia compared with the eastern colonies, the rich corn-fields of that wheat-growing country, the crater lakes of Mount Gambier, and the great belt of bush-land bordering the Murray known as the Mallee Scrub, and then crossing the arid Wimmera district, covering an area of 25,000 square miles, the Grampian range of hills, rising to a height of 3,800 feet. Their rounded, water-worn shape record the wasting processes they must have been subjected to through eons of geologic time. Their innumerable slopes, thickly covered

with gum-trees, remind us that Australia belongs to the far-away secondary and tertiary periods, and that owing to its isolation it has been spared many of the repeated convulsions and crust-movements of the other hemisphere. Thus Australia is in some sense a kind of Noah’s ark, in which is preserved the flora and fauna of an older world—a land where alone we still may see the trees and plants growing, and the animals living, of an epoch long passed away in other lands. Next the crater lakes of Western Victoria come into view, great sheets of water occupying the cups of dead volcanoes; and then a wide expanse of water where the great white clouds and blue sky are reflected from a sleety-grey mirror covering an area of seventy or eighty miles, that Dead Sea of Victoria, the great salt-water Lake Corangimite. Nearer the eastern extremity of Victoria, close to the coast, are seen the Gippsland Lakes, having a connection with the sea, by far the largest and most important series of lakes in Australia, for lakes are not a feature in the other colonies.

Away “up-country,” in certain districts, may be noticed lonely gullies and alluvial plains, all scarred and riven, as if the place had been the scene of some fierce conflict, where hasty entrenchments had been thrown up, and the earth ploughed by artillery, or torn and trampled by contending hosts; and rusty fragments of broken weapons or discarded tools in the holes and fissures, and mounds of earth beneath the shadow of any near clump of trees, looking like hastily dug graves, give colour to that impression. They are deserted gold-fields, which in bygone days have been rifled of their treasure, and the mangled earth lies all unshriven around, wearing an aspect of uncared-for abandonment, which is almost pathetic in its unbroken silence. Volcanic hills rising here and there in the distance attract attention, Mount Elephant and Mount Leura overshadowing the township of Camperdown; rocks like the Mitre Rock and Mount Arapiles, singular isolated hills, rising out of the plains in solitary grandeur. At eventide their granite walls and rifted battlements reflect the Austral sunset long after its glory has faded from the level plains around. They stand out in the gathering gloom with a weird, spectral-like loneliness powerfully affecting the imagination, for they have reflected the sunsets of many thousand centuries before the white man came and tilled the fields around, now yellow with ripening corn. And so the eye travels onward, the prospects repeating over and over again the same characteristics,

“Hill, dale, and shady wood, and sunny plain,”

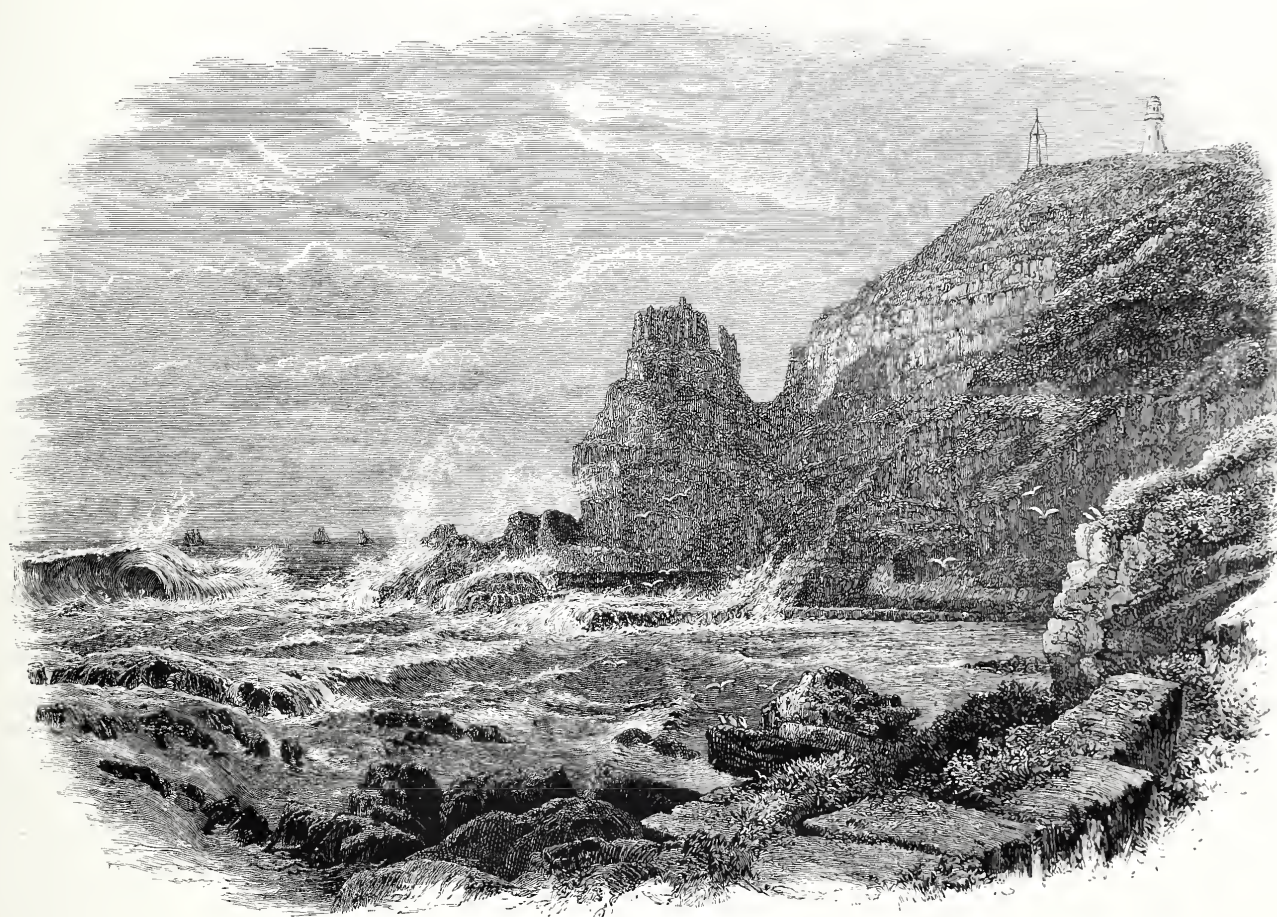
though the “liquid lapse of murmuring stream” is a sound but too frequently inaudible.

But these are details which give place to the interest raised by the contemplation of the great dividing ranges of New South Wales and Victoria. They are not ranges dividing the colonies from each other, but dividing each of them into two parts. The dividing range—the backbone of Victoria—runs from west to east along the centre of the colony, with numerous outlying spurs. The hills rise and fall, sometimes diverging to right or left, but still trending eastward, now clustering thickly, now dying away in low hills; then rising again in irregular continuity, but still pressing on, joining hands, and preserving the line of march, until near the east coast they are met by what are known as the Australian Alps, standing in an angular space not far removed from the sea, where the border-line of Victoria and New South Wales is drawn, and extending across it, the loftiest mountain, Mount

Kosciusko (7,308 feet), being within the territory of the elder colony. They resemble the Apennines rather than the Alps, being well-wooded from base to summit, and present none of the characteristics of the Swiss-Italian Alps, rising to 16,000 feet amid vast glaciers and everlasting snow. Everywhere the eye falls upon a picture of rounded hills and melodious undulations of richly-wooded heights, rising and falling in picturesque succession, steep cliffs, overhanging trees casting soft shadows, grassy slopes, and stream-fed glens; and beyond, vistas of tossed crests, and steep valleys, and hollows filled with deep blue haze.

The dividing range in New South Wales, on the other hand, runs almost parallel with the east coast, following a coastline of 750 miles, but standing far enough back to leave a

belt of beautiful country between the mountains and the sea. The Ilawarra range, that nearest to the Australian Alps, overlooks a narrow belt of rich land lying between the mountains and the sea, which is sometimes called "the Garden of New South Wales." The valleys and ravines there trending towards the sea are clothed with rich forests teeming with vegetation of all kinds in the wildest luxuriance. How can the tropical beauty of these radiant valleys be written down in colourless words? How find adequate expression in that imperfect shell of thought? The rich slopes, thick with cabbage-palms, tree-ferns, myrtles, the drooping acacia or "myall," the white cedar or Australian lilac—a tree with pendulous clusters of lilac-coloured blossoms emitting a delicious perfume at eventide—the golden wattle, the rich draperies woven by spread-



Cape Schank, Victoria.

ing parasites, the undergrowth of odorous shrubs shedding an indescribable fragrance, and the boundless opulence of wild flowers! The combination of land and sea within view is enchantingly lovely. On the one hand the deep turquoise of the South Pacific, on the other the dark ranges high above, lit up by the "flame-tree" with its racemes of red flowers of glowing intensity, and the "fire-tree" of Western Australia, with red spikes of orange-coloured blossoms glittering in the intense sunlight with all the splendour which belongs to crimson and gold.

Sydney and its lovely harbour stands midway between the part of the coast containing the Ilawarra range and the equally fertile land standing between the northern coast-range and the sea. The Valley of the Hunter is a para-

dise of cultivated meadows, orange groves, orchards, and vineyards. Beyond this, farther north, lies the great New England plateau of New South Wales. On the inland side of the ranges—the western side—the land slopes away in boundless expanses of undulating country. The Blue Mountain tier is a branch of this great dividing range, and epitomises the phases of scenery formed by these simple but very striking physical features. The ranges, veiled in a gauzy film of blue haze, standing some fifty miles back from Sydney, beyond the level Emu plains, are visible all along the coast. When once this intricate mountain chain, consisting of perpendicular precipices, dark gorges, and dense vegetation forming an insurmountable obstacle for many years, is safely crossed, the rich Bathurst plains come

into view, stretching away into the interior for hundreds of miles of settled, but still sparsely inhabited country, for Bathurst itself, the "City of the Plains," numbers but 7,000 inhabitants, though it is the third city of that colony. Any one accustomed to the crowded populations of the Old World, will be everywhere struck by the scarcity of the inhabitants of this great land of Australia, and the great distances between townships and villages lost in a boundless ocean of territory. They will appear to him but as mere rallying points for strategical purposes, the two most advanced and populous colonies, New South Wales and Victoria, containing each but one million of inhabitants, and one-third of these are concentrated in the capital cities of Sydney and Melbourne.

Passing farther north to tropical Queensland, magnificent

vegetation is seen extending down to the margin of the sea. The bunya-bunya, one of the noblest pines of the Queensland forest, towers to a height of 200 feet; with its wide-spreading branches covered with dense lanciform foliage, and cones of immense dimensions; the flowers of the silky oak, resembling combs of golden wire, almost hide its downy foliage; the proteaceous trees in bloom are one gorgeous mass of gay crimson stamens tipped with orange; and the rock-lily has a flower-stalk 30 feet high, bearing at its summit a crown of dark-red flowers. Beautiful pink water-lilies—loveliest of flowers—cover the surface of the lagoons by the acre with a mass of colour. Estuaries of rivers are bordered with broad belts of mangrove-trees, and little islands and bays are fringed with the *pandanus*, or screw-pine. Trees abound, remarkable



On the Moorabool.

for their handsome wood—the tulip-wood, the red cedar, satin-wood, pittosporum, the native plum, and many others. Beauty of colouring and grace of foliage are everywhere displayed. At the same time, in a Queensland scrub may be seen a weird eccentricity of form found nowhere else in the world. Along the sunny coast extends for 1,200 miles the great Barrier Reef of Queensland, displaying every variety of coral formation.

Passing westward, over the seaboard scrub of sugar plantations, over the Queensland cotton-fields, over the rich Darling Downs, the eye ranges across the vast cattle and sheep runs of the interior, parched, dried-up plains of measureless extent come into view, where rain seldom falls, and when it falls being absorbed by the thirsty soil with feverish avidity. And arid wastes, where the salt-bush grows freely, and enor-

mous herds fatten upon that unpromising substitute for grass, as on the plains of the far Barcoo and the Warrego. And yet farther—for Queensland would contain England more than thirteen times over—wastes where the sand blown up by the shifting winds rivals the deserts of Arabia, and the heated air beats upon you as from a fiery furnace. In places the desert sandstone has taken picturesque forms, as of ruined castles, lofty pinnacles, and weird-like combinations as fantastic, strange, and wild as Salvator Rosa's most characteristic scenes. Flat-topped hills appear yet farther north, pointing for their origin to an extensive and prolonged state of denudation in past ages.

Crossing the imaginary border-line of Queensland and Western Australia, the immense territory of that division, occupying one-third of the continent, claims special notice.

The greater part of it yet untrodden by the foot of man, and long supposed to be wholly a sandy desert, is now known to contain millions of acres of rich, well-watered country, fit for pastoral occupation. The coast range is everywhere covered with timber, chiefly forests of jarrah-wood.

Around the coasts pearl-fishers are seen pursuing their profitable occupation, and by their presence we are reminded that, like the Mother Country, Australia is compassed by the inviolate sea.

Such are the pictorial features which leave their impress upon the memory from a rapid survey of the great island-continent. This broad glance will not, however, suffice for a full apprehension of the peculiar character of Australian scenery. We must tread the firm earth, and be brought into closer contact with the unfamiliar sights and sounds of an antipodean land. The lover of nature who has grown familiar with her changeful moods, her infinite variety, her tranquil power and healing ministrations, and whose memory is stored with images of quiet beauty gained by long surrender to the subtle influences of nature among the lonely hills, by silent streams, and autumn's fading woods in the Old World, if suddenly transported to the depths of a Gippsland forest, or some part of the wild Australian bush, or one of the mountain slopes of the great dividing ranges, such as the picturesque Black Spur, might imagine himself to have fallen on another

planet. All his old experiences would fail him here, and what beauty he sees around him is so different, that with regard to many unaccustomed sights he can scarcely at first make up his mind whether they are beauties or deformities. And much even of the natural phenomena, and those things that are universal and abiding—the birds that are yet birds,

the trees that are still trees—have turned into something new and strange. The great scene-shifter has drawn up the curtain not only upon a new scene, but the "properties" and "costumes" are all different and unfamiliar. From the tall masts of forests of gum-trees—blue gum, white gum, red gum, and other varieties of the eucalyptidæ—hang long strips of bark idly swaying to and fro, rattling and soughing in every passing breeze like the cordage of some great Australian liner, for all these trees shed their bark and not their leaves.

Let us wander amidst one of these forest ranges. A soft wind rustles among the tops of the trees now and again, and a strange aromatic perfume of the most delicious kind comes stealing in puffs and breaths from the

balsamic leaves of numberless shrubs and trees fragrant throughout the year—acacias, the peppermint-tree, sweet thyme, and the native musk. Scarlet and crimson mesembryanthemums grow wild at the foot of the gum-tree, close to the ground, forming a rich carpet noiseless to the tread. There is a brooding summer silence prevailing all around, which is



The Erskine Falls. From a Photograph by J. W. Lindt.

almost oppressive. Tree-ferns of majestic size rear their dark swarthy stems, contrasting with the milk-white trunks of one of the noblest varieties of the eucalypti; the native myrtle, the sassafras, the myall, and the casuarina—through which the wind at night makes mournful music—all add to the strangeness of the scene, and wild flowers abound in scattered nooks and clefts. Gaunt spectral forms of scorched trees, left standing after bush-fires, black and grim, serve as a foil to the numberless young gums—perhaps the most beautiful variety of all—which are springing up around them with bright transparent leaves, through which the intense sun penetrates as through a film of wax, as they gyrate about in the sparkling light with all the youthful giddiness of tree life. When near, the hues of the forest-trees are less dark than they appear from afar, and the prevailing green is found to be diversified by an infinite variety of shades. On a near acacia, which displays the beautiful cool grey-green colour of the silver wattle, a *troupe* of parrots, in a royal splendour of gay variegated hues vivid as those of an Eastern rajah, disport themselves with much satisfaction, as though perfectly aware of the enhanced effect thus given to their beautiful plumage by a background of low tones of subdued harmony.

The mountain air is bracing, the heat of the plains becomes a memory, the blazed trees mark the track, and at the summit of such a pass as we are crossing, glimpses of the loftier peaks and deeper valleys of the ranges, densely wooded from base to summit, bearing some resemblance to the Val Anzasca or the Val d'Osola, come into view. Gigantic gums, some of them soaring up to a height of 400 feet, and numerous varieties of all ages and sizes, grave senators and youthful cadets of the great family of the ubiquitous eucalyptidæ, encompass you all about, and here and there a gigantic monarch of the woods lies stretched in death across some deep gully or yawning chasm in the cloven ravine. With all the luxuriance of growth there is, however, an almost total absence of wild fruits. No hickory nuts, no apples, no sloes, only a rare kind of fungus called "native bread."

As the day declines the golden sunset sets the woods all aflame with its horizontal rays; the air cools down with extraordinary rapidity, though it remains dry and dewless, and as darkness quickly succeeds, for there is no twilight, flocks of white cockatoos fly past with ghostly shrieks; beside the creeks the stone-curlew makes night hideous with its cries, and the dismal howl of the dingo, or wild dog, is heard afar off.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

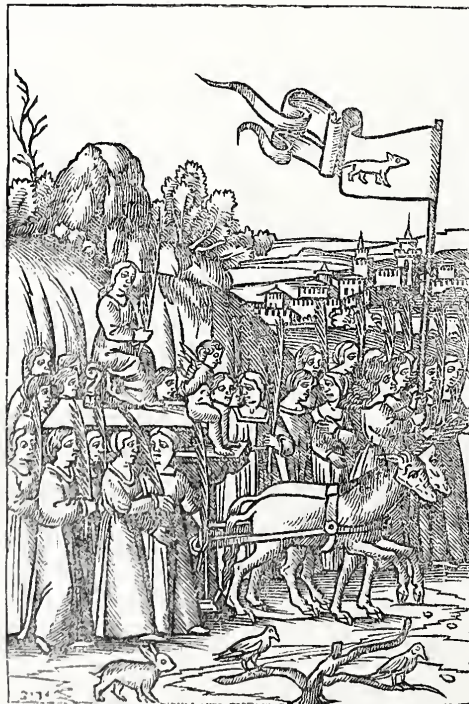
BYE-WAYS OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION.



WE can imagine few subjects of greater interest to the lover of early wood engraving than the study of the pictorial treatment of some well-known work from the earliest times, when the art was practised for the purpose of illustration, down to the period when the types and characters assumed fixed and definite forms, and when what we may term the "convention" of book illustration had become an established fact. What we have thus to trace out is, indeed, a species of evolution, for the same laws hold good in Art as in nature, and there is, in all Art and in every branch of Art, a form of evolution as definite and as distinct as any which can be observed in organic life. There are certain books which have been singled out by the designers of all ages for the exercise of their skill, and one book, above every other, stands out prominently in this respect. We refer, of course, to the Bible. But, for the study of the art of wood engraving, the countless series of Bible illustrations, comprehensive and varied as they are, present to our mind fewer opportunities than the designs for other less widely known works; for, in Bible pictures, the artists of each successive period have been,

unconsciously it may be, but none the less irresistibly, biassed and swayed by pictorial traditions as old as Art itself, and there is consequently a lack of freshness and invention, a want, so to speak, of that spontaneity which may often be traced in the illustrations for certain of the classic authors or the famous writers of the Renaissance.

We have endeavoured at times to trace in this way the points that have attracted the attention of the artist in the works of Virgil or of Horace, which have ever been favourites with the pictorial draughtsman, and we have found the subject to abound with interest, and to be, moreover, a most instructive one. Certain books in their respective countries obtained enormous popularity, and deserved well of the painter and designer; as, for instance, the poems of Dante and of Petrarch in Italy, the emblem-books of Alciati; or, in another direction, the fables of Æsop or the architecture of Vitruvius. The illustrations of the early editions of any of these authors will richly repay attention, and will be



The Triumph of Chastity. 1530 (8vo.).

found to be of great interest.

At the outset of an examination of this nature we cannot fail to be impressed with the paucity of the existing informa-

tion respecting the draughtsmen whose pencils were employed by the early printers. It seems to have been nobody's business to record the name of the artist who illustrated the work, and though the printer ostentatiously supplied his own name and device, and even sometimes added the name of the corrector of the proofs in the colophon, it is rare indeed that we can trace out by initial or monogram, or by any other indication than that furnished by the style, the author of the illustrations. It has therefore been found necessary to name certain designers after some observed characteristic of their work, or by some famous volume they have illustrated; thus we speak of the "master of the dolphin," the Italian artist at the close of the fifteenth century who revels in representations of this decorative fish, and we are compelled to name the "illustrator of the 'Poliphilus,'" that quaint romance of Colonna which has taken a proud place in literature, not for its own intrinsic merits, but rather on account of the beauty of its woodcuts, the name of whose author is still a matter of conjecture.

It would be quite impossible, within the brief limits of the space at our command, to describe a connected series of the illustrated editions of any one of the authors we have mentioned, or to reproduce a sufficient number of engravings to make our arguments intelligible in the absence of the works under review, and we can indeed do little more than indicate the outlines of the methods on which such an inquiry as we have suggested may be conducted. The works which have become noted for the beauty of their illustrations have long been sought after by the collector and the amateur, and they are therefore scarce and costly. It is thus necessary to have recourse to the great public libraries of England and the Continent in order to carry on such an investigation with success; but for the student who has leisure at his command, and who can afford to bide his time, there are occasional opportunities to be found in the sale-room, and even in the catalogue of the second-hand bookseller, which seem almost incredible. A book precious in itself, and known to command a high value, having moreover all its illustrations perfect, often sells for a few shillings if the title-page or the colophon is wanting, and many a prized volume which has realised pounds under the hammer, can be acquired for "an old song" when sent back to the saleroom as "defective." To him who regards the book merely as a vehicle for illustration, defects such as these are of but little consequence, and therefore it becomes possible to collect the "old masters" of wood engraving at a much less ruinous cost than would be sup-

posed. The emblem-books of Alciati and his successors are, alas! too often more seriously mutilated; it seems to have been at one time the fashion to tear out some special page to send as a message to a lover or a friend, and this was ruthlessly done, without regard to the book collector of the future. The mania for the acquisition of storiated title-pages has led to the cruel spoliation of thousands of rare old books. Again, the quaint device or trade-mark of the printer on the



The Triumph of Chastity. Venice, 1491 (folio).

last page, which often constituted the sole illustration, is found to have been "annexed" by some past possessor, and its fatal absence is at once pounced upon by the modern collator. It is only when its condition is absolutely "perfect" that the genuine collector of the book, as "a book," will give it a place on his shelves, and this fact is the student's opportunity.

As a case in point, we may instance the "Triumphs of Petrarch," of which there are numerous fine illustrated edi-

tions of the close of the fifteenth century. In a recent sale at Sotheby's, with many intelligent dealers present, a copy of the work, bound up with the sonnets, from the press of Pièro Veronese, dated 1491 (the latter, dated 1492, being apparently a verbatim reprint of the edition issued by the same printer in the previous year), sold for thirteen shillings; this work was absolutely complete but for the blank leaf signed aa 1; and even more recently a perfect copy of the Venetian quarto edition of 1519, with the seven beautiful illustrations from the hand of the "master of the dolphin," was priced in a London bookseller's catalogue at thirty shillings.

The series of Triumphs comprised in this wonderful poem, each one of which forms the subject of an illustration, are six in number. They are really word-pictures, or descriptions of pageants, which the artist who takes Petrarch as his guide can readily conjure up. We have thus the triumphal cars of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Religion drawn each by different animals, with the processions of votaries presenting us with groups which appear admirably well adapted for pictorial representation. In the case of all the early editions of the poet, almost without exception, these engravings are surrounded with fine ornamental borders of foliage and arabesques. We have

chosen from the Venice folio of 1491 the illustration of the Triumph of Chastity, and, for the sake of comparison, the corresponding illustrations from the quarto edition of 1519, and the rare octavo edition of 1530. The designs have been reproduced on a slightly smaller scale. It will be seen that each of the earlier woodcuts is surrounded by an enriched border. We find there is in each subject a female figure on a car, drawn by unicorns; a captive Cupid accompanies her, with an attendant train of the virgins that

form her escort. The flag borne in the front of the procession is, in the case of the quarto edition, held by the figure on the car; in the two other designs the flag, with the device of the "ermine," is carried by the female who heads the procession. We have thought it possible that the ermine might be the badge or device of some noble Italian family, but a reference to Litta has failed to afford any information on this point; and as the ermine was symbolical of purity, we are perhaps correct in thinking that it has been introduced on this account.

No one can carefully compare these illustrations without being impressed with the varied treatment of the subject adopted by each of the artists, and with the skilful management of the crowd of figures introduced into the picture. The arabesque border in the case of the folio is admirable in point of design, and the drawing is superior to that of the later examples. The woodcuts in this edition differ in character from all the other works of this period, which is due to the fact that they are direct copies of the engravings on metal by Lippi. A peculiarity of the quarto edition is that the woodcut of Chastity is used twice; in the latter case for the Triumph of Fame. The work from which the smallest of the illustrations has been extracted is a counterfeit of the Aldine edition, and seems to have escaped the notice of Renouard. Our

copy was formerly in the famous library of Sir John Thorold, at Syston Park. Each of the six woodcuts it contains is signed "Z. A.," a monogram which Bartsch assigns to Zoan Andrea. This artist imitated Mantegna, and his productions vary greatly in merit. The unicorn is doubtless selected to draw the car of Chastity owing to the old legend which set forth that only a pure and stainless virgin could capture this fabulous animal.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



The Triumph of Chastity. Venice, 1519 (4to).

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

ENGLAND has gone to a sculptor of foreign race for the statue of her Iron Duke, and in consequence she has got something extremely English. The sculptor has made the figure and face of the Duke undemonstrative to a degree that every pilgrim to London from over seas will recognise as

eminently truthful. The features, with their peculiarly English distinction, are gravely attentive—no more—and the body is in repose. It is in the splendid alertness, the pathetic animal intelligence of the horse, the tensivity of its face, that the hint of the Battle of Waterloo appears. And if Mr. Boehm has



The Duke of Wellington. By J. E. Boehm, R.A.

insisted upon an unmoved commander, he has made amends to his own love of movement and expression by his very original treatment of the four figures standing at the corners of the pedestal. Contrary to the usual treatment of supporters, these

are dramatically demonstrative—at least in two cases; and in every case there is a distinct research of individuality of character. Most daring is the effect of life in the enkindled Celtic face of the cavalry soldier on the south-east.

ART GOSSIP.

MR. W. L. WYLLIE, painter, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy on the 23rd of January, in place of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. Mr. Wyllie obtained a large majority, easily beating Mr. Lawson, the sculptor. This was rather a surprise after the rejection by the Academy last spring of Mr. Wyllie's large picture, 'The *Flying Dutchman*.' This artist represented the *Graphic* during the autumn manoeuvres of 1887, and his series of seventy small pictures, the fruit of his voyage on the *Black Prince*, have lately been exhibited at The Fine Art Society's gallery. Among those strongly supported at the beginning of the voting were Mr. A. W. Hunt, Mr. A. Moore, Mr. A. Parsons, and Mr. F. W. Topham.

Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., in his annual address to students at the Royal Institute of British Architects, struck the keynote of the reason why so many of our buildings and public monuments have so little thought bestowed upon them by their designers, namely, that they are usually the result of competitions, which the competitors enter upon with a certainty of much labour and little prospect of victory; to this is added the almost absurdly small premiums offered. He mentioned a competition for a drinking fountain where £600 was to be expended, and £20 was considered ample for the brain work which evolved its design.

It has always been a matter of surprise that American connoisseurs have been so little attracted by the works of the English school of painters of the end of the last century.

They appear now to be making up for this by invading the market and carrying off the gems *volens volens*. We hear of a Gainsborough, which was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery last year, having been dragged from the owner by the handsomeness of an offer of five thousand guineas, the picture having originally come to him at less than five hundred.

In May of last year we noticed the result of a trial by which the reputation of M. Van Beers was tarnished. A recent action between the same parties shows (so far as we can gather) that the evidence which went to prove that this artist was in the habit of placing his name to pictures which he had never painted, was to be received with great caution.

England still lags behind her Continental neighbours in the photo-reproductive arts. For a long while France has held the supremacy, but the recent publications of the Berlin Photographic Company show that they too have got hold of the secret, whatever it may be. The photo-engraving 'In Love,' after Mr. Marcus Stone's recent Academy picture, is sufficient evidence of this, and if more were wanting it could be adduced in the fact that the President of the Royal Academy has recently placed his picture, 'Captive Andromache,' in their hands for a similar purpose. When will an English syndicate take the matter in hand with some determination? A financial success should be assured to them.

GROSVENOR GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION.

THE second and concluding instalment of the "Century of British Art" is choice and interesting. Of exceptional importance are the very numerous series of sketches and studies by Constable contributed by his family, and now for the first time shown to the public. There is a fire, a brilliancy in these masterly preparations and notes, a power of interpreting visual impressions, such as the great landscape painter rarely succeeded in imparting to his finished works, great as these in many respects are. Sir Joshua Reynolds is superlatively well represented: in the first place by the famous portrait of Sterne, then by the exquisitely naïve 'Crossing the Brook;' and, above all, by a little-known portrait group, 'The Masters Gawler,' one of the very few works which still show the master's incomparable richness and transparency of colouring. In it the lessons learnt by Sir Joshua, on the one side from Venice, on the other from Amsterdam and Haarlem, are seen bearing the richest fruit. Of the Gainsboroughs, the charming 'Mrs. Lowndes Stone' looks at first sight like a very fine Romney, so smooth and even is the flesh-painting. The face has the true Gainsborough vivacity, the landscape background the true Gainsborough tones, yet the enamelled sur-

face constitutes a puzzle which requires, and has not yet received, a satisfactory explanation; the work is apparently well preserved. Mr. T. Humphry Ward's 'Dr. Johnson' has many of the characteristics of a Gainsborough, though it is identical in design with the frontispiece in the Dictionary, which is therein set down as the work of Opie. The pathos and intensity which Constable so rarely reaches, John Crome possesses in a very high degree, though he cannot for mere accuracy of observation or certainty of achievement be compared to the more famous master. His large 'Gibraltar Watering-place, Back River, Norwich,' is an unsurpassed specimen of his power in unfolding the secret and moving affinities with humanity of an every-day scene. For breadth and grandeur of conception, none of the Norwich school, however, can compare with John Sell Cotman, whose 'Homeward Bound,' showing a huge three-masted ship full-sail against a sunset-sky, is a study which for simple majesty and synthetic breadth it would be hard to match. Raeburn, Hoppner, and Lawrence are only moderately well represented at the present exhibition; while, on the other hand, Morland has rarely been seen to greater advantage than in three or four of the landscapes and rustic idylls which it contains.

REVIEWS.

MR. OUTRAM TRISTRAM as author, and Messrs. Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson as artists, have in "COACHING DAYS AND COACHING WAYS" (London: Macmillan) done for the highways of England what Mr. Laurence Hutton and other American enthusiasts have done for the by-ways of London. This sumptuous book, with its myriad of excellent illustrations, says the last word about the

legends and the folk-lore of the roads and inns of our country, and it is told in a fashion to quicken the dulled imagination even of the confirmed novel reader, which is saying a good deal. We have so often had occasion to praise Mr. Herbert Railton's work, that it is enough to say that these drawings are equal to anything he has done. Mr. Hugh Thomson is responsible for the delightful illustrations of the horses, and



The End of the Journey. From "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways."

coaches, and coaching folk whom the railways "have brought to their bier," as Mr. Tristram would say. Through the courtesy of the publishers we are able to give one of these drawings, 'The End of the Journey.' Mr. Thomson's contributions might have gained something had not the humour of his pencil (as shown in the faces of his men and women) led him, sometimes, too closely into the domain of caricature.

The proprietors of the *Graphic* newspaper made a very successful hit some years ago by a series of commissions given to the leading English artists to portray each his idea of female beauty. It was, probably, this success which prompted them to elicit once more the opinions of our artists upon the subject; this time, however, narrowing the selection to the HEROINES OF SHAKESPEARE. Now to commission an

artist to paint a picture is usually a dangerous proceeding, so far as a successful result is concerned; still more so is it when the subject is not of his own selection; for an artist of talent cannot conjure up his visions at will, or upon the spur of the moment say that such and such are the lineaments with which he would portray his Juliet or his Cordelia; hence it is that one so often finds that the result is merely a dressing up in a new garb of the most attractive model obtainable at the moment. When the completed "studies," as they are called, of the Heroines, were shown last year in London, this was certainly apparent in more than one instance.

The whole collection is now presented to us in the form of a very handsome volume, published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., and the subscribers thereto will have an opportunity of considering at their leisure to what extent the artists' conceptions fall in with their own.

Twenty-one ideal portraits are given by as many of our principal painters. The President of the Academy has selected Desdemona; Mr. Alma Tadema, Portia (wife of Brutus); and Mrs. Alma Tadema, Katherine of France. The most entirely satisfactory renderings seem to be Mr. Woods's Portia, Mr. Phil. Morris's Audrey, and Mr. Prinsep's Mariana; but it is evident that in many cases the pictures have suffered at the hands of the reproducers, for Mr. Calderon, for instance, could never have given to Juliet the dirty hands which she here displays, or Mr. Perugini have modelled such a cheek and neck as his Silvia possesses; the consort of Brutus, too, is decked in the sootiest of garments, and her figure retreats behind the trees which are many yards away. The process has been more fortunate in other cases, but it is never worthy of the house whose name it bears.

Mr. W. E. Henley in the descriptive letter-press has not only avoided criticism upon the illustrations, but does not even give us a hint as to what scene each picture aims at illustrating; this he explains is at the wish of those who commissioned him: we think his share in the work would have been more interesting had he had access to the painters, and given us their ideas upon the subject.

The "MINOR POEMS OF JOHN MILTON," with twelve illustrations by Samuel Palmer (London: Sceley & Co.). From childhood upwards, year in and year out, Samuel Palmer's never-failing companion had been a copy of the "Minor Poems." Out of his love for this little book grew an overmastering desire to illustrate it; but it was late before the ambition took form. In 1855 he exhibited three subjects from *Comus* at the Old Water-Colour Society; then in 1863, when he had long "dreamed a day-dream" of a small-sized set of subjects, half from *L'Allegro* and half from *Il Penseroso*, the dream passed into realisation. It was due to Mr. Valpy, who had been fascinated by a drawing of Palmer's, called 'Twilight: The Chapel by the Bridge.' In reply to a letter from this gentleman to show anything he was engaged which "specially affected his inner sympathies," the artist unborrowed himself as to the Milton idea, and forthwith the series was commenced. This book contains reproductions of twelve of these drawings, five of *Il Penseroso*, three of *L'Allegro* and *Comus*, and one of *Lycidas*, the full text of each poem being given with the illustrations. It forms a valuable and luxurious memorial of Samuel Palmer's work. The production is due to the artist's son, Mr. A. H. Palmer.

Under the title of "THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES," Madame Darmesteter (it is hard to resist writing Miss Mary F. Robinson) has strung together a series of studies for a proposed history of the French in Italy. The title is good, at any rate from a publisher's point of view, and as nobody can say when the Middle Ages began and when they ceased, it will serve sufficiently well. The essays are grouped under such headings as "The Beguines and the Weaving Brothers;" "Valentine Visconti;" "The French Claim to Milan;" "The Malatestas of Rimini;" "The French at Pisa;" and all are impassioned and picturesque, though probably somewhat difficult of comprehension to those who approach the subject without previous knowledge. The typical dull but reliable historian will shy at the chapter on "The Ladies of Milan," and particularly at that portion in which Madame Darmesteter tells of her journey to the tomb of the Duchess Beatrice, "the Lady Macbeth of Normandy." It may be too personal, and it is possible that Madame Darmesteter's sympathy has outstepped her judgment; but we can forgive that for the charm of the description of this child "fallen asleep in playtime, with the tumbled curls and the straight brief eyebrows like a little girl; and the dress, with the slashed and purpled sleeves and the long train of brocade, so loving, so carefully arranged not to encumber the little patterned feet."

"ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES" (London: Fisher Unwin).—This is a capable translation by Miss Lucy Smith of M. Jusserand's book that appeared a few years ago. It deals in a detailed yet interesting manner with English roads, lay wayfarers, and religious wayfarers, and contains a vast amount of valuable information. There are many illustrations, among which for unpremeditated humour, 'A Reaper's Cart going uphill,' and 'The New Habits of Luxury: a Gentleman dressing before the Fire,' carry off the palm. Mr. Eastlake's "NOTES ON PICTURES IN THE ROYAL GALLERY AT VENICE" (London: W. H. Allen) is a most useful guide to the famous collection. The works are arranged and described under the names of the painters by whom they were executed. "BIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE OF THE PORTRAITS AT MERTON" (London: Elliot Stock).—For the intention and execution of this book we have nothing but praise. Miss Mary Boyle has taken all the portraits at Lord Bradford's seat and given the biography of each. Such a record is invaluable, not only to the members of the family, but to all who take anything more than a passing interest in English history and those who have made it. "NOTRE-DAME DE PARIS" (London: Sampson Low & Co.).—The publishers have spared nothing for this translation in two volumes. Printing and paper are alike excellent. There are also a number of illustrations by Myrbach, Briler, and Rossi; all are clever, and all suffer more or less from the process of reproduction.

Mr. Arthur Marshall's "ANTIQUÉ CARVED FURNITURE AND WOODWORK" (London: Allen) is a comely folio of examples drawn to scale which deserves a fuller notice than we have space to give. Mr. Marshall is a capital critic; also he is something of an enthusiast. He has quoted some scores of specimens; and he has quoted none that is not worth quotation and study. More than that we need not say.



THE ART JOURNAL

JOB.

BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

NEWLYN.

THE western end of Cornwall, if it has no marked differences from much of the Atlantic side of England, has the charming distinction of being between two seas—a southern sea between us and the sun, with the atmosphere over it soft and broken, seen against the light; and a northern sea upon which the sun shines flat, abrupt, positive, and dark

with colour; distinct in its horizon, its profound blue breaking into fine shining lines of foam. Towards the southern sea there is innumerable shadow. Every particle of the tender English air has its darkened side towards our eyes—shadow perceptible only as a general mystery, not marring the light, rather adding a quality of luminosity that is more radiant than light. Over the north sea the midsummer sun



Weaving a Chain of Grief. By Frank Bramley.

makes wave and sky look like a vision, or like the heavens and waters of a dream, because the colour is so steady and profound, and we are unaware of the multitudinous atmosphere which is the breath of England. Here we do not see this atmosphere, for the full light is upon it.

St. Ives stands by this visionary northern water, a little town so hilly and so jostled together that it is almost bound

to have some happy accidents of building to take up the suggestions of dips and ascents, climbing pavements, walls clinging to the hill-side, sudden leaps of view from the top of a little street on to the twinkling sea below. But, as a matter of fact, no such felicities are to be found at St. Ives.

The rectangular granite houses (granite sounds much better

than it looks as a general building material) stand shoulder to shoulder up the hill in rows, in that uncompromising English fashion of building that seems to ignore the steepness, and there are here and there attempts at the banalities of the watering-place house. The only thing at all picturesque is the front of the houses immediately upon the sea, which are fortresses against Atlantic storms, strongly based, with no windows in their granite fronts except right up under the eaves; they give us the thing always desirable and nearly always desired in vain in England—a blank surface of house wall as a rest from the common multiplicity of windows. In regard to roofs, this corner of Cornwall is slated universally—not with the worst kind of purplish slates, for the Cornish slates are small and silver-grey, with a broken surface. But there is not a tile, not a handful of thatch anywhere. The artists are drawn to St.

are amongst the most dignified men to be seen inland, and, like the dark colour that sun and wind have brought upon the fisherman's face, the black streaks of their craft enhance the keen lightness of the English eyes. Whether on the east coast of the north sea or on the south-west littoral, sea wind has the best effect upon the English colouring. The hair, lightened in passages, plays into the darker tones of the skin with harmony and variety, and in the eyes the white is touched with blue, the iris is clear, and the pupil wholesomely contracted with the fulness of daylight. The women and children are less handsome, and are disguised in vulgar clothing as usual. Modern realism has perhaps done nothing braver than to paint village children as they are in fact, dressed by their mothers for the fields in some version of the fashions of the street, with shabby faces, and a general look as though their very childhood were stale and secondhand.

But it is not subject—human or scenic—that brings painters to Cornwall. The possibility of painting out of doors all the year round is what principally has made this part of Cornwall famous and originated the "Newlyn brotherhood;" this, and an equable grey climate which allows the study of the model in diffused daylight. For the chief note of the band of artists who formed the Newlyn school is of course that they are following, in England, the methods long practised in France—vivid and simple study of nature. Nature had been studied before for form and colour and for shadow, but hardly for light or for that unity which has so fitly been named the "im-



Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach. By Stanhope Forbes.

Ives by the sand-hills, drifts that have gathered before the winds of winter, and are bound together by barren, thin, coarse grasses, pallid green sedges, and small reeds. All this makes a foreground having the simplicity dear to the contemporary landscape painter. Newlyn stands by the tenderer sea that looks south.

Both places, being fishing villages, have an always paintable population. A fisherman in a jersey is one of the few modern Englishmen not burlesqued by his garments. And the man who wears a blue jersey generally holds his head in the manner of one familiar with the sky and with horizons. Some writer once going through the Zoological Gardens remarked that all the noble beasts and birds had their heads up to look into the distance; and men who have the habit of seeing something farther off than the other side of a street, certainly look the worthier human beings. Engine-drivers

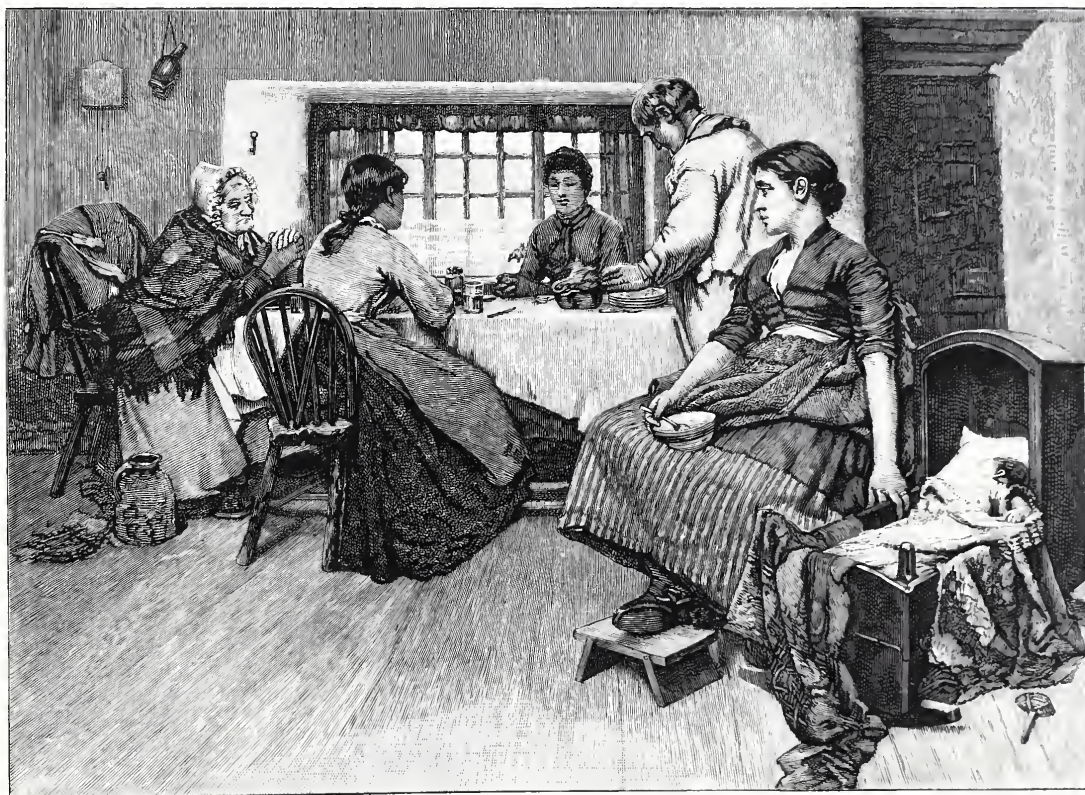
pression." For some few years past this newer school has formed a little centre, a core, at the Royal Academy. It has been a kind of secret, inasmuch as many of the most industrious of the public at the exhibitions are doubtless not aware of it, but it has been, in the minds of a few, the life of the artistic year. There is, of course, in every exhibition a minority, which is the important thing, because it is better in degree—better in various ways than the majority. But the minority which has given vitality to the few seasons past is even more distinct, for it is separated by difference even more than by degree. The Newlyn painters differ essentially from the rest of the English painters, and they differ from one another accidentally, by all the charming accidents of their individual character. It is in spite of these latter distinctions that their separateness from the majority has been recognised by a name. They are all "New-

lynerns." And seeing that some Newlynerns abide at St. Ives and some at Lelant, and that one dwells in a boat off Falmouth, their nickname is assuredly given them in acknowledgment of something they have in common. That they have taken on themselves the "responsibilities of truthfulness," that they work with sincerity and directness, that they have devoted themselves to the subtle study of light rather than to the obvious study of colour, and that they have style but not manner—these characteristics are sufficiently distinctive in England now, and the many differences of the Newlyn school among themselves do not prevent their ready classification—a fact not without usefulness. For most people are interested in referring an individual to a species, and a species to a genus—the unit is too solitary and unsupported to be worth the attention of the multitude. And something is done, therefore, towards gaining public appreciation for any body of men when they have come to be grouped under a heading. Unluckily, however, such classing seems to suggest that these artists are working according to some *parti pris*, whereas their intention is simply that of setting aside the *parti pris* of predecessors and contemporaries.

Doubtless the Newlyn school, working for some little time in a figurative obscurity, though in all the lovely lights of nature, became conspicuous first through Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach.' When the reviewers had learnt from the artists how beautiful was the picture, they in turn told the public, and awakened a reluctant interest in a work too true and refined to delight eyes accustomed to the fictions of ordinary English painting. I do not mean "fictions" in the sense of narrative. I am not convinced, as Théophile Gautier so slowly succeeded in persuading France and through France England, that a picture is forbidden to tell a story. Doubtless it should not tell a story in a literary way, but the expression of emotion in face or movement is pictorial, and not literary. There is no adulteration of the arts in rendering by line or colour all that is presented to the eyes of the drama of life and nature. The range of painting is limited by nothing, surely, except the range of vision. And,

by the way, the limits of vision, rightly respected, would set a most salutary bound to the painting of allegories and symbols, now confused too often; it would cause painters to distinguish, for instance, between a parable (paintable) and a metaphor (unpaintable).

It is not story-telling of any sort, however, that is the question now, but fiction of a more technical kind. And we must be compelled to acknowledge that there is a habit of feigning among the exhibitors in the annual galleries—a conventionality sometimes personal to each painter, and therefore not altogether so dull as are conventionalities that have been inherited or adopted, but still dull enough, as truth is never. One popular artist has his own way of forcing the tone of his work in the manner of an orchestra tuned high for the sake of brilliancy. Another systema-



"Bless, O God, these thy Gifts." By Chevallier Taylor. By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons.

tically neglects the sky and all its perspectives, and the construction—or rather the organization—that is in the simplest sky, probably with the intention of making the abundant detail of the landscape more conspicuous. Such things are surely manner, and not style. For in looking closer at the brilliant flesh of the one painter, we perceive the corrupt execution and the coarse yellows and whites by which he achieves his brightness; and the other has, after all, a dull picture to show us, in which no living lights and airs move between the clouds, and the distance reveals no design in the firmament. Less interesting painters have a habit of feigning violent colour in nature where a simple pictorial sight perceives grey—grey that is various indeed, but with varieties depending upon their limitations. In each case of manner, or fiction, the result is an absence of vitality. Vitality—*voilà le mot lancé*. It expresses precisely the Newlyn quality,

though that is too trivial a word; it is of course more than a quality that is lost, or rather foregone, by conventions.

But if the interest of drama were indeed banished from painting, which is the art of vision, a great glory of the Newlyn school would not have been produced. Mr. Bramley's 'Hopeless Dawn' (Royal Academy, 1888), which is being etched for the *Art Journal*, is courageously dramatic, but though it has been painted for the sake of the profound human interest, it might, for the great beauty of the execution and the perfect sincerity with which all the truths of light and surface are presented, have been painted for the sake of these alone. The picture is complete, whether as a study of sorrow, or as that

of a little grey window letting in cold daybreak into a room where the candles are dying, or as a piece of careful and energetic draughtsmanship, for the hands and all the passages in the drawing of these two figures are singularly beautiful. No ready-made feeling is here; nothing uncouthly or unexperienced. There is conviction in the clasp of the hands and in the whole expression of the broken action of the women. Mother and wife of the absent fisherman have watched a day and a night; they have set the loaf and the cups and saucers on the table; their candles have burnt out; they have been praying and reading the Bible; there is no more hope, and the young woman weeps on the knees of the elder with that expressiveness of action which is so rare in the

English poor. A small vocabulary, containing little more than the words of daily use, with such moderate additions as are necessary for the still familiar events of birth and burial, are matched among our people by uneloquent voices, without variety, and a habit of inexpressive action. The national preoccupation makes decidedly against the simple dramatic expression of emotion; the preoccupation which prevents singleness of intention, and which weakens all English acting on the stage, standing between actor and actor, between the thought and the word, makes the English poor the least dramatic actors in the tragedy of their lives—perhaps the least dramatic of all, except the Americans. But now and then, with temperaments slightly exceptional—a little more simple,

entire, and unconscious than the rest—the moment of strong feeling has way and takes possession. There is no second thought in the mourning women of Mr. Bramley's picture, for even the slight division of a lingering hope has gone. The long waves, the longer wind that comes lightening the grey of the clouds with a broken dawn, the absolute solitude of the moving sea, are a final answer to the last question, and in the singleness and completeness of sorrow dramatic nature expresses herself. Mr. Bramley's work has gained popular praise, doubtless as much for its detail as for any other of its many qualities. The detail, however, is by no means the result of that careful and somewhat dull addition of fact to fact

which has been the aim of the greater part of the English school of this century.

The example of the same painter's work which we reproduce here, 'Weaving a Chain of Grief,' is marked with character. The figure itself, studied in a full conservatory light, is very distinct in personality, with its careless hair, broadly moulded features, the little details of the straight eyelashes, and the beautiful hands, so beautifully drawn, and their distinctive action. Mr. Bramley has treated the head and figure with great nobility, giving to the expression a grave attentiveness to the work of weaving, with a persistent second thought of sorrow. In the plants and the bare vine stems is some most attractive work—the artist has so thoroughly felt the value of slender, ac-



"Check!" By F. Bourdillon.

centuated forms in vegetation. As subjects of painting, and even in their natural reality, the asceticism of the delicate articulate shapes and attitudes of palm, pine, cane, olive, are worth all the opulence of deciduous trees, which delight the heart indeed by their tenderness and abundance, but fail so signally in line and in distinction. We find English painters, in search of something more articulate than the blunt masses of an oak in June, painting trees in winter; but this research for a state of death, or of a semblance of death, is a sacrifice of the delight of the heart to the fastidiousness of the eyes. In the pine and the palm painters would find life, and with it all the fine accents and thin form and erect separateness of attitude. 'Weaving a Chain of

Grief' was in the New English Art Club in 1887, when that

markable line, has distinction.

This great difference between graceful drawing and the mere drawing of graceful things has its parallel in all the arts, and in the arts of life. As a colourist Mr. Forbes has extreme refinement, and a moderation which does not prevent a singular completeness. That is, his is comprehensive colour, fuller, richer, more multitudinous than appears at the first glance, but marked by the modesty of nature. And this charming restraint and control is evident in that study of light which is the motive of his work; here, too, he has no surprises of luminosity for us, no translucent passages where nature has her simple opaque daylight, no abrupt contrasts where she shows delicate comparisons. And this



Land in Sight. By Harry Tuke.

gallery had not yet fully achieved what Mr. Whistler has called "the exasperating effect of Art upon the public." It was not until 1888 that London, fully realising the novelty that had taken a station in its midst, gave way to indignation.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach' (Royal Academy, 1885) manifests the finest quality of natural Art. It is a triumph of true pictorial vision. And to see pictorially the simple truth of nature is the first of arts. It is nature and art together, for he who has it in perfection divests himself of artifice, and learns to look with an appreciative simpleness. Then comes that power of comparison which is the open secret of out-of-door painting; and then the quality of colour. This is the lesson to be learnt by the eyes. To the hand belongs security of drawing and a certain charm of execution, without which the most graceful design in the world lacks elegance, and with which the most commonplace shape, the least re-

loyalty gives to the 'Fish Sale' its beautiful reality, its distance, the measurable remoteness of the quiet horizon, the



The Accordion-Player. By Miss E. Armstrong.

perspective of shore and sea, every hand's breadth of which

has its own place; the lovely tints of the fish, the distinct and familiar humanity of each of the figures.

It is in their studies of interiors no less than in their open-air work that the Newlyn school prove their love of truth. An interior, lighted as its own window lights it, without convention, is as rare as a landscape studied in the unity of the light of the sky. Both are equally removed from the fictions of the studio. In 'Bless, O God, these thy Gifts,' at the Royal Academy in 1887, Mr. Chevallier Taylor has made this leading motive of light most interesting, showing all the delicate differences and subtle distances of the grey day on the surfaces of this room—the white cloth, which is absorbed, as it were, in the illumination of the little window, the women's garments, and the various tones of walls and floor. There is singular beauty in the figure of the daughter-in-law, whose young face has the thinness of motherhood, and the action of the child as it turns its head to sleep is perfect life and truth. There is perhaps a little of the "legend," rather than of the actuality of girlhood in the charming figure of the maiden who is listening to the accordion in Miss Armstrong's 'Accordion-Player,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888. Not more legend than can be easily accepted, however. The legend has a truth of its own, and what is perhaps not real of the Cornish girl is true of human girlhood. And the world would go ill

without legends of its great men as well as of its little girls. The figure, in this case, and the beautifully drawn head are full of sweetness. The whole group, with its delicate suggestions of varieties in young rustic character, presents to us an interlude in the little laborious life of cottage children—a space of summer afternoon, with a hymn-tune. There is a

scene of recreation also in Mr. Bourdillon's 'Check!' (Royal Academy, 1888) another group of three, and again lighted by a little window with a perfect effect of truth. Here the action of the boy is excellent and entirely boy-like. Mr. Harry Tuke, in 'Land in Sight' (Royal Academy, 1888), has taken a more direct top-light, in which he has studied the most characteristic figures of his sailors. The heads and the hands, drawn with rare vigour, and posed with virile action, rank with the best achievement of this young painter, who has devoted himself to sailors and fishermen, the shore and the fishing grounds.

In Mr. Hall's 'I know an Old Wife' will be recognised the interior which he painted also in his two brilliant pictures, 'The Goose,' in the 1888 Academy. Here, too, he has looked on the cottage floor from a rather unusual height, so that his horizon is far up on his canvas. The old cottager who was so much harassed by her goose is here quiescent, watching the incidents of a tolerably untidy kitchen, one of which is a glossy mouse at its foraging.

ALICE MEYNELL.



"I know an Old Wife." By Fred. Hall.

NIOBE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

WHATEVER the majority of English painters of our day may claim with justice, they cannot be credited with much of that courage by which a man attacks work in moral solitude. They are sensible of the pleasure and strength to be found in the "pull all together" of a vogue, or a habit, or even a mere fashion in Art. And the conviction of mutual, common help, is no mere sentiment. When a company of persons are trying for the same thing in their work, there is certainly an interchange of experience amongst them which must save much individual experiment and loss of time in

tentative research. But quite apart from all brotherhoods stands Mr. Solomon Solomon, who has attempted a class of painting that sets him in isolation, at least among his own young contemporaries. For some years he has held on in his choice of heroic subjects; but never has that choice been crowned with higher success than in the 'Niobe.' With a singular nobility of face and of expression, the central personage of this composition has a monumental feeling which approaches it to true classic tragedy, and throughout the painter has made a serious study of the much-neglected human figure.

A RUSSIAN SCULPTOR.

SOMETHING of the genius of M. Antocolsky, the Russian sculptor, is known to students of Art in this country through his statue of John the Terrible, which has been exhibited in London. A strangely different subject, 'Christ before Pilate,' attracted visitors to the Russian section of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and won the unique distinction of the gold medal for sculpture given à l'unanimité. His other works are little known to Englishmen, few of whom have found their way to his Paris studio. Those who know the man as well as the artist, tell of the genial simplicity of his manners, once he feels himself among friends, and are impressed by his enthusiasm and by his loyalty to what he holds for truth in Art.

His admirers were not ignorant of the fact that, though honours have now been showered upon him, the path to fame was no easy ascent for Antocolsky. When, therefore, in the form of a letter to a friend, which appeared in a Russian periodical,* he gave a sketch of his early struggles, and some account of his youthful ideals and aspirations, the fragment of autobiography met with a ready welcome.

It has been thought that as there are many who cannot read in M. Antocolsky's own language his fervent words about Art and nature, and his tale of past joys and sorrows, a few details of his career gathered from his pen and the consideration of his works may be welcome.

Mark Matveitch Antocolsky was born about the year 1843, at a village in the government of Wilna, one of the half Polish provinces of Russia. He is a Jew by origin, one of

that race which, with a generous inconsistency, has most finely illustrated the great Christian precept of forgiveness, and in the services of its noblest members returned blessing for our cursing. To a nature refined and sensitive such as M. Antocolsky's, religion is like sorrow, "the stranger intermeddleth not;" yet we may infer from his own words, and from his choice and treatment of subjects, that the sculptor has felt the widening influences of modern religious thought. His narrative begins with a half-playful account of the opposition he met with in his humble village home. When he spoke of his wish to go to St. Petersburg for artistic training, his parents called his ambition raving folly, and his dreams of future success mere moonshine. His father entreated him to put away his delusions, and to settle down in his native village to some practical pursuit. But outside his home the young Antocolsky found a sympathetic friend in a land surveyor with a cultus for Art, who, especially when in his cups, encouraged him and re-

vived his drooping hopes. This strange enthusiast would tell him stories from the lives of the great painters and sculptors of the past, calling them the true priests of the race, who had handed on through the centuries the sacred torch of



Peter the Great.

* The *Vestnik Evropy*.

genius. His neighbours and acquaintance generally he described as a flock of sheep living in the world without soul or thought.

Struck by the promise of Antocolsky's first attempts, in the most solemn terms he bade him seek, at any cost of personal privation and suffering, the training which alone could develop his powers. At St. Petersburg only was this training to be had, and at last, after a weary struggle with the home authorities, in which Antocolsky would have been worsted but for the timely aid of a large-hearted woman, the wife of the Governor of Wilna, he finds himself one happy morning journeying to the capital. He feels like one borne on invisible wings, and his state of exaltation is such that he is indifferent to all the squalid miseries of a Russian third-class carriage.

On the evening of his arrival he hastens through the wide, brilliantly-lighted streets of St. Petersburg to the Academy, and wanders round the building, looking up at the windows and thinking of the students as of the "chosen of God." After some difficulty he is received into the sculpture class, and allowed to learn to draw in the schools, and then a period of disillusion begins.

The majority of the professors were old and worn out, and seem to have regarded the Academy as a kind of club, where they could meet together to smoke and talk over the news of the day. The ardent young student, with his impatience of routine, his untrained genius, and his inconvenient questions, soon found himself snubbed by these gentlemen. Still he rejoiced in being at last free to follow his art, nor does he forget to acknowledge the stimulating companionship of many of his fellow-students. Hard work and new interests did not save him from the home sickness of a country-bred lad, and when the first vacation opened he hurried back to his village, almost as eager to see it again as he had been to leave it. Here a real sorrow awaited him. The friendly land surveyor had disappeared, and nobody could say where he had gone or what had become of him. Antocolsky, though he sought him long, never could find a clue to the mystery. He spent the greater part of the vacation sculpturing in wood a subject which had taken his fancy, an old Jewish tailor thrusting his body half out of window to thread his needle. This was to

be his first success, for on his return to St. Petersburg it was exhibited and sold for 100 roubles. About this time he also began a carving in ivory of a miser counting his money, which was afterwards to win a prize at the Academy.

Another year of strenuous toil brought him to his next summer holidays, the last happy ones of his student life. He writes lovingly of his little habitation on the outskirts of his village where he lived and worked during this vacation, and where he tried to plant a garden, watering and tending his flowers with the greatest care, till the cruel storm-winds of autumn tore them up by the roots and made a desolation of his tiny Paradise. Gloom seems now to have settled down on Antocolsky. He was twenty-three years old, thrown utterly on

his own resources for support, without patrons and unknown to fame. Forced to accept the most mechanical work to eke out a bare subsistence, even this means of support often failed him, and he feared that, like many a poor comrade, he must sink under the pressure of want. In the life-school to which he was now admitted ill-luck still followed him, for Biedermann, the one professor who was not old or indifferent, met with an untimely fate. As he was passing under a doorway a heavy plaster cast of a hand fell on his head and killed him.

Happily for Antocolsky he found friends at this trying time, and his pen lingers pleasantly over evening visits to a genial Little Russian family from whom he never failed of sympathy. There were the still more intimate student gatherings, held in some bare room, crowded almost to suffocation, where, round the ubiquitous samovar and sending forth clouds of tobacco smoke, a band of excited disputants contended hour after hour and late into the night over theories of philosophy, literature, and Art. In the Art discussions Antocolsky generally found himself in a minority, for already his want of appreciation of Greek sculpture and his independence of conventional rules set him apart from those trained like himself in the Academy. His deeply religious tendencies were repelled by what he considered the one ideal of Greek Art, beauty expressed in sensuous physical life. It is probable that he might have modified his opinion of the Greek ideal had he not derived it solely from the study of Græco-Roman or Romanised copies



Ivan the Terrible.

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produced when the art, with the character of the race, had declined. Among its many treasures the Hermitage contains not a trace of Pheidian or pre-Pheidian sculpture. On the other hand, he was strongly attracted by the spirit of early Christian Art.

Bred in the stern school of suffering and in the land where nature and man seem to have combined to accentuate the miseries of life, he sought, like the mediæval artists, to render that inner beauty of the soul which often finds its highest expression in a form naturally insignificant or worn by pain. He was aware that for a modern sculptor the task he had set before him was difficult, almost impossible, and there were dark hours when he doubted his own powers, his ideals, his art even, but still he laboured on.

A bas-relief, the 'Kiss of Judas,' for which he was so fortunate as to find a purchaser, was followed by a more important composition, 'The Descent of the Inquisition on a Jewish Family at the Feast of the Passover.' This work met at first with a cold and almost contemptuous reception from the professional tribunal; it seems to have sinned not only against academic canons, but against beauty and good taste, and even the soothing words of one of his judges could not console Antocolsky.

About this time he felt that life at St. Petersburg was becoming intolerable. He longed to get away from painful impressions and to seek fresh inspiration abroad. With difficulty he collected a little sum for the journey to Berlin, and after many useless formalities and exasperating delays obtained his passports and departed. On his arrival he went from studio to workshop in search of employment. Refusal after refusal greeted the sensitive artist, and the peculiar bluntness of the Berliners was an added offence. Fortunately he found a lodging with some good-natured people; his landlady's culinary surprises in the way of supposed Russian delicacies, intended to give him pleasure, but in reality too abominable to be swallowed, are amusingly described. Ultimately, too, he secured some journeyman's work, by which he contrived to live during his stay in the city. Berlin he heartily

disliked, and when he visited the Academy he was conscious of the same want of life and initiative which had chilled him at St. Petersburg. The works of the early Italian painters did, however, stir him deeply, and strengthened influences which were to affect his art in the future.

After his depressing experiences of German life Antocolsky was thankful to take up once more the familiar burden of toil

and anxiety in St. Petersburg. Shortly after his return 'The Descent of the Inquisition' was awarded the third prize of 25 roubles. But now the shadowy form of Ivan Grosnoi (John the Terrible) began to haunt his imagination and gradually to grow clear and definite. The long months of work upon this great conception were a time of feverish excitement, and before the statue was finished he had already projected his Peter the Great.

The first of these works is too well known to need minute description. The artist has chosen to represent the blood-thirsty tyrant in one of those intervals of unavailing remorse which succeeded his daily course of savage cruelty. The powers of evil will not relinquish their prey, yet conscience still assails him, and the haggard countenance expresses the conflict of passion. This is no repulsive monster, but a being who has still a claim on human sympathy. In his autobiography Antocolsky speaks almost deprecatingly of the extraordinary popularity this work has had among his countrymen, whereas his statue of Peter the Great was never appreciated in Russia till it had a success at the Paris Salon. Notwithstanding the horror inspired by his crimes, he thinks the half-mythical Ivan is nearer to the national heart than the epoch-making, energetic Peter. It is true, as its literature abundantly proves, that complex moral problems

have a special attraction for the Slavonic mind. Then, since the statue became famous, Ivan Grosnoi has grown to be a sort of fashion in Russia, and he has been the subject of much exaggerated and sensational literature, but Antocolsky's Ivan is not exaggerated or sensational. On the contrary, it is full of restrained force and picturesque truth.

In the statue of Peter the Great, the masterful, indomitable



Christ bound.



Yaroslav.

personality of the hero is felt in every line. He appears to the spectator as if walking uphill with rapid strides in the teeth of a furious wind. Owing to its colossal size, the cast of this work, now in the sculptor's studio, is not seen to advantage, but a favourable site has been found for the original in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg. The fate of Ivan was as yet undecided, but before the world's recognition and its favours came to him, its author knew that the haunting distrust of his own powers was laid for ever, that Art was conquered. When the strain of excited feeling threatened to overpower him, music, which had first cast its spell over him in early childhood, sometimes brought relief as he listened to the divine strains of Beethoven and Mozart played for him by a friend. But all these emotions, added to the long years of physical suffering, began to tell upon his health, and he felt that he was fast drifting into serious illness. Convinced that only an improvement in his worldly affairs could now avail him, he took a desperate resolve. The Grand Duchess, Mary Nikolaevna, was at that time President of the Academy, Prince Gagarine its Vice-president. Finding that the professors put him off with empty promises when he besought them to bring his statue to the notice of Prince Gagarine, he took the unusual course of calling upon him in person. To his surprise the great man was not offended at his boldness, but promised to come and see his work. This visit, and the profound impression Ivan produced on the Vice-president, led to one from the Grand Duchess, whose kind and admiring words went to the heart of the young sculptor. Then, as now, the Czar was the one fountain of honour,

and she assured Antocolsky that his Majesty should come to the studio. The joyful reaction her words produced made him forget his illness, and he felt that he was "saved, and saved by the gracious hand of a woman."

When at last he stood in the stately presence of the Emperor Alexander, and heard him praising his work in those sympathetic tones the charm of which few could resist, it seemed to him the events of the last few days must be a dream. That evening, as he left the Academy, he emptied his pockets of the few coins they contained, and poured them into the hands of the astonished door-keepers.

"The Emperor has been with me," he cried in exultant tones. Henceforth want and obscurity belonged to the past, but the illness from which he had rallied for a time returned with increased severity, and he began to think with a sickening sense of depression that he was to die in the very moment of success. Again, however, his all-powerful patrons stepped in, and by the advice of his doctors Antocolsky was sent to Italy, where change of scene and climate gradually restored his health.

Here M. Antocolsky fitly closes his personal recollections, but we cannot leave him without adding a few words about his more recent productions.

'Christ before Pilate,' now in the possession of M. Mamontoff, of Moscow, is undoubtedly his greatest work. The treatment of this difficult subject is even more startlingly original than previous knowledge of the sculptor's indifference to traditional rules would have led us to expect. With bowed head and bare feet Christ stands before his unseen judge. His hair reaches to the shoulders, he is clad in a

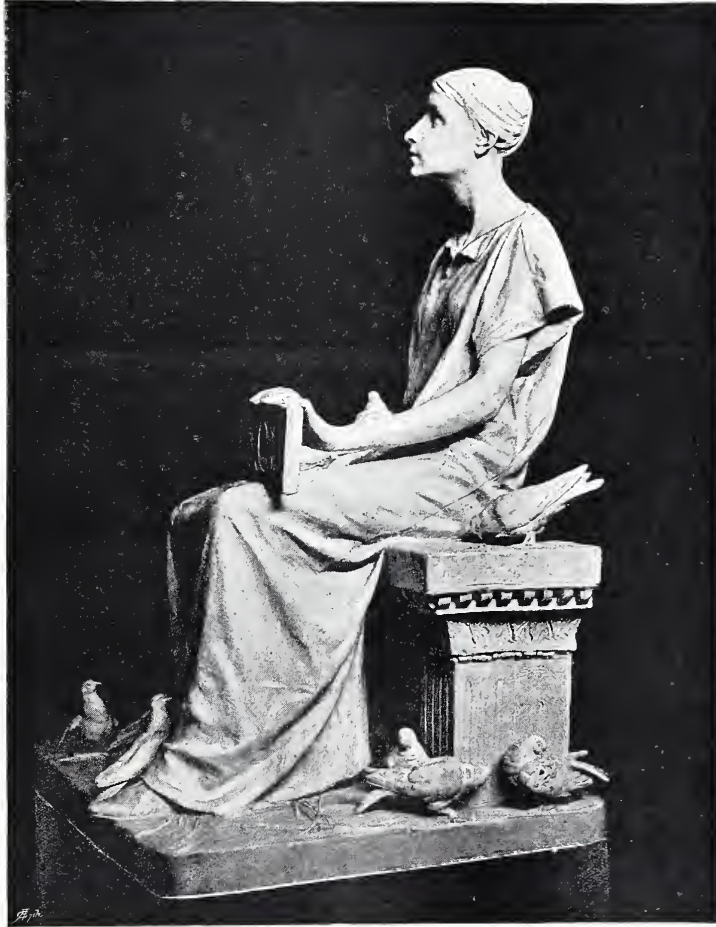


Spinoza.

long woollen garment, and the limbs are confined by a cord bound about the body. The type of feature, and the whole aspect in every detail, are those of the Jewish peasant. There is nothing of the regular and half-effeminate beauty to which we are accustomed in representations of the Saviour. A certain robustness, which does not detract from the sweetness of the bearing, recalls one of Tolstoi's modern parables, where the great Elder Brother comes an unknown guest to the cobbler at his bench. But no borrowed splendour of aureole or angelic host is needed to give dignity to this noble figure. Meek as He stands there, He is the Lord of Life, and as such He confronts not only Pilate, but the nineteenth century. The execution of this work is of the highest technical merit.

Four or five years ago M. Antocolsky produced 'The Christian Martyr,' a seated figure of a young blind girl with doves. One of these birds rests on her knee, another has fluttered to her feet, another is on the ground behind the marble seat. The child's face, though without youthful beauty of form, has great spiritual loveliness, and an uplifted look as if the gentle sufferer were listening to heavenly voices. One hand rests on a tablet with the Christian anagram "ΙΧΘΥΣ" inscribed on it in Greek characters. Two life-sized statues, one of Spinoza, very pathetic and characteristic, and one of Socrates, also belong to this period.

Among minor works are a charming head of Ophelia in high relief, a bust of Turguenef, and one of the Russian Empress, the last remarkable for its delicate workmanship. But from such lighter studies M. Antocolsky has again turned



The Christian Martyr.

to the dim past of Russian history, and, just completed in his studio, may be seen his Yaroslav, the first Russian lawgiver (1015—1054 A.D.), a work of the highest imaginative genius. Russians feel that something of the inmost soul of Russia, of what is truest and best in her people, has found expression in this statue. That the artist should have evolved Ivan and Yaroslav out of the cloudland of the chronicles is the more surprising when we consider his want of early education. The old dame who kept the village school, and who scarcely knew the three R's, was his only professor until he went to St. Petersburg. Since that time he has read widely in more than one literature, and to this practice he owes any general culture he may possess. The interest of the autobiography is, as we might expect, purely personal; it makes no pretensions to literary merit.

Besides Russian honours and the unique distinction of the Gold Medal of the Exhibition of 1878, M. Antocolsky has been made Foreign Member of the Institute. France rarely fails to honour talent, but the Russian sculptor is too far outside the current French Art has chosen for herself, to be widely popular in that country.

ROSAMOND VENNING.

THE ROYAL PALACES.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

IT seems strange to our modern ears to hear the gloomy old pile, which is associated in our minds with so many tragedies, called a palace. Yet undoubtedly it is fully entitled to the name. It differs from the palace of Westminster in being fortified, but it only

differs from Windsor Castle in that while the domestic buildings in

the one have been preserved, restored, and increased in the course of ages, those of the Tower have in great part perished. Yet unquestionably many of our kings regarded it as a palace, and lived in it at frequent intervals. There is a book which serious historians make much use of, but which is more or less a dead letter to the general public. It is a monument of the learning and research of Thomas Rymer, Historiographer Royal under William and Mary, who compiled a collection of all the documents of public importance which he could find, and published them under the name of *Fœdera*. In the pages of Rymer's *Fœdera* we can trace the movements of kings from place to place as they signed and dated the papers he printed. We do not see any mention of the Tower in the few documents attributed to the first two

Norman kings, but Henry I. was probably living in the White Tower during part, at least, of 1127, and after the reign of

John the palace of "London" is often named. To the son of John, Henry III., the Tower owed the chief part of the domestic buildings, but before proceeding to examine them we must find out something more definite as to how the place came into existence.

There is a well-known line in Gray's "Bard:"—

"Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame!"

and it is commonly explained that Gray made a mistake in ascribing the Tower of London to Julius Cæsar. This is undoubtedly right, but Gray's mistake is not so bad a one as it might be supposed. If we go back in the history of our country a thousand years to the reign and struggles of Alfred the Great, we shall learn among other things that he found the great walls with which some Roman Emperor, not Julius, but a not very distant descendant of Constantine, had furnished London, much decayed and broken down; and that the city therefore being undefended, lay open to the attacks of the Danes, and was deserted and desolate. In this condition it had remained for some thirty years. Alfred saw the capabilities of the place. With characteristic energy he rebuilt and repaired the wall; London was never again taken by the Danes; and the colony which he



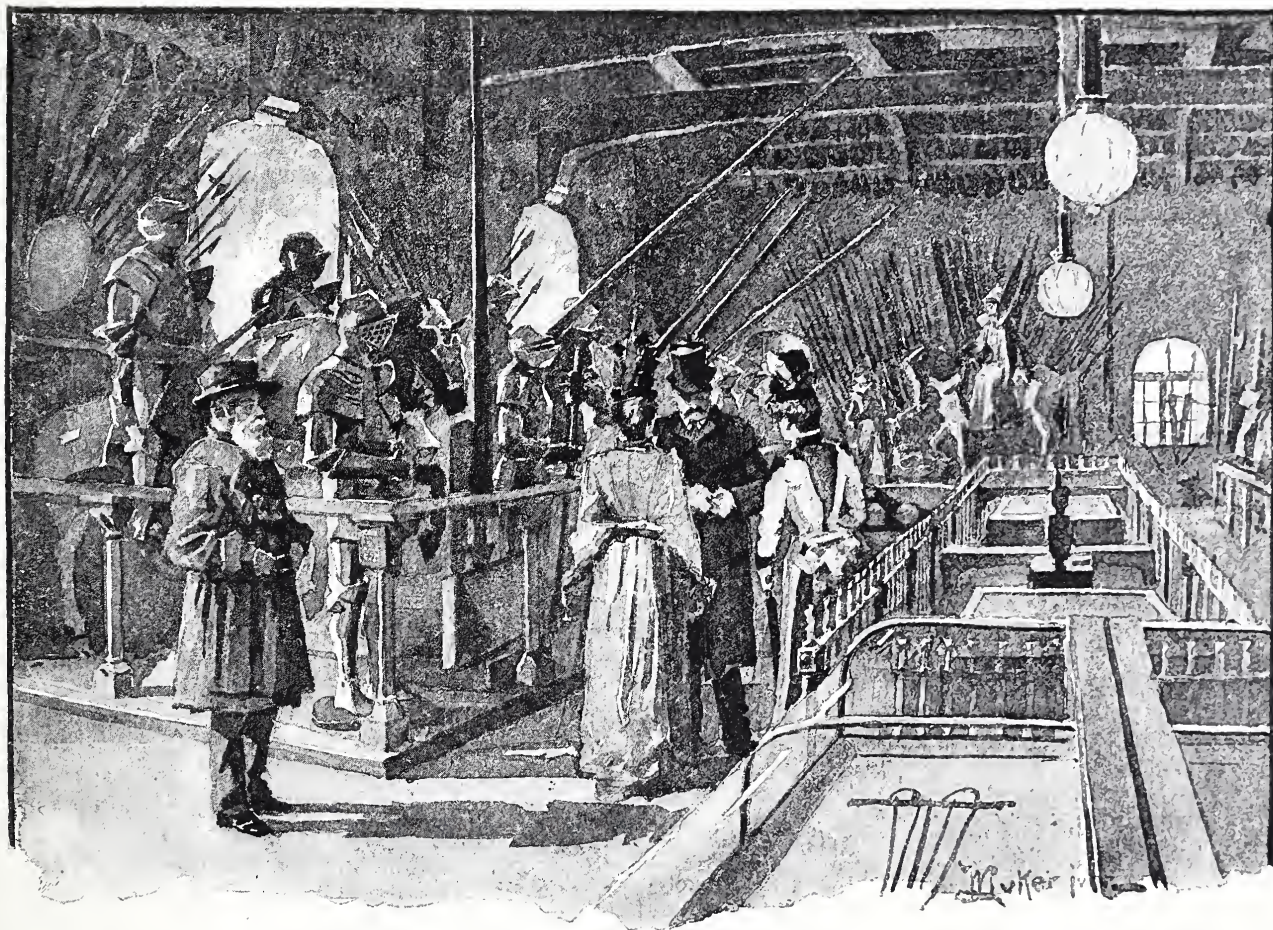
Interior of the Wakefield Tower.

planted among the ancient ruins grew into a prosperous city, whose people used to point, before the Norman conquest, to a

certain fortification on the east side as that of Alfred. It is possible that this fort was the site marked out by William of Normandy for his new castle; but the evidence as to Alfred's tower is very obscure, and it is better, although acknowledging that the bastions repaired by Alfred were first built by a Roman Emperor, and that William based the foundations of the White Tower and the Wakefield Tower on two of these bastions, to begin our notice of the Tower as a palace, with the view put forward in previous chapters, which assigns Westminster to Edward the Confessor, Windsor to Harold, and now the Tower of London to William the Conqueror. Although the fortress, as at first designed, was intended to take in much of the ground it now occupies, the first Norman

kings were satisfied with a little triangular court apparently, of which the White, the Wakefield, and the Cold Harbour Towers formed the corners. By degrees these narrow limits were expanded by the erection of more convenient domestic buildings, such as a "Wardrobe Gallery," and, in the reign of John, a Treasury; while a kind of western wing was run out as far as the Bell Tower. Mr. Clark, the best authority on castles, believes that in the time of Stephen the Tower "was composed of the White Tower with a palace ward upon its south-east side, and a wall, probably that we now see, and certainly along its general course, including what is now known as the Inner Ward."

In the public records there are numerous entries as to the



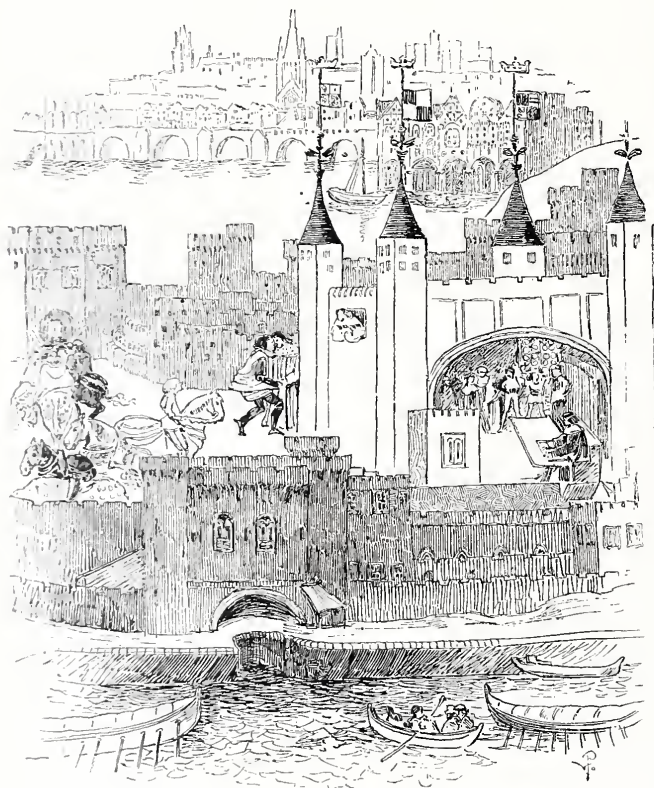
The Council Chamber in the White Tower.

domestic buildings. We read in the reign of Henry II. of the King's House here, and that the Queen's Chamber in it cost £64, an immense sum in those days. We read also of payments for the chapel, the kitchen, and the gaol. Although the Tower had already begun to assume its later character as a state prison, there is nothing specially significant in the entry as to a gaol, for an apartment so named was the common adjunct of every great man's residence, almost of every manor-house. There is to this day a gaol within the Guildhall, where the Chamberlain of the City can punish refractory apprentices.

I have not named Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, who designed and probably completed the White Tower, or keep, and who was remarkable throughout a long life for his pecu-

liarily merciful and sympathetic disposition. It is always said, but without direct evidence, that the great Thomas Becket was architect of some of the buildings; and in the reign of Henry II. we find a person who bears the very English name of Alnod as engineer of the works. Bishop Longchamp lived in the Tower while Richard I. was in the Holy Land or in prison abroad; and some very remarkable transactions took place here, as we read in the histories of England and of London, but they hardly concern the subject of "The Tower as a Palace." In the first year of Richard, however, there is a significant entry: fifty marks were spent on "the Royal Chapel in the Tower;" it is possible that this refers to the chapel of St. Peter. It is distinctly mentioned by name in the reign of John, who "executed instru-

ments," that is, signed public documents—whether by seal or by actually writing his name, we do not know—on seventy-two



The Tower. From an Illumination of the Time of Henry V.

occasions within the Tower during his reign of seventeen years. It is evident therefore that he occupied the palace. In the third year of Henry III. (1219), we have it very distinctly mentioned. The King's Hall is repaired, and a broken wall of "the Chamber" is rebuilt. We can identify the site with some certainty. The chamber was probably built close up to the curtain wall east of the Wakefield Tower, and the King's Hall, which afterwards assumed considerable dimensions to judge by the foundations recently laid open, lasted to the time of the Commonwealth. Henry constantly resided in the Tower, and it would be only tedious to detail all his works in the Palace. In his wars with his subjects the gaol was kept full, and in 1221 we read of seven cartloads of prisoners taken in Biham Castle. The next year a chimney was made in the chamber. Fire-places already existed in the White Tower, but I do not suppose the apartments there were much used for the King's residence after the Norman period, though there seems to have been some kind of communication between the King's House and the upper storey, so that the court could easily reach St. John's Chapel. To the same chapel Henry gave, in 1240, a series of stained-glass windows. The contract shows that the chapel must have been constantly in use for the royal devotions, and was furnished and handsomely painted and had a rood-loft. We also read of a great chamber towards the Thames, of the making of a chimney for the Queen's residence, and especially of wainscoting painted white with a pattern of roses, and a timber wall covered externally with tiles.

Although a great deal of the building as we see it is later than the time of Henry III., he undoubtedly gave the Tower

its present form and frequently kept high state within its precincts. He called a parliament or great council to assemble there in 1261, but the councillors probably were too wary to attend in a place so dangerous to liberty. We saw Henry and his queen in a favourable light at Westminster, where they feasted the poor. Similarly at the Tower, at the festival of Easter, 1262, he ordered a dole of thirty-three pounds' worth of bread to be distributed, and a hundred and eighty-five tunics to be given away on behalf of himself, the Queen and the royal children. He spent the following Christmas there, and in 1263, the Queen, who in spite of her charities was not popular with the citizens for many good reasons, was pelted from London Bridge when on her way by water to join the King at Windsor. I have dwelt at some length on this reign because Henry emphatically made the Tower a palace and constantly resided in it. The last entries relate to £20 spent on the hall in 1269, and £12 in 1270.

Edward I., profiting by the work carried out by his father, found the Tower useful both as a prison and as a military storehouse. It was he who, in 1303, wrote from Kimloss in Scotland, and had the whole monastery of Westminster, to the number of eighty persons, abbot, prior, sacrist, monks, and servants, lodged within the fortress; not without good cause, for some half-dozen of them had undoubtedly robbed the Treasury of about £100,000, and were duly hanged for it, and their skins nailed on the door of the Treasury.

Edward III. was very often in the fortress, and probably built the "Garden" or "Bloody" Tower, which derived its



Site of the King's Hall. Modern restoration.

earlier name from the entrance to its upper storey being in the Constable's Garden, the site of which is now partly covered

with modern houses, and partly thrown into the Parade. It may have obtained its present name, which it bore as early as 1597, from the suicide in it of Henry Percy, eighth Earl of Northumberland, in 1585. In addition, Edward III. also built the Beauchamp, Salt, and Bowyer Towers. He resided chiefly here in his early years, and later on made the Tower his principal arsenal, and established a manufactory for gunpowder, *pulvis pro ingeniis*, as it is called in the contemporary accounts. In his reign, too, David, King of Scots, and John, King of France, were unwillingly visitors to the palace. Edward formed a scheme for making the chapel of St. Peter into a collegiate church, with a dean and canons, but it was not carried out until the reign of Edward IV.

The ill-fated Richard II. was very often in his palace here. From it, while still a boy, he went in procession to West-

minster to be crowned, and the precedent was followed by most of his successors as long as a palace remained here. The last king to ride through the city was Charles II., before whose time, however, the hall and much else had disappeared. Richard was in the Tower for safety during Wat Tyler's rebellion. Here, too, he lodged his second wife, Isabel of France, before her coronation, and the last event of his reign was the agreement made in the Tower with his cousin Henry that he should resign the crown.

An illumination of the time of Henry V., who here lodged Charles, Duke of Orleans, the prisoner of Agincourt, shows that the state rooms employed were in the White Tower, and the same view gives us the four windows of the great hall adjoining the Wakefield Tower. It occurs in a manuscript in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 16, F. 2), and is en-



St. Peter's Chapel.

graved in Lord de Ros's "Memorials." There is a slightly older and less detailed view in another ancient manuscript, in which Henry of Bolingbroke is conducting Richard II. to prison. This is also in the British Museum, in the Harleian Collection. We may well ask if Orleans in his long captivity was ever shown the rooms which Queen Isabel had occupied during the troubled years of her life as the child-queen of Richard: for she was only thirteen when Richard was deposed; and when she returned to France she became the wife of this same Duke of Orleans. She died in 1410, before the battle which made him an almost lifelong captive, to the great grief of her husband. His first known poem is an elegy on her. He had plenty of time for elegies and poetical associations during the three-and-twenty years of his captivity.

In the Wars of the Roses, which may be said to commence in 1399 with the deposition of Richard II., and to end in 1499 with the execution of the last male Plantagenet, the Tower was more a prison than a palace: but it was occupied in both capacities by Henry VI., and Edward V., and both died mysteriously within its precincts. One story is that Henry was stabbed while at his devotions. He had an oratory or small chapel in the Wakefield Tower, adjoining the Hall; and the visitor who now goes to look at the Crown Jewels can still make out the aumbry and piscina in one of the recesses, notwithstanding the ruthless severity of Salvin's destructive "restoration."

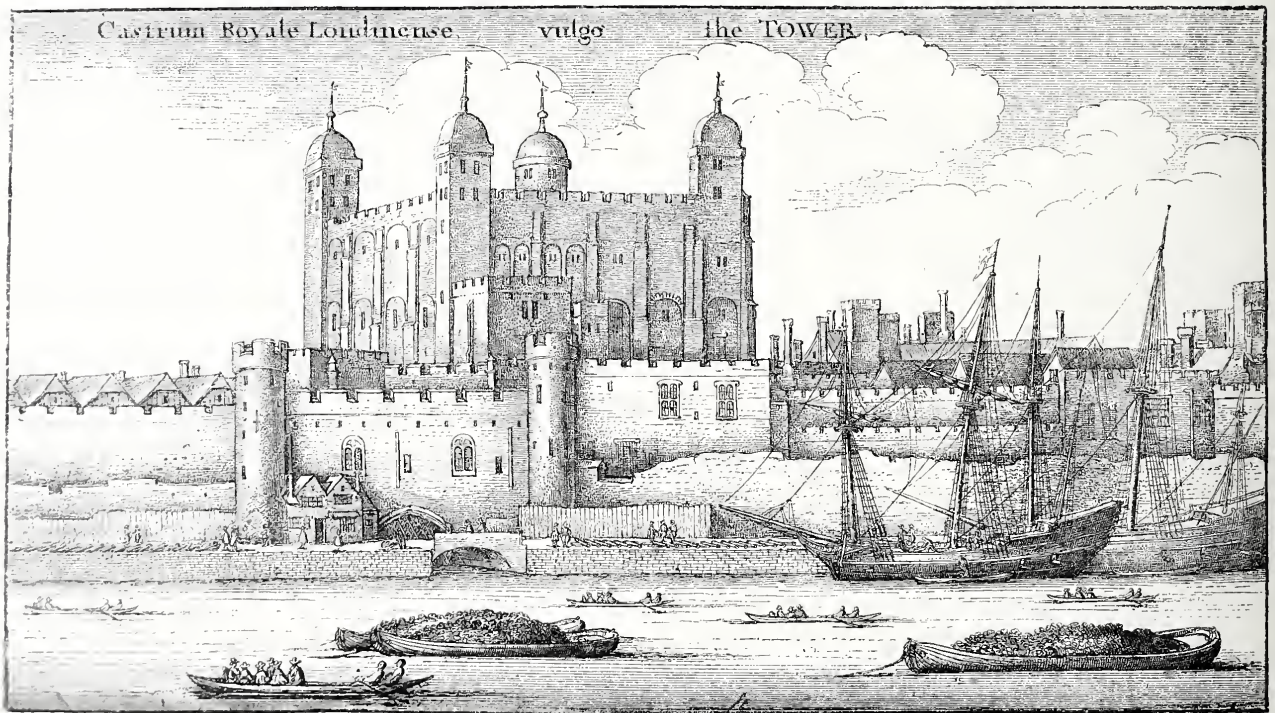
Of the fate of Edward V. we literally know nothing. Many stories were told and supposed confessions made; but as a fact nothing authentic ever came out. If the young king and

his brother occupied the palace, the legend that they were murdered in the Bloody Tower is not so likely as that they were murdered in the Wakefield Tower. Or like the Duke of Orleans, and Richard III. himself, they may have occupied the State Apartments of the Keep. It was in a wall of this, the White Tower, that the bones supposed to be theirs were discovered in 1674. Four years later they were removed in a marble urn to Westminster Abbey.

That Henry VII. made the Tower an occasional place of residence is well known; and here his wife, Elizabeth of York, stayed several days before her coronation in 1487. She "took to her chamber," as it was termed in 1503, before her seventh child was born, in the palace in the Tower, and died on the 11th February, her own birthday. No royal child had been born in the Tower since the time of Queen Philippa; and Elizabeth only survived the birth of the Princess Katharine one week. The day after her death her

body was removed from the chamber and laid in the chapel of St. John, within the White Tower, whence, on the twelfth day after, it was taken to Westminster Abbey.

We are now well into the Tudor period, and the palace, henceforth, is only used as a refuge, as a prison, or as a temporary lodging before a coronation. But it was the scene of the most affecting of all the awful tragedies which the tyranny of Henry VIII. brought about. His second wife, Anne Boleyn, went in great state from the Tower to Westminster to be crowned on the 1st June, 1533. In two years, during which she had borne him at least two children (one of whom was afterwards a prisoner here, and, like her mother, went hence to her coronation as Queen Elizabeth), Henry had grown tired of his wife and had selected her successor. On the 1st May, 1535, he pretended to become suddenly jealous at a tournament at Greenwich, and the next day Anne was arrested and conveyed to the Tower by the same route as when she had



The Tower. From a print by Hollar.

gone thither before her coronation. She was lodged in the same rooms as then. The late Mr. Doyne Bell deserves the credit of having discovered the true version of the subsequent proceedings. She wrote the well-known and affecting letter to Henry on the 6th:—"Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial." She knew but too well what an ordinary trial was under that unscrupulous monarch. Hers took place in the Hall on the 15th of the same month of May. "There was a great scaffold," we are told, "made in the King's Hall," with benches and seats. The Duke of Norfolk, her own uncle, presided. The Chancellor, Lord Audley, was on his right. The Duke of Suffolk, Charles Brandon (who had married the King's sister, Mary, Queen of France), Sir William Kingston, the Constable, and Sir Edmund Walsingham, the Lieutenant, brought the Queen before her judges, where a chair was set for her. Twenty-six peers of the realm, including Henry Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland, her former lover, who

had reluctantly resigned her to Henry, were present. The Earl, on a plea of sudden sickness, withdrew before the question was put by the Commissioners, and when "guilty" was the verdict returned, the Duke of Norfolk wept as he pronounced sentence. There is a great mystery buried within the story of this trial. That Henry was already tired of Anne is no doubt true, but that twenty-five English nobles, even of that day, should unanimously pronounce Anne guilty if the evidence against her was not very clear is difficult to believe. The trial was conducted with a care and scrupulousness "without a parallel in the annals of the time."

Five days elapsed between the sentence and its execution. During this time, Anne was in what would now be called a nervous or hysterical condition. One day she talked of going abroad when her pardon came. Another day she nourished a theory that the King had done it all "to prove her." Another day, reviewing her past life, she bethought her how harshly

she had treated her unamiable step-daughter, Mary. "Upon which, she made the Lieutenant of the Tower's lady sit down in the chair of state; which the other, after some ceremony, doing, she fell down on her knees, and with many tears charged the lady, as she would answer it to God, to go in her name, and do as she had done, to the lady Mary, and ask her forgiveness for the wrongs she had done her."

She was beheaded by the executioner of Calais, brought over for the purpose, with a sword, on the 19th May, on a scaffold specially erected in the Inner Ward, close to the then newly rebuilt chapel of St. Peter. Her body was thrown into a narrow chest and hastily buried under the altar.

This is almost the last glimpse we have of the palace. On the death of Edward VI. the new queen, Jane, was lodged in it during her brief reign of ten days; and Mary came here before her coronation, as did Elizabeth. But the domestic buildings were already much dilapidated, the associations of the place must have become very distasteful, and the use of cannon made it no longer a place of peculiar safety. The great hall was in a neglected state in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Lanthorn Tower, now rebuilt, was beyond it

to the east and contained the royal bedchamber, and there were two rows of domestic buildings, one extending northward towards the White Tower, and the other eastward from the Lanthorn Tower, in which was what was known as the Queen's Gallery. If anything remained of the palace to so late a period it must have been consumed in the fire of 1788.

The Royal Chapel of St. Peter has, like the palace, lost its royalty. The intentions of Edward IV. were never carried out. Edward VI. reduced it to the rank of a mere parish church, subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. This order was confirmed by Queen Mary. Under James I. these arrangements were called in question and the incumbent and his curate were excommunicated for solemnizing matrimony in the church. When its strictly parochial character was vindicated, however, this ban was removed, and St. Peter's is to all intents and purposes a parish church. An attempt to describe it as a Chapel Royal has been made of late years, but unless backed up by a warrant from Her Majesty, of which I have never heard, it is perfectly futile, and indeed, wholly defiant of the hard facts of history. The recent "restoration" is a subject too painful for discussion here.

W. J. LOFIE.

FRENCH CARICATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



"The Three Impeccables. How they salute the lady of the house." By Mars.

AN exhibition held last year at the *École des Beaux-Arts* of paintings, water-colours, drawings, and lithographs, by deceased French caricaturists and comic delineators of contemporary manners, the body of whose work extends from the last years

of the eighteenth century down to the present time, has afforded an unique opportunity for passing in review the somewhat obscured, if not really forgotten, glories of this, one of the most genuinely national and characteristic branches of French Art. It may be said that modern caricature, systematically used in reinforcement of the pen, as a powerful political weapon, or as a lash for the social foibles of the day, has in France only existed since the days of the First Revolution. The satirical vein had, indeed, from the beginning, permeated French Art in all directions. Especially those genuinely inspired craftsmen, the sculptors in stone and wood who decorated the exteriors and interiors of the French cathedrals, and the limners of the strange *Danses Macabres*, of which so many traces yet remain, loved to unbend, and to hold up to the ridicule of the unlettered—whose books and precepts were all contained in the plastic

adornments of their church—monk and nun, high ecclesiastic and noble layman, whom they portrayed with penetrating satire, from the most undignified, but not the least faithful point of view. Later on, in the earlier half of the seventeenth century, the keen observation, the vivacious needle-point of a Callot perpetuated those living caricatures, the ambulant players of his time, and furnished the most diverting *diableries*, at once grotesque and terrible. During the reign of the Great Monarch the audacities allowed to the pen of a Molière, a Boileau, and a La Fontaine, were not permitted to the pen or pencil of any of the numerous band of artists of that great but frigidly conventional period. It was a time, indeed, in which, in Fine Art, both passion and incisive characterization were replaced by a cold and polished elegance, generalising and diluting nature, and compelling it to restrain its infinite variety within certain purely artificial limits. In the eighteenth century, gaiety, with the fashion of accurate observation and humorous notation of contemporary incidents and manners, returned. Still, however, the ingenious fantasies with which a Watteau would vary his more idealised and delicate inventions did not exactly come under the head of caricature; neither did, indeed, those amusing performances of Chardin in which, tired for the moment of portraying with sympathetic truth incidents of French bourgeois life, he replaces man by monkey, and poses the latter in the garb of the former, as painter or connoisseur. The exquisite delineators of contemporary manners and costume under Louis XV. and Louis XVI., those "Small Masters" who have left behind them a delightful record of the elegances of the time, observed and noted their surroundings with a delicate and amiable humour, but without the generalising power, the energy, or the incisiveness which are necessary elements of caricature. The comic draughtsmen of that period, when they satirised, were content to hold up to ridicule the modish exaggerations of feminine costume, and ventured not until the

verge of the Revolution to grapple with either political or social

the English Art of the eighteenth century, had an undoubted



"La Promenade du Marais." Anonymous Caricature.

problems. It is only with the temporary abolition of the restraining terrors of censorship, under the republican régime, that caricature became a distinct and recognised branch of the graphic arts; though it was at that period less a branch of art proper than a mere political weapon of attack, pointing and reinforcing the spoken word. In those coarse and primitively executed works, the authors of which can scarcely aspire to pass under the name of artists, it is to be noted that the brutal downrightness and vigour of a Gilray, and the only a little less unrefined force of a Rowlandson, often served as models, and were reproduced in modified shape, though without that spontaneity and exuberance of energy which serve to a certain extent as their excuse. We find a curious and, it is believed, unique exception to the style of the period in the caricatured portrait of La Révellière-Lepeaux, by Prudhon. Here, as elsewhere, the artist has taken as his model Leonardo da Vinci, and as in his feminine types he has sought to reproduce the ineffable smile which characterizes the creations of the great Florentine, so here he has taken as his model the heroic manner of Vinci in the grotesque. This is a true example of what may be obtained by proceeding on that principle of the *idéal renversé* which has been very happily stated as the true definition of caricature in the higher and more special sense. This specimen of the pensive master's power remained a solitary exception, and was without influence on the rough-and-ready draughtsmen of the time. We shall see, however, that the same method, enlarged and used with less conventionality, and with a breadth and originality amounting to genius, by Honoré Daumier, produced later the most magnificent results.

An artist whose style, while owing much to

the English Art of the eighteenth century, had an undoubted piquancy and originality of its own, was the painter-engraver Debucourt. With his famous prints, the 'Promenade de la Galerie du Palais Royal, 1787,' and the 'Promenade Publique, 1792,' he lightly bridges over the gap between the two periods, showing himself an amiable and *enjoué* observer of the manners of the expiring century, with just a sufficient infusion of sly caricature to add piquancy to the representation.

A true artist, though one still trammelled by the traditions of the pictorial art of his period, was Carlé Vernet, the son of the great marine painter, Joseph Vernet. His fame rests chiefly on those amusing and genuine, if slightly stiff, caricatures, the 'Incroyables' and the 'Merveilleuses,' engraved by Darcis, and dating from An V. of the Republic

one and indivisible. He is, in truth, a pioneer in such sub-



"Le Grand Opéra" (Vestris). By E. Delacroix.



"Les Paysagistes." By Giraud, in "L'Artiste."

jects as the 'Jour de Barbe du Charbonnier' and the 'Cris de Paris.'

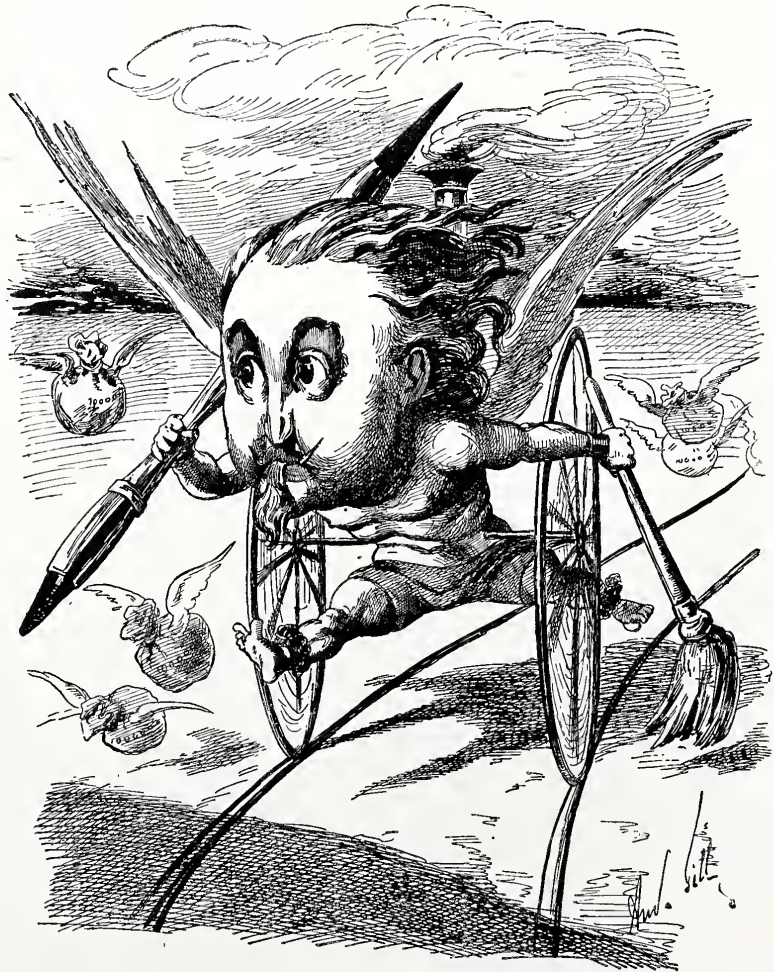
The period of the First Empire and the earlier portion of the Restoration is necessarily sterile; as rigid a censorship was exercised over the products of the brush and pencil as over those of the pen; and it is only as the reign of Charles X. drew towards its close that the artificially imposed barriers were to some extent overstepped.

The first in order of date of the genuine humorists who may be said to belong entirely to this century is Charlet, the genial delineator of the *vieux de la vieille*, that is to say the veteran who survived the wars of the Republic and the First Empire. These he delighted to represent not only in the field, but in the piping times of peace, taking their *otium cum*, and often *sine dignitate*, at the cabaret and elsewhere. His interpretation of this his favourite type was not only a truthful and humorous one, based on genial observation and a dramatic intuition of human characteristics; it was also profoundly sympathetic. We are made to feel, above all, that the artist loved and admired what he bade his public smile at; that the veteran was his idol, if not exactly his hero. If Charlet was the amiable and amused interpreter of the characteristics of the *grogards* in their decline, Raffet was the poet, the commentator—himself still deeply moved by the glories which he recalled—of their former heroic deeds and their personality as a whole body. He also distinguished himself as a good-tempered and accurate observer of the manners of the *bourgeoisie* in general;

but his fame was earned, and will be maintained, as the delineator, on a small scale, but with an almost epic power, of such scenes as 'Napoléon en Égypte'—in which he has shown the most perfect comprehension of the individuality of the conqueror,—the famous 'Ils grognaient et le suivaient toujours,' and the 'Retraite de Waterloo.' Standing above and apart from all the rest is a masterpiece, the 'Revue Nocturne,' showing, with a singular intensity of poetic vision, a phantom army of the great Napoleonic period passed under review in the clouds.

It is not necessary here to do more than mention Jean-Edmée Pigal, who, as a painter, and especially as a lithographer, attained to a certain reputation which posterity has not confirmed. It is otherwise with Henri Monnier, one of the most amusing and thoroughly Parisian personalities of the first half of the century. A painter, originally bred in the classical

academy of Girodet, and having completed his studies under



Gustave Doré. By A. Gill.

the auspices of the more romantic Gros, it is as a caricaturist of bourgeois manners, as the creator, above all, of the im-



‘What’s he looking at me like that for?’
By Cham.

portant Joseph Prud’homme, that he vindicates his right to a place among the prominent individualities of his time. He drew, he lithographed his famous personage, he acted it on the boards and in society, until the illusion was complete, and it became difficult to distinguish the player from the part. In the numerous water colours and lithographs of the artist the respectable citizen appears again and again: in ‘La Famille Prud’homme,’ the ‘Portraits de M. et Madame Prud’homme,’ and, indeed, in endless characteristic scenes of Parisian genre. The type has acquired a permanent place in French art and literature; for it is not merely ephemeral, or of one special period only, but so broadly human and representative as to be comprehensible to succeeding generations. Théophile Gautier, the arch-enemy of the prosperous middle-class citizen, has aptly defined this creation as *la synthèse de la bêtise bourgeoise*.

The verdict of posterity has certainly not ratified the great popular reputation enjoyed during his lifetime by the industrious and prolific Grandville (Isidore-Adolphe Gérard). His fame was won almost at starting by the once-celebrated ‘*Métamorphoses du Jour*,’ an album of coloured prints, in which human figures appear crowned, like Bottom, with the heads of beasts. Grandville was on



“Decidedly I haven’t the first choice.”
By Cham.

the staff of the *Charivari* at its foundation in 1832, and obtained one more great success with his ‘*Scènes de la Vie Publique et Privée des Animaux*.’ It can only be wondered now that an epoch singularly prolific in great personalities, both literary

and artistic, should ever have accorded so large a measure of approval to a talent which appears to the later time essentially superficial and mediocre. The passionate and romantic Decamps about this period made an excursion into the domain of caricature, and won great success with his *charge* of Charles X., called ‘*Le Pieux Monarque*,’ and other similar attacks on the restored monarchy, then reeling to its fall.

But, after all, the quintessence of all that is best and most characteristic in French caricature, in its highest—we had almost said noblest—development is to be found in those two bright lights of the *Charivari*, Chevalier, known to the world as Gavarni, and Honoré Daumier, who for many years shone side by side—the one enhancing the other by the force of contrast—in the pages of the comic journal which has served as the archetype of similar publications all over the world. It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of Gavarni’s work as a whole, whether we take it in its purely artistic aspect, or with the added literary value which it acquires when estimated in conjunction with the witty and penetrating, if often over-elaborated, comments with which the artist himself supplied it. Never has accurate and humorous observation of the prominent types and classes of a great national centre been combined with more of sympathy and pardon for the very vices and foibles caricatured—or rather, to speak more accurately, recorded in their comic aspect. Gavarni was not, indeed, a caricaturist in the true sense of the word; he was rather an interpreter of contemporary man-



Meissonier’s Pictures. By Marcelin.

ners, who combined a penetrating accuracy and a vein of genuine but refined comedy with a certain infusion of romanticism; from which, indeed, as a true man of his time and country, he could not be expected to be free. It is just this element of romanticism, making itself felt through even his most comic productions, which leads the superficial observer of to-day to unduly neglect him as *démodé* and conventional. This very lyrical element—running through all the artist’s delineations, whether of grisette, lorette, student of the Quartier Latin, fashionable exquisite, or not causelessly suspicious spouse—has its root not only in the artist’s own nature, but in the persons and things so truly reproduced and so sympathetically interpreted. For it must not be forgotten that romanticism in the earlier half of the century was, notwithstanding the strong element of artificiality which it undoubtedly contained, a real thing, permeating with a greater or less intensity all phases of life; that it was not merely like our own so-called “aesthetic” movement, the eccentric attitude of protestation of an over-refined and fantastic clique.

It would be difficult to parallel elsewhere, for the element of joyous and unaffected comedy allied to justness of observation which they contain, the famous series, among many others, of ‘*Le Carnaval à Paris*,’ ‘*Les Débardeurs*,’ ‘*Les Enfants Terribles*,’ ‘*Les Étudiants de Paris*,’ and the ‘*Fourberies des Femmes*.’ The element of deep sadness which sometimes—especially in the artist’s later time—underlies all this joyous-

ness, is exemplified in such productions of the artist's pencil and the *littérateur's* pen combined as the gloomy though

phases with an incomparable power and energy, if with a ruthlessness which is seldom combined with pity or pardon, types which are of France, but not of France only; they belong, in virtue of the synthetic simplicity and directness with which they are presented, to humanity generally. As in the hands of still more famous, if hardly more illustrious satirists of the pencil, even squalid ugliness and deformity assume, under the transforming touch of Daumier, a tremendous intensity of aspect which robs them of half their repulsiveness. It is not only as a consummate draughtsman and lithographer that the greatest of French caricaturists excelled; the recent exhibition at the Beaux-Arts revealed him to the present generation as a painter of no mean ability—a rich if sombre colourist, whose harmonies, showing the influence of Decamps and Delacroix, add a lurid force to his peculiar conceptions. Unsurpassed is the superb series of water colours in which he has delineated scenes from the Palais de Justice, showing the French advocates in all the grotesque vigour of exaggerated declamation, or in the intervals of preparation when forces are gathered for the reply to a perorating rival. In this series, where all is characteristic, there might be singled out for especial remark the 'Plaidoyer' and the lugubrious 'Pièces de Conviction,' which latter drawing shows with real tragic intensity three judges seated impassive, in a Rembrandt-*esque* half-light, at a table on which are laid out

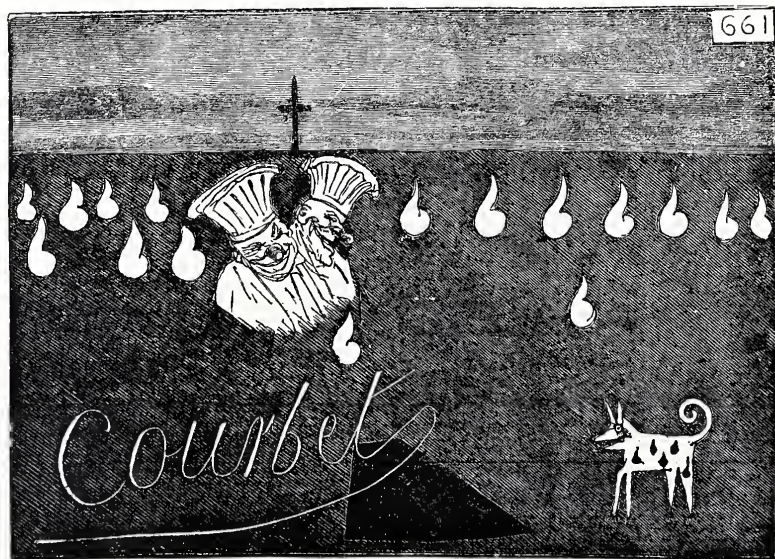
the silent yet horribly eloquent evidence of a murder. Daumier's genius is, however, shown at his highest in those celebrated lithographs, 'La Rue Transnonain'—a scene of already accomplished massacre, deprived of half its realistic horror by a sweeping breadth and majesty of delineation, hardly paralleled in a work of this class—and the equally well-known 'Enfoncé La Fayette,' showing Louis Philippe,



Litré. By Hadol.

still humorous "Les Lorettes Vieillies." As the delineator of British types—which were studied by Gavarni *sur le vif* during his stay in England and Scotland—although he did not prove himself exempt from the prejudice which now, as then, obscures the vision of the Gallic observer, he came far nearer to truth, though hardly to sympathy, of interpretation than did subsequently the pseudo-romantic Gustave Doré or any of the modern French realists who have of late years shown a tendency to make London their hunting-ground.

As a caricaturist proper, in the higher sense of the word, it is doubtful if any artist since Hogarth can be compared on equal terms with Honoré Daumier. He has not, it is true, the weird fascination, the nervous elegance which Goya has known how to impart to the best pages of his famous "Caprichos" and "Desastres de la Guerra;" there is in his work less of inventiveness and of imagination proper than in that of the Spanish master. Neither can he be said to have attained, or even sought, the unexaggerated and penetrating truth which distinguishes Gavarni as the delineator of the *bourgeoisie* and the floating population of Paris. But for an almost heroic breadth and vigour, for an energy of conception bordering even on ferocity, for a justness in the evolution, notwithstanding the inevitable exaggeration of caricature, of generalised types of humanity, for a peculiar felicity in the reproduction of expressive and violent gesture, the French master knows few if any rivals. Daumier em-



"'L'Enterrement d'Ornans,' par Courbet, maître peintre." By Bertall.

the citizen king, weeping crocodile's tears at the funeral of the popular hero.

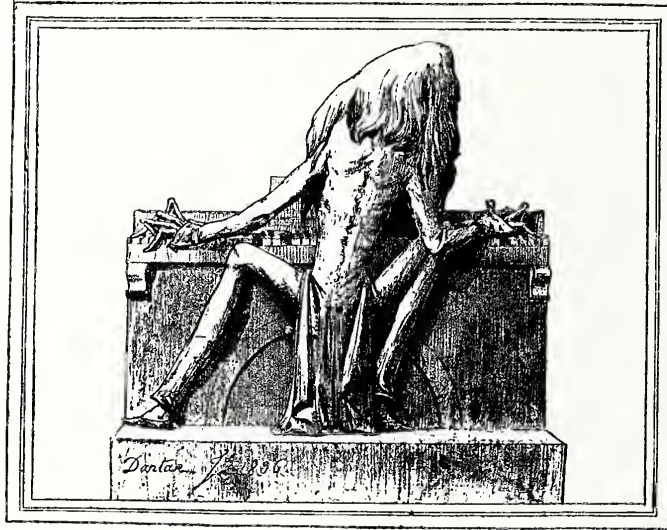
From the works of Gavarni and Daumier the descent to the ordinary level of French caricature of the latter half of the century is somewhat difficult to make. Among the artists most in vogue during this latter period, Cham, by his series in the *Charivari*, dealing specially with soldiers, students, and demi-mondaines of the lower order, obtained great vogue. The vast series of *Portraits-charges* of eminent Frenchmen executed in water colours by Eugène Giraud, and now or lately the property of M. de Nieuwerkerke, has obtained considerable celebrity. These industriously rendered and somewhat laboured presentments are, however, markedly inferior in humour and character to the best among the similar portraits which have of recent years appeared in our own *Vanity Fair*. Far more vigorous is the work of the recently-deceased André Gill, whose caricatural portraits originally appeared in the *Lune*, the *Eclipse*, and the *Lune Rousse*. A delightful and thoroughly Parisian example of his art is the well-known 'Fille de Madame Angot,' showing in delightfully comic fashion Thiers attired in the short-skirted and *décolleté* costume of Clairette Angot. Gustave Doré cannot be ranked among caricaturists proper; but

for inventiveness and brilliancy of imagination in the romantic phase of the grotesque he is a master among moderns, and it is to be regretted that the only department of his art in which he exhibited unquestioned originality should have been but very imperfectly represented at the Beaux-Arts. The exhibition would have been the richer for the admirable illustrations to *Don Quichotte* and the *Contes Drôlatiques*. The drawings of the popular Grévin, now the chief support of the *Charivari*, show, notwithstanding the suggestiveness and *chic* with which they are executed, a still further descent from the high level of intention and execution reached by the art in the earlier years of the century.

The appearance, almost contemporaneously with the opening of the exhibition of caricatures at the Beaux-Arts, of M. J. Grand-Carteret's important and interesting publication, "Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France" (Paris), provided at once, and it may be said for the first time, a standard work on the subject. Admirable monographs had, indeed, been produced of Gavarni, Daumier, and other protagonists of caricature, but its development and progress through numberless political and social phases had not been traced as M. Grand-Carteret has now so ably and agreeably traced them. His capacity for such a task had already been shown in his "Caricature en Allemagne," a subject requiring, for obvious reasons, great

prudence and delicacy of handling. In the work now under consideration he passes lightly over the earlier periods of caricature, and reserves his whole strength for those of the First Republic, the Empire, the Restoration, the Second Republic, and modern times generally. Covering, too, ground which was left untouched by the exhibition at the Beaux-Arts, he shows us the latest development of the Second Empire—witty and light-hearted, without *arrière-pensée*; and of the Third Republic—more *quintessenciée*, and less spontaneous than

preceding periods, and driven to seek, and sometimes to force, its fun in new directions. The book thus appropriately closes with the latest drolleries of Grévin, Mars, Caran-d'Ache, and their compeers. The illustrations, some of which, through the courtesy of the publishers, we are able to give, are singularly various and diverting, and comprise many full-page fac-similes in colours and innumerable engravings and vignettes of lesser proportions. *La pruderie Anglaise* might possibly bridle at some of these, but they are none the less quite innocuous, and are, moreover, chosen with a commendable boldness and with a manifest intention not to spare the French public some salutary, if unpalatable, reminders of former characteristic follies. CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



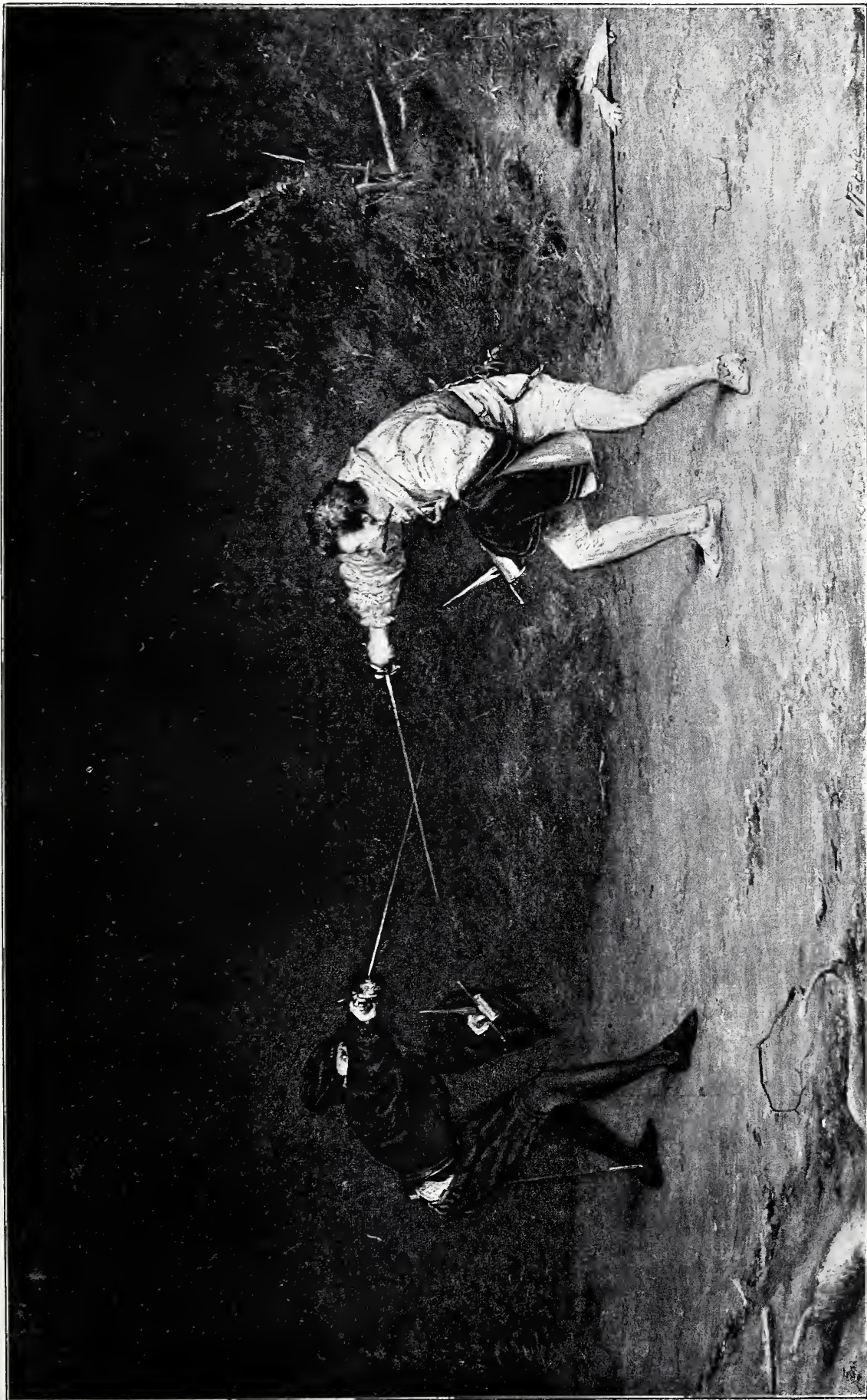
Liszt. Statuette by the Younger Dantan.

A SWORD AND DAGGER FIGHT.

BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

TO rank Mr. Pettie as a melodramatic painter would be a measure of disparagement. Melodramatists, and also the actors who have rendered them, have seldom the merit of doing sincerely and with impulse and conviction what they are about, whereas the persons of Mr. Pettie's compositions, and the hand that gave them vigour, are alike full of unmistakable *entrain*. The duel in this brilliant example of his work is no make-believe; we are looking not at a stage effect, but at two actual men of the days when passions and manners were pictorial and demonstrative, and full of the accents of

colour, the varieties of costume, texture, and eloquent gesture. A sword and dagger fight is obviously a duel *à outrance*, and the wary figures express that fact in every limb. It is too serious a matter to allow of any swagger or grace of fencing pose; one of the two bodies, tense with life and nerve, is to be helpless in an hour, abandoned by all its now abounding blood and power. The picturesque conditions have not caused the painter to forego his grip upon this essential little fact of his picture, which was one of the most attractive works at the Glasgow Exhibition last year.



A Sword and Dagger Fight. From the Picture by John Pettie, R.A., in the possession of James Donald, Esq.



No. 1.—From a Modern French Fan by Tony Faivre. South Kensington Museum.

FANS AND THEIR MAKERS.

“L'éventail d'une belle est le sceptre du monde.”—Sylvain Maréchal.



FAN, according to Octave Uzanne, one of the first authorities on the subject, is “un petit meuble qui sert à éventer.” These words exactly describe what the fan has become—a little piece of furniture! The time has passed when it played a prominent part in the politics and drama of the social life of the day. Now, one may say, it has

deteriorated into at best a mere fashionable adjunct to the toilette of its owner; and just as her gloves, shoes, and flowers should be in harmony with what she wears, so must her fan match the prevailing colour and texture of her dress, or she is not *bien mise*.

But though simply a detail of costume, fan fashions of the present time embrace almost every shape and form of past centuries, excepting, perhaps, those of the Shakespearian era, when it was fastened on such a long handle as to serve the double purpose of fan and walking stick. “I could brain him with his lady’s fan,” says Hotspur in *Henry IV*. However, as every new fashion is but an old one revived, we may perhaps expect to see the long-handled fans come in again with other customs of past days.

So too we are now doing our best to take the words of M. Uzanne in their most literal sense. Scarcely a room is considered complete without its decoration of fans, a perfect jumble of all times and all countries, from ceiling to floor, from a frieze of palm-leaves to a dado of Japanese, of every shape, colour, and size imaginable. Like everything else which takes a frantic possession of the mind of society, and which

of necessity becomes overdone and possibly vulgarised, fans, as a means of house decoration, have, I fear, nearly seen their day, and will probably soon die a natural death with the faded greens and sombre colours of the last decade; and one cannot but regret it, for they are so graceful in form, and beautiful and varied in colouring, that, used as a decorative means, they are most valuable, only, like everything else, they require taste and discrimination in their placing, or their effect is lost or misapplied.

Fans, especially Oriental ones, form a delightful background. How well the effect of a delicate piece of Venetian glass or china is thrown up in front of the rich gold and red of the khus-khus, or the delicate yellow of a palm-leaf! Japanese fans simply become a confusion of brilliant colour and fan-sticks, when grouped in a mass on a wall, as one too often sees them—without rhyme or reason—and still more absurd do they appear when peeping out at all angles from behind picture frames; whereas, treated individually, how beautiful are the design and colouring of sometimes even the cheapest specimen! for, artistically speaking, the most expensive are by no means always the best or the most beautiful fans. Unfortunately fashion rarely knows where to



No. 2.—A Flabellum.

limit herself, and when one sees a tea-table composed of numberless trays of palm-leaves standing out at all angles from the parent stem, looking far too fragile to bear more than the weight of a flower upon them, one can say with truth and reason, that the fan now scarcely ranks higher than "a little piece of furniture!"

About its origin archæologists have differed widely in opinion. It has ever been a puzzle to them, but it seems to me that it is not very difficult to find. Surely in a tropical climate, where vegetation is profuse and principally of the large-leafed kind, the natural impulse, even among barbarians, would be to find shade and air; and the swaying of a leaf of a palm, in the longed-for evening breeze, would give the idea of using it as a means of relief and shade from the stifling atmosphere and violence of the sun's rays. Of course in its earliest days the fan and the umbrella were so much akin that now it is difficult to give them their proper distinction. Both were to give shade, and in this word we have the probable origin of the fan's history.

M. Blondel gives us the date of the invention of fans at 1134 B.C., under the Emperor Howwang, founder of the dynasty



No. 3.—Rameses III. and Fan-Bearers.

of Scheón. A pretty tradition says that a Chinese empress, overheated at a dramatic performance, taking off her mask fanned herself with it, and so brought it into fashion among her ladies. Another legend, quoted by Octave Uzanne, tells us that under the Emperor Scuji, about 670, a peasant of Tamba watching the rapid movement of the bats' wings as they flitted about in the twilight, first thought of constructing a fan, which was called the *kuwahori*, or bat. However this may be, there is no doubt that its origin was Oriental; but if Indian or Chinese, it must have been simultaneously invented in Egypt, for some very curious representations of the fan—or shade, as it was called—have been found on some of the walls of the Theban tombs. In an interesting paper "On the Shade of the Shadow of the Dead," Mr. Samuel Birch says, "The shade was supposed to be the light envelope of the soul, visible, but not tangible, and is often mentioned in connection with the 'ba' or soul." He then goes on to tell us that it was spoken of in this way from the very earliest period; for instance, on the Pyramid of Unas, of the Sixth Dynasty, the shade or fan is represented in the usual way, that is, in connection with the soul. The soul, as distinguished from the shade, was supposed to breathe, to be one of the functions

of the body. The accompanying illustration (No. 4) of the 'Soul, Shade, and Body adoring Ammon and the Solar Types,' is derived from Rosellini's "Monumenti dell' Egitto."

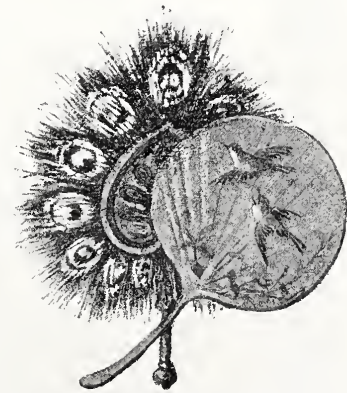
The fan was also used in royal processions as the special attribute of the Pharaohs and as a standard of war.



No. 4.—Soul, Shade, and Body adoring Ammon and the Solar Types. Rosellini.

The office of fan-bearer to his Majesty was an important one, and was only given to princes or noblemen, as their post was of necessity close to the King either in battle or in the state ceremonials. The standard- or fan-bearer took the rank of general, and Sir J. Wilkinson says that their position on the right or left hand of the Pharaoh was according to their rank. The illustration No. 3 represents Rameses III. in the great coronation scene in his temple at Medinet-Haboo, on the left bank of the Nile at Thebes. This is a very good specimen of the fan or fly-flap, and the way in which it was used in the royal procession. The sun shade of Thothmes III. (Illustration No. 15) gives the fan in detail. There are many specimens of it still existing on Theban walls, and they are very beautiful and varied in design, and still keep the traces of their originally brilliant colouring. The fan seems to have been the insignia of royalty in most Oriental countries. For instance, in India, where the state fan was the "tchmara," and was made in such a way as to combine in it the most precious materials. The screen itself consisted of a mosaic of feathers, probably rare ones, and it was set upon a handle of jade, which is of great value when of a certain shade of green; this again was encrusted with jewels, and set upon a long stick, which was borne in the annual Juggernaut procession, and others of like character.

In India, one of the first fans in household use was the *pänk'ha*, of very much the same form as that used now. Another, the *schwara*, was sacred; and in all ages, under one form or another, the fan seems to have been specially dedicated to the service of the gods. The *flabellum*, in Rome, was sacred to Bacchus. The "Mysteria Vannus Sacchi" was borne in procession in the Eleusinian mysteries. In pagan times the flat, disc-like fan was used by most women, particularly by the vestal virgins, to revive the waning flame of the altar. The wings of a bird joined laterally formed the fan of the priests of Isis; it was one of the most graceful in shape, and has been often reproduced in late years, generally made of the wings of a jay or gull. We give a drawing (No. 2) of the Roman *flabellum* from an ancient vase. They



No. 5.—Burmese and Japanese Fans.

are commonly found on Etruscan or Roman pottery, and the shape is invariably a flat disc with a handle, and of much the same shape as those carried by the attendants of the Egyptian Pharaohs, and it was, as with them, the insignia of royalty. Some



No. 6.—*Italian Fan, 1750. Steel Stick.*

of the Theban fans were undoubtedly made of peacocks' feathers. Peacocks are said to have originally come from Phrygia, in Asia Minor, and were not known in Greece before 500 B.C. But they were evidently brought into Egypt at a much earlier date. They afterwards became great favourites with the Greeks, who called them "birds of Juno," because of their magnificent plumage.



Many of the beautiful little terra-cotta figures lately found at Tanagra hold a fan in the hand; one of the most perfect of these is the one of which we give a sketch (Illustration No. 12). The date is about 300 B.C. These classic fans probably take their shape from their common ancestors, the lotus and the palm-leaf. These were most likely to have been the forerunners of all; then would follow those of feathers—peacocks, parrots, ravens; those of feathers—all birds being used, from the ostrich down to the brilliant mosaic-like work of the humming-bird feathers.



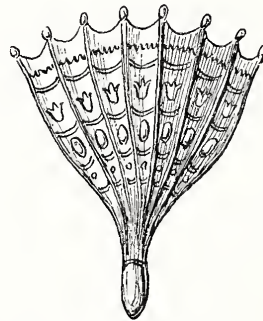
No. 7.—*Chinese Fan Guard, Eighteenth Century.*

Then followed those made of silk and tissues, richly embroidered in silks, tinsels, and seed pearls, often like small screens in shape. The present Chinese fan of state is said to be semicircular at the top and confined at the base, made of ostrich feathers—a beautiful shape, which is often reproduced for the European market, made usually in peacock feathers, but which generally comes from India.

The fan is still more a part of the national dress of Japan than it was, and still is, of Spain. But in Japan—unlike most other countries, it does not belong exclusively to women—men take their share in its graces and coquetries, and they are said to keep it in a fold of the collar behind, when not in use. However this may be, one thing is certain, and that is, the fan accompanies the warrior to battle, and a very curious painting in the new White Wing of the British Museum gives an illustration of this, and also of the war fan of a Daimio, or nobleman, with the insignia of his rank upon it. There is one use to which the Japanese put their fans which we are only just arriving at, and that is of using the plain, smooth ivory, or vellum fans as autograph sheets for the signatures of celebrities or friends.

It is curious how different types of fans seem to cling to various countries. For instance, the pānk'ha, before quoted as one of the oldest of the Indian, is mentioned in many ancient Sanscrit and Hindoo writings, and is

still the fan in constant household use. Quantities of fans made in India are for European supply only, but there are still some countries where the manufactures are principally for home use. Spain is an example of this, where the paper fans with coarse roughly printed pictures of bull-fights are very common. In the South Kensington Museum there is a curious Spanish fan of a finer kind, of the second half of the eighteenth century. The sticks are of carved and painted ivory, the mount, chicken-skin printed with an almanack in Spanish with signs of the Zodiac upon it, and borders of flowers and fruit in colours. It is remarkable how rare examples of good Spanish fans are in the museums. The subject of the use of the fan in Spain is too wide a one to do more than touch on here; but I cannot pass the subject without quoting the well-known passage in Disraeli's "Contarini Fleming." "A Spanish lady with her fan," he says, "might shame the tactics of a troop of horse. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp and conscious elegance of the bird of Juno; now she flutters it with all the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Now, in the midst of a very tornado, she closes it with a whirr which makes you start. In the midst of your confusion Dolores taps you on your elbow, you turn round to listen, and Catalina pokes you in your side. Magical instrument! In this land it speaks a particular language, and



No. 8.—*Eventail de Ferrara. Sixteenth Century.*



No. 9.—*Eventail à Touffe. Italian Sixteenth Century.*

gallantry requires no other mode to express its most subtle conceits or its most unreasonable demands, than this delicate machine. Yet we should remember that here as in the North, it is not confined to the fair sex. The cavalier also has his fan; and, that the habit may not be considered an indication of effeminacy, learn that in this scorching clime the soldier will not mount guard without this solace."

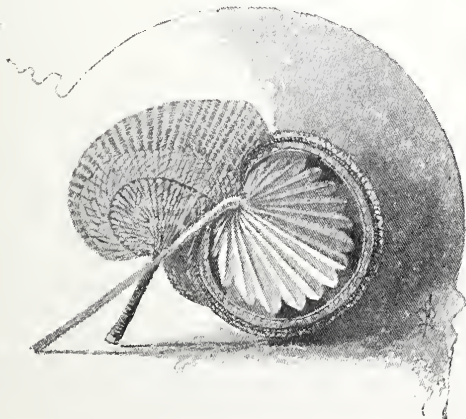
There is almost as much mystery attached to the introduction of the fan into Europe as to its origin. Some writers affirm that it was brought into Europe by the Portuguese of Goa, in the sixteenth century, and others again say that we owe it to the Crusaders, which I imagine is possible but not probable, as the fan having been so widely used in pagan times surely some descendant of it would remain. M. Uzanne tells us that the ancient flabellum, formerly used in the service of the gods, existed also in the Christian Church and was used to protect the officiating priest in the Holy Sacrifice, until the end of the thirteenth century. Italy seems to have been its stronghold in mediæval times. There is but little doubt that Catherine de Medici brought a numberless variety with her into France, and that her perfumers drove a thriving trade in its manufacture among the ladies of the court. The feather fan, which still bears the name of Medici—though of various forms—was a great favourite with her. They were often sus-

pended from the girdle by a gold chain. Some of those in the pictures by Van Dyck and others of that period are of a



No. 10.—War Fan. Japan. (Daimio's Badge)

still earlier date. The handles of many of them were extremely beautiful. MM. Blondel and Uzanne speak especially of three as being particularly fine: the "Eventail à Touffe" (Illustration No. 9), composed of a tuft of feathers of a convex shape, the handle of wood or precious stone; the "Eventail plissé," called also the "Eventail de Ferrara" (Illustration No. 8), in the form of a goose's foot—very curious—with a round handle like those chains called "Jeanne d'Arc," and the "Eventail Girouette," or weathercock fan (Illustration No. 13), in the form of a flag in gold or silver stuff, like that in the picture of Titian's wife, and used mostly in Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century. Two of these fans, in fact one may say all three, are reproduced at the present time. The tuft of feathers is often seen, and very elegant and pretty it is; the "Fan of Ferrara" is just now coming into fashion again, called Louis XV., nearly the same, as far as the shape is concerned, as the old model, but it differs a little inasmuch as it is made to fold compactly, and is not so *plissé* as was the Ferrara fan; the Indian flag shape one constantly sees as hand-screens, made of a kind of fibre interwoven with gold or silver



No. 11.—Indian Fan.

into a diapered pattern. The fans of Ferrara were especially used in Rome, Naples, Turin, and Ferrara, but seem to have

found their way also into France, as Blondel speaks of a picture of a "Ball under Henri III." in which they are represented.

Nowhere did the fan take the same historical significance as in France towards the end of the eighteenth century. There it became as much a badge of party feeling as the primrose has now become in England. Marie de Medici having first made it fashionable in court circles, one associates it with the brocades and powder of the "Grandes Dames" of the time of Louis XIV. and the successive reigns. It reached its climax of beauty under Louis XV., when artists recognised its importance, and lavished on it all that was most delicate and beautiful of their Art. In all times it played a prominent part on the French stage from those ballets formed for the edification of the pleasure-loving king, in which the nymph or goddess, whatever her character or



No. 12—Tanagra Figure.

costume, carried a fan, as a matter of course. Any one who has seen Molière's plays on the stage will remember the important part it plays in them, particularly perhaps in *Les Femmes Savantes*. Fans were mounted in such a way in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France, as to make their value enormous. There are several well-known examples in history of this, one of the most famous being that presented to Madame du Barry by the king, in which was set a diamond valued at about £1,400. The fan went through as many changes in size during the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth, as it has of late years. At the beginning of the eighteenth century it was very large. A hundred years later, under the empire, it was diminutive in size, and often very pretty, of gauze spangled in gold and silver, but most unsuited to the then

prevailing classical style of dress. It was not unusual for the eighteenth-century fans to be inscribed with the refrain of a popular song then in fashion, or a word which had some political significance. About 1792 the cry of "Vive le Roi" had given place to "Vive la Nation," which words soon found their way on to the fans, marking their owners as republicans; and later this custom was carried very far, and fans even took their names after the leaders of the Revolution, and had their portraits engraved on them, enclosed in those little "camaïeu" which were very common on the fans of that period. It is a significant fact that "L'éventail à la Marat" gave place later to "L'éventail à la Corday," so named after his murderess, who, it was proved in the evidence which came out at her trial, was seen entering his house, her fan in her hand.

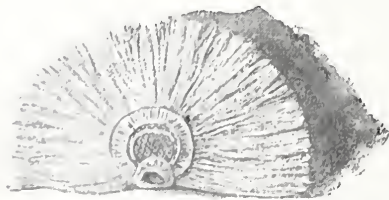
No. 13.—*Even-
tail Girouette.
Titian.*

It is interesting to note a circumstance quoted by M. Vartel, and which throws light upon the character of Charlotte Corday, testifying to her consummate coolness and presence of mind; and that is, she struck the fatal blow with one hand, while still retaining her fan in the other.

M. Blondel tells us that in 1790 women had fans in "camaïeu" of the "fabrique d'Arthur." These fans were in silk, taffetas or gauze, skin having been replaced by "tissue" for some time past, decorated with "petites gouaches tantôt d'ornement en application." But patriots considered these fans gave too aristocratic an air, so the camaïeu fans were replaced by those in common materials, on which were coloured prints representing agricultural implements, with some patriotic device such as "Mort ou Liberté."

It was not only during the French Revolution that fans played an important part in politics; for since then, they have well been a "casus belli." A curious instance of this was in 1827, when the Dey of Algiers insulted M. Deval, the French Consul, by touching or striking his cheek with a fan, an act which resulted in the subsequent conquest of Algiers and occupation of Tunis by the French.

Fans were used both in summer and winter in the time of the Revolution and First Empire. During the winter, ladies carried them in their muffs. During the Republic they lost the beauty and refinement they had attained when Watteau and Boucher expended all the triumphs of their art upon them. The exquisite delicacy of the groups of cherubs and scrolls of Boucher—the "rose-water Raphael," as he is often called—are particularly well adapted to fan-painting. But these savoured too much of the aristocracy for the republicanism of the revolutionary times, and gave place to fans coarse in texture, design, and execution. We must close this account of French fans with the "éventails anagrammatiques" of the



No. 14.—*Khus-khus Grass Fan.*

Restoration of 1821, also mentioned by M. Blondel, in which, he tells us, were inscribed such words as "Roma," which changes into "Amor."

Fans were by no means exclusively in fashion in France during the last century; in England they were largely used. Sir Roger de Coverley talks of the "angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter and the amorous flutter," and says, "I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked the passion to have come within the wind its motion produced;" and he describes rightly the position the fan had in its day of glory, and what it has now lost, the power of showing the individuality of its owner by a flexible and quick movement of the wrist, of portraying her moods, thoughts, vanities and anxieties. In England the art of the use of the fan is dead; one might perhaps say everywhere, except in Japan and possibly still in Spain, where "fan language" still lingers. Our illustration No. 6, drawn from the original in the South Kensington Museum, shows us an Italian round fan of about 1750. The mount is vellum, painted with ruins and floral borders in pink "camaïeu;" sticks of steel inlaid with silver and gold. The handle of this fan is most beautiful, and it would be worth the while of any one interested in "fan-lore" to pay a visit to the Museum to see it, where there are some other good examples of Chinese and Dutch. The greatest rivals in fan manufacture are China and France. More than sixty thousand people live in France by that trade alone. Perhaps those artists who have most influenced fan painting are Watteau and Boucher, and among modern painters, Desrochiers, Favre and Maurice Leloir. Some of the finest specimens, as far as the technical work is concerned, are made by Duvelleroy, well known as a fan-maker both in France and England; and justly, from the artistic way in which he carries out the painter's idea, in the mounting of the fans which are placed in his hands. The variety of materials used in all times, both ancient and modern, for fans and their mounts is infinite.

From the palm-leaf to the khus-khus grass (Illustration No. 14), niumphar-leaf, bamboo, Palmyra-leaf, also the divided leaf of the *Borascus flabelli*, we come to feathers of all kinds; then to chicken skin, kid, vellum, parchment, muslin, linen, paper, silk, satin, taffetas and gauze, and numberless other textures. The sticks and guards of ivory, tortoise-shell, amber, mother-of-pearl, silver, gold, metal and woods of all kinds; lacquer, both silver and gold, extensively used for inlaying especially, and precious stones. No wonder, indeed, with all these materials at the disposal of the artists, that fans and fan-making as an art has reached such a climax of perfection. China is unequalled in the production of lacquered fans, and there is a fine specimen of one of gold lacquer to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. Canton, Soutchou and Nankin, are some of the great centres of production; but now there are as many manufactured for European markets exclusively, as for Oriental ones.



No. 15.—*Sun Shade,
Thothmes III. Thebes.*

EVELYN M. MOORE.

ART GOSSIP.

A NUMBER of pictures recently acquired by the National Portrait Gallery have been deposited for the present in one of the ground-floor rooms of the National Gallery. Among them are the following: M. Gheerraedt's 'Conference in 1604 at Somerset Place,' bought from the Hamilton Palace Collection; 'The House of Commons in 1793,' by K. H. Nickel; 'Warren Hastings,' by A. W. Devis; 'Sir G. H. Grant,' Sir by F. Grant; 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel,' by M. Dahl; 'The Third Lord Fairfax and His Wife,' by W. Dobson; 'Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport, and George, Lord Goring,' by W. Dobson; 'Viscount Cardwell,' by Mr. G. Richmond; 'The First Earl of Clarendon,' by G. Soest; 'Lord Nelson,' by L. Acquarone, after L. Guzzardi; 'The Fourth Duke of Bedford,' by Gainsborough; 'Mrs. Opie,' by J. Opie; 'General Stringer Lawrence,' by Gainsborough; 'Hon. Roger North,' by Sir P. Lely; and 'S. Rogers,' by T. Phillips.

At a general meeting of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, held on February 27th, Messrs. George Clausen and G. Lawrence Bulleid were elected Associates.

Exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers will henceforth be regularly held in the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East, arrangements to this end having been now concluded between these societies.

The annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is above the average. Academicians and Associates are well represented, and there are some important pictures. Among these are Mr. Robert Gibbs's 'Battle of the Alma,' Mr. C. M. Hardie's 'Queen Mary,' and Mr. G. Reid's landscape of 'Montrose.' There is an interesting portrait study by Mr. Pettie of the young Scotch composer, Mr. Hamish M'Cunn, whose music has been so much talked of lately.

Owing to the superiority of the processes employed, many of the illustrations in the leading journals and newspapers have of late been sent to Vienna. Those who encourage home industries will therefore be glad to hear that a concession for the processes has been obtained for Great Britain, so that in future the work need not be sent abroad.

An exhibition of decorative Art in all its branches, similar, but wider in its sympathies, to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, lately held at the New Gallery, Regent Street, is to be opened in the Walker Art Gallery, in Liverpool, for four months from April. Mr. Dyall, the curator, says, "It is not intended to hold merely an exhibition for the advertisement of rival and competing firms, but to promote Art in its application to industry, and to develop existing agencies and facilities for higher artistic aims in public and private." This is the first fruits, and very good fruits too, of the National Art Association Congress, and it is to be hoped that the movement will go on and prosper in the congenial soil it has found in Liverpool.

The Exhibition of British Caricaturists and Humorists in Art, to be held in the month of June at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, will be the first of its kind held in London, and ought to prove a most amusing and interesting show. It is proposed to start with Hogarth, and to include Gillray, Rowlandson, Williams, Heath ("Paul Pry"), Isaac, Seymour, Robert and George Cruikshank, the Doyles, Thackeray, Leech, Hablot K. Browne, Bennett, Charles Keene, Du Maurier, Tenniel, Harry Furniss, and Fred. Barnard. The collection will be extremely entertaining in showing the many changes and characteristics in the customs and habits of the private and public life of the times. We should, however, have thought that it would take more than one exhibition to do justice to the subject.

As a very large proportion of the ornamental iron (hammer) work we use has for a long time been imported from the Continent, it will be useful and curious to see what the Blacksmiths' Company have to show in this line at the exhibition, for which the worshipful Company of Ironmongers have granted the use of their hall, and which is now open to the public.

The Worshipful Company of Salters have presented the Corporation of London Art Gallery with a painting by Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., called 'A Storm on Albion's Coast.'

It is said that the great collection of pictures and books made by a former member of the firm of Barclay, Perkins & Co., at the family seat of Chipstead, in Kent, is to be sold in Paris during the Exhibition period. The collection of pictures is rich in examples of the best Dutch painters, as well as in Sir Joshuas and Gainsboroughs.

During the work which is going on to support the west front of that incomparable example of Norman architecture, Rochester Cathedral, the workmen have discovered an ancient wall, which is believed to have been part of the church erected in 614 by Ethelbert, King of West Kent, in honour of St. Andrew.

The destruction of Mr. Philip H. Newman's fresco painting 'Our Lord healing the Sick,' in the chancel of St. Peter's Church, Belsize Square, is a very regrettable loss; fortunately, however, the sacrifice of this picture is not likely to act as a deterrent to the employment of decorative painting, or to discourage this form of the art; for in the present case the causes of failure are obvious, and might have been avoided if proper ventilation had been provided to carry off the fumes of the gas used in the illumination of the building. The work was painted in spirit fresco, the method adopted by the late Gambier Parry, which under fair conditions has shown great permanence; and there is no reason for supposing that under favourable circumstances Mr. Newman's picture would not have been lasting. The premature dissolution of the painting in eight years, if a surprise, is not without its teaching; it

comes, in fact, vividly as a side light on the present popular question of the durability of works of Art, and impressively indicates the necessity of ventilation as a preservative. We cannot but think, however, that some steps might have been taken in the earlier stages to arrest the decay of the Belsize fresco, and this surely reflects some blame on the church authorities. It has been said, that there is some idea of another hand than the artist's being employed to attempt to retouch the painting, a report we trust that is not correct; indeed it is difficult to believe even grievous apathy could be followed by such vandalism as this.

Since the recent visits of the Empress Frederick to his studio, Mr. Boehm has made several alterations, at her suggestion, on his statue of the late Emperor Frederick, for St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The model in clay is now completed, but the statue in marble will not be finished for another year. The Queen and the Empress have expressed themselves very much pleased with the model. The words of the inscription for the pedestal are not yet decided upon. Mr. Boehm's equestrian Jubilee statue of the Prince Consort is ready for casting in bronze. It is twice life-size, and will weigh more than ten tons. It is to stand in Windsor Great Park. The same sculptor has also finished in clay a life-size portrait medallion of the Emperor Frederick, surrounded by a wreath of palms, which the Prince of Wales intends to place in Sandringham Church. It is not yet decided whether it will be in marble or in bronze.

At last the internal decoration of the dome of St. Paul's has been resumed. Dr. Salviati has been entrusted with the work of carrying out in mosaic, for one of the spandrels, a design by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., of St. John the Evangelist. The beloved disciple is represented as looking up towards the eagle, his emblem. The colours are rich and dark on a background of gold. The cartoon has been sent to the manufactory at Murano, and it will be some weeks before we can

expect to see the mosaic in its place. Various experiments have been tried in the decoration of St. Paul's, and it has been found that this Venetian mosaic work will stand the exigencies of London smoke better than fresco or any other form of mural ornament. The mosaics on the churches of Venice, it is true, are not subject to our fogs and smoke, but they have stood the test of centuries, and would seem to be almost imperishable. Mr. Penrose, the experienced architect of St. Paul's, has, we believe, always sustained the opinion that mosaic ornament is more desirable for the Cathedral than fresco, which has not proved very satisfactory. Mr. W. E. F. Britten has been superintending the work of enlarging and carrying out Mr. Watts's design for the mosaic. Mr. Britten's pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery, and his large picture of the exiled Huguenots seen last summer in the same gallery, will be remembered.

A new Art Society, called "The Ridley Art Club," has lately been started by his pupils in memory of the late Mr. W. M. Ridley. Its main object is to promote useful and friendly intercourse amongst the members, and to arrange exhibitions for comparing work and encouraging talent. Among the patrons of the club are Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., Mr. J. B. Burgess, R.A., Messrs. Albert Moore, Jacomb Hood, J. S. Solomon and others.

The death of Mr. Philip Henry De la Motte, F.S.A., a well-known artist and illustrator of books, was announced on 2nd of March. Mr. De la Motte, who was born in April, 1821, was trained in the use of the brush and pencil from his earliest years, and was one of the first pioneers of Art photography. In 1855 he was elected to the Professorship of Landscape Drawing and Perspective, and in 1879 to the Chair of Fine Art in King's College, where he was highly valued. Professor De la Motte was for several years the drawing-master of the sons and daughters of the Prince of Wales.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE sixtieth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, now open in Dublin, is of a higher average of excellence than usual. The place of honour in the large room is occupied by Mr. Catterson Smith's large portrait of the Queen, in which there is much good work; and in companionship with it are large portraits by the President, Sir Thomas Jones, Mr. Vicat Cole's well-known 'Pool of London,' Sir Frederick Leighton's equally famous 'Last Watch of Hero,' and a number of other large paintings, one of the most striking being a powerful landscape, 'The Heart of the Mountains,' by Mr. Colles Watkins, R.H.A., a noble work which at once attracts attention. Other Academicians have excellent work in the same room; Mr. Vincent Duffy, the brothers Grey, Mr. Augustus Burke, Mr. Edward Hayes, and Mr. Hone having each sent excellent paintings. Mr. Osborne, sen., has contributed several charming idylls of animal life, and his son, Mr. Walter Osborne, also an Academician, has sent some charming transcripts of nature and of peasant life in that Richard Jefferies district of the Wiltshire Downs in which he has of late been

sojourning. It can hardly be said that the portraiture is above the average, for, although there are several remarkably excellent portraits upon the walls, the majority are simply conventional likenesses of somewhat uninteresting persons. The striking exceptions certainly are the President's life-like portrait of the 'Rev. Thos. Ellis,' Mr. Catterson Smith's portrait of a daintily attired little girl, Miss Purser's portrait of the youthful Lord Castlereagh, a work which, it is generally admitted by artists, contains some of the best painting in the collection; and a splendid study by Mr. George Hare, 'Madame H—,' undoubtedly the finest and best. The younger Irish artists have, as a rule, sent good work. Mr. Joseph Kavanagh, Mr. R. T. Moynan, and Mr. J. G. Inglis especially so; the landscape contributed by the latter, 'Carrigna-baich, Glencoe,' being one of the most ambitious, and one of the most successful, in the large gallery. A number of lady artists have contributed—Miss Sophia Holmes, Miss Chase, R.I., Miss Allen, R.H.A., and quite a host of others—and they certainly have no need to fear adverse criticism.



First Witch. "When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"—*Macbeth*. From the Henry Irving Shakespeare.

REVIEWS.

"REMARKABLE BINDINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM" (London: Sampson Low & Co.).—This is a book of great interest, and one which a bibliophile worthy the name could not well be without. Briefly, it contains sixty-two monotyp plates reproduced from famous bindings of books in the British Museum. To each is appended a descriptive account written by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley. These sixty-two examples do not pretend to be the most precious or the most

interesting of the collection in the British Museum, which is rich beyond compare in specimens of English, French, and Italian work. Mr. Joseph Cundall, who arranged the plan and marked out the details of the work, was necessarily guided in his choice by those examples which would "reproduce well," as the saying goes. Age, use, and neglect (before they came under

the protection of the Great Russell Street authorities) have destroyed the beauty of many beyond the reach of the most careful expert at reproduction. Few of the covers are contemporary with the books themselves. Take the bindings of some of Caxton's publications, for instance. The contents of these are of such great value that former owners have often stripped off their original covers and bound them in the best style of their own day. Books again have often been destroyed for the sake of the precious stones with which the covers

were ornamented. Thus silver bindings, as in Plate III., a MS. of the eighth century, have always been a sore temptation to that class of persons who go about seeking what they may devour. In the first part of the book are six reproductions of bindings of manuscripts in ivory, metal, enamel and painting. The second portion is devoted to leather bindings. In one of these illustrations, an "Alphabetical List of Countries and Cities" prepared for Edward VI., the centre

contains the badge of the Prince of Wales, and little did the workman think that his mistake in putting *Ihc Dien* for *Ich Dien*, would last to these times. Of bindings in embroidered silk and velvet there are six specimens, among which is the famous 'De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ,' which belonged to Queen Elizabeth. In the French bindings of the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries section is a beautiful red morocco specimen, by Le Gascon, elaborately gilt, some portions being inlaid with olive and yellow morocco. Of this master Mr. Wheatley says, "Probably the name of no binder is more renowned in the history of bookbinding." The other sections are English bindings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including some from the library of James I., "who, of all our English kings, showed the most taste in bookbinding;" and six plates of English and French bindings of



Isab. "To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!"—*Measure for Measure*. From the Henry Irving Shakespeare.

the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, by Roger Payne, Lemonnier, Padeloup, Duru, and Thouvenin.

Volume five of the "HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE" (London: Blackie and Son) contains five plays, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Macbeth*. Through all, the fancies of Mr. Gordon Browne's pencil meanders, two of which, through the courtesy of the publishers, we are able to reproduce here. *Macbeth* is clearly out of its chronological order, but it must not be thought that the re-arrangement arose from any hankering after actuality on the part of the editors. *Hamlet* should have been in this volume, but that was rendered impossible (says the preface) by an unfortunate loss of nearly four acts which had been prepared for the printer.

Mr. P. T. Forsyth, the author of "RELIGION IN RECENT ART" (Manchester: Heywood), says the six essays therein contained "sprang from a desire to lend some help for the opportunity to those whom it was the writer's business to teach in spiritual things." The essays are on Rossetti, Burne Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt, and Wagner, with some theological matter interspersed, which the author is right in supposing the reader will skip. The book is easily written, and will no doubt be appreciated by the particular public to whom it appeals.

HANDBOOKS.—We are glad to see that a second edition of Miss Eleanor Rowe's very useful "Hints on Wood Carving" has been called for. The book, in its enlarged form, is concise and to the point, and is free from the fault of over-am-

bition. It may be obtained at the School of Art Wood Carving, South Kensington. "Dictionary of Photography" (London: Hazell, Watson and Viney). This is a publication, in one volume, of the papers by Mr. E. J. Wall which have

been appearing in the pages of *The Amateur Photographer*. All the terms used in this popular art are here set forth with clearness and brevity. The book should be invaluable to photographers, amateur and professional.

To "THE LAST VOYAGE IN THE SUNBEAM" (London: Longmans) a pathetic interest attaches, which is never quite absent from the reader's mind. From page 245 to the end of the book the history of the voyage begun by Lady Brassey is con-

tinued by Lord Brassey himself. On Monday, August 29th, the voyagers were at Thursday Island, and, speaking of an afternoon's incidents, almost the last words Lady Brassey wrote were, "I was so tired." The last of all, so far as this book is concerned, had reference to founding a branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and ran, "Tom and I will, as usual in such cases, become life members, so as to give the movement a start." The voyage was to India and Australia, and home *via* the Cape. The first part of the Indian journal is somewhat abrupt, but the description of the latter portion, and of that devoted to the Australian colonies, is full and varied. Almost every page has its illustration. From first to last they are interesting, and of a high order of merit. We give two of these, the *Sunbeam* off the Cape, and a view of the party travelling in a steam tram through the Australian jungle. The book also contains a brief memoir of the authoress written by Lord Brassey for his children. The concluding sentence runs, "My dear children, I write no more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me."



The "Sunbeam" off the Cape. From "The Last Voyage."



Through the Australian Jungle. From "The Last Voyage."

MR. SAMUEL CARTER HALL, F.S.A.



HE WAS born in the year 1800: thus when the bells rang for the victory at Trafalgar, I was a child of five years old; when tidings came of Waterloo, a boy of fifteen; and when George III. died, I was a young man. I have whispered tender confidences in the lonely fields where Eaton Square now stands, and gathered blackberries in a rustic lane through which a muddy stream meandered, the site of the South Kensington Museum." Such are the opening sentences of a retrospect of the long life of the patriarchal old gentleman, Samuel Carter Hall, who passed away at Kensington on the 16th of March last, and who for the period of two-and-forty years edited *The Art Journal*.

The annals of journalism evidence the fact that it is the lot of a very few periodicals to prolong their existence into a second half century, and that it is almost a unique circumstance for the conduct of a magazine to have had but a single change in the editorship during that period; but such has been the good fortune of the *Journal* which has now to mourn the death of the architect and builder of its success.

It is upon this connection of Mr. Hall's with *The Art Journal* that we must now more immediately dwell, for the exigencies of publication prevent any fuller reference to an event which has happened upon the eve of our going to press.

Mr. Hall was a Devonshire man, but was born at New Geneva Barracks, Waterford, on the 9th May, 1800, as the fourth son of Colonel Robert Hall. He was intended for the law, and he considered that it was a misfortune which led him from it, for had he toiled at law as he did for letters, he could hardly have failed to acquire for himself a larger substance than accrued to him during sixty years passed in the service of Art.

But fate willed otherwise, and a casual remark of Charles Landseer, R.A., in responding to a toast at a dinner, that there was no periodical publication to represent the Arts, led to the foundation of this journal, and to Mr. Hall's final severance from the arts of the Forum.

Mr. Hall was always of opinion that editors "are not born, but made;" that the calling demands a long apprenticeship; and that the qualities of mind required for the discharge of editorial duties are the opposite of genius. He certainly served an apprenticeship himself by being, between the years 1829 and 1838, successively editor of *The Morning Journal*,

The British Magazine, *The Spirit and Manners of the Age*, *The New Monthly*, *John Bull*, *The Town*, *Britannia*, and *The Literary Observer*, whilst his wife was editor then and afterwards of various other publications.

It was upon the 15th of February, 1839, that the first part of *The Art Journal*—or, as it was called for a short period, *The Art Union*—appeared, and for more than half a century, the veteran originator has had the pleasure of seeing his offspring grow, mature, and prosper in its career of usefulness.

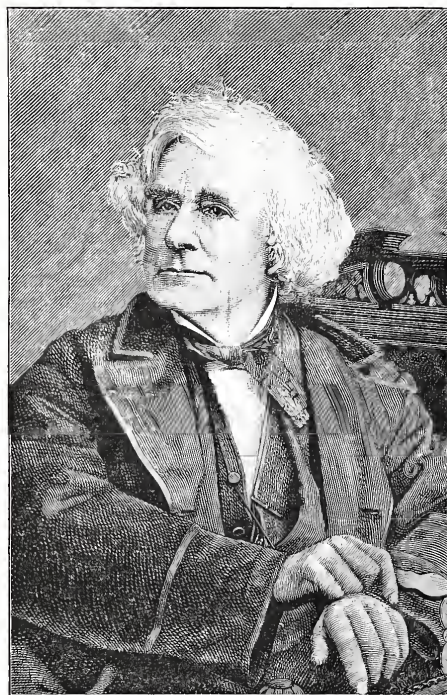
The price at its issue was, stamped and to go by post, eight pence, and the number printed was eight hundred and fifty only. Since then, as much as £70,000 has been received from its sale in a single year, and its circulation has extended into every corner of the globe.

Mr. Hall has stated in his Reminiscences that nothing could have been less encouraging than his prospect at starting; there were few or no writers on Art, whilst the condition of British Art was not only discouraging but disheartening. The graphic arts, with hardly an exception, afforded a bare means of subsistence, whilst sculpture was in a still more deplorable condition; Foley was receiving mason's pay, and Flaxman a few shillings apiece for his designs. The newspapers that now devote columns of elaborate criticism to every exhibition and every Art work, then hardly bestowed upon the subject more than a few lines.

There was also no patronage for British Art. Collectors there were, but these would only look at old masters, which consequently were manufactured and imported for them at a rate which was certified by the customs as 10,000 a year! To *The Art Journal* and Mr. Hall was due the bursting of this bubble, and

the latter had to assert the truth of his strong language concerning this traffic in the Law Courts.

Schools of Art were in their infancy, and International Exhibitions had not shown the people both in London and the provinces the finest examples of the world's Art. Consequently Mr. Hall had to *create* a public, and for a long time the task was beset with difficulties, and it was only his determination and pluck which carried him through. But once he succeeded in this, his task was an easy one. He had no competitors, for, as he says, "inducements to rivalry were not strong"—the privilege of reproducing a picture was not scrambled for by multitudinous magazines and enterprising dealers, or taken without asking by competitors over the water, safe behind the bulwarks of no copyright and heavy pro-



S. C. Hall

From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

tection duties imposed upon all foreign rivals. There were vast collections of pictures which had never been reproduced, such as The Royal Collections, The Turner's in the National Gallery, the Sheepshanks and Vernon Collections at South Kensington.

All these mines of wealth Mr. Hall was quick-witted enough to see the value of, and for many years they formed a backbone to the Journal, which editors nowadays may search for in vain all the world over. In admirably reproducing these, he had the advantage of that unrivalled school of line engravers whose art culminated when Mr. Hall started upon his forty years' conduct of the Journal, but was in decadence when he ended it. But of photography, etching, and the various rapid methods of reproduction which sounded the death-knell of line engraving, he had little experience, although he relates that he was the fifth person in England to be photographed.

Very early in the life of the *Art Journal*, Mr. Hall recognised the value of this magazine as a medium towards elevating the Industrial Arts of the country. In 1843 he visited every important manufacturing centre in Great Britain, only to find that nowhere was there any persistent or consistent effort being made to weld together arts and manufactures.

In towns where now there are large resident bodies of artists and Schools of Art containing their hundreds of scholars, there was not a single artist within a radius of twenty miles. Everywhere there was an entire dependence for patterns and designs on borrowings, purchases, or thefts from France and other countries, and a regular trade of dealing in foreign patterns brought much gain to those concerned in it.

His proposal to illustrate the products of our native workshops in these pages was considered at first absolute folly, not only from the Journal's, but the manufacturers' point of view, and it took years of continuous effort to convince the latter and the public as to the advantage which must undoubtedly accrue to both from such a scheme. The Exhibition at Paris in 1844, however, showed the manufacturer the honour and profit of wholesome publicity, and the enormously increased circulation of the Journal in the years when International Exhibitions called for especial displays of this kind, proved that the appreciation of the public was secured. Since that time many thousands of illustrations of Industrial Art have appeared in the Journal, and now form the only complete encyclopædia in existence on the subject, a worthy monument to the nation's progress in that branch of the Arts.

Mr. Hall took much pride in the magnitude of the list of celebrities with whom he had been brought into contact. He must have known every artist of note during the current century, and he was never tired of narrating his personal recollections of *littérateurs*, amongst whom may be named Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Tom Moore, Landor, Hannah More, Southey, Hood, and Mrs. Hemans. He seldom missed an opportunity of making the acquaintance of even the humblest apprentice to the Arts. The writer recollects being accosted by him at a press view thus: "May I ask your name and with what paper you are connected? I am Samuel Carter Hall, editor of the *Art Journal*; will you accept a copy of a small volume of poems I am this day publishing?" His fine and handsome presence, made the more noticeable during his later years by a crown of silvery locks, attracted the attention of everybody at Art functions and private views in the days when they were really such, and not scrambling crushes of nobodies.

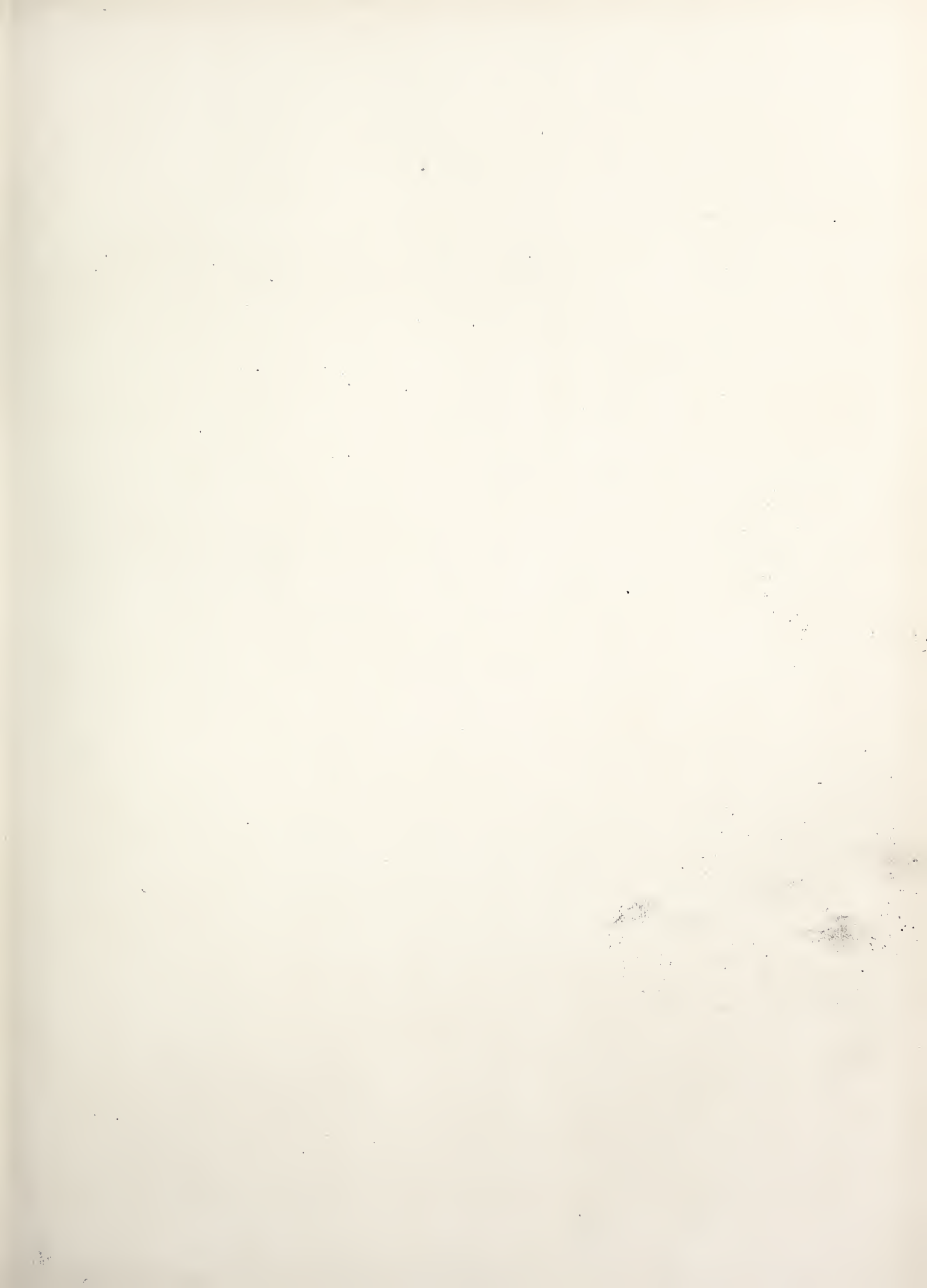
In 1824 Mr. Hall married Anna Maria Fielding, a lady of Irish birth, who was admittedly his equal in the field of letters, and, as he was proud of saying, his constant helper and adviser as regards this Journal. Their married life extended over a span of nearly sixty years.

In the "Words of Farewell" which Mr. Hall penned for these columns when he retired from the editorship in 1880, he naturally spoke with pride of his forty-two years' connection with the Journal, of the forty thousand engravings he had furnished for it, of the five hundred artists whose works he had assisted to perpetuate. He was able to say with frankness and truth, that of his very numerous correspondents, none could accuse him of neglect or discourtesy, and that he had never penned a line of censure without reluctance, or of praise without sharing happiness.

Since his retirement, the residue of his life has, as he hoped, been characterized by tranquillity and repose. This he looked forward to as the reward of the retrospection of a career passed, to quote the letter which announced to him that he would be the recipient of Her Majesty's Bounty, "in long and great services to literature." One who knew him well has testified of Mr. Hall in the *Times*, as a "man of large heart utter unselfishness, and supreme modesty," and all who have been brought into contact with him will endorse these sentiments.

He was buried on the 23rd ulto. in Addlestone Churchyard, Surrey.







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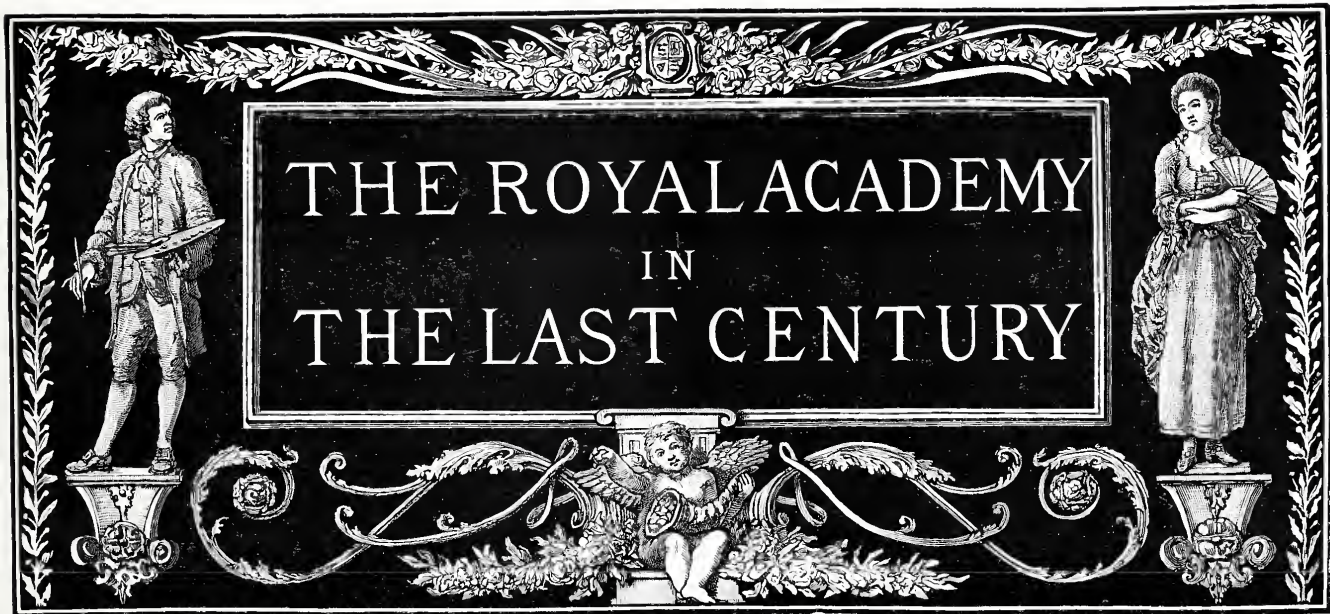
THE ART JOURNAL

PAINTED BY J.W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

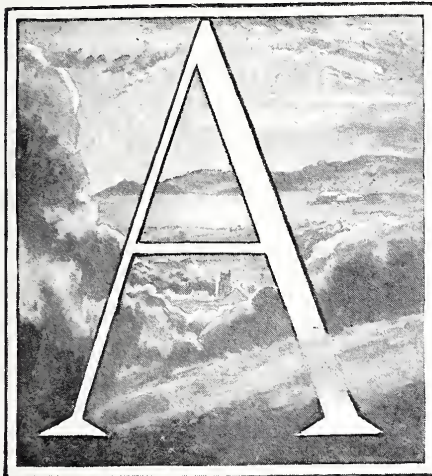
THE LADY OF SHALOTT

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HENRY TATE ESQ^{MS}

LONDON J. SVIRTUE & CO. LIMITED



By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



ART, as George Henry Lewes says, to reach the height of perfection, must have the co-operation of the nation with individual genius. When it became acclimatized in this country and began to be practised by Englishmen in the eighteenth century, it certainly had no such co-opera-

tion. That eighteenth century, so admirable and yet so ridiculous, so amusing, so instructive, so irritating, and so contemptible, so paradoxical and contradictory, so provokingly clever and so engagingly wicked, of which Carlyle speaks as "massed up in our mind as a disastrous wrecked inanity not useful to dwell upon," would seem to us to have possessed none of those delicate and sensitive fibres of thought, no traces of the luxurious æsthetic contemplativeness which we imagine to be necessary for success in the Fine Arts. We contemplate it from this distance of time and its scenes pass before us as in a diorama. We see old London with its narrow streets and noisome kennels, its signs, its coffee-houses and clubs, its theatre at Drury Lane, its bull-baitings at Smithfield, the ladies on the Mall, the fops in sedan chairs being conveyed to Button's or to Ranelagh, the watchmen with their poles and lanterns, the Mohawks scouring the streets and rolling old women in tubs down Ludgate Hill, the orchestras of marrow-bones and cleavers, the Lord Mayor going to Guildhall in his coach, and the highwayman with a nosegay in his hand journeying in a

cart to Tyburn to be hanged. There is my Lord Harvey yearning for his club in Kensington Palace, as isolated as if he were on a rock in mid-ocean, between him and London an impassable sea of mud. Thousands of interesting scenes and amusing incidents have been preserved for our contemplation in the most fascinating literature in the world; and the general impression they convey is of frivolity, coarseness, and brutality. Art with all its refining influences, its sublimities and its *gran gusto*, was much discussed by connoisseurs, but it was considered the exclusive product of Italy; Guido, Guercino, the Caracci, and Raphael, though according to Horace Walpole he was inferior to Luca Giordano in draperies, were considered to have said the last word on that subject, and all that was necessary to pass for a man of refinement was to be able to talk about them. No one seems to have dreamt that art could be, that it once had been, the natural and spontaneous expression of the ideas which were uppermost in men's minds, which every one was thinking; that in fact a nation had once "co-operated with individual genius." When a man was required to express himself elegantly and artistically, he imported his style from abroad; when he spoke naturally he did it quite differently. Sir John Vanbrugh when on the high horse built Blenheim; in his natural and homely way he wrote the "Relapse, or Virtue in Danger." In polite circles the works of Dutch painters, of Ostade and Teniers, were held up to execration as vulgar and degrading by men who did the most horrible things, who began their dinners with pudding and ended them with fish, who eat veal pie with prunes, and mixed beer, punch, and wine together, and who moreover were always carried home to bed.

In short, we may say that at the commencement of the eighteenth century in England, there was no taste or feeling for Art whatever; that the nation had not reached that particular degree or kind of refinement, which makes Art a natural and spontaneous expression of ideas.

Writers on Art will not let us alone with it, in its most simple and obvious function, as an imitation of some concrete reality,

as a language for expressing ideas; that is not exalted or intellectual enough. It must be the handmaid of religion, the outcome of the sense of the beautiful, or, confusion worse confounded, the expression of philosophical ideas. In its origin in this country, at all events, it was none of these things. Our hard-swearing, hard-drinking ancestors of the time of William III. and Queen Anne cared little for religion, it is to be feared, and less for the beautiful or the philosophical; the beauty they worshipped was not of the abstract kind, and their philosophy came to them as a sorry compensation for satiety. But they loved to see themselves reproduced by the hand of the artist. It was a source of satisfaction to them, to think that his skillful hand could make visible to posterity the features of a certain knight of the shire, *custos rotulorum*, or justice of the peace, as he lived and moved amongst men on earth, and they were ready to pay him golden guineas to realise that laudable aspiration. From the days of Elizabeth, England had been a fertile field for the portraitist, and as native artists were want-



Jonathan Richardson.

ing foreigners had stepped in. As late as the middle of the last century, it appeared consistent to Horace Walpole to pen these lines, "It would be difficult perhaps to assign a physical reason, why a nation that produced Shakespeare should owe its glory in another walk of genius to Holbein and Vandyke." Native artists, however, and artists of eminence, had not been wanting since the days of Elizabeth. There were the limners who practised miniature painting, a beautiful art which has, alas! been asphyxiated by collodion and nitrate of silver. Nicholas Hilliard, William Francis Segar, Isaac and Peter Oliver, Sir Nathaniel Bacon, Rowland Lecky, Robert Peake, and Samuel Cooper, are all noteworthy names; the works of Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, and Cooper are of great beauty.

When Vandyck was painting at the Court of Charles I., his attention was attracted by a picture he saw in a shop in Snow Hill; its merit appeared to him so great that he took the trouble to seek out the artist, whom he found at work in a miserable garret: this man's name was William Dobson. Vandyck, to his great honour be it recorded, rescued this

man of genius from the penury and obscurity in which he was struggling, introduced him at Court, and procured him employment. Dobson succeeded his generous patron as sergeant-painter to the King. Both the King and the office of sergeant-painter were done away with, as we know, and Dobson, so it is said, took to drinking and died.

Isaac Fuller, who died in 1676, studied in France, and copied plaster casts, acquiring thereby a hard manner; he was the first Englishman to attempt the grand style; a 'Resurrection' by him is preserved in the chapel of All Souls' College, Oxford.

John Riley, his pupil, is highly spoken of by Walpole; he was a diffident, retiring man, and did not get on as well as he might have done; he got the length, however, of being court-painter to William and Mary, and had Jonathan Richardson for a pupil, of whom there is more to be said. In fact, there is a very great deal that is pertinent to this subject to be said of this man Jonathan Richardson, of whom we give a portrait. He was in every sense a fine fellow, lived a noble life, was wise, sober, industrious, and god-fearing. The example of that life, his sound sense, his stubborn refusal to dissociate the beautiful from the good, his zeal for Art, the honest bursts of enthusiasm which escaped in his writings—all the influences, in fact, which he spread around, were destined to fall like seed upon the stream of time, and eventually to revive in more splendid growth. He stands to Reynolds as cause to effect. It was reading the "Treatise on Painting" which fired the ambition of the Plympton schoolmaster's son, and fixed the bent of his inclinations. The "Discourses," with a wide difference in experience and culture, are one and the same thing with the Treatise as far as inspiration goes; some passages are identical in both, and we may also fairly trace the virtues which adorned the life of the first President of the Royal Academy to influences derived from the same source. But this is not all: when young Reynolds came up to London, a mild and very good boy, he was put under Hudson; we can imagine that his placid temperament was stirred up to an unusual red glow of excitement to find that his master was the pupil, his master's wife actually the daughter, of the great prophet whose words had sent him forth on his enterprising journey: in his master's studio he must have heard a good deal about Richardson, and that, about one who even lives in history as a good man, was doubtless not thrown away. The artistic grandfather of the greatest of English portrait painters boasted that in his day England already possessed the best school of "face painting" then existing, and ventured to predict that English painters would some day become eminent in other branches of the art. Peace be to the shade of honest Jonathan! If it be permitted to the eyes of the just made perfect to pierce the circumambient ether to where this insignificant planet swings round upon its orbit, though he may have attained a state of perfect existence where all vanity shall have passed away, it may gratify him to observe that we have a National Gallery, a South Kensington Museum, and an annual Academy exhibition filled with the works of English artists, illustrating a very great number of branches of Art.

Art may be said to have been permanently established on English soil when George I. took possession of the throne. It was essentially a graft and not an indigenous product: it had had no childhood. Unlike the arts of Italy, which passed from the pure symbolism of Cimabue and Giotto, through the naïve and artless realism of the fifteenth century, and then

attained through the influence of the antique to its ultimate union of symbolism with realism, to the most imaginative, the most erudite and highly-organized phase that Art has ever attained to—namely, that of the Renaissance—English Art at its commencement started on a highly-organized basis. It derived from Van Dyck, an eclectic who had seen and studied everything, who had subdued his realism into subjection to arbitrary canons of criticism, who had learnt the ultimate lesson, the password of grand-master—namely, what was essential and to be rendered, and what unessential and to be omitted. The English art of painting in the eighteenth century was nothing less than realistic: it was not exactly

artificial, though it had a smack of it—it was artiscated, to coin a horrible word. Hogarth, who painted scenes of actual life in London—things he had seen—did not paint them as he had seen them; he artiscated them, he made them pass through an infusion of Watteau and Callot, and in the same way the landscapes of Gainsborough and Wilson had evidently been subjected to Rubens and Claude. The dilettanti and the connoisseurs had in reality nothing to do with the foundation of English Art; all they did was to talk big about Italians indiscriminately. That grew up out of the necessities of the hour, obeyed the laws of supply and demand, and was thoroughly healthy and sound; but the big talking had some effect. It was long before Nature was taken into confidence, before she was trusted to impart anything worth knowing—more than a century; and now it has come to pass—such are the strange oscillations of the human mind—we take everything the garrulous old dame says as gospel.

During the greater part of the eighteenth century, English artists had no analytic training; they attacked their artistic problem as a whole, looked at pictures, inspired themselves and tried to do like them. They were not built up in sections, neatly fitted, such as the drawing from the antique section, the drawing from the life section, the composition section, and so forth: the art was not dissected before them into its constituent parts; they failed to acquire a very great deal, but it must be confessed that they managed to retain a very great deal of vitality. The want of scientific training was felt on all sides, and various efforts were made to supply it. The first

was by Sir James Thornhill in his house in the Piazza, Covent Garden. Hogarth had in his early days worked for him, but having committed the enormity of eloping with his daughter had been cut and seen no more until the publication of the 'Harlot's Progress' softened the big man into a reluctant toleration of the impudent young painter of low life. Time, the incorrigible old mower, must stride along with his tongue in his cheek; here was big-wigged, pompous Sir James Thornhill, knight of the shire for Melcombe Regis, member for Weymouth, and sergeant-painter to the king, indignant beyond measure because his daughter had married a low engraver, whose sisters kept a shop for dimity, fustian, and

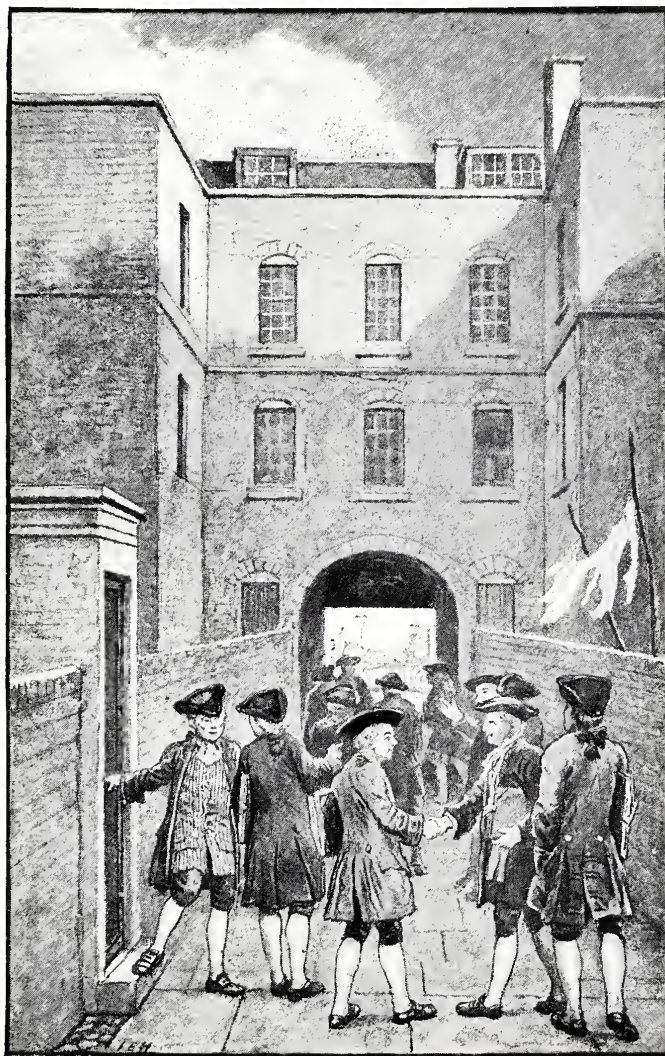
other horrible things in Little Britain:—and, lo and behold! but for that circumstance we at this distance would never have heard of him. He died, did Sir James Thornhill, and his academy with him. He was probably a man of talent, but his mistake was one not peculiar to England or the eighteenth century; he attempted to be a great artist by programme, not by the way of nature and the ordering of circumstances. In his case perhaps it made little matter, but later, as we shall see, the same error ruined a man of real genius, namely Benjamin West.

After the death of Sir James Thornhill a new school of Art, or academy as it was called, was opened in St. Martin's Lane, in 1734, of which an illustration is given. Mr. Hogarth was a prime mover in this new undertaking; it was supported by annual subscription and governed by a committee, and it continued to flourish as a school for the study of the nude figure for thirty years.

Meanwhile the Dilettanti Society started a project for creating "a public academy for the improvement of painting, sculpture, and architecture," which was to "have a certain number of professors, with proper authority, in order to making regulations, taking subscriptions, etc., erecting a building, instructing students;" and proposed to elect "thirteen painters, three sculptors, one chaser, two engravers, and two architects, in all twenty-one, for the purposes aforesaid."

This scheme fell through. Hogarth wrote a very characteristic letter on the subject, given in Ireland's "Hogarth Illustrated."

"Portrait-painting," he says, "ever has and ever will



The Academy in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. From a Drawing by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.

succeed better in this country than in any other. The demand will be as constant as new forces arise; and with this we must be contented, for it will be vain to attempt to force what can never be accomplished, at least by such institutions as royal academies on the system now in agitation." Wait a bit, Mr. Hogarth, you are running on a little too fast with your "never." He then proceeds to describe all the obstacles to success in the arts in England—among others its religion, which forbids the worship of images; and follows with this, to us astounding reason, that "Europe is already overstocked with the works of other ages;" these, with the copies, he considers quite sufficient for the demands of the curious.

It was evidently not given even to one of the shrewdest men of the eighteenth century to project his spirit into the

future, and to guess what might possibly be the capacity for absorption on the part of the curious or for production on the part of the artist. What are all the old masters, with the copies, compared with the "modern pictures" with which Europe is now infested; and who shall say that the final limit has yet been attained? But artists appear at all times to have been a *genus irritabile vatum*. Have we not heard them complain at a certain congress, for instance, not many months ago, that the world in general was carried away by the desire of making fortunes, to the great detriment of Art, which requires that people should sit still and contemplate the beautiful—on bread and cheese and beer, no doubt?

But in spite of Hogarth's jeremiads, Art went on spreading. Essays were published insisting on the necessity of a Royal



The Antique School of the Royal Academy at Somerset House. From the Picture by J. Zoffany, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

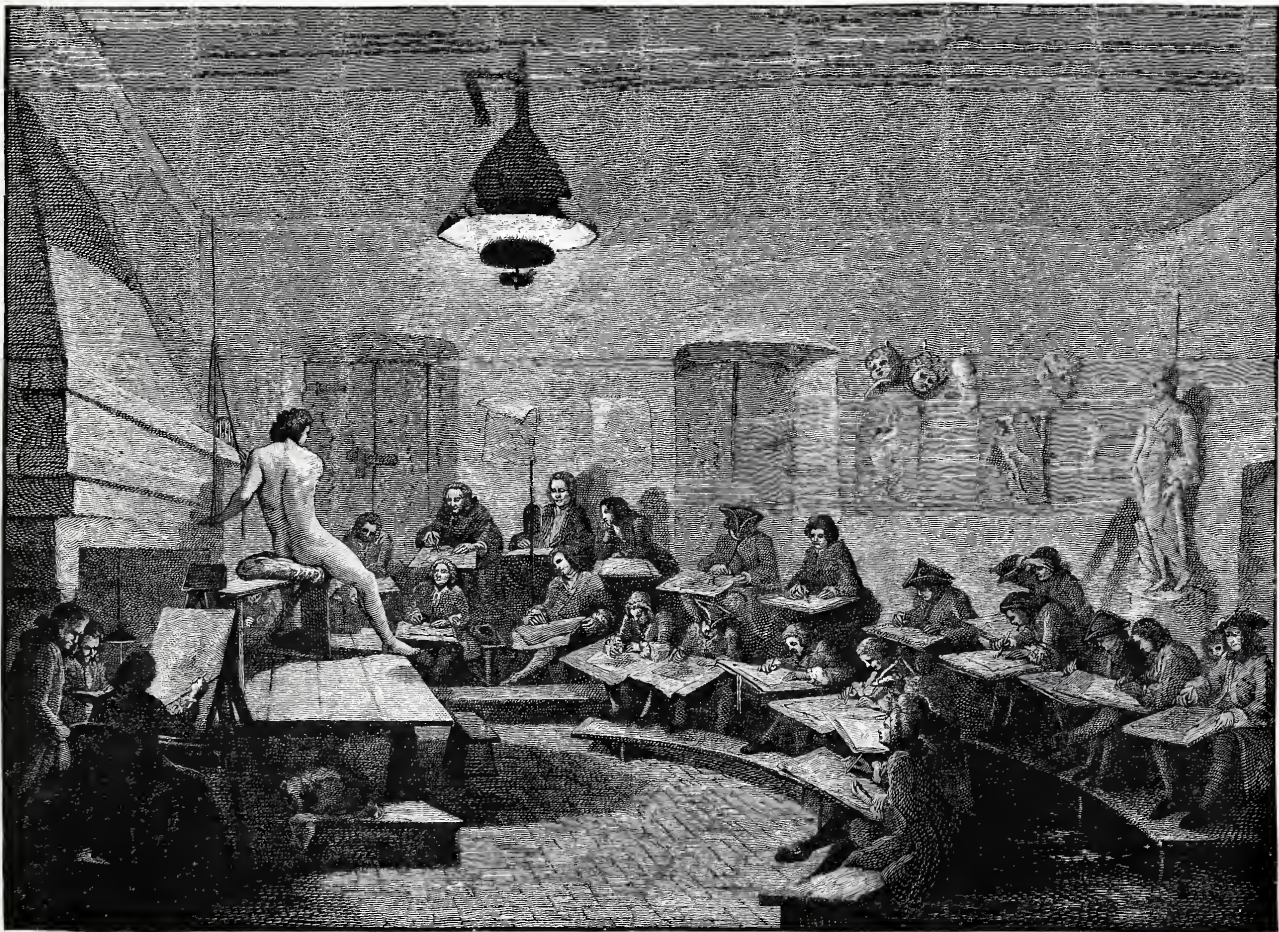
Academy; busybodies, who had something to suggest or had not, made themselves audible on every side; committees were appointed, among them being one of twenty-four members with T. M. Newton as secretary, in 1755, which included Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Sandby and Louis Roubillac. This also failed; the Dilettanti Society would have nothing to do with any scheme unless they "bossed" it, as the modern phrase has it, and the public was apathetic. The Duke of Richmond opened his gallery of antiques to artists, under the management of Cipriani for drawing, and Wilton for modelling; but this too came to an untimely end. The difficulty in the way of all these undertakings had been the old and familiar one of want of means; state subsidy was not practicable, there seemed no way of making a National academy self-subsisting, and it was accident which at length

revealed the secret. An exhibition of pictures got together for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital attracted such crowds of spectators, that the idea suggested itself to the British artists to hold an annual exhibition of their works, and charge for admission. The problem was solved. That charitable exhibition in Great Coram Street was the germ of the Royal Academy. It made clear at once that there was no occasion for state subsidy, for subscriptions, or for any complicated machinery; the pictures could pay for the teaching: and the first experiment, the exhibition held in 1760 in the rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings, where nothing was charged for admission, but a price of sixpence for a catalogue, enabled the artists to invest as net proceeds one hundred pounds in the three per cent.

consols. One hundred and thirty pictures exhibited by sixty-nine artists produced a net profit of one hundred pounds. That was a very remarkable sum of one hundred pounds, one of the most remarkable recorded in history; it revealed a new source of wealth, a money-making power hitherto unknown. Annual exhibitions of pictures under such promising circumstances were continued, and have gone on until they have attained the present portentous results—an exhibition of nearly two thousand works of Art, by more than one thousand two hundred artists, which is visited by more than three hundred thousand people, and which sells upwards of one hundred thousand catalogues, and from which there is, moreover, a mournful procession of some six thousand works of Art for

which no place can be found. A careful study of the statistics of these exhibitions might throw considerable light on the history of British Art, and supply abundant food for moralising to those who are so inclined.

In the following year, 1761, we find two exhibitions. The artists had come to loggerheads, the main body, styled henceforth the Society of Artists, continued its triumphant career, and was eventually reconstructed and absorbed into the Royal Academy; the seceders formed a separate body, styling itself the Free Society of Artists. They continued to hold exhibitions in the rooms of the Society of Arts, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, in Mr. Christie's rooms in the Haymarket, in Pall Mall, and in St. Alban's Street, until 1778,



The Life School at Hogarth's Academy, in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. From the Picture by W. Hogarth, in the possession of the Royal Academy.

when the Free Society closed its books, divided the spoils, and vanished from history.

The main body, the Society of Artists, in 1761 held an exhibition in Spring Gardens. Hogarth executed two plates for the catalogue—one representing Britannia watering three healthy plants, labelled "Painting, Sculpture and Architecture," the other, a monkey in full "macaroni" costume, contemplating three withered stumps which represented the Old Masters. The receipts from this exhibition were £650. In 1762 they instituted the charge of one shilling for admission. Dr. Johnson wrote a preface to the catalogue; in his usual style, he fired off double-shotted guns of the heaviest calibre, and went to the very ground-work of human nature to justify

the exhibition. One remark is singularly pertinent even in the remote days in which we live. "All," he says, "cannot be judges or purchasers of works of Art. Yet we have found by experience that all are fond of seeing an exhibition." Most wise Dr. Johnson! Thou art a very Daniel come to judgment over the arts!

This Society of Artists continued to prosper exceedingly—so much so that in 1765 they were granted a Royal charter, as the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain. Their Roll Declaration contained two hundred and eleven names, those of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Zoffany, Wilson, and West amongst them.

The Incorporated Society was prosperous, but not united.

Pale discord showed herself at their banquets, and as a result we find in 1768 a number of the original members and directors formally tendering their resignations. The original document bearing their signatures is preserved in the archives of the Royal Academy. These seceders were the most eminent artists of their day; they were driven to this course by finding that a number of men who were by no means an ornament to their profession, and were doing nothing to further the cause of Art, were endeavouring by intrigues and jobbery to turn the management of the institution to their own profit: the old story of the great man who has no time for trifles and the little man who lives by them. On November 28, 1768, these seceders presented a memorial to the king, beseeching him to found a Royal Academy on a plan which they had laid down. It was to be a "school or academy of design for the use of students in the arts," with an annual exhibition. "We apprehend," said the memorialists, "that the profits arising from the last of these institutions will fully answer all the expenses of the first; we even flatter ourselves they will be more than necessary for that purpose, and that we shall be enabled annually to distribute somewhat in useful charities." An aspiration which has been fulfilled to the letter. At the present day there are nearly four hundred students at work in the schools of the Royal Academy, enjoying an elaborate education—the most elaborate that can be devised—free of charge, and more than a thousand pounds a year is given away in charity, entirely out of the proceeds of the annual exhibition.

The king, George III., received this memorial graciously, and matters seemed in a fair way—only one obstacle presented itself: Reynolds held aloof from either party, and without him it was felt that nothing could be done. Here was a grave dilemma. The king was waiting to receive the plan, and had appointed the hour. Thirty artists assembled at Mr. Wilton's, and sent Benjamin West to see what he could do with Reynolds. For two anxious hours they waited, when at length West returned, and Reynolds with him. They rose, and with one voice hailed the latter as "President." Reynolds was much affected, thanked them, and asked for time to consider and to consult his two great friends, Burke and Johnson. He was a fortnight before he gave his consent.

In the meantime the scheme was laid before the king, approved of, and finally, on the 10th December, 1768, the document known as the "Instrument" was signed and the Royal Academy of Arts came into existence. In this document thirty-six persons are named as the original members, viz.:—Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Thomas Sandby, Francis Cotes, John Baker, Mason Chamberlin, John Gwynn, Thomas Gainsborough, J. Baptist Cipriani, Jeremiah Meyer, Francis Milner Newton, Paul Sandby, Francesco Bartolozzi, Chas. Catton, Nathaniel Hone, William Tyler, Nathaniel Dance, Richard Wilson, G. Michael Moser, Samuel Wale, Peter Toms, Angelica Kauffman, Richard Yeo, Mary Moser, William Chambers, Joseph Wilton, George Barret, Edward

Penny, Agostino Carlini, Francis Hayman, Dominic Serres, John Richards, Francesco Zuccarelli, George Dance, William Hoare, Johan Zoffany.

This original "Instrument" has never lost its authority; it contains virtually all the laws which govern the Royal Academy, and no changes or modifications have been made in it without the sanction of the Sovereign, which sanction is communicated to the President in a personal interview. The gist of it may be summed up in the following fashion. The Sovereign, on his part, undertakes to provide the Society with rooms, *sedes statioque*, to patronize, or, as George III. did, to call it "My Academy." In return, the artists undertake to instruct students in painting, sculpture, and architecture, gratis; to endow professorships, to give prizes for merit in the schools, to provide a library of art books for the use of students, and to give away certain sums for charitable purposes; the funds for such purposes to be provided by them out of the profits of an annual exhibition of works of Art selected for the purpose by themselves; and to this time, both parties have been true to their engagements.

The first public assembly of the Royal Academy was held on the 2nd of January, 1769, at their temporary rooms in Pall Mall, a little eastward of the site now occupied by the Senior United Service Club, where, losing no time, they had already established and opened their schools. On this occasion Reynolds, on whom the king had already conferred the honour of knighthood, as President of the Royal Academy, delivered the first of his celebrated "Discourses," beginning with these words:—"Gentlemen, an Academy, in which the polite arts may be regularly cultivated, is at last opened among us by royal munificence. This must appear an event in the highest degree interesting; not only to the artist, but to the whole nation."

Every subsequent address has been delivered by the President of the Royal Academy on the 10th of December, the date of the foundation of the Society, except when that date fell on a Sunday. It is now, and probably always has been, the great day of the Academic year, when every Member makes a point of attending; when the porters don their scarlet robes; when the students flock in tumultuously to receive their prizes and to hear the fatherly admonition of the President, and then retire joyfully—in former times to tripe suppers at the humble tavern, now to the elaborate fare provided at the fashionable restaurant. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutantur in illis.*

Of the two principal illustrations in this article, the subject of one—the Life School in St. Martin's Lane—has been already alluded to; it represents the artists who subscribed to the academy known as Hogarth's, in St. Martin's Lane, the entrance to which is shown on page 131, working from the living model, and is from an admirable picture by Hogarth himself, which was purchased by the Academy a few years ago. The other illustration, from a picture by Zoffany, will be referred to in a subsequent article.

COLLOQUIES WITH COLLECTORS.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE AND TURNER'S 'LIBER STUDIORUM.'

FROM top to bottom it is the house of a collector. Méryon's great view of San Francisco—the white elephant of the possessor of Méryons, for, as Mr. Stopford Brooke reminds us, you cannot put it into any portfolio—hangs behind the front door. In the hall, near one of the great company of eighteenth-century clocks, hang a whole series of marine drawings by William Van de Velde. Some of them are of a fleet of war-ships; others of one marvellously decorated stern or of a single vessel going on through rushing seas. In the dining-room, a noble landscape by the modern Italian, Signor Costa. On the staircase, reminiscences of Venice, or it may be of Florence. In the drawing-room, amongst many things not perhaps quite so interesting, an exceedingly fine example of the work in water colour of John Cozens. Here, too, the love of Turner, which is a tradition in the house (since the children share it, Mr. Brooke informs you), begins to show itself. An audacious sketch of his later period—of a great blue storm-cloud, "in its breast a thunder-bolt," as Tennyson says—is hanging over the mantel-piece. But, upstairs again, a second flight, please, to see the 'Liber.' Then a third, then a fourth, for the study is at the top of the house. From its windows you have almost a bird's-eye view of the small enclosure of Manchester Square; a view, too, of the front of a collector's palace, for Sir Richard Wallace is one of Mr. Brooke's near neighbours. The house next to Mr. Brooke's, nearer Duke Street, was, for many a year, Sir Julius Benedict's. But you take a seat before the fire. Mr. Brooke, folding a red silk handkerchief about his locks, will sit in a low arm-chair, with his back to the window.

"And so you have come to see my collection of the 'Liber Studiorum?'" your host begins, when he has filled his short pipe, and is ready to talk.

The Interviewer. "Yes. And to hear how it was that you came to make it. I am told of other large collectors, and my Editor seemed to question for a moment whether we should learn about the 'Liber' from you or Mr. Rawlinson. Mr. Rawlinson is a younger collector, is he not? but he has written an excellent book, I hear; not like your own and other writers' essays, of more or less æsthetic criticism, but a practical manual for the would-be purchaser of the prints. Is that so?"

Mr. Brooke. "Certainly. Mr. Rawlinson's is the 'Catalogue raisonné;' it is convenient and indispensable. It is one, and, in its own way, the most important of the writings that you cannot well do without—since Mr. Ruskin's I mean—if you want to make a thorough study of the prints, and to buy them when you can. But I began to make my collection a quarter of a century ago. It was, of course, Ruskin's work that first drew me to Turner."

The Interviewer. "And were the prints of the 'Liber Studiorum' the first you began to collect?"

"No," said Mr. Brooke; "I began with some of the line engravings. I used to buy engraver's proofs of the 'England and Wales' series, or of the 'Southern Coast.' Whichever it was, they were generally connected with the sea. The 'Straits of Dover,' for instance, in the 'England and Wales;'

or perhaps William Miller's wonderful engraving of 'Yarmouth.' In the 'Southern Coast,' of course, they are all sea-subjects. But really I bought anything that took my fancy, if I could afford it. Those were the old days when I was a curate at Kensington. It was in 1861, I think."

"And when did you begin to collect 'Liber?'"

"Say two years afterwards, with any spare money I had. And I bought them, at that time, always of the same person. Indeed, it was he who helped me to make the greater part of my collection. Halsted. Did you ever hear of him?"

The Interviewer. "Halsted? who was he?"

Mr. Brooke. "Halsted was a printseller of the old-fashioned sort. He would make a very pretty subject for a paper—'A Printseller of the Old School'—if you should be minded to write it. In his latter days, Halsted—who was a character indeed—kept a shop in Rathbone Place. But at that time he was never buying anything; he was only disposing gradually of much of his old stock. In his active times, when I knew him first, his shop was in Bond Street, not half-way down, on the right-hand side; a shop with two small windows on either side of the door. And in each window there used always to be a drawing; often it was a Turner drawing. You walked inside; and from out of the *sanctum* at the back, probably, there would step a tall, large, rather soldierly looking-man. That was Halsted. He had a brother, a very inferior sort of personage, who took messages, who fetched and carried—rather a hewer of wood and drawer of water, as it were. They tell me he kept a little print-shop of his own, though, somewhere or other in Camden Town. But, to return to Halsted. Halsted had very little to say to you unless he found that you were really interested in Turner's prints. If you were, he would take trouble with you, and chat and tell you his stories. As a tradesman, he was something of a *grand seigneur*. For one thing, he never altered his prices. Then it is perfectly true, I believe, that when somebody in Manchester, who merely wanted to make a brave show before his friends with pictures he didn't understand, wrote to Halsted to buy for him 'five thousand pounds' worth of Christie's stuff,' Halsted refused positively. He would buy nothing he didn't himself care about, and very often would only sell to people who loved the things."

The Interviewer. "But, to come to 'Liber Studiorum' more particularly, how did you gain what I hear is a really remarkable knowledge of it?"

Mr. Brooke. "By living with the prints, by buying one after the other very carefully. Then Halsted told me, in time, the marks of the different 'states,' the little scratchings here, the open letter, the letter with the dot inside it, all that Rawlinson's catalogue tells to everybody now. And so it was that sometimes in those days, I could buy elsewhere for ten shillings a thing for which Halsted's price, if he had got it, would have been ten pounds. Halsted's own prices were never very low, but they were very honest. Who can find fault, for instance," went on Mr. Brooke, taking up an impression that lay to his hand, "with £15 15s. for this 'Falls of the Clyde?'"

I dislike the later impressions. But all the lights and air are got into this one. It has a different lettering, you will see. Its only title here is 'The Clyde.' But as a rule I have not bought the exceptional 'states:' only the exceptional impressions. There, for instance, is a 'Dunstanborough,' no exceptional 'state,' but specially excellent as an impression. With me it is the result of seven exchanges, and all of them through Halsted. And that used to be his way. If, after he had sold you anything, he got a better impression of it, he would often let you know, and you could have the better one then without paying any more for it."

The Interviewer. "And how does this 'Dunstanborough' beat the other 'Dunstanboroughs,' Mr. Brooke?"

Mr. Brooke. "The rocks are not too dark; yet the contrast between them and the castle is well maintained. The castle is brilliant; the sky exquisite. Such a one might have been sent, as a fine impression of the 'Severn and Wye' was actually sent, by Halsted to a great buyer of Rembrandts—Sir John Hoppesley. It was one of Halsted's favourite stories. Sir John Hoppesley disbelieved in Turner, and yet was, to some extent, impressed by Halsted's praise of him. Accordingly he asked the printseller to send him one subject that he might have it before his eye at breakfast time—his particular moment for examining Art. 'Severn and Wye' was the subject chosen, and a perfect subject too. And at the end of breakfast, Hoppesley made up his mind. He must have a set of those things, he told Halsted. He was converted thoroughly. Halsted was always proud of the conversion."

The Interviewer. "And many of your things you have bought cheaply, and a few you have paid a full price for?"

"Yes, for a few, no doubt," answered Mr. Brooke. "My 'Raglan Castle' and 'Source of the Arveron' cost me a good deal, and under the hammer too; the younger Holloway, the dealer, opposing me with the fever and excitement of a late stage of consumption . . . A man ought not to be rich if he is to enjoy, as I've enjoyed, getting things together gradually. Now I had long coveted a 'Ben Arthur.' Even as long ago as 1866, it was practically not to be got. But long afterwards I saw one at Christie's and wanted it. I had just refused to go to Hull to lecture. They had offered me fifteen guineas. I went straight home and reconsidered my refusal. The engagement to lecture was made. And I told McKay—McKay of Colnagh's—to go up to fifteen guineas for me for the 'Ben Arthur.' And in that way, for the fifteen guineas too, as near as may be, I was lucky enough to get it. About twenty years ago Halsted bought for me at Sotheby's the 'Æsacus and Hesperie,' the early state, with the white face. A lovely impression it is, and the subject, seen here at its best, is like a poem by Keats. Then there is the 'Mer de Glace.' That I had to wait for. At the Turner sale only one was sold separately. I bade twelve guineas for it in desperation, but it went, I think, at sixteen. Long afterwards, another lovely 'Mer de Glace,' along with a fine 'Rivaulx,' I bought in another sale-room for £2 10s. Not too much, was it! I suppose £20 is about the most that I have paid for any 'Liber,' and £1, or £1 10s. about the lowest; that at all events was Halsted's lowest."

"Putting the money question on one side, you rate the different subjects very differently?" the interviewer suggests.

"Well, yes," answers Mr. Brooke. "Differently, no doubt. But with the exception of two or three that I don't care for at all, 'Juvenile Tricks' and 'Young Anglers,' for example, I think they all appeal to you in turn. One at one time, one at another. Many of the very simple subjects, I, and some

others, value highly. My 'Straw Yard' is amongst them. It is an exquisite piece of mezzotint engraving. All engravers admire that plate. Then, to speak of a comparatively dull subject, the 'Reading Magdalen,' I find something even in that. There is a certain classical feeling in the treatment of the foliage, perhaps. Yes, it is rather in the grand style, although it is not perfectly carried out. As for the 'Farm Yard with the Cock,' I admit I wish that were expunged. Yet Turner had an aim even in that, I believe—to make a composition altogether in straight lines. I cannot say that he succeeded."

"And about Mr. Ruskin's preference for certain plates?" you ask Mr. Brooke.

Mr. Brooke. "At first I was myself guided by it. But one finds out for oneself after a while, that Ruskin's view was partial. Greatly indebted as we are to him, we can't be fettered by his choice."

Mr. Brooke then proceeds to allow that no doubt he has himself been the means of leading certain people to collect the 'Liber.' "I have even chosen impressions for them," he says, "now and again. My brother in Ireland got a good many through me. Years ago, after the Turner sale, I chose a 'Hind Head Hill' and a 'Severn and Wye' for Wedmore, and I chose well that day."

You ask your host next, whether in his own mind there is any connection between the 'Liber Studiorum' and his other collections, formed before or afterwards.

"Well, as I was saying towards the beginning of our talk, I was led to the 'Liber' by the line engravings. Certainly there is a connection, and a very distinct one, between those 'England and Wales' and 'Southern Coast' and 'Richmondshire' prints on the one hand, and the 'Liber' on the other. Then again, after I had pretty well made up, and purged too, and refined, my 'Liber Studiorum' set, I began to get together another series of mezzotints, the 'Rivers of England;' partly no doubt because so many of them are in themselves beautiful, but partly too because they are mezzotints on steel, and I wished to have them to compare with the mezzotints on copper."

The Interviewer. "The collector's rage for modern etchings has affected you a little, I hear. I'm speaking of course only of the best among them."

Mr. Brooke. "You saw one Méryon directly you came into the house. In that box there are a few more. Of what is called 'The Paris Set' I hope I have some of the best. How could I avoid liking an artist so strong and so imaginative! Whistler? That is quite another matter, isn't it? I have four or five of his etchings too, no doubt. But not a collection. The modern etcher whose productions I am richest in is Alphonse Legros. I have much of his earlier work, including a few great rarities. But by no means a complete collection like Thibaudeau's, which went to Scotland. They have just had a little exhibition of Legros's prints in New York, I am glad to see. Not popular? No, Legros is not popular. Nor was Méryon in his life-time. Nor is Bracquemond. And these very 'Liber' prints we have been looking at, stopped short, you remember, of the number they were meant to be, just because they were little cared about. Instead of the hundred, Turner published only seventy-one. There was nobody in his day to make them the fashion. I do not think, however, that they will ever be neglected again. . . . Good-bye. Only too delighted! if you take any interest in them. I must be off myself; to my 'office,' as I call it. I work there every afternoon just now, at Anglo-Saxon Literature."



Departure of the Fleet for the North. By Walter Langley.

NEWLYN.*



IS very easy to take a too exclusive view of any movement in Art or literature which interests us not only for its own sake, but as a sign of the coming and going of contemporary tendencies. For the truth is, that in so various, multitudinous, and complex a time as ours, all the movements are at flux and reflux together. Classicism has never passed out of sight, and Realism was never begun. Romanticism did not appropriately spring to life in France among the "roaring forties" of the century; it had never died away from European letters since the unknown day of its birth; but it had incessantly supplanted the classic method, and had been as constantly supplanted by the naturalistic. There is no new way to be discovered in literature. There is no new system of æsthetics in Art. In painting from nature with a certain pictorial care in the selection of the materials which she presents, and yet with an accurate fidelity to those truths with which Art has especially to deal, the Newlyn school repeats an old formula. Nevertheless, in the one point of open-air painting, we have assuredly a novelty in the schools of Art. It is a detail, perhaps, and only one part of a great system of truth, a development from that study of illumination which has been the definite pursuit of the masters of Holland, Venice, and others of the later schools. But to have invented so important a detail is no small boast of an age which has seen such a number of repetitions that it has actually become conscious of them! It would be difficult, therefore, to give too much importance to the young work before us. Other painters may be more conspicuous individually; the "Newlynians" are the most significant body of painters now in England.

The fact that they avoid emotional subject, as a rule (but we saw last month that one of their chiefs has not done so in his most beautiful and most characteristic work), is hardly a point upon which it is well to insist. Story-telling has been a great bane of painting in England, because it seemed to excuse and to popularise poor work, but chiefly because the story told was weak, unrealised, sentimental, and ready-made; not because it was good emotion, but because it was simulated, unconvincing, and essentially mediocre. A picture really dramatic is the rarest thing in the world, and if any artist in England achieved it, the most grotesque injustice possible would be to condemn him for making Art tell a story. And there has been a little danger that our younger painters should be tempted to congratulate themselves on the absence from their work of a dramatic interest, which, if they had known themselves, they would have been obliged to confess was beyond their achieving. This was very curiously instanced a season or two ago at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is not necessary to cite names, but it will be easily remembered that one or two painters who had been in word and practice propagandists of the Théophile Gautier principle, and had insisted that all emotional expression belonged to letters and the drama, and had nothing whatever to do with the picture, suddenly produced works full of movement of mind and matter, before which we were tempted to echo the feeble exclamation which a bad picture evoked from a great poet, "Oh, 'tis a passionate work!" For, in fact, the passion was a blank failure, and it became too evident that the greater number of our artists avoided dramatic subjects for the good reason that they could not compass them. They were a degree wiser than their predecessors of the early Victorian period.

And with all our delighted acknowledgment of the beauty of the younger work in England—I shall not be accused of slighting it—we are now and then constrained to recognise

* Continued from page 102.

that the emotional incident is less proper to the majority of English painters, even of the advanced group of artists so full of temperament and of talent, than the passages of repose which they now generally study. They never offer us the common comedy and trivial tragedy of their immediate predecessors—that is left to other hands—but there is something lacking of what realistic Art should be alert to get in its familiar scenes, *la vie surprise*. Sensitive and momentary vigilance to surprise life is of course the explanation of impressionism, and it is an impulse distinctively French in its initiative. That it is extremely difficult to the most keenly intelligent of our own countrymen should reconcile us to the general choice by English artists of passages of repose. The moment a figure is represented as doing anything, we look more imperatively for the sign of life "taken unawares."

It is the general absence, or the extreme gentleness, of colour that enables the Newlynians to achieve so much light. A grey or white sky can be valued in a picture as—what a sky always is—the brightest passage of it; but a blue sky must always be darkened by precisely the degree of the intensity of the blue. It is not at all uncommon to see a picture of southern sunshine—landscape and sky—in which the blue sky is the darkest tone of the composition. This is of course wrong—grotesquely wrong it looks to eyes accustomed to value a sky as the very light-giver of a landscape. But the painter is readily forgiven. He had two truths to present, colour and light; and they were truths irreconcilable except by the omnipotence of nature. And thus he has elected the one which was to him most essential—colour; and light has had to go. Nature alone can intensify an Italian noonday sky until the colour comes to such a pitch of strength that it is called "dark" in our vocabulary, whereas it is, in fact, shining with the fire of celestial sapphires, and cannot be faced by the open eye. Just before the out-of-door painters had become a notable influence in French Art, a great colourist, who had fallen in love with light, found the difficulties of this divided duty. Hence Regnault went from France to Italy, drawn by the illumination of heaven, and from Italy southward and eastward. It was for light's sake that he paused at

last in Algiers and studied the most beautiful thing in the world, compared with which the rose of colour seemed almost worth sacrificing. Only the other day an unpublished letter of his was sold at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, in which he complains of the old difficulty: "When I am luminous I am no longer sufficient in colour; when I am coloured I lose my luminosity." A painter in England has the same problem to solve, in a less difficult degree. And the difficulty is greatly minimised by the choice of passages of nature in which the local colour is very gentle, and the illumination comparatively low. For then not only is the brightness not impaired by fulness of colour, but the brightness itself is better within reach of achievement.

Mr. Walter Langley's 'Departure of the Fleet for the North' (Royal Institute, 1886), shows a group watching the fishing sails on the horizon; they stand within the sea-wall of their little fort. The old fisherman who takes his part now with those staying behind, watches the boats through his telescope. A boy, with a certain suggestion of protest in his action, sits at his net-mending on a subverted fish-basket. Two girls are standing in a business-like attitude with their great square baskets; two other women sit apart with a hint of sadness in their confidences. Husband, wife, and baby to the right are charmingly imagined, the child being particularly graceful. And *à propos* of this little figure, it is surely time that the child should be studied by a worthier art than that which has made the British baby a byword for so many years. What can be done with this



Good-bye. By T. C. Gotch. By permission of Messrs. E. S. and A. Robinson and Sons.

charming subject by Art that is true to itself, convinced, sincere, diligent, and delicate in its methods, may be seen by some achievements of French artists who have studied the young figure in its own lovely character, the movements of the unused limbs, the hair so blond and so fine that it is absorbed and effaced by the common grey daylight diffused upon the head of the nursling. The Newlyn painters are true enough and simple enough to reform—in the English school which owes so much to their renewing impulse—the painting of the child who should be "set in the midst" of all worthy modern Art. I say modern because the young ages were less sensible of the charm of childhood than is our older time.

Fisherman and fishgirl are parting in 'Good-bye.' It is a farewell at the door of one of the prosaic little houses in the Cornish village. Mr. Gotch has given his picture the effectiveness of divided light and shadow; his male figure looks well and masculine in the jersey and working gear, and the girl's is not seriously marred by that village version of the ruling fashion which is all that is left in any way characteristic among our rustic poor. That their gowns should be a little worse cut about the shoulders and a little worse hung about the waist than the gowns of cities, is a poor substitute for the distinctive character of costume fitted for

local uses. Happily, the "corrupt following" of the ways of the world is minimised in the women's attire of every day. It is on a high day and holiday that they show what unnecessary indignity can be offered in contemporary England to the human figure. My lot was to see the extreme of this in a summer festival, which by some local inspiration is called a carnival, at Penzance. "Carnival" has a cosmopolitan sound, and one wonders what idea it conveys to the mind of the fisher-folk. All day long on the day of the carnival in question the population walks up and down in front of the seaward-facing houses, with absolutely no amusement to distract its thoughts from its own personal appearance. At night there are certain uncouth processions by torchlight, which involve a great deal

of waiting at the street corners to cut off the pageant in mid-career, after which the carnival is over. But young womanhood, perhaps fairly well-favoured by nature, assuredly never betrayed itself more completely. The Newlyn painters are good realists, but even they would have hesitated at the human documents to be studied up and down the Cornish strand on that vacant summer day. But Newlyn is a degree simpler than Penzance, more productive and less commercial; more fish is caught in the little village, and more is sold in the little town. Mr. Gotch, with the others of his art, has pitched his easel at Newlyn, above

a steep village garden, overhanging the calm water of the bay, and facing St. Michael's Mount on the other side of Penzance. All the light of level western days shines into the wide studio, which is a place to give a lesson to the painters of nature who mount their studios in town with all possible ornaments except the indispensable one, the only one which can make their art true and vital, and in any sense essential—simple light from a natural sky. Mr. Gotch's vigorous art is not presented in our illustration in its most characteristic phase.

Our next Newlyn example is Mr. Bateman's 'Penzance

Fish-Market' (Society of British Artists, 1886-7), with its appreciative drawing of the extremely picturesque shapes of the fish in the foreground. Painters who have the love of line have always been students of the peculiarly sensitive curves of fish as they lie, curves that combine together in charming accidental ways. In spite of which the association of the other senses, inevitable to those who shrink from the odour of a fish-stall almost as much as from the intolerable smell of a butcher's, must always take something from the pleasure of a fish-picture. Mr. Bateman is true to his school in the look of unconscious naturalness which he has given to his figures—the everyday young girl who walks through with her little marketing basket and her pigeon; the grim old saleswomen who sit



Penzance Fish-Market. By B. A. Bateman.

tucked up from the prevailing dampness of their wares; the little girl in a sun-bonnet who has been sent out to forage among the fish. The last five years have done their evil little work in wearing out the last sun-bonnet in England; so recent is its disappearance that a painter may be allowed to feign that one still survives, with all its colour delicately washed out, in the corner of Cornwall, the very last of the clean and modest head-gear that for several generations shaded the wild-rose faces of girls, before the stale and second-hand habits of clothing had begun to prevail.

Like Mr. Langley, Mr. Detmold paints an ever-paintable subject in 'Departure of the Fishing Fleet' (reproduced here by permission of Mr. Martin Colnaghi). There is a singular charm in the repose of this scene involved in soft summer mist, with no one left behind upon the seaward hill but children and women, and the dogs who so energetically encourage the enterprises in which they can take no more active part, and the old man whose fishing days are over. His garments have a whole career written in their attitude, or rather in that comprehensive bagginess which has resulted from the labour of many years and the lounging of a few. They have grown into a stiffened tolerance of whatever passes within their patched and salted substance. The pretty backs of boys' heads direct our attention to the interest of this little coast—the sails soon to be absorbed by the warm and tender mist. The backs of young children's heads have always a certain beauty of mere youth and innocence, which they have in common with the same part of the construction of kittens and cygnets. And lying round the peaceful coast Mr. Detmold has painted a yet more peaceful sea, a sea as it is on the English southwest littoral, with the beautiful lucid surface capable of reflections which are in themselves an intricate yet distinctively impressionary study. It is to be wished that such calm waters were oftener painted. The movement of seas in agitation is more obvious indeed; but movement is not their monopoly. A calm sea moves in a subtler but more momentous manner. Some hidden and profound impetus gives it a shock from beneath, and the reflections that had "trembled but never passed away," are scattered in such fantastic flashes as no fancy could have drawn, and all this with hardly a perceptible fracture of the lovely lucent surface like a pearl. It is Mr. Gotch, if I remember right, who has most felicitously captured one of these black momentary serpents, with its charming caprice of line zigzagging in the wake of a fishing-boat with its red sail set. Given the boat and the sail no man could have divined that reflection. There are some things by which nature takes Art altogether by surprise, and for which Art must be vigilant to waylay her.

Mr. Millard takes us back again into an interior in his 'Walls have Ears' (Royal Academy, 1888), in which two old *bourgeois* are exchanging a confidence which concerns too nearly the energetic landlady, the compartments of whose dining-room lend themselves to eavesdropping. And Mr. Norman Garstin has also an interior, 'The Ironmaster,' in which he gives us that favourite Newlyn effect of looking against the light, an effect producing in small the characteristic aspect of Penzance and all south-facing places where, turning naturally towards the sea, one turns also towards the sun, and catches the numberless nameless shadows that make the light apparent. The luminosity he has achieved is, in fact, most happy, and he has had some courage in bringing

the details of machinery and iron within the glance of Art. Poetry had resolutely shut its eyes to the fact that agriculture is no longer a thing of the strength of the human arm (the only noble strength, Mr. Ruskin has said), but that it uses and controls inhuman forces, making inorganic noises, and smirching both the lights and shadows—dimming the lights, and making the shadows shallow with the unvenerable darkness of soot. Poetry had declined to see these undeniable truths until Mr. Coventry Patmore, who in his earlier poems did not shrink from the finished vulgarities of a modern wedding (with which he combined celestial thoughts), boldly sang of the joy of an autumn day with an engine at work



Walls have Ears. By F. Millard.

in the fields, and men and dogs on the watch for rats to kill.

Mr. Percy Craft's 'Empty Chair' shares the subject which was so popular in the 'Widower' of Mr. Fildes—bereavement in homes where it implies physical necessities of the most constant and urgent kind, especially when it is the man who has lost the housewife. She had mastered certain methods, and had learnt certain knacks in the house as he had learnt them in the field. It is to be feared that in neither case was the labour highly skilled; nevertheless there is a kind of inevitable dexterity that comes of doing a thing incessantly, and the mother who has been called away from her little home had her practised way of keeping the baby quiet and cutting the bread and butter. The lack of her familiar

voice and hand is evident every hour, and more evident even than his inarticulate grief to the widower. Mr. Craft is per-

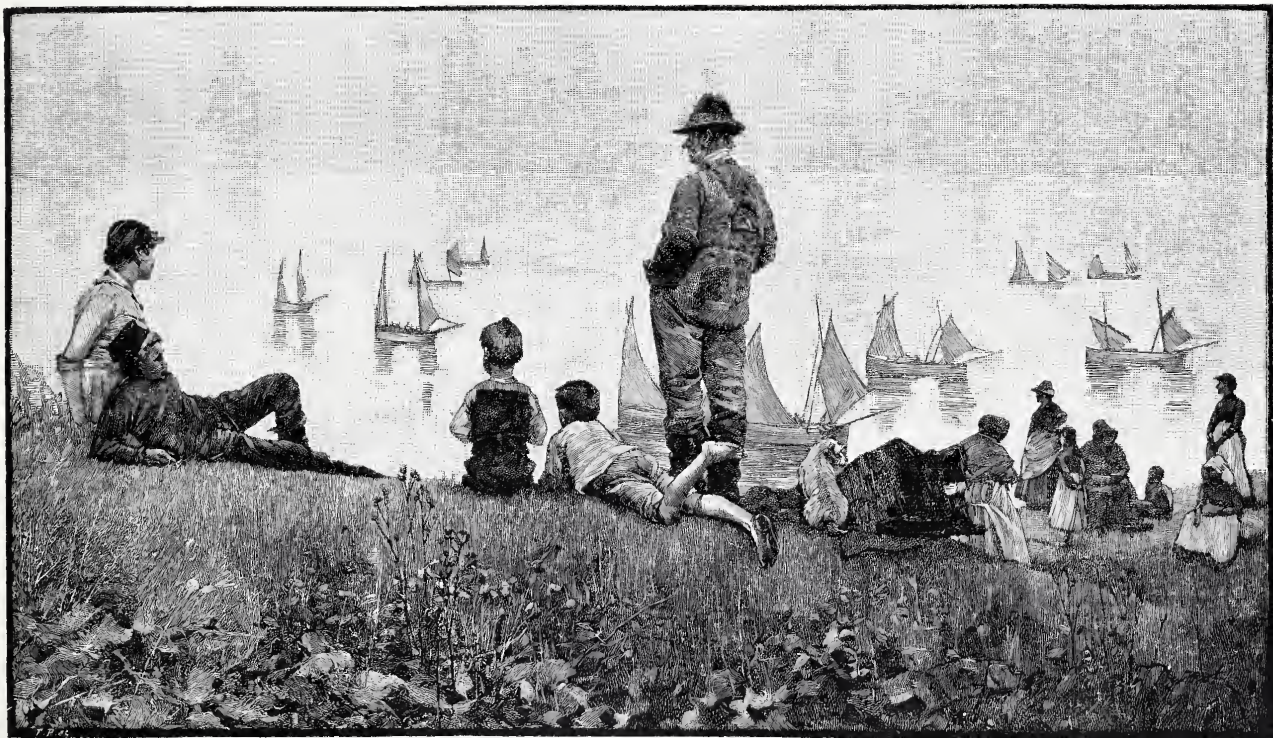
haps less well represented in the picture here illustrated than in another work which has a certain touch of humour. Like



The Empty Chair. By Percy R. Craft.

'The Empty Chair,' it is a composition of repose, but it has more suspended movement. An only son is leaving his Cornish home. His father is a veritable bit of nature, as

nature is amongst us, undemonstrative. As he watches the going of his son he holds that shield and buckler of the Englishman—the newspaper—the impersonal print that gives



Departure of the Fishing Fleet. By H. E. Detmold. By permission of Martin Colnaghi, Esq.

“countenance” in all the difficult passages of life, chiefly by excusing and explaining his silence. Man that lives with
1889.

woman finds a reason for silence absolutely necessary to him. So indeed is a reason for abstaining from such inconsequent

thought as the events of his household might suggest—thought without issue.

It may be as well to add, out of respect to the peculiar character of Newlyn, that though "story-telling" pictures have rather been chosen for illustration, they are less distinctive, as I have said, than others.

There are many artists whose works are familiar at the Academy, at the Institute, at the British Artists', under its late management, but of course especially at the New Arts Club, and whose position is distinctively that of "Newlynners," who are, moreover, painting at Newlyn or St. Ives, but whose work is not represented among the illustrations to these articles. From Cornwall, for instance, came one of the pictures bought in 1888 under the Chantrey Bequest—Mr. Adrian Stokes's masterly landscape.

Penzance, in one of the newest of its granite streets, has an exhibition building the contents of which would astonish any

one unaware of the peculiar artistic conditions of the place.

And no central institution could show Art in more sensitive touch with what is advanced and liberal. It is a charming surprise to walk into a room so intensely local as the Penzance Exhibition, and to find, instead of the sentimentalities of local talent, such a work as Mr. Chevallier Tayler's country-inn interior, with the pedlar introducing to a few old men, smoking in the ingle-nook of an English village, oriental Art in the form of a stray little Chinese figure, which he has seated on the floor. The heads of this excellent group are, in the best sense, studied, so gravely has the young painter achieved their character, and so complete has been his execution. And others of the best specimens of Newlyn work have been there in their turn, before their appearance in the galleries of that capital which the young

school so gaily foregoes for the sake of truth to its vocation.

ALICE MEYNELL.



The Ironmaster. By Norman Garstin.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF HENRY TATE, ESQ.

MR. WATERHOUSE, whose excellent work, with its singularly complete artistic method, was still fresh in its interest, made a sudden change in this beautiful Academy picture, so that those best versed in his work were probably the last to recognise his hand in the new manner. The type he chose for the spell-controlled lady, her action, and the garments in which he has arrayed her, bring his work into kinship with that of the "Pre-Raphaelites" of the middle of this century, but the difference of the execution is thereby all the more marked; the almost impressionary delicacy of the

rendering of willows, weeds, and water is such as claims harmony with French work rather than with what was so intensely English. Mr. Waterhouse's sincerity saves the picture absolutely from the charge of affectation, or at any rate of self-consciousness, which clings to so much that has been done under the same impulse. It is a direct and vivid imagination that has pictured the boat loosened from its chain, the crucifix laid in the prow, the candles lighted for death, and the expression of the face appearing to join the mysticism of fairyland with the mysticism of religion.

A BAVARIAN CARICATURIST.



THE early history of caricature in Germany presents a curiously close parallel to the history of the same branch of Art in France. In the one country, as in the other, we can trace the first development of the grotesque in the capitals, corbels, and misereres so quaintly carved by the monks, who seem to have sought relief from the austerity of their lives in the free, or rather licentious spirit, in which they decorated their houses of prayer. At

Ulm, Strasburg, and elsewhere, many examples of this primitive caricature may be seen. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the legend of "Reinike Fuchs" got hold of the popular imagination in Germany, just as the story of "Renart" did in France. The legend, in one form or another, was known from the thirteenth century onwards. A version of it was printed at Lübeck in 1498, and the subjects it suggests are met with in every manifestation of mediæval Art. An admirable example of the "Fox" in German Art is to be found at Pforzheim, near Karlsruhe, where there is a fox, in the habit of a monk, carrying off a chicken, carved upon the pulpit. Then came the "Dance of Death," that piece of philosophic raillery which inspired the wonderfully powerful designs of Holbein. With even greater force and skill did the same master lash the follies and foibles of mankind in his illustrations to Erasmus's "Encomium Moriaë," which perhaps form the most luminous commentary ever afforded by artist to text, and which are said to have been completed by Holbein in ten days to amuse Erasmus.

After the time of Holbein caricature seems to have become extinct in Germany, nor did it revive until Kaulbach gave it an impetus at the beginning of the present century. But today there is no lack of caricaturists in Germany. The large cities of the empire all have their comic papers, some of which are of the highest merit, while others are beyond description dull. The humour of Berlin is not exactly sparkling. The Prussian mind does not readily burst out into epigram. The jokes which it appreciates best are of a practical nature, and even if the journalist of Berlin did display any eagerness to jest, except at the expense of certain persons, it would very soon be suppressed by the censorship. But with Munich the case is different. The capital of Bavaria is the home of jollity and merriment. Its spirit may be summed up in the one word, *Gemüthlichkeit*. Its citizens always seem to be in festive mood and holiday attire. The real king of Munich is Gambrinus; the many revolutions which have disturbed Europe have never been able to upset his throne. The crowds who throng the *Hofbräuhaus* morning after morning are but doing honour to their liege lord. But Gambrinus is no narrow-minded monarch. He does not despise Art, literature, or the drama, and manifold are the interests and amusements of his loyal subjects, the citizens of Munich. All these interests and amusements are set forth with admirable skill and a touch of satire in the comic paper entitled

the *Fliegende Blätter*, which for so many years has been an unerring record of life in the Bavarian capital. This paper occupies a unique position in the history of journalism. It does not admit to its pages political satire; the overturning of governments, the dissensions of ministers, are beyond its ken. Everything that would arouse passion or anger is alien to it. It has never attempted to sell an edition by spiteful attacks on individuals. It has supported no cause, preached no gospel. Its effort and aim have been to observe the humorous phases of Munich life, to represent them in a spirit of kindly ridicule, and in so doing to amuse. In this it has entirely succeeded. Geniality of humour and excellence of technique have ever been its dominant characteristics. It would be difficult elsewhere to find so brilliant a series of



The Sunday Sportsman.

caricatures as has appeared during the last quarter of a century in the *Fliegende Blätter*. "A true caricature," says Théophile Gautier, "should reproduce the actual features of the model, with enough exaggeration and deviation from the original to render it ridiculous, while it yet remains easily recognisable." And this ideal was ever before the artists of the Bavarian comic paper. We find accurately represented, and at the same time good-humouredly burlesqued in its pages, all the pursuits and tastes of the people of Munich. The Bavarian caricaturists show us life in the theatre, in the café, in the beer-garden. They set before us every imaginable type and character; the student, the *biermamsell*, the fashionable lieutenant, the "Sunday sportsman," the peasant from the hills, with his amiable face and strange,



The Vegetarian.

broad dialect. Then the affectation of classicism, and the admiration, pretended or real, for the Glyptothek, is burlesqued over and over again. Nor does the satirist spare those who display an enthusiasm for the Gothic spirit, and sigh for a revival of the *Alteutsch* style. How numerous these enthusiasts are a day in Munich is enough to convince us.

The fashionable furniture, the fashionable architecture, is uncompromisingly Gothic. Even the popular wine-cellar is decorated with frescoes representing the history of drinking, and conceived in a mediæval spirit. And if all Munich were suddenly submerged, and the *Fliegende Blätter* alone left to us, we should have little difficulty in reconstructing the manners, customs, and methods of life of its inhabitants. From an

artistic point of view, too, this wonderful periodical is singularly interesting. I would willingly give a whole exhibition at the "Kunstgenossenschaft" for one volume of the *Blätter*.

Of the artists whose drawings have enriched the pages of the *Fliegende Blätter*, there can be no doubt that Oberländer occupies the first place. He is head and shoulders above all his colleagues. Harburger's work, no doubt, has more artistic merit. His drawings, in fact, are masterpieces of *genre*. So admirable are they in light and shade, so broad in treatment, that we cannot help feeling a sort of regret that they were executed in black and white, and not in colour. Schlittgen, again, draws the *monde* of Munich, and shows us the eccentric fashions which prevail there, with a *chic* and "go" that Oberländer does not possess; while Meggendorfer, whose simplicity of line is no doubt inspired by the example of Wilhelm Busch, more readily raises a laugh by his dramatic sketches than Oberländer does by his subtly humorous drawings. Yet not one of them, neither Harburger nor Meggendorfer, neither Schlittgen nor Bechstein, can rival Oberländer in quickness of observation, delicacy of humour, and versatility of style.

Adolf Oberländer was born at Regensburg in 1845. But it was at Munich that he received his education, and in Munich

he has spent his whole life. His father intended that he should follow a commercial career, but he early displayed so decided a taste for Art that when he was sixteen years of age he entered the Academy of Arts as a student. He was only a boy of eighteen when he sent his first drawing to the *Fliegende Blätter*, rather more than a quarter of a century ago. The drawing was accepted, and the editor, at once

perceiving that Oberländer would be a valuable recruit, invited him to join his staff. Oberländer consented, and from that time to the present has never ceased to contribute to the Munich paper. It is an interesting study in the development of style to compare his earliest with his more mature drawings. His first attempts at caricature have something of the force and vigour of our own Charles Keene; and they



The Fair at Timbuctoo.

exhibit in a very marked degree the influence of the Munich Academy. Yet in facility, which is as important in a caricature as in an epigram, they are not comparable with his later work. After a course of travel, which an exhibition from the Academy—obtained, by the way, for a Biblical sketch—enabled him to undertake, Oberländer entered the studio of Piloty, with the full intention of devoting himself to “high Art.” It is strange that a caricaturist should have come from

1889.

the school of Piloty, the instructor of such brilliant artists as Gabriel Max, Hans Makart, and Munchacsy. While with Piloty, Oberländer executed many sketches, some of them admirable in composition and all informed with a feeling for nature and life, in marked contrast to the dry, archæological studies around him. Yet he had little sympathy with the Piloty school, and he soon renounced work which he found utterly uncongenial. For the next few years he devoted him-

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self to painting small *genre* pictures, which had a certain success, and many of which are now said to be in private collections in England. It is safe to conjecture that they are distinguished by the excellence of drawing and the sobriety of colour characteristic of the Munich school. But somehow or other Oberländer never "came off" in exhibitions. He has himself shown us in the pages of the *Fliegende Blätter* the only possible method of looking at an "Oberländer." The adventurer who embarks on this rash enterprise is represented as making three sturdy porters stand one above the other, and climbing himself on to the shoulders of the one at the top.

At last Oberländer made up his mind to renounce paint for ever, and to work for the future only in black and white. To this resolution he has adhered. It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of the work he has done in his chosen medium during the last twenty years. There is absolutely no phase of Munich life with which he is not familiar himself, and with which he has not familiarised us. Who, for instance, has ever so successfully caricatured the soldier? The brainless young officer, with his monocle and sword, neither of which he quite knows how to manage, the recruits walking arm-in-arm with their sweethearts, whom they are obliged to leave precipitately to draw themselves up and salute their superior officer—these he puts on paper with inimitable skill. And here it is interesting to notice that in Berlin such drawings would be rigorously discountenanced. The Prussian army is sacred; it must not evoke a smile, even though the smile be the most good-tempered in the world. Then, again, how admirably does Oberländer chaff that extraordinary product of Bavarian civilisation, the "Sunday sportsman" (*Der Sonntagsjäger*). The sportsmen of this type spend their Sundays in the hills, with gun in hand and dachshund at heel, dressed like real Tyrolers, bare knees and all. But the worst of it is their knees are always white, and this renders them a source of infinite amusement to the peasantry. Our readers will no doubt remember Defregger's humorous painting of 'The Salontyroler,' who indeed is to be seen all the summer through in the highlands in the neighbourhood of Munich. We give here an illustration of 'The Sunday Sportsman,' scanning the horizon with his field-glass, while the hare he seeks sits demurely behind him. In another drawing Oberländer has shown two "sportsmen" who have had an unsuccessful day reading the bill of fare at a friendly Wirthshaus. He depicts their amazement at finding that hare is on the bill. Ah! they sigh, how clever of them to catch it!

But as though the range of humanity were not enough for him to exercise his genius upon, Oberländer has also gone to the animal kingdom for subjects. Perhaps no one has ever drawn animals with more truth and humour than is displayed by this brilliant caricaturist. Of his skill in this direction the reader may judge for himself from the illustrations which accompany the present article. Happy as he is in giving a humorous expression to lion, hippopotamus, or giraffe, it is to the crocodile that he has devoted special study. No one who has seen it, will readily forget the drawing called 'Crocodile's Tears,' in which an unhappy crocodile is represented as mournfully complaining, "I have been crying all day like a child, yet no one has been to ask me what was the matter." In 'The Fair at Timbuctoo,' Oberländer gives us a burlesque of the fair which is held every October in Munich, and which is eagerly looked forward to by every good *Münchener*. The very background is a subtle adaptation of the

Munich landscape to the requirements of the situation. The two turrets, which rise above everything, are but a grotesque rendering of the twin towers of the Frauenkirche, altered of course to suit Oberländer's notion of the architectural style in vogue in Timbuctoo. The towers of the Frauenkirche are a piece of local colour constantly met with in the pages of the *Fliegende Blätter*. Sometimes they are transformed into Jesuits with broad-brimmed hats; sometimes human heads grin from their summits. But in one shape or another they play an important part in Munich caricature. A word may be said here as to Oberländer's drawing of niggers. His series, dealing with Timbuctoo and the Cameroons, is an extensive one. He represents the African black with a great deal of genuine fun, and without over-exaggerating his peculiarities. A deservedly popular drawing is that in which is depicted the arrival of a ship at the Cameroons laden with works of Art. Some energetic white men are opening a "Kunsthandlung" on Afric's burning sands. A group of niggers stands entranced before a nude; but the majority not having yet realised the mission of Art, have thrust their heads through the canvases, and walk about delighted with the pictures slung round their necks.

'The Vegetarian' is a subject after Oberländer's own heart, and it was probably all the more popular in Munich from the fact that vegetarianism was one of the crazes of the mad king. The confidence of the birds, beasts, and fishes in the thin, weedy consumer of green herbs, is rendered with exquisite humour. The honest ox, says the poem which accompanies the drawing, looks up into his face with trust, for he knows that the gentle muncher of vegetables will not eat him; while the pig grunts in peace, thinking to himself, this man is like the Jews, he despises pork. And the vegetarian sings—

"No 'head' in the morning disturbs me;
I live with light heart and light purse;
I drink only pure milk and water;
But that you could guess from my verse."

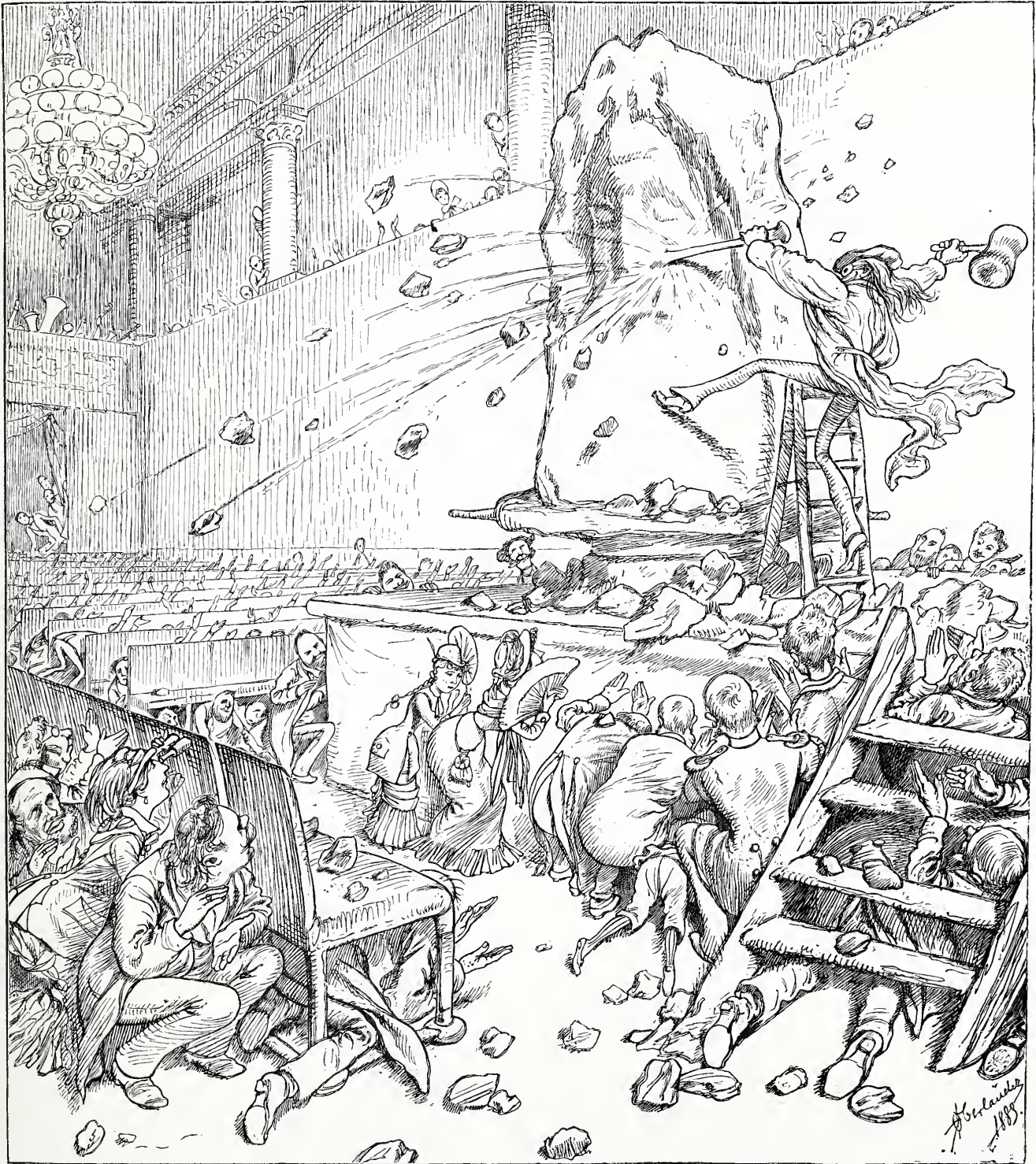
The expression on the faces of the vegetarian and of the poor victims of carnivorous man are eccentric enough. And yet somehow they suit the situation so exactly, that they convince one as being entirely right. The pose of the hare opposite the vegetarian is particularly good; and what could be better than the frog hopping from the pig's back on to the knee of his patron and protector?

As different as possible from this is the vigorous drawing entitled 'Der Konzert-Bildhauer'—'The Exhibition Sculptor' may we call him? Some years ago a "Schnellmaler" amused the Munich music-halls with the rapidity with which he sketched popular heroes, such as Wagner, Bismarck, Gladstone, and the rest. He was indeed a kind of democratic Professor Legros, who produced a "finished" portrait before the public gaze. He it was, perhaps, who suggested to Oberländer this quaint fancy of a "rapid" sculptor, as well as that of a 'Konzert-Dichter,' or poet, who improvises his poetry *coram populo*. The pose of the sculptor is hit off with a happy freedom, and the drawing reminds us of the method of Michael Angelo, who, when he began a new statue is said to have attacked his block of marble with such ferocity that the pieces flew in all directions. The applauding audience, who desire to see all they can of this wonderful sculptor and yet are forced to crouch behind benches to escape the chips of the new block, are genuinely amusing.

Our illustrations give but an inadequate idea of the ge-

niality and facility of Oberländer's talent. To form a full judgment upon his work the reader should study the Ober-

länder Album or turn over the leaves of the *Fliegende Blätter*. The kindness and good-feeling which animate



The Exhibition Sculptor.

all his work, is particularly noticeable. He cannot be said *castigare ridendo*. For he does not "castigate," or if he

does it is with so light a hand that his victim is scarcely conscious of the punishment.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

TYPES OF BEAUTY IN RENAISSANCE AND MODERN PAINTING.*

THE VENETIANS.



IN the latter part of the fifteenth century we find the beginning of a great change in Venetian art. The Byzantine forms gradually disappear, the draperies become easy and flowing in line, and that love of magnificence and splendour of deep and glowing colour, which later became its chief characteristic, already shows itself. The richer medium of oil paint, which the Venetian school was among the first of the Italian schools to practise, also helped greatly to further these aims. From the first the Venetian painters show an inclination towards sumptuousness, they surround their figures with a soft and golden light, the landscape backgrounds become more varied and real, and have a savour of their own beautiful soil; garlands of flowers and festoons of fruit, bright boy-angels singing and playing on musical instruments, wonderfully decorated thrones and tribunes, rich accessories of all kinds are brought in to enhance the beauty and interest of their pictures. Curiously enough, we do not find much sign in the early Venetian art of that feeling for, and power of presenting, the beauty of women, the "delight in those ivory surfaces, that firm and lovely flesh which seems penetrated with light, and beneath which you are aware of the very blood and breath," which was the glory of its later period. This was certainly not the special characteristic of the school of Mantegna at the opening of the fifteenth century, and even the great and accomplished masters of the closing years of that century, Carpaccio and Giovanni Bellini, were distinguished rather by other qualities. Carpaccio, whose work must be seen at Venice to be rightly appreciated, attracts less by his sense of beauty than by the animation and vigour of his compositions, the rich quaintness,

variety, and picturesqueness of his costumes, the dramatic directness and life-like sincerity of his pictorial story-tellings. His greatest work, the famous series of nine large pictures representing the history of St. Ursula, in the Academy at Venice, is more rich in the qualities we have just mentioned than in beauty, though many of the subjects, and especially that representing the young St. Ursula in her bed with an open book and a vase of flowers beside her, have an infinite purity and simplicity, more attractive and touching perhaps than much that is more strictly termed beautiful. However that may be, the great series, as a whole, leaves a peculiarly strong and lasting impression on the mind. It is the unconscious sincerity, the simple faith, the human sympathy

that has moved the painter himself which still touches and moves us through his work. The example we have in the National Gallery is not a very good one, and gives but little idea of this impressive master's greatest qualities. Carpaccio was fond of introducing animals and birds, especially parrots, into his pictures, and our illustration from the picture of two Venetian women on a terrace playing with their dogs and birds, gives a good idea of his naïve, direct quaintness and sincerity; it is interesting too as giving a peep into the Venetian life and costume of the time. The ladies are of a somewhat clumsy type, certainly not beautiful to our eyes, and with a curiously modern look about their heads, which might, with the coils of hair on the top and heavy fringe across the forehead, have been almost taken from models of our day. Mr. Ruskin, in his "St. Mark's Rest," has written one of his very strongest



Venetian Women. Carpaccio. From the Picture in the Correr Museum.

eulogies on this picture, which may be seen in the Correr Museum at Venice.

The mark of Giovanni Bellini's type of women, at any rate throughout the earlier part of his career, is a certain noble austerity of expression, and full strength of build in the features. This strong, dignified, rather round-headed type, re-

* Continued from page 76.

peated in almost all his early sacred pictures, is very much varied in his later work, but not until he comes under the influence of the spirit of Renaissance luxury and charm as incarnated in Giorgione. It has been well said by Signor Morelli of Bellini's works at this later period, "He is serious and grave, graceful and strong, naïve and simple, each in the right place, and when the subject demands it. His women and children, his old men and youths,

works of Mantegna and Giovanni Bellini have often been confused, the fine example of the latter in the National Gallery, for instance, 'Christ in the Garden with the sleeping Disciples,' was long attributed to Mantegna, as was also the 'Pietà' in the Brera, one of the most passionate and moving works in the whole range of Italian art.

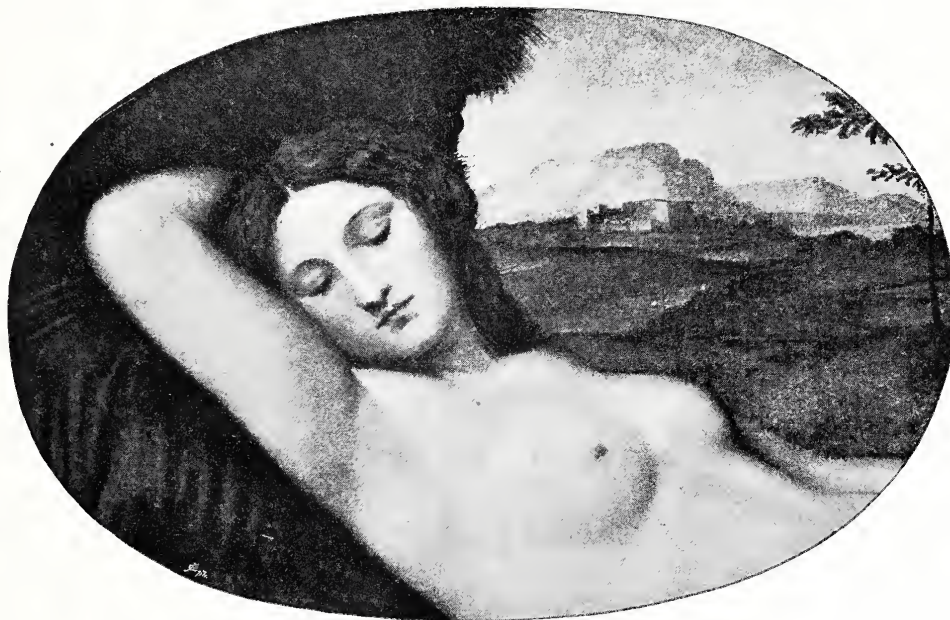
In subjects not religious, Mantegna is more directly

are never the same, and seldom have a similar type or expression. During the period when it was the principal endeavour of art to portray *character*, Giovanni Bellini is, after Mantegna, the greatest drawer of character in North Italy; later on, when it became the principal task of art to represent emotions of the soul, he is second to none in rendering maternal love, piety, the artless gaiety of childhood, as also religious humility and holy fervour in men. Bellini is never dramatic, yet his saints are all full of life, energy, and dignity." If Bellini comes "after Mantegna" as a drawer of character, he is at any rate never exaggerated or grotesque in the expression of emotion; he always represents men and women of a noble and gracious presence, and in the depth and transparency of his colour he equals, if he does not surpass, any other Venetian painter. Between the early type of Madonna and female saints in Bellini's work and that most often used, at least in religious pictures, by his brother-in-law Mantegna, there is a very strong resemblance. And this is natural, as their artistic training was similar, and we know that they worked together at Padua under Bellini's father, Jacopo Bellini. Indeed, the early

an imitator of the antique, and aims at a form of beauty in which the ideal symmetry of feature characteristic of ancient sculpture is animated by a forced energy of expression peculiarly his own, and in this power of expressing strong human emotion he is unrivalled. This particular phase of his art we do not illustrate, but give a Madonna from a rare engraving after one of Mantegna's designs, as an example of that type of grave nobleness and dignity in sacred representations which is common to his early work, as well as to that of Bellini. Fortunately, the National Gallery as well as the Hampton Court collection are both rich in first-rate works of these great masters, so that their ideals of beauty can easily be compared and studied.

The transformation of the spirit of Venetian art is especially associated with the name of the short-lived, brilliant Giorgione. He was almost contemporary with Titian and Palma, but the first to begin that splendour of colour and glory of flesh and human life which from henceforth becomes the chief note of that art. "It is a chivalrous and poetic figure," says M. Yriarte, speaking of Giorgione in his history of Venice, "this of the great

genius shaking off the yoke of his teachers, driving his work



Sleeping Venus. Giorgione. From the Picture in the Dresden Gallery.



Madonna and Child. Bellini-Mantegna. From a Rare Engraving in the British Museum.

and his pleasures abreast, making a Decameron of his life, scouring Venice lute in hand and dagger at girdle, always in search of adventures of love or daring, as prompt in fight as in serenade, adored by women and feared by men, generous and headstrong, jealous, amiable, and gay, impulsive yet thoughtful; an ardent and mobile nature, spending his life without counting the cost, throwing away lavishly the treasure of his days, until, cut down in the flower of his age, he found immortality in death at the very dawn of his genius. He was

work, but satisfactory that the crown and glory of it, the 'Sleeping Venus,' at Dresden, has at last been restored to its rightful author. This marvellous work, the upper part of which we give as our illustration, was till lately supposed to be a mere copy from Titian by Sassoferrato, and was hidden away almost out of sight until Signor Morelli recognised in it the lost 'Venus' of Giorgione described by the anonymous writer of the early part of the sixteenth century, as well as by Carlo Ridolfi in his work on the Venetian painters written in

1646. Signor Morelli's attribution is now universally adopted, the picture has been given a fitting place of honour in the Dresden Gallery, and is looked upon as one of the most precious treasures of that great collection.

This figure of the goddess of beauty is, perhaps, as a whole, the most perfect type of womanhood in Italian art, combining as it does exquisite beauty of form and outline both in the figure and head, with absolute nobility of expression. It was the prototype and starting point of all the reclining Venuses by Titian, Palma, and other masters of the school. Titian's famous Venus in the Tribune of the Uffizi is simply a copy of it with the upper part of the body slightly altered; but Giorgione's Venus has never been surpassed in beauty and purity of form by any of its fair successors. Titian, after Giorgione's death, himself added to this picture a Cupid with a little bird in his hand, and the absence of this Cupid caused Signor Morelli's identification at first to be disputed. It was found, however, from the records of the Dresden Gallery, that when the picture first came there, there had actually been a Cupid seated at the feet of the Venus, but that, being much injured, this figure had been removed by a restorer.



Magdalen, Titian. From the Picture of a Madonna with Four Saints, in the Dresden Gallery.

the first to love movement and colour, rich carnations and the glow of sunset, purple skies and verdant fields; the first to seek out the beauty of warm white bodies bathed in amber light, the glow of blood, the play of shadow and shimmer of light." But with all these qualities of luxury and splendour Giorgione still combined something of primitive chastity of form, and even a certain tightness of drawing; he is realistic, but realistic in the highest, healthiest, and noblest sense. It is grievous to think how little there is left of his splendid

The disposition of the drapery and the landscape background are thoroughly characteristic of Giorgione. Unfortunately the works of this great artist are very rare, and it was only in the last six years of his life that he came to his full power. Any one of his authentic pictures, however, would be enough to place him among the very first painters of Venice, unsurpassed by any of them, except perhaps Titian.

As to Titian himself, that king among painters, in a set of summary notes like these it is of course impossible to give any

account of his vast achievement, or even to attempt to furnish guidance among, or classification of, the multitude of creations that came during three-quarters of a century from his studio. No painter has ever painted so many beautiful women as Titian. Madonnas and saints, goddesses and nymphs, queens and princesses, ladies of high degree, models, and courtezans, all shine out upon us from his pictures with an opulence of colour, a radiant bloom of beauty, a full enjoyment of life beyond all power of description. But who does not know the warm gold hair, the mellow, peachy flesh tones, the perfect distribution of light and shade, the magical skill of the brush, that are ever present in his work? Perhaps the two pictures that most readily occur to us as specially typical of Titian's ideal of womanhood are the 'Woman with the Mirror' at the Louvre; and the 'Flora' at Florence. The woman in the former, so often painted by the master, is sometimes called 'Titian's Mistress,' but is now known to represent Laura de' Dianti, and in the last catalogue of the Louvre Gallery the picture is called 'Alfonso de Ferrara and Laura de' Dianti.' The same title of 'Bella di Tiziano' has also been given to another splendid impersonation of the master, the portrait of the Duchess of Urbino in the Pitti Palace. The 'Flora' is the famous picture in the Uffizi of a lovely woman with flowing hair, draped in white and holding flowers in her hands. How shall one say what is the overpowering charm of these pictures? there is no profound passion, no very high ideal perhaps, nothing but sheer beauty, love, and joy, perfectly expressed in form and colour; in looking at them nothing seems wanting.

Among the multitude of possible examples of figures—sacred, mythological, and real—we give two only, perhaps not so universally known as those already mentioned. The first is a Magdalen from a Madonna surrounded by four saints in the Dresden Gallery, an early picture of the master, still marvellous in colour in spite of much restoration. This Magdalen is peculiarly typical of the saints and Madonnas all through Titian's work. The soft half shadow in the profile is full of beauty, the transparency of the flesh wonderful, and there is a touching humility, a *goodness* of expression which we often find when Titian's worldly art is attuned to sacred subjects. There is a strong likeness between this face and that of the Madonna in the 'Holy Family with St. Catherine' in the National Gallery. Our second illustration is from the portrait of the

painter's daughter, Lavinia, also in the Dresden Gallery. This picture of a young girl has often been wrongly called 'Titian's mistress.' Lavinia was married to Cornelio Sarcinelli in the year 1555, and as the little flag held by the girl in the picture was the kind of fan only used by newly-married brides the portrait must have been painted in the first year of her marriage. The same face appears already as a girl of fifteen in the famous 'Ecce Homo' of the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, and again when, some eighteen years later, the fair Lavinia was neither so young nor so fair, in a portrait of her, painted when



Portrait of a Lady. Bordone. From the Picture in the National Gallery.

her father must have been over ninety years old. This time she carries a feather fan, the sign of Venetian nobility, to which she had every right, Titian having been covered with titles and honours, and being now a Count Palatine. Titian often painted this well-beloved daughter; Germany alone possesses four portraits of her; besides the three mentioned, there is an idealised one in the Berlin Gallery, painted in 1549.

There has been much gossip in the case of Titian, as in that of Palma, to whom we are coming presently, as to the identity of his sitters, which of them represents his mistress, which Lavinia, and which Violante, Palma's daughter, said to be

beloved by Titian. All this is very confused, and much of it apocryphal. It turns out that Palma had no daughter at all,



Portrait of a Lady. Palma. From the Picture in the Vienna Gallery.

but only a niece called Magdalena, and the beautiful sitter so often painted by Titian and him was probably only a favourite model.

Second only to Titian as a painter of the glories of Venetian womanhood is Palma, called *il Vecchio*, to distinguish him from his grand-nephew Palma Giovane, and not because of his great age, for he seems to have died at forty-eight. He was born at Serinalta, a village near Bergamo, about 1480, and seems to have brought with him to Venice from his native province some of the ruder air of his Brescian mountains, and a little of the peasant coarseness in his types. There is not much known about Palma's life, and the question whether he influenced Titian and Giorgione, or they him, has been much discussed. Vasari and Ridolfi mention him as younger than those masters, it is therefore natural to suppose that he was influenced by them. Nor does this in any way detract from his unquestioned position among the greatest Venetian painters.

For none, not even Titian himself, surpassed Palma in painting the glory of fleshly bloom, the harmonious contrasts of

fair gold hair and white throats and creamy shoulders. Nor is he wanting in majesty and dignity. One of the grandest women in Venetian art is his 'St. Barbara,' in the church of S. Maria Formosa at Venice, a queen-like figure in magnificent drapery, combining all the softness and beauty of a woman with the noble serenity of a saint. Another of his grand altar-pieces is that in San Stefano at Vicenza. Palma, like so many other painters, had three periods, when his technical manner and skill of colour somewhat vary. But in all his pictures, whether ideal or portraits, of all three periods, a remarkable identity of type exists in his women, whether in the 'Eve' in the Brunswick Gallery, or the 'Venus' at Dresden, or in the finer and less known picture in the FitzWilliam Museum at Cambridge. Whether as saint or Virgin, we always find the same broad forehead, honest eyes, fine-cut nose, masses of gold hair, ripe throat and cheeks, and a favourite tendency to show this face in three-quarters profile. Our illustration, from a portrait in the Vienna Gallery, is one of the most typical representations of Palma's ideal. The flesh seems to shimmer with a rosy and pearly light, the mass of wavy light gold hair stands out from the dark background and hangs down upon the white shoulder like the softest floss silk. The dress is magnificently coloured, with full white front narrowing to the waist. The Vienna Gallery is specially rich in Palma's beauties, and possesses five others besides the one we give.



La Felicità. Paolo Veronese. From one of the Ceilings of the Ducal Palace, Venice.

Still more remarkable for uniformity of type are the creations of another Venetian master, great in the pomp of life

and glory of colour, Paris Bordone. Though much influenced by Titian at times, Bordone generally follows his own bent. He has a peculiarly lovely rosy colour in his flesh, and fine purple and crimson shot tints in his brocades and draperies, which are usually in rather small folds. He painted mythological and poetic subjects more often than sacred ones, and his masterpiece, the 'Fisherman presenting St. Mark's Ring to the Doge,' with its imposing architecture and immense number of figures in gorgeous robes, is one of the great crowning works of Venetian painting. Still it is in portraiture that Bordone is really at his best, and his splendid if rather cruel type of woman, so familiar in his famous portrait to every visitor of the National Gallery, which we give in our reproduction, looks out upon us from his pictures in almost every great gallery in Europe. This flushed and angry beauty, with flashing eyes and cherry lips and coils of red gold hair wreathed with pearls, is said to be a lady of the Brignole family of Genoa; if so, it would seem that the beauty of this particular sitter had an extraordinary fascination for the painter. He reproduces her lineaments again and again in all manner of mythological characters and travesties, as, for instance, in the 'Daphnis and Chloe' in the National Gallery, and in many other pictures, such as the 'Venus' at Berlin, the 'Venus and Adonis' at Vienna, and in others at Florence, in the Louvre, and in the Brignole Palace in Genoa. Bordone was so famous as a painter of women's portraits that he was specially invited to France to paint the ladies of the Court.

But we must pass on to another great Venetian painter of the pomps and vanities of this world, Paolo Veronese. Veronese's reputation rests more on the great representations of banquets, ceremonials, processions, and festivities, which he loved to paint, than on actual rendering of the beauty of men or women. He is a greater painter of the sumptuous costumes of his own prosperous age, of the brocades and velvets, the silver and gold tissues, the flash of jewels and shimmer of pearls, than of the creamy flesh tints of the women that wore them. Indeed, his women, though of a fine and opulent race, are not often distinguished or beautiful, and have something of the comely *bourgeoise* type for all their magnificent apparel. And through all the pomps and ceremonies of Veronese's pictures, sacred or secular, in all his

great decorations for public palaces and seignorial houses of Venice and its territory, his ideal of women remains nearly always the same. Our illustration, 'La Felicità,' from one of the ceilings of the Ducal Palace, with the square forehead, full cheeks, blond hair, almost always intertwined with pearls or jewels, is a good specimen of his type. He seems to have taken it from the women of his own family, for it is very like the portraits of them which exist. Veronese, though born at Verona, was a Venetian to the heart's core. If he could not paint flesh like Titian and Giorgione, even they did not surpass him in the representation of great scenes of worldly pomp and splendour.



The Painter's Daughter (Lavinia). Titian. From the Picture in the Dresden Gallery.

But in all these great Venetian painters there is an absence of that precision, and clear-cut linear firmness and research in the definition of form, which we find in all Florentine and Roman Art. The glory of colour, the softness and inward glow of the flesh surfaces, the charm and bloom and gloss of blood coursing beneath the skin, and of light playing upon masses of hair, being what they seek to portray rather than individual character or inward spirituality.

Of our illustrations, six are from photographs by Ad. Braun et Cie., Paris.

FRANCES SITWELL.

R R

MINIATURE PAINTING IN MY TIME.



THE art of miniature painting on ivory was pushed out of existence a good many years ago. In the lower grades of its modern manifestation it had always incurred much ridicule; and the readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" scarcely need be reminded of the good-natured and, in a double sense, artless Miss La Creevy. Yet the incompetence of many among its numberless professors has hardly been less ludi-

crously displayed since they found renewed occupation in colouring photographs. On the opposite side of the question, miniature painting has engaged capabilities of the highest order, both before and since the advent of photography. In the year 1850 I returned to London after an eventful absence, and renewed acquaintance with old associates in the world of Art. My attention was somehow drawn in a particular degree to miniature painting, which then had a room to itself at the Royal Academy. Thorburn and Wells were both at that time miniature painters, the latter a very young man, just out of his pupilage. He had always an inclination to largeness and breadth of arrangement, so that his departure, like Thorburn's, from ivory to canvas, was no such hard matter. Another of the constant contributors to the miniature-room of the Royal Academy in those days, and a persistent painter on ivory, according to the old manner, long after photography had commenced its first inroads on his art, was Mr. Weigall. Totally opposed to the massive elaboration of Thorburn were the delicate freedom and ease of Sir William Ross. This fascinating painter had the largest and most fashionable following of any man in his time and department of Art. All his imitators—and I have in mind one to whom especially he spoke words of generous encouragement and counsel—expended of necessity great pains and toil in approaching those effects which by Ross were attained with enviable facility. His magical flesh-painting was in great measure perfected by a charming suppression of colour, an aposiopesis of Art. In fact, the ivory ground was left to tell its own story of dazzlingly fair skin. Other men, less skilled in such exquisite reticence, worked and stippled up as near as they could get to a Ross-like brilliancy of effect, honestly admiring all the while the unapproachable delicacy of the master. Ross worked with a larger brush than some admirers of his miniatures would suppose. The mistake of amateurs is to imagine that a fine pencil produces fine work. This was certainly not so in the case of Ross. Nothing was ever seen in any of his pictures that could suggest to an expert the use of a small-pointed brush. It is impossible to discover the tone of a hair-stroke, and every finishing touch must have a certain breadth. The

round, broad, and firm texture which existed in all Ross's works with exquisite finish, had nothing to do with his tools, but was the product of skill and labour, aided by the knowledge that gave him command of the inner light and texture left at his disposal by the bare ground. His ivories, too, being generally smaller than those affected by Thorburn and Wells, had the advantage of being cut from the thin end of the tusk, where the grain runs close and good throughout. He thus made sure at least of a clear centre, which is almost impossible when the ivory is cut nearer the base of the tooth, and, from its increase of size, has a coarser grain. Moreover, large ivories are intractable, and apt to pull and warp. Besides female beauty, Ross was often called upon to portray masculine vigour, and was in high request for military subjects. The British scarlet invested with appropriate warmth his generals and colonels, and no man could have conveyed more adroitly the true gold light and shade of a bullion epaulette, *à graine d'épinards*, in which his dexterous brush revelled.

At or about the exact period I am now faintly recalling, a miniature painter, since well known in photographic circles, was patiently working to a place. This was Robert Lock, who had led a wild and adventurous life before he was thirty, cruising from shore to shore in the South Seas, and making friends in each of the services by his independence, originality, and amusing contempt for all manner of convention. His notions regarding Art were eccentric and, I am bound to admit, extremely crude. Prettiness, as he saw it, was all in all to him, and whatever was not pretty, in his eyes, was outrageously, inexpressibly, abominably ugly. In a Holbein or an Albrecht Dürer he could see nothing that was not, to use his own emphatic adjective, hideous. The bare existence, among moderns, of a Rethell was unforgivable. He had little less tolerance for Millet, and would pour forth the vials of his unmeasured scorn and indignation against Watts and Burne Jones in a public gallery, perfectly unmindful that the men themselves might be standing at his shoulder. To any sort of moral beauty he was as blind as a bat. It was only when Millais painted "pretty subjects" that he could understand how people liked him. All this was so thoroughly honest that "Bob Lock" had not only friends but admirers, especially among men who had heard all the cants, had canted a few themselves, perhaps, and were mortally sick of them.

This rover among savages, and under burning skies, painting Taina and other pretty girls around the barbarous throne of Queen Pomare—struggling to draw their forms "indifferent well," for, try all he could, it was impossible for him to draw them correctly—was an ardent disciple of Ross, and was indeed the very aspirant I have mentioned as having received kindly advice and commendation from the courtly painter. Another of his staunch friends was Baron Brunnow, who took a humorous liking to "Bob" from the moment they met. Lock's artistic gifts and attainments were few. He had a glorious sense of colour, a perfectly microscopic vision, and a hand as firm and fine as a ruby-driller's. I really

think this was about all, except his integrity, frugality, and courage. In the first year of his settling in London he earned (and lived within) forty pounds. The next year it was thirty; and all this time so good was his credit that if at any moment he had seen an opening for profitable use of a thousand pounds he might have had the money. His exploits in the hunting-field were not great, but he regularly followed the Brighton harriers, and was indifferent to the impression caused by his strange, weird appearance, colonial attire, slouching sombrero, and high Australian boots. I am speaking of his comparatively youthful days, and those who knew him only when he had sobered down into a *bourgeois* Regent Street sort of life will not recognise the picture. He came back to London, as did I, his old companion, in 1850, or it may have been 1849; and it was in the spring of one or the other year that Robert Lock sent his eight miniatures to the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar Square. They were all rejected, and he received the official notice to fetch them away. Not to be beat, he went to the building, saw the beadle, and remonstrated with that astonished servitor on so unheard-of a proceeding. He then caught an Academician, one of the hanging committee, whom he induced to return and to look again at the eight despised works of Art. One was picked out by the great man as rather good, and, being struck by the returned colonist's peculiarly unconventional manner, he promised to exert all his influence to get the cruel sentence reversed in this solitary case. But this did not satisfy Robert Lock, who pointed out the injustice which would thus be done to the other seven. In the end, he managed to have the whole batch—*eight*, the complement of a member!—hung in fairly good places. The catalogue for that year will witness against me if I speak other than the actual truth.

It was not long before this indefatigable worker, who, till long after he had made miniature painting a practice and profession, or at least a livelihood, in Tasmania, had never had an hour's instruction in Art, perceived that his deficiency in knowledge of the figure utterly precluded the possibility of his holding a dignified position among his brethren, unless he would make up his mind to forego legitimate miniature painting, and cast in his lot with photography. He soon made his choice, and applied his unrivalled faculties of minute finish and consummate truth and delicacy of tint to colouring the photographs of Mr. Hennemann. To these he communicated all the brilliancy of miniatures, and kept

to the work until he deemed it safe and prudent to start a photographic business on his own account. This he did, taking into partnership, soon afterwards, Mr. Whitfield, and thereby establishing a well-known firm. But it is of the late Robert Lock as a miniature painter, pure and simple, that I here speak. Unfortunately, his work in the Hennemann period was prior to the durable carbon process, and the ground of his coloured photographs, true miniatures as many of them were at the time, has faded, leaving them comparatively worthless.

Lock, for some time of his upward struggle to success, occupied the top floor of the house in Newman Street, known to many past and present students of Art since as Hatherley's, then as Leigh's. Our old master was severely scientific, being one of the first anatomists of his time, as Green, the Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, was wont to declare. Leigh was almost pedantically Academic, and I have heard one of the painters I have named say, "If I had remained under his tuition six months more, he would have entirely spoilt me." This was not the opinion of all his pupils. Some of them are full members now, and others are Associates. It was not Leigh, as some mistaken persons have supposed, but a cotemporary teacher, who was satirised by Thackeray as Mr. Gandish. Leigh was a wit and to some extent a scholar. He reminded me in more than one respect of a miniature painter, named Arthur Parsey, who practised and taught when I was a little boy. But Leigh had nothing to do with miniature painting. Parsey, besides being an anatomist, was a geometrician and, if I remember rightly, an architect; at any rate, with a decided bent towards architecture. I do not think he was a superlatively good colourist, though his hints regarding colour are valuable. He drew remarkably well, as well, in fact, as Leigh, bringing all his anatomical knowledge to bear on his least important work. He was not an advocate of very simple palettes. As a limited vocabulary plainly denotes poverty of ideas, so, argued Parsey, "an exclusive and limited selection of colours is like enthusiasm, a sure mark of an illiberal and confined judgment." There were painters in his day who positively boasted that they only used three colours, blue, red, and yellow. This he considered, and very rightly, pedantic. Indeed, a pedantry so absurd is, in these days, hardly conceivable.

GODFREY TURNER.

ROSE LEAVES.

MR. ALBERT MOORE has done nothing more successful—nothing that seems to fulfil more completely the intention of his decorative yet human pictures—than this elaborately thought-out arrangement. He gives the public rather narrow limits of comparison when they wish to make a choice among his many works. For in almost all of them he compasses, by the same means, the same aim, and perfects the same scheme. The incidents only are various. His art brings within the strictest pictorial limits much, as we have said, that is human, and much that is realistically natural. He is decorative in a sense so exclusive that few painters at any time have had the self-control and courage to limit and confine themselves between boundaries as consistently as he

has done throughout his career. One of his points is apparently to give to accessories an accent and a value which the majority of painters deny them on principle. He does not allow to the human figure and face that predominance in tint and in brilliancy of tone to which we are more or less accustomed in Art. With him the figure is central indeed as regards arrangement, but it is often subordinate to its own draperies as regards interest and importance of colour—subordinate sometimes even to the draperies of the couch on which it lounges. Of course, when we speak of the figure in Mr. Albert Moore's work, we mean the female figure; the public is hardly aware of more than one subject in which he has allowed the intrusion of man.



ROSE LEAVES.

From the Picture by Albert Moore, in the possession of William Connal, jun., Esq.

ART GOSSIP.

THE hanging committee of the Royal Academy this year consists of Messrs. J. E. Hodgson, Frederick Goodall, Luke Fildes, Marcus Stone, J. L. Pearson, and Lumb Stocks.

The income of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution for 1888 amounted to £4,432 18s. 5d.; of this sum £3,065 6s. was subscribed at the annual dinner. During the year £3,726 was distributed among 185 applicants, in sums varying from £10 to £100. Among the recipients were "A painter in water-colours, old age and failing powers, £100;" "A scenic artist and water-colour painter, old age and failing sight, £80;" "A portrait painter, old age and want of employment, £70;" "The widow and family of an animal and landscape painter, assistance towards emigration, £50;" etc. The next annual dinner will be held at the Hôtel Métropole on Saturday, 11th May. The Hon. Secretary, Sir John Millais, Bart., R.A., will be happy to receive the names of gentlemen willing to act as stewards.

The income of the Artist Orphan Fund for 1888 amounted to £1,567 4s. 9d. During the year forty-three children received assistance from the Fund, some of whom have been wholly maintained and educated. The grants during the year amounted to £761 15s.

It is gratifying to learn that the New South Wales Art Gallery is in such a flourishing condition. As showing the rapid increase of the national collection, it may be mentioned

that when the temporary gallery was opened the collection consisted of 44 oil paintings, and 33 water colours, of the value of £11,300, and sculpture and other works of Art to the value of £2,700; making a total of £14,000. It now comprises:—

	£	s.	d.
108 oil paintings	valued at 30,982	16	11
100 water-colour drawings	,, 8,065	10	11
130 works in black and white	,, 1,482	1	2
Collection of autotypes	,, 100	0	0
14 pieces of statuary in marble, etc.	,, 5,154	3	2
Collections of vases and placques	,, 1,202	10	5
Books	,, 79	7	9
	£47,066	10	4

M. Henner has been elected to fill the chair vacated in the Académie des Beaux-Arts by the death of A. Cabanel.

We regret to announce the death of the line engraver, Mr. John Godfrey, at the age of seventy-two, who for many years did excellent work for the *Art Journal*.

The death of Prof. Pettenkofen, of the Austrian Academy, who was born in 1821, is also to be noted. Among his best-known works are 'Volontaires Hongrois' and 'Chevaux devant une Czarda.'

CORRECTION.—In the article on "Ludwig Passini," in the February Number, there is a reference to Anton Werner. The reference should have been to Carl Werner.

SOME SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

AT the present time there is a series of picture shows to be seen with a distinctly enlivening power belonging to them. First and foremost we may mention the Royal Institute as being the temporary resting-place for more fresh and bright productions than are usually to be seen even from the water-colour artist's studio. The collection here is such a feast of brilliant colours, that on entering the galleries one cannot fail to be surprised; and when one comes to examine the component parts, which go to give this brilliance, they are not in themselves by any means too vivid in colouring. There are several lessons to be learnt from the show, one, and not the least important, being that if some artist follows closely in the steps of another, perhaps better-known and thoroughly successful man, it is not wise to allow the public to see any of his imitations until they are capable of being fairly compared with his model's works. There are several cases in point at the Royal Institute of productions which are slavish copies of the artist's methods and work. But to pass from misfortunes to successes—the latter out-balance the former to a great extent—there are some real achievements this year. Mr. Weedon has charmed the critical eye by some admirable

sunny landscapes which take one into the country on some warm day under a clear sky. These really pleasant drawings are full of brightness, perhaps more so than any in the whole collection, and they are carefully executed; the sunny effects are not produced by any of the unfair means which are seen elsewhere. In fact, they have an appearance of innocence which is refreshing to see.

Even a warmer sun than that shining on the peasants in Mr. Weedon's fields is to be felt in Mr. Gregory's charming 'Sound of Oars,' which, among a multitude of admirable effects, shows a wondrously foreshortened figure of a girl in a hammock, and between the spectator and the figure there are some leaves of a tree so brightly expressed, that they seem almost to wave in the wind that will blow on the hottest day.

Brightness in tint is also noticeable in an interesting picture by Mr. Charles Green representing 'Mr. Mantalini and the Brokers,' the well-known episode in one of Charles Dickens's works. The subject is one of the few which are not expressive of content and high spirits in the whole exhibition, and perhaps because of its surroundings it has an uncommon sadness in it. There is a striking amount of study shown by the

representation of expression in the faces of the people in the picture, and one is inclined to linger long in the presence of our familiar friends. One is mentally carried back many years by the style of painting seen in Mr. Bernard Evans's large work 'Knaresboro, Yorkshire.' It brings reminiscences of the handiwork of a dozen artists well known forty years ago. The colours, perhaps, are somewhat too dark, but on the whole Mr. Evans has produced a fine piece of painting.

Mr. Alfred East contributes an airy landscape, with his favourite telegraph post standing in the foreground. This artist seems to make the most simple landscapes appear uncommon, and this, called the 'Waking of the Day,' which shows a low-lying cluster of houses round a church tower, no extraordinary combination, has a light which is subtle to the utmost extent, and is no exception to his general rule of turning commonplace into poetry.

Mr. Thomas Collier sends two admirable landscapes, 'Cutting Gorse' and 'Moor and Mountain,' done in a bold, fresh manner, which is indisputably admirable—full of honesty and thoroughly refreshing—the spectator seems to stand in the clear air of the hills as he looks at these works.

The warmth which is so markedly popular this year with the artists at the Royal Institute is noticeable in the president's single work, 'Beppina,' the portrait of a charming girl, in an old-fashioned costume and a broad-brimmed hat.

There is little unnatural contrast between the picture of the president of the Institute, and the miniatures which are collected in their multitudes at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. In the gallery in Savile Row one may pass a really instructive hour or two, and with instruction one can combine pleasure. Had the specimens been hung in chronological order, perhaps he who ran through them hurriedly might have more easily gathered knowledge as he went; but it is obvious that taking the list of lenders, and the large number of exhibits (two thousand) into consideration, it would have been a labour of the greatest difficulty to put the mass of miniatures into the order of their dates of production, and at the close to replace each owner's gems in the artistic cases in which, as it is, they have been hung.

What fascinating little works of Art are miniatures! who would not like to have his or her portrait done by Cooper, Cosway, or Engleheart? not to mention a dozen other artists whom one might put up with in the absence of the three masters mentioned. Foreign miniaturists never arrived at the perfection of our compatriot painters "in little." There were perhaps four or five Frenchmen who worked with marked success, but we have had a dozen or more.

It is difficult to understand why some of the earliest miniaturists chose bright and hard-coloured blue for a background. It is a tint not becoming to the complexion, but perhaps there was something in its composition which affected the ivory or other substance on which the picture was done, and when it was first applied it may have been of a darker tone, for no artistic eye could have been satisfied with it as it is.

When one mentions ugly colours one may take a long leap from the earliest miniatures down to the work of the latest of the murderers of the art, and be absolutely astounded by the hideous magenta used by some who painted celebrities seventy years ago.

But as a general rule the miniatures are delicate in colouring, and it would be hard to find anywhere a series of more beautiful faces taken from nature than those here on view, done mostly by Petitot, Humphrey, Cosway, and Plimer.

From the list of workmen, whose handiwork is remarkable, no one could omit the excellent Samuel Cooper, but his originals are not all beings of beauty.

But a moment ago we crossed over a great gulf of years, and in leaving the miniatures, as now we must, an even greater gulf of difference in workmanship must be overcome by us, for from the finest work we are hurried into what seems the very heaven of broad handling. The painter-etchers, now for a time possessing themselves of the benefits of light and space afforded by the gallery of the Royal Water Colour Society, have placed their works on view here, and their exhibition is our next place of study.

Here, instead of magnifying-glasses, those that have a diminishing power are more necessary; for it is decidedly the case that etching, when applied to too large surfaces, loses its real value, so noticeable in a small and delicate proof. Etching is a fine peg to hang carelessness on, it seems, and it too opens a wide field for imitations, which, until examination is entered into, appear absolute replicas of well-known masters' work. What we have already remarked about not showing copies until they can be fairly said to be something like their prototypes is very applicable here.

Visitors who come with the intention of seeing the collected works of the president have a pleasure before them. As is always the case with a set of specimens from the hand of a proficient in an art, there is an uncommon interest to be found in tracing the progress and changes in the workmanship of the greater part of a lifetime. And in this before us there are surprising inequalities; the earliest works of Mr. Seymour Haden give but small promise of the triumphs that he has achieved in later life, such as 'Whistler's House, Old Chelsea' and 'Erith Marshes.'

Amongst other noticeable works by painter-etchers are Mr. Strang's set of four portraits. What a pleasing form of likeness is that represented by a proof-etching! How much one would appreciate a friend's portrait given in the shape of one of these! Vandyke's work is shadowed in them, so graceful and determined are they in their execution.

Some admirable etchings by Colonel R. Goff are to be recommended to the attention of the passers-by. That of 'Cannon Street Station' is wonderfully successful both as a view and in workmanship.

Leaving the painter-etchers in their new-found resting-place, on which they are to be congratulated after their somewhat chequered existence, we come to the last opened of the spring collections, that of Messrs. Dowdeswell, where is an exceptionally good loan collection of paintings by a series of modern artists who are called "The Romanticists of the present century." Under this designation many a well-known French and Dutch name is included. Corot is seen to the greatest advantage in the specimens of his work which have been hung here, and J. F. Millet can have painted but few more living figures than those in his picture of 'Woodcutters,' There are some exceedingly good specimens of the productions of Israels, Mauve, and other Dutchmen who have made for themselves an important place in the annals of Dutch Art.

There is one other spring show—that of the lady artists, at the Egyptian Hall "Drawing-room Gallery," but with, perhaps, two dozen exceptions, the generality of the works are not sufficiently interesting even to draw one's attention for a moment. Miss Blanche Jenkins contributes a good picture, 'Little Buttercup,' and on one of the screens—that which is devoted to oil-colour pictures—there is a charming little

sketch, 'Willows,' by Miss Naftel, and two or three tiny, grey-toned figure subjects which are uncommonly pleasant.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY OF IRELAND.—After having had thirty-one exhibitions, the Irish Fine Art Society has been constituted anew, under a fresh name, and with more clearly defined objects in view. The first exhibition in Dublin

under the new *régime* has been successful; not, however, more so than it has deserved to be, for the large collection of water-colour drawings certainly contained few that were below a fairly high standard. Most of the best work was contributed by ladies, as would be anticipated by all who are familiar with the studies by Miss Currie, Miss Rose Barton, Miss O'Hara, and other members of the Society. Miss Currie's trans-



Une Collaboration. By J. L. Gérôme. From "A History of French Painting."

cripts of Irish scenery are always excellent, and the 'Water-Hen's Home,' and 'In a Meadow,' and others in this exhibition were no exception to the rule. Miss Barton's 'Trafalgar Square' doubtless was the best of her numerous contributions, but two large landscapes were full of power. The contributions by the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, two in number, were remarkable inasmuch as Sir Thomas Jones does not often venture upon water-colour, the

larger one, 'Biddy's Admirer,' containing a number of cleverly painted figures. Miss Naftel was modest in her 'Spring's Delights,' a tiny bit charmingly painted; but Mrs. Naftel had sent one of the best paintings in the collection in her 'Hark, hark the Lark,' a study literally aglow with golden light. Mr. Bingham M. Guinness, R.H.A., sent an 'Abbeville Cathedral,' full of delicate colouring. Few of the Academicians, however, contributed any work.

REVIEWS.

IN "A HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING" (London: Sampson Low & Co.) Mrs. C. H. Stranahan compresses within four hundred and ninety-six pages an account of French painting from its earliest to its latest practice. The bulky volume also includes an account of the French Academy of Painting, its salons, schools of instruction and regulations. It pretends to be nothing more than a guide to students beginning their Art course, and as such we give it every welcome. Mrs. Stranahan has spared no pains to insure accuracy in her task. At

the very outset we are confronted with six pages of closely printed authorities. The book is divided into seven chapters—the first dealing with matters to the end of the fifteenth century, while the others lead the reader steadily onward through the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The last chapter consists of two hundred and eighteen pages, which for length probably breaks the record. Early in the book is set down an account of the founding of the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture in 1648, and also some years later of

the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, of which the first two statutes ran—"Twelve young Frenchmen, Catholics, six painters, four sculptors, and two architects, under a painter of the King as Rector, shall be sent to Rome for the benefit of instruction in art for five years, the expense to be paid by the State;" and, "The school being dedicated to virtue, any one blaspheming or deriding religion shall be expelled from its privileges." The scope of the book also embraces an extended bibliography of painters living and dead, which is rendered doubly useful by a carefully compiled index. There are reproductions of sixteen representative paintings, of one of which, 'Une Collaboration,' by Gérôme, we are able to give a representation.

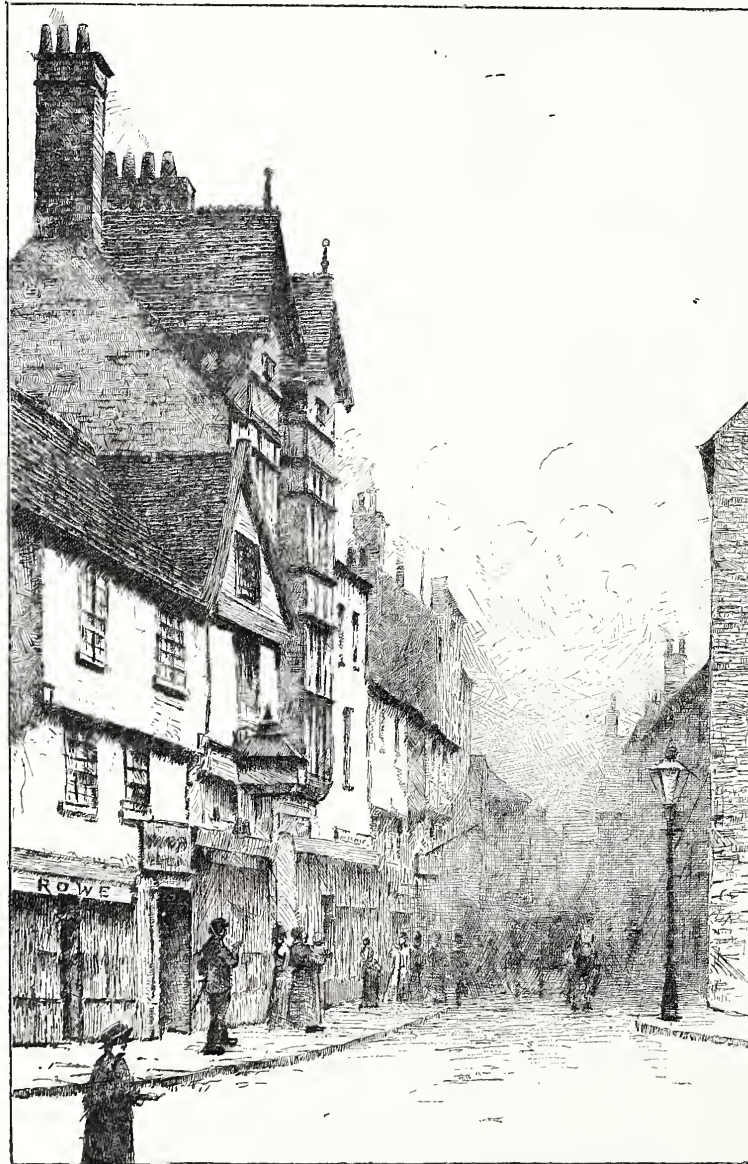
The eighth volume of "THE GRAVEURS DU XIX SIÈCLE" (Conquet: Paris) only carries on this amateur's guide to modern engravings half-way through the alphabet. The present fascicule will be of interest, however, for the English school, for it devotes no less than forty-three pages to the work of Mr. Seymour Haden. That etcher may consider himself singularly fortunate, for only six lines are assigned to Mr. Axel Haig, although a page falls to Mr. Charles Keene's lot. We have only tested the accuracy of the volume in one or two instances, and not with much success; for instance, the most important plate of Mr. F. Joubert's 'Atalanta's Race' is not mentioned.

"Funny anecdotes and amusing legends" were no part of Mr. Charles Lynam's programme in compiling his interesting volume on "THE CHURCH BELLS OF THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD." He was adamant against this temptation in bringing to light the Art work on the old founders, and for this we are dutifully glad. Consequently we have a weighty, clear, and valuable key to all the inscriptions of the church bells in Staffordshire, with over one hundred and thirty lithographic

plates of the inscriptions themselves. Not content with this, Mr. Lynam has also given several pages of illustrations of the towers in which they hang. The inscriptions in many cases are singularly beautiful, and we cannot but feel glad that the workmen who designed these fanciful letterings had not come under the influence of that particular part of Mr. Ruskin's teaching where he says, "If you want an inscription, write it plainly on a broad surface and have done with it; don't expect any decorative effect from it."

Blackie's "MODERN CYCLOPÆDIA," edited by Dr. Annandale (London: Blackie & Son), is a book for the libraries of those who cannot afford the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is printed on good paper and will be complete in eight volumes. The articles are short and to the point, but we cannot see what end is served by illustrations of the nature of a 'Balloon above the Clouds.' We notice that the Bayeux Tapestry, in the article under that title, is ascribed to Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror. We thought this supposition had long been exploded.

NEW ETCHINGS.—Mr. T. Tryhall Rowe is continuing a process prevalent with provincial etchers of perpetuating picturesque scenes in the immediate locality where their habitation is fixed; no better work could be found for such



Parliament Street. From "Etchings of Old Nottingham."

than this, and we accordingly welcome the twelve etchings of Old Nottingham which he has forwarded to us. One of these, 'Parliament Street,' we reproduce. Of the others, four of the originals, 'Ram Yard,' 'Hulse's Yard,' 'Wilford Green,' and 'Trent Bridge,' have already disappeared from the face of the earth.

We have also received from Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Rawle's work on "PRACTICAL PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY." This edition, which is the fifteenth, contains nearly 600 diagrams.



THE ART JOURNAL.

APPROACH TO THE BEALLOCH-NA-BA, APPLECROSS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT.



Sir Joshua Reynolds in his youth. From a medallion portrait by Falconet.

OUR last article related strictly to historical matters. We traced the stream of English Art, we noticed its early tricklings in the miniature line, the affluents from abroad which swelled its volume, until we brought it down to the latter half of the eighteenth century, when it represented an important river, fed from East,

West, North and South by native waters.

In this article, at least at the outset of it, we must request our readers not to think of the course of English Art, or of such a phenomenon as a Royal Academy, but to allow the docile bent of their imaginations to turn indolently and curiously in the direction we would have it go; to mark while we describe an interesting domestic scene which occurred in the little town of Plympton, in Devon, just one hundred and fifty years ago, in the house of the master of the Grammar School, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds. He was from all accounts a worthy man, a good scholar, very guileless, simple, and also absent-minded; did other probabilities coincide, we might consider him

family named Craunch, and his youngest son Joshua, aged sixteen. The occasion is a very solemn one; it relates to nothing less than the choice of a profession for the said youth. The Rev. Samuel inclines toward that of an apothecary, which in those days corresponded to what we call a general practitioner in medicine—a useful, honourable, and lucrative calling; but his mind is much harassed. The boy has been reading a book by a certain Jonathan Richardson, “A Treatise on the Art of Painting,” which has set him dreaming on becoming an artist. He has, moreover, executed a drawing of the arches of Plympton Grammar School, in which he has represented the arches getting smaller and smaller as they do sometimes in nature, and which he learnt the secret of in a curious book called the “Jesuit’s Perspective.” These things appear to his father to be truly wonderful; so much so, that he has taken the trouble to take a long ride to the residence of his trusted friend Mr. Craunch and has invited him to come over and advise on the matter. The worthy man had started on this journey with a new pair of gambadoes, and had returned with only one, having been too preoccu-



The Death of Dido. From the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

to have been the prototype of Fielding’s Parson Adams. Besides him there are present his wife Theophila, a friend of the

pieced to notice the falling off of the other. If history spoke the truth, which it never does, we should probably find that

all through this momentous interview, Mrs. Reynolds was thinking more of her husband's lost gambado than of the prospects of her son, of the future Sir Joshua Reynolds, first president of the Royal Academy of Arts.

In addition to the achievement of the school arcade, the lad had also painted a head in common ship's paints on a boat

A P R I L 1761.	
Appointments.	Occasional Memorandums.
Mon. 27. 9 Mrs. Crane	1 Lady St. Aubyn
10 Mrs. Hunt	2 Mrs. Kelly
11 Lady St. Aubyn	3 Lord Edgcombe
12 Mrs. Smith	
Tue. 9. 1/2 Coll. Maitland	1 Mrs. Baddell
11 Admiral Boscawen	2 Lady St. Aubyn
12 Mrs. Kelly	3
Wed. 10 Mr. Dugdale	1 Lady Caroline Russell
11 Lady St. Aubyn	2 Mrs. Chandy
12 Mrs. Pigot	3 Lady St. Aubyn
Thurs. 10 General Knapp	1 Mrs. Mills
11 Mrs. Hunt	2 Mrs. Smith
12 Capt. Crawford	3 Mrs. Kelly
Fri. [May 1.] Mr. Jones	1 Mrs. Kelly
10 9/2 Lady St. Aubyn	2 Lady St. Aubyn
11 Lady St. Aubyn	3 Mrs. Mudge
12 Mrs. Pigot	
Sat. 10 Coll. Maitland	1 Lord Waldegrave
11 Mrs. Hunt	2 Lady Caroline Russell
12 Mrs. Pigot	3 Lord Gomez
Sun.	

A page from Sir Joshua Reynolds' Diary, April 27 to May 2, 1761.

sail on Cremyll Beach, near Mount Edgcombe, and was always copying the prints in Jacob Gatz' "Book of Emblems," which his paternal grandmother is said to have brought with her from Holland.

The case was put in this fashion. On the one hand there was Mr. Raport, of Plympton, a good apothecary, to whom Mistress Reynolds had been much beholden thirteen times, who would take Joshua and bring him up to the profession; on the other hand he had such a genius, those arches being truly wonderful, it were a pity if some good master could not be found to teach him the art of painting. Mr. Hudson, the reverend gentleman said, was reputed the greatest painter in England now that Kneller was dead, who was a native of Devon also. Upon which young Joshua interposed and delivered himself of the first utterance which has come down to us. "I would rather be an apothecary," he said, "than an ordinary painter, but if I could be bound to an eminent master, I would choose the latter." There is certainly a smack of the father of

English Art in that saying. Mr. Craunch, everybody will be happy to hear, rose quite to the height of the occasion. He decided that as Mr. Hudson was often "to Bideford," Joshua's drawings should be sent to Mr. Cutliffe, the attorney, who was a mutual friend; and if needs were that Joshua himself should journey thither and see the great man; that he (Craunch)—who, thank God, did not want for means—would defray expenses. And so it came to pass that Joshua Reynolds embraced the artist's profession. There is no doubt that the town of Plympton lost a very good apothecary, but as a set-off the world gained a great artist.

Dr. Johnson's definition of genius, as "a mind of large natural powers accidentally determined in some particular direction" applies admirably to the case before us. The accident is incontestable: Joshua was a younger son of a poor man, an opening for him had to be found; they knew so little of Art down in Devon in those days that everything appeared wonderful. Mr. Craunch was a good friend, and a substantial man, who pledged himself to the result, and so it came about. But we may well ask ourselves, in view of the strange phenomena of Art history, the delusive exhibitions of precocious

	Appointments in April, 1760.	MEMORANDUMS, or OBSERVATIONS.
Monday	11 Mrs. Kelly 12 Mrs. Harriet Duke of Dorset 2 Mrs. Boscawen	
Tuesday	9 1/2 Duke of Devonshire 11 Mrs. Northcliffe 2 Mrs. Jones	
Wednesday	12 Mrs. Harriet 3 Duke of Douglas 10 Duke of Dorset.	
Thursday	10 Mr. Hope 1 Lady Molineux 2 Mrs. Jones	
Friday	12 1/2 The Savings Bank 11 Mrs. Northcliffe 2 Mrs. Jones	
Saturday	11 Mrs. Northcliffe 4 Lord Edgcombe	
Sunday	9 King. 10 Mrs. Egl	

A page from Sir Joshua Reynolds' Diary, April 17 to April 23, 1760.

achievement, the splendid imaginative equipments which become abortive, for want probably of some good ballast,

some sound foundation of character—what was there in the early performances of young Reynolds to justify a father and a trusted friend in determining him to the career of Art? Nothing, absolutely nothing. They were right, absolutely and triumphantly right, and we figuratively take off our hats to them, but for all that it was a “fluke.” “The mind of large natural powers” was accidentally determined in a certain direction, and it went the course appointed to it by Nature.

Young Joshua journeyed up to London by stage-coach to begin his life's work under Mr. Hudson. A medallion portrait of him in his youth by Falconet (of which we give a reproduction at the head of this article), represents a countenance of strange beauty, though not by any means conventionally beautiful. The eyes are small, and the upper lip rather long; the general balance of proportions is not, perhaps, of the happiest, the mass of the forehead is small for that of the cheeks, and the nose, though faultlessly straight, hardly asserts itself enough to give an imposing character to the face, which has nevertheless a spiritual charm hard to define; the delicate curve of the forehead,

the arched brow and open eye, the straight nose, the lips rather full but compressed, and the massive chin, combine to produce an impression of gentleness, earnestness, and determination. And he had all those qualities; never was a lad more in earnest and determined to do his best, more open to instruction, or more observant; he paid to trifles the compliment which, at all events so far as they relate to Art, they thoroughly deserve, of considering them important. He seems to have been placid, of an equable temper; and he possessed, moreover, a surprising stock of common sense.

He only stayed two years with Hudson, that is till 1743, and returned to Plympton. In 1745, he was back again in London, painting portraits; in the following year his father died, and he hurried down in time to take his leave of the good man.

This event broke up the household at Plympton. Joshua removed with two unmarried sisters to a house at Plymouth Dock, and three barren years followed. Reynolds had learnt something with Hudson; he had learnt his elements, hard, dry, and cold, as is the manner of such things; and he was now

looking abroad for his “humanities.” Gandy, of Exeter, was the first to satisfy the craving, but only partially.

He was stranded hard and dry at Plymouth Dock; his genius was strictly eclectic, and without material to work upon he could do nothing; so that during three years he seems to have produced little. Things must have looked very unpromising for this earnest young fellow; it might all have ended quite differently, like Waterloo if Blucher had not come up; but in Reynolds' case a Blucher did turn up, in the shape of Commodore Keppel, who put into Plymouth with his squadron to repair damages sustained in a gale.

They met at Mount Edgcumbe, and the “rude and boisterous captain of the sea” was so taken with his modesty, his good sense, and possibly also with that sweet face, handed down to us by Falconet, that he offered him a passage on board his ship the *Centurion* to the Mediterranean. This was the turning-point of Reynolds' life; but for Keppel, but for that opportunity, in all probability Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., would not have been, and many other things besides. It is a long process to trace effects to their causes, we have not time for it; but indubitably amongst



Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. From a mezzotint in the British Museum.

the causes of the glories of English Art is the benevolence of a certain Mr. Craunch, a native of Devon, otherwise unknown to the world. He has already been introduced to our readers as taking part in a certain very important family conference; we now become aware of his presence a second time. He supplied young Joshua with the funds necessary to prosecute his studies abroad; after which act he disappears from history; not, however, without having left his mark upon it; to those who are not fascinated by names and titles, that mark may appear quite as important as if Mr. Craunch had risen in his might and by the terror of that awful name had dispersed thousands on the field of battle.

From this time forth it was all plain sailing; on the 11th May, 1749, H.M.S. *Centurion* weighed anchor, shook out topsails and courses, and bore young Reynolds away to glory.

Rubens was eight years in Italy, Reynolds three. The two great men who looked at Italian Art with the keenest and most appreciative eyes, who were the most completely developed and transformed by it, accomplished the process of education in very unequal periods of time. Reynolds does not appear to have got farther than analyzing sources of effect. The depiction of the 'Marriage of Cana,' by P. Veronese, in his Venetian notebook, is, from this point of view, a most wonderful performance; he made blots of light and shade; he observed and reasoned over all the little trifles which go to build up a picture, and came back passed master in picture-making. Rubens took his tuition differently, and imbibed more of the vital sap of Italian Art; but with him we have at present no concern.

The first pictures exhibited by Reynolds after his return placed him, *nemine contradicente*, at the head of his profession; a tide of patronage set in which never abated; life constantly expanded before him with more captivating show. He first took Sir James Thornhill's house in St. Martin's Lane; thence he moved to No. 5, Great Newport Street; nine years after to Leicester Fields, where he bought a house, now occupied by Messrs. Puttock and Simpson, library auctioneers.

It has been said that the nation is happy which leaves no annals; and the same thing may be said of individuals. After the year 1753 there is nothing to relate of Reynolds. The

student of eighteenth-century literature meets him at every turn. His honest, kindly, genial face seems to beam out through an atmosphere which is not altogether wholesome. At the house of certain Misses Cotterell he makes a casual remark which awakens the esteem of another genuine creature of that forlorn century, Dr. Johnson, and begins a life-long friendship. Edmund Burke, impelled by the force of spiritual affinity, falls in and completes a triumvirate which stands in noble contrast with another that existed two hundred years before in Venice, where a great painter, Tiziano Vecellio, lived constantly in the society of Sansovino and Pietro Aretino.

Through that door in Leicester Fields, or Leicester Square as we now call it, passed all the great, the wise, the good, and the beautiful of the latter half of the eighteenth century—Waldegrave, Pembroke, North, Chatham, Newcastle, Lawrence Sterne, Horace Walpole, Gibbon, Selwyn, Langton, Garrick, Goldsmith, the Wartons, Sheridan, Colman, Barry, Percy, and all the brilliant members of the Turk's Head Club. Those stairs were ascended by the majestic Sidons, by all the loveliest women in the land, with their finery rustling round them; Kitty Fisher tripped up them with her saucy nose upturned, and so did Nelly O'Brien. Joshua Reynolds was an important item in the social life of his time; in 1758 he had one hundred and fifty sitters. When he sat down to dinner with Miss Frances Reynolds, who appears to have been a bad manager, opposite to him, at a table laid for ten, he often had to accommodate fifteen, and there was a general scramble for knives, forks, and plates. There Johnson was wont to eat immoderately, and Burke

often ravished the company with the coruscations of his transcendent wit. All that can be confidently said of Reynolds during the last thirty-nine years of his life, is that he painted a great many pictures, saw a very great deal of society, played hundreds, or more probably thousands, of rubbers of whist, and lost an almost equal number of odd tricks through bad play; that before he died he was vexed by partial blindness, which prevented him from exercising his art; that when life was over, a solemn procession, attended by thousands, followed his remains to St. Paul's; that at a meeting after the funeral Edmund Burke burst into tears, and became inarticulate for

Appointments, Bills due, and Memorandums.		JUNE xxx Days.
Monday 26	10 ² 8:00 Mrs Bradly 10 Knights Hall	Monday 26. Brought forward
Tuesday 27	10 ² paper Hoare 1 ¹ / ₂ paper Hoare	
Wednesday 28	10 ² paper Hoare 9 Mrs Bradly 3 Mrs Angerstein	
Thursday 29	10 ² paper Hoare 5 Lord Campbell	
Friday 30	10 ² 8:00 9 Mrs Hale 8 Mrs Weddell 9 Mrs Day Mrs John K. ...	12 paper 5 -
Saturday 31	1 Mrs Bradly	
Sunday 1	JUNE. 5 Mrs Graham 5 Dilettanti	Carried over

A page from Sir Joshua Reynolds' Diary, May 26 to June 1, 1788.

the only time in his life ; and—that is pretty nearly all there is to relate of Reynolds.

His connection with the Royal Academy, with one short interval, as shall be related later on, lasted for twenty-four years, from 1768 to the time of his death in 1792. During that period he delivered fourteen Discourses *ex cathedra*, to the students, for the most part on the occasion of the distribution of the great prizes, the gold medals and travelling studentships. The first of his orations, to which we alluded in our last article, and which is entitled Discourse I., in the printed edition of his works, was delivered at an inaugural meeting of the newly constituted society ; it related entirely to its management, and the details of its internal economy. Discourse II., which should more appropriately rank as No. I., was delivered to the students on the first occasion of the distribution of prizes on the 11th of December, 1769.

To all men of judgment and culture who were present on that occasion, it must have become at once apparent that a new light had arisen in literature. In this masterly discourse, he passes over the wide domain of Art, characterizes its highest excellencies, and points out what he considers the most profitable system of education. He claims the right of offering some hints to the consideration of his hearers, from—to quote his words—“the long experience I have had, and the increasing assiduity with which I have pursued those studies.” This Discourse, and all the others, give the words of a man who has a thorough practical knowledge of his subject : they give the results of earnest inquiry, diligent observation, and constant reflection, offered to us in short, pithy, epigrammatical and antithetical sentences. The “Discourses” conveys the impression of one of the weightiest books in the language, its style rises at times to eloquence, at others it analyzes minutiae, and there is never the faintest suspicion raised that anything is done for effect : the thoughts seem

to flow naturally and spontaneously from the author’s heart ; they are at times couched in the phraseology of Burke, at others they roll out with something of the ponderous impressiveness of Johnson, but they always belong to Reynolds and to no one else.

There are necessarily many things in this book which a nineteenth-century reader is inclined to cavil at. In the second Discourse, for instance, he points out Lodovico Caracci as the best model for style in painting. Our ancestors in the eighteenth century thought a very great deal of the Bolognese school ; they were educating their taste, and for their own good and that of their successors they stocked their picture galleries as they laid down port wine in their cellars. Full-bodied Guercinos and Caraccis, rich fruity Nymphs and fine tawny Satyrs were considered to be quite the “grands crus.” Time has mellowed these things and given them a fine crust, but they are not very much to the taste of the present generation.

It becomes evident from a careful perusal of the Discourses, that Reynolds never freed himself entirely from the prejudices of his time. In his estimate of the greatest men, of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, he never rose to the point of appreciating them on the score of their truth to Nature : the phantom of the “grand style,” the “gusto grande,” floated ever

before his eyes, and dimmed her true lineaments. He insists upon the ideal treatment of human form ; all objects presented to us by nature, he says, will be found to have blemishes and defects, and the painter by long laborious comparison arrives at the grand style, which consists in building up, out of the most beautiful parts of separate bodies, an ideal or perfect body. But it appears to us in the highest degree inconsequential when he asserts that this perfect form was arrived at by those artists, namely the ancient Greek sculptors, who were “indefatigable in the school of nature,” seeing that this perfect form exists nowhere in nature, but only as an idea in



Sir Joshua Reynolds painting Kitty Fisher.

the mind of the artist; it is utterly independent of study and observation. Nature cannot suggest the perfect form: the artist must first conceive the idea of it and then go to nature to work it out.

There are certain incongruities in Reynolds' Discourses, which were forced upon him by his position as head of an Academy of Arts. Such institutions assume the function of elevating taste and keeping alive the traditions of what is highest and most noble in Art; and it must constantly happen that professors whose own Art, like that of Reynolds, is based upon the closest observation and imitation of nature, are found preaching doctrines which they are extremely careful not to practise. Reynolds' doctrines, in whatever light they may appear to us in the crude sunlit glare of nineteenth-century realism, appeared inefficient and subversive to the doctrinaires of his time. Raphael Mengs, who opined that Raphael Sanzio, his namesake, did not know the ideal, and that his Madonnas if they had been like the 'Daughter of Niobe,' would have been very much better, said that the book by the English Reynolds was likely to lead youth into error, as teaching them superficial principles, the only ones known to the author. Richard Cumberland no doubt made careful note of this piece of impertinence, and when, in his "Anecdotes of Painters in Spain," he found an opportunity for vengeance, he used it after this fashion. Speaking of a picture of the Nativity by the said Raphael Mengs, he says that the painter "exhibits an ineffectual and puisne bambino which looks as if it was painted from a bottle."

Hazlitt has also come forward with a statement of "contradictions" existing in Reynolds' book, such for instance as that students are warned to put no dependence on their own genius, which is a delusive guide, that attentive study of the best examples is the only sure foundation; and on the other hand that all the study in the world is of no avail without taste and genius, which cannot be communicated. There is no denying this impeachment; this contradiction runs through all the fourteen Discourses; it is obviously the result of a peculiar, and we may say very amiable craze of the author, in the pursuit of which he is led into all sorts of impossible and inextricable corners and false positions.

It was an affectation of our good Sir Joshua to deny himself genius, and to attribute his success to industry and perseverance. It is not for us to quarrel with this delusion, if it gave him satisfaction, but it is a gross error on the part of the critic to take him at his word, an error which one of the latest of his critics, M. Chesneau, is inclined to fall into.

Reynolds began by analysis: he was profoundly learned, he had noted everything connected with the construction of pictures, where the strong colours produced the best effect, how many lights should be introduced, and their relative proportions to the mass of shade. He had stored his mind with examples and precedents, had noted even how trivial accessories had been introduced with good effect; and more than that, examples seem to have been necessary to him as a stimulus to invention.

But dozens have done the same; there have been artists no doubt quite as learned, who remained pedants and machinists. In certain of Reynolds' pictures, in a very few amongst the very many, we are too plainly reminded of Titian, L. da Vinci, and Murillo; in the mass of them, all his extensive knowledge and his memory of examples are fused and blended inextricably with his own individuality, so as to constitute a new and living phase of Art, which we know and recognise as that of

Reynolds; and if that is not the result of genius, there is no meaning in the term, or we are arbitrarily restricting that meaning to suit some sectarian purposes. There are, moreover, indisputable gleams in his art of a strange imaginative faculty, the only counterpart to which is to be found in the 'Mona Lisa' of Lionardo da Vinci. The 'Nelly O'Brien' and the 'Strawberry Girl' are conspicuous instances. What do they express? We cannot tell, something that fascinates and haunts us, that we puzzle over and wonder about, that seems to tempt our imaginations into abstruse forbidden regions of speculation. No doubt his great, we may say his only rival, Gainsborough, had qualities which appear more directly spontaneous, and the gift of nature, and which we unhesitatingly ascribe to genius, but there is no denying the aptness of Johnson's definition of "a mind of great natural powers accidentally determined in a particular direction."

The mind of Reynolds was reflective, observant, and extraordinarily tenacious; it never lost grip of anything once acquired. Throughout a long life of unceasing activity he gathered new facts daily, and these were added to the old, mixed up and fermented by a fine imagination, and regulated by an imperturbable common-sense. Reynolds was never led astray by dreams, never beguiled by enthusiasm to attempt the thing beyond his powers; in the very fever-fit of conception he had coolness and presence of mind to turn upon himself, to take stock of his commodity of means, to ask himself, Can I carry this out? how is it to be carried out?

There have been few men like him. Titian conceived things pictorially, he saw the scene before him as a picture, with its tones and colours; Rubens's resources were equal to any strain, his knowledge was astounding, and his temperament was so ardent that, as he has said, his powers seemed to expand with the greatness of the undertaking before him. Reynolds had not equal ardour, his knowledge was less profound than that of Rubens, his imagination far inferior to that of Titian. But he had a fine playful fancy, which called forth Gainsborough's remark, "Damn it, how various he is!" he had a solid fund of judgment and *savoir faire*; he brought his whole mind to bear upon everything he did, and he did everything deliberately and thoroughly; and the result is, he has bequeathed to posterity a legacy of some seven hundred pictures, in which there are few traces of inequality.

His industry was extraordinary. It was a cause of grief to his friend, Dr. Johnson, and a subject of delicate remonstrance, that he would not even rest on Sundays; it is said that his only idle day was that on which he heard of the death of Oliver Goldsmith. The note-books in which he entered his appointments with sitters are preserved in the library of the Royal Academy; there are twenty-seven of them, extending from 1757 to 1790, seven years being missing. They are plain, shabby little volumes, uniformly bound and ruled after the fashion of diaries; they are scrawled thickly with names of his sitters; the paper is bad, the ink has turned brown with age, and the handwriting is villainous; but as we turn the pages over and discern the familiar and illustrious names, the nineteenth century seems to vanish, and we see before us the Court of the Georges, with its atmosphere of plots and intrigues; we hear the rustle of silks and satins, we see the glimmer of gems and of pinchbeck; the whole strange, enigmatical, and laughable world of the eighteenth century rises up before us.

We produce three pages of those note-books in fac-simile. It appears from one of them that Reynolds did not actually

receive the accolade, the investiture of knighthood, till some months after the date of the foundation of the Royal Academy and his election as President, as on the opposite page, facing the entry "The King's Levee," is written "Knighted at St. James's."

In 1759 Kitty Fisher's name appears for the first time. The entry for her next sitting is not in Reynolds' handwriting; it is conjectured to be in her own. That lively young lady had probably been skipping about the room, looking at everything, and finding the note-book had insisted on filling in the next appointment herself. The life of the past has vanished away in "die ewigkeit mid de shnows of winter," as the German said, and we can only faintly repeople it by an effort of imagination. We dimly see the form of this Kitty Fisher, so often painted by Reynolds, flitting about like a phantom in presence of the

great painter, and we have endeavoured in an illustration to give it substance and coherence by connecting it with some concrete realities, some relics of the studio in Leicester Fields which are preserved in the Royal Academy: the chair in which he placed his sitters, his easel and his palette. We represent these things as they might have appeared when Kitty Fisher lounged in the chair doing her level best to look like Cleopatra, with no Antony before her, ready to sacrifice the world of Art for her charms; when the easel held one of his most priceless canvases and the palette was grasped by his mighty hand.

To judge of Reynolds purely as an artist, unbiassed by either national or Academic proclivities, is a perilous and difficult enterprise. If we must venture, we will say that his greatness was not peculiar but cumulative. In composition, using



Sir Joshua Reynolds' Funeral Ticket. By F. Bartolozzi, R.A.

the term as expressing the lifelike and vivid representation of a scene, he was not strong. His 'Dido,' of which we give an illustration, does not impress us with being exhibited exactly the way the thing occurred; it is a picture, and the subject, the actual event, is subservient to pictorial treatment. In drawing he was weak, as he confesses himself: but only weak as compared to the greatest draughtsmen. In chiaroscuro he was admirably dexterous and skilful, but not inventive; he had not explored that realm of mystery and charm like Correggio and Rembrandt. Design and colour were his strongest qualities: in the former he was never wrong, his lines always flow right, his masses are always well balanced, the aspect of his pictures is always imposing; and in colour, though he played on a very limited scale, and used but few tints, he was equally imposing, rich, and sonorous in tone. As an executant he was

masterly and dexterous, but never reached the height of excellence attained by Titian, Velasquez, and Rubens. In no quality, as we have said before, did he transcend. In grace and elegance, in rendering the *naïveté* of children, the unspeakable elegance which is imparted to women by an innocent mind, we might be inclined to concede that triumph to him, had he not been surpassed by his contemporary, Thomas Gainsborough. In every quality of Art others had gone beyond him, but, as it appears to us, none had combined so many qualities, and in such high degree; he surveyed the domain of Art, and as far as he could see in every direction, he tilled and cultivated it till he left no spot barren. If others had penetrated farther on a given line of radius, we think that to Reynolds belongs the glory of being the most complete, all-round painter the world has ever produced.

THE LADY JANE GREY.

THE house of Tudor produced no fairer sample of the sweetest womanhood than the lovely and unfortunate Jane Grey. Her story, one of the saddest in history, is too well known to need repetition here, but on the other hand it may prove of interest if I give some few little-known details concerning her, which are more or less connected with Art. In the first place, there are few more picturesque spots in England than her birthplace, Bradgate, in Leicestershire, a sequestered village, backed by rugged eminences, having fertile and beautiful valleys in the foreground. In the midst of masses of most venerable trees are the remains of the noble mansion of the Greys of Groby. A trout stream steals along the rocks hard by, and on a neighbouring hill stands a solitary tower, called "Old John," or donjon, from which is obtained a view over seven counties. That tower, once upon a time, joined the ancient castle of Ferrers of Groby. Bradgate, Fuller tells us, was a "fair and large place in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign, built principally of red brick, of a square form, with a turret at each corner." It was desolated in the seventeenth century, and very little of it now remains. The tower in which, according to tradition, Jane Grey was born, still looks on the broken walls of her father's splendid palace; and round and about the ruins grow flowers, doubtless descendants of those among which Jane sported in her brief but happy childhood.

"This was thy home, then, gentle Jane,
This thy green solitude : and here
At evening, from thy gleaming pane
Thine eyes watched the dappled deer
(While the soft sun was in its wane)
Browsing beside the brooklet clear.
The brook yet runs, the sun sets now,
The deer still browseth. Where art thou?"

Jane, off and on, passed the first twelve years of her life here, but she was also for a time much in London, in the company of Katherine Parr, after that pretty little woman became queen; and we have a quaint subject for a picture in a scene recorded by Bacon. When this queen imagined—and she was possibly right—that her life was in danger by the artful practices of Gardiner and Wriothesley, she made a sudden resolution to visit the sick King Henry at night in his bedchamber; and as she passed from her own closet down the long corridors of the palace, it was the little Jane Grey who, walking backwards, carried two candles lighted before her Grace.

At Katherine Parr's funeral Jane was chief mourner, her long train being carried by a young nobleman. By the way, this was the first Protestant State funeral ever held in these realms.

Many artists have painted the graceful subject of Jane Grey at her studies under the guidance of the learned Ascham, but there are many other picturesque scenes suggested by a perusal of the State papers and other contemporary journals of the period referring to her which are worthy of a painter's attention. There is the scene in which Lord Thomas Seymour and Parr, Marquis of Northampton, whilst walking up and down the gallery of Durham House, quarrelled with regard to the suitors of Jane, who, hidden in the recess of a window,

overheard their violent and rather brutal language; perhaps a little consoled, however, by Seymour's flattering remark that "Jane was as handsome a lady as any in England." John Ulmer, the learned Swiss student, in the course of the summer of 1550, brought her into correspondence with Bullinger, the famous professor of Zurich. He passed his vacations with Jane Grey and her two sisters, the no less beautiful and eventually unfortunate Katherine and Mary Grey, and in his letters describes her very prettily. "She is learning music and plays sweetly, but, like most of her countrywomen, devotes too much of her time to its practice." And, oh! who would believe it, "dresses splendidly, too splendidly," Ulmer thinks, "for godliness." To Bullinger, in a letter dated April 15th, 1550, he says, "The Lady Jane is fourteen, very pious and accomplished, beyond what can be expressed; to whom I hope shortly to present your book, 'The Holy Marriage of Christians.'" He gave her the book and then writes, "I took the book to the Lady Jane and she will soon acknowledge its receipt in a learned letter in Greek."

At about this time the deceitful Elizabeth Tudor—she who was afterwards good Queen Bess—set herself up as a model of simplicity in dressing to her cousin Jane, and Ulmer is charmed at her modesty. Poor man! could he but have seen in a vision the sixteen hundred wigs and the three thousand gowns Queen Elizabeth left in her wardrobe, perhaps he would have preferred the simple and more open manner of Jane to the exasperating duplicity of which Elizabeth was guilty even at this early period of her career.

In 1555 Jane Grey sends a present of gloves to Mistress Bullinger, and a beautiful ring. Then Princess Mary gives her cousin "Jana Grey" a fine gown richly brocaded with gold, and she holds it up in her hand and says to Roger Ascham and to Aylmer that she must not wear it. "Lady Mary wears such, Madam," says the dame who brought the frock from Mary Tudor. "Nay, nay," returns the Lady Jane, "that were a shame to follow the Lady Mary who has forsaken the Lord God's word, and to leave my Lady Elizabeth who followeth the Lord's word." Verily a quaint scene, one which Aylmer took good care to record in Elizabeth's reign, at a time when doubtless that lady by no means thanked him for reminding her subjects of her puritanical way of dressing in her earlier life.

Luca Cortile, a Venetian visitor to England at this period, tells us that Jane Grey only consented to marry the very handsome young Guildford Dudley, after being literally thrashed into obedience by her heartless mother and unprincipled father. But the marriage, which took place on Whit Sunday, 1553, at Durham House, must have been a very picturesque scene. It was in fact a triple wedding, for on that bright morning Lady Katherine Grey, her sister, was married to Lord Herbert, Earl Pembroke's eldest son, and the Duke of Northumberland's daughter, the Lady Katherine Dudley, to Lord Hastings, the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon. It was a quiet wedding but stately, and was attended of course by the two persons Jane instinctively feared the most on earth, the

Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. One day very shortly after the marriage with young Guildford, for whom Jane now experienced much affection until the last few days of the poor lad's life, Lady Jane Grey herself tells us she was called into the Duchess of Northumberland's closet, her husband being present. Her grace told her "that when it pleased God to call King Edward to His mercy, I ought to have myself in readiness, as I might be required to go to the Tower, since his Majesty has made me his heiress. These words, told me off-hand and without preparation, filled my soul with trouble, and quite stupefied me."

A little later and Lady Jane goes to stay at Chelsea with her mother, and one day she and other damsels go in their boat up the river to Sion House. "When we arrived at Sion I found no person there. But that there came directly afterwards the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Arundel, Huntingdon, and Pembroke, who began to make deferential speeches, bending the knee before me, and their example was followed by several ladies, causing my cheeks to be suffused with blushes. Then came to my greater confusion my mother, the Lady Frances Duchess of Somerset, and

my mother-in-law the Duchess of Northumberland, and did me the same homage. Then came Northumberland himself, as President of the Council, who declared to me the death of the King, and that I was the heir nominated by his Majesty." Surely a rich scene this for a painter in search of a subject. "I swooned, indeed, and lay as dead," the poor lady continues. "I call on these present to bear witness who saw me fall to the ground, weeping piteously, and dolefully lamenting, not mine own insufficiency but the death of the King. The next day as everybody knows I went to the Tower."

Very magnificent was the manner in which Queen Jane, the Seven-days' Queen, went to the Tower on a bright July morning by boat in a state-barge to Westminster Palace from Sion House, and in regal pomp thence to Durham House in the Strand. Here her barges made a stay, and then with increasing splendour she arrived by slow degrees at three o'clock at the Tower. The walking procession of Queen Jane from the landing-place to the Palace of the Tower was long remembered, even in that age of pageants, for its exceeding grandeur. The Lady Frances carried her

train, and Jane wore royal robes and a crown, and walked under a canopy followed by an amazing number of ladies and gentlemen. Young Guildford Dudley was by his wife's side, cap in hand, bowing to the ground whensoever she chose to speak.

From this scene of splendour to the close of her brief life, all is gloom and tears, and these have been often illustrated by great artists, and by no one more exquisitely than by Paul Delaroche. In all the trying scenes which preceded her death on the scaffold, Jane behaved with the noblest dignity and most touching simplicity. There is one scene, however, a

highly dramatic one, which has, if I err not, hitherto escaped the attention of artists. On the eighth day of her royalty, Jane being in her closet, was rudely interrupted by Lord Treasurer Winchester, who came to demand of her the restoration of the Crown jewels, and presented at the same time a list of articles of value said to be missing, and which she was ordered to make good. Jane was stunned by so peremptory a demand, and actually gave up to him the few coins in her possession—amounting in all to four and sixpence of our money.



Lady Jane Grey. Attributed to Luca Penni. In the Spencer Collection at Althorpe.

The portraits of Lady Jane Grey are not numerous, and, even of the few, not one can be considered positively authentic. A very fine picture was attributed to H. Holbein, late in the sixteenth century, since it was engraved by Wyngaerde. It represents a young woman with delicate features, wearing the Tudor horse-shoe head-dress, and, judging by the very rich material of her gown, evidently a lady of high rank. It has many of the characteristics of Mary, but the nose is too straight. If Lady Jane Grey, it certainly was not painted by Holbein, since it is now positively ascertained that he died in London of the plague in 1543, when she was only six years of age. The best description of Jane Grey I have ever met with is one which I transcribed some years ago from a letter in the Genoese Archives. It is by a member of the Guistiniani family, who possibly succeeded Luca Spinola as envoy for the Genoese Republic to the Court of the Tudors. It is an autograph and dated London, 1554. "To-day" (the day and the month are not given, possibly figured on the cover now lost), "I saw Donna Jana *Groi*"—an ingenious Italianization of *Grey*—"walking in a grand procession at the Tower. She is now called Queen, but is not popular, for the hearts of the people are with Mary, the Spanish Queen's daughter. This Jana is very short and thin, but prettily shaped and graceful. She has small features and the nose well-made (*ben fatta ha il naso*), the mouth flexible and very red. The eyebrows arched and darker than her hair, which is nearly red. Her eyes are sparkling and red" (*rossi*—a sort of light hazel which is often noticed with red hair). "I stood so long near her grace that I noticed her colour was good but freckled. When she smiled she showed her teeth, which are white and sharp. In all, a *graciosa persona* and animated. She wore a dress of green velvet stamped with gold, with large sleeves. Her head-dress was a white coif with many jewels. She walked under a canopy, and her husband Guilfo (Guildford) walked by her, dressed all in white and gold; a very tall, strong boy, who paid her much attention. Many ladies followed with noblemen; but this lady is very *heretica* and has never heard Mass, and some great people did not come in the procession on this account."

This hitherto, I believe, unedited account of Jane Grey, certainly corresponds with the presentment of her which is here published, and the original of which is in the possession of Lord Spencer at Althorpe. For generations, according to a venerable tradition, it has been considered a likeness of Jane Grey. Mr. Schaaf, a great authority if ever there was one, is of opinion, however, that it represents Mary Magdalene and is a purely devotional picture. Here I beg leave to differ from him. He says he does not think it likely that Jane Grey, a strict Protestant, would be depicted as reading in an illuminated missal. True, but it was not only missals which were illuminated, and perhaps the demure-looking damsel, who certainly has none of the characteristics of the penitent Magdalene, is really studying one of her favourite Fathers, St. Augustin, for instance, in a costly manuscript of his works. The chalice by her side may indeed be intended for a cup of spikenard, but the other emblems which usually accompany Mary Magdalene, such as the skull and crucifix, are conspicuously absent, and there is no halo round her head to emphasize her saintship. At one time this exquisite picture was attributed to Holbein, whose work it resembles in no particular. Then it was declared the production of the industrious brush of Lucas de Hcere, but this artist certainly never painted it, for he was only born the year of Jane's execution, 1554. A far more probable theory is that we owe so charming a gem to Luca Penni, a pupil of Raphael who worked in England, according to Soprani, until early in the reign of Elizabeth, when he left on account of his religion, and died at Venice in 1565.

Concerning a fine picture which is attributed to Holbein, and which represents a beautiful young woman wearing a broad German hat of violet, richly embroidered with gold and gems, we shall have something to say on a future occasion. It has been frequently engraved, and always as Jane Grey; it is much more probably a portrait of Anne Boleyn. The picture which accompanies this article first became popular in the last century, when it was engraved by Dibben as the frontispiece of the *Decameron*, a work containing no association with the poor little Seven-days' Queen.

RICHARD DAVEY.

APPROACH TO THE BEALLOCH-NA-BA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY H. W. B. DAVIS, R A.

PAINTERS of Scottish scenery are apt to present the hills and glens of their predilection with a perhaps misplaced confidence that the grandiose will be as impressive in a picture as they have felt it to be in nature. The fact is, however, that while ravines and passes, waterfalls and rocks, are inevitably interesting when the tourist comes upon them in their remoteness and their quietness, they have been used so constantly as painters' subjects, that in Art they are liable to be taken for granted. Artists who are interested in scenic scenery would generally do well, therefore, to distrust their own desires, and to deny themselves too much luxury in the matter of natural objects of the romantic order. It is in spite of all this, that Mr. H. W. B. Davis has succeeded with his painting of the high solitary valley that lies between the abrupt hills of Applecross. He has given a greater sense of

space than we are accustomed to from painters of such subjects; and the animation of the beautifully-drawn herd of deer, exchanging signals of their own, gives a certain interest to the scene, while emphasizing its remoteness. He has succeeded, too, in spite of his determination to spare us nothing of the climate, for his landscape is flecked with the unlovely northern mist, caught and torn to shreds and patches by the rocks. Mr. Davis is a cattle painter even more than a landscape painter. Some of his best work has been in the painting of cattle in sunshine—ruffled warm-white coats in the study of which he has achieved effects worthy of an English—a very English—colleague, if not of Troyon, at least of Van Maarke. He has been always, in the character of his work, an Academician of the Academy, belonging especially to the vigorous later days of that institution.

THE TROCADERO MUSEUM.

TO the palaces in which are enshrined the unsurpassed Art treasures of Paris there was added, in 1882, a museum more modest in aspect, and less remarkable for the intrinsic value of its contents; though these are certainly not less useful or less deserving of earnest study than the collec-

tions of any of the famous establishments so familiar to the Art-lover and the tourist.

The position of this new museum on the heights of the Trocadero, somewhat out of the beaten track of the sight-seer and the student, has up to the present time militated



Tympanum of Portal in the Western Façade of Notre-Dame de Paris.

against its usefulness and its popularity. It is not yet as widely known as it deserves to be. However, now—if things go well in the turbulent capital, which our neighbours are fond of styling, not without reason, the Art-centre of the world—all France, and, indeed, all the civilised world, will

again direct their steps to the Champ de Mars and the Trocadero. It is thus certain that taken, as it will be, as one of the retrospective sections of the Exhibition, the most recent of Parisian museums will reveal itself to many persons as a nucleus of first-rate importance, containing unequalled mate-

rials for the study of the finer and more enduring qualities of French Art.

The *Commission des Monuments Historiques*, and chiefly its most ardent spirit, the late Viollet-le-Duc, had long cherished the project of gathering together, either at the Louvre, the Hôtel de Cluny, or the École des Beaux Arts, an historical series of casts from the finest sculptures, both architectural and detached, still remaining, to illustrate the various schools which in an almost unbroken sequence—commencing with the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and ending with our own day—have dowered France with a succession of plastic masterpieces. The intention of the founders was also, as is shown by the full style and title given to the museum—*Musée de Sculpture comparée, appartenant aux divers centres d'art et aux diverses époques*—in the first place, to afford, by juxtaposition, the means of comparing typical specimens of the successive French styles, with the contemporary products of other European schools, and mainly with those of Italy and Germany. Further, it was intended to place in the midst of the chosen specimens of Christian Art so assembled examples of the great schools of sculpture of antiquity, those of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece; taking care, so far as this should be possible, that these last should correspond in their stage of artistic development to, or possess a marked analogy with, the more recent instances to which they were intended to serve both as a commentary and a contrast.

The State shrank from the enormous expense which would have been incurred in the acquisition of a site and the erection of a building adequate to house the vast reproductions which had been planned, and were, indeed, necessary to secure the success of the scheme. Matters progressed no farther until 1879, when the extensive permanent buildings erected on the Trocadero in 1878 to form part of the Universal Exhibition became vacant. It then suddenly dawned upon

the authorities that no better galleries could possibly be devised for the reception and advantageous exhibition of the reproduced sculptures than those which, being already the property, or at least under the control, of the Government, were thus unexpectedly set free. What had previously appeared the Utopian dream of a group of enthusiastic architects and savants, very soon, under these altered conditions, became an accomplished fact. The Museum, arranged upon the basis above indicated, was promptly constituted, and was, on the 28th May, 1882, opened to the public. It has since received important additions, bringing the specimens of the French schools down to the end of the eighteenth century, and filling up important *lacunæ* in the representation of foreign styles.

Viollet-le-Duc's system of drawing analogies, real or fancied, between the great schools of antiquity in their successive steps of development, and the schools of French sculptural Art in those most marked stages which were deemed to represent corresponding or analogous states of progress or expansion, has a certain theoretical fitness and a splendid audacity which evidently captivated France's greatest modern architect and mediævalist. Yet the result of the arrangement, as worked out in accordance with the basis laid down by him, is far from satisfactory or convincing. Indeed, were it not for the reverence shown for the me-

memory of an artist of whom France is justly proud, the scheme of arrangement would long since have been revised, by the elimination of the antique element of the exhibition, which is both unnecessary and singularly insufficient for the purpose of a fair appreciation of analogies and contrasts. The bases of comparison are, be it said with all due respect for the memory of Viollet-le-Duc, in many instances illusory; for he has reasoned *a priori*, assuming that the process of development of architectonic and sculptural Art must necessarily in all countries and under all



Puits de Moïse: by Claux Slutter. From the Gardens of the Chartreuse at Dijon.

circumstances be the same. Thus the Romanesque Art of the eleventh and twelfth centuries—represented by architectural sculptures from Clermont-Ferrand, Angoulême, from St. Trophime at Arles, and a little later on in the twelfth century, by typical sculptures from the cathedrals of Chartres and Paris—is confronted with sculptures of the fourth Egyptian Dynasty, such as those famous specimens of the school of Memphis, the “Cheik-el-Beled” and the “Chephren,” both from the Boulacq Museum, and with fragments of the archaic Greek sculptures of the Æginetan temple of Pallas. In

neither case is the analogy correctly drawn. The Memphite school, of which examples are here brought forward, is one of relatively complete technical attainments, which were at any rate not surpassed by those of the school of any subsequent dynasty; and its style is, further, one revealing the most marked naturalistic tendencies. Archaic Greek sculpture was an art striving by a natural and healthy process of development to attain perfection, while on the other hand Romanesque sculpture in France, as elsewhere, though by no means so wanting in vitality as it was at one time the fashion to assert, was hampered by many of the mechanical traditions which belong to frozen and half-extinct styles. In some districts, as in the Île-de-France, it had grandeur and stability enough to develop into the magnificent idealistic

school of the first half of the thirteenth century; but in some other regions, as is shown by the very important reproductions from the portal of the Eglise de la Madeleine at Vézelay, the plastic representation of the human figure had sunk to the lowest stage of degradation, though, on the other hand, decorative and purely ornamental Art had advanced to a stage of perfection which has rarely been surpassed in later times. It is to be regretted that some specimens of Teutonic Romanesque Art are not given at the Trocadero; for this school of German sculpture, as illustrated by the noble examples to be found at Hildesheim, at Brunswick, and

especially in the early thirteenth-century *Goldne Pforte* at Freiberg, in Saxony, was marked by a dignity, a vitality, and a power of adapting, while maintaining, ancient formulæ, such as hardly distinguished in the same degree the contemporaneous Art of any other European country. The comparison instituted between the epoch of Pericles and that of the thirteenth century, which produced the glorious sculptured compositions now still crowning the Cathedrals of Amiens, Paris, Rheims, and Chartres, is a more just one; but, if made at all, it should have been fairly carried out. Greek Art,

instead of being represented by the one beautiful Caryatid of the Erectheum (from the British Museum), and by the later statue of Mausolus from the same place, should have been illustrated by the Parthenon sculptures. As it is—we say it with bated breath—the masterpieces of Gothic sculpture are in no wise overshadowed by the juxtaposition of these isolated specimens of Greek perfection, but, on the contrary, appear informed with a spiritual majesty with which even they cannot compete. Of this period of the first half of the thirteenth century—when sculpture, as the crowning ornament of architecture, attained a significance, a grandeur, and at the same time a decorative appropriateness, such as had not distinguished it since the great moments of Greek Art in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.—one of the finest creations is assuredly the composition

which adorns the tympanum of the left-hand portal in the western façade of Notre-Dame de Paris. This is divided into three horizontal sections, showing, in the first, prophets and kings of idealised and impersonal aspect, clothed in draperies of simple and noble fold, such as especially distinguished the sculptures of this period; in the middle section a high-relief of the ‘Death of the Virgin;’ and in the apex of the tympanum a ‘Coronation of the Virgin,’ sublime in its unforced simplicity. The awe-inspiring majesty of this typical production of Christian sculpture at its highest asserts itself with irresistible force, notwithstanding the tech-



Balcony, supported by Atlantes, at Toulon: by Pierre Puget.

nical barriers which have evidently restricted within certain limits the representation of movement and expression; perhaps, indeed, it may be said that in this instance the effect has been heightened by these very limitations. Our wonder must be increased when we consider that the work was executed by anonymous craftsmen half a century before Niccolò's Pisano's much-vaunted pulpit in the Baptistery at Pisa, and nearly a century before Giotto's incomparable pictorial inventions at Padua, at Assisi, and in the Florentine church of Sta. Croce. To the same noble period belong many of the fragments from Amiens Cathedral, including the famous 'Beau Christ d'Amiens' which adorns the pier of the central portal, and the not less impressive statue of Saint-Firmin from the left portal of the west front. The magnificent pier and lintel from the Porte St. Honoré of the same church, with the statue known as the 'Vierge Dorée'—the prototype of so many works of the fourteenth century in stone, ivory, and metal—dates from the latter part of the thirteenth century; and here a progression in technical execution and in the animation of the whole, with a marked retrogression, however, in respect of architectural severity and appropriateness, is already to be observed. Starting from this point, the sculpture of the fourteenth and the earlier part of the fifteenth century in France, with all its vivacity and brilliancy of execution, sank into a comparative decadence of style, marked by gross exaggeration in the cast of the draperies, grotesqueness of movement, and grimacing expression. The decadence was for a moment arrested, in the very last years of the fourteenth and first years of the fifteenth century, by one of France's most remarkable sculptors. This was a Burgundian of

Flemish origin, the *imagier* of Philippe le Hardi, Claux Slutter. A complete cast of his masterpiece, the famous 'Puits de Moïse,' from the Chartreuse at Dijon, is here shown. It is a great well-decoration, in the form of a hexagonal Gothic pillar—low in proportion to its width and massiveness—upon each face of which, enshrined in a niche, is the life-size statue of a prophet. The rendering of these rugged northern types reveals an intense individuality, a realistic study of human individuality, such as no Gothic sculpture had hitherto shown in the same degree. We find here much of the heroic yet unflinching realism of a Donatello, much of his vitality and energetic characterization. Be it remembered, however, that this unique work was completed in 1402, when the great Florentine had produced nothing of mark, and when even his older contemporary, the majestic

and innovating Jacopo della Quercia, had hardly emerged from obscurity.

The Trocadero Museum has quite recently obtained a wonderfully successful cast from another of Claux Slutter's works, the elaborate portal of this same Chartreuse at Dijon, with the kneeling effigies of Philippe le Hardi and his consort. Here, while the technical execution is even more remarkable than in the 'Puits de Moïse,' there is made still more evident the struggle between the naturalistic tendencies of the sculptor's art and the trammels imposed by the Gothic frame in which it is set. The Trocadero as yet contains no cast of what is perhaps Slutter's masterpiece, the polychromatic marble tomb of Philippe le Hardi, surmounted by a recumbent effigy of that prince, which is now the chief treasure of the Dijon Museum. This great master left a lasting trace in Burgundian Art, but

to a far less degree affected French schools of sculpture in general; perhaps owing to the exceptional position of the Burgundian capital, which contained almost all his works. His influence is, however, clearly to be traced in the work of a sculptor of a considerably later period, Michel Colomb; who, notwithstanding that his style has some marked characteristics of the Italian Quattrocento, shows in the general scheme and arrangement of his monumental designs the lasting impression made by Burgundian models. As a proof of this influence, we have at the Trocadero a cast of the famous tomb, in white, black, and coloured marbles, of François II. of Brittany, with his second consort, Marguerite de Foix: the original, executed from 1502 to 1507, was in 1817 transported from the Carmelite church at Nantes to the cathedral-church of that city. Here, while the style is distinctively Franco-Italian of the early



Terra-cotta Bust of Robespierre. By Houdon.

Renaissance period, the *ordonnance*, the pose of the recumbent effigies, the decoration of the sarcophagus and the plinth on which it rests, follow in all essentials the type perfected by Slutter in his tomb of Philippe le Hardi already referred to.

It may not appear out of place to remark here on the inexplicable but evidently systematic neglect shown by the South Kensington authorities up to the present time for the great Gothic and early Renaissance schools of sculpture of France. The interesting, if strangely heterogeneous, collection housed in the great halls of the Museum contained, until quite recently, no single specimen of French sculpture earlier than the middle or the latter half of the sixteenth century, which period is sufficiently represented by works of those brilliant artists of the Renaissance in decadence, Jean Goujon and Germain Pilon. There has been now added a

cast of the recumbent figure of Admiral Chabot, by Jean Cousin, in the Louvre, a work of the same period, more sincere if less elegant than the foregoing. It is strange that, with the exceptions above mentioned, no corner should, until two or three months ago, have been found for specimens of the masterpieces of architecture and independent sculpture produced by France in uninterrupted succession from the twelfth century down to our own time, and more especially at a period when Italy had not yet awaked from her long torpor, and other European countries—until the French architects and craftsmen took the lead—were in the bonds of an absolute conventionality. The sixteenth century in France, from the comparative moderation of its beginnings to its ending in the elegant but soulless mannerism derived at second-hand from the art of Parmegiano, is admirably represented at the Trocadero Museum, though there is naturally in this category less that is new to the general public, or so difficult of access, as to acquire the attraction of novelty. Many important fragments of the royal tombs at St. Denis are here reproduced, and can for the first time be studied in a good light and at leisure. Very remarkable, both for technical excellence and for a sympathetic and reverent mode of conception such as did not always characterize the fiery Germain Pilon, are the curious nude effigies of Henri II. and Catherine de Médicis, from their sepulchral monument in the royal abbey-church.

As a specimen of architectural surface decoration in the earlier manner of the French Renaissance—much overloaded with detail, yet still exquisite in style and wonderful in execution—the Rood-screen from Limoges Cathedral is probably without a rival.

It did not appear to the founders of the collection necessary to illustrate very largely the executive skill and somewhat conventional majesty of the *Grand Siècle*, seeing that the Louvre contains many and important original specimens of the masters of that period. Yet we have in this last section of the gallery important reproductions from the decorative sculptures of Versailles and Marly, busts by Coysevox and others, and, above all, that magnificent balcony supported by Caryatides (really Atlantes) from Toulon, which is one of the masterpieces of Pierre Puget, and certainly one of the

noblest and most moderate specimens of the school of Bernini, to which the great sculptor avowedly belonged. It would have been interesting to see, in juxtaposition with this work, the colossal statue—far more exaggerated in conception and more typical of the school—which Puget executed for Sta. Maria di Carignano, at Genoa. The eighteenth century, too, has not been altogether neglected; for we find here reproductions from the works of the Coustous, Bouchardon, Pigalle, Caffieri, and others, and a cast of the colossal St. Bruno, a figure of somewhat academic conventionality, executed for Sta. Maria degli Angeli at Rome, by Houdon. The real genius of this, the greatest French sculptor of his century, is, however, shown in the terra-cotta bust of a young man—in whom some have recognised a youthful Robespierre—the original of which is owned by a living sculptor of high distinction, M. Chapu. The structure and muscular envelopment of the head are established with absolute mastery and precision, while the artist has imparted to his portrait a vitality, a finesse and intensity of characterization which are above praise. The sculptor of the famous 'Voltaire' of the *Comédie Française* has never been at a higher level.

If the admirable reproductions of the Trocadero are taken in conjunction with the *Musée de la Renaissance* and the *Musée de Sculpture Française* at the Louvre, and the study of these collections is further supplemented by an examination of the works of living sculptors brought together at the Luxembourg, an admirable opportunity will have been afforded for passing in review the developments of each successive phase through which the plastic art *par excellence* has passed in France, since it emerged from conventionality into a living reality, sometimes fluctuating, indeed, and showing varying degrees of merit, but never again to be wanting in vitality.

However passionate be the devotion of the student and the artist to the principles and practice of the unapproached Art of Greece—or, it may be, to the noble and unflinching realism of the earlier Italian Renaissance—there are in this art of France lessons to be learnt, examples of noble endeavour and consummate achievement to be considered, which it would be unwise, nay, unworthy, to ignore or to pass by with averted eyes.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

We propose from time to time to draw attention to the condition of Art in the Provinces, and to obtain from trustworthy sources local information on the subject. We commence, therefore, this month with

ART ON TYNESIDE.

THE "Condition-of-Art" question has been much discussed of late in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne. One party, representing the artists and their friends, and speaking through the Report of the Art Union, declares Art in Newcastle to be in a very bad way indeed, and cries out for municipal aid. "Corporation Art galleries," it says, "are the only panacea: see what other towns have done!" Another party, consisting chiefly of those who know very little and care less about Art, and purporting to represent the ratepayers and first principles of municipal government, not to speak of practical sense, protests that Art is not in a bad way at all; that, if

it were, municipal assistance at the expense of the ratepayer would do it no good; that Art must take care of itself, and its promotion rest on voluntary effort. The views of this party are the views of the leading local newspaper, in whose editorial columns they have found forcible expression.

What are the facts? The inquirer is told by the natives that the "people" of Tyneside care nothing for pictures. This is nonsense. The Bewick Club's recent exhibition, comprising nearly seven hundred works, was extended for a week; the Sketching Club has held a *conversazione* and exhibition; at the Central Exchange Art Gallery a number of works are

on view; at the local dealers pictures of the meeting of Wesley and Whitefield at Oxford and Mr. Goodall's 'Susannah' are attracting many sixpences; there are always little crowds round the same dealers' windows, and though they declare that nothing is doing, they contrive to live, and apparently to live well. Furthermore, it has been estimated that there are actually some eight hundred Art students, more or less serious, in Newcastle at this day, which exceeds the number at Glasgow, admittedly a flourishing centre of Art. Obviously, if there were no great interest these things could not be. The popular interest, in short, is beyond question.

But let none imagine that there is also general understanding and sound education. The press (with one exception possibly) and the majority of the leading citizens are curiously indifferent. One of the most influential of the weeklies dismissed the Bewick Club's exhibition—six hundred and seventy-eight picture—in some thirty lines! Then the "criticisms" of local exhibits in one of the most widely circulated papers constitute an almost incredible display of ignorance. This is a sore point with artists and amateurs, who cannot understand why what would not be tolerated in dealing with politics, or even a burglary, should be when pictures are discussed. The press, in these days, is the most powerful educational medium; and this is true of Newcastle as elsewhere. But, taken as a whole, the Newcastle press does not do what it might and should do in explaining and interpreting things artistic.

Another stumbling-block is that the chief exhibition in the district—that organized by the Bewick Club—is comparatively poor in quality, and anything but representative. The show just closed is admitted to have been the best yet held; but though it contained some really excellent water colours, and an interesting demonstration of local ability, it was far from representing English Art to-day. The most remarkable work on the walls was a seascape by Mr. Henry Moore. An old acquaintance of ours, it was never regarded as a first-rate example of the artist's powers; and much the same must be said of the other works by painters of repute which were hung with it. These, moreover, were very few. As a matter of fact, the great mass alike of leading and rising painters were conspicuous by their absence. This is true of the Bewick shows generally, and it is also largely true of the special display of modern work at the Great Exhibition two years ago, where not a single first-rate picture was to be seen. The fact is not one of which a city and district like Newcastle-on-Tyne—so rich, so populous, and so many-sided—can be proud. The practical outcome of it is, that the annual exhibition fails both in popular attraction and in educational value. An exaggerated estimate is inevitably formed of the quality of local work; the hundreds to whom the Bewick show is the only opportunity of pictorial refreshment on anything like a general scale, receive a false impression of what Art means to-day; and while the ideas of the general public advance little if at all, the considerable and increasing number who are able to visit the exhibitions in London, Manchester, Glasgow, and elsewhere, find it impossible to regard local efforts with enthusiasm. They are, indeed, more inclined to pooh-pooh! and not wholly without reason. The Newcastle exhibitions are a long way behind the times.

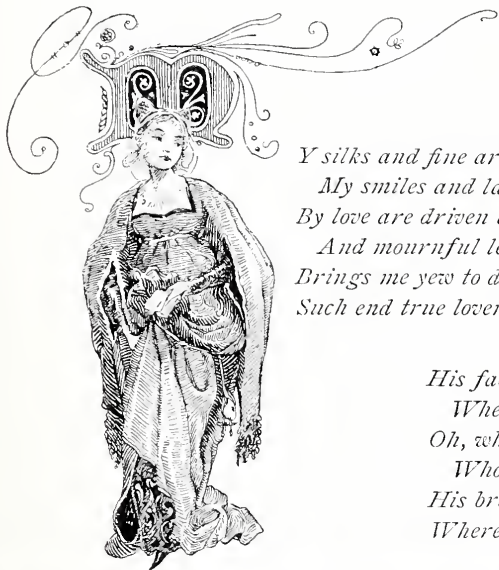
But the press and the exhibitions are not the only disappointing factors. As to direct and practical Art education, there is but little. The Bewick Club's classes are the only means of teaching Art, as distinct from mere drawing, but

the students are comparatively few, and it is doubtful what, if any, principles are expounded there. The Sketching Club can hardly be said to count; for, from the president downwards, it is composed almost wholly of amateurs. Besides, its methods are radically false and bad. The Government schools teach little more than elementary drawing, etc.; in fact, the occupations of the bulk of the population compel the greater part of the drawing taught to be mechanical.

This is not an encouraging prospect, but it is necessary to look facts in the face. Until recently this has not been done in Newcastle as regards Art. It is a pity that the report of the Art Union was so illogical as to mislead most of those who read it. It demanded aid for Art from the rates, and backed its demand with a mass of statistics that showed that in almost every other town where the corporation takes an active part in Art affairs, such action was initiated by and based upon, private munificence, often on a princely scale. This mistake, of course, invited contradiction and opposition; and, naturally, a lion of the local press pounced on the report, and tore the poor thing to pieces. The lion's contention, however, that "it is not fair to saddle a community with a burden in behalf of a cause which numbers of those who are called upon to contribute their share may not have at heart," applies to many things besides a public Art gallery, and it comes rather late in the day. At this rate, the whole South Kensington system is "unfair." So are the school boards; so are the grants for the National Gallery and the British Museum; so, too, to return to Newcastle, is the expenditure on bowling greens and cycling tracks, which "numbers of those who are called upon to contribute their share" neither use nor desire.

However, this question is too large to be adequately discussed at the tail of an article like this. It seems to us that there is much in the complaint of the conductors of the Bewick Club's exhibition, that their efforts to improve the standard of their annual show are severely hampered by the fact that it lacks the prestige and stability which corporation control would give it. Artists send their pictures where they are most likely to be sold, or, failing that, to be seen and intelligently discussed. As things are they can achieve neither the one nor the other at Newcastle, which, consequently, cannot compete with Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other centres where Art is more to the front. A public Art gallery under the corporation would certainly alter that for the better.

The promoters of Art on Tyneside, however, need not lose heart. They have overcome difficulties in the past, and though they have difficulties quite as great before them, there is no reason why they should fail. After all, the Art gallery scheme has never been properly put to the ratepayers, whose decision is at present an unknown quantity. Even if that decision should prove adverse, there must be many wealthy people in the neighbourhood who could do what has been done elsewhere—present the town with the wherewithal to build a creditable gallery. These are only possibilities, it is true, but they are not impossibilities; and, in the meantime, the artistic Novocastrians should buckle-to with renewed zeal and amended methods. The ground they have to work upon is not worse than in other places; on the contrary there is reason to believe it is even better. They have, therefore, only to persist, to achieve ultimately a practical victory: when, perhaps, the local press will awake and do its duty, and Sir Frederick Leighton no longer be able to say, as he did the other day, "Newcastle has done nothing for Art."

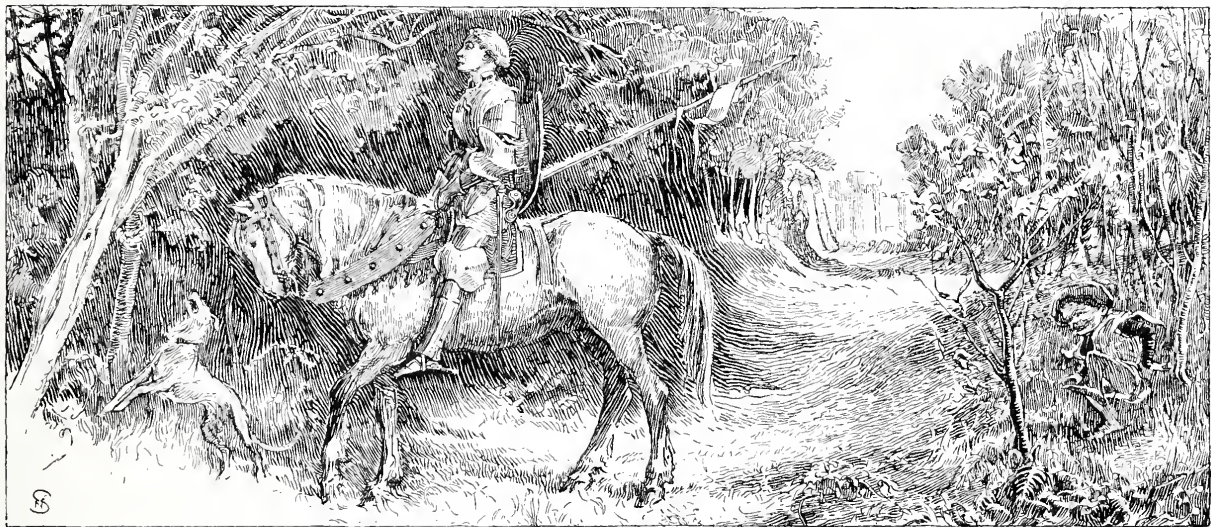


SONG.

*Y silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yet to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.*



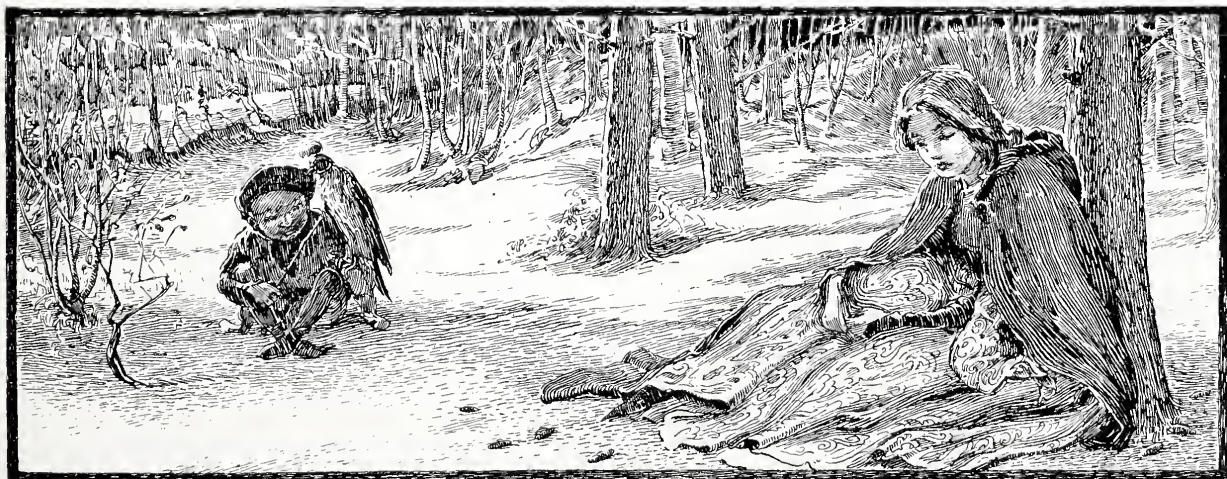
*His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all love's pilgrims come.*



*Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made,*

*Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!*

WILLIAM BLAKE.



BOSCOBEL AND WHITELADIES.

BETWEEN Wolverhampton, the smoky and unlovely "metropolis of the Black Country," and the sleek and listless county town of Stafford, there stretches a wide belt of country which is the perfection of pastoral picturesqueness. The land is full of pleasant lanes and shady highways, their bushy hedges springing from banks of the rich red sandstone. In summer the roads are a glory, sunken coolly, arched with trees, fringed with luxuriant vegetation which contrasts gratefully with the deep umber of the soil. Full, too, the land is of all else that makes the delight of rural England—undulating meadowland and cornland; groves of old trees surrounding towers and spires of the plenteous sandstone; ancient houses, ruddy and gabled, that still shelter the descendants of their makers. A stately stream is the only

the ideals, and the peculiarities of speech of a vanished age. They cling to the soil which they and their ancestors have tilled for a long succession of generations as tenaciously as the families which have owned it, in some cases from the Conquest, in others from even an earlier date. Change is abhorrent to them, and in the district with which I am specially concerned in this paper, the little radius of romantic country which surrounds the antiquated parish of Brewood, there is no higher standard of virtue than doing as your father did.

Around Brewood there is a little world of old families and old houses. The descendants of the actors in what Bishop Coplestone called the "most romantic events in English history" are, most of them, still there. The Giffards still rule at Chillington, the Whitgreaves at Moseley, the land is full of

Penderels and Yates's, and the others, who by their valour and devotion saved "the young man, Charles Stuart," from the block upon which his father's blood was hardly dry. For many days after the fatal 3rd of September, 1651, when Cromwell won Worcester, as on that day three years he had won Dunbar, the straggling market-place of Brewood, with its irregular old houses, and the half-timbered remains of the mediæval Bishops of Lichfield and Coventry, was full of buff-coated and corsleted Roundheads, baffled in their search for the King. Crop-haired warriors, grizzled with years of conflict, stern with the fanaticism which in so brief space had changed the face of Eng-



Ruins of Whiteladies.

pictorial element that lacks. But there are two or three little rivers, and pools, deep and dark, full of great pike and aged carp. And there is a canal with surroundings so wooded and verdant, with embankments so pied with wild flowers, that the unaccustomed beholder is amazed to see how beautiful a canal can be. The men of this region are a sturdy and independent race, much given to archaisms of speech, to worshipping the memory of their grandfathers, and to steadfast belief in legends that were venerable under the Stuarts. For reasons other than its geographical position, Staffordshire has always been a very remote county; and in every corner of it, among the collicies and spoil-banks of the south, upon the bleak moorlands of the north, and in the sequestered hamlets which extend from the centre westwards into Salop, her people have retained the customs, the methods of thought,

land, galloped backwards and forwards into Shropshire, to Shifnal and Albrighton and Madeley. The search was hot, for the scent was strong, and the Man of Belial was known to be hiding close at hand. The house of every Royalist for miles around was searched, the floors sounded, the wainscot hammered with sword-hilts for the tell-tale hollow clang that was never heard; every coppice and hedgerow was beaten; every Roman Catholic—and there were hundreds of them—was browbeaten, threatened, and cajoled. At Shifnal one of the colonels of the Parliament seized a Penderel, and in the certainty that he was privy to the King's concealment, gave him his choice—a thousand pounds in hard cash for betrayal or a pistol bullet for fidelity. The young King was under the man's roof at that instant; and if ever a lie was honest and justified it was the lie that Penderel told. The precise spot of

Charles's refuge was known to a score of people, yet none turned traitor, and although the helmets of the Parliament's cuirassiers once almost brushed the feet of the fugitive, he lived to dictate the tale of his hair-breadth escapes and dogged fidelity to Samuel Pepys one wet Sunday afternoon at Newmarket.

In the gathering dusk of the September evening, when the battle of Worcester was seen to be lost beyond retrieval, Charles II. and the group of peers and country gentlemen who surrounded him, beaten, dispirited, hemmed in by a mob of retreating men and flying horses, began to think of the chances of escape. The King desired to press on to London, which, by dint of hard riding, could perhaps have been reached before news of the battle arrived, but the gentlemen who surrounded him dissuaded him from so rash an attempt, and the party rode away westwards with a vague notion of getting into Scotland. But near Kidderminster the local knowledge of the trooper who was acting as guide failed him, and a hurried consultation

took place between Charles, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Derby, Lord Wilmot (afterwards the too famous Earl of Rochester, and author of the satirical epitaph upon his royal master), and Mr. Charles Giffard. Lord Derby begged the King to secrete himself at Boscobel House, which he had found to be a most secure hiding-place while lying *perdu* after his escape from Wigan. Mr. Giffard, the owner of the house, seconded his entreaties, and offered to conduct the fugitive thither by daylight. The offer was accepted, and the Cavaliers spurred on through the darkness. The dangers and excitement of that night ride must long have remained in the memory even

of the volatile Prince who was then on his way to nine years of exile. Bands of the Roundhead cavalry were known to be in the neighbourhood, and the party might have been surprised at any moment. The towns and villages were ridden through very cautiously, and well it was so, for Stourbridge was garrisoned by a troop of the Parliament's horse, although the fugitives did not know it. No watch seems to have been kept, and shortly after midnight Charles and his friends galloped out into the open country. From Stourbridge onwards there was less reason for apprehension. To one at least of the party—Charles Giffard—the road was thoroughly familiar, and just as day was breaking, the Cavaliers plunged into the mazes of Brewwood Forest, and presently rode up to the gates of Whiteladies, the residence of Humphrey Penderel.

Whiteladies, as it is to-day, although within a few hundred yards of a highway, is one of the most silent and solitary spots that can be imagined. It is reached from the road by a path through a thick plantation, and its ruins stand in stately isola-

tion in a wide meadow. Of the rambling half-timbered house which Charles II. entered in the cold September dawn not a vestige remains; but a portion of the ancient Cistercian Nunnery, built before legal memory began to run, has outlasted the Elizabethan addition. The red sandstone ruins, with their massive buttresses and jagged outline, half-hidden in the ivy which festoons the walls, are exceedingly romantic. The only remnants of the "Cistercian monastery of Brewwood" are the walls of the church, and some fragments of the cloisters; but the loving care with which the ruins have long been tended and their further decay prevented are beyond praise. Not a stone is allowed to become displaced, and access to the interior of the ruins can only be obtained through a carefully guarded gateway, which is an admirable and well-preserved example of bold Norman axe-work in stone. All that remains now of the irregularly-gabled, half-timbered house and of Humphrey Penderel's mill, which adjoined these ruins, is the indistinct outline of the foundations which can



Boscobel House.

be traced upon the turf in hot weather. The roofless area enclosed by the ruins of the Cistercian Priory was long used as a burial-place by the Roman Catholic community of the neighbourhood, and the ground is sown about with tombstones, among them that of Joan Penderel, bearing date 1662, the mother of the heroic five. The cemetery of Whiteladies is a very pleasant resting-place. Its ancient walls are a mass of trailing and twining foliage. Many of the graves are almost hidden by that large-leaved ivy which is never more luxuriant than when it climbs the red sandstone; or by the wild flowers which flourish in the rich soil. The silence and solitude are complete; for all round lie meadow and woodland, and it is only upon the casual arrival of a party of sight-seers that any sound is heard beyond the chirp of the birds or the sigh of the wind in the plantations.

But in the grey of the morning of the 4th of September, 1651, nobody at Whiteladies had leisure or inclination to meditate upon the beauties of the Shropshire border. Every man who

had ridden from Worcester knew that his life was worth very little to him, and that haste and silence were the sole means to safety. The people of the house were stealthily called up, and the fugitives were admitted. The King was kept out of sight as much as possible and, for better security, his wearied horse was stabled in the hall. Every member of the party was hungry and tired out, for they had fought all day and ridden all night; but there was no time for repose, and scarcely leisure to swallow the "sack and biscuits" which were hastily brought to them. Messengers were at once dispatched to Boscobel for William Penderel, and to Hobbal Grange for his brother Richard, and upon their arrival to their care, and that of their brother Humphrey, the King was committed. Richard Penderel, whose house of Hobbal Grange was in the parish of Tong, brought word that Lesley's cavalry, which had deserted from Worcester, where it might have turned the fortune of the day, had formed up on Tong Heath, a very few miles away, and some one suggested that Charles should join this force by way of securing his retreat to Scotland. The young man who had so lately been crowned King of Scots drily replied that he had had enough of Lesley's horse, and that "men who had deserted him when they were in good order would never

stand by him when they were beaten." The resolution to put himself into the hands of the Penderels having been taken, Charles lost no time in disguising himself. He cast aside the Garter, the blue ribbon, his George in diamonds, and his buff coat, gave his watch to Lord Wilmot, and the loose gold in his pockets to the servants; then the royal hair was "disorderly cut off," and his hands and face stained with walnut juice, while he put on a coarse shirt belonging to one of the servants in the house—there was a morsel of it in the Stuart Exhibition—and Richard Penderel's plain green suit and leathern doublet. Then there were hasty leave-takings, and as the King's followers galloped away, some to the scaffold and many to exile, the King himself passed secretly out at a back-door

into a dense wood, called Spring Coppice, between Whiteladies and Boscobel. The cavalcade had not departed more than half an hour when the series of miracles to which Charles owed his life began. Whiteladies was suddenly surrounded by a troop of Roundhead horse, which had been quartered three miles away at Codsall. All through the night couriers from Cromwell had spurred hither and thither carrying news of Charles Stuart's escape, and by noon the next morning all the wide midlands knew of the tragedy of Worcester. The spent troopers, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste," had warned all the Parliamentary forces within a night's ride that a price had been put upon the head of "the Man of Belial." And thus it came about that Colonel Ashenhurst's

men from Codsall were so early on the alert and so narrowly missed making a fine haul.

Forty horsemen do not hang about a house for a couple of hours without leaving some traces of their presence; and Whiteladies that morning received severe treatment from the Roundhead soldiers. It was obvious that fugitives had been there during the night; it was a fair inference from the rapidity of their flight that they were men of distinction well mounted; and it was probably known even so early that the King had taken the direction of Staffordshire.



Norman Doorway, Whiteladies.

There were no hiding-places at Whiteladies; but Colonel Ashenhurst and his men believed otherwise, and the house was narrowly and very roughly searched. Much of the wainscoting was torn down by the troopers in their noble haste; but no fugitive was found. Even the King's finery must have been effectually hidden in the short half-hour between his departure and the arrival of the Roundheads, for no trace of it was discovered. Shortly after Charles and the two or three brothers Penderel had hidden themselves in Spring Coppice, rain began to fall, and there followed a pouring wet day. "The heavens wept bitterly at these calamities," feelingly remarks one of the chroniclers of the escape. Richard Penderel contrived to carry into the wood a blanket, and spreading it upon the

comparatively dry ground beneath the branches of a large tree, the King obtained a seat which must have become considerably less comfortable as the day advanced. Probably the heavy rain damped the ardour of pursuit, since Charles appears not to have been disturbed during that wet and weary time. After a day spent in battle, a night in flight, and a second day under conditions which were at least exceedingly rheumatic, the King was condemned to another night of wandering. Under cover of the darkness he made an attempt to escape into Wales. He first accompanied Richard Penderel to his house

of Hobbal Grange, which, cut up into cottages, still exists. There he was still further disguised; and then the King and his faithful henchman—not the ignorant woodcutter of school histories, but a substantial yeoman of sufficient family to be described by the lawyers as “gentleman”—set off towards the Severn. The notion which had been forming in the King’s mind as he lay, wet and miserable in the wood, was, as he told Pepys in 1680, “to get over the Severn into Wales, and so to get either to Swansea or some other of the sea towns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way

as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking.” They had not gone very far before the pair had a great fright. Richard Penderel had enjoined upon the King that, as he had not the accent of the country, he was not to answer if he was challenged. When they reached Evelith Mill—it was then midnight and a black night—they saw the miller standing at his open door in his floury clothes, and heard voices from within. Catching their footsteps, the miller exclaimed, “Who goes there?” “Neighbours going home,” was the diplomatic answer. “If you be neighbours stop, or I will knock you down,” was the miller’s command. The

situation was too dangerous for parley, and the fugitive and his guide took to their heels. The miller and the people in the house, whom the runaways took to be soldiers of the Parliament, pursued them for a short distance; but the chase was given up in a few minutes. It afterwards appeared that the miller had with him a party of Royalists, and that they had taken the King and Penderel for Roundhead spies. When Madeley was reached, Charles hid himself in a field behind a hedge, while Richard Penderel sounded a Royalist gentleman named Wolfe as to his willingness to hide “a person of

quality.” Cautious Mr. Wolfe thought the risk was too great; “He would not venture his neck for any man unless it was the King himself.” So Richard made a bold adventure, and discovered the rank of the Cavalier lying hidden behind the hedge. Wolfe dared not hide him in any one of his secret chambers, for his house had been searched, and all the hiding places discovered. So Charles remained in a barn at the rear, concealed behind stacks of corn and trusses of hay. That night and all the next day the two fugitives lay in retirement. Towards evening a son of Mr. Wolfe’s, who had been held prisoner at Shrewsbury, re-

turned home, bringing news that the Severn was strictly guarded. All hope of getting into Wales was thereupon abandoned, and the King determined to return to Boscobel. As soon as it was dark they set out, and to avoid Evelith Mill and the inquisitive miller they forded the little river. Footsore and weary, they returned to Boscobel Wood shortly before dawn on the morning of the 6th of September. Richard Penderel left Charles in a coppice and went into Boscobel House, the residence of his mother and three of his brothers, to learn if the neighbourhood was safe. There he found Colonel William Careless, who, as the



The Royal Oak.

earliest chronicler of the King's wanderings quaintly puts it, "had seen, not the last man born, but the last man killed at Worcester." Careless, whose patrimonial house at Broomhall still stands, three or four miles away at Brewood, was a well-known Cavalier, and Richard Penderel at once told him that the King was in the wood. Together they joined the weary fugitive and accompanied him into the house, which Charles now entered for the first time, although it had from the beginning been designed as his place of refuge.

The very name of Boscobel, like that of Whiteladies, seems to be full of romantic possibilities. When that good knight, Sir Basil Brooke of Madeley, with the liquid syllables of Italy still ringing in his ears, suggested to his cousin, John Giffard, that the hunting-lodge he had just built in the thick of Brewood Forest should be called Boscobel, as an Anglicised diminutive of *bosco bello*, he was no doubt conscious of a graceful fancy. But he could not foresee how well the name would grace the future history of the house. The appropriateness of the name is not so obvious now as it was three centuries ago, when Boscobel was built. Then it was completely surrounded by the forest in which King John had hunted, and wherein the Mercian prelates, stealing a little time from the cares of their bishop-stool at Lichfield, chased the wild boar beneath the oaks. The seclusion of the house was so complete that its existence is said to have been known only to a few friends of the Giffards in the immediate neighbourhood. Built ostensibly as a hunting-lodge, Boscobel was primarily intended as an asylum for seminary priests, who, throughout the reign of Elizabeth, were hunted down with persevering fervour by the Protestant agents of Her Grace. It still contains two, and originally probably contained three or four, secret chambers, or "priests' holes," which were no doubt pretty constantly occupied. It seems amazing now, when a high road passes within a few yards of the house, that it should ever have been thought of as a place of concealment, and it is very difficult to believe that it can have been so sequestered that its existence was generally unknown. But the nearest house is still half a mile away, and the population of the district has always been very scanty. Boscobel is the very exemplar of the picturesque—half-timbered, long and low, rich in gables, apparently small, but fairly roomy. In the handsome oak parlour, wainscoted from floor to ceiling, Charles hurriedly breakfasted on the morning of the 6th of September. Neither that room nor any other has been touched from then to now, save that the altar has disappeared from the little chapel, and that the panelling has been painted. The house contains nothing that is very curious. There is a portrait of Charles II. by an unnamed and not very consummate artist, in the dining-room; and a modern reproduction on porcelain of an old portrait of Dame Joan Penderel. The original was bought for a song at a furniture sale at Broseley, the little Worcestershire town which sends us churchwarden pipes, the dearest delight of the contemplative smoker. It had been used as a fire-screen and was so exceedingly dirty that it was seen to be a not very informing picture. When it was cleaned it was found to bear the legend "Dame Penderel, Anno. Dom. 1662." The elderly mother of the five stout sons—not to count the sixth who died at Edge Hill—holds to her heart a red rose as an emblem of her fidelity. A portrait of Cromwell from the wall of the pretty little panelled Oratory smiles grimly at a massive oaken coffer, the lid carved by some loyal woodworker of the Restoration with the King and Colonel Careless in the oak. At the top of the house, in

the Cheese Room, is reverently kept the spinning wheel at which the most faithful of women, Joan Penderel, is reputed to have spun the Boscobel linen. Sir T. W. Evans and his family, who have possessed the house since 1812, have cared for it most diligently, and have even arranged the formal box-edged garden exactly as it was at the Restoration, down to the very pattern of the summer arbour on a knoll, where the King sat reading.

After their hasty refreshment, Charles and Colonel Careless went into Boscobel Wood and concealed themselves in the upper branches of a huge oak which, having been polled, had grown out very bushy at the top. The resting-place was uncomfortable but reasonably secure, and with his head upon a cushion resting on Careless's knees the King was able to doze a little. That must have been the most anxious day of the forty-one that Charles was wandering. At least once he and Careless saw the Roundhead patrols searching the neighbouring covert; and the certainty that the slightest sound or movement would discover them, surely kept their nerves at high tension. But at last the dreadful day, full of nightmares and alarms, faded into dusk, and behind bolted doors and shrouded windows the King and his faithful friends ate a hearty supper. That night, the young monarch, footsore and exhausted, slept in the secret chamber beside the "Squire's bedroom." A sliding panel in the wall revealed a little closet. In the floor was a secret trap, and in the tiny apartment (five feet square) below the Merry Monarch slept as best he might. This hiding-place is in the thickness of the enormous chimney seen to the right—or as artists would say to the left—in Mr. Bloomer's drawing, and it had a secret door leading directly into the garden. In another priests' hole, smaller and less artfully dissimulated in the Cheese Room at the top of the house, Colonel Careless slept. His slumbers, unless his limbs were more elastic than those of modern men, cannot have been very sound, since a crouching posture is the only one possible. The air, too, must have been stifling; for there is not a crevice for ventilation. But when he crawled out of his hole the next morning (it was Sunday) the Colonel, if he cared for scenery, perhaps found some consolation. For, from the window of the Cheese Room you may see into seven counties. Boscobel stands high and bleak. But that morning Careless's vision seems to have strayed no farther than the nearest sheepfold. With his dagger he killed the best wether, and with the help of William Penderel carried it into the house. Some collops were cut from this exceedingly badly-hung meat; Charles gleefully cooked them himself, and there was quite a joyous breakfast party. The day was free from alarms and for some time the King read peacefully in the before-mentioned summer arbour, within a yard or two of the concealed door of his hiding-place. But towards evening it was discovered that the fugitive had been traced to Whiteladies. Suspicion was certain soon to be concentrated upon Boscobel, and it was decided that the King should stay there no longer. Lord Wilmot had found an asylum at Moseley Hall, the seat of Mr. Whitgreave, some eight miles away, and it was arranged that Charles should join him there. After dark the King mounted Humphrey Penderel's horse, and under guard of the five brothers and Yates, their brother-in-law, jogged off. He complained that the rough motion of the mill-horse jolted him. "You cannot blame him for going heavily," retorted my ancestor Humphrey, who seems to have been the wit of the family, "since he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back." A representation of that dangerous night march is carved upon

the marble fireplace in the dining-room at Boscobel. Charles's tall figure must have looked amazingly grotesque in a greasy steeple-crowned hat, a threadbare green coat and breeches; "an old sweaty leathern doublet," and dirty flannel stockings. His shoes, slashed for ease, were full of gravel, and he had little rolls of paper between his toes, to keep them from galling. At Moseley the party was warmly received by Mr. Whitgreave and Lord Wilmot, and Charles had his blistered feet washed by that Father Huddleston who, thirty-four years later, was to give him extreme unction upon his death-bed. Monday and Tuesday Charles spent in that picturesque old house, which still stands and (it is good to know) is still in the possession of the descendants of loyal Mr. Whitgreave. Part of the time he passed in boasting about what he would do if he had 10,000 men and in reading Turberville's "Catechism of Christian Doctrine," an improving book, which we will hope was not wasted upon the royal reader. During Tuesday a parcel of Roundhead soldiery, under "Southall, the priest-catcher," prepared to search Moseley Hall, Mr. Whitgreave's sympathies being notorious in the county-side. He was suspected of having been at Worcester himself; but he was in ill-health and plainly showed it and so was not molested. At the first alarm the King betook himself to a secret chamber. That night he went to Bentley Hall to be transformed from Will Jones, the Boscobel Woodman, into Will Jackson, the footman of Mistress Jane Lane, whom he accompanied on her journey to Bristol.

The subsequent adventures of the wandering King were far away from Boscobel in the west and south of England. But it was at Boscobel that he was in the most imminent danger; and he never forgot that he owed his life to the devotion and discretion of the Penderels, whom he rewarded right royally when he came to his own again. Almost literally they were clothed in purple and fine linen, and called "cousin." Each

of the five brothers was granted a perpetual pension; many of their children were set up in life by Charles; he gave them rings and other mementoes of the troubles through which they had passed together; made them gentlemen of coat armour; and commanded them to pay their duty to him once a year at Whitehall. Richard Penderel, who had a nice knack of expenditure, died a poor man, leaving his younger son unprovided for, and under the necessity of petitioning the ever friendly Charles for "some settlement" upon him. Richard is buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields beneath a great tomb that is not in the best of repair. Most of the persons who were of real service in aiding the most historic of all escapes were rewarded in one way or another. Charles II. may have been a selfish monarch; but he at least had the gratitude which is commonly the last virtue one looks for in a prince.

Charles is said to have visited Boscobel shortly after his restoration; but I do not think he did. If he had gone back he would probably have looked in vain for the royal oak, which was speedily cut up into walking-sticks and snuff-boxes. The tree which now bears that historic name is probably a descendant; but its claims to have hidden the King who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, are effectually disposed of by the fact that it has never been polled, whereas Charles himself told Pepys that his oak "had been lopped some three or four years before." That the Royal Oak should have been cut up for mementoes was natural enough, since the events which happened at Boscobel have never been matched in history. The whole story of Charles's wanderings is more marvellous than romance. To the men of the Restoration it must, when they first knew it, have read like a fairy tale; and indeed, a pamphleteer of the time thought that "Read on and wonder," was the best preface he could put to the brave tale of peril and fidelity.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

EL CIGARILLO.

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN PHILLIP.

JOHN PHILLIP died before naturalism had given travellers courage to take a blank but receptive mind abroad with them. Artists, especially in his day, journeyed in search of the picturesque; and when the picturesque did not fully satisfy their preconceptions they went to the assistance of the facts. All the delicacies of observation were missed, all those accidents which must be watched for and taken by surprise, and which are not to be pre-imagined. On the other hand, an ideal dear to the ordinary imagination was flattered, and perhaps a certain dignity, consisting in aloofness from the most familiar things, and claimed by critics of old as a property of Art, was retained. We, of a later time, are willing to abandon that dignity for even historic Art; *genre* and landscape, most of us are agreed, are infinitely better without it. And Phillip, for his day, was almost a realist. True, he went to Spain resolved to see and to paint a Spain of duennas and love letters, of black lace flounces and muleteers; but he

remained to enjoy, in part, a Spain of incidents and accidents, of unexpected character, of the dimmed and dusty shabbiness which, in the most gorgeous countries and those most gilded by the sun, is after all the rule, the habit, and the normal condition of the majority. In part, we say, for only by chance was this humble truth of things allowed to compromise his pre-elected picturesqueness. But whether he painted or did not paint with all the sincerity which makes so large a part of the charm of modern Art, he used a technique which amid the work of his contemporaries looked singularly noble and rich. Colour at once graver and more brilliant than was usual in England in the middle of the century also gave to his work a distinction all its own. In 'El Cigarillo' the beauty of the smoker wears that characteristic look of tragedy which the Spanish eyes give to trivial occupations and a vacant mind. In few of Phillip's many studies of Spaniards has he presented a fairer face.



EL CIGARILLO—TAKING A QUIET WHIFF.

From the Picture by John Phillip, in the possession of Holbrook Gaskell, Esq.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CONSIDERING that as each year comes round the Royal Academy finds a fresh brood of fledgling galleries busily engaged in an endeavour to waylay works of merit on the road to its portals, and to seduce their owners from the right way by specious promises of a certainty of good hanging and of sale, it is remarkable that the older institution holds its own so easily amongst picture exhibitions. The charm, the notoriety, and the value of a good position upon its walls, have still a fascination for the artist which outweighs all other allurements. The proprietors of fine galleries may throw aside their exclusiveness, and go cap in hand to him, they may open up fresh rooms and array them heavily in gilt, but the Academy, pursuing the even tenor of its way, maintains a high level of excellence that the others cannot attain to, or even approach. All this is specially noteworthy this year, for so inferior a collection of pictures has never been seen at the Grosvenor, whilst at the New Gallery there is a large mass of works which would never have found entrance to the Academy, and some of which would hardly have been admitted to a provincial exhibition.

Artists all tell the same tale, that year by year the standard of admittance to a place on the Academy walls rises higher, and no one can gainsay this. Much of this is undoubtedly due to the cycle of lean years through which we have been passing. In the seventies it was sufficient for a large body of artists to cover a canvas with paint, and it was at once disposed of at a fancy price. Nowadays, when buyers are not only fewer but more discriminating, it requires education, talent, and thought to be all bestowed, or the picture may as well have remained unpainted.

The statistics of exhibits at the Royal Academy Exhibitions of the past three years are as follows:—

	1889	1888	1887
Members' works exhibited	189	177	171
Non-members' works exhibited	2,007	1,900	1,775
	2,196	2,077	1,946
Made up as follows:—			
		1889	1888
Oil paintings		1,264	1,163
Water colours 301, and miniatures 111		412	411
Architectural drawings		200	221
Engravings, etc.		138	145
Sculpture		182	137
		2,196	2,077

It will thus be seen that whilst the number of works for which space has been found has been augmented in each year, this has not been the case with those of the Academicians. There are some who are never tired of venting their ill-humour upon this body, in statements which are quite devoid of truth when they come to be tested. Prominent amongst such is the oft-reiterated one that the Academicians retain to themselves not only the best but the largest part of the walls. The above statistics go to show that 70 Academicians send an average of less than 3 pictures each, and were one or two of the portrait painters excluded, such as Professor Herkomer

and Mr. Oules, who send their limit of 8 each, and Mr. Macbeth with 7 (of which 4 are etchings), the average would be much lower, for there are no less than 19 who contribute but one, and 11 two works. This moderation and restraint in the case of men who have earned, by long years of toil and by their peers' assent, the right to a large space on the walls, speaks volumes in their favour.

GALLERY I.

The first picture which will be encountered by those who take the galleries in numerical succession, will speak to them of Spring, but of a season which a very small percentage will have been fortunate enough to enjoy on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is a time of roses with the ruddy girl who, in Miss ELLEN MONTALBA's picture, 'On the Riviera' (4), greets us with a *secchio* full to overflowing of the flowers which in those parts Nature is so prodigal of even through the winter months. The rich colour of this, the first picture on the line, injuriously affects the purples of Mr. COLIN HUNTER'S 'Baiters' (5), a low-toned work, which hangs between it and a sketch of 'Roses and Violets' (11), which Miss HAVERS sends as the result of six months' study in Paris.

Mr. LOGSDAIL, in 'Sunday in the City' (18), takes us again to a city church—this time to St. Paul's, at the close of service, when the congregation is dispersing. The artist's work last year was commented upon for the purples which prevailed throughout, but that he sees these in Nature is evident, for they are intensified in the work before us.

The actual centre of the south wall in this first gallery is occupied by 'Leading the Flock: Early Morning, Cairo,' F. GOODALL, R.A. (26), a picture of little interest to those who are familiar with better work by the same hand. Flanking it are two canvases by the President; to the left, a 'Sibyl' (25), singularly elegant in design and form of limb: the eyes gaze into futurity over the head of the spectator: luscious purple robes, a golden censer and yellow rolls and gauze complete a composition harmonious in every respect. 'Invocation' (31), the companion, is conceived in a much lighter and more delicate scale of colouring; a white-robed priestess holding aloft her arms, carries with them a portion of the white diaphanous robe with which she is clothed. She stands before a column on which is placed a golden statuette, to which she pleads. These two works are fittingly placed in the entrance room, for they afford an elevated impression of the collection at the outset.

On either side of Sir Frederick's pictures are two of Mr. HOOK'S landscapes, which will undoubtedly maintain the impression just alluded to. The first, 'The Sea-Raker' (19), shows a brawny fisher-lass on a wave-lipped shore. The other, 'The Fowler's Pool' (32), is an admirably rendered marshy mere at the edge of a slaty cliff. Its surface reflects a white belt of clouds figured beyond a dark-hued sea. Some ducks fly off, leaving comrades in a death agony, received at the hands of a fowler, who scales a wall, delighted at his prowess.

From 'A Yachting Souvenir' (39) of Mr. E. ARMITAGE, R.A., which shows a lunch in mid-Channel under difficulties,

we pass to a rough sea (50) of Mr. HENRY MOORE, A.R.A., entitled 'As when the Sun doth light a Storm.' Pictures of Mr. Moore's have so often been described as his finest that we hesitate before this. All we can say is, that whilst each year it seems as if this artist could not paint the sea with greater vigour, freshness, and truth, this is being constantly falsified by a forward march in every respect. This picture and others to be hereafter noticed, testify to this.

The north wall of the first gallery is by no means so strongly occupied as the southern. The central picture, by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, 'Murthly Water' (74), cannot be counted as a success; it lacks in colour and composition, whilst little care seems to have been bestowed upon details; for instance, the fish and foreground accessories, on which the painter would have at one time lovingly dwelt. Of the two portraits which flank it, 'John Jaffray, Esq.' (73), by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. and 'John Scott, Esq.' (80), by W. W. OULESS, R.A., the latter is decidedly the best. All our portrait painters seem this year minded to paint in that broader key which we owe to Sir John Millais, and in the case of Mr. Oules it is a decided gain.

The system of balancing is pursued in the pictures which hang on the outer side of the last-named portraits. Here we have two dealing with the sea, 'The Surrender' (67), by Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A., and 'The Phantom Ship' (81), by Mr. W. L. WYLLIE. The subject of the picture of the recently-elected Associate is a good but a terribly difficult one. The illumination of sun, moon, stars, lightning, and ships' lights of various hues is attempted, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the result is not satisfactory: in some places the work appears laboured, in others, for instance the towing-boat, patently incomplete. Nor can we bestow a higher meed of praise upon Mr. Lucas's work. The 'Fiery Drake,' whose name was enough to bring the Spaniard post-haste on the deck of his vessel bent on surrender, is a timid, nervous, bandy-legged man, and his followers are the veriest supers, who look as if they had no stomach whatever for fighting. Nor do the attendants of Pedro de Valdez, the Spanish admiral, seem to feel at all their hazardous position.

The northern part of this room is completed by 'Overlooking the Lock' (55), by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.; a second-rate FALERO DIDO (56), which it is hoped was only hung from courtesy and was not for the instruction of British students; an EDWIN LONG, R.A., 'Alethe' (66); 'The Knight's Farewell' (82), E. CROFTS, A.R.A.; 'H. H. Gibbs, Esq.' (87), by T. C. GOTCH; an example of JOSEPH CLARK'S; a brightly-hued 'Carmen' (96), by VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A., and a small HENRY MOORE.

To these may be added 'Sir H. Roscoe' (30), H. HERKOMER; and 'Mrs. Geiger' (68), by W. LOMAS.

GALLERY II.

The most notable feature here is undoubtedly 'The Passing of Arthur' (150), by FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A. The moment selected is when the barque which contains the great king, "whose end draws nigh," is putting off from shore, and

*"All the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three queens with crowns of gold."*

Mr. Dicksee has produced a most impressive picture, not having been afraid to veil his figures in the dusk, or of the indistinctness of feature which should be the rule, even in the brightest moonlight. The weak point of the composition appears to us the face of the principal figure, which is too effemi-

nate and young for an ideal Arthur who "like a shattered column lay," and too orderly for one "whose curls were parched with dust, and clotted into points."

Taking the works here in their numerical order, the first to notice is one of those portrait sketches which French artists are so fond of giving to their friends. This one has been presented 'To my Friend Henschel,' by JOHN S. SARGENT. 'The Bowl of Roses' (103), by H. FANTIN LATOUR, with its companion, 'A Posey' (194), which hangs on the other side of the door, deserve places where their beauty can be better studied. The foreign element is conspicuous this year by its absence, which is not remarkable considering the treatment they usually receive at the hands of the Academy, and which does not appear to have been materially different in this to other years.

Mr. LESLIE, R.A., is not happy in his delineation of a 'Berkshire Mill Stream' (107), which is noticeable principally for the monotony of its greens and reds; 'Sweet Violets' (113), by T. F. DICKSEE, is a lovely model, the perfection of cleanliness, illustrating the worn-out subject of a street flower-seller. So, too, Mr. VAL DAVIS'S 'A Quiet Haunt' (116), smacks too much of a studio composition, but his swans are undeniably well painted.

We are glad to see that Mr. SANT, in his portrait of 'Mrs. Dixon' (112), and in his other exhibits, shows a return to much of his old form, which has been lacking of late. The picture of Mr. BOUGHTON, which occupies the place where last year hung his very successful 'Isle of Wight' landscape, will do his fame no good. The figures are ill-disposed on the canvas and the colour throughout is raw and disagreeable. The technique of Mr. MOUAT LOUDAN'S 'Portrait of Dorothy, daughter of J. W. Wren, Esq.' (120), recalls Mr. Whistler too much to satisfy those who look for originality from this artist. Mr. OULESS'S effigy of his fellow-academician, 'Mr. J. L. Pearson' (128), appears to us capital both as regards likeness, painting, and size.

Passing the portal of the Water-Colour Room, a picture by an artist who has been gradually forcing himself into a well-earned notice at once arrests us. Mr. JOHN SWAN, in abstaining from sensationalism in his conception of the 'Prodigal Son' (136), has acted wisely: his forte lies in rich low-toned colouring and good drawing, and both these he displays in the scene before us, where the Prodigal, sunk to the level of the swine, at last realises the hopelessness of his position. It is a pity that the picture has not been more centrally hung, as it well deserved.

In the corner is one of Mr. MORGAN'S pretty but hackneyed renderings of child-life in the fields entitled 'Wild Roses' (137). Its companion on the west wall shows another well-worn subject, but treated with great novelty and simplicity, by Mr. EDWARD KING, under the title of 'That it may please Thee to protect all Fatherless Children and Widows' (142).

On either side of Mr. Dicksee's 'Morte d'Arthur' hang portraits, 'The Hon. Mrs. Robert Foster,' by W. P. FRITH, R.A., and 'Lady Eden' by HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A. The latter has been fortunate in obtaining a model who will bear away the palm of beauty from either of the Ladies in White or Black, who in previous years have been such notable features of the Exhibition; the artist has on this occasion clothed his Lady in a greenish-yellow, and her figure, elegant in mien and limb, harmonizes with a background of grey sky and blue distance.

Mr. E. A. WATERLOW again finds himself well hung on this western wall, but his 'Storm-blown' is not so satisfactory as



Sacred and Profane Love. From the Picture by Solomon J. Solomon, in the Royal Academy.

his last year's picture, from the point of view of manipulation of material, of which Mr. Waterlow seemed to have become quite a master.

The small north wall between the entrances to Galleries I. and III., and which is usually esteemed a capital position, is centred by a Venetian piece by HENRY WOODS, A.R.A. (173), where a bright and animated group gossips on the steps of the Scuola at San Rocco. Portraits of 'Lady Manisty' (172), in ermine and lace, showing that the vigour we just noted in Mr. Oules's recent work extends to his female portraiture, and two boys by Mr. J. Sant, R.A., dressed in his favourite velvet and lace, hang on either side of the last named; outside these again are Mr. SIDNEY COOPER'S 'In the Meadows at Noon' (178), and 'Under the Olives,' by Mr. J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A. To those acquainted with the delightful greys of wall and tree in these Caprian orchards, it is not surprising that artists should again and again attack the subject, but we do not remember a single instance where complete success has been attained, nor is it the case here.

The eastern portion of this wall has for its centre a charming trio, consisting of a small picture by E. J. POYNTER, R.A., 'On the Terrace' (188), daintily framed, a reminiscence of the subject which hung amongst the cabinet works last year, and two kitcat heads, 'Elegy' (187) by Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A., and 'Corona' (189), by C. E. PERUGINI, for which the President has generously given the better position to his friend and pupil.

Of pictures above the line may be mentioned (190) 'Home,' by FRANK BRANGWYN, a ship being towed into harbour over a grey sea; a charming little Miss in a brown habit, 'Miss Gertrude Harrison' (127), by A. DAMPIER MAY, and a florid tryptic (133), but with some good work in it, by SAVAGE COOPER.

GALLERY III.

The first piece of bad hanging in the Exhibition is experienced on entering the large room, where the spectator is confronted with an enormous full-length portrait of Colonel Gamble, C.B. (201), which, both for scenic effect and for Mr. HERKOMER'S reputation, would have been better out of the place altogether. Fortunately, close by hangs the same artist's portrait of Mrs. Gladstone (204), which shows the wife of the leader of the opposition as a handsome old lady as full of vitality as her octogenarian husband, whose carriage, as he passed through the galleries on the private view-day, was far more erect than that of most of those present who were his juniors by half a century.

In 'Shine and Shower' (200) we have another of Mr. H. MOORE'S rich effects of light and shade, of a sun behind clouds shimmering the distant sea. 'The First Awakening of Eve' (204) by VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A., is noticeable for the remarkable realistic sense he has imparted to the first gaze of our mother upon the Garden of Eden; but surely the artist, with his knowledge of Eastern climes, could have given us a fairer idea of Paradise than these tangled wild flowers and distorted tree roots.

The centre of the west wall is occupied by a very large landscape (213), by Mr. W. GOODALL, R.A., one of the hangers. This view from the neighbourhood of the artist's late residence at Harrow Weald should attract attention to the beautiful pastoral scenery of the north of London.

The portraits in this Gallery are many, but they include few more dignified ones than 'Miss Amy Wetton' by Mr. H. J. WELLS, R.A. (214). Mr. BURGESS, the R.A. elect, contributes

no genre picture, but a portrait only, 'Muriel, daughter of John Collett' (229), which is a new departure for him. Hard by, as a pendant to Professor Herkomer's Col. Gamble, is a more felicitously treated full-length of 'Col. North, the Nitrate King' (224), by W. OULESS, and a good likeness of 'General Wolseley' (221), by Miss ETHEL MORTLOCK. The 'Ophelia' (222) of Mr. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A., is by no means so ambitious a work as what we had hoped for from this talented artist. It displays the mad maiden in no novelty of attitude; she lies prone in long grass, a posy of recently plucked buttercups in her hand, and a garland of oxeyes round her dress.

'Strathglass, Inverness' (223) and 'On the Low Ground' (256), are two of those long-shaped canvases by Mr. W. B. DAVIS to which he is so partial, and which suit his compositions so well. The first introduces us to cattle browsing amidst bushes of dog-roses under a June sun, which is half shy to shine at its brightest; the other to a deer forest, with an admirably rendered background of rising and receding hills.

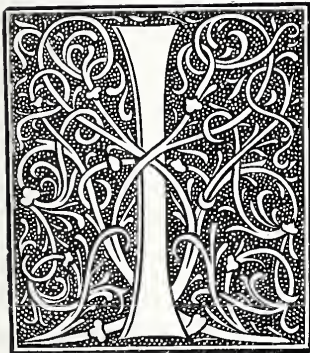
Passing the door, we now arrive at the great north wall, where we first encounter Mr. YEAMES'S 'Baby's Opera' (230), and Mr. BRITON RIVIERE'S 'Of a fool and his folly there is no end!' (231), the latter painted on a much smaller scale than is this artist's wont, but none the less certain to attract the attention and the amusement of every visitor to the show. Mr. MARCUS STONE'S 'First Love-letter' (236) will be equally popular, and every male will wish that he had enlisted the affections of the dainty little damsel, who sits so uncomfortably at the edge of her chair and footstool.

Great interest is sure also to be bestowed on the portrait by Mr. OULESS of the veteran Academician Mr. T. S. Cooper (237), and all will hope that he bears his years as bravely as his brother of the brush would make us believe that he does. Who but Sir JOHN MILLAIS could have painted 'The Old Garden' (242), so simple and so dignified? It represents, we believe, with but little alterations, the garden at Murthly, a domain which Sir John has long rented, but is now compelled to give into its owner's hands. The smoke rising straight into the evening air speaks of the glass at 'set fair,' and is a record of long, bright, sunny days spent there; the old yew hedges seem to be congealing a dewy moisture which points to a fine to-morrow. No figures mar the stillness, an old spade left against the hedge only betokening a labourer's day's work ended. The runnel from the fountain alone "goes on for ever," and with the wonderfully painted earthen jar tells of generations past and gone.

It speaks much for the exigencies and the assurance of the British public, that the voice of criticism should not be hushed before a work such as 'The Young Duke' (243), a work upon which Mr. ORCHARDSON, R.A., has expended all his energies, talents and knowledge, and the like of which was not possible a generation ago. It is typical of the discontent of the age that nine people out of ten whom we noted discoursing of the picture were hard at it questioning the yellowness of the colour, or the source of lighting, or even the noses of the guests, rather than congratulating themselves on having a countryman who can produce such sterling work. For the picture throughout is thorough from whatever point of view it is regarded. It will, ere these lines appear in print, be too well known to need description, and we need only draw attention to an interesting fact that the bowl of roses was the first part of the picture to be put upon canvas.

(To be continued.)

THE DECORATION OF OUR HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



WISH to make a few remarks about the interior of the Houses of Parliament, and to ventilate a good grumble at successive Governments for the neglect of their plain duty to keep it up to the proper standard of decorative repair. Let me ask my readers, therefore, to join me in a little personally-conducted tour, beginning at Westminster Hall,

and inviting them, in the first place, to qualify themselves for appreciating a recent controversy by taking a look at the new buildings. Some of them, perhaps, may remember the angry discussion excited by the exhibition of Mr. Pearson's plans, the successful opposition of Mr. Dick Peddie, the appointment of the select committee, and the modification of the original designs which was the outcome of their deliberations; I believe that every one must agree with me that the result has been thoroughly satisfactory, and that a very difficult piece of work has been carried out with remarkable tact and ingenuity. The outside is picturesque, and thoroughly in keeping with its surroundings; and if the contained rooms are small and inconvenient, that is not the architect's fault, for he had to make the best he could out of the limited space at his disposal, and, at all events, no one can say that they are not well-proportioned and fitted up with excellent taste. But when we come to the steps into the great Hall, we feel bound to join in the almost unanimous vote of censure passed upon them in the House of Commons. Heavy and clumsy in themselves, they are so placed as to break up the majestic sweep of the great western wall, and to dwarf the proportions of the Hall generally.

It is all very well to say in their defence that they have been approved by several eminent architects, and Mr. Plunket undoubtedly read one or two testimonials, which seemed to me to be somewhat qualified and half-hearted in tone, but I ventured to suggest in the course of the debate, that evidence had not been taken on the opposite side, and that we have had no opportunity of hearing what case might be made out for the opposition by an equally capable body of experts. Disputes on matters of taste seldom lead to much, and this is just one of those cases in which the opinions of sensible men of the world may safely be set against the subtleties of artistic culture. Members of the House of Commons know the old Hall well; they are strongly of opinion that the steps interfere with its simple grandeur in an irritating and fidgeting way, and they are not to be lulled into approval by Mr. Plunket's assurance that they will get used to them in time. In other words, familiarity is to breed a kind of numbness of toleration which will remove all active dislike, and make us at last even incline to love what we used to hate. It is quite true that the man living near the mill, and whose slumbers were at first

made hopeless by its clatter, could not afterwards sleep away from the noise; but it would be much better for him if he had been allowed to rest in peace without disturbance from the first. The wear and tear of his nervous system went on, although he was no longer conscious of it; and in the same way the prolonged mental contact with ugly and useless things can only deteriorate our taste by deadening the keenness of our early impressions into a sort of uncomplaining endurance, very hurtful to a continuous sense of the beautiful.

With this protest let us pass on, first pausing to note the curious effect produced on the statues by a thick coating of whitewash spread over their surface to protect them from the dust and dirt of the recent repairs, and some less prominent causes of complaint, which have lately been brought before the House of Commons. The dingy and dirty state of the shields in the roof and the handsome gas brackets along the east wall at once catch the eye, and although Mr. Plunket, in his reply to Mr. de Lisle, did not promise that they should be repaired, he estimated the cost at £125. It will take £750 to open the dormer windows in the roof and repair the timbers, and for £2,250 the great north window and others of a smaller size can be filled with stained glass. It will be at once apparent what very substantial improvement will be effected when the cold and garish effect of untemperated daylight is warmed up by the rich glow of harmonized colour, which a judicious expenditure under this heading will furnish.

Passing up the stairs, and entering the General Hall, where statues of past political heroes stand in various attitudes of repose, I would call attention to the empty state of the large spaces on either side of the wall, which have evidently been designed for the reception of pictures. A piece of dull and lustreless wall-paper, brightened here and there by cracks and whitish holes, now makes a kind of shamefaced apology for the nakedness of the land, and if the Treasury cannot afford anything better, I may remind them that ornamental tiles and imitation tapestry are not very dear, and that, for a trifling expenditure, they may do something to remove the sense of deadness and neglect which is now too painfully apparent. Continuing our journey, we now reach the lobby, and as we pass through the door, the first thing to attract our notice is a big empty space high up on the wall, coated with some kind of darkish material deeply seamed with cracks. Two others of the same are placed to the east and the south, and these are even in a worse plight, for in addition to deep ruts and seams, large flakes of the paint or cement have scaled off, and left deep wounds or scars, which certainly do not tend to grow less year by year.

Turning to the west, we find the *raison d'être* of these meaningless-looking compartments, for here we see and admire the brilliant mosaic of 'St. George' by Mr. Poynter, which, more especially at night, glitters with real splendour of decorative effect. The original plan was to fill up all these spaces in the same way; meanness or some other cause has intervened. When the question was last discussed in the House, now some years ago, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck told

us that the art of mosaic was practically extinct, and that we had better let well, or ill, alone, and do nothing. But considering that the authorities of St. Paul's have now given their consent to the decoration of the dome in this medium by Salviati, we might venture to follow in their footsteps, if the necessary funds can be procured; and if official money cannot be screwed from between the purse strings which Mr. Jackson tightens with such jealous care, let a public appeal be made, and the contributions of the patriotic invited for the completion of this work. The expense after all will not be very heavy, for Mr. Plunket told us some time ago that 'St. George' cost £600, so that the three vacant spaces could be filled up for a sum certainly not exceeding £1,800.

I should also like to see Mr. Boehm's statues removed to some more appropriate place. They look too big for their present situation, the white marble of which they are constructed brings a jarring and discordant note into the harmonious scheme of general decoration, and standing as they do so near the eye, they produce a clumsy and heavy effect, which would probably disappear under more favourable conditions. If Lords Russell and Iddesleigh are not up to the mark of Burke and Chatham, and if they cannot therefore be received among the select brotherhood through whom we have just passed, room can readily be found for them elsewhere. They are clearly out of place where they are, and it is neither fair to the sculptor, nor to the two eminent men whose services are so worthily commemorated, to expose them to damaging criticism.

We are now at the parting of the ways—let us turn to the right, and glancing at Cope's well-preserved frescoes in the narrow corridor enter the peers' robing room, where the chairman of committees considers the private bills; here we can hardly conceal a smile at the scrappy and piecemeal decoration which we see around us. Herbert's well-known fresco of 'Moses' faces the door, and it is melancholy to see how completely it has lost the clear and sparkling brilliancy of oriental atmosphere which used to be its principal charm. It is now sadly lowered in tone and its old crispness of touch has vanished for ever, but as the rapid deterioration to which atmospheric influences have exposed it has now been fully recognised by the First Commissioner, we may have full confidence that means will be taken to arrest, if possible, the further progress of decay.

Alongside of this important and thoroughly appropriate work, we see a large oil painting glittering in all the glory of abundant varnish, badly stretched, too small for its recess and propped up into its place by wedges of wood, gradually getting into a bad state of repair, as evidenced by holes in the left-hand corner. The other spaces on the wall are still vacant and bare, but as we do not wish to enter into the prolonged and angry disputes between Mr. Herbert and the Government, let us turn away and pay a visit to the Queen's robing room, which Dyce adorned with an interesting series of frescoes, representing the virtues of Chivalry from the legend of King Arthur. They are all in good condition, however, and, therefore, do not concern us at present. So, without any prolonged examination, we resume our tour, and soon find ourselves in the Victoria gallery. Here Maclise reigns supreme, and we must pay our tribute of respectful admiration to the marvellous industry and conscientious care which enabled his unaided hand to cover these vast walls with the striking representations of the death of Nelson, and the meeting of Blucher and Wellington. Artistically speaking, the extraordinary elaboration of detail and the over-ingenuous

complication of incident seriously detract from the dramatic directness of the whole; but in spite of all defects, these two works should long remain as a memorial to one of the most characteristic exponents of a past and nearly forgotten phase of English Art. It is, therefore, with great regret that we see how quickly they are being overtaken by decay. Much of the intricate network of figures and of costume is already obscured by a kind of mouldy efflorescence of silica, a sort of dusty bloom, which will, before very long, draw an obscuring veil over the crispness and clearness which constitute the principal merit of Maclise's work. I have already brought this unfortunate state of matters twice before the House, and although I have received sympathetic replies from Mr. Plunket, I am not yet satisfied that scientific experts have seen thoroughly into the question, and given their verdict on one side or the other.

I must now ask my readers to follow me upstairs into the gallery or corridor leading out of the committee-rooms passage, at present devoted to the stowage of hats and coats. This is a dark and chilly place, and the ruin which we see on the walls seems to communicate itself in some measure to the spirit of the onlooker. We are now truly in a chamber of artistic horrors, and on looking round we see a scene of decay and desolation which is happily little known, because it is seldom seen. In those good old days when Art decoration was a matter of national concern, Dyce, Cope, Ansdell, Maclise, Watts, Tenniel, Herbert, and Armitage were entrusted with the honourable duty of painting subjects from the poets, and the result of their labours, as here displayed, was considered to be highly satisfactory.

But it is very difficult for us now to give an opinion on the merits of these works; one or two are in a fair state of preservation, but most of the others, as Mr. Plunket phrased it, are past praying for, and one or two have passed fairly out of the stage of intelligent comprehension. The paint has fallen from the walls in large flakes, leaving big, blank, white spaces; all coherence is gone, and the general effect of some of them is painfully ludicrous. What to do with them is the question. Why not ask their authors, all of whom but one are fortunately still among us, to sit in judgment on their condition, and say what they can recommend? One or two could be saved, I believe, from hopeless destruction; and as for the others, I think that the authorities would be fully justified in taking the law into their own hands, and scraping the poor remnants of what they once were away from the walls which they can no longer be said to adorn.

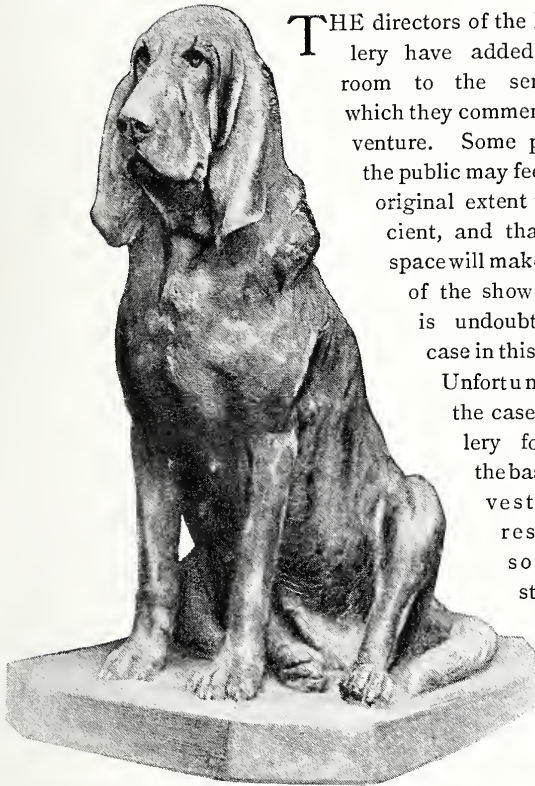
And here ends our tour for the present, and, in conclusion, I must once more express the pain and regret which I always experience in seeing the unfinished state of some parts of the greatest of our national buildings, and the decaying state of the Art treasures which decorate others. Mr. Plunket has strong sympathies for Art, and his personal popularity is undoubted; but if his spirit is willing his pocket is weak, and money must be had for little wars and big ironclads, and for naval expenditure, and to relieve the tension involved in trying, often under great difficulties, to make both ends meet. It can therefore hardly be considered strange that, in the absence of a popular demand, or of any real pressure, funds cannot readily be found to put up a few mosaics, or to arrest a fine fresco from the abyss of destruction.

Public opinion must be invoked in all such cases, and it is as a contribution to this desirable end that I have written these pages.

ROBERT FARQUHARSON.

THE NEW GALLERY.

SECOND SUMMER EXHIBITION.



Nell Gwynne, Champion Bloodhound. By Everett Millais.

THE directors of the New Gallery have added another room to the series with which they commenced their venture. Some portion of the public may feel that the original extent was sufficient, and that greater space will make the level of the show lower, as is undoubtedly the case in this instance. Unfortunately in the case of a gallery formed on the basis of this, vested interests must sometimes step in, and shareholders pleading for a place for friends can

hardly be denied. The experiment of hanging water colours amongst oils is not successful, for at first sight they will be mistaken by the majority for feeble efforts in the latter medium.

If the directors have been no more successful than the Royal Academy in securing any important canvases from Mr. Burne Jones, they have at all events been able to show to their *clientèle* a very interesting and varied collection from Mr. Watts's brush, including a quite remarkable early picture of 'The Wounded Heron,' which dates from the first year of Her Majesty's reign. So too, again, Mr. Alma Tadema has sent them a work, 'The Sisters,' which will be a greater favourite with many than his Academy picture, and than which he has never produced anything more remarkable of its kind. In addition to this he contributes two portraits.

Of the work of younger men there are some surprisingly fine examples; for instance, Mr. Sargent's 'Ellen Terry,' to which we shall refer again; Mr. Kennedy's 'Neptune;' and Mr. Shannon's portrait of Miss Jean Graham.

The public will have been hardly prepared for such an advance as the second-named artist's work presents. Mr. Kennedy has hitherto been known for respectable portraiture, showing but little of the verve displayed in a picture which exhibits more life and movement than any other work shown this year. It must be universally popular, and though its size will debar its purchase by private individuals, it is hoped that it will find a home in a public gallery.

A singularly striking picture is that of Ellen Terry by Mr. Sargent. If the colours are a trifle glaring, the original cos-

tume was composed of them, and the artist has taken due notice of the further and hidden meaning of the character, besides which the portrait is good; so one may fairly call the picture a success. There are some capital portraits by Mr. W. B. Richmond, particularly one with a charming distant view, seen through an oval window, as a background to the head, that of the Countess Grosvenor. Remarkable painting is seen on the rather too large canvas devoted to a portrait of Mrs. Mitchell, by H. H. La Thanque. The effect of firelight and lamplight is, however, exaggerated.

Among landscape painters Mr. Alfred Parsons may be said to show himself at his best in his canvases to be seen here. The one he has called 'A Backwater' is highly successful, and he very dexterously gives the effect of evening light in it. Another work by him, 'On Mendip,' is pleasing in all ways but one, and that is the stiff posing and drawing of the children who are seen gathering the flowers with which the meadows are strewn. 'Night in the Highlands' and 'Gay Morning,' by Mr. Alfred East, landscape paintings which are singularly poetical, show the artist to great advantage, and are a pleasure to look at. The artists who devote themselves to the reproduction of the early Italian style of colouring appear in some force. Perhaps Mr. Spencer Stanhope could have discovered a more sympathetic countenance for the girl in his picture, which is supposed to be a sort of artistic memorial to an ancient building now in course of demolition in Florence. J. M. Strudwick's painting, in a subdued colouring throughout, is distinctly worthy of notice and praise; it is original in choice, and carried to a marvellous finish. Mr. Lewis Muckley has exhibited a painting called 'Autumn,' with a singularly livid-coloured face for the impersonation, and an indubitably mediæval feeling, to show what is the extreme limit of his chosen style. We are brought to everyday life again by Mr. C. E. Perugini's delightful head, 'Katherine,' but to such a phase of life that one is disinclined to leave its presence.

A good subject is that chosen by Mr. Herbert Schmalz for his picture the 'King's Daughter.' With the surroundings of ancient ceremony and the bright colouring and sunlight of the East, a fine field laid itself open to the artist.

In Mrs. Alma Tadema's 'Soon Ready,' she has put together a fascinating collection of curiosities in the way of raiment and furniture, surrounding carefully painted figures; the want of interest in the picture is atoned for by the remarkable quietness of the composition, which makes one admit that it is sufficiently pleasing without any telling story of its own.

The sculpture on view does not perhaps reach the standard of the paintings. We illustrate one, a bronze of a Champion Bloodhound, 'Nell Gwynne,' which is interesting as the work of Mr. Everett Millais, son of Sir John Millais.

There is an interesting series of drawings hung in the Balcony, among which are included a set of studies for various of his pictures from Mr. Burne-Jones's pencil; some dozen or more spirited heads by Professor Legros and Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, near to which hang a few amusing *Punch* drawings by Mr. George du Maurier.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY'S gallery keeps this distinction among the collections of the year—that it has none. It is thoroughly mingled, and affords us the pleasure of the unexpected. While the Academy gives inevitably its most conspicuous places to pictures of which the matter and the manner are continuous from seasons past to seasons to come; while the New Gallery has succeeded to the *cachet* that once was the Grosvenor's, and is alone in presenting to us the deliberate art of the Burne-Jones school—that curious mingling of handicraft and literature which rebukes, or is rebuked by, as one may choose, the pictorial art of our younger painters; while the mere fact that they are bodies with members prepares us for part of the yearly exhibition at the Institute and at Suffolk Street, and for the whole of the collection at the Old Water Colour; while the New English Art Club, in spite of rules so inexorably impartial that it should include every kind of picture possible to man, has come into the hands of the small school of English impressionists; the Grosvenor has become a chance-medley of styles, unmarked by any insistent personalities, and unaffected by streams of tendency. If a question suggests itself as to the necessity of a Grosvenor Gallery in a city so well supplied, perhaps a mild reason for its existence is this one characteristic of unexpectedness. And it will doubtless regain a place in the annual history of Art in London, simply by pursuing this little advantage, and by collecting work not merely general, but fresh.

The good minority this year comprises three pictures of more than usual importance, by Mr. East, Mr. Clausen, and Mr. Logsdail, the last-named contributing a portrait of Mr. Frederick Villiers, which is straightforward, simple, full of vitality, and admirably secure in drawing. The colour has, indeed, a certain slight blackness, which the painter brought away with him from Antwerp, if we mistake not, but from which a true colourist's study of the golden tone that runs through the natural lights and shadows seemed, a few years since, to have set him free. Mr. East's 'Gentle Night' is a radiant moonrise, with one of those atmospheric skies in which the light is sent forward in advance of the coming

moon; she is late enough to rise shining, but early enough to come into a mingled and subtle sky. And in his delicate rendering of this lovely effect, which he has made his own, the painter has worked with an equal science and sincerity. He might have made a more obvious picture by insisting upon one part of his motive, but he has chosen completeness, guarded by a perfect restraint and moderation. Mr. Clausen's 'Ploughing' is a very memorable achievement in open-air painting. The boy walking at the horse's head, with his head turned towards us and his eyes full of daylight, is perhaps rather too exactly reproduced from some of the painter's previous pictures; but he has never presented landscape, sky, horses, and figures in more essential unity. These three excellent pictures hang together in the East Gallery, much to the dignity of the place.

Mr. J. J. Shannon has a number of portraits, the most brilliant in its *ensemble*, and in the spring and life of the execution, being that of Mrs. Tower; while the standing full-length of the Marchioness of Granby has singular grace. Mrs. Adrian Stokes is represented by a study of a child seated, in a curious little unexpected attitude, against the light, with flowers at her side. The shadow-view of children and of flowers, when there is sufficient radiance beyond, is always charming, and in this instance the figure is delicately outlined with light. To the purely and intensely observant school belongs Mr. H. Tuke's 'Fisherman,' watching his line, and in momentary readiness to haul in. Mr. Muhrman contributes a fine passage of illumination, within gentle limits, in his 'Carting Hay.' And among other painters of light must be mentioned Mr. David Murray, who has a translucently sunny study 'In Flowery Mead.' Finally, Miss Annabel Downes must be congratulated, with the surprise of finding excellent work signed with a new name, on the beautiful modelling and intelligent rendering of her portrait of 'Miss Molly Gloag.' Sir John Millais, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Henry Moore, and others exhibit here, but we have given our brief space to newer work, in accordance with our hopes and wishes as to the future mission of the Grosvenor.

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

THE announcement made by the Premier at the Royal Academy banquet, that an anonymous donor has offered £100,000 towards building a gallery for the National Portraits, provided the Government found a site, has been received with acclamation throughout the country. It affords considerable ground for reflection that those most loud in their plaudits are those who should have urged its erection from the national purse. The building will be situated within easy distance from Charing Cross.

The Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest have expended the large sum of £2,200 upon the purchase of Mr. Herkomer's picture 'The Chapel of the Charter House.' Whilst they were deliberating upon the buying of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's

'Wedding,' which would have been welcomed by every one, it was secured by a private individual for £650.

The series of articles which ran through this Journal last year by Mr. Marcus B. Huish have been issued in volume form and at a moderate price under the title of "JAPAN AND ITS ART" (Fine Art Society). The whole of the matter has been revised and some hundred pages have been added. It now constitutes the most compact and concise handbook in existence of the manners and customs of the country as viewed in its Art, and of the Art itself.

The original of the reproduction of 'The Sword and Dagger Fight,' by Mr. J. Pettie, R.A., reproduced in the April number, is the property of the Corporation of Sheffield.



Portrait of a young girl in a hat

Portrait of a young girl in a hat

EAST ANGLIA.

AT last they found Hereward asleep. But before he died, pierced through with lances, the corpses of thirteen knights lay around him, and Ascelin said, "If there had been three more such men in this realm, they would have driven us and King William back again into the sea." And for long after (Kingsley tells us), "over the hearth in lone farm-houses, or in the outlaw's lodge beneath the hollens green, the people talked and sang of the Wake, and all the burden of their song was, 'Ah, that the Wake were alive again!'" Here-

ward's dust lies low and lost beneath Crowland Abbey; but the spirit of the glorious and imprudent Wake is still abroad in the Fen country, and with Kingsley as a guide it is impossible to escape him. His trail is over all—over Cambridge, over Ely, over Peterborough the Golden Borough, over Bourne, over Crowland, and over Lynn. But you must saturate yourself with Hereward before going to the Fens, for the rank and file of to-day's East Anglians can tell you little about the Wake. Fish Smart is their latter-day hero. When I spoke of "Hereward" to a squat, fair-haired farmer, who tilled the reclaimed Fen land his father, grandfather, and great grand-



Clare Bridge, Cambridge. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

father had tilled before him, no sign of enthusiasm leapt into his face, and he referred to "Hereward the Wake" as "the authority you quoted, sir," not daring to pronounce the name. The squat, fair-haired farmer's great ancestor, through whose

JULY, 1889.

dauntless spirit he walked the streets that day a free man, was unknown to him. But there are those who still adore this English gentleman who loved his wife, and whose best friend after her was his sword hand, and who wanted for

nothing so long as he had the "green hollies overhead, and the dun deer on the lawn," this last of the old English, who for seven years kept William the Conqueror out of Ely.

At Ely, I determined to begin my tour through East Anglia to those towns where the Great Eastern Railway would carry me—partly for Hereward's sake, and also because from the top of the cathedral, on a clear day, the Fen country becomes one's own. Ely is not a lively place except in the summer

men with leaping-poles and canoes, are prosperous farmers, whose talk on market days in Cambridge is all of crops and husbandry. It was at Cambridge that the Conqueror halted his army, and wondered how he should carry them across the half-mile of swamp which stagnated between him and the treasures in the Isle of Ely. The story of that long siege, and the final treachery of the monks, must be in the mind of every reader of Kingsley who for the first time walks in



Peterborough Cathedral. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

months, when the American accent is heard in the streets. "It would be very dull indeed were it not for the cathedral," said one of the natives; "but you know," he added philosophically, "every place has its deficiency." The great fens are now dyked and drained, and Ely is no longer the unattainable island in the waste of waters. The swamps, the marshes, and the long reaches of black mud have given place to illimitable expanses of fertile field, and instead of the fen-

Ely. For miles and miles the tower of the cathedral has loomed before him, and now at last the hill from the station is climbed and the goal attained. The palace of his Reverence the Lord Bishop, clothed in the soft colours of age, stands to the left; and between it and the cathedral a road winds away to the right, and so down a hill to the river's edge. There was a man carrying potatoes into a house, and I made bold to ask him the name of this river, and if this seemed likely enough) where Hereward one memorable day watched the Conqueror's bridge of boats and their living cargo slip beneath the waters. But the man with the potatoes had never heard of Hereward, so I left him and went up through a little gate into the precincts of the cathedral, where three ladies in sealskin jackets and black cashmere dresses (the garb inevitable of cathedral aristocracy) were talking vigorously of services.

Doubtless, so talked the pious Princess Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles, who fled hither from the arms of her bridegroom, the King of Northumbria, as far back as A.D. 673, devoting herself to a monastic life and so finding happiness. Etheldreda became the first Abbess of Ely, died, and was buried in a big white tomb. In 870 the Danes sailed up to the abbey, and having nothing better to do, burnt it. A hundred years later it was rebuilt by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and so things went on till the seven years' siege. The present cathedral was commenced in 1081 and took nearly five hundred years in the building. Saving Winchester



Ely Cathedral. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

it is the longest Gothic fane in Europe, and would hold many times its present congregation, if the beggarly array of chairs in the aisle represent them; the tower being kept upright by iron bars. To reach the top you have to keep creeping beneath those bars, and there is always the danger of being brought low by the twigs which the jackdaws bring in through the unprotected openings; and then all at once you are out in the fresh air, with the limitless Fen country all around, and the spires of Cambridge in the far distance. The city of Ely clusters beneath—an oasis in the level country, that stretches away, on every side, to where the horizon dips. Just below is the bishop's palace built in the reign of Henry VII., with its pleasant grounds and stalwart trees, where a colony of rooks find ease and comfort. Little of the old monastery remains. Of the Hall of Ely, where the famous meeting was held, nothing at all—that meeting when Sweyn Ulfsson offered to the driven English shelter and hospitality in Denmark till better times should come, and for whom Hereward made reply that they "would rather die in their own merry England than win new kingdoms in the cold north-east." A relic of the old monastery known as the "Porter's Lodge," which was probably one of the original gates of Ely, still exists. Another object of interest, as the guide-book says, is a little yellow-fronted cottage where Cromwell lived, and where his opposition to the drainage scheme gained him the title of "Lord of the Fens." From the tower top, with the wind-mills and the steam-mills and the dykes in view, some idea of this gigantic work may be gathered.

It was begun about 1155 by Richard of Rulos. In a fighting age he was a man of agricultural tastes, and obtained from the monks of Crowland, for a consideration, permission to enclose "as much as he would of the common marshes." And one day, when death was not very far off, he and his wife fell to talking of inscriptions on tomb-stones. They decided on Hereward's epitaph, and then, says Kingsley, Torfrida turned to her husband and whispered, "But upon thy tomb, when thy time comes, the monks of Crowland shall write: 'Here lies the first of the new English, who, by the inspiration of God, began to drain the Fens.'" Since then many others have given time and money to the good work, but not always for the public good. One of these sinners was a Bishop of Lichfield, who, in the reign of Edward I., diverted the course of the Nene, and obstructed navigation, in order that he might drain his own manor.

The encyclopædias contain many columns on this subject, wherein is set forth the long record of disaster and ultimate success, of which the outward and visible sign may be seen any fine day from the top of Ely Cathedral.

It is a perilous task to say much about modern Cambridge, when one considers the number of Englishmen who have there spent the most impressionable part of their lives. There is a way of seeing the University which has much to recommend it. Some good soul has published a little guide, containing the outline of a very long walk, where between breakfast time and sunset one may view all the colleges and everything else. The actual knowledge thus gained may not amount to much; but the general impression of old gateways, and weather-beaten buildings, and halls where to speak above a whisper is sacrilege, and chapels filled with an indescribable light, and silent courts, and bridges over the quiet river and gardens, where everything is old except the grass—is very complete and most pleasant to dwell upon afterwards. One also remembers that in the gardens of Christ's, Milton planted a mulberry-tree;

that in Magdalene "Pepys and Hinde were solemnly admonished for having been scandalously overserved with drink ye night before!" that Newton made his first great discoveries at Trinity, and that at St. Peter's the poet Gray learnt to fear water as much, if not more, than fire.

Of the very early history of Cambridge nothing is known. "Its origin is enveloped in obscurity," and that way of putting it cannot be improved upon. This much we know—that Sigebert, King of the East Angles, who flourished in the seventh century, in the course of a sojourn in France was taken over a "seat of learning." He appears to have related his experiences to Felix, a bishop, who urged him to found "a seat of learning" in his own land. This the King did at Cambridge, erecting "halls for the students, and chairs and seats for the doctors, at his own charge." Another old writer accords the honour, at a much later date, to the Abbot of Crowland, who sent four monks to his manor at Cottenham, from whence they repaired daily to Cambridge, and, "having hired a barn, made open profession of their services, and soon collected a great number of scholars." The number increased so rapidly that in a year or two there was neither a barn, nor a church, nor a house big enough to hold them. "Thus," says the old chronicler, "out of this little fountain, increased to a great river, we see how the city of God has become enriched, and England rendered fruitful by the many masters and teachers going forth from Cambridge as from Paradise."

For the rest Cambridge is famous for three things and notorious for one. Notorious, inasmuch as in the market butter is sold by the yard, and famous because Cromwell sat twice for the place, and because it is the parent of the expression "Hobson's choice" and the word "tawdry." Hobson was a carrier who made it a rule always "to let the horses in his stable in successive order without deviation"—so clients had to take that beast and none other, hence Hobson's choice. Tawdry arose from a fair held in the neighbourhood, principally for the sale of highly coloured ribbons. The fair was held in honour of Saint Awdry, which became under the laws of Change and Clip, 'Sain-t-Awdry,' 'St-Awdry,' and finally 'Tawdry,' which described the ribbons excellently.

The tower and lantern of Ely Cathedral are still visible when half the distance from Cambridge to Peterborough is covered, from the time when they stand out bold and clear against the sky till when blurring in the gathering distance tower and lantern

"In undistinguished grey melt away."

About this time the train eases through a very respectable array of outskirts, which should herald a thriving town. But March is all outskirts, there is no kernel. This is the land of canals, and it is after leaving March that the eye learns (what painters have almost entirely neglected) the unrivalled beauty of an entirely straight stretch of wide waters in a level land, knowing neither curve nor bend till they and the sky become one. The Nene cuts the roadway at the very threshold of Peterborough. A street of cobble stones, improving as it runs to wood, leads at length to the marketplace, and there, silent and majestic amid the riot of the auctions (at one a person was selling a prescription suitable alike for consumption and dyspepsia) and the babble of hucksters from the country-side, looms Peterborough Cathedral, still unfinished, though nine centuries have come and gone since Abbot Salisbury laid the first stone. An old gateway leads to a small quadrangle and on to the west front of the cathedral, that Early English porch of "unparalleled beauty."



The Victorian Beeches, Epping Forest. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

There was no sound save the pealing of the organ, and so prepared for any pitch of æsthetic devotion I passed through the low doorway—but found small repose. The nave is curtailed of half its good proportions by a huge hoarding of varnished boards. Behind this screen, in the transept, the choir, and the chapels, the restoring builder has long had his way. If anybody desires to see a cathedral cleanly and unclothed, let him go to Peterborough just now. The pulpit

of the honour of the builder of old we lay the fault (whose result might have been the tumbling of Peterborough tower about the worshippers' ears) to the draining of the fens and consequent subsidence of the ground. But the trouble would never have happened had the builders of old (of whom it cannot be said that "they builded better than they knew") gone down in their foundations ten feet, where lies the solid rock. That is what the builder of to-day is doing, and what

with this work and the underpinning of existing walls, there is much to be seen and much to be paid for at Peterborough just now.

Within the aisles of Peterborough are slabs to the memory of the Queen of Scots and Katherine of Aragon. On the grave of the latter lady dwellers in Peterborough are wishful to place a monumental brass, and to gather in the wherewithal, they have invented the conceit of asking all the Katherines of England to contribute. Katherines spelt with a K, and Catherines with a C, and Kates and Kathleens have responded royally, and the shillings and half-crowns are running into quite a number of columns.

I experienced the greatest difficulty in finding anybody to take me up Peterborough tower. One verger was going to his dinner, another had to prepare the place for service, and a third could not leave the main door; but at last I found a willing one, and with him emerged in a gale of wind on the precarious top. I wanted to see Bourne and I wanted to see Crowland. In the former Hereward was born and in the latter he was buried.

But I could not see Bourne from Peterborough (through the lack of any high building), although it was only too easy to conjure up a scene that there took place before the Conqueror had swooped on England.

The ruins of Crowland Abbey are plainly visible from Peterborough tower. They stand away to the east, above the heads of the pollard willows and the tall poplars, and look, for all the world, like the ruins of a city in a green desert. This



The Norman Tower, Bury St. Edmunds. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

lies in pieces in one of the chapels, likewise the screen; the stalls are piled up wherever room can be found; the effigy of the abbot who buried the Queen of Scots reposes on a makeshift pedestal in one of the aisles, and the torn-up flooring discloses the subterranean passages through which the monks carried their plate and gold. This uncathedral-like confusion is all due to the fissure, large enough for a man's hand, which appeared some time ago in the tower. For the sake

seemed a good opportunity to air my knowledge to the little bareheaded verger who stood by my side, so I told him how Hereward, with the war-shout of "A Wake! a Wake!" burst into the hall at Bourne and killed fifteen Normans with his own hand; and how when the sun rose, and he rowed away with his mother to Crowland, "between the dark green alders, where the bittern boomed and the coot clanked," there were fifteen Norman heads upon the gable. I would also have told this verger how Torfrida went to Crowland in winter time when the dykes were frozen, had not he broken in with the news that he had read "Hereward the Wake" three times. So we went down again into the cathedral, where I tried

to lose myself in associations, conjuring up the long procession of men and women who once thronged to the high altar at Peterborough, as an "equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome;" but the screen of boards and the workmen's hammers were against me, so I went out and strolled through the market-place and into another old church, but there matters were worse, as they were tuning the organ.

To reach Lynn you have to go back to March (which palls on the traveller in East Anglia, sooner even than Willesden Junction). The town, which is very old and very clean, and apparently very respectable, was once known as Bishop's Lynn, being under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Norwich; but it



Market Place and St. Margaret's Church, King's Lynn. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

passed in the usual way into the hands of Henry VIII., and so became known as King's Lynn. The great Ouse is at the top of the town, and flows, feeling for its level, into the Wash, where King John met with a disaster. Lynn, probably, has its wet days and its dark days and its windy days, but when I was there, the whole town till late in the evening stood in dazzling sunlight, with the red brick gables sharp against the clear sky. On such a day Hood must have seen the place, when

"Pleasantly shone the setting sun above the town of Lynn."

The Grammar School where Eugene Aram lost his freedom still stands, and over the door is carved "Linn Regis, 1658."

I left the town about the time of day that—

"Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist."

The day was probably fine, but then Hood had to find rhyme for wrist.

From Lynn to Epping is a far cry, and I was unfortunate in arriving there when the East End walks about the glades wearing one another's hats. But as there is a time for all things, so there is a time to visit Epping, and not the worst time is in the winter months, when the scheme is grey and the beeches are leafless and the landscape painter is at work.

C. LEWIS HIND.

MISS MAUDE GOODMAN.

TO understand clearly what one can do, and do it well, without hankering after foolish and impossible ambitions, is a sure way to success, both in Art and letters; that Miss Maude Goodman has grasped this fact, the improvement shown from year to year in her delightful little genre subjects abundantly testifies. As a proof of this, it is only necessary to say that of four pictures from her brush in the present Academy, three were sold on the private view day. Miss Maude Goodman has done for the town child, and the interior of the town house, what Mrs. Allingham has done for the countryside. Her work is uniformly dainty and highly finished, the colouring warm and well arranged, and the incidents such as one might see any day in a Kensington house. There is no attempt at the expression of passion. A girl reading a love-letter, a child peering into an eight-day clock, a pretty face, or an interior with rugs and bric-à-brac, high-backed chairs and flowers, are the subjects associated with this artist. Perhaps her most popular work was 'You darling!' in the Academy of 1882, and well known through a capital photogravure. It represents a woman leaning over a cradle, the presence of the child being cleverly suggested by the raising of a small hand and arm. The central figure is well defined, and the flesh painting good.

Unlike many lady artists, Miss Goodman's early surroundings were in no way conducive to the cultivation of her gifts. As a child she showed a fondness for drawing, and with the indulgence of this taste grew a desire to devote herself to Art. On leaving school she attended the classes at South Kensington, and, as is the way with clever Art students, gained a number of prizes and medals. While still a student, Miss Goodman became known to Mr. Henry Wallis of the French Gallery, to whom she is indebted for much advice and encouragement. It was in connection with a picture sold at this Gallery that the artist gained one of those experiences which abide, always afterwards, among the unforgotten things. Mr. Wallis one day sold a picture by Miss Goodman for a certain number of guineas. When the purchase was effected, he told the buyer that the picture was well worth five guineas more than the price paid. The next day the purchaser wrote to say, the picture had given so much satisfaction, that he begged to be allowed to consider the debt undischarged till a receipt had been made out for the enclosed five guineas.

For some time after leaving South Kensington, Miss Good-

man studied by herself, and subsequently in the studio of a Spanish artist. Her first exhibited work found its way from the walls of the Royal Academy to the collection of Mr. Aird. Another early success was 'Old Love-Letters,' showing a girl in a pretty dress and a large hat, burning those records, which seems such an excellent and reliable plan that the wonder is more people do not adopt it. The Grosvenor of 1883 saw a little work called 'Sweets to the Sweet,' where a canary perched on a breakfast-table near the sugar-basin is being watched by a child. In the following year Miss Goodman had six pictures hung at the Royal Academy. They were certainly small, and put shoulder to shoulder would not probably cover as much space as a full-length portrait. One of them, called 'His Portrait,' represents a young lady undergoing the some-

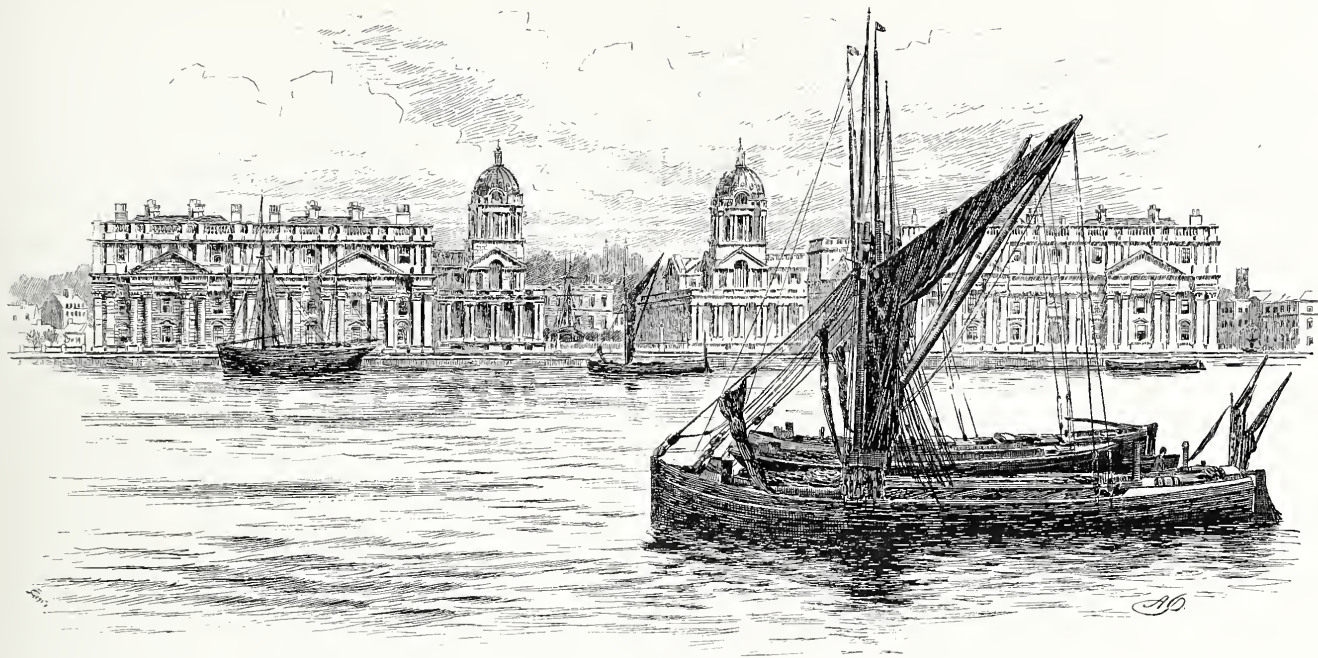
what useless ordeal of showing her *fiancé's* portrait to a bosom friend. Miss Goodman's chief successes have been in genre pictures of the domestic school, and, of these, one of the happiest was 'Just for a minute, mother?' This was the question put to her mother by a very small young lady, who is carrying a still smaller baby, which the elder sister wishes to hold for the space of time expressed in her question. In the 1885 Academy Miss Goodman was represented by four works, one being 'Une Chanson de Fleurs,' a young woman playing on an instrument, while another entreats a child to be silent. 'Rival Blossoms,' a portrait of Miss Leonora Braham as Yum Yum, and 'Parted,' brings the record up to last year, when the artist's 'Want to see Wheels go round' was hung on the line in the large room. This represented what one of the papers called 'a tost golden-haired little trot' peering into



"Don't Tell!" By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons.

the open door of a tall old clock. We engrave one of the artist's Academy pictures, 'Don't tell!' which carries its own explanation. Miss Goodman works both in oil and water colours, a charming specimen of the latter, 'Little Chrysanthemum,' reproduced by students in the Chromo-lithographic Art Studio, being given as the frontispiece to this number.

Miss Goodman, who was married in 1882 to Mr. Arthur Scanes, does not confine herself entirely to pictures, of which we have mentioned a few, but finds time for a considerable amount of book work. Her little boy, who figures as the model in many of his mother's pictures, freely expresses the opinion that the Hanging Committee should admit photographs, which would at once relieve him from the monotony of long sittings.



Greenwich Hospital.

THE PAINTED HALL, GREENWICH.



THE Gallery of Naval Pictures at Greenwich was established in 1823, and may claim to be the oldest public gallery of a national character in England. The National Gallery was not opened until the following year, and the National Portrait Gallery not until 1856.

The first proposal to form a gallery of marine paintings and naval portraits, and to devote

the Painted Chamber at Greenwich to their exhibition, was made in 1795 by Captain William Locker (Nelson's friend and commanding officer when he was in the *Lowestoffe* frigate), who at that time was Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. The proposal was not then adopted, but in later years his son, Edward Hawke Locker, who was secretary, and afterwards a Commissioner of the Hospital, revived and successfully carried out the idea. In 1823 he undertook to obtain, by gratuitous contributions, pictures suitable for the collection. The King, George IV., cordially approved the design, and contributed thirty-seven pictures, principally from Windsor and Hampton Court; the Directors of the British Institution gave four important works; while Lord Farnborough, Lord Bexley, and many others generously came forward with appropriate gifts.

Of Lieutenant-Governor Locker, who may be called the originator of the gallery, and who himself presented several pictures to Greenwich Hospital, there is a portrait by Gabriel Stuart; and one of his son, by Henry Wyndham Phillips, is also in the collection.

No place more appropriate than Greenwich Hospital could have been found in which to establish a Walhalla of the naval heroes of this country. There hundreds of the veterans who had fought and bled under the commanders whose deeds are represented, or whose features are preserved to posterity by

pictures in the Hall, spent their last days. The men who served in the great naval wars of the country have now nearly all passed away, and the veterans of the present time find no longer a home within the stately walls of Greenwich Hospital, being, more wisely perhaps, helped in their old age in other ways; but the grand pile itself will ever remain a noble monument to the naval glory of the country.

Before speaking of the pictures in the collection a few words must be said of the Hall and its decorations. The Hall, which is entered through a vestibule over which there is a fine cupola, was built by Sir Christopher Wren between the years 1698 and 1703. Originally intended for the refectory of the establishment, it was used for this purpose until 1708 only, when it was closed for the decoration of the walls and ceiling by Sir James Thornhill. This work occupied the artist up to 1727, and when it was completed, other arrangements for the dining-rooms of the pensioners having been made, it never reverted to its original purpose, and little use was made of it until it was prepared for the exhibition of naval pictures in 1823. When the remains of Lord Nelson were brought home they lay in state here for three days, prior to their removal to the Admiralty, Whitehall, on the evening previous to their burial in St. Paul's. His worthy comrade Collingwood, who died in command of the Mediterranean fleet in 1810, also lay in state in the Hall.

Thornhill was held in greater esteem as a painter in his own days than in ours, though now, perhaps, his talents are undervalued. No fair estimate of his powers can, however, be formed without a careful consideration of his works at Greenwich. The subject on the ceiling of the Great Hall is a glorification of King William III. and Queen Mary, who are seated under a canopy, and to whom a figure representing Architecture displays a drawing of part of the Hospital. At each end of the ceiling the sterns of ships are represented, and at the sides figures of philosophers connected with the arts and sciences relating to navigation, among

them Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal. The frieze round the Hall bears the inscription dedicating the palace to the relief of seamen who had protected the realm. Macaulay, in an eloquent passage in his History, points out that King William in this inscription claims no part of the merit of founding the institution, but ascribes the praise to Mary alone, who, touched by the sufferings of the brave men wounded at La Hogue, conceived the idea of converting the palace at Greenwich into an asylum for them.

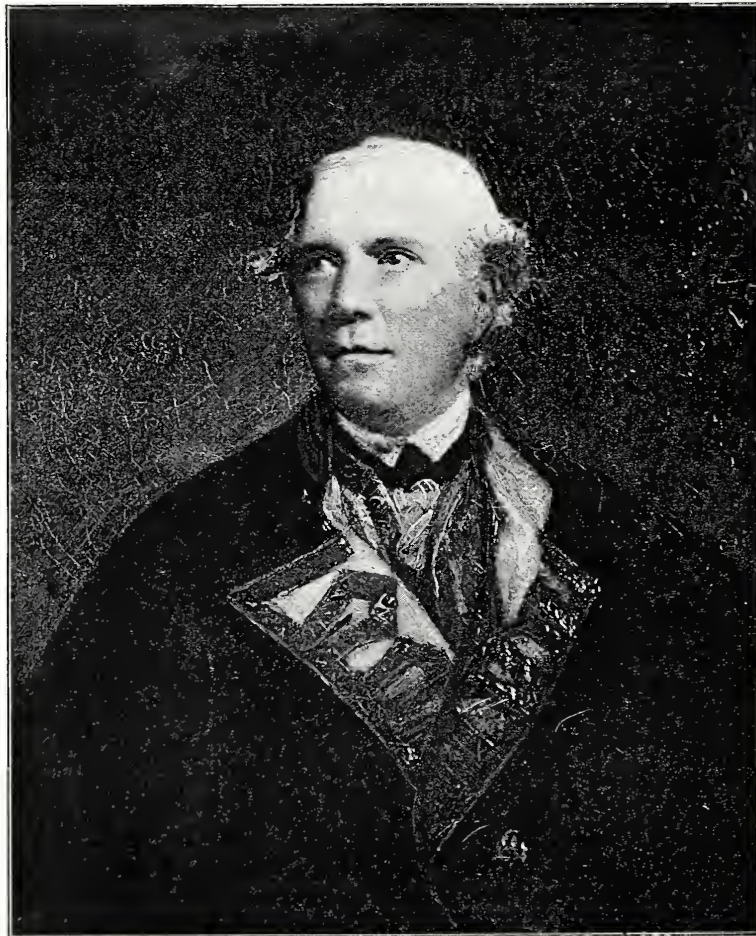
The Upper Hall was the last painted and its ceiling shows an advance in Thornhill's skill; the tone is brighter and more airy. In the centre are Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark; and at the sides are represented the four quarters of the world.

On the south and north walls the landing of William III. at Torbay, and of George I. at Greenwich, are painted in monochrome, and on the west wall, at the end of the Hall, are portraits of the latter monarch and several of his descendants. On the right Sir James Thornhill has introduced his own portrait looking towards the spectator and pointing to the royal group. When the Great Hall was completed the Directors of the Hospital consulted Vandevelde, Cooper, Richardson, and other artists of the time, upon the work, who reported it to be equal to anything of the kind in England. The paintings are still in good condition. Some seventy or eighty years ago they were cleaned under the

care of John Francis Rigaud, R.A. The Hall and its contents were wisely placed in 1844 under the care of a Curator of professional skill. Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., first held the office, and in his time much was done to improve the exhibition of the pictures. After him Mr. Solomon A. Hart, R.A., was Curator, and he was succeeded by Sir Oswald W. Brierly, the marine painter to the Queen, who now holds the office. There is therefore no probability, we may safely hope, of the paintings, on the ceilings or the walls, falling into the hands of any unskilled renovator. A small room which is reached through the Upper Hall was added some years ago to give accommodation to the increasing number of pictures.

Passing now to the contents of the collection, it may be remarked that in all gatherings of this kind pictures may have good claims to find a place quite apart from any artistic merits they may possess. The interest in the scene or person represented, and the authenticity and fidelity of the representation, may render pictures valuable to a series, though inferior as works of Art. But it may be claimed for this gallery that it is by no means destitute of pictures which have high artistic value.

Among the portraits may be cited those by Sir Joshua Reynolds, especially that of Admiral Barrington; Romney's Sir Charles Hardy; Gainsborough's Lord Sandwich; Dance's highly individual portrait of Captain Cook, and several excellent specimens of Sir Peter Lely. In paintings of naval battles it is notoriously difficult to satisfy the requirements of both sailors and artists. The latter are in general so ignorant of nautical matters that they seldom escape the adverse criticism of seamen. Among the artists who have made themselves names in this class of subjects good specimens are to be found in this gallery of the skill of Domenic Serres, Paton, Pocock, De Louthembourg and Chambers. It would scarcely be possible that any picture by Turner could be without admirable qualities, and artists will find beauty and grandeur in the aerial perspective and colour in his picture here of 'the Battle of Trafalgar;' but as a representation



Admiral the Hon. Samuel Barrington. From the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

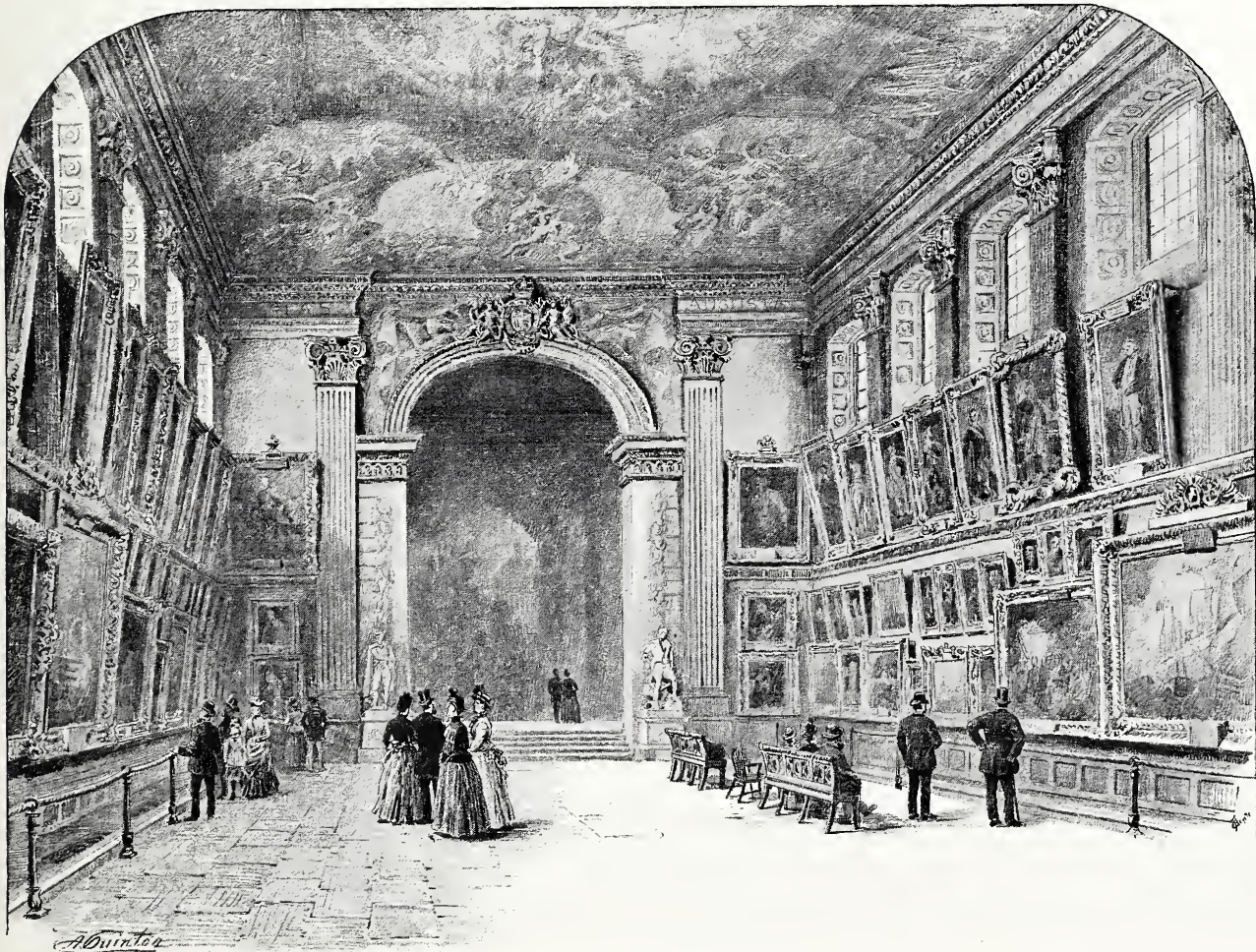
of this great contest there is so much of exaggeration and unreality in it, that it altogether fails to satisfy nautical critics. Of pictures of episodes of naval actions which come within the scope of artists who have not made marine paintings their principal study, there are several which claim attention for their artistic merit.

So far as exigencies of size and space admit, the pictures are so arranged as to place the portraits of the commanders near to the representation of actions in which they won distinction, and, in the Great Hall, to hang the subject pictures in chronological order; those of the earlier events commencing on the right-hand side of the Hall as you enter it. The earliest naval occurrence depicted is 'The *Hurry Grace-à-*

Dieu conveying Henry VIII. to his Conference with Francis I. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520.' The painting is a version in more modern art, by Domenic Serres, of a contemporary picture in the Royal Collection, now at Hampton Court.

'The Defeat of the Spanish Armada' affords the subject of the first of the battle pictures. This momentous victory, which established the fame of English seamen and demonstrated their genius for naval warfare, was the commencement of that tide of naval successes which, with little interruption, swept on until the crowning victory of Trafalgar left the fleets of England without a rival on the seas, and purchased for her more than three-quarters of a century of the peaceful development of her commerce, the undisturbed establishment of her

colonies, and the extension of her civilising influence in every quarter of the world. Nearly every epoch of this onward march towards naval supremacy finds in this gallery some representation, either of the events themselves or of the actors in them. The incident chosen by De Louthembourg as the subject of this fine picture is the attack by fire-ships while the Spanish ships were at anchor off Calais. The daring and suddenness of this attack threw them into the direst confusion. Some took fire and the rest cut their cables and made the best of their way to sea, whither they were hotly pursued, and on the following day they suffered further defeat off the Flemish coast. De Louthembourg has well produced the consternation and confusion of the scene in Calais Roads, lit up with the



The Painted Hall.

glare from the burning ships. The supreme command of the English fleet was held by Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham. A full-length portrait of him hangs above the Armada picture. In it he is represented at a more advanced age than he had reached at the time of the battle, and probably the picture was not painted until he had become Earl of Nottingham in 1596. It was formerly in one of the private apartments at Hampton Court, and was presented to the gallery by George IV. It has long been attributed to Federigo Zuccherò. Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake, who contributed so greatly to the victory, are represented in a picture containing three portraits, copied from one by Mytens at Newbattle Abbey, and presented by the Marquis of Lothian, the owner

of the original. The third person in this group is Thomas Cavendish, the circumnavigator, who was not present at the Armada's defeat. Mytens was but just born when these worthies died, and must have derived their portraits from other pictures.

The chief naval commander of the Commonwealth is represented in a picture—a composition by A. P. Briggs, R.A.—of 'Robert Blake, Admiral and General, at Sea.' Blake died at sea when returning from his great victory over the Spanish fleet at Santa Cruz, and his body was brought to Greenwich, where it lay in state, not, of course, in this Hall, which was not yet built, but in Greenwich House, the former royal palace.

Of other admirals who served the Parliament, and shared with Blake the dangers and glories of the first Dutch war, there are excellent portraits by Lely. Indeed this period, and the hard struggle which, after the Restoration, ensued with the Hollanders, our most formidable competitors for the dominion of the sea, are well represented. The commanders who fought for the honour of the flag under the Commonwealth were, many of them, notably Monk, Montagu, and Lawson, instrumental in the restoration of the monarchy after Cromwell's death, and were soon again actively employed in the second Dutch war. After the great victory gained on 3rd June, 1665, the Duke of York, who held the supreme command on that day, commissioned Lely to paint the portraits of the admirals who had fought under him. Pepys

went to see them while they were being executed, and has left us, in his Diary, a record of his approval of them. The men were well known to him, and his evidence that "very finely they are done indeed," is valuable. The originals, with the exception of Prince Rupert's portrait, of which there is a copy, are all here, and we can easily give credit to Pepys's criticism. They are manly and dignified, and the heads give the impression of marked individuality, and are favourable specimens of Sir Peter Lely's work. The portrait of Sir John Lawson, also by Lely, was not one of those seen by Pepys at Lely's house. This gallant and high-minded officer, who served his country so well, received a mortal wound in the battle these portraits were painted to commemorate, and was only brought to his home at Greenwich to die.



Destruction of part of the French Fleet by Sir George Rooke in the Harbour of La Hogue, 1692. From the picture by Benjamin West, P.R.A.

Our Dutch foes became for a time our allies when Louis XIV. assembled a large fleet and army to assist James II. in an attempt to regain the English throne. The defeat of this project is represented by two pictures; one, by Richard Paton, of the battle off Barfleure, and the other of the destruction of part of the French fleet by Sir George Rooke in the harbour of La Hogue. The last is after a picture by West in the Duke of Westminster's collection, and it has lost nothing at the hands of its able copyist, George Chambers. Rooke, finding it impossible to take his ships into the harbour of La Hogue, entered it with his boats, which he led in person, succeeding in burning the greater part of the French ships. Of this picture we give a woodcut. Admiral Russell, the Commander-in-Chief of the English and Dutch fleets, is

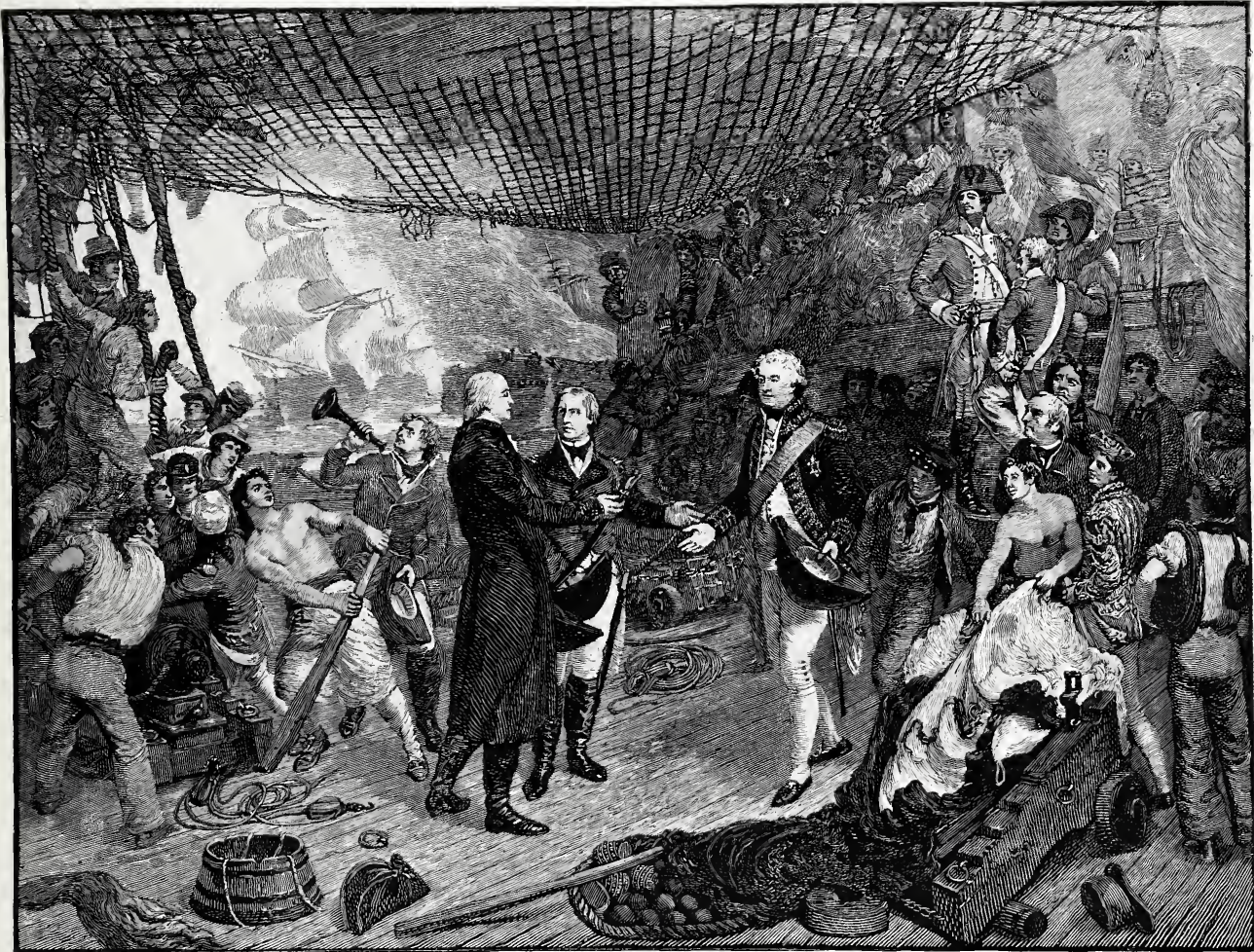
represented in a portrait by Bockman. There are also portraits of several of the officers who distinguished themselves on this occasion: Rooke's and Shovell's by Michael Dahl, and Churchill's and Benbow's by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Admiral Vernon's portrait is a copy after Charles Phillips. His capture of Porto Bello affords the subject of one of the pleasantest pictures in the collection. The talents of George Chambers are ably exhibited in it; its atmosphere and colour are charming. The anachronism of painting ensigns of the kind used only since the Union with Ireland, detracts little from its value as a work of Art.

The period between this time and the breaking out of the French Revolutionary War is represented by several pictures. The best of these, both in artistic qualities and in

the correctness of its nautical details, is the repulse of the French by Sir Samuel Hood at St. Kitts, painted by Nicholas Pocock. The heroes in these actions and in other good services of the period are well represented, but in many instances the gallery has been forced to be content with copies only of portraits essential to the series. There are, however, amongst others, original pictures by Brompton of Sir Charles Saunders; by Francis Cotes, R.A., of Lord Hawke; by Tilley Kettle of Kempenfelt, who perished when the *Royal George* sank at Spithead; and by Romney three, viz., Sir Hyde Parker (who commanded in the action with the Dutch on the Dogger Bank), Admiral Forbes, and Sir Charles Hardy—the last in all respects an admirable picture. By Sir

Joshua Reynolds there are the portraits of Sir Edward Hughes, bequeathed to Greenwich Hospital by the Admiral himself; of Admiral Gell, who fought under Hughes in his five actions in the East Indies; of Alexander Hood, afterwards created Viscount Bridport for his share in Lord Howe's action, painted in 1764, when he was a captain; of Admiral Francis Holbourne; and of Admiral Samuel Barrington—the last so excellent in its expression and spirit, so beautiful in its colour and execution, and so perfect in its preservation, that it may well be considered the great treasure of the collection. We give a reproduction of it. The portrait of Admiral Holbourne, which represents him accompanied by his son, a boy of eight or ten years old, has lately been



Admiral Duncan receiving Admiral De Winter's sword at the Battle of Camperdown. From the picture by Samuel Drummond, A.R.A.

added to the gallery, to which it was bequeathed by the last baronet of the Holbourne family. Unfortunately it is one of those works of Sir Joshua in which the flesh tints have sadly faded; otherwise it would be a pleasing picture.

The declaration of war by the leaders of the French Revolution in 1793 led to a long series of battles, which have filled the pages of our naval annals with deeds of glory, and demonstrated how full the ranks of the navy were of men capable of maintaining the pre-eminence of England on the sea.

De Louthembourg's large picture represents the great battle fought on the 1st June, 1794. Lord Howe's ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, is seen at the moment when, ranging alongside the French flagship, her foretopmast was shot away, and her

career checked for a time. Just previously, by a clever act of seamanship, due to the quick observation of her master, Mr. James Bowen (whose portrait, after he became an admiral, hangs near this picture), she passed under her antagonist's stern, pouring in a destructive fire. The spoils of this victory were six line-of-battle ships captured, which were taken to Portsmouth. There the King, George III., and the Queen, attended by ministers of state and a brilliant retinue, went to see them, and to personally reward the victors. This scene is depicted in a fine work by H. P. Briggs, R.A., which was purchased by the directors of the British Institution for £500, and presented by them to Greenwich Hospital.

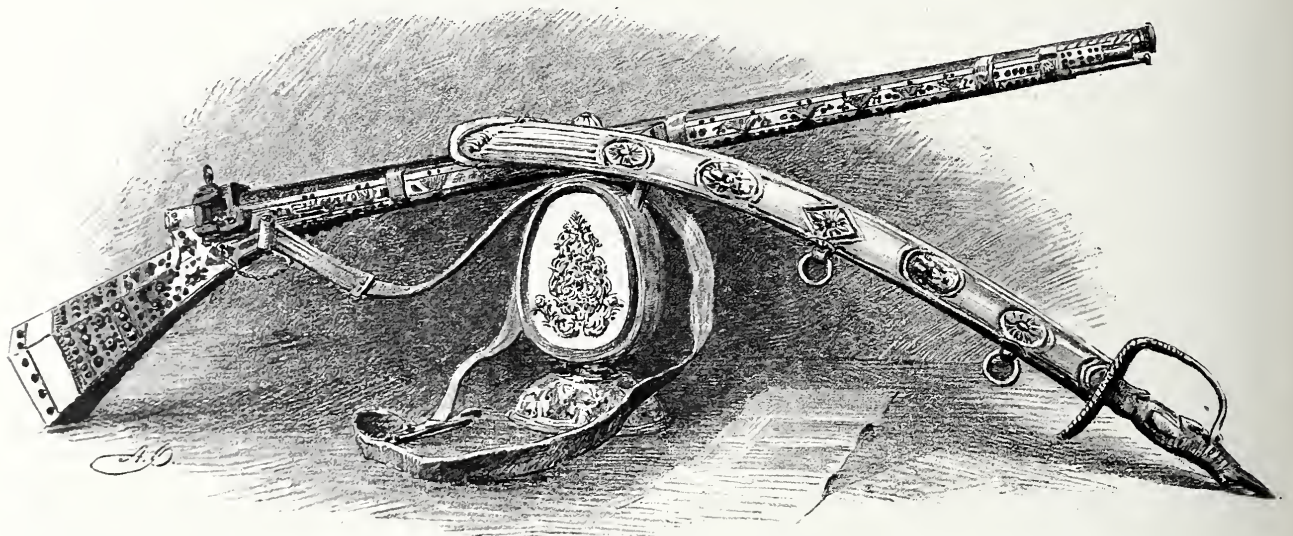
The victory gained by Admiral Duncan over the Dutch

fleet off Camperdown is commemorated by a fine picture by Samuel Drummond, A.R.A. (a woodcut of which forms one of our illustrations), which the gallery also owes to the liberality of the directors of the British Institution, for whom it was painted. After a very gallant action, in which eleven ships were taken, the Dutch admiral, De Winter, came on board Duncan's ship and delivered up his sword to him; and this incident is depicted by Drummond with much dignity. The figures are well painted and characteristic, and the whole scene is full of action and spirit.

Five pictures by Westall are taken from incidents in Nelson's life—one, which affords one of the illustrations of this article, represents him volunteering to board a prize during a violent gale. The *Lowestoffe* frigate, of which Nelson was a lieutenant, had captured an American letter of marque. The captain of the frigate, anxious that the prize should be taken possession of at once, called for an officer to board her. The master volunteered his services, but Nelson jumped into the boat before he could do so, saying, "It is my turn now, and if I come back it is yours."

The Nile, perhaps the most heroic of all naval battles, is represented by two pictures. The first, by Thomas Whitcombe, shows the English ships, just before sunset, taking up their positions. The second, by George Arnold, A.R.A., represents the explosion which, in the night, destroyed the French flagship, *L'Orient*.

Turner's picture of the 'Battle of Trafalgar,' presented by George IV. from St. James's Palace, has already been spoken of. The last sad scene in the life of the immortal hero was painted by Devis. This solemn picture was executed immediately after the event. On the return of the *Victory* to Portsmouth, Devis went on board, and made sketches of the cockpit and portraits of the officers and attendants who had surrounded Nelson in his last moments. We may, therefore, rely on the fidelity of the details of this picture. Hardy, stealing a moment from the busy duties of the deck, is there to assure the dying admiral of his victory. Beatty, Scott, and Burke are around him, doing all they can to assuage the agonies of their beloved commander. At the foot of the couch on which he lies are the coat and waistcoat, stained



Turkish Gun, Sabre, and Canteen, presented to Lord Nelson by the Sultan, after the Battle of the Nile.

with his blood, which we may see in another part of the Hall. These invaluable relics were presented to the collection by the late Prince Consort.

Of Lord Nelson there are three portraits: one a copy of the full-length by Hoppner in St. James's Palace, and the other two, originals by L. F. Abbott. One of them—that in which Nelson is wearing a cocked hat—was taken after the Nile, and is unfinished. The other, taken before that battle, is very pleasing and very like. It belonged to his friend, Alexander Davison, whose son, Sir William Davison, bequeathed it to the gallery, as he did also the Gun, Sabre, and Canteen (of which we give a sketch), presented to Nelson by the Sultan after the battle of the Nile. Of the many gallant men who shared with Nelson the glories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, the portraits here are numerous. Lord Collingwood's, by Howard, and Sir Thomas Hardy's, a capital picture and excellent likeness, by Robert Evans, should not be passed over.

The last episode arising out of the war with France affords the subject for a picture by J. J. Chalon, R.A. The '*Bellerophon*, with Napoleon on board,' shows Plymouth Sound

crowded with boats full of spectators eager to get a sight of the man who had so long held the world in terror.

Since the close of the great war the opportunities for naval officers to distinguish themselves have, happily, been less frequent, and there are, therefore, few pictures which relate to events subsequent to 1815. The bombardment of Algiers is depicted in a large and excellent painting. George Chambers, its author, who died at the early age of thirty-seven, passed some of his early days at sea, and hence, no doubt, the correctness in details which adds so much value to his pictures. Beside the picture hangs the portrait, by W. Owen, R.A., of Lord Exmouth, who commanded the fleet in this battle; and above it is the copy of a portrait, by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., of Sir David Milne, who was his second in command.

Of Sir Robert Stopford, who won distinction in the old war, and who commanded at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, in 1840, there is a good portrait by Say. His second in command, Sir Charles Napier, who afterwards was Admiral of the Baltic fleet in the Russian war, is represented in a picture by T. M. Joy. Sir William Peel, whose promising career

was cut short during the Indian mutiny, is painted by Lucas. There is also a statue of him, the gift of his brother, the present Speaker. Its sculptor was Mr. William Theed. Sir James Hope, famous for cutting the chain at Obligado and for his services in China, is represented in a picture, a posthumous painting, by Mr. Sydney Hodges.

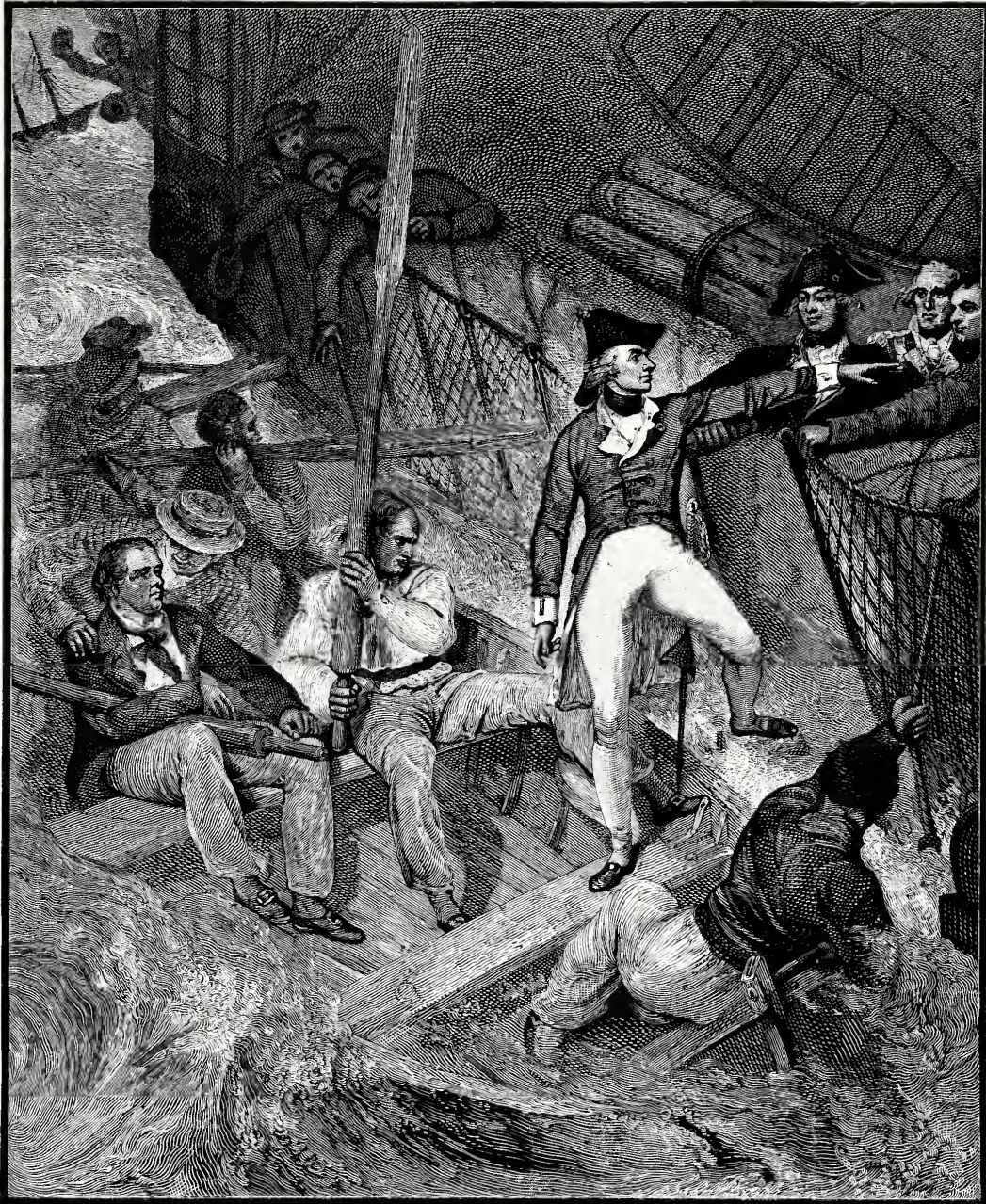
The gallery would not be fairly representative of the naval service were all memorials omitted of men who have won their chief distinction in the peaceable, but not less honourable, efforts to explore unknown regions and to extend our scientific knowledge. The earliest English explorer whose memory is preserved in the gallery is the unfortunate Sir Hugh Willoughby. Captain James Cook's portrait, by Nathaniel Dance, R.A., is an excellent picture, and gives a strong impression of the intelligence and decided character of the man. The death of Cook, overwhelmed by savages, is a fine picture by John Zofany, R.A.

Besides the statue of Sir William Peel, already mentioned, there are three other marble statues in the Great Hall. Those of Lord Exmouth and Lord de Saumarez are by P. M'Dowell, R.A., and John Steell, R.S.A., and that of Sir Sidney Smith by Thomas Kirk, R.H.A., of Dublin. The last is very spirited, and is one of the latest works of its talented artist. These three statues were executed for their present positions in pursuance of a vote of the House of Commons in 1842.

In the Vestibule are some pictures which deserve notice, particularly the portrait by Gainsborough of the fourth Earl of Sandwich, and a picture by E. W. Cooke, R.A., of the *Devastation*. This painting was presented a few years ago by

Lord Brassey, in order to afford a comparison in the collection between the modern turret armour-clad and the old types of ships with which our great battles were fought. The Vestibule also contains portraits of celebrated foreign seamen.

Although some names deservedly famous in naval history are absent from the collection, it may still be considered very fairly representative of the great service to which the power



Horatio Nelson, Lieutenant, volunteering to board a Prize in a violent gale, 1777. From the Picture by Richard Westall, R.A.

and the glory of our nation are mainly due; and the visitor to the splendid Hall in which the works are contained, remembering its associations, and entering into the spirit of the noble and devoted lives of the men whose deeds are commemorated, cannot leave it without feeling an exalted sense of the honour due to the British seaman.

FRANCIS HUSKISSON.

COROT.



COROT ranks as a great man in a great century—a century which fitly opened with the symphonies of Beethoven, and which has not settled down even yet to live on the labour of its youth. That must have been a really vital movement which still marches after new discoveries, and is not now content to consolidate itself

into mannerism. It is generally admitted that England did a great deal to deliver Europe of this last Renaissance, but it was in France that the newly-born first saw light. Less under the despotism of a single tradition than France, without such deep roots in the past, without, in fact, a Roman academy, a powerful oligarchy at home, a crystallized system of education, and a past history of great names, England was both less able to educate and less able to tyrannize the few great men who stamp an age.

England, moreover, inherited from the Dutch and Flemish painters who exploited but a corner of the vast field they opened up; France descended from the classics, Claude and Poussin, who did their high and narrow business so perfectly that followers seem little better than lifeless copyists. Certainly Hogarth was not pampered by easy favour, nor was he again utterly overwhelmed by the immense merit and prestige of a classic school and a rigorously classic education. He, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Crome, Constable, Wilkie,

and the rest, were men who followed Holland and Belgium in the pursuit of real light, but with an interest in original research. According to his own words, the example of these painters stimulated Géricault when he was in England, and later, in 1824, some of their works exercised no less influence on the minds of painters in Paris. Still Géricault painted pictures, from 1812 up to the great 'Raft' of 1819, before he saw England; and it must be remembered that he had also previously explored for himself the works of

Rubens and M. Angelo in Belgium and Italy. Delacroix, too, exhibited his 'Dante and Virgil' in 1822. Touching lightly on the question then, it may be said that landscape, rather than figure, painters owed something to English examples, and of these examples almost entirely to that of Constable; Bonington being a student in the school of Gros, a painter who had preceded even Géricault and Delacroix in the path of naturalism.

No one, placing together in his mind Constable's 'Hay-wain,' Rubens' 'Château de Stein,' and any great Corot, will deny that the Frenchman draws away from the others, who fall together as more like each other than like a Corot. This is not a question either of merit or of taste. Indeed, there must be many who prefer the solid force and blunt dignity of Rubens and Constable to Corot's exquisite and feathery grace of style. It is not a question of superiority but of difference, Corot having broken new ground both as a picture-maker or stylist, and as an observer of facts. The Rubens tree of the seventeenth century does not so much differ from the Constable tree of the nineteenth as both from the tree of Corot. The

Rubens-Constable tree is a mean proportional between the Hobbema and the Corot tree. All this must be taken as a rough statement of the case. Both Constable and Crome varied greatly in their practice. They were innovators, and they were to the end learners. Crome, at one extreme, is very Dutch, is quite Hobbema; Constable, at the other, has, at times, all the breadth, dash, and captivating *brio* of a great sketch by Rousseau, Daubigny, Troyon or James



An Evening in Normandy. From the picture in the possession of Hamilton Bruce, Esq.

Maris. People have had dash before this, but I question if with as big a conveyance of realism in landscape as Constable effected at his best. Breadth, secured by large, evident handling, can seldom be quite final with sincere men. A certain mood of punctilious sincerity invades the painter. Nature shows no style, no fixed degree of breadth, and no handling; he must needs then make sure once more that he has got all that is really necessary from nature. Perhaps this time he will reconcile some apparently impossible qualities

of nature and art—perhaps attain a finer combination of truth and beauty. And so Rousseau would often fall back again almost into the Dutch treatment of a tree. He would hunt, with Hobbema, the individual leaf into the deepest and most mysterious haunts of shadow.

I think Corot's marvellously clear good sense, his long course of early carefulness, the slow growth of his style, and, above all, its sole foundation on nature, prevented him, when he once attained the expression of his own ideas, from ever feeling that doubt of his style and that uneasy wish to turn back and see if nothing has been left behind. Do not mistake me when I speak of his style as founded solely on nature. I do not mean that he brought no art to his work and that he thought of nothing but truth. I do not mean that through eagerness for

the thing itself he was indifferent to the way a thing was done. It was *not* all the same to him whether he put on his paint thin or thick so that he got the tone right. Nor was he careless what pattern his composition and handling might make on his canvas provided he had the warrant of nature for all that he did. Corot had been taught by men of the Classic school, men rigid in drawing, rigid in their rejection of any facts outside the beat of Poussin and the ancients, rigid, too, in their devotion to formal arrangement, in a word, sticklers for convention; so that never at any period had he dreamt of the extreme theory that the results of observation might be effectively conveyed without art. Perhaps no good man, not even Courbet or those after him, has seriously held, or at any rate seriously worked on, so meaningless a principle.



Danse des Nymphes. From the picture in the possession of T. G. Arthur, Esq.

The early men of the century, in painting in the open air at all, in choosing their own subjects, in dispensing with side-scenes, classic figures and architecture, in seeing other keys of colour than that of Sir G. Beaumont's old fiddle, were opposing the dominant schools, were overthrowing the traditions of the elders, and were doing something that, if not altogether new and singular, was of forgotten or quite other application. Therefore we must not, as some later realists, be led by the tenor of early enthusiastic language about nature into a belief in the speaker's slavish respect for every trivial and casual truth in a scene. It was not in this doubtful and equivocal sense that Corot's style was founded on nature. He probably never intended to produce matter without the aid of manner, never shut his eyes to the decorative side of picture-making; never denied the strong and unsilenceable testimony

for good or evil of the pattern or general aspect of a canvas. Style, after all, is no more than the decorative characters and qualities of paint pressed into the service of expression; no more, in fact, than keys of colour, proportions of masses and details, relative scales of definition, methods of handling, etc., used in a manner appropriate to the *ensemble* of the truths the painter wishes to convey. By this, the effect of the picture is enhanced; imagination, style, technique, speak with one voice, and the decoration and the facts play notes in the same chord of feeling. Thus, for instance, the facts cannot be big ones, such as come from air, space, and the play of large masses, and yet the treatment be (without grave and damaging contradiction) small, mean, and full of careful pre-occupation. In his later work, Corot attained a perfect harmony of matter and manner. But because that matter was

new, and of his own seeking, so his manner was new, and was the manner demanded poetically by that matter; that is to say, his style was no trick borrowed from Claude, Constable, or any other, and arbitrarily imposed on his own view of nature. In this sense I say that his style was founded solely on nature; and I say it because it was invented to render his impressions, and was slowly perfected as they became clear and concise in his mind. This is the highest praise that can be given to an artist, *quâ* artist, and apart from our personal liking or disliking of the man's actual impressions themselves. Doubtless the genuineness with which he elaborated his style accounts in part for Corot's slow development and tardy appreciation by the public. He would have got on much quicker had he borrowed a style or concocted one by a mixture. As it was he merely deduced from the practice of the past the necessity of having a style—and he made his own.

Some of his fellows of 1830 made intelligent copies of old masters, and consciously revived what in the styles of the past could be made serviceable in the tasks of the present century. Corot

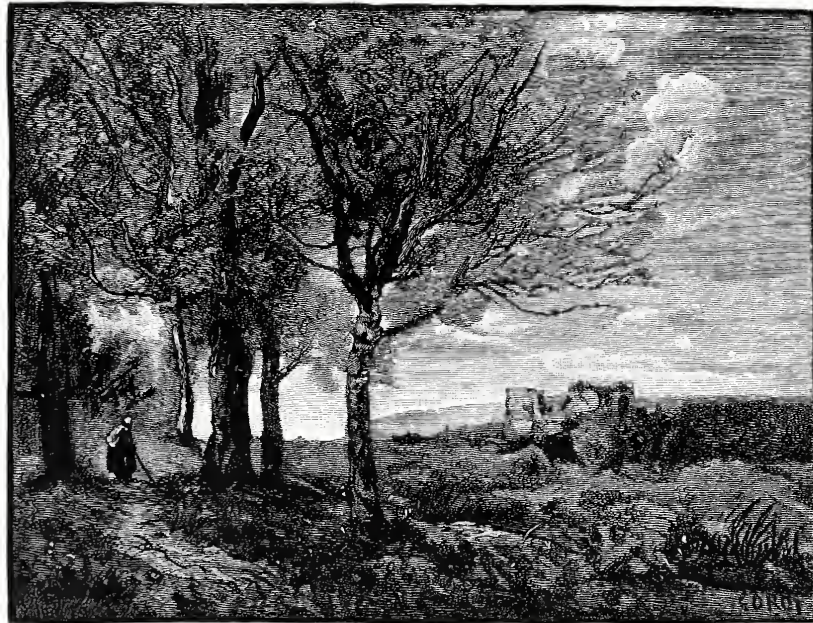
was a man of the fields; he was no dilettante or connoisseur versed in the galleries of Europe. Alfred Robaut says that he looked little at pictures, and then to please himself at the moment, taking as much stock of a terrible example of what not to do as of a crowning monument of Art. Indeed, for a man that was to work out his own salvation in style, the good was perhaps more dangerous than the bad pic-

ture. His style was made to convey his own impressions, and it is one which cannot be taken ready-made. Yet his impressions are consonant with the vision of all those who take a large view of nature. A lifetime of open-air study lies behind his facile and poetical elegance, and you will not easily catch him tripping as a realist.

With some hint of the intention of his work, his style being, as we have seen, in harmony with his matter, it may be possible to divine the mainspring of his practice. He himself has said that he should wish you to feel no fears for the birds that might try to fly through his trees. In too many pictures you feel that they would drop down dead as if they had struck tin. People who can perceive this featheriness as a natural property of real trees, and can, to some extent, analyse the material conditions of the quality, will agree with me that Corot has expressed it more eloquently than any man. In thinking then of what we may learn from him with safety, this view of foliage, grass, or any multitudinous tangle, must not be passed over. We can no longer omit this essential, this most particular

characteristic of trees. It is not copying to avail ourselves of truths gained by men of the past if we recognise them with our own eyes to be truths of nature, and not merely "tips" in Art. We must only take care to give them no larger proportion of importance than they have naturally in our personal impression of nature. Form, colour, tone, etc., rank themselves in varying orders of interest to different eyes. We sometimes hear it said, in a voice of censure, that So-and-so gives his trees a vaporous air that recalls Corot. Would you have him go back to Hobbema? Would you have him pretend to be ignorant of what he knows quite well, of what has become part of his feelings by birthright? As well pretend to be as ignorant of the figure and as easily satisfied as people were before Leonardo and M. Angelo studied anatomy. Surely we cannot without affectation to-day pretend to be either pre-Corotite or pre-Raphaelite. We must make our trees then so that, as Corot said, the birds can fly in them—if at least we can arrive at so seeing them in nature. And if it is foolish to shut our eyes to truths shown by one man, it is no less to be

blind to other truths shown by other men, and, most of all, to be indolent in inventing means to express any truths that we may be original enough to see for ourselves. We have to make, in fact, a style that will be the appropriate dress of all we feel about nature. It will not do to masquerade in Corot's costume. In plain words we must not steal Corot's vaporousness and leave behind his modelling. It is to steal the casket



The Ruin. From the picture in the possession of Hamilton Bruce, Esq.

without the jewel. For my part I think few could make a sham Corot look as elegant as a real one, for the grace evaporates with the truth. But even if it is not difficult to import the vaporousness without the modelling, it is at least equally easy to put the Dutch dot on false unmodelled masses, and that in any required profusion. Yet it has never been brought against Hobbema that a laborious idiot with oils and sables might travesty his method; but though there is neither merit nor difficulty in out-dotting the Dutch or out-vapouring Corot, it would be no joke to try and out-model them. Now modelling is the very soul of an art that has to try and represent depth on the flat. We should seek then to rival Corot in modelling and values rather than to parody the Corot scrape, the Corot smudge, and the flick and feathery drag through wet paint. These methods lose their convincing effect on the mind when, owing to false modelling, the various planes are not represented as receiving their due proportions of force and warmth of light; when, owing to bad value, the local colours of objects are not shown justly modified according to distance and the tone of the pic-

ture. Nor is it enough to aim at something like Corot's scheme of subtle-grey colouring—truly atmospheric as it is. The quality of air is due to modelling even more than to aerial colour; so that a scumble gives the least essential half of atmosphere. It covers planes with the hue of air, but leaves them thin, unmodelled, and papery, like side-scenes on a stage. Whereas fine gradation of the planes gives depth, truth, and richness to a monochrome. Many people, some of them painters,

accuse Corot of want of finish. Probably they are unattracted by the charm of his style; men differ in what they like, but a good critic should be able to recognise fine drawing and modelling, even if he cannot sympathise with the object to which they are applied. By study of Corot's pictures from that point of view, these censors might find themselves dealing with a broader and larger logic of vision than their own. They would find him admirably conscientious in his purpose of modelling the large masses perfectly, and of suggesting the smaller detail only so far as he could do it without sacrifice of what is greater. Others have denied him the gift of colour, proclaiming him merely a "tonist." This would seem a pedantic survival of theories of mural decoration. It argues a total misapprehension of the aims and merits of modern painting. People who cannot call a man a colourist unless he knocks them on the head with red, blue, and yellow, are, of course, justified in their taste, though wrong in their principles of criticism. As well abuse the great decorators of Italy for not admitting realistic truths incompatible with their art, as attack the moderns for not stultifying their new and noble realism of atmosphere by the introduction of bright impossible tints. Too many men sacrifice to this false hybrid ideal and gain neither one kind of beauty nor the other. They would do well at least to choose subjects compatible with such colouring, and not pretend to paint the open air. Corot was quite sincere in his intention to render the open air, and surely no one denies the reality of open-air colours, or that they are as beautiful,

subtle, and varied as the pigments in a colour box or the stuffs in a draper's shop.

So much for Corot's realism; there is also decorative beauty in his art, as I have hinted, consonant with, and, to my mind, inseparable from, his view of the world. One dare not say how much of his beauty is, as it were, realism sublimed. Your eye embraces his pictures in their entirety and nothing distracts or worries the attention. A great part of this unity, this



Pastorale—Souvenir d'Italie. From the picture in the possession of John Forbes White, Esq., LL.D.

harmony, comes from his logical and consistent rendering of atmosphere, the result of his most unusually complete grasp of the field of vision as a whole. Yet we may detect a residuum that is pure style distinguished from observation of nature. As we can conceive a picture which should be the empty manner of Corot concealing no construction of natural forms, so we can conceive a rude or laboured canvas containing some of his modelling and a suggestion of his atmospheric scheme. We have seen, in fact, something like both conceptions, and

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we know how much they lose of truth and of poetry. From this it would seem that we must make our own observations, and let their characteristic qualities slowly determine in our painting an inclination towards style. But in the present day, it may be said, is not style more lacking than sincere observation? Perhaps so; but nothing is more dangerous to force, and, moreover, one can see on all sides a natural growth of decorative feeling. I remember my own awakening to this quality, and the standard I accepted from a great French artist. I was breakfasting with him, and I noticed in exhibition frames round the room canvases simply prepared with light drab tones. He said to me, "I have many subjects in my head to paint. I imagine them on these broad, luminous,

quiet preparations, and I determine that they must not spoil the tranquil decorative effect of these canvases with their simple brown paper tones." Brown paper may not be a high standard, but many clever artists do not trouble themselves to equal it in agreeableness.

Corot, as may be gathered from the accompanying illustrations, generally works on a composition made of broad, simply-arranged, large masses. These he surrounds and overlays with a lovely lace-work of light branches and floating leaves. Mr. J. F. White's 'Souvenir d'Italie' and Mr. Hamilton Bruce's 'An Evening in Normandy' are excellent examples of this. The remaining illustrations show Mr. T. G. Arthur's 'Danse des Nymphes' and Mr. Bruce's 'The Ruin.'

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

THE ROYAL PALACES.*

ST. JAMES'S AND WHITEHALL.

AFTER the fire at Westminster in 1512, Henry VIII. does not seem to have made any serious attempt to restore the domestic buildings destroyed. His first move was to Whitehall, and later in his reign the suppression of religious

houses gave him a wide choice. There was the Lord Abbot's house at Westminster; there was the magnificent Dominican priory at Blackfriars; there was the noble monastery of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, together with the palace of the



St. James's Palace, from the Mall.

Knights of St. John in Clerkenwell, and its neighbour, the Charter House. All these and others were at his dis-

posal, yet he chose, and the Court of England is still officially called by the name of, a small almshouse for decayed ladies known as the Hospital of St. James. This hospital had been founded time immemorial, and long before the Conquest,

* Continued from page 113.

according to some authorities. This is, of course, unlikely, though it may possibly have dated from the reign of Edward the Confessor. It was established "for fourteen sisters, maidens, that were leprous, living chastely and honestly in divine service." In 1531 it was surrendered to the King, and the nuns giving up possession peaceably, were pensioned off. Their lands were valued at £100 a year, equal to a much larger sum, perhaps £1,500 a year now. They had been under the special patronage and protection of the Provost of Eton, the date of

whose surrender, which may be seen in Rymer, was November 1. A year and a half before Henry had obtained from Cardinal Wolsey, who had fallen from power in 1529, a surrender of Whitehall, then known as York Place, the official London residence of the Archbishops of York. It is described as "one message, two gardens, and three acres." This cannot be considered a very exaggerated account of the palace in which Henry had already, since 1512, occasionally resided. Strange to say, a portion of it, wholly secluded from public view, still, it is believed, exists behind the wholly modern front, or part of it, of the Treasury. As this is on the western side of the road from Charing Cross to

Westminster, and as the eastern side abutted in places on the river, we may guess the size of the whole. This Treasury building appears to have been Wolsey's banqueting hall, and the buttresses were turned into pilasters some time probably in the reign of George I.

Henry immediately made Whitehall his head-quarters, and spent some seven years in improvements and additions. In 1528 a bill was presented to Parliament and duly passed, by which Henry, declaring that the King's palace at Westminster,

"buildd and edified there before the time of mind, by and nigh unto the monastery and abbey of St. Peter, Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, is, and for a long time hath been, in utter ruin and decay," announced that he had purchased—Henry's idea of purchase was peculiar—"one great mansion, place, and house, some time parcel of the possessions and inheritance of the Archbishopric of York." In the preamble to the Act, the King goes on to say that he "most sumptuously and curiously hath buildd and edified

many and distinct, beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings, buildings and mansions, for his grace's singular pleasure, comfort, and commodity, and the great honour of his highness and of his realm, and thereunto adjoining hath made a park, walled and environed with brick and stone, and thereunto hath devised and ordained many and singular commodious things, pleasures, and other necessaries most apt and convenient to appertain only to so noble a prince for his singular comfort, pastime, and solace."

The park thus spoken of is St. James's, the domain of the dispossessed nuns, and at its extremity was their house, with out-buildings, whose extent may be judged by their reaching north-

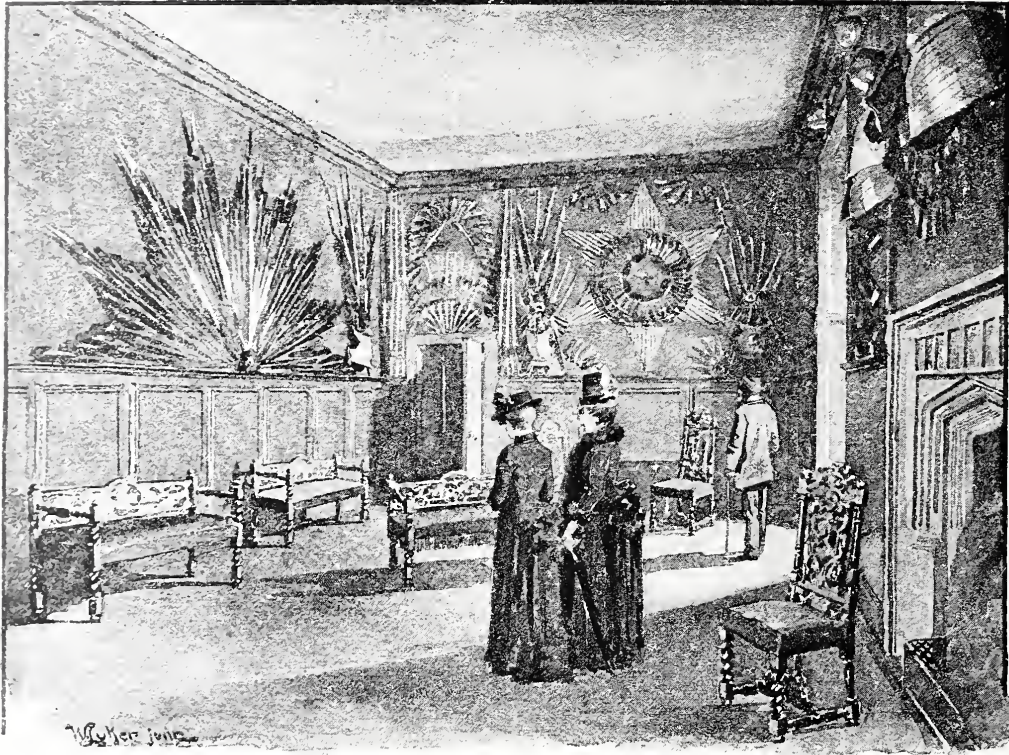
ward nearly to Piccadilly, along what is now St. James's Street. Remains have been found as far up as Arlington Street. A fine gateway was made—still standing—on this side, and at Whitehall were other and similar but far finer gateways. But to return to this curious Act of Parliament. Its principal object has still to be stated. It was intended that this park with its palace, York Place and its lodge, St. James's Hospital, should become and be described as "the King's Palace of Westminster." In Henry's opinion an Act



The Clock Tower, St. James's Palace.

of Parliament could do anything, that is, anything he wished it to do; and he now called upon his subservient legislature

Fortunately for posterity Inigo Jones has left us very elaborate drawings of what he intended to do at Whitehall. They were engraved on a large scale by T. M. Müller and others in 1749. The front towards Charing Cross was to be 1,151 feet 10 inches in length, and as the whole palace was to be nearly square the size may be imagined. The "Street of Whitehall," as it was called, ran in those days through the courtyard of the old palace by Holbein's gateways. Inigo would have replaced them by a low archway at either end, and this is the greatest defect of the design, which never got beyond the paper on which it was drawn. The courtyard would have extended the whole depth of the buildings from north to south, but would have only been of one-third the width,



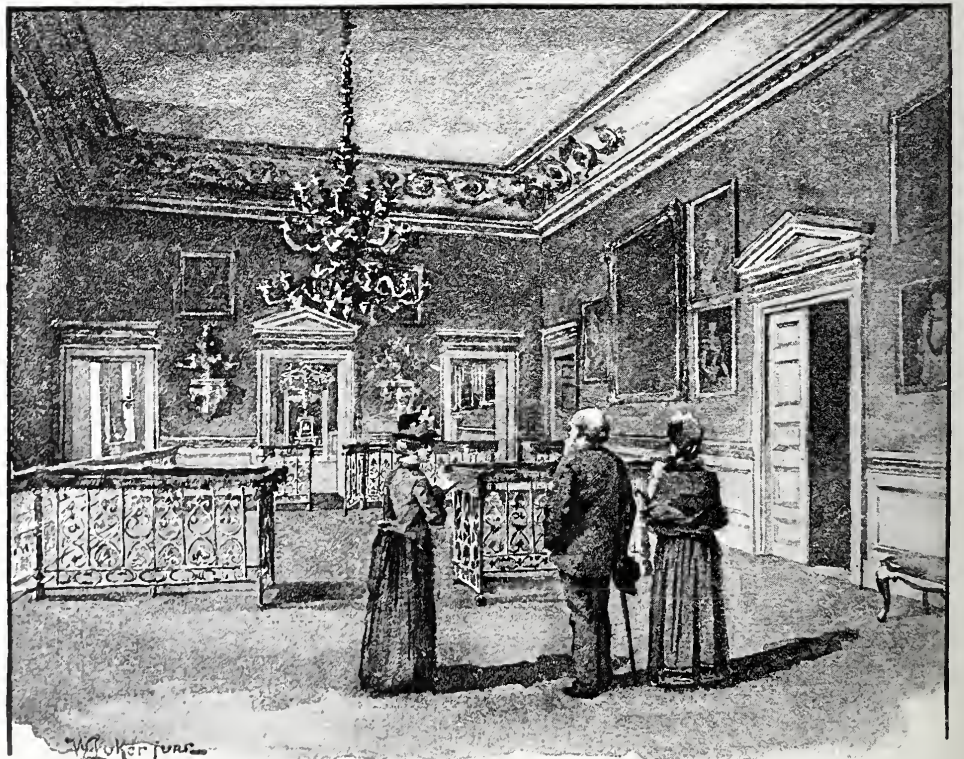
The Guard Chamber, St. James's Palace.

to abolish history and geography in his favour, and turn St. James's Park and its adjacent buildings into "the Palace of Westminster."

The last visible remains of old Whitehall were swept away only a year or two ago, to make room for one of the frightful and overgrown hotels which border Northumberland Avenue. It consisted in an ordinary house, of perhaps the last century, with a basement in which were some of the Pointed windows of the time of Henry VIII., and had latterly a very melancholy and ghostly look, deserted as it was, behind a tall hoarding, and surrounded by the coarse vegetation of an untended garden.

Of the newer Whitehall which James I. intended to build, we have the Banqueting House, which, whether we look at it with the eyes of architectural criticism or from the point of view of historical association, is one of the most interesting buildings in London, and certainly by far the most interesting of its size.

the remaining two-thirds on the east and west sides being



Queen Anne's Room, St. James's Palace.

taken up with three smaller courts each, the central one on the western side being circular, and, according to the

print, of very charming proportions. Inigo seems to have also made a smaller and cheaper design, in which a part, at least, of the work was to be in brick, a material which he knew how to handle with masterly skill. It is not easy to make out what part of either design the Banqueting House was to be; in fact, there is nothing which actually corresponds with it, and we are driven to the conclusion that it was made to stand as it does by itself, or perhaps to be part of a third and still smaller design never completed.

The Banqueting House has long been turned into a chapel, a purpose for which it is wholly unsuited. Very little of Jones's original work remains about it, as it has been repaired and the stonework renewed; but it continues to be a monument of the best architecture London has ever seen. The front towards Whitehall consists of two storeys divided into seven bays by engaged columns and pilasters, the lower Ionic, the upper Corinthian, resting on a low rusticated basement, the windows in which are blank. If the building has any serious defect it is the balustrade, which, however, was a part of the whole design of the palace, and could not easily have been omitted; but we can see how much better it would have looked if it had been roofed down, so to speak, without the balustrade to a deeper cornice, like that which Sir

Charles Barry used with such admirable effect in his Reform Club. It is sad to see the ugliness of the new buildings which surround this little gem. One modern architect, on my complaining of them some years ago in a letter to a newspaper, replied that he considered Whitehall Chapel "an ugly barn." The only possible answer is that this opinion is apparently shared by all the architects who have designed—if such work can be called designing—the enormous piles that disfigure what was to have been the site of Whitehall Palace. There is little hope of an improvement in

architecture while the Banqueting House is considered "an ugly barn."

Henry VIII. and his successors, until the time of James I. at least, could ride out from Whitehall, cross the Park to their lodge at St. James's, and pass on through open country to Hyde Park, and thence to the wooded hills about Hampstead without encountering any habitations. Whitehall must in its later days have been a very irregular pile, the front—if front it can be called—towards the Park, where the Horse Guards is now, consisting of a kind of village of tiled houses,

through which a narrow entry led to the "street" of Whitehall, the enclosed court, that is, of the palace.

It was in front of the Banqueting House, in the so-called street, that the scaffold was set up for the beheading of Charles I. He slept the night before at St. James's, and walked across, attended by his guards and by Bishop Juxon, on the morning of the fatal day. Henry VIII. had erected a long stone gallery on the side next the Park, and by this, no doubt, King Charles entered, and passed round to the opposite side over the archway of the great gate. One of the blank windows in the basement of the Banqueting House—the second from the north end—was broken through, and a passage was made from the interior to the scaffold, which was not



The Chapel Royal, Whitehall.

quite ready. Meanwhile the King awaited his doom in an apartment which had been his bedchamber, and which was on the river front, as nearly as possible where the offices of the Board of Trade are now.

Pepys often mentions Whitehall, and describes his walks in the stone gallery which ran all along one side of the Privy Gardens, where Whitehall Gardens are now. He mentions many other apartments, but it is not easy to identify them among the seventy of which this labyrinth consisted. On Tuesday, the 4th January, 1698, between three and four

o'clock in the afternoon, a Dutch washerwoman, having occasion to dry some linen, contrived to light such a conflagration that nearly the whole palace was destroyed, including the guard-chamber, council-chamber, secretary's office, the King's chapel, the long gallery, the Queen's lodgings, and much more. The Banqueting House, though much injured, was not destroyed, and was appropriated by the clergy and choir; and a chapel, though I believe unconsecrated, it has remained ever since. The reredos of the old chapel, which was near the river, was saved. It was a beautiful piece of work in marble, by Inigo Jones, and was afterwards, at the instance of Sir Christopher Wren, set up in Westminster Abbey, but was unfortunately destroyed during the fury of the Gothic revival.

St. James's Palace became, after the fire, the only royal residence left in London. It had been the head-quarters of Queen Mary during King Philip's absence, and from its windows she saw the rebels under Wyatt pass along what is now Piccadilly on their way to the City. When Wyatt was hung his body was placed on a gibbet on the top of Hay Hill, and must have been distinctly visible from the windows of the palace. Queen Mary died at St. James's on the 17th November, 1558, at the comparatively early age of forty-three. The next inhabitant of note was Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I. He made great improvements, and added considerably to what must have been but a small residence for a personage of his rank. "By his demeanour," it

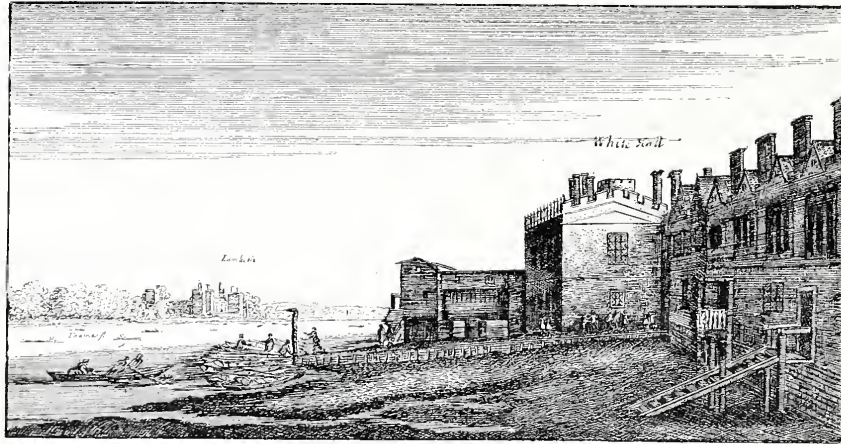
was said of him, he "seemed like a king, even whilst he was a prince only." We hear much that is good of him, but it may safely be doubted if he would have succeeded better than Charles, his younger brother, in governing England. His household at St. James's amounted to no fewer than four hundred and twenty-six persons. When Charles was going to Whitehall to his execution, he pointed out to his attendants a tree which Prince Henry had planted. He appears to have died of fever, but of course his death was almost universally attributed to poison. Charles I. lived much at St. James's after his marriage, and there most of his children were born. In his reign it began to be called St. James's Palace, having previously been St. James's House. After the outbreak of the Civil War, the Parliament gave the royal children into the care of the Earl of Northumberland, and they were lodged at St. James's, which shortly before had been described by a French visitor as remarkable for its "new magnificences;" and the same writer particularly mentions the tapestry, much of which is still on the walls. He says, "its great gate has a long street in front, reaching almost out of sight, seemingly joining to the fields." At the side was "a large meadow, always green, in which the ladies

walk in summer." This meadow, through which the open stream of the Tyburn ran, is called on some old maps "Stone-bridge Close," and on others "Upper St. James's Park." It is to be identified with what we now call the Green Park.

Queen Henrietta Maria's Romanist chapel was built for her by Inigo Jones, who shared her religious views, and was regarded very unfavourably by the Puritans. There is a curious story in Pyne about Jones and Stone the sculptor, who did the carving of most of his designs. They were afraid of losing their money when the troubles of the kingdom broke out, so they took it to Scotland Yard, adjoining to Whitehall, and buried it. Fearing discovery, they took it up again and hid it in Lambeth Marsh.

The south front of the palace during the reign of James II. extended considerably farther eastward than the present building. At the extremity of this end was the Friary, commemorated still by Friary Court, which was on the site now covered by the German chapel. In this wing were the apartments of the Queen, Mary of Modena, and their situation, no doubt, gave colour to the universal belief of the nation, that her child, afterwards the Old Pretender, was smuggled in by a turret staircase. All this part of the palace disappeared

after a fire in 1809, but Pyne gives a view of the Queen's bed-chamber, and even of the bed, which was then (1819) the property of Sir George Osborn, at Chicksands, in Bedfordshire. The road into St. James's Park now passes over the site. After the destruction of Whitehall, as we have seen,



Whitehall. From an old print by Hollar.

St. James's became virtually the head-quarters of English royalty, and we still hear in diplomatic correspondence of "the Court of St. James." Queen Anne and her successors, down to George II., constantly resided here. Queen Caroline gathered a library so large that a building had to be erected for it in the Park. She was seized with her last illness when visiting it in November, 1737. When George III. ascended the throne, the accommodation for the royal family was increased by Carlton House, at the eastern extremity of what had been the private gardens; but Queen Anne had already divided it by giving the site of a house to the Duke of Marlborough. George lived in St. James's, and his mother, the Princess Dowager, at Carlton House. Queen Charlotte arrived from Germany in 1761, and it is said that at the sight of St. James's she turned pale, but whether from admiration or the reverse history does not say. We need not detail any further the annals of a building so familiar to Londoners. Its very meanness was made the text of a happy remark—often repeated—to a foreigner who noticed it. "The greatness of England was shown more in the subsidies she paid than in the money she spent on palaces."

W. J. LOFTIE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

IN 'Wreckage from the Fruiter' (249) Mr. HOOK has, unconsciously, no doubt, plagiarised a scene of Mr. Albert Goodwin's, which was at the Academy some few years ago; probably the artistic eye of both have been attracted by the beautiful combination of colour afforded by the eddying yellow of the oranges and the grey blue of the water.

Passing a good portrait, 'Miss Joicey' (250), by Mr. SANT, and looking with pleasure at a sunny landscape by Mr. E. P. BUCKNALL (251), and a well-painted likeness of the children of Lord Cardross (259), we come to one of the learned subjects of Mr. E. LONG, R.A. (255), which shows that the sagacious dog we are used to at our country fairs has had a still more learned ancestor in ancient Egypt.

Mr. GOW'S 'Visit of Charles I. to Hull in 1642' (260), will probably be passed over by many on account of its weakness of effect when seen from a distance; but those whom this want of backbone so affects, will miss a real treat of manipulative dexterity, for no picture in the Academy has more wonderful passages of detail permeating it from end to end. The work would have been improved by some bright accessories in the lower left foreground; at present it wants balance and interest there.

'Martin Colnaghi, Esq.' (265), by Mr. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., is considered a wonderfully good likeness by those who frequent the auction-rooms, but it is questionable whether the line in the best Gallery is the place for portraits of picture-dealers.

'The Bazaar at Tetuan,' by J. L. HODGSON, R.A. (261), and 'News in the Village' (271), by H. STACY MARKS, R.A., can hardly be considered representative works of these two pillars of the Academic body. 'The New Frock,' by W. P. FRITH, R.A. (272), introduces us to a winsome little lady in red, to whom the motto, "Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas," can hardly yet be said to be applicable.

Near together in this south-east corner are two pictures by Academicians, each depicting in its own way the result of rapine and war. Mr. PETER GRAHAM'S impressive canvas (279) portrays a vast mountain-side wreathed as to its summit in mist, as to its base in the smoke of a burning village, whence a straggling line of victims wend their sorrowing way. Mr. CALDERON'S, which he terms 'Home' (285), takes us to the Napoleonic wars, and shows a woman and her child returning, after the sacking of a village, to find their house in ruins, almost the only unharmed object being a statuette of the Emperor, which mockingly seems to say—

"But things like this you know must be
After a famous victory."

Passing in succession 'A Corner in the Villa' (291), by E. J. POYNTER, R.A., another OULESS portrait, 'Sir William Bowman' (292), and a large picture of Henry VIII. and Wolsey, by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., entitled 'Ego et Rex meus' (293), we come to the President's most important work, 'Greek Girls playing at Ball' (300), which, painted in a much thinner manner than is his wont, affords an opportunity for the display of much beauty of limb and fold of dress. A

critical observer may wonder how the nearer of the two retains her garments in a game which necessitates free use of the arms, and wish that the folds of her circling drapery had been more generalised; but to such, no doubt, the distinguished author has a sufficient answer.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS seems to have found in Mrs. Paul Hardy a subject well fitted to his present style of portraiture, and he has painted the lady with firmness and decision, holding his hand as regards bright colour, except for a few marigolds in the hair, and an echo of the same in a wonderfully successful sweep of colour on the fan.

'An Al-fresco Toilette' (307), by Mr. LUKE FILDES, is certainly one of the most attractive of his always pleasant Venetian pictures. It has not only the charm of good colour, but of pretty women, and an interesting background, the front of his brother-in-law Mr. Wood's studio.

Mr. ALMA TADEMA'S 'At the Shrine of Venus' (313), represents, we believe, a popular hairdresser's shop in olden times, when trade was so brisk that even patrician dames had to wait their turn. The artist has dwelt very lovingly on a delightful scheme of greens and blues in the draperies, accentuated by a startlingly vivid sapphire vase, which makes even the sky look dull. Mr. WATTS, on the other hand, in 'The Habit does not make the Monk,' has played upon a scale of reds which show up lusciously not only in the flesh tints, but in wall, wings, habit, and creepers. Besides these, on this wall are to be noted Mr. HERKOMER'S 'Professor Adams' (312); 'Hush, let him Sleep!' (317), by Mr. T. FAED, R.A.; 'Mrs. Loder and her Children' (316), by that fortunate individual, Mr. A. E. ELSLIE, who, not for the first time, has seven pictures in the exhibition; and 'A Gleam before the Gloaming' (301), Mr. ALFRED EAST.

GALLERY IV.

The first picture to attract attention here is the 'Godiva' (326), by Mr. STOREY, A.R.A. This is the most successful of three nude studies in this room, but as an eminent physician remarked, in none of them has the artist done more than give the outward casing of the frame; that sentient substructure which is all in all is in every case absent.

In 'The Close of a Day' (333), Mr. LEMON has shown his power of depicting the facial expression of horses as they plough up the fernland. Mr. VICAT COLE again this year occupies the pride of place in this gallery with his 'Summons to Surrender' (343), an uninteresting canvas which gives no hint of the subject it is supposed to represent. We should like to hear Mr. Henry Moore's opinion on the wave drawing.

That promising young artist, Mr. WM. CARTER, shows an advance, but not a very important one, in his portrait of 'W. S. Hoare, Esq.' (349), and Mr. ALLAN J. HOOK has treated well a sympathetic subject in his 'News on the Reef' (350).

Anything more repulsive than Mrs. STOKES'S 'Go play alone, my boy' (358), cannot well be imagined. We ask the artist what possible good painting such as this can do to her or her fellow-creatures. 'Pale Cynthia' (363) has been the motive to Mr. BRITON RIVIERE for a study of *cumuli* clouds

* Continued from page 188.

under a sunset effect, the orb'd maiden alone assuming a dead white colour. 'Sisters' (372), by Mr. FILDES, R.A., shows that female portraiture can be treated in a piquant and luscious manner by Englishmen as well as foreigners.

Mr. F. D. MILLET, as becomes his nationality, continues to seek from the pages of Knickerbocker for subjects which apparently lie so ready to hand there. For thorough painting there are few pictures here which surpass this; note even the dextrous limning of the smallest accessories; one always feels not only satisfied, but happy in the presence of Mr. Millet's canvases. Who would not like to cut out of the canvas the girl with arms akimbo on the table, and frame it so as to be always near at hand upon one's writing-table?

Passing a bright little landscape by HUGH WILKINSON, (389), and 'Confidences' (387), a deftly-painted composition piece by Mr. A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER, we pause before one of the most successful child portraits in the exhibition, and note the capital modelling Mr. S. SOLOMON has shown in 'Miss Gladys Raphael's head' (393), and his clever use of white against white in her frock and the background.

Mr. WYLLIE'S, A.R.A., homeward-bound ship with its many hundred feet long pennant, will astonish many people who are unaware of the custom to fly a streamer of a length proportional to the time the vessel has been under commission. We illustrate this picture at page 223, in the article on this painter.

In 'Spirit Voices' (402), Mr. SANT, R.A., has obtained a beautiful model, but of what material is her costume composed? the sleeves might be thickly-moulded plaster. Mr. C. W. MITCHELL shows in 'Aoide' a model clothed only with a lyre traversing barefooted a woodland glade. Mr. BRETT, in 'The Lion, the Lizard, and the Stags' (417), repeats an effect of oily sea and seaweed-covered rocks which gained him so much notoriety some score of years ago. We must close our notice of this room with directing attention to a crisp, determined piece of painting, entitled 'A Venetian Water-Carrier' (425), by Mr. C. VAN HAANEN.

GALLERY V.

The central picture on the north wall is Mr. MACWHIRTER'S large panorama of 'Constantinople and the Golden Horn' (457) as seen from Eyoub, which is sure to be attractive, for there are few cities which apparently present such a wonderful *coup d'œil*, and few which are so seldom illustrated. On the southern wall the place of honour is also assigned to an Eastern subject, 'Jairus's Daughter' (503), where Mr. LONG, R.A., shows the Saviour bending over the recumbent form of the girl, who appears to have passed beyond all hope of recovery.

Landscapes hang on either side of the doors; to the west Mr. DAVIS'S 'On the Banks of the Liane' (435), which perhaps suffers from too much definition throughout, and Mr. HERBERT'S 'A Voice from the Deep' (530); and to the east, 'Nooning in the Hop Garden' (475), by DAVID MURRAY, and 'Cumbria's Coast' (480), by Mr. LEADER, A.R.A. From the former we are glad to see that the artist is painting with rather more pluck and force of colour than has been his wont, for latterly his pictures appeared much too delicately and thinly painted for their size. Mr. Leader's landscape is certainly one of the most successful of his latter-day productions; the paint is much less insistent, and there is no picture here which takes one so into the sunshine as this, whether we wander along its stretch of thistle-covered shore or pass the eye over its sunlit hills. Other landscapes shown in this room are: 'The Morn-

ing Breeze' (451), by COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A., which we consider his best work, although from the title we are apt to look for evidences of wind which we hardly find indicated; Mr. BOUGHTON'S 'Salmon River' (465), a good picture and a good subject, marred by the painter's determination to cut it in two, not only by marked contrasts of colour, but by a tree whose thin white stem passes exactly down its centre. We have no patience with such servile imitations of great men as Mr. PEPPERCORN'S 'The Lane' (452) exhibits; Corot without the poetry or the composition, is very poor stuff.

Mr. BLAIR LEIGHTON, in 'Fame' (456), shows that he is progressing, but not so rapidly as one expected or hoped. Nor does Mr. TUKE in 'All Hands to the Pumps' (464), fulfil the promise of a year or two back; his figures have no sense of the fate which awaits them, and appear completely unaffected either by the gale which is tearing the sails to shreds or the sea which is flooding the decks. This picture has been purchased out of the Chantrey Fund for £450.

It is not often that two brothers find themselves on the line in the same room as, we believe, is the case here with 'Festa' (514) and the 'Card-players' (494), by MELTON and HORACE FISHER respectively. Here again we have examples of rising young artists who appear to be standing still, content with having arrived at a certain standard of proficiency, but one which should lead to something so much better. Amongst portraits in this room we may mention Mr. WELLS'S 'A. W. Nicholson, Esq.' (504), and Mrs. CANZIANI'S 'Mr. Charles Parbury' (520). A word of commendation should also be bestowed upon Mr. YEEND KING'S 'The Day 'twixt Saturday and Monday.'

GALLERY VI.

The principal picture in this room, Mr. HERKOMER'S 'The Chapel of the Charterhouse' (558), has been purchased by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. Whatever may have been the merits of the work, we consider that the trustees have been ill-advised to spend so large a sum (£2,200, we believe) in the purchase of a *second** work by an artist when so many notables are unrepresented in the collection. Mr. Herkomer's present endeavour has been to portray upon canvas a scene immortalized by Thackeray, which will soon pass away and become historical; but it is difficult to gather from his rendering of it what action is supposed to be taking place: presumably, it is either the assembling of themselves together or the dispersal of the congregation, but the varied attitudes have little in common, and many of them seem only to have posed for their portraits. An irreverent Academician has suggested a title, "He has taken the wrong hat," as the principal figure is carrying one evidently too small to compass his cranium. The 'Fairy of the Glen' (557) and 'Autumn' (562), which hang on either side, show us two of Mr. MACWHIRTER'S very popular Scotch landscape subjects, whilst in 'Where wild waves lap' (602) Mr. PETER GRAHAM has shown us 'broad-winged birds in sweet societies' fringing a rocky escarpment.

It was unfortunate for Mr. SCHMALZ that his 'On the Banks of Allan Water' (535) should be considered by the hanging committee to be such a pendant in size, colour, and composition to Mrs. RAE'S 'Death of Procris' (620), for comparisons are invited which can hardly be favourable to his work; the lady has invested her canvas with a graceful composition and sentiment. Mr. JOHN WHITE'S 'Village Beauty' (588) is a sunny scene, but with his other work, which hangs close by,

* They purchased a landscape of Mr. Herkomer's a few years ago.

'The Evening Glow' (582), cannot be said to show much progress. LADY BUTLER'S 'To the Front' (578) is a striking commentary upon the doctrines laid down in Daudet's latest work, "Les Femmes d'Artistes," showing that they apply to the female as well as the male sex. Mr. H. M. PAGET'S portrait, 'Miss Winifred Emery' (553), has naturally much criticism to endure in being placed as a pendant to Mr. SARGENT'S 'Mrs. G. Gribble' (564), but the latter is by no means one of the artist's successes; the colour is unpleasant, the left arm too large and too much *en évidence*, the fingers of the right hand too detached; whilst, as for such a minor accessory as the carpet, why its pattern is "up and at one" in every direction. We wish the Royal Academy would for once put one of Mr. Albert Goodwin's pictures on the line, so that one might fairly judge as to its merits; the 'Passage of the Red Sea' (603) appears to us quite deserving of such a place, if only for its daring passages of colour and novel treatment; we cannot judge of its details, but these are sure to be correctly rendered. Other pictures to note in this room are 'A Trio,' by W. H. GORE (550); 'The Linn Jaws' (549), R. NOBLE, surely hardly correct either in colour or draughtsmanship; 'Cold Fingers' (552), JAMES CLARK, and 'William Logsdail, Esq.' (561), LANCE CALKIN.

GALLERY VII.

This may almost be called "the Room of the Youngsters." Both the principal places are taken, not only by young aspirants to fame, but by fellow workers in the Newlyn school; and on the line in other places are pictures also hailing from that promising western haven. To the absence of two members of the Council who were away hanging the pictures in the British Section of the Paris Exhibition is due the fact that the more important of these two works, 'The Health of the Bride' (655), by Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, was not bought out of the Chantry Fund, but went into Mr. Tates' collection at the sum of £650. It was certainly deserving of either honour, and it is one of the few pictures about which the Council's decision would have been agreeable to everybody. The subject is not a novel one, nor is it treated in a novel manner, but it evidences great care and much dexterity not only in the grouping, but the manipulation of the numerous personages and the accessories; the weak point is the lack of interest which the audience take in the toast and the proceedings generally, and the uninteresting types which make up that audience. Compared with these the personages in Mr. FRANK BRAMLEY'S 'Saved' have much more distinction, and there is no group in Mr. Forbes' picture which can compare for grace with that of the children on the box in the foreground of sand; we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to the colour of the fire-light, although those well qualified to decide consider it to be correct as it appears in opposition to the daylight seen through the open door. Mr. FRED HALL'S 'Adversity' (676) is a simpler, and perhaps in consequence in many respects a more successful picture than either of the foregoing; the colour is good and juicy, the sky luminous, the snow sloppy under the thaw, and discomfort, if not adversity, is thoroughly felt throughout. An artist, Mr. W. E. NORTON, with whose work we are not acquainted, is distinctly happy in his rendering of a hot hazy day, and in his subject 'Condemned' (663); his picture is also well composed and drawn. The same cannot be said of 'Minutes are like Hours' (670), F. BRANGWYN, which is so indifferently painted, drawn, and composed that we fail to see what claim it can have to a place on the line. Mr. LEADER'S two landscapes, 'Sabrina's Stream' (654), and

'The Dawn of an Autumn Day' (662), hang on either side of Mr. Forbes's picture; the first named seems an old friend as regards subject, the other presents an effect which we are bound to say we have not often witnessed; still we can hardly believe that the yellow on the birches, hills and sky, can assume a colour so vivid, so equal in strength, and so nearly the same. Mr. WALLER, in his 'Father's Footsteps' (682), repeats in many parts accessories of which we are getting rather tired: we fail to see why those who people his pictures should always dwell in neglected manor-houses with grass-grown courts and steps; the action of his horse here is overdone, but the grandfather's face is decidedly successful, and so is the basking cat. Mr. DAVID MURRAY'S 'Moat Farm' (691) emphasises our previous remarks upon the increased power shown in his brushwork this year; we like this picture much the better of the two, and can only find fault with the full moon, which is too small (look at that in Mr. GOODALL'S 'When the Sun sets and the Moon rises' (768), in the next room), and that the composition would have been as well without the snags in the foreground.

Mr. R. W. MACBETH has evidently been too busy with his needle this year to produce fine work with his brush. His 'Diana' (699) is decidedly disappointing, whilst in the 'Miller's Daughter' (763), while we cannot but fall in love with the lass and the landscape, the correctness of the draughtsmanship of the flow of water, the attenuated form of the colley, and other accessories, appear very much open to question.

Mr. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, after having occupied for years past a well-deserved place on the line, has this year been most summarily treated by the hangers; one picture rejected and another skied in a corner is certainly not his deserts, if one may judge of the absent by the present; for this latter, entitled 'Day's dying Glow,' appears to us much truer in colouring than Mr. LEADER'S 'Morning Effect,' which is on the line opposite, whilst as to the painting of the snow there can be no question as to its correctness; there is poetry in the scene, too, which is so seldom to be met with in our landscapes. Below it hangs a work by Mr. ROBERT NOBLE, 'Coming from Church' (719), which will command attention by its strength, but the artist appears to have thrown all his energies into rendering Nature under that brown aspect, which has long ago been abandoned on account of its untruthfulness.

Other works calling for notice in this room are 'Henry Irving' (638), by J. S. SARGENT; 'For God and the King' (651), STANLEY BERKELEY; 'Potpourri' (690), J. H. LORIMER; 'Nurse Ann' (675), H. MACBETH-RAEBURN; and 'Castle Donington' (710), A. W. REDGATE.

GALLERY VIII.

The attraction of this room is again this year the picture by Mr. SOLOMON, of which we gave an illustration at page 187. This constant placing of the same artist's work in the same position tends to monotony, but if such large canvases are to be shown, there are few places where it is possible to do so to advantage. Here it is exposed to the full sunlight of summer afternoons, which certainly assists the rich colouring of 'Sacred and Profane Love' (760). In this respect, and in fact in every way, Mr. Solomon's picture shows an advance upon his 'Niobe' which is now hanging in the Salon, where it has obtained a medal. Commencing to the left of the west entrance, we first encounter Mr. ALFRED PARSONS' 'The Valley of the Thames' (723), a delightful champaign panorama, full of inci-

dents dear to the eyes of the country-born, the hillside bright with flowers, the haymakers, and the farmstead with the smoke of the threshing machine (for which, Mr. PARSONS, is it not the wrong time of year?), whilst the curves of the river call up reminiscences of happy days when, flannel-clad, one felt one's self hardworked in watching the boats sail as one tacked down the winding reaches. In this and every respect Mr. Parsons' work has for us a preference over its pendant on the other side of the door, Mr. AUMONIER'S 'Sheep-washing in Sussex' (802), which, save for its distant landscape, does not interest one. Fortunately, *Tot homines quot sententiae*, and the Chantry Trustees have shown they think differently by acquiring it for their collection at the sum of £300. Mr. WM. BARTLETT'S 'Venetian Regatta' (733) is unpleasant in colour, and whilst there is much animation in the contestants, the spectators are hardly sufficiently excited, if, as the title suggests, they are composed of factions which have been rivals for centuries.

Mr. KENNINGTON'S 'Pinch of Poverty' (734), whilst showing good painting in the accessories, is too hackneyed a subject, and surely the people in the distance are all too small in relation to those in the foreground. Mr. YEEND KING'S 'From Green to Gold' (739), to which such a good position is assigned, suffers from the same fault—his foreground herbage and foliage are so large and so much persisted in, that they dwarf his background. Except for this, it is a very conscientious rendering, both as to colour and form. 'The Carpenter's Son, Luke ii. 40' (740), would not have been

admitted had we been on the committee, for it is an outrage to a very large class of visitors to stamp with such a title the underbred, low-typed boy, who, with the old hag in the background, are supposed to represent Christ and his mother.

Mr. BOURDILLON'S 'On Bideford Sands' (745) illustrates an episode in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" the duel between Cary and Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto. The figures are well drawn and interesting, and the distant landscape is capital, and all we should have asked for is more evidences in the sand, and on the persons of the combatants, of a combat which had been long and fierce.

Mr. ADRIAN STOKES' 'Harbour Bar' (756) is sure to be a great favourite, for it is sympathetic not only in colour, but in subject. For popularity, the coupled dogs of Messrs. MULOCK and DIXON (762) will yield to few pictures in the Academy, the contrast between the eagerness of the one 'who fears no wound because he never felt a scratch,' and the shrinking of the other, being enjoyed by everybody. Mr. CHARLES SETON has also achieved a notable success in his 'Only a relic dimm'd with tears' (773), for he has not only shown the inward feelings which actuate his subject in the quivering lips, but in the hands, one pressed over the eyes and the other drooping from its position on the table edge. The studied simplicity and good painting of the accessories add distinction to the whole. Amongst the portraits in this gallery we may note the two of Mr. PETTIE, R.A., 'George Coats, Esq.' (790), and the 'Rev. J. O. Dykes' (783), and Mr. A. S. COPE'S 'Marquess of Hartington' (772).

ART GOSSIP AND REVIEWS.

THE list of purchases under the "Chantry bequest" include, besides Professor Herkomer's 'The Chapel of the Charterhouse,' mentioned last month, Mr. John M. Swan's 'The Prodigal Son,' £700; Mr. H. S. Tuke's 'All Hands to the Pumps,' £450; Mr. Aumonier's 'Sheep-Washing in Sussex,' £300; and Mr. H. A. Pegram's 'Ignis Fatuus' (bronze relief).

The Court of Appeal, the Master of the Rolls dissenting, have decided that under the terms of the Chantry bequest the President and Council of the Royal Academy are precluded from purchasing sculpture that is not actually executed in bronze or marble, and that they may not buy it in the clay stage.

The Anglo-Australian Society of Artists, which was formed for the purpose of affording the Australian public the opportunity of becoming acquainted with contemporary English Art, have held their first exhibition at Sydney. Over 44,000 persons visited the galleries during the first three weeks. The Society have purchased Jacomb Hood's 'Triumph of Spring'; a landscape by H. Wilkinson, called 'A Hampshire Waste'; and a water-colour 'Bettws-y-coed,' by J. M. Bromley.

At the Dreyfus Sale in Paris, Messrs. Hollender and Cresswell purchased a picture by Vibert, 45,000 frs., and a Berne Bellecours for 25,000 frs.

"THE PILGRIMS AND THE ANGLICAN CHURCH," by Wil-

liam Deverell (Rivington's) tells the story of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is written in a vivid, trenchant fashion, but the author has not altogether escaped that pitfall of the vigorous writer—an excess of rhetorical eloquence. The book is well worth a careful perusal.

NEW ETCHING.—We have received from The Fine Art Society an etching by Mr. A. Wallace Rimington, the subject being the Cathedral Church of St. Lorenz at Nuremberg, with the Nassau-haus, one of the old citizen palaces, in the near distance. The etching is of unusual size, and by careful management of his light Mr. Rimington has contrived to make his work majestic and impressive without being heavy. One of the spires of the church and a piece of another stand in brilliant sunlight, which also glorifies the wall of the old palace, and throws a path of light across the foreground. The church itself is in deep shadow, and it shows no little skill on the part of the etcher to have brought out this effect so admirably. Relief to the enormous grandeur of the cathedral church is afforded by a market woman who sits in the market-place beneath the shade of a large umbrella. Other figures dawdle across the market-place, in the way of dwellers in the old-world German towns. The mullioned windows of the tall, silent towers are intended to recall the gridiron upon which the patron saint of the church passed from suffering to the martyr's crown. With the exception of the foreground, which might have been a little more worked upon to some advantage, the plate is quite successful.



DESIGNED BY J. RUSSELL

THE ART JOURNAL.

ETCHED BY M. T. HOLZAPFEL



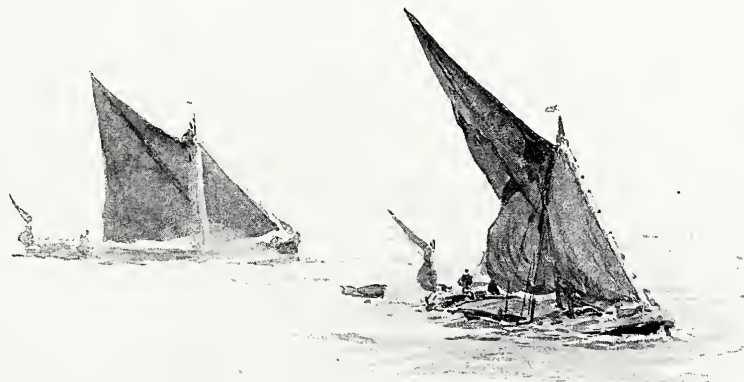
Yachts. From the Artist's Sketch-book.

THE NEWEST ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WILLIAM LIONEL WYLLIE is thirty-seven. As yet he is not even what an inexact world calls middle-aged, but he has achieved successes and commanded distinctions which rarely come to men in the thirties. A brilliant generalisation which, being epigrammatic, is necessarily only half a truth, says that if a man fails to make his mark by thirty-seven he will never make it at all. Mr. Wyllie was a successful painter years before he reached the age when we are bidden to believe that opportunity ceases. Environment counts for more in the making of men than we are always willing to perceive; and Mr. Wyllie has enjoyed certain of the aids of environment. He is the son of a painter, and he was a student of the Academy; and London had always been open to him. Such things as these are as helpful to the young painter as a University degree to the young man of letters. They grant him guidance while the provincial youth is groping, and insure him that foothold in London which is usually the first essential of success and the most difficult of attainment. Yet a painter must have a solid bottom of quality if he is to make the most, or, indeed, anything at all, of these happy accidents; and the man who starts at scratch often, it is notorious, does better than the rival who has the start. But Mr. Wyllie knew how to use his early familiarity with picture-making, and what to do with the academical instruction which, although heterogeneous and sometimes contradictory, yet affords, down to a certain point, a basis of instruction which is quite indispensable. From the first he worked desperately hard at the craft which, while yet a schoolboy, he had determined to follow. His first tutor

was his father, Mr. W. M. Wyllie, who has done much excellent work as a figure painter; but his earliest official master was found at Leigh's (sometimes called Heatherley's) School of Art, in Newman Street, Oxford Street. His stay there was not long, and early in 1866 he began to enjoy the reflected glories which invest the Royal Academy student. Those were the old days which look so far off and are yet so excessively modern, when the Academy was still in Trafalgar Square, and the raw material of the younger Academicians of to-day drew from the round and the life in the pepper-castor at the top of the National Gallery.

Mr. Wyllie has always enjoyed the advantage of knowing his own mind. Even when he first began to sketch, his head

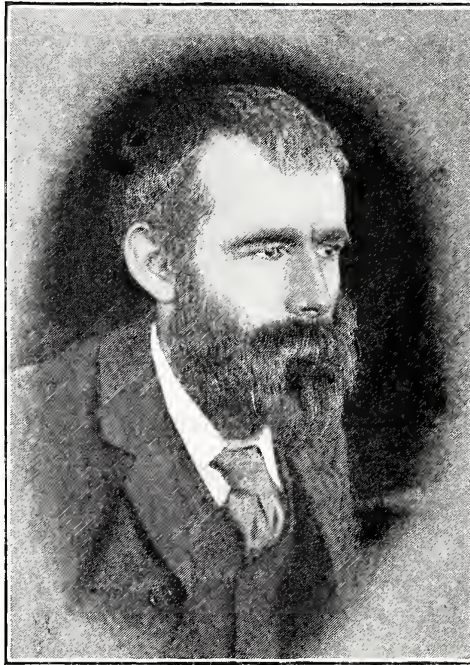


Studies of Barges through Telescope.

ran upon ships and seas, upon the drawing and the tints of water, the rigging of great vessels bound for the ends of the

ocean, and the lines of those river and coasting craft in which he has ever since delighted. His early ambition, it is likely enough, was to become a painter of seascapes; but although he has been painting river and sea all his life, he has never been a marine artist, to whom indeed he bears the same relation as a painter of London streets bears to a *paysagiste*. There are perhaps not half-a-dozen men who can paint the sea so well, and none of them can paint it better; yet it is not so much the sea itself as its life, and still more the life of the river, which appeals to his fresh and sagacious sense of the romantic. To make a pretty picture of the world on a July afternoon is one of the easiest works an artist can set himself; but it is not always afternoon, and still less often is it July, and the man who consistently paints land or sea only when they are making holiday, cannot be taken very seriously. What he has himself called "toil and grime," say more to Mr. Wyllie than glitter and wealth. This is one of the elements of his strength. A

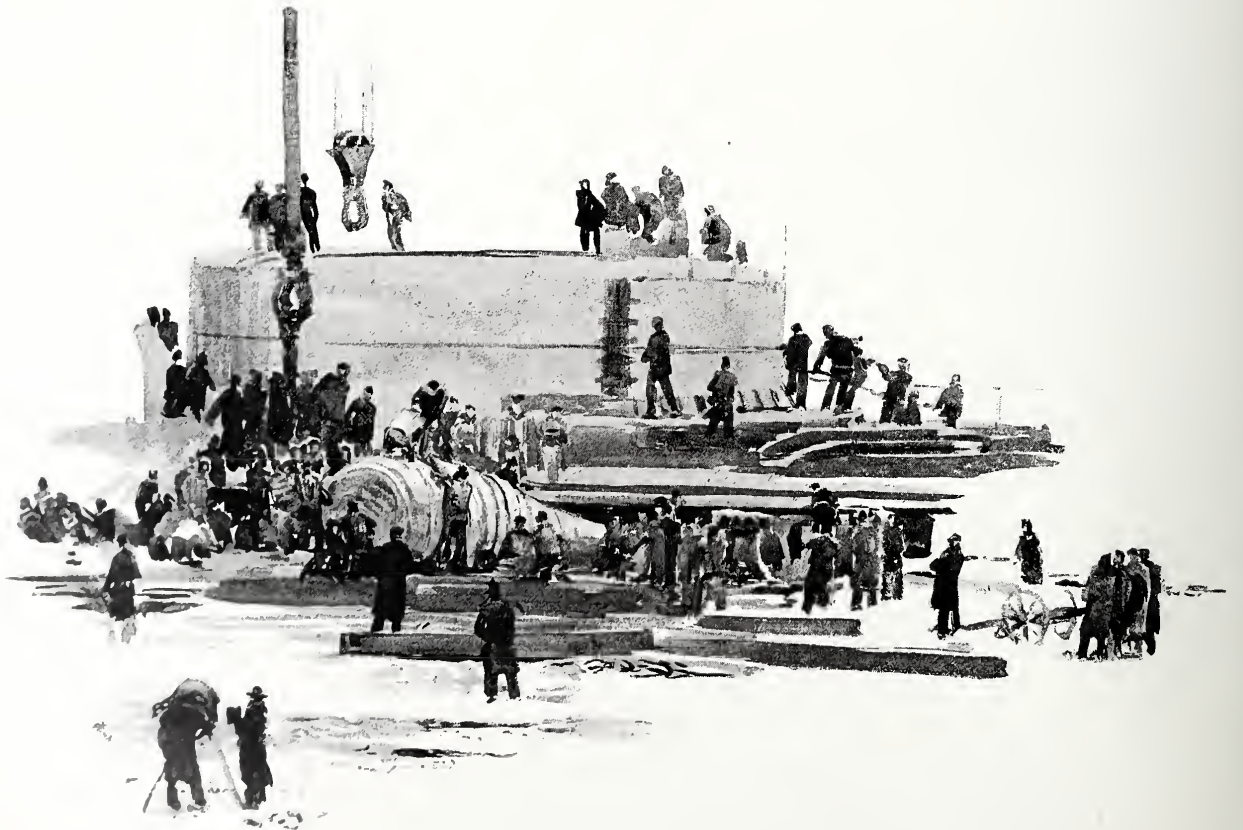
sun-flecked river swooning through lazy channels among the alders and rushes, rarely carrying any more significant burden than a gentleman in flannels and blazer, and a lady in white with a red sunshade, is very pretty, no doubt; also it is very cheap and very obvious. Mr. Wyllie sees the sterner side of the life of the river: the laden coal-barge wearily dropping down with the tide, the busy puffing tug with a heavy burden in its wake, the huge ocean liner steaming cautiously to her moorings through the thick yellowish-brown water.



W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

logue. Nobody saw the picture, since it was not visible

It was in 1868, at the age of seventeen, that William Lionel Wyllie began his struggle in earnest. He made a bold effort to win the Turner Medal, with a picture, which he describes as very pre-Raphaelitish indeed, of a corn-field. But his strength did not lie in corn-fields; and the medal was taken by Mr. Goodall. But the year had its compensations; for 'Dover Castle, by W. L. Wyllie' appeared in the Academy cata-



Lifting the 110-ton Gun aboard H.M.S. "Victoria." Sketched through the Telescope.

to the naked eye; but youth is easily encouraged. The following year the Academy blossomed in Piccadilly; and an

'Outward Bound' bearing the name of Wyllie was hung very respectably indeed. Shortly afterwards the much de-

sired Turner Medal was awarded to him for a picture of a wreck, work to which he took much more kindly than the painting of corn-fields. In those days Mr. Wyllie lived much upon the Boulogneais or Artois coast, and the drawing of marine craft came to him quite naturally. He literally lived with boats, and long before he was twenty he had learned to sketch from the deck of a yawl. This habit of working on a level with the water, instead of seeing it from above, or merely from the shore, he has consistently followed ever since; and to those who are familiar with his work it is obvious that

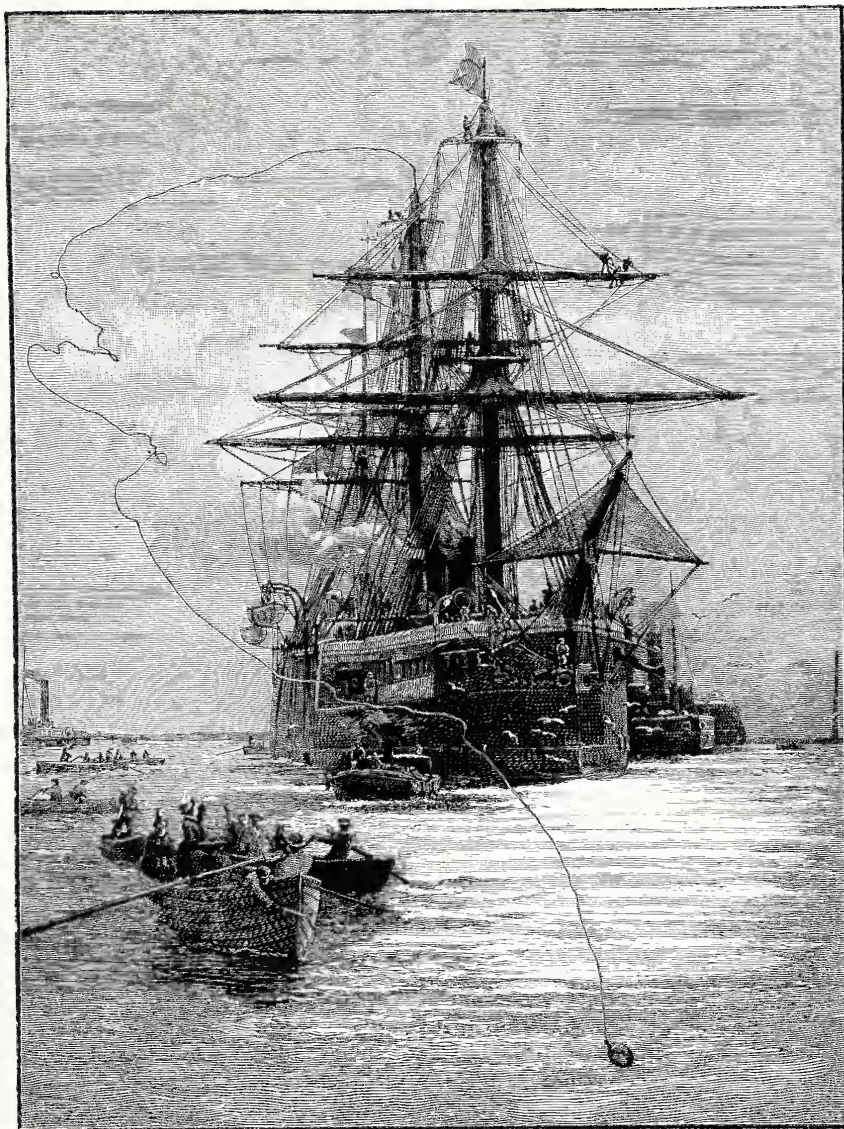
to it much of its originality and firmness are owing. Between 1869 and 1873 Mr. Wyllie obtained some small successes, and had something in the Academy each year; but it was not until 1874 that he made any impression. That year the hanging committee gave him a good place with a picture of a double wreck on the Goodwins, with a rainbow to relieve the gravity of the subject. He first reached the line in 1876 with 'Tracking in Holland;' he was there again in 1878 with 'Summer Clouds,' but by way of corrective a very curious Swiss piece, 'Land lost between Sky and Water,' was put in the neighbourhood of the ceiling. Mr. Wyllie

thinks that it was not a very bad picture, but all snow and ice, and cold enough to make you shiver. It found its way into the window of a picture-dealer in the Waterloo Road; when some cynical person maliciously inquired if it was a transparency, intended to be lighted from behind by a candle. 'Our River,' which was hung very close to the line in the Academy of 1882, sent up Mr. Wyllie's reputation at a bound. In this picture he painted the lower Thames at an hour and under an atmosphere when most of us never see it. But anybody who has been below bridge on a raw morning, before the veiled sun has broken through the cheerless mist, must recognise the force

and truth of the picture. In England it is to be seen no more. The Government of New South Wales bought it.

It was in 1883 that Mr. Wyllie first grasped success real and complete: not the mere applause of popularity. 'Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide,' was recognised at once as the strongest and most direct piece of work he had hitherto exhibited. It was purchased for the Chantrey collection; and at South Kensington, as at the Academy, it is one of the best things of its kind. The picture is purposely full of broad contrasts; the blackness of its foreground

barges is very remarkable indeed against the blaze of the glorious sunlight which gilds sky and water, and adds an atmosphere of luminosity to the picture. The strong murky flow of the tidal Thames, and the crowded action of the scene, are put in with swift dexterity. Alike in detail as in general expression, the picture is remarkable, and it is free from the crowding which has occasionally afflicted Mr. Wyllie's water pieces. The details are selected and arranged, not merely taken in the lump. The painter who paints all that he sees, like the writer who says everything, speedily exhausts his public and himself. Selection is of the very essence



The Homeward-Bound Pennant. From the Picture at the Royal Academy.

of Art; and when Mr. Wyllie selects and groups with the fine judgment of the Chantrey picture the result is always worthy of him. Also there ought to be mentioned what is perhaps the best study of barges Mr. Wyllie has ever given us, the admirable 'Black Diamonds' which was exhibited, some six or seven years ago, at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. The picture is a little crowded perhaps, but it is astonishingly broad and free. A year after the Chantrey picture came the 'Rochester Bridge,' a long line of barges dropping heavily down the Medway; and 'The End of the Story,' a winter view, with a gang of

convicts at work. The 'Rochester Bridge' was preferred both by the critics and the public; but Mr. Wyllie is himself



A Rookery.

disposed to think that the other picture with its melancholy motive was the better Art. However that may be, he is undoubtedly right when he points out that pictures which contain a good deal of snow are neither popular nor saleable. The uncritical can forgive a man for painting a good picture, provided it is comfortable to look at, and does not make them shiver.

It is well remembered that last year Mr. Wyllie was absent from the Academy. His picture of the 'Flying Dutchman' was excluded, together with two etchings; but a few months later the Academicians made him very handsome amends by electing him to the Associateship, and the privileges that twelve months ago were denied, have now crystallised into rights. The 'Flying Dutchman,' re-cast and re-painted, and with the new title of 'The Phantom Ship,' hangs No. 81 in Gallery I. It is a sturdy piece of work, and as a study of a full-rigged ship is very free and spontaneous; but the subject is hackneyed, and the treatment more trammelled and less fresh than we expect from Mr. Wyllie. The 'Homeward-Bound Pennant' (No. 393, in Gallery IV.), engraved for this article, is a strong picture, full of Mr. Wyllie's characteristic excellences.

The temptation to crowding has been resisted, and the stately man-of-war, with its streaming pennant, is in fact as well as intention the centre and essence of the picture. The enormous length of the pennant perhaps requires some explanation. When a ship of war is on foreign service, the little pennant with which she starts is lengthened by so much at fixed intervals, and when she nears home, a great additional length is added, until by the time she casts anchor the pennant,

with the gaily painted bladder at the end, trails in the water. In the painting of water and details of ships, Mr. Wyllie never fails; the realism is precise, but not obtrusive. In technical quality 'The Homeward-Bound Pennant' is entirely admirable; and if it is not quite so fresh and striking a conception as the Chantrey picture, which in some respects marks the high-water mark of his art, it is his broadest and strongest example of his recent work. The swirl of the tide, the fine atmosphere, destitute of all that is metallic, the restrained brilliance and suggestiveness of the scene, are in his happiest vein.

It is proper here to consider the causes of the distinction which marks nearly all Mr. Wyllie's work, and the reason why his rise has been rapid and, on the whole, unchecked. In the first place, then, his point of view is distinctly original. There is nothing academic in his treatment of water, clouds, and atmosphere. He paints his water-pieces not as a distant looker-on, but as one who himself goes down to the sea in ships, and sees it as it presents itself from a deck. From very early days indeed Mr. Wyllie has been a yachtsman. While yet a student of the Academy he built himself a boat; and later on he went through some surprising adventures in a remarkable craft to which it is impossible to give a name. Her original builder made her a ship's long boat; Mr. Wyllie altered her into a useful monstrosity of tremendous possibilities, and crossed the Channel in her with the aid of a Thames waterman, who, on that historic occasion, found himself for the first time on the ocean. By degrees Mr. Wyllie has come round to sailing civilised craft, and his present yawl, the elegant and cozy *Ladybird*, which has been everywhere and done everything, from weathering seas in the German Ocean to sailing along Dutch canals, where she is the envy and admiration of the natives, is as good and manageable a boat as any man need wish for. Snugly moored, or equally snugly stranded (to the intense amaze-



Crows.

ment of maritime personages, who cannot comprehend why a man should wilfully run aground), the *Ladybird* has afforded



Sketch for 'The Silent Highway.'

a point of view for hundreds of sketches. But the days of the *Ladybird* are nearly over. Soon she will give place to a tiny centre-board sloop, intended for racing, which has been designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and is now being built on the Clyde. The *Grey Mare* she is to be called, and Mr. Wyllie hopes that she will be a better sea-horse than any craft of her size that can be brought against her.

Of late years Mr. Wyllie has supplemented his yawl by making his abode in a sort of eyrie overhanging the Medway near Rochester. Hoo Lodge commands the river from Chatham to the sea; the mouth of the Thames likewise. There, on a conspicuous hill, he has built on the top of his house a studio which affords a series of delightful views of land and water. Chatham Dockyard too it commands; and

that, to an artist who has exhibited (as Mr. Wyllie did a few months ago at The Fine Art Society's) a long series of sketches of 'The Queen's Navy,' is a very serious advantage. But since the studio is too far for the naked eye to ascertain what is taking place upon the river or in the dockyard with much fulness of detail, Mr. Wyllie has 'abridged his distance by fitting his studio with port-holes in which a telescope swings like a miniature gun. With this he sweeps the river; and when anything especially sketchable is going on the telescope enables him to take it *sur le vif*. The sketch 'Lifting the 110-ton Gun aboard H.M.S. *Victoria*,' here reproduced, was made by aid of telescope. For the warning of the unwary who may be tempted to follow Mr. Wyllie's example it should be pointed out that sketching through a



Original Sketch for the 'Pool of London.'

telescope is dangerous work. For character and detail it is an admirable help; but it nearly destroys perspective, so that the uncorrected and unadjusted sketch can only be utilised as a guide and a "refresher." But whether he sketches in this original fashion or in the ordinary way, Mr. Wyllie is always bold, fresh, and effective. His black and white, like his water colour, has always been admirable. His dexterity as a sketcher is amply suggested in the several reproductions which accompany this article.

A notice of Mr. Wyllie's work cannot ignore what he has done as an etcher. He still professes to regard himself as an amateur with the needle, and undoubtedly he has failed sometimes. Yet how many etchers are there who succeed with every plate? We hear little or nothing of the absolute failures, since the etcher is able to set up for himself a

standard of technical accomplishment, and a glance at his proof tells him if he has attained it. Thus in great measure he is his own critic. Mr. Wyllie's gifts as an etcher are favourably seen in the reproduction in the current Academy, (it is No. 1,689) upon copper, of his own 'Highway of the Nations,' which was at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours last year. The vivacity and sweep of the river are caught with the same strength and freshness upon the copper as upon canvas. The variety of Mr. Wyllie's talent, indeed, is remarkable; and if, now that he has entered the outer circle of the Academy, he should diffuse his talent somewhat less, we might confidently expect from him a series of pictures more original, and fuller of brilliance and distinction, than even the best of those that he has already given us.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

SOME NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STEEPLES.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS has asked us if it is worth while living in London, which is only made endurable by getting out of it: readily enough it will be allowed that the holidays are the best part of London life; but probably those who have the country always with them, much as they may enjoy it in their way, never know that rapture of exhilaration with which we break away in a country exploration for old churches.

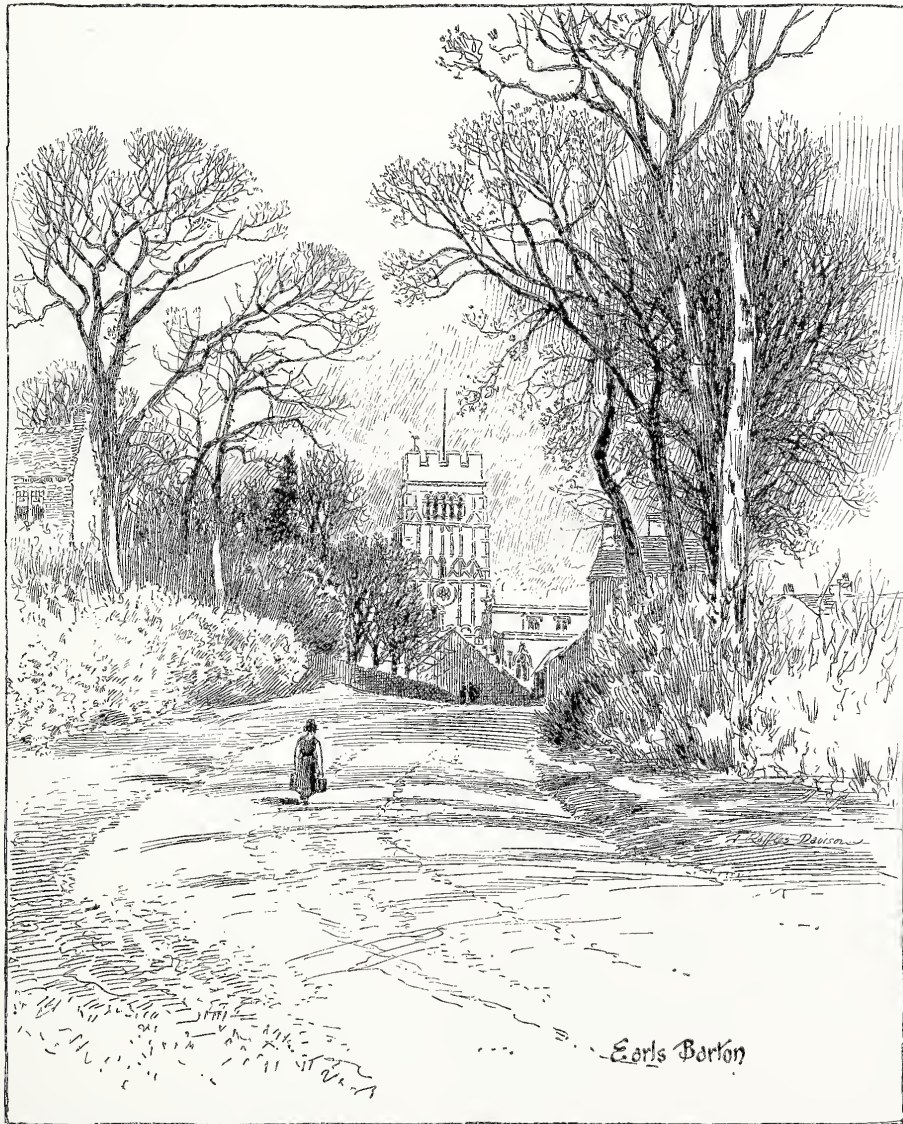
It is to us likewise a compensation, when churches that are quite new are not so paintable as the old ones, that we can appreciate those by the very foil of our experience and disappointment in the present. The builders of those old churches, to whom they came quite as part of the week's work, and who knew no other way than their own, could only half have felt how lovely they were; that they were serviceable and sightly, "trewly and dewly" built, they understood; but only we, whose eyes tire for Art's comfort, with for the most part longing unfulfilled, feel the whole delight of an innocently unconscious piece of country Art.

To follow the history of painting we must go to the National Gallery, or for sculpture go to the British Museum; but our own architecture can only be rightly understood where it grew, with all the manner and local colour of its own countryside, the more remote and untouched the better; little

churches cradled amongst rolling hills, wrapped round with tall elms, and reflected in slowly gliding streams.

The series of half-a-score steeples in Northamptonshire, drawn by Mr. Raffles Davison, on one short route, a day's drive from Northampton, are all strung on the thread of one stream, and seen right and left as the train passes up the valley of the Nen, and all, save two or three, in villages the

population of which would form no overflowing congregation at church. These towers and spires thus gathered, and leaving as many and as good by the way for the next comer, are particularly remarkable in showing within narrow limits the growth and variousness of the architecture of our parish churches. We have in them a range of some seven centuries during the consolidation of the English race, from the time of the struggle between the English and the Dane, when their stories were of Beowulf and Odin, and every third man, as Kings-



ley remarked, had "wolf" to his name, down to the time when Spenser would write long allegory in an eclectic archaic style.

If insular, we are not national in matters of Art. Our early Art we call "Celtic," and confuse ourselves into the belief that it was Irish. After the coming of the English we name it "Saxon," and get little belief at all; and after William's

conquest we name it "Norman," and think our Art was French. So it is the thirteenth century when we hear of ourselves for the first time in the "Early English style;" but the ill-chosen misnomer "Gothic" vitiates even this concession, for what have we to do with Goths?

These terms we must continue to use, only with the protest that they mean nothing intrinsically. In the so-called Celtic



the British Art lasting roughly up to the coming of the monk Augustine at the end of the sixth century, and overlapping that considerably in Cornwall, in Cumberland, and in Cambria—there are already three threads, the native stock, the influence of the Roman empire, and the Christian contact; their interweaving into the tissue of our Art can be traced, and with some pains unravelled.

This British Art contributed the typical plan to our churches, one small chamber leading from a greater with a narrow chancel arch; "strait is the gate," for the fore-chamber represents this world, and the sanctuary is "beyond the veil."

This plan has been twice placed in contact and competition with the other, the Basilican arrangement with round apse, after the Romanising mission of Augustine, and the consequent free communication with Rome in the seventh century, and again after the Norman conquest; but the native type is persistent, and the apse is felt to be an exotic here in England. Our churchyard crosses are another British tradition continuing to the Reformation, when many thousands existed. So there is British blood in the fibre which built up the living body of our English architecture.

The "Saxon" Art of the seventh to the eleventh centuries was—especially under the initial impetus from Augustine, and after by the strong aid of Wilfrid of York and Benedict Biscop—an integral part of the Art of Christendom as dominated immediately by Rome, and proximately and essentially as Art by Constantinople, and thence called Byzantine; afterwards, it would seem, when the Danes harried the monasteries, "finding the land an Eden, leaving it a desert," our Art fell away from its wider, healthier contact, and became stagnant and degraded. Probably during this first span we were less individual and insulated from the rest of Europe than during any subsequent part of our artistic development. The smaller churches continued the Celtic form, but the larger ones were true Basilicas, and called by that name, as in the dedication stone that remains of Jarrow.

There is a remarkable instance at Brixworth, in this same county of Northampton, of such a church built at this time (seventh century), a building which looks at once to the centre church of Christendom, St. Peter's Basilica in the Vatican, for its type; and as I saw it a few months since, the sky black with storm, it called up quite other associations than is the wont of an English church with a "smiling tower." Earls Barton, All Saints' Tower, our first illustration, belonging as it does to the Saxon period, forms, as we see it in Mr. Davison's charming sketch, set in the vista of an avenue of trees, a fit and suggestive approach for just a peep at our church architecture and Northamptonshire steeples.

The battlement above the upper cornice is modern, the rest I should put rather late in the style, say of the tenth century; the strips of slightly projecting wrought stones, first one upright and then one laid flat, called "long and short work," and the pillars at the belfry arcade, turned by a lathe into a moulded profile, and hence called "baluster shafts," are the best known indications of style. The church is

otherwise remarkable, with an interesting nave arcade of the thirteenth-century and later work; these nave arcades, if measured, will show how the old masters disliked setting out their work by the line and rule; if three arches A A A are set up, there is no ratio, no movement, so they made them A B C, different individuals in helpful association; B usually (that is in Northamptonshire) is considerably wider

than the others, A and C differing in a less degree, only an inch or two, "inaccuracy," as we are pleased to call it.

There is also here a fine Norman porch, which represents the next step forward in time. Although our particular route does not afford us a Norman tower, there is a beautiful one in the county, at Castor; and the Norman period is sufficiently represented by the remarkable churches of St. Peter and St. Sepulchre in Northampton, and supremely by the nave of the Cathedral of Peterborough, so complete with its painted ceiling, the most impressive interior, I think, in the whole book of the English cathedrals; of which, unhappily, there are only two more leaves for me to turn.

It is not until the "Early English" of the thirteenth century that the stone spire is added to the tower. As each age has its ruling central characteristic, so architecture has a dominant impulse. The master impulse of the Norman is power, its architectural type the "might of Durham," and this, the most cyclopean heaping of stones in Europe, is transformed in a century by a reaction towards refinement to the slender poising of the Lady Chapel at Salisbury, which Mr. Street called the slightest piece of construction in existence. The problem set and carried forward in the thirteenth century, until there was no further outlet for it possible, was to diminish the area of support and to strive upwards, standing on tip-toe; in France the development was entirely parallel, so that at Beauvais they attempted the impossible.

Up to this time the arches have been semicircular—the Roman arch, but now they are pointed, sometimes acutely so—the Gothic arch; they are also decorated soon after by "cusps" into "foils" where they are small, as in the lights of windows. Large windows are made up of three or five of these lights side by side. As tracery, which becomes the major factor in the fourteenth century, is not yet thought about, arcades decorate the walls, carried on delicate little columns;

at this time, and this time only, the slender vertical lines of these shafts are of dark marble and polished, when they could afford its transport from Purbeck. The high internal pillars of Westminster are all of marble.

Raunds, a little town of some two or three thousand people,



Stonwick

affords us in St. Peter's Church a typical and famous example of a spire of this time. Such a spire is an interesting constructive and geometrical problem, as to form mainly this: the tower is usually square, the spire is as usually octagonal, and seen in front or diagonally to the tower, there is a different relation between the two parts, so that what is pleasant

from one aspect might be painful from another, which often is the fact with our modern examples; and little wonder, for all these old ones were *modelled in the solid*, so to speak, and we have to trust entirely to paper representation, with small liberty for modification as it grows up in stone.

The octagonal spire on the square tower was acceptable, because the change of one form into another was in the very instinct of the style, and the octagon is so much stronger than the square for a hollow-built pyramid.

How would you join an octagonal spire to a quadrangular substructure? Nothing is easier—nothing is harder! The early spires, as this one at Raunds, spring directly from the top of the tower with the four cardinal faces, and the alternate sides have to be brought out at the bottom to the square by some penetration of one form into the other; they are then called "broaches," which it appears was the name for spires generally in the Middle Ages. The usual plan is this at Raunds, or they have little finials added at the points of the penetrations, which makes it more amusing, like Barnwell, or as at Wellingborough little spires are added, exemplifying Mr. Ruskin's saying, that proportion is one big thing with several little things.

The later spires, as we shall see, spring out from behind a battlemented parapet for all the eight sides.

The four major sides commonly have tall projections standing forward to the planes of the tower walls, "spire lights," and they give that interlocked knitting together at the points of contact between the tower and the spire, so that change becomes growth and gradation; from this coronet the far-piercing spire shoots up, well called in France "the arrow."

The spire itself is a mere hollow shell of stone, some ten inches thick perhaps at the base, to seven at the apex, the whole simply poised and balanced on the tower, the alternate sides carried on little arches across the internal angles, or a gradual corbelling forward of the stones in these corners.

If you examine carefully, or, better still, measure this springing stage of a spire, you will find out some at first

imperceptible changes and adjustments; perhaps the whole spire is twisted a degree or two, even 8° or 10° I have seen it, from the planes of the tower walls; the penetrations rise higher on one side than the others, or some other change which, small as it may be, is sufficient to give diversity to the lighting of the surfaces, and a feeling of modelling with

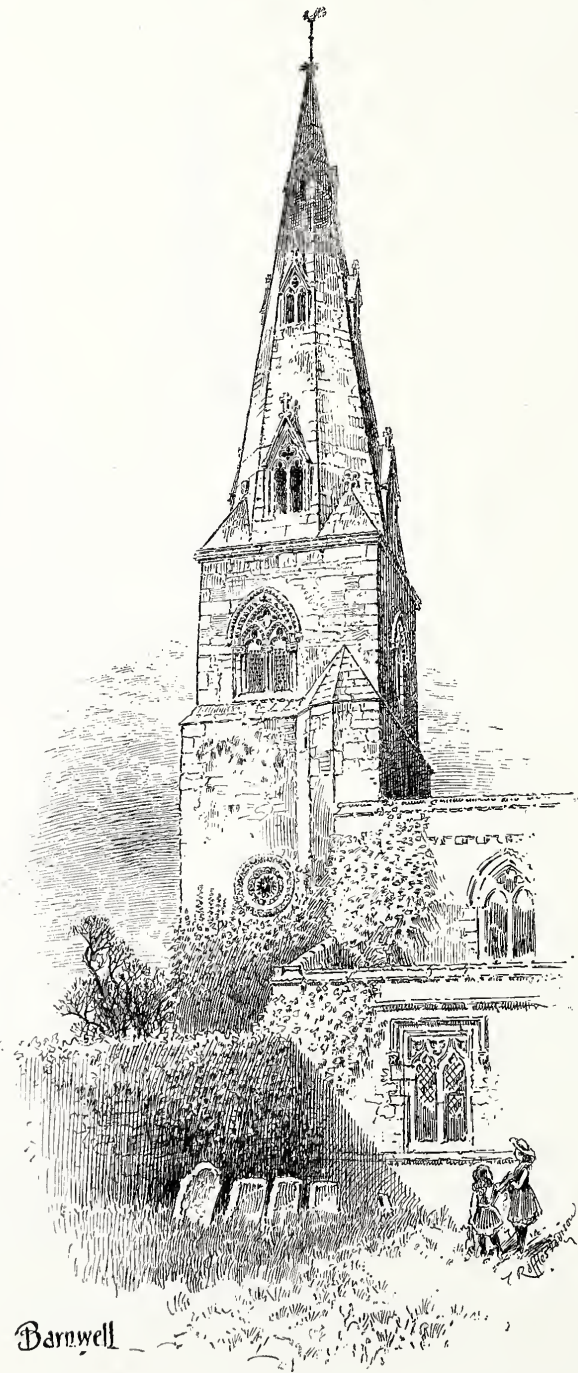
that balance of parts which, instead of equality of division, is the method of nature and the life of Art. So a good piece of old Gothic, beyond the mathematical forms of its design, has a certain gesture of its own.

In this tower of Raunds, notice the little piercing on the right under the cornice; it is the one grain of green in the blue field of the mosaics at St. Mark's; in the actual work, too, it is found that some of the quatrefoil panels have carved mouldings, while some are plain. Change will not make good Gothic, it will only confound its confusion, unless organic, but without it you cannot have good Gothic.

Our delight in a tall spire is one of those, the purest of delights, with which utility has nothing to do, a delight Miss Julia Mannering remarked of glass—its fragility was its beauty. True it is, utility is the first law of architecture, but for that very reason, and fortunately so, it is not the last; an art that can do no other must at least be useful, and therefore our modern spires are, for the most part, not worth the effort. But in old Art such was their mastery, they loved to play with the moralities and utilities of building, to form a hall of gloom like that of the "hundred pillars" at Karnak—more pillar than space—or so slender, like the crossing of the transepts at Westminster, that it must be tied up in bonds of iron. This, the fight against the commonplace, the "happy mean," is the breath

of life to a spire—to build a thing of gossamer like Strasbourg, which shakes to your tread; or like our own Salisbury, a terror to the brave. You can imagine them going on aspiring and reckless, like the builders of Babel, who, as the old chroniclers say, "if a man fell they heeded it not, but if a stone they wept."

The steeple of St. Lawrence, in the little village of Stanwick,



is almost alone in being octagonal both for the tower and for the spire; the tower of the thirteenth century, and the spire added later in the next century. St. Andrew's, Barnwell, in a still tinier place, is also of these two periods, with, I think, a happier result—a very charming composition; the designer, see, was not at all troubled to let his beautiful fretted window be shouldered aside by the fat stair turret; to show that he likes it, he gives a further push of a foot or so.

Have you ever considered what an architectural presence was to a town? Turner said that St. Paul's was London, and the Radcliffe Library was Oxford; what must the ever overwatching of a steeple like that of Wellingborough be to a middling town of a dozen thousand people, working at iron-works and the boot trade, its serene and finished accomplishment covering with its charity the crude life of a modern town in a practical age which scorns beauty and desecrates nature? What might it be if understood?

Of the many schemes of education, commercial, technical, and even artistic, of which we hear, surely not the least to be desired is Civic History, our own town's life. Rome or Rouen the child may never know—why should he?—but the age and honour of his own town, the understanding that he belongs to a wider cycle of existence than his own mere span, the story of its fathers, and that he should read the gathered storied stones they left, these he might know, and knowing, would love assuredly. More than any museum or any picture gallery, a church, as it grew in its place, and built round about it the history of its long-lived day, and still draws within its shadow those who sleep, is a treasure-house of wonder and delight for those with eyes to see, a library of wisdom and counsel for those with ears that hear.

Does history, as written (and "restored"), allow us to know our forefathers like this tower of Wellingborough—not *about* the Middle Ages, *it is* the Middle Ages. Does the learning, sometimes crude, and the caprice often vulgar, of our Renaissance, the Elizabethan age, compare with the work, perfectly modest and yet full of gaiety, the Art unconscious but not unthoughtful, of the thirteenth and the four-

teenth centuries, and of the fifteenth, less perfect, but more human and humoursome?

From this point of view think of the folly, the futility, the fatuity of that kind of "restoration" whose whole essence is, not "this carefully propped and repaired, constantly attended, jealously-watched heirloom *is* the twelfth, thirteenth, or fourteenth century here and now," but "this is as good as new, with tiles that shine, and varnish that sticks; a money-box is at the door, with a drawing of the new east window, ordered from a firm which undertakes to mix any prescription from their pharmacopœia with all the colours of the prism."

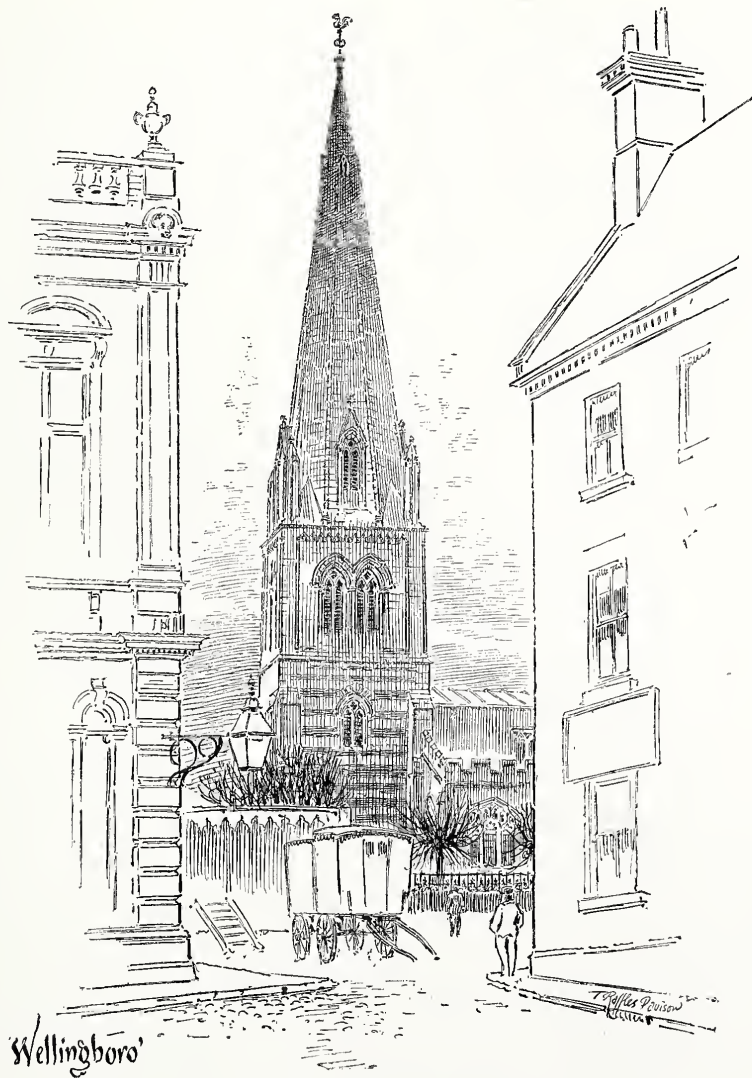
Forgive me, for we really begin to see, after two generations of arduous and accurate study of it, that the "Gothic style" does not now fall in with our genius; that is, a Gothic such as theirs, spontaneous, living, and growing free by its own brookside. All the greater is the trust to us of those flowers from a garden that can no longer bloom, upholding and preserving as may best be, but restoring to a supposed original state never; it has been done, done with the best intentions and the most hopeful enthusiasm, and it needed that very doing to show us that we can never reproduce that "true nature of Gothic," set out with such perfect analysis in the chapter so headed in the "Stones of Venice."

It is little thought how old the story of our parish churches is; some doorway or font takes us back to the eleventh or twelfth century; some wall

may be still older, and the foundation probably leads back a thousand years. One of the best authorities on the history of our English country churches, Mr. Mickleton, says, "Most churches are first mentioned as buildings already in existence, and most of our parish churches were so before the end of the eighth century;" and he continues of their destruction, or "restoration," "each has taken from us the old church which used to tell us of the prosperity and adversity, the joys and sorrows of those who have used it for more than a thousand years, and no modern church, be it never so beautiful, can repay us for the loss of the old."

W. R. LETHABY.

(To be continued.)



EAST ANGLIA.*



EVERYBODY, at least once in their lives, should go to a seaside place out of season. They should go alone, they should never stay longer than one morning, and if the day be rainy so much the better. It will all go to prove what a terrible thing civilisation is without the civilisers.

Every device for the employment of holiday-folk is in evidence, but there are no folk to enjoy them. One walks on the pier without being a whit poorer, as there is nobody sufficiently awake to take the money;

the waves beat against the foundations and pass sullenly on to the solitary shore; the chimneys of the town are guiltless of smoke; the chairs on the parade are balanced one above the other, and the fishermen, having no cockneys to deceive, stay at home with their telescopes. The rain patters on everything; weird vessels creep through the grey mist; and at length with a shiver the out-of-season visitor turns his face resolutely towards the land with very strong views about Yarmouth at the wrong time of the year. Yarmouth, at the present moment, speaks for itself. It needs no praise, and it laughs at detraction. The position of this great un-



Yarmouth. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

romantic watering-place is assured, and therefore no vested interests suffer by the remark, that in summer time Yarmouth is a place to avoid by those persons who don't go to the seaside to hear comic songs, and who are not over gregarious. But the town itself is interesting at any season of the year, and especially to those who know their Dickens. What a

countless array of these fortunate ones have searched for, failed to find, and so passed on to guessing at the locality of Mr. Pegotty's house!

"Master Davy, how should you like to go along with me and spend a fortnight at my brother's at Yarmouth? Wouldn't *that* be a treat?"

"Is your brother an agreeable man, Pegotty?" I inquired provisionally.

* Continued from page 199.

"Oh, what an agreeable man he is!" cried Pegotty, holding up her hands. "Then there's the sea, and the boats and ships, and the fishermen and the beach, and Am to play with."

So Pegotty and David Copperfield went by the carrier's cart to Yarmouth. When they arrived, David thought it looked a little spongy and soppy, and hinted that the prospect was flat, and that a mound or two might have improved it. To which Pegotty replied, with greater emphasis than usual, "That we must take things as we find them, and that for her part she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater."

In Yarmouth town there is plenty to be seen, in season and out of season, to which the tourist, in his rush from station to sea, is blind. There is the peerless quay, as somebody called it, with a length of a mile, and a width in some parts of a hundred yards; there are the perhaps over-praised Rows, and there is the church of St. Nicholas, the largest parish church in England. This was founded in the year 1101 by the first Bishop of Norwich. It possesses two enormous aisles, a small nave, and a waggon-shaped roof. This combination is not altogether pleasing to the eye, but those who have attended service at St. Nicholas say the acoustic properties are excellent. For centuries after its foun-



Lowestoft Harbour. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

dition, the church was seldom free from the worry of enlargement, and it would have been 47 feet longer than it is at present, had not the black plague of the fourteenth century passed through the town, and taken 7,052 of the 10,000 inhabitants. Of course it suffered in the Reformation. In fact, there is hardly a church in the eastern counties where the verger does not point with pride to some relic which escaped the Reformer's fury by a temporary burial. These good people played the usual havoc with the sacred belongings of St. Nicholas. They smashed the stained-glass windows to atoms, they tore up the brasses, melted the plate, and sold the gravestones for grindstones. In a glass case

1889,

attached to the organ is a copy of the Vinegar Bible. This, the authorities point out, justly enough, is very valuable, but they add somewhat inconsequently, "If all our errors could become as valuable as this of the Vinegar Bible, we should be rich." How much richer was the misguided printer who committed the mistake? As to the size of St. Nicholas, it is enough to remark that the porch is larger than the entirety of the old church of St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight.

The memories and legends of Yarmouth are many and interesting. Besides the ghosts of David, of Ham, of Mrs. Gummidge, of Pegotty, and Little Em'ly, there is the house where the death of Charles I. was decided upon

and a suspension bridge from which, in 1845, seventy-nine people, out of a multitude who had assembled to see a

“Don't board a friend's yacht with nailed shoes;” “Don't steal the bulrushes;” and if you have a yacht, restrain yourself from affecting to run down an anchored boat containing an unoffending amateur fisherman.



Hickling Broad. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

clown appear on the river in a wash-tub drawn by four geese, fell into the water and were drowned. Yarmouth also contains a house where Garibaldi once worked, and it is the scene of one of a certain collection of events illustrating “unkissed kisses.” “‘And didn't you know who it was?’ said Em'ly. I was going to kiss her, but she covered her cherry lips with her hands, and said she wasn't a baby now, and ran away, laughing more than ever, into the house.”

The Broads were made for those who like the sea, but shudder at the thought of its inconveniences. A fortnight's cruise on the water highways of Norfolk and Suffolk will not make a man a sailor, but it will make him bless the day he left Liverpool Street *viâ* Yarmouth or Norwich for the Broad district. The Norfolk Broads have been described so recently in *The Art Journal* (July, 1886) that nothing more

need be said about them here, except to mention a few of the unwritten Broads laws—“Don't sing songs after 11 P.M. ;”

when one has swallowed and digested the aggressive ugliness of the houses that line the road from the station to the Castle, on whose heights the people of Norwich take the air on summer



An Eel-Fisher on the Bure. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

evenings. Of the early life of the Castle little is known, but later, Kings Alfred and Canute had to do with it, and later

still, the Conqueror. The latter was fortunate in his choice of a constable, one Roger Bigod, who cared for his charge faithfully and well. Whenever I have been at Norwich it has rained mercilessly, but they say that on a fine day "the panorama is superb" from Norwich Castle.

But it is, after all, the cathedral that people ask for when they visit Norwich. The guide-books are obliged to confess that in "magnitude, decorations, and elaborate workmanship it may be surpassed;" but they discount this humility by adding that it "is one of the finest examples of the skill of the various periods in which it was founded, enlarged, and repaired."

Since the seventh century there had been a bishopric and see in East Anglia. Removed from town to town according to the humour of the various patrons, it came to pass that about 1070 the town thus honoured was Thetford, the bishop being the Conqueror's chaplain. Thetford remained the cynosure of neighbouring eyes for many years, until one day a knight who came from Normandy with William Rufus, bought the bishopric as a going concern for £1,900. But he repented, and hastening to Rome, cast himself at the Pope's feet and craved absolution for his sin of simony. His prayer was granted on condition that he built churches and monasteries as a penance. The suppliant returned home,

removed the see from Thetford to Norwich, and laid the foundations of the cathedral—the year being 1096. When he died, his successors continued the building, as fast as several fires would permit. In 1271 it suffered grievous damage in a desperate fight between the monks and citizens, a result being that the latter had to pay the repairing fee. By Advent Sunday, 1278, the church was restored to its original beauty and richness, and on that day a grand service was held, which received distinction from the presence of King Edward I. and his Queen. The graceful eastern arm was added by Bishop Percy in 1361.

Various bishops made additions and beautified the building with ornaments; and so it grew and grew, becoming each year more complete, till the Reformation burst over the land, leaving the mark of its heavy hand on all that was lovely and all that was sacred. Moses and Aaron and the four Evangelists were burnt in the market-place, and in a few hours ruin and riot had destroyed the patient work of centuries. "What clattering of glasses," says Bishop Hall, "what beating down of walls, what tearing down of monuments,

what pulling down of seats, what defacing of arms, what piping on the destroyed organ pipes," while "the cathedral was filled with musketeers drinking and tobacconing, as freely as if it had turned ale-house."

But riot and sacrilege are short-lived. A day dawned when the shell once more echoed to the hum and din of builders. Year by year the work went on, till Norwich Cathedral merged into the dignity and repose of to-day.

The Cloisters, the abode of perpetual peace, took one hundred and thirty-three years to build, being finished in 1430. They are twelve feet wide, and form a square of about one hundred and seventy-four feet. The bosses and sculptures represent events from the Biblical history, and from the lives of holy men. There is St. Christopher carrying the Saviour across the water,

there is the dancing of the daughter of Herodias, over whom Canon Farrar has cast the halo of young beauty, and among the many saints is an effigy of St. Thomas of Villanova, the great saint of the Spanish Church, who mended his own clothes, and whose especial grace was almsgiving, of which he never wearied.

There are two great gateways to Norwich Cathedral, the Erpingham and Ethelbert. The former was built by Sir Thomas Erpingham, commander of the archers at the battle of Agincourt, whom Shakespeare has immortalised in *Henry V.*



Norwich Cathedral.

" Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingam.
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France."

The Ethelbert gate is the gate of penal reparation. It was built by the citizens in atonement for the little war they waged against the monks in 1272.

Norwich abounds in old churches—out of the way, and in many cases dismantled. Within the walls at the present day there are thirty-four, and there is evidence that many others have been destroyed. Those remaining are of great antiquity, at least two having been founded in the time of Edward the Confessor. The town is nothing if not archæological, and its principal patrons are holiday people from the East

Coast, who, partly from a sense of duty, forego for a day the pleasures of Lowestoft or Cromer Cliffs.

Lowestoft has all the advantages of Yarmouth without the Cockney element. It is impossible to call it romantic (one of the highways is called Clapham Road), and it certainly is not interesting; but it is health-giving, which is far better. The wind is fresh, and the amusements are sensible; Oulton Broad is within easy distance, and in the parish church are a few remarks about Sir John Ashley. "He gave many signal examples of his bravery and skilfulness in naval affairs, by which he obtained the post of Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Navy, and General of Marines. Adorned



Yarmouth Beach. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

with these honours, he exchanged earthly glory for immortality."

Now Cromer is romantic, and this the poets have found out. It bears the distinction of having inspired quite a number of poems which have found their way into modern literature. Jean Ingelow tells how:—

"It was three months and over since the dear lad had started.
On the green downs of Cromer I sat to see the view;
On an open space of herbage, where the ling and fern had parted;
Betwixt the tall and white lighthouse towers, the old and the new.

"Below me lay the white sea, the scarlet sun was stooping,
And he dyed the waste water, as with a scarlet dye;
And he dyed the lighthouse towers; every bird with white wing swooping
Took his colours, and the cliffs did, and the yawning sky,

"Over the grass came that strange flush, and over ling and heather,
Over flocks of sheep and lambs, and over Cromer town;
And each filmy cloudlet crossing drifted like a scarlet feather
Torn from the folded wings of clouds while he settled down."

Those who have read "Requiescat in Pace" know what followed, then

"I rose up, I made no moan, I did not cry or falter,
But slowly in the twilight, I came to Cromer Town.
What can wringing of the hands do that which is ordained to alter?
He had climbed, had climbed the mountain, he would ne'er come down."

Cromer affected Mr. Clement Scot differently.

"I can only know that I lie in clover,
On the top of the down, and in sight of the sea.
I can only wish that each obstinate rover
Was half as happy as I can be.
So put in your pocket your 'ahs' and your 'ifs,'
And come and get brown on Cromer cliffs,"

The first glimpse of Cromer from the railway station on a fine day is a thing to be remembered. It is the place of fresh air and flowers; it has been called the "Etretat of England," and it is a place where all the morning you may be hunting high and low for accommodation, and in the evening be still without it. Cromer Church dates from the reign of Henry IV. About three miles from the town stands Felbrigge Hall, in which hang some Rembrandts and Berghems and Vandeveldes. Blickling Hall, where Anne Boleyn was born, is thirteen miles distant. Both these historic buildings have been engraved for the *Art Journal* (August, 1887).

Away to the west lies the interesting old town of Bury St. Edmunds, which is well worth a visit. It was of importance long before the introduction of Christianity into Britain. In the time of the Heptarchy the town belonged to Beodric, who, at his death, bequeathed it to Edmund. He was crowned there, King of East Anglia, when he had just turned fifteen, and passed to martyrdom in 870. The legend runs thus: His conquerors bound him to a tree, pierced him, struck off his head and threw it into the forest. When the enemy had retired, the stricken East Anglians sought and found the

maimed body. The head they discovered in charge of a wolf, who resigned it immediately upon their approach. No sooner were head and trunk put together than they miraculously united, and if any one doubts this story let him ask to see the corporate seal. Of the monastery many remains exist,

the most important being the Abbey Gate. The Norman Tower, of which an illustration was given in the last article, was the principal entrance to the cemetery of St. Edmund, "the great gate of the churchyard." At one time the arch was filled with sculpture representing "our Saviour in an elliptic aureole," but this was taken down to provide freer access for loads of hay and straw. At Bury St. Edmunds it was ordained I should spend a wet Sunday, which compelled me to fall back upon coffee-room literature. It mainly consisted of a book of a hundred pages, written to prove that Bury was not dull. "Why, in one week last year," says the

author on the last page, unable any longer to hold the pride of the thing within his own breast, "there were eight representations of Poole's diorama, two exhibitions at the Poultry Club, two performances at St. John's schoolroom, and a recital at the Town Hall. *Can this be called dulness?*"

C. LEWIS HIND.



On the Yawl. From a Photograph by Mr. Payne Jennings.

LIGHT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY GABRIEL MAX.

HERR GABRIEL MAX is one of the few eminent foreign painters who make the fancy of their pictures the initial, actual, and persistent motive of the work. Others give indeed a studious attention to subject. Herr Gabriel Max presents ideas through the language of his art as inventively as does Mr. Watts amongst ourselves. In 'Light' so much more is meant than meets the eye, that one or two accessories are perhaps a little over-charged with intentions. The light

of faith which the young feminine figure, sitting remote from the changes of the world, gives into the hands of those who come and go outside, seems nevertheless an intelligible symbol. Religious allusion has been frequent in this painter's work. His earliest picture was of a Christian martyr girl, at whose dying feet a Roman youth on his way home from a feast casts down his garland. To this followed other subjects of a like sentiment, part romantic, part ascetic.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY.



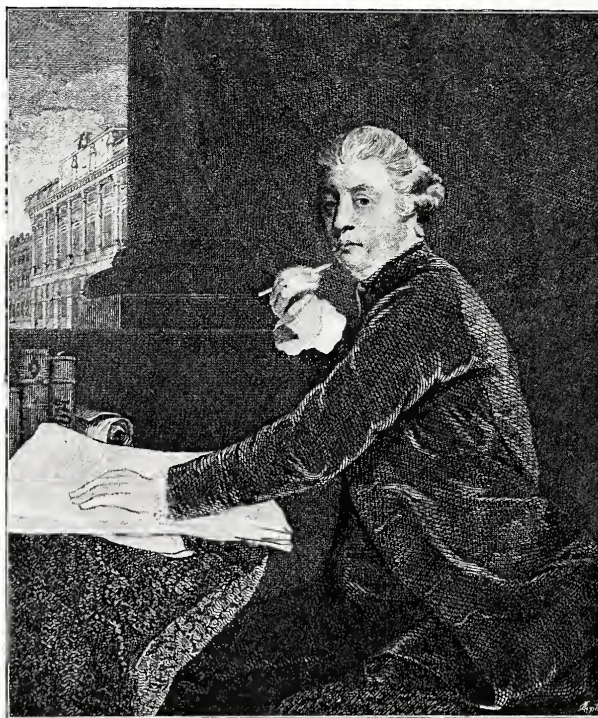
IN the last article (page 161) we dealt with Joshua Reynolds the artist; in the present we propose to deal with Joshua Reynolds the President, or rather with the Royal Academy under his presidency.

It may with truth be said of the Royal Academy that it was *felix opportunitate originis*, in that it had a king, George III., young, generous, and enthusiastic, for its founder and patron; a Reynolds for its first President, who, besides being admittedly at the head of his profession as a painter, or to put it, if necessary, less strongly, *primus inter pares*, was a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of the world, full of tact and sound judgment; and a man of business, William Chambers, for its first Treasurer. The last-named had more to do with the inception of the new undertaking than any one else; a fact which we find duly acknowledged by his fellow-members, who, at a general assembly held on January 2, 1769, at which every one of the twenty-eight Academicians originally nominated by the King was present, passed a resolution thanking "Mr. Chambers for his active and able conduct in planning and forming the Royal Academy." We shall refer to Chambers farther on, but it may here be noted that, in addition to his business faculties, his having been tutor in architecture to George III., when Prince of Wales, and the favour in which he was held by the King, gave him exceptional opportunities for gaining the King's ear, and inducing him to give his patronage to the new society which Cotes, West, Moser, and himself were desirous of founding.

Of the importance which was attached to this royal patronage, some idea may be formed from Reynolds's remarks in his opening address at the same general assembly—an address termed in the thanks voted to him for it, "an ingenious, elegant, and useful speech." "The numberless and ineffectual consultations," he says, "which I have had with many in this assembly to form plans and concert schemes for an Academy,

afford sufficient proof of the impossibility of succeeding but by the influence of Majesty. But there have, perhaps, been times when even the influence of Majesty would have been ineffectual: and it is pleasing to reflect that we are thus embodied, when every circumstance seems to concur from which honour and prosperity can possibly arise. There are at this time a greater number of excellent artists than were ever known before at one period in this nation; there is a general desire among our nobility to be distinguished as lovers and judges of the arts; there is a greater superfluity of wealth among the people to reward the professors; and, above all, we are patronised by a monarch who, knowing the value of science and elegance, thinks every art worthy of his notice that tends to soften and humanise the mind."

George III.'s direct and personal interest in "his Academy," as he called it, was shown in many ways. He undertook to supply any deficiencies between the receipts derived from the exhibitions and the expenditure incurred on the schools, charitable donations to artists, etc., out of his own Privy Purse, and actually did so to the amount of £5,116 1s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. up to the year 1780, when the last payment was made, the financial independence of the Academy beginning from the following year. He furthermore gave them room in his own palace of Somerset House, to which the schools and the official departments were removed in 1771, the Exhibition still continuing to be held at the



Sir William Chambers, R.A. From the Picture in the possession of the Royal Academy. By Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A.

rooms in Pall Mall till 1780, when New Somerset House was completed; and in accordance with the right reserved by the King when he gave up the palace for Government offices, the Academy entered into possession of the spacious apartments expressly provided for them, including a large exhibition room at the top of the building. It is noteworthy that the Academy becoming self-supporting, and requiring no further aid from the royal purse, was synchronous with its taking possession of its new home. But though the King had no longer to render pecuniary aid to the Academy, he none the less carefully looked after its

finances, the accounts being for many years audited by the Privy Purse. That he considered himself liable for any deficiencies is shown by the document containing the appointment of Yenn as Treasurer in succession to Chambers, who died in 1796. It runs thus—

“GEORGE R.

“Whereas we have thought fit to nominate and appoint John Yenn, Esq. (Clerk of the Writs at the Queen’s House), to be Treasurer to our Royal Academy during our pleasure in the room of Sir William Chambers, Knight, deceased: Our will and pleasure therefore is, that you pay, or cause to be paid, unto the said John Yenn all such sums as shall appear necessary to pay the debts contracted in the support of the said academy; and for so doing this shall be to you a sufficient warrant and discharge. Given at the Queen’s Palace, the 31st day of March, 1796, in the thirty-sixth year of our reign.

“By his Majesty’s command,

(Signed) “CARDIGAN.

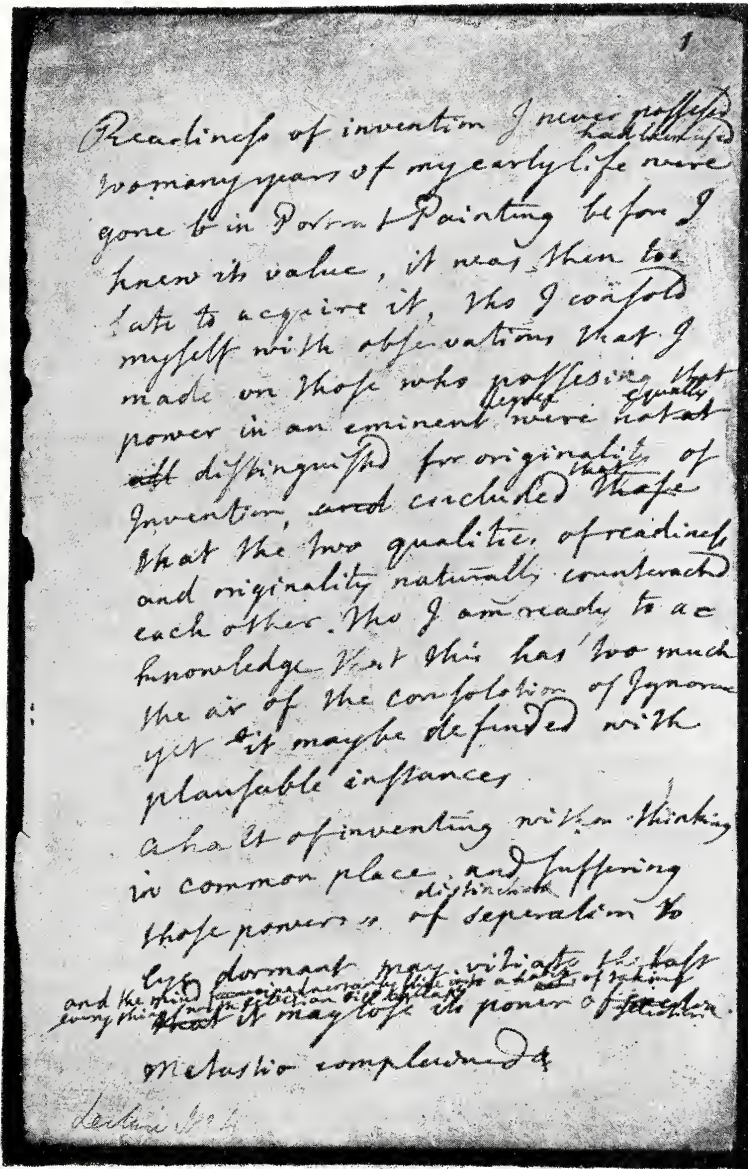
“To our right trusty and well-beloved Cousin, the EARL OF CARDIGAN, Keeper of our Privy Purse.”

Any tendency on the part of the Academicians to spend money outside the express object for which the institution was founded was promptly checked by George III. Two memorable instances of this are his refusing to sanction in 1791 the proposal to contribute £100 towards the monument to be erected to the memory of Dr. Johnson in St. Paul’s, and his disapproval of the offer in 1803 of £500 towards the subscription for the relief of the sufferers by the war; though with reference to this second occasion, which was connected with a very important incident in the government of the Academy, more fitly to be referred to subsequently, it would seem that his action was somewhat inconsistent with his previous approval in 1798 of a donation of £500 for “the use of the Government.”

Another proof of the personal interest taken by George III. in the concerns of his Academy, was the fact that he drew up with his own hand the form of diploma to be granted to each Academician on his election, retaining the right of approving of such election, and ordering that none should be valid till his sign-manual had been affixed to the diploma. We give a reproduction of Reynolds’s diploma. Although dated the 15th of December, 1768, as, indeed, were the diplomas of all the original members, the question of a diploma was not taken into consideration till May, 1769, when Sir William Chambers was asked to draw one up, and after approval it was submitted by him to the King, who made several alterations and finally wrote out himself the existing form. Several designs were made for the head-piece, the members of the Council, the Visitors, and the Keeper having all been requested to furnish one. That of Moser, the Keeper, as appears from the minutes of the Council of June 30th, was first selected; but at the next meeting, on July 10th, Cipriani’s, with certain specified alterations, was substituted for it, and ordered to be engraved by Bartolozzi. Three or four of the sketches sent in are preserved in the Academy archives, and judging from them there can be little doubt that Cipriani’s was by far the best design.

The formal election of Reynolds as President took place at the first General Assembly held on Dec. 14, 1768, and was confirmed by the King

on Dec. 18. In accordance with section 4 of the “instrument” of foundation, the election was to be an annual one, and to take place on Dec. 10, or on the 11th, if the 10th was a Sunday. In 1769, 1770, 1771, and 1772, Reynolds was re-elected *nemine contradicente*, a special vote of thanks being given him in 1770 for “the many eminent and distinguished services he has in his late office rendered to the Royal Academy.” But in 1773 a slight note of discord was struck, one vote being given for Charles Catton; and the same thing again occurred in 1774. In 1775 West, Gains-



A page from the rough MS. of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.

borough, Chambers, Dance, and Hone each got a vote, and Edward Penny, the Professor of Painting, three votes, and the next year, 1776, he got two. *Nemine contradicente* was again the verdict for Reynolds in 1777, 1779, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, and 1790; Gainsborough, Dance, Peters, Penny, Chambers (twice), Catton, Northcote, Carlini and West, each getting one vote in the other years. The number of votes for Reynolds in the years when there was opposition varied from 12 to 26. It is difficult to account for this constantly recurring note of discontent, except on the supposition that it was intended as a protest against the re-election being considered a matter of course. His assiduity in the discharge of his functions as President both outside and inside the Academy was unwearied. On two occasions only was he absent from the meetings of the Council and the General Assembly (not including the meetings held during his temporary resignation), and the minutes of these meetings bear ample testimony to the reality of the work done by him. The opposition cannot have been prompted by any feeling that he shirked his duties: nor from all that is known of his character can it be for one moment supposed that he discharged them in any but the most kindly and conciliatory manner towards those over whom he ruled. Burke said of him, "In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise and provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinising eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. . . . He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity."

The differences and quarrels in the artistic community which immediately preceded the formation of the Royal Academy show that the spirits over whom Reynolds presided, must have required very careful and judicious management, but there is no record of any serious friction until the famous occasion which ended in his temporary resignation. Occasionally some of the members seem to have given trouble as regards the pictures they sent for exhibition. In 1770 there is an entry in the Council Minutes that Nathaniel Hone "be desired to alter the crucifix in his picture"—the picture being a caricature of two monks carousing, to which request he replied in a satirical vein that he was "very sorry y^e President and Council should fear that y^e painted wooden cross in my picture (for it is not a crucifix) should lay *them* open to censure, when I have no fear of that kind about *me* respecting that article: indeed, I should think the poignancy (for I meant it as satire) would lose the best part of its effect, and therefore can have no thought of altering it, except," he goes on to add, "the President and Council refuse to admit it," and then he will not only alter it, but if hereafter he "should send another *unintelligible* picture shall beg y^e favour of y^e President and Council's opinion respecting y^e composition before I send it to y^e exhibition." The reply of the Council is drafted on the back of Hone's letter in Reynolds's own handwriting, and states that they "continue in the same opinion in respect to the cross. They are too dull to see the poignancy of the satire which it conveys. However, were the wit as poignant as you think it, it would be paying too dear for it to sacrifice religion. They confess they have that fear about them of offending against the rules of decency, and have no desire to ridicule religion or make the Cross a subject for buffoonery. You are therefore desired to send for the picture

and alter it if you desire to exhibit it this year." The rebuke would have been still stronger had several words and sentences which are erased in the draft been present.

Hone was again an offender in 1775 with a picture entitled 'Pictorial Conjurer displaying the whole Art of Optical Delusion.' In it he represented a figure, so it was contended, of Reynolds as an old man with a wand in his hand and a child leaning against his knee, performing incantations by which a number of prints and sketches, from which Reynolds had, as it was intended to insinuate, plagiarised, were made to float in the air round his head. Among the sketches was one of a nude female figure, which some one seems to have suggested was intended for Angelica Kauffman. The picture had been already passed for exhibition, Reynolds and the Council no doubt treating the implied satire on him with the contempt it deserved; but an indignant letter from Angelica Kauffman to the President put a new aspect on the case. At first, indeed, they endeavoured to appease her susceptibilities by inviting her to come and see the picture, and then they sent Chambers to try to persuade her to take no notice of the matter. But the lady was in no mood to treat it lightly, as evidenced by her letter to the Council, which was as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have had the honour of a visit from Sir Will. Chambers, the purpose of which was to reconcile me to submit to the exhibition of a picture which gave me offence. However I may admire the dignity of the gentlemen who are superior to the malignity of the author, I should have held their conduct much more in admiration, if they had taken into consideration a respect to the sex which it is their glory to support. If they fear the loss of an Academician who pays no respect to that sex, I hope I may enjoy the liberty of leaving to them the pleasure of that Academician, and withdrawing one object who never willingly deserved his or their ridicule. I beg leave to present my respects to the Society and hope they will always regard their own honour. I have but one request to make, *to send home my pictures*, if that is to be exhibited.

"I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

"ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

"*Golden Square, Tuesday morn.*"

Thus addressed, the Council hesitated no longer but resolved not to admit Hone's picture, and a letter was written to him conveying that decision, and it was further decided that if he should send for his other pictures they should be delivered to him. Hone in the meantime had tried to appease the lady's anger by declaring that he had not intended to represent her, and that nothing was farther from his thoughts than to insult a lady whom he esteemed as "the first of the sex in painting, and amongst the loveliest of women in person," and by offering to put a beard and male attire on the obnoxious figure. But the lady no doubt thought he did protest too much, and declined to be convinced; whereupon Hone wrote a sarcastic reply to the Academy's letter and desired that the "Conjurer" might be sent back to him, and all his other pictures except "y^e Spartan Boy historical, which I am willing to have hung up from y^e great respect I owe to y^e King and his Academy."

The quarrel of Gainsborough with the Academy in 1784, as to the hanging of his group of the Royal Princesses, was a very regrettable incident, which did not reflect much credit on either side, though no doubt the Council acted strictly

within their rights in declining to be dictated to by any member, however distinguished; a member who, it must not be forgotten, seems always to have regarded the Academy merely as an exhibition shop, and never to have taken any part in the business, or taught as visitor in the schools; indeed, in 1775 the Council decided to omit his name from the list of Academicians eligible to serve on the Council or as visitor to the schools, etc., he "having declined accepting any office in the Academy, and having never attended;" but his name was restored by the General Assembly. Moreover, in the previous year, 1783, he had sent a letter to "the Committee of Gentlemen appointed to hang the pictures of the Royal Exhibition," in which he presents his compliments to them, and "begs leave to *hint* to them that if The Royal

Family which he has sent for this exhibition (being smaller than three-quarters), are hung above the line along with full-lengths, he never more, while he breathes, will send another picture to the exhibition. This he swears by God." With it he sent a friendly letter to the secretary, Newton, of which we shall give a reproduction in a subsequent article, with a sketch of how the pictures were to be hung. There is no mention of the matter, however, in the Council minutes, and we may conclude that the Council took no official cognisance of the letter, and humoured him by doing what he wanted. But when the next year brought a similar letter, couched, it is true, in less forcible terms, and begging pardon for giving so much trouble, but stating that "as he has painted the picture of the Princesses [a group of the Princess



The Academicians gathered round the Model in the Life School at Somerset House in 1772. From the Picture in the Royal Collection. By J. Zoffany, R.A.

Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth] in so tender a light, that notwithstanding he approves very much of the established line for strong effects, he cannot possibly consent to have it placed higher than five feet and a half, because the likenesses and work of the picture will not be seen any higher; therefore, at a word, he will not trouble the gentlemen against their inclination, but will beg the rest of his pictures back again;" it is hardly surprising that the Council decided to inform him that, in compliance with his request, they had ordered his pictures to be taken down and delivered to his order. Nor perhaps is it more to be wondered at that he never sent a picture again. There must, however, have been some sort of a reconciliation, for in the Council minutes of September 13, 1787, there is the following entry:—"Mr. Garvey reported that Mr. Gainsborough had promised

to paint a picture for the chimney in the Council-room, in the place of that formerly proposed to be painted by Mr. Cipriani;" a promise which his illness and death in the following year prevented the fulfilment of.

With a few slight exceptions, of which the above may be taken as specimens, no serious discord had arisen within the Academic ranks under Sir Joshua's rule. But in 1790 differences showed themselves which ended in his temporary resignation. The story is told at considerable length in Leslie and Taylor's "Life of Reynolds," all the documents relating to it in the Academy archives having been carefully gone through by the former, and compared with Farington's account in his "Life of Reynolds," which is adverse to Reynolds, and with the memoranda made by Reynolds himself of the dissension and its cause. It is probable that, as is usually the case, there

were faults on both sides, but it is difficult to escape from the conclusion that if Reynolds was in any way to blame, those members who, as Malone said, "have driven him from the Chair of the Academy," were much more deserving of censure for their conduct to one to whom the Institution to which they belonged owed so much. The quarrel first began by Reynolds giving his casting vote for Bonomi as an Associate against Sawrey Gilpin at the election on November 2, 1789; the suffrages being ten for Bonomi and ten for Gilpin. He had for some time been urging the Academicians to fill up the professorship of Perspective, which had remained vacant for three years, and had recommended Bonomi as a fit man for the post. Bonomi, however, was not even an Associate, and the professors could only be elected from the Academicians. His election as an Associate was the first step towards what Reynolds desired; but the fact that it had been accomplished by Reynolds's casting vote, and that Bonomi now stood on the same ground as Edward Edwards, another Associate whom a certain party in the Academy had determined should be professor, made them extremely angry, and they resolved that the next vacancy in the ranks of the Academicians should be filled by Edwards, though they subsequently, as it appears, transferred their votes to Fuseli as a more likely candidate. In the meantime the Council had informed Mr. Edwards, in reply to a letter of his demanding permission to give a specimen lecture in Perspective before the Academicians and Associates only, that it was their unanimous opinion that whoever was a candidate to be an Academician for the purpose of being hereafter Professor of Perspective, must produce a drawing, and the President acting on this decision, informed Bonomi that his drawings should be sent to the Academy on the day fixed for the election, Feb. 4, 1790. Edwards had previously declared in a letter to the President that if specimens were required, he was past being a boy and should produce none. Meantime, however, as we have said, the opposition had dropped Edwards in favour of Fuseli, and reinforced by the opinion and support of Sir William Chambers, had taken up the ground that it was not necessary to fill up the Professorship of Perspective. Chambers had previously written to Reynolds reprimanding him for having given a "charge to the Academicians" as to their duty in filling the vacant chair, and subsequently informed him that he meant to join the malcontents. One can hardly help suspecting that Chambers, in taking this extreme step, must have been, more or less consciously, actuated by a feeling of professional jealousy of Bonomi, and also of irritation against Reynolds for not giving way to his opinion, he having been accustomed, as Reynolds himself used half jocularly to admit, to be master inside the Academy. He had previously complained of Bonomi being a "foreigner," and asked Reynolds why he would persevere in his favour "as though no Englishman could be found capable of filling a Professor's Chair;" a sentiment which Reynolds heard with surprise and indignation and characterized as "illiberal and unworthy," adding that "our Royal Academy, with great propriety, makes no distinction between natives and foreigners; that it was not our business to examine where a genius was born before he was admitted into our society; it was sufficient that the candidate had merit." And he further adds, "though this aversion to a foreigner may be justly suspected still to lurk in the bosoms of our Royal Academicians, yet it is kept under and uttered only in a whisper. I take, therefore, credit to myself that the Academy has not

been basely disgraced by any act founded upon an open avowal of such illiberal opinions." These opinions, however, if entertained, were conveniently laid aside when it was found that Fuseli, also a foreigner, was a more likely candidate than Edwards to defeat Bonomi and so thwart Reynolds. The match was put to the smouldering flame of rebellion when, on the day of election, February 10, 1790, Reynolds noticing that Bonomi's drawings were in a dark corner, ordered them to be placed where they could be seen. He then stated the business of the meeting, and exhorted those present to "elect him who was qualified and willing to accept the office of Professor of Perspective, which had been vacant for so many years, to the great disgrace of the Academy;" adding, "the question, Ay or No, is—Is the author of these drawings, which are on the table, qualified or not qualified, for the office he solicits?" Thereupon Tyler, who was the spokesman of the party, asked who ordered the drawings to be sent to the Academy; and on the President replying that he did, Tyler moved that they be put out of the room. Banks seconded the motion on a show of hands, and it was carried by a large majority, who, on the President wishing to make an explanation, refused to hear it, thereby showing what we must agree with Reynolds in calling "the rude spirit and gross manners of the cabal." The election was then proceeded with, and Fuseli chosen on the final ballot by twenty-one votes to nine given for Bonomi. The next morning Reynolds resigned, so at least he says in the MS. account from which these particulars are taken, but the letter conveying his resignation is dated February 22nd, twelve days after the election at which the events we have narrated took place. It is as follows:

"Leicester Fields, Feb. 22, 1790.

"SIR,

"I beg you would inform the Council, which, I understand, meet this evening, with my fixed resolution of resigning the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and consequently my seat as Academician. As I can be no longer of any service to the Academy as President, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate station. I therefore now take my final leave of the Academy with my sincere good wishes for its prosperity, and with all due respect to its members,

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble and most obedient servant,
"JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"P.S.—Sir Wm. Chambers has two letters of mine, either of which or both he is at full liberty to communicate to the Council.

"To the Secretary of the Royal Academy."

These letters and the letter of resignation were read at the Council on February 23rd, and at the General Assembly specially summoned on March 3. It is probable that in the twelve days' interval already spoken of, Chambers had endeavoured to change his resolution, as in the two letters which contain a statement of the motives of his action, and his reasons for resigning, he refers to the "gracious and condescending message which His Majesty has been pleased to send through you (Chambers), expressing his desire for my continuance as President of his Academy," which message he adds he received "with most profound respect and the warmest gratitude, as a consolation of my retreat, and the greatest honour of my life." All the same he adheres to his determination to resign both the Presidency and his membership of the Academy. So far

the malcontents were not disposed to make any overtures to him, as at the General Assembly on March 3rd, they passed a resolution thanking him for the able and attentive manner in which he had so many years discharged his duty as President, and also decided to summon a General Assembly for Saturday, March 13th, "to elect a President in the room of Sir Joshua Reynolds." The former resolution is alluded to by Reynolds in his MS., where he says he has "had the honour of receiving it, but," he adds, "as if some demon still preserved his influence in this society, that nothing should be rightly done, these thanks were not signed by the Chairman, according to regulation, but by the Secretary alone, and sent to the President in the manner of a common note, closed with a wafer, and without even an envelope, and presented to the President by the hands of the common errand-boy of the Academy, not as a resolution, but 'the Secretary was desired to inform.' Whether this was studied neglect or ignorance of propriety, I have no means of knowing, but so much at least may be discovered, that the persons who have now taken upon themselves the direction of the Royal Academy are as little versed in the requisites of civil intercourse as they appear to be unknowing of the more substantial interest and true honour of that society of which they are members." From which it may be inferred that Reynolds was thoroughly roused, and determined to stand upon his dignity.

Meantime the public began to take part in the quarrel, and the newspapers attacked both sides, but the general feeling was strongly in favour of Reynolds. As Gibbon wrote to him, "I hear you have had a quarrel with your Academicians. Fools as they are! for such is the tyranny of character, that no one will believe that your enemies can be in the right." Lord Carlisle sent him a poetic address, beginning—

"Too wise for contest, and too meek for strife,
Like Lear, oppress'd by those you rais'd to life,

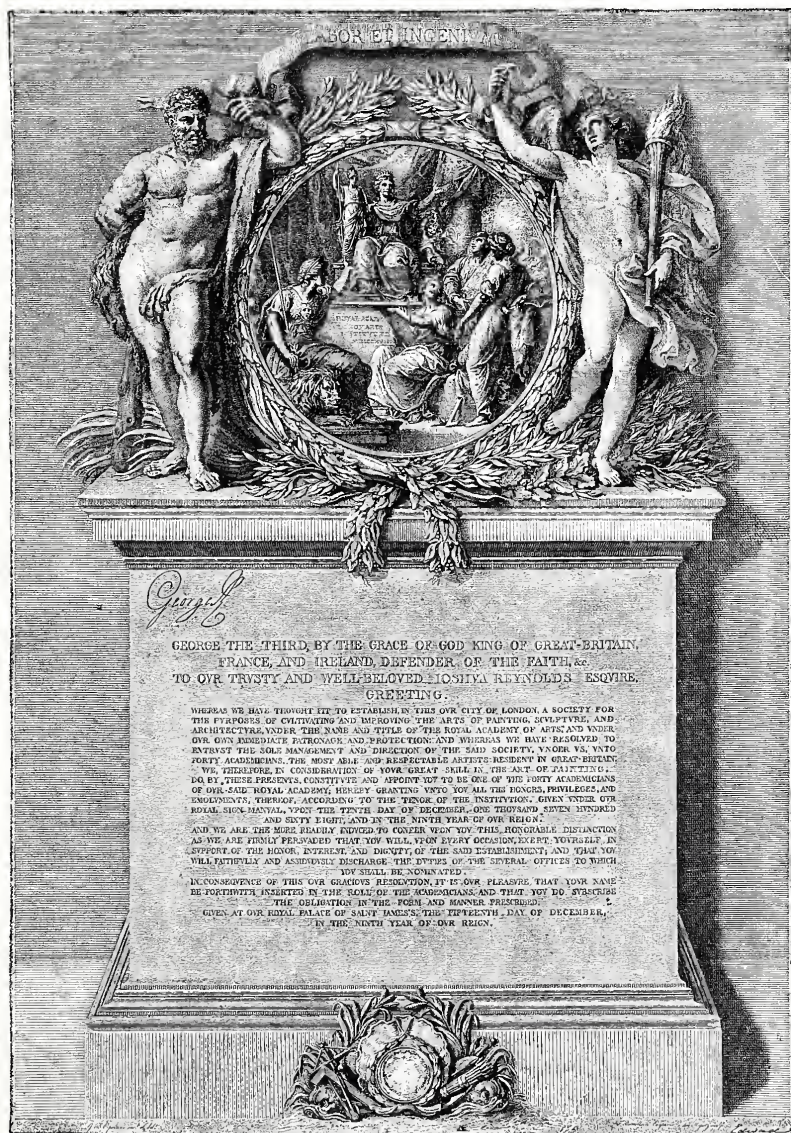
Thy sceptre broken, thy dominion o'er,
The curtain falls, and thou art King no more."

And concluding—

"Desert not then thy sons, those sons who soon
Will mourn with me and all their errors own,
Thou must excuse that raging fire, the same
Which lights the daily course to endless fame,
Alas! impels them thoughtless far to stray
From filial love and Reason's sober sway,
Accept again thy power—resume the chair—
Nor leave it till you place an equal there!"

An exhortation to both sides, which happily proved prophetic, for when the General Assembly met on March 13th, instead of

proceeding to elect a President, they passed two resolutions, one stating that "on inquiry it was their opinion that the President had acted in conformity with the intention of the Council in directing Mr. Bonomi to send in his drawings, but that the general meeting, not having been informed of or having consented to the new regulation, had judged the introduction of the drawings irregular, and had ordered them to be withdrawn." And the second, that "Sir Joshua Reynolds's declared objection to his resuming the chair being done away, a committee be appointed to wait on him requesting him, in obedience to the gracious desires of His Majesty, and in compliance with the wishes of the Academy, he would withdraw his letter of resignation." This Committee consisted of T. Sandby,



Sir Joshua Reynolds's Diploma. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.

Bacon, Copley, Russell, Catton, West, Conway, Farington, and the Secretary. He received them with every mark of satisfaction, expressed his pleasure in acceding to the request, and to cement the reconciliation in true British fashion, asked the Committee to dine with him that day.

Three days afterwards another General Assembly was held at which the delegates announced the success of their mission, and Reynolds himself attended and confirmed their report, but did not think he was authorised to resume the chair till he had obtained His Majesty's leave. This was soon received, and on March 18th he again appeared in the President's chair

at the Council, and on the 30th at a General Assembly. But his resumption of the reins was not destined, alas! to be of long duration, and he took his seat for the last time before his death on July 17th, 1791. Nor was this short period without its troubles, especially in connection with the refusal of the King, acting no doubt under the advice of Chambers, to sanction the subscription of £100 towards Johnson's monument. But we must defer the history of this to another article, in which we shall also give some account of the business transactions of the Academy in its relation to artists and the public during the Presidency of Reynolds.

Our illustrations, in addition to Reynolds's diploma, include a page of the rough MS. of his fourth discourse; his portrait

of Sir William Chambers, with New Somerset House in the background; and Zoffany's picture of the Academicians gathered about the model in the Life School at Somerset House, which was exhibited in 1772, and was, as we learn from contemporary criticisms, the picture of the year, always having a great crowd round it. All the Academicians are present with the exception of Gainsborough, and of the two lady members; whose portraits, however, hang on the wall. Sir Joshua is nearly in the centre, ear-trumpet in hand, conversing with Wilton and Chambers; Zoffany himself sits on the left hand, palette on thumb, a pendant to the standing figure of Cosway on the right. We hope, however, in a later article to give a key to this picture.

AUSTRALIAN SILVER-WEDDING GIFT TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

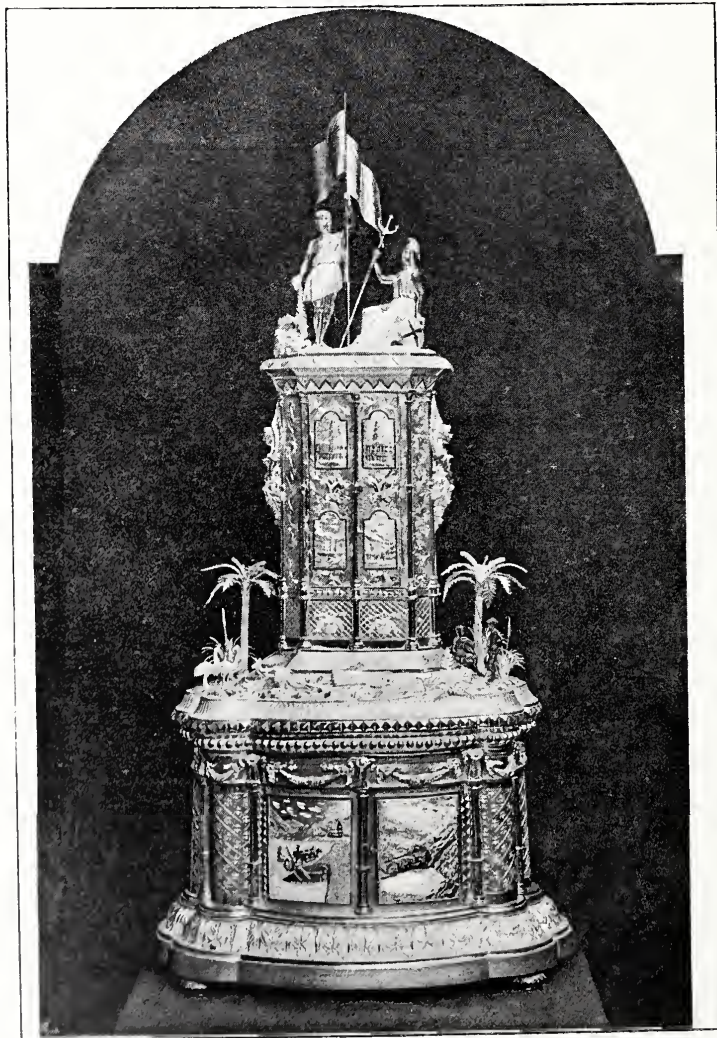
THE silver casket reproduced on this page forms the silver-wedding gift of the ladies of South Australia to the Princess of Wales. It is designed in two tiers and stands on four brightly burnished feet, the whole being surmounted by emblematic figures of Britannia and South Australia. The former figure is reclining on a wheel and supports in one hand the "union-jack," while the other wields a trident. South Australia holds aloft the Australian flag, which, like the "union-jack," is appropriately gilded, and in the other hand she holds a cornucopia from which are pouring forth the productions of the colony. The lower portion of the casket proper, which is designed for the reception of the jewellery accompanying it, is nearly oval in shape, and all the surface is elaborately carved. Folding doors ingeniously open to the front, revealing the jewellery reposing on a white plush ground in a chamber with rich gold satin walls. Each door is formed in one

panel artistically chased. The left door, illustrative of Agriculture, depicts a field of golden grain with the reaper at work in it, and in the distance, the spire of a little church is seen

rising above a pleasant little clump of trees. The top tier of the casket is octagonal, and has been arranged with slender

burnished circular columns at the intersection of the sides. Two female figures in semi-relief constitute the ornamentation for the two narrow sides, and as seen from the front form a graceful outline. The lower portion of the figures terminate in foliage, which in turn give place to the plain surface of the sides. The horizontal portion of the base of the upper part is the groundwork on which the designer has given full scope to his artistic instincts. Gathered together are many specimens of the wilder growths of the Australian bush, groups of ferns, semi-tropical plants, brushwood and fallen timber. It is claimed that the casket is the largest specimen of the silversmith's art that has ever been produced in Australia. It contains no less than two thousand five hundred pieces or parts, and weighs nearly five hundred

ounces. The credit of originating the gift is due to Sir Edwin Smith, and the execution to Messrs. Stevenson Brothers of Adelaide.



*Silver Wedding Gift to the Princess of Wales.
Manufactured by Messrs. Stevenson Brothers, Adelaide.*

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

GALLERY IX.

WHEN the old water-colour room was converted into one for cabinet works in oil, the decision was hailed by everybody as wise; for it was expected that this haven, where small pictures could not be swamped by huge canvases, would lead painters of note to turn their attention to the desirability of occasionally producing a work which could find a place on the walls of a moderately-sized room. And these expectations for a year or two seemed likely to be realised, but in the last exhibition and still more decidedly in this, but a very small modicum of good work has found its way hither, and at present the room is turned into a refuge for an amount of second-rate production which ought not to be seen anywhere on the Academy walls.

Amongst the two hundred and seventy-three canvases which are crowded in here, the following only call for comment.

'An Offering to Apollo' (815), by G. L. BULLEID, whose skill in rendering marble in water colours has secured him election to the Society of Water Colour Painters. His work, however, appears still to border on the apprentice stage, and to lack vigour, decision, and originality. Note how the marble column seems but semicircular, and to be fastened against the marble background.

The old-fashioned 'Verbena' (826) is affectionately treated by Mr. FANTIN-LATOUR on his canvas by that name. Mr. HENRY WOODS, A., contributes as of yore to this gallery two of his sunny, Venetian subjects, 'The Towers of San Rocco and the Frari' (895), and 'On the Grand Canal' (961), which will be a constant source of pleasure wherever they go. Another painter from the same city, Mr. VAN HAANAN, contributes a characteristic interior, where a half-dressed woman sips a cup of black coffee, her chair tilted back, and her body in the easiest of attitudes—a canvas full of merit and instruction. As an evidence that all the good pictures do not occupy the line, is to be noted the case of Sir F. LEIGHTON'S 'Mrs. F. Lucas' (976), which, probably at his own request, has been placed considerably above that coveted position. Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS sends two powerful studies of models in armour, schemes of red, based on seventeenth-century painting, entitled 'A Royal Guard' (898) and a 'Mercenary' (937). 'A New Forest Road' (1048), by Mr. HUGH WILKINSON, stands out amongst a mass of uninteresting landscapes for its clear delineation of sunlight and luminous shadows.

Other works to be noticed here are 'Schooners' (811), EDITH H. HUDSON; 'Idle Moments' (861), L. MALEMPRÉ; 'Don't Tell!' (865), MAUDE GOODMAN (engraved at page 200); 'Near Walberswick' (899), E. CHRISTIE; 'Venice from the Lido' (938), J. C. LOMAX; 'Choosing a Spray' (975), JESSICA HAYLLAR; 'Tulips' (1033), C. STONEY; 'A Siberian Dog' (1034), C. BURTON BARBER; 'Disputed Right of Way' (1042), C. POINGDESTRE; and 'None so Deaf as Those who Won't Hear' (1063), E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

GALLERY X.

Many visitors make a point of seeing the Academy the reverse way to that in which the galleries are numbered, owing to their finding the first rooms fairly full, and the last comparatively empty; but to those who come from motives other than those of idle curiosity, this is usually a mistake, for these reasons. The hanging of the galleries is clearly conducted in the sequence of their numbering, and the best pictures, other than those which are at once selected as the centres, are naturally taken hold of for the earlier rooms. Again, the "hangers" evidently become fagged by the time the last picture of their task is arrived at, and the same amount of care is not bestowed upon it as when their vital energies are brisk. The consequence of this is evident in the last two rooms, where pictures are to be found on the line which would never have occupied such a position at an earlier period. Therefore it is that any one who visits these rooms first will certainly consider the exhibition to be of a lower level than were he to take them in their proper order.

The pride of place and merit in the tenth gallery lies between the productions of two young men, Mr. CHEVALLIER TAYLER and Mr. ARTHUR HACKER, both of whose works will be known to the readers of *The Art Journal*. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the endeavours in this instance of these artists. Mr. Hacker, influenced perhaps by Mr. Solomon, has for the moment abandoned the portrayal of every-day life, and installed himself amongst the painters of the myth of 'The Return of Persephone to the Earth' (1102). The treatment of the subject is not quite clear to the uninitiated; presumably the central figures are Mercury and Persephone, Pluto in the back, and Ceres in the foreground. That he has not been so successful in this as in his studies of peasant life is not to be wondered at; but thanks are due to such as he for launching out occasionally into more ambitious, if less remunerative work, which affords a variety to the monotony of our exhibitions. Mr. Tayler's picture is the antithesis of Mr. Hacker's; here we descend to earth with a vengeance, for nothing could be more matter-of-fact than this photographic rendering of a provincial concert; where the choice lay between depicting the expression of a single individual, the singer, and the varied emotions of the auditory, the artist has certainly selected the least interesting. But if he has not grappled with one difficulty, he has done so most successfully with another, which no doubt was that which most affected him, namely, the illumination of the scene, and this alone will make 'The Encore' (1132) one of the pictures of the year.

Hard by we encounter another success, and this time by an Academy student who has but recently passed out of the schools: the youngsters who are succeeding in portraiture are getting to be almost too numerous a band; still there is room for such a recruit as Mr. MARGETSON shows himself in his portrait of 'Miss R.' (1129), whose pose and dress is perhaps suggestive of Mr. Herkomer's 'Lady in black,' but whose force, good painting and modelling is all the artist's own. We cannot give the same praise to Mr. SHANNON'S 'Miss Colley' (1144); there is evidently a danger of this young artist becoming

* Continued from page 220.

too much in request, and thus perforce compelled to rush his work; in the example before us the flesh tones of the face and lips are quite unnatural, and the whole canvas too thick and painty.

All round this room we encounter work by young artists. Mr. WILLIAM CARTER has two portraits on the line, 'Lieutenant-Colonel William Hill James' (1133), and 'Sir Alexander Wood' (1161), both showing serious work, but as yet a certain halting between various opinions as to how it shall best be accomplished. Mr. WALTER URWICK'S (1108) comes under the category of a portrait and shows promise, as does Mr. FRED. ROE'S 'Miss Mabel Lee' (1173).

A picture which, if it is at all like Mr. DOLLMAN'S other work, is too good both in painting and subject to be placed where the populace cannot see it, is Mr. Dollman's 'Worse Things happen at Sea' (1118). Another general favourite, Mr. YATES CARRINGTON, has not been much more successful with his 'Strolling Players awaiting an Audience' (1171). Amongst landscapes in this room few will afford more pleasure than Miss MAUD R. JONES'S 'March Winds' (1153), the colouring of which is good, and the sky admirably delineated. Other pictures which emerge from the mass are 'The Seamew's Nest' (1128), M. EMILE WAUTERS; 'A Bacchante' (1131), R. MACHELL; and 'The Author's Friends' (1183), G. O. REID.

GALLERY XI.

One of the largest canvases in the Academy occupies the centre of this room; upon it has been painted an ambitious and well-composed version of 'The Death of the First-Born,' by Mr. ERNEST NORMAND. The scene is apparently laid on the terrace outside a prince's house, which is illuminated by brilliant moonlight. The principal figure might stand for Moses himself, aghast at the tribulation this last and greatest plague had brought upon those who had once been his friends. Facing it is a large nude figure by Mr. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., which, entitled 'A Dream of Paradise,' depicts the awakening of Eve.

Another biblical subject, 'The Dedication of Samuel' (1188), by Mr. FRANK TOPHAM, is painted in a bolder manner than is this artist's wont, but with hardly his usual attention to anatomical details. Mr. E. A. WATERLOW has not only secured a good subject in his 'St. MacDara's Day' (1211), but he has translated it with more than his accustomed brilliancy of colour and fulness of detail.

The strength of our younger school is continued even into this last room in Mr. W. H. TITCOMB'S 'Primitive Methodists, St. Ives' (1197), (where the bald and uninviting surroundings of the chapel and its services, and the ascetic earnestness of those engaged in prayer, are brought home to the spectator with quite uncommon force), and in Mr. BLANDFORD FLETCHER'S 'O Yes! O Yes!' (1238); Mr. PERCY CRAFT'S 'Heva! Heva!' (1213); Mr. NORTON'S 'Castles in the Air' (1202); and Mr. J. S. CHRISTIE'S 'A Lion on the Path' (1212).

So too in landscapes the most satisfactory work is by outsiders, of whose work we single out for notice the graceful and poetical 'Morning Star' (1224), by J. CAMPBELL NOBLE; 'Coombe Valley, near Bude,' PERCY BELGRAVE, (1232); 'A Corner of my Studio,' JOHN FINNIE (1240); and 'On the Shores of Kintyre,' KENNETH MACKENZIE (1244).

THE WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

The Academy show does not improve in the matter of

water colours. As the Academic body continuously refuses to recognise the art as worthy of notice in its elections, so its principal exponents steadily decline to assist at its exposition. Hence a mediocre show, crowded to repletion and indifferently hung retards rather than assists the advancement of the art. That neither colour, design or good draughtsmanship is necessary to admission here, is evident by the hanging of a drawing where all these faults are conspicuous in actually the best position in the room. It is called 'On the Meadow in Spring-time;' a better title would be 'The Wry-Necked Lamb.' The other two principal positions are assigned to enormous productions by Mr. T. B. HARDY, who we imagine must have chuckled at finding work admittedly not his best so handsomely placed. Nor have the Hanging Committee apparently been able to discriminate between drawings and pastels, else how can we account for Mr. HUBERT VOS'S large work in the latter medium being admitted here?

Amongst such a crowd of jostling works it is hard for the tired critic to discriminate and select, and no doubt the following scanty list does not include by any means all that are worthy of remark; but the following appear to elbow out their fellows. 'As in a Looking-glass' (1288), B. W. SPIERS; 'Idlers' (1314), H. SYKES; 'Sunflowers and Hollyhocks' (1315), KATE HAYLLAR; 'A Venetian' (1366), A. ZEZZOS; 'Crushing the Beetle in his Coat of Mail,' etc. (1367), M. A. BUTLER; 'Moonrise in Autumn' (1389), E. WILSON; 'Head of Loch Torridon' (1433), HUBERT COUTTS; 'Outside the Harbour' (1442), E. DADE; 'St. Ives' (1508), F. G. COTMAN; 'Spring' (1510), ISABEL NAFTEL; 'Study of Fossils' (1530), KATE WHITLEY; 'In Morlaix' (1543), F. DICKSEE, A; 'Arena, Nismes' (1555), R. P. SPIERS.

BLACK-AND-WHITE ROOM.

The space in this tiny chamber has been more than usually curtailed for the majority this year, by the occupation of nearly one-fourth of the line by Mr. R. W. MACBETH'S very large Spanish etchings, 'The Tapestry-workers,' 'The Surrender of Breda,' 'The Garden of Love,' and 'The Sculptor,' all, of course, deserving of the positions assigned to them, but showing how insufficient in size is the room for its occupancy by the exhibits of engraving, etching, drawings in black-and-white, and monochrome, and woodcuts.

The decline of the mixed style of engraving and engraving in line as practised by the three engravers who are members of the Royal Academy, is evidenced by the fact that but a single example, 'Trust,' by Mr. FRED. STACPOOLE, is to be found here. One half of the room has been captured by that quite modern Art, "Engraver's Etchings," which appears to be still increasingly popular, although mezzotint in the hands of several young men is evidently rapidly and deservedly attracting notice. Amongst the former we may call attention to Mr. WYLLIE'S 'Highway of Nations,' Mr. E. SLOCOMBE'S 'Rouen Cathedral,' Mr. MACBETH RAEBURN'S 'Wind on the Wold,' and Mr. W. HOLE'S admirable 'Mill on the Yare.' Of the latter, Mr. WEHRSCMIDT'S 'Sir Richard Webster' and 'Earl of Yarborough,' Mr. BRIDGWATER'S 'School Girl,' Mr. G. ROBINSON'S 'Princess Sophia,' and Mr. A. V. HAYLLAR'S 'Wintry Wind' stand out prominently. In the Crayon Drawings, those by Mr. WELLS, R.A., for the Grillion Club series, cannot be passed by.

SCULPTURE.

The one hundred and eighty-two works in marble, bronze, and plaster which come under this category, although they

appear at the close in the Academy catalogue, are certainly not the least meritorious or interesting part of the show. During these last few years, it has been annually our pleasant duty to chronicle advance throughout the whole line of plastic art, and with more encouragement in the quarters where it could and ought to be given, there is no reason why the sculptor's profession should any longer spell bankruptcy. In this respect we acclaim the action of the London and County Bank, which has commissioned Mr. Reynolds-Stephens to execute a lunette in bronze for the entrance to their bank at Croydon (see cast No. 2025), and we must call in question the patriotism of a much-lauded inhabitant of Kensington, who must needs celebrate Her Majesty's Jubilee by the presentation to his parish's town-hall of an effigy of the first lady of the land *by a foreigner!* With such talented artists as we have all begging for employment we have no need of foreigners underbidding them with cheap second-rate work.

The first production which we encounter on turning into the Central Hall is a serious, well-modelled work by Mr. JOSEPH WHITEHEAD of 'George Stevenson meditating on the Locomotive' (2016). Here is a chance for a northern magnate to foster Art and scientific emulation by commissioning its completion in bronze for presentation to the Art Gallery of a manufacturing community. Near by are models of two of the statues by SIR J. E. BOEHM for the base of the Wellington Monument. These are considered by many to be the most successful part of the undertaking; that of the 'Inniskillen Dragoon' is singularly personal and vigorous. Sir John also sends a design for a fountain which promises to be novel and felicitous, the sensuous figure of the mermaid and the cringing Cupid being attractive and elegant.

Mr. G. A. LAWSON also occupies prominent positions in the Hall with his two successful creations, 'Bequeathed by Bleeding Sire to Son' (2023), and 'Motherless' (2036). Half a century ago such a subject as the last named would have been considered quite outside the domain of plastic Art, and even now it suggests Mr. Faed's canvases, but this notwithstanding it will certainly be acclaimed as the most popular, as it is the most pathetic, piece in the whole collection.

The attention of every visitor will be arrested by the heroic-sized effigy of 'Lieutenant Waghorn,' which portrays the pioneer of the overland route in an unconventional attitude, his outstretched arm indicating the direction which, he is assured from a study of the map resting on his knees, will be taken in the future by the commerce of the world. Besides this Mr. ARMSTEAD exhibits two memorial entablatures, one in high relief of the late Rev. B. Webb, of St. Andrews, Wells Street, which is destined for St. Paul's Cathedral, and the other of Mrs. Craik, in which the sweetness and character of the authoress's face have hardly been perpetuated.

After pausing before the masterly and colossal lion of Mr. HENRY CHRISTIE entitled 'A Note of Triumph,' and the capital likeness of 'Sir John Fowler' by D. W. STEVENSON, we enter the Lecture-room and are confronted with the hindermost and least satisfactory view of an ambitious work by Mr. W. B. RICHMOND, showing an 'Arcadian Shepherd,' with arms outstretched and supported by his crook. Thence we are at once attracted by Mr. BIRCH'S interesting representation of 'Margaret Wilson,' who suffered martyrdom by drowning in the seventeenth century. The artist has shown her tied

to a stake and nude to the waist, with her arms extended downwards, and her thoughts engrossed by prayer. The author has no doubt well considered this attitude, which may, too, be actually correct, but it appears to be hardly one which a shrinking woman, stripped naked before her tormentors, would have adopted, and it allows a slightly sensuous tinge to pervade a subject which should be entirely free from it.

Mr. BATES'S 'Hounds in Leash,' which occupies a prominent position, will be generally accepted as the most noteworthy and successful piece of modelling in the Academy; the animals are instinct with action and gain in vitality and strength by the pose of their keeper, who crouching shows a difficulty in restraining them; this novel position not only adds to the importance of the animals but also to the composition.

Another very characteristic piece is Mr. ONSLOW FORD'S 'Egyptian Singer' (2195); a woman clothed only in an elaborate tiring of the hair, stands in an erect and somewhat strained attitude; with the right hand she touches the strings of a harp, the music from which forms the accompaniment to an evidently monotonous chant. The whole is admirably modelled, half life-size, and is further interesting for the introduction of cloisonné work of a not very high character, and of elaborate care bestowed on every accessory, including the pedestal.

Mr. THORNYCROFT'S panels for a memorial to be erected at Melbourne, Australia, to the memory of General Gordon, do not commend themselves to us; the figure of Gordon dying is in fact alone satisfactory, the others being devoid of animation, in some instances faulty in modelling, and in all lacking interest. We note with satisfaction that his statue of the General is reproduced, we presume for publication, on a small scale.

Mr. ALFRED GILBERT is only represented by two busts and a design for a medal. The busts are those of Mr. J. S. Clayton, the well-known virtuoso and stained-glass manufacturer, and Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. Both models appear to suffer from their being, as it were, under the drill sergeant's hands with the word of command "heads up." As a likeness the former is admirable; but Mr. ONSLOW FORD'S busts of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are more satisfactory from the points of view of the accessories, which, however, were more suited to the purpose. The busts of characters well known to the London public in this year's Academy are many, including, as they do, Mr. Marks, R.A., by WALTER INGRAM; Mr. Robert Browning (not a success), by Miss H. MONTALBA; Dr. Dyce Brown, T. NELSON MACLEAN; Mr. Ritchie, E. ROSCOE MULLINS; Sir John Fowler (capital), by D. W. STEVENSON; Lady Colin Campbell (unrecognisable); Walter Crane, G. SYMONDS; and amongst deceased notabilities, the late Frank Holl, R.A., J. E. BOEHM, R.A.; Sir George Jessel, W. R. INGRAM; the Earl of Dudley, J. FORSYTH; Major-General Earle, C. B. BIRCH. Besides these we must note 'Study of a Head' (2117), WM. SADLER; 'Study of Age' (2118), R. WILLIS; 'A Victor' (2151), BEATRICE ANGEL; 'Sylph Statuette' (2189), A. W. BOWCHER; and an admirable figure of 'Study' (2193), by A. G. ATKINSON, where the pose of every limb is suggestive of the absorption of the mind in the work which lies open to the student.

ENGLISH HUMOURISTS IN ART.

THE thirteen hundred and eighty-four examples of the works of English humourists in Art at the Royal Institute Galleries may be divided into three classes, dominated respectively by Rowlandson, Dickens, and the *Punch* staff. Of the former master, Mr. Joseph Grego has gathered together no less than two hundred and sixty examples—a quite unprecedented collection of Rowlandson's work. The harmonious and delicate colouring of these drawings are a revelation to those who had only known Rowlandson through reproduction. They include coaching, cock-fighting, horse-

racing, skating, picture-buying, and the thousand and one amusements with which our ancestors "staved off the spleen," and range from the delicacy of the series, 'A Tour in a Post-chaise to the Wreck of the *Royal George*, 1782,' to the coarseness of the *Greenwich*. In the same room hang several coloured engravings after that brilliant and brutal genius, James Gillray, whose life was a preparation for his terrible death. They are political, libellous, and vulgar, and of but little interest to moderns. Of Hogarth the exhibition only contains six examples, among which are a sketch



Didelot and Theodre at Pantheon. From the Drawing by Thomas Rowlandson, at the Exhibition of the English Humourists in Art.

for the caricature of Wilkes, and a charcoal drawing on blue paper for *The Beggar's Opera*. Two walls are occupied by the men who have "done Dickens." Among them are Cruikshank, "Phiz," Fildes, Barnard, and Green. Mr. Charles Green is represented by the water colours which appear with the regularity of spring exhibitions, and Mr. Fred. Barnard with his series of single figures, of which the 'Sydney Carton' has the place of honour. There are also a number of Leech's cartoons for *Punch*—large, full of mirth, and as crude in colour as they can well be. Perhaps of all the artists in this room, Randolph Caldecott is the man whose genius gains

most recognition from those who had not known him before in the original. It is enough to mention 'The House that Jack Built' and 'John Gilpin.' Caldecott's drawings should be studied carefully by those artists who have no other idea of building up a picture than a multitude of lines and a technique laborious and involved. The third room is devoted to the makers of metropolitan journalism of to-day. They are all here, Tenniel, Du Maurier, Keene, Sambourne, Furniss, Bryan, Sullivan, and two who are but lately dead, the brilliant Pellegrini, and Baxter, who exploited the lower middle-class ideal—Ally Sloper.



THE ART JOURNAL

"PALLAS ATHENE AND THE HERDSMAN'S DOGS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY BRITON RIVIERRE, R.A. IN THE POSSESSION OF ALEXANDER HENDERSON, ESQ.

LONDON J.S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED



The Palace from the South.

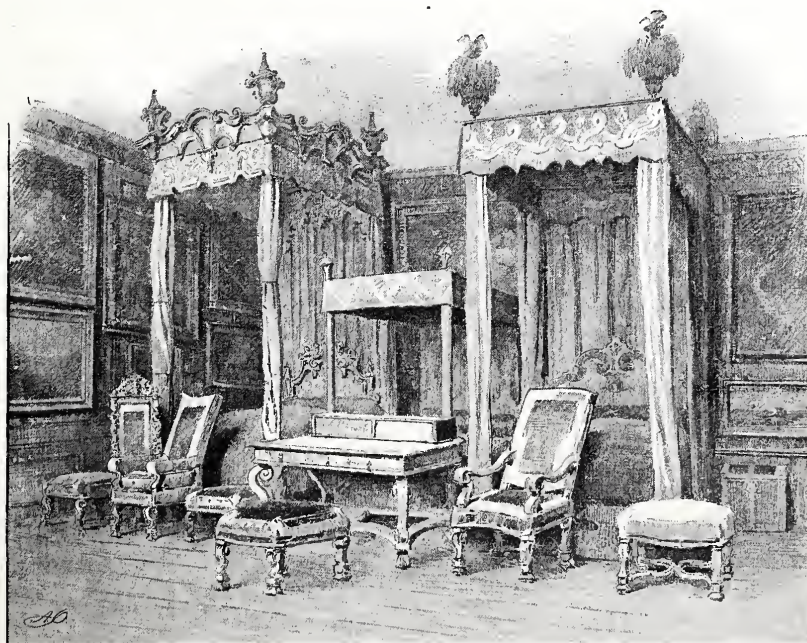
THE ROYAL PALACES.*

V.—HAMPTON COURT.

IN surveying the history of Whitehall we had an opportunity of seeing how Henry VIII. behaved when he happened to covet his neighbour's house. We need not therefore be surprised to see his principles acted upon in the fullest manner with regard to Hampton Court, which must have been a much more palatial edifice. When Wolsey, as Archbishop of York, took possession of Whitehall, it was an ancient building dating back at least to the time of King John. No doubt successive archbishops had improved and altered it; and we cannot now tell how much Wolsey added. It is difficult to believe that Henry VIII., in spite of his tall talk about the "many and dis-

ting, beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings" he had "curiously built and edified," really did much for Whitehall, which was, and remained to the last, a kind of village of

separate houses, some of them wholly detached. If we remember that Wolsey's Hall was on the site of the Treasury, and that the King's apartments were where the offices of the Board of Trade are now, and looked on the river, we can understand what a rambling building it was. Hampton was wholly different. Here Wolsey had a fair field, a free hand. A small manor-house of the Lord Prior of St. John, Clerkenwell, stood here as early as 1338. Attached



Old State Beds.

to it was an extensive park, or farm, of a thousand acres, and whether Wolsey took the site of the house or chose a new site in the park, he had nothing to hamper him

* Continued from page 216.

in making his design when he took a long lease of it in 1514.

Mr. Law, in his "History of Hampton Court Palace," informs us that "long before the place was acquired by Wolsey it was known by the name of Hampton Court." The word "Court" is not so often applied to a manor-house in Middlesex as in some other counties. The local word here was generally "bury," as in Highbury, Mapesbury, Barnsbury, and others; but we have Earl's Court in Kensington, and a few other examples, and the word, in Mr. Law's opinion, with which, though I quote it, I confess I am not quite satisfied, would denote that portion of the whole manor which was retained by the lord for his own use. I cannot bring myself to believe that a Court meant land; but it may well have meant a house on demesne land, and, as has been already remarked, its rarity in Middlesex in this sense is worth noticing. In March, 1514, Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon, his first wife, visited the manor and inspected some horses which had been sent to him by the Marquis of Mantua. On the 24th of June in the same year Wolsey entered on possession. He was at this time Bishop of Lincoln, but became Archbishop of York in September of the same year, and was made a Cardinal in 1515. Henry VIII., during the summer of 1514, was living chiefly at Eltham, and may have gone

to Hampton by the river, the great highway in those days, embarking perhaps at Greenwich, perhaps at Lambeth. "It would take Wolsey," says Mr. Law, "scarcely more time to be rowed down by eight stout oarsmen from Hampton Court to the stairs of his palace at Whitehall, than it now takes one to go up to Waterloo Station by the South-Western trains."

Wolsey went to work at once with characteristic energy. He drained the site and brought fresh water from Coombe Wood. Money was no object. Everything was done on the most splendid scale. The Cardinal had some of the richest

appointments in England; the See of Durham, for example, and the abbey of St. Albans, to say nothing of his being Lord Almoner and Lord Chancellor. He must, in addition to his other employments, have been his own architect, and if it be true that his servant, Thomas Cromwell, was the architect of St. James's Palace, he may well have learned the art while he was in the Cardinal's employment. We read of a clerk, a master and a paymaster of the works, but there is no mention of any architect. Brayley remarks upon the originality of what he calls "the Wolsey architecture," and it is well worthy

of examination as the last, or almost the last, example on a large scale of the application of the old Gothic principles. Some of the most remarkable features of Hampton Court, such as the Hall, date after Wolsey's time, but in them the Italian style, rapidly coming in, is very apparent. Girolamo da Trevigi and John of Padua were not in England in time to influence Wolsey's design; and at the date Henry VIII. obtained it from him, it must have been the finest example of domestic Gothic in England.

The faults as well as the beauties of the old style are well exemplified by Hampton Court. Wolsey seems to have been determined to try if dignity could not be obtained as well as prettiness in red brick. He failed utterly. Even the ruddy towers of Hurstmonceaux are not dignified. But

Hampton Court is the more interesting because of the totally different effect obtained by Wren with precisely the same materials. The prettiness and pettiness of the English Gothic are especially exemplified in the two gateways, both of them in great part the work of Wolsey, and in the gables, mullions, and chimneys of the domestic buildings. Those on the south side of the clock court, over Wren's classical portico, are identified by Mr. Law as the Cardinal's own lodgings. Opposite to them is now the Great Hall, built by Henry VIII. after Wolsey's death, but probably on the site of a smaller hall.



The Great Hall.

This old hall is the scene of the famous entertainments of which Cavendish, in his "Life of Wolsey," has so much to tell. A Venetian ambassador in his dispatches to his government declares of one of them that "the like of it was never given either by Cleopatra or Caligula." The whole banquet-hall was decorated with huge vases of gold and silver. Masques, in which the King often took part, dances, choral singing, and gaming with ducats and dice, are among the amusements mentioned. In less than two years after he took possession the Cardinal was able to receive the King and Queen at dinner. Mr. Law, from whose first instalment of a "History of Hampton Court Palace" I have so often had occasion to quote, is of opinion that "when we take into consideration William III.'s demolitions, which include some of the Cardinal's original structure as well as Henry VIII.'s additions, we may conclude that Wolsey's palace would have been very much smaller than the existing one, which covers eight acres and has a thousand rooms."

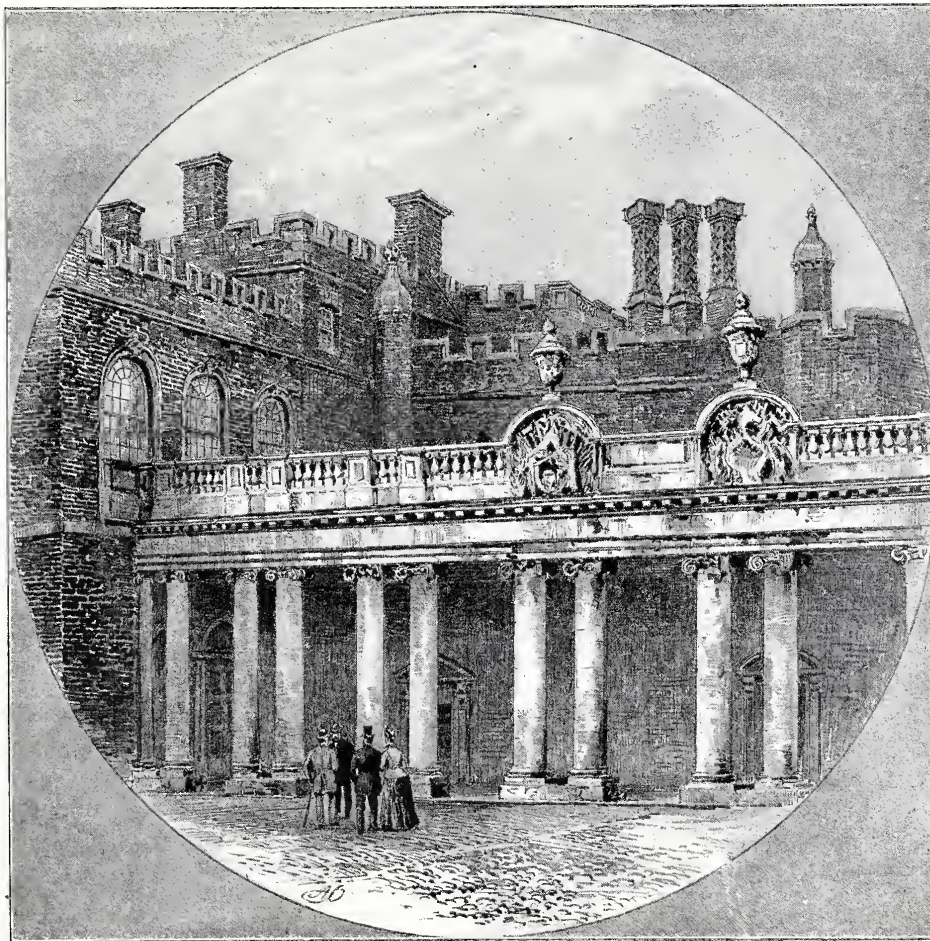
One of the first moves in the direction of Italian Art was the purchase by Wolsey of the ten terra-cotta medallion busts of the Cæsars from a Roman sculptor, John Maiano, for the decoration of the Great Gate. To the same school must be ascribed the tablet, dated 1525, on the inner side of the clock tower, which bears Wolsey's arms, with cherubs (or should we say Cupids?) as supporters. The arms, which are surmounted by the Cardinal's hat, are on a shield, not, as usual with Italian cardinals, on a "cartouche."

As early as 1521 Wolsey had given, or at least offered, Hampton Court to Henry VIII. This offer was made effective in or before June, 1525, when it is mentioned in a letter preserved at Vienna, with a proverbial expression about giving a man a pig out of his own litter. The story goes that Henry asked the Cardinal why he had built himself so great a house, and that Wolsey answered, "To show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign;" being the obvious reply

to the King's very leading question. The Cardinal continued, however, to reside at Hampton Court as long as he was in favour, and, no doubt, behaved as master, under the King. He gave his last great feast, this time to the French embassy, in October, 1527.

The buildings of Henry VIII. which remain are chiefly the Great Hall and the Chapel. The hall is much and deservedly admired; and is, architecturally, curious as an example of the best art of a transitional period. Just as in some of the works of the reactionary period, when architects trying to design in the Gothic style could only make the details Gothic, while the form remained Palladian; so here, while the details, especially those of the roof, are Italian, or imitations of Italian,

the whole design is that of a purely Gothic hall, like what Wolsey built at Christ Church, of Beke at Eltham. The beautiful tapestry in the hall at Hampton Court absorbs the visitor's attention, but he should not fail to examine the carving of the roof and gallery, and the smaller details of the ornamentation, many features of which are simply exquisite. It may be well to note here, for comparison's sake, that the hall is 106 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 60



Wren's Portico.

feet high, being very nearly of the same dimensions as the hall of Christ Church at Oxford, which is always attributed to Wolsey, and which measures 115 feet by 40 feet, and with a height of 50 feet. It will be seen that the hall at Hampton Court is 9 feet shorter, but 10 feet higher, and this difference of height has a powerful effect in the result. The pendants of the hammer beams, which are strictly Gothic at Oxford, are quite Italian in feeling at Hampton Court, though they were carved by an English artist, Richard Rydge, of London.

The chapel is a still more curious example of the meeting of styles, but is not in the state in which it was left by Henry VIII., like the hall. The late Gothic roof remains, very heavy and by no means so well finished as the timber

hammer beams of the hall. The rest of what we see is wholly incongruous, dating in part from the time of Wren, and in part, also, from slight attempts at "restoration." The arms of Henry and Jane Seymour are still at the door. Mr. Law thinks that the tablets containing these arms date from Wolsey's time, and he is probably correct, but it is known that the chapel was redeccorated, if not rebuilt, in great haste for the christening of Edward, afterwards Edward VI. Jane Seymour died nearly a fortnight later of a "great cold," and of being suffered to eat things that disagreed with her, as we are told in a letter of Cromwell's about her death. Edward VI. was much at Hampton Court during his short reign, as was his successor, but neither left any mark on the building. Queen Elizabeth was much too careful of her own and her subjects' money to be a great builder; but her gallery at Windsor is one of the most charm-

ing features of the castle, and shows the slight and transient reaction in favour of the old Gothic style which we call Elizabethan. A specimen of the same style may be seen at Hampton Court, on the side towards the river, close to the great vine. Queen Elizabeth, too, at Nonsuch, finished what her father had begun in forming the "Honour of Hampton," a kind of imitation of the "Honour of Windsor," and designed to enable the monarch to hunt, shoot, and fish without restraint over some fifteen parishes on both sides of the Thames.

The residence of Charles I. at Hampton Court, under restraint by the Parliament, was brought to a close in November, 1647, by his escape through some vaulted passages to the gardens, and thence to the Thames side, where a boat was in readiness. Cromwell lived at Hampton, and was there when his last illness attacked him. It is a remark-



The Palace from the Thames.

able fact that no king has died at Hampton Court, a fact which may be due to the boasted healthiness of the place. Against it, however, must be set the ague of Cromwell, and the death here of his daughter, Mrs. Claypole, in 1658, when, as we are told, she being seized "of a disease in her inwards, and being taken frantic, raved much against the bloody cruelties of her father." But besides Queen Jane, in 1537, another queen died here, namely, Anne of Denmark, in 1619. She and James I., her royal husband, must have been a strangely assorted couple, though they agreed in the love of the chase. She is represented in a picture, still at Hampton Court, holding two greyhounds in leash, and attended by a negro groom, in red, leading a fat sorrel horse. As to her relations to the King, there is rather a pretty story. James had a hound he valued called Jewel, and the Queen, out shooting one day, missed the deer and killed Jewel. The King was very angry,

until he knew by whose hand the unlucky shot was fired, when he was immediately pacified, and not only bade her to cheer up, as he should love her the same, but the next day sent her a diamond worth £2,000 as a legacy from poor Jewel. The Queen took ill at Hampton Court in the autumn of 1618, and survived till the next spring only, dying early in the morning of the 2nd March. She interceded for Raleigh while on her death-bed, but it is to be feared chiefly for the selfish reason that he was known to be acquainted with some drug that would cure her. But it would be hard, even now, to find a nostrum capable of curing gout, dropsy, and disease of the lungs, or any one of them. Raleigh was beheaded in October. Another of this Queen's satellites was Inigo Jones, whose exquisite taste in architecture she appears to have been one of the first to appreciate justly. He brought a letter to her from her brother, the King of Denmark, and she took him

into her service. For her he built the Strand front, if not more, of Somerset House—a front imitated, not very successfully, by Chambers in the present building—and hither, on her death, her body was brought from Hampton Court, and lay in state till the 13th May, when it was buried in Westminster Abbey. In this connection we should not forget to note that Inigo was the architect in charge of Hampton Court, and that Mr. Law, in his second volume, to which the curious reader is referred for particulars, gives us some information respecting his career, which, if not all quite new, is at least very little known and very interesting. It would not, perhaps, be possible to discover any traces of his hand in the buildings, and he was probably employed more in designing scenery for masques and court plays than in any architectural work beyond the ordinary repairs of the palace and its vast expanse of roof.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing to be noticed as to the death of Queen Anne of Denmark was the conduct of the King. He was at Newmarket when the news came. We do not read that in his grief he secluded himself at all. He wore mourning for a month, but when some ambassadors from the Duke of Lorraine, with a score of attendants in black, came to condole with him on his irreparable loss, they found

him in "a suit of watchet satin, laid with blue and white." Nevertheless he composed some little verses to her memory, written in the exaggerated and far-fetched style common in epitaphs of the same period in country churches; and we may copy a couplet from the four printed by Mr. Law:—

"She is changed, not dead, for sure no good prince dies,
But like the sun sets only for to rise."

Before her funeral he was back at Newmarket, engaged in the diversions to which he devoted time which often belonged to the affairs of the kingdom. He was frequently at Hampton

in his later years, but we do not know much about these visits. In 1625 he died, and Charles I. succeeded to the neglected responsibilities and debts of his father, and had to pay them to the uttermost farthing.

Evelyn in his "Diary" tells of some gardening improvements made by Charles II. at Hampton Court, and of a parterre called "Paradise," with a pretty banqueting-house.

We now approach the time of Wren and the great alterations which made the palace what it is now, and give us those

delightful incongruities of style, each the best of its kind, which endear Hampton Court to the artist. William greatly fancied the place. Its comparatively low situation was no drawback in the eyes of a Dutchman, and all that was wanted was such a suite of state apartments as should enable him to make it his headquarters. The long galleries, the great halls, the small chambers opening one out of the other were no longer in vogue, and Wren set to work by pulling down the east front, which consisted of the Queen's Long Gallery and the Queen's New Lodgings, as they were called, and also a portion of the south front towards the walled garden and the river. In place of these, and all round the cloister court, he built the royal apartments as we now see them, gaining access to



The Garden Front.

them from the Clock Court by a new and beautiful Ionic colonnade. A staircase of nearly the same design as that at Kensington and other places, leads up to a landing, from which the two styles of architecture take their departure. To the left, and leading to the entrance of the royal pew of the chapel, is the Gothic gallery, said to be haunted by the ghost of Queen Katharine Howard, who had to be prevented by force from entreating mercy of the King as he attended mass. To the right we find the entrance to the new state apartments, surrounding the Fountain, formerly the Cloister Court. The

King's Great Staircase was painted by Verrio, who did it but badly, it is said, on account of his disapproval of the religion of the new King: "as ill," says Walpole, "as if he had spoilt it out of principle."

While riding in the park adjoining Hampton Court, William sustained his fatal fall. The horse, "Sorrel," put his foot, it was said, into the burrow of a mole; and the Jacobites for many years toasted that mole as the direct cause of the usurper's death. Queen Anne was often at this palace, and Pope makes it the scene, in her reign, of "The Rape of the Lock," in the opening of the third canto of which the celebrated lines occur:—

"Here, thou great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doth sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea."

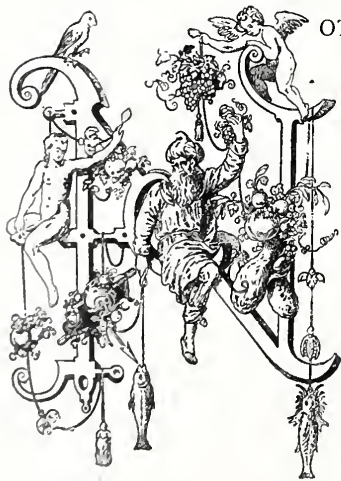
George I. and George II. were constantly resident here, and suffered Windsor Castle to fall out of repair. Of course Hampton Court, whether by road or by boat, was much nearer to London. After the completion of Wren's additions, it was also by far the most regal and dignified as well as convenient of the palaces. The new banqueting-room, for example, now called the Queen's Guard Chamber, is fifty-eight feet long by

thirty-four in width, and there is another apartment almost as large. The "Communication Gallery," as Wren called it, in which the cartoons of Mantegna are hung, is a hundred and four feet long. In Pyne's time Raphael's cartoons were in this gallery, which Wren specially prepared for them. George III. is said to have disliked Hampton Court, for some reason which does not clearly appear, but Mr. Law mentions a tradition that his grandfather, George II., inflicted corporal punishment upon him one day in this palace. He had, perhaps, a similar reason for neglecting Kensington, which might have been thought a more convenient place for the Court than Kew, or even Buckingham House. Whatever the reason, since the death of George II. Hampton Court has not enjoyed the smiles of royal favour, and is now wholly appropriated to the residence of pensioners on the Queen's bounty, with the exception of the state apartments, which are open to the public and contain a large collection of, for the most part, very indifferent pictures.

The excursion from London in summer, is very pleasant, being enhanced further by the beauty of the adjoining Bushey Park, with its splendid avenues of horse-chestnuts.

W. J. LOFTIE.

SOME NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STEEPLES.*



NOT the least fascination of a little archæology is the enticing way in which a search for origins leads one wide afield, and backward through all history, one origin behind the other; for every form, every symbol, every custom, has all antiquity behind it; you pass through the open door of some country church to be led back over the whole past of Art, by paths more or less labyrinthine, all over

Europe and the East. As Mr. Tylor has put it, a church "is not to be studied as though all the architect had to do was to take up stone and mortar and set up a building for a given purpose. The development of the architecture of Greece, its passage into the architecture of Rome, the growth of Christian ceremony and symbol, are only part of the elements which went to form the state of things in which the genius of the builder had to work out the requirements of the moment."

The spire itself would probably take us in looking for prototypes all along the coasts of the Mediterranean to Syria and to the banks of the Rivers Plain, to the pyramid roofs of the tombs of the prophets.

And so the next church we look at, St. Sepulchre's, Northampton, owes its form and name to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which was the occasion of such enthusiastic regard in the years of the Crusades. Sir John Maundeville

gives a delightful account of the holy sites and wonders in this church, then—as now to the Greeks—the literal centre of the round world. "When men first come to Jerusalem their first pilgrimage is to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where our Lord was buried, which was without the city on the north side, but it is now enclosed by the town wall. And there is a very fair church, round and open above, and covered in its circuit with lead. . . . And in the midst of that church is a compass, in which Joseph of Arimathea laid the body of our Lord when he had taken him down from the cross, and there he washed the wounds of our Lord; and that compass men say is the middle of the world."

The Templars, especially guardians of the sepulchre, *Christi Milites*, built chapels of this form attached to the commanderies of their order. In England there are but five of these circular churches, the best known of which are the Temple Church in London, and another Holy Sepulchre in Cambridge, and the Northampton church. This last was built by Simon St. Liz on his return from crusade in 1115; its biography falls into three periods, in the erection of separate parts in three distinct and sequent styles: first of it was built the circular Sepulchre church, in the twelfth century. Eight enormous pillars stand around a central space for the relics, dividing it from the wider space circumscribed by the outer wall, which is just seen behind the tower in the sketch. Eastward, in the thirteenth century, a church proper was added, to which the rotunda serves but as a fine vestibule, just as in the Temple Church in London, only in the former the access is by many steps. In the fourteenth century the steeple, the subject of the drawing, was added at the west, completing the church as we now see it.

If you will look back at the examples given before, you will notice that in them the buttresses all stand square to the walls, and have but comparatively little projection; they were

* Continued from page 231.

of the thirteenth century, and the great buttresses of this one set around the angles show later work, although in few are they so developed as here, where, if you stand close in, they seem enormous, bringing the lines of the spire right down to the ground beyond the tower. There is an amusing comparison in the "Stones of Venice" of an old unbuttressed tower to a mean modern one with them, but our present example sufficiently proves that the art of design does not consist of the mere elements, but in their noble handling. These, which project some eight or ten feet, suit perfectly the manner and material of the design, homely and without precision, in dark yellow-brown masonry, the many horizontal string mouldings keeping it well together to the eye.

This example is rather late for the "Decorated," as the style of the fourteenth century is called; the next drawing of St. Peter's, Oundle, gives more the aspect of a Decorated spire, although it is still much later, an instance of survival of a type set before at Kings Sutton and Kettering, in the county. The most splendid examples of Decorated spires are Salisbury; St. Mary's, Oxford; Litchfield, and St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol. At this time the expansion of tracery was the ascendant motive, and in the richer examples the surface is fretted all over, like the west front of York, which is wrapped in flaming tracery from plinth to sky. Tracery, which in its early form was based on the circle, had

shaken itself out into the free flowing lines of foliage, while in the fifteenth century the lines stiffen straight—the "Perpendicular style."

In comparing this one at Oundle and other highly-wrought examples with the tower of St. Sepulchre, we may appreciate two methods that run parallel in all the styles: the method

where the texture of the wall surface is the chief factor—the builder's method, we might call it; and the other panelled and decorated until the wall is lost in the forms with which it is covered—the designer's method. In the former the "wall veil," as Mr. Ruskin calls it, is just embroidered a little, the texture of the fabric giving the main spaces. This, in all but the most perfect Art, is more certainly successful than the other school, based on fine masonry and ornamental forms over all; which, unless it is done with exquisite discrimination and sculpture of a high plane of attainment, is certain to outweary one with mere architectural commonplaces, as is done at our Houses of Parliament, and is the almost universal reproach



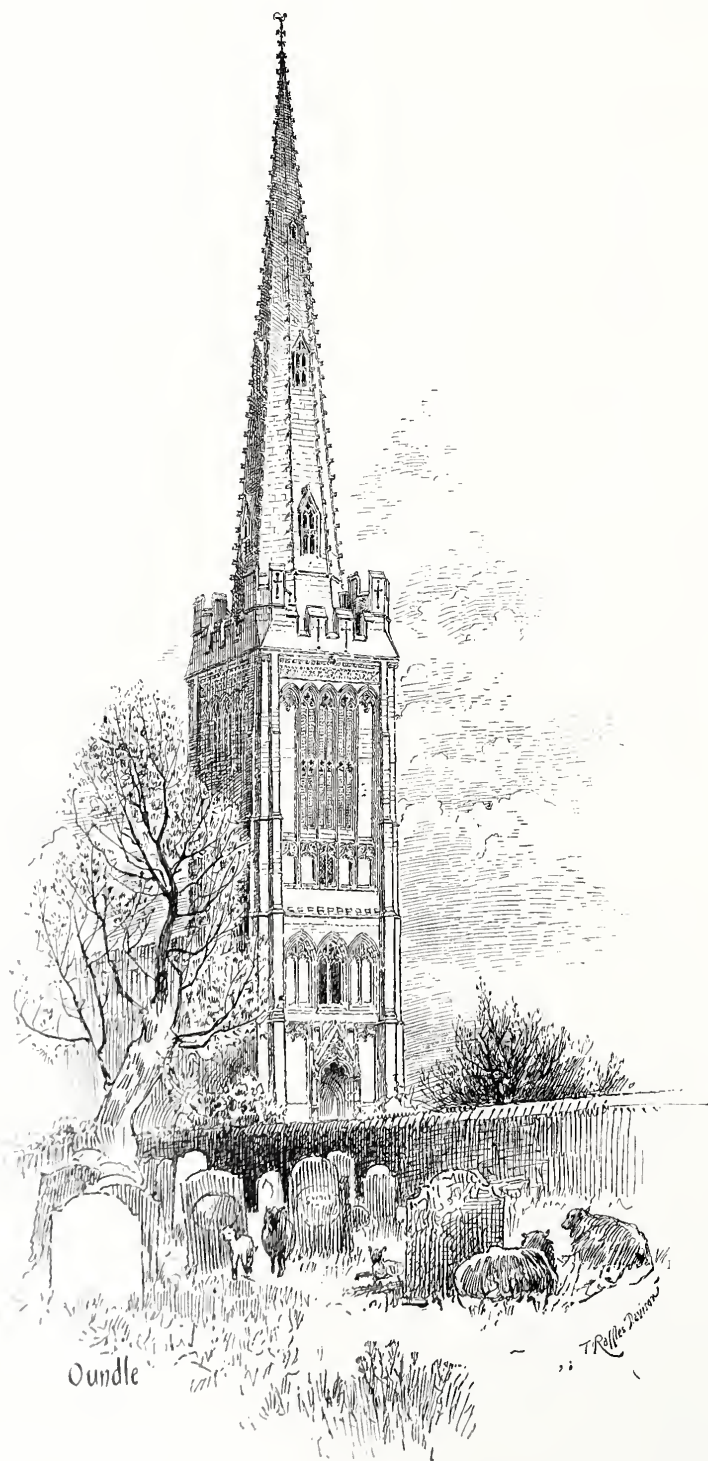
Northampton

S. Sepulchre

of modern architecture. In a small tower, four square walls, with the foil of a dainty window, is all we want; petty architectural forms are added, and all fit expression is gone. Thicken the walls, heighten the parapets, save all you can of moulding and "carving," not worth a handful of field flowers any of it, and seek to have a piece of Fine Art by

proportion and adjustment of parts alone, with just a point of high interest, it may be, in a little sculpture by a master's hand.

Fotheringay and Tichmarsh are good examples of the Perpendicular style of the fifteenth century, so called from the



characteristic of the windows, by which the vertical lines run up into the arches; the general tendency was not perpendicular in the sense of height, rather a wide embracing expansion and flattened forms, with low-pitched roofs, are the rule; it is also the age of towers, not of spires.

Beyond these differences of style, considered historically,

there are distinctions of style in regard to the area of distribution, distinctions by which the qualities of largeness of handling, an aspect of aristocracy and generosity in the churches of Yorkshire, compare with the homelier look and smaller detail of the Midlands, the quaintness of the Eastern Counties, or rudeness of Devon and Cornwall. Moreover, beyond this characteristic type strictly local groups may be found where one work has affected others by immediate contact, as at Caen, where a wonderful spire built in the thirteenth century was copied again and again with modifications.

The remarkable form of the Fotheringay steeple relates itself in this way to a group in the fen district, the splendid lantern tower "Boston Stump," and another at Sutton, close to Ely: doubtless the great octagon of Ely itself is the centre of the variety. In Northamptonshire it is found at Irthlingborough and at Lowick, and we have already seen a small early example at Stanwick. Octagons were in the air.

Fotheringay is a name we know well as associated with a tragedy in English history, but long before Mary of Scotland, the annals of the quiet little hamlet again and again cross the main story of our history. It was the home of princes—the royal house of York; and almost a second Windsor. Now, save the ruins of the Castle and the fine Collegiate Church, it has nothing to recall that past of pride and passion which seems to have exhausted itself in the scene of just three hundred years ago.

The Castle was built by the same St. Liz whom we have seen dedicating the Holy Sepulchre at Northampton. Afterwards it passed to two heiresses, Christian and Devorguilla; the latter with the haughty name married the Balliol who founded the College in Oxford. Soon again it was in the fair hands of an heiress, the subject of quite a mediæval drama; the day she was espoused to Edmund, Earl of Pembroke, a tourney was held and the husband killed in the "Joyous Joust." The keep was partly rebuilt by the Duke of York, son of Edward III., in the form of a fetterlock, the badge of his family, a conceit that has often been followed in architecture, signing the very earth with proud badges and initials. He also built the chancel of the church, which although now destroyed we know, from the original specification which we shall quote, was followed in the design of the new nave. His son, Edward of York, wished to undertake this, and made some preparation, but he died too soon and its erection was actually achieved by his nephew Richard, the Solomon of this temple, who succeeded and entered into a contract on the 24th of September, 1435, with William Horwood for the present nave and steeple. Edward IV. built "a pratie chapelle" to his parents, Richard and Cicely Nevill his wife, but this the tomb and chapel of the founders was destroyed

with the chancel.

The nave and tower are substantially as left by William Horwood, but sadly in need of careful repair before it falls into the ruin which it almost seems to threaten; in the interior there is a very beautiful pulpit with a traceried tester, a fine font and fan vaulting to the lower storey of the tower.

This tower is one hundred and three feet high, and it will be interesting to compare its form with the verbal design as set out in the contract which reads :—

“THIS ENDENTURE MAAD BITWIX WILL WOLSON SQWIER, THOMAS PECHAM, CLERKE COMMISSARIES for the hy and myghty prince, and my right redowthid lord, the duc of Yorke on the too part, and Will. Horwood free-mason dwelling in Fodringhey on the tother part wytnesseth that the said Will Horwood hath granthid and undretaken, and by these same has indenthid, graunts and undertakes to mak up a new body of a Kirk joyn- ing to the Quire of the College of Fodringhey, of the same height and brede that the said Quire is of: and in length iij^{xx} fete fro the said Quere donward withyn the Walles, a metyerd of England accounthid alway for iij fete. And in this Covenant the said Will Horwod shal also wel make all the ground-werk of the said body, and take hit and void hit at his own cost, as lathlay and suffisantly as hit ought to be by Oversight of Maisters of the said Craft with stuff suffisantly ordeigned for him at my seid Lord's cost as longeth to such a werke.”

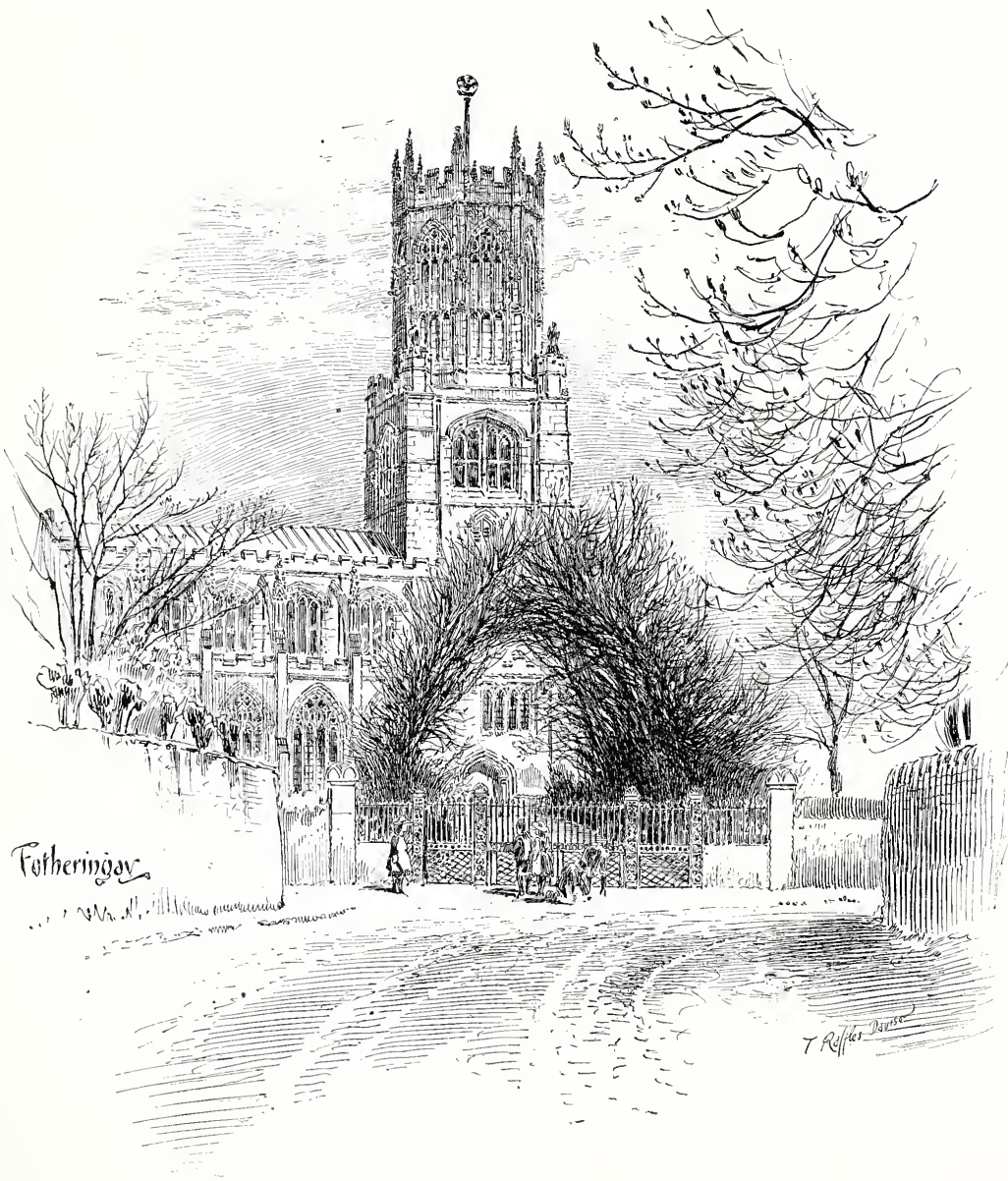
The specification proceeds for the nave and its aisles “according to the hight and brede” of the old choir, partly with rough stone, partly with “Clene hewen Asshler” for the windows and the “Pillars and Chapetrels that the Arches and Pendants shall rest upon, which shall be alto- gedir of Freestone wrought trewly and dewly as hit ought to be.”

The windows and parapet of the aisles are then described with the “six mighty Botrasse of Free-stone clen-hewyn and every Botrasse fynisht with a fynial;” like the quire but “more large, more strong and mighty.” Then comes the clere-storey upon “ten mighty Pillars” with flying buttresses, windows, and embattlements, all as we see in the sketch, and proceeds with the tower.

“And in the West end of the said body shall be a stepyll standing (over) the chirche upon three strong and mighty

Arches vawthid with stoon the which steepil shall haf in length iij^{xx} fete after the mete-yard, three fete to the yard above the ground table stones and xx fete square withyn the walls, the walles bering six fote thicnesse abof the said ground table stones. And to the hight of the said body hit shall be square with two mighty botresses joyning thereto oon on either side of a large Dore, which shall be in the West end of the said Stepill.

“And when the said Stepill cometh to the hight of the said body then hit shall be chaungid and turnyd in viij panes



(i.e. octagon) and at every scouchon a bouterasse fynisht with finial according to the fynials of the said Quere and Body, the said Chapell (the Octagon) embattailed with a square embattailment, large: and abof the Dore of the said stepyl a wyndow rysing in hight al so high as the gret Arche of the Stepill, and in brede as the body will issue. And in the said Stepill shall be two flores and abof either flore viij clerestorial windows set yn the myddes of the walle, eche window of three lights, and alle the owter side of the Stepill of clene wrought Fre-stone and the inner of rough stone. And in the said Stepill shall be a Vice (Stair) townyng serving till the said

Body Isles and Qwere, both beneth and abof, with alle manere other work necessary, that longeth to such a Body Isles, Stepyll, and Porches, also well nocht comprehendit in this Endenture as comprehendit and expressyd.

“And of all the werke that in thise same Endenture is devised and rehersyd, my said Lord of Yorke shall fynde the carriage and stuffe: that is to say Stone, Lyme, Sonde, Ropes, Boltes, Ladderis, Tymbre, Scaffolds, Gynnes, and all manere of Stuffe that longeth to the said werke, for the which werke well, truly, and duly, be made and fynisht in wyse as it ys afore devised and declaryd, and the said Will Horwood shall haf of my said Lord ccc^l sterlingues of the which summe he shall be payd in wise as hit shall be declaryd hereafter: that is to say when he hath taken his ground of the sayd Kirke, Isles, Botrasse, Porches, and Stepyll, hewyn and set his ground-table stones, and his ligaments and the wall thereto wythyn and without as it ought to be, well and duly made: then he shall haf vj^{li} xij^{ij} iij^d. And when the said Will Horwoode hath set . . . fote abof the ground-table stones also well throughout, the outer side as the inner side of all the said werke then he shall haf payment of an c^{li}

Sterling: and so for every fote of the said werke, after that hit be fully wroght and set as hit ought to be and as yt is afore devysed, till it come to the full hight of the highest of the fynials and batayllment of the said Body, he shall but xxx^l sterlingues till hit be fully endyd and performyd in wise as hit is afore devysed.

“And when all the worke abof written rehersyd and devysed is fully fynisht as hit ought to be, and as hit is above accordyt and devysed betwix the said Commissaries and the said William: then the said Will Horwoode shall haf full payment of the said ccc^{li} sterlingues if any be due or left unpaid thereof

until hym. And during all the sayd werke the seid Will Horwoode shall nether set mo nor fewer Free-Masons, Rough Setters, ne Leyes thereupon, but as such as shall be ordeigned to haf the governance and foresight of the said werke under my lord of York well ordeign hym and assign him to haf.

“And yf so be that the seyde Will Horwood mak nought full payment of all or any of his workmen then the Clerk of the Werke shall pay him in his presence, and stop as mykyll in the said Will Horwoode's hand as the payment that shall be dewe unto the workmen cometh to.

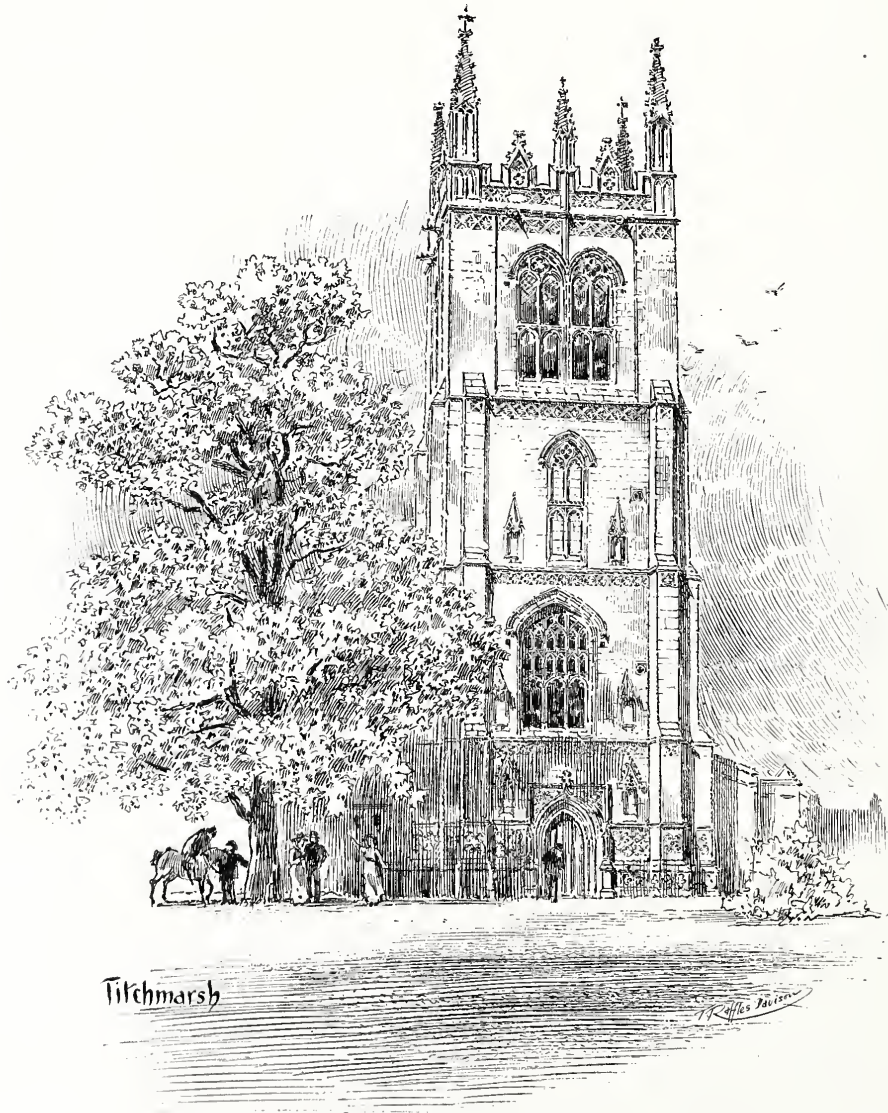
“And during all the seyde werke, the Setters shall be chosen and takyn by such as shall haf the governance and oversight of the said werke by my said Lord: they to be payed by the hands of said Will Horwoode in forme and manner abof written and devysed.

“And yf so be that the said Will Horwoode will compleyn and say at any time that the two sayd Setters or any of them be nought profitable ne suffisant workmen for my Lordys avayle: then by oversight of Master Masons of the Countre they shall be demyd, and yf they be found faulty or unable, then they shall be chawnght and other takyn and chosen in, by such as shall haf the govern-

ance of the said Werke by my said lordys ordinance and commandment.

“And yf hit so be that the said Will Horwoode make nocht full end of the sayd werke withyn terme reasonable, which shall be lymit him in certain by my said Lord, or by his counseil in forme and mannere as is aforewritten and devysed in these same Endentures, then he shall yelde his body to Prison at my Lordys wyll, and all his moveable goods and heritages at my said Lordys disposition and ordnance.

“In wytnes, &c., the sayd Commissaries as the sayd Will Horwoode to these present Endentures haf sett their sealles



Fitchmarsh

enterchangeably, &c., the xxivth day of Septembre, the yere of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King Henry the Sixth, after the conquest of England xijj."

I have quoted this at so great length that it will be well to leave it without comment; the full text was published in 1843 (Parker: Oxford) from Dugdale's "Monasticon." Interesting as is the archaic form, the substance is very modern after all.

St. Mary's, Titchmarsh, is of quite another variety, reminding us of Somersetshire, the county of towers, as Northamp-

tonshire is the county of spires.

All these old towers and spires have such a natural effortless grace, we might suppose they grew, without toil and unthinking like the lilies; but try to alter the composition or improve the proportion, would you appreciate their perfection. The battlement of this, for instance, would be overweighted with a jot more, impoverished with a tittle less; as it is, the crown is both worthy, and borne proudly and easily. The tracery panel in the middle stage is required to connect the windows above with the large window below: cover it up, and see how the design falls into two parts; but here is the finesse of Art—all four, door and windows, repeated vertically over one another, is too much of a manner, so the

builder places his great window artfully, artlessly, away from the axis with all the ease and confidence of a painter, and the tracery is brought well down into the window to cover the whole field, as far as might be, with the warp and woof of the tracery, so weaving the texture of the wall through the large hole in the stuff. By keeping the plinth lines high, very high, ruling them broadly with panelling, and by running the line square over it, the door is practically suppressed from telling in the composition in the vertical row. The little niches spread the windows out laterally, which, together with the horizontal beds of tracery in

the masonry at each storey, helps the stratified and static look of the whole tower. All these are matters of feeling and of interpretation after the fact, but another principle is almost a law—where there are two strongly-marked vertical lines or masses, they must draw together towards the top; so in west fronts, where there are two similar towers, they are gathered slightly together as they go up by adjustment at the different levels. Remark here the widening of the buttresses in the upper stage for the same purpose, and the bringing down of the central line into the two windows makes them lay their heads

together instead of competing. See an instance illustrated in the "Seven Lamps," in which two belfry windows are actually contorted for the same purpose.

The last example, Cooknoe, simple and childish as it is, is full of charm as it declares its story, built of inadequate material, sloping the walls inward for their better support, then adding great buttresses, and last strapping it up with the iron bars, the heads of which show in the drawing, every alteration and honest repair adding to its interest.

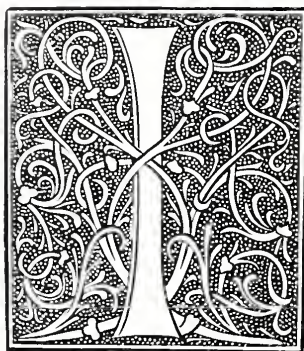
In the sixteenth century the Renaissance changes the whole object and temper of Art, substituting the trained skill of scholars for the traditional methods of the trades; an Art addressed to the cultured, and not for the people—of rules

instead of feeling. Yet withal the change had to come, and its method must be ours yet awhile; an Art of culture, individual and arbitrary, but, if earnestly thought, not without avail.

It was then, looking down from the high eminence of their classical attainments, that they were pleased to call the old Art "Gothick" in the sense of barbarous, for they had not all the insight to allow with Puttenham, in his "Art of Poesy" (1589), that "Poesy is more ancient than the *artificiale* of the Greeks and Latines, coming by instinct of nature, and used by the savage and uncivill, who were before all science and civilitie." WILLIAM R. LETHABY.



BEAUTY IN COLOUR AND FORM: HOW TO SEEK, WHERE TO FIND.



If it were announced to a great concourse of people, that by an inexorable fate, each individual was to be deprived of four of his five senses, but that he might choose the one to be retained, there can be no manner of doubt that an enormous majority would choose to retain sight. A few enthusiastic musicians might choose hearing, but the delights of seeing would appear

by far the most valuable to every one else.

If it be so delightful and necessary to see, how important is it then to see *well*, to see below the mere surface, to see truly, to see the whole of things, to help the vision by the brains—to see, in short, scientifically.

The ordinary action of the eye is so quick and free, so much is seen in a moment, apparently without brain action or effort—

“ A primrose by a river’s brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more ”—

that it probably never occurs to a large portion of mankind that there is seeing *and* seeing; that the finer and higher sort of seeing is the intelligent search for beauty; beauty of design, of form, of colour, of detail, of intention, of adaptation.

“ See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute;
A miracle of design!”

A natural and well-defined power of perceiving beauty of form, and quickness of rejecting what is specious and misleading, seems given to a favoured few, but to fewer still comes the power of discrimination in colour. A goodly array might be produced of architects, painters, and sculptors to whom knowledge of fine and noble form seems to have come as a free gift, but of colourists there are but few. Nevertheless in both domains much may be learned by any one. And, as in the intellectual region, the search is for a standard of the true; so here, and requiring equal ardour of search, we want to find a standard of the beautiful.

Not for a moment must it be doubted that there is such a standard; still it may at once frankly be admitted that here, if anywhere, the many-sided and often apparently paradoxical nature of a standard of truth, becomes most apparent. But those that earnestly seek will find.

It is extremely easy, on this subject, to puzzle each other, and to erect hedges of paradox behind which disputants may retreat. An embroidress asks, “ *Why* is olive green a better colour than emerald green?” Discussing the inadmissibility of mauve as a colour for a wall, some one replies, “ And pray *why* is mauve inadmissible?” Another says, “ I cannot

understand how you can abide Italian decorative art, when you can get German.” We say, relatively speaking, that Westminster Abbey is beautiful, but that St. Pancras Railway Station is hideous, whereon some one replies, “ But *is* St. Pancras Station hideous? and if Westminster Abbey is beautiful, and Gothic architecture most suitable for a religious building, how do you come to admire St. Paul’s?” And a thousand other such questions, to all of which the average citizen replies, “ It’s a question of taste, and there’s no disputing about taste.”

Nothing could be more untrue or misleading; for it means (if it means anything at all) that there is no standard of right or wrong in this matter; that Jack’s likings are right for Jack, and Tom’s, however diverse, for Tom. A sorry doctrine truly, and false all through, for it assumes that Jack and Tom are equally competent to judge—equally educated: moreover, that they *are* educated, having had opportunity to read widely, and study their subject. If they *had* had these advantages, then their diversity of opinion might be deeply interesting and instructive; but the adage, as at present used, does not imply that at all. In an ignorant and illogical time, it might pass muster awhile; but we seem to have arrived at a period in the world’s history when accurate (that is to say “ scientific”) reasons for things are not only demanded, but for the most part are to be had, and even Art questions must be treated with more scientific exactness. A woman’s reason, “ I like it because I like it,” will no longer suffice.

Now it is especially worthy of remark, on the threshold of the subject, that in these questions, where apparently the eyesight seems mainly concerned, people are most confident in their own judgment, however uncultivated, and most impatient of control.

If a man of average education gets drawn into conversation about literature or music, he will hold his tongue when it comes to pronouncing judgment; seeing plainly that precise knowledge (“ scientific”) is required before he can speak with credit to himself. But in regard to pictorial art, a very large proportion of people consider that their own eyes are sufficient to guide them to admire what is good, and to eschew the contrary. There are numbers of educated people who are as ignorant of Art as they are of Nature; who never open a book upon any such subject; who will yet go to the Royal Academy or the Louvre, and pronounce judgment right and left with an assurance and apparent familiarity which should only belong to the most experienced of experts. They think their eyes are qualification enough.

Nothing could be a greater mistake; such seeing is a mere animal instinct, as a rat sees a terrier and bolts.

The reason of this mistake is not very evident. To be sure, literature demands a great deal of hard reading, and a pretender is quickly found out; while music keeps the shallow at a respectful distance by the mere way in which it is written. But it is not easy to see why people are cautious about confessing that they like dance-music, and find a Monday Pop very tedious, but are not at all afraid of declaring that they

prefer the Royal Academy to the National Gallery; further than this, that vulgar opinion on the subject holds much study and hard work as necessary for a knowledge of literature or music, but only a pair of eyes for Art. And one cannot escape the conviction that but for the necessity widely felt among people who desire above all things to be in good "form," for speaking with caution, and even with some show of reverence, about things held sacred in museums and picture galleries, which have manifestly received the favourable verdict of the ages, a large majority would confess their entire indifference, or even active dislike to *old* Art, so much does it demand something more than animal eyesight for its right understanding. From the mere animal eyesight point of view they can scarcely bear to look at it with patience.

The information ordinarily passed to the brain by the eyes of those who have not carefully studied their subject, is, for the purposes of our present inquiry, quite incomplete and untrustworthy. It may guide us satisfactorily in the choice of a salmon or a partridge for dinner, or to distinguish between a genuine Bank of England note and a note of the "Bank of Elegance," but it is wholly inadequate to help us to discriminate between good and bad colour, or base and noble form.

So that the majority of people, trusting to mere animal eyesight and mother wit, and not having time or inclination to correct and amplify these by scientific knowledge, acquire, early in life, bad habits of eyesight, feeble or diseased views of Nature and Art, which stick to them through life, and operate automatically, without special thought or action of the intellect—they only half see anything, and that half they see badly. Nay more, the eye, having become accustomed to bad colour and form, insensibly goes down the hill, and demands something worse and more stimulating; or, finding no great interest in such things at all, gives up even troubling itself with their existence, and settles down content with dull commonplace, without thought or desire.

In the use of the eyes then, no less than in matters of the appetite, man may be described as a machine singularly apt to go wrong; and just as we need instruction and guidance as to the finer details of conduct, and counsels of watchfulness and temperance as to our appetites, so do we need all these to teach us how to *see* aright.

Distrust therefore, at once and for ever, first impressions of all visible objects; for even in the late summer and autumn of life, when we may have learned a good deal, yet mature and reconsidered judgment is always safest. Nor should second or final impressions be considered of value until we have learned our subject well, and learned at least to know how little we know. For between eager tradesmen on the one hand, and arrant knaves who only want to captivate and cheat us on the other, the world is full of prettiness, and dodgy knowingness, and showy rubbish, and we are all liable to be taken in day by day.

First, let us consider Beauty of Colour.

Nature alone must be our text-book, though we must not for one moment suppose that the colouring of Nature and of Art can ever be thought of as identical. We will return to this question farther on; meanwhile it may be sufficient to bear in mind how much shorter is the gamut of colour possible in Art: nevertheless we can only turn to Nature for authority and text.

What is the kind of guidance we most want? Where is our most prominent weakness?

It is impossible here not to venture a moment into the region

of morals—the connection between conduct in taste and conduct in morals is so close and obvious. For just as sin is merely an exaggeration or misdirection of some useful and harmless, perhaps needful, function of the body, or innocent act of the mind; so false colour, and false form, are mere exaggerations, distortions, excesses, of good colour and good form.

What we want, therefore, above all things is *temperance*. "Temperance," says Mr. Ruskin, "is the power that governs energy, and in respect of things prone to excess it regulates the quantity." Now Nature is always temperate. She has produced malachite, the bell-gentian, the sunflower; but she has never dressed anything in twenty yards of aniline blue silk—it has been left to mankind to do that. One does not forget the existence of many tropical flowers of great brilliancy—the speciosissimus cactus, or the yellow alamander, for instance; but with regard to these and similar plants of great showiness, it should be borne in mind, first, for how short a time this great brilliancy lasts, five or six days at most out of three hundred and sixty-five; and secondly, what a moderate area there is of this gorgeous colour, measured against the greens, and greys, and browns of the surrounding vegetation. And even in the case of the very gayest flowering plant ever seen, a careful examination will reveal the fact, that what to the careless observer seemed a blaze of a certain tint, is in reality a mass of subtle gradations—of which more anon.

A gorgeous sunset lasts but a few minutes out of the twenty-four hours, and is, even then, generally small in area, compared with the whole arc of the heavens; and it is so full of gradations, that observers argue, after it is gone, whether it was most red, or most yellow, or most purple orange and grey; while the twenty yards of blue silk, remember, was all of one tint.

A field of spring grass, especially after thunder-rain, often seems dazzlingly brilliant; but sit down, and try to draw it. You will find infinite and perplexing gradations, such as you cannot follow with the brush—only hint at; the shadow of one blade lying on the next; one glossy in high light, the next half-coloured only, and in shade—and if it should happen that you have in your pocket some of the blue or green paper bands used round envelopes, or some patterns of silk or merino from a shop, you will be astonished at their crudity and fierceness, compared with the softness and gradations of Nature.

A student of colour soon finds out that beauty of colour begins with gradation—that the loveliness of graduated colour is so great, that, relatively, level colour is not beautiful; but he also finds out that there is no such thing as level colour in Nature—natural colour is *always* in a state of gradation.

Having ideally schemed the colour of the walls or woodwork of a room, and having set the painter to work, how often one feels utterly chilled and disappointed at the result! One accuses the workman of a bad match, and when he proves that this is not so, one turns away, puzzled and sick of the matter. It is because the painter has been straining every effort to give a perfectly *even* colour, and one feels instinctively that it is in consequence *bad* colour.

Nature teems with gradations. For example, take the bell-gentian, which, at first glance, seems about as crude a piece of violent colour as one can think of. It is well to choose this flower, because artists and decorators all know that a crude and violent blue is of all colours the most difficult to deal with. We don't say a *bad* colour, because it is as incorrect to speak of any colour as "bad," as it would be to speak of arsenic, for

instance, as a bad drug. Let us say a difficult drug or colour to deal with—one where a little will go a long way; for powder blue and arsenic may, each in turn, be both necessary and desirable.

Taking a careful drawing of a gentian, we may with advantage examine as much of it as we can see through a slit, a quarter of an inch wide, in a piece of cardboard, dividing the slit down its centre by a fine thread, and marking a scale of eighths of inches down the sides; so that by laying another card across the slit, and moving it downwards an eighth of an inch at a time, small squares of one-eighth of an inch each way are successively exposed, and these we proceed to examine and catalogue. The slit should pass twice across the brilliant lip of the flower, and across the centre or bell, and then down the outside of the bell to the calyx. We will take no notice at present of the green leaves, though these are an important factor in the general effect, as one sees a mass of flowers growing.

The colour of a tiny square is seldom even approximately the same over its whole area, so that we must give each square the value of four, and catalogue it as, say, 2 brilliant blue, 1 dark blue, 1 purple; and by this subdivision we arrive at a total of 120 units.

Not to go into dry detail, let us come at once to the result. Of the gaudy powder blue tint we shall not find so much as one-fourth of the whole; but, of the same colour much deeper, one-eighth, and of purplish blue—no doubt quite as brilliant in its effect on the eye as the other two—about one-sixteenth.

Still, in this startlingly blue flower, not one-half is coloured as a careless observer would suppose the whole to be. We come next to one-sixth of blue, so dark as to be only distinguishable from black in a strong light; and the remaining colours we may call bluish-grey-black, dirty-bluish-green, greyish indigo dark and light, and actual apple green, in spots a little way down the bell; so that, roughly speaking, this brilliantly blue flower is not half blue.

We must stop here, however, to notice that the exceeding blueness of a gentian arises from the fact that all these greyish and partially blue and green tints *lead up* to the fierce blue of the lip; it is a splendid instance of the force of gradation; the blueness of the blue being all the bluer to our eyes, because of the dulness of the other tints—a dulness, however, which is leading us up to the key-note, blue.

We thus learn that Nature, even when she plays high, does so with a splendid moderation. But a lady who has made up her mind to a bright blue dress buys the whole quantity of that one tint; and I have seen a room where the four walls were distempered naked smalt blue!

Let us now take another and quite a different case—the red mullet—perhaps the loveliest piece of colour to be found, after an opal; but then the opal will not lend itself to examination as a dead mullet will. We all see mullets as rosy and tempting morsels on a fishmonger's stall, but those who will take the trouble to examine one, will find it a wonderfully complex and gorgeous piece of colouring; and while it exhibits the power of gradation in Nature, as perfectly as a gentian, it arrives at its splendour in a totally different way. The rosiest part of the fish is across the middle, a little nearer the tail than the head, but the loveliest and most brilliant colour is generally near the head.

Therefore let us put the slit cardboard across him twice, so as to give the category every chance. We get eighth-inch squares of the value of 4, as before, and total units 260. This

excludes 32 units of glistening white, in which one can discover no colour at all.

Of very pale pink, full pink, deep pink, rich red, crimson, flame colour, and scarlet, all telling upon the eye as rosy reds, one cannot arrive at more than 98 out of 260, or somewhat more than one-third. Next, one-tenth of the whole is straw-colour and full gold (enhancing and leading up to the red, no doubt). But this is altogether, observe, less than one-half of the colouring of this red fish.

Next, about one-thirteenth of primula, or deep purplish red. Primula, of course, is rich red well tinged with blue, a colour *not* leading up to reds, but neutralizing their redness. If we hand over half of this to the red part of the catalogue, we arrive at a trifle more than one-half ($\frac{134}{260}$ ths). After this all the colouring of our bright red fish tells the other way; not detracting from its *colour*, but very much from its redness—blues, greens, cold purples, olives and greys (plus 32 white, *nil*).

To be sure, the pinks and golds are, for the most part, rich and powerful, and the other colours are thin and watery; still, we are measuring *areas*, not depths of effects.

But while making this modifying remark, is it not wonderful to find that the remaining tints of our red fish arrange themselves thus: blues, greens, and cold purples 78; olives and greys 37; and adding to these the other half of the primula, we arrive at $\frac{126}{260}$ ths, or very nearly one-half, of tints which do not go to make red at all, but detract from it?

Anyone who makes studies of beautiful coloured things—flowers, iridescence on pigeons' necks and shells, peacocks' feathers, fresh mackerel, and other such things—cannot fail to be bewildered and puzzled by the complex ways in which harmonious and even opposing colours interlace and die into each other. On the other hand, it is well worthy of notice that some natural objects, manifestly less attractive than others, as, for instance, the foliage of the common laurel, are found on examination, not to be *ungraduated*, but feeble and monotonous (comparatively speaking) in their gradations.

We thus learn two lessons in colour:—

First. Natural colour is always in gradation.

Second. Natural colour is always temperate.

Now if we want to paint the wall of a room, or buy a dress, and for good reasons desire a red effect, and, for sundry reasons also good, find it impossible to use six or eight graduating tints, we must certainly avoid a brilliant magenta or crimson, because it would be, first, ungraduated, and, second, intemperate. Nature would probably have used a little magenta in combination with other and softer tints, but we are debarred by time, expense, and other considerations. What are we to do? Let us go to Nature, and see how she manages her red effects: for instance, great masses of red valerian and mountain pinks bunching out over an old wall of red sandstone, as one sees at Mont St. Michel.

Let us take careful note of the relative proportions of bright red, quiet dirty red, grey, brown, and faded tints; and mix our paint or dye accordingly. We shall probably arrive at a colour something between bricks and leather—a good, useful, pleasant colour, nice to live with, and hurting the feelings of nobody, restful to the eye, and leaving a healthy appetite for red mullets, and other beautiful and brilliant reds, in Nature or Fine Art.

And having thus learned a practical lesson from Nature, we

should fearlessly act on it—giving away or burning everything at home—picture—wool-work mat—wife's dress—drawing-room curtains—everything that doesn't obey the new-found rules; and in time we shall come to appreciate the value of quiet, moderate, tertiary tints.

We should always doubt all amazingly-attractive coloured things of human manufacture, and learn to assimilate the fact that fine colour, like fine Art or poetry, is not the sort of thing that bids for the applause of the passer-by. And if we thus keep up the standard for some years, we become conscious of a refined taste in colour, and can then revel in the colouring of Nature, and in that of Fine Art also, whether it comes from the hand of Titian or Tintoret, Orchardson or Clara Montalba. And, as our perceptions strengthen, we find ourselves out of love with even pale and moderate colour, if it be level and without gradation; the lumpy bottom of a green glass bottle becomes at once a source of pleasure, where none is given by the thin even tint of the bottle itself.

The eye becomes critical, and sees a new charm both in Nature and Art, and appreciates *fine colour*; colour, that is, not only temperate and in gradation, but in intricate and gorgeous intermingling of splendid tints, such as one sees in the plumage of oriental birds and butterflies—gold peering through crimson and flame—green and coppery mosses on grey rocks, or a portrait of Titian's, bronzy-green velvet with gold braiding, against rosy flesh tints. A bit of fine colour becomes more precious than diamonds; old faded Italian silks of more value than new ones from Bond Street; old Indian rugs, stained and worn, better than any modern carpet. Our tastes become susceptible of offence about things that before seemed indifferent, and though it will always be a comfort to a man's wife that his shirts and table linen should be snow-white, to an artist ivory seems white enough for anything; and in decorative work, whitey-brown paper is the best white there is.

There are not a few people, desirous above all things that their surroundings should be in the highest taste, who are feverishly anxious and uneasy as to whether things will "go with" sundry other things; having mostly in their minds a

fearful list of things which will *not* "go with" each other. Terra-cotta reds must not come near crimson reds; reds of any sort don't "go with" blues, etc., and so on, *ad lib.*

Now it is worthy of notice, that if one goes into the garden to gather a posy, a piece of house-decoration which some folk perform almost daily, one gathers flowers, as a rule, without any idea of what will "go with" each other, but simply the flowers that happen to be blowing, and of the right dimensions for the proposed posy; and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the flowers so gathered "go with" each other delightfully. Why then should people be so nervous as to whether the proposed carpet will "go with" the proposed curtains? Clearly because the colour of one, or both, is bad—crude, violent, or without gradation; and because, while the posy is well mingled with greeny-grey and neutral tints, the carpet and curtains are wholly or partially deficient in these.

If any one wants to try whether this practically is so, let him buy or borrow a really fine old Persian carpet, which will probably contain blues and greens, reds and yellows, orange, quiet purples, and whites of various degrees—in fact, almost as many colours as the garden posy—and he will find that the chances are enormously in favour of its looking well in any room in which he may throw it down, with an entire disregard of what may be already there.

And, upon examination, it will be found that such a carpet, however gay it may look, will contain no crude or ungraduated colour whatever. Not only will its blue ground, for instance, prove to be made up, intentionally, of four or five blues, but each *thread* will be found to be similarly composed, perhaps without intention—a circumstance probably due to the oriental habit of mixing various sorts of wool and hair, or at least all the qualities of each; while our spinners and dyers strain every nerve to make each fibre exactly match its fellows.

If we take care that each colour, in each article we buy, be soft and graduated and free from crudity, we may fearlessly throw them all together and be happy.

JOHN ALDAM HEATON.

(To be continued.)

HADDINGTON ABBEY: LUCERNA LAUDONIAE.

ALONG the southern coast of the Firth of Forth stretches a fertile undulating tract of country, through which a modern traveller by the "East Coast Route" probably passes without more observation of its features than to note that the fields, though here and there broken in their regularity by deep glens, "knowes" of volcanic rock, or sometimes hills of the same formation, are cultivated with a precision and care unknown in the south of the island. Further evidences of the extreme richness of the soil, and of the science which has been brought to bear on its productive power, may be seen in the formal farm steadings, each built of stone and furnished with permanent thrashing-engines, whose tall, factory-like chimneys certainly do not add any element of romance to pastoral pursuits. This fertile stretch of country forms the richer and more important portion of the three Lothians. Though political strife has brought into prominence the existence of Midlothian, yet, that there are such counties as East and West Lothian, has been hidden from the knowledge of the

general public by the strange perversity which has induced the official mind to designate them Haddingtonshire and Linlithgowshire respectively—names whose hybrid awkwardness the natives refuse in their ordinary dealings to recognise.

The important part which Lothian played in the history of Scotland was not due merely to its being the immediate territory surrounding the capital, but rather to its extreme wealth, both in mineral and agricultural products. And the numbers of remains of mediæval buildings of all kinds, castles and towers, monasteries, churches and chapels bear evidence to the former existence of a large, thriving, and industrious population. It is literally true that in some parts of East Lothian a tourist cannot walk up the principal glens without seeing the remains of a castle or tower every few miles, while the stones of some ruined monastic building occur in the intermediate spaces. Nor, in many cases, were these castles merely the safe retreats of small raiding lairds, or the outlying posts of a defence against Border expeditions. They

were often the dwelling-houses and centres of power of the greatest Scotch houses. The castles of Tantallon, Dunbar, Craigmillar, Gifford, Hailes, and Whittinghame, amongst many others, were the strongholds of such families as those of Angus, Bothwell, Morton, and Tweeddale.

Although Midlothian, containing as it did the centre of Scotch political life, the chief residence of the kings, and the most important sea-port on the east coast of Scotland, is naturally possessed of more historical interest than the remainder of the ancient kingdom of Loth, yet there are few counties in Great Britain whose ecclesiastical, civil, and military

annals can furnish such a succession of stirring and important events as East Lothian. This interest is due to a very large extent to the peculiarity of its geographical situation—a situation which has given it a strategical importance in almost every invasion of Scotland in which the invaders have had command of the sea. There can be little doubt that Agricola marched through East Lothian in his invasion, and in the third year of that invasion wasted the country as far as the estuary of the Tyne; a small river now much silted up at the mouth, which rising in Midlothian passes through Haddington and falls into the sea close to the celebrated woods of Tynningham. In the year 1216, King John advanced by the same route, and

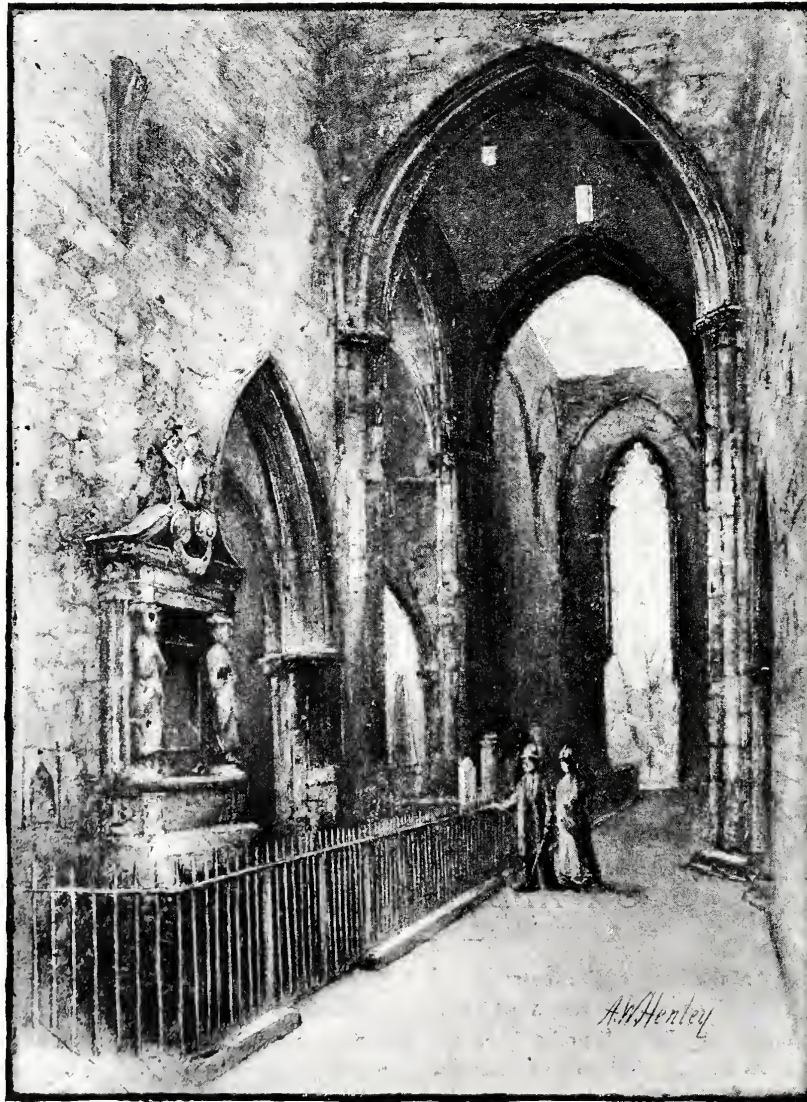
having burned Dunbar and Haddington, retired by Berwick without having risked a general engagement. In the year 1296 Edward I. won the first battle of Dunbar on nearly the same ground that was the scene of Cromwell's still more celebrated victory. Edward III. in 1356 marched along the east coast as far as Haddington, depending for his supplies on his fleet. But this being wrecked, he burnt the town and the abbey and retired to England.

This destruction of the Abbey of Haddington is of special interest, since on its ruins arose that exquisite church, known in mediæval times as *Lucerna Laudoniae*, the Lamp of

Lothian. The original church must have been of great beauty. Of it only the western door remains.

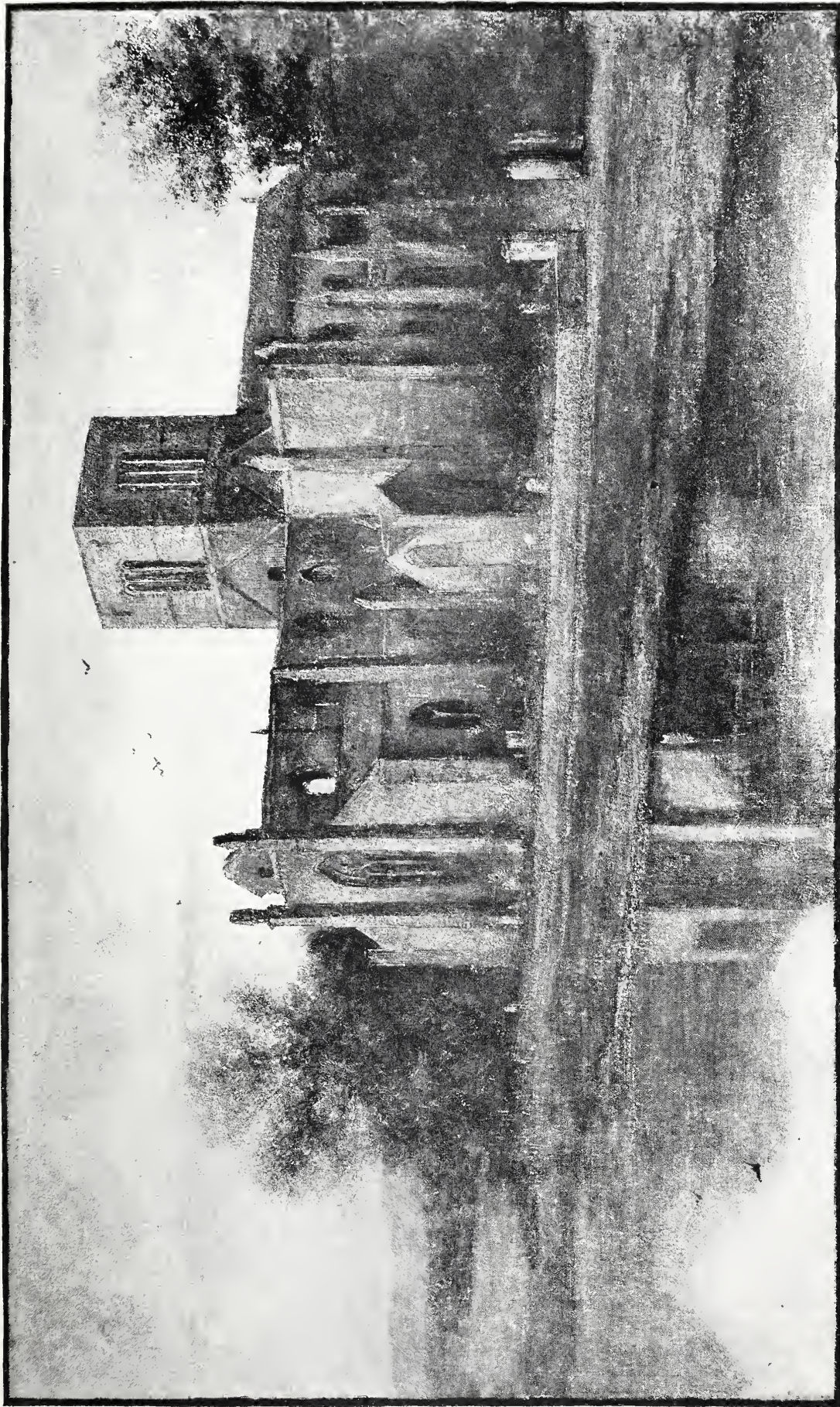
The name *Lucerna Laudoniae* belonged first of all to the older church, as we learn from contemporary writings, and seems to have been given to it both on account of its elaborate architecture, and also owing to the constant illuminations of the choir. In date it was not earlier than the thirteenth century, since it belonged to the order of Franciscans, which was founded in 1206. But it does not follow from this that it was of the Pointed style. Scotch mediæval architecture deserves more careful independent study than it has received at the

hands of experts. The late Mr. Street, for instance, in an article which betrays the most superficial knowledge of his subject, calmly asserts that up to the end of the fourteenth century, the buildings in Scotland, and those north of the Humber, are identical in style. Nothing can be less true. Here and there, it may be that we find that a particular designer crossed the Border, and carried the style of one country into the other. But there are some main characteristics of Scotch thirteenth-century work which stand by themselves. One of these is the avoidance of the use of the Pointed arch, in cases where an English architect would certainly have employed it, and the substitution of the semicircular or segmental



Transept, looking South.

form. And we find this done even where the opening is filled with cusped tracery. The west doorway of Haddington Abbey is an interesting example. Looking at it from such a distance that the detail is not clear, the casual observer would at once describe it as Norman, distinctly influenced by the Rhenish Romanesque School. And in its general outlines this is what it appears to be. The design consists of a large, circular, moulded arch, springing from deeply-recessed moulded jambs, and covering two subordinate circular arches, which spring from a central shaft. The space between is a flat unornamented tympanum. But examining



Haddington Abbey, General View from the North-east.

more closely, we find the details of the moulding and the

should be held up to the scorn of mankind, actually cut away ("cut up," he described it) the capitals of the pillars and the whole of the arches, so as to make the openings larger for the congregation in the galleries.

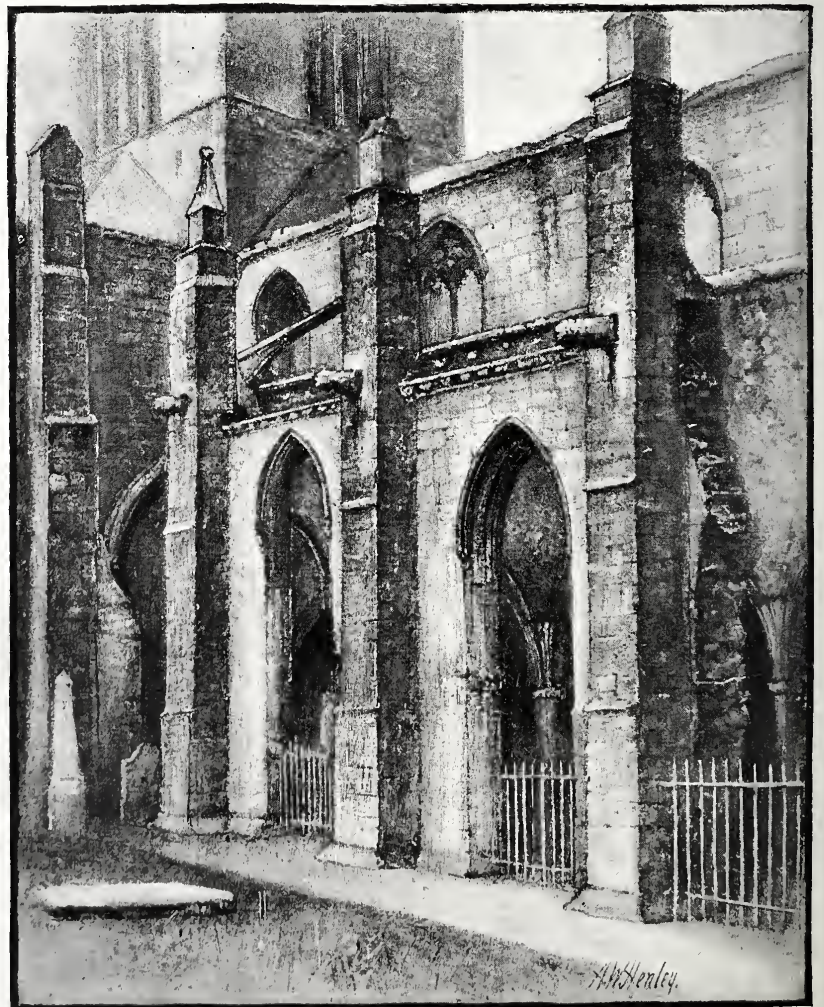


Choir, looking West.

carving to be all thirteenth century in character as well as fact.

With the exception of this doorway, the structure is all later than the invasion of Edward III. It consists, or rather consisted of nave and choir, measuring together rather more than two hundred feet in length and sixty in width, including the aisles. The transepts are of the full height of the nave and choir, but without aisles; and at the crossing rises a curiously designed tower, probably of late fifteenth or early sixteenth century date. The greater part of the building must, however, have been erected soon after the destruction of the church by Edward III., the nave being slightly earlier in date than the choir. Unfortunately, the building has suffered terribly, but as is usual in these cases, more from interference than neglect. The nave is, and apparently since the Reformation always has been, used as the parish church, and it underwent a disastrous reconstruction in the year 1811. Outside, the tracery of most of the windows was renewed, but with the cusps omitted. Some courses of stone were added to the aisle walls, and a new parapet of nineteenth-century design put on the top, and the buttresses and pinnacles were rebuilt to a great extent. Inside, matters are even worse. The nave is, of course, walled off from the roofless transepts. But, in order to combine the square pew system with sufficient accommodation, galleries had to be made over the aisles. This, though serious enough in itself, would not have been an irreparable mischief, had not the architect, one Archibald Elliot, of Edinburgh, whose name

about them, which is often to be met with in Scotland.

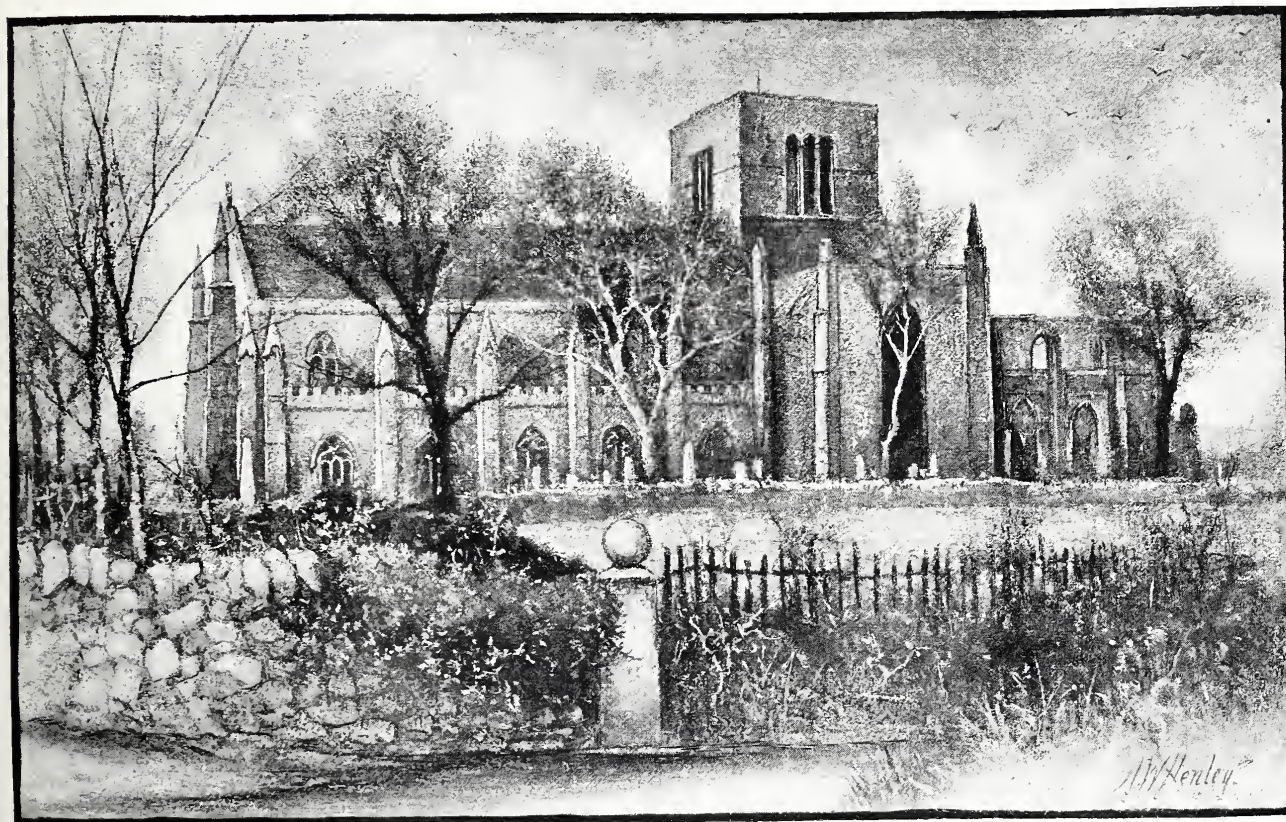


South Side of Choir.

Even the gargoyles seem to take their duties seriously.

There has been some recent talk of further restoration. So long as the work is properly carried out, and within proper limits, there can be no objection to this course in the present instance. Little remains of interest in the nave, which is the portion of the abbey now used for services. But what there is should be most jealously preserved intact. The tower leans

considerably towards the east. But the inclination has not increased of late years, and was probably brought about by the so-called restoration of the nave in 1811. While, however, this portion of the building is well maintained, it is to be extremely regretted that permission was ever given to insert modern tracery into the windows, as has been done



South Side.

in one or two cases. The injury to the appearance of the structure is very great, and the restoration has not even the advantage of being practical.

Although Haddington Abbey cannot take rank among the first of Scotch abbeys or churches, yet it deserves more notice than it has usually received. Nor is it by any means the only object of interest in and about Haddington. If there be wan-

derers of an artistic or antiquarian turn of mind who are still debating in their own minds where to take themselves for a autumn expedition, well can we recommend the capital of East Lothian as a centre of one of the richest fields for exploration of ancient remains of all kinds; while near it will be found many charming bits of scenery, hill and river, lake and sea.

EUSTACE BALFOUR.

PALLAS ATHENE AND THE HERDSMAN'S DOGS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE never found a happier subject than in this vision of the goddess scaring the dogs. The incident is told in the sixteenth book of the *Odyssey*. We give Mr. William Morris's version—

"He spake, and uproused the swineherd, who took his shoes in his hand,
And unto his feet he bound them, and took the townward road.
But Athene failed not to note him as he went from that abode,
And drew near, like to a woman both tall and fair to see,
And deft in goodly working of the weavers' mystery.
So manifest unto Odysseus she stood 'gainst the door of the place,
But Telemachus saw her nowise, though she stood before his face;
For not unto all are the Gods clear seen in the light of the day.

But the dogs and Odysseus beheld her, yet her they did not bay,
But toward the far side of the booth they shrank away with a whine."

The expression of emotion in animals, when the animals themselves are studied, and when it is not attempted to improve and intensify their ways by human precedents and traditions, is a singularly interesting subject for dramatic painting.

Mr. Briton Riviere has given a beautiful loftiness to his figure of the goddess, adding perhaps to this effect by a certain liberty with the horizon.

LIPPMANN'S ITALIAN WOOD-ENGRAVING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

ONE of the most marked features in the artistic development of the present day is the growing appreciation for choice examples of early wood-engraving. Thirty or forty



Portrait of Paula Gonzaga. Ferrara, 1497.

years ago, when amateurs were giving enormous prices for first editions of the classics and for works in sumptuous bindings, the splendid specimens of the wood-engravers' skill of the North Italian and German schools were neglected, and commanded scant attention; but all this is now changed, and books containing fifteenth and sixteenth-century woodcuts are eagerly sought after, and obtain fancy prices in the saleroom.

This being the case, we can well believe that the appearance of Dr. Lippmann's beautifully illustrated work on Early Italian wood-engraving is well-timed; and as this author is singularly well qualified to treat of the subject, and has achieved a European reputation, his book in its new dress will be hailed with satisfaction by amateurs in this country. The essay originally appeared in the *Fahrbuch der K. Preussischen Kunstsammlungen*, 1885; but, with the German original before us as we write, we are able to claim the English edition as something quite distinct from a mere translation. The text has been greatly amplified, a large number of fac-similes of wood-engravings have been added, and in form and aspect the work has been materially changed for the better.

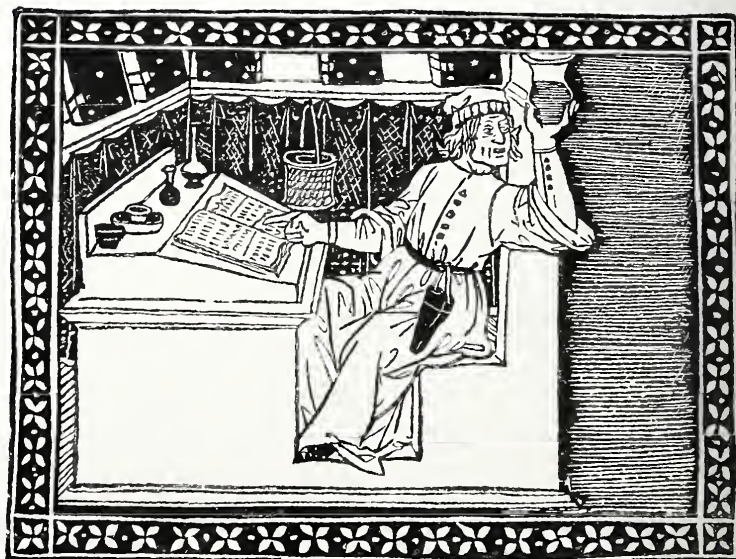
Dr. Lippmann draws attention to the fact, which has been already pointed out, that the most ancient Florentine woodcuts are reproductions of still earlier copperplate engravings. The first illustrated book printed at Florence was the "Monte Santo di Dio," which appeared in 1477.

It contains three engravings on copper, printed within the text, which have been attributed to Baldini. To the same printer, Lorenz, we owe the Dante of 1481, with the famous copperplate

engravings. In 1491 an edition of the "Monte Santo" appeared with copies of the above-mentioned designs executed on wood blocks: one of these beautiful woodcuts, 'Christ in the Mandorla,' is reproduced by Lippmann in fac-simile. The progress of Florentine book illustration is traced through the "Gioioco degli Scacchi," one of the woodcuts in which, 'The Physician,' we have been enabled, by the courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Quaritch, to present to our readers, the "Epistole et Evangelii," the "Quadriregio," and the "Novelle," to the beginning of the sixteenth century, soon after which the imperium in this branch of art passed to Venice.

Venice also was greatly indebted in the infancy of wood-engraving to the German workers, who introduced typography, and in Venice we find two distinct methods of treatment, each of which attained to a high degree of perfection. The first style is that of pure outline, which was that originally practised, and is found almost in perfection in Valturio's treatise "De re Militari," printed at Verona in 1472. Subsequent works in this style were produced at Verona, but its ulterior development took place, not at Verona, but at Venice, in a beautiful series of works, of which the famous Malermi Bible may be regarded as the type. The other style, which partakes partly of that of Florence, is exemplified in the illustration we are able to reproduce from the work entitled "De pluribus claris selectisque Mulieribus," printed at Ferrara in 1497.

To the student of early wood-engraving as manifested in Italy we can confidently recommend the work of Dr. Lippmann as a most charming and valuable guide. We can only hope that this may but prove the first of a series of



The Physician. From the "Gioioco degli Scacchi." Florence, 1493.

volumes carrying the same minute and discriminating observation into the description of the progress of this art in other parts of the Continent,

G. R. R.

THE ACANTHUS, THE LOTUS, AND THE HONEYSUCKLE.

"The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decees its province in the common toil."

AKENSIDE.



Lotus Capital.

WORTHY James Hervey, whose "Meditations" were so reverently cherished and dusted on the bookshelves of our grandmothers, was one day gazing on a tranquil rural view—a landscape rich in the simple beauty of nature unadorned—when, in his quaint, soliloquising way, he thus expressed his thought:—

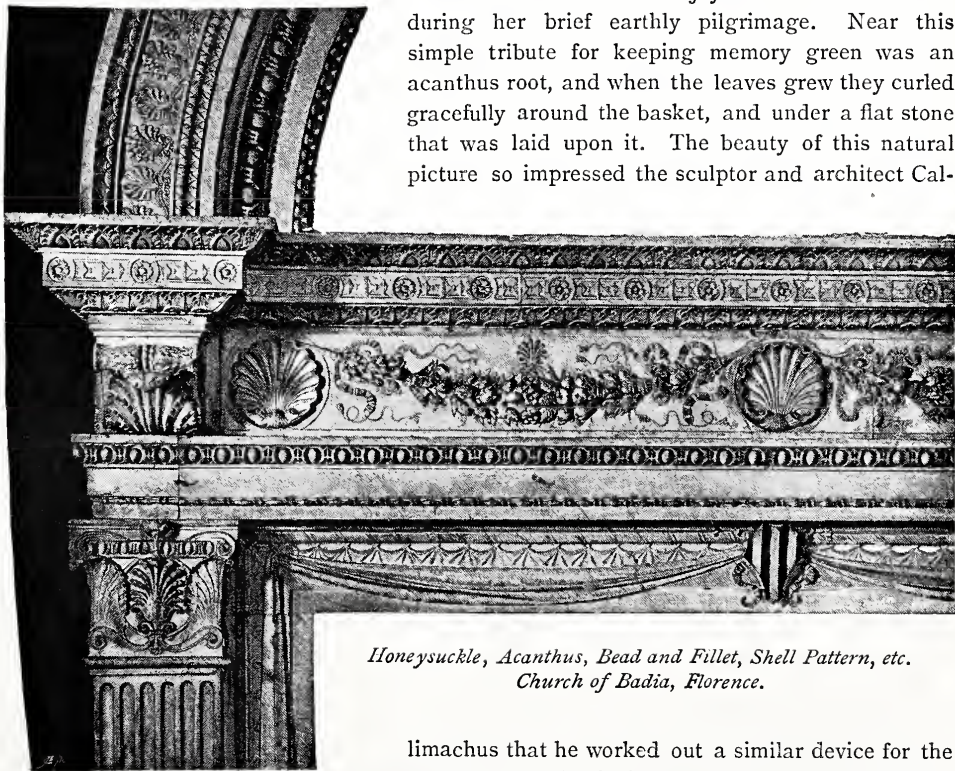
"Though every piece of this extensive and diversified scene is cast in the most elegant mould, yet nothing

is calculated merely for show or parade. You see nothing formed in the taste of the ostentatious obelisk or insignificant pomp of the pyramid. No such idle expenses were admitted into that consummate plan which regulated the structure of the universe." The good village parson was so imbued with veneration for the intrinsic perfections of mother earth, that he had little sympathy with the vain ambitions of his fellow-men, and their presumptuous efforts to embellish existing things. In the quiet hamlet in Northamptonshire many a calm reflection such as this he penned for the edification of the existing generation, and, as it has proved since, for a book-reading posterity.

But in spite of the wisdom and counsels of such reverent worshippers of nature as James Hervey, it must be feared that there is still in the human creature a propensity to indulge in "idle expenses." Nor are we satisfied with the excrescences raised upon the soil in our own day, but we even take pride and pleasure in the "expenses" of the past. We like to know something of the origin of those types of architecture and decoration which, either for beauty or use, still live. Histories are written, lectures are read, on the "ostentatious obelisk" and the "pomp of the pyramid;" on the ruined temples of Greece and Rome, lands "of lost gods and god-like men;" on the mosques of the East, and the beautiful specimens of Gothic and Renaissance Art scattered over Italy and France. In fact, the histories of nations may said to be written in their buildings.

Although it is not to be taken for granted that every one gifted with artistic taste and a love of beauty is necessarily conversant with all the distinctive features of the various orders of architectural design, all of us know the difference between the Grecian column and the Gothic arch; and there are certain forms of floral ornamentation that meet our eyes every day in the streets and in museums at home and abroad. One of these, need it be said, is the Corinthian pillar, with the acanthus leaf that gracefully adorns its capital. The acanthus plant was cherished by the old Greeks as one of the most beautiful of nature's productions. It grew with classic elegance and ease, and, with its dark shining leaves, was deemed a fit adornment for the most stately gardens and alcoves—a fit model for the sculptor's art. The chisel carved it, and the potter moulded it on vase and urn and drinking-cup. From simple objects for domestic use it came to embellish the capital of the column, and the "how" and the "why" it attained this dignity are wrapped up in a pretty poetical legend, which has met with some slight differences of interpretation at the hands of translators.

The story says that on the grave of a child in Corinth a nurse placed a basket filled with the toys that had most contributed to the enjoyment of the little one during her brief earthly pilgrimage. Near this simple tribute for keeping memory green was an acanthus root, and when the leaves grew they curled gracefully around the basket, and under a flat stone that was laid upon it. The beauty of this natural picture so impressed the sculptor and architect Cal-



*Honeysuckle, Acanthus, Bead and Fillet, Shell Pattern, etc.
Church of Badia, Florence.*

limachus that he worked out a similar device for the adornment of the Corinthian pillar. In another version we read of a basket containing an offering to the *manes* of a dead child and covered with a tile to protect it from the birds. This rendering of the story has, however, more in it of Rome than of Greece, for with the Greeks the gods only (with the *heroes* whose valiant deeds in the flesh earned for them new bodies and a right to the

pleasures of Elysium) were immortal; and according to these ideas of eternal rights, there would have been no



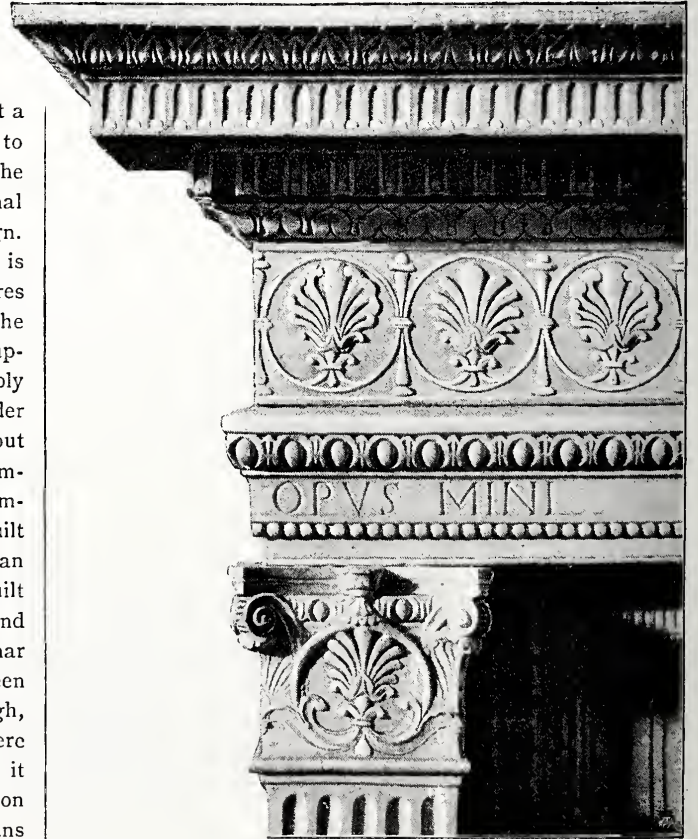
Acanthus and Volute (Corinthian Order). Pazzi Chapel, Church of the Santa Croce, Florence. (Brunelleschi.)

tutelary spirits to propitiate around the tomb of the humble Corinthian child. The Romans, on the contrary, with their more liberal creed concerning immortality, needed to make propitiatory offerings to their household gods, the *Lares*; for were they not the souls of the dead, whose duties and pleasures in another world consisted in perpetual vigilance over the affairs of this one? They watched over the family on land and at sea, and made deep footprints in the busy haunts of men.

In a third version of the acanthus story we are told that it was the daughter of Callimachus who died, and that a basket of flowers was placed upon her grave, with a tile to keep the wind from blowing it away; and the history of the leaf and basket is thus associated with the deep personal sorrow of the sculptor who perpetuated the familiar design. Whatever may have been the true origin, one thing at least is certain, the acanthus has proved of great use in Art, and figures prominently in ornamental decoration. It is true that at the advent of the Corinthian pillar the columnar manner of supporting roofs was already centuries old, originating probably with the wooden huts which in remote ages, as in the wilder regions of the world to-day, man erected for his shelter; but the first stone columns—even those supporting the most important edifices—had been characterized by the utmost simplicity. The Doric pillars of the Parthenon at Athens, built in the time of Pericles, had no more elaboration to show than the ruins of the tomb of Beni Hassan in Middle Egypt, built 1,400 years before the earliest known Greek examples, and supposed to be the oldest existing specimens of columnar supports. The Ionic scroll, or volute, was the step between the simple Doric and the ornate Corinthian styles; though, with the exception of the Erechtheum at Athens, there were no important buildings of the time of Pericles in which it figured with any prominence. But the Corinthian decoration was destined to find much greater favour with the Romans than with the Greeks, and it was they who introduced it into the porticoes of large temples, for the obvious reason that it was intrinsically adapted to meet their taste for ornate splendour and elaboration of effect.

The Greeks rather preferred it for their small buildings and

monuments, just as the Romans used it for their circular temples of Vesta, such as that at Tivoli. One of the most beautiful specimens existing of the acanthus order is the capital from the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, an illustration of which may be found in the excellent handbook on classic architecture by Professor T. Roger Smith and Mr. John Slater, and in other works treating of the subject. But we need not go so far as Athens, nor yet to the Renaissance churches and tombs of Italy (where we have sought our illustrations) to study examples, both in single and composite form, of the acanthus ornament, for we have them at home. Although in some of the least artistic of our public buildings it has been introduced in a fashion that scatters art and poetry to the winds, in others, for instance in Sir Christopher Wren's great work, St. Paul's Cathedral, we find it in perfection. Putting aside important edifices, it may be studied without much fatigue to the eye in the South Kensington Museum. Over the entrance to the Italian Court, for example, is fixed a cantoria, or singing gallery, chiselled by the hand of Baccio d'Agnolo of Florence, and formerly in the church of Santa Maria Novella, where it was erected about the year 1500. Several styles of ornament are here combined—the egg pattern, the Doric fret, the Ionic volute, wreaths and ribbon knots of Renaissance design, the Greek acanthus putting forth more than its usual strength, and the emblem of the Church—the cross; and an equally interesting example of many kinds of decoration combined will be seen in our engraving from the church of Badia, at Florence. More curious than these, though not remark-



Honeysuckle and Volute. Fiesole Cathedral. (Mino da Fiesole.)

able perhaps for exceptional grace and beauty, is the copy (at the South Kensington Museum) of a candelabrum in the

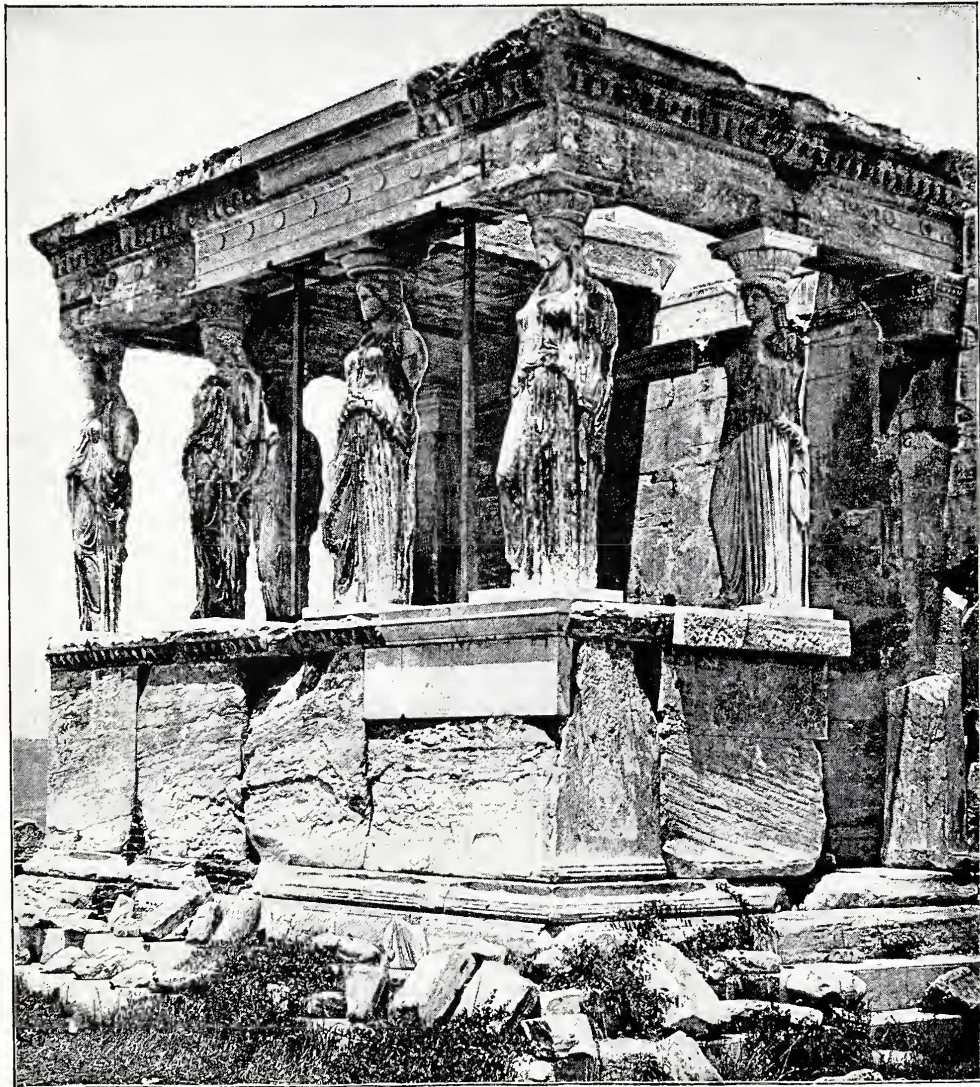
Louvre, constructed from various antique fragments. Here the favourite plant is brought into great requisition, and figures as a supporter of many burdens.

But long before the acanthus leaf grew over the Greek child's grave, the lotus flower stood sentinel over the Nile, and its form was pre-eminently selected by Egyptian architects to embellish their temples, tombs, and obelisks. Sometimes it appeared in border decorations, painted in yellow, black, and red, and sometimes it wreathed the head of Isis. In the wall decorations of interiors it was constantly introduced, together with countless designs for columns that were never

practically adopted, but it is believed that the lotus ornamentation was first used for the column, which was often painted or carved to represent a bundle of reeds or stalks of the plant, bound round with belts. This arrangement developed later into a number of forms, and from the monotonous perpendicular stems came the bell-like flower and the sheath of leaves, closed or opening out according to the nature of the design. The finest columns were those erected for interior supports, for the Egyptians differed widely from the Greeks in one important respect, namely, that they disregarded outward show, while the Greeks put all the best of their art outside. In the early architecture of Egypt, scarcely any exterior ornaments were used except the astragal, or bead, placed at angles of buildings, the cornice consisting of a large cavetto or hollow moulding, surmounted by a fillet, and the enrichment of the top of the doorway in the shape of a circular boss with a wing at each side, designed to assist the effect of the obelisks in giving dignity to the portals. The chief impression aimed at was a suggestion of massiveness rather than of beauty—of sturdy strength which should hold its own against the ravages of war and the gnawing tooth of time. In the later buildings a step further was taken in external embellishment through the introduction of statues into the designs for façades of temples: and the most advanced demonstration of outward grandeur was reached in the avenues of sphinxes leading the way to the principal buildings.

The Greeks, who adopted many types from Egypt and Assyria—more frequently moulding them in some ingenious way to

their own purposes than retaining them in a primitive form—were so little attracted to the stiff lotus-reed columns that they would have none of them; but on the flower itself they cast a friendly eye, and entwined it with many a graceful curve and convoluted device. In Egypt it was as much in favour for mural painting as for sculptural decoration, and it was often woven into patterns of considerable taste. The Egyptians were probably the first people, too, who made artistic use of the leaves of the palm; and the lotus, the papyrus, and the palm were frequently associated in friendly harmony, as in the Temple of Philæ, which, with the ruins of Edfu and Den-



Caryatides of the Erechtheion at Athens.

derah, belongs to the Ptolemaic period of architectural activity; but in Egypt, as in other lands, the simple plant forms retired into comparative insignificance as the sculptor and the architect became more ambitious. Capitals were formed of combinations of the head of Isis with the pylon resting upon it; and buildings were covered inside and out with the curious figures and hieroglyphics that furnish to-day so deep a mine of wealth to the inquiring mind of the patient antiquary.

The honeysuckle ornament was one of the very earliest forms of floral art, being used at a remote period by the Assyrians.

From them it passed to the Greeks, who refined and elaborated it until it came to be regarded as the typical Greek decorative *motif*. It occurs most frequently in bands of decoration and on columns combined with the Ionic volute. The border designs that have originated with this simple flower are countless in their variations, and the painters of pottery, especially, seem to have been strangely captivated by its adaptability to their ideas of what artistic ware should be. No one who takes an interest in design need be unacquainted with the honeysuckle of ceramic decoration; for one half-hour with the Grecian and Roman vases in the British Museum will fix it indelibly on the memory. Many of those old relics in the Museum cases are of greater money-value than artistic beauty, and indeed many have little to commend them but their antiquity: nevertheless they take their place in the history of ornamental art, and their best lines and curves have inspired the potters of many centuries.

With the Greeks the acanthus, the honeysuckle, the tendrils of the vine, and whatever other natural products were utilised in their architecture served as refined aids and foils to more elaborate and advanced forms of decoration, such as the representation of the centaurs and Lapithæ, the wrestling youths and Amazon maids, etc., on the pediments, metopes, and friezes, which are the chief glory of Greek art. Even the columns, especially of the more elaborate Ionic temples, were frequently chiselled into the forms of figures when ordinary pillars were considered too insignificant. There is something rather uncanny in the appearance of these statues, bearing perpetually on their heads the burden of heavy and ornate entablatures. The male figures, the *Atlantes*, were often conventionalised, so as to present the most distressing problems of anatomy; but the female figures, the *Caryatides*, are in many instances graceful and dignified, notwithstanding, as Mr. Fairholt remarks in his useful "Dictionary of Terms in Art," the servile character of their employment. Perhaps the most interesting examples in the world are those supporting the smallest portico of the Erechtheum at Athens (see Illustration).

The *Caryatides* do not appear to be of very noble origin, since they were intended, it is said, to commemorate the subjection of Caryæ, in Arcadia, whose inhabitants joined the Persians against the Greeks and were defeated. The Greeks destroyed the city and its male inhabitants, and carried the women into bondage; and then, with unkind disregard of the good principle of letting bygones be bygones, condemned them in effigy to support their buildings in this manner. However correct or otherwise this version of their origin may be, it is certain that figures of various

descriptions, and more especially heads, were used as supports to entablatures, cornices, etc., in very early forms of architecture, such as the old temples of the Egyptians, in which we find repeatedly the head of their favourite goddess, Isis. Not in disgrace, but in the highest honour and worship, was she represented as upholder of their architecture. The apparent indignity of being made to support a pylon is in her case but a mark of greatness amongst the deities of Egypt.

To return, however, to floral ornamentation: the acanthus, the lotus, and the honeysuckle are only a few of the many natural objects that have lent themselves to the pencil of the architect and the chisel of the sculptor. Vitruvius says that the Ionic volute, which may be seen in its simplest form in the columns of the British Museum, originated in the curls worn on each side of the female face, an assertion that seems to have been very generally accepted. But another authority observes that

its name, signifying limpet, may be taken as an indication that the idea was suggested by the spiral form in shells, although as a matter of fact the limpet shell itself does not happen to be spiral. Then we have the "egg and dart" moulding, the "leaf and tongue," the "bead and fillet," the various combinations of the "fret," and the more modern "shell pattern." These and others have had to fill important offices in their different ways, but they are less interesting, artistically and historically, than the types which have suggested our brief sketch.

Laura Dyer.



Acanthus Ornament on the Tomb of Giovanni and Piero de' Medici, in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, Florence. (Verrocchio.)

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

We propose from time to time to draw attention to the condition of Art in the Provinces, and to obtain from trustworthy sources local information on the subject. The first paper, "Art in Tyneside," appeared in the June Number. This month we deal with

ART IN BIRMINGHAM.

THE ARCHITECTURE.

ANY one who has not visited Birmingham for some twenty years would be amazed to-day in walking about the streets of the city to see the wonderful change it has undergone since those earlier days. The opening up of many new thoroughfares, more particularly Corporation Street, has given fresh lungs to the town, and improved the health-rate of the inhabitants. The architecture has undergone a total change. Many of the old hideous erections have disappeared, and though churches like Christ Church and St. Peter's in Dale End still remain to remind the citizens how much their parents loved ugliness, yet acres of brick and plaster abominations have been successfully demolished, and buildings of a very different style have been erected in their place. Some of the latest of these new architectural works are very fine, and worthy of much praise. Such buildings as the Mason College, the new part of the Midland Institute, and the interior of the Free Libraries, add real beauty to a city, which Londoners imagine to be shrouded in everlasting gloom, by reason of the volumes of smoke which huge chimneys perpetually pour out into the chemically thickened atmosphere. The Londoner, however, would find much to admire from an architectural point of view, were he to take a stroll along the principal streets or in the more fashionable suburbs. The Liberal Club, the Board Schools, the School of Art, and many shops, business premises, and private houses, would all call for praise. The new Law Courts—a fine and striking design—are drawing near completion, and some idea can now be gathered as to how they will look when finished. The large hall is to be fitted with stained-glass Jubilee windows. The committee of taste, however, who sat in judgment for the selecting of these, decided not to employ the services of an artist like Mr. Burne Jones, who, as a Birmingham man by birth, has designed some most beautiful windows for St. Philip's Church in his native city, but resolved, probably to show the catholicity of taste which prevails in Birmingham, to put up a series of glass pictures displaying some of the most notable incidents of her gracious Majesty's reign, including, of course, the Queen in her Jubilee robes, the late Prince Consort laying the foundation-stone of the Midland Institute, the children in Victoria Park singing "God save the Queen," and other subjects. When finished, these Courts will certainly be a fine addition to the already numerous architectural works worthy of admiration.

THE SCHOOL OF ART.

The School of Art in Birmingham has always been one of the foremost in the United Kingdom, and at the present time it occupies the unique position of being the only one under the control of a Corporation. The new and beautiful building which constitutes its present home was erected through the

generosity of the Messrs. Tangye and the late Miss Ryland, who together contributed £20,000 towards the cost of building. The School was one of the works of the late John Henry Chamberlain, who for many years was chairman of the committee, and who took the deepest interest in its progress and ultimate success. The class-rooms are unequalled for good lighting and general arrangement—indeed, the facilities provided for the students are manifold and almost luxurious—and those accustomed to the stuffy rooms of the ordinary Art institution would be surprised at the admirably planned and well-ventilated rooms of the Birmingham School.

The Corporation, well aware of the disadvantages following upon too great a centralization, has also acquired the use of no less than nine Board Schools in various parts of the city, where Art instruction is given in the evening under the direction of qualified masters from the Central School. This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, a step which might with advantage be followed by other corporate bodies. If, among the enormous number of students who attend these schools, there be only a few who propose turning their opportunities for the acquisition of Art knowledge to practical account, Birmingham should be able in a few years to place English design, more especially in connection with hardware, jewellery, and kindred branches of industrial art, upon a firm and truly national basis. In the National Competitions, Birmingham has always done well, and in 1887 they carried off forty-seven of the principal medals and prizes. In painting, chalk-drawing, and modelling the school was singularly fortunate; but in the subject for which the school was, indeed, mainly founded, the subject of design, there was as usual a falling off. Indeed, the design as taught, and as exhibited after the Government Competition as the result of this teaching, leaves much to be desired. There is too great a striving after direct imitation of dead and gone styles, and second-hand copyism, rather than an honest attempt to form the beginnings of a national and honest style of our own. But the work as a whole contrasts very favourably with that of five years ago, when the designs were often clever and carefully thought out, but as a rule totally unsuited for the purpose to which the decoration was intended to be put, and showing much ignorance of the material to which it was to be applied. This fault, however, is becoming fainter every year, and the Birmingham manufacturers, who avail themselves of the rising school of designers, ought to be able to produce better and more artistic work than they have done in the past. If much of their work of to-day is artistically good, much of it is also artistically bad.

The teaching staff, too, occupies a high position. The headmaster is an artist of no mean power, and is also an excellent organizer, and possesses that important quality, so

essential in a teacher, the power of imparting knowledge. In fact, many of the rising young artists of the present day gained their first true knowledge of Art from Mr. F. R. Taylor. This is, no doubt, most excellent from a purely picture-painting point of view, but it seems also desirable that the headmaster of such large institutions as this, placed in the heart of a great manufacturing district, should himself be thoroughly conversant with the practical working and designing of those articles upon which the commercial prosperity of the community, of which his school is the centre, depends, and to the production of which many of his students will later on have to devote all their attention.

THE CORPORATION MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

It is almost a quarter of a century since the presentation of a single picture by a Birmingham artist was the first step towards the formation of the unusually fine Museum and Art Gallery of which Birmingham has every reason to be proud. The present building, which also owes much to the generosity of the Messrs. Tangye, was erected at the cost of something like £40,000, and opened to the public in 1885 by the Prince of Wales. The permanent collections, consisting of objects of industrial and domestic art, have been partly acquired by purchase, and in great part by presentation to the gallery. The gifts are of the value of £40,000 to £45,000, and include the celebrated collection of oil paintings by David Cox, presented by Mr. J. Nettlefold, a very large selection of oriental objects from Mr. John Feeney, the Tangye collection of Wedgwood ware, and a superb and almost unique collection of fire-arms. The committee has very wisely striven to get together first-class collections of decorative art, more especially in connection with those industries for which the Midland metropolis is famous. This desire has been attended with excellent results, though perhaps here and there a little more discretion might have been exercised in accepting certain gifts in this department. For instance, there are two cases full of objects purchased from an industrial exhibition held in the city a few years ago, which for the most part are works in iron, brass, and other metals, and are supposed to represent the highest manufactured decorative art work which could be produced at that time. The specimens of jewellery are mainly contemptible, and created, we believe, no little indignation among the local firms, a correspondent in one of the local papers asserting with severity, and with justice we are bound to admit, that a piece of twine was more to be preferred than the sleeve-links, collar studs, and scarf pins, acquired at that time as samples of the goldsmith's best art. Equally bad is the so-called Nettlefold Vase, and a silver shield in which saints and prize-fighters are jumbled up in charming confusion. Such objects are only fit for exhibition in a drill shed or gymnasium. But with the exception of a few such specimens as these, the industrial collections embrace many admirable examples of the handicrafts of the best periods, which should be of the greatest help to the real student and designer. The enormous attendance of visitors, already exceeding 3,500,000, shows a real appreciation of this institution by all classes of society in the city, and although every object is labelled, and general descriptive labels are everywhere to be found, the number of cheap catalogues sold is astonishing. Sunday opening, too, has been adopted with great success.

The gallery also possesses a fine collection of pictures, and these permanent works form a never-ending attraction to thousands of people. Some of them, however, do not justify

their place in a public gallery. There is nothing, from an Art point of view, in the ghastly picture, painted in the modern Belgian manner, of a Christian martyr led out to be buried alive; nor is a huge canvas of a brown giant sprawling over an impossible rock, entitled 'Prometheus,' to be recommended for thoughtful study to the student.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

Birmingham can boast of one of the oldest societies for the promotion of Art and Art studies. The Royal Society of Artists was founded in 1814, and numbered among its first honorary members J. M. W. Turner, Benjamin West, John Flaxman, and Richard Westmacott. Despite the assertion of a local authority at that time, that the Society would soon come to a premature end and its members were more fitted to paint tea-trays than pictures, it has prospered in a remarkable degree, and has held two exhibitions yearly ever since, containing many of the finest examples of British Art. Of late years, however, there has been rather a lamentable falling off in the character of the exhibition placed before the public. Whether it is over-officered—for this small society numbers some dozen professors and officials—or whether its powerful rival, the Municipal Art Gallery, is proving too much for it, we cannot tell. Certain it is, however, that the quality of the works exhibited is sadly deteriorating, and it will soon fail altogether as an attractive exhibition or an educational medium. The various exhibitions at Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and elsewhere, have possibly something to do with it (for in these towns better sales are effected, and artists will naturally send to the best marts), but we are somewhat inclined to believe that the fault rests mainly with the members of the Society itself.

The members who painted some of the startling works exhibited at the last two or three exhibitions were not so much to blame as the hanging committee, who permitted the spectators to gaze upon specimens which indicated an almost total loss of power and ability, and forcibly recalled the remark ancient the tea-tray. In looking through the list of members and associates there are to be found a few men, such as Messrs. Langley, Wainwright, Breakspeare, and Moffat Lindner, whose names are known outside the town, and one or two of the young masters at the School of Art are not without promise, but, in spite of this, it is impossible to regard local Art, as represented by the Society of Artists, with any very great amount of enthusiasm.

VARIOUS ART SOCIETIES.

A vigorous and flourishing society is that entitled the Art Circle, composed of the younger men of the Birmingham School, and those who have gone to London or elsewhere. It holds two exhibitions annually, and the majority of the work on view is often highly commendable, and shows interesting signs of much local ability. Too much, however, is not to be expected, as, with the exception of Messrs. Wainwright and Langley, the greater number of the members may be looked upon as students pursuing their avocation with zeal and with a fair measure of success. It is a useful little association, which should receive more support from the outside public than it has hitherto done. The Easel Club is of a similar character, though confining its efforts to black and white. Some excellent and admirable drawings are often to be found at their annual show. The Midland Arts Club strives to promote the interests of Art by means of evening meetings, un-

fortunately too often confined to a mere display of amateurish sketches, though now and again Art objects of great value have been lent, which have aroused much useful discussion. The Architectural Association also devotes some attention to things artistic, and the papers read are as a rule of great merit and of practical service to the younger members.

The transformation of that which is ugly into that which is beautiful may, we think, be taken as the highest triumph of Art. We do not by any means wish to suggest that Birmingham is a thing of beauty, but this much may be said of this

newly-made city, that, from being a dirty, inartistic, and smoke-grimed town—interested almost solely in the race for wealth—it has become, thanks to the public spirit shown by many of its foremost inhabitants, and by means of the development of the institutions we have mentioned, together with those of the Midland Institute and Mason College, one of the most intellectual centres in the United Kingdom. On all sides we see that Art and the love of Art in the Midland metropolis are growing year by year a healthy, sturdy, and promising growth, the fruit of which should be richly gathered in years to come.

ART GOSSIP.

THE list of medals of honour awarded to artists at the Paris Exhibition is as follows:—

England: Messrs. Alma Tadema and Henry Moore.

France: Messrs. Dagnan-Bouveret, Delaunay, Jules Dupré, Gigoux, Hébert, Bernier, Cormon, Detaille, Jules Lefebvre, and Raphael Collin.

United States: Mr. J. S. Sargent.

Germany: Messrs. Liebermann and Uhde.

Austria: M. Munkacsy.

Belgium: Messrs. Wauters, Courtens, and Alfred Stevens.

Spain: Señor Jiminez.

Holland: Herr Israels.

Italy: Signor Boldini.

Denmark: M. Kroyer.

Norway: M. Werenskjold.

Sweden: M. A. Bergh.

Finland: M. Edelfeldt.

Russia: M. Chelmonski.

Medals of the first class have been awarded to the following English painters: Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Messrs. Burne-Jones, Herkomer, Hook, Orchardson, Whistler, Stanhope-Forbes, Leader, Reid, and Shannon.

Medals of the second class have been awarded to the following English painters: Messrs. L. Fildes, A. Gow, J. Gregory, J. W. Waterhouse, C. Hunter, J. Knight, J. Sant, M. Stone, W. H. Bartlett, J. Charles, and F. D. Millet.

Medals of the third class have been awarded to Messrs. J. Aumonier, J. P. Beadle, P. H. Calderon, M. Fisher, T. B. Kennington, R. W. Macbeth, P. R. Morris, D. Murray, A. Stokes, and C. W. Wyllie. Medals of honour for sculpture were given to Sir F. Leighton and Mr. A. Gilbert; medals of the second class to Messrs. E. R. Mullins and E. O. Ford; and medals of the third class to Messrs. J. Brock, E. B. Browning, H. Pegram, P. Hébert, and T. S. Lee. Among English engravers Mr. Seymour Haden has been awarded a medal of honour, while Mr. Short and Mr. Macbeth have received first-class medals. We must add that the awards have given general dissatisfaction, as very few English painters were adequately represented.

A large picture by Jacopo Chimenti da Empoli (1554-1640),

the gift of Mr. George Salting, has been added to Room 1 of the National Gallery. The subject is 'St. Zenobio restores a Dead Child to Life.' The child lies on the ground; its mother kneels close by and turns appealingly to the saint, who gazes up to heaven with extended hands and prays aloud. Several spectators and attendants accompany this group.

Mr. W. H. Overend has been commissioned to paint a picture of the arrival of the Emperor of Germany at Spithead.

Mr. G. Durand, of the *Graphic*, has received a commission from the Queen to paint a picture of the wedding of the Princess Louise of Wales and the Duke of Fife; and Mr. Sydney Hall will execute an important work in oils of the same ceremony for the Prince of Wales.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. F. Tayler, the oldest member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, which he joined as an Associate in 1831, becoming a member three years later, and President in 1858, which position he held till his resignation in 1871. Mr. Tayler, who was born near Elstree, in 1804, exhibited his first picture, 'The Band of the 2nd Regiment of Life-Guards,' at the Academy in 1830. He was a student at Mr. Sass's school in Bloomsbury, and at the Royal Academy. He lived in Italy for some time; and also in France, where he became acquainted with R. P. Bonington. Tayler's favourite subjects were rural and sporting life in the Highlands; among the best known being 'Weighing the Deer' and 'Crossing the Tay.' He also painted several scenes from the works of Sir Walter Scott.

The medal of honour for painting at the Paris Salon was gained by M. Dagnan-Bouveret, for his 'Bretonnes au Pardon,' which received 217 votes. M. Achille Jacquet obtained the medal for engraving with 92 votes for his line engraving after Cabanel's 'Fondatrice des Petites Sœurs des Pauvres.' The medals for sculpture and architecture were not awarded. Among English artists Mr. Solomon J. Solomon and Mr. Weekes gained third-class medals, while an honourable mention was awarded to Miss Alice Havers.

REVIEWS.

VALUABLE and interesting books which find a place in public libraries, where they are enjoyed by hundreds of people whose lack of means forbids the possession of a copy, too often fall short of being a monetary success. It is one of the privileges of the wealthy person to launch these books on the world. In the volume under notice the wealthy person is none other than H.H. the Maharaja of Ulwar, to whose munificence we owe this sumptuous record of "Ulwar and its Art Treasures" (W. Griggs, Peckham), from the pen of Surgeon-Major T. Holbein Hendley. The book gives an account, with many chromo-collotype illustrations, of the Art treasures of the state of Ulwar, whose northernmost point lies some thirty miles southwest of Delhi. These treasures, of the estimated value of two millions, were mainly collected by a native chief, Banni Singh, who died about thirty years ago. Ulwar contains few wealthy citizens; in fact, the Maharaja is about the only person in a position to employ artists. These artists are all state servants, Mr. Hendley informs us, who have been attracted to Ulwar by the munificence of the present or former chiefs. The most skilful of them probably came from Persia. The feeling for artistic possessions among Indian princes is and has always been in the direction of "ropes of glorious pearls," and huge emeralds and rubies; but Maharaja Banni Singh's taste was more catholic and more cultured. Shields, swords, daggers inlaid with gold, jade vases inlaid with gems, necklaces, fine stuffs, are among the treasures he collected, and which are excellently represented in this book. But the most interesting illustrations are reproductions of various plates from the Ulwar copy of "The Gulistan of Sa'di," which has attained a popularity in the East perhaps never before reached by any European work in the Western world. "The schoolboy lisps out his first lessons in it, the man of learning quotes it, and a vast number of its expressions have become proverbial." Among the illustrations of the Gulistan here given are "Shaikh Sa'di reading his great poem to the King of Persia;" "The Thirst of Shaikh Sa'di relieved by a beautiful girl;" and "The Chief Judge of Ilamadan discovered carousing with bad characters by his King." Mr. Hendley's account of the treasures of Ulwar should be invaluable to all who are interested in Indian Art.

We have received a volume of 639 closely printed, octavo pages, devoted to the life and death of Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, who for many years was a valued contributor to the *Art Journal* (London: Henry Gray). Many people no doubt are sufficiently interested in Mr. Jewitt to welcome and to read a work dealing with his career. One's first thought in taking up this exceedingly bulky volume is how the author, Mr. W. H. Goss, could have possibly collected sufficient material to fill it. The feat is accomplished by a habit of discursiveness, which makes any systematic perusal of the book almost impossible. Mr. Goss's own personality appears in every chapter,

from the title-page, which is embellished with his photograph, to the paragraph on the last page, where he goes out of his way to praise his printers for the accuracy of their proofs. In addition to a minute account of Mr. Jewitt's somewhat uneventful life the author furnishes memoirs of his numerous friends, including Mr. S. C. Hall; in fact, the references to other persons are so frequent and so sustained that it is often impossible to follow the thread of Mr. Jewitt's life. When the reader has mastered the first 518 pages he is confronted with an appendix of a hundred more, which has little or nothing to do with Mr. Jewitt at all. It opens with a version by Mr. Goss of a portion of the Iliad and ends with an account of the death of Captain Webb, reprinted for the most part from the *Daily Telegraph*. There is no question about Mr. Goss' perseverance and industry, and the book will, no doubt, commend itself to those who have the inclination and the leisure to peruse it.

The second volume of Blackie's MODERN CYCLOPEDIA in completeness and excellence sustains the promise of the first. It is handy in size, well printed, and the information under each heading is quite sufficient for all ordinary purposes. The illustrations certainly add interest to the pages, although their practical value may be questioned. Messrs. Blackie also send us Vol. VI. of the HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE, which contains *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *King Lear*, with the usual useful notes. In the matter of illustrations we notice that Mr. Maynard Browne and Mr. Margetson have assisted Mr. Gordon Browne, and Mr. Marshall through ill health has been obliged to obtain assistance in his department of the undertaking.

The Peninsula and Oriental Steamship Company and the Orient Line have issued in friendly rivalry guides to the countries to which their vessels ply. Both volumes exhibit such a new departure that they merit more than a passing notice even in the columns of an Art magazine. The expense which has been incurred upon them, and which can hardly be recouped by the half-a-crown charged for each, has undoubtedly been wisely spent, for so much skill has been bestowed upon their editing that they will obtain, as they deserve, a place in the library instead of the waste-paper basket when they have served their turn in the impedimenta of the traveller. For, besides the ordinary information, each contains papers by experts of more than ordinary interest. For instance, the P. & O. Guide has "The Suez Canal" by Mons. Lesseps, "Egypt" by Stanley Lane-Poole, "India" by Sir Edwin Arnold, "China" by Sir Thomas Wade, whilst the Orient Guide is edited throughout by Mr. W. J. Loftie. Both are furnished with capital maps and numerous illustrations, which are in each case the weakest parts of the work.



PAINTED BY RAPHAEL.

THE ART JOURNAL.

ETCHED BY J. GROH.

THE KNIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON J.S. VIRTUE & CO LIMITED.

LORD LEYCESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

FEW good deeds are associated with the name of Elizabeth's worthless favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The circumstantial narrative of Froude presents him to us in a light hardly less unfavourable than the fictitious romance of "Kenilworth," from which most of us probably derived our earliest impressions of the character of the "handsome Earl." Contemplating the superficial, unprincipled courtier, whose only merit seems to have been his

personal beauty and grace—the faithless husband, suspected, with good grounds, of at least conniving at the death of an inconvenient wife—the time-serving politician, now intriguing with Spain and the Catholics, now seeking the favour of the Puritans, now corresponding with the Scots, but always with the one sole object of furthering his own ambitious schemes—the unsuccessful general, whose command in the Netherlands was so much more burdensome to friends than dangerous to



West Gate and St. James's Church. From a Drawing by C. O. Murray.

foes—we cannot but wonder at the strange infatuation which, had not Elizabeth's queenly pride been even greater than her womanly love, would have raised such a man to share her throne. Yet her self-betrayal, when in a dangerous illness she believed herself at the point of death, and no longer cared to conceal her feelings, leaves little doubt of this; and Leicester's own letters to the Spanish ambassador conclusively prove that he, at any rate, was as sure of her inclination as he was of his own.

During the twelve years which elapsed between Amy Robsart's death, in 1560, and Leicester's subsequent unacknowledged union with Lady Douglas Howard, he never ceased hoping that Elizabeth would finally be prevailed on to marry a subject, and that that subject would be his own unworthy self. From such a misfortune England was preserved, partly, perhaps, by the counsels of Lord Burleigh, but chiefly by the self-control and good sense which would not permit Elizabeth, notwithstanding her imperious temper, to take a step so

repugnant to the manifest will of her people. But why did Robert Dudley, in the very midst of his ambitious, self-

general air of sleepiness, which recalls Garrick's humorous protest, written before railway and tram-cars had a little disturbed the prevalent quietude :—

“ On Warwick town and castle fair,
I've feasted full my wondering eyes ;
Where things abound antique and rare
To strike the stranger with surprise.
But if again I e'er appear
On this unsocial lifeless spot,
May I be spitted on Guy's spear,
Or boiled within his porridge pot ! ”

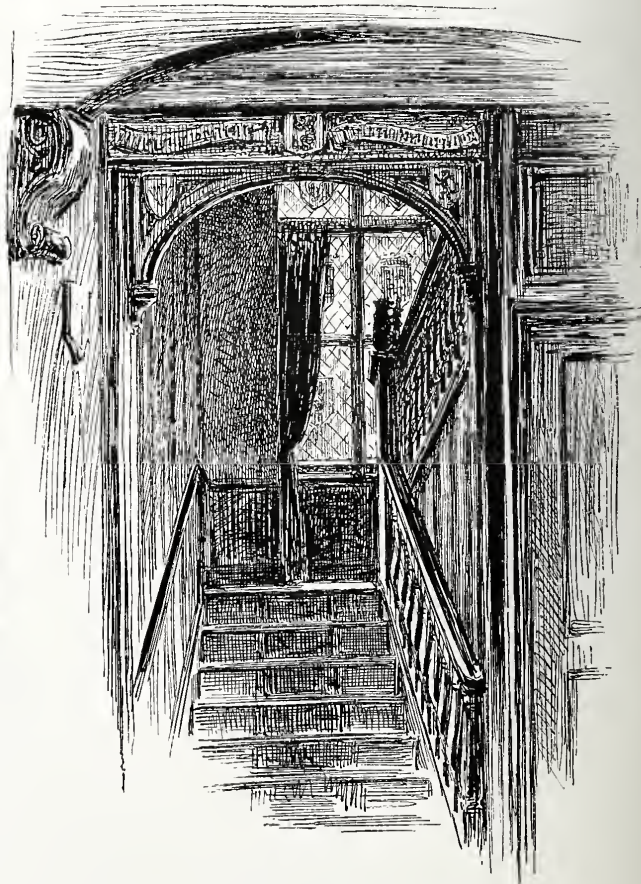


The Outer Gateway of Hospital.

seeking career, pause to think of the wants of certain “ impotent men,” “ disabled and decayed in the service of their country,” and “ not possessed of more than £5 a-year,” and to provide the evening of their days with this peaceful home? Was it, as Canon Creighton suggests, that an “ unwonted conscientiousness ” would not let him enjoy comfortably the property of the guild-brethren of Warwick unless he devoted part of it to charitable uses? or was he merely carrying out his policy of courting the Puritans, whose party was just then growing stronger in the state through the exposure of the Norfolk conspiracy? We cannot tell; the historians who dwell so fully on the dark side of Leicester's life are, for the most part, silent as to this one good deed of his—the founding of the Hospital that bears his name, and that stands as a lasting memorial of him, while his own princely home lies in ruins. “ Leicester's Hospital,” at Warwick, shelters more inmates now than it did during the lifetime of its founder; “ Leicester's Buildings ” at Kenilworth, on which he spent some £60,000, worth as much as half a million in the present day, are roofless lofty walls, sheltering nothing but starlings and jackdaws.

It was on a cold stormy day in February that we paid a visit to the picturesque old town of Warwick—unquestionably one of the oldest in England, though we hesitate to accept too implicitly the dictum of Rous the antiquary, who makes it coeval with the Christian era! founded about the year one by a certain King Gutheline, and rebuilt in later days by Caractacus! The steep ascent of High Street, the old arched gateways at its eastern and western extremities, a few timbered buildings which escaped the great fire of 1694, and the towers of the noble castle rising above the banks of the Avon, give a mediæval aspect to the place, enhanced by a

The tram-road from Milverton station stops abruptly, for no very apparent reason, in what seems to us the middle of a street; descending, however, we find that we have nearly reached our destination, and a few yards more bring us to West Gate, above which is the chapel of St. James, attached to Leicester's Hospital. One of the inmates meets us at the entrance, to conduct us over the building. The bear and ragged staff, the well-known cognisance of the Dudleys, with their beautiful but, for the most part, singularly inappropriate motto, “ Droit et Loyal,” is conspicuous over the outer gateway, between the initials R. L., Robert Leicester. The date of the foundation, 1571, is seen on a projecting storey above. Amy Robsart had been in her grave eleven years when that date was carved, and four years had yet to



Staircase leading to Chaplain's Apartments.

clapse ere Leicester should give that great entertainment to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, which Sir Walter

Scott, in defiance of chronology, associates with poor Amy's tragic fate. Round the pillars of the gateway are twined scrolls, that on the left bearing the words, "Peace be to this house;" that on the right, "Praise ye the Lord." A short flight of steps leads us to the chapel, where the brethren meet for prayers every morning and evening. The interior has lately been restored, a circumstance which has added to its beauty and comfort, while detracting somewhat from its interest. There are twenty-two oak stalls, eleven on each side, for the brethren, and six on a higher level, facing the east window, and supplied with great vellum-covered books for the master (or chaplain), the patron, the Bishop of Worcester, and other dignitaries. The west end,

separated from the rest by a beautiful but modern oak screen, forms an "ante-chapel," rather bare and cheerless-looking, where strangers may sit, if any such choose to attend the services. An ancient wooden door opens from this ante-chapel on to a narrow spiral stone staircase, leading downward to the "muniment-room," where, our guide tells us, they keep the documents relating to the Hospital; and upward to the tower, erected about the end of the fourteenth century, which, however, we do not care to ascend—the day is too cold, and the worn stone steps too untempting. We pass out instead on to the top of the town wall, the only fragment remaining—except the two gates already mentioned—of the old fortifications of Warwick. Making our way along



The Kitchen.

the wall, past the windows of the chaplain's house, which look out upon it, we come into the kitchen-garden; a piece of ground more useful than ornamental, the produce of which is equally divided between the "master" and the "brethren." An Egyptian vase, once the crown of a Nilometer, looks strangely out of place in its present environment, and the row of pollard lime-trees surrounding the garden somehow suggest, in their wintry bareness, those lines of Drayton's "Polyolbion"—

"Their trunks, like aged folk, now bare and naked stand,
As for revenge to Heaven each held a withered hand."

But the fairest of gardens is not inviting when it snows, so we hasten into the kitchen, in which a good fire is burning, and which, notwithstanding its very modern cooking-range, is quite the most interesting room in the Hospital, from its relics

of by-gone times. That the cabinet and one of the old-fashioned chairs (seen on the left of the illustration) formed part of the furniture of Kenilworth in Lord Leycester's days—that the larger chair is, as an inscription tells us, "pointed out to posterity" (oh, inquisitive and highly loyal posterity!) "as that in which King James I. sat when entertained," etc., etc., does not particularly impress us; but we look eagerly at the pieces of needlework, in dark oak frames, hanging on the wall above the chairs. Those embroidered flowers came from Cumnor Hall, and are part of a curtain border which employed the solitary hours of hapless Amy Robsart when—

"sore and sad sweet Amy grieved
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear."

In a smaller frame is her husband's crest, the bear and ragged staff, also worked by her, and bearing as date the very year of her death, 1560. Near it hangs the autograph of Lord Leycester himself, apparently the bottom of a will, dated the last day of September, 1587, when *his* unprincipled life was likewise drawing towards its close.

There is nothing remarkable in the weapons and pieces of armour which deck the walls and shelves, relics of many a fight by sea and land, brought hither by veteran combatants who have found their last earthly home in the hospital. Helmets of various dates, cannon-balls dug up at Edgehill, a sword used in the Civil War, a rapier from Waterloo, Indian and African weapons, muskets served out to the inmates during the Chartist riots, and one very old iron mace of the twelfth century, form the staple of the collection, which is

case, the quaint dormer windows, the heraldic devices on the walls, interspersed with texts of Scripture, "Honour all men," "Love the brotherhood," "Fear God," "Honour the King," remind us somewhat of Flemish and Swiss architecture. On the west side of this quadrangle is the Great Hall, once, no doubt, a very stately apartment, but now rather suggestive of the roomy back-kitchen of an old-fashioned farmhouse. The beams and rafters of Spanish chestnut look as fresh and light-coloured now as they did when they were first put up hundreds of years ago. A circular inscription on the wall tells us, in very large letters, that James I. was "right nobly entertained at a Supper in this Hall by Sir Fulke Greville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sept. 4, 1617."

This was the Fulke Greville who, eleven years later, at the age of seventy-five, was murdered in his own house at Holborn by one of his servants, out of revenge, because, being called to witness his master's will, he discovered that no legacy was left to him. The Chancellor had erected his own tomb in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, and had composed for it the terse, yet significant inscription—"Fvlke Grevil, servant to Queene Elisabeth, covnceller to King James, and frend to Sir Philip Sydney. Trophæum Peccati."

The buildings of Leycester's Hospital are of much older date than the incorporation of the Hospital. They were erected about the year 1380, and belonged jointly to the "Guild of the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin," and to that of St. George the Martyr, founded in the time of Richard II., and dissolved by Henry VIII. It is uncertain whether Lord Leycester acquired the property by grant or by purchase; but having acquired it, he converted it into a hospital, or *Maison Dieu*, as he styles it, for a master and twelve brethren,



In the Chaplain's Apartments.

further embellished by a row of bright copper tankards and other vessels, with inscriptions nearly worn away by constant rubbing, the largest and oldest of which is handed round, filled with ale, on the admission of any new member. This kitchen is used in the morning for cooking purposes, but after dinner it forms a common sitting-room for such of the inmates as prefer a sociable evening to the privacy of their own apartments. A wooden screen, seen on the right of the engraving, adorned with two bears, carved by a local genius out of one of the old lime-trees, blown down in a storm, makes of the kitchen fireside a sufficiently cozy resting-place.

We pass thence into the Quadrangle, surrounded by picturesque half-timbered buildings. The fine gable above the gateway with its deep verge-boards, the woodwork of the projecting storeys and of the covered gallery and outer stair-

and obtained an Act of Incorporation for it in the year 1571. The "master" was to be a Professor of Divinity in full orders in the Church of England; the brethren were to be selected by Lord Leycester and his heirs from inhabitants of five specified towns and villages in Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, preference being always given to discharged soldiers, especially to such as had been wounded in action. The land from which the income of the Hospital is derived having greatly increased in value since Lord Leycester's days, some changes have been made by Act of Parliament in the original constitution. The brethren are now permitted to have their wives with them; the allowance of each man is £80 per annum, in addition to the various privileges of the house; and each has two rooms for his own occupation. Except on state occasions they now wear no uniform, but when they appear in a body

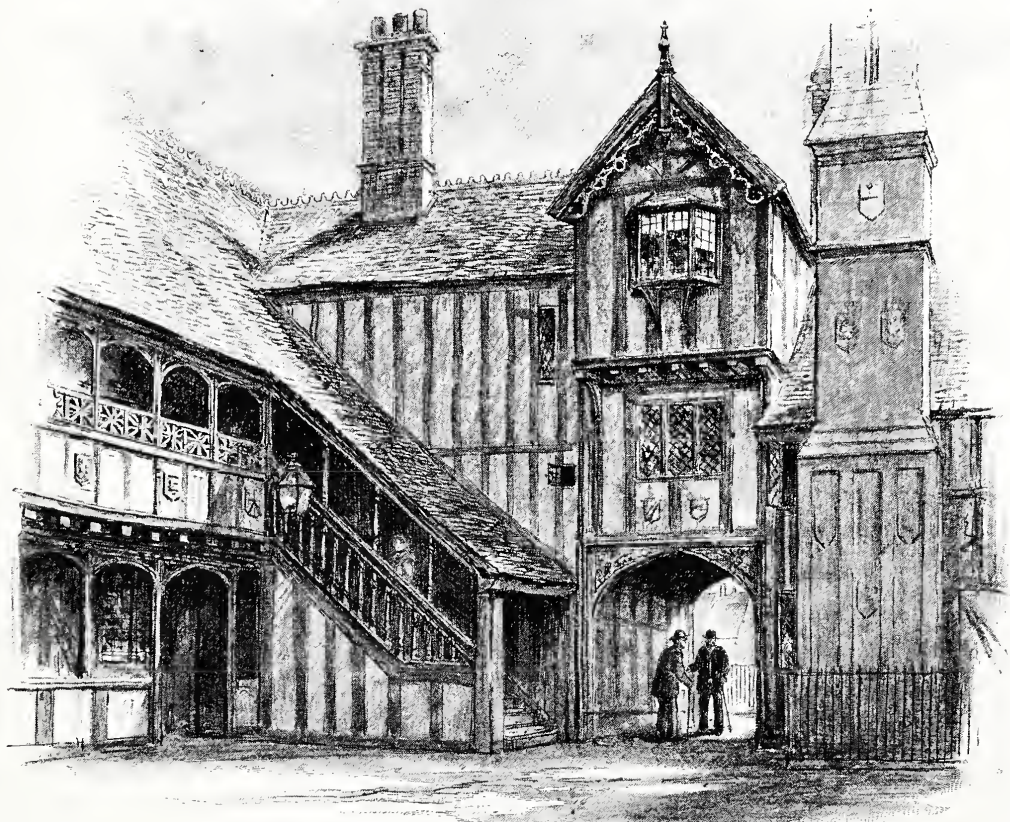
at St. Mary's Church or elsewhere, they must be clad in a dark-blue cloth gown, in shape much resembling that of an Oxford undergraduate, with a massive silver badge—the bear and ragged staff—hanging on the left sleeve. The gowns and badges descend with the rooms from one inmate to another, but an interval of three months must always elapse after the death of a "brother" before his place may be filled. Of the twelve badges given by Lord Leycester to the first twelve brethren, each bearing the name of its original owner engraved on the back, one only has disappeared. It was stolen some thirty years ago, and though a close imitation of it was made at a cost of five guineas, the new one can still be easily distinguished from those of Lord Leycester's gift.

One of the first Masters of the Hospital, appointed by the Earl himself, was the well-known Puritan, Thomas Cartwright, "whom," says Dugdale, "the Earle of Leycester, who bore such a sway in those days, thought it no small policy to court, his party in the Realme being so considerable." "And I have been told," continues the chronicler, "from good authority, that this Cartwright was the first that in the Church of England began the way of praying *ex tempore* before his sermon!" Whether for this dire offence, or for other equally serious Puritan innovations hateful to the orthodox mind of Archbishop Whitgift, the Rev. Thomas Cartwright was frequently under the necessity of exchanging his pleasant rooms overlooking the town wall of Warwick for a less commodious residence in Queen's Bench prison; whence, however, he always emerged sooner or later, not at all subdued by his misfortunes, nor any more disposed to submit to Whitgift's domination. He died in the Master's Lodge at the Hospital, Dec. 27, 1603, a few months only before the death of his antagonist.

From Leycester's Hospital we make our way to Leycester's tomb. This is in a chapel of St. Mary's Church, known as the Beauchamp Chapel. The old church of St. Mary, built—or rather rebuilt, for a church of the same name stood on the site long before the Norman Conquest—by successive members of the Beauchamp family during the fourteenth century, was nearly destroyed by the fire of 1694. The present building has a square tower 170 feet high, raised on arches, with a road underneath wide enough for the passage of vehicles.

There is nothing very attractive in the architecture of the more modern part of the church; its interest centres in those portions which escaped the fire, the Beauchamp Chapel, the choir, and the chapterhouse, with the remarkable monuments they contain. The Beauchamp Chapel is a veritable "house of the dead." It is often compared with Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster, and is said to be, with that single exception, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in England.

Lord Leycester's tomb is a mural monument, erected by his third wife, the Countess Lettice, daughter of Sir Francis Knolles. It has a certain splendour of its own, but it is not so impressive as the celebrated one of Richard Beauchamp hard by, nor is the inscription by any means more remarkable for veracity than monumental inscriptions usually are,



The Quadrangle.

since it ascribes to Leycester, among other apocryphal virtues, those of conjugal affection and fidelity! The Earl's only legitimate child, a poor little deformed boy, said to have been poisoned by his nurse at the instigation of jealous relatives, is buried on the opposite side of the chapel. Ambrose Dudley, "the good Earl of Warwick," died childless the year after his brother Robert, and with him the legitimate male line of the Dudley family became extinct. The Lord de Lisle and Dudley, descended from Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, by a female branch, is the present "patron" of Leycester's Hospital, as "heir general" of the famous Earl.

EMILY SWINNERTON.

MORNING DEVOTIONS.

BY CLAUS MEYER.

NUNS, and even *quasi-nuns*, are always paintable figures. It is by the instinct of the time when their various habits were designed, that there is in gown, scapular, veil, or *cornette*, something that composes well, and moreover

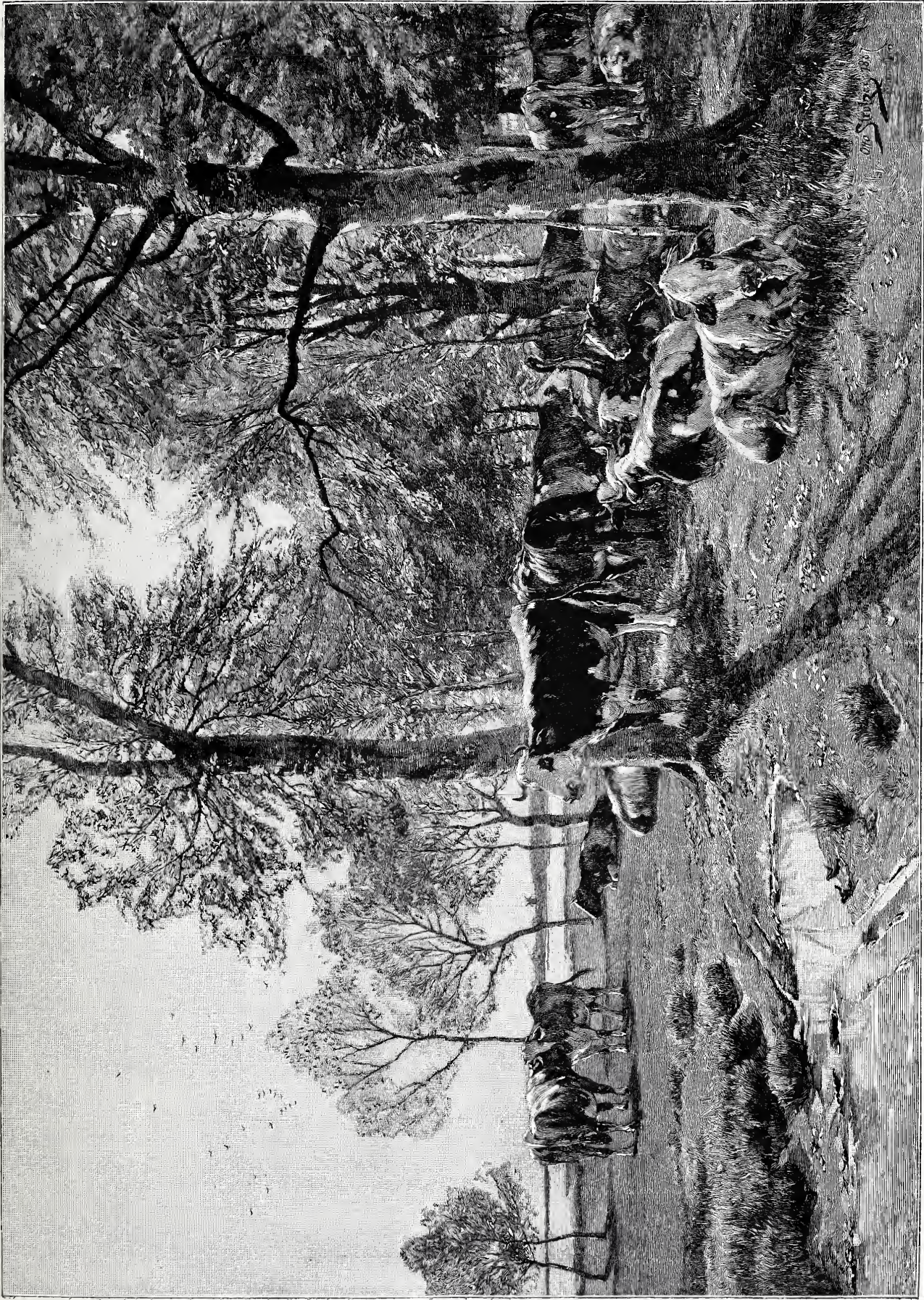
that does not belie natural dignity or the pathos at which an artist may be aiming. The older the order the more striking is this characteristic of beauty. Two or three modern communities founded in this century, and in some cases within



Morning Devotions. From the Picture by Claus Meyer.

recent years, are far less felicitous. Their inevitable simplicity apart, which saves them from positive ugliness or vulgarity, the later nuns are as little pictorial as nuns can be ;

but even so they are more possible figures for serious Art than women in secular dress. Even the nursing associations and sisterhoods—now so widely established in this country



Cattle. From the Picture by O. Strüdel.

that it is almost impossible to walk down any street without coming upon the long straight lines of a cloak, the flutter of a veil, and the gleam of a broad white collar—prove, in spite of their lack of positive beauty, how futile is woman's inventiveness, and how vain are the results of the vast machinery, of the labour of hosts and multitudes of men, devoted to the production of ornamental dress. Herr Meyer, in his picture of

the interior of some convent novitiate—in the Netherlands, or some other country where the brick-built houses have dados of close-set tiles—has valued the community dress chiefly for the white head-gear which throws such translucent shadows on the flesh. The motive of his picture suggests one of the minor trials of the novices' lives, the prolonged spiritual reading to which young hunger is indefinitely postponed.

CATTLE.

By O. STRÜTZEL.

THERE is, or seems to be, exceedingly little individuality about a cow, looked at as a unit; nevertheless, in a group of cattle, where the marks of a breed are emphasized by multiplication, there are sufficient signs of character. The eye of the least agricultural of men must recognise, for instance, in the cattle pieces of the Academician who has painted them so long, a breed of cows that must long ago have been improved off the face of our pastures. And the Irish Exhibition at West Kensington, in 1888, made us acquainted with cattle not yet introduced into Art, and quite a novelty in real life; the cow of English tradition is nothing if not maternal, but these animals from Kerry had an alertness, a suspiciousness, an activity, an enterprise which seemed rather to invest them with a spinster character, subversive of all the records of experience. In spite, however, of these differences, cattle must generally remain—merely as animals—among the less interesting subjects of animal painters.

They present no studies of action, and their attitude is somewhat lacking in vitality. They are so useful, however, as accessories to very various kinds of landscapes, that there has never been a gallery, from the days of Cuypp onwards, without its abundant cows. Naturally the Dutch set the example. Rumination is the most natural of all actions in their water-bordered fields, and the most harmonious; and the knee-deep grass of the pasture counties of England, and the slow rivers with their low banks and accessible water, suggest nothing so much as the presence of the cow. But neither in Italian landscape painting nor in the Italian landscape itself, have grazing cattle any place. There is no room for them in that serried garden of vine and olive; and their race is represented only by the great white ox who, muzzled, drags the plough through the narrow patch of corn-land. Herr Strützel's cows are eating the grass of the more carnivorous north.

BEAUTY IN COLOUR AND FORM: HOW TO SEEK, WHERE TO FIND.

PART II.

IF colour, as the first to produce a sensation on the eye, be rightly first considered, it must be admitted that sensations of form are the more important.

Sensations of colour probably demand the stronger natural faculty; sensations of form the greater study and erudition. But within the limits of a magazine article, form, which admits of by far the more exact examination in reference to a standard of truth, is manifestly the more difficult to discuss.

As gradation is the condition of beauty in colour, *curvature* is the ground of all loveliness in form. A straight line may often be useful, or even necessary, in any sort of Art; but when beauty of form comes to be considered apart, the only use of the straight line is to exhibit the beauty of the contiguous curves. We rightly and naturally regard the female human form as the type of the highest loveliness in form, and if we miss the graceful and delicate curvature we instinctively associate with the idea of a woman in her prime, we ask if she has swallowed a poker! Curvature is the groundwork of beauty, but temperance, as in colour, is the ruling power.

Now that it is the fashion for all the young people who can't stoop to trade, or have not set their minds on being bar-risters or actresses, to spend their time in drawing from the nude, it seems somewhat superfluous to point to the severely

temperate curves of the human body; but those who have not had such study would do well to make a visit to the British Museum, with the distinct idea of noting how closely the Greek sculptor approached the nearly straight line; and then to borrow from an Academy student some studies from the life, and find by the aid of a ruler that Nature and the sculptor tell the same tale—that it is in the strenuous restraint of curvature that beauty is to be found. The body of a young and healthy person exhibits this character throughout, and when we come before one of the gross and sensual pictures of one of the later schools of old Art, a remembrance of these stately lines should lead us to say, "*This* is not according to Nature;" and if it should land us in a horror of Rubens and his school, there is little to regret.

To be sure, we might miss seeing Rubens' dash and *bravura* and his occasionally fine colour, yet we must surely be the gainers if we miss also seeing his brutal coarseness; for just as a habit of lying gradually impairs the sense of the value of truth, so every time we have vulgar coarseness set before us as high Art, are our perceptions of the true and noble somewhat deadened.

Nature is always making severe and delicate curves, and we are always making exaggerated and wobbly ones. Ask anybody, except an artist who has seen this common error

and is specially on his guard, to draw you a holly-leaf, and then compare it with a real leaf, and the chances are that the curves of the drawing are not only exaggerated, but ludicrously exaggerated.

A group of holly or barberry leaves carefully drawn from nature will be found to be practically a series of crooked squares or rhomboids, with quite little bits added for prickles; and between prickle and prickle are the most close and delicate approaches to straight lines.

An alder or elm-leaf is a pentagon, with wee little bits of the angles pared off, and frequently spaces between, which, at first glance, seem straight lines; but nineteen people out of twenty having to draw one "out of their heads," make a grossly walloping and continuous curve.

And as for the curves of oleander-leaves, it requires a hand accustomed to delicacies of curvature to draw them at all.

A thousand instances of this habitual severity of curvature in Nature might be adduced, but the above are enough to teach us that vigorously restrained curvature is *in its restraint*, the key-note of beauty in form.

Let us endeavour to apply the teaching so found. To clear the ground before we begin to build, it should be recognised with the utmost distinctness, that we must never look upon copies of Nature, however accurate they may be, as anything more than the alphabet or primer for the artist and decorator. An alphabet very necessary truly, in fact the only alphabet for the purpose, and absolutely indispensable, but only alphabet or primer after all; the building materials, but never under any circumstances the building; the means, but not the end.

To take a practical instance:—Let us suppose that Robinson produces a new red rose, and that the horticulturists agree to call it the "John Robinson" rose. J. R. is naturally proud of it, and he employs Mrs. A——, for instance, to paint it. If she does it well, the matter is passing into the realms of Art. But Robinson is not content; he calls on Mr. Pettie to take a portrait of Mrs. Robinson holding the rose in her hand, or a spray of them across her bosom—we have got into *fine Art*. This is such a success that he wants these roses all over his drawing-room walls, and he comes, say, to Heaton, and says, "Decorate me these walls with my John Robinson rose." Well but, says Heaton, this won't do, your walls will be all over great red dots; besides, I can't give you all these lovely details at any price a sensible man would pay; I must simplify it, and moderate your reds and greens; I must also get rid of a quantity of the light and shade, and flatten it, so to speak.

Supposing it to be well done, we have passed downwards from fine art to decorative art. But Robinson, though pleased, is not content. He wants his rose on his dinner service, and goes to Wedgwood. Hold, says Wedgwood, we must get this rose-pattern into a condition which ordinary draughtsmen and printers and potters can deal with; we had better reduce it all to one or two tints, and simplify it even further than Heaton did.

So we arrive, by an inevitable process, at flat conventional patterning. And, in the earlier part of our argument, we proved the sheer necessity of using quiet tertiary tints where gradation of colour was unattainable "at the money." Thus the Robinson rose pattern has arrived, inevitably, at flat formality of outline, and greys, or only suggestions of green and red in colour, while sense of projection has disappeared entirely.

Broadly, in *fine Art* there are no limits to the legitimate representation of form, projection, colour, but those necessarily

incidental to all the works of man viewed in relation to Nature. But as we come down in the scale, stained glass, painted frieze, brocaded silk, printed wall-paper, striped cotton, the limitations become many and severe, by sheer necessity, and apart from questions of taste; and to refuse to bow to them indicates stupidity and blindness. Temperance steps in and enjoins moderation and simplicity in curvature, gradation and sobriety in colour; you have admitted the axioms, accept the result.

Moreover, the limitations in fine Art, which we have called incidental to all the works of man, are in reality very considerable: for, firstly, the most skilful eye and hand the world has known could never reproduce the intricate and overwhelming detail of the colours of Nature, not to mention subtleties of minute form. And even if we were not thus limited (which, under favourable circumstances, might conceivably be the case), there remains, secondly, the fact already alluded to, viz., that the gamut or scale for Art is far shorter, both in light and shade and in colour, than that of Nature.

No white paint or paper can approach the whiteness of a cloud illumined by sunshine, and no black paint is as dark as the shadow, say, of a tree thrown by strong sunlight against a pale-grey limestone wall. Blue paint is a poor thing compared with the azure of the heavens; and though some pigments are too fierce for our imperfect handling, seeing that we cannot follow the delicacy of Nature's gradations, yet at every turn the student of Nature finds tints too dazzling for reproduction. He has only, therefore, humbly to follow his guide at a respectful distance; and just as we say one had better not bark if he cannot bite, so the accomplished artist finds out what he can do and what he had better avoid. He comes to understand what is possible in paint on canvas; and partly by the experience of the past, and partly by the light of his own perceptions, he recognises the limits of his art, and arranges his scale of colour and light and shade, in accordance with those limits. And so, gradually but inevitably, colouring in Art has arrived at a condition which, originally framed on that of Nature, has come to the average observer to appear wholly distinct.

Let us put the matter into the most practical form. We all know the beautiful metallic-blue butterfly from South America, *Cypromorpho* by name. Let us suppose that a lover of realism desires to have this most lovely creature well copied; and that a copyist with a good eye for colour, and the touch of an Oriental, takes the utmost pains to accomplish it—that he works on a ground of silver, in the purest of Prussian blue—it is conceivable that a very admirable realistic representation might be produced.

It is now desired, let us suppose, to introduce it as a detail into a picture. But it is quickly discovered that this is impossible; materials and pigments do not exist, with which we can copy other brilliant objects in an equivalent manner; and it is perceived that if they did, nobody could bear the result; for the blue butterfly already painted stands out as a flaring spot, like an electric light at a railway station; and thus two insurmountable barriers declare that the attempt must be given up. It is not a question of *degree*, it is one of *kind*.

Where is the loose screw? In the mistake made by a large number of people in supposing that Art is a *copy* of Nature. A copy of Nature (as much of a copy, that is, as the human eye and hand are capable of) may be a stepping-stone or handmaid to Art, a scaffolding on which to stand while building; but never the building—Art—itself.

True Art is a *representation* of Nature : and a representation, to be true and good, must be such as to produce in the mind of the spectator sensations fairly equivalent to those produced by Nature herself.

And here steps in the creative faculty of the artist. He perceives the enormous difference in the conditions. The blue butterfly, dancing with his fellows in the light of a southern sun, surrounded by leagues of soft atmosphere, by greys and blues of distance, and greens and browns of forest and fell, is one thing ; the blue butterfly pinned on a cork in the studio, with a background of drapery or canvas, is quite another, and to confound them is unpardonable muddling. There is no southern sunshine or any other sunshine in the studio, the scale of possible colour starts far short of the top, and finishes far above the bottom of that of nature ; the whole thing must be altered and arranged to suit the altered conditions, and with the re-arrangement, the silver ground and most of the Prussian blue disappear.

For obvious reasons the question of nobility of purpose can only be lightly touched in passing, but if any one desires to see how far from the path of great Art *is*-nobility of purpose and sentiment may carry the artist, let him inspect a gallery of modern Italian sculpture, or call to mind the terrible show of it exhibited a year ago.

And all this applies as truly, in degree, to good decorative work as to high Art, and as much to form as to colour.

Now if we except a favoured few who have opportunity, leisure, and the requisite temperament for the search for Beauty among natural objects, it is clear that our hunting-ground must be in the realms of Art—and in Art which is in accord with the conditions we have arrived at—Art exhibiting due moderation and gradation in colour—continuous and severe restraint in form—dignity and nobility in subject—and cheerful compliance with the many restrictions and limitations which are as inevitable as fate.

If this be so, what must be our verdict about the average modern painting—about nearly all our modern pattern drawings—sculpture of naturalistic forms, and the thousand and one ways in which the modern love of realism exhibits itself ?

It is difficult to escape the conviction that they do not answer to those requirements which we have found necessary for the production of the conditions of Beauty. With trifling exceptions, old Art must always be preferable to modern Art, at least for this generation and the next. Let us seek a reason for so formidable a statement.

No one who has seen, with his eyes open, such collections of fine and decorative Art as those in Trafalgar Square and at South Kensington, can be unaware of the marvellous superiority of the work handed down to us from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries (not to mention Greek Art) in pictures, in sculptures, in wall decorations, in embroidery, in ironwork, in pottery—in all departments indeed of fine and decorative Art that the men of those centuries put their hands to. No painter of this day pretends for one moment that any man alive can paint as well as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Tintoret, and a lot of other Italians ; no Staffordshire potter, or any other potter elsewhere, pretends or maintains that he can produce anything equal to the best lustre-ware of mediæval Italy—and so it is all through these arts.

Many will ask why, as many have asked before. The answer is, that Art was then *traditional* ; that is to say, a painter or handicraftsman was brought up to the craft of his father and grandfather, and simply and naturally produced the

article he had been taught from a boy how to produce. And so it came to pass, that in the centuries alluded to, Europe was full of young men trained from boyhood to their respective crafts ; it was their pride to carry on the family tradition, and it was the delight of the wealthy soldier, statesman, ecclesiastic, or burgher, to vie with each other in buying their wares. History and museums amply testify to the truth of this.

Now, all is changed—traditional Art has entirely died out ; each man is a free-lance, and launches out at manhood into what he has then to learn how to do—most commonly the construction of railways, hotels, steamers, and piers—principally, however, the construction of big dividends. And if, in the practice of the fine or decorative Arts, any man rises out of the ruck of the commonplace, it is to be accounted for in one of two ways : either that he is a child of genius, and so, naturally, out-tops his fellows, or that he possesses, in a high degree, the faculty of assimilating and reproducing (or copying) the treasures of the past, which, after all, is perhaps only another form of genius.

So that, terrible as it sounds, we should look with grave doubt and incredulity upon *all* modern productions in fine or decorative Art. Not, of course, with scorn or with contempt, but with incredulity ; until after a rigid application of our axioms, we see here and there a form start out from the all but universal slough of degradation into which we have fallen ; and then, whether it be a picture by Millais or Burne Jones, a church of Butterfield's, a house of Norman Shaw's, a stained-glass window by Morris, such names should be held in memory, and their work looked for with anxiety and interest. Considering, however, the scarcity of such exceptional refreshment, our daily food in Art, in good colour and form, must be sought for at the British Museum, at the National Gallery, at South Kensington, at the Louvre, at the Hôtel Cluny, and such-like places.

There is a further reason for this, not so obvious, but even more important.

It seems to have been clearly perceived in the best days of mediæval Art, that the true function of Art consists in the embodiment and representation of the ideal—the poetical. It may be an open question whether this was largely a result of the great demand, from ecclesiastics and others, for pictures of religious subjects ; or whether it was a mediæval condition of mind, which passed away with the arrival of advanced forms of "progress." But nothing is more certain than that *all* the finest Art that has come down to us from Giotto to Raphael (and a great deal that was earlier and later) is ideal in the highest degree ; and, almost without exception, poetical. As to the question of ideality, let us take a single example, as a specimen of that which permeates their work.

No subject is more common, in the finest period of Art, than the Nativity, or the Adoration of the Kings. In either case, the infant Christ must have been of extremely tender age ; yet nowhere in great Art is He represented as a newborn infant ; always as a plump, well-developed child of six to twelve months old—an *ideal baby* in fact—in direct disregard of the text of the history it was to illustrate !

The question of poetical treatment, as apart—if it can be apart—from ideality, is less easy to exhibit in a moderate compass ; but no reflective person can visit the National Gallery, and then the Royal Academy, without perceiving the strong contrast in feeling between the two, in style, in frame of mind, in effect on us. It is again not a difference in *degree*,

it is a difference in *kind*. One ranks with Holy Scripture, with Chaucer, with Spenser, with Shakespeare; the other with Darwin, with Herbert Spencer, with the magazines, with *The Times*.

We cannot fight the battle between realism and idealism in this small space. Let us notice, however, that this divergence is exactly the divergence between poetry and prose.

Poetry and mediæval Art come upon us as somewhat strange, somewhat weird and mysterious, rather difficult, requiring all our patience, and often more than all our wits, to comprehend and to assimilate. But once comprehended and taken to heart, they become the very companions of our better selves, they cherish and amplify our highest aspirations, they lift us up for a while into a finer and purer atmosphere, and, whether we know it or not, they elevate us above the dust and rubbish of our daily lives.

But modern realistic Art, magazines, and newspapers, are friendly and easy, chatty and jocose with us as boon companions; appeal instantly to the meanest capacity; make us happy, may be, as a meal does, make us laugh, help us to pass the time. But they leave us just where we were, in the City or in Bond Street, in the office or the stable.

We have lately heard a good deal about a general improvement in taste having taken place during the last few years. There has been a great deal of change, but it is more than doubtful whether there has been any improvement.

To be sure there are many people of cultivated taste to be found—people who instinctively avoid loud and vulgar things:—there always were; though of course, when "society" was smaller, they were much fewer in number. These people find it nowadays easier to obtain unobjectionable dress, furniture, and household stuff, than it used to be; and, beyond doubt, a trade of a limited extent has been created by such people, so that they now know where they can find what they want, often ready in stock. But when we consider the enormous increase during the last thirty years in the number of families who can spend £600 a-year and upwards, it is evident that the trade in moderate and well-designed articles is, relatively, small and exceptional: and any one who will take the trouble to go through some of the huge furnishing warehouses in Tottenham Court Road and Finsbury, to go no farther, may readily discover, that every vile and violent shade that dyers can dye (and they are infinitely viler than they were or could be forty years ago, before the introduction of aniline), every preposterous form of chair, cabinet, or sofa originated in the most degraded times of George the Fourth, is still completely in vogue with a large proportion of buyers, and is ten times oftener asked for than anything quiet or moderate.

Possibly those who think they can see an improvement are misled, partly by the existence of such a shop as Mr. Morris's, and partly by the recent fashion for wearing quiet and tertiary shades in dress. But this latter is only a fashion, and if fashion dictates magenta as the colour for dress next year, magenta will be worn triumphantly: while as for the trade in goods of the character of Mr. Morris's productions, probably it does not altogether amount to one-fourth of the business done by one firm in Tottenham Court Road alone.

There are two articles usually to be found in the houses of people who can afford to spend £1,200 a-year and more (who may roughly be taken to represent our upper and educated class), a grand piano and a billiard table.

They are about the very ugliest things on the earth; and

partly from there being only the very feeblest desire to see them improved, and partly from a fear of what Mrs. Grundy will say if they are altered, they remain the most hideous of eyesores. If any one desires to see how far we have gone *down* the hill in taste in these matters, let him examine an eighteenth-century spinnet or harpsichord, and then a modern "grand!" Look again at the houses recently erected and those in course of erection by the speculating builder—say in South Kensington or Chelsea—houses of £200 to £600 a-year rental, and see what ornament he treats ladies and gentlemen to: his cornices, his grates and chimney-pieces, his balusters, his terrible stained glass! But the speculating builder is generally a very clever and acute fellow, feels the pulse of the times, knows "what people like," and gives it; and in consequence he lets his good houses in good situations fast, no matter how vile and vulgar be his ornamentations.

When we hear that such houses don't let because they are done in bad taste; and that ladies and gentlemen have reformed their pianos and billiard tables, we may begin to believe in the general taste having improved—but not sooner.

Meanwhile, we should try and keep a clean palate. Do not ever be persuaded, however gorgeous the doorway, to visit catch-penny exhibitions of doubtful pictures—no matter whether they be surrounded by maroon velvet or hot-house plants. Avoid all things that are much advertised and puffed. Lastly, as to our homes (where we can to some extent regulate our surroundings), we cannot possibly be too exacting or careful to keep out showy rubbish. We should never buy foolish or ignoble photographs on any consideration whatever, and if we have them given to us, we should wait till the donor is out of sight, and then promptly burn them.

In daily life we should avoid all ugly and crude colours, and base and ignoble subjects, as we avoid bad smells; and when we go to a fresh place we should make at once for the parish church, if it be an old one. For the tight grip with which the earning of our daily bread holds most of us, so commonly prevents our visiting museum and picture galleries as often as we ought, that we may find ourselves shut up among base and dull and ignoble things, like offices, and railway stations, and hotels, for months together. So, whenever there is a chance to get even for a quarter of an hour among things of noble intention, or possible beauty of form and colour, we should eagerly seize it. Now the old church will always be found to have some element of beauty in it, shaft, or arch, or bit of carving, stained glass, old woodwork, or sculptured tomb, and the remembrance of these will always be doing something towards our education in beauty of form or colour.

Unfortunately, as we advance in civilisation, it seems that romance, the poetic side of us (which is to a human heart what the flower is to the plant), dies out and disappears: and instead of following in the track of the great artists of the past, instead of cultivating in our young students the art of dramatic intention—of deep and poetic thought and meaning—romantic situation and suggestive poesy, we go in for mechanical exactness, for endless anatomy, for extreme niceties of drawing and detail, for a childish realism, for cast iron, and railways, and telegraphs, and electric lighting, and large hotels, with results, to our perceptions of the beautiful, which are disastrous.

JOHN ALDAM HEATON.

CLUBS IN EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

THAT Scotsmen take kindly to clubs is proved by the flourishing condition of all the principal institutions of the kind in both Edinburgh and Glasgow, and by the very large number who avail themselves in these cities of the advantages and privileges a club offers. We north of the Tweed have not been slow to recognise these advantages, as I think I shall be able to make clear by an account of some of the leading clubs in Scotland.

The Scottish Conservative Club, in Princes Street, Edinburgh, takes rank as one of the big clubs of the kingdom. Its total membership is now about two thousand three hundred. This number includes country members. The club was started in 1877 at a meeting presided over by Lord Balfour of Burleigh. It began with eight hundred members but soon had to increase. Its country connections are very widespread, and the influence of the club is, so far as Scotland is concerned, national rather than local. Edinburgh has been for years out of harmony with Conservative principles: "advanced Liberals" hold possession, but we are told that the Conservative party, by means of the club, are working hard to recover lost ground. As a social club the Scottish Conservative does its duty admirably. It is, to begin with, splendidly

housed. The present club-house, erected on the site of the original premises, was opened in February, 1884. The building, designed by our eminent Scottish architect, Dr. Rowand Anderson, is in the style of the Early Italian Renaissance, and is built of Polmaise freestone, with a red-tile roof-covering, and a frontage to Princes Street of over sixty-seven feet. The oriel windows (see illustration) on the west side belong to the reading, dining, and smoking-

rooms. The hall and grand staircase form one of the leading features of the building, the wainscoted walls and the groined arches being very effective. On the staircase there is a stained-glass window in memory of Lord Beaconsfield. The woodwork, wall panels, mantelpieces, etc., of the reading-room are walnut; of the library, Californian redwood; and of the dining-room, oak. At a club dinner two hundred and fifty guests can be accommodated. The kitchens, by a wise arrangement, are at the top of the house, and are a model of good

order. They sparkle with glowing brass and bright steel, and have a most comfortable and cleanly appearance. All the cooking is done by steam. The bedrooms, nineteen in number, are of course much in demand; they are a special feature in the Scottish Conservative, with its strong contingent of country members. The electric light is now in use in all the principal rooms. The cost of the building, irrespective of site, has been over £30,000. In my notice of this admirably appointed and well-managed club, in which all the leading Conservatives of Scotland have an interest, I have left to the last mention of the principal smoking-room—to my mind one of the chief glories of the place. All the requirements of a smoking-room are present there: size, comfort, good ventila-

tion, cosy seats, and then, to crown all, an outlook from the windows that no other club in the kingdom can rival. The mass of the Castle rock with its grey green cliffs, the verdant expanse of the gardens, the spring flush as I saw it the other day on the trees that line the walk—what a beautiful background these make to the ever-changing life of the busy street below! One could hardly ever grow tired of watching it from the vantage point of the bow window of the club, with its cunningly constructed dais.



The Scottish Conservative Club, Edinburgh.

The club that claims to be the premier club of Edinburgh—or rather I should say of Scotland—is the New Club, in Princes Street, one of the most exclusive clubs in the kingdom. No common person need dare to enter there; the taint of “trade” is unknown within its high-bred precincts; they have even, it is rumoured, blackballed judges of the Court of Session who have aspired, on insufficient grounds of birth or breeding, to become members. The club building, which was enlarged in 1865, was built from a design by Mr. W. Burn, and is in the Italian style, with a Tuscan doorway and a projecting basement window.

The University Club, also in Princes Street, was designed by Messrs. Peddie & Kinnear, in the Palladian style, with Greek details. The Scottish Liberal Club is as yet only in temporary accommodation. They hope, however, soon to begin the work of altering and rebuilding, in a grand style, premises they have recently bought, close to the Conservative Club. The United Service Club, beloved of many a grizzled veteran, is housed quietly in Queen Street.

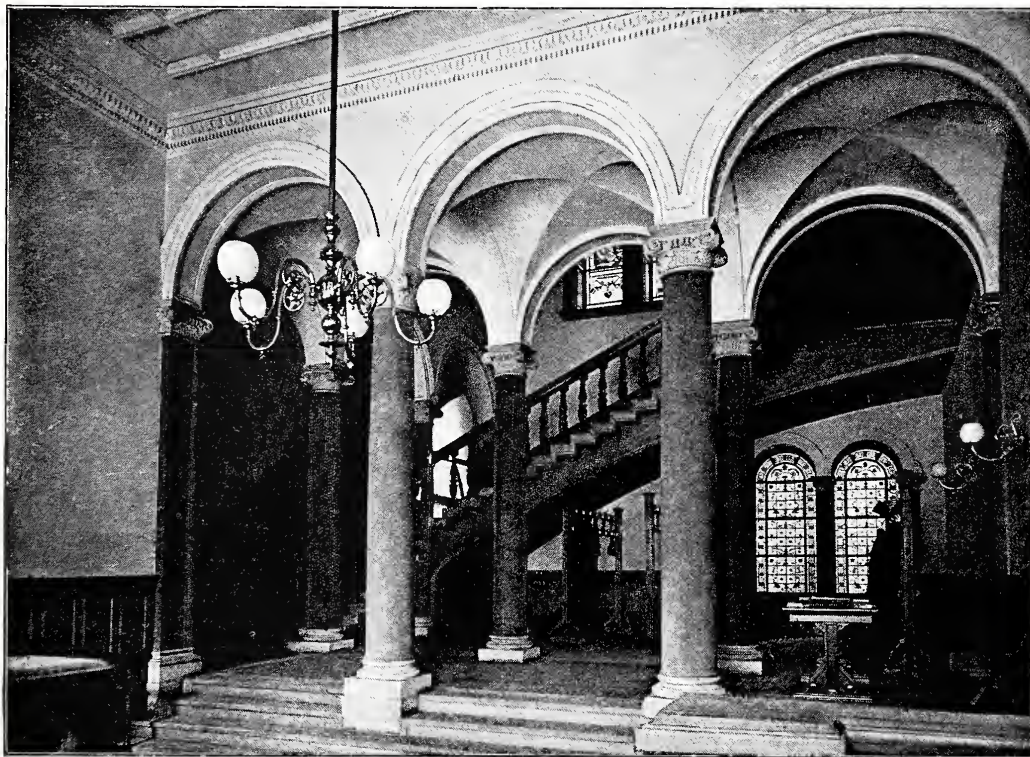
One of the most delightful of the books that have been written regarding the social life of Glasgow people during the last century and the first half of this, is certainly “Glasgow and its Clubs,” by the late John Strang, LL.D., City Chamberlain, an accomplished, genial, kindly-hearted man. Dr. Strang is noteworthy, too, as the editor of *The Day*, the first daily paper published in Scotland. It appeared in Glasgow in 1832, and unfortunately lasted only six months, in spite of all the exertions of Dr.

Strang and Motherwell, and other able contributors. The clubs which Dr. Strang tells us about were not clubs in the present-day sense of the word.

The first club opened in Glasgow with a local habitation and a staff of servants was the Western, which dates from 1825. But just as Dr. Johnson and his friends gathered once or twice a week in familiar conclave in the parlour of some snug hostelry, so did the busy citizen of Glasgow seek, in the company of those likeminded with himself, relaxation, at certain defined intervals, from the engrossing cares of the tobacco trade and commercial speculations in the West Indies. It is a pleasant, hearty life that Dr. Strang introduces us to.

If many of the refinements that we now consider essentials were absent from it; if it was ignorant, for the most part, of æsthetics, and gloried, perhaps, too much in rum punch; it was yet unaffected and lively, and quite free from the modern morbid hankering after “gentility,” which in essence is more

vulgar and soul-destroying than all the boisterous high-jinks and rough and ready enjoyments of our great-grandfathers. In those days there were evening clubs to suit nearly all tastes and all opinions. The “Anderston Club” was founded shortly after the rebellion of 1745 by Professor Simson of mathematical fame, and among the members were such celebrated men as Adam Smith and the brothers Foulis. In John Sharpe’s inn at Anderston, then a pleasant little country village, now an aggregation of stony streets, far removed from rural solitudes, the club met every Saturday to dine, the standing dish in their *menu* being always “hen-broth.” “The Hodge-podge,” established in 1750, is associated with the name of Dr. John Moore, the author of “Zeluco” and the father of the great Sir John Moore, who was an honorary member of the club. The “Gaelic Club;” the “Face Club,” so called because the members dined on sheep’s-head; the “Medical Club;” the “What you please,” rather a gay



Hall of the Scottish Conservative Club, Edinburgh.

military, theatrical, Bohemian club; the “Packers,” and the “Amateur,” where music, especially in the form of song and glee, was assiduously cultivated; the “Geg,” given over to the abominable habit of practical joking—at these and many others, too numerous to mention, our forefathers found amusement and good company.

Although much alcohol was consumed in a steady, douce fashion, decent hours was the rule with most of them. The lass with the lantern came not seldom at ten o’clock to fetch the goodman away from the attractions of the punch-bowl. Of course all gatherings were not closed at so early an hour. There were fiery spirits, “blades,” and roysterers then as now; and often the narrow streets of old Glasgow saw, in the grey dawn, conflicts, half-mirthful, half-serious, between the rollicking members of some late club and the half-useless old “Charlies” who kept watch and ward within the city bounds.

Those generations and their manners have passed away—

“We shall never see the like of Captain Patoun, no mo’!”

but it was they who built up the greatness of Glasgow, and from whom descend some of the best of the social virtues that still distinguish its inhabitants. In the membership lists of the old clubs of Glasgow are all the names whom Glasgow has most reason to hold in honour.

The rapid progress of Glasgow, the leaps and bounds it was making in material prosperity and in the appreciation of the graces and refinements of life, as well as the necessities created by the growth among the people of more civilised

and, therefore, more artificial ways and manners, turned the thoughts of some of the leading citizens towards the establishment of a club on the model of those that had already arisen in the metropolis. A generation had grown up in whose eyes the substantial comfort of “the daily ordinary” at the Tontine Coffee House appeared coarse and uninviting. At a gathering, in 1824, of an occasional club called “The Badger,” it was proposed to start a regular club-house, and at a meeting on 5th January, 1825, held in Walker’s Hotel under the presidency of Mungo N. Campbell, Esq., then Lord Provost of the City, a formal resolution was passed to found the “Western Club,” the first club of the

modern kind in Glasgow, and still the premier club of the west of Scotland. The club opened on Whitsunday, 1825, and its original premises were in a house belonging to Mr. J. P. McInroy, at the corner of Buchanan and St. Vincent Streets, opposite to where the club building now stands. Its beginnings were small, but careful management and the advantages the club offered soon led to a wide enlargement of its bounds. The number of members was fixed at one hundred and thirty to start with; the limit has been gradually extended until it now rests at six hundred and fifty. In 1839, more extensive premises being required, the club’s present property in Buchanan Street was

bought from the Scottish Amicable Assurance Company. From the designs of Mr. David Hamilton, the architect of the Glasgow Royal Exchange and of Hamilton Palace, the new building was erected. It was formally opened on 2nd March, 1842. In 1870 the club-house was enlarged on the St. Vincent Street side of the block, and the alterations were carried out by Mr. John Honeyman, architect, Glasgow. The building is in the Venetian Palazzo style. In the words of a competent critic, Mr. Thomas Gildard, in the *Building News*, Dec., 1872—“Few buildings in Glasgow enjoy greater dignity, a distinction almost wholly owing to the grand breadth of treat-

ment. There is nothing petty about it. All is large and liberal, broad and massive, an outcome of a mind that had no room for littlenesses.” About the old club-house, inside and out, there is an air of calm repose that is quite in keeping with its traditions. Although not so exclusive as the New Club of Edinburgh, the Western prides itself upon its tone. It is the club, *par excellence*, of county people; nearly all the old Glasgow families are on its list of members past and present, and when young men in business do manage to be elected, as a rule their fathers and grandfathers have been members before them. The club, as a club, venerates the memory of the old makers of Glasgow, from whom



The New Club, Edinburgh.

spring nearly all our genuine city aristocracy, and, among them, to be admitted a member of the Western is to be “hall-marked” as fit for good society. The Western is altogether an institution of which every true Glasgow man, even although he was never within its doors, is rather proud. We point it out to sneering visitors from Edinburgh as an evidence that we are not entirely given over to vulgarity and the bustle of the Royal Exchange. One fine feature about the Western is the long terms its officials serve. Mr. C. D. Donald, sen., was its original treasurer, he was succeeded by his son, and he again by his son, who now holds the office. In 1845 Mr. John Smith was appointed secretary, and in 1879 his son, Mr. W. Smith,

the present secretary, succeeded him. Of course all the internal arrangements of the Western are such as befit a first-rate modern club and provide every comfort and convenience for the members.

About twenty years ago it began to be evident that there was room for another club in Glasgow. The city had wonderfully grown since the establishment of the Western, and the Western could not possibly give shelter to all who were anxious to enjoy the privileges of a club. In September, 1869, it was resolved at a public meeting to form the "New Club." Colonel Dreg-horn was the first Chairman, and with him in the enterprise were associated such well-known west-country men as Mr. J. E. Wakefield, Mr. J. Colbrooke, the Earl of Glasgow, Sir A. Campbell of Blythwood, Sir James Bain, Sir A. E. Ewing, Mr. George Baird, etc., with Mr. Graham as secretary. The club was made strictly non-political—one to which men of all shades of opinion might belong. Some few years ago it was rumoured outside that one member whose party zeal exceeded his discretion, had given what might be called a political dinner in the club, and had drawn down upon himself the righteous wrath of the Committee. He was very nearly made an example of. The New Club rented for the first ten years of its existence the building now in possession of the Conservative Club in Renfield Street, but when it felt the ground firm under its feet, it put up a house of its own in West George Street. The building is from the design of the late James Sel-lars, and is one of the most striking of the works of that accomplished architect. The style is French Renaissance, and the fine effect of the doorway, and the graceful as well as handsome appearance of the front generally may be judged of from the drawing given here. The building has about it quite an air of distinction. Internally the arrangements are admirably adapted to the requirements of the club, which is largely used during the day by business and professional men for the purpose of lunching. "The principal entrance, which has

been made as important and striking as possible, opens into a wide vestibule or outer hall." "A few steps, rising four feet in all, lead to the inner hall, which is of spacious dimensions, and lighted by a cupola." The public dining-room, opening from the inner hall, is 59 feet long by 29 feet wide, and has a height of 23 feet, and the billiard-rooms, reading-room, smoking-room, etc., are spacious and comfortable. The bed-room and kitchen accommodation is skilfully laid out. The cost of the club buildings, exclusive of the price of the site, was close on £42,000. The membership was fixed originally at

six hundred: it was afterwards extended to eight hundred. The New Club is altogether a prosperous, well-managed institution, and among its members are nearly all the leading merchants and business and professional men of Glasgow.

The Conservative Club of Glasgow is of course, as its name implies, a political club. It is greatly used during the day by professional and business men. On Primrose-day, the club is made a thing of beauty. It is garlanded and bedecked with Beaconsfield's "favourite flower," and the lady friends of the members are allowed to wander through the floral display, and drink afternoon tea in the dining-room. This little concession, they say, has made innumerable wives think quite kindly of the Conservative Club. Through the political committee



The New Club, Glasgow.

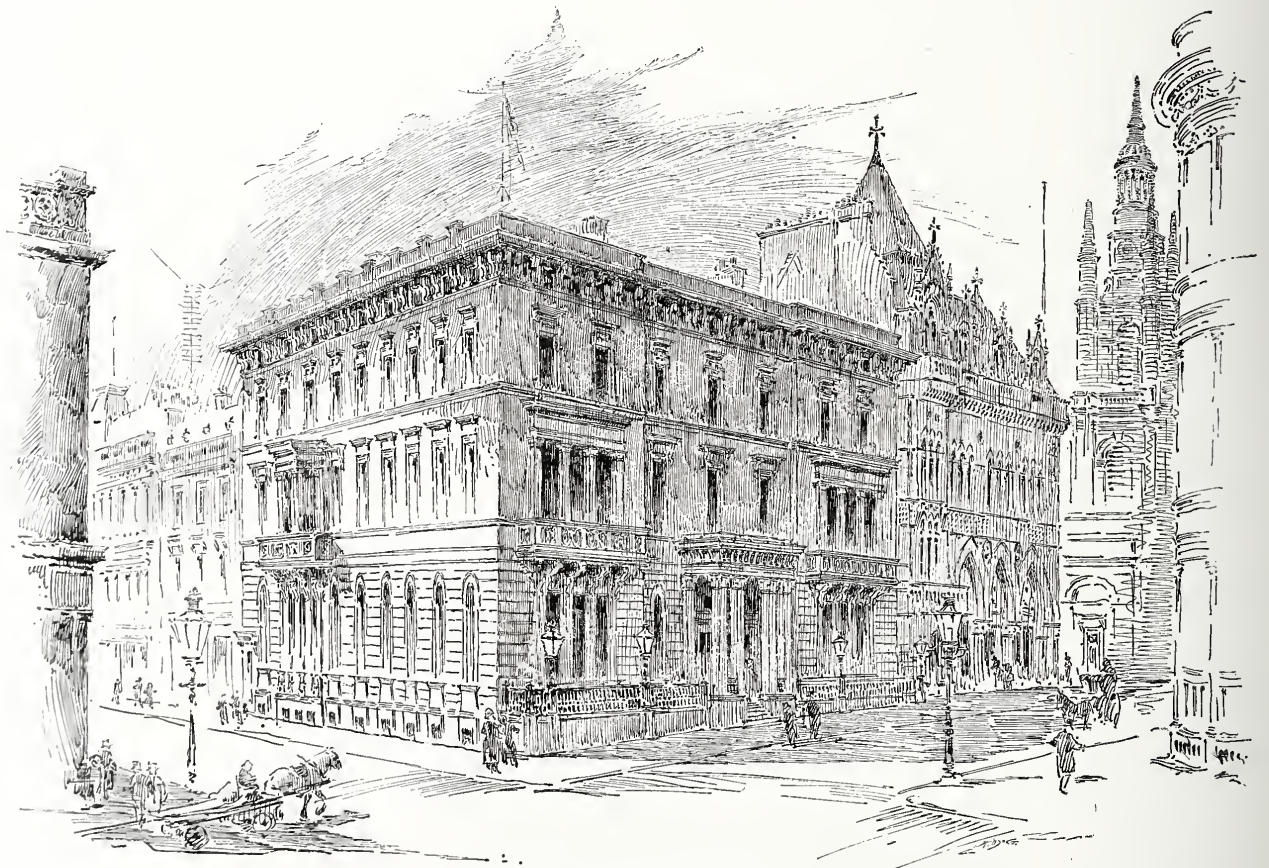
and fund the club has rendered great service to its party.

A Liberal Club was established, about two years ago, on similar lines, as a club, to the New and the Conservative, and promises to rival the latter in general popularity. The house, which however cannot be looked upon as a permanent home, is handsomely and comfortably fitted up, and the general voice of Glasgow declares that the *cuisine* is "excellently good."

The Glasgow Art Club dates from 1867. A few artists then associated themselves for the purpose of education and mutual improvement. They held annual exhibitions. From meeting in an hotel, they grew to have rooms of their own. About two years ago the club entered on a much wider sphere of existence

and usefulness; it was agreed to admit lay members to its privileges, and a new constitution was drawn up. The artistic basis of the club has not been departed from. The president must always be an artist; there are two vice-presidents, one of whom is an artist, the other a layman. The honorary secretary and the honorary treasurer must be artists. Of the council of twelve, six are artists, six laymen. Painters, architects, and sculptors are admissible as artist members, and must when they become candidates submit examples of their work, and guided by them, the artist members vote for or against their admission. Lay members are elected by ballot, both artist and lay-members taking part in the election. A very stiff ballot it is too, unnecessarily stiff by reason of the rules under which it is at the present conducted. There are now nearly ninety artist members, and the full number of lay members, one

hundred and fifty, is within two of being complete. The lay membership will require to be extended. The widening of the bounds of the club has worked in an entirely beneficial way. The club has a character all its own, and the gatherings that take place every now and again within its cheerful little home in Bath Street, are of the pleasantest nature, with just that dash of Bohemianism in them which most healthily minded men instinctively appreciate. On the back garden, or as we call it in Scotland "the backgreen," of the house, a hall has been built, which is used as the general meeting-room, reading-room, and smoking-room of the club, and here take place the smoking concerts and conversazioni. As several able professional musicians are members of the club there is never a lack of interest in the programmes, some of the best items in which are, however, always the songs and recitations by those who are



The Western Club, Glasgow.

not professional. With these nights of fun, and smoke, and "harmony," there are for all many happy memories associated. Occasionally on a Saturday, during the winter, the club has "a lady's afternoon," when music, and tea, and the *frou-frou* of feminine apparel drive all the selfish bachelors who do not like their routine disturbed into the refuge of the billiard-room upstairs. In the front of the house is the dining-room, plainly, perhaps rather sombrely furnished; upstairs in addition to the billiard-room there are a writing-room and a dainty little card-room. The large hall, which is lighted from the roof, is used also for exhibition purposes. The club is making a collection of works in black and white, and the Lord-provost and other members have lately presented to it etchings after Velasquez and Titian. The present president of the club is Mr. Francis Powell, P.R.S.W. (his second term of office), and since the alteration in the club's constitution, Mr. Joseph

Henderson, R.S.W., has also acted as president. To the club is due much of the growing love of art in the west of Scotland; it has established a bond of union, in spite of many differences in opinion and practice, among the artists of Glasgow, and it has increased materially the public interest in paint and painters.

In both Edinburgh and Glasgow there are numerous special clubs which for the most part have no buildings of their own, and meet once a month or so to dine in an hotel. In Edinburgh there are the Monks of St. Giles (who possess comfortable rooms), the Pen and Pencil Club and the Society of Musicians. In Glasgow, there are the Pen and Pencil Club (established in 1877) and the Society of Musicians also. All these associations do their part in entertaining distinguished members of the musical, dramatic, and literary professions who visit Edinburgh and Glasgow.

ROBT. WALKER.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.



HE one hundred and twenty-first: so runs the catalogue of this year's exhibition. For one hundred and twenty-one years exhibition at the Royal Academy; each returning spring during the whole of that long period has brought with it its special cares and anxieties

to the artists of the country, its high hopes sometimes destined to be realised, its vaulting ambitions which missed the saddle and ended in the dust and ignominy of the other side. What a strange record it is! Think of it, gentle reader: one hundred and twenty-one years of mad strivings after the unattainable, of futile efforts on the part of weak, inarticulate, human nature to express the unutterable, of hopeless struggles to vivify the material atoms of stone and pigment and to make them live with the life of the spirit of man; a record of high aims gone astray, of sordid cares, of unavailing groans and blank despair; and perhaps more pitiable still, of inane vanity satisfied with half achievement, and revelling in its fool's supper of worthless praise. During those one hundred and twenty-one years, how many have been the reputations made! in charity let us not count those that have been lost. False, partial Fame has stood blaring on her trumpet in the market-place, proclaiming, now this, now that as the greatest name in Art, and she is at it still; and yet how stands the account? Taking reputations at their current worth, at their market price both in amount of recognition and coin, and turning a deaf ear to the din of our mountebank's trumpet, it stands simply thus: the two greatest names are those of men whose Art was formed and whose glory was built up in the last century, namely, Reynolds and Gainsborough.

Their names are printed in large letters on the title-page of British Art History, as those of Raffaele and Michelangelo are on that of the Italian Renaissance; and like these last they are indissolubly linked together by a conventional hyphen. In ordinary parlance the name of one is hardly ever mentioned without the other. They live in public estimation as the great Dioscuri, the unconquered heroes

who have been translated to Olympus, but whose influence still guides the destinies of British Art. They mark the extreme limits of two opposite poles of thought and feeling, between which for one hundred and twenty years that Art has oscillated unceasingly.

Their resemblance is wholly superficial, the result of the costume and the manners of the age in which they both lived. The difference between them is vital and radical. One vital point of resemblance they certainly had, each of them was "a reality, not an artificiality, not a sham." They were both in earnest, they knew what they wanted and sought for it, one by the way of formulas, the other outside them. But in their lives, their occupations, and their friends and associates, they differed with a difference not of degree but of kind.



Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. From the picture in the possession of the Royal Academy.

The life and doings of Reynolds, his Art, his utterances, and the turn of his mind, belong properly to the domain of

philosophy; his biography has been adequately written, and may be rewritten, amplified, and made still more instructive by any man of judgment and sound sense.

The events of Gainsborough's life, his Art, all that he ever did or said, belong in a certain sense to the domain of romance, and no biographer equal to the occasion has yet appeared; to do justice to the theme would require a poet. All we have are the "Sketch" by Philip Thicknesse, whose sincerity and accuracy are both more than doubtful, and the "Life" by George Williams Fulcher, who is utterly feeble and ineffectual, who, with every regard for accuracy, thinks that his imaginations are as valuable as facts, and who is certainly indebted to memory for his wit.

Thomas Gainsborough was born in Sepulchre Street, Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. His father, John Gainsborough, was a wool-merchant, prosperous once, but not unto the end; of whose five sons three were men of genius. John, called "Scheming Jack" in Sudbury, made many mechanical inventions, but carried none of them out; the Rev. Humphrey, who had a cure of souls at Henley-on-Thames, invented a steam engine which according to Fulcher was nefariously robbed from him by Watt; and Thomas, who did carry things out, and of whose inimitable inventions none has yet learnt the secret or been able to steal the charm. What we read of him as a

boy answers all the well-recognised requirements of boys of genius; he was quick, observant, very ardent, impressionable, and very fond of sketching and of music; he spoke and acted on the impulse of the moment, because things came to him that way, without suspecting that biographers had their eyes upon him; at school he was very idle at his lessons, sketched a great deal in his copybooks, played truant to go and amuse himself his own way, and did things which are characteristic of boys of genius, and quite equally so of boys of a very different kind. There is in fact nothing in the meagre, and, as we suspect in some cases, apocryphal, anecdotes of his early years related by Fulcher which is at all instructive or worth repeating. At the age of fifteen Gainsborough seems to have done with education, we may almost say with books, and went to London to study Art, at first under the French engraver Gravelot, afterwards under Hayman, who became member and librarian of the

Royal Academy. This man was a poor painter, but at all events in his Art he tried to imitate good examples, whereas in his conduct he did quite the reverse, and it may have been from him that young Gainsborough imbibed a certain moral taint which he never quite shook off, and which affected his speech to the later periods of his life. After three years under Hayman and one of independent practice at a lodging in Hatton Garden he returned to Sudbury. He had by that time done with Art-education, and henceforth knew no master but Nature, and acknowledged no other authority than his own impressions of her. In the course of his artistic life he came under the influence of Dutch painters, of Rubens and Vandyck, and his practice was modified by that influence, but he never ceased to refer to Nature as his true guide and to get his inspiration from that source.

In 1746—the year when Reynolds, who was his senior by

four years, was entering upon the most unprofitable and barren period of his career, namely, his residence at Plymouth Dock—Thomas Gainsborough, a youth of nineteen, was beginning the education which made him a great man, and which has given the stamp of truth and originality to his art. Amongst the hedgerows of Suffolk, and on the banks of its sluggish streams, he was watching Nature intently and learning to understand her and to love her. Reynolds was saved by a *deus ex machina*, in

Dear Jackson

I thought you was sick as I had not seen you for some Days, and last night when I went to the Play in hopes of meeting you there, Mr Palmer comforted my fears; and I fully intended putting in my neck shawl this morning but have been hindered by some Painful Pleuresy, pray send me word whether there is any Occasion for Doctor Progers to come to you, in Palmers Opinion, I am in your own, for you are too much like me to know how it is with you. The Doctor shall come, on a moment if there is the least occasion and I know he will with pleasure without your touching your breeches pocket. I'll be with you soon to feel your Pulse myself.

so God bless you

J. Gainsborough

Reduced fac-simile of a Letter from Gainsborough to his friend William Jackson of Exeter, composer of "Jackson's Te Deum" and other well-known pieces.

the shape of Commodore Keppel, who carried him off in the *Centurion* to Italy and the Old Masters. Commodores and *Centurions*, Italy and Old Masters, could have done nothing for Gainsborough but to spoil him, and make him other than what he was; which none but pedants, men who regret, for instance, that Robert Burns did not have a University education, could wish for.

Gainsborough at this period is said to have been a handsome youth. Our illustration, which is a faithful reproduction of the portrait by himself which is in the possession of the Royal Academy, does not exhibit a face to which we should be inclined to apply that epithet, or, we should say, to which the sex which particularly claims authority in such matters would be inclined to apply it; and yet if we examine it attentively and imagine what it was without the signs of age, the disfiguring traces of toilsome, anxious years, if we try to

set those features in a bright and youthful face, and add the lustre of health and colour, we must surmise that Thomas Gainsborough was a lad who would not pass unnoticed, even in a crowd—one whom we should turn back to take a second look at. Romance, as we have said, was the atmosphere which surrounded his life, his character, and his art; the first

important incident recorded teems with it. A tall, handsome youth, he is wandering in the fields, sketching or sitting musing under the shade of trees, when, lo! there comes to him a beautiful maiden, more beautiful it was said than even Mrs. Kedington, the reigning belle of Ipswich. Her name was Margaret Burr. Margaret thinks herself a princess in



The Sisters, Lady Erne and Lady Dillon. From the picture by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.

disguise; her father is a prince in some foreign land, or perhaps even in England; but that is a mystery. What is a palpable fact is that he sends her annually two hundred pounds, and this young Thomas, with his large eyes and handsome face, he is surely a young prince in disguise of nature's nobility, a genius like none other. They loved each other, and they wed.

Life at nineteen and eighteen is like a fairy-tale, but the fairy-tale of Margaret and Thomas was a real one. She was a loyal and true princess, and her two hundred pounds never failed; and he was a true genius, and he had a magic palette which he had only to rub and beautiful things rose up, more beautiful than any the world had ever seen; and riches flowed

in, and they went eventually to live in a beautiful palace in a place called Pall Mall, and all went happily till a malignant fairy named Atropos came and put an end to the life of Thomas, and the beautiful things were seen no more.

But we have been anticipating. Thomas and Margaret began their wedded life in a small house in Ipswich. Fourteen years later, at the recommendation of Philip Thicknesse, they removed to Bath. The said Thicknesse was a very zealous friend, who developed into a bore, as very zealous friends sometimes do, and after another fourteen years the Gainsboroughs fled to London to escape him; as Fulcher suggests, not without an unmistakable quarrel, and much bitterness on one side and on the other. It was not till 1774 that Gainsborough established himself in Schomberg House, Pall Mall, and died there of a cancerous affection in 1788 and his sixty-second year. There was a deathbed reconciliation between him and Reynolds, after some years of coldness, of what diplomats call "strained relations." "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company" are his last recorded words, addressed to Sir Joshua, who appears to have been much affected. In his fourteenth Discourse the latter erected a monument to Gainsborough, which is likely to be *are perennius*. It is a model of cautious analysis, of thoughtful, philosophical criticism; but to us, at least, it appears cold and unsympathetic, and

utterly unappreciative of the true greatness of the painter, who is commonly called his rival, but who worked on totally different lines and followed a totally different inspiration.

There could have been but very little real sympathy between the two men. To Reynolds, Gainsborough must have appeared a somewhat questionable and enigmatical person, not a little contemptible even. His own life had been regulated on incontrovertible principles; he had walked circumspectly, guided by prudence and sagacity; diligence, economy, punctuality, order, method, and duty were his watchwords; in the whole course of his Presidency, as we have stated in a former article, he was only twice absent from his chair at the council table of the Royal Academy. Though too busy a man for much reading,

he loved knowledge and lost no opportunity of acquiring it; he chose the best and wisest men as his friends and associates, Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith being his constant companions; he never began anything without reflection, and what he began he carried out; and finally, with each succeeding year, his contact with the great world had added additional polish to his manners and his mind. It must have been difficult for him even to understand such a character as that of Gainsborough, who did not walk circumspectly; with whom, as far as we may judge by the evidence before us, prudence, sagacity as applied to worldly matters, economy, punctuality, order, and method were not; who had no sense of duty; who never once attended

a meeting of the Royal Academy, though frequently elected into the council; who did not care for any knowledge except that which appertained to his art; who chose for friends and associates only men who amused him; who constantly began pictures and never finished them; who was guided by impulse and not reflection; who was highly incautious, blurted out the most unpalatable things in conversation and writing, made the most absurd bargains, and offered impossible sums when the whim was on him. His was not a serious, and, from certain dark hints, we may gather not altogether a respectable character; he was a bright, amiable, whimsical, and lovable man, who revelled in the joys of genius, of exquisite sensibilities and exuberant spirits; he was the grasshopper of the fable, and his life was one long summer



Mrs. Sheridan. From a mezzotint in the British Museum.

day of love and song and revelry. He worked hard, but not laboriously; what he did he did without effort, in a fit of enthusiasm; his art was music to him, it delighted his senses and his imagination, and he stopped short when it became toilsome.

The German epithet "genialisch" exactly applies to everything he said and did, and would be quite misapplied to the acts and sayings of Reynolds. We may plausibly surmise that no permanent friendship was possible between them, that they irritated each other, and that neither could do the other full justice. Reynolds possibly despised Gainsborough for his want of worldly wisdom, prudence, and seriousness. Gainsborough may have hated Reynolds because he always did what

was obviously and undeniably the right thing to do, an achievement in which he himself often signally failed.

Gainsborough the artist is quite unequivocal, but the man presents strange incongruities. It is absolutely incontestable on the evidence of his works, that in the very bottom of his heart he honoured and worshipped what was true and good and noble and beautiful; no painter that ever lived, we assert it fearlessly, ever surpassed, or perhaps even equalled, his portraits of women, for the expression of innocence and moral purity. When he approached his pictures he purged his mind from all debasing thoughts, he thought the best of his sitters and took them at that, and he has handed them down to posterity clothed in the unspeakable graces of moral purity.

Chesneau sees, or affects to see, in Reynolds' portrait of Nelly O'Brien a masterly and concentrated portrayal of passionate desires. There is nothing of this to be found anywhere in Gainsborough, no inkling of it; there is no blush but that of health, no smile but that of mirth and confidence. And yet it is said that he was licentious in his speech, as certain letters addressed to his friend William Jackson, the musician of "Te Deum" fame, which have come into the possession of the Royal Academy, and one of which we reproduce in fac-simile, abundantly certify. In some of these letters unworthy and prurient images are associated with subjects which ought to have held them aloof.

There are passages in them which the licence of eighteenth-century speech and manners fails to explain. We must make liberal allowances for an age in which the most refined women, such, for instance, as Mrs. Delany and Swift's Stella, whilst complaining of the coarseness with which men addressed them, used terms which a lady of the present day would be shocked to hear; but for all that the coarseness of Gainsborough, which is not of words so much as of thought and association of ideas, appears exceptional, and the conviction is forced upon us that his correspondent Jackson must have been more than ordinarily friendly and less than ordinarily sensitive.

The refinement of Gainsborough as an artist, and his coarseness as a man, is an anomaly difficult to explain, ex-

cept after this fashion. He was a "reality, and not a sham," a lump of humanity straight from nature's mould; the polish and the gloss was that of the beautiful soul which nature had put into him; he had an extraordinary genius, exquisite sensibility, and he took an exalted and just view of the dignity of Art; but he was mirthful, pleasure-loving, excitable, passionate; he took no pains to improve himself, to make himself appear other than what he was; nature had always been his guide, and he remained a natural, unregenerated man.

His letters to Jackson clearly reveal a rude but genuine and independent character, based on realities, and scornful and impatient of conventionalisms and formulas. He thinks his friend pays too much deference to rank, wealth, and position, and rates him soundly in the following fashion:—

"Bath, 2nd September, 1767.

"Mark, then, that ever since I have been quite clear in your being a real genius, so long have I been of opinion that you are *dayly* (*sic*) throwing your gift away upon *gentlemen*, and only studying how you shall become the *gentleman* too; now d—n gentlemen, there is not such a set of enemies to a real artist in the world as they are, if not kept at a proper distance. They think (and so may you for awhile) that they reward your merit by their company and notice; but I, who blow away all the chaff, and by G—in their eyes too, if they

don't stand clear, know that they have but one part worth looking at, and that is their purse; their hearts are seldom near enough the right place to get a sight of."

It is clear that Gainsborough, with all his careless and unworldly ways, was a man of strong, proud, and self-reliant nature—a man not to be taken in by flummery, and who, moreover, possessed quite his share of the self-consciousness of genius. Art and nature were all in all to him; though stimulated by success and soothed by the flattering unction of fame, his soul sighed to escape from men of flattery, he yearned for a simpler and more natural life.

Writing from Bath, he says:—"I am sick of portraits, and



Mrs. Gainsborough. From a mezzotint in the British Museum.

wish very much to take my Viol da Gam and walk off to some sweet village, where I can paint landscape and enjoy the fag-end of life in quietness and ease. But these fine ladies and their tea-drinkings, dancings, husband-hunting, etc., etc., will job me out of the last few years, and I fear miss getting husbands too. But we can say nothing to these things, you know, Jackson, we must jogg (*sic*) on and be content with the jingling of the bells; only d—n it, I hate a dust, the kicking up a dust, and being confined in harness to follow the track, whilst others ride on the waggon, under cover, stretching their legs in the straw at ease, and gazing at green trees and blue skies without half my *taste*. That's d—n'd hard. My comfort is that I have five Viol da Gambs, three Jayes, and two Barak Normans."

Vain aspirations! The simple soul, the love of nature, made the strength of his genius, and that genius enforced its penalties, and dragged him whither he would not go. Not for him were the simple joys of the old lumbering broad-wheeled waggon, with its bed of straw and its arched cover of sackcloth; he must journey in his coach, with bells on his horses, and kick up more and more dust, not to some sweet village, but to the great capital, to the very heart of London itself, Pall Mall West, to be plunged into the very vortex of fine ladies, tea-drinkings, dancings, and husband-huntings; to solace himself as he best could with the sweet tootlings of Fischer's hautboy, the long-drawn vibrations of Abel's violin, and the flashes of Sheridan's wit; to die there, and to be borne aloft by posthumous Fame, whose trembling wings have never lowered him to earth.

As to his merits as an artist, compared with those of Reynolds, the world is divided, always has been divided, and probably always will be divided. As long at least as men's minds shall be differently constituted, as long as there shall be people of an objective and a subjective turn, as there shall be realists and idealists, Whigs and Tories, big-endians and little-endians, or any two ways of looking at things. Those who love law and science, who bow to prescription and who worship culture, will always prefer Reynolds; on the other hand, those who desire emotion, the thrill of surprise, the indescribable tingling excitement which is evoked by the aspect of the unexpected, will award the superiority to Gainsborough.

It is not for us to attempt to pass judgment. We will endeavour only to define the difference between them, a thing by no means easy to do. Art is subtle, its distinctions, though important, are delicate; they belong to things spiritual, and often baffle the coarse materialism of words and phrases. It appears the most convenient and promising way to describe their separate methods of working.

Let us imagine Reynolds to have made an appointment with a sitter, a young lady of a classic cast of countenance, with dark hair, and to have made due note of the date and the hour in one of those shabby little note-books which are preserved in the library of the Royal Academy. In the interim he carefully cogitates his picture. He has long wished to paint a picture with a mass of amber colour as his principal light, opposed to red in shadow, with a green blue as a foil. The amber dress and the flesh shall make the principal light, two other minor lights must be introduced; the dark hair will serve for the extreme point of shade. Those two minor lights must be seen to; perhaps if nothing strikes him, he turns over a portfolio of engravings, and finally gets an idea. When the appointed hour arrives, and with it the

sitter, he is ready; his picture is schemed out, it exists in his head. The classic cast of countenance has suggested a reference to Lemprière's Dictionary, or whatever book of that character existed at the time; he has got a subject and a title, and he begins with certainty and fearlessness.

Gainsborough, on the other hand, makes an appointment which he thinks no more of, trusting to be duly reminded of it by his faithful Margaret; he plays on the fiddle with Abel or listens to his son-in-law Fischer's hautboy, and when the hour arrives he sits down before his easel with a mind as blank as the canvas before him. His sitter is a young lady, he eyes her intently, he chats with her, he draws her out, he gets excited, strange flashes of drollery and absurdity escape him; she turns in her chair, her face lights up, and inspiration comes to him. "Stay as you are!" he exclaims. He sees a picture, he seizes his palette and begins. He painted what he could discover in nature; Reynolds used nature to help him to paint what he had already discovered; his work presents what the French have called "le voulu," that of the other "l'imprévu."

We shall be able to enforce the distinction more clearly by an illustration.

Reynolds and Gainsborough both painted the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of whom Mrs. D'Arblay said that her beauty surpassed almost any she had ever seen. Reynolds' picture is in his finest manner, it is a deep golden harmony painted with rich unctuous impasto. It is ideally treated; Mrs. Sheridan, in a golden white drapery, represents St. Cecilia playing on a harpsichord, with cherubs hovering in the air apparently entranced by the music. The face is seen almost in profile, it is exquisitely lovely, there is an air of refinement and grace in the whole figure; attitude and expression are both idealised. St. Cecilia seems to be in an ecstatic dream, carried away by the charms of music.

Gainsborough's picture, of which we give an illustration, represents Mrs. Sheridan seated under a tree; she seems to have popped herself down there suddenly, with her two dainty little feet sticking up straight in front of her; she has pulled off her hat, and her hair is ruffled about; she looks straight at you. As you look at it, you say to yourself, this is indeed "the beautiful mother of a beautiful race," as she was called. There is no attempt at ideality, the picture is sketchily, carelessly painted, it has none of the accomplishment, the study, the thorough workmanship of that of Reynolds, neither has it his dignity and loftiness of treatment. But it fascinates you, it is like the author himself, lively, witty, capricious, full of music and passion, waywardness and impulse; there is no calculation or forethought, order or tidiness about it, it is painted in a fit of enthusiasm when the imagination had raised itself into the region which is beyond all rules. When Gainsborough was in this mood, so happy with his subject, his technique rose to a point of excellence in certain respects which has never been attained by any other painter. He was uncultured as an artist; Reynolds in his fourteenth Discourse compares him "to such men as we sometimes meet with, whose natural eloquence appears even in speaking a language which they can scarce be said to understand; and who, without knowing the appropriate expression of almost any one idea, contrive to communicate the lively and forcible expressions of an energetic mind." He certainly does that, and moreover when in an inspired mood, as in the portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, he reveals an innate gift and aptitude for Art which may really be called unrivalled. The sparkle, the life and animation which he has imparted to the eyes and

mouth, the natural grace, beauty, and artlessness of the figure, the poise of the head, the way it is set on the neck and shoulders, the treatment of the tumbled untidy hair, the colour and composition of the picture generally, all reveal a rare and peculiar genius, which is, strictly speaking, inimitable.

In another illustration we give his picture of "The Sisters," which has the same characteristic excellencies; and our readers will no doubt call to mind many another beautiful woman by Gainsborough, whose sweet ingenuous face seems to beam out upon us from the material canvas like a thing of life, a creature with a soul, to which his own responds sympathetically.

It is related that on one occasion after a dinner, Reynolds rose and proposed the health of "Mr. Gainsborough, the greatest living landscape painter;" Wilson was present, he jumped up and added, "and the greatest living portrait painter also." Chesneau, in alluding to it, says that neither of the speakers was quite aware how much truth there was in his remark. It happened, if it ever did happen, in the days before Turner; we can now no longer think of Gainsborough as the greatest of landscape painters, we are compelled to pull down his claims out of the superlative into the comparative degree. During his lifetime, he enjoyed a great reputation for his landscapes, everybody praised them and extolled them and nobody bought them; the halls and passages in Schomburg House were hung with them; and Reynolds' toast may have been intended in a kindly spirit as a gentle hint to the world that a great genius was being neglected.

In endeavouring to estimate his claims we must make allowance for the fact that, since his day, landscape painting has taken an entirely new departure. Ruskin writes of him in these words. "The greatest colourist since Rubens and the last I think of legitimate colourists; that is to say, of those who were fully acquainted with the power of their material; pure in his English feelings, profound in his seriousness, graceful in his gaiety." And again speaking of his works, "they are rather motives of feeling and colour than earnest studies, their execution is in some degree mannered and always hasty, they are altogether wanting in the affectionate detail of which I have already spoken and their colour is in some measure dependent on a bituminous brown and conventional green, which have more of science than of truth in them."

The landscape painter of the present day, the camper-out in the fields, the earnest follower, in some cases even the slave, of nature, would be inclined to describe the landscapes of the last century as representing an impossible universe; where the sky was not the vast laboratory in which were distilled the dews and vapours which hourly fertilise the earth, but a field of meaningless blue in which were suspended what look more like feather beds than any known form of water; where the earth was without stratification or intelligible structure, and composed entirely of baked clay and putty; where the trees had gutta-percha stems, with no past history discernible in their forms, no joy or vigour in their growth; where the grass

*Dear Newton, I wd. beg to have them hung with
the Frames touching each other, in this order,
The Names are written behind each Picture -*

*God bless you hang my Dogs & my Landscips in
the great Room. The sea Piece you may sell
the small Room with -
yours sincerely in haste
J. Gainsborough*



Reduced fac-simile of the Letter sent by Gainsborough with his pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1783. See page 241.

was a meaningless wash of translucent green which appeared to afford subsistence to bituminous cows, and an insecure resting-place to questionable milkmaids.

The universe, as depicted by Gainsborough, is open to satirical criticism of that kind; nothing is seriously or carefully studied, but, as in his figure pictures, he goes to the heart of the matter, the soul which underlies the outward features, and represents that. How the aspect of external nature affected him, Thomas Gainsborough, what solemn emotions it awakened in him, in other words how nature sympathized with his moods and feelings—that he represents with magnificent power, with a richness and depth of colouring which, as Ruskin says, connects him with Rubens.

In a world given over for the most part to artificialities and impostures of all kinds, to conventionalisms instead of principles, a world which only took its self-interests at first hand, all the rest, its thinking and its morals, at second, the figure of Thomas Gainsborough stands out with the vividness and distinctness of one of his own pictures, and unfortunately in the present state of his biography with the same sketchiness and incompleteness. He had grave faults, he had little sense of duty, he was selfish; we do not at present know all his faults; but he was a man with a fearless, independent mind, with a warm heart and great soul in him. He cared nothing whatever for conventionalisms, he took his pleasure where he found it. In his art he did the thing he loved and left out the rest. In society he was open and genuine, he said what he thought about people—if he liked them he took them to his heart, if they were not congenial he quarrelled with them. He acted on impulse and did a number of foolish unworldly things; but with his whole soul he worshipped the "Eternal Veracities;"

and it is that earnestness, that real depth of insight and of character, which elevates his art, an art which is slight, sketchy, imperfect and careless, which any student can pick to pieces, but which has never lost its hold on men's hearts and probably never will, as long as the materials hold together. Reynolds, alive to every artifice, with a hand trained to obey his will, was obliged to confess that he did not understand how Gainsborough got his effects; and Gainsborough, looking at the works of his rival, the great eclectic who had formed himself, as he says, "on the full body of the best general practice," was constrained to exclaim, "D—n it, how various he is!" These two sayings suggest nearly everything that can be said about Art. Genius of a high order is given only to a few, it produces works which are inexplicable and inimitable, but it cannot found schools or be a special attribute of any age or country. Culture is communicable, it enlarges the mind and gives a man a wide range of subject; if less admirable and wonderful it is perhaps more useful to mankind.

THE KNIGHT'S DREAM.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY RAPHAEL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE little picture engraved as frontispiece to this number of *The Art Journal* is one of the most important in the whole *œuvre* of Raphael. It is probably the earliest complete work of his which still exists, and upon its narrow surface of less than fifty square inches, the most trustworthy evidence we have as to the models upon which his early style was formed is to be found. Raphael, who was born in 1483, was sent to the studio of Perugino while still a small boy, according to Vasari. Unfortunately, the Aretine's narrative contains some very obvious improbabilities. These have led several modern critics to cast doubt upon it altogether, and to contend that Raphael did not see Perugino until he had spent years of study under his own fellow-townsmen, Timoteo Viti. In support of this contention, the most distinguished of these critics, the Commendatore Giovanni Morelli, points to this 'Dream of a Knight.' In the figure on our left and elsewhere Signor Morelli finds striking points of resemblance to the work of Timoteo, and through him to that of his master, Lorenzo Costa, the chief link between the early schools of Ferrara and Bologna. The landscape, too, he declares to be Timotesque. In all this he is admittedly correct, but when he goes on to express his belief that the picture was painted before Raphael ever came under the influence of Perugino at all, he seems to shut his eyes to a second figure on the same panel, that of the woman on our right. She is, in every particular, thoroughly Peruginesque. Her form, her pose, the fall and peculiar break of her draperies, the shot colours, all these are *calqués*—as the French would say—on Vannucci. Now, if this be as I put it, our little picture represents the junction of two influences, the Umbrian and the Ferrara-Bolognese, and shows that each had its share in deciding the line taken by Raphael's early development. In later years the great painter's mind was conspicuously eclectic, and from the very beginning he seems to have shown a peculiar readiness to "take his profit where he found it," to assimilate a beauty from this man and another from that, and to try each theory in turn.

The subject of 'The Knight's Dream' has been often discussed, but it seems transparent enough. Whether the antique fable of Hercules between Virtue and Vice had anything to do with its choice or not, is a question that every one must settle for himself; there is evidence neither one way nor the other. The scene as it stands represents a knight, fatigued with travel and with the weight of his arms, lying asleep in a landscape. In a dream he sees two women: one grave, austere, and bearing sword and book; the other tricked out in finery and seeking his attention for nothing more serious than a sprig of myrtle. The youth is clearly between Duty and Pleasure, and Raphael has purposely left us in doubt as to which of the two he will turn to when he wakes.

'The Knight's Dream' is one of five small panels painted by Raphael in his early youth and still preserved. The other four are, 'The Three Graces,' which was long in the possession of the late Lord Dudley but now hangs at Chantilly; the small 'St. Michael overthrowing Satan,' and the 'St. George with a Sword,' both in the Louvre; and the 'St. George with a Lance,' in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. To these some critics—mostly, if not exclusively, French—would add the 'Apollo and Marsyas,' in the Louvre. This picture was bought at Christie's forty years ago by the late Mr. Morris Moore, the price being £70 7s. It was by him sold to the French Government in 1884 for £8,000, and rumour says that the sale was accompanied by the condition that it should "never" be deprived of its ascription to Sanzio! The price paid by the Duc d'Aumale for 'The Three Graces' was £25,000. 'The Knight's Dream,' which is very slightly larger than the Chantilly picture, was bought in 1847 for the comparatively insignificant sum of £1,050. With it was purchased the original pen-and-ink cartoon, pricked for tracing. The picture once formed a part of the Borghese collection, in Rome. Thence it was procured, towards the end of the last century, by William Young Ottley. It afterwards belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence, to Lady Sykes, and finally to the Rev. Thomas Egerton, from whom it passed to the nation.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE ART SALES OF 1889.

IN reviewing the features of the season just over the most noteworthy fact is that water-colour drawings have usurped much of the interest attaching in former years to paintings. Statistics show that whereas in 1888 two hundred and sixty oil paintings were sold in the market for £200 and upwards, in 1889 the number has fallen to one hundred and seventy-nine, a difference of eighty-one. On the other hand the water-colours—sold for £100 and upwards—have risen from thirty-three to one hundred and thirteen, thereby practically striking the balance.

The decrease in the pictures is attributable chiefly to the poor numerical show made by the better examples of deceased British masters; the number worthy of mention falling from one hundred and fourteen in 1888 to forty-three in 1889. It would not be altogether hazardous to conjecture that the high price of so many water-colours at auction was influenced in a measure by the late controversy on the effect of sunlight on drawings, and the report of the official investigators thereon, the latter tending still more to draw public attention to this branch of Art. At any rate, if no direct connection existed, the sequel of the Austen and Quilter sales was remarkable.

It hardly can be said that during the recent season any collection of pictures of classic importance came under the hammer, although many single works had historic pedigrees; perhaps, too, that excellent *réchauffé*, "the property of a gentleman," was rather more than ordinarily conspicuous.

The Secrétan sale at Christie's borrowed much of its lustre from its Paris antecedent; still, the seventeen pictures offered were of exceptional worth, and the record of the season was established when the well-known landscape by Hobbema from the Demidoff collection called forth the bid of £5,460.

The highest price paid for a water-colour was £2,415; 'The Vale of Clywd,' by David Cox, reaching this figure. The works of this master and of De Wint, J. E. Lewis, Prout, Fielding, and Turner stand out prominently in the sale returns, as sixteen of their drawings realised amounts over £500, two of these exceeding £1,470. Of the pictures fifteen passed this latter figure compared with thirty-five in 1888. As observed last year, good specimens of the old French school continue to meet with much favour. Examples of the early British school too, on the whole, command worthy prices. The loss to contemporary British Art by the death of Frank Holl was emphasised in the disposal of many of his best examples. As the average price of twelve of these falls short of £400 room for appreciation is left for future seasons.

No striking figures were attained by the works of living British artists, in fact the sum of £1,071 paid for Mr. Hook's 'Kelp-burners in the Shetlands' marks the maximum.

The resale of many of the famous Hamilton MSS. attracted great attention, as well as the disposal of the Webster collection of Rembrandt etchings, calling to mind the Buccleuch sale of 1887. The following particulars represent the work of a season which may be summed up as more varied than distinguished:

March 2. The pictures of Mr. W. A. Duncan, the late Mr. C. Grimes, and the late Captain T. Davison: 'A Scotch

Mist,' by P. Graham, R.A., £309; 'Water Crowsfoot,' by Keeley Halswelle, £252; E. de Blaas, 'Pollenta,' £231. All the foregoing were in Mr. Duncan's collection. W. Dyce, R.A., 'Seeking Advice,' 1862, £220 10s.; W. P. Frith, R.A., 'John Knox at Holyrood, reproving the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court playing at Kiss in the Ring,' exhibited 1885, £215; T. Faed, R.A., 'News from Home—Maternal Care,' £420; G. Chambers, 'A Whaler entering South Shields,' £215; Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A., 'Miss Jane Davison,' £252; G. B. O'Neill, 'Reaping Time,' £220 10s.; T. Faed, R.A., 'Forgiven,' £273. The three sketches by W. P. Frith, 'Morning,' 'Noon,' and 'Night,' went for £189, as against £315 in 1862.

March 8 and 9. The *Graphic* collection of pictures and drawings executed by the artists employed on the illustration of the journal. The sale of the 'Shakespeare Heroines' series gave rise to a noteworthy incident. It would seem that an impromptu syndicate was formed in the room to buy all the twenty-one. They were put up and knocked down for £3,000 (Tooth). Then, later in the day, they were sold seriatim. Much interest was attached to the re-sale, as in order for the transaction to be profitable, this sum, plus 7½ per cent. commission, would have to be cleared. This was done, the aggregate reaching £3,438 15s. The chief prices attained were: Sir F. Leighton, 'Desdemona,' £525; L. Fildes, R.A., 'Jessica,' £372 15s.; H. Woods, A.R.A., 'Portia,' £320 5s.; G. D. Leslie, 'Sweet Anne Page,' £220 10s. Other pictures were: Sir J. Millais, 'Little Mrs. Gamp,' £630.

March 16. Water-colour drawings and modern pictures of the late Mr. Myles Kennedy, of Stone Cross, Ulverston, and Mr. J. H. Hutchinson: J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'Jerusalem,' one of the engraved vignettes, £136 10s. (Agnews); Rosa Bonheur, 'The Forest of Fontainebleau with Deer,' 1867, £325 10s. (Tooth). On the same day was sold also 'The Cup of Coffee,' by R. Madrazo, engraved, £210 (Ellis).

March 23. Pictures and drawings from various collections: Pictures: V. Cole, 'August Days,' £630 (Agnews); A. Calcott, 'Murano, the Port of Venice,' £252 (Agnews); P. Jazet, 'Brigands dictating Ransom,' £204 (Webb). Drawings: Copley Fielding, 'Minehead, with Dunster Castle,' £152 (Agnews); 'Vale Groyim,' £110; 'Off the Coast of Northumberland,' £112.

March 30. Pictures of the late Mr. W. Webster, of Wyberton House, Lee: 'Landscape' (water-colour), by Vicat Cole, R.A., 1867, £257 5s. (Agnews); T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Canterbury Meadows,' 1867 (water-colour), £102 18s. (Henson); P. Graham, R.A., 'A Rainy Day,' £399 (Tooth); F. Holl, R.A., 'The Funeral of the First-born,' £199 10s. (Shepherd); 'A Heath Scene,' £651 (Tooth); Sir J. Millais, R.A., 'The White Cockade,' £420 (Agnews). The collection of Mr. E. J. Poole: M. Fortuny, 'The Doge' (water-colour), £110 5s.; N. Diaz, 'In the Forest,' £262 10s. (Obagh); F. Holl, R.A., 'Besieged,' etched by Waltner, £456 15s.; Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., 'Olivia,' 1882, £682 10s. (M'Lean); E. Long, R.A., 'Phyllis,' 1882, £514 10s.; K. Halswelle 'Sonning-on-Thames,' £262 10s. (Tooth).

April 6. From the Corbett-Winder collection: T. S. Cooper, 'Summer in Canterbury Meadows,' 1846, £304 10s. (Melton); G. Morland, 'The Windy Day,' £336 (Colnaghi); Van der Helst, 'Artist exhibiting a Portrait of a Lady to a Gentleman,' 1642, £220 10s.

April 10. The water-colour drawings belonging to the late Mrs. Sara Austen, numbering 176. The sale list is as follows: G. Barret, 'The Gleaners,' with figures by F. Tayler, exhibited 1834, £110 5s. (Agnews); G. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Ramsgate Harbour,' £120 15s. (Henson); 'The Entrance to Havre,' £120 15s. (Agnews); 'On the Medway,' £115 10s. (Agnews). David Cox, 'Haddon Hall—going out Hawking,' £220 10s. (Agnews); 'Crossing Lancaster Sands—Sunset,' 1836, £241 10s. (Agnews). P. de Wint, 'Near Keswick,' £273 (Agnews). Copley Fielding, 'The Fairy Lake,' exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, 1855, £903 (Brownlow); 'View from Bow Hill,' £672 (Vokins); 'Harlech Castle,' £577 10s. (Laurie); 'Morning,' £210 (Vokins). These prices mark the great appreciation in which this artist's works are held. Sir John Gilbert, R.A., 'The Standard-bearer,' £147 (Agnews). J. D. Harding, 'Como, from the Milan Road,' £157 10s. (Vokins). W. Hunt, 'Black Grapes and Pear,' £168; 'Bul-lace and Sprig of Damsons,' £136 10s. (Agnews). Seven examples by Prout were offered, of which five furnished high prices: 'Wurtzburg Market and Cathedral,' £819 (Vokins); 'Augsburg Street and Golden Hall,' £588 (Vokins); 'The Cathedral at Rouen and the Butter Tower,' 430 10s. (Vokins); 'The Ducal Palace, Venice,' £210 (Agnews); 'The Gran Piazza, Venice,' exhibited 1830, £101 17s. (Agnews). G. F. Robson, 'Durham Cathedral,' £147 (Vokins). The examples by Clarkson Stanfield submitted were remarkably interesting: 'Klumm Tyrol,' engraved 1832, £157 10s. (Vokins); 'Inspruck,' £126 (Agnews); 'Lago Maggiore,' £378 (Vokins); 'Verona,' engraved 1832, £105 (Agnews); 'Ghent,' engraved 1833, £210 (Agnews); 'Rotterdam,' engraved 1833, £194 5s. (Agnews); 'Strasburg,' engraved 1832, £210 (Vokins). Two works of Turner were rendered noteworthy by the fact that Turner had drawn them from sketches by Hakewill. 'The View on the Tiber with the Castle of SS. Angelo and Peter,' realised £420 (Agnews); and 'L'Ariceia,' £325 10s. (Vokins); 'Off Holy Island,' sold for £215 5s. (Vokins). The total of the sale reached £11,452.

April 13—15. The collection of modern pictures of the late Mr. Felix Vigne: J. Breton, 'A Haymaker,' 1875, £535 (M'Lean); C. Seiler, 'The Artist's Studio,' £210 (Puckle). In the Caird Sale of 1888 this realised £350. A. Schreyer, 'Wallachian Carriers,' £451 10s. (Koekkoek); E. A. Schmidt, 'The Village Smithy,' £231 (Wallis); J. Vibert, 'The Schism,' £546 (M'Lean). The examples of foreign schools, of which the above were the most important, brought £5,482. Pictures by English artists were as follows: B. W. Leader, A.R.A., 1875, 'The Wye at Tintern,' £535 10s. (Koekkoek); J. Linnell, sen., 'Woodcutters,' 1871, realised £430 (Tooth); J. Pettie, R.A., 'The Young Drummer,' 1875, £288 15s. (M'Lean); 'Want,' by F. Holl, R.A., exhibited at Burlington House, 1889, fetched £441, and a water-colour by J. Hardy, jun., 'A Highland Gillie with Dogs and Game,' evoked a bid of £110 5s.

May 4. Various collections. The interest of this sale lies in the fact that worthy prices for the works of leading British masters were maintained. Patrick Nasmyth, 1820, 'A View in Kent,' only 1½ in. by 1½ in., £315 (Agnews); another £194 5s.; W. Hunt, 'A Negro Flower-seller,' (water-colour)

£105 (Agnews); 'Apples and Hawes' (w.c.), oval, £115 10s. (Agnews). Oil Paintings: J. C. Horsley, R.A., 'The Poet's Theme,' £367 10s.; J. Linnell, sen., 1849, 'The Flight into Egypt,' retouched 1867, £735 (Agnews). On one occasion this picture was sold for £1,128 15s., afterwards in 1883 for £945. The collection of the late Mr. Richard Peacock, of Gorton Hall, Lancashire: Sir John Gilbert, R.A., 1865, 'Scene from *The Taming of the Shrew*' (water-colour), £304 10s. (Wheeler); E. Nicol, A.R.A., 'The Jug of Punch,' £273 (Laurie); 'Refusing the Lease,' £236 5s. (M'Lean); S. Carter, 'Gelert, the Hound, killing the Wolf,' £220 10s. (Agnews); T. Creswick, R.A., 'The Ford,' £262 10s.; T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'The South Coast,' 1866, £262 10s. (Laurie); R. Ansdell, R.A., 'The Pet of the Bothie,' £309 15s. (Tooth); Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 'Alpine Mastiffs,' 1820, exhibited at the old British Institution in that year when Landseer was eighteen, £1,942 10s.; sold in the Ham Hall collection of Mr. J. Watts Russell in 1875 for £2,257 10s. Col. Houldsworth's collection: Water Colours: F. Walker, A.R.A., 'Curiosity,' £194 5s. (Innes); David Cox, 'Brough Castle,' £309 15s. (M'Lean); J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'Criccieth Castle,' £315 (Gooden). Oils: T. S. Cooper, R.A., 1856, 'Sunset,' £231 (Agnews); L. Fildes, R.A., 'White Roses,' £267 15s. (Agnews); B. W. Leader, A.R.A., 1868, 'A Fine Spring Morning,' £204 15s.; J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Kelp-burners in the Shetlands,' £1,071 (Agnews); 'Market Morning,' 1855, £409 10s. (Innes); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Sarah and Isaac,' £367 10s. (Agnews); H. B. W. Davis, R.A., 'Breezy Weather on the French Coast,' £451 10s. (Ellis); P. Graham, R.A., 1881, 'A Sunny Day,' £840 (Agnews); Vicat Cole, R.A., 'Abingdon,' £777 (Agnews); R. Ansdell, R.A., 'On Guard,' £225 10s. (Innes). Various: W. W. Oules, R.A., 'Right Hon. John Bright,' etched by Rajon, £336 (Tooth); P. Outin, 'The Emigrant,' £288 15s. (Agnews); P. Graham, R.A., 'The Restless Sea,' 1873, £997 10s. (Grant); L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., 'Between Hope and Fear,' £997 10s. (Grant); A. Schreyer, 'The Scouts,' £246 15s. (Tooth); D. G. Rossetti, 1877, 'Mary Magdalene,' £215 5s. (Wright); W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Poverty and Wealth,' exhibited 1888, £257 (Joyes); J. Phillip, R.A., 'The Pride of Seville,' £630 (Williams); in the Levy sale 1876 this picture realised £1,050. In 1888 a bid of 870 guineas was made. T. Faed, R.A., 'News from Home: Maternal Care,' 1869, £315 (M'Lean); in March the same picture was bought in for £420; J. Pettie, R.A., 'The Threat,' £225 15s. (Agnews).

May 11. Water-colour drawings of the late Mr. C. Barker Courtney. This sale was principally noticeable for the twenty-five drawings of the now deceased F. Tayler. The following exceeded £100: 'The Fern-gatherers,' 1854, £120 15s. (Agnews); 'A Hawking Party,' £115 10s. (Agnews); 'The Heron brought down at the Village,' £105 (Vokins); W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 'Ione,' £183 15s. (Vokins); Birket Foster, 'Bereft,' £262 10s. (Vokins); 'The Crockery-seller,' £225 15s. (Agnews); 'Edinburgh,' £110 5s. (Willis); 'On the Lago Maggiore,' £162 15s. (Willis); 'Gibraltar,' £168 (Vokins); 'Tarifa,' £110 5s. (Vokins); J. Hardy, 'Minding the Game,' £211; 'On the Moor, Loch Callater,' 1883, £231 (Thomas); W. Hunt, 'Black Grapes and Quince,' £117 12s. (Vokins). On the same day was sold Sir F. W. Burton's 'Bamberg Cathedral' for £210 (Agnews), bought in last year for £420. 'The Sale of the Boat,' by P. R. Morris, R.A., fetched only £157 10s. (Innes), while in 1888 at the Lees sale £210 was given.

May 18. Mr. W. Quilter's collection of water-colour drawings. Many of these were offered in 1875 but bought in at much higher figures than they now fetched. Instances of enhanced appreciation were supplied by De Wint, whose 'Lancaster' now reached £1,155 (Vokins) as against £950 5s. in 1875, and whose 'Lincoln' realised £1,753 10s., exceeding the 1875 bid by 20 gs. These were commissioned in 1849 for 30 gs. each. Of the remaining 145 lots the following were the chief prices. The sale prices of 1875 where noticed are appended in brackets: D. Cox, 'A Coast Scene,' £1,105 (Gooden); 'The Tuileries,' £105 (Gooden); 'Windy Day,' £126 (Kitchen); 'Shakspeare as a Youth reciting to Sir T. Lucy,' £183 15s. (Agnews) (£320); 'Salvator Rosa and the Brigands,' £246 15s. (Agnews) (£409 10s.); Sir John Gilbert, R.A., 'The Duke of Gloucester and the Murderers,' £168 (Vokins) (£420); 'To be or not to be,' £147 (Vokins) (£420); W. Hunt, 'Interior with Old Peasant,' £147 (Agnews); 'A Gamekeeper,' £116 11s.; 'A Dead Wood-Pigeon,' £147 (Vokins) (£173 5s.); 'Interior of a Hut with Gipsies,' £189 (Vokins) (£315); 'The Eavesdropper,' £493 (Agnews) (£787); 'Devotion,' £336 (£420); Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., 'Ophelia,' £210 (Agnews), bought at the Fleming Sale, 1879, for £121 16s.; 'The Enemy sowing Tares,' £115 10s., bought by Mr. Quilter for £126; P. F. Poole, R.A., 'Peasant Girls,' £357 (£577 10s.); F. W. Topham, 'The Holy Well,' £110 5s. (Vokins) (£241 10s.); 'Little Nell in the Churchyard,' £105 (M'Lean) (£325 10s.); J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'View in Italy,' £162 15s. (Agnews), sold in the Stone Ellis sale, 1877, for £147; 'Hardraw Fall,' £635 (Vokins); 'Geneva,' £241 10s. (Colnaghi) (£299 5s.); 'Thun,' £252 (£294); 'Plymouth,' from the Farnworth collection, £320 5s. (Agnews) (£409 10s.); 'The Tomb of Cecilia Metella,' from the Monro collection, £231 (Vokins) (£336); 'Heidelberg,' £1,165 10s. (Agnews) (£1,522 10s.); 'Oberwesel,' £1,071 (Vokins) (£1,627 10s.); Sir F. W. Burton, 'La Marchesa,' exhibited 1871, £210 (Agnews) (£336); David Cox, 'A Scene in Wales,' exhibited 1871, £105 (Innes); 'Fors Novin,' £168 (Colnaghi) (£325); 'A Cornfield,' £215 (M'Lean) (£315); 'Haddon Hall,' £204 15s. (Gooden) (£434 10s.); 'Carthage, Æneas, and Achates,' £173 5s. (Vokins); 'Water Tower, Kenilworth,' £320 5s. (Johnson) (£756); 'The Night Train,' £367 10s. (Agnews) (£640 10s.); 'Storm on the Llugwy,' £367 10s. (Agnews) (£693); 'The Green Lanes,' exhibited 1845, with the autograph letter of Cox in which it is stated that it is his best water-colour drawing, £892 (Agnews) (£1,470); 'The Vale of Clwyd,' £2,415 (Sale); 'Peace and War,' £735 (Agnews) (£997 10s.); J. F. Lewis, R.A., 'A School at Cairo,' £651 (Vokins) (£1,239); 'Lilium Auratum,' £1,050 (Agnews) (£1,040); 'The Prayer of Faith shall Heal the Sick,' £756 (Vokins) (£1,176).

May 20. Seventy-three pictures and drawings of Otto Weber, A.R.W.S. and R.H.A., realised nearly £3,000, few selling for upwards of £100. The water-colour, 'A Big Haul,' fetched £110.

May 24. The water-colours of Mr. W. Walton: L. Alma-Tadema, 'A Roman Artist,' £152; B. Foster, 'View from the Giudecca,' £257.

May 25. The collection of the late Mr. Henry Hill, of Brighton, remarkable for specimens by the late F. Holl, sixteen of whose pictures were put up, and realised the following prices: 'Leaving Home,' exhibited at the Academy, 1873, and at the Winter Exhibition, 1888-9, £556 10s. (Agnews); 'The First-born,' exhibited 1876, £304 10s. (Richardson); 'Deserted,' exhibited 1874, £357 (M'Lean); 'The

Wide, Wide World,' painted 1873, £330 15s. (M'Lean); 'Newgate,' painted 1878, £388 10s. (Agnews); 'The Seamstresses,' £299 5s. (Agnews); 'Haymaking,' 1886, £65 (Richardson); 'Going Home,' a sketch, 1877, £267 15s. (Isaac); 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,' a sketch, £210 (M'Lean); 'The Milkmaid,' 1871, £89 5s. (Polak); 'A Deserter,' a sketch, 1874, £420 (M'Lean); the remaining five went for smaller sums. P. R. Morris, A.R.A., 'The Sons of the Brave,' painted 1879, and exhibited in the Academy, 1880, £750 (Mendoza); 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' exhibited at Paris in 1878, fetched only £183 15s. (Agnews); 'Cradled in his Calling,' £210 (Agnews); 'The End of the Journey,' exhibited at the Academy, 1874, £273 (Agnews); W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., 'Hamlet and the King,' exhibited at the Academy, 1874, £336; J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Friends in Rough Weather,' exhibited 1877, £504 (M'Lean); G. Mason, A.R.A., 'Blackberry-gathering,' exhibited at the Academy, 1871, £1,410 (Colnaghi)—the disposal of this work naturally gave rise to close competition; Fred. Walker, A.R.A., 'The Right of Way,' exhibited at the Academy, 1875, £997 10s. (Agnews); J. M. Strudwick, 'Isabella,' £378 (Richardson); 'Passing Days,' £215 5s. (Agnews); 'Love's Music,' in three compartments, £315 (Kitchen); H. W. B. Davis, R.A., 'After Sunset,' painted 1872, £267 15s. (Agnews). A nocturne of Mr. Whistler's, 'Valparaiso,' sold for £67 4s. (Ionides). Of the pictures by Corot, Millet, and Israels, only the 'Children with a Boat,' by the last, £267 15s. (M'Lean), achieved any good price.

June 1. Pictures of the late William Christie, of Edinburgh: Sam Bough, R.S.A., 'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town,' £267 15s. (S. White); W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., 'Gil Blas and the Bishop of Granada,' £399 (Doig & Co.); Erskine Nicol, A.R.A., 'Bliss,' £330 15s. (Laurie); 'Interior of a Shebeen,' £215 5s. (Laurie); W. Q. Orchardson, 'The Forest Pet,' exhibited at the Academy, 1872, £241 10s. (Laurie). On the same day: J. C. Hook, R.A., 'Song and Accompaniment, "I cast my line in Largo Bay,"' exhibited at the Academy in 1873, £693 (Vokins); 'Sea-Weed Gatherers at Iona,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1880, £603 15s. (M'Lean); W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Dr. Johnson's Tardy Gallantry,' £204 15s., exhibited at the Academy, 1886, sold in 1887 for £420. Sir Noel Paton's famous 'Pursuit of Pleasure, a Vision of Human Life,' exhibited in 1855, and engraved by T. Ryall, much appreciated thirty years ago, produced a bid of £588 only.

June 6. Lady Feversham's collection and others: Copley Fielding, 'Ben y Glo,' £252; A. C. Gow, 'The first Provision Boat for a besieged Town,' £225.

June 15. The chief interest attaching to the sale on this day lay in the attempted disposal of the 'Landscape, with group of six Breton Oxen,' painted by Rosa Bonheur. Sold in the Brunel sale, 1860, for £1,417, it was now bought in at 2,500 gs.—rumour fixing the reserve at 6,000 gs. On the same day the set of three small pictures by A. L. Egg, R.A., called 'Past and Present,' exhibited 1858, drew a bid of £31 10s. only, a ruinous fall from the sale price £346 10s. in 1863. As further emphasis of decadence, David Roberts' 'Jerusalem, looking South,' from the Horton Hall collection, realised but £262 10s. (Clark); a poor comparison with the sum £892 10s. paid for it in the Naylor sale of 1875. Other sales were: A. Schreyer, 'Arab Horsemen,' £420 (Obach); L. Alma-Tadema, 'Listeners,' £126 (Polak); W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., 'The Port of London,' £215

(Burt); T. Webster, R.A., 'The Impenitent,' from the Bicknell collection, fetched only £145 (M'Lean); M. Stone, R.A., 'Sunshine and Shadow,' £215 5s. (Walters); E. Long, R.A., 'Billeting in Cadiz,' 1868, £210 (Scott)—sold in the Hermon sale of 1882 for £525; T. Faed, 'Music hath Charms,' 1866, did not advance beyond £42 (Vokins); W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., 'Monsieur et Madame,' 1871, £245 (Gooden); J. Israels, 'Age and Infancy,' £477 5s. (Goupil); E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'On the Zuyder Zee,' £210 (Vokins); 'The Race for Wealth,' by W. P. Frith, R.A., comprising a set of five pictures, occasioned no competition whatever, no advance on the sale offer, £787 10s., being made. From Sir William Eden's collection: D. H. MacKewan, 'View of Durham,' 1853, water-colour, £120 5s. (Marsh); C. E. Perugini, 'Girl reading,' £220 10s. (West); P. Graham's 'Highland Drove,' painted in 1880, realised £525 (Isaac); and for 'Adversity,' by J. Sant, R.A., Mr. Agnew gave £472 10s.

June 22. From several collections: D. Van Delen, 'Interior of a Palace,' with figures by D. Hals, £252; P. de Hooghe, 'Interior of a Hall,' with figures, £399; C. Pot, 'An Interior,' £220; D. Teniers, 'A Village Festival,' £273; W. Collins, 'Fisherman coming ashore before sunrise,' £525; G. Morland, 'Children playing at Soldiers,' £735; J. Opie, 'The Lovers,' £462; C. Johnson, 'Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford,' £225.

June 29. The remainder of the Gatton Park collection of the late Lord Monson, the *crème* of the pictures having been sold last year on May 12; also works from the collections of the late Earl of Clare, and others: Luini, 'St. Catherine with Angels,' from the Corsi Gallery, Florence, £535 10s. (Lesser); Hobbema, 'A Woody River Scene,' £1,533 (Colnaghi); John Hoppner, R.A., 'Mary Gwyn' (Oliver Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride"), £2,362 10s. (Agnews); 'Mrs. Gwyn,' £945 (Agnews); G. Romney, 'Lady Hamilton,' in a servant's cap, £535 10s. (Déprez). These prices mark the lively appreciation of present collectors for the best of the Early British School. Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., 'A Girl with a bird and birdcage,' £162 15s. (Wallis). This was sold at the sale of the poet Rogers' pictures in 1856 for £241 10s. 'Richard, 2nd Earl of Shannon,' £225 15s. (Agnews); a set of seven pictures by R. Smirke, R.A., representing the 'Seven Ages of Man,' from the Beckford and Novar collections, £262 10s. (Davis); this set has been in the sale room on three previous occasions with little change in price; T. Gainsborough, 'A River Scene,' £252 (Laurie); Sir T. Lawrence, 'Duke of Wellington,' replica, £204 15s. (Agnews); J. B. Greuze, 'Madame Van Westrenen de Tremaat,' 1802, £262 10s. (Healey). Various specimens of the Dutch school were also submitted, including: Hondekoeter, 'Poultry alarmed by a Hawk,' £441 (Agnews); 'Poultry and other Birds in a landscape,' £525 (Henson); Jan Weenix, 'A dead Hare, Pheasant, Partridge, &c.,' 1703, £456 15s. (M. Colnaghi). From the date it follows that the work in question is not that of the more famous John Baptiste, the father of Jan. D. Mytens, 'Lady Gerard,' £273 (Innes); Rembrandt, 'Girl in rich dress,' £299 5s. (Agnews); 'Portrait of Himself,' £262 10s. (Ellis); a picture by F. Guardi, 'St. Mark's Place, Venice,' went for £399 (Rocheport); and a portrait of Sir

Charles Hanbury William, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from the Sutton Hall collection, was knocked down at £220 10s. (Innes).

July 13. A special illustrated notice of the Secrétan sale of this date will appear next month.

July 13. The collection of the late Colonel M'Murdo was sold. Two excellent works of Meissonnier, 'La Vedette' and 'Les Mousquetaires,' were bought in at 1,600 gs. and 1,250 gs. respectively. This was not due to any extraordinary lack of appreciation, but to the stringent conditions of copyright and engraving governing the purchase. The pictures sold were: E. Isabey, 'Children playing with Dogs,' £262 10s. (Clark); 'La Fête du Grandpère,' £252 (Elton); N. Diaz, 'Les Pêcheurs,' 1857, £892 10s. (Clark); 'The Lady with the Necklace,' £241 10s. (Willis); F. Roybet, 'On Guard,' £220 10s. (Gibbs); A. Schreyer, 'Arab Chiefs,' £357 (Grant). From various collections the following also were put up for sale: Josef Israels, 'Waiting for the Herring Boats,' £577 10s. (Grant). This picture figured in the Bolckow sale last year, going for £630. W. Kalf, 'Le Plat de Delft,' from Mr. Wilson's collection, £257 5s. (Angus); D. Teniers, 'The Temptation of St. Anthony,' £210 (Sedelmeyer); Adrian Ostade, 'A Village Scene,' £315 (Sedelmeyer); Hobbema, 'A Woody Landscape,' with figures, £325 10s. (Sedelmeyer); Jan Steen, 'The Artist's House,' exhibited at Burlington House, 1886, by Col. Everett, £493 10s. (Sedelmeyer), at whose sale last year it fetched 410 gs.; Adrian Ostade, 'The Concert,' £672 (Ruel); Rubens, 'The Greek Magi,' and 'The Assyrian Magi,' engraved by Waltner, £892 10s. (Pryor); 'The Death of Lucrezia,' by Rembrandt, now sold for £3,937 10s. (Wontner). In 1826 it was purchased by Sir T. Lawrence for 190 gs., and in the San Donato sale in 1880 upwards of £4,000 was paid for it. A similar picture was sold last year in the Gatton Hall sale for 225 gs. F. Guardi, 'The School of St. Mark, Venice,' £241 10s. (Davis); Parri Spinelli, 'The Madonna with the Infant Saviour,' from the Barker collection, £745 10s. (Ellis); Leonardo da Vinci, 'The Laughing Boy,' this picture painted on wood and in a fine state of preservation, realised £1,753 10s. (Davis); F. Hals, 'A Lady in Black with lace collar and gold chain,' £1,680 (Agnew); 'A Burgomaster,' £567 10s. (Agnew). These portraits were the property of the late Rev. R. Gwilt, of Icklingham. A. Van de Velde, 'A Landscape,' from the late Lord Breadalbane's collection, £220 10s. (Colnaghi); F. Boucher, 'Madame de Pompadour,' £236 5s. (Ellis). This is one of the several Boucher portraits. It will be remembered that in 1887 a very fine specimen was sold for £10,395 in the Lonsdale sale. G. Romney, 'Maria Christina, Lady Arundell,' in coronation robes, £630 (Watts).

July 20. T. Faed, 'Music hath Charms,' exhibited in Paris 1867, £430 10s.

A. C. R. CARTER.

We omitted to mention that the copyright of the illustrations, 'The Highway of Nations' and 'The Homeward Bound Pennant,' in the article on Mr. W. S. Wyllie, A.R.A., in the August number, belongs to Mr. R. Dunthorne.



THE ART JOURNAL.

THE CUIRASSIERS, (1805)

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. L. E. MEISSONIER, H.R.A.

THE SECRÉTAN COLLECTION.

THE sale of the collection of works of Art formed by M. E. Secrétan, of Paris, has proved one of the most interesting in the long record of Art sales. M. Secrétan has been styled the Copper King, because his latest, and it turned out his most unlucky, *coup* was made in connection with the copper market. M. Secrétan is a man still in the prime of life, and it is not yet time to write his history, for it is quite within the range of possibility that he will in a few years be able once more to gather choice works of Art around him. A man of about fifty-five, of modest *bourgeois* extraction, he made his greatest advance in financial circles by his ingenious transformation in the manufacture of cartridges, and for a considerable time he held the contracts for cartridges for the French Government. Passing gradually from ordinary competence in money matters into wealth, he commenced speculating in the chief metal employed in his factories. So long as this speculation was kept within moderate dimensions he was safe, and his fortune accumulated rapidly until he became a millionaire.

Naturally gifted with sound artistic taste, M. Secrétan commenced to buy pictures and *objets d'Art* as soon as he found he was able to do so. In 1879 he made his first important purchase, and at the San Donato sale of 1880, and the J. W. Wilson sale on March 14, 1881, he made some of his best acquisitions. It was at the last-named sale that he bought 'The Angelus,' the story of which we will tell farther on. From this time forward M. Secrétan is said to have spent about a million of francs (£40,000) annually on works of Art, so that if he made money some-

what easily, he spent it, if extravagantly, yet not unwisely. But in 1887 M. Secrétan's speculation in copper led him into a position he never contemplated, and backed by the banking firm called the Comptoir d'Escompte of Paris, he rashly tried to control all the copper in the world. From £40 a ton the metal rose to £80. Had it been allowed to remain at £60, it is probable that the speculators would have pulled through and had a great profit; but at £80 it was found

profitable to open disused copper mines, to melt down old utensils of all kinds, and, what was most damaging, to induce consumers of copper to consider if they could not obtain some other metal to suit their purpose as well as copper. The united result of all these and other circumstances led to a fall in the demand for the metal. The syndicate, of which M. Secrétan is said to have been the centre, could not stand to its contracts, the Comptoir d'Escompte had to close its doors, and the copper corner was broken.

The banks of France rallied round the Comptoir d'Escompte, and happily no very widespread evil was caused by the commercial crisis. M. Secrétan was himself the chief sufferer, and he has nobly given up everything he possessed.

The collection of M. Secrétan was famous because of its strength in paintings by men of modern schools, who until recently were scarcely appreciated, of the large number of examples by Meissonier—thirty-one in all—and also the collection of fine old masters which hung side by side with the pictures of our own time. The old masters, however, were not so attractive as a whole, and many of them were not first-rate. All the



The Kiss. From the picture by J. L. E. Meissonier.

modern pictures were examples of the highest class, and never before had such a high level of uniform excellence been reached. Besides the world-renowned 'Angelus,' by Millet, there were many good works of the other members of the Barbizon school, Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny, and Corot, as well as remarkably fine Troyons, Decamps, Isabey, and Fromentins.

The Secrétan collection had come to be as well known in Paris as Sir Richard Wallace's is in London, and indeed a comparison between the two might be carried a great way, for in many points they present similarities. M. Secrétan's collection was, however, even more difficult of access than that of Hertford House, and there was always a certain air of mystery about it which added greatly to the charm of visiting the gallery. M. Secrétan possessed a beautiful house in the Rue Moncey, towards the north of Paris, on the rising ground near Montmartre. Situated in the centre of fully an acre of finely-wooded ground, with flowers, hot-houses, and even a miniature lake, the house was almost a palace. The sleeping and dressing-rooms were all on the *premier étage*, the whole of the ground-floor being devoted to public rooms, in which were hung the pictures. There was also a gallery attached to the mansion, which was lighted from the roof.

As soon as it became known that M. Secrétan's copper speculations were not going on very well, people in the Art world began to ask, "Will he sell his pictures?" and as affairs became more complicated, and the Comptoir d'Es-compte stopped payment, it was felt that it was then only a question of time as to when all the fine collection would come under the hammer. At the beginning of May it was settled that the sale would take place, and Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., who had the principal conduct of the arrangements for the sale, soon let the public know what was about to take place. They prepared and published a catalogue larger than *The Art Journal*, and thicker than its annual volume, containing plate illustrations of the pictures. This catalogue went all over the world, with the result that when the day of sale drew near, people from every part flocked to Paris in order to see the pictures, and if possible carry away some of the treasures. It was a veritable encounter of the money bags, and probably as much wealth was represented in the saleroom as has ever been brought together before.

It was at first arranged to have the sale in M. Secrétan's house in the Rue Moncey, but out of deference, it is understood, to M. Secrétan's feelings, the sale was arranged to be held in the gallery of M. C. Sedelmeyer, Rue de la Rochefoucauld, in whose hands was the special charge of the old masters of the collection. Monday, July 1, was the date fixed for the beginning of the sale, and for a week before there was a series of more or less "private" views, at which all the artistic and fashionable world of Paris assisted. The auction had, indeed, come to be considered almost a national affair, and all the French newspapers gave lengthy paragraphs from day to day as to who were present at the exhibition.

Long before the hour of sale, two o'clock, visitors began to collect at the gate, while the more fortunate holders of special invitations entered by another door. A few minutes before two o'clock the gates were opened, and the spacious hall was speedily crammed, and fully five hundred people packed into it. The heat in Paris in July is always pretty severe, but it was intensified almost beyond endurance on this bright summer day. There were many celebrities present, but most

collectors were represented by their usual agents, although others, like Madame Christine Nilsson, preferred to bid for themselves. Following the ordinary custom of a French saleroom, the pictures were not put up in the order of the catalogue, but were sold in an order which, also as usual, was not decided until very shortly before the auction. The modern pictures were sold first, the old masters the following day, and, after one day's interval, the *objets d'Art* on Thursday, the 4th of July.

The sale commenced amidst a buzz of excitement impossible to describe, very subdued and quiet, but deep and strong. There were no preliminaries, but the simple announcement that each buyer had to pay 5 per cent. additional to his bid, was at once followed by No. 88, a pencil drawing, 'Portrait of Poussin,' by Ingres, being put up. Devoid of either interest or value, and yet estimated by the experts to reach £60, it only realised £38. Each work, as it was put up, was declared by an expert present, officially connected with the auction, to be worth so much, and although this sum was mostly exceeded in the really fine pictures, it was frequently not reached in the few second or third-rate examples in the modern collection.

After one or two uninteresting drawings the first Meissonier was reached, 'Portrait of a Man,' of unknown name or lineage, for which blue-chalk production the expert demanded £80, but which none of the public cared to give more than £36. Then followed another portrait, this time of Cornille, for which the £40 given seemed a fair price, although £60 had been asked. No. 97, 'Gentleman twirling his Moustache,' painted in 1880 by Meissonier, went considerably beyond the expert's price. It was a sepia drawing, with the tones heightened in water colour, and a good specimen of the artist's work; £320 had been asked for it, but £400 was apparently willingly given. An early (1847) china-ink Meissonier, 'A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.,' then fetched £248; 'A Trumpeter on Horseback,' in pen and ink, £260; 'A Bully,' in sepia, dated 1882, reached £290, and for a very fine sepia drawing, 'Chess-Players,' beautifully painted, and thoroughly characteristic of Meissonier, there was paid no less than £900.

The sale had now commenced in real earnest, and there was breathless attention given to every word spoken by the auctioneer or his assistants. The room was so large and so crowded that it was impossible for the auctioneer to see every bidder himself, so he had provided himself with two assistants, who stood amongst the audience, and reported to him the far-off bids as they were made—an arrangement never resorted to in England, but one which works very well in practice.

A lovely Louis Leloir drawing, 'La Sérénade,' of very good quality, fetched £648, and then Millet's 'Peasant watering two Cows' caused some excitement. In 1877 this pastel drawing had been sold by auction in Paris for £172, having come originally from the collection of M. Gavet, a personal friend of Millet. It was sold for £1,040. Another pastel by Millet, 'La Bergère,' 18 by 14 inches, just turned a thousand pounds, and then the last drawing was put up. This was Decamp's 'Jesus amongst the Scribes,' a splendid example of Decamp's strong work, which, estimated to fetch £600, rose to no less than £1,140.

These sums quoted throughout are the net bids offered by the purchasers, but to them has to be added 5 per cent. towards the expenses of the sale. This sum to be paid in

addition to the bid is a usual affair in France, and although it appears at first somewhat objectionable in English eyes, it is speedily found not to be any more than if the bidder bought in guineas, while in his mind he calculated the price as if he were buying in pounds.

The first oil painting sold was No. 34, 'Arab Children,' by E. Fromentin, 1867, for which £556 was given. Then Bonington's fine picture, 'On the Sea-Shore,' which had already passed through an auction at about £650, was bid for and acquired by Mr. Agnew for £1,164, a very full price, but not too much for such a good picture. Curiously enough M. Secrétan had not a Constable in his collection, although

he much admired that artist, and understood what had been his influence over the modern French school.

The general result of the sale is that the Barbizon school of painters has triumphed all along the line. The Meissoniers also have maintained their prices well when their subjects were good, and the great ordeal for this fashionable master has passed without the disaster many predicted for thirty examples being put in the market at one time. In the sixteenth century a painter created a masterpiece for a few ducats, but at the end of the nineteenth century has come the age of gold for artists. Our large plate is from Meissonier's 'Cuirassiers' (1805), which was pur-



The Angelus. From the picture by J. F. Millet.

chased for £7,600 for the Duc d'Aumale. Yet Meissonier seems to be the only living painter whose prices reach such enormous figures, and it is a curious fact that with all the wealthy representatives of Art present, the studios of Paris had few or no visits from any stranger at the time of the Secrétan sale. When a painter is deceased and the source of production stopped, then prices rise; while he lives he is allowed to get along pretty much as he can. In our day there are plenty of Milletts living who are painting in a way that must tell some day, although unfortunately for their daily bread that day has not yet come. Thirty years hence their works may command ten times their present market price.

The story of 'The Angelus,' which reached such a high figure, is certainly one of the most striking on record. The one fact alone that a nation whose governors are avowedly atheistic should seek to buy a strongly religious picture, marks it out as something special. Finished by Millet in 1859, at a time when his affairs were in a not unusually bad condition, the picture was sold at a very small price. Already a great deal of mystery surrounds the first holders of this picture, for the version given by the painter's son, recently published, differs greatly from the previously accepted history of the picture. According to Sensier, who composed a loosely written, but generally reliable life of the peasant painter, 'The Angelus'

was sold by his friend, Arthur Stevens, to M. Van Pract, the Belgian minister to France. Young Millet says now, however, that the picture was sold for about 1,800 francs (£72) to a M. Feydeau, who sold it to the father-in-law of Alfred Stevens, the painter, for £120, and he gave it to his brother Arthur, who sold it to M. Van Pract for £200. We decidedly incline to believe the story told by Sensier ten years ago, that Stevens sold it for the painter direct to M. Van Pract, for as he was then only a child, it is not likely that young Millet could of his own knowledge know much of the matter. In any case, after M. Van Pract had taken it to Brussels, and had had it some time in his collection, he became quite tired of it, and for a very strange reason. The picture revives one

of the earliest sensations of the painter's experience. "As day dies, two peasants, a man and a woman, hear the bells for the evening prayer, 'The Angelus.' They stop work, rise, and standing bare-headed, recite, with eyes cast down, the words 'Angelus domini nuntiavit Mariæ.' The man, a true peasant of the plain, prays silently; the woman is bent, and full of devotion. Into it Millet put the whole strength of his colour." Every person who examines the picture feels compelled to say, as Sensier did when first he saw it, "You can hear the bells;" and this happened so often that M. Van Pract became quite irritated with hearing every one say they could hear the bells, and after a time he finally decided

to rid himself of the picture. He exchanged it for a 'Shepherdess and Flock' picture, and 'The Angelus' entered the collection of Mr. J. W. Wilson for the sum of £1,320. At the Wilson sale, in 1881, there were two great collectors who wanted to possess 'The Angelus,' so they resolved to buy it together and draw lots for it afterwards—in fact, an exalted kind of a knock-out. M. Secrétan and M. Defer, the notorious Egyptian official who made money in the kitchen by his cooking, were the collectors, and together they bid £6,400, the lot in due course falling to M. Secrétan.

For eight years 'The Angelus' had rested in the Secrétan collection, when the fortunes of finance again disturbed it, and it became the point round which excitement has lasted for many weeks. Nothing more dramatic than its sale ever

took place in an auction-room, and the excitement which existed during the bidding for it is quite beyond description. It was known in the room that representatives from America, Holland, and England were there, eager to purchase it, and at the last moment some Americans appeared who had taken a special train to reach Paris in time. At Queenstown they found that the S.S. *Etruria* had not come so quickly as they anticipated, as they arrived there only at 6 P.M. on the Saturday before the sale on Monday. At Chester they knew it was quite impossible to catch the ordinary trains to Paris, so they ordered a special train, and by dint of continuous travelling they arrived in Paris just as the sale was about to commence, having paid £100 for their special journey.

It was about half-past four o'clock when 'The Angelus' was put up, and the expert, whose quotations had been going through some severe tests, announced that £12,000 was demanded for the picture. "Very well," returned the auctioneer, "we will commence at 100,000 francs" (£4,000); "125,000 francs," called someone; "130,000," says another; "140,000," another, until 200,000 francs was quickly passed. "220,000," shouted the agent of the American Art Association; "250,000" (£10,000), said M. Knoedler of New York, for the Corcoran Art Gallery. Rapidly, but excitedly, the auctioneer obtains larger and larger sums, until 400,000 francs is reached, when M. Antonin Proust steps



Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. From the picture by Quintin Matsys.

forward and discloses the fact that despite all rumours to the contrary the French Government had some intention of buying the picture. By tens of thousands of francs 450,000 is soon passed, until the contest seems to lie only between one American and the French State. Half a million francs (£20,000) is named for the Louvre; "and one thousand," adds the American; "and two thousand," returns the Frenchman as the auctioneer raises his hammer. "Cinq cent et deux mille francs," repeats the seller. "Allons, je vais adjudger," and he brought down his instrument and shouted that the State had bought 'The Angelus.'

Then began a scene which cannot often be witnessed. The American, staggered with the rapidity and extent of the bids, had simply paused a moment for reflection, when the

hammer fell. It is said he had even made his bid before the hammer sounded, but from personal knowledge we know this was not the case. Certain it was, however, that the adjudication had been done too rapidly, and, however distasteful to French feelings, the picture had once more to be put up. But the auctioneer hesitated to do this, and meanwhile the audience shouted themselves hoarse. Every one was standing on chairs and forms, hats were being waved, sticks were raised, and everybody present was arguing with his neighbour as to whether

or not the picture had been fairly knocked down. The opinion slowly gained ground that it would be fairer to put it up again, and in about ten minutes after it had been knocked down at £20,080 'The Angelus' was once more before the public for sale. Again the American returns to the attack and replies manfully to the bids of the Frenchman. By sums of sometimes one thousand, and sometimes ten thousand francs the bids rise to 552,000 francs, or just £2,000 more than it had been knocked down for before. "Five hundred and fifty-three thousand frs.," bids the Frenchman.

The auctioneer asks if there is any advance on £22,120, and while waiting just long enough to be impartial, he knocks it down with a thump of his hammer which correctly expresses his feeling of joy that he has saved 'The Angelus' for France. This feeling is everywhere predominant in the room, and shouts of "Vive la France!" rend the air, while hats and handkerchiefs are vigorously waved.

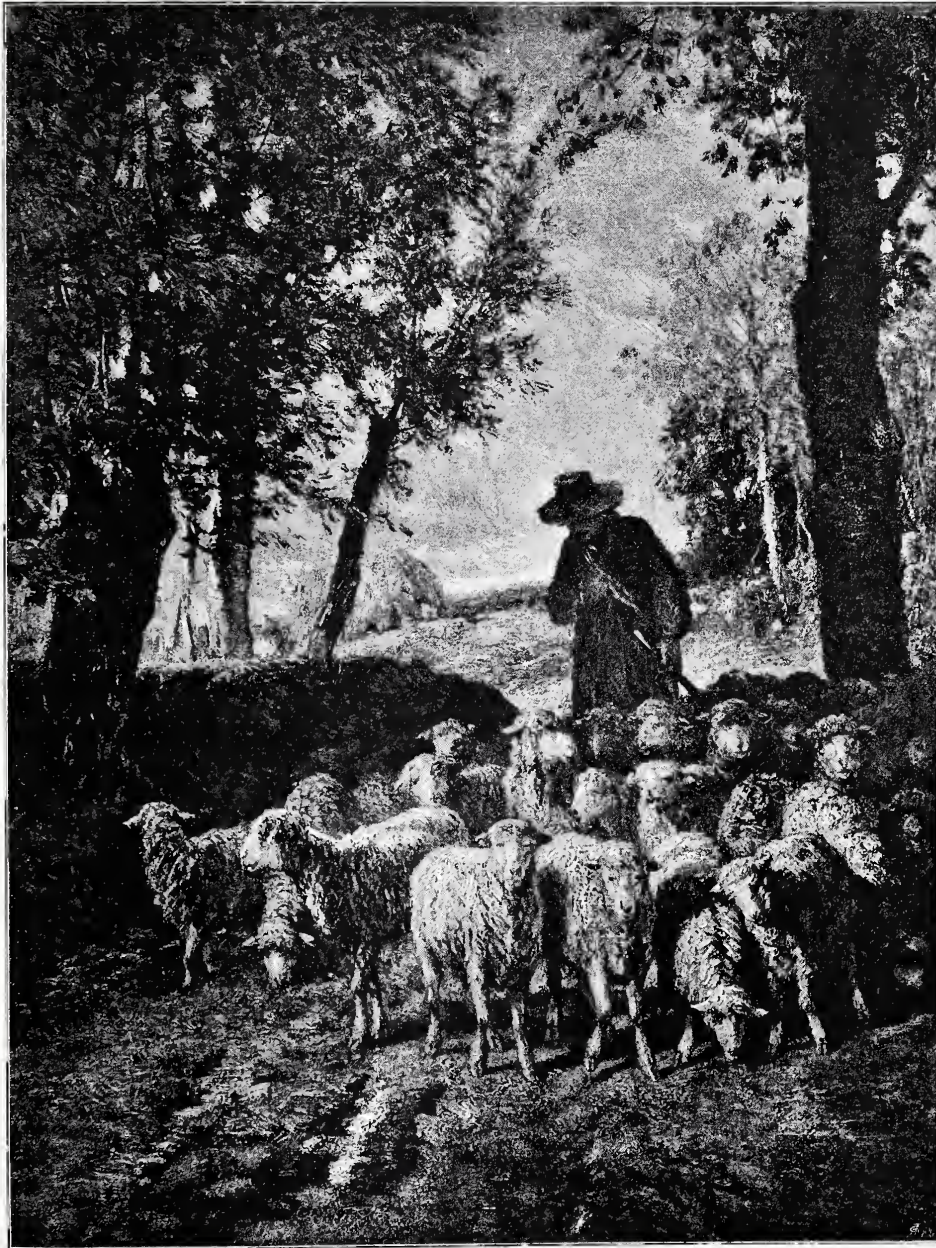
But the sequel is not so worthy of commendation. Through some inexplicable blunder, the sale has not been confirmed by

the French Chamber of Deputies. M. Proust appears to have acted entirely without governmental authority, and when the time came for the money to be voted in the usual parliamentary way, the estimates did not include a sum for 'The Angelus.' It is said that the Chamber had not time to pass the vote, but this is evidently a paltry excuse unworthy of consideration. Others say the French never had any serious intention of purchasing the picture, but that the bidding was a simple method of advertising the picture, and as it is now going on

tour throughout Europe, there might be a grain of truth in this. The secret history of the purchase of 'The Angelus' has yet to be written. Whatever may be the right version, it is to be feared that the recital cannot redound to the credit of the nation, whose agents made it cut such a sorry figure in wriggling out of a purchase, made in its name, and before all the world.

The same purchaser to whom was knocked down 'The Angelus,' bought Courbet's 'Roe-Cover' for £3,040. It was announced that the picture had been acquired for the State, but possibly this purchase also will fall through. 'The

Biblis,' by Corot, fetched £3,360; it was the last great work of the landscapist and one of his finest pictures; infinitely finer in quality than 'Le Matin,' £2,240, sold at the same time. The Fortunys fell very much in value, and the reason for this is very hard to seek; while Rousseau's 'Hut of the Charbonniers' ran up to over £3,000, considerably beyond the expert's valuation. Troyon's pictures held their own well, and 'Homeward,' of which we give an illustration, was a small but beautiful example of this



Homeward. From the picture by C. Troyon.

painter which realised £1,744. For Daubigny's 'Returning of the Flock' £1,690 was paid; this being one of his most poetical pictures. But it is impossible to draw special attention to every fine work where the great majority were so good.

For the sake of reference we append a list of the principal modern pictures sold on this occasion, with prices realised:—Bonnington, 'Sur la Plage,' £1,164; Corot, 'Le Matin, 1865,' £2,240, 'Biblis,' £3,360; Courbet, 'La Remise de Chevreuils,' £3,040; Couture, 'Le Trouvère,' £500; Daubigny, 'La Rentrée des Moutons,' £1,690, 'Ruisseau dans la Forêt,' £504; Decamps, 'Joseph sold by his Brethren,' £1,620, 'Les Singes Experts,' £2,800, 'Le Frondeur,' £3,680, 'Bourreaux Turcs,' £1,340; E. Delacroix, 'The Return of Christopher Columbus,' £1,440; Delacroix, 'Tiger Surprised by a Serpent,' £1,400, 'Othello and Desdemona,' £600; Diaz, 'Diane Chasseresse,' £2,840, 'La Descente des Bohémiens,' £1,320, 'Venus and Adonis,' £1,440, 'Vénus et l'Amour,' £680; Fortuny, 'Fantasia Arabe,' £972; Fromentin, 'Les Gorges de la Chiffa,' £1,720, 'La Chasse au Faucon,' £1,640, 'L'Alerte,' £1,028, 'Cavaliers Arabes,' £548, 'Les Enfants Arabes,' £156; Géricault, 'Un Lancier,' £564; Ingres, 'Œdipus and the Sphinx,' £280; Isabey, 'Un Mariage dans l'Église de Delft,' £3,004; Meissonier, 'Les Cuirassiers' (1805), £7,600, 'Les Joueurs de Boules dans les Fossés d'Antibes,' £1,760, 'Le Vin du Curé,' £3,604, 'Le Peintre et l'Amateur,' £2,524, 'Jeune Homme écrivant une Lettre,' £2,620, 'Les Joueurs de Boules à Versailles,' £2,840, 'Les Trois Fumeurs,' £1,680, 'Joueur de Boules à Antibes,' £2,400, 'l'Écrivain méditant,' £1,700, 'La Lecture du Manuscrit,' £1,560, 'Le Lecteur en Costume Rose,' £2,640, 'Troupe de Mousquetaires,' £1,440, 'Le Liseur Blanc,' £1,440, 'Le Baiser,' £680, 'Le Peintre,' £1,160, 'Causerie,' £1,040, 'Récit du Siège de Berg-op-Zoom,' £804; Millet, 'L'Angelus,' £22,120, 'Le Retour de la Fontaine,' £824; Rousseau, 'La Hutte de Charbonnier,' £3,020, 'La Ferme sous Bois,' £2,340, 'Jean de Paris,' £1,680, 'Le Printemps,' £1,320, 'Un Hameau en Normandie,' £880, 'Le Chemin,' £756; Troyon, 'Le Passage du Gué,' £4,800, 'Vaches au Pâturage,' £1,800, 'Le Chien d'Arrêt,' £2,800, 'Pâturage Normand,' £1,260, 'La Descente des Vaches,' £1,484, 'La Basse-Cour,' £1,048, 'Berger ramenant son Troupeau,' £1,744.

The second day's sale was devoted to the collection of old masters, and while it has to be recorded that the sale of the modern pictures was completely successful it must be admitted that that of the old pictures was somewhat of the reverse. Here and there good prices were given, but as a general rule the pictures went far below what have been paid for them. The chief were:—Boucher, 'The Sleep of Venus,' £3,400; Canaletto, 'Venice,' £2,520; Drouais, François, 'Portrait of the Countess Dubarry,' £1,440; Van Dyck, 'Portrait of Lady Cavendish,' £2,960; Fragonard, 'The Happy Family,' £1,800; Hals, Frans, 'Portrait of Peter van der Broeke, of Antwerp,' £4,420, 'Portrait of Scriverius' and 'Portrait of Madame Scriverius' (for the two), £3,640, 'A Dutch Family,' £1,220; Hooghe, Pieter de, 'A Dutch Interior,' £11,040; Keyser, Thomas de, 'Portrait of a Man,' £880, 'Portrait of a Lady,' £840, 'A Dutch Family in an Interior,' £920; Lancret, Nicolas, 'The Pleasures of Winter,' £1,368; Matsys, Quintin, 'Portrait of Archbishop Gardiner,' £1,200; Metz, 'The Breakfast,' £3,400, 'A Dutch Interior,' £2,580; Meer, Jan van der, 'The Billet-Doux,' £2,480, 'The Lady and the Servant,'

£3,000; Potter, Paul, 'The Stadtholder's Horses,' £820; Rembrandt, 'Portrait of his Sister,' £1,180, 'The Man with Armour,' £920; Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 'Widow and Child,' £1,080; Rubens, Peter Paul, 'Abigail meeting David,' £4,480; Ruysdael, Jacob, 'The Water Gate,' £1,480; Ruysdael, Solomon, 'The Banks of the Meuse,' £212; Slingelandt, Pieter Van, 'The Lace-Maker,' £1,060; Teniers, David, the younger, 'The Five Senses,' for the five, £2,410; Van Ostade, 'The Interrupted Game,' £1,100.

Of the remarkable pictures there were Canaletti's 'Venice,' sold to the Duke of Marlborough, and Drouais's portrait of 'Madame Dubarry,' which was eagerly bid for by Madame Christine Nilsson, but which went past the price she was willing to give. The Van Dyck was one of his noblest figures, and the two Frans Hals, portraits of Scriverius and his Wife, were exquisite small examples of that master. The Metsus, also both excellent pictures, were bought for England. The Rembrandt went very badly, for the 'Portrait of a Man in Armour,' which went for under £1,000, had already fetched £4,000 in an English auction room. The Reynolds also sold cheaply, as also did the Velasquez, 'Portrait of Philip IV.'

The sensational prices amongst the old masters were not numerous. There was the Pieter de Hooghe, Dutch interior, for which only £6,000 was asked, but for which £11,040 was paid. This was a superb example, and unsurpassed in European galleries. The Frans Hals, 'Portrait of Peter van de Broecke,' was, like the last, sold to England at a very large price. One of the most interesting old pictures was the portrait of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, of which we give an illustration. This had been sold at the Wilson sale in 1881, and now passed the auction at £1,200.

The third day of the sale was for the various precious *objets d'Art* with which M. Secrétan's mansion had been decorated.

The totals of the sale were: first day, 3,651,150 francs; second day, 1,900,755 francs; third day, 492,810 francs; which, with the five per cent. paid by all purchasers, brought the total Paris sale up to £253,877. This is a sum considerably less than what was said to have been offered by a private purchaser in December, 1888, for the entire collection.

To this must also be added the £27,825 from the sale of seventeen of M. Secrétan's pictures in London on July 13th. The prices realised then were not very good in the old pictures, but the modern works sold well. Millet's 'Le Vaneur,' the third oil-painting he produced of the subject, went up to the high price of £3,570. Delacroix's 'Giaour,' £1,312, and Troyon's magnificent 'Garde Chasse' for £2,940, and the 'Heights of Suresnes,' £3,045. Decamp's 'Courtyard' went for £2,148, a comparatively small price for one of this strong painter's finest canvases. The Hobbemas went rather badly, for the 'Water-mill,' which had reached £4,200 at the Hamilton sale, only came to £3,465, while the great 'Landscape,' for which M. Secrétan paid over £10,000, realised only £5,760.

On the whole there is no doubt that the collection fetched favourable prices, and that on the average the sums that M. Secrétan had paid for his works of Art were realised again. This was decidedly so in the case of the modern pictures, which must have brought in fair profit even on the high prices originally paid.

Our illustrations are reduced from the Illustrated Catalogue of the Secrétan sale published by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.

D. C. T.

THE ANTIQUE GLASS AT THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

IN a recent number of *The Art Journal* (Dec. 1888) we gave some illustrations of the antique glass in the British Museum, while noticing the opening of the new Glass and



Fig. 1.—Askos.

Ceramic Gallery. The examples selected were all vessels in vari-coloured glass; on the present occasion we propose confining the illustrations to objects in white or colourless glass, and selecting them from a collection which is especially rich in this form of industrial Art. At the Naples Museum the antique glass has also been lately removed to another and better lighted room than the one in which it had lain buried for so many years. Those of our readers who remember its old locality will probably have felt, while endeavouring to pierce the obscurity of those cavernous recesses, that it was scarcely worth while to exhume works of Art from the dust of Pompeii to condemn them to cupboards where the light of day

never penetrated. But the guiding principle of the authorities of many of the Italian museums in displaying—or rather in stowing away—their collections, is a mystery unfathomable to the ordinary comprehension; either they consider the objects so utterly devoid of interest as to be beneath the notice of intelligent individuals, or else, themselves passing their existence in dim and secret chambers, they are possessed with the belief that the rest of humanity has the same bat-like proclivities and organs of vision, and also the same partiality for dust and decay. However, it must be admitted that signs of awakening are discernible at Naples. Some, at least, of the modern notions of the end and aims of a museum have obtained admission to the venerable Museo Borbonico. Tentative efforts to place the objects in clear daylight are unmistakably evident. It is even beginning to be admitted that a certain amount of isolation is necessary for works of Art, and that they require another method of display than that adopted by the huckster, who piles his cabbages and cauliflowers in separate heaps. Other reforms may possibly follow, culminating eventually in a scientific classification. In the meantime the modest demand for explanatory labels appended to the objects, after the manner of South Kensington Museum, may fairly be urged, especial care being taken in every instance to give the *provenance* of the works. It is true that the obliging and intelligent director, Prof. Comm. Da Petra, gives orders that every facility be accorded to students for inspecting the objects, and permission to have them taken out of the cases is readily given; also the Museum inventory may be consulted. Such researches are impossible for the general visitors, hence they are too often seen wandering wearily through the rooms, passing unregarded examples of the artistic industry of the past which, with adequate descriptive labels, would be full of present interest, and be associated with pleasant reminiscences in the future.

Among the various departments of the Museum, perhaps none appeals more directly to the æsthetic faculty, and stands less in need of explanatory reference, than the cabinet of

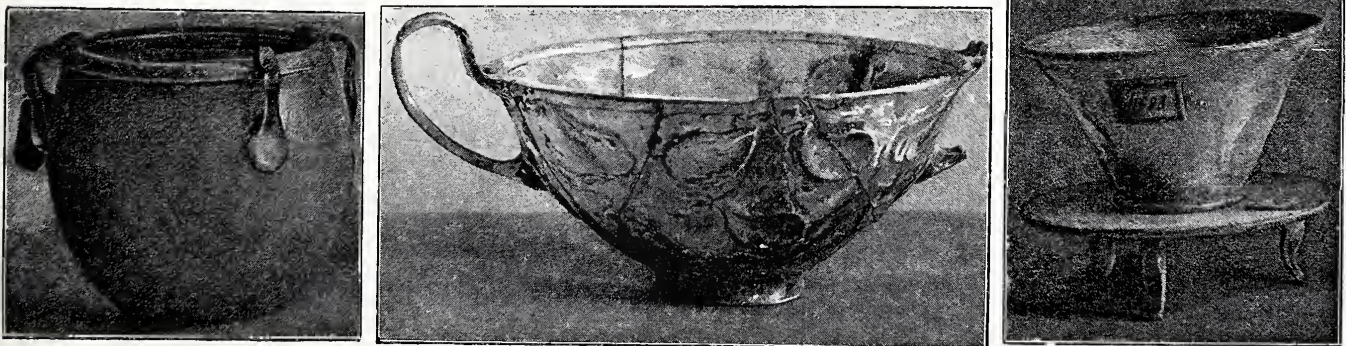


Fig. 2.—Glass Kantharos and Bowls.

glass, now that the different objects can be fairly seen. Apart from the specimens in colour of Egyptian and Phœ-

nician origin—which however, in relation to a collection like that of the British Museum, are comparatively few and, with

one remarkable exception, insignificant—it is evident that these innumerable vessels are common objects of domestic use, that they belong to the same period and place, the latter being Pompeii. And it would be difficult to present clearer proof than is here furnished of the artistic taste of the dwellers in that bright little sea-side city. It is patent that their sense of beauty had become innate, that it would be impossible for the workman to produce an inharmonious curve,* or to abstain from obtaining the just balance in the disposition of the quantities of the object he was fashioning. In the higher departments of Art this absence of effort does not enhance the intrinsic value of the work, but with such a ductile substance as glass, a certain facile and capricious grace of form is indispensable; it, in fact, elevates a vessel which might be utterly insignificant into a work of Art worthy of a place among the masterpieces of imaginative design. It finds itself in such company now,

but it did also when originally fabricated. The excavations at Pompeii have familiarised us with nearly all the objects pertaining to the domestic economy of its citizens; we walk in the courts and chambers of their houses, every detail of decoration has been laid bare, much of the furniture and utensils still remain—indeed all, saving those articles composed of wood or which would be classed with textiles—and the striking characteristics of this presentation of a phase of antique life suddenly arrested, is the unity and harmony of design pervading its component parts. The same elegance and delicacy of conception which shines forth from the works of Art which stood in the atrium is reflected on the articles composing the dinner service, and is equally apparent in the culinary utensils of the kitchen.

One is tempted to pause and inquire what are the causes that have produced this most felicitous result. They could not have been merely local and climatic, since the same sun



Fig. 3.—Drinking Glasses—moulded.

shines over the Bay of Naples, the same noble mountain forms enclose its blue and sparkling waters, and the same luxuriant vegetation clothes its plain and gardens as they did eighteen hundred years ago; yet the native Art of to-day is either a slavish imitation of the past, or when it pretends to originality, too often sheer blatant vulgarity. Nor can the influence of religious or ritualistic ideas be accepted as explanatory. The beliefs that had inspired the great religious Art of Greece had then long died out, or only commanded the allegiance of the uneducated masses. And as to the natural artistic capacity of the race, the phrase is simply an assumption, one of those convenient forms of words useful to evade investigation and honest research.

Doubtless, the true causes are complex, yet there were

two dominating influences that may be safely asserted: the method of work compelled the artist to maintain his own individuality, and the prevailing habit of thought was opposed to extravagance. He had full freedom for the exercise of his imagination, but he had no license to indulge in mere exaggeration. The fantastic freaks of barbaric Art were despised by the cultured Greek. He scorned the sensational tricks of the charlatan in Art, and he carefully guarded himself against being the victim of a "craze." Hence the essential sanity of his art. It rose and declined with the fortunes of his race, but until their final collapse and wreck it retained to a remarkable degree those splendid qualities of accurate execution, imaginative design, and observation of nature, which characterized its periods of growth and maturity.

At the time when Pompeii was buried under the dust of Vesuvius, the art was unquestionably in an era of decline. Yet what a marvellous, it might almost be said exuberant,

* It will of course be understood that from mending, since the objects have been exhumed, and also from the influence of heat, some of the glasses do not retain the exact original form.

vitality is still apparent! Regard the bronze terminal bust bearing the inscription GENIO · L · NOSTRI · FELIX · L, and which has been dubbed "The Usurer of Pompeii," from certain documents found in the house in which it was discovered, indicating that the owner was in the habit of lending money at the agreeable rate of twenty per cent. The rendering of form is the perfection of modelling; the distinction of variety in the surface, of the pendulous flesh of the cheek, of the thinly-covered cranium, of its character in the separate features, is everywhere expressed to a shade, and with a combination of sharpness and subtlety of touch so masterly that an artist might almost be justified in asserting that the ultimate limit of execution has here been reached. Then examine the drawing

of the features; the puckered mouth with the under lip slightly pursed and drawn aside, the nose sloping to the left, the roguish twinkle of the eyes, the large ears pushing forward, not forgetting the Cromwellian wart on the cheek. Although only including a small portion of the breast, we know exactly how the old fellow stood, slightly bending forward and with his head on one side. He is at once a distinct individuality and a perfect type of the cunning, roguish, astute egoist; full of resource, ready with a jest or pungent sarcasm, troubled with no scruples, otherwise not ill-natured or malicious, social, sensual, and a *bon vivant*. The work has the genuine Shakesperian ring: literal truth to nature, genial in conception, and evincing the highest dramatic imagination. And

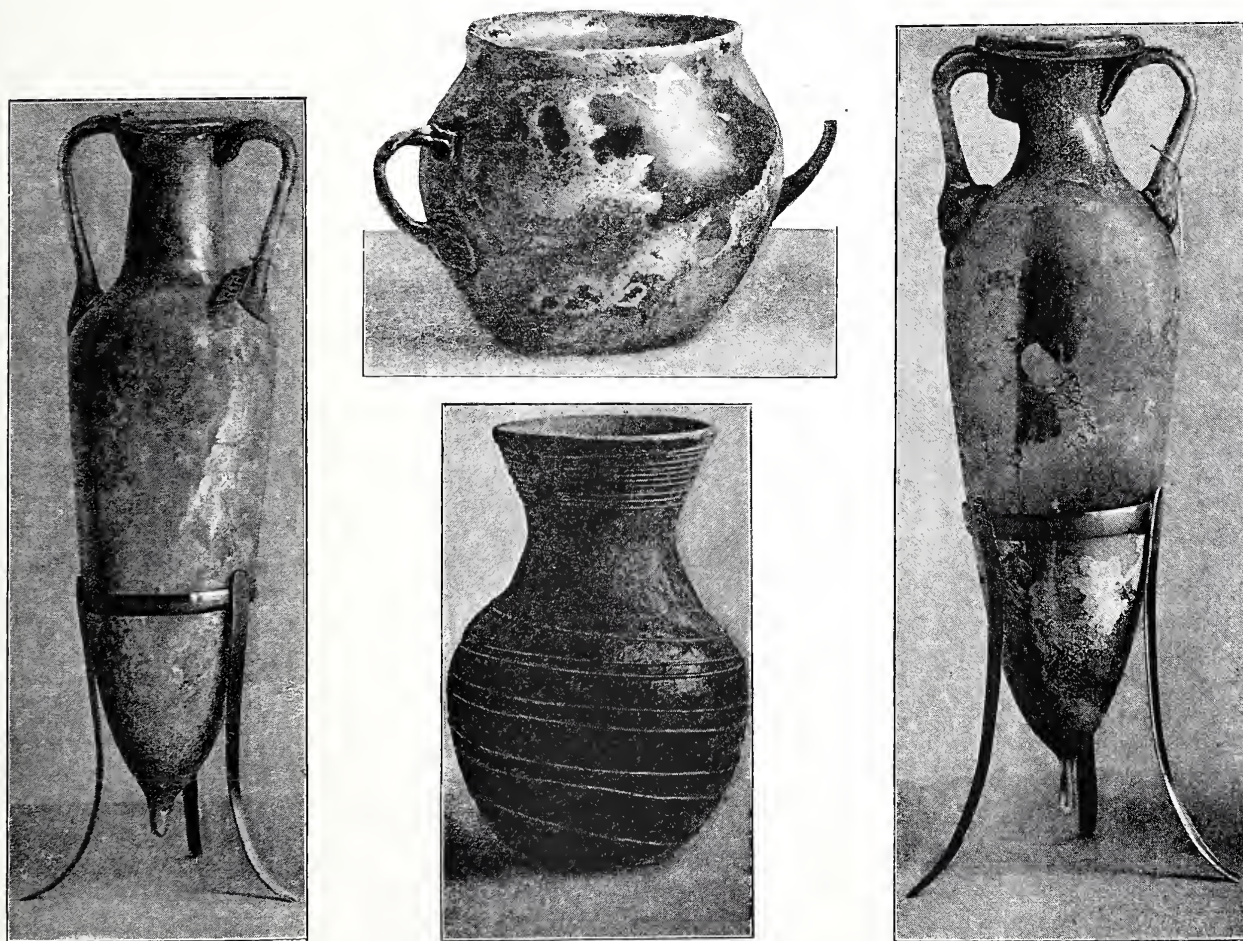


Fig. 4.—Glass Amphoræ and Bowls.

further, it has that essential dignity and restraint never absent in antique sculpture.

Or turn to another example of realistic sculpture, the bronze statuette of a Faun pressing a wine-skin, which served for a fountain. The type chosen is exactly appropriate to the nature of the Faun. The model may have been a robust young goatherd, active and expert at country sports; he is no clown, but his form is not in the least ideal; he has nothing of the lithe compactness of figure of the trained athlete, but the muscles are firm and solid, while the large feet and hands show his country breeding. He stands with his whole weight on the right leg, the left extended as a counterpoise to the thrown back body; the head is bent forward, his utmost force

is exerted in squeezing the liquid from the skin, which he presses against his body with his left arm; his laughing face shows his thorough enjoyment of the feat he is performing. The conception is spirited and exhilarating, and its realisation is in keeping with the primary motive. The modelling is so perfect that the two-foot figure gives the impression of the size of life, and while the action suggests an uncurbed vehemence, the consummate judgment and self-command of the artist have not allowed it to pass into exaggeration. Those who have seen the figure will remember the patches of prismatic blues and greens and reds caused by the decomposition of the copper in the bronze, and which have been allowed to remain; it can scarcely be said that they enhance its effect,

and yet few who have turned to the work again and again would wish them to be removed.

Productions like these, and they do not stand alone in the Museum, mark, we venture to think, the limit of Pompeian art. They negative the notion so generally asserted that it was an art reaching no deeper than a surface level of facile elegance, and one whose motives were no more than charming conceits, smoothly and daintily set forth. The art had arrived at the naturalistic stage, when the aim of its most talented professors was the representation of individual types. But the noble traditions of the great epochs still existed, and their salutary influences were evidently carefully cherished and preserved by the more cultivated Greeks, whether artists or laymen—the share of the latter in keeping alive these traditions being perhaps very much the larger. Indeed, it may be truly asserted that it was to their intelligent interest, wide knowledge of what had been achieved in the past, and consequent accurate judgment, that the vitality of antique Art was maintained through so many centuries. When the noble Roman, whose culture was but skin-deep, became the absolute master of the centres of Greek civilisation, it was to his coarse tastes and dull sensibility the artists had to minister. But at Pompeii the Greek element still held its own; the race there had not yet been reduced to the condition of slaves or parasites.

That a considerable quantity of the art of Herculaneum and Pompeii to be seen at the Naples Museum is little more than graceful trifling in marble or colour, is obvious and palpable. At all periods choice and serious work will have to be paid for, and it must be remembered that the objects found in the houses of the small tradesmen as well as in those of men of substance are all deposited in the Museum. A verdict on an

artistic epoch is always taken on the merits of its highest achievements, but if, in this instance, it is agreed only to bring into court the confessedly secondary work, there is certainly no succeeding period which can show such a high standard of general excellence. Many of the cases are filled to repletion with scores and hundreds of kitchen utensils, saucepans, pots, cullenders, pails, in short, all the elements of the *batterie de cuisine*. Well, the Pompeian stew-pot is an artistically imagined and beautiful form that would make a handsome ornament for a library or in the

cabinet of a collector. And appended to this stately bronze vessel will be found a handle that is in itself a marvel of the sculptor's art. Whether the human or animal form, or only conventional ornament has served for the motive of decoration, it is modelled with consummate skill and chased by the firm hand of an accomplished artist. Or sometimes the decoration is carried still further: an ornamental design has been engraved on the surface of the bronze, and this has been filled in with silver and copper, showing an exquisite play of line and charm of colour that will command the approbation of the most fastidious taste. There is a square brazier thus ornamented that we commend to the notice of the authorities of the Birmingham Museum. An accurate reproduction of such an example of artistic metal-work, which could be executed by Sig. De Angelis, would serve as a valuable model for the workmen of the Midland metropolis. Again, for the same method of decoration, we may point to the small inkstand containing minute representations of the seven divinities on its sides and a running ornament on the top. This also might be profitably studied by the purveyors of our own artistic industries; and if some such work could now be produced, it would assuredly not fail to secure public recognition and approval.

Respecting the objects in glass given in the illustrations, they will speak for themselves. It must, however, be observed that the iridescence the originals have acquired from the moisture of the ground in which they have been buried, although imparting an exquisite charm to the objects themselves, renders their reproduction by photography a task of extreme difficulty, the delicate prismatic colours being translated into black and white on the sensitized plate.

But our readers will make allowance for this defect in consideration of the absolute accuracy of outline and the subtlety of gradation which may be seen even in the darkened portions. It has been stated above that the examples have been selected from the colourless glass; this holds good for all the plates except Fig. 6, the celebrated glass amphora of the Museum, which, it is scarcely necessary to remark, is in colour, opaque white ornamentation on a dark blue ground. Reference was made to the amphora, in connection with the Portland vase, in the article on the British Museum. We there pointed out



Fig. 5.—Glass Amphora.

that, although it had appropriately found a place in a Pompeian house, it was probably the work of an Alexandrian artist. There is no evidence that other than colourless and self-coloured glass was fabricated in Magna Græcia, and it is besides extremely unlikely that one of the masterpieces of the art should be produced elsewhere than at its chief seat, Alexandria. Unfortunately, of late years the amphora has been mounted on a pedestal of garish silver and of meretricious design; this atrocity utterly overpowers the object it supports in respect of form, as well as having a disastrous effect on its sober and harmonious tones. We have been compelled to introduce a portion of this monstrosity into the illustration, in order to give the base of the amphora. Apsley Pellatt's useful work on glass has a coloured plate of the amphora for its frontispiece; it may be well to state, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the original, that the ground, instead of being a turquoise blue as there rendered, is really a tint approaching to almost purple blackness.

In considering the forms of several of the subjects of our illustrations, it may be pointed out that they are reproductions, or rather adaptations, of similar objects in other materials; for instance, the askos in Fig. 1 is frequent in more or less ornamented examples in bronze;

the kantharos in Fig. 2 was probably cast from a silver cup, so also the drinking-glasses in the form of tumblers; the amphoræ, of which it is interesting to note the varieties of design, find their originals in terra-cotta.

Many valuable illustrated works on the Naples Museum have been published in the past; none, however, contain, as far as we remember, coloured representations of its glass. Such a work, executed with the care and sobriety of Terniti's reproductions of the wall paintings, and following on the lines of the matchless catalogue of the Slade collection at the British Museum, produced under the direction of Mr. Franks, would be highly serviceable to students, and would secure a wide circulation. The glass vessels have not the supreme artistic importance of works like the Greek terra-cotta vase of the 'Massacre at Troy,' one of the most splendid triumphs of the ceramic art, and perhaps marking the culminating point of its achievement, and certainly the gem of the Naples Museum; still, they are all singularly graceful and beautiful souvenirs of a brilliant epoch, admirable as models of design, and possessing a perennial charm for all who can appreciate pure and harmonious form, even though the objects themselves are only

HENRY WALLIS.



Fig. 6.—Glass Amphora, opaque white ornamentation on dark blue ground.

ADRIENNE LE COUVREUR.

MADAME ADRIENNE LE COUVREUR was unquestionably one of the greatest actresses of her time, who, by a singular coincidence, has become the heroine of one of the most popular plays of this century. Very little, however, is known concerning her private history. She was born in 1692 at Fimes, near Reims. She came to Paris when very young, and lived with her father, who was a hatter, in a small street in the Faubourg St. Germain, situated close to the Comédie Française, which stood in those days in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain des Près. Even as a child she was distinguished as a reciter of little poems, and her parents were very fond of producing her in the houses of their neighbours, when,

mounted upon a table, she declaimed religious verses and legends to the astonishment, and perhaps amusement, of her elders. Her father, too, was exceedingly fond of the theatre, and often took her with him to the Comédie Française. She thus imbibed at a very early age an intense desire to become an actress. When she was fifteen she associated herself with a troop of young people, amateur actors of the period, and played the part of Pauline in Corneille's *Polyeucte* in the back part of her father's premises. These performances created such a stir that the Presidentess Le Jay commanded the amateurs to appear before her, and invited the Court, and even some of the actors of the Comédie Française, to witness

the representation. Mdlle. Le Couvreur delighted everybody, and the result was that she was soon afterwards sent to M. Le Grand to have her exceptional talents more fully developed. She did not, however, make her *début* in Paris. She was less ambitious, and for some years appeared only in the provincial cities; and in Lorraine and Alsace, especially at Strasbourg, created great enthusiasm. On May 14th, 1717, she appeared for the first time at the Comédie Française, not as Mormine, as D'Allainval says, but as Electra in Crébillon's tragedy. This was followed by a performance of the part of Angelica in *Georges Dandin*. It seems it was a custom of the period for a *débutante* to appear in two parts, one tragic and the other comic, on the same evening, so as to give the public a thorough insight into her range of talent. Mdlle. Le Couvreur passed at this date from success to success, and her fame was confirmed when she performed the arduous part of Phèdre. A contemporary, Tibbon du Tillet, who was a man of sound judgment in dramatic matters, says—"Mdlle. Le Couvreur was very fond of her art, and studied more assiduously than any actor or actress I have ever known. She was not entirely devoted to tragedy, but sometimes for a change played comedy with equal success. She was especially excellent in the part of Hortensia in La Fontaine's *Florentin*, in which, by the exceeding intelligence and finish of her art, she was able, as it were, to render possible one of the most difficult scenes in the whole *répertoire* of the drama, which in less experienced hands would have become absolutely ridiculous on account of the improbabilities with which it abounds." Although, indeed, Mdlle. Le Couvreur was at heart a tragic actress, and always did her best to monopolise the leading parts in tragedy, nevertheless, according to the registers of the Comédie Française, she played at least two thirds more comic than she did tragic characters.

After a retirement of nearly thirty years, Baron returned to the stage, to the astonishment of everybody. His success was nevertheless enormous, and every night hundreds of people were turned from the doors of the Comédie Française. With this great actor Mdlle. Le Couvreur appeared in the leading parts of the tragedies of Racine, Corneille, and Molière. To see the master and his pupil—for Mdlle. Le Couvreur had taken lessons from Baron—appearing in the same pieces proved the greatest possible attraction, and doubtless Mdlle. Le Couvreur owed much of her good fortune to this happy combination, which, however, was destined to last but a short time. Voltaire's genius was now in the ascendant, and presently Mdlle. Le Couvreur created the part of Jocasta in his *Œdipe*. It is said that the first time she undertook this character, some malicious person—a rival actress—gave her a strong dose of medicine, which produced such pain that, Mdlle. Aïssé informs us in one of her letters, it was noticed all over the house; and when people heard what had occurred, they could scarcely credit that anybody could act under such trying circumstances. In the *Mercure*, March, 1730, there is a very interesting notice of this remarkable actress. It assures us that to her is due the introduction on the French stage of a noble and natural style of declamation, and that she completely banished from it, for the time being, the sing-song reading of her predecessors. In person she was not tall, but well-made, and carried her head, which was admirably placed upon her shoulders, with a noble assurance. Her eyes were full of fire, her mouth mobile, her nose aquiline, and her complexion excellent. Her

features were so expressive that she could make them assume all expressions, joy, sorrow, terror, and pity. Her voice was neither powerful nor sonorous, but her pronunciation was admirably clear and varied. She had the most perfect knowledge of the value of each word. Her gestures were ample and full of grace. In moments of passion she could inspire the audience with terror; and when she chose to make people laugh, she could do so easily enough by the very comic manner in which she conveyed her meaning to them. Her method was to touch the heart before the intelligence, and she may be summed up as one of the most emotional and moving of actresses. M. Regnier thinks that Mdlle. Le Couvreur produced many of her best effects by the admirable manner in which she had trained her voice, which, he says, was naturally sweet, but weak. She, however, contrived to create for herself certain hollow and resounding sounds, which produced an immense impression when she introduced them in the right place. Other actors have tried to imitate this art, but they have usually failed. It was one of the characteristics of Mdlle. Rachel. The portraits of Mdlle. Le Couvreur are exceedingly rare. We reproduce the finest known, that by Coypel, representing the illustrious artist as Cornélie in *La Mort de Pompée*, and superbly engraved by Drevet.

The private history of Mdlle. Le Couvreur is still enveloped in mystery. It is well known she was the mistress of Maurice de Saxe, but it is emphatically incorrect to say that she was poisoned by the Duchesse de Bouillon, who, however, was accused of the crime by popular prejudice, and was, moreover, mixed up in a love intrigue in which the famous actress figured as her rival. The death of Mdlle. Le Couvreur occurred on the 28th March, 1730, her last appearance having taken place five days previously, in the very character in which she made her *début*, that of Hortensia in *Le Florentin*. The last tragic rôle in which she was seen was Jocasta in *Œdipe*. Her death gave rise to an extremely painful incident. The Bishop of Paris refused to permit her body to be buried in consecrated ground, and consequently some violent anti-religious pamphlets were written by the leading philosophers of the day. The *pros* and *cons* of this case are far too lengthy for us to enter into, but there is no doubt the arbitrary decree was the result of excess of zeal, rather than the carrying into effect of a veritable ecclesiastical law, and may be attributed to the confusion into which the French church had fallen, owing to the antagonism of Gallicans on the one side, and Jansenists on the other. Of greater interest will be the following notes made by the writer when in Paris recently, from original documents preserved in the Archives Nationales. From a document dated 6th May, 1727, it appears that on the 6th May, at ten o'clock in the evening, Mdlle. Le Couvreur, living in the Rue des Marais, lodged a complaint against Valliant, a footman, for having thrown stones at her windows and having broken a number of curious and valuable vases. Edouard Valliant had evidently been in the service of Count de Saxe, and, from what we can make out, thus intended to revenge himself for some complaint made to his master by the actress. He was sent for a year to the Grand Châtelet prison.

Very shortly after her death, that is to say, in the following month of August, her sister, Marguerite Le Couvreur, who had recently left a convent to marry M. Denis, a master of music, laid claim to some of her property. She declares that Mdlle. Adrienne Le Couvreur fell ill early in

March, that her malady was of a most violent character, and only lasted four days. The plaintiff charges a number of persons in the employment of her sister with having refused her admission during the latter's illness, with the intention of depriving her of her just inheritance. She states that no sooner was Adrienne dead than a certain La Roche seized her papers and keys, and refused to give them up. These papers contained a full list—and this is interesting, as it gives us some idea of the manner in which a great French actress's apartments were furnished in the eighteenth century—of furniture

inlaid with ivory and coloured wood, numerous vases, cups, and plates of solid and chased silver; eighteen curious watches, many of them covered with jewels and miniatures; jars of Indian and Chinese porcelain, also many made in France and Italy; curious books; crucifixes in ivory, gold, and silver; rosaries of coral and precious stones; many fine pictures and miniatures; glasses from Venice, mirrors, Eastern carpets, skins of beasts, and valuable linen, as well as a wardrobe of no less than sixty dresses, some covered with fine lace. After a good deal of trouble, Madame Denis finally



Adrienne Le Couvreur as Cornélie in "La Mort de Pompée." Painted by Coypel. Engraved by Drevet.

got the better part of her sister's property. We have in this trial the evidence of the cook, Marie Antoinette Lenou, wife of Antoine Cassigne, surgeon in Paris, that she was in waiting upon the said Adrienne Le Couvreur, actress of the Comédie Française, on the day of her death. She deposes that Adrienne was taken ill while playing on the stage as Jocasta. On returning home she went to bed, never to rise again. During her illness she was visited by the Count de Saxe, M. d'Argental, one of her friends, and by M. Voltaire; she also received several doctors. Nothing transpired of any importance with the lady respecting the

disposal of her property in case of her decease. This witness denies that La Roche took anything away from the house, but she makes it pretty clear that, possibly owing to the influence of Voltaire, no priest was called to attend the dying woman. Hence doubtless the difficulties which arose as to religious rites being performed over her remains. M. Voltaire, the Count de Saxe, and M. Faget were with her when she expired.

From the very lengthy transcriptions of statements of a number of other witnesses in this curious trial, we have some light thrown upon the character of the *tragédienne*,

which does not seem to have been particularly amiable. Several of her chambermaids bear witness that on more than one occasion she had violent scenes with her sister Marguerite. This young lady, after living for many years in a convent, came to Paris evidently under the impression that her sister would help her to make a fortune. Adrienne apprenticed her to a hairdresser, but the two sisters were constantly having what we should now call rather vulgarly, rows. On one occasion Mdlle. Le Couvreur threw her shoes at her sister's head, and on another the two fought so vigorously that they rolled together on the floor. At the time of her death, it would seem that Marie Marguerite Le Couvreur was in a convent, and that Mdlle. La Motte, a fellow-actress of deceased, took upon herself to go and fetch her thence, that she might see her sister's corpse before it was put in the coffin. It is a curious fact that La Roche should have persistently prohibited two cousins of the actress from entering her apartment and sprink-

ling her body, according to custom, with holy water. La Roche, somehow or other, contrived to possess himself of about thirty thousand francs belonging to his late mistress. It is noteworthy that in this trial no allusion whatever is made to Mdlle. Le Couvreur's having fallen a victim to foul play. The name of the Duchesse de Bouillon does not figure at all, nor does Mdlle. Le Couvreur seem to have suffered in any extraordinary manner, as would have been the case had she been poisoned. Her death is always attributed to natural causes, and as the trial extends through the year, the legend which is connected with the name of Le Couvreur could not have come into existence until a long time after her death. So we may therefore dismiss at once as fabulous the famous story of the poisoned bouquet sent by the Duchess to her rival, although it is by no means improbable that her Grace was extremely jealous of the actress, and did not regret her untimely end.

RICHARD DAVEY.

A PORTRAIT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY CAROLUS DURAN.

IF a man who sets an example with so much initiative that his pupils are worthy of the name of disciples may claim that of master, M. Carolus Duran is assuredly a master in the contemporary school. No other painter of his time has done precisely as much as he, for he originated a manner of technique, and one so legitimately and strictly pictorial that it could not remain without a following. Other painters have done things newly and strikingly, but their manner has been too exclusively their own, something proper for but one temperament. Such have, of course, had imitators, but they have had no disciples properly so called, and in all probability the imitation would not pass beyond one generation. With M. Carolus Duran Art has taken a fresh form of expression, and one which justifies itself, and must last. It should have vitality in this respect, inasmuch as vitality is its distinguishing characteristic as a method of painting—the vitality which seems to include all accessories, the very background included, in a unity of intention and impetus. No one gives to a standing figure more poise and spring, and this also is an effect of vitality. And no one unites so much simplicity with so much triumph of style and accomplishment. In some of his slighter sketch-portraits—and we prefer M. Carolus Duran in life-size sketch—this simplicity is so broad and so pure that it might look like blankness to indiscriminating eyes; but he is never blank—a truth to be studied by two or three of the younger artists who have not made the fundamental distinction. Discipleship to M. Carolus Duran has its best expositors in Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shannon—at least as Mr. Shannon worked a year or two ago. That both these are American, or Americanised, is another sign of the complete transatlantic receptiveness with regard to French

ideas. It may be interesting to quote what two French critics, M. Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne and M. Eugène Montrosier, have said of Carolus Duran. The former wrote some years ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "Behold a painter, one of those to whom we make our obeisance, even when we ought to criticise. His work is a subject of controversy, but no one can deny him an astonishing power in colour, an incomparable vigour of modelling, a marvellous control of all the means of his art, even in his most dangerous boldness; and, above all, an originality which subjugates those whom it is far from charming. To what school belongs Carolus Duran? Is he descended from the Flemish or the Spanish school, or is he related only to himself? It is very difficult to say, but it seems to me that the Spanish Goya would have painted thus if he had not so abused his black, and if he had been a lover of reality instead of a dreamer and a poet." From the pen of M. Montrosier the following is recorded:—"The wherefore of the grand success of Carolus Duran is easily explained. He makes living beings, and he makes them thus because he so sees them. One feels that when he has a subject under his eyes, he scrutinizes the very soul. With a penetrating look he seizes its dominant passion, and this becomes the point of support for the whole work. With such a painter there are no trickeries, no feints, no *sous-entendres*. All is precise, definite, absolute—true, even to cruelty—and, by the side of this *furia*, what delicacy, what sentiment, what grace, mingled with his *débordements*! No one paints children better than he; he allows them mischief and fun, tender joy and juvenile reverie. He gives affection and solicitude to the strokes of his brush."



A Portrait. From the picture by Carolus Duran.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN, AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE FIRST EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.



THE first meeting of the newly-constituted Royal Academy was held on December 14th, four days after the "Instrument" of its institution had been signed by the King. Twenty-eight of the thirty-four nominated Academicians were present, and their first business was to severally sign what is called the "Obligation," which ran as follows:—

"His Majesty having been graciously pleased to institute and establish a society for promoting the Arts of Design, under the name and title of the 'Royal Academy of Arts,' in London; and having signified his royal intention that the said society should be established under certain laws and regulations, contained in the Instrument of the establishment signed by His Majesty's own hand:

"We, therefore, whose names are hereunto subscribed, either original or elected members of the said society, do promise, each for himself, to observe all the laws and regulations contained in the said Instrument; as, also, all other laws, bye-laws, or regulations, either made or hereafter to be made, for the better government of the above-named society; promising, furthermore, on every occasion to employ our utmost endeavours to promote the honour and interest of the establishment, so long as we shall continue members thereof."

This Obligation, which is written at the head of a large sheet of parchment, has been signed—the signatures now extending to a second sheet—by every Royal Academician down to the present day. The ceremony takes place at a general assembly of the Academicians, to which the newly-elected one is introduced by the two junior members present. After hearing the Obligation read by the Secretary, he affixes his signature to it, and then receives his Diploma, signed by the Sovereign, from the President, afterwards entering his name in the attendance-book, and taking his seat in the assembly. As has been explained in a former article, the Diploma was not in existence at this first meeting; it was not decided upon till May, 1769.

The next business to which this first meeting proceeded was the election of the President and the Council, of the Visitors in the schools, and of those executive officers—the Secretary and the Keeper—who, in accordance with the terms of the Instrument, were to be chosen by ballot from among the Academicians, and subsequently approved of by His Majesty. The appointment to the Treasurership the King retained in his own hands entirely. To quote the Instrument, "There shall be a Treasurer of the Royal Academy, who, as the King is graciously pleased to pay all deficiencies, shall be appointed by His Majesty from among the Academicians, that he may have a person in whom he places full confidence in an office where his interest is concerned." The Librarianship was not established till 1770, and the appointment was then made

direct by the King. This is not the time to speak at length of the various changes that have been made in the tenure of, and mode of election to, these different offices since their institution. But we may state briefly that the only one that has undergone no change, save in having become a salaried instead of an unsalaried post, is the Presidentship. The Council, on which every Academician serves in rotation for two years, consists of ten instead of eight members; the Visitors, many more in number to meet the requirements of the various schools that have since been established in addition to the original life school, are now chosen from among the Associates as well as the Academicians; the Treasurer and the Librarian are no longer appointed by the Sovereign, but like the Keeper are elected by the General Assembly of the Academicians, and approved of by the Sovereign, and have, moreover, to present themselves for re-election every five years; while the Secretary, though still elected by the General Assembly and approved of by the Sovereign, is not a member of the Academy.

It may seem fitting here to give some account of the men who first filled these chief executive offices of Treasurer, Secretary, Keeper, and Librarian—Chambers, Newton, Moser, and Hayman.

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, R.A.

The fame and genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds as a painter and a writer have invested the first years of the Royal Academy with a splendour which, *parvis componere magna*, inclines us to look upon his presidency as the Augustan era of its history: but from what we have already written of the constitution and management of the Institution, the reader will have perceived that there were other agents who possessed an almost equal influence in its councils, who were responsible to an almost equal extent for its actions, and who must therefore bear an almost equal share of any blame which may attach to it and partake an almost equal share of its glory. Of those agents the principal was Sir Wm. Chambers. He was in fact a prime mover in bringing about the foundation of the Academy, and continued till his death to exercise an enormous influence in its decisions. The following is a short outline of his history. A portrait of Sir William Chambers was given on page 238.

There was once upon a time, say the biographers, a Scottish family living in France bearing the name of Chalmers; a descendant of that family was a merchant and lent money and warlike stores to Charles XII. of Sweden, by which he naturally lost. In 1726 this Chalmers was in Stockholm endeavouring to obtain restitution, and there a son was born to him who was christened William. Subsequently, for no reasons stated, the family name was changed to Chambers. The father removed to Ripon, in Yorkshire, where the boy was educated. The connection with Sweden was, however, kept up, as we find William at the age of sixteen embarking as super-

cargo on board a vessel of the Swedish East India Company. He made two voyages in its service and visited China, where he imbibed a strong taste for that peculiar kind of scenery which is so beautifully represented in the willow-pattern plate, and on his return published a series of sketches in illustration of it. At the age of eighteen he forsook the career of the sea, and devoted himself to architecture, but in spite of Vitruvius and the study of the works of the greatest architects of the Italian Renaissance, he never quite got rid of the crotchet he had picked up in the Celestial Empire. In the fulness of his maturity, when enjoying a great reputation, he published works on Chinese architecture, and when entrusted with the

laying out of Kew Gardens he put his early predilections into practice. He was then Treasurer of the Royal Academy, Comptroller of the Office of Works, Surveyor-General to the King; and was consequently considered by an envious world as an eligible and deserving person to assail. To vindicate his taste he published his "Dissertation on Oriental Gardening," which is certainly a worse literary sin than any he had committed horticulturally. It is an exaggeration of all the defects of *Rasselas*, and called forth a terrible rejoinder from the combined forces of Horace Walpole and Mason, in the "Heroic Epistle," a mock heroic poem which is a travesty of all the bombastic passages in the work of Chambers.



A Cricket Match. From the Picture by Francis Hayman, R.A., in the possession of the Marylebone Cricket Club.

His connection with the Court began early. When George III. was Prince of Wales, a tutor was wanted for him in architecture, and Chambers was selected. He had every qualification, he was learned and very skilful as a draughtsman, he had travelled and mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, his manners were easy and engaging, and he possessed tact. When the Prince succeeded to the throne, Chambers was appointed royal architect, and subsequently Comptroller of the Office of Works and Surveyor-General. By his influence with the King he was mainly instrumental in bringing about the formation of the Royal Academy, as the reader has seen, and his business-like ability served to steer it successfully through its early difficulties. He was no doubt meddlesome and fond

of having things his own way, but there is little doubt that he was to the Royal Academy what Omar was to Mahomedanism, Napoleon to the Directory, and Böhm to the Hungarian revolt; the *esprit organisatoire*, without which it might not have got into working order quite so quickly. We have already spoken of the part taken by him in the quarrel which ended in the temporary resignation of Reynolds, and alluded to the further difference of opinion between them as to the subscription to Johnson's monument; both episodes being significant of the influence possessed by Chambers both over the King and the members of the Academy. With these two exceptions, however, he and the President appear to have worked in perfect harmony, the latter, no doubt, being

in the habit of very much deferring to Chambers in all matters of business.

His greatest title to posthumous fame is the "Treatise on Civil Architecture," which remains to this day the best digest of the proportions and methods of construction used by the great Italian architects of the Renaissance, and borrowed by them from Vitruvius and the Romans. It is a work of great research, and is animated by an enthusiasm for the subject which has a tendency to become contagious. The theory and practice of architecture have in our day been splendidly illustrated by the labours of Viollet le Duc, but his works, although they have vastly enlarged the field, have not weakened the authority of Sir William Chambers. We venture upon this assertion apologetically, believing it to be the general opinion amongst architects.

Somerset House, where the Royal Academy had its home during the last century, is Chambers' principal work in architecture. A noble and imposing edifice, and as complete and irreproachable probably as any public building in London, it would be as unfair to blame Chambers for the monotony of its wall spaces and the wearisome repetitions of rustication, which offend our eyes, as it would be for future generations to blame the architects of the past for the redundancy of detail and the exuberance of terra-cotta which characterize our street architecture at the present day. In this country, for some mysterious reason, the art had in the days of Chambers lost

its vitality to all appearance irrecoverably. It had become an outcome of erudition and a combination of examples, instead of ministering naturally and spontaneously to the requirements of the builders. Chambers elected to design his building in the style of Palladio, as we elect to design a church in the style of William of Wykeham, or a private residence in the style of Queen Anne's time—not having any style of our own; and whatever may be the defects of Somerset House from the decorative point of view, it seems to be a comfortable and commodious building, admirably adapted to its purpose.

The publication of the "Heroic Epistle" must have been very annoying to Chambers; ridicule of such a pungent kind seems to have all the more sting when it attacks a reputation which is well deserved, as it is all the more popular when levelled against a man who occupies an exalted position; but he no

doubt soon forgot it, and solaced his last years of declining health with the society of the most eminent and intellectual of his contemporaries, Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Garrick. He died, having attained the Psalmist's appointed term of human life, in wealth and honour, in May, 1796, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

FRANCIS MILNER NEWTON, R.A.

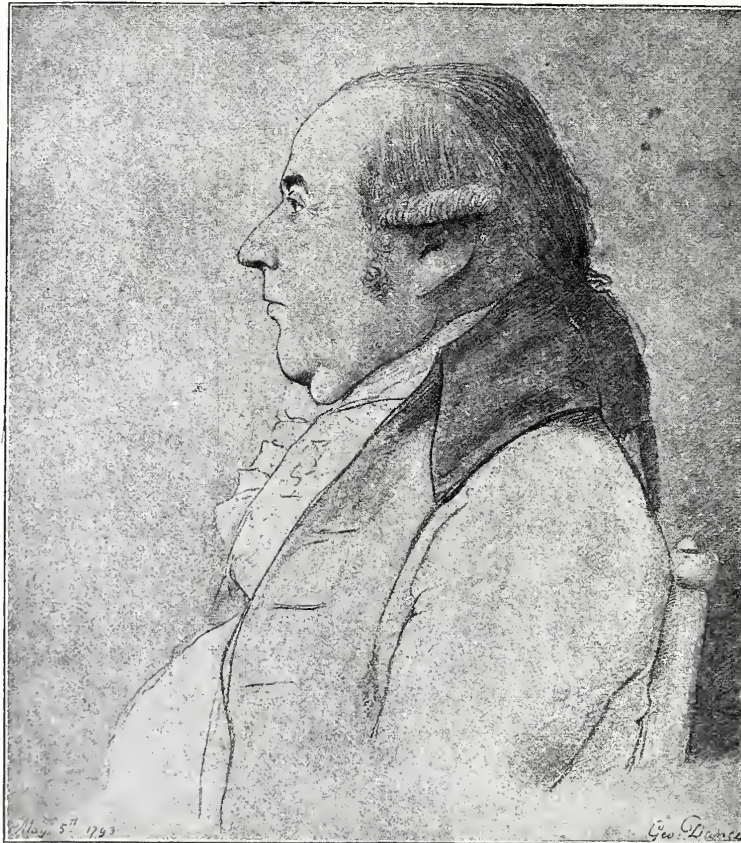
Newton was the first secretary of the Royal Academy. Our readers may remember that he filled the same post to the Incorporated Society of Artists, that when that society was rent in twain by dissensions he had been deposed, and that his signature appears in the memorial which was afterwards presented to the King and led to the foundation of the Royal Academy. He was born in London in 1720, and was

a pupil of M. Tuschler: he practised portrait painting exclusively. Exclusive portrait painting was in those days often forced upon artists by the conditions of patronage. In Newton's case, however, that consideration could not have been all-powerful, and it is more probable that his genius—supposing that he possessed one—found its grave in the repeated legacies which it pleased capricious fortune to afflict him with; her *coup de grâce*, which entirely extinguished him, being the possession of a handsome estate at Barton House, near Taunton, whither he retired to languish in opulence until his death in 1794.

He performed the duties of secretary for

exactly twenty years, and on his retirement in 1788 was presented by the Academy, on the motion of the Council, with a silver cup of the value of eighty guineas, as, so runs the resolution in the minutes, "an acknowledgment of their perfect satisfaction in the able, faithful, and diligent discharge of his duty as secretary." The way in which he kept the minute-books and other records shows evidence of great care and neatness, and of a certain terse, business-like power of expression.

Dates are unsatisfactory things, and hard to master. Newton's life overlapped that of Reynolds by two years at each end, and the mere figures 1720 to 1794 do not seem to convey anything very definite; but we get a very different idea if we translate these dates into the language of events. He was born in the midst of the excitement of the South-Sea bubble,



F. M. Newton, R.A. From a Drawing by G. Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

and he died when the last tail of Robespierre's followers, the miscreants of the Terror, were being swiftly got rid of on the Place de la Révolution, in Paris. The humblest life, did we possess authentic annals, would probably be of surpassing interest. Newton's is not to be ranked in that class; he was not a great artist, and is absolutely unknown to fame; but he occupied a very honourable position and performed its duties worthily; he lived in stirring times, with great men as his friends and associates; we are bound to respect his memory, and can only regret that we do not know more of him.

GEORGE MICHAEL MOSER, R.A.

G. M. Moser, first Keeper of the Royal Academy, in an obituary notice published by Sir Joshua Reynolds on the 24th January, 1783, is described as "in every sense the father of the present race of artists." We beg very humbly to demur, in spite of the great authority we have quoted, that there is one very obvious and literal sense which must form an exception. This necessity will force itself on everybody's reason, and needs no discussion. What Reynolds meant, no doubt, was that Moser had exercised great influence in his day. His name, indeed, is connected with the earliest schemes for the formation of an Academy; and as Keeper, his skill in teaching, his great influence over his pupils, and his "universal knowledge of all branches of painting and sculpture,"

had done much to mould the latest generation of artists. Farther than this the process of affiliation need not be carried. What we know for certain is that he had a daughter who was an artist, and that he and the said daughter, Mary, passed into the ranks of the elect without more ado on one glorious day of family apotheosis. At the outset, the ranks of the Royal Academicians had occasionally to be recruited from the by-ways of Art, but his claims and qualifications as well as those of his daughter would hardly have been considered valid a very few years after the foundation of the institution.

In the little Academy in St. Martin's Lane, where Hogarth used to draw, Moser had been a busy and important man. He was manager and treasurer. He was clever, had a competent knowledge of the construction of the human figure, and may

very probably have shown an aptitude for imparting that knowledge, so that, in the formation of the Royal Academy, they naturally thought of him as an eligible man to fill the office of Keeper, an important post requiring artistic knowledge and skill, combined with that peculiar power which by no means universally accompanies knowledge, the power of imparting it.

The Keeper's is the only will which can assert itself permanently in the schools, as the other members of the body only serve for one month in the year by election, and their jurisdiction only extends to the higher classes. The Keeper is the sole master of the students until they attain those classes.

This marks the most radical difference between the Academy of this country and that of other nations, where every department is under a permanent professor armed with full authority.

Each system has its advantages and its corresponding disadvantages, and it is in the nature of the case that no *via media* is possible.

Under a permanent professor, there can be no vacillation or change of purpose, his will asserts itself equally and uniformly, and the progress made is more apparent. But it might be more apparent than real. It is asking too much of human nature, or asking what human nature only supplies in very rare instances, to expect that a teacher will be able to understand and sympathise with



G. M. Moser, R.A. From a Drawing by G. Dance, R.A., in the possession of the Royal Academy.

every idiosyncrasy, and throw himself into every student's point of view; and it is also too much to expect that any system of education can be made elastic enough to adapt itself to all the changeful phases of natural ability. The professor is one man, he is round or he is square, and when he is in sole authority all his pupils, the round men and the square, must be made to fit into the same hole. The result is that in Paris, for instance, all the disciples of one professor have a family likeness, and one conversant with the matter can tell by a glance at their work who it was that educated them.

On the other hand, the system of education by rotation of visitors, which was adopted by the Academy and is still continued, is more likely to insure that each activity shall find its corresponding receptivity. Each student is pretty sure amongst the number of professors to find at least one

who thinks and feels somewhat as he does, and from whom, therefore, he will receive much more valuable and fruitful instruction than he can from a man of a totally different turn of mind. Sympathy is the only medium by which ideas can be communicated; it puts master and pupil on the same platform, and they see things bearing the same relation to each other. But it cannot be denied, that frequent changes among the teachers, and the consequent frequent presentation of different classes of ideas, may have the effect of puzzling and retarding the weaker minds; and that the absence of one will authoritatively insisting upon one course, may cause students to loiter on the road; and also that the influence of the students themselves upon each other, being constantly exercised, may become as powerful as that of the professors. In the office of Keeper as established in the schools of the Royal Academy, we have a tolerable safeguard against these disadvantages, for although he is not directly responsible for the teaching in the upper classes, his authority does not cease, and his will is able to assert itself and keep things moving.

Moser must have fulfilled the duties of the office very ably, or Reynolds would not have gone out of his way to write such a very comprehensive eulogium of him. He spoke of him as the first gold chaser in the kingdom, praise which we can only estimate the value of, when we have ascertained the quality of gold chasing in general at that time. Moser's first employment had been in chasing the brass ornaments in "buhl" cabinet work. He executed some enamels for the watch of George III., for which he was rewarded by a hat full of guineas, and he also designed the Great Seal of England, and is said to have been an excellent medallist.

He died in 1783, and was buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, his funeral being attended by the Royal Academicians and by the students, by whom, we are told, he was greatly loved. He left his daughter Mary, R.A., to write gaudy letters, and to commit ineffectual flirtation with another Keeper of the Royal Academy, the talented Fuseli; as shall be related in due course.

FRANCIS HAYMAN, R.A.

Hayman was born in Devonshire in 1708, and studied under Robert Brown, portrait painter. Fifteen years senior to Reynolds, we may say his education was perfected and his

style formed ere yet the light had dawned upon British Art; when it was still in the condition to which Barry applies the word "disgraceful," Fuseli that of "contemptible," and Constable of "degraded." And of Francis Hayman himself we may say that he shines by no light that he emitted; he is visible only by the reflected glare, often of a somewhat sulphurous character, which was shed upon the inane eighteenth century by its historians, its satirists, and by William Hogarth, whose work, whatever its artistic rank may be, is certainly more strictly illustrative of his times and surroundings than that of any artist that ever lived. Hayman, by his theory of Art, his habits and proclivities, belonged strictly to the age of Hogarth; he was one of the "indifferent engravers, coach

painters, scene painters, drapery painters," who used to meet of evenings to draw in the academy in St. Martin's Lane. He was one of those who "follow the standard so righteously and so laudably established by picture-dealers, picture-cleaners, picture-frame makers, and other connoisseurs," by whom "the canvas was thrust between the student and the sky—tradition between him and God." In some of the terrible scenes depicted by Hogarth's unsparing pencil, the portrait of Hayman might have been appropriately introduced, and may have been for all we know. In the nightly hurly-burly of London streets, when the Mohawks were abroad, and the miserable ineffectual watchman was not safe in his own box, Hayman and Quin can be discerned lying helpless but hopeful in the kennel, waiting to be "taken up." The 'Midnight Modern Conversation' depicted a



From a Medallion Portrait by Falconet.

scene which, from all accounts, must have been extremely familiar to the painter, who was, at the same time, esteemed the best historical painter in the kingdom, but who preferred Figg the prize-fighter's amphitheatre to the Academy. Hayman was no doubt a clever man, but without originality, with no consciousness of the responsibility of Art, no perception of the dignity of its mission, and he is chiefly interesting as reflecting the artistic barbarism of his age. Great and shining lights arose in his day, but he comprehended them not. He was appointed Librarian of the Royal Academy under the presidency of Reynolds, and Thomas Gainsborough was his colleague as a member of the body, and had been his pupil, not altogether to his own advantage, as we have hinted in a former article.

Hayman practised portrait painting, as everybody in those days did who had to earn a living by painting; his likeness of himself in the National Portrait Gallery exhibits unmistakable vigour and a certain rude intellect and perception of character. He decorated Vauxhall, painted scenes for theatres, and illustrated books; all of which achievements have fallen into the limbo of oblivion, and at best only supply interest for the curious and the erudite, who love to trace the byways and the narrow lanes which lead into the great highways of human progress and enlightenment.

The illustration which we give as a specimen of his work is from an excellent picture belonging to the Marylebone Cricket Club, which also possesses an engraving of the picture with the title, 'The Royal Academy Club in Marybone Fields.' The title on the engraving is written in ink, and it should be Marylebone, and not Marybone.

Hayman was appointed librarian by the King in 1770. We are informed that he then had "bodily infirmities" and the small emoluments served as a consolation. He died in February, 1776, at 42, Dean Street, Soho.

ROKEBY.



END me Rokeby. Who the devil is he?" Thus wrote Byron to Murray, and his ignorance of the beauty of this most beautiful place proves the dulness and deadness of our forefathers to all but material joys. Who first discovered it? Certainly not Leland. He simply speaks of travel-

ling "from Barningham to Gretey Bridge, where be aliquot diversoria, thens to Mortham, Mr. Rokeby's place in ripa citer, scant a quarter of a mile from Gretey Bridge." A bald enough record of a journey through surpassingly fine scenery, where rocks, trees and rivers are all loveliest of their kind. Defoe saw much more in Rokeby, and wrote, "Nature has bestowed vast bounties on this situation." Even if he had said more, he would in accordance with the taste of the day have probably dwelt on the horror of its cliffs and awfulness of its abysses, rather than on its quiet and stately beauty. Mrs. Montagu was a descendant of the Robinsons of Rokeby, but I have never been able to find any trace of pride in the place in any of her letters. Perhaps she never saw it, though she must often have passed very near it on her way north to Denton. Perhaps her father never saw it either—it is to be hoped so, for it is on record that he affirmed that "living in the country was sleeping with one's eyes open!" Gilpin of Boldre did make his way thither, and walked in the park and felt the grandeur and solemnity of the scenery. "The river banked in with hewn stones falls from rock to rock with hoarse murmurs. Nothing can exceed the nobleness and solemnity of this walk—it is calculated for contemplation and religious rhapsody. Every mind must feel the influence of the scene, and forgetting the giddy engagements of lighter pleasure, yield to sublime sentiments." This is true enough, and yet it is not true—there is an unreal ring about it, and though we hate the jargon about art for art's sake, we feel inclined to parody it, and to wish to hear something of beauty for beauty's own sake, and of love of the place, just because it is so beautiful. We have long to wait for this. Mr. Morritt bought the estate in 1769. We know little of him except that he was a friend of Mason, and the author of an "Essay on the Culture of

1889.

Carrots and their Use in fattening Hogs." Did he ever think of the Felon Sow—a fierce beast famed in legendary lore which once roamed in Greta woods, well content with such food as she found there? Mason was a frequent visitor at Rokeby, and sang its praises in a ponderously dull poem called "The English Garden." So far as it is possible to gather from a superficial examination of this work—to read it through would be an act of dauntless courage—he too never arrived at any knowledge of the perfect loveliness of this paradise of Nature's own making. He rather patronized it, and of course, writing when he did, had to bring in a great many heathen divinities to set off his subject. He did his best to help Mr. Morritt to beautify his newly-acquired property—opened out points of view, furbished up seats and summer-houses, painted urns and arabesques on one of them by the Dairy Bridge with his own hands, and even designed a tripod-like font for the church. Sir Walter Scott was the friend of the second Mr. Morritt who owned Rokeby. They first met in 1808, and in 1809 Scott came there and spent a fortnight. It captivated him, and as soon as other work left him free he wrote to Mr. Morritt, "I have a grand project to tell you of. Nothing less than a fourth romance in verse. The theme during the Civil Wars of Charles I., and the scene in your own domain of Rokeby. Pray help me in this, by truth, or fiction, or tradition, I care not which if it be but picturesque." Mr. Morritt sent him a valuable letter full of information in return. Unhappily some of it was incorrect; for instance, he told him that the Rokebys who had held the estate ever since the Conquest, were so heavily fined for their adherence to the cause of Charles I. that they were ruined, and had to sell their lands to the Robinsons, whereas it is a fact that the Robinsons had owned Rokeby at least fifty years before the Civil War broke out. Had Sir Walter Scott known the truth the poem might never have been written. Mr. Morritt pleaded hard for a more picturesque period of history, being convinced "that the Roundheads though politically right, were sad materials for poetry; even Milton could not make much of them." Scott persisted, but what could he have done with a heroine of the name of Robinson? The error has crept into the very heart of the composition. Apart from this, Mr. Morritt's letter was so good and helpful that Scott was strongly inclined to think that it told him all that he need know, and renounce his intention of thoroughly studying the scenery once more for himself. He was even then on the downward course. He had bought the estate of Abbotsford for £4,000, half of

which he borrowed from his elder brother, and the other half from his publishers on the security of the yet unwritten poem, "Rokeby." They were pressing him to finish it at once so as to have it out by Christmas, 1812. Mr. Lockhart tells us this, and how he was busy planting at Abbotsford before rebuilding the house, and wanted to stay there, and to obtain all necessary information from Mr. Morritt. Mr. Morritt replied most kindly and wisely: "I am really sorry, my dear Scott, at your abandonment of your kind intention of visiting Rokeby, and my sorrow is not quite selfish—for seriously I wish you would have come if but for a few days, in order, on the spot, to settle accurately in your mind the localities of your new poem and all their petty circumstances, of which there are many which would give interest and ornament to your descriptions. I hope you will not be obliged to write in a hurry on account of the impatience of your booksellers. They are I think ill-advised in their proceeding, for surely the book will be more likely to succeed from not being forced prematurely into this critical world. Do not be persuaded to risk your established fame on this hazardous experiment. If you want a few hundreds independent of these booksellers your credit is so very good that it is no great merit to trust you, and I happen at this moment to have five or six for which I have no sort of demand. Surely, it would be worth your while for such an object to spend a week of your time in a mail-coach flight hither, were it merely to renew your acquaintance with the country and rectify the little misconceptions of a cursory view." Scott accepted the money offer and invitation and went to Rokeby for a week, and wrote some cantos of the poem on the spot, no doubt considerably to its benefit. The summer-house where he worked is shown with pride.

"Rokeby" was published in 1813. Mr. Morritt had already written, "Should I in consequence of your celebrity be obliged to leave Rokeby from the influx of Cockney romancers, artists, illustrators, and sentimental tourists, I shall retreat to Ashiestiel, and thus visit on you the sins of your writings. At all events, however, I shall certainly raise the rent of my inn at Greta Bridge, as I hear the people of Callander have made a fortune by you." It is not on record that Mr. Morritt was ever in any danger of being driven from his home. Was it that the Roundheads really were unpalatable in fiction? And yet the book sold fast enough. Lockhart tells us that 3,500 copies were printed, and that on the second day of publication they were all sold but 80, which could not be "boarded" fast enough. This was a very fair number for those days, and 10,000 copies were sold in three months. The poem was amusingly mocked in Moore's "Two-penny Post Bag," see a letter purporting to be from Messrs. Lackington, publishers, to one of their authors.

Should you feel any touch of poetical glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Scott, as you know,

To coming by long Quarto stages to town,
And beginning with Rokeby, (the job's sure to pay,)
Means to do all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now the scheme is, though none of our hackneys can beat him,
To start a new poet through Highgate to meet him,
Who by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches,
May do a few villas before Scott approaches."

It is curious to find that even Sir Walter Scott did not describe Rokeby quite truly—he too committed the treason of thinking that what he really saw was not enough, and exaggerated. He says:—

"It seemed a mountain rent and riven
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs, of limestone grey,
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding along their rugged base
A flinty footpath's niggard space,
Where he who winds 'twixt rock and wave
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride,
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!"

Let us see what the place really is like. We go into the park, and for a quarter of a mile or so it is very like many other pretty parks. We walk along a side path and through a wicket-gate and used at once to enter,

"A dismal grove of sable yew,
With whose sad tints were mingled seen
The blighted firs, sepulchral green.
Seemed that the trees their shadows cast
The earth that nourished them to blast,
For never knew that swarthy grove
The verdant hue that fairies love,
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,
Arose within its baleful bower."

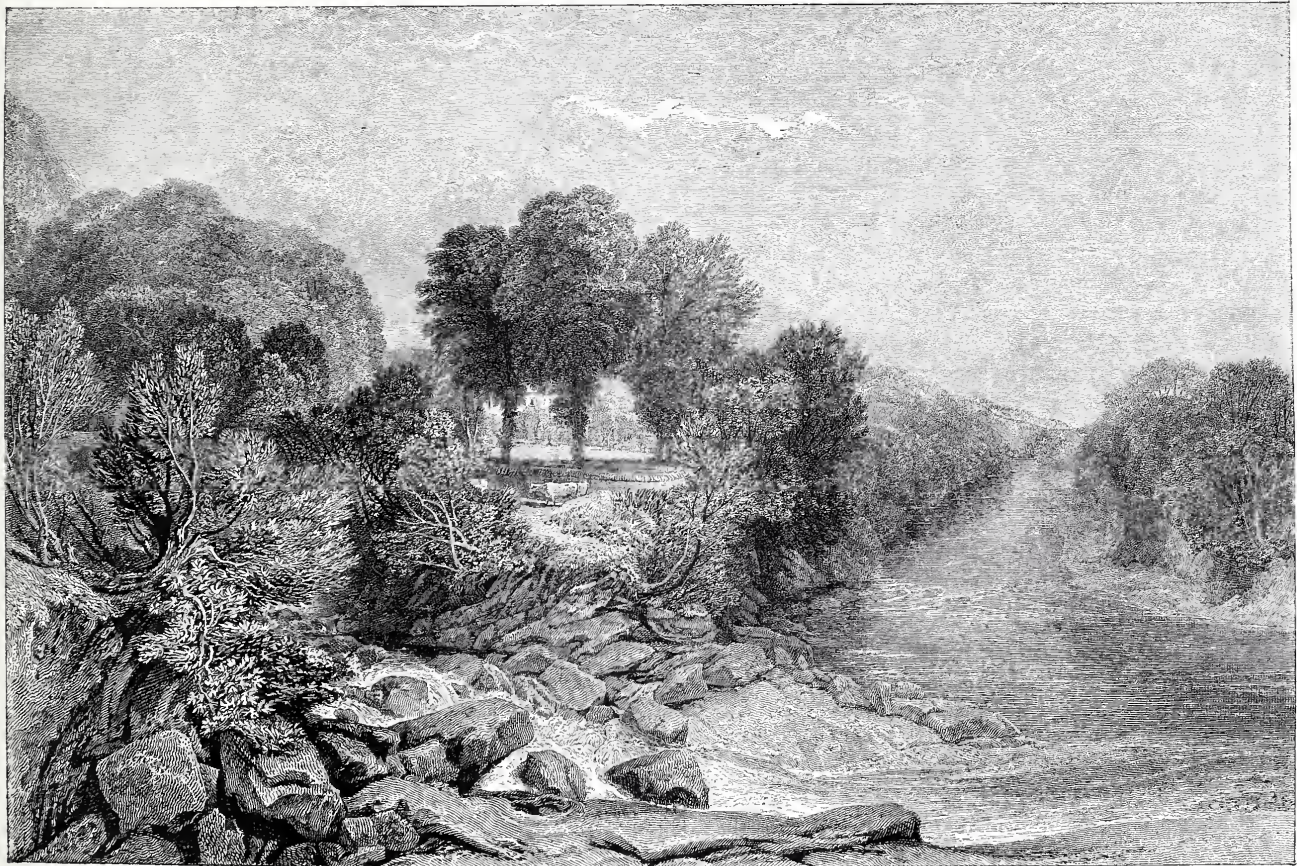
It was indeed a most striking and unique scene! The moment you passed through the wicket-gate, you found yourself beneath these solemn old trees, and for about fifty yards you walked on under the deep shadow of their dark branches. They were old far beyond all memory of man. Their branches were closely matted together overhead, and at that time it might most truly have been said,

"At noon-day here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night."

Scott's verses are very good, and describe them perfectly, but the jingling metre ruins the sense of solemnity. The actual effect was indeed startling; here no ray of sunshine ever penetrated, no drop of rain ever fell, no blade of grass grew. Here it was always cool and fragrant with the scent of firs, and you could hear the Greta hurrying by and see the bright green woods beyond. The sentiment of the place has been destroyed; the trees have been ruthlessly thinned, and all that can now be said is that some yew-trees are growing near the wicket-gate. No sooner have we passed through this desecrated grove than we come to Scott's "mountain rent and riven." So far, however, from there being anything like a mountain in the case, everything is on a very small scale, except the trees. What we really see, after emerging from the grove of yew-trees by the gate, is a dark-brown river making its way quickly over a smooth-lying rock bed, with very stately beech and sycamore-trees on one side, and on the other a line of low cliffs, nowhere more than fifty feet in height, half hidden by clumpy sycamores and ivy, and crowned by Scotch firs above. All this is so beautiful in itself (a fine day being taken for granted) that the vulgar element of size is not needed to awaken our admiration. Scott's exaggeration of scale is, in fact, a survival of the method of description in vogue before his time, when to express any excitement of feeling about what we should call picturesque scenery, it was necessary to speak of all rocks and hills as if they were always frowning and black and beetling. Our forefathers really had no sense of scale in these matters. Nowadays we might call such scenery dull or gloomy if we saw it in bad weather, but we should never think of calling it anything worse. In truth, weather can-

not be too fine for Rokeby. By noontide or by twilight, a fair summer's day makes it grand with colour and strong light and shade. The sunbeam slides through one mass of leaves after another, lights up entanglements of ivy and trailing plants, fills the recessed angles of the limestone crags with soft greenish golden light, and rests on the warm grey surface of one, while another, perhaps close by, is left with all its joints and fissures in most delicious shadow. Then the water, if the river is low, is of the colour of a topaz to begin with, and so shallow in many places that the sunbeam can be traced almost right across on the smooth sandstone floor, or flecks it with patches of dazzling light; and over these burning bright spaces you can see the shadow of the foam-globes pass swiftly, where a current, after having

caught against one of the grey stones lying in mid-stream, with a dancing ripple flows onward, marked by a long slender chain of eager little foam bubbles. Trees rise high above (the blue of the sky showing vividly amongst their topmost branches), with a profuse undergrowth of every green thing which flourishes in Teesdale, from huge sycamores and elms down to roses and honeysuckle, ragwort, wood-spurge, and the brightest of wood-sorrel. Tumbled about beneath these, again, half in and half out of the water, is the wreck of storm and flood, great blocks of stone and pale skeletons of dead trees. A little farther on the limestone wall comes out on the other or left-hand side of the Greta, and we have on our right hand an open space. (It is a marked feature in Rokeby scenery that you never get a precipice on both sides of the



Junction of the Greta and Tees. From an Engraving by John Pye, after the Picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

river-hollow at once, but always find an alternation of sheer cliff on one side, with smooth meadow and rounded bank on the other.) Then comes a passage where the actual bed of the stream is deeply trenched, and is altogether composed of huge blocks of mountain limestone, among which the water forces its way. As the trees here almost meet overhead, leaving only an irregular strip of sky between them, this is perhaps, on the whole, the most notable scene in the park.

A few steps farther on, with or without crossing the Dairy Bridge, bring us to the far-famed junction of the Greta and the Tees, of which we give an illustration, reproduced by permission from a proof in the possession of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co. Let us stand by the many-channelled Greta on the Mortham side. The larger stream of the Tees flows directly towards us, with thick woods and ledges of pale-grey

limestone on either side, until it turns aside, as if it were pushed out of its course by the impetuous little Greta and the layers of rock which form its channel. These layers are, it must be owned, very geometrical-looking indeed, and it would try the resources of the greatest composer to give their true character consistently with pleasantness of pictorial effect. From the number and minuteness of their shallow furrows, one might almost imagine that some water-sprite of great power and evil temper had dealt with Greta as Cyrus, in the old Herodotean story, did with a river which he had not been able to cross without much trouble and delay. Cyrus "paid off Gyndes," says the historian, by distributing him into so many dribblets that an army could cross dry-shod; and Greta, in dry weather, is almost lost in the little conduits which traverse, like veins in all directions, the pavement of

bare grey rock. Turner has almost ignored this level floor with its exact divisions; he has preferred to dwell on the *débris* which is strewn about the river-bed; but he has given us the victory of Greta over the larger stream, the texture of the sandstone blocks, the plummy toss and fulness of the smaller trees, and above all, the solemn, rigid respectability of the three large elms which guard the house. The Greta is by no means always shallow. Like the Tees, it is liable to sudden and dangerous floods. At such times the river comes down like a solid wall of water. Formerly a man was employed to "warn the water," *i.e.* give a warning that the Tees was rising, and when it reached a certain mark on Croft Bridge he galloped off in hot haste to give the alarm to those who lived lower down the stream. Its many windings enabled him to reach the goal more quickly than the water could. The Greta flowed through a solitary district, and was not important enough to have people to watch it and give warning of its risings. Nevertheless many stories are told of hair-breadth escapes even from the smaller river. I will only tell one with a comic side, which was told by Mr. Morritt (Scott's friend) to my father. When William IV. was Duke of Clarence, he came to see the park at Rokeby, and while walking there with Mr. Morritt, the water, as if by magic, suddenly rose five or six feet. He watched it with great interest, and then turned to his host and thanked him most warmly for contriving such a pleasant surprise.

There is not much history connected with Rokeby. The Morritts have been there a little more than a century. They bought the estates from the Robinsons, who had held it a little longer; and before them we know of no other owner but the Rokebys, who held lands here at the Conquest. The Rokebys were a knightly race, whose names have a place in Froissart's Chronicles and ballad story. It was a Rokeby who, in the time of Edward II., discovered the quarters of the Scotch army after they had so cunningly decamped from their position in Weardale, and no one could find out where they had gone. Holinshed relates another doughty deed of another Rokeby, under the heading, "Rookesbie, Shiriffe of Yorkshire, his hardy courage to fight." "The Earle of Northumberland and the Lord Bardolfe, after they had been in Wales, in France, and Flanders, to purchase aid against King Henrie (IV.), were returned back into Scotland, and had remained there now for the space of a whole yeare, and as their euill fortune would, whilest the King held a councell of nobilitie at London, the said Earle of Northumberland and Lord Bardolfe in a dismall houre, with a great power of Scots, returned into England, recovering diverse of the Earle's castells and seignories, for the people in great numbers resorted to them. Hereupon, encouraged with hope of good success, they entered into Yorkshire, and there began to destroy the countrie. . . . Sir Thomas" (or as other copies have it, Rafe) "Rokesbie, Shiriffe of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the countrie to resist the Earle . . . and finally came towards Bramham Moor, where they chose their ground meet to fight open. The Shiriffe was as ready to give battle as the Earle to receive it, and so with a standard of St. George spread set fiercelie upon the Earle, who, under a standard of his own armes, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter and cruell conflict between the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the

Shiriffe." The Lord Bardolfe died of his wounds, the Earle "was slaine outright, for whose misfortunes the people were not a little sorie. For his head, full of silver horie haire, being put upon a stake was openlie carried through London and set upon the bridge of the same citie."

Mortham Tower, where the later Rokebys resided, is very near the junction, but not on the same side of the river as the modern Hall. It is said to be the most southerly example of the peel-tower, and to have been built in the fifteenth century. It still has its irregularly embattled tower, its narrow winding stairs, and its barnekyn enclosure, well walled about for the protection of cattle. It stands on the site of a still earlier house which the Rokeby of the day built after his own home, on the other side of the river, had been burnt by the Scots after Bannockburn. He had married the heiress of Mortham. Some remains of the old tower still exist. In the courtyard is a stone with a shield bearing the three rooks of Rokeby. The fact that the Rokebys bore this punning device helps to prove that the local pronunciation of the name (Rookby) is the true one. Now there are none of the old family left, but in the latter half of the last century two aged women who bore that name, and were of the lineage of that ancient and then nearly forgotten house, died in extreme poverty in one of the small cottages between the Morritt Arms and Thorpe Grange.

Of course the Rokebys had their ghost, which haunted, and may still haunt, Mortham Tower. She goes by the name of "the Mortham Dobby," and is said to be a beautiful lady (though how tradition is enabled to assert this I know not, for she is headless). Dressed in long flowing robes she haunts the sombre paths of the park by twilight. According to Mr. Morritt, she was the heiress of the Rokebys who was murdered in the woods of Greta by a greedy collateral, who inherited the estate. Another version of the grim legend is that she had long hair on her shoulders, and eyes, nose, and mouth in her breast. She reached the house before she expired, and her blood was long to be seen on the stairs. Others say that she was shot by robbers. However this may be, the story goes that after being long confined under the arch of the Dairy Bridge by priestly prayers and conjurations, she was released from her imprisonment by the great flood of 1771, which rose twenty feet higher than the oldest person could remember, and destroyed the bridge. I sometimes find myself wondering whether the whole legend may not be the result of Sir Walter's clamorous outcry for traditions, "true or false, he cared not, so long as they were picturesque." "Is there a legend?" he often asked, said Mr. Morritt. "Sometimes I was forced to confess that there was none." "Then," said he, "let us make one; nothing so easy to make as a tradition."

The Robinsons lived at Mortham too, until "Long Sir Thomas Robinson" took a fancy to build a splendid new hall, and spent so much on it that he had to sell both house and land to Mr. Morritt. Before his departure, however, he had pulled down the old parish church behind the hall, and built a hideous new one half a mile off, setting it down on the ground with such disregard of custom that its cast window that should be, looks due north. The forsaken graveyard of the old church may still be seen in a corner by the junction of the two rivers.

MARGARET HUNT.

TEXTILE FABRICS AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.*

WE have endeavoured in our previous articles (1888, pp. 25, 36, 378) to give a fair general idea of the varied wealth of the collection, but there still remain many divi-



Fig. 21.—*Genoese Velvet Carpet, Persian Design.*

sions of the subject which have received scant attention. We have purposely left out of present consideration the lace and the tapestries, as these materials may better be treated of separately on some future occasion, and they scarcely lend themselves to what, after all, is the principal object we have set ourselves, namely, the discussion of the adaptability of the collection, from the point of view of design, to the needs of the modern manufacturer. There is also another branch of the subject which we must leave almost untouched, namely, the ecclesiastical vestments and the fabrics made up into dresses and garments. This portion of the display is mainly exhibited in the cloisters of the North Court and against the wall of the South Court. In certain directions we might indeed fairly notice some of the embroidered robes and the rich copes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as in many cases they are made from silk damasks and Italian velvets which well deserve study; but as they are here displayed principally as church vestments, and not on account of the fabrics used in their production, we may, with this brief reference, pass them over for

other materials more strictly related to our present inquiry. We must not, moreover, entirely omit to mention the rich and beautiful series of Indian textiles which have been brought together in the branch museum on the west side of Exhibition Road. The silks and embroideries, the printed calicoes, and the carpets in the Indian section, teem with suggestions for the designer and the Art student, and it is a constant source of regret to us that the merits of Indian Art workmanship bid fair to be lost sight of and forgotten in the present rage for the Japanese style. For a short time after the Exhibition of 1851, when attention had been prominently directed to the value, considered with reference to the designer, of the manifold productions of the Indian handicraftsman, there was a genuine attempt to utilise Indian Art as a source of inspiration. To some extent these adaptations were injudicious, and the results were unsatisfactory; but in spite of the modern craze for Japanese ornament, we think that more is to be learnt by the designer from Indian work than from the beautiful though eminently naturalistic Art of Japan. The Indian worker is many centuries in advance of his Japanese rival; he has for untold generations made use of conventionalised ornament, the motive for which in nature has long been lost, whereas



Fig. 22.—*Fabric of Mixed Material, Silk and Linen.*

the decorative Art of Japan relies almost entirely on beautifully drawn foliage and flowers, disposed in the order and grouping in which they occur in nature, and without any

* Continued from page 380, 1888.

attempt to consider their adaptation to the surfaces to which they are to be applied. In fact, if anything, there is a

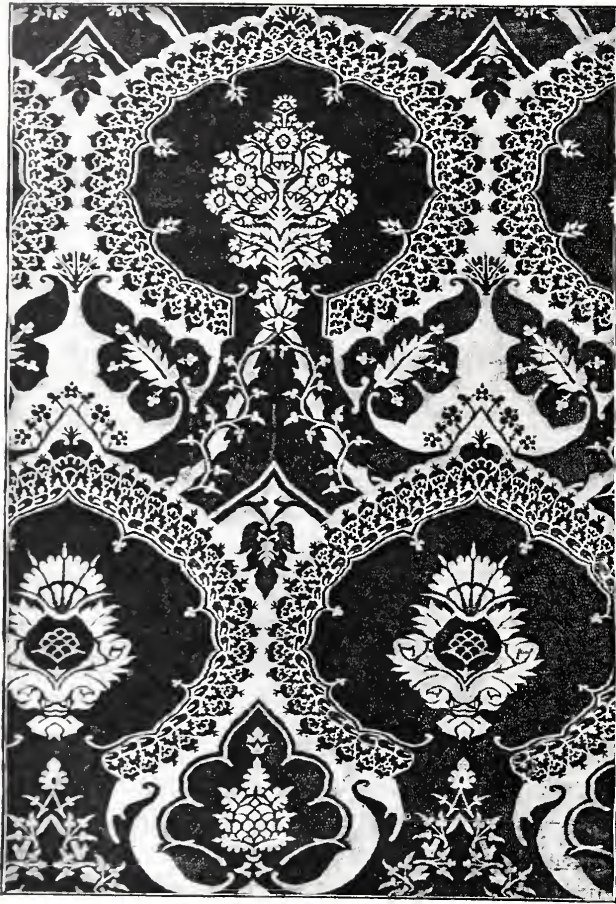


Fig. 23.—Sixteenth-century Italian Figured Silk.

studied effort to avoid the consideration of surface, and we often find on the lacquered cabinet or screen a spray of foliage which flings itself alike over frame and panel, and shows the most complete indifference on the part of the designer to the broken surfaces on which it falls. If we attempt to study the motives of Japanese ornament or to judge it by any of the strict rules which have been laid down for the artist's guidance, we are baffled at every step by the perversity with which these laws are set aside, and we are bound in the end to confess that the charm of the art must lie in its very waywardness, and in the absence of conventional methods of treatment. An art of this character is of course most seductive to the inexperienced student, but in untried hands it is capable of exerting a most dangerous influence, and it is an art of which one soon tires. Much as we admire the Art workmanship of Japan, we feel most strongly the need of these few words of warning. A distinguished German designer, who recently visited this country, and had many opportunities of inspecting our Art manufactures, informed the writer, as the general result of his observations, that English Art had been more strongly influenced by the Art of Japan than that of any other European country, and he stated that he thought "we were all bewitched." This was no hasty conclusion, but was arrived at after an earnest and patient inquiry, embracing many of our chief industries and extending over several weeks. As considerable efforts have been made during the past few years to

amplify and extend the Chinese and Japanese sections of the Museum, and as the workmanship of the latter country is now so much in favour, we trust that this attempt to recall attention to the merits of Indian Art may not be deemed amiss.

As we have already pointed out, we have thought it advisable to leave out of present consideration the textiles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which are well represented at South Kensington. The modern manufacturer has been largely inspired by the florid and somewhat meretricious productions of the Lyons looms in the past, and we think that in silks and velvets the time has arrived when we might turn with advantage to the earlier work.

We have selected for illustration (Fig. 21) one of a series of velvet carpets, probably made in Genoa from Oriental designs for export to the East. All of these beautiful carpets, of which there are many examples in the collection, present



Fig. 24.—North Italian Velvet, with Naturalistic Treatment of Flowers.

us with the well-known types of Persian ornament, and abound with representations of the tulip and the pink ar-

ranged symmetrically round a pine or a pomegranate. Most of these textiles have a pile of rich velvet, with abundant gold

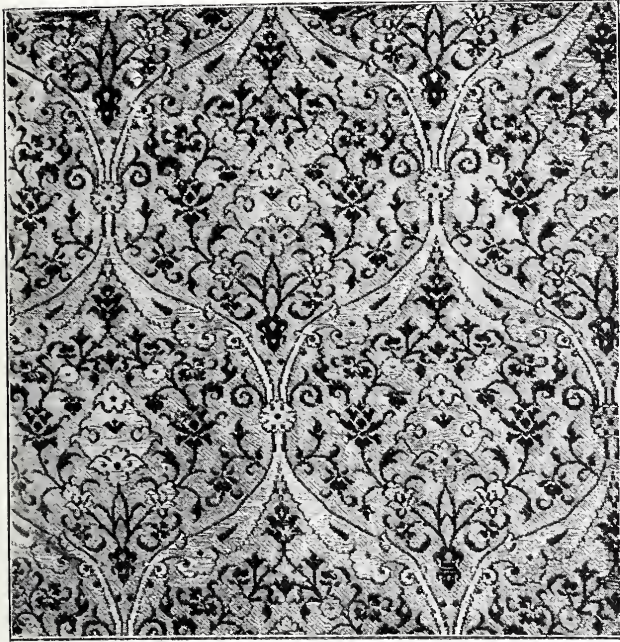


Fig. 25.—Fifteenth-century South Italian, or Sicilian, Brocade.

thread in the ground; the flowers are in green and crimson silk, and are generally treated as individual sprays.

In Fig. 23 we have reproduced an Italian silk of the sixteenth century, with a very effective arrangement of the pine, in a manner greatly in favour with the weavers of that date. The floral ornament is in bright amber on a crimson ground. The design suffers somewhat in consequence of the greatly reduced scale rendered necessary to adapt it for our purpose. Our next example is from an Italian textile of a much later date—a mixed fabric of silk and linen (Fig. 22), which will be of interest at the present time because the weavers of Crefeld are manufacturing a material almost identical in style, but with a raised velvet pile. Cotton takes the place of linen, however, in these fabrics, which are intended to be used for ladies' mantles, and the old velvets are being hunted up in all parts of Europe to furnish motives to the designer. Our illustration is about one-third the actual size.

It will be found, on carefully examining the silks and velvets, that, with very few exceptions, the older work is always more fully conventionalised than that of more recent date, and on this account alone we should be disposed to place the velvet shown in Fig. 24 late in the sixteenth century rather than in the fifteenth, as stated in the label. We have here a species of strap-work of bold stems, which seems to foreshadow the bands of ribbon of a later period. From these stems spring naturally treated flowers, the iris and the crown imperial, and attached to them is a small and insignificant cornucopia, with ears of wheat and flowers on a much smaller scale. Any great and sudden change in the proportions of the different details of the ornament in the same fabric always produces an unpleasant effect, and should, if possible, be avoided. This example of crimson velvet contains many points of interest to the designer, though we can scarcely award it high praise as a piece of ornament.

A somewhat delicate and minute pattern of the type we

have already illustrated is the Italian rendering of a Persian design shown in our illustration (Fig. 25). This is a green and gold silk, with the foliage outlined in black, and is probably Sicilian work of the fifteenth century. In treating of silk damasks, we spoke of the difficulty of adequately representing these fabrics in monotint, in consequence of the ornamental effect being due almost entirely to the play of light on the threads of silk forming the surface; we have, however, desired to give another illustration of one of these fabrics, because it is a specimen almost identical in design with one shown in two pictures in the National Gallery of the Umbrian school, ascribed to Melozzo da Forli, an artist who flourished in the second half of the fifteenth century. The pictures in question represent 'Music' and 'Rhetoric' by throned female figures, and the green drapery in the foreground, which covers a flight of steps, would seem to be the same as that shown in Fig. 26, a faded crimson damask, with a pattern of pines and conventional foliage, stated in the label to be "Flemish work of the sixteenth century." Unfortunately the specimen is but a fragment, and the picture only gives a portion of the design, which is one of a character occurring very frequently in early textiles. The dates attached to many of these fabrics must be accepted with much caution, as traditional patterns appear to have lingered for generations in certain localities, and the early weavers had no fear of copyright infringement before their eyes.

Even while we have been describing this collection some important additions have been made, notably a series of upwards of one hundred specimens from Frankfort, comprising table-linen damasks, printed cottons and chintzes, velvets, etc.; these have been neatly affixed to brown mounts by their

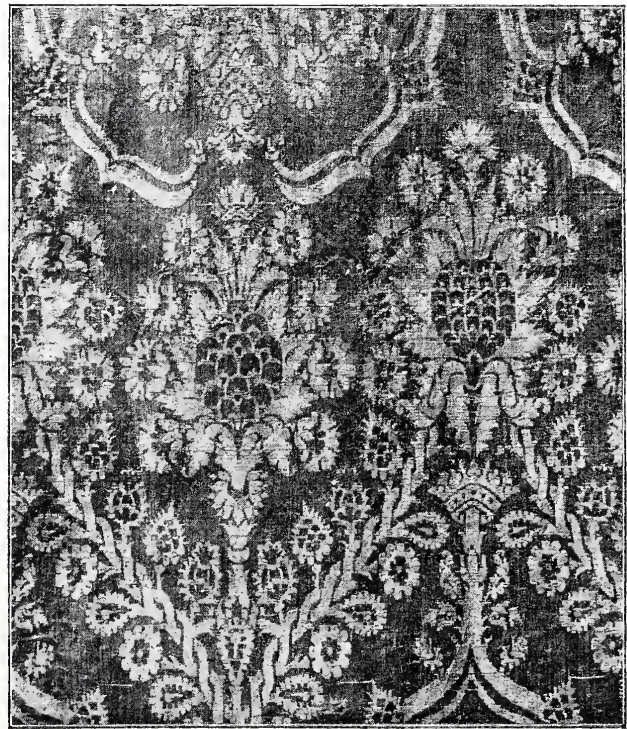


Fig. 26.—Italian or Flemish Silk Damask.

former owner, and supplement the collection in certain directions hitherto rather neglected.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

KEPT IN!

BY OTTO PILTZ.

THE Weimar painter who has produced this study of school life is one of several Germans, devoted more completely than painters of other nationalities are apt to devote themselves, to the painting of children. The country that

produces toys for at least half Europe, is very appropriately the country also in which every gallery abounds in pictures having for their subjects the coming and going, the schooling and the play, of the child of the poor. In



Kept In!

'Kept In!' the painter has filled the interior with that irresistible sunshine which makes the imprisonment all but intolerable. The empty benches are all suggestive of the little crowd now at liberty. It would be difficult, with so few and simple materials, to irritate a boy more poignantly.

Perhaps in painting a subject which almost produces a sympathetic yawn of weariness, Herr Otto Piltz has intended to keep before the world the persistent question, how effectually but innocuously to punish its children—its only innocents!



HARROW CHURCH

DESIGNED BY PERCY ROBERTSON

LONDON: T. AGNEW & SONS, LTD.

HARROW SCHOOL.



SHORT time before Dr. H. M. Butler, Master of Trinity College, resigned the headmastership of Harrow in 1884, he set on foot a determined effort to decipher the ancient records of the school over which he had ruled since 1859. The general outlines of the history of Harrow were then supposed to be familiar to all who cared to know them, but as a matter of fact, beyond the name of the sixteenth-century founder John Lyon, and a general idea that the eighteenth century had grown old before the place became famous in connection with education, little information was procurable from literary sources, encyclopædic or local. Antiquarians could no doubt tell us of an ancient palace belonging to the Archbishops of Canterbury, the precise locality of which remained uncertain; while Thomas-à-Becket—twice an undoubted sojourner on the hill—had been jumbled up in the traditions of the place with Cardinal Wolsey, of whose direct connection with Harrow there exists no evidence whatsoever. In short, when a detailed history of the school from its foundation came under consideration, no materials for any definite narrative were available. Neither books nor memories set forth a complete list of successive masters, or gave the date at which the institution first burst from obscurity, or—last but not least—furnished any trustworthy details concern-

ing the position and personality of the founder. In hopes that the old documents in the school muniment chest might surrender some interesting secrets to the eye of an expert, the late headmaster called to his aid Mr. Edward Scott, keeper of MSS. in the British Museum, then a resident at Harrow.

The writer of this article, who was invited to join Mr. Scott in the examination of the Harrow muniments, now proposes to indicate the most interesting of the disclosures extracted from the antique chest. This venerable repository was found to contain treasures of unexpected value, which

fairly delighted the eyes of the British Museum experts to whom Mr. Scott submitted them.*

First it was shown that there was a school at Harrow before Lyon picked up the threads of education there, while it also came to light that the regenerator and founder of Harrow School was not, as tradition gave it, an indigent peasant of Preston, near Harrow, who amassed a fortune by gathering alms at an adjoining well from persons resorting thither for medicinal purposes, but was a local landowner of hereditary position, and considerable note, who had been

looked on as a representative man of his class during the period of social disintegration which followed the Reformation. It was discovered that the connection of the Lyon family with Harrow dated back to Richard II., when, A.D. 1393, Agnes Lyon became possessed of the Preston domain.

Very little is known for certain regarding the pre-Lyon school established on Harrow Hill, except that students came thence to Caius College, Cambridge, several years before the nominal foundation in 1571, and that Queen Mary, during her reign, sent two sons of an old servant to school there, and paid their expenses. On the other hand, all the evidence goes to show that the earlier institution was ecclesiastical in origin.

Immediately after Lyon's foundation in 1571, Norden says that at Har-

row "there is a schoole, as yet no free schoole, but intended, whereunto one John Lyon has given to be employde after his decease £300, and £30 per annum for a master and £10 for an usher." Ben Jonson again, about twenty years later, perhaps

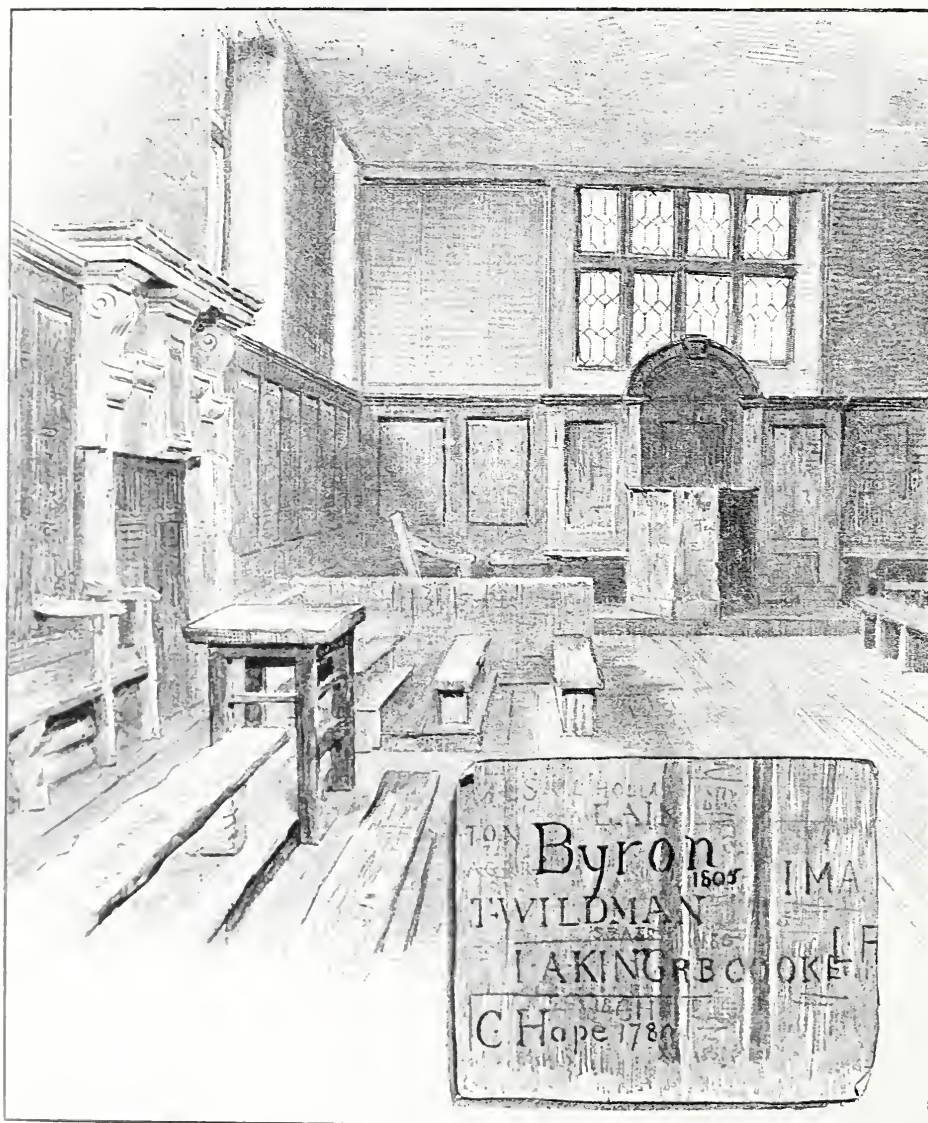


The Old School.

* The full results of the investigation are to be found in "Records of the Grammar School founded by John Lyon at Harrow on the Hill, A.D. 1571," arranged and calendared by Edward J. Scott, M.A.Oxon. (Wilbee, Harrow, 1886). Also "Harrow School and its Surroundings," by Percy M. Thornton (W. H. Allen). We owe the former publication, which is a perfect calendar of the school archives, to the liberality and patriotic enthusiasm for Harrow of Mr. C. S. Roundel, a governor.

gives us a glimpse of Harrow School in his comedy *Bartholomew Fair*, when it is said of Bartholomew Cokes, an esquire of Harrow, as follows:—"A delicate great boy! methinks he outscrambles them all. I cannot persuade myself, but he goes to grammar-school yet, and plays the truant to-day." But of anything like a great public school, no trace can be found while the following masters successively held office:—

Anthony Rate	1571—1611.
Bradley	1613—1615.
W. Launce	1615—1621.
Robert Whittle	1621—1628.



The Old Fourth-Form School. From a drawing by A. Quinton.

Wynnan Hyde	1628—1661.
Thomas Johnson	1661—1668.
Thomas Martin	1668—1669.

In the year 1662, it is true, the "foreigner" clause in John Lyon's will, whereby the master could take in youths whose parents resided away from Harrow, was in action; as we hear of one Rev. William Urwick having the instruction and boarding of gentle-born children, under the patronage of Sir Gilbert Gerard, a governor of the school.

The educational system of Eton, formerly brought thither by Waynflete (whom Henry VI. dispatched from Winchester in

1440 for that purpose), was in turn to be carried to Harrow and planted in the soil prepared for its reception by John Lyon. On September 8th, 1669, William Horne, a member of a family famous in the educational world, came from Eton, where he had occupied the post of usher, and in the capacity of headmaster administered Harrow with considerable success until his death, as was attested by D. Roderick, Provost of King's College, Cambridge, who, some years later, urged Horne's career as being a precedent for appointing another Etonian to govern Harrow. There is, however, no record of the precise numbers of the school either in Horne's time or in

that of his successor, William Bolton. The very existence of the latter was unknown until the year 1856, when a Latin poem by his hand was discovered celebrating the curative power of a laurel leaf in rheumatic ailments. At his death in 1691 he was succeeded by Dr. Brian, an Etonian, who had skilfully conducted the King's College School at Cambridge.

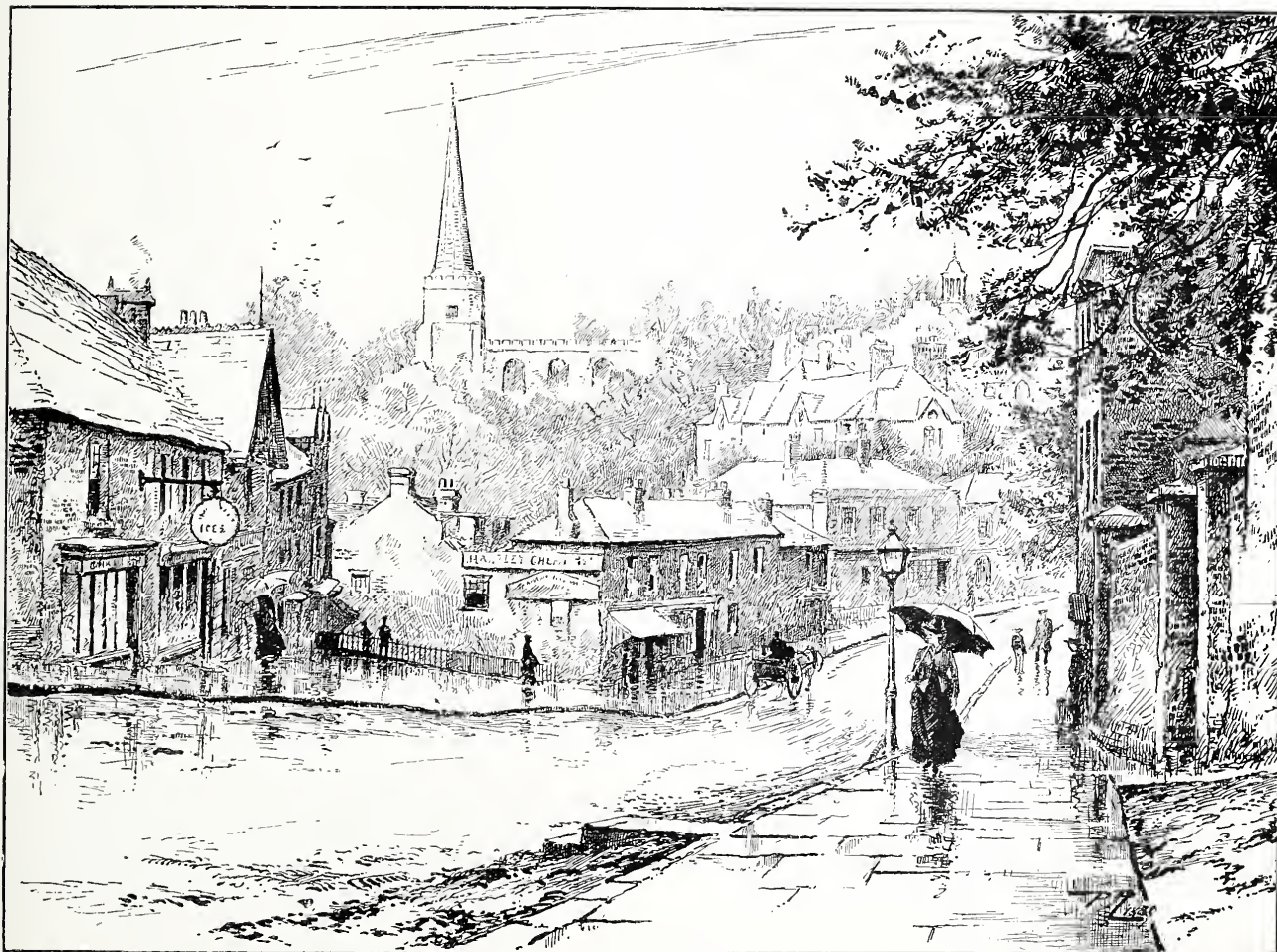
Under this second spell of Etonian influence the fortunes of Harrow made a genuine advance. During the latter part of Dr. Brian's Harrow career he was supported by a thoroughly competent treasurer, namely, James Brydges, the magnificent Duke of Chandos, who, having made a large fortune as Paymaster of the Forces during the wars of Queen Anne, erected at Stanmore, near Harrow, the famous mansion known as Canons, where he lived in semi-regal style. He was severely satirized by Pope; but as treasurer of Harrow school he certainly performed his work well, and showed his confidence in the school by sending his own ward, George Brydges Rodney, afterwards the famous Admiral Lord Rodney, to be educated by Dr. Brian.

Under this able teacher the numbers reached the total of 144 in the year 1721, but before this he had had grave cause for anxiety, the very existence of the school in its improved form being threatened by lack of funds. A large portion of Lyon's bequest had gone in repairing the road between London and Harrow according to the founder's will, and there was scarcely sufficient money available to sustain the farms in repair which were contiguous to the school. Under these circumstances the assistance which the Duke of Chandos's business qualities brought to Harrow was of vital importance.

Such a position had been attained by the school when Dr.

Brian died after forty years' service, that under fairly competent guidance its prosperity seemed likely to advance. Unfortunately, however, Dr. Brian's successor, the Rev. James Cox, who was master from 1731 to 1746, proved, at any rate during the latter part of his tenure, an utter failure, and was eventually called on to resign his post for having "lived a disorderly, drunken, idle life and neglected his duties." He is said to have been seen in the school-yard with his pupils, in diminished numbers, crowding round him as he sat regaling himself with pint pot and pipe. Well might the governors take counsel with the authorities at Eton and invite thence Thomas Thackeray, an ancestor of the great novelist, to supersede Dr. Cox.

Between the years 1746 and the accession of George III. in 1760, this Dr. Thackeray, the third master from Eton, raised the Harrow name for scholarship and gentlemanly prestige to a high standard, while at one time the numbers approached those reached in the year 1721 under Dr. Brian. During this epoch the names of (Sir) William Jones and (Dr.) Samuel Parr are found on the Harrow register, so that the period of scholarship which Dr. Sumner made so famous between 1760 and 1771 must fairly be considered to have begun in the time of his predecessor. Of Dr. Sumner's pre-eminence in scholarship there was no question, therefore it is not surprising that upon his sudden death in 1771 there was a desire to put in his place a scholar of such distinction and promise as Samuel Parr, who had been



The High Street.

associated with Sumner both as pupil and fellow-worker. Dr. Heath, however, father of the late Baron Heath, and founder of their famous family library, was preferred to Parr, whereupon that erratic genius straightway migrated to Stanmore, carrying with him fifty choice scholars whose parents resented the decision of the Harrow governors.

The discontent of the Harrow boys on this occasion was exhibited by their wrecking the carriage of one of the unpopular governors, when the young malcontents were led from the scene of action by the future Marquis Wellesley, who brandished some fragments of the shattered vehicle, and shouted "Victory! Victory!" The result of this foolish escapade was that the future statesman's guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, removed the rebellious youth to Eton.

Dr. Parr's secession to Stanmore had small effect on Harrow, and Dr. Heath left it in good condition to his successor Dr. Joseph Drury, under whom, between 1785 and 1805, the school became greatly in vogue, a large number of the nobility sending their sons to the Hill. At this time there were assembled at Harrow boys whose subsequent display of literary and political ability rendered their school for ever famous. The "bill" of 1803 included many distinguished names, and the numbers actually reached 345, a total which ultimately rose to 351, or one more than were then at Eton. It is difficult to imagine where in the village—for it was then but little more—so many youths could possibly have been housed, when as yet "The Park" had not been deserted by the Northwick family and occupied on behalf of the school,

nor the more recent houses erected which dot the hillside as men and boys have known it for thirty years past. True it is that at the beginning of this century the old Master's house had assumed proportions in excess even of the modern building erected on its site, which has been occupied successively by Dr. Vaughan, Dr. H. M. Butler, and Mr. Welldon.

This old house had increased in size little by little since the times of Horne, Bolton, and Brian, until it had come to be as curious a monument of the past as the old Fourth-Form Room, its corridors being covered with names of bygone Harrovians, many of whom were famous amongst their countrymen. It was in this house that Lord Byron lived, first under Dr. Drury, and then under Dr. George Butler, father of the Master of Trinity, during whose sway a wing was added to Lyon's school-building. The headmaster's house was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1837, when Dr. Wordsworth held the post

of headmaster, and with it perished interesting memorials of many distinguished *alumni*.

Celebrated Harrovians were on record before Lord Byron's time, although the excessive brilliancy of that poetic star had never been approached, nor were the names of Sheridan and Sir William Jones associated with those of political celebrities such as Peel and Palmerston. The first sixty years of the nineteenth century saw no less than five Harrow Prime Ministers, viz. Perceval, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Goodrich (the first Lord Ripon), Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston.

Dr. George Butler held sway between 1805 and 1829, and although the numbers declined about 1825, when the financial crisis which then prevailed rendered an expensive school beyond the means of the class who had hitherto frequented Harrow, many memorable events marked an epoch not less interesting than those which have been under our notice.



Harrow Church.

Twice had insubordination reached a climax, when by firmness and judgment the headmaster stilled the storm. That Lord Byron regretted his share in the popular ferment which followed the non-election of Mr. Mark Drury in place of Dr. Joseph Drury, is well known, while the quelling of that formidable *émeute* known as the rebellion of 1808, drew expressions of sympathetic approval both from George III. and Dr. Goodall of Eton. On the latter occasion the youthful rebels, after taking possession of the schools and posting up bills with "Liberty" and "Rebellion" inscribed thereon, positively placed a *cordon* around Harrow, and prevented the London post from arriving for several days.

Neither Dr. Longley nor Dr. Wordsworth, who succeeded Dr. George Butler, was able to dissipate the temporary gloom which set in around John Lyon's institution when Eton regained her decided aristocratic pre-eminence; while Rugby

under Arnold was becoming celebrated for a personal influence exercised on the pupils, greatly by means of the Sunday sermon in Chapel. At Harrow no school chapel existed until Dr. Wordsworth supplied the deficiency in 1839, but too late to have any effect on the school's prosperity before his retirement. In fact, when that remarkable theologian and scholar left to undertake the duties of a Westminster Canonry in 1844, the school was at a lower numerical ebb than it had touched since Dr. Cox failed to sustain Dr. Brian's success, a century before. In the more recent case, however, no responsibility for the decline is laid upon the headmaster by competent judges.

The progress of Harrow under Dr. Wordsworth's successor, Dr. Vaughan, Arnold's favourite pupil, now Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff, was quite phenomenal. Numbers steadily rose, and the best traditions of the place revived.

The writer himself was under the enchanter's wand between the years 1856 and 1860, the closing years of this remarkable headmastership, and participated in its benefits.

Dr. H. M. Butler's headmastership at Harrow will be remembered, amongst many other things, for the remarkable additions made to the school buildings during his tenure of office, and to a great extent owing to his personal efforts. Although the Chapel as we see it now—which as has been said owes its origin to Dr. Wordsworth—dates back to Dr. Vaughan's time, and is one of the late Sir Gilbert Scott's works, the building has been much adorned and beautified since 1859, while the Vaughan Library and the new Speech Room (the first stone of which the late Duke of Abercorn laid in 1874), stand as representative edifices of what has elsewhere been termed the Harrow Renaissance.

The annual speeches are in themselves a survival of the past ;

inasmuch as they represent a more ancient institution, viz. the annual shooting for a silver arrow, which formerly characterized Harrow life, the celebration dating from a period at least contemporaneous with Lyon's foundation, and coming to a close in 1772, when Dr. Heath thought discipline threatened by the crowds who came from London to view what must have been a most attractive contest.

The Harrow archery, however, has not been superseded by speeches only, but by a vigorous and healthy athletic life. For cricket Harrow boys have long been famous, inasmuch as for the larger portion of this century keen rivalry has existed between themselves and the larger school at Eton, Harrow at present having scored as many victories as it has suffered defeats. As the Middlesex Hill can boast of no river near it larger than the tiny Brent, where in Lord Byron's day adventurous youths were known to lave their limbs before duck-



From Byron's Tomb, looking West.

puddle, the school bathing-place, was established, the number of cricketers is of course larger than it would be if rowing were a popular pastime. So long, therefore, as the numbers at Harrow maintain an average of five hundred and fifty there is no reason why the yearly cricket match with Eton should not long be contested on pretty equal terms. Harrow cricket, however, is threatened by a serious calamity, seeing that a moment is imminent when the direct influence of the late Hon. Robert Grimston's practical teaching of younger boys will cease, his pupils having gone out into the world ; so that the moral effect of the high standard achieved partly by the inculcation of ready obedience and willing endurance will alone remain to arm young Harrow for the fray.

Space does not allow us to descant on football pursued over spreading pasture lands between the school bathing-place and "the park," which fields are soon to be acquired by the gover-

ners of Harrow for the school, or to tell how modern athletics proper found a fitting home on the "recreation ground" near the beginning of the road from Harrow to Pinner. But in both these departments the vigour of young Harrow is apparent ; even if the school's pre-eminence has only been demonstrated in the racquet contest, formerly connected in the public mind with "Prince's," and now carried on at the Queen's Club, Kensington.* A remarkable series of successes in rifle shooting at Wimbledon, which occurred during Dr. H. M. Butler's headmastership, is alas relegated to the domain of history.

We know of few more pleasant changes within reach of a fagged and weary Londoner, during May or June, than a visit to the healthful Middlesex hillside, where refreshing

* Twice has a challenge Racquet Cup given at the late Prince's Club become the absolute property of Harrow. In 1888, the dark blue colours were lowered once more to Charterhouse, and in 1889 the trophy fell to Winchester.

gusts of bracing air, sweeping over the height crowned by what Charles II. called the "visible church," inspire new life and quicken the most phlegmatic idler into admiration of a prospect unique in its meditative beauty. And, if turning from St. Mary's Churchyard with its Byronic memories and distant view of Windsor, one wishes to enjoy a sylvan scene close by, which, although totally different, still captivates the eye, such a prospect will be found after climbing to the upper gallery of the Butler Art and Science Museum. Looking thence towards the Vaughan Library and Mr. Weldon's house, the visitor beholds a wealth of grateful shade, happily relieved as regards colouring by bright and rare flowers, whose balmy fragrance also helps to attract attention towards the tasteful garden spreading below.

It is satisfactory to reflect that several years' residence in a beautiful place like Harrow has led its youthful denizens to be mindful of their social obligations towards the poor, for whose benefit John Lyon in a great measure designed his scholastic scheme. And as the Harrow townspeople are on the whole well-to-do, owing to the presence of the great school in their midst, while the educational needs of their children are provided for out of the Founder's estate, the idea was a happy one which fixed the philanthropic efforts of past and present Harrovians upon that remarkable undertaking known as the Harrow Mission, whereby the west-end suburb of Latimer Road has become familiar with religious and social teaching in a manner which mere local institutions, parochial or otherwise, never could have effected. The last word spoken to the writer by the popular missionary, the Rev. W. Law, an old Harrovian, was one of heartfelt thankfulness for the past, combined with steadfast hopes for the future success of the work. But he spoke thus, confident in the fidelity of his old school to the resolve they had deliberately made of sustaining their new institution, notwithstanding that the maintenance of the mission and its spacious church will require perpetual self-denial on the part of the Harrow community both young and old.

One word in conclusion as to the present guidance of the school itself. The six governors and keepers of Harrow enjoined by John Lyon have increased in number, and combine within their ranks men possessing practical experience of former school life, together with scholarship of a varied type; the Rev. Professor Westcott, Professor Tyndall,

and the Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan, for instance, being fitting representatives of English educational culture.

Without, however, denying that the restraining power of such a body as the Harrow School governors must be felt, yet the responsibility of success or failure falling mainly on the headmaster, it is to the action and opinion of the man occupying that post that our readers will turn with the greatest interest. The Rev. J. E. C. Welldon came to his duties four and a-half years since with a great reputation as a scholar and preacher, the possession of which gifts the public highly appreciates. He suffered as Harrow headmaster in some degree at first, from a loss of traditional local knowledge, caused by the simultaneous departure of Dr. Butler and several old Harrow inhabitants. But constant endeavour to supply this need by converse with those whose experience as masters or old Harrovians rendered their knowledge indispensable to him, and to adapt the best part of what he thus learnt concerning the past to the fast-changing present, seems not unfairly to represent the policy which Mr. Welldon has as yet pursued, during portion of a régime which is still young.

The preservation and judicious increase of comfort amongst the boys have been very properly deemed conducive to health, and thus one important step has been gained towards the maintenance of that modicum of hard work without which adequate knowledge is never attained. The abolition, for instance, of "bill," or calling-over, at four o'clock on half-holidays, will be alike a great boon to the boys and a saving of time, absence from Harrow or its immediate neighbourhood being impossible when dinner is at 1.30 and the names are in any case called over at four o'clock.

Mr. Welldon had the advantage of finding the monitorial system established at Harrow, where since John Lyon enjoined the practice, certain monitors, and in a lesser degree the sixth form generally, stand responsible for the conduct of those youths with whom they come into contact. Thus the most influential element in the school is enlisted on the side of law and order. Educated himself at Eton, the headmaster of Harrow bids fair to follow in the footsteps of Horne, Brian, Thackeray, Sumner, and Heath, predecessors whose good services stand recorded in the school history. It is therefore with great confidence in the continued fulfilment of the hope thereby expressed that we conclude by quoting the second motto of Harrow School—"STET FORTUNA DOMUS."

PERCY M. THORNTON.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER!

BY PAUL WAGNER.

HERR WAGNER produces an obviously picturesque effect by skipping the middle age or the late youth of the mother, and putting the round limbs and brilliant face of childhood into the wrinkled arms of seventy years. His group has all the effectiveness of contrast, and the charm of impulsive movement and expression. Its excellent drawing marks it as belonging to that studious German school which pays so much attention to forms; and the suggestive acces-

sories of the old woman's interior are not too emphatically insisted upon—the calendar that tells the passing of time, the coffee-cup that solaces the body, and the little shrine over the bed that suggests peace to the mind. This painter is one of many of his nationality who render the incidents of a child's life with simplicity and pleasure, without exaggerating expression or falsifying the character of childish movement.



Dear Grandmother! From the picture by Paul Wagner.

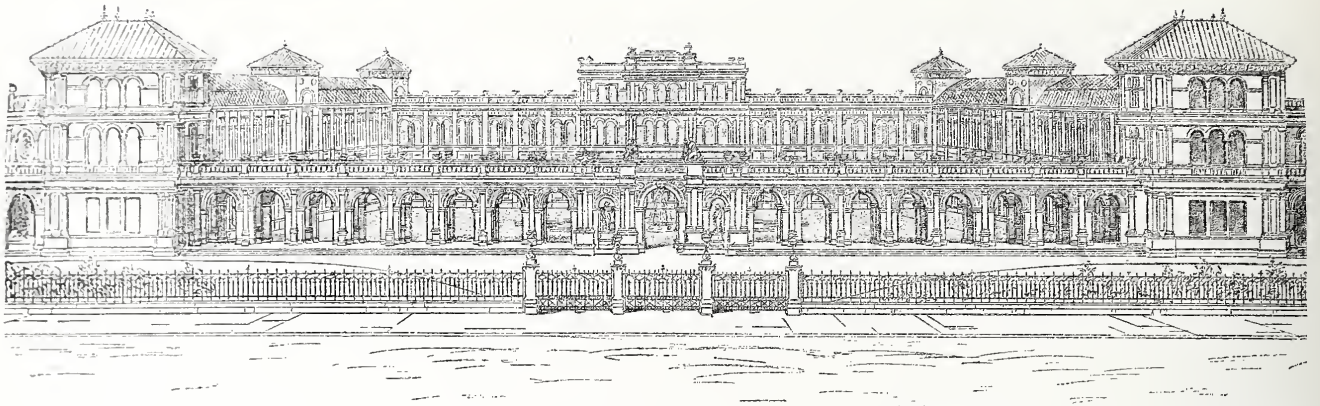


Fig. 1.—Original Design, by Captain Fowke, R.A., for the Museum Build-

THE MUSEUM BUILDINGS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: A PLEA FOR THEIR COMPLETION.



has been the fortune of the State, while creating an Art Museum in London, to call into existence a new suburb, and to lend a new name to a part of the sleepy old parish of Brompton, to which, in a brand-new iron building, erected at short notice by Sir William Cubitt, the Art treasures from Marlborough House were removed in the summer of 1857. We need not dwell at any length upon the story of South Kensington, the use of the surplus funds from the Exhibition of 1851 for the purchase of the market gardens and meadows, the fine old mansion of Lady Blessington, and the villas and gardens of the Norths at Brompton, an area in all of eighty-eight acres, for the history of the successful land scheme of the Royal Commissioners is well known.

The Museum collections originated in the endeavours of the authorities in charge of the Schools of Art to supply examples of design and Art-workmanship for the use of the students. Ever since the year 1837 models, casts, and other Art objects have been purchased for the purpose of instruction in ornamental Art and decoration in the School of Design, and on special occasions, such as the dispersal of various important private collections of Art treasures and the international exhibitions in London and at Paris, specimens of Art workmanship, illustrating the highest excellence that had been attained in manufacture, both as to material, workmanship, and decoration, had been acquired, at first always with a view to teaching purposes.

Shortly after the close of the Great Exhibition of 1851 we find that a collection of Art objects, the property of the schools, together with loans of similar examples contributed by her Majesty the Queen and many well-known amateurs, was brought together at Marlborough House and opened to the public on September 6th, 1852. This exhibition was so successful that it was decided by the House of Commons that an annual vote should be taken for the formation of a systematic collection of works representing the application of Fine Art

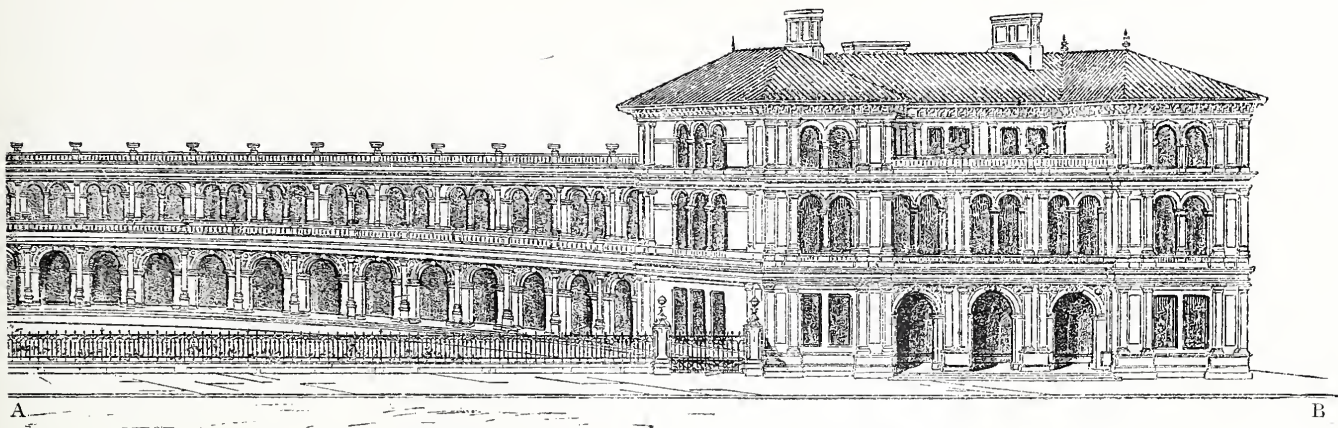
to industry in all periods—the germ of the present South Kensington Museum.

A special loan exhibition of furniture and of some of the beautiful life-studies of William Mulready, R.A., was held by the Department at Gore House in 1853, and in the following year extensive purchases were made on the dispersal of the famous Bernal collection, and many examples of models for sculpture were secured about this time from the Gherardini collection.

From the very commencement of these collections very careful and complete descriptive catalogues were compiled by the authorities in the various branches of the Fine Arts, and all the objects displayed to the public were fully labelled.

We can confidently state that the educational value of these collections has been enormously enhanced by the addition of these labels, while the fact that it has always been the practice of the Department to append the price given for each object to the description, has enabled amateurs to rightly appreciate the cost of the treasures which the Government had secured for them. This policy of affixing the prices has often been attacked, but the arguments brought forward by its opponents, when carefully scrutinised, are found to have little weight. It is extremely interesting to examine the prices given in the early days for some of the Art-treasures, and to estimate the astonishing rise in values that has taken place since the date of their purchase. We could point to scores of specimens of majolica, enamels, and of Italian sculpture which would fetch at the present day three or four times the amount of their original purchase money, and we are well within the mark when we state that the collections at South Kensington if sold by public auction would now command more than twice the money originally given for them.

While we are discussing this question of values we ought to point out the surprising liberality on the part of collectors which the public exhibition of the national Art treasures has evoked during the past thirty years. The mere enumeration of the names of the donors to the South Kensington Museum would form a list too lengthy for our pages, and we must content ourselves with the mention here of Mr. John Sheepshanks, whose valuable collection of pictures and drawings was pre-



ings, South Kensington. (A—B is repeated on the other side of the Design.)

sented in 1857 to found a gallery of British Art, and the princely gift of Mr. John Jones, in 1882, of eighteenth-century furniture, porcelain, and enamels, representative of one of the most splendid periods of French Art-workmanship. These two collections alone have been valued at considerably over a quarter of a million sterling, and competent judges have estimated that the various gifts and bequests to South Kensington would, if sold at the time they were acquired, have realised upwards of a million.

The entire expenditure on Art objects to the end of 1886 was £411,718, including purchases for the National Art Library amounting to £61,204, so that we should be considerably understating facts if we were to assert that for each pound of Government money spent on this collection more than twice the sum has been contributed by the spontaneous liberality of private donors.

Among the most interesting of the aims of the Museum Authorities has been the acquisition of the finest possible reproductions of the best Art workmanship of all periods, especially in such cases in which it was quite impossible to obtain original examples (pp. 171, 235, vol. for 1888). The expediency of so doing, which was early recognised, led, in 1864, to the passing of a minute with a view to the establishment of a system of exchanges of Art reproductions with foreign governments and Continental museums, and in 1867 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales entered into a convention with several foreign sovereigns for promoting the reproduction of works of Art for the benefit, by exchange, of the museums of all countries. As the outcome of this convention the galleries of South Kensington have been enriched by the casts of the Trajan column,

the Nuremberg sculpture by Adam Krafft, and the magnificent fireplace from the Hôtel de Ville at Bruges.

It will be necessary to consider the various directions in which the extension of the collections at South Kensington has taken place in order to understand the *raison d'être* of the somewhat incongruous group of buildings which contain the present Museum at South Kensington. This Museum originated, as we have seen, in the hastily-erected triple-span iron building, on the estate of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, in 1856-7, for which structure a Government grant of £15,000 was obtained on 2nd August, 1855. The Commissioners supplemented this vote by an outlay of about £5,000, and in 1858 the Government acquired twelve acres of the south-eastern portion of the estate valued at £60,000, the site of the Museum as it now stands. On this property there were at that time several old houses with gardens of the suburban type, and some very fine trees, one of them an Oriental plane of magnificent dimensions. In these buildings space was found for the Museums of Education, Animal Products, and Ornamental Casts, also for the National Art Training School, and for the offices of the Science and Art Department. Moreover, a slice of the iron building was appropriated for the exhibition of patented inventions, the property of the Commissioners of Patents.

The first brick structure of a more permanent character was the gallery erected under Captain Fowke to receive the Sheepshanks collection. The Treasury sanctioned the expenditure necessary for this purpose, and the new galleries, which were designed on special lines laid down by the Art Superintendent, Mr. Redgrave, were extremely successful in point of lighting

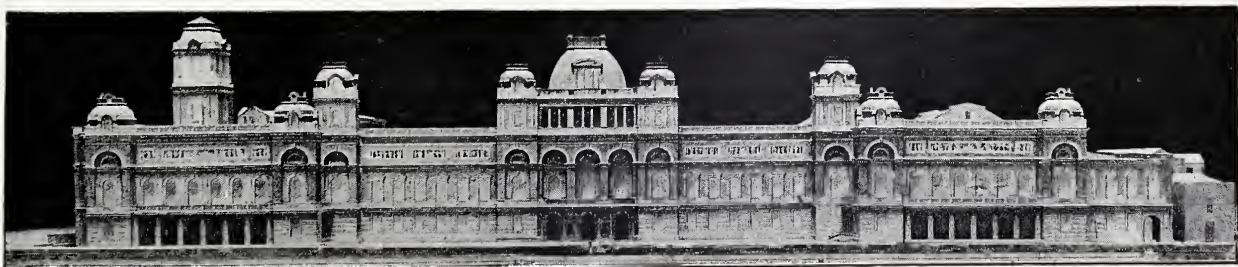


Fig. 2.—Design for the South Front of the South Kensington Museum.

and in permitting of the satisfactory display of the pictures. Side by side with the pictures so generously presented by Mr. 1889.

Sheepshanks were exhibited for many years the English collections of the National Gallery, the Vernon and Turner pic-

tures; and for these pictures fireproof galleries were erected by Captain Fowke, in continuation of the buildings he had designed for the reception of the Sheepshanks collection. These galleries partially enclosed a quadrangular space which it was ultimately resolved to cover with iron and glass, and thus arose the so-called North Court, now occupied by the collection of Italian sculpture and majolica. We are enabled to give a view of the façade as originally proposed by Captain Fowke, and portions of which have been executed. This forms the heading of the present article (Fig. 1).

The first portion of the ornamental façade of the Museum buildings to be completed was the east front of the official residences, constructed of red brick-work and buff terra-cotta. The design of these buildings (see Fig. 3), which face an internal quadrangle, introduced decorative terra-cotta treated in a novel and effective manner and surfaces of rubbed brickwork. The employment of terra-cotta for structural purposes, and not simply as a veneer or surface ornament, was to a large extent due to Captain Fowke and to Mr. G. Sykes, who ably seconded him in the modelled enrichments; and the present revival of the use of terra-cotta was greatly stimulated by the example set at South Kensington. The north side of the quadrangle which is formed by the Lecture Theatre buildings, the Ceramic Gallery, and the Refreshment Rooms, contains a boldly recessed arcade in terra-cotta and some mosaic work in ceramic tesserae, and opposite to this is the National Art Library, the most recent addition to the permanent buildings for the Museum.

To the casual observer, who has had no opportunity of studying the way in which the work under the Science and Art Department has grown up, the arrangement and plan of the Museum buildings cannot fail to present something of a puzzle, but the various sections have each been disposed with the view to a complete structure. The late General Scott, C.B., who succeeded Captain Fowke as the director of works, produced detailed plans and estimates for the additional buildings required, and our illustration (Fig. 2) is taken from the model of the proposed buildings which is exhibited at South Kensington. Only one small section of the external

elevation of this edifice has as yet been erected, namely, the Science School, occupying the north-west corner of the site and facing the Exhibition Road. We give a view of part of this building in our illustration, Fig. 4.

It is strange that with such valuable Art treasures as are stored in the Museum, and with such a vast educational system in progress, such scant effort has been made in recent years to carry on the erection of the permanent buildings, and

to complete the façade of the edifice, or at any rate to provide it with a suitable and convenient entrance. The principal approach from the Cromwell Road is so insignificant that strangers often fail to find it, and the access from the Exhibition Road is by means of a small flight of wooden steps leading down into an area not nearly so dignified in appearance as the servants' entrance to an ordinary dwelling-house.

In consequence of the scattered character of the arrangement, and the inconvenient situation of the offices, the work of the department is carried on under great difficulties, and in circumstances which must necessarily entail delay and loss of time. Only a little while ago we learned that the judging of the National Competition Drawings, the works sent up from all the schools of the country to compete for medals and prizes, took place in some dilapidated sheds, from the ceilings of which the plaster was dropping and through whose roof the rain came in torrents; and we hear that the accommodation for the staff of clerks and writers is so cramped that the work has to be carried on in corridors and on staircases, under conditions which must be pronounced as anything but satisfactory for the discharge of the duties of an important public office.

The administrative work of the Science and Art Department has grown out of very small beginnings and has attained vast proportions. The annual examinations in Art and Science in thousands of different centres, the inspection of the work done in the Schools of Art and Art classes, the packing and transport of the circulating loan collection of Art objects, and the arrangements for the display of the loan and other collections in the Museum, keep a large staff fully

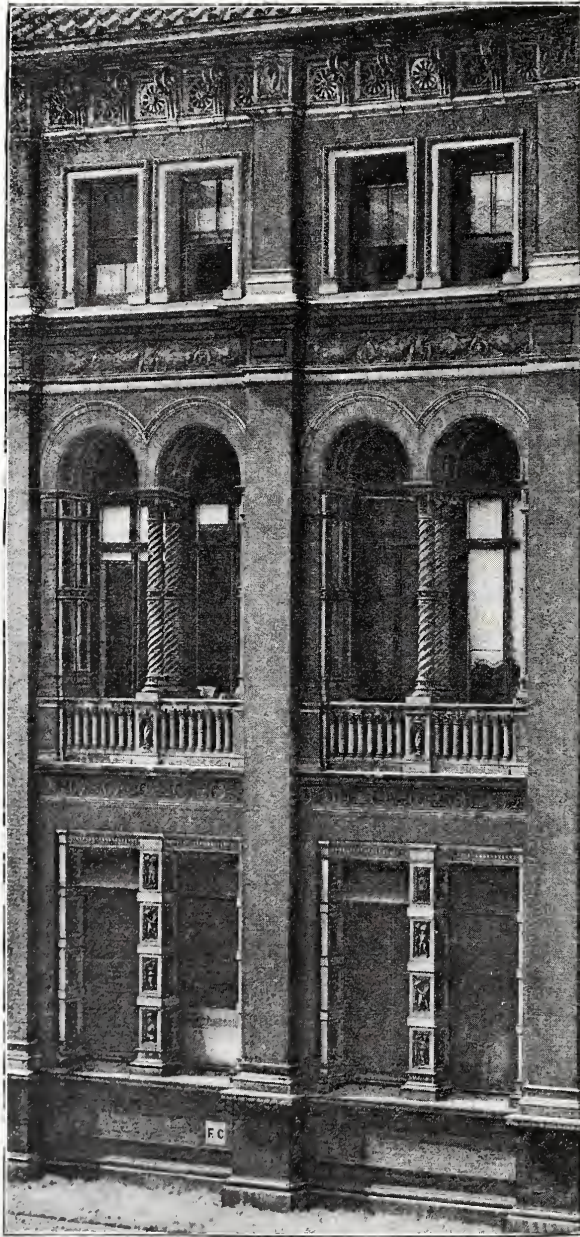


Fig. 3.—Façade of the Official Residence. Interior Quadrangle.

occupied throughout the year, and the office room provided for the purpose has long been sadly insufficient. In spite of numerous appeals to Parliament the question of increased accommodation seems to be constantly set aside, and little or nothing is done to remedy evils which have long since been acknowledged. General Scott, before his death, prepared the model for the complete Museum buildings to which we have already referred, and his designs and drawings were handed over to the First Commissioner of Works, to whose office all repairs and additions to public buildings are now entrusted, but since that date no further steps have been taken to carry out the most needful extensions to the South Kensington Museum.

It is a constant theme of wonder to foreigners who come here from all parts to study our Art system and to admire our national collections, that a wealthy country like England, which has taken the initiative in the matter of the creation of a public Museum of Science and Art, and whose schools and examinations have no counterpart on the Continent, should be content to discount the usefulness of the work she has accomplished by the provision of such imperfect and unsuitable buildings for this national undertaking. It would almost appear

as if our rulers and statesmen were half-hearted in this business, and that the spirit of blame and fault-finding which in the inception of the South Kensington work pervaded the press, still influenced those in high quarters who hold the strings of the public purse. Either let it be at once proclaimed that in creating the Kensington Museum and in concentrating the Art teaching of the kingdom under the administration of the Science and Art Department we have been in the past most grievously mistaken, or let Parliament speedily rectify what is now assuming the proportions of a national scandal, and take in hand this most necessary work.

On our part, and entitled as we are to represent the Art-opinion of the country, we can most unhesitatingly affirm that the Museum is one of which any country might be proud, but which suffers greatly from the defective character of the accommodation provided for it. Let us hope that the days are near at hand when the long-experienced opposition to the completion of the South Kensington buildings may vanish, and that a public museum equal in attractiveness to that which has been erected close at hand for the Natural History Collections may worthily contain the Art treasures which have been brought together from so many lands.

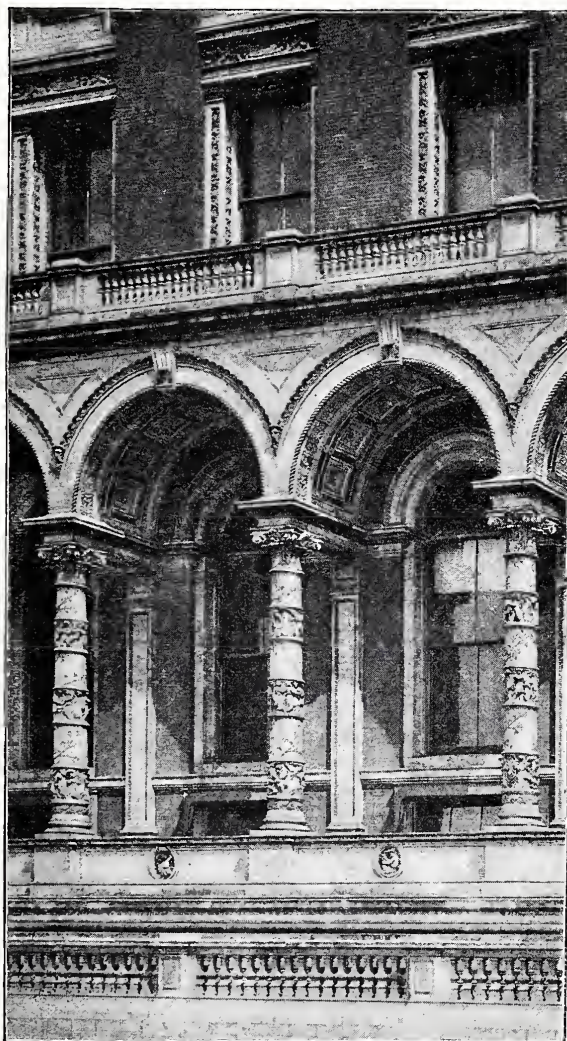


Fig. 4.—Exterior View of the new Science Schools, Exhibition Road.

TYPES OF BEAUTY IN RENAISSANCE AND MODERN PAINTING.*

IV.—SCHOOLS OF GERMANY AND THE NETHERLANDS.

THAT which is by common consent and acceptance called beauty—harmonious perfection and grace of type and feature and proportion—has only been fully realised, at least until the work of our modern schools, by two races of men. First, by the ancient Greeks, and then again, partly through the help of the examples these supplied, by the Italians of the Renaissance. Other races have indeed had their ideals of beauty, and in the works of their schools the prevalence of certain chosen types cannot be mistaken, nor, in the case of particular masters, the influence of certain

favourite models. But these generic types, and these favourite individual models within each type, have often not been endowed, either by nature or fashion, with the stamp which other times and generations can recognise as beautiful. To us they often appear quaint and odd, sometimes insipid and wooden, sometimes full of character and human interest; types well worthy of study indeed, but hardly types of beauty, however much they undoubtedly were so to those who painted them, and who chose them out either from the nature around them or from the ideals of their dreams.

In the whole Art of the Teutonic North during the two and a half centuries of its power, from about 1400 to 1650, any

* Continued from page 153.

perfection of beauty in women, in the Greek and Italian sense above indicated, is wanting. But instead we find plenty of strongly marked types and characters, the evidence in abundance of school and personal predilection, and of infinite, faithful study in realising it on canvas.

The object of this article is to glance briefly at some of the most salient and prevailing of these feminine types in the works of the German and Netherlandish schools during the two and a half centuries referred to.

The outburst of the art of painting in the wealthy merchant cities of Flanders, which began about 1424 with the great works of the brothers Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, was preceded, as is well known, by a minor but extremely interesting development in the Rhenish-German city of Cologne, for ages one of the great cities of European wealth, culture, commerce, piety, and power. In the earlier Cologne School of the fourteenth century, the type of the Madonna and female saints had a sweet simplicity and womanly gentleness and innocence which is not without a charm of its own. One of the most attractive pictures of this early school is 'The Madonna with the Bean-flower,' ascribed to Meister Wilhelm, and now in the Cologne Museum—there is something in the very name, now given to it, that suggests the sweet homeliness of this gentle, innocent young mother. Mr. W. M. Conway has well described her in his book on the early Flemish and German masters, where he says, "This Virgin is not an exalted queen, but an amiable and tender friend, who attracts love rather than homage, and will return the protection of love rather than the protection of power;" and again referring to the 'Paradise Pictures,' a class

peculiar to this school, he says, "Dorothy and Cecilia, Catherine and Barbara, and many another virgin saint, were thought of by these gentle-hearted folk as the sweet handmaidens of the Virgin, the fairest and purest amongst the fair and pure. Their home was no place of stately solemnity and rigid rule, but a bright and happy garden, where, there being no impurity, there was nothing but joy and brightness and peace and everlasting day. Flowers blossomed on every hand, and they plucked them in basketfuls for the beautiful infant of their love. They could sit down and talk together in the bright meadows, and never a cloud darkened the sky, never a cold wind blew, never a scorching ray annoyed, but always gentle light and murmuring breezes made fair sights and sounds wherever they went. So in the Köln pictures of the fourteenth century Mother and Child are always happy together and conscious of each other's joy." But it is with the pictures of this school a little later that we have to do, when

already the influence of the great realistic movement in art begins to show itself. Meister Stephan Lothener's is the name most famous in connection with this period. We know little about him personally, beyond that his name occurs in Dürer's Diary of his journey in the Netherlands, that he bought a house in Cologne in 1442, and that he died in 1451. The altar-piece by him in Cologne Cathedral was his greatest work and was painted originally for the chapel of the Town Hall; it is now one of the chief treasures of the cathedral. The curious mixture of the old, sweet, mystical ideal with the new realism is here peculiarly interesting. The central subject represents 'The Adoration of the Magi,' the Virgin seated in the midst with the Child on her lap, the kings kneeling on either side of her, while their followers stand around. On the wings are the patron saints of Cologne, St. Ursula (from whom our illustration, Fig. 1, is chosen) surrounded by her maidens on the left, and St. Gereon, at the head of the Theban

Legion, on the right. The background is still of diapered gold, as in the earlier period, with the star of Bethlehem over the Virgin's head and little cherubs flying about her throne, while the ground under her feet is richly carpeted with flowers. The faces of the Virgin and St. Ursula still have the expression of meek, religious sentiment, with the high forehead, full, drooping eyelids and bud mouth, but all the figures are clothed in the sumptuous costumes of a fifteenth-century court. St. Gereon and his followers are in full armour, part plate, part chain, and St. Ursula's virgins are dressed in the fashions of the day in rich and splendidly coloured brocades and fur-trimmed velvets, and with their bright, baby faces, and round wide-open eyes, show something of curiosity and



Fig. 1.—St. Ursula and Attendant Virgins. From the Panel of Triptych at Cologne Cathedral. By Stephan Lothener.

delight in life, as well as a childish innocence of devotion. The whole is expressed with a new maturity and exquisiteness of art. But beautiful as this work of Meister Stephan's is, it really marked the beginning of that decline in the old ideal German art which set in not long after his time.

The great painters of Bruges and Brussels that followed in the second and third quarters of the same century also delighted to paint rich tissues, pearls and gold, jewels and brocade, flowers and herbage, but with a far stronger grasp of nature, a full-fledged mastery and solidity of execution, a gorgeousness of colouring very different from the gentle idealists of Cologne. Among these the Van Eycks, who if they did not invent, at least practically developed, the medium of oil painting, come first. In portraiture Jan Van Eyck is an uncompromising realist, a master of homely character, as may be seen by the fine example of his work in the National Gallery—the portrait of the Arnolfini, representing a

well-to-do merchant and his wife standing in their bedroom, holding each other by the hand. The man here, as always in Van Eyck's portraits, is the more interesting of the two; the wife is an ordinary middle-class Flemish woman, ugly, and rather stupid-looking. But what a marvel of painting; what veracity, directness, and strength of handling not only in the two figures but in every single detail of their costume and surroundings! The strength, keen individuality, energy, and virility of Van Eyck's male types must strike every one; but even the most ardent admirer of his work can hardly find beauty of a high order either in his Madonnas or in his portraits of women. The latter are evidently accurate likenesses; he painted what he saw, disguising nothing, embellishing nothing; so much the worse for the Flemish women of his day. In his religious types he by no means shows the predominance of the universal high, bald forehead, large drooping eyelids, long cheeks, small, meek mouth, and little round chin, which afterwards became the characteristics of the school for generations. Something, indeed, of these characters prevail, but he can vary them at times, as, for instance, between the Madonna of the Annunciation and the Madonna in Glory of the Ghent altar-piece. This celebrated picture in the church of St.

Bavon, at Ghent, was the great central work of the Van Eyck's career. It is a monumental composition, setting forth the 'Adoration of the Lamb,' and contains the only known work of Hubert Van Eyck, Jan's elder brother by some fourteen years, and by whom Jan is supposed to have been brought up. The great altar-piece was begun by Hubert in 1424, but he died two years after, and the work was carried out and completed by Jan in 1432. How much of it was done by Hubert cannot now be ascertained. It would be impossible here to describe in detail this elaborate and almost unique painting. The wings have most unfortunately been separated from the centre-piece, and are distributed in part to Brussels and in

part to Berlin, their place at Ghent being supplied by feeble copies.

We give as our illustration (Fig. 2) the Virgin in Glory, a figure only second in importance to the central one of Christ. It must be supposed that in depicting the Queen of Heaven, the representative of all glorified women, the painter made her as beautiful as he could. Her blue, be-jewelled mantle and magnificent crown glowing with rubies, topaz, and pearls, to symbolize lilies and roses, are glorious indeed. Many elements of beauty are there, regular features and arched brows, long flowing blond hair—nevertheless, the face seems

to us absolutely devoid of any charm or real beauty—yet this must have been the ideal type of a great and famous painter. Great and famous he was, but a sense of feminine beauty was certainly not among his chief qualities.

With Van Eyck's immediate successor, Roger van der Weyden, came in, in the fifteenth century, the religious art of Flanders, the monotonous prevalence of the high-browed, meek-mouthed type before mentioned, with an added ascetic pietism of character, in the lankness and boniness of limbs and fingers. Roger van der Weyden, though not nearly so great a painter as Van Eyck, carried out his principles more

widely even than Van Eyck did himself, and influenced either directly or indirectly most of the painters of the second half of the century, not only in the Netherlands but in Germany. In the latter country his influence was spread by Martin Schongauer, who may have been a direct pupil of Roger's, and who certainly was the guiding spirit of German art at this time. But the most inventive and exquisite of the second generation of the devotional artists of this school, and the most varied as to expression and costume, was Hans Memling, a direct pupil of Roger van der Weyden. Memling was born, probably in Germany, about 1430, just when Van Eyck must have been at work on his altar-piece at Ghent. Though not



Fig. 2.—*Virgin in Glory*—left-hand figure of central three in upper portion of great altar-piece in the Church of St. Bavon, at Ghent. By Van Eyck.
From the publication and by permission of the Arundel Society.

separated by any vast number of years, there is a world of difference between Van Eyck and Memling. Their actual technique is no doubt similar, but their way of looking at things, their artistic temperaments, are wholly different. Memling has perhaps less muscle and sinew in every sense, less power of presenting robust human beings, especially of the sterner sex, with unflinching veracity; his colouring is perhaps less sonorous and sustained, but, on the other hand, he has far more sense of beauty, of mystery, far more charm, and a capacity for rendering, not only the more refined and spiritual

side of human nature, but the subtler and more delicate semi-tones and diffused half-lights of the outer world, than Van Eyck had. Whether the pretty story of Memling's having painted his beautiful pictures in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, in return for the care he received thereafter being wounded in battle, is true or not, we cannot tell. Certain it is that his best and most famous works are still to be found there. Among them is a shrine of St. Ursula with the wonderful legend of the virgin-martyr and her eleven thousand virgins told in full on six panels — three of them showing the voyage up the Rhine,

one the reception of the pilgrims by the Pope, another the martyrdom of the maidens and death of Prince Conon, Ursula's betrothed, who dies in her arms, and the last showing the death of Ursula alone. The whole, charmingly told, like a tale of romance, the background of each incident being filled with a smiling landscape watered by flowing streams, such as Memling loved to paint, and in three cases the city of Cologne in the distance. Another, perhaps even more beautiful work, in the same hospital, is an altar-piece showing the 'Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine.' In the

centre is the Madonna enthroned with the Child on her lap—on her right is St. Catherine with her wheel, and on her left St. Barbara (the latter given as our illustration, Fig. 3)—behind them stand St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, and two angels making music. The Virgin is of the ordinary conventional religious type, inferior to the two saints at her side. St. Barbara, seated on the left, is absorbed in reading her Book of Hours; she is exquisitely dressed in a close-fitting robe of green with a white kerchief at the neck, and an ample purple cloak falling about her feet in large and picturesque

She wears the transparent white gauze veil falling over the forehead and ears from a marvellous pointed-shaped jewelled head-dress; the face is a full oval shape, the eyes cast down on her book, the finely cut lips gently closed; there is something like a lily in the graceful bend of the neck and well-set head, something too, not only of the heavenly purity of a saint, but of the dainty refinement of a high-bred woman about the whole figure that sets us wondering whether the Flemish models that sat to Memling were indeed of the same race as those that sat to Van Eyck. Or was it the difference between the



Fig. 3.—St. Barbara. From the Picture of the 'Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine,' in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges. By Hans Memling.

man "who saw with his eyes and the man who began to see with his spirit," as M. Fromentin says of Memling in his book, "Les Maîtres d'autrefois." Surely there is at all times beauty to be found by those that have the soul to find it, and to see only what is ugly and common must be to stop short of seeing the truth; but to how few is it given to see the whole truth!

The unbounded influence of these Flemish masters on the art of landscape-painting, though foreign to our present subject, should not be forgotten. There is a peculiar charm

in the sunny, smiling meadows and flowing streams of | the beard of prophet or evangelist, yet almost any Italian



Fig. 4.—Portrait of the Painter and his First Wife, Isabella Brant. By Rubens. Munich Gallery.

Memling's landscape-backgrounds, as well as in the delicate | realised with ample force and insight. There is a certain

detail and finish of the flowers and herbage of his foregrounds, although the construction of his mountains and rocks may leave something to be desired. In the cities of Upper and Central Germany—of Suabia, Bavaria, Franconia and Saxony—the progress of art had lagged nearly two generations behind its progress in the Low Countries, and it was not until about 1500 and during the next quarter of a century that these cities had their great masters able to express with full power the spirit of the race, and to cope on equal terms with the painters of Italy and the Low Countries: such masters as a Dürer, a Burckmair, a Cranach, a Hans Balding Grün, a Holbein.

Of these our limits only allow us to choose one representative name, and that the chief—Albrecht Dürer. The highest exponent of the great Germanic qualities of energy, industry, fidelity, veracity, meditative depth and earnestness, he had, unfortunately, also the usual Germanic shortcomings, a lack of the sense of ideal beauty, grace, and suavity.

Partly, no doubt, this was due to the defects of his experience, and partly to instinctive habits of eye and mind. He both saw and drew with greater *power* than almost any other artist in history except Leonardo da Vinci; but to see and draw *beautifully*, neither his experience at Venice, nor his rivalry with Italian artists, nor his lessons in proportion could teach him. Dürer tells us himself that life was not long enough to give form to a quarter of his ideas; but in some ways he could carry out those ideas as no other man could have done. He could set down with unerring force and microscopic precision every wrinkle in the face, every hair in |

the suggestion of grace, sweetness, and beauty in an Eve or Diana, a Saint Catherine, or a Mary. Indeed, he is too sincere even to try far or often in that direction, and in an engraving like the so-called 'Greater Fortune' or the 'Nemesis,' where the subject requires an allegorical nudity, he simply gives the literal truth of a middle-aged German hausfrau undressed, at the same time the subject is so dealt with that the sense of grotesqueness is altogether excluded and overcome by the sense of power.

In secular work Dürer can hardly be spoken of as influenced by ideals of beauty at all. In his portrait heads (chiefly in the form of drawings) he gives us plenty of shrewd, homely types of German visage and costume



Fig. 5.—Portrait of Helena Forman, the Painter's Second Wife. By Rubens. Munich Gallery.

youthfulness, hardly even prettiness, in a portrait of his wife,

Agnes Frey, and in one of those which probably represent her sister Katherina.

Dürer was married at the end of his first "Wanderjahre," in July, 1494, and was therefore only twenty-three at the time. His wife, the much-maligned Agnes, was the daughter of Hans Frey, a burgher of Nürnberg. We constantly find her mentioned as her husband's companion in his later travels, and as the sharer of the presents and honours heaped upon him in various places, and there seems to be no truth whatever in the stories of their married misery which were believed in till 1869, when Herr Moritz Thausing completely exploded them, and rein-

stated Agnes Frey as the dutiful partner of Dürer's joys and cares. It is quite possible that she may have been a beauty in her youth, as has been stated; if so, she can hardly have served her husband much as a model. However, as we have said, the presentment of womanly beauty was certainly not the master's strong point, either in his secular or religious pictures. In the latter his master, Wolgemut, so long eclipsed by his great pupil, has more of a quaint, if somewhat monotonous, pleasantness in his types of saints and virgins. Dürer's prevailing type of virgin is one of stout, honest, German motherhood—seen at its best in the coifed head, in profile, of the Munich 'Nativity,' the 'Adoration of the Magi,' in the Uffizi at Florence, and in some of the engravings of his middle life. But at times he is prone to vie with the Flemings in attempting the expression of sentimental or ascetic devotion, or with the Italians in trying to render youthful beauty and bloom, and in such cases he is apt to fail and to degenerate into something quite affected and even grotesque.

We give as our illustration an example of this religious ideal of Dürer, the 'Madonna with the Pink' (Fig. 6), at Augsburg, in which the failure is perhaps less complete than usual, though there is something irritating in the vacant face

with its round eyes, thick nose, and pursed-up mouth, that makes us wish he had kept always to the type of the good motherly hausfrau with her white coif.

Space will not permit us to enter into the reasons which account for the dull, unoriginal, and lifeless period that came upon the painters of Germany and Flanders in their efforts to Italianise northern art from the days of Dürer to those when the sun shone out again more gloriously than ever in the work of Rubens, the chief pride of the Flemish school; that is to say from about 1520 to 1590. Rubens loved and revered the imaginative art of Florence, and he knew exactly how

much of the teaching of Italy was still vital, and could be of practical use in the north, and it was because of the absolute independence of his own genius and style that he was able to instil fresh life and vigour into the art of his time and country. However little admiration some of us, with our present somewhat inhuman and attenuated ideals, may have for the healthy, bountiful, and full-blown, flesh-and-blood forms of Rubens, no one can deny his supremacy as a colourist, or his unsurpassed power of expressing what he has to say in painting. It is curious and convincing to find men so diverse in mind and taste as Mr. Ruskin, M. Fromentin, and many of the German historians of Art, all using



Fig. 6.—*Madonna with the Pink.* From the Picture in the Gallery at Augsburg. By Albert Dürer.

words almost identical as to the characteristics of the master. "Alike, to Rubens, came subjects of tumult or tranquillity, of gaiety or terror; the nether, earthly, and upper world were to him animated with the same feeling, lighted by the same sun; he dyed in the same lake of fire the warp of the wedding garment or of the winding sheet; swept into the same delirium the recklessness of the sensualist and rapture of the anchorite; saw in tears only their glittering and in torture only its flush," says Mr. Ruskin, and M. Fromentin has many similar passages, only with a vein of more real sympathy running through them. Rubens himself was neither a sensualist nor an anchorite, but

a robust, noble-souled human being, full of a large and joyous sympathy with nature and man, gifted with a great genius, and withal a man of the world, a diplomatist, and a gentleman by habit, feeling, and education. He was born in 1577 and died in 1640; he was twice married—in 1609 to Isabella Brant, who died in 1626, and four years after her death to Helena Forman or Fourment, a girl of sixteen, the niece of his first

wife, and the living incarnation of the ideal of womanhood which seems to have haunted him during his whole life. Philip Rubens, his nephew, says of the second wife, "She would certainly have triumphed by her physical beauty over Helen herself in the judgment of Paris." However, both wives were beautiful, and both marriages perfectly happy. Rubens was a devoted husband and father, a pattern indeed of



Fig. 7.—Portrait of Saskia van Ulenburg, the Painter's Wife. By Rembrandt. Munich Gallery.

domestic virtue, and his whole life seems to have been one of unceasing industry, dignified and cultured prosperity, and of almost unclouded happiness, delightful to dwell upon. He looked upon painting as the only serious business of life; diplomacy and travel were his forms of recreation. We give as our illustrations his portraits of his two wives; the first seated beside himself and wearing the large ruffle of the period

1889.

(Fig. 4), and the second in the ripe joy and beauty of young motherhood; with an adorable little child in cap and feathers on her knee (Fig. 5). Both pictures are now in the Munich Gallery. As he constantly painted from both his wives, no better examples of his ideals of beauty can be found, though Helena is the one most easily and frequently recognisable in his pictures, and the type which most fascinated his imagina-

4 U

tion from the first. We cannot pretend in a short paper like this even to touch on so vast and glorious an achievement as the work of Rubens; luckily our National Gallery is rich in splendid examples of the master, and there are few greater enjoyments, to those who can appreciate it, than to bask at times in the marvellous light and glow of his triumphant colour.

But we must turn from Rubens to a greater than he; not greater as a colourist, perhaps, is Rembrandt, but greater as a master of the subtle mysteries of light and shade, greater

as a poet and a dreamer. Rembrandt (1607—1699) is a man apart; full of the rugged gloom and romance of the north, somewhat solitary and morose perhaps in his life, but with a power, the secret source of which must have lain deep in his own nature, of investing subjects, mean and wretched and even grotesque in themselves, with a strange dignity, a mysterious fascination, a depth of tenderness and pathos far beyond what is ordinarily called beauty. The whole art of Holland is raised to a higher level by the mere halo of Rembrandt's genius. In his drawings, perhaps, more even than in his paintings, we



Fig. 8.—Artemessia, from the Picture by Rembrandt. Madrid Gallery.

can realise the kind of enchantment he casts over everything he touches by the absolute truth of his perception, and subtle capacity of rendering the play of light and shadow upon and around what he sees. In painting, his shadows are never opaque, they only enhance instead of hiding his colour, colour which at its best, and in certain combinations, does not fall below the colour of the Venetians themselves. To obvious grace and beauty in his subjects Rembrandt seems to have been indifferent, if only they had reality and character; it was the problem of setting down all that was there that he cared

for; but then he saw with that inner eye that transfigures all that it looks upon, to which nothing is common or unclean, and from which nothing is hidden.

As illustrations of his types of womanhood we give first the Munich portrait of his wife, Saskia van Ulenburg (Fig. 7), not in her earliest youth as in the Cassel portrait, but pleasant and lovable-looking enough. Saskia seems to have been a charming and amiable creature, and to have brought, for a time at least, light and joy into the somewhat dark and troubled life of the master. He delighted to dress her up in rich Oriental costumes

and to paint her in various characters, as he also loved to dress up and paint himself; but unfortunately Saskia died young, in 1642, and troubles of many kinds followed hard upon her death. Whether Rembrandt felt her loss deeply or not we have no means of knowing; it seems that he did not cease from his work for a single day, but who shall say what depths of tenderness his loneliness and grief may not have added to that work?

Our last illustration (Fig. 8) shows the opulent, handsome, rather bold type repeated twice by the master, once as Dalilah

in a picture at Dresden, and again in this one as Artemessia in the Madrid Gallery.

In every portrait of Rembrandt's we see with what zeal he sets himself, not only to depict every possible expression of the face, and even of the hands, so as to bring out the inner self of the sitter, but also to render perfectly those varying truths of light and shade, the representation of which was the ideal aim of his art, and by means of which he gave to his portraits the greater and more permanent interest of pictures.

FRANCES SITWELL.

NOTTINGHAM AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

THE present Exhibition, which is of good average excellence, comprises works in oil and water colours, pastels, black-and-white drawings, and sculpture. The last-mentioned department forms a special feature this year, owing to the fact that it includes five fine statues in plaster which have just been presented to the Museum. These are the work of the late H. S. Leifchild, and have been presented, through Professor G. Baldwin Brown, by Mrs. Leifchild and family. Arranged down the centre of the principal gallery, they very much enhance the general effect. The subjects—four of which are of heroic size—are 'Thought,' 'The Dawn,' 'Andromeda bound to the Rock,' 'Athene repressing the Fury of Achilles,' and 'Lot's Wife.'

Amongst the more conspicuous canvases are a number from the Academy and New Gallery Spring Exhibitions. From the former, Mr. Tuke's Chantrey Bequest picture, 'All Hands to the Pumps!' lent by the President and Council of the Royal Academy; 'Baby's Opera,' G. F. Yeames; 'A Quiet Rubber,' Miss Margaret Simpson; and Mr. Armitage's 'Siren,' from last year's exhibition. From the New Gallery Mr. Watt's 'Good Luck to your Fishing,' Mr. Arthur Lemon's

'Mid-day Bath,' and Mr. Nettleship's 'In the Uttermost Parts of the Sea.' Mr. James Sant, R.A., sends two pictures.

In portraiture the place of honour is occupied by Mr. Lance Calkin with his portrait of J. W. Whymper, Esq., R.I. Mr. R. M. Chevalier sends 'A Messenger to Arabi;' Mr. Sigismund Goetze is represented by 'V. G. as Peg Woffington,' and two other canvases; and Mr. Alfred East, R.I., by a clever portrayal of 'Moonrise in Spring.'

The water-colour collection is an attractive and interesting one, comprising, with a few works in pastel and in black and white, nearly three hundred drawings. Amongst the exhibitors in this medium are Miss Edith Martineau, A.R.W.S., Messrs. Alfred W. Strutt, R.B.A., G. Elgood, R.I., J. C. Dollman, R.I., R. Spencer Stanhope, J. Aumonier, R.I., and J. D. Watson, R.W.S. In pastel, Miss Florence McClatchie, Messrs. Andrew McCallum, Blackwood Price, Herbert S. Percy, J. D. Watson, R.W.S., and W. Gibbons, are represented; while in black and white Mr. Thomas W. Hammond's clever charcoal subjects are prominent. About half-a-dozen specimens of sculpture in terra-cotta, bronze, and marble, add variety to the collection.

A FOREIGN ARTIST AND AUTHOR IN ENGLAND.*

LONDON.



A Goat-Chaise.

CONTRARY to the general custom religiously followed by foreigners visiting England, who come to London first, we only passed through the Metropolis on our way from Dover and Canterbury to Wales. Our first impressions of this country, therefore, were obtained in the provinces. Whether we were right in the course we adopted re-

mains to be seen; at all events we shall escape the reproach generally levelled at foreigners who write about England, that we were content to walk up and down Regent Street, see the Crystal Palace, and then rush back to the Continent. If we

did not follow the usual course and come straight to the Metropolis it was not, however, because we were desirous of showing how very independent and original-minded we were, or because we were wanting in respect to, and appreciation of, the mighty capital of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; but simply because we had mapped out the journey before starting, and having once agreed on a certain itinerary did not intend to alter our programme. That is how it happened that we had seen North Wales, Liverpool, York, and many other places when, one evening, we made our entry into London and drove to the Charing Cross Hotel, our object being to be as nearly as possible in the centre of the Metropolis. We soon found out that the centre of London is also the centre of the mists and fogs, but this is neither here nor there.

From the smoking-room of the hotel we enjoyed for a long time the ever-interesting spectacle of a railway station in full activity. As a work of art Charing Cross Station can hardly be called a thing of beauty, unless perhaps from the engineer's

* Continued from page 371 (1888).

and ironmaster's exclusive point of view. Two high brick walls divided into sunk compartments in the form of arches, and the space between spanned by a lofty glazed roof, such are the architectural or engineering features of Charing Cross Station. Under this huge half-barrel lines of rails, separated by platforms, run towards the bridge over the Thames, and at the upper end there is a large space where everybody can go in or out without let or hindrance. The booking offices and waiting rooms being situated under the hotel, which is the usual adjunct to every English terminus, have to be traversed before the platform is reached.

This arrangement is altogether preferable to that which prevails on the Continent, and immediately strikes foreigners as being practical, simple, and extremely convenient.

The large walls on each side are literally covered with

advertising boards of every description, size, and hue, which testify to the advertising genius of the English, but hardly to their taste. The glaring colours of these advertisements are positively trying to the eye, and they must be very profitable to induce the railway company to spoil the appearance of their station by this extraordinary display of bright colours. Advertisements in the streets, on the contrary, are very remarkable, and more than once we have been struck with the ability of the special artists who sketch the large advertising pictures in colours which are so lavishly displayed on the walls, hoardings, and houses of the Metropolis.

Few things are more striking to the newly arrived stranger in England, and particularly in London, than the development which advertising has attained. The first thing you see on landing is an advertisement, you find advertisements



Hyde Park.

in the railway stations, in the railway carriages, on the walls, on the pavement, on the trees, in the fields, on the rocks in the mountains. The only place which appears to be free from the advertising board is the deck of a Channel steamer.

It is all very well for people to say that London is not England, and that a foreigner knows nothing of the English unless he has travelled all over the country, but we don't believe it. This is one of the ready-made and oft-repeated arguments which ought by this time to be done away with, as being out of date and more than useless. There can be no doubt that London, being the capital of the United Kingdom, contains and sums up all the features of English life, manners, customs, and institutions, in the same way as Paris or Berlin give one as real an idea of the general character of the French and German people as it is possible to obtain. The reason for this is obvious. In the first place the capital

of every country has for the provincials an irresistible attraction. Students find in it libraries, schools of all kinds, technical, professional, and artistic, such as their own county does not and cannot possess; it affords to them innumerable opportunities of learning and research in

all the fields of thought and activity; artists, again, find in the museums and public galleries food for constant study and admiration, not to mention that the best and most renowned masters of every art are generally residing there; merchants and manufacturers also find in the administrative and official centre of the country information which is not available elsewhere; literary men, as a matter of course, flock to the capital where the great publishers have their establishments, where the leading periodicals, reviews, and newspapers are edited and published; lawyers also are attracted to the fountain-head of justice; politicians, whether militant or platonic, whether representatives of the people *in esse* or *in posse*, are naturally to be found in the place where the legislative assemblies and councils of the country meet; and finally the naval and military men of higher rank cannot be expected to have their headquarters very far from the ministries,

and from the service clubs where many of them practically live.

In spite of the decentralisation of the British Governmental



A Clerk.

system—with which we have nothing to do—the English seem to be the people on earth whose manners and customs are cast in the same mould, north and south, east and west. Having begun our tour in the counties and seen first of all large provincial cities such as Liverpool, Leeds, and York, before coming to London, this struck us very forcibly from the moment we walked through the streets of the Metropolis, which failed to make upon us the impression of surprise we were expecting, and had prepared for. Do not let us be misunderstood. We are not here speaking of the immense traffic of London, of the innumerable vehicles of all kinds which from morning till night fill its streets with animation and noise, of the quantities of people to be seen walking, running, hurrying, and jostling each other on the pavement. Of this we shall have something to say presently. What we mean to say is that the crowd of Regent Street or of Oxford Street, for instance, is remarkably like that of Bold Street or Lord Street in Liverpool. The men wear the same tall hats and the same coats, and the women are dressed in exactly the same fashion. Were it possible for a stranger to be transported suddenly, as if by magic, from, say, Liverpool to some London street, at the busy time of the day, there is nothing in the appearance of the people to show that he has been moved from one city to another; whilst abroad, taking France as an example, there is a marked difference in the aspect of the streets and people of various towns. Bordeaux and the Bordelais are certainly not like Paris and the Parisians, and the streets and people of Toulouse are different from both. Lyons and its inhabitants are not like Marseilles and the Marseillais, and Rouen and the Rouennese are unlike either. The French provincial towns have retained their characteristics a great deal more, it seems to us, than the English ones, and it is a much greater mistake to assume that Paris is France than that London is England. It is not easy to explain this off-hand, and after a short stay only in the country, but there are a few facts which are beyond doubt and which can reasonably be considered as having some bearing on the subject. In the first place, the communications between the British Metropolis and the provinces are so easy, so rapid, and so cheap,

1889.

that it may be assumed with tolerable certainty that English provincials go up to London much more often than the French provincials go to Paris. Then, always in the same connection, England is a much smaller country than France, and that makes travelling much easier and more frequent. From London to Berwick is only 342 miles, and to Carlisle about 300, whilst from Paris to Marseilles is 525 miles, to Lyons 310, to Bordeaux 360, to Toulouse 508. No wonder the inhabitants of the French provinces look twice before leaping into a train. Lastly London, or the huge agglomeration of houses and streets known under that name, has a population of about five millions out of twenty-five millions for England and Wales, so that one Englishman out of five is a Londoner. One Frenchman out of eighteen only is a Parisian.

No doubt these facts must have some influence in making the people of England more uniform in appearance as a nation than any other. In appearance only, we say, for we are only talking of what we saw, and what any one can see for himself who does as we did.

But if London did not strike us as differing from the large provincial towns of England as far as the appearance and manner of its inhabitants go, its size, mightiness, and wealth, appeared to us simply amazing. Of its immensity we shall say very little. For everybody has some idea of the vastness of the Metropolis, if no one can tell with certainty where it begins and where it ends.

A most striking feature of London is the lateness of the hour at which the day's business commences, and the traffic in the streets begins in earnest. If you walk along the chief thoroughfares of the West End, Oxford Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and Bond Street, in the morning, you are astonished to find that they are sweeping, dusting, cleaning the shops at a time when, on the Continent, these various operations have been per-



Flower-Girls.

formed long ago, and business is in full swing. As to "dressing" the shop-windows, this again is done very late—when it is done, and done, it must be said, very badly in all cases. We

say when it is done, because we have passed day after day before shops whose display never varied, and we say badly done because of the want of taste which is alone the only thing displayed in the shop-windows. The idea an English shopkeeper or shopkeeper's assistant, male or female, has of dressing a window is to crowd the largest possible quantity of things in the smallest given space. There is a saying of the trees preventing one from seeing the forest. That is exactly the effect produced on the passer-by by an English shop, in which it is a sheer impossibility to find anything or to look at anything.

Instead of disposing their goods in such a manner as to lead the eye up to the finest objects exhibited or to those which it is desired to get the public to notice and to purchase, they heap them up in a confusion which has nothing artistic about it. The jewellers are among the worst offenders in this respect. Their windows are like those of the Paris sham jewellers' shops in some of the *passages*. There you see a mass of watch chains, next to which are scores of bracelets or brooches or lockets. Fine jewels, rings, earrings, necklaces enriched with precious stones are thrown in irrespective of the colours of the

stones, the shimmer of the diamonds or the brilliancy of the pearls. If there is a fine gem or a remarkable jewel, you may be certain that every means has been resorted to to hide it behind some worthless piece of jewellery or to "kill" it by juxtaposition with some other indifferent but showy specimen. The contrast between the Bond Street shop and those of the Rue de la Paix, for instance, is positively painful to the eye, though gratifying to national feeling.

Drapers' shops, haberdashers', stationers', and fancy dealers' are equally poor, not in the quality or quantity of their wares but in the display of them. There is, however,

one exception, which is the more noticeable, as it is to be found where you least expect it, and that is the best fishmongers', where the tasteful arrangement of finny creatures and crustaceans is truly remarkable. On the black marble slabs the pearly scales glimmer among a mass of broken ice, and the greenery plentifully displayed shows off the pink flesh of salmon or the deep red shells of the lobster, crabs, and other denizens of the deep. It may appear strange that of all shops the fishmongers' should be the prettiest to look at, but any one not prejudiced and having an eye for colour will bear out our statement.

On the contrary flower-shops, which are one of the features of Paris, make a very poor show in London, even the most renowned establishments in the West End being of a very inferior order. The few flowers stuck in glass or earthenware basins, and the bouquets in the windows gives a very poor idea of English florists, which is the more surprising as English horticulturists are among the most skilful, as evidenced by the parks and public gardens of London, where the flowers are, as a rule, magnificent.

As a natural consequence, walking in the streets of London is not, as



A Restaurant.

on the Continent, a feast for the eye, which is soon tired by the too lavish exhibition of every possible kind of articles. The narrowness of the footway, except in Regent Street, is also a drawback.

A very remarkable thing about a London, one may say an English, street in general, is the very neat and tasteful style of dress adopted by the men, which is in striking contrast with the eccentric dresses of the women. That there are admirably dressed women in the streets of London goes without saying, but they are few and far between. For a woman to be well dressed something more is required than a hat or

bonnet in the newest style, a dress, a jacket, or cloak in the latest fashion, or a flaming sash or parasol. The head-gear must be becoming to her own particular physiognomy, her dress to her figure, her height, her age, and, finally, all the component parts of her costume must be in harmony with each other. Well, this is seldom seen in England, where the same hats are worn by young girls of sixteen and old ladies of sixty, and where women of mature years and buxom appearance think it quite natural to wear dresses similar to those of their unmarried daughters. This is especially noticeable in well-to-do people, presumably in what would be called by English people women of the middle and upper middle classes, who make it a point to follow the fashions. That is, by the way,

ing men and women, and men and women who cannot claim to be so designated, there are in every country, who are as poor as in England, but nowhere is there to be seen such an utter untidiness in men and women alike. The use of needle and thread seems to be unknown to this class of the women of England. They go about the streets with torn dresses or jackets without buttons, which they never mend, and wear until they literally fall off their backs. Even when their clothes are clean and of comparatively good quality, the same thing obtains. Time out of number we have seen women and girls of the humbler classes parading the streets on a fine, bright, sunny day, with the mud on their dresses of the preceding day, which they never seem to brush off. They wear gloves, it is true, but every one of their ten fingers peeps through them; they wear buttoned boots, but the buttons have come off and never been replaced; their skirts are of silk, but there is a rent in it which is not mended; their jackets show the under garment through the seam, the stitches of which have given way, but they go out in them all the same. And the husbands of these women are equally badly off; trousers, coats, waistcoats are bereft of buttons; if they are mended they are clumsily vamped up—a blue coat with a piece

of grey cloth and *vice versa*. Then these men go to the public-house and get drunk, they return home and beat their wives. If an enquiry were made into the circumstances attending and preceding each case of brutality brought before the police magistrates of London, and daily reported in the papers, it is possible that it would be found in more instances than one that the brutality of the men has been brought about by the utter inability of their wives to keep their little homes decent, cheerful, and comfortable.

Curiosity made us enter two or three public-houses, and we came out of them with greater alacrity than we went in. The atmo-



London Bridge.

exactly what they do—they follow them, but they do not always successfully come up to them.

But to English women much will be forgiven, and is forgiven, because they are—a great many of them—so lovely. For the number of pretty faces one meets in London is as extraordinary as it is pleasant, and more than makes up for the want of interesting display in the shop-windows.

A matter of more importance, as it gives an insight into the customs and disposition of the poorer classes, deserves to be here noted. We allude to the raggedness, dirt, squalor, and repulsive appearance of the quite lower orders of both sexes one meets in the streets of London and in the poorer quarters. We do not allude simply to their faded garments, worn-out shoes or battered hats and bonnets, but to their filthy state. Work-

sphere, the smells, and the company soon drove us out, with the impression that to remain in them long enough to get drunk requires on the part of the customers a true vocation for inebriety. For nothing can be more uncomfortable than the bars or counters, before which they love to stand like so many animals before a trough. Truly, if Englishmen drink, it is certainly not because their public-houses and taverns are made attractive.

There is very little, it must be admitted, attractive in the streets of London. Of the shops and the people we have recorded our impression, the latter being a good deal more interesting than the former. There is a great lack of beauty in the houses of the most fashionable quarters; Piccadilly, Belgrave Square, Grosvenor Square are lined with build-

ings of the most ordinary and uninviting appearance. But if one goes farther west the aspect changes considerably for the better, and the red-brick houses of Chelsea and Kensington, with gables and other architectural devices, give those parts of London a picturesque and very pleasant aspect.

Of the vehicles of the streets of London the most remarkable is the hansom cab, of which we have already spoken in a former chapter.

But what wonderful drivers are the cabmen, carmen, omnibus men, coachmen, and everybody who, in London, is entrusted with one or several horses! It is a pleasure to watch

them seem to remain for hours stationary without being able to move one step backwards or forwards. It may be that "time is money;" if so, what enormous sums are daily thrown into the gutters of the streets of the City, owing to the time wasted in these narrow lanes and alleys! Much as it would cost to pull down some of the houses in order to widen these thoroughfares, it would in the long run, perhaps, be a saving to demolish part of the city and to rebuild it on a more practical plan.

Talking of the traffic of London, immense as it is, it may well be questioned whether it is quite equal to that of Paris. There is no doubt that certain streets of the Metropolis are at

some hours of the day almost impassable, but it is only in the main arteries that such is the case. The vehicular and passenger traffic of London is, to a very remarkable and striking extent, dammed up into a comparatively small number of recognised channels, whilst parallel to these are many less important streets with hardly any traffic at all. The result of this is that if, on given points, the street traffic of the Metropolis is as large and larger than anywhere, it is far from being so general and so equally distributed over the area of the town, even in the central parts of it. If we may be allowed to compare the traffic of Paris with that of London our meaning, to those who have seen both cities, will at once be clear. Go where you will in Paris, there is, practically, the same amount of traffic all over the town, there is no street where people and vehicles do not pass. It would be easy to name a number of streets in London where no one ever passes but the people who live there and those who visit them. The main arteries we speak of



At the Alhambra.

them threading their way through crowds of vehicles, especially at cross-roads such as Piccadilly Circus, Oxford Circus, and Hyde Park Corner; and as to the spot in front of the Royal Exchange the pleasure is changed into a kind of awful admiration. How they manage to get there, and, having got there, to get out of it again, is simply incredible and cannot be described.

There is not in London, perhaps, a more curious and characteristic sight than that which is to be witnessed every morning in front of the Mansion House, not even London Bridge with its enormous traffic, nor the Billingsgate Fish Market and Thames Street, where the vehicles of all kinds

are, as a rule, those which have been adopted by the lines of omnibuses.

The omnibus, by the way, is by far the best, cheapest, most convenient, entertaining, and instructive mode of locomotion in London. And there is no place where a tourist can more profitably employ his time than in or on an omnibus. If he wishes to get an idea of the peculiarities of the people, let him get inside one of these vehicles, and as it goes, say, from Brompton to the City, he will see defile before him all sorts and conditions of people, as different in customs, manners, and speech, as if he were travelling through two or three distinct towns; let him travel in the morning, in the afternoon, or in

the evening, and then again the classes of passengers will vastly vary according to the time of day and to the easterly or westerly direction in which they go. For the omnibus is,

If, however, the upper classes do not allow their poorer brethren to use their squares for which they pay, let us repeat it, they, on the other hand, claim the exclusive right to drive in Hyde Park, for the maintenance of which the poorer brethren pay just as much as their more fortunate countrymen. For of all the parks of London, Hyde Park is the finest, the most pleasant, the best-situated, and that which society patronizes almost exclusively. Here they ride in the morning and drive in the afternoon, and lounge and sit on Sundays in that brief interval between the morning church service and lunch time.

Oh! that afternoon drive in Hyde Park! What an amusing spectacle it is! Let us say at once that the carriages are fine, the horses generally speaking excellent, the coachmen clever, and the footmen highly ornamental, but the people are simply laughable. The unfailing punctuality, the seriousness, the gravity with which one-half of London society drives in Hyde Park every weekday in the season between the hours of five and seven to be looked at, whilst the other half walk or sit

and look at them, all this constitutes one of the most absurdly entertaining of all social conventions ever invented by man—entertaining, that is to say, for the onlookers, for those who take part in the function do not appear to find it a very exhilarating affair. If, contrary to all appearances, they do, then it can be safely asserted that, as far as London society is concerned,



At a Picture Gallery.

in London at least, the truly popular vehicle; popular, that is, in the sense that it is in favour with all classes of the community. The time has gone by when well-to-do people were ashamed of getting into an omnibus, and, singularly enough, the better classes who did not ride in them when the fares were high, patronize them largely now that the penny fare enables everyone, even the poorest working man and woman, to ride to his or her destination.

In more senses than one the parks of the metropolis are to be considered as the oases of the great desert of asphalt and wood pavement called London—oases in which the weary traveller is delighted to find a seat and where he can enjoy a few minutes' rest. For it is one of the most trying and fatiguing tasks, that of sight-seeing in London!

The numerous and large squares of London, with their verdure, flowers, and fine trees, might be transformed into delightful places of recreation or of rest; but they are not, and the greater the pity. Theoretically speaking, only those persons whose houses are in the square are suffered and allowed to use them, but in practice it will be found that they do not avail themselves of this privilege—for which they pay, it is quite true. They are content with looking at the trees from their windows, so that practically the squares of London are useless, except as open spaces over which no one is allowed to build. By a dog-in-the-manger feeling, very common in England, the people who do not use the squares to which they alone have access, will not allow others to use them. They object to the common people treading on their grass or walking in their gravel paths; "They are so rough, you know," they say. Truly, the English love one another very much—at a distance.

1889.



An Alma Tadema.

physiognomy has been given to men (and women) to conceal their thoughts.

After the parks, the most interesting walk in London is on the Embankment, by the side of the Thames, covered with

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pleasure craft, steam tugs, passenger boats, barges, and lighters—anything but a silent highway; behind is industrial London, a gigantic hive where they manufacture almost every conceivable object. All this makes the scene around one of great beauty and impressiveness. There an idea can be

formed of the unique character of London, and of the greatness of the British nation; there London appears at once as a commercial and industrial centre, a large port in communication with every part of the world, and the metropolis of a mighty empire.

P. VILLARS.

A CENTURY OF ARTISTS.

A MEMORIAL OF THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1888.

JUDGED simply as a product of the printing press, this volume is certainly worthy of previous achievements by Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh. As a *catalogue illustré* it has no rival I know of that is of native production, except its elder sister, printed by the same firm, and published by David Douglas at Edinburgh last year. It is difficult to say which, in the matter of type, paper, and binding, is the more beautiful. On the whole, I must give the palm to the younger in virtue of her title-page, which is more nobly featured, so to speak, and with a fairer forehead. When, however, we come to the other

indeed, to "place" different artists by the applications of certain general principles; but these principles are so very general that it is difficult to apply them to all individuals, especially in a few lines at the end of a biography, and nothing like a complete view can be obtained, and no summary is possible, because it is only with the deceased artists that the biographies are concerned. Moreover, a great deal of the literary matter is simply reprinted from the Glasgow Catalogue. So that altogether as a literary achievement this work has neither the consistency nor the interest of its pre-

decessor, and our space would be comparatively wasted in discussing the abstract questions of Art which turn up here and there throughout the biographies. There is the less reason for doing so here as they, or some at least of them, were dealt with in a paper on this very exhibition which appeared in *The Art Journal* for September and October last year. It must suffice to say that the new biographies of Mr. Henley contain some of his most vigorous writing, and that I concur more often in his praise than in his blame, and in his general principles than in his application of them to individual artists. One or two points I shall have to notice, but first, and principally, I propose to consider the illustrations.

Perhaps the most unexpected, and certainly not the



Hard Times. By Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A. From "A Century of Artists."

elements of the book, I find, with some regret, my preference shift. The Glasgow pictures, taking them altogether, are not up to the mark of Edinburgh. The etchings are very good indeed, but they are not so many, and the other illustrations, with the exception of some fine heliogravures, are not so good as those in the previous volume. Nor is the letter-press so satisfactory. This is partly due to a cause beyond Mr. Henley's control. He contrived to cast the whole of his previous labour into one block of criticism, but in this *Century of Artists* it was impossible to do so, and his efforts in this direction must be regarded as a failure. He attempts,

least excellent things in this Memorial Catalogue, are the etchings by Mr. W. Strang. His technical skill as an etcher has long been past doubt, and as a mezzotinter he has done some of the finest plates of the day; indeed, with the needle, whether used as an etcher or in dry point, and with the scraper, he may be said to be a past master. But hitherto he has used them for original designs, all of which have been remarkable for their severe artistic feeling and for the assertion of personality. It is not always the case that a man who has the thirst of creation like Mr. Strang, is also good as an interpreter of other men's work; the general tendency may be said to be the

other way; but these etchings by Mr. Strang are among the best things of the kind. The distinguished leader of the modern Dutch school, Josef Israels, could not have found elsewhere an artist more fitting to render into black and white his impressive picture of 'The Shipwrecked Mariner,' and Mr. Alexander Young, the owner of it, is perhaps still more to be congratulated, in that his treasure is so worthily represented in this catalogue, for such fortune has not befallen many of his fellow contributors. An equal measure of success has attended the reproduction of Bosboom's 'Interior of the Bakkenesse Kerk, Haarlem,' in which the delicate tones of the original are echoed with faultless skill and by the simplest and most direct method.

The picture belongs to Dr. John Forbes White. A little picture of a mill by Théodore Rousseau, owned by Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce, shows the same etcher equally capable of rendering more violent effects of light and shade. The right part of this plate, at least in the impression I am looking at, is a little uninteresting, but nothing can exceed the softness and mystery of the black shadows that fall from the ragged planks on to the white wall, nor the subtlety with which the varied surface of the wall itself is indicated. Finally, Wilkie's portrait of himself, lent by Mr. Robert Rankin, would be excellent but for the straight edge of the shadows of nose and mouth, which give the effect of a scar on the face; but this, perhaps, is only too exact a rendering of the original. Not, however, to Mr. Strang do all the honours belong; Mr. W. Hole, to whose excellent etchings the success of the Memorial Catalogue of the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886 was greatly due, has a wonderfully clever etching

after Mr. T. G. Arthur's picture of 'Montmartre,' by Mathys Maris, a plate of great difficulty on account of its small range of tone. He has also etched with that sympathetic and painter-like use of his tools, of which his large etching after Crome's Mill is such an astonishing example, a charming Corot, belonging to Mr. James Cowan and called 'The Wild Man of the Woods, a scene from Don Quixote.' (What business Don Quixote had in a *real* painter's mind, and how such an example of the intrusion of the literary idea into pictorial art could have been chosen for presentation to the readers of this Memorial, perhaps Mr. Henley will explain when he has leisure. But this is a digression.) Good as this etching is, we prefer Mr. Hole's little plate after Corot

in the Edinburgh Catalogue. Another etching of high quality, fine in drawing and expression, and brilliant in effect, is Mr. F. Huth's version of Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous 'Little Fortune-Teller.' And if Mr. Anthony Henley's rendering of the 'Glenluce Castle,' by Thomson of Duddingston (belonging to Mr. David Macritchie), does not show quite such mastery of means as has been attained by his colleagues, at least he is to be congratulated on so creditable a *début* as an etcher.

To these etchings should be added an excellent portrait of Charles Mackay, the Canadian, by Mr. Strang, after Macnee, the original of which belongs to Mrs. E. Glover. But besides the etchings, there are several other loose plates by one or



Outward Bound. By E. J. Poynter, R.A. From "A Century of Artists."

other of the numerous photographic processes. There is Mr. William Connal, junior's, elegant 'Wood Nymph' by Burne-Jones ("in a scheme of green, the nymph embowered in laurels"), excellently reproduced in heliogravure by Annan; and still greater praise should be given to the heliogravure (by Annan also) of Sir Henry Raeburn's 'Girl sketching,' or rather 'Girl looking up,' which, despite the best efforts of the most skilful of the etchers, remains the most perfect and satisfactory presentation of any picture in the catalogue. This charming picture belongs to Mr. George Holt. The 'Wharfedale,' painted by Cecil Lawson, and in the possession of Mr. George Mason, is also excellent; but the same measure of success has not been attained in the plate after Rossetti's

'Dante's Dream.' This is the large version of the subject belonging to the Corporation of Liverpool, and its colour, no doubt, presented unusual difficulties to the photographer. As a record of design and expression it is, however, satisfactory enough.

As for the rest of the illustrations printed in the text, they are of very various degrees of merit, and few are of much value. In this respect the volume compares very unfavourably with the Catalogue of Edinburgh. Those light, bright, deft sketches, especially those by Mr. Hole, which conveyed in so masterly a manner the very essence of the pictures, distinguishing with something like inspiration the style and feeling of so many different painters, are replaced here either by drawings with the point, clever, but yet palpably inferior to Mr. Hole's, or by blurred reproductions of etchings or drawings with the brush. The sculpture is also unfortunate; even Mr. Hole fails for once in his drawing of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's 'Teucer.' The attempts to reproduce drawings in tint are generally failures, and a particularly disagreeable magenta-like pigment has been used to represent red chalk. Nevertheless there is a fair sprinkling of them which can be honestly commended, if not as specimens of processes, at least as records of design. There is a spirited sketch of a barge boy, after Bastien-Lepage, by Mr. Roche; and the fine design of Cotman's 'Homeward Bound' lives through the dull photo-something or other on page 35. The vigour at least of Delacroix is seen in the caricature of a lion and tiger; and the drawing by Mr. Roche after Sir John Millais's famous 'Rescue,' if failing somewhat in expression, presents forcibly the effect of light and shade. In the prints produced from negatives by Mr. Balmain, one is at least assured of a closer imitation, and it is from these that our specimens of illustrations have been selected—Mr. Herkomer's 'Hard Times' and Mr. Poynter's 'Outward Bound.' Although it is often difficult to say why certain artists have been selected and others chosen for illustration, it is indeed especially surprising that no plate should have been allotted to Constable in a book which attributes (and rightly attributes) to him so vast an influence over the modern French and Dutch school of landscape, and it was no doubt partly out of compliment to Scotland that, whereas men like Turner and Cox are only given smudgy (particularly smudgy) processes, the Rev. James Thomson, of Duddingston, should have been accorded the whole honours of an etching. I have no wish to run down the sound and serious art of Thomson, but having regard to the terms in which Mr. Henley speaks of some other painters, his panegyric of the worthy Scotchman seems not a little overstrained. Among other things we are told that Thomson's "best, while profoundly romantic in

temper, is large in treatment and dignified in aim, and is touched throughout with the supreme distinction of style—is, in fact, a lasting demonstration of the use of convention, and an eloquent reproof to them that asseverate that art is individual or is nothing." I think that Mr. Henley once held some rather strong views as to the value of individuality in Art and out of it, and I trust he has himself done due penance before the masterpieces of Duddingston. But, Mr. Henley's Art creed apart, he, if he had any voice in the illustration of this Memorial Catalogue, should have insisted on paying a little more honour to David Cox. Turner can afford to wait for many things, till Mr. Henley has made up his mind whether he was a colorist or not for one, and he can wait a little while before he is engraved in a Memorial Catalogue, for he has been engraved more than once. Moreover, there have been greater and better gatherings of his pictures than that at the Glasgow Exhibition, but the assemblage of works by Cox at Glasgow, both in water-colour and oil, was of almost, if not quite, unexampled importance; was, indeed, one of the most pronounced features of the Exhibition, and no Memorial Catalogue which does not emphasize this fact but in some measure fails to fulfil its proper function.

Although no one can accuse me of any coldness towards Constable or the modern landscape schools of France and Holland, it seems to me a pity that this record of the Glasgow Exhibition should give so little attention to Art of other countries and of different aims. In a general view of a general exhibition, the expression of strong personal views seems to be somewhat out of place. It may be true, as Mr. Henley says in his preface that "the standard which obtains at Paris is necessarily higher than the standard that obtains at Peebles, and at a general competition, Peebles and Paris do not meet on equal terms," but it seems to me doubtful whether, if the exhibition at Glasgow were a competition, it ought to be regarded as such by the Memorial Catalogue. On the other hand, if it were a competition, and the Catalogue is to give the prizes, by, in Mr. Henley's words, "the inclusion of what seemed the very best to be had," why include Linnel, whose work, according to the arbiter, is in some sort a negation of Art; why Hunt, who according to the same authority "produced a style that is so niggled and petty as to be almost mean;" whose determination to be exact "resulted in the perpetration of effects in colour that are nothing if not garish and unpleasing," who "was so indifferent to, or so unconscious of, some primary essentials in Art, that to call him an artist is strangely to abuse the word." Surely such artists (and there are others—English only—whose Art Mr. Henley holds almost equally cheap), ought never to have been included in his anthology.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

ART IN LEICESTER.

AS early as the spring of 1837 Benjamin Robert Haydon was lecturing in the Mechanics' Institute at Leicester on Art and the establishment of Schools of Design; but it was not till the autumn of 1869—thirty-two years later—that the town appeared really in earnest about the matter. A School of Design, brought into existence no doubt by the enthusiasm which Haydon awakened throughout the country by his passionate lectures, had failed, and, so far as public teaching went, Art was left to take care of itself. On the 14th of October, 1869, at a public meeting held at the Old Town Hall (a building, by the way, in which Shakespeare had once played), it was decided again to form a school of Art and Design; and, the necessary money being then and there subscribed, by the end of the year a building had been hired and adapted, and was already filled with students directed by a capable master.

Things went very well, for the master, in addition to being the holder of certificates from South Kensington, was an artist, and his delightful landscapes greatly influenced the students, and tended to form what is now known amongst London artists as the "Leicester School." A detailed account of the institution would be uninteresting; it suffered the usual changes of mastership, and its history is in other respects much the same as that of other schools.

Before the foundation of this school, however, Art had its votaries in Leicester, some few connoisseurs, collectors, and painters, who kept alight the sacred fire. Notable amongst the latter was John Flower, a pupil and close follower of De Wint. He died before the formation of the school, but there were at the time other exponents of Art living in Leicester, to whom the school was a rallying point. About the year 1880, some half-dozen drawings by old masters having been presented by an artist-collector to the school, an alderman of the town offered a large sum of money towards the creation of a public gallery. In accordance with the provisions of the "Public Libraries and Museums Act," a committee was constituted, under the control of the Town Council, the sum of £2,570 was subscribed by the townsmen, and pictures were contributed from local collections. The money was expended in the purchase of pictures, which were at first placed in the lecture-room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, adjoining the new School of Art, which had by this time replaced the hired building, already too small for the increasing number of students. This lecture-room still contains the collection.

The Corporation is fully alive to the advantages both to the pictures and the public of a permanent gallery; and, an incentive having recently been offered in the form of a generous bequest of £5,000 to the gallery by a local solicitor, the late Mr. William Billings, the Council is again considering the permanent gallery question, both in the light of a possible gift from a wealthy resident of the town and in that of a Corporation duty. It should be stated that in 1885 the sum of £400 a year was voted from the rates for the purchase of works of Art. This sum has been accumulating, and with the £5,000 above mentioned, will, if laid out in pictures, so severely tax the space of the temporary premises as to render a larger gallery almost imperative—that is, if the pictures are to be seen.

In the meantime how fares the artist apart from the School of Art student? In every town of any size there are always a few who seek to live by what is called "Art." Leicester has not been prolific in the production of such—happily; still there are some whose names are known beyond their native town, and who received their first encouragement and support from the few collectors and connoisseurs before spoken of. At present the "Leicester Society of Artists," founded in 1881, numbers some thirty members, exclusive of honorary members of wider repute. Until this year the society held its annual exhibition in chambers indifferently lighted, although on the top story; the current exhibition is much better housed, and the society lives in hope of the Corporation helping it to premises in connection with the proposed permanent gallery. This would enable the members to revive a life class and sketching club, which seem to have died a natural death.

It must not be supposed, however, that these thirty members of the society gain a livelihood by the brush alone: that would be giving too brilliant an idea of the patronage of Art in Leicester. Most of them follow some additional calling, unless they happen to be amateurs of means, but all live in hopes of becoming one day "professional" artists. Leicester is not alone in producing more painters than it can of itself support; it seems, however, to support a sufficiency of architects, and in that respect Art is fairly represented in Leicester. Any one revisiting the town after a long absence must be struck by the number of "villa residences" and new churches, for which local architects deserve the credit; and the views of Leicester being more or less towards total abstinence, there have sprung into existence numerous coffee and cocoa-houses. One of these, though it does overshadow the delightful little stuccoed "permanent library" on the other side of the way, is a building to be proud of; and its well-proportioned tower is a great addition to the sky-line. The Municipal Buildings, again, are a group worthy of all praise—for they are *architecture*—a term not always applicable to building materials put together. The two schools of the William Wyggeston Charity are good; and, as for factories and warehouses, some of them are equal in design to those at any other town in England.

Art in Leicester, then, is shown more, we think, by its architects and their buildings than by its painters and their pictures. The School of Art and Design has not at present suggested any decoration of the interiors of these buildings worthy of the outsides; decoration, we know, in most cases means the hanging of pictures on the walls, a fault which may be pardoned in our dwelling-houses, as we are constantly "moving on;" but coffee-houses, if the dividends continue satisfactory, are fairly stable, and municipal institutions and buildings are permanent, as things go.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has most generously presented the Permanent Art Gallery of Leicester with one of his most beautiful works, the 'Fata Morgana,' a work as grand in style as it is fine in colour. May we suggest to a powerful local weekly paper that it should not dismiss this masterpiece, when it arrives in Leicester, with the dozen lines which it considered sufficient for this year's exhibition of the "Leicester Society of Artists."

THE GROSVENOR PASTELS.

IT is not altogether easy, from this show at the Grosvenor, to estimate the progress made in a year in the still very young art of pastel in England. The exhibition of last year was a very good one, and that of this year is unquestionably poor; but these truths, far from cheerful as they sound, contain no desperate conclusions as to the matter. The foreign artists who exhibited in 1888 are absent this season with very few exceptions, and the Englishmen are left to answer alone for an art which is distinctly an importation. We are willing to believe that what is English this year is rather better than what was English last year, and we should certainly refuse to let our keen disappointment at the general aspect of things obscure our perception of any progress that has in fact been made. It is nevertheless too clear that pastel has, in very few cases, been studied according to its own code and method. Like each of the various arts, it is in itself a little world—certainly in itself a mirror for the world; and a very gay, sudden, complete, but un-insistent vision is it that we see when the true pastellist holds up for us his mirror to nature; a world full of vigilant perceptions, delicate, yet free from scruples, and free—most conspicuously—from dulness. Now, English painters will not achieve this world after the manner in which they have tried to achieve the world, say, of oil painting. If we might hazard a paradox, we should say that a pastellist must be a pastellist first, and anything else, even an artist, afterwards.

In the hands of some of the Grosvenor exhibitors pastel is used like any other method, and pictures are produced not without the merit they would have had in the case of oil or water colour. Now and then—but seldom—some pastel virtue has been apprehended, and in one or two cases we have pastel complete.

Mr. Clausen, whose 'Little Rose' is incomparably the best thing in the collection, makes the purity and directness of the colour, and its high capacity for rendering the relations of light, add something to the record he has made of out-door illumination. For the pure radiance of daylight in its simplicity he has done nothing better than this study of a child in the fields. Then Mr. Dampier May has brightness of sunshine in 'Devonshire Woods,' and Mr. A. Melville a peculiarly pastel virtue of freshness in his 'Hill Farm.' Mr. Henry Tuke appreciates the sketch-capacities of the art in 'Barking Nets;' Mr. Hind achieves an admirable strength in his moonlight scene, 'The Haunted House;' and Mr. Peppercorn has luminous greys in 'The Hay Waggon.' Mdlle. Bilinska works vividly, but not otherwise in the pastel manner; Mr. Stott, of Oldham, exhibits delicate Alpine drawings; Mrs. Stanhope Forbes a brilliant field-subject; and Mr. Swan uses pastel for mere sketches—well enough, but it would be well to understand that pastel should be used for pictures complete after their kind, or for studies sufficient after theirs—not for things unfinished, at least in the exhibitions.

THE SECOND ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

THOUGH the Society have not succeeded in making so excellent a show this year as last, it is only fair to remember that the exhibition of 1888 contained the pick of the best work that had been done for ten years or more. This year's in the main consists of work done within the past twelve months. If that period has produced nothing remarkable, it is not the fault of Mr. Walter Crane and his colleagues. They cannot exhibit what they have not got. The present contains three or four hundred objects in excess of last year's exhibition, and on the whole a very fair standard is maintained. Mr. Burne Jones, whose work was so prominent in 1888, only contributes one work, viz., the cartoon for a small window representing the 'Waters of Babylon.' The subject occupies two lights, a group of figures by the water-side, the stream meandering in and out of both lights. The effect of the work as executed, which is shown in a different room, is entirely spoiled by the way in which it is placed, the two lights being set some distance apart on either side of some specimens of glass by other exhibitors. Each light has therefore an incomplete and unbalanced appearance. Messrs. Morris & Co. have a large stand, on which are a number of fabrics in the well-known style of William Morris; some, like the graceful 'Dove and Rose' pattern in silk and wool damask, old favourites; others, like the charming 'Tulip and Willow,' that we do not remember to have seen before. From the same firm is a fine piece of Arras tapestry, 'Peace,'

the figure designed by E. Burne-Jones, the background by J. H. Dearle. By Mr. Walter Crane there is a handsome design for wall-paper, with a frieze, called the 'Peacock Garden' (see Paris Exhibition Supplement, page ii.). We must express our regret that Mr. Crane should condescend to produce such objects as the frieze panels in gesso, 'Thought Reading' and 'Tête-à-tête,' whose very titles indicate the sort of subject of which they treat. Nineteenth-century classic is a painfully hybrid style. The real feature of the exhibition is the gesso work by various artists, including a large panel by Mr. M. W. Webb; an altar-front by W. R. Lethaby; a panel, rose design on blue stained ground, by E. G. Reuter; a panel, 'Stags and Oak-tree' by Lancelot Crane; a mirror-frame of boxwood, dyed and gilt, and ornamented with a design of roses, by E. Prisleau Warren, and several very beautiful specimens by the Guild and School of Handicraft, designed by Mr. Ashbee, viz. two mirror frames, and a panel for a piano front, a design adapted apparently from old Sicilian damask. There are two or three very handsome cabinets by the same guild—an oak cabinet with decorative colour work, one of the most artistic objects in the whole exhibition, a studio cabinet, and a music cabinet. Some of the brass and copper repoussé work of the guild is also excellent. Mr. Voysey contributes some designs for printed fabrics, those which appear to be variations of the same *motif*, birds and serrated foliage, being particularly good.

Mr. Thomas Wardle shows some specimens of printed cretonnes and velvets, of which those adapted from ancient designs are very beautiful. Of church work there are some rich designs for pastoral staves by Mr. Sedding, and a processional cross by G. P. Saul; a tabernacle door panel, designed by Edmund Kirby; and some chalice veils and burses, of which a set with a design of Tudor roses on a

red brocade, by Aymer Vallance, and one on white by C. E. Tute, are deserving of mention. It is not easy to make out how such strangely antiquated work as the six-fold screen in the "High Art" style of fifteen years ago was ever admitted. It is still more incomprehensible how such pseudo-scientific trifling as the so-called voice figures could ever have found a place in an exhibition of Art work.

ART GOSSIP.

THE second Congress of the National Association for the Advancement of Art opened at Edinburgh on Sunday, October 27th, with a sermon by Professor Flint. An immense number of papers were read in the various sections, some of which provoked lively discussion. This was especially noticeable at the conclusion of Mr. Horseley's address on "The Royal Commission of Fine Arts (1841) and the Government School of Design," in the course of which the lecturer succeeded in inflicting on the audience his well-known opinions regarding the effect of the study of the nude on female students. The majority of the speakers found little to praise in the condition of the various branches of the arts they represented; in fact, the general tone of the papers was iconoclastic. The presidential address was delivered by Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., who argued in favour of suggestion in colour and line, as contrasted with finished realism. A paper by Mr. Watts, R.A., in which the painter lamented the fact that Art in England had by no means the national importance of the turf, was followed by an address from Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., on "The Failure of the Government Art Schools." Mr. Hodgson pleaded for "decentralization," arguing that the Government have aimed too much at producing painters of pictures, and suggesting that the provincial workman should obtain his teaching on the spot, and not lose his individuality in that centre of a huge spider's web—South Kensington. Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., the President of the Section of Sculpture, advocated the creation of a Fine Arts Minister; Mr. H. H. Statham dwelt on "Architectural Effect in Cities;" Mr. Yeames, R.A., discoursed on the drawbacks to Art arising from competitions and exhibitions. The later meetings of the Congress were memorable through an attack by Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., on French Impressionism, and the sorry effect it was having on those students who had seen fit to trust to France for training. Mr. Richmond prophesied that when the novelty had worn off impressionism the bubble would burst, and precious time would have been lost by those who had come under its sway. The school found a champion in Mr. W. Hole, A.R.S.A., who joined issue with Mr. Richmond on many points, and urged that Art should be universal, and not national. The proceedings of the Congress will, as last year, be eventually published.

Among recent acquisitions to the National Gallery are two pictures. One, numbered 1293, has been placed on a screen in Room X. It is the work of Jan Mierse Molinaer, and is called 'Musical Pastime.' The picture was purchased with the proceeds of a fund bequeathed by the late Mr. Francis Clark. In an oak-panelled room a man and woman are singing to their own accompaniments on mandolines. In the back-

ground a servant is placing a goose on a table. To the left is a richly carved wooden table, the decorative portions of which have been executed with extreme care. The other picture is the gift of Mr. Humphry Ward. It is called 'An Allegorical Subject.' A man stands before an altar, on the top of which are a globe, two crowns and several documents. He wears a breastplate, while a long, richly embroidered robe falls from his shoulders. On the floor in front of the altar lies a confused heap of arms and armour. At the back of the altar hangs a white and yellow banner. The picture is by Willem van den Poorter, of Haarlem.

The Purchase Committee of the Birmingham Art Gallery did a wise thing in sending Mr. Whitworth Wallis on his Italian Art pilgrimage, and that gentleman is also to be congratulated upon his success as a picker-up of unconsidered trifles. He was entrusted with a sum of £1,000, for which, with a few pounds added for personal expenses, the gallery has become permanently possessed of a number of objects which promise to be of great educational value. Mr. Wallis was away two months, and, besides finding a few valuable gleanings upon ground well trodden by collectors, was just in time to save a number of examples from out-of-the-way places in Sicily and rural parts of the Western Italian coast, such as no one who follows in his steps is likely to find. His budget comprises excellent specimens of wrought-iron work, including some which may be regarded as unique; works of Art in stone, bronze and steel; some admirable designs in textile fabrics, and a small but instructive collection of antique jewellery, some of which was purchased from peasants who were found wearing it. The various objects are now on view at the Birmingham Art Gallery.

The Queen has conferred upon the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists the title of Royal. A substantial guarantee in Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia has been raised to meet the future expenses of the society, and arrangements have been made for an annual exhibition to be held in Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, to be open for one month in each place. Surplus funds are to be divided equally between the national galleries of Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney.

Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie is now in Egypt, working at Tell Kahun, the site which last year yielded the earliest papyri, domestic objects, and potsherds inscribed with alphabetical characters, lately exhibited in London.

· OBITUARY.—We have to announce the death at an advanced age of an old and valued member of the *Art Journal* staff,

Mr. Charles Cousen, the line engraver. From first to last Mr. Cousen executed over fifty engravings for the *Art Journal*, after (to mention a few names) Turner, Constable, Landseer, Pinwell, Ety, Ansdell, Linnell, Collins, Mulready, Cooper, Birket Foster, Holman Hunt, Leader, Colin Hunter, Morris, Vicat Cole, Pettie, etc. The last engraving executed by Mr.

Cousen for the *Art Journal* was 'Catching a Mermaid,' after J. C. Hook, R.A., published last year.

The death of Mr. J. C. Monro, a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, is also announced; and of Mr. Arthur Stocks, son of Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A.

REVIEWS.

THE army of photographers, whose numerical strength has vastly increased within the last two years, already owe a debt of gratitude to the spirited editor of the *Amateur Photographer*; this will be further increased by his projected *Photographic Quarterly*, of which the first number is before us. It contains papers of value not only to the masters of the craft, but to students, and many times the price of the magazine may be saved by reading and digesting its contents. We have also in our hands "Picture-making by Photography," from the pen of Mr. H. P. Robinson. There are few branches where more requires to be learnt, especially by professional photographers, than this art of picture-making. The attempts at so doing which adorn the photographic exhibitions tend more than anything else to preserve the notion that photography cannot ever be connected with Art. Mr. Robinson's book will do much to assist the multitude which needs assistance. Lastly, we have Mr. Wall's "DICTIONARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY" (Hazell, Viney & Co.), a real *vide mecum* and "Inquire within upon everything;" and the first number of "SUN ARTISTS" contains, besides letter-press, reproductions by photogravure of the best photographs of the day. The illustrations of Mr. J. Gale's 'SLEEPY HOLLOW' may be taken as the high-water mark of modern photography.

Not before it was needed have some good reproductions of examples for the use of the Home Arts Wood-carving classes been culled from specimens of which the originals can be seen in this country. Hitherto an admirable series of German photographs has been per force used; now, if future numbers carry on the work inaugurated in the part just issued of "WOOD CARVING—Studies from the Museums," there will be no need to go abroad for specimens. This first part contains eighteen folio so-called glass prints, which are apparently a variety of Woodburytypes. The majority are admirably done, though in more than one instance their value is lessened owing to distortions in the original photograph. The work is edited by Miss Rowe, the manager of the South Kensington School of Wood-carving, has the sanction of the

Science and Art Department, and is published by Sutton & Co. Each part costs 12s.

We have received from Messrs. Field & Tuer a charming reprint of Charles Lamb's "PRINCE DORUS," the type and illustrations following as closely as possible the original edition of 1811. It was published at a shilling; coloured, sixpence extra; and is now so rare that Mr. Tuer, who contributes a preface to the volume, only knows of the existence of one perfect copy—his own.

"THE BOOK OF WEDDING DAYS" (Longmans, Green & Co.) is a volume with a verse from the poets against every day in the year, and a space where those who have defied *Mr. Punch's* advice can inscribe their names. Moreover, Mr. Walter Crane has designed a border for every three or four days, applying, with fair success, to the seasons of the year. The plan of the book is good, and it will no doubt prove attractive.

The purpose of "THE ALBERT FINE-ART ALBUM" (John Heywood) is to place before the public a series of coloured Oriental designs for decorative purposes. They comprise plates, fans, screens, cushions, etc. It was inevitable that the colour of the reproductions should be somewhat garish; but many of the designs are excellent and will be of considerable use to English manufacturers. Mr. Sopon Bézirdjian, who is responsible for the designs, also contributes some notes.

Mr. Andrew Lang's new fairy story, "PRINCE PRIGIO" (Arrowsmith), is more successful than his last year's volume. It is a charming little history, delightfully told. "A RAMBLE IN RHYME" (Chapman & Hall) is an account, with illustrations by Mr. S. Theobald Smith, of the country of Cranmer and Ridley. For those who like such fare, Mr. Max O'Reil's "JOHN BULL, JUNIOR" (Field & Tuer), will prove good reading for an idle hour. We have also to acknowledge two small but useful handbooks from Messrs. George Rowney & Co.: "ETCHING," by W. G. Shrubsole, and "MANUAL OF COLOURS," by Henry Seward.





PAINTED BY ROSA BONHEUR.

THE ART JOURNAL

ETCHED BY L. FLAMENG

THE HORSE FAIR

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.

ROSA BONHEUR.

PART I.—HER LIFE.

IN the first quarter of the present century, about the year 1820, there lived at Bordeaux with his aged parents, who were dependent upon him, a young painter of remarkable talent named Raymond Bonheur. He had been a pupil of Lacour, and later had attended the drawing-school of the town, where he had distinguished himself by carrying off many honours.

Among the pupils to whom M. Bonheur at this time gave lessons in drawing was a young lady, who was an orphan and without fortune, with whom he fell in love, and by whom his love was accepted. This young pupil became later Madame Bonheur, and of the marriage there was born on March 21st, 1822, a girl-child, who was named Marie Rosalie.

At this time the public, even amongst the most educated classes, were very far from having that respect for the arts which is common in our times, and Bordeaux especially offered a very poor chance to a painter obliged to support himself and family by his talent alone. Pictures found no admirers, and pupils for drawing lessons being scarce, they did not prove a very lucrative source of income. Moreover, the family of M. Bonheur had become increased by the birth of two other children—Auguste, born in 1824, and Isidore, born in 1827—and unhappily for the artist the resources of the family failed to keep pace with its needs.

Weary of his struggle against poverty, and despairing ever to secure a name and position at Bordeaux, M. Bonheur thought that he would stand a better chance of winning fame and increasing his resources by removing to Paris, even to the very centre of the arts. He came therefore, in the year 1829, to the French capital, bringing his wife and small family with him.

But the hopes of which he had fondly dreamed were destined never to be realised. He took up his residence in Paris at the time when the city was in that state of political disturbance which culminated in the Revolution of 1830, and in such troublous days as these M. Bonheur found it impossible to fully engross himself in the study of his art; he was therefore doomed to experience that same hard struggle for existence which had induced him to leave Bordeaux. To make matters worse, another child, Juliette, was added in 1830 to his family, which had already proved much too heavy a burden for the poor artist.

M. Bonheur was undoubtedly justified in dreaming of fame and fortune.

The works, unhappily but few, which his too short life has bequeathed to us, bear sufficient evidence of the fact that he is worthy of being classed amongst our most distinguished artists; but the necessity of meeting the daily needs of his large family left him but little chance of finishing, as he had hoped to do,



Rosa Bonheur.

his artistic studies, and he was driven, as he had been at Bordeaux, to eke out life by giving lessons in drawing. Madame Bonheur, also, who was a clever musician, added to the resources of the family by giving music lessons, and otherwise assisted her husband by the encouraging example of her great fortitude. But this perpetual struggle against pecuniary difficulties proved too much of a strain to Madame Bonheur's health, and in 1833 she died, leaving her husband with four motherless children, the eldest of whom, Rosalie, was not yet eleven years of age.

Placed in this unfortunate position, M. Bonheur's sorrow was increased by the necessity of having to separate from his children. An old friend of his late wife, living at Bordeaux, took charge of Juliette, the youngest. The two boys, Auguste and Isidore, were placed in the boarding-school where their father gave drawing lessons, whilst Rosalie entered one in the Rue de Reuilly.

Rosa Bonheur had from infancy shown a character possessing an extraordinary degree of energy and will. In a letter dated 1829 Madame Bonheur wrote to her husband: "I cannot say what Rosa will be, but of this I feel sure, she will be no ordinary woman." Certainly, Madame Bonheur could not foresee the very high position which her daughter would one day occupy in the world of Art; but with a mother's instinct she perceived in her young child an exceptional power of mind.

Rosa Bonheur, the daughter of an artist, her life surrounded by the works of her father, had quite naturally developed a taste for drawing. Her chief amusement when at school was to cover her copybooks with sketches of shepherds, shepherdesses, landscapes, horses, cows, sheep, and animals of all kinds. These sketches, which were a source of amusement to her two young brothers and to little Juliette, manifested in their unaffectedness an artistic tendency which M. Bonheur at first thought it desirable to check.

The passion in Rosa for drawing interfered very much with her other studies, and whilst at school the blank leaves of her class books were those which attracted her most. Rosa, with her lively and enthusiastic temperament, became naturally the life and soul of all the school amusements; and indeed, she not only took her share in all the fun, but really instructed her companions in the various school diversions, many of the jokes and games originating in her own active brain.

Rosa Bonheur remained for some time at the *pension* in Bordeaux, and when her father considered that the time had come when she should learn some occupation by which to gain her living, he apprenticed her to a *couturière*.

But needlework proved as little suited to her taste as grammar had at the boarding-school, so her father decided no longer to keep her at an occupation which was not only unattractive, but for which she had shown a positive dislike. As a matter of fact nothing seemed to appeal to her taste except drawing and painting, and recognising this, M. Bonheur made up his mind to take her under his own instruction, resolving that he would no longer repress, but develop the very astonishing disposition for the study of Art which his daughter had manifested.

This determination on the part of M. Bonheur created much surprise and excited considerable censure among many of his friends. That a lady should be an artist appeared in these times, when prejudices against artists were both violent and wide-spread, a ridiculous, not to say shocking idea. On all sides great indignation was expressed at the notion of a woman devoting herself to Art, and M. Bonheur had to suffer much obloquy. But in spite of the opposition of friends he persevered in his purpose, for, knowing his daughter's passion for Art, he felt certain that the course he had marked out for her would be the most congenial to her taste and

feelings. So he had the courage to resist these friendly objurgations, and refused to withhold from Rosa an occupation which fascinated her because it responded most naturally to her inclination. Having a love for his art, and happy at finding the same passion in his daughter, he now set seriously to work



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

to give Rosa her training in Art, especially instructing her in those branches of work for which she had shown most aptitude. And this task was to him truly a labour of love.

At this period instruction in drawing generally took the form of teaching the pupils to make copies of engravings, more or less hatched and coloured with black and white crayons, and the supreme purpose of Art appeared to be attained when the pupil had so perfected himself in this somewhat mechanical skill as to render his laboriously executed copies scarcely distinguishable from the models. M. Bonheur had been convinced by his long practical experience that this form of teaching was the worst possible that could be adopted, and believing this, he had been forced to discover another method which, as far as the deeply-rooted prejudices of the times would allow, he adopted with his own pupils. "Drawing," he would often say in his conversations with his friends, "is not writing. A person does not learn to draw a head as he does to make an A. It is desirable above all that he should accustom himself to understand the relations of lines and of the planes between them; in a word, that

he should acquire an exact idea of the form of an object as modified by perspective. The teaching of drawing is thus pre-eminently the training of the eye. To reproduce an intricate engraving is but a matter of time and patience; but it proves a hundred times more valuable to the student to copy the most simple object from a model in space. For instance, one learns infinitely more by copying simply and unaffectedly a glass resting upon a table, than he does by imitating the most skilful tones of the most beautiful drawings."

Such were the ideas—certainly advanced for the time in which he lived—of M. Bonheur in respect to the proper way of giving instruction in drawing; and it was this method which he employed in the training of his daughter. It is true the mind into which he inculcated his principles was exceptionally favourable to their reception, but it is nevertheless unquestionable that this powerful early training exercised a wonderful influence on Mademoiselle Bonheur, and to this she owes, in great part, that sureness of eye and hand, and that remarkable

recollection of forms, which are of all others the most striking features of her talent.

Henceforth Rosa Bonheur laboured with her father, and pursued with astonishing earnestness her work of drawing, making attempts at the same time in painting and sculpture. But her youth never sacrificed its rights, and Mademoiselle Bonheur, still very young, vented her enthusiasm for play whenever occasion offered, and would not object to breaking off in the middle of her studies to have a good game with her brothers. Rosa loved to imagine herself as living in the romantic days of troubadours and *châtelaines*, riding on horseback behind steel-armoured cavaliers, and on more than one occasion, during the absence of M. Bonheur, the casels and canvases of the studio were requisitioned for the purpose of mock combats between Rosa and her brothers, in which maul-sticks served as lances and palettes as shields. The canvases would sometimes suffer considerable damage. She would then set about repairing the damage, and would resume her work with additional ardour.



Labourage Nivernais. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre.

Mademoiselle Bonheur made rapid progress with her studies, and whilst affording great assistance to her father in his work of preparing drawings for publishers, she regularly visited the Louvre to make drawings after the antique, and to study the works of the old masters. She would arrive at the Louvre early in the morning, and would not leave till the hour of closing, during the whole of which time she would scarcely allow herself the few minutes necessary to eat the morsel of bread which constituted her only meal.

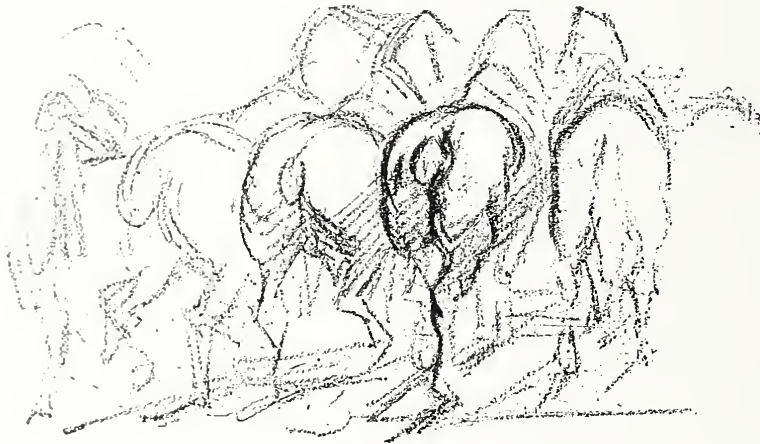
This feverish zeal for Art soon attracted the notice of the keepers and visitors at the Museum, where she began to distinguish herself by her copies of the most beautiful works of the old painters. These copies not only helped to increase the scanty resources of the family, but were an excellent study to the young artist, and put her in direct communication with the spirit of the old masters, whom it was her ambition to equal. Poussin and Paul Potter were her favourite models, and the fidelity and perfection with which she copied their works

often elicited the compliments of visitors at the Museum, which, coming as they did from persons unknown to her, appeared all the more flattering, inasmuch as they were more sincere. These days were to Mademoiselle Bonheur real holidays, and were the sweetest recompense to her exertions in the cause of Art.

When the Museum of the Louvre was closed she would take her painting and sketching materials into the environs of Paris, which were at this time open country. Here, alone in the silence of the fields, she would occupy herself by painting and sketching from nature. Animals and landscape had a special attraction, and it was in these subjects that she attained later such high excellence.

It was at this time (1840) that Mademoiselle Bonheur, who was now eighteen years of age, ventured to paint a picture destined for the Salon. She took for her subject two common pet rabbits nibbling carrots, and in the production of this picture she showed that scrupulous regard for the principles

of Art and that earnestness which are observable in all her works.



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

At this time M. Bonheur lived with his family at 29, Faubourg du Roule (now 157, Faubourg Saint-Honoré). One of his neighbours was Tony Johannot, the well-known *illustrateur*; whilst in the house immediately adjoining his own there lived an illustrious Polish family, by name Czartoriski, who had been forced into exile from their country. The young members of this family received their instruction at the same school as Auguste and Isidore Bonheur, and at which M. Bonheur himself gave lessons in drawing. By this means very cordial relations were established between this noble family and the Bonheurs, the former being attracted by the simple dignity and high intelligence of the family of the somewhat impecunious professor of drawing. The Princess Sapia, who was aunt to the young Czartoriskis, was so struck by the remarkable talent and character of Mademoiselle Bonheur that she desired her niece should take lessons from her.

In 1841 Rosa Bonheur exhibited for the first time. She sent to the Salon two pictures, one representing sheep and goats, the other being the two pet rabbits mentioned above, which were painted after living models in the *atelier* of her father. These pictures are now in the possession of her sister Juliette, who became Madame Peyrol.

At the Salon of 1842 and 1843 many works from her brush were exhibited, their subjects being cows and horses. There were also studies of animals in sculpture, and by these latter Mademoiselle Bonheur showed herself capable of using the chisel with as much skill and power as the brush. She had been fortunate to find at Villiers, not far from Paris, a small farm, the owner of which was pleased to place at her disposal as models his cows, horses, and sheep; and this furnished her with all the requisites, so far as models were concerned, for the successful pursuit of her studies. Among other pictures which she painted at this time was one of a fine Holland cow, which very much took the fancy of the farmer's wife, being which the young artist made her a present of it. This honest *fermière*, who later removed to Paris, was greatly surprised when one day a patron of Art, desirous of purchasing this picture, offered for it a considerable sum of money, the only value of which to her consisted in its being the portrait of a favourite cow.

Rosa Bonheur's pictures soon attracted more attention, and at the Salon of 1844 four notable canvases by her were

hung, which showed a very marked advance in her work. In the April of this year her father wrote: "Rosa's pictures have produced a good impression. The papers, and particularly *Le Moniteur*, have spoken of them in very striking words. She advances rapidly in the public esteem. Indeed there is much reason to be gratified with her success, for she has secured for herself a position far above the reach of the malignant criticisms of cabals, and is independent of the worthless puffing to which many of her rivals, whom she has left behind, owe their notoriety. Monsieur Gudín, painter to the king, has allowed one of her pictures to be placed near one of his own, and has expressed a wish to introduce her to General Athalin and M. Vernet. He has heaped upon her such praises, too, that I should fear, if I were less convinced of the high character of her mind, that she might suffer herself to be unduly elated."

In 1842 M. Bonheur married his second wife, and a little later he paid a visit to Cantal, the department to which his wife had formerly belonged, bringing back with him very vivid impressions of the majestic beauty of the mountains of Auvergne. His glowing descriptions of this beautiful country fired the imagination of Rosa, which was always keenly impressionable to the beauties of nature, so much so that she made up her mind to visit at the earliest opportunity the old province of Auvergne. But it was some four years later before she was able to realise her desire.

In 1845 Mademoiselle Bonheur paid a visit to her younger sister, who lived at Bordeaux, and she took advantage of this tour to journey as far as the Landes. From this dreary and marshy country, which is nevertheless full of poetry and grandeur, she brought back a number of studies, all of which, however, were made at some personal risk to herself, for the poor ignorant peasantry of the Landes, unaccustomed to the spectacle of an artist at work, regarded her with considerable mistrust, fearing she might have some evil influence on themselves or their cattle. On more than one occasion the peasants were on the verge of maltreating her, and indeed one day a number of boys assaulted her with stones and denounced her for a witch, and it was only through the protection of some work-women, near whom she sought shelter, that the young artist was able to escape the ignorant brutality of the superstitious peasant children.

In the following year, 1846, Mademoiselle Bonheur started on her visit to Auvergne. She stayed in this old province for two months, occupying her time in rambles over the mountains and making a good collection of studies. This visit perfectly



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

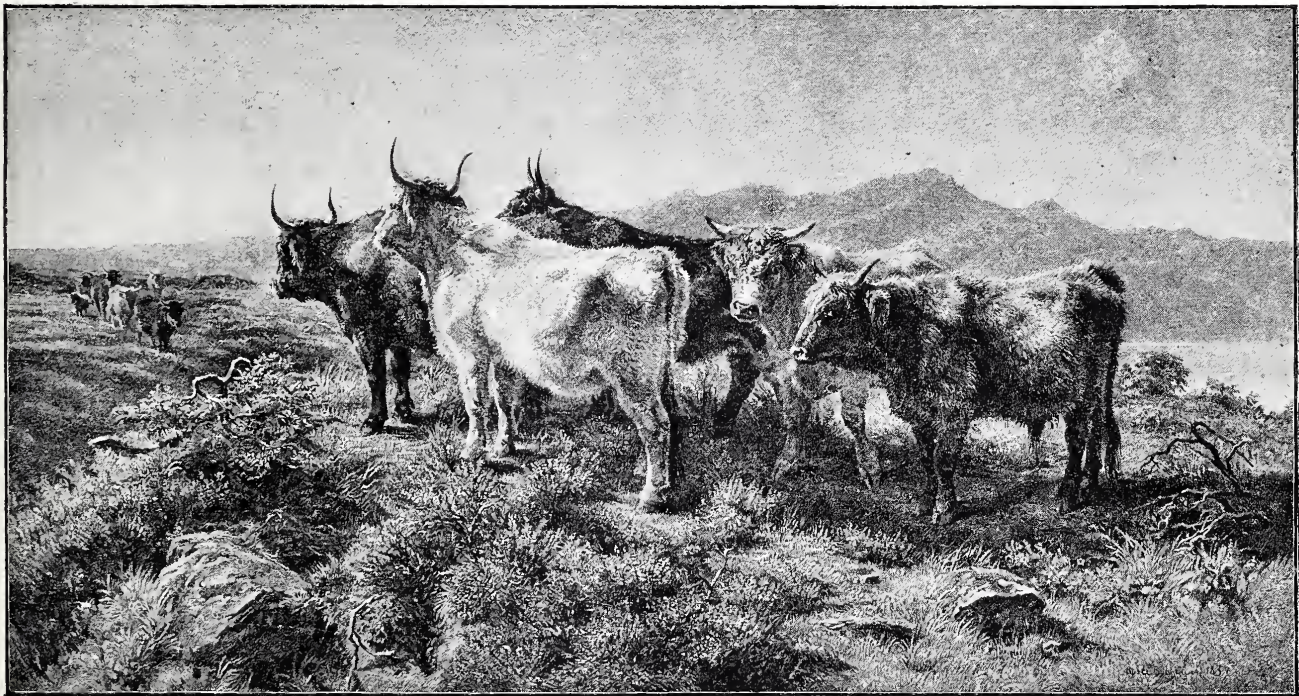
charmed her. The hardy cows of Salers, with their powerful forms and beautiful brown colour; the rich pastures broken

up and scattered by aggressive rocks ; the rugged slopes of the mountains, with their abundant patches of heather scorched under the fierce rays of the sun ; and in the distance the blue outlines of the Puy de Dôme, the Plomb du Cantal, and the Puy Griou, made up a grandeur of scenery whose richness of colour filled her rapturous soul to fulness, and supplied her with the principal materials for the pictures which she sent to the Salon in 1847 and 1848. Mademoiselle Bonheur exhibited also in these years works in bronze.

The great success of these works confirmed the high hopes which her earlier exhibits at the Salon had created, and which had won for her, in 1845, a gold medal of the third class. The news of this first award came to her unexpectedly whilst staying at Bordeaux. But in 1848 the jury awarded her the *première médaille*. These awards were a source of much gratification to the young artist and her friends, but especially so to her father, who saw with pride that his daughter was making rapid progress towards a high position among artists.

The most famous painters of the time were now desirous of paying their compliments to her in person, among them being Horace Vernet, Paul Delaroche, Brascassat and Léon Cogniet, who were eager to offer their counsels and to encourage her studies. It was no doubt due to this fact that it became rumoured abroad that she was a pupil of M. Cogniet. Certain it is that Rosa Bonheur was much pleased with the honour of his valuable advice, and she never failed to make a respectful acknowledgment of it ; but as a matter of fact, the only tutor that Mademoiselle Bonheur ever had was her father, and it was by an error that the Salon handbook for 1855 stated that she had been a pupil of Léon Cogniet.

At this time all the family lived together in the Rue Rumfort, where Rosa had turned the studio into a veritable menagerie. Before the window were birds, whilst the corners of the *atelier* were tenanted by hens, ducks, and pigeons, who enlivened the scene with their clucking, quacking, and cooing. In a neighbouring apartment were two sheep and a



Morning in the Highlands. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre.

goat, doubtless surprised at having left sweet pastures to find themselves on a sixth flat. These animals and birds served as models for the young artist, and we can well imagine with what affectionate care she attended to their comforts. Every day her two brothers took the sheep and the goat out upon the Monceau plain, whose solitude had not at that time been disturbed by the enterprising builder. It must have been an odd sight, however, to see these animals making their awkward way up and down the many stairs leading to the *sixième étage*, meekly following their youthful leaders.

Auguste Bonheur also painted, and had exhibited since 1845. Isidore, too, studied sculpture ; and Juliette, who had now come to Paris to live, had also taken to the study of painting under the direction of her father. In the Salon handbook for 1848 the names of the whole family appear together as exhibitors. This young family worked side by side, under the watchful eye of M. Bonheur, who was proud at seeing around him this young generation of artists,

the credit of whose education was due to himself, and who gave promise of reflecting upon his name a glory which he was not privileged to surround it with himself. In the evening they all sat round a large table, and whilst some made drawings under the lamplight, others read aloud to the company a novel by Sir Walter Scott, or some other book which had recently made its appearance. It was at this time that the romances of Georges Sand were appearing, and this author's simple but touching descriptions, full of poetry and truth, enraptured Rosa. With her powerful imagination, she could depict in her mind the scenes described as vividly as though she actually saw them, and while the reading continued she would cover her paper with rapid sketches, which were really wonderful representations of the romances.

It has often been the practice to pass censure on the works of both Georges Sand and Rosa Bonheur, and without wishing to establish between these artists, equally distinguished in their way, too complete an analogy, it is unquestionable

that there are many points in common between them. One recognises in the descriptions of the celebrated novelist, and



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

in the pictures of the artist, the same passionate love for all that is lovely and poetic in nature, and the same search after truth, which make their works so fascinating. They were alike also in this respect, they both loved the country, whose scenes they observed and studied with equal ardour. In looking at the 'Labourage Nivernais' one realises that truth and feeling which underlie the admirable description which opens the first chapter of the "Mare au Diable," where we see Germain, the thrifty husbandman, guiding his plough, whose glistening shares slowly turn up the clods of clayey soil, which exhale their moisture in vapour beneath the rays of the rising sun.

It was under the impression of this romance, and as a result of a journey to the province of Nivernais, that Rosa Bonheur painted her 'Labourage Nivernais.' She had been invited by one of the pupils of her father and of herself, Mademoiselle Mathieu, who lived in the neighbourhood of Nevers, to spend at her home the summer of 1848, and it was then that she brought back with her the definite ideas for her picture.

About this time M. Bonheur was appointed director of the Drawing School for Young Ladies in the Rue de Touraine Saint-Germain, which came about in the following manner. In the year 1830 he had identified himself with the philosophic and socialist movement of Saint-Simon and d'Enfantin, whose ideas of universal association and brotherhood had attracted to its cause a great many distinguished minds. M. Bonheur had taken part in the deliberations of the Saint-Simon Society at Menilmontant, and had thus become acquainted with the eminent men who composed it, among whom were Pereire, Arlès-Dufour, Carnot, Leverrier, Talabot, d'Eichthal, Olinde Rodrigues, Bazard, Auguste Comte, and Félicien David. After the breaking up of this society nearly all its members had attained high positions in life, and M. Bonheur, notwithstanding the inferior position he occupied in society as compared with his old friends, had maintained the most cordial relations with them.

The revolution of 1848, in which one could recognise the socialist ideas of Saint-Simon, brought into prominence many of those who had belonged to the old society at Menilmontant, and these interested themselves in their old friend the poor professor of drawing. The result was that they secured for him the appointment of director to the Drawing School for Young Ladies. M. Bonheur therefore removed from the Rue Rumfort, and installed himself and his family—

to which had been added another child, named Germain, born of the second marriage—in his new residence in the Rue de Touraine Saint-Germain (now Rue Dupuytren), near the École de Médecine.

Unfortunately there was no *atelier* in this new residence for Mademoiselle Bonheur. She was therefore obliged to seek one in the environs of Paris, and in the Rue de l'Ouest, near the Luxembourg, she discovered a place sufficiently large to permit of her painting without inconvenience the great picture which she had set her mind on producing, and which turned out to be the 'Labourage Nivernais' (p. 3). It was in the winter of 1848—9 that she painted this masterpiece, which was exhibited at the Salon of 1849. M. Bonheur was then suffering from serious disease of the heart which compelled him to stay at home, being thus prevented from giving assistance to his daughter in this work; but he could not resist the wish to see her picture, the admirable character of which he had learned from his children and friends, so he exerted his remaining strength and went as far as the Rue de l'Ouest, where, in the presence of his daughter's picture, he was overcome with emotion and tears of joy filled his eyes. After this, the prospect of death, which he felt was not very far off, seemed sweet to him. His happiness was complete now that he had been spared to see his daughter, his own beloved pupil, placed by this *chef-d'œuvre* on a level with the greatest masters. He died a few days later, in March, 1849.

The 'Labourage Nivernais' definitely established the reputation of Mademoiselle Bonheur, the French Government manifesting a desire to acquire the work for the Musée du Luxembourg. However, the finance of the country was not very flourishing at that time, and the Ministère des Beaux-Arts was only able to offer for it 3,000 francs, which was certainly a very modest price for so important a work. Nevertheless, the painter disposed of her picture for this amount.

After the death of her father Mademoiselle Bonheur became directress of the Drawing School for Young Ladies, in the duties of which office she was assisted by her sister Juliette. Rosa Bonheur remained at the head of this school till 1860, when she resigned her position as directress, and was thereupon appointed a *directrice honoraire*.

Long before she contemplated painting the 'Labourage,' Mademoiselle Bonheur, in order to make sketches and studies



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

of animals intended for her pictures, had been in the habit of visiting the *abattoirs* of Paris, where, in the presence

of butchers and cowherds, she would pursue her work, not shrinking from the most repugnant scenes if she desired to

make a sketch or a study. She was, however, almost always accompanied on these expeditions either by her brother



An Old Monarch. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre.

or by her devoted friend, Mademoiselle Micas, who had been her pupil, and who then lived with her, and re-

mained with her till her death, which happened some little time ago.

The success of the 'Labourage' had inspired in her the idea of producing a picture which should be more important still. She was then in the full flush of her power, and her brave spirit did not shrink before enterprises which might well alarm painters even of the stronger sex. This new canvas which she projected was the 'Horse Fair' ('Marché aux Chevaux') of Paris, and for this work she made a great number of studies of horses, which were placed at her disposal by her friends. But to paint this picture with success it was necessary the artist should visit the market itself, and study there the various kinds, as also the different habits, of the horses as they appeared when exposed for sale. To an artist so conscientious and with so great a respect for truth, this visit appeared a duty she owed to Art. But, unfortunately, her experience at the *abattoirs* had given her a dread of the inconvenience and unpleasantness to which her costume as a lady would subject her, if she dared to expose herself in the midst of the dealers and the crowd of ill-mannered men always

to be met with at a horse-market. In order therefore that she might be unrestrained, and be able to make studies without attracting special notice, she resolved to dress herself in man's clothes. The masculine vigour of her character, as also her hair, which she was in the habit of wearing short, contributed to perfect her disguise. This plan answered so well that the dealers at the market, in the midst of whom she made her sketches, took her for a young painter curious to study the habits of horses. They regarded it as a compliment when they saw her drawing their finest steeds, and willingly allowed them to pose before her. She was thus enabled to quietly pursue her work of making the sketches and studies for her great picture.

It will thus be seen why Mademoiselle Bonheur first took to dressing herself in man's attire. It was not, as some have uncharitably remarked, from a mere desire to affect eccentricity. Her life, which has been spent apart from the busy world in the peaceful loneliness which she so much loves, is a



Study for the Horse Fair (Marché aux Chevaux).

sufficient refutation of this ungenerous calumny, and proves beyond doubt that no one could have less desire than Rosa Bonheur to make herself remarkable by a capricious singularity. She has never exposed herself to public view through a morbid desire for notoriety. But it is true that, finding man's attire very convenient, especially when obliged to use a ladder, as in the case of executing works of large dimensions, she was induced to continue the habit, and has never since abandoned it. But she never appears in public otherwise than in lady's attire.

As on the *sixième étage* in the Rue Rumfort, so in her *atelier* in the Rue de l'Ouest, where she had more room and greater convenience, Mademoiselle Bonheur kept the animals she loved to have around her when at work, and which served her as models. In this lonely part of the environs of the Luxembourg, at the bottom of a quiet house whose silence was only broken by the bleating of a sheep or the neighing of a horse, Rosa Bonheur zealously pursued her work. In May,

1852, a journalist, who had been allowed the rare privilege of entering her studio, wrote:—"An immense canvas, on which no traces of work had yet appeared, occupied the whole width of the *atelier*. This daring young artist is about to execute an immense composition, which she humorously styles her 'Parthenon frieze,' and for which she has already made some remarkable studies of horses. When one sees this young artist, small of stature and of delicate appearance, standing by this huge canvas, he would be tempted to think that her powers had not attained the full height of their ambition; but when one comes to make note of the straight, resolute lines of the artist's features, her full square forehead, her thick hair, cut as short as that of a man, and her dark, quick, flashing eyes, he ceases to fear. He then realises that it is not reckless audacity which impels her forward in her work, but a greatness of soul and a consciousness of her strength."

The 'Horse Fair' was exhibited at the Salon of 1853. The merits of this picture—the largest canvas which any

animal painter had ever produced—in which the horses, although painted but two-thirds the real size, strike the eye as of natural size, were violently discussed, as is the fate of all high-class works. But the adverse criticism of detractors was lost amid the enthusiastic praises of the young artist's admirers. The success of this work was wonderful, and Mademoiselle Bonheur, having been awarded all the honours of the Salon, her works were now, by special decision, declared henceforth exempt from examination by the Jury of Admission. This exceptional honour was a very high tribute to the artist's talent. Napoleon III., when he saw this picture, ad-

mired it very much, and observed what pleasure it would give him to possess it. The Ministère des Beaux-Arts, desiring to please the Emperor, endeavoured to come to terms with Mademoiselle Bonheur for the purchase of the picture; but the sum which he could offer for it was far below what the artist expected. His interview with Rosa Bonheur was therefore fruitless, and the picture remained in the hands of the painter.

The 'Horse Fair' was sent some time after to the Exhibition at Ghent, where it proved no less successful than it had been at Paris. The citizens of Ghent, wishing to show their



Huntsmen and Hounds. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre.

gratitude to the artist for the loan of her work, made her a present of a magnificent cameo engraved after the picture itself.

When the Exhibition at Ghent was closed, Mademoiselle Bonheur was about to arrange for the canvas to be brought back to Paris, to her new *atelier* in the Rue d'Assas, where she had recently installed herself, when a foreign dealer in pictures, Mr. Gambart, called upon her with a view to its purchase. Terms were quickly agreed upon, and Mr. Gambart thus became the owner of this important work. He first took it to England and afterwards to America, where he sold it to a very wealthy collector. The 'Horse Fair' is now in the Museum of New York. Rosa Bonheur, at the request of Mr.

Gambart, painted two replicas of her picture, one of which is at the present time in the National Gallery of London.

In 1855 Mademoiselle Bonheur sent to the Exposition Universelle a picture which the State had commanded her to paint as a companion to the 'Labourage.' It represented a haymaking scene in Auvergne. This work obtained a medal of the first class. The picture, after having hung in the Musée du Luxembourg some time, was one day mysteriously removed from its position there and placed among the reserves of the Louvre, then kept at the Ministère de l'Agriculture.

The same year Mademoiselle Bonheur visited the Pyrenees. For a long time she had desired to see this grand and picturesque country, of whose charms she had a very keen antici-

able time, and interfered with her freedom. In 1860, therefore, she resigned her position of directress, in order to retire to the country, where she might live surrounded by the animals she loved, and give herself up to painting unrestrained; and near Fontainebleau, whose beautiful forest had a great attraction for her, she found, in a part little known or visited, a house and park which admirably suited her taste for solitude. She secured this residence, and added to it a large *atelier*. In this place the artist has ever since lived.

Fontainebleau was then, with Compiègne, the favourite summer residence of Napoleon III. The Empress, too, was very fond of this place, and in the summer months the court removed to Fontainebleau, during which time the old château of François I. and Louis XIV. became the scene of the brilliant life which belonged to it in former times. Mademoiselle Bonheur, therefore, in spite of her love for solitude, was forced into relations with the personages at the court who had known her at Paris, and of others who, conscious of the vicinity of her château at By, were induced to pay a visit to the *atelier* of the celebrated artist. Mademoiselle Bonheur was always treated at Fontainebleau with the utmost respect, and was honoured by receiving from Baron Tristan Lambert—master of the hounds to Napoleon III.—authority to hunt in the forest. Being very fond of the chase, and a clever rider, the artist did not fail to derive much pleasure from this permission.

In June, 1864, when the court was at Fontainebleau, the Empress Eugénie, who well knew and admired the powers of Mademoiselle Bonheur, desired to make her personal acquaintance. One day, when walking in the forest, she suddenly called upon the artist whilst in the midst of her work. The Empress watched the artist for some time, and then paying a very pleasant compliment, she left her, giving her a command to paint a picture for her own private collection. This visit led the Empress to appreciate the great talent of Mademoiselle Bonheur, and revealed to her the artist's noble character. This inspired in the Empress a desire to honour the artist in a way worthy of one who had done so much to make her sex illustrious. She therefore requested the Emperor to bestow upon her the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur. At that time the cross had never been given to a woman, except

for acts of exceptional bravery or charity. It was a novelty unheard of in the annals of the Légion d'Honneur to grant such a recompense to a lady artist in recognition of her talent alone. The wish of the Empress met with strong opposition from the advisers of Napoleon III. The Emperor hesitated, and deferred the decision as long as he could, for though he was himself willing to bestow the honour, he did not care to do so in opposition to the wishes of his counsellors.

The Empress, however, did not give up her intention of acquiring the distinction of the Légion d'Honneur for Rosa Bonheur.

The following year the Emperor visited Algeria, and during his absence the Empress acted as regent. It was a favourable opportunity to her, and she resolved to profit by it by using the imperial power, with which she was temporarily invested, in favour of the artist. But Mademoiselle Bonheur was in



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

complete ignorance as to the honour which the Empress, in the face of much opposition, was endeavouring to secure for her. At the beginning of June the Empress visited Fontainebleau, where she was to spend some days awaiting the return of the Emperor, and she informed Mademoiselle Bonheur that she would call on her at By in order that she might see the sketch for the picture which she had commanded her to execute. On the morning of the

appointed day Mademoiselle Bonheur was making her preparations to receive her imperial visitor, when information came to her that the Empress and her attendants had arrived at the château and had gone into the *atelier*. It was a very hot day, and the Empress, wishing to take advantage of the freshness of the morning, had started on her visit some hours earlier than she had intended. Surprised in the midst of her preparations for receiving her imperial visitor, the painter hastily drew together her blouse, which she always wore at work, and which there was no time to change, and presented herself to the Empress. After a few friendly words and compliments anent the sketches for her highness's picture, the Empress opened a small case carried by her chamberlain, and took from it the cross of the Légion d'Honneur, and by means of a pin, which one of her ladies gave her (they had sought in vain in the *atelier* for one), attached it to the breast of Rosa Bonheur. One can easily imagine the surprise of



PAINTED BY ROSA BONHEUR.

THE ART JOURNAL.

ENGRAVED BY C. C. LEWIS.

THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE DEER.

the artist, and the emotion she felt at the sight of this ribbon, which she so little expected, and which was bestowed on her in so gracious a manner. The Empress then kissed her, remarking that "she was happy to be able herself to thus recompense her talent, for which, as a woman, she felt a great pride, and that she honoured in her the woman as much as the artist." The imperial fiat appeared in the *Journal Officiel* of June 11th. The Emperor returned the same day from Algeria, and met the Empress at Fontainebleau.

After the decoration Mademoiselle Bonheur was honoured by an invitation to dine with their Majesties at the château at Fontainebleau, and by a special favour—one which may have

seemed to the guardians of etiquette as great, perhaps, as that of the decoration itself—to appear at the imperial dinner in high-necked dress. The young prince Louis Napoléon, too, when he was at Fontainebleau, loved to journey as far as By, where he would sport with the numerous animals enclosed in the park.

The news of the decoration of Mademoiselle Bonheur was widely circulated, and consequently a new glory gathered about her name. But her feelings towards the world were not altered by this circumstance; her retired habits of life remained unchanged. Honours now began to pour in upon her, although by an injustice, for which doubtless artistic



A Souvenir of Fontainebleau. By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.

coteries were responsible, she obtained a medal of the second class only at the Exposition Universelle of 1867, to which she had sent some excellent canvases. From all sides she received tokens of admiration. The Emperor of Mexico, Maximilian, conferred upon her in 1867 the decoration of San Carlos; the King of the Belgians created her a Chevalier of his Order; and the Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp enrolled her amongst its members.

When the war of 1870 came with its disasters and sufferings, Rosa Bonheur's courageous and proud heart bled for her country's honour, and she regretted bitterly that her sex prevented her taking up arms in its defence. When the German army marched on Paris and drew near Fontainebleau, Made-

moiselle Bonheur did not leave her château. Moreover, she declined the protection sent her by Prince Frederick Charles, whose army occupied the country, not wishing to escape from the burdens which weighed so heavily upon her countrymen. She also declined to personally receive the Prince, who desired to visit her château, and the Prince, after visiting the *atelier* and the park, left without pressing his desire to see the artist, for he respected her sentiment of patriotism, which must have rendered the sight of one of the conquerors of her country painful to her.

The winter of 1870 was to Mademoiselle Bonheur, in her isolation, a sad one, surrounded as she was by the German troops. She had no chance of receiving news from her

family, some of whom were shut up in Paris during the siege, while others had sought refuge in a village far away in Vendée. Moreover, she could hear in the distance the roar of the cannon in the conflicts at Paris, in which her brothers were perhaps taking part. Sometimes the unhappy French soldiers, escaping the hands of the Germans, made their way through the forest in order to join the army manœuvring on the Loire. These would call at night at the château, where they were sure to find a welcome and assistance, and having been refreshed and relieved, would steal forth again to cross the forest. With such sorrows and sufferings the mournful days of this terrible winter passed away very slowly, while Mademoiselle Bonheur found it impossible to find in her work the support and comfort which it would have given her in quieter times.

The war over, she took up her brushes and began work again with a vigour and zest which advancing age had by no means diminished. Always youthful in spirit, years would appear to have little affected her, for they have left intact the force of imagination and the constant search after the beautiful which have given so much charm to her works.

Rosa Bonheur has always lived in her château at By. But in the later days of her life, she has been in the habit of regularly spending the winter season at Nice, in company with her friend Mademoiselle Micas, whose feeble health made this journey necessary, and whom Mademoiselle Bonheur has had the great grief recently of losing. At Nice the artist had the honour of meeting H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Although Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur has ceased to exhibit at the annual Salon, she still works at her profession.

Rosa Bonheur has studied with equal power and success all kinds of animals. Wild beasts, and sheep, horses, and oxen, have equally served her as models. When she lived in Paris, she often visited the Jardin des Plantes in order to study the lions and tigers. Being very friendly with M. de Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, the director of the Museum, the greatest facilities were offered her for making studies in its galleries. She also used as a model a lioness belonging to one of her friends. This lioness, which was very tame, lived at freedom in a park in the environs of Melun. It had been brought when young from Algeria, and was of remarkable

gentleness. It sported in the park with the cows grazing in its pastures, and loved to lie down on a wall which rises above the road forming the boundary of the park, and here it would remain for hours together, curiously watching the people passing along the road, who, in spite of the animal's reputed tameness, were not altogether reassured, notwithstanding that the lioness had never found its way out of the park. Mademoiselle Bonheur found this lioness a very obliging model, and used it as such as long as it lived.

In 1880, having made up her mind to produce pictures of lions, Mademoiselle Bonheur purchased a lion and a lioness. These were splendid creatures, and fully grown, and were kept on her estate. They were, however—especially the lion—far from having the gentleness of her old model, and in spite of the strong bars which caged them in, the people of the neighbourhood, who heard every evening their roaring at a great distance, received with pleasure the news that Mademoiselle

Bonheur, having made her necessary studies, had presented them to the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle. After this Rosa Bonheur purchased two young lions, which she desired to tame, but they died young.

In 1877, consequent upon M. Gambart, the Spanish consul at Nice, presenting to the Museum of Madrid a superb picture by Rosa Bonheur, representing the head of a lion, King Al-

phonse XII. honoured the artist by sending her the collar of a Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic.

At the time of our writing (July, 1889), the French government are exhibiting the 'Labourage Nivernais' at the Paris Exhibition. Among the many masterpieces exhibited, the 'Labourage' still displays the freshness and richness which forty years ago charmed the eyes and excited the praises of the multitude. Since that work of her young days the energetic spirit and powerful imagination of the artist have never left her.

In her life Rosa Bonheur has experienced the joys of fame and the sorrows of suffering, and her years have given her a crown of hair as white as the snows of winter, but they have left undiminished the immortal inspiration common to all great artists, and which has placed her on a level with the greatest of them. Few artistic careers have been more active, more brilliant, or more characterized by simple and quiet dignity, or perhaps, on the whole, more happy. Having



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.



A. J. Bonheur. 1857

Crossing the Pyrenees. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefevre.

known during her youngest days the terrible inconvenience of poverty, Rosa Bonheur has raised herself by her talent alone to a position of independence and fortune. She has enjoyed a fame unique in its way, and has received most flattering expressions of admiration from all parts of the world, and this without the necessity of giving up the retired habits of life so dear to her. Every honour has come to the artist, and she has been privileged to enjoy at the same time the

charms of fame and the sweets of obscurity; and surely no one ever better merited such a rare recompense. Her ardour for work and passion for study is the secret of her greatness. Nature, who is never sparing, closes her secrets to no one who seeks to discover them and who unremittingly and passionately studies her; and if the life of Rosa Bonheur has been one of honour, it has been pre-eminently a life of work.

PART II.—ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

NOT far from Fontainebleau, on the banks of the Seine, is situate the small village of Thomery, which is famous for its successful culture of the vine. The hill at the foot of which this village nestles is covered with extensive walls arranged in terraces, on which are trained the stems of the vines. This part of the country has nothing very picturesque about it; but when one reaches the summit of the hill, and the view is no longer limited by the walls of vine, there lies before him a prospect of the beautiful valleys of the Seine and the Loing, whilst in the distance are to be seen the magnificent hills which extend beyond Moret and Montereau to the borders of Burgundy. On the top of the hill, at the edge of the neighbouring forest, stands the little village of By, a dependency of

Thomery, where rises the château of Mademoiselle Bonheur. It is an old house built in the eighteenth century and restored at different times without much regard to style. When Mademoiselle Bonheur bought this property in 1850 she added a wing to it, comprising a studio, a few other

apartments, and stables. In the rear of the château is a large grass-plot and a park; the latter extending as far as the forest, of which it doubtless at one time formed part. After crossing the courtyard and ascending an unpretentious staircase we reach the *atelier* of Mademoiselle Bonheur, and the first impression we receive in this capacious and quiet apartment is that it is pre-eminently a place for work. One looks in vain for those useless nicknacks which are to be found in the studios of many artists, and which give them the appearance of ordinary reception rooms. On one side of the *atelier* is a large chimney-piece supported by two large stone dogs forming caryatides, carved by Isidore, the brother of Mademoiselle Bonheur. The portraits of the artist's parents, one of which was painted by herself, the other by her other

brother, Auguste Bonheur; a picture by Gleyre representing a scene from the Deluge, and a few landscapes by Rosa Bonheur's father, are the only paintings to be found in the studio. Suspended here and there are Italian and Spanish bulls' horns, heads of fallow-deer and roebuck, ancient weapons—some of them Scottish,—horse trappings of different periods, distaffs, etc., all of which have served their purpose in the artist's pictures. In a large glass case are plaster casts and stuffed birds; and on a table, bronzes bearing the signatures of Barye, Isidore Bonheur, Mène, and Cain. On the floor are spread bear and sheep skins, whilst about are easels of different sizes, supporting pictures, unfinished sketches, studies, drawings, and water colours. At one end

of the studio and completely hiding it, is an immense canvas, bearing a sketch of the horses of the Pyrenees engaged in threshing corn according to the old custom in that part of France.

Such is the *atelier* which many of the admirers of Mademoiselle Bonheur have vainly endeavoured to



The Château of Rosa Bonheur.

enter, and which is known to only a few of her very intimate friends.

In the park and grounds of the château are to be found the animals which the artist uses as models. These are of all kinds, and a list of those which have found a place in this veritable Noah's ark—not even omitting the gentle dove—would occupy too much of our space. Mademoiselle Bonheur has possessed dogs of all kinds—Newfoundland dogs, spaniels, St. Bernard dogs, harriers—one a splendid animal, with long iron-grey hair, a present from Scotland—terriers, and others. She has kept sheep and goats, also cows from Brittany, Auvergne, Scotland, and of the Saint Girons breed; lions, too, and boars, rare birds, deer, a marmot (bought out of pity from a poor Italian at Nice),

gazelles (which were killed by adders, unfortunately plentiful enough in the district, in consequence of the proximity of the forest); and an elk, presented to her by M. Belmont, a banker, of the house of Rothschild at New York. The artist kept the beast some time, and then disposed of it to M. de Rothschild, on whose estate at Ferrières it remained till its death.

Of all these animals few now remain, except a family of chamois, which occupy the grass-plot lying between the château and the park. One of the chamois has a habit of leaping over the high enclosure which shuts them in, and

after being chased round the grounds for several hours by the dogs—doubtless having had enough of such exercise—the agile creature returns to the enclosure with the same ease as it left it.

Mademoiselle Bonheur, having such a variety of animals to care for, and with such a love of work, has naturally very little time to spare. She is habitually an early riser. Like many other artists and *littérateurs* she believes that the work of the morning is the easiest and the most productive. As an animal painter, too, it is the time when her living models are most tractable. In the after part of the day the



Changing Pasture. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre.

animals become restless through heat and by the irritation caused by the swarms of flies consequent on the contiguity of the forest.

Mademoiselle Bonheur's principal recreation consists of drives and walks in the neighbourhood of By. As her château is situate between the Seine and the forest she has a great choice of scenery, which is always charming, though of course differing in its special form of beauty according to the season. At the foot of a high precipitous cliff, covered by a rich vegetation, one sees the Seine widening its course, and flowing slowly on amid the rushes bordering its banks, where grow freely white and yellow water-lilies; the river

washing in its course the roots of overhanging trees whose branches dip into its surface, affording shady retreats for numerous kingfishers. In the distance are the rich pastures and the tall poplars of Lake Lutin, and farther on is descried the steeple of the old town of Moret, and beyond this, on the horizon and indefinable in the blue haze, the hills of Gatinais. On the other side lies the forest with its lofty trees, its underwood, and wild rocks, which is always changing its aspect, and yet is always beautiful. In the spring-time, in the open coppice, the delicate green of the new leaves contrasts with the grey and roseate hues of the trunks of the oaks; whilst the ponds, with their thickly grown weeds,

tempt the roebuck to drink. As the summer approaches the foliage thickens and becomes darker, and under the large trees one delights in warm transparent shade; the rays of the sun glance through the leaves and fall on the greenward in patches of light; the deer and the hares conceal themselves in the thickets and among mossy rocks, over which birches throw their delicate shade; whilst lizards and adders crawl amidst roseate heather. In the autumn the forest reveals every shade of gold, and assumes an indescribable richness of colour, and when the leaves begin to fall the effect becomes more light and transparent, till at last it assumes the appearance of exquisite lace-work; the air is filled with a mist iridescent in the sunlight, which condenses like diamonds on the edges of the leaves and on the blades of grass. Then in the winter-time one is met by the penetrating odour of fallen leaves and dead wood; cold and steady rains give a glistening appearance to the branches of

the trees, and reflect on the paths the sombre grey of the sky; and here and there between the leafless branches the curling smoke of a woodcutter's hut is seen struggling towards the sky, which looks green against the background of the woods empurpled by the evening sun.

All these charming aspects of nature Mademoiselle Bonheur has reproduced with the greatest fidelity in her works. In her solitary walks she has studied them. In a light carriage, driven by herself, she has visited the wildest and most impenetrable parts of the forest, making her way amid the trees and thickets, scaling its rugged, rocky declivities, often risking the upsetting of her carriage in order to discover subjects for her pictures. Her ability for driving has not always, however, saved her from accidents when undertaking these hazardous excursions, though she has always had the good fortune to escape without injury.

When Mademoiselle Bonheur goes out walking she is always accompanied by her dogs,



Another View of the Chateau.



The Courtyard.

which jealously guard her person; and sometimes she takes with her a monkey, which is permitted to run about at will.

It disports itself by climbing the trees and balancing itself on their branches, or by running after and playing with the

dogs; taking care, however, never to stray far from its mistress, on to whose shoulder it occasionally leaps in order to escape a foe or receive a caress.

Since Mademoiselle Bonheur has lived at By she has always kept in her stables a number of horses, as much for pleasure as for study. She has owned at different times Breton, Arab, Normandy, and Perche horses, and Shetland ponies. At the present time, besides horses for household purposes and for driving, she has three North American horses, sent her by a rich American landowner in acknowledgment of a series of studies of stallions she made for the American society for the importation of Perche horses. These horses, which were captured in Western America, are small wiry creatures, and roam at liberty in the large enclosure adjoining the château.

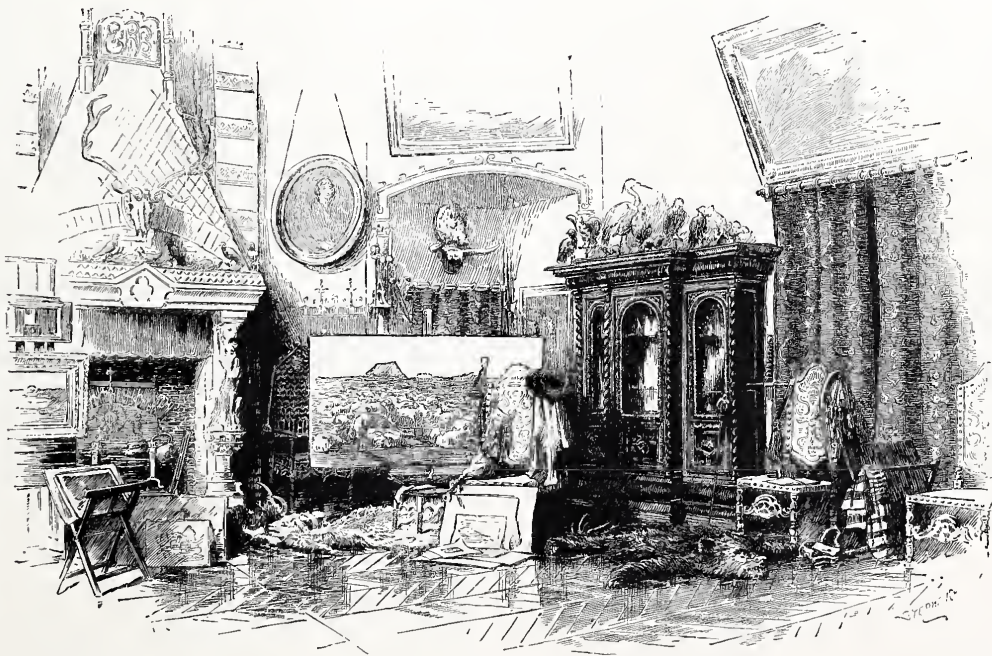
Mademoiselle Bonheur, as we have already said, dresses when at home in man's attire, and to those who know her in her own house it is hard to imagine her dressed otherwise, so used are they to seeing her in her studio and park wearing a large blue blouse, embroidered at the neck and shoulders, similar to the blouses which the peasants wear. The years which have whitened her hair and accentuated the lines in

her face, have by no means, as we have already had occasion to remark, lessened her energy. Her ability for work is the same now as in former days, and her fertile imagination continually presents her with new subjects. "I have enough in my mind," she often says, "to fill two or three lifetimes."

From the time when Mademoiselle Bonheur became directress at the Drawing School for Young Ladies, she has never—strictly speaking—taken pupils. Her love of liberty could not have endured so irksome a tie. However, she possesses all the necessary qualities for making an admirable teacher, for apart from her great technical knowledge and her accuracy of perception, she possesses the power of imparting enthusiasm and confidence to the student.

Nature has been very prodigal in her gifts to Rosa Bonheur. Many artists, it is true, have shown a steadier judgment, a more thorough knowledge, and a greater analytical power, and many have possessed a more fervid imagination; but no one more than Rosa Bonheur has united liveliness of imagination with accuracy of perception and a scrupulous regard for truth.

We shall now proceed to give some account of the various works to which the artist has devoted her life.



The Studio.

PART III.—HER WORK.

IN writing the first part of this study of the life of Rosa Bonheur we have been obliged to make occasional reference to some of her most celebrated works, for some of these have been so intimately bound up with the artist's life that it was impossible not to mention them in chronicling the events of her very active career. But the brief references we have made could not furnish anything like a complete or just idea of the artist's work, which requires a special study, if we would show in sufficient detail its many interesting features.

Whatever may be the original and personal qualities of Rosa Bonheur, who has been pre-eminently the pupil of her father and of nature, her talent has been affected, uncon-

sciously perhaps, but nevertheless very perceptibly, by the influences of the age in which she has lived. "On est toujours le fils de quelqu'un," happily remarked Beaumarchais, and this is not less true in art than in nature, and the man of genius, however original his powers, cannot escape the general influence of the spirit of his times. There is no such thing as spontaneous generation in matters of Art and literature, and to properly understand an artist or a *littérateur*, it is necessary to regard him from the standpoint of the age in which he has lived, and of the period during which he has accomplished his work. It will be useful, therefore, in our study of the work of Rosa Bonheur to consider the environment of her career—



The Long Rocks, Fontainebleau. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefevre.

the period when she made her appearance and the Art influences amid which she developed her powers.

When the career of Mademoiselle Bonheur began, French painting was undergoing a great transformation. The classic and the romantic schools, which had for a quarter of a century been carrying on a violent warfare, were at that time beginning slowly to reconcile their differences, and whilst their mutual opposition—often unfair and discreditable on both sides—gradually lessened in intensity, a new school sprang up, of whose advent neither the classic school nor the romantic school had had any anticipation, but which soon acquired for itself an important and independent position. Between the static assertions of the romanticists and the clas-

sicists—assertions violently opposed to each other—this new school took up its position in the more peaceful pursuit of conscientiously studying nature. It discarded equally every formula which the different schools had laid down for the regulation of Art and poetry, and sought to know and to express only what was true. This new school, or this new current of ideas, born of the exaggeration of certain theories, and of a strong dislike of categories and hierarchies in Art, allowed the temperament of each artist to unfold itself with absolute freedom and independence: the study of truth in nature became the only and the pre-eminent object. It is easy to understand what a great influence these new ideas had upon landscape and animal painting, which during the im-

mediately preceding century had been much neglected, and which, if we except Géricault, was miserably represented up till



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

that time. It is to the ideas of this new school that we owe the birth of artists so diverse and personal as Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Millet, Rosa Bonheur, and others who have followed in their track. These eminent painters developed their powers regardless of the narrow conventions of the old schools, which would only have fettered them. Studying passionately, with no other object than that of observing nature honestly, and expressing what they saw as it impressed them, these artists, both by their efforts and example imparted a new life to the French school of painting, and gave a fresh impetus to the study of nature—the true source of all Art.

Rosa Bonheur, by her absolute independence in Art, and by that ardent love of nature which no artist has possessed in a greater degree, may be justly considered one of the most illustrious representatives of this new school; and if she was affected by that movement in Art which gave freedom to the great painters immediately her predecessors, she has in her turn exercised a corresponding influence on the painters of the succeeding generation, as much by her powerful imagination as by the sincerity of her observation, and by the great knowledge she has called to the service of that imagination.

The mere names of the works of Rosa Bonheur would comprise a great many pages if we took into account not only the works which are known to the public, as pictures, drawings, and water-colours, but also the numerous studies and sketches which the artist preserves at her château, and which no one has been permitted to inspect. One can easily imagine, however, what, with her passion for work, Mademoiselle Bonheur must have been able to produce during more than fifty years of uninterrupted labour. We are unhappily forbidden to speak of these studies, which it would have been so interesting to make known and examine, for it is pre-eminently by these that we can best understand the personality of an artist in the truth of his observation and in his freedom with the brush or crayon. The few sketches which we have reproduced in this biography will, however, give some idea of the accurate perception and vigorous execution which are so characteristic of the artist. The drawings, sketches, or painted studies, which she has collected in the different countries she has visited, form a treasury where she may find, without fear of ever exhausting it, all the documents necessary to her work.

In her younger days, during the early years when she began

to exhibit, Mademoiselle Bonheur had not extended her observations beyond the environs of Paris, and all the pictures which she exhibited at that time were pre-eminently inspired by the associations of this part of her country. At that time there were to be found in the outskirts of Paris many charming, solitary spots with which a painter might well have been satisfied. Meudon was then country fields; the woods of Clamart and Viroflay were not then invaded by the crowd of pedestrians who now visit them every day to picnic on the grass or to rest under the shade of the trees. The borders of the Marne, where numerous herds grazed in the broad meadows, which were hemmed in by stately poplars, were in those days scarcely dreamt of by the majority of the people of Paris. Asnières even was not at that time a rendezvous of the successful business men who have since converted it into a faubourg of Paris. It was at Villiers, near Asnières, that Mademoiselle Bonheur made nearly all the studies and sketches for the pictures she exhibited from 1841 to 1845. As we have already remarked in the first part of this biography, the artist carried on her work on a farm, the owner of which was kind enough to place at her disposal as models the animals of which she desired to make studies. In 1841 she exhibited, besides the picture of the pet rabbits, of which we have already spoken, a picture of goats and sheep. These two canvases—of but comparatively little importance—must be regarded as scarcely other than the mere attempts of a beginner, but the sincerity and feeling which they revealed gave a prevision of the very fruitful career upon which the young artist had then entered. In exhibiting these two canvases Mademoiselle Bonheur did not, however, seek to obtrude herself upon the public by a brilliant effort, and to thus force the notice of critics; she accomplished simply the best her powers permitted her to at that time, and conformably with her just and unassuming character, being conscious of the deficiency of her work, she determined to do better in the future. In the following year the progress made in her work was very notable, and every year it became more marked.

At the Exhibition of 1842 three pictures by Mademoiselle Bonheur were hung, namely, 'Animals in a Meadow' (an evening effect), 'Cows resting in a Meadow,' and 'Horse for Sale.' She also exhibited, in terra-cotta, her first attempt in sculpture, the subject being a 'Shorn Lamb' lying down, in which work was clearly discernible the sincerity with which



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

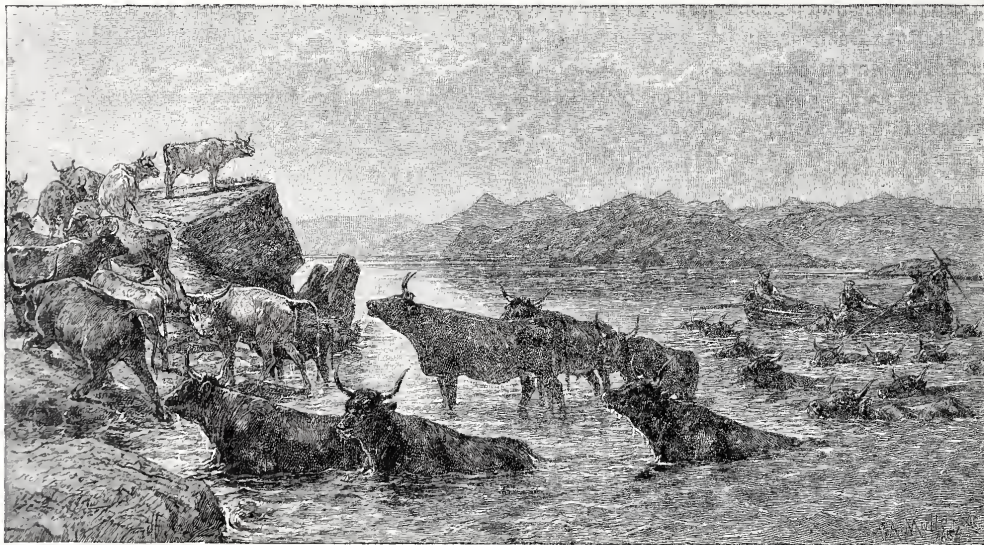
the artist observed nature. The three pictures were simple, truthful scenes taken from nature, and by their perfect charm

one felt that the young artist had put her whole soul into the faithful reproduction of these delightful country scenes. It is, in reality, because of this naturalness and simplicity that the works of Rosa Bonheur prove so fascinating, and which obtains for them the praise of all those who truly love and understand nature.

At the Salon of 1843 the artist exhibited only two canvases, both representing horses—the one, 'Horses leaving Watering Place,' the other, 'Horses in a Meadow.' Mademoiselle Bonheur had before her the beautiful and powerfully executed studies of Géricault; these studies she admired all the more because she was able to analyse them and understand their meaning: and indeed it was her desire to follow in the track of that great painter. The two canvases at the Salon of 1843, in which she had given more freedom to her powers, were executed with a vigour of drawing and touch which revealed the artist's powerful temperament. She exhibited also in sculpture a study of a bull, standing firmly on its robust legs and slightly turning its head to the left in a manner very suggestive of mistrust.

In 1844 she sent to the annual exhibition 'Cows grazing.' This canvas represented a quiet scene on the borders of the Marne—one of those beautiful meadows which follow the windings of this slow river. She exhibited also 'Sheep in a Meadow,' 'The Meeting' (landscape with animals), and 'A Donkey;' this last a poor beast having a very philosophic and resigned air.

'The Three Musketeers,' which Mademoiselle Bonheur exhibited in the following year, was inspired by the well-known romance of Alexandre Dumas *père*. This picture represented Athos, Porthos, and Aramis riding in the country. Mademoiselle Bonheur naturally gave to the horses a more prominent place than the French novelist. She ingeniously harmonized their characters with those of their riders. The nobility of Athos, the strength of Porthos, and the elegance of Aramis, are each reflected in their mounts. This canvas was really more of a *genre* picture than a picture of animals. Indeed, the able lessons which Mademoiselle Bonheur had received from her father had taught her not to confine herself exclusively to animal-painting. Moreover, the many pictures

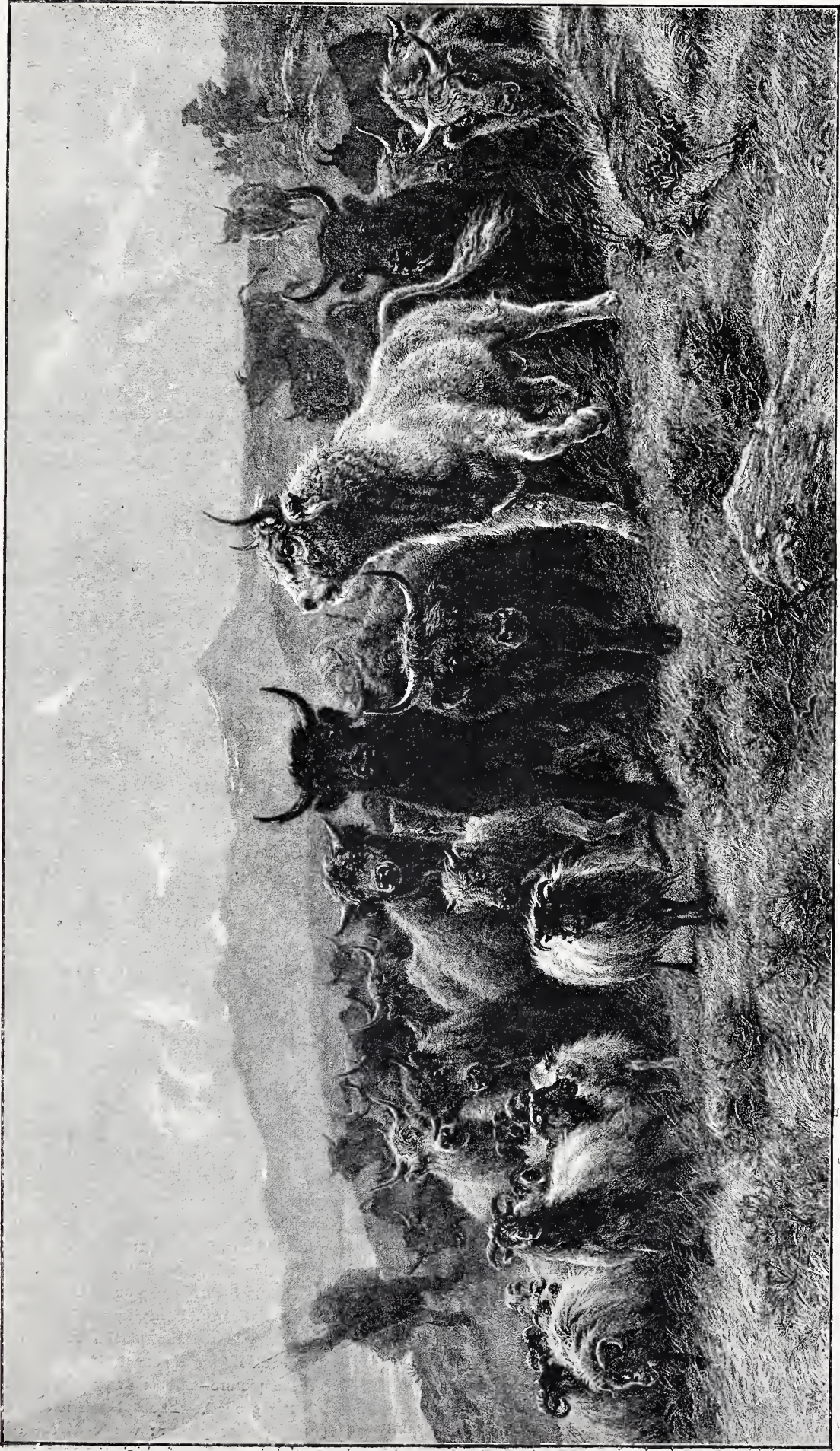


Crossing a Loch.

in which the artist has introduced figures grouped with animals, show with what skill she has been able to make use of this combination. By the side of 'The Three Musketeers' figured 'A Sheep and her Lamb lost in a Storm.' The lamb, overcome with fatigue, is lying on the ground, whilst the poor mother stands mournfully bleating at its side. There was also another picture, 'Ploughing,' representing, in broad sunlight, two horses, one white, the other bay-brown, drawing a plough led by a peasant, whilst a peasant lad is seated sideways on one of the horses. She exhibited also 'A Ram, a Sheep and her Lamb'—a pretty family scene in the open fields. These canvases confirmed her success of the preceding year, which had attracted to the young artist the notice of M. Gudin and Horace Vernet. The Art critics, too, were profuse in their praises. This, added to the numerous congratulations of her *confrères*, were to the artist a sweet recompense of her efforts and work. This same year the Jury awarded her a gold medal of the third class, which the Directeur des Beaux-Arts forwarded, accompanied by his own hearty

congratulations and generous wishes. 'The Shepherd,' (see full-page engraving) was painted a little later. This picture represents a flock of sheep collected about their shepherd on one of those broad plains in the environs of Paris which seem a kind of continuation of the immense plains of Beauce; some scattered clumps of trees alone break the monotony of the horizon.

At the Salon of 1846 there figured several canvases and a drawing. These were—a 'Flock marching,' led by a shepherd, and tended by sheep-dogs which, at the signal of their master, run after and drive on the animals which lag behind; 'Repose,' representing sheep and rams with long fleeces resting in a meadow, near a hedge, at the young tender shoots of which one of the sheep is biting. In the foreground, among the sheep chewing the cud, stands a splendid ram in profile. This picture was purchased by Baron de Schöenen. There was also a picture of 'Sheep and Goats,' a fine study; and lastly, 'A Pasture,' also known as 'Anxiety,' which was purchased by M. Delessert.



A Scottish Raid. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefevre.

This latter canvas represented a white mare and her colt, anxiously looking over a fence on the other side of which a bull is approaching them; cows are seen resting here and there in the meadow, whilst in the foreground are ducks dabbling and swimming in a pond. These canvases, and a small drawing of a sheep and her lamb, complete her exhibits of this year.

In the preceding year Mademoiselle Bonheur made an excursion in the Landes, and brought back with her some studies, promising herself to revisit this country later. In 1846 she visited Auvergne. This old province was at this time, from an artist's point of view, a new country. Nevertheless, the lofty chain of the Auvergnese mountains, with their heathery and lichen-covered rocks, their slopes bristling with beeches and chestnuts, intersected here and there by deep valleys, through which leap in their playful course streams of cold crystal water; the hardy peasants; the fine cattle of Salers which graze at liberty on the herbaceous mountain sides—presented a grandeur and variety of scenery which a painter in love with nature might turn to splendid account. It appealed powerfully to Mademoiselle Bonheur's imagination, and she dived into the rugged valleys and wandered over the mountains, occasionally arresting her progress in order to draw an animal or paint a charming bit of landscape. In her excursions she gathered all the documents necessary to paint the pictures she had at that time projected, and indeed, sufficient to supply her for a long time to come.

At the Salon of 1847, besides 'Pure-blooded Stallions' and 'Still Nature,' she exhibited two other canvases, one called a 'Mountain Pasture,' the other 'Ploughing.' In the latter some fine Salers oxen, of a rich red colour and with heavy dew-laps, are yoked to a plough conducted by an Auvergnese peasant. Both these pictures were souvenirs of her visit to Auvergne in the preceding year.

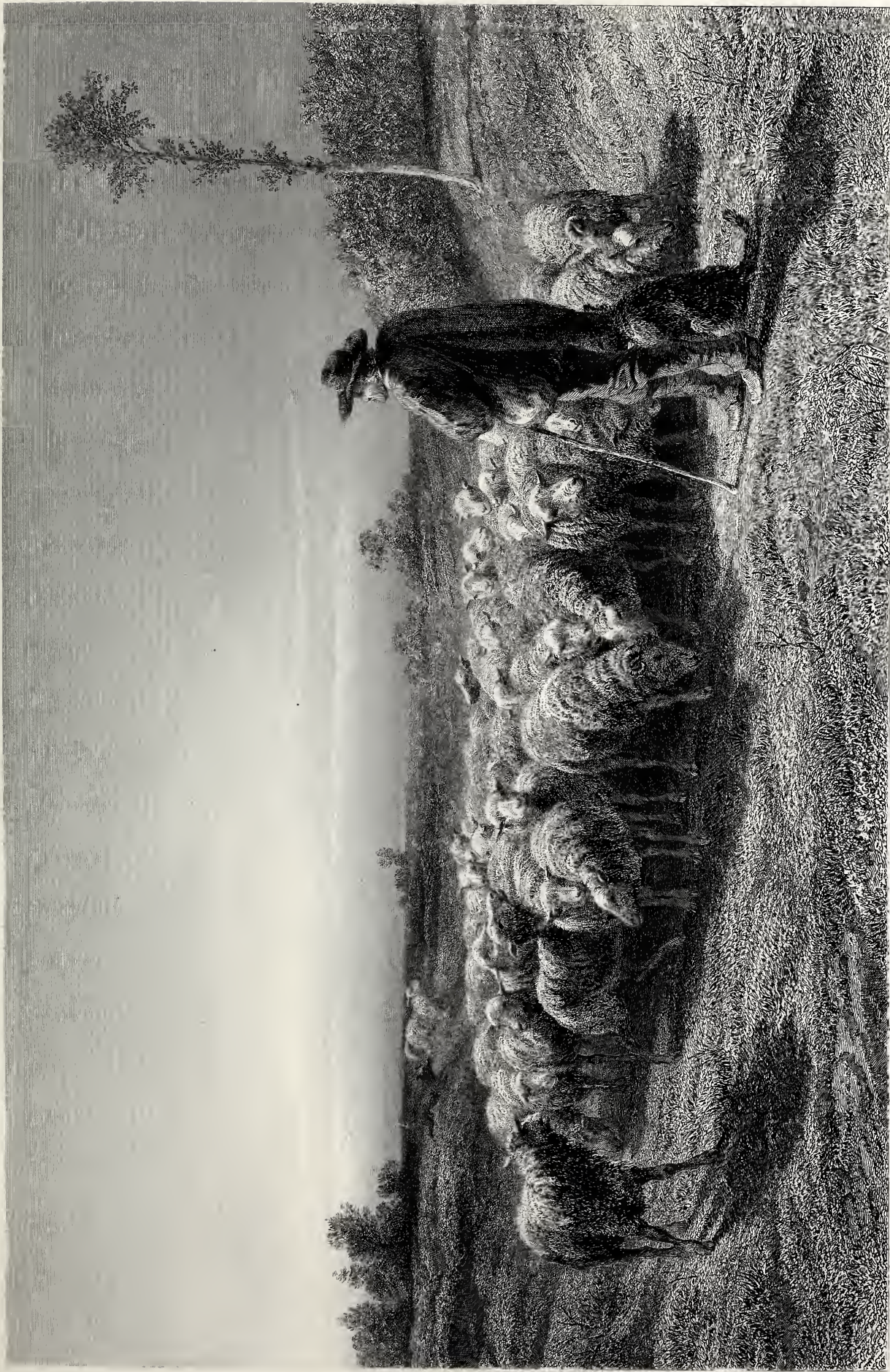
It was chiefly in that part of Cantal adjoining the departments of Corrèze and Puy de Dome that Mademoiselle Bonheur made her excursions. In this hospitable portion of Auvergne the artist found every accommodation and attention. The Salers breed of cattle was at that time little known or valued, except in the district of the distant mountains, the original home of the stock, where their high qualities were appreciated at their real value. This breed, one of the most beautiful—both from an artistic and an agricultural point of view—in France, are large, well-proportioned, hardy, yet elegant beasts, strong and broad, and of a rich red colour, inclining to brown, which lends itself admirably to painting. They are eminently a mountain race, living at high altitudes and in the mountain passes, where no habitations are to be found except the *burons*—a kind of primitive cottage in a very dilapidated condition—which are occupied by those who tend the flocks. It afforded pleasure to these honest folk to find their solitudes broken by a painter who came to sketch the portraits of their beautiful beasts, and they eagerly put at the artist's disposal their cattle for this purpose.

The pictures which Mademoiselle Bonheur exhibited in 1848 were also souvenirs of her tour in Cantal. These were 'Oxen and Bullocks in the Mountains,' 'Sheep at Pasture,' and a 'Pasture of Salers Oxen.' This last was an important canvas, to paint which the artist prepared many animals in sculpture in order that she might observe and study certain effects in their posing, which it is often impossible to catch from nature. It was quickly recognised what scrupulous exacti-

tude and conscientious labour she brought to the production of this work. A 'Study of a Vendéan Hunting-dog,' a 'Study of an Ox,' and a small picture of a 'Miller' conducting a horse and a donkey laden with sacks of flour, completed her canvases at this exhibition; but the artist was represented in sculpture by a 'Bullock walking' and a 'Sheep' in bronze. "Mademoiselle Bonheur," wrote a critic at this time, "has secured for herself a distinguished place among animal-painters. She has a deep and incontestable knowledge of anatomy, and a remarkable faculty for observing the habits of the animals she represents, whilst she avoids that lifelessness and poverty of brushwork of which some artists have for a long time set so deplorable an example. In Mademoiselle Bonheur's pictures the oxen and sheep have muscles, bones, and tendons; they are not animals of wood or metal. . . . Her bullocks of Cantal are characterized by every quality which these lovely animals possess." The progress of the artist was so marked, and her powers asserted themselves in so unmistakable a manner that the Jury, with the approval of everybody, awarded her a medal of the first class.

Mademoiselle Bonheur spent the summer of 1848 in Nivernais, which she visited at the earnest entreaty of a pupil and friend. The extensive views to be obtained in this province, whose wide stretches to the distant horizon are hardly modified by the low hills, with its broad meadows intersected by hedges and ditches, formed a quiet and somewhat depressing landscape, very different from the mountainous beauty of Auvergne, but which, nevertheless, had a character special to itself which very much charmed the artist. The numerous flocks which grazed in the spacious meadows furnished her with many models. The clumps of trees which occur at distant intervals, and the calm deep streams which meander through the fields, alone break, in a small degree, the monotony of this fertile country. However, in the neighbourhood of the Morvan, with its granitic earth, its contorted chestnut trees, and its picturesque cottages, the artist found, not far from where she lived, landscapes of a more broken and of a wilder aspect. It was from this province that Mademoiselle Bonheur brought back the idea and the sketch for the 'Labourage Nivernais' (page 3)—of *Sombrage*, as the peasants of this province designate the ploughing of the earth.

We have already spoken of the influence under which the artist undertook to paint the 'Labourage Nivernais.' The country romances of Georges Sand, which were inspired by scenes in the province of Berry, very similar to those of Nivernais, which is its neighbour, had much affected and deeply interested Mademoiselle Bonheur, and when the artist found herself among scenes similar to those described by Madame Sand, she was impelled quite naturally to seek to express by her brush what the great authoress had interpreted with her pen. On the gradual slope of a valley, bounded on the left by a low hill covered with trees, six pairs of oxen are engaged in ploughing a fallow field. The ground is being ploughed deeply, and is turning up under the shining ploughshares heavy clods of earth. The sky is blue and cloudless, and the ample, serene light of the sun suffuses the whole scene. The two yokes, each having six oxen, are passing—in a direction right of the picture—almost in profile, as they ascend a gradually rising ground. Each plough is conducted by a peasant, whilst another peasant walks at the side, armed with a long stick by means of which the oxen are goaded to



ROSA BONHEUR. PINK*

THE ART JOURNAL.

C. COUSEN. SCULPT.

THE SHEPHERD

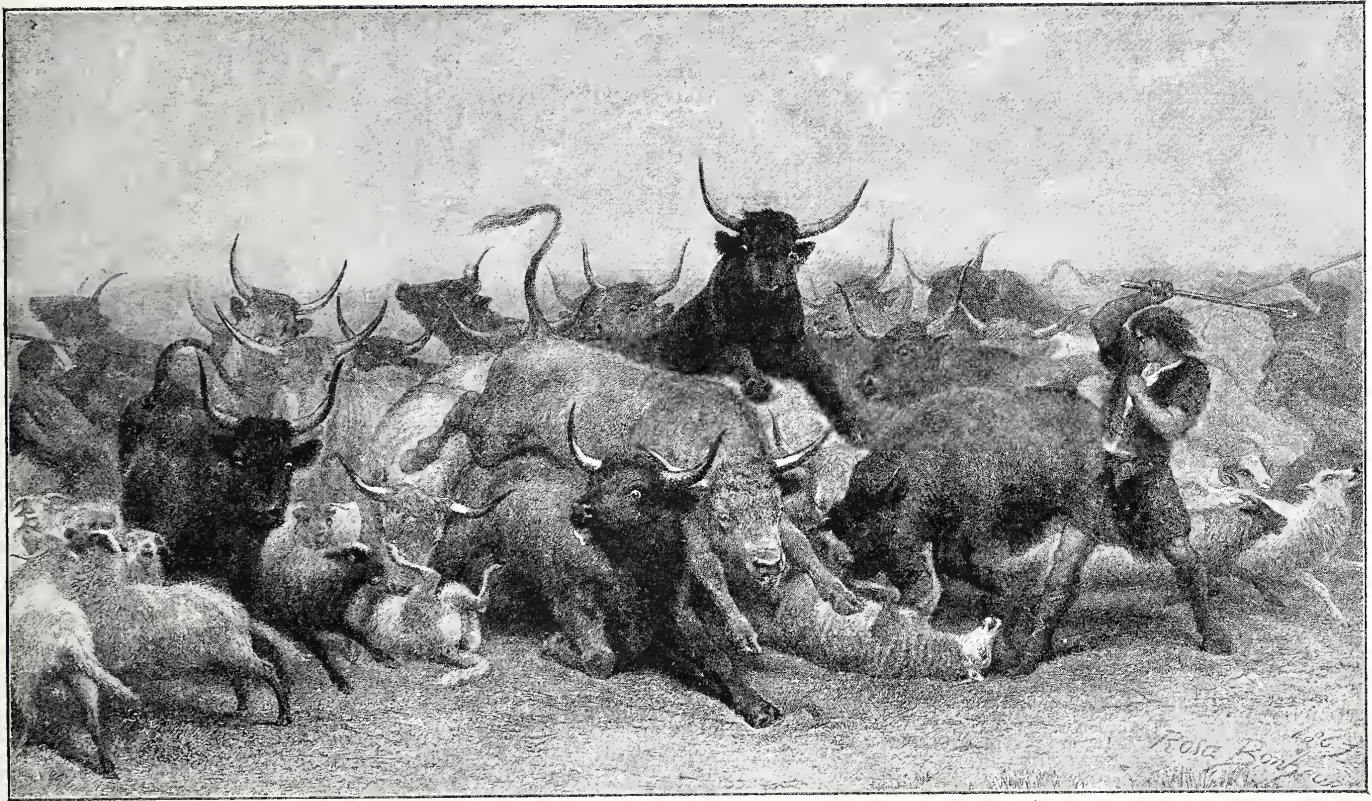
LONDON: J. B. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.

their work. One of the oxen of the second pair, a beautiful white beast, is turning its head under the yoke, as if rebelling against the use of this stimulant.

Mademoiselle Bonheur invested this work with so much realism, so much power, and at the same time so much poetry of country life, that its success was immediate and general. Everybody agreed in their admiration and praise of the picture, and it was acquired by the French Government, who deemed it worthy of a place in the *musées nationaux* among the masterpieces of French painters.

At the Salon of 1850 Mademoiselle Bonheur exhibited two canvases representing a 'Morning Effect' and some 'Sheep.' There was no exhibition in 1851, and the artist allowed the year 1852 to pass by without exhibiting at all. Indeed, she was at this time absorbed in a great work for which she was

making preparations, and for which she was amassing numerous studies. This work took up all her time and left her hardly an occasion to paint small canvases as a means of diverting her thoughts from her great undertaking. It was called the 'Marché aux Chevaux,' known in England as 'The Horse Fair' (see frontispiece). We have already related how Mademoiselle Bonheur prepared herself for the execution of this canvas, and of the disguise she assumed in order that she might obtain correct studies at the market itself; also the force of character the young artist needed to successfully accomplish so great a work. The picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1853. 'The Horse Fair' is so universally known that we can almost say that it has been seen by everybody—at least in some form of reproduction. The magnificent stallions with their powerful forms pass before us at a trot, kicking up



A Stampede. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre.

the dust under their feet. When Mademoiselle Bonheur humorously styled this work her "Parthenon frieze," she little dreamt that her contemporaries would so completely endorse this appellation, which she herself used somewhat ironically. Surely enough, this work may justly be called the modern "Parthenon frieze," full of life and movement and thoroughly imbued with realism—but of a beautiful and noble realism. The composition of 'The Horse Fair' is admirable, and brings out finely the energy and spirit of the horse. The scene represents the horses as having just reached the market, and as being in the act of falling back to reform for their proper places. The fine trees in the background of the picture, and under which, upon a rising ground, the dealers and buyers take up their position, are obscured on the left by the haze and by the clouds of dust raised by the trotting horses; in the background, too, but completely to the left, is seen the small dome of the Salpêtrière. The *Marché aux*

Chevaux of Paris was at that time situate in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, not far from the Orleans Railway; but in consequence of changes wrought by municipal authorities and of improvements, the market has lost the picturesque aspect it wore in 1853. One looks in vain now for the large trees which then shadowed it, and the bald earth, covered in places by short dusty grass, and broken up by the tramping of the horses.

Although in most of her subjects Mademoiselle Bonheur allows herself to be guided almost solely by her imagination, and employs but little those contrivances for the balancing of lines and for producing harmonious arrangements in which certain artists have shown so much skill; although almost all her pictures may be described as pre-eminently spontaneous productions, she does not ignore the laws of composition; she observes them instinctively. Aiming above all at agreeable naturalness and simplicity in her subjects, she unites with this, when necessary, all the resources of a deep knowledge of

the art of composition, which she knows well how to conceal. This perfect mingling of art and of truth is very obvious in 'The Horse Fair.' The irregular order of the horses, their different movements bringing into play all their muscles; the different spots of their coats, so disposed as to set off one another, and furnishing at the same time a charming variety to the eye; the powerful dappled Perche horses, which pass in the foreground and constitute the centre of the picture, with the groups of black and white horses which rear themselves up on their hind feet—all this shows a profoundly skilful arrangement and results in a grand and harmonious *ensemble*; yet the first impression which this picture gives is that of a scene taken from the life, and of intense realism. The freedom and breadth of the execution are equal to the beauty of the composition. The vigorous touch and the powerful drawing also help to give this picture a spirited character and masculine vigour in perfect harmony with the subject it represents. 'The Horse Fair' of Paris is perhaps the best-known and most popular animal-picture of our epoch. The numerous reproductions which have been made of it have made the name of Rosa Bonheur familiar in every home where Art is appreciated throughout the world.

When 'The Horse Fair' was exhibited, it was matter for general astonishment that a woman should possess the power to accomplish a work so powerful and important; and, indeed, it revealed such a power of conception and execution, that it seemed a work of which even but few men could have been capable. It won for Mademoiselle Bonheur the enthusiastic praises of the public, who instinctively felt that it was an exceptionally high-class work. Critics, however, who considered the dignity of their sex somewhat assailed by this great success of a lady artist, mingled some reservations with the encomiums which they could not well refuse.

Whenever an artist rises in some *genre* above the common level, and asserts his personality and strength by a powerful work, it invariably happens that the critic compares him with some other artist, so as to humble or exalt the one at the expense of the other. It would appear as if the human mind felt a necessity for comparison and classification, though it often causes it to lose all idea of what is proper or real in a work of Art. Instead of considering a picture in itself, of analysing it, and of seeking to comprehend the power of the artist and its nature, it would seem that the critic must perforce class in the artistic hierarchy any new talent which makes its appearance, and give it a position inferior or superior to that of some other artist; and as each critic possesses his own classification, which to him is the only proper one, it happens there is always much disagreement between them. The critics did not need to apply in the case of Rosa Bonheur and of 'The Horse Fair' this mania for classification. This young artist, who had dared to attempt, in such proportions and with so much success, the painting of horses, they endeavoured to depreciate and crush by citing the works and talent of Géricault. Not troubling to seek what might constitute the special originality of two painters so different, they strayed into making comparisons and drawing parallels. It was in this narrow groove that the artist's contemporaries moved, and for a long time they carried on a discussion as to who ought to occupy the chief place—Rosa Bonheur or Troyon (for the latter had already commenced to give evidence of his powerful talent). However, the two artists—more just to-

wards each other than critics were towards them—mutually respecting each other, continued, as well as they might, to pursue their work, caring little for the attitude of the critics towards them. A French poet has said, "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre;" and, indeed, the chief concern of an artist is to be natural—to show his individuality; and it cannot be denied that Rosa Bonheur, like Géricault and Troyon, has put her personality into her work. It is only by considering her thus that we are able to appreciate her talent; it is not by comparing her work with that of other artists. It was in this way, however, that the age, which assigned everything to its special place, judged her work. But all this is changed, and in our time one can admire equally Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, and Troyon, without fear of incurring the charge of inconsistency, for the works of each artist possess a personality of their own; the power of each of them denies nothing of the power of the others.

'The Horse Fair,' after being exhibited at Ghent, and in many towns of England, was sold in America, and, as we have already said, now forms part of the Museum of New York. The picture in the National Gallery of London is a replica, which Mademoiselle Bonheur executed at the request of M. Gambart, who purchased the original work.

At the Salon of 1853, by the side of 'The Horse Fair,' the artist exhibited another picture, which belongs to the Duc de Morny. It represented a scene in Brittany. Under some apple-trees cows and sheep, led by a peasant lad, are descending into a valley. This picture, which is small in size, forms an interesting contrast to 'The Horse Fair,' and this less on account of its comparative smallness than for its impressive sentiment of rustic poetry, so different from the energy and spirit of the animated scene represented in 'The Horse Fair.'

Rosa Bonheur, who was already *hors concours* by the medal awarded her in 1848, was now, by the special decision of the Imperial Government, at the proposal of the Ministre des Beaux-Arts, declared exempt henceforth from examination by the jury of admission.

'Haymaking,' which Mademoiselle Bonheur exhibited in 1855 at the Universal Exhibition of Paris, was a souvenir of her visit to Auvergne. This picture, which the artist executed at the command of the State, proved a worthy companion to the 'Labourage Nivernais.' It represents red oxen harnessed to a waggon, upon which the peasants and haymakers are piling the hay. The waggon is drawn up, in broad sunlight, in the middle of a large meadow. A powerful Auvergnat, of very dignified appearance—a worthy descendant of the companions of Vercingétorix—stands by the side of the oxen. In 'Haymaking,' as in the 'Labourage' and other pictures, Rosa Bonheur records the life of the fields. With Troyon and Millet she has caught and expressed the grandeur and poetry of that life, and has contributed her share to that epopee of peasant life, and to those new Georgics, in which contemporary artists and *littérateurs*—modern Virgils—have reinstated and extolled the foster-fathers of the human race.

From the time of the Universal Exhibition of 1855, Mademoiselle Bonheur ceased to exhibit. She desired to take her work easily, without having her mind preoccupied by the periodical return of the Salon. The fixed time by which it was necessary to send in works destined for exhibition proved too much of a check on her liberty. She preferred to forego success at the Salon, and to work at her leisure. The visits to the Pyrenees, to England and Scot-



Cattle. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co.

land, which the artist had projected for some time past, and which she undertook in the years which followed, were further reasons why she did not care to tie herself down to exhibit yearly at the Salon. From this time the artist painted only as her fancy led her.

Mademoiselle Bonheur made her first journey to the Pyrenees in 1855, the same year as the Universal Exhibition; and the artist rambled over these lovely mountains, and worked as always, zealously and without intermission; she even ventured in the wild and little-frequented passes, where in summer-time came herds of cows and goats under the care of their shepherds, who alone inhabit these solitudes. Spanish contrabandists sometimes made their appearance in these parts, and oftentimes the artist had occasion to remonstrate with them; but in spite of their mistrust and of the dangers resulting therefrom, she always managed to extricate herself from these embarrassing encounters. The magnificent sights before her eyes, the picturesque animals which grazed in the mountain pastures, the mules with their glittering harness, and the sunburnt muleteers who traverse the mountains singing as they go—all this much attracted and interested the artist; but she could not altogether overcome a justifiable fear of possible encounters with these contrabandists, though, after all, they might not have been so fiendish as they appeared. At any rate, nothing serious ever happened to her, and she was able to carry on her work of painting and drawing to her heart's content. 'Crossing the Pyrenees' (see page 15), which dates from 1857, as also many similar works which the artist has painted since, represent scenes taken from nature during this visit to the Pyrenees. It was here that she saw and sketched those convoys of mules, led by Spaniards, which make their journey from Spain to France over the rocky and dangerous mountain-paths which margin the deep precipices into whose depths fall the foaming torrents descending from the heights of eternal snow.

Mademoiselle Bonheur's journey to Scotland, which she undertook in 1857, revealed to her a country no less grand and interesting than that of the Pyrenees, although of a very different character. The Highlands, with their wild, gloomy scenery, and their fine cattle and sheep, admirably responded to the artist's poetic yet brave nature. This country, for which the artist has had a particular fondness, is one from which she has drawn an exceptional number of subjects for her pictures, for she was powerfully impressed by its lakes and its hazy mountains, which are so full of a poetry at once majestic and sad. Those black sheep with their long wool—those cows and bullocks with their rough coats and savage expression which wander amid the heather on the elevated plateaus—what admirable models these for an animal-painter; and beyond this, what magnificent scenery for display in her compositions! What energy and intensity of expression were met always in pictures whose inspiration is caught from such magnificent scenes as these! What a powerful expression of severe and laborious life there is, for instance, in 'A Scottish Raid' (page 23), which figured at the Universal Exhibition of 1867, and which is one of Mademoiselle Bonheur's most successful works. As the herd marches in the wood and rain, one almost fancies he hears through the humid, panting breath of the approaching storm, the bleating of the sheep, the bellowing of the bullocks, and the shouting of their drivers. What spirit and vigour, too, are observable in 'A Stampede' (page 25), in which the animals are crowding one

against the other in indescribable confusion, trampling one another under foot, and running and rebounding in all directions, the shepherds' efforts proving ineffectual to re-establish confidence.

At the Universal Exhibition of 1867 there figured, among many other works, a number of pictures also inspired by her experiences in the Scottish Highlands, namely, 'Oxen and Cows,' 'A Barque,' 'A Scottish Shepherd,' and 'Skye Ponies' (see page 31), the latter small hardy creatures, with keen eye and full of fire, flossy-haired and sure-footed. One of the most beautiful of the compositions which Mademoiselle Bonheur brought from Scotland represented a herd of cows crossing a loch, accompanied by their drivers in a boat (see page 22). The view stretches a good distance across the lake, which is bounded at the horizon by the jagged peaks of the mountains. Some of the animals are swimming in the water, the boat being in the rear; others are landed on the shore amid the rocks. The other pictures inspired by her Scotch tour are of more simple subjects, and their charm and interest consist less in the subjects themselves than in their general effect, in the clever grouping of the animals, and the accurate study both of the character of the country and of its inhabitants; for in all the works of Rosa Bonheur which are souvenirs of her visit to the Highlands, one realises, expressed with much force and communicative feeling, all the severity of the sad and pastoral life of the country of Rob Roy and McIvor.

It was in 1860 that Mademoiselle Bonheur definitely took up her abode at By, near Fontainebleau. The place was well chosen for the life of an animal and landscape painter, for besides the advantage of having at hand the splendid forest whose deep recesses were denized by deer, roebuck, and wild boar, she had also the means of collecting on her large estate all kinds of animals—among others stags and hinds; and in her ample grounds these animals sufficiently preserved their wild habits and character to allow the artist to make a faithful study of their ways. The forest, only a short distance from her grounds, offered to the artist all the charm of its scenery—its wild rocks and varying forest trees; and she divided her time between making studies from nature, and painting pictures the numerous sketches for which filled her *atelier*. The artist's reputation was at this time at its zenith, and collectors vied with each other in their efforts to obtain her works; whilst in 1865 the Empress Eugénie visited the artist to crown her career by the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur. Although definitely installed in her château at By, Mademoiselle Bonheur did not hesitate to undertake a long journey to revisit a country in order to renew a fading impression, or refresh her memory by the contemplation of scenery which she wished to represent.

The greatest French contemporary landscape painters, Rousseau, Diaz, and Corot, have represented the forest of Fontainebleau in their numerous pictures, whose *motifs* they have found in the most lovely portions of the forest. Who is not familiar—at least by name—with those wild and richly coloured scenes known as Franchard, Gorge-aux-Loups, the Gorges of Apremont, the Long-Rocher, and other equally beautiful bits of landscape? At the time when Rosa Bonheur took up her residence at By, the forest of Fontainebleau was much less prized than it is now; and indeed was little frequented except by a small number of artists who spent their lives during the summer-time in the village of Barbizon. However, the Empress Eugénie, in making residence at Fontainebleau fashionable during the last days of the Empire,



Study from the Artist's Sketch-book.

and also the celebrated landscape painters visiting the forest to obtain the subjects for their most beautiful canvases, proved the means of making the forest's beauties known.

Mademoiselle Bonheur has painted under the inspiration of the forest of Fontainebleau a great number of pictures of all dimensions, all of which, so to speak, have been executed in the presence of nature itself. In fact, the artist has endeavoured always to have before her eyes the objects of which she might desire to make use, and it has been her custom, when the weather has permitted, to work in the open air in the midst of the woods; but during the winter, when snow or rain renders this impossible, she installs herself in a glass house, where, sheltered from the cold, she is able, with nature still before her, to pursue her work unhindered. Mademoiselle Bonheur has well studied the many charming aspects which changing seasons give to the forest; and if one could collect together all the works, drawings, canvases, and water-colours in which she has given expression to their different effects, they would form a marvellous and unique series of

illustrations of the forest. Among the pictures whose *motifs* have been furnished by the forest are 'The Resting-place of the Deer' (see full-page engraving), exhibited in 1867—which, we believe, the artist painted at the command of the Empress Eugénie; and 'Deer' traversing an open space—a souvenir of Long-Rocher (see below). This place, which is one of the most curious in the forest, being a vast plateau covered with heather and sandstone rocks, amid which grow fantastic birches, supplied her also with the subject for the picture known as "The Long Rocks, Fontainebleau" (page 20). But the two most important pictures of scenes taken from the forest are undoubtedly those executed by the artist for M. Gambart ten years ago, and which now adorn his splendid picture gallery at Nice. They represent a stag and wild boars of natural size. The stag, with its splendid horns, advances majestically towards us—a veritable king of the forest. The wild boars, with their rough coats and brutish air, are digging up the ground and overturning the green mosses in search of roots. The grand execution of these two canvases, their



Family of Deer. By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre.

powerful drawing and harmonious richness of colour, make them admirable examples. These wild denizens of the forest are rendered with a spirit and realism which give the illusion of their being living creatures. No artist has possessed in a greater degree than Rosa Bonheur the power of producing this illusion. Her pictures of lions are instances of this powerful lifelike expression, united with an effort to show the animals in their true character. The beautiful head of the Nubian lion, the 'Old Monarch' (page 7), is an evidence of how well she understands the nature of these ferocious animals, and of her ability to discover and express the calmness and strength which have led to these noble creatures being designated the kings of the desert. The 'Family of Lions,' executed in 1881, is her most important picture of these animals. The lion, a majestic creature, is lying down amidst a variety of cactus plants; the lioness is in front of him, and is also lying down, whilst three young lions sleep or lie between the paws of their mother. Mademoiselle Bonheur used for this picture the lion and lioness which she purchased at Marseilles, and which she kept afterwards on her estate at By; for the young

lions she used studies made some time previously at the Cirque d'Hiver of Paris, after some very young lions born at this place. These had been taken away from their mother, and given to a dog—one of the fine Bordeaux race—to rear; and this poor animal showed a truly maternal tenderness for them, and notwithstanding that their sharp claws were very troublesome, she fostered them with astonishing patience.

Many artists have attempted to reproduce tigers and lions in sculpture; and Barye has invested them with a grandeur and character very personal to himself. Delacroix, however, has rendered lions with an energy and spirit sometimes approaching exaggeration, and which has tempted him to neglect correctness of form: he has painted them with his imagination, and though considerable effect may thus be obtained, one cannot but regret that he felt it his duty in too many instances to sacrifice to this effect proper respect for nature. Rosa Bonheur, however, by her particular way of regarding nature, has occupied a place apart from these masters. Her deep knowledge of animals has always pre-

served her from the common, though hardly excusable, faults of Delacroix: she is energetic and true at the same time, and these qualities shine with full lustre in her drawings and water-colours as well as her canvases.

The two important pictures which Rosa Bonheur painted for Mr. Belmont, a New York banker, may be reckoned among her most poetic works. One is 'The Meeting of the Hunt.' The huntsmen, ready for starting, are assembled around a fire on a large moor in the midst of the woods; some are sitting on the trunks of fallen trees; others are standing, awaiting the signal to start; others are arriving on horseback; whilst everywhere the numerous dogs throng around the huntsmen. It is early morning, and the country is enveloped in haze, which conceals the depths of the woods; and the pale autumn sun illumines the dewy earth with beams which filter through the mist. The other represents a Breton peasant on a white horse accompanying a herd of cows and

sheep across the ford of a river in a broad, open country. Of these simple subjects the artist has made admirable use, and has succeeded in expressing all those strong and unconscious sensations which one experiences in the pale light of an autumn morning or in the twilight at the close of a lovely day. In such pictures as these the subject, however well composed, is nothing, and the sentiment everything. How many artists are there who would have known how to agreeably compose such pictures as 'Crossing the Ford' or the 'Meeting of the Hunt,' who would yet be powerless to excite our sympathy, because themselves not feeling nor expressing in their work that communicative sentiment which is the very essence of Art.

It is for this reason that Mademoiselle Bonheur has never cared to paint pictures to order, nor to allow subjects to be imposed upon her. The following anecdote will be interesting, as showing how jealous Mademoiselle Bonheur is of her



Skye Ponies.

artistic independence. In 1856 Baron de Rothschild requested her to paint a picture for him, and when the sketch for it was ready, she informed the Baron, so that he might call at her studio to see if it suited him. The sketch represented a sheep pasture, a fine composition, which the artist regarded—and quite justly—as one of her best. The Baron called, and appeared dissatisfied. He said he should have preferred oxen, or some other subject, and suggested several alterations, proposing that she should visit his château at Ferrières, where he would arrange for her to see all his animals, from which she should compose a picture. Mademoiselle Bonheur would not accede to this, and so far from going to Ferrières, she would not even prepare another sketch for the Baron. The sketch which she had prepared for his picture she has kept until now, without ever having added to it a single stroke.

Mademoiselle Bonheur has executed a number of crayon, charcoal, and water-colour drawings, also some very scarce

engravings, and original lithographs. It is hardly necessary to observe that we find in all these works qualities of drawing, colour, and composition which are personal to the artist. The least significant of her drawings bears the stamp of her individuality; the slightest sketch of hers is easily recognisable; the water-colours show a power, a relief, a rapidity of execution equal to that of works in oil. Mademoiselle Bonheur likes water-colour work, because of the freedom and rapidity with which one may indicate an effect of light or an animal's movement; and her dexterity of hand, combined with thorough knowledge of her art, makes this method of work singularly facile to her. Among her charcoal drawings we must mention the oxen, cows, and bulls of the Landes, Spanish bulls, a panic in Scotland—this last perhaps the most important of all these admirable and spirited compositions (it now belongs to M. Gambart); also a herd of stags and hinds on the plateau of the Mare aux Fées, at night, in the forest of Fontainebleau. This last is a charcoal drawing

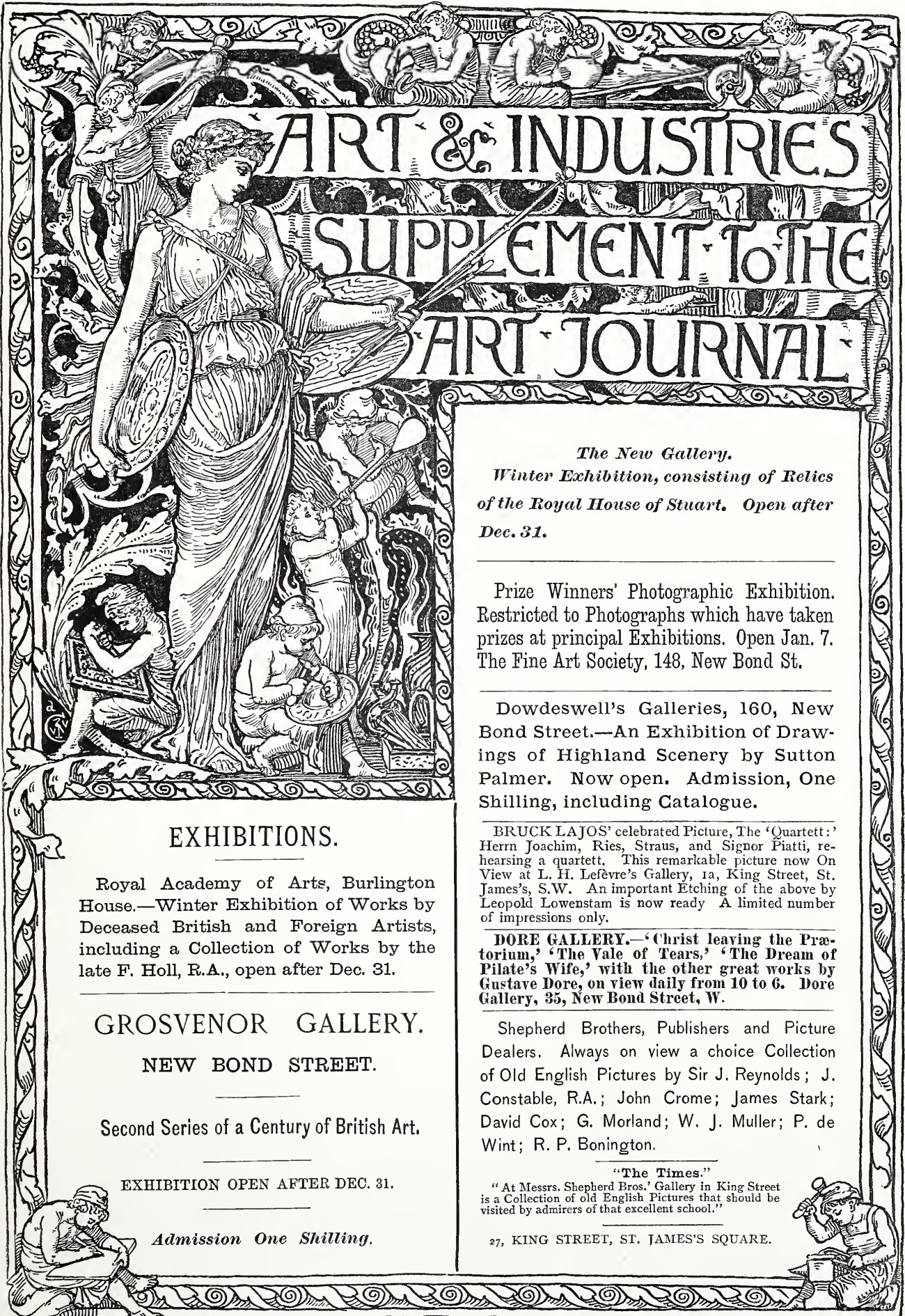
on deep blue paper, heightened with white. The artist has sometimes employed this method with the additional use of pastels, to represent night effects. Among these we may mention St. Hubert's deer appearing in the midst of the forest with the luminous cross upon its head; also two bulls fighting in the moonlight in the midst of the reeds and grasses of a swamp.

Numerous reproductions have been made of the works of Rosa Bonheur. The list would be too long to give here. We can only observe that publishers have always sought to discover interpreters worthy of her work, and in this they have often been singularly successful. Foremost amongst her publishers have been Mr. Gambart and his successor Mr. L. H.

Lefèvre. To the last named we are indebted for permission to make many of the illustrations to this memoir.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur is one of the most distinguished contemporary painters; at the same time she is, by her fascinating personality, one of the most interesting; and in closing this brief account of her life and work, it is only fair to add that it would be impossible to give in these pages a just idea of the charm and energy of execution displayed in her works. Our attempt, however, will have proved useful if it has shown that it has been by her passion for Art—the moving power of her life—and by her high artistic principle and love of nature alone, that she has acquired the very distinguished position she occupies to-day.

RENÉ PEYROL.



ART & INDUSTRIES SUPPLEMENT TO THE ART JOURNAL

The New Gallery.
Winter Exhibition, consisting of Relics
of the Royal House of Stuart. Open after
Dec. 31.

Prize Winners' Photographic Exhibition.
Restricted to Photographs which have taken
prizes at principal Exhibitions. Open Jan. 7.
The Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond St.

Dowdeswell's Galleries, 160, New
Bond Street.—An Exhibition of Draw-
ings of Highland Scenery by Sutton
Palmer. Now open. Admission, One
Shilling, including Catalogue.

BRUCK LAJOS' celebrated Picture, The 'Quartet':
Herrn Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Signor Piatti, re-
hearsing a quartett. This remarkable picture now On
View at L. H. Lefèvre's Gallery, 1a, King Street, St.
James's, S.W. An important Etching of the above by
Leopold Lowenstam is now ready. A limited number
of impressions only.

DORE GALLERY.—'Christ leaving the Pra-
torium,' 'The Vale of Tears,' 'The Dream of
Pilate's Wife,' with the other great works by
Gustave Dore, on view daily from 10 to 6. Dore
Gallery, 35, New Bond Street, W.

Shepherd Brothers, Publishers and Picture
Dealers. Always on view a choice Collection
of Old English Pictures by Sir J. Reynolds; J.
Constable, R.A.; John Crome; James Stark;
David Cox; G. Morland; W. J. Muller; P. de
Wint; R. P. Bonington.

"The Times."
"At Messrs. Shepherd Bros.' Gallery in King Street
is a Collection of old English Pictures that should be
visited by admirers of that excellent school."

27, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

EXHIBITIONS.

Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington
House.—Winter Exhibition of Works by
Deceased British and Foreign Artists,
including a Collection of Works by the
late F. Holl, R.A., open after Dec. 31.

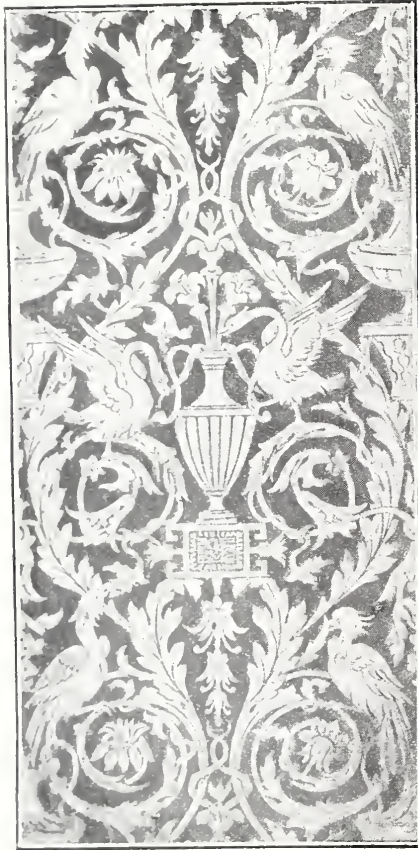
GROSVENOR GALLERY. NEW BOND STREET.

Second Series of a Century of British Art.

EXHIBITION OPEN AFTER DEC. 31.

Admission One Shilling.

MURAL DECORATION.



The "Lecco" Wall Paper.

mous chasm from the Art point of view which separates the fabrics of to-day from those of, say, the Great Exhibition year of 1851. It is seldom now that one encounters the gaudily gilt monstrosities (fitting prey for deleterious gassy fumes which quickly tarnished their lustre) or the heavily loaded "flocks," shedding everywhere their poisonous dust. How all this is changed the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, where considerable space was devoted to wall papers testified. In this department, the exhibits of Messrs. W. Woollams & Co., of High Street, Marylebone, were conspicuous. This firm, who are the original makers of the non-arsenical wall papers, exhibited twelve designs—all of a highly artistic character, and each, in accordance with the laws of the Society, bearing the designer's name. Mr. Walter Crane, to whom we are indebted for the design on the cover of this Supplement, contributed to the catalogue of the Exhibition a "note" on this branch of decoration. The uninitiated were instructed in the mysteries of the manufacture, which now, thanks to the machinery departments at our various exhibitions, is too well known to the majority to require recapitulation here. We need only mention that for many of the better class of papers Messrs. Woollams, by what is known as "blend-

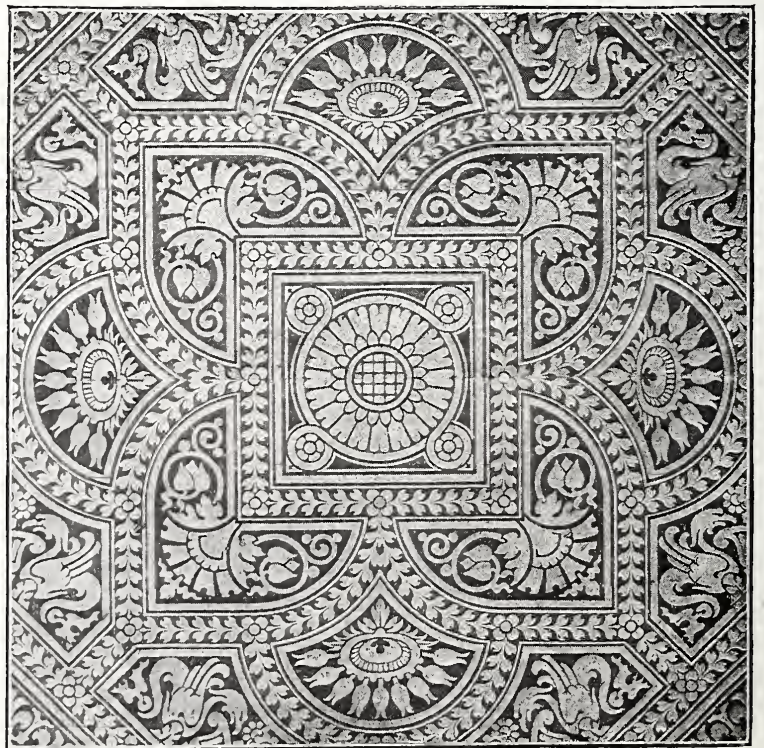
ing" and "hatching," are enabled to print several tints together by one block. An example of this is seen in their paper called the "Siri," in which eight colours were laid at one time. This paper, which was designed by Mr. F. T. Weidemann, consists of large Iris-like flowers and leaves with diapered background. The colours of the leaves and flowers are blended one into the other in various shades on a mica ground, producing a rich and harmonious effect of colour. In the cheaper kind of wall papers, which are produced by steam power from rollers on which the design has been reproduced, all the tints are printed at once. Thus the pattern is often imperfect and blurred. A more elaborate and costly wall paper is the stamped and gilded kind, in emulation of stamped and gilded leather, which it resembles in effect and quality of surface. Messrs. Woollams' designs were all of such high excellence, that it was no easy matter to make a selection for reproduction. The first illustration which we give is a wall paper in the Italian style, designed by Miss Louisa Aumonier, from studies made in Italy. It is called the "Lecco," and the repeat of the pattern is 30 in. by 21 in., the extra length beyond the normal 21 in. being necessary to preserve the graceful flow of the leading lines. The design is worked in raised flock of a delicate buff colour on a ground of red mica closely imitating silk. Our other selection is a ceiling paper designed by Mr. Owen H. Davis, architect, and is called the "Northampton." It is a diaper of very handsome form, somewhat Elizabethan in character, repeating at 42 in. by 42 in., and is

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The "Northampton" Ceiling Paper.

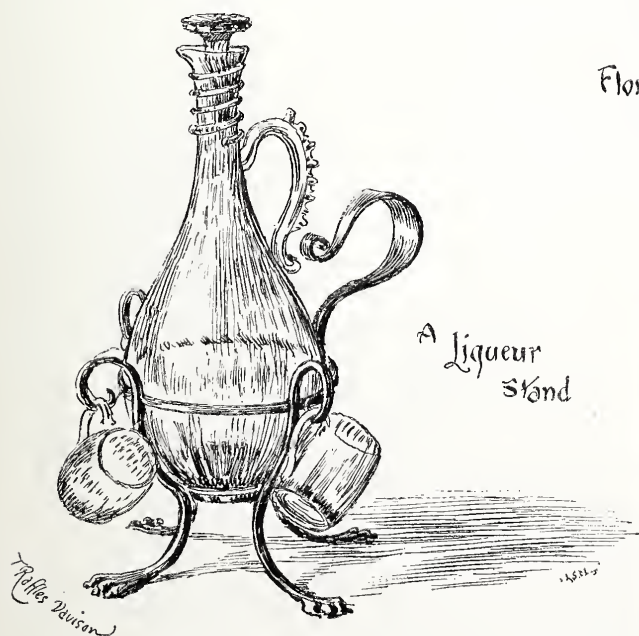
worked in raised ivory-coloured flock on a citron ground,

MODERN GLASS.

LONDONERS are too apt to forget that there are other sights of interest in their vast city to see besides the Tower and Madame Tussaud's; one of many such is within a stone's



throw of Fleet Street, in the ancient Sanctuary of Whitefriars. There sights will be encountered quite as wonderful as any in Her Majesty's Tower or the Waxworks, and with far more intellectual pleasure attached to them. For instance, a workman thrusts an iron tube into a mass of molten glass and in a few minutes places before you a perfectly shaped opalescent vase or cup. Is it not interesting to observe how scientific analysis and synthesis enables the maker of glass to turn out stuff of exquisite brilliance on the one hand, or of a delightful "horny" opalescence on the other? Or to watch how, by the admixture of this or that dust, a tint of known quality can be produced? Or to see a piece of glass only an inch square being drawn out to a length of a hundred miles of thread? These and many scores of equally

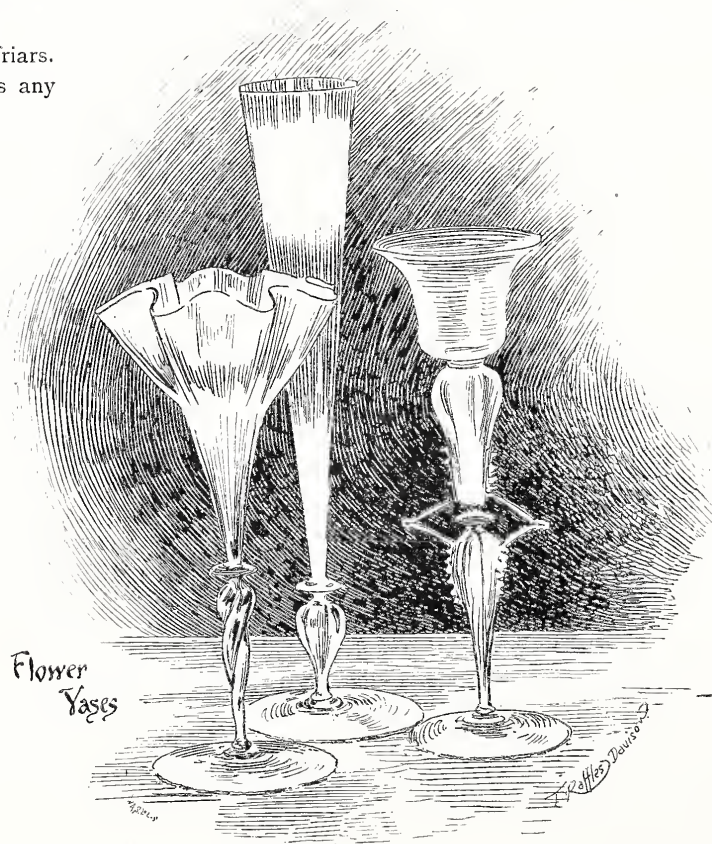


A Liqueur Stand

curious and entertaining sights may be seen any day at the Whitefriars Glass Works, where the continuous production of

glass ware has gone on for nearly two hundred years past, and with which the name of Powell has been connected for more than half a century.

It is almost a wonder that our great manufacturing firms are not overburdened with sightseers, at all events amongst the more cultured and refined members of the population. A great deal is to be learnt as to the conditions under which various handicraftsmen must labour, besides the extremely interesting details of the manufactures themselves. For instance, under the general title of glass-makers Messrs. Powell cover a variety of distinct industries. There is the manufacture of brilliant flint glass ware, either moulded or cut



Flower Vases

and polished. Then we have the delightful ornamental glass ware which is founded on a study of old Venetian glass, with its wonderful quaintness, elegance, and elaboration, but which Messrs. Powell have copied with considerable independence of method, subduing much that is fantastic and useless in the old types, and producing pieces which have the combined merit of beauty and usefulness. Mere servile copyism is nowhere of less value than in reproducing the extravagances of old Venetian glass, and by avoiding these, and at last by actually using the same material as the Venetians used, this firm has arrived at a beautiful quality which may be accounted of quite modern origin, whilst it wants nothing of the essential beauty of the ancient prototype. From the exquisitely delicate little specimens in our sketch up to the six-foot vase for

pampas grass there is an infinite variety of beautiful opales-



Some Table Glass

cent ware in the Whitefriars showrooms, and amongst it all

there is hardly a suggestion of extravagance in design. The combination of this glass with wrought iron is a pleasing feature in the showrooms, and one of our sketches, a Liqueur Stand, illustrates an example.

Another important feature of the Whitefriars works is the glass mosaic for permanent wall decoration, in the production of which much credit has been obtained. A signal instance is the reredos picture in the morning chapel at St. Paul's, which is a reproduction by Mr. Powell of Raphael's fresco of 'The Disputa' in the Vatican.

A second important example of this glass mosaic will be the reproduction of Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Christ before the Doctors,' for the Clifton College, Bristol, now in process of manufacture. The production of painted-glass and leaded-light windows goes on also at Whitefriars, and there are now in progress some of Mr. Holliday's charming designs.

But to appreciate the industries of the Whitefriars Glass Works one must see for one's self the furnace shed, with its ten crucibles (where one shudders to think of a collision with the masses of red-hot molten glass on the workman's rod), the annealing ovens, the gas ovens, the glass cutting and glazing shops, the mosaic shops, and range of studios and showrooms. All these tell their own tale of Art and Industry well combined for the public benefit.

THE KODAK.

INSTANTANEOUS Photography is all the rage now, and in almost every household which one enters some member is ready to spring upon one with a "detective" camera, and perpetuate its victim in an ill-considered and awkward pose. Apart from this, however, there is something decidedly fascinating and enjoyable in being able, with little or no trouble, to keep a life-like diary of pleasant occurrences. To the multitudes who are now inclined that way the new camera, which hails from America, will be found to possess some most important advantages. The operator has merely to hold it firmly in his hand, press a button—and the photograph is taken. A key has then to be turned and a string pulled—operations occupying but a second—and the instrument is ready for another exposure. In this way a hundred photographs may be taken, nothing being added to, and nothing withdrawn from the camera. If the operator be unable to develop and print, he need not learn. He can send the instrument back to the makers, and by the next post it will be returned to him, in readiness to take another hundred photographs, while ten days later he will receive prints from the hundred negatives he has already taken. If on the other hand the operator be an expert, he can, as he takes his views, retire to his dark room and do the developing and printing himself.

The Kodak is the invention of Mr. George Eastman, and it is brought out by the Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company, whose London address is 115, Oxford Street. It weighs only twenty-five ounces, and its measurements are some six by four inches.

The question will probably have arisen in the reader's mind, how can a hundred glass slides be forced into so small a compass? The answer is that the negatives are not taken on glass at all, but on a flexible sensitive film, of con-

siderable length, which is gradually uncoiled from one roller and coiled upon another, as the views are recorded. This film is one of the four new inventions embodied in the Kodak. Another invention is an ingenious contrivance for guiding the film towards the lens and marking off one negative from another. The third invention is the lens itself, which is so

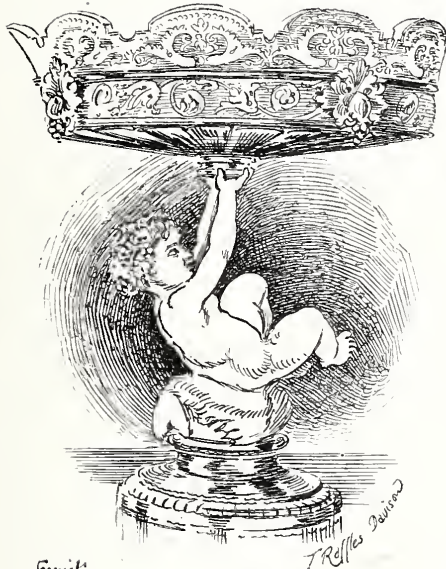


St. Angelo. From a Kodak Photograph.

constructed as to be always in focus; and the fourth is a revolving instantaneous shutter, which reduces the duration of exposure to the fraction of a second, and obviates the necessity for covering the lens.

The illustration we give of a view taken by the Kodak suffered somewhat from the process of reproduction. Among its purchasers have been many artists and several policemen.

THE PIONEERS OF ELECTRO-PLATING.



Fruit
Compotier
in silver with cut-glass dish
designed by Morel-Ladeuil

that had recently come to light in the metallurgic world. These truths he pondered, expanded, and applied, and in due time Messrs. Elkington & Co. became the patentees of a new process known as electro-plating, which was capable

of giving the public silvered articles of domestic use equal in appearance and durability, but costing only one-fourth the price of similar articles in the solid metal. The triumph was complete, and to-day the influence of that discovery is felt in every English home.

It is appropriate that a firm having so auspicious a beginning should have developed into one of the great commercial enterprises of the world. Some fifteen years ago the patent lapsed and a host of rivals entered the field; but the old firm holds its own against all new comers. Messrs. Elkington & Co. have not only been content to make a reputation; they have been careful to sustain it. They use pure nickel for their ground-

work and do not spare the silver on the surface. The visitor to the huge Elkington workshops at Birmingham finds

himself in the presence of the most powerful galvanic battery in the world. If he peers into the vats he will see an interesting sight. Suspended in the water are the plates of gold and silver, which, under the influence of electricity, melt away and form an even, hard surface on the metal articles hanging by their side. Spoons and forks, which are a speciality with the firm, pass through an incredible number of processes in the making, each process requiring special manipulative skill. In the manufacture of these useful articles Messrs. Elkington, instead of merely "stamping" the metal, have a system of "rolling" it that is very conducive to strength. All told—designers, operators, and assistants—the firm musters about two thousand employées. Besides the studios and the huge workshop there are extensive showrooms in the Midland metropolis. There are also branch establishments at Liverpool,



Silver Salt Stand
replated with gold
designed by E. Jeanest

Manchester, Melbourne, Sidney, and Calcutta, as well as extensive premises in London, the West-end house being in Regent Street, and the City house in Moorgate Street. Many illustrious names are inscribed upon the visitors' book at the Birmingham premises, among the number being those of the late Prince Consort, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and several other members of the royal family.

The reputation of the firm does not alone rest upon electro-metallurgy. Messrs. Elkington are silversmiths by special appointment to the Queen, the Emperor of Austria, the King of the Belgians, and the Prince of Wales, while their *cloisonné* and *champlevé* enamels are held in high esteem. Messrs. Elkington's handicraft has come into prominence on several historical occasions. The hundred imperial standards used at the Durbar at Delhi on the 1st of January, 1877, when Queen

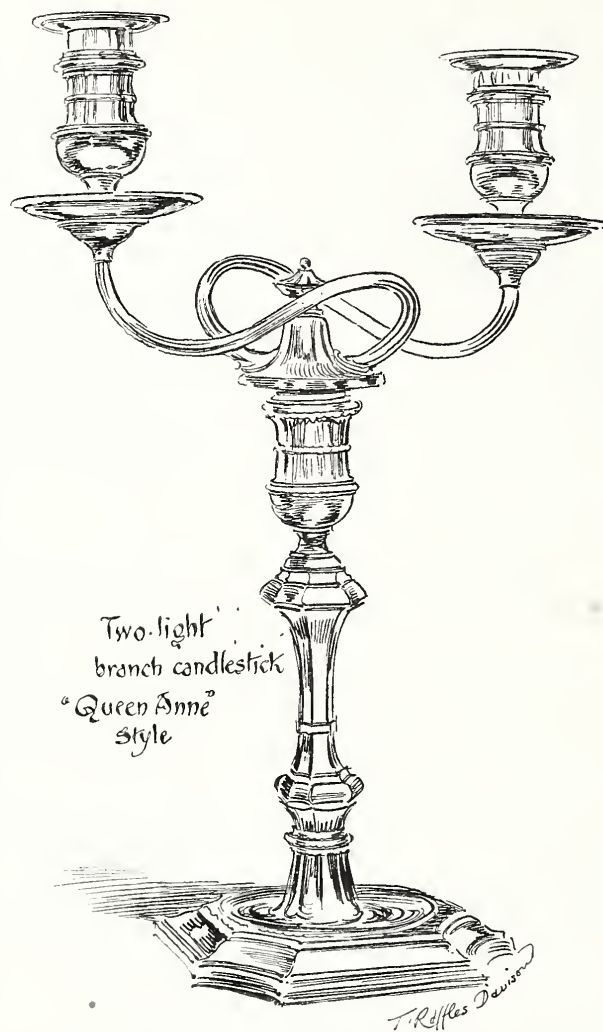


A door plate
in gold & oxidized silver
designed by A. Willms

Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, were manufactured by them. The service of dessert plate presented by the Royal Engineers to the Duke of Connaught, in 1879, on the occasion of His Royal Highness's marriage, also emanated from their workshops. They supplied many of the wedding gifts of the Duke of Albany. They wrought the greater number of the offerings presented to the Queen during the Jubilee year, including the handsome vase given by the Belgian Royal Family, and the beautiful model of Bramwell Hall given by the women of Stockport. The celebration of the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales last year brought some twenty special orders to the firm, including one from the Queen and another from the Royal Household. Messrs. Elkington have made scores of cups and vases for presentation at races and athletic sports, and it is a matter of general knowledge that they are responsible for the famous "Elcho Shield," the "International Volunteer Challenge Trophy," and the "Venus Rose-Water Dish," the last-named being the first prize ever given by Her Majesty at Wimbledon. Messrs. Elkington have proved themselves excellent workers in copper, and among the figures they have cast in bronze may be mentioned the Guards Memorial in Pall Mall.

An article devoted to Messrs. Elkington and Co. would be

incomplete without a reference to their famous "Milton Shield." It was designed by M. Morel-Ladeuil, and exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, being afterwards purchased by the British Government for two thousand guineas. In this connection it may be stated that the firm enjoys the privilege of reproducing the Art treasures of other nations for exhibition in the students' section at South Kensington. During the past few weeks visitors to Messrs. Elkington's London showrooms have been able to see many objects of special interest, and among the number a silver statuette of a guardsman for presentation to the Prince of Wales; a silver statuette of Prince Albert Victor in the uniform of the 10th Hussars; and a large fox in silver to be presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales by the West Norfolk Hunt Club. Space does not allow us to describe other specimens of exquisite workmanship to be seen in the showrooms, but we have selected four typical examples for illustration. They are by different designers. The salt-cellar, wrought in silver and relieved with gold, is by M. E. Jeanest; the door-plate, also wrought in silver and relieved with gold, is by M. Willms; and the fruit-stand, a third example of gold and silver workmanship, is by M. Morel-Ladeuil. The candlestick is of silver, and is an adaptation of a Queen Anne design.



Two-light
branch candlestick
"Queen Anne"
Style

STUDIO NOTES.

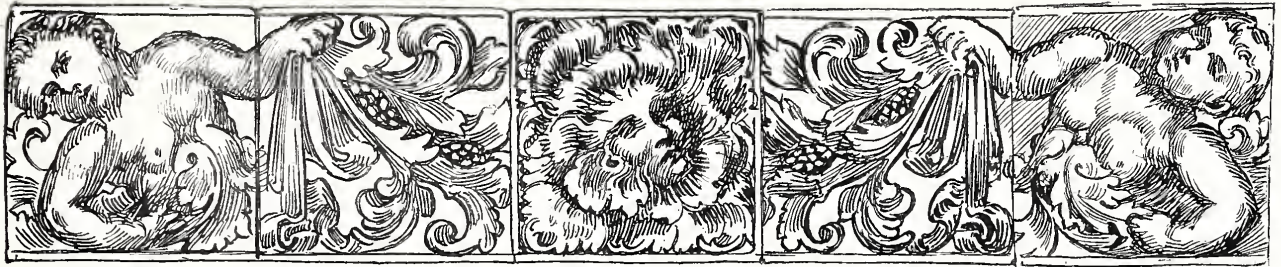
MR. ALMA-TADEMA has commenced a picture representing the rites of a village festival, which will be called 'An Offering to Bacchus.' Another work in his studio shows a girl, attired in pink draperies, reclining on cushions piled on a marble seat, while a white-clad brunette reads from a scroll. This little gem is called 'From a Favourite Poet.'

Mr. Burne-Jones is at work on the third of his series of four large pictures representing the 'Briar Rose or Sleeping Beauty' Legend; and also on a colossal 'Adoration of the Magi,' painted in tempera, which will go to Birmingham. This composition, a study of which was shown in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, is one of the finest designs Mr. Burne-Jones has yet produced, and will be a fitting example to represent his work in his native place. He hopes to have this

and the 'Briar Rose' series finished within this year, besides smaller works.

A view of the Tay, which Sir John Millais has been engaged upon this autumn, has had a narrow escape from destruction. The rain came down and the floods rose and washed away his colours and brushes. The picture was removed just in time.

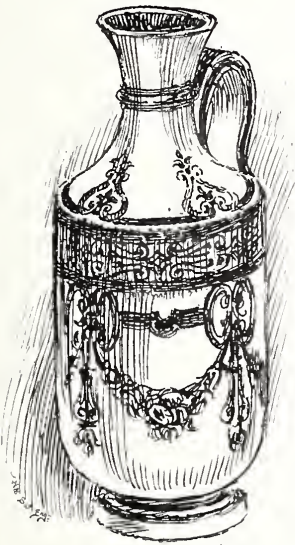
Mr. S. J. Solomon is engaged upon a picture which will be called 'Sacred and Profane Love.' An angel stands on a rocky height, with one wing outstretched, while beneath the protecting folds of the other a mother and child nestle. In the foreground, on the brink of a precipice, and in full view of the angel's gaze, are grouped two figures—a man and a woman—representing 'Profane Love.' These will be bathed in a rich glow of colour. The canvas is as large as the 'Niobe' of last year.



A Frieze

T. Reffels Dawson

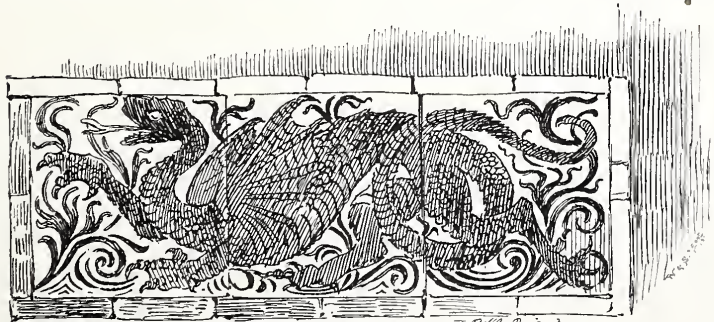
TILES AND TILING.



A Vase.

who have lately been registered under the Limited Liability Act, are so numerous that in the space at our disposal any detailed description is impossible.

We have selected for illustration a few specimens of their ruby and d'oro lustre tiles and ware, whose charm lies in their rich colouring and the "shot" effects, varying with every change of position and every fresh light. The colour is always beautiful, especially in those cases where rich deep blue has been combined with citron and olive-green. The arabesque frieze, intended for fireplace decoration, and the dragon, are from designs by Mr. Lewis Day. The vase is a selection from a stand of pottery. Many of these specimens rival in colour and design the ancient productions of



A Panel in lustre ware

T. Reffels Dawson

this almost unique art. The coloured yellow, light and dark blue, green and opal lustres exhibited by Messrs. Maw & Co.

at the Arts and Crafts have, we believe, never been produced before. It may be noted that all the tiles manufactured by this firm are painted under glaze, so that the colour being covered becomes a part of the tile and is imperishable, whereas in the case of over-glaze or enamel painting, the colour being placed on the top of the glaze is liable to scratching and chipping.

Tiles are composed of combinations of marls, calcined levigated flints, Cornish stone, china clay, and other materials. The requisite colours are obtained by the various mineral oxides. Among the many varieties of tiles manufactured at Messrs. Maw's works at Benthall, in Shropshire, are relief enamelled "Benthall ware," incised enamel, patent natural



"Lustre" Plaque

T. Reffels Dawson

surface, pâte-sur-pâte, chromo-embossed, chromatic faïence, Persian, mosaic, and encaustic tiles, the latter designed both after mediæval models and after modern canons of taste. The clays when first raised from the shafts have the appearance of stone, but the action of the weather soon reduces them to a plastic condition, in which they are ready for manufacture. A contrivance called a "blunger" is first called into requisition. It is a large pan, cylindrical in shape, in which an arrangement of spokes or shafts, radiating from a centre, is continuously revolved. Into this the clays are placed in certain proportions, water is added, and the "blunger" revolves till the clays are reduced to the consistency of cream. This paste, or "slip," as it is called, is then passed through a succession of sieves, the finest being of silk lawn, with ten thousand holes to the square inch, ultimately arriving in the "slip kiln,"

where it is dried into hard blocks. These are sent to the mill, and there ground to a fine powder. The dust is swept with a straight-edge into a steel box having a movable bottom plate. A die descends on the loose dust with a 30-ton pressure, and within thirty seconds the millions of loose particles are converted into a firm, hard piece of work, only requiring drying and firing to make it durable for hundreds of years. This description applies, of course, only to the manufacture of plain

tiles. The more elaborate varieties, which we have only been able to mention by name, undergo many complex and interesting processes, whose successful direction has brought this industry to the high position it holds in Decorative Art.

The tiles and pottery exhibited at the Arts and Crafts by Messrs. Maw & Co. may still be seen at their London agents, Messrs. W. B. Simpson and Sons, of St. Martin's Lane.

ORTHOCHROMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

SCHÉELE, Wedgwood, Daguerre, Talbot, and certain others, gave the world a marvel, but an imperfect one. In a word, Photography, as we knew it until a year or two ago, was powerless to cope with certain important colours. Yellows, greens, and reds came too dark, while blues, violets, purples, and certain other tints came too light. Here, then, was a weighty question—How was the false rendering of tone to be corrected? Many were the persons who sought to solve the problem, and it is but fair to state that various degrees of success attended their efforts. For instance, some one discovered—and it has now become a matter of common knowledge in the photographic world—that a yellow screen of glass, intervening between the object and the plate, tends to bring the blues into subjection. Then, too, there have been from time to time instances of successful but isolated experiments, while the claims of certain patentees cannot be wholly disallowed. To Messrs. Henry Dixon & Son, of 112, Albany Street, belongs, however, the credit of having been the first to make orthochromatic photography a practical and commercial success. The "Dixon and Gray process" is of course a close secret. We have been permitted to inspect various special appliances associated with the process, and, judging by their ingenious and complicated character, it seems hardly probable that the secret will be probed. But the process does not depend solely upon special appliances. Personal judgment, founded on long experience, has much to do with success. Messrs. Dixon did not obtain their peculiar knowledge by accident. During a whole year a gentleman in their employ was engaged in carrying out a series of about a thousand experiments, the particulars of which were duly registered. In 1887, the first successes were obtained, and for some results of their new process the firm received, in that

year, a medal from the Photographic Society of Great Britain, this being the first time in this country that such an award had been given for picture-subjects. In 1887, at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, Messrs. Dixon received a second medal for their orthochromatic photographs.

When the process was first discovered, the firm resolved to turn it to account by putting their prepared plates on the market. A large sum had already been spent in advertisements when a hitch occurred. A gentleman came upon the scene with a claim for heavy damages, on the strength of an alleged infringement of his patent. The photographic world was all agog for the fight, but the champions never entered the lists. During the temporary suspension of business necessitated by the impending action, the firm altered their plans. They resolved to work the process themselves, letting no plate leave their possession. Nothing more was heard of the gentleman; and to-day Messrs. Dixon are well satisfied with their change of policy. The results obtained by the process must be seen to be appreciated. On view at Albany Street is a little flower-subject in water-colours—yellow blossoms with ruddy buds, green leaves, and blue background. To the left it is reproduced by the "ordinary best quality dry-plate," with the result that the whole of the plant is indiscriminately dark, and the background ludicrously light. To the right the picture is reproduced, in correct tone, by the "Dixon and Gray process." Great interest also attaches to the open-air photographs. Here we see the similitude of sunlight and reflections, with that effect of atmosphere and distance which comes from true values. In becoming operators Messrs. Dixon have not ceased to be students. They are conscious that something remains to be learnt, and their past success only stimulates them to present effort.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

TO the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House this winter, Sir Richard Wallace is lending a portion of his collection.

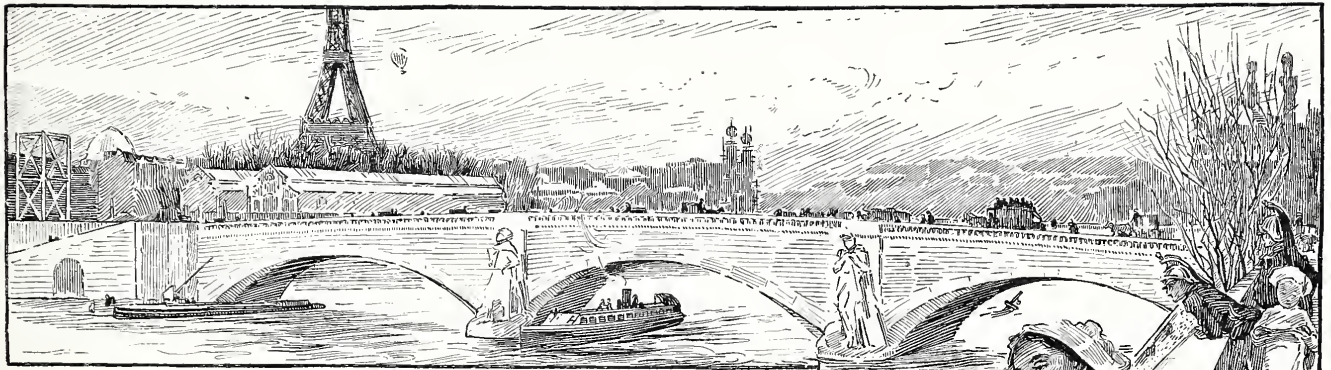
We are glad to hear that the Arts and Crafts Exhibition has been a financial success. The Thursday evening lectures have been well patronised, and by the class of people for whom they were intended.

The sale of pictures at the private view of the "Old" Water-Colour Society was very brisk. Mr. Stacy Marks's 'News of the Village' went for 150 guineas.

In the Fine Art Section of the Glasgow Exhibition the total

sale of pictures amounted to over £6,000. This included £3,025 distributed in connection with the Art Union. The first prize, £500, fell to a draper's assistant. He bought Mr. Pettie's 'Two Strings to her Bow,' and resold it to Councillor John Muir, who presented it to the Corporation of Glasgow.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Richard Wake (a lineal descendant of Hereward the Wake), artist for the *Graphic*, was shot at Suakim on the 7th of December while sketching, the eighth life which has been sacrificed to journalism during the occupation of Egypt.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION 1889

IT is possible that the centennial character of the forthcoming exhibition at Paris, which has jeopardised the success of its foreign sections, may lead to its being the last of the series. To commemorate the events of 1789, the great mass of the French people are ready to work hard and to be oppressively enthusiastic. When 1889 is past, however, and the *débris* of the show cleared away, it is within the bounds of possibility that they may take advantage of the special features in the present enterprise to bring the era of *expositions* to an end. In that case, the four great fairs which have repeated, on an ever-increasing scale, our own success of 1851, will afford a capital subject for a book. The development of the exhibition idea itself, as well as of Art and industry, in the various countries concerned, would have to be described and discussed. In the following paragraphs I propose to give a *résumé* of the stages in that development.

The London Exhibition of 1851 was confined practically to products of industrial Art. The numerous statues were accepted, in the first instance, rather as decorations for the building than as exhibits on their own account, and were distributed with that view. There were neither sculpture galleries nor picture galleries; the most attractive sections of later shows had no counterpart in the mother of them all. The palace in Hyde Park crowded London, indeed, with sightseers rather by its novelty, by the fairy-like beauty of the building itself, and by the charm of its surroundings, than by its contents. The unsophisticated nature of many of those who strolled about its aisles was proved at the time by an agitation, which even invaded these columns, against the undraped statues.

It was the gaiety of the *ensemble* that was to make the Exhibition of 1851 live in the memories of those who saw it, but the "Industries of all Nations," was its declared subject; and so far the Paris show of four years later followed its example. The building in the Champs-Élysées which is now so well known as the "Palais de l'Industrie," was monopolized by the productions, not of artists, but of artisans. For machinery a hall was provided on the Cours la Reine, while the works of Fine Art were disposed in a special building erected at the corner of the avenue Montaigne, within a few yards of the great Palais; of these by far the largest propor-

tion was taken up, of course, by the French, but the rooms assigned to Great Britain were sufficient to accommodate a representative collection from a school as then unknown on the Continent. To the Salon of 1824 Constable had sent his two epoch-making landscapes, or rather, to be quite accurate, a French dealer had sent them for him. They had been accompanied, too, by examples of Lawrence and a few other English painters, while a stray specimen or two of British Art had seldom been wanting to the Salons which intervened between 1824 and 1855. The school as a whole, however, was completely unknown, and the amazement of Continental artists was great when they walked through the rooms of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, and discovered that beyond the "Manche" there was a crowded school of Art which worked on lines unknown to themselves, and produced pictures which, in some important particulars, rose to standards above their own. The *triumphateurs* in the avenue Montaigne were:—Sir E. Landseer and Sir Charles Barry, who both won *médailles d'honneur*; Sir Francis, then Mr. Grant; Sir J. W. Gordon, C. R. Leslie, Clarkson Stanfield, George Cattermole, R. Thorburn, and J. H. Robinson, the engraver, to all of whom medals of the first class were assigned; E. M. Ward, David Roberts, W. P. Frith, T. Webster, J. E. Millais, Frederick Tayler, Louis Haghe, Samuel Cousins, who received medals of the second class; R. Ansdell, William Hunt, G. T. Doo, P. F. Poole, John Thompson (the wood engraver), F. Y. Hurlstone and Sir Daniel Macnee, who obtained third-class medals. Besides Sir Charles Barry, no less than fourteen English architects were premiated, while not a single medal of any sort fell to the lot of the sculptors! The artists whom we have named do not complete the list of those who found favour in the eyes of the juries, for twenty-one honourable mentions would also have to be recorded did our space permit of it. The awards raised the usual storm of criticism. People were astonished at some of the names left out, still more, perhaps, at one or two of those left in. Eight English painters even took the matter so much *au sérieux* as to withdraw from competition. Looking at the awards in the light of experience, they seem to be as nearly just as could have been expected. The English painters had but one *grande médaille*, and that, as the French wits said, had "gone to the dogs," but the men who had thus

honoured Landseer had voted a medal to the young revolutionist, Millais, so they could not have been wanting in catholicity.

The *Exposition* of 1867, the first to be held on the historic site of the Champ de Mars, was the ugliest, the least effective, and the most logically and conveniently arranged of all the great shows. The main building was shaped, on plan, like an oval dish. It was divided into concentric galleries and into wedge-shaped divisions radiating from a central garden. Each concentric gallery was given up to some particular class of exhibits, while the wedges were portioned out among the various countries contributing. By this means it was made an easy matter for any one either to walk round, say the pictures of the whole world, or through the whole display of a single nation. The defect of the design was its want of repose. To see everywhere before one lines which were either curling round out of sight, or expanding and contracting without any visible cause, was tedious and irritating.

Some of the contributing countries built special galleries in the Park, namely Bavaria, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland.

The other nations were content with the accommodation afforded them near the centre of the building. The French school, which had, since the previous show, been deprived, among others, of Delaroche, Scheffer, Vernet, Ingres, Delacroix, Decamps, and Troyon, occupied more than half the total space. The English, which came next so far as the main building was concerned, depended for its success on much the same men as in 1855. Death had not been busy among our artists in the intervening period, and our younger men, the pre-Raphaelites and their sympathisers, had made their mark before it began. In 1855 the English painters had the advantage of a clean slate. They had no record to speak of; they all came as a surprise. Consequently they won an enormous success. In 1867 they had the memory of this success to con-

tend against, and less care had been taken to get together the best they could do. As a natural result they failed to



The "Corinthian" Wall Paper and Frieze. Designed by Lewis F. Day for Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.



Frieze to Peacock Decoration. Designed by Walter Crane for Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.

repeat their triumph. People busied themselves far less than before with their Art, and when the awards of the jury came

out, it was discovered that only four medals had fallen to their share. Of these Mr. Calderon obtained one of the first class,

Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Erskine Nicol one each of the second class, and Frederick Walker, the only medal granted for water-colour drawings. In the class of sculpture very little English work was shown. The English Commissioners discouraged the exhibition of large models or of heavy works in bronze or marble, with the result that nearly all the better-known British sculptors refused to contribute.

In 1878 a great step in advance was made in all the arrangements, and especially in those of the Art section of the show. The main building of the exhibition covered nearly the whole area of the Champs de Mars proper. Between its western fronts and the river space was left for the usual *Parc*, with its *cafés* and other pavilions. The Art galleries were in the centre of the great rectangle formed by the Exhibition proper. They abutted, on one side, on the famous Rue des Nations; they were at the ground level; their disposition was varied, and each nation had the planning and decoration of its own rooms in its own hands. The Germans, as most of us remember, took no official part in the Exhibition. Very late in the day their government sanctioned the participation of the German artists; a pavilion was built, decorated and fitted up with their works, and, as a whole, received quite as much praise as it deserved.

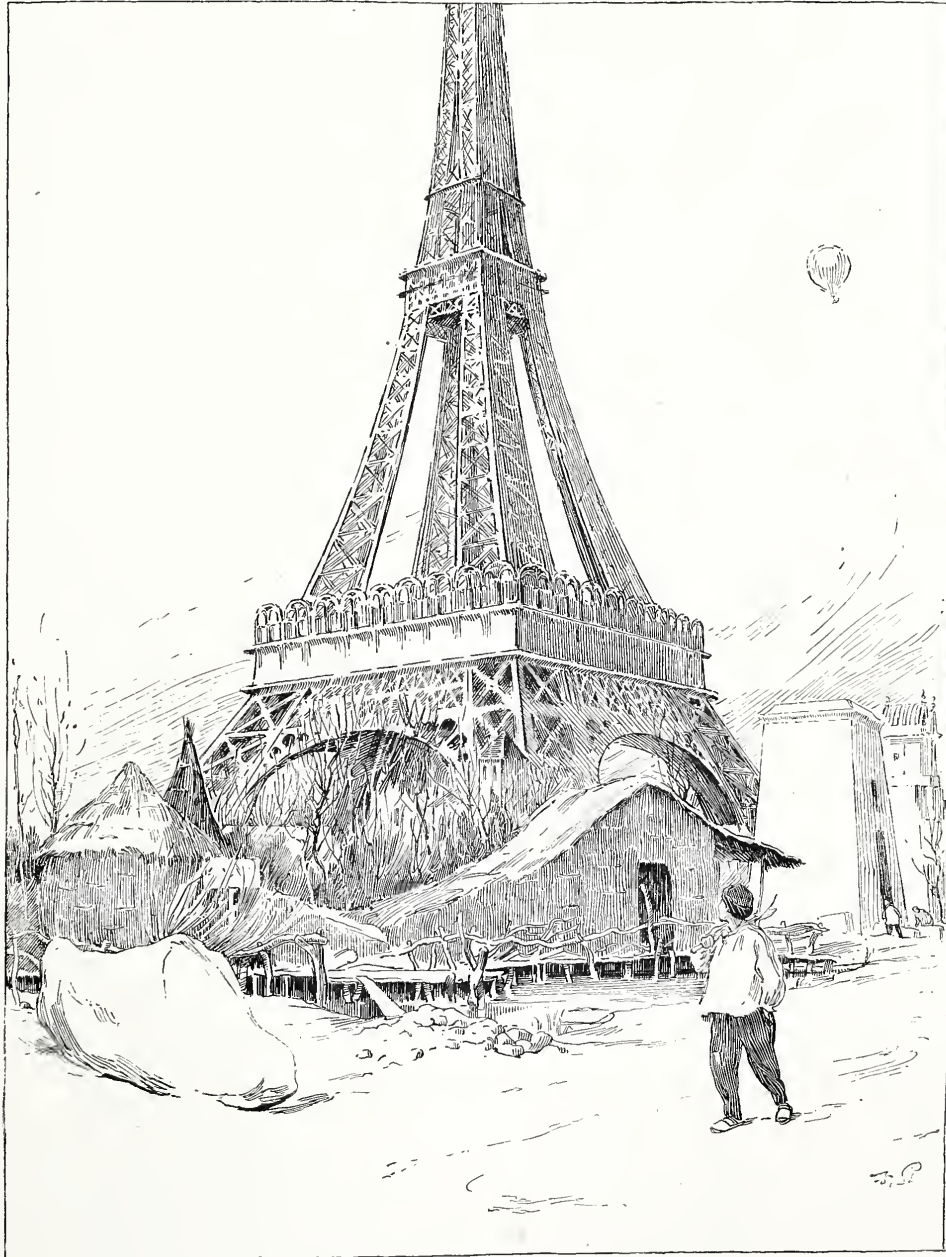
It was, however, round the English pictures that the most furious battle raged among French artists and critics alike. The old-fashioned champions of French traditions could see nothing in them. The confident abused them roundly; the

more diffident were content to point out their "particularism"—a term invented to avoid that word individuality, which would have implied a confession of English superiority. On the other hand a large number of the French painters themselves and a few of their critics contrived to understand that to say, "This is not French," was not quite tantamount to proving it worthless. Some of them, notably the late M. Duranty among the critics, and M. Élie Delaunay among the

painters, even went so far as to put the English school at the head of modern painting. The question, of course, cannot here be discussed, but it may be as well to once again point out the futility of any argument on painting which is not based on the recognition of colour as the peculiar, and therefore in all probability the highest of the painter's means of expression.

Premising that the total number of medals distributed in 1878 was greatly in excess of those given in 1867, we may point to the proportion carried off by England, as, to some extent, an indi-

cation of the impression she produced. After France herself, the Empire-Kingdom of Austria-Hungary found most favour with the jurors. She received thirty-three rewards altogether, while Great Britain, who came next, obtained thirty-one. It will scarcely be denied that æsthetic sympathy with France, not to say the quasi-French nationality of some of the Austrian exhibitors, affected these totals, which might otherwise have been reversed. The Englishmen premiated were as follows: Painters, *Médailles d'honneur*, Millais,



The Eiffel Tower.

Herkomer; *Medals of the first class*, Calderon, Sir F. Grant, Alma Tadema, G. F. Watts; *Medals of the second class*, W. Oules; *Medals of the third class*, Sir John Gilbert, W. Q. Orchardson, Briton Riviere; *Hon. mentions*, C. Green, G. D. Leslie, J. Pettie. *Diplomas to deceased artists*, Sir E. Landseer, J. F. Lewis, G. H. Mason, John Phillip, Fred. Walker. Sculptors, *First-class medal*, Leighton; *Second-class medal*, Boehm. Architects, *Médailles d'honneur*, A. F. Waterhouse, E. M. Barry; *First-class medals*, J. L. Pearson, G. E. Street; *Second-class medals*, Norman Shaw, J. Wyatt; *Third-class medals*, Horace Jones, Seddon; *Hon. mention*, T. G. Jackson. A good many of the places in this list would now with a further experience of eleven years be altered; but the improvement to which we may look forward with most confidence in the next list, is that in the position of our sculptors. It would not be difficult to add three names to the two given above, as worthy at least of similar honours.

To his book on "Les Beaux-Arts à l'Exposition Universelle de 1878" the late Charles Blanc penned the following peroration:—"Ce que révèle à nos yeux ce concours universel, le voici: l'art se réveille en Grèce et en Italie, il se transforme en Espagne, il s'endort en Portugal; l'Angleterre le particularise curieusement, la Belgique le cultive avec succès et avec amour, et l'Allemagne en soutient l'honneur; mais il s'atriste en Hollande, il végète en Danemark, il vit petitement en Suède, et il grelotte en Russie. La Suisse n'en a que des fragments. Seule, l'Autriche-Hongrie semble avoir conçu la noble ambition de primer un jour, au moins en peinture, et la chose n'est pas impossible, s'il est vrai, comme le dit Fourier, que les attractions soient proportionnelles aux destinées."

Such was the judgment of one of the best-known of French critics on the Art sections of the 1878 Exhibition. True, so far as its facts go, it proceeds on the utterly mistaken theory that ambition, *per se*, is a fine thing in Art. Were that so, we should have to set the later school of Bologna above its contemporary, the school of Holland. M. Blanc was apparently so blinded by the vulgar exuberance of Makart, by the audacity of Munkacsy, and the confidence of Matejko, that he failed to see how empty of the qualities which make pictures immortal their work was, and hinted a prophecy as to the future of Austrian Art which has already been falsified. How is it with the rest of his *dicta*? Painting is much where it was in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The enterprise of dealers has made us better acquainted with many who paint under southern skies, but it has failed to convince those who know that much is to be learnt from their Art. Belgium has fallen lower than she was; Holland has risen higher; in Sweden and Denmark and Russia a few painters have sprung up to show the soil is not entirely barren. In England a Gallicising process has begun, which threatens to put an end to the impertinent individuality which so troubled M. Blanc; while among Americans, if not in America, a number of young men have come to the front who now dispute the best places in the Salon with the French artists themselves. It is impossible to say, at present, whether Mr. John S. Sargent and his compatriots are going to be efficiently represented in the Exhibition or not. If they are, there can be no doubt whatever that the United States of America will occupy a very different place in the prize list from that won by them in 1878.

The *Exposition* of 1889 embraces an amount of ground far in excess of that of eleven years ago. The Champ de Mars is

covered with buildings, exception being made of the garden at the western end over which towers the Eiffel outrage. The slopes of the Trocadero will again be pressed into the service, while the whole of the southern line of quays, from the Pont de Jéna to the Pont de la Concorde, as well as the Esplanade of the Invalides, are covered with galleries; where cross thoroughfares, timber bridges, bearing a considerable likeness to the bridge on the willow-pattern plate, have been erected. The main building on the Champ de Mars is an immense rectangle with two annexes, in the shape of outreaching arms, on its western front. Across the whole of the eastern façade runs the huge machinery hall, which is covered by the largest single roof ever constructed. This is 430 mètres (about 1,350 feet) long, while the span of its girders is 115 mètres (about 380 feet). Westward of this hall lie the various industrial sections. These are arranged like the squares on a chess-board, the number of squares or sections of squares assigned being regulated according to the importance of the several nations. Architecturally, all this part of the show is extremely simple, but it lends itself readily to decoration so far as the separate courts are concerned. Perpendicularly to the two extremities of the western façade stretch the arms alluded to above. These embrace the garden which lies about the base of the "Tour Eiffel." They are two stories high; their ground floors are given up to refreshment rooms, while in the upper stories the picture galleries, and galleries for the exhibition of works of industrial Art, find their places. All the architectural display has been lavished on the façades of these annexes, and on the three great domes which rise above this western part of the building. Their decoration is a happy combination of simplicity in general effect, with great richness of detail. This result has been brought about by a bold use of *staff*, one of those various inventions for combining plaster and a fibrous material, such as jute, which have been gradually brought to perfection within the last thirty years. *Staff* is at once light and very resisting, and so it has enabled large decorative reliefs to be set, and set rapidly, in places where anything so heavy as terra-cotta, or even simple plaster, would have been out of the question.

At the moment of writing it is too early to describe the definitive arrangements of the Fine Art section.

As for the Eiffel Tower, so much has already been written about it that not much remains to be said. The present writer has been up it, and he can vouch for the magnificence of the view to be obtained from a point some little distance below the top. But this hardly compensates, after all, for the damage done to the *ensemble* of the exhibition, to the beauty even of Paris itself, by the presence of an object so utterly out of scale with everything else in the place. As a design it must be allowed that M. Eiffel's Tower has the grace which belongs to most things in which material is used to the best advantage. It may be as well to give a few figures. The tower is to reach—has reached, I suppose, by this time—a total height of 300 mètres, or about 980 feet. It is, consequently, not very far short of three times the height of St. Paul's. Its main *ossature* consists of sixteen vertical girders, which are drawn into groups of four at the base. Each of these groups forms, as it were, a foot which is at once separated from and held firmly to its companions by a huge arch of iron. The Tower, therefore, stands four-wise astride of the space embraced by its foundations. This space, which is about the size of Trafalgar Square, has been laid out as a garden.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

CHAPTER II.

IT is not easy to see how anyone interested in the Fine or the Liberal Arts can avoid going to Paris this year. The facilities offered by the railway companies have considerable promise, especially in the case of the London Chatham and Dover Railway (so ably directed by one of the most noted of our Art patrons, Mr. James Staats Forbes), and include not only a club train, which, leaving London at 4 P.M., is timed to reach Paris at 11 P.M., but two new steamers warranted to cross the Channel in an hour, and to render *mal de mer* an impossibility. The attractions of Paris, the French capital, are always many, but combined with those of the mammoth show are so great that he will be strong indeed who will be able to resist the inducements to cross the silver (but sometimes troublous) streak, and journey to that bourne from which good Americans are, in the last event, presumed never to return. Not only the people who have visited the gay city before, but those to whom such a trip has been hitherto but one of the pleasures of imagination, will go this year to Paris. And if in the present article we are able to convey, both to the man who knows his Paris as well as the man who does not, some idea of the geography of the great show and the disposition of some of its many component parts, the thing that is attempted will be achieved.

We assume that the visitor has reached Paris, is comfortably housed, and finds himself in the Place de la Concorde by nine in the morning, delighting in that freshness of atmosphere and gayness of scene, which in the early summer months so invariably strikes the denizen of an English town.

Crossing the river by the Pont de la Concorde, we at once note that the quays to the right (heretofore sacred to anglers, whose general success in their sport is reputed to be moderate, and searchers after Elzevirs on the little second-hand book-stalls, whose success is agreed to be much less than moderate) are walled in from the Quai d'Orsay westward along the slightly-curved river as far as the Quai de Grenelle. Determining

to work from east to west, we first inspect the exhibits on the Esplanade des Invalides, which faces us, and which is situate between the river and the building where the first Napoleon lies at rest. The space is devoted to a colonial exhibition, and to exhibits contributed by the various ministerial departments, in which there are many things which, if neither rich nor rare, are at any rate interesting to look upon.

In the former are displays from Algeria and Tunis, small pavilions representing the constituencies of Madagascar, Cochin China, and other of the not very numerous French colonies, and a highly picturesque replica of an Arabian village. The palace of the Ministry of War is parallel with the Colonial Department, and is built with a solidity which is only apparent. It is surrounded by a fairly realistic-looking moat with the necessary drawbridges, and contains many things especially attractive to the warlike mind. The arts of peace are illustrated close by, in the shape of a model school contributed by the Educational Department, and a Red Cross exhibit.

Returning to the Seine and proceeding westward along the quay to the main portion of the Exhibition, we find a vast number of small edifices lining the way; these contain the Agricultural exhibits, the English section of which is spoken of in terms of high praise. The stalls showing samples sent by the wine-growing interests constitute a department in which even that much-abused person, the moderate-drinker, may be excused for taking an interest. High crossings enable us to pass over the thoroughfares of the two intervening bridges, and when the Agricultural section finishes we find still along



The Peacock Vase. Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.

the quays, and in fact passing the main entrance of the Exhibition, a series of quaint-looking buildings designed by M. Charles Garnier, which are perhaps the best "object lessons," as scholastic folk say, that it is possible to imagine. A Hindoo temple about sixty feet high, a Syrian dwelling-house, an Egyptian home, primeval habitations of all sorts and conditions, Scandinavian houses, the not too comfortable-looking

huts of the South African aborigines, and a good many others. Here, indeed, it is possible with extensive view to survey, without the inconvenience of inordinate travelling, the customs and habits of races but little known.

Reaching the main entrance exactly opposite the Jena Bridge which connects the Trocadéro with the rest of the Exhibition, one is face to face with the Champ de Mars. In its normal state it is (as Macaulay's schoolboy would know) a huge parallelogram plain of sand running from north-west to south-east, bordered on the one side by the Avenue de Labourdonnais, on the other by the Avenue de Suffren, and having at its far end (away from the river) the *École Militaire*. In its exceptional condition in which we see it, it is transformed beyond recognition. It contains the whole essence of the Exhibition, and within its borders are to be found most of

the fine things which the industry and persuasive powers of the French people have succeeded in bringing together. On entering, the Eiffel Tower, which, like the poor, is in Paris always with us, forces itself on our notice and will take no denial. Around it are pavilions representing China, Sweden, Norway, and even Monaco, and a *Folies Dramatiques* theatre. But the Eiffel Tower overshadows all. A monstrous, hideous, and shameful atrocity it is called by some; a great, a marvellous, and a delightful piece of work say others. *De gustibus non est disputandum*. There it is anyway, surrounded by gardens, and like a tall (but slim) bully lifts its head and insists on two, three, or five francs from its patrons, according to the stages to which their purses or their inclinations persuade them to go. A lengthened description of the tower and its engineer (*Le Lion du Jour*, the Parisians are calling him) is unnecessary, but a few particulars

may be interesting. The base is the only portion which has a solid appearance, and the actual area is said to be three and a half acres. From the foundation the lines of the Tower at once curve inwards until about half the height is reached, after which the lines are almost straight. The cost has been about £240,000. The Parisians are delirious with delight at the aspect of their new Tower, and a staid journal prophesies that two millions of visitors will ascend it.

Passing through the gardens we are confronted by a huge rectangular building with two arms, one at either end, stretching out towards us and forming three sides of a square. That on our right is the *Palais des Arts Liberaux*, that on the left is the *Palais des Beaux-Arts*. Each is similar in outward appearance, each has a nave formed of iron uprights supporting girders with a span of some 160 feet, and M. Formigé is the architect responsible for both. The Palace of

Liberal Arts differs from its twin sister, however, in its internal arrangements. It is divided into four equal parts surmounted in the middle by a rotunda and dome. The first division nearest the Seine is devoted to Anthropology and to Ethnological exhibits, the second to the Liberal Arts, the third to the Means of Transport, and the fourth to Arts and Trades. It is in the third division that there will be found an interesting retrospective exhibition of means of transport, the English section of which has been brought together by Mr. Alfred Sire, the London agent of the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, and which includes a copy of the first time-table ever issued and the old "Rocket" locomotive. Everything here is vastly interesting.

The Palace of Fine Arts is differently arranged. It is divided into large halls, in which it is not too much to say the works of the great artists of nearly every civilised country are to be found. Entering the palace at the end nearest the river, one finds first the Spanish section with about 300 pictures, on the left the Italian, and on the right the spacious rooms—but not so spacious as those allotted in '78—occupied by the British section. Here, thanks to the untiring efforts of Sir Frederick Leighton, and the honorary secretary, Mr. C. W. Deschamps, a very excellent and catholic display of English Art is to be found. To say that the collection is large, or the best that could have been obtained had every picture that had been desired been procurable, would be to say the thing untrue, but it is assuredly eminently representative, and it is a pleasure to renew here away from home the acquaintance of one's old favourites in oil, water colour, and sculpture. The walls are covered with a chocolate "flock upon flock" paper, and the hangings and decorations are in accord.

Farther on, on the left and still in the Art Palace (we are now proceeding towards the general exhibits), is the German portion, then the Russian, then an important collection from Austria, then Belgium. Upstairs on the first stage are found the Swedish, Roumanian, and Swiss, and the American sections, which last, thanks to the prompt response of the United States Government to the circular from the French ministry, have been accorded far more space than any other country. The rest of the room in this wing is taken up by two immense collections of works by French artists, the one of paintings executed within the last ten years, and the other of works painted since 1789. Among the former are contributions by Meissonier, Gérôme, Detaille, Carolus Durant, etc.; among the latter are represented Delacroix, Millet, Corot, Bastien Lepage, de Neuville, and a good many others. It seems like an impertinence to say that they are all worth seeing.



Pâte-sur-pâte Vase. Designed and modelled by M. Solon for Messrs. Goode & Co.

The building joining the Palace of Fine Arts to the Palace of Liberal Arts is surmounted in the middle by a great dome, and it is under this that the inaugural ceremony took place. The design is by M. Bouvard, and its somewhat glaring exterior gives it the appearance of insisting somewhat too dogmatically on its magnificence. The interior is happily quieter and more serene.

To right and left of the great dome are seven doors leading into galleries containing general exhibits, the former containing cases from Italy, Switzerland, America, Spain, and others, and the latter containing exhibits from, *inter alia*, Great Britain. Our people in this section had the distinction of being all but ready on opening day, and the comment of one of the French journals, "*toujours pratique, ces Anglais*," has, as an alternative to the eternal complaints of *le perfide Albion*, at least the charm of novelty. Passing the Belgian, Danish, and Dutch sections, one enters through a small vestibule the main building containing the general exhibits, and in

which are innumerable tiers of galleries, containing more show cases than one would care to count on a summer's day. The building runs the entire breadth of the Champ de Mars, and has in the centre a dome which is said to be higher than the towers of Notre-Dame. Stepping up to the first floor, one can see on one side the vestibule of the main entrance already referred to, and on the other the gallery leading to

the stupendous machinery department. Around the walls is a decorative frieze of twelve panels, painted by MM. Lavastre and Carpezan, representing France inviting the Nations to the Exposition Universelle.

Going through the gallery and entering the Palais des Machines, a building which occupies the whole of the rest of the ground of the Champ de Mars, a scene is encountered

which beggars description. An immense arched building constructed of iron and glass, over a thousand feet long and about five hundred feet broad, presents the appearance of a bloated and exaggerated railway terminus. The covering and supports are said to weigh ten thousand tons—a statement which the present writer is not prepared to dispute—and the roof is supported by iron girders. English machinery is in the eastern portion of the enormous building, and on the opposite side a very considerable exhibit of rolling stock sent by the English railways. The Midland and the South-Eastern have each sent one of their newest engines, and in this re-

gard, as also with respect to carriages, we can "give points," as the Americans say, to our Continental friends and beat them easily. The whole number of noisy locomotives, rattling weaving machines, and machinery in fact of all kinds here is "past counting." It is a sight which would render Mr. Ruskin speechless, and which to the average mind is by no means too attractive. There is a singularly tiresome com-



The "Vintage" Vase. In *pâte-sur-pâte* by M. Solon. Manufactured by Messrs. Minton & Co.

plaint known as the Academy headache, to which most of us have at intermittent periods fallen victims; we venture to say that compared with the *mal de tête* which the too conscientious visitor to the machine department of the Paris Exhibition will stand good risk of acquiring, the Academy headache will appear a pleasant and not ineffective adjunct to one's enjoyment.

It now only remains, having reached the extremity of the Champ de Mars, to return, with some relief be it stated, through the Galleries Industrielles into the gardens past the Eiffel

Tower to the Seine, cross the river by the Jena Bridge and see the delightfully laid out grounds of the Trocadéro. The Trocadéro Palace, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the only remaining vestige of the Exhibition of 1878. Between the river and the palace have been laid out a series of delightful gardens, where it will be—

“Roses, roses all the way,”

and where every country, even the Japanese (whose plants, unfortunately owing to bad packing, have suffered in transit) will be represented. Indeed, the odd stunted shrubs which



Vase (Renaissance). Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.

Japanese horticulturists manage to produce will be a specially interesting part of this portion of the Exhibition. The large path leading from the bank of the Seine up to the semicircular Palais du Trocadéro is in four divisions, and the main avenue is divided by lakes and fountains. Exhibits of forestry and kitchen gardens abound, and at the river end is a large open-air salon for the sale of cut flowers. A greater contrast to the hideous roar and whirr of the machinery section than will be found in this peaceful park can hardly be imagined, and if the *dolce far niente* can be enjoyed anywhere within the confines of the

Exhibition (which is open to doubt) it will be among the sweet-scented flowers and the refreshing foliage of the *Parc du Trocadéro*. It is indeed, as Mr. Squeers pointed out, a blessed thing to be in a state of nature.

An excellent guide to the Exhibition is being published in London by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., under the title “Figaro Exposition.”

The illustrations to this and the preceding article will be described at length when we deal with the Industrial Art Section.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRITISH SECTION.

THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING.



*Flower Stand.
By Messrs. Graham
and Biddle.*

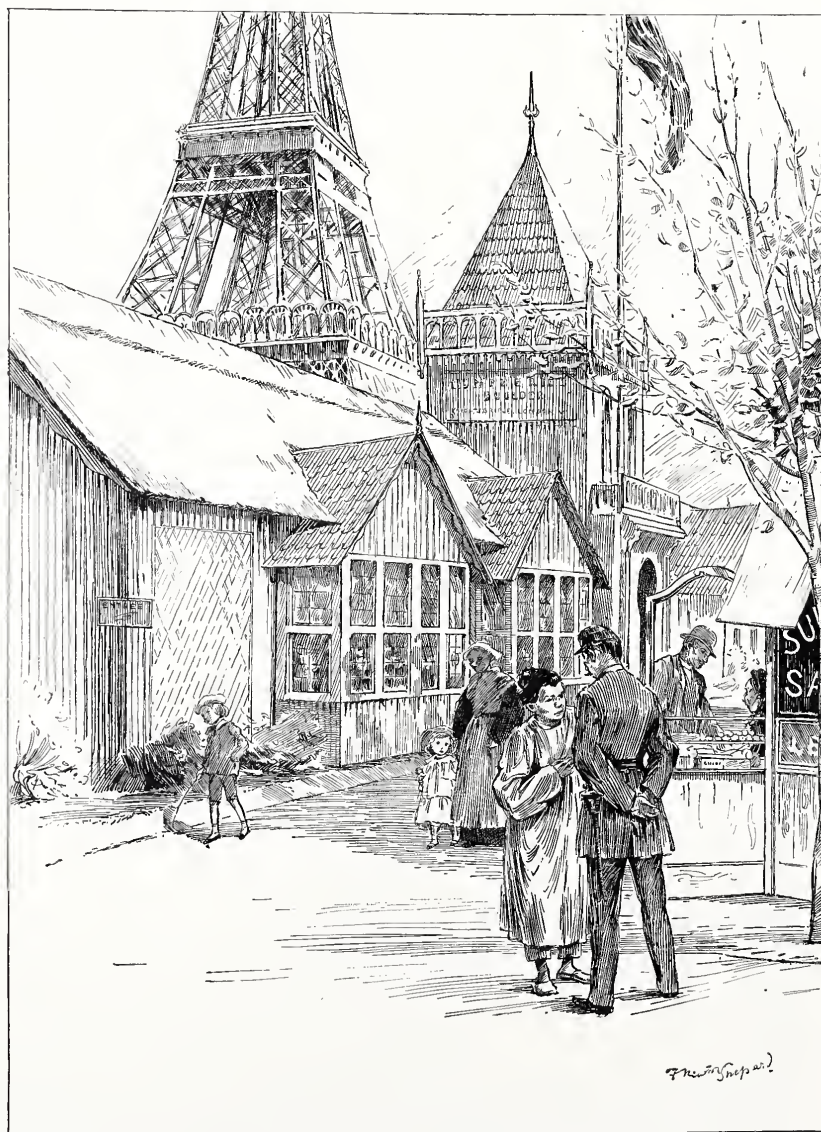
OUR countrymen will hardly feel elated when they compare with an impartial eye the share which Great Britain has taken in this great enterprise with that of other nations. Half-heartedness and distrust have evidently been at the bottom of everything; the Government would not join officially; old established industrial firms held aloof, and new ones have not taken their place. Money has evidently been scarce, and the result is a display which, with few exceptions, does more harm than good to the country, for the foreign element of which the large majority of the visitors will be composed will be unaware of the state of affairs, and will judge the nation's progress by what it sees before it. The re-

sult is the more to be deplored because it affects the country more adversely than if its productions had been absent altogether.

The first blow to national pride will be felt when we look amongst the palaces by which the various states throughout the world are represented for that wherein the Executive of our own country is housed. For these palaces have at this Exhibition blossomed out into buildings of a substantiality and distinction which have been heretofore quite unknown. We give this month an illustration of that belonging to the tiny state of Venezuela, and this is only a fair specimen of what others have done. At the moment of writing this the President of the French Republic is assisting at the inauguration of that belonging to the Argentine Confederation. This pavilion is composed of a vast framework of iron, fitted up and decorated with porcelain, coloured brickwork, and mosaic, affording the gayest and most varied effect. Some of the most distinguished

French artists have been called in to assist in its ornamentation, amongst them being MM. Tony Robert Fleury, Gervez, Merson, Cormon, Hector Le Roux, Roll, Jules Lefebvre. It is but fair to add that the building admits of being taken to pieces at the close of the Exhibition, and being transported, as it will be, to Buenos Ayres.

The sketch on this page gives a fair example of the erection where our British commission is located. Hidden



House of the British Commission.

away, fortunately, in an out-of-the-way corner of the grounds, and near the railway, and distinguishable only by

a blue ensign displayed on its tin tourelle, it represents the advertisement of a firm which erects on the most economical terms zinc dwellings for settlers in far-away lands, and only as a representation of diamond diggings architecture could it pass muster.

As regards the interior of this corrugated edifice: Mr. G. Faulkner Armitage, of Altrincham, has fortunately thrown himself into the breach and fitted up the council chamber in a manner which deserves the thanks not only of the Executive but of all who are interested in the status on the Continent of our furniture and fittings industry.

With the exception of the ceiling, which is in Tynecastle tapestry, made by Mr. Scott Morton, of Edinburgh, and the stained glass by Messrs. Shrigley and Hunt, of Lancaster, the whole of the work in the rooms is made to the original design of Mr. Armitage.

The room does not seek to be a reproduction of any particular period, but is of a style the designer aims to form. Its decoration, except the ceiling, which is a reproduction of an old one, consists of an enriched fibrous plaster frieze, the colour

scheme being red in the background, the raised design being drawn out in low greens and browns, and enriched in points

on the shields and bosses with gold. A shelf mould carries the frieze, from which falls to the floor a tapestry hanging, giving richness and softness to the walls. The colours are tan, blue, and red. Against this stand examples of brown oak furniture, and at intervals hang specimens of old armour.

The floor is covered with a Turkey carpet, a careful reproduction of an antique of the genuine old colours made in Turkey.

The mantel, supported on carved brackets, exposes a tiled fire opening, and rises to the ceiling,

into which it breaks with a panel of open work carved, which answers as a ventilator to the room. The panel over the mantel-shelf is filled in with an oil painting by Herbert Schmalz, 'Dust to Dust.' The canopy settle on the right of

the fire-place is carved, and contains some samples of coloured and leaded lights in the panelled back.

There is a quantity of metal work both in iron and copper; the fire-grate with wrought copper hood, and the fittings for electric light have all been executed by a country smith. The carved oak work was also executed by men trained at the studio in Altrincham.

Visitors generally will be

apt to surmise from the outside of the habitation that it can contain nothing artistic, we are therefore glad to call espe-



Tureen manufactured by Messrs. Copeland & Co., for Messrs. Goode & Co.



Dish manufactured by Messrs. Copeland & Co., for Messrs. Goode & Co.



Interior of the British Commission House. By Mr. G. Faulkner Armitage.

cial attention to this room, in the hope that those who read our columns may, when they visit Paris, step aside and see this, one of the most important of our exhibits.

THE FINE ART SECTION.

THE British Fine Art Section will pass muster. That is about the best that can be said of it. The apathy which has characterized the whole of the proceedings on this side of the water has been apparent here also from the first. Sir Frederick Leighton, the busiest man on the whole of the Committee, found time to devote much energy to its organization, but he received little of the assistance which he deserved from the public or the fraternity of artists. The public was not much impressed with the constitution of the Committee, which was not a strong one from an Art point of view, and consequently it did not respond very heartily to the appeal either for funds or the loan of pictures. Nor could it be expected to do so when the body of artists and the Committee itself took so little interest in the matter. An examination of the subscription list evidences the fact that a majority of the Committee contributed nothing, and that whilst eighty outsiders put their hands in their pockets, only thirty-one artists followed suit.

An admirable position has been assigned to the Section. The French have very chivalrously placed their guests on the ground floor, betaking themselves for the most part to the upper storey. The pictures occupy four rooms, the water colours one, and the architectural drawings, engravings, etc., one. Whilst the pictures have been hung with good taste and without crowding, the water-colours do not show to such advantage, and it is to be feared that the nation's reputation may suffer in consequence.

A detailed criticism from a British stand-point of pictures all of which are well known to our readers, would be so second-hand that we have thought it best to obtain the views of a French artist of eminence, but one who was not wedded to any particular school. These, whilst not perhaps altogether flattering to our artists as a body, were given with all humility and with perfect sincerity.

The President's work naturally first attracted attention. He is represented by his last year's Academy picture, 'Captive Andromache,' 'Simœtha the Sorceress,' and a portrait of Lady Coleridge. Our French artist, criticising the first named of these, considered that the interest was too equal throughout, *tout vous intéresse également*; that it was also divided too equally by the central figure; that the relative sizes of the figures were not always correct, for instance, *l'enfant au coin est vraiment trop petit*; and that they were usually too statuesque, *c'est en sculpture tout*; that the strong point of the whole was the group at the well, *les femmes qui puisent de l'eau sont charmantes*.

Sir John Millais has been very fortunate in obtaining as his representatives the portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Hook, R.A., and Cardinal Manning, as well as the popular 'Cherry Ripe,' 'Bubbles,' and 'Cinderella.' Our artist considered the Cardinal as the finest work in the section; he styled it *très remarquable, la perte des portraits, d'un très beau caractère; la tête modelée finement et très étudiée*. The head of Gladstone ("the great old man," as he called him) did not attain to this high level, as it *manquait un peu de finesse dans le modelé, mais les yeux sont superbes, très vivants*.

Holl is only known here by his portrait of Sir Henry Rawlinson; with this our critic was not so much impressed as we

expected, the only point which evoked his praise being the modelling of the hands.

The portrait of his wife, by Mr. Fildes, R.A., elicited nothing but praise; the canvas was well filled, *largement traité, d'une ordonnance fort élégante*. Mr. Fildes's early work, 'The Return of the Penitent,' did not receive so high a meed of praise, the composition being *trop vaste*, and the curious error of the girls who are looking through the vast carcass of the horse was at once detected.

Much surprise was expressed at the condition of Mr. Whistler's 'Arrangement in Black,' No. 7, 'Portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell,' and a prophesy was ventured that if his other work was similarly situated *les Whistlers sont destinés à disparaître tout-à-fait; dans quelques années nous ne les verrons plus*.

Mr. Watts, who has no less than eight pictures including 'Love and Life,' and 'Hope,' was held to have *un sentiment élevé de son art*, but considerable fault was found with much of his draughtsmanship, which was never *très détaillé*.

Mr. Burne Jones's 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' was decidedly staggering to the French mind: why should an artist go back to the *primitifs Italiens et refaire ce qu'on a déjà mienn fait*? He actually considered that Mr. Burne Jones *n'est pas personnel du tout*.

The two examples of Mr. Henry Moore's work, 'The Clearness after Rain,' and 'The Newhaven Packet,' look splendidly luminous and powerful, but they did not evoke such admiration as one expected; the Frenchman felt that *l'air circule dedans*; but he thought them wanting in composition, and photographic. A cross-Channel boat in a breeze evidently did not conjure up pleasant recollections. Nor did Mr. Leader's 'In the Evening there shall be Light' please him, *l'intérêt est tout divisé, c'est sec, cela manque de morbidezza*. But he was enthusiastic over the small sketch for Mr. Wyllie's 'Toil, Grime, Glitter, and Wealth,' which was designated *très vibrant, très puissant d'effet, et très Anglais!* So too Mr. Parsons pleased, whether in oil, water colour, or black and white; he was hailed as a *paysagiste de grand talent*; the only fault to be found being that his clouds were not always *d'un bon dessin*. A good Mark Fisher, 'Evening, November,' called forth admiration; the sky was thought to be *charmant, et l'heure du soir bien déterminée*.

Mr. Hook's two principal works, and especially fine ones they are, hang at the end of one of the rooms, on each side of his portrait of Millais. These could not fail to elicit praise; *qu'il a étudié la mer, c'est vivant, plein du mouvement! le ciel aussi est magnifique; mais—there was always a but—mais les figures nuisent, il devrait les supprimer*.

Mr. Orchardson's 'Her First Dance' he considered the most refined and learned piece of painting in the section, but his 'Mariage de Convenance—after,' without its companion, is not understood, and is thought to have too much of the *aspect jaune*. Mr. Marcus Stone's 'Gambler's Wife' he liked because *il exprime bien le sentiment qui l'agite; c'est fort bien composé, mais il manque un peu de décision; on le dirait élève de Cabanel*. The animal painting of Mr. Briton Riviere he naturally thought to be *à merveille*; Mr. Riviere sends 'Let Sleeping Dogs lie,' and the 'Magician's Doorway.'

Professor Herkomer, who, it will be remembered, obtained a medal of honour at the last exhibition, is represented by 'Miss C. Grant,' and 'Entranced,' the latter being the name given to the 'Lady in black,' of last year's Academy. These have

here to contend with the strongest portraiture in the world. The critic could not be got beyond a piece of bad drawing in the right arm of the lady in white, which he could not understand to be by a man with such a reputation. Mr. Andrew Gow is well represented by 'The Garrison marching out of Lille with the honours of war,' and he should be satisfied to learn that *on dirait que les chevaux sont peints par Meissonier*; the composition he considered was an old one and *un peu banal*. Mr. Alma Tadema, who is represented by 'The Woman of Amphissa' and 'Expectation,' has, curiously

enough, not the following over the water which he has here. Praise could not, however, be denied to the lovely little 'Expectation,' but it was considered that his figures *manquaient de caractère*.

The portrait of 'Henry Vigne, Esq.,' by Mr. J. J. Shannon, was thought to show great promise, although evidently *inspiré de Velasquez*. Mr. Millet's 'Piping Times of Peace,' if *un peu sec* was *d'une couleur fine, bien distinguée*, and Mr. Reid's 'Homeless and Homeward' was *très vrai de couleur et le paysage charmant, correctement dessiné*. Lastly



House of the Venezuelan Commission.

the movement and go of Mr. Overend's 'Football Match' was appreciated, and the artist, in common with all his countrymen, was riveted with the aspect of *le jeu brutal, mais tout-à-fait Anglais*.

The water colours came in for but little notice or praise. Mr. Collier's skies were thought to be superb, Mr. Walter Langley's figures well arranged, and Mr. Brewtnall's work to be good in colour; but that was all! However, lovers of our water-colour school need not despair, for it is neither well represented nor well shown here.

The sculpture, however, atoned for this disappointment.

1889.

Est-ce que les Anglais vont devenir des sculpteurs? d'après ces spécimens on devrait l'espérer, was the exclamation upon examining the 'Icarus' and 'Head of an Old Man' of Mr. Gilbert, Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Needless Alarms,' and Mr. Onslow Ford's 'Folly.' Mr. Thorneycroft's 'Mower' was, however, considered *hors du domaine de la sculpture*, and Mr. Browning's 'Dryope' *très lourd et très court*.

Amongst the drawings Charles Keene's were sure to interest and amuse, and the admirable draughtsmanship of Mr. Parsons evoked unstinted praise. Mr. Whistler's and Mr. Seymour Haden's etchings of course attracted attention, as their

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hands are as well known in France as here; but our critic considered that in the latter's later productions, the 'Greenwich,'



Carved Oak Letter Rack. From the Norwegian Section.

for instance, his clouds were too rocky in form and too heavily bitten. Wyllie's graceful work pleased, but Mr. Menpes's large drypoint of the 'Archers' Banquet' was considered *affreux*; *n'a pas du tout le dessin de Frans Hals, vrai maître peintre; le graveur ne fait pas soupçonner la belle exécution du grand Hollandais*. A tribute was paid to Mr. Goulding's printing of Mr. Macbeth's Alonzo Cano, which was considered little short of marvellous.

THE BRITISH INDUSTRIAL SECTION.

It was pretty generally known, some months ago, that only a very small percentage of British manufacturers intended sending specimens of their wares to the Paris Universal Exposition of 1889. The initial outlay is always large, and experience has shown that any appreciable monetary return is extremely doubtful. We hear of one firm who spent £2,000 on a stand and decorations, and of another whose selling price of a certain article is just half what its manufacture cost in wages. The only possible return for such enterprise as this is advertisement, and so those firms who were unable to see the advantage of this course abstained from exhibiting.

With the exception of one branch of industrial Art, the British exhibit no more represents Great Britain than a Strand picture-shop British Fine Art. There are a few specimens of furniture, wall papers, laces, carpets, and silks;

but there is hardly a branch in which more than two or three firms exhibit. The exception is in the porcelain, pottery, and glass industry. The show in this branch is probably the best that has ever been got together for an exhibition. The whole of the façade of the section, bordered by a white Elizabethan screen, running the whole length, and surmounted for some inscrutable reason by squatting miniature bears, is devoted to these industries, together with some space in the body of the department. The finest and the most comprehensive show is that collected by Mr. Goode, of South Audley Street, who deserves great credit for his perseverance and energy in connection with our section.

At the entrance to Messrs. Thomas Goode & Co.'s court, which is presided over by Mr. Herbert Goode, are two elephants,* manufactured by Messrs. Minton. These animals constitute quite a *tour de force*, being, with their howdahs, 7 feet high. They are richly decorated in colour and gold, and stand on ebony pedestals. In the same court is a beautiful *pâte-sur-pâte* vase manufactured by Messrs. Minton from designs by M. Solon (see page vi., June Number), representing a group of girls fishing; one, standing on the prow of a cleverly-foreshortened boat, is in the act of casting a net. The reverse of the vase



Plate in Pewter. By Jules Brateaux (French Section).

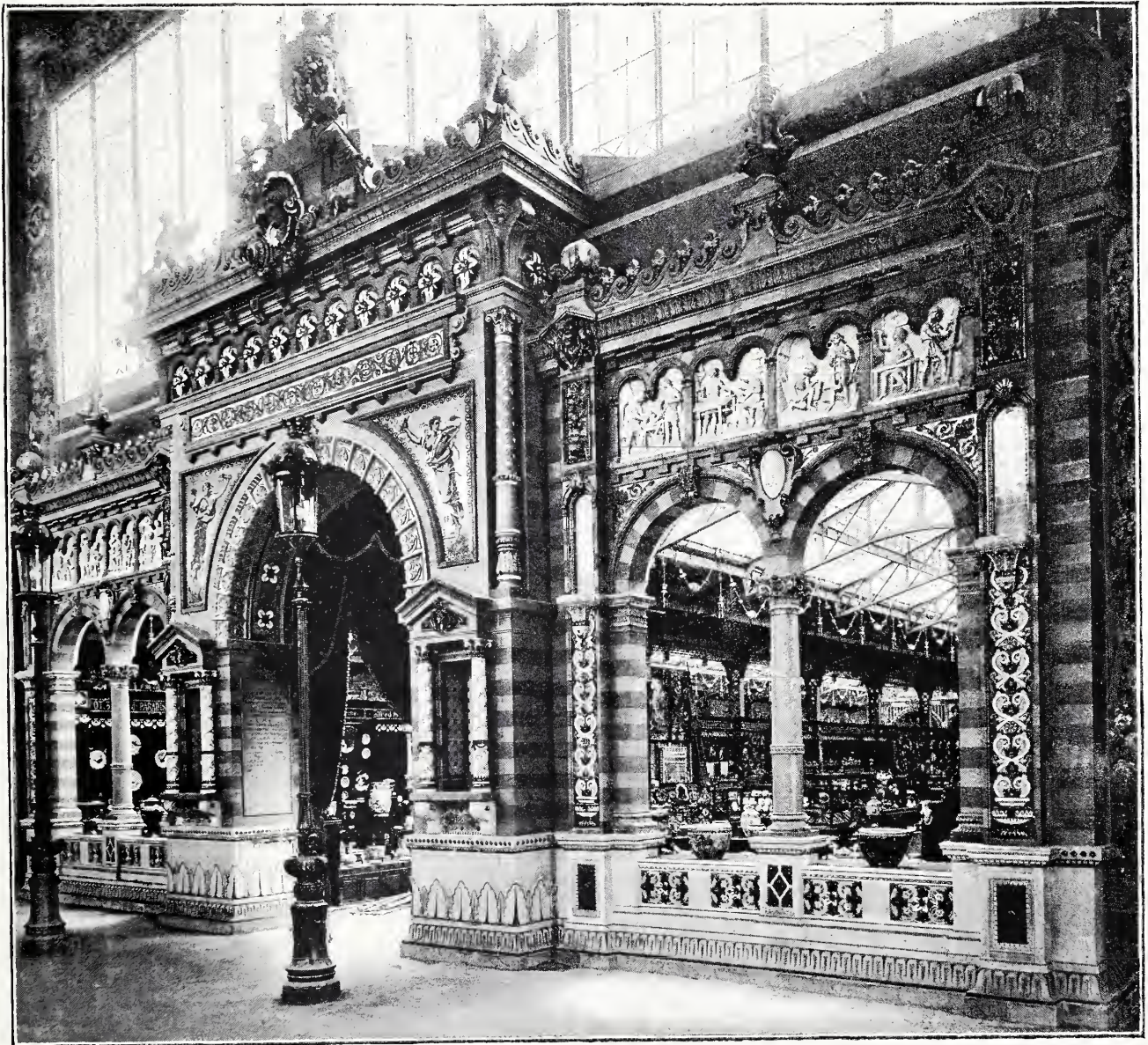
is adorned with a humorous scramble of Cupids plying rod

* A reproduction will be given in the course of these articles.

and line in a fish-bowl. The vase is richly decorated with variously coloured clays.

Among other noteworthy exhibits in Messrs. Goode's court are—a porcelain vase,* with rich arabesque decoration on ivory ground. The handles and foot are finished in variously tinted golds. This vase is one out of twelve especially designed by Mr. Goode for the Paris Exhibition; a Worcester vase,* finely pierced; of which the panels are richly decorated in birds and foliage on variously tinted gold grounds; a dinner service (see page x.) reproduced by Messrs. Copeland from

pieces in the collection of Mr. Goode, of which the original set was made by order of Queen Charlotte for her brother, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg; and a magnificent service painted by Mr. Boullemier for Messrs. Goode, the centre being from designs by Angelica Kaufmann. The border of the plate (of which a reproduction will be given) is richly gilt and pierced, with medallions of groups painted in grisaille on chocolate ground. Messrs. Goode & Co. also show a remarkable collection of sculptured, fancy, coloured, and crystal glass made to their order by Messrs. Thomas Webb &



Façade of the French Ceramic Court.

Sons, of Stourbridge. Especially notable is a group of sculptured glass, of which we shall give a reproduction. The centre vase is a striking specimen of this beautiful work. It stands over 24 inches high, and consists of two strata of glass, the lower being of a peculiar reddish tint. The upper is pure white sculptured away, where necessary, to the lower strata so as to leave the design—in this instance flowers—in

relief. The two side pieces, which are also very fine, both as regards colour and finish, are 21 inches in height. They are of Oriental design, and are sculptured in the same way as the centre vase. The groundwork of the two side vases is pale blue and a pinkish red.

Messrs. A. B. Daniell and Sons, of Wigmore Street, have also some fine exhibits of ceramic Art. The Peacock Vase (see page v., June Number), manufactured for this firm by the Worcester Porcelain Company, stands about 24 inches high,

* A reproduction of this will be given in the course of these articles.

and is of a somewhat bulbous shape, quite oriental in style. The neck, foot, and cover are richly carved and pierced. The ground is of a soft ivory tint, the embossments being treated as old carved and pierced ivory. The handles, somewhat quaint in form, are decorated to represent old bronze inlaid with brass. The ornament on this piece is exceptionally rich and pleasing; the lower part of the vase being seemingly partly encased in raised bronze scrollwork "appliqué," the bronze work forming a support for three peacocks. The tone of the whole is soft and pleasing and at the same time rich.

Another vase, of which we shall give a reproduction, manufactured by the Royal Worcester Company for this firm, takes the form of a "Loving Cup" in the style of the Early French Renaissance. The cup is supported by a nude figure with pedestal terminal; this is raised upon a richly modelled and carved base, having four feet consisting of cloven hoofs. The cup has a cover, richly carved and pierced, surmounted by an apex formed by four dolphins; it has two handles in the form of dragons. The whole of the groundwork of the vase is of a delicate ivory tint, and the embossments give the effect of old carved ivory mounted in various metals. The terminal of the figure and the base of the vase are in bronze old and green, the cloven hoofs being similar to the handles. The general effect of the whole is soft and subdued, giving an appearance of age to the piece.

The "Vintage" Vase (page vii., June Number), in *pâte-sur-pâte* by M. Solon, and manufactured by Messrs. Minton and Company for Messrs. Daniell and Sons, illustrates the old manner of making wine. To the right and left girls are gathering bunches of grapes, while others in the centre empty their baskets into a tub, where they are crushed by Cupids. The reverse side shows a group of drinking cups from which Cupids are emerging. Among other vases shown by Messrs. Daniell are the Renaissance (see page viii.), and two styled 'Peace and War' and 'The Travelling Companions,' which will be reproduced for these articles.

Other English firms represented in this branch of industrial Art are Messrs. Doulton, who show a large collection of the well-known Lambeth faience, Messrs. Maw & Co., Messrs. T. C. Brown-Westhead & Co., and Messrs. W. Brownfield & Sons, of Cobridge, Staffordshire. The latter firm exhibit a *tour de force* in the shape of an enormous vase which is probably the largest piece of ceramic ware in existence.* Over three yards high and two in diameter, it represents Mother

* A reproduction will be given in the course of these articles.

Earth receiving the gifts of grain, flowers, and fruit from Nature. Around are four figures illustrating the Seasons, while at the base an endless procession moves gracefully forward, representing the various occupations. The colour of the body of the vase is a pale—"Celadon"—green, and the figures and decorative work are in white bisque porcelain.

The wall papers exhibit is satisfactory and interesting.

Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., of Essex Road, Islington, make a large show of all classes of their goods, varying from the finest embossed leathers to the quite inexpensive machine-printed bedroom papers. This firm have not rested on the prestige gained at the last Paris Exhibition, where they were awarded the gold medal. The progress they have made is marked, and we are glad to see they continue to avail themselves of the best English talent instead of continually reproducing old work. In proof of this we have given illustrations of their two most important decorations, designed for them by Walter Crane and Lewis F. Day. Mr. Crane has designed a "Peacock" decoration wall-paper and frieze, of which we have at present been only able to illustrate the latter on page ii., May Number. In the lower paper the birds are rather more natural in character, but the lines they take are very carefully considered, and are happy accordingly. It is produced in flock, in soft shades of blues and olives, the prevailing tone being a delicate old tapestry blue. The interesting feature in the work is that the various shades of flock have been skilfully blended together in a way which we believe has never before been attempted.

The "Corinthian" design (p. ii., May Number) is a very full scroll of Renaissance leafage, bold in its lines, and on the large scale just now in favour with decorators. It shows how a paper may be itself pronounced, and yet not inappropriate as a background. The frieze above, in embossed leather-paper, is intended as a finish to

any bold but simple paper on which pictures may be hung. The style is a free rendering of the Cinque-cento period. Both of these designs are by Lewis F. Day. Messrs. W. Woollam & Co.'s exhibit we shall describe in our next number.

The principal furniture exhibits are by Messrs. Graham and Biddle of Oxford Street, and Messrs. Edwards and Roberts of Wardour Street, the latter showing several excellent reproductions of Chippendale and Sheraton work.

We reproduce two of the examples exhibited by Messrs. Graham and Biddle, a Renaissance cabinet in rosewood incrustated with mother-of-pearl, and a flower stand in the same style, of fine rosewood, richly carved (page ix.).



Cabinet. By Messrs. Graham and Biddle.

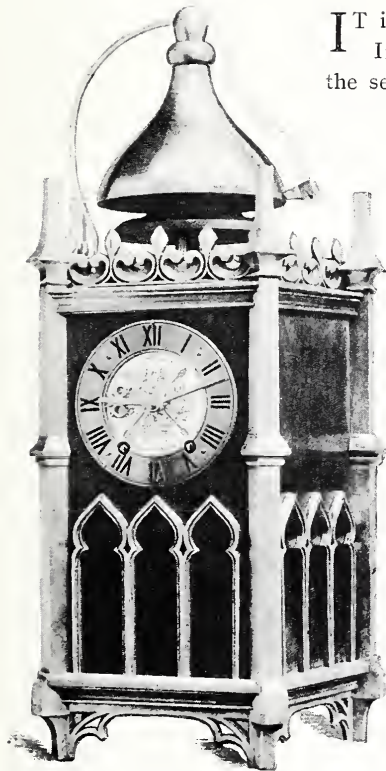
THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FURNITURE SECTION.

IT is worthy of note that at International Exhibitions the sections which most excite the interest and curiosity of the public are those devoted to the Fine Arts, to furniture, and to articles for personal adornment. That this should be so in the case of the Fine Arts is highly gratifying. The tendency shown by visitors to give their first attention to those sections where they may contemplate pictures and statues is very creditable to our age, and is an evidence that in even the lower strata of society there exists some degree of intellectual culture.

Although in the matter of furniture and ornaments the feeling which guides the vi-



*Polished Brass Clock. Fifteenth Century.
Reproduced by M. Planchon after a
design by M. Viollet-le-Duc.*

sitor, in the attention he gives to the several exhibits, is of a less elevated character, it nevertheless originates in that yearning after the beautiful which impels us to desire grace, elegance, and distinction in everything about us. Moreover, it testifies to a certain degree of mental culture. It may be safely said that persons who give some thought to the decoration of their homes are superior in point of education not only to those who are content with the accommodation obtainable at hotels, but to those whose domestic furniture is without character.

The study of the art of furnishing has a great influence on the regularity and decency of life, and every article of furniture selected with true taste tends to create a love for the home in which it is found. This influence is being increasingly recognised, and in these days the greatest minds and the most exalted personages do not disdain to enter upon such questions concerning household furniture as were regarded by them in former days as not worthy their notice.

The present Exhibition presents a brilliant scene, although it must be admitted that the exhibits are not quite so complete as could be desired, and this for very obvious reasons. Foreign governments have felt it their duty to abstain from participation in this Exhibition, which has been considered

by them as of somewhat too commemorative a character. The artists and manufacturers who have taken part in it are consequently not so numerous as at former Exhibitions. Indeed, many foreign firms of the highest standing are conspicuously absent, which is a matter for regret to the French people, for these firms would not only have given additional lustre to their Exhibition, but would have suggested to them, by a display of their productions, ideas in constructive and decorative art which it is their interest to acquire.

At the Exhibition of 1878 the highly valuable exhibits of English furniture proved particularly suggestive to French manufacturers, and as a matter of fact, since then several small, light, graceful articles of furniture, of very ingenious design, have been manufactured in French workshops which,



Porcelain Vase. By MM. Haviland et Cie.

probably, would never have been produced had it not been for those *chefs d'œuvre* exhibited by England on that occa-

sion. It is, for instance, impossible to forget the pretty bedroom fitted up in the Exhibition of 1878 by Messrs. Holland and Son, the beautiful sideboards of Messrs. Collinson and Lock, and the delicately-designed articles of furniture in the Queen Anne style exhibited by the firms of Brown Brothers, Shoobred, James & Co.; Lamb, of Manchester; Jackson and Graham, and many others. In this respect, therefore, the present Exhibition falls short of that of 1878. Indeed, there are hardly more than four English firms who have on this occasion shown us examples of their skill, and the most important of these,

namely, Messrs. Edwards and Roberts, of London, is far from being able to compete, in point of variety, with those beautiful articles of furniture which so charmed us ten years ago. But notwithstanding their limited character, the articles exhibited by this firm are of an interesting kind. The first thing in their exhibits that strikes us is the consummate skill displayed in English workmanship: the jointing of the framework is perfect, whilst the cabinet and marquetry work is beautifully done. The mouldings also are executed with decision, and the carved work is turned off with remarkable lightness and flexibility. The chief exhibit of Messrs. Edwards and Roberts is a suite of furniture in carved rosewood, comprising a chimney-piece, an *escritoire*, seats, a clock, a buffet, etc. Conceived and executed in the *rocaille*

style, this suite is a pronounced success. There is, however, no greater difficulty than to successfully interpret this style, which is so essentially wayward and uncertain in its construction, where fancy plays such a leading part, in which vertical as well as horizontal lines are wanting, and in which the plumb-line must be sought outside rectilineals. But Messrs. Edwards and Roberts have solved this extremely delicate problem. The several articles of their suite of furniture are most ingeniously conceived, and have been treated with excellent taste. I have been particularly delighted with the

buffet crowned with three small open-work domes, which is most delicate and beautiful in design.

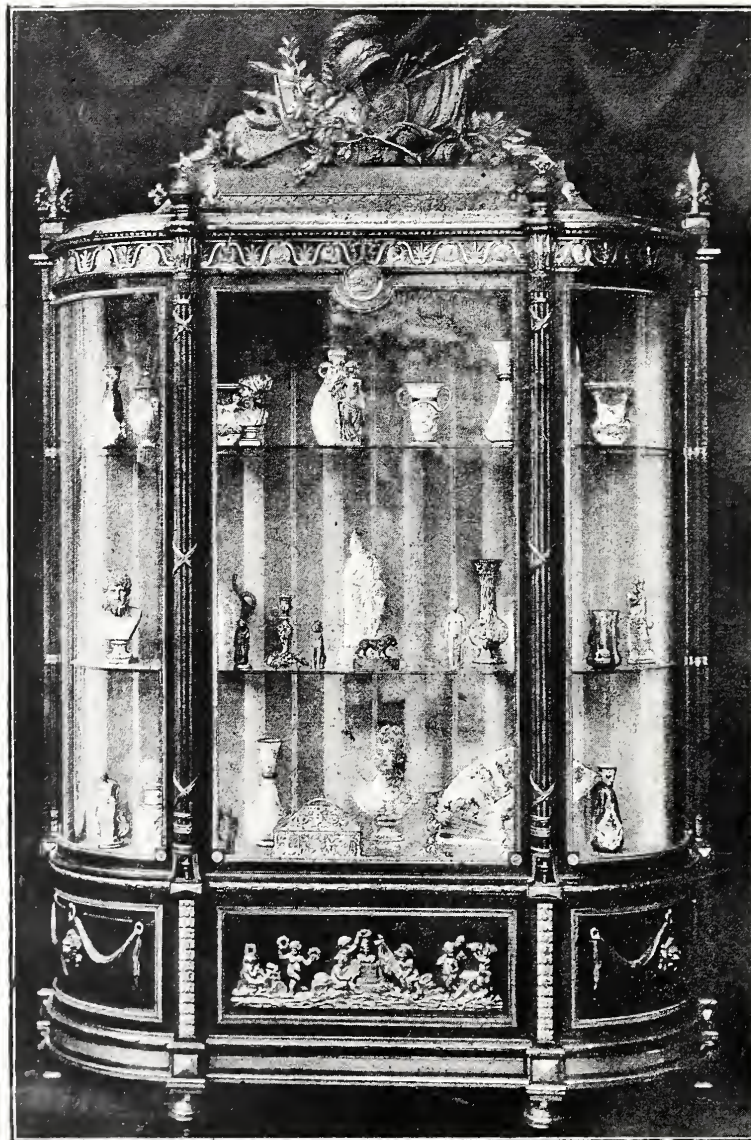
At this same stand, also, are to be found ornamental articles of furniture in citron-wood, with polychrome incrustations. In this kind of work, which requires patient care and application in its execution, England particularly excels.

Messrs. Frank Giles & Co., of London, also exhibit furniture in citron-wood, which is beautifully executed, and which, it is said, can be had at very reasonable prices. They have also a chimney-piece richly carved out of one piece of wood.

At Messrs. Graham and Biddle's stand we notice some chairs, the somewhat fragile though highly graceful forms of which remind us of the far East. The seats, covered with Chinese silk of a very deep blue shade embroidered in delicate flowered patterns, are extremely elegant.

With the mention of the superb brass and gilt bedsteads sent in by Messrs. Peyton and Peyton, and the marquetry work exhibited by Mr. Lawrence Wilson, of Manchester, I must close my remarks on the British exhibits.

Passing on now to the foreign sections, we notice in the Danish, Russian, and Italian exhibits some isolated articles of furniture, but these cannot detain the visitor long. Belgium alone presents specimens that are noteworthy, but even these are only of secondary interest. Contrary to what we have recorded in the case of the British



*Glass Case in Curved and Polished Mahogany. Louis XVI. Style.
By M. Chevie. (See page xxi.)*

exhibits, it is more particularly from want of finish that the Belgian work is distinguishable. Seen from a distance, all articles of furniture exhibited in this section have a bright and pleasing appearance, but they will not bear close inspection. The work is scamped and badly constructed, the difficulties of section and execution have not been honestly met, whilst the mouldings are coarse, and the profiles wanting in precision and freedom.

Good workmanship, however, does not appear to be the ruling idea with Belgian manufacturers. Their chief aim

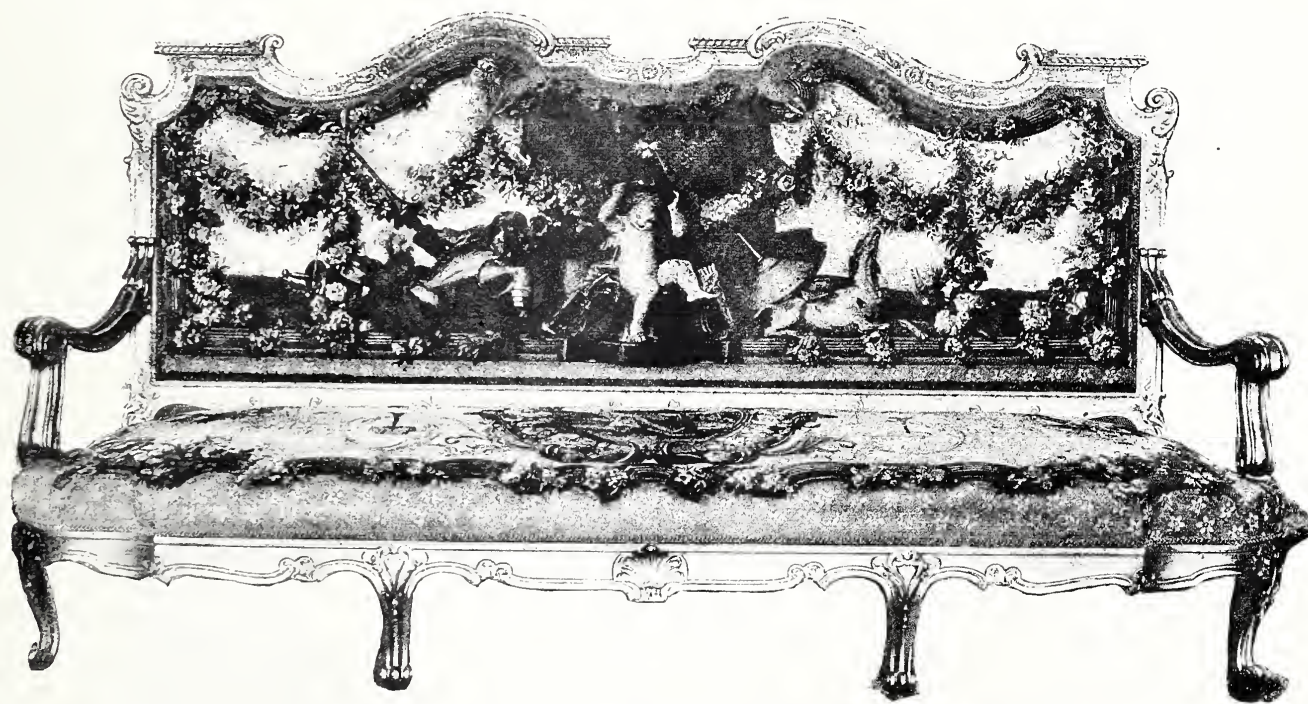
is to produce a cheap and showy article. In this respect the exhibits of M. Aberlé, of Brussels, are very interesting. There we find a most complete collection of chairs, mere copies of the finest models of French production, which are offered for sale at apparently absurd prices.

The furniture exhibited by M. Briots, of Brussels, although treated in better taste, deserves to be criticised on the score of hasty execution. These too are counterfeit presentments of well-known patterns. We may also mention a glass case with shelves, and an *escritoire*, exhibited by MM. Teugel-Schippen, of Mechlin; an *armoire* exhibited by the firm of Muitsaers Noez, of the same city; a glass case in carved wood, executed in the so-called Liège style, the work of M. J. A. Goyers, a carver of Louvain; besides magnificent parquetry flooring by Louis de Waele.

Having named these, we may now pass on to the French section. Class 17, which embraces the leading furniture manufacturers, counts no less than one hundred and seventy-

eight exhibitors. Still, the furniture exhibited is in many cases far from presenting a decided character of artistic work. Many articles are produced simply for domestic use.

On the other hand, we find that a certain number of exhibitors who in the usual run of business produce furniture for ordinary domestic use, pride themselves on turning out on great industrial occasions specimens of handiwork that may claim to be classed as *chefs d'œuvre*, in the sense in which this expression used to be employed in former days; that is to say, they execute masterpieces in the production of which they exhaust all the resources of their taste and skill. We ought not to regard these exquisitely executed exhibits as an exact expression of current production, but rather as the maximum of honest endeavour. They are choice specimens of what an exhibitor can turn out when occasion requires. Nevertheless, it might profit and instruct us more to have placed before us samples of ordinary daily production. Still, even when regarded under these exceptional conditions,



Sofa. Louis XIV. Style. By the Manufacture Nationale de Beauvais. (See page xxiv.)

the result of the spirit shown in this particular direction is certainly not uninteresting to study; for it enables us to put on record that in point of workmanship the period in which we live is not inferior to any in the past.

At exhibitions I have often heard judges severely complain of the tendency shown by certain firms to copy and recopy a given set of *chefs d'œuvre* of our seventeenth and eighteenth-century furniture; and I myself have protested more than once against the objectionable practice of highly artistic cabinet-makers imitating the leading patterns of our national style of furniture, for I consider a happy innovation, no matter how trifling, infinitely more precious than any reproduction. However, it is precisely owing to this passion for copying and producing specimens of work of rare perfection, that in respect of beauty and excellence of workmanship the present compares favourably with any period of the past.

If at the present Exhibition we examine the spaces allotted to MM. Dasson, Beurdeley, Zwiener, and Raulin, who make a

speciality of these productions, and excel in them, we shall find that the copy sufficiently approximates the original not to be pronounced inferior to it. In respect to the selection, preparation, and seasoning of the wood, of the veneering, the marquetry and carved work, the moulding, casting, and chiseling of bronze, and the gilding of metal and of wood, these articles of furniture leave nothing to be desired.

Two firms call for special praise for their productions of what we may call reinstated furniture. I refer to those of M. Dasson and M. Beurdeley. Their exhibits for lovers of antique furniture are truly exquisite. The two drawing-rooms furnished by them compete fairly with the National Guard Meuble, and were it not for some minute details of constructive art, which reveal to a highly-trained eye their modern origin, we might be tempted to suppose these gentlemen had looted the national palaces.

It is here that we find those splendid, bulging chests of drawers which Buhl and Zommer garnished with such excel-

lently executed bronzes, and which at the present time still adorn the Palais de Versailles; those finely incrustated cabinets



Porcelain Vase. By MM. Haviland et Cie.

so greatly admired in the Galerie d'Apollon; those splendid clocks in which the most ingeniously adapted *placages* dazzle the eye by their brilliant combinations with foliage modelled with a remarkable degree of suppleness; those black japanned chiffoniers which we notice at the Louvre; and lastly, those delicate work-tables, souvenirs of the Dauphine, which formerly adorned the Trianon.

At the stand of M. Zwiener, who follows at some distance on the track of MM. Dasson and Beurdeley, we find reproductions of those beautiful mausolcum-patterned chests of drawers which the great cabinet-makers of the time of Louis XIV. executed after the designs of Berain, as well as a copy of that marvel of eighteenth-century French furniture which is considered the *chef d'œuvre* of Oeben and Riesener in cabinet work and of Duplessis and Hervieux in the way of bronzes: I refer to the bureau of Louis XV., the original of which will be found at the Louvre. At this stand, also, is a majestic jewel-chest, the design of which even the great architect Meisssonier, the father of the *rocaille* style, would not have disowned. This splendid piece of work is adorned with bronzes of a magnificent character. The set is completed by a buffet and a book-case conceived in the same style, and particularly worthy of note.

Lastly, in the compartment assigned to M. Raulin we find several inlaid chests of drawers, and a curved book-case with gilt bronzes of a most noble aspect. But at this point we get beyond the exact copying of antique furniture, and come to adaptations of antique form and decoration—to cabinet-work having a less archaic character.

The result of these very brilliant and severely-criticised copies has been doubly felicitous. It has shown connoisseurs that the works of our contemporary artists are not to

be despised, since they so nearly approximate the perfection of our forefathers; and as a consequence, therefore, amateurs who were wont to pay extremely high prices for antique furniture have become accustomed to the notion that a piece of work, hardly distinguishable from the best classic models, might occasionally be bought at too high a price. It has also given rise to that flourishing industry of fashion which produces what is now conventionally known as furniture *de style*.

To the same causes, also, is due that special skill in workmanship evinced by our cabinet-makers and bronze-workers in their modern adaptations. Without this training in the art of imitation as a starting-point, we should find at the Exhibition none of those table-bureaus, those buffets with bronze reliefs, so finely chiselled and carved, which are exhibited by the firm of Roux et Brunet, as well as by M. Durand; nor such small bureaus in rosewood as are exhibited by the firm of Schmitt. These beautiful articles of furniture cannot be strictly called copies; they are elegant adaptations, which the Cressents, the Oebens, the Benemans, the Carlins, the Dautriches, and other great cabinet-makers of the eighteenth century would not have been unwilling to own.

This perfection of workmanship in the veneering, and in the ornamentation with bronze, of classic furniture, has had a precedent almost equally happy in France. For before exhausting their abilities in the skilful copying of the specially



English Clock. Seventeenth Century. Reproduced by M. Planchon.

rich furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, our artists of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, of the Rue Amelot, and

of the Rue Saint-Sabin had measured their strength on the furniture of the Renaissance. At a period when mahogany veneers and rosewood were the fashion, the Grolés, the Fourdinois, the Sauvresys did venture to copy those beautiful armoires with small columns, statuettes, and caryatides, which are the glory of the sixteenth century, as well as those beautiful tables with majestic legs designed by Du Cerceau. And it is in this imitation of the fine bas-reliefs of the school of Fontainebleau, and of the fine volutes so much the fashion at the court of the Valois, that the French furniture-carvers obtained their training; and further, it was by this training in imitation that they rose to that breadth and power of execution which so charm us, and to that exquisite finish which invests their works with a character alike valuable and free from meagreness.

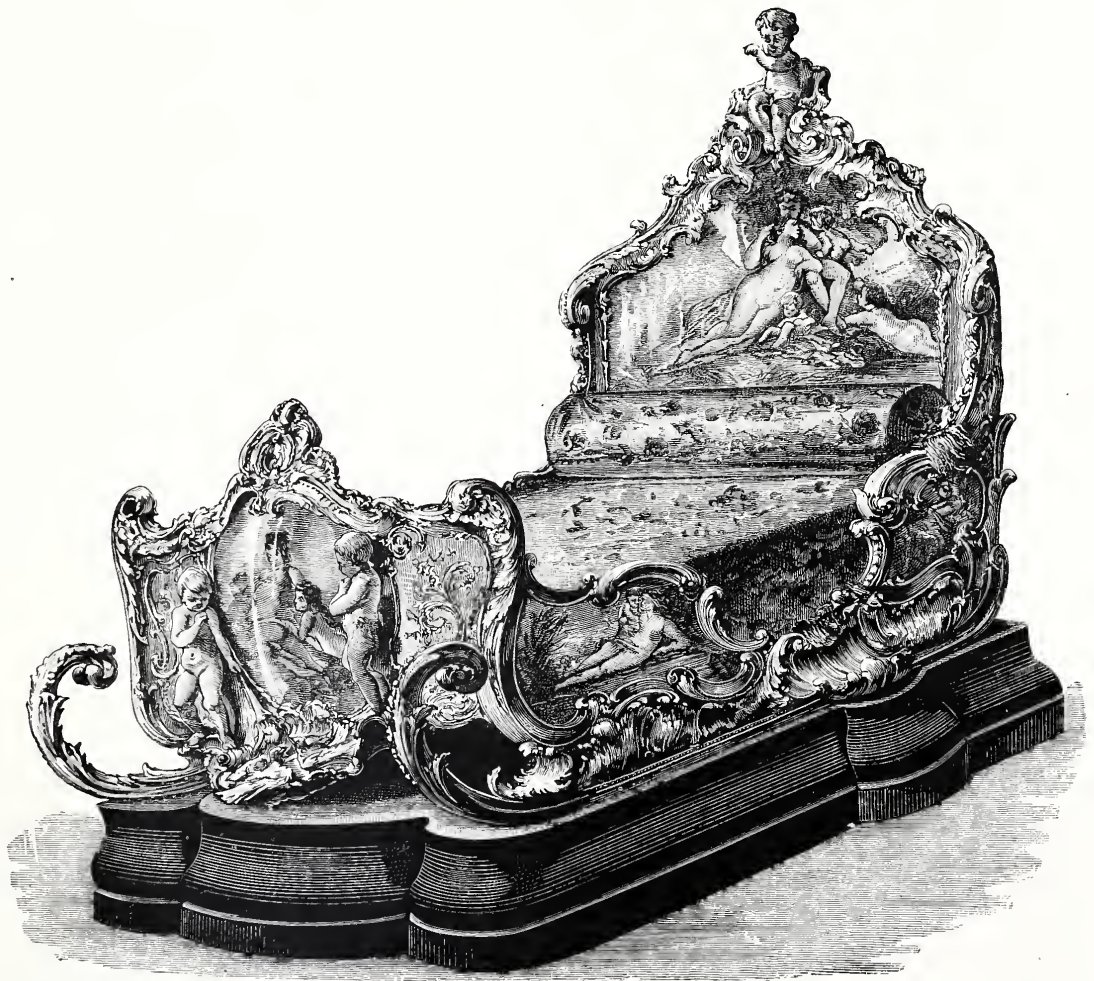
To form an idea of the degree of this perfection, the visitor should examine, at the stand of M. Renouvin, an admirable mahogany bedstead carved out of the solid wood, and decorated with female heads which would appear to have been inspired by the finest creations of Oppenord. This magnificent piece of work possesses an incomparable wealth of silhouette and amplitude of form. At the stand of M. Janselme, there is to be seen, also, a buffet, having two wings, with a cellular intervening, designed after the style of the seventeenth century,

which is arched at the top and ornamented with the most exquisite bas-reliefs. M. Chevie exhibits a glass case in carved and polished mahogany, crowned with a trophy, worthy of the very best masters (see illustration, page xviii.); whilst M. Blanqui, of Marseilles, has reproduced from the drawings of M. Sedille a kind of large cabinet (see illustration, page xxii.), somewhat heavy of aspect, but of perfect execution; its pattern too has certainly the merit of novelty.

We must not fail to note also, at the stand of M. Quignon, a glass-case and a book-case made of mahogany in the Louis XVI. style, ornamented with garlands of flowers cut out of the wood. M. Drapier exhibits a walnut sideboard, besides small cabinets in black wood in imitation of ebony; and M.

Lemoine shows us a superb clock constructed in two parts, and also a barometer. All these articles of furniture are specially noteworthy for sureness of execution, and never before have the most difficult kinds of wood been carved in so thoroughly masterful a manner.

But the most important specimen of wood-carving to be seen at the Exhibition is a staircase with double flights built of oak and carved mahogany, exhibited by M. Damon. The baluster rails, very beautiful in pattern, are projected, being supported by a series of brackets. The starting-point of the balusters, as also the upper part on the first floor, are ornamented with small mahogany figures executed after models supplied by the sculptor, M. Gustave Deloye. It is



Bedstead. By M. Louis Majorelle, of Nancy. (See page xxiii.)

conceivable that a person might imagine a prettier piece of work in a dream, but this staircase is really grand in appearance, and the carved work possesses exceptional breadth.

What gives special interest to the excellent features of the different articles of furniture to which we have drawn attention, is the fact that the processes of manufacture are no longer what they were in former times. In almost every workshop of any importance, machine-tools, attended by skilled workmen, have, in many departments, taken the place of the hand labour of former times. In these days the wood is planed and bent to shape by steam, veneer plates are produced by machinery, marquetry work is cut out with an endless saw, and all with an ease and perfection undreamt of by the disciples of Buhl.

The parts are no longer laboriously gouged out, as in former days, but are obtained by means of delicate machinery. The means of production are so thoroughly improved, that work formerly considered of the most costly and complicated kind can nowadays be turned out with remarkable ease and quickness. Even carving itself is on the eve of being brought under the dominion of the machine-tool, for a machine has been invented which, following very accurately the prominences and sinuosities of a plaster model, will incise and carve the wood with an extraordinary degree of fineness.

Amongst the specimens of carving, at the stand of a medallist, are to be seen two bas-reliefs produced by machinery, in respect to which, when the Jury of Admission came round, M. Levillain, the exhibitor of these medallions, had to make a declaration as to the process and materials he employed, for some of our most eminent critics really thought they had been cast in bronze.

However, when once a branch of industry has entered upon a career of progress, there is no improvement that it will not seek to realize, for it is not sufficient for modern enterprise to disinter and apply old processes; its aim is to discover something new, no matter how difficult the search.

In the matter of novelties we find at the stand of M. Damon and M. Schmitt, exhibits which we must not fail to comment upon.

Of late years a great deal of furniture has been manufactured of pitchpine, which wood, so delicate in shade and cool in aspect, has two faults. It is brittle, and consequently carves badly—it is necessary therefore to give it an even surface; and when employed on large surfaces, the fineness of its grain renders it monotonous. To obviate this twofold objection, M. Damon has introduced oil-paintings on the panels of his pitchpine furniture, representing pretty groups of brilliant plants, and flights of birds with dazzling colours. These articles of

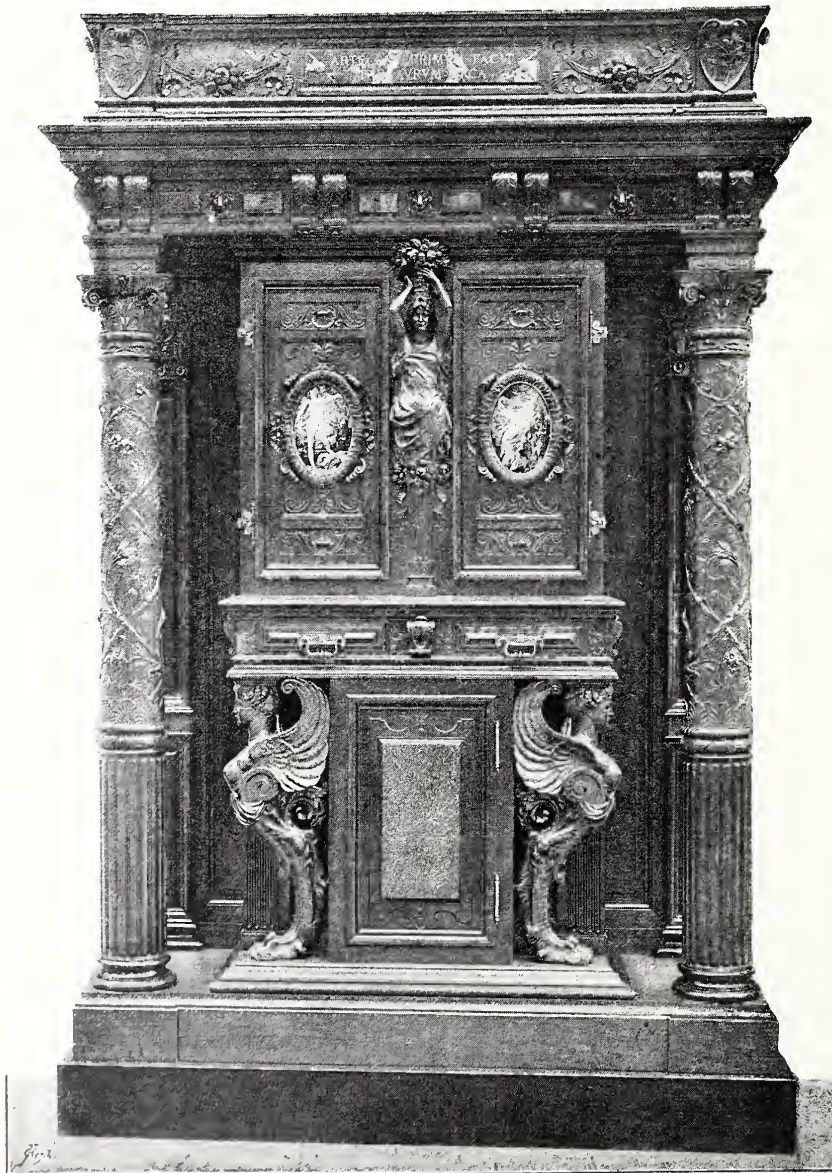
furniture are charming in appearance, and sufficiently attractive, not to say artistic, when the paintings are well executed, to entitle them to a place in the most refined home.

M. Schmitt exhibits a bedroom suite in citron-wood, ornamented with fine carvings in relief, in boxwood and holly. The citron-wood panel is carved out in a series of recesses corresponding with the outlines of the garlands in relief. Into these recesses are plugged wooden blocks, cut to the necessary size to fit into them, after which the whole is dressed, trimmed, and polished with the tool, the result being

that marquetry work is obtained which possesses a fineness equal to that of the most exquisitely chiselled jewellery. The room as executed by means of these new applications by M. Schmitt cost 58,000 francs, whilst that by M. Damon, in pitchpine, cost 485 francs, from which it will be seen that these two innovations are intended to appeal to very different sections of the public. I may add that the beautiful bedstead exhibited by M. Schmitt is also decorated with paintings by M. Ranvier.

It would appear that the painting of furniture has a tendency to come again into fashion. We have noticed at the Exhibition several important pieces of work decorated in the Vernis-Martin style. M. Louveau shows us an entire sleeping apartment,

with a bedstead on the panels of which the artist has endeavoured to reproduce an adaptation of Watteau's 'Voyage à Cythère.' M. Dienst exhibits a handsome buffet with a painting of the same kind. MM. Baur, Gass et Schamber, as well as M. Martin (a name destined to become famous), exhibit a quantity of furniture covered with this same varnish. But M. Louis Majorelle, of Nancy, is the only artist who possesses talent sufficiently marked to give to his productions a character leaving nothing to be desired. His exhibits comprise glass-cases, screens, work-tables, &c. But deserving of special no-



Cabinet. Designed by M. Paul Sedille, and executed by M. Blanqui, of Marseilles.
(See page xxi.)

tice is a bedstead (see illustration, page xxi.), which is a veritable masterpiece for design and richness. This bedstead has the very original form of a sledge, with figures of children carved and gilt in relief at the angles, and bears on its panels handsome mythological compositions, painted in the style of Bourcher, with a breadth and freedom truly remarkable. This assuredly is one of the most artistic exhibits, and if it were the fashion to make a collection of modern furniture this would be instantly secured for display in a museum. There is evidence that the time is not far distant when manufacturers of furniture will recognise it to be their interest to employ real artists for the pictorial ornamentation of their productions. Already we notice the firm of Pleyel exhibiting a piano most beautifully ornamented with paintings by M. Tony Faivre, one of our genuine artists.

While on this subject we must not forget to mention those novelties introduced by the firms of Jeanselme, of Paris, and of Flachat, of Lyons. The former exhibits a most remarkable bedroom, the bedstead, plate-glass wardrobe, toilet-table, and chairs of which are in citron-wood and polished mahogany, and are perfect in execution. Everything in this room reveals exquisite workmanship. But that which makes this fine suite of furniture specially interesting to study is the fact that it belongs to the style of the Empire.

Up till now furniture in this style has been held in very small estimation. According, however, to the taste of the age, it has been the fashion to affect an admiration more or less contagious for the Renaissance style, and the styles of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV. The Louis XVI. style, the fashion of which revived under the auspices of the Empress Eugénie, has enjoyed for twenty years a position which it still holds; but notwithstanding the advent of Napoleon III., and in spite of the very interesting models bequeathed to our generation by Percier and Fontaine, art posterior in date to the great wreck of the French monarchy has been regarded by connoisseurs as of little account. This therefore makes M. Jeanselme's venture a very great piece of daring; and he compels us to admit that he has been thoroughly successful

—thanks to the perfect work which those who have laboured with him have shown themselves capable of. The bedstead, which is particularly interesting, is seen in elevation; the panel at the foot terminates at the top in the graceful curve of a mahogany arch, dominating checkered marquetry in citron-wood, from which stands out, in an harmonious curve, a wreath of roses, blood red in colour and most powerful

in effect. The chairs, too, have been most carefully executed; although, yielding to the spirit of the time, they reveal too much poverty of design. But altogether, however, M. Jeanselme's is one of the most interesting achievements which in all likelihood will mark a new departure.

The firm of M. Flachat has been less hazardous in their attempt, and their efforts have been more modest; yet for all that, they have not been less happy in the line they have struck out for themselves. In 1884 the proprietor of the firm, who, with MM. Vallet Frères and M. Blanqui, of Marseilles, is one of our best provincial cabinet-makers, exhibited a small glass-case absolutely charming in design, of which we here give a reproduction (see page xxiv.). This case, which is in carved and polished walnut, and supported on a handsome console with balusters, is surmounted by a small dome, on a rectangular plan, and is flanked by two caryatides with tapering terminals, which bear the entablature. The design is most happy, and the form graceful, while the ornamentation is marked by extreme simplicity and very great refinement; but it is not in these qualities that the charm of M. Flachat's innovation is to be found; it is in the small gilt recesses, distributed with excellent taste and judgment in the friezes, and in a series of fillets of gold which pick out the principal features of the



Jewel Chest. By M. W. Zwiener. (See page xx.)

ornamentation, which, cut out in the solid wood, stand out boldly defined, thus enabling us to readily catch the artist's idea. Besides, there is nothing that produces better harmony than the tints of old seasoned walnut or oak with gold. The gold also imparts to this kind of work, which is always of somewhat severe aspect, a brightness and richness which the tone of the wood alone lacks; besides which it admits of varying the effects, and of providing what is known as "rest-

ing places." The carved portions, in high relief, retaining their original tone, are completely distinguished from the ornamental portions, which by reason of the gold assume a more defined character.

It is hardly necessary to say that from the moment of its first appearance this successful innovation has been imitated by many other firms. Thus we find M. Vogel exhibiting a number of articles in carved and polished walnut, picked out with ornamental gilding; whilst MM. Potheau Frères exhibit a Louis XV. chimney-piece, decorated in the same manner, which is of charming design. M. Leger also exhibits a wardrobe with plate-glass panels similarly decorated, which to my mind is a great success.

In closing this short account of the furniture exhibited at the Champ de Mars, it remains for me to notice the use—come into fashion within the last few years—of Japan and Chinese lacquers in the manufacture of light and merely ornamental articles of furniture. There are two firms, namely, Bailly, of Tours, and MM. Viardot et Cie., of Paris, who have made a speciality of articles of this description.

I would now say a word or two on that class of drawing-room and other clocks which of late years have assumed the character of veritable cabinet-work productions. There are two firms more particularly who have introduced clocks into their general scheme for the effective decoration of apartments, namely, that of M. Passerat, who exhibits so-called *religieuse* clocks in various styles, and that of M. Planchon, whose exhibition of clocks is like an epitomised history of the not very well known industry of clock-making.

M. Planchon is a collector of curios, and for the last twenty years has been engaged in searching out in France, England, and Germany all kinds of antique specimens, and of copying them with a care and accuracy worthy of the highest praise; and he has been so thoroughly successful that there is hardly a clock made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of which he has not met with the prototype, and that he has not endeavoured, regardless of expense, to reproduce; and this very year he has performed in this direction a veritable *tour de force*.

At Brussels, in the Royal Museum, there is a celebrated picture by Jean Gossaert (known to the Art-world under the name Jean de Maubeuge), which represents Jesus at the house of Simon the Pharisee. On the left of this beautiful picture there is a small bronze clock suspended from the ceiling, the form of which is so graceful, and the construction so dainty, that I have had no hesitation in having a drawing prepared of it for my "Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement,"* as a most

perfect type of the clock-making art at the commencement of the sixteenth century. M. Planchon has reproduced this little *chef d'œuvre*. He has made it of brass, as it was originally made, with a casing of wood to protect it. This is a feat for which the artist deserves the highest praise, especially as the hope of a lucrative return is out of the question in an undertaking so essentially quixotic; and indeed these reproductions are so costly, that even if those who undertake such works succeeded in finding a market for them, they could hardly expect ever again to realise the money spent on their production.

We cannot more fittingly close this minute, if rapid, survey of the French furniture section than by inviting the reader to just glance at the productions of the two noble national manufactories—the Gobelins and the Beauvais. A stroll round this section will be all the more interesting because this year the Beauvais manufactory, contrary to the usual way of exhibiting fabrics, shows us articles of furniture properly finished and upholstered; and as a matter of fact, in order to be able properly to judge the effect of fabrics used in upholstering, it is necessary to see them actually in use on the furniture itself. If we examine the arm-chairs and sofas exhibited by the second of our tapestry manufactories, we shall easily realize the difference between judging of stuffs in chairs and sofas ready upholstered, and of the same stuffs when merely hung by themselves. As for the perfect *technique* displayed in these beautiful textile productions, it is impossible to add anything to the high praises which have already, and justly, been accorded them. The 'Filleule des Fées,' exhibited by the Gobelins manufactory, from a panel of the late M. Mazerolle; 'Les Arts,' from the same manufactory, after the cartoons of Ehrmann, and the ornamental work at the Palais de l'Elysée carried out under the direction of M. Galland, are all masterpieces of execution. It is impossible to surpass the fineness of modelling, the delicacy of colour, and the rich blending of the shades introduced.

It will be seen from the foregoing sketch, that notwithstanding the almost complete absence of foreign artists and manufacturers, the furniture section at this Exhibition yet presents features of remarkable interest. Many other sections, too, are equally attractive; and I hope to have an opportunity later on of pointing out and commenting upon their most striking features, and drawing attention to the excellence and beauty of the various exhibits. But it will be impossible to convey a full idea of the grandeur of this Exhibition as a whole—a show of such magnificence that it makes visitors despair of ever beholding so impressive a sight again.

HENRY HAVARD.



Cabinet. By M. Flachet, of Lyons.
(See page xxiii.)

* See vol. II., plate 61.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

CHAPTER V.

DECORATIVE METAL-WORK.

ART AND FURNITURE BRONZES.

I REMEMBER my old and distinguished friend M. Barbedienne on one occasion remarking to me, that Paris was the best situated of all the places in the world for the founder's art, inasmuch as the valley of the Seine supplied the finest gypsum in which to execute the models, and the best sand obtainable with which to prepare the moulds. According to M. Barbedienne, the Parisians would have been greatly to blame if, with such advantages as these, they had failed to distinguish themselves in the casting of bronze.

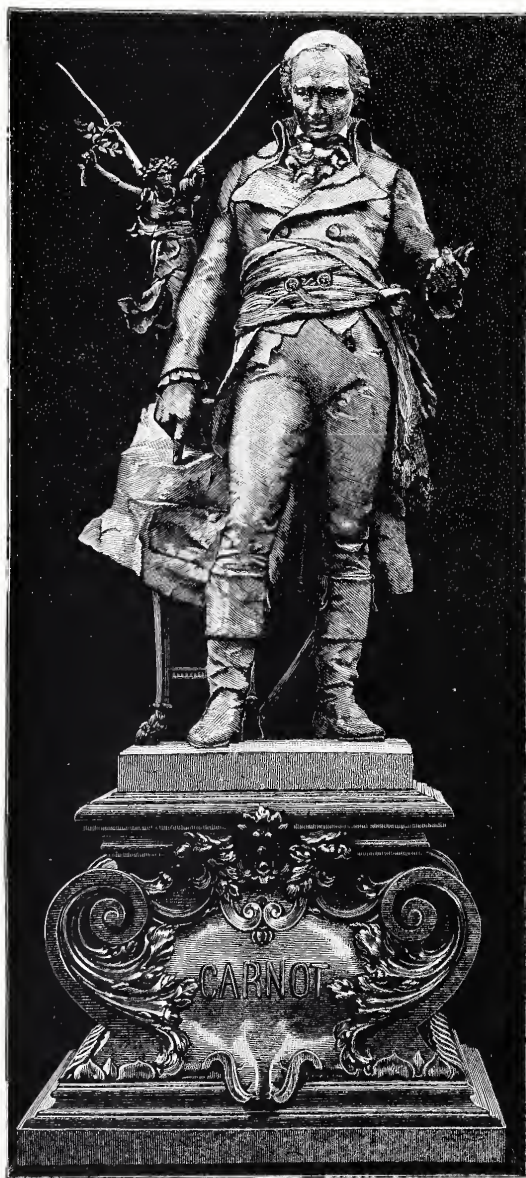
There is no disputing the fact that the Parisians occupy a pre-eminent position in the production of Art and furniture bronzes; and it is a notable circumstance that only one foreign bronze-founder has ventured to send exhibits to the present exhibition, namely M. Chopin, of St. Petersburg, an artist whose name has long been familiar to lovers of Art. It would be unfair, however, to say that this pre-eminence of the Parisian bronze-founders is due simply to the good qualities of the plaster and sand which the Seine valley has so conveniently placed at their disposal. But the great value to artists of these materials was recognised as far back as the sixteenth century by Benvenuto Cellini, when, with Ascanio Desmariz and Paul Romain, he was at work in his famous studio in the Tour de Nesle; and there can be no doubt whatever that their superior character has greatly assisted the Parisian founders in the display of their skill. Neither can it be doubted that Balthazar Keller did in part owe to these excellent materials the perfect character of his celebrated casts, whilst the high character of the works of Edme la Grande, Hemonnet, Picard, and the two Prevosts, who enriched Versailles with so many faultless statues and magni-

ficent vases, is also in some measure traceable to the same cause. Nevertheless, the well-earned reputation of the Parisian founders is due to other causes as well, which it would be unfair not to notice. Foremost amongst these is the singular power and incontestable superiority of the French school of sculpture. When a nation can place to its credit such names as Jean Goujon, Sarrazin, Pujet, Coustou, Coyzevox, Pigalle, Houdon, Rude, Barye, David d'Angers, and Carpeaux; and when among her living artists she can count such sculptors as Dubois, Thomas, Guillaume, Barrias, Chapu, Mercié, Frémiet, Delaplanche, and many others of undisputed merit, it would indeed be a lamentable circumstance if for talents so distinguished it should fail to produce worthy interpreters.

In this respect France has been admirably served. Not only have its sculptors found skilful founders who have helped them to cover Paris and the provinces with excellent groups and statues, but it has been fortunate in possessing artists who, by the perfection of their reductions, have spread amongst the people a taste for works of Art of the highest character, whilst the possession of such reductions has, practically speaking, been placed within the reach of everybody.

In this way no one has better served the cause of Art than M. Barbedienne. In his exhibits, but more particularly at his galleries, will be found a microcosm of the sculptor's art in all parts of the world, and of every period. The most celebrated works of every master are represented—from the time

of Greek antiquity down to the French eighteenth century, and from the Italian Renaissance to the works exhibited at the last Salon. Among French contemporary sculptors the works of Mercié, Dubois, Chapu, and De-



Statue of President Carnot.

laplanche stand out prominently; the works too of De Saint-Marceau, Barrias, and Mathurin Moreau form an equally notable feature; and even such recent works as 'Douleur d'Orphée,' by Verlet, and 'Ishmael,' by Aizelin, have already found a place in this unique collection of reductions of original works, in the selection of which M. Barbedienne has shown very pronounced artistic taste. It has been by a careful application of the various processes of reduction which have in recent years been brought to such a degree of perfection; that M. Barbedienne has succeeded in introducing to the more humble homes of the French people representations of Art of a very high and beautiful character.

But this is not the only service M. Barbedienne has rendered to Art. Under his influence and training there has grown up in France a body of artists highly skilled in the chiselling of bronze, who have learned to subordinate technical skill to the character of the work which they seek to reproduce. This is a triumph for Art which deserves to be placed on record, for it has not been won without difficulty. For a long time artists had, in their reproductions of original works, been prone, in the pride of their skill, to use their chisel too freely, and had imagined to invest such works with a new interest by imparting to them a character personal to themselves. To check the aggressiveness of such collaborators as these, and to force them back within the range of their own proper work as reproducers of original models, many a memorable conflict had to be experienced. It is impossible, however, to overestimate the importance of the victory, inasmuch as the most illustrious artists having become strangely indifferent to personally supervising the casting of their own works, the reproduction of such works must necessarily have fallen into the hands of artists in many cases absolutely unknown to the original authors.

As a matter of fact the days are gone by when sculptors gave personal attention to the casting and completion of their own works. We find now none like Bouchardon, who in his own presence had executed by Varin and Gor those masterpieces of Art of which France has to-day so many examples; or like the celebrated Houdon, who gave tickets to amateurs desirous of attending at his studio in the Rue du Roule to witness the casting of his 'Apollo.' This singular indifference on the part of sculptors has naturally given to the work of our foremost founders an importance which it did not formerly possess; and it is in this way that M. Barbedienne, by his unerring taste and matured experience, has rendered such invaluable service to artists.

In this respect French sculptors are equally indebted to MM. Thiébaud Frères, who give their attention more particularly to the casting of larger works than to reductions; and in the execution of large decorative works, such as the complicated 'La Fontaine,' by M. Dumilâtre (p. xxix), as also in the beautiful reproductions to be seen at the Champs de Mars in the Galerie de Versailles, their work will bear comparison with that of Balthazar Keller and Varin. Among MM. Thiébaud Frères' exhibits we would especially note a jardinière in granite, mounted in gilt bronze, which is of very excellent design.

But MM. Thiébaud Frères and M. Barbedienne do not confine themselves exclusively to Art bronzes; their skill is equally pronounced in the production of furniture bronzes. Of these latter M. Barbedienne has two very notable exhibits, which are somewhat overloaded perhaps, and wanting in simplicity,

but they are nevertheless noble examples of skill: I refer to the superb church clock which appeared at the Exhibition of 1878, and to the cabinet, the latest design of Constant Sevin (p. xxx), in the production of which this talented artist exhausted all the resources of his genius.

Among the exhibits of M. Barbedienne we notice a jardinière in red and brown-spotted marble, mounted in gilt bronze, also an enamelled picture in a gilt bronze frame (p. xxxi.) These are excellent productions, in regard to both design and workmanship.

We must not fail, also, to point out the furniture bronzes exhibited by M. Levillain, which comprise lamps, a magnificent basin, some exquisite bouquet-holders designed by M. Barrias, candelabra of the richest pattern, *torchères* (lamps supported by

figures), mantel-clocks, candlesticks, flower-stands, and other articles, all of which are perfect in point of execution.

The same faultless workmanship is noticeable in the bronzes exhibited in the same section by many other firms. Prominent amongst these are M. Denière and MM. Beurdeley et Dasson. The furniture of the latter firm is particularly notable, both in regard to the perfection of the bronze work and to the admirable finish of the cabinet work. But MM. Beurdeley et Dasson and M. Denière alike give little attention to anything but reproductions, and even if they chance to design anything new, they cling so tenaciously to certain uncompromising reminiscences that a visitor might imagine he were looking at a copy of some unknown work by Caffieri, Hervieux, Duplessis, Masquillier, or some other master of the eighteenth century. The admirable bureau-desk which M. Dasson exhibits is an instance of this; indeed, this production is worthy the best periods of French metal-



Table Centrepiece. Designed by M. Cameri. Executed by M. Fauvelle. (See p. xxx.)

work. The same, too, may be said of the screen exhibited by M. Beurdeley, whilst the mouldings from Clodion by



Tankard. By MM. H. Cameri and Isidore Bonheur. (See p. xxx.)

M. Denière would appear to have been chiselled by Thomire himself.

With somewhat less finish in workmanship, and with a character more novel and practical, we find at the Champ de Mars a large number of other remarkable specimens of work in bronze, amongst which we may note the lamps, chandeliers, and *torchères* exhibited by MM. Lacarrière et Delatour; two *torchères* designed by M. E. Robert, and two candelabra, the designs of M. Germain, exhibited by the firm of Houdebine. We must further mention the flower-stands, mantel-clocks, small card-tables, mounted vases, censers, *lampadairès*, and many other articles, shown by MM. Raings Frères, Lerolle Frères, Gagneau, and Fernand Gervais, all of which are really fine productions, being characterized by beautiful workmanship, boldness of design, and skilful chasing.

Among exhibits which are not of an ordinary character, we must not fail to mention a glass case, the idea for which was suggested by the celebrated clock executed in the eighteenth century by Passement and Dauthiau, which still adorns the Palais de Versailles. This beautiful piece of work, which is exhibited by M. Millet the elder, is the more interesting inasmuch as the original, far from deteriorating in the process of transformation, has really gained in proportion, solidity of aspect, and balance. Indeed, the somewhat scanty forms of Dauthiau have acquired in this new adaptation considerable boldness and amplitude.

I must not omit to mention, also, the monumental mantel-

clock exhibited by M. Colin. Conceived by M. Piat, and one of his happiest ideas, this clock consists of a kind of stela in marble, in front of which are a nymph and a Cupid carved in relief, and carefully modelled by M. Steiner. The nymph holds in her hand an arrow, with which she points at the upper part of the shaft, on which the clock rests. The clock is a beautiful piece of work, and is somewhat novel in design. The figures are very graceful and lifelike, whilst the clock as a whole is characterized by good workmanship.

M. Colin, like M. Barbedienne, makes a point of producing reductions of interesting contemporary works in sculpture. Amongst his exhibits we find works bearing the signatures of Mariston, Henri Cordier, Coutan, Gautherin, Mathurin Moreau, and many other *dii minores*, which are not only skilfully executed, but show a proper respect for the original models.

Before bringing the account of this section to a close, we must glance at M. More's exhibits, in which will be found collected together all the works of M. Frémiet. This conscientious artist, a pupil and co-worker of Barye, has on more than one occasion proved himself a faithful imitator of his master, for whom he has always shown the greatest respect. M. Frémiet, who is himself a distinguished chaser of metals and perfectly conversant with bronze work, personally superintended the execution of the whole of these exhibits; and it is hardly necessary to remark that they acquire additional interest in consequence of this personal supervision. Lovers of fine and carefully executed statuary will here find many choice pieces of work, such as the 'Saint Georges,' the 'Duc d'Orléans,' the 'Saint-Michel,' the 'Credo,' the 'Petit Faune,' and the 'Grand Condé,' as also fine horses and beautiful



Kettle in silver repoussé work. Messrs. Tiffany & Co., New York.

domestic cats, all works which have helped to build up the fame of the author of 'Jeanne d'Arc.'

With these homely yet highly artistic exhibits we must bring to a close our remarks on Art and furniture bronzes. My survey of this section cannot fail, I think, to show the very honourable position in regard to this class of productions occupied by French artists.

GOLDSMITHS' WORK.

The arts of the bronze-worker and the goldsmith, which in former days were kept strictly apart one from the other, in these days resolve themselves at more than one point into one. The corporate enactments under which the goldsmiths of earlier times were compelled not merely to work in gold and silver alone, but to employ these metals in only a certain degree of fineness, have disappeared with the conditions of society which gave them birth. By abolishing guilds and privileged corporations, and by the final emancipation of trade and industry, the French Revolution made a clean sweep of these distinctions, which to us in these modern days seem so singularly subtle.

This fact will explain why M. Barbedienne, who prides himself on being a worker in bronze, displays at the Champ de Mars veritable specimens of goldsmith's work, and why, on the other hand, MM. Christoffe et Beuilhet, who are at the head of one of the largest firms engaged in the goldsmith's art, exhibit articles in brass, bronze and nickel on a very extensive scale—and this, too, without provoking either criticism or jealousy. How our forefathers would be shocked could they return and behold this, to them, grievous confusing of distinct handicrafts! The work, too, of the goldsmith and jeweller, whose arts a century and a-half ago were similarly regarded as two separate handicrafts, now form one industry. Thus if visitors will examine at the Champ de Mars the exhibits of MM. Poussiel Rusand, Trioullier, Armand

Caillat and Brunet, who devote their decorative skill to the embellishment of our cathedrals and churches, an opportunity will be afforded them of admiring altars complete with reedos and monumental accessories, candelabra, sanctuary rails, and *torchères*, in engraved and gilt brass, which are all productions coming properly within the crafts of the brassworker and gilder. There may also be seen chalices, pyxes, monstrances, and reliquaries chased in silver and gold, which work belongs strictly to the art of the goldsmith; and lastly, sacred trinkets, and similar articles, which formerly consti-

tuted jewellers' work. These latter objects are very interesting to study. Every year bands of pilgrims start from all parts of France on a visit to one or the other of the miraculous sanctuaries of Fourvière, Lourdes, and Notre-Dame de la Salette, and as it is always considered bad policy on the part of suppliants for special grace to present themselves at the shrine empty-handed, the pilgrims club together a long time beforehand, and order some trinket or piece of jewellery to be made, which the leader of the company, at the proper time, deposits upon the altar of the revered saint. But pious women are in many cases not content with merely contributing money towards the present, but carry their jewels to the goldsmith, who ingeniously incorpo-

rates them in the votive offering in the course of manufacture. Thus at the Champ de Mars we find M. Trioullier exhibiting a splendid monstace, sunlike in form, in which are displayed bracelets, earrings, and necklaces, the contributions of devout women.

Coming again, after this slight digression, to the question of the overlapping of handicrafts which at one time were regarded as forming distinct industries, we may remark that in the jewellery section, which is completely apart from that devoted to goldsmith's work, furniture and utensils in silver



Chimney-piece. By M. Flachet, of Lyons.

are to be seen belonging exclusively to the goldsmiths' art. MM. Bapst et Falize, who style themselves jewellers, also exhibit candelabra, mantel-clocks, and table-centrepieces in silver, which I shall have occasion presently to notice more fully. In the glass case of M. Boucheron we find displayed a silver tray and tea-service admirably chased and finished; and a little farther on MM. Gaillard et Fils exhibit small boxes and caskets similarly chased, and M. Bourdier some toilet ornaments.

It has seemed to me advisable on several grounds to draw attention to this curious overlapping of industries which were in former years distinctly separate. In the first place it will show those who desire to study the productions of the French goldsmiths that they must be prepared to inspect three different classes of exhibits; and in the next place, this tendency to fusion is admirably characteristic of the transformation which has taken place in the classification of the industrial arts within the limits of one century.

Under the old *régime* handicrafts were classified exclusively in view of the materials in which the work was done, and not with regard to the style of the work, or to its uses. But in modern times this has been entirely changed. Materials, so far as the classification of handicrafts is concerned, constitute but a secondary consideration; it is the work put into the material that is now considered the principal distinguishing feature of a craft. This is a point we must not lose sight of in studying the industries of earlier times.

It will be found, also, to give a greater interest to the present Exhibition, which claims to be not only international, but also representative of the sum of industrial progress which may be placed to the credit of a great nation during the hundred years which have elapsed since the Revolution.

There is another curious circumstance which it may not be out of place to observe in a notice of this kind, and that is, that with an increase in the supply of gold and silver, there has been a falling off in great examples of the goldsmith's art. In the Middle Ages, when the precious metals were scarce, the goldsmiths attained to a wealth of production that seems almost beyond belief. The gold plate belonging to

King Charles V., in 1380, amounted to no less than 3,879 marks, or 2,130 pounds weight of fine gold. Three hundred years later, Louis XIV., the most illustrious of modern French kings, possessed hardly one-third this weight in gold locked up in furniture; and when exactly a century ago Louis XVI. sent his plate to the Mint, and invited his faithful subjects to follow his example, that great coining establishment received, during an interval of ten months, no more than 739 marks of gold, or about 400 pounds weight.

The possession and ostentatious display of the precious metals were to the kings and princes of the Middle Ages the most overpowering means of impressing their subjects with an

idea of their power. At a time, too, when no such thing as public credit existed, furniture and articles of silver and gold constituted the most profitable investment for hoarded wealth.

Even as late as the eighteenth century, such was the abundance of goldsmith's work, that at most of the inns in large French towns, as well as at the Parisian taverns, customers were served in vessels of silver. But at the present time it would be impossible to find more than twenty great houses belonging to the nobility or rich financiers in which silver plate is sufficiently abundant to make up a complete service of twenty-four covers. In all French restaurants, as also in many middle-class families, silver is replaced by plated-copper services, and we may add that when, in 1852, Napoleon III. had the splendid *service de l'Empereur* made, which was destined for



Monument to La Fontaine. By M. Dumilâtre. Reproduced by MM. Thiébaud Frères. (See p. xxvi.)

use on State occasions, the order was given to the firm of Christofle, and the service was made in plated copper. Nevertheless, the cost of its production amounted to no less than 1,300,000 francs.

After this it would appear as if the goldsmith's craft were destined to disappear altogether, or at least that it has lost the position it occupied in former days. But this is not so, for at the present time work is being produced quite equal to any of former times; and if the celebrated goldsmiths of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the Ballins, the Debonnaires, the Viaucourts, the de Villers, the Loirs, the Germain, the Lempereurs, and the Augustes—could revisit

this world, they would surely feel proud of the Fannières, the Falizes, the Froment-Meurices, and the Odiots, who have been their worthy successors.

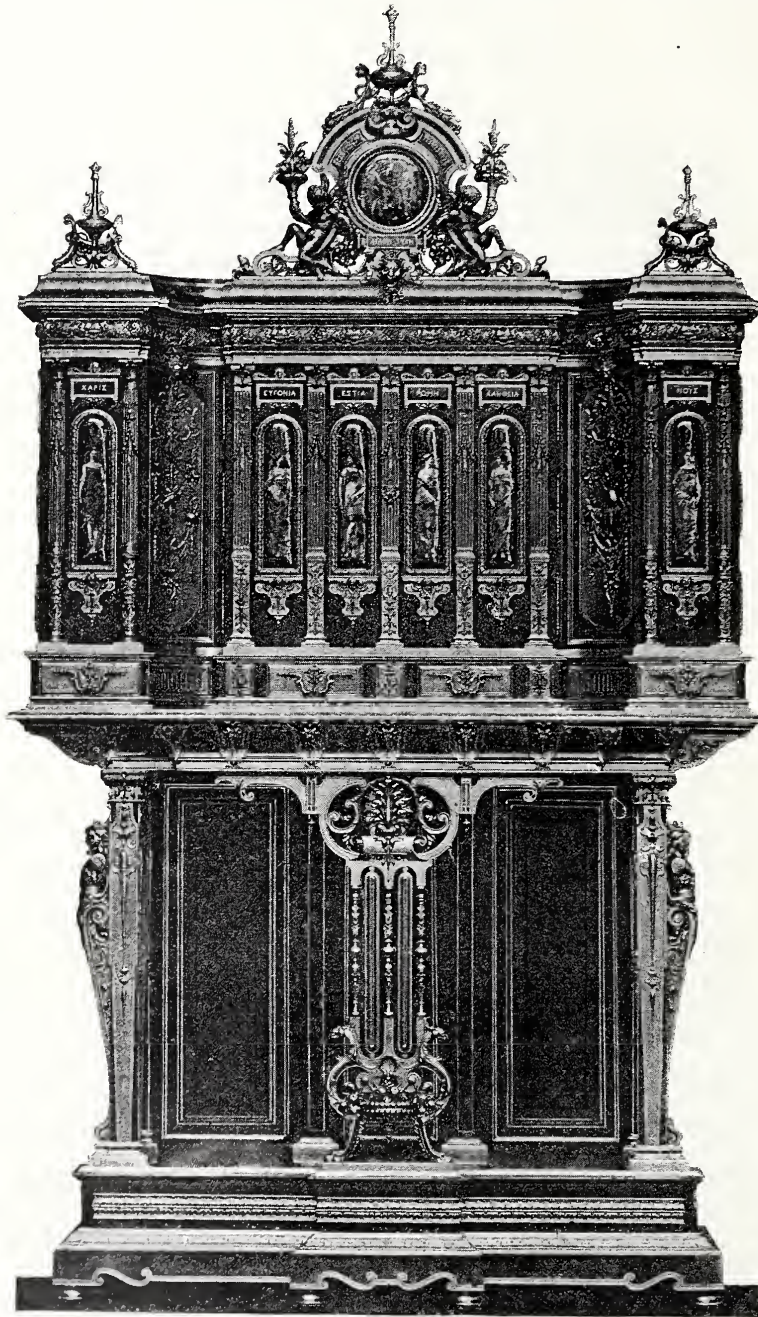
The indifferent interest shown by the crowd has in no way prevented French goldsmiths producing, even at their own personal risk, costly pieces of work, nor in designing such works have they been backward in applying to the most celebrated artists of our time for their assistance. The large vase exhibited by M. Froment-Meurice is a masterpiece. The design for it was prepared by M. Sédille the architect, whilst M. Allard the sculptor supplied the patterns for the leading features in the ornamentation. The outline of the vase is grand, though perhaps the vase itself is a little too massive; the ornamentation is full of vigour, whilst the style of it gives evidence of a talented artist. This superb but useless production has cost its exhibitor 60,000 francs, and M. Froment-Meurice is not yet quite certain that he will ever find a customer for it.

We must point out at this same stand two precious souvenirs, namely, the sword of Admiral Courbet, a loan from the Museum of Amiens, and the table-centrepiece presented by the ladies of Paris to the Princess Amelie on the occasion of her marriage with the Duke of Braganza (p. xxvi.). This centrepiece, which is not only charming in design, but reveals excellent workmanship, takes the form of the ship of the City of Paris, supported by two naiads—La Seine and La Marne. This group rests upon a solid architectural base in silver and blood-red jasper. It was designed by Henri Cameri, the chasing being the work of M. Fauvelle. The naiads were modelled by M. Chapu. Close at hand, too, we notice a challenge cup by M. de Saint-Marceaux, and a silver jug in *repoussé* work, the model for which was supplied by M. Lechevallier-Chevignard. It will thus be seen that the Parisian goldsmiths are not content with merely employing highly skilled workmen, but

that when necessary they seek the assistance of the foremost draughtsmen and sculptors of the age.

This collaboration is also met with in the exhibits of many other goldsmiths. M. Christofle, for instance, shows a large number of testimonials and prizes, the creations of illustrious artists. Here, too, may be seen the handsome group, modelled by M. Delaplanche, which was presented to M.

Dietz Monnin at the close of the Exhibition of 1878. The Jockey Club prize for 1879, won by Baron de Rothschild, and representing Victory, is the work of the late M. Carrier-Belleuse, an artist whose death was widely lamented; whilst the Jockey Club prize for 1886, belonging to Baron Shikler, is the work of M. Mercié, the sculptor. There is also a challenge cup in chased silver (p. xxvii), around the body of which are displayed cavaliers in antique style. Upon the lid of this tankard is Neptune, in complete relief, riding upon his sea-horses. This is the design of Henri Cameri, the reliefs being modelled by Isidore Bonheur. There are also a number of other prizes intended for agricultural shows, and distributed periodically by the French Government, which are the work of MM. Falguière, Longepied, Hiolle, Gautherin, and Coutan. An idea of the elegance of these beautiful designs can be formed from the illustration given on p. xxxii. The salvers, too, engraved by M. Roty, as also the vases of M. Levillain, are not less valuable as specimens of Art workmanship.



Cabinet. Designed by M. Constant Sevin. Executed by M. Barbedienne.
(See p. xxvi.)

If from groups, vases, and statuettes for prize distribution we pass on to exhibits of gold and silver plate, we shall observe that in these productions also the firm of Christofle engages the services of men whose talent is not a whit less pronounced. For instance, we come across a tea-table built up in two stages, of wonderful execution, designed by M. Godin and modelled by M. Mallet; a tea-service and also a coffee-pot covered with arabesques by M. Levillain; and

two coffee-services by Chéret and Carrier-Belleuse. We notice also at this stand a number of table-centrepieces,



"Urania" Clock. By MM. Bopst et Falize. (See p. xxxii.)

soup-tureens, and candelabra of a superb character, which, notwithstanding they are in plated bronze, are the work of celebrated artists.

By the side of these productions MM. Christoffe et Cie. exhibit some less pretentious articles, as well as some of their famous knives and forks in nickel plate, which latter constitute their staple production. I may add that this firm is one of very great importance on the Continent, and it is said that during the forty years of its existence it has sent to the Mint, for stamping, silver plate amounting in value to no less than 55,000,000 francs.

It may be interesting to mention here the Brothers Fanniére, who, similarly to MM. Christoffe et Cie., employ in the production of works of Art every orthodox method of manufacture, without considering whether or not they will find a market for them. The Brothers Fanniére so completely enter into every process of their craft as to personally design their models, make drawings of them, fashion them in wax, cast them in plaster, dress them with the graver, and finally cast

and chase them. Their productions have thus a special stamp absolutely personal to themselves. Everything they produce, from the largest work, such as the table-centrepiece 'Le Printemps,' which they have just completed for M. Teyssier, down to such small articles as salt-cellars and metal-topped decanter stoppers, bears the impress of their genius. If we closely examine these perfectly balanced and well-executed works of Art, it will be impossible to repress our astonishment, for the smallest details reveal remarkable amplitude and finish. We must note, too, a cooling-vessel and a challenge prize, the latter won by M. André in 1887 (p. xxxii.). Of all French goldsmiths, the Brothers Fanniére stand pre-



Enamelled Picture in a Gilt Bronze Frame. Modelled by Constant Sevin. Executed by M. Barbedienne. (See p. xxvi.)

eminent for the clever use they make in their work of the human figure. There is nothing meagre in the most de-

licate of their compositions. The figures are modelled with sureness, the attitudes are natural, and the muscles



Agricultural Prize: The Market Porter. Modelled by Coutan. Executed by MM. Christofle et Cie. (See p. xxx.)

seem instinct with life. It is impossible not to admire amongst their exhibits the simple sauce-boats ornamented with Tritons, the splendid form of which possesses the repose of a colossal work. Salt-cellars, supported by beautiful naiads, seem as if they were natural-sized statues reduced by a kind of mirage to diminutive proportions.

MM. Bapst et Falize have also produced, though perhaps with less originality, a considerable display of goldsmith's work of a high quality. The handsome massive silver candelabra they exhibit; the tasteful mantel-clocks, covered with small figures and graceful ornamentation; their beautiful 'Urania' clock in carved ivory, mounted in silver, gold, and enamel (page xxxi.), as also their splendid table-centrepieces, take rank amongst works of the highest character.

Amongst designers of original works we must also mention M. Vernaz, son-in-law to M. Vechte, the illustrious *orfèvre* who flourished in the reign of Louis Philippe. M. Vernaz, in collaboration with his wife, has done some *repoussé*

work which, if somewhat old-fashioned, is nevertheless characterized by great delicacy. In the same rank, too, we must place M. Dufresne de St. Léon, who, in emulation of Benvenuto Cellini, endeavours to place before us, in the form of enormous cups and vases and magnificent pedestals, the generous inspirations of his powerful fancy.

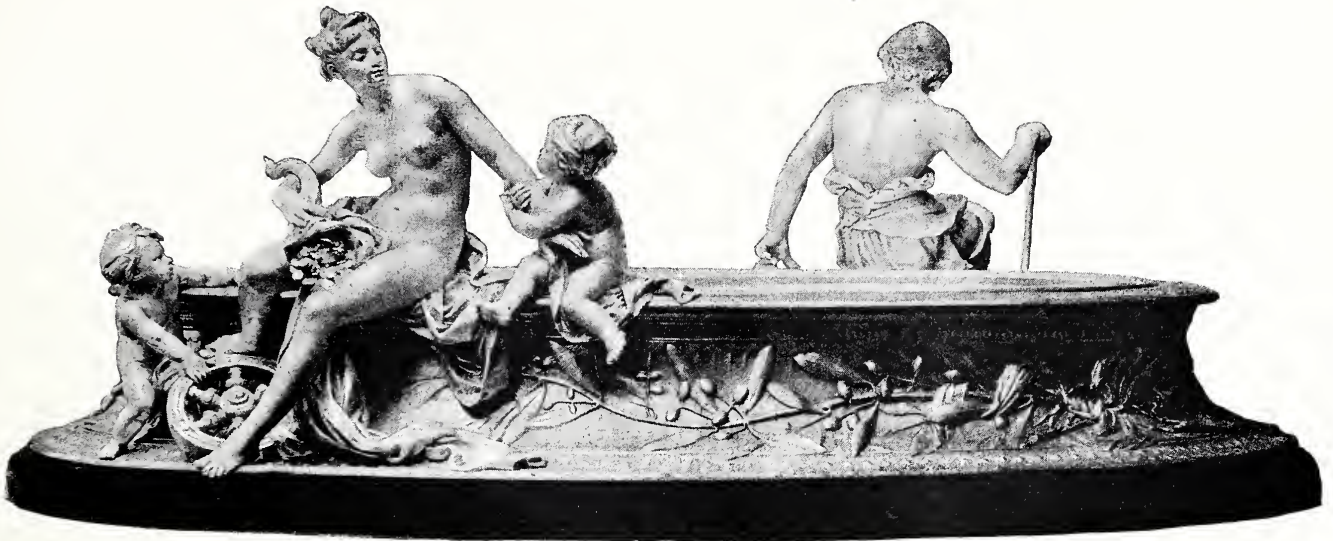
Amongst goldsmiths who, without setting themselves up as creators of original designs, are content to produce admirable dinner-services and toilet ornaments, soup-tureens, cooling-vessels, table-centrepieces, and articles of a like nature, we may mention MM. Boin-Taburet, Mérite, Boivin, Fray, Bachelet, Michaud, Louis le Roy, Aucoc, Guerchet, Debain, and Têtard, all of whom have sent to the Champ de Mars very noteworthy exhibits, which afford proof, if proof were needed, that perfect examples of goldsmith's work are still produced, notwithstanding the existence in later years of circumstances adverse to the development of the goldworker's craft. We may even venture to assert that French manufacturers have attained, during the last ten years, a decided degree of progress, both as regards form and workmanship; and this too in work of the commonest kind. Indeed, those who engage in inferior and purely imitative goldsmith's work are nowadays supplied with models of great excellence, of which we have a proof in the exhibits of M. Boulenger; and with



Challenge Prize. Designed and executed by MM. Faunière Frères. (See p. xxxi.)

this observation I must bring to a close my review of goldsmiths' productions in the French section.

HENRY HAVARD.



Jardinière Centrepiece in Silver. Executed by MM. Bapst et Falize. (See p. xxxii.)

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

CHAPTER VI.

DECORATIVE METAL-WORK.

GOLDSMITH'S WORK.

IN my remarks on goldsmith's work I should have liked to have given some attention to the productions of foreign countries; but it would be obviously unfair to judge of foreign productions by the few examples exhibited at the Champ de Mars by the several nations who have thought fit to take part in the present Exhibition. It is evident, for instance, that England, of whom the French goldsmiths have at different periods so largely borrowed, could hardly claim to be completely represented by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company of Regent Street, and the Goldsmiths' Alliance of Cornhill. It will, therefore, be seen how difficult it is in this case to pass judgment.

The only two original productions I have come across in the foreign sections are those sent in by M. Herman Böhm, of Vienna, and by M. Chlebnikoff, of St. Petersburg, the latter of whom displays a set of massive silver articles with gilt reliefs. These are very striking, and are thoroughly characteristic of Russian production. He also exhibits productions of the goldsmith's art in *cloisonné* enamel work, of a geometrical pattern. These latter articles, in which M. Chlebnikoff has successfully sought to produce harmonious effects by ingenious contrasts in blue and green, reveal remarkable taste and skillfulness. M. Böhm, however, does not so much exhibit specimens of goldsmith's work proper, as smaller articles in enamelled copper, such as cases, cups, and diminutive



Jardinière in Marble, mounted in Gilt Bronze. Executed by M. Barbedienne. (See p. xxvi.)

cabinets, decorated with pictures executed with most elaborate minuteness. There are some small boats, too, the sails of



Portion of Service designed by M. Levillain. Executed by MM. Christofle et Cie. (See p. xxx.)

which are painted with pictures of sacred subjects. Indeed, great skilfulness with the brush, as also a considerable amount of artistic feeling, are distinguishable in these minute productions; and amongst other beautiful designs, we observe graceful swans in lapis-lazuli, standing out in their lovely blue relief against a background of silver-gilt *cloisonné* work.

DECORATIVE WORK IN LEAD AND TIN.

It remains for me now, in order to complete my observations on the subject of metals as employed in the construction of furniture, to make a few remarks in respect to lead and tin as worked by the founder. Those who have given any attention at all to the artistic study of furniture will know how extensively these metals were employed by former generations. For ten centuries in succession lead was used for the purpose of external ornamentation, and notably for the spires and roofs of cathedrals and churches. Lead was also used in casting statues, and the groups and figures in lead to be seen in the Versailles Gardens is an evidence of how completely casting in this metal was appreciated during the reign of Louis XVI.

In earlier times tin was considered one of the precious metals, and until the discovery of porcelain, the table services in use in such middle-class families as could not go to the expense of silver plate was wholly made of this metal.

For a century past the making of articles in both lead and tin has fallen off. There seems, however, no good reason for the now comparative disuse of these metals. It was, therefore, with no little interest that I noticed amongst the exhibits of MM. Thiébaud Frères a magnificent garden vase executed in lead, which is characteristically bold in conception; and it was with a pleasure no less keen that I admired the charming examples of work in tin which M. Brateaux displays with such excellent good taste in his novel glass-case.

We have not yet forgotten the elegant and beautifully executed masterpieces designed in this style by the tinsmiths of the Renaissance, and all lovers of Art are familiar with the ewer and bason of 'La Tempérance,' the merit of which made the name of Briot famous. We therefore feel indebted to M. Brateaux for producing a copy of this celebrated model, and his work is certainly sufficiently perfect in style to challenge comparison with its admirable prototype.

M. Brateaux also exhibits a collection of dishes, plates, and glove cases, all designed with exquisite taste, and marked by a finish leaving nothing to be desired (see illustration, p. xiv.). It is true that handicraftsmen of former times did work equally good, but they certainly did nothing to surpass it.

It will be seen from this rapid survey that the Exhibition at the Champ de Mars offers to lovers of bronze and goldsmith's work numerous and valuable subjects for study; whilst it must afford great satisfaction to know that these two highly interesting arts have made very marked progress during the last ten years; and indeed, if we go still farther back, we shall be forced to admit that in the course of the past



Coffee-pot designed by M. Levillain. Executed by MM. Christofle et Cie. (See p. xxx.)

century our artists have by no means degenerated in their ability to produce exquisite and original work.

HENRY HAVARD.

CHAPTER VII.

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PAINTING.

FEW nobler or more interesting collections have been brought together than that which, at the Exposition Universelle, is intended to illustrate French Art for the period from 1789 to 1878—the date of the last exhibition. It consists



Agricultural Prize: Going to the Fields. Modelled by M. Gautherin. Executed by MM. Christofle et Cie. (See p. xxx.)

mainly of oil paintings and sculpture, produced during the period designated, but includes also separate departments for water-colours, charcoal, sanguine, pencil and other drawings, and engravings, which appropriately complete the two main sections. This vast exhibition does not, however, altogether give what it professes to do, a complete representation of French Art during the hundred years which have elapsed since the first French Revolution. One side of that art during the first thirty or forty years after 1789—and that the most distinctive—is so meagrely illustrated, that it is still necessary,

in forming a judgment on the style of the time, to have recourse to the Louvre, where, in the Salon de la Méduse and the new Salle des États, the most celebrated works which gave peculiar colour to the style of the century during its first years, still remain.

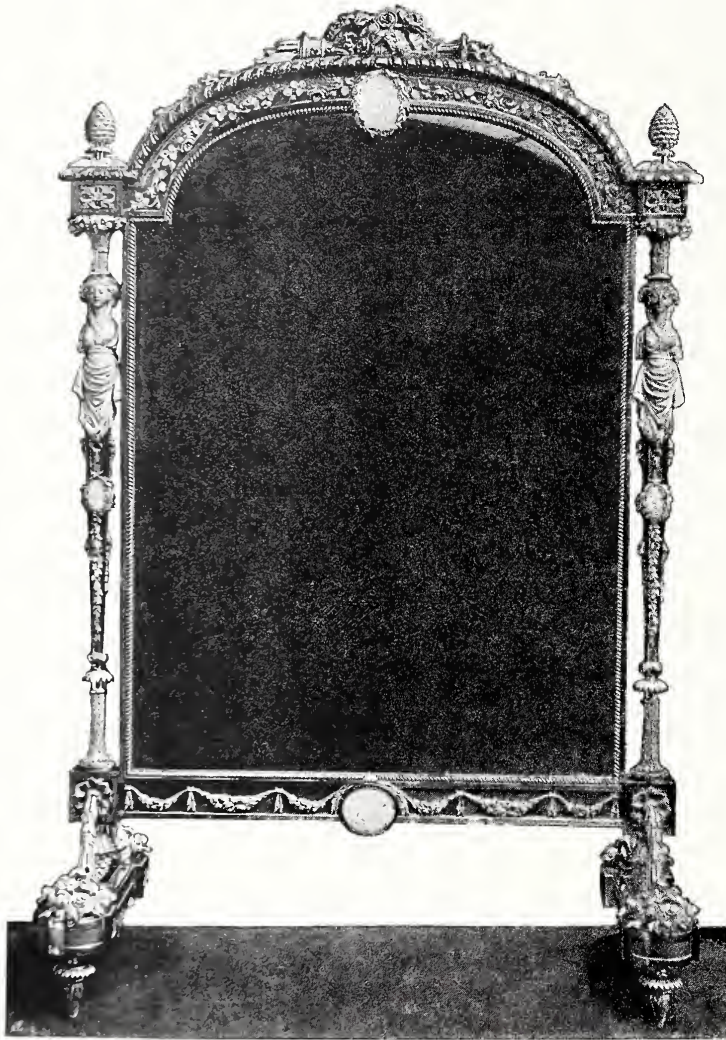
The procession opens with some paintings and water-colours by Fragonard (poor "Frago," who strove so hard and so unsuccessfully at the end to accommodate himself to the new order of things!), by Greuze, Hubert Robert, and other artists of the expiring eighteenth century, about whom it is not



Candelabrum. Designed by M. Mathurin Moreau. Executed by MM. Christofle et Cie. (See p. xxxi.)

necessary to say much on the present occasion. David is not seen here as the stern pseudo-Roman, the destroyer of the elegant frivolities of his time, the painter whose aggressive classicity was as much political as artistic. He shines

chiefly as one of the noblest and simplest among the portrait-painters of the last years of the eighteenth and the early years



Screen. Mounted in Gilt Bronze. Executed by M. Beurdeley.
(See p. xxvii.)

of the nineteenth century, throwing aside all the self-imposed conventionalities of his style, and becoming, in his observation of contemporary humanity, almost a realist. His masterpiece is certainly the great 'Coronation of Joséphine by Napoleon I.,' from Versailles, which has until now never been appreciated at its true value. The *ordonnance* of a composition especially difficult to distribute, is admirable, the colouring more transparent and less dull than usual, and the numerous portraits which make up the work both true and full of dignity. For a show-piece of the kind, painted to order as it must have been, it has few if any equals. The charming portrait of 'Lavoisier with his Wife,' by the same master, still smacks strongly of the graces of the eighteenth century, while that of Mme. Récamier (lent by the Government) is all David's own. For an illustration of his Græco-Roman phase, we must have recourse to the 'Sabines,' 'Les Horaces,' and 'Bélisaire,' of the Louvre. Prud'hon's exquisite art, in its Leonardesque phase, is mainly illustrated by drawings, none of his greater imaginative works, such as the 'Justice poursuivant le Crime,' being here. As a portrait-painter, the fine full-length of Talleyrand in an Empire court-dress of red and gold, sufficiently characterizes the master.

Neither Girodet-Trioson, Gérard, nor Guérin, those followers of the style of David who were in their own day painters of the highest renown, are here represented by the academic nudities which they affected. To understand their cold and falsely classical manner, we must see the 'Déluge' and the 'Chactas and Atala' of the first, the 'Psyché recevant le premier baiser de l'Amour' of the second, and the 'Marcus-Sextus' of the third—all now at the Louvre. Another phase of Gérard's art is, however, favourably illustrated by his celebrated portrait of Madame Récamier. The two precursors of the movement of 1830, Gros and Géricault, are also inadequately represented; the former, who in the famous 'Pestiférés de Jaffa' broke away so courageously from the precepts of his master David, appears at the Exhibition with a trivial and mannered work, 'Louis XVIII. leaving Fontainebleau in 1815,' in which he seems to have returned to the fold, and to have again submitted in his maturity to his



Loving Cup. Manufactured by the Royal Worcester Porcelain Company for Messrs. A. B. Daniell and Sons. (See p. xvi)

master's influence. Géricault's passionate art is illustrated by some minor works—among them an admirable study of horses

—and by his portrait, painted by himself, in which he appears, though he died in 1824, before the movement reached its cli-



Vase in repoussé silver, ornamented with stones. Designed by M. Paul Sédille. Executed by Froment-Meurice. (See p. xxx.)

max, as a *romantiste* of the purest water. The high priest of romanticism, Eugène Delacroix, is not seen here to the greatest advantage, since neither the 'Massacre de Scio,' the 'Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople,' nor the early 'Dante et Virgile'—all of which now form part of the national collection—are contributed. If the large 'Bataille de Taillebourg' is hardly very convincing, true passion is shown in the '28 Juillet, 1830,' lent by the Louvre; and in one of the numerous versions of the 'Médée.' Delacroix's great rival and contemner, Ingres, is, so far as finished works are concerned, hardly in a better plight than his contemporary. The painter of the 'Apothéose d'Homère,' the 'Source,' the 'Œdipe,' is not fairly represented by the crowded and tiresome 'St. Symphorien,' or the one or two over-smooth and garish portraits which here bear his name. However, luckily for those who desire to preserve unimpaired their admiration of an undeniably fine and authoritative master, there is contained in the show of the Champ de Mars a whole

1889.

series of his superb pencil portraits of contemporaries, displaying a life, a subtle power of divination, with a restrained mastery of execution, such as would justify his great reputation, did they stand alone. By a too little-known painter of the period, Bouchot, is a most dramatic and altogether admirable representation of the '18 Brumaire,' dated 1840. Among the *romantistes*, Déveria and Delaroche are brought into sufficient but not excessive prominence—the latter with his once-admired 'Cromwell devant le Cercueil de Charles I.' Decamps—the poet of the East, and one of the first among modern Frenchmen to face the full splendour of the sun—must, to be thoroughly known, be studied, above all, at Manchester House, in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace. His art is, however, duly illustrated here by more than one fine work, including a superb eastern 'Court-yard;' and, above all, by a vast water-colour, showing, as it would appear, for the picture is not named, a tremendous battle, not of armies alone, but of whole barbaric nations; a marvel of poetic illumination, fine design, and splendid energy of delineation. This picture, which comes to us as a surprise, is at the Champ de Mars so badly hung as to attract less attention than it deserves. Marilhat, whose Eastern and Egyptian scenes sometimes rival those of Decamps, though his touch has more hardness and opacity, is poorly represented; while we find nothing by Benouville, whose beautiful 'Mort de St. François d'Assise' adorns the Louvre, and nothing noticeable by the most gifted among the followers of Ingres, Hippolyte Flandrin, whose exquisite nude study of a youth the Louvre might have been asked to contribute.

The great Barbizon school is on the whole admirably illustrated; even though, in the vast saloons and on the overcrowded walls of the Exhibition, it must unavoidably be seen at a certain disadvantage.

Here are some of the choicest productions of Corot, that most classical of masters, by reason of his unerring power of generalising on the firm basis of natural truth. By the side of not a few canvases which were recently seen at Messrs. Goupil's exhibition, including the delicious grey 'Lac de Garde,' are the large 'Bain de Diane,' the famous 'Biblis,' and above all a most admir-



Jardinière in Granite. Executed by MM. Thiébaud Frères. (See p. xxvi.)

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able evening landscape, in which are seen nymphs advancing to crown with garlands a terminal statue of Pan: this has a pathetic yet not a mournful beauty, which it is hard



Vase. Manufactured by Messrs. W. Brownfield and Sons, Cobridge. (See p. xvi.)

to define in mere words. Some of the earliest productions of the great master are most interesting, as showing his timid and painstaking notation of nature in the beginning of his career. Jean-François Millet, if he does not after all triumph at the Champ de Mars with the 'Angélus'—of which, however, a small pastel version is here—is represented by an even greater and more characteristic work, 'L'Homme à la Houe,' by the large 'Tondeuse de Brebis,' the 'Tueurs de Cochons,' by M. Coquelins's 'Fileuse,' and many other fine works, which must surely silence the petty and insincere detractors of the great painter who have lately sprung up among the younger generation of artists in France. Moreover, in the retrospective section of drawings a whole wall is devoted to Millet's pastels, which include a version of the

well-known 'l'Homme à la Veste,' showing an aged labourer who stands in the furrowed fields, in sharp relief against a tender evening sky, as he prepares to close his long day's work and depart. Two of the very finest productions of Millet's genius are unaccountably skied. These are the 'Vigneron,' tragic in his hopeless abasement, and the 'Plaine au petit jour,' in which the master—representing only an interminable plain thickly tufted with grass, seen under the mysterious light of early morning—rises by the simplest means to absolute sublimity. Of Jules Dupré's juicy and delicious, if a trifle monotonous, woodland scenes, with the inevitable pool at which cattle drink, there are in the Exhibition some of the finest specimens: here, too, is his famous early landscape—a plain, with cattle, overhung with tremendous clouds—in which, in deliberate revolt from the then conventional traditions of French landscape, he sought to out-Constable Constable in the breadth and impasto of his brush and the bold realism of his design. By Troyon is, among many other things, one of his masterpieces, the well-known 'Vallée de la Toucque,' from the Goldschmidt collection, than which no finer piece of the kind, ancient or modern, is in existence: lighting, distribution, and general conception are alike perfectly true and harmonious, and combine to make out of every-day materials a wonderfully perfect whole. Always reaching a high level in matters technical, Troyon sometimes shows high imaginative power in addition to his other gifts; as often, however, remaining a prosaic, if accurate, observer of nature's ordi-



Vase. By Messrs. T. Goode & Co. (See p. xv.)

nary facts; he has never, even in the finer of his two great landscapes at the Louvre, risen higher than in this work.

Théodore Rousseau, with infinitely greater variety than

Millet, Corot, or Troyon, cannot quite take equal rank with the two former as a poetic interpreter of natural truth. His execution is very variable, and alters with the nature of the subject attempted; but for beauty and completeness, as well as originality of conception, his very best work has hardly been surpassed. Finer specimens of his art have, however, been seen than those now at the Champ de Mars. Nearest akin to him is Diaz, the choicest of whose forest scenes, provided they be directly observed from nature and painted with that zest which is not always evident in the artist's work, are at least equal to those of Rousseau. Often, however, he falls far below him, producing in perfunctory style mere *clichés* of his own work, from which the vivifying fire of artistic inspiration is absent. It is difficult to imagine anything more charming or more complete than many of his Fontainebleau scenes shown at the Exhibition. Even by the side of these masters, Daubigny maintains his high place, in virtue of his varied and original

observation of nature, and of the unexaggerated pathos which he succeeds in extracting from the simplest and most familiar scenes of Northern French landscape. With these glories of France, who, alas! have all of them, with the exception of Jules Dupré, received the grade of Old Masters, may be ranked a living landscapist, Harpignies, whose noble and dignified presentments of French scenery, if occasionally over-harsh in colour and too highly accentuated in line, have a strength and a pathos all their own. He is not noticeably well represented in the retrospective section, but reserves his strength for the Decennial Exhibition, in which he makes a really magnificent display. Of the fresh, if too crudely green, transcripts by Chintreuil of spring and summer scenes there are no very distinctive specimens to be seen here.

Henri Regnault's finest work, the 'Maréchal Prim' (from the Louvre), is now too well known to need description; its qualities of bravura and breadth, if not great solidity, of paint-



Specimen of Silk. Reproduction of an old pattern. Manufactured in the East End of London for Messrs. Lewis and Allenby.

ing, allied as they are to a rare power of intuition and a brilliant facility of representation, justify its celebrity, which has now, however, among the capricious art lovers of Paris a little declined. We could have wished to see here also the exquisite little 'Comtesse de la Barck,' which adorns the national collection; this unites the sprightly grace of Goya to the brilliancy of Fortuny.

Manet in a retrospective exhibition may appear to many singularly out of place; so much is there of the future, the inchoate, and the incomplete about his art. But if not a consummate or even a very successful executant in the peculiar phase of impressionism of which he may be said to be the inventor, he is at any rate the pioneer of a style and a method of observation, the representative of an artistic standpoint, which have, for good or for evil, invaded to a greater or less degree the art of all European countries; and thus his memory deserves some portion of the honours which were in

life denied to him. The famous 'Bón Bock' is, after all, only a mediocre and flimsy painting, the naturalistic conception of which savours of Adrian Brauwer. Better are the 'Spanish Guitarrist' and the 'Dead Torero,' in which the influence of Velasquez and Goya are very apparent.

It is with renewed pleasure that we see once more many of the most representative among the canvases of Bastien-Lepage, which were for the last time shown at the memorial exhibition of his work at the École des Beaux-Arts. America has sent the large 'Jeanne d'Arc,' the chief figure of which is a singularly noble and original inspiration, much marred, however, by the confused landscape in which it is framed and by the unconvincing aspect of the diaphanous vision which possesses the maiden. Several of Courbet's works, in their day considered highly revolutionary, are again seen; they appear now rather reactionary according to modern notions, revealing, however, many fine technical qualities. It would have been a

gracious act to obtain for exhibition some more representative works of the late A. Cabanel than the two not very interesting



War. In pâte-sur-pâte by M. L. Solon. Manufactured by Messrs. Minton for Messrs. Daniell and Sons. (See p. xvi.)

portraits here shown. Baudry's talent, on the other hand, is fairly, if not supremely, well exhibited in 'La Perle et la Vague,' 'Le petit St. Jean,' and some portraits.

Among living masters M. Gérôme is, unaccountably, completely absent, both from the Retrospective and the Decennial sections of the Exhibition, while MM. Meissonier, Hébert, Elie-Delaunay, Bonnat, Paul Dubois, François, Neuville, Vollon, Ribot, Jules Breton, Henner, and many other prominent painters are well represented in both departments. M. Hébert's 'Le Matin et le Soir de la Vie,' M. Elie-Delaunay's touching 'Portrait de Mme. Georges Bizet,' and M. Vollon's naturalistic 'Femme du Pollet,' are, in widely-diverging styles, among the finest productions in the Exhibition.

A whole article might be devoted to the enumeration of the works forming the Centennial collection of sculpture. Unavoidably the show is only partially a representative one, being that the more important monumental statues, tombs, and comprehensive decorations could not, otherwise than by means of casts, be made available for exhibition. Still the collection is a very remarkable one. Beginning with casts of the nude 'Diane' of Houdon, and of the terra-cotta busts of

Robespierre and Franklin by the same master, we find the period of the First Empire almost unrepresented. We were unable to discover anything by Bosio or by the great Rude—the glory and the exception of a frigidly conventional period; and the somewhat later David d'Angers is not in much better case. We take our revenge, however, with the moderns. Carpeaux appears here, with his passionate, if over-realistic group 'La Danse,' from the Opéra, as undoubtedly the artistic progenitor of MM. Dalou and Rodin. M. Paul Dubois sends, besides the 'Poète Florentin,' which first made him popular, reproductions of the four figures which form the angles of his great funerary monument in the Cathedral of Nantes; these include the now so popular 'Charity' and the beautiful 'Faith.' A marble version—less effective than the original bronze—of M. A. Mercié's 'David' is in the collection, as are M. Falguière's not less well-known 'Vainqueur du Combat de Coqs' and M. Marceaux's wonderfully living and flexible 'Arlequin.' Here, too, are several of the noble, if too conventional, Græco-Roman busts of M. Guillaume, and his 'Mariage Romain,' By M. Delaplanche is 'La Danse,' and by M. Injalbert a fine high-relief of the 'Temptation of Adam.' The series closes worthily with M. Rodin's very fine 'Age d'Airain,' so little appre-



Peace. In pâte-sur-pâte by M. L. Solon. Manufactured by Messrs. Minton for Messrs. Daniell and Sons. (See p. xvi.)

ciated when it was shown at the Royal Academy some few years since.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



Garniture de Corsage. By Messrs. Tiffany & Co., New York.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRITISH SECTION.

(Continued from page xvi.)

CONTINUING our remarks on the British Industrial Section, we must call attention to the brocades and damasks made for Messrs. Lewis and Allenby by weavers in Spitalfields, which compare very favourably with those of Lyons manufacture. The firm are to be congratulated on their efforts to keep alive this industry in the East End, and a glance at the beautiful exhibits in the case shows with what success their enterprise has been crowned. We gave a reproduction of one of these pieces of brocade on page xxxix. That excellent and commendable institution, "The Donegal Industrial Fund," exhibits some artistic designs in fabrics and embroideries. The products of this school, established by Mrs. Ernest Hart among the Irish cottagers of Donegal, are quite equal to goods of similar character manufactured in London or elsewhere. We give a reproduction (p. xliii.) of a section of a gold Celtic table-cloth; the Celtic motives, which are adapted with skill and taste from an ancient Irish MS., have been drawn by Miss Aimée Carpenter of Croydon, the amateur designer of the Donegal Industrial Fund. | The cloth, which is woven by the York Street Flax Spinning Company, Limited, to the order of the Donegal Industrial Fund, can be procured at their depôt, woven in white linen of the finest double damask, or in old gold silk, pale peacock blue, and red, intermixed with white. In elaboration of design, in the clever rendering of old missal work to common daily uses, this Table Linen is to be commended. The York Street Flax Spinning Company also show several articles which have been embroidered after designs made under Mrs. Hart's superintendence.



Enamel Etched Silver Vase. By Messrs. Tiffany & Co.

AMERICAN GOLD AND SILVERSMITH'S WORK.

The most important exhibit in this department is that of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York, who are able to say that every article of jewellery and silverware exhibited by them was produced in their own workshops. Here, at least, may be seen the products of an art that is distinctly American, as many of the exhibits are direct studies from records of the Indians—the Chillkat and Sitka of Alaska, the Zuni and Navajo of New

Mexico, the Sioux of Dakota, and others. Messrs. Tiffany's exhibit comprises a collection of North American precious stones, under the charge of Mr. George F. Kunz, the special agent of the United States Geological Survey; a series of twenty-four species of orchids, faithfully reproduced and embellished with diamonds, emeralds, and pearls; silverware; a collection of small leather articles made from the skins of various animals, and a selection of clocks, etc.

The illustration at the head of page xli. is a representation of the great "Garniture de Corsage." It is a piece of diamond work, about three feet long and from three to six inches

and breast by three rosettes of diamonds. In this specimen are no less than two thousand two hundred diamonds, and it is probably the best piece of diamond work of the size that has ever been executed.

Another exhibit demanding mention is a Crystal Flagon, the body being formed of rock crystal from North Carolina. One hundred days were occupied in hollowing out, carving, and decorating this specimen.

It is adorned with filigree gold and sapphires; by pressing one of these the top of the vial is raised. The gold work, although of



Cooling Vessel. Designed and executed by Fannière Frères. (See page xxxi)

filigree, appears to possess considerable stability.

From the specimens of silverware we have selected a hot-water kettle which forms one of the pieces of a breakfast service (see p. xxvii.) The decoration consists of simple American garden flowers, the surface being wrought over to such an extent that no particle of the ground is visible. The cloisonné of enamel in some of the specimens of Messrs. Tiffany's enamel silverware contain four or five distinct colours, which blend imperceptibly one with another, the colours being subdued, and without that glare common to this kind of work. Of this nature is the large vase (p. xli.) decorated with enamel orchids, which forms a contrast to the two distinct forms of etching which comprise the background. The vase is 23 inches high and 42 inches round the body.

The body of the vase on this page is of Mokumé, a laminated or mixed metal of which the component parts long remained a secret known only to the Japanese. Both ends of the vase are richly

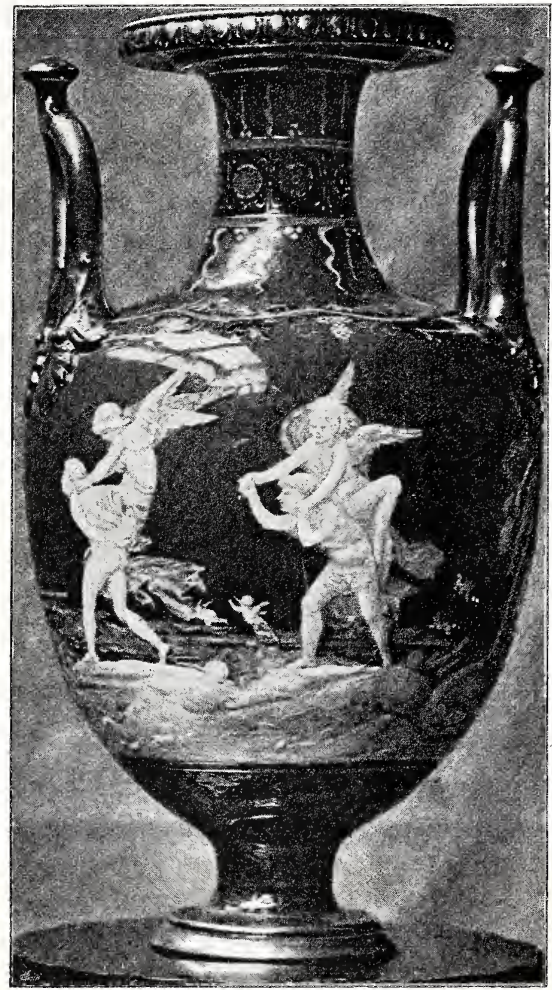
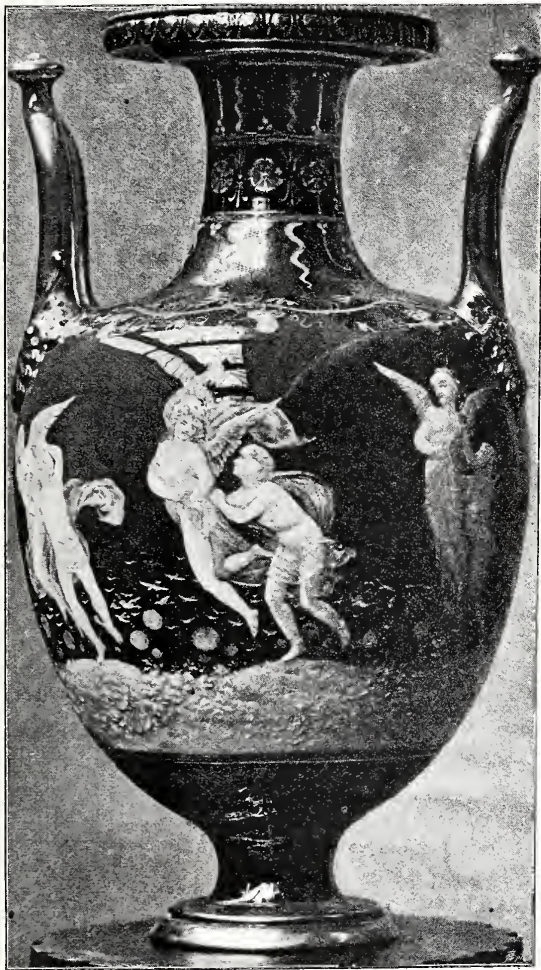


Majolica Elephant. Modelled by Messrs. Minton for Messrs. Goode & Co. (See page xiv.)

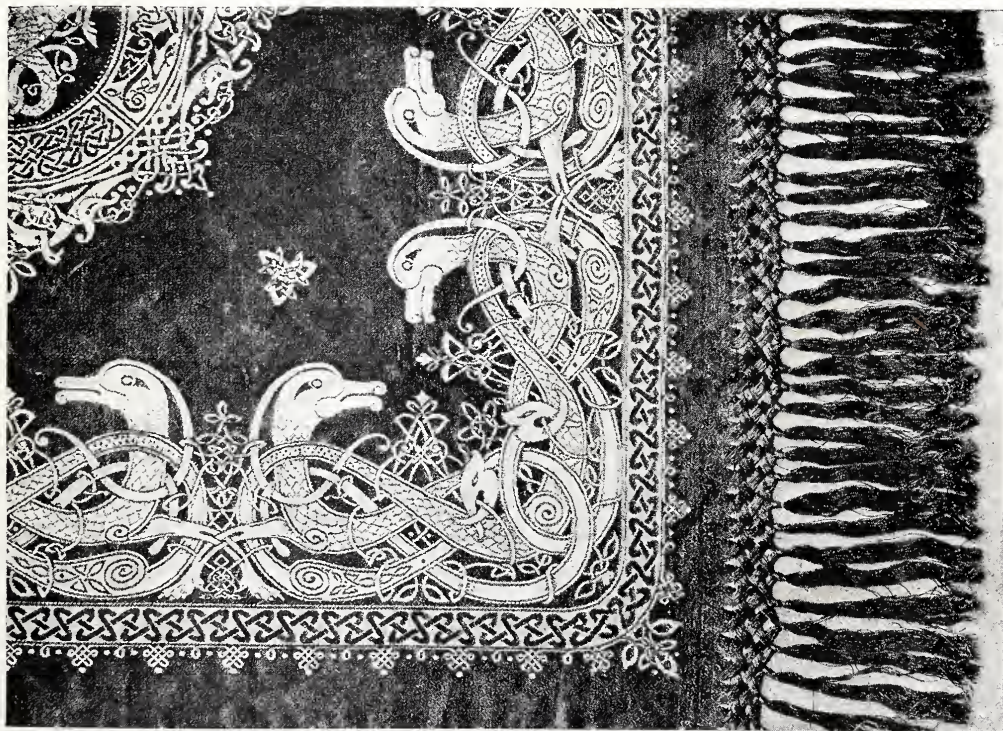
wide, and is intended to be affixed to the shoulder, side,



Vase in Mokumé. By Messrs. Tiffany & Co.



Vase. The Travelling Companions. Manufactured by Messrs. Minton for Messrs. A. B. Daniell and Sons. (See page xvi.)



Section of a Table-cloth. By the Donegal Industrial Fund.

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