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THE ART JOURNAL



FIRST ISSUED IN
THE YEAR 1839

1906

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The Art Journal

1906.

Two Paintings by Filippino Lippi.

By Claude Phillips,

Keeper of the Wallace Collection.

IT may appear strange that these important examples of the art of Filippino Lippi, in its ultimate and most fantastic phase, should not be known as his. Yet I can find no evidence that they have been seen or studied of late years by any special student of Florentine art, and they have certainly not hitherto been included in any authoritative list of Filippino's works. To such vast dimensions has the literature of art grown of late years, that I can make no more positive assertion than this, and it is not, indeed, very important to make certain whether or no these pictures are now presented for the first time. Far more essential is it that they should be much more widely known to students and lovers of Florentine art, and accepted as what they undoubtedly are.

The 'Moses striking the Rock' and 'Worship of the Golden Calf' of Filippino were, together with a number of other Italian pictures in the interesting collection of the late Sir Bernhard Samuelson, of Queen's Gate, and are now the property of his successor, Sir Henry Bernhard Samuelson, by whose kind permission they are here reproduced. Two pictures out of this collection—a *tondo* attributed to Lorenzo di Credi, and another which is an exact contemporary replica of a famous Raffaellino del Garbo in the Berlin Gallery—were in the Exhibition of Early Italian Art of 1894 at the New Gallery; others from the same source were in the Venetian Exhibition of the following year. But these large and important panels—if indeed they were then in the Bernhard Samuelson collection—were not chosen for exhibition; perhaps because they occupied no very conspicuous place in the collection, the finer of the two—the 'Worship of the Golden Calf'—being hung in a bad light on the staircase. And the provoking thing is that the present owner, who has found with the papers of the estate some particulars of most of the pictures, their history and provenance, has unluckily found none up to the present time having reference to the two Filippinos. No doubt their publication in these pages will be the means of eliciting further information with regard to their past history.

The 'Moses striking the Rock' and 'Worship of the Golden Calf' belong to that well-defined class of Florentine late fifteenth century painting which, for the sake of convenience, has been called a *cassone* panel; although in very many instances, and notably in the present case, it is impossible that they should have fulfilled this particular *role* in the scheme of

decoration of a room. The panels with which we are now dealing are respectively 30½ inches in height by 53 inches in breadth (sight measure). They may well have belonged to some such decorative *ensemble* as the famous one executed some twenty-five years later by Andrea del Sarto, Pontormo, Granacci, and Bacchiacca on the marriage of Pier' Francesco Borgherini with Margherita, daughter of Ruberto Acciaiuoli. Vasari has dwelt lovingly, in several of the 'Lives,' on the decorations of this nuptial chamber, the furniture and adornments of which, enframing these pictures, were carved to perfection, as he tells us, by Baccio d' Agnolo. No anecdote among the many related by the Aretine biographer is more dramatic or more agreeably Florentine in flavour than that one—in the life of Pontormo—which shows the noble matron, Margherita Acciaiuoli-Borgherini, defending like a true virago, in the higher and nobler sense of the word, the most precious possession of her bridal establishment. Most of the pieces making up this memorable pictorial decoration can still be pointed out.

The Pitti Gallery displays among its chief treasures the two large panels by Andrea del Sarto with the 'History of Joseph,' in which, according to Vasari, he signally triumphed over his rivals.

The National Gallery can show the 'Joseph and his Kindred in Egypt,' by Pontormo—upon which Vasari lavishes, nevertheless, a very ecstasy of praise—and the two panels, both entitled 'The History of Joseph,' by Bacchiacca, which, even in a Florentine scheme of decoration, with their colour at once icy-cold and "screaming" in the isolation and exaltation of certain forcible hues, must have produced a most disturbing effect.

The two *cassone* panels executed by Pontormo for Borgherini, with subjects from the life of Joseph—not to be confounded with the much more important composition just now alluded to, which is No. 1,131 in the National Gallery—are to be found in the Uffizi. In the collection of the late Earl Cowper at Panshanger are to be found yet another decorative panel by, or ascribed to, Andrea del Sarto, and two by Pontormo, also ascribed to the greater master; all of these illustrating various episodes in the history of Joseph.

In dwelling a little on the decorative pieces of this particular class, I am not straying as far as it might at first appear from the subject in hand, since our Filippinos,

judging by their form and general character, must have been among the earlier examples of this special group of decorative paintings, in which subjects from the Old Testament are preferred to the allegories so much favoured in the earlier stages of Florentine *Quattrocento* art, and even to subjects taken from mythology and ancient history, although these last still maintain their vogue. Thus the well-known 'David and Bathsheba' of Franciabigio, in the Dresden Gallery, belongs to another similar series painted for Giovanni Maria Benintendi in competition with Pontormo, who executed another piece of the same size (apparently an 'Adoration of the Magi'), and with "Francesco d' Albertino" (Francesco Ubertini, called Bacchiacca), who was responsible for two similar panels, of which the 'Legendary Subject from the Gesta Romanorum,' now hanging in the Dresden Gallery as the pendant to Franciabigio's masterpiece, is probably one.

I am inclined to believe that the well-known series of pieces by Piero di Cosimo in the Uffizi, 'The Sacrifice to Jove for the Safety of Andromeda,' 'The Deliverance of Andromeda' (extant in two original and distinct versions), and 'The Wedding of Perseus Disturbed,' once formed part of a similar scheme of decoration. Against this surmise must, however, be set the fact that the Aretine biographer—who, by the way, appears to have derived infinite delight and amusement from pieces of this class, peopled with a multitude of *dramatis personae*, energetic and fantastic in the inverse ratio to their size—Vasari praises one version of this 'Deliverance of Andromeda' to the skies, discussing it, however, as an isolated piece, and not as one of a series.

So far as I am aware, there exists no sure indication, whether in painting or chronicle, of the exact fashion in which such a scheme of intimate pictorial decoration would be applied and distributed in the private chamber of the opulent citizen, carved, furnished, and decorated in the style which the Florentine Renaissance had developed at the end of the *Quattrocento*. We know, however, from Vasari's enumeration, "*di legnami intagliati, spalliere, cassoni, sederi, e letto di noce molto belli per fornimento d' una Camera*" (*Life of Andrea del Sarto*), that in this scheme the cassone played its part, but that not necessarily a preponderant or even an equal one. Of the 'Joseph and his Kindred in Egypt,' by Pontormo, in the National Gallery, it is expressly shown that it is not a cassone picture, but a wall-decoration of some kind, since Vasari locates it with precision in the Borgherini chamber "*all' entrare della porta nel canto a man manca*," that is to say, "in the left-hand corner as you enter." Again, the panels which have so recently been referred to—notably the Andrea del Sartos in the Pitti, the Franciabigio and the Bacchiacca in the Dresden Gallery, and these two Filippinos now presented—are not only considerably larger in dimensions than any ordinary cassone panel could possibly be, but of a higher order, both as regards conception and execution. From the close of the notable passage in the Life of Pontormo, already more than once referred to, it appears that Benintendi, in rivalry with Borgherini, had got together a regular little picture-gallery of contemporary masters ("*avendo quasi ne' medesimi tempi adorna una sua camera di molti quadri da mano di diversi valent' uomini*").

It is thus a matter of some difficulty, for the present at any rate, to indicate exactly what part of a Florentine interior of the less palatial and more intimate order these scenes from the History of Moses were designed to decorate, or whether they were or were not two out of a larger group, illustrating—as the great series of frescoes by the most famous Florentine and Umbrian masters had done some eighteen years earlier in the Sixtine Chapel—the most striking incidents in the biblical prose-epic that relates the life of the mighty Hebrew Lawgiver.

But first a word as to the technical characteristics of the two pictures. I venture to assert that no student of the Florentine art of this particular moment will hesitate for a moment to agree with me in the opinion that we have here two genuine and highly characteristic works belonging to the latest period of Filippino's practice—that which is comprised between the years 1496, when he finished the wonderfully elaborate 'Adoration of the Magi,' now in the Uffizi, and the year 1502. It was in this last year, as his signature on the 'Awakening of Drusiana' shows, that he brought to completion the great typical work of this period of fevered phantasy, the Strozzi chapel at Santa Maria Novella, the commission for which had been accepted as far back as 1487, but which he had momentarily abandoned in order to paint, with scenes from the Legend of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Cappella Caraffa in the church of St. Maria sopra Minerva at Rome—an important and complicated undertaking upon which he was busy in 1489, and for some years afterwards. In this great work for Rome, still noble in style, may be noted already the germs—and more than the germs—of the latest style, so strongly marked by nervous agitation, perpetual unrest, and exaggeration both in incident and detail, but also by unabated pictorial, if not artistic power and an even increased activity and originality of vision. Still more visible are these qualities, with their corresponding defects—or perhaps I should say these defects with their corresponding qualities—in the great 'Adoration of the Magi' of the Uffizi. And yet in this exceptional effort a certain relative self-restraint is imposed, perhaps because Filippino remembers that he here succeeds—though he is far, indeed, from replacing—Leonardo da Vinci himself, whose unfinished 'Adoration,' that hangs hard by in the same gallery, is at once the admiration and the despair of those who recognise in it the culmination of all that is greatest—at one and the same time most strenuous and most suave—in the Florentine art of the *Quattrocento*. Among the most characteristic of the minor works belonging to this latest time—all of them agreeing wonderfully well with our two pictures—I may mention the exquisite, even though rather ultra-sentimental 'Noli me tangere' and 'Christ with the Woman of Samaria' of the Seminario Patriarcale at Venice (here reproduced); the fantastic and delightful 'Allegory of Music,' in the Berlin Gallery; the passionately ascetic 'St. John the Baptist' and 'St. Mary Magdalene' of the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Florence. It may well be that these last are based, up to a certain point, on the rugged creations of a Donatello or an Andrea del Castagno; and yet, in a certain weakness and pathetic appeal they are wholly Filippino's own, and of his late time.

Where everything in the Strozzi Chapel is in agreement, in technique as in spirit, with the two panels relating the



Worship of the Golden Calf.
By Filippino Lippi.

(In the Collection of Sir Henry Bernhard Samuelson, Bart.)

History of Moses there may be singled out, as in the closest kinship of style with them, the beautiful fluttering 'Charity,' painted in grisaille. Innumerable, indeed, are the points of contact with the works now presented. The landscape in 'Moses striking the Rock' is, especially in the mannered and unconvincing formation of the overhanging rocks, of the same type as that in the 'Adoration' of the Uffizi; the woman with the fluttering quasi-classic draperies to the extreme left of the 'Moses' is the sister, almost the counterpart, of the 'Woman of Samaria.' That peculiar mannerism which consists in representing the human face in profile, so as to suggest but that side only, and to give the impression of a head vertically chopped in two, is prominent in many instances, which the reader will no doubt pick out for himself. The flutter of fever and unreason that moves the personages independently of their volition in the 'St. John the Evangelist awakening Drusiana' of the Strozzi Chapel, is the same that much more appropriately stirs the frenzied crowd in the 'Worship of the Golden Calf.' Nay, if I mistake not, the very same worn, fever-fretted type of old age has served for the wonder-working Moses and the wonder-working Evangelist.

To pursue further the analysis of Filippino's panels appears to me unnecessary. Undoubtedly as they are his, and of this particular time in his practice, they will strongly recall to the student of Florentine art the manner and the point of view of Piero di Cosimo. The latter was an impressionable artist, though never consciously a plagiarist; naturally inclining, for all his passion and his sincerity, to the extravagantly quaint and the baroque in art, he must have received a strong impression from this ultimate development of Filippino's manner. Did not Vasari voice the astonishment of the multitude at "the novelty and variety of the quaintnesses" that were in the Strozzi Chapel? And what is more natural than that Piero—that man "capricious and of an extravagant invention"—should be naturally in sympathy with such a style, and from it should derive fresh nourishment?

The two scenes of the History are of unequal merit. The one most in accordance with Florentine tradition in such matters, the prettier and the more genre-like is the 'Moses striking the Rock.' It is—what most of these bright and diversified pieces, with their innumerable figures are—a narrative in paint. But notwithstanding the beauty of some passages—the two gossiping women to the left, for instance, the ascetic, inspired Moses, and the portrait-like couple calmly discoursing to the extreme right—the general effect is not completely satisfactory. The extravagance of the group of men, women, children and animals drinking, is not atoned for by any corresponding force of dramatic effect. Far higher as a conception, even though it is yet more extravagant, is 'The Worship of the Golden Calf.' Filippino's neurotic agitation of manner fits exactly this scene of frenzied unreasoning worship, this involuntary loosening of limbs in the sacrificial dance, this beating of drums, this blowing of brazen instruments, this yielding up of soul and body to the idol and king. The sublime is nearly reached, and yet the ridiculous but narrowly missed, in the great appearance looming in mid-air above the acclaiming multitude—no longer the mere inanimate brazen image set up for worship, as in all other representations, but a vision of menace that shows, with the moon on its flank, like some

inflamed sign of the Zodiac, full of horror and portent, a symbol of the all-dominating power of gold, as it oppresses, bewilders, and maddens mankind.

I cannot cite any similar representation of this subject in art, and should be inclined to put this one forward as unique, were it not that, face to face with it, I am haunted by a vague impression of the already-seen, for which I cannot at present account. Perhaps some fellow-student may here come to my assistance, and point to a representation of the subject similar in spirit, or to some reproduction of this one. The irreverent may here smile, and recall a certain familiar and much-loved nursery rhyme about the famous saltatory feat of the cow o'erleaping the moon; or may cite in the same connection the very unpoetic Teutonic expression "mooncalf." But such challenges, though I foresee them, shall, on this occasion at any rate, remain unheeded. I hope that some better explanation may be forthcoming than I am at present able to give of this widening and partial transformation of the sacred legend, which I hesitate to ascribe wholly to the exaggerated vivacity of Filippino's mode of conception, to the intensity of his distorted vision at this period of his career.

That there is here an artistic if not a technical falling-off from the glorious promise of the earlier time shall not be denied. And yet Filippino in these closing years of his all too short career—for it was cut short in the very prime of his life—was in some respects more varied and brilliant in accomplishment, more intense and personal in vision, more completely himself, than at any previous moment of his practice. In the Brancacci Chapel, under the shadow of Masaccio, he appears loftier and more composed than in these later years, though, strange to say, it is his great predecessor who, painting half a century earlier, is the more modern, as regards the problems of composition, of aerial perspective and atmospheric environment. Filippino looks a little flat, a little ineffective, by the side of Masaccio. Still, in the two episodes in which he is most completely independent—the 'Deliverance of St. Peter' and 'St. Paul visiting St. Peter in Prison'—he raises his head to the level of the highest, and leaves an ineffaceable impress on the art of all time. The simple human pathos of the 'Deliverance'—the pathos not of danger and death, but of sweetness and life—has not been surpassed; the "still small voice" of genius thrills through and through it. In that other work of his fresh youth, 'The Appearance of the Virgin to St. Bernard,' the group of the Madonna with her joyous helpful following of angels is again unique in the art of the time. But here, deep down, yet perceivable by the sensitive, are already symptoms of nervous tension, of pathetic appeal under spiritual burden, signs of the Filippino that is to be, and cannot be other than his temperament, spiritual and artistic, makes him. This is the charm as well as the weakness of his art, and it will colour with an appealing beauty, but also with the pain of physical and spiritual weakness, even the works that mark the climax of his achievement: even the beautiful Nerli altarpiece, 'The Virgin and Child with Saints,' in the Church of S. Spirito at Florence; even the exquisite *tondo*, 'The Holy Family with St. Margaret,' so enthusiastically appreciated by Mr. Bernhard Berenson in his essay, "An Unpublished Masterpiece," and so enthusiastically greeted by all lovers of the finest Florentine art



Moses Striking the Rock.
By Filippo Lippi.

(In the Collection of Sir Henry Bernhard Samuelson, Bart.)

when it appeared at the Royal Academy a couple of years ago.

The nerve-tension is far greater, the temptation to overaccentuate what is vividly seen and deeply felt is more unreservedly yielded to, in the frescoes of the Caraffa Chapel, where the baroque element has full play, though it is to a certain extent kept in balance by the force and grandeur of a realism which, in its very strength and breadth, rises to and merges in the ideal. But it is in the Strozzi Chapel that this baroque element has the fullest play, and completely carries the richly but dangerously gifted master off his feet. Here, indeed, he fairly revels in the *bizzarrie* which Vasari—lovingly dwelling, like so many art-historians of the past, on the mere trivial *trompe l'œil* element of painting—chiefly admires in his art. Here, indeed, it literally rains “*nomini armati, tempj, vasi, cimieri, armadure, trofei, aste, bandiere, abiti, calzari, acconciature di capo, veste sacerdotali, e altre cose con tanto bel modo condott: che merita grandissima commendazione.*” The *bizzarrie* fairly run away with Filippino, who yields unreservedly to the excitement which they somehow arouse in him, and is well-nigh swallowed up. But my point is that he is swept away by the irresistible impulse, that his neurotic passion is absolutely genuine, that at this stage of his career he is compelled—or, if you will, condemned—to be this particular Filippino, and no other. His accomplishment has perhaps never been so great as at this moment. Nowhere has he surpassed the intensely dramatic group which environs the young prince, slain by the poisonous breath of the dragon, in the great frescoed composition ‘S. Filippo in the Temple of Mars’; or the weirdness of the *mise-en-scène* in this same page of frenzied yet, all the same, great art. No invention of his is more graceful or more gracious than the lovely ‘Charity’ which, with its pendant, adorns the central wall of the chapel; and nowhere has he risen higher than in the bizarre, yet grandiose and awe-inspiring ‘Patriarchs’ of the ceiling. Turn, too, for a moment to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, and see there Filippino’s ‘Descent from the Cross,’ designed and begun by him with a magnificent combination of passionate pathos with decorative power, and completed in a miserably perfunctory fashion by Perugino, who, elsewhere in this same gallery of the Accademia a master of masters, is here but one wearily performing a distasteful task. Yes: though Filippino’s art in this ultimate phase betrays something abnormal in the physical or moral state of the master, some neurotic strain, as we should call it to-day, he is here, in some respects, as a creative artist, more impressionable, more brilliantly accomplished, more resourceful than ever he was before. He died in the very best years of his life; at the height of his fame as a painter, at the height of his power, but not of that self-control which belongs to the very greatest, the most perfectly-balanced art.

In all stages subsequent to the point where individualisation has begun to take the place of generalisation and to supersede the impersonal grandeur that belongs to art but newly burst forth complete, there have been such men as these—men imperfectly balanced, swept this way and that by the wayward currents of their genius. This comes to full maturity only with a twist and a wrench, which it retains as an integral element of its character. Seek with unwise compulsion to prune and straighten out this genius, and in the dangerous

operation it may lose what makes its true life. But, luckily, the straightening process is not an easy one, save in theory, and the disorderly imagination, the unruly brush, though severely held in restraint, will twist and curl until they are free to run riot once more. Take Donatello’s follower, the fanciful Agostino di Duccio, among the sculptors of the Quattrocento. Take Botticelli himself, whom we can no more think of without his mannerisms than without the divine beauty which underlies them, those being so closely interwoven with this, that to dissociate them is impossible. In front of his magnificent ‘Adoration of the Magi’ at the Uffizi—that most famous one with the Medici portraits—one may find oneself, not unreasonably, wishing that, while retaining unimpaired his imaginative vision, his intensity in poetic conception, he had ever remained master of his passion and his art. Had it been thus, the world might, it may be, have known a more powerful, a more steadfast master; but it would not have known the real Botticelli of the ‘Primavera’, of the ‘Virgin and Child’ at the Ambrosiana, of the ‘Coronation of the Virgin’ at the Accademia, of the ‘Calumny of Apelles’ at the Uffizi, of our own ‘Adoration of the Shepherds’ at the National Gallery, of the drawings for the Divina Commedia, which have now passed to Berlin. And even in the great age of ripe achievement, in the sixteenth century, the mannerists sometimes strike a rare, an exquisite chord of pain harmonised into beauty, to which only Midas, cased in the armour of a common sense that is too often common indeed, will refuse to lend an ear. The extravagance, the utter want of balance, that mark the most distinctive productions of Lorenzo Lotto, the element of the neurotic and the *détriqué* that lurks within his finest performances, the exaggerated subjectivity, the morbid excess of sympathy that is betrayed by even his greatest and most dramatic portraits—all these defects, if you choose to call them so, are of the very essence of the art and the man; the genius of the master transmutes even these into something of a strange and most moving beauty. The man being what he was, the art could have taken no other direction without extinction of all that was most personal in it.

If we are to appreciate fairly what is rare and beautiful in it, a like indulgence must be extended to the fantastic Italo-Spanish art of ‘Il Greco,’ the Greek-born, in its fullest, that is to say its Spanish, development. From the skilful imitation of Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese that constituted his beginning in Venice, he developed, in the lofty, arid solitude of Toledo, the true genius of his art, mystical and ascetic, pallid and lurid in splendour, twisted, flickering, fitful as the flame of which it often has the shape: a thing that “common sense” turns from as monstrous and perverted, but which nevertheless makes the irresistible appeal that genius, even with the twist that too often is inherent in it, does make to the eyes that can see and the ears that can hear.

And the artists of true genius of the century just now passed through, have they not almost all of them shown in their final development from a more or less imitative normality this twist, that is rather a fibre running through, and inextricable from, their genius? Some of them, it is true, have developed it chiefly in seeking to overcome the resistance offered to their passionate efforts by a frozen crust of distrust and aversion, that opposes its inert force to the



(In the Seminario Patriarcale at Venice.)



Christ and the Woman of Samaria, and Noli me tangere.

By Filippino Lippi.



Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary. Italian Medal.
Second Half of XV. Century.

impulse of the poet-painter, of whom the crowd will in these latter days always begin by assuming that he is a charlatan and a humbug. Take from Rossetti the excess of languorous passion, at once fierce and drooping, take from him the technical mannerisms which he needs to express this, and you tear out the very heart of his manner and leave it lifeless. Deprive Arnold Böcklin of that Jordaens-like exuberance, that strain of almost brutal *Urkraft* (vital force) that genius impels him to infuse into his wonderful visions of the romantic and the ideal, and you reduce him at once to a dead level of tameness and banality. Compel a Puvis de Chavannes to a literal exposition of his great subjects, in their natural and normal colours, with a strict observance of all the canons of academic art, compel him to a "common-sense" exteriorisation of the painter's vision and the poet's that may fit fact but must kill fancy; slay the poet in the painter; and these august visions, pale yet forceful in the exquisite expressiveness of their muted colour, will pale in very earnest, and go out. Criticism of the present may perhaps usefully animadvert, direct, control, support, rebuke and restrain; though even thus there must be a basis of sympathy upon which to build in the first place. Criticism of the past must above all seek to comprehend, to look at the creative artist as he is shaped, as his art is fashioned for him, by his temperament, by his



Portraits in 'Moses Striking the Rock.'

life, by the atmosphere in which he lives. It must seek not only to estimate the quality of his achievement, but to perceive whither his genius from the first has drawn him, and how far the ultimate developments of his art are the ultimate development of himself, to be ac-

cepted, whether greater or less great, as the inevitable climax, if not the supreme crown, of what has gone before.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

Since writing the above article I have obtained, in support of my contention with regard to these pictures by Filippino Lippi, a piece of evidence which, unless my eyes deceive me, or are involuntarily impelled to see as I wish them to see, must make them doubly interesting to the student, doubly valuable to the connoisseur.

Vasari says, in the *Life of Filippino* (whom, as is well known, he calls throughout Filippo Lippi): "Filippo having been besought by King Mathias (Mathias Corvinus) to go to Hungary, refused the proffered invitation; but, instead, wrought in Florence for that king two most beautiful panels, which were sent to him: in one of which he portrayed him as he was shown on the medals . . ."

We have no indication of the subject of these panels, but must assume that they were completed in or before September, 1488; since on the 21st September of that year he gave a power of attorney to Francesco di Filippo del Pugliese to receive the price and to consign the pictures to the king's representatives (*Le Vite*, Milanese's Ed. III, p. 467). Now in one of our two pictures—the 'Moses striking the Rock'—appear to the right two figures, a man and woman in strange exotic attire, taking no part in the action, and, in their aloofness from the other *dramatis personae*, in their greater calm and dignity, obviously intended as portraits. Now the portrait of the turbaned man, seen in strict profile, appears to me, allowing for the reversed position, and the unavoidable substitution of the oriental head-dress for the curled and oak-crowned *sazzerza*, to bear a close resemblance to the medal of 'Mathias Rex Hungariae' here reproduced—as near a resemblance, indeed, as is possible in the circumstances of the case, that is, no direct introduction of the king as such being possible* (obverse only: Armand II. 81.7). A still closer resemblance may, I think, be traced between the head in the picture and the better-known medal, also here reproduced (Armand II., 82.9), in which the Hungarian monarch is laurel-crowned, and appears to be some fifteen or twenty years older. This has a reverse with a combat of armed men, and the inscription MARTI FAVTORI. It is by Dr. Bode ascribed to Bertoldo di Giovanni, an attribution based, no doubt, on the style and subject of the reverse, which is not absolutely convincing. If this suggestion were substantiated and accepted, then we should have here, re-identified after their long disappearance, the "due tavole molte belle" done for the war-



Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary.
Ascribed to Bertoldo di Giovanni.

* Dr. Belli's Sale, Frankfurt-a.-M., 4th October, 1905. I owe this reference to my friend Mr. Max Rosenheim, who has also furnished me with the reproduction of the medal.

rior-king, who was also a munificent and discerning patron of art and letters. The chief drawback to such an identification is, as I feel it necessary in all frankness to point out, that, whereas the style of the paintings here reproduced, so well agreeing with that of the Strozzi Chapel, would point to a date between 1496 and 1502 as that of their execution, we should, if their identification with the panels done for King Mathias were to

be considered proven, be compelled to accept the date 1488 as that within which they must necessarily fall. They would thus have been painted just previously to Filippino's expedition to Rome. However this may be, my main contention that the two panels are Filippino's very own, and characteristic of the latest and most fantastic development of his art, is not affected. And this, after all, is the main point.

A "Confession" by Whistler.

WE have heard enough, more than enough, of the exterior Whistler. What the world now looks for eagerly is a few human documents which shall reveal the man behind the mask, he who was something far other than an aggregation of self-satisfied talents, of overweening vanities. That there was such a Whistler goes without saying, and many testify to the fact. As a contribution to our knowledge in this kind, M. Bénédite recently quoted in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* a letter written by Whistler to Fantin in the sixties. It throws so much light on his attitude to different schools of art, is so self-revealing, that a translation of it may be given.

DEAR FANTIN—I have far too many things to tell you for me to write them all this morning, for I am in an impossible press of work. It is the pain of giving birth. You know what that is. I have several pictures in my head, and they issue with difficulty. For I must tell you that I am grown exacting and "difficile"—very different from what I was when I threw everything pell-mell on canvas, knowing that instinct and fine colour would carry me through. Ah! my dear Fantin, what an education I have given myself! Or, rather, what a fearful want of education I am conscious of! With the fine gifts I naturally possess, what a painter I should now be, if, vain and satisfied with those powers, I hadn't disregarded everything else. You see, I came at an unfortunate moment. Courlet and his influence were odious. The regret, the rage, even the hatred I feel for all that now would perhaps astonish you, but here is the explanation. It isn't poor Courbet that I loathe, nor even his works. I recognize, as I always did, their qualities. Nor do I lament the influence of his painting on mine. There isn't any; none will be found in my canvases. That can't be otherwise, for I am too individual and have always been rich in qualities which he hadn't and

which were enough for me. But this is why all that was so bad for me. That damned realism made such a direct appeal to my vanity as a painter, and, flouting all traditions, shouted with the assurance of ignorance, "Vive la Nature!" "Nature" my boy—that cry was a piece of bad luck for me. My friend, our little society was as refractory as you like. Oh! why wasn't I a pupil of Ingres? I don't say that in rapture before his pictures. I don't much care for them. I think a lot of his paintings that we saw together, very questionable in style, not in the least Greek, as people pretend, but very viciously French. I feel there is much more to discover, there are much finer things to do. But, I repeat it, why wasn't I his pupil? What a master he would have been. How safely he would have led us. Drawing, by Jove! Colour—colour is vice. Certainly it can be and has the right to be one of the finest virtues. Grasped with a strong hand, controlled by her master, Drawing, Colour is a splendid bride with a husband worthy of her—her lover, but her master too—the most magnificent mistress in the world, and the result is to be seen in all the lovely things produced from their union. But coupled with indecision, with a weak, timid, vicious drawing, easily satisfied, colour becomes a jade making game of her mate, you know, and abusing him just as she pleases, taking the thing lightly so long as she has a good time, treating her unfortunate companion like a duffer who bores her—which is just what he does. And look at the result; a chaos of intoxication, of trickery, regret, unfinished things. Well, enough of this. It explains the immense amount of work that I am now doing. I have been teaching myself thus for a year and more, and I am sure that I shall make up the wasted time. But—but—what labour and pain!

Fancy Whistler sighing for Ingres as a master! Despite the dictum in his letter, it was under the influence of Courbet, which he at once denied and abhorred, that 'The Blue Wave' and one or two other master-works were painted.

Past and Present Methods of Art Training.

By Bernard E. Ward.

THE constant criticism, usually depreciatory, of our Art Schools, the variety of suggested remedies for their defects, and the frequent changes made by the authorities in the courses of study in these schools, all point to the existence of a widespread feeling of uneasiness, and of doubt whether our system of training our future painters is as comprehensive and satisfactory as it should be.

Perhaps it may be interesting as well as profitable to compare the course of study followed by the modern art student with that adopted by the Mediæval and Renaissance painter.

At the present day anyone whose amateur attempts are

deemed good enough to justify him in studying art with the object of making it his profession, looks round for an art school in which he may get the knowledge and experience which he feels he lacks. Having entered one, he is first called upon to spend from a few months to a few years, according to the ideas of his master, in drawing from the cast, with perhaps an occasional still life or monochrome study. Then follow several years devoted to drawing and painting from the life, and possibly a little elementary perspective and anatomy. Should there be a sketching club organised by the students of the school, some artist may occasionally be invited to the 'shows' to criticise the

sketches. This is, however, looked upon more as a mild recreation than a serious and essential part of the training. And this sums up the whole of the student's curriculum.

Although a few of the large schools may offer prizes for composition, there is practically no illustrative teaching of the subject, nor is any time in the school devoted to the study. The living model is sitting the whole time, and the teaching of the professors is practically confined to the studies done from them.

The student therefore soon conceives the idea that these are the only things worthy of time and attention, and that to achieve a successful and dexterous study of a head or figure is the one and only thing to be aimed at.

In most cases he ceases to make sketches of subjects from imagination or memory, and at the end of the eight or ten years of his studentship he is probably able to turn out good—perhaps even brilliant—studies, but nothing else. His imagination is atrophied from want of use, and if he does attempt to use it, he has become so critical about drawing and painting that the absence of these qualities is painfully discouraging to him, and he has been so used to relying on his model that without one he finds himself all at sea.

He then begins to realise that to paint a study of a model in a given light and shade and pose is a thing wholly

different from painting a figure to illustrate an idea, and using the model merely to supplement deficiencies of knowledge. He finds himself ignorant of all that goes to make a picture: and unless he has some friend by whose experience he can profit, he has to begin to acquire by himself the most important part of his training—that is, how to make a picture.

In the olden time things were very different. The would-be painter, like any other craftsman, was apprenticed to some artist of reputation. In his master's studio he may have had to do things that to our ideas are somewhat menial, such as grinding colours, making medium or setting the palette, and perhaps even cleaning up. But all this gave him a thorough knowledge of his materials, their action and composition, and, more important still, he saw how his master began his pictures, and the object of making studies, and how to use them in pictures; he learnt that, while accurate drawing and dexterous handling of the brush were very necessary things, there were others more important still. The arrangement of masses, both of colour and of light and shade, the value of harmony and contrast in colour, the due subordination of the details to the main idea, and the various devices for making them add to the force of the central incident, were practically illustrated for him day by day.

If he showed ability he would be set to assist his master by making enlargements from his sketches, painting backgrounds and accessories; later on, by helping in the composition and execution of important works. In the intervals he would be making studies from the cast, still life, draperies and models, like any modern student, only he would understand with what object in view they should be done.

And this is where the great difference lies; to the ancient student studies were merely one of the means to an end; to the modern they have become an end in themselves.

Stop the model in any art school of to-day, and all the students will go home and take a holiday.

The new rule for admission of students to the Royal Academy School, requiring an original composition to be sent in, is a most hopeful sign of wider views taken by the authorities.

It may be impossible nowadays to revive the old apprentice system, but a considerable portion of time, perhaps even half, could very profitably be given to drawing and painting from imagination and memory, from the very commencement of studentship. It is easier then than later on, and the idea is never allowed to grow up in the mind of the student that the training of an artist consists in his making nothing but a series of transcripts from nature, but rather in his developing his memory, his observation, and—greatest of all—his imagination.



The Magic Crystal.

By Frank Dicksee, R.A.

Premium Plate, 1906.

FOR 1906 the Premium Plate of the ART JOURNAL will be a photogravure after 'The Magic Crystal,' by Frank Dicksee, R.A. A small illustration of the picture appears on this page, and elsewhere subscribers will read the conditions under which copies of the important reproduction may be obtained at the end of the year.



Panelled Room from 3, Clifford's Inn.

Old Panelled Rooms.

By H. M. Cundall, F.S.A.

ONE of the most interesting object-lessons in English domestic architecture to be found in the Victoria and Albert Museum is a series of old panelled rooms, which have been erected in that institution during the past few years. They serve to show how, after tapestry and embroidered cloths had reached a climax, as mural decorations, in palaces and baronial halls in the fifteenth century, such hangings were to a great extent superseded by the casing of walls in wainscot during the succeeding centuries.

The earliest example of the series showing this means of adorning the walls of a dwelling is a room which came from Waltham Abbey. A small apartment only six feet seven inches in height, with its sides entirely covered with one hundred and ten panels decorated with profile busts in bold relief, of warriors and ladies in circular medallions surrounded by Gothic arches, heraldic devices, and other ornamentation, also panels bearing the Tudor rose, the portcullis, the pomegranate of Katherine of Aragon, and various coats of arms. This panelling may have formed part of the decoration of the Abbey House at Waltham, which was granted, at the dissolution of the monasteries by King Henry VIII., on lease to Sir Anthony Denny; and it was

probably carved in the early part of the sixteenth century. Edward Denny, grandson of Sir Anthony, Baron of Waltham and Earl of Norwich, is supposed to have used the panelling in a new house built by him in the Abbey grounds. This mansion was pulled down in 1770, and the panelling was re-erected in a house in Waltham town, and at the time of its removal to the Museum, formed part of some workmen's dwellings.

These panels, as was frequently the case, had been thickly covered from time to time with coats of paint. By this means the carving was fortunately preserved, and on removal of the paint was found to be in good condition.

With regard to the pomegranate of Queen Katherine of Aragon appearing on some of these panels, it is somewhat remarkable that it was at Waltham that Henry VIII., who frequently stayed there during his hunting expeditions in Epping Forest, first heard of Cranmer's proposal for solving the difficulty of his divorce from the Queen, to which he had been unable to obtain the consent of the Pope. Cranmer was at the time living at Waltham as a tutor.

The fireplace is a copy in plaster from an original in red brick of the Tudor period.



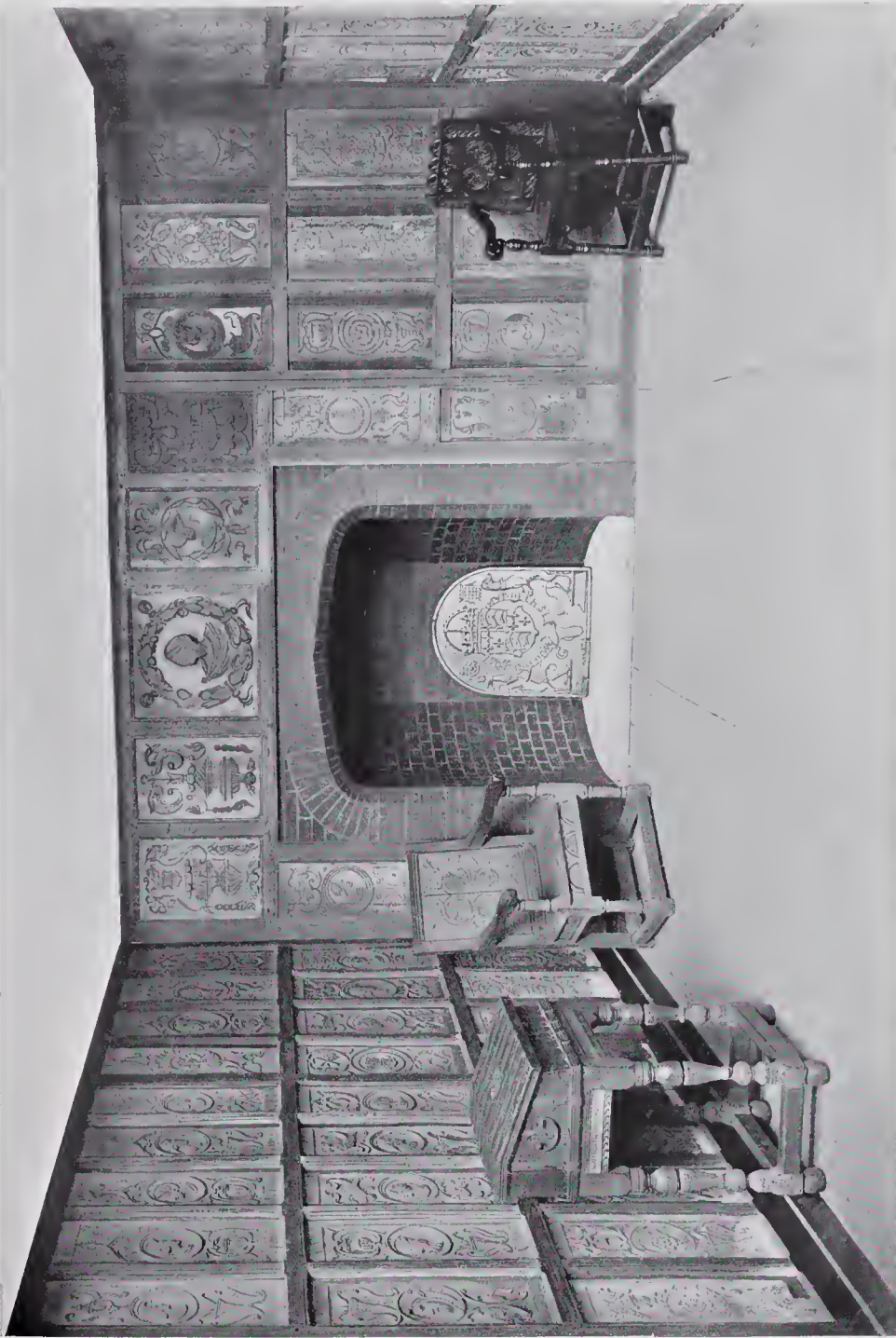
Panelling from a House at Waltham Abbey.

The next room, in chronological order, dates from about the later half of the sixteenth century. It came from Sizergh Castle, in Westmorland, situated nearly three miles south of Kendal. This is the most perfect and important room of the series, and is illustrated in *Nash's Mansions of England in the Olden Time*.

Sizergh Castle* has been the seat of the Strickland family since the thirteenth century. It is a venerable building with a large pele tower, common in this county, and was probably built towards the end of the fourteenth century. The tower consists of three stories, with a dungeon beneath. The first floor was, in all probability, the great hall when the building was used as a place of defence; it was subsequently divided

into two apartments and decorated during the Elizabethan period. One is now a drawing-room, and the other is known as Queen Katherine Parr's room, or the Queen's Chamber. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, the owner of Kendal Castle, so she may well have been a visitor to this house. The second floor contains the banqueting-room, and what was a highly-enriched apartment known as the "inlaid chamber." It was from this bedroom that the panelling was entirely removed and re-erected in the Museum. The wainscoting, which reaches from the floor to the cornice, is in panels of oak, with an interlacing pattern of inlaid holly and bog oak, divided by richly-decorated pilasters. The original ceiling remains at Sizergh, but that in the Museum is an exact reproduction. It is a beautiful specimen of the plaster work which was in vogue for the ornamentation of ceilings during the time of Elizabeth. It has a geometrical pattern converging to a pendant in the centre, repeated in

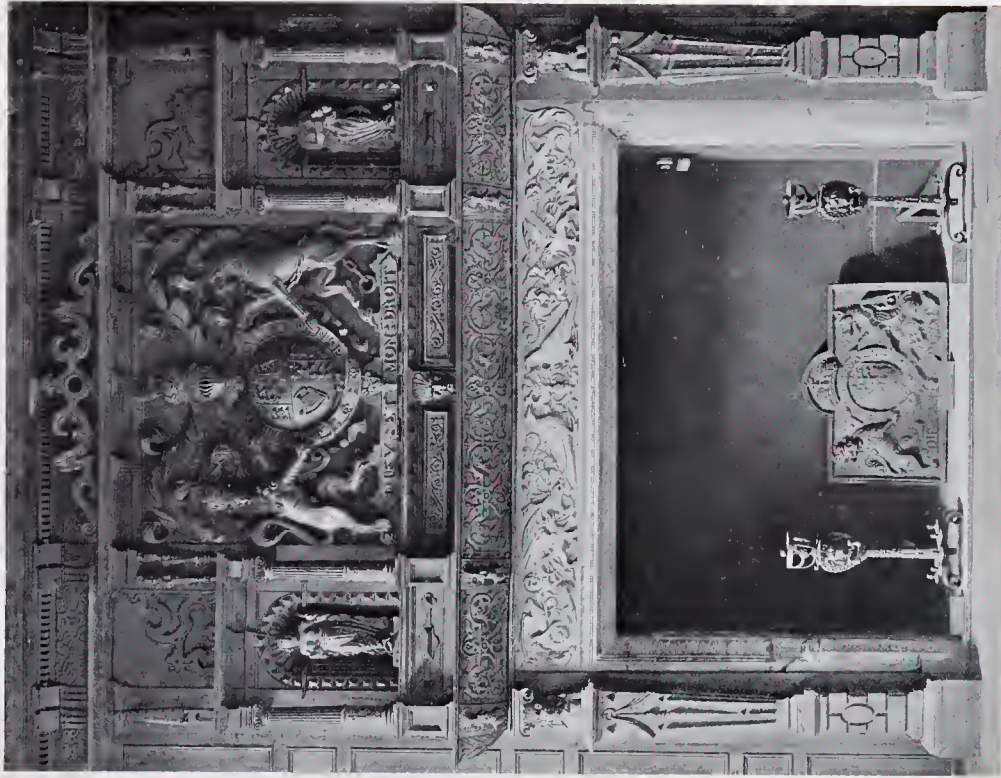
* For further particulars respecting Sizergh Castle, see *The Old Manorial Halls of Westmorland and Cumberland*, by Michael Waistell Taylor, M.D., F.S.A. (London and Scotland), 1892, and *Sizergh Castle, Westmorland, and Notes on Twenty-five Generations of the Strickland Family*, compiled by the Lady Edeline Strickland, 1898.



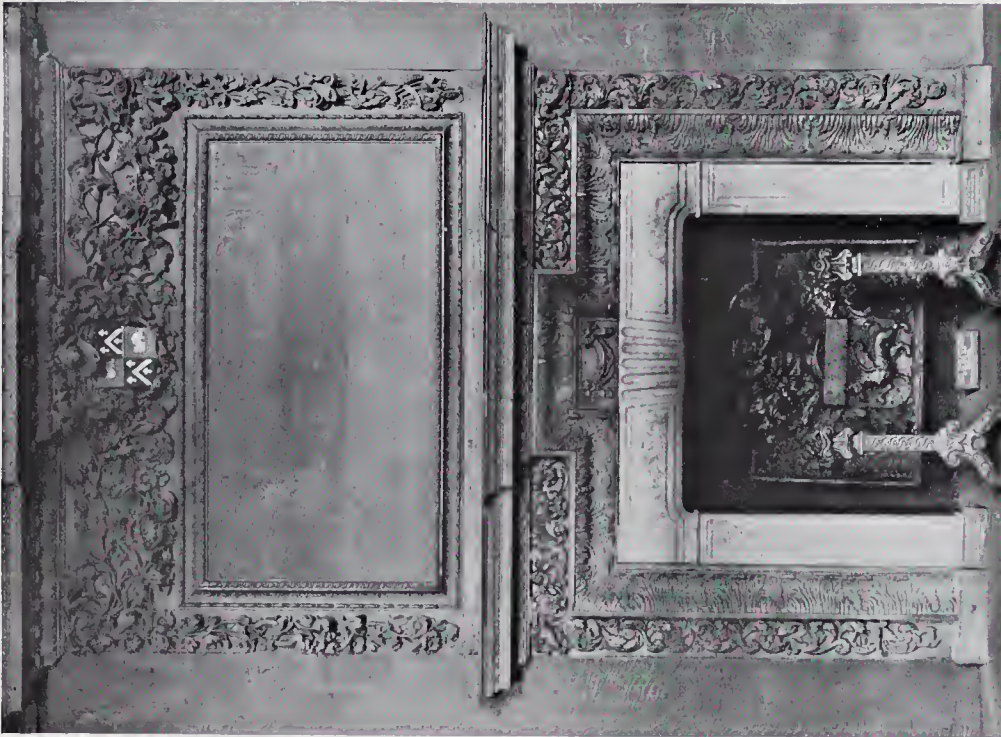
Room from Waltham Abbey.



Panelled Room from a House known as Bromley Palace at Bromley-by-Bow.



Fire-place in Room from Bromley Palace.



Fire-place in Room from 3, Clifford's Inn.



Oak Panelling inlaid with Holly and Bog-Oak in Room from Sizergh Castle.

a series of compartments. All the spaces are marked out with boldly-moulded ribs and filled in with shields of arms of Deincourt, Neville and other alliances, also various emblems, including fleurs-de-lys, acorns, goats and stags with collars and chains.

The bedstead, which belongs to the room, is of the same period, and is embellished in the same manner as the wainscotting. It has a richly-carved cornice surmounted with a shield, being the arms of Strickland, Deincourt, Neville and Ward, a crest of the holly bush on a helmet, and the date 1568. The two front posts of the bedstead are very massive, and stand quite apart from the bed. The curious cupboard-like door led into the banqueting-hall; and the fireplace stood in the present position of the opening into the room.

The chairs shown in the illustration of this room did not originally belong to it, but are specimens of the same period. The neighbourhood of Kendal is rich in fine old mansions, and three miles further south of Sizergh is Levens, the beautiful seat of Major Josceline Fitzroy Bagot,

M.P., a house profusely enriched with Elizabethan decorations and carefully preserved. It stands in a most interesting old Dutch garden.

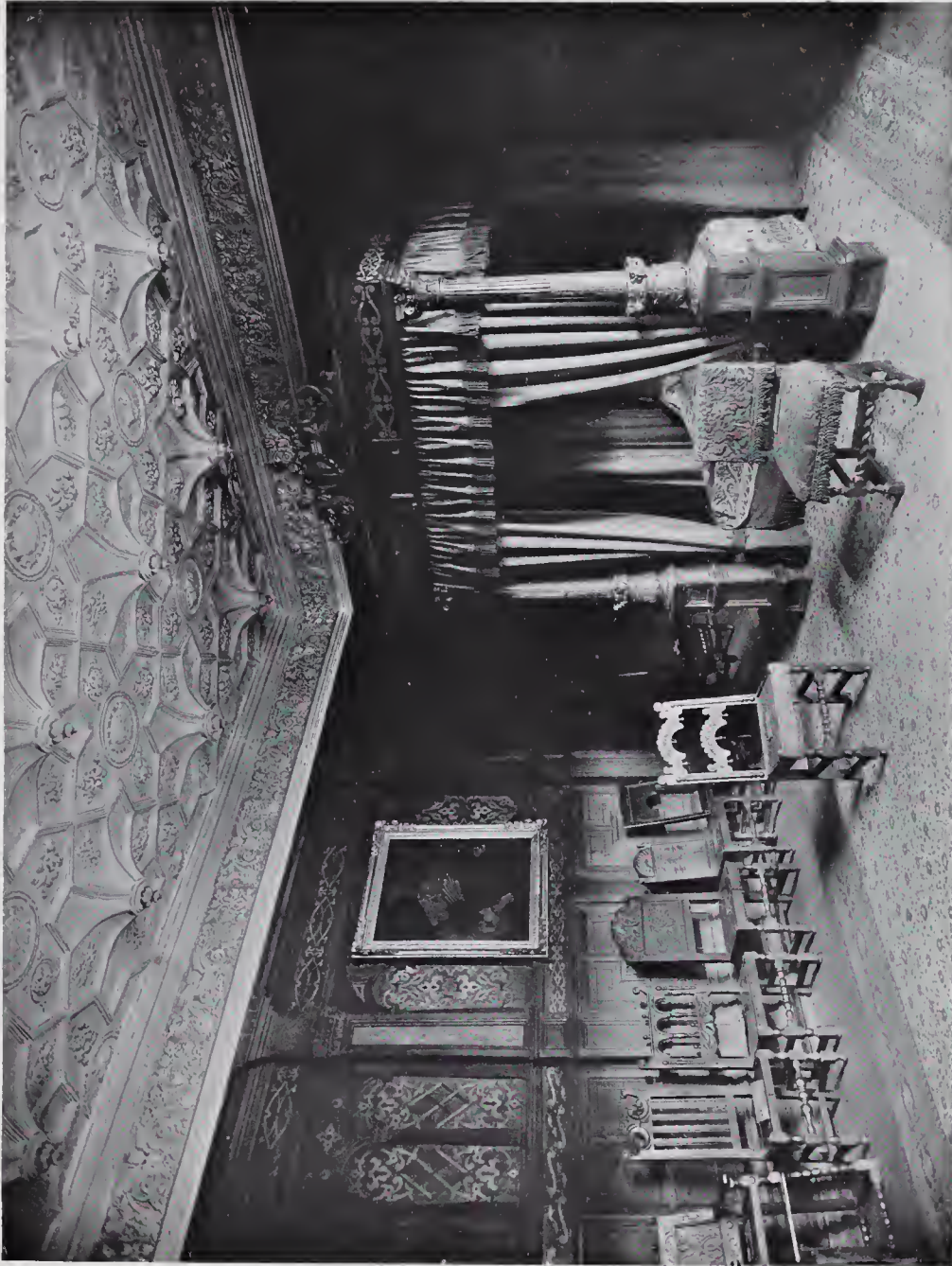
The third room was taken from a house known as Bromley Palace,² at Bromley-by-Bow. On the face of a chimney-stack of this house was a stone bearing the date 'Anno 1606' incised in it. This stone is now in the Museum. The building was rectangular, and had two corner towers facing St. Leonard's Street. According to tradition, this mansion was connected with King James I. The king is supposed to have founded a settlement in the parish, in the early part of the seventeenth century, of persons chiefly of Scotch nationality and at the same time to have built this house as a hunting-lodge for himself. It was allowed to get into dilapidation; for more than a century it had been divided up and used as a boarding-school and as residences. The house was pulled down in 1894 by the London School Board, and the panelling, ceiling, and fireplace of the large state room on the ground floor, which had been divided into three compartments and used as warehouses, were acquired by the authorities of the Museum. The oak panelling has a rich frieze and bold cornice supported at intervals by pilasters adorned with arabesques. The ceiling is richly moulded, planned on a pattern of intersecting squares with pendants hanging from the point of intersection; in circular panels are the heads of Alexander, Hector and Joshua, and in the centre of the ceiling are the royal arms and crown with the letters I and R on either side. The chief feature of the room, however, is the mantel-piece. Its principal panel is decorated with a boldly carved coat-of-arms of the time of James I. Immediately over the fireplace is a carved frieze in stone, representing birds and curious beasts in a scroll of foliage. There were decorated ceilings in two other rooms of this house; casts of portions of them are also in the Museum, as well as a carved stone fireplace of the same period.

The fourth room is a good and practically a perfect example of a panelled interior of the end of the seventeenth century. It was taken from an old house, No. 3 Clifford's Inn. The panelling is of oak with some decoration in cedar. The house was rebuilt by John Penhallow in 1686 and occupied by him until his death in 1716. Over the fireplace is a shield of arms, Penhallow quartering Penwarin.

* For full details of this mansion see the first and third volumes of the *Register of the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London*, edited by C. R. Ashbee, M.A., 1900 and 1902.

Sir Richard Holmes.

THE retirement of Sir Richard Holmes from the Librarianship of Windsor Castle, which he has occupied since 1870, reminds us that but for him there might not now be in the Royal collection the fine set of etchings by Whistler. He urged that they should be acquired long before Whistler became a vogue. Sir Richard's *Queen Victoria*, 1897, issued at £8, was once carried up to about £20, but, like most other books of the kind, it has since relapsed to a woeful extent. He was often represented at the old Grosvenor Gallery, and has had some half-dozen water-colours at the Academy.



Panelled Room from Sizemore Castle.



A Page from "La Livre des Prouffits Champestres."

(By permission of Mr. Quaritch.)

Sales.

THE most interesting property which passed through the sale-rooms during November was that of the Earl of Cork and Orrery. His library and collection of autograph letters, which fetched £4,699, included

a particularly fine "Garden" MS., even mediocre examples of which are rare. This was a fifteenth century script, on 293 leaves of vellum, 17 by 13 in., of Pierre de Crescences' "Livre des Prouffits Champestres," with twelve large richly illuminated miniatures in borders of gold and colours. It went to Mr. Quaritch at £2,600, one of the highest sums ever paid under the hammer for a decorative MS. A 1636 Prayer-Book with some words in the autograph of Charles I. brought £285. The seventy five Cork pictures, sold for £4,575 2s., were mostly family portraits. An unattributed presentment of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, fetched 430 gs.; Reynolds' 'Richard Boyle, Earl of Shannon,' 650 gs.; a portrait of a lady, possibly Juliana, daughter of the first Earl of Shannon, by the Irish artist, Stephen Slaughter, who became Keeper of the King's Pictures and died at Kensington, 300 gs. For the furniture, pictures, books, £11,300 was paid.

Mr. Arthur Lucas, the well-known art publisher, brother of Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, R.A., has withdrawn from business for health reasons, and in November his engraved plates, with copyrights and stock of proofs, etc., sold without reserve, brought upwards of £10,000. Messrs. Raphael Tuck were prominent buyers.

On November 30th, at Robinson and Fisher's, Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, the "Claude Monet of England," was bold enough to have offered at auction twenty-six of his landscapes in oil. Sold entirely without reserve, they fetched from £2 to 35 gs. each, with an aggregate of about £140. Buyers were in most cases private individuals, not dealers.

The centenary of Trafalgar was not allowed to pass without a measure of poetic sale-room justice. On November 30th the reliquary known as the Nelson cenotaph, whose pyramidal canopy is composed of the eighty-four guineas found in Nelson's purse at the time he was mortally wounded, fetched 350 gs., instead of 120 gs. in 1877. Earlier in the month the bugle on which Trumpeter William Brittain, of the 17th Lancers, is held by many to have sounded the charge of the Light Brigade, begun at £50, was withdrawn at 1,000 gs., the reserve being £1,500. In 1898 Trumpeter Major Joy's bugle fetched £750.

A Turkish Jug of the Sixteenth Century.

Reproduced in Colours.

OWING to the discovery of the remains of ancient pottery furnaces at Lindus, in the island of Rhodes, for a long period the faience, with a bright red pigment so thickly coated as to stand out in relief and with decorations of sprays of hyacinths, tulips and leaves, was called Rhodian ware; but subsequent investigations have tended to prove that the finer specimens of this class of pottery, especially tiles, were made in various parts of Turkey, whilst the coarser kind only was manufactured in the island of Rhodes. The jug represented in our illustration is a fine example of Turkish decorated pottery of the sixteenth century, further embellished with richly-chased and embossed cover

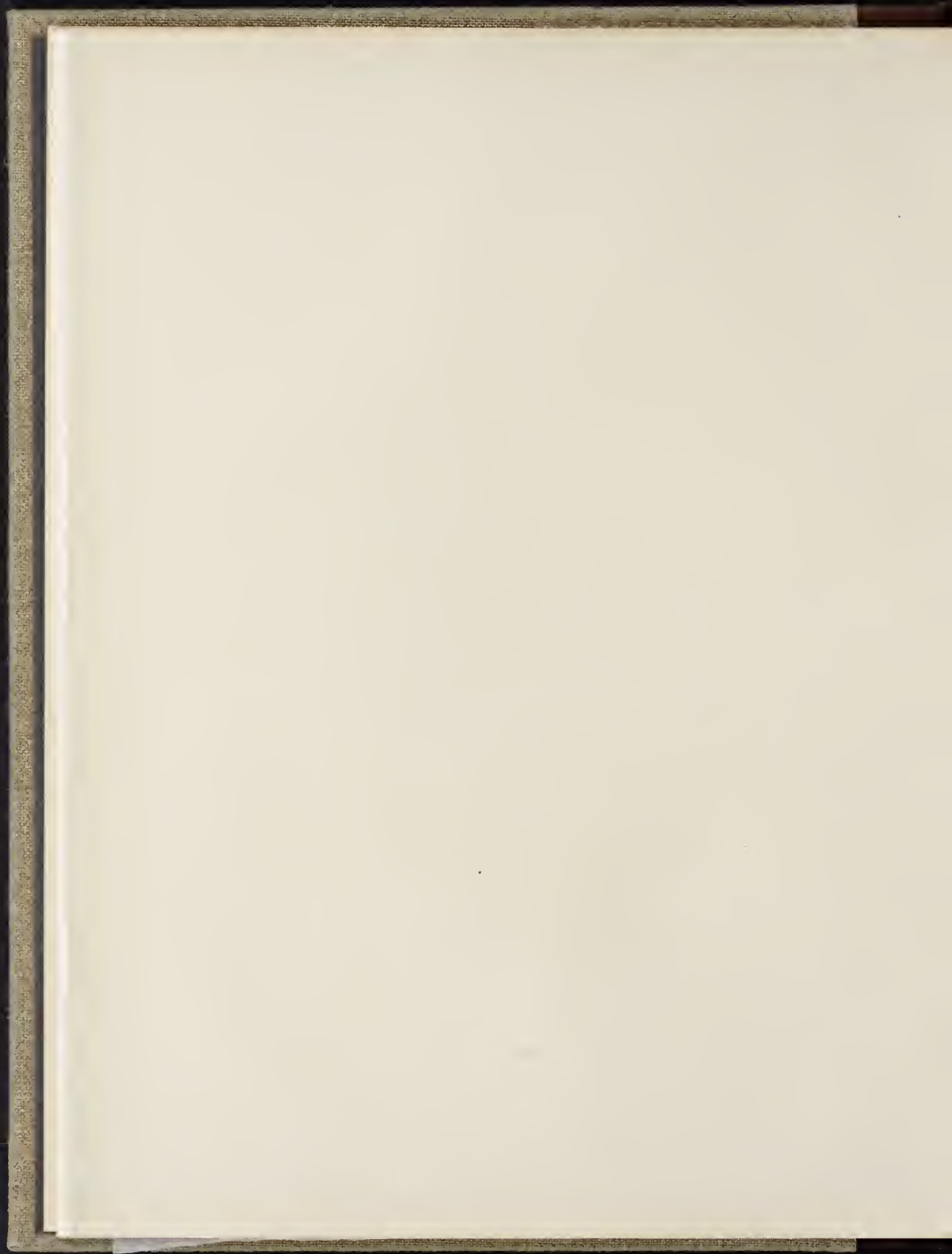
and foot of silver gilt. This silver-work is of Dutch workmanship, and bears the Utrecht hall-mark of about 1580. The jug is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington; it was acquired in the year 1904, and the National Art-Collections Fund contributed the sum of one hundred pounds towards its purchase.

This Society, although it has been in existence for little more than two years, has already done good work. It was founded towards the end of the year 1903, on similar lines to the Société des Amis du Louvre at Paris, and the Kaiser Friedrich-Museums-Verein at Berlin, its object being to secure pictures and other works of art for our national

The Art Journal, London, Virtue & Co.



TURKISH JUG—16TH CENTURY.



collections. Up to the present time the Society, which comprises more than five hundred members, has been able to assist the principal art institutions belonging to the nation both by gifts and by grants of money towards the purchase of various works of art. A picture of the 'Madonna and Child,' by Lazzaro Sebastiani, has been purchased and presented to the Trustees of the National Gallery, London, and a painting by Watteau entitled 'Fête Champêtre'

has similarly been bought and given to the National Gallery, Dublin. The Society has also aided the authorities of the British Museum in acquiring a Greek bronze relief, at the sale of the Hawkins Collection at Christie's, by contributing the sum of four hundred pounds. In addition to these purchases, several individual members have presented, through the Society, various objects to our art galleries and museums in trust for the nation.

Cost of National Gallery Pictures.

L'AFFAIRE Rokeby-Velazquez has raised in acute form that most difficult problem as to how far a nation is justified in expending large sums of money on "things of beauty," which are a joy for ever, at the very moment when hundreds, through no fault of their own, lack the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. The issue is not one which can be usefully discussed in this place. We must be content to take refuge in the true paradox that there are two rights, apparently mutually destructive. Alas, if we waited till the canker of poverty was healed—as soon or late it must be healed—to make further purchases for our National Gallery, most of the fine pictures still available and required to round off the collection would have drifted out of our reach. Meanwhile, many are seeking details of the noteworthy amounts already spent on our public picture-treasures.

Gifts and bequests apart—and they have been numerous and munificent—the assemblage of British and foreign pictures now in Trafalgar Square and Millbank have cost something like £750,000, some ten per cent. of which has been contributed by private persons or come from various funds bequeathed for purposes of purchase. The most memorable purchase was that in 1884, when £87,500 was paid to the Duke of Marlborough for two renowned pictures from Blenheim. From all sides the Government was pressed to buy the 'Ansedei Madonna' of Raphael, valued by Sir Frederick Burton at £115,500. The Royal Academy promoted an insistent memorial, and even members of Parliament were moved to affirm that "their constituents and the whole nation will approve and applaud" a departure from "the hard line of severe economy in order at one stroke to raise to a higher level the collection of pictures of which the whole nation is proud." In the issue £70,000, equal to about £14 per square inch, was paid for the Raphael, and Mr. Gladstone used to say in that connection that "I have saved the taxpayers £45,000 by not listening to the advice of the Director of the Gallery." A few years ago Mr. Pierpont Morgan gave £100,000 for the 'Colonna Raphael,' which for the present hangs near the 'Ansedei' in the Umbrian Room. The second picture was, of course, the equestrian portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck, valued by Sir F. Burton at £31,500, whereas it was acquired for £17,500. This is the masterly work which fetched £150 at the dispersal of Charles I.'s treasures in 1649, when so many priceless things, now in the Louvre, Vienna, and other public galleries abroad, left this country for ever.

The next highest sum was the purchase in 1871, for

£75,000, of the seventy-seven Dutch pictures and eighteen drawings brought together by Sir Robert Peel. Obloquy was heaped upon those responsible, yet in 1884, when there was some idea of getting the Rubenses from Blenheim, Sir William Gregory offered to buy the Peel pictures for a quarter of a million sterling, and to-day even that sum does not represent their value. The foundation-stone, so to say, of our National Gallery was laid in 1824, when the thirty-eight pictures of John Julius Angerstein, which for some years thereafter were exhibited at his house in Pall Mall, were secured *en bloc* for £57,000. In 1890 very little short of this sum, £55,000 to be exact, was paid for three works from Longford Castle, now among the most highly-prized in Trafalgar Square. They are the wonderful 'Ambassadors' of Holbein, 'Admiral Pulido-Pareja' by Velazquez, and the 'Italian Nobleman' of Moroni. Parliament granted £25,000 of the sum, while the remaining £30,000 was subscribed in equal proportions by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild, Sir Edward Guinness, now Lord Iveagh, and Mr. Charles Cotes. In the next place comes the 'Darnley Titian,' secured last year, through Sir George Donaldson, at £30,000, made up of a special grant of £9,000 and £21,000 given by Lady Wantage, Lord Iveagh, Lord Burton, Mr. Waldorf Astor, Mr. Alfred Beit, Mr. Pierpont Morgan. There is a drop from this considerable amount to almost one-half. In 1899 the two Rembrandt portraits, of a burgomaster and of an old lady, belonging to Lord de Saumarez, went into the collection at £15,050, £12,500 being a special Treasury grant, £1,550 coming from the annual grant, while Mr. J. P. Heseltine, one of the Trustees, whose knowledge and ability all recognise, and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild gave £500 each. In 1904, exactly £10,000 was expended on the superb portrait, supposed to be by Dürer, of his father, and the picture of a lady by Van der Helst, thought by other critics to be from the hand of Rembrandt or of Maes. These belonged to the late Lady Ashburton. To master-works, which of recent years we have allowed to slip through our hands, we need here do no more than allude. There are the two matchless portrait-groups by Rubens, which went from Blenheim to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, in Paris; Dürer's 'Madonna with the Siskin,' which till 1892 belonged to the late Marquis of Lothian, the Vermeer of the Clinton-Hope collection, the Millais Holbein, the Earl of Ashburnham's 'Renier Anso' of Rembrandt, all four now in Berlin. The point is that the money paid for a picture is soon forgotten, the loss of a superb work of art never



Panel in Opus Sectile, 'The Three Graces.'

By Henry Holiday.

Art Handiwork and Manufacture.*

FRANCE, more than any other nation of Europe, has maintained the connection between art and industry: between national life and art, therefore. Because of that identification, with the fall of the monarchy which had become tyrant and enslaver of national energy, fell also unified French art with its courtly luxury. Till the close of the nineteenth century, rapid constitutional changes are answered in French arts and crafts with as rapid shiftings

* Continued from 1905.



1. Ivy ring, enamelled gold and sapphire.
2. Double-winged ring, enamelled gold and opal.
3. Berry ring, enamelled gold, sapphire and pearls.

(Fine Art Society.)

By Lucien Gaillard.

of the imaginative or æsthetic ideal. In jewellery and ornamental metal-work—so closely associated with the show and state of society—the classicism of the First Empire, the romanticism of 1830, looking backwards to mediævalism with Hugo and outwards to the Orient, the resuscitated Trianon-ism of the Restoration, and many other phases of the national attitude, are reflected. By 1889, when the great exhibition gave critics an opportunity to estimate what the nineteenth century had created, the long dance of imitation in the brain of French craftsmanship was beginning to sober down. In jewellery the latest productions showed traditional skill, unimpaired by these rapid exercises, almost solely employed on the display of costly materials, with no inspiration to give appropriate form to the aggregations of jewels. The reaction was inevitable, and it came with characteristic vivacity. In 1895 M. René Lalique, after ten years of more or less experimental work, showed seventeen pieces of jewellery wherein he thoroughly inverted the ideal of commercial jewellery.

Instead of life—the life of nature, the source; and of the artist, the channel—being excluded from a scheme of production whose aim was to display the number and size and purity of precious stones, he chose the material of his art for its adaptability to express a personal observation of natural beauty. Following M. Lalique or invading trade convention in their own way, the artist-jewellers of Paris



"Apple-Blossom" Fruit-Knife in Silver.



"Silver Waist-Buckle, "Columbine."

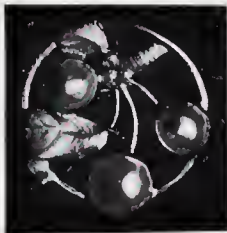


Gold Waist Buckle, "Laureum Leaves."

have again identified modern Parisian jewellery with the life which demanded it.

Their study of natural forms has, it is true, taken an inevitable impress from the nature expressions or Japanese art. But to use these observations of fragile structure in plant and insect, of poise and surface and colour, as the inspiration for jewellery, is not Japanese. Ivory and horn, and the bronze and precious metal of vases and boxes are materials in whose use the Japanese have instructed the Parisian craftsmen, as the interesting vases of M. Lucien Gaillard show; but no artistic or public ideals but those of twentieth century Paris are fully expressed in the production of which the present illustrations are examples. Obviously, in a movement which has as starting-point the study of wild nature and the rendering of fantasy in exquisite materials, individuality will give a wide interpretation to a common ideal. M. Gaillard, for instance, in the recent exhibition of his work at the Fine Art Society's galleries,

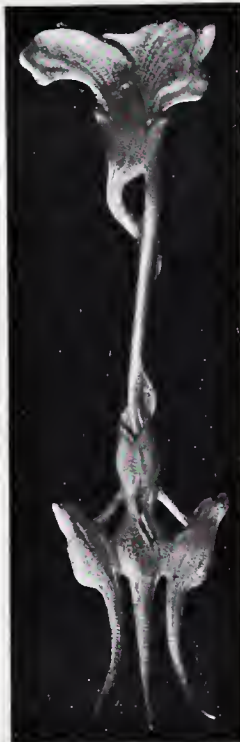
appeared as pressing closely after Japanese models in his larger metal-work—vases, boxes, rapiers, or in metal mountings of pottery—while in his jewellery the use of blossoms and butterflies, and birds, ferns, or sea-weed, observed, through all its lightness and apparent freedom, a regard for the various needs of the future possessors which showed the Parisian artist. Jewellery, delicate, assertive, bizarre, ranging in hue from ivory or palest green, blue, mauve, to full scarlet or black of bat's wings in a constellation of



"Cherry" Brooch in Gold and Pearls.

diamonds, ranging in style from royal jewels of ancient Egypt to *l'art nouveau*, from naturalism to the elegant artificiality of Louis XVI.—that is what M. Gaillard presents to the Western woman. His invention is adapted to every change of colour in her dress, and to fair or dark of face and all that lies between.

Between this art, responsive to all needs and fashions of society women, and the metal-work of Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, as it was shown at the Leicester Gallery, is a wide difference. To M. Gaillard the piece of jewellery is in the main a decoration publicly worn. To Prince Karageorgevitch it is a private possession, whose beauty must be best known to the possessor. The obtaining of



"Nasturtium" Sweetmeat Fork in Silver.



'Hope' Plaque in Sculptured Enamel.

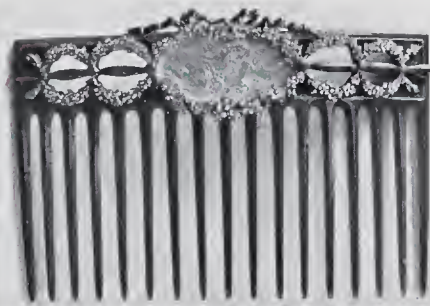
By Henry Holiday.

variety in colour and motive prompts M. Gaillard to use many subjects and many materials. The invention of the other artist dwells on one flower as a life of many aspects, and realises the changes of form between bud and sced-vessel in a sequence of buttons, using only metal, gold or silver, and that not bright, but frosted. The study of nature becomes a study of the individual development; of unfolding beauty, watched through a little lifetime of violet,

directions of an artistic energy which took a vital impress from contact with the later phase of pre-Raphaelitism. Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, furthered the project of Morris to illumine vacant or ill-filled church windows with modern stained glass, which should be as beautiful as imagination and skill could make it. Mr. Holiday has taken up that idea, and given to it a wide fulfilment, working in stained glass as a chief medium for the expression of his fertile and

or mallow. And this noting of change in form, subtle and gradual, is best expressed in a simple and unvarying material. The result is jewellery that makes no parade, a possession for any occasion of life, and best appreciated when it is thoroughly familiar. As need hardly be said, the value of such an ideal, when it is expressed through intimate perception of nature and skilled craftsmanship, is especially great at a period when formlessness and flash are licensed by the breaking-down of traditions and the restlessness of public demand. The cherry brooch, with its beautifully-placed globes of pearly light, the delicate play of light on the bright golden leaves under the pearl currants, are other admirable examples of the art of Prince Karageorgevitch.

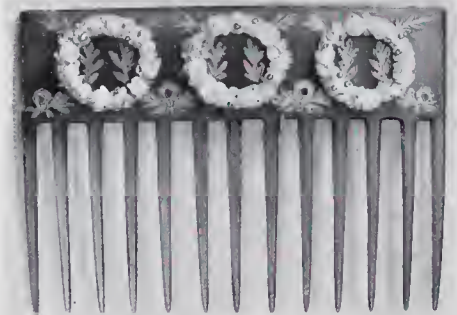
The window, enamel plaque, and panel in Opus Sectile by Mr. Henry Holiday represent three main



Tortoiseshell Comb with Diamond Wreaths and Medallion Design of Amorini. Style Louis XVI.

(Fine Art Society.)

By Lucien Gaillard.



Comb of Light Green Horn, with Garlands in Darker Green. Mother-of-pearl Rose-wreaths set with Diamonds.

(Fine Art Society.)

By Lucien Gaillard.



Silver Centrepiece for a Dining Table.

By Bertram MacKenna.

eager invention. The window here illustrated is a detail only in an achievement which has filled with jewelled colours and forms of fine significance the windows of many great churches in England and Scotland, and in the United States, where, especially in the Church of the Holy Trinity

in New York (see *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1904, p. 23), a great opportunity was offered him in admiration of his art. But this comparatively small window, a memorial design for a church in Windermere, suggests fairly what are the powers over his material which Mr. Holiday has won in the years of his devotion to it. Without colour and those vital effects of light through colour which are the consummation of the artist's work, any illustration of stained glass must remain a quite bare suggestion, but disposition of form, illustration of subject, are at least to be apprehended. To illustration of the theme the artist brings not only a thoughtful but a closely trained imagination. 'The Light of the World' shines on the decay of ancient powers—Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Rome—and on their enduring monuments as on their glory of life which might not endure. It shines on Death, and on those corruptions of life which give Death its power—sin and sorrow and ignorance. The well-filled space is all expressive, and the expression is of a unity of thought, reflected, as it were, in various mirrors, each yielding an aspect of the high and shining truth central to all.

Mr. Holiday is not only a renewer of injured traditions. In his use of enamel on moulded forms he has inaugurated an English art which, in its artistic capabilities and fitness for exterior decoration in unsteady climates, is likely to prove increasingly important. The depth and play of colour in the blue-and-green robe of 'Hope,' in her pomegranate sleeves, is an example of what enamel on a modelled surface may effect. 'Opus Sectile' is another personal method, or rather personal interpretation of a method. The fair, flat colours of the painted ware are to stained glass as is fresco to oil-painting, and Mr. Holiday has in this reticent effect,

1. Green vase, with silver mounts, lizards and bramble.
2. Earthenware jug with metal violets.
3. Bronze vase with twisted handles.

By Lucien Gaillard.

(Fine Art Society.)





(Mr. W. B. Paterson's Gallery)

Sixteenth Century French Furniture: Period Henri II.



(Mr. W. B. Paterson's Gallery.)

Sixteenth Century French Furniture: Period Henri II.

in the sculptresque brilliancy of his relief enamels, and the translucent splendours of stained glass, three big and varied arts for the fit expression of a wide range of artistic invention.

A fine suite of Henri II. furniture, brought from a private collection to the gallery of Mr. W. B. Paterson, represented to the London public an aspect of the art of French cabinet-makers less familiar than the splendid forms assumed by furniture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Collections such as that at Hertford House leave unrepresented the less sumptuous phases of furniture, preferring the elaborate masterpieces of the schools of Boule or Cressent to the fine pieces of an earlier and less court-serving epoch. At Mr. Paterson's the two carved cabinets, the one a reticent architectural scheme, with fine low carving and delicate pillars, the other, of ornate Renaissance type, represented the art of the sixteenth century *richiers* at its most elaborate, employing all resources of skill in the beautifying of this most important of domestic possessions. The beautiful chairs, so austere and dignified compared to those of later times, the solid, admirably made tables, completed a fine collection of considerable value historically and æsthetically.

The arts of the worker in precious metals and of the jeweller have in modern times been so closely united that the relation of gold- or silver-work and sculpture is little in evidence. The loss of the connection represents that cleavage between the fine and the applied arts which followed the sophistication of art. A considerable amount of recent work, however, in goldsmiths' materials by sculptors is tending to re-establish the natural continuity of the sculptor's potency over a wide range of materials, from marble to ivory, from bronze to gold, which formerly prevailed. Mr. Bertram MacKenna's 'Silver Centre-piece for a Dining-table,' shown at the New Gallery with larger works in bronze and marble, as his contribution to the group of modern sculpture in the exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters, is a recent example. In general design, from the firm base to the light pinnacle figure, the centre-piece is coherent and decorative, and the treatment of the figures encircling the design, above the shell-receptacles, is firm and expressive. Their foothold appears, perhaps, too precarious for stability, and the treatment of the female heads with streaming hair that rims the basins, as of the birds, compressed between these shells, is not finely conventionalised. But these are faults of detail in a spirited and solid work.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

THE appearance at Agnew's—and "in the market"—of Velazquez's 'Venus with the Mirror' was an event of international rather than of national importance. Since lent by Mr. Morrill to the Old Masters Exhibition of 1890, it has been in the seclusion of Rokeby Park, and now, cleared of obscuring varnishes, it shines forth for what it is, the most veracious and purest naturalistic nude in the world of picture. The general design is familiar

to students through the photogravure frontispiece to the monograph on Velazquez by the late R. A. M. Stevenson, who held it was the only work not in the Prado "essential to the full understanding of the painter's art."

It is a lithe human being, not a Greek goddess resting for a moment on the fair earth, that Velazquez has painted. A contemporary of the Spanish master, reviewing the pictorial output of his time, proclaimed: "Velazquez alone is truth." There is wisdom in the dictum. The "lake in every man's heart" was unruffled, veiled by no mists, when it mirrored that figure, the rhythm of whose containing lines are made strangely human by the at first sight perhaps too sudden spring of the left hip, and the balancing contour of the left shoulder. The curve of the back, the poise of the beautiful head, the flow of the undulatingly significant lines, that seem to sing as they flow, breaking into winged forms in the youth of the Cupid, the restorative angles of the mirror, the quiescence of the draperies: with what consummate ease is the material shaped to reveal the indwelling soul of the actual. Reynolds' counsel to those painting fair faces was: "think on the ripe peach and the pearl." A century earlier Velazquez endowed the phrase with pictorial immortality. Peach bloom is in the averted face, the gleam of pearl is everywhere. Ivory and ebony, rose and mother-of-pearl, how imperishably are they blent. The vehicle of paint is all but perfected. There are the tempered white, and the silver-black of the couch draperies, the lovely cloud of the hair, the note of green-grey on the farther side of the figure, the rose of the silken bands, the red of the heavy curtain. And light—that innermost mystery of which the light of the sun is no more than a pale symbol—visits the cool flesh of that supple, and in its rhythm suppliant, figure, as a



Memorial Window, 'The Light of the World,' for a church in Windermere.

By Henry Holiday.



(Society of Portrait
Painters.)
Viscount Castlereagh, M.V.O.
By Robert Brough, A.R.S.A.

reverent caress. The light comes, not to animate an inanimate surface, as in some of the unforgettably grey-walled pictures of Vermeer of Delft, but as a vibration of peace, as a benediction to a human life. Light and Life are one in ancient tradition, and to-day we recognise our sun-treaders, our torch-bearers. The light of the Venus understands and is tender; Velazquez felt and has revealed the ineffable quality in it. This, too, is suggested: that light emanates from within to unite with that from without, hence the radiance. Is it fanciful to see in this "naked human form divine" a being destined to ascend, to wonder if behind the curtain is that "dear and great angel," her guardian at times of peril? The Venus of Velazquez is on one pinnacle of art, the Venus of Giorgione—a veritable goddess—on another.

Though overshadowed by the Rokeby picture, there were other excellent things in the Old Bond Street gallery, among them the fine wooded landscape originally named 'Grove Scene, Marlingford,' by Crome, the splendidly accomplished 'Morning: or the Benevolent Sportsman' of

Morland, a particularly sterling Lawrence, interesting Raeburns, Gainsboroughs, Reynoldses, a most elegant Hoppner, and Romney's delightfully naive 'Vernon Children,' the two last-named pictures in process of being engraved.

High among the "events" of 1905 must be placed, too, the exhibition at Mr. Sulley's gallery of the larger of two pictures by Jan Vermeer of Delft, from the Secretan collection, dispersed in Paris in 1889. The 'Lady and Servant'—re-named 'The Letter'—some 35 by 30 in., from the gallery of M. Dufour of Marseilles, fetched 75,000 francs at the Secretan sale, since when it has been in the possession of Count Leuchtenberg of St. Petersburg. In scale it is unusual among the domestic interiors by this Dutch master—the head of the lady measures about 6 inches, for instance—whose vision was of that solitary kind that discerns much in the little. For once the wall is not a dream of white, but an approximation to black, against which emerges the superbly painted figure of the servant—she re-appears in 'The Cook Asleep' of the Kann collection—in grey brown, with an apron of the unforgettable blue of 'The Milk Woman.' The lady is in the radiant lemon-yellow trimmed with ermine of 'The Pearl Necklace,' and in the magic painting of her pearl ear-drop, of the gleaming casket and the unfinished letter on the table, spread with blue, we recognise the true Vermeer. He is sovereign of the so-called "little masters" of Holland. In the gallery were a portrait of a woman in black, painted by Goya in 1824, demonstrating, as a side light, how much Manet owed to him, and examples of note by Rembrandt, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence.

The fifteenth exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters was exceptionally good—good even if work by deceased artists were eliminated. From the Staats Forbes collection were early portraits of his mother and father, by Corot, and several studies in chalk by Millet of the heads of brother artists, among them of big-browed Rousseau "pressing the brain, which too much thought expands, back to its proper size again." There you touch monumental art. Thought and emotion are inter-penetrated. The Society



(Goupil Gallery.)
Embankment Steps.
By J. C. W. Cossaar.

makes a feature of foreign exhibits. There were—to name a few—M. Besnard's brilliant brevity, *à la Hals*, of 'Frantz Jourdain' (p. 27), M. Lucien Simons' admirable portrait of a lady, M. Blanche's restlessly accomplished swirl of lines and gaudy colours, No. 17, and his more intimately expressive 'Harry Melville,' the 'Comtesse de Noailles' of M. Gandara, treated in a serpentine scheme of hydrangea-blue, decadent in tendency, a charmingly personal child study by M. Carrière, not free from that cloud of tragedy whereby all his pictures are misted, a quick-eyed baby by Alfred Stevens, the Belgian, Signor Mancini's 'Madame Marchesi,' whose solid flash is not very legitimately obtained. Mr. Orchardson's 'Rev. D. H. Alford,' 1903, is only less good than his 'Howard Colls' of the last Academy. The two last works of the late Robert Brough cause us to apprehend the reality of his talent. He was fast emerging from the undue influence of Mr. Sargent. The unfinished 'Viscount Castlereagh' (p. 26), in hunting dress, has something of Raeburn's dignity, of his secure handling of surfaces and textures; and 'Leopold Hirsch,' with fishing rod and open book of rich-coloured flies, gleaming river beyond, is an interesting attempt imaginatively to environ a sportsman. There are passages of shadowed mastery in each of the portraits of Mr. C. H. Shannon, who again, however, shrinks from admitting vital light. Thus constantly he seems to cheat us of his best, for his power is not such as to be dispelled by the sunlight. Mr. Greiffenhagen's 'Mrs. Harrington Mann' (p. 29), conceived in the spirit of Lawrence's 'Miss Faren' of 1790, is a gracious and winsome evocation, with the open-air friendliness of our time breathed into the distinction of long ago. There must be named the forth-right portraits of two Irish politicians, and an admirable interior with the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, by Mr. William Orpen; a child-portrait of exceptional sweetness by Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. Lavery's winsomely timid 'Master Hoskins,' Mr. J. J. Shannon's important 'Earl of Feversham,' sincerities by Mr. John Bowie, dissimilarities by the Hon. John Collier and Mr. George Henry, and—outside the scope of the present article—sculpture by Messrs. Gilbert Bayes, Bertram MacKinnal, E. Roscoe Mullins, F. Mowbray Taubman.

The forty-fourth winter exhibition of the "Old" Water-Colour Society, despite the absence of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Clausen, and others of note, was quite up to the customary standard. The drawings of Mr. William Callow, who, at over ninety, must be the "father" of the Society, stand as a reproach to many which are hardly more than aggregations of pretty superfluities. In 'Durham' (p. 28), "painted from nature, 1843," we find him working, spontaneously and to beautiful purpose, in the fine tradition which we associate with Girtin. 'The Citadel' of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, large and imposing of design, has no overlay of minor interests. The ordinance of simple massing is revered; the grave, the serene, the romantic, form the unified trinity whence beauty issues.



(Society of Portrait Painters.)

M. Frantz Jourdain.

By Albert Besnard.

Others who contribute in notable fashion include Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. R. Anning Bell, Miss Fortescue Brickdale, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Napier Hemy—he breaks fresh ground with his silvery seas—Mr. Edwin Alexander, Mr. S. J. Hodson.

The second exhibition of the Society of Twelve—with an honorary thirteenth added in the person of Prof. Legros, whose Leonardesque self-portrait is finely disciplined—contained work of exceptional merit, alike in the section of drawings and of prints in various kinds. Mr. A. E. John will win his way through a stage of vehement self-assertiveness—and his utmost waywardnesses attract—towards interpretation of the veritably potent in things. Mr. Muirhead Bone's drawings and drypoints of architecture issue from a solid foundational knowledge, capable to shape the intricate, as in his interesting and partially successful drawing of scaffolding, and the massive, as in the authoritative 'Ayr Prison,' big though on a small scale. Mr. Shannon's 'Morning' is the latest, and in many respects most rhythmically satisfying, result of the "Ministrants" design. Mr. Rickett's tiny, imaginative woodcuts, silken of line, ivory-like of surface, are not new, but his expressive study of two draped figures is of to-day. Something of Blake, something of the *naïveté* of Germany centuries ago, Mr. Sturge Moore communicates in his fascinating woodcuts of Christ scenes, the Shepherd of little children. Mr. Cameron's 'The Tay' and 'Robert Lee's Workshop' with its shadowed roof show



(R.W.S.)

Durham (1843).

By William Callow.

him in a different mood, and one not less acceptable, than 'The Citadel.' Others of the distinguished little group are adequately to be studied.

During November there opened many one-man shows deserving of detailed notice. It must suffice to name a few. At the Leicester Galleries was a collection of water-colours by Harpignies, sane, delicate, telling of delight in the fair earth. He can be lyric as well as decorative and massively grave. Mr. Alfred East's water-colours at Dowdeswell's

proved what a wealth of observation, what variety and freshness, lie behind his big Academy pictures. At the Stafford Gallery were the twenty-four admirably simplified drawings of Oxford on which Mr. William Nicholson has for some years been engaged. A half-century almost to the day after the Victoria Falls were discovered by Livingstone five huge pictures of them by Mr. E. H. Holder were put on view at Mendoza's. The autumn show at the Goupil Gallery had as usual a proportion of first-rate things, including a rich and masterly 'Study of Peaches and Dahlias,' painted by Fantin in 1868, while the inner room was given to pictures and drawings by the young Dutchman, Mr. J. C. W. Cossaar. The broadly-painted tree pictures of Mr. Frederick Yates at the Dutch Gallery should serve to increase his repute. At the Rem-

brandt Gallery in Vigo Street Mr. Swan made his *début* as a drypointist with the virile study of a recumbent jaguar, and there were representative etchings and lithographs by M. Lepère, who has a great reputation abroad. Messrs. Graves showed a vast canvas, 30 x 16 ft., of 'Red Sunday: St. Petersburg, January 22, 1905,' in which the Polish artist, Albert de Kossak, has vividly translated into paint the first scene—of simple faith met with death—in that stupendous tragedy now stirring all Europe.

The 'Grove Scene, Marlingford.'

From the painting by John Crome.

"JOHN, my boy, paint, but paint for fame; and if your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it!" Save for the rapt ejaculation "Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!" breathed at the end, those were the last words of John Crome, whose landscapes are among the noblest issues of British art. Magnificently did he attain that which he enjoined. An oak painted by him is a poem vibrating with life; "docks and weeds and peaty waters. . . moving as the haunts of Keats' Pan when shaped by the coach-painter's stubby brush, too manly to stoop to thin lines and photographic jottings." Crome's art is based on a most sure foundation of knowledge—knowledge assimilated and transmuted into wisdom—imaginative understanding that is, in the hidden recesses of his nature. He was a follower of truth, and he seems to have apprehended that we can reach inner truth only as we see the world in the grain of sand.

"Old" Crome, the son of a poor journeyman weaver, was born in a low public-house in Norwich on December 22, 1768. At twelve he became the errand-boy of Dr. Rigby, and in 1783 apprenticed himself for seven years to Francis Whistler, a house-, coach-, and sign-painter. Crome is

credited with the introduction into Norwich of "graining," an imitation of nature markings, since vulgarised out of all countenance. At least three of the signs he painted are still in existence, and it is known he got five shillings for "writing and gilding 'Ye Maid's Head,'" and one guinea for 'Ye Lame Dog.' For years he fought against abject poverty, sometimes, it is said, being compelled to paint sugar ornaments for confectioners, and to use pieces of bed-tick or old aprons whereon to paint his landscapes. But though he seldom or never obtained more than £50 for an important and highly-finished work, he was in after years quite comfortably off. Reputed highly during his lifetime, his fame suffered something of eclipse till at the International Exhibition of 1862, critics proclaimed his greatness. To-day there is a consensus of authoritative opinion that his name ranks with those of Gainsborough and Constable, as one of the men of genius who founded the essentially British school of landscape. His masterly 'Mousehold Heath,' painted, he says, for "air and space," which is charged with the solemn calm and solicitude of departing day, brought £12 in 1821, a few months after his death; in





The Grove Scene, Marlborough, is a painting by Joyce Krome. It depicts a landscape with trees and a path, rendered in a soft, impressionistic style. The painting is a reproduction of the original work.

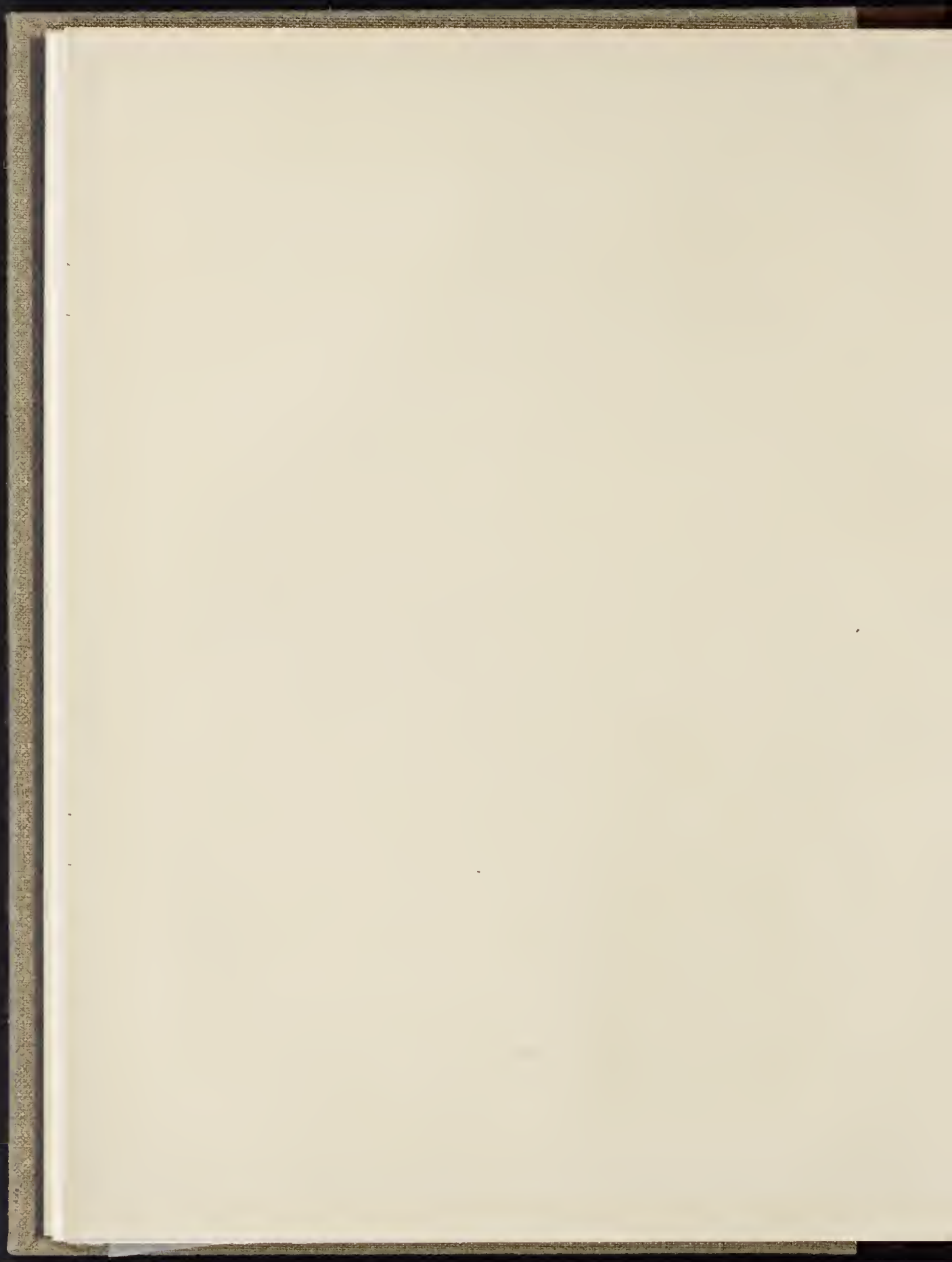
The 'Grove Scene, Marlborough'

from the painting by Joyce Krome

The Grove Scene, Marlborough, is a painting by Joyce Krome. It depicts a landscape with trees and a path, rendered in a soft, impressionistic style. The painting is a reproduction of the original work.



The Grove Scene, Marlingford.
By permission of Mess^{rs} Thos. Agnew & Sons.



1862 it was fortunately bought for the nation at 400 gs. from the collection of W. Yetts, of Yarmouth, that being a fraction only of its present worth.

We have been fortunate enough to discover the interesting history of the 'Grove Scene, Marlingford,' reproduced as a special plate. About 1815, Mr. Paget of Yarmouth, father of the late Sir James Paget, commissioned Crome to paint him a large picture. The artist, accustomed to drive from Norwich to Yarmouth in a day, brought over two landscapes from which to choose, at a moment when Mrs. Paget was recovering from a long illness. "We must have that one," she said when they were taken to her bedside, and insisted that Crome should receive 40 gs. instead of the 30 gs. he asked for it. It was hung in an important place, and, as "the green picture," became a favourite with the family. Later, the fortunes of the house changed, and Mr. Paget had to part with his Cromes. Sir James, then just free of walking the wards at "Bart's," was told that hardly a Crome in the country would fetch 100 gs. under the hammer. Hence, instead of going to Christie's, the picture was sold privately to Mr. Sherrington of Yarmouth, at whose death it and other fine examples from the same brush were procured by the late Mr. Louis Huth. Mrs. Sherrington, not knowing him, declined to take his cheque, and insisted on bank notes, which he had no difficulty in getting from the local bank. At the dispersal of the Louis Huth pictures last May the landscape, without any specific title, was received with enthusiasm, bought for a record sum by Messrs. Agnew, appeared in Bond Street to do honour to Old Crome on the same wall as the Rokeby Velazquez, and is now in a fine English collection.

Passing Events.

ONE of the voices raised against the purchase for the nation of the 'Venus' was that of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, who, of course, has written on Gainsborough, Michelangelo, Lawrence, Wilkie, and has sculptured one or two colossal things, including the statue of Shakespeare at Stratford. On the other hand, Mr. Sigismund Goetze—incorrectly stated to have married a daughter of Mr. Ludwig Mond—having left time for the millionaires to come forward, modestly offered £500 to start a scheme of purchase. Subscriptions should be sent to the National Art Collections Fund, 47, Victoria Street.

TWO "unusualities"—Dr. Johnson is traditionally responsible for this delinquency in an unpublished MS.—are to be looked for this month. Messrs. Agnew, usually associated with art that has "arrived," have commissioned a number of talented outsiders to prepare pictures, and the show should prove of utmost interest. As a kind of pendant, there will be held in the Carfax Gallery—where hitherto men "beyond the pale," from William Blake to Aubrey Beardsley, from Mr. A. E. John to Mr. Fry have been represented—a show of cabinet pictures by R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s. Sir Edward Poynter, Sir W. B. Richmond, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, veterans like Mr. Frith and Mr. Sant, young artists such as



(Society of Portrait
Painters.)

Mrs. Harrington Mann.

By Maurice Greiffenhagen.

Mr. Sargent, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. East, are to send characteristic things.

ANOTHER change has taken place in the personnel of the group of six landscapists whose annual show is invariably distinguished. Sir Ernest Waterlow and Mr. Mark Fisher have withdrawn, Mr. T. Austen Brown joins for the first time, Mr. J. S. Hill resumes a place he has before occupied. The balance of Scots and English is thus held to a nicety.

HULL—the birthplace of Henry Dawson the landscapist—is awakening, aesthetically. In the new City Hall buildings provision has been made for a permanent art gallery, and Mr. T. R. Ferens, all honour to him, is to contribute £1,000 a year for five years for the purchase of pictures and other works. The all-important question is who is to select these?

A Competition.

The Publishers invite Students to send in black-and-white drawings to illustrate a Town or Village Scene. Each composition should include figures. It is intended that these drawings shall depict present-day occupations, or events; but it is not essential that scenes at this season of the year should be chosen. Only one drawing should be sent in one packet.

The first three prize drawings will become the property of THE ART JOURNAL. All drawings will be considered available for reproduction in THE ART JOURNAL.

Prizes to the value of Twenty Guineas will be awarded, provided the works submitted reach a sufficiently high standard. To the authors of the drawings placed First and Second respectively, £6 6s. and £4 4s. in cash; to the author of the drawing placed Third, 3 guineas' worth of artists' materials; to the authors of the seven next best drawings, consolation prizes of artists' materials or books, each to the value of 1 guinea.

In the event of the Judge deciding that the best competitive drawings are not meritorious in invention or execution, the cash prizes will be sent to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

Drawings must reach the office of THE ART JOURNAL by February 20th, 1906.

Each packet should be packed flat and addressed to THE ART JOURNAL, 7, City Garden Row, City Road, London. On each drawing should be written only the words or title selected for illustration. A Motto, Device or Pseudonym must take the place of a signature, and this Motto, Device or Pseudonym must be repeated on a sealed envelope containing the author's name and address, and the Coupon which will be published in the February number of THE ART JOURNAL.

Every care will be taken with drawings, but the Publishers cannot be responsible for any loss or damage. Stamps should be enclosed to defray the cost of returning each drawing.

THE "Society of Twenty-five English Painters" has filled up its membership roll by the election of Mr. J. R. K. Duff, of the New English, accomplished in the rendering of misted hilltops and black-faced sheep, Mr. Sydney Lee, R.B.A., whose earnest pictures appeared at the International and elsewhere, and Miss Constance Halford, an evident admirer of the art of Mr. Charles Conder, represented recently at the Portrait Painters. There, by the way, Miss Joyce Collier, daughter of the well-known portraitist, made her debut.

'NELSON Leaving England for the Last Time,' by Mr. Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.—exhibited at the R.A. in 1888—has been bought by subscription and presented to the gallery at Norwich Castle.

THE Working Men's College—where, as teacher of drawing in the early days, Ruskin kindled many an enthusiasm, where Burne-Jones made the acquaintance of Rossetti, whose place in 1858 was taken by Ford Madox Brown—has removed from its original quarters in Great Ormond Street to a "handsome" building in the parish of St. Pancras. The old home of many memories was sold to the Children's Hospital.

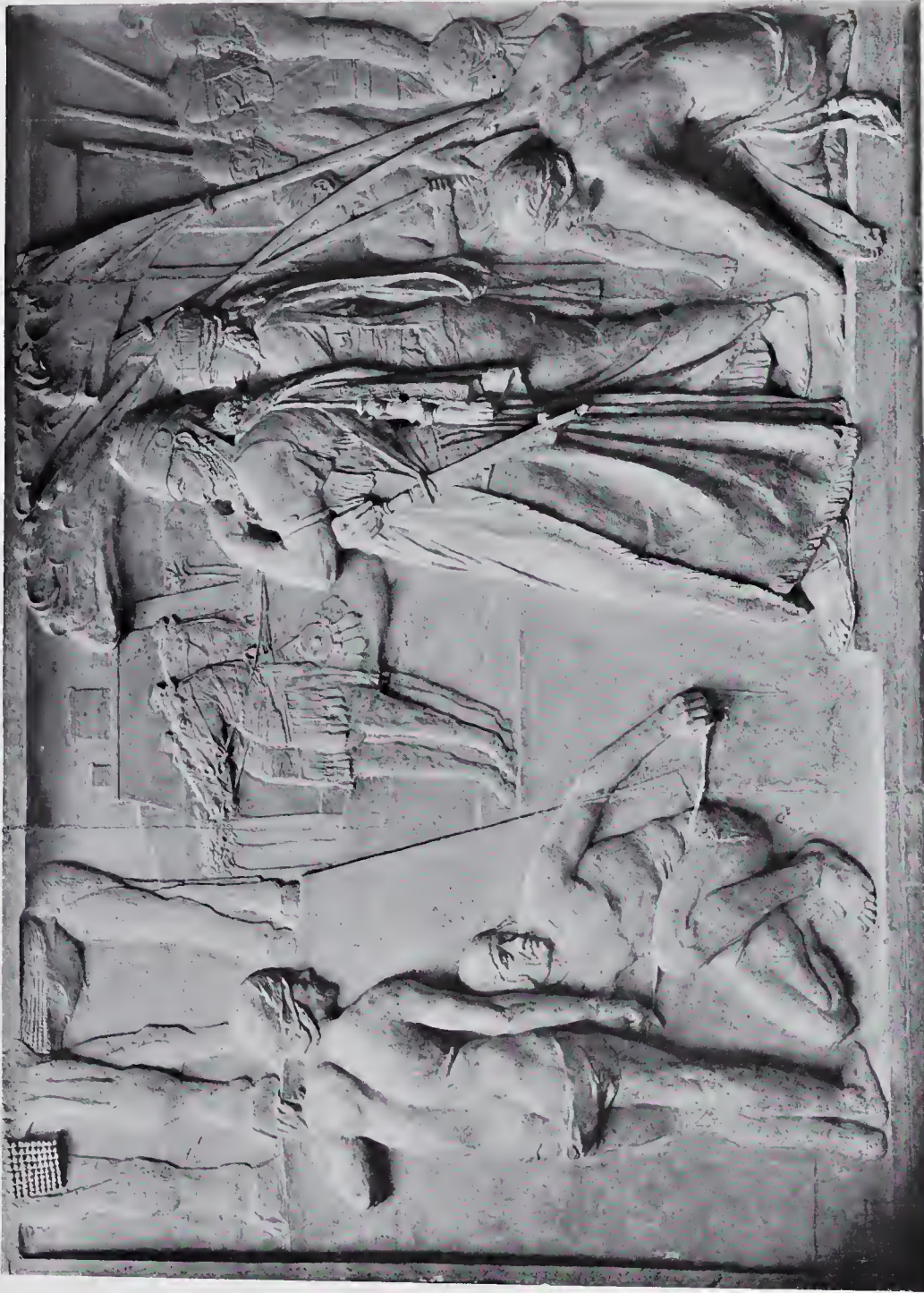
SIR W. B. RICHMOND has resigned his aldermanic seat on the County Council, to which he was nominated in March. He finds himself almost alone in attempting to stem the tide of "egotistical philistinism" about the possible future of the architectural beauties of London. Apropos, there are to be mural paintings by him in the first floor main corridor of the new Central Criminal Court. What, we wonder, has Sir William to say of the proposal to form a Crescent of Peace about the Marble Arch, in commemoration of what has been accomplished by the King in the interests of peace?

THE Institute of Oil Painters outdid the R.B.A. by, at the end of November, adding eight artists to its membership roll, none of them represented at its twenty-third exhibition. They were Mr. Nathaniel Hughes J.

Baird, the West Country painter of landscapes and portraits; Mr. Ernest Boord, known at former Institutes; Mr. Frank Craig, an exhibitor at the R.A. since 1895; Mr. William Eden, not the "Baronet" who dared to differ from the "Butterfly"; Mr. Val Havers, whose gay 'Spring Fantasy' was at the last R.A.; Mr. Harold Knight, known by his harbour scenes and by quiet interiors such as was purchased for the Adelaide Gallery in 1905; Mr. Charles M. Padday, whose 'Alone,' on a desert island, brought £300 at Burlington House; Mr. L. Campbell Taylor, a young artist of promise, responsible for 'Una and the Red Cross Knight.'

MR. GILBERT BAYES is widely recognised as among our most talented young sculptors, and he was fitly entrusted with one of the outdoor reliefs for the decoration of the New South Wales Art Gallery. Mr. Bayes, born in London about thirty-two years ago, worked for five years in the Finsbury College of the City Guild, in the evening modelling from life. After winning a County Council scholarship, he in 1896 passed into the Royal Academy Schools, gained the Armitage Prize in 1897, a silver medal in 1898, when his bronze anatomical figure was purchased by the Academy, and in 1899 he carried off the gold medal and travelling scholarship. He has exhibited at Burlington House each year since 1889. 'Æneas leaving Troy,' of 1900, is one of his best-known works. The relief for the New South Wales Gallery shows Assur-natsir-pal, King of Assyria, from 883 B.C. to 858 B.C., present with his queen at the opening of a new building. After the death of Tiglath-Pileser until his time Assyria was reduced to comparative powerlessness, but under him the boundaries of the empire were extended, splendid palaces, temples, and other buildings raised, whose elaborate sculptures and rich painting bear witness to the fact that in his day culminated the first period of Assyrian art. The theme of the relief is, then, most appropriate.

THE Birmingham Art Gallery has on several occasions profited by the wisdom, taste, and generosity of citizens and other well-wishers. The latest instance is the presentation by Mr. J. Palmer Phillips of an important



Assur-natsir-pal, King of Assyria.
By Gilbert Bayes.

(New South Wales Art Gallery.)

water-colour by Samuel Palmer, whose reverence for Blake causes him in turn by many almost to be revered. It is the 'Tityrus restored to his Patrimony,' dated 1877, which some will remember as having formed part of the Guildhall collection in 1896, whereto it was lent by Mr. George Gurney. The Birmingham Gallery has just celebrated its twentieth birthday, and it is calculated that over thirteen million visitors have been admitted. Mr. Whitworth Wallis has been Keeper during the whole period, and much of the world-wide fame of the Gallery is due to his exertions.

LACK of money—a word-harbour where congregate many strange craft—and political ferment did not suffice to shadow the sales at the Old Water-Colour Society's. Within a few days of the opening almost one-third of the drawings found purchasers, among them 'The Citadel' of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. R. Anning Bell's 'Sleeping Beauty,' the three examples by Miss Fortescue Brickdale. The second exhibition of "The Society of Twelve" proved beyond question that there is a buying public for sterling things in black-and-white. The early sales included all the five drawings of Mr. Muirhead Bone, the entire impression of one of his drypoints, the self-portrait by Legros, several of Mr. A. E. John's virilities, examples, indeed, by all of the distinguished group, with the etchings of Mr. Cameron prominent. It is gratifying to see excellence as well as mediocrity thus practically recognised.

THE Society of Portrait Painters was eminently wise to elect to the Presidentship, vacant by the recent death of its founder, Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, Mr. W. Q. Orchardson. "He has two heads on his shoulders," once exclaimed a gifted admirer of the distinguished Scotsman, and certainly he has more than double his share of insight and subtlety of hand. Mr. Orchardson's 'Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*,' bought for £2,000 in 1880, is one of the Chantrey pictures which none could spare.

ARE we an artistic people? Mr. Edward Spencer, who has thought a good deal on the subject, rightly maintains that the stuff of which we are compounded—the structural quality of the Anglo-Saxon informed by the mysticism of the Celt—is exceptionally propitious from this point of view. But we take our art associations less seriously. For instance, the Municipal Council of Amsterdam has recently paid close on £4,000 for Rembrandt's house in the Joordenbreedstraat. The house of our Reynolds, all too much altered, is now the scene of regular auction sales.

THE question of the over-lapping of private and public interest in matters artistic reminds us that the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris is now an accomplished fact. It is the issue of an intention, dating back to the middle years of the Second Empire, to found a kind of French South Kensington. But the money was not forthcoming, and the War of 1870 threw back the movement. Though in a State building, the fine collection will for fifteen years belong to the Union Centrale des Arts Decoratifs, into which possessions from various private quarters were poured. By the way, the Municipality of Paris has received from the nephew of the late J. J. Henner some works admirably representative of that artist, among them the 'Nymphe' of 1903, with which he had refused to part.

THE photographs of drawings by Michelangelo, reproduced in the last Volume (pp. 365, 366), were taken by Messrs. Alinari.

MR. ALFRED EAST can "preach" art as well as practise it. At the prize-giving of the Sketching Club, attached to the principal Metropolitan Schools of Art, Mr. East emphasised the value of sketching in the development of swiftness of observation and receptivity, but pointed out that a sketch is but a means to an end—such a glorious end, for instance, as the Ghent altarpiece, by the only painter who has ever dared to finish a picture, as was astutely said by a member of the New English Art Club the other day.

THE announcement that under the guidance of Sir Purdon Clarke, the Metropolitan Museum of New York had acquired for some £25,000 Titian's 'Pietro Aretino,' was not only premature, but incorrect. Prof. Adolfo Venturi, the Director of the National (Corsini) Gallery, in direct opposition to critical opinion in this country, has been condemning it as a "vile canvas . . . unworthy of being kept even in a storeroom of a public gallery." He enters into details, and says the British public is as wrong to rejoice over its acquisition as is the Italian to regret its loss.

ACCORDING to Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Watts once only joked on canvas, as the result of being challenged to do so by Leighton and Millais. He then painted 'B.C. : The First Oyster,' showing a primitive man and woman on the sea shore, she awe-struck with admiration at his having swallowed an oyster, he very doubtful as to the result. Watts had hardly the sprightliness to become a Punch artist, as for the first time in November did Mr. Byam Shaw.

THE four panels by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, which won a gold medal at the Venice International Exhibition, while a diploma was given to the room of which they formed a prominent decoration, were bought by Mr. S. Wilson, the well-known woollen-spinner of Leeds, for presentation to the Municipal Art Gallery there, where again they will be let into the walls of a room. Mr. Walter Crane was placed in the *hors concours* list at Venice, where he was represented by 'The Fates' seen some time ago at the New Gallery. A gold medal went to Mr. J. J. Shannon. The sales at the show aggregated something like £20,000. Count Zorzi has addressed to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction a letter urging that a monument be raised in Venice to Ruskin.

THE 1906 exhibition at the Guildhall promises to be of great interest, despite its perhaps too wide scope. It will contain works by painters born, or who have flourished on what is now Belgian soil, onward from the time of the Van Eycks.

THE death on November 4th, at the age of seventy-three, of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, removes not only a nobleman who took a keen interest in affairs, but an excellent painter in water-colours, an archæologist, an architect who dared to embody his ideas.

The Portraits of the Henleys.

By Francis Watt.

ALTHOUGH I stood by Henley as he lay in his coffin, it requires an effort of mind to think of him as dead. There was something about him so vivid and so living; he impressed me so much, he rises up so clearly before me when I read any of his poetry, that he is still present to my thoughts. I knew him well for over twenty years. At the beginning he was comparatively unknown. At the end, everyone with any interest in English letters had read something of his work, knew something about him. Himself was changed no whit. He was frankly proud of his own achievement, openly and confidently placed himself high, not more so at the end than at the beginning. And the people about him ever bore themselves towards him in the same way. A distinguished array of visitors were among his intimates in later years, and I remember with him many folk that were not distinguished at all; but he was as charming or as cross with the one as the other. No favour of fortune altered him towards a humble friend. No malice of fate made him "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to the rich or powerful, "where thrift may follow fawning." They sought him, not he them. From first to last, in whatever company, he was always the first, the central figure; he sat on the throne, and the rest were but his courtiers or his subjects.

This was not merely because he was a man of genius; there was something altogether big about him—big physically and big mentally: powerful in voice, impressive in manner, vehement in speech—and such speech! He possessed a knowledge of and power over words unequalled and unrivalled. He plumbed their depths of meaning, and weighed them in curious scales of his own. He knew and used what was best of them in many literatures and many ages—"apples of gold in pictures of silver." All this he poured forth in endless, glittering profusion. And deeper and more central than all this was a simple, straightforward, rightful, and honest nature. A man of strange force and charm, especially to the young and generous. He was not a popular writer, nor perhaps a popular or a well-understood man, by those far off; but if you knew him, how impossible to resist! He possessed your brain, he filled your heart—nay, he took you by the throat. Of him it was well written "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

As I look back on his life this impresses me strongly. He was less the puppet of fate, less the creature of circumstances, than any man I have known. He seemed impressionable. He was more easily moved to tears and laughter, to pity and rage, than is common with men of his race; but these things were but as the grass and the ferns that wave on the solid surface of the rock they mask and conceal. From first to last he was a poor man; there is no proper market for work or qualities like his. The world has long since found out that such things are not to be had for mere money, and it has never tried to estimate their cash value or pay for them properly. He was a cripple, tied to his house, not seldom to his bed for days on end,

the victim of cruel ailments that tortured him with the atrocious torture of the rack, so that when he passed away (July 11th, 1903), those who were nearest to him felt that at least he was now spared much terrible and otherwise inevitable suffering. Yet, had he been gifted with wealth and perfect physical well-being, he had led much the same life. No doubt he would have travelled more, and viewed with his own eyes what otherwise he had to gather from books;



(St. Paul's Cathedral.)

W. E. Henley (1886).

By Auguste Rodin.



W. E. Henley (1901).
By William Nicholson.



W. E. and Margaret Emma Henley (1889).
(From a photograph by Tunny and Co., Edinburgh.)



W. E. Henley (1893).
(From a photograph by F. Hollyer.)

but he would all the same have devoted himself to mental work—he would all the same have laboured strenuously and arduously in the literary life. He would still have cherished his friends and talked and thought in the same fashion. He was always a cheerful giver, and he might have given more largely, if gifts are to be measured by quantity, but he could not have been the more sympathetic friend, the more delightful companion.

In his time he did much work; he edited many famous authors, and one or two remarkable journals. He did a great deal of Art criticism, and much miscellaneous literary toil, no doubt because he had to earn his living, but chiefly because he loved true literature with his whole heart. But it was as a poet that he was best known, and must be remembered. I think his earliest work was his best, and that in the "Book of Verses" you have the bulk of his achievement. That means that he had written his choicest by the time he was thirty. There is the question of temperament. He was the Poet of Romance, and Courage, and Bravery and Hope; in a word, the Poet of Youth. The vistas of an entrancing future must spread before him—dim, enticing, alluring—that he might be at his best. It was more natural for him to look joyously forward than sadly—or, if you will, contentedly—back. Then he had full command of his material. The lyrics in the "Book of Verses" exactly hit the mark; there is a perfect balance between the thought and its expression; the right thing is said in the right way and at the right length. In later years his knowledge of



Mrs. W. E. Henley (1905).

(From a photograph by Annan and Sons, Glasgow.)



W. E. Henley (1888).

(From a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.)

words was a snare; he was always trying experiments, often with very wonderful results, but the weapon sometimes was too much for the hand that held it.

He had his limitations; he was not interested in Science or in Philosophy, nor in Theology. The devotional classics, the works that tell of spiritual conquests and trials and longings left him cold; Thomas à Kempis, St. Augustine and Samuel Rutherford he could not read. He omitted from his anthology that wonderful poem of Henry Vaughan the *Silurist*, "They are all gone into the world of light": the poem that realises the hereafter in so strange and beautiful a manner. He was not interested in problems of human destiny; he was content to take life as he found it. But these limitations increased his strength; if they confined, they also concentrated his energies. He had no half doubts to perplex his mind; he was secure of himself and of his aims; he hated the conventional, the commonplace, the false, the paltry—in short, all the literary shoddy of the day. Thus the smooth-tinted picture of an old friend like R. L. S., or the misplaced laudation of a poet like Burns for qualities the poet himself never claimed, moved him to exceeding wrath. Then he struck with might and main at the painted image. He did not weigh or spare or calculate—he got home. The racket that followed moved him to wrathful glee. No doubt entered his mind. "I do well to be angry, even unto death"; and through it all he loved R. L. S.; through it all he admired Burns, a name I often think of as linked with his own, a man, spite of superficial differences, of like passions with himself.



W. E. Henley (1900).

(From a photograph taken at Temple Hall, Berwickshire, the estate of R. Fitzroy Bell, who founded and was proprietor of the "National Observer.")



W. E. Henley (1892).

(From a drawing in "Vanity Fair," by Leslie Ward ("Spy").)

I turn to another of these pictures. Margaret Emma Henley (September 4th, 1888—February 11th, 1894) died when she was little over five years old; she was an only child. I did not see her very often, but I remember her well. As his shadow outlines the features of the man, so does his offspring. The little one recalled, re-echoed her father, as was natural, but she had a very distinct personality of her own. She was a beautiful child, with a sunny smile, attractive ways, and a gracious manner. Curiously spiritual, not of the earth, earthy, she reminded of the legend of the fairy child that is given to a human family for a season. There was much dignity about this small person. I never saw her rage: I never saw her fret. Of course she was a centre of continual attention. Those who loved the father loved the daughter, and took great notice of her; I won't say "petted," for the word seems curiously out of place. In the case of most, the result had been a petted brat, or child-fiend of the worst description. It did not spoil her—nay, it affected her no whit; there was a beautiful simplicity, a sweet childish humour, about Margaret Emma that made the name her father playfully gave her, of "the Empress," curiously appropriate. She was choice and particular in her ways and likes. "Cut it daintily," she said one day to her father, of a dish that was on the table. If a man with some rotten spot in his heart paid her one of those small attentions which most children accept with

indiscriminate delight, she shrank from him with aversion, though never with roughness or ill-manner. She had a tender heart, was fondly attached not merely to those about her, but had that beautiful feature in childhood—love for and sympathy with the dumb creatures of the field. Sorrow or suffering moved her to quick feeling and childish attempt to help or console; yet she was happy in her own company, played strange games with her toys, would weave tiny webs of fancy, lived much in a world of her own. Then, in the midst of all this, the voice of strange command whispered in her ear, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away"; and the child departed, to return no more.

These figures pass, and yet they do not altogether pass. At high and solemn times I entertain strange guests. In the solitude of the night watches, or during long lonely journeys, Henley comes before me. I hear him as he swings along, he sits down and looks at me as of old, he talks as he used to talk, in the strong tones, in the powerful, fitly-chosen words, with the same well-remembered gesture; and beside the big burly man there stands the slight figure of the fairy child, her curls cluster over her brow, and she smiles the same sweet, shy, wistful smile. Then it seems to my sick fancy that the wall of the grave is taken away, and I scarce know whether I be already dead



(St. Paul's Cathedral.)

W. E. Henley (1886).

By Auguste Rodin.

or they are still living. Through a mist of tears the figures fade away, and I am again alone with the blackness of the night or the silence of the hills.

Of the third of these portraits, that of the wife and the mother, I will venture to say but a word. She was content to give her days for others, to do mighty but hidden service, as the props of some great edifice rest under the earth. Life has given her a crown of roses and a crown of thorns, and she has worn both with the same quiet dignity. Tender with the profound tenderness of strong natures, she has not faltered nor left her steadfast courage in the furnace of her affliction, although it has been heated for her sevenfold. Of the three she alone remains, and her life has still one wish, one austere hope, to make the third of a little circle of graves in the churchyard of Cockaine Hatley.

I made my own pilgrimage there some months back. It was the early autumn, when the pomp of summer still fills the land, but a far-off premonition of decay gives pathetic charm to the splendour—the charm of the first grey hair on the heads of those we love. I went through the beautiful woods from Biggleswade to Potton, and on



Margaret E. Henley (1895).

By the Marchioness of Granby.



Margaret E. Henley (1894).

By C. W. Furse, A. R. A.

through the not less beautiful bare fields. There among the trees about Cockaine Hatley House, quite hidden away from the high-road, is the ancient church with its small churchyard. Small, yet but part of it filled; for the rustic dead who have laboured those fields for centuries, modest in their lives, modest in their deaths, have craved but little space wherein to rest. The place is left in a certain sweet disorder; the path through it, bordered by solemn trees, is kept distinct by the tread of them that worship at the church; but the ivy runs at its own will along the ground and climbs far up the trunks, undisturbed by impious hand. The grass grows long on the mounds of the dead, and half hides the stones with their simple and sacred texts, the familiar words that have comforted broken hearts and bruised minds for centuries.

All is peace, the high noon as well as the deep midnight, the morning as well as the evening; the call of the dove from the wood, the voice of the wind in the trees, the sound of rural toil alike come subdued to that fair place of the dead. All round is the gentle rise and fall of the fields, the *dulcia arva* amidst which they that sleep here lived and laboured. Oh those sweet, homely English fields! Not elsewhere have I felt so deeply their haunting, clinging charm, their tender beauty. There at the edge of the other graves, under a beautiful ash tree that bends down as if to cover and protect I found the two graves I sought; that of the great strong man who had fought so strenuously and so



Onslow Ford's Memorial Stone to
Margaret Henley (1894).

The Churchyard of Cockaine Hatley.

By A. W. Henley.



The Onslow Ford Memorial to Margaret
Henley has now been placed at the
back of this one.

Designed by John W. Simpson.

well, who had rejoiced to run his race even to the end, and that of the tender child whose timid feet had gone such a little way over the threshold of life and there turned aside for ever.

Bow Church.

By W. Monk, R.E.

THE work of Mr. William Monk needs no introduction to our readers. His skill as an etcher is now a matter of general recognition, and the example which appears with this note will appeal to all lovers of a delicate and fascinating art, as well as to all lovers of London. London is a particularly happy hunting ground for the etcher (is it not indeed one vast etching?); in its irregular streets, in its buildings, not less irregular, in its peculiarly idiosyncratic light and shade, are there not patent qualities for the exercise of his craft? Take the sky-line, for instance, in Mr. Monk's 'Bow Church'; what a curiously interesting medley it presents—a chance rhythm, a cockney extravaganza—with its gabled roofs, turrets, miniature domes, all dominated by Wren's steeple, with, on the opposite side of the street, the branches and leaves of the





View from Bow Church, 1860

View from Bow Church, 1860



View from Bow Church, 1860

any other church in the district, and the only one in which the bells are rung in the morning. The church is a fine specimen of the architecture of the 14th century.

Bow Church.

By W. Monk M.A.

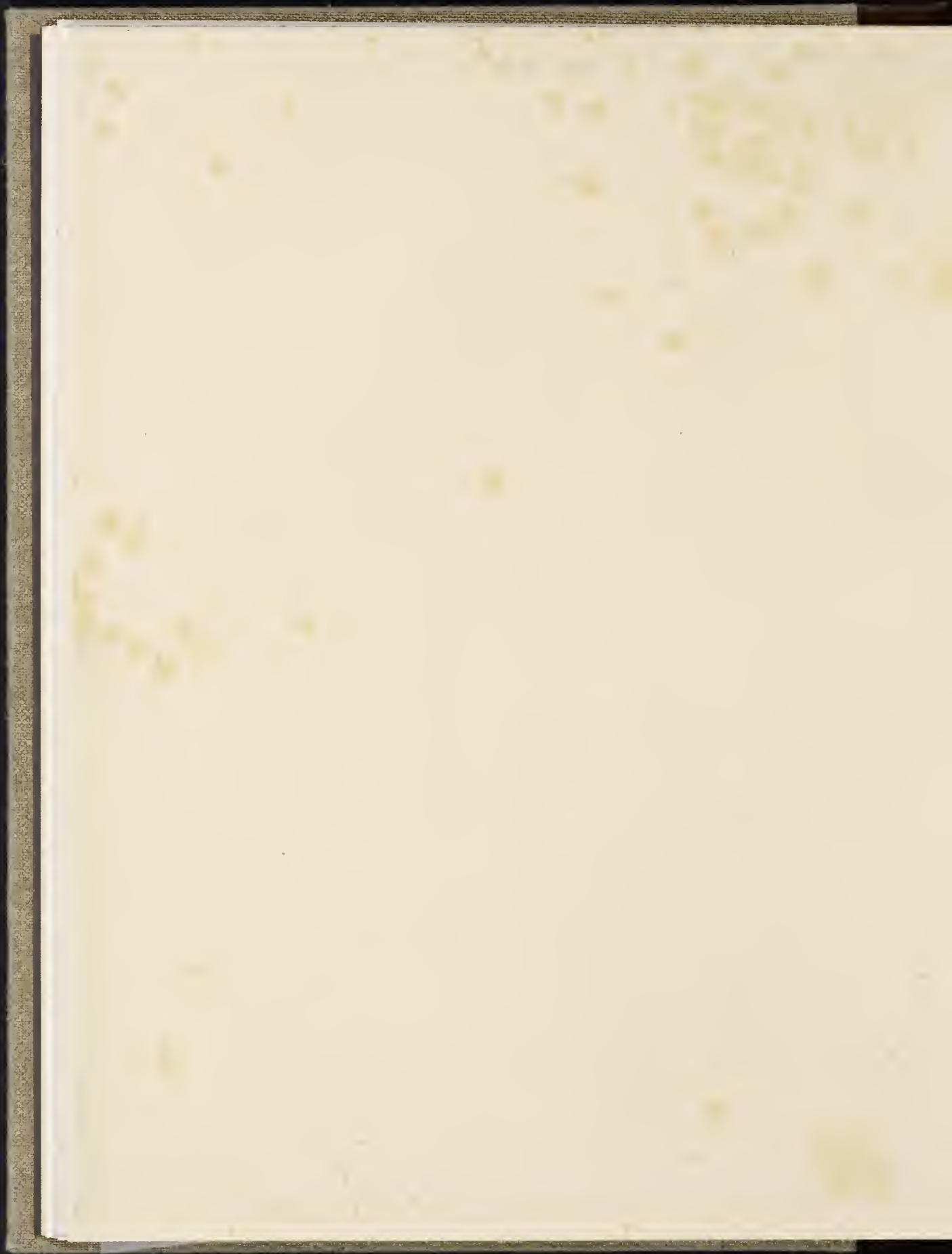
THE CHURCH OF BOW, in the parish of St. Andrew, is a fine specimen of the architecture of the 14th century. It is a large and lofty building, with a square tower and a high spire. The interior is a fine example of the architecture of the 14th century, with a nave and choir, and a fine organ. The church is a fine specimen of the architecture of the 14th century, and is a fine example of the architecture of the 14th century.



1870

St. Martin's Church, London

MONIE



inevitable London tree (preserved here, we believe, in consecrated ground) bulging over the pavement. Mr. Monk gets breadth of effect without sacrificing detail, which in a work of this kind possesses some sort of topographical or architectural interest of its own. The architectural features of the church are plainly set forth, and the character of the other buildings is clearly enough indicated.

It is not a little curious how Cheapside, in spite of itself, as it were, retains a mediæval aspect, for its buildings now are modern, or comparatively modern. The church and the tree are, we should fancy, the only bits left of the old thoroughfare.

Next to St. Paul's, St. Mary-le-Bow is the most familiar ecclesiastical building in London—possibly in England—not on account of the beauty of its steeple, its fine doorway, its

cherubim, its festoons, or even its flying dragon (emblem of Church persecution), but on account of its bells. To have been born within the sound of Bow bells, establishes a sort of birthright which none, who possesses it, forgets: it is the hall-mark of a worthy citizen. With the invasion of purely commercial houses, this distinction must be becoming daily more rare, and will it remain, we wonder, as honourable? It was these bells—need it be said?—which turned the steps of the itinerant Dick Whittington to fame and fortune, and doubtless they have inspired others to equal advantage.

"I could no more forbear looking at Bow steeple than an astrologer could looking at a blazing star, or a young rake at a fine woman," says an old writer, who, however, makes no mention of the bells. And, after all, the steeple, so admirably depicted by Mr. Monk, is the thing.

The Irving Pictures and Theatrical Relics.

SIR HENRY IRVING, an idol of the people, was the first actor to be knighted. Moreover, he not only won this tangible dignity for his profession, but worthily upheld that dignity in the golden days of the Lyceum by making all arts contributory to the art of the stage. The British public is loyal, and on December 14-16 it pressed to Christie's to acclaim its hero—and to bid. In advance, the suns and the lesser lights of the theatrical profession, besides Society folk, politicians, merchant princes, eagerly viewed the relics and pictures. In the issue, some of the miscellanea fetched more guineas than they were worth in shillings, the associative value deducted. In 1823, when the possessions of David Garrick were dispersed at Christie's by order of his widow, about £3,500 was realised, including 1,650 gs. paid by Sir John Soane for the four election subjects by Hogarth, now in Lincoln's Inn Fields Museum. Money is cheaper to-day, buyers more plentiful, and a single picture brought fifty per cent. more than the Garrick total. It is not many years since a Whistler 'Symphony' was hissed in King Street; but *autres temps, autres mœurs*. His 'Irving as Philip II. of Spain,' 81 × 41 in., in the original frame designed by him, said to have cost about £100, first exhibited at the Working Women's College, Queen's Square, in 1888, was greeted with rounds of applause, and at a bound doubled from 500 gs. to 1,000 gs. It went at 4,800 gs. to Messrs. B. F. Stevens, on behalf of an American client—not, it may be said, Mr. Freer of Detroit. Even its "fogginess" was voted a mark of genius. The previous highest price for a Whistler at auction in this country was 420 gs. for 'La Princesse' at the Leyland sale in 1892, which has since gone to Mr. Freer for £5,000. Last year, however, a tiny 'Sweet Shop' made 360 gs., or £9 12s. a square inch. At the 4,800 gs. rate, what is the value, one wonders, of the 'Mother' portrait for which the Luxembourg gave £160 in 1892: of the 'Carlyle,' bought in 1891 by Glasgow for £1,000: of the 'Music Room' (1894, 190 gs.): of the 'Thames in Ice,' or of the 'Piano Picture,' for which Whistler received £10 and 30 gs. respectively? Mr. John S. Sargent's full-length of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, 87 × 45 in., in the act of crowning herself, was seen at the New Gallery in 1889. Begun at 100 gs., it was knocked down

to "Mr Wyatt" at 1,200 gs. Quite possibly it may follow the Whistler to the States. No important? Sargent had before been offered at auction. In 1903, a three-quarter length of a lady in black dress, 32 × 23 in., fetched 130 gs., and in 1900 he contributed two studies to the Artists' War Fund, the 'Campo, Venice,' 60 gs., and 'Autumn on the River' 50 gs. Four water-colour designs for scenes in "Coriolanus," by Alma-Tadema, each about 15 × 19 in., fetched 955 gs.; Zoffany's 'David Garrick,' 30 × 25 in., 420 gs.; Shee's 'John Fawcett,' 110 gs.; Dance's 'David Garrick,' 80 gs.; Clint's study of the head of Edmund Kean, 55 gs.; a rainbow landscape by Keeley Halswelle, given to Irving, 75 gs.; Mr. Walter Crane's 'Apotheosis of Italian Art,' in water-colour, 82 gs. Mr. Bram Stoker, Irving's well-known lieutenant, Mr. Fred Terry, and Mr. Seymour Hicks were among the prominent buyers. The total for the 158 lots of pictures and drawings was £10,201.

Many of the theatrical relics, costumes, bronzes, silver, furniture, etc., in a total of £4,611 for 254 lots, brought sums commensurate with the honour in which Irving was held. Sentiment does, and always will, tell at the dispersal of such "remaining possessions." For instance, a writing-table made from a beam that supported the stage of the old Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, which in the Charles Kean sale, 1898, fetched £19, jumped to £65. Coming strictly within our present scope, however, were the original bronze statue of Irving as Hamlet, by Onslow Ford, the somewhat altered marble version of which is at the Guildhall, 310 gs.; Mr. Alfred Gilbert's 'Fame,' 13 in. high, 125 gs., bought for South Kensington Museum, versus Mrs. George McCulloch; a silver vase designed by Flaxman, with his original drawing, and carried out by Paul Storr, given to Irving by Toole, 320 gs.

On December 9, 2,100 gs. was given at Christie's for a characteristic landscape, 51 × 66 in., by Philip de Koninck, the property of Mr. H. A. J. Eyre, Newbury. This is an auction record. In 1887 a landscape fetched 1,240 gs.; as long ago as 1846, one with figures by Lingelbach made 1,000 gs. in the Higginson sale, and in 1832 a North Holland landscape, "equal to Rembrandt," fetched 46 gs. in the Mulgrave sale.

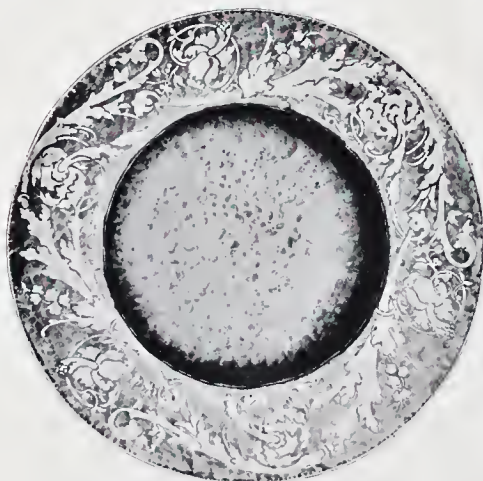
A New Thing in Metal Inlay.

By Lewis F. Day.

IT is something to have found out a process of metal-working which was neither employed by the ancients nor described by "the monk Theophilus, who lived"—no one quite knows when, though everyone can quote him and his quaint instructions. The delightful old chronicler of workshop secrets might indeed well be the patron saint of all who write about ways of workmanship they have not themselves practised.

Mr. Sherard Cowper-Coles has discovered a means of inlaying one metal into another, which he claims to be, as doubtless it is, quite new. The metal with which he has been so far most successful is zinc; and he inlays it, with apparently equal facility, into copper, brass, and other metals. His *modus operandi*, as he explains it, seems simple enough—so simple, that one wonders modern metallurgists have not long ago anticipated it; but doubtless there are conditions under which the new inlaying is done known only to himself, and they make all the difference between a practical and a hopeless method of work.

He first coats the panel, dish, or other vessel to be inlaid, with composition, then scrapes away this "stopping-out" where the inlay is to be; and, having covered the whole with gray zinc dust, he bakes it. The temperature of the oven is far below the melting point of the zinc; but, nevertheless, under the action of the fire, this powder penetrates the copper in its exposed parts and, to all appearance, converts it into zinc. What it really does is, in the process of amalgamation, to coat every particle of copper with minute white crystals; for,



B.—Copper Dish in which the hammer marks upon the copper continue to show in the zinc inlay.

By Sherard Cowper-Coles.



A.—Panel in which the copper ground is mottled with brass.

By Sherard Cowper-Coles.

though when the metal is fractured, it looks as if it had been transmuted, the copper proves on analysis to be still there. The depth to which this inlay (for it ceases to be a mere onlay) penetrates is determined by the length of time for which the metal is exposed to the action of the fire. A very short exposure would, it seems, only give the pattern in brass, the natural product of alloyed zinc and copper. The result of a very long exposure is that the zinc goes



C.—Table-Top, in which the uneven surface of the copper ground is obliterated in the zinc inlay.

By Sherard Cowper-Coles.

right through the ground and converts it throughout its entire substance into crystalline white metal.

The accidental penetration of the zinc through the stopping-out composition where it happens to be thin, proves of itself sufficient to convert the copper ground into brass; and advantage is taken of this to produce, at will, a copper ground mottled with brass, upon which the pattern appears in zinc (illustration A). By this means beautiful effects of more or less accidental colour are obtained, and any possible hardness of effect which may result from the inlaying of white upon reddish metal is surely and easily avoided. It rests apparently with the operator whether the hammer marks of a beaten plate show through the inlay (illustration B) or whether the marking is obliterated by it (illustration C), so as to produce a contrast of surface as well as of colour between the ground and the ornament upon it. In the natural course of things the zinc inlay, which rises slightly above its copper ground (the bulk of the copper being increased by added zinc) has a rather granular appearance, owing to the crystalline nature of the alloy; but it only requires polishing to bring it to as smooth and bright a surface as may be desired. In the



E.—Blue Steel inlaid with zinc.

By Sherard Cowper-Coles.

ordinary way, scouring with sand is enough. The slight relief of the inlaid ornament may, in spite of the more brittle nature of the alloy, be emphasised by embossing (illustration D), which is done after the inlaying process. So also if a sharper outline to the ornament is desired than the process naturally gives, it is a simple matter to go over it with the graver (illustration C). Strangely enough, the inventor does not seem to have employed his method as yet to produce the effect of damascening, which might easily be done: mere engraving in pure line through the protective composition would give, in itself, a pattern precisely like delicate wire inlay.



D.—Coal Vase. Zinc inlay on copper. The zinc inlay slightly embossed.

By Sherard Cowper-Coles.



F.—Iron inlaid with copper.

By Sherard Cowper-Coles.

A pleasing variation of effect is produced by blackening the copper with fumes of sulphur, softening sometimes the strong contrast between the black and white by intermediate passages of brass. In the same way, when zinc is inlaid into steel, it is an easy matter to reduce the ground by oxidising to a beautiful blue-black, so delightful in old armour, upon which the pattern shows out like inlaid silver (illustration E). The inlay of copper into iron has also been successfully effected (illustration F); but illustrations in black-and-white, it will be understood, do scant justice to these last-mentioned effects.

The device of coating the copper with zinc all over, and then etching or engraving a pattern upon it down to the ground metal, results in an effect harder, more familiar, and altogether less satisfactory.

Mr. Cowper-Coles likens his process to enamel: it is more nearly akin to *niello*, being, in fact, a fusion of one

metal with another. It will be seen that it is so simple that inlaying of this kind can plainly be done at a very moderate cost. So far it has been employed in the way described; that is to say, the scraping away of the protective composition has been done by hand, which gives, of course, scope for more artistic manipulation than it is always likely to receive; but it need hardly be said that stencilling and other mechanical methods might be employed, which would make it still less costly and, perhaps, commercially more valuable. Speaking from the artistic point of view, and taking more or less for granted the scientific explanation of what Mr. Cowper-Coles has done, it is only fair to say that his invention seems to lend itself to all manner of decorative use (one would like, for example, to see it adopted, instead of engraving, for monumental brasses), and only wants judicious handling to be a real addition to the resources of the metal-worker.

Charles Conder.

IN modern England a curious chapter of art has been prepared when the native painter, indifferent or rebellious to his indicated fate as a picture-maker, has desired larger spaces to decorate. If his genius, like that of Watts or Stevens, is proclamative, and the artist claims public spaces that he may identify his art with the national institutions, the intangible, unconquerable force which expresses the national attitude arms every public body against him. The public thought does not express itself in beauty, and therefore rejects pictorial symbols as superfluous to the real business of national life. As a private luxury there is a capricious demand for wall-decoration by artists. Whistler's 'Peacock Room,' made golden and iridescent about the silken presence of his 'Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine,'

is a famous example; Mr. Brangwyn, in a more measured way, has decorated private walls, and so has Mr. Conder. The juxtaposition of these names with those of Watts and Burne-Jones is a distinct commentary on the haphazard course of painted decoration in England. For the idea of a beautiful room to find such different fulfilments at one time, in one place, decorative painting must be dismissed from the public service and relieved of responsibilities. Then talent, as in these instances, is free to engage itself casually, at the impulse of the chance occasion, to do once what in an appropriate century it would have been constrained to do. The advantage of perfect spontaneity in a particular design is something in favour of the prevailing inability to employ art fully in life.



(Leicester Gallery.)

The Pink Fan.

By Charles Conder.



(Leicester Gallery.)

In the Glade.

Decorative Panel by Charles Conder.

An artist of singular fantasy, a rare inventor of decorative shapes, can confine himself to fan-painting without the interruption of bigger commissions. In eighteenth century France, one must remember, Mr. Conder would have had to design Gobelins tapestries, and paint ceilings with the prevalent goddesses. Here, in England, he passes at his will from staining with his exquisite tints of the sky and flowers

the little silken spaces of fans, to the occasional garlanding of the larger spaces of silken panels. If some of these are fitted in a room, there is still no constraint on his fantasy. His art suffers no compulsion, and eludes easily all obligations of relationship to general life. The artist's good fortune is to escape task-work, but his privilege sets him apart from the community of life. In a time when Mr. Conder's art might

have been fostered under the living mastery of Watteau, there would surely have stepped into his glancing masquerade some figure of the spectator of the ending play; or, yet more potent on the spirit, his enchanted stage might have suffered

a regard like that of the poignant eyes of Gilles of the Italian Comedy. As it is, no still figure tests the gliding movements of his fantasies, and breaks their sensuous smoothness to time them to the inevitable rhythm of the unheard music-maker.

William Sharp—"Fiona Macleod."

A Tribute.

By Frank Rinder.

ON December 12, at the Castello di Maniace, under the white heights of Etna, in Sicily, William Sharp breathed for the last time on earth. There is an unfathomed unity in things, the roots of the world are in a grain of sand; and, like those privileged intimately to know him, Nature seemed momentarily in revolt against the passing into the silence—which yet expresses the all—of that brave, deeply-loving, and most loveable spirit. There was rain, tempest, as the star-fire was quenched. But the storm had stilled, the sun shone acquiescence, when two days thereafter the body was laid to rest in a remote spot, within sound of a rushing torrent, near hills like the Highland hills that he

loved. There it is guarded by cypresses and by almond-trees, misted even in the month after the black month with signs of awakening life; and the great, clear sky-space, the sweeping lines of the hills, compassionate. It is part of the justice of things that the spirit of William Sharp, having endured and learned much, should have leapt from its circumscribing tabernacle, have passed from "a dream of beauty to Beauty" in Sicily, the island of resurrection, near to the place where Persephone vanished into the outer darkness and rose again, and where each spring *vapke*, the chill of death, unfolds into the narcissus. "A long war disturbed your mind; Here your perfect peace is signed."

As William Sharp, the extraordinarily gifted and versatile dreamer, poet, essayist, critic, novelist, man of letters, he was recognised the world over. There was a vivid charm, a freshness, a magic potency in his touch that surprised into pleasure. He came into fellowship with Rossetti, a critical biography of whom he wrote in 1883, and thereafter with many of our foremost artists, thinkers, seers. The beauty which, as a spiritual energy, was his comrade, he distilled from all things, animate and inanimate, on the earth, in the sky, in the depths of the human heart. Though fitfully and sometimes dimly, the earlier writings of William Sharp witnessed to the thronged intensity, the glamour of his perceptions, to his command of the living word. It was eminently fitting. He was overflowing handsome, with the shock of hair, silvered latterly, leaping up to crown the great, proud head. A breath of spring, a shaft of sunlight, entered the room with him. How inspiring, too, was his manner, blent of boyish irresponsibility, unflinching zest, tender courtesy, flowing more and more from the love that understands. Eagerly he leapt forth towards life; in turn, life was to him prodigal. As a friend has well written: "He lived, thought, felt, enjoyed, suffered as much in one hour as others in a year;" indeed, a moment was often as an eternity, for in his dream-scheme of the cosmos—nearer to the heart of truth than most of our "realities"—many of the limitations of time and of space were swept away. His ardent essays, to say nothing of his books, were welcomed, of course, by readers of the leading reviews in this country and America, among others, by readers of *THE ART JOURNAL*, to which, onward from 1882, he contributed at intervals. William Sharp had an astonishing memory, and few possessed in approximately equal measure his ability to vivify material, his adaptability, his capacity for work—and for play. Inertia was the one thing he found it hard to tolerate. To cite a minor instance, he could wander round an Academy or a Salon, and, without a note,



William Sharp.

(From an Etching—
Rome, 1891.)

By Sir Charles Holroyd, R.E.

almost without glancing at the catalogue, write—while most would meditate an opening phrase—a long, detailed, and eminently readable critique, lifted here and there on to imaginative heights. He was, again, a prince of raconteurs, no matter what the theme, of letter-writers. Even one of his exquisite scraps—penned, spaced, and set on the page as though design were the sole end—resolved for the recipient his mood of the moment; it may be buoyant as some gossamer of the air, deliciously irresponsible, radiantly happy, or perplexed.

Now the world knows that deep in the heart of William Sharp dwelt Fiona Macleod; and I have full authority to state, emphatically and unmistakably, that he, and he only, wrote every word published under that pseudonym. From the beginning, "tameless and swift and proud," through much travail, through the dust and heat of varied and rich experiences, he won his way to the ancient wisdom which recognises in love the only solvent, in service the one enduring source of joy. Intermittently at first, but of late day by day, hour by hour, he prayed: "Oh, beloved Pan, and all ye gods that haunt this place, give me beauty in the inner

man, and may the cuter man and all that I have be at peace with the inner." Man thus attains his just stature, becomes a spiritual alchemist, transmuting into pure gold the dross of life. So the earthly body suffered the change which made it more and more perfect for communicating the transcendent dreams of the spirit, earlier imprisoned and obscured. "I will set my face to the wind, and throw my handful of seed on high" wrote Fiona. Now the wayfaring spirit is with the "Wind, Silence, and Love, friends who have taught me most." It was, surely, the nostalgia for a wider, subtler sphere of usefulness that caused the cloud to vanish, the seer to go onward to the finer illumination which is peace. And for us everything remains. Not in vain was thrown on high the handful of seed. The harvest—our heritage—is not only in the wonderfully wrought Romances, Poems, Prayers, charged with so sweet and strangely insistent a music for others than the Gael, but also in the memory of that life which, winged and sunward-looking, earned the right to be a bearer of joy to many a stricken spirit that before had hardly known compassion—earned the right, in a word, to go forth on the "Divine Adventure."

Cossaar.

By Lady Colin Campbell.

THE London art-world owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Marchant, of the Goupil Gallery, for having from time to time introduced to its notice certain rising Continental artists, whose merits would perhaps

have otherwise been known only across the Channel. Among them the most noteworthy are Henri Le Sidaner, whose exhibition last year was such a revelation of beauty of colour and poetic feeling, and J. C. W.



La Porte du Louvre.

By J. C. W. Cossaar.



The West Door, Westminster Abbey.

By J. C. W. Cossaar.



Dutch Barge, Amsterdam.

By J. C. W. Cossaar.

Cossaar, the young Dutch painter, who is the subject of this article.

The exhibition of Cossaar's work in oil, water-colour and charcoal, which was held at the Goupil Galleries last Autumn, made a great impression on all who saw it, for it revealed a very distinct and promising personality in modern art. Though a thorough Dutchman, Cossaar has not swamped his individuality by following too closely in the footsteps of the great Maris brothers and of Anton Mauve, as so many of the present generation of Dutch painters have done; and however great these painters were (and are, for Matthew Maris and his less-gifted brother Willem are still with us), no painter can ever be really interesting who does not keep clear of all sense of imitation, and seek his artistic salvation along the lines he makes for himself.

Cossaar was born at Amsterdam in 1874, both his parents being of Dutch descent. His love of drawing and painting was already distinctly developed at twelve years of age; but his parents were in poor and struggling circumstances, and the boy had a hard fight before he could devote himself to the study of art at the Academy at Amsterdam. His principal studies, indeed, were those he made himself in his spare hours, in and around his native town; and up to the age of twenty-five his life was a struggle to make his way in the calling for which he had so strong a vocation. At that time he attracted the notice of Mr. Bauer, that fine and poetic artist and draughtsman (some of whose feeling for the impressiveness of architecture

seems to have entered into young Cossaar's work) and Mr. Breitner, one of the Committee of the Society of Arts of Amsterdam. Mr. Breitner and the other members of the Committee thought so well of the young artist's work that they adjudicated him a prize and a *bourse de voyage*, with the object of his increasing his experience by visiting Paris and London. Cossaar came to London in the summer of 1901, unknown, without introductions, and not speaking a word of English; needless to say, he found life a difficult matter here under such conditions. But he wandered about London, rejoicing in its

mellow tones and the wonderful atmospheric effects which strike all Continental artists, and studying the life of the streets and the docks, until, on a fortunate day for himself and the world, Mr. Marchant went to see him at his studio, and in his own words, "saw sufficient in him to take him up there and then, with what result the future will show." Since then Cossaar's work has been seen in most of the Goupil Gallery exhibitions, gradually attracting more and more attention and approbation from connoisseurs, such as Mr. Maas, the late Mr. Staats Forbes, and Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, until the final seal of recognition was set upon it by the exhibition devoted solely to his works last Autumn. After that first visit to London he returned to Amsterdam, and showed his studies to the Committee of the Society of Arts, with the result that they gave him a second *bourse de voyage*



London Docks.

By J. C. W. Cossaar.

to return here and continue in the path he had marked out for himself. The exhibition last autumn proved the good use he made of the help thus afforded him; and his time of trial and probation may now be said to be terminated with triumph and success.

The exhibition included, as I have already said, works in oil and water-colour, and a number of charcoal drawings. The latter proved the splendid qualities of draughtsmanship which underlie all Cossaar's work, as may be seen in two of the illustrations included in this short article—'Dutch Barges, Amsterdam,' a most intricate and beautiful drawing, and 'Porte du Louvre,' in which the treatment of the proportions of the great archway leading from the Place du Carrousel to the Rue de Rivoli, and the effect of light and shadow, has something of that impressive and romantic quality which is so characteristic of the drawings of Bauer, to which I have already alluded. A beautiful feeling of poetry and atmosphere is also to be found in the lovely water-colour, 'The West Door, Westminster Abbey,' a work in which the rendering of diffused light in shadow is quite admirable. Nothing could be finer than the treatment of the warm afternoon light flowing in like a golden stream through the low door into the cool, transparent shadow of the great church, and lighting by reflection the monuments above and at either side of the portal; the gleam of jewels from the lancet window in the darkening aisle, in contrast to the pools of pale sunlight on the pavement; the general sense of vastness and solitude given by the single figure in the doorway set against the misty thoroughfare beyond. The subtle



Brompton Oratory.

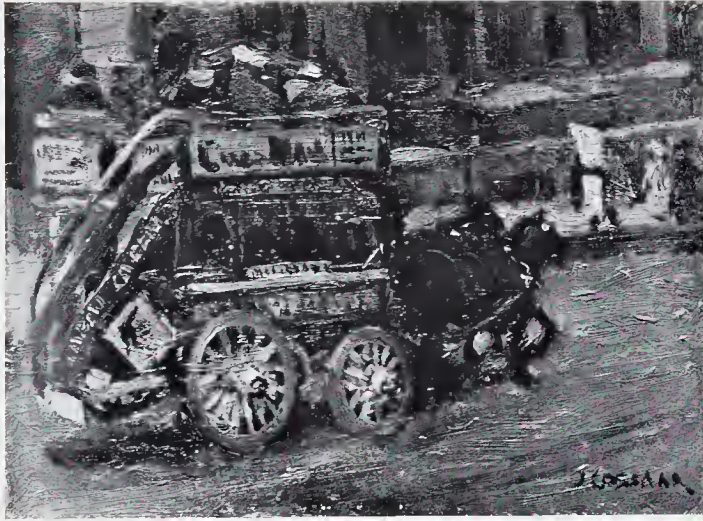
By J. C. W. Cossaar.

values of the warm and cool greys in this water-colour prove an unusually sensitive and observant eye; and it is altogether a tender and beautiful picture. Another very beautiful water-colour in the exhibition, which unfortunately it has not been possible to reproduce, was 'Midday Fog,' a most delicate and poetic interpretation of the Thames when London has swathed herself in a *yushmak*



The Thames, Evening.

By J. C. W. Cossaar.



The Omnibus.

By J. C. W. Cossaar.

of creamy mist, which the native growls at as an impediment to business and traffic; but which foreign painters, unoccupied with such sordid cares, are inclined to think as stimulating to the imagination as the eastern veil to which I have compared it, which gives every woman the glorious possibility of being an houri. Cossaar's 'Midday Fog,' with the golden lights of the bridges gleaming like topazes through the delicate veil of mist, and repeated in quivering spirals on the water, more to be felt than seen, is a poem which those who growl at the "Fog Fiend" could study with benefit; for if we are bound to receive fog from the Essex marshes, we may as well learn to see its beauty. Another water-colour reproduced, which shows the realism and fidelity which characterise Cossaar's work quite as often as his tender feeling for poetry and atmospheric effects, is 'Brompton Oratory,' viewed from the Fulham Road. The perspective in this drawing is admirably suggested, as are the characteristic attitudes and action of the man and horse with the watering-cart on the right, the man sitting lazily sideways on his seat as the horse plods along. The composition of the lines and masses in this drawing is excellent, and the way the eye is led along and up to the dominating mass of the great dome of the church is exceedingly clever. The large water-colour 'The Thames: Evening' takes us back once more to the tender atmospheric effects which Cossaar loves, and which the gold and grey river supplies so abundantly for all who have eyes to see her beauties. The movement of the water, the beautiful evening

sky softly gleaming above the mist that veils the towers of the Houses of Parliament, and is reflecting its departing light on the restless water, which contrasts so happily with the lazy inertness of the anchored barges; the suggestion of life and speed in the passing train on the bridge, are all rendered with the combined realism and imagination which denote the true artist, who, beyond his visual sight, is endowed with the inner vision which gives double meaning to everything that satisfies his painter's eye.

Cossaar's powers as a draughtsman and a water-colour painter must not be allowed, however, to obscure his achievements in oils. In this medium he discloses a vigour which is in curious contrast to the refinement and delicacy of his water-colours. One would hardly expect that the hand which had executed the 'West Door of Westminster Abbey' or 'Midday Fog,' with their subtle and elusive tones and values, would be able to give us anything so amazingly vigorous in colour and treatment as 'The Omnibus,' so rich in impasto, so direct in realism. Herein we find the true Dutch feeling of realism, which has never departed from that favoured land since the time of Hals; and the paint is laid on with a manifest delight in its colour and quality, which gives one a sympathetic thrill of pleasure. One loves to feel that an artist, be he painter or sculptor, rejoices in his material, rendered ductile and subservient by the mastery of his brain; and one finds this joy in Cossaar's work. He has not only something to express, but he delights in the method of expression, whether it be in charcoal, water-colour, or oil; and this gives his work a feeling of enthusiasm and sincerity which is not to be found in modern work every day. The last illustration to be mentioned is also of one of his oil-pictures, 'London Docks,' a brilliant bit of work, full of sunshine and white sails set against a delicately blue sky, with wisps of cloud tempering its radiance.

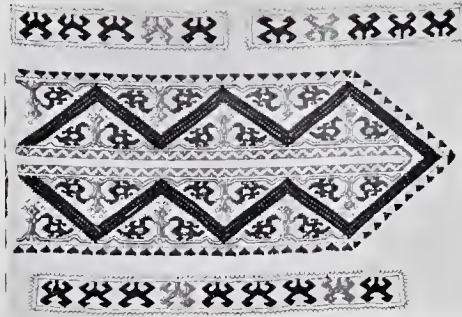
These seven illustrations will, I hope, give some idea of the fine qualities of Cossaar, both as a draughtsman and a colourist, a poet and a realist combined; and a painter who has established such a record, and proved so distinctive an individuality before he has barely turned his thirty-first year, is one whose future career will indeed be interesting to watch.

THE publishers have printed a short history of THE ART JOURNAL, first issued in 1839. The pamphlet contains a record of the action for libel in 1854, and information regarding the contributions, special monographs, plates, and other subjects of interest. A copy will be sent free on application.

Art Handiwork.*

TO the great glass-blowers of free and puissant Venice and of Murano, the material of their quick art was always expressive of form. The later idea of a colourless metal had no place in the minds of the artists who, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, blew in glass shapes of the beauty that haunted in different forms the imaginations of the craftsman as of the painter—the imagination of Giorgione, as of the glass-blower whose vessel he painted dipping to the cool water of his Pastoral. Renaissance glasses, or those earlier vessels whose simple dignity preceded the ornate forms of the Renaissance, are of metal never colourless nor free from bubbles, and the greenish tinge, the impurities, are certainly not defects caused by want of knowledge. They are of use to the artist in giving definition to the forms of his invention. Flint-glass is not a material that defines form, and Venice left its invention to seventeenth century England, working out her own ideal of tranquil or fantastic glass-shapes in leadless metal.

* Continued from page 25.



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Embroidered Vest.

Splendour came gradually into the simple glasses of the first Venetian workers, the inimitable blue that rims the bowl and rings the stems of some fifteenth century drinking glasses being the first note of the gamut of delicate and brilliant colours, dusted or veined with precious metals, which have since made the art magnificent. These exquisite resources of colour were the natural endowment of an art of form nourished in splendid Venice; and colour and form, so long as a living impulse urged the glass-blowers



Goblet in Sapphire Glass, with Ornate Stem Splashed with Gold.

Pompeian Vase in Ruby and Gold. Balaton. Handle and Spout Splashed with Gold. (By Salviati, Jesurum and Co.)

Goblet with Ornate Stem and Mask Medallion. Balaton.



Goblet with Two-handled Stem, Overflow
 Decoration at Base of Bowl.

Two-handled Etruscan-shaped Goblet. Overflow Decoration
 at Base, and Rim of Bowl Splashed with Silver.

Sapphire Goblet with Gold Stem
 and Handles. Balaton.

(By Salviati, Jesurum and Co.)

of the Lagoons, were mutually perfected, each inspiring
 other.

The Venetian glass of to-day succeeds these centuries
 of eager art after an interval of extinction. It is a revival,
 not an inheritance, and in that revival a young lawyer of
 Vicenza, by name Salviati, was chiefly instrumental. The

firm of Salviati, Jesurum, some of whose recent work is
 here illustrated, derives from his ardent efforts to bring
 back to Murano the life of its furnaces, and to recall
 Venetian craftsmen to a beautiful activity. The attempt
 has issued in a large and prosperous industry, but, as none
 know better than those who are within the work, the



Roman Jug.

Two-handled Bowl. Balaton, with lion bosses.

Two-handled vase with twisted spout.

(By Salviati, Jesurum and Co.)



Embroidered Panel.

(Russian Peasant Industries.)



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Buffet in chip-carving.

Murano manufactories of to-day are enterprises of a difficulty undreamed-of when Venetian glass-making belonged to the life of the Republic. The difficulties, of course, threaten, not the commercial prosperity of the industry, but its artistic value. The best that can as yet be done is in imitating as closely as may be what the old workmen invented, and in striving to keep from vulgarization by a bad public demand ideals of colour and form that were perfected when art thrived in Venice. German taste in Venetian glass has deformed the modern industry; other countries have chosen what is gaudy and meretricious, and demanded more, and the glass-blower turns his innate skill to supplying these vulgar markets. Far better the careful and appreciative copying of beautiful examples, as some of those illustrated from ancient and Renaissance models.

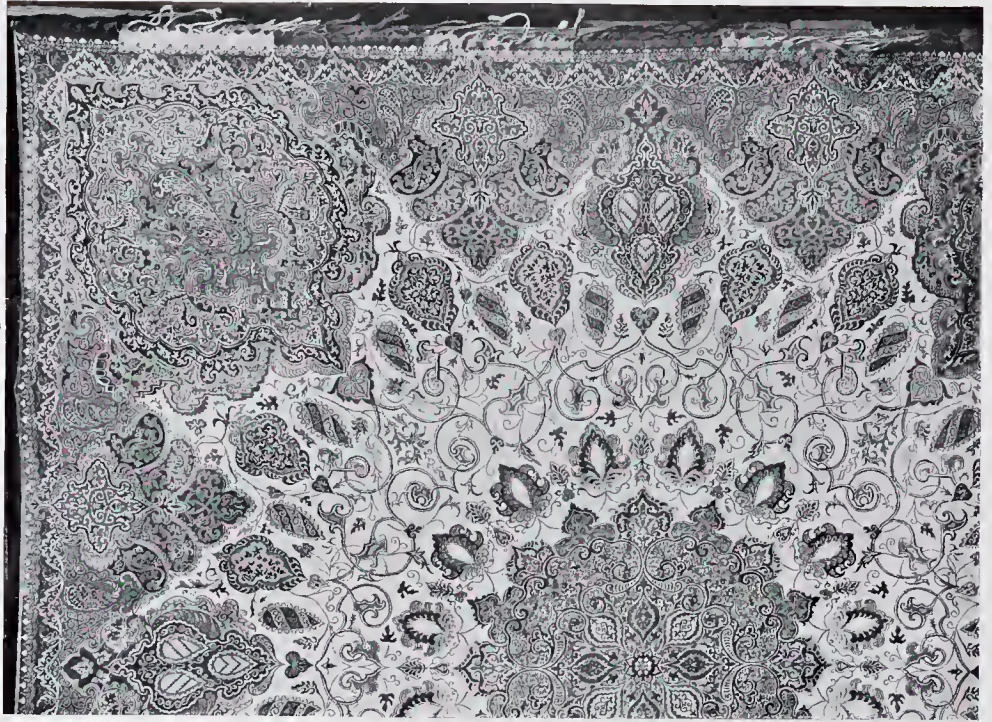
If delicate skill is even here not perfectly used, seeing that the imaginative impulse is lacking, yet the result is something beautiful, and there is hope of an issue in a revival, not only of fine skill, but of the perception of new beauty to be expressed.

The recent exhibition, at the Doré Gallery, of Russian Peasant Industries collected by the Zemstvo of Vologda from the villages of that province, and from Moscow, Orel, and Viatka, where the Zemstvos are doing the same admirable work in organising traditional crafts, brought together material of considerable significance. In Russia, as everywhere, it is evident that the popular instinct for art, so closely linked with the individual and communal pride in possessions, is threatened with extinction as the manufacturing cities extend their influence. But, in Russia, they are



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Modern Lace.



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Antique Woven Shawl.

not yet at that point where the craftsmen of the smaller, railway-netted countries stand, crowded about with manufactures that make craft-work a luxury and prevent its natural development from the necessary work of production.



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Collar in needlepoint.

The Vologda province alone is one-fifth bigger than the British Isles, and parts of it are 1,000 miles from the railway. When the long, rigid winter binds the rivers, the traffic of these districts is by sledge, and in the almost unbroken solitudes of the village, life, through these months, knows no outside influence. The men travel with the sledge-caravans, the women mind the village and, in days not long past, found the fulfilment of their duties, and the reward of their barer toil, in making such household possessions as the drawn-thread sheet sham (p. 53), with its intricate, smoothly-laid, darned patterns of that unobtrusive fineness only inspired by non-commercial production. The provincial costumes of hand-made linen, elaborately embroidered, the fine and complex laces that derived—to judge from their construction—from the drawn-thread work already named, and birch-bark plaiting were industries that thrived among the women of these Russian villages. And the men wrought metal, carved the house-fittings, sledges, and furniture, while basket-making and leather-work were other crafts practised to make life a proud thing to look at, or to produce trading-wares between village and village, or for the great winter fairs.

That deep and vital source of the village arts in the village life is weakened to-day. The handicraft is in the market with manufactures. Where the woman of fifty years back embroidered or made lace for the pride of her household, or in competition with unhesitating skilful rivals of another village, the embroiderer or lace-maker of to-day



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Drawn-thread work. Modern, from antique design of a wedding procession.

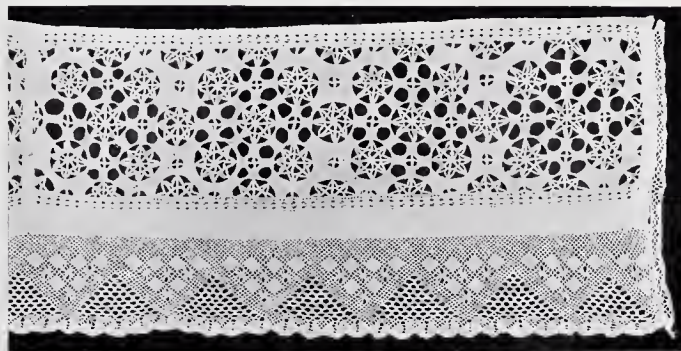


(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Antique Sheet Sham in drawn-thread work, the design darned on the ground.

works mainly for a market where machine-work sets the price of labour. The contented patience, the unreckoned gift of labour, that went to make the fine pieces of an earlier generation are of the old order, broken by time. But it is possible, and the Zemstvoes are doing it, to put before the eyes of the lace-makers—and it is reckoned that in Vologda alone there are 90,000 women making lace—the pattern of that traditional excellence, and to find a market for work well and truly done. The exhibition at the Doré Gallery represented the realization of that scheme. By showing what had been done, as well as what is now being done in these still vigorous centres of craft-life, the organizers of the exhibition gave the English public a standard of demand. If the market opened here proves intelligent as well as appreciative,

the result should benefit the cause of national craftsmanship at its sources. For only by maintaining the good and true work in the market, and keeping open its place in the lives alike of producers and consumers, is that



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Antique Sheet Sham.



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Carved Oak Shelf.

to be done. And these Russian provinces, as has been said, are still the possessors of the native power that makes useful things beautiful, as the carved furniture, the lace and drawn-thread work here illustrated show.

The Guild of Artificers in relation to the revival in modern industrial conditions of the spirit of brotherhood was recently dealt with in these pages (*ART JOURNAL*, 1905, pp. 345, *et seq.*), and illustrations of the work done under the direction of Mr. Edward Spencer showed the creative vitality of the organisation. The Colquhoun marriage-casket, then illustrated, in rich moulding of the metal and setting of precious stones, represented Mr. Spencer's art as the expression not only of ideas of fine form and colour and surface, but of these as the embodiment of a truth whose utterance in deep words surrounded the lid of the casket.—“All is beauty, and knowing this is love, and love is duty.” His symbolism of a revelation whose observance sanctifies all forms of life as the image of the Divine, used splendid materials finely. In the present instance of Mr. Spencer's imaginative design, the “Ariadne” necklace (p. 55), exhibited by him and Mr. Bonnor at the International Society's exhibition, a more delicate form of his art, a personal adornment, contains the unified sequence of his interpretative images. In this fine work of English craftsmen one touches the significance

of the mystery reflected in the myth of Bacchus and Ariadne through beautiful forms. From the clasps—where, separated by the dark sea with its one light of starry diamond, are wrought the cities of the Cretan king and of the father of Theseus—to the slight chain-work which, with its points of light, links Ariadne to the greater chain, succeed golden and silver ships, the fleet that carried the victims of the Minotaur. Between each ship is the ivy of the crowned god, and his immortal vine. The figure of Ariadne is the pendant, in a bower of full-fruited vine, and below her feet is the blue sea, and above her head the starry crown of her immortality, in a galaxy of lights. These are



(Russian Peasant Industries.) Birch Dipper, carved and coloured.

diamonds; the foamy-edged sea is of translucent enamel, and Ariadne is gold, in golden vine-setting. Two golden sub-pendants with delicately-chased figures of Eros and Anteros complete the design and the symbolism.

The casket, and still more, the necklace, are as splendid



(Russian Peasant Industries.)

Border in drawn-thread and stitched pattern.



The "Ariadne" Necklace.

By Edward Spencer and J. Bonnor.

in material and working as befits their significance and use as rare possessions. But Mr. Spencer invents for simpler needs admirably simple forms, as in the salt-cellers with their slanting grooves between plain base and bowl. The chalice and paten, too, are simple church-plate; beauty in the chalice being as much the effect of the undecorated cup, of surface delicately varied with the fine traces of the tool, as of the restrained vine ornament at the base, the vine-lozenges, or the beading that gives interest to the foot.

As "A Disciple of William Morris," Mr. H. Dearle, four of whose designs for wall-papers and textiles are reproduced facing p. 56, was the subject of an article in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1905 (p. 84), which considered his achievement in relation to the inspiration of the great master-worker of the nineteenth century. The present examples of Mr. Dearle's art of design effectively illustrate that fine aspect of discipleship as the continuance, after the death of the master, of his living inspiration, potent in the work of the living. Morris maintained that the widest use of pattern-designing is the clothing of the walls, and in these two wall-papers and the tapestry hangings it may be said that his five requirements for a wall-covering are fulfilled. These, put shortly, are that the material should be possible to get, beautiful, peaceable, reminiscent in its imaginative treatment of life beyond itself, and produced without too much difficulty, and with pleasure. In the ripe fruit and meadow plants of 'The Orchard,' in the ordered luxuriance of summer growths in 'The Golden Lily,' and in

the fresh fair colours and pleasant contents of both, there is the ministry to thought of life, and to peace of sight, that these injunctions require. That besides the choosing of fit themes, and the selection of pleasant colours, the designer must handle his convention with the discretion expressed in all traditional patterns, is a commonplace of decoration. Mr. Dearle's treatment of the floriated diaper in the Persian hanging, and of the symmetrical continuous curves in 'The Golden Lily,' show him working freely in obedience to a firmly structural ground-plan. The scroll and tree design of 'The Orchard' is as

well designed to avoid the appearance of rigid formality, wearisome to the eye in a flat surface without folds or texture, as is the leaf and flower ornament of 'The Golden Lily.' For



Silver Salt-cellers, shell and grapes.

Designed by Edward Spencer.
Made by the Artificers' Guild.



[Russian Peasant industries.] Carved Oak Cupboard in low relief.

permission to make colour reproductions of these designs we are specially indebted to Mr. Dearle and Messrs. Morris and Co.

Recent Publications.

The International Society, which organised the attractive Whistler Exhibition at the New Gallery and the Chelsea Memorial, left undone



Paten for Mission Church at Plaistow.

Designed by Edward Spencer.
Made by the Artificers' Guild.



Chalice for a Mission Church at Plaistow.

Designed by Edward Spencer.
Made by the Artificers' Guild.

one signal honour to its first President. Our French neighbours eagerly stepped into the breach. *L'œuvre de James McNeill Whistler* (Librairie Centrale des Beaux Arts), 500 copies only of which were issued, is not only an admirable memento of the show held in the *École Nationale des Beaux Arts* last summer, but, too, worthily represents the pictorial output of the artist. There is a prefatory essay by *Leonce Bénédicté*, of the Luxembourg, than whom none has written more sanely, critically and appreciatively. There are many touches—such, for instance, as the allusion to the influence of Vermeer of Delft—that reveal profound insight. The portfolios contain forty reproductions (11 by 8 inches) including practically all the master-works. "Misty," vague Whistlers are somewhat over-represented, but apart from that the selection warrants cordial praise. We can warmly recommend the publication to the thousand ardent admirers of the "Master," relatively few of whom, however, can hope to obtain copies.

Volumes II. and III. (42s. each) of *The Royal Academy of Arts* by *Algernon Graves* (Henry Graves or Bell) serve incontestably to demonstrate, what from the first was apparent, that we here have a work which it is ludicrously bad economy for any student of British art to attempt to do without. The mere announcement of its scope, coupled with the name of Mr. Graves, suffices to set forth its importance. Here we have a complete dictionary of contributors to the oldest and most honourable art institution in this country, with the title—and sometimes long explanatory text—year, and catalogue number of each work exhibited, the changing addresses of the artists, the dates of their election to associateship, full membership, and so on. If the pen be mightier than the sword—and it is not disputed nowadays that thought is the great Potentate—Time is in a sense no despicable handmaid. Mr. Graves should be acclaimed as a splendid guardian of time—the time



The "ORCHARD" WALLPAPER.

Designed by H. DEARLE.

Made by MORRIS & Co.

The "PERSIAN" TAPESTRY HANGING.

The "ELMCOTE" WOOLLEN HANGING.

The "GOLDEN LILY" WALLPAPER.



of all who possess his monumental work. Inevitably discrepancies creep in: the name of Bouguereau is misspelt, for instance, and hence appears in a wrong place; but he is one of the most careful of compilers, so that they are reduced to a minimum.

Mr. Walter Crane has earned the right to set before us his *Ideals in Art* (Bell, 10s. 6d.). His idealism is not of the vaporous, unrelated-to-life order. A democrat, he has faith in art as one of the great regenerative forces of society. In these essays, the issue of convinced thought, read most of them before the Art Workers' Guild, he treats present-day art from many important standpoints—decorative, strictly pictorial, ethical, social, literary. There are a hundred delightful sallies, more than as many grave and weighty statements.

Seven Angels of the Renaissance: the Story of Art from Cimabue to Claude, by **Sir Wyke Baylies** (Isaac Pitman, 10s. 6d.). This work deals mainly with Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Titian, Raphael, and Correggio, the five great painters of the Renaissance period of art in Italy, "who living and working together bore the stress and strain of the day." The first chapter, entitled "Awakening," is chiefly devoted to Cimabue, and the last, called "Anno Domini," to Claude and the birth of landscape painting. The whole book is written in a highly poetic and imaginative style, and the author lays much stress upon the fact that, through all periods, painters have never disagreed upon the likeness of Christ.

Sam Bough, R.S.A. Some account of his life and works, by the late **Sidney Gilpin** (Bell, 7s. 6d.). This biography was completed by the author twelve years ago, but it is stated that its publication has been delayed owing to unforeseen circumstances. It gives the life of Sam Bough in an attractive manner, interspersed with many of his letters. Although intimately connected with the Scottish School, he was an Englishman, born at Carlisle. His father was first a butler, and afterwards a shoemaker. As a boy he showed a tendency for drawing, and after considerable struggles he obtained an appointment as assistant scene-painter at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. He subsequently continued this branch of art at Glasgow and Edinburgh. In 1857, having gained a prize given by the West of Scotland Fine Art Association for landscape painting, he broke away from the theatre and devoted himself entirely to the painting of landscapes. He died at Edinburgh in November, 1878, at the age of fifty-six years.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., by **William B. Boulton** (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). As the author states, so much has been written about Reynolds, it is impossible to record any new facts concerning his life, and the main difficulty that besets a biographer is that of selection. Nevertheless this book is concisely written and gives a succinct account of Reynolds and his sitters. It is well illustrated by numerous portraits from mezzotint engravings after Reynolds' paintings. The two last chapters, dealing with "the artist" and "the man," give an excellent *résumé* of this great painter.

The Decoration of Leather, by **Maude Nathan**, from the French of **Georgée de Récy** (Constable, 7s. 6d.). Owing to the fact that there are many technical and other terms in French that have no exact equivalent in English, a free translation has been given, but the meaning of the text has been preserved. Some extracts from the Report of the Committee on Leather for Bookbinding, appointed by the Council of the Society of Arts in 1900, have been added. The illustrations inserted in the text are from the French edition, but the full page illustrations are from specimens in this country, chiefly selected from the Victoria and Albert Museum. This work should prove a great assistance to those working in the artistic treatment of leather.

In **The Art of Portrait Painting**, by the **Hon. John Collier** (Cassell, 10s. 6d.), we have the practical views of one who has authority to speak. This book should be studied by every young portrait painter. It is well illustrated, partly with plates in colours.

Among **The British Artist Series** (Bell, 7s. 6d.) the life and work of **J. M. W. Turner**, by **W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.**, is certainly one of the best. As the writer states, an artist should be better able to distinguish and note the influences and beauties, the difficulties and limitations of another artist's work than a critic or a teller of tales. Mr. Wyllie's notes on Turner's seascapes are particularly interesting. There are numerous illustrations, including four coloured plates.

Peter Paul Rubens, by **Hope Rea**, in the "Great Masters"

Series (Bell, 5s.) is tersely written and contains a useful catalogue of the principal works of the great painter, arranged according to the galleries in which they are to be found.

Thomas Gaineborough: his life, work, friends and sitters, by **William B. Boulton** (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), is concisely written and is to be reckoned among the best volumes relating to this painter which have appeared in recent years. It is a pity that the two portraits of Queen Charlotte are not distinguished, as the plates have been transposed in the binding. The copy of the portrait in the South Kensington Museum should face page 164.

The Arts of Design (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.) and **The Appreciation of Pictures** (Batsford, 7s. 6d.) are both by the American writer, **Russell Sturgie**. The former comprises the second series of six lectures, known as the "Scammon Lectures," delivered at the Art Institute, Chicago: they treat on modern art, judged by ancient; industrial art, in which form and colour respectively predominate; and sculpture, as used in architecture. The lectures are fully illustrated with both ancient and modern work; in the latter American largely enters, and it is somewhat novel to our insular minds to find a view of Trinity Church at Boston appearing on the same page beside a detail of Florence Cathedral. The latter book is a popular guide for students and amateurs, dealing historically with pictures. It is well that we should learn what others think of us: speaking of H. Stacy Marks, Mr. Sturgie says "he was an unusually good draughtsman for a man of the English school and taught in England." It is also curious to find an illustration of 'Christ in the House of His Parents' ascribed to "J. E. Millais and L. L. Gruner." From a foot-note on another page it may be discovered that the illustration was produced by a photograph from a line engraving by L. L. Gruner, of Dresden.

The Board of Education have issued a large paper edition, imperial 8vo., illustrated, of the first volume of the **Handbook of Chinese Art** (Wyman, 10s. 6d.) by **Dr. Stephen W. Bushell**. The second volume will deal with pottery, enamels, jewellery, textiles and paintings.

From Nebula to Man, by **Henry R. Knipe** (Dent, 21s.) is "an attempt to present a sketch of the evolution of the earth on the Nebular Hypothesis; to note also subsequent sea and land movements, and successive appearances of life, as revealed by the geological strata." The work is in rhyme, and there are good illustrations by Ernest Bucknall, John Charlton, Joseph Smit, Lancelot Speed, Charles Whymper, Edward A. Wilson and Alice B. Woodward.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, by **J. Ernest Phythian**, and the **Later Works of Titian**, by **Henry Milee**, are now included in Messrs. Newnes' Art Library (3s. 6d.).

To the Langham Series (Siegle, 1s. 6d.) have been added **Millet**, by **Richard Muther**, and **Whistler**, by **H. W. Singer**.

The Gods of Pegana, a Pagan Phantasmagoria, by **Lord Dunsany** (Elkin Mathews, 5s.), contains eight illustrations in photogravure from mystical drawings by S. H. Sime.

A Flower Wedding, described by Two Wallflowers, decorated by **Walter Crane** (Cassell, 6s.), contains forty pages of illustrations in colours, the originals of which are now to be seen at the Grafton Gallery. It is a companion volume to "Flora's Feast."

The Arundel Club, as its second year's publication, issues a portfolio of fifteen photogravures from plates engraved and printed by J. J. Waddington, Ltd. The scheme is to reproduce remarkable pictures or works of art which are or may become inaccessible to students. Annual subscription, one guinea.

Duval's Artistic Anatomy, in its new edition, has been revised and amplified by **Dr. A. Melville Paterson** (Cassell, 5s.). New illustrations are included, and the book is an essential handbook of instruction to the student.

A photogravure of the Rev. John Thomson's **The Martyre' Tombs** (Burial Place of Covenanters in the Bog of Loch-in-Kett, Galloway) has been published by R. & R. Napier, Edinburgh. Proofs, signed by J. Craig Annan, £3 3s.; prints £1 1s.

Messrs. Winsor & Newton's 1806 Catalogue of Colours and Materials should be on every studio table.



The Bull-Fight Fan.
By Charles Conder.

(Leicester Gallery.)

London Exhibitions.

IN 1892, godfathered by Mr. Sargent, there was held at the Goupil Gallery the first public exhibition of drawings by Mr. H. B. Brabazon. We owe much to Mr. Sargent for persuading the "amateur," even then a veteran, to permit the contents of his portfolio to emerge from seclusion. London in December: gay, confident, elusively enchanting colour-notes by Mr. Brabazon—a delightful contrast is suggested. It was into the gloom and the fog of December that Mr. Marchant introduced another representative collection of about eighty water-colours and thirty pastels, the last comparably fine series, probably, to be rescued from Mr. Brabazon's treasure of years. Mr. Marchant did eminently well. Art at its rarest and best is as spontaneous, as instinctive in its giving forth as a breath. When the fit vesture has, by means of advance training, been prepared, the spirit of the message is free from imprisonment, eager for revelation. Mr. Brabazon remains an amateur in the sense that he never went through the ordinary art curriculum. It is fortunate and unfortunate. Had he done so, his sense of design would have been surer; but it is by no means improbable that that winged impulsiveness and clarity of vision which are his supreme possessions would have suffered somewhat. It would be ridiculous to contend that systematic training is in the main other than beneficial; but let us have the frankness to admit possible advantages of its absence. A mission of the artist is to win from Nature some of her myriad secrets that have eluded the quest of others. Again and again Mr. Brabazon fulfils that. A smile on his face, a song in his heart, he observes dauntlessly, and by virtue of inward alchemy obscurities vanish or airy veils are

woven, so that what we are pleased to call actual colours enter into more intimate, more imaginative relationship. With Mr. Brabazon, colour is a language, capable to express the subtle and the splendid, the majestic and the mysterious; and he uses it, not at the command of a dealer, but because he joys to speak. There is diversity in his utterance, and inasmuch as the word thrills with life, power and beauty necessarily inhere, and always there is something of wonder at the heart. Take the Venice subjects. There is Venice seen across the floating dream of a Turner, Venice 'After Guardi'—a masterpiece of



The Zattere, Venice.

(Goupil Gallery. By permission
of Sir William Eden, Bart.)

By H. B. Brabazon.

interpretation, the spirit being Mr. Brabazon's—'The Church of the Jesuits,' so unflinching of statement, or 'The Zattere' (p. 58), with its exquisite diffusion of light, from start to finish the artist's own. With a light, strong hand, guided by remarkable sensitiveness, he captures fugitive effects of atmosphere, eternal truths of sunlight and beauty, whether in violet-misted mountains or azure skies, or in his most welcome and personal pictorial comments on De Hooch, Rembrandt, J. Holland, Müller, Rubens, Velazquez, Lawrence.

Three far more than ordinarily interesting exhibitions were simultaneously opened at the Leicester Galleries, where several of the shows of the year have been of a most satisfactory kind. In this country, hardly less than abroad, M. Jacques Blanche has a high reputation for dexterity and resourcefulness. The little display of pictures and studies included the 'Aubrey Beardsley' (p. 59), painted at Dieppe in 1895, a sympathetic essay, without any attempt at display, concentration evidently being on the content; an admirably-phrased 'Berenice and her Doll,' 1900, where golds flow into glowing white; and some forthright still-life pieces. M. Blanche has not yet fully come into his own, but he is a brilliant experimentalist. Mr. Charles Conder's fans are an inspiration. He can float the colour and the decorative forms, gathered from East or West or from No-man's-land, on to the silk with just the proper dalliance. And as a colourist on a larger scale he often delights, as in 'Mlle. de Maupin,' in the play of silvery and rose pinks, of leafy green, here with a centre of black. Mr. Conder's art is a series of entrapments, of lurings. It is not of the wholesome sun-steeped, wind-swept atmosphere, like Mr. Brabazon's. The third show was of talented landscape notes and sketches by Mrs. Edmund Davis, *née* Miss Halford, wife of the well-known collector. Allusion must be made to groups of drawings by two dissimilar amateurs, Mr. Arthur Ponsobly

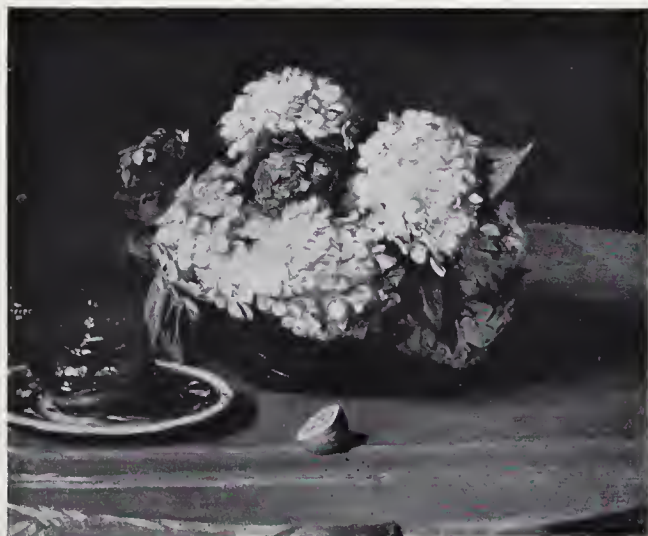


(Leicester Gallery.)

Aubrey Beardsley.

By Jacques E. Blanche.

and Mrs. J. E. Talbot, at the Carfax Gallery; to sensitive visions 'At Home and Abroad,' by Miss Winifred Russell Roberts, a new-comer, and to a complete collection of etchings by M. Armand Mathey after celebrated pictures, both at the Dowdeswell Galleries; to the seventh annual show of the Women's International Art Club at the Grafton Galleries, where Mlle. Thérèse Schwartze, Misses Mary Cameron, Mary Macmonies, and Norna Labouchere were of those represented; and to a varied and pleasant gathering of drawings and sketches by members of the Arts and Crafts Club, at 61, New Bond Street. At the Alpine Club rooms were shown paintings by the late Alfred Williams; and at the Dutch Gallery, oil paintings of Dutch landscapes by P. J. C. Gabriel. Sir H. Trueman Wood opened a Photographic Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, the British work seen at St. Louis filling one of the rooms; and the Countess of Warwick opened the Second Annual Exhibition of the Clarion Guild of Handicraft, in the Hall of Clifford's Inn. Mr. John Baillie, hitherto identified with Prince's Terrace, Bayswater, inaugurated his new gallery at 54, Baker Street with a collection of the work of Simeon Solomon.



(Leicester Gallery.)

Mummies and Ghosts (November).

By Jacques E. Blanche.

The Art Journal Competition.

THE Publishers have invited Students to send in black-and-white drawings to illustrate a Town or Village Scene. According to the conditions printed on page 30, each

drawing must be accompanied by the coupon which appears among the advertisements to the present number, page 2. The last day for receiving drawings is February 20th.

Passing Events.

THE Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, celebrated its tenth Founder's Day on November 2nd. The best paintings in the Exhibition of 1905 were judged to be: 'Evening in a Studio' (p. 60), M. Lucien Simon, Paris (Gold Medal); 'The Crest' (p. 63), by Mr. Edward W. Redfield, Philadelphia (Silver Medal); 'June' (p. 61), by Mr. Childe Hassam, New York (Bronze Medal). Money prizes also went to these three painters. Mr. William J. Glackens, Mr. John Sloan, and Mr. Charles H. Woodbury, each received honourable mention. Mr. Alfred East represented London on the jury. The Exhibition is international, about fifty per cent. of the accepted works being contributed by Europeans, the remainder by painters residing in America.

WHISTLER'S portrait of Irving in the character of Philip II. of Spain, the *clou* of the late actor's picture collection, was first seen at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. It was in connection with this inaugural show that Ruskin published his historic onslaught,

the "coxcomb" procuring only one farthing damages, against £1,000 claimed, from a British jury. The "twelve good men and true" would to-day be something more generous, one may guess. Whistler was amazingly interested in the portrait, inasmuch as it represents Irving in the character of the king whose grandson was immortalised by the great Velazquez.

STUDENTS and collectors—for prices in this direction have advanced by leaps and bounds during the past few months—come more and more to honour William Hogarth. Whistler was of those who spoke of him as hardly second to any British master. Fittingly, every effort is to be made to put into a condition fit for exhibition the three large pictures, 'The Ascension,' 'Sealing of the Sepulchre,' and 'Three Marys at the Tomb,' aggregating some 1,400 square feet, painted in 1756 for the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, for which Hogarth received £500 by way of payment. Some £200 is needed to rescue the works from the swathings in which they have been wrapped for fifteen years or so, but the Bristol Fine Arts Academy hope to show them in the spring.



(Carnegie Institute.)

Evening in a Studio.
By Lucien Simon.

MR. SWAN has had in his Acacia Road studio the base, in plaster, of an important work which may appear completed at the 1906 Academy. It is to support a figure of Orpheus playing on his lute, Orpheus before whose music even the "billows of the sea hung their heads and then lay by." The base is formed of a column, rudely shaped, round which climb spirally a couple of life-size leopards, endowed with power from uplifted head to sinewy tail. The underlying idea is that out of the very stuff of life out of the very heart of the actual, there emerges Art, the soul of life.

MRS. VAL PRINSEP, widow of the well-known R.A., who had the unpleasant experience of being robbed of about £6,000-worth of jewels, is, of course, a daughter of the late Mr. F. R. Leyland, the shipowner, for whom the Peacock Room was painted. She is the 'Florence Leyland' of the etching (Wedmore 96), and she was represented in the original 'Blue Girl,' destroyed by Whistler, though two beautiful paintings of blue jars with flowers, which formed part of the background, still exist.

THE tapestries presented by Baron d'Eranger to the nation and exhibited at Hampton Court are, of course, after the famous Raphael cartoons, seven of which are at South Kensington. By most the cartoons are regarded as treasures of utmost value, but the late John Brett once described them, in an address to the Art Workers' Guild, as "the greatest 'plant' that was ever foisted on the gullibility of the artistic world."

MESSRS. SHEPHERD'S recent exhibition included a portrait of a lady in Leghorn bonnet (p. 61), an unusually sensitive and secure picture, whose authorship is uncertain. The name of T. Stewardson, a pupil of Romney, was at first suggested, but more probably it is an early work by Raeburn, the method of it forming a link between his miniatures and his broadly-phrased later pictures.



(Messrs. Shepherd's Gallery.)

The Lady in the Leghorn Bonnet.

Attributed to Raeburn.

THE Academy lost three full members during 1905. The last was Mr. Henry Hugh Armstead, the well-known sculptor, on December 4.

Born in 1828, he continued to work with amazing energy almost to the end. As recently as 1903 the Chantry Trustees gave £900 for his 'Remorse.' Because he approached sculpture through the door of the silversmith and of painting, he has been called the Leopardi of England. His scholarly art is represented in many public places, on the Albert Memorial, for one. In all he contributed eighty-two works to the Royal Academy, onward from 1851, according to Mr. Algernon Graves' invaluable "Royal Academy Exhibitors," Vol. 3 of which has lately appeared. Mr. Holman-Hunt alludes to Armstead's thorough practice in drawing on the flat as a manifest gain to him in after life.

SIR RICHARD JEBB, who died on December 9, was the finest Greek scholar of his day. He had been the Academy's Professor of Ancient History since the decease of Gladstone, who, also, had a fine frenzy for the language of the great tragedians.

TWO Belgian artists of note died recently. Isadore Verleyden, the landscapist and portraitist, appointed in 1904 to the Directorship of the Academy of Fine Arts, Brussels, who contracted his last illness attending the unveiling of a commemorative plaque affixed to the house of his old friend, Constantin Meunier; and Léon Abry,



(Carnegie Institute.)

June.

By Childe Hassam.



Sir F. C. Burnand.

By Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.

who executed the great dioramas seen at the Liège International Exhibition.

MR. WHITWORTH WALLIS, the eager and competent Director of the Birmingham Art Gallery, wields a magic wand, people are beginning to say. In 1903 a valuable collection of drawings and studies by Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and other of the pre-Raphaelites was presented by five citizens, and now Mr. John Feeny has bequeathed £50,000 for the acquisition of pictures. Mr. Feeny, who died on December 16 at the age of 67, was a lover of art, and took particular interest in the union of art and industry. He had munificently supported the Birmingham collection during his lifetime. *Apròpos*, late in 1904, as will be recalled, Mr. John Hamilton left £50,000 to the Glasgow Corporation Gallery.

SIR F. C. BURNAND has done good public service by collaborating with Mr. Hickory Wood and Mr. Arthur Collins in the production of "Cinderella" at Drury Lane. Therefore, the appeal made public by him should not be forgotten. Sir Francis does not recognise himself in his 'Portrait,' painted by John Prescott Knight, R.A. (p. 63). "He represented me wearing a kind of coat that I never wore, and never *have* worn, a sort of wristbands that were totally different from mine, and a green tie that I repudiated, but

on which he insisted, as being far more artistic than the one that formed part of my ordinary attire. I do not know what my uncle thought of the picture; he never expressed any opinion on the subject, but presented it to me, and as a curiosity I have it now, and for years have been trying to find some original whom it might more closely resemble than it does myself. I have not succeeded. It was a great piece of luck for my family and for myself that, many years afterwards, Professor Herkomer undertook my portrait (p. 62), which is among the best he ever painted—in fact, a masterly picture, worthy of a distinguished portrait painter."

AN amusing booklet, free from Drury Lane, is "Jessica Popjoy's Story of Cinderella," illustrated and written by Miss Winnie Burnand. It has proved as popular as the pantomime.

SIR JOHN C. ROBINSON, who organised the loan and circulation system at South Kensington, and from 1892 till her death was Queen Victoria's Surveyor of Pictures, has been in evidence in the galleries of late as an etcher. Sir John is an amateur or a professional, which you will. He studied art in Paris, but has never practised it for other than "the fun of the thing." A complete catalogue of his etchings, delightfully atmospheric many of them, has been prepared by Mr. Hind, of the British Museum, but it is to appear in a German magazine, which is of little use to us.

UNMISTAKABLY among the amateurs is Major-General Baden-Powell, who, however, is as clever with his pencil as with his sword. He is one of the "pupils" of the new School of Art which those two redoubtable, Mr. Dudley Hardy and Mr. John Hassall, have just started. Nor can there be a doubt about Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, son of Sir Henry Ponsonby, private secretary to Queen Victoria. Mr. Ponsonby was "showing" at the Carfax Gallery in December, when, as the result of "C.B.'s" acceptance of office, he became one of the Prime Minister's three secretaries.

WEST Country and other artists came forward generously with water-colours, which were offered at the Graves Galleries to swell the rebuilding fund of Lower Brixham Church, in memory of the Rev. H. F. Lyte, vicar for twenty-five years, and author of "Abide with me." The fog fiend was not kind to the scheme, however.

MR. R. PHENÉ SPIERS' appointment, in the place of the late Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, as Corresponding Member for Architecture to the Académie des Beaux Arts, is widely approved. As a student at the R.A. Schools—where he is now Master of Architecture—he carried off the travelling studentship, and he has been the recipient of

many honours at home and abroad because of his architectural knowledge.

A PROPOS, it is not uninteresting to record that on Mr. Waterhouse's resignation as an active member of the Academy in 1903, when he was very far from well, Sir—then Mr.—Aston-Webb was elected to his fauteuil. That was well done in the view of the profession at large.

THERE was considerable uncertainty as to whether Mr. John M. Swan would deposit as his diploma work a picture or a piece of sculpture. Mr. Swan is not well versed in the rules of the Academy, and in the end he was taken rather aback at the shortness of the time within which the diploma work had to be dispatched. It took the form of a picture of animals drinking. Doubtless it will be at Burlington House this year.

THE late W. G. Wills, author of "Charles I." and "Olivia," was a painter of some promise before he became a dramatist. His large 'Laertes and Ophelia' was in the Irving sale, and he sent a good many things to the



(Carnegie Institute.)

The Crest.

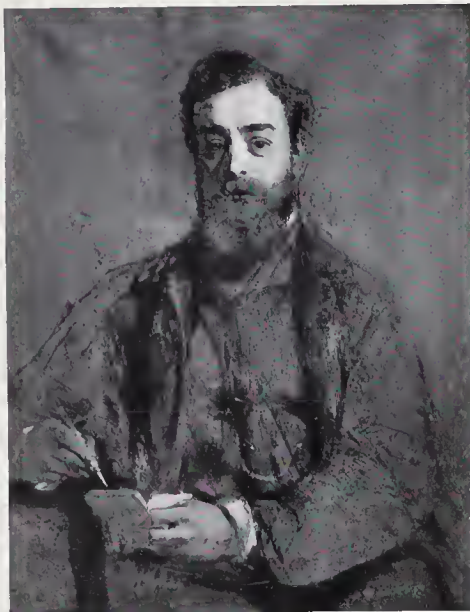
By Edward W. Redfield.

New Gallery, one or two to the Academy. All that labour could do was done. For instance, on the advice of M. Jan van Beers, whom he heeded, Wills once painted out every alternate child in an important composition, because he was told the picture was too crowded.

SIR EDWARD POYNTER expressed himself, in his biennial address to Royal Academy students, as particularly well pleased with paintings from the life. He actually said that the works which had received prizes were as good as he could wish to see them. Sir Edward gave some salutary advice "apt to be lost sight of in the prevalent chatter about art." He seldom goes out of the way to be gracious to those who do not agree with him.

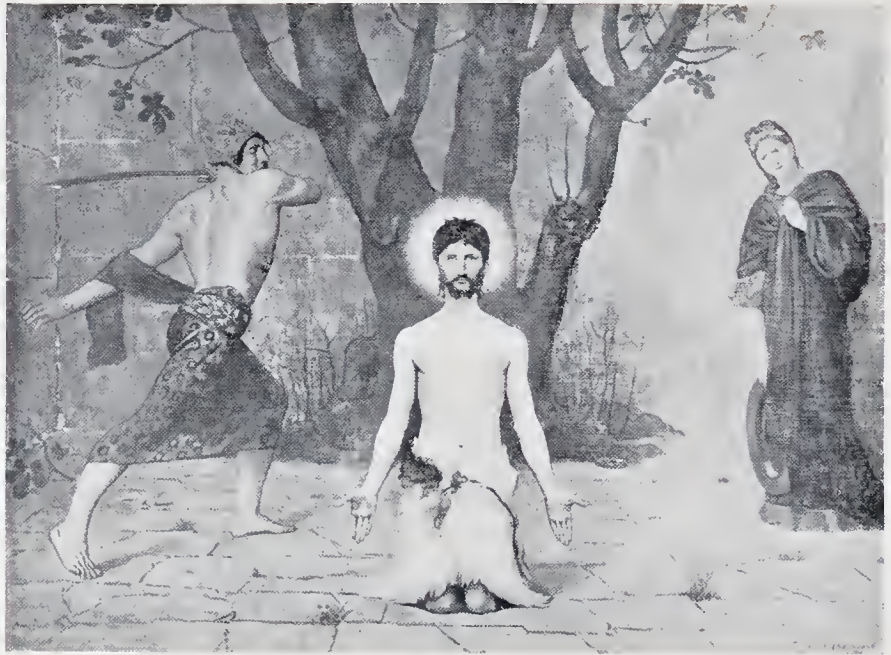
THE gold medal and travelling studentship for historical painting went to Mr. W. E. Gladstone Solomon, born in Capetown in 1880. He had no art training till 1898, when he began to prepare under Mr. Cope and Mr. J. Nicol for the R.A. During his five years in the Academy Schools he has carried off more prizes than any student of modern times, probably. Similar blue ribbons in sculpture and architecture went respectively to Mr. T. J. Clapperton and Mr. Leslie Wilkinson, the latter of whom has on several previous occasions been successful. Mr. Brangwyn's influence was apparent in the designs for the decoration of a public building. For the first time, the drawings and studies from the life were exhibited to the public.

FROM an exigently critical quarter we hear enthusiastic accounts of Mr. D. S. MacColl's power and charm as a lecturer. Students, whether at the Slade School or elsewhere, are not apt to be greatly moved by what they regard as official discourses. Mr. MacColl, alike as to content and method of communication, is, however, voted a signal success. His French accent, by the way, is in itself an achievement—he has a knack of raising into an art anything he touches. An actual Frenchman, M. Bouvier, whose enthusiasms are



(Sir) F. C. Burnand.

By J. Prescott Knight, R.A.



(Photo. Durand-Ruel.)

The Beheading of St. John the Baptist.

By Puvis de Chavannes.

contagious, has been tilting delightfully at bourgeois art, its ineptitudes and stupidities. M. Bouvier has not a hint of the bourgeois in his composition.

A KIND of æsthetic son has been born to "F. C. G." in the person of a working compositor, Mr. Francis Brown, who for over eleven years has been in the *Westminster Gazette* printing office. He sometimes emerges on a Friday as an "office boy" who shapes political parables. Humour is not so common a commodity that we can afford to imprison it.

IN the summer of 1892 the Countess of Milltown covenanted by deed of gift to hand over to the National Gallery of Ireland, as a memorial of her late husband, a collection of pictures, sculpture, etc., which had cost £100,000. Delivery not having been made, for various specified reasons, the Master of the Rolls has ordered that this should take place by March 1.

FROM May 1-5 an Arts, Crafts, and Industrial Exhibition will be held in the Music Hall, Shrewsbury.

AMONG the pictures lent by Messrs. Durand-Ruel to the inaugural exhibition of the Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin, was 'The Beheading of St. John the Baptist,' by Puvis de Chavannes, the genius of the nineteenth century as a decorator of great wall spaces. It is said that he regarded it as his masterpiece. Probably, however, he here

confined the estimate to himself as a painter of framed pictures.

THE Institute of British Decorators offer a Gold Medal and Silver Medals for the Encouragement of Colour Decoration. Conditions may be obtained from Painters' Hall, Little Trinity Lane, E.C.

IT is years since any like event stirred so much interest as the emergence from Rokeby Park, where few were permitted to see it, of the 'Venus' of Velazquez. On the advice of Sir Thomas Lawrence, it was bought in 1813 for £500 by John Bacon Sawrey Morritt, the traveller and classical scholar, who died in 1843. It was as the result of his second stay at Rokeby that Sir Walter Scott wrote the poem so entitled, dedicated to Morritt "in token of sincere friendship," the scene being laid in his "beautiful demesne." Scott must have seen the picture during four of his visits, the last in 1831, when he took his final journey to London and Italy. Morritt was one of the few entrusted with the secret of the authorship of "Waverley," issued anonymously in 1814 at 1 gn., copies of which in original state are now worth about £175. Scott characterised Morritt as "a man unequalled in the mixture of sound good sense, high literary cultivation, and the sweetest temper that ever graced a human bosom." Sir Martin Shee painted his portrait as Arch-master of the Dilettanti Society in 1831-2. It has been announced that the effort to keep the 'Venus' in England has failed: but the destination of the picture has not yet been settled.

The Resurrected Turners.

“GREAT losses in the world of art.” That is one of the prophecies for 1906 of a celebrated Paris palmist, credited by some with prescience. Happily, however, the year started with signal gains. The Rokeby Venus was secured for the nation; moreover, there were rescued from the cellars of Trafalgar Square, and admirably arranged by Sir Charles Holroyd at Millbank, twenty-one pictures which, in 1857, Sir Charles Eastlake, the then Director of the National Gallery, and his advisers—Thomas Munro of Novar, David Roberts, Clarkson Stanfield—deemed “unfit for public exhibition,” and unlikely to do “Turner’s fame any justice.” Ruskin scathingly wrote: the nation “buried with threefold honour, Turner’s body in St. Paul’s, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in Chancery.” But, as from the tomb, certain of the pictures have emerged in all the freshness of youth, endowed, too, with the wisdom of maturity. Time and Varnish have been accounted as among the greatest of the Old Masters. In this exceptional case, Dirt and Official Neglect have been the true guardians. Almost certainly, the recovery of these superb Turners, most of them unfinished, but not one of them in the “wrecked condition” of official phrase, is an indirect issue of Mr. E. T. Cook’s adventures among the “Hidden Treasures” of Trafalgar Square. In ancient Egypt, the Golden Hawk was the symbol of those perfected beings who, open-eyed, could front the full light of the sun, which in turn was the symbol of the

supreme Light. Turner, surely, is the Golden Hawk of modern art. For instance, the canvas provisionally entitled, ‘Sunset, with a Boat between Headlands’—it is sunrise, not sunset—helps us towards understanding of what the Greeks meant by an ecstasy of light, and of that passage about the angels who behold continually the great Light. The hand of genius here wins from the spirit of the day-spring, from new-born light—new-born life, if you will, for Turner knew the “divine fluidity” of the symbol—a chord of ineffable colour. The picture interprets Turner’s vision of the “glorious birth”; a robe of light is about the whole imagining. And all is as pure and simple and transparently spontaneous as the song of a bird. Opposite hangs a second fragment of Turner’s vibrant soul: ‘The Evening Star.’ Again, inevitably, we think of Wordsworth. The picture, whose sky is a benediction, is a revelation of “the holy time . . . quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration.” It is a supreme conquest of serene luminous space, set with one pale star. This national heritage includes, too, a ‘Rocky Bay,’ with dark tide sweeping imaginatively past promontories that recede as though into the source of light, a tumultuous storm at sea, the magic ‘Norham Castle,’ and ‘Hastings,’ and other inspired works, all of the late period; not least, three sketches of wing-sailed yachts in the Solent, joyous with the speed and the strength and the surge of the sea. A true artist is an alchemist.

Royal Academy Elections.

NOT for years has the Academy made seven elections within twenty-six hours, as on January 8–9 last.

Moreover, the revival of the class of Associate-Engraver, in which Mr. MacWhirter was much interested, gave unusual importance to the proceedings. Thirteen artists were nominated, among them Mr. Axel H. Haig and Mr. C. O. Murray, both members of the Painter-Etchers, Mr. H. Scott Bridgwater, and Mr. Norman Hirst, though not Professor Legros, who has long been on the painters’ list. Having resolved to re-open the door, the Academy chose two excellent men, one of them almost unanimously. In the technique of etching, Mr. William Strang, the Scotsman, who resigned from the Painter-Etchers with Mr. Cameron some time ago, has few living equals, and his grim, tragic, weird or intentionally grotesque interpretations in black-and-white of masterpieces of literature demonstrate his resourcefulness. Mr. Frank Short, R.P.E., Director of the Etching and Engraving School at the Royal College of Art, is our most distinguished interpretative mezzotinter, to leave out of account his original plates, admirable of poise and in apprehensive qualities. Mr. Short completed the great *Liber Studiorum* series, and has finely translated into black-

and-white pictures by De Wint, Constable, Watts, the inimitable Girtin, and others.

The two Associates were in the stead of Mr. David Murray and Mr. John M. Swan, made R.A.’s in 1905. The nomination list, consisting of ninety-two painters, seventeen sculptors, twenty-nine architects, contains a few new names, notably those of Mr. Arnold Priestman, Mr. H. Hughes Stanton, Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, the able landscapist, and Mr. Charles Sims, the talented young artist who had good pictures at the R.A. last year. Mr. Edward Stott and Mr. F. W. Pomeroy were elected. It was full time that Mr. Stott’s poetic, meditative art should be sealed academically, if there be advantage in that. In the quiet of Amberley, shut off by the sweeping Downs from the turmoil of modern life, he aims to do for the Sussex peasant something of what Millet did for the peasant of Normandy: express pictorially the mystic link between the labourer and the soil, the sky, the whole environment. Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, who took the Gold Medal in sculpture in 1885 with ‘Cain the Outcast,’ was, like three other gold medallists admitted to the Academy—Messrs. Harry Bates, G. Frampton, Goscombe John—a pupil of M. Dalou at Lambeth.

He is responsible for many well-known pieces of public sculpture.

The following evening Mr. Solomon J. Solomon was raised to full membership in the place of the late Mr. H. H. Armstead. The "worthy inheritor of a great name," as Mr. Solomon was jokingly called by a brother R.A., is an able portraitist, a good painter, and he is doing splendid work in the schools, which he himself entered in 1877. He is, it is said, the first Jewish R.A.

Two only of three foreign vacancies caused by the deaths last year of MM. Dubois, Guillaume and Von Menzel, were filled. It was a gracious and fitting thing to elect in his old age Josef Israels, the distinguished Dutch artist, the greater part of whose life has been dedicated to the pictorialisation of the drama of humble life. Apart from Matthew Maris, who would have spurned Academical recognition, no wiser choice could have been made. Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, though born in Dublin, counts as an American. He is, of course, "the god-like sculptor" of R. L. Stevenson, whose friend he was, and for whose memorial portrait he is responsible.

No Associate-Engraver had been elected since Mr. Francis Holl in 1883, and onward from 1891, when Mr. Frederick Stacpoole, made A.E. in 1880, resigned, the class had been extinct. From the first, indeed, there have till now been but twenty-six Associate-Engravers. All along "black-and-white" men have been something of a problem. Sir Robert Strange, the eminent Scottish line engraver, inveighed against the exclusion of engravers by the original Instrument, suggesting that the obstacle was specially erected to debar his entrance. On January 19, 1769, it was resolved to extend the boundaries, and on February 26, 1770, three A.E.'s—the first Associates of any kind—were elected. Valentine Green's claims were not recognised till 1775, and among those who remained permanently outside the Academical pale are mezzotinters as

distinguished as W. Dickinson, J. and T. Watson, J. Mac-Ardell and David Lucas, who was backed by Constable at the election in 1835, when Samuel Cousins, with the influence of Lawrence behind him, headed the poll. Originally there were six Associate-Engravers, for whom there was no promotion. After years of agitation, however, it was resolved that two might become R.A.'s, the total number of Engravers being at the same time reduced to four. Cousins was the first to be made an Academician, this in 1855, and four others have been raised to full honours—G. T. Doo in 1857, J. H. Robinson in 1867, Lumb Stocks in 1871, T. O. Barlow in 1881. Cousins and Doo were "Academician Engravers," separate from "The Forty"; but since 1863 the two classes have merged, the maximum remaining at forty. We understand that the intention now is to encourage original design in black-and-white, and not the "craft of the scraper," as some belittlingly call mezzotinting after work by others. The question has been raised by many as to whether or not Associate-Engravers can as insiders send pictures or water-colours to Burlington House. For instance, Mr. Strang paints as well as etches. Might one of his pictures be rejected while impressions from his plates take their place by right? We understand that this is possible, though there is no probability of its occurring.

For the first time the name of M. Auguste Rodin appeared on the list of those nominated for foreign membership, as did that of Osmond Hamdy, the Turk, whose strange 'La Genèse' was on the line in Gallery III. at the 1903 Academy. It is unhesitatingly asserted that M. Rodin would, despite opposition from certain quarters, have stood high at the poll but for an uncertainty as to whether the laws of the International Society, of which he is President, preclude his acceptance of Academy honours. For a similar reason, admirers among the electorate—and they are many and eager—of Mr. John Lavery are said for the present to be possessing their souls in patience.

Pembruge and Vernon Tombs at Tong.—I.

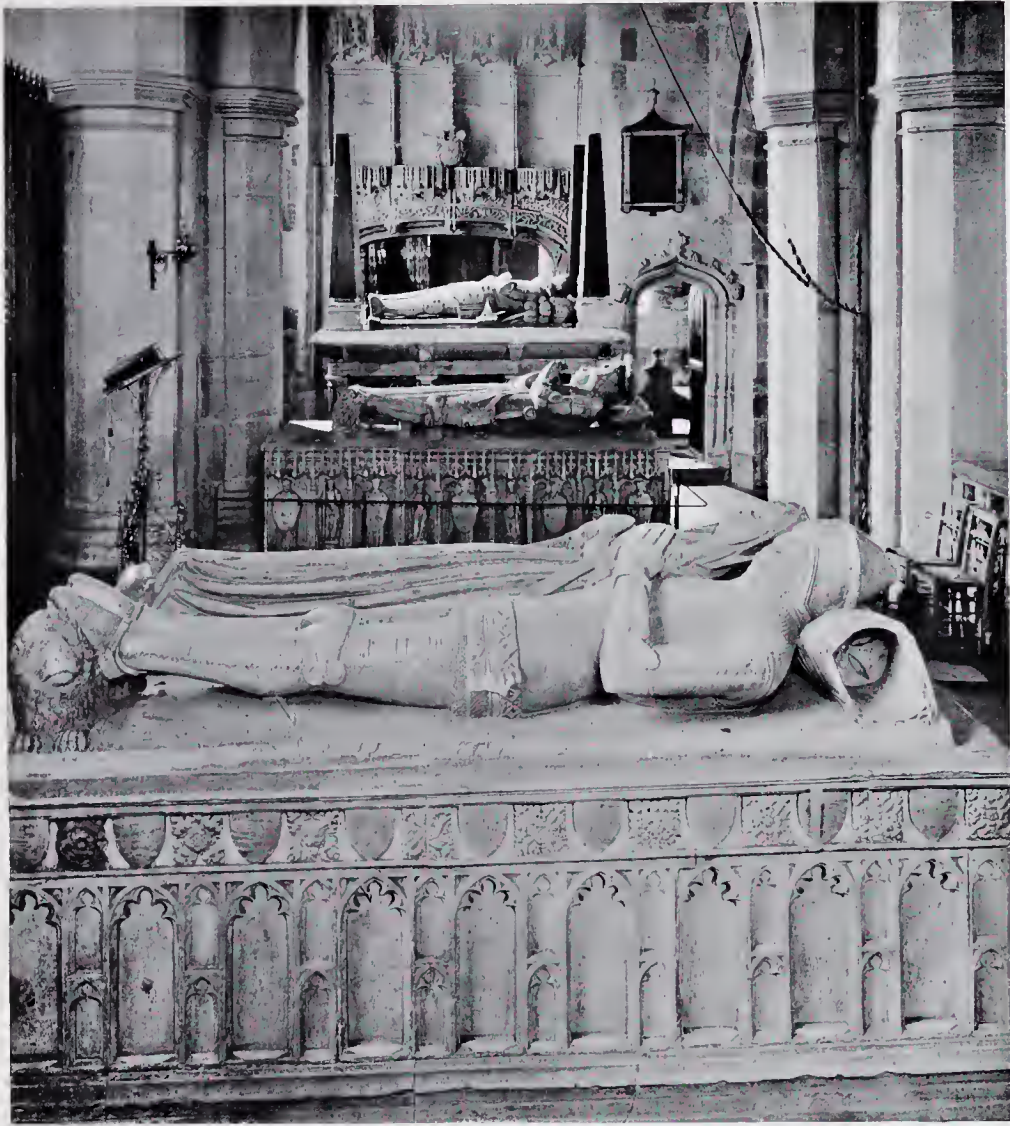
By Lady Victoria Manners.

THE small but perfect little parish church at Tong, near Shifnal, Shropshire, has sometimes been described as "the Westminster Abbey of the Midlands," nor is it unworthy of that proud designation. I do not, however, intend, in the following articles, to dwell on its great architectural beauty and interest, but shall merely endeavour to describe the wonderful series of Vernon monuments which it contains—a series probably unrivalled in England for beauty of sculpture, general wealth of ornament, and exquisite workmanship.

The names of the sculptors who made these works of art have, alas! vanished in the mists of ages, but their work remains an enduring proof that the England of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries could produce artists not inferior to those of Italy in grandeur, simplicity of line and depth of feeling. By a fortunate chance the effigies escaped almost unscathed through the Cromwellian "reign of terror," and

the not less destructive vandalism of the succeeding centuries; and although some slight damage has been wrought and one monument unfortunately destroyed, yet, on the whole, heads and noses have remained intact in a manner little short of marvellous.

The first monument, in point of antiquity, to be noticed is the fine alabaster altar tomb of Sir Fulke de Pembruge and Dame Elizabeth de Lingen, his second wife (p. 67). Severe and simple in form, this tomb deserves careful attention. It is an excellent specimen of the Perpendicular style, and the canopy work at the sides is good. Sir Fulke is represented in armour, partly plate and partly mail, the details of which are elaborately wrought. He rests his head upon a helmet, "on which is the peculiar crest of a Turkish woman's head with a wreath about her temples, her hair plaited and hanging below her shoulders, while at his feet is a lion (emblematical of courage)."



Alabaster Altar Tomb of Sir Fulke de Pembruge and his wife Dame Elizabeth de Lingen. (Sir Richard Vernon's Tomb (p. 69) beyond.)

Dame Elizabeth (who was Sir Fulke's second wife) is in widow's weeds. She wears a wimple, and at her feet is a small deer. Unfortunately, the angels supporting her head have been broken. Her effigy seems to be of an earlier date than that of her husband; perhaps it was executed by a different sculptor, which may account for the difference of style.

Sir Fulke was Lord of Tong in 1371, and died May 24th, 1409, the last of his line.

Next to this interesting and early tomb is the glorious monument of Sir Richard Vernon and his wife, Dame Benedicta (p. 69). Sir Richard was a man of great distinction in

his day, holding the important posts of Treasurer of Calais and Speaker of the Parliament held at Leicester in 1426. His face is beautifully modelled; the features are large and lordly, and Sir Richard looks in death what he seems to have been in life—a brave and gallant knight. Although this monument is much richer in detail than the preceding one we have noticed, the whole effect is not less reposeful and quiet, and there is, throughout the whole conception of the recumbent figures, a certain grandeur and dignity which are most impressive, and perhaps render it the most beautiful of the series of gothic tombs.



Dame Benedicta. Detail from the Monument of Sir Richard Vernon (p. 69).

The canopy work at the sides of the sarcophagus is especially charming—each niche contains figures of saints with their respective emblems, alternating with angels holding shields, once, no doubt, blazoned with coats of arms.

Sir Richard is in "plate armour and has a large orle on the basinet of gilt laurel leaves . . . there is a gold circlet below on the forehead, and a stud near the ears to fasten the body armour to the basinet."² His head rests upon a helmet with the Vernon crest: "Upon a wreath a boar's head couped and tusked," and he wears the Collar of S.S. (introduced by Henry IV.), with the figure IV. between the links.

On the scabbard of Sir Richard's broken sword is the finely executed monogram I.H.S., and there is a small figure of St. Michael attached to the sword-belt.

Wordsworth's fine lines seem singularly appropriate and descriptive of this beautiful effigy:—

"A warrior carved in stone
 . . . with his shield of pride
 Cleaving humbly to his side,
 And hands in resignation prest,
 Palm to palm on his tranquil breast,"

² "History of Tong and Boscobel," George Griffiths.

Equally interesting and beautiful is the effigy of Dame Benedicta (p. 68). She wears the mitred or horned head-dress of the Lancastrian period. It is of exquisite workmanship, and, notwithstanding its dimensions, does not detract from the nobility of the poise of her head. The pillow upon which she rests is supported by beautifully wrought angels—themselves little works of art. Dame Benedicta also wears the collar of S.S.—a somewhat unusual decoration for a lady, and several rings on her hands, which are crossed as though in prayer. The face is serene, and the features regular and perfect. At her feet are two attractive little figures of dogs; her dress is simple in character; cords with long tassels at the end hang down and cross the breast in picturesque fashion.

Little is known of Dame Benedicta. She was the daughter of Sir John Ludlow, of Hodnet. Her husband, Sir Richard, built the chancel of the chapel at Haddon Hall, where, in a window, there is an inscription asking for the prayers of the onlooker for Richard Vernon and Benedicta, his wife, 1427—

"Orate pro animabus Ricardi Vernon et Benedicta uxoris
 ejus qui . . . fecerunt Anno Dni. MCCCXXVII."

Sir Richard was Steward of the King's forest in the

Peak of Derbyshire, and seems to have been somewhat "high-handed" in his proceedings, as there is a long series of complaints against him, or his servants, about the year 1401, in the Belvoir MSS.

It is very much to be regretted that the name of the sculptor of this perfect tomb is unknown, and it is also unfortunate that it is in such very close proximity to the Stanley tomb, thereby rendering photography of Dame Benedicta almost impossible; but it is a matter of congratulation that so fine a specimen of mediæval art should be handed down to us in such a comparatively perfect condition.

Sir Richard was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir William Vernon, who married Margaret Swinfen, a widow, daughter and heiress to Sir Robert Pype. His tomb of freestone, with a slab of Purbeck marble inlaid with brasses, is interesting, and gives a most excellent idea of the elaborate armour worn by the knights at that date (p. 70).

Sir William is represented in chain and plate armour, the helmet with mantling in shreds, and the Vernon crest—the boar's head. Above his head is the motto: "Benedictus deus in donis suis" (Blessed be God for His gifts). Dame Margaret wears a hood and wimple, a long cape lined with ermine, and at her feet is an elephant. The motto above her head is "Jhu fili David Miserere Nob." (Jesu, Son of David, be merciful unto us). Below are figures of the children. The eldest son (?) has this scroll—"Spavi in Dno. et erepiat me" (I have put my trust in the Lord and

He will deliver me). Next to him another son, with "Fili dei memento mei" (Son of God, remember me). Then more sons (one scroll is missing), with "Dne. levavi aiama mea ad te" (Lord, I have lifted up my soul to Thee); then a group of daughters in long frocks and large head-dresses, with "Jhu fili Marie pietat miserere nobis" (Jesu, Son of Mary, of thy pity be merciful unto us).*

There are shields with coats of arms, and around the brass is an inscription in Latin, of which I give a translation:—

"Here lie Sir William Vernon, Knight, sometime Knight Constable of England, son and heir of Sir Richard Vernon, Knight, who sometime was Treasurer of Calais, which Sir William indeed died the last day of the month of June in the year of our Lord 1467, and Margaret, wife of the said William, daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Pype and Spermoe Knight, which Margaret indeed died day of the month in the year of our Lord 146 . . . on whose souls may God be merciful, Amen."

The blanks for the dates of Dame Margaret's death have never been filled up. She survived her husband many years. Sir William Vernon was the last who held for life the very important office of Constable. It had become too important

* I take this description from Mr. Griffiths' excellent "History of Tong and Boscobel." Dr. Ducavel, in a work entitled "Anglo-Norman Antiquities, considered in a Tour through Normandy," published in 1767, on page 92 gives an account and an engraving of a precisely similar monument in the Collegiate Church of the Holy Virgin at Vernon; and Llewellyn Jewitt, in his account of Haddon Hall, says of Sir William Vernon, "He is buried at Tong, where a monument, as well as one erected at Montebourg (a town in France, Department Manche), was placed to his memory.



Monument of Sir Richard Vernon (Treasurer of Calais).



Sir William Vernon and his Wife.

a position for a subject to be entrusted with, for in the absence of the King, the Constable commanded the Army, and kept the Constable Court.

Millet.

OF signal importance among the smaller exhibitions opened in January was that at the Leicester Galleries, of almost one hundred drawings by Jean François Millet, practically all those in black-and-white brought together by the late Mr. J. Staats Forbes. Millet,

born a peasant, named after St. Francis of Assisi, who loved the green earth, the birds, the beasts, the humble folk who breathe its peace, had the peasant's simplicity and strength of vision. To his fellow-pupils under Delaroche he was the "wild man of the woods"; we, however, see in his genius something allied to that of the traditional alchemist who loosed from servitude bound and tortured potencies, who endowed with monumental grandeur the stilted utterance of humble folk. In these epics of the field, whose burden is the cry of earth and of man, we see with what understanding Millet fathomed the thoughts and emotions of those in intimate contact with nature who "say nothing, yet feel themselves overburdened with life." To till, to sow, to reap, to gather the harvest, were to him holy occupations, shadows of what Blake called the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of the imagination. After reading Theocritus, Millet exclaimed, "One is never so Greek as when painting naively one's own impression." Certain of the Forbes drawings explain this, at first sight cryptic saying. Classic art recognised as its source the Order of the Universe; the passionate quest was, not for the accidentally ignoble, but for the innermost secret of the beauty that is one with might. Millet visioned that dual, or if you will, myriad-faced inner glory; augustly he revealed gleams of it in a language of his own. He was not afraid of eclipse by study of earlier masters. Lifting his eyes across the centuries to Michelangelo, he knew that such fundamental art is not the exclusive possession of one age, of one country, but that with intensity of conviction, with singleness of aim, he himself could create great and tender things. The 'Fête Champêtre' of Giorgione, again, wisely praised by Mr. Clausen as one of the perfect pictures of the world, was perhaps the only important work ever copied by Millet. "It opened up a new country for me," he said. And as the Giorgione suggested to Rossetti the rapture of "life touching lips with immortality," so the shepherd and his flock, moving there from beneath the cool shadow of the tree into the sunlight, became for Jean François one of the supreme symbols of service, offered not grudgingly, but out of love. Millet's poignant cry in his finely intimate drawings is akin to that of Shelley and of many another artist: "Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is." There is no need to treat in detail of the Staats Forbes collection, which, unfortunately, will no longer remain intact. Of special note are a pastel version of 'The Angelus,' executed later than the world-famed picture of 1859; four studies for 'The Gleaners,' showing how the design took final shape as a consecration of patient toil—the two women with the intense stoop, imaginatively essentialised from actuality, seek, in the artist's vision, for deep secrets of the earth as well as for stray ears of corn; 'Les Bucherons,' a drawing of unwavering energy, tense and strong and significant; the less flexible 'Gardeuse de Moutons,' wherein the shepherdess is so solemn a presence; and flawless, haunting little things like 'Les Deux Faneuses,' sweet and sure in its eloquence. The "wild man of the woods" was a wonder-worker.

Two drawings from this exhibition have been acquired for the nation, one a study for 'The Gleaners,' in the Louvre, the other 'L'Enfant Malade.'

The R.A. and the International.

By Frank Rinder.

THE Academy, the International; Poynter, Whistler; deep-rooted traditionalism, experimentalism. Initially, one may be inclined to substitute "*versus*" for the commas; yet that would be not to penetrate beyond the outward seeming, which, in aesthetics as in life generally, invariably misleads. True, in the politics of Art the Academy and the International are, so to say, as Government and Opposition; and in precept and practice Sir Edward Poynter and Whistler—the 'Industrious' and 'Idle' apprentices at Gleyre's—are dissimilar. But the ancient wisdom, re-kindled by the great fires of Hermes, which Plato expounded to his pupils in the first Academy, is not circumscribed, geographically or otherwise; and the pairs of opposites, apparently in mutual conflict, are really our clumsy way of striking forth light. Seers affirm that there are invisible powers who sustain now one now other of the combatants, lest equilibrium be jeopardised. In the heated partisanship of politics and of Art there is risk of forgetting these old, "childlike" teachings. Were we in fancy to attribute a 'Republic' to Hermes, however, it would be catholic enough to contain a temple to Van Eyck as well as to Velazquez, niches for distinguished members of the Academy and for some of those who, moved by "divine discontent," belong to other camps.

The Winter Exhibition at the Academy and the first of two shows by the International Society, opened within a week, served as a challenge from the two sides. Reynolds, who as a "little child" threw himself at the feet of the masters of Italy and rose, with clearer vision, to enter into their courts, enjoined on Academy students closest study of past pictorial achievement, lest eccentricity should flaunt itself as originality, effrontery as unfaltering impulse. To-day the Academy almost justifies its

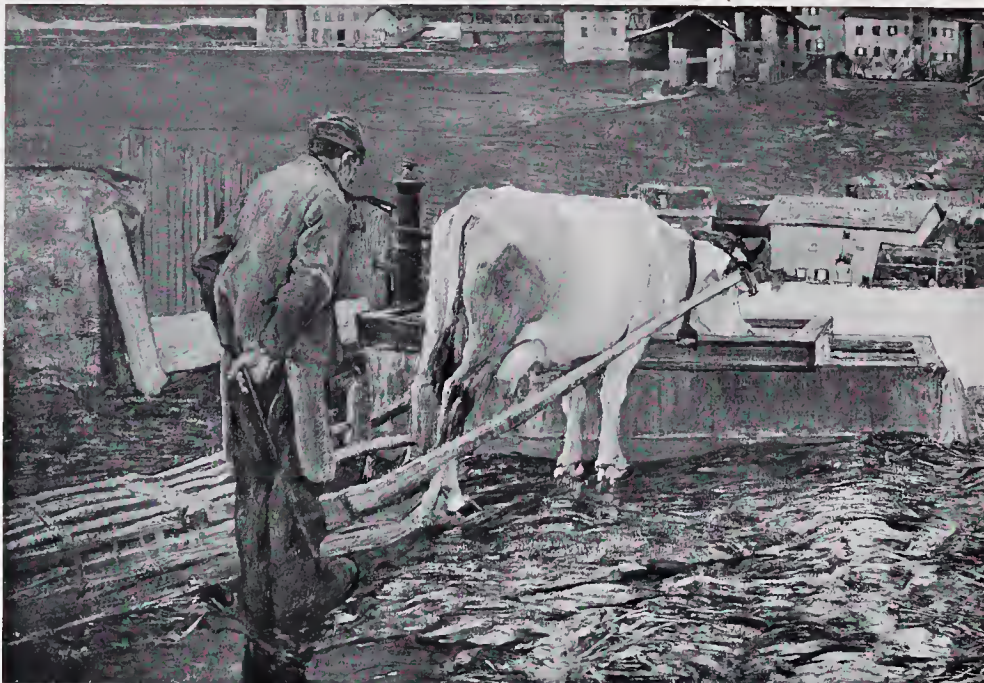
position by the winter "atonement" alone, which, preceding a spring of weeds and flowers, is a welcome occasion for such study.

The unexplored wealth of our private collections is again demonstrated. The surprise of the present exhibition is Colonel Warde's huge group by Frans Hals, whose importance was recognised by Mr. Herbert Cook and Colonel Lyons. By the courtesy of the owner and of the Arundel Club, which is doing splendid work, the picture is reproduced (p. 74). Apart from the landscape setting, doubtless from another hand, it is an admirable example of the Haarlem master's easy assurance, of his abounding vitality, of his big geniality



Le Baiser.

By Auguste Rodin.



(By permission of Mrs. Cobden Unwin.)

Early Spring.

By Giovanni Segantini.

and ardour in paint. Whether it represents the 'Painter and his Family' is questionable, but as a character study, the woman's acquiescence in the man's sly knowledge of his

power, and in his use of it, the appendage look of the children—Hals was not one to countenance any knocking at the door by the younger generation—stimulate curiosity.

This bracing Hals is prominent in a small group of works by foreign artists, among which are 'The Wife of Snyders' and an early, energetic 'St. Sebastian' by Van Dyck, and 'The Painter's Wife' and the 'Lady with dog,' both given to Jordaens, the last a much-discussed picture at the recent exhibition in Antwerp.

In the main, however, there pass in irregular procession a number of British artists, onward from William Dobson to Mr. Val Prinsep or Mr. G. H. Boughton, who, as lately deceased Academicians, are represented. Certain of them emerge—solitary, impressive. To feel and to paint were indissolubly linked spontaneities with Gainsborough; he informed, redeemed his material as with



Landscape in Normandy.

By W. C. Bruckman.





White Cow in Field. (Photograph by J. H. ...)

The photograph shows a white cow standing in a field. The cow is the central subject, facing right. The background is a soft-focus landscape with trees and a fence line. The lighting is natural, suggesting an outdoor setting during the day.



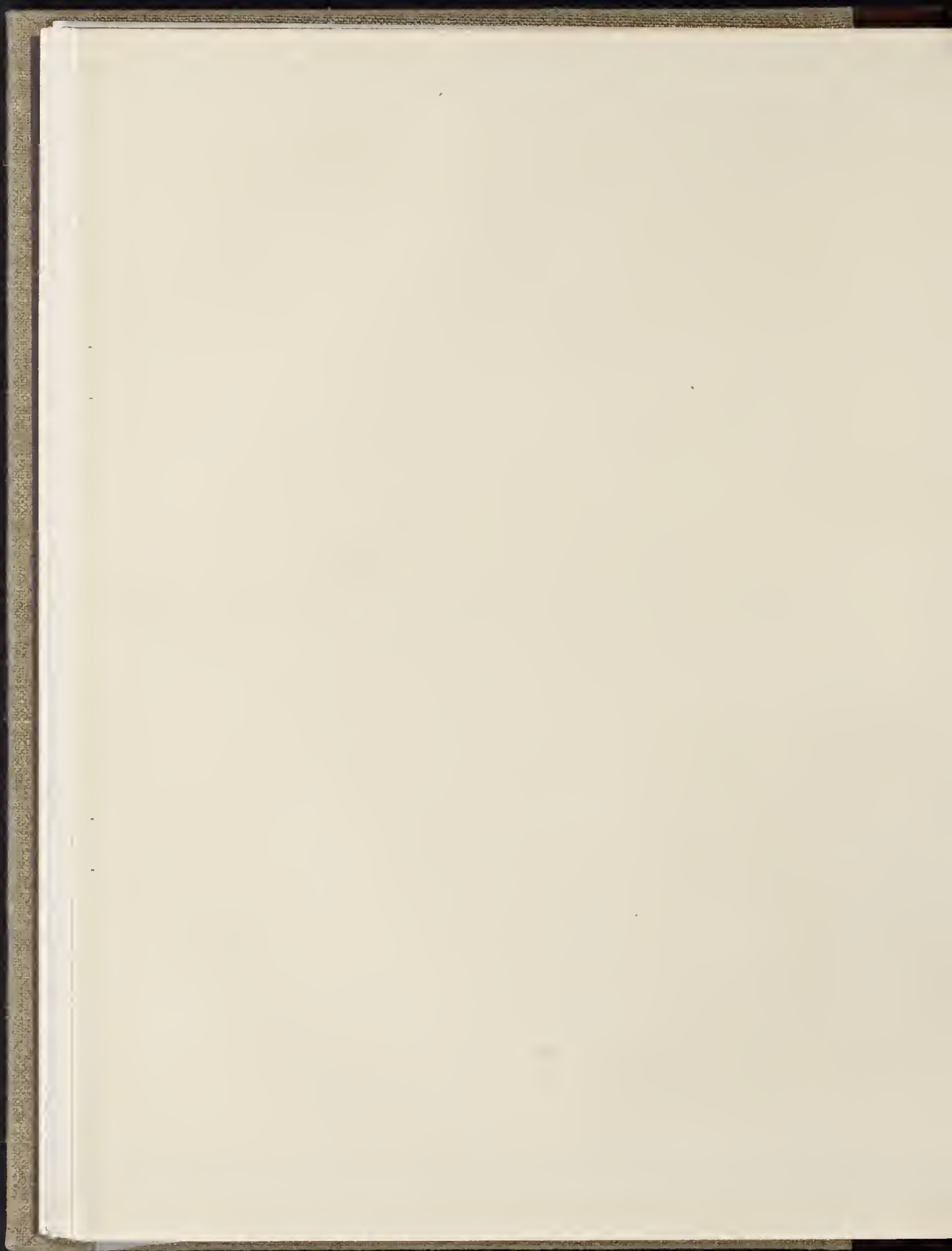
Mountainous Landscape. (Photograph by J. H. ...)

The photograph captures a wide mountainous landscape. In the foreground, a valley contains several small buildings or structures. The middle ground is dominated by steep, rocky hillsides. The background shows more distant mountain ranges under a clear sky. The overall scene is a natural, rugged landscape.



1864

The Marquis of Tullibardine



a breath—the only way in which the artist can repay his debt to nature. By him are a witching 'Giardini,' with subtilised scarlet in fellowship with the pale, slight flesh, a lovely though over-cleaned portrait of his two daughters, and an enchanted landscape, intimately disregardful of nature shapes, but true to the inner lights. More or less in chronological order there come an accomplished group by Dobson, more satisfactory than many so-called Van Dycks; 'Mrs. Desaguliers,'—a kind of emancipated Lely—and, from the Tweedmouth collection, the 'Assembly at Wanstead House' by Hogarth; Wilson's small, finely tempered and unified 'Lake of Nemi,' Reynolds' ably built 'Dr. John Ash,' the 'Hon. Frances Harris' from Cobham, and 'Countess Harrington and her two sons,' engraved by Bartolozzi, which had not been exhibited for years; a craftsman-like though clumsily imagined Hilton; Hoppner's 'Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland,' lacking the fugitive grace that Gainsborough would have captured; and, not to go farther, excellent examples by George Morland and De Wint, the last lent by his grand-daughter, Miss Tatlock. To come to later times, there are representative works by Millais, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Simeon Solomon—who in his ardent youth almost touched genius—Watts, Cecil Lawson, and G. P.



The Sisters.

By Francis H. Newbery.



The Café.

By W. R. Russell.

Chalmers. Some of the fine Farnley Hall Turners are among the water-colours, and in the black-and-white room are the studies bequeathed by Watts to the Academy.

With a sculptor President, the International Society is, fortunately, giving prominence to sculpture. The coloured glass has been removed from the central hall at the New Gallery, and this has improved the light and the general aspect. By the powerful Rodin were a composition of two figures, 'Paolo and Francesca,' not great either conceptively or in handling, though with some beautifully flowing surfaces, and a version of the strong, impassioned 'Le Baiser' of the Luxembourg (p. 71). Fronting this was M. Bartholomé's colossal 'Adam and Eve,' little expressive save in the pathetic hands and in the bringing together of the heads. It was Masaccio who shaped enduringly the tragic significance of that expulsion from Paradise. Constantin



(By permission of Colonel Warde and of the Arundel Club.)

The Painter and his Family.

By Frans Hals.

Meunier, a deceased honorary member of the International, takes up the human narrative at the other end, so to say. Frankly he accepted "ignoble" types, the bent legs, the bowed back, searching in them for fragments to be unified of the perfect arc. Other interesting pieces of sculpture were by Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. R. F. Wells, Mr. John Tweed, Mr. J. H. M. Furse, and Mr. George Wrba, a Pole, the highly polished surfaces of whose 'Europa' are trysting-places for the light.

Some of the best pictures were in the retrospective section. Take, for instance, Manet's 'Le Linge,' one of several works by master-impressionists of France, including Cézanne, Monet, Degas, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir. The astonished child by the wash-tub in the garden, the tenderly unsentimental mother wringing out the suds with the emphasis born of the little one's wondering look, the wholesome gaiety, all help us to understand that the laughter of the gods is creation. Segantini, from his home on Alpine heights, saw into the heart of trivial incidents. Gravely content, waiting patiently some inner call, is the slightly-bowed peasant, by the white cow which drinks at the trough (p. 72). The trivial has roots in the monumental. Among other noticeable canvases by foreigners may be named Cottet's Breton triptych, sacramentally earnest, M. Carrière's emotional 'Maternité,' M. Lucien Simon's solid 'Famille de Pont l'Abbe,' a flash portrait by M. Boldini, a polychrome family group, 'Au bord du lac,' and some other exercises by

M. Besnard, Mr. Bruckman's well planned and phrased 'Landscape in Normandy' (p. 72), with a sky *à la* Canaletto, M. Buysse's sunlit canal scene, a group of incisive humanities by M. Forain, pictures by Israels and Mesdag. Mr. J. W. Morrice, the Canadian, had a couple of coast pieces with the joyous vitality of the sea in them, and from public galleries in America came pictures, most of them indicative of French influence. Many examples by home artists warrant praise. Here it must suffice to name Sir James Guthrie's 'Marquis of Tullibardine' (see plate), a presentation portrait of real distinction, with a triumphant sequence of gradated browns; Mr. Lavery's 'Bishop of Birmingham,' in felicitously used purple cassock; Mr. Nicholson's vivacious 'Christian Curle' and 'Jewelled Bandalore,' wherein the muted tones are finely apprehended; Mr. Hornel's clarified picture of sweetly brought-together children, which might almost be called 'The Lilac Sunbonnet'; the clever 'Café' (p. 73) of Mr. W. W. Russell; a pondered 'Glencaple' by Mr. D. Y. Cameron; one of the sensitive landscapes of Mr. Oliver Hall; a lucid bit of still life by Mr. J. D. Fergusson; Mr. F. H. Newbery's 'The Sisters' (p. 73), a scheme of pale blues, greens, and straw colour; a tumultuous 'Expulsion of Heliodorus' by Mr. Ricketts; and exhibits of some note by the late Robert Brough, by countrymen of his, such as Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. James Paterson, Mr. Millie Dow, and by Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. J. S. Hill, Mr. James Pryde, and not least, Mr. Charles Conder.



Settee: mahogany.

Designed by Chippendale for the Bury Family of Kateshill, Bewdley.

The Craft of Thomas Chippendale.

By E. Avery Keddell.

THE revolution in the eighteenth century decorative styles commenced in earnest with Thomas Chippendale, and his is the name best known amongst the designers of that period. It is, however, strange to reflect how little notice was taken of his art in the literature of his time, and even where he is written of at all, it is with the faint praise that damns. We even find Sheraton, who must have owed much of his own success to the demand the great cabinet-maker created, describing his designs as "antiquated"; but, for time long past, even as to-day, Thomas Chippendale holds a foremost place in the annals of furniture designers.

We are apt, as we prate of the Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Louis Quatorze or Louis Quinze periods, to overlook the small body of men who designed these fine furniture pieces, to which crowned heads lent but gracious name and patronage, and it is not until we come to speak of that great period in English furniture design that we, in common honesty, called this era by the simple name of the man who lived above his shop in St. Martin's Lane. When Chippendale lived there, Leicester Fields (now called Leicester Square) was the neighbourhood most frequented by famous artists.

Chippendale's first actually recognised designs are dated 1753. In 1754 *The Gentlemen and Cabinet-Makers' Director* was published, to be followed by a second edition in 1759, a third in 1762; and this rapid publication (in those days so exceeding rare) tells of an awakened interest

in cabinet-making generally. It is undoubtedly a point of interest to note that, in only one short period of literature's history has it been possible for furniture-makers to publish the illustrated catalogue at a commercial profit, but it is true that Chippendale produced one which not only sold for £3 13s. 6d. a copy, but in a short space of time went into several editions. This work, the first of its kind of any moment, boasted one hundred and sixty copper plates, and was dedicated to Prince William Henry. At that period no work was attempted without its list of subscribers, and we find Chippendale remarking upon the fact "that the names he had secured belonged to all degrees of station, from a duke to a brick-layer," and this same list included men of the same craft as the *Director's* author, though none of them appear



Arm-Chair: walnut. About 1730.

to have made any especial mark, save Mayhew and his partner, one William Ince.

In his introduction to this famous book of designs, Chippendale says, "Of all the arts which are either improved or ornamented by architecture, that of cabinet-making is not only the most useful and ornamental, but capable of receiving as great assistance from it as any whatever." He then adds that he "has been encouraged to carry out the work by persons of distinction and taste, who have regretted that an art capable of so much perfection and refinement should be executed with so little propriety and elegance," and as showing how near the god's Chippendale placed his craft, he continues: "In' executing many of these drawings, my pencil has but faintly carved out those images my fancy suggested, but in this failure I console myself by reflecting that the greatest masters of every art have laboured under the same difficulties."

In giving a brief explanation of the notable five orders, Chippendale at once acknowledges his debt to architecture, and to the vast knowledge of an engraver named Darly, though it would appear they were really introduced to lend an air of good learning to the work itself. At the period Chippendale wrote his work, knowledge of these classic styles was regarded as the surest foundation for a liberal art education. But Chippendale, whilst moulding on these lines, did not attempt anything closer. Perhaps this is the reason he has been so often accused of lack of honest architectural feeling. This was not the case, but it would be mere foolishness to deny there were two distinct sides to the great master cabinet-maker—Chippendale, the imaginative theorist, and the man who was an energetic worker. From the former we gained a treatise upon the fixed five



Hall Table: oak. Gothic design, with pierced and panelled ornament. About 1760.

orders of architecture; and from the worker, a supreme indifference to rule giving full scope to individuality of composition.

Adverse criticism would appear to have been Chippendale's portion, and to have been measured out to him with no sparing hand. Isaac Ware (surveyor to King George) writes, "It is our misfortune at this time to see an unmeaning scrawl of C's inverted and looped together, taking the place of Greek and Roman elegance. It is called French, and let them have the praise of it." This in 1750, when Ware was decorating his chimney-pieces with classic urns and pediments of pure Queen Anne heavy fashion; decided contrasts to the flamboyant reproductions of French mirrors and girandoles to which Chippendale, at this period of his career, was devoting himself so assiduously.

It is, however, as past master in the art of chair designing that Thomas Chippendale has come down to us, and, seeing they occupy the most prominent pages of the *Director*, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he himself set the greater value on them. In his earlier designs he would appear to have depended greatly upon the prevailing continental styles: indeed, some of his examples were almost identical with their French originals—that is, so far as their ornamentation is concerned—though their foundations are strictly English, both in shape and make. The broad back, bandy leg, claw foot and ball are all preserved, but much enriched by rococo carving. At times the arms were decorated with dolphins, dragons, endive and scroll work being still more common. It is his riband-back chairs of which Chippendale, numbering them amongst his best work, says, "If I may speak without vanity, are the best I have ever seen." He ignored many of the principles laid down by the finest exponents of pure



Settee: oak. About 1740.



Chair: mahogany. About 1750.



Chair: mahogany. About 1760.



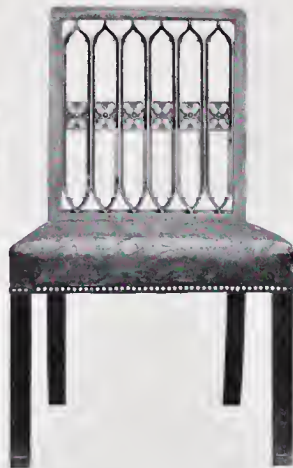
Arm-Chair: mahogany. About 1760.

design in giving us wood worked into divers shapes, in a fashion wholly unstructural; he managed, at the same time, to oftentimes produce such grace of form as to suggest perfection. No one but a man who was catholic in his tastes and feeling could have brought into harmonious whole such a mixture of the styles as French, Gothic and Chinese with any success, and it must always be granted to Chippendale that his designs called for no enrichment of inlay or painting. Both had been freely employed before his day, but this man, great in himself, saw all things with the eye of the carver. When we are privileged to see rare examples of his chairs, held for something more than a century by the one family, we are able to see with

"the eye of us" that the workmanship and carving are perfect in their absolute detail and fine effect, without detracting in the slightest from a thorough serviceableness, and we note the fine ornament on the cabriole legs and frames as delicately expressed as that upon the backs, with the good proportions of both so well balanced. Chairs which Chippendale designed to meet a wide-spreading Chinese movement possess not only the characteristic lattice work and pierced frets, but the square leg, which for a time overshadowed the real Chinese curvilinear. Probably a certain utility of construction appealed to the practical side of the master and led him to adopt this form. He himself describes these chairs as "after the Chinese manner, very



Arm-Chair: mahogany. About 1760.



Chair: mahogany. About 1760.



Arm-Chair: mahogany. About 1760.



Arm-Chair: mahogany. About 1760.

proper for a lady's dressing-room." The majority of Chippendale's chair designs are excellent, both in regard to line and spacing, and it is evident that he must have spent as much thought and consideration on the space at each side of what is known as the "splat" or central part of the chair's back, as he did upon the decoration of the splat itself; because, in all the specimens I have seen, this space is as exquisite a piece of design as if the rest of the chair had but been fashioned for this one purpose. Many of his critics have taken exception to his "riband" back designs, on the ground that wood is not fit whereon to depict delicate ribbon work. However, one may be pardoned for doubting the infallibility of folk who can cavil at a chair fashioned considerably more than a hundred years ago, whilst themselves (presumably enlightened) are still content to sit in rooms whose walls are covered with incipient floral designs of absurd shape and pattern.

The sideboard would appear to have been an wholly English invention, for they are spoken of as early as 1553; not what we in the present day understand by the term sideboard, but using the word in its literal sense—viz., without either drawers or cupboards. Chippendale's designs

for these tables were from five to six feet in length, and about two feet eight inches in height. In this work, again, Chippendale's love of ornament varied. Some examples show frets glued on to solid wood, in others square legs and fronts are cut completely through, to give them their light appearance; the wooden or marble tops simply fashioned to accommodate dinner table accessories. It must, of a surety, have been the bare look these tables presented, in addition to a dire insufficiency of service, which led to a somewhat speedy sideboard reform in Sheraton's time.

Chippendale's wall decoration certainly boasts more individual originality than much of his work. If in it he still adapted much of the French broken scroll and shell shapes, it was simply marvellous the amount of detail he introduced into his now so notable long-beaked birds, rock-work, and dripping water; whilst even the oldest of our fables lent scenes wherewith he decorated his mirrors and overmantels; and these examples, carved in pine, were very often thickly gilt.

It is evident that very many of Chippendale's designs given in the *Director* were never worked out by the master cabinet-maker, or, if he did, he deprived them of much of their elaborate decoration in the working out. His plates in the *Director* give the main points of a style, without coming anywhere near to what was actually fashioned by either Sheraton or Hepplewhite. Naturally, his more ornate furniture, such as his remarkable state beds and finer cabinets (with their gilding so thoroughly laid on, that in the majority of cases it still retains its original lustre) are but found in public museums, or in the collections of our older families. In reality, the Chippendale furniture which has come down to us from good inheritance consists mainly of his chairs, fretted tables, screens and bookcases.

It has become very difficult indeed to say with absolute certainty what materials Chippendale more frequently used to cover chairs and settees of his design. So many of these have been, probably, upholstered again and again to mate with the requirements of time and fashion. We can only judge from the knowledge that the principal workers of this period excelled in the close exactitude with which they went to original pictures to obtain copies for their coverings, and undoubtedly many of Chippendale's best chairs, where seen in their original condition, bore seats of the well-known close stitch worsted in either flower or figure pattern. But, in addition to this, we find Chippendale himself speaking of coverings in tapestry, damask, and Spanish leather, fastened down under neat mouldings, or held securely by rows of brass-headed nails set closely together, and in the *Director* he makes special comment upon the fine effect red morocco—a present-day revival—will produce.

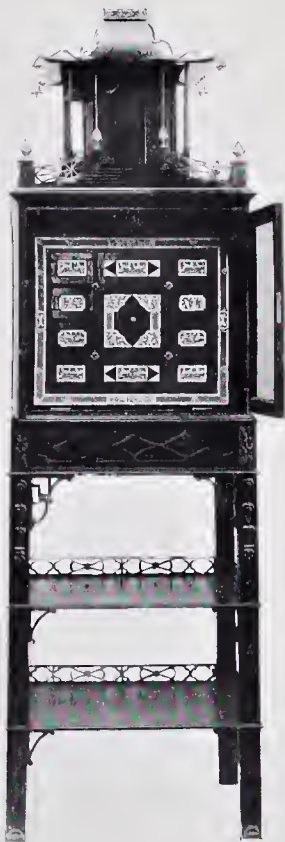
The foundations of Chippendale's larger pieces, his cabinets, bookcases, and bedsteads, are mostly wholly classical in their design; though sometimes, after studying good proportion, it would almost seem as if he had granted unto himself a free dispensation to run riot in the matter of excessive ornament. In all probability, this arose first of all from a too free adoption of the Louis Quinze styles. Mouldings, much be-carved wood, formed the decoration of cabinets and bookcases with a pediment adorning their tops. Less elaborate pieces of furniture showed continuous scroll-work. Again, Chippendale would entirely depart from his beloved French patterns, and design bookcases of the



Chair mahogany. About 1760.



Settee: walnut. About 1740.



Cabinet: mahogany and other woods.
Chinese style, in 3 stages.
About 1770.



Arm-Chair: mahogany. About 1750.



Chair: walnut. About 1720.



Settee: mahogany, covered with satin embroidered with silk. About 1760.

absolute Gothic school. It cannot be said that this cabinet-maker's Gothic was ever part of his best work. If it is worth representing in one's collection, it is partly because of its rarity and partly because of the historical interest most of these pieces bear. Horace Walpole's library contained a Gothic bookcase fashioned from a side door-case to the choir in Dugdale's St. Paul's.

That the master of eighteenth century designs was greatly influenced by the prevailing French taste is surely a point now proved beyond dispute. At the same time we would insist that there is a wide gulf between being influenced, and a wholesale plagiarism of style. Again, style is rarely, if ever, a thing conceived and formed by one mind alone. Is it not more often the outcome of some centuries of growth? However original a style may appear at the first glance, it is very rarely but that the intelligent seeker may ascertain its source. The Louis XVI. style undoubtedly inspired much of Chippendale's work, and it is principally in his chair-backs and cornices that we notice how he went to France for inspiration. Again, Chippendale in one of his chair designs shows the upper part of the frame to be distinctly from some French source, with its back and leg decoration of Chinese design: in all probability Chippendale saw, in the great contrast between Chinese fretwork and the exceeding free lines of the Louis Quinze, a combination which should give fine result, and in very many of these specimens this belief was justified. As a matter of fact, the name French, which Chippendale gave to several of his chairs, refers to their upholstery rather than to their design; because it is very well known that all stuffed chairs were French chairs, whether the wood-work was of rococo fashion or not. In passing critical judgment upon Chippendale's style and methods of it, it is surely worth while remembering that he was what he but claimed to be, a

designer, not, as so many folk avow he laid pretence to, viz.: "an art regenerator." Had this not in all honesty been the case, Chippendale would not have needed, whenever state or gorgeous designs were called for, to have absolutely pandered to all the decorative follies of his day in designing work, he knew (none better) of allegorical ornament, possessing in itself little or no artistic merit.

As we have already admitted, Chippendale (and consequently Chippendale's designs) was undoubtedly

influenced by the Continental schools of style. The wave of the Renaissance sweeping over the Continent could not fail to leave its mark upon the work of our own countrymen, and it is a matter of pure history that every country altered the Renaissance to suit the characteristics of its people. Chippendale, as an artist, was open at all times to impressions, and, whilst keenly feeling

its influence, from it sought inspiration. It must always be granted to Chippendale that, with an honesty exceeding rare, he most distinctly called many of his designs French: nor can it in any way be laid to his charge that he disguised the obvious fact of using and adopting French design, even as that country had received and adopted very much of theirs from Italy. There is such diversity among Chippendale's actually made pieces that one is inclined to follow the generally accredited idea that his assistants, and probably some members of his family, were also employed upon the production of these wholly diverse styles, some working upon artistically gilded chimney-pieces, others employed with fret ornamentation, whilst the master cabinet-maker himself was busied upon the more elaborate and delicate of the carving. In addition to the delicacy of his carving, Chippendale must have exercised the greatest possible care in the selection of his material: mahogany was a very recent discovery, and, owing to its extreme durability, furniture of this wood could be fashioned in lighter design, more delicate appearance, and withal (greatly enhancing its value) as able to withstand changes of temperature, of hard wear and tear, as the heavier woods so much in use then. It is certainly due to the care Chippendale took in his material that his



Arm-Chair: mahogany. About 1760.



Whatnot: mahogany, with inlaid border of satinwood around edge of upper surface of each platform. About 1760.



Chair: mahogany. About 1750.



Chair: walnut. About 1740.



Chair: mahogany. 1750.



Chair. About 1740.

bedsteads, his chairs, and cabinets possess such durability, though we should not be unmindful of the fact that he, in his day, had undoubted advantages which are not ours, nor indeed can belong to any succeeding generation: mahogany was of such recent discovery there were naturally immense tracts of it in the forests untouched, and which yielded wood of a beauty now impossible to find.

Without doubt Thomas Chippendale was capable of originality. That he was open to impressions from many men and schools, but argues catholicity of taste, and a receptivity uncommon in any age. If he allowed what

appealed to him of value in other people's work to enter into his own conceptions, we, at all events, with the very few exceptions, were distinct gainers. Compare, for instance, the Queen Anne chair with a typical prototype of his design. The same structure is in both, for he preserved the high back and cabriole leg of the Dutch school. Before his day the plain back had been pierced with a heart-shaped opening, which in the course of time gave place to more decided ornament; here and there faint indications of scroll carving were added, with the result that Chippendale chairs, as we know them, might simply



Chair: mahogany. About 1770.



Chair: walnut. About 1750.



Chair: walnut. About 1730.

have been evolutions from the various chairs most in use when he commenced his career.

However it be, it is impossible and even futile to deny the improvement the work of Thomas Chippendale effected upon English furniture generally. Whilst we set ourselves out to admit his excesses, these were, in the main, surely due to his followers, who persisted in covering his gracious forms and flowing lines with ill-chosen ornament. So largely were this cabinet-maker's designs copied, by the very smallest and most ignorant cabinet-makers in the country, that in all fairness, even Chippendale's severest critic must admit that much of the so-called Chippendale's designs were not designed by him at all.

At his best, Chippendale was a designer of most exceptional merit: the founder of a new and lasting school of cabinet-makers. In pronouncing judgment upon what he did for his craft as a whole, we should remember that, as an artist, he could not fail, like unto many another artist, to be cabined, stifled, confined, by the spirit and taste of his age. If he supplied furniture of Chinese design for a room typically Chinese, what other would we? As a man who to live must first of all fashion to sell, he was compelled to make articles likely to find purchasers.

Thomas Chippendale produced articles, the majority of them sound and wholly desirable to-day, in addition to being likely to go down to succeeding generations as absolute marvels of constructive care and sound workmanship. It ill becomes us citizens of to-day, racing dear Life itself in much of fruitless endeavour, to criticise unkindly a great master of his craft, and one too who ever took infinite pains to fit part to part.

A Sussex Garden.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

THE garden—an enclosed space, a fold, or if you will, a temple in whose shrine, tended by Nature's sunshine, by man, fair things are revealed—has a sweet, a peculiarly homing sound for English ears; and there are no more delightful gardens than those of Sussex. It was but just across the borders of the county, in the gardens of Peshurst Place, where he was born, that Sir Philip Sidney, the "immortal spirit . . . deckt with all the dowries of celestial grace," whom Thomson called "the lover's myrtle and the poet's bay," drew something of the souls of the flowers to his; and in the gardens of an old manor house Swinburne dedicated to Sidney some of the most musical of his verses. With admirable catholicity Mr. Clausen assured Royal Academy students, not long ago, that Nature mothers all truths, that each form of art may claim to be true to some aspect of the great mother. So there are worlds within worlds, there are gardens and gardens. In some imagined "Fragments from the Lost Journals of Piero di Cosimo," who, as we may learn from the deeply compassionate 'Death of Procris' in the National Gallery, loved flowers, we are told that his term of endearment for his garden was "my wilderness," and that it was filled with all manner of strange things and desolate growths. According to this showing, Piero would not have his garden digged, nor the fruit trees in it pruned. But the garden that Mr. Clifford paints is essentially one in happy England—an England, it may be, freed a little from drudgery and unjoyous work. In the great heart of Milton, where blossomed "every flower that sad embroidery wears," there was born the dream of a fairer England than that in which he lived. How magically, after all nature has been sum-



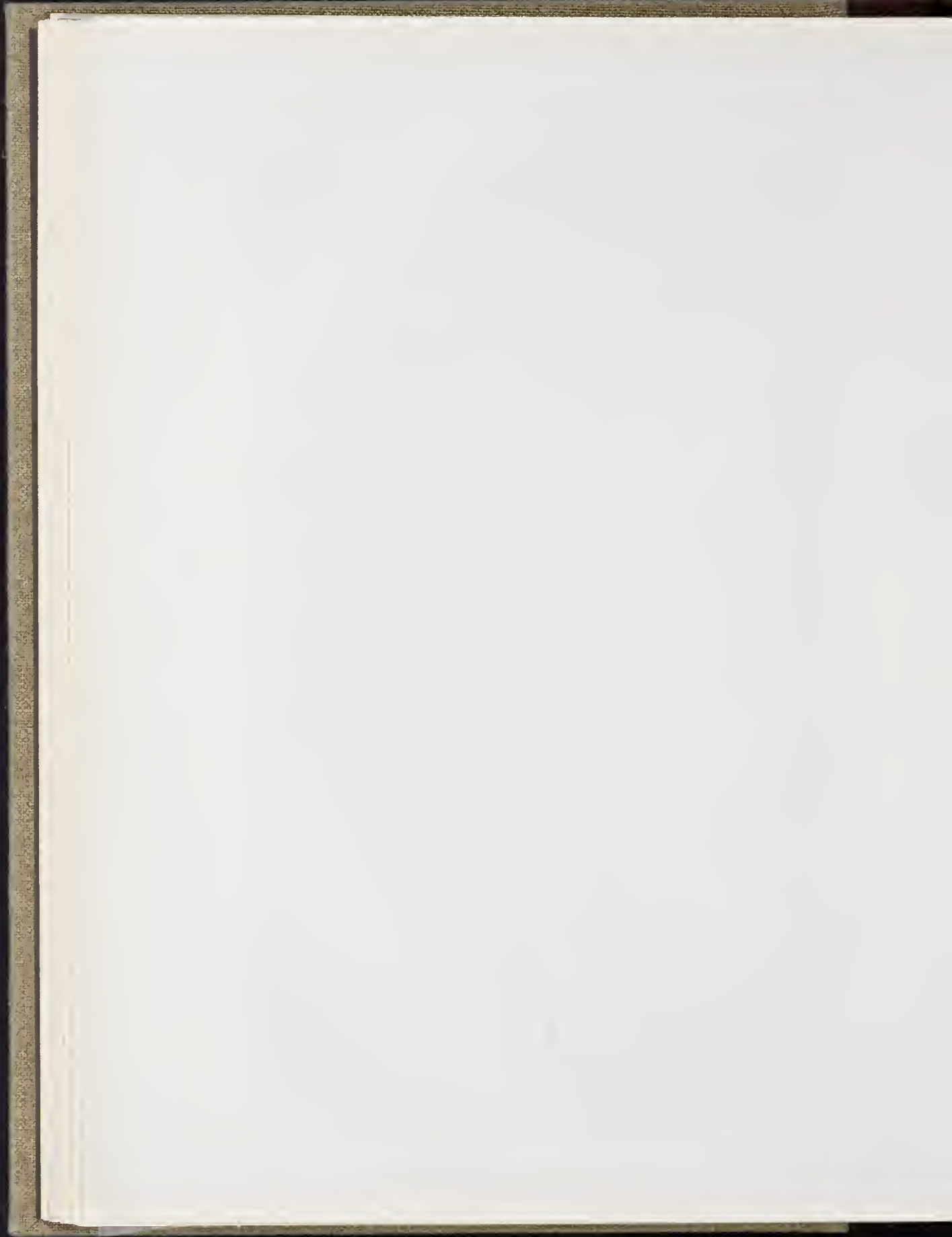
(By permission of Messrs. Charles.)

Chippendale Mirror, with long-beaked birds and falling water



Painted by Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

A SUSSEX GARDEN.



moned to bid Lycidas adieu, does Milton not lift the curtain of the future with "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new." So, in measure, every poet, from the universal Shakespeare to Mr. W. B. Yeats—whose "Secret Rose" has an enchanted heart—has sung the garden. "God the first garden made," wrote Cowley; from that archetype of Paradise, myriads of gardens—gardens actual, word-gardens, picture-gardens, dream-gardens—have been shaped. The truth is that there are gardens everywhere, had we but the insight to distinguish them; that the cosmos is one vast garden, where the stars, burdened with life, the races of animals and of man, are the seeds gradually pushing their way through the soil in preparation for blossom-time. "The fairest garden in her looks" exclaims the young lover; the seer assents, but adds "in the soul a garden of imperishable flowers, because fear

has been cast out, dews of peace descend, creative sunshine is there."

Were we even to confine ourselves to Sussex gardens in picture, they would be of manifold aspect, manifold temper. That represented by Mr. Clifford, kindred to the cottage gardens that Mrs. Allingham loves, has its every bright growth and flower particularised: each, so to say, sits for its portrait; and there is the portrait of the pretty little human flower in her lilac sunbonnet. The garden painted, or rather laughed into being, by Manet in 'Le Linge,' with its intensely human doll-child, its tenderly interested mother, is a different garden, and many of the Sussex gardens, with flowers dimmed in the moonlight, of Mr. Edward Stott are different. But in each generously tilled garden beauty finds a home.

Exhibition of English Architecture.

IN connection with the Seventh International Congress of Architects, to be held in the Grafton Galleries, London, in July next, there will be a chronological exhibition of English Architecture from the Norman Conquest to the death of Sir Charles Barry in 1860. In addition there will be shown a collection of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings by known painters which treat of architectural subjects. Many of these are scattered throughout the

country in private collections. It is hoped that all those who know the whereabouts in private collections of any such paintings or drawings will communicate with the Secretary of the Executive Committee, the Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit Street, London. Such an exhibition of purely British work should be made as representative as possible, in view of the forthcoming visit of our foreign confrères.

Recent Publications.

Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. By W. Holman-Hunt. Two volumes (Macmillan, 42s. net). A specially interesting work; it includes not only an autobiography of the author, but an account of the beginning and early struggles of a most wonderful epoch in English Art. These volumes, written by one of the first, if not *the* first, to originate the movement, and one of the few survivors, will become, doubtless, the standard work concerning the P.R.B. It is extraordinary that a man of Mr. Holman-Hunt's years should retain such a vivid remembrance of conversations which took place nearly sixty years ago with Millais and Rossetti. Many books have been written in which it has been claimed that Rossetti was the chief of the Pre-Raphaelites, but Mr. Holman-Hunt clearly proves that Millais and himself bore the heat and burden of the day. Moreover, these two painters had to bear the chief brunt of the hostility against the movement at the beginning. Now that half a century has elapsed it is hard to realise the brutality of the attacks made against Millais. The two volumes contain forty full-page photogravure plates after paintings, with about 150 illustrations in the text. Altogether it is a most creditable production, but it is a pity that there is no index.

A History of Architectural Development. By F. M. Simpson. (Longmans, 12s. 6d.) We have before us the first volume of a work to be completed in three volumes, the present one dealing with ancient and classical art, and their earlier derivations. Some of the descriptive introductions are worth notice; that, for example, to the section on Roman architecture, which, within its compass, could hardly be improved upon. A useful list of authorities is given, though we are surprised to find no mention of Fergusson. This neglect may lead to future error. We already notice, for instance, that in writing of the galleries of St. Mark's in Venice, the author has evidently not noticed

the suggestion or evidence that they were of full width on their erection in the eleventh century, and cut down to their present size at a later date. The illustrations are well given.

Who's Who, 1906 (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.), must be reckoned among desirable works of reference. Motor and telephone numbers are among the new features. Artists are well represented in the 20,000 biographies; but Mr. Henry Holiday, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, and some others should be induced to enter. "Tate" Street for Mr. Sargent's address is among the errors which have been allowed to stand from previous editions. The companion **Who's Who Year Book** (1s.) is a serviceable handbook.

The Year's Art is an indispensable volume (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). The 1906 edition records the events of 1905 to about December, and contains the usual features which have won credit for the publication. Among the illustrations is a good reproduction of the Rokeby 'Venus.'

The plate of the Art Union of London for 1906 is 'Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805,' an etching by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., after his picture shown at the Royal Academy last year. A descriptive note of the plate, written by Mr. Wyllie, and plans of the battle, are issued with each impression. Subscribers of one guinea and upwards enjoy well-known privileges, in addition to securing a copy of the etching. The work is conceived and executed in the artist's best style, and such an effective and interesting print should be welcome.

Similar in appearance to their "Master Draughtsmen" series, Messrs. Newnes have inaugurated a "Great Etchers" series (7s. 6d.) with a volume on Charles Méryon, by Hugh Stokes.

Additions to Public Galleries, 1905.

A PROMINENT Academician holds, as we think most mistakenly, that nowadays there is no need for a Director of the National Gallery, that, save when, once in a decade or so, a work of supreme importance comes into the market, the collection requires judicious "weeding" rather than farther additions. By not nominating a successor to Sir Edward Poynter, the Government seemed to acquiesce, and—at whatever æsthetic loss—the salary for the time being has been saved. After an expenditure of £10,000 on two pictures, and of £9,000 towards the purchase of a third in 1904, the tendency in any case would no doubt have been towards retrenchment. But you cannot time the appearance in the market of master-works like Titian's 'Pietro Aretino' or the Rokeby Velazquez, both of which the nation required. The year would have been a void, so far as additions to the National Gallery are concerned, had it not been for the National Art-Collections Fund, which as yet has received nothing like the public support it deserves. Till now, shameful to admit, Whistler has been unrepresented in our national collections, though years ago the 'Mother' portrait went to the Luxembourg at £160. The National Art-Collections Fund organised a subscription, and bought from Mr. Robert H. C. Harrison, for £2,000, the enchanting "claw-hammer" picture, 'Battersea Bridge,' one of the representative nocturnes of the Thames, with gleams of gold amid the blue that haunt the imagination. The Fund gave, too, a 'Madonna and Child,' painted about 1485 by Lazzaro Sebastiani, or Bastiani, no example of whose art was in any large public gallery north of the Alps save Vienna. Recent research has shown that Sebastiani, whose works are scarce, occupied a much higher place in the Venetian art of his time than that with which he is usually credited. In style this 'Madonna and Child' is

akin to that of the artist's picture in the Cathedral at Murano.

The four last pictures exhibited at the Academy by Turner—this in 1850, the year prior to his death—which for long had been in the provinces, have gone to the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank. They form the most interesting addition of the year. Mrs. Edwin Edwards, who in 1904 gave to the National Gallery the beautiful portrait-group by Fantin of herself and her husband, has presented a bas-relief of Charles Keene, from the hand of Mr. Frampton. Mr. Charles Fraser has bequeathed two pictures, 'Boats near Venice,' by A. W. Cooke, and Henriette Browne's 'Greek Captive,' and ten water-colours, five of them of fruit and figures by William Hunt, Birket Foster's 'Cottage in a Lane,' 'Edward Confessor's Shrine,' by David Roberts, F. Taylor's 'Scotch Greys,' and an architectural drawing by Prout. To these have to be added the six Chantrey purchases of 1905: C. W. Furse's 'Return from the Ride,' Mr. Edgar Bundy's 'Sedgemoor,' Mr. G. Aumonier's 'Black Mountains,' Mr. Edwin Alexander's 'Peacock and Python,' Mr. Harold Speed's 'Alcantara,' and Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper's 'St. Agnes in Prison.' Mr. Robert Brough bequeathed his 'Fantasie en Folie,' the first picture he sent to the Academy: this in 1897, which, too, represented him at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. From the proceeds of the Lewis Fund there were bought George Chambers' 'Dutch East Indian Weighing Anchor,' and a capital example of F. T. Hurlstone's art—an incident from *Gil Blas*.

Despite its slender grant of £750, the National Portrait Gallery has had the good fortune to purchase from Mr. B. Vaughan Johnson the splendidly virile crayon portrait of William Cowper, done by Romney while on a visit to Hayley at Earham in 1792 (p. 85). Seen at the Portrait Exhibition of 1868, it is the portrait which inspired Cowper's sonnet to Romney, and the one engraved by William Blake for Hayley's quarto edition of the siter's Poems. A doubtless poor copy of it shocked Lady Hesketh, because it gave the impression of insanity instead of poetic inspiration. The great series of Watts portraits has been supplemented by a three-quarter length of Cecil Rhodes, begun in 1899, and a self-portrait, both unfinished. Other bequests and presentations are a fine portrait executed in 1820, by Lawrence, of Baron Bloomfield as a youth of about eighteen; 'Sir Walter J. Huddleston,' the "last of the Barons," as he used to call himself, a forceful picture from the brush of F. Holl; 'Young Roscius,' by Opie, bequeathed by the actor's son; the original model by Mr. H. R. Hope



(Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

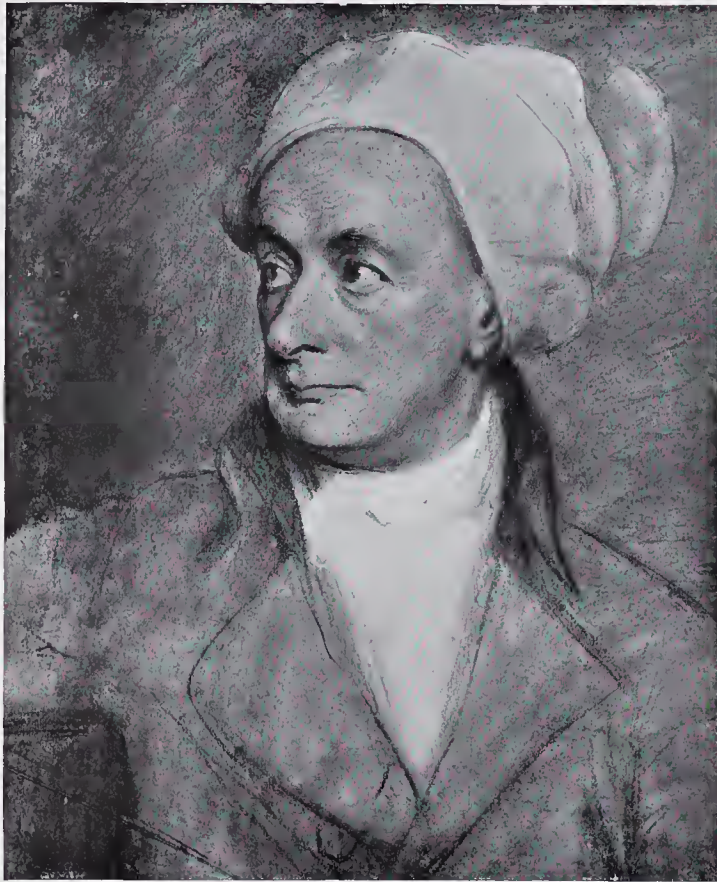
St. Andrew's.

By D. Y. Cameron.

Pinker of the Henry Fawcett bust for the Salisbury statue; and 'Owen MacSwinnny,' the playwright and theatre manager, attributed to Peter van Bleeck. Among purchases may be named a death-mask of Alfred Stevens by his assistant, R. Townroe; an early portrait of his friends, John Joshua Kirby and Mrs. Kirby, by the incomparable Gainsborough; 'Tiberius Cavallo,' the natural philosopher and electrician, standing beside one of his instruments, a small full-length, perhaps by Zoffany; 'George Stubbs,' the able animal painter (several first-rate examples by whom occurred at auction during the year), in water-colours, by Ozias Humphrey; and 'Joanna Southcott,' the visionary, in pencil, by one of her adherents, William Sharp, the celebrated line engraver—perhaps a study for his plate of 1812.

Mr. Sidney Colvin, whose direction of the Print Room at the British Museum wins the respect of all students, is under the signal disadvantage of being unable to buy anything by living artists. Even allowing for the difficulty of seeing present-day work in just perspective, this is a rule that requires modification, surely. Unless living men of

talent or their admirers come forward generously, we can hardly hope to have collections as representative as, fortunately, is that, for example, of the Whistler etchings. During 1905 Mr. Muirhead Bone presented an unpublished drypoint portrait of a lady and an impression of his book-plate designed for Lincoln College, Oxford; Mr. Robert Bryden, 120 of his etchings, chiefly landscapes and portraits; Sir J. C. Robinson, twenty or so of his etchings, making with those already possessed a fairly complete set; Professor Herkomer, six "Herkomer gravures" and a landscape specially painted by Watts for rendering in this process; Mr. C. H. Shannon, the three lithographs which represented him at the "Society of Twelve" in 1904, and a dozen of his beautifully composed chiaroscuro woodcuts. Mr. Way gave 119 Whistler lithographs, which, added to those he had already presented, comprise all that were printed in England. In 1895 there was a show at Dunthorne's of original lithographs by a group of markedly dissimilar artists: Messrs. Watts, Sargent, Abbey, Alma-Tadema, Axel Haig, Leighton, Oliver Hall, Greiffenhagen, Clausen, Phil May, Frank Short, J. MacWhirter, to name a



(National Portrait Gallery.)

William Cowper.

By George Romney.

few. Mr. Golding has given fifty-nine of these lithographs. Among the purchases in the British section are thirty-eight admirable pencil drawings, touched with colour, by Alfred Stevens after early Italian frescoes; a water-colour study of the head of George Eliot, about 1865, by Sir F. Burton; two interesting pen and red chalk drawings by Lawrence. Of importance in the history of colour-printing is a Japanese woodcut after an old Chinese picture of the Peacock Deity, done for the exhibition at Osaka in 1903. No fewer than 100 blocks were used, and there were 318 printings. Yet ten impressions only of the woodcut were taken. Is the artistic result commensurate with the labour involved? Through the National Art-Collections Fund come a couple of Rodin drawings. Among foreign works added are thirty-eight etchings by Maxime Lalanne, seen at Gutekunst's; thirty recently-published etchings of Manet; ten curiously painted rolls from temples in Thibet, like those seen at the Baillie Gallery; a set of lithographs, illustrative of Flaubert and Baudelaire, by the French mystic, Odilon Rédom; sixty-eight etchings of Russian subjects by Evdokime Egoroff, a Russian who died in Paris in 1891; a

powerful sketch by Rembrandt, 'God renewing the Covenant with Abraham,' companion to one already in the Museum; some early German woodcut books, one with title-page and borders by Hans Weiditz, in whose discovery Mr. Campbell Dodgson has been largely instrumental; and—not least helpful to students—over 500 good photographs after portraits by Clouet and other early French masters.

Nothing of very special importance was added to the South Kensington collections. The bronze statuette of Fame, or a winged Victory, by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, is from the sale of the recent Irving relics at 125 gs.: Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry has given some carved stonework and a seventeenth century English lock, and by purchase or presentation there come drawings by G. H. Boughton, Hugh Carter, William Hunt, Emily Farmer.

The additions to some of the public galleries outside London were of signal importance. The munificent Donald Bequest, of forty-two pictures, British, French and Dutch, to the Glasgow Gallery, valued at over £42,000, was dealt with at the time (1905, p. 190). Again, the National Gallery of Scotland secured Raeburn's well-known self-portrait, from the sale of Lord Tweedmouth's pictures, at 4,500 gs., certain would-be buyers considerably holding aloof. The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, made a wise departure by purchasing

from the autumn exhibition Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'St. Andrew's' (p. 84), with the great group of cathedral ruins relieved against the golden after-glow. A second purchase was Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Reverie.' Mr. Rothenstein's 'Portrait of a Young Man' was presented to Liverpool by public subscription, and there go into the gallery Albert Moore's 'Shunamite Woman,' 'The Funeral of Shelley,' by L. E. Fournier, and several other pictures. For the Art Gallery, Leeds, there was bought from the spring exhibition one of Mr. E. A. Hornel's decorative fantasies, 'The Red Scarf' of Mr. W. Orpen, 'Roses' by Mr. J. S. Hill, and 'Wind-tossed' by Mr. Taylor Brown. Mr. Brangwyn's four decorative panels from the Venice Exhibition were, again, presented. In addition to its bequest of £50,000 from the late Mr. Feeney, Birmingham was presented with an important Samuel Palmer drawing, with five water-colours by Ruskin, as many lithographs by Whistler, ten drypoints by Mr. Muirhead Bone. 'Nelson's Last Farewell to England,' by Mr. Eyre Crowe, has gone into the gallery at Norwich Castle, and Miss Lucy Kemp Welch's 'Timber-hauling in the New Forest,' one of the noticeable pictures of the 1904 Academy, has been presented to the Bristol Art Gallery by Mr. Wills, a brother of the donor of the building itself. It will be observed that a more catholic view of art has in several cases been taken.

London Exhibitions.

IN the spacious galleries of the Institute, draped for the occasion with quiet grey, and, less fortunately, with white and over-assertive yellow, there was arranged a large, comprehensive exhibition of pictures and drawings by the late

Mr. Arthur Melville. Everything possible was done to make important this memorial collection. Owners of many representative works lent them for the occasion, a large paper illustrated catalogue was prepared. Arthur Melville when he emerged from the influence of Whistler and from that of French neo-Impressionism, came into his kingdom, so to say, as one of the first Impressionists in the East. He was an extraordinarily gifted exponent—possibly a pioneer—of what is known as the blob-dot-and-dash method. If in water-colour Arthur Melville played for the accident, he was a marvellously skilled player. When, however, he is hailed as a master-colourist, as the pre-eminent interpreter of vitalising sunlight and movement, it is necessary to recall the achievements of Mr. Brabazon, the sureties of Mr. Joseph Crawhall.

As usual, the 'Landscape Exhibition,' formed of works by six talented artists, three of them Scottish, proved to be one of the most welcome of the winter. There were good examples of Mr. Peppercorn's grave, authentic sight, a 'Lonely Heath' in Mr. Aumonier's best manner, a misted, dignified 'Durham,' by Mr. J. S. Hill, meditative pastorals by Mr. Austen Brown, several of Mr. R. W. Allan's unflinchingly sincere harbour scenes, with the nip of the North Sea in them, and a finely disposed and lighted 'Washing Place: Normandy' (p. 87) by Mr. Leslie Thomson, whose sense of atmosphere, of colour-correspondences, is here admirably exemplified. For the rest, the Carfax Gallery for once welcomed members and associates of the Academy, one of the pictures being 'Mole Catchers,' 1881, in which Mr. J. M. Swan and Matthew Maris collaborated; at the Fine Art Society's, Mr. G. S. Elgood



(International.)

Mrs. Curle.
By William Nicholson.



The Little Bullfight: "Bravo Toro."

By Arthur Melville, R.W.S.

again came forward as a portraitist of many lovely gardens, including that of the Poet Laureate at Old Swinford Manor; the Royal Society of Miniature Painters held its eleventh annual show at the Modern Gallery, the Vice-Presidents,

Mr. Hal Hurst and Mr. Alyn Williams, being represented, though not Sir W. B. Richmond, the President.

Reference is made elsewhere to the exhibitions at Burlington House, the New Gallery, and the Leicester Gallery.



Washing Place: Normandy.

By Leslie Thomson, R.I.

(By permission of Samuel Nivison, Esq.)



Specimens of Blown Glass.

Designed by Harry Powell.
Exhibited by James Powell & Son.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

WITH no uncertain voice, Mr. Walter Crane, the President of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, in his preface to the catalogue of the eighth exhibition, declares the effect and the aim of the movement inaugurated by William Morris, and now in its eighteenth year. Summarised, Mr. Crane's official statement claims that the movement has made arts and crafts exhibitions common, and has introduced handicraft classes, under expert teaching, into the municipal schools of art and technological institutes, with a result of remarkable work. The aim inspiring these activities he characterises as "a search for increased beauty, refinement and sincerity in design and workmanship in the accessories of human life, united by an architectonic ideal, and affording scope in the

useful arts for the artistic expression of individual taste and character, in contradistinction and protest against purely commercial, mechanical and machine production." Farther Mr. Crane considers that whereas other arts and crafts exhibitions, though interesting as quotations of the whole matter, rarely attempt to represent completely contemporary design and handicraft, or "to raise a very high or strict standard of accomplishment," the parent society serves the cause by stringent selection from a wide choice.

Of arts and crafts movements, as of all human activities, the visible achievement is the marred and incomplete image of the design. To test the exhibition by the President's phrases, and to announce the failure of the Arts and Crafts because the words describe a design not realised in the achievement, would be to see only the dust and the heat, and to penetrate to no conception of the power that fills with the vision and the hope of the immortal garland the eyes of those that strive. The immortal garland is the subject of the President's words. The dust and heat, the spectacle of the race where virtue is not unexercised and unbreathed, are visible in the exhibition. The inner sight, however few the strong runners in the crowd that has sallied forth to seek the adversary, is yet probably truer than the outer view which condemns the performance as alike foolish and useless, and confounds the hope of the enterprise with its perplexed utterance.

One must candidly admit that much of the work, especially in the furniture, shown in the Grafton Galleries is a strange result of "a search for increased beauty, refinement and sincerity." Still, even so, it is perhaps well that designers who have ugly and unnecessary schemes shall be,



Glass Bowl, with Silver.

Designed by Harry Powell.
Exhibited by James Powell & Son.

as it were, lured into expressing them rather than they should continue to vulgarise traditional forms. When there is taste and character to express the craft-schools and societies shelter the individuality as much as is possible, and there is hope for the future of beauty in the arts. When there is no taste, and the character, artistically, is time-serving and ostentatious, these same organizations, with their teaching of the expression of individuality, encourage impression on beautiful materials of the vulgar mind. But it is better that we should see the deformity of the national sense of beauty by our civilization, than that mechanical reproduction of beautiful objects should constantly employ these crippled minds, to the degradation of the pattern and the utter destruction of an intelligent public demand for creative production. As an agent, then, in the struggling cause of honest production, the claim of the Arts and Crafts on our gratitude is not destroyed by the evidence that it induces much work that is pretentious and trivial. The Society has done much in eighteen years. It has spread far and wide ideas that purify and beautify life, turning it towards intelligent and willing service as the fulfilment of its power. Useless hands have been made skilful, and design publicly conjoined with execution. Society recognizes the craftsman—even employs him, and goes to his exhibitions. What Ruskin wrote, and Morris showed, the Arts and Crafts has translated into general terms, with the inevitable loss of purity and force in the image, but with a gradually increasing power in the creative force of the idea, as it is uttered, clipped and dulled by reduction to common speech, yet gaining use in life by that reduction. This, in measure that shows the need for their work in modern life the society has achieved.

But if, in their general activity, failures and perversities are to be sympathetically viewed, their exhibitions ought not to signify approval of all for which the movement is responsible; especially when, as in the present instance, the exhibition is announced as a model of selection, representing, indeed, the whole field of effort, but choosing from it



Silver Sugar Bowl.

By J. Paul Cooper.

in accordance with "a very high and strict standard of accomplishment." It is unfortunate that such works as the model for the Spirit of Modern Hungary, or a gilt-edged wardrobe with staring mirrors, or the inlaid mahogany side-board, with its profuse patterning, should come from sources



Silver Cream Jug.

By J. Paul Cooper.



Hot Water Jug.

By J. Paul Cooper.



Corner Cabinet: Mahogany.

By Mark Rogers.

closely allied with the society. To exhibit these and many other examples of unfortunate design as representing the "search for increased beauty, refinement and sincerity in design and workmanship" is to undo, for each person who so accepts them, something of the process of regeneration. Throughout the galleries the good is in contrast with its surroundings, and this want of discrimination in selection must tend to confuse the spectator, and to send the devout student astray. The exhibition is representative of modern arts and crafts, and, as such, one finds in its occasional excellence matter for congratulation, and for hope in the ultimate issue of the undertaking so courageously maintained. But as a model of what to admire and to strive



Glass Vase.

By George Walton.

after it needs expurgation. The eye that finds delight in Miss May Morris's sleeve, with its cunningly proportioned curves, its excellent colour, or in her white velvet cushion, the lustrous birds and vine of solid blue and gold, the inner band of outline leaves gaining beauty from the pile of the velvet, or in Miss Louise Lessore's dark blue cushion, worked in thin white thread in a design of delicate elaboration, ought not to be beset with the spectacle of needlework overstrained in producing pictures, or in making glorious the garments of feeble-faced saints. Mr. Graily Hewitt's golden 'Gloria,' on the intricate leaf and flower and fruit page; the initials to the finely-written 'Dante,' with the splendid golden pomegranate seeds; the ivory acanthus leaves about the capital M of Browning's "Epistle"; the various books decorated with Miss Kingsford's delicate living art, or the fine double page of Miss Louise Lessore's 'Song of the Three Children' with its golden B's, are authentic illuminations, done in the light of a personal perception of the art. For the sake of these illuminated pages, the modern revival of an art that was once quick and vivid with the spectacle of life is worth while. But these alone, with the un-illuminated pages by Mr. Graily Hewitt



Embroidered White Velvet Cushion.

By May Morris.



Embroidered Card Case.

By May Morris.

and Mr. Johnston, would have made a better plea for the reality of the revival than is obtained by consideration of other illuminations in the exhibition.

Embroidery, illumination and calligraphy are minor arts, but just for that reason they register the effect of Arts and Crafts teaching with more precision than the arts which are in the field with manufacture, and serve a demand affected by commercial supply. Where the inspiration and opportunity given by the movement have re-created a craft, as in these instances, one judges the exhibits as vigorously as one may judge any modern art, taking into account the adverse external influences on even the most favoured of these enterprises. And in the instances given, as in the dainty design and

exquisite sewing of Miss Elaine Lessore's linen frock, in Mrs. Lewis Day's restful white and blue square, or in the collaboration of teachers and pupils of the Birmingham school in an intricate whole whose interest is made up of innumerable carefully executed details, there is enough to show that craftsmanship lives in these revivals. It lives too, undoubtedly, and with a wide activity, in crafts such as silver-smithing,



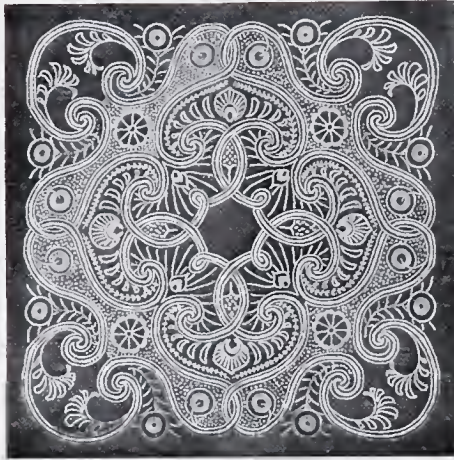
Embroidered Card Case.

By May Morris and Ellen Wright.



Door Stop ("Mer-baby").

Designed by R. Anning Bell.
Executed by C. Winn.



Embroidered Cushion Cover, Silk on Linen.

Designed by Lewis F. Day.
Executed by Mrs. Lewis F. Day.

jewellery, and the arts of book-production, where manufacture is as incapable of the finest work as it is of any achievement in the absolute handicrafts just named. Jewellery and book-binding—two of the most important and inspiring sections of the exhibition—will be treated in a subsequent notice. Mr. Paul Cooper's tea-things, with their refined and charming work, will serve for



Printed Linen, "The Red Rose."

By Joseph M. Doran.
Exhibited by Turnbull and Stockdale.



Embroidered Linen Dress.

By Elaine T. Lessore.

the present to substantiate the claim that in the use of precious metals the Arts and Crafts has afforded scope "for the expression of individual taste and character, in contradistinction and protest against purely commercial, mechanical, and machine production." One would hesitate to ascribe all the furniture in the Grafton Galleries to the single-minded effort to make useful things beautifully. Obviously the effect of the Arts and Crafts on manufacture has reacted on the smaller undertaking, and both in sanity and insanity, both in the recognition of pure models and in the contortions of a galvanised originality, manufacture has magnified the achievement of the craftsmen. Arts and Crafts furniture set a fashion, and the rush-bottomed chairs of every furniture shop, the final excesses of the "Style Moderne," represent the opposite boundaries of the field it has marked out by that fashion in commerce. Exaggeration succeeds emphasis, if emphasis be used as a device to capture attention, and competition with exaggeration is the present fate of Arts and Crafts furniture.

That, in the main, the craftsmen assert their lead in the



Glass Vase.
By George Walton.

direction of simplicity is in their favour, and the present collection, if it includes some bare and graceless work, cumbrous library cabinets, chairs both uneasy and monumental, bald wardrobes, and tables troubled with their legs, is a witness, though not a beautiful one, to a healthy contemplation of the resources and responsibilities of the cabinet-maker's art. The wood is finely shown in many contrasting examples. Mr. Gimson's 'Sideboard in Elm' displays a romantic piece of wood in contrast with ebony. Mr. Romney Green's 'Armchair in English Walnut' has the smoky grain shown to advantage by the seat of Mr. Edmund Hunter's gold-green brocade, and the mahogany cupboard of Messrs. Minihane and Sparrow, for its chequered panels of contrasting grain, the escriptoire in the same wood by Mr. Bultitude, Miss Hilliam's 'Sideboard in Walnut,' and Mr. Ambrose Heal's golden 'Mahogany chest of drawers on stand' have also this merit of a sincere appreciation of the beautiful material. But where, in times of fine furniture-making, the designer and craftsman had his opportunity for highest display, in the making of pieces of furniture whose use did not limit their splendour, the Arts and Crafts exhibition shows little that is inspiring. There is variety, but not much success. To this category belong the inlaid mahogany sideboard, unfortunately exhibited by Morris and Company, Mr. Ashbee's metal-bound writing cabinet with blind-tooled leather panels and gold-tooling inside, as well as writing-cabinets of all kinds, best when they adhere most closely to eighteenth century models. But the two outstanding works are the inlaid sideboard and painted dresser designed by Professor

Lethaby. The gaily-painted dresser cannot be properly judged in its present surroundings, where its liveliness is in competition with a gallery of exhibits. As the one ornate piece in a simple room it might have the effect intended of an unsophisticated gaiety, though one doubts whether it is not a dangerous sublimation of the painted wooden-spoon type of fancy-work. The inlaid sideboard is a dignified piece of work, with pattern which is part of its dignity, while it gives variety and charm. It looks well as it is shown, set out with metal-work of clear form by W. A. S. Benson, more ornate examples by the Artificers' Guild and Mr. Paul Cooper, and Mr. Anning Bell's amusing door-stop contrasting with bows designed by Professor Lethaby for Wedgwood. The painted dresser, too, shows to some advantage Mr. Powell's dainty tea-service and the other Wedgwood ware it holds. There is not much carving shown, but among it one may mention Miss Moller's panels, and the well-executed figure-carving of Mr. Mark Rogers.

The textiles and wall-paper designs in the galleries, like the furniture and the light and heat fittings, are rather a reminder of the leavening effect of the Arts and Crafts on the whole field of production than specially significant. These same papers and hangings, and others as good, are part of the commercial stock of decorators and upholsterers, and one finds nothing here—fortunately, from one point of view—at all above the average of the shop-window. But one has to remember what shop-window average was, twenty



Printed Linen.
Designed by Lewis F. Day.
Exhibited by Turnbull and Stockdale.



Inlaid Sideboard.

Designed by W. R. Lethaby.
Executed by Augustus Mason.

years ago. Messrs. Turnbull and Stockdale show some of the best textiles, the 'Red Rose' printed linen by Mr. Doran, with its pleasant formality, and Mr. Day's vigorous translation of an oriental motive (see illustrations) are among effective examples. Of more splendid fabrics there are few, and these, as in the specimens from various Haslemere looms, not characteristic of the best that private enterprise has achieved. Of true tapestry and hand-made carpets there is little to be seen, nor is it admirable.

If tapestry-weaving shows little signs of taking an important place among modern crafts, another splendid craft, for whose redemption from bad picture-making William Morris laboured, is considerably represented, at least, so far as cartoons represent the glowing art of stained glass. In the lobby some small windows by Mr. Holiday, Miss Newill, and students of Birmingham and Camberwell schools supplement the cartoons, among which Mr. Holiday's are important. Mr. Whall carries to excess a not very entertaining humour in his billiard-room windows. The cartoons by Mr. Anning Bell are admirable, and Mr. Woodroffe and Mr. Davies suggest effective windows in their designs. Besides stained glass, Mr. Holiday shows examples of opus sectile, and Mr. Glasby and Messrs. James Powell also contribute work in a medium which, like the sgraffito used by Mr. Heywood Sumner, is a suitable method for mural decoration. Tempera painting is also represented as mural decoration, and Mr. Batten's unfinished work on lime is noteworthy for its purity and reticence both of drawing and idea. These works, the enamel in relief of Mr. Holiday, and Mr. Dressler's forcible Della Robbia panels, represent methods of great possibility, and their presence in the galleries is one forward-pointing aspect of the exhibition.

Technical development, again, is to be chronicled in the arts of glass-blowing, where, as one expects, Messrs. James

Powell are chief and unrivalled exhibitors, for Mr. George Walton's graceful glass fantasies are not in competition with this experienced production. Experiments in colour and in cutting have added to the effects which a high standard of knowledge and unremitting endeavour have given to this firm, and in the delicate amber and mauve and blue introduced into some table-glass, and in a greenish metal streaked and veined with platinum, there are interesting results of experiments. In engraving of subtlety, in cutting that is delicately brilliant, above all in the quality of the metal, the purity of the shapes: there are some excellent achievements in this case.

Passing Events.

FEW works by Mr. Sargent are in public collections in this country or elsewhere. The more welcome, then, was Mr. Duveen's gift to the nation of 'Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth,' which was withdrawn from the Irving sale in December at 1,200 gs. In the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House is the dauntless simplification of a Venetian salon, with a group of Mr. Sargent's friends introduced; in the National Portrait Gallery is the nervously sincere 'Coventry Patmore,' and Glasgow owns 'Sir David Richmond'; and since 1887, when it was bought by the Trustees for £700, there has been in the Chantrey Collection the 'Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose,' with its haunting play on those colours. In the Luxembourg, again, is 'La Carmencita,' a portrait of the Spanish dancer who at the time was the rage of Paris; and in the Boston Public Library are wall decorations and sculptures by our "modern Velazquez."

THE death of Mr. Harrison Weir on January 3 snaps a link with a past swiftly becoming irrecoverable. Born at Lewes in 1824, his love of animals, extending to birds and nature in general, was no doubt kindled by J. F. Herring, the celebrated horse-painter, whose daughter he married when he was twenty-one. "Eyegate is more accessible than Eargate" was a doctrine of Mr. Weir, so that fitly he may be called the Father of the illustrated Christmas number, of certain other departments of modern illustration, and, too, of the Crystal Palace Cat Shows, which he originated in 1872. Working sometimes thirty-six hours at a stretch, this most industrious and modest man made the utmost of a long life. "Our Poultry, and all about them," is one only of the monuments of his labour, intimate knowledge and sympathy. Four decades ago no bird book was complete without its Weirs, hence his name of the Pictorial Laureate of winged and four-footed things.

AFTER the Irving sale, Messrs. B. F. Stevens tried to procure the 'Ellen Terry' for their American client, who gave 4,800 gs. for Whistler's 'Philip of Spain.' No doubt the conjunction of the four names, each honoured in the States—Whistler, Irving, Sargent, Ellen Terry—attracted. An offer considerably exceeding the withdrawal price was made, but negotiations were already in progress with Mr. Duveen. The famous actress is painted as Lady Macbeth, in the act of placing the crown, not of power, but degradation, on her head. The blue-green glitter of the dress and trimmings, the glassy eyes, suggest the serpent-woman of the tragedy. There is poetic justice as well as generosity in Mr. Duveen presenting the picture to the nation. He is one of the most intrepid buyers of treasure at Christie's, much of which passes out of this country—the masterly Holbein miniature from the Hawkins collection, to name a signal instance. The British public will not forget his well-timed generosity.

PROPOS of Mr. Sargent, there died at the end of January, Mrs. Fitzwilliam Sargent, his mother, who for years has been known in London as a charming hostess, a brilliant conversationalist, and Miss Jane Mary Evans, last and greatest of the Eton College Dames, whose presentation portrait by the talented Anglo-American was at the 1899 Academy.

THE Metropolitan Museum of New York is pursuing an enlightened policy. Appoint able men from the Old Country, with knowledge of its æsthetic possessions, and money being provided, pictorial and other spoil will follow. That seems to be the motto. The museum has made Mr. Roger E. Fry Curator of Pictures, in the stead of Mr. G. H. Story. Mr. Fry, son of Sir George Fry, is one of our best writers on art. Himself a water-colourist of distinction in the manner of the early men, a member of the New English Art Club, for which he has done excellent service, he has a wide knowledge and sound judgment of Old Masters, and can deal illuminatively, now with Aubrey Beardsley, whom he called the 'Fra Angelico of Satanism, with Blake, with Mantegna, or Giovanni Bellini, the subject of his first successful monograph. When Mr. F. G. Stephens, who fought with the pre-Raphaelites, several years ago resigned the post of art critic to the *Athenæum*, which he had held

since 1859, Mr. Fry took his place, and has contributed greatly to the enjoyment and instruction of readers. His well-considered pronouncements will be missed. Mr. Fry won golden opinions when he was in America about a year ago.

THE Metropolitan Museum, New York, which possesses Van Dyck's fine original from Corsham of the 'Duke of Richmond and Lennox,' a version of which is now at the Academy, has recently completed a sumptuous volume on the Heber R. Bishop collection of jades, etc. This catalogue has cost some £20,000, and none of the hundred copies printed is for sale. The Prince of Wales is of those who receive one.

THE National Art Collections Fund has triumphantly vindicated its right to existence by saving from the foreigner or the American, and presenting to the nation, the Rokeby Velazquez. The Fund won against very considerable odds. There was official lukewarmness, and from several quarters violent opposition; on the other hand, the King gave his support at a critical moment. Though it may be true that the nation could, early in 1905, have bought the 'Venus' for a lesser amount, that is no reason for its being allowed to go when it came into the open market. Nor is there any point in citing the loss of 'Titian's 'Aretino.' Two wrongs do not make a right. By the way, Messrs. Agnew are publishing an admirable reproduction in colours of the 'Venus,' by the Paris firm, who were so successful with Whistler's 'Mother' and 'Miss Alexander.' It is worth noting that a Scotsman imported the 'Venus' and sold it to Mr. Morrill of Rokeby, and that but for a Scotsman, Mr. D. S. MacColl, the Art-Collections Fund, which saved it from deportation, might not to-day be a living, working organisation.

WILL the Liberal Government have the wisdom to follow the lead of France, and create a Ministry of Fine Arts, to say nothing of a resourceful Director of the National Gallery? It is highly desirable. Mr. George William Agnew, Liberal member for the West Salford division of Manchester, is the only M.P. who, professionally, has a high repute in the art world. He is, of course, eldest son of Sir William Agnew. No associate or member of the Academy came forward as a candidate at the General Election. In the past, at least two R.A.'s have been M.P.'s, both, strangely enough, assuming surnames in middle life. John Peter Gandy, the architect of Exeter Hall, who took the name of Deering, became M.P. for Aylesbury after the passing of the great Reform Bill, six years before he was elected R.A. Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, a Foundation Member of the Academy, was M.P. for East Grinstead after he resigned his R.A.-ship in 1790, and married the rich widow of Thomas Dummer. With touching faith, certain curio dealers are collecting unsoiled copies of General Election cartoons, hoping they will turn to gold in years to come.

THE four new associates of the Painter-Etchers are less widely known than several of those chosen during the past few years. They are: Miss Ethel Stewart and Messrs. J. R. G. Exley, Malcolm Osborne, and D. G. Smart.



The Cloisters of San Giovanni degli Erceute, Palermo.
(Graves' Gallery.) From a water-colour drawing by Rosa Wallis.

THE Bradford Corporation, which was justly criticised in 1904 for not purchasing in favourable circumstances certain pictures recommended by artists to whom was due the success of the British Art Exhibition there, bought from the International Society's show, for the City Gallery, Mr. Lavery's 'Lady in Green Cloak' (£500), Fantin's 'White Roses' (£189), Mr. W. L. Bruckman's 'Autumn in Sussex' (£80), sculptures by Mr. T. Stirling Lee and Mr. A. G. Walker, and etchings from several accomplished hands.

MR. CLAUSEN'S lectures on painting to Royal Academy students were as welcome as those of last year. Many will disagree with him, however, in classing Vermeer of Delft with unimaginative artists. His was a solitary, inner sight of the actual, imaginative in a very true sense. At the Chelsea Art School, Mr. William Orpen has been lecturing on the anatomy of the human figure in relation to art, and at the Camberwell School the services of Mr. Gilbert Bayes have been secured. The St. John's Wood School is to be congratulated, inasmuch as, of ten students just admitted to the R.A. Schools, six owe their training to it.

A GOOD "Academy hater" prophesied, when the International took the New Gallery, that after a visit to Regent Street the student of modern art, disregarding Burlington House, would make direct for the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh. Though this is not within measurable distance of fulfilment, the eightieth exhibition of the R.S.A. contains many excellent things,

retrospective and otherwise. Several of the outstanding exhibits have already been seen in London, and we may hope some day to have Sir James Guthrie's full-length of Mrs. J. R. Findlay in rose-colour and grey.

THE indefatigable Curator of the Whitechapel Art Gallery has, among other things, secured for his forthcoming Georgian Exhibition forty eighteenth century drawings, ten of them by Gainsborough, from the celebrated collection of Mr. J. P. Heseltine.

MR. RUDOLF LEHMANN, the portrait painter, who died last October, leaving estate to the value of about £35,000, bequeathed 'May we come in?' to the Tate Gallery. It is probably the R.A. picture of 1871. Several of the persons represented are members of the Lehmann family, including the artist himself, reflected in a mirror, before his easel. The British Museum has the first refusal of his collection of pencil portraits of celebrities.

THE marble version of Rodin's famous 'Le Baiser' (p. 71), which was lent by Mr. E. P. Warren to the International Society, is said to be the heaviest block ever placed in the New Gallery. It was brought from Lewes on a trolley, and the "journey" from the street to the central hall, only a few paces, took eight hours.

JULY 15th and 16th have been fixed for the Rembrandt Tercentenary celebrations at Amsterdam, when will be opened the new annexe to the Rijks Museum. In it will be placed the 'Night Watch,' 'The Syndics,' and other master-works. Interest has been taken in the gift to the museum, by the proprietors of *L'Artiste*, of eighty-five copper-plates by Rembrandt, said to have belonged to Mariette, recently discovered in Paris.

MR. H. M. CUNDALL, F.S.A., who for some years has had charge of the pictures at South Kensington, has been appointed Senior Keeper of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Art Division, in the place of Mr. A. B. Skinner, promoted to Directorship.

ON January 23rd one of the daughters of Mr. Alfred East was married to Mr. G. P. Churchill, who is attached to the Teheran Legation. Another marriage in the art world is that of Mr. W. E. Gladstone Solomon, who carried off the Academy Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship for historical painting in December last.

REVERTING to the proposed "Crescent of Peace," with the Marble Arch at its centre, it appears that Sir W. B. Richmond is one of many R.A.'s and architects who regard the scheme as admirable. Probably the First Commissioner of Works will soon bring the matter to the notice of Parliament.

MR. JAMES PEEL, landscape-painter, died on January 28th. This veteran artist was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1811. He was the oldest member of the Royal Society of British Artists, and for many years was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy.



Designed by J. Milner Allen and Lewis F. Day (about 1875).
Engraved on Wood by David Anderson.
Printed by J. Hunt & Sons.

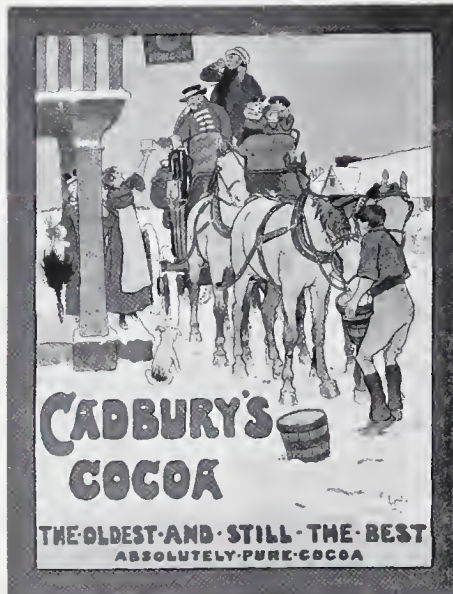
English Poster Design.

By Lewis F. Day.

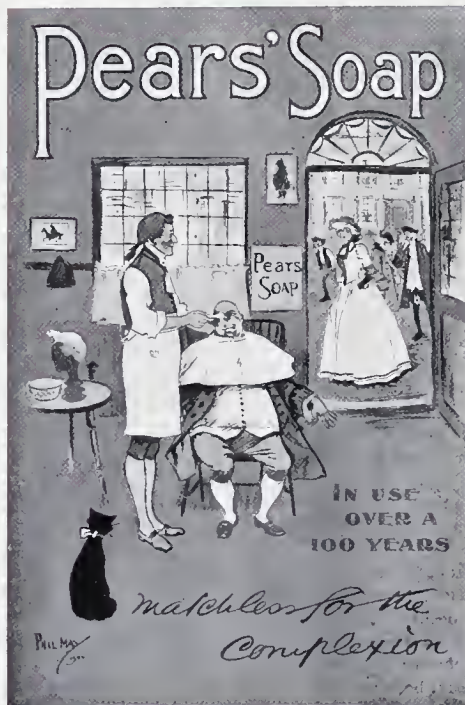
THE poster, in some form or other, is as old as advertisement—and that goes back to very ancient days. It is only recently, however, that it has come into artistic repute. Attention was first called to it by the brilliant designs of a group of French artists—Chéret, with his petticoated bouquets of bright colour, provocative creations, the one more impudently gay than the other, all full of life and movement; Grasset, with his more soberly decorative mediævalism; Lautrec, with his *fin de siècle* suggestiveness; Steinlen, Métivet, Ibels, Willette, and other draughtsmen whose art, if not conspicuously decorative, was personal to them, and, even in its occasional ugliness, strangely attractive. Then in contrast to these came Mucha, bidding always for obvious beauty. These men were introduced to us with the constant lament that there was nothing in English work to compare with Parisian posters. And it was true. English bills of artistic merit had been few and far between from the time when Fred. Walker broke new ground with his 'Woman in White' to that when Sir E. J. Millais allowed a picture of his to be used to advertise soap.

There had been attempts, indeed, at decorative poster design, an early instance of which is given above (it

must be more than thirty years since Mr. Allen and I produced it, and probably not a reader of this magazine will remember its appearance upon the walls); but Mr. Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott had not, like Grasset, been drawn into that branch of art; and it wanted the example of Chéret and the rest to attract a younger generation of British draughtsmen to it. Their attention once turned that way, they succeeded at once, if not in competing with the Frenchmen on their ground, in finding a field of their own, in which they have no occasion to fear foreign competition. I am not speaking of the wholesomer tone of the English art—Parisians have a way of implying somehow a sort of wickedness to which it would be difficult to give a name—but of the decorative convention adopted by them with such good result. Deliberately flat treatment of design in strongly outlined masses of bright colour began in this country, whatever it may owe to Japanese prints, with the toy-books of Mr. Walter Crane. And he designed in 1874, if not a poster, an advertisement for the Crystal Palace pantomime of "Puss in Boots" (p. 99), which needed only to have been enlarged to make an admirable poster. The convention adopted by him has for a generation or more been everybody's secret, and the foremost of our younger



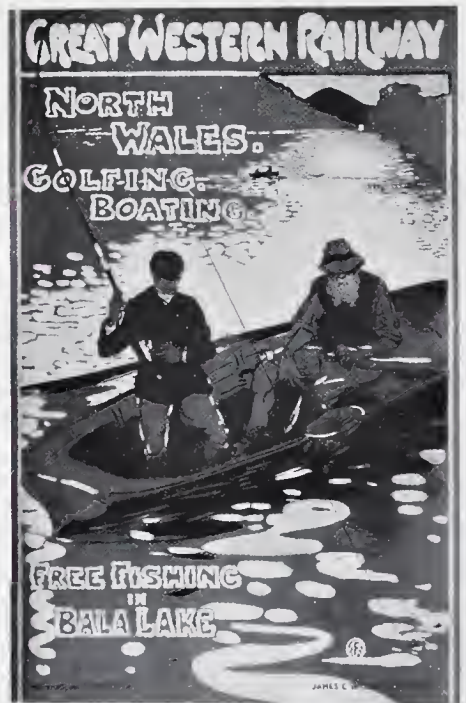
Designed by Ceell Aldin, R.B.A.
Printed by Bemrose & Sons.



Designed by Phil May, R.I.

designers, having made it entirely their own, are doubtless quite unconscious of having derived any sort of inspiration from a method brought to perfection so long before their time that they took it for granted: it must have seemed to them the natural thing to do—which it was.

It is not, of course, to the pillars of the picture galleries that we owe our best poster design. Royal Academicians and Associates have tried their hand at it, from the President downwards—not, on the whole, with conspicuous success, though Mr. Wyllie's drawings for the various steamship companies may be cited, with Millais' 'Bubbles,' as hoarding pictures of exceptional attractiveness. Among illustrators of repute responsible for occasional posters are Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. A. S. Hartrick, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Phil May and Mr. Walter West, and among decorators Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. F. Brangwyn. But the men whose names are most closely identified with the art of the hoardings are Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. J. Hassall, Mr. Cecil Aldin, Mr. Tom Brown, and the Brothers Beggarstaff, as they called themselves. And they have quite wiped out the reproach of twenty years ago. It is no longer possible to contend, in the face of work like theirs, that English advertising art is a negligible quantity. And there are artists like Mr. Mallett, the author of the two cats, Mr. Wal True, Mr. C. I. Foulkes, and Mr. Albert Morrow, ready to fill up the front rank as the older men fall out, and students of art innumerable to take their place in turn.



Designed by Alec Fraser.
Printed by Andrew Reid & Co.



Designed by Koloman Moser



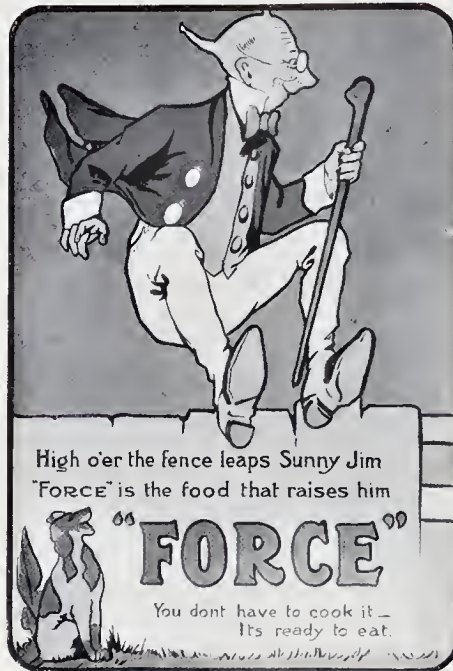
Designed by Walter Crane, R.W.S.



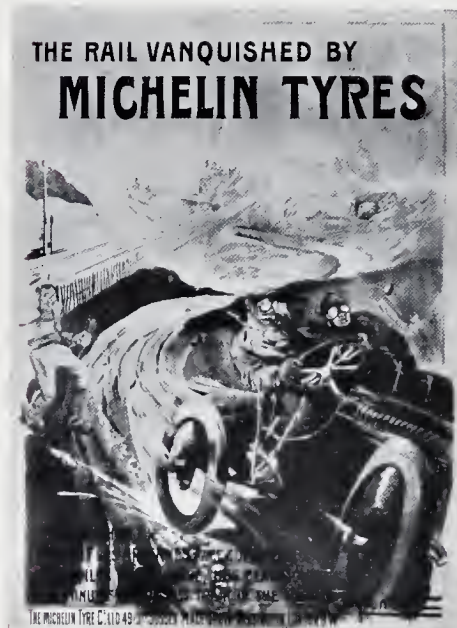
Designed by Dudley Hardy, R.I., and J. Hassall, R.I.
Printed by Eyre & Spottiswoode.



Designed by G. H. Taylor.
Printed by Armitage & Ibbetson.



Designed and printed in America.

Designed by E. Montaut.
Printed by Revon et Cie.

Poster design suffers naturally from the fact that when men get known they are apt to desert the art to which they owe their notoriety. Some of them, it may be said, carry into their pictures peremptory methods of design and painting more proper to advertisement than to art independent of it, though perhaps it helps to advertise them, even so. There is no doubt that the methods of poster design have invaded easel painting, and art students in particular have been quick to see in them a means of getting effect without labour. Failing to appreciate the finer qualities of art, they have not hesitated to sacrifice them for a rough-and-ready expression which, though it may attract attention to their work, will not bring them lasting reputation. The treatment satisfactory in a poster is too coarse even for a wallpaper—witness the telling landscape friezes in flat tints: they are sometimes very cleverly designed: but think of living with them day after day! A German critic, speaking of an ingeniously-designed English poster, described it very happily as more of a *Kunststück* than



Designed by Ellen E. Houghton.

a *Kunstwerk*. That just describes a certain trickiness which, far from being a demerit in a poster, gives it its hold on us.

There is another thing to be said for the directest and simplest possible expression, that it means economy of production—a consideration not, under the circumstances, to be left out of sight. The design which takes least time to draw upon the stone, the least number of printings, the least care in registering and so forth, recommends itself to the printer, and should do to the advertiser. He, however, with some perverse idea of "finish" in his mind, values a design according to the amount of work in it, and has no notion what much better business it would be to pay three times as much for a design with only a third of the work in it. It takes brains to design a poster—if only to know what to leave out. Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Pryde, real innovators

AZ ORSZ. IPARMŰVESZETI MUZEUM
ÉS A M. IPARMŰVESZETI TÁRSULAT

WATER CRANE
KIALLTASA



AZ ORSZAGOS MAGYAR
IPARMŰVESZETI MUZEUMBAN
MEGTEKINTHETŐ HÉTŐZSNAP
HÉTFŐ KIVÉTELÉVEL DE 9-1-IG.
DU. 4-8-IG. VASÁRNAP DE 9-12-IG.
DU. 2-4-IG. BELEPŐDIJ NINCSE.

Designed by Lancelot Crane.



Sür das Kind das Schönte und Bette! • Reicher Bilderdruck! • Originelle Einbände! • Preis pro Bändchen K. 1.80 = RM. 1.50 • Zu beziehen durch jede Buchhandlung

Designed by M. Weisgerber.
Printed by Christoph Reisser's Sons.



NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE ON
OGDEN'S GUINEA GOLD
CIGARETTES

(National Competition, 1898.)

Designed by G. Belcher.

in treatment, have carried the art of omission to its extreme. And, even if they have sometimes fallen short of quite expressing all that they had to say, they have aroused interest by what they have left unsaid—and so fulfilled the end in view.

Artists must be regarded as a hopeful race, periodic fits of despondency notwithstanding. And they show it in their readiness to believe in the artistic possibilities of the poster. There is one great obstacle in the way of its artistic development, viz., the aim and purpose of advertisement. We flatter ourselves too readily, on the strength of what artists have done, that an era of artistic advertisement is at hand. We forget that advertisers have no interest in decorating the hoardings for us, or any other object in advertising than to call attention to what they have to



Designed by Alec Fraser.
Printed by Andrew Reid & Co.



Designed by Albert Morrow.
Printed by David Allen & Sons.



Designed by Charles A. Buchel.
Printed by J. Miles & Co.

THE HEROIC STUBBS



TERRY'S THEATRE STRAND

Designed by Joseph W. Simpson.
Printed by W. H. Smith & Son.

Where are you going to my Pretty Maid? A Milking for NESTLÉ'S SWISS MILK she said.



NESTLÉ'S SWISS MILK

Designed by L. Thackeray, R.B.A.
Printed by Eyre & Spottiswoode

NESTLÉ'S MILK



RICHEST IN CREAM

Designed by Cecil Aldin, R.B.A.
Printed by W. H. Smith & Son.

ORPHEANE PANTOMIME



Cinderella

Designed by J. Hassall, R.I.
Printed by Johnson, Riddle, Couchman & Co.

offer us. The whole object of advertising is to arrest the eye, to rivet attention, to impress upon the public mind the one fact—or it may be a fiction—which shall draw money from men's pockets: that Roscius, for example, is the only Hamlet: that Jones, and Jones alone, is to be depended on to supply soap that will wash, meat extract that is nourishing, cocoa it is possible to digest, or mustard that is hot on the tongue.

The business of the posterist, then, is to blow another man's trumpet—he may manage at the same time to blow his own sometimes—artistically if he can, but to blow it, and with all his force. The degree of artistry possible in poster design is a question of individual capacity. It depends upon the artist. In the endeavour to do artistically—less in obedience to demand than for their own satisfaction—designers of individuality have adopted or worked out for themselves each his own formula. One plants his

figure in space, another relieves it against fields of brilliant colour, which play an appropriate part in the landscape: a third rings the changes on light against dark, and dark against light; and a fourth excites our curiosity by suggesting instead of defining his forms. We recognise the trick of the artist without his signature.

Poster design takes rank as an art in itself, asking on the part of the artist special aptitude, and, first of all, that he shall think it worth doing. Looking at the collective work of the last few years—good, bad, and indifferent, it becomes possible to deduce from it something like the first principles of the art. The thing must tell its story, and tell it at a glance. The forms in which it is told cannot be too downright, the silhouette too simple, the colour too frankly bright, the contrasts too daring. Suppression of detail can hardly go too far, for whatever does not go towards emphatic announcement is superfluity. It is not meant to say that there should be no more in it than at first meets the eye. The artist may, for example, call attention by a splash of colour—say the orange glow of sunset upon the face of the sphinx (p. 108)—which does not tell you much: and that is all very well, provided he can make sure the eye will not rest satisfied with a startling effect of colour, and go on to enquire what it is all about. But there is a danger in subtlety. Art may easily be too subtle for the purposes of advertisement; and some of the very accomplished painters



Designed by J. Hassall, R.I.
Printed by David Allen & Sons.



Designed by Charles A. Buchel.

who have ventured once in a while into poster design have proved too delicate for the business.

"The most effective advertisement is surely the most artistic," says a recent newspaper writer. How so? An advertisement is effective when it compels attention. It may do that by other means than art, as the bill-sticker very well knows when he plasters a hoarding with copies of the self-same picture side by side, every repetition of which takes away from its pictorial effect, and from any artistic interest it may have. In Art qualities of refinement, reticence and modesty still count for something. Advertisement is more brutal in its methods; it offers a field to the wildest and most extravagant originality. Here, indeed, is the opportunity of the "New Art." Originality cannot be too striking. The whole aim of the poster is to strike, to hit hard, and, in fact, to stagger the passer-by. It may annoy and irritate, and yet not have failed of its purpose. There was a theatre advertisement, depicting a striped and spotted female, with an appalling mouth, which lingers in our memory years after the event. Whether that sort of sample promises well for the play advertised may be a question; that it compels attention there is no doubt. And, within the limits of what is reputable, audacity is part of the game—witness the achievements of Mr. Dudley Hardy in the way of shocking folk into attention.

Humour, again, is a card that is almost sure of taking the trick. We are not only caught by the joke, we go home and tell it to others; we don't go home and say we have

seen a simply striking or artistic poster. It is quite the rule of our draughtsmen to flavour advertisement design with fun. Mr. Cecil Aldin's notions are as humorous as they are decorative. And then there was Phil May! In the matter of wholesome fun, our poster designers have certainly the advantage over Gallic humourists.

The possibilities of art depend to some extent upon the purpose of the advertisement. There is all the difference in the world between the "announcement," necessary to let us know that a performance will take place or that an exhibition is open, and the "puff," which vaunts the nutritiousness of a food, the flavour of a relish, or the efficacy of a patent medicine. Announcement may degenerate into puffery: but the broad distinction between the two is clear. And it is equally clear which of them is compatible with art. When it comes to "booming," art has about as much to do with it as honesty. It may even be



Designed by Charles E. Dawson.
Printed by Adams Bros.



Designed by J. Hassall, R.I.
Printed by David Allen & Sons.



Designed by Grün.
Printed by C. Verneau et Cie.

S. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART
3 CASTLE STREET, ENDICOTT STREET, LONG ACRES
DAY AND EVENING CLASSES AT NOMINAL FEES

SPECIAL EVENING CLASSES
IN CONNECTION WITH THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND THE I. C. TECHNICAL EDUCATION BOARD
UNDER DISTINGUISHED PROFESSORS
DRAWING AND PAINTING FROM LIFE
DESIGNING FOR SILVERSMITHS AND OTHER CRAFTS
MODELLING IN CLAY AND WAX; CARRIAGE CONSTRUCTION
PRINCIPAL: M^{rs} HEALEN ARCA
PROSPECTVS MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION

Designed by Walter Seymour.

regarded as a drawback, so little does it conduce to the kind of false emphasis demanded by the occasion. The very apologists for poster-collecting are bound to confess that, anywhere but on the hoardings, posters "are liable to be a little too aggressive." In the street, of course, aggressiveness is a virtue.

And that is why so much of the talk about the artistic control of advertisement is futile. Who is to be the controller? And, if we had a paragon of taste at the helm, how would it be possible for him to steer clear of private interests and public prejudice? The desire of advertisers, as such, is, not to do what is tasteful, but to call attention to their commodities. It is not in innocence that they assault our eyes, but wilfully. They would outrage our sight more violently still, if only they knew how. Pity it is they have no regard to the comeliness of town and country; but what are we to expect? Look at the shop-fronts and the shop-windows—what a riot of unseemly self-assertion everywhere! Look at the 'buses, where attention is called to everything more insistently than to the route of the 'bus. Look at the railway stations, where buildings more or less architectural are placarded with announcements on a scale to dwarf, if they do not absolutely hide, the façade. An advertiser will do what seems to him profitable in the way of advertisement. And who is to prevent him, without interfering with vested interests so powerful that attack upon them from the purely artistic side



Designed by Charles A. Buchel.
Printed by J. Miles & Co.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE



TWELFTH NIGHT

Designed by CHARLES A. BECKEL. Printed by J. MILES & Co.

A Pre-Raphaelite Collection.



Picture by
D. G. ROSSETTI
F. MADDOX BROWN
BURNES-JONES
MOLMAN HUNT

The Goupil Gallery
5 Regent Street
Waterloo Place S.W.
10 to 6. 1st Illustrated Catalogue 1st

Designed by GRAHAM ROBERTSON. Printed by VIRTUE & Co.

ORIENT-PACIFIC LINE



LONDON AND AUSTRALIA
HEAD OFFICE - FENCHURCH AVENUE - LONDON - E.C.
WEST END OFFICE - 28 COCKSPUR STREET - S.W.

Designed by FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A. (NOW THE "ORIENT-ROYAL MAIL" LINE.) Printed by GRANT & Co.

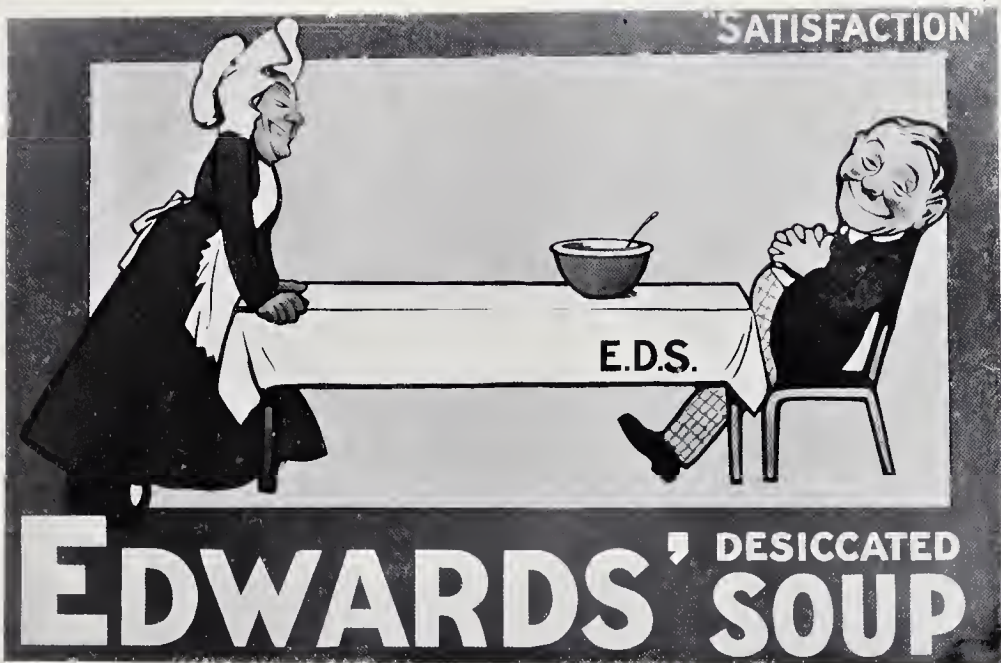




Designed by Hohenstein.
Printed by Ricordi & Co.



Designed by Pemsel & Lembke.
Printed by Armitage & Ibbetson.



Designed by Frank Reynolds.
Printed by S. H. Benson, Ltd.



Designed by J. Hassall, R.I.
Printed by David Allen & Sons.

is hopeless? The protest of taste goes for nought. There is no help for it, until folk come to a sense of what they owe to their neighbours—whom, it appears, they love somewhat less than themselves. Meanwhile control on any effective scale is out of the question.

The case for the "picture" advertisement is strengthened by the recent success of colour- printers in reproducing paintings to which a few years ago it would not have been possible to do justice. Now it only wants the artist with something of the scene-painter in him to paint the effective seascape or whatever it may be, and—high! presto!—we see it on the walls. And, isolated from its surroundings by a sufficient mount, there is no doubt of its attracting attention. But, then, it has to



Designed by Franz Stuck
Printed by Wolf & Son.



Designed by Alfred Nicholls.
Printed by Nathaniel Lloyd & Co.

have lettering; and the more pictorial the character of the design, the more difficult it is to introduce the necessary wording without vulgarising the picture. To throw the wording across the sky or landscape, or in front of the figures themselves, a thing commonly done, is at least a brutal way of overriding a difficulty which it was the designer's business to solve.

It is no easy matter for an artist to satisfy himself with the introduction of wording into the background even of a poster in flat tints. Severity of lettering does not go with graphic design, nor dignity with humoristic invention; and many a time the artist seems to have given up all attempt to save his picture, and vulgarised it, or allowed it to be vulgarised, by the addition of block letters shaded after the

ORIENT ROYAL MAIL LINE



LONDON VIA PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ & COLOMBO TO AUSTRALIA

MANAGERS. F. GREEN & CO. FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. FOR PASSAGE APPLY TO THE LATTER FIRM.

Designed by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.
Printed by Maclure & Co.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP DAILY TICKETS, WEEK END TICKETS, FREQUENT TRAIN SERVICE TO THE UPPER THAMES

FULL PARTICULARS AT THE STATIONS AND OFFICES OF THE COMPANY

JAMES C. INGUS, GEN. MANAGER

Designed by Alec Fraser.
Printed by Andrew Reid & Co.

BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RY

WEEK-END CHEAP TICKETS

OLDFIELD LONDON

ALBERT MORROW

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LINE, L.B. & S.C.R. LONDON BRIDGE

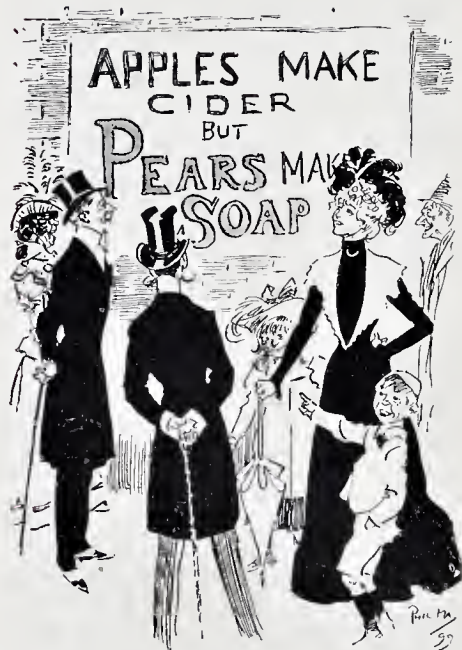
Designed by Albert Morrow.
Printed by Oldfield & Co.



Designed by Eugénie Richards.



Designed by Eugénie Richards.



Designed by Phil May, R.I.



Designed by Will Owen.
Printed by David Allen & Sons.

manner of the commonest sign-writer, of bulging characters which look as if they had been built up of fat cigars, or of other misshapen and monstrous forms of letter determined at any rate to depart from staid and sober type.

Artistically speaking, the lettering on a poster should be part and parcel of its design; but some of our cleverest posterists have not the patience (if they have the taste) to think out their design to its proper end—and the words are a blot upon it. How much better some of their posters look in “proofs before letters”! And what a condemnation that is of their lettering! It comes natural to a decorative artist like Mr. Crane or M. Grasset to conceive his design as a whole, lettering and all complete; but, then, decorators, in turn, run the risk of not satisfying the advertiser, who would prefer that the words should “jump to the eye.” It is difficult to reconcile taste with advertisement.



(Lambeth School of Art.)

Designed by (Miss) G. Brodie.

It stands to reason that the announcement in an advertisement should not only be plainly readable, but that it should stick in the memory. That implies, not only plain



Designed by Stewart Browne.
Printed by David Allen and Sons.



Designed by Josef Israels.
Printed by Virtue & Co.



Designed by G. H. Taylor.
Printed by Armitage and Ibbetson.



Designed by O'Calop.
Printed by Revon et Cie.

writing, but simple wording—a fact which advertisers forget when they insist, as they are apt to do, upon the introduction of superfluous wording no one troubles to read, which really stultifies the whole object of the poster: the thing has after all to produce its effect at a distance. It is a great mistake to suppose that the whole art of poster design consists in figure drawing or scene-painting. There is even room for posters, at once effective and tasteful, containing nothing but the words in which the advertiser makes his proclamation—and these not fantastically written, but in the simplest of lettering, well formed of course, carefully spaced, judiciously distributed, and cunningly emphasized by colour. There is an effective announcement on the hoardings at this moment, consisting of four letters only, the word NERO compactly filling the centre of a large area of white paper.

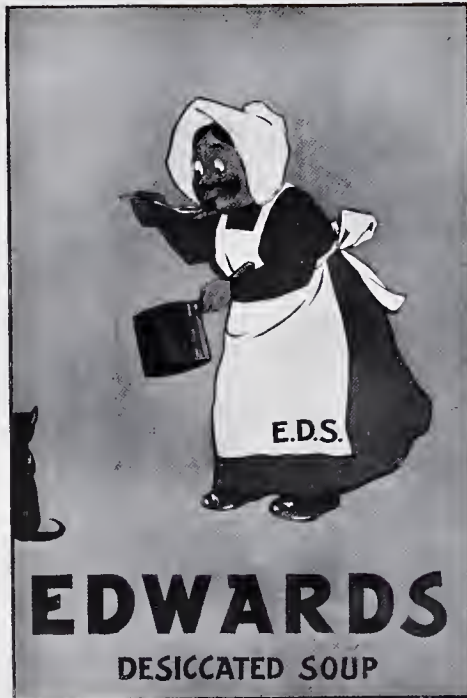
Supposing the advertiser to desire artistic design, he makes a great mistake in going to the printer for it. He may, or may not, get it through that channel, but he would get it much more surely by going straight to the designer. It is true he has only to announce his wants, and he can get designs sent in by the hundred for nothing; but designs “gratis” are not the designs best calculated to attract public attention; and in the end he has to pay for the speculative designs sent in for his approval. For, having chosen the design he thinks best, he is bound in honesty to place the order with the enterprising printers who were at the cost of it, and they will, he may be sure, charge a price sufficient



Designed by J. Hassall, R.I.
Printed by David Allen & Sons.

to cover the cost of designs submitted free of charge. It is no longer between one design and another, or between one price and another, that he has now to choose: but between one design at one price and another at another price. He has, in fact, to balance considerations almost impossible to adjust with businesslike accuracy. The better policy for him would obviously be first to settle the design, and then to put the printing up to competition. This he can only do by applying directly to the artist and treating the printer as a printer, and not as a designer—which he is not. It is true he is usually not a printer either, except by deputy; but if people want things printed in large quantities, promptly, and at the lowest price, they must perforce employ printers, so-called, who are really only administrators of printing.

With regard to design, however, the advertiser has that in his own hands. He has only to let it be known that he is a buyer, and he will find plenty of artists short of work who are only too eager to submit ideas to him—to say nothing of students still attached to schools of art, some of them, as the accompanying illustrations will show, quite equal to the occasion. His better plan, however, would be to apply at once to some artist upon whom he could depend, and to pay him his price. It would amount to nothing as compared with the saving he would effect by being able to compare printer's price with printer's price for its execution, and so to get his work done at rates determined by straightforward



Designed by G. E. Sheppard.
Printed by S. H. Benson, Ltd.

THE COUPEL GALLERY

NOW ON VIEW

A SERIES OF PICTURES ILLUSTRATING A TRIP TO

DORDRECHT



BY **A. LUDOVICI**

AT

5, RECENT STREET, S.W.

Designed by A. Ludovici.
Printed by the Printing Arts Co.



Designed by Walter Crane, R.W.S.



Designed by Franz Stuck.
Printed by Meisenbach Refarth & Co.



Designed by J. Hassall, R.I.
Printed by David Allen & Sons.

competition.* Moreover, he could insist upon its reproduction being to the satisfaction of the artist.

How far the practice of going straight to the artist may already have been adopted by advertisers there is no means of knowing. When a manufacturing firm produces design after design by the same artist, to advertise successively starch, blue and mustard: when it follows 'The Road to Klondyke' poster by 'The Return from Klondyke' (p. 105), it looks as if they knew that Mr. Hassall was their man, and had the wit to employ him. But the more usual practice is for printers to send in designs and estimates, and for the advertiser to select from the designs supplied by them. And it has been known to happen that the aggregate value of the designs sent in "free of charge" by a number of competing firms is actually in excess of the total sum to be spent in advertisement. This is to the advantage neither of the printer nor of the designer—who, we may be sure, is not, under the circumstances, very highly paid for his work. Printers spend upon speculative design, as a matter of fact, large sums of money which are simply wasted. In their anxiety to secure the order, they set a number of artists and draughtsmen to work upon designs, some one of which they hope will do it. But the wants of the advertiser are communicated to a traveller, who communicates them to the firm, who communicate them

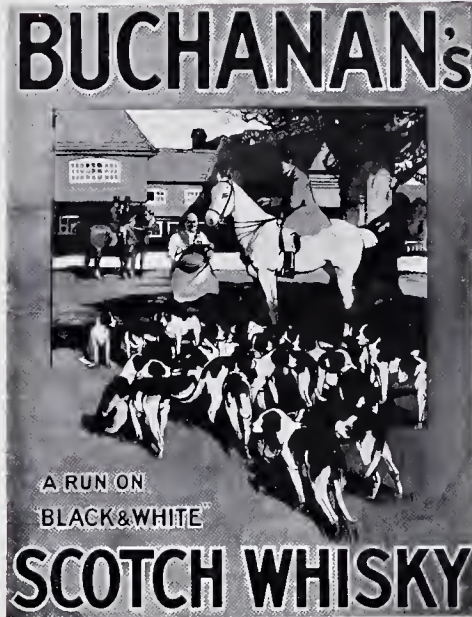
* In the case of a small edition the artist himself might be entrusted with the execution. He would, of course, stencil the bills instead of printing them.



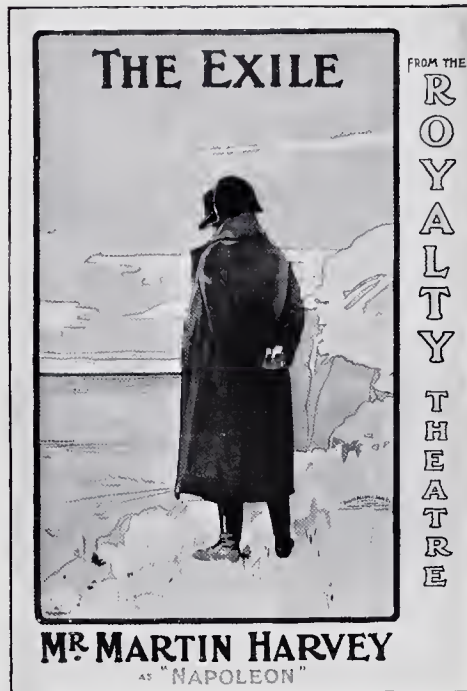
Designed by Charles A. Buchel.
Printed by Werners, Ltd.



Designed by Cecil Aldin, R.B.A.
Printed by Benrose & Sons.



Designed by Sep. E. Scott.
Printed by W. H. Smith & Son.



Designed by A. Morrow.
Printed by David Allen & Sons

to the head of a department; and, by the time they get to the draughtsman who is to make the design, he has often about as much idea of what is wanted as if no instructions had been given him at all. What, it may be asked, is the objection to putting the artist in communication with the customer? Simply that the printer wants to keep his draughtsman dark; and for that very reason, rather than apply to an artist of repute, he will spend more money than any single artist (whatever his vogue) would charge, upon a number of sketches by less competent draughtsmen, who have at least the merit, in his eyes, of being anonymous.

And the pity of it is that many of these men (like Mr. G. H. Taylor, a "ghost" responsible for many effective posters, the Nabob advertisements on pages 99 and 112 amongst them) are very able artists, and are only hindered from doing really

HARPER'S
is the largest
and most popular
MAGAZINE
yet owing to its
enormous sale
and in spite of
the great expense
of production
the price is
STILL
ONE SHILLING

Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.,
45, Albemarle Street, W.

Beggarsstaff

Designed by the Brothers Beggarsstaff.

good work by the meddling of an employer, who very likely knows nothing of art, and yet *will* tell them what to do, or by the officiousness of some clerky ignoramus who mistakes his own preferences for taste. Hampered as they are with distorted instructions, it is no wonder if their work is often dull and commonplace. Any life there may have been in their design is bowdlerised out of it long before ever it is finished. The strange thing is, how capable men submit so long to the conditions of what may be called the trade "compound"—except that they fear the wolf at the door. A year or two of stern shop work would do many a young artist all the good in the world; it would knock some idea of practicality into him, at all events; but the continuance of abject submission to the dictates of employers whose one idea is business, can only end in the degradation of the artistic faculty. Existing agencies which suppress the names of the artists they employ do not meet the case. They offer at best another variety of servitude. It has often occurred to me that it would be a good thing if someone would do for

artists what the "literary agent" does for writers, and, for a fair percentage of profit, act as intermediary between them and advertisers.

Better still would be the immediate contact of advertiser and artist. The one could then say what he wanted; the other could tell him if his wants were reasonable (very often they are not), or could suggest alterations which would suit his purpose just as well or better. If the two could not between them evolve a happy poster, it would be either that the advertiser did not know his mind, or that he had gone to the wrong artist. It should not be difficult for any man of discernment to find out—the boardings will tell him—the artist who would be likely to meet his case. And, if he were to make a mistake or two! We all make mistakes to begin with; they are part of the price we pay for experience.

It may be as well to recapitulate. If advertisers would but apply directly to artists for the design of posters and such-like, they would be astonished to find how much more go and spirit there would be in the designs submitted to them than in those which come from a "firm"; and they would be doing something to keep art alive in the soul of the designer. There must be men among them to whom that cannot be altogether indifferent.

If the man of business should persist in asking why he should pay an artist for a design which may possibly not suit him, when he can get any number of designs sent in for nothing by printers who want to get his order, the answer is simple. Because, in the first place, he cannot, as a rule, in that way get the work of the best men; and, in the second, if he could, he would be bound, when he had got it, to accept the estimate of the printer who sent it in, and he would have no means of accurately checking it. My contention is that he might save the cost of the design ten times over in the reduced price for which he could get his work done under really competitive conditions.

NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.—The illustrations to this article are for the most part the author's selection, out of a great number of posters kindly sent to us by advertisers and printers, and give a very fair idea of what is being, or has recently been, done in this way. The earlier examples have something like historic, and the three or four students' designs, perhaps prophetic interest. A few foreign instances are included by way of contrast to English work. It is only fair to say that photographic reproduction on a small scale does much less than justice to large posters depending for their effect in many cases upon sudden contrasts of bright colour it is impossible to render in black-and-white.—EDITOR.

Railery.

From the Picture by A. D. McCormick.

THERE can hardly be any question that adventure is as the very breath of life to Mr. Arthur David McCormick, who was born at Coleraine in 1860. His R.B.A.-ship has jocularly given rise to recognition of him in certain quarters as a Royal British Adventurer, adventurer in the original sense of one eager to explore new lands and all kinds of remote realms of thought and experience.

Just as, in the flesh, Mr. McCormick is at home anywhere, so intellectually he plucks flowers from all kinds of highways and by-ways, and at various moments in the history of the

race. In our picture he turns the hands of the clock back for well over a century, asking us to take a delightful trip with him—shall we suppose to Portsmouth or to Southampton—when Black-eyed Susan lived, or in the days that accord with the temper of our good friend Samuel Pepys. There was no devastating steamship then to cross the English Channel in half-an-hour; the beautiful sailing craft were nurseries for railery and wit, so that when the sailor met the landsman, or the ready-tongued maid of the tavern, they were well matched. Of





The first paragraph of the article discusses the historical context of the magazine's publication. It mentions the long-standing tradition of Harper's as a leading literary and cultural journal. The text then transitions into a discussion of the magazine's current focus on contemporary issues and its commitment to high-quality journalism and artistic expression. The author highlights the magazine's role in shaping public opinion and its influence on the literary world.

The second column of text continues the discussion, exploring the magazine's editorial process and its relationship with its readers. It notes the magazine's dedication to providing a platform for diverse voices and perspectives. The text also touches upon the challenges of maintaining a high standard of quality in a competitive market. The author concludes by expressing optimism about the magazine's future and its continued relevance in the modern era.

Rallery

From the Journal by A. L. Macomber

I have been thinking a great deal lately about the nature of art and the role of the artist in society. It seems to me that the artist is a person who is deeply sensitive to the human condition and who seeks to express this sensitivity through their work. The artist's role is not merely to create beautiful objects, but to provide a mirror to society and to challenge our preconceptions.

In the past, the artist was often seen as a solitary figure, working in isolation. However, in the modern world, the artist is increasingly becoming a public figure, one who is expected to engage with the issues of the day. This has both advantages and disadvantages. On the one hand, it allows the artist to have a greater impact on society. On the other hand, it can be a source of great pressure and self-censorship.



Trailery



Milton's "dust and heat" there is no trace; it is all frolic and sunshine and smoke. There is the accent of Pepys in the thing, something of his humour, his incisiveness, his swift turns and surprises. For instance, in the Diary we read:—

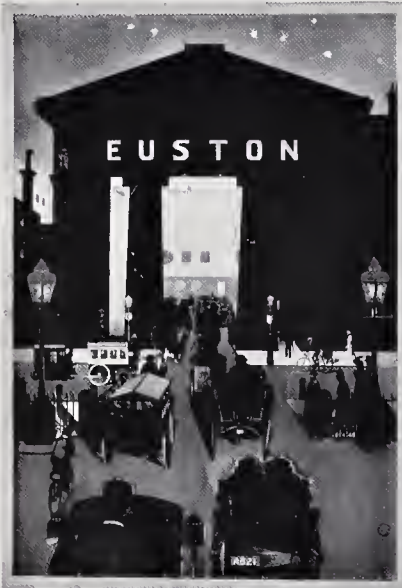
"This evening came a merchantman in the harbour, which we hired at London to carry horses to Portugall; but, Lord! what running there was to the seaside to hear what news . . . By coach to the Yard, and there on board the *Swallow* in the dock to hear our navy chaplain preach a sad sermon, full of nonsense and false Latin; but prayed for the Right Honourable the principall officers. After sermon, to Mr. Tippetts' to drink a glass of wine . . . So I left them and went to the ladies, and walked with them up and down, and took them to Mrs. Stephens, and there gave them wine and sweetmeats, and were very merry; and then comes the Doctor, and we carried them by coach to their lodging, which was very poor, but the best they could get, and such as made much mirth among us . . . So the Doctor and I staid with them playing and laughing, and at last were forced to bid good-night for fear of being locked into the town all night."

There, far better than in any minute descriptions of the actual scene depicted, you have from an authentic human document an interpretation of the spirit rather than the letter of Mr. McCormick's picture.



Designed by Ernest Bertram.
Printed by Nathaniel Lloyd & Co.

London & North Western Railway.



Comfortable Night Journeys.

FREDERICK HARRISON General Manager

Designed by Douglas G. Browne.
Printed by McCorquodale & Co.

London Exhibitions.

THE International Society's venture is understood to have been initiated and in large part carried through by Mr. Joseph Pennell. To him the cordial thanks of students of art are due. With absences like Mr. Sargent, Mr. Steer, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Bone, Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. A. E. John, the exhibition was not representative, even so far as this country is concerned. On the other hand, much interesting and, to Londoners, unfamiliar work of gravers, water-colourists, pastellists, pencillists, was brought together from various countries, and intelligently ordered.

The arrangement was first of all on a national, then on an individual basis. An exhibition within the exhibition alone warranted repeated visits: that comprising sixty or so water-colours, pencil drawings, studies by Menzel. By Rodin, besides three or four etchings, were some swift pencil and wash studies, so "slight," so "rude," so "unintelligible," as, in the opinion of many thoughtful critics, to be unfit for exhibition. But in four or five instances at least he captures on the wing, in these notes of loose or intricate curves, misted with colour, certain essences of design, of movement, of attitude. They help us to understand what Rodin means when he says "La nature se compose elle-même"—if it be for the fraction of a second only. Other features were the group by Degas, including a masterly 'Danseuses,' No. 173, of fundamental force; talented exhibits by MM. Louis Legrand, Leandre, Villon, and the instantaneous Forain; examples in the German room by Boecklin, Klinger, Liebermann, Thoma, Greiner; on the United States wall excellent



(International.)

The Huntsman.

By Joseph Crawhall.

water-colours by Miss Willcox Smith and Mr. G. H. Hallowell, engravings by Mr. Timothy Cole and Mr. Henry Wolf, with the London etchings of Mr. Pennell in the balcony; elsewhere Holland and Sweden, notably in the persons of Mr. Bruckman, Mr. Bauer and Anders Zorn, were interestingly represented. Mr. Brabazon has never emerged more triumphantly. The colours in his joyous, enchanting drawings, that served as frame to some of the sensitive cat studies of the late Arthur Tomson, must have been plighted before birth, so instinctively do they unite to weave a spell. Mr. Crawhall, a too infrequent exhibitor, stands out as a master in his 'The Huntsman' (p. 118) and hounds, grouped in a landscape beyond a stray sapling or two. As names significant of real achievement, there must be added those of Professor Legros, Mr. John M. Swan, Mr. C. H. Shannon. In brief, the International adventured to excellent purpose.

The Forty—for just that number was represented—at Agnew's was not the Faultless Forty of the Academy, but a younger company, less orthodox, perhaps, but more exhilarating. Many of the Independents, to adopt the Old Bond Street catalogue description, demonstrated their right to official recognition. Among the pictures of real importance were Mr. Will Rothenstein's deeply-sought 'Aliens at Prayer,' the best thing he has given us; Mr. Wilson Steer's 'Sunset,' in which courageously he upholds the vision and the tradition of Turner; Mr. D. Y. Cameron's gravely-interpreted 'Berwick-on-Tweed,' with the calm of dawn about it; the dramatic 'Betrayal' of Mr. Ricketts, and several delightful drawings by members of the New English.

Messrs. Peppercorn, Chowne, Shannon, Strang, and, not least, Professor Holmes, contributed.

Separate articles might well be devoted to three or four of the "one-man" exhibitions. At the Leicester Galleries, the distinguished young Scotsman, Mr. Charles Sims, proved that in addition to pictures such as 'Washing Day,' excellent in tone, significant of design, he can sport with colour and pictorially animate a hundred fantasies. At the Carfax there were some 'of Mr. Graham Robertson's satisfactory experiments in Blake's lost method of colour-printing, some charming child portraits and effervescent illustrations to irresponsible ballads. Mr. Bernard Shaw hails the young American photographer, Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, as the equal of Bellini, Hals, Holbein, Gainsborough, rolled into one. Mr. Coburn's portraits and town views were shown by the Royal Photographic Society. Nor must there be forgotten the freely-rendered landscapes of Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, at Dowdeswell's, the pastorals of Mr. Léon Little at the Goupil Gallery, the pictures and drawings of fanciful themes by Mr. W. Dacres Adams at Paterson's, the fifty deft pencil portraits of notable persons by Mr. R. E. Higgins, at 28, Brook Street. The women artists,—“Lady Artists” they used to be, as we are reminded by a belated poster—mustered in Suffolk Street, where Mrs. Jardine, Mrs. Joseph, Mrs. Townshend Johnson, and Miss Woodhead were of the welcome contributors. The Dudley Gallery Art Society, of necessity false to its name, showed at the Alpine Club, with the new President, Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, to conduct it on to mountain heights, and the assistance of fresh exhibitors like Sir Wyke Bayliss and Mr. K. Ishibashi, a Japanese. The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers arranged its twenty-fourth exhibition in Pall Mall East, where were bold plates by Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. East; a good group of Venice subjects by Sir Charles Holroyd; simple, solid architectural studies by Mr. Sydney Lee; and several excellent examples of Mr. Alfred Hartley's art, including the 'Ruined Gateway, Asolo.' None disputes supremacy, however, with Professor Legros. Then, besides "one-man manifestations," which were numerous, at the Obach Galleries there were shown admirably selected water-colours by modern Dutchmen, notably Jacob Maris—though not, unfortunately, Matthew—Mauve, Neuhuys, Bosboom, this being the third section of Sir John C. Day's collection. There were substituted at the Leicester Galleries, for the Millet drawings of Mr. Staats Forbes, many old English pictures chiefly from the same source, some of them too ambitiously attributed. Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi gave connoisseurs another feast by assembling mezzotints and stipple engravings of the golden period, practically all in fine state. The second exhibition at the new Baillie Gallery, 54, Baker Street, consisted of pictures and drawings by men of the so-called Liverpool school.

Sir William Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A.

SIR WILLIAM FETTES DOUGLAS, so named after Sir William Fettes, the founder of Fettes College, was born in George Square, Edinburgh, in 1822. His father was accountant to the Commercial Bank, and an

amateur artist of some distinction. William was a pupil at the Southern Academy, George Square, and at the Royal High School. He also attended the University for two sessions, taking the Botany and Anatomical classes, the



Early Morning, Stonehaven: Fishing-boats coming in.

By Sir W. Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A.



Sir William Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A.

By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.

latter under the celebrated John Goodsir. Destined by his father to be a banker, he was for nearly ten years at the desk in the bank, while his inclination led him to the easel. No doubt he had been industriously schooling himself in Art at the Trustees' Academy and privately. He seems to have given himself entirely to Art, for we find him going with the late Alexander Fraser, R.S.A., on a sketching tour, and shortly after to Rome, where he collected numerous articles of vertu and costumes. His first exhibit in the R.S.A. was in 1843, and in 1851 he was elected an associate and full member in 1854. In 1877 he succeeded James Drummond, R.S.A., as Curator of the National Gallery, and on the death of Sir Daniel Macnee, 1882, he was elected President of the Academy, was knighted, and in 1884 received the degree of LL.D. Edinburgh. He died at Newburgh-on-Tay, 20th July, 1891, where he was making some drawings of the Tay for the Royal Association. He was buried at St. Cyrus. His diploma picture, titled 'A Messenger of Evil Tidings,' shows that some serious alteration had been made on the composition of the picture; originally a young girl stood beside the recipient of the bad news, but that figure was painted out; still, the mark of her presence can be seen on a careful examination of the canvas. Being bound up in antiquarian subjects, wherein his wonderful skill in painting still life found full scope, he utilised his grand collections for such purpose. His water-colour drawings are particularly fine. His manner was not demonstrative, sometimes cynical, but full of individuality and energy, which was displayed when the volunteer movement began in 1859. He

managed the whole work in organizing the first or Artists' Company of the City of Edinburgh Artillery, which was the first Artillery Company in Scotland, and the fourth in Great Britain.

Sales.

DURING the first two months of the year there were no auction-room "events." Some of the doings at Christie's, however, call for a few words of notice. The late Mr. Philip H. Rathbone, Wavertree, Liverpool, whose water-colours and pictures were dispersed on February 24, belonged to a family closely identified for a couple of centuries with Liverpool commerce, and which generously supported all philanthropic movements. The Rathbones were among the earliest opponents of the slave trade. Five small drawings by Millais made 216 gns., including 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' 105 gns.; Fred. Walker's 'New Pupil,' 4 by 5½ in., 145 gns.; the late Frederick Sandys' 'Perdita,' 13 by 10½ in., in oils, 150 gns. From another source came 'Loch Achray,' 46 by 70 in., with an angling party, painted in oils by Sam Bough in 1865; it made 980 gns. This seems to be a "record" at auction for a Bough.

Chief among the pictures by Old Masters, belonging to the late Mr. Frederick Bower, many of them collected by Lord Selsey, of West Dean Park, near Chichester, Lord High Chamberlain to George III., was Romney's 'Lady Greville,' 30 by 25 in., thought to have been painted in 1771, the year before she died in child-bed. It went to Mr. Ashworth, Mr. Bower's son-in-law, for 800 gns. Canaletto's 'Warwick Castle' and 'Old Somerset House' made 240 gns. each; 'A Lady,' painted by R. Falconet in 1771, 205 gns., and Hoppner's 'Lady Selsey,' 210 gns.

On February 17, panels of four saints, each 36 by 13½ in., catalogued as by "Mantegna," but probably the work of Bartolommeo Vivarini, of Murano, the property of the late Mr. Charles Bowyer, made 880 gns.; a portrait of a lady by Paris Bordone, 450 gns.; another 'Lady' by an English artist, 580 gns. The Italian bronzes and objects of art belonging to Mr. Bowyer made £11,806. Among the terra-cottas were a bust of Macchiavelli, Italian, mid-fifteenth century, 620 gns.; statuettes of Voltaire and Rousseau, by Montigny, 550 gns.

Passing Events.

MR. EDWARD TAYLER, who died on February 7, at the age of seventy-seven, has been called the father of the present-day miniature painters. For more than three decades he had been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and as one of the founders of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, of which he was Hon. Treasurer, he was a connecting link between the old and the new schools. A well-known mezzotinter, in the person of Mr. Richard Josey, died about the same time. His plates include those

after Whistler's 'Carlyle' and 'My Mother,' and Millais' 'Earl of Shaftesbury.' We record with regret, too, the death at the advanced age of 92 of Mr. William A. F. Powell, head of the famous firm of glass-makers, which has done so much for the æsthetic side of the industry; and of Mr. James Budgett, the collector, of Stoke Park, Guildford, one of the earliest patrons of the pre-Raphaelites. It was Mr. Budgett who bought for 300 gs. James Smetham's 'Hymn of the Last Supper,' which, when at Rossetti's studio prior to sending in day, Watts called "a great picture, though it is a small one."

THE London and North-Western Railway Company, whose directors years ago refused to allow Watts the opportunity to cover with frescoes the waiting-hall at Euston for the cost of the actual materials, has lately reproduced as colour prints on a big scale, for poster purposes, two marines by that talented young artist, Mr. Norman Wilkinson. They show noble boats of the North Western fleet steaming across the Irish Channel. Mr. W. L. Wyllie and the late Colin Hunter painted many pictures for the use of steamship companies. In Dutch railway stations, notably at The Hague, there are pictures by Mesdag and other prominent painters. Mr. Wilkinson is a member of the R.B.A. and of the Langham Sketching Club. *Apròpos*, the now familiar poster of 'Nero' is by Mr. Charles A. Buchel, who sent to the 1902 Academy a portrait of Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the character of Herod.

A WIDE circle of friends will learn with regret of the death of Mrs. Dudley Hardy, wife of the talented Sheffield-born artist. Mr. Hardy is the son of the well-known marine painter, T. B. Hardy, who died in 1897.

TWO associates were added to the roll of the Old Water-Colour Society at the annual meeting held for that purpose. It is the only London art society apart from the Academy which does not exact a subscription. The new associates are Mr. John Charles Dollman and Mr. Sydney Curnow Vosper. Mr. Dollman is the painter of Academy pictures like 'Mowgli made Leader of the Bandarlog,' 1903, the 'Famine,' 1904, the 'Harvest,' 1905. From the Kensington School of Art he passed into those of the Royal Academy, and he has been represented at Burlington

House most years since 1872. Mr. Dollman retired from the Royal Institute in 1900.

A SIGNAL honour has been conferred upon Mr. F. Derwent Wood. A committee of artists and amateurs, formed at Venice to give practical expression to the gratitude roused by the services of Professor Fradelleto, chose Mr. Wood's bronze 'Leda' for presentation. It was at the International Society's show a year or two ago.

MR. HAVARD THOMAS' 'Lycidas,' which caused a sensation at the New Gallery in 1905 after having been rejected at the Academy, was, along with the reinstated Hogarth altar-piece, one of the features of the spring exhibition at the Bristol Fine Arts Academy. The testimony of a doctor to its close accuracy, especially as to the advanced chest development with the adolescent thighs and pelvis, corroborates the views expressed by most responsible art critics. In London the 'Lycidas' appeared in wax, at Bristol in white plaster. Surely it should be fashioned in marble, and represent Mr. Thomas in the gallery of his native city Bristol, or elsewhere.

IN several quarters surprise was expressed when choice fell on Mr. Clausen to paint the presentation portrait of Mr. J. Williams Benn, Chairman of the L.C.C., 1904-5. But Mr. Clausen has sent several portraits to the Academy, among them 'Mrs. Herbert Roberts' and 'Margaret Hilton-Smith.'

ONE of the numerous Art Unions has conceived the idea of permitting prize-winners to select works of stated values from the Royal Academy and other prominent London exhibitions. A painter employed by the Metropolitan Railway Company has won the principal award of £500. What artist will be "patronise"?

MR. EDWARD C. CLIFFORD, R.I., is judging the black-and-white drawings submitted in accordance with the conditions printed in *THE ART JOURNAL*. The prize-winners will be named in the May issue and the successful drawings will be reproduced. Particulars of a new competition will be announced.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition.—II.*

IN a first notice of the Arts and Crafts one attempted to suggest the necessity for discriminating between the exhibition and the movement whose value in life was not to be gauged either by the best or the worst in the galleries, nor by anything done, unless, "seeing through, not with the eye," there is discernment of the purpose, realisation that craft-work is an ensouled task. Body and mind of the craftsman are free to exercise the divine arts of imagination, and—if freedom be interpreted as the love which is the fulfilling of the law—order, truth and

beauty, in life and in the arts of life, will be established as the trinity in unity of modern as of ancient creative thought.

The truest estimate of the extent to which this freedom has already enlarged the spirit of appropriate invention is to be gained, as has been said, in study of the crafts which have no mechanical substitute, such as illumination, calligraphy, embroidery; or of those which are not in competition with cheap work, such as the fine arts of book-production, jewellery and the best metal-work, or hand-painted porcelain and pottery. In the case of the first-named crafts, manufacture cannot do the work at all. In

* Continued from page 94.

the second, both are necessary to fulfil the public demand and the hand-work and individual design are wanted and can be acquired by people neither extraordinary in their principles nor in their income.

To make small things beautifully—a cushion, a book, a necklace, a goblet or bowl—and to awaken appreciation for these things, seems perhaps not a great way for craftsmanship to have penetrated the scheme of modern life; yet the more one studied the exhibition, the more one was struck by the presence in these minor crafts of a right invention wanting in the bigger undertakings. It has been made the theme of melancholy pronouncements on the Arts and Crafts, that in the exhibition the good was mainly in small work, the bad in large. Is it really a sign of retrogression? Is it not rather evidence that the craftsmen of 1906 are in relation to a bigger public, and admitted farther into the scheme of ordinary life than they were when, instead of general developments in the minor arts, the big man who could recreate the minor arts as relaxations from his greater concerns hung the exhibition with arras and carpets, and design for big schemes of decoration followed the high hope of his achievement? In tapestry, carpets, furniture, to buy the newly designed is to buy something inferior to what has been done. It is at present not so much a sign of taste as of principle to acquire Arts and Crafts furniture if genuine work by the eighteenth century masters is to be had, and



Chalice of Silver, Ivory and Enamel.
By Alexander Fisher.



Clock inlaid with Mother-of-Pearl.
(L.C.C. Central School.)
By F. Lansdown.

that the furniture and textiles in the present exhibition were inferior to those of previous exhibitions is the natural result of prolonged working in artificial relationship to life.

The craftsman was first a follower of Morris. He is now an experimentalist in his capability of serving his generation with acceptable wares, and is learning how good public taste is, and how bad. The people who buy the Dove's Press 'Tacitus,' or 'English Bible,' or have their valuable books bound by Mr. Cockerell or Miss Adams, prefer a fine oriental rug to a British hand-tufted carpet, and Georgian furniture to anything in the recent exhibition. These are the people who form the wholesome and true public for the craftsman; not the small circle of the specially indoctrinated. It is surely better that modern English furniture-making should have to adapt itself to a public that has the good taste to appreciate what its ancestors had the good fortune to commission, than that, as in countries where middle-class furnishing had no such period of excellence in beauty and convenience, it should develop in unchecked extravagance of revolt or archaism.

So long as the craftsman, in some capacity or other, is using the true persuasion of fine production to re-establish the demand for craftsmanship, one ought not to complain that regeneration is visible chiefly in small ways. Tapestry, painted furniture, and such costly craft-work is the luxury of the very few. Jewellery, embroidery, fine bindings or printing are luxuries of the many.

comparatively. Surely, as arts and crafts in modern civilisation have to be re-instated through the enlightened intelligence of the few, instead of developing from the common needs of everyone, it is matter for hope, not for regret that small things are best done at present. If the society had begun, or could have begun, in making the common utilities beautiful again, and were now to come forward with an exhibition chiefly beautiful in its articles of luxury, one might announce decay. As it is, from making rare luxuries to making more general ones is an advance both in prosperity and in the ideal of the movement.

The case of bindings by Mr. Douglas Cockerell, exhibited by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, contained besides the resplendent 'Milton,' the bright 'Empedocles' (illustrated in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1905), and other such richly decorated books, a great red sealskin 'Sermones B. Bernardi,' with a heraldic device, which in restrained but imposing decoration is an example whose imitation would be good for many of Mr. Cockerell's imitators (p. 126). The tendency to over-ornamentation is prevalent, and this big volume, with others in the case, were a relief from florid tooling and inlay, and, it is to be hoped, an influence towards more reticent design. Miss Katharine Adams showed two examples of dotted ornamentation, charming in the little 'Fifteenth Century Italian MS.' with its dainty embroidered case, and two other books which are admirably fresh. Miss Pattinson's 'Omar Khayyam' (p. 126), with a vine and rose all-over design, very bright and firm, is excellent; and by Miss Hoffman and Mr. Gedge were other bindings of distinction in



Enamelled Earthenware: "Prudence."

By Conrad Dressler.

MY JOURNEYINGS
were brought to Jericho:
Thus I resume:—
Who studious in our art
Shall count a little
labour unrepaid?
I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone
On many a stinty furlong of this land.
Also, the country-side is all on fire
With rumours of a marching hitherward:
Some say Vespasian cometh, some his son.
A black lynx snarled & pricked a tufted ear:
Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls:
I cried and threw my staff and heaves gone.
Twice have the robbers stripped & beaten me
And once a town declared me for a spy:
But at the end, I reach Jerusalem.
Since this poor covert where I pass the night
This Bethany, lies scarce the distance thence
A man with plague-sores at the third degree

Browning's "Epistle."

Written by Louise Lessore.
Gilded by Graily Hewitt.



Embroidered Cushion Cover.

By Louise Lessore.



(Exhibited by Josiah Wedgwood & Sons)

Covered Bowl.

By Alfred H. Powell.



Buckle.

By J. A. Hodel.

pattern. Mr. Cobden Sanderson, the originator of this wide-spread revival, showed bindings of the 'English Bible' and the 'Milton' of the Dove's Press—books which are among the masterpieces of modern typography—as well as of volumes from the Chiswick Press and other sources.

The clear, stately pages of the Dove's Press books had no rivals in the exhibition, though the examples of the excellent printing of the Chiswick Press, which include the 'Oresteia,' in the Greek fount designed by the late Robert Procter, Mr. St. John Hornby's volumes in the rich Italian type, and various illustrated and individually designed volumes from the Eragny Press, were other evidences of the revival of the art of printing in public and private undertakings. Among the productions of the Eragny Press was a little book by Mr. Sturge Moore, but more of his imaginative woodcuts, and some of the silken designs of Mr. Ricketts, would have strengthened this part of the exhibition. Nor was there anything by Mr. Strang. A number of books from the



(L.C.C. Central School.)

Chalice.

By A. G. Toms.



Silver Cloak-Clasp.

By Annie Steer.



Gold Rings.

By Annie Steer.



Ornament from Mayoress's Chain,
Preston.
By Florence H. Steele.
(Electrotype by C. C. Krall.)



Gold Pendant.
By J. A. Hodel.



Necklet and Pendant in silver and enamel,
set with stones: "Maybuds."
By Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin.



Card Case, Silver and Niello.
By J. M. Doran.



Setting for Signs of the
Ionian Islands.
By Margaret J. Awdry.



Brooch by Mrs. Douglas Cockerell.



Silver Brooch, set with pearls
and rubies.
Designed by Bernard Cuzner.
Executed by W. W. Gilbert.

Essex House Press, a not very fortunate example from Dun Emer, and Mr. Guthrie's fantastic 'Elf,' represented other typographical ventures. The title-page to Schopenhauer, by Mr. A. E. R. Gill, exhibited by Insee Verlag, is an example of an art of clear, judicious lettering on whose application to carved inscriptions Mr. Gill is to be congratulated. His tablets are, it is to be hoped, a practical issue of the revival of letter-designing which will be recognised as of public use. The child's book illustrations of the President are characteristic of his later fancy, inexhaustible in ingenuity as ever in the days of his first delightful page-inventions.

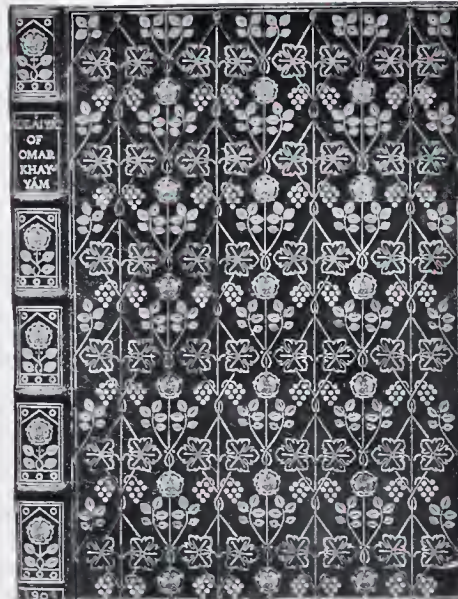
In jewellery and metal-work the originators were not thoroughly represented. True, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin had a case of the daintiest jewellery they have yet produced, as well as Limoges enamels, true in colour. But Mr. Alexander Fisher only showed two pieces, and though one was the



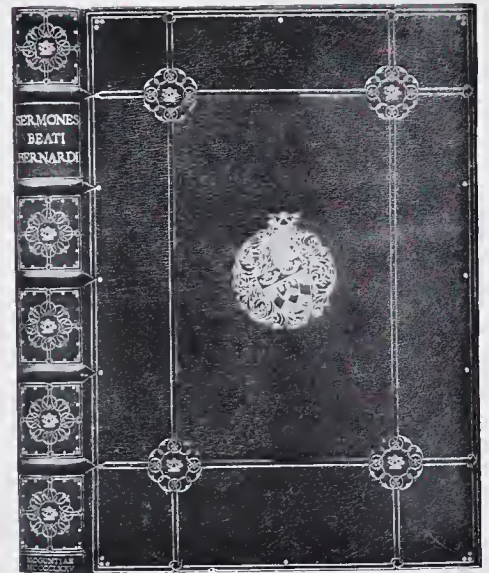
'St. Christopher': Tempera Painting on Lime Plaster (unfinished).
By John D. Batten.

rich and characteristic chalice (p. 122), yet that is a suggestion only, not a record of his activity. By Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson there was nothing, nor by Mr. Henry Wilson, whose influence has been one of the most potent

imaginative forces in the revival, and other well-known craftsmen who were unrepresented are Messrs. Ramsden and Carr. With these absentees as loss to the exhibition, its variety is the surer evidence of a genuine revival of skill and invention. Not only important exhibitors like Mr. Paul Cooper—who, besides the silver-work of which charming examples are illustrated on page 89, and jewellery, showed his finished craftsmanship in caskets of shagreen and silver—Mr. Richard Garbe, whose versatile art in many materials also included shagreen, or Mr. Edward Spencer with his associates of the admirable Artificers' Guild; but exhibitors of a few things showed the attainment of the craftsman's standard. Miss Annie Steen's rings, with their delicate settings, her clasps and chains, Miss Awdry's elaborate briar rose necklace and other successful pieces, Miss Gimson's filigree, Mrs. Douglas Cockerell's brooch with the orange stones, are examples of a prevalence of good work, varied and showing artistic independence. Miss May Morris's green-stoned girdle, Mr. Hodel's vigorously wrought buckles, whose colour-effect as in his more delicate pendants is finely studied; Mr. Bernard Cuzner's solid and rich brooches, and the pendants of Mr. R. Ll. Rathbone, are as characteristic of these artists as they are representative of the development of the art in general. Miss Steele, in her design for the Mayoress's chain, as in other designs for silver-work, proved again her faculty for harmonious figure-ornament. The use of enamel in combination with jewels, in Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin's pendants and chains, gives these artists endless combinations of delicate colour, whose charm and freshness deserve the titles—'Blue Lavender,' 'Maybuds,' 'Pink Clover' are examples—which describe these dainty things. Mr. J. H. M. Bonnor showed the massive but finely



Binding.
By Alice Pattinson and George Fisher



Red Sealskin Binding.
(Exhibited by W. H. Smith & Son.)
By Douglas Cockerell.

wrought pendant, with its colour harmony of blues and calm grey of the chrysoprase, illustrated in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1905 (p. 291), and various examples of his imaginative skill, both in collaboration with Mr. Edward Spencer, as in the fine cross and vine pendant in Case 393, and in single-hand production.

In the larger uses of enamel there was little of fine quality. Here previous exhibitions, with Mr. Alexander Fisher's and Mr. Nelson Dawson's work, have been more fortunate. The plaques by Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin have been noticed. Mrs. Traquair's work is too pretty, too iridescent, to express more of her undoubtedly inventive fantasy than its fluency; and though Mr. Meteyard's panels in Limoges enamel of the Crucifixion on his carefully wrought copper stoup, and of the Adoration, are good in quality, the genuine imagery of imaginative conception is lacking to the designs. One feels in these, as in most of the stained-glass windows, the marble reredos of Miss Downing, the finely embroidered but inane design of the altar frontal from Kilburn, the indirect imaginative approach, influenced by traditional forms, to the destruction of the personal conception of those eternal, inexhaustible themes of awe and beauty. Mr. Dressler's Crucifixion in enamelled earthenware, despite the most unfortunate truncation of the two thieves and the insufficiency of the central figure, is more expressive in the spectators, and the child angels are ingenuous. But one feels that, unless in Mr. Batten's tender and reverent 'St. Christopher' (p. 126), there is small approach in our modern decorative art to anything



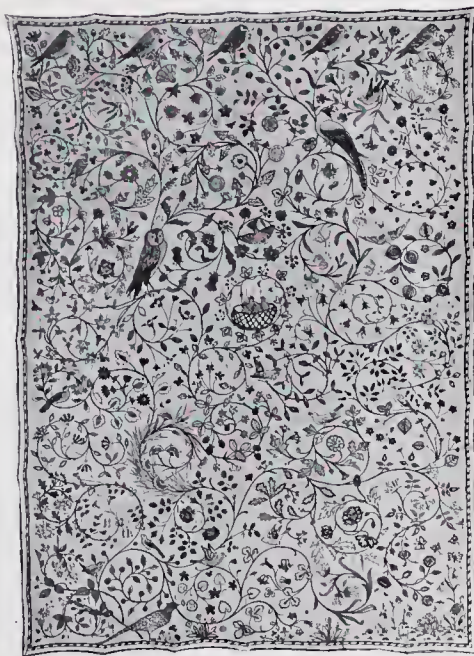
Pendants and Chain: "Briar Rose."
By Margaret Awdry.

Comincia la seconda Cantica della Com-
media, appellata Purgatorio. Canto Primo. Purgatorio
10



A Page from "Dante."

Illuminated by Louise Lessore.
Gilded by Graily Hewitt.



Coverlet, worked in wools on Harris linen.

By the teachers and students of needlework
at the Birmingham Municipal School of Art.

that is genuinely religious art, so far as that is dependent on subject. Mr. Dressler is effective with his sculptured spandrels, where 'The Crown of Wild Olives' and 'Hygiene' give him significant subjects; and Mrs. Sargent Florence's Arthurian cartoons have undoubted vigour of sentiment and expression. Mr. Bertram Pegram and Mr. Schenck were other contributors of sculptured decorations, but with the important exception of Mr. Reynolds-Stephens' interior decorations in Great Warley Church (*THE ART JOURNAL*, 1905, p. 69)—a rare opportunity for the craftsman whose fulfilment was recorded in the exhibition by photographs and models—there is less notice of the architectural activities of the society than in previous exhibitions, when Mr. Frampton and Mr. Anning Bell have been among represented sculptors.

Metal-work for church purposes and for domestic heat and light fittings included some excellent designs by Mr. Edward Spencer, executed by the Artificers' Guild, especially the altar rail, a lectern in wrought iron, cunningly intertwisted, and a fire-screen in the same material with an acorn border; an altar cross of intricate but too lively design by W. Bainbridge Reynolds, who also showed a lectern in brass and elaborately fringed and plaited leather; Mr. Gimson's fire-irons, grates by Messrs. Longden, and gas and electric fittings by W. A. S. Benson. The exhibits of the Metallic Ornamentation Company, as representing a new process (*THE ART JOURNAL*, 1906, p. 40), should also be noticed, though the designs hardly make the most of the possible effects.

In pottery, the loss of the fine De Morgan ware—one jar recalls the regretted closing of the kilns—must somewhat counterbalance the hope for artistic potting suggested by the exhibits of the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company of Lancastrian and lustre ware, the developments of Mr. Howson Taylor's Ruskin ware, and Mr. Alfred Powell's lustre and painted china shown by Josiah Wedgwood—a collaboration of which full notice was taken in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1905 (p. 38).

The experiments of William and Joseph Burton have undoubtedly given the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company secrets of the fine production of lustre, and in some of the lustre pottery designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day, Mr. William Burton, and Mr. John Chambers increased knowledge is well applied. In the Lancastrian pottery, as in Mr. Howson Taylor's large and varied contribution, these potters prove that the triumphs of the old Chinese kilns are inspirations to a beautiful modern craft. In pure strong colour, especially, there are some notable successes. The crested lustre bowl of Powell-Wedgwood ware, tea-services ringed or sprigged with freshly-touched little flowers by Mr. Powell, and Mr. Thackeray Turner's effectively decorated bowls (see illustration below), are remaining pottery exhibits of interest.

Of the school-work, detailed notice would be out of proportion. Here one looks for the evidence of the Arts and Crafts teaching to be shown in a level of conscientious and well-directed work, rather than in special evidence of originality. Some of the work noticed in detail in the foregoing notice, as Mr. Bonner's pendant, and the delicately embroidered linen frock of Miss Lessore, was part of the last students' exhibition at the L.C.C. Central School. What is shown in the school cases, and in the carved frames, clocks and fine cabinet-making sent from various craft-schools, is the preparation for independent work in some cases, and, in all, a discipline that is the best procurable substitute in modern life for the teaching that filled and shaped the whole life of the guild-apprentice when art glorified industry. The London County Council schools and classes, the Birmingham Schools, the Sir John Cass Institute, and the Northampton Institute are chief among the schools whose exhibits in the various crafts confirm the claim for the effective action of the Arts and Crafts in teaching. The elaborately-wrought covered cup by Mr. Toms (p. 124), the inlaid clock from the L.C.C. Central School (p. 122), the embroidery from Birmingham, (p. 127), are examples of what is being done.



Bowl.
By Thackeray Turner.



A Dutch Farm at Sunset.

By Govert Camphuysen.

The Wallace Collection. The Netherlandish Pictures—IV.

By Claude Phillips.

THE gallery holds but one example of Emanuel de Witte, the 'Interior of a Protestant Church'; but this is one of his masterpieces, and indeed one of the most remarkable works of the Dutch school at its climax. As a luminist he is here on the level of Pieter de Hooch at his best, but without the touch of quiet human pathos—the pathos of life even in its least dramatic phases—which gives an indefinable charm to the works of the latter master.

Paul Potter, who, like Isack van Ostade, died at the age of twenty-eight, when most painters of to-day are beginning to free themselves from their swaddling-clothes, is represented by three pieces. 'The Milkmaid,' a bold expressive composition, which may be safely placed in or about the year 1647—that of the famous 'Bull' at the Hague—is, like that too vast work, of somewhat horny texture. It bears the signature of the artist, but without a date. To much the same early time must belong the little 'Herdsmen with their Cattle,' a most quaint genre scene illumined by the fitful light of a stormy sky; the absolute naïveté of the rendering is quite different from the conscious, the almost professional humour which marks most of the Dutch genre pieces of this

great time. The 'Cattle in Stormy Weather,' signed "Paulus Potter f. 1653," is one of the last and one of the very finest of the young painter's works; farther towards perfection in this direction it is hardly possible to go. The moment chosen for representation is that one of indefinable physical anxiety when a storm is about to burst over the country. There is perfect harmony between the lurid landscape and the frightened cattle which it enframes; these are presented with the most astonishing truth of individual and dramatic characterization. In this power of giving not the type only, but the individual beast, Paul Potter has never had an equal.

It has very generally been assumed that Govert Camphuysen was, if not the pupil, at any rate the follower of Paul Potter; but the fact that he was a year or two older than the young *chef d'école* creates a certain difficulty. At any rate, we may, and indeed must, infer that Camphuysen was strongly influenced by his younger contemporary. A similar relation must, judging by their works, have existed for a short period between Vermeer of Delft and Metsu, though the latter was a couple of years older than the former. Of Camphuysen's very full-flavoured rustic genre



A Skating Scene.

By Aert van der Neer.

we have—luckily perhaps—no example in the Wallace collection. This 'Dutch Farm at Sunset' (p. 129), signed "G. Camphuijsen," is probably the most serious and pathetic work that exists from the brush of a not always very interesting artist. As in the famous Paul Potter of Grosvenor House, the moment chosen for representation is that when the sun is about to vanish in a final blaze, and the shadows are longest and most defined. Perhaps unconsciously, the artist—or rather the sun for him—has transfigured the homeliness of the scene and the personages into something "rich and strange." Karel du Jardin was first the pupil of the not much older Berchem, and then the follower of the younger Paul Potter: his art shows clearly traces of both influences. He has not the facile elegance of Berchem or the warmth and concentrated vigour of Potter; but in subtlety and slyness of observation, in spontaneous humour, he is unsurpassed among the Dutch of his time. He would have taken higher rank still but for the coldness and hardness of his skies and his imperfect sense of the unifying effect of atmospheric environment. 'The Smithy' and 'Boors Merrymaking' here are good average examples of his most characteristic manner, but neither equals the delicious 'Charlatans Italiens' and 'Le Gué' of the Louvre—both of them nominally Italian scenes, but treated with a breadth of humorous realism that is thoroughly Dutch. Here then is a painter infinitely inferior in technical power to such men as Adriaen van Ostade and Jan Steen, but with a width and truth of observation far superior to that of these and certain kindred masters, who rang the changes with infinite skill, though not with unflinching zest, on a few comic themes which they wore threadbare by constant use. The 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' discreet, quiet, and finely characterised, shows a phase of Du Jardin's art which is much less

familiar in England than in his native Holland. Berchem is and remains in all essentials a Dutchman, though he revels in Italian genre motives and Italian landscape. Brilliant, sharply accented, happy in the selection of pictorial motives, happy in the decorative use of material is this art of his; but also empty, superficial, lacking too often in grip and penetration. It is only exceptionally that it concentrates itself into such a jewel of exquisite purity and beauty as the famous 'Diamant de la Curiosité' of Dorchester House. Among the eight examples which represent him at Hertford House, by far the most noticeable and attractive is the large 'Coast Scene with Figures,' a brilliantly decorative fantasy in which his artistic descent from Jan Baptist (or Giovanni Battista) Weenix is easily to be traced. Here no serious qualities, no conviction are required; they would indeed seriously hamper the painter who should set himself to build up such a purely conventional piece as this. Berchem triumphs easily, and displays to the full his decorative skill, his exquisiteness of touch, his sparkle of gay colours and effective schemes. It is amusing and instructive to compare and contrast this picture with a very similar one, the 'Coast Scene with Classic Ruins,' by Jan Baptist Weenix, which hangs in an adjoining gallery. The latter is the more solid and in some ways the more accomplished artist; yet in comparison with the facile painter who has derived inspiration from him, he is here a little hard and opaque, a little wanting in ease of rhythm, in flow of line. This elder Weenix takes higher ground in such exceptional pieces as 'The Lady at her Mirror' of the Brussels Gallery.

Nowhere in Europe, save perhaps in the Alte Pinakothek, of Munich, which contains twelve of Jan Weenix's most important canvases, is this consummate craftsman, but somewhat tiresome and conventional painter, seen to such advantage as in the Wallace Collection, which can show a series of no less than fifteen of his finest game, "still life," and flower pieces, for the most part belonging to the best time of his practice. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the pictures at Munich, Schleissheim, and Augsburg, being those painted between 1703 and 1712 for Bensberg-on-the-Rhine, the château of the Elector Palatine, belong to the late time of the prolific master, when his colour was at times both lurid and dull, while a number of those in this collection, though of less vast dimensions, are fresher and more brilliant in colour and more powerful in tone. The 'Flowers and Fruit,' No. 102, is one of the most careful and finished, and probably one of the earliest pieces in the



Landscape, with an Avenue.
By Aelbert Cuyp.



The Departure of Jacob into Egypt.

By Adriaen Van de Velde.

series, but not exactly a typical Jan Weenix. The latest is certainly No. 140, 'Dead Peacock and Game,' bearing the painter's signature, and the date 1718, so that it must have been painted when the painter was seventy-eight years old. These pictures constitute superb adjuncts to a rich and splendid palatial ensemble, and they are, indeed, one of the special features of the picture galleries at Hertford House. But to discourse of their cold and inanimate perfections is neither easy nor desirable. Far otherwise is it with Melchior de Hondecoeter, the cousin of Jan Weenix, and his fellow-pupil in the studio of Jan Baptist. There are three examples of his powerful and finished art in the Wallace Collection, of which the 'Peacock and other Birds,' No. 64, is among the very finest pieces that we have from his brush. Hondecoeter's colour, is, it must be owned, somewhat hot and foxy. But what vigour and variety of design, what comic verve and fury in his terrific battles of the poultry-yard, what power of dramatic characterisation in the rendering of these winged termagants of his! Hondecoeter invented a style of his own, and in it has found many copyists and imitators, but no equal, and no true successor. The accomplished Jan Davids de Heem, who may be said to belong equally to the Dutch and Flemish sections of the Netherlandish school, is represented by a famous piece, No. 76, known as 'Les Champignons,' from the rare perfection with which the fresh-gathered mushrooms in the foreground of the canvas are depicted; and further by the

vivid, brilliant 'Still Life, with a Lobster.' To tell the truth, the signature on 'Les Champignons' approaches much more nearly in form and character to that of Cornelis de Heem than to the one which is habitually found on the canvases of his father. Still one hesitates to take away from the greater and give to the lesser artist so considerable a performance. The whole question of the signatures, not only of these, the two best known De Heems, but of the whole group, is exceedingly complicated, and cannot be discussed here. Another brilliant performance of this same school—somewhat too gay and variegated in colour, too little fused into a complete harmony—is the 'Still Life, with Fruit and Gold Plate,' No. 107, formerly ascribed to Cornelis de Heem, but now given to the rare painter Pieter de Ring, who, like Cornelis, was the pupil of Jan Davids de Heem. The distinguished Dutch critic, Mr. Hofstede de Groot, was the first to point out the artist's signature—the exquisitely-painted ring which is seen on a table to the extreme right of the canvas. That most accomplished, yet most frigid and unsympathetic of flower-painters, Jan Van Huysum, who belongs rather to the eighteenth than to the seventeenth century, is represented by two characteristic pieces—'Flowers in a Vase,' No. 149, and 'Fruit and Flowers.' For all the wondrous finish, the precision and external truth of the rendering, what a falling-off is here from the tenderness and beauty with which the artists of the Quattrocento, both north and south of the Alps, painted

flowers—from the intuition with which they divined their true beauty, their true use in art! The French painters of “still life” of the eighteenth century—Oudry at his best, as he is seen in the Wallace Collection, and the incomparable Chardin—made a great advance in many respects on even the most eminent of the accomplished Netherlanders who preceded them. They gave a more living and natural environment, a truer suggestion of human solicitude to their “still life,” and thus, quite apart from questions of technique, placed it in a different category. And technically, too, Chardin, in his groups of fruit, homely crockery, and the table-gear of the humble bourgeois, stands absolutely apart and above rivalry—the delight of the true amateur, and the despair of the modern artist, whose tendencies lead him in the same direction. Curiously enough, Chardin’s only precursor in this peculiar style of his is Vermeer of Delft, with whose paintings he was probably wholly unacquainted. For proof of this assertion of mine, which may possibly seem a little paradoxical, I would call attention to the ‘Girl Reading a Letter,’ of the Dresden Gallery, with its broadly-painted group of red-checked apples in a fine dish of Delft ware.

No collection, public or private—not even the Dulwich Gallery, with its fourteen examples, by no means all of them of the highest quality or in the best preservation—can boast a finer series of landscapes by Aelbert Cuyp than the Wallace Collection, which shows eleven canvases, great and small, from his brush. No doubt there are to be found in the English collections, in which alone can Cuyp be adequately studied, isolated examples of a still higher beauty than these admirable ones of Hertford House; and in support of this statement I need hardly cite the famous canvases at Dorchester House and in the Bridgewater Gallery, and the exquisite ‘Winter Scene’ in the collection of the Earl of Yarborough. Yet, as a group, the Cuyps of the Wallace Collection maintain their right to the first place. The noble, spacious ‘River Scene, with View of Dock,’ No. 138, may be a little pale and faded; but nothing can surpass the daring and accomplishment of the ‘River Scene, with Shipping,’ No. 49, in which, with wholly exceptional vigour, and indeed a kind of *furia*, the master has painted a sailing boat literally rushing through the water, and dashing the spray high in the air as she goes. Deliciously quaint and true is the ‘Landscape with an Avenue’ (p. 131), in which the master has disdained any rearrangement of his homely subject. Nowhere has he more magically than here imprisoned the calm radiance of the afternoon sun in his canvas. Of the same high quality, though, it may be, a little hard in the treatment of the water, is the ‘River Scene, with Shipping and Figures,’ No. 54. The other pictures are of much smaller dimensions, but all of them, without exception, of beautiful quality; they may be enjoyed, but need not be described. And yet I cannot refrain from dwelling for a moment upon two of them: ‘Cattle,’ No. 180, and ‘A Shepherd

with His Flock.’ In the latter the golden illumination of evening floods and almost etherializes the scene; in the former the waning sunlight is tempered to a tender grey, relatively uncommon in Cuyp’s mature work; in the very lines of the composition, as in the reposeful colour-scheme, there is a happy quiescence. ‘The Peace of Evening,’ we might call this humble, unassuming little picture, which is, nevertheless, a masterpiece. Though Aert van der Neer does not, in the estimation of connoisseurs, find a place in the very first rank among the Dutch painters of the golden prime—and this, perhaps, on account of a certain thinness and want of quality in execution—he is one of the most interesting and, indeed, captivating artists of his time. His observation is acute and sympathetic in the extreme, his compositions are true and infinitely varied; he sees Dutch landscape and the busy Dutch cities rather from the *penseroso* than the *allegro* point of view, with a touch of poetic contemplation that is all his own. Where shall we find a greater subtlety of vision, a more tender and true rendering of moonlight, than in the three canvases which hang side by side in Gallery XIV.—‘A River Scene by Moonlight’ (No. 159), ‘A Winter Scene’ (No. 159), and ‘A Canal Scene by Moonlight’ (No. 161)? In ‘A Skating Scene’ (p. 130), the pale grey, rose, green, and gold harmony of a fine winter afternoon is rendered, as it is only rendered by Aert van der Neer himself, by Isack van Ostade, and on exceptional occasions by Cuyp. Among the specifically marine painters we find unfortunately neither Simon de Vlieger nor his still more gifted pupil Jan van de Cappelle. It is some conso-



A Stream in Hilly Country.

By Philips Wouverman.

lation that this latter—in his happiest moments the finest of all the Dutch marine painters—is magnificently represented at the National Gallery. We can, however, see Willem van de Velde and Ludolf Bakhuijsen in the highest perfection in the galleries of Hertford House.

To the former painter neither the connoisseur nor the painter of to-day is quite just. They are too apt to be repelled by a certain hardness in his colour and textures, by a certain over-precision in his execution, and they fail to give him credit for the repose and balance of his compositions, the rare, if excessive, perfection of his finish, or that subtler quality, his fine sense of values. He asserts himself perhaps less happily in the big bravura piece 'Shipping in a Calm' ('Le Coup de Canon')—fine as this is in its way; less in 'A Naval Engagement,' No. 77, which has literal truth and singular precision, but no great fire or force of impression—than in such jewels of Dutch art as the little 'Coast Scene with Fishing Boats,' No. 143, and 'Ships in a Calm,' No. 145. On a par with these last in quality are 'A Coast Scene with Shipping,' No. 221, 'Ships in a Breeze,' No. 215, and 'Landing from Ships of War,' No. 249. In few even of the Dutch galleries is this once over-rated, and now on the contrary under-rated, master so agreeably represented. To Ludolf Bakhuijsen is not as a rule conceded a place very high up among the Dutch painters of his time and type; but if we were to judge him only by the two seascapes in the Wallace Collection, we might be strongly tempted to reverse or vary this verdict. 'Ships in a Storm,' No. 248, is an excellent and quite representative example; but 'Sea Piece, with Shipping,' No. 244, is much finer still. This painting, curiously enough, used to be catalogued in the Wallace Collection as by Aelbert Cuyp. In felicity and seeming naturalness of composition, in the broad rhythmic sweep of the aerial movement, it is indeed little short of a masterpiece.

It is interesting to note how here Bakhuijsen—the practised and excellent painter of no very high fame or commanding influence—shows himself the precursor of the mighty Turner in the sea-pieces of his second manner. We know that Turner studied Cuyp, and, in one well-known instance, produced an important work deliberately painted in his manner. There is no inherent improbability in the supposition that he studied the humbler Bakhuijsen also. It is just these giants of art who most successively appropriate and assimilate—who vindicate their right to borrow, because they can develop and transform. Philips Wouverman, a painter of exquisite accomplishment, is yet not an artistic personality of the first order. His treatment of Nature shows the closest observation and the greatest subtlety; to match his tender blue skies, in which heavy white cumuli hang suspended, his sandy hillocks, part-covered with sparse herbage, even in the Dutch art of his day, would be difficult. Inimitably touched, too, though much more conventional, are the little figures—the cavalry skirmishes, the peasants, the gipsies, the bathers—which constitute his picture-furniture. But there is no vision, no conception of a picture as a whole: the conventional animation, the skilful distribution of the figures, suggests an artificiality which does not happily combine with the delicate truth of the landscape and the atmospheric environment. Philips Wouverman is finely represented in the Wallace Collection, the 'Horse Fair' being one of his most celebrated works. It is only equalled

—if, indeed, it is equalled—by the two important canvases, equally well known to amateurs, which are in the collection of the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House. The earliest example of the master here is the 'Coast Scene, with Figures,' No. 187. The best of the smaller canvases are, however, the rich-toned and unusually vigorous 'Shoeing a Horse,' No. 144, and the vivacious and brilliant, the delicately detailed 'Camp Scene,' No. 193. Here the Dutch painter proves himself the pioneer of Watteau in his first manner, and consequently of Pater, whose camp-scenes are closely modelled on those of his master. Of that exceedingly well-equipped and conscientious, but a trifle dull and *terre à terre* painter, Jan Wijnants, nothing need be said here, save that the galleries of Hertford House contain three excellent examples of his work; Wijnants is indeed more remarkable for the influence which he exercised on contemporary landscape painters of his region and school than for any very strong individuality or peculiar charm of his own.

Though Adriaen van de Velde, the younger brother of the marine painter, Willem van de Velde the younger, was the pupil of Wijnants and of Philips Wouverman, it would perhaps have been more proper to mention him in the group with Paul Potter, Karel du Jardin, and Camphuijsen, seeing that, in its full development, his art owed much to the wonderful young cattle painter who was so prematurely cut off. Adriaen van de Velde was, however, no imitator, but an artist of well-defined originality, who himself made a school, and was much and slavishly imitated. His was an art of singular perfection within well-defined limits, but a temperament of a curious coldness, which was well served and perfectly expressed by the coldness of his finished yet never trivial execution. His most important work, so far as dimensions go, is the careful, cold, and uninspiring 'Departure of Jacob into Egypt' (p. 132) of this collection, for a parallel to which in size, one must turn to the vast canvas from the same brush which is in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Respect, but not passionate admiration, may be felt for the master who so conscientiously carried through a work of this elaboration. To see and appreciate Adriaen van de Velde at his best, one must turn to such a piece of unflinching accomplishment as 'Die Farm,' once in the collection of Lord Francis Clinton Hope, but now, with too many other masterpieces from English private galleries, in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum at Berlin. The little 'Noon-day Rest,' in the Wallace Collection, is a rustic scene of much less development and importance, which nevertheless shows the accomplished "small master" at his best. Though his name appears officially only on these two works, Adriaen's hand is to be traced in the diverting and admirable little figures which complete five other canvases in the collection. These are: 'The Margin of a Canal,' No. 225, by Jan van der Heyden, the 'Landscape, with a Farm,' No. 197, by Jacob van Ruisdael, the 'Avenue in a Wood,' by Jan Hackaert, the 'Landscape with Cattle,' No. 160, and 'A Hilly Landscape,' No. 249, by Wijnants. Especially useful are these spirited and dramatic figures of Adriaen's in the landscapes of the last-named painter, to which they add an element which would otherwise be wanting in them. Not the least curious thing in connection with his frequent collaboration with other landscapists is this circumstance, that it stimulates him to give to his share of the performance



Landscape, with a Watermill.
By Meindert Hobbema.



The Margin of a Canal.

By Jan van der Heyden.

the character and the charm which are sometimes wanting when he has the field entirely to himself. Particularly delightful is his share of the work in 'The Margin of a Canal' (p. 136), which is one of the finest works of Jan van der Heyden. One of the wonders of Dutch art is the technique of this astonishing painter of the quaint Dutch cities—their churches, town-halls, houses and canals. Every brick, every flagstone, in the buildings that border the spacious streets and open spaces is faithfully rendered; and yet the general effect, the atmospheric environment, is preserved; the detail is all there, as it might be in a prosaic specification, and yet the eye is not compelled to take it in at the expense of the whole. The only drawback to this piece, which is otherwise quite perfect of its kind, is a relative hardness and opacity in the blue sky half veiled with white cloud. Only less fine is the 'Exterior of a Church,' with the surprisingly detailed yet forceful and strongly accentuated rendering of the great wall of a church in the foreground. 'A Street Scene' has a main motive quieter and less striking, yet is also an admirable example of the master. Here again Adriaen adds an element of vivacious humanity without destroying the unity of the conception. The 'Landscape with Waterfall,' No. 113, is a good average example of Allart van Everdingen, whose merit, notwithstanding a certain woolliness of texture and monotony of aspect, is far greater than is allowed by those who know him only in the examples to be found in the English collections—in which he is but poorly represented. It is in the galleries of Berlin and Dresden that he is to be studied to the greatest advantage. But after all, what interests the connoisseur most in Everdingen is the fact that he exercised a great influence upon Jacob van Ruisdael, and undoubtedly was his pioneer in one whole branch of his practice. That Everdingen sojourned during four years in Scandinavia

is on record, but we shall probably never know for certain whether Ruisdael was tempted by his example to undertake the same journey, or whether he built up his rather conventional, if scenically very effective, waterfall scenes upon the substructure of Everdingen's actual experience.

There remain to be discussed the groups of landscapes by Jacob van Ruisdael and Hobbema. The comparison is as inevitable as that between Reynolds and Gainsborough. Hobbema, the pupil or follower, is the favourite of the collector, and partly, no doubt, on account of their greater rarity, his pictures have a far higher market value than that which even the finest canvases of the greater and more universal master reach. Hobbema has a peculiar preciousness and beauty of execution, and enchants, too, by delightful episodes; by the sunlight glade opening out amidst the dark forest green, the water-mill that mirrors itself in the clear pool beneath, the devious paths that lead the eye captive and draw it away first in one direction, then in another. He is a painter exquisite rather than great or epoch-making. But Ruisdael at his best has an infinitely greater scope, a vaster horizon, actual and spiritual. He introduces, or rather re-introduces, into landscape art the note of contemplation, of human pathos, and is indeed the precursor of much that is greatest and truest in modern landscape—of Constable, above all, and the French romantic school of the nineteenth century.

But to recognise this unique position of his, one must see him in such works as the 'View of Katwyck,' of the Glasgow Municipal Gallery; the 'Landscape with an extensive, flat, wooded country' of the National Gallery; the 'Coup de Soleil' of the Louvre, and the smaller 'Coup de Soleil' of Dorchester House; the 'Castle of Bentheim,' in the collection of Mr. Alfred Beit, and the great Forest

Scenes of St. Petersburg and Berlin. The best Ruisdael in the Wallace Collection is the small 'Landscape with a Farm'; a piece of modest aspect, yet of unsurpassable quality, and showing the master at his best as an executant. It has not, however, that physiognomy, that concentrated strength of pictorial motive, by which a landscape—especially one of Ruisdael's—is best and longest remembered. The 'Landscape with a Village' is a grave and noble composition, probably founded on a study made in Germany, to certain regions of which, adjacent to Holland, Ruisdael made more than one pedestrian excursion. It is in these pathetically truthful transcripts from Nature, and not in his more scenic and sensational performances, that lies the true greatness of this master. The little 'Landscape with a Blasted Tree' strikes a gayer note in its colour-scheme; it has an admirable blue sky, laden with those heavy white cumuli which none ever drew or painted as Ruisdael has. The large and imposing, but to a great extent conventional, 'Landscape with Waterfall,' signed "Ruisdael," belongs to the painter's late time, when illness and depression had enfeebled his hand: the touch lacks energy and accent, and the general tone is dull. Yet there are in it passages of great beauty—as that, for instance, which shows the lurid light of a stormy sunset; mirrored in the clear water of the stream, which is soon to break into a foaming cataract.

No gallery, public or private, unless it be the National Gallery, contains so fine a group of Hobbemas as that which adorns and enriches the Wallace Collection. And, apart from the incomparable 'Avenue of Middelharnis,' which stands alone in this painter's life-work, and is, in a sense, an exception, the Hobbemas of the Wallace Collection would deserve the first place, even in a competition with Trafalgar

Square. But the much coveted master, just because of this absence, save in the one instance cited, of any commanding central motive such as gives a distinctive physiognomy to a landscape, is very difficult to describe, even in his best performances. The 'Landscape with a Ruin'—one of those red-stone ruins which both he and Ruisdael love—is a superb work, in which the harmony is sombre, yet rich and vibrant. The 'Stormy Landscape,' of more imposing dimensions, is designedly dull and leaden of aspect, with a sky in which rain-clouds veil and blot out the purity of the blue and the radiance of the white. We are nearer here to a dramatic mode of presentment than is usual with this painter; but Hobbema still falls far short of his master in grandeur of conception. Of an exquisite green and silver tonality is the 'Landscape with a Water-mill' (p. 135), which is perhaps—with the 'Landscape with a Ruin'—the most attractive of the whole group. Well worthy to consort and to compete with it are, however, the 'Wooded Landscape' and 'Outskirts of a Wood.'

Attention may be called in conclusion to the 'Avenue in a Wood' of Jan Hackaert, with most dexterously touched little figures by Adriaen van de Velde; to the 'Italian Landscape with Cattle' and 'Italian Landscape with Figures,' both of which are particularly decorative and beautiful examples of Jan Both; and to the two landscapes of Adam Pynacker, who like Both, under whose influence he developed, spent much time in Italy. The mode of conception is, indeed, akin to that of the latter painter, but a curious jerkiness and angularity in the landscapes of this very capable, if not very engaging, executant make them easily distinguishable from the works of any other artist of his time.

Exhibition of Historical Portraits at Oxford.

THE third and concluding exhibition of Historical Portraits at Oxford was opened on the 11th of April. The University authorities and Mr. C. F. Bell, of the Ashmolean Museum, upon whom the greater part of the work has fallen, are to be congratulated very sincerely upon the success of their scheme, which has been an invaluable one both for students of English history and of painting, and has covered a period of 300 years. The present collection is devoted to the portraits of those personages, having some connection with the town or the University of Oxford, who died between 1714 and 1839; and so includes a certain number of people who belonged to the 17th century, although they lived on into the earlier years of the 18th. In this way we get portraits of Sir Christopher Wren, Joseph Addison, of whom there are four, including one by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Matthew Prior, John Flamsteed, the astronomer, John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," and so on; and works by certain of the earlier painters, such as Kneller, Sir James Thornhill, Antonio Verrio, Jonathan Richardson the elder, Michael Dahl, Thomas Gibson, and a number of others, who belong more to the 17th than the 18th century. The greater and later masters of the 18th century are well represented. There are eight by Reynolds, including Bishop Robinson, Charles Burney,

the musician, General John Guise, Thomas and Joseph Warton, and Edward Gibbon. Among the Romneys, of which there are seven, there is another likeness of Gibbon, and others of John Wesley and Shute Barrington. The Gainsboroughs number only two, one of them the portrait of Weibore Ellis, Baron Mendip; but there are seven by Hoppner and nine by Sir Thomas Lawrence, including representations of George Canning and William Windham. It is this section of the exhibition which will attract the most attention, more, perhaps, on account of the artists than of the subjects, interesting though most of the latter are; but to the serious student, the exceptionally good opportunity which is presented of examining the work of the lesser men of the period, many of whom are practically forgotten to-day, will be one of the chief reasons for a visit to Oxford. Among the better known of these are such painters as Thomas Hudson, Allan Ramsay, Joseph Highmore, William Hoare, Robert Edge Pine, Tilly Kettle, J. H. Mortimer, Romney's pupil Daniel Gardner, Edward Penny, L. F. Abbot, and Thomas Kirkby. Other artists included in the catalogue are Henry Howard, Benjamin West, William Owen, Thomas Phillips, H. R. Morland, James Northcote, and John Jackson. Examples of more than sixty painters are exhibited in the collection, a certain



Bishop Robinson.

(By permission of the Governing Body of Christchurch, Oxford.) By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

number of whom will be quite new to the majority of visitors—such men as Lewis Vaslet, of Bath, by whom there are no less than seventeen portraits, Simon Du Bois, Enoch Seeman, Andrea Soldi, Adrien Carpentier, Benjamin Wilson, George Huddesford, John Cornish, Hans Hysing, Thomas Bardwell, T. Olive, Robert Home, or James Millar. Turning to the subjects themselves, many famous people will be found upon the walls, among them George III. and Queen Charlotte, Pope, Swift, Shenstone, Young of the 'Night Thoughts,' George Whitefield, the Methodist, David Garrick, Joseph Priestley, Reginald Heber, Flora Macdonald, William Pitt, Sir Roger Newdigate, Sir Hans Sloane, Sir William Blackstone, Sir Walter Scott, and many scholars, divines, and members of the aristocracy. The collection, which should be visited by every one interested in 18th century painting, proves, as did the two preceding ones, how exceptionally rich Oxford is in pictorial treasures. With the exception of the interesting group of portraits of Gibbon, lent by the Earls of Rosebery, Beauchamp, and Sheffield, every picture in the room comes from the University city itself.

Lincoln.

An Original Etching by Wilfrid Ball, R.E.

None of those ancient cathedrals, so noble a feature of English landscape, and, imaginatively, of the life of England, occupies a more glorious site than that of Lincoln. Time and again it has been painted and

etched, by Turner, by De Wint, by Mr. Albert Goodwin; and it is appropriate that Mr. Wilfrid Ball, a prominent member of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, should, as one who springs from Lincolnshire stock, seek to be the exponent of the majesty, the mystery, of the minster that, with so fine a sense of power, dominates the hill beyond the river. The "blossoming stones" of Lincoln Cathedral are in very truth the blossom of men's thought, unfolding in what we are pleased to call enduring material. When in 1086 the ground-plan of the original edifice was laid, mighty architects—builders who wrought things of beauty from within themselves—were coming to birth. In those days the place of the House of God was most scrupulously selected. When raised, it had to be as the mother of the whole district, to whom all troubles, all joys, could be borne. From the *Domus Dei* (the *Domkirche* of Germany, the *Duomo* of Italy), where the bishop had his "stool," he and his clergy went forth to evangelise the *pagani*, or dwellers in the surrounding villages. Lincoln Cathedral commands, towards the south, league on league of country; no juster spot could have been chosen whence to proclaim great tidings. The mount and the cave are ever the scenes of pregnant happenings.

For the architect and the antiquary Lincoln Cathedral has unrivalled claims, not only as the earliest purely Gothic building in Europe, but as containing every variety of style, from the simple, massive Norman of the west front, to the late Decorated of the eastern portion. Most famous of its bishops was, perhaps, Hugh of Avalon, who on his enthronisation in 1186 caused a large number of deer in his adjacent park of Stow to be slaughtered and distributed among the poor of the city. Hugh was a courageous prelate, without fear of kings or parliaments. He will be remembered, if only because of the way in which he tended with his own hand the unhappy lepers who then abounded in East Anglia, not shrinking even from eating out of the same dish with them. Other bishops have been Cardinal Walsey, Tenison and Wake, afterwards Archbishops of Canterbury, and Thurlow, brother of the Lord Chancellor.

The coming to Lincoln of the founder of the cathedral, Bishop Remigius, is traditionally held to have angered the Devil, who till then had been paramount in the town and district. The Devil tried his utmost to turn Remigius from his purpose. At last, in desperation, he waylaid the bishop at the south-west corner of the building and tried to kill him. But the prelate invoked the aid of the Blessed Virgin, who sent a mighty rushing wind, which, catching the Devil, so hustled and buffeted him, that he slipped inside the church for safety, where to this day he remains, in the Angel Choir, not daring to come forth. That is one explanation of the sore plight in which the famous "Lincoln Imp" finds himself. A variant has it that the Devil, incensed at his over-lordship being disputed, squeezed his way into the Angel Choir, hailing the bishop with, "Ah! my good friend, all this is mine!" But he was petrified before the words were well out of his mouth, and still awaits the hour of his release. Despite all, however, Lincoln does not seem to be absolutely free from the influences of his Satanic Majesty, supposed to be imprisoned in the sanctity of the Cathedral.

Art Handiwork and Manufacture.

FROM Greece and the Ionian Islands to the Venetian Republic, then in her splendid ascendant, came, it is thought, the earliest specimens of the cut or drawn threadwork, which in sixteenth century Venice developed into the filmy or delicately-firm fabrics of lace. Greek lace, or cut-work, is then the origin of all that lovely plaiting, twisting or stitching with fine threads which has produced the famous laces of Italy, Flanders, France, and of Great Britain, the pupil of all these lace-making countries. Yet Greece, except for an industry whose organisation was an effort to employ the women and girls left destitute by the Græco-Turkish war, would to-day have no more than an antiquarian association with the widespread art of the lace-maker. This effort, begun by Lady Egerton, then at the British Legation at Athens, has been fostered by England, and it is to Messrs. Liberty that the Greek lace and embroideries from the Royal Hellenic School and other centres are despatched for sale. The first exhibition of the work was held at East India House in 1898, when from the industry of nearly 200 women about seventy examples of embroidery and drawn-thread work were sent to try their fortune in the English market. During eight years the industry has considerably enlarged, and consignments of greater variety and of fine quality are constantly sent to Messrs. Liberty's from Athens and the various districts where embroidery on the native cotton *crêpe*, on linen and silk, and fine and heavy "lace" have been introduced in connection with the activity of the Royal Hellenic School.

For the drawn-thread work there is, as has been said, an old national tradition, and though so long severed from the country of its invention, its revival is particularly appropriate. The value of the original industry is historical. From these linen embroideries, with the linen cut or the thread drawn away from the design, came the Venetian "*punto in aria*," which was the first needle-point, and the prototype of all subsequent needle-point laces. But the humbler work has more than historical value. The geometrical designs to which the method lends itself are delightfully reasonable and restrained, and in pleasant contrast to the incoherent or too imitative use of natural forms in much modern lace. The use of a formal type of silk embroidery in connection with these open patterns, the inventive edgings—also a form of the needle-works which prepared the way for the invention of lace—and the occasional employment of daming the pattern on the ground, are all simple, strong and effective decorations. In various textures the work is suitable for home or personal use, and the precision and thoroughness of the stitching, the simplicity of the materials, ensure its durability, even in the slighter forms. Examples of silk embroidery—in the originals delicately planned in colour—show other capabilities of the Greek women, and, in the main, the choice of design distinguishes these embroideries, too, with the delicate and unobtrusive charm of the linen work. An idea suggests itself that as Greek lace has proved so fortunate a work for Greek hands, a revival of the Cretan lace, of which the collection at South Kensington presents, technically, an attractive aspect, might be added to the

modern industries of Greece. Bad design stopped the fine workers of Crete, but their skill, as the collection already alluded to shows, was highly developed, and the use of coloured silks in the silken laces is a suggestive effect. The Cretan lace is a possible pattern for an attractive modern art, and there would be special fitness in its reproduction in its home-place.

Ireland came late into the company of lace-making



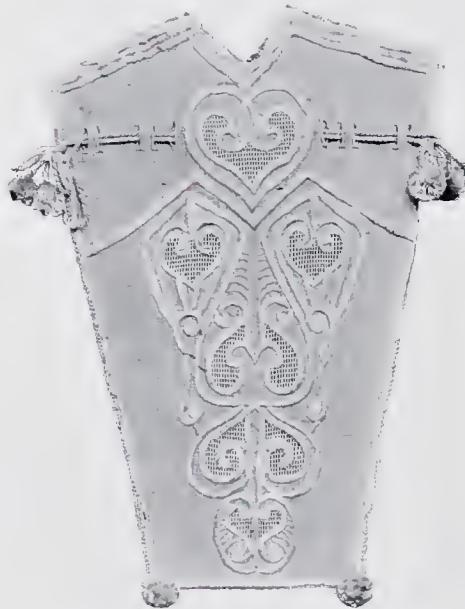
Loving-Cup for the Jesus College Boat Club, Cambridge.

By Omar Ramsden and Alwyn C. E. Carr.



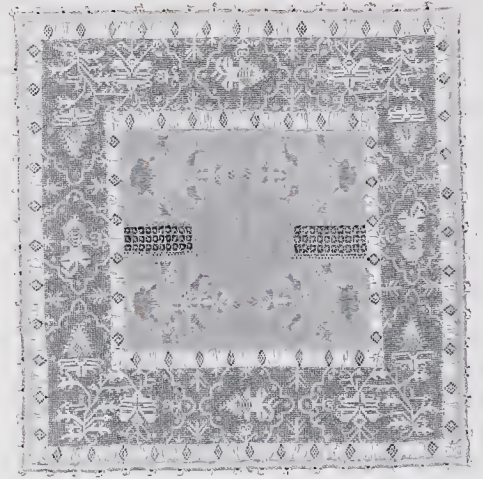
Designed by Amor Fenn.

Made by the Tayler Smith Co.



Bag in Silk Embroidery and Drawn Brocade Work.

(Royal Hellenic School of Needlework.)



Cushion Square in Embroidery, Drawn Thread Work, and Lace.

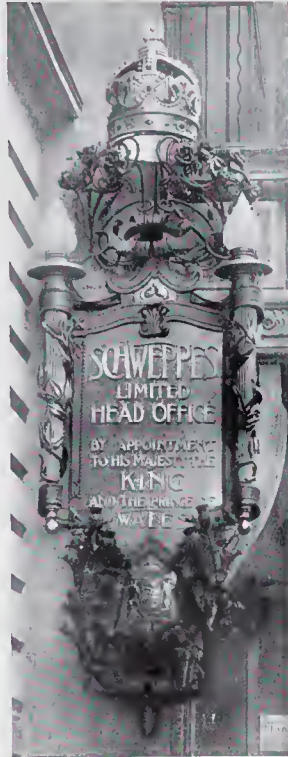
(Royal Hellenic School of Needlework.)

countries, but she has found her own laces to add to the exquisite developments of the lace-maker's art. Two well-known laces bear Irish place-names, and both Carrickmacross and Limerick workers have earned the right, by inventive production, to so claim as their own their application of a method not invented by them. Besides Carrickmacross appliqué and guipure, and the run and tambour laces of Limerick, Ireland has her point lace—Irish Point, which sixty years ago the Reverend Mother of the Presentation Convent at Youghal learned from specimens of Italian Point lace and taught her district; and Irish Rose Point, which the lace-makers of Innishmacsaint brought to compare with the noble Rose Points of Venice. These are the chief Irish laces, but one must add to them mention of "Point de Milan," of Greek lace, and of a small amount of pillow-lace in imitation of Honiton. But though these are made in Ireland, they are not Irish laces in the sense that the flat and raised needle-points, the appliqué, guipure and embroidered net laces are Irish, by adoption that has given them fresh characteristics. And besides these, there is the crochet, the "guipure d'Irlande" of a nation that has long realised the value of a heavy lace such as no other method produces. In this case Ireland is the example, and France is attempting to copy the crochets of Clones and of the numberless districts which followed the prosperous initiative of Clones.

Such a varied and ambitious lace-making industry proves the fitness of the people to do what no teaching makes possible to clumsy hands and impatient natures. And not only the deftness of the Celt, but the presence in Irish life of the convent as a centre of training for the girls, and of industry which has the conditions of shelter needed in these days for long, patient craftwork, favours Irish lace-making. Youghal, New Ross, and Kenmare are such centres, and as has been said, they owe their present skill in the making of point lace to the self-acquired knowledge of the Reverend Mother, who in 1847 taught herself, that she might give work to the distressed people about her.



Oak Chest.
By Muriel Moller.



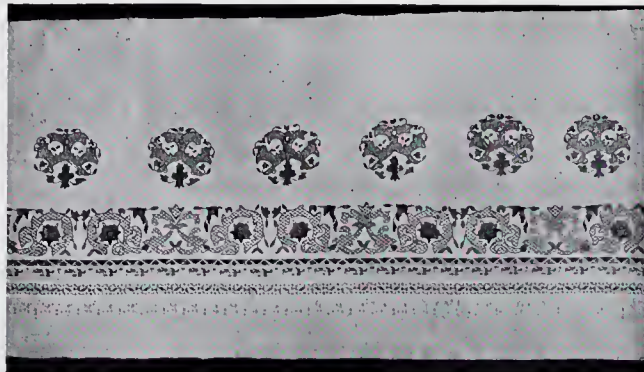
Designed by Amor Fenn.
Made by the Tayler Smith Co.



Oak Panelling.
By Muriel Moller.

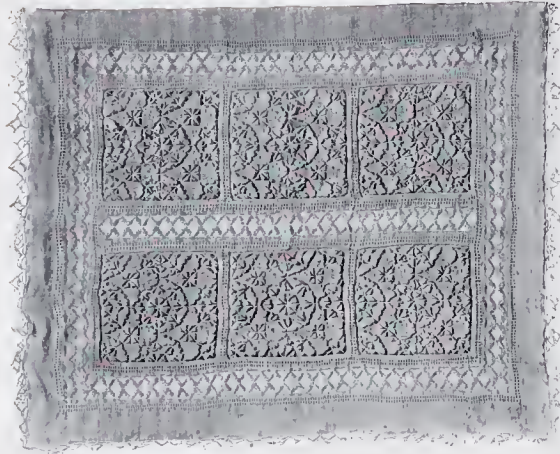
But deftness and facilities for training are not enough to keep lace-making a national art. Mention has been made of the Cretan lace of an earlier century, lace that in beautiful manipulation is nearly equal to the filmy triumphs of Mechlin. Yet, for want of intelligent design, that and other more considerable lace-industries have perished. Indeed, what modern industry but is suffering from the period when the work went forward in unintelligent repetition, till disrepute settled on it, only slowly to be cleared away by a recurrence to the earlier traditions of the art. Ireland, with her chief lace-making industries of early nineteenth century introduction, had little chance of maintaining a standard of design which Honiton, Buckinghamshire, and other places of more intimate associations with lace-design, lost. In 1883 an exhibition of Irish laces and crochet in London showed the Irish deftness in need of direction towards coherence and precision of design, and, also, the want of new

patterns. Since then, much has been done to remedy the defects of design which, so long ago as the eighteenth century, Bishop Berkeley maintained must spoil any industry not guided by academies of design. The Science and Art Department sent specimens and designs from the



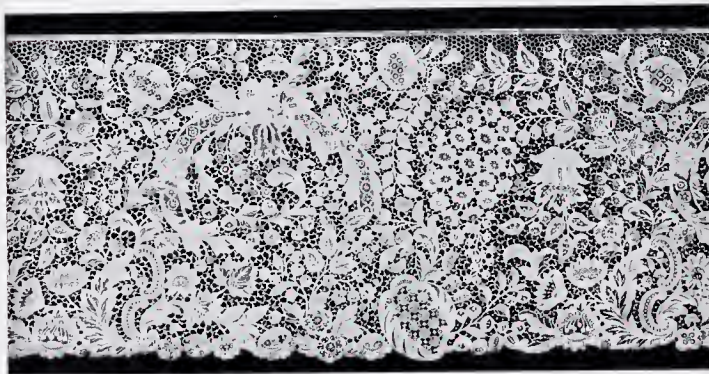
(Royal Hellenic School of Needlework.)

Sideboard-cloth in silk embroidery.



(Royal Hellenic School of Needlework.)

Sachet in Greek Lace.



(Royal Irish Industries Association.)

Needlepoint Flounce from Youghal.



(Royal Irish Industries Association.)

Carrickmacross Guipure Flounce.

priceless collection of laces at South Kensington to various Irish convents, and in convent and school of art renewed attention to pattern prepared the way for a revival of the industry at its best. Other efforts to help the Irish lace-workers have had important results in the last twenty years, and of these results the Royal Irish Industries Association may claim a large share. Lady Aberdeen founded the organisation as the Irish Home Industries in 1886, and the market then opened to peasants and gentlemen has developed the industries of the whole of Ireland. Workers are taught, and in convent schools or cottage industries affiliated to the Association, the supervision and encouragement of the work has had noteworthy effect, not only on the lace, but on the lace-makers and on the life which is made pleasant and useful by properly-directed skill. The lace illustrated, from the London Dépôt in Motcomb Street, represents what is being done in various districts. The fine labour of these

needle-points, appliqué, guipure and tambour laces is used on fit designs, and, though the future of lace-designing is still only partly ensured, the study of the past has brought a measure of structural precision into modern design which, with the general improvement in practicability of the patterns, are hopeful signs. What is wanted for the best interests of the Irish lace industry, as of all other beautiful work, is public appreciation of fine skill and design. The continuance of lace-making by hand is one of the best assured craft-outlooks. Lace-making machinery can do everything but give the lace-lover pleasure, and the insuperable differences of texture in machine-made and hand-made laces are plain to a large public. As the only European peasant-art which is not more or less artificially induced to exist in peasant-life, lace-making is important. It is a living industry now, after the efforts of the last twenty years, and the conditions of Irish life are favourable to its best activity. Study of perfect laces of past times, appreciation of their finest quality, a constant regard for

the design, are the necessary conditions to its true development, and in these the buyer as well as the producer must have practice, if twentieth century lace is to be kept from the spoiling of a merely fashionable demand, and an equally fashionable neglect, which have contributed largely to end fine periods of lace-making.

An advertising age, when the attack on the purse through the eyes has reached an aesthetically brutal pitch, is not favourable to the invention of devices which advertise merchandise without glare and extravagance. The old business signs greeted the eye. The typical modern advertisement assaults it and stamps its horrid form on the protesting memory. The efficient advertisement must be something to snatch the attention from other concerns, to recur to memory, and so, finally, to bring about the state of mind that needs the advertised thing. The sign has another function. It is a distinguishing mark on a place of business, and its use as an advertisement is conditioned by its clear appropriateness. An advertisement seizes the sight on any pretext. A sign should proclaim its connection immediately, or it fails in its purpose. The three business signs for London firms, designed by Mr. Amor Fenn, are effective and interesting essays in a kind of work whose purpose, as has been suggested, demands qualities of clear and definite expression, pleasant to the eye and suggestive to the mind. Mr. Fenn's first sign has been in use since the 'eighties at Heath's in Oxford Street. The second is at Messrs. Sanderson's, Berners Street (p. 150), and the third, and latest, has been recently fixed in Pall Mall for Messrs. Schweppes (p. 141). In the Sanderson sign Mr. Fenn



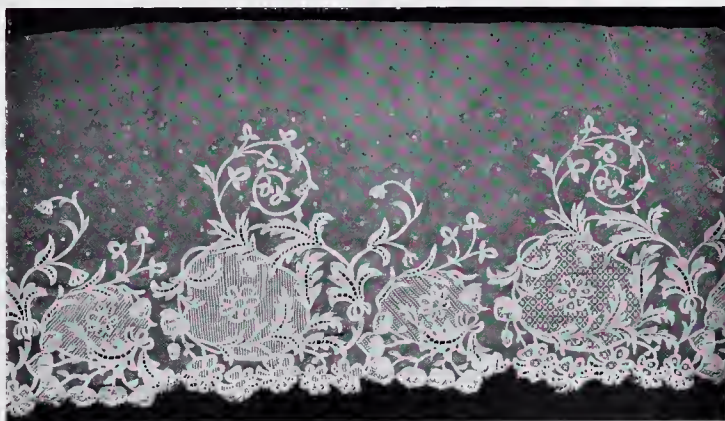
Needlepoint Trimming.



Rosepoint Trimming from Innishmacsaint.



Rosepoint Insertion from Innishmacsaint.



(Royal Irish Industries Association.)

Carrickmacross Appliqué Flounce.



Small Oak Cabinet.

Made by Arthur Simpson.
Decorated by Muriel Moller.

collaborated with Mr. Alexander Fisher, who added the vividness of translucent enamel, in the circular design representing the firm's trade-mark—a large "S," with rose, shamrock and thistle—to the wrought-iron and copper of Mr. Fenn's work. The Schweppes sign also employs the national flowers, but executed in the massive material of wrought-iron, which combines with bronze—bright in the torches, dull in the name-plate, inscribed with German silver—to form the work. The small coat-of-arms in translucent enamel gives the brighter touch. In both these designs the silhouette of the sign is clearly presented, and makes itself observed, without extravagance, in its place.

Among recent work of interest by Messrs. Omar Ramsden and Alwyn Carr, is the loving-cup for the boat-club of Jesus College, Cambridge (p. 139), where the appropriate and suggestive invention of these craftsmen is expressed in a graceful form. The border of wavy lines in silver on pale blue enamel which rims the cup is the heraldic expression of the river, as it pertains to the University. The three handles bear each a boat, linked by a slender band of wave ornament, symbolising the Cam. The Arms of the College and University are on the cup.

The activity of women as craft-workers is a more inspiring spectacle than is afforded by their practice of the fine arts. The recent exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society gained a good deal that was worth seeing from women-workers, and amongst the carvings the panels by Miss Moller (p. 141) were noticeable for pleasant design and

capable execution. To Miss Rowe and the result of her initiative in the School of Wood-carving at South Kensington modern wood-carving owes most of its inception. Miss Moller has put her South Kensington training to some noteworthy uses of architectural decoration, and in smaller pieces from her studio, as the oak music-cabinet (p. 144), or the coffer (p. 141), she and her pupils are doing good work.

The Jewellery on page 125, bottom left-hand corner, is by Miss Annie Steen, not by Mrs. Douglas Cockerell.



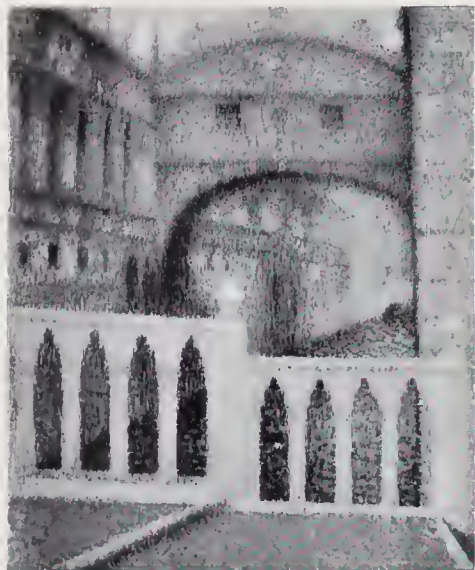
(Royal Irish Industries Association.)

Limerick Berthe



Crochet Collar from Clones.

(Royal Irish Industries Association.)



(Goupil Gallery.)

Le Pont des Soupirs.

By Henri Le Sidaner.

Le Sidaner's 'Venice.'

By Lady Colin Campbell.

VENICE has been the courted goddess of painters for centuries, almost ever since she rose from the sea, a unique vision of beauty, for the delight of the world. Her worshippers have been countless; every artist, great or small, who has come within sight of her beauty, has sought to set her loveliness on canvas or paper; and, lazily indifferent, like a spoiled beauty, she has let them do their best or worst without help or hindrance from her. Guardi and Canaletto painted her joyous festivals; Turner immortalised her incandescent wonders of colour; Whistler revelled in her delicate intricacy of lace-like design; but to none of these did she ever reveal her magic mystery of loveliness as she has done to Henri Le Sidaner, the painter-poet of mystical silence, of moonlight, of the breath and spirit of night and of solitude.

To those who knew Le Sidaner's work, the news that the painter of 'Bruges la Morte' was going to Venice, meant a promise of hitherto unfulfilled beauty, which the recent exhibition at the Goupil Gallery has more than fulfilled. Even though reproductions, no matter how good they may be, never can render the full beauty of paintings, the accompanying ones to this article give an excellent idea of the strange mystic loveliness of Le Sidaner's Venice pictures. This is particularly visible in 'Le Palais Ducal' (p. 147), the most important work in the little exhibition. The innate comprehension of the beauty of Venice is perhaps more wonderfully expressed in this canvas than in any of the others, for it

seems to be carried further into the intimate mysteries of the scene. The restlessness of the sea in the fore-part of the picture is extraordinarily rendered; the water is not so much rough as restless, surging in with full tide across the lagoons to break among the gondolas moored at the quay, from which rises a vision of pale carved ivory, the arches and balconies of the Ducal Palace, rendered ethereally pale in the moonlight by contrast with the green-gold glow of the groups of lamps along the water's edge. The black line of the moored gondolas is more to be felt than seen, yet gives marvellous value to the blaze of pale colour; and not the least wonderful part of this unforgettable canvas is the suggestion of the perspective along the shadowed side of the palace, and the mystery and glow of colour in the Piazzetta, from out of which the Campanile soars to the dark-blue sky of a night in Venice. Never has the mystical quality of the beauty of Venice at night been expressed with such subtlety and comprehension as in this picture and in the companion work, 'Le Grand Canal, clair de lune' (p. 147). The picture of the Ducal Palace is full of the restlessness of the sea and the lights of earth; this view of the Grand Canal expresses, on the other hand, the stillness and solitude of night in Venice. Everything sleeps in the silvery moonlight; the gondolas lie safely moored to the protecting *pali*, of whose long slender lines the artist has made such consummate use in the composition of the picture. The water shimmers peacefully with scarcely a ripple under the diffused wan light of the moon which envelops the sleeping palace in a flood of silver. Peace, silence, and repose fill this picture with that extraordinary sense of poetry which is the chief characteristic of all Le Sidaner's works, and through it breathes the very spirit of the City of Dreams. 'Le Petit Canal' (p. 145) is in



(Goupil Gallery.)

Le Petit Canal.

By Henri Le Sidaner.

strongest contrast to these two canvases. Here we have an evening-scene aglow with colour, pulsating with the fire of ruby and emerald. The palace at the end of this little canal is rosy-red with crimson lights in the windows, which are reflected in the deep emerald green of the water; the houses on either side are of pale gold, making a marvellous blaze of colour, which is a sufficient answer in itself to those who say Le Sidaner can only handle grey tones. In the fourth picture—the view of the Bridge of Sighs from the Ponte della Paglia—however, the artist returns to his beloved harmonies of silvery grey, wonderful in their variety, from the ivory-like

balustrade of the Ponte della Paglia to the worn grey stone of the famous bridge in shadow; the whole gamut of gray being emphasised by the gleam of orange light in the lamp just visible at the landing-place in the distance. The beauty of the architectural drawing is not the least of the attractions of this wonderful series of canvases. Without any over-emphasis of line the painter gives us the mingled strength and delicacy which are the characteristic beauty of the palaces of Venice; and thus adds the fidelity of fact to the glamour of mystical beauty of moonlight and colour, wherein no other painter of Venice has ever equalled him.

Scottish Exhibitions.

THE Royal Scottish Academy selected its eightieth exhibition with unusual severity, and the general effect of the collection, loosely hung on brownish walls, was good. As the rooms are small, the numerical smallness of the collection was not a fault. The total number of the exhibits was 455, of which some 229 were in oil, 114 in water-colour, and 41 in the round; the remaining 71 being architectural designs and items in black-and-white arranged with a few examples of "applied" art in the small room which used to be known as "the condemned cell." This is no excessive output for a society numbering some sixty members and associates, not to mention all its local pupils and adherents. It was nearly all, however, local or at any rate Scottish. The most important outsider was Mr. Abbey, whose 'King Lear' faced the President's 'Mrs. John R. Findlay' in the chief octagon. This latter work, one of great distinction, is a full-length portrait of a lady in a pink dress. The draperies are splendidly painted, the pose and arrangement are masterly, without a suspicion of staginess, but the flesh painting is not wholly pleasing, being reticent almost to griminess. It may be that it suffered from the neighbourhood of the 'Rokeby Velazquez,' which was temporarily placed on a screen in the exhibition. Another real achievement by an Academician is Mr. Lorimer's 'Midsummer Eve: a Reverence to Roses' (R.A. 1905), which has a poetic distinction rare in modern pictures. Among the water-colours the most notable work was by Mr. James Paterson, Mr. Edwin Alexander, Mr. G. S. Ferrier, and Mrs. M. Macdonald Mackintosh.

The Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts inaugurated its forty-fifth exhibition by a banquet on 23rd February, at which Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., presided, and there was much good speaking on art topics. The relations of the municipality to art seem to be on a very satisfactory footing at Glasgow, and though several leading men of the local school have been drawn away by the superior attractions of London and Edinburgh, the ranks of the painters are being reinforced by younger men of promise. The collection, in which there were 1,012 exhibits, was quite the best (at any rate in recent years), and Mr. Percy

Bate and his committee may be warmly congratulated on the result of their efforts to give Glasgow a representative selection of the past year's work. Among notable borrowed pictures were Mr. Sargent's 'Duchess of Sutherland,' 'Countess of Warwick,' and 'Colonel Pilkington'; a not very remarkable Romney lent by Mr. W. A. Coats; a very fine Monticelli, 'Rendezvous des Moissoniers'; 'No,' by Millais; 'Cadzow Forest,' by Sam Bough, another with the same title by A. Fraser; Lord Armstrong's 'Noble Lady of Venice,' by Leighton; Mr. Hemy's 'Betrayed by the Moon'; the Hon. John Collier's 'Prodigal Daughter'; Mr. East's 'Autumn in the Valley of the Ouse'; 'The Thorn,' by Mr. Parson's; Mr. Swan's 'Lion and Lioness Drinking'; Mr. Bundy's Chantry picture; Mr. Bramley's 'Grasmere Rush-bearing,' and several brilliant water-colours by Professor Hans von Bartels. Mr. A. S. Cope's large portrait of Sir John Ure Primrose as Lord Provost of Glasgow is rather unusual in composition. Sir John is seated, and the canvas being a long one (presumably a regulation size), a good deal of it was left unoccupied by his Lordship. Mr. Cope, however, has succeeded in making good use of it by deft treatment of an architectural background, and the composition is both original and distinguished. The most brilliant portrait in the collection was Sir George Reid's 'Very Reverend Herbert Story, D.D., Principal of Glasgow University.' In it the ex-president of the R.S.A. has created a most memorable picture of a distinguished man, worthy to rank with his very best achievements. The most notable canvases by Glasgow men included Mr. Hornel's 'A Spring Idyll'; 'A Dream of my Native River,' by Mr. R. Macaulay Stevenson; 'Rural Courtship,' by Mr. William Kennedy; 'The Day of Rest: Winter,' by Mr. Patrick Downie; 'An Ayrshire Stream,' by Mr. John Henderson; a portrait of Mr. A. Sloan, by Mr. Alex. Roche; 'Winter Sunset,' by Mr. A. K. Brown, and two works by voluntary exiles: Mr. David Murray's 'Tween the Gloamin' and the Mirk,' and Mr. Lavery's portrait of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. The numerous exhibits of sculpture—attracted, no doubt, by the existence of a considerable sum destined to be spent in examples of statuary—included several fine works.



(Goupil Gallery.)

Le Palais Ducal.
By Henri Le Sidaner.



(Goupil Gallery.)

Le Grand Canal, Clair de lune.
By Henri Le Sidaner.



Elementary Combined Brush Strokes.

Brushwork Drawing.

By Bernard E. Ward.

AMONG the many problems which present themselves to those studying either the fine or applied arts, one of the foremost is the choice of the most suitable instrument with which to work, and the best way of using it. Every practical person knows that a sound knowledge of drawing is an indispensable preliminary to the practice of any form of art: but opinions vary very much as to the best way of obtaining this knowledge, and the best tool to use.

In Europe it has been, for ages, the almost universal custom to practise drawing by means of some kind of point, such as pencil, pen, crayon, or charcoal. All these, while very suitable for making lines, are not so well adapted for covering a surface with a tint or shade; and it requires many months or even years of practice with these tools to express by their means the proper modelling of an object by copying its light and shade. Furthermore, as soon as the student has acquired a certain proficiency in drawing with these instruments, he finds that in many forms of art a wholly different tool must be employed.

Everyone, of course, knows that the painter in either oil or water-colour uses the brush; and in many forms of applied art this is the only, or the most suitable, instrument with which to work: in pottery, china and tile painting, in designing for wall paper and other fabrics or stained glass, or in Limoges enamel, the artist must use it. It seems, therefore, reasonable and desirable that the student should, from the beginning, practise the use of the tool, on his handling of which much of his ultimate success will largely depend. Moreover, the brush is a much more sympathetic instrument to draw with than any point, owing to the greater pliancy of its point compared with the hardness of the pencil, pen or crayon: by varying the pressure on it, it is easy to increase the thickness of any line, or to spread it out into a broad

wash, so as to express the light and shade of an object as well as the outline.

These considerations have led to the introduction into England of brushwork drawing—drawing, that is, directly with the brush on paper, without the aid of a preliminary sketch of the design in outline.

Introduced some twenty years ago, it has become very popular, and is now taught in an enormous number of schools throughout the country, particularly in those for young children, who seem to take to it more readily than to other methods of drawing. The Japanese have practised a similar system for a long time, using for the purpose a brush much the same in shape as an ordinary round English water-colour brush, *i.e.*, one which tapers to a fine point. It is generally considered desirable to hold this perpendicular to the surface of the paper, and the Japanese obtain this position by placing the left fist closed on the paper, and then resting on the top of it the right hand holding the brush.

It is as well to mention here that these remarks apply to the use of water-colour alone, the nature of oil paint requiring a different-shaped brush and a wholly different technique.

A little experience with a brush thoroughly well filled with a wash of colour will show that it will almost naturally make some such form as that shown on page 149. Under the system now taught in many British schools, the student after first being set to draw lines, which may be made of varying widths, is made to practise this and one or two variants of it, which may be called elementary brush strokes. As soon as he can draw these neatly and accurately he is shown how to combine them so as to make simple patterns such as those shown above. Later on, much more complex ones may be attempted, of which the coloured



Elementary Brush Strokes.



Leaves: Conventional and Natural.



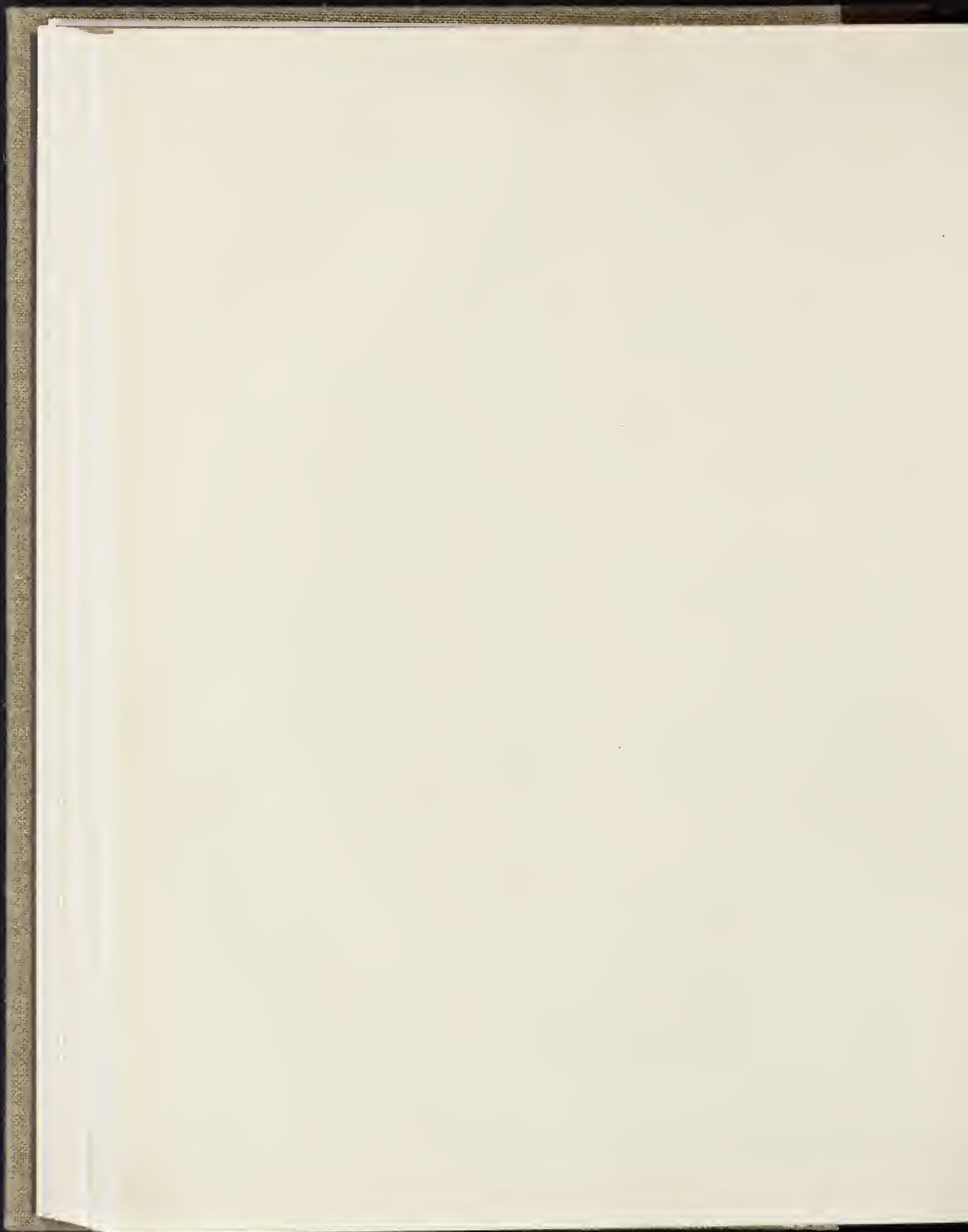
The Art Journal, London, Vinton & Co.

BRUSHWORK DRAWING

By I. W. Nicol.

Design based on the Tulip.

(By permission of Messrs. Blackie & Sons.)







(1st Prize.)

Children of the First Communion.

By Annie G. Joyce.

illustration is a very good example; while the other illustrations show how these simple strokes may be applied so as to give a rendering of natural forms, which may be as conventional or as free as the artist may desire.

For, though the earlier studies are usually conventional and even mechanical in form, there is no necessity for the student who has obtained mastery of the brush, to confine himself in such narrow bounds. The varied colouring of groups of flowers and still-life objects, and the still greater subtlety of tint in landscape, and even in flesh painting, can be rendered by direct washes without the aid of preliminary sketching. To do this it is necessary to add the gradations of colour, and light and shade, while the first wash is still wet; a process which, though very difficult, gives much greater brilliancy than laying a second wash on the top of another one when dry, or than stippling.

Its exponents claim for this system that by teaching the student to use from the beginning the tool which he must use later on he quickly attains a great boldness and dex-

terity in handling it, as well as a correct eye for judging of spaces and proportions. It also trains him to look out for those forms in nature which are most suitable for treatment in his special medium. On the other hand, it may be urged against the method that it holds before the beginner the aim of a mechanical dexterity of handling, and by giving him an assured style of execution before teaching him to see, it makes it more difficult, though not impossible, for him afterwards to observe and render those subtleties of form and effect which the unprejudiced and accurate observer will find in nature.

It is satisfactory, therefore, to know that some of the leaders of the movement are alive to the possibility of a mechanical spirit creeping into the system; and that their aim is to encourage as direct and simple a manner of drawing as possible, and to discourage anything stereotyped in style, or conventional in method.

This, however, raises a very wide question, and one somewhat outside the scope of this article, the object of which is simply to give a slight idea of the system of brushwork as at present taught in Great Britain. For

the accompanying illustrations we are indebted to Messrs Blackie & Son.

The Competition.

IN response to the announcement printed on p. 30 the Publishers received drawings of Town and Village Scenes of fair variety. With the exception of the drawing awarded the first prize, there was a lack of moving incident in the compositions, and little attempt was made to depict the activities of every-day life which, in town or country, should inspire the student. There has been much complaint that the camera has robbed the artist-journalist of a career, and it is undeniable that to a great extent photography has taken the place of handwork in illustrating the events of the day. It is many years ago that Mr. Frith

wrote that the camera was a foe-to-graphic art—true words spoken in jest. By the cheapness and rapidity of photography the demand for drawings has been reduced greatly; but no artist can afford to neglect opportunities to record such scenes and improve the power of observation. With all its realism, a photograph generally misses the essentials of an incident, whereas in a well-executed drawing everything is made subservient to the plot. The Competition drawings having been placed in order of merit by Mr. Edward C. Clifford, R.I., it was found that the 1st Prize fell to Miss Annie G. Joyce for her drawing 'Children of the First Communion' (p. 152); the 2nd Prize to Mr. George M. Rennie for his drawing 'The Haven under the Hill' (p. 153); the 3rd Prize to Mr. Percy Lancaster for his drawing 'Harvesters' (p. 155). Cheques for £6 6s. and £4 4s. have been sent to Miss Joyce and Mr. Rennie respectively, Mr. Lancaster gets three guineas-worth of artist's materials, and Consolation Prizes have been awarded to Mr. Ernest W. Shore, Mr. Herbert L. Vahey, and Mr. Albert W. Dodd.

Particulars of another Competition will be found on p. 160.



(2nd Prize.)

The Haven under the Hill.

By George M. Rennie.

Sales.

TOWARDS the end of March Christie's awakened—pictorially. Chief of the month's events was the dispersal, without reserve, of sixty-two of the pictures and drawings brought together by the late Mr. E. M. Denny, for many years a partner in the firm of Irish bacon factors. Another part of the collection remains at 11, Bryanston Square. The sale demonstrated afresh how considerable may be the money-profits of collecting, even to-day. Gainsborough's 'Viscountess Tracy,' 50 by 39 in., from Lord Sudeley's collection, bought of Mr. Gooden in 1895 for £1,500, made 6,000 gs.—the companion portrait of Viscount Tracy now belongs to Lord Burton; a version by Reynolds of 'Nelly O'Brien,' 30 by 25 in., which in the Gibbons sale, 1894, fetched 670 gs., and was bought by Mr. Denny four years later for £2,400, 2,500 gs.; a portrait of a lady, perhaps Mrs. Molesworth, 38 by 27½ in., given to Reynolds, bought in 1891 for 280 gs., 1,520 gs.; Romney's 'Mrs. Oliver and Child,' 36 by 27 in., which in 1897 fetched 720 gs., 1,250 gs.; two landscapes by Patrick Nasmyth from the Elizabeth Hunt sale, 1890, at 550 gs., for which Mr. Denny paid 800 gs., 1,580 gs.; Constable's 'Farnham Bridge,' 21 by 29½ in., bought in



(3rd Prize.)

Harvesters.

By Percy Lancaster

1895 for £1,800, 2,700 gs.; and, one of the few declines, Rosa Bonheur's 'Group of ten sheep in the Pyrenees,' 26 by 39 in., 1,020 gs., against 1,200 gs. at the Bolckow sale, 1891. Chief among the Old Masters were an admirably realised pair of portraits, of a lady in gold-embroidered dress, with fine lace cuffs and cap, and of a gentleman in black, each about 47 by 35 in., dated 1632, by Nicolas Elias (Pickenoy), reputedly the master of Van der Helst, whose great group of the Civil Guard of Amsterdam is, according to Reynolds, "perhaps the first picture of portraits in the world." Elias was baptised on January 10, 1588, and died between 1653 and 1656. In the Rijks Museum are thirteen examples by him, including an 'Anatomy Lesson' and several groups, one of them of twenty-five persons. Till now his name has been little known in the sale rooms. In the Château de Heeswijk sale, 1900, were four examples, and the 'Reinier Otisz,' 48½ by 36 in., dated 1631, of the Rijks, brought 690 florins in 1885. The 'Marten Rey' and his wife, dated 1627, are illustrated in the admirable official catalogue of the Rijks Museum, issued in 1904. Mr. Denny is said to have paid about £1,200 for the pair of portraits, which now fetched 3,100 gs. A particularly charming pair by Honthorst, of Princess Mary Stuart of Orange and of William II. of Nassau, as children, dated 1669, rose from 500 gs. at the Ruston sale, 1898, to 950 gs. The sixty-two lots yielded £28,906 10s.

On March 17 the pictures of the late Mr. Christopher Bushell included a view of Venice, 18 by 30 in., by Guardi, the pupil of Canaletto, which fetched the unprecedented price of 1,700 gs. The highest previous figure in this country at auction was at the Cavendish Bentinck sale, 1891, when 'Venice, looking across the Grand Canal,' 32 by 49½ in., fetched 730 gs.; but among the Princess Mathilde's pictures sold in Paris two years ago was a 'Piazza San Marco,' 18½ by 30 in., which made about £1,640. Morland's 'Deserter Pardoned,' 21 by 17 in., one of a series of four engraved by Keating, made 1,350 gs. On March 24 there

were sold for 2,410 gs. four water-colours by Birket Foster, belonging to the late John H. Foster, his brother, a Highland scene, near Dalmailly, 30 by 43 in., bringing 550 gs. The same afternoon Leighton's 'Winding the Skein,' of the 1878 Academy, dropped at 1,450 gs. A feature of the late Mr. J. Russell Buckler's collection was a series of thirty-five Fantins, mostly flower pieces, which made £5,223, several times the cost price, while a study of roses by Miss Louise Perman, of Glasgow, brought 75 gs. against a catalogue value of 25 gs. On March 3 a Jan Steen, sold in 1827 for £110, realised 850 gs., and several Old Masters belonging to the late Mr. A. A. Ram made five, ten, or twenty times as much as in the sixties.

Apart from pictures, there were many interesting incidents. At Sotheby's the 'market' acclaimed the astuteness of the late Mr. Edwin Truman as a collector of prints. 'Lady Rushout and Child,' by Burke after Kauffman, which cost him £3, fetched £130; Dickinson's 'Viscountess Crosbie,' after Reynolds, brought £72, though it cost but £1, and these are two only of his many fortunate purchases. Lithographs by Fantin Latour, a set of which was recently presented to the Louvre, first attracted auction-room attention on March 13. Seventeen examples, several of them inscribed 'À Madame Edwards' or 'À Otto Scholderer,' brought 148 gs., two of the Tannhauser set making 34 gs. Once such were obtainable for a few shillings each. In Old Chinese porcelain a pair of oviform egg-shell vases, 7½ in. high, fetched 880 gs., and two figures of boys, 11½ in. high, 650 gs., and a pair of old Worcester octagonal dishes, square mark, 14½ in. wide, 305 gs. Mr. Denny possessed a suite of Louis XV. furniture, covered with Old Beauvais, valued at £900. On March 22 there occurred some fine examples of silver, including a silver-gilt cup and cover, 9½ in. high, 1598, which went to Messrs. Crichton at £870, and a coconut cup and cover, 9½ in. high, 1574, £800. Several hundred of Mr. Linley Sambourne's original drawings for *Punch* were dispersed at Sotheby's for £535.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club did wisely to exhibit forty-seven pictures and sketches by Charles Wellington Furse. It was a signal and fitting tribute to the artist whose career was cut short in the autumn of 1904, when he was but thirty-six. Though for years the shadow of death pursued him, Furse relinquished nothing of his ardour, nothing of his sane, sunny buoyancy. Before he "not cowardly put off his helmet," open-hearted, full of high resolve, he gave forth triumphantly his challenge. His art was essentially English, essentially manly, essentially of the open air, exhilaratingly normal. Criticise, if you will, the drawing of the "off-fore" in 'Cubbing with the York and Ainsty,' but in any case recognise how redolent of country life, of the energy nourished from that life, is this gallant cavalcade of boys and girls, sitting their horses with

the unconquerable genius which is youth's prerogative. As Mr. Laurence Housman said, it is like a pictured page of Meredith. The spectator is moved when he remembers that the glad steadfastness, the poise and the accent of that open-air group, were imparted by Furse when death menaced. It is not easy to acquiesce in the passing of so courageous, so generously endowed a spirit. Many a hero quits the battlefield of earth unacclaimed.

The commemorative exhibition in Savile Row was one of a large number held during March devoted to single artists. There was a medley of countries, periods, styles. Two Scotsmen were, as to place if nothing else, temporary comrades. At the new Connell Gallery, 43, Old Bond Street, Londoners had, for the first time, an opportunity adequately to study the art of Alexander Fraser (1828-

1899). Landscapes like the 'Edge of the Wood' and the glowingly golden 'Woodland Farm' have a secure foundation; the sound, mellow quality of the paint, the dignity of the design, the dependence on winnowed actuality, must gain for Fraser a wider recognition. Mr. D. S. MacColl, forty-seven of whose pencil drawings washed with colour were at Carfax's, is a contrast. Bacon said that there is superstition in the avoidance of superstition. We think of that as we look on the nervously apprehended, perhaps over-fastidious drawings by Mr. MacColl of Normandy harbours, with masts seen against the house-fronts, of



(R.B.A.)

Noonday: Whitby.

By John Muirhead.

Venetian palaces, of old-time streets. He resolves not to descend into the arena of the professional; whether ingeniously sophisticated or permitting himself a moment of spontaneity, he has a refined way with him that captivates. Some men cannot be dull, even though they should set themselves to be. In Ryder Street there were, too, some of the little bronzes which enshrine the potent thoughts that are the comrades of Mr. Charles Ricketts. M. Henri Le Sidaner, with wonder in his heart, has discerned the wonder, the majesty, the enchantment of Venice. That he demonstrated at the Goupil Gallery by seven pictures, imaginatively informed, the best of them (p. 145). At Graves' were pictures and freely-handled lithographs by M. Belleruche, the Swansea-born pupil of Carolus Duran; at Mendoza's, pictures and drawings by the clever Viennese impressionist, Kaiser-Herbst. Miss Gertrude and Miss Edith Martineau, daughters of Dr. Martineau, and 'Three Generations of the Wood Family'—the late L. J. Wood, R.I., Mr. Pinhorn and Mr. Lawson Wood—had water-colours at the Modern; at the Fine Art Society's were Mr. John Fulleylove's scholarly records of some of London's architectural monuments, ancient and modern, and deft drawings of 'Italian Spring' and 'English Summer' by Miss Ina Clogstoun; and in Bruton Street Miss Flora Lion, of whom a good deal has been heard in France, invited English criticism and obtained it.

Especially good was the 'Georgian England' exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Pictorially, emphasis was laid on Hogarth, the first giant of our native school, by whom were the richly-painted scene from 'The Beggar's Opera,' lent by Mr. John Murray, and two of 'The Harlot's Progress' series, from Lord Rosebery's collection, and on Johann Zoffany, who, in pictures like 'The Minuet' used colour almost magically. Gainsborough—certainly not least well in a graciously vivacious drawing of two figures lent by Mr. Heselstine—Reynolds, Romney, and many lesser men were interestingly represented; and downstairs were furniture, porcelain, metal-work, engravings, costumes, that helped us for a moment to recapture the temper of those stately days. However, it is impossible to revert to

Georgian modes of thought; our business is to construct something worthy and germane to the needs of to-day.

The Ninety-third Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Water-colourists contained a craftsmanlike portrait in fancy dress, 'The Castellan,' by the President; skilled, vigorous, 'horsey' subjects, such as 'An Unbelieving Countryman' (p. 156), with lots of character in it, by a recently elected member, Mr. A. J. Munnings, of Norwich; Eastern scenes, sun-splashed, and interpretatively coloured, by Mr. Graham Petrie and Mr. Gwelo Goodman; exhibits far above the average by Mr. Aumonier, and Mr. R. B. Nisbet. The 125th Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, despite the absence of Mr. Cayley Robinson and Mr. Graham Robertson, the withdrawal of Mr. Carton Moore Park, is a distinct advance on its predecessors. The vestibule has twenty little studies by Mr. Tom Robertson, personal, genuinely perceived things, and within is his 'Mystic Moon.' The artist here discovered pictorial equivalents for the hush, the solemn peace, drawn as a veil across the Breton harbour, whose activities of the day cease as "The moon doth with delight look round her when the heavens are bare," and the sails of the boat seem dream-woven in this calm spell of light. Mr. John Muirhead's 'Noonday: Whitby' (p. 155), vigorous, unlaboured, Mr. Foottet's harmony in silver and white, 'The Bridge,' and works by Messrs. A. H. Elphinstone, W. J. Laidlay, Geoffrey Strahan, Walter Fowler, and the almost too clever Mr. Spenlove also call for mention. The President, Sir Wyke Bayliss, who died within a fortnight of the opening, sent several cathedral interiors and some Leaves from his Italian Sketch Book. The exhibition of the Ridley Art Club, with its good things by Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. Alfred Thornton, Mr. Julius Olsson, and several more, might with advantage have remained open for longer than a week at the Grafton Galleries. Less attractive shows are spread over a longer period.

Justifiably Mr. Gutekunst entitled his collection of fifty prints 'Some Masterpieces by Dürer, Méryon, Seymour Haden, and Whistler.' Dürer deemed himself the greatest



(Connell Gallery.)

The Silver Strand, Loch Katrine.

By Alexander Fraser, R.S.A.

artist—and the handsomest man—north of the Alps. The 'Melancholia' is an abiding proof of his genius. There were a fine example of it, the unsurpassed impression of 'The Knight and Death' from the Fisher collection, and others, that made the group of Durers one of the best seen of late in London. All the Méryons, save 'Le Stryge,' were in first or trial proof state, these including the 'Abside' inscribed to "Ch. Bradier," and radiant examples of other of the Paris set. There must be added the name of Rembrandt, whose 'Janus Sylvius' from the Griffith collection it would be difficult to equal.

The first annual exhibition of flower paintings by modern artists, at the Baillie Gallery, contained real and diversified accomplishments by Mr. Chowne, Mr. Clausen, Mr. J. S. Hill, and notably Mr. Francis James, whose vision is in no way obscured by the masterly still life pictures of Fantin. The London Sketch Club at Graves' was wisely confined to things done at speed, hence freshness and gaiety were preserved. Not least remarkable were the clever, if slight, wash drawings of young Mr. Cameron Burnside. The feature of Messrs. McLean's spring show is a series of three nobly built-up landscapes by Henri Harpignies, painted in 1896, 1897, and

1902. In water-colour, as we have lately learned, Harpignies can be blithe, intoxicated with the joy of the sunlit earth; here he is stately, taking repose as his comrade. Orchardson's black-haired 'Jessica,' in pale amber robe, of the 1877 Academy, can be compared with that of Millais, and there are a good Neuhuys, a quiet Peppercom. Another instalment of the vast Staats Forbes collection was seen at the Leicester Galleries. It consisted of fifty pictures, mostly on a small scale, by Corot and other of the Barbizon men. Corot's 'Carp Pond, Fontainebleau,' the sweet, spacious, and spontaneous shore piece of Daubigny, and many others were in their way

quite irresistible. The supreme picture is, after all, nothing more nor less than a breath of its creator's soul, clad in a vesture of form and colour. At Shepherd's spring exhibition there was, too, much to attract, including a life-size portrait of an old squire by Morland, splendid as a bit of characterisation and of paint, an almost Troyon-like 'Heifer' by Mark Anthony, 'Lord Belhaven,' a small full-length by Alexander Nasmyth, a capable portrait of a lady by Peter Toms, Reynolds's "drapery man," and a beautiful little Zoffány.



(R.L.)

An Unbelieving Countryman.

By A. J. Munnings.

Passing Events.

TWO of our foremost artists have been asked to contribute to the celebrated gallery of self-portraits in the Uffizi, Florence: Mr. John Singer Sargent, who was born at Florence in 1856, and his friend Mr. P. Wilson Steer, of the New English Art Club, born at Birkenhead four years later. The Florentine collection numbers about 432 self-portraits, or it would be safer to say reputed self-portraits, arranged by date and nationality, from those of Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Giorgione, Rembrandt, Dürer—for the unsurpassable portrait of whom we have, however, to go to Munich—and Van Dyck, to artists of our own time. Exclusive of Sargent and Steer, there are about twenty-two British painters, with Reynolds at their head, and masters of our own day like Watts. Of these seven are living: Orchardson, Poynter, Alma-Tadema, G. P. A. Healy, Walter Langley, Godsell Middleton, and "Jacques Clarke," perhaps the Mr. James Clarke who contributed to the Academy of 1884 the 'Triplet Daughters of Captain W. J. Young,' to that of 1895 the 'Parable of the Ten Virgins.' The official catalogue calls for revision by someone as careful as Mr. Graves or Mr. Roberts, for there are a host of mistakes.

A WINDFALL has come to the Uffizi in the shape of a 'Madonna and Child' by Jacopo Bellini (p. 157). It is said to be his masterpiece, and worthy, in stately beauty if not in technical perfection, of his son Giovanni. It is hardly to be expected that such a work will rest peacefully in its present attribution, although the opinion of Signor Ricci counts for a good deal. The picture was bought by him on his own authority, but it is more than probable that the Department of Public Instruction will ratify the purchase. Few directors of galleries have the fame, the money, and the nerve to act like this.

THE death-roll of March includes the names of a highly distinguished French painter, and of a "pillar" of Christie's. Eugène Carrière, the "modern painter of madonnas," of M de Goncourt, was born at Gournay, near Paris, on January 17, 1849, and died on March 27. His misted pictures give the impression of a soul overwhelmed by the tragedy of life, its meetings, its anguished partings, its passionate regrets for the unattainable. Some of his 'Maternités,' some of his studies of childhood and old age, are informed by a breath of enduring truth. An able modeller, a subtle colourist in that minor key of his, he evoked with a certain tenderness shades of the great human tragedy.

MR. THOMAS HOADE WOODS entered the service of Christie and Manson in 1846, and in 1859 became a partner and had his name added, in 1889 senior partner. He retired in 1903 owing to ill-health, and died in his 77th year on March 27. His memory was perhaps unrivalled and his judgments as swift and keen as the best of those who have contributed to the pre-eminence of the King Street firm, whose history goes back to about 1762. Mr. Woods was at the helm in 1882 when the Hamilton Palace collections fetched almost £400,000, and by private treaty



Florence, Uffizi. (Photo. Alinari.)
Madonna and Child.
By Jacopo Bellini.

he sold for the representatives of the Earl of Dudley to the Duc d'Anmale for 25,000 gs. Raphael's 'Graces.' It measures only 7 in. square, so that the price equals £535 14s. a square inch. This leaves far behind Meissonier's 'Napoleon I. in the Campaign of Paris,' 12½ in. × 9½ in., 1862, bought by Ruskin in 1869 for 1,000 gs., and at his sale, 1882, nine years before the artist's death, bringing 5,800 gs., equal to £53 15s. a square inch.

DURING the month of March there died, too, in his 83rd year, Thomas Dalziel, the last of the several Brothers Dalziel, famous in the annals of wood engraving; Mr. F. J. Horniman, aged 70, who in 1901 presented to the L.C.C. the Museum at Forest Hill, which cost him tens of thousands of pounds; and Mrs. Thomas Agnew, whose son, Mr. Lockett Agnew, is now head of the Bond Street firm.

SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE and his able lieutenant, Mr. Roger Fry, will, no doubt, do a great deal for the New York Metropolitan Museum. When its contents have been rearranged a new catalogue is to be issued, each class of objects being entrusted to a specialist. Mr. Fry intends to give New York a "Salon Carré," where the master-works of various schools will be brought together, as in Paris. Among the pictorial stowaways, he has discovered some fine early German examples.

THE widow of Arthur Melville has presented to the South Kensington Museum that artist's 'Little Bullfight: Bravo, Toro' (p. 87). When first seen at the Old



Sir Henry Irving.
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

Water-Colour Society's in 1899, the drawing was hailed with enthusiasm, as testimony of Melville's power to sport with colour, to suggest swift movement, and the murmur and excitement of a great crowd. Arthur Melville influenced many young painters of to-day.

MR. GOSCOMBE JOHN made his *début* as an Academy lecturer at the end of February, when he temporarily took the place of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and dealt with "Modern Sculpture." Since Soane in 1810 alluded to the "gross incorrectness" of some designs by his brother R.A., Sir Robert Smirke, comment or criticism on works by living British artists has been forbidden. Mr. John alluded, however, to Rodin as "a great artistic personality of whom we should all be proud . . . he has written his name in the annals of sculpture." A week earlier, surely Mr. Colton had the 'Balzac' in mind when he alluded to "a mis-shapen monstrosity . . . made to represent a mighty author." By the way, Rodin, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, delivered himself of a weighty utterance to his "dear artist friends" at the International Society's banquet.

He said:—"Let us not forget our duty of approaching nature, of making it live, and of thus facilitating the happiness of life—that marvel—of calling to our portraits the human soul and the equilibrium of life. At bottom nothing

is indifferent, and it is by that intimate conscience that we follow the old oracle which demands that one should know oneself." The translation—taken from a public report—is inadequate, but the under-significance is fine.

ON March 21st the Royal Scottish Academy elected three associates. They were Mr. R. M. G. Coventry, the Glasgow painter, who secured thirty-four votes against Mr. George Straton Ferrier's nine, Mr. Percy Portsmouth, an English teacher of sculpture in Edinburgh, who got twenty-four votes against Mr. H. S. Gamley's nineteen, and Mr. James Miller, the Glasgow architect who designed the International Exhibition buildings of 1901, which now serve as the Art Galleries, he getting twenty-nine votes against thirteen cast for Mr. J. McIntyre Henry. Mr. Coventry was represented at our Royal Academy each year from 1890 to 1893, chiefly by coast pieces in water-colour.

THE new members of the Royal Society of British Artists are Messrs. Arthur Ellis, water-colours by whom have often been at the Institute, Mr. Philip T. Gilchrist, who has thrice of late sent to Burlington House, Mr. Frank Swinstead, whose namesake, Mr. G. H.



Sir Henry Irving.
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.



(Photo. Hollyer.)

The Mill.

By Sir E. J. Burne-Jones.

Swinstead, has for long been a popular R.B.A., Miss Dorothea Sharp, Mr. W. E. Riley, F.R.I.B.A., and Mr. Geoffrey Strahan, who has demonstrated his right to a place.

PROBABLY the highest price ever paid for a modern etching has lately been obtained for a good impression in first state, one of the ten or twelve in existence, of Méryon's 'L'Abside de Nôtre Dame,' with an autograph inscription to Charles Bradier. It went to a home collector for about 420 gs. Méryon's receipt for 1,50 francs is in existence for a first state of this wonderful plate, executed in the early fifties. When a trial proof on light green paper fetched £300 or so in 1902 the price was regarded as ridiculous by nervous collectors.

PERHAPS the picture by Alma-Tadema, catalogued as 'A Sculptor's Studio,' which lately fetched \$23,100 (£4,620) in New York, may be the 'Patron of Sculpture,' which, in the Murrieta sale, 1892, brought 1,400 gs., or more probably it is the famous 'Sculpture Gallery,' painted for Gambart, from whom it passed into the fine collection of Mr. George McCulloch. By the way, Sir Lawrence, like Watts and many another artist, quite loses sight of some of his early pictures. Not long ago there came before the public a 'Death of the First-born,' about which the artist wrote: "I am glad to have seen the original of the photograph again. I remember well painting it about 1860. I abandoned it for the later version of the 'Death of the First-born,' and had lost sight of it since. It has the qualities of my work of those days." But whereas a 'Dedication to Bacchus' is valued at 5,600 gs., the interesting early work was lightly accounted.

AMONG the duplicate mezzotints and etchings bought by Messrs. Agnew from the magnificent collection in the Royal Library at Windsor, are superb proofs before all letters of two very valuable full-lengths by Valentine Green after Reynolds: the 'Duchess of Rutland,' and 'The Duchess of Devonshire.' Prints of each appeared at 15s., and the magnificent Blyth example of the first made

1,000 gs. in 1901, against £150 paid to Sir Joshua for the original picture. The 'Devonshire' is perhaps even more valuable. At the Reynolds sale, 1792, the pair, sold together, made 23s. Another feature of these royal duplicates is the splendid series of 150 Whistler etchings, including the Spithead set. Sir Richard R. Holmes, through whose influence it is said the Whistlers went to Windsor, did the library a fine turn, financially.

"NOW-A-DAYS, time is the essence of the contract, money its specific gravity!" exclaimed an eminent R.A. not long ago, when he was discussing the painful case of Mr. Alfred Gilbert. "Even Sargent, if he be late, is not wanted," he added. "Thank heaven I am not a genius, else I might not be able to pay my bills," was the observation of another veteran member of the Academy. It would be folly to contend that genius justifies any man in violating well-founded ethics; but it is quite as ridiculous to assert, as has often been done during the last few weeks, that an artist can turn out his "wares" with the certitude of a mechanic. The creative impulse, unlike our supply of water from the main, is capricious, fitful, and in many cases refuses point-blank to be commandeered. The self-criticism of the great artist is, again, often overwhelmingly exigent, as witness Leonardo, who left so little to testify to those supreme gifts of his. Even a sternly practical genius like Dürer would, in absolute good faith, promise a picture within six months and grow restive when his patron demanded it insistently after a lapse of two or three years. But Dürer had the wisdom not to accept a farthing in advance; so that he had the whip hand, and told Herr Heller that he had been offered 100 florins more than the commission price for the 'Coronation of the Virgin.' Every painter and sculptor who is subject to moods will tell you how perilous it is to accept money in advance, no matter what the outlay on materials may be. In the case of a sculptor—take a piece in silver, for instance—the outgoings are great.

BY the way, many years ago a member of the Academy was requested, in very serious circumstances, to resign

his diploma. This was R. R. Reinagle, who became R.A. in 1823. Probably through stress of poverty, for he had always been regarded as a man of honour, Reinagle bought of a dealer a picture by an artist called Yarnold, which after retouching, he exhibited as his own at the 1848 Academy. There was a committee of investigation, which found the artist guilty, and he was requested voluntarily to resign. Till his death in 1862, however, he continued to receive pecuniary assistance from the Academy. The silver plate which, in accordance with custom, he had presented on his election, was, in 1850, ordered to be sealed up and no more used.

AMONG the theatrical relics belonging to Irving sold at Christie's in December was a bronze statue by Onslow Ford, showing him in the character of Hamlet. The version in marble, in the Guildhall, executed afterwards, differs in some details. The bust portrait with the hat reproduced on page 158 is from the study in clay, fired.

APROPOS of Irving portraits, we understand that the beautiful picture by Bastien Lepage, recently lent to the International Society's Exhibition by Miss Ellen Terry, remained unfinished because Irving disapproved of it. His favourite was the Millais portrait of 1884, painted for presentation to the Garrick Club, where the eminent actor spent many pleasant hours playing whist. This Millais portrait is familiar through the mezzotint etching of T. O. Earlow.

THE Mill' (p. 159), dated 1870, and initialled "E. B. J.," was first exhibited in 1882 at the Grosvenor Gallery, afterwards at the New Gallery in 1892 and 1899: the last time by the late Mr. Constantine Ionides, who bequeathed it to the nation with many other valuable pictures now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is a typical rather than an irresistible example of the so-called Botticelli of the nineteenth century. It depends little on esoteric meaning; the flowing composition, the vibrancy of the colours suffice for pleasure. The graceful dance of the three maidens by the stream, the lute-player on the right, the mill in the background, all are informed with the mood which we associate with Burne-Jones.

ANOTABLE advance has come about in the acquisition by the Italian Government, after a period of one hundred years, of all the lands covering the buried city of Pompeii, which have been in private hands. The gain is immense, and great discoveries are hoped for in the near future.

MISS ROSA WALLIS has been exhibiting, in the Graves Gallery in Birmingham, a collection of some forty water-colour drawings, under the title of 'Sunshine and Shadow.' The subjects are chiefly taken from old-world English gardens, glowing with rich colour, and the more formal gardens which surround Italian palaces, with their stone-pines and yews, and flowers glittering like jewels against sombre green backgrounds. Such subjects Miss Wallis has made peculiarly her own, and she has devoted a number of years to a very sympathetic rendering of them.

ON February 21, at St. Mary Abbot's, Miss Cicely Henrietta Alexander was married to Mr. Bernard Spring-Rice, grandson of the first Lord Monteagle. The lady is, of course, the subject of one of Whistler's most famous portraits. She was being painted at the same time as Carlyle, the two pictures simultaneously making their appearance in 1874, when in a Pall Mall gallery was arranged the initial show of works exclusively by the Butterfly genius. Carlyle, weary of the innumerable sittings, met her one day waiting in the ante-room. "Puir lassie, puir lassie," was his compassionate exclamation. Mr. George Moore has enthusiastically written, "Nothing in this world ever seemed to me so perfect as this picture." On the other hand, *Punch*, when it was exhibited at the Grosvenor, called it "a gruesomeness in grey," adding, "Well, bless thee, J. Whistler, we do not hanker after your brush system." By the way, Mr. Alexander's Sussex property, Heathfield Park, is the one-time residence of General Elliott, defender of Gibraltar, immortalised by Reynolds in the 'Lord Heathfield' of the National Gallery.

ANOTHER marriage interesting in art circles is to take place early in May. Mr. H. C. Marillier, of Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, the well-known writer on aesthetics, is to marry Christabel, daughter of Mr. Arthur Hopkins, the talented member of the Old Water-Colour Society.

Competition for Book Illustrations.

The Publishers invite students to send in black-and-white drawings to illustrate the *New Arabian Nights*, by R. L. Stevenson. The size of each drawing should not exceed 10 by 7 inches.

The first three prize drawings will become the property of THE ART JOURNAL. All drawings will be considered available for reproduction by the Publishers.

Prizes to the value of Twenty Guineas will be awarded, provided the works submitted reach a sufficiently high standard. To the authors of the drawings placed First and Second respectively, £6 6s. and £4 4s. in cash; to the author of the drawing placed Third, three guineas' worth of artists' materials; to the authors of the seven next best drawings, consolation prizes of artists' materials or books, each to the value of one guinea.

In the event of the judge deciding that the best competitive drawings

are not meritorious in invention or execution, the cash prizes will be sent to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

Drawings must reach the office of THE ART JOURNAL by the 9th July, 1906.

Each packet should be packed flat and addressed to THE ART JOURNAL, 7, City Garden Road, City Road, London. On each drawing should be written only the words selected for illustration. A motto or pseudonym must take the place of a signature, and the motto or pseudonym must be repeated on a sealed envelope containing the author's name and address, and the coupon which will be published in the June number of THE ART JOURNAL.

Every care will be taken with drawings, but the publishers cannot be responsible for any loss or damage. Stamps should be enclosed to defray the cost of returning each drawing.

The Royal Academy.

By Rudolf Dircks.

THE exhibition at Burlington House this year possesses no picture which will wholly capture the imagination of the public. It contains nothing of any merit that is extraordinarily sensational or emotional; no representation of a doctor and patient, no wicked and beautiful bridge-player. There is, it is true, a motor-car, almost as large as life, as convincing and as bizarre. It has red wheels, and serves as the *mise en scène* for a portrait group. Probably the motor-car will be the sensation of the year. And we may notice in passing (to give the hanging committee their due) that it is placed between two canvases showing lovely stretches of country, and above Mr. Arthur Hacker's symbolic 'Hours.' But if the Academy possesses no particular sensation, it is undeniably an excellent exhibition, equal to the average—even, to our thinking, above the average. The general technical excellence is considerable, but this quality may at times leave one a trifle cold. One might perhaps forgive something in the way of drawing, of observation of actual things, for a touch, say, of mysticism. Possibly Mr. Byam Shaw, in his 'Shut Door,' attempts something of the sort in his portentous but not very convincing figure. We are inclined to doubt that, clever and adroit a painter as Mr. Shaw is, he possesses the visionary temperament to a sufficient extent to carry conviction in work of that kind. This quality indeed only belongs to the prophets and seers, and is very remote from what one calls talent. It is a tendency possibly which is better controlled, but its total absence from so extensive and various a body of thought as is expressed on the walls of the Academy is not altogether a matter for

JUNE, 1906.

congratulation. A little visionary madness would, one feels, help to keep the balance. But if we have not the visionary, we have the symbolist. We have Mr. Sigismund Goetze: we have 'The Shut Door' and 'The Ever-open Door.' A door indeed would seem to lend itself to the symbolic idea. Have we not Rodin's 'La Porte de l'Enfer,' Alfred de Musset's 'Il faut que la porte soit ouverte ou fermée'? Mr. Goetze



Belinda.

By Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.



A Venetian Funeral.

By Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

uses the symbol with audacity, after the manner of certain French painters. It is not, with him, a means of communicating a deep interpretation of the haunting and beautiful words which he uses as a motto, 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out'; but an obvious, showy affair. Perhaps after all this picture, and not the motor-car, may be the sensation of the year.

But if, to our thinking, there is not any picture of the year, there is certainly a group of pictures of extraordinary merit. Of much of the Academicians' and Associates' work there is little fresh to be said; a certain level of performance is maintained. With the majority of painters, art tends to become formalistic. Possibly many of the masterpieces of the world have been produced on a formalistic basis. A painter discovers in himself a talent for excelling in a given direction, and proceeds in that direction throughout a long, vigorous and successful life. There is possibly nothing to be said against that. One is content with the lilt of an old song if it is a good song. But we all know the air, and criticism in the circumstances is supererogatory. Therefore there are many pictures at the Academy which add nothing to the common stock of knowledge; they have become a tradition, and need scarcely be referred to in a brief notice. The President, Sir Edward Poynter, is represented by three works, one oil and two water colours, typical examples of his restrained, detailed and accomplished manner. His portrait of the Duchess of Northumberland is not only

admirable in itself, in the sedulous care of its workmanship, but also in contrast to many of the portraits on the walls—dashing affairs which, as it were, stare you out of countenance. His water-colour, 'Belinda' (p. 161), a charming figure of a young woman reclining on a settee, is remarkable for the sustained and exquisite finish of the accessories; and the same regard for detail is also noticeable in the landscape 'The Castle of Europe on the Bosphorus.' Sir L. Alma-Tadema's 'Ask me no more' (his only picture) depicts a pair of lovers in the surroundings which he has made familiar, and in which his knowledge of classical costume and architecture is manifested in as charming a fashion as ever. The Hon. John Collier's feeling for "situation" is again expressed in 'Indeed, indeed, repentance oft I swore,' suggesting a note of interrogation which will appeal to a curious public. Despite this red herring of a title, the picture has real and obvious merit. Then there are the refined and happy landscapes of Sir Ernest Waterlow, the golden sunshine of Mr. La Thangue's rural scenes; those of Mr. Clausen in a more subdued and poetic light. Mr. Onless, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Marcus Stone, and Mr. David Murray, are all represented by characteristic work. Mr. David Farquharson's 'Binnam Wood' possesses admirable qualities of atmosphere and distance; and Mr. John M. Swan, in 'Tigers Drinking,' a diploma work, deposited on his election as an Academician, is never merely formalistic in his study of animals; nor is Mr. C. Napier Hemy, in his



Evening in the Village.

By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.



The Braes o' Breadalbane.

By Niels M. Lund.

studies of the sea, whose varying moods, depths and colour are always for him a subject of devoted observation. Mr. Olsson, who is not a member of the Academy, has two suggestive and interesting studies of the sea in difficult aspects of swirl and light. And Mr. Leader's work is so well-established that, so far as the purpose of this notice is concerned, the last word has been said.

So far so good. Here is a series of pictures of established reputation, of the type which was to be expected. There are no surprises in the packet. We now come to another group, which may not contain the unexpected, but, various in quality and tendency as are the elements of which it is composed, suggests new points of view, original and sustained observation (which in its turn may stale a little), perhaps progress—reveals to some extent new and refreshing personalities. Mr. Sargent (and his artistic personality is always new and refreshing), in his portrait group of four professors of the Johns Hopkins University, has given us a work remarkable for its serenity, nervous power and breadth. And we know of no other work of Mr. Sargent which expresses at once in the same degree these three qualities: of no other work of his which is not to some extent pyrotechnical, or which is not free from some sort of cynical reservation, something adventitious, experimental. We doubt that he has yet achieved anything so finely serious, so finely convincing, so certain in its continuity of a line of great painters irrespective of nationality. It is a triumph of

eclecticism, a quality from which no modern painter can be wholly free, expressed in purely personal terms. And as the effect would seem to be satisfactory, it were as absurd to discuss the vocabulary, the artistic means, employed to produce it, as it were to discuss the grammar of Shakespeare or Shelley. Here, as in all art of the highest importance, the means of its expression are for the moment forgotten. But this is not quite the case with another artist of power, originality and reputation, who appears next in our notes. Mr. Brangwyn is, we daresay, still a young man; with all his virility, his decorative feeling, his imagination, his considered and vivid impulsiveness, he is not more than tentatively convincing. It is possibly his quality that one cannot quite "place" him. Emphasis and exaggeration are legitimate means enough to arrive at an artistic effect; are there not Michelangelo and Puget and Browning and Carlyle and many others? To George Borrow a country ditch would seem a formidable crevasse. To Mr. Brangwyn a potato or a pumpkin (not for him your hothouse plants) becomes a thing of illimitable decorative possibilities, scarcely subordinate to any human element which there may be in the picture. The human element is, indeed, expressed rather in his powerful decorative feeling as a whole than in any single vegetable or person: animate or inanimate objects are to him only important in so far as they lend themselves to a general decorative scheme. In 'A Venetian Funeral' (p. 162) the eye rests first on the rugged



Sailors Yarning.

By H. S. Tuke, A.R.A.



The Blue Gown.

By George Henry, R.S.A.



"Farewell to the Forest."

By David Murray, R.A.



Seaward Bound.

By Robert W. Allan.

hat of a rugged Venetian supporting a monumental candlestick; and we are quite unable to say whether the face of the rugged and weathered Venetian or the rugged and weathered hat possesses the greater human interest, because Mr. Brangwyn has put precisely the same qualities of his art into both the hat and the face (one feels that they possess for him an equal psychological interest), and these again are only important in so far as they affect the composition of the whole picture, which is of course all as it should be. From Mr. Brangwyn to Mr. Alfred East is a sufficiently abrupt transition; their aims may not be far apart, but the restrained and sensitive atmosphere of Mr. East's charming landscapes is in striking contrast to the republican notes of Mr. Brangwyn; and the four pictures of Mr. East, all various and interesting schemes of colour, at the present exhibition should not be missed. Mr. Abbey's 'Columbus in the New World' is a monumental decorative work, a medley of ecclesiastical vestments, armour, warlike standards, and gaily-plumed flying birds, with a ship in the offing. The spirit of prayer and thankfulness natural to the occasion finds expression, in Mr. Abbey's picture, in a pageant decked with the trappings of ecclesiastical vestments and ritual: the flight of birds is an imaginative touch, and



(St. Paul's Cathedral.)

The late Archbishop Temple.

By F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A.



The Departure of John and Sebastian Cabot from Bristol on their First Voyage of Discovery.

By Ernest Board.

finely decorative. A graceful and individual picture (in the same gallery) is Mr. George Henry's 'The Blue Gown' (p. 165), which suggests that the artist has explored his own mind for the impression. 'The Land of Nod,' by Mr. Charles Sims, must not be forgotten in a list of pictures marked by original and fresh observation. Mr. Sims has departed from conventional and preconceived types in his study of children; and these are young people to whom Robert Louis Stevenson might have inscribed a set of his charming verses. M. Osman Hamdy's 'Le Jeune Emir à l'Étude,' a student stretched at full length on a divan, reading a book, his head supported on his hands, is a curious and effective picture, remarkable for its precise reproduction of the blue tiles and other accessories of the divan. And the young Emir, we think, concludes the group indicated at the beginning of this paragraph.

In a brief notice of so extensive an affair as the Academy one is necessarily reduced to some sort of generalization and classification. Most of the pictures, indeed, easily range themselves. There are, as usual, historical pictures, pictures of manners and customs, pictures illustrating incidents in the lives of the illustrious dead, and so on. The historic sense in painting seems to be as rare as it is in fiction. In both cases, the artist is apparently overburdened by his material; his imagination does not move like the wind that blows; his situations seem theatrical, and the historical personage but the model after all. Mr. Edgar Bundy's 'Capture of James II. at Sheerness' is an exception. The interior of the inn, the sailorman atmosphere of the crowd, the expression of the King, all make for historical verisimilitude and a fresher pictorial

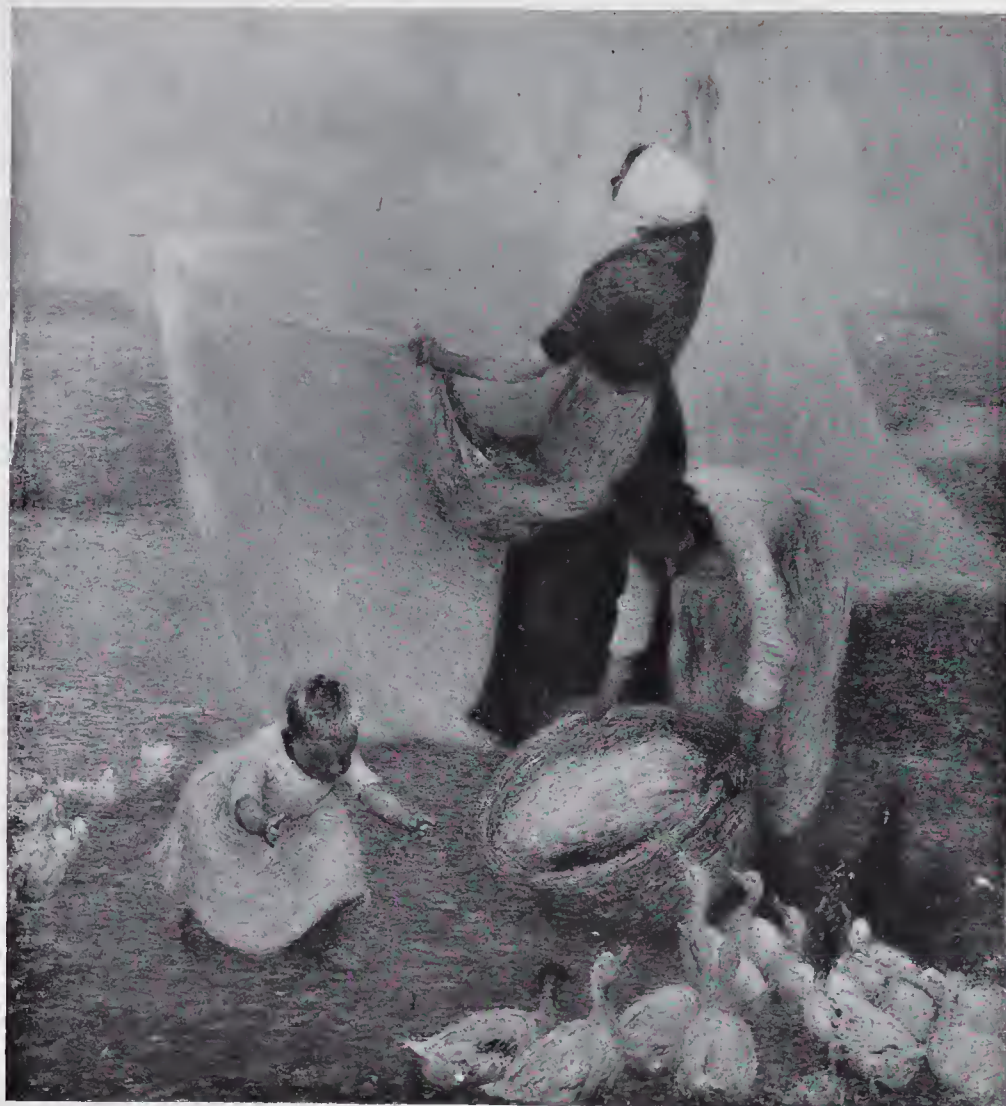
effect. In a lesser degree, Mr. Robert Spence's 'Borcovicus on the Roman Wall' is a creditable effort at realisation. 'The Country Pilgrimage of the Virgin del Rocio of Seville passing through the Sierra Morena,' by Mr. José M. Carboneiro (type 'Manners and Customs'), communicates an air of unmannered and pleasant sentiment in a frankly anecdotal way. Another well-composed picture of this type is Mr. Arthur Burrington's 'Fête of the Patron Saint, Castellar.' Then there are, of course, the usual run of subject-pictures which appeal to other than the pictorial sense, and which are usually the most popular.

Of the various works which do not quite so demonstratively range themselves, there is, for instance, Mr. Niels Lund's 'Braes of Breadalbane' (p. 163), remarkable for its spacious vistas, its atmospheric and colour effects. Mr. Lund is certainly one of the most able and progressive of our younger men. In the same gallery as Mr. Lund's picture there is Mr. Robert W. Allan's 'Seaward Bound' (p. 166), quiet and effective in colour and composition, a harmonious and naturalistic transcript of a piece of coast scenery. Mr. Stanhope Forbes is, as one knows, a school unto himself. His 'Evening in the Village' (p. 163) produces a curiously realistic impression of arrested movement, of pause. As soon as we turn our back, these good fisher-folk will, we know, proceed on their various ways. So vivid is this pause in the quiet drama of the street, that we glance back at the picture to see if it still exists. Mr. C. M. Paddy's 'Sinbad the Sailor' is a successful evocation of the spirit of the "Thousand and One Nights," in which probably the most famous hero of romance is rendered with a nice touch of fantasy. 'The Saleinaz Glacier,' of Mr. E. T. Compton, one notes for



In Sight of Home.

By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.



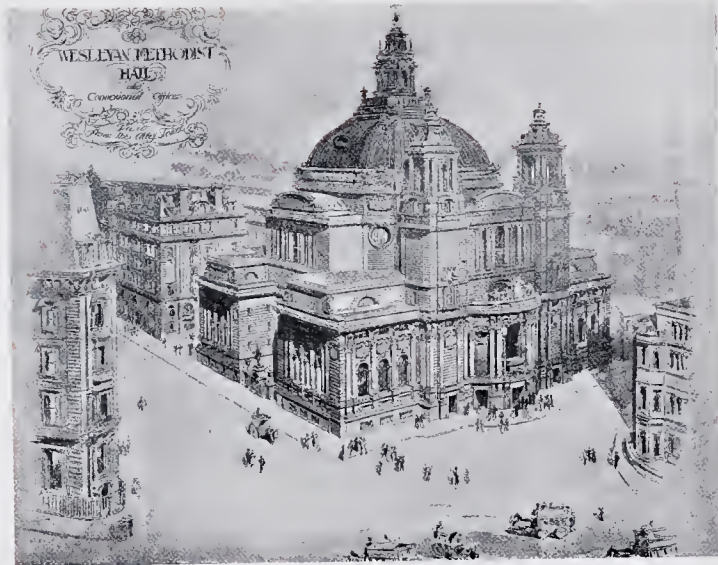
Washing Day

By Edward Stott, A.R.A.

its skilful treatment of a subject which does not usually lend itself so successfully to the painter's hand. We should also like particularly to mention 'The Purple Scarf,' by Mrs. H. Creamer, the 'Rosa Mundi,' by Mr. F. W. Carter, and Mr. Val Havers' tryptich, 'A Ballad of Dead Ladies,' as possessing quite interesting qualities of individuality.

There is, as usual, a large number of portraits. We have already referred to the President's and Mr. Sargent's work. The latter has also portraits of Lord Roberts, a blaze of scarlet and decorations, and the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest. There is a vigorous forcible likeness of Sir Aston

Webb, by Mr. Solomon. 'Miss Constance Blakeney,' by Mr. C. D. Ward, is a sincere and convincing portrait. Sir George Reid has been particularly happy in his subject, the venerable and powerful figure of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. Mr. von Herkomer's 'Sir Felix Semen' (in the first gallery) seems to us much the most successful of his four portraits at the Exhibition. The group of 'Mrs. Herbert M. Sears and her Daughters,' by Mr. J. J. Shannon, foreshadows the more definite charm and interest of his half-length of H.R.H. Princess Margaret, Duchess of Skåne. 'The Duchess of Westminster,' a full-length by Mr. Frank



(From "The British Architect.")

Wesleyan Methodist Hall, Westminster.

By H. V. Lanchester and E. A. Rickards.

Dicksee, is an elegant affair, if not altogether satisfactory, and Mr. W. W. Oules's 'Sir Evelyn Wood,' Mr. Luke Fildes'

Petrus Paulus' is remarkable for the sensitiveness of the modelling. If one were not afraid of the impulse of first

'Mrs. Burn,' and Mr. Orchardson's 'Sir Francis Young-husband' are notable and characteristic contributions.

The sculpture is various and interesting. One cannot perhaps here, as in the case of the painters, take much of it for granted. The art of sculpture in this country is in a transition stage, it is, as it were, beginning to find its feet. We scarcely possess a tradition worth naming, either to follow, or, what is of equal importance, to combat. Certainly there is very little that is merely formalistic in the present exhibition. The total effect is perhaps somewhat restless: the tendency seems to be in the direction of constructive modelling, which should rather be the handmaid than the master of the art. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's bust of 'Francis



Algeciras, Spain.

By Alfred East, A.R.A.

impressions, one might regard it as a unique thing in its kind for the extraordinarily sensitive and nervous touch which it displays. It suggests something of the quality which one finds in the verse of Gerard de Nerval: it is the art of nerves, of the incessant striving after subtle and elusive achievement, something on the borderland of imagination. There is also a charming bust of a young girl, 'Quita,' by Mr. Henry Poole, a young sculptor of considerable promise. The sensitiveness, the charm of girlhood, the fleeting expression of the type and age, are beautifully expressed in this head. Mr. Frith's bust of Mr. Selwyn Image is not only an exact likeness, but an adequately sympathetic interpretation of this admirable poet and artist. We do not find quite the same interpretative qualities in Mr. Goscombe John's bust of Sir William Emerson, which is nevertheless a fine and strong piece of modelling. Mr. Pomeroy, the new Associate, is represented by two memorials of Church dignitaries—the late Archbishop Temple (p. 167), a relief in bronze for St. Paul's, and a recumbent figure of Dean Hole for Rochester Cathedral—both carefully considered and sympathetic examples of Mr. Pomeroy's well-known work. He, like Sir Wm. Richmond in his memorial of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, is fortunate in the types which he was chosen to portray. But it is a little difficult to gauge the full effect of Sir Wm. Richmond's work before seeing it in the various materials engaged in its composition. Professor Lantéri, to whose influence and teaching modern English sculpture owes so much, exhibits a bust of Professor Legros, and a relief of Sir Oliver Lodge. Mr. Brock, Mr. Goscombe John, Mr. Thornycroft, and Mr. Henry Pegram are all represented by memorial statues. Mr. Bertram Mackennal has a grandiose symbolic bust of War, and a bronze group of the Madonna and Child, decoratively interesting: the child is however merely a typically sturdy fellow, and the face of the Madonna—as is so often the case—misses much. Mr. Richard Garbe's 'Selbststüchtiger' is one of the most notable of the larger figures: it carries conviction as a symbol, and the modelling is powerful. Sir C. B. Lawes-Wittewronge's monumental group, 'Dirce,' which occupies the centre of the Central Hall, requires more space for adequate observation. 'La Gamine' and 'La Petite Grenouillère,' by Mr. Anders Olson, are vivacious examples of modelling and fantastic in idea. 'Polar Bears,' an impressionistic decorative group by Mr. Swan, in silver, with a lapis-lazuli base and block of crystal on the top, would perhaps give a somewhat confused impression, were it not for the mastery in the modelling of the bears—so far as one is able to disengage them from their surroundings. The 'Death and Sleep' of Miss E. Kathleen Wheeler (a sleeping calf resting on a dead calf) realises in some fashion, which is the artist's secret, and with admirable technical qualities, the great abstractions which she has chosen for her title. Mr. Derwent Wood's work does not seem to be quite so characteristic of him as usual. Mr. John Tweed's 'Robert Burns' is excellent, and Mr. Alfred Drury, Mr. Paul Montford, and Mr. Gilbert Bayes deserve much more than a passing notice. The architectural drawings, water-colours, miniatures and etchings are beyond the scope of the present article. We give, however, an illustration of 'The New Wesleyan Hall, Westminster,' by Messrs. Lanchester and Rickards, the successful design in the most important open competition of last year.



By the Waters of Babylon.

By Henry Pegram, A.R.A.

NOT improbably the Academy will, in the near future, make an important modification in the rules affecting the exhibition of pictures. For more than half-a-century the glazing of works in oils has been prohibited, though in 1902 an exception was made with Mr. Seymour Lucas' 'Reception of the Moorish Ambassador by the King,' a royal commission, which was shown under glass by command. It would be impracticable, obviously, for the Academy to "receive" glazed pictures from any outsiders that cared to so send them. The most probable solution is that artists who have their pictures hung on the line may, if they please, have glass added.

IN addition to their own particular work, each of the two new associate-engravers of the Royal Academy has done well as a lecturer on his subject. A year or two ago, Mr. Strang delivered several thoughtful lectures on etching; and a few weeks ago the public was admitted to a Saturday afternoon lecture on mezzotinting, by Mr. Frank Short, who teaches at the Royal College of Art. He vigorously combated the theory that steel-facing a plate results in inferior proofs. As to the collector's objection that "tens of thousands" of proofs can be taken from a steel-faced plate, Mr. Short maintained that 300 was a maximum, and,

as a rule, not more than fifty, or even twenty-five. Such lectures are invaluable aids to public understanding.

UNDER the will of Mr. Harrison Weir, the Royal Academy will in due time have to administer a trust similar to the Chantry. The "Harrison Weir Bequest," amounting to about £4,500, is to be applied by the President and Council of the Academy "for the purchase of any picture or pictures that they may deem of high merit, and such to be placed in their collection for the benefit of the nation in the same way as the 'Chantry Bequest.'" The income can be reserved for two or even more years, but only "high-class meritorious" works exhibited the year of purchase seem to be eligible. The Academy administers thirteen or fourteen funds, large and small.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND makes a strong appeal for £15,000 in order to acquire the freehold of Leighton House, Holland Park Road, and create an endowment fund. The gate-money even at the most interesting of exhibitions is inconsiderable, for the reason that the public flocks in on the free day, Saturday. Sir William Richmond says:—"The monument of a great man's life is, no doubt, to be found in the work which he has left behind him, but a grateful nation may desire to express its gratitude to an unselfish and singularly noble life by maintaining that atmosphere of the artistic spirit and environment which had been erected around his tastes and desires, so that, in a measure, something of that atmosphere shall remain to stimulate coming generations to noble efforts."

The National Art-Collections Fund.

ALL the ridiculous rumours about "jobbery" and "scandal" in connection with the purchase by the National Art-Collections Fund of the Rokeby Velazquez died a sudden death when the Report of the Fund was issued. The financial points are these. In 1808 the picture was bought from Buchanan by Mr. Morritt of Rokeby for £500. It became an heirloom, and in 1905 Mr. H. E. Morritt, a descendant of the original purchaser, sold it under order of the Court of Chancery for £30,500, it later coming into the hands of Messrs. Agnew, with whom, as sole owners, the Fund conducted all negotiations. The purchase price was £45,000, Messrs. Agnew contributing 5,000 gs. of the amount, Lord Michelham of Hellingly £8,000, "An

Englishman," through Mr. Herbert F. Cook, £10,000, Mr. J. J. Duveen £3,050, Dr. Ludwig Mond £2,000, Mr. Sigismund Goetze £1,000. Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Bramley, Mr. Norman Shaw, were of those associated with the Royal Academy who contributed, and several artists of the Royal Scottish Academy, including Sir James Guthrie, helped materially. Having secured the patronage of the King, and scored such a brilliant success against adverse circumstances with the Velazquez, the Fund, now in an authoritative position, should be assured of generous support in the future. At the annual meeting, we notice, Lord Curzon alluded to the 'Venus' as in "the front rank of imaginative productions."

The Stibbert Bequest.

PUBLIC galleries and museums, at home and abroad, benefitted very considerably by gifts and bequests during the month of April. First in importance is the large collection, left to this country, of arms and armour brought together by the late Mr. Stibbert in his villa on the heights of Montughi, a short distance to the north of Florence, whose gardens were made available for Queen Victoria when she occupied an adjoining villa. The collections, to which access was courteously given, had come to be regarded as one of the sights of Florence; and many

thought Mr. Stibbert, whose connection with the city reached back many years, would leave his treasure to the Bargello. What proportion of it will, under the Pacca Law, be allowed to leave Italy is uncertain. Mr. Guy Laking, Keeper of the King's Armoury, values the collection at no less than about £300,000. The old Japanese armour is a prominent feature. In this country, apart from the fine Royal collection of armour, there are splendid examples at Hertford House, the South Kensington Museum, and the Tower.

The Art Journal Competition.

THE Publishers have invited Students to send in black-and-white drawings to illustrate the *New Arabian Nights*, by R. L. Stevenson. According to the conditions printed on page 160,

each drawing must be accompanied by the coupon which appears among the advertisements to the present number, page 8. The last day for receiving drawings is July 9, 1906.



(St. John's Catholic Church, Portobello, Edinburgh.)

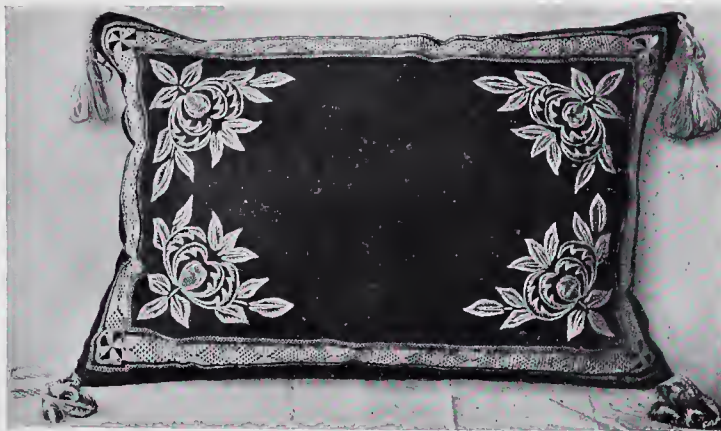
The Last Supper.

By Edward Frampton.

Art Handiwork and Manufacture.

ABOUT thirty years ago, moved thereto partly by the reports of an artist who witnessed vividly the loss of the arts of daily life in his native province, some Swedish ladies founded a Society to rescue, increase, and develop the peasant arts of Sweden. These "Friends of Handicraft" (*Handarbetets Vänner*) were perhaps as fortunate in their undertaking as anyone can be who seeks to turn back the hearts of modern workers to regard and strive to re-acquire beauty and pleasure in their industry. The national costumes, with all they meant in particular skill in weaving, household wall-hangings, cushions, covers, lingered, though precariously, in provincial life. The housewives who were buying German factory goods were the daughters of the women who used the loom in pride of home and native place, with an inherited cunning that gave to the hand-woven textiles of Sweden a greater variety than one can find in the peasant textiles of any other European country. Some of these old women were amongst the most essential discoveries of the founders of the Society. From Scania, a province formerly specially fortunate in beauty and variety of home-arts, weavers were brought to Stockholm; and the traditional methods were studied, as traditional designs were sought for, wherever a living fragment of the past existed.

Fortunately—and it is here that one pronounces the undertaking of the Friends of Handicraft unusually auspicious—traditions of the past lived, however much obscured and weakened by present conditions, in the craft-aptitude that teaching discovered in the younger women. The tapestries, embroideries, pattern-weaving, that, after thirty years of encouragement, come from the looms and needles of Swedish villages owe much of their beauty of colour and design to living workers. It is by no means just a laboriously preserved repetition of the inventions of dead generations, though, like their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, these weavers work out many designs whose origin one can trace back to immemorial days.



Blue Linen Cushion embroidered in Flax Thread.

By Miss Thurston Thompson.



Peter, the First Norman Bishop, founds the present Church, A.D. 1075.



The Dissolution of the College of St. John by the Commoners of Edward VI., A.D. 1548.

By Edward Frampton.

Time has indeed done this injury to the source of the peasant arts of Sweden, that whereas in other centuries work was beautifully done that it might decorate the home, now it is sent away to market, and done to add to the income. That is a difference that goes deep, and brings even this favoured revival into conflict with the forces that work against art by isolating it as a faculty hired for the production of luxuries. Yet one has to remember that if the demand is intelligent and requires the best of the worker, this unavoidable change in the incentive to craftsmanship may induce art. All fine lace-making, for instance, is, and practically always has been, a work of the poor for the rich: of the humble for the adornment of high places. The Swedish Society realises its place as Friends of Handicraft in modern circumstances by training the consumer as well as the producer. Their industry includes much more than the village work. What the village sends to the town is sent to be judged by expert critics. At the Stockholm show-rooms, and by a school and classes for the teaching of national arts, by undertaking house decoration, by constant efforts to obtain and supply good work, the Handarbetets Vänner are mediating for beauty and skill between buyer and worker.

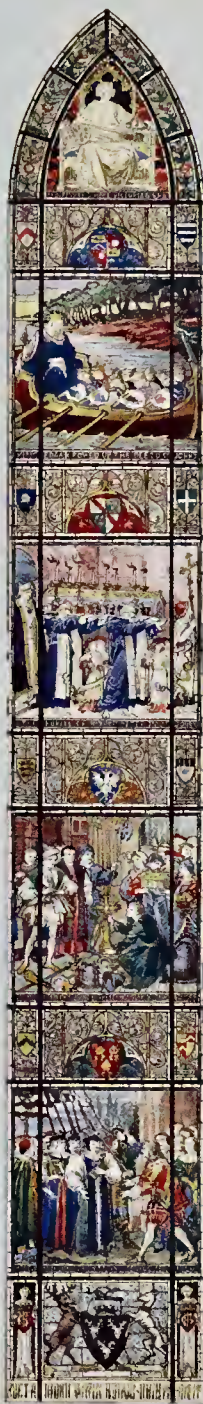
In this place one is concerned only with the peasant industries revived by the Society, and their excellent variety makes them sufficient subject; though the revival of church hangings and embroidery and house embroidery among Swedish ladies, the designs for tapestry by modern artists, and some examples of the art of painted linen-hangings crudely practised in earlier times, are noteworthy results of a movement that has affected all



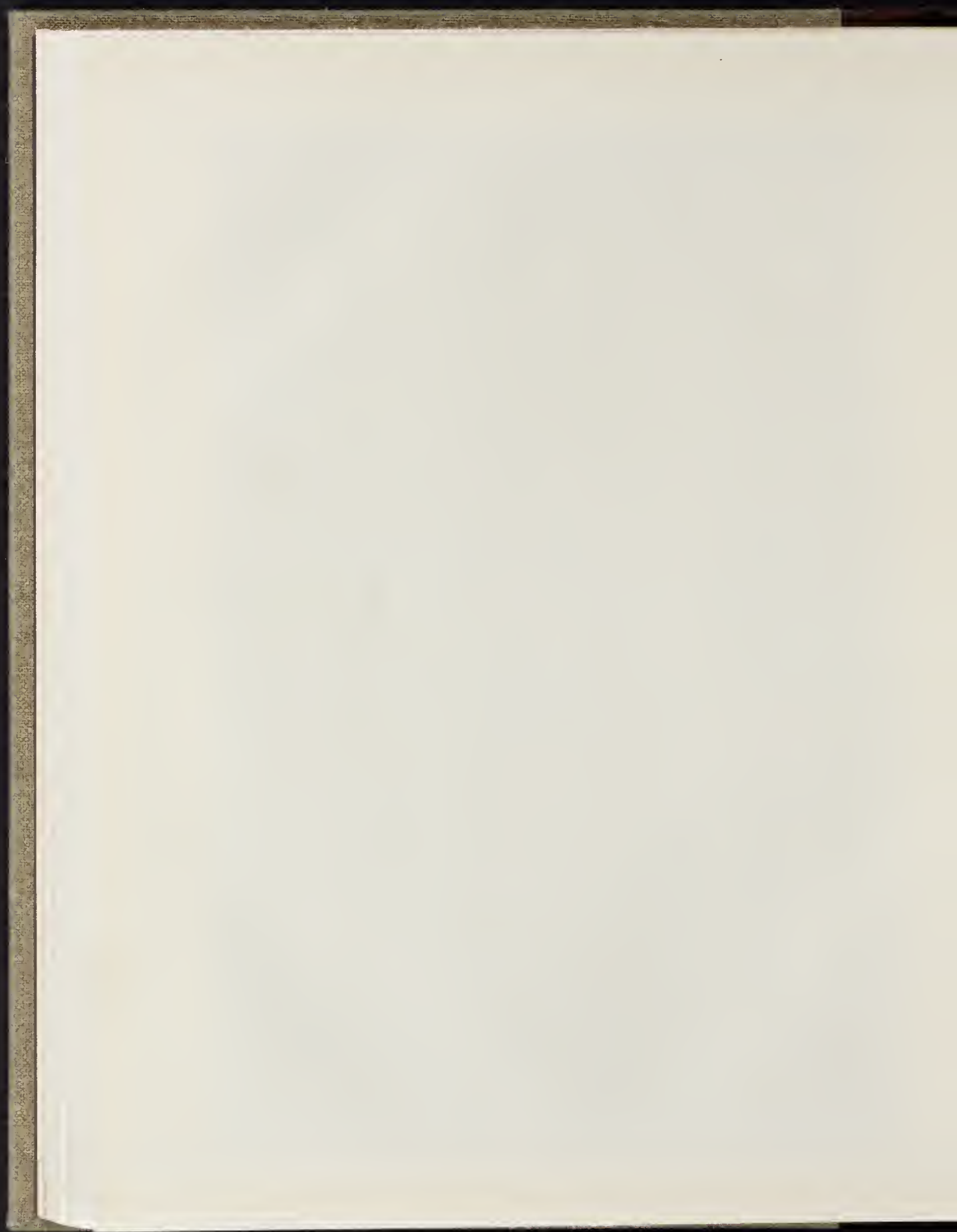
By Edward Frampton.



The Art Journal, London, Virtue & Co.

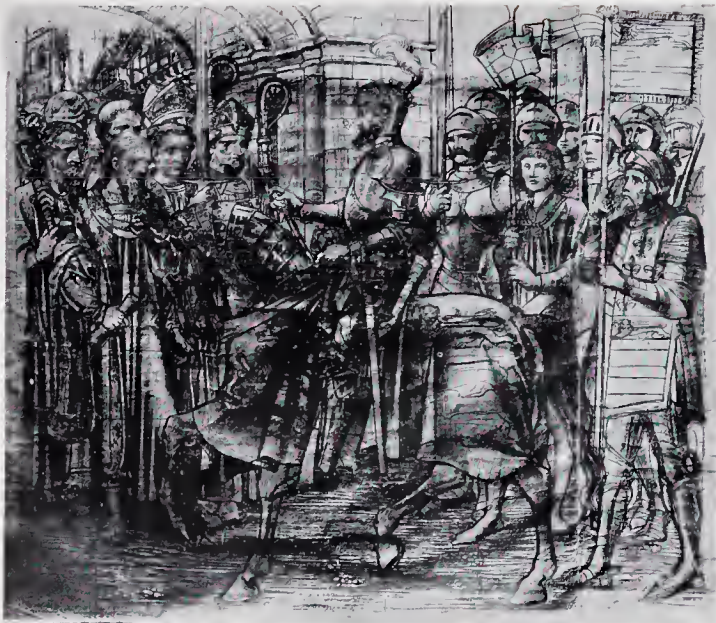


St. John the Baptist, Chester.



classes in Sweden. The textiles illustrated, in their diverse and admirable designs, their range of method, suggest what peasants in various villages are able to do. In colour, in appreciation of textures, the embroideries are remarkable, and the "flamen," the high-warp tapestries, which are the highest textile achievement of these home-weavers, are perhaps the most genuine of all existing webs in this once splendid kind. Not, obviously, that these small, naïve pieces, with bird and flower and leaf quaintly conventionalised, are to be compared with more sophisticated tapestries in splendour and complexity. But what they have—and appropriate design is carried out usually in charming and appropriate colour—is their own. Early in the sixteenth century some Flemish weavers settled in Sweden to weave hangings for the wealthy. The peasants, already well-skilled in their own textile arts, learnt the craft, and never quite ceased to practise it, with true adaptation to a national style.

Mr. Edward Frampton's stained glass fills many important windows in London, and in country churches all over Great Britain. As a practical artist in his craft he is known, too, in Colorado, where the East window, and nine other windows in Denver Cathedral, are his work. The Blake Memorial window in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the West window in the Church of Saint John the Baptist, at Chester, here illustrated in colour and in detail, may be specially cited among examples of Mr. Frampton's invention and technique. Commemoration, in the jewelled material of stained glass, fixed in a church associated with the theme, of deeds or events heroic or signi-



Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I, the first Royal Earl of Chester, enters the City, A.D. 1256.



Queen Elizabeth granting the Fabric of St. John's Church to the Parishioners, and the Advowson with Tithes to Sir Christopher Hatton, A.D. 1581.

By Edward Frampton.



The Siege of Chester and Flight of Charles I., A.D. 1645.

By Edward Frampton.

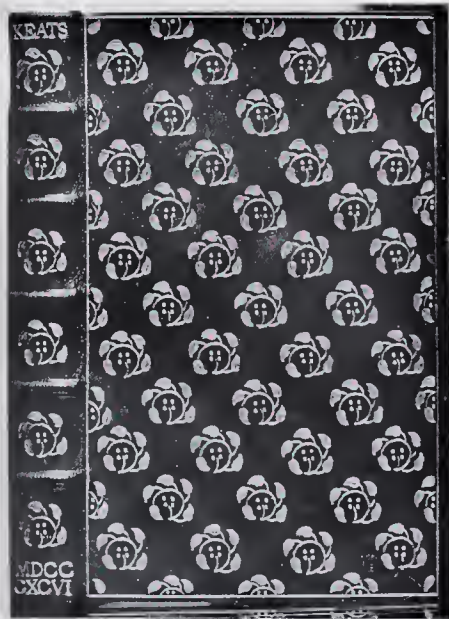
the commission that gave Mr. Frampton the Blake window at Westminster to fill with scenes of a hero's life and death below figures of the Saviour who walked the sea, and of the

ficant, is an opportunity for the expression of all the artist may have in him of desire to inspire and ennoble through his art. To illustrate the great virtues, the eternal energies of the spirit, as a man or an occasion shaped them in the past, is nearer to the common understanding, and therefore more practically symbolic, than illustration by the high figures of emblemed saints and martyrs. To reach up, and out, in imagination, so that the Divine or saintly takes form to win anew the spirit of the beholder, is little granted to artists of to-day. In the recognition through love, admiration and sympathy, of the Divine in man, lies, perhaps, the way to spiritual heights in the art, as in the life, of the present. And this great hope finds utterance in the



Appliqué Hanging on Cloth.

(Swedish Peasant Industries.)



Tooled Binding.

By Katharine Adams.



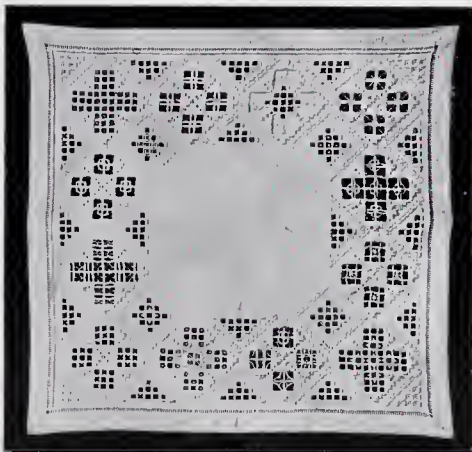
Windows in Denver Cathedral, Colorado.

By Edward Frampton.

militant Archangel, and the Angel of the Sea, as the lonely vision of the seer of Patmos describes his immortal splendour.

The Chester window is yet more historical and local, though above the panels of scenes from the ecclesiastical

and political history of Chester, and the shields of mayors and dignitaries, are figures of Christ in glory and of Angels of record and judgment. From the massacre of British monks, defenders of the native Church against the claims of Rome, to the restoration of Episcopacy following the down-



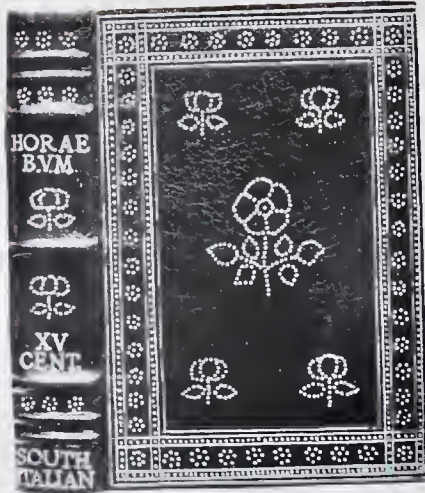
Norwegian Drawn-Thread Work.

By Miss Thurston Thompson.



Square of High-warp Tapestry.

(Swedish Peasant Industries.)



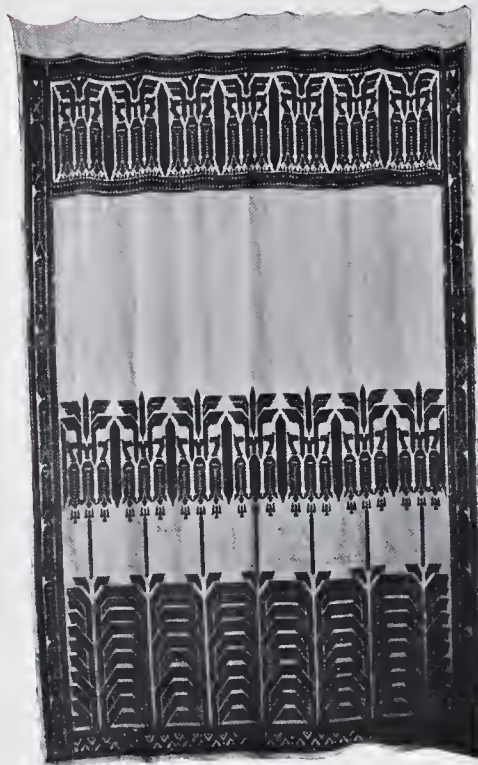
Binding: Fifteenth Century Italian MS.

By Katharine Adams.



Vellum Binding.

By Katharine Adams.



(Swedish Peasant Industries.)

Woven Hanging.

fall of the Commonwealth, the subjects are chosen and illustrated in accordance with the significant history of the church to which the window belongs. Fitness and fertility of invention are a part, but, needless to say, only a part, of the artist's equipment, whatever his material. He fails without them, but as an artist he succeeds by other qualities than these. Mr. Frampton, using the scheme of small panels and grisaille so familiar, and, often, so ineffective, plays his colours to keep the window an interesting unity. More action, on the small scale of the panels, is allowable than in a large figure, but here, too, he respects the window, while he considers his subject.

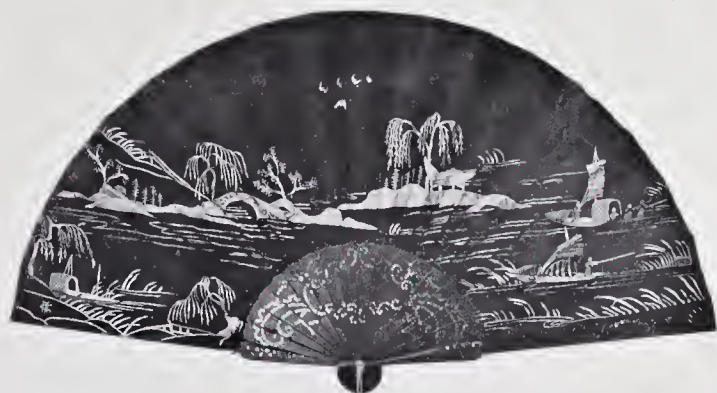
An æsthetic fact not sufficiently considered by modern bookbinders is that the value of tooled work above stamped bindings lies, not in the amount of ornament, but in the living brightness that declares the living touch, in place of the mechanical pressure of the stamp. A design of the most ornate character can be imitated in a stamped binding, the more passably for its ornateness, which may impose as splendour. It is true that the imitation is dead and dull, but still it has a commercial richness. But in the case of a tooled binding of delicate design, no machine-made copy would have even a show of equality. Meagre, as well as dull, there is no use for it. One is not, of course, arguing that tooled designs should be economised, because only tooling gives them effect. But there is a value in a kind of craft-beauty that cannot be possibly imitated by machinery. And this, of skilful reticence in tooling, is such a beauty. Miss Katharine Adams, as the variety of an exhibition of her bindings at Messrs. Paterson's showed, is sensitive to the range of brilliance that gold tooling affords, and uses with particular taste the more delicate effects. Her ornate



Embroidered Fan, Chinese Design.
By Miss Thurston Thompson.



Embroidery on Linen.
(Swedish Peasant Industries.)



Embroidered Fan on Black Gauze.
By Miss Thurston Thompson.



Embroidered Hanging on Linen.
(Swedish Peasant Industries.)



Embroidered Fan, Bartolozzi Design.
By Miss Thurston Thompson.

bindings of the English Bible with the *pointillé* panel, the daintily powdered device on the little volume of Italian MSS. represent two appreciations of the possibilities of a charming technique she only, among recent binders, seems to favour. Other bindings, such as the *English Odes*, with an oval design, or the *Old Testament Songs* at the "Arts and Crafts," had silver hinges to add to the charm of shining gold on vellum.



(Swedish Peasant Industries.)

Woven Frieze in Cotton and Flax.

The *Keats* binding, solid yet bright, is another expressive effect.

In the long history of fans, no material that can be made light enough, and no method of decoration that can add charm to the fragile fabric, but has been finely employed. Yet painting, for textile fans, is so much the recent vogue, that embroidered examples are, technically, a pleasing

change. The three finely worked fans by Miss Thurston Thompson, one of whose fans was acquired for the Victoria and Albert Museum, are dainty examples. Other embroideries by Miss Thompson are also effective with appropriate design and finished execution.

Mr. Amor Fenn's sign (p. 145) was made by Messrs. Hobbs & Son.

The New Gallery.

By Frank Rinder.

WITHOUT sincerity there can be no enduring art—only a make-believe, an artifice, however superficially effective. Thus baldly stated, all recognise the fundamental truth of the truism, which, nevertheless, is constantly disregarded by painters, sculptors, critics, and by that larger company who, zealously or fitfully, aim to be artists in life. Sincerity is not the sole endowment, of course, of a Van Eyck, a Leonardo, a Michelangelo, a Rembrandt; but subtract it and you take away the animating

principle. The only worth of insincerity is to convince of its futility, its folly.

Were sincerity to be insisted on as the wedding garment at the nineteenth summer exhibition at the New Gallery, many of the guests would be dismissed. All the same, there is not more than the average proportion of pictorial dissimulation, of lack of courage in pursuit of the only truth that counts, that imaged in the inward lake. Straightforwardly bad things are preferable to still-born insincerities.

They do not quench, stultify. Fortunately, a number of prominent contributors have moments of clear, it may be fine sight, which they do not in any of a hundred possible ways falsify. One may instance artists as dissimilar as Mr. Sargent and Sir George Reid, as Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. D. Y. Camerou.

Mr. Sargent is in holiday mood. His method of investigation is swift, imperious. What, one questions, would Reynolds have thought of "the art of seeing nature" as does Mr. Sargent in the 'Syrian Study,' wherein the eastern sun-dazzle, which menaces the pictorial life of the goats in the quarry, is in its every scintillation commandeered. But, "caught" at the just distance, the goats do emerge, living in



Sand Dunes, Dannes-Camiers, Pas de Calais.

By H. Hughes-Stanton.

that blaze of sunlight. Less fierce, with much imaginative persuasiveness, is the portrait of Padre Albera, seated, pondering, in his small bedroom, littered with personal belongings and beautiful flowers (p. 181). The priest, a gracious, thoughtful figure in his black cassock, is interpretatively circumstanced. He is at the heart of the picture, and in his heart dwells wonder. No other living painter could compass just that eloquent disorder, disciplined—if we except, perhaps, the emphatically white bed-clothes—to fine unity. The sketch of Mr. Seymour Lucas is full of vitality, of momentariness; that of Mr. Napier Hemy, with its boldly painted coat, is less characteristic; and the 'Gethsemane,' of a brown-robed monk standing by a mass of sunlit rock, is a lapse—to me not a very interesting lapse. While Mr. Sargent relies on generous tides of impulse, caught at the flood, Sir George Reid builds up his salutary statements



Padre Albera.

By John S. Sargent, R.A.



Bed-time.

By W. Llewellyn.

patiently, deliberately, in no detail relaxing his vigorous research. If he does not fulfil what Goethe meant by profound realistic perception, his full-length of Sir John Glover, Chairman of Lloyds' (p. 182), approaches the limit where able, sane matter-of-factness breaks forth into revelation. The head, modelled with certitude, the no doubt characteristic attitude, the admirably painted frock-coat, the "dour" practicality throughout—with a fragile beauty in the pale pink flower of the button-hole—give the picture a forceful congruity. Its explicitness, its perspicuity, its unswerving honesty, brace. Other noticeable portraits are Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Mrs. Arthur H. Lee,' in movement gracious, and with delightful colour, in its way as accomplished as anything in the exhibition, Mr. Lavery's quiet-toned 'Earl of Plymouth' and the 'Mary reading,' Mr. George Harcourt's 'James Gray,' which deserved a place on the line, Mr. Hugh Riviere's faithful 'Miss Genevieve Ward,' Mr. Byam Shaw's 'Miss Constance Collier,' a strange adventure.

Mr. Brangwyn's 'Wine Shop' is of his best, but, properly, it should be unframed and set in a wall. He sees bigly, broadly, massively. For him nature is as a great loom that weaves bold, richly nurtured, sun-splashed patterns. With a full brush, a convinced hand, he here asserts in large phrases his impression of swarthy figures, or big vessels of green glass and copper, of a big white pumpkin, and, in masterly fashion, of some onions. The squareness, if you will the rudeness, of the brushwork, accords with the perplexedness of Brangwyn's view. Coming within the scope of the decorative rather than the otherwise expressive, are several more of the outstanding exhibits. Mr. T. Austen Brown has a Normandy 'Haymaker' (p. 185), in blue apron and sabots, silhouetted, as she leans on the toothed end of her wooden rake, against a moist, grey sky and a lake misted with silver and a 'Meadow Flowers,' themselves admirably painted,



The Dryads' Offering.

By J. L. Pickering.

carried by a lady, whose dress is of dimmed pink, with elusive notes of blue and rose. Even granting the artist's preoccupation with "values," the flesh might in each case have been more vital. Mr. E. A. Hornel's 'Burning Leaves,' a second wall decoration, is a charming fantasy, where the smoothly painted faces of five children, the moon, the autumn leafage, the smoke, fall as though by a happy accident into a mosaic of pattern, of muted colour. Mr. George Henry's instinct for decoration is seen in 'The Hour-glass,' with its satisfactory rendering of the Chinese blue gown, the green cushion, and the hour-glass itself, even though the glass hardly gives the sense of glass. His large 'Summer Morn' (p. 183), a departure, carries simplification to the extreme—almost, indeed, on this scale it becomes emptiness. But here again there is painting by one who is happy to paint. As yet the name of Mr. Norman Wilkinson, of Four Oaks, is little known, but his 'Maker of Images' (see plate), which though a water-colour is given an important place in the West Room, will bring him into notice. It is a pretty conceit to figure in red four tiny oaks after his signature, doubtless in order that he may not be confused with his namesake, the clever marine painter of the R.B.A. In 'The Maker of Images' the various objects are most deftly rendered, and put in a pleasant space; there is a certain ardent asceticism about the figure, throughout a certain subtle inventiveness.

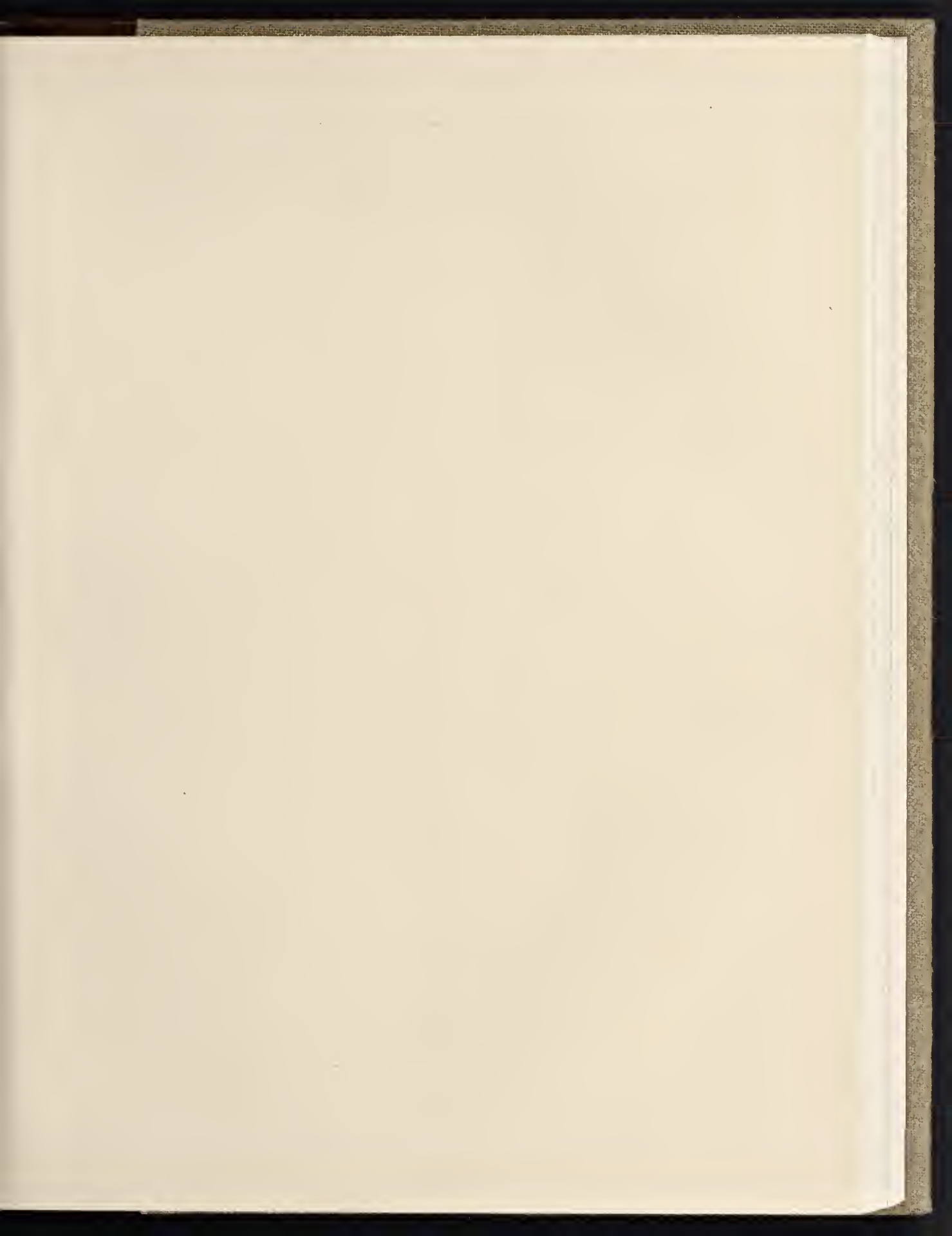
The most conspicuous landscape is Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton's 'Sand Dunes, Dannes-Camiers' (p. 180), given on a scale—it measures many feet—that inclines us to demand

a grander, profounder understanding. Yet the rolling dunes, with their rank grasses, in sunlight and shadow, are ably, simply planned and painted, but the sky is in this scheme less satisfactory. Two fine landscapes hang on either side of Mr. C. E. Halle's 'Mrs. Helier Percival' in the south room. They are Mr. Peppercorn's solemnly handled 'Cornish Valley,' where the solid green of the earth answers to the grave grey of the sky, and Mr. D. V. Cameron's 'Eildon Hills.' Distant, beyond a wide bend of river and a face of cliff, three conical hills stand, subtly, against an evening sky. Between two of the hills, where is now a radiance of palest primrose, the sun has set; grey mists are on the lower level, and, still higher, where the young moon mounts tranquil and secure in the quietudes, is a flush of tender rose. In a sense it is true that a landscape is a pictorial expression of human emotion painted in the presence of nature. That would mean that the celestial light



Sir John Glover, Chairman of Lloyds.

By Sir George Reid, R.S.A.





The Maker of Images.

The first of these was the Great Exhibition of 1851, which was held in the Crystal Palace in London. It was a great success, and it was the first time that a large number of people had seen the world's most famous works of art. The exhibition was a great success, and it was the first time that a large number of people had seen the world's most famous works of art.

The second of these was the Great Exhibition of 1862, which was held in the Crystal Palace in London. It was a great success, and it was the first time that a large number of people had seen the world's most famous works of art. The exhibition was a great success, and it was the first time that a large number of people had seen the world's most famous works of art.

Other London Exhibitions.

The first of these was the Great Exhibition of 1851, which was held in the Crystal Palace in London. It was a great success, and it was the first time that a large number of people had seen the world's most famous works of art. The exhibition was a great success, and it was the first time that a large number of people had seen the world's most famous works of art.



Fig. 1. The Great Exhibition of 1851.



in Mr. Cameron's 'Eildon Hills' is as much an emanation from himself as a record. So it is; and as there is a great brotherhood of inward possessions, an answering light will in many cases be kindled. With real treasure, to divide is not to take away. Among the good landscapes are, again, Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Straits of Mona,' a richly coloured sunset, with a play of deep rose and pale turquoise, and his 'Summer Sea,' with its delightful notes of silver and blue; the dashingly deliberate and unequivocally honest harbour piece of Mr. R. W. Allan; Mr. Coult's rhythmic 'Lonely Moor,' free from trivial parade; the snow piece of Mr. W. Llewellyn, whose 'Bed Time' (p. 181), with suavely painted baby is, however, even better; Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Lane, Antibes,' in tellingly vibrant sunlight; and works by Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Horatio Walker, Mr. J. S. Hill,

and, in the idyllic kind, the charmingly felt pictures of Mr. Wetherbee. Works that deserve more than passing mention include Mr. C. W. Bartlett's 'Festival in Brittany' (p. 184), with its felicitous use of white, where the picturesqueness of the procession is not vulgarised; Mr. Max Bohm's 'Golden Hours,' with its glowingly painted fruit, Mr. Sydney Lee's 'The Belfry,' Sir James Linton's scrupulously realised 'Earl of Leicester and Amy Robsart at Cumnor Place,' Mr. J. L. Pickering's 'Dryad's Offering' (p. 182), and Sir William Eden's clever drawing of a Dresden china guinea-fowl, proud of its many hues. In sculpture there is nothing as startling as the 'Lycidas' of 1905, but interesting things are sent by Mr. John Tweed, Mr. Basil Gotto, Mr. Derwent Wood, and one or two more.

Other London Exhibitions.

EXHIBITIONS on a considerable scale like the "New Gallery" and "Old Water-Colour Society" were far from exhausting those of interest opened during April. Londoners have seldom so good an opportunity to study the art of Mr. Joseph Crawhall as at the show of drawings in the Paterson Gallery. His 'White Drake' (p. 186), in water-colours, on brown holland, seen against a background of leafage, with the yellow dandelion so felicitously placed, is a finely imagined bit of decoration, a genuine discovery, endowed with pictorial life. Other good things were by Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Swan, Mr. Rackham, Mr. James Paterson. A second more than ordinarily attractive show of drawings and studies was that at Leighton House, where were typical examples by Mr. Sargent, Mr. Will Rothenstein, Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Laurence Housman—a true inheritor of the tradition of the early Millais—and, certainly not least, Mr. Wilson Steer. Masterly is not too big an epithet for Mr. Steer's water-colour "notes" of Chepstow Castle. Messrs. Tooth, after many years in the Haymarket, moved to excellent new galleries at 175-6, New Bond Street, where the inaugural show included a series of the admirable pastels of Lhermitte, Matthew Maris' intimate 'Girl at the Well,' the dignified oblong, 'Two Mills,' by James Maris—how different from the tender 'Four Mills' of Matthew—and good things of the Barbizon School and by Meissonier, Bastien Lepage, Détaille. Three stately landscapes by Harpignies, Mr. Orchardson's 'Jessica,' of the 1887 Academy, and a truly-searched study of cattle by Sidney Cooper, dating from 1867, were the chief accents at Messrs. McLean's. The successful show of flower pictures at the Baillie Gallery was followed by works of certain Scottish artists of to-day, several of them—such as Mr. William Walls, Mr. Peter Mackie, Mr. S. J. Peploe—

little known in the metropolis. At the Fine Art Society's there were seen the eighty indisputably sincere drawings of



(New Gallery.)

Summer Morn.

By George Henry, R.S.A.



(New Gallery.)

A Festival in Brittany.

By Charles W. Bartlett.

Mr. William Hole, illustrative of the life of Jesus. His aim has been similar to that of Tissot: as far as possible to record the "facts" by scrupulous study of the unchanging life of the people in Palestine. But the spiritual burden of the great story is not so to be compassed. At the Dowdeswell Galleries were nine pictures by Mr. Byam Shaw, among them 'The Neglected Invitation,' showing Christ seated solitary in an "upper chamber," with to right and left of Him, on the spread table, golden goblets, the wine of life untasted. Through lunettes in the thick wall are glimpses of the throbbing world, pursuing the nothings which masquerade as the All. Gilded gesso, precious stones and mother-of-pearl are introduced, and the frame is ornately architectural. There must be noted, too, the show of pictures by Mr. T. Austen Brown, Mrs. Martin White, Mr. Carl Lindin, and a complete set of the good coloured woodcuts by Mrs. Austen Brown at the Doré Gallery; the drawings of 'Dream Children and Real Children,' including 'By Dreaming Pool' (p. 184), by Miss Amelia M. Bauerlé and Mrs. F. M. Unwin at Clifford's; the inventive drawings of birds and animals at the Rembrandt Head by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, shewing sympathetic observation of the gaucleries of young things; the extensive gathering of engravings and water-colours of Oxford and Cambridge, and many of our chief public schools, at the

Fine Art Society's; spirited water-colours by Lady Butler at Graves'; and at the Rowley Gallery, Kensington, some pieces of sculpture by an unrecognised French artist, Gaston Lachaise, and a representative set of pictures, drawings, and etchings by Mr. Maxwell Armfield, a young artist of talent, who works with Mr. Norman Wilkinson.

Almost we may falsify George Peele, and assert of the "Old" Water-Colour Society that "Age waneth with encreasing." The second summer exhibition after the centenary celebrations of 1904 shows the Society to be younger at heart than many more recently-born rivals, and suggests the applicability of that transcendent line of Shakespeare, thrilling with life, "And death, once dead, there's no more dying then." Veterans like Mr. William Callow, revolutionaries like Mr. Sargent, artists as dissimilar, again, as Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. Albert

Goodwin, as Mr. Louis Davis and Mr. H. S. Hopwood, help to make the exhibition notable. Life surges in each of Mr. Sargent's three drawings: 'An Arab Gipsy Tent,' with, its inmates flashed into being, and a study of two swarthy Bedouins, bathed in the full light of day, are spoil from the sun-flooded East, whose intensity does not subjugate or even bewilder Mr. Sargent. 'The 'Miss Eden' is vivid almost to ferocity in its directness of realisation in the modelling of the face, but the play of diaphanous white and pale pink in the dress comes near being tender. Mr. Alfred Parsons is a convinced believer in particularisation as opposed to generalisation; he aims for a miniature-like richness of content, to be compassed only by minute precision of sight, not by the "dilated eye" of Reynolds' doctrine. Mr.



(Messrs. Clifford's Gallery.)

By Dreaming Pool.

By Amelia M. Bauerlé.

Parsons' 'September Sunshine, Normandy Coast,' is an admirable example of sane, sincere portraiture, the sky alone disappointing. We look over league on league of level, cultivated country, lying, pictorially secure, in the even sunshine, with a far line of blue sea. It is one of the best drawings of the kind that Mr. Parsons has given us, and the kind is one in which he is a master. There is a reticence, a reverence, about Mr. William Callow's view of Winchester from the distance, executed in the forties, foreign to present-day art. A curiosity that has little of wonder in it on the one hand, sentimentalism on the other, may be responsible for the disappearance. Here, the golden glow on the meadow descends as a gift, a benediction; this passage of light fitly leading towards the white cathedral, under shelter of the hill. Mr. Albert Goodwin keeps close to a delicate vision in 'Durham in the grey dawn.' There is imaginative warrant for the emergence of the grey heights beyond the dim tracery of trees and the silver mists of the river. Imaginatively just, again, as well as pictorially persuasive, is Mr. Louis Davis' 'Nisi Dominus Frustra.' But for his too pretty face, which in that way misses spirituality, we could welcome this boy angel, with his rich, red vestments, his palely-lighted lantern, with peace in the folded wings, tenderness in the trail of the little robe, joy in the kindling of the hair, as one of those always-present guides in the wood of the world.

The exhibition opens promisingly with 'The Mirror,' of Mr. H. S. Hopwood, whose 'Morning' (p. 187) in the white-curtained bay of a white room is, save for the dull carpet, a spontaneously fluent phrase of glad, cool morning sunlight. There can be no question as to the technical skill of Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper, whose 'Patient Griselda,' if conceptively a failure, is accomplished as a rendering of glossy black hair, and of rich stuffs. Many more of the 252 drawings repay study. There are, for example, several of Mr. Anning Bell's rhythmic designs, the personal, rich and balanced colour scheme according with the conception, especially 'The Garden of Sweet Sound,' justifiably bought by the Chantry Trustees; Mr. Edwin Alexander's unnecessarily big and sombre 'Falcons and Trophy,' throughout kept low in tone; Mr. James Paterson's study of East Lynton on a wet afternoon, and his amusing 'Betsy' (p. 186), pausing at a necessary household task; Mr. D. Y. Cameron's by no means altogether successful attempt to render the upward leap of sunset radiance, 'Ben Lomond'; Miss Fortescue Brickdale's freely-handled essay in portraiture, 'Miss Theed,' where the cape-gooseberries and the honesty are an acceptable feature; Mr. Tuke's 'Sundown at Falmouth,' with genuine aerial truth; Professor Herkomer's carefully realised 'Head of a Bavarian'; characteristic and acceptable landscapes by Mr. David Murray and Mr. J. W. North, Sir Ernest Waterlow, Mr. R. W. Allan and Mr. Robert Little; several of the intricate ingenuities of Mr. Arthur Rackham;



(New Gallery.)

A Haymaker.

By T. Austen Brown, A.R.S.A.

a capable study of a blind peasant by Mr. S. Curnow Vosper, and immediately recognisable drawings by the other new Associate, Mr. J. C. Dollman.

Passing Events.

MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY, the unsuccessful Liberal candidate for Taunton at the General Election, has received from his supporters an illuminated address, enclosed in a gold casket panelled with miniature views of the town. Mr. Ponsonby, who had an exhibition of water-colours at the Carfax Gallery last year, is one of the Prime Minister's secretaries. He is son of the late Sir Henry Ponsonby, and brother of Major Ponsonby, Equerry to the King. *Apropos* art and Parliament, Mrs. Martin White, a group of water-colours by whom was at the Doré Gallery, is wife of the defeated Liberal candidate at Yarmouth, who petitioned against the return of Mr. Arthur Fell.

THERE was considerable hope that the Berlin authorities would favourably consider the official application from Ghent, to allow the wings of the great Van Eyck

altarpiece temporarily to pass to Ghent, in order that the whole work might be re-constituted at the projected Van Eyck exhibition in the Musée des Beaux-Arts. Unfortunately, Berlin refused, and the show had to be abandoned. There would, of course, have been little difficulty in obtaining the 'Adam' and 'Eve' from Brussels. Had the altarpiece, which is one of the greatest achievements in painting that exists, been re-constituted after a century and more of dismemberment, thousands of art-lovers from various parts of the world would have visited Ghent.

ABOUT Easter a New York telegram announced that an American firm of printsellers had purchased the "Edwards collection of Whistler etchings, which formed part of the memorial exhibition at the New Gallery in London." The interpretation of this mystical, or at any rate mysterious pronouncement is that the King has parted with the fine set of 150 Whistler etchings seen last year in Regent Street and subsequently in Paris. The etchings were sold to Messrs. Agnew, and from them passed to Messrs. Wunderlich of New York, who shared them with Messrs. Obach. They include the Spithead set, presented by Whistler to Queen Victoria. Many valuable mezzotints were also procured by Messrs. Agnew from the Royal Library at Windsor. There were, for example, superb proofs of Valentine Green's 'Duchess of Rutland' and 'Duchess of Devonshire,' prints of which appeared at 15s. each. The Blyth impression of the 'Rutland' made 1,000 gs. in 1901, seven times what Reynolds received for the original picture, and at Sir Joshua's sale in 1792 presumably good impressions of the two mezzotints fetched 23s. It is intended with the proceeds to complete the historical collection at Windsor.

BUT for the eager and tactful efforts of Mr. Hugh P. Lane, there would to-day probably be no Gallery



(R.W.S.)

Betsy.

By James Paterson, A.R.W.S.

of Modern Art in Dublin. He has devoted time, capacity, money, to the development of it. Surely, then the testimonial which it is proposed to present to Mr. Lane will be adequately supported.



(Mr. W. B. Paterson's Gallery.)

The White Drake.

By Joseph Crawhall.

MJULES HENNER has presented to the Municipality of Paris twenty-five pictures by his uncle, J. J. Henner, who died in the summer of 1905. These are arranged in the Petit Palais, and they vary in date from the study of a peasant's head, painted at the age of sixteen, to the celebrated 'Christ au Tombeau' of 1892.

AN interesting discovery has recently been made with regard to one of the greatest artists of the British School—William Hogarth. It was known that he was born on November 10, 1697, "in Barth's Closte, next doore to Mr. Downings the printer's"; but till now the actual house

has remained unidentified. It turns out that Downing the printer lived at No. 57, Bartholomew Close, and almost certainly Hogarth's parents lodged with the widow Gibbons at No. 58, for their names never appear as ratepayers. No. 58 is now incorporated with Nos. 59 and 60 in one large warehouse.

OUTSIDE public galleries there existed no finer or more celebrated collection of "blue and white" porcelain than that formed during the last three decades by Sir William Bennett, the distinguished surgeon. He not long ago parted with it, *en bloc*, and Messrs. Dickinson, of Wigmore Street, gave connoisseurs the opportunity to "graduate in envy." Not only does it contain some of the choicest specimens from the celebrated assemblage of the late Sir Henry Thompson, one of the pioneers, who shared the enthusiasm of Rossetti, but from other famous collections.

ON April 11, three weeks after the death of Mr. Thomas Hoade Woods, the great firm of Christie's lost, in Mr. Henry Edward Taylor, one who from 1889 to 1902 was a principal partner. He was a son of Mr. Adam Taylor of Norfolk, and a cousin of James H. B. Christie, the last of that name to take an active part in the business of the "auction mart." During the Crimea Mr. Taylor served in a transport, and was present at the Battle of Alma.

MR. CAREW MARTIN, the acting Secretary of the R.B.A., recently lost his father, Mr. John Charles Martin, who died in his eighty-seventh year. He was at the Academy Schools with Millais, and in Rome was intimate with Leighton and Mason. According to Graves' *Dictionary of Contributors*, he first sent to the R.A. in 1836, and finally in 1896. The April death list includes the names of Mr. Will Osborn, the dainty painter of Chelsea house-fronts, a memorial exhibition of whose works is to be arranged, and that of Mr. Robert A. Bryden, the Glasgow-born Fellow of the R.I.B.A.

SUBSCRIBERS are reminded that coupons for the Premium Plate, 1905, should be sent to the Publishers by June 30th.

Sales.

THE dispersal at Christie's of the pictures and objects of art belonging to Mr. Harry Quilter relieved the monotony of a rather unexciting April. Mr. Quilter, brother of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, who owns Mr. Holman-Hunt's 'Scapegoat,' and other valuable works, is well known as a writer, a lecturer, an artist. From the money-standpoint, however, many a collector who knew less has fared better. Gainsborough's landscape, 'Repose,' 47 by 58 ins., a wedding gift to his daughter, Mrs. Fischer, brought 1,100 gs., against 900 gs. in 1872, 1,400 gs. in 1895, and 780 gs. in 1863; an extensive landscape by P. de Koninck, 56 by 67½ in., signed and dated 1645, 750 gs. (1893, 900 gs.); Bronzino's 'Leonora di Toledo and her son,' 48 by 39½ in.,

620 gs. (1893, 780 gs., and Hamilton Palace, 1882, 1,750 gs.); Watts' landscape, 'The Rainbow,' 84½ by 46 ins., 1884, 400 gs. (1890, 510 gs.); a small replica of 'Work,' 26½ by 38½ ins., by Ford Madox Brown, 1863, 390 gs., bought by Mr. Whitworth Wallis of the Birmingham Gallery, where is the larger version; Boucher's 'Madame de Pompadour,' 23½ by 17½ ins., 310 gs. (1862, £30); a 'Madonna and Child, with St. Jerome and an angel,' 20 by 25½ ins., attributed to Leonardo, 210 gs.; another, with two saints and two angels, 44 by 37 ins., given to Mantegna, 135 gs. (1894, 40 gs.); a rich-coloured triptych ascribed to Roger van der Weyden, 160 gs.; and a 'Virgin enthroned,' bought for £7 5s. in 1894, and seen the following year at the Dudley Gallery in the Expressionists' Exhibition, as a rediscovered Spinello Aretino, 115 gs. The catalogue total for the 302 lots of pictures, drawings and engravings was £8,140. The Quilter objects of art, porcelain, and plate fetched £6,247. Among the carvings in rock-crystal were a two-handled cup, German, late sixteenth century, 540 gs. (Goldsmid, 1896, 88 gs.); a shell-shaped cup, 6 ins. high, 100 gs. (Josef, 1894, 30 gs.); a hexafoil bowl, Italian, early sixteenth century, 105 gs. (Josef, 63 gs.). Two oblong panels of old Burgundian tapestry, third quarter of the fifteenth century, brought £716 10s.

On April 28, some interesting modern pictures belonging to the late Mr. J. R. Lorent, a confidential agent of the house of Rothschild, the late Mr. Julian Senior, and others, came under the hammer. There may be named Leighton's 'Farewell,' 63½ by 26½ ins., from the 1893 R.A., where it was priced at £1,200, 610 gs.; Millais' 'Grace,' 56 by



(R.W.S.)

Morning.

By H. S. Hopwood, A.R.W.S.

34 ins., 1891, 460 gs.; Van Marcke's 'Three cows in a meadow,' 10½ by 16 ins., 540 gs.; his 'Going to Market,' 9½ by 12½ ins., 350 gs.; Henriette Browne's 'Jewish School, Cairo,' 21½ by 17 ins., 1867, a good example, 460 gs., against 660 gs., at the Bolekow sale, 1888; her 'Catéchisme,' 20½ by 17½ ins., 300 gs. (10 gs. more than in 1899). By Benjamin Blake, the accomplished follower of the Little Dutchmen, was an excellently realised interior of a larder, 10 by 12½ ins., 1822, with a pheasant, rabbits, a duck, vegetables, and still life, which fetched only 38 gs., against 125 gs. at the Hubert Martineau sale, 1901. It demonstrates that bargains are still to be picked up in the sale-rooms.

A good example by Sam Bough was chief of the pictures belonging to the late Mr. Horatio Bright, sold on April 21. It is a view of the harbour of Newhaven, painted in 1860 on canvas 40 by 50 ins. (p. 188). The boats, one with red-brown sail, and on the quay the figures and strewn fish, a church beyond, are sincerely, strenuously painted, and the colour-scheme is rich. Against an original price of £100, Messrs. Connell paid 660 gs. for it. At Christie's it was dulled by an accumulation of household dust. The picture is something like 'Dunkirk Harbour,' 40½ by 53 ins., painted in 1863, which Sir Charles Tennant presented to the Glasgow Corporation Galleries in 1901. Two animal pictures, with certificates of

authenticity by Sidney Cooper, for which, with a pencil sketch of the subject, he was accustomed to charge 5 gs., fetched 270 gs. On April 23, Burne-Jones' drawing, 'Lucretia,' 54 by 27 ins., 1867, fetched 340 gs.; a self-portrait by Fantin, 23½ by 19½ ins., 250 gs.; and on April 2, a tiny portrait, daintily touched with colour, of 'Mrs. Broadhead,' in white dress with powdered hair, 8½ by 7 ins., by John Downman, 310 gs. Downman, born in 1750, probably close to Wrexham, where he died in 1824, studied under Benjamin West, and executed hundreds of such portraits in the great country houses of England. The sum of 310 gs. is a "record."

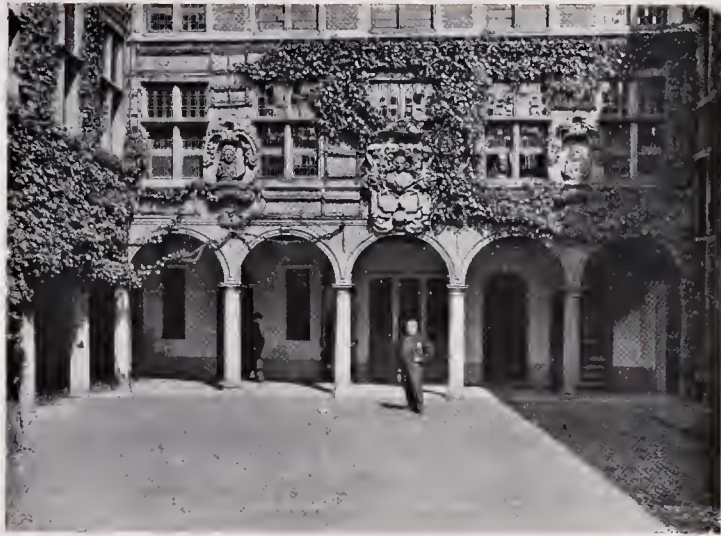
The dispersal of the third and final portion of the engravings brought together by the late Mr. Edwin Truman showed how fortunate were many of his purchases. A proof before letters of McArdell's 'Mary, Duchess of Ancaster,' after Hudson, picked up for 7s. 6d., made £450. No such proof had for long occurred at auction, but there is one in the Cheylesmore collection at the British Museum. The published price in 1757 was 5s. Dickinson's 'Elizabeth Stephenson,' after Peters, made £100 (cost 3s.); J. Jones' 'Signora Baccelli,' after Gainsborough, £105 (cost 10s.); Houston's 'Harriet Powell,' after C. Read, £88 (cost 15s.). Nine engravings, which cost £9 5s. 6d., made £1,066.



(By permission of Messrs. Connell.)

Newhaven Harbour.

By Sam Bough, R.S.A.



Courtyard of the Plantin Museum.

The Plantin Museum at Antwerp.

By Edgcumbe Staley.

THE ancient and artistic city of Antwerp contains no more attractive and interesting a sight than the Plantin Museum. To the antiquarian, the old-time look of the place reveals those homely traits which revivify the past and bring one into touch with the life of vanished days. To the printer and the reader it is a rich storehouse of invaluable lessons and examples, in all that concerns ink, and type, and press. To the art student, the exquisite treasures it contains of painting, sculpture, printing, engraving, bookbinding, besides beautiful porcelain, glass, metal and woodwork, and tapestry—all for the most part in their original positions—impart pleasure and instruction. The Museum consists of Christopher Plantin's dwelling-house and the various workshops and offices, used by him and his successors, for the business of a printer and publisher, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.



Christopher Plantin's Device.
First used 1558.

Christopher Plantin, who bears the title of "Prince of Publishers," was born at Tours, in France, about 1514. He settled at Antwerp in 1549, and soon achieved a good position in the city. In the year 1576 he had as many as twenty printing-presses at work, and he was paying £20 a day in wages.

The establishment in the

Marché de Vendredi, of which Plantin was the founder, attracted *cognoscenti* from all lands. No finer work was turned out anywhere in Europe: it embraced classics, mathematics, church history and worship, science and art, philological and legal publications. The illustrations, the type, and the bindings were alike admirable. Numbers of these, of course, are extant—very many may be seen at the British Museum. Plantin made his Antwerp printing-office not only the first typographical establishment in the world, but also the centre of intellectual and artistic life. He retained the services of quite a large number of artists, scholars, and authorities—"specialists" we might call them—as illustrators, writers, engravers, and readers. Among these were Rubens, Van Dyck, Martin de Vos, Van der Broeck, Guicciardini, Dodonaeus, Ortelius, Clusius, and de Lobel. His engravers on copper included the brothers Wierix, the Galle family, the Van de Passes, J. Stradanus, and H. Goltius. His cutters of wood were A. Van Leest, A. Nicolai, Geernart, Van Kampen, and other excellent craftsmen.

Christopher Plantin died in 1589. He left his Antwerp house and office to his second daughter, whose husband was Johannes Moretus. The Plantin Press continued in this family for nearly 300 years, constantly publishing works of importance, interest, and artistic value.

In 1875 Edouard Joseph Moretus ceded his rights to the City of Antwerp for a sum of 1,200,000 francs, in order that the buildings and their contents might for ever be maintained in their original and splendid condition as a



The Great Bible Room.

national monument, under the designation of "Le Musée Plantin." The buildings of the Museum form four sides of a courtyard. The portion, which was Plantin's dwelling-house, is entirely unchanged since the day the founder completed its purchase with one Martin Lopez.

Entering from the Marché, one has the beautiful façade in front, with its immense vine planted by Plantin's own hand. Within the graceful arcade, which crosses one end of the courtyard, are the oak-panelled sale-rooms and shop, with a separate entrance for customers from the Rue de Sainte Esprit. Here are displayed, on shelves and tables, books and pamphlets of all kinds, and other publications, just as they were in days of yore. As one lingers over some rarity of fine printing, exquisite engraving, or beautiful bindery, one would not be in the least surprised if that inner door were to open, and a sixteenth century assistant—perhaps one of the fair daughters of the house, in quaint Flemish costume—were to step in and enquire the visitor's wants.

On the side of the house devoted to the printers, the visitor enters first the office of the readers and proof-correctors. Here are their desks, their benches, and the many details of actual tenancy. Their work lies about, as it fell from their hands—slips with the familiar strokes and dots of ink defacing them—corrected proofs, as we call them.

These ancient proof-sheets bring the past into line with the present by revealing the personalities of the learned—oft-times sarcastic—readers. Generations of them—200 years and more—are indicated by their names on the strips of parchment, which are still stuck upon the walls of the room where each worked.

One such worthy—Cornelius Kilian by name—has left behind him a very amusing paragraph, reflecting sternly upon writers and correctors of his day. "It is," says he, "our duty to correct the errors of books, and to point them out as they occur. But the incompetent author, who is afflicted with an itch for writing, makes up a compilation without

sagacity, and piles up fault upon fault. He covers his paper with blots and scratches, and disfigures his manuscript. He says it is the proof-reader who makes all the errors. Most miserable apology, my blundering author! Hark you, what the reader found right he did not make wrong. Henceforth, blunderer, correct your own faults!"

A door opens out of the offices of the readers and proof-correctors into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the founder—Christopher Plantin's private office—left precisely and untouched as he left it. Here are his chair, his writing-table, his inkpot and his pens, his sand-box and his sealing-wax and wafers. Here stands too his ingenious machine—his own invention—for weighing money, a very necessary adjunct to a business man's office-fittings in those old days of varying, and often depreciating, coinage. Files of bills hang upon the wall within hand-reach, and account-books are

piled up exactly as they were when Plantin's pen scored them. In this room, which still retains its golden-hued leather wall-covering and its windows filled with old lead-bound glaze, the founder and his friend Lipsius talked over undertakings and arranged the business of the house. The door, always open, seems to betoken their presence still within.

A passage, adorned with alphabets cut in wood, connects the offices with the type-room. Here are cabinets with drawers full of fine old metal type, some of which has apparently never been used. At the time of Plantin's death the weight of the type amounted to 40,000 lbs. of letters, in upwards of seventy different characters. The sharp cutting and clear phrasing of each letter are remarkable, as is also the rich quality of the metal itself. The great wells of pie or pica—magpie, black and white—called by the French and German compositors "Cicero," are matched by founts of long primer—the "corpus" (*corpus juris*) of the Germans and the "garamond" of the French. The Flemish printers



The Conference Room.



Composing and Printing Room.

called this "brevier," from their use of it in the Breviaries. Plantin had a weakness for italics, beautiful specimens of which are found in rich store in the wooden type-galleys. Alongside of these splendid examples of movable type are tiers of drawers and shelves filled with stereotype bars and plates, very finely and truly worked.

In the type-foundry, which adjoins the type-room, are the original furnaces, ovens, moulds, and crucibles. Some of the latter still contain metal mixtures, as used by the old founders. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century, printers always cast their own type, and "polyglot founders," as they were called, with their strict rules and cautions, were unknown. The present perfection of the apparatus, which is at the service of our modern type-founders and machine printers, provides an eloquent contrast to the old-fashioned but highly meritorious methods of the past.

The printing office adjoins the type-foundry. This was, perhaps, Plantin's first addition to the original edifice, and here, without the break of a day, save only the Sabbath day's rest, for three hundred years went on the shock and the whirr of the printing press. Two of the oldest presses are in their original positions, at the end of the room, immediately under the presiding figure of the Virgin. They are complete in every respect, and are very interesting, as showing, with what rough-and-ready means the magnificent results were achieved which have made the fame of old Christopher Plantin and his house.

Those old printers used very small presses, and—until Plantin had greatly enlarged the received style—two folio pages were the outside size which could be manipulated at once. "Imposing," or "laying down," as now, were absolute novelties, and not much thought of. The "platens," the part of the press which comes down and gives the impression, are very curiously contrived in these old-world machines.

This printing office is a real treasury of antiquity for the practical printer of to-day.

Here are to be seen and studied the "seven ages" of printing.

Plantin invented a simple method of "signatures"—the letters and figures remarked at the foot of each page in early printed books. His method survives to our own day.

In the printing office, too, are undisturbed the compositors' tables, with their type-galleys and all the implements of their art—surely the men have just left their employment for a while, and will return. We can almost hear their footsteps and catch snatches of their jokes and songs, amid all the bustle of business going on around. And out in the courtyard the men and lads are chatting and smoking their old-fashioned clay pipes.

At one end of the arcade is a fine oak staircase, which lands the visitor on the upper floor. Here are the Great and Small Libraries, whose treasures include the first book printed in Antwerp, 1472—*Tondalus Visioen*, of Matthias van der Goes. In the libraries are copies of all the books issued by the Plantin Press in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a good many of those published in the eighteenth. Another room contains specimens of the work of other early and famous printers of all countries.

Several rooms and corridors are given up to a vast collection of original copper-plates, after Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, and other celebrated Flemish masters. In other apartments is an equally valuable collection of wood-blocks of the same period.

One of the most splendid saloons is the *Salle des Bibles*. Here is displayed in glass-cases, among other varieties, Plantin's celebrated Polyglot Bible—in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Greek and Latin. The work took five years to print, and engaged the undivided labours of more than fifty workmen. Of this "Maxima Opera," which fills eight folio volumes, only five hundred copies were printed; it was finished in 1572. The exquisite clear type, the handsome



Type Foundry.



Christopher Plantin.

(From an engraving by J. Wiericx.)

broad margin, the fine unadulterated paper, and the sumptuous binding, are all perfect in their way.

The room is ornamented with superb oil-paintings by Rubens and other great masters, beautiful sixteenth century furniture, rare oriental porcelain, and fine wood-wainscoating.

The Manuscript Room is lined with glass cases, wherein are displayed illuminated documents and old Church books, dating from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries—quite a remarkable and very precious collection. Here are also innumerable autograph letters—from great and small—and bundles of family letters, with Plantin's signature scrawled over the sheets of paper.

Next to this is the Privilege Room, wherein are treasured the documents which endowed the famous publisher and his heirs with rights and privileges in almost every capital of Europe, and conferred honours and rewards from Philip of Spain and other monarchs.

The *Salle des Conférences* is another fine apartment, and betokens, by its decoration and fittings, the wealth and taste of the founder and of his successors. Splendid inlaid and carved cabinets, with drawers full of rare medals, seals, etc., etc., line the walls. A superb Venetian crystal chandelier depends from the ceiling. There are also fine pictures, china, and other ornaments rich and rare. In other rooms are specimens of bookbinding, with uncut skins, and all the *implements* of this attractive art.

The dwelling-rooms of the family are in the main building, which has four storeys, as well as those of the members of the staff who had the privilege of living under the Plantin vine. They have fine oak ceiling-beams, stained-glass mullioned windows, substantial and beautifully-laid parquetry floors. They are full of pictures, portraits, busts, statues in bronze and marble, china and glass, silver ware and gold, fine beaten ironwork and rich pewter utensils, superb tapestries and carpets, and magnificent furniture and precious *bric-à-brac* of all kinds and sorts. The whole *suite* is, in truth, a valuable museum of domestic art treasures.

A pathetic chord is struck when we enter Christopher Plantin's bedroom, and behold his *prie Dieu*, where he said devoutly his daily prayers, and the plain bedstead upon which he breathed his last. Looking through the open door of what is still called "The Children's Room," we seem to hear the patter of their little feet and the treble of their childish voices.

Time has touched everything so lightly that the old gold of the wall hangings, the burnish of the brazen lamps and sconces, the glitter of the crystal chandeliers, and the polish of the Flemish walnut, are as fresh and as bright as when buxom fifteenth-century maidens went about their homely duties with a method and will, bandying, perchance, with many a lovelorn apprentice, jests and tender endearments.

As the visitor goes along his way from room to room, through corridor and passage, it seems as though a magic sleep had fallen upon the place, and had hushed the busy brains and toiling hands in profound and rapturous slumber.

Christopher Plantin's motto was *Labore et Constantia*; this remarkable Museum is what came of it.

Sir Wyke Bayliss, P.R.B.A.

THE sudden death, on April 5, of Sir Wyke Bayliss robbed the Royal Society of British Artists of an always interesting President, who had been at the helm since Whistler's brief term of office in the late eighties. When for the second time Whistler stood for re-election, Sir Wyke defeated him at the poll—for the finances were in a sorry way—whereat Whistler and many of his friends resigned. "It is very simple," affirmed the Butterfly; "the Royal Society of British Artists has disintegrated; the artists have come out—the British remain." In the contest for the Presidency, Whistler assumed forgetfulness of Sir Wyke's surname: "Mr. Bailiff, Mr. Ball, Mr. Bull," were his facetious attempts. Sir Wyke was equal to him in

responding: "Mr.—what's his name—a—Mr. Whistle." Sir Wyke was born on October 21, 1835, and was one of the Jubilee knights of 1897. His accomplished paintings of church interiors are among the most familiar things in modern art, and as a writer and a lecturer Sir Wyke was active and influential. Only twice did he send to the Academy: in 1865 'La Sainte Chapelle,' in 1879 interiors of Trèves and Strasbourg Cathedrals. During recent years he had lived for the R.B.A., and three days before his death he presided at a meeting that lasted five hours. He was of those who proclaimed that art is among the most potent factors in modern life, particularly when taken "unmaterially."

The Whistlerian Dynasty at Suffolk Street.

By A. Ludovici.

ART in the seventies in this country was just emerging from a dull anecdotal period, when pictures of pretty domestic stories, or badly-painted biblical subjects, were being bought up avidly by the wealthy cotton-spinners of the North, and both buyers and painters seemed to vie with each other for the possession of the most commonplace ideals. A half-hearted interest had also been awakened for early Italian Art by John Ruskin, art-teacher, and the outcome of the revival had been the pre-Raphaelite craze, which was having its last kick at the New Grosvenor Gallery. In the midst of all this, and to the joy of the few and the amusement of the uninitiated, work by a young and very modern painter was shown at the Grosvenor, for the first time to advantage—work so simple in treatment and so different to anything seen theretofore, that it was received with veritable scorn and much hilarity by the public. Various stories had been mooted regarding his method of work, his wit, and assurance, as exemplified by his claiming a whole wall at the exhibition in order to avoid the interference of surrounding pictures; the introduction of musical terms to express the intention of his colour-schemes, in the place of poetical quotations, or other pompous titles, his painted butterfly in lieu of a signature, and the wave-pattern frame. All these innovations were naturally received with marked disapproval by a public whose taste for pictorial art ended with the literary side of it, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that John Ruskin, the very symbol of all that was Academic, should have waxed so hot—nay, should have even written in libellous language concerning this “coxcomb’s” work! The expressions Ruskin used will, of course, be remembered long after his teachings are forgotten; but, even so, they will not owe their survival to anything intrinsically wise that they may possess, but rather to their inevitable association with the “Nocturne in Blue and Silver,” which will continue to be honoured for ever as a most beautiful harmony of colour and composition.

The Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions thus have become historical, not only on the score of having started a new era for the art of this country, but also for the zealous attack above mentioned. The libel action which followed was considered an audacious act by the public of those days, more particularly as their pet art critic was on his defence; but the people laughed at the young plaintiff’s witty answers, at his pictures, which were brought into court upside down, and his art truisms. The Attorney-General actually declared that he did not know when so much amusement had been afforded to the British public as by Mr. Whistler’s pictures. It was owing, however, to the court being so much amused that, for years after, Mr. Whistler was not taken *au sérieux*, even by those who, one would have thought, should have known better; and it is regrettable that some feeling of gratitude for him who had fought so great a battle in the cause of art did not temper their hostility. It was after that year that Whistler took up the pen, as a further means

of demonstrating his views and of pursuing the campaign in favour of taste, and those epigrammatic letters which appeared in the eighties and nineties, now published in “The Gentle Art of making Enemies,” were indirectly concerned with the defence of his principles.

It was in 1884 that I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of the master, at his studio in Tite Street. He was painting his dainty figure of ‘Sarasate,’ and well I remember the sensation I experienced as I entered the studio, and beheld that subtle arrangement in black, which pinned me to the spot. Until then, one had always heard that a man in the conventional evening dress was not a paintable subject, but the charm of the ‘Sarasate’ picture has since been fully appreciated by the crowds of people who flocked last year to the Memorial Exhibition of James McNeill Whistler’s pictures, at the New Gallery, and no doubt many felt as I did, when first seeing it. He then thought that I had been influenced by all the absurd talk about himself that was then going the round of the studios, for he remarked: “You see there is nothing mysterious about my studio, no ghosts² hidden away in corners or under the platform.” He soon made me feel that I was talking to an artist of great taste and refinement, full of love for his work, and of ready wit; and, in spite of an academic training just received in Paris, I became from that moment devoted to him and his art. The little I had seen of it at the Grosvenor engendered a desire to learn more regarding the mysterious technique of which he was such an undoubted master, and confirmed my predilection in favour of painting the scenes of life surrounding me, in preference to the making up of the conventional subject so much in vogue.

I had been elected a few years previously a member of the Society of British Artists, and was not ill-pleased when a pupil of Whistler’s suggested to me that if our Society chose to elect his master at that moment, he would, in all probability, accept. I immediately perceived the value of such an election to the Society, and spent the following day in calling upon the various officers, with the view of pointing out what an advantage it would be for



Note of a recently “Established President.”

² This was in allusion to the ghost in the Belt v. Lawes case.

From ‘Punch’ (1886).

our Society to elect such a distinguished painter, and as we were on the eve of opening the Winter Exhibition of 1884, urged them to see what a draw it would be to have Mr. Whistler's work in that show. They, imbued with the popular spirit of the time, laughed at the idea, and feared the ridicule that might follow the election of so great a revolutionist in Art. They seemed especially concerned with what the Royal Academy might think; however, in the end, a special meeting was called, and Mr. Whistler was elected a member—the majority of voters, I am sure, thinking only of the advertisement it might be to the Winter Exhibition, and confident that he would not take much part in the working of the Society. The *Times* of the 3rd of December, 1884, noticed that "Artistic society was startled, a week ago, by the news that this most wayward, most un-English of painters had found a home among the men of Suffolk Street—of all people in the world."

He sent that masterly arrangement in black, the portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth, and a small water-colour, 'The Red Note,' which at once gave a tone of refinement to the old Suffolk Street rooms. He came to the meetings and surprised the members by taking an interest in the proceedings, giving advice, offering new ideas, not always to the taste of elder members, but foretelling the reforms which he was anxious to bring about in the arrangement of art shows: reforms such as the placing of works to form harmonious lines on the walls, and the grouping of pleasing masses of colour—in fact, to do away with the "hang as you please, fit in as you can" sort of system. The improvement of the Suffolk Street catalogue was a sore point with the members of those days, for it meant doing away with a lot of advertisements, which were placed at the end of it, making the catalogue resemble a commercial trade book, instead of a mere schedule of artists and their works.

In the meantime, Whistler, desirous of giving members the opportunity of making fuller acquaintance with himself, had consulted me as to a list of members, including the officers, that he should invite to a breakfast one Sunday morning at his studio in Tite Street. These breakfasts had long been the talk of Society, and many were remembered for the brilliancy of their conversations, and the flow of wit with which the painter regaled his guests. At this particular one, Whistler, who by now called me his "aide-de-camp," had asked me to take the other head of the table facing him, which gave me an excellent opportunity of studying the strong contrast between the vivacious and brilliant Whistler and his guests. On either side of him were Scotsmen: one, the President of the Society, John Burr, stout and jolly, with a Frans Hals appearance, laughed heartily at the conversation that Whistler was carrying on; the other Forbes Robertson, art critic, who now and again wedged in a word of his own, then came the Vice-President Holyoake, Honorary Secretary Roberts, and Honorary Treasurer Ludovici, senior, on either side of the table, followed by Leslie Thomson, Peter McNab, Arthur Hill, and others. The *déjeuner* was served by the white-capped *bonne* (Whistler always had a French maid in preference) in the comparatively bare-walled dining-room of a delicate light tint; white muslin curtains hung at the windows, and Japanese matting covered the centre of the room. Everything was in harmony, the four brass sconces, designed by him for Sarasate, each in the form of a violin, hung with

effect on the wall behind, and constituted a delightfully light and cheerful background to the white tablecloth, relieved by blue Japanese china, and saffron jonquils in a blue pot. The simple beauty of the decorations lent a joyous and a convivial atmosphere to the scene, and the company was perforce merry, in obedience to the dictates of its delighted senses. The breakfast helped to give our members a true idea of Whistler the great painter and the great wit. Coffee and cigarettes, which followed in the studio, were perhaps more serious, for then Whistler uncovered the superb portrait of his 'Mother' and other pictures, not yet appreciated by his guests, but which succeeded in provoking a discussion on art, especially that of Velazquez and his method of painting. Some declared that he painted all his figures in monochrome first, and glazed his colour over the whole afterwards, others that he must have painted direct with very big brushes, etc., etc.—all of which talk, I could see, amused the master very much. Now and then he would surprise them by suggestions on art and technique, suggestions quite new to most of them; and, later on, Watts and his subject-pictures came upon the tapis. Whistler's guests upheld the popular theory, that moral and philosophic lessons should be taught in works of art, while he denied the province of art for that purpose, declared that subject only interested the layman, that painters should regard subject merely as a theme to work out their schemes of line and colour, and that to confound the painter's art with illustration was iniquitous; but most of Whistler's principles are well known, and may be found beautifully enunciated in his 'Ten o'clock.'

Very often the most trivial incidents in this life are the precursors of more important events. Whistler had been invited by the late Lord Powerscourt to his estate in Ireland, and, whilst there, to distribute prizes won by art students belonging to that locality, and to say a few words on painting and drawing for their benefit. It was in preparing these few words on art that the now famous oration was born, afterwards to grow into the 'Ten o'clock.'

Incidentally, the novelty of the title 'Ten o'clock' greatly surprised the public, who doubtless were unaware that their comfort had been considered in the matter, for Whistler knew that London Society dined late, and that ten o'clock would not encroach upon their coffee and cigars.

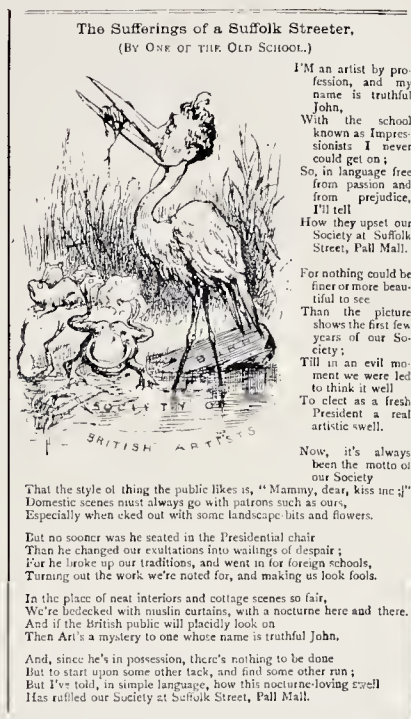
The 'Ten o'clock,' the most complete and beautiful expression on art—the ripened thought of an artist, written in fine language—had long been expected, and everybody was curious to know Whistler's final word. Realising fully the weight attached to any utterance made by him, Whistler had carefully weighed every word and sentence, wrapping his thoughts in a cloth of gold, as it were, and delivering them in a clear, incisive tone, at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, February, 1885, before a distinguished audience who, apart from the question of doctrine, could not help admiring the elegant, dapper, black figure against the light grey background. This new expression on art naturally created some controversy, and one of the first to find objection was Oscar Wilde, in an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Whistler's reply to it will be found in the *Gentle Art*. It was given at the Society of British Artists before Whistler delivered it at Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

In the meantime, meetings and special meetings at the Society of British Artists went merrily along. Several young

painters of the then so-called advanced or 'impressionist' school, as we were then named, were elected, and added force to our party. During the Spring Exhibition of 1885, the portrait of Sarasate was much discussed: the outsiders found fault with his shirt-front, declaring that it was dirty, that a shirt ought to be white—pure white—just as many have still the idea that a face ought always to be the most brilliant piece of light colour in a figure. Four notes were exhibited at the same time. It was at the private view of that exhibition that Oscar Wilde exclaimed, before a small group of us, to Whistler, after having heard one of the characteristic *mots* Whistler had perpetrated the evening before at the Beefsteak Club, "Heavens, I wish I had said that, Jimmy." Whistler retorted, with one of his strident laughs, "But you will, Oscar."

At the Winter Show of 1885 there hung a portrait of Miss Cassatt, a compatriot of Whistler's and a pupil of Manet, and a smaller one of an arrangement in grey of Master Stephen Manuel—since shown at the Whistler Memorial Exhibition of the New Gallery—also notes, harmonies and caprices. The violet and green note was one of those refined drawings in pastel of a nude figure, to the frame of which a label had been attached with the following title, 'Horsley soit qui mal y pense,' and was sent in on the press morning, with strict orders that nobody should tamper with the frame. The old members of the Society who were in the gallery at the time were very much perturbed by it, fearing that this attack upon a Royal Academician might lead them into a libel action with the R.A. Horsley, R.A., had made himself notorious by a lecture delivered before the Church Congress, wherein he decried the use of nude models, and strongly objected to the students at the Academy studying from them; whereafter the students always covered up the legs of chairs and tables every time Horsley appeared at the schools. The Suffolk Street officers wired to Whistler to come and take the label off the frame, but anyhow it remained on long enough for some of the pressmen to make a note of it, and when published in the papers it caused much innocent amusement, as shown by the letters in the *Pall Mall* of December, 1885.

Whistler's influence at Suffolk Street was manifesting



From "Fun" (1886)

itself very much, and the work of the Society was being talked about more abroad than it was at home. The members, some still recalcitrant, were coming over to our side, and so gradually we were getting a majority of votes, which enabled certain reforms to be made; even the idea was mooted of electing Whistler President at the yearly general election, in place of John Burr, who for some reason best known to himself had sent in his resignation.

(To be continued.)

Menzel.

MESSRS. BRUCKMANN, of Munich, have published an important monograph (price 100 marks) on Adolph von Menzel, by Hugo von Tschudi. Nearly 700 photogravure and other reproductions are given after paintings and studies by the great artist, who died in 1905. The illustrations fall opposite descriptive and catalogue notes, a good arrangement for reference purposes. Menzel's versatile genius is well displayed in this splendid volume, though the product of a long life of remarkable activity is not exhausted. The skill of the artist-historian, portraitist and sketcher is amply represented, but there is no show here of the black-and-white work which placed Menzel in the first rank of book illustrators. He was attached to the Royal

Academy and to the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours; but it was not until 1903, when a collection of his work was shown in the French Gallery in Pall Mall, that he was suitably introduced to the London public. The production of the present handsome volume is in every way satisfactory, and such a record of the amazing industry of the "little Excellency" should be welcome in this country. It provides a good opportunity to assess the worth of Menzel's ardent concentration on details of life and of still-life; and in many of these wonderful drawings of a fold of drapery, the flash of an eye, the furrows of an aged face, the poise of a limb, we see why Charles Keene and the pre-Raphaelites recognised his mastership.

Historical Portraits at Oxford.

By Arthur B. Chamberlain.

THE third of the series of exhibitions of historical portraits, which was open during April and May in the Oxford Examination Schools, brought to a conclusion an undertaking which has proved to be of exceptional interest and service to all serious students both of English history and of painting. The members of the committee responsible for the arrangements of these exhibitions are to be congratulated upon the success attending their enterprise, which has resulted in considerable addition to the world's knowledge of what has been accomplished in portraiture in England during a period of three hundred years. The two earlier collections, which were devoted to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries respectively, were fully discussed in *THE ART JOURNAL*, and the lines upon which they were arranged are well known; so that there is no need to recapitulate what was then said as to the value of portraiture as a branch of English history, providing as it does a series of human documents of the first importance as aids to its complete study.

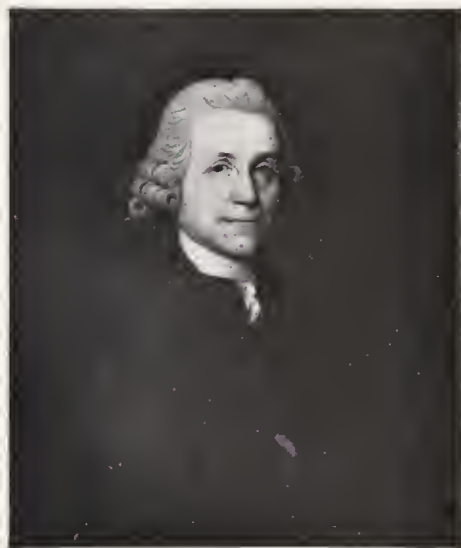
This year's collection was devoted to portraits of historical personages who died between 1714 and 1837, and by this arrangement a number of works were included which, both as to subjects and to painters, belonged rather to the seventeenth than the eighteenth century. The greater number of painters represented in the earlier half of the catalogue were also to be found in the exhibition of 1905, when more than one of them was seen to better advantage. This year,

therefore, the chief interest centred round the work of those men who, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, showed to the outer world that this island possessed a fine and original school of painting of its own—such men as Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, and their contemporaries and followers, whose names are among the chief glories of English art.

The portraits of those worthies who died in the earlier years of the eighteenth century are, of course, of real interest for the share the originals took in the making of history, however ineffectually the painters of them strove to put upon canvas something more than a superficial facial resemblance. There were no less than four portraits of Joseph Addison, one attributed to Sir Godfrey Kneller (No. 6), two by unnamed artists, and one by that almost unknown painter, Simon Du Bois (No. 4), a pupil of Wouvermans, who settled in London in 1685, and painted many pictures, to which he attached better-known names. A full-length portrait of 'Sir Christopher Wren' (No. 2), crowded with accessories, and showing the Thames and the City of London in the background, is the result of the combined labours of Antonio Verrio, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir James Thornhill.

Sir Joshua's master, Thomas Hudson, rarely painted a finer picture than the full-length of 'John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury' (No. 64), which is one of the best examples of the "state" portraits of a somewhat dull and wooden period (p. 197). The general arrangement is one of considerable pictorial effect; there is real dignity of conception, and the decorative design, and the rich, though restrained colour scheme, chiefly of black and white and grey, are notable achievements. One sees from them that Hudson had little to learn in the practical use of his materials, and that Reynolds could not have gone to a better master at that time practising for a thorough grounding in the handling of brush and paint. Another very good example by Hudson was the portrait of 'Robert Henley, Earl of Northington' (No. 84), a three-quarter length seated figure in black and gold Chancellor's robes. There is considerable character expressed in the face, which is less hard and dull than Hudson often made his sitters' countenances, and some excellent painting in the lace cravat and ruffles, and other details of the dress. A still finer picture is the full-length of 'William Boyce,' the musician (No. 136), which the catalogue only attributes to this painter. It appears to be an undoubted and exceptionally good work by him.

The only example from the brush of Hogarth was a small canvas containing a number of little figures, representing a Society of Artists which existed about 1730. Certain of them can be identified from a list inscribed in a corner of the picture, among these being Michael Dahl, Gavin Hamilton (?), Marcellus Laroon, John Vanderbank, Grinling Gibbons (?), and William Kent. Near it was placed a second small interior with figures, representing the Wightwick or Rudge Family (No. 82), painted in 1730, by Charle



(Manchester College.)

Joseph Priestley.

By James Millar.



(Trinity College.)

Thomas Warton.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Philips, an almost forgotten artist who worked in London in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. There is some excellent work in it, notably in the painting of the portrait over the fireplace, and though the figures are wooden and expressionless, it is of great interest as showing an early attempt in a class of work which Hogarth developed to much finer results.

Turning to those greater men whose performances constitute the chief glory of English painting in the eighteenth century, an unusually rich feast was to be found awaiting the visitor. Sir Joshua Reynolds was represented by eight genuine works, which covered all periods of his career, more than one of them showing him at his highest point of achievement. There were only two by Gainsborough, but one of these was a masterpiece. Of the five original Romneys, two at least were far above the average, and one a really great work. The scope of the exhibition was such that, with few exceptions, the whole of the portraits were of men. This, though it might detract somewhat from its popularity from the point of view of the superficial observer, who likes his portraits to be of lovely women or pretty children, was of real advantage to the student, for it is in the portraiture of men of intellect, such as most of these sons of Oxford were, that the real test of an artist's power of rendering character is to be found; and the Oxford collection offered unusually good opportunities of comparison in this direction. In this way, Sir Thomas Lawrence, in particular, was seen to the very best advantage. The many fine and striking qualities of his art, which became obscured towards the end of his career, when fashionable success proved his undoing, were fully brought out in the eight portraits at Oxford. Hoppner, on the other hand, by whom there were six, was less adequately represented.

The finest picture in the room was Sir Joshua's magnifi-

cent three-quarters length of 'William Markham' (159), painted in 1777, the year in which his sitter became Archbishop of York. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1778, and engraved by J. R. Smith in the same year, Reynolds receiving £94 10s. for it. This is a veritable masterpiece of portraiture, of great nobility and dignity in conception, and extraordinarily rich and harmonious in its colour scheme of black, and white, and pale browns. The painting of the face, with its black eyebrows, and bushy white wig, is a wonderful and subtle piece of characterisation. Another remarkable example was the head of 'Thomas Warton' (119), the Poet Laureate, painted and exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1784, and engraved by C. H. Hodges in that year (p. 197). This is one of Reynolds' strongest and most forcible pieces of painting, a picture of great vitality and freshness and vigour of expression, in which a rugged subject is treated in a rugged manner. Here again, the colour, simple enough, being merely a brownish-green, both in the coat and in the dark wig or hair, partly in powder, compared with the ruddy cheeks, is extremely rich in quality; and the whole effect produced is one of great truth, suggesting a man who, although a writer of fine verse, was, according to Fanny Burney, "unformed in his manners, and awkward in his gestures." A portrait of his brother, 'Joseph Warton, D.D.' (143), was also exhibited, another direct and strong piece of painting, of an



(Bodleian Library.)

Archbishop John Potter.

By Thomas Hudson.



(Bodleian Library.)

John Wills.

By Lewis Vasset.

earlier date, which was engraved by J. R. Smith in 1777. The portrait of 'Charles Burney' (170), the musician, is a replica by Reynolds of the one he painted for the Thrales' library at Streatham in 1781, which now belongs to Archdeacon Burney. The one at Oxford was presented to the Music School by Burney himself before 1795. It is well known from Bartolozzi's engraving, scraped in 1784. The handling is so fresh and free that it must be, at least in the greater part, the work of the master himself.

One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was the small group of portraits of Edward Gibbon, the historian, hung together on one of the screens. The one from Sir Joshua's brush, lent by the Earl of Rosebery, was painted in 1779, and shown at the Academy, and engraved by J. Hall, in the following year. It was Gibbon's own favourite among his portraits, which he took with him to Lausanne, where, according to Fox, "he used to look at it as often as if it had been his mistress's."

The half-length of 'John Oglander,' Warden of New College (No. 126), is one of the finest portraits of men George Romney ever painted, and was, indeed, one of the most perfect pieces of portraiture in the room (p. 199). It was painted in 1778, when the artist had reached his highest point of achievement, and while the inspiration of his Italian visit was still unabated. Another fine Romney was the bust-portrait of 'The Hon. George Parker,' afterwards Earl of Macclesfield (No. 200), painted in 1776-7, one of his quietest and most restrained and graceful renderings of a handsome young man, the head seen against a dark sky. His brown hair is brushed high over his forehead, and he is wearing a blue Masonic gown with gold braid, the colour of which has turned green with time.

Of the two canvases by Gainsborough, one was of the first importance. This was No. 144, 'Welbore Ellis, Baron Mendip,' in which he is shown to the knees, standing, a small, slight, self-important figure in a suit of rusty-red velvet trimmed with gold (p. 199). The face seems to have suffered somewhat from over-cleaning, but the painting of the dress, and the elaborate lace cravat and ruffles, is one of Gainsborough's most characteristic efforts of rapid, light, and telling brushwork. The gold braid has been dashed in with the utmost haste, and the light and shade in the material of the coat put in with equal swiftness, but the total effect is true and most artistic. An inscription on a paper in his hand speaks of him as Secretary of War, 1763, but this can hardly be taken as the date of the picture, though the rapidity and apparent carelessness of his handling appears to have struck his sitters almost immediately after his first arrival in Bath. The second example by Gainsborough was of less importance. This was No. 104, 'Benjamin Buckler,' a small half-length in an oval, one of his more simple and less demonstrative renderings of sedate and serious manhood, excellent of its kind, but in no way approaching the 'Mendip.' There was also a rather poor copy by Thomas Rising of Gainsborough's 'Sir William Blackstone,' the original being formerly in the Peel collection, and now belonging to Mr. George Salting.

Hoppner is an artist who requires careful selection if his real capacity is to be adequately gauged. In the half-dozen works exhibited at Oxford he was not seen at his best, though several of them had many excellent qualities. His portrait of 'John Wills' (No. 150) is good, but uninspired, and No. 168, 'John Eveleigh,' is a rather commonplace example, in which an ugly effect is produced by the



(Bodleian Library.)

Sir William Blackstone.

By Tilly Kettle

scarlet of the gown against the crimson of the curtain in the background. No. 169, 'Edmund Isham,' is better, and is dignified in its expression of character. The best of the portraits by Opie was the one of 'Joseph Priestley' (No. 148), a strong and vigorous work, and similar qualities mark his 'John Vinicombe' (No. 149). Another portrait of Priestley (No. 147) was of unusual interest, being by James Millar, a little-known painter who practised in Birmingham in the latter half of the eighteenth century (p. 196). It was painted in 1789, and though a little weak in draughtsmanship, is careful work, and gives a by no means inadequate expression of Priestley's personality.

Few painters were seen to a better advantage than Sir Thomas Lawrence, the eight portraits by him representing him in the fulness of his powers as a delineator of dignified and noble men, before his art was spoiled by the world of fashion. An early example (No. 122), 'Viscount Tracy of Rathcoole,' bears little likeness to the portraits of the usual Lawrence type. It is a strong and vigorous piece of work, painted under the influence of Reynolds, and, to the ordinary spectator, has little resemblance to Lawrence, recalling rather the earlier examples of Hoppner when he imitated Sir Joshua. Entirely different in style is his 'William Eden, Baron Auckland' (No. 165), of really remarkable and unusual handling, the brushwork being as rapid and free, and as modern and "impressionistic" as anything by Sargent, and of rich and subdued colour. The 'William Windham' (No. 164), though free in its brushwork, has not the abandon of the 'Auckland,' but is grandly conceived, and noble and dignified in character and attitude. The best of all was perhaps No. 188, 'Sir Thomas Le Breton,' which is a masterly work (p. 200), and the portrait of 'George Canning' (No. 187) runs it very closely, and No. 205, 'Sir



(New College.)

John Oglander.

By George Romney.

Charles Vaughan,' though badly cracked, is worthy to hang by the side of them.

A painter whose work has suffered undeserved oblivion had ample justice done to him in this exhibition. This is Tilly Kettle, whose three works showed him to have been a man of very exceptional qualities as a portrait-painter, whose pictures should become more valuable now that modern criticism is beginning to place him in his true position as one of the very best of the second-rate artists of the eighteenth century. The Oxford Exhibition will have opened the eyes of many to whom Kettle was, until then, a mere name. His portrait of 'Sir William Blackstone' (No. 103) is first-rate (p. 198). It is far from superficial in its expression of character, and the colour, more particularly in the harmoniously contrasted scarlet and rose of the gown, is fine, and a good decorative effect is produced by the dress and various accessories, including the black curtain in the background. The portrait of 'Francis Yarborough' (No. 71) is a work as good, and shows that Kettle could produce a dignified conception of a sitter. The painting of the face and hands is particularly notable. It is dated 1763. The third specimen represented 'George Mason' (No. 91), and was painted in 1780, the year in which he was made Bishop of Sodor and Man. In this there is both delicate and decisive drawing in the face, and the elaborate folds of the white robes are well managed, though perhaps a little fussy. These three excellent portraits prove Kettle to have been a man of decided originality.

Another very remarkable artist may be said to have made his first bow to a modern public at this exhibition. It is no exaggeration to say that not one person out of every hundred visiting Oxford had ever heard of, or seen the works of Lewis Vaslet, the pastellist, of Bath, and sincere thanks are due to Mr. Bell for giving us an opportunity of



(Christ Church.)

Welbore Ellis, Baron Mendip.

By T. Gainsborough, R.A.



Sir Thomas le Breton.

(Pembroke College.) By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

becoming acquainted with his skill. No less than seventeen of his small pastel-portraits were brought together, and it is a great pity that the scope of the exhibition did not permit the inclusion of one or two examples of his miniatures of ladies, of which there are several fine specimens in Oxford. Little is known about Vaslet, except that he was working in York about 1770, and went to Bath about 1775. He seems to have made periodic visits to Oxford, the last one being in 1796. It is impossible to give any detailed account of these seventeen little pictures, the best of which was No. 151, 'John Wills' (p. 198), the most elaborately finished of all of them, the face finely modelled, and the colour good. Another pastellist, whose work is coming again to the front, was represented by one excellent example. This was Daniel Gardner, a fellow-countryman of Romney's, from whom he took his first lessons, afterwards studying under Sir Joshua. No. 115, 'John James,' headmaster of St. Bee's School, shows Gardner at his best, and is freely and vigorously handled. A third pastellist, Hugh Douglas Hamilton, was only represented by a portrait in oils of 'William Newcome' (No. 141).

It is impossible to do more than mention the names of a number of minor painters whose work is of importance to students of English painting. There were two interesting portraits of David Garrick by Robert Edge Pine and Pompeo Battoni, while the 'Henry Lushington,' by J. H. Mortimer, should do something to restore another forgotten reputation. By Allan Ramsay there were the well-known 'Flora Macdonald' and portraits of George III. and his queen. The full-length of Sir Roger Newdigate, by Thomas Kirkby, is a free copy of the portrait by Romney still hanging at Arbury, which

was exhibited at Birmingham in 1900. The head seems to be an exact copy, and the attitude and dress very similar, though all the accessories have been added. Kirkby painted a good and much later portrait of Sir Roger, which is also at Arbury. He was a capital craftsman, as could be seen by his portrait of 'William Tournay' (No. 193). William Hoare could be studied to the best advantage in No. 81, 'George Grenville.' Other names in the catalogue were those of Adrien Carpentier, Charles Philips, George Huddesford, John Comish, Thomas Bardwell, William Palmer, James Roberts, Sir N. Dance Holland, T. Olive, Edward Penny, Robert Home, Lemuel F. Abbot, David Martin, and H. R. Morland, the single work by the last-named being a portrait of 'Queen Charlotte Sophia' (No. 178), remarkable for the elaborate study of the details of the dress heavily studded with jewels. Several of the later men were well represented, particularly William Owen, with six, and John Jackson, Thomas Phillips, Henry Howard, James Northcote, Sir William Beechey and Martin Archer Shee.

This exhibition afforded even more ample proof than the two earlier ones of the richness of the University in pictures of far more than local interest. During the past centuries it has shown itself to be not only a seat of learning but a constant patron of the art of painting. Thanks to the stability of its institutions, these portraits have been safely preserved for the study and delight of modern generations, and the work of many a man whose name would be otherwise forgotten is still within the reach of all who interest themselves in such matters. More than one of the old face-painters seems to have found in Oxford a source of regular income, paying regular visits for the purpose of taking likenesses of its dons and scholars; and it is small wonder that John Taylor, the seventeenth century artist, who was the chief "discovery" of last year's exhibition, thought it more profitable to settle in Oxford than in London. He found the field a rich one, and it is owing to his choice of a provincial career that his art has at last received the recognition due to it, in a way which would have been impossible had he merely formed one of the larger crowd of painters in the metropolis.

It is difficult to speak too highly of the services the Oxford Committee has rendered in arranging these exhibitions, which have added so much to our knowledge of portrait-painting in England; and to no one is so much praise and congratulation due as to Mr. C. F. Bell, F.S.A., of the Ashmolean Museum, upon whom the chief burden of the work has fallen, and who, by his energy and enthusiasm, has made it possible to bring the series to so successful a conclusion. His catalogue, with an introduction by Mr. Lionel Cust, M.V.O., F.S.A., is an admirable and scholarly piece of work, a model of what such publications should be, containing a mass of biographical and other information, much of it of permanent value, displaying great research, and all of it of interest even to the uncritical. An illustrated edition, with some sixty reproductions of the principal pictures, is about to be published, as in the two previous years, and the three together will form a valuable book of reference, which will have to be consulted by all who intend to make something more than a superficial study of English portrait-painting.

Architecture and Painting.

A Tradition.

By Hubert C. Corlette, F.R.I.B.A.

IT is unusual now to find instances of the traditions of an art having been handed down in one family through several generations.

That such traditions were so passed on in the days when the arts were a living influence, is an accepted fact. Design was perhaps not so much the result of conscious effort on the part of individuals to produce things of beauty then as now, and the resulting expression in the language of all the arts was of more spontaneous growth. The painter-designers of the past knew more perhaps of the province of art and its power to teach, to illustrate, and to please by means of beauty's appeal than many of us to-day.

Their work was pre-eminently an application of colour in its true relation to architecture: not alone and without reference to its setting and surroundings, but strictly subjected to that control of treatment implied by the conditions of its use and position. It is to this traditional use of colour as an architectural necessity that we must return if we would achieve again that fine art of architecture, complete in all its parts and supported by all its essential elements.

It is to design in colour and sculptured forms that we must look for thorough satisfaction in any building that shall be truly architectural. There is a large field for the use of colour as well as carving, without necessarily introducing the figure. Colour in pattern or diaper, or on simple surfaces combined with figure-work, obviously realises a higher ideal than if used without the latter. But that knowledge, trained skill, and a cultivated sense and feeling are required in these simpler decorative aims is evident.

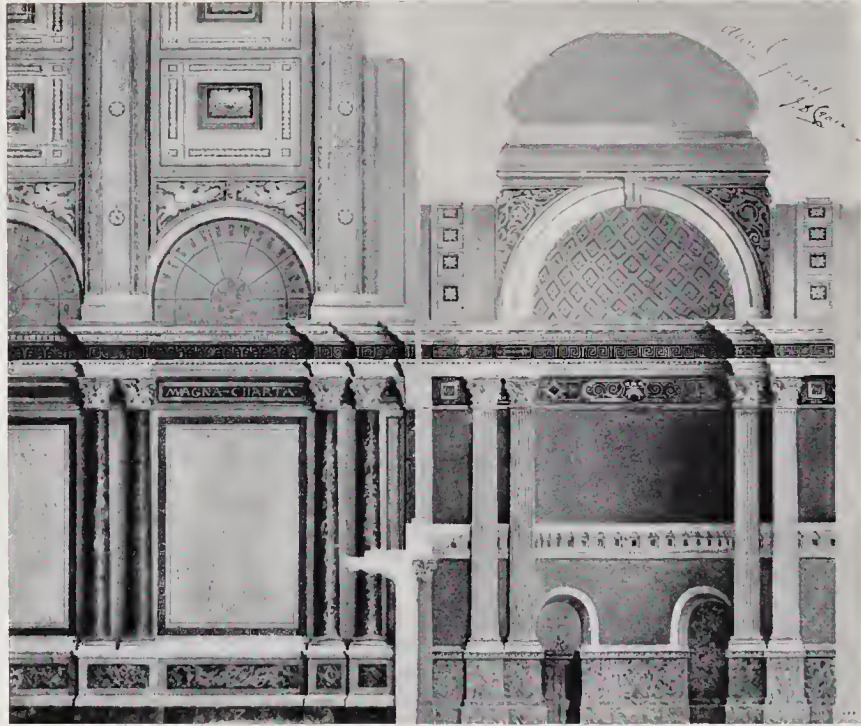
Painters with little architectural sensibility fail to grasp the relation their work should bear towards the architectural features of a building. They paint re-

gardless of the facts with which they deal, in the lines of structure, and the forms and relative areas of surfaces available for colour. The building to the beautifying of which they address their energy and ability may not be exquisite in its architectural lines and proportions: perhaps because the complete ideal of the architect waits upon the handmaid colour for its fuller expression. And it was this aspect of their work that the colourists of all the great periods of art so amply appreciated. Byzantine and Gothic art and the



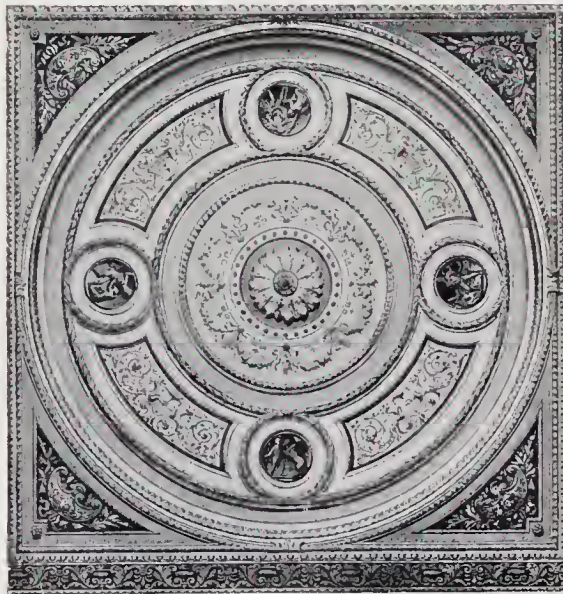
National Gallery, Entrance Staircase.

By J. D. Crace



Victoria Hall, Leeds.

By J. D. Crace.



Ceiling at Grosvenor House.

By J. D. Crace.

work of the Early Renaissance provide both severe and sumptuous examples of all that is best in the history of the arts. It was realised then that architecture was incomplete without the sister art of colour design.

In his work Mr. Crace has always endeavoured to show that there is a reason for things done, as well as a grace and courtesy to be observed in all artistic relations, in the attitude of architecture as a whole to colour, and in the kinship of colour to the other essential elements of architecture. Without colour, sculpture, and carving combined and related in one design it cannot be admitted that architecture fully satisfies either our intellect or imagined ideals. But that design must consist of a skilful combination, or it will mar rather than make a fine result. If the painter's attitude of mind does not rise above a desire for individual expression alone, the effect of his work will not sympathise with the subject treated. Architecture is not a thing of scraps and patches—it must be treated as a unity so that it may reveal a soul and spirit in national ideals and aspirations. This the traditional skill of the past seldom forgot. When sculpture, carving and colour were used in that

wonderful group of buildings on the Acropolis, they were so used as to be approved by Pericles as well as by a Pheidias and Praxiteles, and all the Athenian crowd of trained and untrained critics. Such was the acumen of the Greek mind, that the use of ornament as a necessary part of the architectural whole was kept subject to a strict sense of fitness.

In Byzantine and Gothic art such principles were no less familiar. They were carried even further into the domain of an intellectual development of structure and design, resulting in that truly sublime product—the cathedral of mediæval days.

Reference has been made to Mr. J. D. Crace as one who has carried on the traditions of a school of painter-decorators. As Master of the Worshipful Company of Painters and President of the Incorporated Institute of British Decorators, he has endeavoured to impress upon his contemporaries the ideas and principles concerning their craft which tradition and experience has taught him during forty years.

A distinction must unfortunately be made between the "trade" of painting and decorating, and paper-hanging, and the "craft" or "art" of skilled colour designers. There is a gulf between them which better training and a keener interest may bridge over in time, but there is an appalling difference between them now. It is true that the attitude Mr. Crace adopts in dealing with his subject is more generally appreciated than it was. And, writing from an architect's standpoint, it is evident that the growth of a tendency towards a closer collaboration of painter and architect must be an aid to architecture, as helping the growth of a stronger architectural sense in painted decoration. Colour can be used to correct faults of expression in architectural design, to emphasise or suppress certain



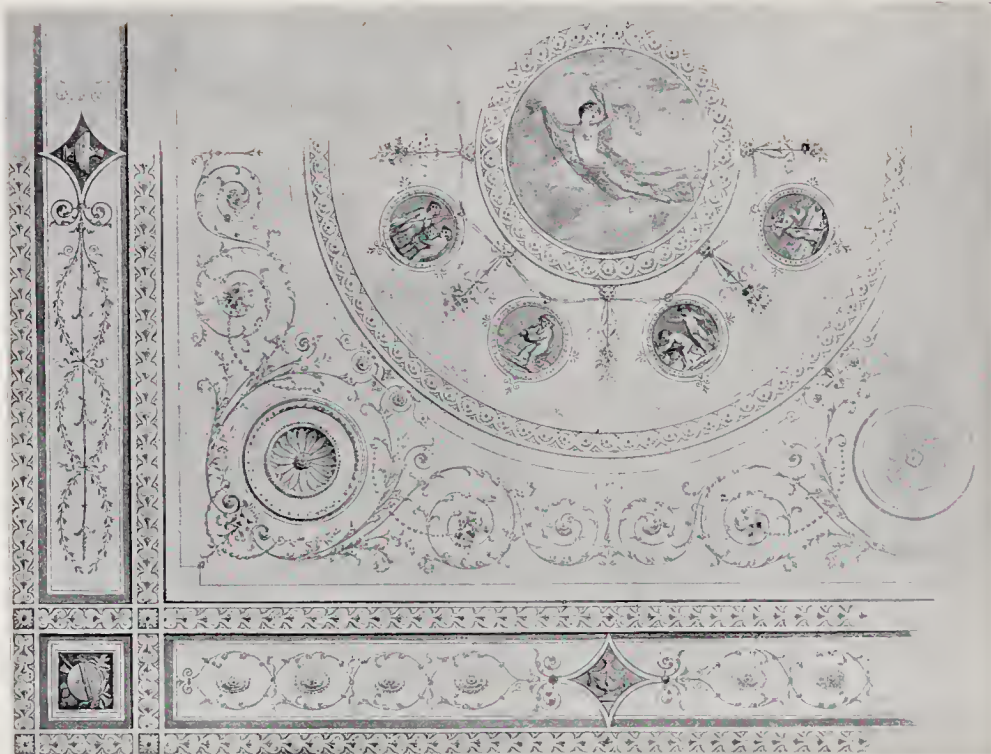
Room at Ickworth.

By J. D. Crace.

details of composition, thus putting these in a more correct relation to some general scheme. Few architects working with any sense of the claims of colour can properly design without it, as a means to fortify and complete their conceptions.

Assuming there is fire and life in the architectural subject to be dealt with, the colour-scheme can only be satisfactory if based on some appreciation of an architect's point of view. A painter's expression of this can then lose nothing of his own individual power. For instance, the Raphael frescoes in the Stanze of the Vatican are appropriate where they are, they were designed for the position they occupy. But remove them, say, to some great hall, or paint similar decoration to the same scale upon the vault of some Gothic choir, and the absurdity of the transfer would be at once apparent.

The evident influence of the past has principally affected modern designers through the works of masters of



Ceiling in Hill Street.

By J. D. Crace.

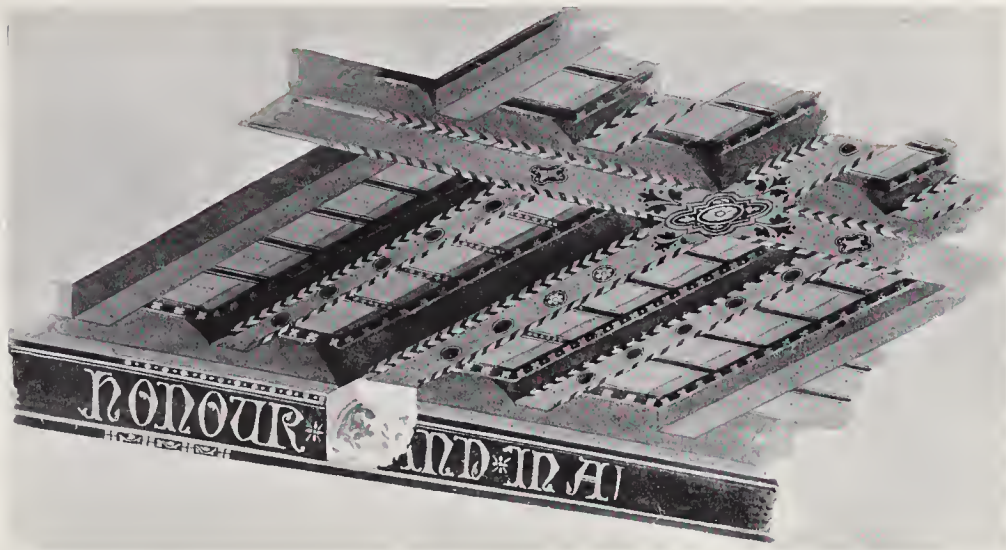
the various crafts. In some cases traditions have been handed down from man to man as a family possession. We cannot now point to many instances where this occurs. But that certain guiding principles have been so preserved is apparent in the aims and work of John Dibblee Crace. Born in 1838, he is a direct descendant of Edward Crace (1725-1799), who was admitted to the Freedom of the Worshipful Company of Painters in 1748, and to the Livery in 1752. The next in the line of descent was John Crace (1754-1819), admitted to the Freedom of the same company in 1785. Then came that Frederic Crace (1779-1859) whose celebrated collection of maps and views of London is now in the British Museum, and known as "the Crace Collection." He was Master of the Painters' Company in 1851. John Gregory Crace (1809-1889) also became Master of the Painters' Company in 1879. It was this member of the family who decorated the Houses of Parliament. His son, John Dibblee Crace, born in 1838, was Master of the Painters' Company in 1884. Since 1889 he has been an Honorary Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects, to the members of which he has delivered addresses on various subjects. In 1892 he arranged for the loan by the Duke of Devonshire of a series of original drawings by Inigo Jones and Palladio, which was greatly appreciated by architects and other artists, and is now known in the library of

the Royal Institute of British Architects as "the Burlington Devonshire Collection."

In a formal report made at the instance of the Gresham Committee, Mr. J. D. Crace suggested that, as part of the scheme of decoration for the Royal Exchange, the panels should be filled with pictures of historical subjects by living painters. This suggestion was adopted, and as a result, a variety of ideas for decoration are presented. How far these do or do not agree with the principles followed by the painter-decorators who were familiar with the traditional practice of their art may be seen in the various works themselves.

Among the examples of Mr. Crace's work used as illustrations to this article several different aspects of the subject under consideration are shown. It is proposed to examine these concrete instances as briefly as possible, in order to draw attention to certain facts of composition. This may help to show the attitude of a designer towards his work, expressing by practice some of the necessary principles involved.

An interesting problem was presented in the decorative work required at Longleat. There was an old Venetian ceiling painting of the sixteenth century for which a setting was to be provided. The room in which it was to be placed was a library lined with oak bookcases, the three or four feet between the top of the bookcases and the ceiling being

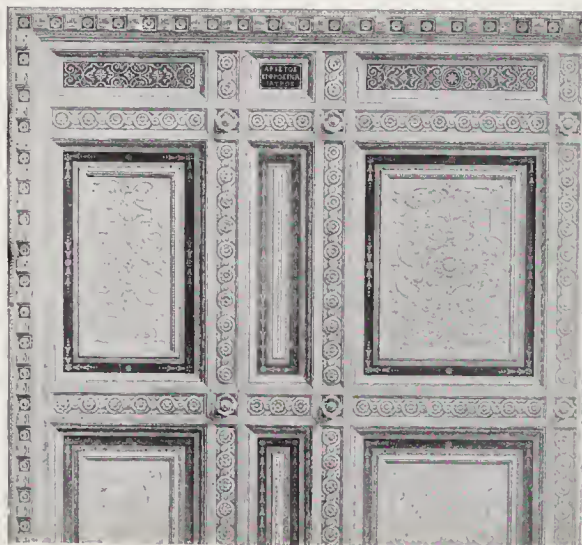


Ceiling at Knighthayes, Devon.

By J. D. Crace.

filled in with old stamped leather. The ceiling was fifteen feet above the floor, and its expanse a flat surface equal to the floor area of thirty-two feet long by twenty-eight feet wide. In the design for this ceiling reproduced in colour facing page 206, it will be seen how this circular picture was brought into relation with the rectangular shape of the ceiling and room. The larger part of the surface was panelled with raised moulded ribs of plaster, which gave a frame to the setting of the various decorative parts used to unite the composition. Four of the divisions are filled with modelled plaster work in low relief on a lightly coloured ground, each panel bordered with a line of white and a broader band of green. The other panels are treated differently, the four large ones having a ground of gold. But on this foundation are drawn in colour various designs of that delicate scroll character so familiar in the traditional work of the Renaissance. Each of these four panels has a small medallion in the centre; the bordering of the panels is a white line and a band of red as opposed to the green band of the inner four panels. The ground of the remaining four panels in the corners of the design is a red black, that is, the black is warm in tone—not the very positive black used in some of the Pompeian decorations. On this dark ground the field is broken by designs representing music and the arts, commerce and war. The borders to these panels are like the others, with a line of white and a band of red. It will be noticed that the ceiling is not a perfect square. That part of the design, however, which is divided into

panels about the central circular painting is arranged as a square; and to connect this with the shape of the room a panel has been introduced at either end. The ground colour of these long panels is a repeat of the same tone of red which occurs in the borders of the other panels. On this red ground are green bay leaves, modelled in relief, and wreathed about with ribands of gold. The cornice



Ceiling in Carlton House Terrace.

By J. D. Crace.



Ceiling in Berkeley Square.

By J. D. Crace.

which holds the whole composition within its boundary is of gold relieved with red and white.

There are three other details to be observed. On the moulded ribs forming a framework for the whole is a wide band of dark blue, which serves to bind the work generally into one idea, and draws attention to the main lines by which the composition is divided architecturally. This blue is edged with a line of white on either side. The surface of the band is broken up and relieved by a pattern like plaited tendrils of the vine laid upon it. The ceiling painting itself is set in a frame of gold.

These details serve to point out by what means the general effect is produced, the comparatively dark corners throwing up the light centre. This ceiling painting then has now become a part of the decoration, not of the ceiling, but of the room. It alone is not a picture to be seen and studied without first grasping the whole scheme, of which it is the central feature. Everything combines with it to produce a good result, from the colouring of walls, carpets, and furniture to the smallest detail in the room. In the other work by Mr. Crace with which this article is illustrated there has been the same consideration for the architectural surroundings as at Longleat.

In the case of the National Gallery staircase (page 201) the colour treatment is kept very quiet. A suggestion for the colour used was taken from the red marble columns which form part of the architectural design. A similar red is repeated in the frieze with a fret pattern in a lighter colour worked over it. The same low-toned red appears as a dark line in the panel borders above the cornice, which is treated in gold and white with a soffit of blue under the corona. The circular band of modelled ornament at the spring of the dome is relieved in gold on a blue ground. The suggestion of a fresco above the arches was not included in the scheme as executed.

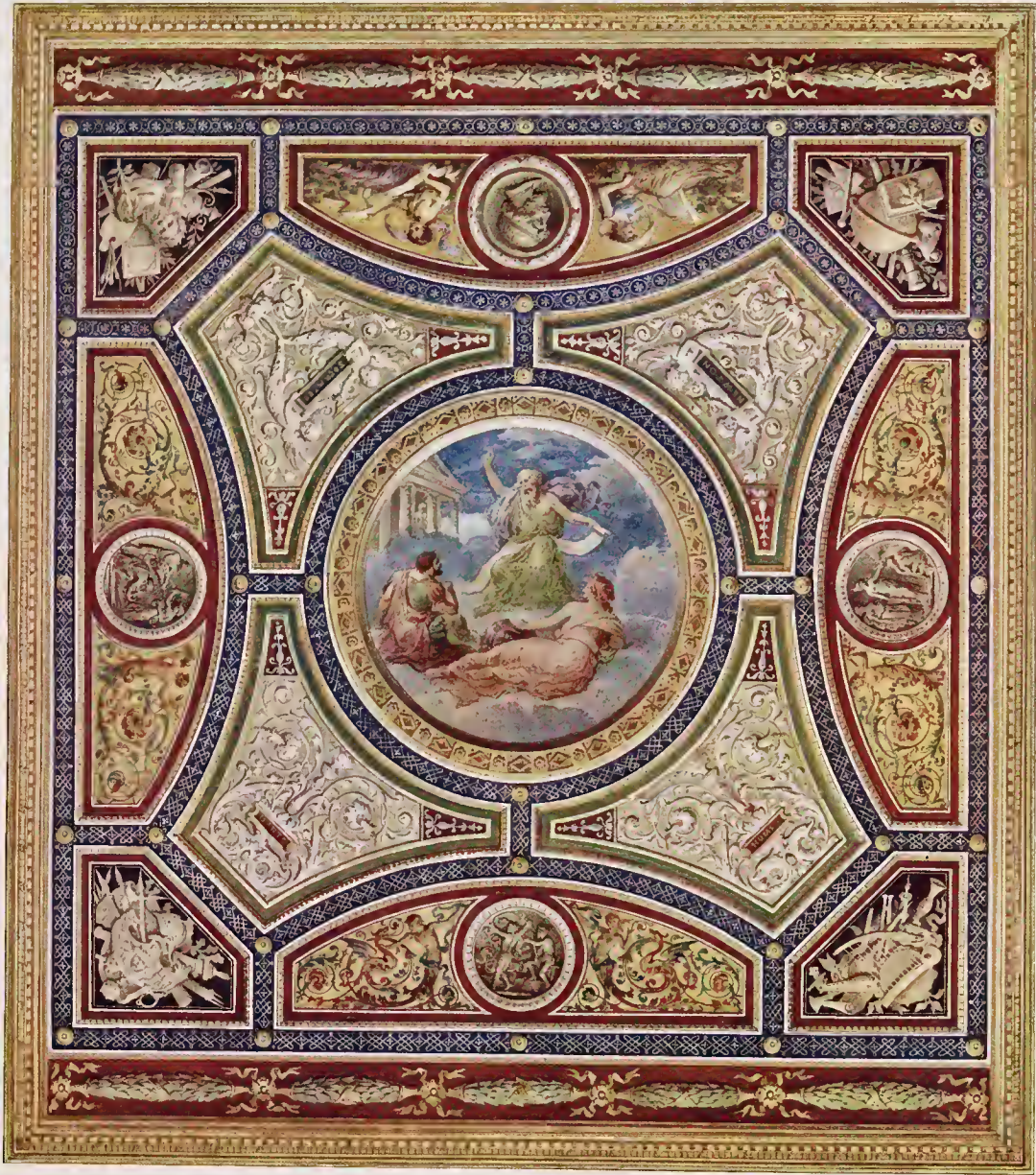
The room at Ickworth (p. 203), was remodelled by the late Francis Pentose, F.R.S., architect, and, at his suggestion, it was decorated in a Pompeian manner. The general idea of the colour-scheme was based upon some old designs in the Soane Museum. The fourth Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, built the house late in the eighteenth century in the prevailing "Classic" manner.

The reproduction of this design shows how the architectural construction has suggested the general lines of decorative treatment. The darker tones are kept in masses on the lower part of the design. By this means the surfaces of the vertical planes are kept in repose, and in contrast with these the semicircular space under the arches, the broad curved undersurfaces of the arches themselves, and the dome above are lighter generally in colour. Connecting the darker tones of the lower parts of the design with the dark lines above, and emphasising a sense of support below the dome, the pendentives are again of a deep scale of colour. Dark blue, black, dark green,

and a full, rich red have been used in the broader surfaces as masses of colour below the spring of the arches, and these are relieved by gold and white, with some bright points of colour in the details. The figure-work painted by Mr. H. Scholtz introduces some colour and drawing which provides a necessary contrast to the more rigid architectural lines of the design as a whole.

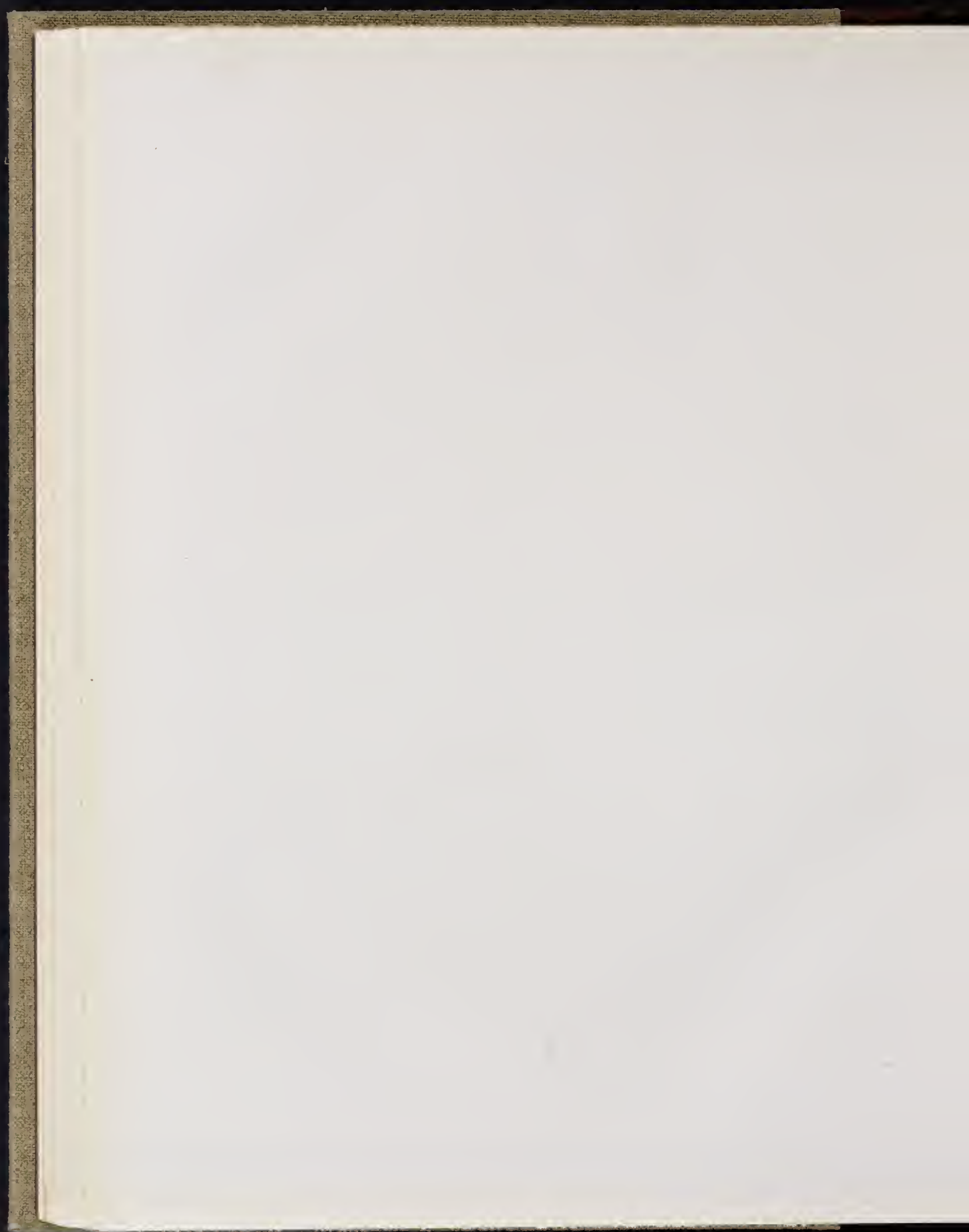
In detail the treatment is so obviously on the lines suggested by tradition that it clearly presents familiar archaeological features, and what could be more appropriate in such thoroughly "Roman" architectural surroundings than this Greco-Roman detail? Had the details agreed more with the Gothic traditions in art, they would have been unhappily associated in this case.

The same remarks will apply in a general sense to the method adopted by Mr. Crace in his design for the decoration of the Leeds Town Hall (page 202). The Hall is of a Renaissance character architecturally, consequently the decorative treatment agrees with this. Due emphasis is given to the structural features by the colour scheme; the vertical supports in the columns and the wall surfaces are kept in place and in repose by the method adopted in applying colour to them. The Hall is a hundred feet long by



Designed by J. D. Crace.

CEILING AT LONGLEAT.



fifty wide, and from the floor level to the top of the cornice from the level of which spring the semicircular arches of the barrel-vaulted ceiling is about thirty feet. Bearing in mind these measurements, it will be possible to form some idea of the scale of the applied decoration as a whole.

These four examples of coloured decoration serve to point out the diverse ways in which it may be applied appropriately to different surroundings. The other illustrations show similar characteristics. They comprise five ceilings in private houses, each one differently treated in detail.

At Grosvenor House (p. 202) the ceiling is flat, thirteen feet above the floor. The design for it was necessarily affected by the presence of many fine old pictures on the walls, consequently the general colour tones were very quiet and of a pale old bronzed gold shade. This colour is darker in the angles, to give emphasis to the centre. Such primary colours as are sparingly used for relief are deep and dark in tone, to keep them in the same scale as their surroundings. The colour scheme is applied to the moulded relief of the plaster work, so that the play of light and shade on the coloured forms gives change and variety.

In the case of the ceiling in Hill Street (p. 204) the walls were already hung with light-blue silk. This colour is echoed in the ceiling, thus giving unity to the completed colour idea. The room is about twenty feet square by thirteen feet high. The ground is white, broken in surface by raised bands of plaster work at the margins and round the large circles and medallions. The scroll design is painted in a delicate blue, the turn-over of the leafage being gold. The dark edging lines of the long panel margins and the small square panels in the angles are also a pure blue. All these more formal and regular lines of the design help to increase the value of the central and smaller figure medallions.

At 18, Carlton House Terrace (p. 205) the ceiling is in a dining-room, fifty feet long and twenty-six feet wide and sixteen feet high. The walls being hung with tapestry and the fittings made of dark mahogany, it was advisable to use gold as the general colour for the ceiling. The surfaces of the panels are broken up with a design in gold worked over the ground, and the borders which appear in the illustration as dark bands on the edge of these panels are a deep red, and dark green counter-changed to avoid repetition. Horizontal divisions of moulded plaster work, giving the idea of structural beams carrying the ceiling, separate the various panels and give shadow and a sense of support to the whole scheme.

In the case of the ceiling at Knighthayes, Devon (p. 205), a very simple use of colour has been adopted. It might be called Gothic in idea. The actual structural beams of the ceiling are the parts decorated, the colours used being black and white with a little bright red. The cornice with an inscription at the corbel level, is a dark green. The room measures about thirty-five feet by twenty-two feet and fourteen feet high.

Another dining-room ceiling, twenty-two feet long and fifteen feet wide and thirteen feet above the floor, designed and executed for a house in Berkeley Square, is very slightly decorated. Coloured lines of red, blue, and gold are used largely in the composition to relieve the white ground of the flat plaster work. The walls of the room were of a Pompeian red, so some darker colours were used in the border of the ceiling to attach it to the walls and the lower part of the room.

In each case then the architectural conditions have been used as factors in the design, just as they are in the beautiful works of such designers as Perugino, Giotto, Tintoretto, and Fra Angelico, whose decoration was always essentially part of the room, gallery, or church for which it was designed. They were not painted for museums, but for some triptych over an altar, some council hall, as in the Palace of the Doges at Venice. Was not this the case with Giotto's work in the little Arena chapel at Padua? Did not Ghirlandaio design the whole decorative scheme of that magnificent ceiling in the Chapel of S. Bernardo in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, as well as paint the several figure compositions used as integral parts of it?

Decoration, then, demands a study of the architectural surroundings. And these must be allowed to affect the character and type of design employed. Supposing, for example, the wonderful paintings of the Sistine Chapel to be transferred to Westminster Abbey. They would be utterly out of place. The curved ceiling of a church is an admirable field for decorative design in colour, whether floral, pattern or figure work. But it is the wrong place for any kind of painting which is first of all pictorial and only secondly decorative. A picture may stand alone and prove interesting, but it is infinitely more so if it is part of a scheme of decoration. A trained sense of the fitness of things must guide us in the details of colour composition. It is in the collaboration of architect, painter and sculptor that we may now, as in the past, find a way to produce a real art. Not a "new art," but one which will give us lasting monuments of strength and grace.

May in the Sale Rooms.

The Woods, Grimthorpe, Mappin, and other Collections.

MANY financial "miracles" are recorded in the stirring annals of the auction-room, but none stand out as more remarkable than those associated with the name of Mr. Thomas Hoade Woods, for over forty years a partner of Christie's, whose "few things" came under the firm's hammer at the end of May. Mr. Woods, who began life among the treasures of Stowe, was an

auctioneer, not a collector—a class, indeed, that he rather disdained, if the truth must be told. He bought only an occasional picture that took his fancy, seldom, if ever, giving more than the £205 or so paid for the portrait by Lawrence. To the pictures he added some pieces of porcelain, tapestry, and decorative furniture, for the adornment of his houses at Rickmansworth and Bournemouth. Had

he cared to collect, there is no doubt that his instinct for what was good, backed by a sure knowledge of various schools and periods, would have enabled him to bring together one of the finest galleries of modern times.

The afternoon of May 26, when Mr. Woods' pictures were dispersed, of course without any reserve, will have a place among the "classics." The total of £58,311 3s. 6d.,

of which the eighty-five Woods lots brought £19,942 12s. 9d., has been exceeded at a single sitting eleven times only in King Street. Mr. Woods had evidently a taste for profile portraits of women by 18th century British masters, and he "got in" before they had any attraction for the American millionaire. The issue of some of his pictorial adventures is seen on the following table:—

			Cost	Mr. Woods,	Realised.	
			£	s.	gs.	
Hoppner ...	Lady Waldegrave (wife of 1st Baron Radstock). 23½ × 19½	1881	24	3	6,000	
Romney ...	The Stanhope Children. 40½ × 30	1872	29	8	4,600	
Lawrence ...	Emily Charlotte Ogilvie. 30 × 25	1885	204	15	3,000	
Beechey, after Reynolds.	Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia. 55 × 44	...	126	0	750	
Beechey ...	Lady Whitbread. 22½ × 18½	1877	27	6	520	
Reynolds ...	Mrs. Robinson. 30 × 25	1876	52	10	480	
Romney ...	Forbes of Culloden. 29 × 24	...	2	2	350	
Drouais ...	Madame de Pompadour. 24½ × 20½	1863	6	15	170	
Northcote ...	Mrs. Hughes. 30 × 25	1881	10	10	150	
De Keyser	Portrait of a Lady. 19½ × 15½	1864	1	5	100	
Baptiste	Two Flower Pieces. 30 × 24½	...	0	7	54	
			Total	£483	19	£16,324

The Lawrence is an auction record, comparing with 2,800 gs. in 1899 for a portrait catalogued as by Reynolds, said not to have changed hands, and 2,400 gs. in 1904 for 'Miss Juliana Copley.'

On May 24 and 25, the 295 lots of porcelain, furniture, and tapestry belonging to Mr. Woods fetched £7,181, thus yielding a total of £27,124, very many times the sum expended, for his properties. Again, a few of the profits may be tabulated:—

	Cost	Mr. Woods,	Realised.
	£	s.	gs.
Panel of Old Beauvais tapestry ...	15	0	600
Pair of bronze altar candlesticks ...	10	0	520
Two Old English mahogany pedestals ...	50	0	520
Chippendale fire-screen ...	0	5	105
Sèvres figures after Falconet ...	1	10	100
Total ...	£76	15	£1,937

Probably the experience of turning £560, without any thought of profit, into £18,260 within a few years, and meantime enjoying possession of the objects, is unique in the annals of art.

On May 26 there also occurred some important Raeburns and Romneys. Raeburn's group of John Johnstone of Alva, his sister, Dame Betty, and his niece, Miss Wedderburn, is of exquisite quality, the handling suave and spontaneous, the colour cool and persuasive. Had it not been for the awkward shape, 29 × 46 in., and the fact that the canvas is rather too small for the composition, it would have made even more than 5,800 gs., which, however, exceeds any sum before paid at auction for a Raeburn, taking size into account. The other Raeburns were the gallant 'Colonel Lee Harvey,' 94 × 59 in., 3,000 gs.; the companion, perhaps unfinished, of Mrs. Lee Harvey and her daughter, 2,200 gs.; 'Mrs. Fergusson of Monkhood,' 2,350 gs.; 'Mrs. Fergusson of Trochraigne,' 1,650 gs.; 'Lord Glenlee,' 87 × 60 in., 620 gs.—this having dropped at 650 gs. in 1902; 'John Harvey of Castle Semple,' 94 × 59 in., 620 gs.; and 'Dr. George Cameron,' as a boy, catalogued as by Raeburn, 580 gs. The Romneys included 'Mrs. Mingay,' 1786, for which the artist would receive about 40 gs., 6,200 gs.; 'William Petrie,' 1777 (original price £35), 830 gs.; a portrait of a young girl, 15 × 12 in., 750 gs.; 'Mrs. Dawkes,' c. 1762, and 'Miss Honoria Dawkes,' 320 gs. and 350 gs. Downman's dainty drawing of Miss

Nott, 8½ × 7½ in., executed in 1789, brought the record of 350 gs.; a coast scene and a winter landscape by Morland, 500 gs. and 780 gs.; Watson-Gordon's oval of Sir Walter Scott, painted from life, 400 gs.; Gainsborough's 'Indiana Talbot,' 980 gs., it having been bought in 1905 for 2,000 gs.

If on May 24 there were phenomenal advances, on two earlier Saturdays in the month the story was a very different one. On May 5, 62 British pictures, mostly of the mid-Victorian period, belonging to Sir Frederick Mappin, of Princes Gate, who has done so much for the Sheffield Art Gallery, showed depreciations nearly all along the line. For instance, Mr. Frith's 'Pope making love to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,' sold from the 1852 Academy at 350 gs., dropped from 1,350 gs. in 1873, and 1,190 gs. in 1881, to 460 gs.; Elmore's 'Columbus at Port Santo' from 480 gs., in 1890, to 6½ gs.; Faed's 'From Dawn to Sunset' from 1,700 gs., in 1867, to 500 gs. On the other hand, Erskine Nicol's 'Shebeen House,' 1858, jumped from 400 gs., in 1893, to 680 gs. The same day Whistler's 'On the Coast of Brittany,' painted under the influence of Courbet in 1861, lent to the New Gallery last year by Mr. Ross Winans, the subject of a scarce Whistler drypoint, made 600 gs. On May 19 there were other sensational falls. J. E. Hodgson's 'Army Re-organisation in Morocco,' which brought 380 gs. in 1877, dropped to 6 gs.; and Egg's set of three anecdotes, 'Past and Present,' from 330 gs. in 1863 to 6 gs. Contrarily, James Maris' little 'On the Towing Path,' which not long ago changed hands at £5, realised 390 gs., and Erskine Nicol's 'Whist Party' brought 270 gs., against 65 gs. in 1863.

In 1902-3, pictures and objects of art belonging to Mr. Ernest Beckett sold for close on £50,000. On May 10-12 further collections from the same source, Mr. Beckett having since succeeded to the title of Lord Grimthorpe, brought about £26,800. Among the pictures were a tondo of the Virgin, the Child, and St. John, given to Botticelli, which was at Agnew's exhibition of Italian pictures in 1899, 5,000 gs.; 'Nicholas d'Aubermont' and 'Jeanne de Gavre,' ascribed to Holbein, 3,000 gs.; a portrait of a Cardinal, dated 1523, again given to Holbein, 1,250 gs.; Hoppner's 'Mrs. Hone,' 2,300 gs.; Mieris' 'The Declaration,' 880 gs. From another source came a portrait by a North Italian artist catalogued as 'Lorenzo di Medici,' by

Titian. In 1876, coming from Foot's Cray Place, it made 91 gs. at Christie's, this now becoming 2,100 gs. Among the Grimthorpe pictures were a particularly suave portrait by Manet of a lady in brown dress, 245 gs., and Monet's 'Phare de L'Hospice,' seen across a stretch of sea, 195 gs.

The extent to which fine pieces of old silver have risen in value during the last six or seven decades was demonstrated as hardly ever before on May 3, when were sold at Christie's a pair of Elizabethan tazze and a standing-salt which originally formed part of the Corporation plate of Boston, Lincolnshire. The two silver-gilt tazze, with the London hall-mark of 1582, described as "antique platten," were bought at the Guildhall, Boston, on June 1, 1837, by Thomas Hopkins—from whom they descended to the vendor—at 9s. 3d. and 9s. 4d. an ounce, or equal to £13 12s. 8d. The revised price was £2,900, the tazze going to an American dealer, possibly for Boston, U.S.A. The silver-gilt standing salt, London hall-mark 1600, 12 in. high, perhaps the largest that has ever come up at auction, was in the 1837 sale described as a "curious antique baronial salt-cellar in three pieces." It then made 11s. 1d. an ounce, or £17 5s. 9d. The re-valuation was £1,520. All three objects bear the arms of Boston. On May 18 some important pieces of Old Beauvais tapestry, belonging to the Comte de Premio Real, were offered at Christie's. One, about 13½ ft. square, fetched 1,900 gs.; six others, decorated with sporting incidents, fell at £4,400, and five more with subjects after Teniers at £2,200. A superb set of seven Old Worcester vases, square mark, mottled dark blue ground, fetched 2,500 gs.; a pair of Old Chinese mandarin vases, 52 ins. high, Kien-Lung period, £2,300; a pair of Old Chinese octagonal famille-rose vases, 36 ins. high, same period, £2,150. On May 22nd a further portion of the



(By permission of
Messrs. Colnaghi.)

Lady Waldegrave.

By John Hoppner, R.A.

Keele Hall heirlooms made £5,425. Three Hispano-Mauro dishes, early sixteenth century, 17½ ins. diameter, fetched 760 gs.; a box-wood statuette of an aged man, ascribed to Dürer, 430 gs.

Hercules Brabazon Brabazon.

THE death at Oaklands, near Battle, on May 14, of Mr. Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, aged 84, removed one of the most gifted water-colourists of our time. He was quite unknown to the general public till 1892, when Mr. Sargent induced him to rescue from his portfolios and exhibit at the Goupil Gallery a selection of those little colour-dreams which for years he had been weaving solely for his own pleasure. In whatever sense Mr. Brabazon may have been an amateur, he was a master by virtue of a sovereignty over colour, in part instinctive, in part the issue of ardent and prolonged contemplation of nature. Colour was his language, and, with rare perception, he captured fugitive effects of atmosphere, eternal truths of sunlight and shadow. Mr. Brabazon was an original member of the New English Art Club, whose "father" he was often called. One of the hundred sins of omission on the part of the Chantrey Trustees is that they have disregarded his delightful art. Mr. Sargent's admirable tribute which prefaced the catalogue of the 1892 exhibition could not be bettered. It runs:—

"The water-colour drawings of Mr. Brabazon are now being shown for the first time, at the instance of the artists

of his acquaintance, who have over-borne his prerogative as an amateur of withholding them from general view. Their rare merit will be their best advocate, and any introduction of them by a member of the artistic profession is a formality of significance only to their author, to whom exhibiting is an adventure; for distinctions are lost when work attains a certain level. The exclusive following of a personal inspiration is admitted to be the condition of high professional work, and with talent such as Mr. Brabazon's this condition has led to a degree of excellence only to be found in work unhampered by adverse influences or victorious over them.

"The gift of colour, together with an exquisite sensitiveness to impressions of Nature, has here been the constant incentive, and the immunity from 'picture'-making has gone far to keep perception delicate and execution convincing. Each sketch is a new delight of harmony, and the harmonies are innumerable and unexpected, taken from Nature or, rather, imposed by her. Immediate sensations flower again in Mr. Brabazon's drawings, with a swiftness that makes one for the first time forget that there has been a medium. Those who look principally for suggestions of

nature in pictures will be grateful, and if they try to analyse, will wonder whether the word 'lyrical,' borrowed from other arts, would help to define a certain kind of temperament.

"A French artist, on seeing some of these drawings, resumed in a word another secret of their charm and of

their power—' *C'est la fin d'une vie.*' Only after years of the contemplation of nature can the process of selection become so sure an instinct; and a handling so spontaneous and so freed from the commonplaces of expression is final mastery, the result of long artistic training."



(Home Arts and Industries, Birkenhead Pottery Exhibit.)

Panel in Della Robbia Ware.

Art Handiwork and Manufacture.

THE Arts and Crafts exhibition, the exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association, and collections of school-design and craft such as those of the National Competition works, or of the year's work at the London County Council Central School, represent the various ways in which handicraft is fostered in this country. They are the advertisement of aesthetic remedies for the disease of materialism, the proof of some vigour to withstand the ruin of art in life: perhaps the signal of a future renaissance when the materials of industry and art shall once again take form and colour and texture in expression of the spirit's delight in its instruments of work. The professional craftsman, the class or home industry in village

and city district, the art-student trained in craft knowledge, and the trade-worker given art-knowledge practical to his trade—these are the chief effects of the movement towards the reality of art in modern life. Plainly the fact that each organisation is inspired by the same desire, though each employs different means and has a different scope, produces some similarity. Yet in writing of the Home Arts and Industries it is the difference of scope between this and other exhibiting societies that must be first emphasised if its contribution to the effort after a modern system of craft-life is to be properly apprehended. Marking distinctions, then, one may say that while other societies and schools aim at constituting a craftsman, the Home Arts and Indus-



(Home Arts and Industries, Birkenhead Pottery Exhibit.)

Buttercup Plaque.



Appliqué Cushion: Chintz Design.

(Home Arts and Industries, Wilton Exhibit.)

Designed by E. A. Rawlins.

tries does not convert ; it supplements. Not that conversion is outside its scope—Della Robbia pottery, Haslemere weaving, Windermere textiles and embroideries, Compton architectural potteries, are industries converted to arts—but its aim is equally realised in the toys, knitting, rugs, and basket-work done by lame or blind workers. A part of the admirable work of the Association is therefore not in the field of art, so much as of philanthropy. Moreover, just in the degree that the activities started in villages and cities are successful artistically, they tend to enlarge beyond the society. So that, as with the Haslemere textile industries, which this year are dissociated from the Home Arts, the success of the movement is partly evident elsewhere than in its exhibition.

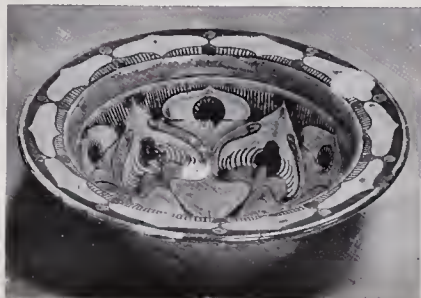
The two-fold aim, while it greatly increases the use of the Association, must needs lessen its aesthetic force. Training and encouragement are given to many who, as craftsmen, are non-existent, though their work may be directed to be suitable. And, as has been said, where the workers respond best to skilled training, the enterprise is apt to enlarge into a business organisation. That, of course, in some cases ensues without any change of direction : as, for instance, with Mrs. Watts' potteries at Compton, where, though a big piece like a baptismal font is now within the range of achievement, and the garden and memorial pottery is in considerable demand, yet the localisation of the work is so strong, its character as an industry of local material and skill so determined, that it belongs naturally to the successes of the Home Arts and Industries. This year,



Church Candlesticks, wax-coloured, with modelled figures.
(Home Arts and Industries, Compton Pottery Exhibit.)
Designed by Mrs. G. F. Watts.



(Home Arts and Industries, Birkenhead Pottery Exhibit.)
Bowl in Della Robbia Ware.



(Home Arts and Industries, Birkenhead Pottery Exhibit.)
Bowl in Della Robbia Ware.



Appliqué Curtain.
(Home Arts and Industries, Wilton Exhibit.)
Designed by E. A. Rawlins.



(Home Arts and Industries, Birkenhead Pottery Exhibit.) Memorial Tablet in Blue and White Della Robbia Ware.



(Baillie Gallery.) Brass Flower Pot: Peacocks. Designed by J. van Eybergen. Executed by G. Dijkers & Co.



(Baillie Gallery.) Tombac Flower Pot. Designed by J. van Eybergen. Executed by G. Dijkers & Co.

besides the big-lined pots, the font and cinerary casket, where Mrs. Watts' gift of symbolic design had fitting expression, the Compton potteries showed work wax-coloured in subdued tones. The candlesticks illustrated, with their finely-modelled figures of the saintly life, are good examples of an art that in an interior fitted to show its quiet charm would be as effective as the broad harmonious forms of the larger pieces are in their right setting.



(Home Arts and Industries.) Carved Settle from Rodney Stoke.



(Home Arts and Industries, Birkenhead Pottery Exhibit.) Pedestal Bowl in Della Robbia Ware.

The Birkenhead potteries, where Mr. Harold Rathbone and Mr. Conrad Dressler about ten years ago started the making of Della Robbia ware, are another important instance of the larger activities adhering to the Association. Like the Ruskin ware of Mr. Howson Taylor, the Birkenhead productions are seen at the Albert Hall as well as at the Arts and Crafts, though Mr. Dressler's bold use of enamelled earthenware shown at the Grafton Gallery represents rather an issue than the characteristic art of the Della Robbia potteries. Milk-white and blue, the delicate colours which shine like roundels of the summer sky in the grey Florentine façade, had celebration in many fortunate pieces on the Birkenhead stall. The extent to which, in the humbler pieces, and in the modelled decorations, spontaneity gladdens the design is a testimony to the soundness of the



(Baillie Gallery.)

Tombac Vase.

Designed by J. van Eybergen.
Executed by G. Dikkers & Co.



(Baillie Gallery.)

Brass Vase.

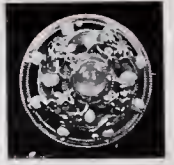
Designed by J. van Eybergen.
Executed by G. Dikkers & Co.

principle which gives each worker training in an ideal of his craft, and makes his work, while it is an expression of that special kind of ideas, his—or her—opportunity of realising an instance of its beauty. There is all the difference in work which is done with a fine example before the eyes and in the intelligence, and that which is carried out mechanically to a pattern, and the Birkenhead potters give their small and big pieces the distinctive mark of invention. Probably the determination of Mr. Rathbone to make useful pots has had a good deal to do with the sanity of shape of the more elaborate pieces. High-priced jars or plaques are part of the day's work, but they are the development of porridge-bowls, dessert-services, jugs, pots, for table use. In the modelled faience, too, the use of it is always an incentive. Its special fitness for adding bands of clean, sweet colour and surface to house-fronts in tiled window-boxes, such as these designed by Mr. Rathbone, and lately executed for a house in Park Lane, its equal suitability for memorial tablets, bénitiers, fonts, is apparent, and the colours which best express form are also the best possible for a restful



Cloak-clasp in Silver and Lapis-lazuli.
(Women's International Art Club)

By Dorothea Hager.



Brooch in pale Gold
with Cabochon Ruby
and Pearls.

By Dorothea Hager.



Brooch in Silver and Opal.

By Dorothea Hager.

charm to the eyes in the grey street or interior. To have developed to this extent a craft-undertaking, especially in potting, is a considerable achievement. It is not to be done, perhaps, but by some renunciation of the personal craft for the sake of the communal, and it may be that the development of Mr. Rathbone's ideal of pottery has not yet found full expression. Possibly for that a smaller, more individualised, undertaking may yet provide the opportunity.

These two industries are instances of some wider results of the craft-spirit fostered by the Association. One may add to these, as typical of another class of work within the province of the Home Arts and Industries, note of the introduction into Wilton of appliqué-work, executed from the bold designs of Mr. E. A. Rawlins. Here, too, the starting-point is in a designer looking for executants among untrained workers, but the skill required is, of course, of a much humbler kind. Any needlewoman can learn to appliqué, and for its technical simplicity and decorative value it is an admirable kind of Art to introduce into village life. A carved pew-end for the church at Rodney Stoke, one of several carved in the district from traditional designs, is an

instance of the local use of craftsmanship which is one of the most vital principles of the Association. Development, organisation, application of craft-skill, had many other noteworthy expressions at the Albert Hall, and, if the exhibition were the subject of these notes, the Keswick and Windermere exhibits, lace from Buckinghamshire, Norfolk, Devonshire, and Ireland, carving from Leigh and Mayfield, a chest from Wilton, wrought-iron gates from Witham, Ruskin pottery, Canterbury weaving, rugs from Dun Emer of admirable colour, metal-work and embroidery from Newlyn, and metal-work from Newton and Five Mile Town would claim notice. But the aim is to suggest in what direction the Association has its function among societies to preserve and foster craftsmanship in Great Britain, and not to suggest the special activities of the 120 classes and workshops which furnished the exhibition.

When an individual turns from mechanical to manual work, it is significant of the hope for Art even in modern conditions. When a number of workers combine to do the same thing, a bigger hope declares itself, and the resulting work is interesting even purely as the expression of a



(Society of Artists.)

Portuguese Village Pottery.



Brass Plaque: Sunflower.
(Baillie Gallery.)
Designed by J. Van Eybergen.
Executed by G. Dikkers & Co.

common desire to see what can be made out of materials. The repoussé metal-wares shown at Mr. Baillie's gallery by G. Dikkers and Company, of Hengelo in Holland, represented a result of such a determination. A small beginning of craftsmanship among the employés of M. Dikkers' engineering works, encouraged by the head of the firm, the metal-fittings of whose house are the hand-work of the men, has been developed, till some noteworthy pieces have come from the workshops started under a head-craftsman and designer. The designs, in the main, are free from the contortions of *le style moderne*, and, as in the peacock bowl, repoussé is used to enhance the metal where it is left plain as well as where it is worked. The qualities of the metal are considered, and the colour and surface-range of the



Mirror in Bronze and Silver.
(New Gallery.)
By Alexander Fisher.



Steel Casket.
(R.A.)
By Florence H. Steele.

work is considerable, employing brass, copper, and tombac, in bright or dull finish. Indian metal-work has certainly determined much of the design, but already the work is distinctive, and if it develops in accord with its best promises of form, colour and ornament, it should take an interesting place in modern Dutch craftsmanship.

The big London art exhibitions, unlike those of Paris, have little space for the applied arts. But both at the New Gallery and Burlington House there are distinguished examples of the smaller art of the metal-worker. Indeed, Mr. Alexander Fisher's 'Mirror in Bronze and Silver' at the New Gallery made it seem the more remarkable that, of the few invited craftsmen, one, and much the most fully represented, should be a Frenchman, whose work, thoroughly familiar to Londoners, is far less significant than the best work of English artist-jewellers. However, Mr. Fisher's



Pendant in pale gold, with
Cabochon Rubies and Pearls.

By Dorothea Hager.

metal-work which one looks to find among the sculpture at the Royal Academy. The serious but quiet use of the human figure as decoration in Miss Steele's casket, Mr. Stabler's finely wrought paterings, are true witnesses within the exhibition to the right of the finer crafts for wider recognition by a society whose title as Royal Academy of Arts is wide to comprehend not only the "fine" arts, but those for long considered not fine.

Even in England, pottery of true form for daily use is thrown by country potters, and there is, as yet, no European country where, in market or fair, one does not find pottery, different from the ware of other provinces or countries: in shape, colour, and decoration native of the place. Still made by neighbour for neighbour, naïve charm of pattern or pleasant freshness of colour originating in the fancy of the potter for the work under his hands, these pots are authentic craft-work, as different from commercialised "Peasant Pottery" as is their maker from the factory worker who produces to measure rough and homely ware. The potter's clays, both of Spain and of Portugal, are of fine quality, and the unglazed biscuit of both countries is a fit product of the beautiful material. In glazed and enamelled

gracious and reserved design stood for the valuable qualities of native craftsmanship, in its sensitive employment of the metals, the unobtrusive paterings of rim and stand, with a freer delight of invention in the cupid-garland, and a suavity in the seated figure. At Burlington House, Miss Steele's thoughtful art, always composed and clear in form, has been represented before; but Mr. Harold Stabler's chalice and paten, with its precise and delicate ornamentation, is an addition to the one or two good pieces of

wares, however, there has been little done, either by Spanish or Portuguese potters, that has not been better done by the countries they copied. Yet even an agricultural people such as the Portuguese, turning little towards industry, may, as in these specimens of a native village ware, in simplicity and leisure evolve a pleasant form for the utilities of life. As an unspoilt and characteristic type of peasant pottery, genuine in form and decoration, it deserves notice.

Restraint, competent design within a fit form, and execution that aims at intelligent finish, are characteristics that distinguish the craft-work from the vague experiments of the amateur, or the mechanical productions of "the trade." Miss Hager's jewellery, of which four examples are illustrated, has these qualities in considerable measure. The close shapes of the brooches and clasp, while each is a distinct invention, using quite different effects of the metal, are all suitably compact. The gold brooch is light within its precise ring, the silver setting about the flat grey-gleaming stone is crisply wrought, while the fine solid blue of lapis-lazuli is set in strong flagee. The pendant is not less effective, contrast between the formally set rubies and the garland-work in pearl and gold being happily devised.



Chalice and Paten in Silver and Gold.

(R.A.)

By Harold Stabler.

Notes on Recent Books.

Days with Velazquez, by C. Lewis Hind (Black, 7s. 6d.), is written in the crisp, distinguished style which has given the author prominence. Mr. Hind writes with knowledge and enthusiasm, and

he treads softly on the by-paths of history. A chance meeting in Madrid with Charles Furse inspires a note of unconventional biography, and thoughts of Turner lead to a digression on the way to



(Home Arts and Industries. Newlyn Embroidery Exhibit.)

Curtain border: "Thistle."

Designed by R. T. Dick.
Worked by Jane Badcock.

paint a landscape with figures. The book is well produced and suitably embellished.

Four well-illustrated handbooks (each 3s. 6d.) are published by Messrs. Newnes on **The National Gallery, London**. To the one on **The Flemish School** there is an introduction by **Frederick Wedmore**, to that on **The Dutch School** one by **Gustave Geffroy**, and to those on **The Early British School** and **The Later British School** notes by **Robert de la Sizeranne**.

Messrs. Newnes have followed up the volume on Méryon by one on the **Etchings of Van Dyck**, by **Frank Newbolt** (7s. 6d.); and to the "Modern Master Draughtsmen" series they have added **Drawings of David Cox**, by **A. J. Finberg** (7s. 6d.).

Henry Moore, R.A., by **Frank Maclean**, is a welcome addition to the "Makers of British Art" series (Walter Scott Co., 3s. 6d.). He alone, of a numerous family of artists, became attached to the Academy, and this distinction was long delayed. Henry Moore's fame was early assured, and when, in the winter of 1903, his work was well represented at Burlington House, his place among the select Masters was confirmed.

Among recently published instructive books for teachers and students are **Blackboard and Free-Arm Drawing**, by **Herbert H. Stephens** (Blackie, 4s. 6d.), and **Manual Training Drawing** (woodwork) "with solutions to examination questions, 1892-1905, orthographic, isometric and oblique projection," by **F. Sturroh** (Methuen, 5s.).

The third edition of **A Handbook of Anatomy**, by **Prof. Arthur Thomson** (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 16s.), contains extra illustrations, but little new text. Comparison of male and female models is made easy, and invaluable suggestions for selection are given.

Granada, "Memories, Adventures, Studies and Impressions," by **Leonard Williams** (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) is included in the series of "Delightful Books of Travel," illustrated by Mr. Pennell. In the present instance photographs take the place of drawings, although the frontispiece is a facsimile of a water-colour by Mr. Foweraker. The book is written in lively style, and it may be commended for general interest.

The second edition is ready of **Alphabets, Old and New**, by **Lewis F. Day** (Batsford, 3s. 6d.). "Here are models, not for penmen only, but for all manner of craftsmen who may have occasion to make decorative use of wording."

Varied and carefully chosen illustrations to **Old Pewter**, by **Malcolm Bell** (Newnes, 7s. 6d.), with an adequate commentary on the subject from the technical and historical points of view, constitute a volume for which the enthusiasm that now surrounds the admirable bygone art of the pewterer affords a public. Another volume in this "Library of the Applied Arts" series is **French Pottery and Porcelain**, by **Henri Franz**.

Messrs. Siegle publish **Dante Gabriel Rossetti**, by **H. W. Singer**, and **Goya**, by **Richard Muther**, in their "Langham" series (1s. 6d. each).



(By permission of Messrs. Duveen.)

Le Billet Doux.

By Fragonard.

London Exhibitions.

By Frank Rinder.

THERE are those who hold art to be a kind of Jacob's ladder, of light and inspiration, linking the outer with the inner kingdoms, the seen with the unseen, a ladder for the descent and ascent of winged beauty and joy. These seers of the double vision might even in exhibitions organised in London during May find valuable corroborative evidence. In a sense, of course, a person need only go to the National Gallery, the Print Room of the British Museum, South Kensington, or other of our public collections, to ascertain whether for him or her art is thus potent. Yet it must be remembered always that a negative conclusion involves of necessity no more than individual blindness. Often, too, the relatively unfamiliar serves to bridge a gulf which before seemed to be of those which cannot be passed. That is not the least of the



A Sketch.

(By permission of J. P. Heseltine, Esq.,
and Messrs. Colnaghi.)

By Gainsborough.

advantages of bringing together noble works from various sources. One of the most promising developments of our time is the desire of nations better to understand one another, to meet in amity instead of on the field of battle. Art has always reached out beyond mere territorial boundaries, and in the *entente cordiale* movement—neither in English nor German is there an equivalent for the happy phrase—its possibilities are great. Thus, while in admirably practical ways of every-day life we have, during the past few months, been drawing closer to France and to Germany, art in London exhibitions has been quickening, deepening our knowledge of a common meeting-ground, not subject to the vicissitudes of transitory differences. In this aspect it is a Jacob's ladder between country and country.

Of signal importance is the exhibition at the Guildhall of old Flemish and modern Belgian pictures. Aesthetically, the scope is wide to bewilderment. It is not easy to pass unflinchingly from the supreme little portrait by Hubert van Eyck to some of the unsearched facilities by modern men. There shall again be enduring art, surely, when as a people we know that pictures are in truth emanations from the mind, the heart, the soul, obeying in unison a single impulse, when unmistakably we demand such pictures as ministrants. It is constantly asserted that Van Eyck saw with the eye, that Memlinc began to see with the spirit. The truth or falsity of the dictum can be judged at the Guildhall. Experts allow to Hubert van Eyck the small portrait of a young man, No. 2, which at Bruges in 1902 was ascribed to Jan. Here intense veracity, intimacy of perception, penetrate into the realm of the universal.

Nothing of the actual, even to the unshaven chin, is deleted; but by depth of understanding, by the genius of the finer justice that can come only of love, a solemn sanctity is reached. 'The Three Maries,' another of the very few works allowed to Hubert, is supremely interpretative of 'He is Risen.' The illimitable sky, appalled with celestial light, the solicitous figures of the white-coiffed women, the angel seated on the lid of the empty tomb, light falling on the cross-triumphant of the forehead, the pale gold hair flowing into the glory of the wings, the far-off towers, some of which "shine in the forehead of the morning sky," all transcend reality, or, at any rate, its seeming. Apart from the Ghent altarpiece, no comparably moving landscape, no more expressive figures, can be found in early Flemish art. Jan is less well represented, though it is interesting to see the large triptych, No. 7, part of whose design is by him. Among these masterpieces are Memlinc's early and exquisite triptych from Chatsworth, painted in a mood of sweet, pious serenity, and two excellent portraits; the 'Edward Grimstone,' in an imaginatively lighted interior, by Peter Cristus; the skilled and sumptuous 'Virgin and Child with Angels,' No. 51, by the 'Master of the Death of the Virgin'; a powerful side face of a man, whose ascription to Quintin Matsys is debatable; and Gerard David's 'Scenes from the Lives of SS. Nicholas and Anthony of Padua.' Roger van der Weyden is of the few early masters unsatisfactorily, if at all, represented. Belonging to the seventeenth century are Rubens' wonderful 'Young Lioness at Play,' with its glow of tawny life, a portrait group by Jordaens of triumphant splendour, which gives us a measure of his great endowments, and many interesting works of lesser note. In the modern section several distinguished artists are absent, but there is an excellent group of works by the Parisianised Belgian, Alfred Stevens, who in 'A Young Girl Reading,' painted in 1856, and 'The Visit' (p. 219), of about 1867, is as subtle, suggestive, and secure as Whistler before he limited himself to "arrangements." Henri de Braekeleer shows with what skill he could modernise, not without loss, of course, de Hoogh and Vermeer of Delft; the master of Alma-Tadema, Baron Leys, Meunier, Clays, Verboeckhoven, and others may, with considerable advantage, be studied.

The inaugural exhibition in the new galleries of Messrs. Duveen, 21, Old Bond Street, was of thirty pictures by eleven French painters of the eighteenth century. Many of these artists were content pictorially to dally with the pretty conceits, the arch artificialities, the luxurious triflings of the time. The human soul, the soul of nature, was costumed, chilled out of all recognition, everything was "smack, smooth, neatly penned." There were, however, exceptions. In his early improvisation, 'Le Billet Doux' (p. 217)—which changed hands some years ago for a few hundred francs, but brought many thousands of pounds in Paris in 1905—Fragonard gives us a sketch of flower-like daintiness, of fragile, entrancing eloquence. Here is the quick, nimble turn of youthful life, finding spontaneous and delighted expression. The notes of rose, the passages of gold and brown, of luminous blue-green, belong to the same slim life. If by Watteau there is no magic *fête galante*, but only a radiant bit of flesh painting, if by Chardin there be nothing; Lancret, Pater, Van Loo, Largillière—whose 'Comte de Grevel,' complete and satisfactory, reminds us of the fine

portrait in Berlin—and among others Drouais, the painter of 'Mme. la Princesse de Conte' (see Plate) as a jardinière, are to be studied in well-authenticated and important examples.

The rebuilt Dutch Gallery in Grafton Street was opened with an exhibition of eighteen pictures by Mr. Charles Ricketts, his first "one-man show." Away from crude, over-assertive works at ordinary exhibitions, they demonstrate how loyal is Mr. Ricketts to the inner call, how forcibly and finely expressive are his designs—solemn, tragic, rhythmically solicitous—and his visions of muted colour, of verities which emerge only in contemplation. These pictures serve to remind us of the saying of an old mystic: that in lofty contemplation reason becomes light, will becomes love. It is far from a foolish fancy. 'The Descent from the Cross,' massed with a sense of the great drama, the drooping arms of the Christ imaginatively energised as though for the uplifting of the ignoble, 'Christ before the People,' 'David mourning Absalom,' 'Don Giovanni and the Commendatore,' with its significant use of moonlight, are of the works that attest not only the scholarship but the deep insight of Mr. Ricketts. He is of the remarkable men of to-day. At Messrs. Colnaghi's were almost 100 studies and drawings by Gainsborough. Gainsborough breathed on a landscape, a figure, a drapery, and so endowed it with independent life. Genius only thus "kisses the joy as it flies" in a quiver of leafage, in the happy flow of a robe, in the exquisite temper of the flesh of some fair English woman. At the Leicester Galleries there were brought together for the first time some water-colours by Mr. Mark Fisher, who wins to the living life of Nature. Ardently he translates the glad message of sunlight, of the moist green earth, perhaps with poplars shimmering against the sky and cattle in the meadows, of pools haunted by luminous shadows. In the Reynolds room were deft and dainty little pictures of the Thames, the picturesque cottages and inns in the home counties, by Mr. Mortimer Menpes. Other single-artist shows of interest include some broadly-painted, strongly-lighted portraits, forcible still-life pieces, and spontaneously wayward landscapes and coast views with figures, by the talented

Mr. J. D. Fergusson, and studies of Venice and other places by Mr. Arthur Studd, the disciple of Whistler—these at the Baillie Gallery; at Dowdeswell's, sensitive water-colours of the Sussex Downs, with villages under starred skies and shadowed valleys, by Mr. Fred Stratton, whose Barbizon is Amberley; and at the Ryder Gallery a number of sketches and studies, many of them for well-known pictures, by the late Mr. G. H. Boughton. Messrs. Agnew showed the recently-acquired collection of engraved portraits from the Royal collection at Windsor Castle, many of them of great rarity, and some—Valentine Green's 'Duchess of Rutland,' for instance—exceedingly fine impressions. The *dou* at the ninety-third exhibition at the French Gallery was Gainsborough's 'Mr. Ozier,' from the Cronier collection, and there were unusual examples by Israels, interesting pictures by Knaus and Tholen.

By far the most important of three exhibitions of German art was that at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The pictures, derived exclusively from English collections, represent various schools, save the Tirolese and Swiss, down to the time of Adam Elsheimer (1578-1620); Holbein and his



(By permission of Madame Cardon.)

The Visit.

By Alfred Stevens.

immediate followers being reserved for a separate exhibition. Dürer's portrait of a young man, possibly a German merchant, painted in Venice in 1506, is one of the supreme treasures of Hampton Court. It was sold from the gallery of Charles I. for £60, but afterwards recovered for the Royal collection. Masterly realisation could hardly be carried farther. Under the great name of Dürer there are, too, a painting in grisaille, with some local colour, of 'The Procession to Calvary,' intimately, searchingly conceived and designed, about two-thirds of the composition contained in a drawing of 1520 in the Uffizi; 'The Virgin with the Iris,' the deep-breathed design indubitably belonging to the northern master of "angular and bony sanctities"; and a 'Virgin and Child' of the poor 1516 period. In the writing-room are some superb Dürer drawings. Among the Primitives are a wonderful 'Deposition from the Cross' by the Master of the St. Bartholomew Altar, poignantly expressive of sorrow too great to be borne; and of a later time, interesting examples by Altdorfer and Lucas Cranach. Some of the old plate, the carvings in hone-stone, and other exhibits, have a European reputation.

Fittingly, many of our best-known artists, whose talent was recognised and encouraged in Germany while England remained cold, organised in the Prince's Gallery, Knightsbridge, in token of gratitude and good-fellowship, an important exhibition of contemporary German art. The galleries were decorated in grey and white and mauve by Professor Van der Velde, to receive a single line of pictures, a protest against the closely-packed walls of ordinary exhibitions. Among the works lent by the German Emperor from the Berlin National Gallery were two by Boecklin, the honest, skilled and spacious 'Flax Spinners in Laren,' by Max Liebermann, the Teutonic Israels, and the slight but finely accomplished study of a peasant boy by Wilhelm Leibl, reminiscent of a suave Bastien Lepage. Von Menzel, Boecklin, Von Lenbach, and Franz von Stuck emerge as the men of power. Boecklin's 'Elysian Fields,' impressive apart from colour though it be, is not wrought throughout with the imaginative surty of his 'Isle of the

Dead,' the 'Prometheus Landscape,' and some other master-works; and the passionate solemnity aimed at in the 'Pietà' is falsified by the pretty litter of roses and the mistaken vision of the consoling heavens. Flawless in its kind is Menzel's little picture, in gouache, of a wedding-party, with its magic juxtapositions of searchingly characterised faces, a plumed felt hat, a metal balustrade, and, in colour, of lilac and tempered white, of grey and brown, of red and fawn. Von Lenbach, whose work is familiar, was represented by a group including a three-quarter length of 'Virchow' and an oval of 'Frau Lolo von Lenbach,' painted in 1897. Von Stuck strikes out a lusty rhythm of linked figures in wild movement in a 'Procession of Bacchantes,' the most powerful work by a living artist. In 'The Entombment,' Von Uhde, with all his earnestness, has not the genius to eternalise the Christ story in terms of to-day. In vain he tries to breathe the spirit of his great theme. Many other pictures call for remark, among them Professor Sauter's two charming arrangements of delicate tone, Ludwig Dill's cool simplifications of landscape, Ludwig von Hoffmann's remarkable 'Adam and Eve,' Hugo Vogel's 'Italian Mother and Child,' which should be compared with Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Flower Girl' at the Tate Gallery, eccentric portraits by Samberger, an effectively deep-toned landscape by Charles Schuch, a foreshortened 'Christ in the Tomb,' by Trübner, and some busts in bronze and marble by Max Klinger, not otherwise represented.

At the Grafton Galleries Mr. Heinemann, of Munich, arranged an exhibition of some 277 pictures by South German artists of to-day and yesterday. Here Von Stuck—whose 'Fight for the Woman' is of primeval savagery—Von Uhde, Von Lenbach, and others represented at Knightsbridge were again to be studied. There may be named particularly, however, Zügel's large and extraordinarily strenuous picture 'Cattle,' Rudolf Schramm-Zittau's vigorous and ably-handled 'Swans,' and a group of portraits by Von Kaulbach. But German art of the last three or four decades, as seen at Knightsbridge and in Grafton Street, does not put Britain to shame.

Bishop Gore on the Decadence of Art.

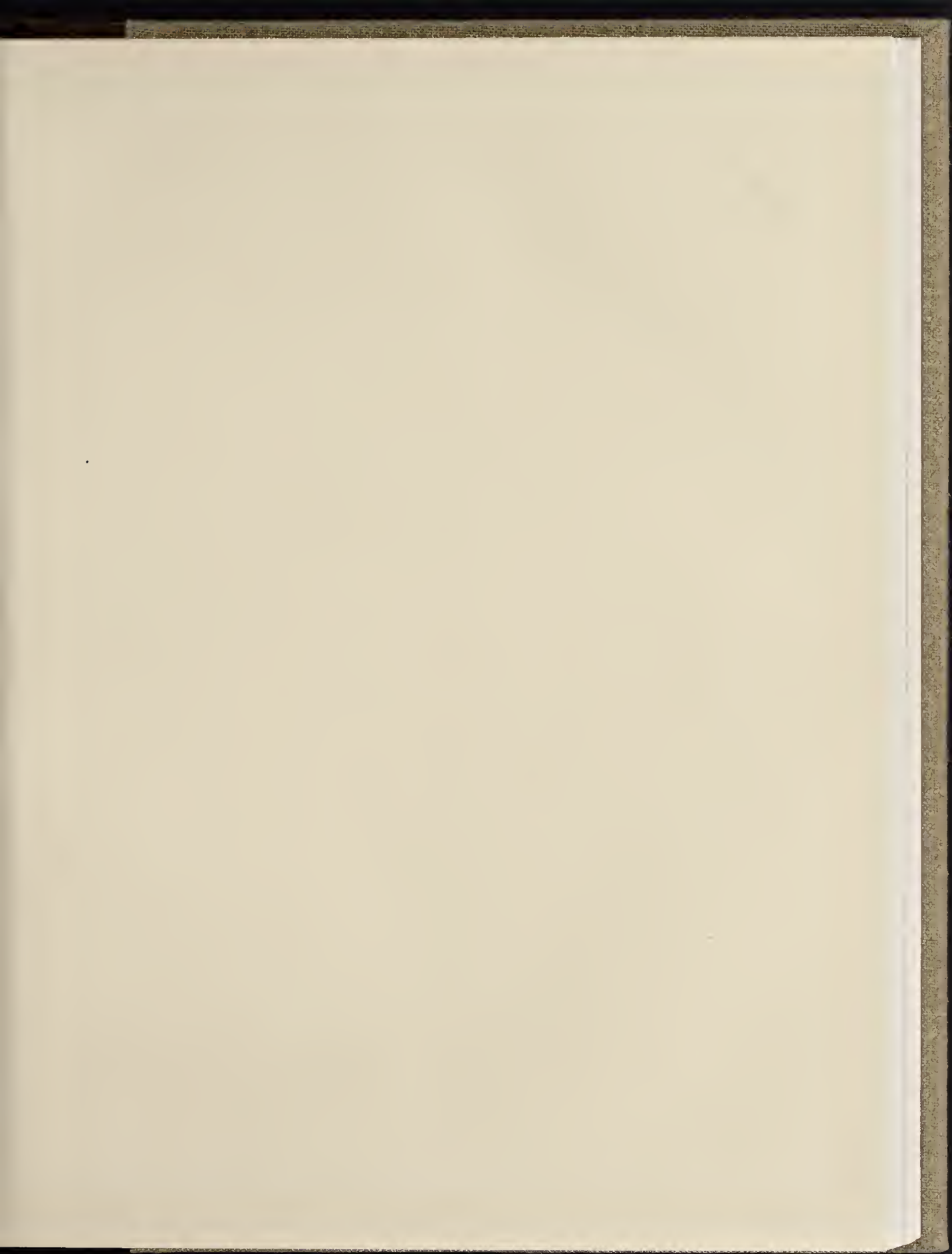
THE Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Gore) on May 25th at the Cathedral Church of St. Philip, Birmingham, delivered an address to art students. The event was under the auspices of the Royal Society of Artists.

It was a singularly beautiful sermon, in which the distinguished Prelate appealed for an art revival which should transform to beauty the commonest of things. God is not content, he said, to reveal Himself in the powerful forces of the world, or in the holy characters of the world: He added also the revelation of beauty. Nature at the same time that it works as a machine also sleeps as a picture. As the world is re-fashioned by man, man must make it not only useful, but beautiful. He was prepared to allow that mechanical power was as great a gift as that of artistic beauty. We needed to recognise that while we had

advanced in the gifts of mechanical power, we had distinctly gone back on the artistic side.

We gaze on the relics of Greece, in which the human spirit expressed itself exquisitely in form and measure of outline; we luxuriate in the great spirit of mediæval and Renaissance art; we take the great epochs of art in Flanders or Spain; we examine the extraordinary wealth of artistic skill, of certain kinds, which belonged to mediæval England; and we marvel both at the glory of those manifold gifts and the strange way in which manifestly they are withdrawn.

There were those who hoped that a revival in art would take place; they were growing dissatisfied with the hideous mechanism of our decorations, and of our ornaments in houses and in churches alike. They, as artists, would encourage everything by which men might be trained to make the most of their gifts.





*Madame la Princesse de Conti
By permission of Mess^{rs} Duvion Bros.*

The first of the series...
The second of the series...
The third of the series...



The fourth of the series...
The fifth of the series...
The sixth of the series...

The seventh of the series...
The eighth of the series...
The ninth of the series...

The New Westport Museum.

The new Westport Museum...
The new Westport Museum...
The new Westport Museum...

The new Westport Museum...
The new Westport Museum...
The new Westport Museum...



Faint, illegible text, possibly a name or title, located below the photograph.

It is not enough that we should have certain artists, remote from common men, expressing highly-cultivated and perhaps exquisite ideals in language of colour and form quite incomprehensible to the common people.

Any healthy, any real, revival must begin with making beautiful the common things of utility in our churches and houses. The consecration of human life to beauty must begin at the foundation, in making beautiful the common and the serviceable things of life. What great need there was for such a revival! We saw it on all hands.

Going from church to church he saw much brass-work, upon which money had been lovingly spent—altar rails, eagle lecterns, screens and the like. How mechanical it was, almost without exception; how ugly, formless, barren of ideas, as if it had been turned out at so much the yard! Of all the brass-work within this category, how much did they wish should be retained?—how much, could they venture to think, would be handed on to the generations without a sense of shame?—the outline so feeble, the conception and the execution so purely mechanical.

Then the furniture of our houses—the rooms crowded with objects made in a sense to be decorative, elaborate—that was to say in shape, and yet containing so little to arrest one with the feeling that “here is some beauty in form or shape for a common object.”

As we saw all this we could not but exclaim that the work of recovery must begin from the bottom. It must be in the cultivation of a more common sense of form and beauty.



A View in one of the Departments at Messrs. Wedgwood's Works.

The function of the artist is to express, emphasise and realise, and help others to realise, the forms of beauty in which God reveals Himself. The spirit of the artist is the opposite to the mechanical spirit. It reproduces not by hundreds or thousands; it is an individual thing. It sees something of beauty and expresses it, and the individuality of feeling and expression must be in everything that can in any sense claim to be a work of art. There should be something of the personality, the individual soul, expressed even on common objects.

In no place more than Birmingham, where so much was made that served the ordinary needs of life, ought encouragement to be given in order that things, as they were made serviceable, should also be made beautiful.

The New Wedgwood Museum.

TO preserve the example of the past, to use the opportunities of the present, are the two main duties of those whose care is for beauty, and who realise how closely beauty in production is allied with the beauty of life. When the first Josiah Wedgwood wrote to his partner Bentley: “Let us make all the good, fine and new things we can,” he expressed the attitude of the genuine artist to the present and the future. The Portland Vase, the successor of innumerable classical pieces, of which the first was made by Wedgwood and Bentley on the first day when Etruria was opened, the very name of “Etruria,” are testimonies to his regard for the high examples of the past. His successors, the Wedgwoods of to-day, are true to his example in this regard as in others. “Fine, good and new things,” especially in lustre and table-ware, come from Etruria. By bringing together from various departments all

their pieces of old Wedgwood, the waxes, moulds, clay patterns, made by and after Flaxman, and other notable designers employed by the firm, and placing these for public study in a museum on the premises, Messrs. Wedgwood have celebrated their past in the best possible way to keep its tradition intact, where its inspiration should have true effect. The collection in the new museum is, too, an opportunity for student and craftsman who visit Etruria to realise what forces of determination and self-discipline worked in the frail body of the eighteenth century potter, and gave him the mastery over materials unused, or badly used, in the England of his day. The stick, necessary for his support, lifted to smash a bad piece that “won't do for Josiah Wedgwood,” might well have been among the representative and interesting collection of Wedgwood's bequest to English craftsmanship.

Passing Events.

THE Academy accepted the recommendations of the House of Lords so far as to appoint a Committee of Three to deal with the problem of the Chantrey purchases. This year the committee consisted of Mr. Clausen—the Lords suggested an Associate should be one of the three—Mr. David Murray, and Sir W. B. Richmond. Their labours were far from perfunctory, and a carefully-compiled list of advisable purchases was submitted to the Council. On this list there appeared, we understand, Mr. J. Buxton Knight's able, eminently honest 'Winter Sunshine,' while Mr. Rothenstein's weighty 'Aliens at Prayer' was of the pictures outside the Academy carefully considered. It would be a mistake, however, to make the Committee responsible for the actual purchases, only one of which, we believe, was on its list. The purchases are:

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Frank Craig	The Heretic (280)	£180
D. Farquharson, R.A.	Birnam Wood, 8 ft. x 6 ft. (246)	£1,500
G. D. Leslie, A.R.A.	Deserted Mill (179)	£200 (?)

OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

Anning Bell	Garden of Sweet Sound (38) ...	£105
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Mr. Craig was elected a member of the Institute of Oil Painters in November, 1905. 'The Heretic,' a clever Abbeyesque effort, was first bought by Mr. H. W. Lucy, who relinquished it to the Chantrey Trustees. Mr. Farquharson was already represented at the Tate Gallery by 'In the Fog,' bought in 1897 for £420. Mr. Leslie, born in 1835, first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857, and has been an Academician for thirty years. Mr. Anning Bell, an artist of distinction, though many do not approve his way of using water-colour, was for some time on the art-teaching staff of University College, Liverpool. The rejected of the Chantrey Trustees became, however, available for another public collection. Mr. Rothenstein's 'Aliens at Prayer,' and Mr. Buxton Knight's landscape were bought for the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne; the last at £200. There go to Melbourne, too, from the New Gallery, Mr. Mark Fisher's 'A Lane, Antibes,' a genuine capture of sunlight, and Mr. Napier Hemy's 'Bell Buoy.' The price in each case is 100 gs. Mr. Clausen was responsible, we understand, for these purchases.

MANY painters hoped that would-be purchasers would receive more assistance than heretofore at Burlington House this year. But the old system of the two priced catalogues only, under charge of commissionaires in the entrance-hall, was, during May, adhered to. Chief among the early sales were: Mr. Sigismund Goetze's 'Ever-Open Door' (1,000 gs.), Mr. La Thangue's 'Winter in Liguria,' £500, Mr. Stott's 'Washing Day,' 450 gs., Mr. Wyllie's 'Medway Fleet,' £300, Mr. J. H. Lorimer's 'Hush,' £300, Mr. J. C. Mitchell's 'Knockbren Moor,' £250, Mr. MacWhirter's 'May,' £250.

MR. J. CHRISTMAS THOMPSON, who died at Warrington on May 12th, at the age of eighty-two, was widely and deeply respected. He studied in Edinburgh under Sir William Allen and D. O. Hill, and from 1855 to 1884 was the energetic and successful headmaster of the Warrington School of Art. At least two R.A.s, Mr. Luke Fildes and Mr. Henry Woods, received early training from him.

M. MAURICE KANN survived his better-known brother Rudolf by only about fifteen months. He died suddenly at his house in the Avenue d'Iéna, Paris, on May 6th. Some years ago the brothers bought a large plot of land in Paris and built two houses, communicating on the first floor, so that their galleries might on occasions be thrown into one. But M. Maurice Kann had not got his fine rooms furnished, and the pictures remained stacked against the walls, while his valuable china and objects of art were in boxes. The collections are probably the finest brought together during the last quarter of a century. The brothers possessed thirty Rembrandts of high quality, besides admirable works by Hals, Jacob Ruysdael, and other great Dutchmen. Should the Kann galleries come under the hammer, the two continents would be stirred.

IT is worthy of note that the great Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, whose death occurred in May, desired above all things as a youth to become a painter, but the poverty of his parents made impossible the necessary training. Instead he was apprenticed to an apothecary.

THE murder at his studio, 76A, Monmouth Road, on the night of May 24th, of Mr. Archibald Wakley, naturally directed much attention to his picture in Gallery III. at the Academy, 'The Sleeping Beauty.' In 1904 an engraving by him, 'Sir Lancelot at the Chapel,' was at Burlington House.

ASON and a daughter of a distinguished Academician, Mr. Briton Riviere, are to be married this month. Miss Theodora Riviere, younger daughter of the artist, is to marry Mr. Arthur E. Bodington, M.A., M.D., of Winchester; Mr. Evelyn Riviere, barrister-at-law, marries the elder daughter of Mr. Hugh Verral. Another son, Mr. Hugh Riviere, has at the Academy one of the most successful portraits he has ever painted, that of the Bishop of Ripon.

ON May 4th the Trustees of the National Gallery appointed Sir Charles Holroyd Director, to succeed Sir Edward Poynter, who withdrew in the autumn of 1904, some eighteen months ago. Whether or not Sir Charles will have a freer hand remains to be seen. He had been Keeper of the Tate Gallery since its opening in 1897, and there has done admirable work, though he had no responsibilities as to purchase. He will no doubt seek and find the best possible advice in cases of difficulty, and already channels of information have been opened up. Conserva-



The King Drinks
By Jordaens.

tives and Liberals alike acknowledge that the Government did its utmost satisfactorily to solve the directorship problem.

ON May 24th the Institute of Oil Painters elected to membership Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, R.B.A., work by whom has several times been reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL. He passed from the St. John's Wood Schools to those of the Academy, was afterwards in Paris under Bouguereau, but learned still more, he says, while idling with a small sailing-boat. Mr. Robinson, who lays great store by literature, broods long over all his subjects.

THERE are to be great doings in Holland to celebrate the tercentenary of Rembrandt's birth. Festivals are to be held at Leyden on July 14th and at Amsterdam on the two following days, when will be opened the new Rembrandt annexe to the Rijks Museum.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER lately told some of our German guests that pictures sent to the Academy by foreigners were placed in a special room and judged separately. He added that an attention and goodwill was shown to those pictures which is often denied to British work.

THE wedding gift of a group of ladies of England to the King of Spain—the idea originated with the Marchioness of Granby, whose charming portraits are well known—took the form of a bust of his bride from the hand of Mr. Conrad Dressler. In Mr. Algernon Graves' invaluable *Royal Academy Exhibitors* a full list appears of Mr. Dressler's contributions to the R.A., which began in 1883, when he showed a medallion of Sir Stafford Northcote. The bust is for the Royal Palace in Madrid.

SOME of the highest-priced pictures and objects of art which have ever come up at auction are, or recently have been, on view in London galleries. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club is the rock-crystal biberon which made 15,500 gs. in May, 1905, and the beautiful little ewer, of rock-crystal and silver-gilt, rescued from a pantry at Beau-Desert, which a few months earlier made 4,000 gs. Then, at Duveen's, was Fragonard's 'Billet Doux,' which at the Cronier sale in December last made 420,000 francs, plus the usual commission of ten per cent. At Whitechapel was a Gainsborough portrait picked up at Christie's for about 300 gs., and, after it had been cleaned, passed on within a few months for about £6,000.

THE serious decline in the money value of certain mid-Victorian pictures, noticed in our Sales article, caused insurance companies carefully to look into the whole question of valued policies issued in respect of pictures. Mr. Frith, one of the artists, an example of whose work relapsed considerably from an inflated value of the sixties, has been telling how in his early days he painted a head for 4s. 9d., of which, thinking it to be by Lawrence, a friend made copies and sold them at 2 gs. apiece, the original Frith later making 40 gs. at Christie's.

AT the Academy, three of the five Professorships are vacant; those of painting, architecture and sculpture. Mr. Clausen, whose lectures on painting have been so greatly appreciated, will probably be re-installed; but who will succeed Mr. George Aitchison, who has held the Architectural Chair since 1887, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, made Professor of Sculpture in 1900, is uncertain. In 1863 the tenure of these Professorships was limited to five years, in 1903 to three years, the holder in all cases being eligible for re-election. In 1886 the posts were thrown open to Associates.

A DETECTIVE of detail has discovered that Sir William Richmond, in the Hawarden Memorial, has given Gladstone a finger too much to one of his hands. As a young man Gladstone lost a finger in a shooting accident.

THE Antwerp exhibition of 1905 has served to reinstate Jacob Jordaens in his rightful position as one of the foremost masters of Flanders. To the Guildhall exhibition the Duke of Devonshire lends the opulent group of 'Van Zerpelan and his Wife,' where the scarlet sash is as a trumpet call on the brilliant blacks of the scheme, and at Chatsworth, too, is the masterly 'Le Roi boit.' Mr. Martin Colnaghi, again, had on view in Pall Mall the huge gallery picture, 'St. Peter finding the Tribute Money in the Fish's Mouth.' Jordaens would never have been but for Rubens, yet all the same he is a big man.

THOSE interested in statistics relating to the Royal Academy may like to have the following: Of the 1,799 works exhibited, 1,596 are by "outsiders," who submitted 11,732 to the Selecting Committee. Thirty-six Academicians send ninety-seven works, and Mr. Frith, a retired R.A., one. The absentees are Mr. Aitchison, Mr. E. J. Gregory, and Mr. Hook. Thirty-one Associates, including Mr. Solomon, the R.A.-elect, send 105 works. The only absentee is Mr. Lionel Smythe. Five R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s take full advantage of their privilege to send six exhibits, Messrs. Seymour Lucas, R. W. Macbeth, A. S. Cope, Napier Hemy, Solomon J. Solomon. Those represented by five number six, those who send four number twenty, and the average of those represented and unrepresented works out at just about three. Not one of the six Hon. Foreign Academicians sends. In 1901 11,061 works were submitted, of which 1,643 were accepted; while in 1905 11,052 were submitted, of which 1,649 were accepted.

ONE natural and most desirable consequence of Mr. Dibdin's curatorship of the Liverpool Art Gallery is the Historical Exhibition of Liverpool Art which has just been announced for the spring of 1907. The committee of management is to be selected from the Arts and Exhibitions Sub-Committee of the Liverpool City Council and the Council of the Liverpool Academy of Arts (which has been invited to co-operate), with Mr. Dibdin as Secretary. Another new departure at the Walker Art Gallery is the special Black-and-White Exhibition, which is to be a feature of the coming autumn Exhibition of Modern Art.

The 'Voltaire' of Houdon.

By Claude Phillips.

THERE is no desire on my part to put forward the admirable little terra-cotta statuette here reproduced as a "discovery." It is one of a group well known to connoisseurs and students of Houdon's art, but certainly one of the earliest and best of the series, the first original of which, like the bust executed for the Théâtre Français in 1778, must assuredly have been done from life during the memorable visit of Voltaire to Paris, which was to be his last. It will be well remembered how, in a whirl of triumph, he returned to the capital in the month of February of that year, after a proscription and enforced absence of twenty years: how the visit resulted in an absolute apotheosis of the aged poet and philosopher, while life now flickered now flamed up brilliantly in the enfeebled frame; in the famous *dramonie* at the Théâtre Français after the production of *Irene*, and finally in his death, worn out with adulation and excitement. It appears to me, however, that the relation of the wonderfully vivid statuette to the famous marble statue, original versions of which are in the *foyer* of the Comédie Française and at the Hermitage of St. Petersburg respectively, has not hitherto been very accurately defined, nor its importance sufficiently emphasized. I would have it recognised as the preparation for that great work, showing an earlier and more realistic phase of conception, a truth more vivid and momentary, but a less resolute attempt to reveal the whole character, the whole personality of the man. Lady Dilke, in her "French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century" (quoting the speech of a certain M. Villevielle at the inauguration of a statue of Voltaire by Houdon in the museum of Montpellier), tells the most pathetic story of one of these last sittings. Houdon, it appears, had complained to Villevielle that "the old man's face lost, as he sat, all trace of life, save painful signs of weariness and irritation," and it occurred to the latter that it would be well that he should secretly bring with him the crown that Brizard, the actor, had placed on Voltaire's head on the day of his triumph at the Français. "Je prévins M. Houdon," said Villevielle, "que je m'élançais à un signal convenu sur l'estrade où était placé M. de Voltaire, et lui suspendrais la couronne sur la tête." The scheme was carried out, and had the desired effect of rousing the failing spirit. Physical sufferings, which were already becoming acute, were for an instant forgotten, and Houdon saw in all its fire and life an expression which revealed the very soul of the man. It was but for an instant, and bursting into tears

AUGUST, 1906.

Voltaire cried, as the crown touched his brow, "Que faites-vous, jeune homme? Jetez-la sur ma tombe qui s'ouvre." This description of the momentary flashing up of this dazzling intellect through the aged and weary envelope fits exactly the little piece which we are considering. Here is truly the expression of the moment, conjured up by a few broad touches, full of that audacity which only the master inspired by his subject, and technically sure of himself, can permit to his keen vision and his practised hand; the pain-worn mask thus momentarily illuminated will soon fall together and then, but a little later, sink into the marble repose of death. And is it not easy to perceive, even in this piercing glance that envelops the spectator and replies to his gaze, an intense effort of the will conquering for one moment the physical suffering and decay, and pushing



(Paris, foyer of the Comédie Française.)

Marble Statue of Voltaire.

By Houdon (1781).



(By permission of A. W. Pinero, Esq.)

Terra-cotta Statuette of Voltaire.

By Houdon (1778).

the wide-awake searching look almost to the verge of grimace?

A fairly long list might be made out of the examples of this statuette known to exist; but it has not yet been possible to classify these completely, nor to define the small points in which they may—in which, in some cases, they do—differ from each other, and from the great masterpiece which still dominates, and marks with its own particular colour, the *foyer* of the Français. My friend M. Paul Leprieur, the Director of the Louvre picture-gallery, has called my attention to an article by M. Mangeant, in the *Réunion des Sociétés des Beaux-Arts* (1896), on a very nearly identical statuette by Houdon in the Bibliothèque (not château) of Versailles; but I have hitherto had no opportunity of consulting this disquisition on the subject which now occupies us. I have nevertheless been able to ascertain, through the kindness of M. Bourgeois, a distinguished savant who resides at Versailles, that the 'Voltaire' here reproduced is identical with that just mentioned, with the exception that on the throne-like chair there are, in the piece owned by Mr. Pinero, certain rosettes at the angles,

and certain flutings of the horizontal bars which are absent in the Versailles example, having evidently been suppressed at some later stage by the sculptor as unnecessary elaborations, adding but little to the general effect. The Versailles example is signed "P. F. Houdon, sc. 1778," and bears also, as an inscription on the marble base, the following very indifferent verses:—

" Ô Parnasse, frémis de douleur
et d'effroi,
Brisez, Muses, brisez vos lyres
immortelles,
Toi dont il fatigua les cent
voix et les ailes,
Dis que Voltaire est mort;
pleure et repose-toi."

The London example bears no signature, and is indeed *avant toute lettre*, a circumstance which, taken in conjunction with the fact that it shows certain elaborations of decorative detail afterwards suppressed, would appear to prove its priority over most of the others. It may be, indeed, that it was made by the master for himself, and thus did not require the distinguishing marks borne by the others. These are, indeed, such as would serve to enhance the

value of pieces primarily intended for circulation as objects not only of art but of commerce, but would have little meaning for the artist who into the little work had put all himself. The London statuette bears on the back the seal of Houdon's atelier, and it has been pointed out that this was generally attached as a sort of superior trade-mark to terra-cotta or coloured plaster reproductions issuing from the master's studio, and executed under his personal supervision. But it is by no means impossible that this trade-mark "Académie Royale de Peinture et Sculpture, Houdon sc.," was affixed to our example later on, when Houdon, impoverished and embarrassed—as the greatest of the French artists were during those terrible years which brought the eighteenth century to a close—was compelled to realise his few assets as best he could, in order to live. The Louvre contains an authentic 'Voltaire' in coloured plaster, bearing likewise the seal of Houdon's atelier, and identical with our London example, save that, as in the Versailles example, the rosettes and flutings of the chair are replaced by smooth surfaces. The Louvre statuette is signed on one side of the plinth which forms the

base, "Houdon, 1778," and on the front of this base bears the inscription 'Voltaire.' Other examples of the statuette are known to exist, and among these—according to M. Paul Vitry of the Louvre—one in the Palace at Anspach in Germany. There is one, too, in the noted collection of eighteenth-century art formed by M. Jacques Doucet, and this would appear to be of considerably larger dimensions; but whether in the last case the design is identical with that of our statuette I am unable to state. Yet another plaster, of the same type presumably as that in the Louvre, was eliminated from the Doucet collection quite recently, and sold in Paris for no less a sum than 4,000 francs. Further enumeration is unnecessary for our present purpose.

It is above all as a stepping-stone to the great definitive work, which upon France, and indeed, upon the world, has acquired so strong a hold, that the terra-cotta statuette of 1778 is of interest. Those who compare the two works might at a first glance be inclined to assume that the differences between the two are superficial and of minor importance. Yet this is far from being the case; closer comparison and study proves the technical differences to be many, and the conception of the definitive work to go far beyond that of the sketch in subtlety and significance, but in the process of complete development to have lost a little of the passionate simplicity and truth which in the terra-cotta exercise so potent an attraction.

In the latter, the folds of the dressing-gown are much simpler, the lines are less flowing and complicated, the approach to the classical drapery is less near, less obviously intended. The hair, or wig, is, in the earlier version, more portrait-like, and less recalls the Greek philosopher of the Hellenistic period. There are slight differences, too, revealing the same tendency, between the throne-like chairs in the one and the other instance. But a more marked and significant alteration still is that which has been made in the position of the left hand. In the terra-cotta it rests on the thigh; while in the marble statue, like the right hand, it nervously grips at its extremity the arm of the chair. The head in the terra-cotta has extraordinary intensity as a portrait; it shows the aged man strung by an effort of the will to the pitch of the old keenness and audacity, if not of the old flashing vivacity. But in the marble statue there is an important step in advance, a significant development: the poet-philosopher seems actually in his relation to the onlooker to take the offensive. Resting both arms and hands on his chair, so as to acquire a physical as well as a spiritual impetus, he faces the spectator, the spirit not so much of pure negation as of perpetual interrogation; he answers inquiring gaze by gaze not less inquiring; he stands forth not only the Voltaire still keen and energetic, even in the last moments of his wintry decline—as in the statuette he does—but the genius of Voltaire, the embodiment of his insatiable desire to know, to dominate the



(By permission of A. W. Pinero, Esq.) Terra-cotta Statuette of Voltaire.
By Houdon (1778).

world by intellectual force. Unashamed, too, he stands forth the cynic, the *persifleur*, who to the very last spares himself no more than others. There has surely been a conscious effort in this definitive form of the conception to bring the man and his type a step nearer to the Greek philosopher of the neo-Attic time, as he is so realistically, yet not without a strong touch of the passionate and the ideal, realised for us by the sculptors of the newer, the more modern and naturalistic Greece.

It may well be that Houdon, if interrogated upon this point, would have denied so literary an intention; much as he did in the case of the famous bust of Molière now in the *foyer* of the Comédie. Repudiating in that instance the praise of some super-subtle critic, he denied all intention of making the successor of Plautus and Terence appear not only the man Molière, but also and above all "le Père de la Comédie." But such denials—and other great artists have made them just as strenuously—need not be taken as absolutely conclusive. True, the creative artist, be he Houdon, Reynolds, or another, does not set himself deliberately to work, by a process of dissection, to analyze psychologically the character of the sitter. But he looks with the penetrating and comprehensive vision which is that

of genius, and, looking, sees and divines much more than the historian arrives at by his laborious process of analysis and reconstitution. Here, however, there has, as I hold, been a nearer approach to the conscious building-up of a dramatic and philosophical conception than Houdon generally indulges in; and it is this process that the terra-cotta statuette enables us to follow and realize.

The list of works exhibited at the Salons, compiled by J. J. Guiffrey from the "Livrets des Anciennes Expositions," makes mention of several 'Voltaires,' but in such manner as sometimes—through no fault of the compiler—to puzzle the student. At the Salon of 1779 were two terra-cotta busts, 'Molière' and 'Voltaire,' in connection with which appears the note, "Ces deux bustes sont exécutés en marbre, et placés dans le Foyer de la Comédie Française." This 'Voltaire' must evidently have been the bust the marble edition of which, exhibited according to Desnoiresterre ("Iconographie Voltairienne") at the Académie on the 25th August, 1778, was placed in the Comédie on the 18th February, 1779.

Then we have in this same year, 1779, "Statue de Voltaire, représenté assis: cette figure est exécuté en bronze doré." And again, "Autre buste de Voltaire, drapé à la manière des anciens: il est exécuté en marbre." But there is nothing to show whether this gilt bronze figure was of the type of our terra-cotta statuette, or in agreement with the statue of the Comédie Française, or whether it was of life-size—as the term "statue" would seem to indicate, but not absolutely to prove—or of the proportions of a large statuette. Moreover, I do not remember to have seen a 'Voltaire' by Houdon answering to this very definite description in any of the imperial palaces

or museums of St. Petersburg. There is to be found, however, in the atrium, or ante-chamber, of the Hermitage Gallery—with the original marble version of the famous 'Diane,' of which a considerably later bronze edition is in the Louvre—an exact replica in marble of the 'Voltaire' of the Comédie Française, signed by the master, and, if I remember rightly, dated 1782. I should be glad to learn, from those who have had fuller opportunities and more leisure for examining the imperial collections in St. Petersburg than I enjoyed, whether any such *bronze doré* of Voltaire—either statue or statuette—is now known to exist there. At last, in 1781, comes "Statue en marbre de M. de Voltaire, qui devait être placée à l'Académie Française, mais destinée depuis à décorer la nouvelle Salle de Comédie, rue de Condé." This is the great work which was presented to the Comédie by Madame Denis in 1780, and ever since—with the short interval during which, as a consequence of the fire which destroyed the interior, it was housed in the Louvre—has been the central and crowning attraction of the Maison de Molière. The lover of dramatic art at its fountain-head, so often as he finds himself within this temple of tragedy and comedy, is irresistibly impelled to bend his steps towards the *foyer*, there to commune with this keenly interrogative marble 'Voltaire,' with the glance of ice and of flame. And each time—so magical is the art of Houdon—is the conviction strengthened that more absolutely than even the man himself or his works, does the marble effigy express the tone of the theatre which it adorns, the keenness, vivacity and polish of the work that it has done, its intellectual atmosphere, and that of the France of the eighteenth century, of which Voltaire was, if not the most attractive or human, the central and dominant figure.

Frensham Great Pond.

An Original Etching by Percy Robertson, R.E.

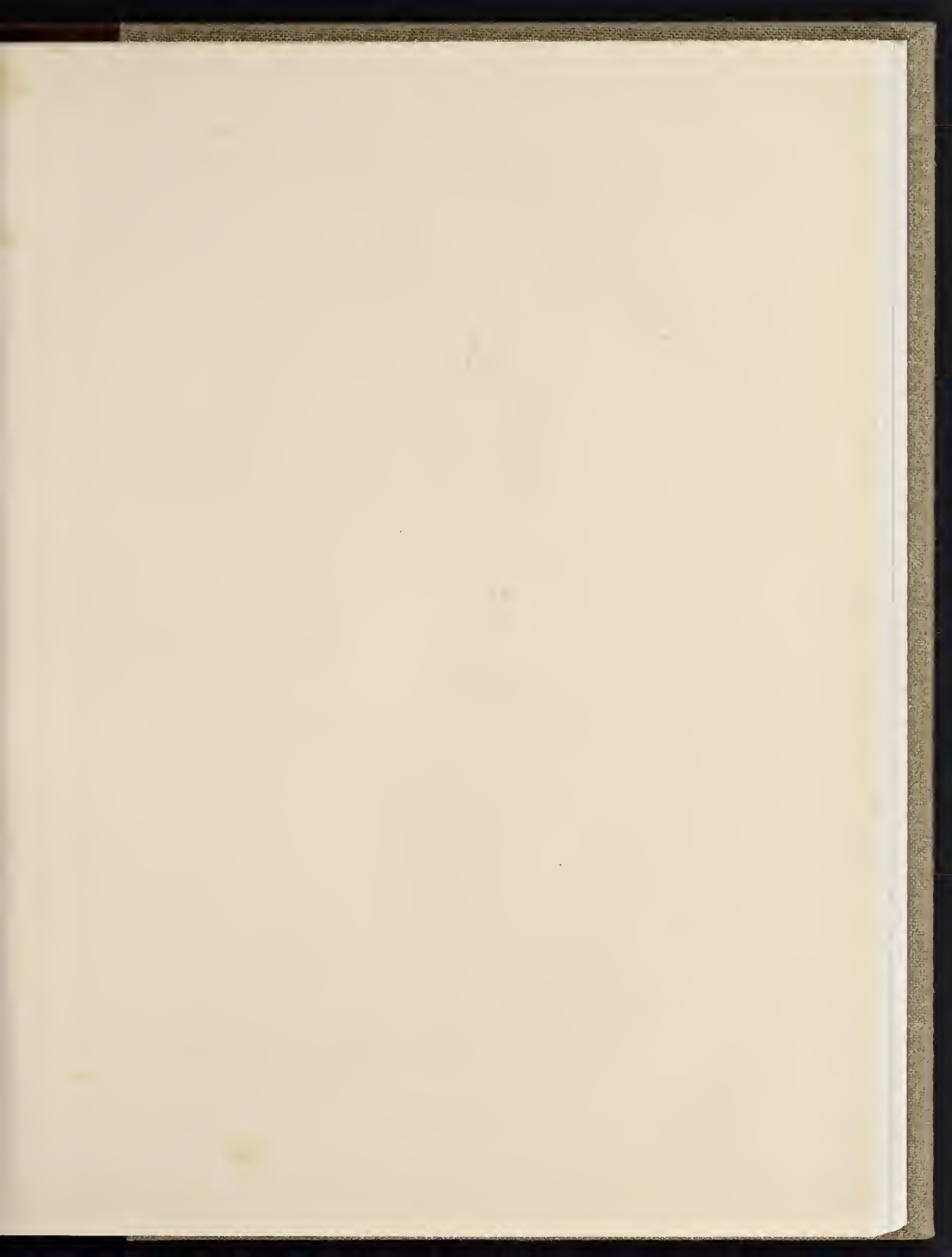
FRENSHAM Great Pond is not a thing of yesterday. Long before Shakespeare wrote of that "sort of men whose visages do cream and mantle like a standing pond" it was known under its present name, and, of course, when John Aubrey, the antiquary, made his "Perambulation of Surrey" in the second half of the seventeenth century, Frensham and its ponds attracted his attention.

Even more notable than the Pond is an object still preserved in the church at Frensham, which in its present situation dates from the year 1239. Aubrey, who was devoid of literary talent, but who was an excellent retailer of anecdotes, gives an account of the cauldron or kettle, associated with a tradition which very well may have more significance than modern sceptics, who scorn the idea that the Little People can have any existence, are prepared to allow. Aubrey records:—"In the Vestry here is an extraordinary great Kettle, or Cauldron, which the inhabitants say, by a Tradition, was brought hither by the Fairies, time out of mind, from Borough Hill, about a mile hence. To this place, if anyone went to borrow a Yoke of Oxen, Money, etc., he might have it for a year or longer so he kept his

Word to return it. There is a Cave, where some have fancied to hear Musick. On this Borough Hill is a great Stone lying along, of the length of about six feet; they went to this stone and knocked at it, and declared what they would borrow, and when they would repay; and a Voice would answer, when they should come, and that they should find what they desired to borrow at that Stone. This Cauldron, with the Trivet, was borrowed here after the manner aforesaid, but not returned according to Promise; and though the Cauldron was afterwards carried to the Stone, it could not be received; and ever since that time no Borrowing there."

Aubrey does not himself accept this explanation of the presence of the object, which he suggests was an ancient utensil belonging to the Church House, for use at love feasts or revels. All the same, most of such "superstitions" contain a grain or two of truth. Dreamers of to-day as well as of yesterday, fortunately, commune with the fairies.

It is hardly necessary to allude to the work of Mr. Percy Robertson, whose etchings are always prominent at the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, of which he is a member.



No. 10. View of London, 1840. 8 1/2



An Original Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, 1840.

Greenham Great Pond

The National Gallery under Two Directors.

Noteworthy purchases under Fyfe and Cooper.

The National Gallery, under the management of Mr. Fyfe, has been distinguished by a series of noteworthy purchases, which have added to the collection of the gallery in various directions. The most important of these purchases are the following:—

1. A copy of the 'Mona Lisa' by Leonardo da Vinci, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

2. A copy of the 'The Last Supper' by Leonardo da Vinci, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

3. A copy of the 'The Virgin and Child with St. Anne' by Raphael, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

4. A copy of the 'The School of Athens' by Raphael, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

5. A copy of the 'The Fall of Man' by Michelangelo, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

6. A copy of the 'The Creation of Adam' by Michelangelo, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

7. A copy of the 'The Descent from the Cross' by Peter Paul Rubens, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

8. A copy of the 'The Boy with a Red Balloon' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

9. A copy of the 'The Fighting Temeraire' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

10. A copy of the 'Rain, Steam, and Great Railway Bridge' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

11. A copy of the 'Rain, Steam, and Great Eastern Railway' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

12. A copy of the 'Rain, Steam, and Great Eastern Railway Bridge' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

13. A copy of the 'Rain, Steam, and Great Eastern Railway Bridge' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

14. A copy of the 'Rain, Steam, and Great Eastern Railway Bridge' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

15. A copy of the 'Rain, Steam, and Great Eastern Railway Bridge' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

The National Gallery, under the management of Mr. Cooper, has been distinguished by a series of noteworthy purchases, which have added to the collection of the gallery in various directions. The most important of these purchases are the following:—

1. A copy of the 'Mona Lisa' by Leonardo da Vinci, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

2. A copy of the 'The Last Supper' by Leonardo da Vinci, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

3. A copy of the 'The Virgin and Child with St. Anne' by Raphael, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

4. A copy of the 'The School of Athens' by Raphael, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.

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15. A copy of the 'Rain, Steam, and Great Eastern Railway Bridge' by J.M.W. Turner, which was purchased for the sum of £100,000.



The National Gallery under Two Directors.

Noteworthy Purchases under Burton and Poynter.

THE appointment on May 4th of Sir Charles Holroyd as Director of the National Gallery suggests a brief review of the growth of our pictorial treasure-house, particularly under Sir Frederick Burton and Sir E. J. Poynter, who withdrew about eighteen months ago.

The National Gallery dates from 1824, when, under a Treasury Minute, William Seguier was appointed Keeper, at a salary of £200 a year. His duties were "to have charge of the collection; to attend to the care and preservation of the pictures, and to superintend the arrangements for admission; to be present occasionally at the Gallery; to value and negotiate (if called upon) the purchase of any pictures that may in future be added to the collection; and to perform such other services as he may from time to time be called upon to do by instructions from the Board." The same year a committee of six gentlemen was nominated to undertake the superintendence of the Gallery and to direct Mr. Seguier.

Though the thirty-eight Angerstein pictures were bought in one lot for £57,000 in 1824, they were for some years thereafter exhibited in his Pall Mall house, for the Trafalgar Square building was not begun till 1832. At first no official record seems to have been kept of additions, and the haphazard methods extended to meetings of the committee, where there is no mention of a quorum being required. But gradually order was evolved out of chaos. The collection as we to-day have it, in Trafalgar Square and at Millbank, including the Tate, the Watts, and the Chantrey pictures, totals about 1,950 works, secured at a cost of about three-quarters of a million sterling, of which some £80,000 has been contributed by private persons, or has come from various Funds bequeathed for this specific purpose. For instance, Mr. R. C. Wheeler left £2,655, the interest of which is available for the purchase of English pictures; Mr. J. L. Walker £10,000, to be spent on "a picture or pictures"; Mr. Francis Clarke and Mr. T. D. Lewis, respectively £23,104 and £10,000, the interest whereon is available for the purchase of pictures. In the not distant future a bequest far exceeding any of these is likely to accrue to the National Gallery. From time to time there have been excited outbursts as to the sums expended on this or that Old Master. Apropos of the much-criticized purchase in 1871 of the seventy-seven Peel pictures for £75,000, Sir William Gregory tells in his autobiography how, thirteen years later, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild met him one day in St. James' Street, and exclaimed: "If you think the Blenheim Rubenses are more important than your Dutch pictures for

a gallery, and you cannot get the money from the Government, I am prepared to give you £250,000 for the Peel pictures." Fortunately, the trustees never contemplated such a sale; though, alas, the two superb portrait groups by Rubens were allowed to pass to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

The present organisation of the National Gallery may be said to date from 1855, when, as the result of several committees and commissions, a Treasury Minute was drawn up enjoining the appointment of a Director and settling an annual grant. In 1856 the House of Commons voted £17,696 for the expenses of the gallery, £3,316 of it being appropriated to the repayment of sums previously advanced, and £10,000 to the purchase of pictures. Later this last-named sum was reduced to £5,000 a year. Sir C. L. Eastlake—who, like Sir Edward Poynter, was P. R. A. at the time, though then he laid aside his brush and painted no more—was appointed Director in 1855, retaining his position till his death in December, 1865. From 1866 till Sir Frederick Burton took the reins in 1874, Sir William Boxall was at the helm, and against his bad purchase of 'Christ blessing little children,' 7,000, which he regarded as an authentic Rembrandt, there may be set the Peel collection, to-day worth many times cost price, and the magnificent Crivelli altarpiece. In 1894 an important alteration was made in the Treasury Minute, whereby the responsibility for purchases was vested in the Director and the Trustees jointly. Moreover, till it was authoritatively denied by the Keeper some months ago, there was a widespread impression that the Trustees had to be unanimous before a purchase could be effected. It is well to bear these facts in mind when we are tempted to allocate responsibility as to many master-works which of late years have slipped through the fingers of the nation.

One great and unanticipated loss there has been. In 1892, Marianna Augusta, Lady Hamilton, bequeathed to the nation Reynolds' life-size group of Lady Cockburn and her children. After for some years being in the National Gallery, the canvas was discovered rightfully to belong to the co-heiresses of Sir James Cockburn, and to them it was handed over. Subsequently it was bought by the late Mr. Alfred Beit for about £22,000.

In the tables details appear of all single pictures and small groups of works purchased under the Burton and Poynter regimes for a minimum of £1,000. It will be observed that many pictures of the first importance have been secured, most of them for sums which to-day look ridiculously small.

CHANTREY BEQUEST PURCHASES OVER £1,000, 1895-1904.

Official Number.	Artist.	Work.	Date of Purchase.	Price.
1548	Millais	Speak! Speak! 66 × 83	1895	2,000
1650	C. Napier Hemy	Pilchards. 44½ × 83½	1897	1,200
1830	Frank Dicksee	The Two Crowns. 61 × 72	1900	2,000
1928	W. R. Colton	The Springtime of Life (sculpture)	1903	1,000
1945	Henry Pegram	Sibylla Fatidica (sculpture)	1904	1,350
1946	C. Napier Hemy	London River. 47½ × 61½	1904	1,000
				£8,550

PICTURES BOUGHT FOR OVER £1,000 DURING BURTON'S DIRECTORATE, 1874-94.

Official Number.	Artist.	Work.	Date of Purchase.	Price- £
908	Piero della Francesca	The Nativity. 49 × 48.	1874	2,415
911	Pinturicchio	Ulysses and Penelope. 49 × 57½	1874	2,152
915	Botticelli	Mars and Venus. 27½ × 68	1874	1,050
916	Botticelli	Venus and Cupids. 36½ × 68.	1874	1,627
923	Andrea Solario	A Venetian Senator. 19½ × 15	1875	1,880
925	Gainsborough	Gainsborough's Forest. 48 × 60	1875	1,207 †
1022	Moroni	An Italian Nobleman. 79 × 41		
1023	Moroni	An Italian Lady. 59 × 41		
1024	Moroni	An Italian Ecclesiastic. 39 × 31½	1876	5,000
1025	Moretto	An Italian Nobleman. 78 × 35		
1032	Lo Spagna	Christ's Agony. 23½ × 26½	1878	2,000
1034	Botticelli	The Nativity. 42½ × 29½	1878	1,500
1041	Paul Veronese	St. Helena. 77½ × 45	1878	3,465
1043	J. Ward	Gordale Scar. 130 × 166	1878	1,500
1075	Perugino	Virgin and Child. 72 × 59	1879	3,200
1077	Borgognone	An Altarpiece. Triptych	1879	1,200
1093	Leonardo da Vinci	Vierge aux Rochers. 72½ × 45½	1880	9,000
1103	Fiorenzo di Lorenzo	Virgin and Child. Triptych	1881	
1104	Manni	The Annunciation. 24 × 41		1,361
1107	Niccolo da Foligno	The Crucifixion. Triptych		
1108	Early Siense	Virgin Enthroned. 17½ × 13½	1881	1,200
1110	Ercole di Giulio	Virgin and Child, with Saints. 97 × 53½	1882	2,970
1123	School of Giorgione	Venus and Adonis. 30½ × 52	1882	1,417 *
1124	Filippino Lippi	Adoration of Magi. 22 × 33	1882	1,627 *
1125	Mantegna	Summer and Autumn. 28½ × 9	1882	1,785 *
1126	Botticelli	The Assumption. 89 × 147½	1882	4,777 *
1128	Luca Signorelli	The Circumcision. 102 × 71	1882	3,150 *
1129	Velazquez	Philip IV. of Spain. 78 × 44	1882	6,300 *
1133	Luca Signorelli	The Nativity. 86 × 67½	1882	1,200 †
1141	Antonello da Messina	Self Portrait. 13½ × 10	1883	1,040 †
1143	Kid. Ghirlandaio	Procession to Calvary. 65½ × 65	1883	1,200
1145	Mantegna	Sampson and Delilah. 18½ × 14½	1883	2,362
1155	Matteo di Giovanni	The Assumption. 130½ × 68½	1884	2,100
1159	Gaspard Poussin	Calling of Abraham. 79½ × 60	1884	1,995
1171	Raphael	Ansides Madonna. 85 × 58½	1885	70,000
1172	Van Dyck	Charles I., Equestrian. 144 × 114	1885	17,500
1209	Fred Walker	The Vagrants. 32½ × 49½	1886	1,858 †
1218-9	F. Ubertini	History of Joseph (2). 14 × 55½	1886	3,150 ‡
1220	I. Ingegno (An. di Luigi)	Madonna and Child. 25 × 16½		
1247	Nicholas Maes	The Card Players. 48 × 40	1888	1,375
1259	Reynolds	Countess of Albemarle. 49 × 39	1890	3,150
1208	Patinir	River Scene. 20 × 27	1890	2,000
1299	Don Ghirlandaio	Portrait of Youth. 22 × 14½		
1343	Tintoretto	The Milky Way. 58 × 65½	1890	2,500
1318	Paul Veronese	Unfaithfulness. 75 × 74½		
1314	Holbein	The Ambassadors. 82 × 82½		
1315	Velazquez	Admiral Pulido-Pareja. 81 × 44	1890	55,000 §
1316	Moroni	Italian Nobleman. 72 × 39		
1324, 1326	Paul Veronese	Scorn, 73 × 76; Happy Union, 73½ × 73½	1891	2,500
1383	Vermeer of Delft	Women at Spinnet. 20 × 18	1892	2,400
1386	W. C. Duyster	Soldiers Quarrelling. 14 × 22	1892	1,230
1387	W. C. Duyster	Players at Tric-trac. 15½ × 26		
1390	Jacob Ruysdael	Sea Piece. 21½ × 26½	1893	3,045
1406	School of Angelico	The Annunciation. 40½ × 55	1894	1,500
			Total	£240,558

* From Hamilton Palace Collection.

† Purchased under the Lewis Fund.

‡ Purchased under the Walker Fund.

§ Messrs. N. M. Rothschild, Lord Iveagh, and Mr. Charles Cotes each contributed £10,000.

|| Sold in Charles I.'s Collection, 1649, £150; years afterwards bought cheap in Munich by Duke of Marlborough.

PICTURES BOUGHT FOR OVER £1,000 DURING SIR E. J. POYNTER'S DIRECTORATE, 1894-1904.

Official Number.	Artist.	Work.	Date of Purchase.	Price- £
1417	Mantegna	Agony in the Garden. 24½ × 31½	1894	1,500
1418	Antonello da Messina	St. Jerome in his Study. 18 × 14½	1894	2,500
1419	Flemish School	Legend of St. Giles. 24 × 18.	1894	2,000
1436	Vittore Pisano	Vision of St. Eustace. 21 × 25½	1895	3,000
1450	Sebastien del Piombo	Holy Family. 38 × 42	1895	2,000
1458	J. Sell Cotman	Galiot in a Gale. 43 × 54½	1897	2,310
1651	Romney	Mrs. Mark Currie. 59½ × 47½	1897	3,500
1661-2	Ambrogio de Predis	Two Angels. (Wings of No. 1093). 45½ × 23½	1898	2,160 *
1663	Ilogarth	Mrs. Salter (his sister Ann). 30 × 25	1898	1,050
1665	Ambrogio de Predis	Portrait of Young Man. 21½ × 14½	1898	1,500
1674	Rembrandt	A Burgomaster. 50½ × 38		
1675	Rembrandt	Portrait of an Old Lady. 50½ × 38	1899	15,050 †
1689	Jan Gossaert (Mabuse)	Portrait of Man and his Wife. 18 × 26½	1900	4,000
1847	Luca Signorelli	Virgin crowned by Angels. 104½ × 76½	1901	2,677
1895	Jacob Jordaens	Baron Waha de Linter of Namur. 44½ × 33½	1902	1,200 ‡
1897	Lorenzo Monaco	Coronation of the Virgin. 85 × 104	1902	2,739 ‡
1930	F. Zurbaran	Lady as St. Margaret. 76½ × 44½	1903	1,000 ‡
1937	Van der Helst	Portrait of Lady. 40 × 29		
1938	Dürer	Portrait of his Father. 20 × 16½	1904	10,000
1944	Titian	Portrait of Ariosto. 31½ × 25½	1904	30,000 §

£88,186

* The two figures form the wings of Leonardo's 'Vierge aux Rochers' altarpiece, and were bought by Duke Jean Melzi d'Eric.

† Mr. A. de Rothschild and Mr. J. P. Heseltine each contributed £500.

‡ Bought out of interest of the legacy of Mr. Francis Clarke.

§ £21,000 found by Lady Wantage, Lord Iveagh, Lord Burton, Mr. Waldorf Astor, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. Alfred Beit.



(By permission of A. M. Daniel, Esq.)

The Golden Valley.

By P. Wilson Steer (1903).

Mr. Wilson Steer.

By Hugh Blaker.

THE gradual growth of the art of Mr. Wilson Steer is not one of the least interesting art features of the last few years. Mr. Steer has been quietly, steadily, and surely occupied in the unobtrusive developing of an art which to-day places him in the front rank, both in landscape and portraiture, of those earnest workers whose pictures are of abiding interest to the artist and the connoisseur. His art every year reveals a ripening of power and some perfected note struck, maybe, in a preceding work. Mr. Steer has exemplified his ability to paint landscape, as well as figures, equally joyously in every imaginable phase and condition. His landscapes sparkle with colour; they are happy, they laugh, and shout, and weep, and sing! There is in them an almost hysterical intensity of form and colour and light and shade, a revelation of an intense and passionate temperament. All is realised with a vivacious spontaneity

which is exhilarating in its earnestness and sincerity of purpose, and, at the same time, constituting an example of what a man, true to his own outlook and worshipful of all the greatness of the past masters, can accomplish. It amounts to a great feat to shine year in and year out, in such company as is met with on the walls of the New English Art Club. A sincere and beautiful painting which may be shown among average work forced up to an exhibition pitch is easily recognised and prized by those who have eyes to see and capacity to appreciate; but in a gallery where there is so much of earnest endeavour and true intent, comparisons are by no means so easy. Mr. Steer has consistently exhibited in goodly company, and has come out of the ordeal, on the whole, with marked success. He is the high priest and exponent of spontaneity—one of the rarest and most beautiful of artistic qualities. Most of us can get some sort of result

by a stippling-till-it's-right method; but to very few belongs the power of spontaneous workmanship; it is a gift of the gods. Spontaneity is not necessarily rapidity. Rapidity is not necessarily spontaneity, or Mr. Steer could exhibit a hundred works in a year instead of half-a-dozen. It is one of those rare qualities which lie deep in a sensitive and strong artistic temperament.

There is a richness in the colour of Mr. Steer's expression of an English landscape, and a sympathy and breadth of treatment, which are all his own. Others have his particular quality in a degree, but of the peculiar wealth and glitter of the formula that he has extracted from the diligent study of nature and the heeding of the true impressions of the old men, he retains the secret. I speak of Mr. Steer's landscapes first, because I am inclined to think that in this branch he has touched heights, if

anything, beyond the successes of his figure work. Often, in his portraits and figure compositions, he completes his picture in one painting, without working over it a second time. Here we have the same charm of spontaneity carried to even a higher degree than in his landscapes. He plays with paint, and, in playing, imparts with a charming freeness of brushwork a certain vigour which renders his motive, his insight, and power of characterisation with the greatest



(By permission of C. K. Butler, Esq.)

The Cotswold Hills.

By P. Wilson Steer (1902).

intensity. The suggestion which an unfinished passage may give of new possibilities is seized upon in an instant, and emerges finished and complete, expressing the first spontaneous note in a forceful and beautiful whole. He is so skilled in his formula that he possesses the valuable gift of knowing to a nicety when to leave certain parts of a picture and how far to carry others. The charm of his portraits is essentially the charm of handling. He may be described first and foremost as a painter, afterwards a chronicler of character and facts. His portraits are for the artist, and work which reaps, as his does, the applause of his fellow-craftsmen will go far.

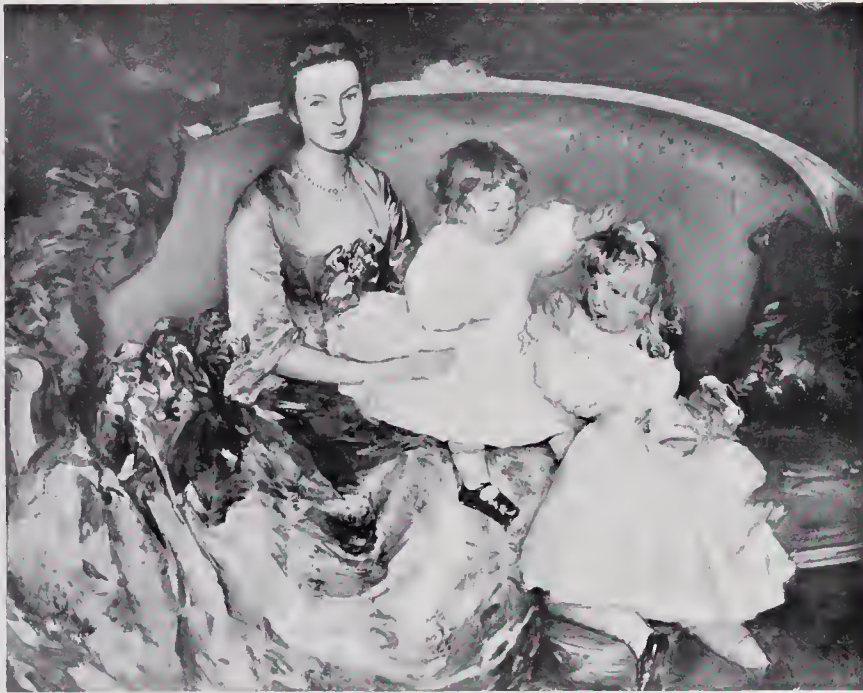
Mr. Steer seldom exhibits outside of the New English Art Club, and is one of its most loyal and hardworking members. He justly recognises that art has nothing to do with popular success, or commerce, and his work is a reflection of the thoughts of such a temperament. Acclamation, long withheld, is slowly but surely coming his way; not popular acclamation, but that which is worth having. There are still finer things in him than we have yet seen, and his love of true endeavour and sincerity, and his hatred of sensationalism, are the outward and visible signs of an inward growth which has found, and will continue to find, the recognition of all those critics whose opinions are worth the words they expend on them. Mr. Steer's work will live when the works of the popular painters are lost sight of. The



(By permission of C. R. Ashbee, Esq.)

The Sofa.

By P. Wilson Steer (1889).



(By permission of C. K. Butler, Esq.)

Mrs. C. K. Butler and Children.

By P. Wilson Steer (1900).



(By permission of C. K. Butler, Esq.)

The Music Room.

By P. Wilson Steer (1906).

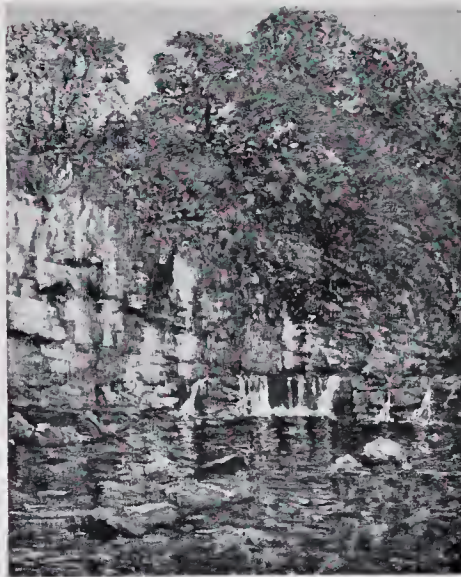


(By permission of
D. Croal Thomson, Esq.)
On the Pier Head.
By P. Wilson Steer (1888).

qualities contained in all good art are found in different degrees in his pictures. The fact that one is able to trace echoings of the art of Turner, Constable, Monticelli, Velazquez, the old English portraitists, and Goya, only encourages the idea that he is travelling along the right road; for every artist is, in a way, a means of passing along the traditions of his predecessors, and necessarily imbibes and is influenced by much that has gone before. Mr. Steer



A Farm yard.
Water-colour Sketch by P. Wilson Steer.



The Waterfall.
By P. Wilson Steer (1895).



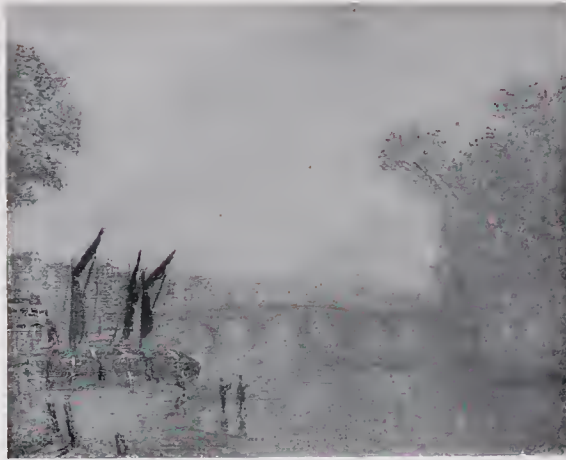
(Melbourne Gallery.)
The Japanese Gown.
By P. Wilson Steer (1894).



(Painted for the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.)

Self Portrait.

By P. Wilson Steer (1906).



The Bridge.

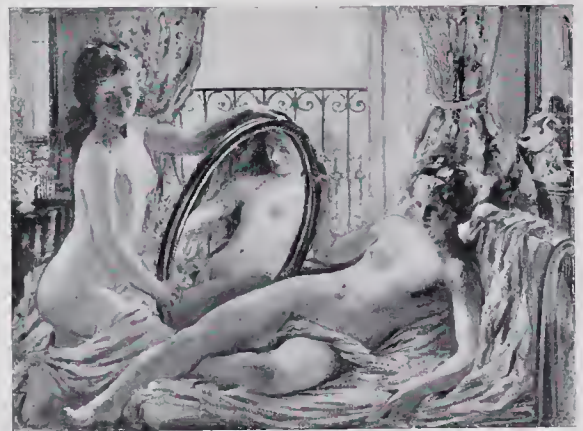
By P. Wilson Steer (1893).

is not a copyist. We have no more individual painter. No one would call Turner a copyist because he was influenced by Claude, or Manet because he worshipped Velazquez and Hals. The finer an artist's own perception, the greater is his appreciation and understanding of great painters. The finer his perception, the quicker will he seize upon and utilise the teaching of others. His work is so vivacious and alive that weariness through familiarity is impossible; in fact, one is never quite familiar with it. Few of us can wholly follow Mr. Steer through all his joyous complexities, and this very characteristic ousts the possibility of that tiresome familiarity which is wont to breed indifference.

Mr. Steer was born at Birkenhead in 1860. He received his first training in art at the Gloucester School of Art, under Mr. John Kemp. From there he went to Paris, entered the Académie Julian, and afterwards obtained admission to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and worked under Cabanel. He has exhibited three times in the Royal Academy: 'What of the War?' (1883), 'Fantaisie' (1884), 'Discovery' (1885); also in Brussels, Société des Vingt, Munich, Dusseldorf, Weimar, and the Paris Exhibition of 1889. In 1895 he held a "one-man show" at the Goupil Gallery, and again at the Carfax Gallery in 1902. The following pictures have been shown at Exhibitions of the New English Art Club:—

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1886. Andante. | 1891. The Ermine Sea. |
| 1887. On the Pier Head. | White Wings. |
| Chatterboxes. | 1892. A Portrait. |
| 1888. A Summer's Evening. | The Ilon. Mrs. |
| 1889. Head of a Young Girl. | Albert Petre. |
| The Sofa. | Boulogne Sands. |
| 1890. Jonquill. | "Molle manu levi- |
| Mr. Walter Sickert. | busque cor est |
| Signorina Sozo in | violabile tellis et |
| "Dresdina." | semper causa est |
| 1891. Ballerina Assoluta. | cur ego semper |
| Mrs. Cyprian Wil- | anem." |
| liams and her two | A Procession of |
| little girls. | Yachts. |
| | 1893. Miss Rosie Pettigrew. |

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1893. A Yacht Race. | 1900. The Embankment. |
| Miss Dorothy Ham- | 1901. The Bather. |
| ilton. | Hydrangea. |
| Miss Emma Froude. | Mrs. Moffat Lind- |
| 1894. The Work-table. | ner. |
| Portrait. | The Rainbow. |
| Marine. | The Mirror. |
| The Japanese Gown. | The Grove. |
| 1895. The Looking-Glass. | 1902. Mrs. Spencer Butler. |
| Disrobing. | Bridgnorth. |
| Mr. David Croal | A Nude. |
| Thomson. | A Moorland. |
| The Waterfall. | A Glade. |
| Mr. J. Havard | An Upland Land- |
| Thomas. | scape. |
| "And all that's best | The Valley of the |
| of dark and bright | Severn. |
| meet in her aspect | 1903. Decoration for Bour- |
| and her eyes: | ton House, |
| This mellowed to | Shrivensham. |
| that tender light | A Misty Sunset. |
| Which heaven to | The Golden Valley. |
| gandy daydenies." | The Weir. |
| 1896. Miss Molly Dixon. | A Turn of the |
| Richmond Castle. | Cards. |
| Easyby Abbey. | The Shower. |
| A Yorkshire Land- | Richmond Castle, |
| scape. | Yorkshire. |
| A Nude. | View of a Town. |
| 1897. Mr. Frederick Pea- | 1904. Morning. |
| gram. | View of Richmond. |
| Richmond Castle. | Mrs. D. S. Mac- |
| A Spanish Lady. | Coll. |
| The Landing Place. | The Black Domino. |
| By Lamplight. | Richmond Castle. |
| Knaresborough. | The Bridge. |
| An Oak Avenue. | Hardraw Sear. |
| 1898. A Vista. | Twilight. |
| Sleep. | Portrait in Black. |
| Chinchilla. | The Storm. |
| Ludlow Castle. | Sleep. |
| Mrs. Walter Winslow. | 1905. Hardraw Sear. |
| Birds-nesting. | The Black Domino. |
| 1899. Morning. | Decoration for an |
| Aminta. | Overmantel. |
| Carmina. | Mrs. D. S. Mac- |
| Ludlow Castle. | Coll. |
| Children Playing. | Ruins. |
| Evening. | Morning. |
| Under the Trees. | Chepstow Castle. |
| 1900. A Summer Afternoon. | Chepstow Castle. |
| The Valley of the Tene. | Mr. Styan. |
| Mrs. Cyril Butler and her Chil- | Portrait of the |
| dren. | Artist. |
| Nidderdale. | Chepstow Castle. |
| The Home Meadow. | The Music Room. |



The Looking-glass.

By P. Wilson Steer (1895).

(By permission of A. M. Daniel, Esq.)

The Whistlerian Dynasty at Suffolk Street.* -- II.

By A. Ludovici.



From "Punch" (1887).

AT the Spring Exhibition of 1886 Whistler only had one canvas of importance, a lightly-clad female figure on a balcony, holding a Japanese umbrella (harmony in blue and gold). A pen-and-ink sketch of it was lent by Mr. Halkett to the memorial exhibition of the New Gallery. Most of the papers did not mention this picture, as it was only hung after the press day; Whistler had always discouraged the habit of painters meeting the pressmen on that day, as being undignified, and those who even now suspect that he sought self-advertisement may be surprised to learn that he sometimes postponed hanging his exhibit until

after the press day. At the annual general election held in November, after the hanging of the Winter Exhibition, the members had to decide between two candidates for the Presidentship. Needless to say that there was a full meeting, and excitement was at a very high pitch during the counting of the ballot papers by the two auditors of the Society. When they announced that "Mr. Whistler was elected President" our joy was unbounded, and we forthwith retired to the Hogarth Club, to toast our new President, and discussed what was to be done in the future. "Le Président est mort: vive le Président," said the *Sunday Times* in their article on the show. "... The old régime is dead, and those who fattened upon it have fallen under the knife of the revolutionists. But the artistic atmosphere of the Society of British Artists is beginning to clear, and the new President shines like a sun in its midst, radiating light on every side. . . . The very galleries have partaken of the joyous artistic spirit, which is henceforth to influence the doings of the British artist. Instead of the dreary ranges of walls, closely covered from the floor to a neck-straining height with pictures of varying degrees of mediocrity and badness, which sadly interfered with enjoyment of the fewer works of conspicuous merit, we find now a series of galleries whose walls are charmingly decorated with bronze and gold, and daintily hung with graceful draperies of Indian muslin, so that the whole effect is harmonious and restful; while the pictures, for the most part well selected, are few in number and admirably placed that each may be seen to the best advantage. In the central gallery there hangs from the ceiling a velarium of amber-coloured stuff, a device of artistic engineering, as Whistler termed it, looped up in a series of graceful curves, so that

the appearance is beautiful, while the practical effect is to make the most of the lighting possibilities, and so greatly benefit the pictures."

The velarium was again much discussed at the meetings, as were also the decorations, some members objecting to the colour of the walls, to the battens which were showing, and to the muslin draperies. The pictures to be considered were the portrait of Lady Colin Campbell in a superb ivory white satin and velvet dress especially made for this portrait by Worth's in Paris, a picture Whistler unfortunately never completed, and the very beautiful 'Brown and Gold' of St. Mark's, Venice, of which one of the papers said, "The only noteworthy fact about the 'Nocturne in brown and gold' (dissolving view of St. Mark's, Venice) is that the artist asks £630 for it, just about twenty shillings to the square inch!" I quote these two notices to show how the controversy went on at that time, and also to show how, gradually but surely, these works and reforms were influencing art in general in this country. But, like all novelties, they startled the gaze of a wondering public and enraged a crowd of disappointed artists. The sales were therefore not so brisk as theretofore: bad business had also very much to do with the falling-off of sales, and discontent began to agitate the members of Suffolk Street. At the same time artists of repute were down on the list of candidates, and well I remember the astonishment of the members when Whistler declared from the chair that we should be in no hurry to elect new members, that we should beware of reputations of the moment, as for instance that of a certain Dutchman who had jumped into fame by means of a picture of Venetian girls, hung at the Academy that year, and time has proved how right he was in his judgment. He proposed the admission of distinguished foreign artists instead. Alfred Stevens, the renowned Belgian artist, who lived in Paris, was duly elected, and later on Charles Keene, the very talented black-and-white artist of *Punch*, who had not hitherto received any recognition.

It was after Whistler's election as President that he obtained the Royal Charter for the Society. The Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to the galleries in due course, and the President, supported by the Council, received them at the entrance. "I had not heard of this Society," said the Prince, "until you brought it to my notice, Mr. Whistler. What is its history?" "It has none, your Highness," was the quiet rejoinder; "its history dates from to-day."

The President was on the hanging committee of the Spring Exhibition of 1887, so that only outsiders' works of merit were selected, and the galleries were carefully hung. I suppose it was the first time in this country that an exhibition had been so artistically arranged; space was left between the pictures, and only in the case of medium sizes were they superposed. In the small south-east room the hanging of the principal wall started with a small upright grey note of Trafalgar Square, two or three feet from the

* Continued from page 195.



From "Fun" (1886).

angle of the wall, then the line of pictures was carried up to the centrepiece, which was a full-length portrait of Mrs. W. Sickert. By the side of it hung the nocturne in black and gold, 'Cremorne Gardens,' and close to it 'Chelsea in Ice.' The very fine nocturne in blue and gold, 'Valparaiso Bay,' if I remember rightly, was a centre in the big room, the President's other exhibit being a "black note" of a girl. One can imagine the beauty of that exhibition, and how refined it looked, for strange to say, although mediocre work was there, it was not noticed.

All the members had one picture well hung, *i.e.*, on the line (for no picture was badly hung); but this did not prevent their complaining at the meeting held before the private view, and some of them had actually calculated in *£ s. d.* what the loss occasioned by the empty spaces on the walls was to the Society. The small upright grey note mentioned above, they declared, cost the Society £400; this was taken into count the many square feet from floor to ceiling, and around the small frame; and yet people pretend that artists are not business-like! This sacrifice of valuable space for the sake of taste irritated them; only 269 works were on the walls, about one-fifth of the usual number. But, on the other hand, everybody enjoyed the

quiet, harmonious, and dignified aspect of the rooms, so different from that of former exhibitions. The success of Suffolk Street had reached its zenith, crowds flocked to it, and wondered how the change came about. It was then proposed at one of the meetings that the galleries should be opened on Sunday afternoons to members and their friends. As many may remember, the Sundays of those days in London were hardly one's idea of cheerfulness, and the proposition was much opposed by some of the older members: one of them, with upcast eyes, going so far as to ask the meeting in a doleful voice, "What would our clients think of us, breaking the Sabbath like that?" But after a good deal of discussion, the proposal was carried, and the Sunday afternoon teas were a great success.

By the time the Winter Exhibition of 1887 opened, the public had become used to the so-called bare walls—in fact, appreciated them very much, and were indeed rather looking forward to the next exhibition. But the members were not at all reconciled to this new régime, and dissatisfaction was steadily creeping in; some of the old conservative members decrying the admittance of the foreign artist, forgetting the generous reception of English painters at the Salon in Paris.

Claude Monet had been invited by the President to send several of his works, which were not at all to the taste of the members, and the British artists resented the presence of them upon their walls. Whistler modestly refrained from showing any big work at this winter show: only water-colours, etchings and lithographs, which latter were hung on the newly-painted white walls of the staircase, and had been reproduced in fac-simile, and issued in a brown paper portfolio. The then critic of the *Magazine of Art* called them delightful sketches in Indian ink and crayon, an error that only gave Whistler another chance of answering in his usually caustic way (the complete correspondence is to be found in the *Gentle Art*). The etchings constituted that series of the naval review, which he did at the time, on board a private yacht, and in addition one of Buffalo Bill's show.

The meetings of the Society were, as ever, most exhilarating, and the dissatisfied members attended them regularly, venting their complaints openly for the bad business done during the exhibitions, and the extravagant expense of redecorating the galleries. They blamed the new form of government under the presidency of Whistler, and showed little regard for all the time and trouble he had taken in transforming the old galleries into a palace of taste, nor for the great reputation the Society had acquired under his rule. Indeed, so great was the dissatisfaction, that at the annual general election we scarcely expected them to vote again for the existing President. Our surprise was great, however,

when we saw how they had whipped up the oldest members to the meeting, some we had never seen before—old and decrepit people residing in the country, one or two of whom, I heard, had been so affected by the long railway journey and the night air, that they died shortly after that memorable evening; and these manœuvres were to oppose the very man who had worked so hard to get the Royal Charter for the Society, who had brought its standard up to the highest level, and who had made it famous for ever. Did not the late President himself, in an after-dinner speech made on the occasion of his being knighted, proudly claim for the Royal Society of British Artists the honour of having been the only English body of artists which had ever recognised Mr. Whistler's bright genius?

The Suffolk Street rooms were crowded on the election night, and the excitement after the voting papers had been deposited in the ballot box was only superseded by the disappointment which was to follow. During the counting of the votes younger members whiled the time away by divers games, and the result, which was given out very late owing to the unusual number of votes, was announced in the papers the following morning. The Whistlerian dynasty had fallen, five-and-twenty members resigned with their President: and Whistler summed up the situation in his now famous reply to the *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer, "The 'Artists' have come out, and the 'British' remain."

It is certain that Whistler's aims and character were not understood by the general mass of people. In his tilts with the art critics, he rendered artists a great service, but at the same time made himself unpopular. Many held the firm conviction that he was doing all this for his own benefit, and could not understand that his love for his art was supreme, that his great taste and refinement made him rebel against all vulgarity and clap-trap in art, and influenced the improvement of taste in this country more than any other æsthetic movement. France was the first to really acknowledge his work, and the portrait of his mother remains the most refined and complete work at the Luxembourg in Paris.

I, who knew him for the last twenty years of his life,



(By permission of Gilbert Dalziel, Esq.)

From "Judy" (1886).

By Bernard Partridge, R.I.

always found him most simple in his tastes, firm in his convictions, generous and open-hearted to those on whose friendship he relied, and always ready to help or oblige anybody in whom his interest had been awakened. In France he had the reputation of being "un parfait gentleman," and surprised the company at the late Duc d'Aumale's breakfast-table by his thorough Parisian wit, and perfect mastery of the French language. A more brilliant and staunch friend one could not wish to have had, and his name will live not only as a most original genius in painting, but also as a great wit and a polished gentleman.

TILL June 11, when Mr. Alfred East became President of the Society of British Artists, there had been no contested presidential election in Suffolk Street since 1888, when Sir Wyke Bayliss ousted Whistler. The Standing Counsel of the Society, Mr. Herbert Jacobs, consulted on the point, declared that successive ballots were not allowed by the charter, so that it was a case of "sudden

death." Mr. East's most prominent opponent was Mr. W. J. Laidlay, who did much for the New English Art Club in its early days. Mr. East is firmly resolved, by hard work and effective marshalling of all available forces, to re-animate the R.B.A. He has the requisite enthusiasm and ability. Loyal supported, he should accomplish much.

London Exhibitions.

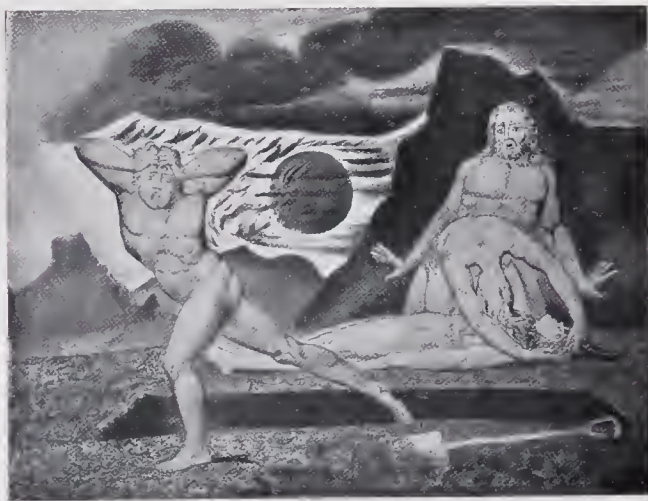
By Frank Rinder.

LONDONERS have seldom had access to so many highly-important exhibitions at a given time as during the last month or two. The Fates united memorably to celebrate an artistic midsummer. Beacon fires flamed on a dozen heights; eclecticism was put to the test. It is no easy matter intelligently to pursue the quest of the "pearl" alike in supreme examples of Teutonic realism, in the sparkling artificialities of eighteenth century France, in the silken fancies of the Orient, in the mighty imperfections of Blake. Catholicity of understanding is taxed to read over the portals of one gallery Leonardo's dictum: "If you do not rest your practice on the good foundation of Nature, you will labour with little honour"; over another, "My business is to create." But diversity of approach serves in the end to quicken belief in art as something other than a pretty plaything—that, indeed, it is a vital energy rooted in the deeps and flowering on the heights of life. Of many exhibitions opened in June, the most notable was that at the Carfax Gallery of about 100 paintings in tempera, water-colour drawings, coloured prints, and designs by William Blake. No such representative collection has been seen since that at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1876. Blake can never be popular—he was a solitary, as some hold, a seraph appealing to seraphim—but as a pictorial artist he lives, or he dies, by some of the works brought together in Bury Street. Excluding the 'Inventions to Job,' Ruskin denounced him as the fashioner of "coarsely iridescent sketches of enigmatic dream"; others regard him as an anatomical contortionist, a gifted madman who drew

badly, a self-deluded Titan. Walter Pater, on the contrary, discerned in Blake "a strange interfusion of sweetness and strength," which linked him with Michelangelo. It is essential to remember Blake's claim that painting, no less than poetry and music, "exists and exults in immortal thoughts." Passionately he affirms: "The man who has never in his mind and thought travelled to heaven is no artist." The story of his truest life is summed up in that phrase of creative exaltation: "I possess my visions and peace." His gospel was "the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of imagination": that imagination which, as with rare understanding Mr. W. B. Yeats has written in this connection, divides us from mortality by the immortality of beauty, and binds us to each other by opening the secret doors of all hearts. If Blake had failed abjectly to sustain in picture these lofty claims, we should still be under a profound debt to him for thus crying in the wilderness. But, freely conceding his several and great shortcomings and immaturities—which were on the magnificent scale of his apprehensions—he did not abjectly fail. In his case it is of the first importance clearly to distinguish between manner and matter, rightly to assess the value of the content as well as of the often hasty and relatively ineffective modes of expression. If his spirit inhabited the "world of eternity," his pictorial muscularities, his distorted *dichés* of the "naked human form divine," the vacant faces he was content to fix, looking almost any way, on to a figure perhaps sacramentally expressive of spiritual agony, are formulæ devoid of pregnancy or of vitality. Withal, we are

moved by the stupendous range and surety of his imaginative grasp, by the exalted and penetrative vision that enabled him to see the world in a grain of sand, and heaven in a wildflower, by his power to suggest vast elemental forces in gestures of hieratic solemnity, to persuade us that the office of the artist is priestly, that his message is a spiritual force. His lapses are grotesque, but such is our perversity that almost we come to accept them, even to welcome them in their relation to a genius which could strike out nobly impressive designs, informed by something of cosmic rhythm, and radiant with a trail of gold, the mother, or the child, of pure light.

I will not attempt to treat in detail this important exhibition. The frescoes included 'The Bard, from Gray,' with its consummate weavings of gold; 'The Temptation of Eve,' a vivid and unique design in which again unifying golds play a beautiful



(Carfax Gallery.)

Cain and Abel.

By William Blake.

part; 'The Agony in the Garden,' a supreme interpretation of spiritual solitude as a portal to blissful communion; 'The Flight into Egypt,' endowed with the majestic simplicity of a world-truth; 'Christ riding upon a Lamb,' a veritable song of innocence; 'The Entombment conducted by Joseph of Arimathea,' inviolably solemn, the head of the straight-laid body luminous, the darkened garden beyond the dim chamber; the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' in slow, grave procession; the 'Body of Abel found by Adam and Eve,' itself sufficient to prove Blake's originality and consummate skill as a translucent colourist, as a designer who, to fine purpose, could lift his eyes to the hills. Each of the ten great coloured prints was here, among them 'God creating Adam,' sculpturesque and of agonised intensity; 'Pity like a naked new-born Babe,' at once sublimely tender and of tremendous sweep; 'The Triplic Hecate,' standing for the dark side of power; 'Newton,' symbol of circumscribing reason, seated on the living rock; 'Nebuchadnezzar' crawling on the ground, the horror of self-inflicted degradation on his face; and the awful 'House of Death.' Perhaps the most impressive design of the whole series is a drawing of the reverse of the Crucifixion. The three crosses, seen from behind, stand against a fiery sky, beneath them the mourners, the throng of spectators. In the shadowed foreground are the soldiers ill-articulated—who see in this hour, when the Christ is lifted up to the end that all men shall be drawn unto Him, only an occasion for winning with the dice the garment woven without seam. Indeed, "this witness is true." None but Blake has shown us this dark side of the great flame of sacrifice. It is no exaggeration to say that "if the spectator could make a friend and companion of one of these images of wonder then would he arise from the grave—and be happy."



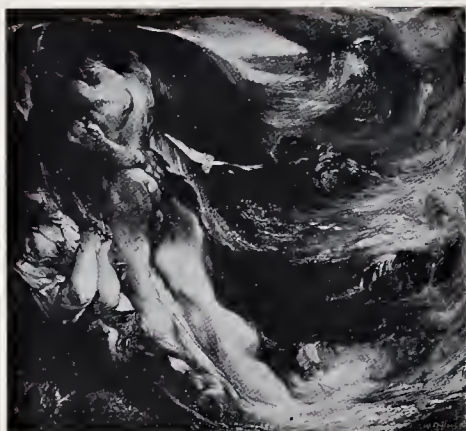
(New English Art Club.)
Sir John Brunner.
By A. E. John.

Edouard Manet lived on a different plane altogether. He had sturdy distrust of invisibilities, the "angels" and "demons" of Blake probably interested him not at all. The bewilderment resulting from the shock of a vision so fresh as Manet's has clarified, and we can now rejoice in a jovial figure such as that of the French engraver Bêlot, etched, seated in the Café Guerbois, absolutely content with his book and his tobacco. It is one of twenty-two Manets in the Faure collection which M. Durand-Ruel gave Londoners the opportunity to see in Bond Street. In wholesome concept, in suave, unified handling, its essential justice, its unperplexed sanity and finality of statement, are magically restorative. The very paint sings. Almost each detail, from the podgy hands to the masterly head, from the amber of the ale to the grey-white of the pipe, is beautiful for ever. That his simplifications and omissions were based on scrupulous study is evident from the 'Tête de vieille femme,' painted when he was twenty-four. 'Le Liseur,' 1864, of simple dignity, 'Le Port de Bordeaux,' 1871, with its grove of masts, 'Le Brioche,' wonderful for its rendering of plums, the sketchy 'Plage de Boulogne' (1869), the 'Venice' (1875), with its joyous treatment of blue and white spiral posts, the sunlit 'Maison de Rueil' (1882), were other individual and authoritative works.

The thirty-sixth exhibition of the New English Art Club, held in the narrow L-shaped galleries, Dering Yard, Bond Street, contained a fair proportion of admirable pictures and drawings. Mr. Wilson Steer's 'Music Room' (p. 233), perhaps the happiest of his many delightful works in this kind, is seen, at its just distance, as a capture of shimmering lights, of a capriciously delicate colour scheme, expressive of the airy charm of youth, but the laying-on of the paint in stiff, high crusts seems inappropriate, not to say perilous, in a picture



(Messrs. Snlley's Gallery.)
Le Bon Bock.
By Edouard Manet.



(Baillie Gallery.)

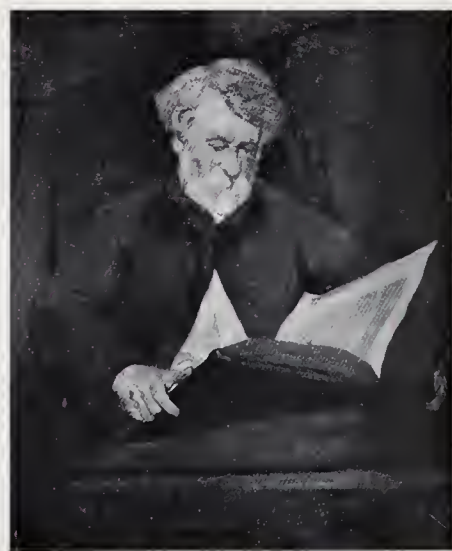
The Deluge.
By G. W. Philpot.

so gracious of mood. His 'Chepstow Castle,' of pearl-greys and pale golds in comradeship, is nobly seen; but the self-portrait for the Uffizi, despite brilliant passages, does nothing like full justice to his talent (p. 235). Mr. Sargent's five exhibits include an extraordinarily able realisation of an amphitheatre of rock, 'Wady-el-Nar,' in whose ridges translucent shadow lies clear and lovely as a jewel, a flashing sketch of tweed-suited and white-clad picnickers lying on a sun-dappled bank of greenery in Switzerland, and two adventurous Eastern water-colours. Other pictures of note are Mr. Will Rothenstein's gravely searched 'Jews mourning in the Synagogue'; Mr. A. E. John's 'Sir John Brunner' (p. 241), forcefully, solidly characterised; M. Jacques Blanche's penetrative sketch of Mr. Thomas Hardy; the accomplished 'Crystal Gazers' of Professor Tonks; studies of Vesuvius at the beginning of May by Professor Holmes, serious, fine of temper; work by Mr. Von Glehn, Mr. David Muirhead, Mr. Francis Dodd, and several more, among them a blithe portrait by Mr. Maxwell Armfield. Mr. Muirhead Bone in his drawing of the 'Construction of an Underground'—bought for the National Gallery of Victoria—sees beauty at the heart of the unattractive. The pictorial guardian of London in its moments of destruction and construction, he persuades the verities into an impressive, architectonic design of great originality. There were, too, two masterly flower pieces by Mr. Francis James, a group of the late Mr. Brabazon's colour fantasies, some of which should be secured for the nation, and some scholarly, atmospheric drawings by Mr. A. W. Rich.

To the eighth exhibition of the Pastel Society there contributed notable foreigners like MM. Simon Bussy, Louis Legrand, Besnard, La Gandara, Ménard, René Bilotte; native artists such as Mr. Clausen, Mr. Hughes Stanton, Mr. H. M. Livens, Miss Mary G. Wilson. At the excellent summer exhibition in the Goupil Gallery, besides pictures and drawings by Dutch and French artists, there were eight pieces of sculpture by M. Naoum Aronson, a talented young Russian well worth introducing to the London public. He has courage and an enthusiasm that should carry him far. The original of the 'Beethoven' is in the musician's home

at Bonn. Mr. Glyn W. Philpot, a number of works by whom were at the Baillie Gallery, with impressions of Japan and China by Mr. Montague Smyth, is an earnest and promising artist of twenty-one, trained in the Lambeth schools. His 'Entombment,' inventive and well-massed, is less derivative, but also less expressive than 'The Deluge' (p. 242), whose streaming link of figures recalls Watts' 'Life's Illusions,' as, too, the sequestered art of Mr. C. H. Shannon. Yet a dramatic rhythm, the artist's own, is attained in the lines and in the lighting of the flood of waters. The impressions of the *côte d'azur*, seen at the Riviera Gallery, Regent Street, introduced Londoners to a French artist of distinction, M. Fernand Desmoulin, who informs with romanticism the *plein-air* tradition of Claude Monet. Goethe cried, "More light"; M. Desmoulin insists on the transmuting, glorifying influence of sunlight, from morning birth till evening, when it touches the heights with gold. At the Doré Gallery, the annual harvest of political witticisms by Sir F. Carruthers Gould—the valorous pictorial Birthday knight of the Liberal party—were for the ninth summer brought together; at the Leicester Galleries were sensitive studies of Dutch life and landscape by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Knight, and sun-splashed, broadly-handled water-colours of India by Mr. R. Gwelo Goodman; at the Rembrandt Gallery pictures of Holland, when flowering bulbs flood the country with colour, by Mr. George Hitchcock; Mr. F. F. Ogilvie had interesting drawings at the Modern Gallery of the recent discoveries at Der el Bahri; and at Obach's were admirable examples by Diaz, Corot, Dupré, and other widely-recognised painters.

The collection of Japanese colour-prints exhibited by Mr. W. B. Paterson was the finest ever seen in London. The beauty that haunts the world to bewilder and to constrain is authentic in the best of these prints.



(Messrs. Sulley's Gallery.)

Le Liseur.

By Edouard Manet.

Some Italian Bookplates.

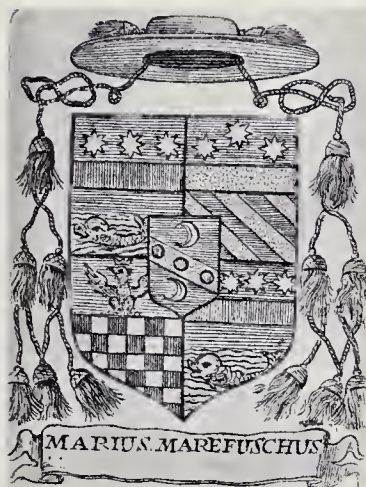
By Herbert M. Vaughan.

ITALIAN bookplates of the eighteenth century, though not nearly so numerous as English examples during the same period, have far more variety of shape, decoration and design, so that a few specimens may be of interest to all collectors who admire the graceful designs of the last century but one.

Many of the old bookplates to be still met with in Italy are those of wealthy ecclesiastics who owned libraries, and



1. Monsignore Fabio de' Vecchi.



2. Bishop Mario Marefuschi.

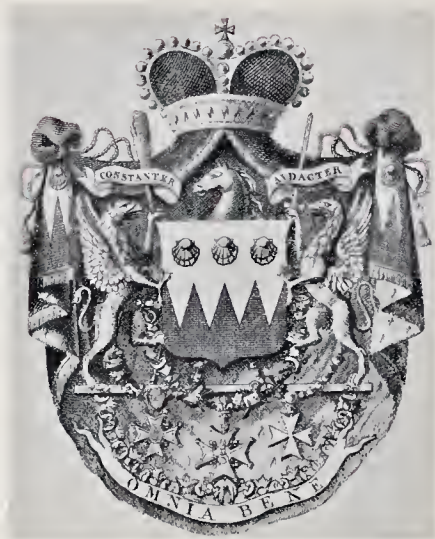


3. A Bishop: name unknown.

in this case the tasselled hat plays a prominent part in the general scheme of ornament, as may be seen in the plates (No. 1) of Monsignore de' Vecchi, where the family arms are placed on a shield and surmounted by the hat; of (No. 2), the Marefuschi plate, of earlier date; and of (No. 3), the graceful little *ex-libris* of an unknown prelate. In these three cases the hat is represented with *twelve* tassels on its cords, from which we may infer that all the owners were either bishops or else dignitaries entitled to episcopal honours, since in Italian heraldry six tassels on the hat-strings signify a priest's, twelve a bishop's, and twenty an archbishop's rank. It may also, at the same time, be noted that in the case of simple priests the hat's proper colour is *black*; in that of bishops or abbots, *green*; and in that of cardinals *red*. In only one example, however, have I seen the hat itself reproduced in colour, namely, in the book-



4. Count Riccardi of Florence.



5. Prince Ruffo-Scilla of Naples.

plate of Cardinal Gozzadini of Bologna (*circa* 1710), printed in the three colours of red, yellow and black, which is, I believe, unique amongst Italian *ex libris*.

Of the many examples belonging to Italian noble families, among the most remarkable shown here are the beautiful oval plate of Count Riccardi of Florence (No. 4) and that of Prince Ruffo-Scilla of Naples (No. 5), a fine armorial composition borne on a mantle issuing from a prince's crown, on which the owner's various orders, both Italian and foreign, are displayed. Of a somewhat decadent type is the elaborate book-label of Count Collalti of Venice (No. 6), engraved by Viero and dated 1771, which contains four Latin quotations at its borders and a number of semi-



6. Count Collalti of Venice.

Engraved by Viero, and dated 1771.



7. The Marchesa Cusani-Scarampi.

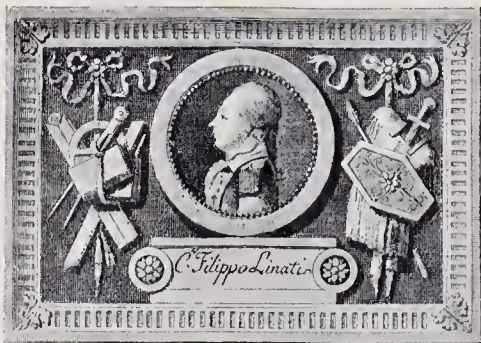
classical adjuncts. Very simple and delicate, with a design of ivy festoons flowing out of a marquis's coronet, is the bookplate (No. 7) of the Marchesa Cusani-Scarampi; and another pretty little example is that of Count Francesco Anciani (No. 8), engraved by Mazzoni, in which two cupids play tricks with the owner's books, pens, coronet and shield. A great curiosity is the celebrated Linati portrait-plate (No. 9), the only Italian example of its kind, which probably also served its possessor for a visiting-card, as was not infrequently the case at this period. Count Filippo Linati, whose likeness appears on this plate in a medallion flanked by designs of antique trophies, was a nobleman of Venice, although his florid book-label was engraved by Cagnoni of Milan about the year 1790. Far simpler in design and more tasteful in decoration is the exquisitely-engraved plate (No. 10) of Charles Bourbon, Duke of Lucca and ex-king of Etruria, in which Pallas Athene with her owl, her Gorgon-headed shield and her spear beside her, lectures two delightful little winged cupids, that sit with globes and volumes intent upon the words of the Goddess of Wisdom.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that old Italian book-plates are now being eagerly sought for in Italy itself, and are, in consequence, growing scarce; large, and often extortionate prices being asked for fine specimens by the booksellers of Milan, Florence, Rome, and other large cities, so that the English collector who



8. Count Anciani.

Engraved by Mazzoni.



9. Count Linati of Venice.
Engraved by Cagnoni of Milan.



Peruzzi of Florence, circa 1730.
(The family name derives from
the "pere" (pears) borne upon
its shield).

desires to secure examples of these charming little productions of the eighteenth century in Italy, had better hasten to obtain what is already rare and will soon become obsolete.



10. His Royal Highness the Duke of Lucca.

Sales in June.

THE chief picture sale of June was that on the last day of the month, when £30,791 was the total at Christie's, of which £6,945 was realised for forty-five drawings and pictures belonging to the late Lady Currie. Unexampled sums were paid for a pencil drawing touched with colour by Cosway, and water-colours by Downman and Lavrience. Cosway's exquisite sketch of three heads, 5½ by 9½ ins., probably those of Lady Elizabeth Townshend and her two step-daughters, fetched 1,150 gns., 150 gns. more than his miniature of Madame du Barry in 1902; two sumptuous interiors with figures by the 18th century Swedish-French artist, Nicolas Lavrience, each 11 by 8½ ins., 1,040 gns.; Downman's 'John Edwin and Mrs. Mary Wells,' 1787, in O'Keefe's 'Agreeable Surprise,' 16 by 12 ins., 820 gns. On the back of this last is the following note in the handwriting of and signed by Edward Topham, the guardsman-journalist-playwright, who for some time lived with Mary Wells. "For this drawing Georgiana, the celebrated and beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, offered 100 gns. It is the only picture for which Edwin ever sat, and such was his reluctance that it was with difficulty he was persuaded to give Mr. Downman, the painter, three sittings in the course of two years. The resemblance is perfect. December 29, 1810. E. T." Four pictures which in 1871-3 cost Mr. Walter R. Cassels 1,465 gns. now fetched 8,050 gns. 'Turner's 'Rape of Europa,' bought at the T. Agnew sale, 1871, for 295 gns. and lent by Mr. Cassels to the Guildhall Exhibition, 1899, made 6,400 gns.; Romney's 'John Wesley,' painted in 1789 for £30, 720 gns. From other sources came Romney's 'Mrs. Dorothea Morley,' 1789 (original price 30 gns.), 2,500 gns.; by Raeburn, 'Mrs. Johnston,' and 'Dr. Adam Ferguson,' both lent by Mrs. Ferguson to the Raeburn Exhibition of 1876, 1,500 gns. and 1,100 gns., and 'Mrs. Robertson,' of Alt-na-Skiach, 1,250 gns.; Morland's 'Boy's Bathing,' 1,200 gns.; a kit-kat of a lady catalogued under Hoppner, but perhaps by Romney or Beechey, 650 gns. Reynolds' 'Sir John Macpherson,' Governor-General of India, was bought for the Scottish National Portrait Gallery for 250 gns., H. Walton's 'Edward Gibbon,' 9 by 6½ ins., for the N. P. G. in London at 115 gns.

On June 16, 122 pictures and drawings belonging to Mr. Thomas Agnew, of Eccles, near Manchester, a member of the well-known firm of art dealers, who died about thirty years ago, fetched £10,727. Seven of the works which in 1873-83 cost 3,800 gns., now being "out of fashion," fetched but 637 gns. Egg's 'Wooing of Katarina' dropped from 710 gns. in 1873 to 22 gns.; Frith's 'Hogarth at Calais,' from 1,000 gns. in 1879 to 310 gns. Contrarily, a portrait of a little boy, catalogued as by Reynolds, but probably the work of Beechey, made 610 gns., against 300 gns. in 1871; and 'The Storm,' by J. Linnell, senr., 720 gns., against 510 gns. in 1879.

Many artists took part in the dispersal, on June 25, of the modern pictures and drawings belonging to Mr. Laurence W. Hodson, of Wolverhampton, dispersed in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of the brewing trade. Mr. Strang, who decorated Mr. Hodson's house with the 'Adam

and Eve' series, helped to form the collection. For the Melbourne Gallery Mr. George Clausen procured, at a total of £513, satisfactory drawings and pictures by Leighton, Burne-Jones, Ruskin, and living artists such as Messrs. A. Goodwin, Helleu, A. E. John, A. Legros, C. H. Shannon,

J. M. Swan, Wilson Steer. Mr. Whitworth Wallis bought for the Birmingham Gallery, Mr. Keppel for America, and Mr. Charles Ricketts got for 42 gns. seven studies in red chalk by Alfred Stevens. The sale was something of a triumph for talented "outsiders" of to-day.

Algernon Graves' 'Dictionary of Royal Academy Exhibitors.'

OF this monumental work six volumes have now been published (Graves & Co., Ltd., and G. Bell & Sons. 42s. each). They bring us to the end of the letter R, the frontispieces being of the Academy's first half-dozen Presidents—Reynolds, West, Lawrence, Shee, Eastlake and Grant. Only with Mr. Graves' triumphant progress has it been possible approximately to estimate the full cumulative value of his great undertaking. On occasions, skilled and patient effort of this kind goes unrecognised; but we are glad to learn that public libraries, private collectors, and students of art in this and other countries have realised that, in this complete Dictionary of Contributors to the Royal Academy from its foundation in 1769 to 1904, with details, often minute, of each work exhibited, they are offered an indispensable book of reference. Hitherto, when one has desired to compile a list of a given artist's contributions to the Academy, it has been necessary to examine each of the 136 catalogues, the indices of many of which are imperfect. Now we have them at a glance. Mark, too, that Mr. Graves has not been content with mere transcription. Anonymous portraits are identified by means of Horace Walpole's annotated catalogues, and from a hundred other sources, and we can turn, for instance, to his appreciation of a large picture by Gainsborough, "in the style of Rubens, and by far the finest landscape ever painted in England, and equal to the great masters," proving that sometimes this intellectual epicurean was indisputably right. The entries relating to

each big figure in art provide material for an essay; the vistas they open up are many and suggestive. Princes of portraiture like Gainsborough, Lawrence, Hoppner, dominate this or that volume, and in the sixth comes Reynolds, of whose Marlborough group of 1778—a companion to which, by Mr. Sargent, was exhibited last year—Walpole wrote: "The colouring flat and bad, and killed by a red curtain." Day by day evidence increases as to the invaluable character of the Dictionary, whether in the identification as a portrait of his wife of C. W. Furse's 'Diana,' recently bought by the nation, the record that Mr. B. W. Leader first appeared in 1854 as "B. Williams," or the elucidation of some knotty problem of the eighteenth century. In the wide margins it is possible to add notes of sale-prices and other details, so that in time the work may become an encyclopædia of garnered fact. Discrepancies there are, of course, but few, taking into account the magnitude of the effort. Mr. Graves has placed all students under a heavy obligation, and now it is difficult to realise how for so long we have done without such a work of reference. The value of the Dictionary would be further enhanced if, at the end, Mr. Graves could place an analytical table showing, as far as may be, the inclusive numbers of the various kinds of exhibits in each year. That would enable us, in a majority of cases, to differentiate between pictures, water-colours, architectural drawings, sculptures, and so forth. Even a partial accomplishment would be welcome. Cordially we commend the Dictionary to all art workers and connoisseurs.

The Tate Gallery.

TOPSY-TURVEYDOM has seldom been more deliciously exemplified than in the appointment of Mr. D. S. MacColl to the Keepership of the Tate Gallery. He was the leader of the crusade that issued in the House of Lords Committee on the Administration of the Chantry Fund, of which we have not yet heard the last. Now he has under his care the very pictures for many of which he expressed contempt. Mr. MacColl, as all know, is a brilliant and fearless writer on art, an able and suggestive lecturer, and his slightest water-colour sketch has distinction. But

for him, the National Art-Collections Fund would not, probably, be in existence. He has the rare capacity to assimilate a knowledge till it becomes wisdom. Will anything come of his suggestion before the Lords' Chantry Committee that: "The best single purchaser will be the Director of the British side, or the modern side, of the National Gallery. That would relieve the purchases of any possible taint of interest." With Sir Charles Holroyd at the National Gallery, Mr. MacColl at the Tate, interesting developments will be expected.

Art Handiwork and Manufacture.

It is, of course, possible that Milton, when he used an out-of-date word in the often-quoted couplet in *Penseroso*, was the servant of his rhyme. Yet the perfect fitness of "richly dight" may owe more to his eye-memory of the splendid Cambridge windows, the glowing solemnity of King's College Chapel, and other splendours then unspoilt, than to his mental memory of fit rhymes for "light." Certainly, with its significance of ordered adornment, scrupulously prepared—that is, pre-trimmed, or shaved—"dight" is the word of all others to describe fine

work in stained glass. "Storied windows richly dight"—it is a master-phrase in clarity and fullness of apprehension: a code of art, as well as a description of rich memory, stored with images of actual windows, perfect in condition as they were perfectly conceived by the men whose art was fully inspired by tradition and opportunity.

A few stained-glass artists of to-day have revived and practised the art of "dighting" a window-space, and among those whose work most conforms to an unchanging ideal of craftsmanship, which is the same to-day as when the great windows of Cambridge, Gloucester, or Canterbury were new, is Mr. Anning Bell. The craft-ideal, evolved from the possibilities and limitations of the material, is unchanged. But, if the stained glass of to-day is to be an animated art,

it must "story" windows with inventive renderings of sacred or legendary themes, even though the modern decorative artist is denied the spontaneous and free-handed practice of the centuries when the arts were familiarly required to represent the forms and businesses, real persons, things and deeds, of the day. Until such familiarity is again possible, there must inevitably be a constraint on the invention of the artist which the more fully vitalised art of the middle ages and Renaissance did not experience. Modern stained glass cannot illustrate the manners, appointments, and occupations of the donors or spectators. Therefore, even if belief now bore the precise and unquestioned form that was illustrated for the laity of the middle ages by the artists who were the servants of the Church, in the treatment of scripture and legend the natural attitude to-day is far removed from the naturalistic. Still, into forms that must maintain their aloofness from time and place, the genuine spirit of reverence for the idea will breathe with living breath, and an art that is in relation to time and place will utter itself.

Mr. Anning Bell's windows fulfil this possibility, as they express his craftsman's skill. His linked design of child angels, little ones of the company that witnessed and declared from heaven to earth the birth of the Christ, the little grave-eyed figures that bear the scrolls, and touch a simple



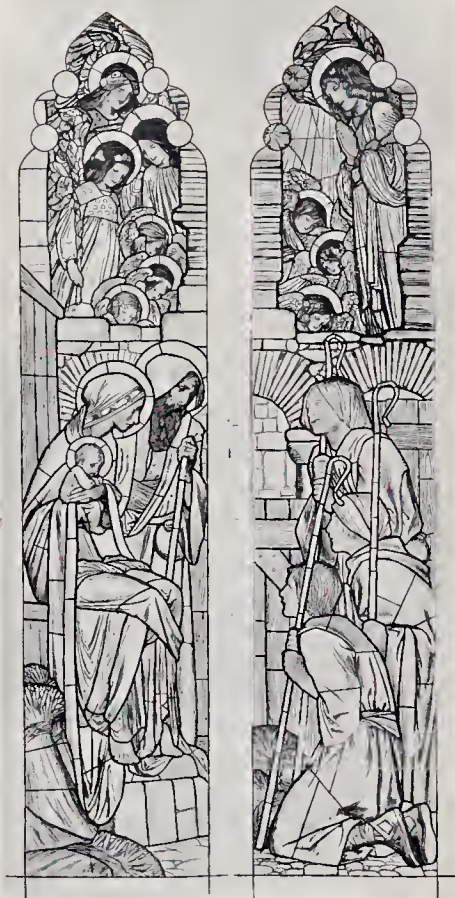
Hambleton Church.

By R. Anning Bell, R.W.S. (1901).



Hambleton Church.

By R. Anning Bell, R.W.S. (1901)



The Adoration of the Shepherds.

(Mostyn House School Chapel, Park Gate, Cheshire.) By R. Anning Bell, R.W.S. (1900).

music in the upper lights of the larger window, are the expression of gentle thought that appeals immediately to the eyes. The solemn figures of the Christ and the Baptist are expressive of the spiritual truths they stand for, as they are effective as decorations; the Samaritan bends with compassion that is one impulse with love to succour the forsaken stranger. These are justly and quietly invented forms, appropriate imaginatively as actually. The clear disposition of the design, when the translucent colour which is its element and glory is unrepresented, is only partly seen in illustration. But even in black ink on white paper it is possible to appreciate the clarity and order of the arrangement, the stateliness of the chief figures, set in detail leaded so as not to over-particularise form, the restrained, but expressive, use of leads of different thickness, and the way in which the main forms, while distinguished, are kept from an austere isolation by juxtaposition of tone. The art of skilful mosaic is a large part of the craft. The



The Annunciation.

(Hambleton Church.)

By R. Anning Bell, R.W.S. (1896).

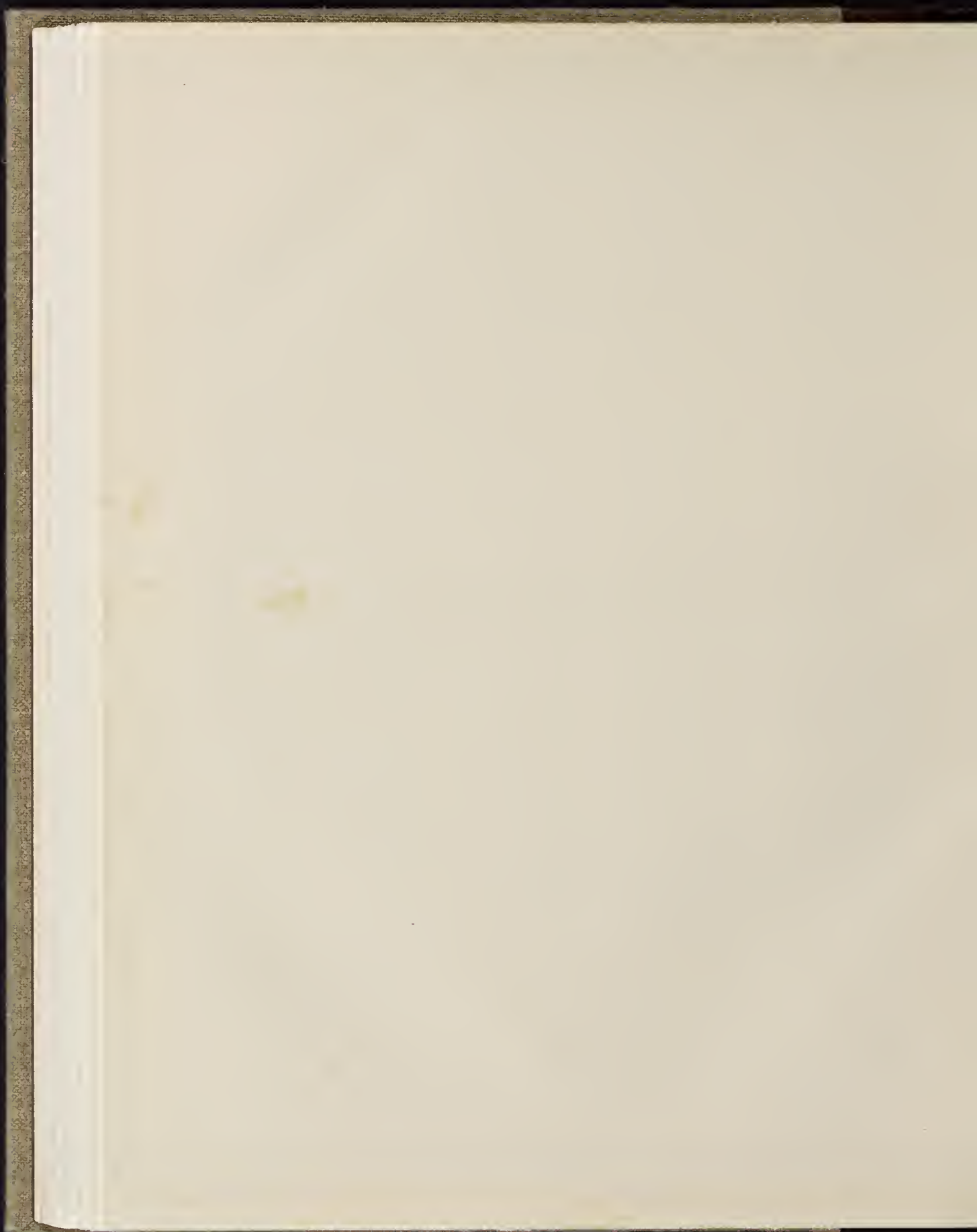
painter adds the living life of expression, texture, surface, detail of leaf and feather and embroidered robe. And here, too, Mr. Anning Bell is clear in his craft. The modelling of the heads, while it expresses emotion, spirituality, is glass-painter's modelling, flat and firm in treatment, in repose within the lead, yet attracting gently the eye to rest where the artist has put his fullest expression. More understanding of the special beauties and qualities of stained glass will lead to appreciation of what windows such



CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, RADSTOCK.

KING'S WEIGH HOUSE CHURCH, LONDON.

Stained Glass Windows by R. ANNING BELL, K.W.S.



Atherton, near
Manchester.By R. Anning Bell,
R.W.S. (1902).

as these possess of beauty and quality. When that happens, the enamelled picture-window, with its false and trivial effects, will cease to have a place in buildings where beauty is desired.

Perhaps in a general view of French arts and crafts, as they can be studied in the Salons, nothing is more noteworthy to an English eye than the widespread vitality of ceramic art. Here in England art-potting is usually the luxury of a big pottery, or an artist turns to potting, and, through many difficulties, attains the proud position of expressing something of the idea that moved him to the enterprise. Commercially, as everyone knows, such ventures are almost hopeless. In France, on the contrary, it seems as though the manufacture were a starting-point for individual effort. To judge by the exhibits of French art-potters they must have

Atherton, near
Manchester.By R. Anning Bell,
R.W.S. (1902).

Stained Glass Window, Atherton, near Manchester.

By R. Anning Bell, R.W.S (1902).



Atherton, near Manchester.

By R. Anning Bell, R.W.S. (1902).



Atherton, near Manchester.

By R. Anning Bell, R.W.S. (1902).



Atherton, near Manchester.

By R. Anning Bell, R.W.S. (1902).

been skilled in their craft before they developed it individually. And there are many of them, whereas in England, independent ceramic artists are rare, and tend to become rarer. Especially in stoneware, groups of interesting work, distinctive yet rarely eccentric, were to be studied, and among such groups the exhibits of M. Emile Decœur in *grès flammés* were noteworthy. Stoneware, like lustre, has recently suffered much from irresponsible admiration of accidental effects. It is one thing to recognise as beautiful some piece that has won a freakish charm from the perilous fire; it is quite another to accept lurid, muddled colour as interesting because it is unlike what is worth copying. But, as in the form of his pots M. Decœur respects his material, using the clay reasonably and truly, so in colour he works for harmony. Without extravagance, without exploiting any fashion of

the moment, M. Decœur's work represents a living impulse in ceramic art. Independent of the fettering considerations which hinder the artist employed in manufacture, far more securely placed for the development of their ideas than are the artist-potters in England, these French craftsmen are significant figures in the modern phase of pottery. Where, as in the case of M. Decœur and many of his contemporaries, their influence is towards the restoring of clear and appropriate design as an ideal to be observed alike in the most ornate and in simple productions, they work indirectly to benefit national manufacture, as they directly benefit the eyes and the taste of the public.

In the present state of the arts in England any recognition accorded to decoration is of interest. If instead of pictures being bought to hang on the wall the picture is

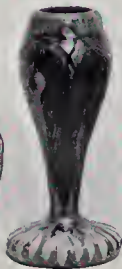


Robalphen Stoneware.

By Laurent Derousseaux.



Various Examples of Pottery.
By Emile Decœur.



Robalphen Stoneware.
By Laurent Derousseaux.



(Dun Emer Industries.)



Fans.

Designed and painted by Elizabeth C. Yeats.

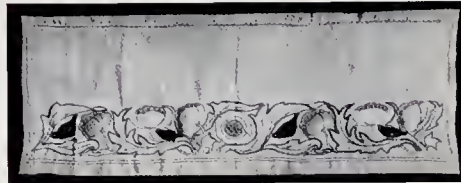
Painted or set on the wall, it implies, at least, that the painter must consider his art in relation to the parent-art of architecture, and that the owner of the wall has enough definite preference for a kind of modern art to commission it to be executed on the fabric of his house. For the occasion there is a reconstitution of true opportunity for art, though constrained by its singularity and the want of preparation. Mr. Kerr Lawson's panels for the drawing-room at Stoke Rochford are the latest addition to decorative painting in English houses, and, in some respects, the series



Doves and Basket. Sofa-back in silk on Irish linen.

(Dun Emer Industries.)

Designed by C. M. Yeats.



Blackbird and Peony sofa-back.

(Dun Emer Industries.)

Designed by Elizabeth C. Yeats.



Pottery.

By Emile Decœur.



Fish and Lotus cushion square.

(Dun Emer Industries.)

Designed by Lily Yeats.



Temple of Vesta.



Arch of Titus.



San Firenze.



Piazza del Popolo.

Panels by J. Kerr Lawson.



Peacock Portière on White Galway Homespun.
(Dun Emer Industries.) Designed by M. C. Yeats.
Worked by Lily Yeats.

is a significant example of its kind. For one thing, personal taste, which is just what an accepted and general art of decoration is apt to obliterate, is evidenced in the choice of Italian architectural subjects for the fifteen panels.

The difficulties of the artist are increased by such free selection, and Mr. Kerr Lawson's problem has been of no easy kind. Architecture, unless in an august and solitary mass like the Arch of Titus, or in the circular pillared Temple of Vesta, offers an angular subject to the decorator. Yet the whole effect of the series suggests that there is a decorative unity to be obtained by selection and relation of typical national buildings, a harmony of colour and tone to be expressed in the simplified record of the colour given by a climate to brick and stone, marble and tile. The brick and stone of Rome, Florence, Venice, Pistoja, present this unity in noble forms; but, though Mr. Kerr Lawson has in many instances ordered his compositions with a clear decorative intention, one cannot feel that in colour he has fulfilled what he seems to have apprehended. He has failed to find the decorative equivalent for the exquisite variousness of surface and colour offered by these master-buildings of Roman and Italian; and, wanting the recognition of the more delicate or profound tints, the Venetian palaces and monuments, the domes and towers of Florence part with much of their beauty. The sky-spaces, varying from soft, vaporous grey to a full blue—varnished to brighten it still farther—behind the Arch of Titus, are, on the whole, well used for contrast. Indeed, in the planning of the whole series so that while it remains a unity it shall be sufficiently various to interest the eye, Mr. Kerr Lawson has shown a stronger colour-sense than in any individual panel.



Sea-Gull Portière, appliqué on cloth.
(Dun Emer Industries.) Designed by M. C. Yeats.
Worked by Lily Yeats.

The Dun Emer Industries are perhaps better known through the clear-typed pages, pleasantly and simply printed, of "Stories of the Red Hanrahan" or "In the Seven Woods" than by the embroideries which are worked by Miss Lily Yeats, or under her direction, as the hand-press is worked by Miss Elizabeth Yeats. Yet, though in the choice of a fount both clear and effective, in the page-composition, and all the details of arrangement and material that distinguish the craft-book from the mechanical production, there is use for skill and judgment, the printing at Dundrum is less distinctive than the embroideries. Wisely, in book-production, the aim is rather to return to what was well done, before haste and cheapness invaded the dignified craft, than to invent a form. But in embroidery, as in all arts that have the colour and growth and movement of the living earth as inspiration, there is no repetition of a formula but denies the sense a more vivid perception. The Dun Emer embroideries, in their design and colour, have the vividness of immediate delight, though before the bright impression of the plumage and quick life of dove, or blackbird, or swift-winged gull is wrought on the cloth it is fitly simplified. In black and white, without the sheen and colour of the silks, the differences of texture, embroideries must always lose all but a recognizable semblance. Still, the vigour of the sea-gull design, the formal charms of 'Peacocks,' the harmonious 'Doves and Basket,' where the

demure birds hover above flowers whose hue recalls lavender, or the quaint solid blackbirds with cheerful peonies behind them, are suggested in illustration.

These various and attractive ideas of birds, with the exception of the 'Blackbird and Peony,' are designed by Mrs. Jack Yeats and embroidered by Miss Lily Yeats, by whom is the iridescent, delicate pattern of fish and lotus. Her original design is chiefly of needlework pictures, delicate and clear—not laborious translations, stitch by stitch, of the free passage of the brush, but chosen directly and successfully from what the green fields and flowers and trees offer for this smaller art.

Printed books, coloured woodcuts, embroideries, are the chief Dun Emer industries, the joint work of several hands, though in design they are as individual as the needle-pictures or the painted fans, which, though they are from Dun Emer, are hardly industries. Of the fans, painted by Miss Elizabeth Yeats, it is already praise to say they owe nothing to the haunting designs of Mr. Charles Conder; but besides this distinction of avoiding imitation, they have grace and charm of their own. Clusters of dim flowers, a transcription of the real splendour of summer gardens that will not over-burden the frail fabric, a little space of serene landscape, are Miss

Yeats' fan-subjects. She uses them not forgetting the full beauty of rose or carnation, though, on so slight a thing as a fan, the colours and forms of the living blossoms merge their actuality in a shimmer of petal and hue.

The Robalben stoneware of M. Laurent Derausseau, where the decoration is a blending of enamel and colour afterwards subjected to the 'Grand Feu,' is a freer application of the fine principles of ceramic art which French artist-potters have acquired from study of Japanese and Chinese masterpieces. M. Derausseau takes from wild nature the modelled and enamelled decorations which enrich the surface and form of his pots. In the gourd-shaped vase, with the stalk and tendril as neck and handle, one sees in simple form the principle observed also in the most elaborate piece. The modelled ornament is a development of the structure, as the colour of leaf and blossom is in fine agreement with the rich colours of the stoneware. The eager interest in natural form, which is the fullest inspiration of the designer when its expression is in close accord with the fabric of the work, is a sign of living art. M. Derausseau has wisely selected and vividly applied natural beauty to a beautiful craft.

Passing Events.

THE world of art lost a lover of beautiful things, a discriminating collector, in the person of Sir Charles Tennant, who died on June 4, at the age of eighty-three. His figure was as familiar at Christie's as in the meeting-places of industry and finance, or on the links at North Berwick. Sir Charles was a Trustee of the National Gallery and of the National Portrait Gallery, and an active member of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Many of his fine pictures have been seen during the past couple of decades at the Old Masters, these including Reynolds' 'Viscountess Crosbie,' one of the most lovely of his full-lengths, and Hoppner's 'The Sisters,' which was at Burlington House this year. An illustrated catalogue of the collection, which some thought would be dispersed, was prepared in 1896. To the National Gallery Sir Charles presented Millais' celebrated portrait of Gladstone, painted in 1879 for the Duke of Westminster, who sold it to Sir Charles at the time of the Home Rule split. Even in the midst of the Bulgarian Horrors agitation, the then Prime Minister found time to give sittings to Millais, "whom to see at work," he said, "is a delight, and for the way he throws his heart and soul into it." To the Glasgow Gallery Sir Charles presented in 1903 Millais' latest picture, 'A Forerunner,' and more recently Sam Bough's 'Dunkirk Harbour.' His eldest son, who succeeded to the title, married Mr. George Wyndham's sister, one of the 'Three Graces' in the group at the 1900 Academy by "that great artist, Sargent," as the King said, looking towards it at the Banquet.

DEEP and widespread sympathy was felt for Sir Edward Poynter on the death of Lady Poynter, on June 12, after a long illness. She was one of the gifted daughters of

the late Rev. George Macdonald, whose house forty years ago was a centre of artistic and literary light. Lady Poynter is often mentioned by her sister in that most sympathetic and delightful of memoirs, "Edward Burne-Jones," for one sister married England's Botticelli, another Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Sir E. J. Poynter has left Knightsbridge, where he had lived for twenty-five years, and taken a house in Addison Road.

ANOTHER distinguished member of the Academy lost a near relative in June: Sir W. B. Richmond. His sister, Mrs. Fothergill Robinson, was by temper and training an artist. She was taught by Samuel Palmer and Edward Calvert, and so exact was a pen-and-ink copy of Dürer's 'St. Hubert,' which she made at the suggestion of Ruskin, that it is said years afterwards to have been taken for a fine proof of the engraving by an expert.

LATE in the month, too, there died at his home, L Ewhurst Hill, J. Clayton Adams, who had exhibited at the Academy most years since 1863. He was born in 1840, and married in 1871 Mary Frances, second daughter of Martin F. Tupper, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*.

APROPOS of the New English Art Club, which of necessity has become nomadic since the destruction of its ancient "Home of Mystery" in Piccadilly, its aesthetic and financial success has been won in the teeth of Lord Leighton's prophecy that it could not survive more than a year or two. Constituted in 1885, the first exhibition of the New English was held in the Marlborough Gallery, Pall Mall, in 1886; and from 1887 till 1904, with the

exception of the spring of 1890, when it was at Knightsbridge, the Club exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. Though founded "by artists who felt that their work was out of sympathy with the general quality of works at other exhibitions," the New English has proved one of the finest recruiting-grounds for the Academy. Mr. Sargent, Mr. S. J. Solomon, Mr. Clausen, Mr. La Thangue, Mr. Edward Stott, the late Charles Wellington Furse, are of the dozen or more who have been "enfolded."

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA is the recipient this year of the Gold Medal awarded by the R.I.B.A. for the promotion of architecture. As Mr. John Belcher pointed out, Sir Lawrence is a distinguished architect in actuality, as well as in picture, his house in Grove End Road being a "real Alma-Tadema." In many of his principal works scrupulously realised architecture is a prominent feature, and some will recall the remarkable designs for 'Coriolanus,' executed for Sir Henry Irving, which were sold last year at Christie's. Sir Lawrence, whose 'Love's Beginning' has recently been bought by the German Emperor, has been lately exemplifying "that there was no happiness for him unless he could share with all the world that which possessed him so deeply." He designed the menu card for the farewell banquet to the delegates at the Seventh International Congress of Architects, Miss Ellen Terry as 'Imogen' for the souvenir programme of that actress's historic jubilee, and 'Rival Beauties' in a series of admirable tableaux vivants.

THE *entente cordiale* movement is effectively supported by what we may call Art and Amity. While Paris has been doing honour to Mr. Brangwyn, we have been proving that Edouard Manet has an enthusiastic following in England. No picture painted as recently as the seventies has this summer attracted more notice than his inimitable 'Bon Bock' (p. 241). In 1872, the year before it was executed, M. Durand-Ruel, the financial saviour of the French Impressionists, gave Manet, to the great delight of the group, £1,544 for twenty-eight works. The 'Bon Bock' is itself now valued at £8,000. The artist wrote truly: "Little by little one comes to understand and admit. Time itself acts on the picture with an insensible polisher, and smooths out its first rudenesses." The astonishing thing is that the 'Bon Bock' could ever have gone a-begging, as it did in Glasgow and in Paris.

SIR THOMAS GIBSON-CARMICHAEL, appointed Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery in the place of Dr. Richard Garnett, is widely known and respected as a connoisseur and a collector of fine and catholic taste. It was he who wrote on the objects of art in Mr. MacColl's "Nineteenth Century Art," and at Christie's in 1902 almost £50,000 was realised for some of his possessions.

FOR the first time, if we mistake not, the interest on the £23,104 bequeathed by Mr. Francis Clarke in 1881 for the purchase of pictures has been devoted to buying one by a contemporary artist. The late C. W. Furse's

'Diana of the Uplands,' the breezy portrait of Mrs. Furse holding in leash two greyhounds, which was at the 1904 Academy, has been secured. This is the second Furse at Millbank.

THE King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal family made a number of purchases in the art galleries this summer. His Majesty bought three of the water-colours of Count Seckendorff, who was Equerry and friend of the late Empress Frederick. The Queen chose two, as well as a vigorous sketch of a Horseguard's trumpeter by Major George Roller. The Queen, Lord Roberts, and other distinguished folk bought also, at the Fine Art Society's and the Modern Gallery, views of battlefields in South Africa by Miss Agnes Goodall and Miss Perceval Clarke.

AS was anticipated, the appointment of Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin to Curatorship of the Walker Art Gallery is bearing fruit. A feature of the autumn exhibition will be a collection of representative modern work in black-and-white or monochrome, and of coloured or tinted work of a decorative kind. The ordinary rules as to frames and mounts do not hold good. Mr. Leslie Thomson is of those who will assist the committee in arranging the show.

ONE of the most important art collections ever sold *en bloc* is that of Herr Oscar Hainauer, of Berlin, bought by Messrs. Duveen for about a quarter of a million sterling. There are superb examples by Antonio Rossellino, Antonio and Piero Pollaiuolo, and other masters. Dr. Bode, the powerful art administrator, who formed the collection, had hoped to secure it for his Berlin Museum, and the Kaiser is irate at the turn events took. It is satisfactory to know that not until those responsible for the conduct of our public galleries have had an opportunity to buy on favourable terms what they desire will other proposals be entertained.

THE Birthday Honours List had considerable interest from the art standpoint. Sir Luke Fildes, who comes of Puritan stock, is one of our most prominent R.A.'s, and has painted many royalties, including the State portraits of the King and Queen. There are now four Knights and one Baronet among the Forty. Sir F. Carruthers Gould is the pictorial Knight of the Liberal party, and a valorous one at that. Mr. Clausen's portrait of Sir J. Williams Bann is at the Academy, Mr. E. A. John's of Sir John Brunner, at the New English, while the late C. W. Furse's 'Sir Francis Mowatt' was at Burlington House in 1904. Dr. Robert Farquharson is a brother of the A.R.A.

A MEMORIAL Exhibition of the works of the late Arthur Tomson, an artist who responded swiftly to the beauty of earth and sky and sea, has been organised at the Baillie Gallery. The many who hold his name in honour should make a point of visiting it before it closes on August 15th. A Memorial Exhibition of the water-colour drawings and pastels of the late H. B. Brabazon will be held at the Goupil Gallery in the early autumn.



Tomb of Richard Vernon (II.) and his wife Margaret (figures of Bedesmen below).

Pembruge and Vernon Tombs at Tong.—II.*

By Lady Victoria Manners.

THE next tomb to be noticed is the monument to Sir William Vernon's son, Sir Henry Vernon, and his wife, Lady Anne—daughter of John Talbot, Second Earl of Shrewsbury (p. 259). Their recumbent effigies are, unlike the others of the series, of stone; and the work, though fine, is in effect less beautiful than the earlier ones. The tomb is placed under a wide arch, which divides the church from the chantry chapel. On it are four elaborately-carved niches, now, alas! deprived of their statues, thereby destroying much of the richness and artistic effect of the canopy work.

Sir Henry Vernon, who succeeded his father in 1467, was a man of very great influence, and a prudent courtier. In modern parlance, he seems to have understood the difficult art of "sitting on the fence," for he managed to live through the troubled times of the Wars of the Roses with honour and distinction. Much of his corre-

spondence is still preserved at Belvoir—there are imperious letters from the Duke of Clarence, bidding him be ready to join him at an hour's notice with a band of armed tenants and servants, and—most interesting of all—a letter from Warwick, the King-maker, ending with a postscript in his own handwriting—probably the only known specimen of his writing:—"Henry, I pray you fail not now hereof, as ever I may do for you." Henry Vernon's answers to these urgent appeals are unfortunately not preserved, but it seems probable that he adopted "a masterful course of inaction," and stayed quietly at home at Haddon. In Henry VII.'s reign, Vernon was appointed Controller to the Household of Arthur, Prince of Wales. He witnessed the marriage contract between his young charge and Katharine of Arragon, and the Prince is supposed to have spent much of his time at Haddon with his governor. In 1503, Sir Henry was ordered to escort the King's daughter, Margaret, to Scotland, attired "in his best array"; and the letter mentions that "no mourning or sorrowful clothings" (for the

* Continued from page 70.



View of Tomb showing figure of Richard Vernon's son George Vernon, in after life known as "King of the Peak," the father of Dorothy Vernon.

Princess's mother, Elizabeth of York) should be worn at such "noble triumphs of marriage."

He is represented in plate-armour, and wears the collar of S.S.; his figure is of large proportions; the scabbard of his sword is coloured red, and upon the hilt is the Vernon crest, a boar's head.

Sir Henry gave the "Great Bell" to Tong, and founded the "Golden" chantry chapel, so called from the gilt with which it was once decorated.

Lady Anne is wearing a severe and simple dress; her hair, in picturesque fashion, hangs in long flowing tresses to her waist, and two small hounds hold up the hem of her dress. Lady Anne's father and grandfather are immortalised by Shakespeare in "King Henry VI.;" both fell fighting for their king and country. An interesting letter from Lady Anne has been preserved at Belvoir. It is dated 1489, and deals not with "wars and rumours of wars," but with the feminine subject of bonnet choosing. It is interesting, for it shows how the great ladies of the fifteenth century conducted their shopping arrangements. She writes to a certain William Rollasley, gentleman, "desyring you for to delyver a yard and a quarter of fyne blk velvet unto Maisteris Langton liuyng in Chepside for to make me a bonnet of, ayenst this good tyme, for y know no nother but that I most cum to London unto my husband afore Christmas, therefor I pray to delyver it as sone as ye have the letter unto the brynger or els unto one other gentilwoman. And tell you the pres (price) unto Thomas Hunt gentilman of Lincoln In, and he shall content yow for the velvet and the gentywoman for the making, as sone as it is done. And yet ye woll geve a pennyworth for a peny ye shall have xx nobles at my comyng to London. No more to yow at this tyme, but Jhu have you in his keepyng. By your good lady, Dame Anne Vernon."

The base of the tomb is richly carved with figures of bedesmen—but alas! their heads have all been destroyed—alternating with shields, bearing coats of arms.

The following is an extract from Sir Henry's will:—

"Item—I bequeath my body to be buried at Tong, where I Have assigned my selfe to lye. And for as much as wt good prayers and alms deeds the soul ys delivered from Everlastyng dethe and payne therefor ytt ys that I wyll and bequethe that a convenable (fitting) preste shall syng for my sowle my wyffe Sowle, my father and mother and all my chyldern and all Crysten Sowlys and Say dayly wt full offis of dethe in the Sayde Church of Tonge or in the Chappell when ytt ys made, etc. "Item—I bequeth and gyff for makyng of the sayde tombe and Chappell C^d. "Item I wyell that my sayde tombe and Chappell be made wt in ij yeres next after my decease or erst (sooner) and the better and the more hon'able for the blode that my wyffe ys comyn of."

On the monument is a Latin inscription. Translated, it runs as follows:—"Here lie the bodies of Sir Henry Vernon, Knight, the founder of this Chantry Chapel, and Dame Anne Talbot his wife, daughter of John, Earl of Shrewsbury, which said Sir Henry died the 13th day of the month of April in the year of our Lord 1515, and the said Lady Anne died the 17th day of May in the year of our Lord 1494, on whose souls may God be merciful."

In the beautiful little "Golden" chapel is one of the most remarkable and interesting effigies in the church. It represents Sir Arthur Vernon, priest of Tong in 1515, the fifth son of Sir Henry (the founder of the chapel). The figure is upright, and is of stone, and rests upon a bracket on the west wall (pp. 260, 261). Above it is a richly-carved gilt canopy, supported by angels; Sir Arthur is represented in the act of preaching. He holds in his right hand a book, while the fingers of the left are raised, as if to give emphasis to his exhortation. From his exalted position his figure conveys the impression of one keeping "mid a faithless world" "watch and ward" over his parents and flock, who on their "marble beds" lie beneath their priest sleeping the unbroken sleep of death. Mysterious, poetical, and severe in outline, this rare and exquisite little figure might stand as an embodiment of purest pre-Reformation art and ideals. Hardly less rare in character is Sir Arthur's brass (underneath his effigy) (p. 260). Here he is represented in academical gown as a Master of Arts of Cambridge; over his head is the Paten sunk in the Chalice, and I.H.S. in brass, while at the corners are four perfect shields of arms. Sir Arthur's will is interesting, and the following is an extract from it:—

Testamentum Domini
Arthuri Vernon.

Prerogative Court of Canterbury.
Book. Holder. folio 35. B.

In the name of God, Amen.
In the yere of our Lord m. tve
and xvij. The last day of Septembre.

"In the yere of the Reign of Kyng Henry the viijth the viijth yere, I Sir Arthur Vernon prest hole of mynde and of body being in clene lyfe at the making of this my last will and in good prosperitie often tymes thinking of this wretched lyfe seyng by circute of dies and revolucion of yeres the day of deth to fall which nothing lvyng may passe therof of this helefull mynde thus I make my testament. First I bequeth my soule to God Almighty and to all the holy company of hevyn, and to the blessed Saint Petyr and Saint Mighel, and to be defended ayenst all



Monument to Sir Henry Vernon and his wife, Lady Anne Talbot (Stanley Tomb (p. 262) beyond).



Sir Arthur Vernon, priest.

wyked spirits. Item I bequeth my body to be buried in the same pisshe (parish) church where I dye, and to have a stone what myn executors thinke best for me and my picture drawn therupon, and for making of my stone I bequeth xxxs., and for asmoche as with good prayers and almes dedes the soule is delivered fro everlasting deth and payne therfor I will that at the day of my burying I may have a trentall Songe for my soule my fardie (father's) soule, my moder soule, and for all my brethem and suster soules, and for all xpen soules yt it may be," etc., etc.

Opposite to Sir William Vernon's tomb is the monument to Sir Arthur's eldest brother, Richard Vernon (II.), and his wife, Margaret (p. 257). It is very fine; the effigies are small, but beautifully wrought, a distinguishing feature of the tomb being the figures of bedesmen in hood and gown in niches around the base, suggestive of Keats' lines—

"Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven. . . ."



Sir Arthur Vernon, priest.

while at the head (north?) of the tomb is a charming little figure (p. 258) of Richard Vernon's only son, Sir George

Vernon, in after life known as the "King of the Peak," and celebrated for his magnificent style of living, the father of Dorothy Vernon and Margaret Stanley.

Richard Vernon is represented in plate armour and wearing the gilt collar of S.S. His helmet has the Vernon crest, his gauntlets lie at his side, and his feet rest against the double tail of a lion. Dame Margaret's gown is severe and simple in its lines, and at her feet two hounds, in quaint fashion, hold her dress in their mouths.

Richard Vernon died young, at the age of 33. He is termed Esquire in the following inscription (the original is in Latin):—

"Here lie the bodies of Richard Vernon of Haddon, Esquire, and Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Dymmok, Knight, who had issue George Vernon. Richard indeed died on the Vigil of the Assumption of Saint Mary the Virgin, in the year of our Lord 1517, and the said Margaret died . . . day of the month . . . in the year of our Lord 15 . . . on whose souls may God Almighty be merciful. Amen."

Sir Robert Dymmok was the King's Champion at the Coronation of Richard III. in 1483, Henry VII., and Henry VIII., so probably Dame Margaret witnessed those interesting functions.

The last monument of the series is the interesting Renaissance tomb to Richard

Vernon's granddaughter, Margaret Stanley, her husband Sir Thomas Stanley, and their son Sir Edward Stanley (p. 262).

Margaret Vernon was one of the daughters and co-heirs of Sir George Vernon. Unfortunately, this tomb is placed in such a position, between the monuments of Sir Richard and Sir Henry Vernon, that it is impossible to obtain a satisfactory photograph of it. It has also suffered more than others of the series from the ravages of time and removal from its original position.

The effigies of Sir Thomas and his wife lie on the top, or table portion of the monument, on quilted stone mats. The eight marble pillars supporting this portion of the monument are richly decorated with charming ornamentation of



Sir Arthur Vernon, priest.

ribbons, body armour, torches, and similar Renaissance designs. Sir Thomas is represented in the richly ornamented but useless plate-armour of the sixteenth century; his helmet plumes are ostrich feathers, and both hands are crossed on his breast in an attitude of prayer. Lady Stanley is in a black Elizabethan costume; her features are well cut and regular. On the ground, below his parents, is the effigy of Sir Thomas Stanley, called by the Puritans an "arrant and dangerous Papist." This knight had among his other distinctions that of being the father of the famous and beautiful Venetia, Lady Digby, whose praises were sung by Ben Jonson and others.

A curious feature of this tomb are four square tapering

columns of black marble. These originally were separate from the monument, and supported white marble figures, now, alas! broken.

At the foot of the sarcophagus are these beautiful and well-known lines:—

“NOT MONUMENTALL STONE PRESERVES OVR FAME,
NOR SKY ASPYRING PYRAMIDS OVR NAME,
THE MEMORY OF HIM FOR WHOM THIS STANDS
SHALL OVTLYVE MARBL AND DEFACER'S HANDS,
WHEN ALL TO TYME'S CONSUMPTION SHALL BE GEAVEN,
STANDLY FOR WHOM THIS STANDS SHALL STAND IN HEAVEN.”

and at the head “are these following verses made by William



Monument to Sir Thomas Stanley, his wife Margaret, and their son Edward.

Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian,” says Sir William Dugdale* :—

“ASK WHO LYES HEARE BUT DO NOT WEEP;
HE IS NOT DEAD, HE DOOTH BUT SLEEP.
THIS STONY REGISTER IS FOR HIS DONES,
HIS FAME IS MORE PERPETUALL THAN THESE STONES;
AND HIS OWN GOODNESS WT HIMSELF BRING GON
SHALL LYVE WHEN EARTHLE MONYMENT IS NONE.”

On the north side is this inscription:—“Thomas Stanley, second sonne of Edward, Earl of Derby Lord Stanley and strange descended from the familie of the Stanleys, married Margaret Vernon, one of the daughters and coheirs of Sir George Vernon of Nether Haddon in the countie of Derby Knighte,

“By whom he had issue two soons Henri and Edw: Henry died an infant and Edward survived to whom this Lordshippes descended and married the La. Lvcie Percie, second daughter to Thomas Earl of Northumberland, by her he had issue daughters and one sonne, shee and her 4 daughters 18 Arabella 16 Marie 15 Alis and 13 Priscilla are interred vnder a monniment in ye chvrche of Waltham in ye countie of Essex. Thomas his sonne died in his infancie and is bvrjed in ye parishe chvrche of Winwicke in ye countie of Lanca. Ye other three Petronella Francis and Venesie are yet livinge.”

We are enabled from the above inscription to fix approximately the date of the erection of this remarkable tomb, for Venetia Digby (mentioned “as yet livinge”) was born in 1600, and died in 1633, so the inscription must have been placed upon the monument before the latter date. Sir Edward Stanley sold Tong to Sir Thomas Harries in 1623.

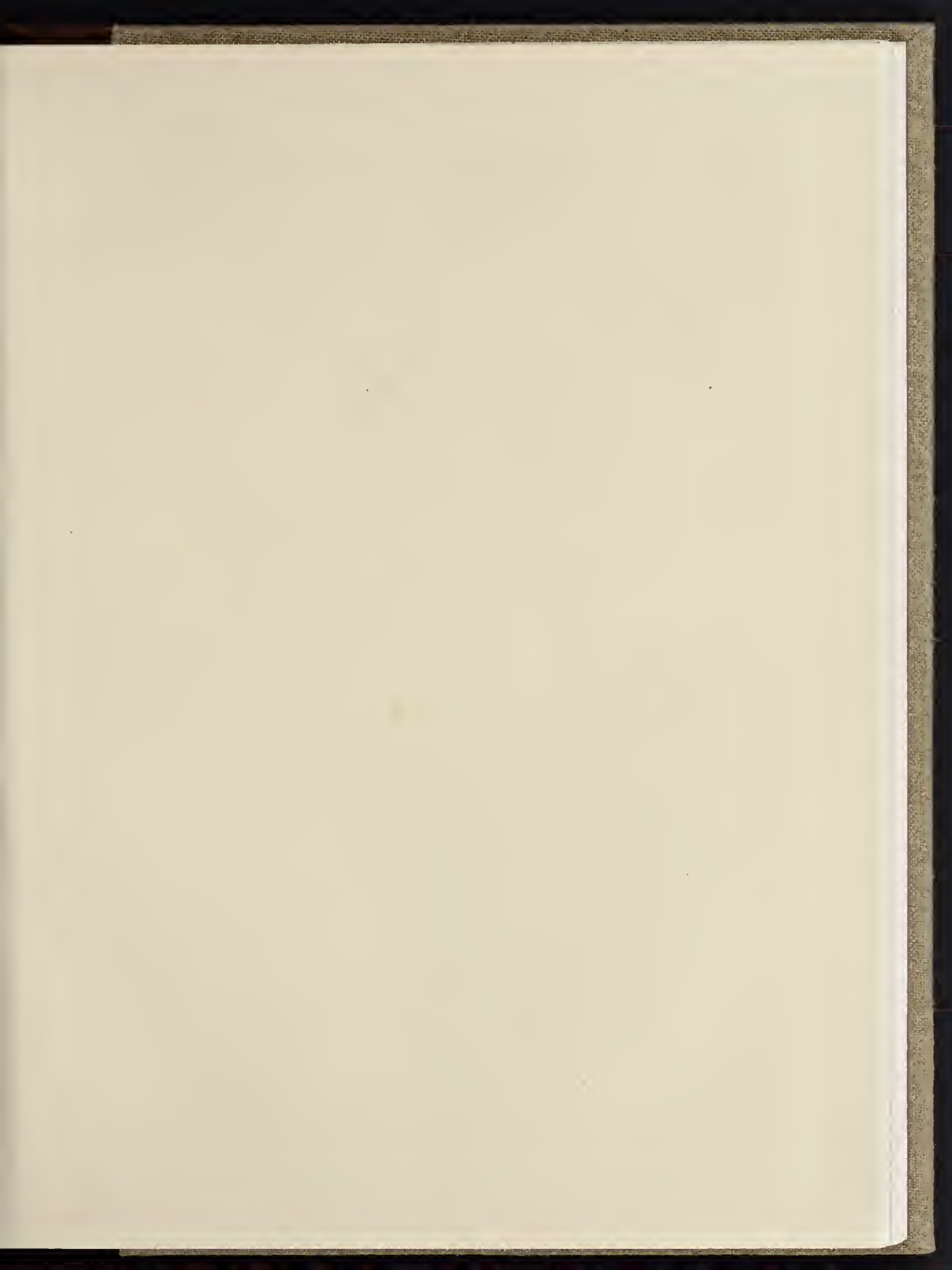
In concluding these brief remarks, the writer feels constrained to add that lovers of the beautiful would do well to study more carefully the exquisite and often little known memorial sculpture in English parish churches. While monuments and tombs in France and Italy are made the objects of long and often wearisome journeys, not less beautiful and interesting relics of antiquity at home are passed by, neglected and unnoticed both by sculptor and artist, and are allowed to fall into dilapidation and decay: or, at best, are relegated to the often somewhat dreary regions of archaeology and dry-as-dust research.

* *History of Tong and Bosobel* (Griffiths).

‘Mrs. Warde.’

By John Opie, R.A.

JOHN OPIE probably never painted a more delightful portrait than that of Mrs. Warde, which, as many will remember, was lent by Colonel Warde to the Old Masters Exhibition of 1906. It is as simple as it is gracious; there is no laboured attempt to please; it is one of the flowers of youthful spontaneity. The sitter, a daughter of the Right Rev. Spencer Madan, Bishop of Peterborough,





*Portrait of Mrs. Warde.
By permission of Lt. Col. G. A. Warde*



married in 1781 General George Warde, of Woodland Castle, Glamorgan. The charm of the composition, naive as suits the buoyant beauty of the subject, is evident in reproduction; and the white dress, the huge dark straw hat trimmed with cerulean blue, the delicious flesh tones, tell of Opie's feeling for colour. Such a picture accounts for the enthusiasm of Reynolds when Opie first settled in London. When Northcote returned from abroad in the summer of 1780 Sir Joshua exclaimed: "Ah! My dear sir, you may go back; there is a wondrous Cornishman who is carrying all before him . . . like Caravaggio and Velasquez in one." Walpole, who was free with his denunciations, noted "well" against one of the five pictures which formed Opie's first contribution to the Academy—this in 1782—when his lodgings at Mr. Riccards, Orange Court, Leicester Fields, were crowded with rank and fashion, and he was the talk of the town. "I must plant cannon at my door to keep the multitude off," was the painter's jesting comment. But despite the generous testimony of jealous Northcote that while "other artists paint to live, Opie lives to paint," despite Horne Tooke's testimony that he "crowds more wisdom into a few words than almost any man I ever knew," Opie's popularity waned as suddenly as it came, though he seldom lacked employment, and onward from 1802 till his death had again a "torrent of business."

John Opie was born at St. Agnes, about seven miles from Truro, in May, 1761. He came of old Cornish stock, but his father and grandfather being carpenters he was educated only at the village school. So strong was his mathematical bent that his maternal uncle, John Tonkin, called him "the young Sir Isaac." Stronger still, however, proved his love of art, and perhaps his father's objections were partially overcome by the clever portrait he drew of him in a rage one Sunday morning, the lad having, it is said, irritated him for the express purpose of catching the expression. Opie began as a travelling portrait-painter and soon attracted the attention

of Dr. Wolcot, "Peter Pindar," then practising as a physician at Truro. Among many Cornish folk whom he painted between 1776-8 one is the notorious Dolly Pentreath, from the picture of whom Opie made his only known etching. Wolcot, who took Opie into his household, provided him with materials and lent him pictures and drawings to copy, soon caused his protégé to raise his price to half-a-guinea for a head. Late in 1780 the two settled in London, Wolcot claiming to have lost an income of £400 a year by the change of scene. The plan of dividing profits lasted only a year. In 1782, when Wolcot wrote of "the Cornish boy, in tin mines bred, whose native genius, like her diamonds, shone in secret, till chance gave them to the sun," George III. bought one of Opie's pictures and commissioned him to paint 'Mrs. Delaney,' now at Hampton Court. In 1805, just about a century before Mr. Clausen, he was elected Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. He was a candidate in 1799, when Barry was elected, but withdrew in favour of Fuseli. At that time, three years grace was allowed for the preparation of lectures, but Opie began the delivery of his in February, 1807. The work involved is supposed to have hastened his death. He "laboured so intently the latter end of 1806 and the beginning of 1807 that he allowed his mind no rest, hardly indulging in the relaxation of a walk." Save for the famous Discourses of Reynolds, no series of R.A. lectures better deserve reading. Opie died on April 9, 1807, and was buried with some pomp in St. Paul's. Among the 500 or so portraits which he executed are those of a number of the great men of his day. Opie—who asserted that Lawrence made coxcombs of his sitters, his sitters a coxcomb of Lawrence—was of those who aimed to paint with the brain as well as with the brush. Good examples by him are now highly accounted. Lately, the Earl of Northbrook presented to Winchester Corporation an Opie picture of an event in the reign of Edward IV.

Sales in July.

THE most interesting picture sale of July was that on the 14th, of the collection of the late Mr. John Paton, Stirling, cousin of Sir Noel Paton. Israels' 'Young Mariners,' a delightfully painted shore piece, made 760 gs. (cost 170 gs.); Fantin's 'The Idyll,' a composition of three figures, 520 gs. (cost £190); Sam Bough's 'Within a mile of Edinbro' Town,' 500 gs. (1889, 255 gs.); Alma-Tadema's 'Torch Dance,' 1881, Opus CCXXII, illustrated in Standing's recently published book on the artist, and 'In the Garden,' 1869, respectively 390 gs. and 230 gs.; Monticelli's 'Cleopatra,' one of the best examples that has come up at Christie's, 270 gs.; Alexander Fraser's 'Ashford Mill,' a small but admirable example, 270 gs.; Mr. MacTaggart's 'Ailsa Craig,' 240 gs.; 'An Hour with a Favourite Author,' 1873, by Erskine Nicol, whose stories are so well painted, 240 gs.; a head of a girl by Henner, 200 gs., less a good deal than it cost; Sam Bough's water-colour, 'The Pool of London,' 190 gs. (1881, 96 gs.). The 102 lots, many of which go back to Scot-

land, fetched £6,669. The following Monday 135 pictures and drawings belonging to Mr. John Kirkland, associated with a large bakery business in Glasgow, were offered. Watson-Gordon's 'Sir Walter Scott,' 29½ by 24½ in., lent by the late J. Gibson Craig to the Edinburgh exhibition of 1871, made 450 gs. We understand it was bought for Lady Muir. On July 7, seventeen characteristic drawings by Thomas Collier, which at the sale of his remaining works in 1892 brought 402½ gs., made 379 gs., the highest in price being 'Under a Welsh Crag,' 1888, 46 gs. (1892, 64 gs.). An early and good William Maris, 'A peasant girl and two cows,' 26 by 45 in., 1868, made 620 gs., thrice as much as a picture by him has before fetched at auction. Callcott's 'Dutch fishing boats,' 1826, dropped from 610 gs. in 1884 to 105 gs., Müller's 'Lago Maggiore,' which has twice been under the hammer this year, from 610 gs. in 1891 to 180 gs. Alma-Tadema's little upright, 'A Staircase,' 3½ by 16½ in., painted in 1870, for the benefit of the French peasantry distressed in the districts occupied by the German army,

made 220 gs. On July 9 a pastel of Venice, 11 by 7½ in., by Whistler, made 130 gs., a chalk portrait of himself, same size, 78 gs., and two studies of his model, 'Jo,' 40 gs.

On July 11 to 14, 658 lots of duplicate engravings and etchings from the fine collection of the late Mr. Alfred Morrison, of Carlton House Terrace and Fonthill, fetched £5,904. Herr Meder paid big sums on behalf of a Berlin collector for some of the items, Mr. Keppel bought for America. Schöngauer's rare 'St. James assisting the army of the Christians' (Bartsch 53), in good condition, made the record of £330, against £170 for an impression about 1890; his 'St. George and the Dragon' (B. 50), again good, £146, against £55 for the Gülich example; Lucas van Leyden's 'Passion of Jesus Christ' (B. 57-65), some of the borders put on or damaged, £200, against £120 for a finer set at Stuttgart this year; his 'Adoration of the Magi' (B. 37), £155 (1892, Fisher, £56); 'Titian,' the rare portrait by the early mezzotinter, J. Thomas, £90, against £25 for an example in 1865; and Ruysdael's landscape, 'Le Voyageur' (B. 4), first state, £65, this being the impression which brought £69 in 1864, £86 in 1884, £105 in 1898.

On July 17 the unexampled price of £700 was paid for a first state of J. R. Smith's 'Lady Caroline Montagu Scott as "Winter,"' after the picture for which Reynolds received 140 gs. Lady Caroline, born in 1774, afterwards became Marchioness of Queensberry, and died in 1854. The previous highest price for the mezzotint was 125 gs. in 1901.

On July 6 there was sold as the property of Mr. Laurence W. Hodson three panels of William Morris tapestry, designed by Burne-Jones, 200 gs.; a Morris carpet, 26 gs.; a cabinet painted by William Morris with the story of St. George and the Dragon, 60 gs.; an inlaid secretary made by the Morris firm, 50 gs.; and a bronze group of a boy and girl, 15 in. high, by Rodin, 65 gs.

Within a week of the tercentenary doings in Holland, an impression of one of the most important, highly-wrought and wonderful of all Rembrandt's etched landscapes, 'The Three Trees,' brought the record price of £385 at Sotheby's. It has more than trebled in value during the last quarter of a century.



Around the Table.
By F. H. Newbery.



Mrs. King-Farlow and "Roddy."

By Maurice Greiffenhagen

GLASGOW and its School of Art is to be congratulated on the appointment of Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen as master in the life class. If he can teach as well as he designs and paints, his pupils should profit enormously. In May, 1905, a delightful and imaginative series of Naples pictures by him was at Dowdeswell's. He is, too, one of our most talented illustrators. At Munich and Dresden gold medals have gone to him, his 'Judgment of Paris' is in the Sydney National Gallery, 'The Idyll' in Liverpool. Mr. F. H. Newbery, principal of the Glasgow School of Art, was one of the deputation which visited Paris, Brussels and London before arriving at a decision. Glasgow deputations make us think of that to Whistler, issuing in the purchase of the 'Carlyle.'

Millet.

IN January, at the Leicester Galleries, there was shown a choice collection of one hundred drawings by Jean François Millet (page 70). These remarkable works had belonged to the late J. Staats Forbes, and the exhibition was one to be remembered above many others. Under the title of 'The Drawings of Jean François Millet' Messrs. Heinemann now publish a large book of fifty reproductions: the edition is limited to 375: 250 for England and the colonies, 125 for America. The price of each copy is four guineas. Among the sumptuous volumes which have appeared in recent years, this work is of special merit for the artistic excellence of its illustrations. The reproductions show the master's work in facsimile, and these parti-coloured drawings show us the originals as successfully as could be desired. Each plate is tipped to a tasteful mount. There is a sympathetic introductory note in English, by M. Leonce Bénédicté.



Spring in the Woods.

By W. J. Day.

Forest Scenery.

By A. L. Baldry.

AMONG the many landscapes which are painted by present-day British artists, there are comparatively few which show any deep study of the characteristic beauty of pure forest scenery. Most of our painters seek for what is popularly supposed to be a good subject—that is, for a motive which is likely to appeal to the public taste and to please the people who regard the representation of some kind of incident as a pictorial essential. This search for subject leads to the production of a large number of pictures in which is evident an intention to rely upon something more than the simple transcription of nature for the attainment of an effective result. Topographical interest is accounted as of much value, and consequently certain places are painted over and over again because they are well known to a great many people. Dramatic effect is considered a good artistic asset, and so mountains with lowering clouds and surprising flashes of sunlight are recognised as a paying line for exhibition purposes. Or the introduction of figures into landscape is thought to be a good move, because thereby popular attention is more likely to be arrested, and there follows a regular crop of hybrid canvases in which picturesquely posed rustics or daintily incongruous ladies of fashion make foreground objects in a scene where nature's charm needs no enhancing. The desire to study Nature for her own sake, and to let her beauty, quiet and unexaggerated, serve as the one pictorial

motive, is rare enough; few painters have the courage to seek their inspiration only from her, or to depend upon her solely as the guide in their artistic achievements.

Hence this comparative neglect of forest scenery by the modern landscape painter. In treating this type of material he cannot resort to the little tricks which please the less discriminating members of the public; he has to paint strictly what he sees, and he has to look with particular sympathy at the subjects which he selects for transcription. Their meaning is lost if they are made merely conventional, and if their subtleties are not felt and understood. The spirit of the forest must be rightly perceived, its wildness, its poetry, its romantic charm, and above all, its absolute freedom from all those artificialities of civilisation which affect so evidently our manner of artistic expression. There are artists who have fallen fully under the spell—men like Crome, Rousseau, or Diaz—and their canvases show us what is possible for the nature lover who is sensitive to the right kind of impressions and has the power to convey to other people by means of his art the sensations which he has felt himself. But men of this order appear only occasionally, and though they plainly point the way which others might wisely follow, they hardly exercise the influence in the art world which we might expect and which certainly we should desire.

It may be that in this country the forest areas are too



The Banks of a Stream.

By W. J. Day.

restricted to be impressive or to excite those sensations which would put the artist properly in touch with his subject. It may be, too, that people, accustomed always to the evidences of human habitation in even the more remote country districts of England, seek instinctively for semi-civilised nature, and therefore find the efforts of the painter who departs from the beaten track more or less incomprehensible, because he presents to them a view of nature which they do not understand. To the average man the forests we have are places for a picnic, for a few hours' noisy amusement in the open air; they do not appeal to him as refuges in which he can escape from a wearying contact with his fellow-creatures and enjoy for a while some of the delights of a primitive existence. He is unhappy unless he is in a crowd, and he fears nothing more than to be thrown on his own resources even for a moment; nature pure and unsophisticated makes demands upon him which he is unprepared to meet, and to the artist who seeks to persuade him that in nature so unadorned he can discover beauties which he ought unhesitatingly to admire he has nothing to say. But whether it is his fault for not attending to the artist's teaching, or the artist's fault for not having himself properly mastered the lesson which he wishes to convey, the result admits of no dispute; a specially valuable kind of nature study is obviously neglected.

Yet there are places in the British Isles where wild woodland scenery can be found in something like perfection. The New Forest, for instance, offers, to everyone who will

stray ever so short a distance away from the particular spots which the tripper habitually desecrates, a magnificent field for study. In its recesses it is possible for the imaginative man to forget most of the prejudices which have warped his civilised mind and to revert to that wholesome savagery which can, if he will only give way to it, do so much to increase his mental activity and to improve his perceptions. He can escape from the distractions of a busy and bustling world, and, with nothing to divert his attention from his art, he is able to respond fully to impressions which are all the more vivid because they are presented to him without any disguise and without any concealment of their true meaning. In such surroundings the measure of his sensitiveness will be the freedom of his work from any reflection of the mannerisms of this or that school, or from any suggestion

of the methods of some particular master. If he is sincere he cannot fail to be individual; he will find that he cannot depend upon outside assistance, he must do things in his own way and for right or wrong trust to his own powers of expression.

He need not fear that in settling down to study closely the characteristics of such a place as the New Forest he will be limiting himself to one narrow line of practice. Within the comparatively small area which the forest covers he will find a sufficient variety of material to give him almost all the pictorial opportunities he can reasonably desire. There are great stretches of woodland, thickets of tangled undergrowth, open glades surrounded with trees of which

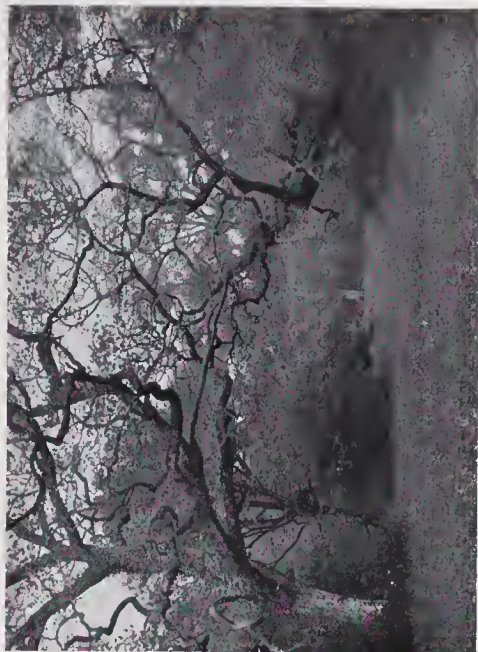


A Forest Pool.

By W. J. Day.



A Forest Road.



A Glade.



The Edge of the Wood.



A Beech Wood.

From photographs by W. J. Day.



An Avenue.

By W. J. Day.

the age can be counted by centuries, wide expanses of wild moorland, picturesque bogs overgrown with rank vegetation, and here and there streams which wind between banks thick with ferns or broaden out into quiet pools that mirror the leafy canopy above. There are park-like lawns carpeted with smooth turf, long avenues into which the sun can scarcely shine, so dense are the masses of foliage overhead, slopes gay with wild-flowers, and delightful vistas which give peeps of distant hills over a rolling sea of tree-tops. The painter, indeed, is more likely to feel bewildered by the number of the subjects which claim his attention than cramped by want of sufficient scope for the exercise of his capacities as an interpreter of nature.

But even if he chooses to confine himself to one phase only of forest scenery, and to paint particularly the woodland subjects, he will not be obliged to formulate his practice. Each patch of wood, each group of trees, each separate part of the maze of greenery, has its own character, and this character undergoes constant changes under the varying conditions of season and weather. Always, it is true, the impressiveness

and mystery of the forest remain; they are qualities which only the intrusion of humanity upon the scene can affect. They belong, indeed, to the romance of the place, and they are the chief dramatic essentials in the story it has to tell. They give the right meaning to every sincere piece of painting which represents the real response to great and commanding influences and has a full measure of inspiration to justify its existence. It is, indeed, to the appreciation shown of the significance of these qualities that is mainly due the success attained by the greater artists who have sought to solve the problems presented by this class of landscape.

Concerning the technical side of these problems there is something to be said. If they are to be properly attacked the artist must have a full command over the resources of his craft; he must be a firm and decisive draughtsman, a skilful executant, and a really sensitive colourist, and he must have an absolutely correct perception of relations of tone. He must be able, too, to look at what is before him largely and with a generous sense of proportion, with a feeling for nature's broad simplicity rather than for her minuteness of detail. Indeed, to attack such material with no better idea than to record a multiplicity of details would be to court inevitable failure. Not even by the exercise of superhuman patience could a painter hope to set down a tithe of the little things which help to complete the amazingly complex scheme of natural design provided for his consideration. Generalisation is an unavoidable necessity, and the way in which he selects what is pictorially essential from the bewildering mass of available facts will prove how far he is capable of applying his technical skill to the expression of the forest atmosphere. But, of course, in this generalisation there must be no slurring over of the things which give specific character to the scene; his analysis must be intelligent, and he must discriminate correctly between what may be called the constructive elements of his subject and the picturesque accessories



Spring Sunshine.

By W. J. Day.

which are pleasant to look at on the spot, but are not of sufficient importance to produce in a picture any appreciable effect.

It is probably in the springtime that the forest will offer to the painter his best opportunities. In the summer the density of the foliage makes the tones of the landscape a little ponderous, and causes contrasts of light and shade that are more forcible than is really desirable; in the autumn the blaze of colour offers temptations which at times lead irresistibly to not quite defensible exaggerations; and in the winter there is an almost forbidding grimness in the revelation of the bare anatomy of the leafless woods. But the spring gives to all parts of the forest a particularly seductive beauty. The winter bareness is veiled, but the masses of leaves have not become so dense that they hide, as they do in the summer later on, the structural lines of the landscape, and they do not shut out those little gleams of sunlight which play so delicately on the carpet of turf beneath and on the budding undergrowth. There is delightful variety of colour, too, in the young foliage against

which the grey trunks of the larger trees tell out in all their massive dignity. At this season nature seems to sparkle with gaiety, and the dainty freshness of the woods shows how they respond to the influence of her gay spirit. They are never so charming as at that moment when they are budding anew after the storm and stress of the winter months and are clothing themselves once more in their delicate greenery.

The illustrations to this article are reproduced from copyright photographs by Mr. W. J. Day, of Bournemouth, who ranks among the best living exponents of artistic photography. A particular merit of his subtle and delicate work is its entire freedom from tricks of retouching, and from what is known among photographers as "faking." A large series of his figure compositions, landscapes, and marine subjects has been acquired during the last few years by the National Art Library at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. A future article on "The Dorset Coast" will be illustrated by Mr. Day.

Mr. Spenlove Spenlove.

PROBABLY Mr. Spenlove is the first British artist which the French Government has thrice "purchased."

Two other artists of the Scottish School—for Mr. Spenlove hails from Stirling—each have a couple of pictures at the Luxembourg: Mr. John Lavery and Mr. J. H.

Lorimer. Mr. Spenlove is a prominent member of the British Artists, for whose Presidentship he was strongly supported, though before the ballot he retired, it is said in favour of Mr. Alfred East. 'The Last Voyage' will be housed in the Hotel de Ville, Paris.



The Last Voyage: Pilot's Funeral, Southwold.

By F. Spenlove Spenlove, R.B.A.



The Burlington Arms, Chiswick.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Some Drawings of Chiswick.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

With Notes by the Artist.

THOUGH, like most places round London, it has lost many of the marks of its age, Chiswick yet possesses much that is of interest to lovers of bygone times, and especially to those who treasure the memory and associations of the eighteenth century.

The parish sustained a serious loss recently when Sutton Court was pulled down. Though it had been almost entirely rebuilt about a century ago, some parts of the foundations were very ancient—indeed, a Roman bath found in the basement is still preserved under one of the buildings erected on its site. Its first tenant known by name was Baldwin Bray, in 1470, whose ancestors had been settled there for many years, and among its later occupiers were Chaloner Chute, defender of the Bishops and Speaker of the Commons under Richard Cromwell, “a man of great wit and stately carriage of himself,” and the Countess of Fauconberg, the Protector’s “royalist” daughter, with her husband, who was “perfectly hated” by his father-in-law.

The old Prebendal manor house and college house adjoining it, and their associations with Dr. Busby, who carried on Westminster School there during the Plague, and

with the Misses Berry, literary executors of Alexander Pope, went earlier. So, too, went the Manor Farm House, built by Sir Stephen Fox of Chelsea Hospital fame, Linden House, where Wainwright commenced his extraordinary series of crimes, Heathfield House, the home of General Eliot, created Lord Heathfield for his defence of Gibraltar, High House, where the Chiswick Press started, to be afterwards carried on at College House, and Corney House, the home of the Russell family, visited by Queen Elizabeth in 1602.

Notwithstanding these losses and others, there are still some substantial houses, inns and cottages of early date left. Chiswick House still stands much as it was built by the Earl of Burlington after the design of Palladio’s Villa Capra at Vicenza, with some remains of the earlier building portrayed by Kip—some of the garden even still remains as he drew it. It was to Chiswick House that Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and his countess retired—or were banished—after James I. so unaccountably pardoned their murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; and here too lived the Earl of Burlington, who not only built the much-ridiculed Palladian



Strand-on-the-Green, Grove Park End.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

Villa, but employed William Kent to lay out the gardens; and he brought from Beaufort House, Chelsea, a gateway by Inigo Jones which still stands in the grounds. In a room in Chiswick House died Charles James Fox in 1806, and George Canning in 1827. When the Duke of Devonshire lived at Chiswick House, he entertained there Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and many of the men of note of the time. The gates now at Devonshire House in Piccadilly were for many years the main entrance gates of Chiswick House, having been brought there when Heathfield House was pulled down in 1837—the original piers which held them may still be seen in the wall of the vicarage garden on Turnham Green, showing where Heathfield House stood.

His present Majesty, King Edward, when Prince of Wales, made of Chiswick House a home for the young princes and princesses.

Grove House, though shorn of its top storey and of much of its ground, still stands, and, thanks to its present owner, in excellent condition. A house must have stood here in very early times, as the sale of it is recorded in the reign of Henry IV.—the present house was doubtless built by a member of the Barker family, who seem to have resided here from the time of Henry VIII. till Henry Barker died in 1745. The rampant lion of the Barkers is still seen on the tympanum of the portico on a shield with much florid mantling—in some of the rooms is much good paneling and some excellent fireplaces—one Jacobean—and the roof is of grey slate of very beautiful colour. The church has been rebuilt several times, but the tower, though of much later date than the original church, is now probably the oldest building in Chiswick, having been built by William Bordale, vicar, who died in 1435. There are among the records of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's some early visitations of the church, the oldest dated 1252, but the date





Page's Yard, Chiswick.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.

of its foundation is unknown. The parish is not mentioned in the Domesday Book, unless it be under the name of Fulham, as has been suggested, but in the records of St. Paul's Cathedral, to which the manor has belonged from a very early date, it is referred to in the time of Henry I.

Among those who are buried in the church or churchyard are Sir Thos. Chaloner, who was knighted by Henry IV. in 1591, Thos. Bentley, Wedgwood's partner, Charles Holland, the actor, who was the son of a Chiswick baker, Chidoke Wardour, Lord Treasurer's Clerk under Queen Elizabeth, Hogarth and De Louterberg, R.A., and Jas. Fittler, R.A., William Rose, Dr. Johnson's friend, the Rev. Thos. Morell, whose portrait Hogarth drew, Ugo Foscoli, the Italian patriot, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and Charles Whittingham, founder of the Chiswick Press.

Perhaps parts of the inn—the Burlington Arms—which

faces the church are older than any of it now remaining. The house as it stands shows a picturesque, partly-timbered front with some of the upper part projecting over the lower. Behind it is a little court and block of ancient cottages known as Lamb Yard, which like Page's Yard, another little square on the other side of Church Street, seems hidden away from modern life.

The change experienced in passing from the street into the garden of Hogarth House is like stepping back a century. The studio building at the end is gone, the bowling alley has disappeared, and "Poor Dick's" tombstone has been lost—but there is still the mulberry tree, and the same walls enclose it as stood when Hogarth walked there with Garrick and Fielding. The house itself, though dating probably only from late seventeenth century, is perhaps the most interesting monument in Chiswick, and thanks to Colonel Shipway, of Grove House, it is now restored as nearly as possible to its original condition; the panelling of the rooms, which is practically complete, is hung with a collection of Hogarth prints—in one of them stand the two lead vases that were put on the gateposts some fifty years ago by Major Russell, and which,

though not Hogarthian, are well worth preserving, and some furniture after the designs of the eighteenth century has been added.

The house has experienced many changes since Hogarth's day. At one time it was let out in tenements; at another, Cary, the translator of Dante, lived there; so did "Brayvo" Hicks, and later a son of Dawson the landscape painter, to whom much of its present state of preservation is probably due.

Roughly speaking, Chiswick is bounded on the north by the old Roman road, and on the south is enclosed in a loop of the Thames. Chiswick High Road does not follow exactly the Roman road, their course running together only from Chiswick Road to Kew Bridge; the eastern portion nevertheless boasts more of the fast diminishing remains of former times—Bohemia House, first a gentleman's mansion, then an inn, and afterwards divided into three houses, has



Office of the Thames Conservancy, Strand-on-the-Green.

By Edward C. Clifford, R.I.



Grove House, Chiswick.

By Edward C. Clifford, R. I.

but recently gone. It was once the haunt of highwaymen, and in 1695 was the headquarters of one of the three parties in the conspiracy to assassinate William III.



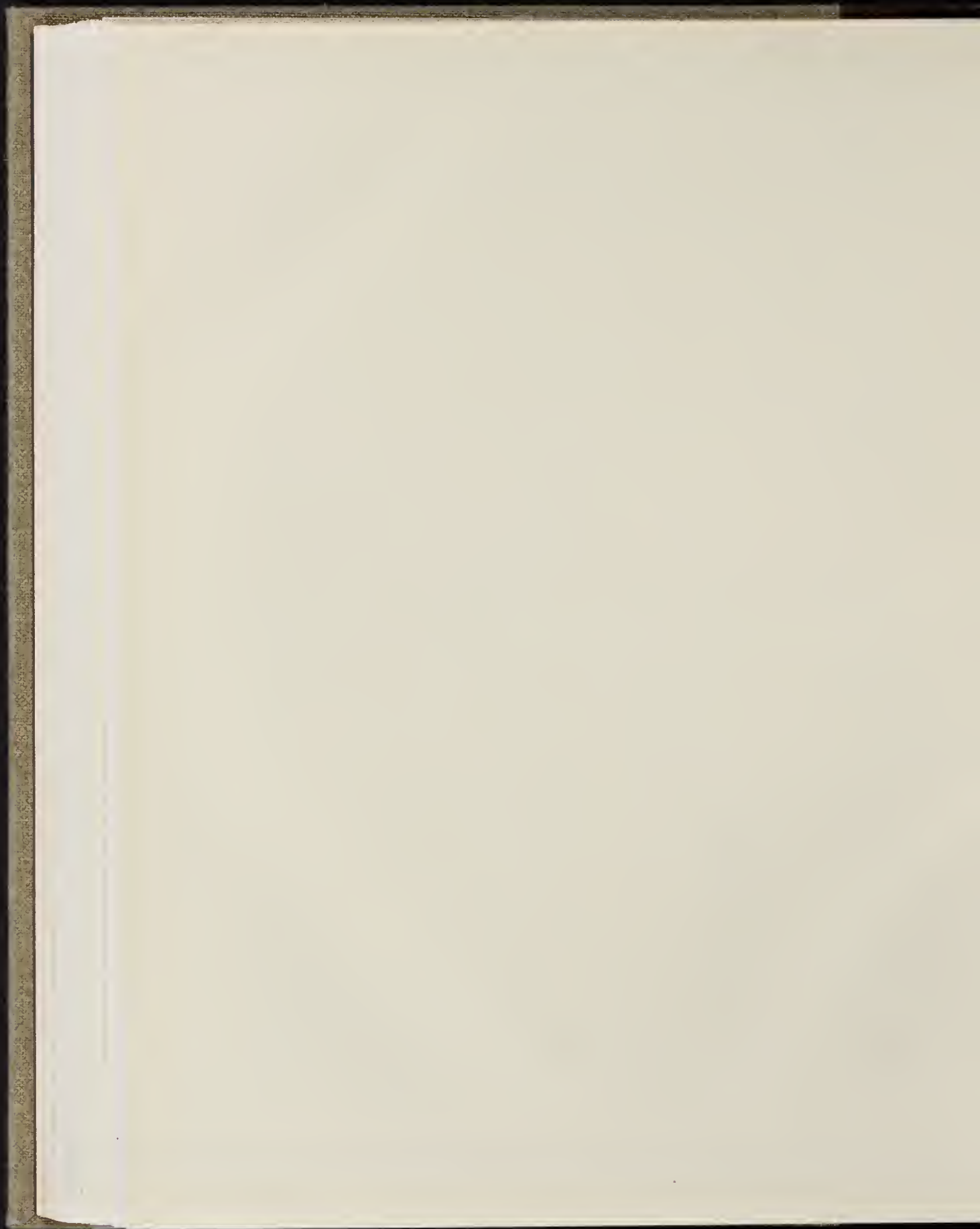
Powell's Walk, Chiswick.

By Edward C. Clifford, R. I.

Annandale House, where Hume is said to have acted as guardian to the young Marquis of Annandale, stood in the High Road. The "Old Packhorse," though it has modern additions, dates back to the early part of the seventeenth century, and as an inn has been used by such different people as Horace Walpole, Jonathan Wild, and Charles Dickens. The "Prince of Wales" is probably Georgian, and a shop in the same building still has a perfect example of the bay window of small panes. The "Windmill" has recently been rebuilt—the former building was standing when the windmill shown in Ogilby's survey still stood on Turnham Green, as it bore a sundial on its front dated 1717. On the east end of the river frontage—Chiswick Mall—stand several eighteenth century (and earlier) houses: notably Walpole House, where it is said Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, passed the last years of her life and died in 1709. This house was chosen by Thackeray for the scene of Miss Pinkerton's academy, and his initial letter to the first chapter of "Vanity Fair" shows the gate with the Sedley family coach come to fetch Amelia and her friend Becky. Less aristocratic in the style of its buildings, the western end of the river front—Strand-on-Green—remains one of the quaintest old-world spots near London, and can have been but little changed since Zoffany lived there. A long pathway by the river bank, on the one side houses, cottages, and boat-building sheds; on the other the tideway, with all the bustle of loading and unloading barges, repairing, tarring, and generally renovating the various craft.

There is not space in these notes to catalogue the scattered work of former times to be found in the parish, for if there be little as it was when Prince Rupert was defeated on Turnham Green, still much remains the same as when Rousseau stayed in Chiswick Lane, to be near Dr. Rose, or when Pope lived with his father in Mawson Row, which house—still standing—was called by Hogarth, in his drawing of it, 'Mr. Ranby's house at Chiswick.'





Arthur Tomson.

ARTHUR TOMSON, a memorial exhibition of whose pictures and drawings was, fitly, organised at the Baillie Gallery, was of those who follow the ancient road which, fresh-green to-day as thousands of years ago, leads to an illimitable kingdom. Loving the beauty in earth and sky and sea, in the images of life that greeted him everywhere, he passed from the shadow to a fuller apprehension of the radiance. But there was danger lest, for the present, at any rate, the pictorial fruitage of that love should be incompletely garnered. Those, then, who for long have recognised the finely reverent temper in which Arthur Tomson worked, welcomed this record of his endeavours. A word as to the catalogue. It contains the titles, not only of the seventy-one exhibits, but, save for a few omissions, of the works by which the artist was represented at the Academy, the New Gallery, the New English Art Club, of which he was an early member, the Pastel Society, the R. B. A. and the Grosvenor Gallery, though not the International Society, to which once or twice he sent; also of his pictures in the Staats Forbes, the Alexander Young, and other collections. The 'Note' by Mrs. Pennell, opposite the reproduction of the Hollyer portrait, is a beautifully simple, heart-felt appreciation free from fulsome praise.

Arthur Tomson did not seek to impose himself upon nature, but rather to unite with her. That is the way of ever-deepening and intensifying wonder, the only truly illuminative way, even though many of its early results are tentative and lack a certain forcefulness. The vigorous setting forth of what we call personality may be attained at too great a cost. In Arthur Tomson's sympathetic monograph on Millet we read "of an absolute self-surrender in the presence of nature, and of the revelations that follow such a surrender . . . of some new message that appears to have come almost from the heavens." The sunshine and showers, the storms and menacing shadows of life, which, as

Jean François pointed out, cause an artist to express himself most poignantly, show him who endures them—again to quote from Tomson's book—"that Nature was now ready to provide him with a new sort of intimacy, that she was ready to converse with him, to take him to her arms as a friend." Mrs. Pennell says that one cannot look at the picture left unfinished on the easel, or at the vivid little sketches of sea and shore made on the Dorset coast two summers ago, "without a regret for the more there might have been, had death but passed him by a little longer and spared him to complete his life's work." Many of the pictures testify to a vision steadfast to an ideal of harmony and peace, whether in fugitive or more stable aspects of nature. The rhythmic drama of the seasons, with its times of florescence, recorded, for instance, in 'Apple Blossom,' of in-gathering, as in 'An August Night,' of decay, were themes whose significance and beauty increasingly haunted the artist. In a mood of contemplation he watched the shepherd and his flock on some hillside, gravely silhouetted against the sky, patient oxen ploughing the brown earth on an upland, labourers in the harvest field, a rickyard under a canopy of blue gleam with stars, a chalk pit or serene hollow of the Downs, gardens with stately trees and bright flowers; or he would turn to note the lithe elegance of the cat, or to rejoice in the sight of translucent waters, at their unceasing and priest-like task. Two of the most important—and the best—of the pictures are 'The Happy Valley' and the unfinished 'Coming Storm,' exhibited at the New English Art Club respectively in the spring of 1901 and the autumn of 1905. Many pass through or live in such a valley unseeing—we are slow to respond to the infinite voices of nature; but, through delicate surety of perception, Arthur Tomson convinces us that in its essentials this pastoral is true to England, true to the Dorset Downs country, true to the transfiguring light of late afternoon, whose influence is about the leafy elms,

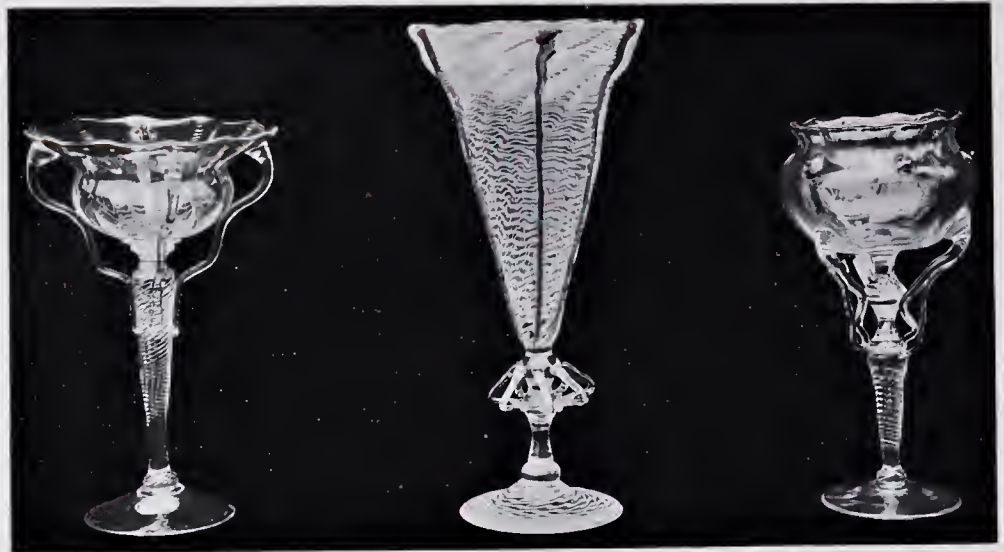
about the fine gold of the high-piled harvest waggon, and, shadowed, about the semicircle of trees in that quiet amphitheatre of hills. In the dramatic 'Coming Storm' the cry for light wins a different response. The towering cloud cannot completely shut from the earth the glory of light in the upper sky; for near its base the cloud is pierced with a radiance, and so, imaginatively, earth is linked to heaven. It is not an unfounded fancy, surely, to regard this as Arthur Tomson's final message: a hint of celestial and terrestrial unity. He seems to have had a glimpse of the transcendency proclaimed by a seer of old, "there is nought that is not image of the good."



(Baillie Gallery.)

The Happy Valley.

By Arthur Tomson.



(S.K.)

Designs for Glass Table Ware.

By Frederick Noke (Stourbridge).

Arts and Crafts: Students' Work.

IN July, as usual, the officially-approved result of a year's work in the provincial art schools and classes under the direction of the Board of Education was arranged at South Kensington, and, in the same month, the London

County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts held its tenth annual exhibition of students' work. In connection with students' exhibitions, in even greater measure than in the consideration of other collections of modern crafts, one has to relate what is done, not to the perfection of the craft in times of its full relation to the life of time and place, but to the condition of production. The dignified creation of the master-craftsman, the strenuous skill of the journeyman, the directed and eager industry of the apprentice, combined in one dedicated endeavour for the beautifying of life, wrought masterpieces that cannot be remembered beside our modern productions without discovering in most of them rather the precarious and self-conscious attempt to be individual, than the full communion of inspired art. Yet the organisations that ensured the training and position for this fine craftsmanship failed to influence even the beginnings of the industrial and social changes which have wrought our present civilisation, and were swept away as obstacles to individual and social development.

The modern craft-renaissance, our various efforts to relate industry and art, and art with the needs of men, struggled into being under the tyranny of those forces which in their beginning had crushed the craft-guilds, with all the strength of tradition and association to support them. Its work is attempted through difficulties that have not been encountered in any previous period of art. The value of the arts and crafts, as they are developed in our midst to-day, is not limited to their intrinsic value as works of art, easily minimised by comparison with works of a great creative



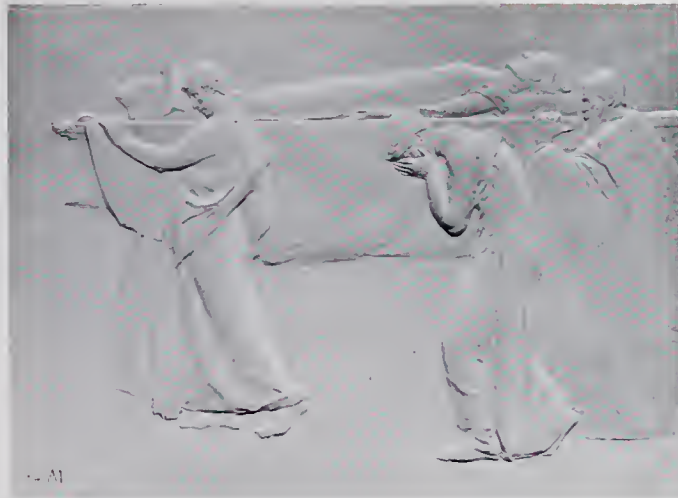
Design for an Illuminated Manuscript.

(S.K.)

By Elizabeth Nisbet (Newcastle-on-Tyne).



Modelled Design for Panel
of Cabinet.
(L.C.C.)
By E. J. Minihane.



(S.K.)

Design for a Memorial Tablet.
By Dora Whittingham (Lambeth).

period. It is only to be gauged by seeing them as illustrative of a tendency whose fulfilment will be in the renewed ascendancy of beauty in skilful production, and in art which shall know no exclusions, or degrees of honour, but the essential one of rejecting altogether what is ill done, or not worth doing.

In looking at students' work the aesthetic standard of criticism must necessarily be firmly conditioned by the cir-

cumstances of production. At its best the craftsmanship of the schools is, and should be, preparatory only for the real craftsmanship. In the individual exhibits one looks to find honest and patient workmanship, an intelligent appreciation of the model, here and there invention which shows that more has been seen in the material than was pointed out, and that acquired expression has a personal deflection. In the exhibition as a whole the range of things attempted, the appreciation of various styles, readiness to work towards



(S.K.)

Design for Stained Glass.
By Ida L. Kay (Birmingham).



(S.K.)

Majolica Tiles.
By Frank Allen (Burslem).



(L.C.C.)
Enameled Plaque.
By H. Bannister.



(L.C.C.)
Silver Casket.
By Albert J. Wilkins.

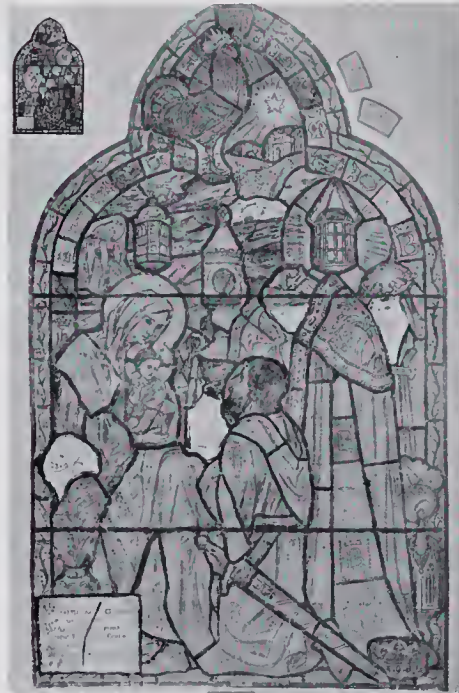


Music Cabinet in Ebony, Ivory
and Satinwood.
(L.C.C.)
By J. H. W. Brandt.

using an opportunity furnished by some neglected branch of craftsmanship, or, still more important, to co-operate with local industries, enforcement of responsibility towards materials and methods of production, are various points by which judgment must be guided.

Besides these considerations and before them, one has to take into account the special constitution of the school or organisation, in what relation it stands to the larger world of art and industry which it is its mission to affect. The two

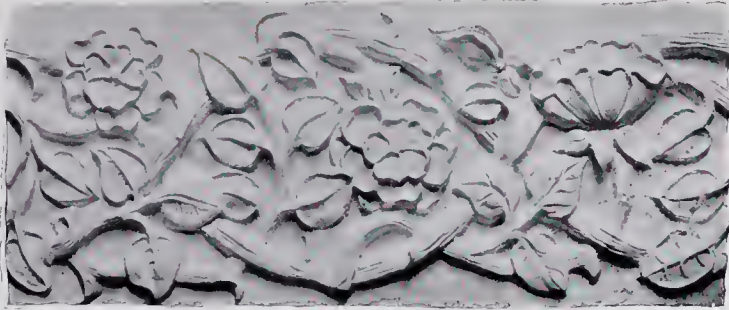
exhibitions at South Kensington and Regent Street are, from this point of view, not usefully to be compared. The Board of Education organises art-teaching to apply fine art to industry, and introduces technical instruction only as an advanced phase of the training. The Technical Education Board of the London County Council provides instruction in those branches of design and manipulation which directly bear on the artistic trades and primarily gives that teaching to trade-workers.



(S.K.)
Design for Stained Glass.
By Bertram Lamplugh (Birmingham).



(L.C.C.)
Embroidered Table Cover.
By Ethel M. G. Simonds.



(L.C.C.)

Modelled Prize: "The Rose."

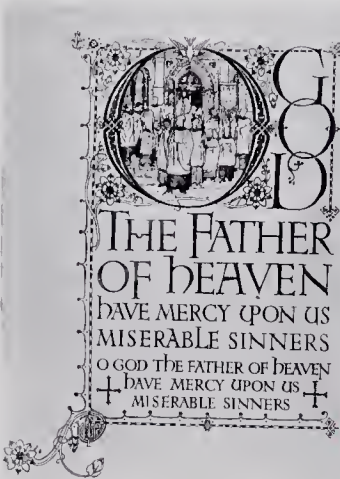
By L. McDonald Gill.



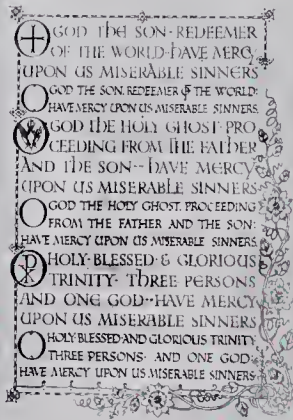
(S.K.)

Carved Wood Figure.

By Norah L. Smythe
(Liverpool).



(S.K.)



Illuminated Book: "The Litany."

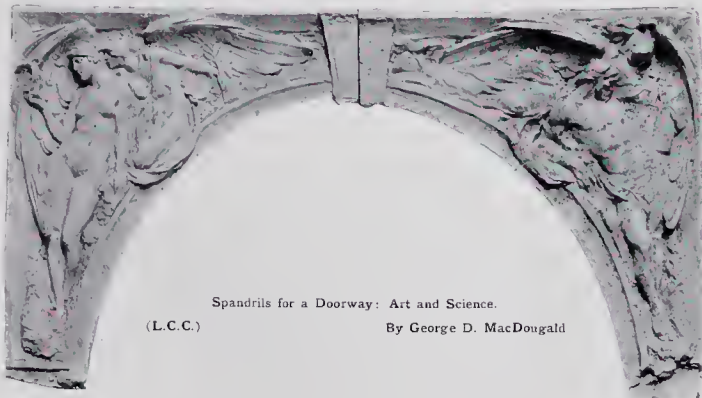
By Ivy E. Harper (Birmingham).



(L.C.C.)

Stained Glass Panel.

By Mabel Esplin.



Spandriis for a Doorway: Art and Science.

(L.C.C.)

By George D. MacDougald



(L.C.C.) Silver Chalice.
By H. P. Jacobs.

It follows that only a proportion of the 1,180 works which have gained medals or distinction in the National Competition are within the present subject, and of these a considerable number are essays in design, whereas at Regent Street the exhibition was almost entirely of arts and crafts, few designs being shown except in relation to the executed work. So that to compare the exhibitions as a whole would be wide of the mark. Only in the crafts which were represented in both places one may usefully, at times, note different tendencies of design and execution, and place these differences in some relation to each other.



(S.K.) Design for an Altar Cross.
By Mary Barber (Newcastle-on-Tyne).



(L.C.C.) Embroidered Bag.
By Dorothea Garbe.

It is only recently that any comparison could have been instituted. This year's collection at South Kensington represented craft-teaching with remarkable variety, and the awards emphasised the fuller encouragement given to applied art, in contradistinction to mere design. Ten gold medals were awarded, and of these seven were gained for designs executed in material, and one for a design for machine lace, where, of course, execution by the student is out of the question. Such a percentage shows the hopeful increase in appreciation of the practical function of design by examiners and its influence on teachers and students, and the exhibition as a whole fulfilled the impression of a livelier usefulness in the National Competition and all its works. Not only in quantity, but in the still more important particulars of variety, both in manner and matter, the 1906 collection furthered hope for the future of the applied arts in England. In pottery, decorative sculptures, enamelling, embroidery, calligraphy and illumination, there were examples of genuine interest, suggesting individual perception to a marked extent. Stained glass was almost entirely represented by the considerable exhibit from Margaret Street, Birmingham, and that fact prevented this splendid



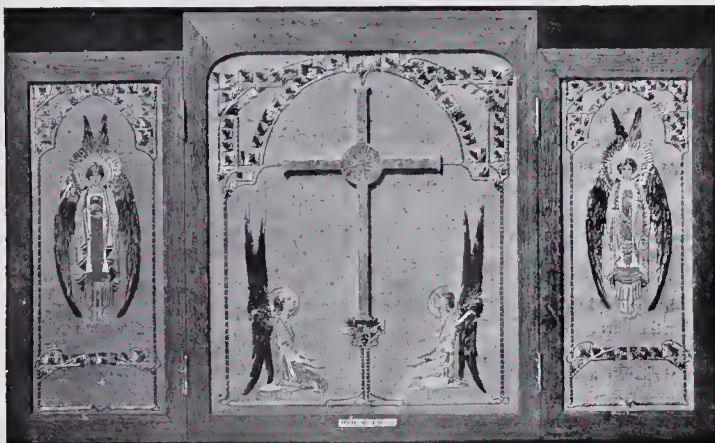
(S.K.) Design for a Woven Silk Hanging,
By Stanley B. Potter (Macclesfield).



(L.C.C.) Embroidered MS. Cover,
By Margaret Rooke.



(L.C.C.) Modelled Frieze,
By Gustave Garbe.



(S.K.) Embroidered Panels of a Triptych,
By Elspeth C. Clarke (Clapton).



(L.C.C.) Silver Cup and Cover,
By R. A. Jacobs.
2 0



(L.C.C.)
Pendant in Silver and Enamel.
By Elizabeth M. Booth.

craft from showing in the variety that one hopes it may develop. The last word in stained glass was not Gothic, and it is to be wished that other schools less devoted to the tradition which lived again in Morris may, before next year, prove able to exhibit beside Birmingham. A larger show of table-glass—though still disappointingly small—a numerous collection of jewellery and metal-work, of commendable quality, fair designs for textiles—with the exception of carpets—wall-papers, stencil hangings and printed dress materials, were other good features of the exhibition. Book-binding was among the comparative failures of the year, the tendency being towards design that lacks coherence in its elaboration, and the employment of heavy tools. Book-illustration, though plentiful, is still a continuation of impulses that have had their best expression, and typography, though fair, was behind lettering in regard for the harmony of the page. Design for hand-made lace was not interesting, and, though a gold medal went to design for lace-curtains, and the appropriateness to a net-fabric of Percy Bignall's pattern deserved an award, not even in his work is there any evidence of a vivid outlook on nature as the inspiration of floral designs. The border of bamboo has no obvious connection with the light sprays that bend towards the centre of the

curtain, and the medallions, though effective, are rather an addition than an evolution. Furniture, both in decoration and construction, was another unsuccessful class, and with the exception of the two carved figures by Norah L. Smyth, which, executed appropriately to tools and material were a reasonable, if not impressive, conception, there was little carving that was even sound students' work.

The ceramic group from the Burslem and Hanley Art Schools was one of the most significant and vital in the galleries. The work shown is the result of a sequent system of art-training which has for its chief aim the improvement of the local potteries. That this end is attained without cramping the development of the artist no one who realises the qualities necessary to the highest achievements of the potter will need to be told. Two of the gold-medal works, the Sun-dial by Harold Brownsword, of Hanley, and Francis Von Hallen Phillips' (Burslem) Pottery Colbel are, in fact, ceramics of the most difficult kind, and for the modelling of the figures which formed the decoration a sculptor's training is needed. The vigour of Mr. Phillips' work, and the fortunate relation of the figures was particularly noticeable. In Mr. Brownsword's the basic figure was admirable, and the disposition of the Three Fates rhythmic, but the figure in low relief to the right had a shrunken arm, and the addition of copper scissors, and wire to the Fates was an unfortunate triviality. The majolica tiles of William Sydney Machin which also won a gold medal, and the less happily distributed but bold design of Frank Allen, are admirable examples of one of the most successful industries of the school. The application to architecture was notably considered in the general disposition of Mr. Machin's designs. The raised line is one of the most effective methods in use at Burslem, but sgraffito tiles, and a variety of decorations applied to table pottery showed the versatility of the school.

The Burslem, Hanley and Stoke-on-Trent exhibits are significant examples of concentration. Birmingham, whose schools contribute, besides the stained glass, Gertrude May Hart's jewel-like little enamel 'War,' where the use of the flesh tints, of the bronze horses and purples are admirably effective, Miss Harper's illuminated 'Litany,' a remarkable exhibit of jewellery, metal-work, and a variety of works in ivory, leather and wood, is perhaps the most remarkable example in variety of craftsmanship, while yet, in the stained glass, jewellery and goldsmithery, it maintains its lead over the schools. Miss Kay, whose ingenuity of design continues to be more noticeable than her colour-skill, and Mr. Lamplugh, whose work though technically in advance of last year is, in design, less striking, remain the foremost exhibitors in stained glass. Miss Harper's book, as an example of the harmonious use of black and gold, and in the lettering is of remarkable beauty. The filling of the initial letter is, however, not above the level of ordinary illustration. The Newark, Leicester, the Nottingham School, where the applied sculpture of Charles Doman continues to be prominent, were among other successfully represented schools, as were Liverpool and Leeds. The calm and serious design of Dora Whittingham's modelled design for a memorial panel, and Elspeth Clarke's embroidered triptych are individual and graceful works which do the Clapton and Lambeth schools honour. This embroidery, where brilliant-winged angels adore the golden



(S.K.) Design for a Silver-Gilt Censer.
By Walter Hopper (Sheffield).



(S.K.) Pottery Corbel.
By F. van Hallen Phillips (Burslem).



(L.C.C.) Hand-Tooled Binding.
By H. E. Burchell.



(L.C.C.) Hand-Tooled Binding (back unfinished).
By W. H. Green.



Pendant in Silver
and Opals.
(L.C.C.)
By Nancy Agar.

cross, their gold-threaded vestments, and the gold-stemmed vine delicately splendid, is as noteworthy an example of modern embroidery as one has seen for long. The exquisitely wrought square of ecclesiastical embroidery by Rose Evans of the Camberwell School, which won a silver medal, is a fit second to it, and represents with distinction a school that shows delicate embroidery. Anything like detailed notice of the exhibition is impossible, even if it were desirable. But, in conclusion, the merits of the graceful design for a woven silk hanging in delicate sheeny colours by Stanley B. Potter of Macclesfield, Mary Barber's enamelled altar cross, an effective

and finely-worked piece from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Miss Guggenheim's silver repoussée buckle may be noted.

At Regent Street the collection included book-binding, lettering and illumination, silversmith's work and jewellery, engraving, stained glass, cabinet work, carving and gilding, tambour lace, embroidery, miniature-painting, design for wall-papers, and modelling for architecture and other purposes. The stained glass panel of Maud Esplin, in colour and the treatment of the face, had both dignity and richness, but in the feet of this figure and in the clumsy extremities of a cartoon for 'A Song of Earth,' otherwise a vigorous example of domestic design, there was matter for comment. Crafts belonging to book-production are an important part of the work done in the school, and with the instalment of the classes in the new building in Kingsway extension of this work to cover the complete art is to ensue. The book-binding showed on the whole a less high standard of craftsmanship than one expects, though the

interlaced pattern of a volume of Doré, and a large volume treated in inlay, were admirable technically, while in colour the tooled purple leather book of Mr. Green, with red inlay, and the gold on buff of Mr. Burchell's pleasant design were also distinctive. Miss Lessore's intricate unfinished page, and Miss Anna Simon's graceful and unhackneyed work, were among individual examples of book-illumination. Miss Bayes continues to show her bright work in illumination and gilding, though one has ceased to look on her as a student.

The jewellery of last year was enriched by the work of Mr. Bonnor. His place is not filled, though Miss Agar showed a necklace of extreme elaboration, and, as in the enamel of the lamb, of considerable technical accomplishment. But in colour symbolism rather than design appears to be considered, and the whole effect is too complicated. Miss Agar's simpler work, enamelled jewellery by Miss Booth and Miss Zompolides, and a square in translucent enamel by H. Bannister were noticeable. Besides the Gothic reliquary, which showed a delicate compactness of design, delicately executed, the silversmithing was not specially noteworthy. That, of course, is not to dismiss it as unimportant. Class-work, when once a standard of execution is expected, will only occasionally furnish matter for special comment.

Considerable vigour and freedom of design characterised the modelled friezes of Mr. Gustave Garbe, and Mr. Gill, and, as sketches, the designs of Mr. McDonald have considerable effectiveness. Mr. Minihane's panels, in a more restrained kind, are pleasant. Embroidery of delicacy and charm by Miss Lessore, who is one of the rare inventors, the embroidered book-cover, delightful in pale, fair colour, of Miss Rooke, Miss Dorothea Garbe's bright design, and the unobtrusive, but finely worked border of Miss Ethel Simmonds, the carving and gilding of Mr. Gill, and well-finished cabinet-work should also be noticed in an exhibition which always maintains a standard of craftsmanship whose issue has already been considerable in the world outside the school, where the value of the teaching and learning is finally tested.

Mr. Alexander Young's Picture Gallery.

GIGANTIC art "deals" have been a feature of 1906. The biggest on record, so far as money is concerned, was carried through at the very end of the London season, when the 680 or so pictures and drawings brought together with so sure an instinct for what is good by Mr. Alexander Young of Blackheath were acquired by Messrs. Agnew, with whom Messrs. Wallis of the French Gallery were associated. Mr. Young, a member of the well-known firm of accountants, was far in advance of the multitude who now sing the praises of the Barbizon painters. Three decades and more ago he acquired noble examples at a fraction of the prices that to-day rule. What he has sold for close on half a million sterling cannot have cost anything approximating to that.

From time to time Mr. Young has lent some of his fine

pictures to exhibitions. A good many were in Paris in 1900, thirteen in Glasgow in 1901, about twenty—including twelve by Israels—at the Dutch exhibition at the Guildhall in 1903, where five years earlier were some of the gems of the Barbizon section. Corot's large and superb 'Le Lac,' painted in the sixties, one of the most important of his familiar works, through the etching of Chauvel, passed out of the artist's possession into that of M. Brun, from whose widow Mr. Young acquired it. There are in all about fifty Corots, among them 'Les Baigneurs,' 'The Bent Tree,' 'La Prairie.' The Millets include a version of 'Hagar and Ishmael,' of which the large version is in the Mesdag collection, 'Solitude,' a snow landscape, and 'The Little Shepherdess.' A small but beautiful Troyon is 'The Goose Girl,' 12 by 9 in., for which the artist is said to have received about £40.

It is now worth far more than the 1,550 gs. paid for it in the Mièville sale, 1899. 'L'Orage' of Diaz, which was at the Guildhall and at Glasgow, is another of the master-works of the collection. Then, there are admirably represented Daubigny, Rousseau, Dupré, Jacque, Harpignies, and one or two others.

Passing to the Dutch pictures, we find a splendid series by Israëls, several belonging to the very best period, 'The

Bridge,' by James Maris, which attracted so much attention at the Guildhall, where it was given a place of honour, and good pictures by William Maris, Bosboom, and some of the later generation of artists. It is to be hoped, though it does not seem probable, that certain of the pictures will go to the nation. The Art-Collections Fund cannot very well move until the balance on the Rokeby Venus is cleared off.

London Exhibitions.

THE last exhibition of the season at the Leicester Galleries, like several of its predecessors, was genuinely attractive. The fifteen pictures by Eugène Boudin (1824-1898) admirably represented the art of one who gained pictorial sovereignty over the grey day, the hours of tempered sunlight. Corot called the penetrative Rousseau eagle-sighted, and Boudin King of the Heavens. For Boudin the veils of grey descended not as a heavy pall but as a symbol of solace, as something ineffable in the light of common day. The silvery gleams are to his art what the threads of gold are to the mystic art of Blake. The serene sky bends to earth and quiet water, with the artist as the living link, so to say, between them. Boudin's harmonies are subtle, his contrasts sure. The 'Plage de Trouville,' 1867, with its lovely wreath of figures in the surf, its white bathing machines, is unusually gay. Then there were the 'Anvers,' 1876, dignified and sympathetic, the 'Port d'Anvers,' with its exquisite treatment of water, the broadly-painted 'Camaret,' more dramatic than was Boudin's custom, and the small 'Entrée du Port de Havre,' where the little waves leap in response to the wind. On the opposite wall were some "impressions" by M. Albert Lebourg, whom it is difficult to accept at the enthusiastic estimate of Mr. Wynford Dewhurst. We are assured that he is of the elect and truly inspired, that his best works represent the quintessence of art—no more, no less. In the Hogarth Room were about 100 drawings, a noble Turner, and others by Cox, Thomas Collier, Albert Goodwin, Ruskin, Harpignies, and Kate Greenaway. Allusion should be made, too, to the exhibition at the Old Water-Colour Society's of pictures and drawings by the young Dutchman, Evert Moll, who was recently elected to the Pastel Society. He is dexterous, but his work lacks the authority of Jacob Maris, from whose influence he has not emerged.

At the Fine Art Society's there was a show of etchings,

paintings, studies, by one of the most technically efficient and resourceful of living artists: Mr. William Strang, who in the spring was elected an Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy. Probably no such representative collection had before been brought together in London. The exhibitions at the Gutekunst Gallery in 1900 and 1901 were of etchings exclusively, while that at Mr. Van Wisselingh's in the autumn of 1904 was of drawings and etchings only. In Bond Street there were about sixty-five of the 480 or so of his etchings. Then there were skilled portrait-drawings founded on the famous Holbeins at Windsor, adventures in goldpoint and water-colour, and, conspicuously, some characteristic examples in oils, two of which were intended for the Royal Academy of 1906. Potent influences like those of Watts, Millet, Legros, are apparent; and as yet, at any rate, these influences are often imperfectly assimilated. In pictures like 'Evening,' however, of a mother and two children, the design is kept large, massive, and there are admirable passages of rose and amber and green, of blue and deeper red. Mr. Strang is accomplished and learned, and has abounding energy; he delights to explore the possibilities of this or that material. His belief in his power to win to expressiveness, of the monumental and the grotesque, even of the uni-



(Leicester Gallery.)

La Plage de Trouville.

By E. Boudin.

versal, linked with his proficiency, make him a force in modern art.

Sir William Eden, fifty-three of whose delightful water-colours were brought together in Grafton Street, is a gifted amateur. His work is marked by refinement almost to the point of fastidiousness, delicacy of sight, an avoidance, as though there was something ill-bred in it, of the deeply, passionately searched. Something he has learned, no doubt, from 'The Butterfly' with whom he had a historic

difference; more, probably, from Japanese art, the source from which each drew. His reticence is in contrast with much of the assertive art of to-day. There may be specially noticed the 'Cadogan Place,' with a patterning of trees in the foreground, the 'Villa d'Este' boldly silhouetted against a saffron sky, an eloquent study of an oriental vase, with notes of rose and green, and a blithe 'Bognor,' where the pier, tipped with pale green, runs out into the blue sea.

Passing Events.

THE following results have been determined by the Judge in the Competition for black-and-white drawings illustrating R. L. Stevenson's 'Arabian Nights.' First Prize to Mr. Henri van Raalte for his drawing reproduced on page 287; Second Prize to Miss Nellie E. Isaac (p. 286); Third Prize to Miss Gladys Shortridge (p. 288). Consolation Prizes have been awarded to Miss Barbara Collingwood, Mr. Clark Kennedy, Mr. F. P. Newbould, Mr. Veranzio Zollo and Mr. Walter Crittall.

JULES BRETON, who died early in July, was for many years one of the idols of the French people. Born at Courrières in 1827, he was brought up in the country, and became the popular delineator of rustic charm and beauty. Théophile Gautier, writing in 1861, called him a true artist, one who comprehended the grave, serious and vigorous

poetry of the country, and expressed it with love, respect and sincerity. Gautier even suggests that Breton was comparable with Millet, who interpreted the grandeur, the sanctity of labour. But Jean François was nearer the truth when he said that Breton's girls are "too pretty to remain in the country." Hammerton, writing of 'La Bénédiction des blés,' in 1857, now in the Luxembourg, hailed him as a true painter, with "an infusion of delicate humour which realises our sympathies at once." In January, 1899, Breton was elected an Honorary Foreign Member of the Royal Academy, obtaining thirty-seven votes to the eighteen of his countryman, M. Dagnan Bouveret. The same evening there was one scratching for a third French artist, Rosa Bonheur. But Breton never sent to Burlington House. There are four pictures by him in the Luxembourg, the earliest being 'Le Rappel des Glaneuses,' 1853.



(2nd Prize.)

Providence and the Guitar.

By Nellie E. Isaac.

MR. GILBERT FOSTER, R.B.A., who died at Halton, near Leeds, on July 3, at the age of fifty-one, was the son of a portrait-painter of Birkenhead. For some years he was art-master at the Leeds Grammar School. Possessors of Mr. Algernon Graves' *Royal Academy Exhibitors* should note that "William Gilbert Foster" (p. 147) and "Gilbert Foster" (p. 145), who figure separately, are one and the same person. In this year's R.A. were two water-colours by him.

MR. WILLIAM DAY, who died at the advanced age of eighty-three, was one of the oldest publishers and printers in London. The Day firm, lithographers to Queen Victoria, issued Roberts' *Holy Land* and many other art books. One daughter of Mr. Day married Dr. W. G. Grace.



(1st Prize.)

The Suicide Club.

By Henri van Raalte.

THE sudden death of the Bishop of Truro recalls the occurrence at Christie's last year of his fine and unusually complete collection of engraved portraits after pictures by Lawrence, many of them presented to the Bishop's father, Mr. William Gott, by Sir Thomas. Of those not so presented, several showed enormous profits, for the prices originally paid happened to be pencilled on them. There were, for instance, 'Lady Dover and Child,' 150 gs. (cost 4 gs.), 'Lady Grey and Children,' 115 gs. (cost 3 gs.), 'Miss Julia Peel,' 62 gs. (cost 3 gs.). Several pictures by Lawrence were among the Gott heirlooms, sold by auction in 1897. The Bishop of Truro then bought 'Benjamin Gott,' Mayor of Leeds in 1799, 1,650 gs., and the companion portrait of his wife, 850 gs. He lent both to the Old Masters' Exhibition of 1904.

HAPPILY, there seems to be a hope that Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, 'The Lady of Shalott,' finished in 1905, will be secured for the Tate Gallery, where is no example by him. But his many admirers must make a determined and united effort. Before the House of Lords' Committee Mr. Claude Phillips spoke of the lack of a Holman Hunt from the Chantrey collection as "the greatest omission of all, because he is not to be found anywhere, and he played a very great part in British art." The Shalott picture, the verisimilitude of the cracks in whose shattered mirror has deceived many observers, is based, of course, on the lovely drawing made for the famous Tennyson of 1857,

which the poet criticised for alleged departure from the text. Tennyson was not in that case swift to countenance interpretative work based on his own.

THE marriage on July 24 of Lady Mary Acheson with the Hon. Robert Ward served to remind many of Mr. Sargent's group, seen at the 1902 Academy, of Lady Mary and her two sisters, in white, grouped about a jardinière, from which springs a heavily-laden orange-tree. It is a "grand style" Sargent. Earlier in July, Phyllis, the elder daughter of Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., was married to Mr. Basil Aird Whittaker Ellis, and on the 18th the only daughter of Mr. F. D. Millet married the only son of Mr. Edward Adlard, of Winchcombe.

THE Birmingham Art Gallery has received from a body of subscribers 300 drawings and studies by Millais, Ford Madox Brown, and Frederick Sandys, part of the same collection as was presented in 1903. Again, the New York Metropolitan Museum has lately received its first Whistler. It is a gift from Mr. H. C. Fahnestock, who obtained this 'Falling Rocket,' one of the Cremorne series, in London.

SIR THOMAS D. GIBSON-CARMICHAEL received dual honours within about two months. In May he was appointed trustee of the National Portrait Gallery in the stead of Dr. Richard Garnett, in July a trustee of the



(3rd Prize.)

The Suicide Club.

By Gladys Shortridge.

National Gallery in the stead of Sir Charles Tennant. He is the fourteenth baronet, and is in his forty-seventh year. As private secretary to Sir George Trevelyan and the late Earl of Dalhousie when they were Secretaries for Scotland he distinguished himself, and he succeeded Gladstone as M.P. for Midlothian. Sir Thomas is widely known and respected as a connoisseur and a collector of fine, catholic taste. We believe his candidature for the Directorship of the National Gallery was seriously considered. He is an active member of the Burlington Fine Arts Club and wrote on the Objects of Art in Mr. McColl's excellent but unwieldy *Nineteenth Century Art*. At Christie's in 1902 £50,890 was realised for some of Sir Thomas's objects of art, pictures and drawings.

THE late Sir Charles Tennant, whose property has been valued at £3,151,974 gross, left his splendid art collections to his eldest son, to devolve with the title. Apropos, it may be noted that M. Maurice Kann, hardly less famous as an art collector than his brother Rodolphe, left estate in the United Kingdom to the value of £147,246—a fraction only, of course, of his entire possessions.

THE Dulwich gallery was re-opened on July 12 after extensive renovations, inside and out, and improvements to the ventilation. It may be visited on Sunday during September from 2 to 5 P.M. This fine collection in "Alley's College of God's Gift" does not receive anything like the attention it deserves. Gainsborough's superb group, 'The Sisters,' Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell, as girls, recently etched by C. Waltner, alone warrants repeated visits.

THREE important exhibitions have been arranged in Holland in connection with the Rembrandt Tercentenary. Of that organised in Messrs. Frederik Muller's fine new gallery, built on the model of Christie's, an illustrated catalogue has been issued, which among other things contains an admirable portrait by Jacob Backer, belonging to the Church of the Remonstrants.

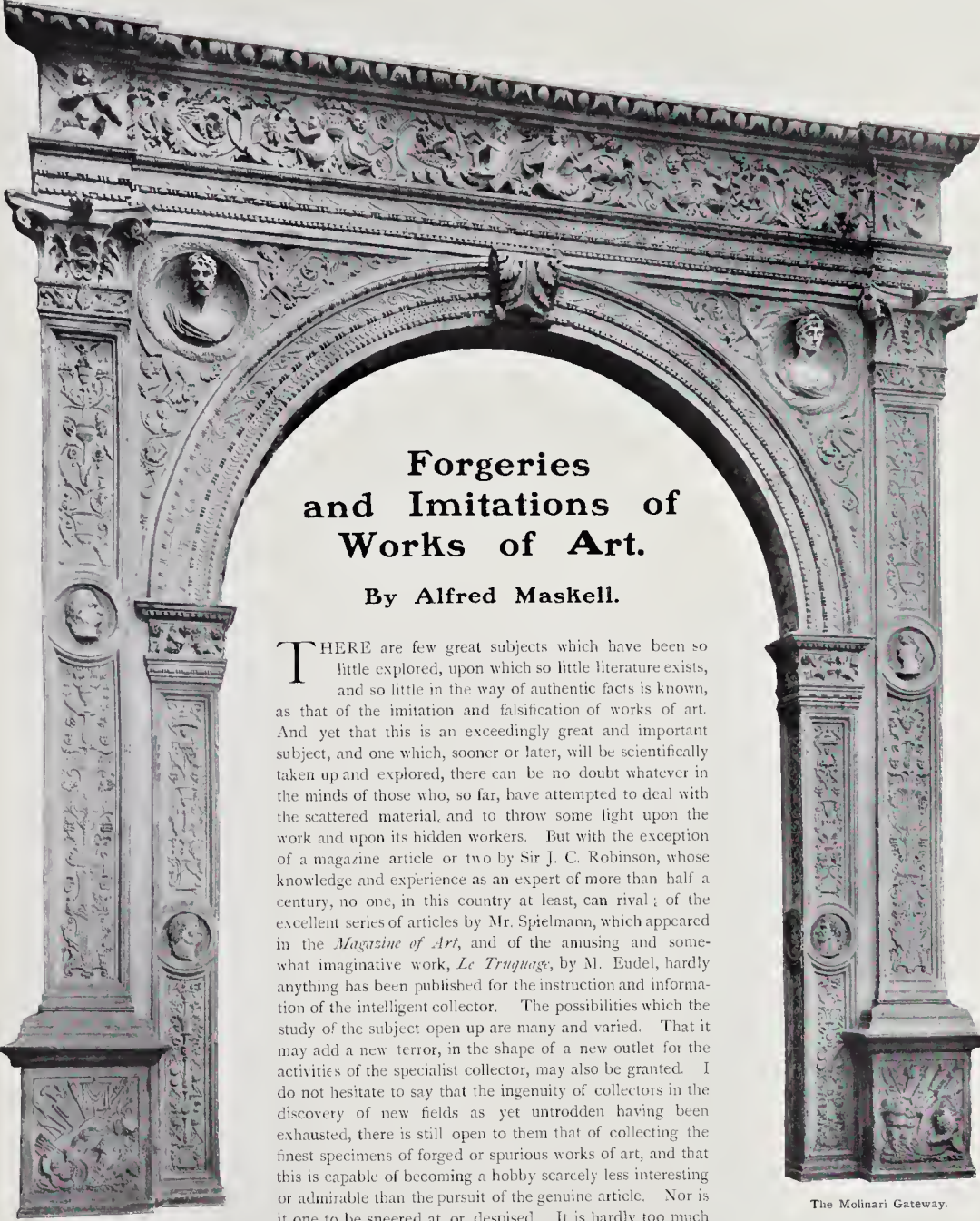
AS was anticipated, Mr. Alfred Beit restored to the National Gallery the masterly group by Reynolds which in 1892 came to the nation under the will of Marianna Augusta, Lady Hamilton. By 1900, however, it was discovered rightfully to belong to the co-heiresses of Sir James Cockburn, and to them it then went. This 'Lady Cockburn and her Children,' 55 by 44 in., was first exhibited at the 1774 Academy, No. 220. Beechey says that when it was brought out in the great room at Somerset House all the artists present were so much impressed by its extraordinary beauty and splendour of effect that they testified their approbation by loud and simultaneous applause. It is one of the few signed pictures of Reynolds, he having placed his name on the edge of Lady Cockburn's robe, remarking, "I shall be handed down to posterity on the hem of your ladyship's garment." Sir Joshua received 175 gs. for the picture, frame included, whereas Mr. Beit gave £22,000 for it to the descendants of those represented.



(Consolation Prize.)

A Lodging for the Night.

By Barbara Collingwood.



Forgeries and Imitations of Works of Art.

By Alfred Maskell.

THERE are few great subjects which have been so little explored, upon which so little literature exists, and so little in the way of authentic facts is known, as that of the imitation and falsification of works of art. And yet that this is an exceedingly great and important subject, and one which, sooner or later, will be scientifically taken up and explored, there can be no doubt whatever in the minds of those who, so far, have attempted to deal with the scattered material, and to throw some light upon the work and upon its hidden workers. But with the exception of a magazine article or two by Sir J. C. Robinson, whose knowledge and experience as an expert of more than half a century, no one, in this country at least, can rival; of the excellent series of articles by Mr. Spielmann, which appeared in the *Magazine of Art*, and of the amusing and somewhat imaginative work, *Le Truquage*, by M. Eudel, hardly anything has been published for the instruction and information of the intelligent collector. The possibilities which the study of the subject open up are many and varied. That it may add a new terror, in the shape of a new outlet for the activities of the specialist collector, may also be granted. I do not hesitate to say that the ingenuity of collectors in the discovery of new fields as yet untrudden having been exhausted, there is still open to them that of collecting the finest specimens of forged or spurious works of art, and that this is capable of becoming a hobby scarcely less interesting or admirable than the pursuit of the genuine article. Nor is it one to be sneered at or despised. It is hardly too much to assert that there have been masters in the art of the *viens neuf* little, if at all inferior to the greatest amongst acknowledged artists. Added to the evidence of the artistic faculty, in the general sense of the term, there is in

South Kensington Museum.

The Molinari Gateway.



Ancient Stone near Oxford
This sketch is humbly dedicated to the Learned
Antiquaries of the University by their
Obedt Serv^t

their work the charm, also, of a marvellous ingenuity—misdirected, no doubt—which will one day form a study of an especial kind of archaeology, open to as great an exercise of tortured conjectures and far-fetched deductions as the most learned German commentator and analyst could possibly desire. Such a pursuit will, before long, have its own literature, its specialist organ and magazine. The field that lies before it in the unmasking and exposure of many a hitherto unsuspected treasure in the great museums and collections of the world is extensive and alluring.

The investigation and study of the history and present position of spurious works of art, of their fabrication and workshops, and of the identification of examples which may be said to be *hors ligne*, are, then, most important and interesting. But an exhaustive inquiry and connected account would require, to undertake them, a man of exceptional knowledge and experience: one not only possessing the talent of ferretting out and discovering the secrets and whereabouts of the most close and wary of corporations, but also an admitted expert in every branch of the history of art.

The manufacture of spurious works of art is no new industry. It has been practised for centuries, and goes back to old Roman and Greek times. From references in classical writings we may learn that imitations of the works of Pheidias and other great sculptors, bearing their forged signatures, were known; and the collector of ancient coins and medals may find amongst his treasures examples which, although very ancient, are at the same time spurious. The pious frauds of mediæval days were more concerned with relics perhaps: still, a certain amount of artistic craft was required to produce even these, and no doubt they abounded. As we come nearer to our own times we find, in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, a rage for everything classical. Statuary had to be supplied; bronzes, and the spoil of tombs and sepulchres. It is appalling to think of the number of coins and engraved gems now snugly enshrined

and, from that fact, authenticated, in the cabinets of museums and great collections throughout the world. For it must be remembered that, so artful has been their manufacture, so accurate the learned attention to every detail, that in numberless cases where their previous history—their *état civil*, in fact—is unknown, it is absolutely impossible to prove their falsity. There was not in earlier days the American millionaire, and the bait of price was not so inciting. Still, there were connoisseurs and collectors of the force of Horace Walpole, of Beckford of Fonthill, of the possessor of Stowe, and the Hamiltons, Bernal Osbornes and Magniacs of nearer our own times. From that famous Hamilton collection and its dispersal, what controversies resulted: what practical lessons still may be gathered from it in the acquisitions by our own great art museum!

In considering the subject of the falsification, or manufacture, of spurious works of art it is necessary to distinguish, and although the term forgery is a convenient one to use, it is not always strictly applicable. In many cases the pseudo-antique is original enough and genuine enough except in regard to its assumed date: or it may be simply a faithful copy, or a copy slightly altered. It is an imitation perhaps, but, although made to deceive, it is more an imitation than a forgery.

There are no doubt many objects in the great museums—say, for example, ivories—which, although probably not exactly what their labels lead us to imagine, are yet of considerable antiquity, and not to be described as intentional forgeries or imitations made to deceive. It can scarcely be denied that, in all countries and in all ages, artists have been accustomed to be inspired by, and to copy, earlier styles and models. When, therefore, we find the style apparently, for instance, of the sculpture of the early Christian sarcophagi we should not be too ready to ascribe to a piece of this character a date of, say, the fifth century and to forget that the line of demarcation between the fashion of one period and another is a very broad one and extremely difficult to define. The dogmatism of German critics who boldly assert that such-and-such a piece belongs not only to such-and-such a century, but is even of its first or last ten years is simply unjustifiable extravagance, nor are their attempts to classify by schools much more convincing.

In addition to the incentive to forgery for the sake of gain, there is also the comic side and the pleasure of hoodwinking. Chatterton's forgeries and the poems of Ossian are well-known instances. Even quotations may be invented: we might almost say forged. By constant reiteration they attain the status of genuine *obiter dicta*. Can any one, for example, identify in the writings of St. Augustine or of Tertullian the famous expression "*credo quia impossibile*" which is so often attributed to one or the other of them? Everybody knows the story of Bill Stumps, his mark. A better and more authentic one is that of the stone of King Harthacnut, supposed to have been found in 1789, in Kennington Lane, and exhibited and learnedly commented upon by the Society of Antiquaries.

It is little wonder that art forgery in modern times is so vigorously pursued, and has itself attained the dignity of a fine art, when we consider the enormous prices given by American millionaires for anything which pretends to the name of antique: prices which in every department of art have, for a time at least, rendered it almost hopeless for

national museums to compete with them. So long as there is a demand, so long will there be a supply. The frauds which are perpetrated range from the poorest class of imitations—for example, the horrors put forth as Tanagra figures, which could hardly deceive the least experienced collector—to masterpieces conceived with the most learned attention to the minutie of style and period: works of genius, in fact, which are calculated to baffle, and do baffle, the most expert. Such things are better done to-day than formerly. In some cases a genuine original is authenticated by its very defects. The skilful imitator is aware of this, and is careful not to betray his work by a too accurate finish and perfection. Anachronisms are, of course, not always absent, but it is not given to every one to be so full of lore on every point as to detect them, except in cases where they are flagrantly apparent. The mass of pseudo-antique that gets home to America in the baggage of the tourist must be stupendous. But the forger no longer so often gives himself away by some glaring inattention to chronological accuracy by the introduction of an unwarranted nimbus, or a date in Arabic numerals before this system of notation was introduced. It is not, however, always the game of the great artist forger or his employer to startle the world by the production of such masterpieces as the Savonarola of Bastianini or the tiara of Koukomovski. Those who run the great factories of such things in Germany, Russia, Italy and France are shrewd enough to know that they do not

cater exclusively for the expert dealers who supply the rich collectors, and that their profits, if less, are more frequent and certain with the tourist. For these it is not so necessary to be cautious, and an error in style, or a hallmark, which would not deceive for a moment the expert, is not of so much importance. Not for them are the fine enamels of Limoges, the pailletted work of the Penicauds or the Courtois. For these the wily forger prepares rather the more ordinary work of Laudin or of Noailher, which suits the ordinary dilettante: or the figures and dials of clocks—duly signed too—for which the dealer

can find sufficiently imposing surroundings in ormolu or bronze.

Too numerous to recapitulate are the tricks by which these spurious productions are palmed off on the unsuspecting traveller. Many of them, indeed, are beginning to be generally known, and to rank but little higher than the confidence trick. Who does not know or has not heard of Clovelly and the Devonshire villages where for years the stock of old blue-and-white and other treasures has been planted and renewed and left ready to be discovered? But the dealer in *faux* has established agencies of the kind in every corner of the civilised world. In the bazaars of Cairo he is there, scarcely disguised at all. You may go to Cyprus, to Corfu, to the Greek islands, and you will find him—in the guise of the humble peasant with the unsuspected treasure which has been in his family for generations. The bazaars of Damascus and of Jerusalem are not innocent of guile of the simplest kind. More than this, the enthusiast may even have a splendidly-arranged ruin opened for him—while he waits, and may make his own finds of sophisticated antiquities of the time of Moses or of the earliest dynasties. As a matter of fact, nearer home it is surprising what numbers of things may be found for you in the shape of pilgrims' signs and the like, when excavations are going on—from the dealer next door.

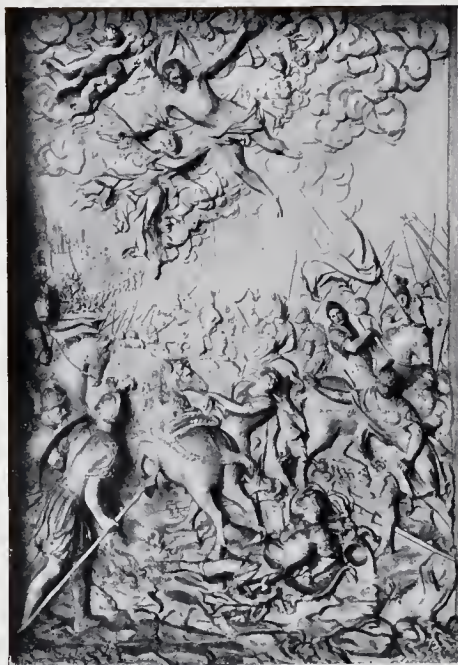
It is true that the *chefs-lieux* of these industries, the artists employed, and their masters the dealers are, for important things, most closely guarded secrets. Some indeed, have, however, achieved a world-wide reputation. It is hardly worth while in a short article to do more than refer, by way of reminder, to the oft-repeated story of Bastianini, the peasant lad, whose genius was exploited by the dealer Freppa; or to Koukomovski, whose tiara of Saitaphernes was believed in by the very highest authorities till almost the last moment—until, in fact, the modern artist revealed himself. Everyone is at liberty to admire to-day in our South Kensington Museum the *chefs*



Leaf of forged Consular Diptych. (The genuine leaf is in the Berlin Museum, the other half at South Kensington).



Leaf of Consular Diptych. South Kensington Museum.



Ivory Plaque. The Conversion of St. Paul. By Antonio Leoni. In the Bavarian National Museum.

d'œuvres of Bastianini, poked away, though they may be, in a dark, ignoble corner; and, after all, though the *savants* of the Louvre were taken in by his Benivieni, it is not true that our Museum authorities were deceived when they paid £350 for the Savonarola which they acquired in 1896 (so the label tells us), twenty-five years after the death of the artist in 1870, when, of course, its origin was well known. Briefly to name a few more distinguished fabricators, it will suffice to mention Marcey, who was especially an adept in the scientific mixture and adaptation of the true and the false; Mariani of Perugia, Danielli, Pietro Faetini, and Pierrat the clever restorer, especially of enamels, noted for having planted on Baron Rothschild, of Paris, 25,000 francs worth of gold and enamelled work, for which he was condemned to fine and imprisonment. In this case the objects purported to be fifteenth century work, but unfortunately the subjects had been copied from antique vases from Herculaneum, only recently discovered. It is said that there was once a famous restorer in the British Museum who could replace in pen-and-ink a page of a printed book. So clever was he, that on one occasion when summoned by the authorities to identify his work, he had to admit that he was unable to detect his own restoration.

Great as may have been the skill of the forger, unrestrained in the enthusiastic praise of his work as may have been the chorus of experts, nothing is more curious than the revulsion of feeling which ensues on his conviction. I have already alluded to the importance of what may be called the *état civil* in establishing in a case of difficulty the genuineness of a work of art. Certainly it is the first question to be

asked and answered, for on that of its intrinsic merits, the most learned experts often differ in the most surprising manner. Mr. Armstrong, Director for Art for the Science and Art Division, put it so strongly, indeed, in his evidence before the Royal Commission as to say that "experts assert very loudly that they know, but nobody knows, and no two people agree." Examples without end could be given. It will suffice to mention the numerous ivories so contemptuously dismissed on very insufficient grounds by the learned M. Didron; the sudden change of front by the conservators of the Louvre concerning the famous 'Vierge Ouvrante,' which, after having had lavished on it for many years the highest admiration of nearly all authorities, has lately been withdrawn from exhibition as a monstrous forgery; the ivory reading-desk, denounced as false by many of the greatest authorities of the Antiquaries' Society, but since purchased by another F.S.A., and esteemed as a treasure; the panels of Vernis Martin from the Hamilton sale, afterwards so curiously mounted in gilt wood as a cabinet; the agate cup from the same sale, still on exhibition at South Kensington, although denounced by Sir J. C. Robinson, in the most scathing terms, as an impudent make-up; the Rossellino bas-relief of the Virgin and Child, about which Sir J. C. R. had no doubt whatever, and considered equal to anything of the kind now extant, but since taken out of the Italian Court and put amongst works of modern Italian art (was the fact of its having been obtained from the notorious Freppa so very convincing?); the famous Oriental brown ware vases and the Wolsey chair, also from the Hamilton collection; the Saitaphernes headdress, and, to end a list which might be much extended, the Molinari gateway, which still occupies a proud position in the South Kensington Italian Court. That a great Palissy dish in the same museum should receive its quietus from an accidental fracture revealing the mark of its modern maker is not surprising; nor, on the other hand, is it so unreasonable that it should until then have sustained its reputation, for it is admitted nowadays that nothing is more easy to forge, and that the imitations made in France from genuine models are absolutely indistinguishable from the ancient examples.

As a matter of fact, there exists no safeguard against the masterpieces of fraud, when the forger himself is an artist and an expert, except that wonderful sixth sense which goes by the name of *flair*, and even this at times makes default. It may be said that no collector of note has escaped, but that at one time or another in his career he has paid for valuable experience: no great public museum which does not possess its closet full of skeletons. It is, however, curious, as against the forger, how often he gives himself away in some minor particulars. The story of the acquisition of a supposed Consular diptych by the museum at Brussels is now some forty years old, and if blame there ever were, none can now reflect on the present authorities. It was a bold stroke of the Liège forger. The discovery of a hitherto unknown Consular ivory would nowadays create a sensation throughout the civilised world, and its price would be fabulous. The Brussels museum gave but £800 for theirs, and in the event recovered their money and kept the diptych. I do not know that, after all, they were so much in default in regard to their judgment. Had it not been for the existence of the two parts of the Leodiense diptych—one at Berlin and one at South Kensington: had

the forger been more astute in the selection of a model, instead of copying, as he foolishly did, a known engraving by Wiltheim, made before a portion of the Kensington leaf had been broken off and lost: had he not forgotten to make the border for the wax, and had he not neglected a minor detail or two, the imitation might have been, perhaps, accepted as a genuine replica by the hand of a less-skilled artist, for we must remember that these diptychs were repeated in considerable quantities.

These are old-time stories, but in order to show how the industry still flourishes, and perhaps to be of some service by putting the travelling public and the modern collector on their guard, it may be worth while to relate a recent instance in which an ivory also figures, although not one of the extremely rare and valuable class to which such things as Consular diptychs and 'Vierges Ouvrantes' belong.

In the spring of 1905, Mr T. Craig-Brown, a well-known Scotch gentleman and collector of objects of art, being on a visit to Italy, and passing through Bellagio, was much struck by what appeared to him to be a very fine ivory shield of large dimensions, which he came across in the establishment of Messrs. Carlo and Rudolpho Subert, antiquity dealers of that town. The shield, illustrated on this page, measured something over three feet in height, with a corresponding breadth. The story told to Mr. Craig-Brown was, that it had been the property of the reigning Duke of Parma, that it had been presented to one of his ancestors by the Royal family of England (it will be observed that the English royal arms on the top are of Tudor style), and that it had been in his family ever since. The price asked, or eventually agreed upon, was £400. On the assurance of Messrs. Subert, afterwards repeated in letters which passed between the parties, that they possessed and would produce the documents necessary to establish the genuineness of the shield, Mr. Craig-Brown agreed to purchase it, and it was carefully packed and despatched to his residence at Selkirk. Incidentally it may be said here—for the story is too long to recount in all its details—that by the Italian law, works of art are not permitted to leave the country except under certain



Ivory Shield. A modern forgery. The centre imitated from the plaque by Antonio Leoni.

conditions and formalities. The documents *en appui* were not, however, forthcoming, the dealers under one pretext and another failing to forward them: as a matter of fact, although they alleged that they had done so, they had never taken any steps in regard to the legal formalities, and, of course, as modern work, the shield passed the frontiers without difficulty. Mr. Craig-Brown at length determined to write direct to the Duke of Parma, who, in reply, informed him that he knew nothing whatever about the shield, or the story concerning it, and that it had never belonged to him or his family. Mr. Craig-Brown thereupon brought an action in the Italian courts against the dealers, and eventually recovered the price which he had paid, with costs. The *procès verbal* and judgment of the trial, a portentous document of some twenty closely type-written folio pages, lies now before me, and is of no little interest and instruction.



(South Kensington Museum.)

Bas Relief.

Attributed to Rossellino.

Meanwhile, on Mr. Craig-Brown's request for my opinion, I paid him a visit in London and saw the shield. In my judgment, as I told him, the workmanship was German, possibly of late seventeenth or early eighteenth century (but this I could not be certain about without a very strict examination, which could not be made without unmounting it), and that I believed the centre part to be a copy of a large plaque in the Bavarian National Museum, representing the conversion of St. Paul, by Antonio Leoni, a German sculptor of Italian extraction, of the early eighteenth century. This was not a good period of ivory sculpture, nor can the piece be considered what we might call a museum piece. At the same time, in my opinion, the

workmanship of this modern copy is every bit as good as—whatever may have been his value as a sculptor—it would have been if a genuine work of Antonio Leoni. A comparison with the Munich plaque will show the alterations in design made by the modern imitator, and the question suggests itself why, when they are able to execute work of a considerable amount of talent, forgers do not go further and, instead of copying a known piece, go for their inspiration to the same sources as the German artists of the time so often did. How many further copies of his shield may now be on the market it would not be easy to say. At any rate, passing through Brussels some months ago, Mr. Craig-Brown was not a little startled to find an identical copy, for which the same price, £400, was asked.

If Mr. Craig-Brown had been content to keep his acquisition—to buy, in fact, for beauty, such as it recommended itself to him—he would have possessed a shield as handsome, as artistic, and equally as well executed as one undoubtedly by the hand of Leoni. The swindle consisted in the false historical associations. It is surprising what outside circumstances nowadays concur to raise the selling value of certain works of art. How else can the extravagant prices lately given for the Anglesey crystal ewer or the Huth ginger jar be explained?

And, again, what auction price would be recorded for Michelangelo's 'Cupid,' which he buried and re-discovered in order to take in a Cardinal, should it turn up again? The market value of a bust by Bastianini equal in merit to his 'Savonarola' would probably not be much under a thousand pounds. Why should such things be so often carefully hidden away by museums? In Paris the Musée St. Germain and the Museum of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers have their departments of fine forgeries. Our own museums might well follow an example that affords such practical instruction. Certainly we need not be so terribly ashamed when we are taken in.

A word or two may be added by way of moral. Is the

deceived collector always to be pitied? Is it not, in many instances, simply a case of the bitter bit? You purchase, we will suppose, a piece of enamelled ware, or you come across in a cottage what you think to be a "find"—a hitherto unknown masterpiece by Donatello or Rosellino, for the ridiculous price of, say, ten or twenty pounds. It

turns out to be a clever imitation. Are you justified in reproaching the wily cottager or his employer, and, on the other hand, if really genuine, how much of the thousand pounds or so which you might realise would you think you were called upon to present to the ignorant original possessor?

THE Exhibition at Messrs. Leggatt Bros., for the benefit of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, of the superb collection of David Lucas and Samuel Cousins prints formed by Mr. E. E. Leggatt, of Enfield, was one of the noteworthy events of the late summer. Among other things, it served to direct attention to the remarkable increase in money value of many of these mezzotints. The most striking case, perhaps, is that of Cousins' 'Countess Grey and Children,' of course, after Lawrence. In December, 1865, Mr. Algernon Graves attended the public sale of the stock of R. H. Grundy, removed from Liverpool to Christie's. He then secured thirty fine first state impressions of the plate for as many shillings. These

he sold slowly at prices averaging about £3, a number being bought by Mr. Leggatt in the eighties at 4 gns. He passed them on at 5 gns., and several of his clients now "hold" them at that figure. The present value is about £120. In the Leggatt collection are the unique 'John Hunter,' with the head of 'Master Lambton' in the background; the engraver's signed copy, purchased at his sale, of the 'Lady Ravensworth,' and the 'Miss Rosamond Croker,' who was Lady Barrow—she died at an advanced age recently—the impression having been signed in 1901. Cousins received 100 gns. for executing the famous 'Master Lambton' plate. He was the first engraver advanced to the rank of R.A.

Liverpool School of Art.

THE City of Liverpool, the pioneer in the municipal encouragement of Art, has lately taken a further step—a very important one—towards bringing all the machinery for the development of Art knowledge in the city under the control of the City Fathers. It is now three-quarters of a century since the good work had its origin in the shape of an annual subsidy to the exhibition of the Liverpool Academy of Arts, thirty-five years since an annual civic exhibition of new pictures was instituted to take the place of the Academy exhibitions, which had come to an end through dissensions among the members, and nearly thirty years since it became the possessor of the first, and now the most important municipal Art Gallery in the kingdom. Last year saw the transfer to the Corporation of the two great art schools—the Mount Street School of Art, and all but the strictly architectural work of the School of Architecture and Applied Art in connection with the University; with the origin of which the late Alderman Philip Rathbone had much to do. The two schools having been taken over, were fused into one—the City School of Art. The new departure was, this spring, appropriately marked by the transfer of the annual show of students' work from the Schools to rooms in the Walker Art Gallery. The display was one of unusual importance, and bore splendid testimony to the efficiency of the institution and of its masters, of whom Mr. F. V. Burridge, R.E., is the principal. The

high level of merit was no less notable than the wide range of the work. From life-school studies to artistic needlework, each section contained evidence of solid study, originality of outlook and freedom from eccentricity. In sculpture the influence of Mr. C. J. Allen has been most potent and beneficial. We illustrate a distinguished 'Effigy of an Abbess,' by Miss F. Gill, whose 'Costume Study' is also of high merit. Mr. J. Yorke's 'Bust from Life,' Miss Mabel Buchanan's study of drapery, a nude fountain figure and 'A Mower' by Mr. R. Shearer, a 'Moses' in high relief by Miss N. Lyle Smyth, and Miss F. Gill's spirited statuette of a labourer about to take off his coat, may be named as among other particularly promising



Design for a Fitted Bedroom.

By Ralph Henderson.

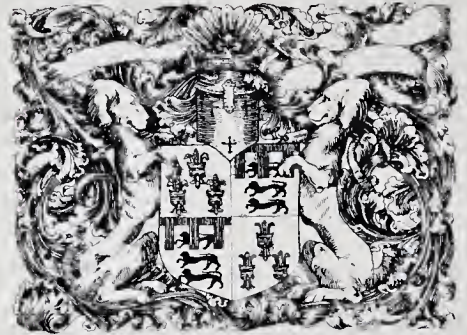


Costume Study.

By Florence Gill.

efforts. The skill with which art is "applied" by the students is shown in several illustrations selected from a much larger number of worthy exhibits. Miss Winifred Blackburne's 'Window Bill' is a lithograph in six colours, very skilfully combined. Miss Dulce Dickinson's 'Mad Dog' panels—part of a series for nursery or school-room decoration—are daintily designed and genuinely humorous. Miss Frances Curwen's 'Bookplate' is one of several very good things in this style, and the two-plate stencil by Miss Ethel Stewart, 'The Old Wool Market in Dunster,' is a distinguished and effective design. Space does not admit of more than general reference to the good things in book illustration, illumination, metal work, jewellery, embroidery, wall-papers and original pictorial work. The life-school exhibit, both in fully painted studies and time sketches in chalk, was of a particularly promising description.

EX LIBRIS : I. D'ARTAGNAN



Book Plate.

By Frances Curwen.



THE SEA PEOPLE WELCOME
LITTLE PRINCESS CURIOUS
TO THEIR WONDROUS KINGDOM
BENEATH THE WAVES.

Black-and-white Illustration.

By Gertrude Mitchell.



Effigy of an Abbess.

By Florence Gill.



Painted Panel: Goldsmith's "Mad Dog."
By Dulcie Dickinson.



Two-plate Stencil.
By Ethel Stewart.



Lithograph in Six Colours.
By Winifred Blackburne



Decorative Panel: Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims.
By Gwendolen Moore.

Two Pictures by Copley Fielding.

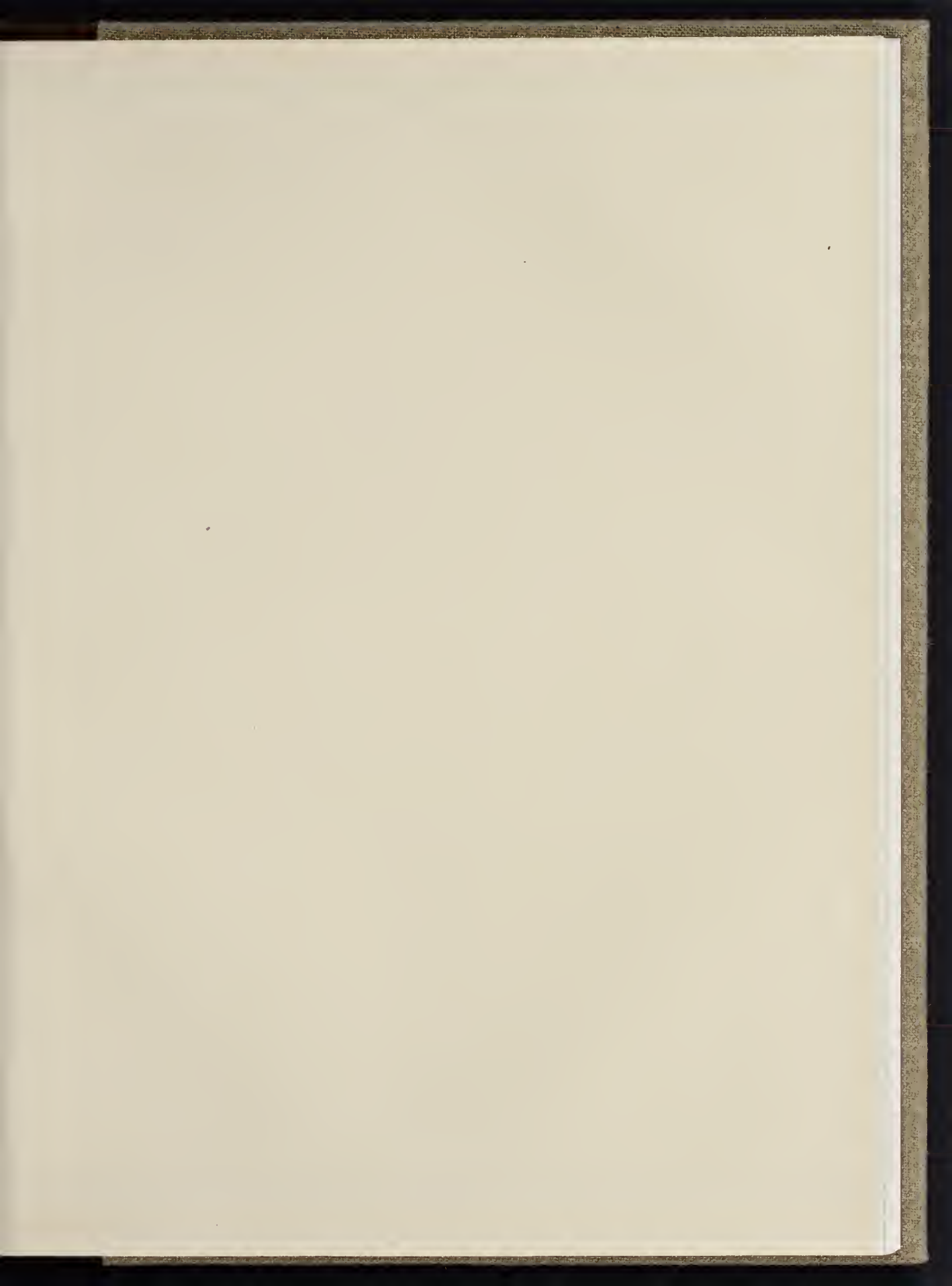
WHAT'S in a name? Much, according to ancient tradition, which affirms that the authentic name is nothing more nor less than the summation of a being's powers, and hence that knowledge of the true name is one with wisdom and might. It is necessary at once to add, however, that a sharp distinction must be drawn between such authentic names, inscribed only, to follow the old-time teaching, on the tablets of the soul, and the baptismal names given more or less at haphazard. If there be anything in a name, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, that of the artist who painted the breezy marine and the picture of Kirkstall Abbey should surely stand for something. Anthony Vandyck Copley Fielding was, so to say, consecrated to art at the font of East Sowerby Church when late in 1787 he was baptised there. And if he was not destined to follow in the footsteps of Rubens' greatest pupil, who tasted colour in every touch as would an epicure of wine, if he was not to become a scholarly though somewhat chill pictorial historiographer such as the American colonist who painted 'The Death of Chatham,' there is some suggestion in the surname of what he was to do. We are assured that before he was three Copley Fielding was indelibly impressed by the brightness and freshness and mystery of morning air, by the beauty of the Yorkshire country where he spent his childhood. Not without exaggeration he has been charged with painting but "one sea, one moor, one down, one lake, one misty gleam;" and there is little wonder that certain of his works are open to the criticism of over-formalisation when it is remembered that to the Old Water-Colour Society's exhibitions he contributed 1,648 frames of water-colours, probably about 1,800 drawings in all, and that for the decade 1820-31 he averaged forty-seven a year. To preserve originality of sight and of expression throughout an oeuvre so vast—it takes no account of examples in oil, whose number is considerable—were, surely, well-nigh impossible. Few will be inclined to challenge, however, the dictum of M. Chesneau, that Fielding is perhaps the greatest artist after Turner for representation of breadth and atmosphere, and that he is unequalled in the rendering of certain effects of mist, wonderful in their mysterious expanse.

Copley Fielding is of those for whom the scenery of the British isles was all-sufficient. Ruskin points out that while Stanfield and Harding and David Roberts were grand-touring in Italy and Sicily, in Styria and Bohemia, in Illyria and the Alps, in the Pyrenees and the Sierra Morena, Fielding did not so much as cross to Calais, but year after year returned to Saddleback and Ben Venue, to Sandgate and the rhythmic Downs of Sussex. When in 1809 he came up to London, and was encouraged by John Varley, his memory was stored with trustworthy images of the Lake District, over whose mountains and through whose woods and valleys he had wandered for weeks at a time. He was no Golden Hawk like Turner, there was little or no romance—that is, consciousness of the illimitable background—in his particularised vision; but "he had the purest love of

daily sunshine and the constant hills." His water-colours were eagerly purchased, while those even of David Cox were often returned unsold from Pall Mall East. Ruskin tells how his father bought one for 47 gs., "and the day it came home was a festa, and many a day after, in looking at it, and fancying the hills and the rain were real." Almost it might be a Turner, of which thus writes the "Oxford Graduate," who, by the way, was among Copley Fielding's pupils, six lessons, costing 1 gn. apiece, supposed to be sufficient "for the production of an adequately skilled water-colour amateur." Nor has his prominence declined since his death in 1855. At the Quilter sale twenty years later Fielding's water-colour of the Mull of Galloway brought 1,650 gs., and in 1881 his picture, 'Travellers in a Storm,' 40 by 49 ins., fetched 3,000 gs. There is some appositeness in recalling a story which the artist in later life would with sly humour tell, of how as boys he and his brothers—with the only less high-sounding names of Thales and Newton—laboured a whole morning heaping up stones to change the course of a waterfall which they knew a party of tourists were coming to admire for its natural beauty! If architecture has been Prout-ised, certain aspects of Nature have been "co-Oplied" by Fielding.

The sea piece is characteristic of the artist. It is healthy, invigorating, amazingly skilled. Again and again Copley Fielding painted fishing boats in a fresh breeze 'Off Dover,' 'Off Ramsgate,' 'Off the Needles'—as someone has said, off anywhere on the south coast where anybody had been the autumn before. Without exception we are kept pleasantly in sight of land, for the great open sea was too multitudinous alone to stimulate the artist. The sweeps of hollow foam were often children of the studio, and the earth was required as pictorial security.

Kirkstall, again, supplied Copley Fielding with a theme after his own heart. Situated in one of the most beautiful recesses of Airedale, there are few if any ruins more widely known or which have more exercised the skill of the antiquary and the artist. The Cistercian monks to whom in 1147 Henry de Lacy, the great Baron of Pontefract, as the result of having been threatened with death, granted the village of Barnoldswick, were in their generation wise six years later to remove from that bleak and barren place to Kirkstall, where they built the noble Abbey that in fragmentary form has come down to us. The Cistercians found the place inhabited by a fraternity of poor and laborious hermits, some of whom they pressed into their Order, while the rest they recompensed, none too liberally. In the twelfth century deer, wild boar, and the white bull were to be found in the woods, wading in the untainted waters, or roaming on the boundless heaths near Airedale. Now, tens of thousands of men—for Kirkstall is within about three miles of Leeds—near there labour unceasingly. But the Aire still flows, the vast elms have matured, other forest trees have sprung up, and ivy strays over the ancient building.





*A Sea Piece.
By permission of T. Threlfall Esq*

1850



10000 ft. high

10000 ft. high



1850



(By permission of T. Threlfall, Esq.)

Kirkstall.
By Copley Fielding.

Art Sales of the Season.

ALL art involves a re-valuation of accepted values. Every great name is associated with a revelation that in due time becomes part of the common heritage of mankind. Rembrandt treated of the mystery of the penumbra, Turner stands out as the interpreter of celestial light, and so on. Here, however, we are concerned, not with what may be called creative re-valuation, but with the far less important though more obvious re-valuation of the market-place. From one standpoint only, perhaps, will the picture sales held since January compare with those of immediately preceding seasons. Year by year the "shortage" of works of the first or second rank by acknowledged masters of the past increases inevitably, as such are absorbed by public galleries and bought for fabulous sums by millionaires or multi-millionaires who, happily, often bequeath their possessions to national treasure-houses. Of late, the floating supply of fine Old Masters has not approximated to the vastly enhanced potentialities of demand. Hence money-values have in some cases leaped during about a quarter-of-a-century from a few paltry pounds to several thousands. The half-dozen most important single properties dispersed at Christie's, which retains its position as the premier mart of the world, are as follows:

SINGLE COLLECTIONS, JANUARY-JULY, 1906.

Property.	Lots.	Total.
E. M. Denny, deceased. March 31	62	28,906
Thomas Hoade Woods, deceased. May 26	85	19,942
Lord Grimthorpe (Ernest Beckett). May 12	54	16,229
Thomas Agnew, deceased. June 16	122	10,727
Harry Quilter. April 7 and 9	302	8,132
J. Russell Buckler, deceased. March 10 and 12	224	7,770
Total ..	849	£91,706

It is probable that these figures are a trustworthy indication of the relative unimportance of the picture sales, especially when compared with colossal "deals" by private treaty like that relating to the Alexander Young collection. They tell poorly, too, against the corresponding details of the past few years. In 1905, with the Louis Huth, the Lord Tweedmouth, the Lawrie and the Ashburton properties foremost, there were 901 lots, £168,829; in 1904, 1,364 lots, £171,839; in 1903, 776 lots, with a total of about £170,000. It must not be concluded, however, that because the six most valuable single properties total only a moiety of those which came up in 1903-5, general interest is reduced by one-half. The late Mr. E. M. Denny was for many years a partner in the old-established business of wholesale Irish bacon factors. His collection was formed almost entirely during the last two decades; nevertheless eight pictures which cost him about £5,600 fetched £14,469. Some of his works by modern painters still hang in Bryanston Square. Particulars of the "few things" belonging to the late Mr. Thomas Hoade Woods, for forty years a partner in Christie's, have already appeared (p. 207). Eleven pictures which he bought for £483 made £16,324. That, commercially, is

the outstanding fact of the year, and proves without question how potentially rich are the still unexplored mines of art to those who know how to quarry. Lord Grimthorpe, more familiar to many as Mr. Ernest Beckett, M.P., is a lover of fine things. Since 1902 pictures, objects of art, etc., belonging to him have totalled £76,462 at auction. The name of the first Baron Grimthorpe, an eminent lawyer and architect, is inscribed on the rim of "Big Ben," whose construction he superintended. The late Mr. Thomas Agnew, brother of Sir William, did much to develop the art business of the well-known firm. He had a fancy for anecdotal art of the mid-Victorian period, hence there was a decline since the seventies and eighties in seven works from 3,800 gs. to 637 gs. Mr. Harry Quilter was at one time Art Critic of the *Times*, and followed Whistler as the tenant of "The White House," Chelsea, the alterations he there made drawing forth a sarcastic 'Butterfly.' Mr. Quilter would have bought for £1,200 Burne-Jones' 'Annunciation,' which, now the property of Lord Carlisle, is to-day worth three or four times that sum, had not the artist dissuaded him; and he was among the first to discern the talent of Mr. C. H. Shannon, whose initial picture at the Institute he secured for £13. The late Mr. J. Russell Buckler possessed 35 pictures by Fantin which fetched £5,223. Two which cost 11½ gs. in 1807 brought 190 gs. Other single properties of note include those of the late Lady Currie, 'Violet Fane,' remarkable for its high-priced drawing, 55 lots, £6,945; of the late Mr. John Paton, Stirling, cousin of Sir Noel Paton, 102 lots, £6,669, including 760 gs. for an Israels which cost him 170 gs., and 520 gs. for Fantin's 'Idyll,' which cost £190; of Mr. L. W. Hodson of Wolverhampton, 187 lots, £6,415; of the late Mr. Christopher Bushell, with its Guardis and its Morland, 33 lots, £5,405; and of the late Mr. J. R. Lorent, confidential agent of the financial house of Rothschild, 68 lots, £4,528.

The table we are accustomed to give, of pictures which have fallen for a minimum of 1,400 gs. each, shows, in numbers and total, about the same proportion of decrease from 1905 as has been noted with regard to the aggregate of the six most important collections. Against 24 picture-lots—two pairs of portraits sold together makes it inexact to say simply pictures—totalling £83,023 10s., we had in 1905 (THE ART JOURNAL, p. 305) 42 entries and £140,595. The bulk of the picture sales are held before the end of July, as is evidenced by the fact that only two more works fetched the 1,400 gs. minimum in the autumn: Whistler's 'Irving as Philip of Spain,' bought for Mr. George C. Thomas of Philadelphia at the Irving sale for 4,800 gs.; and a De Koninck landscape, 2,100 gs. They brought the 1905 total to £147,840. But 24 entries, allowing for a little luck in the autumn, does not fall very far short of the average for the past six years. In 1900 there were 23, in 1901 21, in 1902 18, in 1903 36, in 1904 34, in 1905 44, the most since 1895, when there were 45, headed by Gainsborough's lovely 'Lady Mulgrave,' sold to "Campbell" for 10,000 gs.

Analysis makes it plain that in individual pictures as

ART SALES OF THE SEASON.

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TABLE OF 24 PICTURE-LOTS 1,400 GUINEAS OR MORE.

Arist.	Work.	Sale.	Price. Gns.
1 Turner ...	{ Rape of Europa, 35½ x 47½. Circa 1843. Guildhall, 1899, No. 25, lent by W. R. Cassels. (T. Agnew, 1871, 295 gns.) (63) ...	Cassels (June 30) ...	6,400
2 Romney ...	Mrs. Mingay, 50 x 40. 1786. O.P. 40 gns. I.C. (126) ...	May 26 ...	6,200
3 Gainsborough ...	{ Viscountess Tracy, 50 x 39. I.C. Formerly Lord Sadeley's. Bought by Mr. Denny from Gooden, 1895, £1,500. Companion 'Viscount Tracy,' now Lord Barton's. (27) ...	E. M. Denny (March 31) ...	6,000
4 Hoppner ...	Lady Waldegrave, 23½ x 40½. I.C. and A.J. p. 209. (Bought by Mr. Woods Christie's, July 22, 1881, 23 gns.) R.P. for size. (65) ...	T. H. Woods (May 26) ...	6,000
5 Raeburn ...	John Johnstone of Alba, his sister, Dame Betty, and his niece, Miss Wedderburn, 39 x 46. R.P. for size, despite awkward oblong; but 'Sons of D. Monro Binning,' 50 x 40, made 6,500 gns. in 1902. (92) ...	Major Johnstone, R.E. (May 26) ...	5,800
6 Botticelli ...	Virgin, Child and St. John, panel, 45½ in. circle. I.C. From Arezzo. Agnew's exhibition of twenty Italian pictures, 1899, No. 3. (20) ...	Lord Grimthorpe (May 12) ...	5,000
7 Romney ...	Stanhope children, 40½ x 32. Circa 1784. I.C. (Edward White, 1872, 28 gns.) (82) ...	T. H. Woods (May 26) ...	4,600
8 Nich. Elias (Dick-enoy) ...	Lady in black dress, 47 x 35. 1632. I.C. Cost Mr. Denny about £1,200. (56-7) ...	E. M. Denny (March 31) ...	3,100
9 Holbein ...	Nicolas d'Aubermont. Jeanne de Gavre. Each 37½ x 32. (40-1) ...	Lord Grimthorpe (May 12) ...	3,000
10 Lawrence ...	Emily Charlotte Ogilvie, 30 x 25. I.C. (August 1, 1885, 195 gns.) (68) ...	T. H. Woods (May 26) ...	3,000
11 Raeburn ...	Colonel Lee Harvey, of Gordon Highlanders, 94 x 59. Raeburn Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1824. (136) ...	May 26 ...	3,000
12 Constable ...	Farnham Bridge, 21 x 2½. I.C. Engraved by Norman Hirst. Bought by Mr. Denny, 1895, £1,800. (5) ...	E. M. Denny (March 31) ...	2,700
13 Reynolds ...	Nelly O'Brien, 30 x 25. I.C. (Meigh, 1850, 49 gns.; 1876, 525 gns.; Gilbons, 1894, 670 gns.) Bought by Mr. Denny, 1898, £2,400. (47) ...	E. M. Denny (March 31) ...	2,500
14 Romney ...	Mrs. Sarah Siddons, 30 x 25. (91) ...	May 26 ...	2,500
15 Romney ...	Mrs. Dorothea Morley, 29½ x 24. 1780. I.C. O.P. 30 gns. (136) ...	June 30 ...	2,500
16 Raeburn ...	Mrs. Fergusson of Monkhood, <i>née</i> Hutcheson, 30 x 25. I.C. (89) ...	Fergusson Pollok (May 26) ...	2,350
17 Hoppner ...	Mrs. Home, 50 x 40. I.C. (13) ...	Lord Grimthorpe (May 12) ...	2,300
18 Raeburn ...	Mrs. Lee Harvey and daughter, 94 x 59. Raeburn Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1824, and again in 1901, when lent by J. W. Shand Harvey. (135) ...	May 26 ...	2,200
19 Titian ...	Lorenzo di Medici (?), 30½ x 25½. ('From Foot's Cray Place,' Christie, 1876, 91 gns.) (75) ...	May 12 ...	2,100
20 Guardi ...	San Giorgio Maggiore and Giudecca Canal, 18 x 30. R.P. (20) ...	Chris. Bushell (March 17) ...	1,700
21 Raeburn ...	Mrs. Fergusson of Trochraigne, <i>née</i> Petrie, 35 x 27. I.C. (86) ...	Portal (May 26) ...	1,650
22 Beechey (?)	Mrs. Molesworth (?), 38 x 27½. (Feb. 28, 1891, 280 gns.) (48) ...	E. M. Denny (March 31) ...	1,520
23 Raeburn ...	Mrs. Johnston, wife of Commodore, 35 x 27½. 1791. Raeburn Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1876, and Scottish National Portrait Exhibition, 1884, lent by Mrs. Fergusson. I.C. (57) ...	June 30 ...	1,500
24 Leighton ...	Winding the Skein, 40 x 60. 1878. Leighton Exhibition, 1897, No. 79, lent by F. H. Woodroffe. Engraved. (111) ...	March 24 ...	1,450
		Total ...	£83,023 10s.

NOTEWORTHY DRAWINGS.

Arist.	Work.	Sale.	Price. Gns.
Cosway ...	{ Fair Stepmother and two daughters of Loftus Family (heads only), 5¼ x 9¼. R.P. Engraved by E. Stodart, 1889, for frontispiece of Daniell's "Catalogue Raisonné" of Cosway. (3) ...	Lady Currie (June 30) ...	1,150
N. Lavrience ...	Two sumptuously furnished salons each with three figures, 11 x 8½. R.P. (15) ...	Lady Currie (June 30) ...	1,040
Downman ...	John Edwin and Mrs. Mary Wells in O'Keefe's "Agreeable Surprise," 1787. Oval 16 x 12. R.P. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, offered 100 gns. for it. (8) ...	Lady Currie (June 30) ...	820
Ozias Humphry ...	Mrs. Abington, 13 x 7½. (Addington, 1886, 42 gns.) R.P. (13) ...	Lady Currie (June 30) ...	390

NOTE.—O.P. original price received by the artist. R.P. record price at auction in this country for a work by artist. I.C. illustrated in Christie's catalogue. Details within brackets relate to former auction prices of identical picture. Catalogue numbers within brackets at end of each entry.

well as in aggregate the Denny, Woods, and Grimthorpe galleries took the lead in the order named. Five of the entries (£16,611) relate to the Denny, three (£14,280) to the Woods, three (£10,815) to the Grimthorpe collection, these eleven yielding £41,706, or just about half the gross total. Had it not been for attractive portraits by British artists the season would have been meagre indeed. Two-thirds of the 24 entries come under this heading. They give the following results:—

Artist.	No. of Portraits.	Price. Gs.
Raeburn ...	6	16,500
Romney ...	4	15,800
Hoppner ...	2	8,300
Gainsborough ...	1	6,000
Lawrence ...	1	3,000
Reynolds ...	1	2,500
Beechey ...	1	1,520
Total ...	16	£56,301

There were three other works by British artists, leaving five only of the entries to foreigners.

It will be seen that Raeburn is again in the forefront. There can be little doubt that fine examples have not yet reached their limit. No. 5, of superb quality, would have fetched much more had it not been for the awkward shape. As to private treaty, an admirable Raeburn 'Lady,' only 36 by 28 ins., made £4,600 in Scotland, just about the sum paid on May 7, 1877, for 49 of his "remaining works," including the 'Lady Raeburn' and the self-portrait which last year by themselves made 13,200 gs. The huge profits made by Mr. Woods on Nos. 4, 7 and 10, unparalleled probably in the annals of the sale room, should be observed. Some further information may be given as to a few of the pictures. No. 1 would probably have been ruled out as a mere sketch before the exhibition of the resurrected Turners at the Tate Gallery. The picture, by no means the dearest on the list, is thought to have been painted at Margate during his last recorded visit in 1843, and to have

changed hands in the sixties, with seven or eight other examples, for about £1,000. How much Gainsborough's recognised merit has risen in a decade is evident by No. 3. Nicholas Elias (Pickenoy), a native of Amsterdam, where he was baptised on January 10, 1588, and died between 1653-6, is well represented in the Rijks Museum, where is what Reynolds calls "the first picture of portraits in the world," by Elias' reputed pupil, Van der Helst. Reynolds was not represented by any important example, though No. 13 fetched about forty times what the Marquis of Hertford paid in 1810 for the magic 'Nellie O'Brien' of the Wallace collection. No. 22 was catalogued as by Reynolds, but many good judges give it to Beechey. No. 19, of a three-quarter length standing figure, which by some good judges is preferred to the so-called 'Ariosto' of the National Gallery, was one of the "dark horses" of the season. The opening bid of 20 gs. showed that there were those who hoped to get it cheap.

By no means least instructive are the quite exceptional sums paid for four drawings, detailed after the 1,400 gs. pictures. We are not unaccustomed to big sums for Cosway miniatures, yet for a pencil sketch of three heads, touched with colour, the result of perhaps an hour's work, though, as Whistler would say, with the experience of a lifetime behind it, there is nothing to put against the Loftus drawing. But there is no keeping prices back with millionaires "on the other side" eager to buy first-rate things. As to John Downman, whose slight, charming art is now so much *en vidence*, he was forgotten for quite six decades after his

of Bartolomeo Vivarini, 880 gs.; and the 'Assault at Versailles,' 55 by 84 ins., 1872, by Benczur Gyula of Munich, 500 gs. Good examples by Erskine Nicol have again been favoured.

Higher sums than ever before at auction have been paid for works by certain artists, among them those whose names appear on the table of record prices.

By living men have been few things of any note. Coming within this category in the past we have had Edwin Long (6,300 gs.), Meissonier (5,800 gs.), Alma-Tadema (5,600 gs.)—his 'Sculpture Gallery' brought 4,400 gs. last March in New York; Burne-Jones (5,450 gs.) and Millais (5,000 gs.). Of interesting examples not elsewhere dealt with, we may name, however, Legros' 'Cupid and Psyche,' 170 gs.; Sargent's 'Head of a Girl,' 150 gs.; Wilson Steer's 'Japanese Gown,' 1896, 130 gs.; C. H. Shannon's 'Miss Kate Hargood,' 100 gs. Works by recently-deceased artists include Whistler's 'On the Coast of Brittany,' painted under the Courbet influence, 600 gs.; Watts' 'The Rainbow,' 400 gs. (Carver, 1890, 510 gs.); Fantin's self-portrait, 250 gs.; Frederick Sandys' 'Perdita,' 150 gs.; two pen-and-ink designs by Aubrey Beardsley, 52 gs.

Many dozens of instances might be cited of noteworthy fluctuations in price—mid-Victorian "anecdotes" painted with only moderate skill, are, assuredly, as out of favour as good eighteenth century portraits and landscapes are in favour. On the final tables details appear of representative examples in each kind. Downman's name, had it not before appeared, might well have been added, for a portrait

SOME RECORD-PRICED PICTURES AND DRAWINGS.

1906.			FORMER HIGHEST PRICES.			
Artist.	Work.	Price. Gns.	Work.	Sale.	Date.	Price. Gns.
Lawrence	Emily Charlotte Ogilvie, 30 × 25	3,000	Juliana Copley, 30 × 25	Watson	1904	2,400
Guardi	San Giorgio Maggiore and Giudecca,	1,700	Looking across Grand Canal, 32 × 49½	Cav. Bentinck	1891	730
	18 × 30		Place San Marc, 18½ × 30	Princess Mathilde (Paris)	1895	£1,640
Cosway	Three ladies of Loftus family (heads),	1,150	Madame du Barry (miniature)	March 6	1902	1,000
	5½ × 9½		Mrs. Cosway in Pall Mall, 32 × 46 (with W. Hodges)	Tweedmouth	1905	510
Lavrience	Interiors (2) with figures, 11 × 8½	1,040	Le Repentir Tardif & Companion, Two miniatures in gouache	Capron	1888	£270
Bough	Loch Achray, 46 × 70. 1865. O.P.	980	Tower of London. 1865. "Splendid specimen"	At Dowell's (Edinburgh)	...	700
Downman	John Edwin and Mrs. Wells, 16 × 12.	820	Miss Nott, 8½ × 7½	May 26	1906	350
	1787		A Lady	June 8	1901	300
Wm. Maris	Girl and two cows, 26 × 45. 1868.	620	Three cows on a river bank, 19 × 31	Pattison	1899	210
Fantin	Idyll (three figures), 20 × 24. (Cost £190)	520	Roses, 21 × 27. 1887	April 8	1905	440

death, till 1884, when a portrait of a lady fetched £4 17s. 6d. at Sotheby's. In the British Museum is another water-colour by him of Mrs. Wells, one of the most notorious demi-mondaines. She is said to have captured Major Edward Topham by bewitchingly exclaiming that she "preferred a roast duck to all the birds of the heathen mythology."

Of course, a great many works with equal if not greater warrant for notice do not come within the 1,400 gs. minimum. There are, for instance, Morland's 'Deserter Pardoned,' 1,350 gs.; Holbein's 'Cardinal,' dated 1523, 1,250 gs.; Gainsborough's landscape, 'Repose,' 1,100 gs.; Rosa Bonheur's 'Sheep on the Pyrenees,' 1,020 gs.; 'Nymphs on a bank,' given to Giorgione, 920 gs.—begun at 10 gs., it was one of the surprises of the season; two saint subjects, catalogued as by Mantegna, but probably the work

of a gentleman by him, 7½ by 6½ ins., drawn in 1783, made 95 gs. in June, against £3 15s. in 1886. The reason for Gainsborough's portrait, "'Di' Talbot,' being among the relapses was because of an excited valuation in 1905. Setting the ten falls against the ten rises, it will be found that the favourable balance is still very considerable.

WE have already seen that the picture sales of the first seven months of the year, after which little of moment is as a rule offered, were not comparable in importance with those of 1905. The same holds good when the area of observation is extended to porcelain, silver-plate, decorative furniture, and other objects that

TABLE OF FLUCTUATIONS.

RISES.

Artist.	Work.	1906.		Formerly Sold.		
		Sale.	Price. Gs.	Sale.	Year.	Price. Gs.
Turner	Rape of Europa, 35½ × 47½	Cassels	6,400	T. Agnew	1871	295
Gainsborough	Viscountess Tracy, 50 × 39	Denny	6,000	...	1895	1,500
Hoppner	Lady Waldegrave, 23½ × 19½	Woods	6,000	July 22	1881	23
Romney	Stanhope Children, 40½ × 32	Woods	4,600	White	1872	28
Lawrence	Emily Charlotte Ogilvie, 30 × 25	Woods	3,000	August 1	1885	195
Constable	Farnham Bridge, 21 × 29½	Denny	2,700	...	1895	1,800
Keynolds	Nelly O'Brien, 30 × 25	Denny	2,500	Gibbons	1894	670
Titian	Lorenzo di Medici, 31½ × 25½	May 12	2,100	Foot's Cray	1876	91
Nasmyth	Landscapes (two), 16 × 22	Denny	1,580	Hunt	1890	550
Jan Steen	Tavern Window, 29 × 23	Smyth	850	...	1827	110
Beechey	Lady Whitbread, 22½ × 18½	Woods	520	...	1877	26
Oz. Humphry	Mrs. Abington, 13 × 7½	Currie	390	Addington	1886	42
		£38,472		£5,596 10s.		

FALLS.

Artist.	Work.	1906.		Formerly Sold.		
		Sale.	Price. Gs.	Sale.	Year.	Price. Gs.
J. E. Hodgson, R.A.	{Army Re-organisation in Morocco, 35½ × 60	May 19	6	Grant	1877	380
A. L. Egg, R.A.	{Past and Present (three), 25 × 30	Newall	6	Artist's	1863	330
A. Elmore, R.A.	Columbus at Porto Santo, 17½ × 23½	Mappin	6½	Barlow	1890	480
G. Dore	Church Door, Seville, 38 × 50	Mappin	21	Potter	1884	150
W. Hilton, R.A.	Neptune and Amphitrite, 54 × 90	Newall	25	Bicknell	1863	270
E. Duncan, R.W.S.	Brig on Rocks, W.C., 20 × 46	T. Agnew	40	Artist's	1883	390
W. E. Frost, R.A.	Euphrosyne, 47 × 72	Newall	110	Bicknell	1873	780
E. W. Cooke, R.A.	Danish Craft on Elle, 34½ × 53½	T. Agnew	140	...	1877	700
W. P. Frith, R.A.	{Pope and Lady Mary Montagu, 46 × 36 (Frith's price, 350 gs.)	Mappin	460	Hargreaves	1873	1,350
T. Faed, R.A.	{From Dawn to Sunset, 28½ × 39½	Mappin	500	Castellani	1867	1,700
Bronzino	Leonora di Toledo, 48 × 39½	Quilter	620	Ham. Palace	1882	1,750
Gainsborough, R.A.	Indiana Talbot, 35½ × 27½	Garland	980	May 6	1905	2,000
		£3,960 4s. 6d.		£10,353		

rouse the enthusiasm of the collector. The six most prominent properties in each year are as follows:—

SINGLE COLLECTIONS, JANUARY-JULY, 1906.

Property.	Lots.	Total.
Lord Grimthorpe (Ernest Beckett). May 10. ...	318	10,542
Charles Bowyer, deceased. Feb. 15 and 16 ...	274	8,509
James Cockshut, deceased. May 4 ...	167	7,879
Thomas Hoade Woods, deceased. May 24 and 25 ...	259	7,181
J. Russell Buckler, deceased. March 6 to 9 ...	513	6,341
Harry Quilter. April 5 and 6 ...	342	6,249
Total ...	1,873	£46,701

SINGLE COLLECTIONS, JANUARY-JULY, 1905.

Property.	No. of Lots.	£
Louis Huth {Porcelain . . . 681 lots, £67,545 Engravings . . . 83 lots, £9,971 Silver . . . 61 lots, £18,424	825	95,940
Capel-Cure. Old Bronzes, faience, statuary, etc.	232	14,334
C. H. T. Hawkins. Porcelain, snuff-boxes, etc.	226	12,504
Charles Neck. French furniture, porcelain, etc.	65	7,604
Marj. of Anglesey. Beau-Desert furniture, etc.	215	6,775
H. G. Huggins. Engravings	117	6,140
Total ...	1,680	£143,297

This is a poor showing against 1905. But a single magnificent sale in 1882, the Hamilton Palace, realised £397,562, and the Bernal £62,690 in 1885. All the outstanding auction sales of the present year are eclipsed by two private "deals": the purchase of the Alexander Young pictures and of the wonderful Haineur collection for an aggregate of some £750,000.

It is to be remarked, however, that whenever anything fine and rare comes on the market there is a scramble for possession, with the result that prices leap higher and higher. It is difficult to foresee a limit with the enormous concentration of wealth in the hands of South African and American magnates.

The sums paid for relatively unimportant pieces of Old Sèvres suggest the almost pricelessness of the historic Chéromèteff collection, exhibited by Mr. Asher Wertheimer, as, too, of the examples of Oriental porcelain in the Alfred Trapnell assemblage, seen at the Gorer Galleries.

The seven Old Worcester vases are, as the price indicates, of particularly fine quality. Each is painted in colours with heart-shaped panels, with gilt scroll-pattern borders. It is probable, again, that increasing attention will now be paid to good specimens of early Bow ware.

A few noteworthy pieces of old plate have been sold.

Nos. 1 and 2 originally formed part of the plate of the Corporation of Boston, Lincolnshire, which dated from about 1580 and was accumulated till 1837. By order of the new Corporation it was sold at auction in the Guildhall, Boston, on June 1, 1837. Exclusive of the regalia, it weighed 970 oz. 15 dwt., the seventy-eight lots bringing £539 13s. The tazze and the standing-salt were then purchased by Mr. Thomas Hopkins, from whom they descended to the vendor. There can be few parallels for the rise in money-worth. The tazze and a 1745 cruet-frame, which brought £100, were bought by the American dealer, Mr. J. Wells, possibly for Boston, U.S.A.

In furniture there is practically nothing which can be named alongside the pair of Louis Quinze commodes by Josef Caffieri sold by the Duke of Leeds in 1901 for

PORCELAIN, CHINA, ETC.

	Sale.	Price.
1 Old Worcester. Seven vases and beakers, 6½—15½ in. high. Mottled dark-blue ground, square mark, painted with exotic birds and branches. (112)	May 18	2,500 gs.
2 Old Chinese. Pair of mandarin vases and covers, famille-rose on white ground, 52 in. high. Kien-Lung period. (110)	May 18	£2,300
3 Old Chinese. Pair of famille-rose octagonal vases and covers, 36 in. high. Kien-Lung period. (111)	From Scotland (May 18) ...	£2,150
4 Old Sèvres. Pair of gros-bleu vases, campana shape, 27 in. high. Ormolu mounts. (101)	June 29	1,750 gs.
5 Old Sèvres. Louis XVI. clock, 14½ in. high. In Sèvres case. (50)	Feb. 23	950 gs.
6 Old Chinese. Pair of egg-shell oviform vases, 7½ in. high. Yung-Chin period. (87)	March 16	880 gs.
7 Old Worcester. Pair of hexagonal vases and covers, 15 in. high. Dark blue scale-pattern ground. (119)	Cockshut (May 4)	820 gs.
8 Old Chinese. Two figures of boys, 11½ in. high. Ming Dynasty. (105)	March 16	650 gs.
9 Old Sèvres. Cabaret. Painted by Leve père, 1786. Given by Louis XVI. to Wm. Eden, 1st Baron Auckland, when Ambassador to France. (18)	Auckland (March 16) ...	620 gs.
10 Early Bow. Three vases and covers, 16 in. and 21½ in. high. (109)	June 26	300 gs.

SILVER-GILT AND SILVER PLATE.

	Sale.	Price.
1 Pair of Elizabethan silver-gilt tazze, 5½ in. high, 6½ in. diam., 29 oz. 7 dwt. London h.m., 1582. Arms of Boston engraved. (Boston Corporation plate sale, 1837, described as "antique platten," 9s. 4d. and 9s. 3d. per oz., equals £13 12s. 8d.) (68)	May 3	2,900
2 Large Elizabethan silver-gilt bell-shaped standing-salt, 12 in. high. London h.m., 1600. 31 oz. 4 dwt. Arms of Boston engraved. (Boston Corporation plate sale, 1837. "A curious antique baronial salt-cellar in three pieces, richly gilt," 11s. 1d. per oz., equals £17 5s. 9d.) (69)	May 3	1,520
3 Large Queen Anne silver-gilt sideboard dish, 25 in. diam. By J. Backe, 1702. 156 oz. 8 dwt. (121)	March 22	1,242
4 Elizabethan silver-gilt cup and cover. 9½ in. high. London h.m., 1598. 10 oz. 7 dwt. (20)	Colt (March 22)	870
5 Elizabethan silver bell-shaped standing-salt, 9½ in. high. London h.m., 1599. 12 oz. 10 dwt. (46)	Lady Currie (June 28) ...	850
6 Elizabethan cocoonut cup and cover, 9½ in. high. Silver mounts. London h.m., 1574. (90)	Col. Legh (March 22) ...	800

£15,000, though it is said that till a short time before he had no conception of their value.

None of the important pieces of tapestry save No. 5 seems to have been approved by the market to the limit of the upset price. No. 1 came from a Russian Palace, while Nos. 2, 4 and 5 were offered as the property of the Comte

Some noteworthy objects in various kinds appear on the final table.

Nos. 1 and 2 were in the collection of the last Earl of Leicester, who gave them to Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich, he to Mrs. Claviny, she leaving them in 1843 to the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Liddell. Although there have been

FURNITURE AND TAPESTRY.

	Sale.	Price.
1 Old Burgundian. Six early sixteenth century panels. Dedication of Mestram to Neptune. (116-17)	Feb. 23	4,500 gs.
2 Old Beauvais. Six panels. Sporting scenes. (115)	Premio Real (May 18) ...	£4,400
3 Louis XVI. rectangular commode, 62 in. wide. Veneered oak, ebony and lacquer, ormolu mounts. Influence of Weisweiler. (86)	June 29	2,100 gs.
4 Old Beauvais. Five panels. Subjects after Teniers	Premio Real (May 18) ...	£2,200
5 Old Beauvais. Oblong panel, 13 ft. 5 in. × 13 ft. 6 in. Crowned achievements of Louis XIV. (114)	Premio Real (May 18) ...	1,900 gs.
6 Eight Chippendale mahogany chairs. Old English petit-point needlework. (125)	May 18	1,260 gs.
7 Old Beauvais. Panel 9 ft. 7 in. × 8 ft. 9 in. Boucher subject. Cost Mr. Woods £15. (129)	T. H. Woods (May 24) ...	600 gs.
8 Two Old English mahogany carved pedestals, 46 in. high. Adams design. Cost Mr. Woods under £50. (127)	T. H. Woods (May 24) ...	520 gs.

de Premio Real. *A propos* of No. 6, it will be recalled that in 1902 a pair of Chippendale mahogany chairs, belonging to two ladies who would have readily accepted 50 gs. or 60 gs. for them, fetched 1,000 gs. at Christie's.

On the next table appear details of a few outstanding jewels and precious stones.

It will be seen that much treasure has passed through the auction-rooms since January, and that there is money and to spare for coveted objects.

dispersed no such fine assemblage of mezzotints as the Louis Huth of 1905 (*THE ART JOURNAL*, pp. 275-6), Nos. 7 and 8 call for remark, and No. 17 reminds us of the big prices paid for duplicate engravings from the fine collection of the late Mr. Alfred Morrison at Fonthill. There was a measure of poetic justice in No. 16, Rembrandt's dramatic landscape, eclipsing former records during the week of the tercentenary celebrations in Leyden and Amsterdam.

JEWELLERY AND PRECIOUS STONES.

	Sale.	Price.
1 Necklace. 285 pearls, five rows. Sapphire and brilliant clasp. (106)	June 13	10,000
2 Necklace. 47 large pearls. Brilliant clasp. (175)	July 11	10,000
3 Dog-collar. Brilliant and emerald. Rosette, wheat-ear and ribbon knot design. (115c)	Lady of title	7,000
4 Brilliant tiara. Collet and interlaced scroll design. (115c)	Lady of title	5,300
5 Brilliant necklace, <i>en suite</i> . (115d)	Lady of title	4,900
6 Pearl rope. 191 pearls, three single-brilliant clasps. (174)	July 11	3,700
7 Six large brilliants, mounted as Latin cross-pendant. Diamond loop. (101)	Lady Currie	1,500

MINIATURES, ENGRAVINGS AND VARIOUS OBJECTS OF ART.

	Sale.	Price.
1 Nicholas Hilliard. Circular miniature, gouache, on card. Self-portrait. "Ano. Dm. 1577. 'Etatis Suae 30.'" (Hilliard's 'James I.' made 2,700 gs., R.P. for a miniature, in Hamilton Palace sale, 1882). (76)	June 27	1,100 gs.
2 Nicholas Hilliard. Circular miniature, gouache, on card. Hilliard the elder. "Etatis Suae 58. Ano. Dm. 1577." (75)	June 27	1,100 gs.
3 Life-size stone statue. Virgin and Child. French, late fourteenth century. (96)	Grimthorpe (May 10)	£1,150
4 Armour. Part of fluted and engraved suit. German (?), dated 1530. (97)	June 29	950 gs.
5 Miniature. Isaac Oliver. Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I. (83)	Lady Currie (April 3)	880 gs.
6 Upright ivory plaque, 7 in. by 4 in. Christ in blessing. Eleventh century. (24)	Bowyer (Feb. 15)	850 gs.
7 Mezzotint. Duchess of Rutland, 1st state. Val. Green after Reynolds. (Gulston, 1786, £1 15s.; Blyth, 1901, 1,000 gs., R.P.) (119)	June 12	680 gs.
8 Mezzotint. Lady Caroline Montagu Scott as "Winter." 1st state. J. R. Smith after Reynolds. R.P. (1897, 50 gs.; 1901, 125 gs.). Reynolds received 140 gs. for the picture, exhibited at 1777 R.A., of which Walpole said, "Duke of Buccleuch's little girl in the snow; charming, natural." She became Marchioness of Queensberry, died 1854. (67)	July 17	£700
9 Engravings, coloured. Cries of London (13). After Wheatley. Value in 1860's about 30s., in 1885 about £30. (1901, two in proof state, 1,000 gs., R.P.; 1902, in Munich, £865; 1902, June 5, 'Turnips and Carrots' alone, 118 gs.) (114)	May 14 (S)	£680
10 Terra-cotta. Life-size bust of Nicolo Machiavelli, 24 in. high. Italian, mid-fifteenth century. (73)	Bowyer (Feb. 15)	620 gs.
11 Rock crystal. Two-handled cup, engraved with Orpheus charming the beasts, 6 in. high. German, late sixteenth century. (Goldschmid, 1896, 88 gs.) (77)	Quilter (April 5)	540 gs.
12 Terra-cotta. Life-size bust of a youth. (Raphael?) (92)	Grimthorpe (May 10)	520 gs.
13 Pair of bronze altar candlesticks, 24 in. high. Venetian, sixteenth century style. Cost Mr. Woods about £10. (53)	T. H. Woods (May 24)	520 gs.
14 Limoges enamel. Casket, silver mounts. First half sixteenth century. Plaques with Twelve Labours of Hercules. (107)	May 18	500 gs.
15 Boxwood statuette. Aged man, 6½ in. high, circa 1520. Ascribed to Dürer. (49)	Keele Hall (May 22)	430 gs.
16 Etching. Rembrandt. The Three Trees. 1643. R.P. (1883, Griffiths, £125; 1884, Dent, £127; 1891, Seymour Laden, £148, now in Melbourne Gallery; 1893, Holford, £170; 1898, Strater (Stuttgart), very fine, £240; 1901, Reiss, from Johnson sale, £235; 1905, Lewis, £340, and Parker, £355). In B. M. is magnificent Malcolm impression. (375)	July 18 (S)	£385
17 Engraving. M. Schongauer. St. James assisting the army of the Christians. R.P. (1889, Copenrath, £97; circa 1800, Gutekunst, £170). (326)	Morrison (July 13) (S)	£330
18 Lace. Burano needlepoint Court train, reputedly worn by Queen Victoria at her coronation. (221)	May 16 (N)	300 gs.

NOTE.—(S.) sold by Sotheby. (N.) sold by Phillips, Son and Neale. All others by Christie.

Recent Publications.

Porcelain, Oriental, Continental, and British, by **R. L. Hobson** (Constable, 12s. 6d.). The object of this book is to give all the facts which a collector really needs, as well as many useful hints. Special attention is given to paste, glaze and decoration, as the safest guides to the acquisition of genuine specimens, marks being regarded as of secondary importance.

Chats on Old China, by **Arthur Hayden**, first issued in 1904, is now in its second edition (Unwin, 5s.).

The handbook **Engraving and Etching**, by **F. Lippmann**, late keeper of the Print Room in the Royal Museum, Berlin, reaches its third edition; it has been revised by Dr. Lippmann's successor, Dr. Max Iehrs, and translated by Mr. Martin Hardie, of the Art Library at South Kensington (Grevel, 10s. 6d.). The history closes approximately with the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Some of the lectures given at the Royal Academy in 1906 are published under the title of **Reason in Architecture**, by **T. G. Jackson, R.A.** (Murray, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Jackson brings in for comparison some of the products in the minor arts, and urges that, as good architecture is the outward expression of good construction, so in other works shape and ornamentation should be founded on usefulness and sound principles.

That amusing diary **Elizabeth and her German Garden** is made still more attractive by the inclusion of some colour illustrations, after bright drawings by Simon Harmon Vedder (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.).

The Guilds of Florence, by **Edgecombe Staley** (Methuen, 16s.) will prove useful to students of history, art and industry. The author has searched the records diligently, and has succeeded in rendering a good account of his studies. Many of the illustrations have been reproduced from rare manuscripts and other documents.

A recent addition to the number of novels with an art interest is **Fenwick's Career**, by **Mrs Humphry Ward**. The story is

founded on the life of Romney. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have issued an édition de luxe, price 21s.: two volumes, printed on Japanese vellum, bound in paper covers, seven photographic illustrations from drawings by **Albert Sterner**. The edition is limited to 250 copies, and each copy is signed by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art, by **John Vinycomb** (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.). The author does not find that artists have succeeded, even in a remote degree, in embodying the highly wrought conceptions of the poets concerning these terrible creatures of the imagination. The illustrations give the recognised form of each fantastic animal in the menagerie.

A second edition appears of **Turner's Liber Studiorum**, by **W. G. Rawlinson** (Macmillan, 20s.). Since the first edition was issued in 1878 some new and interesting details have been discovered, and these facts are now published; but the most important additions are the descriptions of the engravers' proofs of each plate which have been available for recent study.

Messrs. Batsford issue a new work of reference under the title of **Some Terms commonly used in Ornamental Design**, by **T. E. Harrison** and **W. G. Paulson Townsend** (3s. 6d.). The work consists of a series of definitions compiled to correct the inexact use of technical terms. Well illustrated.

Summer Holidays, by **Percy Lindley**, the picture book of the Great Eastern Railway, reaches the dignity of an édition de luxe, with coloured plates.

The proprietors of *The Scotsman* have issued an illustrated brochure to commemorate the re-housing of their newspaper.

Some useful current history is to be found in **Modern Book-bindings**, by **S. T. Prideaux** (Constable, 10s. 6d.). Much good work is being done in England and France, and this tribute to the craftsmen is interesting and valuable to book collectors and students.

The illustrated souvenir of the British Sections at the **St. Louis Exhibition, 1804**, is a substantial and handsome volume. Compiled for the Royal Commission, it is another monument to the industry of **Sir Isidore Spielmann**. Apart from views and plans, reproductions are included of many paintings, engravings, pieces of sculpture, and other objects of art, the importance of which is beyond question, or which appear to have most impressed visitors and art-critics in America.

In celebration of the tercentenary of the birth of **Rembrandt**, Mr. Heinemann is publishing a memorial consisting of forty photographs after the finest pictures of the artist, and facsimile reproductions of a number of drawings, with accompanying text by **Emile Michel**. The work will be completed in ten fortnightly parts at 2s. 6d.

Messrs. F. Muller & Co. (Doelenstraat 16-18, Amsterdam) have published a handsome catalogue, with illustrations, of their Ancient Dutch Masters Exhibition (July 10 to September 15), to commemorate

the Rembrandt celebrations. Visitors to Amsterdam should not fail to see this remarkable collection.

Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Artists, by **E. B. Greenshields** (Gay & Bird, 8s. 6d.), is a short and concise history of landscape painting from the awakening of art in the thirteenth century to the recent French Impressionists and the modern revival in Holland.

From the Clarendon Press comes an illustrated Catalogue of the loan collection of portraits exhibited at Oxford in the early part of this year (p. 196). As in previous years, there is an introduction by **Lionel Cust**. Price, 7s. 6d.

Messrs. Benyon & Co., Cheltenham, have published two interesting and well-printed etchings: **Chichester Cathedral**, by **C. O. Murray, R.E.** (12s. 6d. and 25s.), and **Lincoln Cathedral**, by **Elizabeth Piper, A.R.E.** (12s. 6d. and 25s.).

THE Christmas number of THE ART JOURNAL will be devoted to the life and work of **Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A., P.R.W.S.** The book will be by **C. Collins Baker**. Among the important illustrations will be an etching by **James Dobie**, and four plates in colours.

Guildhall.

THE Flemish Exhibition at the Guildhall proved not alone one of the most instructive but the most popular of the fifteen held there onward since 1890. It attracted over 1,40,000 persons, bringing the aggregate up to about 2,740,000. It is particularly noteworthy that Gallery I, containing some eighty pictures by early masters, among them Van Eyck's profound and exquisite 'Three Marias at the Tomb,' was throughout a centre of interest not alone to connoisseurs but to the general public. It is gratifying to learn that an illustrated catalogue containing some forty-five reproductions of the pictures in Gallery I, many of them from abroad and not likely again to be seen in London for long, has been prepared. It will be in request among collectors and others, the more so because great care has been taken with the blocks.

OF the hundred pictorial treasures which this summer Londoners have had the opportunity to study, none is greater than the portrait of a young man, by Hubert Van Eyck, from the Gymnase, Hermannstadt, seen at the Guildhall for the first time in this country. Though at Bruges in 1902 ascribed to the younger—and, in the view of Mr. Charles Ricketts, the greater—brother Jan, the consensus of expert opinion now gives it to Hubert. It should be compared with the portraits by Jan in our National Gallery and the group of Arnolfini and his wife, signed, above the wonderfully-wrought chandelier, "Jan Van Eyck was here." There was strength in his humility.



(Gymnasium of Hermannstadt, Hungary.)

Portrait of a Young Man.

By Hubert van Eyck.



'The Garden that I Love.'

By George S. Elgood, R.I.

The Art of George S. Elgood, R.I.

By C. Collins Baker.

THE art of garden-painting inherently is a gentle art, bearing to the greater branches of landscape the relation borne by Herrick's graceful lyrics to the sterner, higher range of Browning; and as no critic would make their verses the subject of comparison, so no man would weigh in the same balance light opera and 'Lohengrin,' or garden-scenes and imaginative landscape; of all, the aims and professions radically differ. On the painter of gardens, the very nature of smoothly-mown lawns and ordered flower-beds, and of the formal antiquity of box-edged walks imposes inevitable restrictions; and while on the one hand he is frankly unconcerned with the larger problems of pure landscape, on the other he is faced with difficulties which stringently test and no less clearly expose his exact position as an artist. There are many exponents of the lawn and flower-bed subject, and the greater proportion of their labours reaps but inconsiderable applause from painters of more ambitious themes, because, running foul of the essential limitations of the garden, the frail vessels make shipwreck in prettiness and niggling littleness. But at the head of the painters of the purely architectural or formal garden pictures Mr. George S. Elgood, R.I., holds a position of distinctive achievement, and has succeeded in

placing his chosen field of work in the domain of true art. Many years of close communion with his *motif*, and an inborn love of architectural form, have bred in him a sentiment and inspiration, wherewith, in approaching this gentle art, a man can rise above the restrictions of the apparently commonplace, and strike the note of a truly artistic expression of the beauty and deeper sentiment of garden scenes.

Reared in an atmosphere of drawing, young Elgood tried his skill with the pencil as soon as he was breeched, and although his brothers, experienced draughtsmen, made no great stir over his beginnings, undoubtedly this early inoculation of the serum of art was most valuable to his subsequent development.

In common with many of his ultimate profession. Mr. Elgood was launched in business waters rather than artistic, for a short time being engaged with the compasses and rulers with a ship-building firm on the London Thames; but with this material advantage, that, placed perforce by the river's side, he always was faced by the most entralling and beautiful of London's aspects, and in employing his ability sketching the shipping that passed along the water-way, and in ambitiously losing himself in the glories of smoke-veiled sunsets, the lad in no wise let slip his opportunity:



The Garden, Cawdor Castle.

By George S. Elgood, R.I.

than our city's river, for the assimilation of the wonders of atmosphere and the elements of decorative arrangement, no finer site exists. With less satisfaction to his employers than happy result to himself, we take it, the ship-building business fell on evil days, so that young Elgood transferred his talent as a draughtsman and his aspirations as a student to a stool in an architect's office, where, characteristically turning to advantage his environment, he busied his pencil with churches and street architecture, until in 1870, in his twentieth year, he entered the new Art-School at Leicester, the place of his home and birth. Thence two years' hard study conveyed him to the Royal College of Art, where he could indulge his bent for architectural drawing to the full; immersed in the museum and library in the atmosphere of antiquity, his love for the delicacy and beauty of old buildings reached a head, and established architectural landscape as his aim in art. The trials of a student of such subjects in a city, the distractions of uproar and gaping onlookers, soon hurried him forth into the country, where he found peace and solitude for the fostering of his art.

The beauty of the idealistic work of Fred. Walker, North and Pinwell commanded extensive homage from the younger men of the mid seventies, and naturally, engaged as he was in paint-

ing old farmhouses, village churches and kindred idyllic scenes, Elgood felt their spell: but fairly one cannot say that their influence reflected in his work, and about 1878 he brought to birth his enthusiasm for the old-world gardens of English manor-houses, for the interpretation of which he evolved his own style and vision. From this time his main *motif* was the charm that lingers in old brick walls and gateways, in crumbling masonry and the stillness of deserted pleasure-grounds, and although time and the exigence of public taste have associated his name more closely with garden scenes in which flowers in profusion of colour predominate, yet for him the chief attraction of gardens

lies in their architectural features. His first visit to Italy, in 1881, intensified his love for the sentiment of a dead world, and amid the welter of calls on his attention, striving with the claims of Italian landscape, with the riot of colour in the market-places, the canals of Venice, and the Adriatic, peremptorily the spirit of Old Italy, gripping his imagination, turned him to his best work—the portrayal of the grounds and terraces, the cypresses and the sculptured relics which adorn the old villas near Rome and Florence. In the possession of this historical sense Mr. Elgood's work has its strongest claim to imaginative art, because for



La Badia: Forecourt of the Monastery.

By George S. Elgood, R.I.



'Cat's Castle,' Barnchurch.

By George S. Elgood, R.I.



Isola Bella.

By George S. Elgood, R.I.

him these villas are not merely so much picturesque material for a drawing, but rather the home of the great house of Borghesi; the palace whence Galileo scrutinised the heavens, or where, mid obscure whispers of foul play, Francesco di Medici and Bianca, his wife, met sudden and mysterious deaths; and in his pictures the deserted terraces with dripping fountains, the melancholy vistas of yew, and the cypresses and lichened statuary, all speak with something of the brooding regret that hangs over these scenes in nature, thereby informing his art with a character and sentiment where lesser minds had produced but photographic stock-in-trade.

In 1882, when 'The Dudley' was practically fused into the Royal Institute, in the company of such men as Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane, the late Colin Hunter, and several Academicians of to-day, Mr. Elgood was elected a member of that Institute, and from that date, in the Gallery in Piccadilly and at 'The Fine Arts,' has regularly and prolifically exhibited: English gardens, Italian landscapes, Italian villas, church interiors, studies of flowers and of architecture and statuary, all have represented his immense output. His style, primarily, inspired by Frederick Walker, was broader than his actual knowledge justified, and recognising this fact, he reined himself in to severe and careful studies, until in the course of time fuller knowledge granted him a breadth based on experience. As a colourist he is at his best in such a study as 'Summer Flowers' in his garden at Ramscliffe: the brilliance of the almost sky-blue Delphinium; the darker shade, of purple; the

orange and deep red of lilies and sweet-williams, a wealth of scarlet poppies and a steady note of deep-purple Canterbury Bells, all compose an extensive and wonderfully harmonious scheme, to which the sombre grey-green of a yew arbour, closing up the vista of these iridescent blooms, gives a tone of weight and completion. However vivid the individual hues of his flowers, by a skilled feeling for unity he so orders his scheme that no clash of colour dismays the eye, herein establishing his superiority to his less able followers. His facility with his medium ensures a freshness of pigment, whereby in the treatment of the most brilliant flowers, of the mellow splendour of the Gloire de Dijon, or of the greys and greens of old masonry and the rich red of time-honoured brick-work, it renders admirably the purity of Nature's colouring. In an equal measure this mastery of technical means has given him his expression of the differing textures



Pisa.

By George S. Elgood, R.I.



Laghetto, Villa Falconieri, Frascati.

By George S. Elgood, R.I.

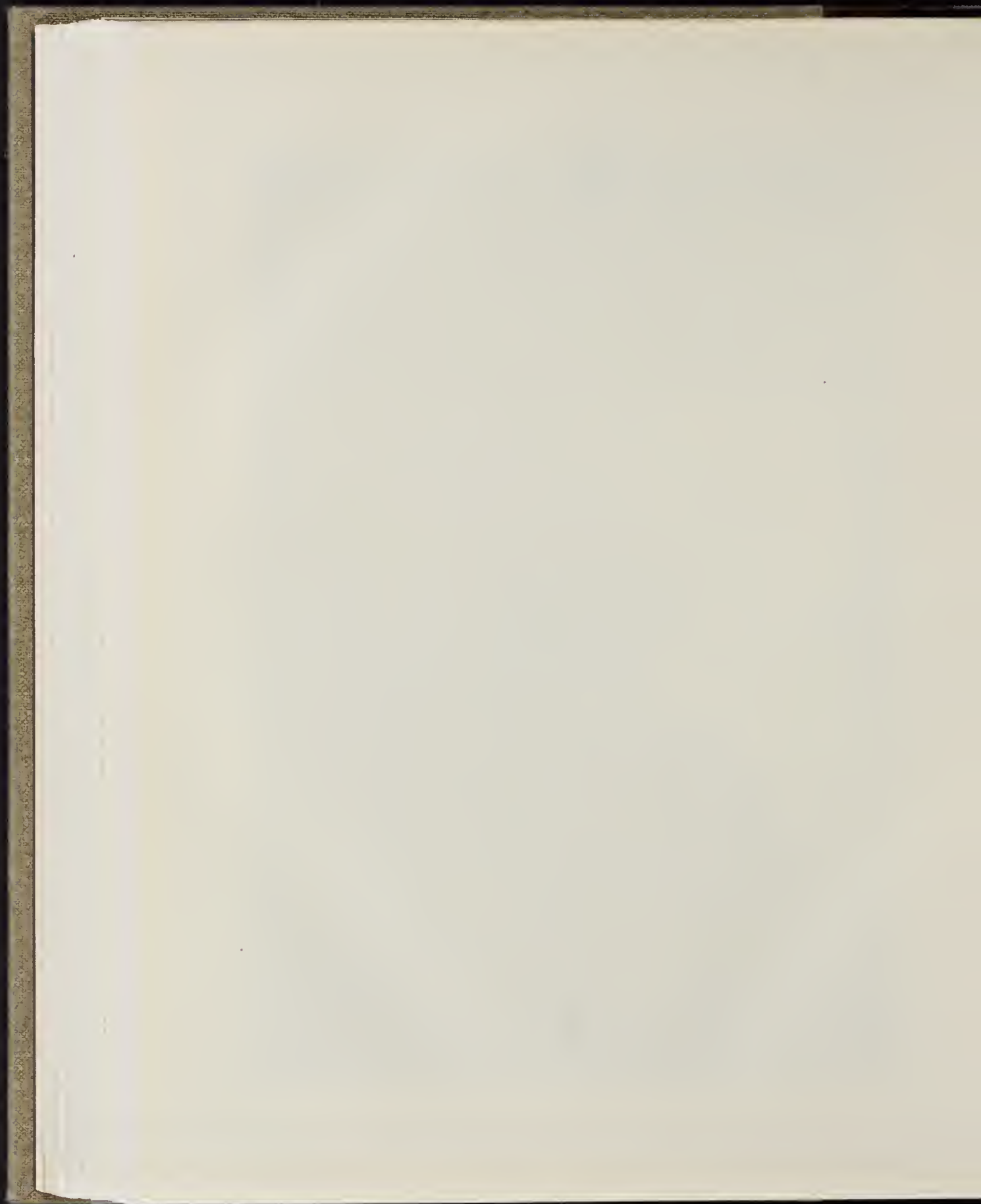
of his subjects. The quality of the castle in 'Crathes,' the surface of the orange-tree pots, in 'The Villa Castello,' no less than any of the crumbling, mossy statues that figure in his gardens, give clear evidence of this. His draughtsmanship finds testimonials in the grace and elegance of his lilies, his irises and hollyhocks; to each with sure hand he imparts its characteristic growth and dignity, and no less surely and sympathetically he transcribes the delicacy and subtle forms of roses. Strangely enough, this sympathy does not extend to tree-forms in equal degree, with the result that they lose, in his drawings, the vigour and growth of Nature.

The style and quality of his work, although lacking the breadth and largeness of Mr. Alfred Parsons' garden pictures, are free and unlaboured; his foreground studies achieve that rare thing, an artistic yet detailed rendering of *minutiae*; in photographic hardness he never meets disaster. And though his effects of light and shade, necessarily, are restricted, and a certain even monotony at times is evident in his aerial perspective, and in his skies a lack of sentiment and colour, yet he instils into his pictures at all times an artistic interest, and, not rarely, qualities of bigness. As such I esteem his feeling for the wealth and grandeur of flowers in mass, as it were in cumulus, for the aristocratic poise of sunflowers, hollyhocks, and iris, and especially, as in the 'Crathes,' for the light and plein-air that play among his climbing roses and honeysuckle. And more than all estimable is his sentiment for the inner character of the old gardens that he paints: his perception of the significance of the size and height of Crathes Castle, his sympathy with the old wall and pillared balustrade at Montacute, and the old-world refinement that they voice: his feeling for the sadness that lingers in the empty vista of 'The Terrace, Penshurst,' and in his many old yew-walks. And if in his English scenes this historical imagination is apparent, yet more so is it in his pictures of the Italian villas. Here his sense of design and composition has free play (for in crediting him with an acceptance of whatever lies before him his critics greatly err): the spring cypresses in 'The Villa Castello,' decoratively grouped, throw in relief the beautiful fountain and venerable statuary; in the drawing 'Pisa' the decorative value of the placing of these same slender trees



By permission of F. Rimmel Esq.

BARNCLUITH, LANARKSHIRE.
BY GEORGE S. ELGOOD, R. I.



adds grace to the composition, and to the domes seen through their stems, great distance. The relief of pinnacle-forms against the sky is a favourite theme in many of his pictures; in 'La Badia,' in the carven pillars of box, it expresses great height, and a sense of pure mountain air, which, by a glimpse of the lake lying in mists far below, is skilfully increased: again we see it in 'Frascati' (p. 310) where the sombre towering cypresses keep ward over the unruffled stillness of the lake.

Within its bounds Mr. Elgood's art is distinguished and accomplished; by its nature it is denied the larger qualities of greater art, but to its proper gamut it has given graceful sentiment. Accurate and sympathetic drawing, entire control of medium, and a taste for consonance of colour minister to a dignity of composition, and an accord with the intricate wealth of flower-masses, and the stately refinement that breathes in the memorials of a by-gone world.

Passing Events.

IN the catholic House of Art are countless mansions. That wherein dwells Simeon Solomon is far, for instance, from Mr. Brabazon's. A few months ago Mr. John Baillie made the first serious attempt to represent the art of Simeon Solomon. He was born in 1841, and passed into the silence last autumn, in particularly painful circumstances. Solomon was of those seemingly incapable to steer a way through the perilous floods of life. The creative spirit within him was snared into all kinds of strange labyrinths; his incorruptible energy suffered heavy bondage; but from the darkness, and all the agony of that darkness, the word of beauty issues, sometimes startlingly clear. The spectacle of talent such as this wrecked on shores that, because of its own inherent weakness, became inhospitable is indeed a pitiful one. This "greatest artist of all the pre-Raphaelites," as a member of the Brotherhood called him, over and over again gave tortured utterance to the beauty that he worshipped. In the early days he drew an 'Allegory,' which shows how much affected he was by the memorable Pennyson illustrations of 1857; and the intensity of his imaginative realisation is seen in the 'Jephthah and Daughter,' not flawless by any means in draughtsmanship, but fine notwithstanding. The 'Three Priests,' 1865, belonging to Lord Battersea, proves that at twenty-four he could compass the splendours of black and gold, and of sun-lighted grey. Imaginative authority informs, again, 'A Rabbi,' 1880, an impressive cloaked figure bearing the Law, and, too, drawings like 'Nicodemus,' 'Christ with Peter,' 'Christ kissing Moses.' In 'The Unappeased Desire,' 1887, we seem to have a tragic epitome of the artist's life. The face, with heavily knotted brows, parted lips, ravaging sight, is frozen into insatiability; from the "literary" standpoint, there was no need of the snakes that coil round the head. But beauty is surprised at the very heart of terror, beauty which derives from Greece. Despite technical shortcomings, the poignant art of

Simeon Solomon will a decade hence be more widely appreciated.

DAVID LUCAS, whose interpretations of Constable are to-day so justly valued, was, like Blake, buried in a pauper's grave. Now, however, his set of forty-two small subjects after Constable, which sold—not without difficulty—in the 1830's at 20 gns., command at least four or five hundred pounds. The following, again, is interesting in connection with the original prices charged by Constable for his landscapes. The details are taken from a printed document dated 35, Charlotte Street, 1826:—

Pictures measuring 1 ft. 6 in.	20
" " 1 ft. 6 in. to 2 ft.	40
" " 2 ft. to 2 ft. 6 in.	50
" " 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft.	60
" " 4 ft. 2 in. to 3 ft. 4 in. (half-length)	120

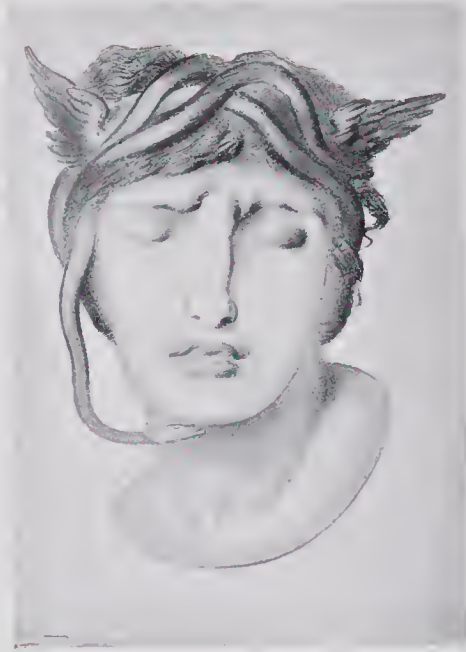
"In larger sizes the price will be regulated by circumstance, depending upon time and subject."



(Baillie Gallery.)

The Three Priests.

By Simeon Solomon.



(Baillie Gallery.)

The Unappeased Desire.

By Simeon Solomon.

Against these prices there may be set the fact that Constable's 'Stratford Mill,' exhibited at the Academy in 1820, and bought by Archdeacon Fisher for £100 about that time, fetched 8,500 gns. at the C. F. Huth sale in 1895. Mr. Frith had some difficulty in persuading Mr. Huth to buy it in the sixties for £500 or so.

MR. GEORGE MOORE has been giving us his version—as always, impressionistic—of Mr. Wilson Steer's refusal to allow his name to appear on the list of those nominated for A.R.A.-ship. Mr. Steer remains, of course, loyal to the New English. Mr. Moore's enquiry ran as follows: "So the long-eared beasts of the picture-dealers' sty came to you? They came grunting round your feet, but there was no spurning—just a cheery refusal." Mr. Moore, as some will remember, once prophesied the non-election of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Swan. Perhaps, then, even Mr. Steer will relent, and become one of the Forty. It is whispered, by the way, that the talented autobiographer of "My Dead Life" is responsible for certain radical alterations in Mr. Steer's self-portrait for the Uffizi.

WE in England have our writer-caricaturists and caricaturist-writers—witness Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. At Monte Carlo last spring the French composer, M. Hollman, made a very clever caricature of M. Saint-Saens, with an exuberant moustache and a vigorous head of hair, bringing the soul out of his 'cello.

APROPOS of musicians, the death, two or three months ago, of Señor Manuel Garcia, who celebrated his centenary in 1905, recalls Mr. Sargent's memorable portrait hung in Gallery 1 at the Academy that year. What a masterly summing-up it is of a virile and wonderful personality! The burden of sorrow seems to have slipped off, only the genius of joy remains. Never, perhaps, has Mr. Sargent surpassed the painting of the head, Egyptian almost in its mystery of a hundred years passed and endured.

FEW Scottish artists of to-day are, and with justice, so widely known as Mr. E. A. Walton. The commercial capital of the northern kingdom, Glasgow, has in its City Chambers a fine decorative panel by him, commemorative of the Horse Fair which attracted all sorts and conditions of men to the banks of the Clyde in those hardy, picturesque, half-forgotten times long before the steamboat was even a far-off dream, much less the horse-menacing motor-car a pulsating reality. True, no merchant or city firm has commissioned Mr. Walton to execute a panel for London's Royal Exchange, nor have the Chantrey Trustees looked his way. But on the Continent his talent has been recognised by those responsible for the conduct of several public galleries. As the 'Family Group'—of the three daughters and son of Mr. T. L. Watson, Hawick—reproduced, shows, Mr. Walton is not wholly, perhaps not primarily, pre-occupied with the problem of searching characterization, as generally understood. Rather, he likes to select some gracious, not indiscreetly tell-tale aspect of his sitters, and to weave—for there is something tapestry-like in his reticent art—a picture which shall, altogether apart from the humanities, be welcome from the decorative standpoint. In one of his lectures to Royal Academy students, Mr. Alfred Gilbert said, if we recall aright, that a good picture should, among other things, bear the test of being turned upside down, so as to eliminate "subject" appeal, and still give pleasure because of the beauty of its interstices, the balance of its lines and contours and colours. Indubitably, Mr. Walton assents to that dictum. He aims to move us not as a didacticist, not as an intellectual or emotional portrait or landscape painter, but from the vantage-ground of aesthetics, where, rightly apprehended, so many roads meet. Art at its highest is, of course, myriad-sided life expressed creatively in terms suitable to the material. Each thoughtful, earnest artist has that as his goal.

THOSE who have the wisdom to work for the humanities—or the "animalities" as their opponents gibingly say—organised a competition of humane posters. The first prize went to Mr. Robert Morley for his picture, 'The Shadow of the Knife.' The artist lives near Farnham, and has exhibited at the Academy on and off since 1884. Landseer was of those who executed many pictures that have served to awaken man's sympathy for animals.

MR. LANCELOT CRANE, second son of Mr. Walter Crane, is rapidly coming to the front in the profession of which his father is so distinguished a member. In 1905 Mr. Lancelot Crane won his Associateship of the Royal College of Art, and this year he gained the travelling



A Family Group.

By E. A. Walton, R.S.A.



Dead Lane, Ware.

From a drawing by Henry B. Withers.

scholarship in painting, the highest award in this branch, and of substantial value. He has exhibited at several leading galleries in London.

THE "find" of a portrait of Turner in a second-hand dealer's shop near the Seven Dials, pronounced by the master's friend, Mr. Frith, to be authentic, adds one to the few existing pictures in this kind. In the National Gallery is a self-portrait, thought to have been painted about 1802, though the artist looks younger in it than in that by Dance, taken in 1800. At Farnley Hall is another youthful essay on similar lines.

IN the Press Gallery of the House of Commons an art collection is being formed. Works already *in situ* include a couple of sketches in colour by Mr. S. H. Sime, two figure-subjects by Mr. W. Douglas Almond, Mr.

Windsor Fry's 'Sister Bridget,' in oils, and Mr. W. H. Pike's 'Skibbereen,' and a Punch drawing as well as 'An Hour's Study,' by Mr. James Greig, R.B.A.

NOT long ago High Cocken Cottage, near Barrow, where Romney lived from 1744 to 1755, passed into the hands of a builder, and it was feared that it would be given over to the none too tender mercies of the pick-axe and shovel. However, the Furness Railway Company bought the cottage and have resolved to keep it intact.

BY the way, King Leopold is interesting himself in the attempt to restore Rubens' house in Antwerp as far as may be to the style in which it was three centuries ago. It is proposed there to instal a museum, containing souvenirs of the Flemish genius.

A VERY interesting discovery has been made in the National Gallery of Scotland. Each of the ten large prints by William Blake, which made so impressive a show in the Carfax Gallery, is exceedingly rare. Of the wonderfully searched 'God creating Adam,' signed, and dated 1795, one impression only is known, that sold by Blake to Mr. Butts for 1 gn., against a present value of many tens of times that sum. 'Newton,' of the same year, is, again, unique. One of the most masterly is 'The Triple Hecate,' which, as well as the majestically tender 'Pity like a naked new-born babe,' was inspired by Shakespeare. Students have for long been aware that two impressions

existed, but not till Mr. Robert Steel found the second in the Board Room of the Scottish National Gallery, where little heed apparently had been paid to it, had it been located. These so-called prints, after being outlined and then coloured by impression, were finished with the brush. Good examples by Blake have risen in money-value to an enormous extent within the past few years. A work like 'The Nativity'—seen in Ryder Street in 1904—cannot now be got, as it once was, for 10s. Many pictures have more than doubled even in two years, and it is hard to say how much the specially decorated Ellis copy of 'Songs of Innocence and of Experience,' sold in 1901 for £700—against a cost of £200, from the Calvert family, and an issue price of perhaps 7 gs.—would now fetch. 'America,' 1793, another of the coloured and impressed books, originally sold at 10s. 6d., brought £295 in 1903. Mr. W. Graham Robertson, to whose courtesy we were indebted for per-

mission to reproduce 'Cain and Abel' (p. 240), has the finest collection of Blake pictures in this country or probably anywhere.

THE Fine Art section of the Irish International Exhibition, to be opened in Dublin next May, has enlisted the help on the Committee of Sir Charles Holroyd, Sir Isidore Spielmann, Mr. Lionel Cust, Mr. A. G. Temple, of the Guildhall Gallery, and, among others, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, of Birmingham. That promises well.

IT has been suggested that when the temporary bridge opposite the Tate Gallery has been removed, the iron railings with finials designed by Alfred Stevens, years ago taken from the front of the British Museum, should be utilised. At present the lions, intended to stand on iron

standards an inch thick, are at the Museum on bases twenty times as large. Mr. MacColl is a great admirer of Stevens' genius, and he will doubtless exercise his influence.

MR. BEIT, as a recognition of Dr. Bode's services to him, left a Reynolds to the Berlin Museum, with the bronze statuette, 'Hercules,' by Pollaiuolo. This last should not be confused with that belonging to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, from the Bardini sale of 1903 at £6,000, also lent to the Old Masters' Exhibition in 1904. Sir Joshua's 'Mrs. Boone and Daughter,' wife of Governor Boone, was painted in 1774, price 50 gs. It was exhibited by Mr. T. Colleton Garth at the British Institution in 1865 (No. 143) and at the Old Masters' in 1904 (No. 93). In 1866 it was engraved by G. H. Every.

Art Handiwork and Manufacture.



Brooch.
By C. Boutet de Monvel.

of the animating spirit. To the assured and enriched artistic consciousness of the twenty-first century our acquired design may seem an ingenious patchwork of fragments of style, and the originality that issued in the "New Art" of the late nineteenth century, mere petulance. But that to some real extent the unity of art and its function in every degree of human life were demonstrated while beauty was still generally considered a luxury and disregarded in the utilities, will seem more admirable as the result of our efforts becomes increasingly evident in creations that will relegate our favourite productions to obscurity.

From this point of view, which, if one believes in the future of art in life, is the meeting-place of one's best hopes, the actual form taken by artistic effort is of less significance than the relation in which it stands to general life. When art truly reflects life and is fully employed in its service, its worst and best, degradations and ascensions, are the responsibility of a people. But at present that is not so entirely, or even in considerable degree, in any European country, though some countries possess a far greater measure of their art than others. France, for instance, possessed the genius of Puvis de Chavannes, while England cannot hope to appropriate the spirit of Alfred

STEVENS, since his full offering was rejected, as were those of Watts and Ford Madox Brown. It is impossible to say that the art of Puvis de Chavannes reflects the spirit of nineteenth century France as the Parthenon frieze or the Hermes of Praxiteles images the spirit of enlightened Greece. But in the fair and serene forms of his painting the French people saw a fit decoration for their public walls, and by their appreciation related his genius to the time and place of its manifestation.

The best can only be so related when in the humblest as well as in the greatest opportunities an expression of beauty is recognised. During the last half-century France has been practically and philosophically compassing the unity of art, reinstating the applied arts as the auxiliaries of those that are "Fine." For this reason the work of French craftsmen, though in form it may display no surer development towards future creation than the craft-work of other nations, has certainly a wider significance than is common in the national life. The fact that one can study French arts and crafts in the Paris Salons is enough to mark the distinction in this respect between France and England. When the Royal Academy and the New Gallery yield an equal proportion of their space to manufacture and crafts-

Stevens, since his full offering was rejected, as were those of Watts and Ford Madox Brown. It is impossible to say that the art of Puvis de Chavannes reflects the spirit of nineteenth century France as the Parthenon frieze or the Hermes of Praxiteles images the spirit of enlightened Greece. But in the fair and serene forms of his painting the French people saw a fit decoration for their public walls, and by their appreciation related his genius to the time and place of its manifestation.



Buckle in Silver and Gold.
By Edouard Monod.



Brooch.

By L. A. Le Couteux.



"Lily leaf" Brooch in Chased Gold.

By L. A. Le Couteux.

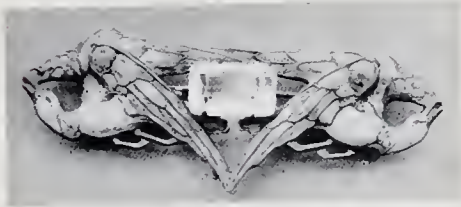
manship as is yearly given in the Paris exhibitions, we shall be preparing the possibilities that open before the arts in France. The modern collection in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, the yearly honour shown to contemporary arts and crafts by the State in purchasing, or, in a higher degree, by commanding, examples for the collection in the Musée du Luxembourg, are other expressions of the national recognition that inspires French craftsmen.

As has been said, in a view of modern art that considers it as preparatory to a more assured and richer creation, the background to the arts of France appears of greater importance and value than the actual work in metal, or clay, or leather, represented in the Salons. But until the conditions in which they are produced are surpassed, one may look, in certain kinds, at least, for no higher craftsmanship than is realised in many of these achievements. Potters such as M. Dammouse, M. Delaherche, M. Moreau-Nelaton, M. Lachenal; metal-workers such as M. Brateau, M. Monod; artist-jewellers like M. Boutet de Monvel, M. Lalique, M. Le Couteux—to cite only a few of the names that offer—are hard to surpass technically. These artists and many of their contemporaries continue and develop the technical tradition that has never failed in France, even at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when there were few who used their skill to fine purpose, and of these fewer still escaped loss of fortune in keeping true to an ideal of art. The preparation for the renaissance of craftsmanship was the work of men like Thomire and Sauvrezey, but it was not till after the London Exhibition of 1851 that the principle of the unity of art became the inspiration of a national artistic movement. It is only within the last fifteen or twenty years that the craft which is now in the forefront as regards vivacity of design—that of the jeweller—was freed from its commercialised form, and one may therefore take as expressive of the creative direction of the movement the jewellery of M. Lalique, M. Gaillard, M. Boutet de

Monvel, M. Le Couteux, and other workers in an art which they and Vever, Boucheron, Fouquet, Grasset and the artists of La Maison Moderne have been foremost in re-creating.

The French craft-renaissance has altered the course of industrial art in two directions—by enlarging and rectifying the consideration of materials, and by turning the invention of designers from the formal modes, whose successive revival occupied three-quarters of the nineteenth century, to the study of nature. Both these tendencies are realised forcibly in the new jewellery. There is more than the difference of a century of evolution between this work and that of the commercial jewellers contemporary with it—there is the difference of revolution, which separates more widely than time. Probably at no period were so many materials employed as in the jewels fashioned by this school. There has been a re-valuation of metals and precious stones, and to these have been added horn, ivory, shell, enamel, and every substance that gives colour and variety of surface to enable the artist to realise a conception of the innumerable colours and surfaces of nature. With this varied and entrancing material under his hands, and his eyes delighting in a scrutiny of nature to which the quick art of Japan has inevitably, in an eclectic century, been an incentive, the artist-jeweller has won a fascinating opportunity. Its dangers are as apparent as its fascination, though from some of them these craftsmen are fairly secured by tradition and environment that ensure the technical apprehension without which diversity of material would be worse than valueless.

But if, technically, the French artist-craftsman is equipped with power, in design he is little restrained from exploiting the sensational and eccentric. Till the 'eighties fashions of design, changing as swiftly as public opinion changed the affairs of the nation, had employed the high skill of Parisian goldsmiths and jewellers in imitating now



"Seagulls" Pendant, Aquamarine, Gold and Enamel.

By Paul Emile Brandt.

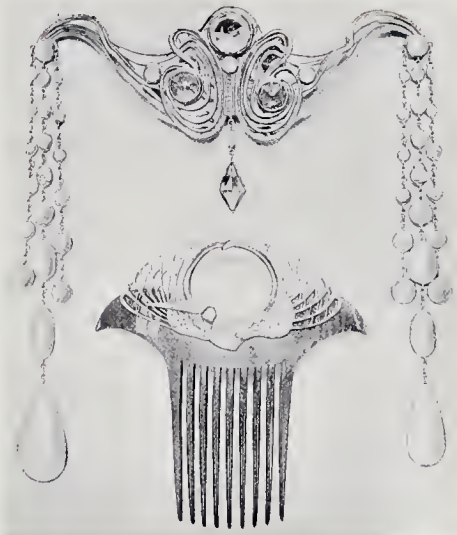


Clasp in Chased Gold.

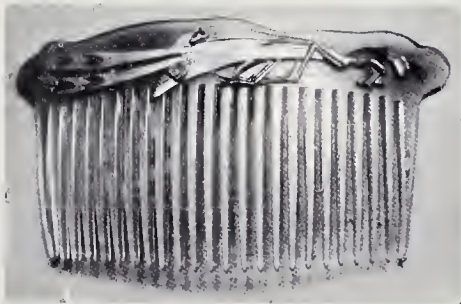
By L. A. Le Couteux.



Collar and Brooch.
By C. Boutet de Monvel.



Pendant and "Stork" Comb.
By C. Boutet de Monvel.



"Grasshopper" Comb.
By C. Boutet de Monvel.



Paper Knife: "Bird in Flight."
By C. Boutet de Monvel.



"Lotus Flowers." Gold Necklace, set with Olivines and Pearls.
By C. Boutet de Monvel.



Pendant in Gold, Pearls and Precious Stones.
By C. Boutet de Monvel.



Buckle: "Golden Pheasant."
By C. Boutet de Monvel.



"Mimosa" Vase in Silver.
By Jules P. Brateau.



Vase in Pure Silver Reponné and Chased.
By Edouard Monod.



Comb in Gold and Enamel.
By L. A. Le Couteux.



Comb in Horn and Chased Gold.
By L. A. Le Couteux.



"Seaweed." Gold Pendant set with
Sapphires, Emeralds and Pearls.
By C. Boutet de Monvel.

a classical, now a mediæval, a Gothic, a Renaissance, an Arcadian vogue. The recent return to nature had no preparation in what preceded it. It came, as has been said, as a revolution, and it has run to some extravagance. At present one of the most marked excesses is in the large presentment of forms such as those of lizard, grasshopper or beetle, which, however much one admires the skill that articulates these now monstrous creatures, are rather repulsive than impressive when they measure feet instead of fractions of inches. M. Lalique and M. Lucien Gaillard display their art in this mode, and one cannot but feel that the connection between jewellery and larger metal-work, which is one of the admirable traditions these artists maintain, threatens injury to design when subjects fascinating in small treatment are magnified.

That is one direction in which, to the foreigner. French

nature-study, vivacious and perceptive as it is, appears to go astray in virtuosity. An obvious effectiveness is attained by such devices which startle the sight, but no true connection between nature and design is established. And one



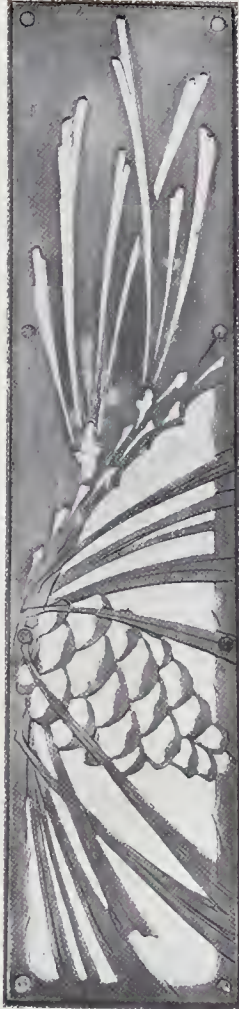
Fan-sticks.
By Jules P. Brateau.



Bracelet.
By Paul Emile Brandt.



Vase in pure Silver, Repoussé and Chased.
By Edouard Monod.



Door-plate in Copper.
By Paul Emile Brandt.



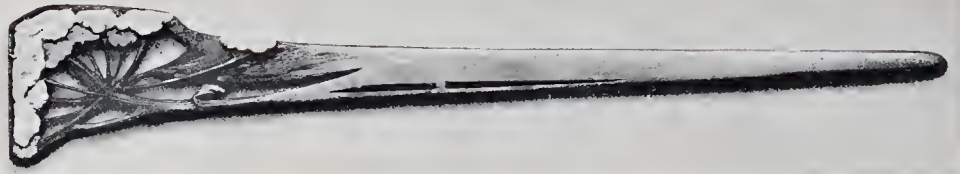
"Drones" Pendant, Topaz, Gold and Opal.
By Paul Emile Brandt.



Buckle in Bronze "Patiné."
By L. A. Le Couteux.



Brooch.
By L. A. Le Couteux.



Paper-cutter in Copper and Carved Ivory.

By Paul Emile Brandt.

is inclined to doubt whether, in other forms, the same looseness of application is not to be observed. Undoubtedly the fervour of nature-study has brought innumerable new motives into the craft; but whether the conditions that separate interpretation from imitation are fulfilled, as they must be if the ideas gained by observation are to be transformed into decorative art, is a farther question which it is not possible to answer entirely in the affirmative. On the other hand, the exaggerated contortions of *le style moderne*, arabesques and interlacings that have no gracious correspondence with vital twinings of tendril and bough, are the denial of nature-inspiration.

Between these extremes of lifeless and too little conventionalised design is a large and varied craftsmanship, which, while it distinctly shares the same tendencies, gives them more disciplined expression. The jewellery of M. Charles Boutet de Monvel, of M. Le Couteux, M. Brandt, here illustrated, characteristic in their range of theme and material, in their technical skill and invention, of the forward movement, are interesting examples of its individual development. M. Boutet de Monvel is a designer of many notes, but his use of natural forms, whether it recalls Japan, or Egypt, or is undoubtedly modern and Parisian, usually conforms to a geometrical construction which in the 'Three Bees' is as simple as it may well be, but is complex where

the jewel is one of greater display. The 'Seaweed' pendant, in colour as well as in dexterous design, the more severe splendours of the close-set 'Lotus,' with olivines and pearls like jewel-drops of ancient Nile, and the lustre of pearls against the delicate metal-work of the pendant surmounted by the quaint little beast, are schemes that show his colour-fantasy. In simpler materials the horn combs, the vigorous buckles, lamp and delicately wrought letter-opener, testify to the artist's grasp of form. M. Le Couteux, as the brooches in bronze and gold, close studies of leaf and insect-life, show, goes to Nature, as does the Japanese worker in metal. The oak-leaf, either with the enamelled butterfly, or with the delicate spine and ribs showing, the fir-cone twig, the wild plum, the chiselled gold brooch of wheat and grasshopper, are studies that will always remain rare in an age when the vague employment of a formula, or imitation of imitation, is sufficient to popular art. In more formal decoration Japan is still M. Le Couteux's chief exemplar, but the buckle of fantastic mother-o'-pearl and chiselled gold is a delightful piece that suggests the freedom of his invention. The rings and bracelet of M. Brandt, where the scarabeus of ancient Egypt, shimmering "honesty," and vigorous bramble-leaves are chiefly used, are again typical of an art of design to which the oldest symbols, and the growth of this year's summer, alike contribute. In colour the two brooches are vivid and strong, and the paper-cutter in copper and carved ivory is not less effective in contrast than these in brilliancy. The door-plates are dexterous and direct work.

If these jewels suggest the variety that is to be found in a craft which is yet, in its main characteristics, a distinct and unmistakable product of a period and country, the work of M. Brateau and M. Monod suggests the equal range that exists within the nearly related craft of the worker in precious metals. M. Monod, whose finished skill has been recognised by the acquisition of a silver vase and buckle for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, and by the state command to execute the more ornate vase for the Musée du Luxembourg, practises an art that is as modern in the character of its ornament as it is of fine tradition in the exactitude of its execution. M. Brateau is a modern master in orfèvrerie, an artist whose exquisite and elaborate work is finished with a beauty that reveals the highest qualities of the material. He is a sculptor, as the delicate figures on the fan-sticks prove as conclusively as any monumental work, a virtuoso in the fine details of his craft. The examples of his achievements in repoussé and niello need for their appreciation study of the originals, but illustration suggests something of the fine technique, the studied design of these admirable works.



Repousse Plaque: Nymphs Surprised.

By Jules P. Brateau.



The New Watts Gallery at Compton.

By David Croal Thomson.

THE devotion of Mrs. Watts to her illustrious husband during his lifetime has been, if possible, strengthened in her reverence for his memory since his death only two short summers ago. She has spent the time which the widows of our forebears have given to profitless lamentation, by arranging a practically complete exposition of the achievements of the first artist of the Order of Merit, the honour instituted by King Edward, and so properly and even jealously guarded.

The mind of Mr. Watts, as expressed in his works, being best understood when his pictures are collected, it has been Mrs. Watts's object to keep together this very comprehensive collection containing works ranging from his student days to the very last from his hand. She has built a picture gallery, with a sculpture and drawing salon, which adequately fulfil the object of a home for these great works of art, and under the guidance of carefully chosen trustees she has devoted a considerable sum of money to the erection of the building and the providing of funds for the upkeep thereof.

Nothing has been left undone that love and reverence could suggest. The result is the quietly informal opening of a new public collection, the value of which only the coming years will sufficiently reveal, and the public more thoroughly appreciate as its importance is understood.

The money value of the pictures alone—of which there

are over one hundred—is immense, so that the proposed gift will be one of the greatest in artistic annals. But this aspect of the donation is merely hinted at in order that those who will only understand value to mean current coin may be brought to understand the ultimate gain to the national treasures.

For many years Mr. Watts had made his home at Limmerslease, Compton, in Surrey, about three miles westward—over the Hog's Back—from Guildford, which is less than an hour's express run from London.

When Mr. Watts first went there (in 1891), the village of Compton was known chiefly to archeologists by its church, and to the tourist by the richness of the tree foliage, which give it a coziness difficult to describe.

Now Compton is the object of pilgrimage to many people coming from all parts of the earth. Mrs. Watts's gallery of her husband's works is the most important point in the neighbourhood, and this we have here illustrated and shall presently describe. Besides this there is the residence of Mr. Watts, where most of his later inspirations took form or colour, the studio where he worked, and the place where he spent his happiest days. This house is, of course, sacred to Mrs. Watts and her nearer friends, but even if entirely private, the fact makes sacred the ground on which it is built.

There is also close to the village and not far from the



house the interesting and uncommon burial chapel, designed by Mrs. Watts, and built by herself and her husband for the use of the villagers. "The Utmost for the Highest" is the lofty motto of the beautiful Romanesque red brick building, and the unfailling charm of the contrast with the surrounding foliage is an inspiration of itself.

During the past summer there has been given over to public exhibition this great collection of works by George Frederick Watts; and this is happily combined with two other enterprises, which were long dear to the hearts and minds of both the artist and his devoted wife.

The chief of these is a Hostel for the housing of young artists and craftsmen. This project combines the study of the works in the Watts Gallery on the one hand with the design of clay-working on the other.

The Potters' Art Guild is the title given to the industry which has for its aim the using "to the best purpose the very noble material provided by British clays," as it is expressed in the published pamphlet explaining the Guild's work. And in passing it may be mentioned that many artistically designed garden decorations and flower-pots are provided at very moderate prices.

With all these interesting places connected with one of the greatest artists of our time, it is no wonder that visitors concentrate on Compton by road and rail, bicycle and motor, to an increasing number every day.*

One of the objects of this article is to let the reader understand clearly how much intellectual and artistic pleasure may be secured in a long afternoon's excursion from the metropolis, and to recommend that the journey be taken.

The picture gallery is a simple building with ample top lighting screened by blinds on very bright days. There are practically four main divisions in the gallery, and these render it possible to group pictures of cognate interest together.



* The Watts Gallery is open free on Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday from 2 till 6 o'clock, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday at the charge of one shilling. It is strictly closed on Thursdays. Mr. Charles Thompson is the Curator, and all communications should be made to him.



The illustrations here presented give a fair idea of the dimensions and arrangements. Very probably the position of the pictures will be modified from time to time, and the trustees appointed by Mrs. Watts, in whom the property will ultimately rest, have full powers to act for the best in such matters. The trustees, it may be interesting to state, are acknowledged authorities on art, or friends of Mrs. Watts. They are—Lord Balcarres, the Honourable Walter James, Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. Andrew K. Hichens, Mr. Herbert Powell, Mr. William Fraser Tytler (Mrs. Watts's brother) and Mrs. Watts herself.

In the gallery are at present hung about 120 pictures, many of them of important dimensions, and every one worthy of study by student and art lover. Although actual copying is not permitted in the gallery, every encouragement is given to examine and study the pictures, and this the dignity of the gallery, standing amidst the quietude of a Surrey village, promotes and endorses.

An exposition of the aims and objects of Mr. Watts in producing his pictures has more than once been made in these pages,* and it is unnecessary at this time to insist on their great qualities. Sufficient for the moment is it to know that the gallery is so arranged as to give a comprehensive idea of the magnitude of the work the artist produced, and with the collections of his pictures in the Gallery of British Art, and in the National Portrait Gallery, to render this knowledge practically complete.

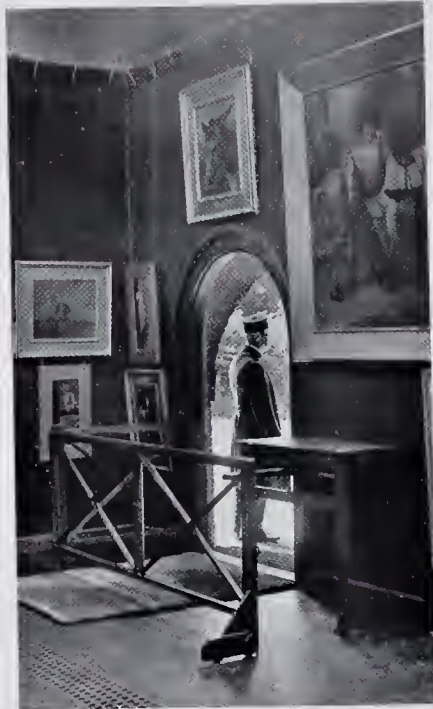
* See THE ART ANNUAL for 1896 (still in print) on the life and works of G. F. Watts, R.A., by Mrs. Ady, which the artist said was one of the best interpretations produced of his labours.

In the gallery at Compton care has been taken not to emphasise any branch of Mr. Watts's work too greatly; while there are examples, and these almost all of the first quality, of every character of subject which appealed to him—portraits, allegorical pieces, and landscapes.

Each of the pictures at Compton is labelled, so that a catalogue is not absolutely necessary, but for purposes of reference, and other obvious reasons it has been decided to issue a catalogue, and sooner or later this will be done.

Full of resplendent colour, and with subjects such as Watts alone could treat with delicacy and success, are the great pair of pictures of 'Eve Tempted' and 'Eve Repentant.' Nothing finer in quality was ever produced by the Master, and these alone are worth a pilgrimage to see.





'Paolo and Francesca,' the famous and frequently exhibited picture of 1884, hangs in the centre of the chief

gallery and it is worthy of the honour. "The two souls beheld by Dante in his vision of the second circle of the Inferno, where they, remorseful and sorrowful, yet together, are whirled continually onwards. In piteous words the Seer listens to Francesca's story, and swoons for grief at the unspeakable sadness."

Near at hand is the small version of the 'Court of Death' now in the British Gallery, a subject which occupied the mind of the artist for many years. "Death the sovereign power holding in her lap an infant form as a symbol that the beginning and end of life lie in the lap of death. On either side stand two angel figures, Mystery and Silence, guarding the portal of the Unknown and at her feet are gathered all sorts and conditions of mankind who have come to render homage; the warrior, the nobleman, the cripple, a young girl worn out with suffering, and a little child."

The centre of the next wall is occupied by the great canvas of 'Progress,' while on the wall between two arches is the great portrait of Joachim painted in 1866, and one of the finest works that ever left Mr. Watts' hands. It was of Joachim that George Eliot wrote in her "Stradivarius"—

"Your soul was lifted by the wings to-day,
Hearing the master of the violin."

There are altogether well over one hundred pictures exhibited, and within a short time these will be supplemented by an adequate number of Mr. Watts' works in sculpture.

With such an artistic feast before them the visitors are likely to be numerous, but the difficulty is for the collection to be widely known without lengthy delay; and it is for the object of calling attention to this new gallery near London that this article has been written.





The Toilet.

By Eugène Carrière.

Eugène Carrière (1849–1906).

By Mrs. Arthur Bell.

IT is only of late years that the unique position of Eugène Carrière amongst his contemporaries was fully recognised even by the best judges. The love of comparison indeed appears to be inherent in the critical faculty, rendering it almost impossible to judge of work on its own merits alone. Almost as a matter of course Carrière has been likened to Velazquez and to Rembrandt amongst the great masters of the past, and to Monet and to Whistler amongst the Impressionists of the nineteenth century; whilst the acute French critic, M. Camille Mauclair, saw in him a kindred spirit of Rodin, in spite of the very great difference in the medium chosen by the sculptor and painter to express their ideal conceptions. There can, however, be no doubt that Carrière stood absolutely alone. "He is," says his intimate friend and biographer, Gabriel Séailles, "a true artist. He did not begin by fettering himself with formulæ, he respected his ignorance of his own nature, and it has been in his work that he has learnt to know his own powers."

The youngest of a large family, Eugène Carrière was born at Gournay (Seine et Oise), and was taken to Strasbourg whilst still an infant in arms. He remained there until he was eighteen years old, receiving but little education; his father, who was constantly absent on business, leaving his children almost entirely to the care of their mother. The daughter of a doctor, Mme. Carrière was a warm-hearted, simple-minded woman who accepted her lot in life without question, and though she was evidently a very tender mother, she does not appear to have recognised the exceptional gifts of Eugène. When her husband decided that the boy should go to the manufacturing town of St. Quentin to earn his own living, she made no objection, and the future painter also fell in with the plan without a murmur. Quite suddenly, however, his true mission in life seems to have been revealed to him, and he had not been long at St. Quentin before he wrote home to say he had made up his mind to go to Paris to study art. His father replied that he absolutely forbid anything of the kind, but taking no

notice of the prohibition, Eugène went to the French capital, and, though he suffered great privations, he managed to keep himself and attend the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He had hardly settled down to work, however, before the Franco-German War broke out, and he felt it his duty to return home to share the fortunes of his family. He is said to have distinguished himself by his courage in the defence of Strasburg, and after its fall he was amongst the prisoners who were sent to Dresden, where he remained until the end of the war, enduring all the miseries of captivity with quiet stoicism. After a brief visit to his parents, who no longer opposed him, he returned to Paris to resume his interrupted studies. He now became the pupil of Cabanel, but he seems to have attracted little notice, either from his master or his fellow-students. He competed unsuccessfully in 1876 for the *Prix de Rome*, accepting his defeat with quiet resignation, and when his course of study came to an end it seemed as if his art career were also closed. His own faith in the future, however, was still unshaken, he meant to be a painter, whether a successful one or not; "his aim," as he said himself many years later to an intimate friend, "was a distant one, and he knew from the first that it would take a long time to reach it." Yet so assured was he of ultimate success that, whilst he was still a student, he married the beautiful woman who was for so many years to be his best inspiration, and is so intimately associated with his art, that she seems to have become a constituent part of it. In 1879, after exhibiting a 'Portrait of his Mother' which, in spite of a certain crudeness of execution, gave promise of the extraordinary skill in the interpretation of human nature its author



Father and Daughter.

By Eugène Carrière.



Head of a Child.

By Eugène Carrière.

was later to display, Carrière took his bride to London, possibly in the hope of obtaining remunerative employment there. Six disappointing months, with starvation staring them in the face, convinced the young couple of the mistake they had made. They returned to Paris and settled down in a humble little house at Vaugirard, where soon afterwards their first child was born. It was now, when all hope was lost of doing more than earn a scanty subsistence for his wife and son by working all day and much of the night for illustrated papers, that Carrière's revelation came to him.

Snatching from what he called his "convict's existence" a few minutes now and then to gloat over his new happiness as a father, he painted the exquisite 'Jeune Mère allaitant son Enfant' which was hung in the Salon the same year. Though skied, with the lower portion hidden by the ornate frame of a large portrait by Carolus Duran, the picture attracted a great deal of notice, some acute critics recognizing in it the genius which was later to place its artist in the very highest rank amongst his contemporaries. The 'Jeune Mère' was exhibited again and again in the French provinces, and eventually found rest from its wanderings in the Public Gallery at Avignon, having been bought by the Municipality of that enlightened city for eight hundred francs.

Though he was still compelled to earn daily bread for himself and his family by working to order, Carrière had no longer any doubt as to his true mission. It was in the everyday life of his secluded home, shut away from the world with his wife and children, that the all-important revelation came to him that the ideal is ever latent in the real. His earnest, loving study of the commonplace was his



Study from Nature.
By Eugène Carrière.

salvation, for instead of painfully striving, as so many artists do, to cater for the public taste, he remained from first to last absolutely true to himself in the work he produced at his own initiative. No other artist of modern times has shown himself so utterly indifferent to the literal as Eugène Carrière, yet none has been more faithful to the truth. He brought out the very inner ego of those he represented, not when they were posing for their portraits and had instinctively drawn a veil over their souls, but when they had forgotten self in their sympathy for others. It is this that is the secret of the indefinable charm, the extraordinary magnetism of Carrière's groups of women and children.

They do not seem to have been painted on canvas, but to be evoked by the imagination of the spectator from the nebulous haze forming their background. Their composition is ever of the simplest, and the light is concentrated on the face and hands in an extraordinary manner, the features seeming to radiate brightness. In the work of Carrière, outline seems to be eliminated, he saw his subject completed from its first inception, and subordinated every detail to the one supreme effect. He has been charged with ignoring all colour and restricting himself to the effects of light and shadow alone, but even if this be true, he always achieved a most delicate and harmonious result, and imbued his groups with a truly penetrating charm. His paintings of women and children are far more than mere interpretations of individuals; they are poems of human life, expressing with almost painful force the infinite yearning of motherhood, and the mournful consciousness of the sufferings in store for the loved little ones, which no sacrifice can avert. Carrière has painted the mother in every phase of her activity, ringing the

changes on such titles as 'Le Baiser,' 'Sommeil,' 'Amour Maternel,' and his groups have often about them more of the divine than the Holy Families of some of the Italian Masters, so instinct are they with the mystery of self-sacrificing love. They recall to every mother the first joys of maternity, when past anguish is forgotten in the exquisite thrill of the warm pressure of baby limbs, and they awake the chivalry for the weak and helpless inherent in all true manhood.

In his later works Carrière told the whole story of his own home life, following his children from infancy to adolescence, sympathising with their dawning intelligence, catching their unconscious gestures, whether waking or sleeping, and touching the simplest scenes with an almost epic dignity, "so that," to quote the eloquent words of Jean Dolent, "his pictures are realities with the magic of a dream," and as in listening to beautiful music, criticism is merged in enthusiasm, and any dissection of the means that have brought about the result is an after-thought.

Five years elapsed between the Exhibition at the Salon of the 'Jeune Mère allaitant son Enfant,' before Carrière again challenged public criticism with the 'Portrait d'Enfant avec un chien'; but in 1886 was hung the exquisitely beautiful 'Enfant Malade,' representing a mother clasping her sick child to her breast with passionate yearning, that was at once universally acknowledged to be a masterpiece, and was bought by the State for the modest sum of 800 francs. Unfortunately the money so sorely needed at the little home at Vaugirard, where there were now many mouths to feed, was all absorbed in the payment of a debt incurred for a friend, but encouraged by the appreciation



Study.
By Eugène Carrière.



(Luxembourg.)

Christ on the Cross.

By Eugène Carrière.

he had won, and, nothing daunted by the loss of any material reward, Carrière worked on with fresh enthusiasm. His next important composition was 'Le Premier Voile,' that when exhibited in 1886 aroused the greatest interest. The 'Premier Voile' was bought by the State for 1,200 francs, and after its exhibition the position of Carrière was assured, as one of the chief artists of the day; but it was only by slow degrees that real prosperity came to him, and he was able to give up turning out the "pot-boilers," which had been such a tax upon his time and strength. In 1889, Carrière received a medal of honour and was decorated; the exhibitions at the Champs de Mars, at which his pictures were hung together, made it possible to understand them better. Artists and authors hailed him as one of themselves, and patrons sprang up for him on every side. To give his own words, quoted by M. Séailles, "After a life of obscurity and silence I found myself in touch with men who, when I was young, appeared hopelessly above me. I was, however," he sadly adds, "too bruised by experience too old, too attuned to isolation, to be able to lay aside my reserve under the new conditions, but, for all that, it was a real satisfaction for me to receive sympathy from men from whom I should never have dared to expect it."

In spite of this declaration, Carrière did gradually cast off his armour of reserve, and by degrees a little group of choice spirits gathered about him. Roger Marx, who had prophesied an early triumph for the artist when he saw the 'Jeune Mère' at the Salon of 1879, Alphonse Daudet, Stephan Mallarmé, Edmund de Goncourt, Gustav Geffroy, Jean Dolent, and Gabriel Séailles himself, with many others, whom to know was in itself a liberal education, were constant visitors to Carrière's atelier, cheering him by their appreciation of his genius, and winning the hearts of his whole family. From that time to his death the popularity of the long-neglected master was ever on the increase, and he won nearly as great a reputation by his portraits of men as by his groups of mothers and children. The revolution in public opinion did not, however, in the slightest degree affect the artist himself, his way of looking at life, or his mode of interpreting what he saw. He fathomed with wonderful insight the mystery inherent in the nature of every human being, so that his portraits were often real revelations to the person represented, as well as to the spectator. The form, indeed, sometimes appears altogether subservient to the spirit, as in the portraits of Gustav Geffroy and of Gabriel Séailles, who seem to be transfigured for a time, yet are more truly themselves than in their most unguarded moments. Equally remarkable in another way is the 'Portrait of Devillez,' exhibited at the Salon in 1887. It is a perfect poem of rest after labour, of the cessation of toil after a happy day's work. The sculptor stands in the gathering darkness near the block, from which the group he is chiselling begins to emerge. He pauses for want of light, his whole being still vibrating with eager interest in his creation, his eyes still clouded with thought, whilst in the



France and Peace.

By Eugène Carrière.

background the nude figure of a woman resuming her clothing emerges from a veiled radiance.

Even more celebrated is the portrait group of Alphonse Daudet and his little daughter, in which Carrière realised with extraordinary force the personality of the great novelist, whose early struggles and insight into the tragedy of human life have left an indelible impress of melancholy upon his noble features. The head, which illustrates well the artist's masterly subordination of line to form, the modelling being rather that of a sculptor than a painter, might serve as a model for that of the Christ, so clearly does the ideal shine through the real, and so suggestive of vicarious suffering is the expression. It is said that this portrait so painfully impressed Mme. Daudet that she entreated Carrière to paint a more cheerful likeness of her husband, and the artist complied, but the result was, as might have been expected, far from satisfactory.

In Edmund de Goncourt Carrière had another model after his own heart. Goncourt too had known what privation was in his early days, and the death of his beloved brother and collaborateur had greatly saddened

him, but he was more able than Daudet to shake off his melancholy, and in Carrière's likeness of him his expression is that of a keen thinker, whose experiences have left him his belief in the future of humanity. "In painting my portrait," said Goncourt to a friend, "Carrière seemed to draw my very life from me as he fixed me with his penetrating gaze, so that it was impossible to resist the force compelling the yielding up of the most sacred recesses of one's nature." It is the same with the portrait of the poet Jean Dolent, which is a revelation of a pure-hearted idealist in the simple surroundings of his own home, and of that of the democrat Henri Rochfort, a man of a very different type to Goncourt or Dolent, yet whose virile personality was completely fathomed by the artist seer.

Although as a general rule Carrière preferred to paint one, two, or at the most three figures at a time, he has been equally successful with the larger groups he has exhibited. 'La Famille du Peintre' and 'Ernest Chanson et sa Famille,' the former of which was bought by the French Government, are remarkable for the skill of their compositions, the faces and figures contrasting admirably with each



(Luxembourg.)

Maternity.

By Eugène Carrière.



Portrait of M. Carrière, Junior.

By Eugène Carrière.

other. Though there is practically no background, all that is essential is given, the forms being silhouetted against a twilight atmosphere, gaining distinctness as the eye becomes accustomed to the obscurity which is apparent only. Both groups are noteworthy examples of Carrière's peculiar use of shadow, upon which he plays as a skilful musician upon his instrument, bringing forth from it all manner of unexpected harmonies.

Of the very few subject pictures painted by Carrière two are especially remarkable: 'The Crucifixion' and the 'Théâtre de Belleville.' The former is a powerful realisation of the final drama of the Cross, the dying head of the willing victim all in shadow, except the brow with its crown of thorns, which seems to pulse with radiance, drooping upon the breast, the hands dragging upon the nails, whilst at the feet stands the mourning Mother, pressing her pale hands upon her lips to suppress a rising sob as she realises that the end has come. This fine painting set as it were the final seal upon the artist's realisation of the close union between the ideal Mother and the ideal Son: a union which, beginning at birth, is drawn yet closer by death, that is the dawn of new life.

If it was in his groups of mothers and children and in his 'Crucifixion' that Carrière achieved his highest psychological triumphs, it was in his 'Théâtre de Belleville,' exhibited at the Salon in 1895, and now in the possession of M. Gallimard, that he perhaps proved his greatest mastery of chiaroscuro. It is merely a representation of the spectators in a popular French theatre: the only light that of an oil lamp shining through a red lantern, and a ray from outside which has penetrated through some chink in the wall. For all that, it is a revelation of many diverse characters, the emotions of the crowd of people, some standing, others

seated, being clearly reflected in their eager faces as they gaze upon the drama going on on the stage, which is hidden from the spectator. This extraordinary *tour de force*, scarcely noticed in the opening days of the exhibition at which it was first seen by the public, gradually won upon the visitors to the Salon, exercising upon them a kind of fascination, so that crowds daily gathered about it, the enthusiasm for its wonderful charm growing greater every day.

The men and women in the 'Théâtre de Belleville' are, in fact, all typical characters, removed for the nonce from everyday life to a higher plane in their eager interest in the drama they are watching. The woman in deep mourning, for instance, who is pressing her hand to her eyes and half rises in her sympathetic compassion, "might be symbolic," says M. Maclair, "of the Dawn, yet she is but a daughter of the people, idealised by Carrière, and freed for a brief space from the levelling influences of the Faubourg." The same critic saw in this picture a fresh proof of the affinity he recognised between Carrière and Rodin, who in his opinion exercised a joint influence on modern art, "for, he says, they brought to bear upon it a new psychic quality, making painting and sculpture express psychological ideas. To be able to express this," he adds, "is little short of the miraculous: it is the very alchemy of spiritualism. The art of Rodin and of Carrière prove the predominance of intuition, prescience, and abstract ideas in the technique of the very arts chosen to express the concrete."

The same idea was even more forcibly expressed by Carrière himself in one of the very few written utterances he has given to the world. In the Preface to the Catalogue of his works exhibited in 1890 he said, "Love of Nature's



A Wedding.

By Eugène Carrière.

external forms is what has led me to understand them. I know not if that which is material is an emanation of the spiritual, a gesture being perhaps will made visible, but I have always felt them to be one. The strange surprises Nature prepares for eyes open to see them through the illuminating power of thought, the blending in the memory of the past and present in our own minds: all this is alike my joy and my torment. My soul is dominated by the mysterious logic of Nature, many concentrated forces often gathered up into one sensation. Forms which have, as it were, no existence of their own, become tangible through their affinities with other forms, react upon our sensations in a subtle manner, and I find Nature responding to my desires, so that my work is a combination of Faith and Aspiration." In a word, Carrière, like Rodin, discovered—to quote the words of the latter—"that the transmission of thought by means of art, like the transmission of life, is the work of passion and of love."

Eugène Carrière died on March 27, 1906, after a long and painful illness, borne with heroic fortitude. Although the doctors knew from the first that the malady from which he suffered was incurable, he was himself convinced that he would recover, and after the operations, which from time to time gave him temporary relief, he would begin to work again and re-appear amongst his intimate friends.



Portraits of the sculptor Devillez and his mother.

By Eugène Carrière.

The Stibbert Collection.

THE Government has been unable after all to accept the valuable bequest of Mr. Stibbert, who died at Florence last spring. He came to England in 1905, upon resolving to offer his splendid collection of arms and armour to the Mother Country, and soon thereafter the Keeper of the King's Armoury made a careful inspection of the assemblage, which as a whole he valued at over a

quarter of a million sterling. Certain conditions imposed by the terms of the legacy rather than the Pacca Law, apparently, proved impossible to overcome, so that, in this case Italy is not to be robbed of any of her artistic patrimony. However, the collections will be open to the public in Florence on the same terms and in the same way as though they were British possessions.

St. Katherine's Wharf.

An Original Etching by Harold A. Rigby, A.R.C.A.

ST. KATHERINE'S WHARF, as is hardly necessary to say, lies immediately east of the Tower Bridge, hard by the entrance to St. Katherine's Docks. It is in that part of London's great waterway which onward from the thirteenth century has been known as The Pool, a name which for hundreds of years has stirred the imagination of poets, and quickened the sensibility of artists. The Thames hereabouts, muddy and often smoke-shrouded though it now be, is, indeed, potent to bear to such "children of the dawn" messages which the majority of us are incapable of apprehending. A wise man said not very long ago that our commercial supremacy and the increasing volume of English-speaking peoples in the world imposed on us a signal responsibility: that of making the English language a sacred tongue by virtue of the purity and light

breathed into its words. Such an ideal cannot be realised unless each member of our swarming community is bent on becoming a little centre of light, or endeavouring to purge the dross from words and things that are degraded. From this point of view the Pool of London may be regarded as an extension to the London community of Mr. George Moore's fine idea of the Lake at the heart of every man, mirroring his failures and partial successes. Though commerce has elbowed off religion, St. Katherine, whose winsome eloquence is said to have converted fifty heathen philosophers, still may be said to preside over the destinies of London's Pool or Lake.

St. Katherine's Dock is not, as many suppose, a thing of the nineteenth century, though the present docks were opened only in 1828 after 1,250 houses had been

demolished, and over 11,000 inhabitants removed. The unknown author of the *Merry Devill of Edmonton*, published in 1608, mentions the Dock, which remained till the time of Strype, who died in 1737. The Royal Hospital of St. Katherine, swept away with a large part of its precincts when the present docks were constructed, and removed to Regent's Park, was founded in 1148 by Matilda, wife of Stephen. By the founders it was placed under the especial patronage and jurisdiction of the Queens-Consort of England, the office of Master being the only preferment in their gift. Strype affirms that in this hospital Raimondus Lullius, the Hermetic philosopher, wrote his *Testamentum Novissimum*, the historian's authority being John Gibbon, a member of the Hospital, great-grand-uncle of the author of the *Decline and Fall*, on whose family devolved a house in

St. Katherine's. With other religious houses the Hospital was suppressed by Henry VIII., but was re-constituted by Queen Elizabeth for the maintenance of a master, three brethren, and ten bedswomen. Earlier, in the reign of Henry VII., the precinct was noted for its breweries, some of which were "spoiled" for putting too much water in their beer, a proceeding which was more summarily dealt with in those days than now. The last service in the old church, which stood close to the Thames, was held on October 30, 1825.

The river-side etching of Mr. Rigby serves to recall several of the masterly plates made by Whistler onward from 1859, in which he revealed the essential life of the tumble-down warehouses, and came forward as their pictorial guardian.

National Gallery of Australia, Melbourne.

THE way in which public galleries administer the funds at their disposal is an increasingly important one. However much or however little we have deserved

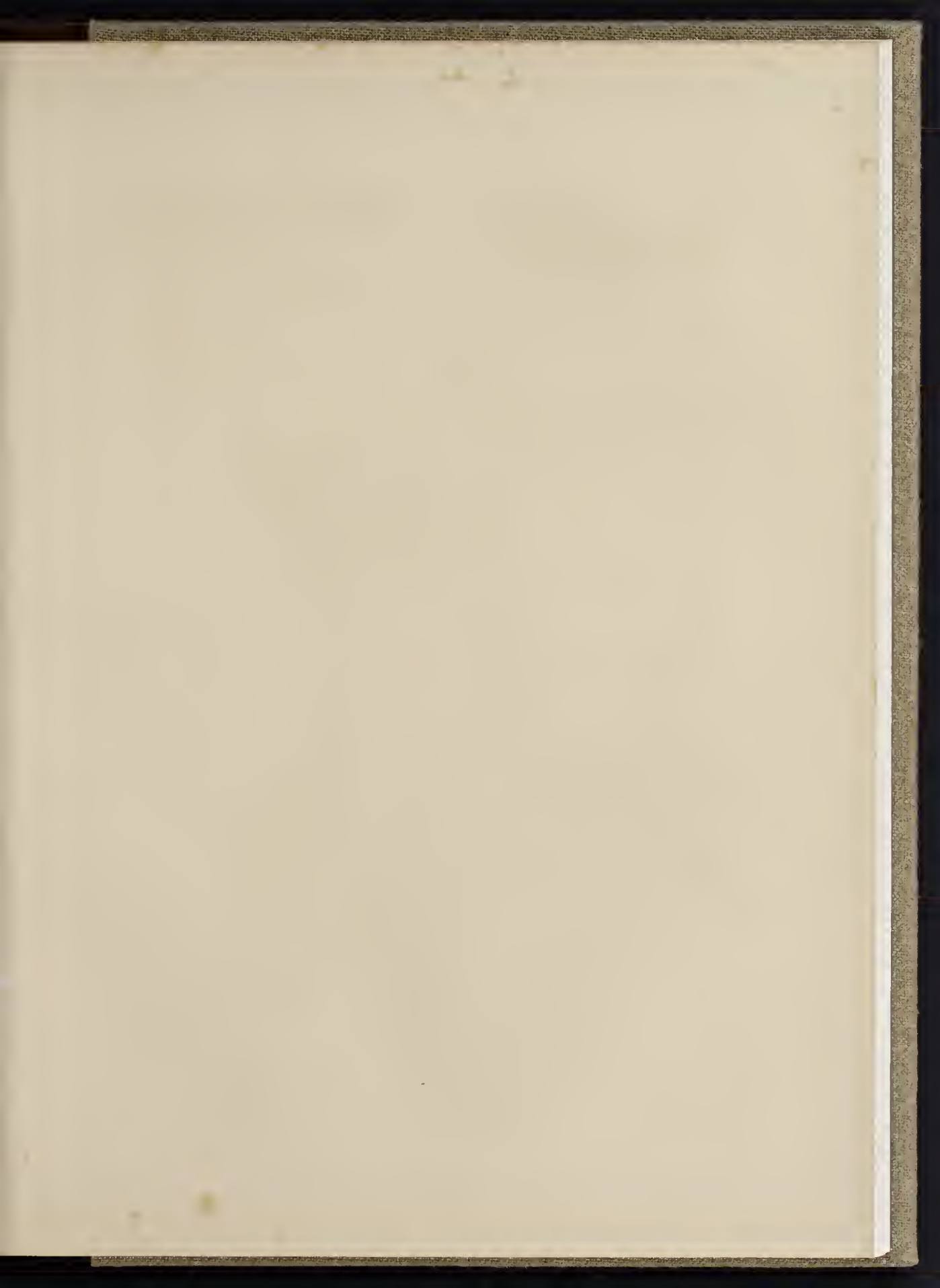
in the past to be called an unaesthetic nation, art—or at any rate pictorial art—as an element in the general life has now "come to stay," and the only question is as to what quality shall be provided. Large sums are nowadays bequeathed to this or that city for the purchase of pictures (Glasgow, to cite an instance, is to receive £50,000 under the will of the late Mr. John Hamilton), so that, if from the commercial standpoint only, and in order that there may be an adequate and lasting *quid pro quo*, it is evident that buying power cannot be too carefully allocated. A few local magnates, with an ill-grounded "fancy" for art, are apt to spend huge amounts perhaps on works by some painter with a bubble reputation, works that half a century later are regarded as mere encumbrances. Then, there are aesthetically enlightened persons who hold that popular, as distinct from sound, good pictures must be bought as a sop to public opinion. In this, as in other matters, the wise man with faith in the potency of what is best is what we require.

The National Gallery of Australia, Melbourne, has for one or two reasons been prominently before the art-public of this country during the last few months. It has now considerable funds, of some



Souvenir of Van Dyck (Miss Kate Hargood).

By C. H. Shannon.





W. H. W.

W. H. W.

The first part of the book deals with the general features of the continent, including its position, extent, and physical characteristics. It also discusses the climate, soil, and vegetation of the various regions.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed description of the different states and territories of Australia, including their history, population, and resources.





£2,000 of which Mr. Clausen has made admirable use. Several able witnesses at the House of Lords' Enquiry into the Administration of the Chantry Fund declared—some of them, no doubt, with the splendid results obtained by Dr. Bode in mind—that the ideal purchasing committee consists of One, endowed with full powers: and the way in which the Melbourne moneys have this summer been handled confirms the rightness of that view. Mr. Clausen, whose lectures as Professor of Painting at the Academy have done much to extend the horizons and deepen the appreciation of students, is known to have been one of this year's Committee of Three appointed by the R.A. Council—who are, too, the Chantry Trustees—to draw up a list of pictures suitable for purchase. It is doubtful if a group of men with conflicting views, such as the Academy Council, could choose satisfactorily; always the tendency is to compromise on the commonplace. Thus it came about that two excellent pictures on the Committee's list were rejected by the Council, and Mr. Clausen, meantime having been asked to buy for Melbourne, secured them for Australia.

The Melbourne Gallery has been in existence for over forty years. No attempt has been made to bring together a collection of pictures by Old Masters, or even British eighteenth century painters, but large sums have been spent on contemporary work. The permanent funds were not considerable till 1904, when Mr. Alfred Felton bequeathed about a quarter of a million sterling to the institution, whose income available for purchase purposes is now about £12,000 a year. Mr. L. Bernard Hall, an original member of the New English Art Club, who is the Director of the Gallery, has in the catalogue adopted the admirable plan of

printing the name of the selector of each work and the price paid. This salutary practice cannot fail to increase the sense of individual responsibility of those who buy, for wisdom and folly are alike, so to say, nailed to the mast. We commend the idea to administrators of public collections in this country. The buyers for Melbourne have been many and varied. They include Sir Charles Eastlake in the sixties, J. R. Herbert, R.A., Ruskin, Dr. A. Taddy Thomson, Sir James McCulloch, the Hon. Edward Langton and Professor Herkomer in the seventies, eighties and nineties; while during the last few years the Council of the Royal Academy has been asked to choose, and in 1905 Mr. Bernard Hall was in Europe to buy.

As in England so little is known of the contents of the Melbourne Gallery, details of the thirty-six works—thirty-four pictures and two pieces of sculpture—which have cost £500 each, or more, with an aggregate of over £40,000, may usefully be given in tabular form.

No. 1 is a smaller version of the subject, representing the entry into the Temple of Bacchus of those who came to honour the god for an abundant vintage. A replica of No. 2 is in the Tate Gallery. No. 5 reminds us of the once great popularity of Edwin Long, whose 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' 66 by 120 (1875), for which Mr. Hermon paid him 7,100 gs., fetched 6,300 gs. at auction in 1882—the highest price under the hammer for a work by a living artist. But in 1905 a Long which cost 1,100 gs. four decades earlier brought but 28 gs.! Mr. Taddy Thomson spent on two replicas by Long more than Mr. Clausen has done this year on a number of admirable drawings and pictures, mostly by artists of sound achievement. No. 11 is

WORKS BOUGHT FOR £500 EACH AND MORE.

Artist.	Work.	Year.	Selector.	Price.
1 Alma-Tadema, Sir L. (R.A.)	.. Vintage Festival, 45 x 19. 1871. Replica	1888	T. T. and J. M.	4,000 0
2 Orchardson, W. Q. (R.A.)	.. The First Cloud, 70 x 52. 1887	1887	E. L.	2,750 0
3 Linnell, J. Wheat, 37 x 55. 1860	1888	J. M.	1,750 0
4 Herbert, J. R. (R.A.)	.. Moses: Tables of the Law, 248 x 134. 1877	1877	Commn.	1,700 0
5 Long, Edwin (R.A.)	.. Queen Esther, 67 x 84. 1878. Replica	1879	T. T.	1,600 0
6 Davis, H. W. B. (R.A.)	.. Ben Eay, sunset glow, 84 x 48. 1883	1883	T. T.	1,600 0
7 Riviere, Briton (R.A.)	.. Roman Holiday, 71 x 38. 1881	1888	C. I. E. M.	1,575 0
8 Butler, Lady Quatre Bras. 84 x 38. 1875	1884	T. T.	1,500 0
9 Brozik, V. La Defenestration, 1618. 83 x 52	1890	Melbourne	1,500 0
10 Graham, Peter (R.A.)	.. Easterly Breeze, 72 x 42. 1887	1887	E. L.	1,350 0
11 Walker, Fred. (A.R.A.)	.. Right of Way, 45 x 31. 1875. Unfinished	1891	H. H.	1,200 0
12 Waterhouse, J. W. (R.A.)	.. Ulysses and the Sirens, 79 x 39. 1891	1891	H. H.	1,260 0
13 Dicksee, F. (R.A.)	.. The Crisis, 61 x 48. 1891	1891	H. H.	1,260 0
14 Stanfield, C. (R.A.)	.. Morning after Trafalgar, 42 x 25. 1863	1888	C. I. E. M.	1,200 0
15 Schenck, A. F. A. Anguish, 68 x 59. 1878	1886	T. T.	1,200 0
16 Boehm, Sir J. E. (R.A.)	.. Young Bull and Herdsman. 1887. (Marble)	1888	C. I. E. M.	1,000 0
17 Joanowitch, P. The Traitor, 60 x 40	1890	Melbourne	1,000 0
18 Wood, Marshall Daphne. 1871. (Marble). Replica	1877	Melbourne	1,000 0
19 Ward, E. M. (R.A.)	.. Josephine signing Divorce, 66 x 51½. 1853	1888	C. I. E. M.	997 10
20 Paed, T. (R.A.) Mitherless Bairn, 36 x 25. 1855	1886	T. T.	945 0
21 Herkomer, H. (R.A.)	.. Queen Victoria, 57 x 93. 1891	1891	Commn.	945 0
22 Watts, G. F. (R.A.)	.. Love and Death, 22 x 45. Replica	1888	C. I. E. M.	840 0
23 Creswick and Ansdell (R.A.'s)	.. England, 59 x 47. 1850	1878	T. T.	750 0
24 Kemp-Welch, L. Horses in the Sea, 122 x 60. 1900	1900	C. R. A.	700 0
25 Riviere, Briton (R.A.)	.. Deer Stealers, 39 x 54. 1875	1876	T. T.	630 0
26 Long, Edwin (R.A.)	.. Question of Propriety, 108 x 68. 1870. Replica	1879	T. T.	630 0
27 Gysis, Nich. Love's Pilgrimage. 47 x 31. 1876	1884	Melbourne	630 0
28 Watts, G. F. (R.A.)	.. Tennyson, 20 x 24. 1856	1888	—	630 0
29 Hlalswelle, K. Welcome Shade, 71 x 41. 1884	1888	G. F. F.	600 0
30 Pettie, J. (R.A.) Arrest for Witchcraft, 60 x 35. 1866	1876	T. T.	600 0
31 Graham, P. (R.A.)	.. Autumnal Showers, 68 x 48. 1869	1869	T. T.	577 10
32 Roberts, D. (R.A.)	.. St. Anne, Bruges, 73 x 48. 1851	1895	G. V.	525 0
33 Swan, J. M. (R.A.)	.. African Panthers, 25 x 14	1892	H. H.	520 0
34 Follingsby, G. F. Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, 46½ x 60	1879	Commn.	500 0
35 Heffner, K. Glean before Storm, 31 x 47. Replica	1884	Melbourne	500 0
36 Webb, James Rotterdam, 120 x 78. 1868	1869	T. T.	500 0

Total £40,595 0

T. T.: Mr. A. Taddy Thomson. J. M.: Sir James McCulloch. E. L.: Hon. Edward Langton. H. H.: Professor Herbert von Herkomer. C. R. A.: Council of Royal Academy. G. F. F.: Mr. G. F. Follingsby. G. V.: Sir George Verdon. C. I. E. M.: Centennial International Exhibition, Melbourne, 1888. Commn.: Commissioned from the artist.



Underground.
By Muirhead Bone.

Walker's last work, unsigned and unfinished. Watts painted five or six portraits of Tennyson (No. 28) in 1856. There is a replica of No. 30 in the Wolverhampton Gallery. No. 21 was painted for Melbourne from the statue by Alfred Gilbert erected at Winchester in 1887. It will be observed that, with all the representation of the Academy, there is no example by Alfred Gilbert himself, no piece of sculpture by Swan, no picture by Sargent. Nor can the Continental section be regarded as satisfactory. Where, for instance, are Israels, Jacob and Matthew Maris, Harpignies, to say nothing of the Barbizon masters, examples by whom might have been bought for lesser amounts than those paid? The list by no means exhausts, of course, the pictures in the Gallery which are worthy of remark. In 1888, for instance, the then Duke of Westminster presented Turner's 'Dunstanborough Castle'; in 1872 Ruskin bought a small Edouard Frère, whose skilled minuteness he so enthusiastically praised; and since 1892 the Gallery has possessed a 'Marigold' by Fantin, procured for the modest sum of £45 by the Director.

One of the interesting sections is that of etching. Here Professor Herkomer made some excellent purchases. From the Seymour Haden sale, 1891, he got for 125 gs. a first state of Méryon's noble 'Abside,' an impression of which has recently made 400 gs., of 'La Pompe' and 'Saint Etienne du Mont' for 16 gs. and 17 gs., and an impression of 'Le Stryge' for 26 gs. Some fine Rembrandts came from the same collection: the Hundred Guilder Print, second state, 170 gs.; 'Jan Cornelius Sylvius,' 1646, 168 gs.; 'The

Three Trees,' 148 gs., against £385 this year for a perhaps less good impression. Dürer's 'St. Jerome in the Cell' was procured for £115, his 'Knight and the Devil' for £74, his 'Melancholia' for £50; a set of twelve etchings by Seymour Haden, including the large 'Shere Mill Pond' and the 'Agamemnon,' first state of the second plate, for 73 gs. Again, in the nineties Mr. Joseph Pennell bought some good examples in black-and-white by Menzel, Leighton, Pinwell, Vièrge, Burne-Jones, Charles Keene, Mr. Abbey, and, at the request of the Trustees, selected his own pen-and-ink of 'A Devil of Nôtre Dame.' Mr. Bernard Hall, a fellow-student of Mr. Clausen in Paris, last year bought pictures by Aman-Jean, Pissarro, Meissonier, Frederick Sandys, Holman-Hunt, drawings by Turner, Stanfield, Cox, Thomas Collier, Ford Madox Brown, Arthur Rackham, E. J. Sullivan, Vièrge, bronzes by Barye, Rodin and Alfred Gilbert.

One of Mr. Clausen's aims has been to provide the Melbourne Gallery with characteristic pictures by certain living painters of distinction not already represented. It is instructive to observe that while only six works by British artists on the table are by other than R.A.'s or A.R.A.'s—and the exceptions include Lady Butler, who was nearer to becoming an Associate than any other woman for a century, and Miss Kemp-Welch, a welcomed exhibitor at Burlington House—Mr. Clausen has in the main gone outside the Academy. His taste is not only sound, but catholic, and there is the advantage of his knowing and being popular with artists of various schools. As he had none to consult, Mr. Clausen was able, on June 25th, to buy under the hammer, at the Laurence W. Hodson sale, four pictures and a number of drawings, for a total of £513 9s. In all he has secured fourteen pictures, which are as follows:—

Artist.	Work.
1 Burne-Jones	The Ascension, 57 x 26, monochrome. (Hodson, 34 gs.).
2 Corot	Sketch of Scheveningen. (Once Vollon's).
3 Fantin	Dahlias.
4 Fisher, Mark	Lane, Antibes. (New Gallery, No. 5, 100 gs.).
5 Hemy, Napier	Bell Buoy. (New Gallery, No. 150, 100 gs.).
6 Knight, J. Buxton ..	Hamlet, winter sunshine. (R.A., No. 156, £200).
7 Legros	Old French Farm, 30 x 50. (Hodson, 36 gs.).
8 Mackie, C. H.	Musical Moments. ('Independent,' No. 24).
9 Mann, Harrington ..	Good Morning. (R.A., 1905, No. 733).
10 Rothenstein, W. ..	Aliens at Prayer. ('Independent,' No. 14).
11 Shannon, C. H. ..	Souvenir of Van Dyck: Miss Kate Hargood, 40½ x 38. (Hodson, 100 gs.).
12 Steer, P. Wilson ..	A Japanese Gown, 50 x 40. 1896. (Hodson, 130 gs.).
13 Swynnerton, Mrs. ..	New Kisen Hope.
14 Vollon	Œufs-sur-plat.

Nos. 6 and 10 are the two pictures which the Council of the Academy had the unwisdom to reject. At the time of its exhibition in Bond Street we directed attention to the grave, authoritative beauty of Mr. Rothenstein's work, which should not have been allowed to go out of this country. Years ago, when buying for another Colonial gallery, one of Mr. Clausen's first visits was to Mr. Steer. His 'Japanese Gown' (p. 234) is a good example of what he was doing twelve years ago; there is a delightful play of colour. No. 8, by a talented A.R.S.A., was the largest picture at the Agnew exhibition in the spring. No. 9 is a happy example of Mr. Mann's child subjects—the "sitters" in their nightgowns are his own children. No. 14 is a masterly bit of painting. Mr.



Aliens at Prayers.

By W. Rothenstein.



Musical Moments.

By C. H. Mackie, A.R.S.A.

Clausen has, too, secured for the guidance of Colonial students some genuine and fine working drawings by present-day artists of power. Three searched and beautiful pencil studies by Mr. Havard Thomas were made for a relief of women weaving, which he has carved. They show how penetrative is his sight, how sure his hand. Mr. Muirhead Bone's 'Excavations for an Underground,' from the New English, has unforced grandeur. It is fitting that he should be represented at Melbourne. The pencil studies of heads by Mr. A. E. John are, again, extraordinarily

incisive and beautiful. From the Hodson sale there were secured, too, drawings by Burne-Jones, Leighton, Ruskin, Albert Goodwin, Helleu, Legros, C. H. Shannon, J. M. Swan. Mr. Sargent is giving a drawing, though he never sells one, Mr. Rothenstein half-a-dozen of his lithograph portraits, and the pastel studies for Mr. Clausen's 'Ploughman's Breakfast,' bought last year, are among the really welcome acquisitions. There are to go to Melbourne, also, a statue by Fremiet and, fortunately, a work by Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

MANY knew the late Arthur Tomson chiefly as a sympathetic painter of "pussy" in various moods and attitudes. Such will be interested to know that Mrs.

Arthur Tomson has presented to the Melbourne Art Gallery one of the cat studies recently on view at the Memorial Exhibition in the Baillie Gallery.



Making Hand-tufted Carpets and Peasant Tapestry at Haslemere.

Haslemere Arts and Crafts.*

By R. E. D. Sketchley.

OF words whose use with understanding means communion of spirit with the inspiration of a great idea, "craft" is not the least. It stands nearer than "art" to the life of those that invented it to express skill exercising strength and inspired by craving. Art is skill, and our ancestors who used the word "skill," where we should distinguish between a cunning of the hands and of the brain, were, in intuition, nearer than are we to the wisdom of Greece, whose arts and wisdom learned from Egypt, where the priest and master of the mysteries was also an artificer. To the Greeks the one word meant both skill and wisdom, and "skill" had the same double meaning to mediæval England. Yet for art which was a skill of strong men smiting metal and cleaving wood and stone, an activity called forth by the needs of life and made delightful by the desire for beauty, the people needed a word expressive of more than the intellectual nature of art. They found it in "craft," into which went

the energy of "kraft" or force, the eagerness of "cravian," to crave, or demand.

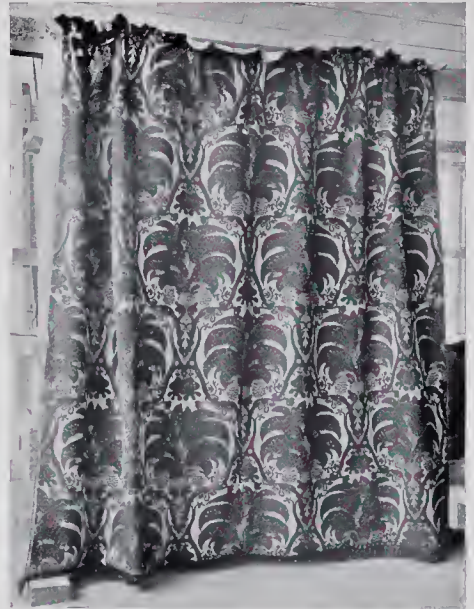
Craft is a strong word to-day as ever it was, and expressive of the function of a movement which seeks to renew the arts in daily life, and to restore to the maker of utilities his right and power to exercise through mind and body the divine arts of imagination. But the problem of the modern craftsman is not the single and immediate problem of how best to direct strength, skill and desire to the day's work. If indeed the crafts are again to be nourished by the force, reason and demand of the people's life it will be when reason becomes light, and strength love, and the desire of the enlightened and redeemed life is to draw all things to itself, not that it may possess them, but that its joy may be fulfilled in the universal joy. Before that procession through fate is accomplished, the present phase of craftsmanship, whose strength is in withstanding, its skill in separating, and its desire to escape the common conditions of production, will be a long-passed stage. That, nevertheless, it is an essential part of the way, neither belief in the clearer future

* Art Handiwork and Manufacture Series: Part XI.



Gothic Tulip Tapestry.

Designed by Edmund Hunter.
Woven at the St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works.



Portière in Woven Embroidery.

Designed by Luther Hooper.
Woven at the Green Bushes Weaving House.

nor comparison with the clearer past can make one doubt. There must be the struggle forth, antagonism, separateness, in the inner life of systems as of individuals, if the spirit is to come to that self-knowledge which, "reasoning outward, progresses into universal sympathy."

It is as an image of this spiritual development that one finds the deepest interest and largest hope in experiments such as that which has developed at Haslemere during the past twelve years. The central principle, the idea represented by the community, is, of course, the making of useful things personally, and as beautifully as may be. The various efforts

to realise this principle in activity are, however, entirely independent, and the existing handicrafts of Haslemere represent individual aims as fully as they represent the common idea. That is so, naturally. If craft is vital energy the result of a settlement of craftsmen in conditions good for the fulfilment of their idea should be in increasing diversity, not only of the form of work, but of the purpose it serves in the life. In private enterprise and in a communal system in which the arts are an element of the scheme to purify and inspire life, Haslemere craftsmanship is related to various ideals and actualities. This diversity of practice issuing from a common principle is, in itself, of interest and significance.

Textile industries, as everybody knows, are by far the most important of the Haslemere crafts. The Haslemere Weaving Industry, founded twelve years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King, is the starting-point of the settlement. Next in date comes the Peasant Arts Society, started two years later by Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Blount, who added to the weaving of plain and figured materials in linen, cotton and silk, which is the work of the parent industry, appliqué work, known as

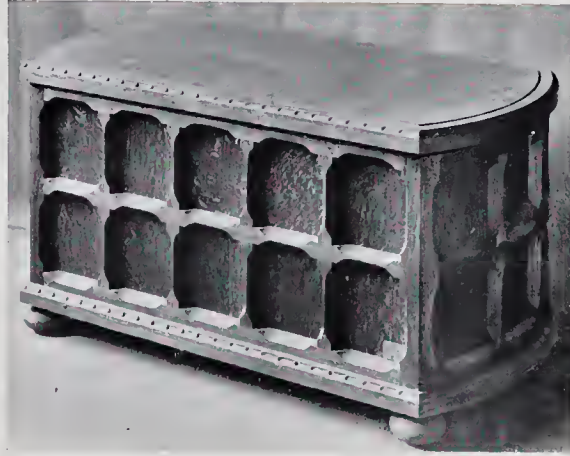


Dining Table of Brown English Oak.

Designed and made for P. Debell Tuckitt, Esq., by A. Romney Green.

Peasant Tapestry, hand-woven pile carpets, linen, and cotton carpets, and tapestry carpets. In 1901 Mr. Luther Hooper's industry, the Green Bushes Weaving Houses, began a various activity, including the weaving of silk, worsted and cotton damasks, brocades, velvets, woven embroideries, tapestries and carpets. The latest enterprise, Mr. Edmund Hunter's silk-weaving works, established in 1902, has developed the more magnificent kinds of weaving. Church vestments and hangings, gold and other metal brocades, are the splendours of the St. Edmundsbury looms, which produce, too, wall-hangings, curtains and dress fabrics.

Besides the textiles thus briefly summarised, the wood-working industry of Mr. Romney Green, Mr. Radley Young's pottery, book-binding by Miss Hay-Cooper and Miss Barnard, and wood-carving, fresco-painting, hand-press printing, are other Haslemere crafts. Mr. Godfrey Blount's plaster-work for ceilings, friezes and other architectural work, and coloured wood-carving of bold and simple design executed by the Peasant Arts Society, add to the list. Iron-work by Mr. Maides is an instance of local craftsmanship entering into the scheme.



Panelled Chest of Brown English Oak.

Designed and made by A. Romney Green.

So much in general outline of the arts and crafts of Haslemere, a modern effort to obtain "the double pleasure



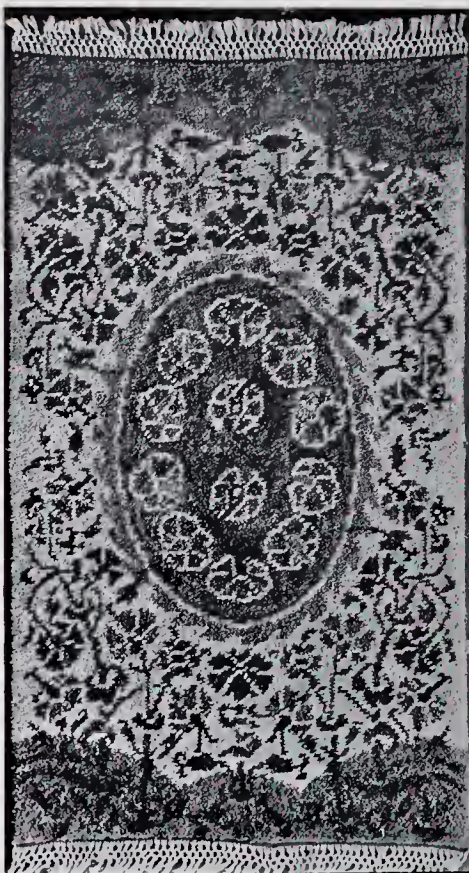
St. Paul Brocade.

Designed by Edmund Hunter.
Woven at the St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works



Gothic Rose Tapestry, in Silk and Aluminium.

Designed by Edmund Hunter.
Woven at the St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works.

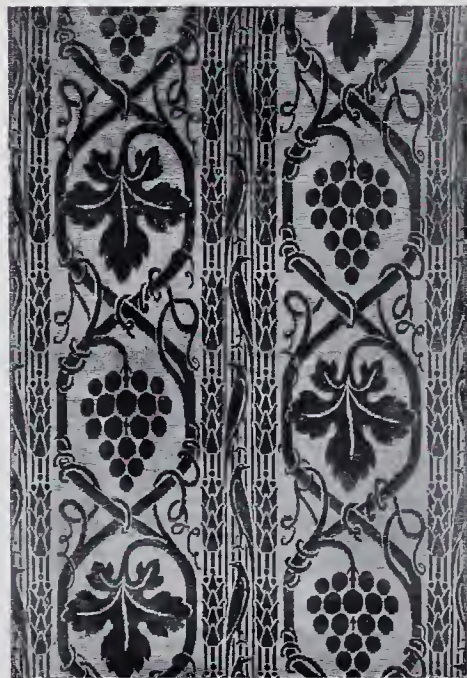


Hand-tufted Rug: 'The Little Rose Garden.'

Designed by Godfrey Blount.
Executed by the Peasant Arts Society.

of lovely surroundings and happy work." Whether the result of that effort is individual or communal depends, in the first instance, on the craft chosen. From the social point of view, as from the technical, the weaving industries, where executants are an essential part of any considerable undertaking, form a group by themselves, though each of the four textile works is different in aim and constitution. The Haslemere Weaving Industry, like that of the Peasant Arts Society, employs women and girls from the village, who are taught their craft, and who earn a home-industry wage at work that is pleasant to do, and done in pleasant surroundings. The simplicity of the processes, whether of treadle-weaving, of pattern-weaving according to the village traditions of Scandinavia, of the knotting of hand-tufted carpets, or of stitching round the appliqué designs of Peasant Tapestry, makes the employment of village workers possible, and the establishment of this relation between the craft and the country life fulfils one possibility of the scheme. For if the substitution of lovely surroundings for squalid ones is a part of the "return to the

land," the substitution of happy work for drudgery in country life is at least as important. To give the interest and animation of craftsmanship to the villager, to give the quiet and leisure of the village to the craftsman, are two halves of one reform. Its aim is the revival of a true country life where handicrafts and the arts of husbandry shall exercise body and mind, and express the relation of man to earth and to the fruits of earth through the impress of his spirit on the substance they yield him through his labour. The teaching of a craft, or rather of a technical process, with opportunities for individual taste and judgment, is but a very little step in the direction of the peasant craftsmanship which is the expression of a living sense of beauty in nature, and desire for beauty in possessions. But the immediate gain to the workers is of the true kind that enriches the life with new possibilities, and the Haslemere weavers and embroiderers show the influence of their work in their interest in it. The designs of the Peasant Tapestry—a name, one may perhaps be permitted to say, that is misleading as to the nature of the work—are by Mr. Blount, and this decorative craft, as well as the pile carpets, whose colour, like that of the appliqué, is so important an element of their beauty, are carried out under the direction of Mrs. Blount. Many of Mr. Blount's designs are woven, too, at the Weaving House in Foundry Meadow, where the industry started by Mr. and Mrs. King is housed. Here, besides cloths and hangings woven in stripes on treadle-looms, coverlets, curtains, and a variety of patterned webs are



Vineyard Poplin.

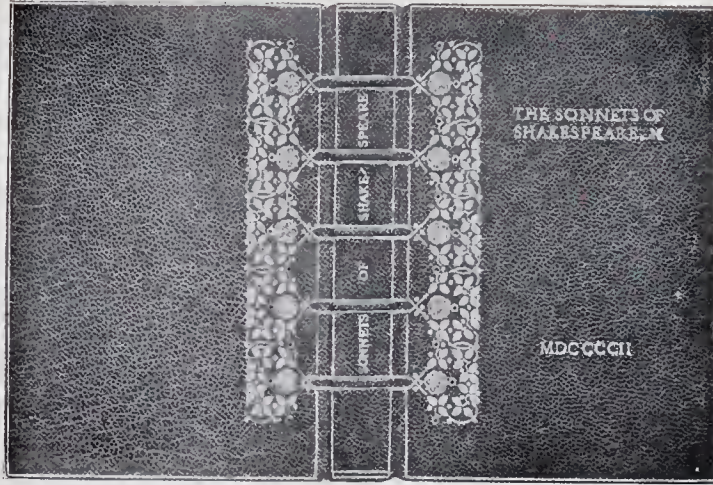
Designed by Edmund Hunter.
Woven at the St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works.

woven on the simple looms that, in the Scandinavian homesteads, have proved sufficient for a vigorous and inventive art. The coloured and shot linens used in Peasant Tapestry are woven here in fine texture and tint, and cotton textiles of all weights, as well as silk materials, are also skilfully produced.

The weaving works of Mr. Luther Hooper and Mr. Edmund Hunter are not peasant-industries. They demand in the work a higher executive skill than is necessary for the processes named above. In place of the primitive treadle-looms a Jacquard hand-loom is used, and the "woven embroideries" of Mr. Luther Hooper, his damasks and brocades, as well as the true

tapestries and carpets executed at the Green Bushes, are textiles of distinction. The St. Edmundsbury works had

their beginning in Mr. Hunter's experience as a designer for manufacture, a pattern-maker for materials and pro-



Book Cover.

By Lillian Hay-Cooper and S. Barnard.



Hanging in Peasant Tapestry (Appliqué)

Designed by Godfrey Blount.
Executed for Mrs. Joseph King by the Peasant Arts Society.

cesses whose possibility is only theoretically apprehended. The desire for a completer mode of expression, for the realisation of design in material, and its adaptation to suggestive opportunities in a practical work, led him to practise weaving. It had final issue in the starting of weaving works at Haslemere, with skilled weavers from Spitalfields to carry out their traditional craft, under the direct supervision of the designer. Some of the loveliest webs are those in which a metal thread is used, the shining beauty of the gold or silver interthreading with light the lustre of the silk. In these glancing fabrics, as in the silk poplins and damasks, Mr. Hunter's design is only completed when the web leaves the loom. Reproduction where not even colour is recorded, nor the play of differing surfaces, gives little more than a plan of the complete work. In the church textiles which are an important part of his industry, as in the more ornate designs for brocade, Mr. Hunter's use of animal forms among the emblematic flowers points to inspiration from the great textiles of mediæval Sicily, the wonderful webs whose romantic fantasy captures the sense of all those who respond to imagination in art. But when he uses traditional forms, conventional or symbolic, the designer regards them for the purpose of the present, and in that spirit has produced in twentieth-century Haslemere some works of rare and quick beauty.

Mr. Romney Green's furniture and wood-work is typical of the present regard for the decorative quality of fine wood. His shovel-board table has the noble piece of brown English oak that forms its surface displayed by the patterning of the legs, and the grain of the panels in the little chest tells delightfully between the intersecting bars. A simplicity to which fine materials and solid construction give importance is the ideal of design in these big pieces, but in smaller examples of cabinet-making with delicate and contrasting woods Mr. Romney Green proves that the range of his craft includes more than the one idea.



Arm Chair of English Oak, with Laced Leather Seat.
Designed and made by A. Romney Green.



Superrontal in Red and Gold.
Designed by Edmund Hunter.
Woven at the St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works.

The Christmas Art Annual, 1906.

The Life and Work of Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A., P.R.W.S.

IN the series of standard monographs on the lives of modern artists, the new volume is devoted to the work of Sir Ernest A. Waterlow, R.A., President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Among the sixty illustrations are an etching by James Dobie of 'The

Evening Hour,' and four reproductions in colours of the pictures: 'Sheltered Pastures,' 'The Close of a Midsummer's Day,' 'A Village Lane, South Wales,' and 'Toilers of the Woods.' The book is by C. Collins Baker.



The Royal Bastion and the Walker Monument.

By W. Monk, R.E.

The City of Londonderry.

By Alfred Yockney.

IRELAND'S long night of suffering is nearly over, and the day is near at hand which will begin a new era for the country. Prophets have said so, and promises are many. In this new land, which the wicked Englishman and Scotsman will cease to trouble, and where the weary Irishman will be at rest, there is to be an ideal system of government. There will be no national petulance, for the people will be eased from dependence and restraint. Politics being purely domestic, and Westminster having been removed from the map, there will be no MacDonnell mysteries, and the people will not need to be told by their representatives to resist their Government, good or bad. The absentee landlord and the non-resident grazier will disappear, and the tenant-farmer will cultivate the soil. If the happy island does not dance with corn and wine, as in the story, it will at least flourish with potatoes, cabbages, and, perhaps, tobacco. The country having become an Irish Ireland, dozens of organisations will be disbanded, and students of history will be less bewildered at the rival contortions in the political gymnasium. The Gaelic League will remain alone to preserve the language, and to restore the literature of the past.

Cinderella having been visited at last by the fairy god-mother, she will decline any advances made by her ugly sisters, and if she triumphs in the glass slipper act she may resent the presence in her dominions of visitors from foreign parts. While these acts of devolution are unconfirmed, and before the discussion of relationship causes the inevitable awkwardness, let us hasten across the sea and enjoy the welcome which now awaits the traveller.

In Elizabethan days Bristol and Chester were rivals in the fisheries of Ulster, and a greater commercial interest was soon to be developed between England and the North of Ireland. At a time when British emigration ships were sailing to the New World, circumstances drew the attention of colonists to equally adventurous prospects on shores nearer home. Affairs in Ireland had become involved, and out of the disturbances arose the scheme of James I. for the Plantation of Ulster. The Corporation of London and the City Guilds undertook to colonise certain districts, and the property was placed for management into the hands of the Honourable the Irish Society. The Government House of the Committee has been sold recently, and other economies of administration have been arranged in consequence of



Derry from the Upper Foyle.

By W. Monk, R.E.

sales of holdings to tenants under the Irish Land Act. But whatever further changes may be unfolded in the future, there will remain always the tablets of the past deeply graven with the records of trade between England and the Province of Ulster. It is an easy step, therefore, from one centre to another.

Derry is attached to London, and is a worthy suburb of the metropolis. The mere hyphen which separates the two cities, the dash of a few hours across the land and sea, is of small account. There is a choice of ways and means, and by day or night the journey is pleasant. After crossing the Irish Sea, some travellers will favour the rail-road, but the cliffs along the coast of Antrim give interest to the other route. Moreover, in the North Channel many fancies may be indulged. One's mind will turn back to the days when Ireland was Scotland and Scotland Pict-land; and, looking at the wake of some gigantic liner, one may think what would be the effect of such a wash on the fleet of piratical coracles which served the purposes of the early makers of history in these seas. Another recommendation for the watery way is the splendid approach to the harbour. After Magilligan Point and Moville, Lough Foyle opens to a width of several miles, and from the track of the steamer the panorama is remarkable.

The spirit of war lingers over Derry. Escape from the fact the visitor cannot. The city has lived its glorious hour, and not one of the inhabitants would wish to forget it. When brickbats fly, everyone may not be in sympathy

with the demonstrations, and it is more instructive to visit this scene of extraordinary valour when the traditions are not being actively preserved. For it is not at times of commemoration that the real note of battle sounds, even when the artillery rattles. Some alien influence is then in the air. The genuine scars, the testimonies of healed wounds, appear in the city's resurrection. Not only did Derry repel the enemy, but she secured new power and dignity. Out of a battered retreat a considerable city arose, and the best reminder of strife is the present prosperity of the place.

Centuries before Londonderry achieved greatness the city had a fair share of religious and civil troubles. But all her early history is considered insignificant compared with the part she played in the deposition of James II. For many years the English settlers had not found happiness in Ireland. They had been persecuted, their lives had been often in danger, and their prospects seemed gloomy. After the recall of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant, many hundreds returned to England; and among the remainder the despair increased, not only on account of the threatened failure of their business concerns, but because of the religious convictions of their King. Upholding the Protestant faith, they were cut off from all chances of success under the government of the Irish Roman Catholics. When affairs in England reached a crisis, and William of Orange landed at Torbay, the English residents in the North of Ireland were in grave peril. Drawing together for safety, chiefly at Enniskillen and Londonderry, they prepared to protect



The Cathedral.

By W. Monk, R.E.

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themselves as best they could from the assaults of the Irish Jacobites under Tyrconnel. At Londonderry, where plans were uncertain, thirteen apprentice boys settled the question of submission or resistance by shutting the gates of the city. When James reached Ireland from France, and proceeded north at the head of his army, Londonderry had planted a challenge. The military obstacles in the way of the advancing foe were inconsiderable. Not a gun was well mounted in the whole town, and the defenders were meagrely equipped. Yet the attacks of the troops failed. The besieged fought as one man, desperately, courageously. Neither by warfare nor treachery could the assailants induce surrender. Inside the walls the only friends to the enemy were famine and disease. Extermination, not submission. In this extremity, when the resources of the garrison were exhausted, the provision ships from England effected a rescue. Running the gauntlet of the enemy's guns in the narrow passage past Culmore Fort, and breaking the boom of fir beams and iron chains at Charles Fort, the two merchantmen *Mountjoy* and *Phoenix*, with the frigate *Dartmouth*, passed into the harbour, and the blockade was raised. In the 105 days of this seventeenth-century *Lady-smith*, the number of fighting men had been halved; but the penalties of conflict were small compared to the reduction by decay. The enemy retired, and the city had been held with two advantages only: throughout the encounter the besieged had fought down the slope, not up it, and they were fighting the battle of their own country and religion with the cool valour of despair.

With so furious a past, it will be understood that archaeological pilgrimages in Derry must be conducted with caution, or mistakes in dates will be made. The city has been disturbed so often that buildings have either been knocked down like houses of cards, burned, or destroyed for expediency. The Cathedral, enlarged and restored since the



Bishop's Gate.

By W. Monk, R.E.

war, was mounted with guns during the siege, and it stands supreme, the fitting symbol of the Cause which sustained the efforts of its adherents. Inside, so that touch with history may not be lost for a moment, there are monuments,

flags, and the shell which carried rough threats to obtain the capitulation of the garrison. Near at hand is a respectable building enshrining the watchword "No surrender." A tablet inside is to the memory of J. Guy Fergusson, C.E., who died in 1901, "formerly Governor, and for almost a quarter of a century the fearless, intrepid, and resourceful leader of the Apprentice Boys of Derry." He "devoted his best energies to keeping alive the celebrations of Shutting the Gates and the Relief of Derry, thus handing down to posterity the memorable events of the years 1688 and 1689." Walker's Monument, a fluted Doric column, completed in 1828, perpetuates the worth of the Rev. George Walker, Rector of Donaghmore, and Governor of Derry.



Fahan Street and Walker Monument.

By W. Monk R.E.

He shared the command during the siege, and by enterprise and fervour inspired the besieged in their stubborn resistance. Standing beside the figure of the hero, and looking across the Foyle, something of the old situation may be imagined. It is not difficult to place the ships in the estuary, and to fancy them moving towards the boom to the relief of the beleaguered city. There seems to be an echo yet of the voice of the sentinel as he cries the news of success from the cathedral tower, and relieves the terrible suspense of the wasted combatants below.

Dissociate Derry from the glammers of its siege, and the light of fame still sparkles on an important city. Its noteworthy history began early, and it is still in the making. The most recent date on the scroll is October 16. On that day the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen placed the foundation-stone of the new Technical Institute, the cost of which is estimated to be £12,000. The King and Queen received an extraordinary greeting in 1903, when, recollecting the warmth of the previous welcome, his Majesty expressed happiness at being with the citizens again. Among the meetings of this year to which an educational significance can be attached was the February Convention of the Master Painters' Association of Ireland. Indeed, the arts and industries of the city come pleasantly into notice as soon as the visitor has paid tribute to the more conspicuous attractions. Leaving Roaring Meg and the other guns, the bastions and the catalogued relics of past

glory, a School of Art will be discovered just where the guard-house stood in stirring times. From this centre the present generation still proceeds to victory, and if the sallies to the annual exhibition at South Kensington have not yet secured the Gold Medal in the National Competition, the students have returned with other trophies and words of commendation.

Among the less pretentious social features the fairs are of interest. There are all sorts of such assemblies for rough-and-ready exchange, but of them the one that most takes the fancy of the casual visitor is the Hiring Fair, locally known as the Rabble. This is a registry office without a register: there is traffic in men and women. A farmer wants a labourer or a dairy hand, he selects in the market the most suitable-looking article, and if the two are agreed the transaction is completed. As in the days when wives were sold in the open market-places in England for very small sums—threepence to five shillings—there is a stipulation that if either of the parties is not satisfied after a few days' trial the bargain is "off."

The effective situation of the city has done much to promote the welfare of the port. Derry is in touch with the principal English and Scottish shipping centres, and direct communication is maintained with the West. The stately vessels manoeuvring in and about Lough Foyle provide a continual source of pleasure and instruction, and there was some consternation in local circles a few months ago when



Bishop Street.

By W. Monk, R.E.



A Hiring Fair.

By W. Monk, R.E.

it was decided to abandon Moville, Derry's auxiliary, as a Canadian-mail port. The mails passed through Londonderry for over thirty years. The number of calling vessels is not reduced, but the business of the district is delayed. The emigrant traffic seems to be more secure, but attempts are being made to develop it. Attention is called to Canada more than to America, although the percentage of removals from Ireland to the Colonies is small.

But it will be the less harassed traveller who will have eyes for the city and its environment. Without composure there can be no sense of appreciation, and the man who is leaving his native land for ever cannot be expected to regard a single landscape. All Ireland will be before him, and the sombre blue mountains on the

Inishowen Peninsula alone will be serviceable in his mental picture.

The picturesqueness of Derry is partly due to its position, well over 100 feet up from the Foyle. The site has served well for the purposes of habitation and commerce, while as a fortified retreat the value of the locality has been proved many times. The present city is altogether different in extent to the one to which James was denied admittance. Like most other encampments, it has stepped outside the original boundaries, and its shapeliness has departed for ever. But in the untutored growth of houses there is often the compensation of charm, and the plan defaced is seldom a subject for regret to the artist.

(To be continued.)

Art in Liverpool.

THE Autumn Exhibition of Modern Art at Liverpool—the thirty-sixth—has several novel features that would make it specially interesting, even if it were not notable as one of the best of a long series which have established the Walker Art Gallery Annual as the best out of London. Tentative efforts were made last year to reform the hanging, and now all the oil paintings are spaced, and none are hung high. As a consequence there are fewer

pictures; and, as the works sent in reached a record number, an unusually severe weeding took place, with the best results. The general opinion echoes that of the *Scotsman* critic, that "for the first time it can be said that a place in the Walker Art Gallery is a definite certificate of merit." Black-and-white art has hitherto been entirely neglected at Liverpool. This year, as the result of a special announcement that a reform was intended, the Committee has been able to



LONDONDERRY.

BY W. MONK, R.E.



bring together an exceptionally choice exhibition of the best modern work in England, with a considerable representation from the Continent. The effective display of this section has been the special care of the curator, Mr. E. R. Dibdin, and the local professional hanger, Mr. Fred Burridge, R.E.; the former having designed screens suitable for the purpose. Miniature-painting has also been treated with new consideration, the Royal Society of Miniature-Painters having been induced to contribute a selection of over one hundred choice specimens of its members' work. For several years past a feature of the exhibitions has been a selection of paintings from the Paris Salons. This year a wider range has been taken, and a very interesting representation of Continental art has been provided. It includes such notable pictures as 'Homage to the Infant Charles V.' by A. de Vriendt; 'La Voie Douloureuse,' by Eugène Burnand; 'L'Aumône,' by Gonzalo Bilbao; 'Young Emir studying,' by Osman Hamdy Bey; Herman Richir's 'En Blanc,' and works of high merit by Theo Lybaert, F. Khnopff, E. van Hove, Henri Le Sidaner, L. Chialiva, Maurice Chabas, Joseph Oppenheimer, and J. E. Blanche.

The most interesting pieces of sculpture are also Continental, the Society of British Sculptors having again placed the Exhibition under a ban, because the Committee declines to accede to their rather impracticable demands. By A. Rodin there is a bronze 'Eve,' and other notable items are: Henri Weigèle's 'Athénienne,' a bust in marble and gilded bronze, and a group of a Dutchwoman and children in marble polychrome, by J. Bilbao-y-Martinez.

Among the best British sculptures are Mr. J. M. Swan's 'Polar Bears,' Mr. J. Crosland McClure's relief, 'Love and the Soul,' his marble statuette 'Clouds,' and Mr. Herbert Hampton's 'General Booth.'

Most of the fifty-four works contributed by twenty-seven Academicians and Associates, as well as other London painters, have already been seen in town. An exception is Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Archibald Williamson, a three-quarter length painted with characteristic "brio," but not especially interesting. The local school of portraiture makes a very strong show. Mr. R. E. Morrison's 'Mr. Harrison,' Mr. Frank Copnall's 'Dr. Holland,' and Mr. Hall Neale's 'Mr. Thomas Brocklebank and his Grandchildren' hold their own against the work of the leading men of the day. Mr. Neale has also scored brilliantly with the customary subscription portrait of the Lord Mayor, painted in some nine days, to take the place of one by another artist, unanimously rejected by the hanging committee: a proceeding which stirred up a terrible storm that even disturbed the serenity of the City Council. The most brilliant landscape by a local artist is Mr. Thomas Huson's view in the Bala valley. Other Liverpool pictures of outstanding merit are 'Sabrina,' by Mr. C. W. Sharpe; a Portrait of an Old Man, by Mr. Gilbert Rogers; Mr. J. Y. Dawbarn's 'Bolton Abbey,' and water-colours by Messrs. A. E. Brockbank, G. Cockram, J. McDougal, Harold Swanwick, J. T. Watts, and David Woodcock. The veteran Lancashire painter, Mr. H. Clarence Whaite, has a brilliant landscape, 'A Tidal River.'

Passing Events.

APROPOS of the Sir Joshua bequeathed by Mr. Beit to the nation, Sir James Cockburn was dissatisfied with the mezzotint made by Wilkin of the picture in 1791, and objected to its being published; thereupon the engraver defaced the name and substituted 'Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi.' The Cockburn family is one of the most ancient in Scottish history, a knight of the name having fallen at Bannockburn, and his grandson, Alexander, was Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland from 1389-1396. The three children in the picture all succeeded, curiously enough, to the baronetcy, which became extinct in 1880 on the death of Sir Alexander James Edmund Cockburn, the distinguished Lord Chief Justice. The bequest is one of the most valuable the National Gallery has had for many years.

THOUGH somewhat belated, for Jean Honoré Fragonard died in a poor and obscure lodging on August 22, 1806, the centenary which it is intended to hold at Grasse next February will no doubt attract much notice. The De Goncourts said that Fragonard was the poet-painter whose frank passion, whose irresistible *élan*, lighted up the decline of the eighteenth century, as did the imaginativeness of Watteau its first years. He is the Ovid of French painting. Just about nine years before the proposed centenary doings, on February 8th, 1898, Fragonard's five splendid decorations, begun in 1772 for

Madame du Barry's pavilion at Louveciennes, were sold at Grasse for £50,000, afterwards passing into the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

AT the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney, the excellent idea has been adopted of holding bi-monthly conversational discussions on various art subjects, especially relating to works in the collection. The President, Mr. E. du Faur, gave an interesting address on the subject, which should bear fruit.

CERTAIN provincial papers—needless to say not of high standing—frequently appropriate clever illustrations which have appeared elsewhere, not only without acknowledgment, but as though they were original contributions. A vigorous effort should be made to stop such pilloining.

IN the person of Alfred Stevens—not to be confused with the more illustrious English sculptor-painter of the same name whose motto was, "I know of but one art"—Belgium lost one of her most talented painters on August 24. He was born at Brussels on May 11, in the year 1823, according to the official catalogue of the Modern Gallery there, but in many other places the date is given as 1828. Stevens was first under Navaz in Belgium, and later in Paris he had the advantage of the counsel of Ingres

whose pure classicism, however, influenced him little. He began by painting heggar-women and vagabonds, but from the first there was a certain nervous restlessness mingled with the Flemish weightiness and authority to be found in the pictures of Jordaens and many more.

WHISTLER seldom avowed his admirations, but he was emphatic in praise of this Parisianised Belgian, whose art in the sixties met his, so to say, as was remarked at the last Guildhall exhibition, where were several good examples belonging to the best period. Up to the time of his unfortunate accident, which caused him to give up work and made him poor, Stevens looked like a retired cavalry colonel. In the Modern Gallery at Brussels are ten of his pictures, including 'La Dame au Rose,' one of eighteen works by which he was represented at the Exposition of 1867, where, too, was 'The Visit' (p. 219). He first exhibited at the Salon in 1850, and three years later obtained a first-class medal. At an auction in Brussels, in 1874, his 'New Year's Gift' brought 800 gs.; at the sale of Mrs. M. J. Morgan's pictures, New York, 1886, his 'Conversation,' 1881, 29 × 20, made 3,500 dollars; and at the Miéville dispersal at Christie's, in 1899, a lady in black dress, 24 × 19½, 390 gs.

TWO Associates of the Royal Academy paid generous tributes to James Charles, the Manchester-born artist who died on August 27, aged 55. Mr. Clausen recognised him as a "dear leader and master" of the younger school, as an honest, serious, and thorough worker, free from conventional sentiment, but possessed of sympathetic and profound insight. Mr. La Thangue, again, holds that twenty or thirty of his pictures cannot be excelled in any period or any country, and must remain as one of the glories of the English School. James Charles, who was buried at Fulham, was, indeed, one of those rare beings who could communicate his enthusiasms, based on a clear apprehension of the actual, to other men. He was too honest to be satisfied with cloistered beauty; the air and light of common day must be about him. He kept himself apart from cliques, and though a frequent exhibitor, was not a member of the New English Art Club. Perhaps the Academy, to which he sent over fifty works between 1875 and 1906—in Graves' *Royal Academy Exhibitors* he appears as two persons, James and John—may pay him posthumous honours at the forthcoming winter show. That would make some amends for the anomaly of Charles' name having been on the list of those nominated for Associateship for a decade or more.

THOSE responsible for the conduct of the Whitechapel Art Gallery have hit upon a capital idea for the exhibition which opens in a few days. Jewish art and antiquities must have a special appeal for thousands in the East End, and Mr. C. Campbell Ross has secured the co-operation of a number of influential artists, collectors, scholars and divines. Few will be inclined to cavil if "Jewish" be interpreted as freely as was "Irish" at the Guildhall show of 1904. Among those who have given valuable help may be named Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, the R.A.-elect, Mr. Will Rothenstein, whose masterly studies of the Chosen People made in the Whitechapel

neighbourhood have brought fame to him, and collectors like Mr. J. C. Drucker and Mr. J. P. Heseltine. Simeon Solomon and Israels are among those to be well represented. A near relative of the Chief Rabbi has lent some fine old manuscripts, and the Spanish-Portuguese Chief Rabbi several bibliographical treasures.

THE autumn art season opened earlier than usual, at any rate, so far as important exhibitions are concerned. The representative show of works by Mr. Holman Hunt at the Leicester Galleries is the first of its kind held since 1886, since when the veteran Pre-Raphaelite has painted several important canvases. Though money-rewards have never been a prominent aim of his, Mr. Holman Hunt has from time to time received big sums for his strenuous labours, the issue of convinced thought. He himself has told, for instance, how he determined not to sell the 'Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' begun in 1854 and finished in 1860, unless the price offered gave him a chance of returning to Palestine for purposes of further study. He fixed 5,500 gs., which was paid by Mr. Ernest Gambart, this including copyright and the opportunity of first exhibiting the picture. Five years after the publication of the engraving, Gambart sold the work to Mr. Charles Matthews, at the sale of whose gallery in 1891 it fetched 3,400 gs., and later Mr. J. T. Middlemore presented it to the Birmingham Art Gallery. For 'The Shadow of the Cross,' which now belongs to Manchester, the artist is said to have received almost twice as much.

A WRITER in the *Quarterly Review* takes a pessimistic view of contemporary British art. Citing Bishop Crichton's dictum that "all art depends mainly upon the existence of a public who will give orders"—a rash generalisation which seems to disregard the impulse to express himself which is the keystone of artistic endeavour—he declares that intelligent and eager purchasers are disappearing. But that is more than questionable. Suggestively, he defines a picture as "something between a thing and a thought," and holds that the present tendency is to concentrate on the thing and ignore the thought; in other words, that the intellectual, emotional and spiritual content is held of small account as compared with technical excellence.

MR. MELIAN STAWELL plunges into the philosophical side of the subject in a paper on "Schopenhauer, Pessimism and Art." He utters more than he knows, perhaps, when he proclaims that "the greatest art, the art of Velazquez, and Æschylus, and Shakespeare, gives us strength to look upon evil with calm;" moreover, he directs attention to "the fact of beauty itself being made by man, when he tries most fully to express the world and himself, and made when he struggles with both at their worst." This is in line with Mr. Edward Spencer's view of art as a Jacob's ladder which makes, in the unforgettable words of W. B. Yeats, "a rosy peace, a peace of heaven with hell."

A PROPOS of Mr. Yeats, Mr. Robert Ross, in an attempt at an up-to-date Prophetic Book, *With Home Zarathrusts*, suggested by the reprint of Swinburne's essay



(From the Christmas Number of "The Art Journal.")

The Watermill (p. 342).

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.



(By permission of Messrs. Marchant & Co.)

La Table au Jardin.

By Henri Le Sidaner.

on Blake, attributes the following nonsense stanza, with its humorous thrust at Mr. George Moore, to the Irish poet:—

Georgey Morgie, kiddin and sly,
Kis-ed the girls and made them cry;
What the girls came out to say,
George never heard, for he ran away.

That is deliciously un-Yeatslike.

THE Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition, arranged in connection with the Church Congress at Barrow, contained nearly all the historical church plate of the diocese of Carlisle, several of the original studies by Ruskin of the Lake District used to illustrate 'Modern Painters,' and a collection of the engraved portraits of the Bishops of Carlisle, onward from Thomas Merks, 1396-1406. Dr. Creighton was born in the diocese, and there appeared the replica of Herkomer's portrait of him.

HOLIDAY-MAKING is rightly enough regarded as a necessity in these days of stress and strain; but Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson has warrant for quoting the hackneyed lines of Cowper:—

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

He advocates the establishment, at every great centre to which summer visitors are attracted, of an educational museum, which should represent in little our national picture galleries, all that attracts us at South Kensington, and several departments of the Bloomsbury collection. Copies and models would, of course, have to be substituted for originals. But would not the beach, the sunlit sea, or the breezy downs offer delights too rare and magical to be exchanged for these?

A CHARACTERISTIC picture by M. Le Sidaner, so well represented at the Goupil Gallery in the spring of 1905, has been bought by the Belgian Government from the Ghent Exhibition. This 'La Table au Jardin' (above) is a large variant of a moonlit picture, which is the subject of some charming stanzas by M. Camille Mauclair, the French poet-critic. The second runs:—

La lampe est une âme pale,
Dans la nuit plus pale encore,
La douceur est telle ce soir
Que l'on ne sait si l'heure exhale
Un sourire ou un soupir.

Le Sidaner has, too, been appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

An Unknown Dosso Dossi.

By Claude Phillips,

Keeper of the Wallace Collection.

MUCH has been written, though in a somewhat desultory fashion, about Dosso Dossi by chroniclers of successive epochs, whose names I do not, however, propose to set forth on the present occasion. He is now universally recognised as the greatest colourist, the most original worker, of the Ferrarese school in its sixteenth-century development. Yet he still awaits his biographer. A good number of facts are known with regard to him, a greater number of conjectures have been made, not less about himself than about his works; but the successive developments of his art, its continuity throughout its various phases, have hardly yet been traced. Were a more serious effort made to follow his life-work to its roots, to show what influences contributed to form his style, at what period of his career he came under the influence of Giorgione and the Venetians; to what extent and for what length of time he assimilated their technique and standpoint, at what stage he stood forth fully equipped and all himself; it might be possible to identify as his a number of works which at present one hesitates to ascribe more than conjecturally to him, and again to reject others with which he may have been too confidently credited. And the man deserves the labour that has not yet in orderly and consistent fashion been bestowed either on the reconstruction of his human personality, or on an analysis of his works. Even in his faults, he is assuredly one of the most original and fascinating figures of the Renaissance. He stands out a freakish, irresponsible romanticist in every stage of his development, and one who, whether he paraphrases Raphael in his own romantic fashion (as in the 'St. George' and the St. Michael, which from Modena found their way into the Dresden Gallery), or steep himself in the infinitely poetic art of Giorgione, must unconsciously remain all himself. He cannot be other than he is; his true temperament vibrating with the passion of creation thrusts itself to the front through every disguise, and will not be concealed even by the momentary shape that clothes it.

Dosso is one of the spoilt children of the Cinquecento. We cannot bind him down and dissect him, submitting his art to the usual canons of technical and scientific criticism. We might thus record all his errors, his wilful departures in many an instance from the grandeur and dignity of Art, at a period when it was grandest and most dignified, his incapacity to bend himself to his subject, or to express it without such re-moulding as should adapt it to his own fiery individuality, to his own uncontrolled and uncontrollable fancy. We should kill his art in such a deliberate examination; in the process all its essential beauty would evaporate, leaving but a corpse of the queerest aspect to puzzle and disconcert the purists. And yet this art is of its kind unique; it is one of the strangest and most splendid flowers of a period when the poetry of paint was superior to the poetry of words. Dosso Dossi, like that still greater magician and to the full as irresponsible artist, Tintoretto—like Tintoretto's spiritual offspring, the weird but truly inspired El Greco—like the

virile and noble, yet already wild and *barocco* Gaudenzio Ferrari, like the insidious yet irresistible Parmegianino, like the fantastic Beccafumi of Siena, must, to be enjoyed at all, be treated as "above grammar." We must for the moment cast from us all preconceived notions of artistic balance and propriety, and enjoy these men for the irresistible flame and genius that there is in all of them, though in varying measure. While nothing is more detestable than mannerism and fantastic exaggeration, such as that in which all these great painters indulged, when it is the outcome of deliberate imitation and the mere desire to astonish and disconcert, nothing is more easily pardonable when it is clear—as in the case of these great inventors it is clear—that thus, with all restraining bonds cut and wings spread wide, or not at all, could their genius have expressed itself.

Vasari, in his meagre biography of Dosso, so wholly lacking in those illuminating touches which are rarely wanting when he is really interested in his subject, ill-naturedly insinuated that the famous lines in the "Orlando Furioso"—in which Ariosto mentioned him and his brother, Battista Dossi, on equal terms with the greatest masters of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries—would do more to enhance his fame than all the brushes and colours that he consumed during his entire career.* To-day the tables are turned. Ariosto, though lauded as greatly as ever, is not much read, save by scholars and students. Dosso Dossi, not less by that freakish charm, that strange, half-unconscious romanticism of his than by his magnificent and wholly original gift as a colourist, enchants the modern far more than he did the contemporaries who took him with entire seriousness. After contemplating his famous 'Circe' in the Borghese Gallery—that turbaned and strangely-accoutred enchantress who belongs rather to the "Orlando Furioso" than to antiquity, we turn with added zest to the sweet, interminable flow of Ariosto's stanzas, to the inextricable tangle of his romantic narrative, enjoying both the picture and the poem without seeking rigidly to interpret either, but inspired by the picture to turn to the poem, rather than by the poem to turn to the picture.

Dosso Dossi and his brother Battista are generally believed to have been the pupils of Lorenzo Costa, but it appears probable that the former at any rate also derived instruction from Panetti. In the workshops of both these painters they may have met Mazzolino, whose age was about the same as that of Dosso Dossi. Milanesi, in his notes to Vasari's "Le Vite" (Sansoni, ed. MDCCCLXXX, tom. v., p. 97) asserts that our master then passed six years in Rome, and subsequently five in Venice, in order to perfect himself in his art. But this

* "E quei che furo a' nostri di e son ora,
Leonardo, Andrea Mantegna e Gian Bellino,
Due Dossi, e quel che a par sculpe e colora,
Michel piu che mortal Angel divino,
Eastian, Raffael, Tizian che onora,
Non men Cador che quei Venezia e Urbino."
—Orlando Furioso, xxxiii. 2.

sojourn in Rome has been called in question by recent critics; and indeed, although, as we have seen, he copied with the freest variations of his own, two of Raphael's most famous works belonging to different periods, there is no proof that he ever worked in Rome, or sought to assume the definitely Raphaellesque or Roman manner. It is abundantly clear, on the other hand—not, indeed, from ascertained facts, but from strong internal evidence—that he was in some relatively early stage of his career in Venice, and that he there drank deep draughts at the fountain-head of true painting. Yet throughout his career, though least, no doubt, in this quasi-Venetian phase of his, he was, and remained, essentially a Ferrarese, and the greatest of his time and kind—spontaneous, passionate, eccentric, and a law to himself. It is indeed to the elucidation of this Venetian period, and of the early Ferrarese stage which must have preceded it, that the biographer desirous of presenting a more complete picture of Dosso than has yet been given should first address himself. I repeat—if the date and duration of his sojourn at Venice could be ascertained; if the degree in which he absorbed and assimilated the influence of Giorgione and his group could be more clearly defined, then we might be able to discuss, with some hope of coming to an agreement, the true paternity of such works as the 'Ariosto' of the National Gallery, now very generally, and on solid grounds, ascribed to Jacopo Palma, but by Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their "Life and Times of Titian," given, tentatively to Dosso Dossi, or to Pellegrino di San Daniele (!); the strange, and, to my mind, not wholly Venetian 'Nymph and Satyr' of the Pitti Palace, which Morelli ascribes to Giorgione himself, while Venturi claims it for Dosso; and the fine 'Head of a Man in a Black Cap,' No. 60 in the Hampton Court Gallery, a canvas which "Mary Logan" (Mrs. Berenson) was the first to give to Dosso, but which even now cannot be said to be firmly established among his unquestionably authentic works. The discussion of these and other fascinating puzzles of the same class must be reserved for a future occasion.

We have some few dates in Dosso's career as landmarks, but these are mostly either in the beginning or in the later stages of his practice. Morelli points out that the 'St. George' of the Dresden Gallery—that greatly enlarged and fancifully-enriched version of Raphael's noble invention—must have been done before 1506, when the Duke of Urbino sent the latter piece to Henry VII. of England in order to express his gratitude for the Order of the Garter conferred upon him. The altar-piece in the Cathedral of Modena, with the Virgin and Child, St. Sebastian and other Saints was, according to Campori, painted in 1522, but the date has also been given with more inherent probability as 1536. 'The Vision of the Four Church Fathers,' once also in the Cathedral of Modena, but now, with a whole group of works by Dosso and his assistants, in the Dresden Gallery, was painted in 1532 for the Compagnia della Concezione. Venturi recalls that Dosso was greatly favoured by Alphonso I. of Ferrara, who, when in 1525 he went out to meet the Emperor Charles V., brought our master in his suite in order that he might paint the portrait of the supreme and dreaded ruler. It does not appear whether Dosso obtained this much-coveted opportunity; at any rate, no such portrait is at present known to exist. One wonders what the Ferrarese painter, most dramatic but not

most subtle of portraitists, would have made of the emperor, whom Titian in later stages of manhood immortalised in a series of presentments which have never been surpassed in loftiness and pathetic truth.

The most distinctive period of Dosso's practice, the one in which he reveals himself complete, with all his splendour and his fantasy, with all those delightful faults and swervings from the straight path, which are almost as enjoyable as his qualities, is that in which he painted the 'Circe' of the Borghese Gallery, the weird, half-fascinating, half-repellent 'Holy Family' of Hampton Court, the much-copied 'St. William' and the magnificent 'Portrait of a Gentleman' (No. 80) both in the same gallery, and the superb 'St. Sebastian' of the Brera. And I take all or most of these stimulating works to belong to the master's middle period, when a certain sharpness of accent, a certain bitter in the sweetness, a slight curb put on the chromatic splendours—here made so dramatically expressive as well as decorative—lend an indefinable fascination to all he did. I can say nothing on the present occasion of Dosso's masterpiece, the wonderful polyptych once in the Church of St. Andrea at Ferrara, and now in the picture-gallery there; nor of the superb examples of the master to be found in the Estense Gallery at Modena; nor of the important 'Vertumnus and Pomona' in the collection of the Marquis of Northampton, a work of Dosso's maturity, in which the landscape was probably painted by his brother, Battista Dossi. The Imperial Gallery of Vienna possesses a relatively small 'St. Jerome,' signed, according to the catalogue, with the monogram of the artist, a bone (1550) passed through a D; but this I have had no very recent opportunity of examining.

The little 'Deposition,' or rather 'Pietà,' which I wish now to introduce to connoisseurs and students has no history—or rather it has a very prosaic one, so far as I am concerned. I found it some twelve months ago in a London auction room, labelled "Old German School," and further described in the catalogue as having been some three hundred years (if I remember rightly) in a Hungarian collection. Though the little panel—it is about fourteen inches in height by one foot in breadth—could not be exactly paralleled with any extant and accepted Dosso, I soon acquired the conviction that it could not possibly be by any other than he—not even by one of those intermediate Ferrarese whose work bears a general resemblance to his, and in many galleries is still put down to him.

A detailed description is rendered unnecessary by the reproduction which accompanies this notice. The 'Pietà' is painted on a panel of unusual thickness for its size; it is, considering all things, in surprisingly good preservation. The naïve audacities, the shortcomings, as a draughtsman, of the youthful painter are in it so clear and obvious, so entirely on the surface, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. Surprising, having regard to the early stage of Dosso's career to which the picture belongs, is the boldness, the intensity of the conception, which is passionate and self-assertive without being tender or appealing. Indeed, the 'Pietà' curiously lacks, as, indeed most of Dosso's sacred pictures do, that spirit of awe and reverence which other great contemporaries of his in some measure preserve in their sacred works, while striving to reach the goal of technical perfection.

The types of the women do not so much recall Costa as



(By permission of Claude Phillips, Esq.)

Pietà.

By Dosso Dossi.

Mazzolino, the contemporary of Dosso, and so much the weaker painter of the two that one cannot well understand his exercising an influence on his infinitely more gifted compatriot. This same heavy, fleshy, round-headed type is still to be traced in the charmingly fresh and naïve 'Circe' in the collection of Mr. R. H. Benson, an early work, as to which I shall have a little more to say presently. One would hardly recognise the curious little mourning figure at the feet of Christ as that of the Blessed Virgin, were it not for the straw-coloured halo of rays which she has in common with the dead Christ, while the two other holy women have halos of the more usual disc-like shape. Almost heretical might be deemed the Virgin's curious half-monachal habit, of a dark puce, with a flowing veil or mantle of black. I cannot, indeed, call to mind anything precisely similar to it in Italian Art. The Magdalen is easily recognisable by the splendour of her apparel and the unbridled passion of her gesture. Her turban is of peacock-blue and gold, her bodice of the splendid Dosso green, her skirt of the not less characteristic crimson with yellowish high-lights, that he specially affects; and of this same crimson is the cushion upon which rests—or, rather, should rest—the head of the dead Christ. The other Mary has an over-skirt of amber-brown, shot with red, and an under-skirt of blue; her form is more vigorous still than that of the Magdalen, her gesture hardly less passionate. Beneath the pallid form of the Christ is a gleaming drapery of white, bordered with gold, the sharply-accented fold of which already recalls that of the splendid myrtle-green drapery in the much later 'St. Sebastian' of the Brera, but still more closely that of the Virgin's fallen mantle in Dosso's 'Holy Family,' to be seen in the gallery of the Capitol at Rome. Early and immature as my little piece is, the signature of Dosso is everywhere, not only in these details, but in its whole conception and aspect. The eccentric landscape is again pure Ferrarese, and it shows well-defined points of contact with those of L'Ortolano, who may, perhaps, have been a fellow-worker with Dosso and Mazzolino in the workshop of Panetti. Proper to our master, and hardly to be met with elsewhere, are the following peculiarities: the curious touch in the trees, the lack of true modelling in the ground, and above all, these long, gaunt, naked, detached creepers that, torn away from their supports, hang down stream-like from the rock. This unique peculiarity we find again in a somewhat less pronounced form, yet quite easily recognisable, in Mr. Benson's 'Circe.'

Astonishing is the depth and intensity, the force of impression of the chromatic harmony. It has a vibrant

force and splendour of its own, unlike the fused richness and soft radiance from within of true Venetian colour, unlike the frank gaiety of the decorative Veronese colour—nearer, perhaps, in some ways to the vivacious splendour of Romanino, but yet all Dosso's own. It is the colour of passion and expression even more than it is the colour of beauty. The 'Deposition' is, judging by technical style and by shortcomings that must be due to the immaturity of a youthful artist, the earliest Dosso Dossi that I know—which is by no means equivalent to saying that it is, in order of date, the earliest Dosso Dossi extant. I should be sorry to be absolutely affirmative on such a point without making a much more careful examination of the master's *œuvre* than I have been able to carry through in recent years. The young painter is here still absolutely Ferrarese—in his landscape as in his figures—without any appreciable admixture of the Venetian. And he is not only absolutely Ferrarese, but, what is more, absolutely himself, even thus early: just as much Dosso as he will be in the fully-developed works of his fantastic and delightful maturity. In Mr. Benson's 'Circe,' which is also an early work, one traces already signs of Giorgione's influence; not so much, however, in the powerfully-moulded and almost athletic figure of the enchantress, or in the treatment of the flesh and hair, as in the romantic and mysterious landscape. It may be, therefore, that we have in this painted poem of the Renaissance one of the first of the works done under Venetian influence, and one that is not yet more than partially enveloped by it. The quasi-Venetian manner would thus follow immediately and quite normally on the first Ferrarese manner of the artist's youth, represented by the 'Pietà.' But here we are already on a *terrain vague*, a land without sign-posts, save at the beginning and towards the end of the journey. Documents and dates are too few to admit of positive assertion, and we are limited to an inchoate classification, depending wholly upon variations and developments of technique, which are good enough guides, and most often, without doubt, the best of all; but which, for all that, require the props and stays of facts to support and wholly justify them. The publication of the curious 'Pietà' in my possession may help us a little on the way, because, while standing, so far as I am aware, by itself, it is not only beyond all reasonable doubt Dosso's own, but is seen to contain in embryo all his essential qualities and defects. It is for this reason chiefly that I have devoted more space to an analysis of its characteristics than might in other circumstances have been deemed necessary.

A Scottish Luxembourg.

IT would be a radical mistake to regard the Scottish Modern Arts Association as a municipal instead of a national movement. For it, Edinburgh is merely the capital of Scotland, and there is every reason to believe that the final executive committee will include representative men of all other important northern cities. As the chairman, Mr. A. Stodart Walker, has pointed out, it would be little short of a tragedy were the citizens of Glasgow to stand aloof from an Association which regards Glasgow's great painters with such admiration—an admiration, adds Mr. Walker, "which, I am prepared to affirm, will receive

concrete expression in the early purchases of the Society." The aim is to raise a capital sum of, say, £12,000, which, with 600 members' subscriptions of a guinea minimum, would give an income of at least £1,000 a year. Few Scottish painters are adequately represented in the Scottish National Gallery, and, as the years pass, work by eminent artists of to-day and yesterday becomes more difficult to obtain. The Provisional Committee gives us every confidence in the wise conduct of the Association. This attempt to found a Scottish Luxembourg warrants cordial and immediate support.



The Spells of Circe.
By Dosso Dossi.

(By permission of R. H. Benson, Esq.)

A Cottage Madonna.

By Josef Israels.

SOUND critics concur in placing this picture high among the genuine achievements of Josef Israels. At the Guildhall Exhibition of 1903, to which it was lent by Mr. Alexander Young, whose fine collection of works by Barbizon and Dutch artists has lately been acquired by Messrs. Agnew in conjunction with Messrs. Wallis, connoisseurship proclaimed that in it the artist stands forth as a worthy descendant of the seventeenth century masters of Holland. Born in 1824, as a boy Israels entered the banking house of his father, who for some time desired that he should become a Rabbi. However, a prosperous confectioner having rewarded the lad with a big tart for painting a portrait, he began seriously to study art. First he came under the somewhat chilling influence of Kruseman in Amsterdam, then he went to Paris to be under Delaroche, another "faultily faultless" painter of uninspired traditionalism, from whose atelier at about that time there emerged the giant Millet. A severe illness was the door through which Israels passed into his own æsthetic kingdom. Lodging with a fisherman at Zandvoort, he entered into the spirit of peasant life, and became—as supremely, was his great predecessor, Rembrandt—an interpreter of that life in picture.

When in 1904, to celebrate the eightieth birthday of the artist, a banquet in his honour was given at the Hague, Mr. Staats Forbes spoke of the veteran as "the poet." 'A Cottage Madonna' is the work of a poet, of one who has

the wisdom to see and the power to reveal the solemn and the sublime informing simple, homely incidents. Mother and child were indubitably painted from life in that characteristically Dutch interior. The design is just, the colour scheme pure and fine, the brushwork virile. Israels was too strong, too clear-sighted, to introduce any alien element. Yet here, in truth, we have a Madonna of the nineteenth century, ministering in solicitous wonder to the wants of the child, whose little hand rests so sweetly upon hers. The figures are impressive because of the ease and surety with which Israels has won his way to the inner life. There is no sentimental emphasis, no melodramatic appeal. Beauty and significance, such as lie at the roots of human life, are not ignobly sacrificed. A fine reticence is united to profound insight. The kinship between Millet and Israels has more than once been pointed out. Each fathomed in extraordinary measure the wonder, the greatness, the tragedy and the joy of the peasant life about them. 'A Cottage Madonna' may well remind us of Jean François' 'La Maternité.' In it a young mother, coarse-limbed, coarse-featured, rather clumsy of gesture, holds a child between her knees, the outstretched arms of the babe and the partly-swathed little body forming a cross. In the shadowed background is a small image of the Madonna. Such interpretations of motherhood, with its infinite duties, its sorrows, its sacrifices, its mysteries, quicken and uplift life at its deep sources.

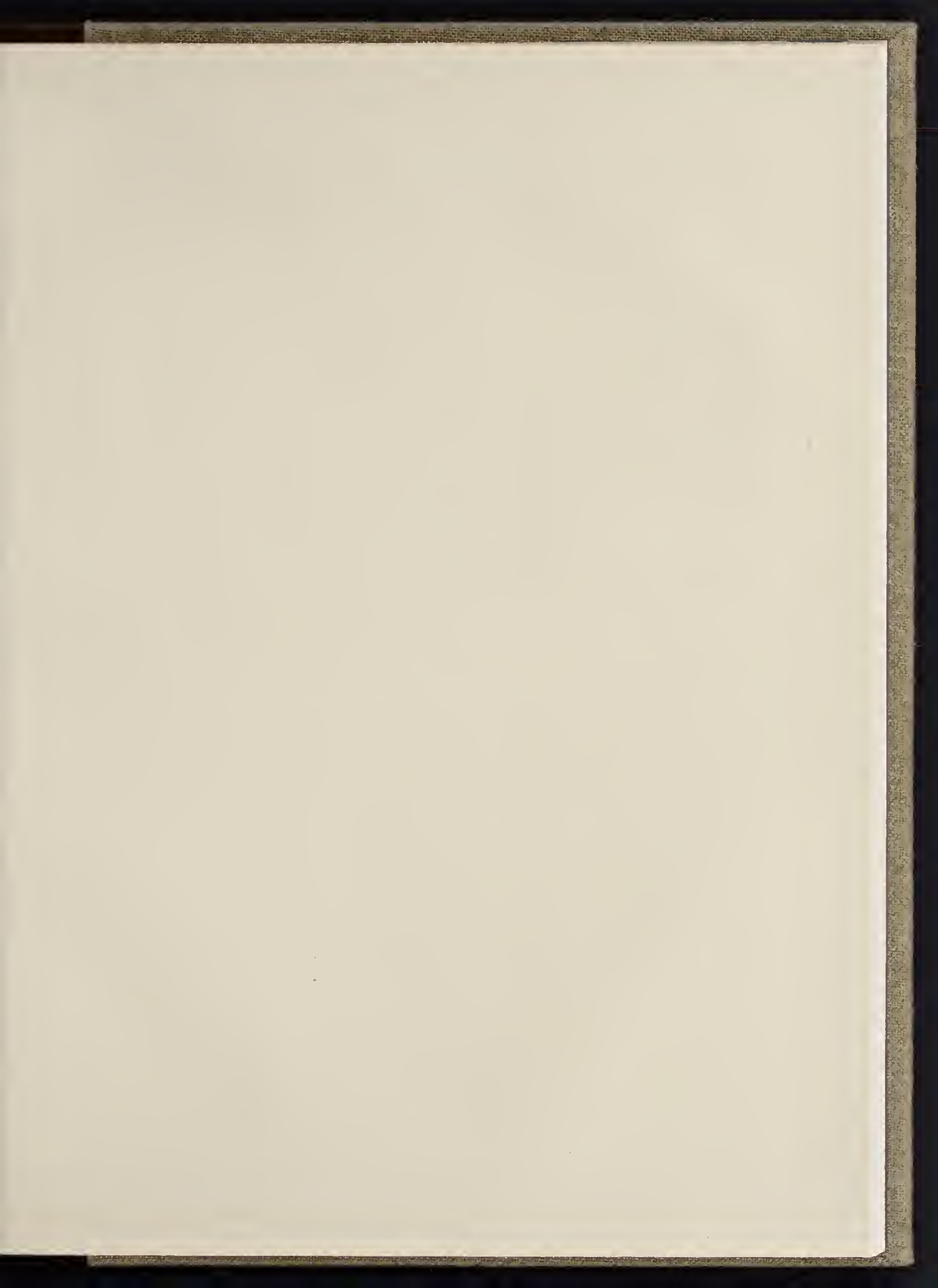
Two Prominent Etchers: Strang and Haig.

IT would be difficult to cite two etchers of our time at once more divergent and more conspicuous than those who form the subject of important recently published volumes, valuable to the collector as well as to the student. Mr. William Strang is a veritable Scot, grimly incisive in his imaginings; Mr. Axel Hermann Haig, the eminently "desirable alien"—he is not naturalised—is a native of the Island of Gotland, and a lover of Gothic architecture the world over. The "William Strang" (MacLehose, 42s. nett) has a discriminating and eloquent introductory essay by the poet-critic, Mr. Laurence Binyon. Its signal worth, however, consists in reproductions of each of the 471 plates—about fifty more are said to be lost or missing—executed since 1882 by this associate-engraver of the Royal Academy. Few such complete and satisfactory records, even of great etchers of the past, are obtainable in convenient form. Mr. Strang exults in life, and here in chronological sequence, as a kind of pictorial autobiography, we can trace the images—weird, solemn, humorous, dramatic—which have sprung from impact between the personality of this zealous craftsman and the figures of many of his celebrated contemporaries, as well as his stirring images of landscape, Biblical, poetical and ideal

subjects. Mr. Strang's output is large, but he has not wavered in the quest of the supremely expressive. The catalogue might with advantage have had additional printed particulars. Even brevity can be carried too far.

The text of "Axel Hermann Haig" (Fine Art Society) is by Mr. E. A. Armstrong, who after a biographical sketch describes in more or less detail the 160 etchings of the artist, a number of which, besides pencil and water-colour drawings, are reproduced. Schelling's definition of architecture as "frozen music" is applicable to many of the best-known plates of Mr. Haig. He aims to interpret the majesty of Burgos Cathedral—the subject of his most eagerly sought work—of Chartres and Toledo and Mont Saint Michel, not with a flashing, swallow-like intensity, but as they stand in enduring stone, willing to be eternised in black-and-white.

It is of interest to recall that the second etching published by THE ART JOURNAL was Mr. Haig's 'An Old German Mill,' 1881, and that in 1883 there followed 'An Old Hanse Town.' Each of the volumes under notice is indispensable to the many who hold Mr. Strang and Mr. Haig in honour.





Painted by J. M. W. Turner

A Cottage Madonna.
By permission of Messrs. T. Agnew & Sons



View from
the boat.

Westward from Derry.

The first view of the coast was a wide expanse of water, with a few small boats in the distance. The sky was overcast, and the water was calm. The land was visible in the distance, with a few buildings and trees. The view was from the boat, and the water was in the foreground.

The boat was moving slowly, and the water was calm. The land was visible in the distance, with a few buildings and trees. The view was from the boat, and the water was in the foreground.

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The Grianon of Ailech.

By W. Monk, R.E.

Westward from Derry.*

THE events which have welded the link between London and Derry have not been entirely of the hammer-and-anvil order. Convivial meetings have freshened the routine of business, and one city has entertained the other with full magnificence. On one occasion the members of the Irish Society invited themselves and their friends to an excursion up the Thames in the City Barge. In the party were nearly a hundred "elegantly-dressed females," and after breakfast at Hampton Court dancing took place on deck. Dinner at four. The occasions of the official visitations to the estates are opportunities for the return of hospitalities, and the welcome given to the Court of the Society is often followed up by an excursion to some place of holiday interest.

The neighbourhood of Derry and Coleraine abounds in pleasure resorts, and the ordinary visitor may spin a coin to decide his way, confident that, whatever the verdict of the toss, an attractive tour awaits him. Lough Foyle itself is worth exploring, and eastward of it are the Magilligan Caves, Downhill, Castlerock, Port Stewart, Dunluce Castle, and many pleasant nooks on the coast which offer recreation. Portrush, as well as being allied to the Giant's Causeway, has special claims to distinction—it has been the scene of the Irish Golf Championship, and it puts up a great fight with Bray, County Wicklow, for the privilege of being called "the Brighton of Ireland." To the north of Derry, Moville, Inishowen Head and Malin Head are on the list of show-places, and an endeavour is being made to develop the natural advantages of this district. It is

westward, however, that most people turn for a change of scene, and, whether occupied in Derry, or only visiting the city, their excursion may be commended. For to the West is Lough Swilly, with its hundred associations with the past, and with a score of sequestered haunts on its banks. Frowned on by the Grianon of Ailech, the ruined fort on the hill, it helped the rise and fall of many causes in the rough days of the early kings of Ulster, and of the chieftains who went before them. It was here that the defenders of Derry recovered their spirits in 1689; here that, during the siege, many odd battles were fought between Kirke's men quartered on Inch and the army of James. In this noble estuary, which has given anchorage to English ships for so many hundreds of years, seafaring men of all times have sought refuge. But, in spite of its apparently sheltered position, the navigation is not always easy. One tempestuous night in December, 1811, the *Saldanha* was wrecked in Ballymastocker Bay, and of the two hundred officers and men, not one escaped. She was a frigate of 32 guns, new, and one of the finest in the British Navy. That dreadful loss of life and property seems to have had no parallel in the annals of the Lough; but of minor catastrophes, often caused by ships dragging their anchors in bad weather, there have been many. Sixty years ago, for instance, a large brig was beating up to Rathmullen to take off passengers for America. Four men were aloft rigging the topsails, and they had to come down with uncommon agility to avoid the consequences of a violent squall which tore away the masts and rigging.

Many of the dismal facts connected with Ireland have not been the result of alien interference. The supreme power of natural elements often humbles the nation, and

* Continued from p. 348. Articles on the scenery of Ulster and Connaught, with illustrations by W. Monk, R.E., will be published throughout 1907.



Rathmullen and Lough Swilly.

By W. Monk, R.E.

the world utters sympathy to its poor relation. Of such despotic strokes none is more absolute than the crushing triumph of the sea. Many a moan has been heard in unison

with the derisive sighing of the wind at times when unladen fishing boats drift keels upwards to the land, when once again the toll of lives has been paid to the relentless steward

of the deep. If this were a general log-book of disasters outside Lough Swilly it would be an appalling record. Other ocean highways have seen more casualties, but for the amount of traffic along this coast the proportion of calamities is large. At night a flashing light marks the island of Inishtrahull, one of several rocks a few miles out and slightly to the right of Malin Head. This is an item of local geography which cannot be omitted in the tale of distress. It is specially marked on mariners' charts, and it has earned a bad reputation in every enterprise. Here foundered the *Cambria*, within living memory; 170 perished. The stern drifted to Islay, quantities of wreckage went to Kintyre, and the bulk of the ship lay in three and a half fathoms of water.



The Grianon of Ailech.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Letterkenny: St. Eunan's Cathedral.

By W. Monk, R.E.

The Royal route to the Lake of Shadows is by train to Buncrana, a town situated well for trips by sea or land. Rathmullen, from Fahan, is favoured more, perhaps, by travellers. It has an ancient Priory, and it is of historic importance as a port. A promenade and a delightful wood along the edge of the water, good bathing and hotel accommodation, give it useful accessories for entertaining visitors in the summer season. During the periodical visits of British warships, the town has a share in the commotion which prevails. When the Atlantic Squadron called last August there was some difficulty in getting off provisions, owing to the insufficient length of the pier: so there has been an agitation to obtain an extension of it. It may be observed that the people of County Donegal do not ask for free libraries, or for any such modern social necessities. They want piers, and they look to the Chief Secretary to supply them. If he agrees, Lough Swilly will soon be as full of piers as it is of forts.

Blockade of Lough Swilly? Certainly. This year there has been a "missing king scheme" in Ireland, and the army has been busy abducting or discovering His imaginary Majesty. A few years ago the war game was played by the Navy, and sham fights happened everywhere. Officers and men were very much in earnest, and big guns roared incessantly. Torpedo boats passed to and fro. Broadships from one vessel swept the decks of another, just as they do in the story-books of Marryat and Henty. But no hero was carried to the cockpit. Commanders scored a good mark

for sinking their rivals, or bad ones for allowing themselves and their craft to be sunk. Several officers had providential escapes. They went to the bottom of the sea with all hands, and when they woke up found they had perished only on paper. It would not be correct form to parade on friendly terms with the inhabitants of a captured city, so while the great mimic battle lasted the orders of the day were strictly martial. But there is much interchange of good-fellowship in ordinary years. Social gatherings are held at Londonderry and invitations are given to the people in the neighbourhood to visit the ships of war in Lough Swilly. It is instructive to watch the exercises of the fleet, especially at night, when stately men-of-war pick their way with bow searchlights. To travel on such a vessel and to watch the lights darting enquiry at this bank or that buoy is a privilege never to be forgotten. On one occasion during the practice of manning and arming boats a Gatling gun went overboard. When divers managed to fish it out and restore it to its place there was much enthusiasm. It seems curious that the port selected by the Admiralty has never commended itself to the mercantile service. On the map it seems to have striking advantages compared to Lough Foyle.

The naval manoeuvres have often directed attention to these waters and shores for sporting purposes, and it is not surprising to find that the golf course at Portsalon is named with the best in the country. The Leannan River, from Loughs Gartan and Fern, runs into the tideway at Rathmellon, and here the angler is made at home. Sea-fishing,



Mulroy Bay.

By W. Monk, R.E.

of course, may be enjoyed, and the boats moored in the roadsteads show that for regattas and ordinary sailing the Lough finds favour among many yachtsmen. Allowing some natural aptitude for enjoying sport, and taking into consideration the varied interests in and around Lough Swilly, it would be difficult to name a more desirable region for mental inspiration and bodily recreation. If in a well-timed holiday there a man could not detach his thoughts from town affairs and hang them on a new peg, his mind would be in a forlorn state indeed. Between the earthly lighthouse at Fanad Head, and the Heavenly Lighthouse at Letterkenny, there is a selection of distractions to satisfy everyone, from an archaeologist to an apothecary.

Letterkenny saw the defeat by the O'Donnells, in 1567, of the famous Shane O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. In preceding centuries one sept had warred against the other with particular fury, but after the battle on the shores of Lough Swilly there was less internecine warfare, and more general combination against England. Letterkenny, although the second town in the county, has only a small population. Vessels of 160 tons reach the port, and a good railway service gives other facilities for commerce. The eyes of the Roman Catholic world have been turned to the town in late years by the erection, with subscriptions from Ireland, America, Scotland, England, and Australia, of St. Eunan's Cathedral, "a resurrection of the fallen shrines of Donegal." Quantities of Donegal stone from the Mountcharles quarries were used, and the building is the conspicuous feature of the neighbourhood. To the north of Letterkenny is Kil-

macrenan, described as a rising town. Mr. Monk illustrates one of the falling parts of it; and, if rebuked for his selection, would reply that many a town flourishes on the ruins it has to show. Hereabouts there are antiquities in plenty. Remarkable among them is the Rock of Doon, the object of much legendary and historical lore. On it the Chiefs of the O'Donnells were installed, and the ceremony then performed was primitive if not barbaric in character. The Holy Well adjacent is the resort of the maimed and the halt; and the guides, with a look at an array of crutches stuck in the ground, will speak of miracles in restoring the use of paralysed limbs. Near here was slain, after his raid on Derry in 1608, Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, the rebel Lord of Inishowen, who at first supported the scheme of English colonisation. With mention of that measure the visitor may turn away from the acres and inland seas which have played so large a part in the desire to attach Ireland, for good or evil, to the British Throne. On the road to the Donegal Highlands other subjects will predominate, and reminders will no longer be given of sentiments such as those which exist in the reply to the old question: "Papa, what is the Saxon?"—

"The tyrant that came o'er the sea, my child,
To fetter the fearless and free, my child,
Whose murderous band
Spread woe through the land,
Leaving sorrow and serfship for thee, my child."

The country between Lough Swilly and Milford is well wooded, and where the land is under cultivation

the haphazard allotments give a picturesque touch to the scene. Such divisions are not peculiar to the district. Through Donegal the hand of man has lacked the power to convert all the land into profitable fields, and the chess-board appearance of the country, rude prosperity alternating with barren waste, gives an impression that some complete scheme of agriculture is needed. Some successful experiments for improving the ground show that unpromising land proves more fertile than could have been expected. But this is a dangerous topic. It is said that if a man reclaims land there is a re-valuation, and he has to pay more rent as the reward of industry. The landlord has another argument, and so the troubles begin.

The little town of Milford is placed in one of the most desirable of situations, and for the next few miles the scenery is remarkably fine. Going towards the Bunlin River, downhill past the foot of Mulroy Bay, the view suddenly sprung on the traveller is a challenge to the accepted beauty spots of the world. From the high ground among the woods, luxuriant with heather and wild flowers, there is seen the bay, canal-like in shape, dotted with innumerable islands and rocks. About these natural breakwaters, the homes of gull and heron, the vagrant sea plays with insinuating force, conscious that some day even such stubborn impediments will be a prey to its restlessness. Here is the first indication of the rugged and romantic landscape effects which give fame to the northern coast of Donegal. Passing along the side of Mulroy Bay, near the scene of a cowardly deed which once sullied the glory of



Remains of Church Tower, Kilmacrenan.

By W. Monk, R.E.



The Holy Well and Rock of Doon.

By W. Monk, R.E.



Carrigart.

By W. Monk, R.E.

the land, the road leads on to Carrigart, where a Celtic cross outside the Presbyterian church is a mark of devotion to the memory of the fourth Earl of Leitrim. The traveller is now at the parting of the ways. There is the boat to Londonderry, or the road westward. Being where he is,

and having enjoyed those things which have come before him, it will be base ingratitude to his hostess Nature if he turns away from the abundant delights which await him in remote places in the Donegal Highlands.

ALFRED YOCKNEY.

Obituary.

November, 1905, to October, 1906 (inclusive).

(Refer to General Index under Names.)

ARTIST OR COLLECTOR.*	BORN.	DIED.	ARTIST OR COLLECTOR.*	BORN.	DIED.
ADAMS, JOHN CLAYTON	June 20	FRIPP, CHARLES E., A.R.W.S.	September 20
ARMISTEAD, H. H., R.A.	1828	Dec. 4	JOSEY, RICHARD	1841	February 10
AUBERT, JEAN	1824	June	*KANN, MAURICE	May 6
BARRETT, JERRY	January 21	MURRAY, JAMES G., A.R.E.	1864	August
BAYLISS, SIR WYKE, P.R.B.A.	1835	April 5	OSBORN, WILL	April
*BEIT, ALFRED	1853	July 16	PEEL, JAMES, R.B.A.	1811	January 28
BRABAZON, H. B.	1822	May 14	ROSS, MISS C. P., R.S.W.S.	January 26
BRETON, JULES, Hon. For. R.A.	1827	July 4	STEVENS, ALFRED	1828	August 24
*BUDGETT, JAMES	February 10	TAYLER, EDWARD	1828	February 7
CARRIÈRE, EUGÈNE	1849	March 27	*TENNANT, SIR CHARLES	1823	June 4
CHARLES, JAMES	1851	August 27	WAKLEY, ARCHIBALD	May 23
FOSTER, GILBERT, R.B.A.	1855	July 3	WEIR, HARRISON	1824	January 3
			*WOODS, THOMAS HOADE	1828	March 26

Portraits of Dante.

By Addison McLeod.

It is a coincidence, though perhaps a not very extraordinary one, that we are still in doubt as to the actual appearance of the two greatest writers of the modern world: that the portraits of Shakespeare, in England, and Dante, in Italy, are subjects for dispute.

Supposed new portraits of Dante are repeatedly being pointed out. Before the year 1840 there was no portrait of the poet known to students which could claim authenticity—none, that is to say, of which anything more could be hoped than that it was either executed at second-hand, or purely imaginary. But the eyes of discoverers were pointed towards two places—the Bargello and S. Croce—in both of which buildings portraits were mentioned by Vasari and others. In the latter case it was said to be on a transverse wail of the church near the place where Vasari had been making alterations to put up some barocco work of his own. It was attributed by him to Taddeo Gaddi in the *Life of that painter*; and, probably by an oversight, to Giotto, in the *Life of Michelangelo*. S. Croce was accordingly tried first, but with the result that everyone who knew Vasari and his age must have feared and foreseen—the portrait was not there.

They turned next to the Bargello, an interesting account of which investigation is to be found in the *Athenæum*,



(From the Kirkup drawing published by the Arundel Society.)

The Dante of the Bargello, before restoration.



The Torrigiani Death-Mask of Dante in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

4th July, 1857. There it appears that three people were concerned: an English artist—Mr. Seymour Kirkup, a Piedmontese—Signor Bessi, and an American—Mr. White. These three men employed an Italian expert, Signor Morini, to clean the whitewash off the chapel, "pay or play": 240 scudi down, poet or no poet. When, however, the work was half-way through, the Florentine Government stepped in, and continued the work on its own account. The portrait was actually found, the paint sound and in good condition; but, strange emblem of the fatuity of ungrateful Florence, into the very eye a nail had been driven. Instead of leaving this, or cutting it, they drew it out, and with it two or three inches of plaster, in the most important part of the face. This was accordingly restored, and at the same time the whole figure was touched up to bring it into harmony with the restorations, the colours of the robe and hood being altered at the same time, the green* of the former being painted down to a dull chocolate. No drawings were made before the damage was done, but there is still existing a very beautiful one by Mr. Kirkup himself, showing it in a damaged but unrestored state, which was reproduced in colours by the Arundel Society (above).

In the natural enthusiasm of the moment, lovers of Dante believed that here they had a portrait of him actually drawn from life by Giotto, and the date of it was tentatively fixed at about 1300, just previous, that is, to his exile. But immediately doubts began to be cast on this, and from

* Dante was wearing red, white and green, the colours of Beatrice in Paradise and now those of the Italian flag.



The Dante of the Codex Riccardiano.

that day to the present the argument has passed through almost every possible phase.* We may take it, I think, that either it was painted by Giotto between 1332 and his death in 1336, or immediately after 1342 by his pupils—possibly by Taddeo Gaddi, from a drawing left by his master. At any rate, it is a memory only; but, in its unrestored state, as preserved by Mr. Kirkup's drawing, we have the most valuable representation of Dante as he was in life.

* The arguments are summed up in two reports by an official commission of 1869 to which the reader is referred for fuller information. The essential facts are:— (1) The face is that of a man about 25. Dante was 25 in 1290, and Giotto was 17. (2) Giotto died in 1336. The Bargello was burned to the ground in 1332 and considerably damaged by fire in 1345. (3) The edict annulling the sentences against Dante and restoring his memory to honour was passed in 1342. (4) Corso Donati, Dante's great political enemy, is pointed next to him. (5) [If any importance need be attached to this] The arms of the Podestà of 1338 appear on the same wall.

The rest of the portraits show a mature or elderly man, and, with one exception, cannot even pretend to be taken from life. Let us then, before examining them, turn to something that was taken from life—a description of Dante in his later years, by Giovanni Boccaccio, than whom, perhaps, no man knew him better.

“Our poet, then, was of middle height, and after he came to mature years his figure had something of a stoop, and his gait was grave and measured . . . his face was long and his nose aquiline, and his eyes large rather than small; his jaw was large and his underlip projecting, and his complexion was dark and his beard thick, black and curling, and his face was ever melancholy and thoughtful. It happened one day,” continues Boccaccio, “in Verona† (the fame of his works, especially that part of his comedy which he entitled Hell, being everywhere spread, and he himself known to many men and-women) that, as he passed before a doorway, wherein not a few women were sitting, one of them said softly to the rest, but not so softly as to be unheard either by him or those beside her, ‘See him who goes into Hell and returns when he chooses, and brings up news of those who are down below.’ To whom another answered directly, ‘Of a truth it must be even as thou sayest. Dost not see how his beard is frizzled and

his skin dark with the heat and the smoke which is down there?’”

Two things appear from the whole passage. First, that at the time he was wearing a beard, and secondly, that it was not a feature in his face likely to be passed over. I think I am justified in adding a third suggestion. The soft flow of a beard which has been worn from youth onwards suggests anything rather than contact with fire. On the other hand, the one that has been shaved in the beginning and then allowed to grow, does grow stiff and hard, and might well suggest such an idea to a quick imagination.

† The exact date of Dante's visit to Verona is uncertain, and it is possible that he paid more than one. He is supposed to have been there soon after his banishment on a mission to Alberto della Scala, and he himself refers to a visit to the court of Can Grande (Paradiso xvii. 76). From the reference to the Inferno I think we may place this story early in his wanderings.

To make the matter of the beard still more obvious there is a passage in *Purgatorio* XXXI., which seems to me to have been treated with the greatest perversity by certain commentators. I quote Longfellow's translation, which is certainly the most literal. It is Beatrice speaking, and not one syllable from her is meant to fall to the ground. It is hardly necessary to say that she is addressing Dante :—

“ Even as children, silent in their shame,
Stand listening with their eyes upon the ground,
And conscious of their fault and penitent,
So was I standing. And she said, ‘ If thou
In hearing sufferest pain, lift up thy beard,
And thou shalt feel a greater pain in seeing.’ ”

A little way further on two lines follow :—

“ And when she by the beard the face demanded
Well I perceived the venom of her meaning.”

That is, that he, a grown man, was behaving like a child.

Dante, then, in mature life was a bearded man : he was so when he was engaged on the ‘ *Purgatorio*,’ for certain, and probably from about 1303-4. This being so, we are brought face to face with the fact that all the rest of his portraits represent a mature or elderly man, but not one of them a man with a beard ; one party, therefore, must be wrong. On the one side we have Dante himself, and Boccaccio, who knew him better than any man did save Giotto. Strong testimony enough. On the other side are the portraits, the more important of which are as follows :—

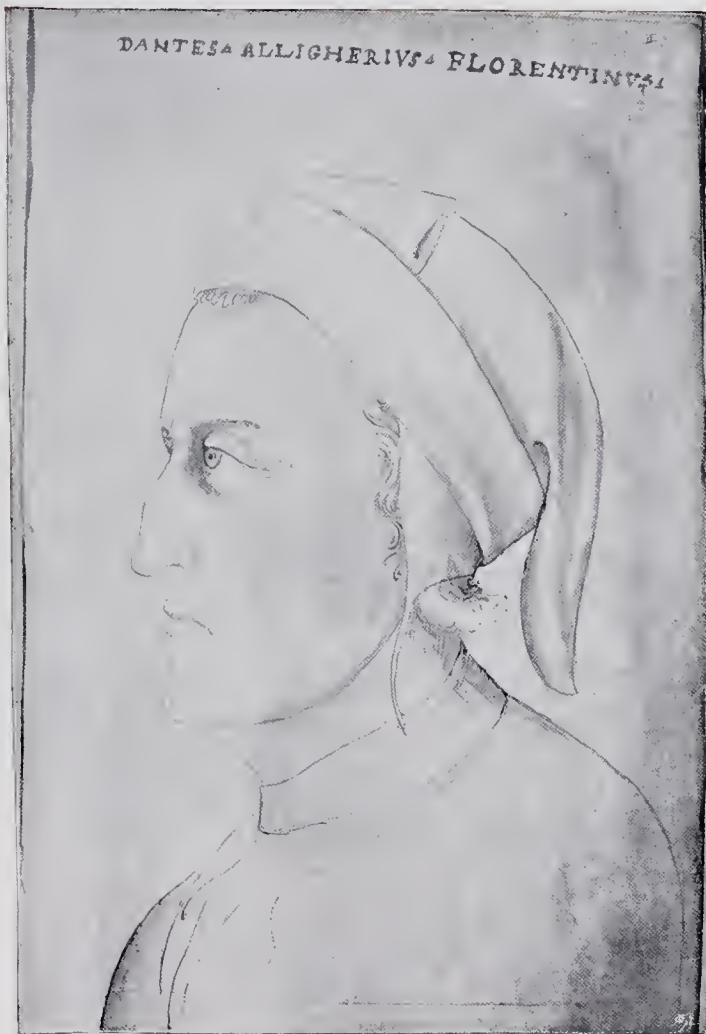
Two Florentine MSS. containing portraits :—

Codex Riccardiano, 1040. Profile turned to r. (p. 366). This portrait was chosen by the Commission of 1865 as the best model for the execution of a medal.

Codex Palatino, 320. Profile turned to l. (p. 367).

Picture in the Cathedral of Florence, executed by Domenico di Michelino in 1495, from a drawing furnished by Alesso Baldovinetti, born 1427. Full-length figure with accessories (p. 369). Face three-quarters to r. This is the portrait proposed by the Commission of 1865 as the most important on general grounds.

Fresco by Andrea del Castagno in the Villa Pandolfini, near Soffiano, now transferred to canvas, and shown in Florence. Whole figure, three-quarter face to r.



The Dante of the Codex Palatino.

Wall painting by Benozzo Gozzoli in S. Francesco at Montefalco. Youthful ; full face.

Figure in Last Judgment, by Orcagna, referred to in the *Athenaeum* article. Profile to r.

Figure in the Paradise of the Orcagnas in S. Maria Novella. The subject of a recent discovery by Signor Chiappelli.

Various death-masks, the most important being the Torrigiani mask, left by the marquis of that name to the Uffizi Gallery.

Naples bronze bust. Forceful and striking, but universally agreed to be executed from the masks, and placed by some authorities (among them Signor Passerini) as late as the sixteenth century.

Various medals of no historical authority.

Excepting for a moment the death-mask, it will be seen that not one of all these could have been executed from life. Andrea Orcagna's life, if 1308 correctly represents the date of his birth, did overlap Dante's, but it was not till 1343 that he was registered on the Guild of Painters, and 1352 on



The Dante of Signor Chiappelli in S. Maria Novella.

that of Stone-Cutters, which makes it probable that he was really born much later, and of his brother hardly the name is known. In any case, they were neither born till after the date of Dante's exile, and it is most improbable that either could have seen him, as Andrea does not seem to have left Florence at all till 1357. Of the rest, Domenico di Michelino, Alesso Baldovinetti, Andrea del Castagno, Benozzo Gozzoli, the miniaturists of the Codices—all were born long after Dante had passed away. But then, it is said these men of the fifteenth century had the fresco of S. Croce before them, which was not destroyed till Vasari's day. And if they had? Taddeo Gaddi was born in 1300; he was with Giotto twenty-four years in Florence, and he went on working in S. Croce after his master left for Naples. In default of proof that Giotto either painted this portrait or furnished the design, the conjecture to this effect, reinforced by the conjecture that it was beardless, and was copied into the type we know, is too slender a chain of argument to set aside the testimony of the man himself and his best friend.

There seems nothing for it then but to say that all paintings or drawings (other than that of the Bargello) professing to represent Dante are purely imaginary. Professor

Chiappelli's discovery, like that of Dr. Barlow, is founded solely on a resemblance to these fancy portraits. The former seems to be sufficiently far from any original (p. 368). Probably no one would be more surprised than the painter of it to hear that it represented Dante at all.

Nevertheless, the tradition is not without interest. How were these portraits made? On the whole I agree with Dr. Kraus that that of the Codex Palatino is a development of the Bargello fresco. The angle of the face (just more than a true profile) is exactly the same. Though the face is old, the lines are similar; quite different to that of the Codex Riccardiano. This latter may be, as I think Dr. Kraus holds, a copy of the S. Croce fresco. But it looks, on the face of it, a fine and original work, and I incline to believe that it was a work of imagination, founded on descriptions only, perhaps on Boccaccio's own, leaving out the objectionable feature. Of the frescoes by Domenico di Michelino, Andrea del Castagno, Benozzo Gozzoli, apart from authority, they impress one at a glance as purely the work of fancy, uninformed by anything save the most general conception of the man.

Why was it that tradition left out the beard? The answer is simple enough. The Florentines did not know him with it, and on his restoration to honour the painters had to furnish them with a Dante that they did

know. That was why Giotto, if it were indeed he, painted him as a young man. Numerous portraits, no doubt, sprang up in the last years of the fourteenth century, and have since been lost; and the type once established was maintained. A beard acquired in later life is never an agreeable feature; it may well have been stiff and stubbly—"frizzled," as Boccaccio's chattering Veronese women say; it would have spoilt the ideality of the face. The strong prejudice of the Florentines is nowhere more clearly shown than in an anonymous sonnet (quoted in *La Bibliofilia*), wherein the description of Boccaccio is repeated almost word for word, leaving out only all mention of the beard. There is no conceivable reason why Boccaccio should have added it if it were not there. There is every reason why the Florentine artists should have left it out if it were. None the less, the omission destroys all the claim these works might have had to be either themselves actual portraits, or copies of one.

As to the Torrigiani mask, there is an absolute conflict of opinion, and the mask itself has no history to carry it back to the date of the poet's death. There it is to give its own evidence (p. 365). This much, however, may be seen from the reproduction. Firstly, the work is not merely a mask, but a head, with the cap on. That could not have been



The Michelino Dante in the Cathedral of Florence.

the result of a cast: it must have been modelled afterwards. Secondly, it does not seem possible that a cast could have been taken with the eyes open, as they are here; and, thirdly, it is doubtful whether the practice of casting death-masks prevailed in Dante's time. At any rate, Vasari states that it was first introduced in the days of Andrea da Verrocchio, though, of course, that is not conclusive. As to the nature of the whole work, I have never yet seen a cast in which the marks of casting were not absolutely clear, and if these do not appear in the work itself, it must be a model. There is still the possibility that it may have been modelled from the dead face; but tradition, the only authority, is not to this effect. In any case, it does not affect the question of the beard; because, as Prof. Norton truly says (in his illustration to Longfellow's 'Inferno'), that must have been removed to take the cast from the face at all.

One last word. It is unlikely that any new authentic portrait will be found, but if found it will be outside Florence. Padua, where Giotto and Dante are known to have been together, is, on the whole, the most likely place. If among any of the paintings there the lengthy face of a mature man, with short beard, keen eyes and still erect form were found in some place not obvious and yet honourable, it might with some foundation be hoped that

for the second time we had found our poet, unidealised, stern and striving yet, with just so much blemish of form as he had in nature.

Of all writers that have ever put pen to paper, Dante most of all strove to describe things as they really were. Surely for him above all men we should wish to put fantasy aside, and think of him and know him as he really was.

R.B.A. Elections.

ON October 15th, the Royal Society of British Artists met in general assembly to fill in some of the vacancies in the ranks. It was resolved to elect two only of the sixty-six candidates, the object being to raise as much as possible the status of the Society. Choice fell on Mr. Louis Grier, the able St. Ives painter, one of whose sponsors was Mr. Norman Wilkinson, and Mr. Edwin Noble, whose hunting scenes in water-colour commended themselves to the electorate. Both artists have contributed to the Royal Academy. In the summer it was rumoured that Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., intended standing as an ordinary member, but he does not appear to have been among the candidates in October.



Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., LL.D.
From a photograph.

Presidents of the R.S.A.—VII.

SIR GEORGE REID was born at Aberdeen on the 31st October, 1841. He very early showed indications of a liking for drawing, or at least copying what his young, still uneducated eye thought it saw. When very young he was under the instruction of Mr. P. Cleland, then the teacher of drawing in Aberdeen, whose delightful personality must have had some influence on the youthful students. Like many other artists, he served an apprenticeship; in this case the work was of a somewhat congenial nature, being lithographic work, and that of a higher order than mere commercial matter. When this apprenticeship was finished, in 1861, he ventured on the career of art, and came to Edinburgh, to study in the Trustees' Academy, and just missed being one of the band of students under Robert Scott Lauder. For about a year he studied hard, and then returned to the North, where a professional commencement was made, no doubt, small on scale at first. Landscape work was practised, and we find his earliest effort placed before the public was a picture titled 'A Border Tower,' exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, 1862. In 1864 he had two works hung, 'Plusecarden Abbey' and 'Cawdor Castle.' In 1867 came his first portrait, 'Mr.

Walker.' For the furthering of his art practice he went to study under Mollinger, at Utrecht; afterwards in Paris, in the studio of Yvon, and later with Josef Israels at the Hague. In 1870 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, and justified his election by next year showing the fine portraits of 'Dr. Keith,' and the artist's old friend the 'Rev. A. Thomson, of Haddington.' After this followed a succession of well-known portraits, broken occasionally by a brilliant outburst of important landscapes such as 'Whins in bloom,' the 'View of Montrose,' with its magnificent sky, or the silvery vaporous rendering of 'Durham Cathedral'; then, to crown all, would come a gloriously delicious bouquet of 'Roses from Kepplestone.' In 1891, he was elected to the Presidential chair, as successor to Sir William Fettes Douglas (p. 118), was knighted, and received the degree of LL.D. from Aberdeen University, and the same from St. Andrews. He retired from office in 1902, and was succeeded by (Sir) James Guthrie. His diploma work is that most charming picture of 'Dornoch'; and in progress he has a number of portraits, full of his great grasp of character and power of achieving that *sine qua non* in portraiture—an admirable likeness.

Royal Exchange Panel.

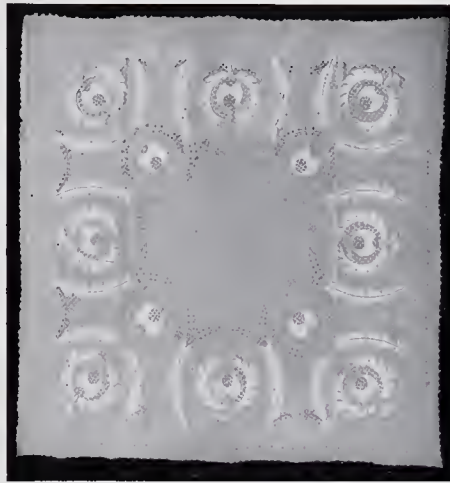
AFTER years of expectancy, there was unveiled on October 22, by Mrs. T. L. Devitt, wife of the donor, the Royal Exchange panel, 'Modern Commerce,' by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. It was Leighton, of course, who conceived the idea of penetrating the gloom of this haunt of city merchants by adding some colour to the ambulatory wall, some suggestions of the pageant of London's past. He himself painted and gave the first of the chronological series, 'Phœnicians trading with Early Britons on the Cornish Coast,' since when fourteen more of the twenty-three spaces—or twenty-four, if we count that where is the office in the north-east corner—have been filled. Brangwyn did not elect to treat some picturesque historical incident of half-forgotten times, but to plunge into the present, as it may be envisaged any day in the neighbourhood of the West India Docks. Like the Belgian Meunier, though from a less tragic standpoint, he discerns, through the rags and tatters and meanness, the essential dignity of labour. With ample pictorial and imaginative justification he has wrought into his bold scheme notes of rich gold, passing into deep orange and nurtured reds that suggest how the splendid spoils of the East are borne to the greatest of all centres of modern commerce. Here we have an essentially mural decoration, which should help materially towards the æsthetic enlightenment of the City. Mr. Devitt, whose presentation portrait as President of the Shipping Federation was painted by Sargent in 1904, is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Brangwyn's art. At the unveiling he told of his initial intention merely to become responsible for the cost of the panel, but later he returned subscriptions and paid the whole amount himself. He is to be congratulated on his wise generosity, whereby one of our most able and original decorative artists is worthily represented in the very heart of the City.

Art Handiwork.*

SINCE, through the influence of the Arts and Crafts movement, schools founded to apply art to industry have turned to practical application of rules and principles, the transition from pupillage to individual craftsmanship has been a development of the school-work, not emancipation from it. A fitting recognition of the continuity of development, and of community between members of the same school, is the foundation of a society to bring together in exhibition work by past and present students. The Sir John Cass Arts and Crafts Society is an association of this kind, and already, in its first exhibition, proved the interest of such yearly collections. From year to year, as the exhibitors realise their individual possibilities, the conjunction of their work should be of genuine value as a record of the influence of the Institute on handicraft and trade.

The work of honorary members formed a considerable part of the first exhibition; but with the exception of Mr. R. L. Rathbone these represented the staff of the Arts and Crafts Department of the Institute, and so completed the scheme of the Exhibition as a product of one organization. It is, moreover, of interest to see the work of the members—who are all past or present students—in relation to the design and craftsmanship of the various teachers. The result, in this instance, was to prove that if a tradition of style evolves within the school it will be in the true course of study directed to principles of design and construction, and not in ungrounded imitation of effect. Between Mr. Harold Stabler's jewellery, where a decorative formula expresses the natural life of animal and plant, and the symmetrical designs of Miss How's or Miss Ramsay's pendants, the simple placing of the stones determining the straightforward silver-work, there is no affinity of style, and in the direct and unaffected circular setting of the enamel

* Continued from page 347.



(Windermere.)

The "Gold Cross" Embroidery.

By Annie Garnett.



Cameo Necklace.

By Alice Gimson.



(Windermere.)

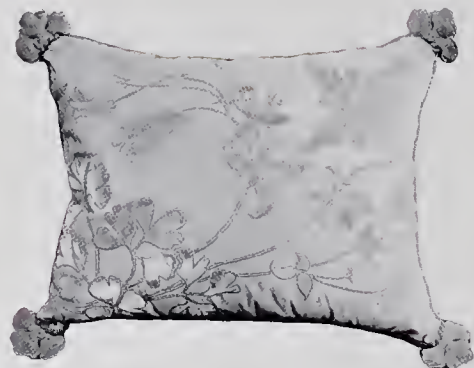
The "Iris" Hand-woven Brocade.

By Annie Garnett.



Embroidered Costume in green silk
appliqué on silver-grey.

By Pauline Rivière.



Velvet Cushion, "Columbine" appliqué.

By Pauline Rivière.



"Peacock Feather" Collar, embroidered on silk
in jewel tints of blue, green and red.

By Pauline Rivière.

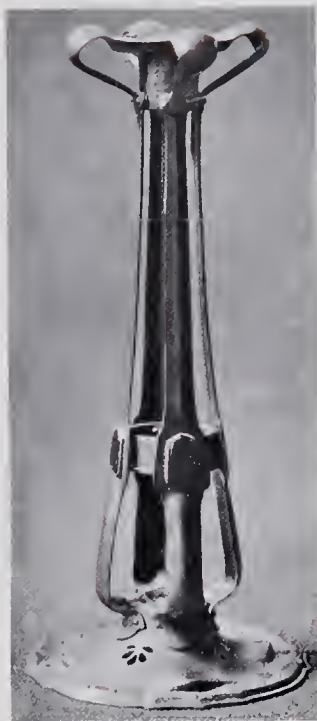


Embroidered Costume, mauve poppens
and green leaves on grey.

By Pauline Rivière.

centre by Miss Mileham, as in the silver pendant of drooping leaves, there is also the expression of trained perception which is the only foundation of invention. The metal-work of the Institute, which was mainly represented by the productions of present students, is equally a development of teaching that bases design on appreciation of processes of formation. Shape and ornament represent technical exercises in the material and in the use of tools directed to the expression of the artistic value of the process. The candlesticks of Mr. Alfred Hughes, who contributed as honorary member to this part of the Exhibition, demonstrate in practice the possibilities of simple construction, so illustrating the principles which control the students' work.

When the renaissance of embroidery began in England the earliest workers found the difficulties that beset their attempts to revive a beautiful craft greatly augmented by the low standard of the necessary materials. The acquirement of skill, the study of design, though the necessary preparation for the embroiderer, only brought her to realize further difficulties not to be overcome by individual study. Machine-woven and machine-spun linens, with their flat and



School Work : Copper and
Enamel Candlestick.
(Cass Society.)
By Madeline Martineau.



(Cass Society.) Copper Tea Caddy.
By Jean Milne.



Covered Copper Bowl.
(Cass Society.) By Augustine N. Wilson.



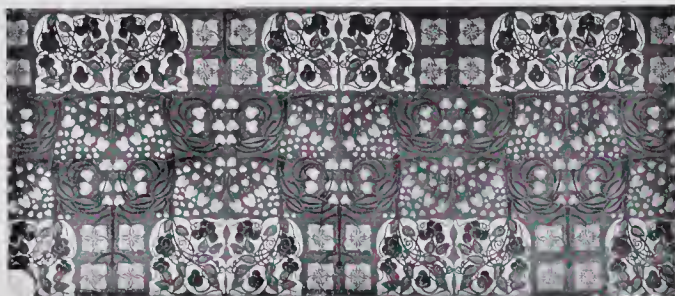
Gold and Enamel Necklace, set with
pearls and tourmalines.
(Cass Society.) By Harold Stabler.

indeterminate threads, silk artificially stiffened, tight-twisted crewels, "silks" that were only partly of silk, chemical dyes that changed from crude assertiveness to ruin by the action of light, offered no materials for an art whose patient labour demands durable substances, and whose beauty is as much one of colour and surface as of design. How, by degrees, embroiderers got pure webs, threads and colours, is one instance of the influence of art on manufacture; but the development of the craft was

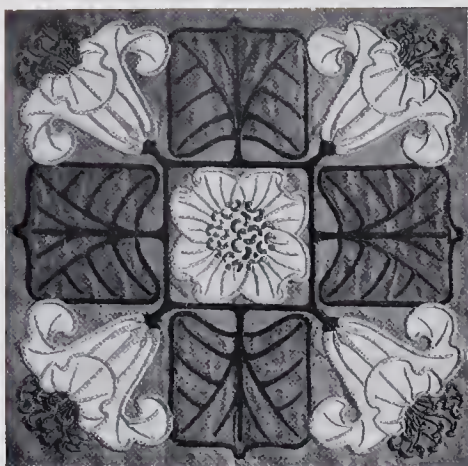
delayed by its disunion from the production of the necessary materials. The embroideries which Miss Garnett has recently added to her Windermere textiles have their true genesis in perfect materials. The hand-woven linens, throwans, samites, brocades, and other products of the Windermere looms are lovely in texture and colour, inde-



Silver Stag Brooch,
set with stones.
By Harold Stabler.
(Cass Society.)



Stencilled Linen Frieze.
By George Walton.



Appliqué on Linen

Designed by P. Verneuil.
Executed by P. Faure.



Silk and Appliqué Embroidery on Linen.

Designed by P. Verneuil.
Executed by P. Faure.

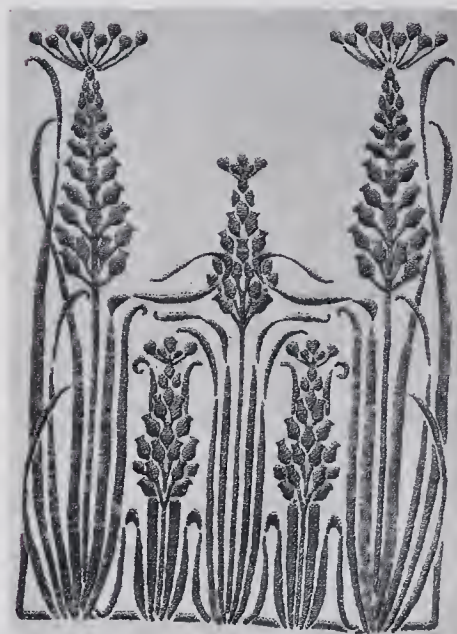


Doyley: "Anemones" pattern. Appliqué on linen.

Designed by P. Verneuil.
Executed by P. Faure.

pendently of their use as the background for embroidered patterns. These embroiderers have an inspiration to design in their materials. The loveliness of petal and leaf, of pearly honesty, or rose, or lily, is best expressed by work that displays the charm of the materials.

The embroideries by Madame Rivière, exhibited at the Old Salon, and those worked by Mlle. Faure from the designs of M. Verneuil, which were shown at the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, represent two tendencies in modern French embroidery, the naturalistic and conventional. Compared with English examples of the application of embroidery to costume, the delicately coloured designs of Madame Rivière are fantastic, but in this particular the



Linen Bag, embroidered in silk "Lavender" pattern.

Designed by P. Verneuil.
Executed by P. Faure.

course taken by dress reform in France and England has to be counted as an influence. In this country the æsthetic movement of the 'eighties, the latest phase of Pre-Raphaelitism, is still the prevailing influence on dress that is an effort



Silver Pendant, set with cabochon sapphires.
By Thalia How.
(Cass Society.)



Silver Pendant, set with chrysoprase and pearl.
(Cass Society.)
By Violet Ramsay.



Enamel and Silver Pendant.
(Cass Society) By Gabrielle Mileham.



Copper Candlestick.
(Cass Society.)
By Alfred Hughes.



Silver Girdle.
By May Morris.



Silver Necklace.
(Cass Society.)
By Madeline Martineau.



(Windermere.)

The "Warmeinstener" Embroidery.

By Annie Garnett.

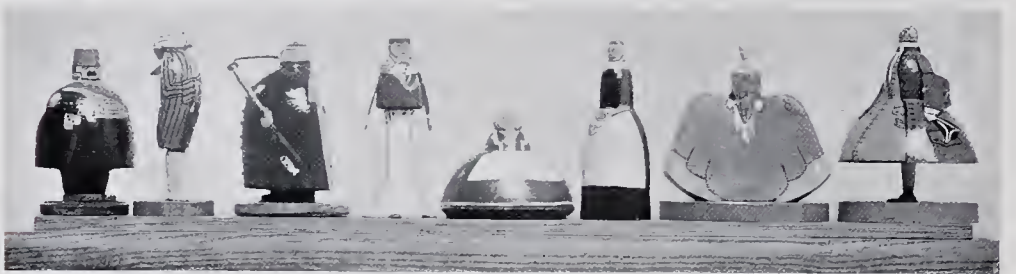
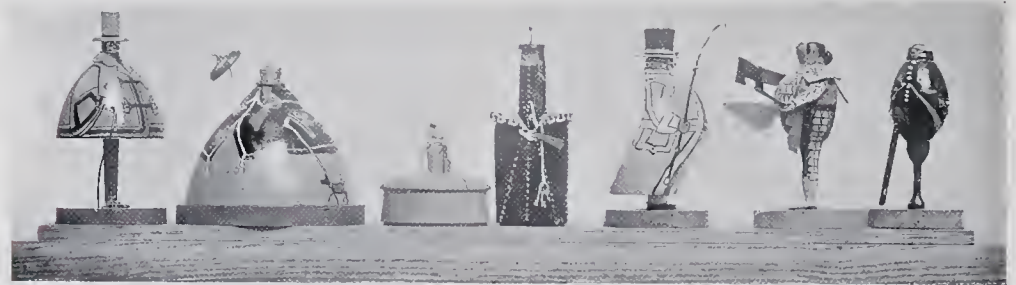
to revive costume in place of fashion. On the Continent the attempt to find a decorative garment that—to adapt a witticism—shall never be in the fashion or out of it, has had less connection with the bigger affairs of art. Mediæval modes, and *le style moderne* have been influences. Instead of the yoke, waistband, cuffs and pocket, which in England mainly receive the application of embroidery to dress, and by their definite shapes restrain its design, the embroidered parts of the dress are designed in shape as well as in pattern by the individual. In Madame Rivière's work a variety of design is expressed; the colour of the originals, in happily chosen contrast or affinity to that of the fabric of the dress, unifies decoration and material more than appears in reproduction. Yet, even so, the difference between such costumes and the ordinary dress of the day is greater, and its influence likely, therefore, to be less than has been the influence of aestheticism on fashion in England. The cushion where a

the "Lavender" bag shows, and its combination with appliqué in the design of berries and leaves, as well as in the stamens of the lilies, is as pleasant as it is simple. Suitable design, tasteful colour, and the direct use of materials are here, as always, elements of whose combination the eye and taste do not weary.

An exhibition of school-pictures held earlier in the year under the auspices of the London County Council was interesting, not only as showing what German artists and art-publishers are making of the need for cheap pictures that shall enliven the school-wall and the learning of the children, but still more as a forcible suggestion of what may be done in this way. England is not behind Germany in the idea that these works realise, since, some time before the Dresden conference of 1901 for the advancement of art-education encouraged the firms of Teubner and Voigtländer to develop their series of coloured lithographs, the Fitzroy pictures were

columbine theme is carried out, even to the corner finish, is another skilful and individual example of the art of Madame Rivière.

The embroideries on fine linen that represent the collaboration of Mlle. Faure and M. Verneuil are of simple application and technique. How effective an unvaried stitch may be



Le Général Turc.

Toys.

By Fernana Landolt.

The Art Journal,
London, Virtue & Co.



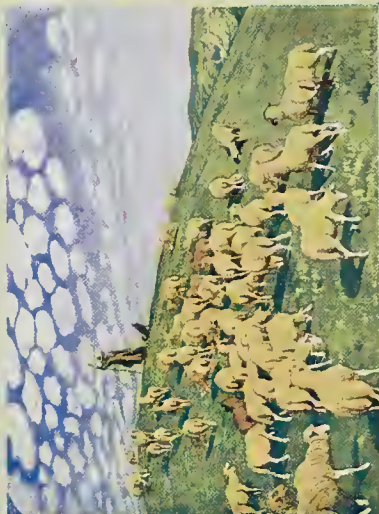
Peasant Ploughing. By H. GEORGE.



Hohenzollern. By H. VON VOLKMANN.



Bavarian Town. By ALBERT HANEISEN.



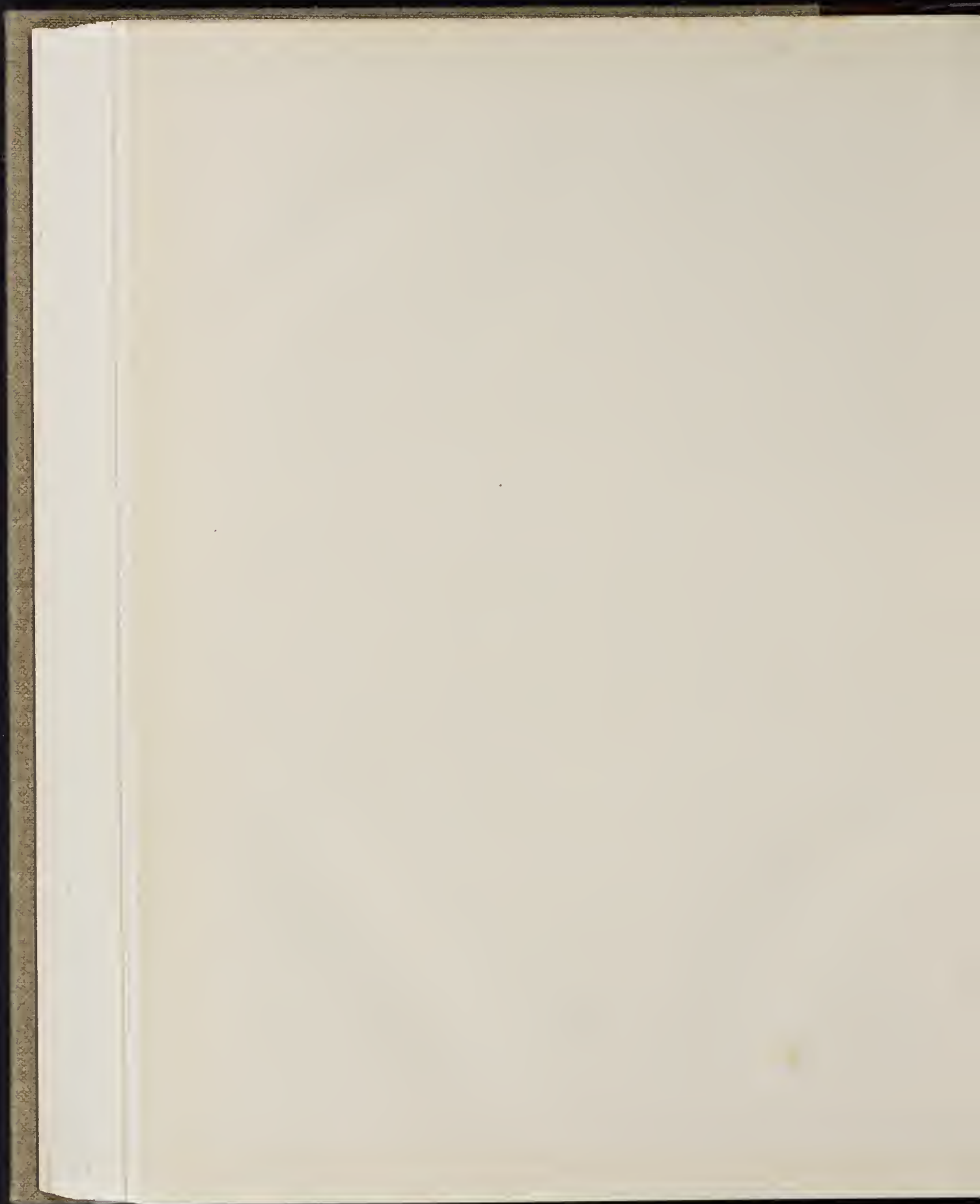
Spring Pastoral. By H. VON VOLKMANN.



Swans. By R. SCHRAMM-ZITTAN.



Waving Cornfield. By H. VON VOLKMANN.

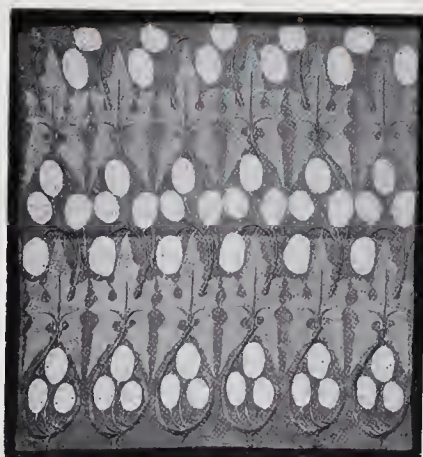




(Windermere.)

The "Rose" Embroidery.

By Annie Garnett.



(Windermere.)

The "Honesty Pot-Hooks" Embroidery.

By Annie Garnett.

hanging in English schools. Artistically, too, though there is a much more various appeal in subject and treatment in the German examples, there are few which equal the English series as worthy decorations. But, undoubtedly, the means employed is a suggestion by which, it is to be hoped, we shall profit. The coloured lithograph, produced under the supervision of the artist, is a form of disseminating art that is capable of being perfect for the purpose. It is not a version of the artist's work, but the work itself, and yet is, of course, a multiplication of it. The zeal with which leading German artists have turned towards this form of expression is as admirable as it is characteristic. That, to an English child, these pictures of landscape and life in village and town would lack the value of illustrating familiar things, is, of course, only a reason for following the example of Germany. In nature-pictures Schramm-Zittau's 'Swans' were among the few really illustrative of nature. The decorative rather than the expressive rendering of landscape, the "quaint" in the representation of the children themselves, and a leaning towards a pseudo-Milletism, sentimental and a hindrance to the genuine appreciation of man's part in ordering the earth, are tendencies which a healthy educational art should not develop. But as a suggestion, and an

example of technical means, the introduction into England of the German work should have good results.

Perhaps the witty little puppets of M. Landolt, summarizations in painted wood of the manners and bearing of various periods and types, are toys rather for the old than for the young. But that, if anything, increases their *raison d'être*. In the glass case in the New Salon where they held their state they already fulfilled a function that is never out of place—to amuse, when more serious things proved wearisome. In reproduction, though their vividness is gone, one can appreciate the skill of these brevities that find in a kind of nine-pin shape a genuine formula for the mode of perwig and hoop, of crinoline and peg-tops, of the formality of the Spanish court-gouvernante, of the simple Bretonne, the English sailor, and other diverting diversities.

Miss May Morris's silver girdle, delightful in colour and wrought with the simplicity that aims at fine display of materials rather than of skill, and Miss Gimson's dainty setting of three cameos, the delicate intricacy of her work an honour to the old-fashioned gems, are charming examples of the art. These, and the stencilled-linen frieze, by that versatile craftsman Mr. George Walton, were exhibited at the Arts and Crafts in the Grafton Galleries.

London Exhibitions.

"A FINE old thing, so unworldly and strange." Burne-Jones' words on first meeting William Holman-Hunt give us a hint of the tense energy, the indomitable perseverance, the single-mindedness in quest of what is "eternally and unalterably true" of the man who during the last weeks has, as it were, called in advance for posterity's verdict on his attainments as a painter. During sixty years of doggedly strenuous endeavour his output has been small compared, for instance, with that of Millais and

Watts, important works by whom more than sufficed for memorial exhibitions of accustomed winter size at Burlington House. 'The Lady of Shalott'—elaborated from the drawing for the Tennyson of 1857, when for a brief time the artist was content with the might of beauty—finished. Mr. Holman-Hunt has laid down his brush, and by showing in the Leicester Galleries an all but complete collection of his pictures, has rounded off the autobiography which appeared in 1905. It is unjust lightly to dismiss as a



(L.O.P.)

Sweet Peas.

By the Hon. John Collier.

Puritan Prophet, a Fanatic of Sight, a Prosecutor of Beauty, a Pietistic Ejaculator, one who has been so inflexibly faithful, who has consecrated a life of stern, solitary discipline to set forth with verisimilitude potent truths. On the other hand, Mr. Holman-Hunt has not a monopoly of sincerity, that chief corner-stone of all genuine art. Had he kept closer to the double vision under whose impulse he made imaginative drawings of 'Claudio and Isabella,' the subject of one of his most intimate pictures, of 'Lorenzo at his Desk,' and others of the early days, he might not have fallen into the bondage of local, literal exactitude, might, by capturing more of the inner rhythm, have been truer to the spirit, which we cannot doubt is the ultimate object of his quest. It is one thing to hold in contempt the plausible trick, the clever evasion, a vague romanticism, founded on quicksands of fancy; it is another, distrusting what Mr. Holman-Hunt calls the "idolatrous fantasies" of the Italian masters, to sojourn in Palestine, thinking by adherence to so-called fact, as ascertainable centuries later, to reveal the radiance of the Christ life. Rossetti and Millais had never been to the Holy Land when they painted respectively the spiritually discerned 'Girlhood of Mary Virgin,' and the nervously-wrought 'Christ in the House of His Parents'; nor,

for that matter, had Mr. Holman-Hunt when he gave us the most authoritative of his religious pictures, 'The Light of the World.' If, as Leonardo held, man and the intention of his soul are the supreme themes of an artist, the poetic genius must, ever renewed at the springs of nature, contribute in generous measure if the spectator is to be deeply moved as well as having his curiosity aroused. This poetic genius Mr. Holman-Hunt seems largely to have sacrificed on the altar of the categorical and the microscopic. Mr. Havelock Ellis' inadequate but interesting definition of decadent art is that wherein the particular is not subordinated to the general, in contrast with classic art, wherein the contrary is true. At this rate there would be a strangely labelled fruitage of Mr. Holman-Hunt's investigations, followed with so much zeal and constancy. Though already in 'The Hireling Shepherd' of 1851 he was the tractarian, this picture of English fields, English skies, English faces, where his hand meets that of Ford Madox Brown, is essentially a picture, not merely an expression of a morally splendid resolve. Here is the utterance of a living language, though the death's head seems to presage what, with all his talent and his patience, was to shadow the didacticism of its painter. The 'Morning Prayer' of 1866 is again one of the best of the great-little pictures by which Mr. Holman-Hunt will be remembered. Most of the other works, which have been familiar for more than a generation, were in the Leicester Galleries: the scrupulously realised 'Strayed Sheep,' 1850, 'The Scapegoat,' 1854, first and most searchingly impressive of the Palestine pictures, 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 1850-7, unsurpassed in many of its passages, 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' 1854-60, 'The Shadow of Death,' 1869-73, 'The Triumph of the Innocents,' 1870-6, with its finely composed wreath of child figures; and later, laboriously planned works like the 'May Morning on Magdalen Tower,' 1888, and the 'Distribution of the Holy Fire,' 1893. The spectacle of Mr. Holman-Hunt's life has a grandeur mixed with pathos not fully expressed in the works of his maturity. The sacramentally



(Carfax Gallery.)

A Wiltshire Road.

By Alfred W. Rich.

significant refused to yield itself to the painter who, however honestly and convincingly, alienated himself from the fundamental conception that "He who wonders shall reign." Yet his figure stands out solitary and impressive in the annals of our time.

At the Grafton Galleries a memorial exhibition was organised of over seventy pictures by Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley, founder and first President of the Society of Portrait Painters, who died in October, 1905. Mr. Stuart Wortley, the only pupil of Millais, not only painted many prominent folk of to-day, including the King, but was a remarkably good shot, and had a keen eye for sporting subjects. He was at his best in the recent portrait of 'The late Hon. Mrs. James Stuart Wortley.' The delicate tenderness of perception in the painting of the white hair and the long-stringed white cap, in the black velvet gown and the hands on the open book, give it a place among his achievements similar to that of 'My Mother,' in Whistler's. The solidity and restraint in the much earlier 'Hon. Lady Talbot' are again admirable.

A second and much smaller memorial exhibition was that of twenty-eight quiet little pictures by Mr. W. Evelyn Osborn at the Paterson Gallery. His muted harmonies tell how he honoured Whistler—the Whistler of the nocturnes, the Valparaisos, the symphonies of Chelsea house-fronts and of no-man's land—and desired for himself to utter the calm phrase that should be true to his impression of landscape, and of London, with its streets, river-side houses, tall



(Dudley Society.)

Summer Holidays.

By W. S. Stacey.

chimneys, and lighted shops veiled, almost de-materialised. Mr. Osborn worked in a mood of content, with a steady regard for tone, a refined sense for gradation.

Of several other one-man exhibitions, that at the Carfax Gallery of water-colour drawings by Mr. A. W. Rich especially warrants notice. He has probably modelled himself on masters like De Wint and David Cox, but he goes to nature for the renewing of these inspirations. Mr. Rich has gained in variety, in breadth and swiftness of apprehension. Several of the present drawings of English meadows, of winding streams, of upland distances, of open-breasted downs beneath luminous skies, show that he is at once spontaneous, dignified, and scholarly. It is sound work, it exhilarates.

The twenty-fourth exhibition of the Institute of Oil Painters contained for the first time a few pieces of sculpture, placed in the corners of the three galleries: among them a Rodinesque 'Cain,' by Mr. F. Derwent Wood, and a gracious statuette, 'Eve,' by Mr. T. Brock. Mr. Melton Fisher's place as Vice-President has been taken by Mr. John Fulleylove, and he and several other members of the "Society of Twenty-five" have resigned. The noticeable pictures indubitably include Mr. Sargent's 'Venetian Interior,' one of those flashing integrities which from the just distance persuades us not alone of its amazing vitality, but of the artist's power to make the ordinary intrinsically expressive; Sir George Reid's three-quarter length of Mr. Charles Hawksley, C.E., an authori-



(I.O.P.)

The Outward Bound.

By F. Cayley Robinson.



(I.O.P.)

Bringing Home the Goats.

By Walter Doane.

tative, sympathetic, not over-prosaic portrait, touched with a certain fragile beauty; Mr. Charles Sims' two pictures, a fantasy of 'The Little Faun,' and a blithely conceived 'Kiss'; Mr. H. Hughes Stanton's grave study of the earth on the Normandy sea-board, with its serene grey water and its unsatisfactory sky; a large, decorative landscape by Mr. Walter Doane; one of Mr. Leslie Thomson's low-horizoned sunsets; and acceptable studies of earth and skies by Mr. Bröun-Morison, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, Mr. Alfred Hartley, Mr. E. Matthew Hale, Mr. J. S. Hill. There are beautiful parts in Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's 'Waning Day,' but, surely against the promptings of the true artist in him, he here clings to archaic mannerisms as though they were the essence of what he has to say. His 'Outward Bound,' where the long, wide curves of the boat, and the upright mast are integral parts of the picture, is a larger, more free-going vision. Sir J. D. Linton sends an exceptionally skilled genre piece; Mr. Frank Craig, a deft study of Dominican monks; Mr. Harold Knight, some sympathetically-lighted peasant interiors; Mr. Reginald Frampton, several ambitious pictures, of decorative rather than symbolical value; the Hon. John Collier, a large figure subject, 'Sweet Peas'; Mr. E. F. Wells and Mr. F. Jackson, convinced cattle-pieces. Mr. Frank Dadd's well-realised scene at

skittles will interest those who attempt good gets in modern alleys.

The Autumn Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, at the hall of the Alpine Club, contained among its 277 drawings an alert 'Summer Holidays,' by Mr. W. S. Stacey, Mr. L. Burleigh Bruhl's quiet-toned 'Low Tide: Leigh,' some personal notes by Sir William Eden, a large, precise group by Miss Lexden Pocock, and a number of other capable drawings.

There were some pleasant studies by members of the Black Frame Sketch Club in Suffolk Street; and the Fine Art Society celebrated the Rembrandt tercentenary by showing etchings and photogravures of about 100 works by the great Dutch master. At 168, New Bond Street were shown, too, pastels by Mr. Frank Dean and Mr. T. W. Hammond. In the Museum of Natural History, Stratford, the Essex Arts Club held an exhibition; the President, Mr. Mark Fisher, sending one work, 'The Lily Pond.' Holiday sketches by students of the Royal College of Art were to be seen at South Kensington; and at other art schools in the metropolis similar testimonies of study were submitted for criticism.

The 126th exhibition of the Royal British Artists is the first under the new President, Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A. The

genuine effort being made to raise the level of these exhibitions deserves cordial support. A tribute has been paid to the memory of Sir Wyke Bayliss by collecting in the south-east room six pictures, six water-colours of church interiors, and a number of studies. It does not profess to be a representative loan collection, for the pictures are those which remain in the possession of his family. Mr. Alfred East sends two dignified landscapes, compositions in which he is pre-occupied with decorative massings and patterns and tone-harmonies. Among the welcome exhibits are Mr. W. J. Laidlay's 'Out of Range,' with its finely gradated sky and water—it might well have been in the judiciously-hung central gallery; Mr. F. F. Foottet's quietly impressive 'The Accused,' an imaginatively just piece of work; Mr. John Muirhead's 'Port of Dinan,' an advance on his excellent 'Whitby'; a large study of pale palace fronts and moving waters in Venice, by Mr. Tom Robertson, that suggests increasing intimacy with the 'living life,' though, as the picture is seen in Suffolk Street, he has not achieved a



(R.E.A.)

The Accused.

By F. F. Foottet.



(I.O.P.)

The Monk.

By Frank Craig.

unity; some fresh and stimulating impressions by the clever Mr. J. D. Fergusson; and works which should be noted, by Mr. A. H. Elphinstone, Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, Mr. Blundell Thompson, Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, Mr. William Kneen, the new member, Mr. Louis Grier, Mr. W. T. M. Hawksworth, and, among others, Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck.

Passing Events.

FRANZ XAVER WINTERHALTER, whose life-size portrait of Queen Victoria the Duke of Sutherland has given to Dornoch, was the favourite of many European sovereigns, but he never penetrated far beneath the outward mask towards the soul of his sitters. Some, nevertheless, have compared him with Lawrence, who, at his best, was a much bigger man. In the National Portrait Gallery is a replica of the Baden painter's 'Prince Albert' in the Royal collection, the last portrait of him painted from life. Shortly before he died in 1873, Winterhalter, in order to ensure a fair verdict from posterity, made a will in which he enjoined



(L.O.P.)

Beer and Skittles.

By Frank Dadd, R.I.

that twelve of his unexhibited pictures should remain unknown for fifty years. Because, he asked, I have enjoyed the favours of kings and emperors, should I on that account be denied the position in art for which I have striven so long and zealously? But the heirs-at-law obtained leave to open the boxes, which among other things contained a couple of landscapes of the Isle of Wight. Needless to add, he does not rank with great court painters such as Velazquez and Van Dyck.

A CATALOGUE of the contents of the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House has for years been a desideratum. A majority of persons hardly know of its treasures, and many even of those who have the courage to face the stairs are "strayed sheep" when they reach the top. The Council has done well to authorise Mr. Eaton to prepare something more than a mere list of the works. At present, so far as we know, the only printed list is that in Messrs. Hodgson and Eaton's *Royal Academy and its Members*. Two of the supreme things are not, of course, diploma works at all: Leonardo's haunting cartoon of the Holy Family and, opposite to it, Michael Angelo's relief in marble of the Virgin, the Child, and St. John. As the law requiring each Academician to deposit on his election "a specimen of his skill" was not passed till October, 1770, the thirty-six original members have no diploma works proper. Seventeen of them, however, are represented by works given by themselves or others. These include Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Richard Wilson. Three or four of the diploma pieces are missing, James Barry's was returned when he was

expelled, and George Stubbs never sent one after his election, which as a consequence had to be cancelled two years later.

THERE has been sold recently for 12 gs. one of the many public-house signs painted by "Old Crome" when he was fighting against poverty in Norwich considerably more than a century ago. 'The Jolly Sailor,' the sign in question, for which Crome received perhaps a crown, shows a jovial mariner in a red cap and short black jacket, and formerly hung outside a Yarmouth hostel. Perhaps it was painted when he shared a garret with Robert Ladbrooke, the landscapist. The two men married sisters.

THE Winter Exhibition at the Academy is to be a composite one of old masters and works by certain deceased artists of the British school. Under the second heading there may be brought together pictures by artists recently dead, such as Sir Wyke Bayliss, Mr. James Charles, and Mr. J. Clayton Adams, each of whom contributed to the summer shows. It is highly improbable, on the other hand, that the magic water-colour art of Mr. Brabazon will be represented, though did the verdict rest with Mr. Sargent it would undoubtedly be. It would be impossible, however, to equal the collection of Mr. Brabazon's work now to be seen at the Goupil Gallery.

BY thirty-three votes to twelve the Edinburgh Town Council agreed to vote 100 gs. towards the cost of a pamphlet having for its object the lifting from the Scottish

capital what for years has been known as the "disgrace of Edinburgh." The idea is to complete the national monument on Calton Hill as the Scottish National Gallery. Representative men, it is evident, earnestly desire a National Gallery worthy of Scotland, and the site is indubitably dramatic, though it has drawbacks on the score of convenience. It is to be hoped, in any case, that the art treasures of Edinburgh will at last find a home worthy their importance.

THE late Duke of Rutland, it is interesting to recall, was, as Lord John Manners, First Commissioner of Works when, in 1856, Alfred Stevens was placed sixth in the competition for the Wellington Memorial at St. Paul's. But for him we should probably not have that fine testimony to the genius of Stevens, which still remains uncompleted. As to the present Duchess, her charming portrait drawings have for years been admired by a considerable section of the public, while her daughters, Lady Marjorie and Lady Victoria Manners, are also practised artists.

MR. E. A. HORNEL, whose 'Spring Idyll' has been bought from the Ghent Exhibition by the Belgian Government, is not a Scot by birth. He was born of Scottish parents in Australia forty-one years ago, but at a very early age was brought "home." After collaborating in Glasgow with Mr. George Henry in several works, notably 'The Druids,' the two artists spent eighteen months in Japan. That sojourn in the East greatly affected Mr. Hornel, who is now one of our most talented decorative fantasists. Pictures by him are in the public galleries of Glasgow, Bradford, Leeds, Buffalo, St. Louis, Pittsburg, to which will now have to be added Brussels. He has been twice "bought" for Liverpool, the first time in 1892, when Mr. Philip Rathbone threatened to withdraw from the Arts Committee if the Town Council refused to endorse his recommendation. Not yet, however, has Mr. Hornel received Chantrey honours, although a picture by him has been under consideration. He is perhaps the only artist who has declined Associateship of the Royal Scottish Academy after election.

BY the way, preliminary meetings have been held in connection with the Society of Colour-Photographers, the idea being to bring isolated workers into touch, and so to achieve some more definite advance than hitherto. Till now, the process of photographing in the colours of nature has not been a marked success, from the art standpoint.



Spring Idyll.

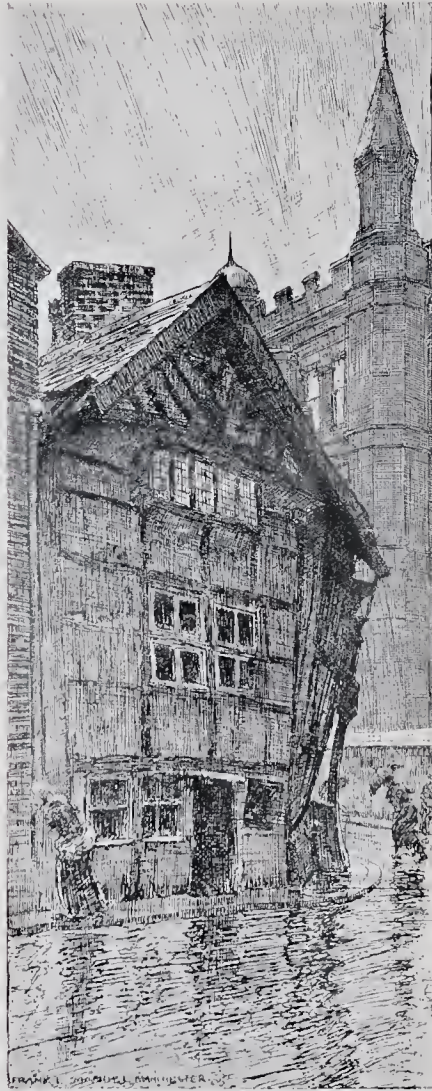
By E. A. Hornel.

THE historical exhibition of Liverpool art, to be held at the Walker Art Gallery next May, should prove interesting. No adequate attempt of the kind has been made for three decades, and as the art traditions of the great city reach back many years and to a large extent are unexplored, Mr. E. Rimbault Dibdin, the curator, deserves the cordial support of artists and collectors in this effort to organise a representative show.

IN addition to the attractive and informative shows of the Royal Photographic Society and the Photographic Salon, where the most recent developments in this artistic craft could be studied, Mr. Frederick Hollyer showed in Pembroke Square his fine reproductions after works by old and present-day masters. None can surpass him on his own grounds.

THE Countess Feodora Gleichen, whose fountain and bronze statue have been accepted for Hyde Park from Sir Walter Palmer, is well known as an exhibitor at the New Gallery. At the last exhibition she had a bust of the late Mr. S. Arthur Strong, the scholarly writer on aesthetics.

SIR WILLIAM B. RICHMOND, the recipient of the Institute of British Decorators' first gold medal in recognition of his St. Paul's mosaics, has, like many others, been tilting at the motor-car. In his preface to the Holman-Hunt catalogue, wherein he tilts at a good many other things as well—art jargon and "amateur work exhibited as consummate shorthand" among them—he recommends intelligent folk "to leave their motor-cars in the garage, to walk to the Leicester Galleries, to stay for two or three hours, to walk home, and think a little as they walk of what



(From "Manchester Sketches.")

Poets' Corner.

By Frank L. Emanuel.

they have seen, and to go again." We concede that the ideal of "highest activity and unbroken rest" is still remote. Early in October Sir William gave a lecture on "Art and Life" on the opening of the winter session at the University of London.

IT was a happy thought on the part of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery to transfer to the G.P.O. on permanent loan Miss Mary Grant's medallion of Henry

Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General. The moment was appropriate, for special facilities had just been granted for the transmission of reading matter for the blind. At Mount Pleasant the Postmaster-General recently opened the first exhibition of the G.P.O. Art Club.

THE Society of Sculptors, whose object is to quicken appreciation of that art by showing examples in favourable conditions of light and space, reasonably enough insists on a sculptor being among the "hangers" at any exhibition to which it contributes. For the first time in a London gallery, things were so arranged at the Institute of Oil Painters, where the pieces in bronze and marble were placed in the corners by a deputation of the Society. At Liverpool it was not found possible to adopt this plan.

A WRITER in *Education* makes a number of interesting suggestions as to work in art schools. He would like to see the purely pictorial artist and sculptor eliminated from the South Kensington system, and to concentrate on applied art and design. Much is to be said in favour of such a plan.

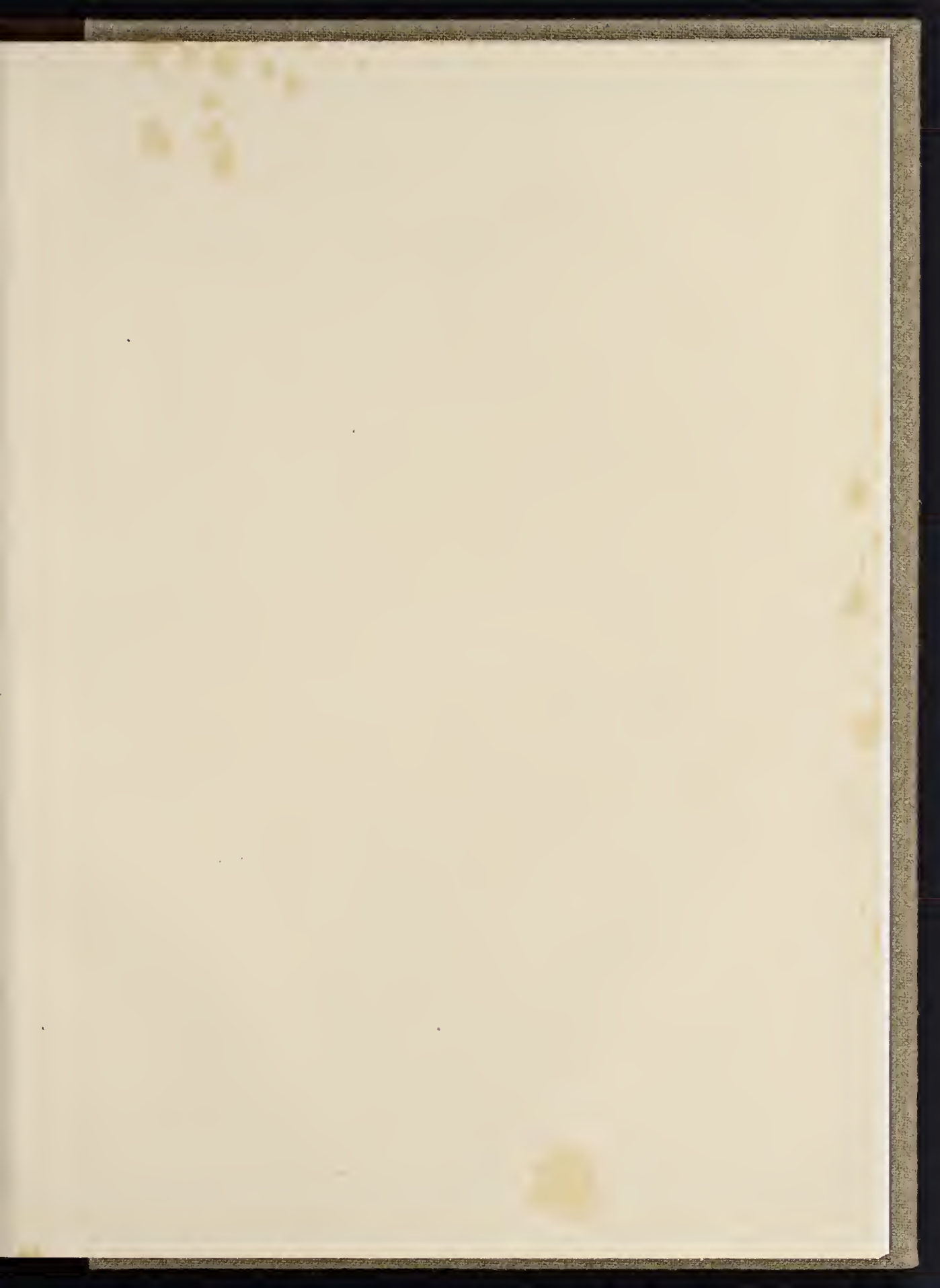
THE late Rudolf Lehmann was the first artist to whom the celebrated actress, Ristori, consented to give sittings. In his opinion she was one of the most beautiful of women, and he attributed his failure to render her charms to the extreme difficulty of painting a face so near perfection.

UNDER the will of Mr. William Imrie, of the White Star Line, there will ultimately come to the nation Burne-Jones' 'Tree of Forgiveness,' first seen at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882, as also a smaller version than that in the Walker Art Gallery, of 'Dante's Dream' by Rossetti.

WE learn that a group of our younger painters, who do not find sufficient scope in the shows of existing societies of portrait painters, have formed an alliance, and will organise their first exhibition at the Institute in January and February. They include dissimilar men such as Mr. J. D. Fergusson, Mr. Max Balfour, Mr. F. O. Salisbury, Mr. G. W. Lambert, and Mr. Francis Dodd.

THE annual International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, has been postponed till April, in order that it may synchronise with the opening and dedication of the new part of the building. The same month there will be opened the seventh International Art Exhibition in the City of Venice, whose forerunners have proved so successful. The aim is to collect a few fine original works, independent of schools or technique, and to steer clear of all forms of vulgarity. At Barcelona a similar Exhibition will be opened in April.

ON this page we reproduce on a small scale one of a series of drawings contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* by Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, and now published as a souvenir book with descriptions. The picturesque interest of a great city is well shown by the contents of this portfolio.





St. Mary's Church

1880



Sir E. A. Waterlow, B.A., F.R.S., F.R.S.

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The Thames from Richmond Hill.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1905).

Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A., P.R.W.S.

I.

OF the great branches of Pictorial Art, the last to attain its Golden Age has been Landscape. Portraiture, at the hands of the Italian master, the Dutchman, and the Spaniard, seems indisputably by the close of the seventeenth century to have reached, and passed, its zenith; unquestionably, because as yet no young gentleman, by his most admiring critic, has been found to overtop the insuperable heights of Titian, Rembrandt, and Velazquez; and of figure subjects and compositions, whatever of supremacy was by these masters unharvested, Rubens, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto finally ingathered. But Landscape only reached its highest flood in the nineteenth century, at the hands of a Londoner, who, in creating the art known as Turneresque, gained the Olympus of imaginative landscape-painting. The reason of the tardy emergence of this great branch as an individual art from the inanition induced by neglect, mainly lies in the strange blindness of the early masters to its possibilities; for it was not until the seventeenth century that Claude, with his tender love of mellow light, kindled a spark which in the nineteenth century was fanned into the blaze that has illumined and wholly metamorphosed the world of Art.

England at the end of the eighteenth century was the theatre wherein modern landscape, and indirectly all modern Art, was born. On the advance from Classic tradition

towards Realism, indicated in Richard Wilson's work, followed the quickening movement of the early water-colourists, Paul Sandby, Cozens, and their heirs; then came the perfection of Varley's art, the astounding genius



A Land Storm.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

(This picture gained the Turner Gold Medal of the Royal Academy Schools in 1873, and in the following year it was shown at the Summer Exhibition.)

B



Dick Cotton, Newlyn.

Oil Sketch by Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1882).

of Girtin, of Cotman, Cox, De Wint, and Constable, and the blinding revelation of Turner; and the legacy these giants have left is the passion for, and devotion to, the

glories of sunlight and atmosphere. The meteoric genius of Turner soared to a heaven of isolated brilliance (the reverberation of his amazing splendour still confounds the astronomers of his firmament), while on a less exalted plane, with results of equal magnitude, Cox, Cotman, and Constable, striving to tear apart the shrouds and conventions of tradition, let in on their canvases some of the light and winds and untutored force of Nature. Morally, the spirit that inspired the French romantic landscape school was Cotman's, and, in part, David Cox's; historically, however, and actually it was the vigorous realism of Constable that brought to birth the school of Barbizon.

At this date French landscape-painting, hide-bound in musty conventions, nigh smothered with the dust of academic stagnation, was suddenly roused from dead sleep. In 1824 a French picture-dealer exposed in Paris Constable's 'Hay Wain,' 'A View near London,' and 'An English Canal'; the Salon's imminent exhibition was awaited by the great Delacroix with his 'Massacre of Scio.' He went, curiously, we may suppose, to see the Englishman's pictures, and saw at once that hitherto he had but peered through a glass, darkly; so that, with eyes awake to the light and brilliance of Nature, returning to his 'Scio' and infusing into it what luminosity at such short notice he could muster, he practically repainted his finished picture. Camille Corot, a then unknown quantity, from these same canvases imbibed the spirit of his future art, and digesting the lesson on his Italian tour, returned to throw off the classical obsession, and go to Nature with eyes prepared for the modern vision of light and atmosphere. Individual genius stamped his outlook and inspired his art with a deep and holy sentiment for the mystery and purity of dawn, and for the quiet sorrow of twilight; and as to Turner it was given from the glories of sun and atmosphere to create



Cloudy June.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1894).



The Watermill.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1895).



(Tate Gallery. Bought by the Chantrey Trustees, 1887.)

Galway Gossips.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1887).

visions and weave spells of mystic wonder, so to the Barbizon painters it was granted to interpret the quieter



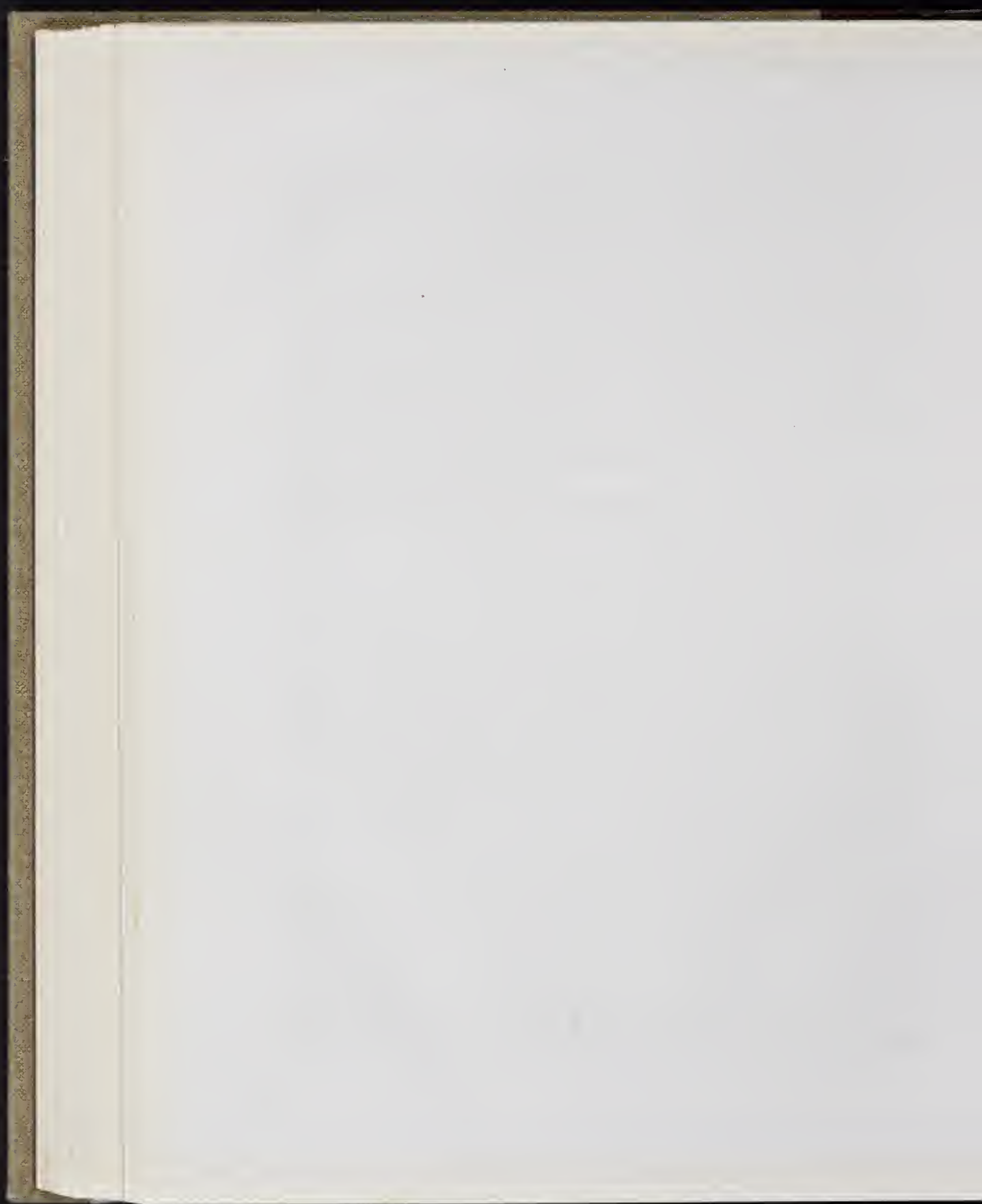
May.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1891).

and more homely moods of Nature, the silvery quality of light-enmerged foliage, the reticence and hush of evening, the pure clarity of morning when all is veiled in mist and light, and to clothe their subjects in dignity of form and composition. While generally, and in less tangible ways, the mighty influence of Turner sheds its rays on all later artistic thought, so particularly in the arts of David Cox and Constable, of Corot, Millet, and Daubigny do we find the artistic ancestry of the best British landscape of the latter part of the nineteenth century, and more especially in the poetic work of Fred. Walker, George Mason, and North, no less than in Cecil Lawson's splendid promise. Thus it is at length that genealogically we reach the art of Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A., P.R.W.S., which in its early phase, taking the cue from Mason and Fred. Walker, adapted their intense sympathy with beauty and open-air to an individual expression of the ever-new loveliness of Nature, and in its later periods in attaining to a finer style and a truer affinity to the plein-air traditions and to the serener of David Cox's varied moods, has perpetuated for British Art, at a crisis in its career, the most exalted principles of landscape-painting. For through his work, which, while it falls short of impassioned imaginative Art, has yet ennobled British landscape-painting, the tide of decadence springing from the trivial influence of Vicat Cole has been stemmed by the preservation of the true spirit of the artistic, that spirit which, never stooping to the cheaply sentimental, the dull and photographic vision, always has aimed at grace and distinction, and, striving ever to express the high sentiment and poetry of light and atmosphere, has harnessed the elements of largeness and harmony with a rare charm of execution and composition, that it might achieve an adequate rendering of Nature's dignity and beauty.



SHELTERED PASTURES.
BY SIR E. A. WATERHOUSE, R.A.



II.

BIOGRAPHY mongers would often have us credit, and indeed we lend them willing ears, that, in the case of artists in especial, a kind of stage destiny drags their heroes to their choice of a career, and by such insinuations of the Fates as are implied in "but it was not to be" or in the attributing insignificant accidents to profound predestination, they both evince an agile imagination and evoke a sort of sentimental gape at the marks of inevitable genius. To the final selection of his calling Sir Ernest Waterlow (and we prosaically imagine his companions in this category are both numerous and famous) was directed by gradual, almost accidental steps, and although the possession of some remote artistic ancestor, who was born at Lille in 1610, and engraved well, has with regularity been served up in previous notices of this painter (in one the athletic perception of the writer had discovered in Sir Ernest's art a strong family likeness to that of the engraver of the seventeenth century), plain common sense forbids this present review to hunt for survivals or inherited tendencies to account for the artistic career of its subject. His father was of the original founders of the lithographing firm, and his untimely death left to his widow the upbringing of his family. She, leaving London, where in 1850 Ernest Waterlow had been born, settled in Heidelberg and there educated her son. Thus a link with our painter's future was forged, for Miss Hofman, the daughter of a Professor of that university, became in 1876 Mrs. E. A. Waterlow. Many youths, whom lack of opportunity denies development of their bent, doubtless have in them the seeds of great artistic achievement, but unsympathetic parents and prosaic office stools suffocate in embryo their tendencies towards art. Others in whom the embryo has grown to individual life, using their offices or ledgers as (unsympathetic) nurses, so nourish their young bent that in time, mid the scornful pessimism of their guardians, they launch it on the



Oil Sketch.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

world, there to reach successful maturity or obscure mishap. Young Waterlow, like many lads, with no *arrière pensée*, exercised a mild taste for sketching from very early days, which later a course of amateur instruction from a painter at Ouchy (for the war of '66 had caused the Waterlows to



Oyster Fishers, Essex.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1888).



In Suffolk Marshes.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1902).

migrate to Switzerland), and an awakened appreciation of the beauty of nature during a visit to Germany, expanded to a keen desire; and, lucky in the lack of opposition and in the possession of the means, he was able to indulge his appetite for Art. Returning to England in the autumn of 1867, he entered Carey's school, where he studied antique for six months. In '68 he began to devote himself entirely to landscape; but, in a year or two, feeling the need of severer training in drawing, he again entered Carey's school for another six months. The continuous antique work became irksome, and he wished to go on with his landscape work; so he left Carey's and joined St. Martin's school, working there at night and at landscape by day, and after a month he produced a drawing which obtained him admission (1872) to the R.A. schools as a probationer.

In the Academy schools Waterlow was wholly occupied by the antique, not because of an absorbing passion for that study so much as from an inability to shake off its dust and pass into the "Life"; but in 1873 he gained the Turner Gold Medal for Landscape, and was made free of the upper school. The picture which won this blue riband of the Landscape awards was called 'A Land Storm.' Soon after this, concluding that from the Academy he had gleaned all that would minister to his needs, Waterlow quitted the schools, and while taking care in his studio and at a private life class to advance his knowledge of drawing, devoted himself to landscape. Hitherto encouragement had not lagged in meeting his efforts; in 1872, while he was still an undistinguished student, his first picture was

hung in the Academy; in the exhibition of 1873 a larger canvas, entitled 'Passing Showers; Glentanar,' painted at Sir Cunliffe Brooks' country place, was included, and was purchased by the Lord Mayor, the late Sir Sydney Waterlow, who, clearly, recognized his duty towards his nephew; 1874 saw three of his pictures on the walls of Burlington House, the principal one being 'A Land Storm,' which, the previous winter, had won the Turner Medal. At this period Waterlow's chief companion on his sketching tours was Mr. Tom Lloyd, with whom he later rented a riverside studio at Hurley-on-Thames; for several years this artistic communion was continued. In 1874 he took one of the studios in Hayter House, Marylebone, and it was about then and for some longer time that success, sumptuously appared, attended his every effort; for those were the good times when painters practically could dispose of every canvas, and what they did not sell on the easel, found a competitive market on private-view days. The patrons of Art made an excellent practice of visiting the Art Clubs on sketching nights, and buying in the evening's harvest, so that a two hours' sketch repaid its author well, and the profession of Art was rich in beer and skittles. Waterlow in the Dudley Gallery, the Arts and Hogarth Clubs had his share in these frothing times, and turned them to account with low-toned, sombre landscapes of small size and great merit, differing widely from any of his later phases. For many years we have only known from him an expression in a light key, for excepting his Huntingdon subjects of some three years ago, he never attempts the darkness of late twilight, preferring

that hour when the sun's glow yet kindles the air and is reflected from the heavens; and we question whether, in essaying the strength of darkness essential to late evening, he would preserve his purity of colour; rather anticipating, in a departure from the delicate range of rose and grey, the advent of heavy brown. This is the touchstone of the finest, strongest gamut of colour, the achievement, comparatively, of the full tone of nature's darkness with rich and luminous colour. Rousseau at his best excels in this; Cotman attained a fine weight of tone and preserved a glow of colour; Turner it were gratuitous to cite; De Wint pre-eminently figures as using dark yet rich schemes of colour. Of contemporary men, George Clausen and Edward Stott conspicuously attain this wealth of tone through weight of luminous colour, and it was this quality that Waterlow to a great extent displayed during his transition from student days to the time when the light, open-air key of Mason and Fred. Walker absorbed his attention.

In the large water-colour 'The Toilers of the Woods,' dated 1879, which is at once a fair example of the highest pitch of the art of Sir Ernest in his thirtieth year, and a picture of positive rather than comparative excellence, there linger the traces of this phase of greater depth of tone (plate facing p. 24). To his critic, expectant, in approaching so early an example of his work, of much demanding extenuation and allowance, the study of this drawing brings astonishment at the revelation of so established a mastery of handling, and sincere delight in the true note of beauty that rings from it. Rarely, indeed, can so early a specimen of a man's art so bravely bear the light of criticism, or, after nearly thirty years, the more searchingly exacting gaze of its painter. Certainly it has not the facility and freedom of the

technique of the President of the Royal Water-Colour Society in 1906, nor his finer composition and range of subject; but in thought and expression of beauty it is no whit inferior to his sentiment. It is on a different plane of feeling, for while on the one hand it displays no interest in the larger questions of atmosphere and wide horizons, on the other it attains a wonderful expression of the orange primrose glow of sunset and its clear purity of light, with a more sombre contrast of rich warm earth, and dark foliage relieved upon the luminous sky. The liquid clarity of the heavens, the richness of the sunset glow, the strength and beauty of the warm red earth, and the full quality of the silvery bramble leaves, stamp it as an example of remarkably fine colour, not of a subtle scale, but of refined power; and the drawing of the towering tree-trunk to the right, and of the pine on the left, display the painter's instinctive sympathy with and perfect knowledge of the growth of trees. The delicate beauty of the slender larches, the decorative value of their tapering stems, the air and light that mingle with their feathery foliage, recall the subtlety and grace of Walker's trees, and no doubt Waterlow had profited by his wondrous renderings of the aerial quality of branches traced against the light. In the weakness of the girl's figure alone is immaturity conspicuous, and evidence of the pure landscape-painter's difficulty in introducing the human interest aptly indicated.

III.

INHERENTLY, Waterlow was bent on landscape as the whole *motif* of the picture, and we must bear this in mind



Friends or Foes?

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1890).



The River Blyth, Suffolk.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1902).

when considering his later works, into which the element of rustic genre was introduced, and yet again when we come to regard his latest period, of the present day. Naturally, then, his inspiration came from Nature, unaided by man,



Oil Sketch.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

and in admitting figures to his canvases he was constrained by academic bias, which, finding pure landscape unpictorial, denied to it the choicer favours of the hanging committee; and acting on the advice of Mr. George Leslie, Waterlow set himself to overcome this deficiency in his work, and by judicious application of the figure element to throw a sop to Cerberus. As I have said, despite his proficiency in drawing, figures came not easily to him, so that for their final subjection, after attempts at painting from the model in the open air, relinquished owing to the transient effects of light, he had to build on to his studio at No. 3, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, a glass house, wherein to pose his figures. Sir Ernest had moved from Marylebone, on his marriage, in 1876, to his studio in Bayswater, and it is worth note that, as in artistic spirit he may be said to have taken his cue from Fred. Walker, so in actual matters of studio and abode he took the place (vacated in 1875 by that master's untimely death) of his preceptor. In this glass studio, then, with great application he would group his models, drawing them thoroughly in monochrome, and then attacking them in colour, until he had gained sufficient intimacy with the light and shade, and the modulating play of atmosphere, to insert them successfully, and with direct facility, into his picture. In 1880 this open sesame worked to perfection, and his picture 'The Field Gate,' including a horse and figures, triumphantly reached the line, which ever since has been the richer by his work. This same year saw his election to the Associate-ship of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and it is impossible

to doubt that his picture of the previous year, 'The Toilers of the Woods,' in a large degree was responsible for the conferring of this recognition. From that date Waterlow has been unremitting in his contributions to the finest modern water-colour; these for the twenty-six years make an average of eight drawings annually, and it were not to pass the mark to say that he has been second to none in promoting through them a high tradition for the water-colour of posterity. The following year, at Burlington House, saw a popular example of his rustic genre in 'Outward Bound.'

During the early eighties both in Pall Mall and Piccadilly his exhibits evidence constant and prolific work in many parts of Britain. 1882 produced pictures from Sussex, 'The Island' and the Thames Valley: in particular I recall a little water-colour drawing of a Sussex farmyard, a study, rather than a picture, of an old plaster and brick barn. The scheme of colour was pleasing, in a light key that was wholly occupied with the effect of open air and diffused sunlight. The old red brickwork, and the mauve greys of the plaster, found a harmonising complement in the greeny-blue smock of a little boy, a colour much in vogue in many of Sir Ernest's pictures; and the effect of quite strong sunshine, obtained with marvellously light shadows, affords us a comparatively rare example of the painter's concern with sunlight; for although all his pictures are packed with light, yet he seldom cares to paint the full brilliance of sun glare, accompanied by marked shadows. In 1883, Waterlow was represented by scenes from Cornish coast-land, and again in '84 and '85, when also he exhibited in the Water-Colour Society some studies of foreground detail.

In 1888, the year of 'The Village Lane,' that masterly and



Summer Afternoon.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1898).



(By permission of T. Threlfall, Esq.)

The Mists of Early Autumn.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1902).



(Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

A Summer Shower.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1874).

poetic exposition of quality, at Burlington House, 'Wolf, Wolf' presented a very striking contrast, not to its advantage. Indeed, about '88, '89 and '90 there seems to have been a sort of indisposition in his art. In 'The Shepherd's Return,'

of this period, we have the same air-less hardness, and a perilous approach to merely pretty colour; this picture was in water-colours. Of the oils of these three years that exhibit this uncertain and unsatisfactory feeling, 'The Orphan,' 'Homewards' and 'Friends or Foes' are representative: dealing with a rather nursery sentiment, so to say, that is untoned by the lack of breadth and quality. The Academy of 1891, however, showed his art in a different and very charming mood, in the picture, 'May,' which, dealing with the quiet rusticity of English farmsteads, set forth distinctly his finer sympathy with the simple charm of homely landscapes (p. 4). The old peaked roof mounted against the sky, the rise and fall of the meadow, the happy swing of line in the path that is so admirably completed, in the distance, by the glimpse of sheep through a gate, in the foreground by the light and placing of the ducks; the absolute congruity and fitness of the little group of children—mark the grace or unconscious pose in the girl reclining nearest us—all these produce a delightful composition, and, with the beauty of the blossom on the left, and the expressive suggestion of detail in



Water-lilies, Hurley-on-Thames.

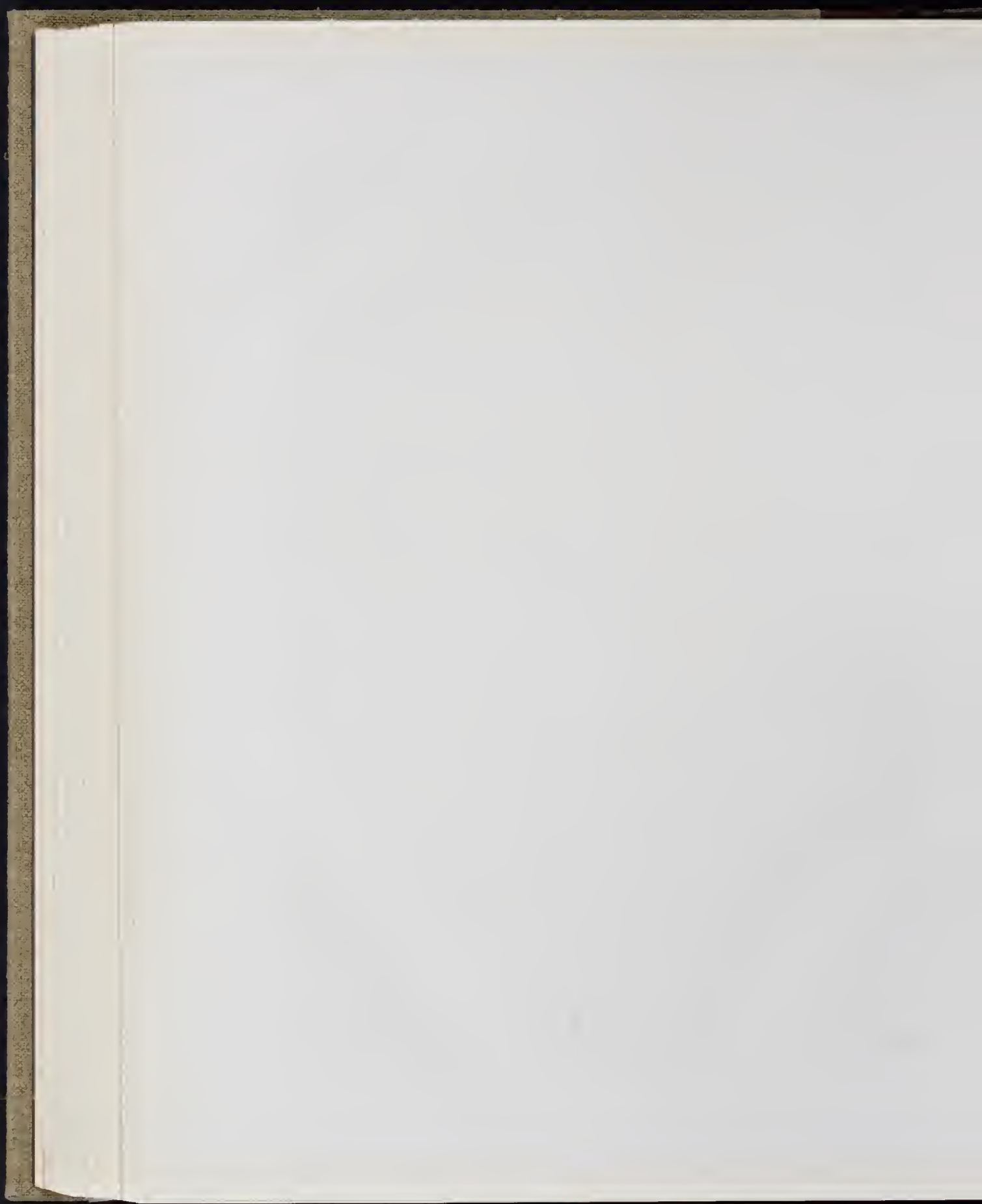
By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.



THE CLOSE OF A MIDSUMMER'S DAY.

BY SIR E. A. WATERLOW, R.A.

By permission of J. Hill, Esq.



the foreground—no niggled elaboration or worrying trifles here—betoken a refined imaginative sentiment for the graceful charm of English homestead life.

For any but the possessors of well-founded artistic feeling to embark on painting blossom is to court catastrophe, for the painter who, seeing in blossom but a smiling sort of prettiness in nature, so expresses it, instantly woos disaster, and, blind to their wealth of quality and subtle form and colours, reduces the pear or apple-tree to the level of suburban fire-screen decoration. In his picture 'May' Waterlow gave patent evidence of his ability in rendering the rich delicacy of trees in flower; and in 1892, in 'The Nursery,' he yet more clearly indicated this, and by his treatment of the blossom-loaded branches, the lambs and little child, three subjects girt around with the perils of prettiness, made clear his gift of interpreting the sweetly childish innocence of nature with a charm and purity of sentiment that has no concern with affected sentimentality.

IV.

In the Academy of 1891 Waterlow exhibited a very simply inspired picture entitled 'Far from the Madding Crowd';

it subsequently passed into the hands of his great friend E. Onslow Ford, R.A., and affords a notable example of his greater breadth and suggestiveness of foreground painting. Sir Ernest Waterlow has mounted to a height of great artistic suggestion in his foregrounds, his stately, moving trees, and in his far distances: in the broad and purposeful strokes of his brush he implies all the wealth of tangle and profusion of disorder covering banks of streams or moorland foreground; seeing at once the salient features of the mass, which are essential to its growth and character in form and colour, these he unerringly suggests, and leaves to the imagination of the beholder the realisation of the rest. With equal artistic suggestiveness and decisive lightness of tone and form are his flower-powdered meadows painted; such pictures as 'Flowery Fields' or 'Summer Flowers,' which were in Burlington House in 1897. I have seen a sketch of his, painted at white-heat of concentration, racing utterly-devastating man; a sketch of a field of uncut grass rich in wild flowers of every shade and beauty, to which, suddenly, came a band of mowers, and as the flowing tide absorbs with stealthy onset the little islands on the flats, so these scythesmen, relentlessly approaching, swept down the priceless, unregarded flowers while the painter in fevered haste, with palette-knife, brush-



Wolf, Wolf!

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1888)



An Essex Shepherd.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

handle and even thumb, fought with them to preserve in paint the wasted beauty; and, mark, so thorough was his assimilated knowledge of flower-forms and colour, and of tone, that these hurried daubs and lumps, these vigorous

purposeful dashes of paint, unmistakably expressed the varying characters of cow-parsley, ox-eyed daisies, rich sorrel, and clover, white and purple, with a gusto, even passion, for which I was not prepared. For the calm, well-bred bearing of his exhibition pictures masks the hotter sentiment that, deep-down, inspires him. With firm intent, for his private use, he jealously retains his sketches, herein widely, and no doubt willingly, differing from those painters who, with scant perception of what is permissible and what should be rigorously tabooed, exhibit for the scrutiny of an amazed public little notes and scrawls in colour and in line, little islets of sketch, overweighted with sounding titles, in a waste of mount and frame, more frequently (save for their author's own recollection of what vainly he had hoped to express) endowed with no significance. Be he far-famed, or but petted in a private circle, the man who thus flouts Art for a cheaply gained reputation, with the ignorant, for originality, or who, counting his art but as a slipshod thing of incomplete and nebulous notes, uses it for self-advertisement by the public exhibition of such slight jottings as deserve but strict privacy, whoever he be, he does not follow worthily a noble profession.

The Academy was delighted to honour Waterlow with its Associateship in 1890, a year in which his art was not at its most satisfactory pitch. In 1891, 'May,' to which I have alluded, was exhibited; at the "Old Water-Colours," as well as in Burlington House, the fruits of a Bavarian sketching tour were seen; and in his two oils, 'The Misty Morn,' which is reminiscent of George Mason, and 'The Evening Hour,' we find presage of the later breadth and fulness of his style. In 1892, leaving his residence in St. Petersburg Place, he moved to Maresfield Gardens, in Hampstead, where he has remained, in an ideal situation for the city-inhabiting artist. Of this year and the



(By permission of George McCulloch, Esq.)

Golden Autumn.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1895).



The Land of Olives.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1900).

two subsequent years, in oils and water-colours he was represented by numerous subjects drawn from diverse sketching grounds: a moonrise in Arran, the walls of Rothenburg, a view of Stonehaven, an excellent foreground subject from Glen Samno, sketches in Fife, 'The Cider Season,' and 'Launching the Salmon Boat,' which last ultimately was bought by the Capetown National Gallery—all these give some idea of the extensive range of his subjects, artistically and geographically. 'Cloudy June,' exhibited in 1894 at the Royal Academy, is a noteworthy picture, in that it affords us an instance of his growing sympathy with the far, level distances which have so characterised his later work. From this time one might say that his art has reached the summer of its expression: as we have seen, from the very early low-toned pictures, painted in the mid-seventies, it passed into a phase mainly engrossed in the light-keyed *motifs*; things beautiful and perfect in themselves, like 'The Toilers of the Woods,' or 'The Village Lane.' Then there was the period of the Irish scenery, 'Galway Gossips,' 'Wolf, Wolf,' 'St. MacDara's Day,' and the work, of about 1889 and 1890, in which a hardness and lack of breadth were visible. In 1891 he advanced his art by the charming picture of an English homestead,—'May'—to a far finer and more sympathetic pitch; and now, in 1894, his 'Cloudy June,' which gives us across the running stream a wide expanse of meadowland merging finally in the sky (and in the sky itself we see his advance towards more important and ambitious cloud-forms), marks the beginning of his latest and finest inspiration, which for the simpler compositions and

homelier themes has substituted a preoccupation with the vaster problems of immeasurable distances, of skies heaped with piling, craggy cumulus immersed in light-filled atmosphere, with the large stateliness of trees, and in general with the greater qualities of landscape painting.

The Academy of 1895 saw the beautiful 'Golden Autumn' (p. 12), which in the beautiful expanse of water and in the glow of golden colour reaches a height of poetic expression. It was bought by Mr. McCulloch, thereby making the second



Primroses, Luccombe Chine, Isle of Wight.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1880).



Summer Flowers.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1897).

example of this painter's work in his fine collection of contemporary art, and in 1896 was awarded a gold medal by the Berlin Academy of Fine Art. The opportunities presented to us of late of furthering our acquaintance with modern German landscape induce the reflection that if from Constable's pictures the great French landscape school took its corrective, to some considerable extent contemporary German art might cull improvement from the refinement and intellectually beautiful sentiment of such a picture as 'Golden Autumn.'

In this fine example of perhaps the richest colour scheme that has come from this painter we have much to excite our keenest admiration. The largeness of feeling, the elevated atmosphere and glowing colour of the whole embrace a plenty of component graces. The composition is able and harmonious, depending less on line than on balance of light and colour, though obviously (perhaps too clearly) the line of grace and beauty appeals to the eye. Of late his critics have adduced, reproachfully, the charge of conventional composition and academic traditions; of this we shall say more later, now contenting ourselves with gratefully recognising in his work the composition and spirit that have stamped the best work always—the appreciation of the beauty of harmonious line and balance, and the co-ordination and subordination of the various interests; which qualities constitute distinguished style.

The sky in 'Golden Autumn' is packed with atmosphere and light. The gradation is singularly observed, and the grandeur of the massed, glowing cumulus admirably felt. Serenely the still hush of the autumn evening bathes the scene; the placid stream, mirror-calm, on which, completing the line of composition, float the disk-like lily leaves, reflects unbroken the illumined clouds and distant chalk-pit. Across the dreaming water some cattle concentrate the light of the setting sun in harmonising richness, which in the golden foliage of the slender, remote aspen poplars is perpetuated. To the left we see again, in the grace and swing of the plane tree, Waterlow's wonderful aptitude for the subtle beauty of branch and trunk forms, and the delicate, aerial quality of foliage. The reeds and rushes will repay most careful study as typical of the artistic suggestion of detail that truly

sounds the last chord in a fine harmony. The beautiful drawing of the tapering leaves, the poise and swing of the tall stems, and the suggestiveness of motion, of the slight swaying to the gentle breeze, are deftly expressed with consummate artistic feeling. Compared with these rushes, those in 'Chill October' seem prolix and laboured. Analysing this foreground mass we detect the calculated value of each touch, each spear-leaf; and while feeling the profusion of tangled mass we should not find it arduous to count the individual leaves and separate stems; for having with infinite patience diagnosed the salient features of the massed reeds, and

having to the utmost condensed this diagnosis, the painter gives us a *précis*, which unerringly expresses the full bulk and multitude of the bending ranks.

The whole picture reaches a lofty plane of art, and with its rich colour touches a refined emotion. Its keynote is artistic sympathy that delights in lingering over the delicate beauty of tapering spear-leaves, the glorious hues



Far from the Madding Crowd.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1892).

of autumn's flame, and the majesty of imperial clouds throned in the luminous atmosphere of heaven.

Another picture of this same year, 1895, 'Green Pastures,' inspired by the serene beauty of Picardy, at once signalises his sure position as a landscape painter of lofty sentiment. Here he has discarded the human interest and its hazardous effects, and has devoted himself to the grandeur of *plein-air* and the bigness of Nature, with this result, that his picture presents to us the essential qualities of finest landscape. In the centre of the canvas, towering into the sky, the slender trunk of an aspen; it is clothed with little shoots and branches of young leaves, to which with his inimitable accomplishment Sir Ernest has communicated the dancing flicker of trembling leaves. To the left a group of poplars stands mysterious and sombre, throwing into marked relief the sunny middle distance, with cattle standing by the stream, and the hazy distance: the quality of this mass of foliage is particularly fine, so aerial it is, so broad in handling, and so admirably suggestive. Through these dark and shadowed trees we see a distant field, bathed in mellow light, the feeling of which is very tender, as of the whole composition it is refined and lofty; and, as in the foreground thistles again we see artistic intimation rather than laboured transcript of detail, so in the little idyllic figures beneath the majestic trees we find a

consummating touch of harmonious peace. It would seem that at length, and perhaps immediately, in this stately sylvan country of serenely flowing streams and tall, delicate trees, Waterlow had found his truest inspiration; and since then, in his work, British and foreign, he has retained some echo of the peace, the harmony and gracious beauty he found in Picardy, without losing in it his aptitude for English scenes.

The Academy of 1896 produced from his brush some four pictures, and it is interesting to note that of these but one survives intact. Sir Ernest is possessed of an exacting, critical spirit, and should his picture in some way excite in him a hostile verdict, on its return from exhibition he falls upon it busily. But, as, I take it, nearly all painters will, with conviction, endorse, it is perhaps more simple to induce thirst in a refractory steed than to lead a perverse picture into better ways. And Waterlow experienced this difficulty with 'Clouds o'er the Sea,' which perhaps failed in being out of tune with his mood, with 'The Glow of Evening,' which to a less exigent eye appeared fine, both in composition and in sentiment, and with 'When early falls the Dew,' a very beautiful and poetic expression of that lovely hour when the sun-glow yet fills the air, and the mists rise off the marshland. Beautiful or not in effect, with its companions of that year, it failed to satisfy its author, and after repaintings, additions and obliterations, destruction fell



Through the Wood.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1898).



La Côte d'Azur.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1899).

upon it; in thus ruthlessly extirpating the work that does not reach his standard of worth this artist conscientiously performs a duty to his name and to Art.

V.

IN 1896 the plan was evolved by six artists of considerable achievement and assured position, of putting to the hazard the claims of pure landscape, of a style and inspiration on another plane to that occupied by the popular favourites above alluded to. To further this project, these six men decided to endow their landscape pictures with every possible advantage feasible in an exhibition, and to present them to the outside world in as favourable light as they could contrive. The ordinary miscellaneous exhibitions, over-stocked with gigantic portraits and spotted with conflicting riot of colour, inevitably afford but inadequate opportunity for an undistracted appreciation of work which, by its necessary nature and inspiration, can make no competitively clamant appeal; for in a large and variegated collection the battle undoubtedly is to the strident call for notice. So, combining with R. W. Allan, R.W.S., James Hill, R.I., T. Hope McLachlan, A. D. Peppercorn, R.I., and Leslie Thomson, R.I., Waterlow (at that date A.R.A., R.W.S.) boldly set out to lay siege, with pure landscape of the highest artistic worth, to the Public Regard. Choosing the old Dudley Gallery for their exhibitions, they divided the wall room into equal spaces, and each man taking his allotted space, there disposed his canvases to his own satisfaction; for, of course, the artist most intimately knows the

character and humour of his pictures, and under what lighting or in what adjacency they best will pose before the world. In January, 1896, this society made its bow to the public, and now, at the close of the first decade, substantial success has amply justified its inception.

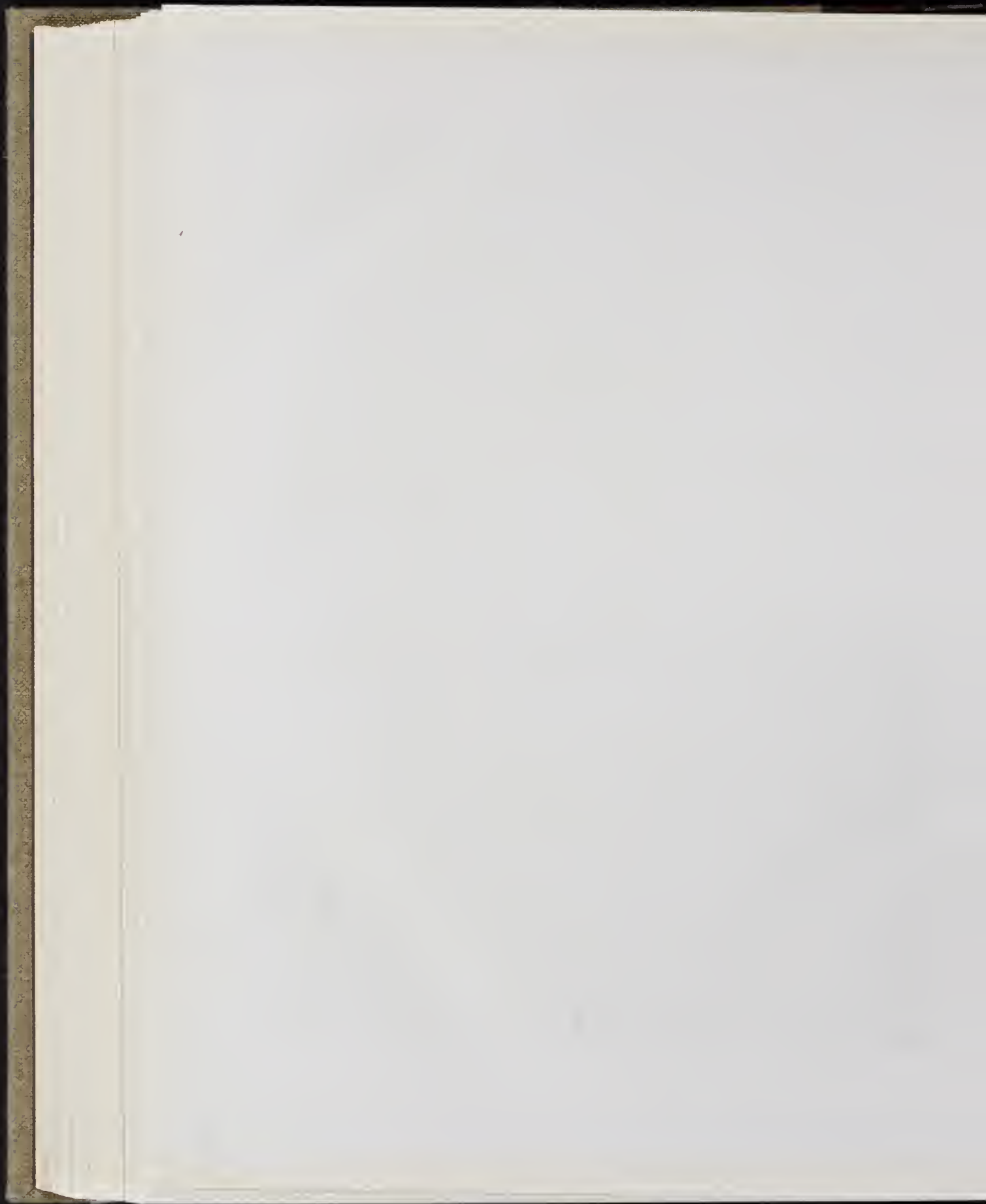
It will be easily apprehended that this fresh connection materially added to the responsibilities of output for Sir Ernest: reference to old catalogues reveals that in this year, 1896, some twenty-seven pictures, in oil and water-colour, were exhibited in London (at Burlington House, the Old Dudley and the Royal Water-Colours) from his brush: and while recognising that as far as the Landscape Exhibition was concerned all the exhibits there were not for the first time on view, yet we must appreciate the labour imposed on him in thus supplying four exhibitions annually with no trifling number of pictures. As we have said, from this time onwards his art has reached maturity: we have reviewed his early promise and the beautiful fulfilment of that pledge, as given us in his water-colours, 'The Toilers,' exhibited in the Academy of 1879, and in 'The Village Lane,' painted in 1888. From the great number of his water-colours, prior to the year we now have reached, these two, I think, will bravely bear the responsibility, and honour, of representing the best and most lovely of his earlier subjects, colour, and sentiment.

A sojourn in the country of Corot and Daubigny and of Charles Jacques bore fruit in 'Through the Wood' (p. 15), an interior of Fontainebleau Forest. None but painters can appreciate the intricate difficulties and the magical beauty of the glades and spaces within woods. Waterlow no doubt knows fully of the former, whilst we in his picture can see



A VILLAGE LANE, SOUTH WALES.

BY SIR E. A. WATERLOW, R.A.



much of the latter. The wonderful silvery quality of Corot's woodland foliage here is replaced by an enthusiasm for that strange green light, filtered through a myriad little screens, that falls between the distant trunks, in some way impressing us as the illumination of some remote fairyland enclosed in glass beneath the sea. The yielding depth of foliage that over-roofs this dim green light, broadly and directly painted, and the fine tone and drawing of the near branch and beech trunks, all are interpreted in sympathetic and expressively artistic handling. Of his English pictures of this year notable was 'The Lonely Church,' a portrait of that finely situated antiquity at Walberswick. While striking a note of quiet isolation and restrained sadness, it did not attempt the possibilities of tragedy or desolation that had appealed to a more dramatic artist, herein aptly gauging Sir Ernest's relative position in the ranks of landscape art. His, essentially, is graceful, charming and harmonious, of singular freshness of execution, appealing to the senses by its elevated style and dignity of beauty, and by its mastery of accomplishment, to the intellect. But to the passions it makes no call, because the stern or awful moods of Nature pass over his head and leave him, not unmoved, but unconcerned. There is no reason to doubt that the character of a man reflects considerably in his work, or that environment largely has a hand in moulding his character. Fancy may play round this question, indulging speculation as to whether under adverse circumstances, faced by an uphill struggle in place of the smoothly laid track on which he was propelled, Sir Ernest Waterlow might have developed an art of a sterner cast. However that may be, and we are not con-

vinced of the profit accruing from thus angling in the waters of the might-have-been, as it is, his art finds a worthy fellow in his personality. The elegance and easy distinction of his work, its harmony and equable expression, find their moral counterparts in the charm of his nature and the courteous kindness he extends to all, even the merest strangers, and in his well, evenly poised judgment. His intimates full well know the value of his genial friendship, the loyalty of which no public honours have affected. And even as he personally is characterised by no bias or remarkable deviation, so his work is restful and passionless, stamped by no struggle after uncommon effects or the wild awe-inspiring moods of Nature, nor is it made notorious, as are so many modern painters, by eccentricity of technique. The mention of public honours reminds me that the chronicling of his artistic milestones has to be now supplemented with the bare facts that in 1895, after fifteen years' Associateship of the Royal Water-Colours, he attained to the full membership, which two more years converted into the great and honourable distinction of Presidency. It will readily be acknowledged that this office, in so distinguished and meritorious a society, bears, in true proportion, great responsibility and honour, and as readily it will be granted that of the present members none is so wholly fitted to carry these as is Sir Ernest Waterlow. In the exhibitions of this society always one can see the highest flood of contemporary British art, and of all modern water-colour.

We have seen that the Forest of Barbizon has provided inspiration for Waterlow, the fruits of which were exhibited in 1897 in the Landscape Exhibition and in 1898 at the



Hemingford Mill.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1902).



Pastorale Provençale.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1900).

Academy. In 1895 he passed some weeks in Morêt, a village on the borders of the forest, which was much frequented by Sisley. It happened that in this year the representative of the English Academy and this Im-

pressionist were simultaneously engaged in Morêt. It is curious to know the impression given to the Englishman by the other's work—curious and not uninteresting; because it is not impossible that had it been more favourable, had it

been more favourable, had it convinced Waterlow of any immediate truth or gain consistent with that style of work, he might have fallen to some extent under the influence of a movement that has passed over his head. But it so fell out that what he saw of Sisley's sketches induced but surprise and incomprehension: in that the Frenchman unflinchingly adhered to one effect of colour in his work, whatever the conditions of Nature; by which I mean that wherever was the sun, and however different the atmosphere, Sisley always introduced a monotonous violet colour into his shadows. Now it is axiomatic to all, presumably, that the colour of shadows depends enormously upon the colour of the surface on which they fall, on the height of the sun, the weight and



Sketch in Essex.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1905).



Hoghton Mill.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1901).

opacity of the objects that cast the shadow, and the clearness or haziness of the air; all these elements combine to interact upon the apparent colour of the shadow. Yet, so it struck Sir Ernest, ignoring these prime factors, Sisley proceeded on a calm and independent course, which, so far as can be ascertained, made neither for truth nor variety. The cynical have it that Sisley was constrained by his patrons to persist in giving them what they were used to, in so faithfully adhering to his recipe for sun and shadows; the unbiassed enquirer may see in it that, having with labour trained his mind to a convention founded on scientific investigations, he had at last so paralysed his eye by his resolve to see what his science-led ideas dictated, that it had become steeped in scientific falsehood. Herein it seems likely we have a key to the obvious limitations of that fine movement to which contemporary and posterior Art has owed and will owe so much.

Another phase of Waterlow's Art was brought to light at the Royal Water-Colours in the drawing, 'Auribeau, Maritime Alps.' His sympathy for this Southern scenery is very marked: as the reader may recall, his sketches of Antibes have been cited as exhibiting an intenser enthusiasm than is usual in his work. The serenity of the white-peaked mountains towering from the mists in the valleys, through the wonderful blues and violets of the atmosphere, into the warmly glowing sky, leaving at their foot the little township, seem to have awakened in him a more passionate response than other subjects. In 1899, at Burlington House, his 'La Côte d'Azur' was exhibited, the picture which in 1900 represented Waterlow at the Paris Exhibition, and returned, *décourée*, to take its place in the Preston Municipal Gallery. I have heard, from a respect-compelling authority, that these Riviera pictures present Sir Ernest Waterlow's Art in



(Diploma Work.)

The Banks of the Loing.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1903).



The Meadows by Haddon Hall.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1894).

its most successful aspect, affording him the light charm of graceful sentiment and colour that so eminently characterise his work; essentially these scenes from la Côte d'Azur provide the artist in tune with such sentiment, with the distinguished elegance of Nature's smiling moods, her gracious bounty of colour and sunny serenity. Undoubtedly his aptitude for these phases of landscape is singularly catered for, as is his predilection for those schemes of colour

that the Littoral abounds in: the rich blue of sea and sky, and the silver grey of the olive trees, in whose graceful form, also, Sir Ernest finds great delight. The same critic to whom I have alluded, advanced what seems to me a singularly clear-seeing judgment, that actually, as true transcripts, Waterlow's pictures of the Riviera are not faithful. To one familiar with the excessive clearness of Provençal

air, and the almost worrying insistence of distant detail, the fulness of atmosphere in his expressions of this country certainly strikes a note of unfamiliarity, and furnishes a pertinent instance of the artistic vision triumphing over the deficiencies in Nature. For undoubtedly it is finer to take the great charm and grace of such prospects as face one all along the Mediterranean, and weaving in with them, consciously or unconsciously, the more sympathetic qualities of atmospheric values, dear to the Northern mind, to achieve results of such artistic completeness, than to lose the poetry and mystery of softening air in slavishly accepting the hard clarity of Southern distances. Thus, then, in looking out on the Provençal shores through the medium of his own natural vision, Waterlow has given us as it were a



Sketch at Barbizon.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1896).

symphony of effects, wherein the rich colour and sublime serenity of the sun-bathed South are answered by the modulating beauties of enveiling mists.

Contemporary with 'La Côte d'Azur' appeared 'Forest Oaks,' a subject taken from the Forest of Fontainebleau. Exhibiting a stronger character than is usual, hitherto, in Waterlow's tree-pictures, it calls for notice from the ranks of the many fine works which represent this period; to chronicle all of which with their remarkable qualities would far outrun our limits. These battered oaks, standing out on a sky of correspondingly graver import, that in the distance is pervaded with an ominous presage of storm, appeal to our appreciation of rugged, storm-strained trunks and branches, *tordus* by many a tempest; while in 'The Land of Olives,' which was in the Academy of 1900, we see the artist's love of that graceful tree that, as it were, breathes a sense of fertility



Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

and opulence. Of all trees almost, the olive is pre-eminently likely to appeal to Sir Ernest, through the charming silvery sheen of its leaves and the elegance of its trunk and shaft-forms. This picture in question displays



The Lonely Church.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1898).



Turf Boat, Tully Lake, Connemara.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

his thorough artistic knowledge of these forms, both in the admirable painting of the trunk, and in the sinewy graceful branches that spring up into the light buoyant cloud of foliage, there to commingle with the leaves in mystery of shadow. All that can serve artistic ends Waterlow has said in this picture of olive trees, and withal there is no lack of quality, no over-elaboration of insignificance to mar an artistic whole.

These last few years have marked Sir Ernest Waterlow's Art with an increase of elevated style, and a growing inspiration for the higher external graces that compose landscape. For emotional interpretation of transient effects we do not look to him, nor for the subjection of Nature to the expression of his own mood. Turner used Nature as the splendid musician notes and harmonies—to play upon, and improvising, from her to extract the voice that should minister to his soul and cry out his intense visions of wrath or peace, of glory or of sadness. Such, I take it, is the consummation of Landscape Art. Waterlow's Art is, so to speak, passive, in that as the patent grace and charm of Nature impose their aspect on his artistic retina, to that extent, artistically and gracefully, he interprets their sentiment.

'Hoghton Mill' is an important instance of this elevated dignity of form and external sentiment, and reminds us nearly of its author's sympathy with Constable, with which is connected a curious instance of what I may call a cycle of artistic influence. Among the fragments and epistolary odds and ends left by the great Suffolk landscape painter at the disposal of his friend Leslie, was found a pen-drawing thus inscribed—"This imitation of an elegantly touched drawing by Waterlow was one of my earliest instructors. J. C. Presented to me by J. T. Smith, 1798." In this way, clearly, Constable acknowledged a debt to our



Feathered Friends, Connemara.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

friend the Lille engraver, who, born in 1610, was remarkable for excellent engravings, an example of which is to-day to be seen in the British Museum. His work consisted largely of elaborate tree-drawings, and without doubt it was this element that appealed to Constable's innate love for arboreal subjects, in the same way that an early acquaintance with Claude's 'Hagar' (or 'The Annunciation'), and many water-colours by Girtin, quickened in him the inspiration for luminosity and fine breadth of treatment. From Constable was derived the incentive of Barbizon, and from Corot our painter has obtained his great sympathy with the atmospheric qualities of Nature.

Among his tree-paintings this 'Hoghton Mill' ranks

highly, and affords us perhaps the finest instance of vigour of sentiment and drawing in his pictures of this class. The bare stems and branches have a strength and grandness; the foliage has the flicker that suggests glinting sunlight and tossing wind, so dear to Constable. And *chiaroscuro*, to which he also attached so weighty a value, is most ably managed in this picture, where the sunlight concentrated on the fine group of stately trees is lessened, in *diminuendo*, until the eye travels into a mystery of deep and restful shadow beneath the dense foliage. The composition is dignified and pleasing, depending on beauty of massed form



The Old Sandpit.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1901).

and balance of weight: the grouped trees and mill, tending in weight to the right-hand side, find their compensation in the arrangement of clouds on the left of the sky. In 'Willows,' a companion picture in the Academy of 1901 is distinct an echo of Corot's Art, in the massing of light and dark, in the poetically suggested foreground, and the tender quality of the willow-leafage against the atmospheric sky. 'The Old Sandpit' voices, representatively, Sir Ernest's insistent choice, in composition, of fine form and flow of line, of shapely grouping and pleasing harmony of outline, and sounds a sombre massive note in the great oak tree and

a general sense of gloom. But, in some ways, in effect, the picture fails, because in this very question of weightier tone, his usual delicate, clear colour has gone amiss, and is replaced by brownish hues. This year, 1902, brought to Mr. Waterlow, as President of the Royal Water-Colour Society, the dignity of knighthood, even as the following one established him a full member of the Royal Academy, of which for thirteen years he had been Associate. The summer of 1902 Sir Ernest spent on the Ouse in Huntingdonshire, and was inspired with several low-toned twilight subjects, to which, contrasting them with the usual light-keys that concern him, we have before alluded. The admirable grouping of trees along this



A Village Green, Suffolk.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.



A Backwater on the Ouse.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1902).

little river appeal especially to Waterlow; and we have, in consequence, a most felicitous example of this tall and stately massing of trunks and foliage, that loom up grandly into the sky from the quiet low banks of the stream, in 'A

Backwater on the Ouse,' which was his best picture, perhaps, in the Academy of 1902.

Perhaps it were not out of season to turn our attention from his large and important oil paintings to his water-colours, and to note in them the evolution that has overtaken his Art. Naturally it will be found identical in character with the change that has passed over his oil pictures: with this difference, perhaps, that the water-colours achieve a more spontaneous charm. Having most fitly set forth what was in him to say concerning the simpler phases of Nature, the simpler compositions, the quiet evening skies and homely, beautiful landscapes that we have seen in 'The Toilers' and 'A Village Lane,' he has of late turned his mind to the expression of the greater problems of atmosphere and wide horizons; having triumphantly manoeuvred the Mauvais Pas, he has set himself to scale Mont Blanc. From the portrayal of cottages with their



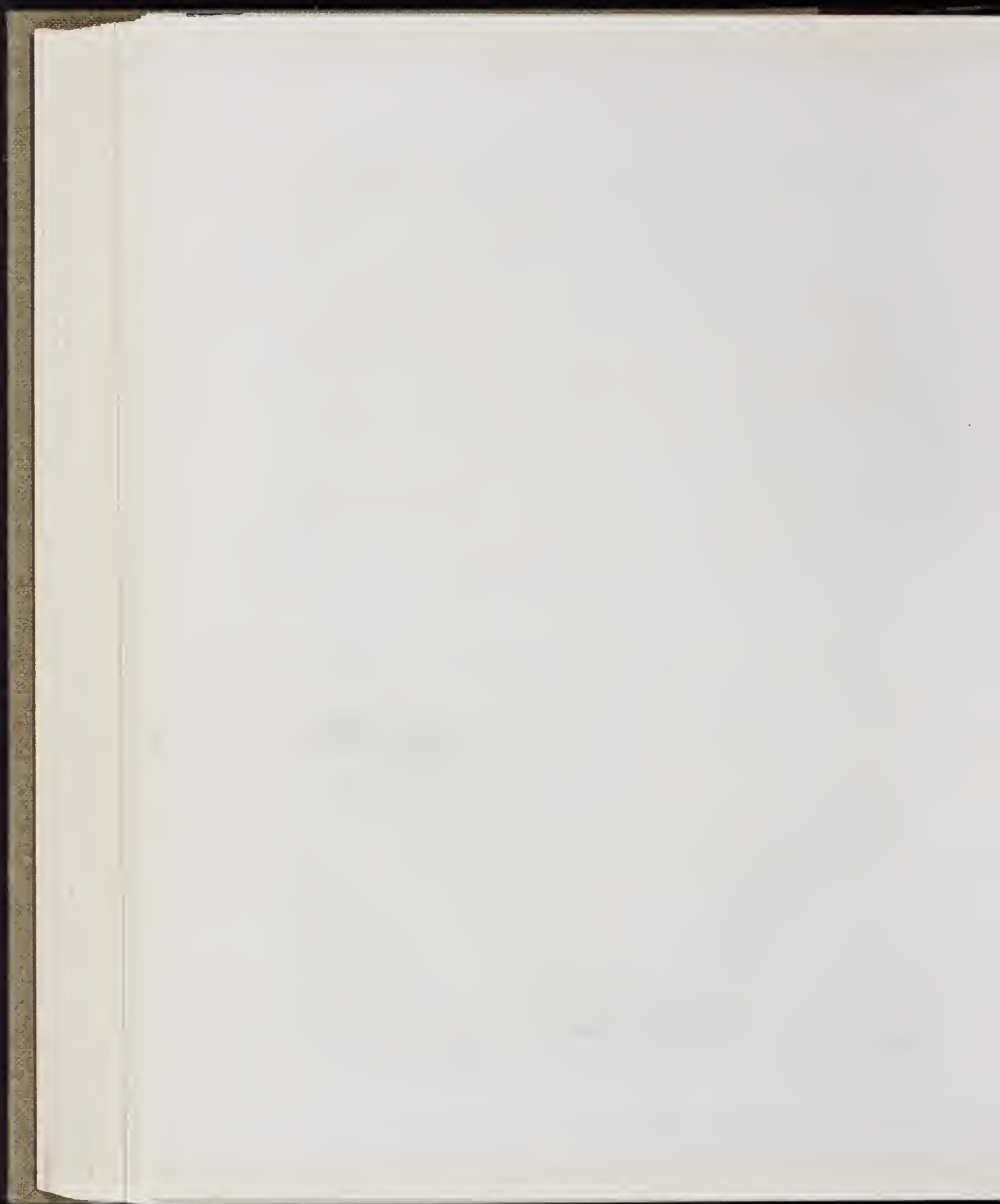
A Moorland Road.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1898).



TOILERS OF THE WOODS.

BY SIR E. A. WATERLOW, R.A.
By permission of L. Messel, Esq.





A Resting Place, Bavaria.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1891).

charm of colour and rusticity, he has turned to the dignity and stature of castles, to which, while failing to impart the mystery and remote grandeur of Turner's or Cox's, Cotman's or Albert Goodwin's architecture, yet, in keeping with his always dignified and pleasant sentiment, he has given a fine stateliness. The castles that have come under his brush are Oxwich, Bolton, Corfe, and Warkworth, and in varying compositions and under widely differing effects, in all he expresses dignity and distinction, a fine appreciation of height and architectural form, and a keen sympathy with the colour and texture of old-stone masonry. Then his water-colours, in especial, have been devoted to far distances, to skies packed with films of mist, against which slender poplars rise into the dawning light from the cold dew and haze of the marshland: such a picture is 'Dawn,' a large drawing that appeared in '99. He has sought fine inspiration in the permeating glow of early evening, when the mellow light falls on the hillside, illuminating the gorse and bracken into golden masses, and embraces in its warmth

the tree tops that recede from us into the valley below (where already the delicate blue mists are rising), until in distance our eye loses them, and is charmed by a far glimpse of opalescent sea. 'A Hampshire Hillside,' which had for inspiration some such scene as this, lacked



Clouds o'er the Sea.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1896).



Sketch at Newlyn.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1882).

is in the possession of a prominent figure in the musical world, shows admirably and typically Sir Ernest's great knowledge of artistic sentiment for the monumental grandeur of trees, what I might term the placid mellow stateliness of opulent tree-growth. We see, as principal motive, the great elms with golden and green leafage



Flowery Fields.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1897).

complete harmony because the cold blue of the sky, suggesting less the warm luminosity of Nature than the studio light, gave no response to the glowing landscape.

In the same degree 'The Mists of Early Autumn,' which was painted, probably, in 1901, failed to render complete and unalloyed pleasure through this steely quality of the blue, that cannot chime with the sentiment displayed in the rich warmth of sunlight. This picture, which now

towering against the sky, standing stalwart and massive, with mighty spread of growth, in low meadow lands; and between the trunks, in the distance, we see the cold blue haze rising, telling keenly in contrast with the glow and warmth of the foreground. These wreathing mists, obliterating the distant trees, are the effect of judicious sponging, and occur to me as rare instances in Waterlow's technique in which he prefers this less direct method. A barrier to complete enjoyment of this picture, as I have said, lay in the coldness of the blue sky, but in another large water-colour of this period we are permitted unalloyed pleasure. His 'Sheltered Pastures' (plate facing p. 4), perhaps, provides us with most content in this very business of blue skies, from which it will be clear that the quality of such differs in very great degree; in a word, by just so much as painty opacity is removed from luminous transparence. Without exception, I think, this intense clear sky most commonly affords painters the opportunity for exposing quite singular incompetence; and yet to the uninitiated a cloudless sky might seem the easiest to manage. Even Turner, perhaps, was less master of the depth of blue than of any other sky. The sky in 'Sheltered Pastures' is wonderfully intense in colour, pure and luminous, palpitating with atmosphere and light. It is the sky of late afternoon, when from the zenith it pales to clear warm green. The strength of the picture lies in the skilled and tactful antithesis of warm colour and cold. Against this clear green sky the golden branches tell delicately in atmosphere, as pre-eminently Sir Ernest can ensure. The graceful trees spring up into the glow of light from the shadowy grey rocks, whose subtle cool warmth (their colour will justify this contradictory phrase) is beautifully accentuated by notes of silver-green weeds and brambles; the foreground floor of this rock-sheltered dell is covered by a cool rich green, beyond which the golden, sun-bathed distance charms us with its burden of ripe serenity. As a rule painters err, to the left or right, in exceeding clamant vividness of staring green, or in a conventional dead hue, in the attempt of introducing the colour of grass, which, frankly, at times and under certain lights, displays to our shocked eyes Dame Nature's lapse towards vulgarity; but the quality of the sward that carpets these pastures is singularly fine, and attains, in my recollection, a unique pitch as a beautiful perception of golden-green grass. As a whole, this picture ranks high among works of fine colour and eloquent refinement; through it we get a glimpse of the fair beauty of the scene, and in our hearts are thankful for the mellow loveliness of Nature; to have interpreted so poetically and tellingly this smiling opulence of her sunlight, that it brings sympathetic delight to the beholder, is to have justified the vocation of Artist.

VI.

WE are now in the midst of the latest attainment of Sir Ernest Waterlow's Art, and in some ways it is his best. For instance, the great 'Warkworth Castle,' by some authorities considered his high-water mark, that represented its author at St. Louis, and now is in the Manchester Public Gallery, is anywhere a fine achievement; by its size, accomplishment and composition, rather than its sentiment, bordering on grandeur. But the frontier line it does not pass; a calm stateliness prevails, distinguished and unimpassioned; we appreciate the height of the cliff from which, in mid-distance, the Castle dominates a vast expanse and



(By permission of George McCulloch, Esq.)

The Orphan.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1888).

the river flowing at its foot. Such a scene seized on at a moment of lowering presage, or in the isolating mystery of sunset, had been more pertinently treated, with perchance heroic consequences.

While admitting the importance of such pictures as Sir Ernest's 'Warkworth' and 'Richmond Hill,' for ourselves we find more sympathy in such a picture as 'In Suffolk Marshes': in the pearly opalescent sky, the pulsing atmosphere that delicately veils the quiet low-lying marshes, and the distant line of sea, that at once afford the *motif* of the picture and a beautiful setting for the motionless, glow-illuminated cattle. Another picture that with no uncertain voice proclaims the still hush and tender pathos of twilight is 'Moonrise on the Ouse,' expressing with lyrical sentiment the subtle beauty of the flushed eastern sky, with the golden moon riding "like a clock in heaven" above the mists that rise from the dreaming stream and shroud the stately trees in mystery. Such tender, charming moods are, I submit, far more at one with Waterlow's than are they which should be made of sterner stuff. Last summer, in Pall Mall, we had the aptest of opportunities for seeing the considerable advance of his outlook on Nature as especially indicated in water-colours; his growing devotion to yet finer problems of great expanses under many aspects of light and atmosphere; his ever-increasing concern with intricate cloud-forms, and skies lofty and filled with sunlight; we can clearly mark a closer affinity to the clear breezy vigour of David Cox, and such a true and almost perfect rendering of light, of transparency, in short, of *plein air*, that in comparison few drawings in the gallery escaped suspicion of heaviness. With incisive breadth his distances are filled with range after range of hills, each beautifully melting in perspective, and poetically, and imaginatively, by suggestion, awakening in our minds artistic imagination. In colour (his refined schemes of grey and blue), and in the direct breadth of his cloud-drawing,

irresistibly we recognise a kindred spirit to the great water-colourist's of Harborne: pre-eminently his delight in skies is centred on the subtle tone and intricate forms of cumulus, hidden largely from our eyes by luminous vapour, as one sees after the night's persistent rain, in the sunny, clearing morning's sky: in landscape, the beauty and quality of trees swaying in the wind, and sunlight magically bathing every object in poetry, inspire him with recurrent freshness and a tireless endeavour to exceed his past achievement.

VII.

HERE then, imperfectly and in brief, is some account of a considerable Art, an Art that stands by its refinement, its



Sketch of Sheep.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.



Autumn Floods.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1897).

gracious individuality, and its charm. The observant student of the evolution of his work will chiefly note the nature of the change that has overtaken Sir Ernest Waterlow. The matter is not quite simply explained, for whereas the external expression of his latest phase, this devotion to the subtle gradation of atmosphere and distances, and to intricate cloud-forms, radically differs from that of 'The Toilers of

the Woods,' yet it is not hard to trace in both one ruling sentiment: the outward semblance has changed and developed into what the President of the R.W.S. has marked for his own; but the vision that directed the beautiful drawing of 1879, in great degree inspires the work of 1906. And yet his art has never appreciably paused, and now, in his fifty-seventh year, he shows his strongest promise, for his most recent water-colours give birth to the hope that he is on the ascent to a yet higher range of artistic landscape than even 'Sheltered Pastures' and 'Golden Autumn' have attained, because in them we see a higher flight of imaginative vision. His oil paintings of course evidence the same advance. Sir Ernest has never essayed the passions of transient effects, and makes no claim to the creative imagination that distinguishes the most exalted plane of Art; rather, with scholarly refinement, he has poetically interpreted the placid dignity and stately grace of Nature, combining an elevated style and sentiment with an instinctive sense of harmony and fitness of composition. In all his work the eye is charmed by fine balance and compact fitting of the parts, as a master of a sister Art has aptly termed it. Critics nowadays indict him with academic conventionalism. In this age of competitive restlessness much cleverness and eccentricity, devoid of artistic humility and absorption by the beautiful, impudently shoulder their way to prominence in the world of Art; the reverence due to tradition is eclipsed by clamorous originality, for the exponents of which, bizarre extravagance spells Art, and beauty is an unknown tongue. To Ruskin the neglect of outline and the severer dignities of form and Art was matter for despair, nor to the Art lover in pursuit of "the painted poem" does this burning of incense at the altar of mere cleverness afford consolation. In the voice of criticism is but rarely heard the note of censure for this soulless parody of



Sopley, Hampshire.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1895).

Art, and in its stead ceaseless plaudits of originality and daring cleverness weary our ears, while painters and critics are more concerned with technique and superficialities than with beauty, which alone can animate true Art. Under such conditions work that is engaged with the severer dignities of form and the old established grace of composition, that shows regard for the irrefutable lessons of tradition, the strict observance of unity and subordination, balance of line and mass, light and shade—such work is branded academic. To us it is not clear what gain there be in eccentricity in landscape composition, or in originality, for its own sake ;

studied plagiarism and affected mannerisms at once proclaim the scdulousness of the ape, but inherently landscape does not profit by forced originality of treatment. After all, the business of the artist is the expressing of some impelling inspiration as beautifully in sentiment and execution as is immediate to his trained skill and sympathy. As for academic convention, I do not suppose that Waterlow gives



Litlington, Sussex.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

a thought to such a matter: in conceiving a picture he busies himself with placing the subject happily on his paper. Consciously he is not concerned with selecting and adapting his material to fit some academic rule or composition; taking the subject that his refined judgment of form and harmony instinctively lights on, he will count three or four experiments in aptly and fitly filling the space on his canvas as



Willows.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1902).



The Hour when Daylight dies.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A. (1894).

gain, if at the last he is pleased with the disposition of his objects.

From his earliest days tree-forms have perhaps made the strongest appeal to his imagination. In his student-picture, 'The Land Storm,' the spirit and rightness of the



The Way to the Mill (Suffolk).

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

tempest-bent birch, and the excellent character of the distant line of firs, gave the chief merit to the work; in 'The Toilers' the slender balance and strength of trunks, and the light delicacy of foliage are conspicuous; notable in nearly every picture, in 'Hoghton Mill' consummately, the opulence of form and leafage, the flickering of leaves, the mystery and atmosphere mingling with the foliage, show his great predilection for this beautiful feature of landscape. Another dominant trait in his expression is his artistic, pleasant colour, which invariably establishes an individual scheme. His art finds no room for unambitious cheapness, nor for trivial commonplaces: and now that he has attained a secure position, both artistically and as regards a market, no resting on his laurels or prostitution of his calling find a shadow of existence with him. His patrons are necessarily among the best educated and most truly artistic of picture-buyers. His water-colours find always immediate sale; and his large oil paintings have met with exceptional approval from the governing bodies of Public Galleries. Manchester has purchased 'Warkworth Castle'; Liverpool acquired an example in the early seventies, and an important one entitled 'Forest Oaks,' in 1899. Preston has 'La Côte d'Azur'; Cape Town 'Launching the Salmon Boat'; Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide and Auckland have also 'Waterlows' in their collections. In the Tate we can see an interesting specimen: in the Diploma Gallery, an eminently charming little picture, 'The Banks of the Loing.' Continental regard for his work has been voiced in Gold and in Silver at Berlin and Paris. His style is never clumsy, never impatient; *pari passu*, it has never the fire of an all-consuming enthusiasm, that recking nought of the elegancies, hurries to the outpouring of passion and deep sentiment.

Hazlitt it is who somewhere briskly and conclusively sums up the relative worth of reputations: notoriously, he



View in the Studio of Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

says, our verdict on ourselves is but a suspicious thing; the good opinion of our friends bare 'scapes the taint of partiality; rely on the favourable word of a stranger, and the odds are you listen to a blockhead; while the mob you can only trust to clap your back whilst, in turn, you ply them lustily with blandishments. Our only certain appeal, therefore, is to posterity. "The voice of Fame" (by which he means posthumous fame) "is alone the voice of truth; but in proportion as this award is final and secure it is remote and uncertain."

It is complicated and insecure, then, to estimate the worth of Sir Ernest Waterlow's contribution to the Art of Landscape: as worldly recognition goes, he has been a successful and sought-after painter; contemporary artistic opinion ranks him with the leading landscape painters of the day. As an eminently artistic and graceful painter of elegant and harmonious sentiment, and as a singularly accomplished craftsman, his position is assured. Posterity, gaining perspective and balancing relatively the merits and excellence, the baneful influences and no-worth of past achievement in Art, to each man will allot, pretty fairly I suppose, his final position. Before this tribunal I think the Art of Sir Ernest Waterlow, R.A., P.R.W.S., will be judged on its observance of the best in classical tradition, linked with progressive insight into the endless resources of Nature; on its harmonious elegance and poetic sentiment, and, above all, on its devotion

to the beautiful in landscape; and it will be found while making no claim to the supreme heights of passionate grandeur and splendid imagination, by fostering the spirit of artistic reverence for, and sympathy with, the truly important aspects of Nature's loveliness to have deserved well of, and to rank securely in, the great Republic of Art.

C. COLLINS BAKER.



Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A., P.R.W.S.

From a photograph by R. W. Thomas.

List of Works

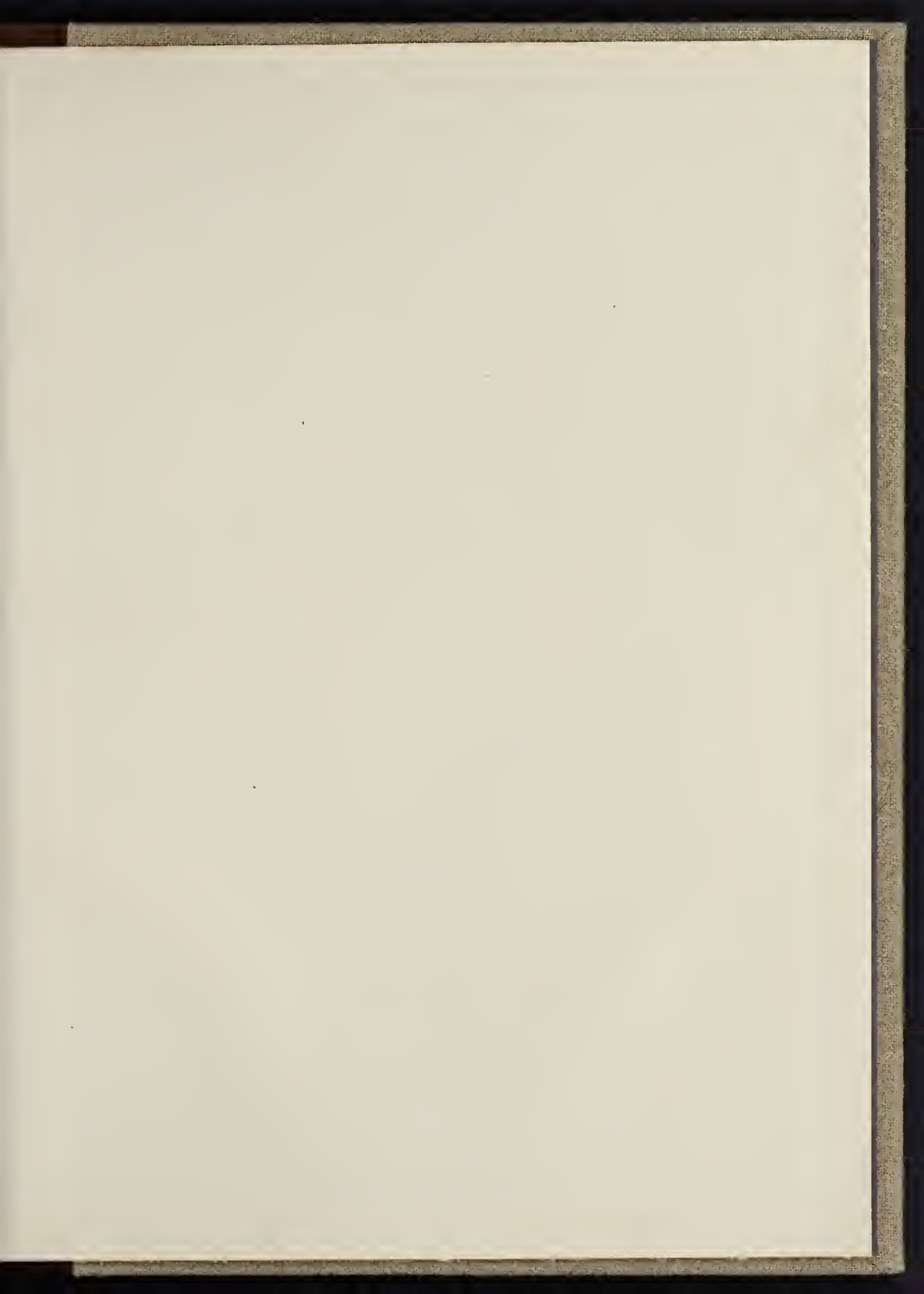
Shown at the Royal Academy.

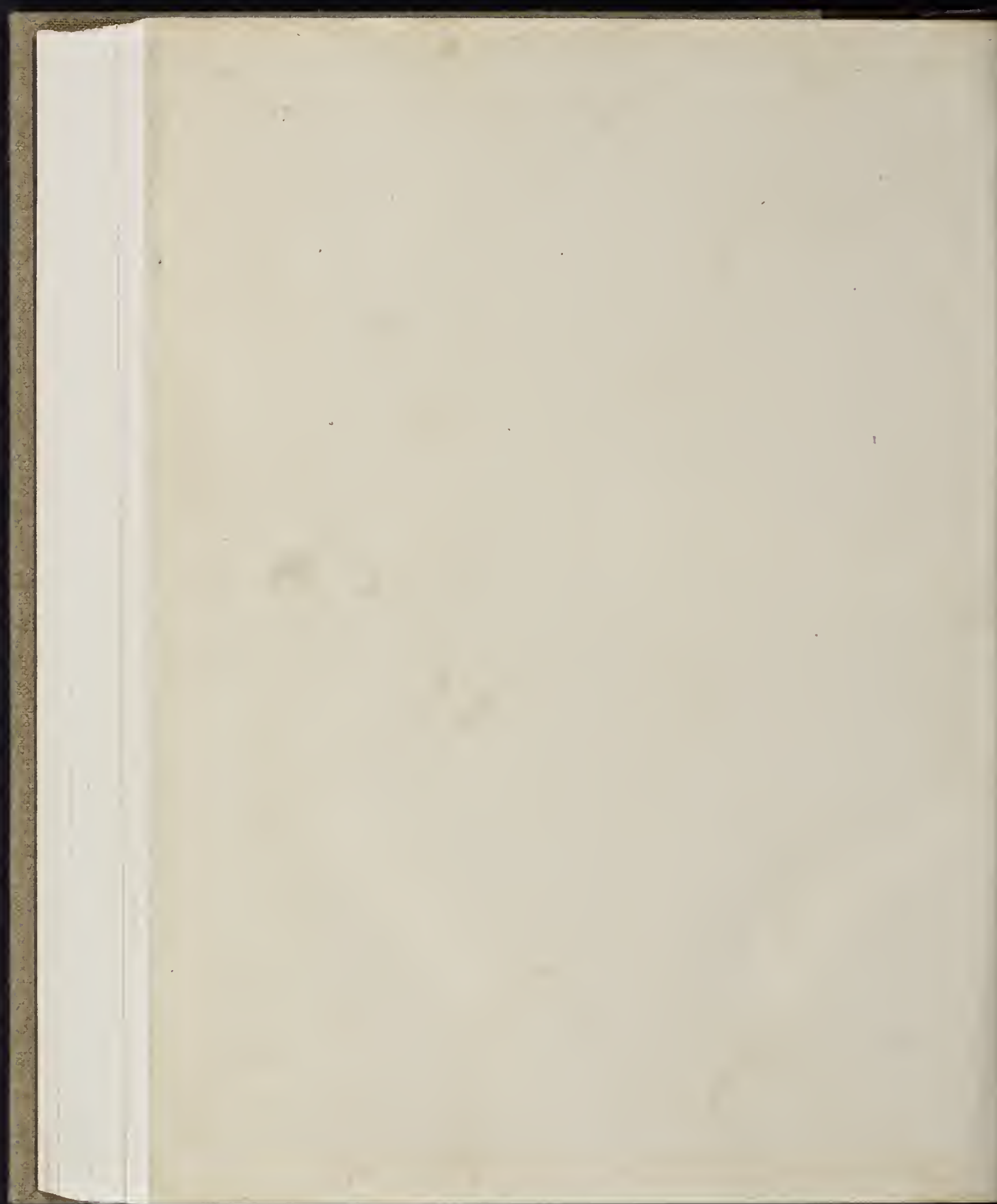
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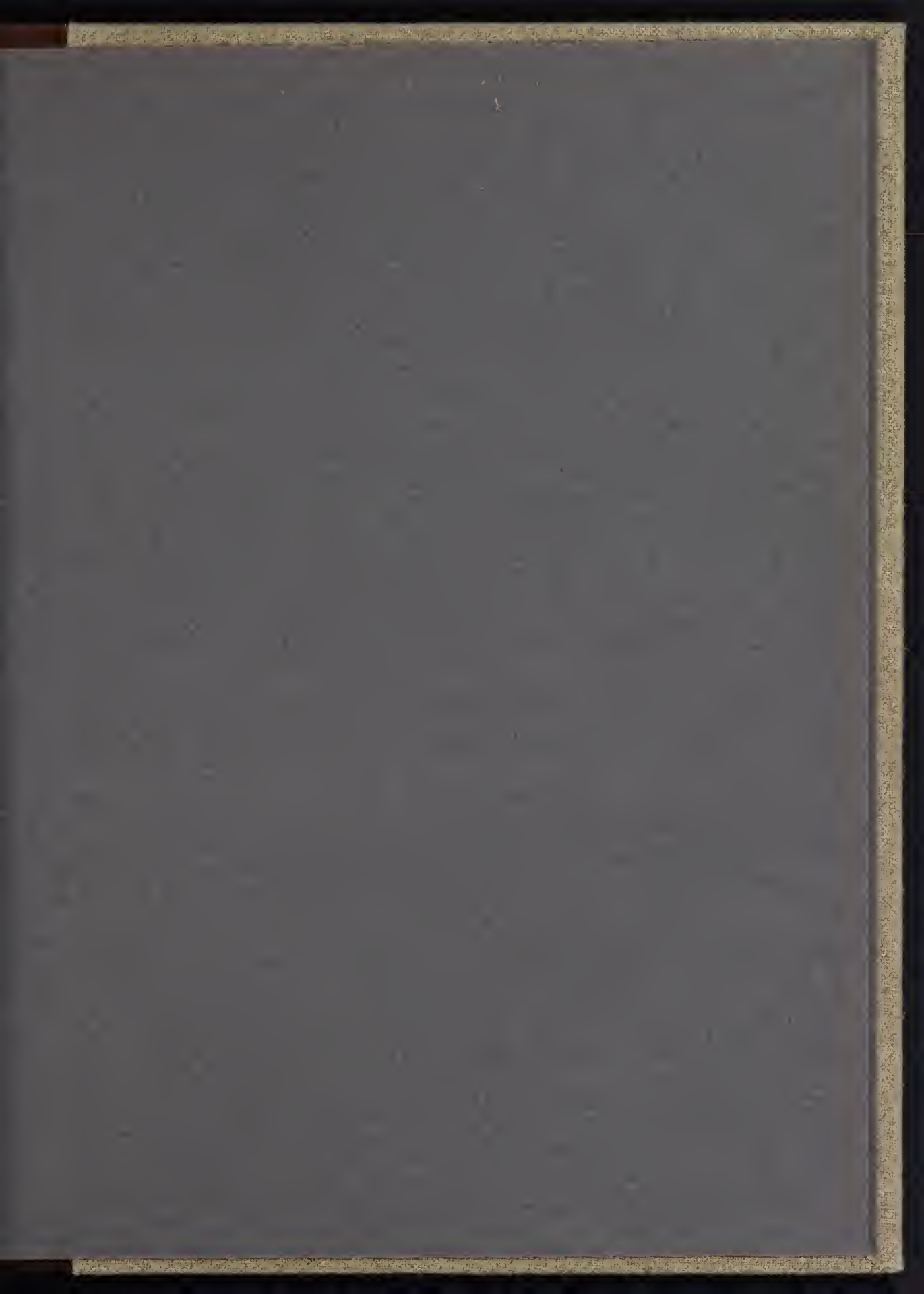
Shown at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

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 1894. A Kincardine Village.
 At Tilford: Surrey.
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 1895. Last Leaves of Autumn.
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 Evening Glow.
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 The Return of the Fieck.
 1896. The Fields in June.
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1896. A Cottage Garden: Boxford.
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 Noret-sur-Loing, France.
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1903. A Ford on the Marsh: Suffolk.
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 Cowie, near Stonehaven.
 On the Tauber: Bavaria.
 1905. A Chalk Pit on the Sussex Downs.
 The River Coquet at Warkworth: Northumberland.
 A Dorsetshire Common, near Corfe Castle.
 A Farm Yard: Northumberland.
 Breamore Marsh: Evening.
 Plumpton Church: Sussex.
 Near Allfriston: Sussex.
 A Farm in Essex.
 A Hill-side Quarry: Wensleydale.
 A Dorsetshire Mill.
 Eventide.
 Marsh Lands: Early Morning.
 A Quiet Pool: Dorsetshire.
 Moonrise: Wareham, Sussex Downs.
 Crossing the Heath.
 1906. The Cuckmere Valley, near Allfriston, Sussex.
 The End of the Day.
 Fickle Weather: Dorsetshire.
 Morning in the Marshes.
 Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire.
 The Mill Stream: Wareham.
 Flooded Pastures: Wareham.
 A Suffolk River.
 Westmeston, Sussex, from the Hills.
 The Mill on the Heath.

Pictures have also been shown at the Grosvenor Gallery, the Institute of Oil Painters, and the Landscape Exhibitions.









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