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Masters in Art

A Series of Illustrated Monographs

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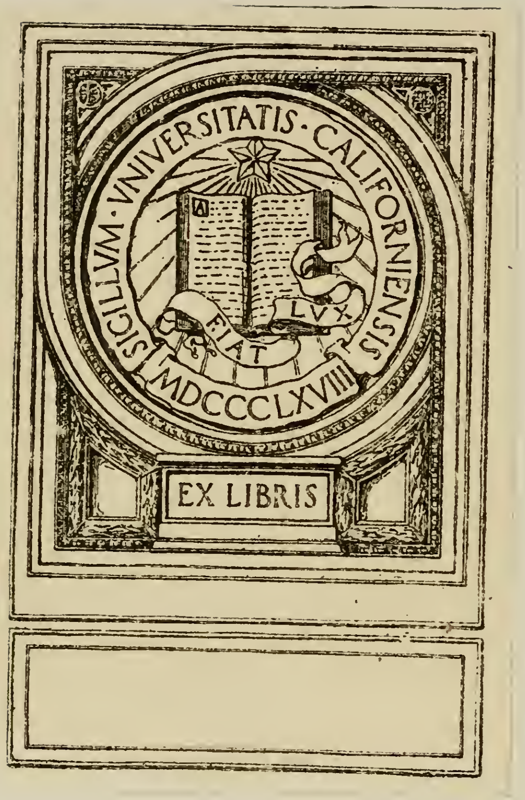
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Masters in Art
A Series of Illustrated Monographs

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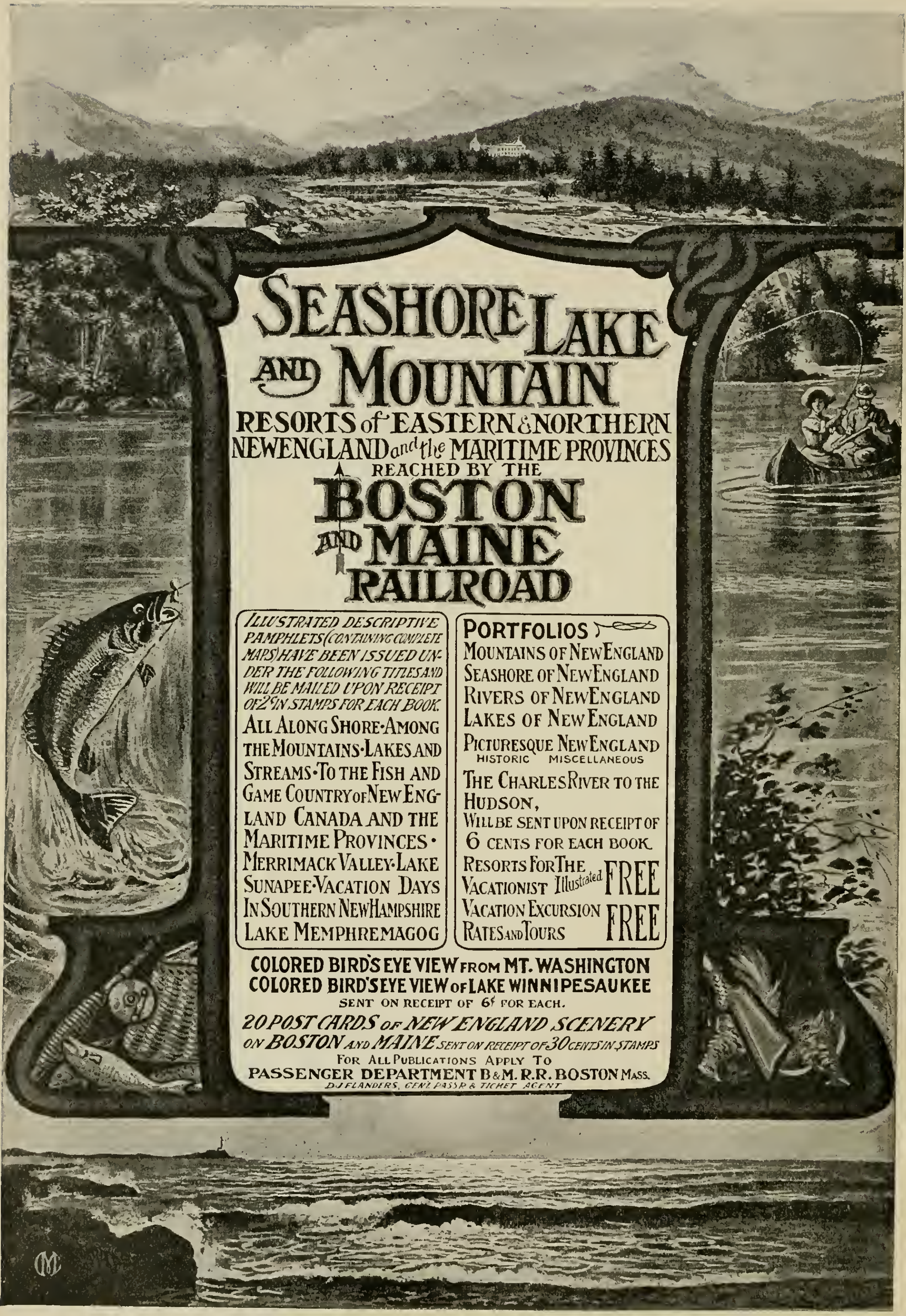

MASTERS IN ART
11

Metsu

DUTCH SCHOOL

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

METSU

AN OFFICER AND A YOUNG LADY

LOUVRE, PARIS

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BALDWIN COOLIDGE

METSU
THE LETTER-WRITER
OWNED BY MR. ALFRED BEIT, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

METSU
THE VIOLONCELLO PLAYER
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

METSU

AN OLD WOMAN SELLING FISH

WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

METSU
THE INTRUDER
EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

METSU
THE VEGETABLE MARKET AT AMSTERDAM
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PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

METSU
PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN
BERLIN GALLERY

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE

METSU
AN OLD TOPER AND AN OLD WOMAN READING
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

METSU
THE DUET
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

METSU
THE FAMILY OF THE MERCHANT GEELVINK
BERLIN GALLERY

PORTRAIT OF METSU BY HIMSELF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

This portrait shows us the painter at about thirty-five years of age. He has represented himself standing at an open arch-topped window, the frame of which is covered with a grape-vine. He holds in one hand a palette and mahlstick, and between the fingers of the other a bit of chalk with which he is about to make a sketch upon a panel standing against a box on the window-sill. The picture is a fine specimen of Metsu's art. It measures one foot three inches high by a little over a foot wide.

Gabriel Metsu

BORN 1630: DIED 1667
DUTCH SCHOOL

BEYOND a few meager facts, nothing is known of the life of Gabriel Metsu, one of the greatest of the "little masters" of Holland. His father, Jacques Metsu, was a painter of no great note, who resided for many years in Leyden, where he was three times married. Gabriel, the son of his third wife, Jacomina Garnijerns, was born in that city in 1630—fifteen years later than the date given by Houbraken, the Vasari of Dutch painters.

It is generally supposed that Metsu received his first instruction in art from his father, and that later he entered the studio of Gerard Dou, then the most popular painter of Leyden. He is said to have been on terms of friendship with Jan Steen, his elder by only a few years, and some of Metsu's scenes from the humbler walks of life bear a certain similarity to the works of that painter, although wholly devoid of the coarseness which frequently characterizes Jan Steen.

That Metsu early attained proficiency in his art is indicated by the fact that in 1648, when he was only eighteen years old, his name occurs on the list of members of the Gild of Painters of his native town.

In 1650 he removed to Amsterdam, where he probably spent the remainder of his life. There he came under the influence of Rembrandt, who was then living in that center of the art world of Holland, and whose impress is perceptible in many of Metsu's works, even when the subjects are totally dissimilar from those of the greatest of all Dutch painters.

Eight years after his removal to Amsterdam Metsu married Isabella Wolff, and in the following year he obtained the right of citizenship in the city of his adoption. He was then at the height of his powers. His scenes of peasant life, his few portraits, and, above all, his little pictures of life in the parlors or boudoirs of the wealthy class of society, pictures in which, after the manner of Ter Borch, although with many differences in conception and technique, he portrayed with admirable precision richly carved furniture, soft hangings, and the delicate texture of satin gown or velvet bodice, were all highly prized by his contemporaries. His few religious subjects are notably inferior in merit.

Houbraken tells us that in 1658 Metsu underwent a serious surgical operation. The inference drawn by many writers from this statement has been that death followed immediately; no such assertion, however, is to be found in Houbraken's pages, and, as a matter of fact, the dates on some of Metsu's works prove that several years later he was still living. In 1667 his death is recorded as having occurred in Amsterdam, where he was buried on the twenty-fourth of October.

In his brief life of thirty-seven years Gabriel Metsu is said to have painted between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty works. His well-nigh faultless composition, admirable drawing, delicate observation of character, the beauty of his coloring, and his masterly treatment of light and shade combine to place him among the foremost of seventeenth-century Dutch painters.

The Art of Metsu

THE following extract is from an issue of 'The Portfolio' (1904) treating of 'The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting,' by Sir Walter Armstrong.

DUTCH painting begins with the seventeenth century. It would not be difficult to prove—indeed it is now beginning to be generally acknowledged—that the natural gift of the Dutchmen for expression in paint was one of the chief factors in the glory of that early school which extended from Haarlem almost to the gates of Paris. But the seductions of Italy, and that craving for the exotic which has so often been the ruin of art, supervened, and turned the sixteenth century into an interregnum of insincerity, during which painters were obeying a disastrous fashion, instead of listening to the counsels of their own emotions. It was not entirely bare of great art, of course, but on the whole the sixteenth century was a period of hibernation, during which the faculties which had illuminated the fifteenth were at least asleep; and it was not until William of Orange had been thirty years in his grave that the sap began to rise in earnest and the tree of art to put forth leaves and flowers.

Opinions vary as to the immediate origin of the grand epoch. To some, who have noticed that great imaginative developments have often followed periods of storm and danger, Dutch painting in the seventeenth century embodies the reaction from Dutch agony and rage in the sixteenth. To others it seems a natural result of peace and returning hope, and its form to be determined by the configuration of Holland and the organization of Dutch society. The truth probably is that to a combination of these immediate causes with the results upon character of the whole history, so much of it geographical, of Holland, must be ascribed the nature of her art during the generations when it was truly national. The events of the sixteenth century brought matters to a head. The sufferings of the United Provinces under the Spaniards developed an extreme energy of character, while the configuration of the soil and the social arrangements put neither difficulty nor temptation in the artist's way. But these forces did not actually produce great art. Conditions equally favorable in such respects have existed elsewhere and among peoples naturally artistic, without leading to notable achievements. The important difference between Holland after her conquest of a practical independence and, let us say, France after the fall of the Bastille, lay in the fact that the latter nation followed a model, while the former did not. . . .

Many things combined to make the French turn to Greece and Rome for an esthetic lead. They had dethroned a church, and sought for a substitute in the symbolism which had sufficed for Pericles. They had destroyed a monarchy and looked for political ideals to the great republics of the past. They had overturned society and banished its ambitions and emblems. It was almost inevitable, with changes like these and with the sudden elevation of the half-educated to the guidance of affairs, that a superficial but plausible idea like the revival of classical perfection should capture their esthetic imaginations. It was fatal to art. Men of genius contrived, of course, to show their powers in spite of exotic forms, but permanent French characteristics and ambitions found no general expression between 1700 and 1815.

With Holland it was otherwise. The Dutch character had been formed by centuries of conflict with the forces of nature. The soil of Holland only exists at all because generations of Dutchmen have been patient, sturdy, and self-reliant. The incessant war with the sea and the Rhine had, by a slow process of selection, turned the whole population into men who would not accept a foreign ideal or an exotic scheme of life. They had made their own country and meant to keep it for themselves. They had expelled the Spaniard and thrown his gewgaws after him. They had determined that their churches and their homes should be Dutch, and that habits of the South should be reversed because they were southern habits. . . .

Here and there, no doubt, the troubles of Holland are echoed in her art — a few battle-scenes, and scenes of rape and pillage, find their places in most great galleries. The picturesque accoutrements, too, of the seventeenth-century man-of-war insure his presence on a goodly number of panels, even by such peaceful creators as Ter Borch, Metsu, and De Hooch. But on the whole the preoccupation is with tranquillity, domesticity, and the daily routine of a people providing in security for the evolution of their families and the rotation of their crops.

A hundred years of struggle with a southern nation and southern ways had fired their imagination and made them ready for artistic and intellectual development on a large scale. Hatred of their enemy and his ideas had turned them aside from that field of art in which all Europe, including themselves, had once done so much. Here, then, we have conditions which invariably produce great art: on the one hand an awakened and excited intelligence seeking an outlet; on the other, an entirely new problem pressing for solution.

The foundation of all good art is sincerity. Art is the expression of emotion, or passion, to use a nobler word, in some medium appealing to the senses. Insincerity is therefore its negation. . . . True works of art are the things in which we enjoy the real emotions of those who make them. They are the unlying records by which we men of to-day can appreciate the humanity of those from whom we descend. They are entirely vitiated by insincerity. An art founded upon the perfections of another age, an art governing itself not by the genuine preferences of those who practise it, but by the examples of men who burned with different ambitions, can never be really alive. At best it pleases only as a feat.

If we accept this idea, we must confess that a clean slate, such as the Dutch painters had before them in 1600, was the first step towards a fresh record in art. It is now difficult, if not impossible, to allot the credit for the new departure. Whether the supply created the demand or the demand the supply is, however, a petty matter of chronology. It is quite certain that if the Dutch mind had not been attuned to the new idea of setting domestic life on the pedestal hitherto occupied by history and theology, the substitution never would have taken place. . . .

By the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century a body of well-equipped Dutch painters, with a good, but not too good, technical tradition behind them, were face to face with an ideal which was at once national and new. If we look fairly at any of the great periods of art we shall find that parallel conditions to these were always present. They can be stated still more simply by saying that an awakened artistic imagination always produces fine work when compelled to be sincere.

As for the dignity of Dutch ideals, it varied with individual masters, just as that of the Italians varied. Personally, I am unable to see why "the burning messages of prophecy, delivered by the stammering lips of infants," should be set on a higher plane than creations of exquisite beauty, born of the union of a profound sense of nature's universal rightness with an eye for the expressive power of art. Duccio and Giotto labored for the Church and spent their force on mysteries which neither they nor their patrons understood. Their work has the charm that so often belongs to immature things. . . . Their "stammering" consisted in turning large ideas into familiar symbols and clothing those with the dramatic force which so often goes with immaturity of knowledge. Forceful *naïveté* is no longer possible to us. We are compelled to treat the dogmas of our faith in an abstract and therefore non-pictorial way. That we cannot use the imagery of extreme youth any more is, however, no justification for confusing it with revelation, or for setting work in which it prevails above consummate things.

What was the Dutch ideal? Was it low, as a matter of fact? Dr. Johnson's flank attack at the Thrale auction occurs to me. "Gentlemen, we are not here to sell a parcel of old vats and barrels; we are here to sell the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice!" So with the Dutch painters; their subjects were not silk dresses and drunken boors, young women at spinets and old ones gutting fish, cows and pigs, horses full of labor and groups of oaks. Their subjects—or subject, for they had but one—was the beauty of human life lived under conditions which made it free. Holland at peace, Holland with its men, women, and children pursuing the careers to which they were born, was the objective basis of their art. They set themselves to record life as it was, and in so doing to criticize it in the only fair and effective way.

They wished above all things to be veracious, and to tell only what they knew. They neither preached nor moralized, but left the facts to do both. Their pictures are the best of chroniclers, for they supply that truth of background which is the greatest difficulty of the historian. By their means the look of Dutch life in the seventeenth century is better known than that of any other country.

The field embraced by their ambitions was not wide, but they explored it thoroughly. They confined themselves to the society they knew, but they made their descriptions ample. Theirs was the most various of all the older schools. . . .

The greatest painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were often stereotyped, repeating one design again and again with changes involving no thought whatever. It was never so with the Dutchmen. Perhaps the demand for newness was in the air, but I prefer to believe their variety to be the result of their ideal. When you set out to describe society you must be various. . . . Combine what we are told by Wouwermann and what we know from Ter Borch, Metsu, Jan Steen, Adriaen van Ostade, Teniers, Pieter de Hooch, Ruysdael, and Hobbema, and we get the materials for a vision of Dutch life in which we can implicitly believe. The Dutchmen painted the social history of their country for a century, and in doing so gave us a document which will lose its value only with existence.

There remains the question of the moral dignity of the Dutch character and therefore of the art in which it is embodied. Granting that truth, objective as well as subjective fidelity, is a pictorial virtue, does the kind of truth told by the Dutch painters strengthen their claim on our sympathies or does it not?

Let us look at the panorama they have left us. I do not see how any one can be widely familiar with the school without conceiving a deep respect for the life it records. Holland has always been a frank country. The large families and small flimsy houses have there made impossible silences and privacies which seem to us a part of nature's scheme. Dutch painters were not prevented by prudery, or rather, let me say, by a severe convention, from offering their clients pages appealing to the mere animal instinct. They were restrained by a just sense of art and by a fine eye for the broad permanent forces of society. Even Jan Steen, who turns up the seamy side of life oftener than others, never paints degradation with sympathy. He shows how the peasant lived—how he passed the hours left him after his cows were milked, his dikes secured, and his crops at home. He shirks nothing, but through it all he weaves the thread of generous humanity, carrying its load for one generation and passing it on lighter to the next. The school as a whole is free from any tendency to allow the non-esthetic value of any particular class of incident to give it prominence in their list of subjects. . . . The Dutch painters aimed—whether consciously or not is neither here nor there—at leaving behind them a true picture of an admirable society: which brings us back to our point that it was an admirable society.

Again, there are the great portraits. All these point to one conclusion, and their meaning is unmistakable. The Dutchman of the great century was neither handsome nor elegant, he was neither poet nor dreamer. His imagination was robust and essentially practical. He cheerfully faced the prospect of long years of fighting and hard work, when they promised to rid his country of the southron and to add millions of broad acres to its service. He swept out the Spaniard and suppressed the Haarlemer Meer just as coolly as he now proposes to abolish the Zuyder Zee. Compared to the Italian or to the Elizabethan Englishman, he was dull, massive, narrow, and intolerant. But he took long views. His eyes were clear, and within his own horizon they saw what there was to be seen. His aspect towards those flowery sides of life which meant so much to men of southern blood was one of apparent indifference. . . .

If we turn to those pages from daily life which are the staple of the Dutch painters we find their spirit determined by the character we read in the portraits. The objective aim is to make a true presentment. The Dutchman does not execute for the sake of execution. He has selected for the sake of truth, and designed for the sake of art, before execution begins. Of any detail in a picture by one of the greater masters you may safely assert that he put it in, that he placed it, shaped it, and colored it, for the sake of art and truth; that he painted it as well as he could for the enjoyment of his own *virtuosité*. The real initial motive of every true artist is, of course, to create beauty; but putting that question aside for the present as one not raised just now, I repeat that the aim of the Dutchman was to present the highest truths he *knew*, which were those of human life as it was lived by the strenuous men and women of his time and country. . . .

All the better Dutch painters are full of thought of exactly the same kind as that which breathes from "three pen-strokes of Raphael." No one can seriously assert that the three pen-strokes in question could be pregnant with anything more than an esthetic value: the poise of a torso, the turn of a limb, the carriage of a head. In Raphael these three lines would be ultimately destined to association with matters we have all been trained to revere, while in a Dutchman their concern would be with familar things. But that makes no difference to their art. Raphael and Metsu alike are engaged in building up a structure of line, mass, and rhythmical lights and shadows, which shall end in unity, and both are employing their thoughts in the same way. That one is the servant of an ancient church and its head, and the other of a sturdy people determined to get down to the bed-rock for the foundation of a new order, is no justification for asserting a difference in kind between their arts. Nothing is more significant than the phrase so often heard: "I don't care about this or that class of art." No man has time enough to steep himself deeply in the ideas of all the schools, or to know all the masters as he knows his favorites. But the man who knows one real school, who truly appreciates the qualities upon which its greatness depends, will understand and respect all the others. If he can truly taste the art of Michelangelo, he will not jeer at Jan Steen, but will confess that, different in kind and in dignity though their themes may be, their art, their use of the language which knits generation to generation through the ages, is essentially the same.

WILHELM BODE 'ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST' 1869

THE variety of Metsu's subjects and his unfailingly appropriate treatment of the same are the causes not only of his being compared with the most widely different genre-painters of his time, but of his being so often erroneously spoken of as their imitator. The same masterly characteristics, however, are found in all his works; all are inspired by the truest feeling; all are permeated with a spirit of the most perfect serenity. His personages in the lower walks of life are as happy in their work as when participating in the pleasures of the table or the joys of love; his scenes in the upper circles of society portray all the charm of aristocratic elegance, without any of the chilling breath of the great world; his pictures of family life reveal with the most delicate touches an existence both exclusive and full of contentment; and in his representations of active life he portrays either the utmost good humor, or, if he suggests the tragic side of life, the tenderest feeling, and yet wholly free from sentimentality.

His manner of treating a subject, and his execution as well, are entirely in keeping with his conception. As a draftsman he is the most accomplished of the Dutch genre-painters; his composition is for the most part refined and even classic in its repose, yet it is always unstudied. Although in the painting of details he rivals Gerard Dou in finish, his brush-work is invariably light and free. His color is warm and true to life; in the harmonious combination of local tones he is on a level with Ter Borch, while in his marvelous chiaroscuro, in which he so skilfully envelops his objects, he is Ter Borch's superior.—FROM THE GERMAN

CHARLES BLANC 'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES'

THE manners and customs of Holland, as well as her material aspect in civil life, the houses, with their furniture and the decoration and luxury of their rooms—all this is portrayed in Metsu's pictures with a charming exactitude, which is all the more pleasing because this very exactitude seems to be quite unstudied on the painter's part. After a lapse of two hundred years his work serves for the complete restitution of a Dutch bourgeois home of the seventeenth century under conditions necessitated by the climate of the country, the character of its inhabitants, and the historic environment in which the Dutch merchants of that day, lords of the commerce of the world, passed their lives. . . .

How pleasant it is to be admitted, thanks to the brush of a painter like Metsu, to the very *sanctum sanctorum* of those houses, where in reality it is so difficult for a stranger to penetrate! Generally speaking, it is through a window forming the frame of his picture that Metsu gives us the entrée into the boudoir of some fashionable woman, sometimes surprising her in velvet dressing-sacque as she is writing her love-letters, sometimes as she is putting the finishing touches to her toilet in view of a hoped-for visit, or again, as she gives expression through the tones of her harpsichord to her pent-up emotions—to thoughts which cannot be put into words. . . .

The shades of expression are so delicately portrayed in Metsu's works that often we do not grasp their full meaning at the first glance. The faces of his

Dutch ladies are so hopelessly calm — they are so placid, so phlegmatic. It is all one can do to detect in them a dawning smile or trace some fleeting thought. And yet, if we examine them closely we shall see that there is not a single one of those faces which, even when perfectly calm, does not possess a certain play of feature. The placidity of these fair young girls does not indicate indifference or ennui, but a serenity of soul and a delightful sense of repose. And therefore it is but natural that upon this underlying impassibility the least emotion should leave its mark, that the slightest transition of thought, in order to become apparent to a discerning observer, needs but an almost imperceptible movement of the mouth or variation of the expression. . . .

Metsu was not one of those Dutch painters who load their compositions with countless and meaningless details, making a picture of the social life of the day simply a pretext for a ridiculous display of furniture and bric-à-brac of every description, so that the interiors they paint resemble bazaars. On the contrary, like the man of intelligence and delicate perceptive faculties that he was, he introduced only such accessories as were needful for the understanding of the story, or only such as were of a nature to explain the conversation that is supposed to be taking place. However gifted he may be in rendering still-life, he never allows himself to be carried away, as are so many, by the mere pleasure of painting it; but then, to make up for this, what finish! What delicacy of touch! How lovingly he gives the full value to the beautiful local colors, blending the hues of a Turkish carpet or tinging with subdued lights the gold and silver vases! How he delights in the Bohemian glasses and in the tones of the transparent wines which half fill them! Glasses play an important rôle in Dutch art, for much of the life of a retired merchant of Holland of that day was passed in drinking and smoking; in Metsu's work, however, we never find those enormous glasses which Ostade's peasants always hold in their hands, but instead, glasses which are refined and delicate, long and slender, and elegant in form, glasses in which the beer of Haarlem foams and sparkles. . . .

Another and rather curious detail that is found in most of Metsu's pictures is the chimney-piece of a form customary in his day. As a rule the style is Corinthian or else a composite kind of architecture. The entablature rests upon columns of costly marble, sea-green in color, or golden yellow, or a veined red; sometimes the shaft is of black marble and the capitol of white. It is not unusual for these columns to be replaced by caryatids, sometimes representing women with fishes' tails, sometimes satyrs carved like garden termini; or, again, the cornice may be surmounted by a frieze ornamented with bas-reliefs in the antique fashion. These great chimney-pieces with their mantels must have just suited the Dutch people, who above and beyond all else led a family life, and it is not surprising that the utmost care should have been expended upon the decoration of the domestic hearth, that natural confidant of the secrets of intimate life, around which the most prolific families could still be accommodated.

These small Dutch dwellings, where the hangings smother all sound of the outside world and where the light of day is softened and subdued by curtains, seem made expressly for lovers' confidences. In Metsu's pictures love's presence is sometimes betrayed by a simple play of glances, and the artist makes his intention clear to us by the care he takes to always portray conversations between two, and two only. If there is ever a third party present it is sure to be some insignificant personage—a maid, perhaps, or a little page in livery, bearing a glass on a tray, who as he withdraws casts a glance from the corner of his eye toward the young visitor about to be left tête-à-tête with his mistress. Very often music serves as an excuse, or, if you will, a prologue to the timid declaration of a cavalier, who, as he leans on the back of the chair in which is seated his lady-love tuning her guitar, hints at the desire of his heart, or discreetly murmurs his love in a language as unwieldy as his broad collar and as stiff as his carriage. . . .

Surely nothing could be more charming than Metsu's compositions, unless it be the brush to which they owe their existence. One curious fact should be noted, that there are very few of his pictures in which a certain interesting figure—one that is well-nigh essential in the works of painters of conversation pieces—is not introduced. I refer to the pet dog, to that spaniel with beautiful silky coat spotted with black or tan, which adds to the significance of the scene by his knowing attitude. Metsu never fails to make use of one of these little creatures to emphasize his meaning and give an additional point to the picture. The behavior of the dog accentuates the actions of the personages concerned and reveals to us what they leave unsaid. . . .

It has often been stated that Metsu's works are of the same order as those of Gerard Dou, of Ter Borch, and of Van Mieris. If by this it is meant that like these painters he chose for his subjects scenes from every-day life, the statement is true, or rather it is only partly true, for it must be admitted that Metsu's choice of subject was more elevated, more intellectual, than Dou's, and that his models have an even greater air of distinction than Ter Borch's or Van Mieris'. . . .

If now they should be compared on the ground of technique no resemblance could be found. So far, indeed, from there being any similarity between the touch of Van Mieris or of Gerard Dou, and that of Metsu, they are almost diametrically opposed. All three, it is true, carry their work to a high degree of finish, but how superior is Metsu! Van Mieris is careful in his brushwork, smooth and labored; Metsu is facile, free, broad, and as bold as the dimensions of his pictures admit. Van Mieris' finish is like enamel; Metsu's touch lifts him to a level with Van Dyck; it is the grand style on a small scale. Gerard Dou's painstaking workmanship deteriorates into minuteness, but Metsu's style is exquisite without being cold; his touch is a loving one, but never lacking in force and piquancy. . . . It is even more difficult to trace any parallel between Ter Borch and Metsu in regard to their manner of painting. Ter Borch's brush-work is soft and mellow; when he reaches an outline or the edge of the light he never comes to an abrupt stop, even in the rendering of his satin stuffs, where the transition from light to shade is in reality sometimes so marked that folds look almost like breaks. Metsu, on the other hand, readily attacks his outlines; he gives each object its own definite place, handles his lights more forcibly, and models in *planes*. Ter Borch's tendency is to make things round; Metsu paints more squarely. If, in order to define more clearly the qualities of these two almost equally great masters, I might be allowed to describe their characteristics by a statement of what those characteristics would be if carried to excess, that is, if they were exaggerated to a fault, I should say that an exaggeration of Ter Borch's manner would be buttery and heavy, while a caricature of Metsu's style would lead to a spotty touch, to that kind of patchwork which is found in some of the works of Greuze. . . .

Gabriel Metsu is one of those painters who have won great names for themselves but about whom little is known. Happy the artist whose story is written in his works alone! Metsu's priceless pictures, true memoirs of his life, tell us of the man himself only what he has wished us to know—in a word, his loftiest feelings, the flower of his thought. . . . It is hardly possible to think of him or to hear him spoken of without picturing him like the heroes of his exquisite little paintings—a cavalier, courteous and gracious, presenting himself in a lady's boudoir with a graceful bow, or addressing in low tones some fair dame whose fingers lightly touch the keys of her harpsichord.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS'

TER BORCH led the way in the fashionable upper-class genre, and Metsu, with something of Ter Borch's elevated spirit, adopted the same subject, though he occasionally went off to paint common folk and market pieces like the rest of the Dutchmen. His liking, however, was for the handsome interior with rich furnishings and courtly people. These he painted with a delicate sensibility of what was true refinement, as opposed to the tawdry flash elegance of the painters who came after him. An aristocratic bearing, a well-bred manner about his people, are slight reminders of the art of Van Dyck, though it is not known that Metsu was ever influenced by the Fleming. It was probably his natural inclination of mind, for we feel the same refinement not only in his subjects, but in his manner of handling them.

In composition he had not Ter Borch's simplicity. He could not see truths so plainly, nor tell them so easily; and he was not so successful in making a picture out of a chair, a table, and a figure as Ter Borch. He was more elaborate in every way, without wearying one by catching at many details. His costume was more fanciful, his still-life more frequent, his furnishings—rugs, curtains, windows, pictures on the wall—were more ornate. But there was moderation in all this, and the picture was never loaded with more material than it could gracefully carry. In its arrangement he was fond of symmetry, and was, at times, a little formal in his repetitions of objects. . . .

In drawing, Metsu was thoroughly trained, and knew how to give the use and meaning of such a thing as a hand as positively as any of his contemporaries. He was particularly strong in his characterization by movements, actions, gestures—something he may have gotten from Rembrandt, though he applied it in his own way to his own people. The inclinations of the heads in the picture 'An Officer and a Young Lady' [see plate I] are expressive to the last degree. The attitude of the officer, the bend forward of the figure, the pose of the legs, the hand holding the hat, all have direct meanings. And then look at the shy interest of the boy! How characteristic the turn of the head, the movement of the figure! In light Metsu followed Rembrandt's method at a distance, illuminating by spots here and there, but not sacrificing the intermediate notes of color as did Rembrandt. He was a stickler for values (though he never heard the word), and could give the exact light or dark of a tone with as much accuracy as Ter Borch. The *enveloppe*—the atmospheric setting of a picture—he studied out with rare knowledge, and he was seldom, if ever, faulty in giving the truth of aërial perspective. His color was made up of broken tones delicately blended, with the same silvery quality to be seen in Ter Borch's work, though he was not so harmonious or deep in quality as the man he followed. . . .

Metsu hardly belongs among the leaders of Dutch painters, and yet it would be unjust to say that he was a second-rate man. He was too good a painter to be classed among the miscellaneous followers of a popular movement. He was not, however, marked by any distinguishing excellence that would place him on a plane with men like Ter Borch. He was in Holland much like Lorenzo Lotto in Venice—not a painter of the highest rank, but one of charm, and one whose works are entitled to much consideration and respect for their sensitive individuality.

SIR JOSEPH A. CROWE 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA'

WHAT Metsu undertook and carried out from the first with surprising success was the low life of the market and tavern, contrasted with wonderful versatility by incidents of high life and the drawing-room. In each of these spheres he combined humor with expression, a keen appreciation of nature with feeling, and breadth with delicacy of touch, unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. In no single instance do the lessons of Rembrandt appear to have been lost upon him. . . . A group in a drawing-room, a series of groups in the market-place, a single figure in the gloom of a tavern or parlor, was treated with the utmost felicity by fit concentration and gradation of light; a warm flush of tone pervaded every part, and, with that, the study of texture in stuffs was carried as far as it had been by Ter Borch or Dou, if not with the finish and *brio* of De Hooch.

Metsu's pictures are all in such admirable keeping, and so warm and harmonious in his middle, or so cool and harmonious in his closing, time, that they always make a pleasing impression. They are more subtle in modulation than Dou's, more spirited and forcible in touch than Ter Borch's, and if Ter Borch may of right claim to have first painted the true satin robe, he never painted it more softly or with more judgment as to color than Metsu.

FREDERICK WEDMORE 'THE MASTERS OF GENRE-PAINTING'

AT first sight, or at a slight acquaintance, Metsu's work is not easily separated from Ter Borch's, and in genre-painting, and especially in the painting of home scenes, the difference between the two masters is never, even at the last, a very wide one. But the observer does not take long to see that the touch and execution of the one are not often those of the other—that Metsu reached habitually a facility and freedom which were Ter Borch's only now and again. And the observer whose vision is not confined to variations or likenesses of handling and technical treatment perceives that Metsu's world, if sometimes less exalted, was at least a larger world than that of his early rival. In profound and equal comprehension of that larger world, Metsu himself came to be distanced by Jan Steen, the most brilliant humorist, the most biting satirist, the shrewdest and yet most genial chronicler of the unveiled moments of men. But while the dramatic sympathies of Ter Borch were true, those of Metsu were already more than true—they were wide. It is plain indeed that Metsu's imagination had no grasp of the sacred themes with which he was pleased now and then to occupy himself. But he was not at fault when, like Ter Borch, he painted the good society of Holland, nor was he at fault when he went into the market-place and caught such humors of the crowd as the lower painters reveled in. Meeting Ter Borch on the common ground of home scenes of gentle life, Metsu but rarely followed him in the practice of portraiture; but he passed beyond Ter Borch by the wider range which he gave to his comedy of the interior; he ventured, here and there, on suggestions which the more courtly and exalted artist discreetly suppressed. And in the heartiness with which, at need, he depicted the pleasures of rustic and boor Metsu allied himself with artists with whom the mass of his work would never prompt us to associate him.

Moreover, there was connected with his freedom and facility of touch, the possession by Metsu, in larger measure than any of his brethren, of a skill invaluable to the genre-painter. He had at his command the full control of a source of expression which he was among the very first to comprehend. He was the master of the gesture of the hand. He had studied a thousand of its actions, and he distinguished each one of them from all the others. But of course there cannot be claimed for Metsu, even in this matter of fine and delicate control of the hand's movements, a virtue which his comrades did not share. Without some measure of it much of the charm of Dutch genre-painting would be gone. To possess it, in some measure, is a note of the school. Ter Borch and Jan Steen had it richly, but it was preëminently Metsu's. There is hardly a picture of his in which the possession of it is not indicated in a touch decisive and certain, and in which it does not give strength and delicate reality to the idea of the absorbed occupation. Here perhaps the fingers are tuning a violin, as in 'The Duet' of the National Gallery—the very eyes almost closed, the better to listen to the daintiest differences of sound; the senses shrunk and concentrated, as it were, upon those two only, of exquisite hearing and exquisite touch, the head and hand of the musician, marvels of accurate and sensitive gesture. Or there, as in 'The Music Lesson,' the fingers are falling, light and soft, in due succession, upon the keys of the spinet; or they are holding the drinking-glass by the bottom with small firm localized pressure, as in the picture at the Louvre.

The variety of Metsu is seen in Paris; his perfection, even better in London.

In Paris, at the Louvre, there is his greatest outdoor scene of humble life, 'The Vegetable Market at Amsterdam'; there is there the sacred piece in which he has failed—the piece that one wonders he ever painted—and there is there, too, one of his happiest and most expressive interiors,—the picture of the lady and the officer. . . . 'The Vegetable Market' is in subject an exception in Gabriel Metsu's work. With its free artistic rendering of tent and tree instead of curtain and wall, with its vivid touches of the bargain-making nature, with its laughter of boorish lovers at their roughish horse-play, it has no claim to be typical. It is on the very end and edge of the domain of Metsu. We see him more nobly and more truly in London, in either of the exquisite examples of his work in the National Gallery, and in the one masterpiece of his, so wholly admirable and wholly faultless, which is in the possession of the Crown [see plate III]. To know these three, and to know them intimately, is to have drawn from Metsu the pleasure he is capable of giving: so full are they, in their due degree, of his most delicate conception, and of his most expressive design, and of the richest and the most harmonious of his hues.

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG 'THE PORTFOLIO' 1904

GABRIEL METSU, the most consummate of all the Dutchmen, the man in whom the greatest number of subtle beauties met and mingled in the most delicate proportions, is one of those rare artists in whom a sense of form is an imperious instinct. His pictures vary ingeniously in general aspect, for he never became stereotyped. His execution progressed steadily from the beginning to the end, from the somewhat metallic tightness of his early years to the unrivaled combination of breadth with subtlety, of manipulative with creative elements, which marks his final style. But his manifest delight in execution did not make him forget design. From first to last his pictures are organic things. One line implies another; one mass answers to another. There is a pervading rhythm to be enjoyed in their depth as well as their superficies.

Sir Frederic Burton says of him: "His compositions are faultless in arrangement and in balance of parts. In respect of chiaroscuro, if that term be applied, as it often is with us, not merely to the arrangement of light, shadow and reflex, but to that of lights and darks generally in their mutual relations and values as local colors, Metsu was a master of the first order." . . .

He was excelled in this or that direction by others. He could not paint light with De Hooch or Vermeer, or movement with Jan Steen; his sense of life was less vivid than Vermeer's, of refinement less complete than Ter Borch's. But putting all these qualities together and supplementing them with the further test which lies in unity, he was equal to the best; while in the fine and rare quality of an expressive but strictly controlled handling he was the master of them all. . . .

Art, they say, is nature seen through a temperament. Well, with Vermeer and De Hooch the temperament seems absolutely transparent. The nature seen through it is as vivid and brilliant as the real thing; the temperament works only to arrange and marshal, not to modify or depress. With Metsu it is not so. He does not venture to look the sun quite in the face. As he recreates nature for our pleasure, he watches her through a smoked glass, through a temperament which prepares for unity by control. But if he never rises to the height touched now and then by the two great masters of Delft, he seldom sinks below his own level, so that of all the artists of Holland — never failing, of course, to exclude Rembrandt — he is the most consistently himself.

The Works of Metsu

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'AN OFFICER AND A YOUNG LADY' PLATE I

THIS celebrated picture in the Louvre is full of Metsu's most delicate qualities. It is, indeed, one of his best renderings of those little "conversation pictures" in which he excelled. In Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné' it is called 'The Morning Visit;' Charles Blanc suggests 'The Gallant Officer' as a more suitable title than the one under which it is listed in the official catalogue of the Louvre—'Un militaire recevant une jeune dame.' "So far from being the host," writes Blanc, "the officer seems to me to be the visitor. Upon entering the room he has placed his cane and fur gloves on a chair covered with blue velvet, but still holds his plumed hat in one hand, having just bowed low to his hostess, who, about to drink a glass of liqueur, apparently invites him to do the same. A spaniel, ears pricked up and nose thrust forward, sniffs at the officer, on whom the little page (in blue dress), bearing a lemon on a silver tray, also casts a scrutinizing glance. The officer, with his great top-boots and costume of the time of Louis XIII., wears over his cuirass a shoulder-belt richly embossed with gold. His attire, his distinguished bearing, his courteous and deferential attitude, all proclaim him to be a gentleman. As to its technical qualities, this painting may be said to be the last word in art. The workmanship is as delicate as the conception; the colors are varied and brilliant. The lady is dressed in black velvet and white satin, the officer's embroidered trappings and the rich Eastern table-cover present a striking scheme of color, but all is harmonized by a glazing, beautiful and transparent. A golden tone envelops and warms the whole picture—truly one of the gems of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century."

"The composition," writes Mr. Timothy Cole, "is quite faultless in the arrangement and balance of its parts. To consider well the disposition of the several objects in their relation to one another is an instructive study. There is nothing superfluous or wanting, and everything is adjusted with the nicest taste and judgment. Notice, for instance, how the glove upon the floor and the walking-stick above it offset the dog upon the opposite side. In the lighting of the figure of the woman, how the strong juxtaposition of the white kerchief about the head and shoulders with the black velvet bodice of the dress makes the background swim! Unfortunately the picture has been dimmed a little by time, though the beauty and refinement of its coloring and the delicacy of its workmanship are still a delight."

The panel measures two feet two inches high by one foot and a half wide.

'THE LETTER-WRITER' PLATE II

THERE is but one opinion in regard to this picture, which all unite in praising as one of Metsu's most beautiful works. Sir Walter Armstrong says of it: "'The Letter-writer' shows all Metsu's artistry at its best. The design is perfect. It begins by founding itself on the probabilities, so that untutored eyes may easily suppose veracity to be its only aim. There is a touch more of eloquence in the pose than the act of writing leads to, otherwise the rare art of concealing the most elaborate art cannot show a more consummate achievement."

The young man seated at a table covered with a rich Turkish cloth is dressed in black. A silver inkstand and wafer-stamp are on the table; a picture of cattle in a carved frame hangs against the light wall; the flooring is of black and white marble. The room is brightly lighted by the open casement window. It has been said, but with what degree of truth cannot be asserted, that Metsu has here given us a portrait of Paul Potter, and that the cattle picture on the wall was introduced out of compliment to the great painter of such subjects.

This little picture was formerly in the Hope Collection at Deepdene, England, but is now the property of Mr. Alfred Beit, London. It measures one foot nine and a half inches high by one foot four and a half inches wide.

'THE VIOLONCELLO PLAYER' PLATE III

"IN this picture," writes Frederick Wedmore, "Metsu takes us to a shadowed room into which there descend the few steps of a richly banistered staircase leading straight from a corridor, which, by means of arches at the side, communicates with the room itself and serves as a gallery for it. The architectural lines here, as often in the better Dutch dwellings, are with their dignity just sufficiently intricate to engage the eye curiously with a sense of undiscovered space and some agreeable outlet guessed at beyond, the effect still being simple and the space not too large for coziness and quietude. Near the foot of the stairs, at that end of the room, and in a little uncertain shadow cast by gallery or steps, sits, in front of the now silent spinet, a gentleman playing on the violoncello. Behind and above him, in the gallery, or corridor, there leans another man of gentle birth and breeding, entranced with the music; and on the staircase—her thought of the music, too, arresting her, stopping her action half-way down on the descent—stands a lady with music-score in her hand. A spaniel—the favorite and petted companion—is at the foot of the stair. That is the composition; but how convey the sense of its restful unity of sentiment, its charm for mind and eye? For color, there is the red-stockinged musician by the side of the brown-red instrument he plays upon; and golden browns of many shades predominate, cooled a little with occasional passages of gray, and harmonized by the creamy red of the lady's bodice and the yellow-white—almost a candle-light white—of her satin skirt, so beautiful in fold and sheen and glow."

The picture is in Buckingham Palace, London. It is on canvas and measures two feet one inch high by a little over a foot and a half wide.

'AN OLD WOMAN SELLING FISH' PLATE IV

THIS picture, probably a work of Metsu's middle period, represents a subject which he painted many times, though always with marked variations. In front of the open doorway of a humble dwelling is seated an old woman selling fish. The artist has portrayed her at the moment when she is about to receive in her outstretched hand a piece of money from a young girl who has purchased a herring.

The composition of this little picture is beyond praise; it is simple, well planned, and of convincing unity. There is no loading of unnecessary details; the few accessories introduced—the improvised table of a board supported by a barrel on which rests the shallow pail of fish, the onions lying on a white cloth, and the vegetables with their long green leaves on the left—all contribute towards the completion of this picture of humble life.

The painting measures about a foot and a half high by one foot three inches wide and is now in the Wallace Collection, Hertford House, London.

'THE INTRUDER' PLATE V

IN the catalogue of the collection of pictures belonging to the Earl of Northbrook, Mr. W. H. James Weale describes this picture as follows: "The interior of a bed-chamber hung with gilt leather in which two ladies dressing are surprised by a young gentleman whom their maid is trying to hold back. One of the ladies, wearing a green velvet jacket embroidered with ermine, is sitting by the side of a table to the left with a comb in her hand, laughing. The other (in a white satin skirt and red bodice) stands by the side of the bed from which she has apparently just risen, and looks offended. On a chair to the right hangs an embroidered scarlet cloak trimmed with ermine. On the left is a brown spaniel, and on the right, on the ground, a jug and a candlestick."

"This picture," writes Smith in his 'Catalogue Raisonné,' "may with propriety be styled a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master. The beauty of the composition, the elegance of the drawing, the delightful effect which pervades it, together with the color and the accomplished execution, fully entitle it to this appellation." Dr. Waagen is equally high in its praise. "The animation of the scene," he writes, "the sustained execution, the delicacy of aërial perspective, and the warm and transparent coloring show it to be one of Metsu's masterpieces of his best middle period."

The picture, which is signed on the woodwork of the bedstead, is painted on an oak panel. It measures two feet two inches high by nearly two feet wide.

'THE VEGETABLE MARKET AT AMSTERDAM' PLATE VI

'THE Vegetable Market at Amsterdam,' "Metsu's greatest outdoor scene of humble life," Mr. Frederick Wedmore calls it, represents a scene on the borders of one of the canals of that city. Beneath the shade of a spreading tree is a group of peasants engaged in buying and selling their goods. At the left, a portly woman sitting on the handle of a wheelbarrow of vegetables indignantly refutes the angry accusations of another woman, who, with arms akimbo, is "giving her a piece of her mind." In the center a young man in red addresses some words of gallantry to a girl dressed in yellow, with a white kerchief and apron, who half turns to listen to his words as she walks along with her copper pail slung over her arm. An additional touch of animation is given to the scene by the dog barking at the bright plumaged cock perched on a wicker cage. Farther back other men and women are seen absorbed in buying and selling, and, as a background to this picture of one of Holland's characteristic scenes, is the quiet canal on which a clumsy sailboat slowly makes its way. On the opposite bank is a row of red brick houses.

Notwithstanding the great reputation of this picture, formerly regarded as the artist's masterpiece, and so spoken of in bygone handbooks, it cannot be justly ranked as one of his finest achievements; many of his less ambitious works exceed it in delicacy of technique and restrained and expressive handling. It is one of Metsu's largest compositions. The canvas measures a little more than three feet high by two feet eight and a half inches wide. It is now in the Louvre, Paris.

'PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN' PLATE VII

THIS picture is one of the few life-sized portraits which Metsu painted, and is said to be a likeness of his mother. Formerly in the Suermondt Collection at Aix-la-Chapelle, it is now in the Berlin Gallery. Woltmann speaks in high praise of the simplicity of its treatment, of its strong coloring, and calls attention to the fact that there is nothing in the large rendering to suggest that the artist was accustomed to working on a small scale. Waagen says that in every respect, conception, form, and color, "it is as masterly as if portraits of this kind had been the artist's habitual sphere."

The background is dark, the dress of the woman black, her kerchief is white, and beneath her black hood, enframing her strongly marked and finely modeled face, is a close-fitting muslin cap.

'AN OLD TOPER' AND 'AN OLD WOMAN READING' PLATE VIII

THESE two pictures in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, are very characteristic examples of Metsu's art. The 'Old Toper' (a panel measuring nine inches high by eight inches wide) is painted with great care and admirable characterization. "The personage represented," writes Bürger, "has long gray hair and a short gray beard. His face wears a blissful expression as, leaning his arm on a cask of beer, he holds his pipe in one hand and in the other a pewter mug which he rests upon his knee. . . . He is dressed in a warm gray coat and a fine red cap trimmed with brown fur. His every want is supplied; he is perfectly content. Above the barrel, hanging on nails against the wall, are a stone jug and a slate. The rest of the background is of a neutral color—a delicate harmony of pearl-gray."

The other picture reproduced in plate VIII, 'An Old Woman Reading,' was acquired by the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, in 1880. Dr. Bredius considers it one of Metsu's most remarkable works—"the masterpiece among his pictures of a single figure." "With what consummate art," he says, "the head and hands of this old woman, probably the painter's mother, are modeled! what truth of expression in the venerable face! It is certainly one of Metsu's last works; one of those in which Rembrandt's influence is most apparent."

The panel measures about eleven inches high by eight and a half inches wide.

'THE DUET' PLATE IX

IN a simply furnished room a lady dressed in a scarlet waist and dull red silk skirt is seated at a table covered with a Turkish cloth, on which a bass viol is lying. She holds a sheet of music in her hand, apparently in readiness to accompany with her voice the gentleman who stands behind the table tuning his violin. At the left is a window hung with green curtains, and at the lady's side is a pet spaniel—an accessory rarely lacking in Metsu's works. The predominating hue of this picture, formerly in Sir Robert Peel's collection, but now in the National Gallery, London, is red—red in varying shades—a color for which Metsu, like many of the Dutchmen, had an especial fondness, and which, in its more vivid tones, he liked to surround with the brownish red of furniture or the dark reds of thick fabrics.

"Metsu's handling," writes Sir Walter Armstrong, "is to be seen at its best in the red Peel picture. Here we find surfaces modeled, textures and solidities indicated, in a broad, decisive, and yet subtle touch which can be compared to nothing more apt than the march of the sculptor's thumb over the clay."

'The Duet' measures one foot five inches high by one foot three inches wide.

'THE FAMILY OF THE MERCHANT GEELVINK' PLATE X

IN the picture here reproduced we have an admirable example of Metsu's skill in portraiture. The handling is delicate, the scale of color fine, and in the painting of the heads there is great refinement and individuality. The apartment into which we are introduced is stately, its rich appointments indicating that its proprietor is a man of means. Such, indeed, is the appearance of the merchant Geelvink, as, seated on the left dressed in a suit of black, we see him surrounded by his family. On the right is his wife, attired in a peach-colored gown, holding on the table before her one of the youngest of the children, whom she is amusing with a rattle. Behind this group stands the nurse, with the baby in her arms; and in front, seated on the floor, is the oldest girl, playing with a spaniel. At the left of the picture another child, a boy, has just entered through an open door. He is dressed in the costume of the period, and holds in one hand his broad-brimmed hat decked with feathers, while on the forefinger of the other hand is perched a gaily plumed parrot. Near him on the floor are playing a cat and a dog.

The painting is on canvas and measures nearly two and a half feet high by a little more than that in width. It formerly belonged to a member of the Tschiffeli family in Berne, Switzerland, who was engaged in business in Holland and married the eldest of the merchant Geelvink's daughters—the one who in the picture is represented playing with a spaniel. Removing later to Berne, the Tschiffelis took with them this picture, which had passed into the eldest daughter's possession. In 1832 it was acquired by the Berlin Gallery, where it now hangs.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY METSU WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. Budapest Gallery: A Man and a Lady—Prague, Rudolphinum: A Woman selling Fish—Vienna, Imperial Gallery: The Lace-maker—Vienna, Czernin Gallery: A Smoker—BELGIUM. Antwerp, Kums Museum: Metsu and his Wife—Brussels, Museum: The Luncheon Party—Brussels, Arenberg Palace: The Love-letter—ENGLAND. London, National Gallery: The Duet (Plate ix); The Music Lesson; The Drowsy Landlady—London, Bridgewater House, Collection of the Earl of Ellesmere: The Fish-wife; A Lady caressing her Lap-dog; The Stirrup-cup—London, Buckingham Palace: The Violoncello Player (Plate iii); Portrait of Metsu (see page 232); A Lady with a Wine-glass—London, Collection of Mr. Alfred Beit: The Letter-writer (Plate ii); Reading the Letter—London, Earl of Northbrook's Collection: The Intruder (Plate v); Portrait of Metsu; A Child Asleep—London, Wallace Collection: The Sleeping Sportsman; An Old Woman selling Fish (Plate iv); The Letter-writer Surprised; An Old Woman Asleep; A Woman at her Toilet—FRANCE. Montpellier, Museum: The Writer; Woman selling Fish—Paris, Louvre: The Vegetable Market at Amsterdam (Plate vi); An Officer and a Young Lady (Plate i); The Music Lesson; The Chemist; A Dutch Woman; A Dutch Cook; Portrait of Admiral van Tromp; The Woman taken in Adultery—GERMANY. Berlin Gallery: Portrait of an Old Woman (Plate vii); The Family of the Merchant Geelvink (Plate x); The Cook—Brunswick Gallery: A Dutch Woman—Cassel Gallery: The Poultry Seller; A Young Woman giving Alms; A Young Woman playing a Lute—Dresden, Royal Gallery: A Man and his Wife at Breakfast; A Poultry Seller; An Old Woman buying Poultry; The Game Seller and the Cook; A Man Smoking; The Lace-maker—Munich Gallery: A Cook with a Fowl; Twelfth-night—HOLLAND, Amsterdam, Ryks Museum: The Breakfast; An Old Toper (see Plate viii); An Old Woman Reading (see Plate viii); The Sportsman's Gift—Amsterdam, Six Collection: Woman selling Herrings—The Hague, Gallery: The Hunter; The Amateur Musicians; Justice protecting the Widow and Orphan—The Hague, Steengracht Collection: The Sick Child—The Hague, Collection of M. Victor de Stuers: A Toper—Rotterdam, Museum: A Priest in his Study—ITALY. Florence, Uffizi Gallery: A Lady and a Sportsman—RUSSIA. St. Petersburg, Hermitage Gallery: The Sick Woman; The Concert; The Breakfast of Oysters; The Prodigal Son; The Repast—SPAIN. Madrid, The Prado: A Fowl—SWEDEN. Stockholm, National Museum: Scene in a Blacksmith's Shop; The Card-party—UNITED STATES. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts: The Usurer—New York, Metropolitan Museum: The Music Lesson.

Metsu Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS DEALING WITH METSU

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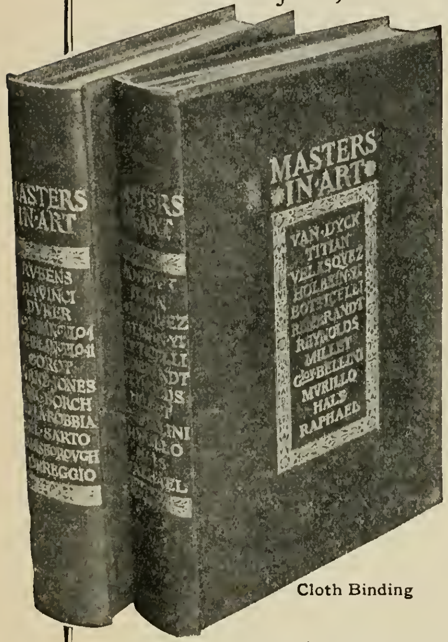

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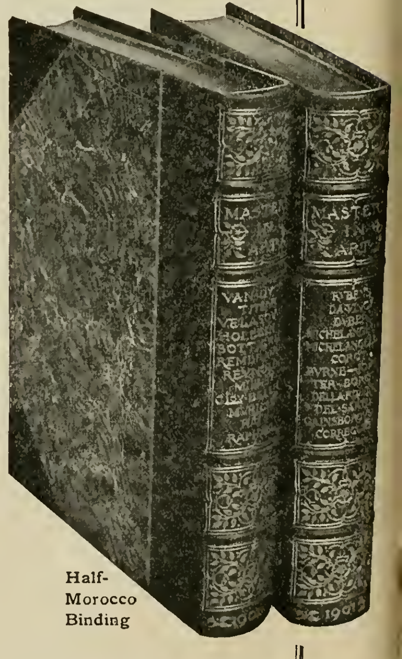

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