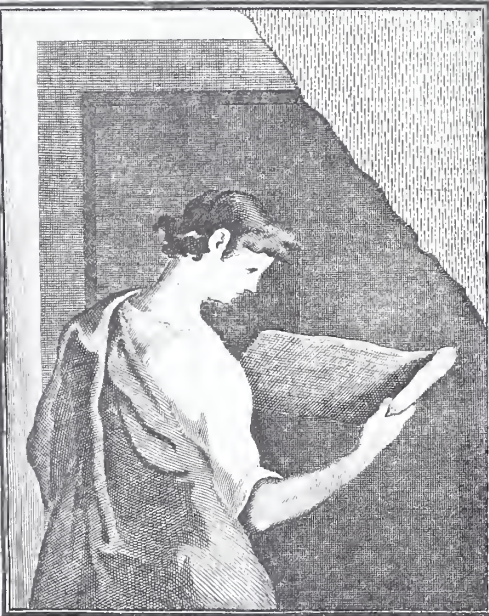




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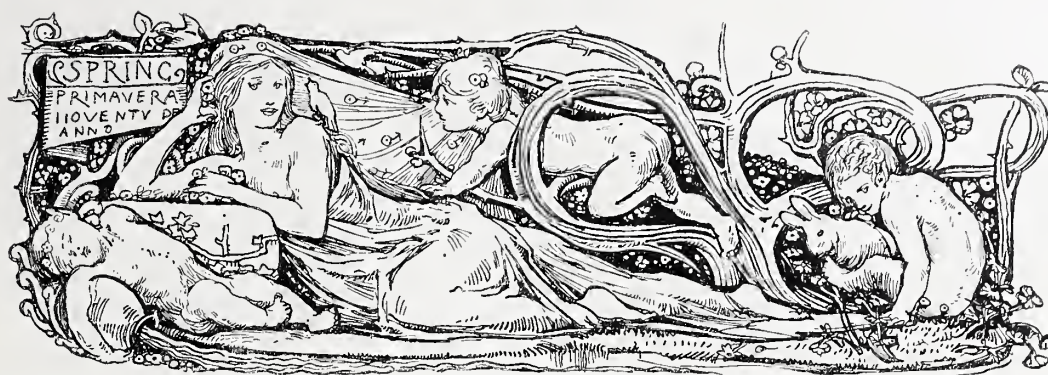
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# THE MAGAZINE OF ART.



STUDY FOR CLASSICAL COMPOSITION: AMPHION.

(By Edward Calvert.)

## DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE policy which aims at making the collections of the British Museum more acceptable to the general public, and therefore more educational, should have the sympathy of all the readers of a Magazine such as this. From the point of view of the "serious student" it has its drawbacks. Things can be more thoroughly examined when he has them to himself. Their lives, too, may be longer when they live in a portfolio than when they are exposed in *vitrine*. But there is no resisting the conviction that in these days of ours a great museum has not only to be useful, it has also to display its utility, if it is to avoid attack and to profit by such opportunities as fortune affords. The British Museum is an infinitely more amusing place to visit than it was twenty years ago, and amusement is the crook with which education lays hold of its subject. The main factor in this happy change has been the erection of the "White Wing," with the elbow room it has given to the organising faculty of Mr. Sidney Colvin. The "Print Room" is now a really fine series of apartments, including studies for the

officials, ample stores, a fine students' room, and the large exhibition gallery in which, at the present moment, a collection of more than five hundred drawings by masters of all the schools is to be seen by anyone who chooses to walk in out of the street. Drawings are ticklish things to show; with them it is fatally easy to make a depressing exhibition. Who that knows the Louvre has not felt languor steal upon him before he has looked at a dozen of the fine things, arrayed in those rooms at the head of the *Escalier des maréchaux*? It requires an eye for colour, a keen sense of proportion, and a quick perception of how light behaves to make such a gathering attractive. Three or four fine rooms, with fine things in frames set round them like bricks in a wall, and a partial light may crush in a few minutes the hope of æsthetic enjoyment with which we enter them, while hours may be spent like minutes in a less stately interior in which the elements work towards harmony. Such an interior is the exhibition room attached to the Department of Prints and Drawings at Bloomsbury.



JOHN MATLAND, DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

*(From the Sketch by Sir Peter Lely.)*

The collection with which it is now filled consists for the most part of drawings bought during Mr. Colvin's keepership—*i.e.*, during the last eight years. It covers the ground, more or less completely, from the revival of art to the present day. The earliest things date from about the end of the fourteenth century: the latest are a series of ten drawings by Charles Keene, who was with us but yesterday.

The examples by early Venetians with which the series opens are mainly of value as specimens of a school not rich in drawings. The best is a "Pope Alexander III. Presenting a Sword to the Doge Sebastiano Ziani," by Gentile Bellini. It is a study for one of the pictures destroyed in the fire of 1577, which consumed part of the Doge's palace. The drawing was known to Rembrandt, who perhaps owned it, and certainly made the copy now in the Albertina, at Vienna.

The British Museum possesses four drawings by Andrea Mantegna, a number unequalled elsewhere, and two are included in the exhibition, a "Virgin and Child" and a study for a "Dead Christ." In some ways the spirit of Mantegna's art

is farther removed from that of Venice than even the most purely intellectual achievements of the Florentine painters. In these drawings, however, we can recognise the master from whom Bellini drew his first inspiration. The method is dry, but the result is warm with passion. The later Venetians are practically unrepresented. Two examples of Carpaccio and two of Domenico Campagnola are all that Mr. Colvin has put out.

Vastly more important is the series of drawings attributed to Maso and Finiguerra, the goldsmith, engraver, and draughtsman, who was so long credited with the invention of engraving. The series belongs to a drawing-book bought about three years ago. It was discovered in Florence in 1840 or thereabouts, and passed through various German collections on its way to Mr. Ruskin, from whom the Museum acquired it. For its ascription to Maso, Mr. Colvin is responsible, but the reasons he gives seem good. They may be thus condensed. Finiguerra left a large number of



STUDY OF HEADS.

*(By Antoine Watteau.)*



drawings, if we may credit Vasari, Baldinacci, and others, which were executed "all' aquarello"—"washed drawings," we might call them—and bore a resemblance to the work of Masaccio. The only things of the sort which are known are some drawings in the Uffizi, which have been identified as the work of Maso. They are clearly by the same hand as the series under discussion. Finiguerra was the close associate of Antonio Pollajuolo; and the Museum drawings are certainly by some-

one strongly influenced by that master. Finiguerra is said by Vasari and Baldinacci to have invented copperplate engraving; a certain group of very early Florentine prints, especially a series of prophets, is so entirely at one with these drawings in crucial points of style and treatment, that all must be by



NEAR ASHBURNHAM, SUSSEX.

(From the Sketch by S. W. Reynolds.)

the same hand, while other engravings by the same *bottega* reproduce motives from this very series. Finiguerra was the author of certain panels in the Sacristy of the Duomo at Florence, which show peculiarities of style and ornament also to be found in these drawings. Mr. Colvin notes finally the

essential difference between the drawings and the famous *par* at Florence so long ascribed to Finiguerra, but only to remind us that criticism has shown the connection between that Niello and Finiguerra to be almost certainly apocryphal. Lastly, I may make an observation of my own, namely, that between the drawings and a certain picture added some years ago to the National Gallery the affinity seems to be very close. I allude to the small panel on which some early Florentine has painted a combat *à outrance*



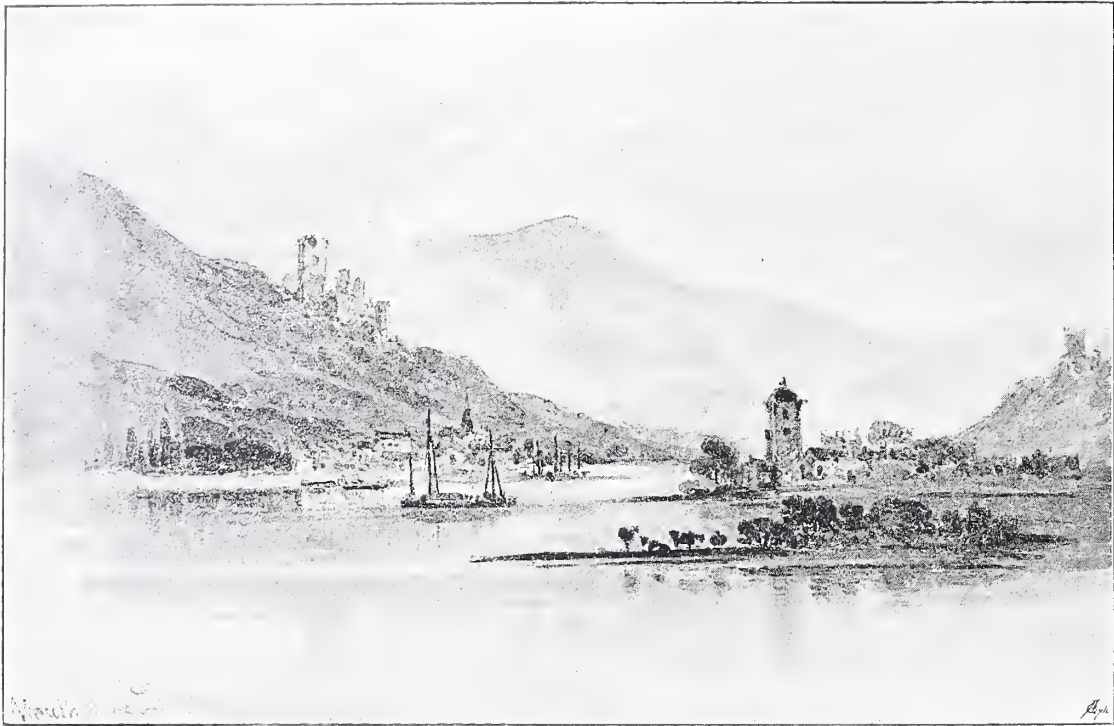
STOKE-BY-NAYLAND, SUFFOLK.

(From the Drawing by J. Constable, R.A.)



between "Love and Charity." Sir Frederick Burton has been content to ascribe it generally to the Tuscan school. The Turin Gallery has a companion picture, in which "Charity" is shown on a triumphal car drawn by unicorns, with Love sitting bound before her. To me it seems extremely probable that these pictures and the Museum drawings are all by the same hand. If that hand be Finiguerra's, the Pollajuolo-like appearance of the

Hans Hoffmann. Similar things figure in many collections as studies by Dürer. This one is signed with a monogram and dated 1583. The early French school is hinted at rather than represented by one of the miniatures from the famous *Horæ*, painted by Jean Fouquet for Etienne Chevalier; and by a selection from the remarkable series of drawings by Jacques Androuet du Cerceau which came to the Museum with the Library of George III. These



MOUTH OF THE LAHN.

(From the Drawing by Paul Steubly Munn.)

painting is explained. Of the other Italian drawings the more important are "A Girl's Head," by Domenico Ghirlandajo; a study of "Virgin and Child with a Kitten," by Leonardo; a sketch for a Madonna, by Cosimo Tura; examples of Timoteo Viti and of Luca Signorelli; and a series of designs by Michel Angelo, one of them, a study for the Resurrection, the gift of Mr. Henry Vaughan.

The Flemish section includes the famous drawing of a Magdalen, in the manner of Roger Van der Weyden, and two silver points from the Fontaine collection. The early Dutchmen are represented by a Lucas Van Leyden, and their rivals in Germany by, among other things, a curious drawing of a girl fanning a fire with a bird's wing, signed with the monogram of Martin Schongauer and dated 1469. Dürer is here in a fine portrait dated 1521, and in one of Henry VIII's envoy, Henry Parker, Lord Morley; and in connection with the great Albert the visitor should examine No. 60—a dead bird hanging on a nail, by

belong to the set of drawings made by Androuet for *les plus excellens bâtimens de la France*. With the rest of the series they were folded and bound into a volume which dwelt in the king's library. It was only a short time ago that their value was recognised and their removal to the Print Room sanctioned.

The Italian schools of painting in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, uninteresting as they are, do not sink so low as the drawings of the same periods, and this is curious, for it is mainly in colour that the pictures offend. One would have thought that when nothing but line was in question, defects might have been hidden. But the want of sincerity, the substitution of affectation for grace, and of an empty facility for true command, which marks the time, make it impossible to get any true enjoyment out of such work. Mr. Colvin has been well advised in confining its illustration to the work of a few true artists like Canale, Guardi, and the Tiepolos.



MRS. DOWNMAN.

(From the Drawing by John Downman, A.R.A.)

The Flemings and Dutchmen of the great century are well represented in the Museum collection as a whole, but in this display of new acquisitions they do not count for very much. A few drawings by Rubens and Vandyck are characteristic rather than important. A very fine half-length portrait of a young man, ascribed to Franz Hals, is probably the work of one of his followers. Drawings by Hals are very rare, perhaps non-existent, and there are qualities in this which prevent our seeing in it an exception to the rule. Rembrandt, on the other hand, was one of the most prolific of draughtsmen, and the Museum is rich in his work. The most notable of the specimens here shown is the study of an elephant. It shows the master in a somewhat unusual light as a student of texture. But perhaps I should not say this, for the texture which in man corresponds to that of a pachyderm's hide is rendered unapproachable by him. Rembrandt's pupil, Lambert Doomer, a land-

scape-painter who owes such fame as he enjoys to the portrait his master painted of him rather than to his own rare productions, is present in two excellent drawings. Albert Cuypp's earliest manner may be studied in a drawing which recalls Van Goyen, and his very clever imitator, Van Stry, in a pair of drawings which show him at his best.

In an English collection it is only fair that English work should be treated with generosity, and by far the largest section is devoted to our native artists. The general standard here, of course, is not so high as in the other schools, but the best of the English drawings hold their own with any in the room. It would be difficult—it would perhaps be impossible—to equal the Constable series without again turning to Constable. In their own way Thomas Girtin, George Morland, Thomas Rowlandson, Samuel Prout, Bonington, Peter Dewint,



SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

(From the Sketch by John Jackson, R.A.)





ABBEVILLE. LOOKING TOWARDS THE CATHEDRAL.

(From the Drawing by S. Prout.)

Alfred Stevens, and Charles Keene, are all first-rate, while among the examples of J. F. Lewis, Cruikshank, J. R. Smith, James Downman, and many more, drawings of the greatest charm are to be found. The series begins with Lely, who can scarcely be claimed as an Englishman. English or not, however, Lely was the real father of our school. It was upon his selection from Van-dyck, rather than the work of that master himself, that the English methods of the eighteenth century were founded. The loose but sufficient drawing of Lely, his juicy colour, and his easily won grace, were echoed in English art for a hundred years. Would Walker's sound technique had found equal favour! Lely could draw finely when he chose; this you may see by looking at his head of Lauderdale (p. 2). He may be said, too, to have set the fashion in this country of collecting drawings. In many ways Hogarth and Lely were at the opposite poles of art; in others they stood side by side. I know portraits by Lely—the Buckingham of the National Portrait Gallery

is one—which might almost be taken for Hogarth's were it not for details of costume, and others by Hogarth—the "Quin" for instance—of which the converse might be said. The chief difference, so far as things like these are concerned, lies in the greater robustness, both of conception and of execution, of the native Briton. Hogarth evokes deeper and paints with more devil than Lely; Lely, at his best, has a finer sense of design, and a warmer sympathy with the sensuous side of art. Unfortunately Lely was only himself now and then; Hogarth was nearly always Hogarth. Three drawings represent him, I mean Hogarth, here. The "Christening of a Child" is the best. The next man to attract us is Gainsborough, whose "Study of a Man Seated" is extremely fine; finer than Gravelot's simultaneous drawing from the same model. Passing on we should pause had we time—which, being interpreted, means "space"—before things labelled Francis Wheatley, J. R. Smith, Paul Sandby Munn, William Blake, David Wilkie, P. Dewint, Samuel Prout, R. P. Bonington, S. W. Reynolds, S. Bough, S. Lucas, George Cruikshank, J. F. Lewis, and



STUDY FOR PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(By Francesco José de Goya Y. Lucientes.)





YOUNG WOMAN WITH LITTLE BOY.

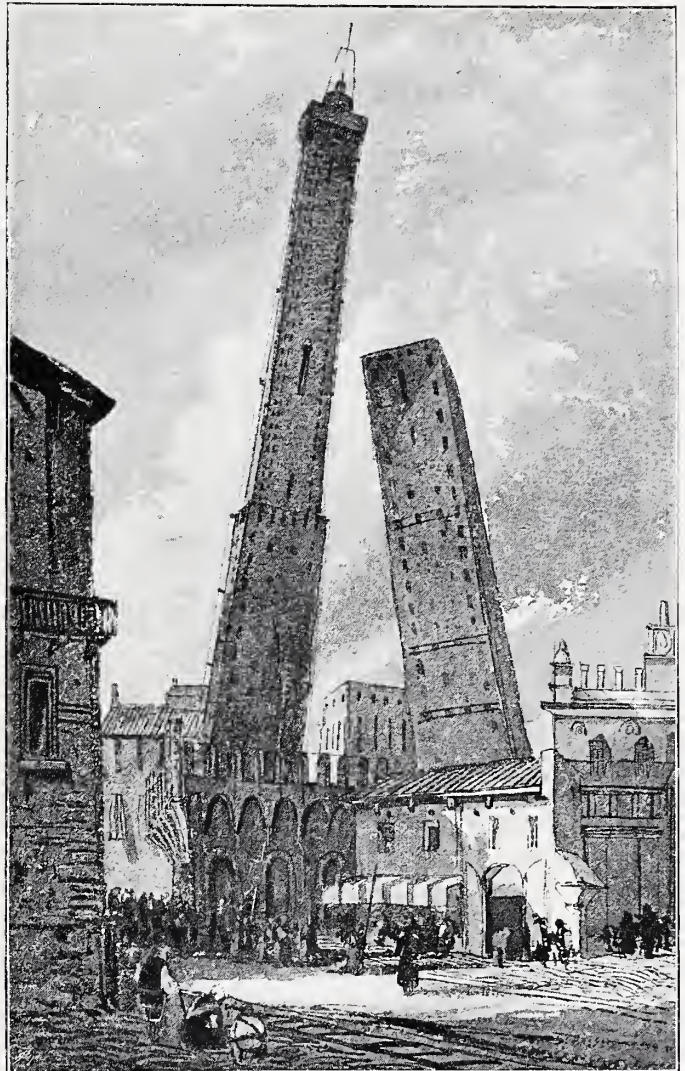
(From the Drawing by J. Ward, R.A.)

of course before the very interesting selection from the superb drawings left by Alfred Stevens, as well as before the series already mentioned of sketches by the greatest of all landscape-painters, as I venture to call John Constable. Nature has denied me the power to admire, *as art*, such productions as those of the late Edward Calvert, but I must find room for a word in praise of Denning's portrait of Michael Bryan, the Lempriere of painting, for whom I feel a sort of filial affection.

Lastly we may pause for a moment before a few examples of the French school. No. 313 is a graceful study from the nude by Ingres. It was used for one of the figures in his picture of "The Golden Age," and shows to perfection the master's fine eye for contour. Nos. 315 to 318 are studies in pencil by Méryon. The three last are fragments of architecture, and show marvellous

precision in the conduct of a very hard and sharp lead pencil. Nos. 320 and 321 are both fine Millets, while from 155 to 166 the numbers belong to Watteau, who is now represented almost as well in the British Museum as he need be. Eight of these drawings were acquired at the James sale last year, seven being bought and one presented by Mr. S. S. Joseph. The Watteau reproduced on p. 2 is good, but must yield in artistic *finesse* to a study from a woman seated on the ground, numbered 158, which is carried out in the hard red chalk he seems to have reserved for his minuter work.

The Japanese collection, which was the first occupant of this room, was of remarkable interest, and when the Print Room makes another acquisition *en bloc*, we must expect, I suppose, to find it submitted here for general approval. Until that happens, the public can be invited to no more fascinating a show than one like this.



THE LEANING TOWERS AT BOLOGNA.

(From the Drawing by R. P. Bonington.)



## ART IN ITS RELATION TO INDUSTRY.

BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.



IN order to define Art in connection with Industry I think it will be best to begin by trying to find out what Art is, and what is Industry.

Art is as yet an unexplained expression of the human mind. Many lofty æsthetic explanations have been given of it, but none has been quite satisfactory to my mind.

Sometime ago I heard a Belgian artist of great repute, M. J. de Vriendt, say in a speech, "The soul of the artist must be the looking-glass in which the beauty of Nature is reflected." I have thought of that beautiful saying ever since; and if I add to it the motto of a dear friend of mine—"As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life"—I begin to see, somehow, much clearer what Art is, and what is its calling in our existence. I know it is all a question of sentiment, and I know also how impossible it is to give an adequate description of a sentiment, so that I will not try to define it more precisely for fear of losing myself altogether.

If now we accept it as an axiom that Art has to awaken in the spectator a higher sense of the beautiful, we come naturally to the origin of all things, to Nature. What do we see done by Nature? If, for example, a building falls to ruins, or a landslip makes an unsightly gash, Nature at once sets to work to make it beautiful again by hiding and covering with plants and flowers what had become an ugly gap or formless mass. In fact, she is for ever adorning everything with beauty, either by colour, light and shade, or sound; and, therefore, she should teach us to be grateful for all beauty and all good. Just as by her softening influences the sharper edges of sad and sorrowful remembrances are lessened, so does Art help us in the same way—he who is in trouble or in pain is always relieved and sustained by the sight of a lovely view, or a beautiful work of art, or by hearing a fine piece of music. My mother, who suffered sadly, being a great invalid for eleven years, and obliged to be carried from the bed to the sofa, and *vice versa*, often said to me, "My boy, if it had not been for the music, I could never have borne all this."

Of course, all this is Art in its highest form; but as

we have not to talk about it in its highest form only, and as there is in Art as in everything else no excellence without different stages, we must not be astonished to find Art represented sometimes in a lesser degree and influence, and it therefore cannot always be, on every occasion and in everything, as preponderant as I have tried to explain before.

Industry—I read it so at least—signifies the production of arts and manufactures, and, as the manufacture is nothing but the execution of a subject given by Art, there must exist between Art and Industry the closest possible tie, and the more these two work hand in hand the better it will be for them both. So we find that by giving the direction of the manufacture of Sèvres into the hands of consummate artists, the porcelain of that factory has obtained the very highest reputation; and we find that when our great Flaxman was the artistic soul of the manufactures of the Wedgwoods they produced ware of such excellence that it is now worth its weight in gold. So long as our Art guides our Industry, we need not fear any competition. Our Chippendale and Sheraton furniture is second to none—but why should I sing our own praises when the facts are familiar to everyone?

Art and Industry are in reality inseparable. It is the greatest error to believe that the ornaments stuck at random on a bridge or a building are architecture, and that the construction is Industry, or that the decoration stamped on a knife-handle is Art, and that the knife is the Industry. The parts that form a whole must be homogeneous, and must be the outcome of one thought or one idea. So it was from the beginning, and so it ought always to be. One of the first things men attempted was the making of tools and weapons. Surely it was Art that discovered the most suitable shapes. The early stone implements show us to what degree even then, in the search for beauty and usefulness, the two were combined. Then came the making of receptacles and utensils. In all these things form was necessary, and was developed at once by means of Art and Industry. In the vessels, perhaps more than in anything else, it is impossible to say where Art stops and Industry begins, and *vice versa*. The pots had to be handled, and so handles were added, or the surface was roughened by means of indentations and of additional forms which made ornaments. And then also marks were put upon them to distinguish the use made of the

different pots and the different contents, which ultimately led to the most elaborate decoration. The most beautiful ever made were the Greek ones, the highest in taste and the purest in form being just as beautiful with or without the paintings on them. These must have been added originally for the reasons I have already mentioned: reasons to which we

most interesting to trace the constructive origin in architectural details. For example, the primitive square pillar, to give more room, became octagonal: then the sharp edges were once more chamfered, and from eight faces they came to sixteen, as we find in the rock-cut tombs of the Twelfth Dynasty at Beni Hassan, in Egypt, and in a part of the



L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

*(From a Portrait by Himself in the Kepplestone Collection.)*

must not forget to add that omnipotent factor in Art throughout all times—I mean Religion, with all its stories and allegories.

Then came the tent, the house, the building, giving the protection required against inclemency of weather, and in many cases against the enemy, and when it was needed affording store-room. This was the beginning of architecture in all its branches, and consequently also, of the industry that goes with it—such as the making of nails, tools, and so forth. Out of construction sprang architectural forms, and it is

ruins of Karnak, built under Thotmes III. This form is generally accepted as the origin of the Doric column. The numerous members of the cornices of the different orders of antique architecture show clearly that they are derived from the original forms of construction. The Ionic capital is explained from wood construction, just as the Corinthian capital is the result of metal forms. One might even say that the flutings of the Corinthian column suggest that they were originally invented in order to strengthen the metal shaft when hollow.



So architecture developed and became more beautiful through refinement in the study of line and proportion, and reached in a way its highest point in the Parthenon at Athens. This reminds me that one day, at Tunbridge Wells, while talking about Art and Industry with my friend, the late Sir William Siemens, he remarked that the delicately diminishing form of the antique column was the exact form for carrying power arrived at by most modern engineering calculations. He added the remark that it was wonderful to think that the artistic eye and feeling should, by intuition, have arrived at the most perfect form which the engineer could have arrived at by figures. I, myself, believe that the constantly progressing feeling for proportion, through many generations of first-class architects, ought to lead at last to a sense of safety and strength which is equal to calculations.

So Art has never been at a standstill, directing Industry and forming for itself new laws according to the fresh wants and the expression of the Industry of the time being. The more Art worked together with Industry and tried to support the want of the time the more original it grew, and the more it developed in the right direction. It has always been more or less a reflection of the time which produced it, because it gave the feeling of the time, and it showed in its execution the state of development the Industry of the period had attained, and the wants of the time. At present, where there is no more that unity of purpose in society, where all expressions of civilisation are laid together under contribution; when to-day they build Gothic, and Queen Anne, and Classic, and what not, in the same street, and make of a town a real sample book of the architecture of all ages, we want more than ever a guide for Art and Industry. The best way to obtain this is through education. Education in Art is very difficult, and all things considered, in view of the development of the Industry of this country, I think that the South Kensington schools are second to none, supported as they are by a wonderfully complete museum which, being part of the educational system, most liberally lends its treasures to the provincial galleries. This system of schools, so soundly established for the last three-quarters of a century, does honour to the country, to those who founded them, and to those who have since given all their power and thought, the best of their abilities, and the soundest of their experience to developing the teaching. Each year the great competitions show considerable progress; the drawings for industrial purposes, for decorative motives, and for manufactural designs of all kinds show at the same time how much profit is to be derived from the study in these schools.

I always look forward to visiting the annual exhibition in the South Kensington Museum of the best works produced in the schools; and I cannot too much recommend our manufacturers and industrial men to visit them also, as they may find it worth their while to reproduce the work of those young artists—to develop their talents by giving them employment, and perhaps, by doing so, to induce our buyers one day to prefer English goods to Parisian wares. The South Kensington Art Schools are, like every successful thing, much attacked, especially so because they do not produce picture-makers and sculptors of statues; but that is not their aim nor their intention. They teach from the human figure, because without it their art teaching would be inferior in quality.

Sir Frederick Leighton, in an admirable address delivered in Liverpool some years ago, after having explained how the Greeks lived for beauty, remarked, with absolute truth, that they surpassed all other civilisations in their art excellence because they were the only ones who made the human figure the basis of their study. When now we look at the work of the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Chinese, the Arabians, the Japanese, and of the Middle Ages, beautiful as their productions are, they cannot compare with the best of the Greek works. None of them started from the human form. Therefore it is essential for our Art Schools to keep to the study of the figure as the fountain-head of all art education, and we are convinced that the further progress of industrial art in this country will prove the truth of this assertion. Besides these special schools, there are other things of great influence, such as art galleries and collections of all sorts; and, moreover, lectures—those with diagrams especially. But above all a more technical education for the child, and not only reading, writing, and arithmetic. The Fröbel System, and certain others, teach children by forms before they can read and write, and I believe they are right. The general demand for technical education, of which we hear so much spoken of late, is much the same thing. The more you teach children to look for beauty around them, the more they will think of it in after life. Then let us open their eyes to the beauty of Nature; and let them find joy in form and colour. It will most assuredly bear fruit, as throughout life they will be guided by taste; and Art and Industry will profit by it. And then they will improve and produce wonders as in days gone by, and the future of our country and our race will improve also, and they will thank us for not having neglected a part in the education of the young, which until not so very long ago received but little attention from those who directed education in this country.



## A WORD TO YOUNG ENGLISH PAINTERS.

*A Letter from MONSIEUR FERNAND CORMON to the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—To tell the truth, I lack alike the habit and the capacity of writing what is called a ‘magazine article.’ But I propose to express to you my opinion on a question which we have already discussed together. The subject was the French school, its influence on foreign schools, and particularly on that of England; or, rather, the services rendered by the French to the English school—services which, in my opinion, should have their strict limits set.

“According to my view, I see at the present time, in the whole world, but two artistic schools (I am speaking only now of the section of painting). These are the schools of France and of England. America, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Russia, and the rest, can none of them set before us, at the present time, the spectacle of a National school. At the most can they present but certain technical formulæ and certain characteristic defects. It is not that they cannot bring into line a very gratifying number of men of talent, and, indeed, certain remarkable personalities, such as Israels in Holland, Von Uhde in Germany, and several others; but, save these certain personalities, all their artists are but the pupils of the French school. I am perfectly well aware that one people among them could put forward before us a series of canvases which would demonstrate a particular aptitude in using the brush; that another will show us a certain unity of coloration; and that yet another, an extraordinary proof of research into small detail. But all that does not make a school. It is the poetic sense of a race which creates its national art, and not a certain habit of craftsmanship or of vision. Well, I repeat that, in my opinion, *at the present day* France and England alone possess that national poetic sense which endows each of them with a distinctly individual pictural art.

“Nothing can remain stationary in this world.

Everything changes and must change. A school, therefore, cannot stand still. It must be subject to transformation if it is to endure; and, having regard to this fact, I consider it an excellent thing that each of us watches his neighbour, profits by his progress, seeks to correct his own weaknesses, and to assimilate what may advantageously be absorbed, always on the condition of *never losing sight of that sincerity of feeling which is the essence of his originality.*

“I therefore strongly recommend English artists to come to us to learn our trade secrets, to acquire by such personal contact greater breadth in their craft, greater freshness in their coloration (which is often too yellow and too ‘rancid’). But I would most earnestly implore them not to forget their national qualities—not to lose, when in our midst, their power of subtle and searching analysis, or their sense of exquisite mystic poetry. Let them gain with us such painter-qualities which perhaps they lack; but let them not lose their hold, through contact with us, of their English poetry—poetry so deep and so sweetly thrilling.

“I would fain see every young English painter who comes to work in France—I would fain see him come firmly resolved to acquire the painter’s skill with the view solely to use it for the better expression of English art. The true value of an individual member of a race, as of the race itself, is his individuality. In the domain of painting, at the present time, we English and French, we are *ourselves*. Well, let us remain *ourselves*. Later on, other races will find what I have called the pictural formula of their poetic feeling. America, Russia, and others too, have their future. But meanwhile, England and France, which have it securely, must guard and develop it, each according to her individual genius.

“Such are my general ideas on the point we have raised, and they are at your disposal to make what use of them you will.”





CATECHISING.

(From the Painting by J. B. Burgess, R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.)

## THE LEICESTER CORPORATION ART GALLERY.—I.

By S. J. VICCARS.

AMONGST the many art galleries established in our large provincial towns of late years, the one forming the subject of the present article is perhaps less known outside Leicester than others intrinsically far inferior to it, and that for reasons not difficult to explain. When first it was inaugurated no large donations, either of money or works of art, were forthcoming, and no public building solely devoted to, and specially adapted for, the exhibition of pictures and other works of art was available; so that the Leicester Art Gallery started on its career in 1881 in an extremely modest and unpretending manner. The town had for many years possessed an admirable School of Art—how excellent, the results obtained in the National Competitions in 1890-91, and the present year, show very conclusively: the percentage of awards obtained, in proportion to the number of scholars attending the school, being far higher than that of any similar institution in the kingdom. In 1881 Mr. Alfred Paget, the president of this school, being anxious to establish an art gallery in the Museum Lecture Hall adjoining

the school, for the benefit of its students, offered a donation of £500, with the view of initiating such a project under the auspices and control of the Committee of the School of Art. Several exhibitions of pictures, in addition to the annual one of the art students' works, had from time to time been held in this building.

Amongst others who warmly seconded the efforts of Mr. Paget were Mr. James Orrock, R.I., formerly resident in the town; Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, R.W.S., formerly Head Master of the school; and Mr. John Fulleylove, R.I., a native of Leicester. After numerous meetings and considerable discussion, it was ultimately decided to put the matter on a broader basis by constituting a committee, under the authority and subject to the control of the Town Council, in accordance with the provisions of the Public Libraries and Museums Act, 1855. An appeal by the mayor for that year (Mr. Alderman Bennett) resulted in the sum of £2,570 being subscribed (Mr. Paget heading the list of subscriptions with £500), and donations of pictures, including





POT-LUCK.

(From the Painting by T. Feed, R.A. Engraved by Professor Beethold.)





works by Henry Dawson, T. Baker (of Leamington), A. W. Williams, James Webb, and Wm. Duffield, were soon forthcoming. These, supplemented by the purchase of various pictures, formed the nucleus of the present collection, and the wall space was filled up with loans from different collections in the town and neighbourhood.

It was not, however, until three years later that

permanent collection:—Penry Williams, "Italian Peasants Resting;" William Hilton, R.A., "The Meeting of Abraham's Servant with Rebecca at the Well;" William Etty, R.A., "Study of a Man in Persian Costume;" B. R. Haydon, "Punch, or May Day;" H. Singleton, "Marta and Tiresias;" J. M. W. Turner, R.A., "The Guidecca, Venice," and "The Bridge of Sighs, Venice."



CATECHISING IN A SCOTCH SCHOOL.

(From the Painting by Sir G. Harvey.)

the Town Council, by an Act passed in that year (the Leicester Corporation Act, 1884), was empowered to increase the rate levied under the Free Library and Museums Act in support of the Art Gallery. In March, 1884, the libraries and museums rate was increased from one penny to three halfpence in the pound, and £400 from this source was applied annually to the support of the Art Gallery. Thus newly constituted, the building was opened to the public on the 6th of January, 1885. The following loans from South Kensington, which have since remained in the Gallery, and are among its attractions, were contributed by the Government, and may now be considered to form part of the

Since its transfer to the Corporation, the Art Gallery has been managed by a Committee of the Town Council, assisted by six members chosen from outside the Council. These outside members, who are elected annually, and supposed to be specially qualified to assist in arranging and selecting works of art, are designated co-optative members.

In 1885 the total number of pictures, the property of the Corporation, was thirty-five; this number had increased to eighty-six by the year 1891, two pictures only having been presented and fifty-one purchased. It can easily be seen, however, that with such limited means at command, and so comparatively small an annual grant, the purchase



up to this time of very important or expensive works of art was impossible. The Committee, therefore, endeavoured to secure pictures of good quality, and of various schools, necessarily ignoring some of the more fashionable works by modern artists, the high

friend of the artist), has for its subject "Washington Irving searching for traces of Columbus in the Convent of La Rabida." It is one of Wilkie's late works, painted after his Spanish visit, and quite different in treatment and handling from his highly-finished earlier works, such as the "Blind Fiddler" and "Penny Wedding." Though there are only two figures in the composition, the contrast of light and shade, and the general effect of this low-toned work, are admirable, and show the powerful influence of Velasquez and the other Spanish masters upon the artist.

"Pot-Luck," by Mr. T. Faed, R.A., engraved on p. 13, was exhibited in the Academy in 1866, and in the artist's opinion, expressed in a letter kindly granting the permission to reproduce it for illustration in this article, it is "about the best picture I have ever painted." The group of fowls is painted in a manner that would do credit to any animal painter of the day, while the colour of the picture as a whole is particularly rich, and the handling exceedingly powerful.

Mr. J. B. Burgess, R.A., one of the few living members of the Academy represented here, is well to the fore with No. 77, "Catechising," which, by the courteous consent of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co. (who own the copyright), we are enabled to illustrate (p. 12). The group of girls being examined by the handsome, benevolent-looking priest or curé, is painted



THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

(From the Painting by C. W. Cope, R.A.)

prices then being obtained for many such (as recent sales have only too conclusively proved) not having been justified.

In 1890 a totally unexpected bequest of £5,000 from the late Mr. William Billings, solicitor, and a native of Leicester—who, as far as was known, had never shown any particular interest in the Art Gallery—enabled the Committee to secure some more important and higher-priced works, excellent examples of Sir David Wilkie, R.A., William Müller, Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A., and Mr. J. B. Burgess, R.A., being purchased.

The example by Wilkie, formerly in the collection of Sir William Knighton (a great patron and

with all the skilful technique and finish of the artist, the utmost care having been bestowed upon all the accessories and details of the work, which is one of the popular Academician's happiest and brightest efforts.

"A Woody Landscape," by the late William Müller, painted in 1844, though not a large picture, may certainly be considered, both for colour, composition, force, and truth, one of the master's finest productions, and this picture alone would render the Gallery well worth a visit. The Corporation were especially fortunate in securing it, Messrs. Agnew and Sons, who bought it for the Gallery, not only charging no commission (their invariable rule





CALM OFF THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

(From the Painting by George Morland.)

with the Leicester Gallery), but abstaining from competing, thereby obtaining the picture at a much lower price than might otherwise have been the case. "The Village Pedlar," by the late J. P. Knight,



THE VALLEY OF THE INN, MUNICH.

(From the Painting by F. Lee Bridell.)



R.A., is a fine example of colour, and shows what good work this now somewhat forgotten artist did before the more lucrative attraction of portrait-painting so completely engrossed him.

The early English school has always been a favourite one with some members of the Leicester Committee, as a glance round the walls will show. Almost the first important purchase made was that

productions by the latter artist. "Catechising in a Scotch School" is the subject, and illustrates, with Wilkie-like fidelity, the visit of the clergyman, and the examination of the youngsters in the large schoolhouse. Painted in 1832, the picture remains in excellent condition, and though age has, perhaps, somewhat darkened the colour, it has only added to its richness.



LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE.

(From the Painting by T. S. Cooper, R.A.)

of a large and noble work in oils, by Peter Dewint, the great master of water-colour. It is one of his favourite Lincoln subjects, taken a short distance from the city, the distant towers of the cathedral standing out impressively from the background of clear blue sky. The foreground of the work is, perhaps, rather dark and hardly sufficiently defined, but the picture is exceedingly fine in colour.

Among the many disciples and followers of Sir David Wilkie, perhaps Sir William Allan and Sir George Harvey, both members of the Royal Scottish Academy (the former being also an English Academician), were as eminent and successful as any. The picture which is illustrated on p. 15 is perhaps one of the best known and most successful

Though Mr. T. S. Cooper, R.A., still exhibits annually in the Academy, the small picture by his hand in the Leicester Gallery was painted fifty-seven years ago (in 1835), and is as brilliant and fresh to-day as when it left his easel. Those who have only seen his more recent works, coming from the hand of a nonagenarian, would scarcely imagine this golden Cuyper-like little "Landscape with Cattle and Sheep" to be from the same brush. Only one small picture (but that of exceedingly high quality) by George Morland, No. 74, "Calm off the Coast of the Isle of Wight," illustrated on p. 17, is owned by the Leicester Corporation. It is a lovely, silvery, delicate little gem, by that gifted but erratic genius, full of light and sunshine, very highly finished,

and a striking contrast to the numerous pot-boilers he turned out when, weakened by excesses and harassed by importunate creditors, he painted anyhow for the gain of a few shillings.

“The Valley of the Inn, Munich,” by Frederic Lee Bridell, illustrated on p. 17, is another specimen of the earlier English school of landscape-painting, and is a charming specimen of the work of that accomplished artist, who unfortunately died young, just when he appeared likely to attain to the highest eminence in his art. The colour is good, the composition faultless, and the sky painted as few except Turner could have done it.

We have come of late to deery the work of certain of our older Academicians, some of whom, perhaps, continued painting and exhibiting when it would have been wiser to retire and to leave the field to more youthful competitors. No doubt there has been much ground for these animadversions, but anyone looking at the work by the late C. W. Cope, R.A., No. 7 in the Leicester collection, painted in 1842, and reproduced on p. 16, cannot fail to be struck with the force and general excellence of the work. The late E. M. Ward, R.A., painted a large picture for her Majesty of the “Queen Visiting the Tomb of Napoleon I.,” and was allowed, by her Majesty’s permission, to paint a replica for Mr. Holtz, which is now in the Leicester collection. The following extract from a letter, written at the time to the purchaser by the artist, is interesting,

as describing the work:—“The original was painted by me for her Majesty, together with the companion, ‘Napoleon III. receiving the Order of the Garter from Queen Victoria,’ and both are in Buckingham Palace, in a room illustrative of the alliance of France and England during the Crimean War. I was not myself present at the scene represented in your picture, but it was minutely described to me by the Queen, the late Prince Consort, and the Princess Royal immediately after its occurrence; and I made two journeys to Paris purposely to make studies of the background and the French individuals present, with the exception of the Emperor, who afterwards sat to me at Osborne, when on a visit to her Majesty.”

The Gallery possesses also one of the best and most important works by Mrs. E. M. Ward, the wife of the late R.A., entitled “Palissy the Potter,” exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1866, and engraved in the *Art Journal* in 1868. It represents a well-known episode in the life of the celebrated ceramic artist, and is one of the most popular pictures in the Gallery. Among other notable works by deceased artists of the English school are good examples of W. Duffield Shayer, J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., J. C. Ibbetson, R. Brandard, P. J. de Louthembourg, F. Danby, A.R.A., Henry Bright and David Roberts, R.A. I purpose in another article to refer to the more modern oil paintings, and the small but choice collection of drawings.

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## “THE RETURN.”

PAINTED BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

IT is one of the characteristics of Mr. Marcus Stone that, be his subject humorous or tender, he never fails to create exactly that impression upon the general public he intended when he first conceived his composition. When “The Return” was exhibited at the Royal Academy two years ago, it attracted the full share of popular attention which is invariably the reward of Mr. Stone’s work. It gladdened the great mass of those whom it is the artist’s delight to please with his graceful scenes of lover’s loves—their quarrels and reconciliations, their wooings and jealousies, their joys and disappointments. Mr. Stone’s little dramas are always delicately imagined. High comedy is in them, but never tragedy; emotion, but never passion. Refined and graceful—as becomes the pretty costume-period which the painter most affects (in theatrical language, the “powder-period”)—their story gently forces itself on the mind of the spectator without, on the one hand, impelling him to sudden laughter,

or, on the other, startling him with any approach to violence. Of Mr. Stone’s lighter mood “The Return” is a good example. “My own view of the story,” he writes, “is this: the beloved one has been absent for a weary length of time, and returns unexpectedly, to find his dear mournfully thinking of him in the old trysting-place.” As in all the pictures of Mr. Marcus Stone, the story is clearly laid upon the canvas, and is intelligible to every beholder.

Mr. Stone has now for some years painted in practically the same key, and the same tone of amiable sentiment has prevailed. But it must be remembered that, in truth, he is an artist of wide range, whose prolific pencil had done much admirable work, before the black-and-white illustrator of Dickens, and the painter of many a vigorous historical piece executed in strong colour, sought in the Empire period, and in a pleasantly amorous strain, the medium of his artistic message to the people.



## ORIGINALITY IN PEN-DRAWING AND DESIGN.

BY HARRY FURNISS.



NOTHING is more difficult for one who lives simply by the topsyturvy art of caricature than to give practical and serious advice upon matters of art. It might naturally be supposed that I could write more easily upon almost any other branch of art than that of design. However, all art students may be said to row in the same boat, no matter with what special branch of art they may afterwards identify themselves; and I will, therefore, content myself with the thought that should any of my readers acquire but a few practical hints from the remarks I am about to make, I shall be amply repaid for laying down my cap and bells and taking up the pen of the critic.

Now I am very frequently applied to for advice by students as to the best methods to be pursued in drawing and design. Fond parents and guardians send the albums of budding young artists to be criticised, accompanied by an appeal such as this:—

“I take the liberty of sending you original drawings by a young man (or young woman as the case may be), which I venture to think show promise of no mean order. You will see that he is original, and that his designs show great spirit. Will you kindly let me know by return whether there is an opening in the Royal Academy, and send me a list of publishers in need of such work?”

The letters I receive of this description are innumerable, and although in replying to them I could do so in two lines or two pages, according to the time at my disposal, I could sum up everything I have to say in the two words—“Study Nature.” The designer, I care not whether he designs for a beautiful manufacture or for the illustrations in a comic paper, must go to Nature for practice. Nature is an inexhaustible storehouse for the artist. In her he finds everything. But *what* to look for, *where* to look, and *how* to look, are questions that no one can answer for him but himself. All that he must find out for himself. Begin, then, by drawing from Nature. Even a leaf drawn from Nature is worth all the plaster casts in the art school. Even a foot is far better studied from Nature, than by standing before a huge antique for weeks without varying light and shade. Facility in drawing and design will never be reached until Nature is studied, and the most facile artists, like those whose work looks so rapid to the careless observer—artists like Turner in painting, and Charles Keene in drawing—have

been the most persistent students from Nature. Of such enormous importance is this golden rule. “Study Nature,” to an art student, that, having given vent to it, I might, for all the practical good which my further remarks will do you in comparison with it, lay down my pen. But the mention of the term “Facility in Art,” reminds me of other topics upon which I have to touch. I prefer in this article to confine my remarks to the subjects about which I may be supposed to know most, and would like to say something about Drawing and Design.

It is of no use for me to deal with colour, and I shall leave that to others who have had more practice in that department than I have. Indeed, it would be presumptuous on my part to suppose that I am an artist at all. Of that fact I was forcibly reminded not long ago by one of my own little boys, aged not more than seven. Some visitors were making an afternoon call, and cross-examined young hopeful as to his future career in life.

“I suppose you are going to be an artist like your father?”

“My father isn’t an artist. He’s only a black-and-white man! *I’m* going to be an artist in all colours!”

That settles my position; but I may be permitted to say that colour, after all, is a matter of fancy, whereas drawing is a matter of fact. For, supposing that you give several different painters the same subject for a picture, one paints it in a yellow key, another in a red, another blue, and another black, what can you say? They are all right from their respective points of view. Giotto, when asked to send the Pope a specimen of his work for competition at Rome, simply took up his charcoal and drew a circle; which shows that facility with the pencil marks the master more than the mere daub of the brush. But with drawing it is a very different matter, for one artist cannot draw a figure seven heads high, and another make it seventeen. Colour is according to a man’s fancy, and when that fancy is beautiful, as in the case of Gainsborough, we pardon the swan necks, the twisted limbs, and the sweetness of form long drawn out, which are to be found in his charming portraits.

I fear it cannot be denied that, as a nation, we are weak both in drawing and design. From the nursery to the studio the general desire is to paint

before we can draw. I know that some artists believe that an infant should be taught to wield the brush almost before he can shake a rattle, and in their enthusiasm for budding talent glory in beholding the infant prodigy smear a blank canvas, forgiving even his experiments in colour upon the walls and furniture around. And this mistaken idea is too much encouraged in our art schools, so that, too often, when a student thinks he can paint, and is sent to Paris to acquire the knack of facility, he finds, to his horror, that he is put back to the very rudiments of art, and that he has to be taught how to draw. For my own part, I think a student would do well to learn thoroughly how to draw before he touches a brush. He may, of course, draw with a brush if he likes, so as to become familiar with the handling of it, but draw he must before he can paint. If you have "colour" in your soul it is bound to come out when you arrive at the paint-box; but, I believe, that unless you have "colour" born in you, you can never be taught it. A

beautifully drawn picture which is bad in colour is, in my opinion, preferable to one which is vilely drawn, and depends for its effect solely upon its colour. A writer may hit on a beautiful theme for his book, yet should the grammar and construction be faulty, the work is unreadable, and the picture of an artist who cannot draw is just as bad. I think it is sheer nonsense to say that everyone can be taught how to draw. It might be said, with equal reason, that everyone can be taught music. Personally, I have never been taught drawing, and what little I know about it I have picked up myself; but in music I have had lessons without number, and now, at the present time, I doubt if I could manage to play "God save the Queen" on the piano.

It is not merely that all children cannot be taught drawing, but that some so-called artists even seem to be unable to acquire the art. It is the fashion, nowadays, for certain painters to sneer at what they are pleased to call "a fatal facility with the pencil," but they forget that it was not until the rise of illustration demonstrated of how much use the pencil could be by itself, that artists of the English school began to show any perceptible improvement in drawing.

It is not too much to say that certain artists who are now members of that self-constituted body of architects, painters, and engravers whom I would call the Burlington Club, but who are generally known as the Royal Academy, have not only no fatal facility with their pencils, but are in truth lacking in the elementary principles of drawing. This was brought home to them when, owing to the depression in trade, the interests of art suffered, and artists in general had little work to do. Then the men of that Art Institution, who will not recognise black-and-white as a complete art, offered



HARRY FURNISS.

(From a Photograph by Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.)

drawings to publishers, only to discover the sad truth that they knew not how to draw, and that their work was not good enough *quâ* black-and-white. But the rise of illustrated journalism has done much to alter this state of things, and every day we are being educated, in spite of ourselves, by means of the really fine drawings which are appearing in our illustrated papers and magazines. This is having an enormous influence upon the rising generation of artists. Our fathers had only a few—a very few—illustrated books, in which the illustrations were generally of the poorest and most conventional kind, whilst the pictorial embellishments in the few illustrated periodicals were of the most inferior description. But now it is difficult to take up even the cheapest



illustrated paper without finding some beautifully drawn picture. In fact, the flood of illustrated literature of all kinds which deluges our nurseries, play-rooms, and drawing-rooms, constitutes an art education in itself, for there is no denying the fact that the English illustrated papers surpass those of any other country in the world, providing work and remuneration for a body of first-rate artists, the rapidly-increasing number of whom is amazing.

At the beginning of the Victorian era art was at its very lowest ebb. The young lady students of the period were copying those impossible lithographed heads which formed the stock-in-trade of the drawing-master, or those fashion-plate Venuses whose necks recalled the proportions of the giraffe, with the eyelashes of a wax doll, and fingers that tapered off like the point of a pencil. These sirens of the drawing-board were invariably smelling a rose, or kissing a canary, and always had a weakness for pearls. They used to be drawn upon tinted paper, and when the faces had been duly smeared over with the stump to suggest shadow, and after the drawing-master had endowed the work with artistic merit by the application of white chalk to the high lights, the pearls, the canaries' eyes, and the pathetic tear-drops upon the damsels' faces, the immortal productions were ready for framing. The giraffe or swan-necked angel was the keynote for all ideal work, and even the recognised artists of those days—with one or two brilliant exceptions—followed in her train.

In the art of designing for manufactures the public taste was equally vile and distorted, and to this day it is suffering from much the same cause. The root of the mischief is deeper than at first you might imagine. It has origin in the habits and customs, the ideas and modes of thought, of the people, and especially of their leaders. What Thackeray did for society by writing "The Book of Snobs" it remains for the art-critics and satirists of to-day to do for art. It did not, indeed, require a Thackeray to show us that snobbery is one of our national shortcomings, but it did require the keen edge of his masterly satire to deal it a cut which it would feel. The snake, however, was scotched, not killed. It was only a few years ago that, because a popular princess unfortunately sprained her ankle, the Alexandra limp threatened to become a national characteristic, and I verily believe that were another princess to take it into her head to jump instead of walk, the whole of English society would soon come to an untimely end by jumping itself out of existence. We have, perhaps, no right to quarrel with the taste of others, but, in the case of those who give the lead, in the case of the highest in the land, must I venture to say, with all loyalty and

respect, that English art is still suffering from the too conservative spirit of the patronage extended to it; and I may be pardoned for noting the fact that the crimson curtains and large-flowered carpets that we still sometimes encounter in out-of-the-way places, positively continue to be turned out of the loom for the royal palaces to-day. It should be remembered that, although snobbishness exists in other countries also, yet we are not so clever at concealing the skeleton as are some foreign nations, and that when royalty exhibits a preference for foreign artists Snobland will follow suit *en masse*, and, rushing to the studio of the slapdash invader, shower gold upon him for the bad art upon his easel. It was ever thus; and so long as fashion neglects our native artists, so long will the national talent for design remain dormant.

Now we are all expecting great things from technical education, and I only hope we shall not be disappointed. Some years ago I had the great advantage of accompanying the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction upon one of its journeys abroad. All credit is due, no doubt, to the gentlemen who gave up their time and money in order to travel in search of knowledge which might benefit the scheme for technical instruction, for I may mention that all the Government gave them was an eighteen-penny writing-desk apiece, and the price of a room at each hotel they visited wherein to use it. Lookers-on are popularly supposed to see most of the game, and judging by what I saw upon that journey in foreign parts, and now that the huge Blue Book which was the result of the labours of those gentlemen is duly shelved—or it may be that it is propping up some rickety piece of foreign furniture in their studies—and now that the honours of the expedition have been divided and we are awaiting the result, I may frankly admit that it is my opinion that the worthy members of that Royal Commission were sadly humbugged.

In the first place, the foreign technical schools which they visited were aware beforehand that the Commission was coming. Now, why we never catch Guy Fawkes under the Houses of Parliament when the cellars are searched at the opening of the session is because when the Yeomen of the Guard arrive upon their mission they find the policemen and officials whom they encounter at every turn knew beforehand that they were coming. That is why they find the basement nicely whitewashed and duly carpeted for their visit; and I have seen them go through the solemn farce of making a search for Guy Fawkes Redivivus under circumstances such as these. In like fashion, I could detect plainly that these technical schools abroad which I visited had been specially prepared for the visitors. The work which

was being done in them was being done by ordinary workmen, and as for schoolboys, indeed! the youths who were on show in the foreign technical schools were simply full-blown workmen—very full-blown after the prodigious way they worked for a moment or two after we passed round. In a word, I soon detected a want of genuine purpose or regard for success among them, and saw that they were simply acting a part. Indeed, it was admitted, I think, that some of them were duly qualified workmen, and that they were there because without them the so-called schools would have been unable to number sufficient students to qualify for the Government grant. The majority of the establishments I saw were merely trade shops and not schools at all; whilst at Areo, in the north of Italy, there was one where they were doing a brisk trade in olive-wood paperweights, with “Mount of Olives” prettily inscribed upon them. These, we were told, were regularly shipped to Jerusalem, where they were eagerly bought up by the tourists, and highly prized as mementoes of the Holy Land.

We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the fact that we are not a nation of artists, nor are we likely to improve in this respect until we give up striving to copy the tricks and traits of other nations. What could be more absurd than to see a stout burly Englishman attired in evening dress, and conspicuous in white gloves and a very tall hat, walking from church with his bride, got up in white satin and a veil; or dancing along a high street, followed by a party of friends in similar apparel? Yet, in France, such a sight as this strikes one as being not only rational, but even picturesque, and the manner, the *chic*, and the “go” of our neighbours across the Channel, redeem it from any appearance of absurdity. Now it would be just as absurd for an English artist to paint a stout lady of some thirty summers, reclining on the slender branch of a tree, as Ophelia, as for an English designer to try and imitate the artificial, although wonderfully ingenious, designs of the French workmen. It is simply not our nature. We must, therefore, make the most of what is in us, and besides encouraging originality in art, to foster a love for it.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about art, I know, and a great deal of rubbish is passed off as genuine work. Of course, if the student has only to please his or her parents, or guardians, or uncles and aunts, a poor copy of a poor subject, provided it has a great deal of rich mounting and elaborate framing, will, no doubt, pass muster. But it is only when the work has to be regarded from a commercial point of view that the hallmark of success is branded upon it honestly. I

daresay people sometimes wonder why so many bad pictures are painted, and what becomes of them subsequently. It is because the typical picture-gallery lounge, with nothing to do and more money than brains, will buy up any daub that strikes his uneducated eye. But no business man will buy a picture, with an eye to re-selling, unless he sees sufficient merit in it to justify the outlay of his capital, and no manufacturer will buy a design unless he feels that it is good enough to warrant the cost of manufacture. It is the same with us who are artists in black-and-white. We also are commercially valued. We are employed to fill so many pages of a newspaper or magazine at so much a page, according to our particular price in the market, and we know, therefore, that our publishers would not employ us as they do, if we did not bring them profit. It is for this reason that we indulge in a feeling of independence that is simply delicious. I believe I would rather starve than have recourse to the fawning and trickery to which certain painters have to descend in order to sell their pictures. Indeed, I should have a sleepless night were I to feel that I had ever induced anyone to become the purchaser of a work of mine against his will. That is one reason, and perhaps not the least, why I remain a black-and-white artist. And what, too, becomes of half the pictures that are painted? It must be evident to anyone who looks at the contents of a railway bookstall or bookseller's shop that the artists in black-and-white have no necessity to palm off their works on their too good-natured friends, who, I may add, generally relegate those precious works of art to the butler's pantry or the housekeeper's boudoir, unless, indeed, they go straight to the cellar.

Now I have dwelt upon this subject in order to encourage students in the study of drawing, for there is an immense field and a growing demand for good draughtsmen; and, provided they have any originality, an income awaits them equal to that resulting from the successful pursuit of any other profession, bar one—the legal.

But I should like to say a little more about design. In our coinage, in our proposed one pound note, in all official dies and stamps, in a word, in everything national, the highest price ought to be paid for the most original designs, and there ought to be open competition. The fatal consequences of selecting an artist for work of this kind by favour instead of merit are obvious in that awful jubilee coinage, which so offended the artistic eye of the Lord Chancellor, that he pronounced them to be not only artistically, but also commercially, a disgrace to the country.

Yet that conscientious painter, Mr. Hohuan



Hunt, writing *appropos* of the art of drawing, has remarked that "Armstead actually wasted his life as a goldsmith's designer." What does Mr. Hunt mean by that? I have a personal interest in this matter, because as a boy it was my greatest ambition to be a goldsmith's designer. Mr. Hunt, in decrying the flashy, commercial side of art, and pleading with his usual high intelligence for art inspired by love, does not surely mean that a designer is lost in the studio of a goldsmith! Why that is the very place to develop any latent talent he possesses.

The name of another young artist, a sculptor, and one of the few geniuses we have in the English art-world, occurs to my mind. I mean Mr. Alfred Gilbert. He begins where Mr. Armstead left off, and anyone who has seen specimens of his splendid handiwork in metal, anyone who has seen the wonderful chain which he exhibited at the Academy a few years ago, and the Guards' memorial gift to the Queen on the occasion of her jubilee, must acknowledge that if we had more Gilberts we should have little to fear from other countries in the art of design, and that our home manufactures would quickly lead the fashion in a way which would be unsurpassed by those of any other country in our time. Why, then, is Mr. Gilbert not more frequently applied to when the services of a special genius for design are required? I must say again that here we have another flagrant instance of influence and patronage, and the "spurus that patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Now there is no denying the fact that we owe a great deal of improvement in colour and design in dress and art surroundings, and also, I suppose, to the exquisite fabric of lace, to the late æsthetic craze. That, by the way, was a wave of artistic feeling which was supposed to have originated in the brain of Mr. Oscar Wilde, and it was caricatured by Du Maurier and burlesqued by Burnand. My two *Punch* friends, however, only built up that æsthetic house of cards to make capital out of it, although it certainly drew attention to blue curtains and flowered carpets, to hideous wall-papers and hideous fashion-plate designs in dress. Then we

were afflicted with another form of artistic dementia. This time it was dramatic, and the wishy-washy but highly amusing drawing-room comedy was assailed by Ibsenite worshippers, who hoped, and still hope, to supplant it by the unsavoury dramas of the Norwegian writer. But this craze will also be killed by a touch of ridicule, although, no doubt, it will not be without its good effects in infusing new blood into the drama. And it is to this same striving after some new thing which was the special characteristic of the Athenians of old that we must also look for the new developments in our art schools. I would, therefore, impress upon the students of design, as well as of imaginative art, that they should aim as much as possible at originality. Whether in books or plays, pictures or prints, no sooner is a subject a success than a host of imitators follow in the same groove. An artist, for instance, paints a picture of a doukey standing by a sign-post to bray. It becomes the popular picture of the season. It runs the usual course, is engraved, photographed, and given away coloured with Christmas numbers. Forthwith a whole shoal of artists paint nothing but donkeys braying at sign posts. In literature we have Dickens and Lewis Carroll copied *ad nauseam*. It is the same upon the stage. Originality, therefore, is what we must all strive for. All cry out for something new, but that something must be good. After a student has digested the best works of the masters in the particular branch of art he intends to pursue he should search his own brain and try, if possible, to out-do them. He must be an inventor, and not a mere copyist. I think it is that lack of originality, that lack of self-confidence in ourselves, that is the cause of our allowing foreign countries to show us the way which we but follow. Your English manufacturer goes to France for his designs, just as does your English dramatist. Both bring over the new ideas of the foreigner and dish them up afresh for the English market. That is neither plucky nor honest, and until our students feel that it is degrading to us as a nation, we shall never cease to be the middlemen of art.





Hail, soft November, though thy pale  
Sad smile rebuke the words that hail  
Thy sorrow with no sorrowing words  
Or gratulate thy grief with song  
Less bitter than the winds that wrong  
Thy withering woodlands, where the birds  
Keep hardly heart to sing or see  
How fair thy faint wan face may be.



NOVEMBER.

(Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Drawn by W. E. F. Britten.)



## THE "PRIX DE ROME" AT THE ÉCOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS, PARIS.

BY A. V. PARMINTER.

THE annual *concours* of the *Prix de Rome* at the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris, has recently taken place, and Parisian lovers of art have enjoyed the opportunity of admiring or criticising the different works of painting, sculpture, and

the student must follow as nearly as possible from his preliminary sketches, any great deviation from which may possibly put him out of the running. The finished work is then exhibited in one of the school galleries, and the Art Jury, composed



JOB AND HIS FRIENDS.

(From the Painting by M. Laverjnc. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome.)

architecture sent in by the competing students, and exhibited in the galleries of the school. This event is one looked forward to by the students who are foremost in each branch of art. A certain number who have obtained the requisite proportion of points and medals for the year's work, in the different studios belonging to the school, are allowed to enter for the preliminary contest; the result of the contest being, that ten of the students in each section of art who satisfy the Art Jury by their preliminary sketches are permitted to compete in the deciding *concours*. A certain amount of time is given for the completion of the life-size painting or sculpture, or the drawing and colouring to a large scale of the architectural design, the idea for which

of painters, sculptors, &c., decide to which of the ten competitors should be awarded the *Prix*, first, second, and third prizes being given. The winner of the first *Prix de Rome* carries off the scholarship, which affords him a three years' study at Rome, and he is expected each year to send to the school for exhibition the work resulting from his studies at the Villa Medici. The *Grand Prix de Rome* is certainly an honour worth winning, and means several years of serious study, combined with natural talent, in the schools.

The work this year does not appear, on the whole, to have attained the standard of that generally done for this *concours*. But still a number of very good points may be observed in the work



of the successful competitors which show great promise, and may be taken as a fair result of the method of training adopted at the school.

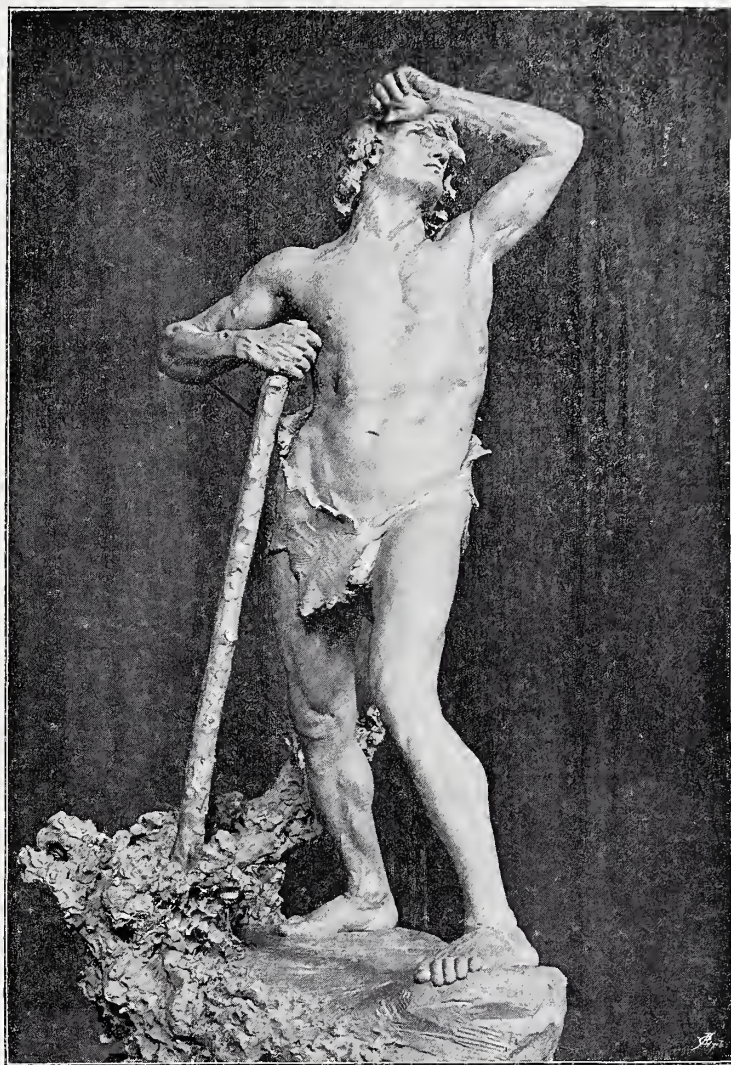
The subject given to the students of painting for interpretation ("Job and his Friends") was one which called for the utmost skill of the artist in composition and sentiment; but although seemingly difficult at first sight, it appears more simple when it is noticed that the moment to be represented is when Job, visited by his friends, expresses by his words and attitude his absolute faith in the God who is thus trying him. The programme repeated the verses of the Bible when Job, in the depth of his wretchedness, reduced to poverty, eaten by sores, and insulted by his friends, in spite of all still remains trustful in his faith in the Almighty, bursting forth in eloquent terms of the God who, having once endowed him with happiness and riches, now chooses to overwhelm him with the utmost woe.

Amongst the pictures sent in, only two or three seem well deserving of notice. That of M. Lavergne was awarded the *Grand Prix* by the Art Jury. His picture possesses good colouring qualities, and contains more delicate sentiment than any of the other paintings. It is evident that the young painter has conscientiously endeavoured to treat the subject simply and broadly. M. Lavergne carried off the second prize in last year's competition.

The work of M. Mitrecy, which gained the second prize, although containing less sentiment than that of the *Grand Prix*, is nevertheless treated very intelligently, and with a certain amount of dramatic accent. Job is represented crouched in a corner of a stable, his eyes closed, as if to hide from himself his own wretchedness; his three friends standing in the doorway cast looks of horror at their unhappy companion, whilst one of them, with a perfectly natural gesture before the loathsome state of Job, holds his nose with the folds of his gown.

There is no doubt that the subject was not an easy one to treat properly. In nearly all the pictures the young painters seemed to have dreaded the task of representing the horrible state and suffering of Job, and despaired their ability to show the expression of sublime submission and faith which should contrast with the idea of such utter misery.

The subject given to the sculptors was the expulsion of Adam from Paradise, or, in the words of the school programmes, "Adam, driven from the terrestrial Paradise, is condemned to labour the earth, which produces but weeds and thorns, according to the word of God, 'Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow.'" The first prize was carried

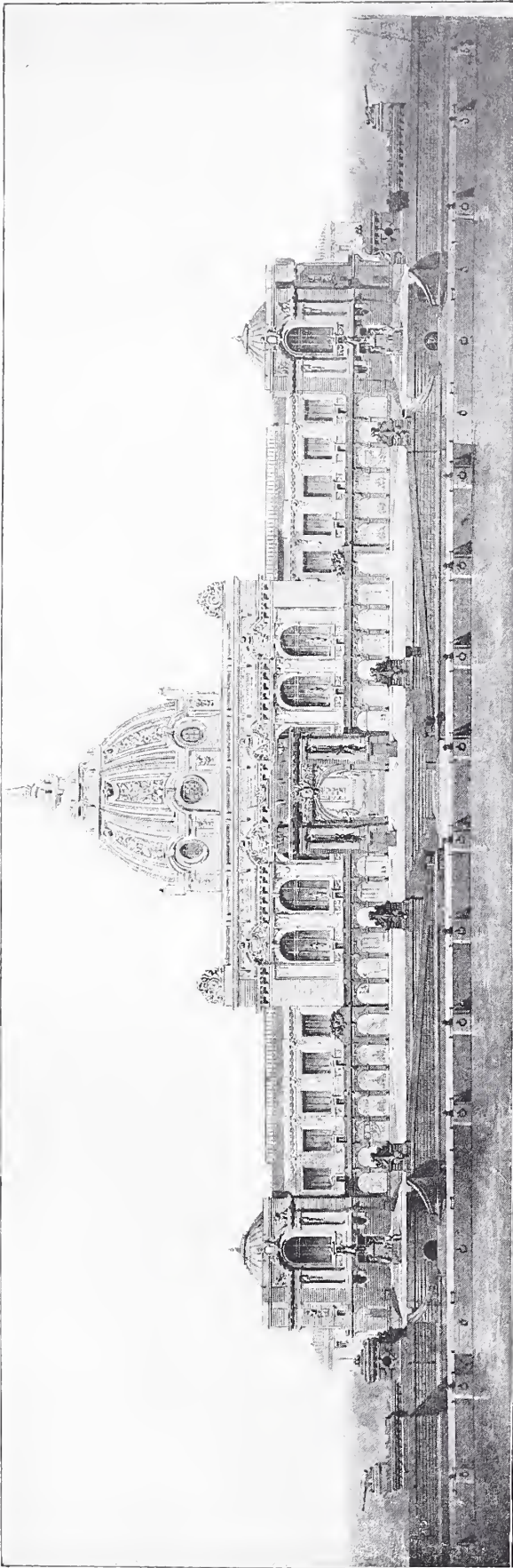


ADAM.

(From the Statue by M. Lefebvre. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome.)

off by M. Lefebvre, a young sculptor, who, like the successful artist in the painting competition, won the second prize of last year. His figure of Adam is greatly superior to those of any of the other competitors. He represents Adam resting an instant from his work, in order to brush away the sweat with which his brow is wet. His right arm, tired after his hard work, rests on the rough implement with which he has been toiling; his whole body bends under the weight of overpowering weariness, and the legs, swollen by excessive labour, seem





A MUSEUM OF ARTILLERY.

(From the Design by M. Bertone. Awarded the Grand Prix de Rome.)

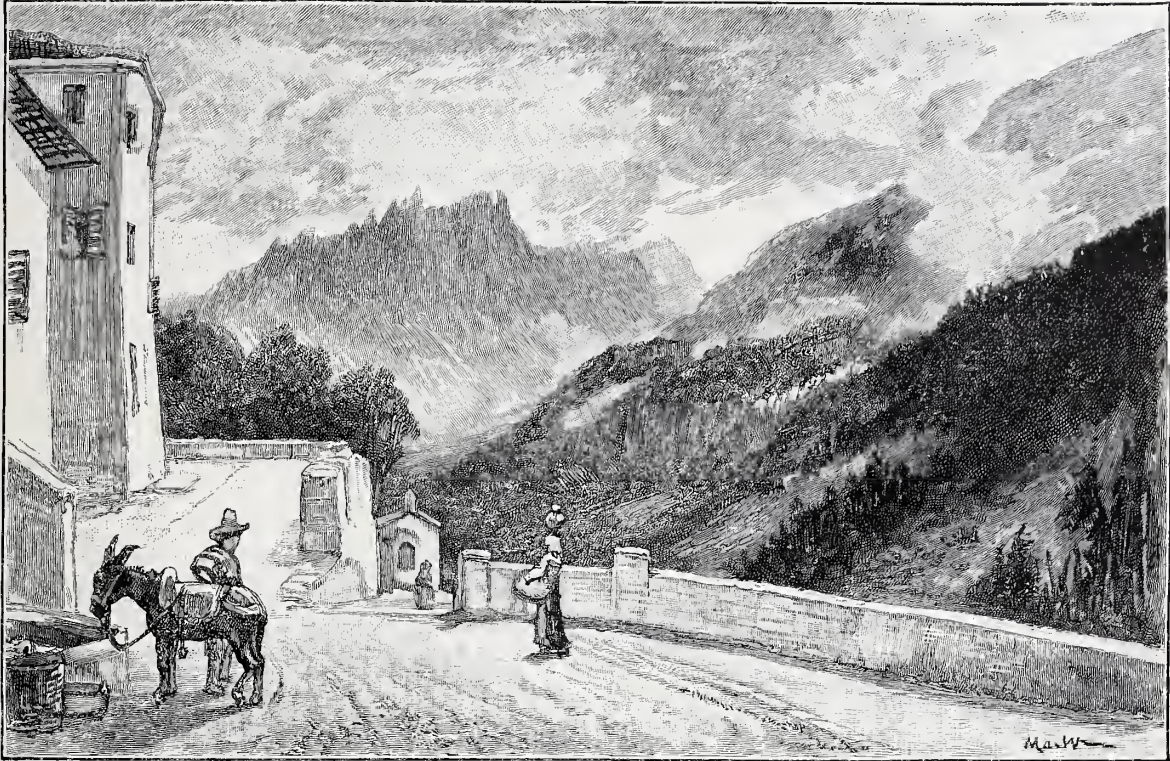
almost to give way. The idea is excellently treated and the figure well modelled; the freshness of execution and the happy interpretation of the idea won for the young sculptor the highest praise of the Jury.

The sculptors who gained the second and third prizes have given quite another idea of the outcast Adam. That of M. Clausade, which gained the second prize, unlike the Adam of the winner of the *Grand Prix*, seemingly resigned to the hard will of the Almighty, is apparently more overwhelmed by his sin and regret for his fault, as he compares his present woe to the calm joys of the lost Paradise. In a sitting posture, the head leaning against the breast, the torture of his soul and deep regret is plainly and beautifully expressed in the downturned face and gesture of the arm.

The Architecture *Prix*, although attractive in a less degree to the general art public, is nevertheless interesting, as showing the system of teaching in the French Art School. The subject for competition was "A Museum of Artillery," to be erected in the capital of a large state. It should, said the programme, be designed in a severe style and have a monumental aspect. In front of the building was to be a kind of dock to contain the floating museum of naval war engines; and a vast gallery leading to a monumental staircase should, together with the exhibition rooms, occupy the ground floor. The staircase was to give access to the upper storey, set aside for military trophies and arms of war of all nations; repairing workshops, dwellings, and library complete the plan. Whether the subject was too difficult in itself, or whether the competing students found the task of representing a style of architecture suitable to such a museum not an easy one, it appears that the severe style asked for by the programme was utterly set aside. The usual *pompierism* of the school appears in this case to have given way to ideas worthy of the splendour of the ancient Roman palaces, gaudy easinos, or even reminiscences of the plaster palaces of the last Paris Exhibition.

The design which seemed to combine more simplicity and calm is that of M. Bertone, which is reproduced on this page. Before his drawings the somewhat astonished eyes of the Jury found repose; so the plan being well arranged, and the style of architecture well composed and dealt with, to him was awarded the *Grand Prix*. Though some of the other designs contained some good points in style and treatment, the competitive work as a whole was far below the average.





IN PIEVE DI CADORE, LOOKING TO MONTE CRISTALLO.

(Drawn by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by M. Dormoy.)

## TITIAN'S SUMMER PILGRIMAGE.

By LEADER SCOTT.

THE old painter was lonely in his house by the waterside in Venice; the weight of eighty-eight years bowed his shoulders, and as he sat musing in his garden on summer evenings the memories of things that had vanished were more potent than the joys which were left. His gaze turned northward, where, far, far away, peaked Antelao shot its spires up into the sky like a white phantom above the mists of the lagoons, and the ghostlike points seemed fingers beckoning him back to the home of his youth. Year after year had he answered their call, and though they were more than eighty miles away—as many miles as he counted years—he, sturdy old man that he was, rose again to go towards them in the summer of 1565. We will follow in spirit the course of his pilgrimage.

In his own black gondola he is carried to the mainland, with his attendants, luggage, and painting paraphernalia. At Mestre they take the road: Titian is mounted on a richly-housed Spanish mule, for he is now a person of rank and honour, and holds State offices in Venice; and his followers—with perhaps his son Orazio among them—are on

more plainly saddled steeds, while a train of sumpter mules and donkeys, laden with easels, painting panels, and personal baggage, plod on in the rear. The first night the halting-place is Treviso, and here, when the great artist has eaten and rested, he strolls into the church and glances at his "Annunciation," a work of his earlier days. He smiles over the faulty drawing, and knows that his shaking old hand at eighty-eight years can paint a more celestial angel than that rustie-looking being.

Next day he fords the Piave, which, in this summer season, is a broad expanse of pebbles, with a narrow thread of water; and so along the dusty road, through festooned vines and broad-leaved maize, he comes where Conegliano stands on its low hill, with the evening sunlight ruddy on its dusky houses. At last the wide verdant plain is crossed, and he sees the Bishop of Ceneda's castle crowning the first height. The old painter looks wistfully at those towers, and shakes his head regretfully; for had not the Pope once offered Castle and Bishopric to his own son Pomponio, who had not been worthy to accept them?



But a little further on brighter thoughts come: for here is Serravalle, where his dear daughter Lavinia and her husband, Cornelio Sarcinelli, are waiting to welcome him. A little higher on the hill of Manza is one of Titian's own villas, which he might be said to have built with his brush: for he had, some score of years before, painted a picture for the church of Castel Rogagnolo, and the inhabitants, having no cash wherewith to pay him, promised to supply stones and workmen for eight years to build him a house. He chose the site well: it stands on the crest of the hill, overlooking the vast plain, where the verdure shades off to a purple haze, and the white villages, with their tall towers, seem like flowers dotted about in a vast field.

This low, rolling horizon is one of Titian's favourite backgrounds, for it appears in several of his pictures: sometimes glorious in yellow or rosy light, sometimes dark and purple under a line of clouds. One instance of this may be seen in the "Saviour and Mary Magdalen" of the National Gallery. Turning the other way, he can study woodland and mountain effects: for here the wavy lines of hill are broken by crags, or emphasised by bristling fortress towers, over which the clouds throw shadows, and the mists cast softening veils.

The late Mr. Gilbert, in "Titian's Country," has given the "Madonna and St. Catharine" in the National Gallery as a reminiscence of this scene, and the upright landscape in Buckingham Palace as a study in rolling clouds which blot out all the Manza range, except one far point rising black against the orange light.

Between this villa and his daughter's house at Serravalle the painter possibly lingers a day or two. The towers of Serravalle rise at the very entrance to the mysterious region of dolomite mountains, which, however, were not called dolomites in Titian's days. Here, too, he has reminiscences, for in the church hangs that Madonna ordered by the Serravallians in 1542, and over which there were six years of litigation, owing to Titian demanding extra pay for having painted a St. Peter instead of St. Vincent. Saints have a commercial tariff, it appears.

When he leaves his daughter's house, she probably stands to watch the cavalcade on its way up the gorge past the eerie Lago Morto, to the precipitous pass, beyond which the painter's eyes rest on a more smiling valley, where Lake Possino gleams brightly in the midst, with distant white limestone peaks reflected in it. On his left lies the great forest of the "Consiglio," which supplied Venetian galleys with their masts and oars, and which has also supplied Titian himself with an inspiration for the scenery in "St. Peter Martyr," and his "St. Jerome" at the Brera.

He crosses the Piave again on the bridge called Capo di Ponte, over which Maximilian had, within Titian's recollection, led his army.\* Here the mules, turning away from the fertile "Vale of Mel," take the rough stony path up the mountain, where the torrent of Vajont pours itself out from a dark inaccessible cleft. The precipitous pass leads by the mouth of a dim, dark cave, the memory of which has once or twice served the painter as a setting for his ascetic saints; and it winds up past queer villages whose rough huts cling to the very face of rugged and lofty cliffs. It is a savage defile indeed, with the Piave rushing and roaring in the rocky depths, where half-naked raftsmen, wielding long poles, guide their narrow rafts round the perilous turns with hoarse screams. Arrived at the top, Titian's heart leaps, for here he obtains the first view of his favourite mountain, the Marmarolo, always the first bit of Cadore to greet him on his homeward way, and the last he takes leave of.

There are the two craggy peaks like twin giants, standing tall amid the many jagged forms surrounding them. How often has he seen these peaks! sometimes appearing like molten gold above the purple mists, sometimes frowning and black beneath the lowering clouds; and how often has he sketched or painted them under different aspects!

At Longarone, on the next day's journey, the scenery becomes grand; and he ascends an awful gorge, where his mule treads a tortuous path winding about the faces of tremendous cliffs of yellow, white, and grey dolomite, and the torrent roars hoarsely in the depths. Up and up passes the little cavalcade till it reaches Perarolo, whose rough houses fill the gap. Here behind the houses, in the cleft between the two hills, the painter's eyes fall on a sight which makes him exclaim with joy. There shoot up the whitish peaks and pinnacles of mighty Antelao, all wreathed with gorgeous clouds—those pinnacles which have called him from Venice, perhaps for the last time. From here he makes a westward turn, and soon descends other mountain peaks, and even Monte Cristallo's glaciers gleam far away beyond the Auronge range; and next a little cluster of white houses on a hill.

Titian's pilgrimage is almost over. Cadore is in sight, and the very first house on this side is his own old home. As he draws near, he sees the various levels of its red roofs, for the house is built of different portions; and there is the old fountain, with his name-father, St. Tiziano, standing in the midst in stonem effigy, just as he saw it when a boy.

\* Massena crossed it with his besieging soldiers two centuries later, and the more modern Austrian invaders destroyed it in 1866.



How many memories crowd into the old man's mind as he draws near! He remembers the familiar, anxious face of his mother, whose portrait he has left in Venice, and who in many a past summer pilgrimage has been the first to greet him. Mother and father are both gone, and even brother Francesco has died, aged and infirm, five years before. But there are nephews and nieces, and grandnephews and grandnieces, to greet him; and the old painter can sit in his carven chair, and tell the younger ones of all his visits to the old homestead before they were born. He can tell how when he was a child he used to run about among the flowers, and try to match their juices to the glorious colours on the variegated

score years, since she came to Venice to be a mother to his children. How well he remembers that summer pilgrimage in 1530, when he brought those motherless children across the mountains with a heavy and bereaved soul, and good Orsola had taken them to her heart.

Titian's only consolation at that time had been his brush; he painted a good deal during that melancholy visit. The "St. James" in the Palatini Chapel of Cadore was done at this time, and so was the processional banner, in which he painted three children presenting flowers to the Madonna, a touching emblem of his own three little ones, whose mother was in heaven.\* The same year he painted



VIEW FROM TITIAN'S HOUSE, CADORE.

(Drawn by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by M. Dormoy.)

mountains; but flowers were not very effective paints, and he soon gave over such artistic attempts for the more boyish pursuits of snaring birds and climbing trees. Then he can speak to them of less futile attempts at art, when at eleven years he frescoed a "Madonna and Child," with young St. John kneeling beside her, on the wall of his grandfather Vecelli's house close by; and how, soon after this, he went over the mountains for the first time to learn painting under a better master than Rossi of Zoldo, and how sorry his favourite little sister Orsola was to part from him—that Orsola who had now been his devoted companion for nearly two

altar pictures for churches in the villages of Candide, Vinigo, and Vigo, on Monte Cormon.

He might tell them of his visit in 1519, when he painted the arabesques on the ceiling in Cousin Titian's house, and how, on the return journey by the outskirts of the woods of Consiglio, he made the sketch for his famous picture of "St. John in the Wilderness."

Then one year there was a winter journey round the other side of the Pelmo, when he was snowed up in the curé's house, and amused himself by painting

\* Only a bad copy of this remains in a neighbouring church. It is not known where the original is to be found.



a gruesome fresco on the walls of his host's room, representing "Death with his Scythe," and when in the pauses of his work he gazed from the window the mighty bulk of the Pelmo rose just opposite in its full majesty, sometimes ghostly white and blue in the cold moonlight, sometimes in a blaze of red, wreathed with tinted mists at sunset.

Another of his past visits was marked by the altar-piece in the Vecelli Chapel at Cadore, where

the Golden Spur, and has besides privileges granted him by Charles V., which allow him to create his relative Fansto Vecellio a notary. Besides the whole family of Vecelli, there are also assembled on this occasion—October 1, 1565—several artistic and legal friends from Venice and other places, and a grand banquet takes place.

Up above Cadore stands the old Castle, which is at this time intact, and, like any other respect-



TITIAN'S HOUSE, CADORE.

(Drawn by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. Engraved by M. Dormon.)

the artist, with his brother Francesco, and Marco, his handsome, dark-bearded nephew, are immortalised under the guise of saints.

Some of his reminiscences are delightful to the boys, such as the terrible time of the wars in Cadore, 1508-10, when the family home had been battered by Maximilian's balls, and sacked by his soldiers, and when mother and father had fled to Venice for shelter beneath their son's roof. The war had been the subject of one of Titian's masterpieces, which, when he spoke, formed a side of the wall of the Hall of the Great Council in the Doge's Palace. The old man little thought that the great picture would, so to say, die with him, for it was burned in 1577, soon after his own death.

While Titian is at Cadore during this visit of 1565, grand doings take place in the family. He has been made a Count of the Empire, and Knight of

able castle, contains a prison and a palace, a moat, and a secret passage which issues at some remote spot in the ravine above the Piave.

Titian himself has sketched the barbican tower, with its machicolations and turrets; for up here, where he could see all the Cadore and Auronzo peaks, was one of his favourite spots for landscape study. Here he could sketch hill and dale and rock. Northward the fertile valley of the Piave, with Monte Corron behind, and villages dotted about among its foliage. Southward the rocky ravine, with Perarolo in misty distance; on the west, Cadore lying at his feet, with the Marmarolo towering behind it, and Monte Cristallo a white ghost in the distance. But we will take the description of the scene as given by the late Mr. Gilbert. It is essentially the scene Titian looked upon, for mountains are lasting things.





THE DOLOMITES AND THE VALLEY, CADORE.

(Drawn by J. MacWhorter, A.R.A.)



“ . . . Turning towards the south-west, and following the course of the Boita Valley, the eye is caught by a turret lifted in air—a turret, as it might be, of a Babel reaching unto heaven: it belongs to that marvellous piece of dolomite architecture, the Sasso di Pelmo. The rest of it from this point is cut off by the flanks of the Antelao, which, though the kernel of the Cadore mountain system, is still but little seen. To the left of the Pelmo rises a spectral mass, which those who know its surpassing grandeur as seen from the secluded lake of Alleghe, can scarcely believe it to be indeed the Civita—a dolomite of nobler proportions, or at least more scenically disposed for effect than any other. All these exceed 10,000 feet in height. Eastward, across the Piave, are the jagged summits of Monte Cridola, part of a range extending from north to south, that is here hidden from the spectator by lofty forest-covered hills, but which, from a few points up and down the valley, is seen in startling glimpses, sawing the sky as only dolomite can. The last member of that range southward, near Perarolo, soars into a shape like the snout of a rhinoceros, with the horn at the tip; that is Monte Duranno.”\*

These are the hills from which Titian drew so many of his backgrounds. You may see them in any of his sketches. One of his drawings, a “Baptism of Christ,” belonging to W. R. Drake, Esq., has Cadore itself, with the very mule road that he so often traversed. The “Cridola” comes into the well-known “Supper at Emmaus.” He is much more reticent with regard to colour. He veils his dolomites with clouds, or tones them down with

\* From “Titian’s Country,” p. 117.

shadows, but never gives them that startling diapason of colour, varying from the awful pallor of whitish-grey to the gorgeous yellows and salmon colours, that go off into purple shades and make the greens look startling and unreal. If he had, they would no more have served the only use he made

of landscape—that of a background for figures. The setting would in that case have absorbed all the colour power of the composition, to the detriment of the subject.

We may believe that this journey of 1565 was Titian’s very last pilgrimage to the mountain cradle of his genius. He must have been indeed a strong old man to accomplish such a journey at eighty-eight years of age, but his artistic life still boasted of energy, and his aged hand had not lost its cunning. The very year after it (1566) the Commune of Pieve di Cadore held a council on June 18, and deliberated to offer him the work of frescoing the roof of the church there. He must have accepted, for on July 2 the Commune set apart

200 scudi for the pictures, to be paid in rations during two years: also a quantity of wood for scaffolding. It is believed, however, that Titian only furnished the cartoons, and that his scholars painted the roof. There is no proof or internal evidence remaining, for the frescoes were destroyed in 1813, when the church was rebuilt. In 1567, at ninety years of age, we find him painting the portrait of Giacomo Strada of Rosberg, now in the Belvedere of Vienna; and much more work was done before the old man’s century of life was nearly complete, and the terrible enemy took him away from his garden by the water.

More celestial hills than Antelao then called him on a further pilgrimage.



AT WELSBERG, NEAR CADORE, LOOKING BACK TO THE DOLOMITES.

(Drawn by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.)



## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

TO the acquisition, by the National Gallery, of the two important portraits reproduced on this page we have already made some reference. They



SIR JAMES COCKBURN, 6TH BART., AND HIS DAUGHTER.

(By Johann Zoffany, R.A. Bequeathed to the National Gallery by Marianna Augusta, Lady Hamilton.)

are both the gift of Marianna Augusta, Lady Hamilton, who bequeathed them to the nation. Though painted by different artists, they bear the interest of close relationship, being portraits of man and wife and their children. The first is the portrait of Sir James Cockburn, Bart., his daughter playing beside him. It is painted by Johann Zoffany, R.A., that strange painter, whose real name was Zaufelly and who passed his life, through his own restless temperament, in rapid transitions from prosperity to comparative poverty. This Cockburn, the sixth baronet of the name, was M.P. for Peebles, and was the great-uncle of the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn, who died but a few years since. He was the husband of the beautiful Lady Coekburn, whose portrait is given here. This exquisite picture is included, by common consent,

amongst the masterpieces of its painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. It has, indeed, several special features to mark it. Not only is it in brilliant condition, painted in Sir Joshua's finest period—in the year 1774—and with all the charm of composition and treatment, with all the vivacity of arrangement and coloration, but it has the peculiarity of being one of the two pictures ever signed by the painter with his name at length. The story goes that the artist, in his most courtly and courtier-like manner, besought the permission of the lady, whose beauty had made him her very devoted and respectful slave, to "allow him to go down to posterity upon the hem of her garment." It is certain that "Reynolds pinx." is to be found on the edge of her dress; but the circumstance is less, we imagine, to be ascribed to the emotion of this particularly unimpressionable painter than to his



LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN.

(By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. Bequeathed to the National Gallery by Marianna Augusta, Lady Hamilton.)

cool judgment and certain knowledge that here was one of the finest pictures he had ever painted—full alike of painter-like excellence and the very refinement of charm—and that out of conscious merit he took upon himself to put his name to it. The



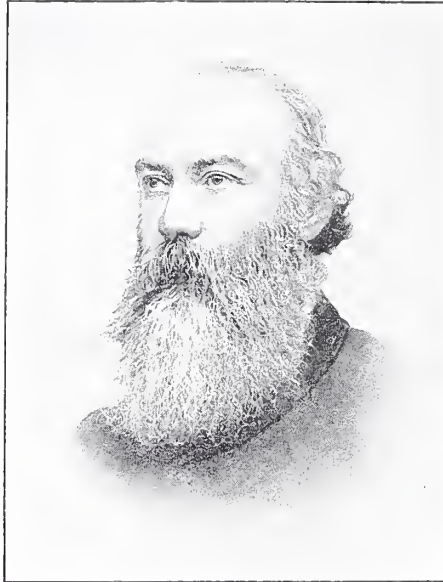
famous macaw, of which Northcote speaks, is introduced into the picture.

It may be mentioned that this work was engraved by C. Wilkins in stipple in 1791, and issued with the very inappropriate title, "Cornelia and Her Children," with an accompanying extract from Hook's "Roman History." It was again engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Lady Cockburn, it will be remembered, was the daughter of the doughty Dean of Bristol—Dr. Francis Ayscough, the militant doctor of divinity, whose successful contests against Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and on the occasion of his presentation to the rectory of Northchurch, are still remembered.

We much regret to record the death of Mr. Charles Jones, R.C.A., the well-known animal painter. His loss will be deeply felt, for he was an ardent and loving student of nature: and, apart from artistic excellence, one always recognised in his works that as a draughtsman of all animals he could, indeed, hardly be excelled, so thorough was his knowledge of their anatomy and habits. Mr. Charles Jones was a member of the Royal Cambrian Academy, and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, Paris Salon, and all the London and provincial exhibitions.

His important works, such as "The Inquisitive Magpie" (exhibited at the Royal Academy), "The Fox Without a Tail" (Æsop's Fables), the "1st of October" (R.A.), "A Break Away," "The Lord of the Downs" (exhibited at the Paris Salon, and lately awarded a gold medal at the Crystal Palace), as well as his well-known pastoral landscapes, with scenes and groupings of beautifully-depicted sheep, so true

to nature, will never be forgotten. One of his greatest characteristics was his clever representation of the woolly fleeces. But Mr. Jones's power and love extended to portrayal of all animals. In his studio can be seen, among varied subjects, many sporting pictures—one very important, the "Return from Deer-Stalking," and a very fine lion subject. In all and every work of his were to be recognised the loving care and devoted zeal of the enthusiast.



THE LATE CHARLES JONES, R.C.A.

(From a Photograph by C. Passingham, Brighton.)

The Art Gallery Purchase Committee of the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery has recently acquired from Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons a large and important work by Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., entitled "Fish from the Dogger Bank." It represents the shore at Scheveningen, Holland, with three Dutch fishing-boats, or "puiks," riding at anchor.

In the foreground a group of women are bargaining about the sale of the fish which has just been landed by means of baskets flung overboard into the shallow water, which are then dragged ashore by the fishermen, who wade out into the

sand - coloured sea. This picture, which is from the David Price collection, was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1870, and may be looked upon as one of the artist's finest works. It is "full of atmosphere and sea air." Mr. Hook's feeling for breezy weather is delightfully healthy, and our



FISH FROM THE DOGGER BANK.

(From the Painting by J. C. Hook, R.A. Recently acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery.)

English school may well be proud of such works as "Fish from the Dogger Bank. The rolling in of the low breakers is perfect, and the sense of air in motion is remarkably fine. The figures, too, are conspicuously good, and the animated scene is full of interest.

## THE PORTRAITS OF LORD TENNYSON.—I.

By THEODORE WATTS.

ONCE during a walk with Lord Tennyson—a walk in the sunny wind along that “High Down” by the beacon-staff which his footfalls have made sacred to every lover of English poetry for ever—he got talking about

and reshaping the remembered object into an actual visible presence.

Whether in the case of Hoccleve and his portrait

“The morning star of song who made  
His music heard below;”

and soon the conversation turned upon the well-known portrait of Chaucer—that portrait so precious to the world—which his friend Hoccleve after the poet’s death had traced on the Harleian manuscript, and which he describes in a verse so full of the vitalising power of sincere feeling, that it has kept, after nearly five hundred years, fresher, greener, and warmer than many a verse written yesterday.

“Although his life be queynt, the résemblance  
Of him hath in me so fresh liveliness,  
That to put other men in réembraunce  
Of his persón I have here his likeness  
Do makè, to this end in soothfastness,  
That they that have of him lost thought  
and mind,  
By this peinturè may again him find.”

I told him I had often thought that we Chaucerians were indebted for the priceless legacy of a true portrait of Chaucer to the fact of a friend’s having been teased by a haunting mental image of him until, in order to appease the yearning of his own memory, he was impelled to get that image depicted. For when death removes one whose personality is very powerful, the brain of each surviving friend is apt to pass into a stage of strange exaltation. The memory of the man who has passed away—the mental image of him, I mean—which before lay quiescent in the brain, takes, as it were, a vitality of its own. It is, I say, as though memory, in its highest and most intense form, does really exercise that wild and mysterious power of which the Hindoo poets speak, of calling back the dead from “the undying memory of the universe, which is life;” or rather, as we should now say, of focusing the universal undulations which are called matter,



TENNYSON (1844).

(From the Painting by Samuel Laurence.)

of Chaucer this was so or not, Lord Tennyson’s personality was so powerful, and it was so vividly expressed by his face, that there is, I feel sure, many a friend of his who at the present moment is haunted by a mental image of him far more vivid than that which possessed his brain during the poet’s life—so vivid indeed as to be disturbing and painful. And what I want to say here is that each of these friends has an opportunity now of rendering a service to posterity such as perhaps no other effort of his life will ever enable him to render. Each friend can now faithfully depict in words that mental image of the corporeal part of the great poet by which his own brain is blest and vexed. Out of the many portraits of Tennyson that exist each friend



can select one and say, "This most resembles the mental image of Tennyson that belongs to me." But this good office must be done now, it must be done while the image in each brain is in full intensity; for everything in some degree fades in this Mirage; nothing keeps its brightness—no, not even Memory's most brilliant picture of a dead friend's face.

And in a certain sense it is the duty of these

itself, and that though the physique of a poet must be fine indeed if it can successfully compete with the image his own artistic genius has unwittingly raised, Tennyson's physique could and did always pass with safety that ordeal. Let us each one, I say, turn to account while he may the opportunity he has had of showing how far in Tennyson's case the spiritual part of the man

was represented by the material part, and so do his best to prevent the one portrait of him which is nearest the truth from being challenged by other portraits not so near. And if it seems to any one of us witnesses that, notwithstanding all the artistic genius which has been called in to render Tennyson's head by men like G. F. Watts, Sir John Millais, Professor Herkomer, F. K. Sandys, and others, some unpretentious photograph represents, after all, his own mental image of Tennyson, let him say so frankly, and these great artists will never take offence. Each one of them will know that it is not that the friend of the dead man loves the painter's style less, but that he loves the memory of Tennyson more.

It will be observed, for instance, that I have selected as the frontispiece to this article, not the lovely painting by George Frederik Watts, but a painting that is based entirely on a photograph. For having done this, that great painter and great man, being himself one of Tennyson's most cherished friends, will ask from me no justification

save this, that though not in any way the most artistic representation of Tennyson, this portrait approaches nearer than does any other to that mental image of the man which is mine.

Mr. Watts's portraits no doubt are as remarkable for their truth as for their style. His imaginative designs show him to be not only a painter but a poet of a very high and a very peculiar order. Fine as is his executive power, one is sometimes tempted to ask whether his success in giving artistic expression to the poetry within him would not have been still greater than it now is had his artistic medium been, like that of his friend the laureate, rhythmical language, or like that of Beethoven, absolute music.

And in the portrait in question there is a great



TENNYSON.

(From the Medallion by the late Thomas Woolner, R.A.)

friends to do this—their duty not only to future students of poetry, but to the great poet himself. For let his friends remember that the lovers of poetry in future times will, in trying to form a mental image of Tennyson, suffer from an embarrassment of wealth more bewildering than that embarrassment of poverty from which we now suffer in trying to form a true mental image of Coleridge, of Shelley, or of Keats. Let them remember that so strong is what is called the anthropomorphic instinct in us all, that it is impossible for anyone to read any poem which shows itself to be charged with the writer's personality without forming a mental image of him who wrote it.

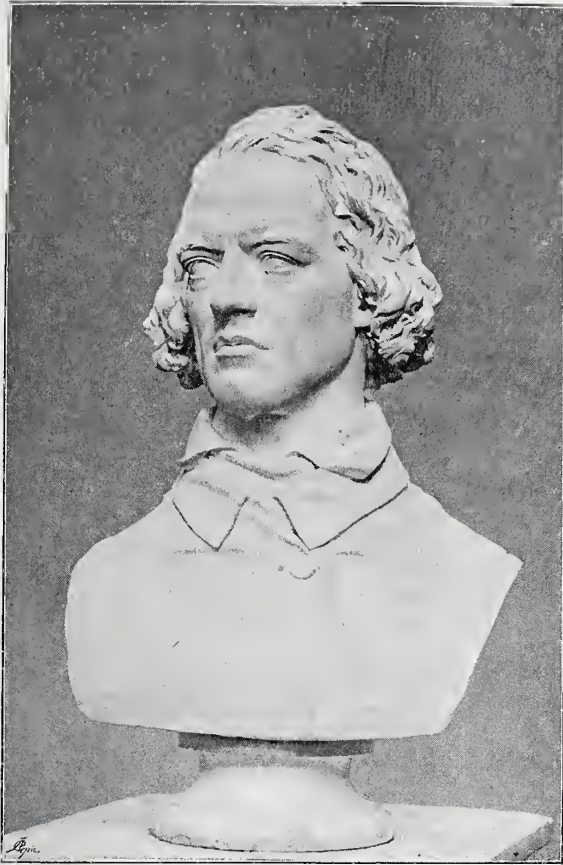
Let them remember that this picture is necessarily built up from the suggestions of the poem

deal of this quality of his—a quality which may be called the mystic music of thought. It gives us the poet of the Lotos-Eaters—it gives us the very

us a little while ago rendered his own mental picture of Tennyson.

I know, of course, that as every portrait must be painted either by a painter of style or by a painter of mere executive skill, we must expect that, while the work of the latter kind of executant is rarely more than a map of the features (such as we see in Droeshout's tantalising portrait of Shakespeare), the work of the former kind of executant must always run the danger of being unduly steeped in the painter's own individuality—steeped sometimes so deeply as to become not so much a portrait of the subject as the image of a third something between subject and artist. I know, of course, that in every portrait which is a work of art at all there must be the splendid egoism of style, and that to balance this egoism with dramatic truth was the object of him in whom artistic style and dramatic truth seem one—Velasquez.

I know that to achieve this balance is enormously difficult with all painters, and that what St. Basil said upon a still greater subject, that "One little turn of the eye sets a man either in the sun or the shadow of his own body," may, with very special appropriateness, be applied to portrait painting. I know that by the variation of a line, nay, even by arranging the fall of the hair upon the cheek, the expression of the face may be infinitely enriched or



TENNYSON.

(From the Bust by the late Thomas Woolner, R.A.)

lips, soft and luxurious, from which could come the lines:—

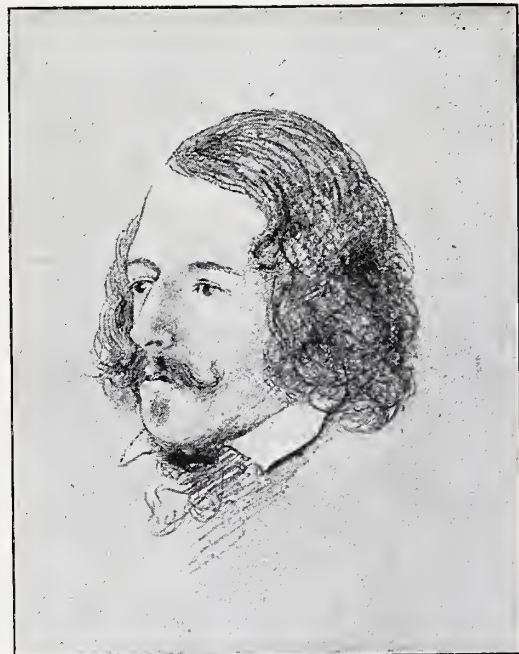
“Music that gentler on the spirit lies  
Than ti-erd eyelids upon ti-erd eyes.”

But, though Tennyson, from those early days when he said—

“Check every outflash, every ruder sally  
Of thought and speech; speak low and give up wholly  
Thy spirit to mild-minded melancholy;”

down to the very last showed clearly enough that he could be on occasion a good lotos-eater, it is not as a lotos-eater that I think of him: it is not as a lotos-eater that I see the most variously endowed English poet that has appeared since Shakespeare.

And if there is too much of the painter's style in Mr. Watts's portrait, the same must be said with still more emphasis of the splendid large water-colour and etched portrait by Professor Herkomer, and with more emphasis still of that portrait by Sir John Millais, which a writer in the *Times* told



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1850).

(From the Sketch by Richard Doyle in the British Museum.)

infinitely impoverished, and that the more fully endowed with genius the artist may be the more likely is he to vary the line or arrange the fall



according to his own style. And it is my very knowledge of this which makes me say what I am now saying: for between the man of genius and the common herd of workers in any art the difference is not of degree but of kind: it is the

less to me. "Le style est l'homme même" (to give correctly for once Buffon's oft-misquoted words), but the man we want to see in the portrait of one we love or admire is the man himself, even though he who paints him be among the very kings of art; nay, the more kingly the painter the more are we apt to exclaim, when looking at the portrait—

"Oh, let me taste thee unexercised by kings!"

And here I come to the core of these remarks. While most faces gain by the artistic halo which a painter of genius always sheds over his work, there are some few, some very few faces that do not, and of these Lord Tennyson's is the most notable that I have ever seen among men of great renown—yes, even including George Borrow's.

When I first saw the poet he was already advanced in years, but I perceived at a glance that the simple greatness of character which his face expressed could never be rendered by any portrait—as indeed, I said to the late Lord Houghton, to whom I stand for ever indebted for my introduction to him. This was at a garden party where, although the walks were thronged with some of the most distinguished people in England, he appeared to me to be the only person there. I remember coming upon him as he stood towering under a tree by the side of his son—his only child now—that devoted son whose own



TENNYSON AND HIS FAMILY AT FARRINGFORD (ABOUT 1857).

(From a Daguerreotype by Rejlander.)

difference between the true "child of Israel" and the child of the outside world. According to a passage in the Apocrypha, one of the virtues of manna was that it took the very flavour most agreeable to each particular child of Israel who ate it, while, perhaps, in the mouth of the mere outsider, it would have retained the true and single flavour which belongs to that kind of food. All depended upon the person who chewed. Now it is the chewing of these painters of genius that gives me pause when I stand before the portrait of a friend.

I am the enviable possessor of a portrait which all competent judges declare to be one of the most true as well as one of the finest portraits of our time—that portrait of Madox Brown given in THE MAGAZINE OF ART a year or two ago. But then it was painted by my dear old friend himself. It is Brown's own personality, unadulterated by any flavour of Millais, Watts, or Sandys—therefore price-

fine talents and accomplishments (and I know but few men with finer) are necessarily lost in a light of genius so rare and a fame so enormous as his father's—at that garden party, I say, I saw no one but Tennyson, and no wonder. Fancy, indeed, the effect of the sudden apparition of Tennyson upon a man who, through his youth, had been a lover of poetry so passionate that, for years, he could read nothing not written in verse, and who had long come to the conclusion that, whatever might have been the natural endowments of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, of Shelley, of Keats—whether in this regard they or some one of these might not have been his equal or even his superior—in virtue of the perfection, the richness and the *variety* of the life-work actually accomplished, the man who stood before him was the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century! And yet I seemed to see that the man himself was greater than his work, even





TENNYSON (1859).

(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. Engraved by W. Biscombe Gardner.)



such work as his. Now this impression upon me was produced by a something in the expression of the face, especially in that of the eyes which it would be impossible for any portrait to render.

But what was that impression? It suggested to me, as I have said on a former occasion in the *Athenæum*, the "song-smith" of the northern Olympus, Bragi, the son of Odin and Frigga, described in the Elder Edda, whose eyes were "both old and young;" it suggested, I say, the great "Welcomer to Valhalla"—

"Whose eyes, where past and future both are gleaming  
With lore beyond all youthful poets' dreaming,  
Seem lit from shores of some far-glittering day!"

This is the impression which the painter's art has tried to render, and which, though caught by Girardot in his portrait based on the Mayall photograph, has been caught only because the artist followed a portrait-painter who, to be sure, is not always to be relied upon, the *sun*. Though the sun never troubles himself about style nor the best way in which it may be imported into a picture, and although he is often the most savage of caricaturists, he sometimes can work a miracle of truthful representation before which the highest exemplars of artistic style must bow. Such is a certain photograph of Mr. Gladstone, and such is the splendid three-quarter profile photograph by Mayall hanging at Aldworth.

And I may say that this is not merely my own opinion; it is shared by those who have a greater right than I to speak with confidence on this matter. In order to prevent mistakes, let me say that allusion is not made here to a photograph extremely like it in some points, and yet unlike in certain essentials, the one of which an engraving is given as a frontispiece to Macmillan's edition of the collected poems, 1884, where the eyes are too small and where, instead of a light, there is a shadow over the prominence made by the cheek-line.

The great photograph I mean, whose chief and indeed only shortcoming is that the three-quarter profile is not always the best angle for rendering the modelling of temples like Tennyson's, is in some respects better even than the painting that was undertaken to correct this, and *has* corrected it admirably. The expression in the eyes which I have taken so much trouble to indicate is still better given here. The line made by the hair falling on the cheek, always an important point in a portrait of Tennyson, is more irregular, and therefore has more of the sweet carelessness of Nature. The shadow under the great muscle of the cheek is not so dark, thus allowing the shadow under the eyes to throw up their light with more brillianey.

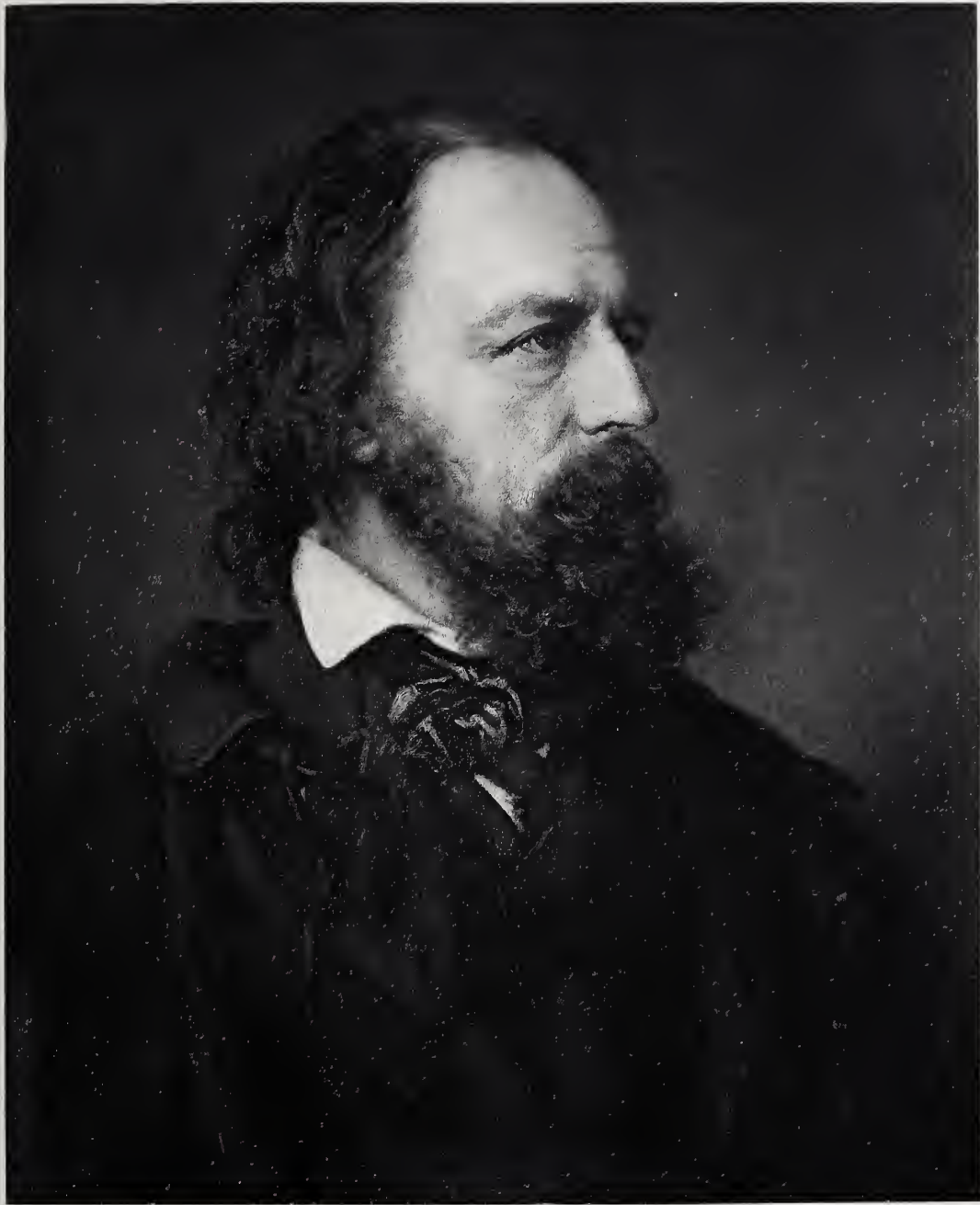
Of course, the quality which Bacon calls "strangeness," the quality which he says is inseparable from the highest beauty, may exist quite apart from this peculiar expression in the eyes which I have tried to indicate, otherwise there would be no beautiful portraits. And here the painters have been much more successful.

This high quality of "strangeness" is to be found in some degree in the early portrait of the poet by Samuel Laurence—an exquisite piece of work—and yet one which it is difficult for me to think was ever true as a mere map of the features—though one whose opinion on such a point is above all challenge says the portrait was like. Time does not alter the bony structure of a face, and yet when we compare this portrait with those taken in later years, either by the painters or by the photograph, we shall find in it a great and even a fundamental departure from the type as expressed by all the other exemplars. The space between the nostril and the inner corner of the eye being in appearance abridged, the lips and mouth seem wrong. I may remark parenthetically that it is, as I once told Tennyson, who was extremely familiar with questions about Shakespeare, this same variation of the space from nostril to eye—so noticeable between the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare and the Stratford bust—which makes the art-critic pause when he is told that both works represent the same face, strong as, in other points, is the resemblance between them.

Yet here is the remarkable thing: not only does this portrait remind one somewhat of the poet's son Lionel, but Doyle's portrait, taken when Tennyson was about forty-five years of age, though it reminds one less of Lionel than does the Laurence painting, exhibits the same apparent departure from the accustomed type.

That the high quality of "strangeness" would not be missing in any of Mr. Watts's portraits of the poet was certain. Between all these, indeed, there is a point of kinship of a very peculiar and a very fascinating kind. They may be called fine moonlight representations of the original.

Not, of course, that this impression was consciously produced by the artist, but there is a mystery about them, a certain dreaminess which suggests the poetic glamour of moonlight rather than the more prosaic radiance of "the gaudy, babbling and remorseful day;" as though the painter, between whom and the poet there was the bond of such a deep affection, had unconsciously recalled those delightful strolls he had had with his friend in the walks he loved and in the moonlight he loved. If this is so, as I should like to think, there would be no chapter in the history of the



M. Girardot, pinxt

Berlin Photographic Co. photogravure.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

*(The favourite portrait, based upon a photograph by Mayall.)*

Magazine of Art





portrait painter's art more interesting than this—there would have been none more interesting, even before we knew that it was in the light of the moon the great poet died.

I said just now that in all portraits of Tennyson the line of the hair (which, indeed, may almost be called tresses) upon the cheek and neck is of exceptional value, and Watts never forgets this. On the other hand, a finer illustration of the importance of not neglecting the hair could scarcely be found than that afforded by Sir John Millais' splendidly-painted portrait at Queen Anne's Lodge, painted for one of the laureate's friends, Mr. James Knowles. The executive power of this great painter is, as Rossetti once said to me, "paralysing to look upon," and here it is seen to perfection. But no painter can import the Baconian "strangeness" into a portrait displaying the pointed beard and the formal wings of hair that one sees here.

Sculpture, of course, works under peculiarly heavy conditions in trying to render this quality of "strangeness." Mr. Woolner's first bust, in which the face appears without any beard, is, no doubt, an excellent piece of work and very striking; but the sculptor seems to be haunted by a reminiscence of Dante when he deals with Tennyson.

Mrs. Cameron's photograph (here given) was taken about twenty years ago. It is full of life and certainly very like, save for the modelling, or rather, no-modelling of the temples and the frontal bone. The egg-like rotundity here is not true to nature.

It has the advantage, however, of showing the fine drawing in the neck of the poet; and certainly the more I look at it the more I recall the number of times that I have seen that earnest meditative expression upon his face.

With regard to the group in the glade at Farringford, by Rejlander, where the poet, Lady Tennyson, and the two children, Hallam and Lionel, stand, this is the photograph which is alluded to by my friend, Mrs. Ritchie (who seems somehow dearer to me now that one of the two poets we loved is gone).

"There is a photograph," says that delightful writer, "I have always liked, in which it seems to me the history of this house is written, as such

histories should be written, in sunlight, in the flashing of a beam, in an instant, and for ever. It was taken in the green glade at Farringford. Hallam and Lionel Tennyson stand on either side of their parents. The father and mother and children come advancing towards us. Who does not know the beautiful lines to the mother?



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1871).

(From the Photograph by Mrs. Cameron.)

'Dear, near, and true—no truer Time himself  
Can prove you, though he make you evermore  
Dearer and nearer.'"

Havoc has been played with this photograph by the sunlight falling on the heads of the figures. Still it is a family picture so intensely interesting that I could not resist giving it (if only as a return to Mrs. Ritchie for the delight her book has given me), though the modern costume, hideous enough when in fashion and intolerable when out of fashion, is very distressing; and the outline of Lady Tennyson's features, so extremely delicate and beautiful in nature, is entirely lost; while the eyes of all the group are darker than in nature—results chiefly due to the fading of the print.





LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

(From the Painting by A. L. Egg, R.A.)

## THE LEICESTER CORPORATION ART GALLERY.—II.

By S. J. VICCARS.

THE Leicester Gallery has at various times been enriched by personal gifts of pictures by artists—works in oil by Mr. James Orrock, R.I. (who had previously given a number of valuable studies by the great English masters of water-colour to the School of Art), James Webb, and John Varley having been thus contributed. The most important acquisition of this kind, however, is the large “Fata Morgana,” by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. In June, 1888, the artist, who had been travelling in Egypt, intimated to the Committee that he had been so deeply impressed with the services rendered to the British Empire and to the cause of civilisation by Mr. J. M. Cook, that he wished to present to the town chiefly associated with Mr. Cook’s reputation a picture that should worthily represent his appreciation of the work and character of that gentleman. The outcome of this was the presentation to the Gallery by Mr. Watts of the above-mentioned picture, justly considered, for design, colour, vigour, and brilliancy, one of his most successful works.

An etching from this picture was published in THE MAGAZINE OF ART in November, 1890.

As the casual and superficial observer (who only knows Turner by those brilliant, incomprehensible at times, and, alas! evanescent works of his latter period), when standing before one of the quiet, low-toned, sober landscapes of his early years, fails to recognise the hand of that master at all, so have I often noticed many at fault when looking at the early work of another great landscape artist of the English school, not long passed away, and a native of the Midland counties. To many the late Henry Dawson is only known as the painter of gorgeous effects of sunlight: and such work as that shown in the “View on the Trent” and the sketch (No. 6) in the Gallery would come upon them as a revelation. The large picture painted in 1847, long before Dawson became famous, is a lovely rendering of a quiet pastoral landscape, perfect in its subtle harmonies of delicate greys and greens, and its wonderfully powerful and transparent sky. It shows the Wilsonian



influence strongly; but these works were not appreciated at all at the time; Dawson was told by the dealers that his pictures were not pretty enough; he must finish more, and try to produce work in Creswick's style. And this, poor fellow, to earn his bread, he did, and from about 1855 to 1865 or so painted some of his worst pictures. The sketch referred to shows, if anything, even more power than the finished picture. It is bold, vigorous, luminous,

Several members of the Royal Institute are connected with Leicester, Mr. John Fulleylove and Mr. George Elgood being natives, and Mr. James Orrock for many years a resident. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Institute is strongly represented on the walls of the Gallery. One single figure by the President, Sir James Linton, "Valentine," in oil, is hardly, I venture to think, a sufficiently satisfactory representation of this accomplished water-



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

(From the Painting by John Fulleylove, R.I.)

and fine in colour, and as good in its way as anything by Constable, Müller, Cotman, or any of our great landscape artists. A simple enough subject—merely a bit of road, a stretch of moorland or common, and a stormy, windy sky. The picture was presented to the Gallery by the late J. E. Hodges. The amazing folly of not letting well alone receives an apt illustration here. Dawson had merely put in a couple of insignificant figures, amply sufficient for his purpose, and, of course, aiding and completing the composition of the picture. Some former owner, however (not having enough for his money, one would suppose), got another artist to insert a pony, a dog, and a couple of figures coming along the road in the foreground, well enough painted certainly, but out of keeping with the rest of the picture and marring the general effect. It is to be hoped that some day the Committee of the Leicester Gallery will have the courage to order their removal.

colour artist. "Hampton Court," by Mr. John Fulleylove, illustrated on this page, also a work in oil, is an important example of the artist showing all his powers of composition and skill as an architectural draughtsman. Mr. Orrock, who has always taken a warm interest in the Gallery, presented to it a large oil painting, "Kneeton on the Trent," a few years ago, a good example of his well-known vigorous and honest work. Other important works by members of the Institute are the large upright picture, a "Roman Triumph," by Mr. F. W. W. Topham, exhibited in the Academy in 1882. It represents the triumphant return, after a campaign, of a victorious Roman general, and the grouping and drawing of the figures, and composition of the work, are alike good. The dramatic effect is heightened by the introduction of the youthful son of the Emperor, who accompanies his father in the triumphal chariot, and whose fair delicate skin



contrasts admirably with the bronzed and swarthy complexions of the general and his attendants, and of the public slave standing behind him, who constantly whispers in his ear the warning words, "*Respice post te, hominem memento te*" ("Look behind

subjects illustrating various scenes from the works of our famous dramatist. Eight of these pictures were painted by the following artists:—Augustus L. Egg, R.A., C. R. Leslie, R.A., Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., F. R. Lee, R.A., Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., C. W.

Cope, R.A., and Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (two works being contributed by Leslie). The Leicester Gallery has been fortunate enough to secure two of this series—"Launce and His Dog," from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by A. L. Egg, R.A., and "Macbeth and the Witches," by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. The former, an excellent example of Egg's work, is illustrated on p. 44. The Stanfield, though a somewhat dark and gloomy landscape, is most powerfully conceived and carefully executed, fine in composition, and thoroughly realistic. Comparatively recently, through one of the sudden turns of modern fashion, the works of one of the most poetie, and but a few years ago one of the most popular, of our Academicians, the late P. F. Poole, have been much neglected, and when for sale in the picture market have realised relatively small sums. Leicester has fortunately been able to take advantage of this, and secured, only last year, two good specimens of Poole's work—one his celebrated "Arlete," which is engraved on p. 49, and which was on the Academy walls in 1848, and in a representative collection of the artist's works at Burlington House in the winter exhibition, 1884. Both the figures and landscape are equally well painted, and the picture shows



THE FLIGHT FROM LUCKNOW.

(From the Painting by Abraham Solomon.)

thee: remember thou art but mortal"). Still another prominent member of the Institute, Mr. Charles Green, finds a place here for his large oil painting, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," representing the departure of troops for the front, the band playing the well-known air; the incident of the charming figure of the girl in the foreground taking leave of her lover forcibly illustrating the title of the work.

The celebrated engineer, the late Isambard Brunel, being anxious to form a Shakespearian Gallery, deputed the first artists of the day to paint

great originality, good colour, and masterly execution. A very characteristic and carefully finished example by the late Abraham Solomon, "The Flight from Lucknow," exhibited at the Academy in 1858, forms the subject of the illustration on this page.

After several animated debates, and more than one close division, the advocates of the opening of the Free Libraries and Art Galleries on Sundays carried their point in the Leicester Town Council in 1891 by a small majority. The Art Gallery Committee, in consequence of this vote,



opened that building to the public from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Sundays. Over 3,000 persons visited the Gallery on the first open Sunday, and though naturally enough the numbers fell off after a few weeks, during the first year the average attendance was over 600. The conduct of those visiting was most exemplary, no disturbance or damage of any sort being reported.

Last year one of the late John Phillip's Spanish pictures, painted in Seville, entitled "The Balcony," was added to



THE BALCONY.

(From the Painting by John Phillip, R.A.)

the collection, and is here illustrated. Though small, it is a fine specimen of this splendid colourist. It found a place amongst the artist's works in the International Exhibition of 1873.

An illustration is given on p. 48 of a small upright work by Mr. Ernest Crofts, A.R.A., who has attained a prominent position as a battle painter. "Old Friends" is the title given to a view of a battle-field, with a white horse, apparently his favourite charger, standing dejectedly over the



THREE FISHERS.

(From the Painting by Colin Hunter, A.R.A.)



dead body of his master. The foreshortening of the figure of the man and the drawing of the horse are alike admirable. Several sea-pieces and coast scenes are on the walls, amongst others two works by Mr. Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., also a prominent member of the Institute, than whom a finer open-

only specimen in the Gallery of that refined and poetical landscape artist, the late J. W. Oakes, A.R.A.

Though possessing a small but choice collection of water-colours, the Leicester Gallery is rather rich in works in oil by artists more generally known, and in some cases perhaps more favourably, as water-colour painters. I have already mentioned important works in oil by Dewint, and Messrs. Orrock, Fulleylove, and Charles Green, and in addition to these, fine specimens of George Cattermole and H. Brittan Willis must not be overlooked. "The Monastery Door," by the former artist, were it framed accordingly, might at a little distance be taken for a water-colour, so singularly like is it to works in that medium; but a large landscape, "Cows Watering at a Stream," by Brittan Willis, painted in 1850, is a most powerful, strong, and richly coloured painting in oil—the work of a man who was an oil painter before he became a member of the old Water-Colour Society, and who, if he could turn out such pictures as this, ought never to have forsaken his first love. One other artist, J. D. Harding, in a small study, "A Shady Nook" (in oil), shows his marvellous mastery of foliage, as well as fine composition and colour.

The water-colour drawings in the Gallery are for the most part of small size, a large sunny drawing, "Port Madoc," by Edward Duncan, being the solitary exception. There are some fairly good examples of David Cox, W. Hunt, J. S. Cotman, S. Prout, George Barret, T. Girtin, John Varley,

Mr. Walter Langley, J. B. Pyne, W. L. Leitch, A. G. Vickers, T. M. Richardson, and others; but the difficulty the Committee has found hitherto has been from the want of a separate room to exhibit the drawings properly. That, however, has recently been overcome by the erection of two new rooms adjoining the large gallery and just opened to the public.

At the recent sale of the David Price and Murietta collections, the Leicester Gallery purchased from the former a very fine work in oil, "The Coast near Whitby," by J. B. Pyne, and the small replica of the "Railway Station," by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.;



OLD FRIENDS.

(From the Painting by Ernest Crofts, A.R.A.)

sea painter does not exist at the present time. "Gorleston Harbour," illustrated on p. 51, is a very good example of his powers in this respect, while another picture, "Genoa," gives evidence of his talent in other subjects. The celebrated Dutch marine painter, P. J. Clays, two of whose works are now in the National Gallery, has an equally fine one, "A Calm on the Kel in the Environs of Dordrecht," painted in 1870, in the Leicester collection; and Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., is represented by his Academy picture of 1872, "Three Fishers." (See p. 47.) A small but charming work, "Picking up Wreckage on a Rocky Shore," is the





ARLETE.

(From the Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. Engraved by Professor Berthold.)





and from the latter two fine works in oil by David Cox, and Mr. Seymour Lucas's large Academy picture of "A Whip for Van Tromp."

Quite recently, moreover, two pictures from the collection of the late Sir Thomas Fairbairn were purchased. One an exceedingly fine and large classical landscape by the late John Glover, the only celebrated artist of the early English school known to be a native of Leicestershire. This is perhaps as fine a landscape as Glover ever painted, and was obtained for a merely nominal price, as was also the other picture from the same collection, "A Neapolitan Saint Manufactory," by the late Thomas Uwins, R.A.,

Painted in 1831, and said to have created quite a sensation when first exhibited, and to have insured the election of the artist as an Associate of the Academy.

I have, I hope, shown that the Leicester Gallery, though not professing to exhibit works of the old masters, fairly represents (in some instances by choice specimens) our national English school of painting, has a few good works by modern artists, and a small but satisfactory collection of water-colour drawings; and that the whole have been procured for a very moderate outlay, comparing favourably in this respect, and I venture to think in many others also, with any similar gallery in the Kingdom.



GORLESTON HARBOUR.

(From the Painting by Edwin Hayes, R.I.A., R.I.)

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## The Unseen Land.

*THE* dreams that fill the thoughtful night,  
All holy dreams are in the sky;  
They stoop to me with viewless flight,  
And bid me wave my care good-bye!

Spread your dim wings, O sacred friends,  
Fleet softly to your starry place,  
I'll meet you as my journey ends,  
When I shall crave our Master's grace.

Till I may join your shadowy band,  
I'll think of things that are to be,  
The far-off joy, the Unseen Land—  
The Lover I shall never see.

(THE LATE) J. RUNCIMAN.





DON DIEGO AT THE INN OF VIVEROS.  
(Drawn by Daniel Vierge.)

## DANIEL VIERGE.\*

By THE EDITOR.



(Drawn by Daniel Vierge.)

MR. H. E. WATTS, than whom few know more of Spanish literature, has done admirably in placing before English readers the masterpiece of Quevedo, the contemporary of Cervantes. Had the great author of "Don Quixote" not eclipsed his young rival by his more dazzling brilliancy, Quevedo would probably have taken his stand as the

But what interests us most—or rather that with which our chief business is—is the set of illustrations supplied by Señor Daniel Vierge, and commented upon with much spirit and characteristic prejudice by Mr. Joseph Pennell. There can be no doubt that the author of these exquisite drawings is one of the most brilliant artists who ever drew with the pen—an artist in selection, in composition, in execution, a rare humorist and observer of character, and one who can suggest colour with the pen almost as well as he could with the brush. And, moreover, he is more than all this: he is a creator—for he has invented a new method of his own, and has become the godfather of many of the cleverest and most popular pen-and-ink artists in Europe and America—not excluding Mr. Pennell himself. In the course of a letter written by M. Vierge to his commentator in French and printed in the volume—but what could Mr. Pennell have been about to disfigure the page with a round score of school-boy blunders?—the artist tells us something of his artistic career.

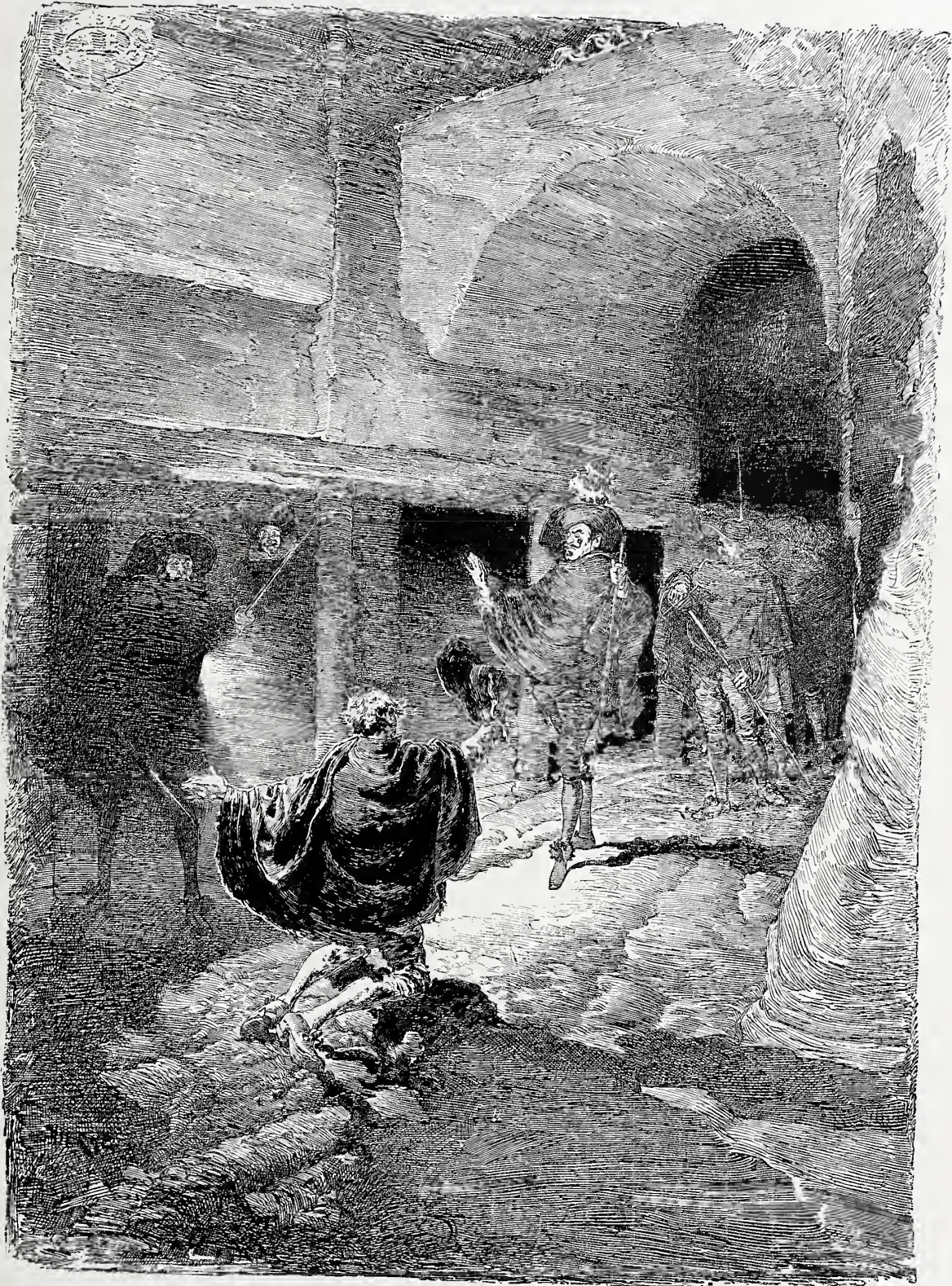
greatest among the realistic humorous novelists of his country. As it is, his "Pablo de Segovia" is a novel so full of power, so bristling with Spanish humour, and so alive with character, that the finely appreciative and spirited translation by Mr. Watts is a distinct acquisition for English literature. Indeed the book as a whole is one of real importance, for the pains bestowed upon it by translator, illustrator, process-engraver, publisher, and printer alike have together produced a splendid work of art, from whatever point of view it is regarded.

Born in 1851, he exhibited while still an infant a passion for drawing—a devotion which, contrary to the habits of artists' parents, his father anxiously fostered, and which was further developed through the child taking advantage of the doctor's orders that he should spend as much time as possible in the open air, and occupying his time in drawing from nature. When he was but thirteen years of age he entered the art schools of Madrid, where he had for a master, among others, the painter Madrazo, and for three years he distinguished himself in the annual competitions; and then, in 1867, he illustrated his first book—Eusebio Blasco's "Madrid by Night." With naught but painting in view, he journeyed to Paris

\* "Pablo de Segovia, the Spanish Sharper." Translated from the original of Francisco de Quevedo-Villegas. Illustrated with one hundred and ten drawings by Daniel Vierge. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.)



in 1869, but when the war broke out, Vierge found been more or less identified. Amongst his best-



DON PABLO AND THE GUARD.

(Drawn by Daniel Vierge.)

himself seized upon by the *Monde Illustré* and the *Vie Moderne*, with which papers he has ever since known achievements are his illustrations to Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame," "Les Travailleurs de la



Mer," Quevedo's "Le Grand Tascagno," Poe's "Tales," and Michelet's "History of France and the Revolution;" but these by no means exhaust the list of his numerous works. In recognition of his talent he has received orders French and Spanish, and was one of the recipients of the distinguished honour of the "Gold Medal" at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. A little before this M. Vierge was struck down with

critic expresses himself thus, we doubt the sensitiveness of his judgment as we recognise his want of moderation. Again, his suggestion that the British Museum possesses no drawings of Charles Keene is groundless, while his statement that there are no facsimile wood-engravers in England "to be considered" is simply grotesque to those who know. M. Vierge's commentator bumbles again when he first



(Drawn by Daniel Vierge.)

a paralytic stroke on the right side; but with heroic courage and fortitude he sat down to educate his left hand to the pencil, so that in a few years' time he was enabled to continue his work with but little appreciable variation of touch.

It is due to Mr. Pennell to say that he has done more than any man to make the work of Vierge known in England. But he has the misfortune for a critic to possess and cultivate a strangely unsympathetic style, to display an aggressiveness as disturbing as it is uncalled for, and to betray a bitterness and prejudice that can hardly be accounted for on the ground of ignorance. When a critic, who asks us to be guided by his judgment, says: "Fewer people, probably, have seen Vierge's Quevedo since it has been published than in a day sit and gape and yawn in awestruck ignorance before the Sistine Madonna; and yet the latter is as blatant a piece of shoddy commercialism as has ever been produced; the Quevedo is pure work of art"—when a

attacks the stupid critics for not knowing Vierge (an entirely gratuitous assumption), and then admits—but with assumption equally reckless—that artists' ignorance is as great; or again, when he first complains that the imperfections of the printing-press are the general cause of capable pen-artists' failure, forgetful of the facts, first, that Charles Keene practically triumphed over the imperfections of the press, and second, that the question of paper, in which the artist can generally have a say, is nearly as important as the printing; and yet again, when he first declares that only by the hand-press can perfect printing be obtained, and then illustrates his view by commending the De Vinne Steam Press.

In spite of these and similar shortcomings of Mr. Pennell's which prevent him from recognising certain minor faults in Vierge's work, the whole book, as an artistic monument, is as satisfactory as it can be, and reflects the very highest credit upon Mr. Unwin and his associates.



Carols of the Year.



DECEMBER.

(Poem by A. C. Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)



## SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR.

THE SALONS OF THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES AND THE CHAMP DE MARS.

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

HERE, as in every other department of French art, the scission into two distinct and more or less antagonistic bodies of the great republic of painters and sculptors makes itself felt, but whether for good or evil is a question which admits of considerable discussion. The withdrawal to the Champ de Mars of the high pontiffs of the new school of sculpture, MM. Rodin and Dalou, accompanied by MM. Injalbert, Saint-Marceaux, Tony Noël, and others, and followed by the more enterprising spirits of the new school belonging both to the geographical France and to that artistic France the limits of which extend themselves far beyond its actual boundaries, has left at the Champs Élysées many professors of the plastic art of the highest excellence, such as MM. Guillaume, Paul Dubois, Falguière, Mercié, Barrias, Frémiet, and Gérôme, and those exquisite medallists MM. Chaplain and Roty, of whom the former is, in my opinion, the greatest master of his special art who has appeared in Europe since the famous Pisanello and his group of imitators. The absence of the wholesome ferment arising from the presence among the professors of acknowledged fame and fully formed style of daring and genial innovators unabashed by precedent is perhaps the cause of a certain lack of enterprise in the moderate group already indicated, while the Rodin-Dalou

school, under the auspices of its two brilliant leaders, finds itself at the Champ de Mars almost too much untrammelled by conventionality and tradition. And then again it has become too much the custom among French artists who have achieved high distinction to shroud their faces—or, rather, their work—from the gaze of the profane crowd, and to make themselves, each on his own account, into little Buddhas, to be worshipped by the initiated, to be understood only after some preliminary training in the ideas of the master. There is a growing tendency among those who have by some unwritten decree obtained the rank of *maîtres* to shun the picture and sculpture galleries of the great exhibitions, to shrink from the indiscretions of their powerful lights, and still more from competition with the oncoming youth who, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, are anxious to climb the citadel and seize upon the positions already occupied.

CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

M. Paul Dubois and M. Falguière have disappointed their numerous admirers by appearing this year exclusively as painters, thus achieving the conversion of what was no doubt at first a pastime to them into a main and absorbing occupation of their artistic career. MM. Chaplain and Roty have



"REGRET"—TOMB OF M. CABANEL.

(By Antonin Mercié. At the Old Salon.)

exhibited nothing, and yet the public has been constantly reminded of their art by the pale reflections contributed by a host of followers, who, as is the custom in France, express their admiration in the practical form of unblushing imitation, failing, however, with their profusion of medallions, medals, plaquettes, and bas-reliefs, to console us for the temporary eclipse of their masters and prototypes.

M. Antonin Mercié has given in his two contributions a *résumé* of his best and his weakest qualities. His statue "Guillaume Tell," intended for the municipality of Lausanne, and as yet only half-finished, is sadly commonplace, and wanting in accent, while on the other hand his "Regret," a marble statue destined to form part of the tomb of the painter Cabanel, must count among his happiest inspirations. This is the mourning figure of a muse or genius seen in the act of honouring the name of the deceased master with a handful of flowers. The full contours of her nobly-proportioned form are veiled by half-transparent draperies, which serve to accentuate their beauties; and the somewhat too voluptuous character of the figure is corrected by the elevated beauty of the mournful face.

Time would appear to have no effect on the vigour and the infinite capacity for taking pains of M. Gérôme. He had already, in his "Tanagra" (now in the Luxembourg), made a highly successful effort to solve the polychromatic problem in classical art, and now in his "Bellone" he gives to the world a work recalling, by the costliness and variety of its materials and the exquisiteness of its workmanship, the chryselephantine statues of ancient Greece, of which the Pallas Athene and Olympian Zeus of Pheidias, and the Argive Hera of Polykleitos, were the most famous examples.

M. Gérôme's "Bellone" is fashioned, as to the face, arms, and feet, out of huge single pieces of pure ivory, the fierce eyes and the wide-open mouth, from which issues the trumpet-cry of war and massacre, being most realistically painted to imitate nature. The elaborate draperies, the weapons, and accessories of the goddess are wrought with the most patient skill in bronze, to which, in the Japanese

mode, great variety and delicate gradations of tints have been given, with the happiest results, so far as novelty and charm of colour are concerned. We are constrained to admire here the exquisite and untiring craftsman rather than the great sculptor;



PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

(By J. L. Gérôme. At the Old Salon.)

for M. Gérôme has spent all these pains on a design lacking in true breadth and sublimity. He does not—he cannot—attain to that concentrated simplicity of conception which alone is capable of bearing, without sinking beneath it, the burden of a mass of curious and interesting detail, such as must inevitably distract the gaze and lead the mind away from anything short of a composition of overpowering force and beauty. The same artist's group, "Pygmalion and Galatea," is an important



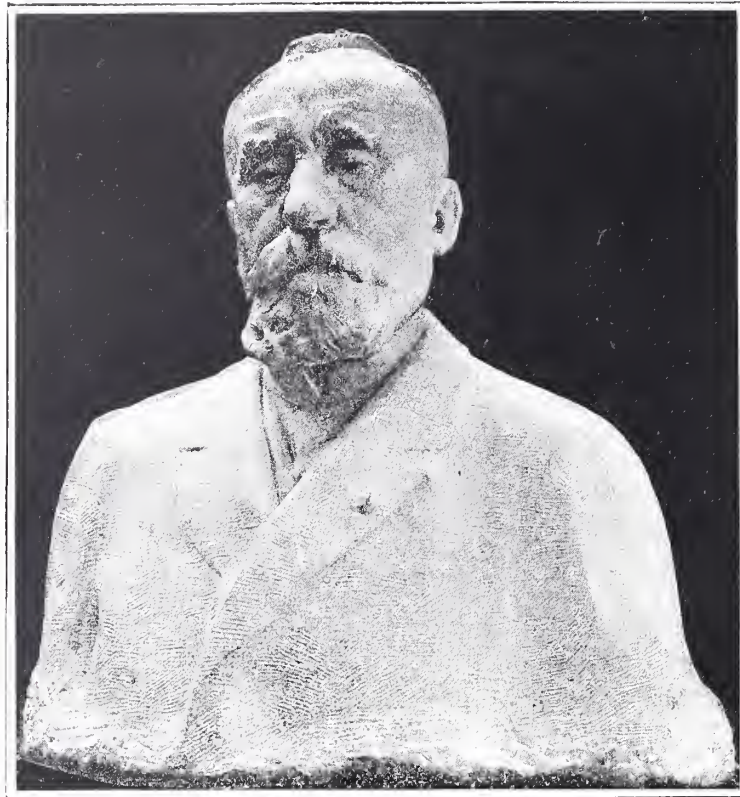
effort in the direction of polychromatic tinting of marble surfaces. The moment chosen for plastic representation is that when Pygmalion passionately clasps in his arms his beautiful creation, and she, quivering with the new thrill of life, responds with equal passion to his caress. Here the flesh of the finely - modelled figures is delicately tinted; the eyes, lips, and draperies are coloured with a well - balanced moderation; a curious, perhaps too realistic, effect being obtained by showing the upper part of Galatea's form faintly blushing with the hues of life, while the lower limbs are yet marble. In this instance again, while admiring the completeness with which the delicate contours of Galatea are modelled, I cannot fail to feel that the master

has too little advanced beyond the particular, the individual, and has thus failed in achieving the generalised and impersonal beauty which so well befits the subject. And M. Gérôme's new-born woman suggests nothing of the inexperience proper to the position; her caress conveys the passion of Phryne rather than the innocence of Galatea. The statue "Ricord" of M. Barrias is an excellent performance, but not one of a monumentally decorative character; his "Joan of Arc Prisoner" has a few months ago—having by special permission been withdrawn from the exhibition before the closure—been inaugurated with much ecclesiastical pomp on the hill-side of Bon Secours, near Rouen. The "Genius of Liberty" of M. Chavalliaud—part of a monument commemorating the Breton and Angevin Federation in 1790—is marked by a happy audacity of design and pose; it is a slender nude figure with tossed hair and flying draperies, applied to the face of a fluted column, on the base of which it appears to have newly alighted.

"In Distress," by M. Alphonse-Amédée Cordon-

nier, shows the powerfully-developed figure of an entirely naked sailor, who, despairing, utters the last cry and makes the last signal for help. Undoubted force and mastery over technical difficulties are here manifested, but the exaggerations of the modelling

make of the study rather an academical display of virtuosity than the realisation of a pathetic conception. M. Alfred Boucher's "Repose," which has the good fortune to be among the works selected for purchase by the French State, is the skilful and typically French presentment of a wholly undraped nymph lying on a couch, with which the sinuous and cunningly - disposed lines of her form make a happy contrast. A very curious *tour de force*, which might easily have been something more, is



PUVION DE CHAVANNES.

(By Auguste Rodin. At the Champ de Mars Salon.)

accomplished by M. Mast with his statue of a dying gladiator in the act of saluting, called "Morituri te salutant." The characteristic Roman helmet with its vizor entirely encloses and obscures the head of the *secutor*, so that the artist must perforce evolve the pathos of his subject from the fainting form alone, which, to a great extent, he succeeds in doing. But why the limitation? Why has M. Mast deprived himself of the crowning pathos of the human face, and by so doing produced only a clever, paradoxical work, instead of one which might have been profoundly moving as well as effective? There were to be found at the Champs Élysées many bolder and more remarkable pieces of modelling than Mr. William Goscombe John's "Morpheus"—sent last year to the Royal Academy, and there highly appreciated—yet few works more penetrated with the true spirit of classic art. Not the head alone of the English sculptor's finely-imagined statue, but the whole form, suggests the mystery and the languor of the god of sleep. A German sculptor, Herr Arthur Volkmann, comes forward with a polychromatic



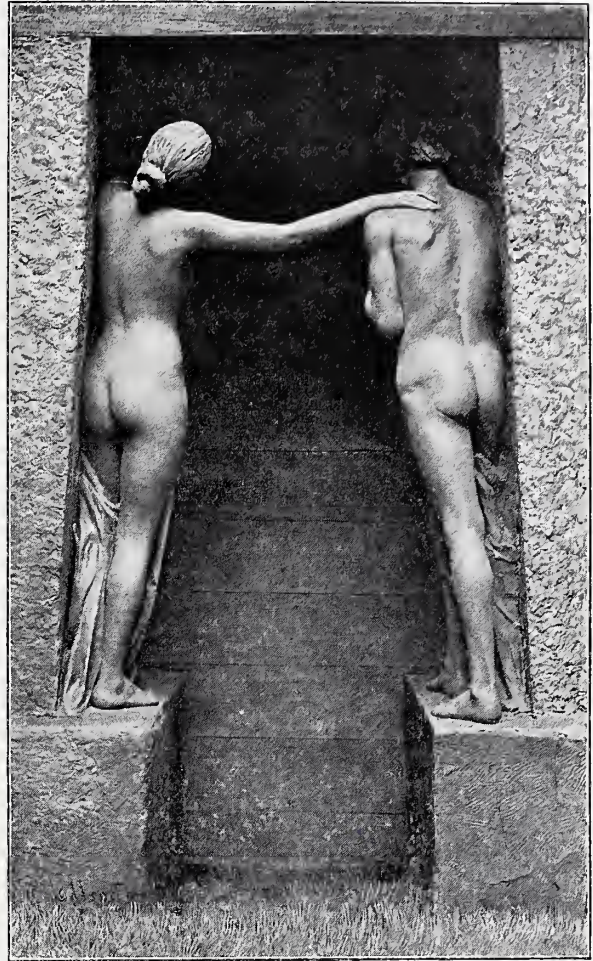
marble statue of Bacchus, very skilfully imitated from the antique, but from the antique of a post-Praxitelean period, which in its soft voluptuous charm already contained the elements of decay.

M. Frémiet's important decorative high-relief, "The Constable Olivier de Clisson," is skilfully conceived, and executed in the style of the earlier Italian Renaissance; it closely resembles, indeed, a marble alto-relievo in the Renaissance section of the Louvre with the equestrian portrait of one of the Malatestas of Rimini. The French artist's little equestrian statue in gilt bronze, "Isabeau de Bavière," is far from equalling many a preceding work of the kind from the same skilful hand.

Very well put together, very sufficiently executed in the rhetorical style of the seventeenth century, is the large group, "Death of Jesus," by the Chilian sculptor Señor Arias—an order from the Chilian Government. M. Peynot's important fragments of a monument, "To the Glory of the Republic," commissioned by the city of Lyons, and displayed on a scale only half that of the



THE DEATH OF JESUS.  
(By V. Arias. At the Old Salon.)



DOORWAY.

(By A. Bartholomé. At the Champ de Mars Salon.)

original, are among those very solidly and capably executed, but not very distinctive, performances of which innumerable examples are to be found in modern French art. M. Ségoffin's clever "Wicked Genius" is chiefly remarkable as an audacious plagiarism of the famous "Mephistopheles" of the Russian sculptor M. Antokolsky, now in the Kremlin of Moscow; while a still more singular example of unacknowledged borrowing is furnished by the "Saint Saturnin, Martyr" of M. Seysses, the pose and characterisation of which are almost identical with those of the beautiful little "Abel" by Stouff in the Salle Houdon of the Louvre.

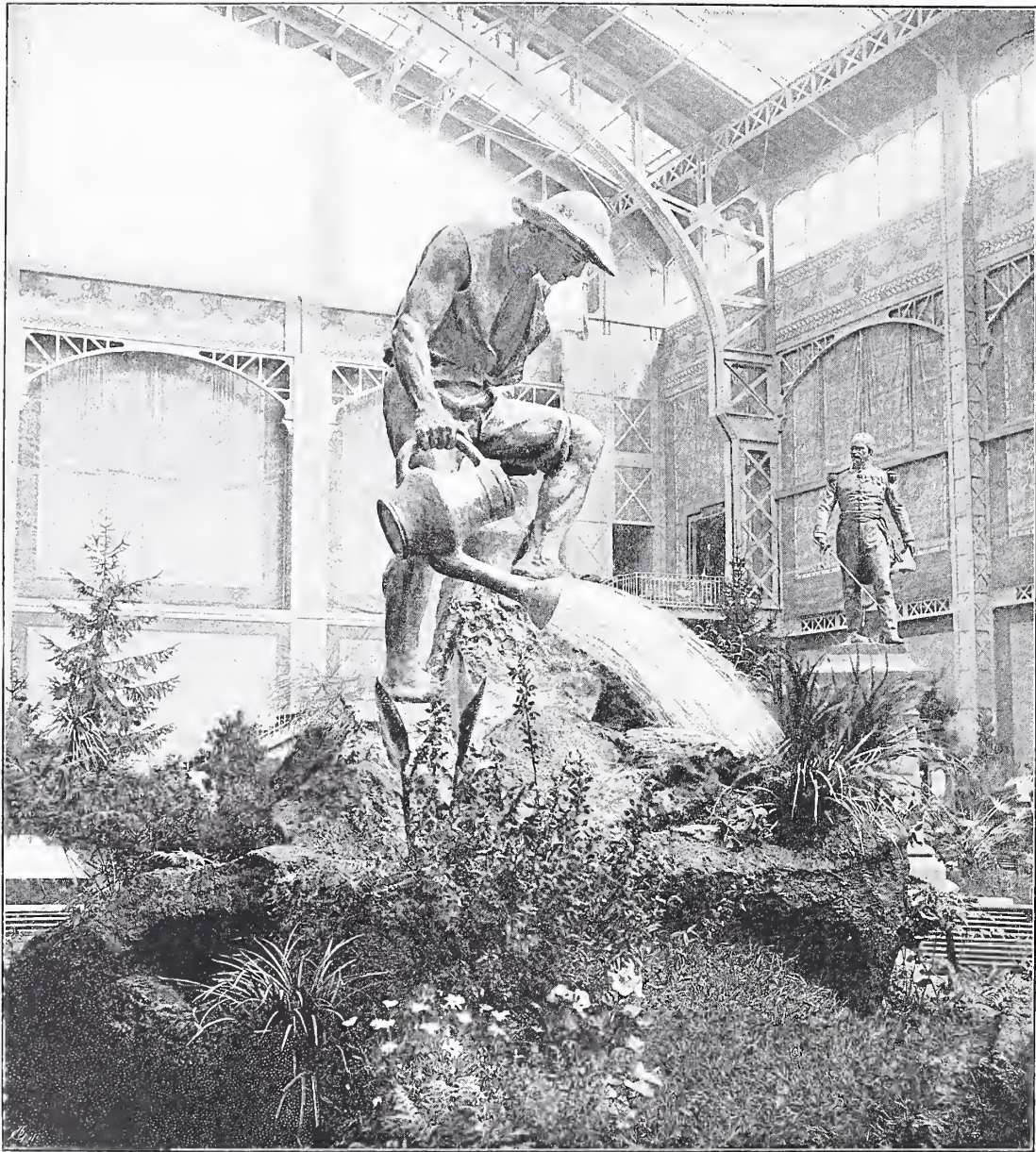
#### CHAMP DE MARS.

In this exhibition the sculpture was not entirely confined within the charming winter-garden recently arranged in emulation of that in the Palais de l'Industrie, the minor examples, such as busts and statuettes, having been scattered through the long, pleasant



galleries, so as to afford just that relief and accentuation which they require in order to escape the reproach of monotony. The marble bust of M. Puvis de Chavannes, by M. Rodin, is the finest thing of the kind produced by the great naturalistic sculptor since he portrayed, in the style of

throughout is remarkable, yet no less so the suggestion of a strong mental personality. While M. Rodin produces such work as this we can afford to wait patiently for the completion of the great "Bourgeois de Calais" group, and of those "Inferno" gates for the new Musée des Arts Décoratifs which



DESIGN FOR FOUNTAIN.

(By Jean Baffier. At the Champ de Mars Salon.)

the Florentine Renaissance, his friend and rival, M. Dalou. Here we have a noble and commanding individuality expressed with true authority and without loss of realistic truth. The surfaces of the face have all the suppleness and vitality of flesh, and yet no trivial or purely superficial detail is insisted upon; the suggestion of physical life

the artist has been such an inordinate number of years in finishing to his liking. Resting somewhat on his laurels, M. Dalou contributed, besides four busts and an unfinished marble group ("Les Épousailles"), a small plaster group, "Bacchus consoling Ariadne," which, notwithstanding a certain want of thoroughness in the execution, has a rare



charm not very easy to define or account for. It is perhaps due to a vein of pathos running through and ennobling a conception of a tempered and not unpleasant voluptuousness. M. Injalbert was at one time given up to the boldly decorative style and the conventional graces of Bernini and his school, but he has now, in addition to these influences, fallen under that of M. Rodin, whose powerful, febrile naturalism he now seeks to combine with his own seventeenth-century style. Among his contributions were an animated but by no means original "Nymph Surprised by a Satyr" in bronze ("waste wax"); "The Dance," in the same material; and a horrible but subtly-expressed "Severed Head"—this last a work which, for all its cleverness, is hardly worthy of an artist of M. Injalbert's calibre. M. Tony Noël, one of the sculptors who in 1889 obtained the *Médaille d'Honneur*, does nothing to enhance, if he also does nothing to detract from, his reputation with his "Houdon," a model of the statue lately erected at Versailles to the memory of the greatest sculptor of the eighteenth century. The more imaginative and eccentric among the French critics have of late dwelt with singular complacency on the unconventional productions of M. Bartholomé, in which they have professed to discover inventions of the highest and most poetic order. I have found myself up to the present time unable to agree with them, and therefore this year hail all the more readily the appearance of a work from his hand containing genuine elements of spiritual beauty, even though the conception be expressed in somewhat novel and eccentric fashion. The work in question represents the open gate of a tomb, entering which simultaneously on either side are two nude figures—a man and a woman—undefined and impersonal in form and character. They

may—I hardly venture to say they do—represent the companions of a lifetime, still found together in death, as they go to solve at last the unfathomable mystery.

One of the most brilliant of M. Rodin's followers is M. Baffier, whose success is often achieved by tempering a brilliant and daring naturalism with the recognition of certain inevitable limitations of the plastic and decorative art *par excellence*, against which the greater artist, his master, often rebels. His "Design for Fountain" shows the more than life-size figure of a sinewy old gardener or labourer, who, lightly clad in modern garments and sleeveless, is watering, out of a large can, the flowers beneath him. This grim effigy of life-long toil is hardly a suitable decoration, emerging as it does from a bank of smiling flowers, of which it forms the apex. Taking for granted, however, the peculiar standpoint of the artist, we may not withhold our admiration from the admirably modelled, expressive figure, which is even in a certain sense decorative, seeing that its lines are—rare quality in a modern statue—thoroughly harmonious, from whatever point we examine it.



"ECCE HOMO."

(By C. Meunier. At the Champ de Mars Salon.)

never loses sight of the essentials of his art, and manages to preserve, together with the generalised truth of the higher realism, a breadth, a dignity that elevate without distorting the facts and ideas which he seeks to impress on the beholder. Examples of

The Belgian sculptor M. Meunier is an ardent exponent of pathetic naturalism, a lover of the martyrs of Labour, in adopting whom almost exclusively as the subjects of plastic art he appears to us to sound consciously a note of revolt and almost of threatening protest. However this may be, M. Meunier in presenting the mower stern and sullen, the miner resting in lassitude from crushing toil or overpowered by the fumes of the fire-damp, never loses sight of the essentials of his art, and manages to preserve, together with the generalised truth of the higher realism, a breadth, a dignity that elevate without distorting the facts and ideas which he seeks to impress on the beholder. Examples of



this phase of his art, though less typical and important ones than have been seen on previous occasions, are the bronze high-relief, "The Soil" (purchased by the French State), "The Mower," and "L'Enfant prodigue." But best of all is the bronze "Ecce Homo!" in dimensions a mere statuette, but yet—in virtue of its breadth of handling, its accent, and, above all, its intensely human pathos—one of the finest things of the year. A curious example of the only half-sincere mysticism which is a fashion of the moment, in French art as in French literature, is M. Damp's "On the Threshold of Mystery"—the figure of a slender, uncanny-looking genius or spirit gazing with fixed and vacant look into futurity, its strangeness of aspect being enhanced by faint polychromatic decoration. The opposite extreme is touched by M. Saint-Marceaux with his "Recumbent Woman," an ultra-sensuous presentment of the charms of womanhood in all their opulence, which seems less in its place here than it would have been with many congeners at the Champs Élysées. The modelling is so skilful that the plasticity of flesh is almost at-

tained, and the sensuousness of the work thus over-accented.

Among the most popular attractions of the sculpture galleries at the Champ de Mars were the grotesques of M. Jean Carriès, executed in every variety of material—in bronze, in wax, in enamelled stoneware fashioned and coloured somewhat after the Japanese mode. There is in the daring, unbridled art of M. Carriès something of the classical grotesque, something of the mediæval Gothic, something, as I have just indicated, of the Japanese; but it is, after all, essentially eclectic and superficial, and calculated to amuse rather than lastingly to impress, as the grotesques of an anonymous French sculptor of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, of a Mantegna, of a Leonardo impress. Among the most striking things in the collection exhibited by M. Carriès are a "Satyr," a dashing "Bust of Frans Hals," a "Dutch Woman," and, in the section of industrial art, the enamelled stoneware masks, monsters, and grotesque beasts destined to adorn (?) a monumental chimney-piece executed for a Parisian studio.

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## THE NOBLE AMATEUR.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.



THE amateur—the untitled, unvarnished amateur—has fallen strangely upon evil times. For the most part, from his very incubation, from the moment he begins to dabble in the arts, he immolates himself beyond all hope of recovery, not only in the estimation of his friends, but equally in the eyes of the world. For the public has been taught to regard him as a venal criminal, a creature whose most noteworthy achievement is the stultification of both his critical faculty and his reputation for taste, by the very exposure of his incapacity to perform. He is, indeed, the free-lance, the Semite of the art-world, appreciated only by those professionals whom he employs to teach and encourage him, and by the few who can sympathise with his aspirations.

Generally speaking, his fate is richly deserved, for as frequently as not he is the unhappy symbol of vainglorious incompetency. But it must be admitted that oftentimes he is very hardly used. "That blessed word Amateur," which, when the century was young, used to be synonymous only with *cognoscente* and non-professional, has become in most mouths a simple euphemism for the incapable—a term of reproach by which the innocent suffer for the guilty.

But the folly of regarding every amateur,

whether titled or not, either as an Ishmael or a Cagliostro, was strangely brought home to those of the public who seized the opportunity afforded them of examining the collection of the work wrought by the late Countess of Waterford during a long and saddened life. She revelled in colour, her invention was unlimited, her imagination resourceful in the highest degree, her power of composition facile and instinctive, her sense of colour, though opulent, tender and refined, and her characterisation keen and powerful. Mr. Watts and Mr. Burne Jones were, I think, a little carried away by enthusiasm when they wrote that in her "there lived in 1866 an artist as great as Venice knew." But some of her sketches—especially those made, blot-tesquely, in pen-and-ink—might well be mistaken for work by one or other of the great masters whose manner they variously resemble. But she failed chiefly where she tried to be too precise in drawing—that eternal pitfall of the gifted amateur. Yet in vast fresco, in portraiture, water-colour, and sketches in many methods, she achieved such success that proves that had she submitted to the proper education of the professional artist she might perhaps have conquered immortality. She was not of those of whom Count Stroganoff, appropriating the sentiment of Mizilias, sympathetically exclaimed: "Délivre nous, grand Dieu, de

ces amateurs sans amour, de ces connoisseurs sans connoissance!"

Looking back on the glorious past of the amateur belonging to the commoner stock, it can hardly be doubted that his effulgence is on the wane. Unless, as in the past, he can show himself another Seymour Haden, or Rossetti, or Burne Jones, he will be able to produce no glorious facts with which to stem the rising tide of latter-day prejudice. A century ago, when it was remarked that every artist is born an amateur, he was petted—nay, almost fawned upon—by our most powerful art-institutions in a manner incomprehensible to us in these critical, democratic times; for he had all the artistic advantages with none of the low, mercenary motives, as they were held among the very select, of that society outcast—the “painter fellow.”

But was it really the delight of seeing outsiders become artistic and their taste chastened and cultivated, that induced the Society of Arts to offer gold and silver medals to “sons and grandsons, daughters and granddaughters of peers and peeresses of Great Britain and Ireland” for the best drawings sent in? Was it only with a view to encourage a healthy love of art among the merely fashionable?—or was it because the best “patrons” of it were at that time to be found in the ranks of the aristocracy? Did these incubators of the amateur fully appreciate the extent of their responsibility, I wonder, when they offered honorary premiums, in 1790, for the best drawings by such young gentlemen under the age of twenty-one, and of young ladies (of any age), as were *not* professional or the children of professional artists? Nor is the Royal Academy less blamable for the sad case of the Fallen Amateurs; for it recognised them so markedly that, from the foundation of the Society right down to 1867, they were regular honorary exhibitors—were specially fostered in the annual exhibitions, and the catalogue always contained a distinct list of names consecrated to the unprofessional contributor. But that these favoured votaries of art, who sometimes indeed included persons of a certain talent amongst them, were not uniformly proud of the recognition, we may judge by the mystery with which they surrounded their identity, by the adoption of initials or other pseudonymous disguises in lieu of names.

But you must recollect that the aristocracy had a very real claim on art, some prerogative in the matter of art-patronage and art-practice. They it was who in the old days encouraged early talent, who sent young men of promise to Rome and maintained them during the days of their studentship, who purchased their works when they arrived at competence, and helped them on to fame. Thanks to the aristocracy, the names of artists—but especially, it must be con-

fessed, of dead ones—became an important portion of the after-dinner vocabulary of the world of fashion; and Melbury Road, Hampstead, and South Kensington are in some degree a concrete testimony to the efficiency, if not the orthodoxy, of the system.

That it was not so much a desire to patronise art, as a love of the practice of it, which impelled the aristocrat first to coquet with the muse, and then to woo her in all seriousness, is manifest from the history of the courtship. Since Prince Rupert in the intervals of peace passed from the laboratory into the studio, and brought the craft and method of *mezzotint* prominently before the world, many of the persons, male and female, recognised by the lordly gaze of Burke and Debrett have not only practised art, but have distinguished themselves in the execution. Richard Boyle, the Earl of Burlington, who was born in 1695, practised architecture with great success, and, moreover, subsidised it with his purse. The old portions of Burlington House and several London piles were of his design; but the interior arrangement of General Wade’s house, built by him close by Savile Row, was so defective that Lord Chesterfield proposed to the owner that the best plan for him to enjoy the house would be for him to take another opposite and look at it. Etching, too, has been cultivated by many. Lord William Byron, who was the pupil of Tillemans, became renowned for his copies of Rembrandt, as well as for his original portraiture. Viscount Nuneham, the second Earl Harcourt, exhibited and published a considerable number of plates, which were highly lauded by that arch-flatterer Walpole. This amiable critic furthermore declared that the drawings of the clever amateur painter, Lady Diana Beauclerc (sometime wife of Viscount Bolingbroke), were so “incomparable” and “sublime” that he built a closet expressly for their reception. Isabella, Countess of Carlisle, daughter of the Lord Byron aforesaid, also copied Rembrandt with remarkable success, and enslaved by her charms, after the death of her husband, that Lord Musgrave whose name it is so pleasing to recall in connection with the higher form of art-patronage.

Lady Louisa Greville, sister of the Earl of Warwick, too, was a famous copyist-etcher, and carried off the gold medals from the Society of Arts for landscape and figure subjects as well; and a little later the fourth daughter of George III., the Princess Elizabeth, who became the wife of the Prince of Hesse-Homburg, was a prolific draughtswoman whose many designs were engraved, though who was her “ghost” has not been placed on record. The wife of the third Lord Lyttleton was a portraitist good enough to be an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy and elsewhere; and Amelia, Lady Farnborough, was



similarly honoured by reason of her admirable water-colours. Frances, Countess of Morley, who died in 1857, was another copyist of talent, but she worked principally in oil-colours, and decorated Saltram with good copies of the Old Masters. To a like talent Lady Bell added some ability in modelling, but, of course, did not approach in this branch the Hon. Mrs. Damer (the unhappy daughter-in-law of Lord Milton), whose talent and range of practice seem to have borne resemblance to those of the recently-deceased amateur, Comte Gleichen, otherwise Prince Victor of Hohenlohe.

The list of the male practitioners other than those I have mentioned is not a long one. Frederick, Viscount Duneannon, who succeeded to the earldom of Bessborough, claims a place as one of the illustrators of Angus's "Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry in Great Britain," and in a similar way, but with a wider range of sympathy, the fourth Earl of Aylesford (who died in 1812) commanded public notice both in the Academy and out of it. George, Marquis Townshend, became celebrated in a still lighter branch of art—that of caricature. The burlesque portrait he produced of the Duchess of Queensberry was the talk of the hour, and he boasted, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that he had caricatured every officer on his staff.

Again, Sir John Fleming Leicester, latterly Lord de Tabley, so famous for his celebrated collection known as the Leicester Gallery, as well as for his munificent patronage of art, for his share in the foundation of the British Institution, of the Irish Academy, and other kindred societies, was a water-colour artist of real ability, and to develop his faculty he employed the services of some of the most eminent of the craft, and reproduced his own work in lithography. Of the several known amateurs of to-day, within the royal circle and beyond it, there is no need at the present time to speak.

It is certainly matter for surprise that, seeing what advantages of leisure and means they have at hand, no members of the aristocracy, with all their talent, have ever succeeded in gaining entrance into the fold of the Royal Academy, or of establishing themselves in public favour. But perhaps the nearest approach to such success was achieved by Lady Waterford, who probably might, had she pleased, have attained a higher place in the history of English art than has fallen to the lot of any other woman. What she showed, clearly and unmistakably, was that devotion and practice are not all that are necessary for the attainment of real excellence, and how, for lack of severe tuition and study long applied, genius may just "fail in art."

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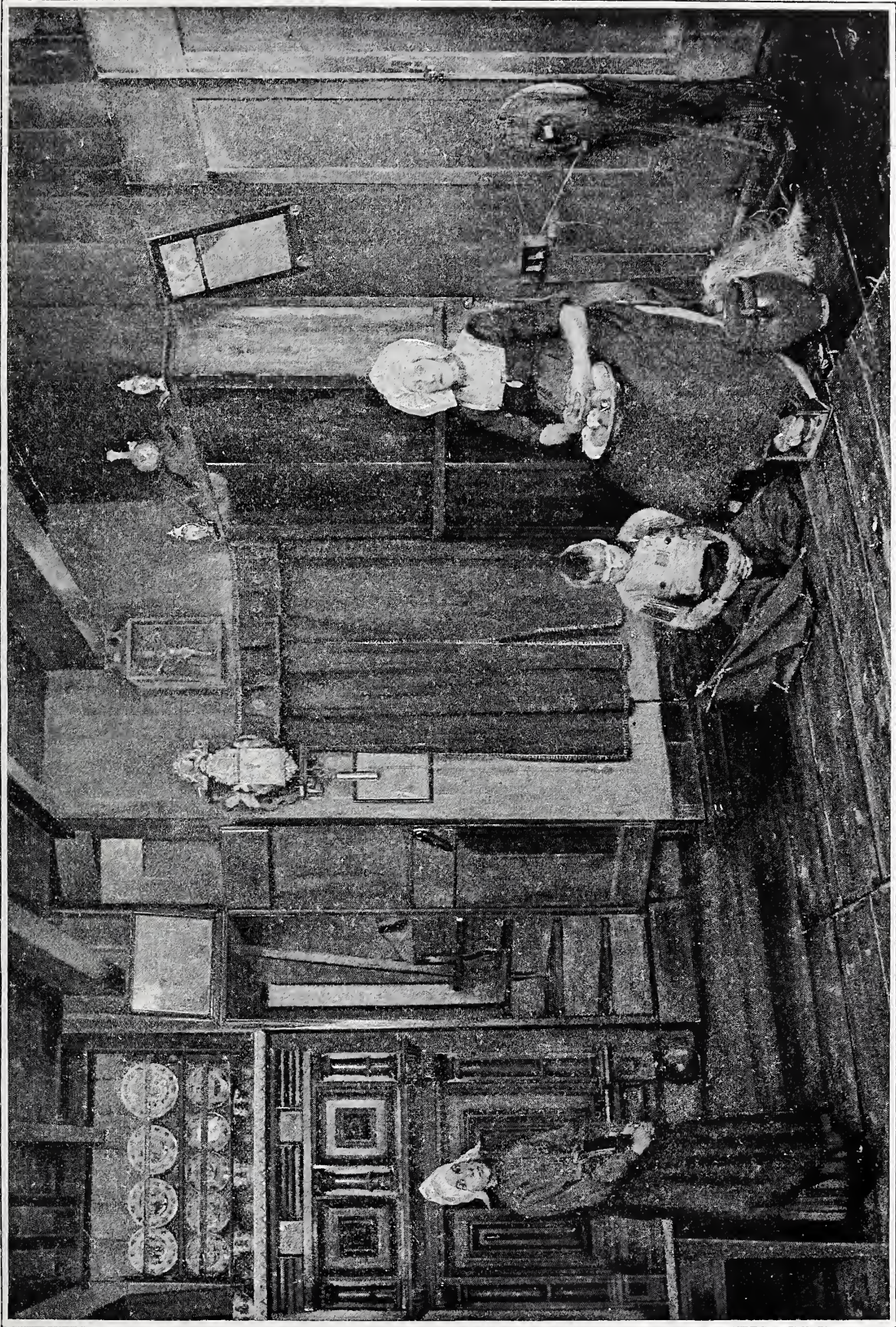
## ON THE SHORES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

BY G. A. T. MIDDLETON, WITH A NOTE BY HUBERT VOS.

EASILY accessible, and lying, *via* Harwich, in the direct route to North Germany and Russia, the southern portion of Holland is well known to English travellers. With the shores of the Zuyder Zee, that great water peninsula which converts the country into a great horse-shoe in form, the case is different, and the tourist, satiated with the comforts of over-civilisation, with its mammoth hotels, couriers, and home comforts, cannot do better than wander awhile among the simple people who live below the sea-level. Fit descendants of those who drove the Spaniards back, and who fought on equal terms with ourselves for the supremacy of the sea, they lead quiet and industrious lives—making no great effort to push forward along the road of progress, but content to be as were their forefathers. The day of Holland's greatness, when she was in the van of all artistic and scientific progress, has passed away indeed, but the remembrance of it lingers still, and hovers in a ghostly way about the visitor, reminding him continually of a dead but glorious past.

There are old towns, with their canals, and trees, and bridges, and their loiterers upon the wharves, now more than half deserted, but telling everywhere of bustle and industry which have been. In such completely bygone towns as Hoorn, upon the one side, and Kampen, on the other side of the Zee, the narrow streets are all most picturesque; they have in no respect been modernised. But, built on piles, the houses lean in all directions from the perpendicular, while they themselves are quaint in outline, designed in a debased and utilitarian Renaissance perhaps, but all the more picturesque and curious for this reason, while the colouring, rich in the tones which age alone produces, is such as is scarcely to be found elsewhere. Generally, the gables face the streets, but where they do not the sky-line is still broken by the ranges of small dormers, which are as common as in Belgium or in Germany, and the gables are either stepped, or, more frequently, curved and pedimented, with much coarse carving on them, covered with many coats of paint, and held back in position by iron ties of greater richness and





THE ANGELUS AT VOLENDAM.  
*(From the Painting by Herbert Vos.)*



variety than are even those seen in the sister kingdom. Wrought-ironwork is employed somewhat lavishly, and even to the extent of inconvenience in the less frequented towns; for the footways are impeded by iron boundary fences, dividing them into lengths corresponding to the widths of the houses, and so forcing pedestrians into the carriage-ways or on to the towing-paths of the canals: and yet these breaks in the frontage line, viewed from the artist's standpoint, add greatly to the picturesqueness of the streets.

Thus it is to the small and quaint, rather than the large and dignified, that attention is mainly drawn in the streets and buildings. There are no fine boulevards—only tree-bordered canals, with towing-paths and bridges—and no great Hôtels-de-Ville or cathedral churches. Yet there are evidences that the latter, at least, have once existed. Grand Gothic piles have been but half-destroyed by the reformer who was not content with re-formation, and sufficient of them still remains, even though covered thickly with the whitewash coating, to testify to their one-time beauty. And now at last there is

coming a period of careful restoration; as at Utrecht, whence, if the cathedral be viewed from the south-east, so that the great transept hides the void between it and the tower, where the nave once stood, it appears like some great German church, good in detail, rich in foliage—the dark grey tower, weather-stained and delicate in outline and in tracery, rising beyond, and giving the necessary idea of magnitude.

If ecclesiastical and civil buildings of importance, however, are lacking, there is a considerable amount of military architecture left, all bold and massive, mainly in the form of old town gateways, planned for defence rather than for effect, and therefore quite naturally effective in their composition. Such is the Amsterdam Gate at Haarlem, and the strange Water Gate at Hoorn, built so as to show a bold front

to those who would assail the place by sea, to say nothing of the five-towered gate at Zwolle, standing high above the many-storeyed houses which surround it, and still the main entrance to the town.

There, as in numerous other places, the ramparts still exist in part, with a wide moat round them, formed by simply widening the canal. This is a canal for barge traffic, and of such there is a complete network throughout the country; yet they are not so noticeable as the canals for irrigation, principally fed from the lower waters of the Rhine and Meuse. The whole fertility of the country depends upon them, while they also serve the purpose of keeping these rivers under control and preventing flooding; the main channels being dammed up at higher levels, or enclosed by dykes, like railway embankments, these feeding subsidiary channels, and these again the long low-level irrigation canals cut below the normal level of the land. The leading and sometimes the secondary channels serve both purposes—for traffic and for irrigation; and often rows of trees are planted along the outer edges of the towing-paths, their roots tend-



"PRO PATRIÁ."

(From the Painting by Hubert Vos.)

ing to bind and support the earthwork of the dykes. All are regularly and rectangularly planned, and the symmetry is broken only here and there by a clump of trees enclosing a farmhouse, or by a hamlet, or, rarely, by a larger town. Thus is produced a landscape easily described, and different from any seen elsewhere, invested with a peculiar beauty from its very regularity and the amount of water everywhere—often added to by a glimpse of the sea, seen over the great protecting dyke which keeps it off the land; while, of course, the expanse of sky is large, second in extent only to that which is obtained from a ship's deck when out of sight of land. Round about Amsterdam, and in some other districts, a most confusing effect is produced by the multiplicity of windmills, all working together, and used



for all purposes almost for which we employ steam or water-power; but in North Holland and in Friesland they are much more rarely met with, and, in fact, are no more common than in many parts of England.

In towns which have decayed, even if forming part of active nations, there will be found a sleepy, out-of-date population. Thus throughout the more remote districts of Holland the people do their business leisurely, making sufficient money for their needs with apparent ease, and always laying by, adding to the store of former generations. The tidiness which is such a conspicuous feature in the houses is also exhibited in dress, and the further from the capital and from the railway the more national and primitive is the costume. Serge or flannel forms the material for the dresses of the women, which are full, worn over an underskirt of some stiff material; but it is the head-gear which is most conspicuous. At a little distance this looks like but a close-fitting, white lace cap, covering the ears, and finishing with a frill upon the neck, but on a closer inspection there is seen the glint of a gold or a silver helmet through the lace—real gold or real silver, as the case may be, not plated merely—sometimes a broad band round

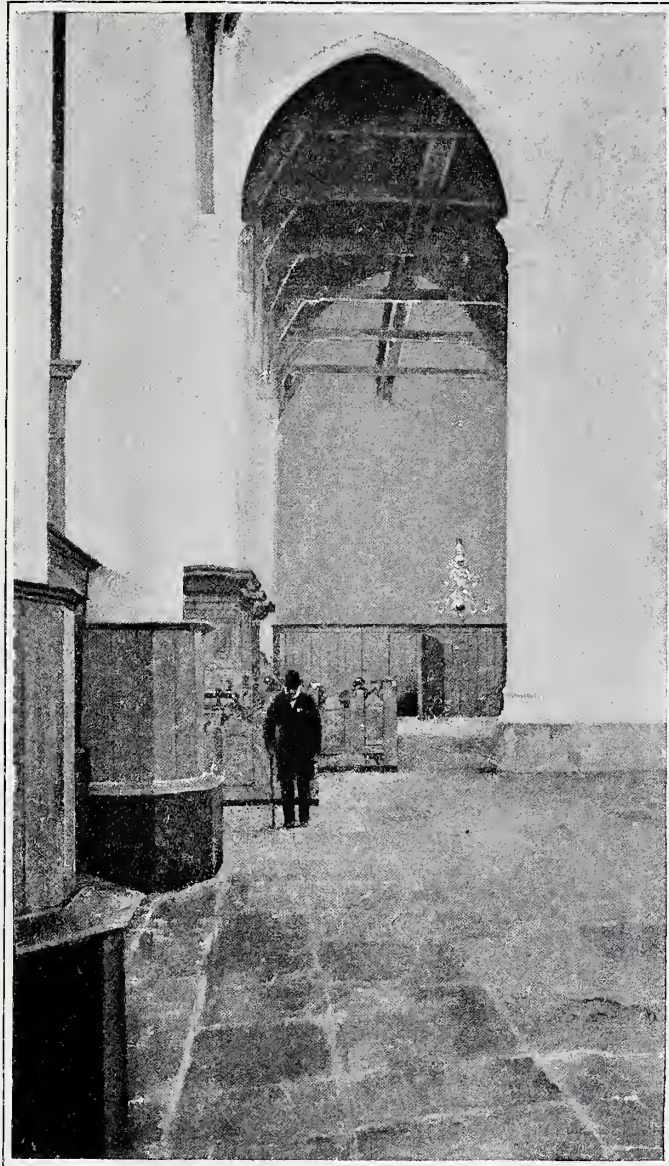
the head, sometimes covering it entirely. Many of the women possess not only one but several of these head-dresses, those worn upon the more important occasions being often richly set with precious stones—diamonds and rubies mainly—of small size, both

in the square ornaments or clasps with which the gold bands finish at each side of the head, and in a little frontlet suspended by a chain over the centre of the forehead. Sometimes the square side ornaments are replaced by corkscrew-like appendages, projecting forwards from either side of the face like horns, and bobbing up and down as the wearer moves; and in the province of Overijssel, though the children wear their ear-rings in their ears, the older women, when they adopt the ear-

covering eapand helmet, suspend theirs from their ear-strings, as if unwilling to relinquish this adornment. Unfortunately, even among the beautiful Frisian women, the bonnet is coming into use, and is often to be seen perched upon the top of the lace eap, with incongruous and grotesque effect.

In the near future Holland is, I think, likely to become greatly and sadly changed. Certainly prosperity is not likely to return soon to the once famous ports of the Zuyder Zee, for they lie in no great trade route, in spite of the Zee itself forming a huge and magnificent natural harbour; but the Dutch people have that in their character which will not allow them long to linger in the rear in an age of progress. Their railways are among the most comfortable in Europe, and so in

everything modern—everything is of the best, only, unfortunately for the visitor of slender means, a proportionately heavy charge is made, the guilder appearing to go no farther than the shilling does at home.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH, EDAM.

(From the Painting by Hubert Vos.)



NOTE BY HUBERT VOS: Of all the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee none is so famous as Enkhuisen—which in its glory was more important than Amsterdam; and though Hoorn is now the most flourishing, for the tourist none will be more interesting than Edam, with the neighbouring fishing-village of Volendam. To reach it from Amsterdam by the most picturesque route, the intending visitor should



AN OLD FISHER OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

(From the Painting by Hubert Vos.)

go by steam tram through Brock—the cleanest village in the world—and the little town of Monnikendam, which bears in silence the mark of its splendid historical past.

Edam, which has a population of between five and six thousand, is situated about a mile from the Zuyder Zee, with which it is connected by the harbour and suburb of Oorgat. The oldest houses date from the seventeenth century, although the town existed for some hundreds of years previous to that, for as early as 1357 civic rights were granted which prove that even then it must have been a place of some importance. This earlier town, however, was

entirely destroyed by fire on February 24th, 1602, when the tower of the beautiful church was struck by lightning. The church was rebuilt in a manner befitting its former condition, and is renowned to-day for its enormous proportions, the beauty of the architecture, and its splendid painted windows. The other principal building, the Town Hall, is a more recent structure, having been built about 1740, and in full accordance with the style of architecture and of the period. It presents a dignified and quiet, yet withal a rich appearance.

In one of the principal rooms on the first floor—which was kindly placed at my disposal while I was painting the pictures which accompany this article—are to be seen three curious pictures: one the portrait of an abnormally stout innkeeper, another of a very tall young girl, and the third of a burgomaster with a beard twice the length of his body. It is to be hoped that for a few more years still the visitor to the Stadhuys will be shown its treasures by an old patriot who acts as guardian, and who really might be two hundred years old, for he seems to remember all the facts in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." He served as my model for the illustration, "Pro Patriâ," on p. 66.

There are various ways of reaching Volendam, the little fishing-village which belongs to the commune of Edam, and which is, perhaps, the quaintest one can find in all Holland—which is saying much. There is a path running along the dyke, or another which leads across meadows, which is intersected at exceedingly short intervals by ditches and canals, and crossed by means of boards doing duty for bridges; or there is a third method of proceeding, which is, indeed, the pleasantest—by means of the quaint little sailing boats that complete the journey in about half an hour.

The village is, of course, protected by the inevitable dyke, some of the houses being built on this structure, with piles as their foundations. The village slopes away from the dyke, and is like some of the larger towns in miniature—miniature streets with miniature houses, canals and bridges all in miniature, and everything brightly coloured, with dark-blue predominating and triumphing everywhere.

The dyke serves as a promenade to the inhabitants, where they gather when the fishing fleet is safely at anchor. The men are dressed in red woollen shirts, wide, short black trousers with old coins for buttons, and belts ornamented in the same way; on their heads felt caps. The women's costume is brilliant and fantastic, but always harmonious, with pretty fichus round their necks and



coquettish caps on their heads. The whole scene is one of picturesque quietude, Andalusia transported to a small grey fishing-village on the Zuyder Zee.

The interiors of the houses, too, are well worthy of inspection, each being a museum in itself, with their neat rows of Delft china and solid old furniture, and all in such a splendid state of order and cleanliness. Here may be seen an old grandmother teaching her son's children how to knit in the spare moments after having repaired the fishing-nets, or attended to the humble dinner of potatoes and dried fish. And there—for the inhabitants are, like all fisher folk, deeply religious—you have at the hour of the Angelus such an old-world picture as I have represented on p. 65.

Opposite Volendam, out in the Zuyder Zee, is the little island of Marken, to which any of the fishermen will be pleased to take you in their boat for three guilden; and bring you back, too. Local legends tell us that this island was once part of the property of a convent at Monnikendam on the other side of the Zee. It is certain, however, that this town itself took its name from the convent established by Frisian monks in the early part of the thirteenth century. But here, as at Edam, no buildings of that period are left standing. Three times—in 1499, 1514, and 1515—has the town been devastated by fire, and in August, 1623, much that the fires had left was destroyed by an explosion.

But, in spite of all these disasters, there remains a good deal of great interest. Amongst this is the tower of the old town hall built in 1591, containing a curious clock, which at the hours sets in motion a procession of horsemen. But the finest remnant of the earlier architecture is the St. Nicholaas Kerk, completed in 1412, and given over in 1572 to the Reformed Church. The traveller from Amsterdam sees this tower rising from amongst a clump of

trees, its hoary head standing out boldly from the contrast of the surrounding green; but to see it in full beauty one has to come upon it after strolling through the little town, along the banks of the



THE KNITTING-LESSON.

(From the Painting by Hubert Vos.)

canals, and across the antique bridges. Down in the old harbour there is one shipbuilder, who carries out what little business still clings to the place, and he alone is left to keep alive the traditions of those glorious days when it meant something to be a shipbuilder in Monnikendam.

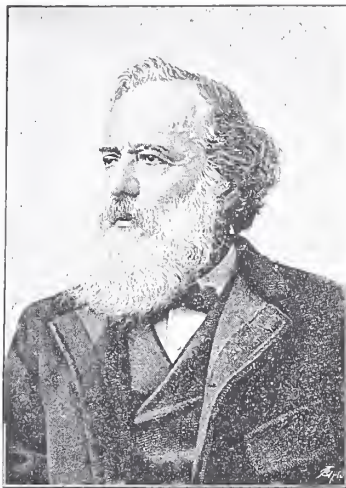
The whole district round the Zuyder Zee is full of interest from all points of view, and certainly not least to the artistic; here the artist may find innumerable subjects for his brush if he but possess "the seeing eye and the understanding heart."



## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

TO the resignation by Professor Legros of the Slade Professorship at University College we have already referred. At the moment of our going to press his successor had not yet been appointed.

We present to our readers two examples of the work of Mr. Walter Crane, which he executed



PROFESSOR LEGROS.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

during his recent sojourn in America. The window measures about thirty-four feet by thirty-two feet, each light being ten feet wide. The subject is St. Paul (the Apostle's figure is about twelve feet high) preaching at Athens. The window is full and rich in colour, and plating has been used to get depth of tone. The pitch of light being so

much higher in America, the windows bear more depth of colour, and, as a rule, are much darker in tone than English windows. The window was the gift of Mr. Murphy. The panel for the Willard Hall, Women's Temperance Building, Chicago, is one of two, each being six feet four inches high by five feet six inches wide. One represents, by allegorical female figures, "Purity and Temperance;" the other, "Mercy and Justice." They are painted on canvas in flat oil colours, gold being used for some of the ornamental accessories, such as the chin of the savage dog which Temperance restrains, the scales and sword of Justice, &c.

Monsieur Charles Giraud, who has died at the age of seventy-three, was a painter of landscape and "interiors." He has left behind him a great number of works, and is represented in the Luxembourg by his "Jeu de Boules."

An artist of real talent and exceptional modesty has lately passed away in Mr. Joseph Moore, the medallist, of Birmingham, at seventy-six years of age. Showing a decided taste for drawing in his boyhood, he was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Halliday, the die-sinker of Birmingham, and spent the early part of his life designing dies for metal buttons. At all times, however, he had a strong desire to work in

the higher grade of his profession—the production of medals which should take their place as works of art. One of his first medals contained on the obverse a copy of the "Salvator Mundi" of Leonardo da Vinci, and on the reverse Ary Scheffer's "Christus Consolator," of which Scheffer said, "Your medal has immortalised my picture; it will outlive the canvas." There is a small collection of his works in the Corporation Art Gallery at Birmingham.

The painters of France have lost their *doyen* in Monsieur Emile Signol, who has died at the age of eighty-eight. The pupil of Gros, M. Signol took the *Grand Prix de Rome* so long ago as 1830, and



WINDOW AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEWARK, N.J.

(Designed by Walter Crane.)

thenceforward devoted himself to history, sacred and profane. His subject-pictures, together with historical fancy portraits, abound in the museums of France, and in the galleries of Versailles; while many altar-pieces are to be seen in several of the principal churches in Paris—such as the Madeleine



and St. Sulpice. Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1841, he was promoted to the Officership in 1865, having previously, in 1860, succeeded to Hersent's seat in the Academy of Fine Arts.

Mr. F. G. STEPHENS sends us the following estimate of the late Thomas Woolner, R.A. :—

Another page records the outlines of a biography of this distinguished sculptor; it is proposed to devote this one to some expository notes on the inventive side of his genius and the characteristics of his art in dealing with marble. Elsewhere I have remarked of his ideal designs that it had from the first been part of Woolner's ambition to embody something of Phidian dignity, simplicity, and naturalness in his works of all kinds, combined with exhaustive representation of detail. It was this view of the potentialities of sculpture which induced him, while yet a youth, to join the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In carrying out this ideal, he obtained for his portraits, statues, and busts, not less than for his poetic creations, that choice breadth, completeness, and repose which make and mark every noble style in art, as well as morbidezza the most veracious and simple, and, in modern sculpture, that extremely rare kind of finish which is so distinct in his productions as to be characteristic of, and easily recognisable in, all of them.

The observer may see in each completed work of Woolner more of that supple and elastic quality of the human skin which it was the delight of Phidias to reproduce from the life, than most of the ancient and modern workers in marble—who were not simply slavish copiers of nature and nothing else—have attained to. The yielding integument faithfully attests where it is stretched over a hard bone, a compacted mass of softer fat, a firm ligament, or a tense and pulsing vein, or where, being customarily folded near a joint, long and multiform creases prove how flexible it is. The skin of the Theseus or Illissus is only finer in degree than Woolner's best statues show. The knowledge, intense research, and prodigious love of nature which these statues exhibit are evidently referable to models of the great

Phidian school. Among the moderns I do not know anyone who has, for instance, carved with so much exquisite fidelity and skill as Woolner's the texture of the skin between the temple and the ear of a human face, or given with completer veracity the difference between the cartilaginous base of a nose



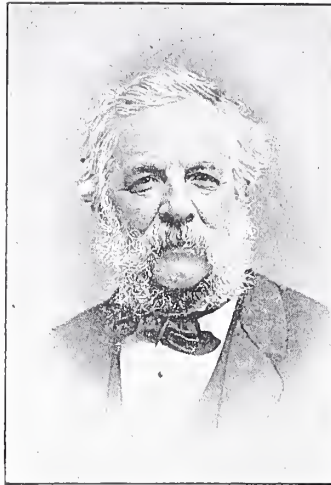
PORTION OF DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE BUILDING,  
CHICAGO.

(By Walter Crane.)

and the everywhere mobile fleshiness of the lips beneath it. Breath seems to be in his sculptured nostrils, while the eyes he carved may be said to move within and between their differing yielding lids. Merely to copy nature thus is, with dull labourers, simply a matter of almost mechanic patience and delicate toil; quite otherwise is it to preserve the breadth and freedom of a noble type, while omitting none of the supremely delicate details. Because he did this I claim for Woolner an eminent place among the modern masters of style. The portrait bust of Tennyson, which, in 1873, was finished by Woolner with the aid of his old friend and warm admirer the Laureate, and is now in the sculptor's study, is one of the finest examples, not only of a lofty mode of reading the character of



one of the noblest modern faces, but of the supremest style I know to have been attained in marble. The forms of his stately "Virgilia bewailing the Banishment of Coriolanus," the torso of his god-like "Achilles Shouting to the Trojans," which is in the Bodleian, the tense bust of his "Godiva," and the virginal purity of his "Elaine" musing on Lancelot, are but a few of Woolner's achievements in the pursuit of style, as it is manifest in the morbidezza of nature herself, and of the retention of truth in that grand treatment of



THE LATE JOSEPH MOORE.

(From a Photograph by Harold Baker, Birmingham.)

browed Verulam." There appears to be an argument in the action of the hands placed the one upon the other; the light of persuasion beams from the eyes, and the pleasure of one who convinces informs the smiling lips. Another fine illustration of a similar power obtains in the majestically passionate statue of "Moses with the Tables," which gives rare force and dignity to the iconographic scheme on the chief façade of the Manchester Assize Courts. Of the same category, very different in its application, but not less fine, is that colossal statue



THE LATE CHARLES GIRAUD.

(From a Photograph by Mulnier, Paris.)

pure form which is the *sine qua non* of sculpture with high aims.

I have not space for more than one example of the poetic mood of Woolner when applied to ideal subjects where mournful pathos must needs obtain; this shall be the large and beautiful

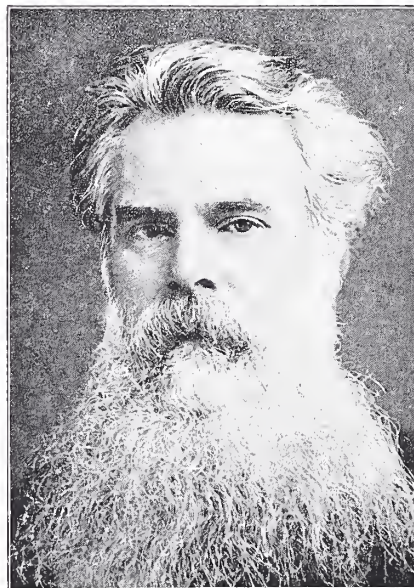
of Captain Cook Woolner executed for the Government of New South Wales, and which stands in the park at Sydney overlooking what has been called the noblest harbour in the planet, and— with one hand upraised in surprise as a discoverer of



THE LATE EMILE SIGNOL.

(From a Photograph by Mulnier, Paris.)

bas-relief in Wrexham Church, where, over a young boy's grave, his embodied spirit seems to sit just within the gate of Paradise (an emblematic almond tree leans across the wall), and, with a lowered ear and attentive face, he listens for the coming footsteps of his parents towards that region "where there is no more sorrow nor crying." An example of what I may call Woolner's imagination penetrative occurs in the very fine, broad, and manly statue of Bacon in his Chancellor's robes which adorns the New Museum at Oxford, and seems to speak with the genial, earnest tone of Tennyson's "large-



THE LATE THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

a new world at that place— stands, a telescope under one arm, and every limb and feature instinct with life, dignity, and character. In all these instances the diligent and studious hands of the artist combined with natural and yet exalted ideals to produce masterpieces of art. In the way of idealised and yet character-charged portraiture, I believe Woolner and his royal subject will be almost equally fortunate if posterity takes its impressions of her present Majesty from the stately yet simple standing life-size figure with arms folded upon each other, which is, I think, at Birmingham.





A MIGHTY HUNTER.

(From the Painting by J. T. Nettleship, at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)

## CURRENT ART.

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

### INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

IT would perhaps be asking too much of this particular exhibition, coming as it does at an awkward time of year—three months only after the great summer displays—to require that it should show an absolute distinctiveness, or interest by the illustration of certain well-defined tendencies in modern art. However this may be, those who demand to be interested in such fashion will not be gratified, although the exhibition is well up to its usual average, and perhaps a little beyond it. The judicious may, however, by eliminating and ignoring what they do not want to see, and need not see, procure a considerable amount of pleasure of a not very exciting kind from an inspection of the residuum.

It is a surprise to find Sir James Linton coming forward, as he does on the present occasion, almost exclusively as a landscape-painter; for he sends only three transcripts of fair Surrey scenery, called respectively "Approaching Michaelmas," "Sweetwater," and "The Old Story." While applauding the energy manifested in this latest attempt at many-sidedness, one must own to finding the result much what one might have guessed it would be. Passages of delicate and appropriate colour are, of course, to be noted, and there is evidence everywhere of sound and thorough workmanship; but the general effect is one of airlessness and heaviness—the shimmer of daylight, the sug-

gestion of air gently stirring the leaves, of an ambient atmosphere, are wanting. "Sweetwater," the best of the three examples, is a skilfully and even learnedly-composed view of one of those pretty miniature lakes with which Surrey is studded; but it is open, with its fellows, to the objections which have already been taken.

We find, too, the Hon. John Collier following the President's example, and coming forward exclusively as a painter of landscape. His large canvas, "In a Beech Wood," must, in the first place, be commended for the simplicity of its title. What a vast improvement it would be if artists in general could be prevailed upon to follow this example of modesty and reticence, and renounce the sickly sentimentalities in the way of quotation with which they delight to overload catalogues! The picture shows with an almost photographic completeness and accuracy a beech forest, or rather a section of beech forest, in its summer vesture; the silvery clothed trunks most carefully moss-modelled, especially that one which lies, overthrown and bedded in last year's dead leaves, in the foreground. This is, however, the mere impersonal transcript of a natural scene, not such an interpretation as would emphasise its less obvious beauties or its true significance.

Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Portrait of F. M. Cleverly" is well composed, but suffers from a certain emptiness of touch, as from the fact that it is half life-



size—a *format* which inevitably imparts a certain meanness to a likeness. His “Frogs” is, in its way, the most charming thing in the exhibition. Here an undraped nymph, “*blonde comme les bles*,” and of an almost Rubens-like fulness of contour, stooping down amid the green rushes by which she is surrounded—in an attitude recalling that of a well-known Venus of antiquity—curiously contemplates a green frog

influence of this grey background, which enables him to present in their natural hues the most vivid and various groups of blossoms. He has never painted better, more subtly, or with greater freshness than in “Roses Trémières”—a group of hollyhocks, yellow, purple, dark-red, and palest pink, set off by the cold green of their own leaves, and mingled with a few large mallows.

Mr. Alfred East is at least displaying versatility, and what is practically a new manner, in the admirable little “Norfolk Marshes,” a work highly wrought almost to the point of hardness; but, nevertheless, broad and brilliant in touch and colour.

Mr. Adrian Stokes is to be found in two small studies, “Through Green Reeds” and “Evening on the Kennet,” manfully, but not successfully, struggling with the violets, the lilaes, the blues, and vivid greens of modern French art. In a greyer and more sober tonality he is one of our best landscape-painters; but in this hazardous style the intuition of the born colourist can alone guard the adventurous from disaster.

Great breadth and unity of conception are shown by Mr. Orrock in two studies of sandy flat shore, overhung by huge masses of sweeping cloud, charged with menace, these being entitled respectively “Beal Sands, Holy Island in the Distance,” and “Stake Nets at the Snook, Holy Island.” But could not this artist, who so passionately admires fineness of colour and quality in others, give us even in these necessarily sombre paintings greater purity and greater harmony than are here to be found? Mr. E. M. Wimperis’s “A Sussex Lane” is, like most of this painter’s performances, a broadly and vigorously brushed imitation of the later manner of David Cox. His art, though technically deserving of praise, is to me curiously and unsympathetically cold.

The large sea-piece, “The Breezy Blue,” of Mr. Robert W. Allan shows him temporarily abandoning the glow and the sharp contrasts of Indian landscape to give us a genuine British scene. Here the crisply-curling blue waves, the foreground of sandy beach, with its moving figures and its screen of sails hung up to dry in the wind, are all excellently well rendered, and the atmospheric quality of this page from nature is remarkable. On the other hand, the composition is, as a whole, inexpressive and lacking in harmony of line. We have here the elements of a picture rather than the picture itself.

Mr. A. D. Peppercorn’s canvases are always



EARLY TO BED.

(From the Painting by James Clark, at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.)

which she has raised from the marsh-water, and placed on the back of her hand. This is a little performance of real grace and charm, and withal quite spontaneous.

M. Fantin-Latour, one of the most faithful adherents of the Institute, sends only three flower-pieces, in all of which, however, the hand of the master is as apparent as ever. He has been reproached, and not without some reason, with the monotony of his warm grey backgrounds, which certainly savour of *parti pris*, and lack the atmospheric quality of Chardin’s enveloping greyneess. Still, it is no doubt the harmonising and, as it were, soothing



pleasant to look upon, in virtue of a certain unity both of conception and execution, though the manifest imitation of the masters of modern French landscape deprives them of the right to take a high place. In the charming river-scene, "The Sandbank," the artist gives the preference to Daubigny over his more usual favourites, Corot and M. Pointelin.

I cannot pretend to analyse within these narrow limits Mr. Henry J. Stock's portentous composition, "A Dream of the Worlds," to which is appended an appropriate quotation from Walt Whitman. Next to it hangs, in curious contrast, an impressionistic study by one of the deftest of modern American artists, Mr. Alexander Harrison. This "Moonlight," as an exercise tending to the solution of a difficult and not yet completely solved problem of light, is full of interest, but it is by no means suited for exhibition in a public gallery.

Mr. A. Chevalier Taylor, in his "Confirmation Day" (see p. 77), expresses with considerable reticence and pathos a subject which might easily be made over-sentimental. His draughtsmanship and execution are firm and skilful, but over-hard and precise in the expression of the main contours.

It is not pleasant to find an artist of such great natural gifts as Mrs. Mariamie Stokes beating about for a style, as she here appears to be doing. In her *début* she appeared to be much influenced by M. Dagnan-Bou-

veret, and now, in this rather coarsely and garishly-painted "Girl Knitting," she succumbs to Bastien-Lepage and his follower Mr. Clausen.

Among the most noteworthy, the most legitimately-painted landscapes in the galleries are Mr.

Leslie Thomson's "Clay Barges"—not a little recalling Constable in its breadth and freshness—and "Bathers;" the latter a little *façade* in arrangement, but rich in colour and elegant in design.

I must not omit to notice the daring departure from his well-loved grey-blue-green harmonies shown by Mr. Frank Brangwyn in the large canvas, "Slave-Traders." Here a group of darkest Africans, clad in flaming scarlet, tawny, and dark-blue garments, are seen crouching on the white deck of a steamer, with a background of deepest indigo sea, and appropriately blue sky. The problem of conveying a true visual impression under such self-created atmospheric difficulties as here indicated is boldly and powerfully attacked, but it is not adequately solved; some of the figures are mere silhouettes, and atmosphere is conspicuously lacking.

Among other canvases which I would willingly have referred to in detail had not lack of space prevented this are:—Mr. J. L. Pickering's "A River Sanctuary," Mr. Ernest Parton's "A Grey Summer-Day," Mr. E. Matthew Hale's "Captives," Mr. L. Raven-Hill's "Bank Holiday," Mr. Leslie Medwin's "Under an Old Birch-Tree," Mr. Claude Hayes's "Berkshire Pastoral," Mr. J. T. Nettle-ship's "A Mighty Hunter" (see p. 73), Mr. Yeend King's large transcript from nature, "Autumn's Robe," and Mr. J. Clark's "Early to Bed" (see opposite page).



AN AUTUMN DAY.

(From the Painting by E. M. Wimperis, at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colour.)

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Here there is very much less of interest to note than in the sister exhibition; and, with every desire to do justice to the Society, one cannot refrain from noting the extreme mediocrity of the display made



on the present occasion. Much might, no doubt, be gained by a judicious compression, by eliminating the worst and most amateurish class of work, and confining the exhibition to three out of the five rooms now at the disposal of the Society.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss throws himself, as on many former occasions, into the breach, and brings forward much work which is good and interesting in its way,

Mr. Pickering's large landscape, "An Autumn Gust," shows under an agitated autumn sky an expanse of cornfields on which the yellow wheat has been reaped, but not yet got in, with a surrounding belt of green hedges and trees. The picture thus presented is a simple and sympathetic one: its execution is broad and vigorous, but not a little marred by paintiness. By its side appears



ADVERSITY.

(From the Painting by A. Glendenning, at the Royal Society of British Artists.)

although legitimately open to the reproach of undue monotony in colouring, lighting, and general conception. His "Votive Chapel in the Abbey Royal, St. Valery-sur-Somme" (*sic*), with its rich late-Gothic grooming and carving, with its fifteenth and sixteenth-century church-furniture, with its quaint models of ships hung up to the roof as votive offerings, is a delightful place, and its beauties, both of general aspect and of detail, are expressed with a firm, skilful hand. Fine architectural drawing is to be found, too, in "The Interior of Coutances Cathedral," although the artist has given to the beautiful Norman church, besides its own true exquisiteness of moulding and detail, an awe-striking vastness of proportion which it certainly does not possess.

Mr. John R. Reid's "The Storm," one of the best works by this variable artist that I have seen for a long time. It is simply a wind-lashed, frothing sea, breaking in tremendous foam on a low green promontory, upon which have gathered a number of fisher-folk with their wives and children, eagerly scanning the horizon. The anger of the waves is admirably rendered, the execution showing more homogeneity than is usual with the artist; and if I have a criticism to make it is that the effects of the raging storm are not sufficiently indicated in the attitudes of the figures making up the foreground.

Mr. Robert Sauber's large "Diana—Panel for a Mural Decoration" reveals an artist in love with the





CONFIRMATION DAY.

(From the *Painting* by *Chevalier Taylor*, at the *Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours*. Engraved by *J. M. Johnston*.)



schemes of colour affected by M. Puvis de Chavannes and the school of imitators which has sprung up around him. The design is, however, too stiff and lifeless to fulfil its purpose. In "Pilots—Puerta de Passages" we again find Mr. Frank Brangwyn in his latest and most uncompromising phase of impressionism, more daring, indeed, and considerably

meadow, watered by a meandering stream, and tenanted by cattle, after the fashion of Troyon, whose influence, however, it is to be wished could be discerned to a greater extent than it is in this harshly-painted if well-imagined sky, and these crudely-green pastures. In Mr. W. H. Pike's "Suspense"—a humbly-clad family waiting in the cheerless light of



SUSPENSE.

(From the Painting by W. H. Pike, at the Royal Society of British Artists.)

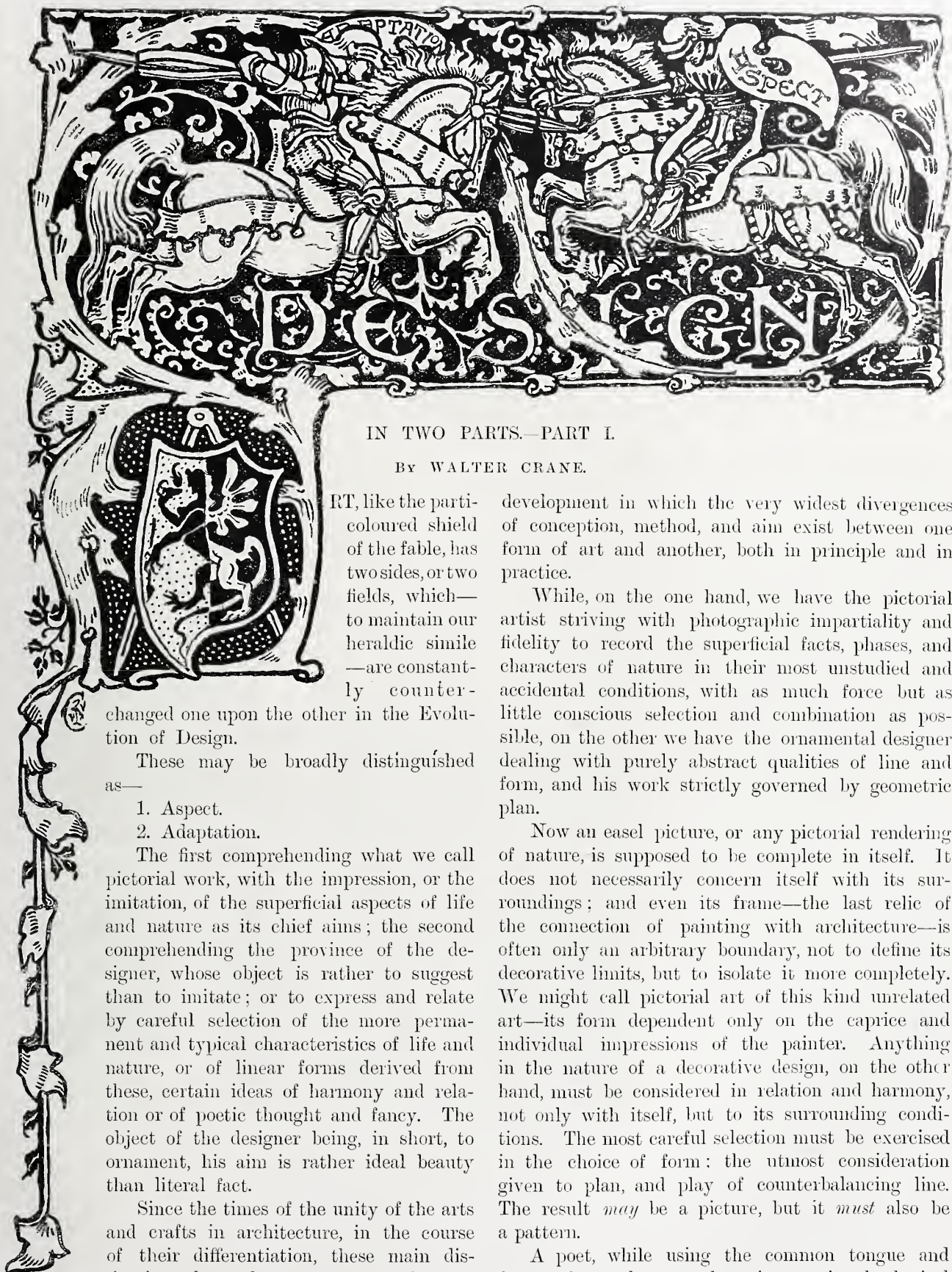
less successful, than at the Institute. Here is a group of pilots clad in vests of flaming hues, gathered together under a wooden shed for shelter from the fierce sun which pitilessly beats down on the blue water and the variegated houses of the port from which the picture takes its name. Although the picture must be said to fail as a study of light and atmosphere, there is something fascinating about its fierce hues and its strongly-marked flat figures, both of which are such as suggest rather a stained-glass window than a painting. There is something attractive, too, about the truculence displayed in Mr. J. Finmore's melodramatic scene of combat, called "No Quarter;" but it is to be feared that the attitudes of these cavaliers from the Porte St. Martin or the Ambigu-Comique would not bear critical examination.

Mr. R. W. A. Rouse's large canvas, "A Southerly Wind and a Stormy Sky," presents a luxuriant

early morning for a catastrophe suggested but not shown—there is undeniable pathos of the obvious and easily-attainable order: but the execution is coarse and summary rather than really broad and expressive. Mr. R. B. Nisbet's two water-colour sketches, "At St. Andrew's: an East Wind" and "A Sky Study," have his usual distinctiveness and charm, the latter especially being, so far as it goes, a new departure, contrasting with the artist's favourite vapour-laden skies and sad, lingering sunsets.

In a series of water-colours, among the best of which are "A Passing Cloud" and "The End of the Day," Mr. Leopold Rivers shows considerable synthetic power and real felicity in the presentment of the subjects chosen. I must note, too, as deserving of praise Mr. Glendenning's "Adversity" (illustrated on p. 76), and Mr. H. H. Cauty's fresh, breezy coast-scene, "The Skitty Shore, near Stonehaven, N.B."





IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

BY WALTER CRANE.

ART, like the parti-coloured shield of the fable, has two sides, or two fields, which—to maintain our heraldic simile—are constantly counter-

changed one upon the other in the Evolution of Design.

These may be broadly distinguished as—

1. Aspect.
2. Adaptation.

The first comprehending what we call pictorial work, with the impression, or the imitation, of the superficial aspects of life and nature as its chief aims; the second comprehending the province of the designer, whose object is rather to suggest than to imitate; or to express and relate by careful selection of the more permanent and typical characteristics of life and nature, or of linear forms derived from these, certain ideas of harmony and relation or of poetic thought and fancy. The object of the designer being, in short, to ornament, his aim is rather ideal beauty than literal fact.

Since the times of the unity of the arts and crafts in architecture, in the course of their differentiation, these main distinctions have become more and more pronounced, until we have reached a period of

development in which the very widest divergences of conception, method, and aim exist between one form of art and another, both in principle and in practice.

While, on the one hand, we have the pictorial artist striving with photographic impartiality and fidelity to record the superficial facts, phases, and characters of nature in their most unstudied and accidental conditions, with as much force but as little conscious selection and combination as possible, on the other we have the ornamental designer dealing with purely abstract qualities of line and form, and his work strictly governed by geometric plan.

Now an easel picture, or any pictorial rendering of nature, is supposed to be complete in itself. It does not necessarily concern itself with its surroundings; and even its frame—the last relic of the connection of painting with architecture—is often only an arbitrary boundary, not to define its decorative limits, but to isolate it more completely. We might call pictorial art of this kind unrelated art—its form dependent only on the caprice and individual impressions of the painter. Anything in the nature of a decorative design, on the other hand, must be considered in relation and harmony, not only with itself, but to its surrounding conditions. The most careful selection must be exercised in the choice of form: the utmost consideration given to plan, and play of counterbalancing line. The result *may* be a picture, but it *must* also be a pattern.

A poet, while using the common tongue and forms of speech, casts them in certain rhythmical shapes, and in seeking the highest form of literary



expression imposes certain restraints, and exercises the strictest selection.

Design, too, is a language, full of richness and

·PICTORIAL·  
·OAK·



(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

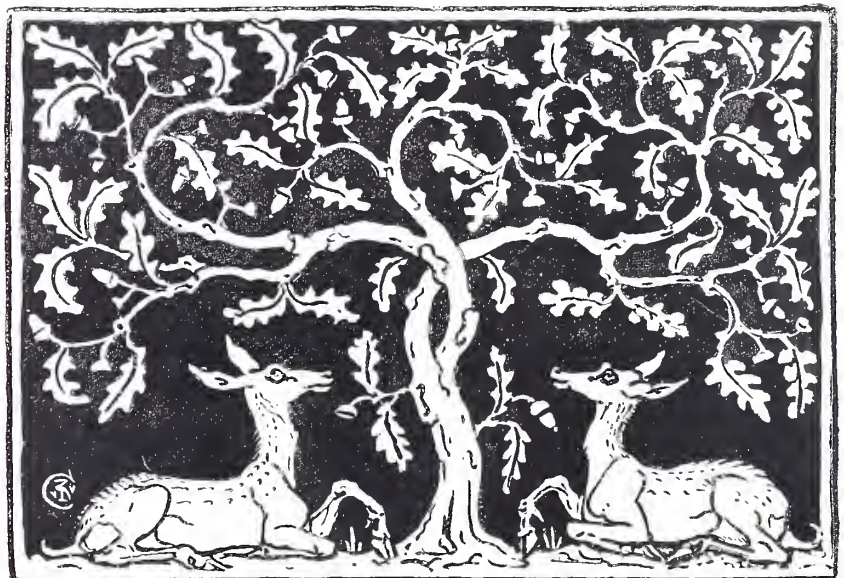
variety, and in the various forms of its application through the whole range of the handicrafts, by the very necessity of its adaptation to them, finds new methods for the expression of beauty, harmony, fitness, unity in variety, variety in unity—whatever we like to call it.

Now, under our head *Adaptation*, there are at least three main points of view from which we may regard Design. Firstly, design in its least applied sense, as connected solely with the embodiment of ideas, and expressed by *beautiful drawing* alone—depending on qualities and conditions of line and colour and values—design, in fact, on the pictorial side, less dependent on material, although always influenced by it, as in the hands of individuals different qualities are brought out. For instance, the character and quality of a drawing with a pen and ink will differ from one in pencil, though by the same artist: while in the designs of different masters, of different ages and countries, the greatest contrasts in spirit and methods of expression are found, even when the material is the same; as, for instance, between a drawing of Albert Dürer and one by John Flaxman, whether rendered by pen or graver.

So, from the very simplest methods of the draughtsman to the utmost complexities of the painter, Design must be influenced by the characteristics and facilities of the materials with which the artist works, and must constantly vary in intellectual and poetic expression according to individual use and touch.

The second sense in which we may understand Design is as *constructive drawing*; as the plan, working drawing, or pattern, to be translated or expressed in other materials, and adapted to certain spaces or objects, and as deriving, therefore, its chief value and interest from the success with which it is adapted to such materials and such spaces or objects, over and above its own intrinsic qualities, and the measure of its beauty and invention.

The third conception of Design is as it may be expressed by means of the characteristic qualities of the different materials themselves, and as the natural outcome of those qualities, with which it is inseparably bound, as thought with language. This is when designer and craftsman are one, and think and work in the material of their thought, as it



·OAK-TREE IN DESIGN·

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

follows the ductility of the metal, the crispness of the wood, the pliability of the leather, the plasticity of the clay—or whatever may be the vehicle of expression.

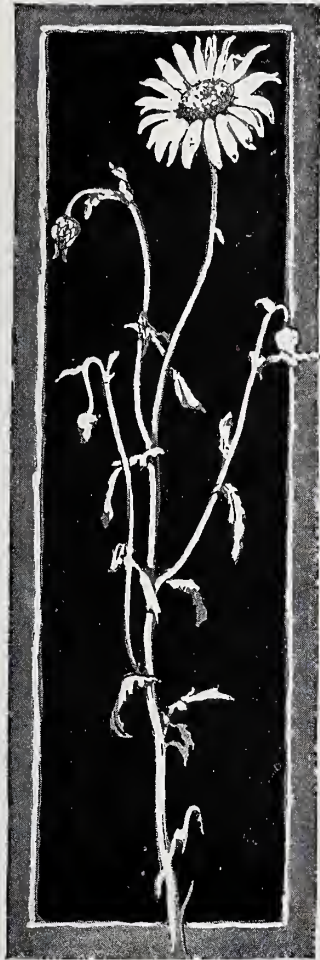
It is chiefly of Design in the sense of con-



structive drawing, as understood in the second of my three divisions, that I propose to deal; though, necessarily (since there is no hard-and-fast line between them), with occasional excursions into the first and third.

If it may seem that in this matter of design I am drawing mostly on my own experience and my own illustrations, it is because I think it may be more useful to give the results of a definite personal practice, as far as it goes, than to rely on theories and assumptions about the work of others which could not possibly have the same certitude.

In these literal and photographic days one of the first questions which meets the designer is the degree of naturalism which is within his scope and purpose. There are endless ways of looking at nature. We may use our eyes alone, or we may use all our faculties and not find them too much. It is certain that what we *feel* and *know* enter as largely



DAISY, FROM NATURE.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

into art as what we *see*. Now the designer may make as many careful studies from nature as the painter, but he will look for different facts, and express them in a different kind of shorthand. Take an oak tree, for example—the pictorial sketeher might represent it somewhat in the manner I have done on p. 80, which would be his method of saying, "This is an oak tree." But the designer (while he might also make a sketch from this modern landscape point of view) could not stop here, if he wanted to make a decoration of it. He would have to geometrize it, or systemize it—to make a pattern of it, in short, to make it speak clearly and intelligibly in decoration. He would go to work somewhat in the way represented in the second illustration on p. 80. This would be *his* manner of saying, "This is an oak tree."

Now the first, or pictorial, method of representation involves quite as distinct a convention in its own way as the second or decorative method. In the first a species of shorthand is employed for the statement of certain external facts, uncontrolled by any ornamental intention or decorative purpose. The second emphasises certain facts, but makes external appearances subservient to the decorative purpose.

In making a book-illustration, for instance, the artist may think exclusively of the scene he has to represent, without reference to what may be called the architecture of the printed page, or the mechanical conditions of its existence. The result, however admirable and brilliant as an independent work, remains unrelated to its purpose and conditions; or he may, availing himself of these conditions, produce not only an illustration, but also a decorative design, fitted to the mechanical conditions of the printing-press, and adding to the beauty of the book: a point brought home by Mr. Emery Walker in his admirable lecture on letterpress printing.

The designer would, moreover, have in view some particular space or shape he wanted to fill with his oak tree, and so he would control its contours with an imaginary line, curved or angular, as might best adapt itself to his decorative purpose and the method and object of the work. In adapting it to fill a panel, he might find it desirable to balance the design and add to the interest by the addition of the stags beneath the tree (see p. 80), or, by repeating the device, obtain a *motif* for a diaper pattern, and by printing it on wall-paper or cotton, bring a whole deer park within the modest domicile of the landless citizen.

Supposing we plucked a field-daisy and drew it



DAISY, DECORATIVELY APPLIED.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)



portrait, as in the previous page. We should feel it made a somewhat meagre device for a panel; but if

These geometric plans, which govern all ornament, are the very alphabet of design, and, like all alpha-

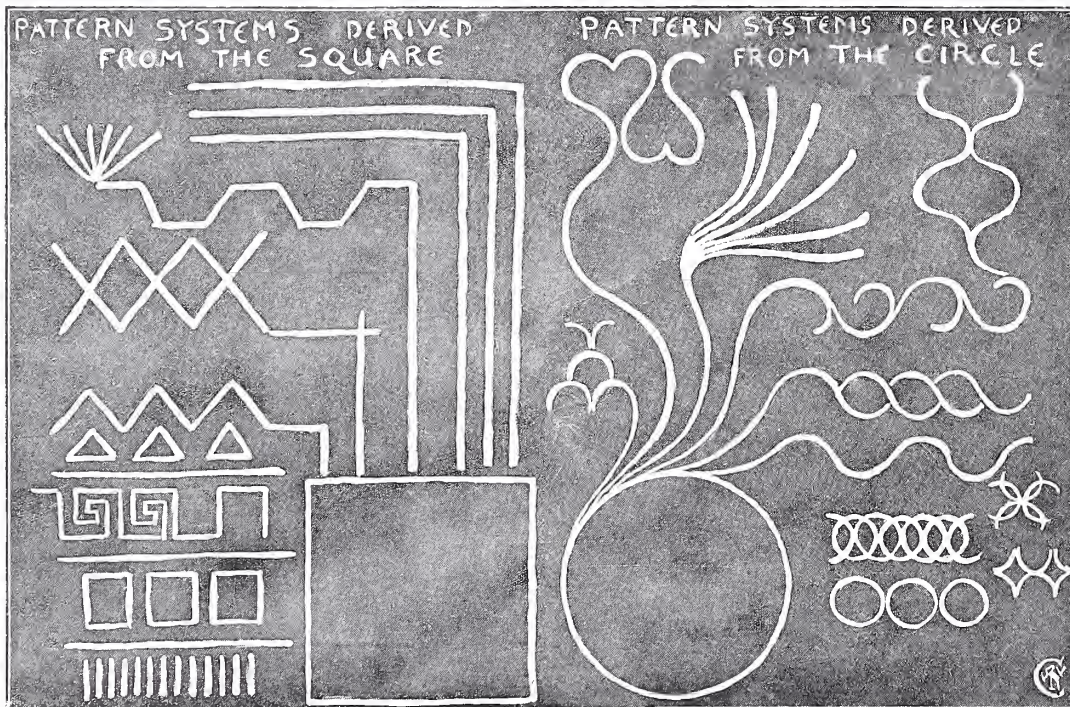


RADIATING CURVES SHOWN IN WING OF BIRD AND SHELL.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

we proceeded to make a treatment of it, as shown in the next illustration, we should fill our space and pro-

ports, have played a very important part in its history. The earliest forms of ornament were purely



(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

duce a design. Here, again, we build upon a linear plan, geometric in its origin, and we follow the alternate system in the arrangement of the leaves and flowers.

linear and geometric. Borders were constructed of a series of horizontal or perpendicular lines and strokes, or by the simple repetition of geometric



forms, such as the square or circle, as on the gate of Mykenæ, as well as in the patterns of all primitive peoples. From the square and circle, as from parental roots, a whole troop of patterns develop, as indicated in the diagram (see p. 82), giving a kind of rough genealogical tree of their primal types. We get here certain leading types of controlling systems, or plans of pattern and design—square, circle, spiral, scroll, scale, radiating, or fan, which form not only the plans and bases in design, but themselves in combination forming patterns, are what might be called decorative units. Governing these again, we have other controlling systems, or principles in design, such as the Symmetric and the Alternate.

Under such systems of structure, or their varie-

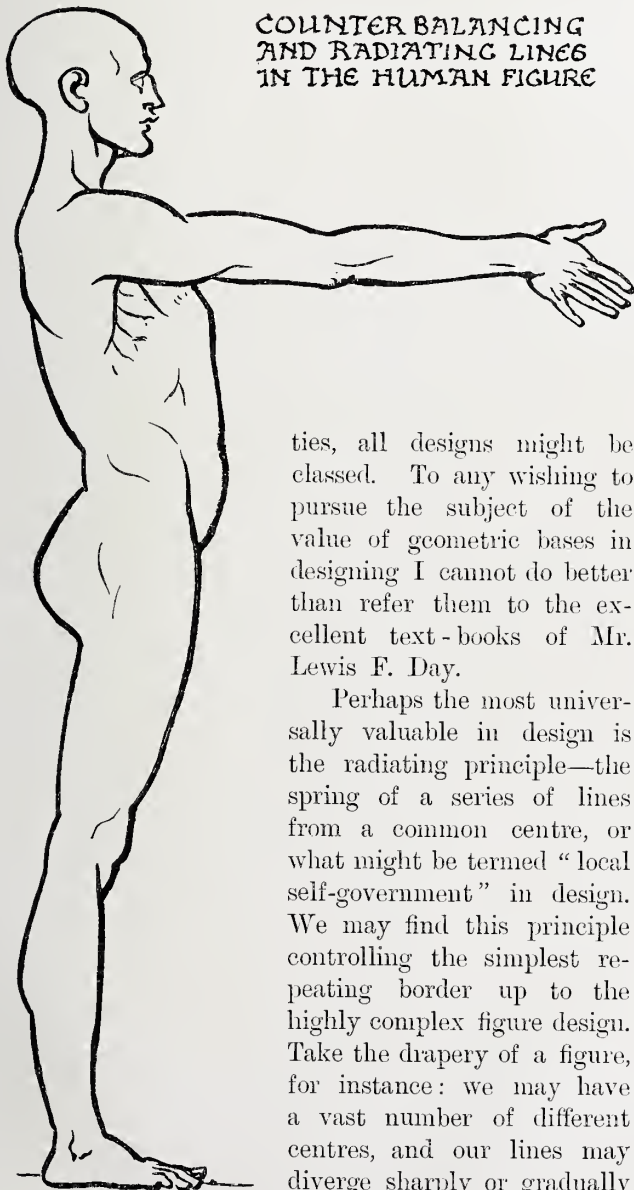


FIGURE TO SHOW THE VALUE OF RADIATING CURVES IN THE DESIGN OF DRAPERY.



(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

COUNTER BALANCING AND RADIATING LINES IN THE HUMAN FIGURE



(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

ties, all designs might be classed. To any wishing to pursue the subject of the value of geometric bases in designing I cannot do better than refer them to the excellent text-books of Mr. Lewis F. Day.

Perhaps the most universally valuable in design is the radiating principle—the spring of a series of lines from a common centre, or what might be termed “local self-government” in design. We may find this principle controlling the simplest repeating border up to the highly complex figure design. Take the drapery of a figure, for instance: we may have a vast number of different centres, and our lines may diverge sharply or gradually from their common centres,

but so long as these invisible centres are felt, the design gains a certain vitality and organic connection throughout.

And where we see the principle most emphatically expressed, as in a fan, a shell, or the wing of a bird (see p. 82), it conveys a sense of both organic vigour, and yet lightness, combining, in fact, the minimum of weight with the maximum of strength.

The human figure contains in its plan and the principles of its structure all the most important principles of decorative construction, besides being itself the most inspiring source and chief factor and most expressive unit in design. The outline of the figure itself, built on the firm and symmetric framework of the bones, yet expresses in its contour a series of counterbalancing curves, and we get the radiating or centering principle in the ribs, and in the set of the fingers and the toes, its whole beauty depending upon its construction.



## “When the World was Young.”

By E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

*TWO girls in robes of amethystine hue  
 Play on the pavement with their knuckle-bones  
 A third sleeps sweetly on the carved stones  
 Against the mountains' everlasting blue:  
 A bath as clear and cool as morning-dew  
 The faintly-tinted marble softly tones.  
 Youth, Dawn, and Spring were seated on their thrones,  
 And reigned triumphant when the world was new.  
 Our jaded eyes are rested by the peace  
 Which fills the court; and, envying, gaze across  
 The shadow, that the centuries have flung,  
 At that fair time ere gladness had to cease  
 To make more room for pain and toil and loss—  
 That happy morning when the world was young.*

ELLEN THORNYCROFT FOWLER.

## “AFTER THE FESTA.”

ETCHED BY DAVID LAW.

THE original etching which accompanies this part may be taken as an interesting work of its own special kind, representative of a special development of the art of etching, and particularly of the work of Mr. David Law and his school.

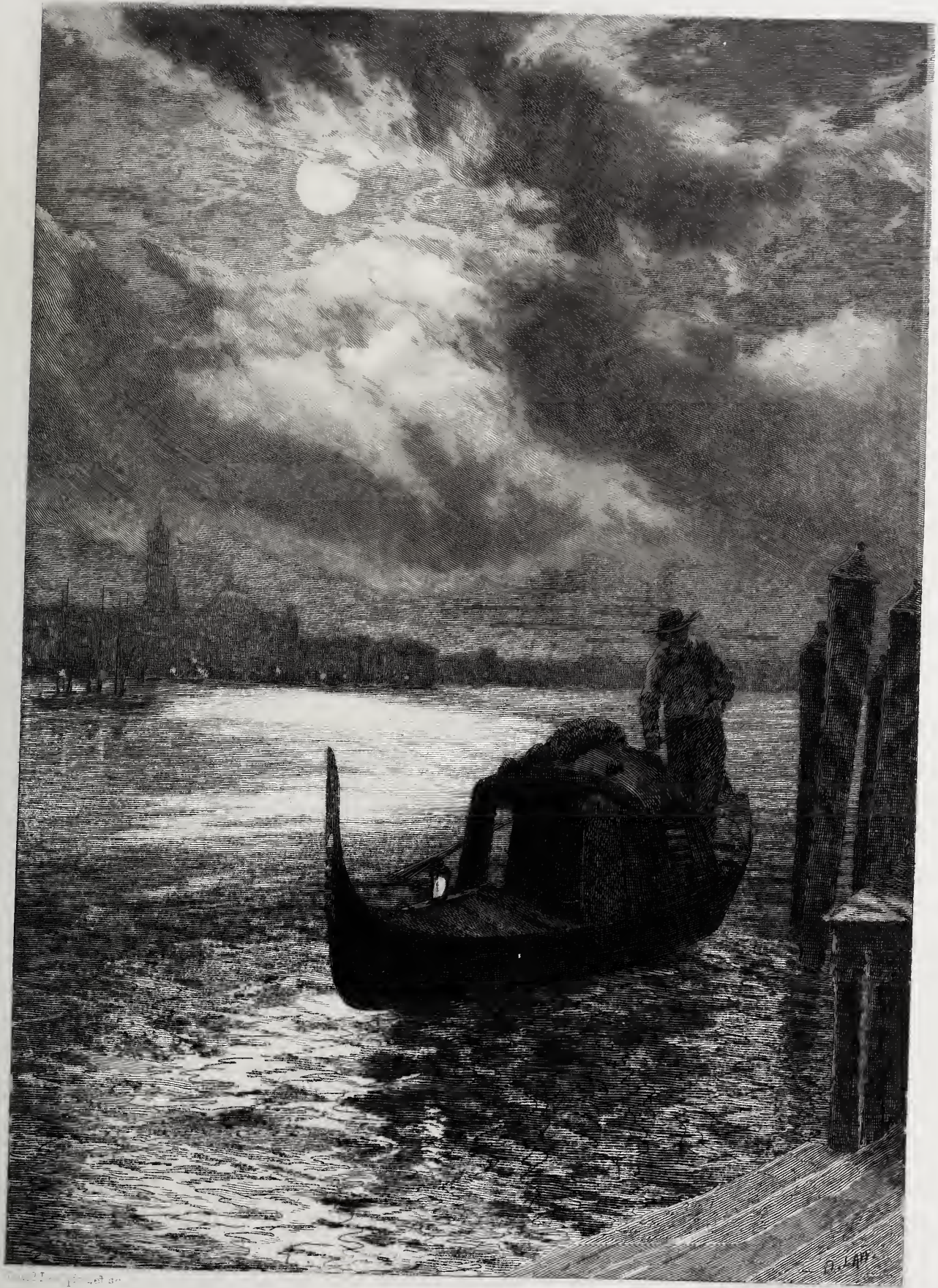
Mr. Law was born in Edinburgh in 1831, and was apprenticed at an early age to an engraver of landscape and figure work; but when the period of his novitiate was over, he found that there was little demand for the kind of art in which he had become proficient. He therefore sought and obtained employment in the Ordnance Survey Office in Southampton as a map engraver, and in that service he remained for more than two-and-twenty years. During the latter part of his engagement he cultivated painting, but only as a pastime, going direct and untrained to nature for his instruction. He soon began to contribute at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, and his success was such that he decided to remain no longer in the Government service. Thereupon Mr. Law came to London, and since that time has been a constant exhibitor; a member of several of the art societies, he has been a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers since its foundation.

It is, we believe, in etching—to which he has given up the last few years of his life—that Mr. Law has found his true *métier*. But it will be observed that his “etching” approaches almost as

nearly to engraving as it does to true etching; or, at the least, that his early training has been so strong in its effect that he has entirely lost sight of the original function of etching, and has become an engraver—and a very skilful and charming one—with the etching-needle. The first principle and merit of etching lie in the value of the etched line, which must speak to us clearly as to its meaning and its suggestion. But Mr. Law allows it to do no such thing. On the contrary, he uses it, with great tact and beauty it must be admitted, to produce a tone, to give a tinted surface over considerable spaces, and to suggest not only tone and colour, but even texture. And to such a point does he carry this that he often actually aims at usurping with the etching-needle the function of mezzotint scraper. Perhaps the success with which he accomplishes his purpose is his best justification.

The sky in “After the Festa” affords a good example of the treatment in question. The variety of tone, from the pure whiteness of moon, lantern-light, and reflection in the water, to the solid black of the gondola, shows an extraordinary range, and a command of the needle and the practice of “biting in” which not many can boast; while the excellence of aerial perspective lends an added charm at once rare in modern etching and delightful to see in a picturesque plate such as this. M. H. S.





AFTER THE FESTA.









WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG.  
(From the *Painting* by E. J. Poynter, R.A. Engraved by A. Knesing.)









BRIGHTON.

(From the Water-Colour Painting by H. G. Hine, V.P.R.I.)

## HENRY G. HINE.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.



HENRY G. HINE.

(From a Photograph by Ed. Wheeler, Brighton.)

RECENTLY I was at Brighton, and if I permit myself to mention an absence so familiar and so uneventful, it is because that absence was in Mr. Hine's own country, the land of an artist who has long appealed to me, and whom to-day I write about; and, in the noble, brilliant weather, landward or seaward—as one looked to the white cliffs or walked upon

the yielding turf of the silver-grey Downs—it was all a gallery of Hine's. Anyone who really appreciates the scenery behind Brighton, or immediately east of it, along the coast towards Rottingdean—who does not think of Brighton merely as the place for November jaunts up and down the King's Road—is, at least, a likely person to appreciate the painter who has seized, more than anybody else, the characteristics of that country-side—its gleaming cliffs, its turquoise waters, its blue and almost foreign sky, the scooped-out basin of the chalk downs, and the long swell of their continuous summits, and the subtlety of all their curves.

In a career, extending now over a couple of

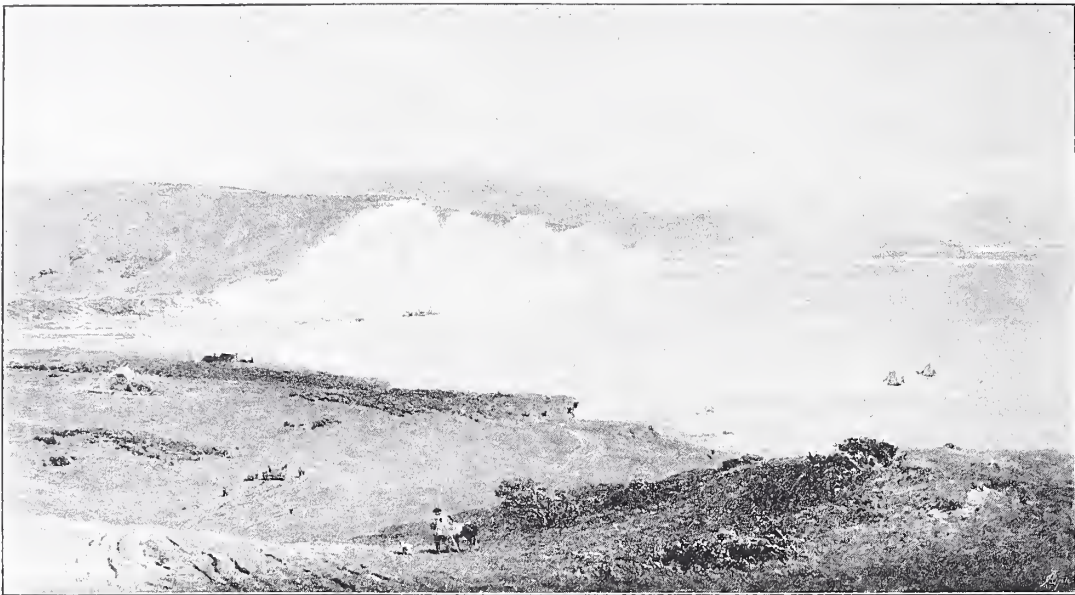
generations, Mr. Hine—Copley Fielding's successor, and more than Copley Fielding's equal—has seen and has depicted much besides these Sussex coasts and Sussex uplands; but it is by his wonderful sympathy with their finer aspects that he appeals most to the people of his own day, and will appeal to those lovers of refined and serene art who may come after him. That Sussex Nature is the Nature he has seen most perfectly, and if most perfectly, that is because he has indeed seen it not through the traditions of a school, nor by the recipe of a studio, nor baldly, nakedly, and brusquely, either in the way of the photographer or in the way of the uneducated stripling who talks about "values," and imagines that the secrets of the world are learnt quite easily by a few months spent at Jullien's—Mr. Hine is admirable and a master, not on these accounts at all, but in virtue of his own personality. No trick of the hand has made him interesting. He is not engaging by reason of his adherence to that latest fashion which must to-morrow be inevitably discredited as the latest fashion no longer, but the latest fad but one. To Mr. Hine it has been given to be great upon his own account, and great permanently, with a place in Art not wide, indeed, but certain and peculiar. And we are privileged to recognise in this serene recorder of the beauty of Sussex, one of the few artists in a world where



there are many painters—an individual who has beheld Nature “*à travers d'un tempérament.*”

Mr. Hine was born either actually at or else in the neighbourhood of Brighton. No one looking at our robust and weather-beaten friend, as he leans over his gate on Hampstead Hill, to say good-bye to us, in the fresh air which would seem to have blown around him all his life, would suspect that that birth took place in the reign of George III., and that the Brighton he first knew was the Brighton of the Prince Regent. This is truth, nevertheless; and at Brighton he had his first lessons in drawing, and from Brighton, when a profession had been decided upon, he came to town

lesson in oil-painting which he ever received in his life; and at Rouen that lesson bore fruit. A close observer of the thing that was before him, and a competent craftsman in many ways—but a man whose more poetic gifts and whose fine individuality had not yet been revealed even to himself—Hine did at this period work that is certainly sterling, though it may not be precisely attractive. One example of such work—a picturesque treatment of architecture in the form of a disused convent—I have seen hanging up in the house at Hampstead, to which it had been brought but lately, through the pure accident of the painter's having been made aware of its existence, and of its probable sale, at a house in Sussex. He



CUCKMERE HAVEN.

(From the Water-Colour Painting by H. G. Hine, V.P.R.I.)

to be formally apprenticed as a draughtsman to Henry Meyer, the engraver in stipple—a nephew of Hoppner—and one whose engravings after Leslie, and Chalon, and Sir Thomas Lawrence were popular things in the second quarter of the present century. Meyer had himself been a pupil of Bartolozzi, and a good draughtsman he unquestionably was, and Mr. Hine in the earliest period of his apprenticeship learnt much from this accomplished but erratic person.

Him, however, in due time and, doubtless, for adequate reason, young Hine left, and, after working on his own account with only too surprising energy, he became ill—was for a while forbidden the use of the pencil—and, as his family had several French friends, he repaired to Rouen, where gradually he resumed his labours. O'Connor, the Irish landscape-painter, had been kind to him before that, and had given him the only direct

caused it to be ransomed; but most of the work which he produced during a sojourn at Rouen of at least two years, remains, beyond doubt, in Normandy, where a hundred francs was at that time considered as about the full value of a canvas by this young English painter.

When Hine returned to England, he was again for a time at Brighton: nothing of work elsewhere seemed to summon him away from his old home. He painted marines chiefly. Then he married, and came to London, and—things in water-colour and oil being not in his case at that period very rapidly saleable—it was suggested to him by Landells, the well-known wood-engraver (who had seen a drawing of his with a measure of character and humour), that he should join the staff of *Punch*, then in its infancy; and Mr. Hine—quite willing to make an honest living as draughtsman on wood—acceded to the proposition: and for



several years, from the time of the earliest volume of *Punch* down to a day when, at least, it was fairly established, Hine worked for the most celebrated

(Mr. Hine amongst them), at Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street. And—if I am now permitted to anticipate a little—in Tom Taylor, Hine found,



FITTLEWORTH COMMON.

(From the Water-Colour Painting by H. G. Hine, V.P.R.I., in the Possession of John Warren, Esq.)

of all comic newspapers. At *Punch*, however, as he imagined, they were, after a while, on the way to get tired of him, and, very much because of this impression, he transferred himself to the new rival,

years afterwards, one of the firmest upholders of his later and mature art. Mr. Taylor, who, half a generation after his first appearance in the town, became the kindly and scholarly art-critic of the



DOWNS, NEAR EASTBOURNE.

(From the Water-Colour Painting by H. G. Hine, V.P.R.I., in the Possession of J. Arnold Rogers, Esq.)

*Puck*; and it was while he was on *Puck* that he first met Tom Taylor, then a clever young man from Cambridge, who, in the first week or so of his arrival in London for official or literary work, ate a supper of lobster salad with the staff of *Puck*

*Times*, was among the earliest to perceive the high individuality and charm of the painter who, having put wood-draughtsmanship aside, and found his true vocation, was by that time a member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.



It had not been an easy matter, however, for Mr. Hine to gain membership of any recognised Society: it had not been an easy matter to him to make a living by the sale of water-colours. Six times about he had been black-balled at one or other of the two important bodies which stood sponsors for the prosperity of that water-colour art which was really his own: and though Mr. Hine has now been a member of the Institute for between twenty and thirty years, he was already in middle life when

turquoise waters retains to this day, should have been retained partly in virtue of a variety of exercise which has permitted him to paint a snow-storm as well as a country of gold and an air of opal, and which has made him the portrayer not alone of English Channel land and sea-scapes, but of the rich brownness of the November fog hanging over Ludgate Hill, with Saint Paul's looming out of the mist. I do not say that his Down snowstorms, his sombre "Londons," his views of ordinary country scenes—



DURLSTONE HEAD.

(From the Water-Colour Painting by H. G. Hine, F.P.R.I., in the Possession of Joseph King, Esq., Jun.)

he joined its ranks. Artistically speaking, he is the contemporary of eminent men who are very much his juniors—who belong, indeed, to a different generation—men like Linton, Charles Green, and the late Tom Collier. But he found his vocation late: and as it is only within the last three or four years that he has been Vice-President of his Institute, it is clear that it was late when eminence as a landscape-painter was thrust upon him.

That variety of labour which we should have expected from his earlier practice, Hine has maintained within our own period—has maintained steadily to this day. Doubtless, as it was a good and useful thing that forty years ago he should be able to draw so acceptably for a comic paper as to produce such a charming, though semi-topographic vision of the coast at Brighton as that of which a coloured aquatint (a rare "find" of my own, in a collector's huntings even at Brighton itself) now hangs before me: so is it a good and useful thing that the freshness of spirit which this exquisite painter of the Downs and the cliffs and the placid

the scenes which an art other than his own has already successfully grappled with—are the things which have given him his fame amongst the comparatively small public of connoisseurs and critical brethren, but I think that they have helped to keep him fresh, and that they are things of which he may not unjustly be a little proud, as evidencing the range of his capacity, the wholesome breadth of his sympathies.

Be this as it may, however, it is by his golden Downs—his Downs of August and September weather—that one likes best to remember him. In such drawings alone, it seems to me, can he reveal at once his poetic and simple nature, the serene splendour and delicate beauties of the colour that he has at his command, his quiet certainty of composition, and the never advertised originality which allows him with impunity to dispense with incident. The scenes of these Downs' drawings are nearly always either at the back of Brighton (Brighton race-course, and White Hawk Bottom, between the race-course and the sea, may themselves have inspired some-



thing), or in the neighbourhood of Polegate and Lewes, or amongst the uplands that lie a little to the north and a little to the west of Eastbourne. The time of year does not materially change. The climate and the weather are those of haleyon days, and an atmosphere as of "Thessalian peace" shuts in and closes round his limited yet infinite land of the curving chalk hills and the patches of gorse and the thorn tree bent by a wind long dead—a wind long vanished, indeed, from this land so calmly spacious, and so opulent of colour in the August and September days. Is there any incident at all? Perhaps, under the hill-side, a shepherd, with his wide cloak and his long crook, pauses a while in trudging a leisurely journey over the sloping Downs. Or the flock is gathered in the distance, and the tinkling of sheep-bells is borne over the quiet air. Or, in the great clear sky, flushed towards the horizon with the rose and opal of the late afternoon, a new moon, rather white than silver, sails and settles in the delicate and topmost blue. Below it—below this wonderful world of placid heavens—the Downs lie silvery-grey in shadow, greyish-gold in light.

Careful as have been Mr. Hine's drawings of detail—thorough draughtsman as he is, and with something of a geologist's knowledge of the stratification of the land he paints, of the rising of the clay land here and there at a height unsuspected by those who associate it with only the level and the low of the grey chalk billows, of the limestone crags—the feeling of detail is lost, and is meant to be lost, in the finished work, which must have, above all things, unity of impression and a sense of rest. At last, in a certain fashion, though with added harmony, added glory of colour, the completed picture resumes and reaches back to the simplicity of the first sketch. Nothing was seen at the beginning, nothing imagined at the end, which was likely to strike powerfully the commonplace spectator, to whom a tranquil vision of the world

seems necessarily dull, unless it is obviously laboured and aggressively exact.

Time is on the side of the Classics—not on the side of the novelties that are cheap and are imitative, and, for the moment, are in the very air. Few of the men now living can we dare to call Classic at all. But this veteran is an exception;

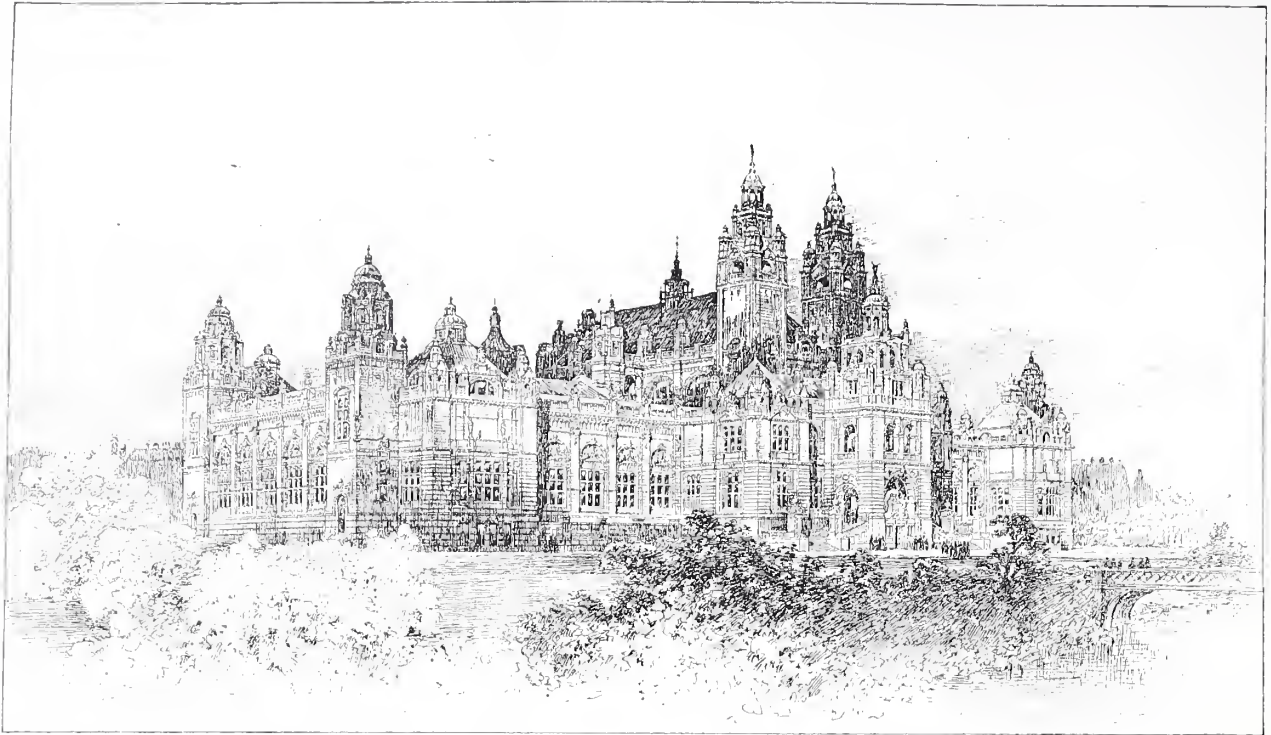


FROST SCENE IN LONDON.

(From the Water-colour Painting by H. G. Hine, V.P.R.I., in the Possession of Joseph King, Esq., Jun.)

and by his practice of the modest and still undervalued craft of water-colour he has elected to be judged. Of the Downs of Sussex his work is an epitome. They lend themselves, in their large and flowing lines, to the restful compositions with which we associate his name. Their charm of soberly glowing colour, and their serene atmosphere on the September days which his art prolongs, were unchronicled before he came, and, when he shall have gone, it is to his profoundly sympathetic vision of their English beauties that we must perforce revert.





THE KELVINGROVE ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUM—GLASGOW.

(Designed by J. W. Simpson and E. J. Milner Allen.)

## THE KELVINGROVE ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUM—GLASGOW.

BY OWEN FLEMING.

THE Kelvingrove Art Galleries and Museum—the latest enterprise of the citizens of Glasgow—will serve to strengthen the reputation already enjoyed by the city of the north for civic liberality and public spirit. These galleries are the outcome of the surplus left by the late Glasgow Exhibition, supplemented by individual contributions, and are to be erected upon a fine site, presented by the Corporation, in Kelvingrove Park, opposite the Glasgow University Buildings.

The design of the buildings is from the hands of Mr. J. W. Simpson and Mr. E. J. Milner Allen, two architects working in concert, who deservedly won the honour in an open competition. The plan will be seen to be masterly in its simplicity, and eminently suited to the objects of the promoters. The general arrangement is symmetrical and easily described. There is a great central hall, placed transversely to the general axial line of the building. Flanking the sides of this great hall are two smaller halls or courts, parallel to the axial line, and three oblong museum galleries are placed around the disengaged sides of each of these courts, square pavilions filling up the angles. The three large halls are of the entire height of the building, but the picture galleries

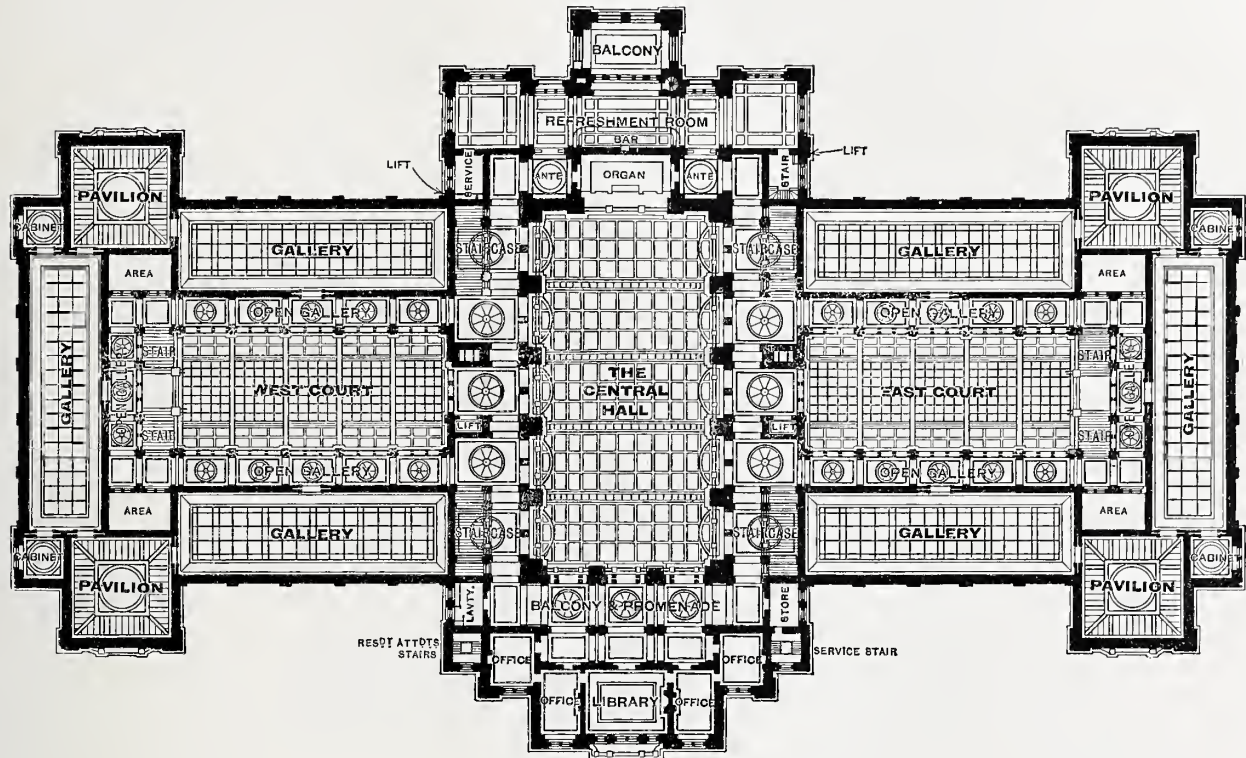
are placed on the first floor over the museums, and are approached from arcaded balconies placed in the halls. This arrangement is at once economical and effective. The architects evidently made up their minds at an early stage as to the general form of their building, and any difficulty which subsequently arose was sternly set aside if it in any way threatened to interfere with the main plan.

The plan is not only masterly but is distinctly original. Whether the originality will entirely commend itself to lovers of art is, however, a little dubious. The scheme is professedly an attempt to combine art with music. One of the essential conditions of the competition was the provision of a central hall, "not intended so much for vocal concerts as for instrumental music, and the better music is heard in the courts of the museum and the picture galleries, corridors and staircases, the more nearly will the building meet the object of the promoters." The building, in fact, is intended to be a place of popular resort, in which music is to form a sort of reviver to the *ennui* apparently considered to be caused by looking at pictures. The experiment certainly has the merit of novelty. Whether the result will be conducive to the best



interests of either art or music, whether the noise of numerous persons perambulating about will not prove very distracting to the student of art, and whether more than the merest superficial interest will be taken by the public in the objects for which the building is to be primarily erected, are doubts which occur to an old-fashioned mind. At any rate

advantage in large rooms, and small ones in rooms which prevent the spectator from seeing beyond a certain distance. Nor is there any doubt that the vicinity of large pictures is on the first view, and even permanently, injurious to the full effects of small ones." Of course there are often other considerations which prevent the arrangement advocated by these



First Floor Plan

10 5 0 10 20 30 40 50 100 150 200 Feet

there seems no very great reason why the experiment should not be tried, and if it ultimately fail there can be no possible harm in having erected the beautiful music hall designed by the architects.

Looking at the plan from a picture-gallery point of view, it seems at first sight that the architects, in their desire for symmetry, have been obliged to sacrifice, to a certain extent, the internal convenience. Take, for instance, the six galleries for art exhibits. There are six of these, and they are all nearly identical in size, two of them being 94 feet by 25 feet, and the others 93 feet by 28 feet. These are the only galleries available, I suppose, for oil paintings, the pavilions being chiefly intended for water-colours and other pictures under glass. The disadvantages of this uniform method of treatment are admirably expressed by Sir Charles Eastlake, R.A., and Mr. Dyce, R.A., who, in their report upon the Taylor Galleries at Oxford, say: "Pictures of the same size are not only best seen together, but large ones appear to most

eminent artists, but it should, I think, be striven for as far as reasonably practicable. The shape of the galleries is perhaps slightly too oblong to be altogether convenient for the public, and the widths of 28 feet and 25 feet respectively seem very narrow. In the abortive competition for a new National Gallery, the competitors were instructed to make their large galleries not less than 50 feet in width. Perhaps this errs in the other direction; but another 10 feet in width would certainly improve some of the Glasgow galleries. The pavilions are 35 feet square, so the criticism hardly applies to them; and there are four cabinet galleries, 14 feet square, which will be very useful. There is no doubt that the ventilation and warming of the picture galleries will be carefully considered, and adequate arrangements, not indicated in the architects' report, will be made for cleansing the fresh air in some way before it enters the building. The importance of keeping dust out of a picture gallery is great, and I would



suggest that for this reason an oak floor might have advantages over the granolithic or mosaic contemplated. The lighting of the galleries has evidently been carefully considered, and the entrances are so arranged that each important gallery communicates with the public balcony, while at the same time a complete circuit of each suite of galleries can be made without the necessity of passing or crossing a thoroughfare.

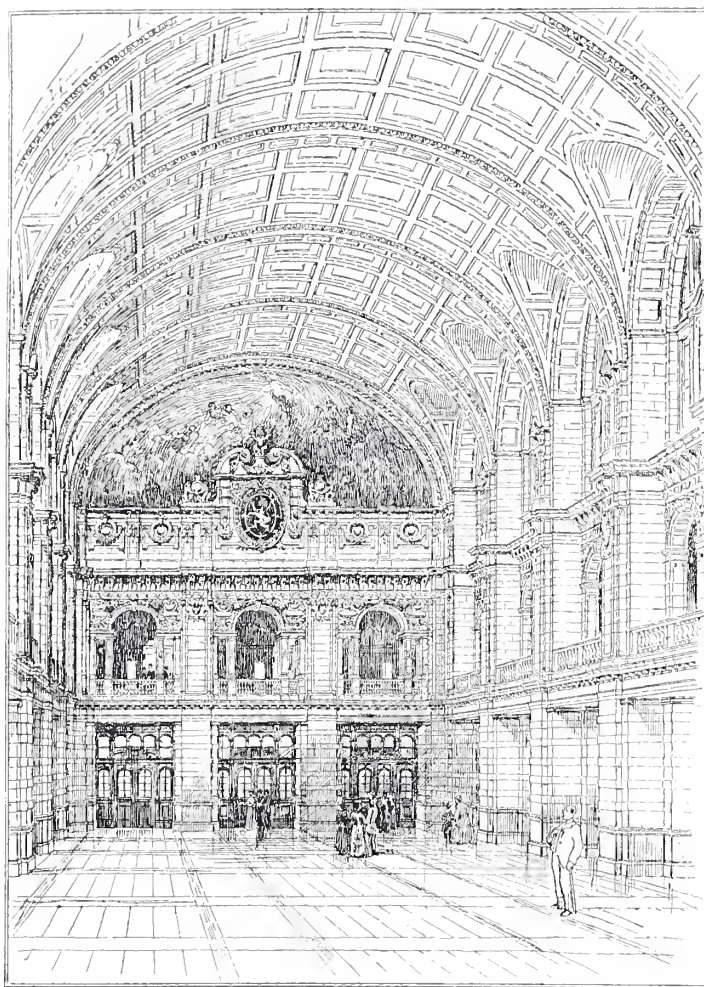
With the arrangements of the hall from a musical point of view this Magazine has nothing to do. These, however, do not justify any great hopes of acoustical perfection; but perhaps that was hardly compatible with the committee's instructions. It is essentially a hall for instrumental music and for a promenade. Indeed, it could not well be used as a concert room, as it and its balconies form the only methods of communication between the eastern and western halves of the main building.

The exterior of the building has, we are informed, "been treated as an astylar composition on severely classic lines," tempered by "free Renaissance treatment in detail." We must accept this definition, as we have it on the architects' authority; but if we had been asked to define the style, our thoughts would certainly have travelled towards the absolutely latest phase of English fashionable architecture as exemplified in the design for the

completion of South Kensington Museum. The broken outline, the corner turrets, the central towers smacking of Spanish influence, and the general line of windows are hardly classic.

But if we look in vain for the dignified simplicity of the Greeks, and note with regret the absence of the sturdy vigour of the Romans, we must not shut our eyes to the undoubted merits of

the design. The fact that it bears on its face unmistakable signs of the architectural thought of the last decades of the nineteenth century should rather prejudice us in its favour. We are passing away from the age of revivals, and I would fain regard this design as a successful attempt to obtain a striking result by careful attention to the artistic grouping of the masses. It will certainly be a picturesque group, and will be suited to its overlooked position in a way that a classic building would not have been. Much of its ultimate beauty will depend upon a careful choice of colour in the material and on the character of its detail. If, however, the architects'



THE CENTRAL HALL, KELVINGROVE ART GALLERY.

(Designed by J. W. Simpson and E. J. Milner Allen.)

idea of developing the interesting Scoto-French detail, to be seen in Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, is carried out with a sparing hand and with artistic discrimination, I see no reason why the result should not be equally satisfactory to the architects and to the citizens of Glasgow.





Carols of the Year.



Hail, January, that bearest here  
On snowbright breasts the babe-faced year  
That weeps and trembles to be born.  
Hail-maid and mother, strong and bright,  
Hooded and cloaked and shod with white,  
Whose eyes are stars that match the morn.  
Thy forehead braves the storm's bent bow,  
Thy feet enkindle stars of snow.

W. E. F. Britten

JANUARY.

(Poem by Algernon C. Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)

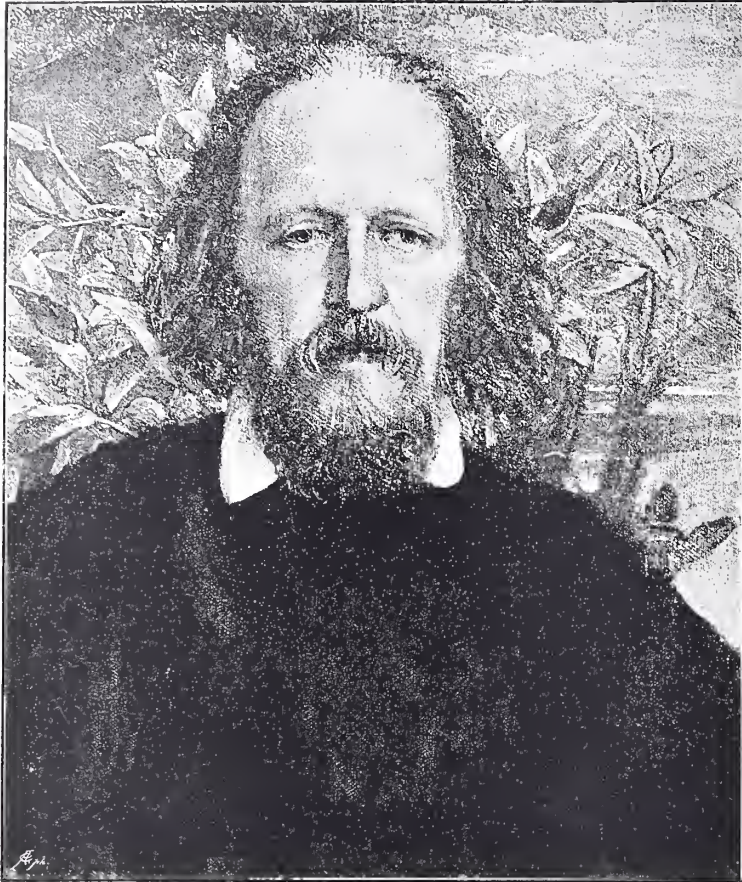


## THE PORTRAITS OF LORD TENNYSON.—II.

BY THEODORE WATTS.

A PORTRAIT of Tennyson in childhood—such a one as the Duc de Montpensier's portrait of the child Shelley, or as Richmond's portrait of the

poems written in that period, will have to be set aside, though I know well how such parallels would rejoice the soul of many a guileless reader accustomed to the ordinary hackneyed generalisations upon such matters. It is not, however, the poet and the poetical critic who will lament that I have here declined to inflict upon them cheap profundities of this kind—profundities such as Tennyson himself held in as much contempt as anybody. No one knew better than he that it is the characteristic of high genius, as distinguished from genius of the second rank, to have a continuity of strength—an invulnerable oneness of personality—which the changes in the lines of the face may sometimes quite falsely challenge. In his own case, however, down to the latest moment of his life, the corporeal part of Tennyson exhibited no touch of senility—presented, indeed, scarcely even a touch of old age. At twelve years beyond man's appointed three score and ten the deep, loud bass of his voice vibrated with no single tremor of age. I have seen it lately stated in some magazine that there were times when even his admirers talked of his "decadence." At the risk of being charged with egotism in recalling my own words, I must show that, if there were such admirers, I, at least, was not one of them. When "Ballads and other Poems" startled his critics in 1880—



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1881).

(From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

child Swinburne—would have been indeed a precious possession to all of us. Unfortunately, however, none exists. Lady Tennyson possesses a shattered daguerreotype of him as a very young man; but it is too much damaged, I fear, to be reproduced. And this is a pity, for it is said to be an excellent likeness of him as he once was. However, in my selection of portraits, and also in my remarks, although I shall in some degree keep to the chronological order in which the portraits appeared, I shall, in selecting a few portraits from so many, have to give chronology a place quite secondary to certain other more vital considerations. All authorial self-indulgencies, such as the drawing of fanciful parallels between the portraits of any given period and the

startled them by the manifestation of that "recrudescence of power" upon which they enlarged, to me it showed but another forward movement of that great flood of Tennysonian poetry which I described in the following sonnet to him:—

"Beyond the peaks of Káf a rivulet springs  
Whose magic waters to a flood expand,  
Distilling, for all drinkers on each hand,  
The immortal sweets enveiled in mortal things,  
From honeyed flowers—from balm of zephyr wings,  
From fiery blood of gems,\* through all the land,  
The river draws—then, in one rainbow band,  
Ten leagues of nectar o'er the ocean flings.

\* "According to a Mohammedan tradition, the mountains of Káf are entirely composed of gems, whose reflected splendours colour the sky."





TENNYSON (ABOUT 1871).

volume now in everybody's hands. One of the most interesting conversations I ever had with him was on the day after the occasion of his reading out these very same poems in the study at Aldworth. "Methods," as I remarked then during a tramp among the ferns and heather, "are governed not nearly so much by the periods of the poet's life as by the artistic demands of the work in hand."

He agreed with me, and also agreed in the main with my often expressed views when writing of Shakespeare, as to the worthlessness of so much that has been written about the Shakespearian periods. The Shakespeare portions of *Timon of Athens* are most likely (as I ventured to suggest during that walk) first drafts of a late play left unfinished at Shakespeare's death, but they have all the vigour, all the "go" of what is called his "middle period." It is the same in art, if the painter or sculptor is really of the first rank. Up to nearly eighty Titian's art had some of the characteristics of the work he produced in middle life. The great painter, our English Titian, whose genius has made my own once commonplace surname luminous of poetry for ever, gave us this very year, in the portrait of Walter Crane, a miracle of portraiture

"Rich in the riches of a poet's years,  
Steeped in all colours of man's destiny,  
So, Tennyson, thy widening river nears  
The misty main, and, taking now the sea,  
Makes rich and warm with human smiles and  
tears  
The ashen billows of Eternity."

It was about ten years before this time that was taken the fascinating photograph where he sits in that meditative mood into which he would often lapse, with the eyes downcast and the cheek resting on the knuckles of the right hand. It is reproduced on this page, and I would direct prominent attention to it. It is by Mrs. Cameron, and, being taken about twenty years ago, shows him as he appeared at the time when he devoted himself so assiduously to drama.

There is, however, one portrait which I wish to consider specially in relation to the poetry produced at its own date, the drawing made by Lehmann in 1890, a drawing based on a photograph by Barraud, but giving every line of the face as it appeared in the autumn of that year when he had just written, or was then writing, some of the finest things which have since appeared in the



TENNYSON.

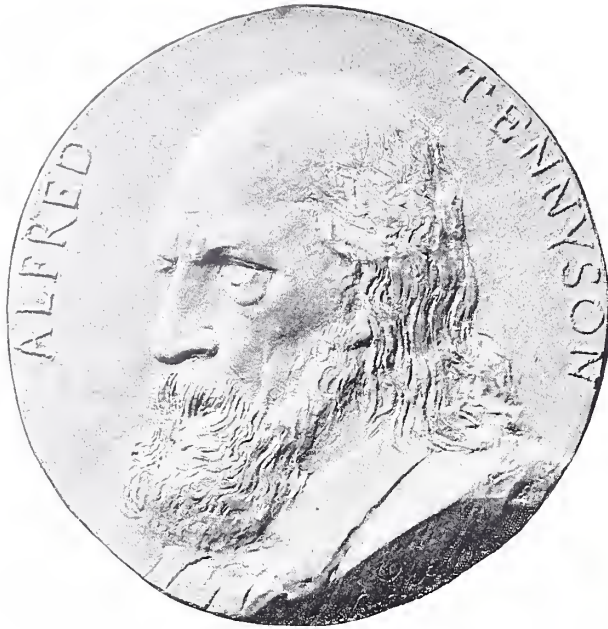
(From the Medallion by the late T. Woolner, R.A.)

surpassing everything that even he had previously done. But of course he is comparatively young



when such patriarchs as these are under discussion.

And this brings me to the two caricatures here



TENNYSON.

(From the Bronze Medallion by Professor Legros.)

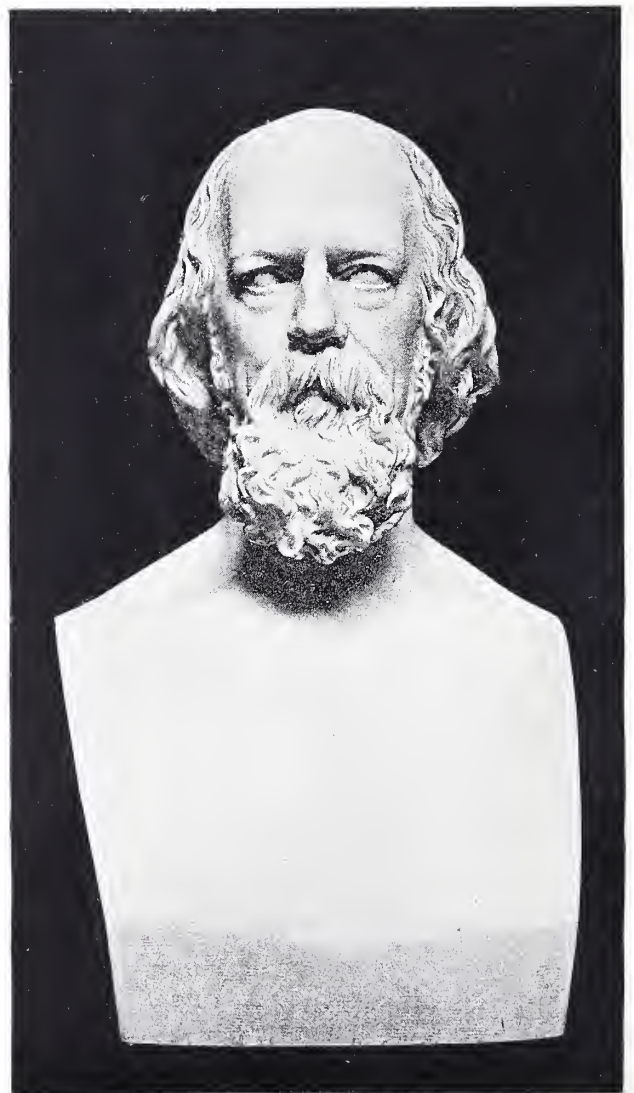
given from *Punch*, in which Tennyson and he who is, perhaps, for vigour the most amazing even among the giants who began life in the early years of this century, the old friend with whose name his own cannot fail to be associated, are brought together by the genius of Tenniel and of Sambourne. For many years Tennyson had no more loyal admirer than Mr. Punch, whose poetical tribute to his memory after his death was so good as to deserve the gratitude of all Tennysonian.

Tenniel's design, which appeared in *Punch*, 22nd September, 1883, shows Mr. Gladstone as a sailor dancing the hornpipe to the Tennysonian lyre, an admirable thing, both in conception and in execution. Sambourne's design, "Come into the Garden, Will," which appeared in *Punch*, June 27th, 1885, shows the poet inviting the lively statesman to leave the oar he loves and join him in the tea-garden of the Lords beside the river. This is full of that luminous fancy, quaint yet true, which we associate with the name of Sambourne.

Herkomer's portrait here given is extremely good, save that the forehead is too shallow. By the addition of a few lines to the region above the eye-lines this might still be made a fine portrait.

The reader, however, would not thank me for wearying him with elaborate comments upon all the ten portraits and designs here given. They are quite capable of speaking for themselves.

Yet a word or two must be said about the busts that have been made of him. I have given three of Woolner's busts, because it may be said specially of Tennyson's portraits that no discussion of them could be adequate that should omit to give specimens of the busts. There are very few English faces that can stand the test of being rendered in sculpture. Fine as is the bony structure of the English type in the region above the eyes, the nose, the lips, and the chin are mostly out of drawing. Our two greatest masters in imaginative literature, Shakespeare and Scott, could never be done justice to by sculpture. Indeed, it may be said that the Englishman is bold who will give the sculptor a sitting. No doubt one of the most splendid portrait busts of recent times is Dressler's portrait of William Morris, but heads of this type are extremely rare. The same fine sculptor's rendering of the noble head of Madox Brown is not successful, while his bust of



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1876).

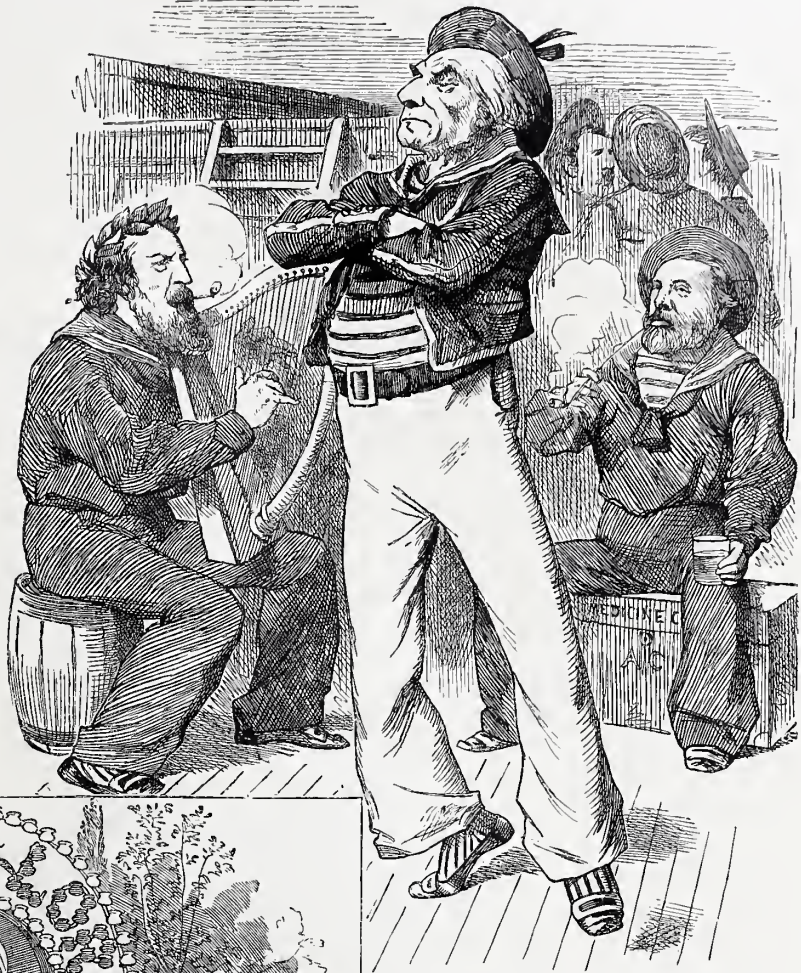
(From the Bust by the late T. Woolner, R.A.)



Swinburne, though good, makes him look too old. It is, however, impossible to imagine a finer subject for any sculptor than Tennyson's head. It might indeed be said, without exaggeration, that in the sculptor's art, as in the painter's, the artist here has only to get close to nature in order to reach the ideal. Legros' medallion, while it gives some of the most powerful lines of the face, is sadly lacking in beauty.

Colour is of course a most important part of every portrait of Tennyson. His complexion was peculiar. When Mrs. Carlyle described him as gipsy-like she spoke as an ordinary observer, who knew nothing of what is called the "Romany brown" of the skin, or the "Romany glint" of the eyes.

It is, of course, no disparagement to describe any person as being



(From the Cartoon by J. Tenniel in "Punch," September 22, 1883.)



"COME INTO THE GARDEN, WILL."

(From the Cartoon by Linley Sambourne in "Punch," June 27, 1885.)

gipsy-like—the gipsies being by far the most beautiful people in the world—a beauty that, as Borrow once said to me, extends to all the limbs down to the very toe-nails, but Tennyson's complexion was without a *nuance* of the Romany brown; it was not really a dark complexion at all. But while there are some fair skins that are changed by the sun and wind into ruddiness, there are others that take a tan so deep that they become at length quite dark, and it is generally people of this complexion who suffer the same change in regard to hair. For instance, although D. G. Rossetti came of a dark family, and in later years looked a dark man, he might really be called fair. In youth his hair was of a warm chestnut,



almost red, though it grew darker year by year. Tennyson's shortsighted eyes saw every detail. As regards the eyes, there is not one person in a hundred who could tell the colour of the eyes of the very mother who bore him. With regard to portrait painters, most of them, after having succeeded in accurately giving the colour of the pupils, seem to think that their work is done. But the

its proportion to the pupil, its blue or its orange shade, its veinousness, that the pupil may almost be said to be left by such students for after examination. The pupils of Tennyson's eyes were what is loosely called "hazel," but "hazel" of a remarkable variety, and surrounded by a white of an equally peculiar shade and formation, the catching of which by any portrait painter was a condi-



TENNYSON (ABOUT 1880).

(From the Etching by Professor Herkomer, R.A.)

colour of what is popularly called "the white" of the eye is, if not equally important with the colour of the pupil, nearly so. Indeed, as an indication of *race*, the colour of the "white" is a surer indication than that of the pupil, as is instinctively recognised by our American cousins, who know by a moment's glance at the white of the eye, whether in any man the pure flow of the Caucasian blood has been disturbed in the ancestral stream. Again, in the matter of individual temperament, those who have made a special study of physiognomy, not on Lavaterian, but on scientific lines, are and should be so intent on scrutinising the white of the eye,

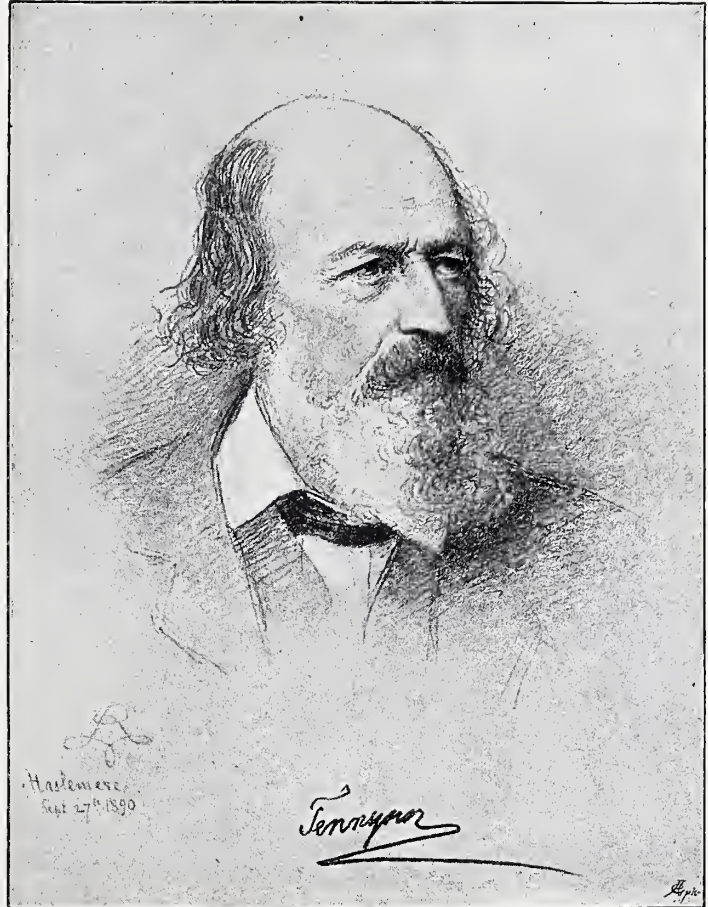
tion precedent to his rendering that far-off expression which I have tried to describe.

Of course, however, the crowning work reproduced in this paper is the superb picture by Watts, painted eleven years ago, or thereabouts. Here again, however, we get Watts's conception of Tennyson as the poet of Spenserian dreams, rather than as the poet of "Rizpah" or as the humorous creator of the "Northern Farmer." Indeed, it is a good deal like a well-known portrait of Spenser, in which the portrait of the poet of the *Faerie Queene* is given nearly full-face. There is a decorative quality of a peculiarly fascinating kind in this masterpiece.



With regard to Millais' portrait, belonging to Mr. Knowles, I have not the opportunity of giving it here. But, in truth, I have already given as many as are needful for my purpose—perhaps more—the result of my examination of them all being that “Nature's idea” in Tennyson's face must be sought in the great Mayall photograph and the painting by Girardot based upon that. The further any portrait departs from that type, the further it departs from the truth. This remark, however, must not be taken as a disparaging reflection upon the fine portraits of Tennyson by the great masters mentioned above. Indeed, did we not by good chance possess the great Mayall photograph and Girardot's picture based upon it, we should still, in the pictures of Watts, Millais, Herkomer, and others, possess finer portraits of Tennyson than have ever been painted of any other English poet. In this, as in all things, Tennyson's good fortune remained to the last. No reader of Tennyson's poetry can have his soul vexed by grotesque representations of the poet's lineaments such as the caricature of Mr. Swinburne that appears in the memoirs of the late W. B. Scott, where one of the finest brows ever seen is made flat and receding after a type that is more Aztee than European—where the under-lip is almost negroid, and where the enormous eyes are out of all proportion to any face pretending to be human. One or two bad portraits of Tennyson there are no doubt, but there is in most of them some kind of merit. Still, the poetical student in future times will remember me and thank me for having enabled him to form a true mental image of our dead master in the art of poetry, as I now thank Hoccleve for enabling me to form a true mental image of his master, Chaucer. The older one grows the more trivial and worthless seem the valuable possessions of this world. Not only does the land-hunger that destroyed Sir Walter Scott seem amazing and incredible, but even the more legitimate yearnings of the artistic temperament lose much of their power until, at last, there seems to

be nothing left to charm us save the loveliness of Nature alone. The beautiful things we once sought so eagerly—the carved furniture, the Indian ivories, the choice bindings, in some degree the pictures, nay, even the rare books (unless, indeed, they be printed by Morris's own hand at the very Kelmscott



TENNYSON (1890).

(From the Pencil Drawing by R. Lehmann.)

Press itself, when they are joys for ever)—everything fades in charm, until at last we pass in and out of the room without heeding anything. But the portrait of the poet we love, after we have once satisfied ourselves of its authenticity, is the source of never-ending comfort and delight; the eyes on the canvas seem charged with his own beautiful thoughts, the lips seem to be murmuring his own beautiful words.

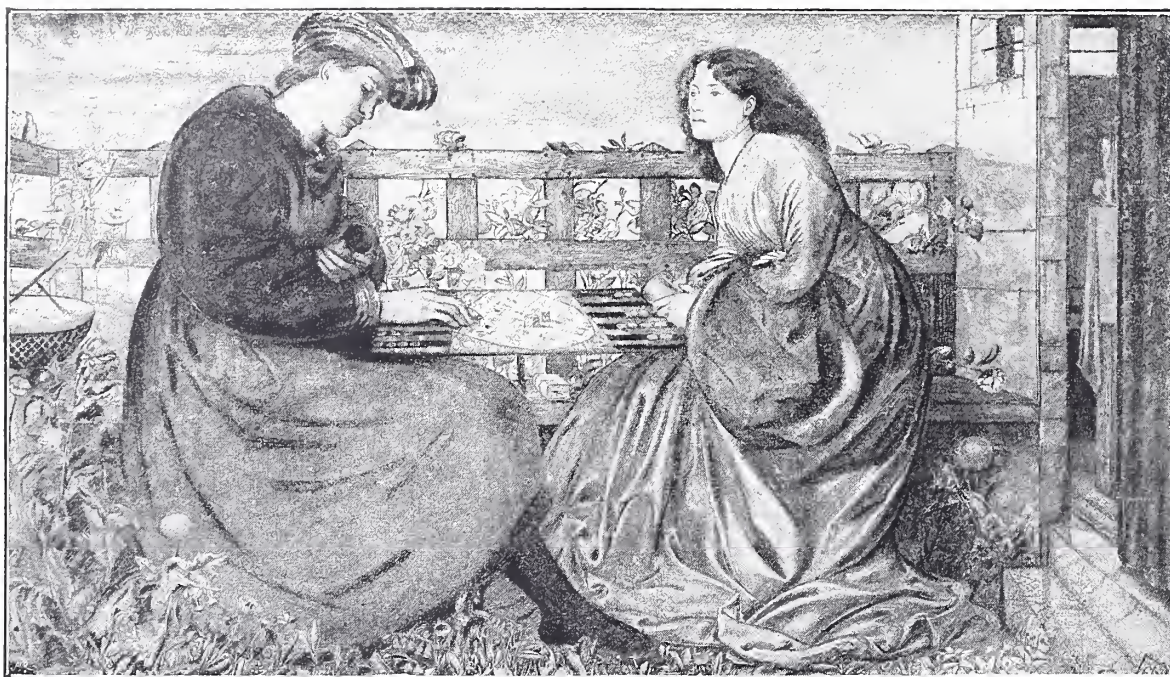




## EDWARD BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.\*

IF it is given to but few artists to receive in their lifetime so superb a tribute as that which has been paid by Mr. Malcolm Bell, few indeed have so splendidly merited it. The book, we say at once, has been produced with so much taste and skill that, in spite of certain minor blemishes, it ranks with the most beautiful illustrated artistic

execution of all the master's pictures and illustrations, and a list of his extremely numerous cartoons for stained-glass windows. But Mr. Bell falls into one or two errors of taste, one of them inseparable perhaps—certainly difficult enough to steer clear of—in writing the biography of a living and a truly great man. His essay, with all its real



THE CHESS-PLAYERS.

(From the Drawing by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.)

biographies of modern times. Copiously embellished—if we may use the word where the embellishments form the principal attraction, and are perhaps the *raison d'être* of the volume—it represents with delightful completeness the work of one of the most imaginative artists our country has produced, one of the most original minds and most skilful hands to be found in the annals of art.

Mr. Malcolm Bell's work has, on the whole, been admirably done. In successive chapters he tells the story of Mr. Burne-Jones's birth and education, gives a full and accurate record of his work from year to year, pictorial and decorative, takes up the unnecessary cudgels for his hero, and sets forth in all detail the dates and period of

merits and actual value, being pitched in altogether too high a key, contains a little too much "fine writing." The impression left by a sort of special pleading is that the subject of it stands in need of it, and thus the vehemence fails in its primary object. Nor was it necessary in such a book as this to accept the challenge of carping critics, even though the result were their complete pulverisation. The French philosopher was right: if authors would but refrain from quarrelling with their critics, posterity would never know that they had had any!

On the other hand, a genuine debt of gratitude is owing to Mr. Bell; for no future and final biography can be written, when the time unhappily comes for it, without full reference to his admirably complete essay. For although the book is unofficial, so far as the subject of it is concerned, the author

\* "Edward Burne-Jones: A Record and a Review." By Malcolm Bell. (London and New York: George Bell and Sons, 1892.)



through his blood-relationship with the artist has had access to facts and details which would probably be impossible to the future writer, and has marshalled them in so circumstantial a manner as to be of the greatest practical interest and use.

own definite impressions of his art and such weaknesses as it betrays. He might have told us, for example, if it is with any special aim that Mr. Burne-Jones has sacrificed variety of facial expression to so great an extent; why he only knows one



PADEREWSKI.

(From the Study by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.)

It will thus be clear that Mr. Bell's work is rather biographical than critical. It is all sunlight without shadow—a eulogy rather than an estimate. The writer would have served his purpose better, and the public's, had he dwelt a little more on the painter's deficiencies, and given us not only his explanations for them, but, if he could get them—as probably from his position he could—the artist's

key of gaiety and one of sadness; and why the two so closely resemble one another. We know, of course, that art which is essentially mystic, decorative, and, in a sense, of the epic sort, should strike a minor key that prevails with such equable sadness-sweetness, such love-sickness, throughout his work. The "dignity of decoration" is the chief characteristic of Burne-Jones's art. In proportion as he has



gone far beyond Rossetti in drawing, purity of design, and indeed every quality save opulence of colour and strong emotional passion, so has he lost, or yielded up, nearly all that power of expression the absence of which helps to remove his work from the immediate sympathy of the multitude.

Jones's work—we may confidently refer the reader to the book itself for that. More especially, those who would judge, now for the first time possible, of the greatness of the artist as a master of design, will be able to form a very accurate idea of the range and beauty of his art by examining the long



A WOOD NYMPH.

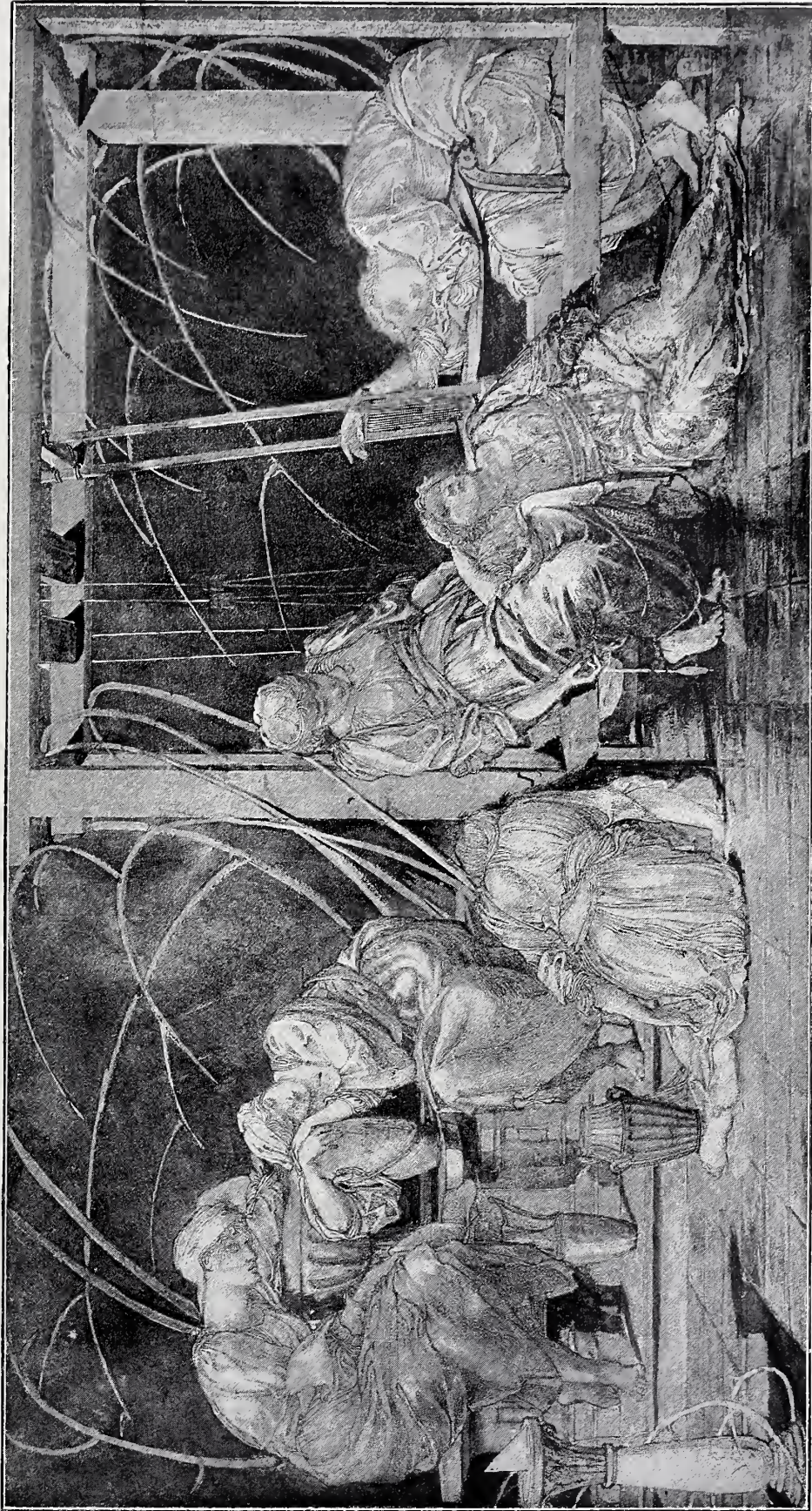
(From the Design by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.)

Mr. Bell might have repelled, with more force, the foreign charge that Burne-Jones is but an echo of Puvis de Chavannes, on whom he is falsely said to have formed himself; and he might have told us something more about the exquisite technique—sometimes so erratic and unconventional, and almost always beautiful—that renders his oil works delightful to look upon even as texture alone.

But this is not the place to discuss Mr. Burne-

series of illustrations that accompany the volume. They consist of photogravures and typogravures; both, it must be remembered, somewhat too dark—save in the case of drawings and cartoons—as in reproduction from the beautiful photographs by Mr. Hollyer they often gain too much in strength. From the first page to the last the book is therefore full of interest, chiefly artistic, but not a little literary and biographical.





STUDY FOR THE GARDEN COURT IN "THE LEGEND OF THE BRIAR ROSE."

(By *Edvard Burne-Jones, A.R.A.*)



## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

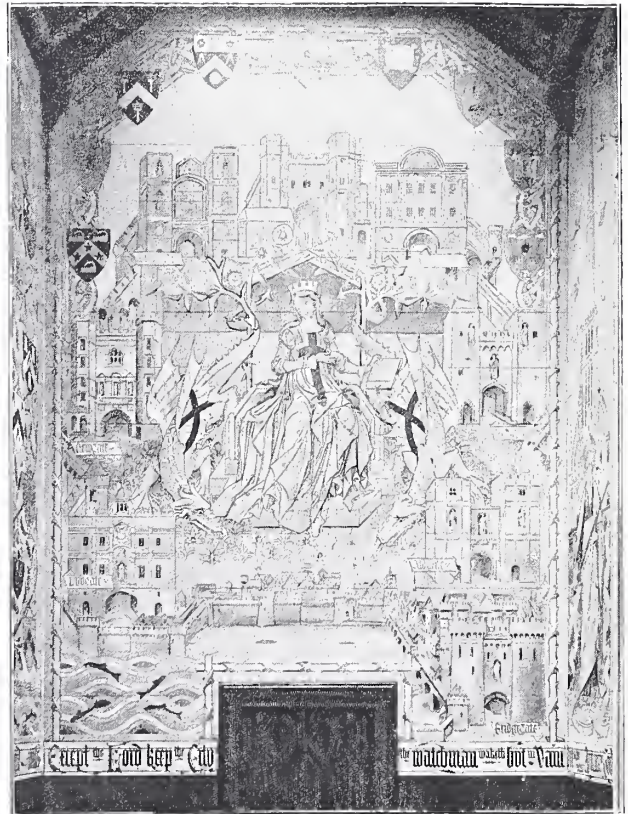
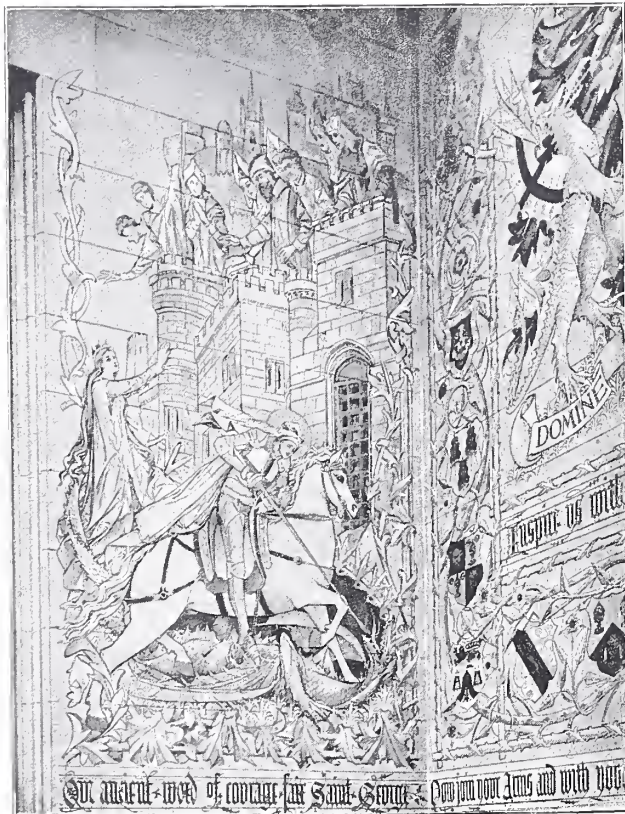
THE splendid service rendered to art by the municipality of Brussels by the restoration of the Grande Place to its original beauty must not go unrecorded in these pages. The great market place, surrounded by the Hôtel de Ville, the Maison du Roi, and the old guild-houses (like our City Companies' Halls), is admittedly one of the finest mediæval squares in existence, and, as it stood in all its beauty and richness of colouring, one of the most gorgeous. To encourage the present owners of the houses—all of them in perfect condition—to reproduce them as they were in accordance with

the pictures and other documentary evidence of time, prizes have been offered, and the result is exceedingly satisfactory. Notable among these buildings is the exquisitely proportioned "Maison du Roi," or Halle au Pain, formerly the seat of a governmental authority. It was erected from 1514 to 1525, in a mixed Gothic and Renaissance style. It was rebuilt in 1767 in the poor taste of the times, and is now practically completed in its restoration.



THE MAISON DU ROI, BRUSSELS.

We reproduce on this page two portions of the design recently completed for the decoration of the outer lobby of the Council Chamber at



PORTIONS OF THE DECORATION IN THE OUTER LOBBY OF THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, GUILDHALL.

(Designed by J. Hardman Powell.)



the Guildhall, London. The work was presented by the Lord Mayor (Mr. Alderman Knill) to commemorate his year of office as sheriff (1889-90), and was executed by Mr. John Hardman Powell. The design is for the most part composed of heraldic devices, these being beside the arms of the City itself, the bearings of the seventy-seven existing Livery Companies. On the north and western walls of the lobby are two allegorical paintings, the one dealing with St. George's fight with the dragon outside the walls of the City, while the mayor and citizens are anxiously watching the progress of the combat, and the other typifying the Maiden City, seated in a bower of English roses, presented in her "proper" colours, and guarded by her dragons. Around the figure are representations of old City gates, with London Bridge and the river—the whole being very conventionally treated. Under each painting is a scroll bearing a legend, that for the first-mentioned being: "Our Ancient word of courage, fair St. George, inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons." And for the

Corporation, with St. Paul offering his sword of martyrdom for the first quarter of the City's shield.



GRAND PIANO.

(Designed by T. G. Jackson, A.R.A.)

The whole scheme forms an effective and a very appropriate decoration to the approach to the Civic Council Chamber.

The grand piano, of which we give two aspects, was designed by Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A., for Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, to the order of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Athelstan Riley. It is a beautiful example of what can be done by the co-operation of art and craft. Mr. Jackson's design is altogether novel and pleasing, not only in its decorative treatment, but in the actual form of the instrument itself. This is especially marked by the way in which he has avoided the difficulties connected with the supports of the pianoforte, which have so puzzled designers in the past. He does away with the conventional legs, substituting a stand composed at either end of a series of pillars of classic form connected by beams, from which spring a pair of carved scrolls suggesting an arch, upon which the body of the instrument is supported. Mr. Jackson has thus adopted a method which is at



GRAND PIANO.

(Designed by T. G. Jackson, A.R.A.)

other: "Except the Lord build the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." On one of the other walls is included a view of old St. Paul's, copied from an authentic drawing in the possession of the

once graceful and unique. The inside of the lid is richly decorated with laurel boughs, wrought in golden gesso on a background of vermilion enamel, the chief motive following the form of a lyre-bird's



tail, while the border is composed of ebony, inlaid with satin-wood and mother-of-pearl. The outside of the case is also very effective, the dark colouring of the top (obtained by applying a very dark stain over a veneer of purple wood) being relieved by bright inlays of mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell round the sides, while at intervals are shields containing a few bars from well-known classic com-



THE MILLET MEMORIAL AT CHERBOURG.

(By Chapu. From a Photograph by Jules Desberg, Cherbourg.)

positions. The keyboard is varied by the black keys being chequered with ivory inlays, while the "naturals" are elaborately carved at the ends. The hinges and other fittings are of brass, richly chased.

Cherbourg, as is right, now possesses a memorial of Jean-François Millet. By the help of the Municipal Council of that town the artist was provided with the wherewithal to proceed to Paris for the purpose of seriously studying his art. When twenty years of age, he placed himself under the tuition of Langlois, at Cherbourg, and exhibited such talent that he was granted a small pension from the municipal funds to enable him to go to Paris, and although for a time he starved and shivered on his small allowance, it paved the way for the success which afterwards attended him. The memorial was designed by M. Chapu.

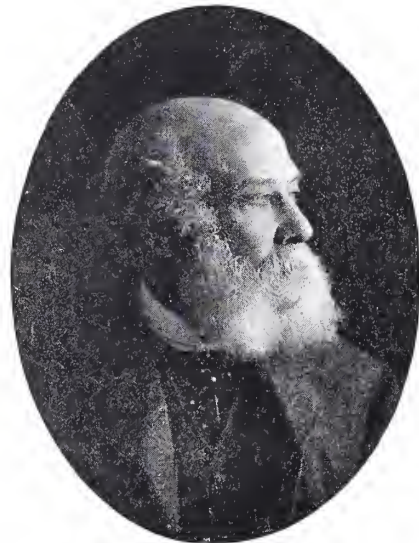
We have to record the death, at the age of sixty-four, of Herr Georg Bleibtreu, the celebrated German

battle-painter. He commenced his art studies at the early age of fifteen at the Düsseldorf Academy, and was afterwards a pupil of Theodor Hildebrandt. In 1871, Bleibtreu was invited by the then Crown



THE LATE GEORG BLEIBTREU.

Prince of Prussia to attach himself to the Head-quarter Staff as the official artist. This he did, and accompanied the army through the campaign to Versailles. Here he established a studio, and accomplished much of the work relating to the war by which he is best known. The National Gallery of Berlin contains two of his pictures—"The Battle



THE LATE CHARLES GRAY, R.H.A.

of Königgrätz," and "Soldiers Crossing to Alsen in 1864."

We have also to report the death of Mr. Charles Gray, the eminent member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, which took place in November last.





CARTING CORN.

(From the Painting by R. Thorne Waite.)

## CURRENT ART.

### THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

IT is to be wished that the winter exhibition by the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours approached more nearly to the description which that Society is accustomed to give of it: an exhibition of "sketches and studies." It is nothing of the kind. About one work in twenty stops voluntarily at the stage of "study" or of "sketch," and about another one in twenty (perhaps even more) stops involuntarily—stops only because it is the work of a hand unqualified to realise in completeness that which the sketch should suggest. And if the exhibition does not respond at all adequately to its name, no defence of the circumstance can be more illogical—none, I will say, can be less worthy of attention—than that which consists in replying that "the Press does not like 'sketches,' and that 'a thing gets spoken of as a mere sketch.'" What if it does? Even Mrs. Candour recognised that "people will talk;" and, to do her justice, she contributed her full part to such nonsense as was in the air. "The Press"

does not like sketches. Nonsense! the competent people who write in places of importance do; and what can it possibly matter what observations wide of the mark are made about any of us—painters, writers, whatever you will—in the little papers that merely happen to get printed? The sensitiveness of painters is amazing. The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, or the individual members of it, should have more courage in this matter. They should either withdraw from their catalogue and from all their announcements the phrase "sketches and studies," or they should see that it is justified by the nature of the exhibition. At present one too often finds oneself in contact with work which timidity has hesitated to leave in the condition of the frank and naked sketch, but which yet—while losing vividness—falls short of the completeness which is demanded by the elaborated composition.

When one has made allowance for this radical error—by which so much of the charm of the show is discounted—one finds that the exhibition is at least



up to the average. Now, this is not extravagant praise, for it must be well understood by everybody with a judgment—by everybody, I should suppose, but those facile paraphrasts who constitute them-

whether half as much ability is used in the furnishing forth of an average exhibition as is used by men of different avocations every week in the Law Courts, every week in the Pulpit, every week in the

preparation of book and of article. A man would have good reasons to think himself more worthily engaged in analysing the efforts, such as they may be, of the average physician, the average preacher, the average (not to speak of the exceptional) writer of article or story, than in analysing the average picture. The average picture has nothing whatever that is fresh to say. It is craftsman's work, *tout bonnement*. It can be multiplied indefinitely. You can but let it alone. After which indication of the true position—the only position that can be taken up, in regard to contemporary art, by any writer whose interests in life extend beyond the range of the friendly smoke and the trade-chatter of the studio—I can the better speak heartily of a few things at the Royal Water-Colour Society's which there is good reason to look at with care, and to speak of with praise.

And first—almost of course—comes whatever proceeds from men as essentially unlike each other as Sir John Gilbert and Mr. Albert Goodwin. Sir John cannot this year detain the spectator long—that is forbidden both by familiarity with his art, and by the paucity of his contribution. But it is worth remembering that in whatever comes from his hand there is likely to be traced both the disadvantage of conventionality and the charm

of conventions. His is not the art of fresh and spontaneous and vivid observation, but it is at least the art of dignity and of style. You will never guess into what particular glade of what particular forest Sir John Gilbert penetrated when he sat down to make that "Study of Trees," which alone represents him in Pall Mall East this winter. What if it was a bit of Windsor Park, or even of Greenwich? It is not interesting by reason of topographical accuracy or botanical truth. Its charm is in its possession of



EVANGELINE.

(From the Painting by Robert Little.)

selves the John the Baptists of pictorial enterprise, and make straight in the desert a highway for the generally quite unnecessarily popular painter—the great body of popular and decently saleable painting is the result of moderate talent, of moderate attainments, of amiable but not altogether disinterested concession to the demands of the not particularly instructed, but is the result of inspiration not at all. Why, notwithstanding the immense amount of pictorial production, it may gravely be doubted



style, and in its suggestion of all the romance of the woodland, all the interest of immense age.

I wrote hastily when I wrote, just now, of Sir John Gilbert and Mr. Albert Goodwin, that they were "essentially unlike"—or, rather, the expression needs qualification. As a matter of fact, very different though the two men are, they have far more in common than either of the two has with many a man whose work may hang beside theirs. For, if Mr. Albert Goodwin has not the "conventionality" of the veteran President—if he sees things more variously and sees much more—he, like Sir John Gilbert, respects artistic "conventions;" he, too, in his own way is based upon the older and more learned art. In his case it is Turner who has been a dominating master; in his work the traditions of Turner—some of them at least—are best carried on. But they are carried on with a new and individual exquisite-ness; they are enlarged while they are obeyed. An objection of the purist to Mr. Albert Goodwin—and I might myself make that objection in the case of a feebler and less interesting man—is, that his work is not true water-colour. "It is body-colour, it is pen-and-ink drawing, it is pastel, it is anything else, but it is not water-colour," say some who do not see in it the beauty, and the patience, and the inexhaustible charm. Mr. Albert Goodwin, like other people, nods sometimes; he allows himself now and then the employment of hues too soft and too seductive, of a merely spurious attractive-



THE SOUND OF THE SICKLE.  
(From the *Painting* by Tom Lloyd.)



ness, of an unworthy appeal. The Riviera landscape tempts him especially to this; but the lover of English water-colour has to thank him to-day for how varied and delightful a vision of old-world Italian city and English cathedral town! This year at the Royal Water-Colour Society's there is an admirable "Canterbury," clean and cool—a bird's-eye view very nearly—with a characteristic "human interest" which is never forgotten—and two delightful visions of Oxford, with artificial light piercing here and there the grey buildings, and with trailing skies, and a city's

"Congregated peace of homes and pomp of spires."

Mr. Robert Allan's "Summer Day in the Highlands"—a product of a member of what I may be suffered to describe as the Franco-Scottish school—comes at least as an effective contrast to Mr. Goodwin's refinements, and is, in its own way, impressive and interesting through directness and obvious vigour. Mr. Thorne Waite, in "Carting Corn" (see p. 109), shows some regard to the teaching of Constable, as he has shown heretofore to the teaching of Dewint. Here is chiaroscuro, and chiaroscuro is

valuable: but Mr. Waite, though he may never look black in juxtaposition with Mr. Robert Allan, must guard against looking black in juxtaposition even with Mr. Cox and Dewint. I daresay not many people will notice a quiet, unobtrusive drawing by Mr. Callow, of "Barnard Castle." In its dignity and reticence it is like an English old master. Among other prominent contributors among names no longer young Alfred Hunt exhibits only one vigorous sketch, unquestionably valuable, but by no means a thing of yesterday. It was done twenty-five years ago. Mr. Hodson has a vivid presentation of the vivid colouring of Lucerne, with its bridge and its rushing green Reuss.

In so large an exhibition as that of the Royal Water-Colour Society it must needs be that I have passed over several noteworthy things. Mr. Robert Little has an engaging if not highly original design (p. 110); and the art of Mr. Holman Hunt, for instance, with its singular intensity, might fairly have given occasion for a not unfruitful discussion; but at least, even in my greatest inadequacy, I have refrained from advertising the eccentric and from pronouncing a benediction upon the usual.



LUCERNE.

(From the Painting by Samuel J. Hodson. By Permission of Wolf Harris, Esq.)





THE PRODIGAL SON.

(From the Painting by Lady Waterford. From a Photograph by Cameron and Smith.)

## THE OLD MASTERS EXHIBITION.

BY THE EDITOR.

TO say that the present exhibition of the Old Masters is equal to the best that has preceded it is but bare justice to those who, with Mr. Horsley, R.A., have brought together a collection that is a delight to behold, and, in a measure, to re-welcome. We say to re-welcome, for many of these works have been seen before on the walls of Burlington House. Indeed, a new era may be said to have been begun at the winter exhibitions; inasmuch as, for the first time for twenty-three years, the *da capo* principle has been put into force to any marked extent. This is notably the case with the finest works in the collections of Lord Lichfield, Lord Strafford, Lord Bute, and Lord Yarborough, which have practically all the charm of novelty, as the present generation may be said to have grown up since the annual exhibition of Old Masters was established

more than a score of years ago. Another feature in the present collection is the variety which has been secured. The English school is strong in the first room; the Dutch, as usual, in the second; English portraiture and the Old Masters generally occupy "Gallery Three;" and the early Pre-Raphaelites, broadly speaking, fill the fourth room. This is, of course, according to rule. But in the Black-and-White room a series of Blake's illustrations to Dante are shown; while the Water-colour room is divided between Lady Waterford, Samuel Palmer, and Edward Calvert.

The career of Lady Waterford as an artist has become so well known through the recent exhibition of her works at Carlton House Terrace that reference to her art-life — so beautifully divided between devotion to painting and to works of charity — is hardly necessary. "That uniquely-



LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

(From a Photograph by W. J. Reed, Bournemouth.)



gifted woman in the entire history of art," as one Academician has said of her, was certainly gifted with an instinct for composition that is absolutely unmatched amongst any of her sex, and has rarely been surpassed among men. In facility she seems to approach most to Sir John Gilbert. The drawings of Samuel Palmer are interesting as showing how great was the love and command of gorgeous colour that distinguished that remarkable man: but it is impossible not to feel that if Turner had never lived the most marked quality of Palmer's rather forced art would never have given him the vogue he enjoyed, or the reputation that still is his. Far more difficult is it to justify the inclusion of Edward Calvert among the immortals. Graceful he was, no doubt, with a charming sense of delicate colour, and happy in his classic pastorals: but a "master" he was not, and never will be outside of the Royal Academy catalogue. The Blake designs illustrative of Dante are more interesting than beautiful, and interesting on grounds rather psychological than artistic. They rarely give a hint of the fine drawing of much of Blake's earlier work. The artist has here become the visionary, whose wild imaginings violate every rule, and spurn anatomy as completely as they ignore anything approaching to reason. They were drawn by the artist on his death-bed, when nature had robbed him of most of the qualities that had made the world grateful for his earlier genius.

The Old Masters themselves—the genuine Old Masters—muster strongly in the other rooms. Rarely has Romney been seen to better advantage than in "Lady Russell holding up her Child to the glass," a picture conceived in the taste of Reynolds. Turner, with the great "Vintage of Mâcon," once more asserts his sovereignty, and other English masters are well represented. Only one—Landseer—seems to us to lose his position more and more:

almost alone he seems to clash with his surroundings (so far as his big pictures are concerned), and fails more than ever to justify his once overwhelming reputation. The foreign schools are admirably represented. The Corporation of Glasgow lends its

finest pictures—Rembrandt's "Man in Armour" and "Tobit and the Angel," Giorgione's "Adulteress," Mabuse's "Virgin," and Van der Goes' "St. Victor," as it is now called.\* Murillo's "Portrait of a Man," belonging to Mr. W. G. Rawlinson—a life-size, full-length—is one of the finest works of the master ever shown on the Academy walls, almost as vigorous and *bien planté* as a Velasquez, and as dignified and intellectual as a Miconi. Perhaps even finer is the superb "Portrait of a Man" by Van-dyck, lent by Lord Brownlow—a picture which appears to us to touch the high-water mark ever reached in male portraiture by the painter. Titian's "Schoolmaster," by Moroni, and Rubens' great "Daughter of Herodias" also hang in this room, among masterpieces which they but slightly excel. Here, too, we find Captain Holford's "Portrait of a Lady," formerly attributed to Van-dyck, but now, on Mr. Claude Phillips's suggestion, duly given to Sustermans. But with authorships we have for the present nothing to do, or we might refer to the "Holy Family" of Titian, belonging to the Earl of Strafford, and support the last-mentioned authority in its ascription to Bonifazio.



THE STAIRS OF LIFE.

(From the Painting by Lady Waterford. From a Photograph by Cameron and Smith.)

Space fails us to deal adequately with this exquisite exhibition, or to make further reference to the Dutch and early Italian schools. Suffice it to say that the glory of the present exhibition lies chiefly in the contributions from the Queen, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, Captain Holford, Mr. Edward Raphael, and Lady Wallace, in addition to those previously mentioned.

\* The first and last of these were illustrated in THE MAGAZINE OF ART in the Volume for 1893.





RACE HORSES.

(From a Sketch by John Leech.)

## THE ART-LIFE OF JOHN LEECH.

By HENRY SILVER.

JOHN KEATS, the little Cockney poet, as his lesser critics called him, has defined the term of "patriotism" in words which seem quite applicable to the great artist, John Leech. In a letter to his brother Tom, written from Carlisle in July, 1818, Keats describes a recent visit to a dancing-school at Ireby, "the oldest market-town in Cumberland." There he found "as fine a row of boys and girls as you ever saw . . . tattooing the floor like mad;" and, he adds admiringly, "the difference between our country dances and these figures is about the same as leisurely stirring a cup o' tea and beating up a batter-pudding." Indeed the sight was so exciting that it stirred him to exclaim, "I have never felt so near the glory of Patriotism, the glory of making by any means a country happier!"

Surely if the country that was once called "Merry England" has been in modern times by any means made happier, let the glory of it be given to the patriot John Leech. What a world of pleasant memories his very name awakes! Who does not well remember, being now past middle life, how many a hearty laugh he owed to dear John Leech? All through the "forties" and the "fifties," and well-nigh half the "sixties," the humours of his pencil were welcomed every week. What "pictures of life and character"—public life as well as private—did he put before our eyes! What admirable political cartoons he often gave us. What laughable yet lifelike

portraits of our statesmen—Lord Brougham, the ever versatile (see p. 117); the evergreen Lord Pam; the fiery Lord Derby; the frolicsome Lord John (the famous little boy who chalked "No Popery" upon the Cardinal's door)—not to name a host of others, from Dizzy, the indomitable, to Sibthorpe, the obtuse! Then how delightful were his social drawings, his sporting scenes and incidents, his joys of housekeeping and horse-keeping, his ugly roughs and hansom cabbies, his horsemen and their footmen, his Jorrockses and Jcomeses, his pretty girls and dandy officers, his majors and his miners, his duchesses and dustmen, his snoblings and his swells, his Beauties and their beasts! Servantgalism, Flunkeyana, the Rising Generation, Bloomerism, Spiritism, Crinolinomania—each of these provoked a series of humorous delights; and who could fail to laugh at the pranks of Master Jacky, or the mishaps of poor Tom Noddy, or the immortal sporting feats achieved by Mr. Briggs?

It may be said with perfect truth that Leech was the first artist working with a pencil who could manage to be comical without ever being coarse. There is no trace in his works of the extravagance of Gillray, the vulgarity of Rowlandson, or the fanciful, fantastic drolleries of Cruikshank; and, unlike these caricaturists, he abstained from drawing what was needlessly uncouth. He first showed it to be possible for an artist to be funny without painting



deformity; and, with all his gift of humour, he never tried to win a laugh by drawing men misshapen or

impurity and ugliness had reigned supreme therein. Despite his scanty training, he had always a true



COAST-SCENE, NEAR WHITBY

(From a Sketch by John Leech.)

of an ape-like type. If at times he drew an Irishman resembling a gorilla, it was to point a moral, not to move a sneer. He might ridicule Miss December when she dressed herself like May, but there was nothing cruel or unkindly in his cut. He could draw a pretty girl, especially on horseback, as few have ever done; and if he drew a plain one she but served, by way of contrast, to enhance the other's charms.

Much as we owe to Leech, perhaps we chiefly ought to thank him for the force of his example, and for his pure and wholesome influence upon our so-called "comic" press. Until his time all grace and beauty had been virtually banished from the realm of humorous art, while

gallop, or standing in its stall. His landscapes, too, were just as true to nature as his figures; and,



NEAR WHITBY.

(From a Sketch by John Leech.)

though sketched somewhat less carefully, were generally charming. So likewise were his street scenes and seascides true to life; and if his ships were not

sense of fair proportion in design, and was rarely tempted to grotesque exaggeration. Although, unlike Charles Keene, he seldom used a sketch-book, and more rarely still a model, his mind's eye was always open to receive a true impression, and he could draw from memory with most surprising accuracy. Though never a hard rider, he rode to hounds quite well enough to catch the features of the field. None so well as he could draw with a few touches a horse going at full

though sketched somewhat less carefully, were generally charming. So likewise were his street scenes and seascides true to life; and if his ships were not



quite rigged as a sailor might have wished, few landsmen would have noticed their nautical defects.

But the chief merit of John Leech was his un-deviating purity. His art was never tainted by the humours of Gavarni or the drolleries of "Cham." Though an admirer of their cleverness, he cared little for their works, and showed his good taste by

And there was another triad of good qualities to which he could fairly lay claim. Ever fertile in invention, he gave always most felicitous expression to the happy thoughts that came to him, and his pencil was most facile in their quick development. Fertility, felicity, facility—the three "F's" of the art-school—all these qualities were literally at his



MY LORD BROUGHAM AS SEEN AT MR. LUMLEY'S.

(From a Sketch by John Leech.)

avoiding their chief highway to success. Pure-minded himself, he had no liking for a Frenchy style of subject which might well shock Mrs. Grundy. Once, indeed, he ran the risk of offending that good lady by introducing to her notice a couple of street sinners; but the picture was intended not to raise a laugh, or even stir a smile. It was purely meant to move the sympathy of Christians for their fallen fellow-creatures.

"How long have you been *gay*?" asks a poor girl of another; both of them looking wan and worn, and woe-begone and wretched in their thin, bedraggled finery, shivering in the street. Gay! what a sting of savage irony seemed put into the word by Leech's simple sketch!

Beauty, truth, and purity—a glorious art trio! For all these three great qualities the works of John Leech were distinguished; and, viewing the grandeur of its influence, we may well be of opinion that the greatest of these is purity.

fingers' ends. Unlike Charles Keene, who generally had his subjects given him, Leech was never at a loss for one of his own finding. Not that he declined a good idea when it chanced to be suggested, but nine-tenths of his designs were wholly of his own devising. If he accepted a suggestion he was certain to improve it, taking special pains in putting the right persons to give point to the joke. As brevity is the soul of wit, he always made his "legends" as concise and terse as possible, first jotting them down hastily, and condensing while he drew. I have, for instance, a slight drawing of a heavy pig-faced farmer, admiring with his wife a fat pig in its sty. Beneath the sketch is scribbled, "There now; that's my style! I call him a perfect love!" As the joke lay in the likeness of the owner to the pig, the last phrase seemed redundant, and therefore was suppressed before the drawing went to *Punch*.

To show his power of expression with only a



few strokes, another of his sketches gives a visitor astounded by a "terrible" little girl. Here in less than half-an-inch of space, and with scarcely half-a-dozen touches of the pencil, a most ludicrous expression of both horror and amazement is put into the face. Even the few hairs upon the head of the unlucky victim appear to stand on end at the audacious little minx. Here too, as in very many of his subjects, the legend adds but little to the humour of the drawing. The funny situation is seen clearly at a glance, and wins a laugh without explanatory



TWO ROSES.

(From a Sketch by John Leech.)

words. This indeed is a marked feature in most of Leech's drawings, which might be described as cheques upon the bank of Momus, drawn payable "at sight" with many a hearty laugh.

Not less wonderful than his fertility of invention and felicity of expression were his great variety of subject and facility of work. "A man who can draw can draw anything," said Charles Keene, and certainly the saying was quite true as to John Leech. No matter what the personage or place to be depicted, his facile pencil never failed to give effect to his artistic thought. The hunting field, the river-side, the covert, and the moor were all familiar to his mind's eye as the drawing-room and the street. All sorts and conditions of men, and of women also, he faithfully portrayed, most accurately noting all their follies and their fashions, their studies and their sports.

To show the pace at which he worked it may suffice to say that after Richard Doyle had ceased to draw for *Punch*, Leech regularly furnished not merely the Cartoon, but several other smaller draw-

ings every week. This he did for many years—and when it is remembered that he still continued illustrating magazines and books, including all the "Jorrocks series" of sporting novels, and the profusely pictured histories of England and of Rome—some faint notion may be formed of his capacity for work. Nor should it be forgotten that for fourteen years, at least, the great success of "*Punch's Almanac*" was won off his own bat. All, except the zodiacal frontispiece or calendar, all its score or so of drawings, came from his fertile hand; and, what may seem scarce credible to those who did not know him, he never needed more than a fortnight for the task.

A still more surprising instance of his great quickness in working I once had from his own lips. In the spring of '59 he rapidly designed, and drew with care upon the wood, a full-page *Punch* Cartoon within the limit of two hours. This was the famous "French Porcupine," a most popular "big cut," representing the French Emperor in the person of a porcupine bristling with bayonets. "La Belle France" was at that time, as Mr. Punch considered, in far too bellicose a temper for a country whose profession had been "L'Empire, c'est la Paix." By exception to its usual Wednesday occurrence, the *Punch* dinner—at which Leech himself suggested the idea—had been

held on Thursday evening (March 10th, 1859), and on the following morning he achieved the feat recorded, working extra hard to catch a mid-day train, whereat Mr. Tenniel was to meet him for their usual Saturday hunt.

And here let me add that, in judging of his art, it must never be forgotten that John Leech's finished drawings were done upon the wood-block. No fair notion of their beauty can be gathered merely from the sight of them in print. In the process of engraving much fine work was sacrificed in order to save time, and the delicacy of the drawing was inevitably lost. Nor is it at all reasonable to compare Leech's rough sketches—mere outlines put on paper—with Keene's highly-finished drawings, each a masterpiece of art. Charles Keene in later days, when his skill was at its best, left off working on the wood, and his drawings are now seen untouched by any alien hand. But Leech's finished work was only visible before it went to the engraver. What afterwards remained of it was sadly spoilt by hasty cutting; and in passing through the press the fine



tracery of the pencil was terribly disfigured and besmudged by printers' ink.

One of the chief charms of a friendship with John Leech was that you felt always perfectly at ease with him. He never took offence at an incautious hasty word, and he never seemed to wait for you to fill up gaps in talking. Whatever theme was started he was ready to discuss it, avoiding politics, if possible, as an uncongenial subject. He always spoke most pleasantly about artistic matters, never laying down the law, but leaving you full liberty to say just what you liked, without a fear lest he be hurt by any contrary opinion. When you took a walk with him you ran no risk of being treated as Carlyle served a young friend who, in the course of a long walk, had once or twice most timidly interrupted the seer's monologue by a word which sounded critical. "Young man," said Carlyle, sternly, when they reached his doorstep, "I'd just have ye to know that ye've the *capacity* of being the biggest bore in Europe."

Thanks to our meeting at Mr.

Punch's pleasant table, where I happened to sit next to him, Leech often kindly asked me to stay at the seaside with him, and we used to take long walks together before dinner. He would work hard all the morning, but after luncheon was free "to take a breather" with me. After weeks of stuffy London the fresh air of Folkestone Downs was worth "sixpence a pint" to him, as Keats esteemed the winds that blew upon the breezy hills near Winchester. We walked at a good pace, for he was fond of real exercise, and

hated lazy lounging. At Brighton, too, we trudged along the cliffs, or to the Devil's Dyke, but never on the Parade excepting in foul weather. I have often wondered since how he could have been content with my young, unfledged chatter; but certainly he never

owned that, like Carlyle, he had been bored by it. I have still a vivid recollection of those walks, and of the strides I had to take to keep abreast with those long legs of his. What we chiefly used to talk about I cannot now remember; but had there been long silences I must have recollected them.

Astonishingly quick he was to seize on any sight or subject that seemed to have some humour in it. I can call to mind, for instance, how I chanced to see a chimney-sweep with his hand held to his eyes, as he was passing a street door while the mat was being shaken. I told Leech of the incident; for, covered as he was with soot, the sweep seemed over-sensitive. In a very few minutes the scene was sketched most funnily, and was then drawn on the wood. The sketch hangs in my billiard-room, and they who



LEECH'S "PRETTY GIRL."

(A Sketch by Sir J. Millais, Bart., R.A. By Permission of W. W. Fenn, Esq.)

please may turn to *Punch* and see the drawing. Another time I recollect we noticed some big buoys which were just the shape of fishing-floats, and which I said that Gulliver might have seen so used in Brobdingnag. "Not a bad idea," said Leech, and he made a hasty sketch then. Next morning the result appeared upon the wood, and soon afterwards in *Punch*, with a "legend" which I quote from memory only:—"I s'pose you sometimes catch some biggish fish here, eh, old Cockywx?"



"Why, yes, an' them's the floats we uses; see, young Cockywax?"

Fashions change in humour, as in all things else. The farces which were popular some few years ago would scarce be deemed enjoyable if they were acted now; and the comic songs we roared at in our youthful days, were they sung now at a music-hall would hardly win applause. Jokes in vogue a decade since seem dull enough to-day, and probably to-morrow's fun within the space of ten years may be voted duller still. A while hence who will laugh at writings now thought risible, wherein slang passes for humour and veiled oaths for wit? We smile and snigger nowadays, but seldom really laugh. Indeed, thanks to the Gallic flavour of the funny sayings current, "our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught." Speeches sharp and cynical are sure to be applauded, and honeyed words are thought insipid unless they hide a sting.

Yet people may be found still who prefer good-natured humour to mere sarcastic smartness, and weak attempts at wit. Outnumbered though they may be by the dullards of the day, the votaries of good taste will eventually prevail. In comic art, as well as authorship, some taint of the old coarseness may linger for a time; but, thanks to Leech's influence, it never will regain its former prurient growth. Whatever be the current fashion of the hour, there is an infinite variety and truth in his rare humour, which age can never wither nor ever custom stale. His pictures of English life form a sort of national gallery which is certainly unique. His genius not merely raised the tone of humorous drawing, but left the world indebted for great scope of earnest study, and vast funds of hearty merriment to myriads yet unborn. "By his death," says Dean Hole in his pleasant "Memories"—and he owes to none more pleasant than his friendship with John Leech—"by his death the world was bereft of a benefactor, who had made it more happy and more wise. He was a preacher of righteousness, manliness, sincerity, kindness, truth, and purity to thousands, who could not obey the injunction that they should hear sermons. He suggested the grandeur of virtue by exposing the ugliness of vice, and the keen shaft of his ridicule pierced

an epidermis which was proof against all other weapons."

Widely as they differed in the technique of their art, Charles Keene was in many ways indebted to John Leech. Indeed the latter may be said to have invented "social cuts." He was, in truth, headmaster of the school of humorous artists, who have taught the wholesome lesson that laughter may be won without the fear to blush. And as there never was impurity, so, too, there was no cruelty in whatever he might draw. With a pencil always ready to give point to his wit, he was never savage in its application. Having a manly hatred of tyranny and meanness, he was always foremost in help of a good cause. The staving governess or starving sempstress found in him a powerful champion to fight in their defence. His wrath was never slack against the Bumbles who torment poor people, and the brutes who beat their wives or are cruel to their beasts. His enmity was great against all social tyrannies and snobbisms and shams. A smart "cut" from his pencil made the politician wince, and even Premiers were fearful of attack by his cartoons. The Bishop lounging comfortably in his winter garden, drawn opposite the workman in his frowsy, stuffy garret, seemed to settle the Sunday Opening question at a glance. And a more pressing social problem was solved in no slight measure by the "Home of the Rickburner," which showed a thin, gaunt peasant with his wife lying dead, his children dying of starvation, and with a fiend holding a fire-brand, grimly shadowed on the wall. Great humorist as he was, John Leech could be pathetic, even tragic, if he pleased, as this and many other drawings amply show: the justly famous cartoon, "Général Février turned Traitor," alone sufficing to give proof of his deeply serious power. Working, like Shelley's "poet hidden in the light of thought," he waged a holy war with folly and injustice, with ignorance and wrong, never shrinking from the battle till the world, or a good part of it, was gradually "wrought to sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

Long may his wholesome influence continue to be felt in our (once coarse) "comic" press; and far distant be the day when our children cease to laugh at the pure humour of John Leech.





## DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

BY PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH

THE last year of Bastien-Lepage's life I met him at the Salon on the varnishing-day. He was standing in front of his picture, chatting with a friend. I listened with surprise to this friend, whose views were so sound and so new, and expressed with such frank simplicity.

Bastien-Lepage made him turn round that he might introduce us. It was Dagnan-Bouveret, and if, instead of that name, he had said Holbein, Mieris, or Terburg, I should hardly have been amazed, so unmistakable, even at a first glance, was the stamp of the painter—the poet-painter, as Dagnan-Bouveret is. His deep-set eye, black under the prominent arch of the brow, has the kindly, searching gaze which tries to pierce, to embrace, and to understand the image on which it rests. His whole person is wrapped, as it were, in a halo of thought and abstraction, which gives him an old-world aspect, a reminiscence of an age when a whole life dedicated to a single aim led to achievement, regardless of the world, of criticism, or of fame. A Holbein stepped out of its frame is the best idea I can give of Dagnan-Bouveret's appearance.

Bastien-Lepage had long known and loved him, with an admiration which each fresh work increased. He introduced me to his friend, and I spent with them one of the most thoroughly artistic mornings of my life.

Then I again met Dagnan by Lepage's bed of sickness, and we watched the dead together while Dagnan drew the portrait of the poor young artist. Afterwards at Damvilliers we passed many hours in our dead friend's studio, and everything that Dagnan said of the great painter or of his lost comrade led me to love the dear fellow as we love a master-mind and a great and noble nature.

His extreme modesty, not affected, but perfectly genuine, of which I had numberless proofs, attached me to him more and more. This is what

he wrote to me with reference to this article, which I told him I was writing: "When you say that I was born in Paris, and was a pupil of Gérôme's at the *École des Beaux-Arts*, you supply your readers at any rate with facts; but you are quite capable, out of civility, and I am happy to believe out of affection too, of esteeming my work far more highly than it deserves." And this is delightful, for he has no idea that I shall quote his words, and will be sincerely vexed with me for publishing them.

Dagnan-Bouveret was born in Paris; at the *Beaux-Arts*, Bastien-Lepage and Courtois, his fellow-students, were his friends.

His first pictures, very prettily painted and very nice, were a great success. I allude to the "Wedding-party at the Photographer's" and the "Death of Manon Lescaut," which earned him his first medal at the Salon. But these works were not the true Dagnan, and, while he does not refuse to acknowledge them, he himself is of this opinion. When I asked him what pictures he would wish to see reproduced in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* to illustrate this paper, he mentioned his later works, all—excepting the "Consecrated Bread"—painted since the "Breton Women at a Pardon."

Dagnan is at once a poet and a great artist. His school-work, the need of selling, the rush of commonplace portraits to be painted—fifty inadequate reasons—for some time hindered his showing his true self; but since the day when his individuality came to the front, and he started on the road which was to lead to the "Breton Women at a Pardon" (and to many another masterpiece, for he is still quite



DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

*(From a Photograph by Eugène Pirou, Paris.)*



young), he has shown us the full flower of his genius, and the expression of his poetical mind with its somewhat mystic dreaminess.

Though born in Paris, he has nothing of the Parisian but his taste for art. He is not much a man of the world, not at all pragmatical—nay, I remember him as quite shy at the dinner we gave him when he won the first prize medal; a faithful friend, delightful to his intimates, especially in private intercourse.

The year of the Great Exhibition Loti came to Paris, and I went with him to see the "Breton Women." Dagnan had often spoken to me of Loti, and I had the great pleasure of introducing my two friends to each other at dinner. It would be almost too bad to describe their first meeting—both of them so excessively shy (and you, Loti, more so, perhaps, than Dagnan, because you have already been more utterly bored by celebrity than he has), and making each other more shy. It was very difficult to break the ice; but, happily, by the end of a quarter of an hour it had completely melted away, and that very day Loti and Dagnan agreed to be partners in a joint work.

This is the scheme: the two masters are to combine, one to depict, and one to describe, a nook of Brittany—Le Morbihan possibly. I may only say *possibly*; for time is going on, Loti is at sea, and this delightful plan seems of such perfect promise that, for that very reason, dare we hope ever to see it realised? However, a beginning has been made. Two years ago we were with Loti at Tremeulé en Toulven. Dagnan joined us, and we wandered about lovely Morbihan; wandered deliciously, dreaming over everything, admiring every-

thing, Loti relating his early impressions of Brittany, and Dagnan quite charmed by his poet-friend. On the eve of our last day of travel, in a lonely inn cast away on the coast of Morbihan, we behaved

like schoolboys—for Dagnan the dreamy and Loti the lugubrious are quite capable of school-boy tricks—and after amusing ourselves by scaring the good folks of the inn with prodigious stories quite gravely told, we wrote ourselves down in the visitors' book by impossible names, as a veterinary surgeon, a druggist, and his assistant.

I can claim no great authority in discussing painting—I also find it very difficult to make a selection among Dagnan's pictures; but, as I cannot mention them all, I will speak of those I myself prefer: a Virgin leaning against a carpenter's bench, on which tools are strewn, while she watches the sleeping Infant, with the wonderful reflection of the Christ-child's glory on the Virgin's face, and shining through her mantle (this work is at Munich, in the Pinacothek); the "Consecrated Bread," in which the five or six heads of adoring women form an embodiment of prayer; the

sweet grace and indifference of the child who carries the basket of bread, with the admirable finish of the painting, preserving, nevertheless, the crispness of a work executed at a sitting—a fresh touch which I have just been admiring once more at the Luxembourg, where the picture hangs—are, I think, more than enough to justify me in regarding this work as a masterpiece.

During a journey in the south Dagnan lent his studio to a friend. I often went to see this friend at his work, and, the master being absent, I would



A STUDY.

(By Dagnan-Bouveret. By Permission of Monsieur Amie.)



turn over the canvases standing with their faces to the wall in the corners. Among these I discovered the "Breton Women at a Pardon." To say that

the choicest of its art to be seen at Paris, this picture won, without a contest, the first medal at the Salon, while his earlier works gained another at the Uni-



THE CONSECRATED BREAD.

(From the *Painting by Dagnan-Bouveret*.)

this picture captivated me at once would not be true. It is so absolutely perfect—every head is so exactly in the right place, so surrounded by atmosphere; the landscape, the figures, the colour, are so true, so thoroughly exact—that I felt as though I were looking at nature itself, and it needed time and thought before I understood that I had before me a very great work.

In that year, 1889, when the whole world sent

versal Exhibition. And yet it was this year, too, that Dagnan exhibited another masterpiece, to my mind even finer and more full of feeling, though, no doubt, less strictly "a picture" than the "Breton Women"—I mean his "Madonna"—a Virgin of the size of life, standing robed in white, and holding the infant Jesus in her arms. The light falls on the figure, subdued by vine-branches which overarch the picture. The action of the Virgin pressing the



Child to her bosom, her somewhat dreamy and inexpressibly tender look, are rendered with such truth and grace as only manly and honest talent can command. Nothing is seen of the Divine Infant but

In his succeeding works Dagnan has still further developed the emanation of charm and mystery which we find in the early Italians. A "Head of a Young Girl," in the Champ de Mars last year, and a "Study of a Breton Lad" impressed me exactly as a Fra Lippo Lippi or a Botticelli might, though there is nothing whatever in the handling resembling that of either of those painters. But their exquisite charm dwells also in Dagnan's work, and, though he expresses it by a different method, it is revealed all the same.

Dagnan-Bouveret's life lies quite apart from any coterie, and apart from school squabbles; it was only because he clung to his friends that he abandoned the Salon for the Champ de Mars. He spends his time with his wife and son, sometimes at Ornoy, Haute Saône, where his parents reside, sometimes in Paris, where he leads a retired life, seeing a small circle of friends, and spending the whole day at work.

Easy as his method and treatment may appear, Dagnan is a laborious finisher, and does not begin a picture till he has collected a perfect stack of sketches and studies. Of all the painters I know, Dagnan is the one who values himself least—unlike many who keep their drawings in portfolios, and only part with them for gold, Dagnan really holds his work cheap. The first scribbled sketch of the "Breton Women," seen from the window of a railway carriage, was done on a page of a railway guide.

To conclude, I give an account of his method of work as described by himself. At a dinner one of the big-wigs of art asked him, "How do you set to work, Dagnan, to paint so capitably?"

"I don't know; I dash it in, and then I work it over and over again."

"Oh, if you work it over I am not surprised," replied the other.



THE MADONNA.

(From the Painting by Dagnan-Bouveret.)

His little head, drooping as though too heavy as yet for the neck, and resting on His mother's shoulder. The painting is capital, but far beyond the technique are the sentiment and poetry of the picture. It is a vision of a superior being. This mother with her child is the Mother of God, and as we gaze on it we feel the same impression as in looking at the colder but exquisite mysticism of a picture by Botticelli.





THE PARDON.

(From the Painting by Dagnan-Bouveret. Engraved by Jonnard.)







## SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW FINE-ART COPYRIGHT ACT.

BY THE EDITOR; WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MR. HOLMAN HUNT, MR. SEYMOUR HADEN, P.R.P.-E., MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., MR. H. T. WELLS, R.A., MR. JOHN BRETT, A.R.A., AND MR. POYNTER, R.A.



IF proof were needed of the value of Mr. Gilbert Samuel's recent articles in these pages in favour of a new Copyright Act—articles published in the hope of amending ultimately the present grotesque and unjust law—it would be found in the reception accorded to them by the profession at large. A very considerable number of artists, including Sir John Millais, R.A., Sir John Gilbert, R.A., Messrs. Marcus Stone, R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., Peter Graham, R.A., T. Faed, R.A., H. H. Armistead, R.A., J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., and C. B. Birch, A.R.A. (with other artists of eminence who do not wish to enter publicly into the matter), write to agree cordially, but without comment, with all the suggestions made in favour of a new Act and the special provisions proposed. Of the criticisms and suggestions which have been evoked by our invitation a first selection is here made. It should be remembered that the writers, all of them men of reputation within or without the pale of the Royal Academy, are thoroughly well versed in the subject, keenly alive to the needs of the case, and, by their own experience, fully impressed with the justice of it. Without further preface, we proceed at once, in the interests of the cause, to place before our readers the more striking passages of the letters to which we have referred, commenting upon them so far as appears to us advisable.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT, in the course of a thoughtful and interesting communication, writes:—

“The copyright question can scarcely fail to receive better attention through the publication of the article on the subject in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. It is most explicit in its explanation of the present provision for the protection of the artists and publishers, and it points out with ability where these fail in the opinions of persons interested in the publication of artistic designs.

“About twelve years ago Government had a Bill prepared for the simplifying of the ancient law, and this was calculated to remove protection such as, in a somewhat clumsy manner, custom had hitherto extended to the artist. I then wrote an article which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. I argued that unless due protection were given to the artist for an *idea* the man with inventive faculty, who, at the best, must be a less prosperous practitioner than his brother who worked on old ideas, or without any of any kind, would soon be under urgent temptation to follow the example of his more prosperous fellows, and devote the

time which he gave to thought and design to the mere covering of surface, and that this, the art of the country, would become prosaic, unelevating, and dull. Practically the protection for ideas has become less, for photography and other processes seize on an artist's design immediately it appears, and until the law is stronger he must have less security in his rights as an inventor. In Berlin a picture of mine exhibited there had a print made without my knowledge, and, against my express stipulations, hung up at its side towards the end of the exhibition, which had apparently been made from a photograph taken when the work was on exhibition the previous year in Chicago. What I foresaw is exactly realised now—which is not less manifest from the fact that the artists thus working boast that subject, design, and all kinds of invention are altogether out of place in art—that facile imagination alone is wanted, and many contend that there should not be too much of this.

“With the fashion as it is I can scarcely regard myself as at all a proper spokesman in its interests. Art, which in its highest is the noblest and most delightful prize to strive after, in its lowest is the most loathsome possession to have and to preserve.

‘Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.’

“It must, of course, soon purge itself of foulness, and for this future condition I will remark that the protection ought to be longer for the artist than for the publisher, because the first should ever have the means of perfecting his first thought, as the great Old Masters did. And hence it is worth notice that when the habit was given up of developing first ideas which were approved the art ceased to maintain its high level, and decadence set in.

“I can scarcely recognise that often protection would be needed for ancient great works of art. But provision should be made to afford this to very competent artists, who worked to preserve a great design, which was in danger of loss from decay or mischance. Any painter, for instance, who should set himself to copy Tintoretto's ‘Crucifixion’ should be able to claim such for his work.”

Of course in countries where there is, or has been, so little protection for the rights of foreigners Mr. Holman Hunt's Chicago experience was not surprising. But it must be admitted that, according to English law—even as it stands at present, inadequate and absurd—Mr. Hunt would have had his remedy against the perpetrator of so barefaced an act of piracy had he taken the precaution, and assumed the “privileges,” of registration.

Mr. Holman Hunt's plea for copyright in copies of antique works of art, where the latter are either inaccessible or in imminent danger of loss from decay, is practically recognised in the existing Act. Many artists who have addressed us against the proposal have, we think, lost sight of this inducement to



the preservation of ancient works of real artistic and historical value. Indeed, this was the view we adopted when we agreed with Mr. Samuel to retain this provision in his suggestions for a new Bill, more particularly as its retention involved no consequent hardship upon artists.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., says :—

“Mr. Samuel’s articles seem to me to be clear and sound in reasoning, and perfectly fair to the artist. It is highly important that any Bill should be as simple as possible, and I cordially agree with the clause which says ‘there is no reason why these various branches of the fine arts should not be dealt with concurrently, and made subject, as far as may be, to similar conditions.’ We want, above all things, a *complete* Bill. But, as things are now in Parliament, I fear we shall be old men or dead before any new measure is carried. The articles will be useful to all those who, like myself, are anxious as to the manner in which the new measure may be framed.

“So far as I can see, Mr. Samuel has treated the subject in a manner calculated to meet with the cordial support of artists. There is no proposition laid down by him that I personally should object to, and the changes he suggests, if put in the place now held by the muddled and unfair Act that represents the law of copyright, would, I am sure, be hailed with pleasure by the profession.

“A somewhat long experience of the copyright question has convinced me that the key to the whole position, as regards the artist’s point of view, is such a change in the present law as will give him absolute power *to veto inferior or imperfect reproductions of his work*. The monetary side of the question, though perhaps important, is as nothing when compared with this; and artists never will be, and never ought to be, satisfied until the law enables them (failing some definite sale of the copyright, in which case they can guard themselves against inferior reproduction) ‘to keep control,’ as Mr. Samuel puts it, ‘over the engraver and photographer, and thereby prevent the reproduction of bad or inferior copies, and the consequent prejudice to their reputation.’ This is what we really want, and such a provision would satisfy me personally, even if nothing else were done, though the new proposals of the articles would be acceptable.”

Mr. Briton Riviere’s objection to photographers being included in the Bill to enjoy full rights along with the artist—the painter and sculptor—is a very serious and important one. It constitutes a point in which he is in cordial harmony with Messrs. Seymour Haden, Seymour Lucas, and Storey, and with which we ourselves are in sympathy. But it must be remembered that, rightly or wrongly, photographers have been in enjoyment of their privilege under the present Act for many years past, and that any attempt to dispossess them would be fraught with the gravest danger to the passage of any new Bill. For the photographic element is an extremely powerful one, great alike in influence and in numbers, and it would certainly leave no effort untried to resist any proposal, or set of proposals, to dispossess it of its “rights,” which have become consecrated

by time and usage. After all, the aim of our present endeavours is to secure to artists certain rightful privileges; we have no right or pretension to seek to strike a nice balance in respect to the privileges enjoyed by others, especially when it would be dangerous to try.

Mr. Riviere’s other point is hardly less difficult to grapple with. We have already dealt with the most urgent case of “control” in our recommendations. That is to say, the control there stipulated for is in the very usual case of a copyright lapsing on the sale of a picture, through the artist neither reserving nor assigning the copyright: when any publisher, buying the picture, proceeds to reproduce and publish it in any degree of badness he pleases, without in any way coming into contact with the artist. The further suggestion of Mr. Riviere, however, that an artist should be able to “keep control”—arbitrary control—over his own publisher is very well in theory, but—re-marking *passim* that it is very difficult, indeed impossible, to frame a Bill that will provide for every case that may arise—we doubt if it would work at all in practice. Nay, the enforcement of such a law, if established, would re-act upon the artist, for it is hardly to be expected that any publisher would purchase a copyright, and still further invest his capital in the production of an etched, mezzotinted, or photo-engraved plate, with the knowledge that, after all his expenditure of money and time and care, embargo may at the last moment be laid upon him. Desirable as such a stipulation would be, it could, we believe, best and most effectively be arranged for by previous agreement with the publisher, if artists are not prepared to see their relations with their publishers seriously restricted. The upshot would practically be that the artist would eventually have to become his own publisher, so far as the execution of the plate is concerned—as Professor Herkomer, Mr. Thaddeus and others have done upon occasion. It is easy, therefore, to see that such a proposal would certainly meet with the bitter opposition of “the trade.” It is for artists to judge whether it would be expedient to raise such opposition.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN, P.R.P.-E., writes :—

“The first difficulty attending the drawing of any Bill for the protection of works of art is to determine what *is* a work of art. The next, to make your Bill, in these days of universal locomotion, *reciprocal*, without which it is practically of little use. On the first of these points I see that the writer speaks of photographs as ‘this class of fine art.’ If such things as these are to be protected, you would have to endow with special rights every man who possessed a camera, and with equal rights any three or more men who took the same view at the same moment. In the case of photographic portraiture, again, it should be the *sitter* rather than the *quasi*-artist who would most require protection.



"When it was sought, again in 1882, to bring in a Bill (nominally by Mr. Hastings) for the protection of precious 'proofs,' it had to be withdrawn on my giving notice to its backers that the 'proofs' in question were not proofs at all!"

In our comments on Mr. Riviere's letter we have explained why it is proposed to class photographers with artists. In respect to his illustration of the "three or four men," we would remind him that such a photographing of a scene gives copyright, not in the scene, but in the negative of it—a very proper thing, seeing that one negative would, in all probability, be better (being more skilfully taken) than another. In such a case, of course, if a photographer wished to take action for infringement of copyright, on him would devolve the onus of proving such infringement. As regards the question of copyright in portraiture, we would point out that the objection has been provided for in the proposals as far as it is possible; but it should be pointed out generally that no Bill can be so subtly drawn as to define in words any degree of artistic merit.

Mr. HENRY T. WELLS, R.A., writes:—

"I am glad to read the articles, for the subject was much in my mind some thirteen years ago when it was taken in hand by the Royal Academy. The Royal Academy 'Memorial'\* to the Government of that day was prepared, by a committee of Academicians, supplied with good legal help. It served as the basis of Mr. Hastings' Bill. The point of central interest was conceived to be the obtaining in all cases of copyright to the painter, and thus securing to him the footing long given to the sculptor. This was intended by the framers of the Bill of 1862; but the portrait difficulty arose as the Bill was passing through the House of Commons, and the alterations then made resulted in the Act which is our bane. Of course the Memorial had to show how the portrait question could be managed. A long article by me, with an endorsement by Sir F. Leighton, appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*."

The portrait question is, as Mr. Wells hints, a most difficult one to deal with, and, in fact, when the last Bill was before the House, was regarded as the erux of the whole matter. The chief difficulty lay in the fusion, in a portrait, of the two elements of *resemblance* and *artistic arrangement and execution*—the former, in the lay and legal mind, having a curiously preponderating and confusing effect. It is believed that in our suggestions in their complete form this difficulty is surmounted as effectually as is possible.

Mr. JOHN BRETT, A.R.A., writes with his accustomed verve and spirit:—

"I have little to say, beyond admiring the clearness with which Mr. Samuel, in his valuable paper on copyright, sets forth the present state of the law on the subject. His

\* This "Memorial" was fully considered by Mr. Samuel when framing his articles. Other subsequent proceedings, too, have received further consideration and provision.

practical suggestions for its improvement amount (in his first article) to two, which I will remark upon presently; but his complaint of the confusion and absurdity of the drawing of the several Bills would fairly be against all Bills that have been tinkered at by a Committee. If four or five illiterate persons were to lay their heads together to improve one of your articles, they would proceed with all the gusto and alacrity of a House of Commons Committee, and would turn out that article without much grace or brilliancy left about it, and probably without any clue to its meaning or purpose. It is obvious that no Bill can possibly be well drawn on these terms. I have known editors treat writings of my own in that way.

"Mr. Samuel's first suggestion is that the copyright ought to be extended from seven years after the death of the author to thirty years, which appears to me very reasonable, since the chief purpose is that an artist may have something of value to leave to his children, and it would not pay anybody to engrave a picture with only a seven years' copyright.

"His second suggestion is that copyright in sculpture should extend to the 'various forms in which works of sculpture may be copied.' This, of course, is not what he means, since *the* form is the only quality requiring protection. It is obvious that the form may be as correctly conveyed by a photograph as by a cast, and protection in the flat is quite as necessary as in the round. The word 'forms,' I think, might be replaced by 'methods.'

"I agree with the writer that copyright is of less consequence to the artist as a protection from robbery than libellous or bad copying, which is a mere grievous injury than loss of money. Allow me to point out from experience one respect in which the present law is truly ridiculous.

"I find the artist has no copyright at all unless his work is entered at Stationers' Hall. Of course, it would be just as reasonable to enter the flavour of a cup of coffee at Stationers' Hall. The title is the only means of identification, and often a picture has no authentic title at all—the owner may call it what he likes. It may be registered as 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' and the auctioneer may sell it as 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' Only one of my pictures has been entered at Stationers' Hall, so I suppose my children will have no rights over the others. Could any court enforce such a ridiculous law?

"Identification of a picture registered would often be difficult, even to the artist, since he might have handled the same subject on several occasions under different aspects, but it would be hopeless for his heirs to identify it. Suppose I had registered a picture of 'Hannibal Crossing the Alps,' and other artists had painted the same subject (since no one could pretend to monopolise such a title), is the clerk at Stationers' Hall to decide which of the pictures was the one entered on his books? I have always understood that under the common law the artist had an unquestionable title unless he contracted it away. What more could be wished?"

Mr. Brett's proposed amendment of "methods" for "forms" is manifestly a good one—it is the better, the obvious, word. With the proposal to give the artist power over the issue of a bad reproduction we have already dealt. In regard to his objection to registration, we would point out that we propose that the whole duty of such registration should devolve upon the purchaser, and that such registration



is intended to form a title of future owners to the copyright of the picture after it has passed out of his possession; and, moreover, it gives a legal status to such title similar to that afforded by stamping of agreements at Somerset House.

Mr. Brett raises the question as to the value of registration as a means of identification. This is simple enough, as those who register are now invited to lodge a photograph or sketch along with the registration-form. If this were made compulsory the whole matter would be simplified, save that the difficulty which might be involved in certain cases of taking such photograph might inflict some fresh hardship. An admirable suggestion by Mr. Moore, A.R.A., in respect to this matter will be considered later on. We would point out that it was just because the common law did *not* offer the necessary benefit to artists that the Copyright Act was passed.

Mr. POYNTER, R.A., says:—

“I do not see anything to criticise in the articles on copyright. All the suggestions seem excellent. Only, as regards the time for which copyright should last, I should say twenty years would be simpler than during the artist’s

lifetime and a certain term after it. Speaking as a painter, it seems to me that an artist’s object is rather to get rid of the copyright than keep it. If he has not sold it within twenty years he is hardly likely ever to get anything for it. I have always thought that the copyright should inherently belong to the artist, and that when handed over, whether for a consideration or not, is the time to register.”

Mr. Poynter suggests a term of twenty years, but does not state from what moment that term is to begin. It is the difficulty of deciding as to when a picture is “finished” (could Mr. Watts, for example, tell you when one of his pictures was finished?) or from its public exhibition (many pictures are never exhibited) that the death of the artist has been accepted as the only fixed date on which to construct our provisions as to term of copyright. The period of thirty years has been adopted in order to place artistic copyright on all fours with the very general and reasonable term existing on the Continent. And it should be further remembered that the “*post-obit* period” is of the greatest importance to an artist’s family, as it constantly happens that the value of his works increases greatly after his death. The case of Millet, for example, may be quoted as a striking illustration in point.

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## “LA ZINGARELLA.”

PAINTED BY LUKE FILDES, R.A.



ALTHOUGH Mr. Luke Fildes is still a young man, it is easy to divide his artistic life into four distinct periods. The first consists of the time when, through his extraordinary natural ability and strength of character, he forced himself, while still a lad, into the front rank of illustrators and artists in black-and-white. The second is identified with his sombre, powerful scenes of the life of the London poor—when, without having received a single lesson in painting, he sent his first oil-picture (eight feet long, too!) to the Academy, and had the delight of seeing it hung on the line in the place of honour, bought for £600, and change hands on the private-view day at double the price. To that period belong “The Casuals” and “The Widower,” of the deep human sentiment of which we recently found an echo in “The Doctor” of a couple of years ago. Then came the Venetian period, when the artist turned his eyes from grey sadness and squalid dirt of the Great City to the brightness

and colour of ideal Venetian life. How many pictures of *al fresco* jollity has Mr. Fildes not given us—how many times has he made the walls of the Academy bright with the brilliant beauties of the skies, and flowers, and types of the lagoons? To that series belongs the study of the gipsy-girl that forms the subject of our photogravure—a work not so brave in vivid colour as some, perhaps, but a skilful study from life notwithstanding. The last phase of Mr. Fildes’s robust and cheery art—as keen in character and sound in technique as it is unflinchingly true in its more dramatic qualities—is portraiture: the department of art into which all figure-painters of sterling ability are sure to drift, sooner or later. But Mr. Fildes is hardly likely to allow himself to be permanently restricted in the practice of his art, nor, it is to be hoped, tempted into voluntarily sacrificing powers which few indeed of his colleagues can claim to rival. I may add that the name of the picture, as given by Mr. Fildes, was “La Strega” (The Witch), and that the picture, painted nine years ago, is in the collection of Mr. J. Heseltine, never having been exhibited.





Luke Fildes, R.A. pinxt.

LA ZINGARELLA.

(By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)







## DESIGN.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY WALTER CRANE.



THE human figure, being the most adaptable of all forms, lends itself to treatment in filling spaces; which brings us to another important principle in designing. Connected with this question of filling spaces, the designer has another primal necessity before him, in the determination of his mass or silhouette. This in itself may be considered as a distinct and most important part of designing, as, apart from plan and line, in contriving the masses of a design any amount of ingenuity and invention may be spent. In adapting a figure to fill a particular proportioned space in decoration, for instance, one would think of it as a mass capable of infinite variation, either as a dark upon a lighter ground, or light upon a dark ground, and requiring modification accordingly. If we were to place a figure on the principle of even symmetrical balance in a panel (like the first of those in the illustration on p. 134), it would be felt to be rather a dull affair. We should try to vary it as much as possible—we should think of an idea—a *motif* for the action of our figure, and might get a result like the second example, and so we should be led on to vary and enrich according to the aim of our design.

*The boundaries of the silhouette will be the rest of the interest of our outline.* The determination of the *quality* of this line and the *degree of its emphasis* is another very important consideration with the designer, as the expressiveness of his whole design will largely depend upon it. It is, of course, in the case of applied design, practically determined by the material in which the design is to be rendered. The lead lines necessary in building a stained-glass window, for instance, are taken account of in the cartoon, and so far from being disguised, at once become important decorative elements of the highest value in determining the chief masses of the design.

There is, in fact, no sort of design in the flat in decoration to which outline is not essential. It may be as fine as an etching-needle or pen can make it, or substantially built up in a row of solid *tessere* in mosaic, but it always involves the necessity of expressing its purpose according to its conditions, apart from modelled work in relief, when, though still controlled by line, it is rather the constructive lines of the plan than any actual outline, the decorative effect depending on the pleasant

and varied, though ordered, opposition of light and shade.

In dealing with surface spaces or panels, friezes, lunettes, pilasters, and the like, these being all strictly architectural in origin, the designer feels bound to respect both his surface and his boundaries, and in making devices to fill them should naturally have due regard in relation to them. He does not wish to cut a hole in his wall, as it were, and, by all the resources of pictorial skill, fasten your attention upon something accidentally seen through it. He wishes to dwell on the architectural character of his conditions, to acknowledge and emphasise the character or proportions of the space he has to deal with, and never try to induce you to forget that he is decorating a surface.

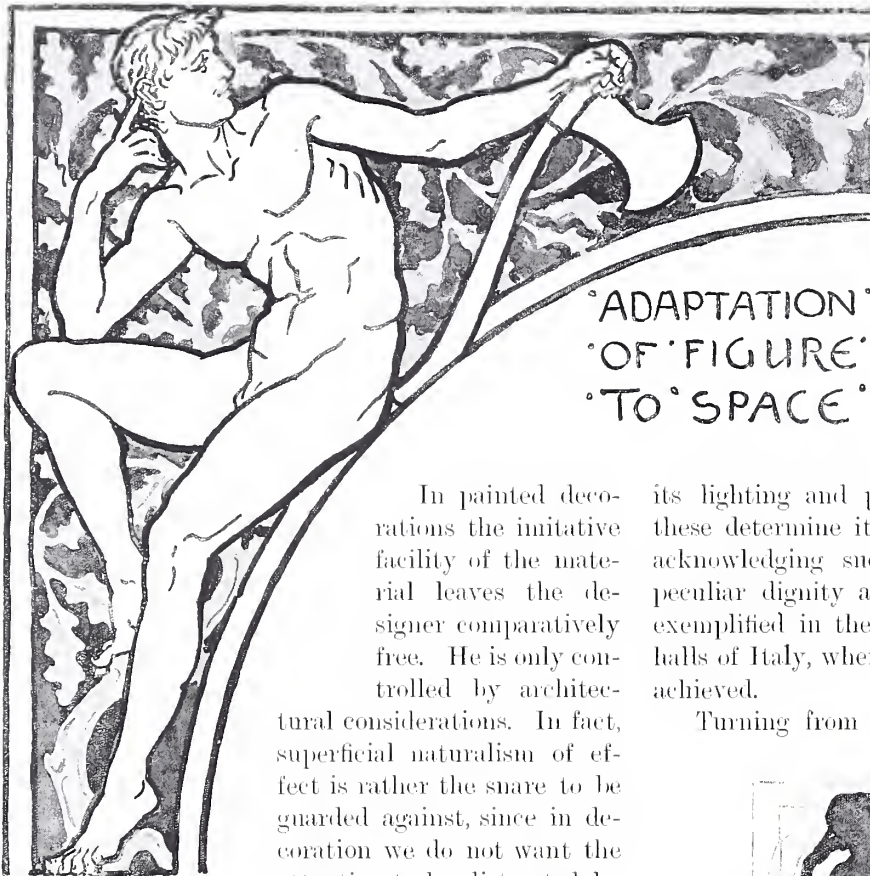
Of the perfect union of this controlling architectural sense with the most delicate and varied artistic and sculpturesque feeling, controlled by the rhythm of design, we must still point to that example of examples—the frieze of the Parthenon. But that frieze, though a thing of beauty, seen as we see it only in fragments, and torn from its proper architectural framing, owes its character, not only to the object and position from which it was designed, but also to the temper and spirit of the people of which it was the expression.

And this shows that the beauty of the most beautiful art is, after all, relative. What should we say if anyone proposed to place the frieze in Westminster Abbey or outside it? What barbarity! Yet here are two religious and monumental works, both beautiful, and yet of a beauty and sentiment so divided in time, so different in spirit, as to be incongruous. Re-establish the lost links of chronological connection, however, and you would get harmony again. Everything, therefore, is relative in design—nay, in all art.

I have spoken of the necessity under which the designer works of systemising his forms and emphasising their characteristics. In this he differs from the painter, as, in an analogous sense, the method of speech and delivery necessary to effect on the stage differs from the ordinary conversational pitch. In the designer's case the degree of naturalism being determined, apart from personal predilection, by three important considerations—

1. The object to which the design is to be applied.
2. The material in which it is to be executed.
3. The conditions under which it will be seen.





(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

In painted decorations the imitative facility of the material leaves the designer comparatively free. He is only controlled by architectural considerations. In fact, superficial naturalism of effect is rather the snare to be guarded against, since in decoration we do not want the attention to be distracted by bits of literal imitation done for their own sake, and unrelated to the general scheme of line and colour. No hard-and-fast line, however, can be drawn here, and there is always a large margin for individual feeling and judgment. It is, however, an ascertained fact that darkly-shaded figures, modelled up to full pictorial relief and chiaroscuro, with all the complexities of foreshortening, do not make good ornament, and the main business of a decorative designer being to ornament, he has little to do with such methods of representation. There are obvious reasons, too, why the attempt to give the superficial facts and effects of nature in decorative design is not successful. The main and controlling scheme of line, the clear silhouette, and counterbalance of masses, which are of the first importance, are sure to be confused and obscured by such a treatment, and that fair and frank system of coloration, on which so much depends—that ornamental treatment of detail, and rich fitting of inter-spaces, must necessarily be interfered with directly they cease to be our chief care in design. They must necessarily suffer when a new aim becomes paramount; and in aiming at pictorial force and literal accuracy of representation, these, and many other valuable qualities, must be sacrificed—to say nothing of those suggestions of romance, poetry, and imagination which are associated with

dreams and emblems; and figurative and suggestive, rather than literal, methods of expression. It is certain, whether we look to Classical or Renaissance times, we find the struggle of art to lose itself in superficial naturalism preceding debasement and decay of all design.

The real controlling element in design in decorative painting is on its architectural side—its relation to the wall or panel it decorates, its lighting and position. Such considerations as these determine its form, and it is by meeting and acknowledging such conditions that it gains its peculiar dignity and impressiveness, as we find it exemplified in the churches, palaces, and municipal halls of Italy, where its greatest triumphs have been achieved.

Turning from painting, which is less controlled



ADAPTATION OF THE FIGURE TO SPACE.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

by its material and conditions, perhaps, than other branches of decorative design, we shall find this necessity of adaptation and control of conditions of material greater.

Although in some cases it is possible that a



design may be so constructed as to be adaptable to execution in more than one material, as a general rule, the peculiar conditions of each process of handicraft have to be allowed for, and a design becomes successful, over and above its distinction on grounds of imagination and draughtsmanship,

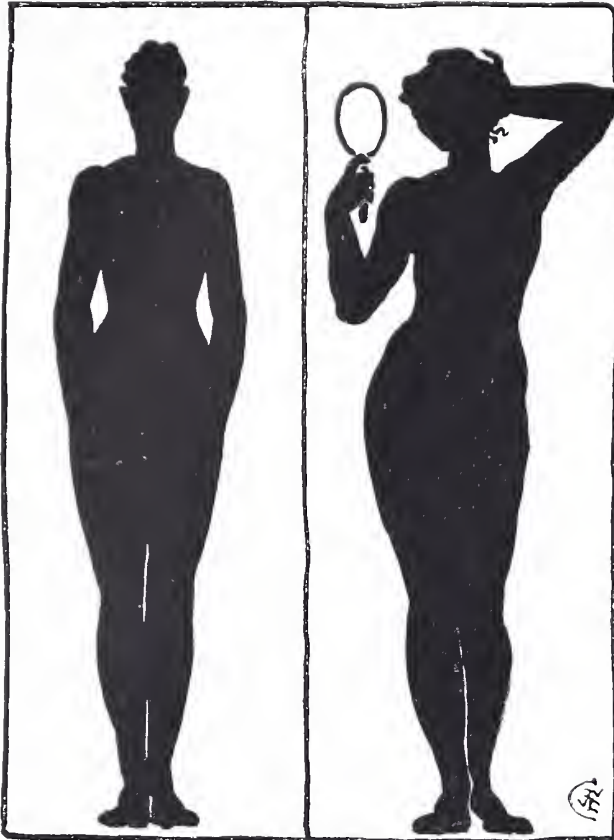


ADAPTATION OF THE FIGURE TO SPACE.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

rule, the peculiar conditions of each process of handicraft have to be allowed for, and a design in proportion as it becomes perfectly adapted to the material in which it is carried out—in proportion





as the designer has realised his design already in its proper material, whatever it be, and has felt, as the case may be, the ductility of the metal, and its capacity for "agreeable bossiness;" or the crispness of the wood-carving; the set of threads in the warp of the loom: the emphasis of the embroiderer's needle: the plastic clay of the modeller: the jewel-like *tessera* of the mosaic work, and the leaded glass: the architecture of the printed page; the soft relief of the stamped leather: or the clear gold tooling of the bookbinder.

All these crafts, by the necessities of their existence, impose certain conditions upon the designer which he cannot afford to lose sight of for a moment; and yet these very conditions give their own particular charm and character to the design as long as they are frankly acknowledged, and that imitative counterfeiting spirit does not intrude—like the snake into Paradise—which would persuade everything to try and look like something else. When the sculptor devotes his skill to tricks which can only be done by the painter, and which even he should be sparing of; when the painter would emulate the effects of the stage: when the mosaic worker tries to make his mosaic look like painting—and the embroiderer and the tapestry worker aim in the same direction: when the wood carver tries to cut every feather on a dead bird, and

forgets all about the ornamental effect and meaning of the design; when the cotton-printer ties up bundles of artificial flowers (from Paris) with artificial ribbon, and squeezes them on to his chintzes; and the paper-stainer goes and does likewise—then, well, *then* we may know, by the same tokens, that both the arts and the crafts are in a bad way.

All this points to the conclusion that the designer—if designer pure and simple he is forced to remain—must never lose touch with the craftsman. It would be well, indeed, if he practised some craft himself, as the technical conditions, peculiarities, perhaps difficulties, he would be sure to encounter, would tell him more than any words about it; and the practical experience and suggestion gained would certainly react most favourably upon his power of design.

Before the evolution of our industrial epoch of subdivision of labour, machine industry, and centralised markets, the craftsman was his own designer. Handicraft, in fact, did not exist apart from art, and the workshop training and apprenticeship was common to them all. Thus, a painter began as a colour-grinder, and went through all the technicalities of the studio or workshop before he became master of them. The system is so obviously sensible



FIGURES TO ILLUSTRATE VALUE OF VARIETY IN SILHOUETTE.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)



and sound that it seems strange it should ever have been departed from, and, in fact, only was broken up by the pressure of the modern commercial system, and the domination of the money-making ideal.

Some few crafts here and there, closely connected with the humbler and less changeful conditions of the life of the people, have retained their primitive distinction and appropriateness, and remain instances of perfect adaptation of design to materials—such as the brass ornaments of cart and waggon horses, both in this and other countries, which are often beautiful, however simple in design. The common copper water-vessels of the Italian peasantry, and the embossed brass milk cans of Antwerp, are other instances of how much beauty may linger on in the unregarded life of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. But, alas, the tourist comes by—a brisk manufacture for profit is started, toy models are made of such humble things for the drawing-room table—and the charm is lost.

In such things as these I have mentioned, there is no attempt to be fine, or to get outside the material or its purpose, and shout—"How clever I can be!" which has been the snare of so much post-Renaissance art. And this is peculiarly the danger we are liable to when the designer is wholly disassociated with, and independent of, the craftsman. Pursued by



(Drawn by Walter Crane.)



the Nemesis of commercial competition—the demand for bogus novelty—the designer whips up the jaded Pegasus of his ingenuity and designs something to catch the superficial eye—and the penny—of an indifferent, because uninterested, public, rather than a design fitted to its material and object, in which he takes a personal interest and pleasure. And so, instead of serviceable and suggestively-decorated cupboards and cabinets, tables and chairs, we often get fantastic pieces of architecture in wood, which it would be unwise to keep for show, and which will not stand the test of use.

We have not, I am afraid, escaped out of the jaws of commercial competition, which ruthlessly pursues its way, and we become, in consequence, more and more dependent on the work of machines, or of human beings turned into machines, which, so far as they touch anything in the nature of art—that is, art which depends for its charm upon the personal element—certainly rob it of its variety, beauty, and individuality, and, therefore, of its interest. What would be done to a speaker or musician who kept on repeating the same set of words, or the same phrase in music, without variation? Yet this is precisely what happens in another way with a piece of ornament mechanically reproduced by machinery. Yet I am far from saying there is no place for machinery in art; although the machinery of artist or craftsman



is generally of the simplest, and has mostly remained the same through long ages, unaffected by that mechanical invention which, in the interests of commerce, has revolutionised industrial production generally.

The reason of the greater richness and beauty of old work is because of its variety. No two bits of a pattern are precise counterparts. The plan and design may be the same, but the hand has, consciously or unconsciously, varied it in the working, as it must inevitably do. These little variations make all the difference in the effect of the whole, and give it life, colour, and character. We have sedulously cultivated mechanical precision, and we can get it, but at the cost of all other qualities generally—and not least, at the cost of turning our workmen into machines.

The designer is not a scientific analyst, that he should be required to draw up a report on such accidental appearances in nature that may be before him at the moment; neither is he an archaeologist, or a maker of grammars and dictionaries. He is rather the builder of a fair house of dreams, who sees in nature and in the relics and examples of the art of past ages wealth of beautiful and suggestive material—material which he is only at liberty to use on the condition of making it his own—of making it *live* in fact. Egyptian conciseness and emphasis, Assyrian solidity and vigour, Persian richness and grace, Arabic intricacy, Chinese distinctness and quaintness, Indian elaboration, Grecian severity and simplicity, Byzantine splendour and mystery, Italian grace and sympathy, German phantasy, or French gaiety and romance, with all the finer shades and distinctions of periods and styles—from Classic reserve to Gothic freedom and invention, and modern Japanese impressionism. All these are rich ores, which must be melted and fused by the fires of the imagination till they emerge again from the mind in some new form.

Overshadowed as we now stand by the work in art of successive ages, of such distinct temper and conflicting spirit as we read in turning from the first articulate strokes of primitive man to the conscious and learned artifice of the later Renaissance, the designer of our days may well stand amazed and embarrassed with wealth of material. But, unless he is content to look at the art of the past merely as a huge pattern-book only, of which he will ruthlessly tear page after page for his own patch-work, in his efforts to be all things to all men; unless he is content to be a toy-kaleidoscope maker, and break up fragments of Greek, Mediæval, Renaissance, Persian, Arabic, Chinese, or what-not, like so many bits of coloured glass, and by a twist of the hand show you new and original designs at a moment's notice; ready to be Greek or Goth as the demands of trade or fashion (which is often only trade's mask) may decide; unless he is content to be a mere dealer in the cast-off clothes of decoration—a mumbler of dead languages, the significance of which has been lost long ago with the life that gave them birth—he must search his heart and find out whither his own sympathies and predilections lead him; he must find out what these dead languages in design signified, and, if he is free to pursue his thought and leisure to think, in the search he will find himself under the necessity of making up his mind about many pressing questions outside the immediate province of design. He will discover that art leads him to its source in the mind and the life of humanity, and that when it is a living thing it is always the fullest expression of that mind and that life, and its colours are the colours of the good and the evil of it. He may find himself between the wings of those spirits of light and darkness, which, under whatever forms and names, like night and day, constantly overshadow the world and dispute the territory of the human mind between them—the one pointing to despair and indolence, the other to hope and strife.



(Drawn by Walter Crane.)



Carols of the Year.



Wan February with weeping cheer,  
Whose cold hand guides the youngling year  
Down misty roads of mire and rime,  
Before thy pale and fitful face  
The shrill wind shifts the clouds apace,  
Through skies the morning scarce may climb,  
Thine eyes are thick with heavy tears,  
But lit with hopes that light the year's.

FEBRUARY.

(Poem by A. C. Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)



## MR. TIMOTHY COLE AND AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVING.

BY EDWIN BALE, R.I.



AMERICAN wood-engraving is considered by Americans to be the best in the world at the present time. Some do not hesitate to claim that it is the very perfection of the art. This opinion is not held by artists and judges generally on this side the Atlantic, and the divergence of opinion is the result of the different views taken on the subject of art itself.

Everyone is willing to concede a very high place to America for its scientific inventions, however they may estimate its art, and among these, printing and reproductive processes hold a very important position. The reproductions of works of art made in America by mechanical means are as good as any in the world, but we hardly consider these as works of art: they are rather triumphs of science.

In times past, before photography rendered such scientific reproductions possible, the engraver produced all our book illustrations by the work of his brain and hand. Their quality naturally varied as the engraver was a good artist or none at all. If he were the former he produced an engraving that was a work of art as an engraving, apart from the artistic character of the original from which he worked: if the latter, he gave you a dull, mechanical, uninteresting result. If it were required to produce a reproduction as nearly like a mechanical one as possible, the artist-engraver evidently was not the man to give it you: the more mechanical and slavish the engraver as a copyist, the better for that purpose. And it has always been necessary to discriminate between the artist who was also a craftsman and the craftsman who was no artist.

This distinction seems so self-evident that it may appear unnecessary to dwell on it, but Americans seem to take another view of the matter.

A most interesting book has recently appeared—"Old Italian Masters," published by T. Fisher Unwin—containing a large number of reproductions of pictures by early Italians, engraved on wood by Mr. Timothy Cole, the acknowledged head of the American school of wood-engraving, with essays by Mr. Stillman and notes by Mr. Cole himself. It is a matter of considerable interest to have from so high an authority as Mr. Cole a statement of the qualifications that go to make a good wood-engraver. We have heard it often, but have never had it on such good authority before, that the chief qualification for an engraver who has to reproduce

a work of art is that he should be able to suppress his own individuality—to "dis-individualise" himself is the term Mr. Cole uses. Of course if the merest mechanical reproduction is wanted it is quite desirable that it should not be intrusted to an engraver with artistic individuality, which is sure to show itself in his work. But one must be quite clear on the nature of the reproduction required. It cannot be right to ask an artist to suppress himself and his art, to make a mere machine of himself, and to produce a wood-engraving, with weeks and perhaps months of labour, which shall in no way be distinguishable from a block produced by mechanical means in a few hours.

Mr. Timothy Cole is, without doubt, an extremely able engraver, and in some of those subjects where he has not been able to "dis-individualise" himself he has produced some excellent artistic work: but if you would see the decadence of wood-engraving, refer to page 160. There is a block of a Madonna and Child, by Sandro Botticelli, cut with an amount of labour terrible to think of, which only the expert could distinguish from a mechanical process-block.

Artist-engravers, like W. J. Linton, of England, and Lepère, of France, have another idea of the function of the artist-engraver. They do not believe in his reducing himself to the level of a machine without individuality, and Americans lay it at the door of Mr. Linton, artist as he is, that his great fault has been that he would not "dis-individualise" himself. But in this he has sinned in the best of company. The great artist-engravers of the world have always held that the beauty of the method of the engraver, the charm imported into a subject by his individuality, are the features of an engraving that make it in any sense a work of art. This is the line of cleavage that separates what is called the American school of wood-engraving from the artist-engravers of other countries.

And what has been the result of the American teaching and practice?

It has tended, in the first place, to destroy the artist, and to reduce the beautiful art of wood-engraving to a mere mechanical craft, working at which has called for patience and physical endurance, but for no special artistic gifts. This, taking wood-engraving from the sphere of art, and placing it in that of a mere craft, has made it a calling easy to follow, and so an army of wood-cutters has been called into existence who are



beginning to find it hard to live. Because, secondly, it has gradually accustomed the public to such mechanical work in wood-blocks that process-blocks have taken their place without protest by the public, and, indeed, are preferred in many cases to the wood-block, on the score that if a mechanical reproduction is desired, the process-block is better than wood.

For it must not be lost sight of that all the time the American wood-engraver has been learning to "dis-individualise" himself, Mr. Ives and other makers of process-blocks have been improving their processes so effectively that there is now very little difference between the results produced by the engraver and the process-block maker. In the last two or three years there have appeared many wood-blocks in the American magazines that only an expert could recognise as such; and that is the goal at which American wood-engraving at last arrives—the imitation of a process-block! Where, then, is the need for the wood-engraver?

It is not to be wondered at after having been accustomed to such work that readers should be indifferent as to how such illustrations are produced—process is as good as, and often better than, such mechanical wood-engravings; and why should the publisher spend money on wood-blocks, when

process-blocks will answer the purpose as well or better, and he can give his readers many more of them? And so the process-block is gradually pushing out the wood-block, and the outcome of the new gospel of the American wood-engraver is that wood-engraving, both as an art and a craft, is rapidly dying, and in a few years, unless it changes its aims, it will be as dead as Queen Anne.

What Americans have done is not to advance the art of wood-engraving, but to improve the materials and method of printing. The finer, smoother, more highly surfaced paper, and the more accurate and solid machinery, have made it possible to print the most delicate mechanical work of the engraver. This was felt to be a call to the engraver to adapt himself to the new conditions and to produce finer, that is, smaller, work, and he has done so; but all the time he has failed to see that fine work was not necessarily fine art, and that the triumph of the printer was being achieved at the cost of the art of the engraver. The Americans have been flattering themselves that, at least in wood-engraving, they were great artists. But it has been a scientific success they have achieved, and the very achievement has been attained by the death of the art which they thought peculiarly their own.

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## THE "PREFERENCES" OF MR. HARRY QUILTER.\*

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

AS an art-critic Mr. Harry Quilter occupies a unique position. Clear, original, and stiff in his opinions, and honest and vigorous in his expression of them, he has cultivated his unusual talent for plain-speaking until his meaning never fails *vous sauter aux yeux*, and sometimes *à la gorge*. His criticisms, oftentimes subtle and analytical in a rare degree, are expressed with what may be called an italicised frankness that has many a time turned the person criticised into the critic's critic: for the candid friend, be his candour but sufficiently unvarnished, comes at last to be regarded simply as the candid enemy. Thus it is in some measure that, while serving the public without fear or favour, he has raised about him a veritable hornets' nest of enemies—enemies among the artists upon whom he has so energetically pronounced, and among his fellow-critics, whose opinions he has scorned, or whose hostility he has invited through an over-

rugged insistence on his own rightfulness. That Mr. Quilter has adopted my view of his faculty for criticism, as well as for the "gentle art of making enemies," is evident from his amusing preface, in which he reviews his work as art-critic of the *Times* and *Spectator*, and as editor of the *Universal Review*; he cries *peccavi!* in tones of unfeigned contrition, expresses his profound regret for undue emphasis in the past, and—finally hurls one last clear note of bold defiance at his friends the enemy, in loving memory of many a sweet attack.

The points of interest in this magnificent volume are several. Stately in size, admirable in printing, splendid in its binding, copious in the profusion of its well-chosen illustrations, it is a book to awaken the covetousness of the lover of superb and artistic tones. It illustrates better than any other single volume ever published the growth and development of English pictorial art from the earliest days of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and offers besides more than one example of the finest water-colours of David Cox and other masters. But in the text—a rather unusual occurrence in the case of a beautiful

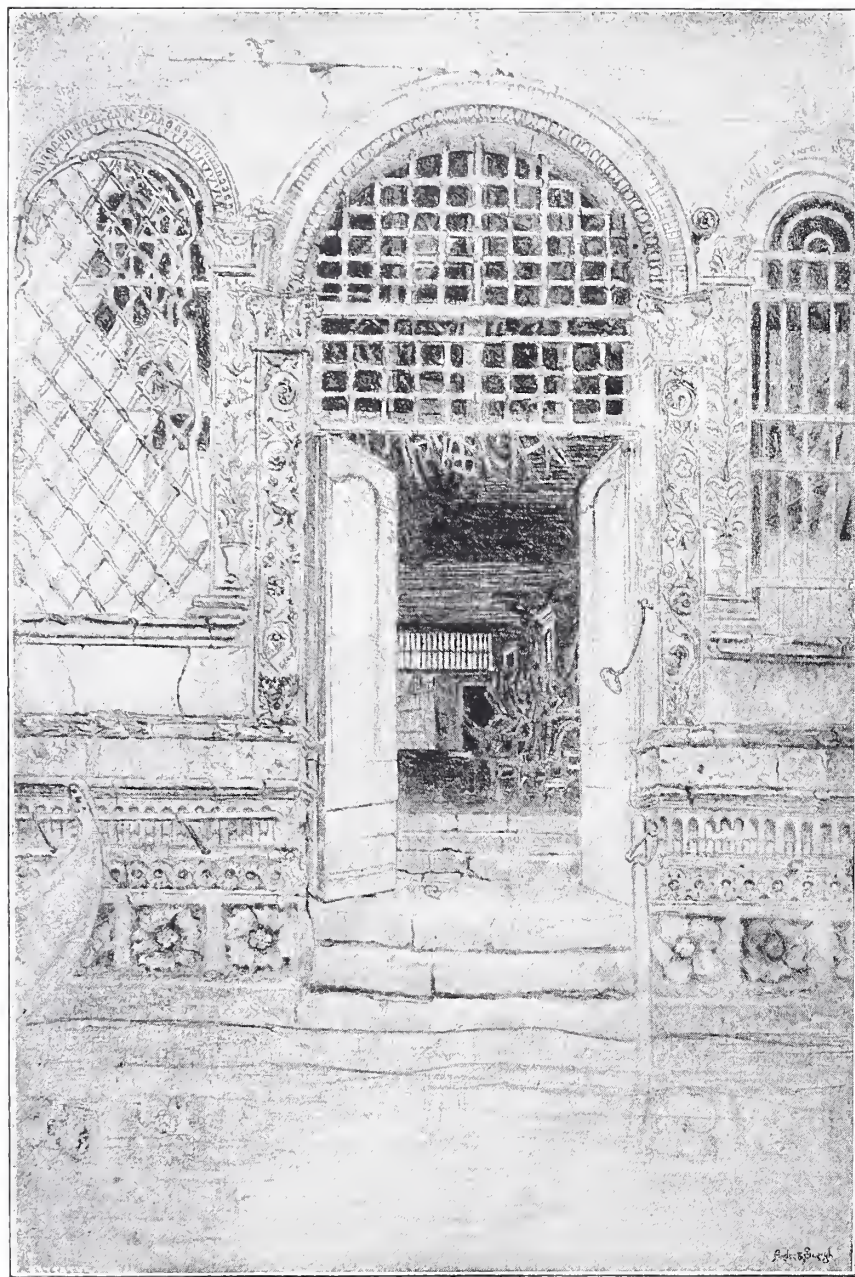
\* "Preferences in Art, Life, and Literature," by Harry Quilter, Trin. Coll., Camb., of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 1892. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. (With fifty-seven autotypes and many other illustrations.)



book—will be found an importance and sustained artistic interest, quite independent of the pictures which embellish it. It is in the "Chapter on the History of Pre-Raphaelitism" that the chief value

cult to agree with the author. His championship of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, the real father of Pre-Raphaelitism, is just and generous, but pitched in somewhat too high a key to secure all the adhesion

it deserves. Mr. Quilter's views on stained glass, though coinciding practically with those of Mr. Seddon and Dante Rossetti, practically put all glass-painters, including Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Burne-Jones, out of court. He objects to Mr. Holman Hunt's "Rienzi," partly because it is "garish and unpleasant in colour," but he overlooks the fact that it has recently been re-painted after its partial destruction by baking. He doubts the truth of the P.-R.B. being so called "rather in fun than in sober earnest;" yet I myself have frequently heard it so explained by more than one of its Members. Mr. Quilter supposes that the "Brother" for whom the portraits of the rest of the band were done "may possibly refer to Woolner." I may positively assert that such is the case, for I have had it from the sculptor's own lips, as well as from his pen. Next follows a clever and appreciative paper on Frank Holl, in which the author rides a-tilt at the ambition of the fashionable artist of to-day, whose expenditure, he maintains, condemns the painter to a species of hard labour to the detriment at once of his health and of his art. However much of truth there may be in the charge, the writer is mistaken in asserting that Holl "worked himself to death"—at any



A VENETIAN DOORWAY.

(Reduced from the Autotype after the Drawing by Harry Quilter.)

of the book is to be found—a series of essays that constitute the principal and most notable contribution hitherto made to the literature of the great art-movement of the 'Forties. This portion shows combined knowledge, grasp, and power of analysis, quite apart from the crowd of biographical and aesthetic facts here marshalled in historical and logical array; but on a few minor points it is diffi-

rate in quest of riches and ambition. I was with Holl a week or two before he died, and though he admitted the strain of receiving four, or even six, sitters in a single day, he emphatically added, with that compression of the lips which tells of a constitutional feverishness for work: "The fellows say I work too hard, and that I work for money. I know what they say—but it's not true. I only



work hard because I'm desperately miserable and dejected if I don't." He over-worked, in fact, be- in the National Gallery is well-timed and effective. A chapter on idyllic painting, wherein Millet and



THE EAVESDROPPER.

(From the Drawing by William Hunt.)

cause he could not help it. Mr. Quilter's eloquent plea for the "unfashionable art" of water-colour William Hunt are placed in the balance, and an intelligent comparison is drawn between James



Ward on the one hand, and Landseer and Mr. Riviere on the other, displays much vigour and insight. In his disquisition on Mr. G. F. Watts, surpassing Sir Frederic Leighton's amazing "Lemon Tree at Capri," in the work here reviewed. His subjects, it is true, are often sad and serious, but



THE GAMEKEEPER.

(Reduced from the Sketch by William Hunt.)

Mr. Quilter shows a great appreciation of the higher qualities of his work, but not, I think, an entire familiarity with the whole of it, or he would not have said that the artist "would never have been able to touch the tenderness of drawing with which Mr. Burne-Jones executes his pencil heads;" for the former has performed miracles of delicacy with his pencil to which the latter has never attained—even

at the same time they seldom are without the dominant and balancing note of hope.

In speaking thus briefly, I have necessarily touched but lightly upon Mr. Quilter's "Preferences"—a book which occupies, and must continue to occupy if only on account of its reproductions, a unique position in the records of English art.





THE BALLET: PORTION OF THE CEILING AT THE GRAND THÉÂTRE, PARIS.

(Designed and Painted by G. Clairin.)

## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.



LUC OLIVIER MERSON.

(From a Photograph by Mulnier.)

**M.** LUC OLIVIER MERSON, who has been elected member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, in place of M. Signol, deceased, is one of the most admirable designers of decoration living, and one of the most exquisite artists, both for feeling and quality. Those who have seen his series of illustrations for "Notre Dame," as well as his recent pictures in the Salon,

its significance. So far Professor Brown has distinguished himself, perhaps, more as a teacher than as a painter; and now that he has a fair field he has an admirable opportunity for the exercise of his talents. His work, both artistic and scholastic, will shortly form the subject of an article in these pages.

A painter-decorator of uncommon talent has passed away in the person of M. Pierre Victor Galland. He studied, both as architect and painter, in Italy, and subsequently was called upon to visit many of the European capitals for the purpose of decorating many private mansions. When in London he was greatly impressed by the recent renaissance of art in England, and as professor at the École des Beaux-Arts never tired of warning his countrymen of the dangerous rivalry which he foresaw would soon arise. He was also director of the Gobelins manufactory, and was an officer of the Legion of Honour. He died at the age of seventy.

will entertain no doubt as to the justice of the selection. The only competitor he had to fear was M. Carolus-Duran; but at the last ballot those who had voted for the third candidate, M. Benjamin-Constant, "went solid" for M. Merson, and thus secured his election.

Among M. Clairin's latest works is the series of ceiling decorations he has executed for the Grand Théâtre (till lately known as the Eden Théâtre); and of these we here reproduce one of the most characteristic.

To the election of Mr. Fred Brown to the Slade Professorship of University College we refer in another part of the present number, as well as to

The picture of "Christ Outraged and Reviled," by M. Henri de Groux, which has for some time been exhibited at the Hanover Gallery, is one of the most extraordinary works which has recently been evolved from the eccentricity or the genius of Continental artists. The design is here clearly placed before the reader with all its vigour and originality. Never was passionate invective more violently spoken with the brush. But it would be difficult, without appearing to exaggerate, to explain the utter contempt exhibited by the painter for all the rules of



technique, or for the indifference he parades for anything like balance of colour. This, we think, is his great mistake, because he knows much better than he affects. It is true that the work is that of an original mind, that we are shown a real shouting, cursing, surging crowd, which screams for the death of the Condemned One with all the frantic hate which probably was not distinctive of the great catastrophe. There is a



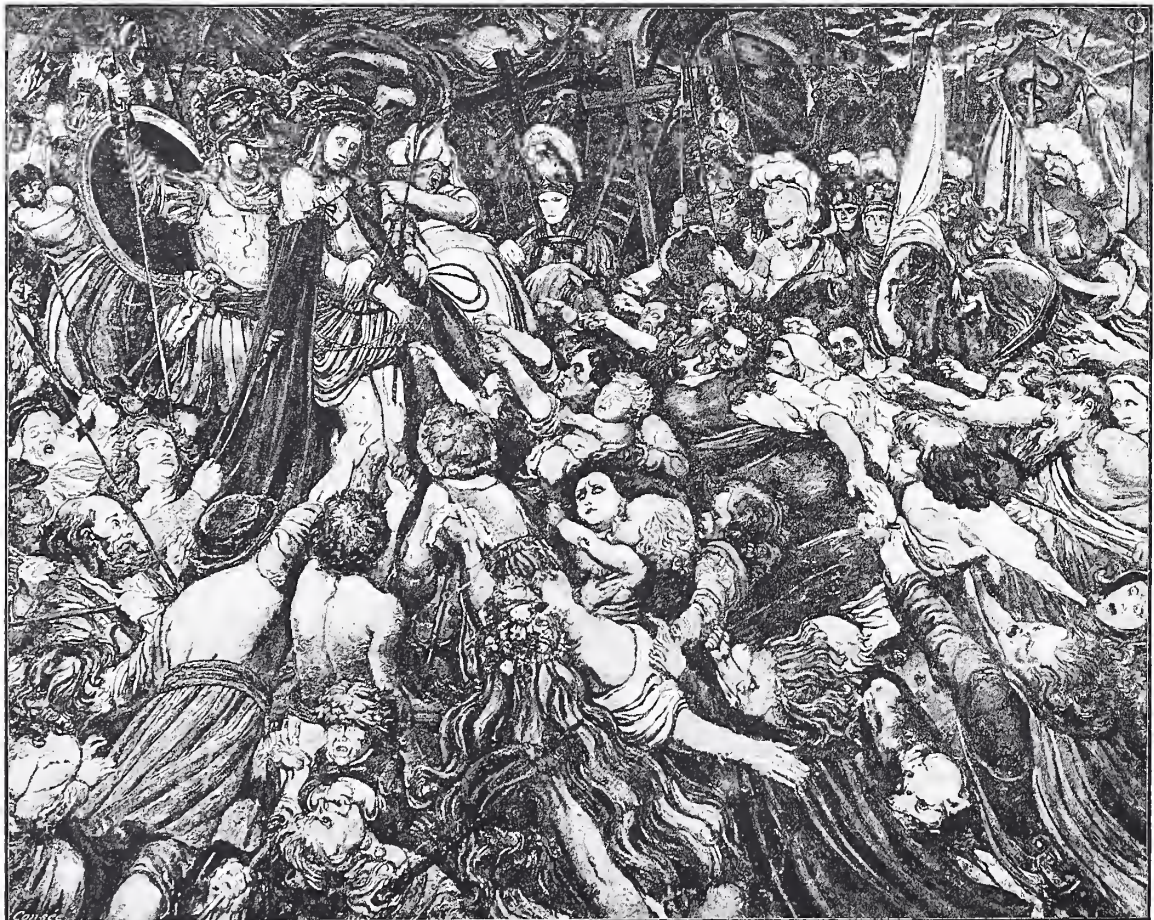
PROFESSOR FRED BROWN.

religious fervour here—almost a blind fury, one might say, which is perfectly amazing. But we cannot forget that M. de Groux has been taught to draw and to colour; so that drawing which is a wild caricature of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, which even Blake in his grotesque moments hardly surpassed; and colour which is utterly unordered and unbalanced—these can hardly be sincere when so much ignorance has to be assumed. This “*Ecce Homo*” has been called the “*anarchy of painting*;” it is more—with all its power and passion, it is almost chaos.



THE LATE PIERRE VICTOR GALLAND.

(From a Photograph by Ramsay.)



CHRIST OUTRAGED AND REVILED.

(From the Painting by Henri de Groux.)





THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE.

(From the Painting by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A., in the Tate Collection. By Permission of Mr. Harry C. Dickens, Regent Street, by whom an Engraving is published.)

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, AND MR. TATE'S COLLECTION.

### I.—ITS HISTORY.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

NOW that the matter which has been pending for nearly three years has at last been decided; now that Mr. Tate has accepted the Government proposals, and the Government has expressed itself satisfied with Mr. Tate's modified conditions; now that a portion of the site of Millbank is definitely made over as the *locale* of the new Gallery—and that in fact—in spite of the rancorous opposition of a few noisy bigots—the National Gallery of British Art is practically a *fait accompli*, it may be well briefly to recount the history of the movement, and to say something on the collection, and its management, which Mr. Tate has offered to his fellow-countrymen.

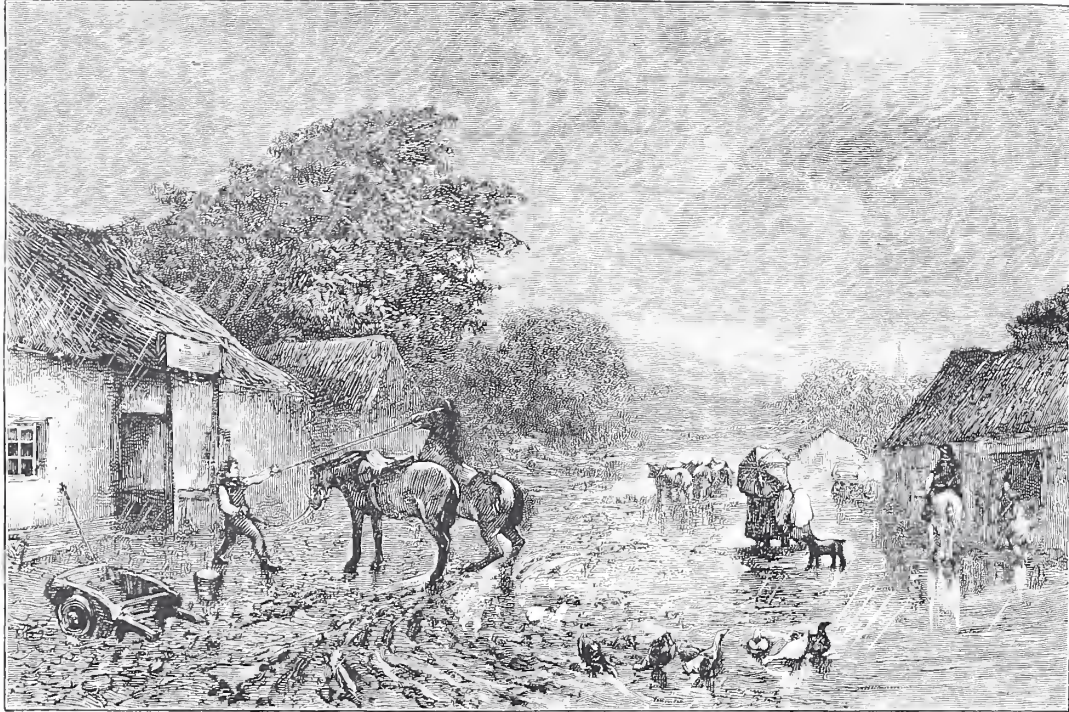
As long ago as 1836—two years before the National Gallery was thrown open—the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons was

published, and contained a strong recommendation “that some portion of the Gallery should be dedicated to the perpetuation and extension of the British School of Art. Pictures by living British artists of acknowledged merit might, after they have stood the test of time and criticism, be purchased for the national collection;” and a rider advised that engravings should also be acquired. If such a course were advisable in 1836, how much more desirable was it in 1890, when, chiefly owing to want of space in the National Gallery, but partly, too, to a certain lack of sympathy on the part of the directors, the representation of English art in Trafalgar Square was totally inadequate, in no way offering a truthful reflection of its status or achievements? Moreover, when the purchase of the works of living masters was declared even then to be desirable by the most



eminent English and foreign experts five-and-fifty years ago, it surely can hardly now be begrudged to the eminent dead—and not less to those masters who made the art of water-colour as it now exists into the national art of England. The recommendation of the Committee was duly ignored, but the subject was not entirely lost sight of by the Press. In 1885 Mr. James Orrock read a paper bearing upon the subject before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, with the result that the Society set

Mr. Sheepshanks did, he stipulated that neither the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, nor the Science and Art Department, nor, indeed, any other body should have any part in its administration, while the collection he offered should be kept scrupulously intact. The unreasonableness of these conditions was duly pointed out by Mr. Goschen from his seat in Parliament, the Chancellor at the same time offering the "East and West Galleries" at South Kensington for the purposes of the institution.



A RAINY DAY.

(From the Painting by Peter Graham, R.A., in the Tate Collection.)

about promoting a petition (including a demand for an annual grant of £5,000 for the purchase of English art), approved by the trustees of the National Gallery, for presentation to Parliament, and several writers, including Mr. Harry Quilter, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, and others, continued to enforce the claims of the scheme in the newspapers and reviews.

Sir Frederic Leighton cordially supported the idea of an English Luxembourg—chiefly, however, for the encouragement of living artists; and once more the matter subsided for the time, when just as the agitation was again being worked up and the ground prepared, Mr. Tate, on the 23rd of June, 1890, addressed a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, offering "not less than fifty-seven" of his pictures to form the nucleus of a national collection of national art. But, carrying his objection to existing institutions farther than

Then began the "Battle of the Sites." A letter in the *Times* suggested that a national fund should be raised for the erection of a Gallery worthy of the important purpose to which it would be put. A vice-president of the Sunday National League offered a sum of £5,000 if the new institution would be kept open for a few hours on the Day of Rest. Sir J. C. Robinson then urged, with strong argument, that the grounds of Kensington Palace would be an ideal site, with a hint that no opposition need be feared in high places. Mr. William Agnew offered a sum of "not less than £10,000 to further the scheme;" while, on the other hand, Mr. Harry Quilter promised £2,000 if the site were fixed in a more central and convenient spot. But the East and West Galleries had been endorsed by several leaders of the art-world, and the workmen were about to begin operations, when Mr. Tate stepped in, declined to have anything to do with a scheme



which included galleries so undignified and unworthy of the object in view; and simultaneously, a munificent anonymous patriot—who subsequently turned out to be none other than Mr. Tate himself—offered £80,000 with which to build a suitable Gallery. He asked for a site opposite the Imperial Institute, which was readily granted by Parliament under some strange misconception—for it had already been promised to the Science Department, and the consent had finally to be withdrawn from Mr. Tate in response to the storm of indignation that burst from the science world at the alleged want of faith. Then it was that Mr. Humphry Ward proposed a site on the Thames Embankment, but many objections stood in the way; and I myself sought to force forward the idea of building a "Tate Wing" into the National Gallery on the site of the present barracks. The main advantages claimed were four-fold: (1) Mr. Tate's generosity would henceforth and for always be fittingly connected with the National Gallery; (2) the National Art would be represented on ground consecrated to the National Gallery; (3) the plan would entail the removal of the dangerous barracks, which have more than once threatened the national collection with destruction from fire; and perhaps, if funds permitted, might place a new street between the Gallery and the bedding warehouse which practically abuts on to it on the west; and (4) that as a splendid collection of one aspect at least of British art was already on the spot, a far better start could be made than could otherwise be possible. Only missing links would have to be filled in: the forging of a new chain would be altogether unnecessary. But Sir Frederick Burton, though not unwilling to have the collection under his control, very emphatically objected to it occupying any of the space which he foresaw would before very long be required for the National Gallery proper, and from which, when the

time came, he might not easily be able to dislodge it with a view to housing it elsewhere.

Mr. Goschen then made another proposal. He offered to Mr. Tate the plot of ground in Exhibition Road, close to the Royal Art Needlework



A SILENT GREETING.

(From the Painting by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., in the Tate Collection. By Permission of Mr. Stephen C. Gooden, Pall Mall, by whom an Etching is published.)

Gallery and the Royal College of Music; but this—on account of its narrow limits, and the difficulty of providing for any subsequent expansion—Mr. Tate would have no more than the East and West Galleries; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, out of patience at Mr. Tate's fastidiousness, abandoned the attempt to satisfy him, and somewhat curtly broke off negotiations; but not before a proposal came from a military quarter that Millbank offered advantages in everything but accessibility. That Mr. Tate would surely accept with delight—a





FLATFORD LOCK.

(From the Painting by John Constable, in the Tate Collection. By Permission of Mr. Stephen C. Gooden, Pall Mall, by whom an Engraving is published.)

spot whereon he might erect the building designed for him by Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, with plenty of surrounding garden-space with which to set it off.

Then came the change of Government. It was prophesied in these pages that "the Tate business" would soon again be on the *tapis*; for it was felt that a new Government would be glad to succeed where its predecessor had failed, and that popular opinion was strongly on Mr. Tate's side—to say nothing of the amiable and business-like belief of Liberal Governments in the policy of always, where possible, getting something for nothing. The prophecy was soon fulfilled. Sir John Millais looked kindly on the new proposal, and when Mr. Tate was once more approached on the subject, Sir William Harcourt found little difficulty in obtaining his consent, together with his expression of readiness—a really practical concession—to accept the control of the trustees of the National Gallery, of which the Tate Gallery was to be an "annexe," in much the same sense as the Natural History

Museum is an "annexe," or department, of the British Museum at Bloomsbury.

Thus have matters been so far brought to a happy and satisfactory conclusion. But it must be admitted that certain drawbacks are inherent in the Millbank scheme. In the first place, the spot is somewhat inaccessible. It is true, on the other hand, that South Kensington was considered absurdly "out of the way" when the proposal was first mooted; but South Kensington at that time was "an eligible building district," and, moreover, the underground railway was possible, and other means of ready conveyance. But Millbank is divided from the east by a main sewer, which renders impossible the construction of an underground railway at any future time, while Parliamentary Westminster is said to be immovably and unyieldingly opposed to the introduction of tramways into the minster city. But a more vital objection is the extreme dampness of this district; for dampness is the worst of all enemies of art, particularly of water-colour and painting. No matter how thoroughly the architect



may look to his foundations and how ingeniously he may solve the problem of ventilation, he can hardly hope to exclude damp from the building. However, as the edifice is now to be erected on this fine but treacherous site, the best must be made of it; and it is to be hoped that special arrangements may be devised for the careful infiltration of air.

Turning our attention for a moment to the casket in which Mr. Tate's gems are destined to be enshrined, I would say a word as to the building, as it was first planned for Mr. Tate by Mr. Sidney Smith. With the sole exception of the National Gallery, the new building, if carried out according to the original plans, will have a picture wall-space of no less than 61,620 square feet, or in lineal measurement of about 2,200 feet, which is nearly half as large again as the gallery-length of the original Louvre. The entrance-hall will open into a sculpture-hall, hardly spacious enough perhaps for its ultimate object, yet of sufficient proportion to constitute a fine architectural feature.

From this on either hand there opens out a picture-gallery, 75 feet by 40, and from these again galleries 70 feet by 35, that on the right being reserved for water-colours. North of the latter galleries are a couple more measuring 50 feet by 35, that on the right again being also intended for water-colours. Between these two are a couple of smaller rooms, each 40 feet square, enclosing the grand gallery, 130 feet long by 40 wide. This communicates by a central doorway with the sculpture-hall, from which also two little "special galleries," 35 feet by 30, open out. The exterior of the building is highly decorative, being a picturesque collection of Roman and Grecian features; but whether it is quite worthy of so important a monument as it is destined to become is another matter, and one which should perhaps receive further consideration. The ground plan, however, seems admirable, although it may possibly be open to improvement.

The pictures composing Mr. Tate's collection will be noticed in the succeeding articles.



LANDSCAPE.

(From the Painting by Old Crome, in the Tate Collection. By Permission of Stephen C. Gooden, by whom an Engraving is published.)



## REGINALD EASTON, MINIATURE-PAINTER.

By W. P. FRITH, R.A.

THE late Charles Landseer, R.A., brother of the great Sir Edwin, though amiable with every amiable quality, was a better punster than painter, as many of his jokes and his pictures sufficiently prove. Coming events cast their shadows before; daguerreotype, talbot-type, and other processes heralded the birth of photography, which was presently christened *photographic art* by its friends, amongst whom Charles Landseer resolutely declined to enrol himself. "Photographic art!" he said. "Yes, a *foe to graphic art* it will prove." Whether the punster was right or wrong in his sweeping condemnation may be a matter of doubt, but there can be no doubt whatever that photography has been, and still is, a cruel foe to miniature-painting. What photogravure is to the engraver photographs are to the miniature-painter. Engraving is dying a lingering death from its attacks, and miniature work, though we have still a few respectable, and one or two brilliant, professors of it, has suffered severely.

In the old days at Somerset House a special portion of the great room was set apart by the Royal Academy for the display of miniatures, where Cosway, R.A., and many others showed triumphs of their art to an appreciative public. How different to the public of to-day, which prefers a coloured photograph, the product of a machine, to work on which some of the choicest faculties of the human mind and hand have been brought to bear. Facility of production and *cheapness* are, no doubt, important factors in this deplorable state of things, and until the purchasers of engravings and of portraits of themselves or their friends, in small or in large, are able to appreciate the value of the artist's mind in the production of them, so long will photogravures of pictures supersede fine engravings of them, and coloured photographs dethrone the finest miniatures.

In the year 1837 the Royal Academy was transferred from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square,

where in a few small rooms the annual exhibitions were held; and in one of them, called the "Miniature Room," were exhibited examples of water-colour drawing and miniature-painting by George Richmond, Sir William Ross, Thornburn, Easton, and others, which pale indeed the intellectual fire of the displays of to-day.

If the subject of this paper, Reginald Easton, had received the severe training so conspicuous in the works of his rivals, he would, I think, have equalled the best of them—to surpass such men was impossible. Easton was entirely self-taught. Commencing as an engraver, his love of colour and sympathy with beauty in women and children found no outlet; copper and steel were soon deserted in favour of ivory, and his first attempts went far to prove that brilliant success was in his power. Lawyers say that a man who is his own



REGINALD EASTON.

lawyer has a fool for his client, and artists are pretty well agreed when they declare that a self-taught artist has not only a fool for his pupil, but for his master also. Mr. Easton is the solitary example within my knowledge that upsets the aphorism—he is the exception which proves the rule; but it is distressing to think of the position he must have assumed had he gone through the drudgery of preliminary study.

Reginald Easton was born in 1807, and passed tranquilly away the other day at the age of eighty-five. He was a well-born and well-educated man, of a singularly sweet and gentle nature, modest to a fault, ever depreciating his own merits, and extolling, sometimes unduly, the merits of others. His powers soon found appreciation—he was constantly employed; in fact his life was spent in house-to-house visitation—a wide range indeed! The Queen's palace one day, and that of the Birmingham merchant the next. Even Sir Joshua in his palmy days had not greater opportunities for painting the beauties of England than those so eagerly embraced



by Easton; but at what prices! The invincible modesty of the man stood in the way. I remember years ago begging him to increase his prices. "No," said he, "they wouldn't pay me better; they would get themselves photographed, and then ask me to



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.  
(From the Miniature by Reginald Easton.)

touch them up a little, and I don't want to encourage that kind of thing."

In the houses of the nobility, and there were few indeed in which he had not practised his art, he was always kindly received, though so disastrously ill-paid that his life was but a desperate struggle with poverty. The fault was, perhaps, his own; loving only his art, he cared little how it was rewarded, and towards the end of his career, though his powers were unimpaired, the photographic fiend pursued him, and all hope of better prices for his miniatures was gone. Still, up to within six years of his death, when his sight became weakened, he exhibited his full number of eight portraits at the annual exhibition. On one occasion when his works were of even unusual excellence I was one of the hanging committee, and I placed *nine* of them—eight being the limit allowed by academie law—on the walls, or rather in the easels which now contain the miniatures, and, by the way, give the room a very shop-like appearance; but my attempt to break the law was discovered by our excellent secretary, who, I am sure with regret, defeated my attempt.

I might describe many of the beautiful specimens of miniature art that I have seen from the hand of my friend, but if I did so I should extend this notice to an unreasonable length; I shall, therefore,

content myself with only naming two, the first of rare interest, being that of the two sisters of Shelley, a work which I saw at Boscombe, the residence of the late Sir Percy. The sisters are represented standing together. They are, of course, no longer young, but the composition, drawing, and colouring of the picture leave nothing to be desired. As I have never seen the ladies I cannot speak to the likenesses, but I could certainly trace in each face a resemblance to the well-known portrait of their immortal brother.

The second is the portrait of a GHOST. Here again I cannot speak of likeness, having no acquaintance with anything of the kind. To his dying day I believe my old friend persisted in the truth of his story, which was as follows: He was asked by letter if he would undertake the miniature portraits of some children, whose parents rejoiced in the name of Cobb, or something like it, and who lived in an old house in a remote country place. The Cobbs would be delighted to receive him as a visitor; he might be assured of a hospitable



MISS EASTON.  
(From the Miniature by Reginald Easton.)

reception, and a room with a good light for his work. My friend arrived at a moated house of great antiquity, truly a treasure of a place to an artist, as he described it, with its mullioned windows, its inner courtyard, with quaint gables, tall chimneys,



and the rest of it. The Cobbs were charming people, the children pretty, and apparently tractable, and the house quite full of company, so full that one bedroom only was available to the artist.

Easton noticed a mysterious sort of muttering between his host and hostess, of which he overheard the words "can't be helped—there's no other," which he construed rather unfavourably in respect of the salubrity of his apartment; but in reply to his inquiry about dampness, &c., he was assured that he had nothing to fear on that score. The dinner left nothing to wish for; the company was congenial, the wines, of which, as always, he was very sparing, were perfect, and the artist retired to his room somewhat fatigued by his journey, but only sufficiently so to make his bed more than usually welcome. Before testing its qualities, however, he examined the ancient room. The bed was a huge erection with funereal feathers crowning each of

through which the moon shone brightly enough to enable the tenant of the room to distinguish pretty clearly all the objects in it.

Easton was soon in bed, and almost as soon asleep, to be presently awoken by a strange intruder, who stood at the foot of his bed in the full light of the moon, in the form of an elderly lady, who was apparently wringing her hands, and with eyes cast down was searching for something on the floor. Feeling that a mistake had been made, the artist sat up in his bed and said, "I beg your pardon, madam, but you have mistaken your room." The strange visitor made no reply; and on closer inspection, to his great surprise, Easton found the lady to be in the dress worn a hundred and fifty years ago, and *perfectly transparent*, for

he could distinctly trace the form of the fireplace through the body of the figure; he also recognised the lady as exactly resembling one of the ancestral



MISS FLORSHEIM.

(From the Miniature by Reginald Easton.)



MASTER FLORSHEIM.

(From the Miniature by Reginald Easton.)



MASTER FLORSHEIM.

(From the Miniature by Reginald Easton.)

the four posts. It stood opposite to a fireplace of high and quaint construction, with a silver fire-dog on each side of it; opposite to the door, and to the left of the chimney-piece, was an oriel window,

portraits he had seen in the picture-gallery before dinner. These reflections had scarcely passed through his mind when the lady, with a look of terrible despair in her face, ceased wringing her hands, seemed



to be absorbed in the moonlight, and disappeared through the window.

"Well," said Easton to himself, not having experienced the slightest sensation of fear, "that's a ghost if ever there was one. I wish to goodness I had a sketch of her." In a few minutes he was fast asleep again.

The mystery of the conversation of the previous night between host and hostess was cleared up at breakfast when, in reply to the usual hope that he had slept well, he gave an account of his midnight visitor.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cobb, "we never use that room if we can avoid doing so, for our friends are sometimes terrified by the apparition of the dreadful woman who committed a murder in that room. No, she is no ancestor of ours, but she became possessed of this property by the murder of the heir to it—a child who was the only obstacle to her inheriting the estates. This she managed by sending the child's nurse on a fictitious errand, and during her absence she strangled the heir, but so skilfully that no traces of foul play were discernible, and nothing would have been known of the crime if she had not confessed it on her death-bed. The property was then sold, and Mr. Cobb's grandfather bought it."

"Will she appear again, do you think?" inquired the artist.

"Certainly, she will, and about the same time," was the reply.

At the request of Mr. Easton he was furnished with a lamp, the light of which was kept as low as possible, and with sketching materials by the side of it he laid himself down in bed on the second night, but not to sleep. The apparition appeared and conducted itself exactly as it did on the previous night; and, if ghosts are capable of surprise, she must have experienced the sensation when Easton, sitting up in bed, said, "I beg your pardon, madam; I am an artist—will you allow me to make a sketch of you? I shall then convince sceptics of the truth of the appearances of"—but before the request was completed the old lady vanished as before.

The artist found his living child-sitters more amenable than the dead. He progressed rapidly and successfully with his work, and the nightly appearance of the murderess enabled a retentive memory to produce a fair resemblance of what he solemnly declared to me he saw for seven nights on which he occupied the haunted chamber.

I confess I was, and still am, difficult to convince. I suggested the common cause of these appearances—bodily derangement of some kind. He was the most temperate of men; wine or spirits had nothing to do with them; temporary indigestion might produce a ghost, but not night after night. His general health he assured me was perfect; and if ever man saw a supernatural being Easton declared he did, and this I think is credible; but I am a sceptic, except in my firm belief in my old friend's truth and honesty.



THE GHOST.

(From a Painting by Reginald Easton.)

How he could be so deceived is another matter. The readers of this paper can judge for themselves of the appearance of a ghost from the illustration which accompanies it, and to some extent also of the power of the painter to render with subtle charm both character and beauty, in the few reproductions which the owners of his miniatures have kindly lent for the purpose. In the method of reproduction, however, the delightful sense of colour which was striking in all Easton's work is unavoidably absent.

There are instances of artists who, unhappily, only lived long enough to prove their possession of great powers. Those men are known only to their brother artists; but there is scarcely an example of one who, like Easton, failed to obtain the world-wide reputation which ought to have been his, mainly from the want of early academic training,



but also from his innate modesty and self-depreciative qualities, which are as rare as they are lovable.

It goes without saying that in the dealings of the Royal Family with artists the greatest consideration for our peculiarities, and the kindest treatment, are invariably experienced. If I could permit myself to publish letters in which the approval of the Queen, of portraits of Royal children, and of the

kindness of the Princess of Wales, the Crown Princess of Germany, and others, is delightfully manifest, I should be able to show the high places in which Mr. Easton's talents found expression, and the invariable success that attended them. In conclusion, I venture to make myself the mouthpiece of all artists in testifying to the talent of the painter, and of all those who knew him personally, to the amiable qualities of the man.

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## ITALIAN PAINTING AND THE LATE GIOVANNI MORELLI.\*

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THE Morelli movement in connoisseurship is entertaining as well as instructive. Down to some twenty years ago the science of affiliating pictures by recognising the hands of their authors—the most faulty science of all, according to the Abbé du Bos—proceeded on sedate and stately lines. As critic superseded critic, the general stock of knowledge was added to slowly but steadily. Each knew a little more than his predecessor, and, although the interval may have seen no vast improvement in taste, judgments were righter in 1860 than in 1760. Perhaps the best connoisseur of the old school was the late Otto Mündler, of whom it would probably be safe to say that, had standards been securely fixed, his verdicts would seldom have wanted revision. To Mündler's Elijah has succeeded the Elisha of Dr. Wilhelm Bode. A double portion of the Bavarian's faculty has fallen upon the Prussian, who uses it in a way to make those who value their ease despair. These men, and a few others who might be named, proceed on the old lines. They make discoveries, they give rude shocks to tradition, they disturb the rest of emulators, and set *dilettanti* to learn their lessons anew; but they do it all in a conservative spirit. In time they will establish a basis for connoisseurship as wide as its objective. Their methods are catholic, exhaustive, and organisative—to make an ugly coinage. Their system, if we may describe it shortly, is to accept the maxim, *le style, c'est l'homme*. They grasp the fact that a personality is expressed in every serious work of art, and that, with patience and an eye, the individual behind the picture can be recognised as we recognise a friend, not by this feature or that, but by his note as a whole.

Nearly twenty years ago—in 1874, to be exact—arose the apostle of a new system in “Ivan Ler-

molieff,” who contributed a series of articles on the Borghese Gallery to Lutzow's *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*. Ivan Lermolieff, *alias* Johannes Schwarze (*Anglicer*, John Black), was not identified for some time with the Italian patriot and senator, Giovanni Morelli, but from the beginning his opinions created a stir in connoissemring circles. His idea is easily described. He said, in effect, that the old system of distinguishing between one painter and another had led to disastrous mistakes. He pointed out how it had poisoned the fount of truth, the standards to which young critics had to turn for their training, and he preached a remedy. His own medical studies—for Morelli had begun life as a doctor—had awakened him to the curious fact that different men look differently on the minor details of the human figure. He noticed that a painter is apt to have a thumb and ear of his own, with which he endows every saint he paints. Upon this he founded a system, and with its help made not a few notable rectifications. Critics of Morelli have, perhaps, laid more stress upon this part of his method than it deserves, and we must here try not to fall into the same mistake. It cannot be shirred over, however, for this reason: that although its inventor did much without its help, it led him into most of his perversities. Of this I may give an instance. At page 207 of the book quoted below, he refers to the fine picture of “St. Sebastian” between SS. Roch and Demetrius in the National Gallery, there ascribed to Ortolano. He says it is by Garofalo, asserting that his characteristics “are apparent in the form of hand, the brown flesh tints, the drapery, the landscape, and the small stones in the foreground.” He ignores the fact that the conception as a whole, its decorative value, and its view of colour, are unlike anything else of that painter's with the single exception of an altarpiece ascribed to him in the Borghese Gallery, which, even on Morelli's own principles, should be taken from Garofalo and given to the author, whoever he was, of our “St. Sebastian.”

\*“Italian Painters: Critical Studies of Their Works.” By Giovanni Morelli (Ivan Lermolieff). Translated from the German by Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes; with an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir A. H. Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L. (London: John Murray. 1892.)



Morelli's theory, like most others, is a good servant, but a bad master. We have only to examine the works of men about whose pictures there is no dispute to see that the rule of fidelity to a single type is by no means universal. Holbein, for instance, seems to have been thoroughly objective in such matters. The ears and thumbs of his sitters are their own, not his; and, to come down to our own time, where should we be if we took the nails in Renan's portrait as a touchstone for Bonnat?

Apart from his system, Morelli's strength lay in the great independence of his judgment. Before the most solid tradition, before an ascription sanctified by centuries of praise, he retained his self-reliance. Of this the best-known example is, of course, his deposition of the Dresden Correggio. Another, and one for which we are vastly more grateful, is the identification of Giorgione's "Venus" in the same gallery. A third, of less importance, is the transference of the "Jeune Homme Appuyé" of the Louvre from Raphael to Bachiacca. In all these cases, even if one or two are still disputed, Morelli showed himself a true connoisseur. Unhappily some of his other verdicts give colour to the hostile assertion that his *coups* contained an element of chance.

The effect of "Lermolieff's" appearance was to divide the critics into Morellians and anti-Morellians, the latter captained by Dr. Bode, and to import into the discussion an element of bitterness from which it had been comparatively free. It cannot be denied that the provocation came from the Italian. In his first publication he struck a note which could not fail to spoil the concert. He not only contradicted his fellow-connoisseurs, he laughed at them. He invented little tales in which they figured as pedantic ignoramuses, who could not even find arguments to defend their own opinions, while he himself played round them like a swordsman, piercing their cuticles wherever he liked, and finally sketching a triumphant *pas seul* over their prostrate carcasses. That such goings-on led to reprisals is not to be wondered at, and the only thing to regret is that in one case ill-luck should have made it seem that an unfair advantage was taken of Morelli's death.

In his preface to the book which affords a text for these remarks, Sir Henry Layard attacks Dr. Bode without mercy for an article printed in the *Portnightly Review*, over his signature, a short time after Morelli had quitted the field for ever. That article was written long before Morelli died, or had given any public signs of his approaching end. It was pigeon-holed, and forgotten by its author. Even so some of its blows are needlessly heavy, but in view of the provocation given, they ought, perhaps, to have been condoned. Sir Henry Layard, how-

ever, thinks differently, and in his preface defends his dead teacher—for so Morelli was—with much the same weapons as those used in Dr. Bode's attack.

We must refer our readers to this preface for a complete account of the Morellian controversy. Here we must be content with saying that the Italian Senator's opinions are passing through exactly the same vicissitudes as attend those of nearly all innovators who are not mere charlatans. At first they were received with a storm of derision in Germany. Then they made converts, and several of the younger critics of the Fatherland became more Morellian than Morelli. In this country the fact that his remarks were published in German made a difference. Before they had been read at all, the reaction had begun abroad. We in England received bane and antidote together, and so were saved from violent oscillations. Once the tide had turned, it flowed for a time so steadily in Morelli's favour that catalogues were re-written under the inspiration of his ideas, and men talked as if he were infallible. All this was due in no small degree to the attention he was the first to give to Italian drawings. Collectors of drawings had existed, of course, ever since the time of Rembrandt, but until Morelli set the example, no critic had made the systematic examination of these modest but most significant documents an indispensable part of his method. The merit of the change belongs partly to Morelli, partly to Niepce and Daguerre, for in the pre-photographic days no wide collation of drawings was possible. Now that so many others have followed him in this delightful branch of study, the fame of Morelli as a connoisseur shows signs of abatement. His judgments often fail to stand examination, and his reliance upon photographs in matters outside their scope deprives him of the right to be called accurate.

Morelli's achievement may be then shortly described. He corrected several time-honoured mistakes, he threw light into many dark corners of criticism, he restored a few forgotten painters to fame, and he widened the methods of the connoisseur. On the other hand, he stimulated quarrels and brought partisanship into matters from which it should be carefully excluded, he did something to exalt mere *expertise* over true connoisseurship, and he started new elements of confusion through his own deficiency in artistic insight.

The translation of his first and most famous treatise is, on the whole, well done. Miss Ffoulkes has clearly spared no pains over it, and the one thing on which we feel inclined to comment adversely, the Englishing of some of the technical terms, is a matter in which perfection seems to be unattainable.

D. N. G. I.



“THE PORTRAIT OF A POET:” BY JACOPO PALMA (?).—I.

By W. FRED DICKES.

THE following attempt to solve one of the most puzzling and interesting of time-honoured riddles has been written in response to the Editor's suggestion. It is offered in the hope that extracts from the notes of a student, supplemented by photographic reproductions of the authorities on which he relies, may be an acceptable contribution towards the discussion. The terms of the problem may be fairly understood from the excellent description of the picture given in the National Gallery catalogue issued by the authorities. It is as follows:—

“No. 636. Portrait of a Poet: by Jacopo Palma the Elder (Il Vecchio).

“In a low crimson-and-purple dress, showing his neck and shirt, with a gold chain on his neck, and fur hanging over his shoulders, and holding in his left hand, which rests on a book, a rosary. In the background a laurel bush. Half-length, full size (2 feet 8½ inches high by 2 feet wide).

“Transferred from wood to canvas by Paul Kiewert at Paris in 1857. Formerly in the possession of Mr. Tomline. Purchased at Paris from M. Edmond-Braucousin in 1860.

“This portrait of an unknown personage was formerly ascribed to Titian, and supposed to represent Ariosto. It has long since been recognised as a fine work by Palma. A head precisely resembling this, and assigned to Palma, was in 1874 in the Giustiniani-Barberigo collection at Padua. The figure, however, painted by another hand was arrayed to represent a ‘Salvator Mundi.’”

I may here point out that at Munich there is another portrait of this same man, looking, perhaps, a little younger. It has, like our picture, been attributed to Titian, and called the “Portrait of Peter Aretin, the Poet,” although it bears no more resemblance to him than ours does to the well-known portraits of Ariosto. At present it bears

the title “Portrait of a Young Man,” by Titian. There is this instructive difference between the two portraits—viz., that in that at Munich he is handling a dagger, while in ours he holds a rosary.

Before proceeding to expound my solution of the problem, I must remark that the title “Portrait of a Poet” is not necessarily warranted by the picture. It has been accorded simply and solely because the background is supposed to represent a “laurel bush.” It may be observed that the true laurel of the Middle Ages, and until 1576, was what we now call the bay-tree (*Laurus nobilis*), the fruit of which is a purple berry. The berries represented in the picture are distinctly green, as are those of the branch shown in the famous allegory of Bronzino. Of course, it will be replied that artists do not pretend to be botanists, and might easily give to the berry the colour of the wild olive of Italy without being challenged. There is no need to press the matter further, for, even admitting that the shrub is a laurel (with unripe berries, perhaps) it should be remem-



PROSPERO COLONNA.

(From the Bust in the Colonna Gallery, Rome.)

bered that the laurel was not exclusively the emblem of the “poet.” It was universally used as the symbol of victory in triumphs to crown the head of the victor, and was planted before the gates of emperors and pontiffs.

“Postibus Augustis Laurus, fidissima custos  
Ante fores stabis.”—OVID, “Met.” i., 562.

Thus the portrait may with quite as much reason be considered to be that of a victorious prince—say, one of the successful “capitani,” or leaders in the Italian wars of the sixteenth century.

The next point to which I would call attention is, that below the left hand of our hero—below what we have been told to call the rosary, and upon what is taken for the back of a book—is a





PORTRAIT OF A POET (?).

(From the Painting in the National Gallery ascribed to Jacopo Palma. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)







St. Andrew's cross or saltire. It may easily be supposed to be the cross dependent from the beads, and perhaps is so intended to be considered; but on very careful examination it will prove to be an independent “saltire.”

Now the cross saltire is to be found upon the banner of the celebrated Colonna family. It was, moreover, a practice among the soldiers of this family to wear their scarves cross-wise upon the breastplate. There is in the Colonna Gallery at Rome a remarkable painting by Pietro da Cortona representing the resurrection of the members of one branch of the family. Twelve marble tombs are arranged on the four sides of an open square; each tomb is inscribed with the name of its occupant, who has just started up into life at the sound of the trumpet. The ladies are, of course, receiving the assistance of angels; but the men are shifting for themselves, as is only right. In the midst of this square is an already empty tomb, with an angel holding a bandrol, on which are the words, “(Re)surrexit Dom(inus) non est ica,” and in mid-air over this tomb is the figure of the risen Christ holding aloft this banner with the saltire cross. In the heavens above the Father Almighty, attended by cherubim, is waiting to receive Him.

This singular family picture was that of Fabricius Colonna, Constable of the King of Naples, and of his descendants to the third generation.

Whether I am right or wrong in assuming that this cross is arranged saltire-wise in our picture because the cross saltire was like the column used by the Colonna family may be a fair matter of opinion. Its presence certainly induced me to search among the members of the Colonna family for the personage represented, and it is my belief that I have found him in the famous “Liberator of Italy,” Prospero Colonna (*b.* 1464, *d.* 1523), who was the cousin of the above-mentioned Fabricius.

This Prospero Colonna, Signor of Paliano, spent his youth in pursuit of pleasure in Rome, but, having had the misfortune to kill a man, he fled from the capital to his signiory, which he had to defend against the Pope Sixtus IV., who sent his troops to exterminate the Colonna family. He stubbornly

contested every rock, house, and bridge; but the Pontifical general, Giralamo Riario, aided by the Orsini, was too strong for him.

In 1484, on the death of the Pope and the election of Innocent VIII., Prospero's fortunes revived. He allied himself with the new Pope, and even fought for him against the King of Naples and his old enemies, the Orsini. When Charles VIII.,



PROSPERO COLONNA.

(From “*Ritratti et Elogie di Capitani Illustri*,” by Pompilio Totti, Roma, 1635.)

King of France, entered Italy, and joined in the fray against the King of Naples, Prospero at first assisted the French, but very soon turned against them, and threw in his lot with his neighbour of Naples. He seized the port of Ostia, and became zealous in driving the invaders out of the kingdom, replacing King Ferdinand on the throne.

In 1492 Borgia, Alexander VI., was elected Pope. His son, Caesar Borgia, wishing to conquer the Romagna, and create for himself an independent kingdom, invited and secured the assistance of the French. They entered Rome in 1495, and Prospero retired, fighting them at every opportunity, until, in 1497, his efforts were successful, and Federigo of Aragon was crowned at Capua. For this achievement he was appointed Grand Constable of the



Forces. It was at this period (1500) that Prospero Colonna rebuilt the monastery of the Benedictine order of Olivetani, an order with which he associated himself (and which used the wild olive as its symbol) to the end of his life, even residing in their monastery for some time, a fact which is recorded upon a tablet at the entrance of the cloisters in the fol-



PROSPERO COLONNA.

(From the "*Columensium Procerum*.")

lowing inscription (given by the Abbas Domenicus de Santis):—

"Qui legis contemplare Prosper Colonna  
Fundorum Comes, Trajecti Dux.

Regisque Imperator Exercitus Domicilium hoc a fundamentis erexit. Quo ab armis hic locum, in coelo autem aliud sibi collocaret. A.D. M.D."

According to my theory, it would be during this period of rest that our picture was painted. Prospero was thirty-six years old when he resided in the monastery of the Olivetani. The rosary which he holds would be appropriate to his monastic retreat, and perhaps even the tassel may have indicated that he was Constable of the Forces, or it might be the tassel of one of the Spanish orders of knighthood, for the Neapolitan Court was, of course, closely allied to that of Spain.

Prospero was not allowed to enjoy repose long. The Colonna family called upon him to take the command in their death-struggle with the Orsini, whom he defeated in the battle of Montecelli. Hereupon Pope Alexander sided with the latter, wishing to exterminate the Colonna family for the aggrandisement of his son, Caesar Borgia. The Papal troops were victorious, and Prospero retired to Gonsalvo at Cosaga, the headquarters of the Spanish army, being aware that the French were supporting Borgia. The Pope, in revenge, issued a bull of excommunication against him. On the death of the Pope in 1503 the people rose against the Borgia family. Caesar, in his turn, fled to Gonsalvo, the Spanish general, at Naples. He was at first received as a guest, but on the arrival of orders that he should be sent a prisoner to Spain, Prospero accompanied him thither as his companion rather than as his jailor. Two years later he returned into Italy, and became the friend of Pope Julius II., who, desiring to drive the foreigners out of Italy, reconciled the rival houses of Colonna and Orsini. In 1512 he took up arms against the Venetians and their French allies.

After the victory of Vicenza, the Storza family chose him to conduct the defence of Lombardy against the French. He succeeded by his admirable strategy. In 1515 the French made a fresh attempt to conquer Italy. Prospero hastened to occupy the passes of the Alps; but Trivulzo, the French general, crossed by a new route, hemmed him in, and finally captured him at Villa Franca. On his release in 1516 he was deputed by the Emperor Charles V. to receive possession of the kingdom of Naples in his name. At this time he rebuilt the church of his favourite monastery of the Olivetani, thus completing the work he had begun in 1500. In 1521, and again in 1523, he was engaged in defending the city of Milan. Although an old and infirm man, the fame of his life-long struggles against the invader, and of his successful strategy, was such that his presence was indispensable. He was carried about in a litter, and had the good fortune to be once more successful, Milan being saved by his excellent dispositions without any fighting. But he only lived a few months after his triumph. Prospero died in Milan on the 30th of December, and was buried there in the church of St. Nazarene. On his monument it is claimed that "he conducted his arduous campaigns in the defence of Italy without needless bloodshed." On another monument erected to him by his kinsman, Philipp Colonna, he is styled the "Quintus Fabius of his age, who restored to his country its ancient



prosperity by biding his opportunity. He was honoured with the applause of his fellow-countrymen, and hailed the protector of the Italian nation and of his own birthright.”

We are told by Pompilio Totti (“Ritratti et Elogie di Capitani Illustri: Roma, 1635”) that “Prospero was tall in person, ruddy in countenance, his eyes were black, his beard reddish, and the locks of his hair of a chestnut colour.”

This description tallies exactly with our picture. Of the portraits which we reproduce it only remains to be said that the bust is preserved in the Colonna Gallery at Rome. This will be found figured also in “Litta” (vol. ii.), with the title “Prospero Colonna, morto in Milano, nel 1523.” The sculptor’s name is not given.

The second portrait is reproduced from Pompilio Totti’s book above-mentioned, which is dedicated to Francesco d’Este, Duke of Modena, dated 1625. It has below it only the name “Prospero Colonna,” and a shield in the corner with the column upon it. In his preface the author states that he has “obtained the portraits at great labour and expense as opportunity offered.”

The third portrait, which represents him at an advanced age, is noteworthy, because it shows the saltire or St. Andrew’s cross upon the breastplate. It is reproduced from the “Colummensium Procerum” of the Abbas Domenicus de Santis, published at Rome in 1675, and has for inscription the words “Prosper Columni Trajecti Dux.”

And now I think I may draw attention to a portrait on panel, formerly in the ancient “Castelbareo” collection at Milan, which Vaillardi, who first described it in 1843, wrongly named a portrait of Cæsar Borgia, and equally wrongly attributed to the hand of Raphael. As these claims have been sufficiently disproved by M. Charles Yriarte in his

“Autour des Borgia,” and by all students of Raphael—among others, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who attributed it to the brush of Alto Bello Melone of Cremona—it is quite open to me to claim it as a portrait of Prospero Colonna. What he is holding in his hand—whether a bulla, a large olive, or simply the knob of his dagger, I cannot pretend to assert.



CÆSAR BORGIA (SO-CALLED).

(From the Painting ascribed to Raphael.)

Prospero Colonna’s long association with Milan, which he defended three times, will be remembered.

It may be added that Vaillardi, whose fine collection of drawings has found its resting-place in the Louvre, informs us that he possessed “a very excellent and learned sketch for this portrait, which he considered the work of Raphael.” It was sold at Paris in 1870 for 1,100 francs, a very fair price for a drawing of uncertain attribution.





## THE HOME-LIFE OF JOHN LEECH.

BY HENRY SILVER.

IT well may be lamented that, although the Life of Charles Keene has been copiously written, we are still without an exhaustive biography of Leech. Those which have as yet appeared can hardly be considered as deserving of that epithet; the very latest of them—which Mr. Frith has given us—has been critically thought not to cover the ground. Some notes by Mr. Reynolds Hole, who is now the Dean of Rochester, are written in a manner more worthy of the theme: and if the good Dean could only spare the time to write the Life in full, we well might be content to leave the matter in his hands.

Objection may, of course, be made by over-captious critics that there can be little worth recording in the life of modern artists, although in mediæval days men such as they had doubtless their full share of adventure and romance. But a life may be of interest without being romantic, and there are incidents worth record in the most humdrum existence. Nowadays biographies are as plentiful as blackberries, and that of John Leech certainly would prove far more worth writing than many which are published. Moreover, though he wisely liked to lead a quiet life, it hardly can be said that there was no romance in it. Love at first sight of a pretty girl seen walking in the street, and followed to her door, may be surely called romantic; and although Miss Lydia Languish might pout at being told that a wedding was the sequel in the usual prosy way, as an excuse it may be urged that there was unluckily no need of an elopement.

Society reporting is a fashionable pastime, and is doubtless found to pay, or it would scarcely be persisted in. Visions seen through keyholes are little

to be trusted, nor is faith to be reposed in the record of mere eavesdroppings. As for using a friend's table as a place to pick up crumbs of diet for the scandal-monger, clearly such a practice is a breach of etiquette as well as a breach of hospitality. Much as we may regret that Leech's Life has not been

written, we may at least be thankful that he lived before the age of universal interviewing and loud blaring of the show-folk who supply our Vanity Fair with its food for tittle-tattle. A hard worker himself, and hating needless noise as interfering with his industry, he would sternly have forbidden such intrusions on his privacy as are nowadays so commonly inflicted upon artists. A reporter in his studio would have been about as welcome as a blatant German bandsman or Italian barrel-organist. *Quietos non moere*—disturb no quiet people—was the precept he most cherished, and few things would more have vexed him than to find his name paraded need-

lessly in newspapers. Happily for him, there were no writers in his days commissioned to describe celebrities at home, and give the world a pen-and-inkling of their habits and surroundings, making public many details of their daily private life. Once, when threatened with a paragraph, he is reported to have hinted, "I can *draw* and defend myself," and wielding his trusty pencil for a weapon, he would probably have made short work of his antagonist.

Great as was, however, his gift of caricature, Leech was never tempted to make offensive use of it. Severe and sharp as were his "cuts" when he chastised a cheap trade sweater or a bill-discounting Shylock, he dealt gently with the shams and follies of society, and, powerful as they were, his political



JOHN LEECH.

(From the Portrait by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.)





JOHN LEECH'S HOUSE, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET.

*(Drawn by John Fulleylove, R.I.)*

cartoons never were ill-natured. He had the art of making merry without giving offence, and could ridicule a statesman without hurting his feelings. He poked more fun at Lord John Russell than at most men of his time, yet his Lordship was so little wounded by the ridicule that he wrote the kindest sympathy to the widow of the artist, and gave her boy a presentation to the Charterhouse.

The like good-nature and good-feeling were observable throughout the course of his home-life. There never was a man more courted and caressed when he ventured in society, yet there never was a man less spoilt by such caressing. He could have dined out every evening of the week if he had chosen, but he rather shunned than courted frequent invitations. As for being worshipped as an idol of society, he was far too sensible to let such fate occur to him, and he had too much self-respect to figure as a lion in a fashionable menagerie, where tame bores idly congregate. Staircase life and conversation were little to his liking, and the idea of going out to an

“At Home” at nearly midnight was a species of folly which he held in great abhorrence. Loving fresh air as he did, he naturally detested all those stifling crams and crushes, which seem, as Bulwer says, “convened for a practical parody of Mr. Bentham’s famous proposition, contriving the smallest happiness for the greatest number.”

But though he shunned all social “functions,” as the fashion is to call them—how the shade of Dr. Johnson would shudder at the word!—Leech greatly loved to meet his friends, and took great pains to entertain them. A few dishes well cooked at home he preferred to costly dainties served half-cold from the confectioner’s; and although he never bragged about the value of his wine, his guests were always sure to get the best that



JOHN LEECH'S HOUSE: THE PORCH.

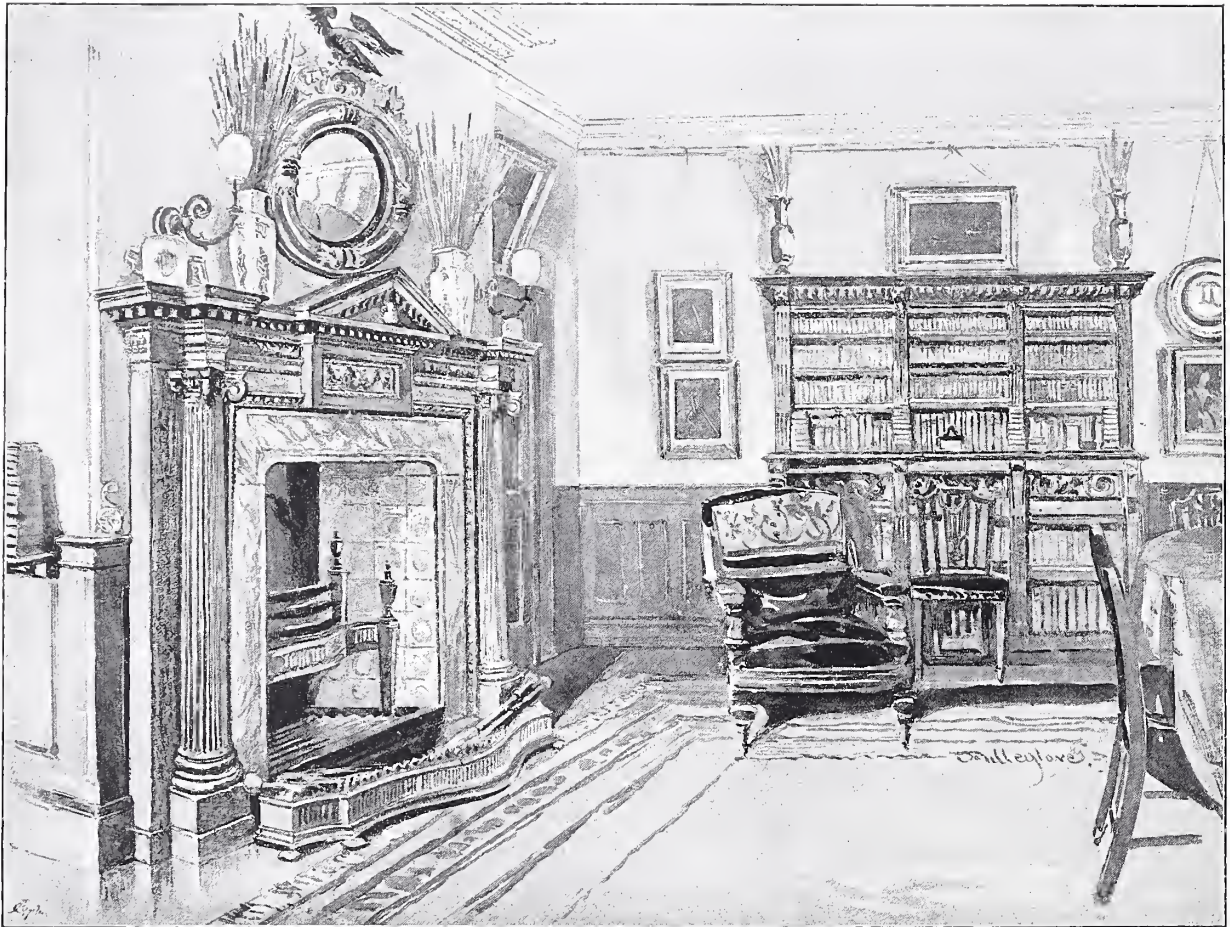
*(Drawn by John Fulleylove, R.I.)*



he could give them. There was never any empty show about his little feasts, but there was always an enjoyable supply of solid comfort; and if any extra luxury happened to occur, it was made a theme for fun and not for snobbish ostentation. Of this Dean Hole gives a good instance when he

Graces, nor more than the Muses"—such, except on rare occasions, was the rule at his festivities.

In his essay on "Conversation" (which is now but seldom read, though it is still worth reading) Henry Fielding has declared that "Whoever, from the goodness of his disposition or understanding,



JOHN LEECH'S HOUSE: THE DINING-ROOM.

(Drawn by John Fulleylove, R.I.)

tells how, at dessert, he was handed some prize strawberries, and how Leech, who was the host, avoiding any compliment, very solemnly selected one, and bade the waiter go and carve it at the sideboard.

Nor was he less careful in the point of mental catering. You were always sure to meet some pleasant talkers at his house, and you had the rarer certainty that none would talk too much there. Leech hated needless noise, as already has been hinted, and few men more annoyed him than a ceaseless tittle-tattler. Yet he liked talk to be general, and not divided in duets, as is now the dinner fashion. For this reason he objected strongly to large parties, besides their further faults of crowding and discomfort. "Not fewer than the

endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the good-humour and happiness of others, and to contribute to the ease and comfort of all his acquaintance, . . . hath, in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good breeding." And certainly, if we accept this definition, very few of us could boast of better breeding than John Leech. No man could do more to cultivate good-humour, or to entertain his friends with comfort and with ease.

A good talker when he pleased, Leech likewise had the art of being a good listener. To the gift of silvern speech he added that of golden silence, and knew how to hold his tongue as well as how to use it. Whether as host or as a guest he never grabbed the lion's share of conversation, in general speaking chiefly when it seemed to flag, or when a word



might stir a theme for general discussion. He never snubbed a younger man, but rather tried to draw him out, and give him a fair chance to show what there was in him. While sitting at his table you were always at your ease, and felt no nervous fear of seeming awkward or insipid. "Consule Plauco," a young man, was often shy among his elders, though, doubtless, in these days such a failing is impossible.

I remember that one evening when I dined in Brunswick Square (*ehcu, fugaces!* more than thirty years have fled since then!), I had been laughing very gaily, but not talking very glibly, when, in a pause of story-telling—which often leads to silence—Leech bade me tell a tale which I had told a while

was put so greatly at his ease by Leech's cheery kindness, that he readily consented, nay, well-nigh volunteered, to sit at the piano when we went into the drawing-room. Before doing so, however, he gravely locked the door.

"Can't bear being interrupted by fellows bringing tea-cups—like this, you know," he added, stalking pompously about, with protruded waistcoat, and arms outstretched from elbows, as though carrying a tea-tray.

I think it was at this same merry little party that he acted for our benefit two dramas of the dinner-table, for when he told a story he generally acted it. The one was of a nervous man who



JOHN LEECH'S HOUSE, FROM THE GARDEN.

(Drawn by John Fulleylove, R.I.)

before to him. As the story was so good a one that my telling could not spoil it, my tongue was quite unloosed for the remainder of the evening. Another time I recollect at the old house in Kensington, when John Parry, who was generally nervous in society,

dropped his eyeglass in his soup, which chanced to be thick turtle, wherein he vainly fished for it; and the other was of a person full of mistimed impulse, who, having spilt a little salt upon the tablecloth, promptly emptied half a glass of claret upon



the spot, thus unhappily reversing the customary process.

Leech never was a gourmand; still he liked a decent dinner, and very sensibly was not at all ashamed to say so. "A good day's work deserves a good dinner," he declared; and surely no one better merited such recompense. The ways of living then were not so fast as they seem now in these high-pressure times of hurry-scurry scramble. Guests now gobble up their food as though they had to catch a train; and a dinner of six courses merely seems a sort of racecourse, where the fashionable struggle is who can eat the fastest. Like most men of good sense, and what then was deemed good breeding, Leech had a great dislike to being hurried at his dinner. A lark pudding was a common dish with him on Sundays: for, though detesting a cold dinner, he had a great dislike to give his cook much work on Sunday. But he would linger lovingly over this one dish, probing to its juicy depths, and picking choice tit-bits for his wife, or for the guest (for there was rarely more than one) who had the good luck to be present.

The rule prohibiting cold dinners was not observed in summer-time, especially when he had moved from Brunswick Square to Kensington. Here he often gave a garden party, which was far more pleasant than is usual for such merry-makings. A plateful of good soup and a slice of cold roast beef were served instead of ices and slices of sponge-cake; and half a score of guests were asked instead of half a hundred. Thackeray avowed a special fondness for these parties, and, living close at hand, was often able to be present. The garden was a well-nigh country garden then, and flycatchers and black-birds used frequently to build there. The famous Mr. Banting, who cured himself of fatness, lived nearly next door, and would send delicious mulberries, fresh gathered from his tree, a few yards only distant. No shrieking trains were near, to make night hideous with their clamour, nor was much traffic audible from what is now the crowded and bus-overburdened road. Indeed, under the weeping ash-tree, where the festive board was spread, all was so cosy and so quiet that you might have heard an "h" drop if a Cockney had been present.

Those delightful outdoor dinners! Where are such garden parties now? Alas! the ash-tree has been sold with the ground whereon it grew, and will soon be rooted up, with all the memories that cling to it. The old house where John Leech lived will be cleared away next year, in order to make room for some new monster brick-and-mortar works; and the garden where we dined will be swept into the "Ewigkeit," just like the famous "barty" that was given by Hans Breitmann.

In these ever-stirring times, when all the world is on the move, and globe-trotting has grown into a fashionable pastime; when to live like a trade-traveller is deemed the height of luxury, and nobody cares to stay above a week in the same spot; when authors go to Jericho to pick up fresh ideas, and artists to Japan to find a costume fit to paint, it is refreshing to be told, by way of contrast, of a person like John Leech, who was placidly content to lead a quiet life. In a few more generations of this locomotive era it is probable that people will live always at hotels, and the word "home" in our language will no longer exist. Leech, however, always was a lover of his home, and was never tired of a quiet, homely life. He had little taste for travel; hardly more, indeed, than the old Turkish *cadi*, who rebuked a British tourist with the sensible remark, "After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none." Once, indeed, he went to Biarritz, but only for a day or two, preferring usually to stay at some quiet English seaside, such as Whitby or Lowestoft (both grown noisy since his time), where "the knockers were dieted to three raps per diem," as they were at Winchester in the days of Keats. Such was his annual relief from the "demition grind" of daily toil in town. Hours of idleness, however, were rare, even in his holidays; for, wherever he might stay, his *Punch* work still was done, and his luggage always held a large supply of wood-blocks.

"Womanliness means only motherhood," says Browning, and manliness may be said to mean not merely fortitude and courage, but purity as well as tenderness and truth. A kind and loving husband, a true and constant friend, a brave worker for his family, and of pure and blameless life, John Leech had all the attributes of manliness of character, and he had none of the defects, such as vanity and peevishness, whereby genius is frequently disfigured and deformed. Acutely sensitive by nature, he was ever quick of sympathy. His tongue was always ready to plead another's merit, while dumb as to his own. Modest and unselfish, he disclaimed as far as possible all praise of his own work, yet never let a chance slip to say a kindly word for those whom he thought worthy in their fight for public fame. As for jealousy or envy, such mean faults as these were foreign to his nature, which was far too great and generous to yield them any growth.\*

\* In THE MAGAZINE OF ART for 1891, at page 116, it is stated by a writer who professes to know facts that Charles Keene "sent a drawing to the *Punch* office, from the garret which he occupied above a milkshop over the way. That drawing procured him the connection" with *Punch* . . . "although Leech was at first opposed to his entry." And, further, it is affirmed, at page 156, "Leech particularly noted one of them (Keene's



Kind as he was ever to his friends, to their children Leech, if possible, was kinder still. For instance, one day he invited a young son of his old friend, Charles Dickens, to dinner at the Garrick Club, and to go thence to the pantomime, an amusement which was certainly not chosen for the pleasure of the host. Leech, it is true, had sometimes (in the sacred cause of charity) appeared upon the stage, but he very seldom cared to be seated in the stalls. How greatly the small guest enjoyed himself that evening might be judged from a letter which his father wrote next day, and which described his son (who had just entered the Navy) as having risen seemingly to the rank of a Port-Admiral, so highly was he elated by the honour of having dined with a great artist at a Club!

And since he cared so kindly for the children of his friends, it scarcely needs be added that Leech was always tenderly regardful of his own. Having lost his first-born, he seemed nervously afraid lest mishaps might occur to his little boy and girl, who ran some risk of being spoilt through his too sedulous attention. "Pretty to see," as Pepys would say, the careful watch he kept on them when going for a walk with him, and when his little girl began to ride, her father always somehow spared the time to lead her pony.

Still, with all his petting, they seldom had a respite from the rule of early bedtime, which our *fin-de-siècle* infants may doubtless deem preposterous. In point of diet, too, their treatment was most sensible: plain and wholesome food being plentifully served, and few chances allowed for surreptitious dainty-fingering. Once at Brighton, I remember,

drawings) which contained the head of a charmingly beautiful girl, and, to speak frankly, boycotted the artist."

As to this, I may observe that Charles Keene never occupied a garret in Fleet Street, and that the first drawings which he sent to *Punch* were all passed through my hands, as I have stated in his Life. Not one of them contained a beautiful girl's head, nor did he excel in drawings of that sort. As for his being, "to speak frankly, boycotted" by Leech, to those who really knew the latter such a charge must seem absurd, and to refute it may appear a verbal superfluity. So far from being jealous, Leech always spoke of Keene's work with the very highest praise, and was the first to recommend that he be asked to join the staff.

"Bouge" and Ada were invited to a children's party, and were specially enjoined to be careful what they ate there, as the house had a repute for rather gorgeous cookery. On their return they were quite hungry, finding nothing they dared eat, except some microscopic sandwiches. "They offered us champagne, papa, but, of course, we didn't take it, for we don't get it at home, you know," said Miss Ada, like a martyr. "And they handed us some tiny little birds, all wrapped up in vine leaves; but we didn't touch them either, though Bouge said he



THE ASH-TREE IN THE GARDEN OF JOHN LEECH'S HOUSE.

(Drawn by John Fulleylove, R.I.)

would like to." And here Miss Ada turned her big eyes on the other little martyr. "Ortolans, no doubt," said Leech: "fancy giving children ortolans! Well, Ada, you were quite right not to let Bouge eat them. They are merely lumps of fat, and might have disagreed with him. Still, it seems a pity you were not allowed to pocket some. They might have come in handy, for we've rather a poor dinner."

Not long after this Ada gave a little dance to celebrate her birthday, and I had the privilege to receive an invitation. Among the children, like myself, who were of larger growth, Thackeray and "Big" Higgins (known to fame as "Jacob Onmium") loomed bulkily in the distance, and looked like Gog and Magog at a civic feast. Before the year had ended, Thackeray was dead: and Leech had the foreboding that he would not long survive him. This he told me very gravely, at his house one Sunday evening, not many days after that sad, fatal Christmas Eve, when the tale of "Denis Duval," which had begun with so much promise, was cut prematurely



short. "I fancy he was tired of life," said Leech in his deep voice: and at the words I wondered much, as any young man might who failed to see beneath the surface of a loved and prospering life. "I feel somehow I shan't survive him long," he added rather wearily; "and I shouldn't care much either, if it were not for my family." Then, after a pause, he said more cheerfully, "But I can do some work yet. And at any rate, thank Heaven! they needn't send the hat round."

I little thought as I walked home how soon his

forecast would be realised. Within a month or so his first heart-stroke occurred, and on the first Saturday of the following November I was one of the ten mourners who were bearers of his pall.

*Quando ullum invenies parem?* Artists, doubtless, may be multiplied as the census roll increases, and art schools may supply facilities of learning, whereby talent may be tempted to rapidity of growth. But a genius like that of Leech will ever be a rarity, and it well may be the boast of the soon expiring century that it has given him birth.

### "THE PRELUDE."

PAINTED BY CHARLES S. PEARCE. ETCHED BY S. A. SCHOFF.

THE modern American school of painting may be broadly divided into two classes—the native American school and the Franco-American school: the former but little known, and consequently too little appreciated, in Europe; and the latter well enough known as brilliant exponents—as hot-house exotics, with, alas! but few truly national characteristics. To this class belongs Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, whose picture "The Serenade" is issued with this Part in the etched translation by Mr. Schoff. This work was painted in 1883, and in that year exhibited at the Salon (where it gained a third-class medal), together with "The Water-Carrier," "Marmette," and other works.

Mr. Pearce was born in Boston in 1851, but came to Europe in 1866, and placed himself under the tutelage of M. Léon Bonnat. His winters were spent in Nice, and voyages to Algiers and other parts of Africa naturally gave a distinct tone and direction to his artistic sensibilities. This development afforded a strong contrast from his youth, when his ambition was to paint great Biblical subjects, such as "Lamentation over the First-born" (1878), "The Sacrifice of Abraham," and "The Capitation of St. John." The spirit of Barry and Haydon was strong within him; but, like Jan Van Beers, he yielded to

the pressure of the times, and became more modern in his ideas and in his subjects. At the same time, he sought to cultivate more and more his excellence of technique, and only transferred to it the enthusiasm he had misplaced in "the grand style." Success soon confirmed the rightness of his view: he did better work, and he attracted the more anxious attention of the collector. "The Prelude"—or, to call it by its original name, "The Guitar-Player"—found an immediate purchaser in Mr. John Lowell, who carried it over to Boston, and parted with it there to Mr. Francis Bartlett of that city. In his collection it was until quite recently, and there perhaps it still remains. It is a work of considerable brilliancy, rich in its harmony of colour, and solidly painted—a scholarly and sympathetic picture, excellently drawn, and full of character. The etching of Mr. Schoff is a notable example of that handling, bordering close on the methods of line engraving, to which we referred on p. 84, in our remarks on "After the Festa" of Mr. David Law. Yet the expression of the head is here so well rendered, and the various parts are so harmoniously and broadly wrought, in spite of much mechanical treatment, that it is difficult not to accept the plate as an interesting justification of a not wholly defensible craftsmanship. S.



(Drawn by C. Ricketts.)





C. Sprague Pearce, pinxt

S.A. Schöff, sculpt

THE PRELUDE.









Hail, happy March, whose foot on earth  
Rings as the blast of martial mirth  
When trumpets fire men's hearts for fray.  
No race of wild things winged or finned  
May match the might that wings thy wind  
Through air and sea through scud and spray.  
Strong joy and thou were powers twin-born  
Of tempest and the lowering morn.

MARCH.

(Poem by Algernon C. Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)



## FORMAL GARDENS.\*

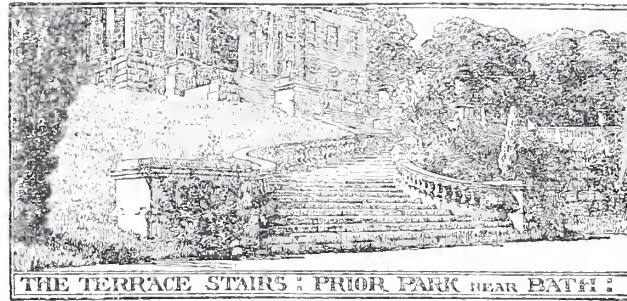
**D**IFFERENCES between doctors are proverbial; but we were only lately made aware of the extent to which gardeners could differ, and say bitter things of each other. We have always thought of gardeners as mild, sweet-mannered men, whose hearts were so full of love for their work, and the delights which spring from it, that there was no space left in them for any gall or bitterness; but a short time since Messrs. Macmillan published a little book by Mr. Reginald Blomfield, illustrated by Mr. F. Inigo Thomas, which was something of a surprise as to the bitterness which could exist between the formal gardener and the landscape gardener; and quite recently a reply has appeared in the interests of the latter which lacks little of the bitterness of the attack.

We must confess to a lurking sympathy with the

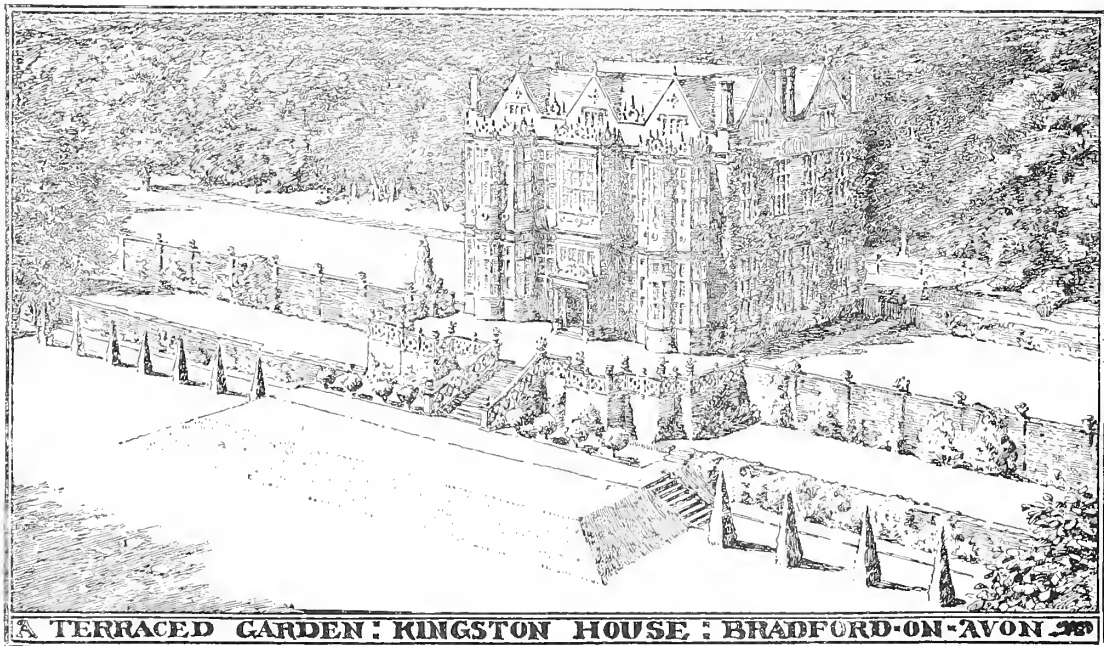
A case is within our knowledge where a wealthy purchaser of a small estate let loose one of the craft upon a bit of the most beautiful and untouched country. The estate was small, and the first idea of this landscape gardener was that he must

do his best to make it seem large. All its natural boundaries must be cut away. A magnificent old hedge of beech-roots, which was a perfect garden of wild flowers all the year through, formed the boundary on one side, and separated it from a rough common.

It was a perfect protection from tramps and marauders of all kinds. It was a perpetual delight to the naturalist; but it interfered with the idea that that common beyond was part of the small estate; so it had to go, and labourers were at work for weeks grubbing it up, and its place was taken by a four-barred iron



(Drawn by F. Inigo Thomas.)



(Drawn by F. Inigo Thomas.)

antipathy to the landscape gardener, though our objection to him may be for other reasons than those of the formal gardener.

\* "The Formal Garden in England." By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.)

fencing which was invisible from the house. A beautiful country road ran through the estate—a public right of way, bounded by old and beautiful hedgerows. These also were grubbed up to give place to the inevitable iron railing. Grand old



trees, single and in groups, were cleared away, and in their stead were planted laurels and other evergreens within circles of iron railings. It is quite safe to say that miles of iron railings were erected on that little estate of about two hundred acres, and much of the country-side was spoiled.

Iron railings are formal enough, but they do not produce the formality advocated by Mr. Blomfield—the formality of clipped elms, yews, hollies, box, and limes, of grottoes and temples and artificial ponds, of sun-dials and close-shaven lawns. The formal gardener does not intend it to be understood that his garden is the simple work of nature. The hand of the gardener must be seen everywhere.

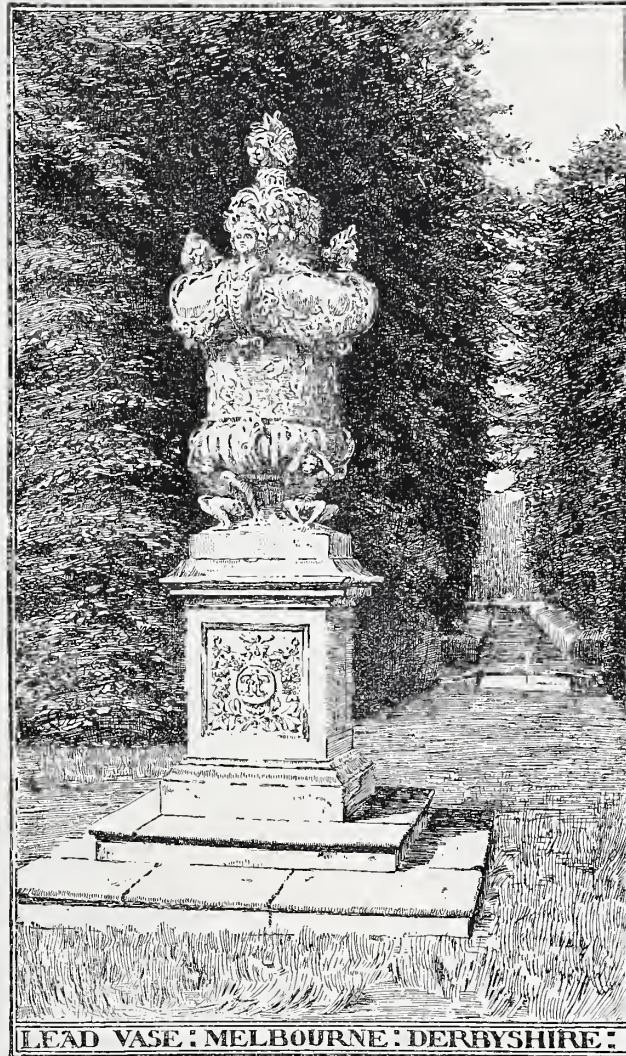
But why should the advocates of the natural and the artificial fight over our sweet resting-place? Are there not charms in both forms of gardens? Nature unadorned is good enough in its place; but nature trained to man's fancies is also a delight. At least some of us love to walk between the trimmed box-edges when the moisture of the morning brings out its sweet old perfume; and those antique formal gardens that remain in the country possess a charm and a prestige of antiquity differing altogether from the pleasures to be found in the simply natural garden.

But Mr. Blomfield's book is not all contentious. In great part it is historical, and beginning with the formal garden as depicted in an illumination of a garden in a fifteenth-century MS.—“The Romance of the Rose”—it introduces us to all the eminent gardeners who have made great gardens in England. The Civil War, as might have been expected, was fatal to the garden. Evelyn, writing in 1666, was

greatly distressed at the destruction of the beautiful garden of Nonsuch by the Puritans, “those destructive and avaricious rebels,” as he terms them. At the Restoration, however, the fashion of the French gardeners found its way into England: and many English gardens were laid out on the lines of the

great Frenchman, Le Notre, who had much to do in the designing of the gardens at Versailles. Under this influence were formed the lovely gardens of Melbourne Hall, in Derbyshire, and many of the gardens of the wealthiest gentry and aristocracy.

It was not unnatural that with the accession of William and Mary certain Dutch fashions should come into vogue; of these the most notable was the clipping of the yew and box trees, and trimming them into every conceivable shape. This was not entirely a new thing in English gardens, but it now became a perfect mania, and every tree that could be clipped was deprived of its natural shape, and became a cock or a hen, man, dog, or ship. Mr. Wise, gardener to Queen Anne and to George I., carried on the Dutch



LEAD VASE: MELBOURNE: DERBYSHIRE:

(Drawn by F. Inigo Thomas.)

tradition, but the enemy of the formal gardener was on the trail. Nature was outraged in the persons of her clipped trees, and in the *Spectator* Addison attacks the whole system of formal gardening, and insists that in a garden we should preserve nature as much as possible. Pope followed suit, and then came the time of the landscape gardener. All this is very pleasantly told, and the book is full of interest, especially when it deals with the history of the chief formal gardens in England. The illustrations suit the book to a nicety. They are “formal” drawings of the formal gardens, and they serve to make this a very pretty and interesting volume.



## THE INDIAN METAL-WORK EXHIBITION AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

BY SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD, K.C.S.I.

THE marvellous collection of Indian metal-work that has been on view at the Imperial Institute during the last year was never intended to be an exhibition of Indian art in its application to gold and silver plate, copper, tin, and iron braziers, damascenes, enamels, arms, and jewellery. As organised by Sir Frederick Abel, the Imperial Institute will not be used for any of the purposes already fulfilled by other public institutions; and in the same way as it leaves zoology to the British Museum, botany to Kew, and geology to the Jermyn Street Museum, so will it leave art to the South Kensington Museum, where an exhaustive exposition of the architecture and industrial arts of India has been for years administered with unqualified success by the Science and Art Department. The Imperial Institute is designed, in short, to be used exclusively for the widest pos-

them by means of authentic and constantly renewed samples; and the present exhibition at the Institute was undertaken by Sir Frederick Abel simply to afford the purchasing public in this country some idea of the wide, extended, and truly prodigious production of metal-work in India at prices but a little above its intrinsic value, and to give the manufacturers of Sheffield and Birmingham the most comprehensive and detailed personal acquaintance, so to say, with every denomination of goldsmith's work, braziers, arms, and jewellery produced by the people of India for their own consumption. It is the more unfortunate, therefore, that this special character and aim of the exhibition

have not been better appreciated, and that the sightseers, and even the critics, who have visited it have persisted in regarding it from the purely aesthetic point of view, with the inevitable result



FIG. 2.—BRASS SALVER.



FIG. 3.—SALVER IN REPOUSSÉ.

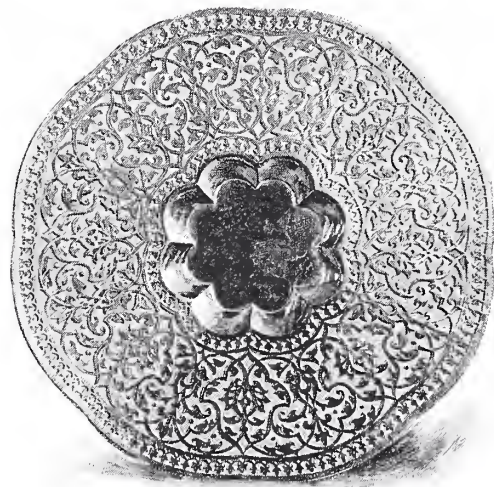


FIG. 4.—SALVER.

sible diffusion of knowledge regarding the general reproductive resources of the British Empire, and for the permanently accessible provision of full and accurate information of its natural and artificial productions, particularly though the illustration of

of disappointment; for the very universality of the collections brought together by Surgeon Lieut.-Col. T. Holbein Hendley, C.I.E., to which the exhibition owes special commercial value, necessarily detracts from its artistic merit and interest.





FIG. 1.—SHIELD, WITH SILVER-PLATE PLAQUES.



Yet the exhibition contains many of the noblest examples of Indian art in metal-work. They are for the most part to be found in the collections graciously lent by Her Majesty the Queen-Empress and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and have already been fully described by me in the volume on the "Industrial Arts of India," published by the Science and Art Department, and in the *Journal of Indian Art* for October, 1891, and January, 1892.

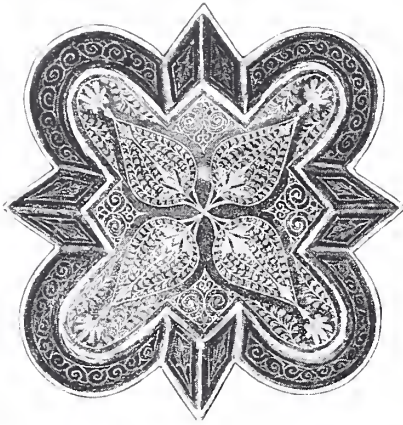


FIG. 6.—FALSE DAMASCENED SALVER.

hibition. That is to say, were the building on fire it is the first object I would rush off to save. It is a single-handled wine vessel (oinochoe), with a long body tapering in a gradual curve of exquisite delineation to its base, and rapidly, but most gracefully, contracting to its short neck, and at once again expanding in an equal curve to its mouth. The handle is extended from the rim of the mouth horizontally just past the shoulder beneath, to which it is from this point suddenly curved inwardly down, and soldered. From mouth to base the shapely vessel is hammered and graven in perpendicular bands, contracting to the neck and expanding to the shoulders, and again gradually contracting to the



FIG. 5.—TRUE DAMASCENED SALVER.

But, beside these, there is in the collection lent by Mr. James Annan Bryce a parcel gilt vase which, by the rough criterion I always apply in such cases, is the prize of the whole ex-

shining vase of perfect form and faultless decoration—a memorable example of the superlative excellence of the Indian goldsmith's antique art. Now that it has been once seen it must never be lost

base; these bands being embellished alternately throughout their length with conventional Indian animal and flower types, enchased deeply, but with the instinctive delicacy of a master-hand, in the solid silver, all over flushed with fading gold. The severe simplicity of its fine configuration, and the entire subordination thereto of its refined and rhythmical ornamentation, together with its technical dexterity and rare quality of matured surface, all combine to render this



FIG. 7.—SALVER IN GOLD ENAMELLING.



FIG. 8.—MOGOL COFFEE-POT.

sight of by the public, and I hope Mr. Bryce will consent to keep it in future on prolonged loan in the India Museum.

Sir Edward Durand's collections again abound with objects of the highest artistic merit, such as the ink-bottles and *huka* bowls from Nepaul. But I must not delay over them, beyond remarking how much more vividly we realise the bewildering diversity of types in the decorative arts of India from an exhibition, like the present, of a single department of them, than from a miscellaneous one. The type of the same article in the same material varies in every province of the peninsula, and only the predominating Hindu style is



everywhere without variability or shadow of changing. Those who on this account complain, as some of the critics of this exhibition have, of the want of originality in Indian art, confuse style with type. Could there be anything more racy of the soil than our native English school of portrait-painting? Yet all its types are borrowed from Zuccherò, Rubens, Vandyck, Lely, and Kneller, while its natural style was developed by the patient, dull laboriousness of Jervais and Richardson, and the quickening genius of Reynolds.

Regarded in its proper character as a commercial exhibition, the collections of brass trays and bowls and jugs and of enamelled plate from Jeypore are of extraordinary suggestiveness for English manufacturers, and all our figures are taken from them. They illustrate every class of metal-work for domestic use or sumptuary display produced in the Rajputana States: and it is little less than scandalous to this "nation of shopkeepers" that they should have been so carelessly appreciated here. But it is part and parcel of the lamentable want of intelligence shown by English manufacturers generally in providing for the wants of foreign customers, and which goes far to explain the comparative success of Germany and the United States in competing with us for the



FIG. 9.—EWER IN REPOUSSÉ.



FIG. 10.—COFFEE-POT.

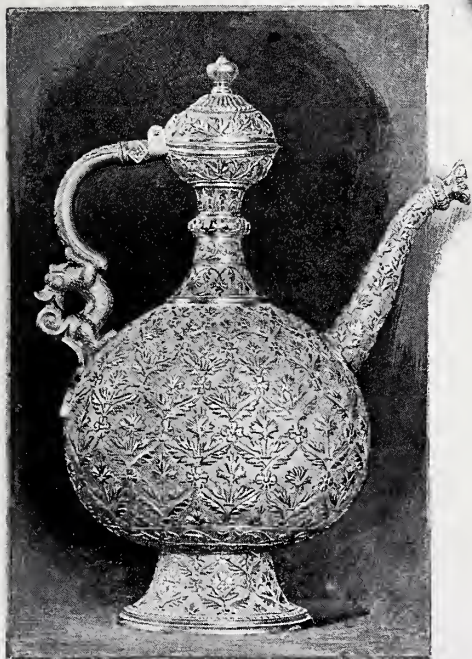


FIG. 11.—EWER.

trade of Anterior and Southern Asia and China, and of Africa and Central and Southern America. We are content to send out to these countries goods made at haphazard for them, while the manufacturers of Germany and the United States continually explore them, by means of thoroughly-informed "travellers," who find out the exact nature and quality and price of the goods everywhere locally manufactured, and supply them of an identical standard, and at a cheaper rate. This is the only way in which we can

hope to gain a footing for our manufacturers in such countries, particularly in India, where everything is made in accordance with a ritual constantly varying in its precise prescriptions. Of course this implies systematic and continuous research, but that it should not be beyond our capacity is proved by the history of the English East India Company, the astounding prosperity of which as a trading corporation down to the abolition of its beneficent monopoly in 1833 was entirely due to the minute study its agents made of every class of manufactured goods required in every part of India. It is through the lack of this sort of knowledge that our trade in various quarters of the world is being undermined by Germany and the United States; and the direct object of the present exhibition was to provide such knowledge regarding an important and absolutely ubiquitous branch of Indian manufacturing industry.



A conspicuous object in the Jeypore collection is\* the large shield (Fig. 1) in the centre of the room, representing in *repoussé*, on a series of silver-plated plaques, the leading incidents in the story of the Ramayana. It is a notable *tour de force* of manipulative skill.

In the first case on the right-hand side as you enter the room is an enormous brass tray, embossed with a representation of the Indian Sun-God in the centre, and in the two surrounding concentric circles with the ritualistic personifications, respectively, of the months and days of the months. Similar to this is a smaller tray (Fig. 2), with the Sun-God in the centre, concentrically encircled by the twelve signs of the solar and the twenty-eight signs of the lunar Zodiacs. Such

where the Ptolemaic system still universally prevails; and the explanation is that the Jeypore dynasty belongs to the Solar race of Hindu Aryas.

A fault in these Zodiacal trays is that the panels holding the signs are Italian ovals, and that the hard cable moulding round the edges of the trays is European of the basest degradation. The border of Fig. 3 is perfect; but unfortunately the figures in the centre have evidently been taken from stone carving, and are too stiff and formal in their attitudes for literal reproduction in metal. The patterning in Fig. 4 also

is admirable in both design and execution; but the black centre requires the relief of being omitted. Figs. 5 and 6 are examples of damascening



FIG. 12.—WATER BOWL.



FIG. 13.—TWO-HANDED WATER-BOWL.



FIG. 14.—JAR IN REPOUSSÉ.

objects should find a ready sale in this country for decorative purposes. One is struck by the Copernican astronomy being followed in a country

\* Sir George Birdwood's notes on the collection were written before the close of the Exhibition.—EDITOR.

in gold of the variety locally known as "tah-nishan," in which the gold wire is truly inlaid along the lines of the decoration graven in the steel; and Fig. 7 is a highly meritorious specimen of the Jeypore enamelling in gold, the master handicraft



of the world. Figs. 8 to 14 inclusive are all objects at once noticeable for their beautiful execution. Figs. 9, 10, 11, and 12 are of perfectly pleasing design. But it is not quite satisfactory to find that some of these designs are not aboriginal to Jeypore; and it is altogether unsatisfactory to find, as in Fig. 8, a Mogol coffee-pot conspicuously disfigured,

Col. Hindley, C.I.E., and the highest honour on His Highness the Maharajah Sawai Madhie Singh, G.C.S.I., of Jeypore.

It is to be hoped that Sir Frederick Abel will persevere with these special exhibitions. One of the greatest service just now, and likely also to prove popularly attractive, would be of the silk manufac-



FIG. 15.—POTTERY JAR.

for one cannot write "decorated" of anything so indecorous, with the image of the Indian Sun-God.

But these are venial errors among so many excellencies, and in every way the Jeypore collections are worthy of the occasion afforded by Sir Frederick Abel for their exhibition at the Imperial Institute, and reflect the greatest credit on Surgeon Lieut.

tures of the United Kingdom. The Imperial Institute affords peculiar facilities for the exhibition of all kinds of artistic textile fabrics; and after silks Sir Frederick Abel might well and profitably organise an exhibition of the cotton goods manufactured in Germany, Switzerland, the United Kingdom, and the United States for the African and Asiatic markets.

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## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

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COMPLEMENTARY of our series of the portraits of the late Lord Tennyson which appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for December and January last, we here present two of particular interest. The first is from a photograph taken by an amateur whose name we have been unable to trace. It is, however—as the reader will see—one of the most picturesque and characteristic of the whole series. The swirl of the moustache, as defiant as Bobadil's, is much the same as in Doyle's sketch, reproduced on p. 39 of this volume, but the beard proves that this admirable and poetic portrait was taken a few years later. The other portrait is from the

etching by Professor Herkomer, R.A. It will be remembered that an etched portrait which appeared on p. 100 was attributed to the Professor. This error unfortunately arose through a misunderstanding with the present Lord Tennyson, the picture being, in fact, the extremely skilful, but hardly satisfactory, portrait by the late Monsieur Rajon.

The medal struck and presented to Monsieur Pasteur a few weeks ago, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday—an event treated as of national congratulation—is one of the happiest efforts of the accomplished artist Monsieur Roty. We present engravings of its obverse and reverse.





THE LATE LORD TENNYSON (ABOUT 1855).

(From a Photograph.)

A short while since the National Collection in Trafalgar Square became further enriched by an important addition to the Dutch school, through the gift, by Mr. George Holt, of a fruit piece by Jan Van Os. This picture (numbered, by the way, 1380) is certainly more characteristic of the great fruit and flower painter—Van Huysum's most successful imitator—than that which came to the gallery with the Wynne Ellis collection, and is an admirable example of the master who died so late as 1808.

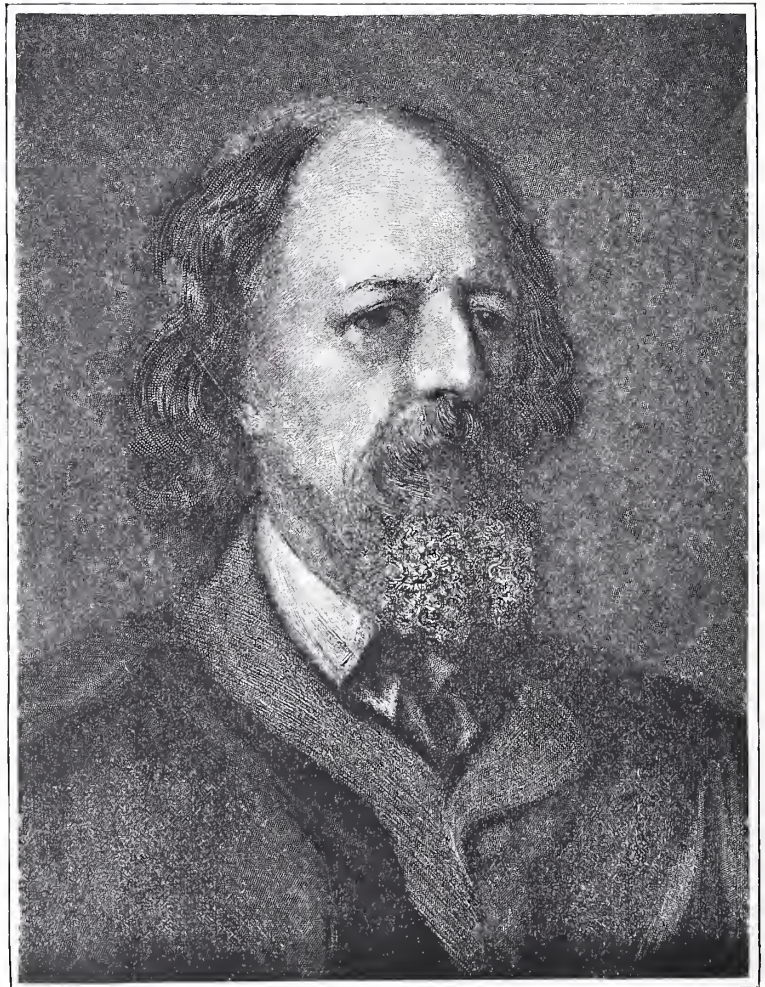
We have already referred in these columns to the conflict which took place in the Liverpool Town Council over the acquisition of the picture of Mr. Hornel, and the subsequent capitulation of that body to Mr. Philip Rathbone and his Arts Committee. We have pleasure in here reproducing the work, though it must be borne in mind that the chief motive of the picture—colour—is necessarily lost in the printing. The subject is "Summer," and the picture is a characteristic example of the work of what has facetiously been termed "The Glasgow School, Unlimited."

The question, "Which is the finest

picture in the world?" would elicit many and varying answers; but it is almost certain that the picture illustrated on p. 180 would be placed first by a large portion of the public. The city of Dresden has the honour of possessing this wonderful Raphael, which is known as the "Sistine" or "Dresden Madonna." We refer to it here because a very fine reproduction of it (35 inches by 26) has recently been made by the Berlin Photographic Company, who have spent nearly two years in preparing the plate, and have done their best to make it a most successful work.

Old masters have not often a great interest when reduced to black-and-white. Their charms generally lie so much in colour and method, and so slightly in subject or sentiment, that only by those who know the originals can they be greatly appreciated. But in this photogravure reproduction of the "Sistine Madonna" there remains all that mysterious expression of the child and the mother which goes so far in giving this picture its unique position amongst the Madonnas of the early painters; and anyone who cares for the religious art of Italy will get much pleasure out of this fine reproduction.

There are just now so many pictures published of the Philistine order that it is hopeful to see a firm like the Berlin

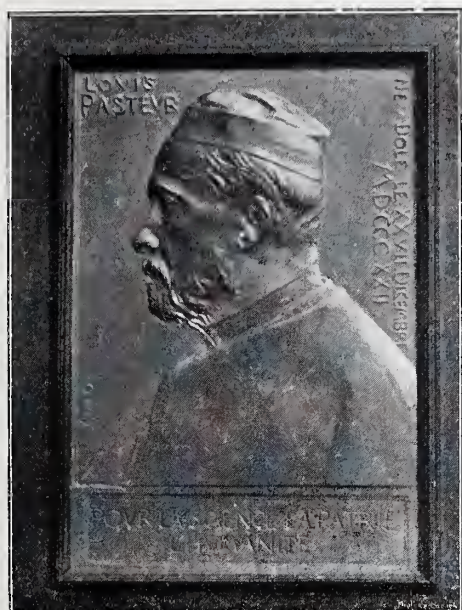


THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.

(From the Etching by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.)



Photographic Company attempting reproductions of pictures which, like the Dresden Raphael, have will be followed by a Perugino from Florence, and one or two works from our own National Gallery that



Obverse.



Reverse.

THE PASTEUR MEDAL.

(Designed by M. Roty.)

stood the test of centuries of criticism. If this is successful, perhaps it is not too much to hope that it

have in them sentiment or subject. The publishers of the "Madonna" would do ample justice to them.



FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

(By Jan Van Os. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



SUMMER.

(By E. A. Hornel. Recently acquired by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)



By the courtesy of Mr. Onslow Ford we are enabled to reproduce the rough sketch for his statuette of "Mr. Henry Irving as Matthias." Likeness has not been aimed at in this first model, but the spirit of the dramatic moment when the conscience-stricken dreamer rushes from his room has been admirably suggested.

The memorial statue of the late Professor Fawcett, M.P.—of which we give an illustration on this page—is the gift of Sir Henry Doulton to Vauxhall Park, where it will shortly be placed in position on the site of the house in which Mr. Fawcett lived for many years. The work, designed and modelled by Mr. George Tinworth and executed in terra-cotta by as that upon the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.



THE "SISTINE MADONNA."

(By Raphael. From the Photogravure published by the Berlin Photographic Company.)



MR. IRVING AS MATTHIAS.

(From the Sketch for the Statuette by E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A.)



THE FAWCETT MEMORIAL.

(Designed by George Tinworth.)

Messrs. Doulton, is about sixteen feet in height, the pedestal being seven feet and a half. The Professor is represented as seated in his collegiate robes, while behind him stands a figure symbolical of Victory with a laurel wreath in her hands. On the pedestal are eight *bas-reliefs* emblematical of the character and lifework of the blind politician. Three of them relate to his Postmaster-Generalship, and represent "Receiving Good News," "Receiving Bad News," and "A Female Post Office Clerk." Four are representative of "Courage," "Sympathy," "Justice," and "Truth," while the remaining one is a figure of "India." The inscription will be precisely the same





LANDSCAPE.

(From an Etching by Andrew Geddes.)

## BRITISH ETCHING.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

I.—TURNER—WILKIE—GEDDES—PALMER—WHISTLER.

AS in France and America, so very specially in England, the productions of the etcher have to be divided broadly into two classes—the one of which is the result mainly of a commercial demand, and the other of an artistic impulse. The etcher, whose employment of the etching-needle is confined wholly, or confined in the main, to the work of realising and translating the conceptions of another, is, like the reproductive line-engraver, or the reproductive engraver in mezzotint, little more than the dexterous instrument which carries another's message. So artistic is his process, when it is properly used, that it is preferable indeed that he be himself an artist as well as a craftsman—it is indeed essential that he shall have some measure of artistic feeling, as well as the flexibility of the executant. But our demands upon him stop, in any case, at a comparatively early point; and we find him more or less sharply cut off in our minds, and in our estimation, from the artist who, when he employs the etching-needle, is occupied with the spontaneous expression of his own thought and fancy—of the particular things of beauty and of

interest which may strike him on his way through the world.

Of fine original etchers within the confines of these realms, Turner was the first to appear. He was the senior, considerably, of Wilkie and Geddes, who will have to be spoken of just after him. During twelve years of his "early middle" period—between 1807 and 1819—he wrought what were in some respects important etchings upon something like seventy plates. But his etchings differed in aim (as well as in execution) from any others I shall speak of in this brief general survey of the achievements of the etcher's art in Britain, by reason of the fact that it was never intended that they should be complete in themselves. They laid the basis of an effect which had to be completed by the employment of another art. They did hardly more than record—though always with an unequalled power and an unerring skill—the leading lines of those great landscape compositions which the mezzotint of the engraver (often Turner himself) endowed with light and shade and atmosphere. For it was by a union of these two



arts that that noble publication was produced whose business it was to surpass in variety and subtlety the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude. It is very possible that in some of the plates of his "Liber Studiorum," Turner did not undertake the "biting-in" with acid of those subjects whose draughtsmanship was his own. Probably he did in all the best of them. In an etching, the strength and the

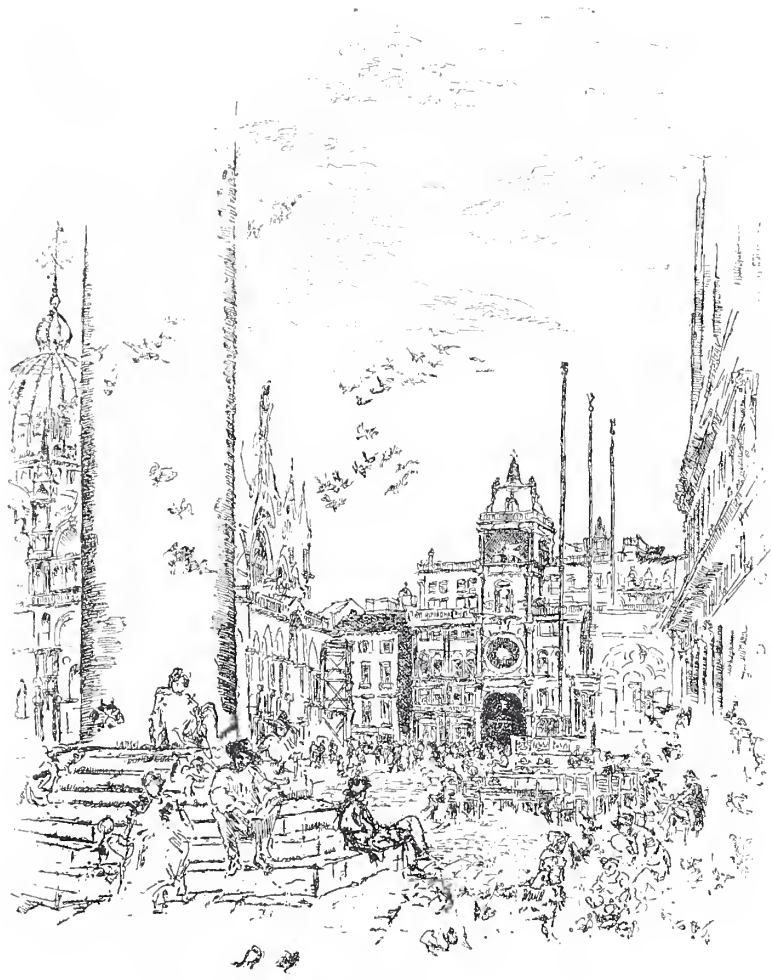
not hold their own with any plate of Rembrandt's done under conditions sufficiently resembling theirs. The etching of the "Severn and Wye," or the etching of "St. Catherine's Hill, Guildford," is carried very nearly as far as the etching of the "Cottage with White Palings," and with a result very nearly as delightful and distinguished. And in regard to the average etching of Turner, it may fairly be said

that a hand put in to pluck out of a portfolio by chance any one of the seventy, would discover that it held a print which was at least the equal of that one of Rembrandt's with which it is fairest of all to compare it—a print of Rembrandt's done, like Turner's, for "leading lines" alone: I mean the famous little *tour de force*, the "Six's Bridge." So much for the greatness of our English master. I pass from him with this reminder, given again for final word. Wonderful as is his etching for selection of line, wonderful for firmness of hand, you must never allow yourself to forget that it was not intended to present, that it was not intended to be in any way concerned with, the whole of a picture.

A famous Scotchman and his very distinguished friend and fellow-countrymen—Sir David Wilkie and Andrew Geddes—wrought, each of them, in the middle period of Turner's life, a certain number of etchings of independent merit. Those of Sir David Wilkie, which were but very few, happen to be the best known, because Wilkie, much more than Geddes, was a leader of painting. But, meritorious as are the etchings of Wilkie, in their faithful record of character and picturesque effect, they are seldom as

admirable as the prints of his less eminent brother. They have, generally, far less freedom. "The Receipt"—or "A Gentleman Searching in a Bureau" (see p. 184), for this second title explains the subject better—is much the most successful of Wilkie's. It is, I consider, charming.

Geddes etched four or five times as many plates as Wilkie. He issued ten from Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, in 1826. The dates on some of them are 1812, 1816, and 1822; and, besides these ten that were published, about thirty more— which there was no attempt to issue to the world—have to be taken account of. Some, like the excellent "Portrait of the Painter's Mother"—which



PIAZETTA.

(Reduced from the Etching by J. McNeil Whistler.)

perfection of the result—the relation of part to part—is dependent so much on the biting. It is hardly conceivable that where the etchings of the "Liber Studiorum" strike us as most noble, they were not wholly—in biting as well as in draughtsmanship—Turner's own. They differ much in merit, apart, I think, from the necessary difference in interest which arises from the opportunity given by one subject and denied by another for the exercise of an etcher's skill. They have generally, within their proper limits, perfect freedom of handling, and an almost incomparable vigour, and a variety which liberates their author from any charge of mannerism. There are few of them which could

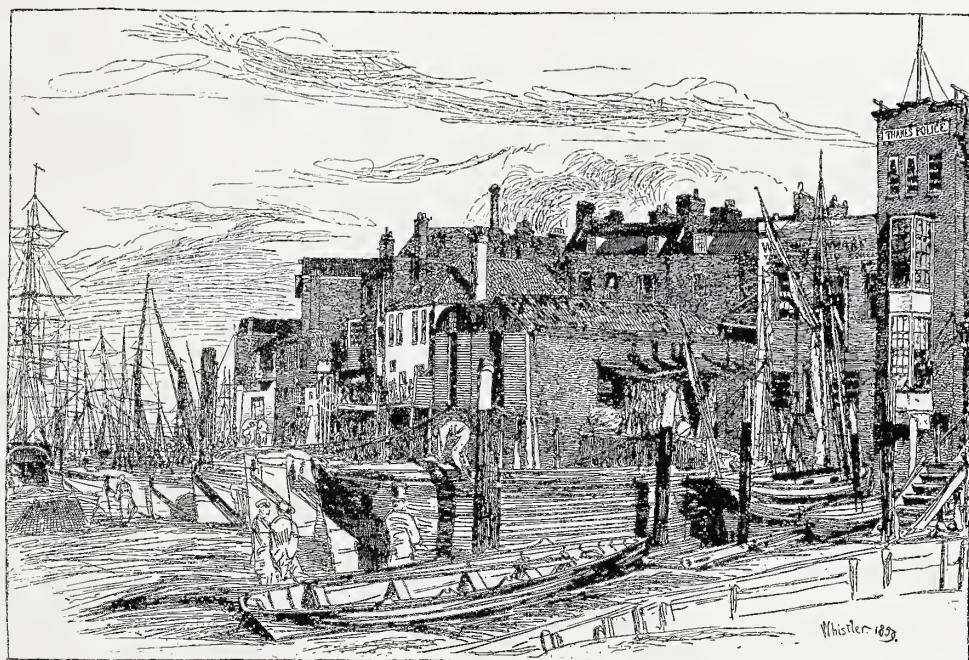


is so fine in illumination, in drawing, and in character—are directly suggested by the artist's paintings. Others—including all the landscapes—are, apparently, studies from Nature, done with a singular appreciation of the later art of Rembrandt. Geddes was very sensible of the charm of dry-point—of its peculiar quality of giving individuality to each one of the few impressions which you may safely produce from it, and of its unique capacity for rendering very broad effects of light and shade. But there is at least one plate of his, in pure etching, which shows him just as completely a master of elegance and grace as the dry-points show him a decisive master of masculine effect. Geddes's work will not decline in value. The real connoisseur has no business whatever to forget or to ignore it. Only, if he collects the etchings of Geddes, he had better wait for years, if necessary, for early impressions of them, and he had better repudiate altogether the unsatisfactory modern edition—the worthy Mr. David Laing's volume, "Etchings by Wilkie and Geddes," issued, with the best intentions in the world, in Edinburgh in 1875.

Samuel Palmer—an English classic, by this time, as a painter of water-colours—made a limited number of elaborate etchings in which the play of line is almost wholly lost: more lost, much more lost, than in the etchings of Méryon. But Samuel Palmer, like Méryon, was a great poetic artist. Slowly he built up his effects, his noble sunrise or sunset landscapes—the landscape of artistic convention and poetic vision. The unity and strength of his thought were never sacrificed or frittered by the elaboration of his labour. To condemn him then, because he was not a free sketcher, would be as pedantic as to condemn Méryon. Nay more, were any such pedantic condemnation meted out to him, it would have to be meted out to the author of the "Ephraim Bonus" in his turn, since it is a characteristic of Rembrandt that in his engraved work he allowed himself an amazing elasticity of

method. He, like every great man, is *super grammaticam*. He is a law unto himself. And so, in a measure, was Samuel Palmer, the creator of the solemn plate of "The Early Ploughman," which Mr. Hamerton has praised so well, and of certain hardly less admirable coppers which illustrate his own translation of the *Eelagues* of Virgil.

We pass from the brief mention of a dignified artist, high of soul—whose work is charged with reverie, grandeur, admonishment—to the consideration of an artist little concerned with humanity's



THAMES POLICE.

(Reduced from the Etching by J. McNeil Whistler.)

fortunes, but who is simply the most skilled wielder of the etching-needle whom the world has seen since Rembrandt. Mr. Whistler's scarcely sympathetic attitude towards his kind may be occasioned in part by the conviction that it is his kind's most urgent business to be concerned with his prints, and his knowledge that this conviction of his own has not been—until somewhat lately—largely shared by them. Popular he could not be; or scarcely in his own time. A Sarasate with his music attracts the world; but in pictorial art of every sort the *virtuoso* appeals only to his brethren. His "brethren"—his real brethren—are more likely to be connoisseurs than to be fellow-workmen. But "brethren" shall be the word, and it is such who—some of them for more than thirty years, and some of them since yesterday—have recognised the genius of Mr. Whistler.

Mr. Toole, our admirable comedian, is—if I may quote Mr. Beerbohm Tree—popularly supposed to have been born in every English provincial town in



which the receipts, when he visits it, do anything to justify that town in claiming him as a native. Not quite for the same reason there are towns which dispute with Baltimore the honour of having given birth to the artist of the "French Set," the "Thames Set," and the "Twenty-Six Etchings." Mr. Whistler was born, anyhow, of American parents—it is only Baltimore after all that can fairly claim him—and it is stated to have been in July, 1834, that he came into the world.\* American then by birth, he is to a very great extent French by education, and his first dated etchings, of the year 1857,



THE RECEIPT.

(From the Etching by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.)

were wrought when he was a student in Paris. Along with the popular English draughtsman of Society, Mr. Du Maurier, he was in the studio of Gleyre, and to Gleyre, for all that I know, he may have owed something; but no debt is apparent in his work. A few etchings wrought in Paris, and a few during a journey in Alsace and Lorraine, and then in 1859 we find Whistler settled in London and busy with the laborious series of etchings of the Thames. He was himself almost from the beginning, though it is possible to trace the influence of even minor Dutch etchers in such a tentative little work as "The Dutchman Holding the Glass," and though in the nobler plates known as the "Rag-Gatherers," "La Vieille aux Loques," "La Marchande de Moutarde," and "The Kitchen," it is clear that

\* Mr. Whistler has sworn in Court that he was born in St. Petersburg.—ED.

Whistler in his conception of a subject was scarcely without reverent thought of the great masters of pathetic suggestion and poetic chiaroscuro—Rembrandt, De Hooch, and Nicholas Maes. But by the time he executed the most famous etchings of the Thames set—the most famous of the "Sixteen Etchings," such as "Black Lion Wharf," "The Pool," and "Thames Police" (see p. 183)—he was himself, wholly. He was in full possession of what may be called his earlier manner; nay, in December, 1859, not many months after these things had been wrought with a detail which the art of Van der Heyden or of Hollar could not have excelled, we find in one unfinished plate of extreme interest and extraordinary rarity ("Paris: Isle de la Cité") some union of his earlier detail with his later suggestiveness.

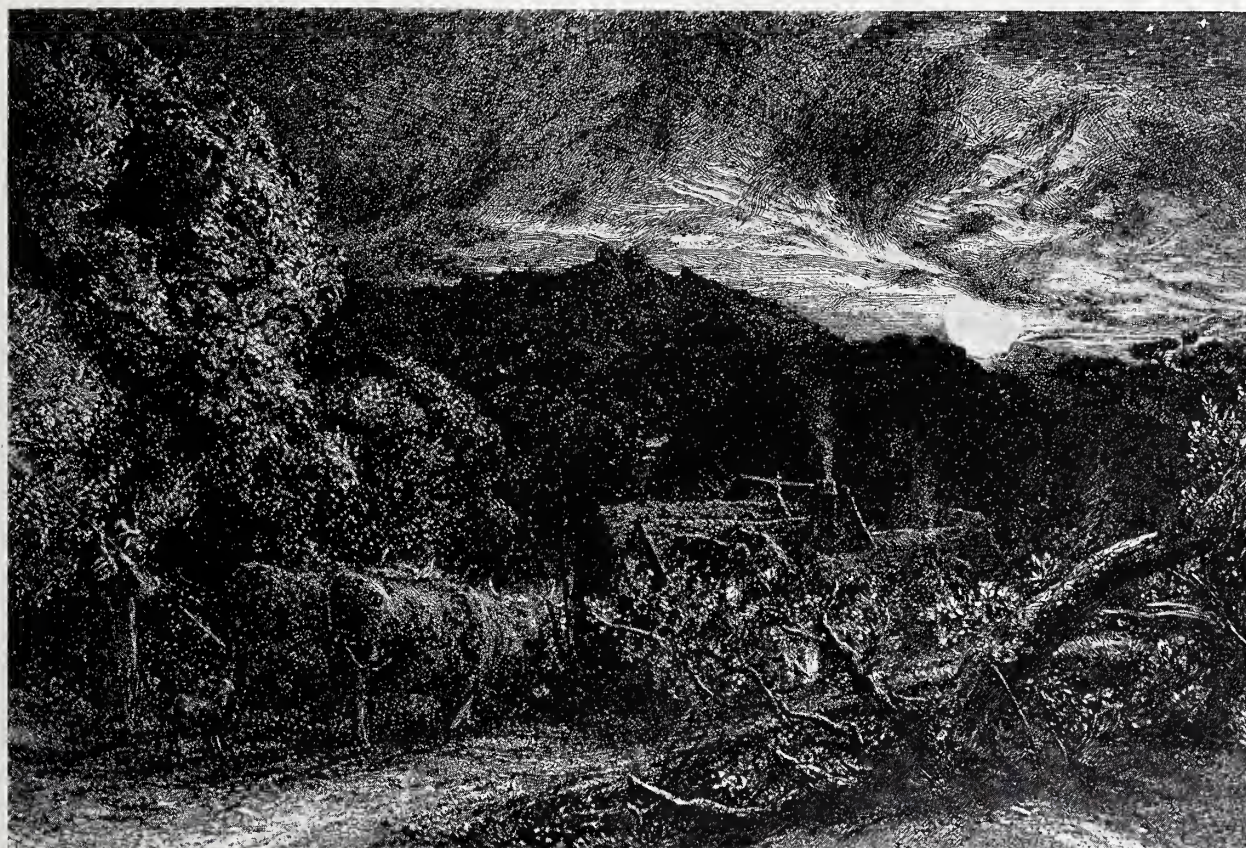
The early detail of Whistler in the Thames etchings is never for a moment dull. He puts down for us on the copper endless results of endless and interesting observation. The life of the river "below bridge" and the life of riverside London is all there—barge and bargee, crane and warehouse, wharf and chimney, clipper and wherry, and the sluggish stream, the flat horizon, the distant river-curve, the tower of Rotherhithe Church rising perhaps from out of the remote and low-lying roofs. And, elaborate as the work is, it is never for a moment either fatigued or mechanical; it preserves inviolate the freshness and vivacity which it is the province of the true etching to retain. Nor does the work of Whistler, either at this period or later, ever lose sight of that which, again, it is the etcher's special business to cultivate—the value of pure "line." By "pure," I do not mean Classic (Classic line has other functions): I mean the line that is expressive—that is set with a purpose; that, being laid, is not interfered with—the line that lives and that tells its story.

By 1863—as is shown by the exquisite "Chelsea Wharf," with its quiet of the suburban afternoon, and by the admirable "Amsterdam," with its houses, its shipping, its thin line of long flat coast under a wildish sky—Whistler had thoroughly entered upon the work of his middle period. A manner, more suggestive to the expert and more economical to the artist, though received less readily by the first-comer, was by this time clearly upon him; and, with certain modifications, it has continued to



this day. Perhaps it is most distinctly marked in that Leyland period—a period of the rare dry-points of the Leyland family—which, after a little interval, succeeded the period of the “Chelsea Wharf” and the “Amsterdam.” It is in its perfection in “The Model Resting” (1870), in “Fanny Leyland” (1873), and in “Dam Wood” (1875)—all of them rare,

may, presumably, have saddened Mr. Whistler’s creditors, though they are reported to have left Mr. Whistler cheerful—the great etcher went to Venice, at the instance of the Fine Art Society, and there, in line extraordinarily expressive and vivacious, he recorded not so much the recognised beauties of the town as the vividness and variety of his personal



THE HERDSMAN.

(From the Etching by Samuel Palmer.)

desirable, notable plates of the true Leyland period, in most of which, as in some of his later work, Mr. Whistler would seem—if I may put it so—to have painted upon the plate as much as drawn: to have sought, that is, painter’s as well as draughtsman’s qualities. I endeavour to note the distinctions, but after a dozen years of close study of Mr. Whistler’s works—and of fruitful enjoyment of their possession—I must still guard myself against expressing any marked preference for one period over another. The work of each period has its own qualities, and, since all Art is concession and compromise, the work of each period must have likewise its own deficiencies. Practically there has been no bad time; but at more times than one there have been—even from this gifted hand—unsatisfactory, impertinent, cheeky etchings.

In 1879—after some financial incidents which

impressions. And that, indeed, was his true business. Some of these etchings were exhibited before they were properly finished. Hence they were received with some coldness—though the fairy-like “Little Venice,” nearly finished to begin with, was always an exception to this rule. There is nothing of Rembrandt’s, there is nothing of Méryon’s, besides which this diminutive masterpiece may not most fitly be placed. Power of selection, power of composition, delicacy of handling—all say their last word in the “Little Venice.” Art does not go any further. But since 1880—when they were first exhibited—many of the plates done in Venice have been taken up and completed. The “Piazetta,” for instance—unattractive at first a ragged thing or a skeleton—has just lately been brought to the very highest level that is attained by any etcher’s art. And, several years ago, Mr. Whistler perfected



for the limited issue by the Messrs. Dowdeswell the "Twenty-six" plates—most of them Venetian in theme—which had, fortunately, been bought by hardly anybody until, in 1886, their excellence was achieved. In this set the entrancing freedom, the inexhaustible suggestiveness, of "The Balcony" and "The Garden" demands note: the balcony that, with drapery flung upon it, hangs over and overlooks the Grand Canal: the garden which passing humanity peers into, and peering, perhaps reflects with the Greek poet whose youth was gone—

"Spring for the tree and herb; no spring for us."

It was in 1886 that I published my "Whistler's Etchings: a Study and a Catalogue." About two hundred and fourteen etchings had then been executed: and these—the work of what must necessarily be the better part of Mr. Whistler's lifetime—were carefully described. I am told that the book was not without effect, in England and America, on the demand for Mr. Whistler's prints, some of which, of course, were already unobtainable,

so narrowly limited had been their issue. Anyhow, there immediately cropped up under my notice ingenious but insignificant *croquis*, declared by those interested in them to be valuable, simply because they were "undescribed." Why were they "undescribed"? Because they had that moment been done. Plates with a few scratches on them—clever, since they were Mr. Whistler's, but each plate less important than the last—were hurried (I know not by whom) into the hands of men who had, presumably, much money and exceedingly little knowledge. Soon there was an end of that game; and during the last two or three years—with a creditable reaction from this fever of immature fruitfulness—Mr. Whistler has produced a few new plates of serious interest and accomplishment. The best of them that has yet been seen is the most admirable "Zaandam," over whose stretched line the breeze from across dyke and fen and Zuyder Zee stirs here, stirs there, stirs everywhere, the wings of the windmills of Holland.

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## THE "ST. ANNE" OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

By ALFRED MARKS.

THE statement that there exists in a great and art-loving city a cartoon, absolutely unknown to connoisseurs, ascribed, with even a semblance of probability, to Leonardo da Vinci, is so surprising that it will naturally be received with some measure of incredulity. I am, therefore, grateful to the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART for granting me an opportunity of making known a work which I venture to think can be shown to have, at least, strong claims to be considered an authentic work of the great master.

In one of the most picturesque passages of his immortal work, Vasari tells how all Florence—men and women, young and old—flocked, as to some solemn festival, to see Leonardo's newly-finished cartoon of "St. Anne." Notwithstanding that it was clear from this passage, and from many other references in writers near to Leonardo's time, that his contemporaries regarded the "St. Anne" as one of the master's greatest works, the subject received till lately but scant notice from writers. It was known that our Royal Academy possessed a cartoon of this subject, incontestably the work of Leonardo: pictures also of the same subject were known, ascribed to Leonardo or to his scholars or imitators, the most famous of all being the great picture of the Louvre. It had even been observed that there were differences between the cartoon and these pictures; but study

of these works had gone no further, when, in 1876, having obtained permission to photograph the Royal Academy's cartoon, I was led to investigate the questions which I thus propounded in a paper read some years later to the Royal Society of Literature: \* "Is the Royal Academy's cartoon the work described by Vasari and other writers? In any case, what is the relation of this work to the 'St. Anne' of the Louvre?"

I was able to show that the Royal Academy's cartoon is not that which took rank as one of the master's greatest works; that it represents the first stage in the development of an idea which received its final expression in a cartoon identical in composition with the Louvre picture.

Of the two designs, intimately related one to the other, that of the Louvre is shown to be the later, by its expression of a symbolical idea wanting in the other. This symbolism is the subject of a sonnet by Girolamo Casio de' Medici, published a few years after Leonardo's death. The lamb is the emblem of sacrifice. By embracing it the infant Jesus signifies His desire to become an offering for the salvation of mankind. The mother's heart of the Virgin will not suffer her to witness unmoved the immolation of her own son; she seeks to dissuade Him, and draws Him

\* Printed in the Society's *Transactions*, second series, vol. xiii., part 1, pp. 95—136.



gently back. But St. Anne, who foresees the salvation of the race brought about by the sacrifice of her grandson, seems to favour His intention, and persuades the Virgin to bow before the decrees of Heaven.

That a cartoon more closely resembling the Louvre picture was that which came to rank with the other great works of the master, is proved by the numerous pictures of the Milanese school, reproducing or adapting the matured composition in whole or in part. In my monograph I gave a list of these, numbering twenty-one, and to these must be added the very beautiful picture, ascribed by Dr. Waagen to Salai, in the gallery of Lord Yarborough.

The evidence which I was able to adduce of the execution of such a cartoon has since been confirmed by the discovery by Armand Baschet of a letter, dated April 3rd, 1501, describing Leonardo as being then at work in Florence on a cartoon of St. Anne, the Virgin, Christ, and a lamb. This letter also expresses the symbolical meaning of the work.\*

These points, the execution by Leonardo of two cartoons, and their relative order, being established, I was compelled to examine more carefully an account which alone spoke of more than one cartoon, distinguished between them, and gave what I had satisfied myself was their relative order. Writing before 1696, Padre Resta, a Milanese, of the Oratory of St. Filippo Neri, at Rome, gives to Bellori, a well-known writer on art and antiquities, an account of a cartoon then in his, Resta's, possession. Resta's account is, briefly, that Leonardo, before 1500, made a first sketch for the "St. Anne"—a cartoon, then in the possession of the Arconati family; that he afterwards, in 1500, made a second cartoon, carried further, which was then Resta's; and, finally, in 1515, a third cartoon, which he sent to Francis I., this third cartoon being copied from the second. In a MS. cited by Bordiga (*Opere di*

\* Neither M. Yriarte, who published this letter, in a translation (*Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, 1888, vol. i., p. 123), nor M. Müntz, who reprints it (*Chroniques des Arts*, December 5th, 1891), has made the remark that this letter is irreconcilable with one between the same correspondents, printed by Calvi (*Notizie*, part iii., p. 97), assuming Calvi's date (April 4th, 1501) to be correct. Calvi, however, is evidently wrong in his date. The writer of the letter speaks as if Wednesday in Holy Week had already passed, and, as it would appear, by some days, on April 4th. But in 1501 Easter Day fell on April 11th, therefore Holy Week extended from April 4th to 10th, and Wednesday in Holy Week fell on April 7th. Calvi's letter should probably be dated April 12th, or later.

*Gaudenzio Ferrari*) Resta further states that his cartoon had formerly belonged to Marco d'Oggionno, after whose death, which occurred in 1530, it was kept in a chest in his house at Vercelli, till it was bought by one of the Arese family. He gave it to the painter Bonola, from whom Resta had it.



ST. ANNE.

(From the Painting by Bernardino Lanino.)

Although Resta was in his own day highly esteemed as a connoisseur, it was necessary to receive with extreme caution any statement of his, especially, since he was also a dealer, with respect to a work in his own possession. This passage, however, enabled me to trace the first cartoon, almost without a break, from the Arconati family to our Royal Academy, in whose possession it is found in 1791. Resta's account had, therefore, a clear claim to further attention. But no trace of his cartoon could be found. Much later, however, in 1839, Dr. Waagen, the first writer to distinguish between the two



designs, equally known as the "St. Anne," mentioned, on the authority of a friend, that there existed, in the possession of the Plettenberg, or, properly, the Plattenberg family, in Westphalia, a cartoon of the

about it. It was not till 1887 that I found a photograph of the cartoon in the possession of Mr. Gardner, the well-known antiquary. It is owing to the kindness of Mr. Gardner, whose courtesy in

such matters is so well known, that I am able to give a reproduction of the cartoon. The cartoon is identified beyond doubt as Resta's, by an inscription mentioned by him in a letter, and found on the shutters of the cartoon.\*

The final word on the question of the authenticity of the cartoon can be spoken only after its careful examination by experts, whose attention to this work I invited ten years ago. Meanwhile, I must ask permission to assume its authenticity in the consideration of certain questions relating to it. On this assumption, then, what is the place of the cartoon among Leonardo's designs for the "St. Anne"?

It has already been determined that the cartoon of the Royal Academy comes first in date. To enable us to decide in what relation the Plattenberg cartoon and the Louvre picture stand one to the other, we must compare with these two works the copies and adaptations. Many of these vary so widely from the originals that they give us no aid; those which are



ST. ANNE.

(From the Plattenberg Cartoon.)

Louvre design. But neither had Dr. Waagen seen the cartoon, nor, so far as I could find, had any connoisseur ever seen, or, at least, given any account of it. Through Mr. Henry Wallis I learned that the cartoon had been carried from Nordkirchen, in Westphalia, to Vienna, by Count Nicholas Esterhazy, its present proprietor: but I failed in all attempts either to get permission to photograph it, or to learn more

sufficiently near for comparison are the following:—  
1. The picture by Salai, formerly in the Church of St. Celso at Milan, then in the Leuchtenberg Gallery, now at St. Petersburg.

2. The picture, ascribed by Dr. Waagen to Salai, in Lord Yarborough's Gallery.

\* The inscription is given at length in the *Athenæum* of April 23rd, 1892.



3. The picture in the Museo del Prado, Madrid, formerly attributed to Cesare da Sesto, but now, with greater probability, as Señor Madrazo informs me, to some unknown painter of the Flemish school.

4. The picture, ascribed to Giovanni Pedrini or to Cesare da Sesto, in the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, at Milan.

5. The picture of the Virgin, Jesus, and a lamb, formerly in the Coesvelt Gallery, when it was engraved by Joubert for the catalogue of that collection.

6. The picture, ascribed to Leonardo, of the Virgin, Jesus, and St. John, in the Leuchtenberg Gallery.

7. The cartoon of the "St. Anne" in the Accademia Albertina of Turin. (See p. 191.)

8. The picture of the "St. Anne" in the Brera Gallery, Milan. (See p. 191.) This was formerly ascribed to Bernardino Lanino, under whose name it was engraved by Gironi. But Signor Bertini, the courteous director of the gallery, informs me that, in his opinion, this attribution is incorrect, and that the picture is by a painter of the school, either Andrea da Milano or Cesare Magni.

9. The picture, by Bernardino Lanino, of the "St. Anne," with the addition of other saints, signed and dated "Bernardinus Laninus fecit, 1575." (See p. 187.) For information as to this picture, now in the possession of Sig. Prinetti, deputy to the Italian Parliament, I am further indebted to Sig. Bertini, who, I believe, agrees with me that it is one described by Lanzi, by Bordiga, and, finally, by Campori. The statement of

the last named that the signature had been removed prior to sending the picture to England as a work of Gaudenzio Ferrari, must, if we are right, be incorrect.

With these works before us, let me now apply



ST. ANNE.

(From the Painting by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Louvre, Paris. From a Photograph by Braun, Paris.)

the method which enabled me to say with certainty that the cartoon of our Royal Academy does not represent Leonardo's final design. Which of the two—the Louvre picture or the Plattenberg cartoon—gives us the final outcome of the master's study of this subject? We have not here, as in the former case, a wide difference in design to guide us, but careful consideration of the two compositions will



lead us to a sure result. We must again ask ourselves which work was most frequently copied by Leonardo's imitators.

On comparing the two works we shall note these points of difference :

(a) In the cartoon, the drapery of the Virgin shows on the right arm, as being of a heavy material : in the Louvre picture it is of a light, gauzy substance.

(b) In the cartoon, the Virgin's mantle, thrown off the upper part of the body, falls behind in a heap, higher than her waist : in the picture it has fallen flat.

(c) In the cartoon, the left knee of the lamb is quite close to the Virgin's foot, almost touching it, while its right leg projects by the depth of the hoof over the Virgin's foot. In the picture, the lamb's knee is further removed, and the extremity of the hoof reaches just as low as the outline of the foot.

These differences would not surprise us if found in one copy or adaptation only : what is remarkable is, that of our list, 1, 2, 3, and 4 follow the Louvre picture in all these particulars *a*, *b*, and *c* ; and Nos. 5 and 6 in *a* and *b*.

On the other hand, we have, as following the Plattenberg cartoon, only 7—the Turin cartoon, an exact copy, except as to size, even to the unfinished arm of St. Anne ; and 8 and 9 works certainly copied from the Plattenberg cartoon, not from the Louvre picture, or from a cartoon resembling it.

The same considerations which led me to the conclusion that the Royal Academy's cartoon gives us Leonardo's earliest conception of the "St. Anne," lead me here to hold that the Plattenberg cartoon preceded the altered design of the Louvre picture, and the cartoon—if there was one—from which that picture was painted. If this conclusion is correct, we shall find reason to think that the Plattenberg cartoon was that on which Leonardo is now known to have been working in Florence in 1501. That he should have put aside unfinished so exquisite a work is in keeping with all we know of the artist who, in seeking to realise his conceptions, was for ever abandoning works which to all eyes but his seemed to have attained absolute perfection.

We arrive, then, at the conclusion that the final cartoon, if Leonardo executed a third, stood in closer relationship than the Plattenberg cartoon to the Louvre picture. There would be, in any case, strong probability that he did execute such a cartoon, as the preparation for the picture of the "St. Anne," on which, as we now know, he was working shortly before his death ; but evidence in confirmation of this is not wanting.

M. Müntz has lately pointed out, in the study previously quoted, that the drawings of feet in the Windsor Collection are, in all probability, fragments of a cartoon destroyed in its entirety ; and now that

the observation has been made it is easy to see that, unlike other drawings for the "St. Anne" in the same collection, they have all the character of portions cut off from a larger study. The evidence, taken as a whole, is strong—I should be disposed to say conclusive—that Leonardo did execute three cartoons for the "St. Anne"—(1) that of the Royal Academy ; (2) the Plattenberg cartoon ; (3) a third cartoon (fragments of which yet perhaps remain), the preparatory cartoon for the Louvre picture.

One of the adaptations—the picture of Raphael, dated 1507, now in the Madrid Gallery—might have enabled us to decide which was the Florence cartoon of 1501. It is, however, too free a rendering of the original to settle this question.

We shall, however, probably be right in concluding that, while the second cartoon—that of 1501, the Plattenberg cartoon—became famous as one of Leonardo's greatest works, its fame was afterwards continued by a third work—picture or cartoon—differing from it in detail only.

Here again, without in any degree relying on Resta's account, we find that we have arrived at his conclusions.

It will be remembered that in the account of the *provenance* of his cartoon, Resta states that it remained hidden in a chest in the house at Vercelli of Marco d'Oggionno, till it was bought by one of the Arese family, well known as collectors of works of art. As the purchaser is stated to have given it to Bonola, from whom Resta had it, all these events must have happened within a moderate space of time, and the cartoon, if this account is correct, must have remained at Vercelli for more than a hundred years after the death, in 1530, of Marco d'Oggionno. It is not a little interesting to find that of the three works copied from Resta's cartoon, one—Sig. Prinetti's picture—is undoubtedly the work of Bernardino Lanino ; another, the picture of the Brera, was formerly ascribed to him. For Lanino was of Vercelli, for one of whose churches, indeed, he painted the picture No. 9, and he may thus, if the cartoon really remained at Vercelli, have come to know of it.

Something must be said on the origin of the numerous copies of Leonardo's final design, as shown in the Louvre picture. And here reference must be made to the assumption, usual with the later French critics, that the Louvre picture is one which originally belonged to Francis I. Whether Leonardo ever completed a picture of the "St. Anne" for Francis I. is doubtful ; Paolo Giovio's statement to this effect is at variance with the accounts of other writers. But the point is not of a very high degree of interest, as it is almost demonstrable that if Leonardo did paint for Francis such a picture, it was not that now



in the Louvre, brought from the Milanese in 1629 by Cardinal Richelieu. There is, to begin with, the



ST. ANNE.

(From the Cartoon by Leonardo da Vinci at Turin.)

improbability that Francis should have purchased for his collection a work in so unfinished a-state. But there are arguments stronger than this. Professor Uzielli (*Ricerche*, ii. 460) has published a recently-discovered document of pathetic interest, showing the great artist in the decline of his marvellous powers working in 1516, three years before his death, on a picture of the "St. Anne." These are the words of an eye-witness. After mentioning other pictures, there is, he says, "one of the Madonna and of the Son, placed in the lap of St. Anne, all most perfect, although that, by reason of a certain paralysis which has affected his right hand, one can no longer expect good work from him; yet he has well trained a Milanese assistant (*creato*) who works fairly well. And although the aforesaid Messer Lunardo cannot paint with the sweetness he once had, yet he is able to make designs, and to teach others."

Melzi is certainly, as Professor Uzielli says, indicated in the foregoing passage; to him the great master bequeathed "all the books of which the

testator is at present possessed, and other instruments and portraits pertaining to his art and calling as a painter." After Leonardo's death Melzi brought back to Milan the treasures bequeathed to him by Leonardo; among them, in all probability, the unfinished picture of the Louvre, probably, also, a cartoon made in preparation for the picture. From one or other of these works the Milanese artists, his scholars and imitators, painted the numerous copies and adaptations known to us. And in Milan or its neighbourhood the great unfinished masterpiece remained, till removed to France by Cardinal Richelieu.

The Turin cartoon is mentioned in 1631; Lanino's picture bears the date 1575. As these are undoubtedly copied from the Plattenberg cartoon, the antiquity of the work is fully established. In submitting its claims to be considered an authentic work of Leonardo, I have been compelled to state as an advocate the case which I now leave to the judges. I may, however, be allowed to urge that a mere denial of the attribution to Leonardo will hardly



ST. ANNE.

(From the Painting in the Brera Gallery, Milan.)

suffice. If Leonardo did not execute the cartoon, to which master of the school is it to be ascribed?



# THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, AND MR. TATE'S COLLECTION.

## II.—THE PICTURES.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.



HAVING in my last paper traced the rise and development of the movement in favour of a British Luxembourg, and its culmination in the offer by the Government and the acceptance by Mr. Tate of the Millbank site for the purposes of the Tate Gallery, I proceed to the consideration of

the pictures themselves. Such remarks as I may have to offer on the scope of the institution, and on the question of ultimate selection and disposition, I reserve for a final article.

The total number of pictures scheduled by Mr. Tate in his letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dated 17th June, 1890, amounted to fifty-seven. They have since been increased by at least one canvas of the very first importance—the “Ophelia” of Sir John Millais. This work, which would certainly hold its own in any gallery, even of old masters, with whom it is worthy to bear companionship, is painted according to the strictest tenets of the Pre-Raphaelite creed. It depicts the hapless maid floating down the stream, “chanting snatches of old tunes,” just before

“Her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.”

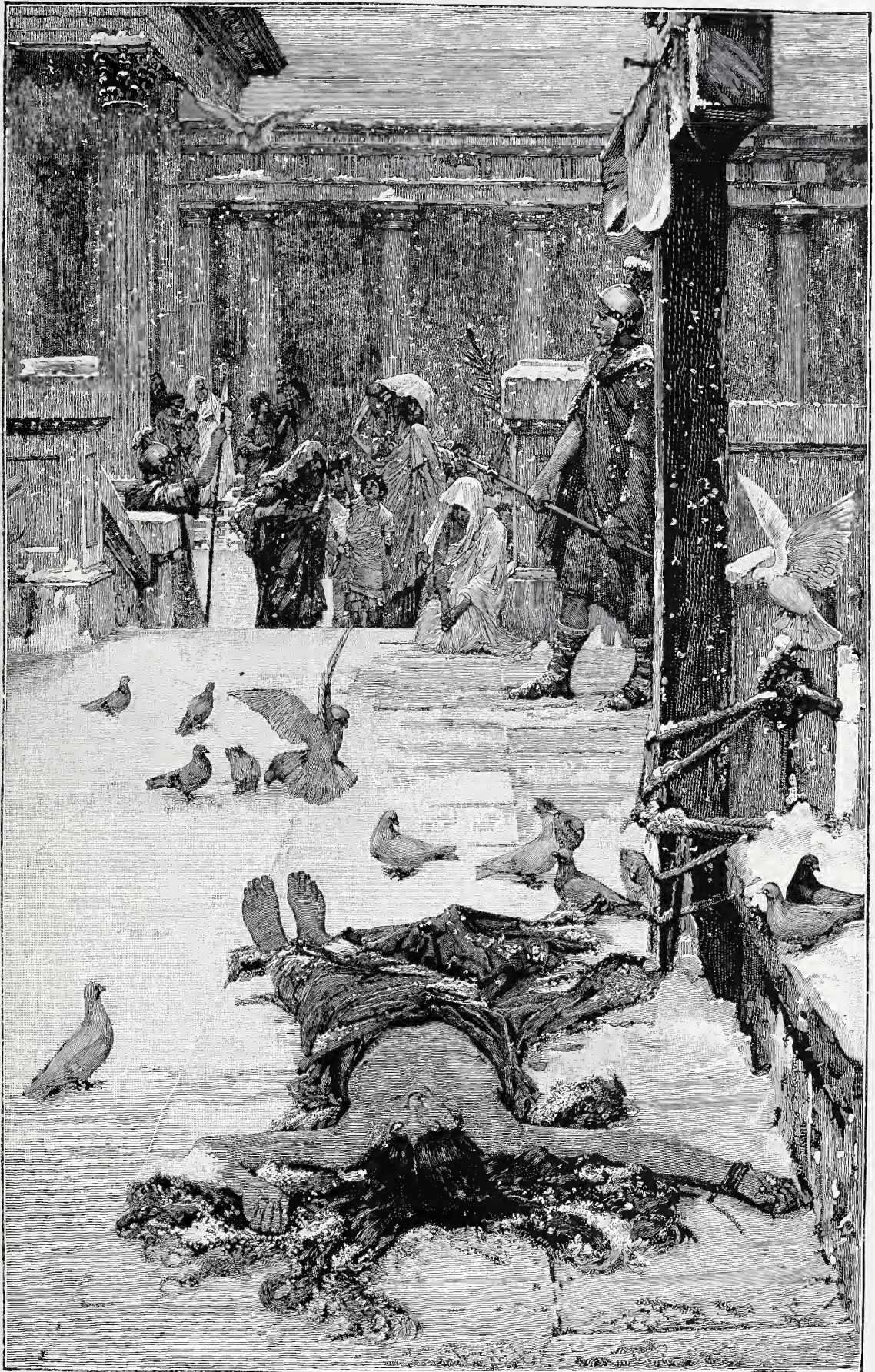
The originality of the arrangement, and the marvellous vigour and delicacy of the brushwork, together with the beauty of colour and brilliancy of the execution, delight the beholder of to-day as much as it surprised the Parisians when, in 1855, it was exhibited in the Avenue Montaigne. The face of “Ophelia” is that of Mrs. Dante Gabriel Rossetti while she was yet Miss Siddall. The background, which Mr. Ruskin considered as “the loveliest English landscape, haunted by sorrow,” was painted on the River Ewell, near Kingston; but it is hard to say which are the more admirable—the landscape and accessories, or the exquisitely-drawn face and the finely-modelled hands that are so soon to close themselves in death. At the same time it should be observed that the preservation of the

picture is absolutely perfect, and that the colours are as brilliant as the day they were laid on. This work was painted in 1851, and exhibited at the Academy in the following year, along with “A Huguenot” and “Mrs. Coventry Patmore.” In 1866 Messrs. Graves bought it for £798, and caused it to be engraved by Mr. Stephenson. From them it passed to Mrs. Fuller-Maitland, who lent it last year to the Guildhall Exhibition, and who parted with it to Mr. Tate for the sum (so it is said) of £3,000.

“The Vale of Rest,” exhibited in 1859, just as the artist was passing from Pre-Raphaelitism, is one of the most powerful works of the master. It is supposed to illustrate the Scottish superstition that a coffin-shaped cloud in the sky is a herald of approaching death. This convent garden—the sun setting from a sky, which for simplicity and tragic power has rarely been excelled by any artist—the novice, with her white coil thrown back, digging the grave for a dead or dying sister—her companion sitting on the overturned headstone—the cypress-trees and the poplars standing boldly against the glowing sky, and the occasional hillocks, silently eloquent of the graves of departed sisters—all these combine to produce one of the unquestioned masterpieces of the painter. When this picture was brought up at the Graham sale it fell to Mr. Tate's agent for £3,150—the only bidding that was offered.

One of the most interesting facts about “The Knight Errant,” which was first shown at the Royal Academy in 1870, is that it is the only life-size nude female figure ever painted in a completed picture by the artist. About this large work—which, by the way, was painted within a space of six weeks—I may repeat the story of its execution which I told some years ago. As Millais first painted it, the face of the girl looked towards the spectator; but the artist felt there was something radically wrong. He was satisfied with his background and with flying thieves—which all are not; he was satisfied with his arrangement of the knight, whom, for delicacy's sake, he modestly placed standing behind the lady as he cut her cords; he was satisfied with the flesh-painting, its brilliancy, and its “carnations,” which are about as good as anything that has been produced in England in modern times; but he was so extremely dissatisfied with the girl's pose that he had serious intentions





ST. EULALIA'S CRUCIFIXION.

(From the Painting by J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., in the Collection of Henry Tate, Esq. Engraved by C. Carter.)



of destroying the canvas altogether. Fortunately, the happy thought occurred to him to try whether by repainting the head, turning it *away* from the beholder, the unpleasant effect would be removed. The experiment was successful, and this excellent work remains to us. Until recently it belonged to Mr. Charles Wilson, for whom it was bought at the Grant sale in the year 1877 for the sum of £1,522.

The well-known picture, entitled "The North-West Passage: It might be done, and England ought to do it," was painted in 1874, in a full flush of patriotic inspiration. The matter, however, cannot be said to have been engrossing public attention at the time, for the passage had long since been effected. The chief figure, as is well known, was painted from Trelawney, the dare-devil friend of Byron and Shelley, who, with a sort of aggressive satisfaction, consented to sit for the old mariner. This work, which was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, was etched by M. A. Mongin in 1881, at which time it was in the collection of Mr. Bolekow. It is a brilliant example of the rendering of texture without mere imitation, one of the best instances of Millais' most vigorous and masterly

painting, broadly executed and technically admirable. All these pictures will with honour form part of the gift that is to form the nucleus of our national collection.

The latest imaginative subject-picture by the artist, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy under the title of "Mercy: the Morning of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew," is supposed to take up the drama where "The Huguenot" dropped it some five-and-thirty years before. And, although it would be absurd to say that the picture is unworthy to be included in the Tate gift, it becomes matter for consideration whether it is quite fair to the painter to dilute, so to speak, his

superb contribution to national art by a work which, though admirable, does not touch such heights as his four other canvases.

Perhaps the gem of the whole collection is the magnificent Old Crome (see p. 149), which the owner bought from Mr. Gooden, by whose courteous permission the picture was reproduced from the mezzotint by Mr. Frank Short. This work, which

Mr. Gooden discovered in a country-house, and which has never been publicly exhibited, has been proclaimed by the best judges as probably the finest example of the master in existence. Opinion is not so unanimous in the case of the Constable—a view of Flatford Lock, seen from beneath the gates—which, also by Mr. Gooden's courtesy, was reproduced in my first article (p. 148) from Mr. Frank Short's beautiful mezzotint. Would it not perhaps be as well accurately to trace the history of the picture back to the hand that painted it before it finds a final resting-place in the haven at Millbank?

No fewer than three works by Mr. Orchardson grace the collection; and although no portrait, such as the "Mr. Gilbey" and "Sir Andrew Walker," is included, the artist is

well represented by three of his best subject-pictures—"Her First Dance," exhibited at the Royal Academy; "The First Cloud" (1887), with its finely-drawn figures, and what has been called the splendour of its gloomy shadow; and "Her Mother's Voice" (1888), with the infinite pathos of the father's face. All three works are admirable, and although not one of them, perhaps, quite touches the height of technical triumph attained in "Master Baby," they yet display a level of excellence that posterity will assuredly contemplate with patriotic pride. How graceful and appropriate a finishing-touch would be added to the



STUDY FOR "AND THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD."

(By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)



collection if Mr. Tate could include a portrait of himself, the donor, by the hand of the great Scotsman, need hardly be pointed out.

The three examples of Mr. J. C. Hook's work are

“Young Dream,” and “The Sea-weed Gatherer,” not equally admirable, perhaps, but all finely painted.

Mr. Briton Riviere is also represented by three pictures. “Giants at Play” (see p. 196) is, according



“AND THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD WHICH WERE IN IT.”

(From the Painting by Sir Frederic Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., in the Collection of Henry Tate, Esq.)

eminently characteristic of his virility, of his power as a shore sea-painter, and particularly of one phase of sea-mood. They are pictures of his later period, which is quite innocent of the historical tendency of this artist's youth, and are well known to the Academy visitor: “Home with the Tide,” “Love's

to the view of Mr. Watts, a truly historical picture; for it will show to generations yet unborn what manner of man was the British navy, just as Mr. Watts's “Mid-day Rest” was painted to preserve for the future the heroic bearing and proportions of the brewer's drayman of the nineteenth century. His



"Possessed Swine" (recently christened by an unconscious humorist "Devilled Pork") attracted great interest when it was exhibited, and was rightly held, simple as it was, to be a work of imagination, as well as of executive power. Both these pictures were at the Academy in 1883. "Running the Blockade" is the third picture of Mr. Riviere, an artist, as Mr. Tate's pictures show, whose sympathy

of the poor, are shown in his "Hush!" and "Hushed!" These little pictures, representing a child dying, and dead, in its cot, are full of deep earnestness and virile force; but they are the work of a young hand, which later knew how to reach to a considerably higher plane of artistry. To see how much more accomplished painting of this kind may be, it is necessary only to turn to Mr. Luke Fildes'



GIANTS AT PLAY.

(From the Painting by Briton Riviere, R.A., in the Collection of Henry Tate, Esq.)

with the animal world contends for precedence with his sense of humour.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's two pictures were produced *longo intervallo* in point of time, but they are curiously equal in their high technical excellence. "The Siesta," a subject greatly liked by the artist, and painted by him in 1868, and again five years afterwards, and "The Silent Greeting," a work of but the other day, so to speak, both declare the accomplished master of the brush, whose powerful technique he brought just twenty years ago to strengthen the prestige of the English school. The latter picture has lately been etched by Mr. Lowenstam, and by the courtesy of Mr. Gooden was reproduced in the first article on p. 147.

Frank Holl's intense sympathy with suffering humanity, and more especially with the misery

masterpiece, which, under the title of "The Doctor," was the sensation at the Academy a couple of years ago.

"Consulting the Oracle," by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, "St. Eulalia's Crucifixion" (an engraving of which appears on p. 193), and the "Lady of Shalott," all produced within a very short period of time, practically represent the painter's rise, his success, and his later development. The influence of his French teaching, so remarkable in the last-named picture, is hardly noticeable in the first, and in the last only do we positively foresee the painter of "Circe." These three pictures are extremely interesting, as illustrating the painter's development; but he himself would hardly choose to be represented to posterity so much by "The Oracle" as by, say, the "Danaë" picture of last year.





OPHELIA.

(From the *Painting* by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A., in the *Collection of Henry Tate, Esq.* Engraved by J. M. Johnston. By Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Son, by whom an *Engraving* is published.)









S H E R E  
*(Original Etching by Percy Robertson, R.P.E.)*







## "SHERE."

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY PERCY ROBERTSON, R.P.-E.

THE original etching which forms the frontispiece to this Part of THE MAGAZINE OF ART may be pronounced a good example not only of the work of Mr. Percy Robertson, but of the more popular use of the resources of the etching-needle, such as may be constantly met with on the exhibition walls of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

The delicate gradation of tone, the just massing of light and shade, the tenderness of the etched line—which is here to be considered rather for its tone value than for itself as a line—and the appointed assistance of the painter, are all employed with knowledge and effect; and the result is a plate which is altogether good of its kind.

## RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

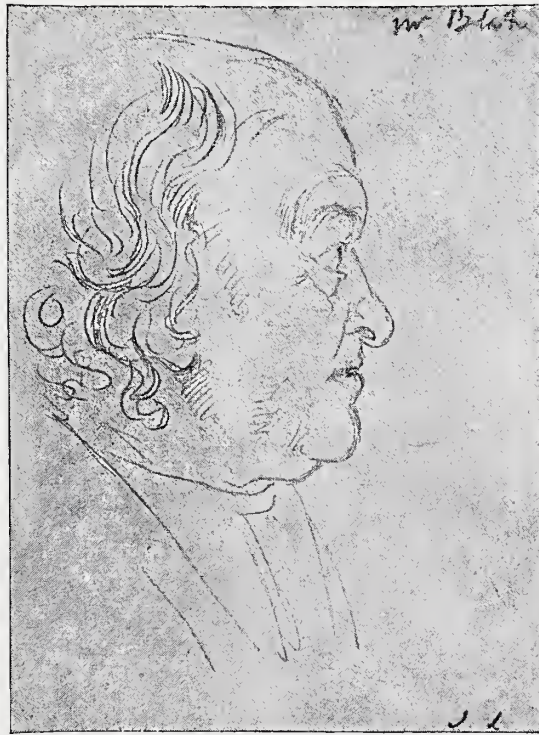
## THE LIFE OF JOHN LINNELL.\*

A YEAR ago and more Mr. Story contributed to these pages an article on one of the greatest of England's landscape-painters—a man about whom, in spite of his eminence and his great achievements, little enough was publicly known. The same writer has now gone the proper length, and given us an exhaustive biography of the artist. He has not merely written a conventional "life," and told us all that was to be known about the painter and his work, but he has placed the man before us as he lived with more than ordinary power of characterisation; and set forth a criticism which, if now and again a little too high-pitched in its praise, is full of intelligence, and demonstrates a natural aptitude for a certain standard of art-analysis. The book is perhaps a little too diffuse, especially in the section of correspondence. We may object that when Fuseli burst into the painting-room of the Royal Academy, and denounced the students as "a den of wild beasts," it was young Munro, and not Fuseli himself as the author says, who reminded the fiery little Swiss that he was "their keeper;" and that West, to

whom Mr. Story refers throughout the volumes as "Sir Benjamin," never received a knighthood for all that he was President of the Royal Academy. But these are small matters. The life of Linnell as pictured here is full of interest, for he was a man of uncommon character—a man of stern resolve, a slave, we might almost say a victim, to principle, immovably consistent in his views of right and honesty and virtue; and, therefore, in his search after truth, inconsistent in his religious forms, and often enough in his quest after justice, unjust.

One is extremely loth to accept Mr. Story's view of the conduct of Constable in his alleged action in keeping Linnell out of the Academy, or even the other instance of jealousy and backbiting charged to the great painter of "The Haywain;" but the fact is undeniable that Linnell was not elected during all the years he "had his name down," and that,

whether or not he had the slightest justification for the belief that the Academy only sought to elect him in order to "degrade" him, he sturdily rejected the polite overtures of Mr. Horsley and others; and that yet, in spite of his remaining an "outsider," he managed to amass during his long life no less a fortune than £300,000. Linnell is chiefly known nowadays for his landscapes; yet his portraits



WILLIAM BLAKE.

(From a Sketch by J. Linnell. From "The Life of John Linnell.")

\* "The Life of John Linnell." By Alfred T. Story. In Two Volumes. (London: Richard Bentley and Sons. 1892.)



are extremely numerous, as he devoted himself to that branch of art for a considerable portion of his long life. But few are aware of the many miniatures on ivory which he executed of persons more or less eminent, and for which he probably ceased to have commissions on account of his refusal to flatter; and fewer still know the numerous line-engravings and etchings wrought by the versatile hand. Of all these Mr. Story gives a catalogue as nearly as possible complete. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book, apart from the main subject of it, and the amusing anecdotes it contains, is to be found in the chapters devoted to Blake, whose last years Linnell tended with so much unaffected kindness and generosity.

#### MR. HAMERTON'S "MAN IN ART."\*

MR. HAMERTON stands midway between the purely speculative writer or theorist and the dogmatic, cut-and-dried critic to whom nothing is a matter of doubt and little a matter of opinion or taste. In spite of his careful reasoning and logical deductions, Mr. Hamerton admits his uncertainty as to the correctness of his artistic views, and declares the hopelessness of all definiteness in the establishment of an art-standard. Yet he is undeniably a man of refined and cultivated taste, of wide knowledge, and unlimited sympathy; and in this his latest work he will carry with him the majority of those of his readers who care for common sense in argument and for highly-developed artistic sensibility in the handling of an artistic theme.

In dealing with so vast a subject as "Man in Art," the boldest writer well might quail; but Mr. Hamerton has so subdivided it and so carefully and intelligently differentiated its various aspects that his task has been eminently simplified. His main sections are "Culture" (that is, education in treating the figure), "Beauty," "Religious Art," "History and Revivals," "Portrait," and "Life Observed"—an arrangement which, it will be seen, must practically

\* "Man in Art: Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait, and Genre." By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With forty-six plates in line-engraving, mezzotint, &c. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

cover the whole field of "man in art" in the five-and-fifty chapters devoted to the subject. It is not pretended, of course, that the subject is exhaustively dealt with even within the broad limits of this ample and handsome volume; but it may be declared a philosophically-conceived and lucidly-written treatise, which is probably more interesting and entertaining than any other book of the kind ever devoted to the subject. It is, indeed, to be placed for its charm of treatment above the same author's "Landscape," to which it is a companion volume; and, while it is sufficiently technical, it appeals even more to the general reader and the student than to the artist, though for all it cannot fail to have its value.

The main tenet of Mr. Hamerton's creed is, that for the painter to become an artist, his power of technique, however commanding, must be supplemented by intellect and refinement. He thus accepts the Ruskinian philosophy, *minus* the main condition of "faith" and other ethical qualities; while he more obviously insists,



WINDSOR FOREST.

(Sketch by J. Linnell. From "The Life of John Linnell")

with the "non-literary" school, on technical achievement than Mr. Ruskin did. His defence of the study and the representation of the nude is masterly, and, being directed straight at the British Matron, will crush her by its very simplicity and moderation. Mr. Hamerton's evidence that the latest phase of French art of to-day displays pre-eminent technical excellence, accompanied by coarseness of feeling, and absolutely lack of taste, is particularly interesting, and confirms what we have maintained in these columns. His style is excellent: his matter lucidly expressed and not without wit, temperate, logical, and, above all, frank and honest. His attitude, indeed, is philosophic rather than combative, and the book gains by the circumstance.

The illustrations, which are of the most sumptuous character, greatly increase the value of the volume. They are in all styles of block and plate engraving. The single engraving on wood we reproduce here as an interesting example—"Silence," by M. Gusman—of engraving on wood from the engraver's own drawing. We cannot agree with Mr. Hamerton



when he says that "original wood engraving can hardly be done direct from nature on to the wood,"

rejecting, while he used the same tool throughout, and held the block in his left hand. An extremely inter-



SILENCE.

(Drawn and Engraved by P. Gusman. From "Man in Art.")

M. Lepère made such an engraving for the present writer—who remembers seeing in America an exquisite forest scene, which Mr. Eldbridge Kingsley engraved—composing as he went along, selecting and

esting innovation in the book is the inclusion of "hyalographs"—plates produced from delicate wash drawings on de-polished glass, the result of which is a delicacy beyond what has been obtained even by heliogravure.



“THE PORTRAIT OF A POET:” BY JACOPO PALMA (?), AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—II.

By W. FRED DICKES.

**B**EFORE we leave the historical side of our problem it should be noticed that as Prospero Colonna was born in 1464, and the painting repre-

sented by him was painted in or about 1500, he was bornly contested every house and rock, but the numbers of the enemy were overwhelming. Hopelessly defeated, he found protection in the camp of the Spanish general Consalvo at Cosenza. The Pope, enraged at his escape, issued a bull of excommunication against the house of Colonna, so he remained with Consalvo and entered his service, as did also other members of his family.

Now we learn from Vasari that Consalvo, visiting the Doge Agostino Barberigo in Venice, brought with him a number of officers from his camp. Vasari's words, which occur in his “Life of Giorgione” (ii. 397), are as follows: “There is another picture of the same master in the palace of Anton de Nobili; this represents a military commander wearing his armour, and is painted with great force and truth. They say it is one of the leaders whom Consalvo Ferrante brought with him to Venice when he visited the Doge Agostino Barberigo. At that time, as is reported, Giorgione took the likeness of the great Consalvo himself. . . .” From this I infer that Consalvo's visit took place in 1500; for it was in June, 1500, that Consalvo, leaving Spain with a fleet of seventy sail, joined the Venetians in their expedition against the Turks at Zante and Cephalonia, which fell after a siege of fifty days. He then sailed to Syracuse, where an ambassador from the Republic presented him rich furs, brocades, plate, and the diploma of a Venetian gentleman.



THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

(From the Painting by Giorgione at Florence.)

sents a man of thirty-five or thirty-six years, it would be painted in or about 1500. In 1500 Prospero had rebuilt the Benedictine monastery of the Olivetani outside the town of Fondi, and was living there as a “lay brother.” We are told that he was not long permitted to enjoy this “retreat.” The old feud between the houses of Colonna and Orsini had received fresh incitement. Pope Alexander VI, wishing to aggrandise his own family, and particularly to establish his son Caesar Borgia as an independent prince in Italy, took sides with the Orsini. He sent Caesar with the Papal troops to exterminate the Colonna and seize their possessions. Prospero, therefore, left his retirement to take command of the family retainers. He stub-

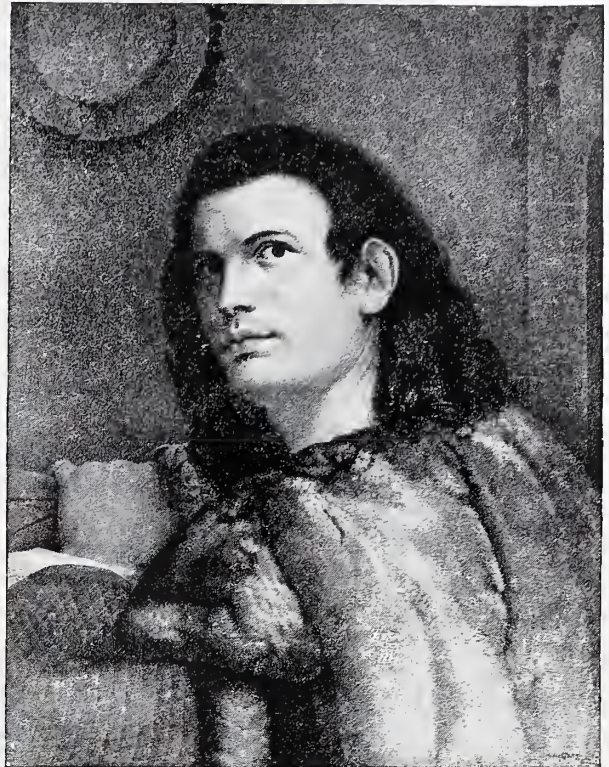
Now, as Barberigo died in 1500, and Consalvo's movements are sufficiently recorded up to this date, the visit referred to must have taken place in this year; and, of course, it is possible that Prospero accompanied him, and was, in fact, one of “i Capitani” referred to by Vasari as in his train. But of this we have no record, and all that can be asserted is, that if our picture represents Prospero Colonna, it was painted in or about 1500.

Be this as it may, no one will doubt that the picture is brimful of the spirit of Giorgione—that it is an eminent example of his school. It behoves us, therefore, to consider who were the exponents of the Giorgionesque in 1500. Giovanni Bellini, the worthy, thoughtful, and eminently painstaking



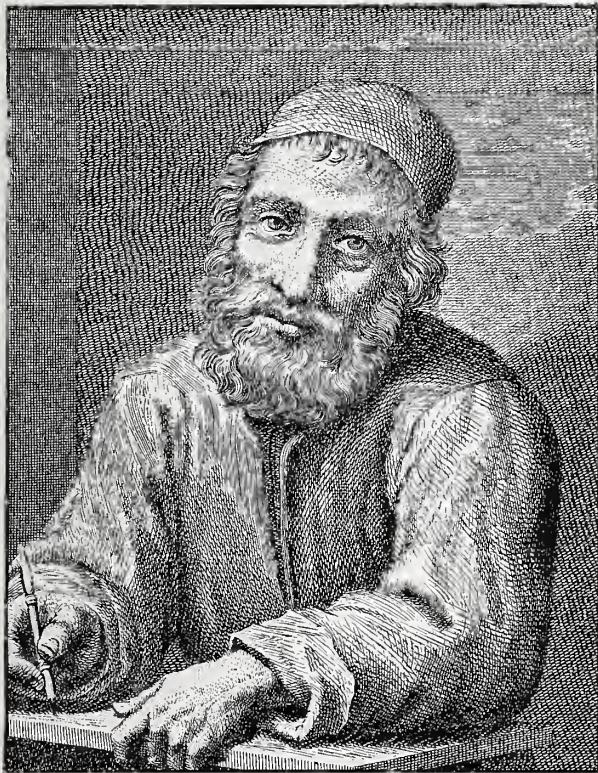
master, and his pupils or followers—Giorgione, Titian, Palma, and Lorenzo Lotto—were all living in friendship in Venice; but of the pupils Giorgione had already become the idol and leader. Tall and handsome in person, original in mind, affable, skilled in music and the arts of society, he had already secured many patrons while his companions were still in a state of pupilage. To them his masterly, direct style of painting was a revelation of emancipation from the laboured and slow method of Bellini; so, very early—Vasari says when not more than eighteen years old (in 1495!)—Titian began to adopt something of the manner of Giorgione; and the Anonimo of Morelli, writing in 1512, informs us that in 1511, on Giorgione's death, Titian completed several of his friend's unfinished works. It may be fairly doubted whether Titian was sufficiently skilled in the “Giorgionesque” in 1500, when twenty-three years of age, to have painted the picture. As a matter of fact, the works of Titian which show anything of the influence of Giorgione are generally assigned to dates between 1504 and 1512—*i.e.*, to the period during which he was assistant to Giorgione.

The case against Palma's ability to paint the work in 1500 is even stronger than that against Titian's. Palma was born in 1480. Vasari does not inform us who was his master, and Ridolfi only



JACOPO PALMA (SO-CALLED).

(“By Himself.” Formerly called “A Member of the Fugger Family,” by Giorgione.)



PORTRAIT OF JACOPO PALMA.

(From Vasari's “Lives of the Painters,” 1568.)

says that he came to Venice when young, and learned much from Titian. Vasari adds that “Lorenzo Lotto, the Venetian painter, became his friend and companion.” Lotto “had imitated the manner of the Bellini for a time, and afterwards attached himself to the manner of Giorgione.” Morelli (Ivan Lermolieff), by a careful analysis of the work of Lotto, has shown that this imitation of Giorgione began in 1510. He had been away from Venice for ten years, and on returning associated himself with Palma in studying and trying to imitate the works of Giorgione; “but in those studies Lotto influenced Palma more than Palma did Lotto” (“Italian Masters in German Galleries,” p. 30).

Now I submit that the “copying” to which Vasari refers may perhaps rather imply that they took his subjects, and adopted his shapes and arrangements—as, for example, we know Palma did in his (“bis-lungi”) long pictures of Holy Families. Compare the “Mary with the Infant Christ, to whom St. Bridget is offering flowers, and St. Ulfus behind,” as represented under the names of Giorgione, Palma, and Titian in the now dispersed Blenheim Collection, in the Hampton Court Palace, and at Madrid respectively. Two of them are assuredly copies from the third, which is a Giorgione. As for Titian, he never ceased painting what might be almost called replicas of Giorgione. Indeed,



these painters initiated such a habit of going to Giorgione as to the fountain-head of all thought that there is scarcely a painting by the great Barbarelli of which a duplicate cannot be found under the name of Titian, Palma, Pietro della Vecchia, and others. I put this view rather strongly, because I am convinced that the meaning of Vasari's words about "copying the manner of Giorgione" has been overstrained by the critics till Giorgione is left robbed of almost everything. And this has



STEPHANO COLONNA.

(From "*Celebri Pittori Italiani*.")

been the more difficult to prevent because his undisputed masterpiece, viz., the celebrated "Madonna" at Castelfranco, has been buried under five restorations. (See L. Ab. Camavito, "Giorgione de Castelfranco e la sua Madonna del Duomo della sua Patria," for details.) Of course "restoration" is absolutely necessary, especially for altar-pieces, many of which have been completely mined by the unavoidable variations of temperature to which they are subjected. It results, however, that while by the study of various pieces attributed to him we can gain a general notion of the colour and style of Giorgione, anyone who ventures to make an attribution to the master should clearly define his own idea of him. I would observe that Giorgione painted on panel more generally than did either Titian or Palma Vecchio. As for Cariani, he very seldom painted

on anything except canvas. In drawing Giorgione stood first and Palma a long way last. All the figures of Giorgione are well proportioned, and stand firmly. His heads are beautifully poised upon well-modelled necks of sufficient length, very different from the necks of Palma, which are clumsy, thick, and shapeless. In fine, the drawing of Giorgione displays the gracefulness of manly strength, that of Titian the subtlety of feminine grace; but that of Palma is seldom even good—being, in fact, voluptuously swollen and loose.

In light and shade, too, Giorgione was pre-eminent. He was fond of making a nest of light upon the face, which has a sunny glow all its own, and is heightened in effect by the strong shadows, which feel their way upon the rotundities of the cheek. He was partial to small isolated patches of full light in the midst of strong shadow. An eminent example of what I mean is to be found in the Gaston de Foix being armed by a youthful attendant—a little panel which came from the Orleans Collection, and is now in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle. I also find instances of this on the left cheek of our portrait, and on that of the Knight of Malta in the Florence Gallery, about which I shall have more to say presently. It is sufficient for this moment to remark that its attribution to Giorgione has been generally accepted, and—among others—by those often differing critics, Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Morelli. Giorgione was the most daring of all the painters of Italy in the use of his shadows. Sometimes, as in his "David and Saul" subject, he would allow a powerful shadow to play across the lower part of the face. Now Titian and, still more, Palma feared to break up the breadth of the face by such shadows and isolated lights. Their shadows are lighter, and are never so sudden at the edges as are those of Giorgione. These masterly shadows of Giorgione have, in truth, a science all their own. By means of the varying abruptness of their edges the painter accurately distinguishes the bony from the fleshy surfaces upon which they fall. Then, too, the Castelfrancan paid especial attention to the reflected lights upon his round surfaces, which are always well kept, of due power, and accurately placed; consequently his rotunds have naturalness, reality, and singleness.

His chiaroscuro being so powerful, he was enabled to use colours of full strength—purple, orange, black, crimson, blue, brown, and green were all brought into requisition. He applied his pigments with a well-loaded brush, never disturbing or blending, but correcting where needed with a second touch. There is no scumbling or other trick of feebleness to be found in the work of Giorgione.



A minor consequence of this masterly “touch and leave” system was a rich impasto, which helps to furnish every surface; and, as every touch was applied by the unerring hand of a thorough draughtsman, guided by a mind keenly alert, and learned in

that Giorgione had the model before him, but that Palma—and sometimes Titian also—drew largely upon fancy, furnishing a bald space with a certain free and accidental serimmage of the brush due to a nervous hand. Of course I am using extreme



PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

(From the Painting ascribed to Titian at Munich.)

the nature of the textures of the different materials, there is a wealth of knowledge in every inch of his work such as one never finds in a Palma; for while with Giorgione drawing and painting were synonymous, with Palma painting was little more than a very agreeable scheme of colours disposed patchily upon a loosely-drawn outline. One always feels

expressions in order to make the distinction clear. To depreciate either of these grand Venetians would be little short of treason, for each of them excelled in his speciality. In portraiture Giorgione was an idealist. His heads seem to be thinking and absorbed, while those of Titian are more conscious of the spectator, though they never lack dignity.



Portraits by Palma are never ideal, but are simple representations, and are rarely of men. Indeed there remains no male portrait to which tradition points as the work of Palma Vecchio. In recent years, however, his name has been given to several portraits of men—the leader in this departure being the well-known and fine portrait of a member of the Fugger family by Giorgione at Munich. (See illustration on p. 203.) It had been pointed out by Förster that this picture corresponded with Vasari's description of a portrait which Palma painted of himself with the assistance of a mirror; and in spite of its history, and the references to it by Ridolfi and others as "il ritratto d'un Tedesco di Casa Fucchiere co pellicia di volpe in dosso in atto di girarsi" ("the portrait of a merchant of the house of Fugger with a wolf's fur on his back in the act of turning round"), was at once transformed into "A Portrait of Palma by himself." But of course everyone sees that there must be some mistake. At any rate there is very little likeness between this face and the portrait of Palma Vecchio given by Vasari himself, and he assures us he was most particular. (See illustration on p. 203.) As a matter of fact Morelli attributes this picture to his pupil Cariani, which is another opinion the discussion of which would be an unnecessary digression. My sole reason for drawing attention to the faulty claim of this Munich picture to the name of Palma is that its attribution initiated what may be called the Palma craze, to which the "Portrait of a Poet" has been sacrificed.

Now, turning to our picture, we certainly do find that it answers to the requirements of a Giorgione. It was painted on panel. Even had we no record of its transfer to canvas (by Paul Kiewert of Paris in 1857), the nature of the cracking of the paint sufficiently proclaims the fact. That it is not by Palma the admirable drawing and modelling sufficiently declare. It has the glow—the deep shadows, and, above all, the isolated nest of light upon the cheek—the rich colour, and everywhere the straight touch of the great master. As for the texture, I do not forget that those who give this work to Palma dwell upon the smoothness of its polished surface. But anyone who has had a picture relined will bear me out that the result is often a smoother surface than the picture presented before. Whatever our picture may have lost of its texture by this operation, there is still some left—indeed, upon the left arm there is so much loading that one suspects the presence of modern paint. I have made careful studies of the texture, touch, and brushwork of this picture, and with these aids to the memory have visited and carefully examined a number of pictures by, or attributed to, Giorgione, Palma Vecchio, and Titian, with the result that, while I do find in the touch of

Palma some little kinship, it is the similarity of a free copyist—hasty, loose, and unlearned.

There is in the Florence Gallery a portrait by Giorgione known as the "Knight of Malta" (see illustration on p. 202), which has much family likeness to our picture. The hair is of the same character and deep chestnut brown colour, though somewhat shorter—is parted in the middle in the same way, but is allowed to conceal more of the forehead. His features are otherwise the same. There is the same display of bare neck, and he holds a rosary of the same large beads. Now this "Knight of Malta" has always been attributed to Giorgione, and is one of the very few pictures whose attribution to the master has not been seriously disturbed. This fine work has the good fortune to have been acknowledged both by Crowe and Cavalcaselle and by Morelli, the last of whom adds the remark that "to think of a painter like Pietro della Vecchia in presence of this finely-conceived head is nothing short of heresy."

I am tempted to suggest that in this Knight of Malta by Giorgione we have before us a portrait of his cousin Stefano Colonna. Educated in the camp of Prospero, he became one of the most expert captains of his day. He afterwards served under the banner of Charles V., but when the Emperor quarrelled with the Pontiff Clement VII., he, yielding to the pressure of the latter, abandoned the Imperial service, and defended the Pope against his own relatives. When the Vatican and the Emperor became reconciled he left Italy and entered the service of Francis I. Next we find him serving the republicans of Florence, and later still, at the special invitation of the Emperor, acting as Field-Marshal in the war against Flanders. Returning into Italy, he died at Pisa in 1548. I append the portrait of Stefano Colonna given by Litta. (See p. 204.) It is interesting as showing how these long-haired heroes gathered their tresses into a fillet. No doubt the hair, which springs from a very low point on his forehead, would, when allowed to fall, give much the appearance of the Knight of Malta. This portrait is by Benedetto Cagliari, and comes from the Colonna Palace. And here I will reproduce from the Munich Gallery a picture which seems to have changed its name as ours has done. It was once erroneously called a "Portrait of Ariosto," as ours was of Ariosto, but is now called simply "Portrait of a Man," by Tiziano, Vecellio (*c.* 2 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 9 in.). (See p. 205.) No one will doubt the identity of the person with our portrait. The eyes are dark, while the hair is chestnut, though more lost in the dark background than is the case in the National Gallery picture. It is my belief that this paper ends as it began with a portrait of Prospero Colonna, Liberator of Italy.



Carols of the Year.



Crowned April, king whose kiss bade earth  
Bring forth to time her lordliest birth  
When Shakespeare from thy lips drew breath  
And laughed to hold in one soft hand  
A spell that bade the world's wheel stand,  
And power on life, and power on death,  
With quivering suns and sunbright showers  
Praise him, the flower of all thy flowers.

W. E. F. Britten

W. E. F. Britten

APRIL.

(Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Drawn by W. E. F. Britten.)





TEMPLE NEWSAM, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter.)

## TEMPLE NEWSAM, AND ITS ART COLLECTION.

By S. A. BYLES.



TEMPLAR'S DRINKING CUP, AT  
TEMPLE NEWSAM.

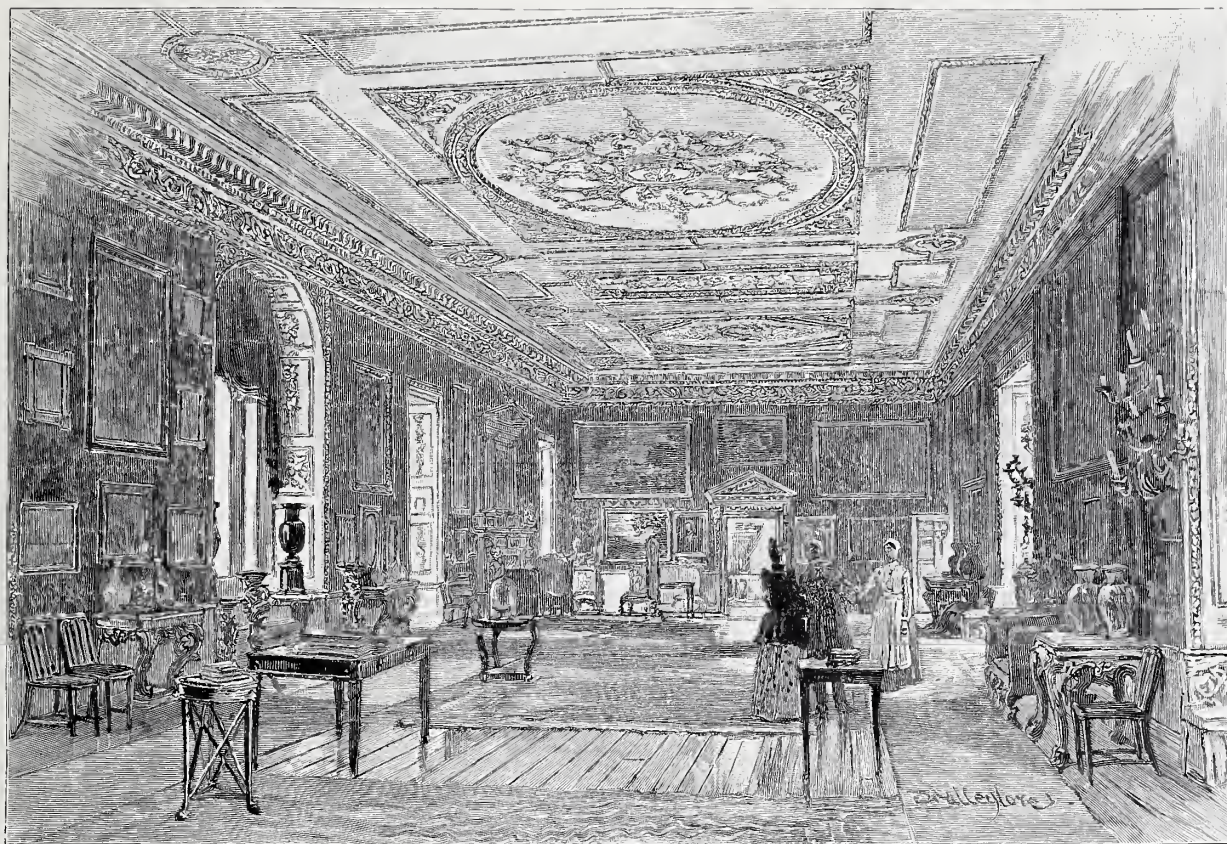
THE first experience of the visitor to Temple Newsam is a strangely dissonant one. He arrives at Leeds, in the very core of a big, dirty, work-a-day industrial town, throbbing with that constant struggle for supremacy on one side and bare life on the other, which marks modern commercial development. The constant roar of heavy traffic, an unbroken tide of eager humanity, the reek of a thousand mills and workshops, assault every sense. For more than half an hour he drives through long, unlovely streets, with grimy cottages and grimmer factories in dull, depressing alternation on either hand. As he reaches the ragged edges of the great town, there are pitiful attempts at little gardens and home-decoration. At length come fields, more or less blessed under that withering atmosphere, and at the little village of Whitkirk, some two miles away,

he turns aside to enter the Temple Newsam demesne. Whitkirk is as old as Leeds itself, and though it bears some traces of having caught the industrial fever of its great neighbour, it has for the most part that air of quaint, solid permanence which marks so many Yorkshire villages, and which conveys the impression that the world never was without a Whitkirk in it. Ecclesiastical moulding and ornament on occasional doorway and window hint at a certain prosperity for Whitkirkers, even during the reign of their most powerful neighbours, the Knights Templars. Of the old church at Whitkirk, which was served by the Templar priests, there is no trace. The present building, a comely structure, dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. Directly Whitkirk is passed, the scene changes sharply, and a short drive through the well-timbered park, with woodland scenery in the background, brings the visitor face to face with a palace built round three sides of a great quadrangle, with an air about it of dignity and aloofness, as remote from the life of Leeds as it is possible to conceive. The style of architecture is racy of the soil. The heavy stone-mullioned windows, which relieve the red-brick walls, are characteristic of every old Yorkshire manor-house, and there is a practical, unpretentious solidity about it which inevitably suggests that the man who built it, Sir Arthur Ingram, had



not forgotten his Yorkshire extraction, and though a Londoner, chose a Yorkshireman as his architect. A curious monotony marks it. The three sides of the building are equal in length, and each consists of a succession of embayed windows carried up with perfect regularity through three floors. Following this strange embayed line throughout its entire length,

under normal conditions would lend itself well to landscape-gardening, the path to the kitchen gardens by some small hanging woods and fish-ponds being remarkably picturesque. One patch of Italian garden which lies to the south front of the house gives the only suggestion of colour. The best view of this striking building is obtained on the drive



THE PICTURE GALLERY, TEMPLE NEWSAM.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I. Engraved by C. Carter.)

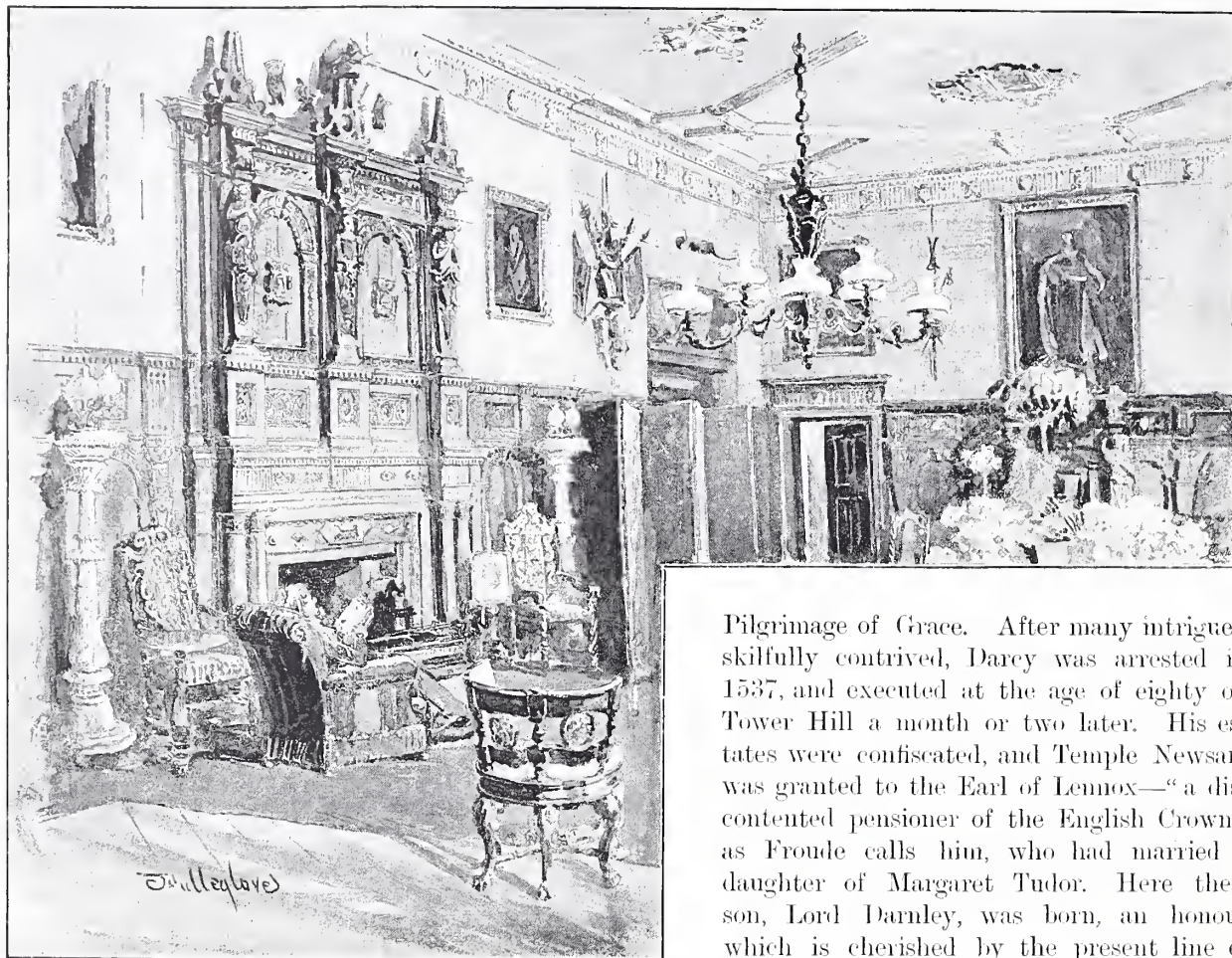
and showing clear against the sky, runs a frieze of lettering in capital letters, which forms this inscription: "ALL GLORY AND PRAISE BE GIVEN TO GOD THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST ON HIGH. PEACE UPON EARTH, GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN. HONOUR AND TRUE ALLEGIANCE TO OUR GRACIOUS KING, LOVING AFFECTION AMONG HIS SUBJECTS, HEALTH AND PROSPERITY WITHIN THIS HOUSE." These words were originally cut in stone, but the poisonous fumes from Leeds chimneys have eaten much of the stone away, and they have been replaced—humiliating to say—by duplicates made in cast iron.

The immediate surroundings of this unique pile are of necessity somewhat bare. There is scant encouragement for gardeners within reach of the filthy breath of manufacturing towns. Many of the fine old trees in the park are being slowly blighted by it. The ground is broken and romantic, and

from the main entrance, near Crossgates, whence it is easy to realise the beauty of the situation which has made it so coveted a possession for hundreds of years. On a fine winter afternoon, when the setting sun momentarily irradiates the smoke and vapour which go up ceaselessly from Leeds furnaces and transmutes them into a veil of purple and gold, the old palace looks noble and imposing enough.

The property has had strange vicissitudes. It lay within the ancient kingdom of Elmete, and at the time of the Conquest was held by two Thanes; but the tide of war, which rolled to and fro so long and so heavily throughout Yorkshire immediately subsequent to that period, ravaged the West Riding; and Newsam, which had been of sixty shillings value in Edward the Confessor's time, fell to six shillings. It was the establishment of the Order of





THE HALL, TEMPLE NEWSAM.

(Drawn by J. Fulleylove, R.I.)

the Knights Templars that revived the prosperity of Newsam. They bought it, probably, about 1150, and made it one of their most important centres. There they flourished, not in any splendour, for the old records show an extraordinary frugality in their housekeeping, but as a powerful and heroic military caste, for something like a century and a half. In 1311 the internal canker which is apt to beset organisations of this kind caused the enforced dissolution of the Order. The Knights Hospitallers appear to have held the lands under the Crown for a short interregnum between the occupation of the Templars and the grant of them to the Darcy family, which became ennobled in the person of the last holder, the famous warrior, Lord Darcy, who, after years of faithful service to the King, found his allegiance too sorely tried by the Reformation and the consequent separation of the English Church from the See of Rome, and was driven into the leadership of the disastrous

Pilgrimage of Grace. After many intrigues, skilfully contrived, Darcy was arrested in 1537, and executed at the age of eighty on Tower Hill a month or two later. His estates were confiscated, and Temple Newsam was granted to the Earl of Lennox—"a discontented pensioner of the English Crown," as Froude calls him, who had married a daughter of Margaret Tudor. Here their son, Lord Darnley, was born, an honour which is cherished by the present line of owners for no very obvious reasons. Darnley was not an heroic personage, although he was the father of a king. Be that as it

may, the room in which he was born, and even the bedstead, are said to have been preserved intact. When the manor-house of that date was pulled down by a later owner, Sir Arthur Ingram, the founder of the present family, the room and bed-



CHINESE SACRIFICIAL VASE, TEMPLE NEWSAM.

were carefully preserved and embodied in the new fabric. Garulous old Thoresby seems to imply that Lord Lennox never really owned the estate at all, but that he held it under the Crown. But one



thing is clear: that in the time of James I., Lord Darnley's son, the property fell into the hands, by purchase, of Sir Arthur Ingram, "a farmer of the Customs" in the City of London. Wheater, a local historian, is unnecessarily severe on Sir Arthur. Ingram was evidently a man of affairs and a keen financier: his services to the Court in the way of collecting Customs and raising money made him a valuable servant. James I. was an uncommonly bad payer; he could promise, but not perform, and Ingram, being a tenacious Yorkshireman and a fighter to boot, made many enemies as well as friends at Court. A contemporary letter, speaking of the struggle when, after intrigue and counter-intrigue, he was dismissed from the Cofferership of the King's Household, says:—"Yf this business of Ingram's had not been, I know not how we shold have entertained ourselves for this whole moneth together: yt hath filled both the Court and Citie with dayly newes and discourse." The end of the business was that the Stuart was "bested" by the north-countryman. Sir Arthur Ingram received from the King for money due to him a share of the fee simple of lands valued at £50,000, in return for which all future claims on the Customs were to be relinquished. Sir Arthur was Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1620, and somewhat later was appointed Secretary to the Council of the North. He was a man of large and luxurious ideas, and the house in York which he erected at that time was said to be of great splendour. A fire broke out in the new house at Temple Newsam soon after it was finished, but the extent of it and consequent loss appear to have been much exaggerated by the gossips of the day. Lord Strafford actually spoke of £4,000 worth of furniture being destroyed, but this is obvious nonsense. A much larger fire occurred in 1776, the damage from which was not made good until 1792.

The son of the second Sir Arthur was made a peer, under the title of Lord Ingram, Viscount of Irwin, but the peerage died out in little more than a hundred years, in default of male issue. The tenth Viscount died in 1778, leaving five daughters, who

were all women of mark, some of them of wonderful beauty. The third, Elizabeth, married Hugo Meynell, of Hoar Cross, Staffordshire, and her eldest son, adopting the further name of Ingram, instituted the present style and title of the family. Temple Newsam fell to this child, because under the terms of the last Lord Irwin's will, it was to go to the first



THE HON. MRS. MEYNELL-INGRAM.

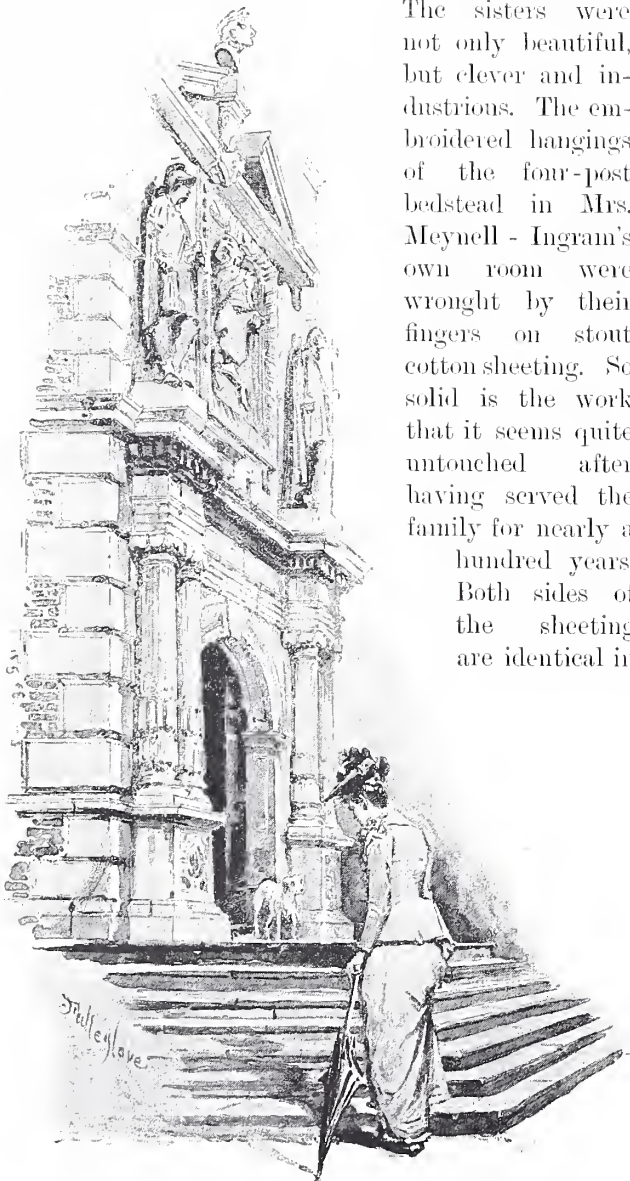
(From the Painting by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.)

son that was born of his five daughters. This daughter was grandmother to the husband of the Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, who is now the *châtelaine* of this fine estate, and who maintains it with reverent care. Her husband died as the result of a melancholy accident in the hunting-field in 1871.

The widowed Lady Irwin kept up the state of the old house with wonderful spirit. On September 28th, 1806, she entertained the Prince of Wales afterwards George IV., after he and the Duke of Clarence had been at Doncaster races. The curious Chinese paper which still adorns the blue drawing-room, and which is in excellent preservation, was a gift from him to testify his gratitude.



The two fine tapestries, from the Gobelin works, in the terrace-room, "The Finding of Moses" and "The Battle of the Amalekites," were also the gift of royal hands, and the loyalty of the house of Meynell-Ingram is oddly exemplified by a copy emblazoned in gold, which hangs in the same room, of the speech of the Duke of York in the House of Lords, April 25th, 1825, when he presented a petition from the Dean and Chapter of St. George's, Windsor, "praying that no further concession may be made to Roman Catholics." Lady Irwin's eldest daughter, who, judging by Cosway's exquisite miniature, was a perfect *replica* of her mother's beauty, married the Marquis of Hertford; another sister became Lady William Gordon; and another married Sir John Ramsden, of Byrom, the grandfather of the present baronet. The sisters were not only beautiful, but clever and industrious. The embroidered hangings of the four-post bedstead in Mrs. Meynell-Ingram's own room were wrought by their fingers on stout cotton sheeting. So solid is the work that it seems quite untouched after having served the family for nearly a hundred years. Both sides of the sheeting are identical in



THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE, TEMPLE NEWSAM.

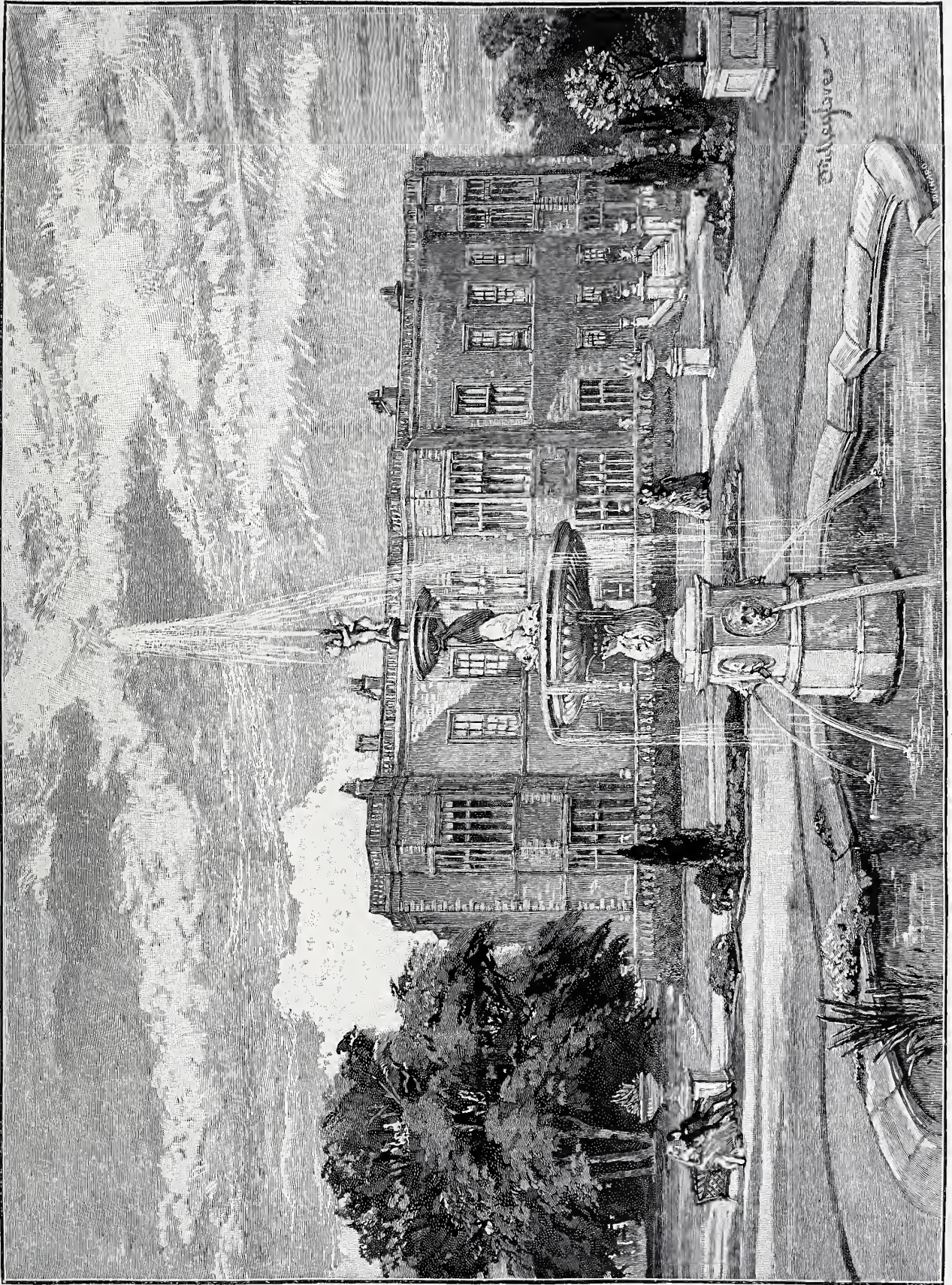
(Drawn by J. Falleglove, R.I.)

design and workmanship—a rare quality in English embroidery.

Of the pictures in this great treasure-house it is not possible to speak with anything like adequate detail within the limits of this article. The most precious is indubitably a matchless Titian, which hangs in the great gallery. It is a three-quarter figure of a man, standing, with the hands lightly held in front of him. A portrait it is, but of whom no knowledge exists. The figure is one of rare distinction, and the delicate modelling of the head accentuates its dignity and refinement. The look of aloofness in the eyes is tinged with melancholy, and yet with a sort of exaltation, and this incomparable canvas reveals in Titian that power of pathos which is not exceeded even in his "Assumption." The picture has never been out of Temple Newsam since it arrived there, and it has never been photographed or engraved. It is cherished with religious care under a locked glass screen, which is thrown back for the pleasure of pious visitors. The gallery in which it hangs is the centre and pride of the house—a noble room of perfect proportions, and of this gallery this great work of art is at once the centre and the pride. It hangs withal in good company. On the opposite wall is a faultless example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who caught the ethereal beauty of Lady William Gordon, and reproduced it without that touch of affectation which marks some of his portraits. It is a great picture, simple, sincere, lovely. Lady William Gordon transmitted her inherited beauty to her equally lovely daughter, who sat, in childhood, as the model for Reynolds's famous picture of the four angel faces. A fine, strong portrait of Lord Fairfax is near by, and a beautiful Claude—"A Shepherd Boy." A Borgognone—naïf and real—a familiar Rembrandt, an excellent Hondeloeter, a brilliant Albert Dürer, and finally a delicate portrait of Mrs. Meynell-Ingram herself by Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

The same room holds one of the only three authentic copies of the Portland Vase, another gift of George IV.'s, the other two being at Windsor and at Welbeck Abbey. A Chinese sacrificial cup in bronze, declared by experts to be at least three thousand years old, to which has been added more recently, say within three hundred years, a beautiful cover and pedestal, stands in one of the windows. It was brought from Singapore in 1848 as a gift to the house. At hand stands a Chinese dragon on a joss-house table. A drinking-cup of the Templars in another bay has been the puzzle of archaeologists. It is called a mazer, because it is cut out of the root of the maple. Its fine mounting, and the inscription encircling it, which has never yet been satisfactorily deciphered, indicate that it was used on high





TEMPLE NEWSAM, SOUTH FRONT.  
(Drawn by J. Fildes, R.I. Engraved by Jonnard.)





LADY WILLIAM GORDON.

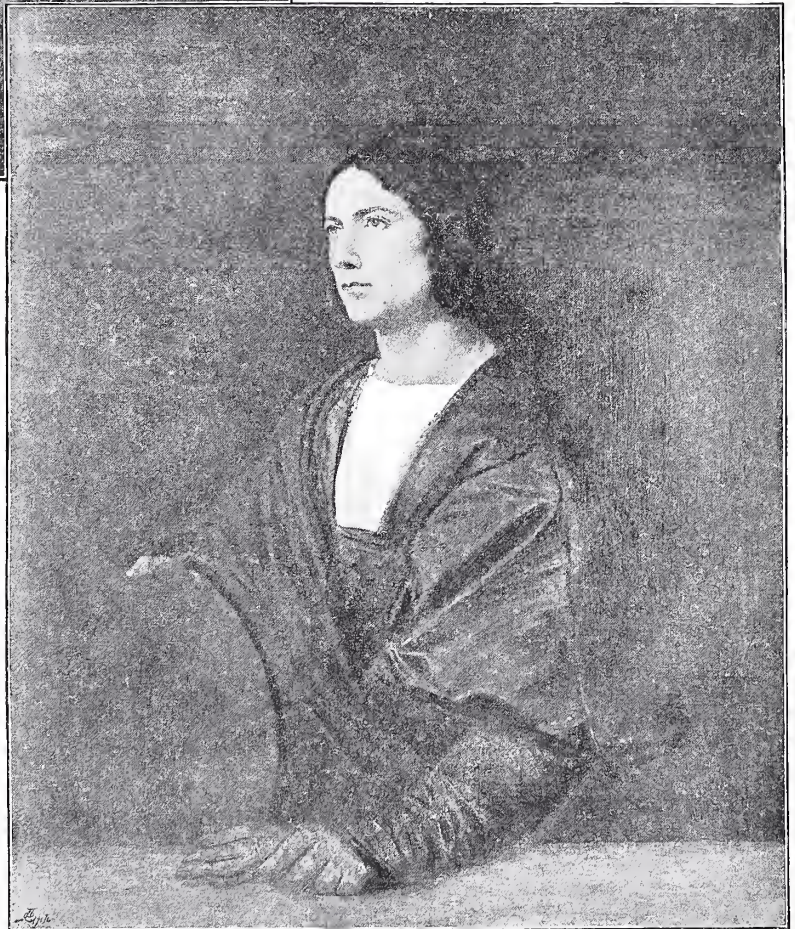
(From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.)

occasions. Why it bears the crest of the Lees, of Quarrendon, is part of the mystery.

The second Royal Chamber in Temple Newsam derives its name from the occupation of the Prince of Wales when he visited Leeds in May, 1868, to open the Fine Arts Exhibition held in the new infirmary. It is a fine room, with a beautiful outlook, and has its full share of the treasures—pictures, china, or embroideries—which abound in this interesting old house. To catalogue such treasures would need a small volume, but no glance, however cursory, should omit to note three priceless Dresden jars in the red drawing-room, dating from a hundred years ago. They are in perfect preservation, in spite of the delicacy and height of the relief.

Earth, air, and fire are the ideas which have suggested them. Their size, perfection of workmanship, and rarity commend them strongly to connoisseurs, though as to their intrinsic loveliness art-lovers may reserve a fund of criticism.

This sketch of Temple Newsam, of which Mr. John Fulleylove's drawings afford an excellent idea not only of the architecture of the place, but of the sentiment about it, must not close without reference to the beautiful chapel which Mrs. Meynell-Ingram has built within recent years. It opens out of the great gallery, and is in happy keeping with the rest of the house. The rich and subdued colouring, the glow and glory of the altar, with its Italian centre-piece of the "Marriage of St. Catherine," testify to the taste and devotion of giver and architect alike.



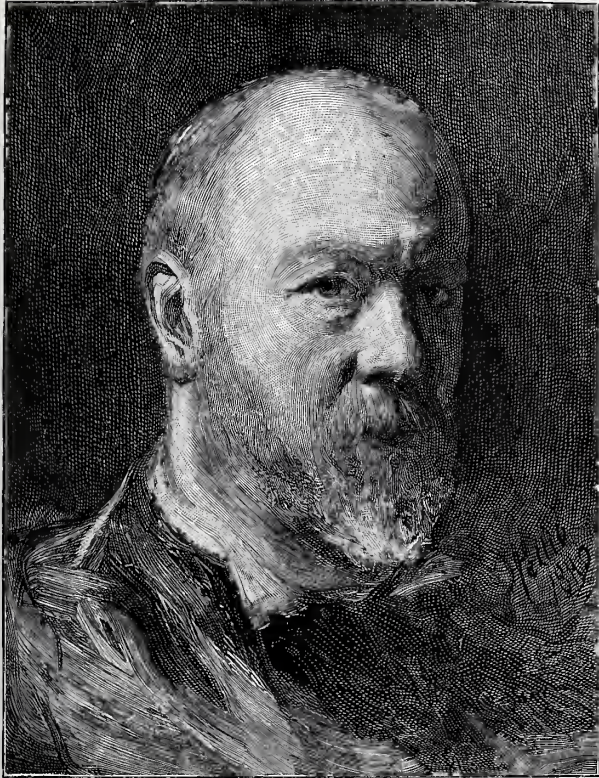
PORTRAIT (UNKNOWN).

(From the Painting by Titian.)



## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

THE death of Mr. John Pettie, R.A., robs the Academy of one of its most genial and most popular members. Born in the village of East



THE LATE JOHN PETTIE, R.A.  
(By Himself. Engraved by M. Dormoy.)

Linton, young Pettie soon rebelled against the desk and would be an artist or nothing; and sought his education at the Trustees' Academy, along with Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Peter Graham, and Mr. MacWhirter. He soon began to draw for *Good Words*, on account of which he came to London, but he gave up drawing on wood as he recognised the superiority of Fred Walker and of Pinwell. To form his style, he studied the innumerable designs of Sir John Gilbert and "just stared at the Old Masters." Then he straightway began to paint pictures, and was successful from the first. He believed in "subject;" and for the early years of his career went to Scottish romance, and Scottish life, and Scottish manners for his inspiration—for never was Scottish painter more Scottish than he. Then he turned his attention to early Anglo-Saxon and Norman life, his "Vigil" being one of the works of that period, and though not by any means one of his best, was bought for the Chantrey Bequest collection. He

was elected an Associate in 1866 and a full member in 1873. Mr. Pettie was an artist of considerable range, full of humour and dramatic expression, his sense of comedy being fully balanced by his tragic power. He was moreover an excellent draughtsman and very happy as a portraitist. In painting he was rather hard—a defect more noticeable in recent years than earlier; yet often he was an excellent colourist, full of vigour and energy. He was one of the most rapid painters of the day, and the writer has seen him begin an important figure-composition ten days before sending-in day and complete it without apparent haste of any sort. Similarly, his life-sized portrait of Mr. Charles Wyndham was begun and finished within a fortnight. He contributed to the Royal Academy without a break; and its exhibitions will feel his absence, just as the many who loved him will miss his genial good-



THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

(By F. Mantegna. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

nature and his sturdy and hearty friendship. He died on the 21st of February, at the age of fifty-four.



The death of Sir Andrew Walker, Bart., must find a record here, as he was one of those to whom art in the provinces has been most deeply indebted. Chief among his many acts of munificence was the erection of the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, which he entirely paid for out of his enormous wealth. For this, on its presentation to the city, he received his baronetcy.

We reproduce here two numbers of the most recent acquisitions of the National Gallery: the one



A YOUNG LADY AT A SPINET.

(By Jan Vermeer, of Delft. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

“The Holy Women at the Sepulchre” (1381), by Francesco Mantegna, bequeathed by Lady Taunton; and the other, “Young Lady at a Spinnet” (1383), by Jan Vermeer of Delft.

This brilliant example of a little-known painter is a welcome addition to the collection. The works of Vermeer (or Vander Meer) are highly esteemed, and the master is, perhaps, at his best when painting interiors of this kind, which combine some of the best qualities of Peter de Hooch and Metsu.



THE LATE SIR ANDREW BARCLAY WALKER, BART.

(From the Painting by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)





STUDY BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., FOR THE PICTURE "RIZPAH," IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—I.

By THE EDITOR.

IN the formation of their opinion of the Royal Academy exhibition as a whole, the general public are too apt to lose sight, or rather, perhaps, to take no heed of the circumstances under which the works contributed have been produced. They neither regard the conditions which have moulded the general result—which have raised the level of merit or depressed the standard of excellence—nor weigh the effect as a true reflexion of those conditions. It is, of course, perfectly reasonable to come and to look, and upon the result of the examination, to pronounce in favour of a "good" or a "bad Academy." But that is hardly sufficient for the student of art and art-progress. He prefers to go further;



STUDY BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., FOR "RIZPAH."

and, looking into the philosophy of the thing, to decide how far the artistic elation or depression of the moment is attributable to temporary causes, and how far perhaps to removable ones.

Judging from the very considerable number of canvases of the first rank—according to the Academic standard—which I have been enabled to examine by this time of writing, I am struck with surprise that the prevailing commercial depression has exercised so little influence for evil on the pictures of the year. For there can be no doubt that artistic failure invariably results from lack of encouragement—a law which has been demonstrated scores of times—and if it be true, as I believe it is,



that the prevailing blight has not settled to any great extent upon the work of the artists, it is simply that its effect is slow, and that, unless things change greatly for the better, next year will certainly reveal a deplorable reaction. For lack of

the artists; for the rich man forbears to add to his collection, or to commission portraits, long before he gives up his shooting or puts down his horses. Thus the artist is always the first to be crushed by the wheel of fortune. Then, again, the further consequence of commercial failures usually takes the shape of sales at Christie's, where the sums realised are diverted in a great measure from the pockets of painters and sculptors. The great buyers, in fact, all disappear, and the smaller ones who buy up their collections in the sale-room ignore the artist. He, on his part, redoubles his efforts and his industry, with the chief result of over-producing, to his own further confusion. And so, until a revival of general prosperity, matters go on from bad to worse.



STUDY BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., FOR THE PICTURE "RIZPAH."

encouragement—in plain words, the lack of purchase and commissions—not only impoverishes the artist; the neglect crushes his spirit. It is only the genius of invincible courage and dogged determination who can withstand the dejection that lies in an empty purse, in a pinched household in the threat of the creditor. For how can the artist do his work when his hand is controlled by a heavy heart and weighted by an anxious mind? Many circumstances have combined to bring about the present serious state of things. In the first instance, the financial crises, of which the Baring troubles were but a surface demonstration, struck hard at



STUDY BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., FOR THE PICTURE "RIZPAH."

Meanwhile the painter suffers from another misfortune. This—a most serious one for him—consists in the prevailing and growing fashion on the part of collectors of buying pictures, not by



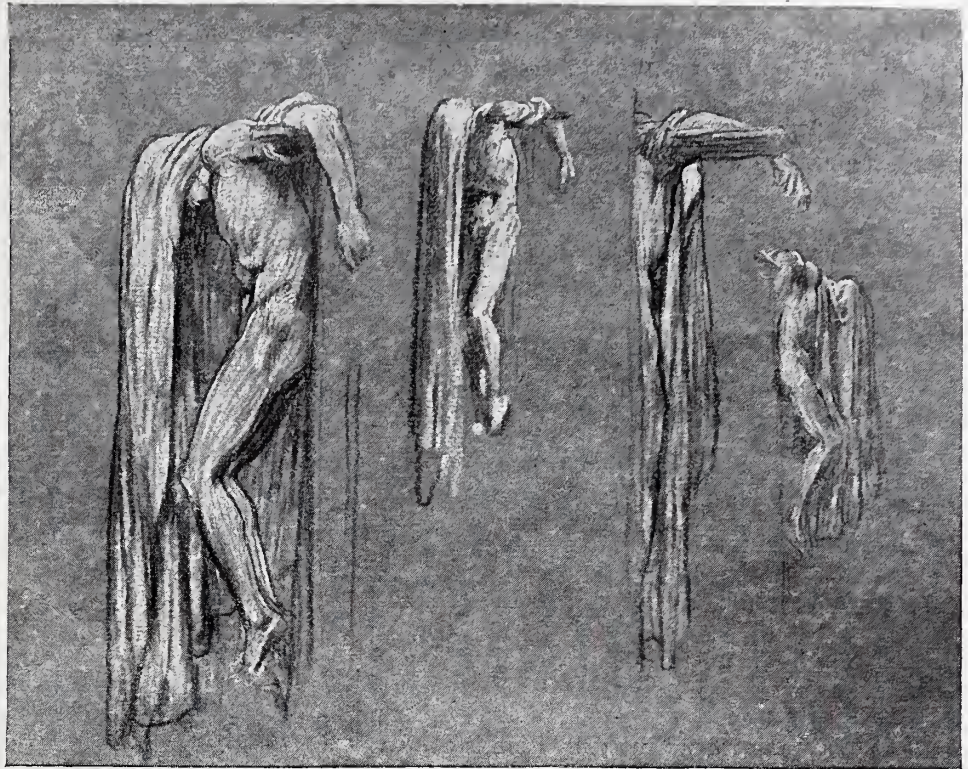
living men, but by deceased artists; and the dealers are everywhere encouraging the practice. "We know where we are with dead reputations," they say, when challenged and charged that they are gambling in the dead instead of helping the living. Thus it is that collectors of the type of Mr. Sheepshanks are daily becoming rarer and rarer; and the fact is clearly established that with the exception of a very few purchasers, several of whom belong to Australia, our painters, even of the higher ranks, are in presence

of a state of things of the blackest augury to them. And as regards these collectors of Old Masters, do they never think that their collecting does no one

any living good but the middleman—apart from their own individual pleasure? Do they never reflect how many of the world's masterpieces would

have been unpainted had patrons in the contemporary past confined themselves also to the purchase of still older masters? And do they never think how good a turn they would serve were they but to devote a percentage of their outlay to the acquisition of modern works of merit?

Doubtless this in a measure sounds sordid enough. Indeed, it *is* sordid; but of that kind of sordidness to which it is absurd to pose as superior, and to which it is impossible to close our eyes. It is the seamy side of the shield of Prosperity—a side which

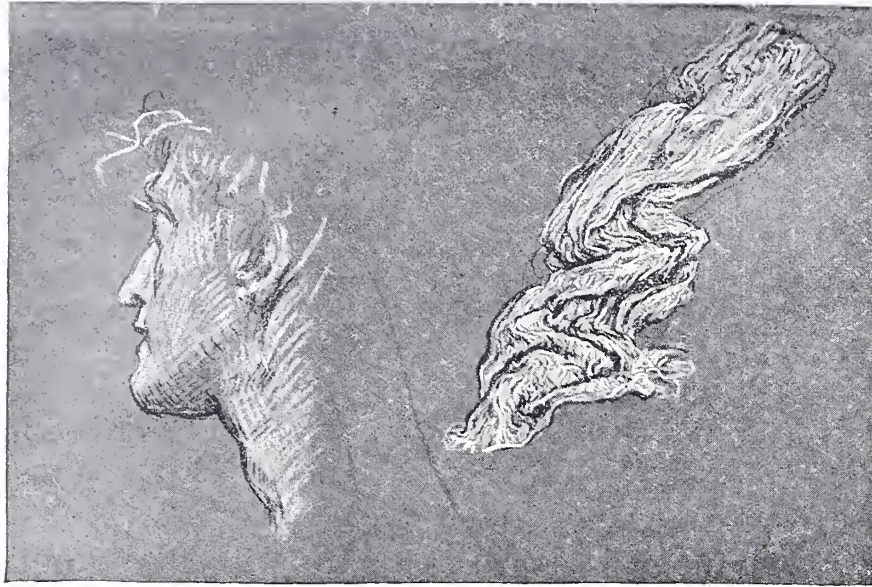


STUDY BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., FOR THE PICTURE "RIZPAH."



STUDY BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., FOR THE PICTURE "RIZPAH."



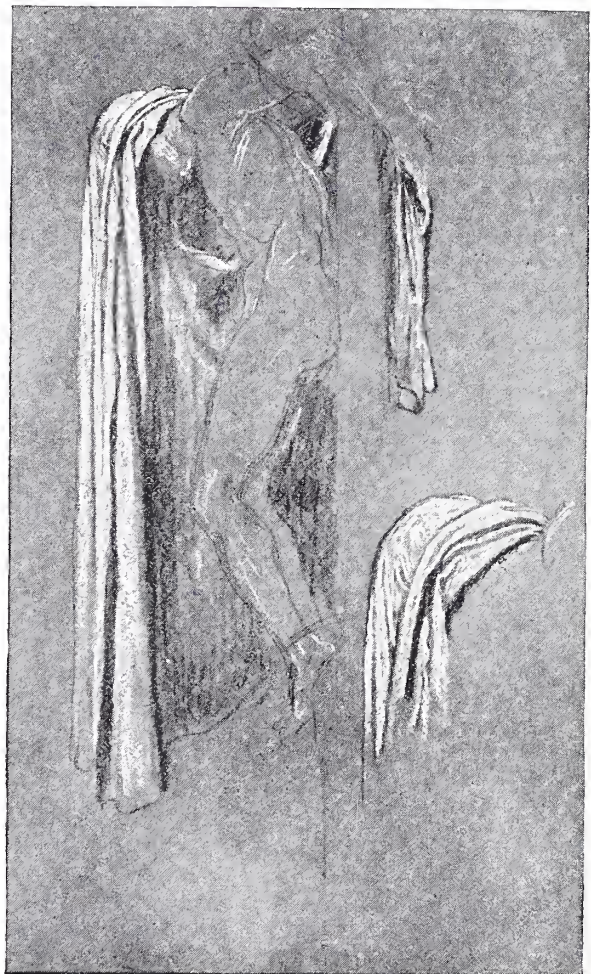


STUDY BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., FOR THE PICTURE "RIZPAH."

and the picture takes high rank among his creations; as a design it is altogether admirable, and, of course, in point of draughtsmanship it is exquisite, but as a whole it is not, I think, entirely a success if measured by his own highest standard. The stages by which such a picture is built up by the President in his well-known method—which has before now been fully described in these pages—are of the greatest interest to the artist; and for that reason, through the courtesy of Sir Frederic Leighton, the chalk studies made for the picture are here reproduced.

must be taken careful note of if we are to estimate the level of the Academy at its true worth. And that is why I began by suggesting that the general merit of the present Academy exhibition is emphatically higher than by our knowledge of facts and the principles of deduction we had any right to expect.

The chief exhibitors, we may take it, are rarely influenced by any of these considerations. They are the few—a mere handful—who are untouched by seismic conditions of finance, or by commercial upheavals of the day. First among them, in his rightful place, stands Sir Frederic Leighton. His work in this exhibition maintains almost exactly the same level as in previous years, with wonderful equality of effort and result. The playful grace of "Hit!" the naked boy who stands between his brother's knees, delighted that his arrow has hit the mark; the beauty and elegance of "In the Frigidarium," the lithesome girl whose form, plainly visible beneath her red drapery, stands erect before the bath against the background of a golden apse; the pretty pathos of "The Farewell"—the not quite hopeless girl who turns from the sea, which bears away her lover, into her snow-white dwelling; the dignity of female loveliness in the two heads, "Corinna" and "Atalanta"—all these are in the President's happiest manner, and representative almost of his best work. His largest and most earnest work is "Rizpah," wherein the devoted Jewish mother is shown defending the corpses of her crucified sons from the birds and beasts of prey during the long burning summer that she watched. The work is a learned one; it is almost passionate in the effort displayed. Horror is the note the painter desires to strike as much by the scheme of colour and arrangement as by the more obvious subject. So far the painter is unmistakable,



STUDY BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., FOR THE PICTURE "RIZPAH."

[The criticism of the exhibition will be continued next month. The full illustration of it is to be found in the Supplement of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, entitled "Royal Academy Pictures, 1893."]





KIDWELLY TOWN.

(Reduced from the Etching by F. Seymour Haden, P.R.P.-E.)

## BRITISH ETCHING.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

II.—SEYMOUR HADEN—ALPHONSE LEGROS—STRANG—HOLROYD.

SEVERAL years before Mr. Whistler etched at all—in 1843 and 1844 indeed—a now veteran artist, President *de sa propre Académie*, who has been famous surgeon as well as famous etcher,—founder of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, energetic advocate, by speech and writing, of the art he loves—drew delicately upon six tiny plates what were meant to be the beginnings of views in mid-Italy. As rare as anything in Mr. Whistler's long *œuvre*—though, as their author knows, in themselves less desirable—are the impressions of those little plates which few have seen, but which I beheld, perhaps ten years ago, strengthened here and there with pencil-work, yet even then only feebly holding their own, among the abundant treasures of an upper chamber in Hertford Street—the almost unknown initial chapter, they, in the sturdy and now celebrated volume of Seymour Haden's etched work. The days when they were executed were about the days of the Etching Club, a body which in its turn was followed by the Junior Etching Club. These clubs left us no legacy we care to inherit; their productions were fidgety, prim, at best desperately pretty and ridiculously elaborated, so that there was practically nothing in them of visible and expressive line. A little—just a little—of that visible line there was—there actually was—even in an unenlightened period—in those few trifling plates of Seymour Haden's on which his first work was accomplished. He wrought nothing for many years afterwards; then, in 1858, when Whistler—by this time his brother-in-law—was already busy, Mr. Haden, urged thereto by the knowledge of good work executed in France at that moment, and by

a fitting reverence for the master etchings of Rembrandt, took up some coppers seriously—set down upon them, in this and the few following years, with an appreciation not less certain and immediate than Mr. Whistler's, of those laws to which etchings should conform, his powerful and personal impressions of English landscape, of the trout stream, and the stately river, of forest trees, a sunset over the Thames, of the yews and cedars of an English country-house (“Mytton Hall”), of the reflections, in some quiet water, of the homely buildings of a little whitewashed town in Wales (“Kidwelly Town”).

A few years later, when the achievements of Mr. Haden had grown numerous, the intelligent French critic, Monsieur Philippe Burty, praised and chronicled them in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. There were fifty or sixty etchings by that time. This was in 1864. And in 1865 and 1866, about thirty of them—including the minor but still attractive plates used as “head” or “tail-pieces”—were published in Paris, with a French text which consisted in part of an excellent analytical and didactic letter, written in the foreign tongue, by the artist to Monsieur Burty. 1864 and 1865 were years of great productiveness, and among educated lovers of art, at home and in France, popularity, hitherto denied to the etcher—for Whistler was little appreciated and Méryon was starving—courted Mr. Haden with its blandishments, or threatened him with its dangers. In 1870, the large and impressive plate of “The Breaking up of the ‘Agamemnon’”—“large” I say; not “huge,” for “the huge plate is an offence”—put the coping-stone



upon that edifice of his celebrity to which the writings of Mr. Hamerton (in a now standard volume, published in 1868) had contributed an important storey. Mr. Hamerton, at that period, there can be little question, did not fully appreciate Mr. Whistler. He already wrote of him—need I

surprise and regret, and Mr. Haden's observation of it. But the incident was not over. The artist brought out his etching-needle; looked at it; placed it gravely in Mr. Keppel's hands. It was presented to him as a sign that that which had been spoken would surely be fulfilled, and the etcher would etch no more. Like Madame Arnould-Plessis, like Maeready, too, but like how few of his fellows in any department of public effort, this artist withdrew himself from productiveness before ever the quality of his production had visibly failed.

Perhaps I shall do well, in one or two last paragraphs about him, to name, for convenience sake, a few of Seymour Haden's most excellent and most characteristic works—prints in which his vivid impression of the object or the scene before him has been most vividly or, it may be, subtly conveyed—prints, perhaps, which have his most distinguishing qualities of directness and vigour. The etchings of Seymour Haden are deliberately arrested at the stage of the frank sketch; but it is the sketch conceived nobly and executed with impulse. It is not the sketch upon the thumb-nail, it is not the memorandum that may be made upon the shirtcuff at dinner-time, in the interval between the soup and the fish.

The tendency of his work, as time went on, was, as is usual, towards greater breadth; but, unless we are to compare only such a print as "Out of Study-Window," say (done in 1859), with only the most admirable dry-point, "Windmill Hill" (done in 1877), there is no greatly-marked contrast, no surprise; there is but a steady and slow and apparently inevitable development. This I in part attribute to the fact that when Mr. Haden

took up etching seriously in 1858, he was already a middle-aged man. He had lived for years in the frequent intercourse with noble and accomplished Art; his view of Nature, and of the way of rendering her, or letting her inspire you, was large, and likely to be large, almost from the beginning. Yet, as time went on, there came no doubt an increasing love of the sense of spaciousness, of breadth, and of potent effect. The work was apt to become more dramatic and more moving. The hand asked the opportunity for the fuller exercise of its freedom.

"Sawley Abbey," etched in 1873, is an instance of this, and I am glad to mention it, not alone for its merits, but because, like a certain number of its fellows among the later work, it is etched



COMMUNION.

(Reduced from the Etching by Alphonse Legros.)

say?—with intelligence and interest, but his enthusiasm was reserved, so far as the moderns are concerned, for Méryon and for Haden.

Save for an exceptional activity in the year 1877—the year of the Dorsetshire dry-points and of the Spanish etchings—the productiveness of Mr. Haden, since 1869, had begun to slacken. In 1879 it stopped. The 185 etchings chronicled by Sir William Drake in "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Francis Seymour Haden" had all been executed; and soon after—either during Mr. Haden's visit to America or during a visit of Mr. Keppel's to these shores—the veteran artist said to the New York print-dealer: "I shall etch no more." I imagine Mr. Keppel's countenance of



on zinc—a risky substance, which succeeds admirably when it succeeds, and when it fails, as Mr. Haden tells me, fails very much. “Windmill Hill,” “Nine-Barrow Down,” “Wareham Bridge,” and “The Little Boathouse,” and, again, that “Grim Spain” which illustrates my “Four Masters of Etching,” are the prints which I should most choose to possess

trained chiefly at Paris—painter, of course, as well as etcher—Alphonse Legros came to London when he was quite a young man. He has been amongst us since 1863. It was in Paris, about 1857, that he did his first etchings, and his surprising originality was declared from the beginning. The trivial, the accidental even, had no attractions for him.



THE BOOK-STALL.

(From the Etching by William Strang.)

amongst those of Mr. Haden's later time; whilst, going back to the period of 1864 and 1865, “Sunset on the Thames” is at the same time popular and strong, and “Penton Hook” remarkable for its draughtsmanship of tree-trunk and stump. Yet earlier—in 1860 and 1859—“Combe Bolton” is unsurpassed for sweetness and spontaneity, “Mytton Hall” for its full share of that element of style which is never wholly absent from Mr. Haden's work, and “The Water Meadow,” an extraordinarily happy transcript of a sudden rainstorm in the lowlands, where poplars flourish and grass grows rank. (See p. 224.)

More than one of the great etchers who must in fairness be treated with the British school are of foreign origin. Born at Dijon in 1837, and

Even the quiet humour which one recognises in his character has no place in his work. Simple, serious, austere, highly refined, yet with curious tolerance of physical ugliness, and curious indifference to, at all events, the beauty of women, Monsieur Legros has conveyed to us, in his own leisurely and economical fashion, any time these thirty years, his vision of a world not ours, or rather, very often, his vision of the deeper realities which underlie whatever may attract us on the surface.

He has been concerned—and best of all concerned in etching—with many departments of Art. Like Mr. G. F. Watts, he has been fascinated, here and again, by masculine intellect and character; masculine kindness, goodness, genius, energy. Of



Mr. Watts himself—and fortunately in the medium of etching—he has made the happiest of all possible portraits, finding in the theme a gravity of manly beauty, a charm of approaching age, to which he has always been intensely sympathetic. Gambetta,

impressive. Poetic and pathetic is it besides, sometimes to the last degree. “Les Chantres Espagnols,” for example, is the creation of a great artist; it is a most penetrating and pathetic study of physical and mental decay, representing eight priestly singing men



THE WATER MEADOW.

(Reduced from the Etching by F. Seymour Haden, P.R.P.E.)

too, and Sir Frederic Leighton, and the late Cardinal Manning—who, if he appealed to him at all, must have appealed to him on the side of austerity alone—have been the subjects of his portraiture. To each portrait he has given, though in very different measures, according as the subject wanted it, a nobility and dignity supplied by his own art and temperament, and by a sense of style nourished upon the study of the Renaissance and of Rembrandt; and, on the other hand, upon each selected model whom he has treated in those other etchings which are not confessedly portraiture, he has bestowed the grave veracity, the verisimilitude of the portrait.

Hardly any of Legros's work is dated, and, as time has gone on, the changes in his method have not been very marked, though it is hardly to the earliest etching that we must go for his most trained draughtsmanship and most accomplished technique. On the other hand, the early work has about it a sometimes savage earnestness, a rapid and immediate expressiveness, a weirdness also, which are immensely

lifting up what hoarse and feeble voices they may be possessed of in the hushed choir, by the uncertain light of torches, in the night's most mysterious hour.

Several of the most fascinating of these somewhat early etchings and dry-points record the life of the priesthood. In its visible dignity, its true but limited camaraderie, in its monotony and quietude, in its magnificence of service and symbol, the life of the priest and of those who serve in a great church has impressed Legros profoundly, and he has etched these men—one now reading a lesson, one waiting now with folded hands, one meditative, one observant, and now one offering up the Host, and now another bending over the violoncello with slow movement of the hand that holds the bow. Dignity and ignorance, pomp and power, weariness, senility, decay, and almost squalor—nothing has escaped him. In literature only a Balzac could have done equal justice to that which attracts, and to that which must needs repel.

Realist, but always poet, in his treatment of these themes—and in the treatment of such a



dramatic plate as "L'Incendie," such a nobly imaginative plate as "La Mort et le Bueheron"—Legros, when he betakes himself to landscape, is realist no longer—or, rather, his realism here is shown only in his contentment with the homely scene, the most everyday material. Generally, one's impression of his landscape is that it is built to some extent upon the memories of his youth: that, since then, a little observation has gone a long way—that he has cared to dream rather than to notice. Here and there one may be reminded of the uplands around Dijon, or of the chalk hills of the Boulognais with its wide fields and haystacks, its gaunt outhouses—a land which rumours of "high farming" have never reached. As the railway train swept under the hillside, Monsieur Legros, one thinks, may have profited by a glance from the windows. And out of the glance, and out of the memory, and out of the very real sympathy with humble and monotonous days, there has grown a homely poem. With Mr. Whistler, on the rare occasions on which he has treated it in his mature art (in "Dam Wood," especially), landscape becomes decoration. With Mr. Haden landscape is a matter

Before I leave this always deeply interesting and original, even when incomplete, artist, I will add that in the "*Catalogue Raisonné de l'Œuvre gravé et lithographique d'Alphonse Legros*," compiled by Messieurs Thibaudeau and Poulet Malassis in 1877, there are chronicled 168 pieces, but that, writing to me ten years later, M. Thibaudeau was able to tell me of nearly ninety additions to the list. Nor has Legros to this day ceased to etch.

Professor, during something like a score of years, at the Slade School in London, Legros has had a dominating influence upon many amiable followers who will hardly hereafter be heard of, and upon two or three clever people with a future in art. Among these latter, the most conspicuous are William Strang and Charles Holroyd. Strang is the senior; he has thus far, naturally, been much the most prolific. He is also the most technically accomplished, and, more than any younger etcher of the day—almost as much, perhaps, indeed as Legros himself—he has shown himself possessed of the vital gift of imagination. Like Legros, he has looked immensely at Old Masters—at the Italian Primitives and at Rembrandt—and has seen nature in



THE COPPICE (SCARBOROUGH).

(Reduced from the Etching by Charles Holroyd.)

that must be energetically observed. Swift, skilful memoranda, not the less scientific because they may be dramatic also, are taken of it. With Legros, the landscape must submit to change, to simplification, to abstraction, generalisation even, in the processes of his mind; and the picture which his hand fashions—the hand with reverie behind it—is one which travel will help no one to encounter and experience, help no one to realise. Yet it has its own value.

great measure through their eyes, and this as much when humanity as when landscape has been the object of his gaze. In Strang's case, too, to these accepted and avowed Old Masters, there has come to be added another old master—Alphonse Legros.

Strang is a Scotsman. That devotion to weirdness and to the uncanny, which is in the full Celtic temperament, is shown amazingly in his selection of subject; he is, perhaps, most of all contented with



himself when he sets himself to illustrate a ballad of the supernatural, written in a dialect into the last recesses of which I—who love best the English tongue—lack, I confess, the energy to penetrate. His imagination, however, is far from being exercised alone on these themes of the supernatural. It is occupied, not seldom, with as great a power, upon modern incidents—the meditations of a jury, the expositions of a preacher, the rescue of the drowned from some dark river, the ill-bred hysteria of the Salvation Army. In portraiture, while it is yet visible, and even valuable, it is controlled sometimes by sense of Style—the nearest approach which Mr. Strang suffers himself to make to the wide domain of beauty. His indifference to charm of form, to charm of expression, to that which is agreeable and comely, to that which the natural man would voluntarily look upon, is yet more marked—a hundred times more marked—than Mr. Legros's. Grace, elegance, personal distinction, the freshness of youth, the winsomeness of girlhood, the acceptability of the English upper classes—these things are far from him: he wots not of them, or but rarely. He likes poor folk, enjoys the well-worn clothes, the story of the poor folk's work and poor folk's trouble; but, like Ostade and Brouwer, he likes the cottager best when he is stunted, and is most interested in him when he is gnarled.

For all the absence—an absence frequent, not continuous—of local colour, the scenes Mr. Strang depicts arrest you. You remember them because he has himself remembered that which was most important in the making of them. Essentials have not escaped him. The "realism" he has attained has been at least something much deeper than that which prides itself on the correct portrayal of the obvious. In great themes and little themes he has been alike vivid. There may be something that is squalid and something that is ignoble in "The Last Supper" as he can conceive it; but, at all events, a genuine human emotion is not banished from

the scene. And here and there, in brief suggestive studies of contemporary existence, an imaginative light is flashed upon the page, a touch of romance suggested, as where, in the curious little etching of a Bohemian wayfarer—a someone who has lost caste probably, whose pence and whose friends are few—lighting his pipe at a flaring gas-jet over some street stall on a Saturday night, you feel that for a moment there has sprung into your vision a fellow-creature with a history, whose mysteriousness you will not solve. Out of the darkness he has emerged for an instant, and into it he returns again.

This very remarkable artist has already executed not less than two hundred and thirty etchings.

A residence of two or three years in Italy—where he enjoyed the Slade School Travelling Studentship—has vied with Mr. Legros himself in influencing that more than promising young worker, Mr. Charles Holroyd. A sense of dignity and Style, and, with this, some direct personal inspiration, lift Mr. Holroyd's work entirely above the level of the commonplace and the ordinary. In sense of line, indeed, he now and then makes approach to the classic. Several of the best of his not yet very numerous etchings deal worthily—truly and yet imaginatively—with the lives of ecclesiastics among the cypresses and olive woods and pine-trees of Monte Olivieto, and in the gaunt and spacious chambers of the remote and hillside monastery. The homeliness of subject in Mr. Holroyd's "Farm behind Scarborough" does not forbid the display of certain of his virtues. But I might as well, perhaps, have chosen for purposes of illustration a "study of line," suggested to Mr. Holroyd by the noble and free beauty of the Borghese Gardens. It consciously and inevitably abandons much, but it retains the thing for which it has existed—dignified and expressive rhythm of line. And this justifies it, and permits it to omit much, and only to exquisitely hint at the thing it does not actually convey.

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### Carols of the Year: May.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

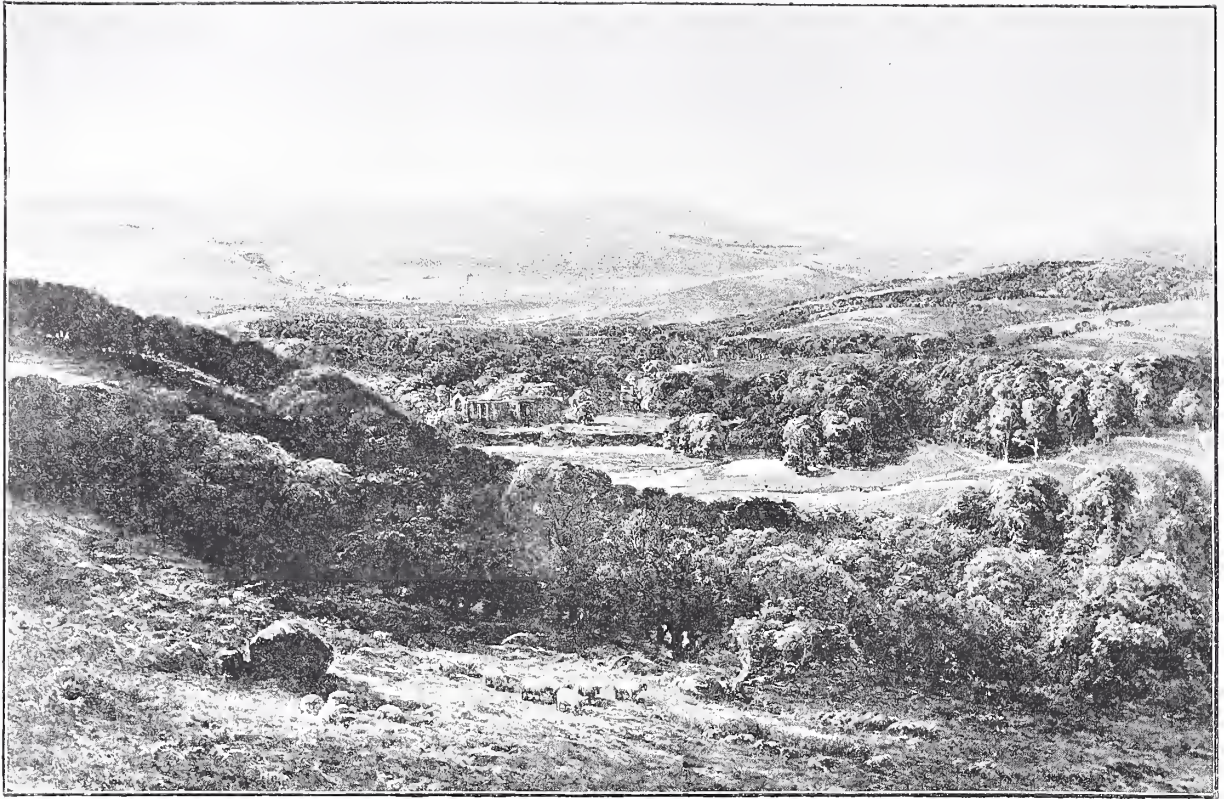
*Hail, May, whose bark puts forth full-sailed  
For summer; May, whom Chaucer hailed  
With all his happy might of heart,  
And gave thy rosebright daisy-tips  
Strange fragrance from his amorous lips  
That still thine own breath seems to part  
And sweeten, till each word they say  
Is even a flower of flowering May.*

(See Illustration on opposite page.)









BOLTON ABBEY.

(From the Painting by Bernard Eeans, R.I.)

## MR. W. Y. BAKER'S COLLECTION AT STREATHAM HILL.

### I.—THE ENGLISH PICTURES.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.

IT would be hard to find a larger or better selected general collection of modern pictures, the accumulation of one man, than that of Mr. W. Y. Baker, of Streatham Hill. It consists of upwards of three hundred paintings, all of which have been purchased by Mr. Baker himself within the last sixteen or eighteen years. He had no nucleus of a collection to commence with, no inherited treasures upon which his taste was nourished, because, like many others of our City merchants and manufacturers, he began life in the humblest way, rising gradually from the ranks, and being, in short, what is popularly known as a self-made man. He takes pride in telling how he began his career in connection with the firm of which he is now the head at the small salary of six shillings a week. His home was at Clapham, whence he had to walk to his place of business in the City, and he there every morning at seven o'clock; then, when he finished work at seven in the evening, he had again to walk the four miles home. This he did winter and summer for many years, gradually rising in position

until he became a partner and finally the head of the firm. He never had much time for holidays, or for recreation of any kind; but he always took intense delight in flowers and in pictures of every description, and when his means allowed him to do so he began to indulge his taste in these respects.

The house is crowded with objects of art and beauty. From ground to roof-tree there is scarcely a nook or corner that is without its gem. China, glass, richly carved and inlaid cabinets, and *bric-à-brac* of every description, attest the taste of the collector. Space, however, forbids any but the slightest reference to aught save the pictures, which are in such profusion as literally to cover the walls from skirting-board to ceiling.

It not infrequently happens that a collector has little real taste for art, and that the best things in his collection have been purchased on the advice of artist friends or connoisseurs. This is shown by the circumstance that so few collections, when they come into the market, exhibit what we may style artistic



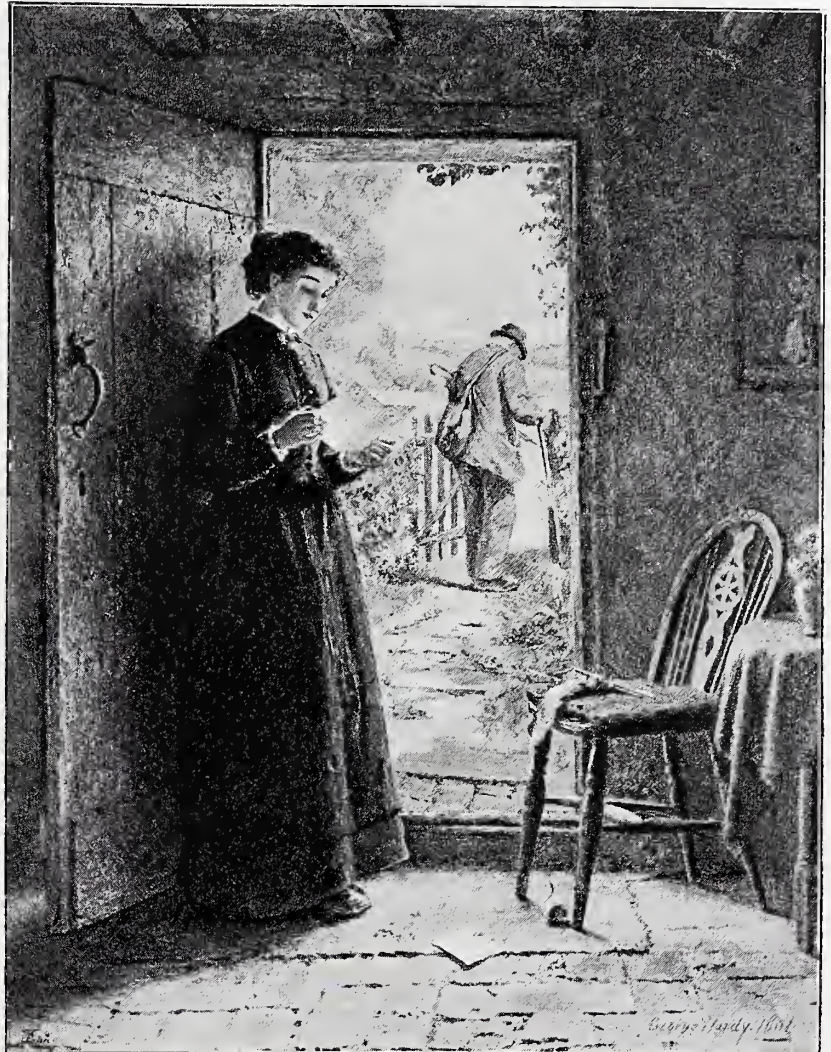
conviction, to say nothing of real knowledge. Such, however, cannot be said of Mr. Baker's collection. In almost every instance he has bought on his own judgment, and, as was once said by a well-known dealer on seeing the collection, he has made but few mistakes. In making his selection he has been actuated by no love of display or desire for notoriety. Few know of his collection beyond the circle of his friends. It was made for his personal delight; in his own phrase, he bought it "to live with," and the certainty of finding a perennial pleasure in a picture is his final test of its value to him.

Of native English artists, there is in Mr. Baker's collection a small group for whom the owner has so strong an admiration that he is not content to see merely one or two of their works upon his walls, but must have them adorned by many. Mr. Keeley Halswelle may be taken as the type and representative of these, and of this talented artist's work he has fourteen or fifteen specimens, a number of them being of the Thames series, including the well-known "Eel-Bucks on the Thames," a "Windsor Castle" from the river, in which, at Mr. Baker's suggestion, the artist painted a couple of swans; and an "Abingdon," in which a fine distance is obtained by a cleverly-managed sky effect.

Another special favourite is Mr. Birket Foster, and Mr. Baker counts it an honour to possess thirteen specimens of that artist's work. They are nearly all of his best period, and two in particular, "The Stile" and "A Visit to the Farm," are of exceptional excellence and beauty. Along with him may be mentioned several good examples of the work of Sherrin, the fruit painter, who was a pupil of William Henry Hunt, and is accounted by some to come very close to his master.

Of William Henry Hunt's own work the collection boasts two examples, one being "A Hastings Fisherman," an early work, and probably executed when he visited the famous old town along with his fellow-student and companion, John Linnell; and the

other the tolerably well-known drawing, "The Ship-boy's Valentine." Of John Linnell, and another early friend and companion of Hunt, William Mulready, R.A., there are a specimen each. That of



THE WELCOME LETTER.  
(From the Painting by George Hardy.)

the former is a landscape with figures, and marks the transition from the artist's middle to his later period. It is a good sample of his less grandiloquent expression of nature. The example of Mulready is a small water-colour study of two desolate-looking children on the wet, sodden street at evening time, entitled "Strayed," very simply and truthfully drawn.

Mr. B. W. Leader is well represented by seven canvases, all in his best manner. One of them in particular, entitled "Meadows, Whittington," is Cox-like in style and remarkably good of its kind. Another, "A Swiss View," painted outdoors, has a fine open-air effect and great breadth of treatment. It is said that the artist and his wife were walking out one Sunday when they chanced upon this view and he



at once proposed to paint it. Mrs. Leader objected that it was Sunday. "The better the day the better the deed," he replied, and at once set to work. Another equally popular artist is Mr. Bernard Evans, of whose careful and thoughtful work Mr. Baker has thirteen specimens, including the "Richmond from

another water-colour entitled "On the Thames." There are likewise several good examples by Mr. Charles Wyllie.

Another man for whose work Mr. Baker has great admiration, and of which he has several specimens, is Mr. Burton Barber, the animal painter. This



LANDSCAPE.

(From the Painting by John Linnell.)

the West Hill," of which an engraving was given in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for August, 1892; and a very fine "Bolton Abbey." (See p. 228.)

Even more numerous still are the specimens from the brush of that prolific producer, Mr. T. B. Hardy, one of the best of which is a view of the Tower, with a hay-barge coming up stream. There is also a very effective drawing of the Pool, with St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, in the distance. But Mr. Hardy contrasts strongly with Mr. W. L. Wyllie in his treatment of a similar theme in "On the Thames—Going Up with the Tide," a good example of this artist's work and of his clever management of colour effects. Of four others by the same hand, perhaps the best is "The Training Ship *Ermouth*," a water-colour which was borrowed from the owner to send to the last French Exhibition, where it was greatly admired. Mr. Baker's other works by this artist are "On the Medway," "Shrimpers Landing to Windward" (in oil), and

artist's pictures, however, have been so popularised by engravings that they need no description. The collection includes "The New Whip," "Rival Attractions," and "Songs Without Words." A man who can paint an animal well is provided with a ready passport to Mr. Baker's affections, and every here and there on his walls we come across favourite subjects like Mr. S. E. Waller's "Cupboard Love," like "Dead Game," by W. Duffield; "A Sussex Team," by Britain Willis; or a cavalcade by Mr. E. Crofts, A.R.A.

It is difficult to do justice to Mr. Baker's catholicity of taste. He is no lover of one school or style of painting to the exclusion of all others. All departments find examples upon his walls. As he likes to see Nature represented in all her varied aspects, so he desires to have man depicted in all his manifold moods and circumstances. Hence the almost endless variety to be found among his pictures, from such domestic pieces as "Stiring





Dujardin, photo

A LOYAL BIRD  
*(In the Collection of W.Y. Baker, Esq.)*

A. C. GOY  
1878

A. C. Goy, R.A. print

Magazine of Art.







the Christmas Pudding," by Henry Woods, A.R.A., to the battle pieces of Sir John Gilbert and others; from the tender sentiment of the "Mother and Child," by George Smith, out of the Mayo collection, sold some years ago, to the broad humour of such themes as "Wait till he comes outside," by Mr. J. Watson Nicol. Both Watson and Erskine Nicol are great favourites, and the collection numbers several of their works, including the "Forty Winks" and "In Reduced Circumstances," by the former, and "A Knotty Point," by the latter.

The battle piece by Sir John Gilbert, above referred to, is a large water-colour drawing, somewhat sketchy, perhaps, but full of vigour, and inspired with the very rash and hurtle of combat. It is a fine specimen of the veteran Academician's consummate handling of a "live" subject; but Mr. Baker possesses a nobler example of Sir John's work in his "Richard II. Resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke,"

veritable masterpiece by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., entitled "In Ross-shire" (1882), a beautiful effect of evening sunlight, with wild-looking cattle and horned sheep among bare and misty hills. This picture—of which an engraving is given on p. 233—was painted for Mr. Charles Neck, of Regent's Park, with whom the artist was on very intimate terms of friendship; and as they were near neighbours, Davis used to walk over on a Sunday morning for a chat, and while they talked he would take out his brush and work upon the picture. This accounts for its high finish. It is a great favourite with the artist, who regards it as one of his best works.

Amongst other gems of the collection reference should be made to "The Signal," by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., depicting a young lady in a white dress, very effectively painted, dropping rose-leaves into a stream: the well-known "Sacred Mistletoe" of Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.: "Erin,



THE SACRED MISTLETOE.

(From the Painting by G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.)

one of his earlier paintings (1852), very broad and simple in treatment, good—though not too pronounced—in colouring, and of great dignity in the delineation of facial expression. It is undoubtedly one of the finest pictures in the collection. (See p. 232.) Along with it, however, must be ranked a

Farewell," by Mr. T. Faed, R.A.; "The Happy Days of Charles I.," by Mr. F. Goodall, R.A. (a small replica of the larger picture with the same title); "The Literary Lover," by Mr. Blair Leighton; and the perhaps equally well-known "Love Will Find the Way" of Mr. J. B. Burgess, R.A. Mr.



Baker also possesses the original picture by the latter artist, "Stolen by Gipsies," which was engraved by the Art Union.

Nor should a fine early work by Mr. Alma-Tadema be overlooked. It is called "A Roman Family," and



RICHARD II. RESIGNING THE CROWN TO BOLINGBROKE.

(From the Painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

represents a massively-built man seated by a woman and child in a Patrician interior. The picture would be almost perfect but for the too strongly emphasised bull-like neck of the man. It was painted in 1867 for Sir John Pender for £1,050. "The Sirens of the Sea," by the late W. E. Frost, R.A., is a small replica of the picture in the possession of the Queen. "Vespers," by the late Edwin Long, R.A., is noteworthy for the intense feeling of devotion which the artist has thrown into a girl's face, who is seated by an old woman bending over her beads. Though weak in the outline of the head, it displays much better work than Long did in his later years.

A perfect gem in its way also is "A Loyal Bird," by Mr. Andrew C. Gow, R.A.—a picture which, at the time it was exhibited, was said to be worthy of the name of Meissonier being affixed to it, albeit to perhaps prejudiced eyes it seems freer and less conventional than the Frenchman's work. It will certainly bear comparison with it.

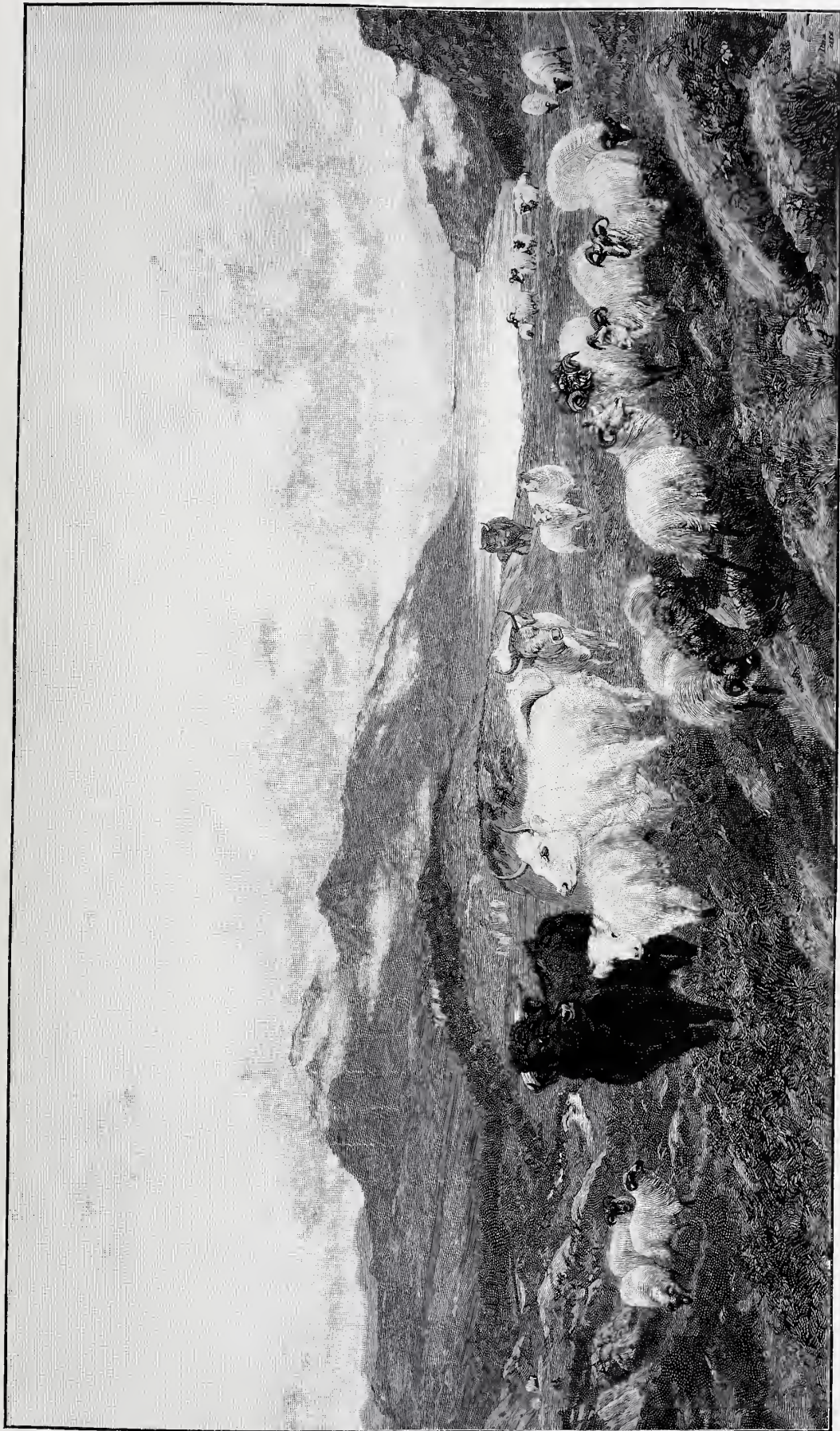
Passing over good examples of the work of Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., the late Frank Holl, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr. John Brett, A.R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., James Hardy (of whom there are five works), J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., J. Stark, J. B. Pyne, and others, I must mention more particularly "The Welcome Letter," by George Hardy, a luminous bit of work with a very pleasing sentiment. (See p. 229.)

Among Royal Institute men Mr. James Orroek is represented by a very fine landscape—"Bolton Castle, Yorks;" Mr. E. M. Wimperis by a capital drawing of "Harlech Castle;" Mr. Charles Green by "The Town Crier;" and Mr. Hamilton Macallum by a characteristic example representing boats returning to port amid sparkling water and air quivering with motion.

But Mr. Baker's collection is so rich that it is impossible to mention all the contents. It would not do, however, to close this article without referring to works by several of those who are now regarded in the light of Old Masters of the English

School. Amongst these I must name two Henry Dawsons, "Ancient Greece," and a marine piece, very strongly composed, and with a very beautifully managed light in the sky, as well as two or three very fine J. E. Niemanns—one entitled "Shields Harbour;" another, called "Sunshine and Showers;" and a third, "The Vale of Ludlow," esteemed by Mr. B. Evans to be the best he ever painted. There is also a fine Copley Fielding of "Loch Lomond;" a "Bay of Ischia," by Müller; a small Constable; a delightful bit of luminous landscape, entitled "The Bridge," by Creswick; a greatly admired "Kelso Abbey," by W. Bennett; and a good sample of the work of Paul Sandby.





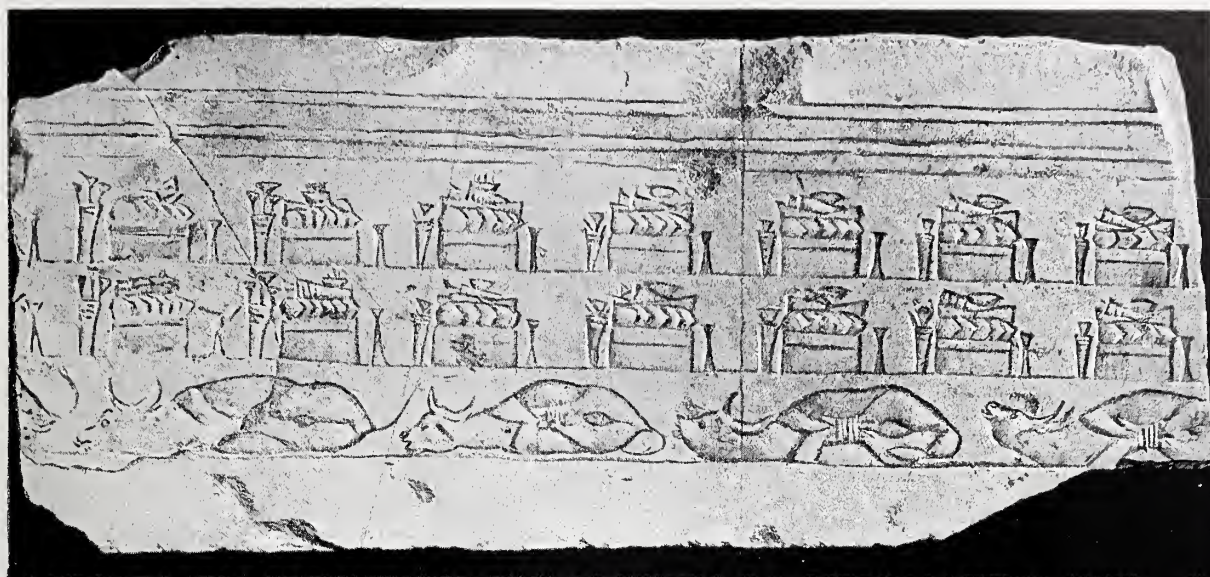
IN ROSS-SHIRE.

(From the *Painting* by H. W. B. Davis, R.A. In the Possession of W. Y. Baker, Esq., Streatham. Engraved by M. Dormoy.)









SLAB SCULPTURED WITH OFFERINGS AND VICTIMS.

## THE ART OF KHUENATEN.

By PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE.

IT is now about a generation ago that the world was astonished by the unearthing of the primitive school of Egyptian art, as shown in the statues and sculptures of the early dynasties. So familiar were the later styles of conventionalism and decadence that our notion of the art of Egypt was entirely based upon them; and the earlier and far truer and more vivid work of the pyramid period seemed to stand outside of the rigid style which we had labelled as Egyptian, and had vilely pirated in vulgar imitations. This is now an old story, and we recognise the historic continuity of the brilliant early work of the pyramid times, the decadence of the schools in the Ramesside period, and the renaissance in a weaker form which led into the Greek times.

But yet another surprise awaited us, in a period so brief and so unfortunate in its close, that very few traces of it have remained. We now find, from the excavations which I carried on at Tel-el-Amarna last spring, that about 1400 B.C., just

before the decadence of the Ramesside age set in, an entirely new spirit of naturalism held sway—a naturalism which was quite dissociated from the earlier style from which Egyptian art had sprung, but which rather seems akin to the inspirations of prehistoric Greek art. Of course the technical methods of Egyptian art were still followed, and were an invaluable basis and framework for the new ideas; the fineness of outline and vigour of the regular Egyptian school taxes, indeed, any

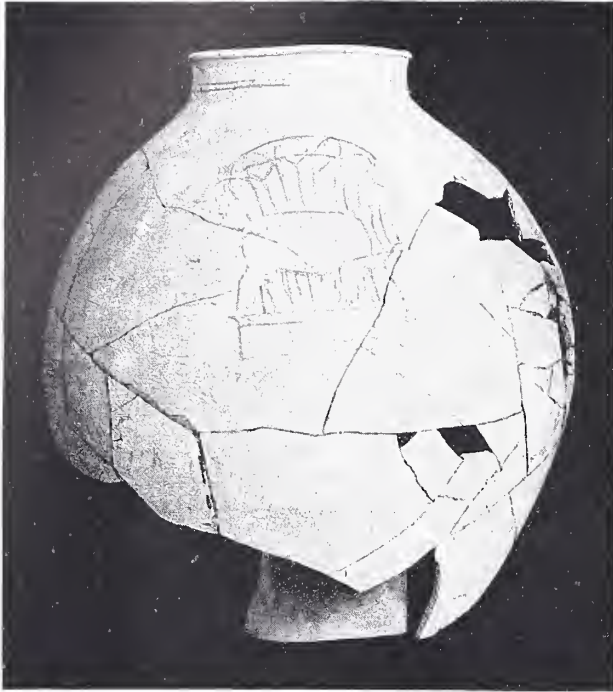
modern copyist, and in most cases our imitations would have been scorned by any Egyptian master. On this fine school was suddenly grafted, and very unwillingly received in many cases, the idea of the freest imitation of nature, and a humanistic and romantic style which has in some parts never been paralleled until modern times. This cannot be regarded as a normal development of the preceding work, not only because of its freshness of impulse, but because it was immediately crushed and destroyed as



PORTION OF PAINTING ON PAVEMENT FROM TEL-EL-AMARNA.



an interloper, after the death of its patron. The new style is exactly associated with the entirely



JAR WITH A SKETCH OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

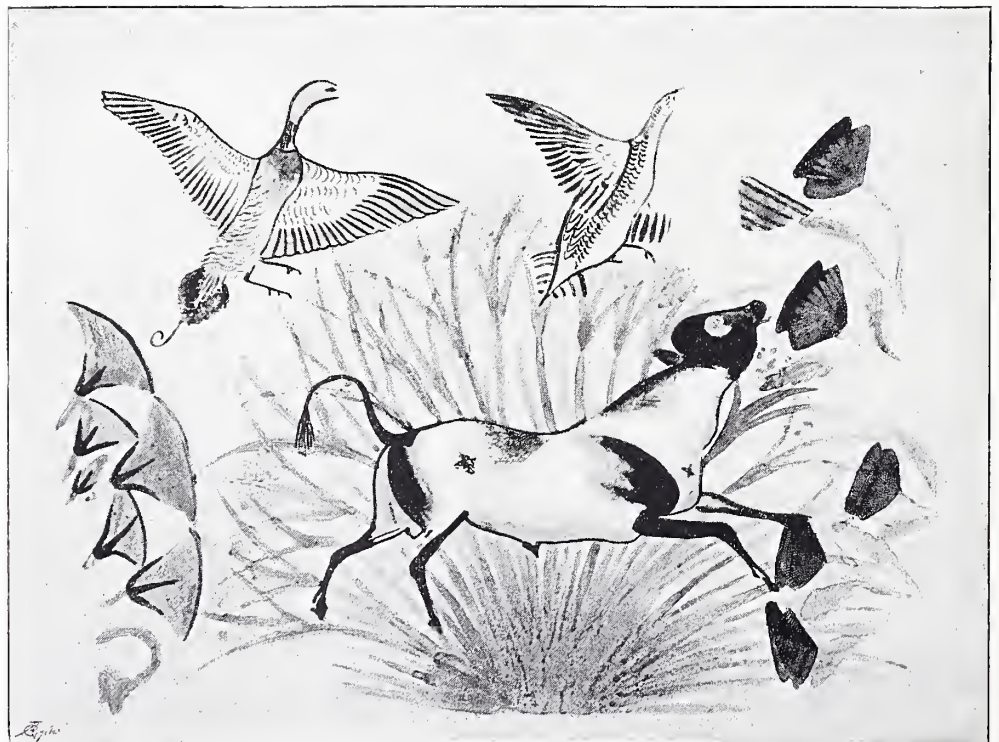
new departure in religion and ethics which was introduced by King Khuenaten, which was never propagated after his brief twelve years of apostleship, and which was eradicated with the most intense hatred shortly after his death.

To turn to actual examples. The main instance of the painting which is preserved is a large hall, about sixty feet long and twenty-two wide, the floor of which was covered with painted stucco; most of this remains almost as fresh as when it was first coloured, though it was only beneath a foot or two of soil when I found it. Another floor somewhat smaller, and in more weathered

condition, adjoins it. The plan of the great hall is with a pathway across the width, strewn with captives; on either half of the room, right and left, is painted a central tank of water, lotus plants, and fish surrounded by the columns which support the roof; between the columns are groups of plants and animals; beyond the columns is a long line of similar plants and animals; and around the whole edge of the room is a border of bouquets and dishes. There is no trace of geometrical pattern in the whole design, which thus stands apparently free of Mesopotamian influence.

We are familiar with the noble bulls of Egyptian artists, and their majestic outlines; but such are always stationary, or in such slow motion that their forms could be deliberately drawn. Here, on the contrary, the artist trusted freely to his truth of memory, and ventured on animated drawings of instantaneous action. In the case of the young bull bounding in the air, the spirit is excellent, and it is based on a fine mental picture; but the details have failed in minor respects. The head and legs are imaginary, and there has been no firm idea of what the exact form should be. But in a rather less ambitious figure of a young calf galloping along, where the difficulties were not so great, the result is most happy; indeed, within the method of such work, with strong outlines, it is hard to see how it could be bettered.

In other examples we find, also, remarkable freedom. On a jar is a rough sketch of a hippopotamus



PAINTING OF A YOUNG BULL.



among papyri; and though very hastily done, yet the bearing legs are correctly shown as diagonals, the oppositely diagonal feet being raised. Another jar has been covered with several rough sketches, and among these a horse's head is truly remarkable. If it were a charcoal drawing on paper it might be readily set down as sixteenth century work, so modern is it in the feeling and style. It should be noticed how successful the artists of Khuenaten were in dealing with the horse, which was generally a stumbling-block to Egyptians.

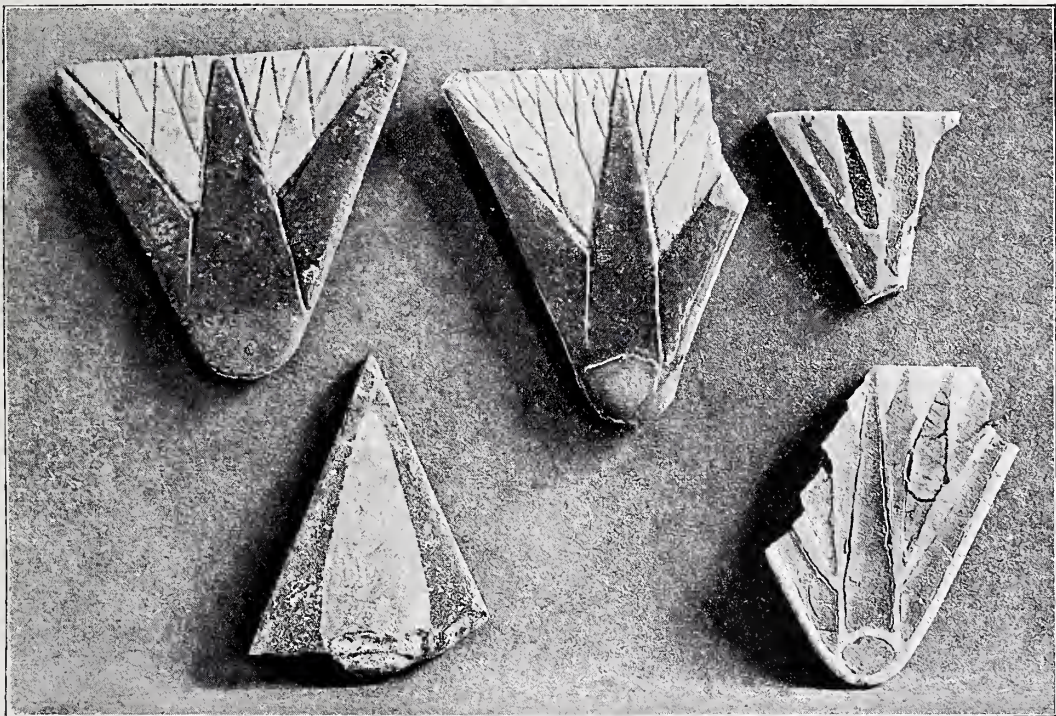
On turning to work in the round, there is a great difference noticeable in the style from that of other ages in Egypt. A large number of statues of the King and Queen decorated the Great Temple of the Sun; and of these the fragments of at least seventeen figures have been recovered. The spirit of the design of the trunks is original; that of the Queen, for instance, is treated as if in a very tight, thin covering,

curves which excited the admiration of one of the most exacting authorities on Greek art. In lesser and slighter work a beautiful feeling is yet shown, as in the small head from a funeral statuette of the King; this is carved in black granite, and in such a material detail is impossible on a small scale; but a curious sweetness has been reached in the slightly-defined features. In animal work the old Egyptian style was already so good that there is not so much advance perceptible; the small bull's head in bronze, for a weight, is a noble little piece of such work.

Both in architecture and in minor decoration an extensive use was made of glazed pottery. The wall surfaces were inlaid with patterns formed with squares, rhombs, circles, &c., of glazes; and the palm-leaf pattern capitals of the great columns, over six feet across, were covered with inlaying of green, red, and blue, the ribs of stone between the colours being gilded; thus the whole capital appeared as a gigantic



JAR WITH SKETCH OF HORSE'S HEAD.



GLAZED LOTUSES FOR INLAYING.

showing the form fully, but without too minute details. A fragment of the nose and lips of the Queen is brilliant in work, and with a vital delicacy of

*cloisonnée* jewellery. The columns, imitating bundles of reeds, were built up of green glazed tiles in one of the halls with a painted floor; and probably on these



columns were the delicate pale blue and green lotus flowers and buds which are here shown (p. 237).



BRONZE WEIGHT.

On the walls of the palace were large inscriptions, in many parts made of coloured glazed hieroglyphs, inlaid in the stone. In other parts they are of carved stone inlaid, granite, obsidian, quartzite, or alabaster. Glazed tiles were also let into the walls, painted with natural plants—the thistle, daisy, fig, and others; a dado of such tiles, over 200 feet long, lined one side of the great hall. Figures of birds, fish, &c., painted in natural colours, were also inlaid in scenes on the walls.

Apart from the extreme interest of finding a stage of art at a far earlier period than has been yet known, there is a practical lesson to be considered in the new ideals which were then brought forward. Any original school of art has something for us to learn, some different insight into nature; and as we have gained so largely from Japan in recent years, we may also gain something from the naturalism of Khuenaten. We notice that the favourite flowers for sculpture or glazed work were far from being the largest or most showy. This reserve is prudent, for if the most brilliant flowers were attempted the colours would be too obtrusive, and yet fall short of nature: whereas by dwelling on the purple thistle, the plain ox-eyed daisy, the fig, and such low-toned plants, the colouring could vie with nature without being distracting. We may notice how much happier small and simple flowers appear in our decorations than the oppressive festoons of cabbage roses which were in fashion. Then we might take an idea of covering bare spaces on monuments by the sculpture of a climbing plant—ivy or convolvulus—trailing over them, as on

the great tablet in the Temple of the Sun. A little incised trail of ivy up the sides of a gaunt pedestal of a statue, and along under its mouldings, would be a tender relief to the bareness. Another hint is in the dado of geometrical lines, with a band of small figures in a connected story along the top of it, at the eye level when seated. In the use of glaze we might take some lessons. The filling in of geometrical patterns in stone with coloured inlays has no modern parallel, the mosaics of Italy depending on juxtaposition of glaze, whereas this is a sort of background of glaze on which the stone lines stand out.

In the application of moulded and figured glazes there is also a wide field. We might have some good designs from the inlaying in stone of birds, flowers, and leaves, each painted on separate pieces of glaze. And the use of moulded relief glaze ornaments, both architecturally and in minor objects, might well succeed in careful hands. We must remember that the Egyptian glazes are generally rather dry, and not too lustrous; thus the common fault in modern glaze decoration—a wet, glittering, reflecting surface—was avoided. Glaze was even applied largely to personal ornament; and beside the countless variety of beads and pendants, larger pieces—such as flowers, rosettes, stars, and other forms—were stitched on to the white linen dresses. Perhaps we may see glazed decorations come into use. If

we are to make any use of the example of the past it must not be by a slavish imitation, but rather by studying the methods and the spirit of past successes.



HEAD AND BODY OF USHABTI  
FIGURE OF KHUENATEN.





THE GUTACHTHAL.

(Drawn by W. Hasemann.)

## WILHELM HASEMANN'S HOME IN THE BLACK FOREST.

By MARY E. BOWLES.



GIRL OF THE SCHWARZWALD.

(Drawn by W. Hasemann.)

I BEG you to go with me through a portion of the Black Forest, which I knew first thirty odd years ago, and where, as we walked through that charming region, we met no other travelers, except a few pedestrians like ourselves. So primitive was it that when one midday we had arrived at Kirnbach, a small village of scattered houses, and wished much for a drink of milk,

would my lord please to want?" In our best German, which was evidently a strange tongue to them, we explained that we only wanted some milk to drink, and a place to rest awhile, and both were most hospitably granted. The deserted appearance of the village was soon accounted for by the fact that most of its people—men, women, and children—were at work in the fields, and as it was noontime, the others had gone to carry their dinners out to them.

Then, how impossible it seemed that a railroad should ever cut its way through those hills, or run along their sides. If the thought had suggested itself, it would have been with the certainty of all that beauty being destroyed, and its peace disturbed by such an intruder. And yet in these days it is an accomplished fact, and while this railway is a wonderful feat of engineering skill in boring through mountains and bridging ravines, and in many places doubling and twisting on itself on those steep hillsides, it can in nowise be said to have spoilt their beauty, or destroyed the peace of the villages which lie generally far beneath it—so far that the sound of bell and whistle is only a reminder of the hour, and the puff of white smoke glancing along through the dark pines the mere ghost of a steam engine.

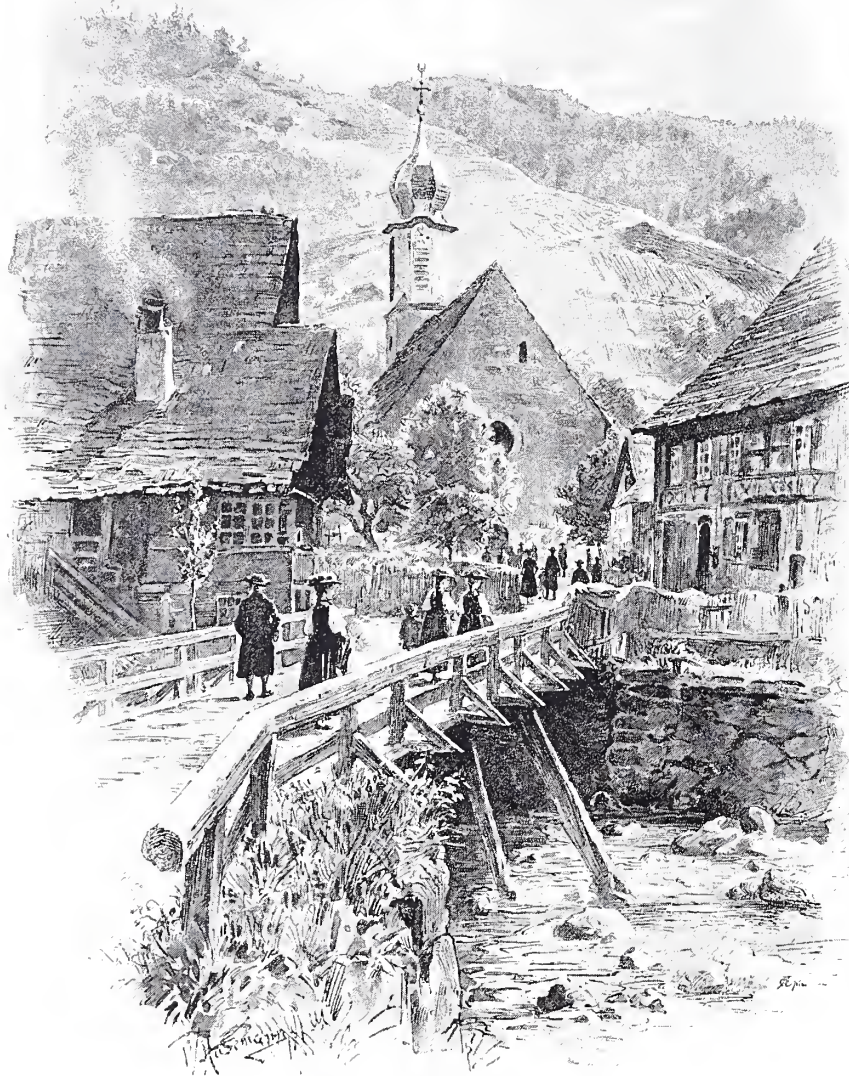
it was for a long time impossible to arouse an inhabitant. Steeped in sunshine and profoundest quiet, the little village was as still as if in an enchanted sleep; and though we were not princes, at whose appearance all would wake and rise to do our bidding, still, when we had knocked loudly many times at a cottage door in vain, and finally pushed it open, three women who sat at a table eating, rose hurriedly, and coming forward, fell on their knees asking in beseeching tones, "What

In no place that we visited in the old days, and now again in the present, is this effect more noticeable than in the lovely valley where the Gutach and Kinsig rivers join, running through a remarkably fruitful and gracefully rolling country. Through it, in German expression of distance,



“zwei stunden weit”—two hours' length—are distributed little groups of houses and large farms, which, according to Schwarzwald custom, bear names of their own, but are all included in

crosses the Gutach valley, and thus lose sight of one of the most attractive spots in this lovely region. Nevertheless, Gutach village has existed ever since 1275, when it was known as a parish,



THE CHURCH, GUTACH.

(Drawn by W. Hasemann.)

that of “Gutach.” Fertile fields, fruit gardens, and orchards, diversified with shady nooks, cover the sides of the hills; real old Black Forest houses peep out among them, and are dotted through the valley down to its bright rippling river. Looking southward, the ruined castle of Hornberg stands high up as a crowning point to this picture. It is a little world of happy sunshine, and yet it is not mentioned by “Baedeker,” so escaping the notice of many travellers, who only know, perhaps, that somewhere their iron road

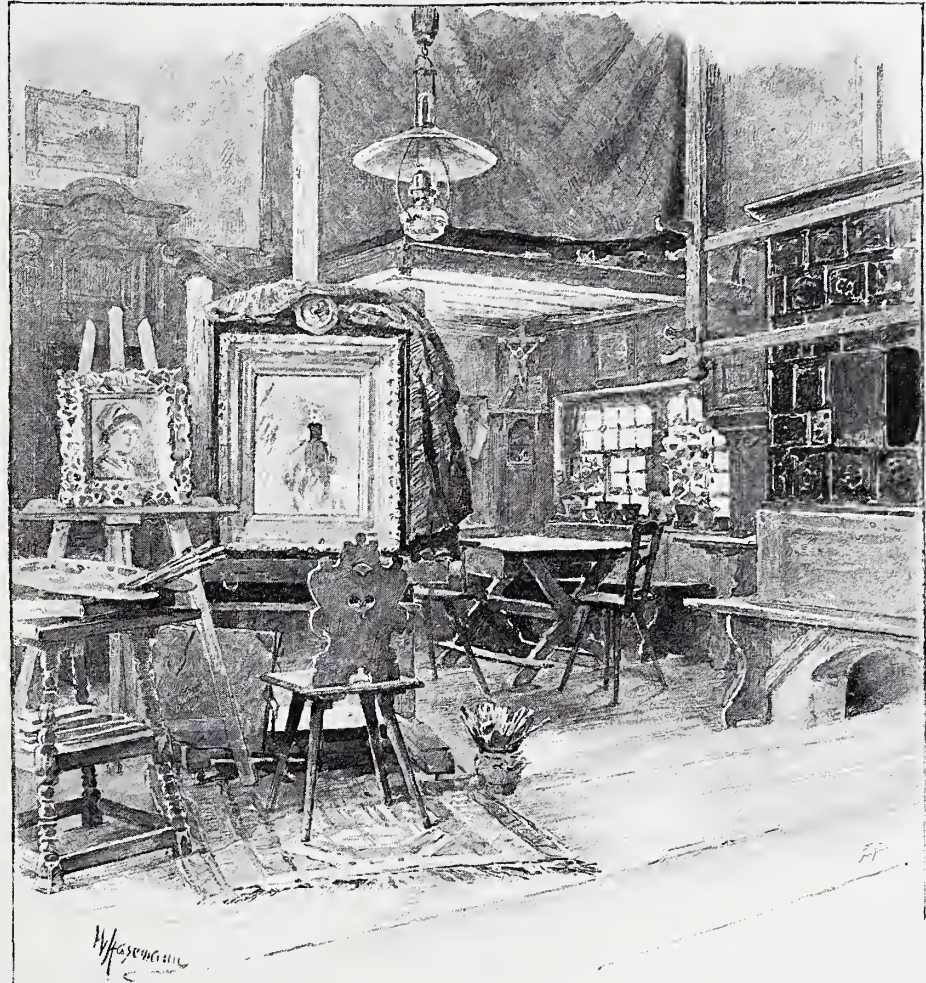
with a church and pastor of its own; this, together with its warm and protected situation, had attracted many settlers even at that early date.

Here also in the old “Lion” Inn—the “Löwen”—Auerbach wrote one of his most charming tales—“Lorle”—finding there some of the leading characters, and depicting scenes and localities which were just under his eyes. Following the beautiful winding road a little way up the valley from the inn, and turning into a footpath on our right, we have before



us, at the foot of a hill, thickly overgrown with pines, the home and studio of Wilhelm Hasemann, whose surroundings, as it were a frame for it, I have endeavoured to lay before you. With sympathetic taste he has built his house in exact resemblance to a Black Forest peasant's cottage, in all its rustic simplicity and beauty of colour, the soft dark brown of an old pine cone, with its low many-paned windows, the long upper balcony with the high carved balustrade, the overhanging roof, protective alike from storms in winter and heat in summer, and standing "all in a garden fair." But in the studio itself a surprise awaits us; for though a studio, *par excellence*, in height and space and its northern light, it is most skillfully combined with the features distinctive of the interior of the peasant's cottage. The large window looks to the north, and commands an extensive view down the valley, beautiful alike at all seasons; but, if you stand with your back to this, there are first presented to you the immediate surroundings of the artist, in the lofty space given to the studio proper. Then, cunningly contrived, a portion of ceiling much lower than this, supported by beams and rafters, all add to its effect the very heart of the peasant's room, the "Gottes Winkel," as he calls it—"God's Corner." Two sides of it are open to the room, and two are surrounded by the latticed window with its little openings and small panes of glass. Under this runs a bench, and before that stands the large table for the family meals; and in the corner itself are small bracket shelves, holding first the family Bible, and, above all, the crucifix. Flowers always adorn these corner windows, and here much of the household work is done. In summer it is the family resting-place, which in winter is transferred to the other centre,

the great tiled stove, of some subdued colour, standing a little in the background on one side. This also has its wide bench running round three sides of it, and is the comfortable and warm chimney corner, where all gather in the long winter evenings—the men with their pipes, and the women



HERR HASEMANN'S STUDIO.

(Drawn by W. Hasemann.)

with their spinning wheels—to listen to the village gossip, and also to what the German heart holds so dear, the old tales and poems of the Fatherland. Opposite the stove is the steep and narrow staircase leading to the rooms above, and protected by a high balustrade like that of the balcony. All is adorned by studies of pictures, some already painted and others to come, while here and there hang some of the pretty ornamented caps of the peasant women, and bright bits of their costumes; while a few good old pieces of carved furniture, black with age, complete the whole, in perfect harmony with the artist's tastes and surroundings.

Hasemann, however, has passed through many years of toil, and even an actual struggle for



existence, before acquiring this congenial home. Born of humble and poor parents in Muhlberg, on the Elbe, he left this home at the early age of seventeen. All during his childhood they had refused the boy's earnest wish to study drawing, as an expense too great to be thought of: but finally, to his great joy, gave their consent, and all the assistance in their power, to his entering the School of Art in Berlin. There he graduated with high honours, taking every prize in the different classes, until his studies were interrupted by the breaking out of war in 1870. Fired by the universal enthusiasm, most of the pupils in the academy took part in the campaign, but Hasemann's delicate constitution not allowing him to serve as a soldier, he enlisted in the Ambulance Corps, and laboured in the hospitals and on the battle-fields around Metz for some months, when his health quite broke down under such severe strain. Returning home and slowly recovering, for a long time he could only devote his remaining strength to his actual support, and also to that of his parents, then entirely dependent on their son. To accomplish this end, he exercised his art in every possible way, and availing himself of the smallest stepping-stones, even painted pictures for match and for fancy notepaper boxes, and occasionally portraits, when opportunity offered. Only after three years of hard work and great privation was he able to save a small sum in order to study at Weimar, under Gussow. Here, after a short time, he painted his first picture, "Escaped," representing a sparrow escaping from under a sieve, watched by his discomfited captor, a small boy. This canvas, on being exhibited in Berlin, at once found a purchaser. Thus encouraged, he painted several pictures of child-life, which also sold rapidly, meanwhile journeying into Thuringia in the summer-time for studies in landscape painting. In 1877 he painted a "Kirmess," his first large painting of figures, afterwards purchased by the Düsseldorf Gallery as first prize in their annual picture lottery. Later on, in Berlin, Hasemann derived great benefit from his intercourse and acquaintance with Menzel, one of the greatest among living German artists, whose criticisms and interest were most valuable to him. Asking Menzel if it were necessary for him to

go to Italy, he replied, "I can only say I have never been there myself; but I do advise your going to Munich." Accordingly, Hasemann devoted the winter of 1879-80 to study there. Afterwards, living in Karlsruhe in the winter and the Black Forest in summer, he produced rapidly some of his best-known pictures, a few of which have found their way to America, among them "The Maiden of the Muhlbach Valley," published in Munich and New York by Haufstaengel. Another even more attractive, "Das Bild vom Schatz" ("The Sweetheart's Likeness") was bought at the exhibition in Munich by Moritz Seckel, Esq., of New York. Hasemann has since then painted a pendant to it. In "Das Bild vom Schatz" the girlish figure shows to great advantage one of the prettiest costumes of the Schwarzwald—the dark silk cap, trimmed with gold lace, with its wing-like sides of transparent gauze, softening yet not obscuring her sweet face, as she looks with a happy smile at the portrait in her hand, her gaily-coloured kerchief loosely tied over the white tucker, and its full sleeves, confined below by the lace bodice.



MY STUDIO.

(Drawn by W. Hasemann.)

Hasemann is now devoting the best years of his life to painting the beautiful country of the Black Forest and its still picturesque people, whose rare and distinctive costumes of the different districts will no doubt, ere long, be laid aside and forgotten, except for his faithful record of them. They are well set off by the people themselves, for the women often show very fine, even delicately-featured faces, and the men, in broad-brimmed hats and long black coats lined with scarlet, are distinguished from most of their class by being perfectly clean shaven—no grey beards or bristling monstaches disguising their features—a reminder of the old Roman type of face.

The ease and unstudied attitudes of Hasemann's figures are a great charm in his pictures, and everyday actions seem new under the perfect naturalness of his conceptions. Especially noticeable is this in his pictures of child-life, of which "A Punch and Judy Exhibition" is a good example. Here the faces and figures of the child audience seem living and speaking in their absorbed interest. In his interiors there are space and reality; nothing seems artificially arranged. And in his landscape paintings of the Black Forest scenery, with all its charming



variety of forests and meadows, he shows a wonderful talent for depicting Nature as she really is, not seeking to add to her charms, but developing them with a lively appreciation for the effects of light and shade.

One of Hasemann's latest pictures, purchased by the town of Karlsruhe, is considered one of his happiest efforts in figure painting, representing a pilgrimage to an old church in Triberg. A crowd of pilgrims are before the church door—men and women, old and young, characteristic in type and costume—the afternoon sunlight, softened by foliage, streaming over all with such effect that one seems to be in the midst of it.

The circumstance which led Hasemann to make his permanent home in the Black Forest was his consent to illustrate Auerbach's work, "Lore," to which I have already referred. Living at that time in Karlsruhe, Hasemann spent much time in Gutach, making studies for the pictures on the ground and among the people where the story was written, and he became so much attached to Gutach, its people and surroundings, that he determined then and there to make it his home, eventually building his house there in 1882.\* He thus became virtually *the* artist of the Schwarzwald, being the only one living among the peasants. Since he located himself in Gutach the village has grown up anew around him, an effect largely due to his influence; for naturally Hasemann's residence there has drawn not only a colony of brother artists in the summer season, but many visitors as well, though, as yet, comparatively few English or Americans have visited either this beautiful part of the Black Forest or this unique studio. The Gutach people look upon him with an affectionate reverence and respect: for they

\* This he was enabled to do by the assistance of his friend E. Stieglitz, Esq., of New York, who has in his possession an album of post-cards, bearing many a drawing by Hasemann in lieu of writing.

consider the building of his studio in the likeness of one of their houses as a tender compliment to themselves, and they are intensely gratified to be admitted to it when once a year he holds a festival, apparently for their especial benefit. The



DEVOTION.

(From the Painting by W. Hasemann.)

studio, for the nonce, becomes a ball-room, and then you might congratulate yourself were it your good fortune to be present and see the dancing, for which these Gutach peasants are really famous. Outside, in the garden, stand the kegs of beer, to which all help themselves liberally, and all goes merrily until twelve o'clock, when each guest takes the host by the hand and bids farewell according to the pretty custom among those people, by saying "Gott vergelts" ("May God reward you").

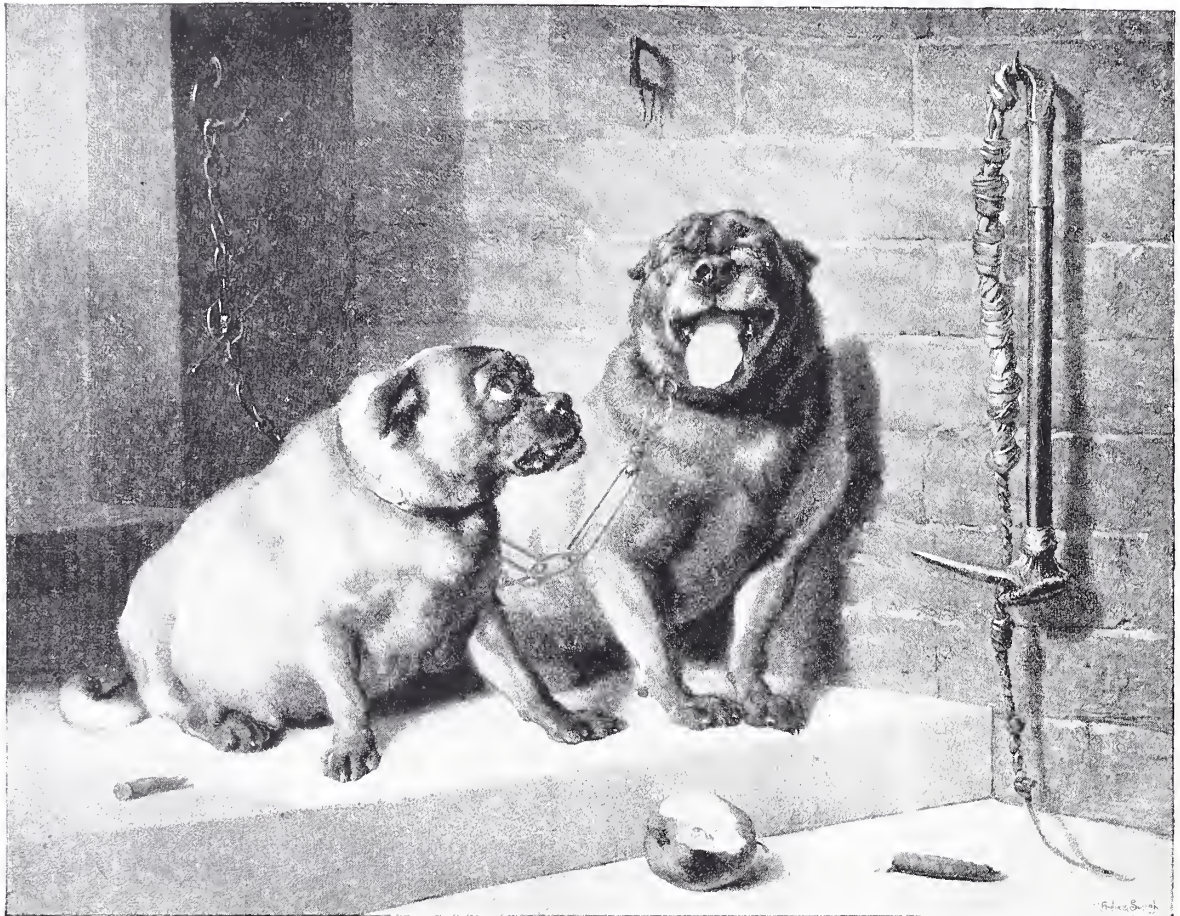


THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART,  
AND MR. TATE'S COLLECTION.

III.—ITS ULTIMATE MANAGEMENT.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

IN my last article I dealt with four-and-twenty of the principal pictures in Mr. Tate's collection—pictures that with hardly an exception will in all title applied to a sturdy ugly bull-dog cur, which, together with his wife, who is chained to him, is being offered for sale. The picture was exhibited in 1857. It



UNCLE TOM AND HIS WIFE FOR SALE.

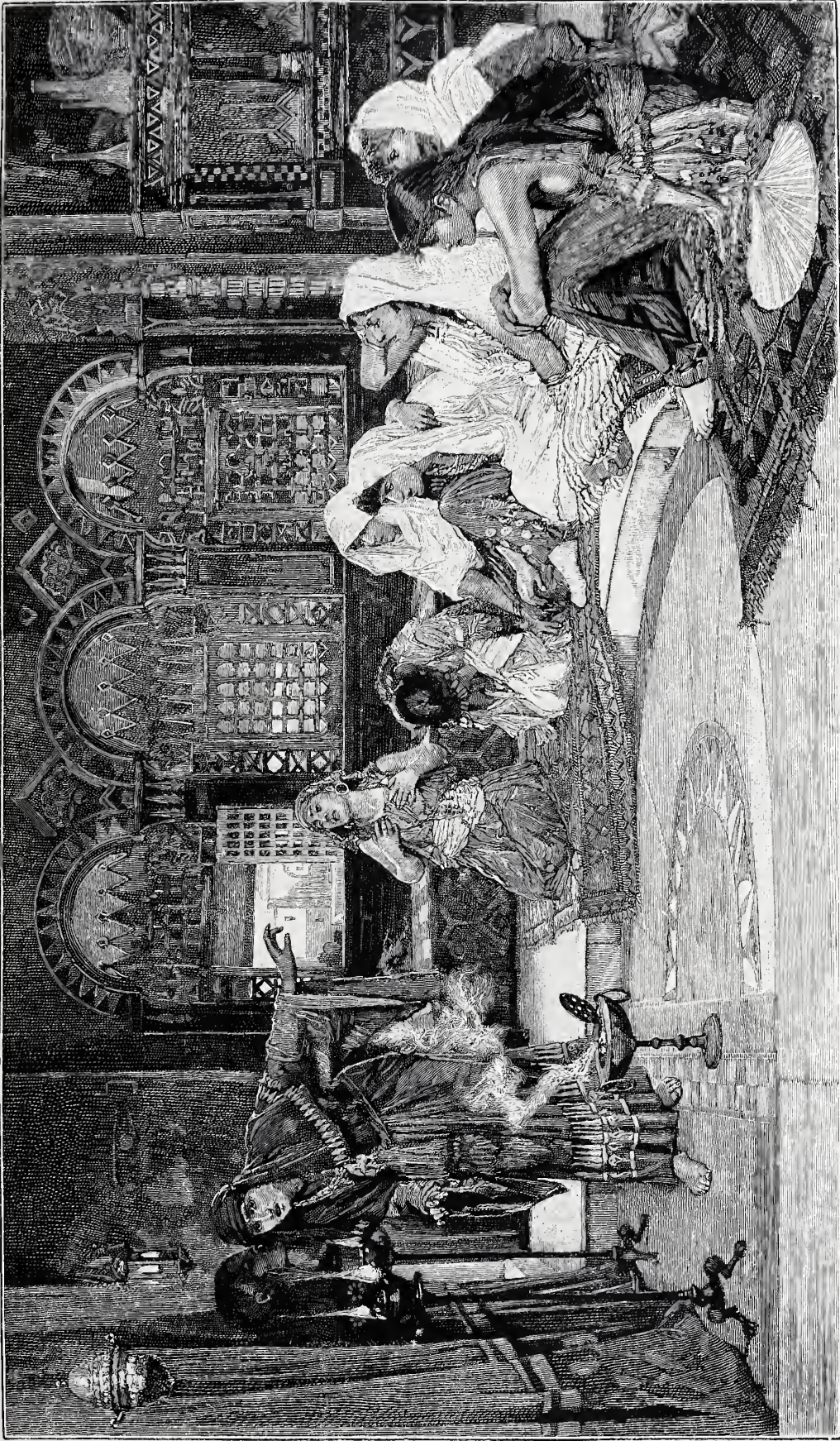
(From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Son, by whom an Engraving is published.)

probability become a portion of the gift in due time to form the nucleus of our British gallery. I now proceed, as briefly as possible, to the further consideration of the most important of the rest, giving first attention to the work of deceased painters of the first rank—Etty, John Phillips, John Linnell, Landseer, Müller, and Fred Walker. Of the pictures by John Syer, Keeley Halswelle, Richard Ansdell, and Edwin Long, space fails me to speak; and, indeed, they present few characteristics that call for particular mention.

An excellent example of Landseer's most brilliant work is his "Uncle Tom and His Wife"—a fanciful

has been said by a previous writer that "the tearful look of the wife at the dog of her heart is a masterpiece;" but it should perhaps have been added a masterpiece rather of humanised expression in animals than simply of animal-painting. "The Bather" of Etty has the reputation of standing out, with one or two others, from all the long series of bathers he painted during his long life of studentship, being equally fine in its modelling and its flesh-painting. Müller's "Venice" and John Phillips's "Promenade" are not less admirable examples of fine colour and characteristic handling; but for general interest they can neither compare with Fred Walker's "Philip in





THE ORACLE.

(From the Painting by J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A. Engraved by Jomard.)



Church." For it must be remembered that this work was, in a way, as much an epoch-making picture as the "Haywain," or as "Ophelia," or as the most "revolutionary" canvas of David, or of Bastien-Lepage, or Monet. It was not that this extraordinarily successful attempt to realise one of the sweetest passages of Thackeray's art worked powerfully upon the interest of the public: it was that its genius was recognised by artists—quite apart from its "literary" merit—as a superb production on its own account, and enslaved the minds and directed the aims of the brilliant young men by whom Walker was surrounded and all but worshipped—Pinwell, Houghton, Herkomer, and others, who, more or less faithful to the Walker tradition, have since the painting of the picture cast their full weight into moulding and directing the course of English art. Linnell is represented by his impressive "Contemplation," "Landscape, with Anglers," and more particularly by "The Noon-day Rest"—a favourite and repeated subject with him, and with good cause, for he painted it *con amore*, with a strong palette, and with all that vigorous love of English landscape which places his best pictures, for many qualities, within measuring distance of the finest productions in his own line that any age has produced.

Modern American art—to judge by nationality if not by artistic characteristics—is represented by Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. Walter Gay (with his "Armourer's Shop"), and by Mr. Boughton, A.R.A. Whether Mr. Gay is eligible for admission to the British gallery is matter for the decision of the trustees; but Mr. Boughton is as much an Englishman, being a member of the Royal Academy, as Benjamin West, Washington Allston the elder, Leslie, or John Singleton Copley, the father of the great Lord Chatham. The works by which Mr. Boughton is represented in Mr. Tate's collection are happily among his very best—the first, his admirable "New Englanders going to Church," the humour and excellent painting of which we all had the opportunity of admiring when it recently made its appearance at Christie's; and "Weeding the Pavement," one of Mr. Boughton's most delightful pictures of Dutch life, whether regarded as a work of observation and suggestion, *bien senti*, or as an example of technical work. "The Love Letter" of Mr. F. D. Millet, has all the delicacy of execution, colour, and comedy of which he is a master; but whether he, too, has the necessary quality of nationality for the special purpose of the British Luxembourg, in spite of his being represented in the Chantrey Bequest collection, and on the roll of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, will also have to be decided by the future committee.

Mr. Alfred Hunt, the Vice-President of the Royal

Water-Colour Society, is an artist to his finger-tips, who can paint "feeling" with as much certainty as another can paint paint, whose appreciation of the finest gradation of colour is often as fine as Mr. Whistler's, and who can give us English mists as truthfully and poetically as Mr. H. G. Hine can give us gossamer. It is therefore a matter of importance and satisfaction that his "Windsor Castle" is included in the collection, for it is, I believe, the most elaborate work, as it is one of the most successful, that has ever come from his brush. A picture to be named along with this, although so very different in aim and subject, and in most other qualities besides, is Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Marooned." This picture—the wonderful little water-colour of which created so great a sensation when it was exhibited on the Royal Institute walls some years ago—has, indeed, little in common with the dignified and rather mysterious "Windsor" of Mr. Hunt; but where the latter has the exquisite poetry of feeling, Mr. Gregory's work has, if one can say so, the poetry of brilliant execution. The handling and technique of the picture are exquisite. We feel hot and lazy too as we look upon the girl who, secure from the blazing sunshine, reclines sleepily in her stranded canoe behind the scarlet sunshade which casts its ruddy glow about it. The drawing has all the perfection of Meissonier's, but with more sustained lightness of touch than was common to that master. Mr. Henry Moore is represented by one of his vigorous sea pieces—"The Launch of the Lifeboat"—a masterly work, but not that characteristic *note bleue* which created so great a sensation at the Paris Exhibition, and which, more than any other aspect of his work, placed the artist in the front rank, and almost at the head, of painters of the sea of any time or country. A charming piece of lovely decoration—"Blossoms" by name—is a good example of Mr. Albert Moore's dainty and scholarly work; a picture fitly representing a phase and school of English art in one of its most remarkable developments, one of the leading influences of the day.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary for me to do more than run through the names of the rest of Mr. Tate's pictures which are at the disposal of the future trustees, for many of the pictures are well known, at least by reputation, to the reader, and some of them have been exhibited within quite recent years. By Mr. Thomas Faed there are the popular "And ye shall Walk in Silk Attire," "The Highland Mother," and "Faults on Both Sides" (see p. 248); by Mr. Erskine Nicol, "Wayside Prayer," "The Emigrants," and "Paddy's Love Letter;" by Mr. W. P. Frith, "The Race for Wealth," in five numbers; by Mr. Leader, "The Valley of the



Llugwy," one of his best pictures; by Mr. Vicat Cole, "A Surrey Landscape;" by Mr. Gow, "The Flight of James II. after the Battle of the Boyne" and "Incident in the Life of Chopin;" by Mr. Staey Marks, "Mind and Muscle;" by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, "Mother and Son;" by Lady Butler, "The Remnant of an Army;" by Mr. Albert Goodwin, "Sindbad the Sailor;" by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, "The Health of the Bride;" by Mr. Dendy Sadler, "Thursday" and "A Good Story;" by Mr. S. E. Waller, "Success" and "Sweethearts and Wives;" by Mr. J. R. Reid, "A County Cricket Match;" by Mr. T. B. Kennington, "The Orphans;" by Mr. J. Haynes-Williams, "The Dying Artist" (or "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis"); by Mr. E. Douglas, "Mother and Daughter;" and by Mr. Henry Woods, "Cupid's Spell." Besides those pictures already mentioned by the following artists, there are also by Mr. Briton Riviere, "Companions in Misfortune;" by Landseer, the well-known "Abbotsford" (here reproduced);

by Keeley Halswelle, "Sunny Hours" and "Pangbourne;" by R. Ansdell we have "A Setter and Partridge;" by Edwin Long, "A Nubian Girl;" and finally, by Mr. E. Caldwell, two comic pictures of puppy life, entitled "For the Safety of the Public" and "The Orphan."

Such is the complete list of Mr. Tate's pictures—fourscore of them—of which fifty-seven were first scheduled, and twenty-three were added later on. It is beyond question that the collection contains a number of masterpieces which may fitly form the nucleus of a gallery of British art—of British art of past time as well as of the present. But that it equally includes a number—I may frankly say a majority—of canvases which do not deserve a place in such a palace of art as Mr. Tate and all of us hope soon to see is equally patent to anyone with eyes to see, or with taste or knowledge to judge. Let this not be misunderstood. There are few, very few, pictures which a private collector of catholic taste might not, perhaps, be

pleased to have upon his walls, and fewer still which could be said to disgrace such a gathering of representative examples of creditable work as is produced in this country year by year. But this, I apprehend, is not the purpose of such a gallery as Mr. Tate is founding. Its function is to show to Englishmen and to the foreigner, and to prove to posterity, the greatest excellence to which our



ABBOTSFORD.

(From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Son, by whom an Engraving is published.)

art has attained. If it is not to disgrace us and to misrepresent British genius, the highest level must be consistently maintained, and the best must never be allowed to compound with the second best, nor to coquet with clever mediocrity. In this way—and in this only—will Mr. Tate's foundation serve its real purpose, and English art find in him a benefactor. But had he, on the contrary, persisted in his original intention of keeping his collection together, on the principle of "take them or leave them," he would entirely have missed his aim for good, and been not the enlightened patriot, but a panderer to the faults and vices of the British school. It is for this reason that he must see, with equanimity and approval, the ruthless weeding out of many of his pictures, which, interesting in themselves, cannot possibly be admitted to the gallery at Millbank if the indispensable standard is to be set up and maintained. What are the pictures which are to be subjected to this process of vigorous elimination



it is hardly necessary here to point out. They proclaim themselves readily enough, for the most part; and, for the rest, the selection may safely be left to the critical judgment of Sir Frederick Barton and

collection in its name. Moreover, the weight of the National Gallery might be of use in prevailing on the President and Council of the Royal Academy to contribute also the *best* of the Chantry collection, and perhaps also to induce the South Kensington authorities to add, if not a few representative works from the Sheepshanks collection, at least the best of the more isolated works in their charge. Of the realisation of the last-named proposal I for one am not very sanguine, partly because of the chronic and hardly blamable indisposition of South Kensington to give up anything they once secure, partly on account of the spirit of rivalry which so unfortunately exists between our chief art institutions, but mainly on account of the public affront put upon South Kensington by Mr. Tate's stipulations of a year or two ago.

But while there is little doubt that Sir Frederick Barton's influence will be able to consolidate as far as may be desirable all this diversity of "British interests," it is not so certain that the present constitution of the National Gallery—with all its foreign and especially its Early Italian predilections—is the best that might be for the advancement of the British Gallery. It is manifest that if the new gallery is to be "established on lines similar to those of the



FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

(From the Painting by T. Faed, R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Graves and Son, by whom an Engraving is published.)

his fellow-trustees, who are, presumably, to form the administrative council of the new institution.

This brings me to the consideration of how the governing body is to be constituted. At present, as I have already pointed out, it is arranged that the Millbank Gallery is to be regarded as an annexe of the National Gallery, just as the Natural History Museum is a department of the British Museum. This arrangement is of good omen, for the firm, solid administration of the National Gallery is one of the things Englishmen are proudest of; and, moreover, it affords a sort of guarantee that some at least of the English treasures in Trafalgar Square will be removed to Millbank in order to justify the new

Luxembourg, Paris," a certain amount of new blood should be added to the National Gallery board—men who are at once connoisseurs and lovers of English art. As the new gallery is to be an annexe of the old, it is only fair that a supplemental board should be appointed to administer for its especial needs, so that it is not too much to ask for four or six additional members, with the qualifications already suggested, whose business it would be to adjudicate with rigorous care on all proposed additions to the gallery. On these persons the success, almost the existence, of the gallery would depend—whether it will be a true monument to British art in all its branches, or a national scandal and disgrace.



## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

THE death of Mr. W. Laurence Banks, R.C.A., of whom we present a portrait, at the advanced age of seventy-one, took place on January 23rd. Mr.



THE LATE W. LAURENCE BANKS, R.C.A.  
(From a Photograph by G. W. Webster, Chester.)

early life he was engaged in the legal profession, but afterwards became greatly interested in the opening

Banks was one of the foremost founders of the Royal Cambrian Academy, and from its establishment in 1853 until the day of his death he occupied the combined posts of honorary secretary and treasurer. In

up of the railway systems in Wales, he being at one time chairman of no less than thirteen companies. It was during this period that he began to devote

himself to art and archaeology, and it was to his energy that many of the ancient buildings in and around Conway have been preserved and restored, among these being Plas Mawr, the home of the Royal Cambrian Academy.

By permission of the Dean and Chapter of Bristol Cathedral a bust of the late W. J. Müller has recently been placed in position in the south transept of the cathedral. Presented by Mrs. Rosa Müller—sister-in-law of the



W. J. MÜLLER.  
(Bust by Nathan Branchite in Bristol Cathedral.)



THE JUDGMENT DAY.

(From the Rood Screen of Wenaston Church. From a Photograph by Russell and Sons.)





PORTION OF "THE TRIO" PILASTER.  
(Designed by Walter Crane for Messrs.  
Jeffrey and Co.'s Chicago Exhibit.)

artist—and executed by Mr. Nathan Branwhite, the bust forms a fitting memorial of Müller in the city in which he was born and died. The inscription upon the pedestal, composed by Canon Ainger, is as follows: "In Memory of William James Müller, Born in Bristol June 28th, 1812, Died in Bristol September 8th, 1845. Masterly in colour, consummate in feeling, rapid and certain in execution, whether in English meadows or woodlands, or among the palms and temples of the South, in a brief life of thirty-three years he laid the foundation of a fame, which, strengthening and deepening with time, has placed him high upon the roll of English landscape Art."

A curious example of Pre-Reformation English art was recently discovered at Wenhaston Church, Suffolk. During the course of some alterations a partition between the chancel and the body of the church was removed, and upon this was afterwards found a painting of the great Day of Judgment, which had been covered over by successive layers of plaster and paint. The work is of great interest, and has been exhibited at several places. The ground colour of the picture

is olive green, and the flesh tints of the figures are executed in a singularly delicate manner. The paintings are placed round what was originally a sculptured representation of the Crucifixion, with figures of the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist



THE "PEACOCK GARDEN" EMBOSSED PAPER.

(Designed by Walter Crane for Messrs. Jeffrey and Co.'s Chicago Exhibit.)

on either side of the Cross, of which, however, only the outlines now remain. The size of the panel is 17 ft. 3 in. in breadth at the bottom, and 8 ft. 6 in. in height at the centre, and it in all probability dates from about 1520. The exhibition of this interesting work in the provinces has not been sufficient to satisfy the curiosity it has aroused; during the past month, therefore, it has been on view in London at St. James's Hall.

We give herewith several reproductions of objects of interest which will appear amongst the English





PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA VASE.

FLORAL VASE IN LAMBETH FAÏENCE.



FLORAL VASE AND JARDINIÈRE.



EWER AND TWO-HANDED VASES.

DOULTON WARE FOR THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.



exhibits at the World's Fair which opens this month at Chicago: the embroidered chair—a copy of a seventh century English work—and the Louis XVI. screen will represent, together with a large number

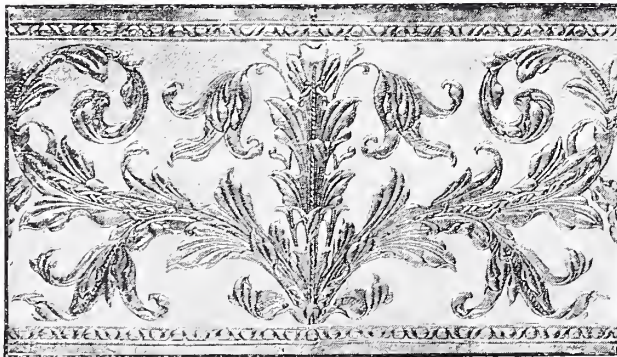
day, chief among them being Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Lewis Day, and Mr. Heywood Sumner. The



EMBROIDERED CHAIR.

(Worked at the Royal School of Art Needlework for the Chicago Exhibition.)

of smaller works, the Royal School of Art Needlework. Messrs. Jeffrey and Co. have sent a representation of a large room, elaborately decorated,



FRIEZE.

(Designed by L. F. Day for Messrs. Jeffrey and Co.'s Chicago Exhibit.)

both inside and out, with specimens of wall hangings designed by the leading decorative artists of the

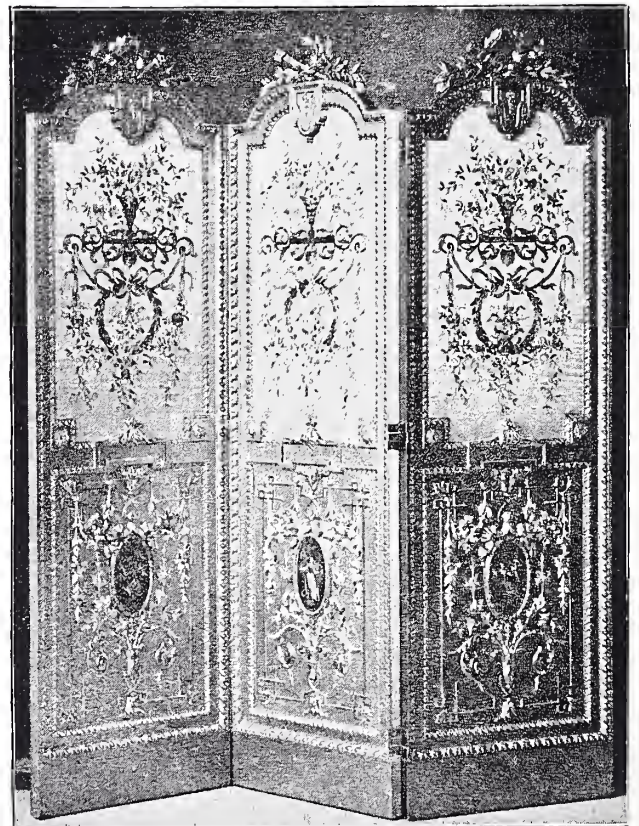


THE "PICCOLOMINI" DESIGN.

(Designed by L. F. Day for Messrs. Jeffrey and Co.'s Chicago Exhibit.)

pilaster by the first-named, of which we reproduce a portion, is a prominent feature in the exhibit: the three figures are intended to represent Music, Painting, and Poetry. Messrs. Jeffrey's stand will worthily sustain the reputation of British designers and handicraftsmen in this branch of decoration.

Messrs. Doulton and Co. will be represented by a large number of vases, &c., in their well-known ware,



EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

(Worked at the Royal School of Art Needlework for the Chicago Exhibition.)

of which those we reproduce on the preceding page will serve as specimens of the excellence attained.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—II.

By THE EDITOR.

IT must be frankly admitted that the impression brought away by a careful examination of the Academy is not altogether satisfactory. It is only to be blamed if, in spite of the presence of many able works and numerous examples of admirable effort, the exhibition is set down in general terms,



RIZPAH.

(From the Painting by Sir Frederic Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.)

a fair Academy; it is, numerically speaking, a portrait Academy; and it is strikingly an ill-hung Academy—a circumstance which does great injustice to many canvases of real importance.

As I forecasted last month, the effect of the commercial anti-cyclone of the past year is only too plainly visible. Artists, for the most part, are resting in enforced stagnation, and they are hardly

by the more severe and exacting, as “an Academy of pot-boilers.” It is not that the general level is lower than usual; there are perhaps fewer bad pictures than ever, and, indeed, the average of technical skill is steadily, if slowly, rising. But, notwithstanding the merit of many a picture, and the emphatic excellence of a few, the absence of any marked consistency of effort (except on the



part of a handful of the exhibitors) suggests an even greater poverty in the aggregate than really is proper to the show.

The section of the exhibition that remains most gratefully and fixedly in the mind is probably to be found in the sculpture galleries; and beyond question the central achievement—the “eye” of the whole Royal Academy—is the work of Monsieur Gérôme. This is his amazing statue of “Bellona,” a work which took all Paris by storm a year or two ago, when it was exhibited at the Salon. This extraordinary work is worthy of the man’s genius who wrought it—a thing as startling in its tragic power as it is admirable (I had well-nigh said perfect) in execution. That it is strictly a sculpture at all, I do not assert; it is rather a goldsmith’s figure enlarged to life size, without loss of that exquisiteness which belongs to the *artefice de vertu, per se*. Repose does not belong to it, nor that dignity of simplicity that marks the highest development of Greek sculpture. Indeed, the Laocoon does not excel, nor even vie with it in the expression of pain and the wildness of passion, but the suggestion of the grotesque is decidedly against it. See her, this Fury of War, screaming out her cry of horror, stretching tip-toe on the world, her arms, with shield and sword, thrown up and back, her face, like the Medusa’s, wrinkled with hateful passion as her mouth wide-opened “shrieks forth its fearsome sound,” and her lustrous green eyes sparkle with the very frenzy of mad fury. Beside her, her hooded cobra stands erect and ready to strike; from about her limbs her flowing draperies swell and flutter in the whirlwind; on her breast her gem engraved with the head of the war-fury lies embedded. The flesh is of ivory, coloured like life, the draperies are of bronze, the eyes of gems—the whole too realistic, too sudden, too violent, too gorgeous, to stand in the realm of sculpture. But it is tragedy without melodrama; a work that strikes no false note beyond what is obvious. Audacious in its conception beyond the range of any Englishman, it is carried out with a certainty and verve, displaying a purity of taste and sense of beauty that belong to a man of superb imagination, impatient of restraint, but well cognisant of his own power and mastery. We in England have, happily, no home-experience of *bella, horrida bella*, like the French, who so deeply felt and were so powerfully moved by the convincing spirit of “Bellona:” but for all that, the statue will probably draw the town, and a far worse Academy would be made remarkable by the inclusion of such a work. Of the other chief sculptural exhibits I will not at present speak; for they are to form the subject, as hitherto, of a separate article.

Just as the honours of sculpture in the Academy are divided (in the absence of Mr. Alfred Gilbert) in various degrees by Monsieur Gérôme, Mr. Henry Fehr, Mr. George Frampton, Mr. Drury, Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Goscombe John, Mr. Adrian Jones, and Mr. Brock, so is the chief distinction of the year in painting obtained and shared by a select few.

“Fine art,” says Mr. Ruskin in a passage that is chosen this year as the motto of the Academy catalogue, “is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together”—and not only go together, but go well in perfect and harmonious unison. Judged by this standard, the completely successful works in the exhibition are, indeed, not many. But, in point of fact, this definition of Mr. Ruskin’s—which was appropriated with so much curious reiteration by the late Mr. John Carter Hall that it became a very by-word whenever his name was mentioned—cannot be quite fairly applied to any annual exhibition held under the circumstances of the day.

“I hope you will find much to say about the exhibition *good*,” one of the most distinguished and most thoughtful of our Academicians wrote to me the other day. “There is a great amount of ability, but I hardly know whether there is much more; and whether much more can fairly be looked for under our modern unfavouring conditions is a question that may be asked—and not answered.” But we must remember that if we are so fortunate as to secure but one true masterpiece at each annual exhibition, we should be revelling in the wealth of a hundred *chefs-d’œuvre* in the course of the century; and this, I take it, has been the good fortune of few countries save Italy during the hundred years of her supreme artistic achievement.

If the visitor to the annual exhibition enter the Academy in a similar spirit to that in which he prepares to enjoy the immortal canvases in the National Gallery, he will assuredly—*pace* Sir John Millais—be put sadly out of joint with the times, and find little comfort in any class of art there represented. But if, instead of looking for, and confidently expecting, a score or two of masterpieces, he searches for half-a-dozen works of high achievement, which may perchance be regarded in the light of a latter-day *chef-d’œuvre*, he will then be more in tune with the effort of the day, and find sufficient to rejoice in and to justify in the poor defamed Muse the meagreness of whose angel-visits to England we so loudly and constantly deplore. But let him not think that by demanding fine art he will get it, or has any right to expect it. The “law of supply and demand,” in its application to genius, is as vain and false as most other parrot-cries, and no amount of calling upon Art to stand and deliver



will make her yield up her secret or capitulate her charms. Since Shakspeare died we have been "demanding" another like unto him; but throughout the two hundred and fifty years that have followed no "supply" has been forthcoming. Nor was Shakspeare himself the outcome of any popular or particular movement or demand, nor was his

of recent years at purely classic composition. So Claude-like is this fine picture that it might almost be drawn from the *Liber Veritatis* itself; but to the extent that, while it claims to be Hampshire, it suggests the Campagna, it fails. But that, in the main, is only a question of title. It is a picture of great breadth, fine in colour, dignified in line,



THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

(From the Painting by Alfred East, R.I.)

merit understood for half a century after he died. No; we must watch and wait with patience for the coming of the goddess, and, instead of shouting "*Régisseur! Régisseur!*" with the rabble, be well on the alert to welcome her when she consents to appear.

In walking round the Academy there is much, very much, to approve, even though our enthusiasm be so seldom awakened. Yet, on the other hand, it is pleasant and of real import to observe that so many of the successes of the year are by young men or those who have not yet reached artistic middle-life.

With the exception of the departments of the nude and of marine-painting, that of landscape is the most disappointingly meagre in work of the highest order. The most impressive—not because it is the most vast—is perhaps the "Hampshire" of Mr. David Murray; for it is the most ambitious and, on the whole, the most successful attempt

admirable in execution—especially of the finely-graduated sky and the distance; and that it will remain an important "item" in the sum of English achievement in the present day can hardly be doubted. Another work of primary interest is Mr. Corbet's "Evening," an Italian landscape, touching a still higher watermark than his sunset picture that attracted so much attention at the New Gallery two or three years ago. It is less Costalike than usual, vigorous and full of a certain mastery, and instinct with sentiment. With these pictures I would bracket the "Golden Valley" of Mr. Alfred East and the "Summer Mists" of Mr. Peter Graham. The full richness and opulence of the former suffer terribly in the cold and unsympathetic light of the Academy; but it is a work of great power, this fine Herefordshire scene, with its sheep and its sunlight, its well-drawn sky and splendid "line"—the sweep of the whole being as well studied and as successful as the scheme of



colour. Mr. Graham's picture strikes no new note, but he has done little better than this picture, in which bright sky and mist, mountain, cattle, and sunlight are executed and composed with even more than the usual brilliancy distinctive of the painter. Mr. North, Mr. Haggarty, and Mr. MacWhirter all assist the section of landscape, and the Pre-Raphaelite spirit that prompts Mr. Davis's heart and brush would make that painter's work more remarkable but for the strict limitations of his colour-sense and, as here shown, his imperfect realisation of breadth and feeling for atmosphere.

I have spoken of the nude. Of this there are extremely few examples—so few, indeed, that it seems as if the highest form of figure-painting were absolutely dying out in the land. Mr. Strang's "Girls Bathing" and Mr. Greiffenhagen's "Eve," extremely interesting as they are in their mediæval way, and as decorative exercises in colour, can neither be considered as serious efforts in the direction of flesh-painting. Mr. George Joy's "Truth," too, beautifully drawn and modelled, and charming in its grace, is sculpturesque in its aim rather than an attempt to realise the naked form and colour. Mr. Arthur Hacker's, indeed, are almost the only real efforts in this direction. His "Sleep of the Gods" is very skilful, and a highly-decorative canvas as well. The lines are happily disposed, the forms lying prone are drawn with great facility; the modelling is good, though the self-restraint of the artist gives them a certain appearance of somewhat superficial treatment. The attitudes, it must be owned, are a little reminiscent

of those affected by Sir Frederic Leighton, as well as by the artist's friend, Mr. Solomon. "Circé," Mr. Hacker's other picture, is more satisfactory as a piece

of flesh-painting, as well as being better and more novel, too, in the treatment of a difficult and hackneyed subject.

Sea-painting brings forward a new painter—Mr. T. Somerscales, whose "Corvette Shortening Sail" shows a consummate draughtsmanship of the sea, though he can paint the forms of the waves better than their wetness. Mr. Henry Moore, on whom Mr. Somerscales has obviously modelled his art, contributes three magnificent examples of his finest work—all of them in his favourite *note bleue*, but one, "Hove-to for a Pilot," is almost too blue for nature, one would have thought, but for the artist's invariable sincerity. As perfect specimens of his most masterly manner, these pictures are superb, and as studies of sea and sky they probably equal anything the English school can show. In "Pearly Summer" Mr. Brett returns to the triumphs



ENDYMION.

(From the Painting by G. P. Watts, R.A.)

of his "Britannia's Realm," the chiefest merit lying not in the breadth of his highly worked-up sea, but in the extraordinary amount of light with which he has filled the picture. In this quality it almost rivals Mr. F. Bramley's large "After Fifty Years," in which the figures in the foreground (which make up the subject of an old Cornish fisherman's golden wedding celebrations) stand against a sea and sky absolutely dazzling with the light of day. Mr. Hook's good work in his single contribution, "Good Liquor—Duty Free," cannot be passed over, but it is in no essential way





BELLONA.

*(From the Statue by J. L. Gérôme.)*



distinctive from those other fine studies of which he has produced so many in recent years.

Portraiture, as I have said, is in one respect a main feature of the exhibition. The most admirable of all is certainly Mr. Sargent's superb portrait of Lady Agnew, a work so subtle and refined, so exquisite in colour, so dignified in repose and grace, so individual in its manner, so masterful in technique, that it will be held by many to be the finest canvas ever put forth by Mr. Sargent and one of the best portraits of the day. In some of these qualities Mr. Luke Fildes runs him close in his beautiful "Portrait of a Lady"—which might have been called a "Souvenir of Gainsborough." Its daintiness is very reminiscent of that master, and the simple skill with which the beautiful head is rendered is consummate. Professor Herkomer gives his best work in three of his seven portraits, Colonel Barnardiston, Sir Algernon West, and the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Orchardson's only work by which he is adequately represented is the splendid portrait of Lord Rookwood. Mr. Solomon makes a great forward stride with his life-like paintings of Mr. and Mrs. William Armitage, and Mr. Lavery gives some of his best work in his pearly-grey "Mrs. Cowan and Daughter." Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., displays his full force in his scholarly "Lord Thrayner in his Robes"—a sober, serious work—in a manner, if one may say so, half French, half Dutch, yet wholly Scottish.

The late Mr. John Pettie's last three portraits are here. The best, though not the most showy, is the "Mr. Greenfield," which might at first sight be mistaken—though only for a moment—for an Orchardson. The further chief works in this department are the beautiful female portrait by Mr. Stanhope Forbes (No. 10), the Kit-Kat of Mr. John Hare by Sir John Millais, the sumptuous so-called "Queen of Love," by Mr. Kemington, and the canvases of Mr. Shannon, Mr. Cope, and Mr. George S. Watson—whose "May," with its excellent study of white draperies, is one of the most agreeable features of Gallery No. II.

Midway between portraiture and compositions stand the single-figure subjects. Of these several are of peculiar interest. Mr. Watts's "Endymion" is not, I think, for harmonious hue, to be compared to his former rendering of the same subject; but as a poetic conception it is charming, in the figure of the man excellent in drawing, but most notable, above all, for the beauty of the colour and "quality." Sir John Millais' "Pensive" is a much better picture than the critics seem to have imagined—firm in drawing, graceful in its own way, and a clever study in a scheme of purple-violet. Quite as vigorous, or stronger, are Mr. Hareourt's picture (No. 321) of a

girl standing by a window in a strong light, and Mr. Crawford's "Nell"—a maiden in shadow in a sun-flecked orchard. Mr. Clausen has this year shown a disposition to desert Bastien-Lepage for Monet; his "Evening Song" is worthy of himself and of the masters on whom he has modelled his art. It is interesting to watch the development of this clever painter.

But however admirable all the sections of the Academy might be on which I have touched, the exhibition as a whole could still be judged by the mass of the public on the standard established by the "historic art," the anecdote, and *genre*. Nor is this surprising; for it is in these works more than in others that the painter displays his power of composition and feeling for line, his mastery of expression, and his sense of poetry. It is true that the public allows subject and story to weigh too heavily in the scale—that is inevitable and, what is more, it is ineradicable; but it is the section that proves that the painter is an artist and the artist a poet, and as such will always retain the chief place in the hearts of the picture-lover. Several artists have made strong bids for success; but it is not the most heroic attempts that always achieve the greatest success. The place of honour of the whole Academy has been awarded to Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Funeral of a Viking," and not without good academical reason. The picture is the offspring of Academy teaching, scholarly and learned in drawing and arrangement, elevated in conception, good in composition, and far more virile and solid than any painting Mr. Dicksee has painted for some years. The whole arrangement of this old Viking, whose bier is his ship, and which, set on fire by his people as night falls in, is pushed off from shore to sail away into the night of death, is fine, and is in the best sense impressive; but by the very academic inspiration of which I spoke it does not altogether escape from the taint of the artificial, or, at least, the stagey. But it must be admitted that Mr. Dicksee's work—chiefly through the key in which it is painted—suffers sadly from the light of the Academy. In the same way, Mr. Alma-Tadema's two masterpieces are sacrificed to light, bad hanging, and to that fearsome "Academy pitch" which ruins so many of the best pictures. Never has Mr. Tadema painted more tenderly than in his "Comparisons" and "In My Studio." The restraint, the exquisite half-light, the sentiment of air and repose in these two beautiful works make the pictures in his better known style look almost vulgar. We look here for no marvels of marble-painting or miraculous rendering of texture; their true poetry proves that he who painted them is a great deal more than a mere master of his craft.

[To be concluded.]



## BRITISH ETCHING.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

III.—FRANK SHORT—WATSON—MACBETH—HERKOMER—OLIVER HALL, AND OTHERS.

AMONGST the original etchers remaining to be discussed I place Frank Short at the top of the tree. Some people will say that Short's true place would be with copyists or interpreters rather; but that is only because they do not know his original work—the very limited issue of his exquisite plates having withheld from them a publicity won already indeed by many of his brilliant interpretations of the pictures or the drawings of long-accepted artists. No one has done as much as Frank Short for the modern revival of mezzotint. It is more perhaps by mezzotint than by any other medium that he has effected his delightful translations of Turner, of Constable, of Dewint, and of Mr. Watts. But if not one of these things existed—if he had never wrought those exquisite interpretations, for example, of a sketch by Constable, belonging to Mr. Henry Vaughan, and of a Dewint drawing, "A Road in Yorkshire" (both of them offered to the connoisseur by the appreciative services of a publisher of most exceptional taste in matters of etching—I mean Mr. Dunthorne)—if nothing of this work whatever had been done by Mr. Short, then would he still have cause to be remembered and valued by reason of the beauty and the technical virtues of his original prints.

Frank Short's original prints are, indeed, of all the greater merit because, just as Mr. Whistler himself, he has disregarded in them, from beginning to end, the taste of the public. This delicate array of exquisite etching—very little of it merely tentative; most of it of complete accomplishment, if of limited aim—has been called into being, as Mozart said of his *Don Giovanni*, "for himself and two friends." The "two friends" must be taken—one need hardly protest—*cum grano salis*; they represent the rare connoisseur, the infrequent person who enjoys and understands.

Two classes of subjects have hitherto to a great extent engrossed Mr. Frank Short in his original work, and to these there must just now be added a third; for, this last autumn, following in the wake of his friend Mr. C. J. Watson, he has visited the land

of Rembrandt, and has done charmingly suggestive and vivacious sketches of quaint town and long-stretched shore.

But the two classes of subject with which one has been rather wont to identify him are subjects of



EVENING, BOSHAM.

(Reduced from the Etching by Frank Short.)

the English coast and of the English manufacturing districts; and, in a certain sense, even these two subjects are one, and this one theme may be described—not too imaginatively, I think, if we look into the heart of the matter—as the complete acceptance of all that is considered unpicturesque in modern life: in the manufacturing districts the factory chimneys, the stunted, smoke-dried trees, the heavy skies, the dreary level water, along which barges make their monotonous way (see the wonderful dry-point, "Wintry Blast on the Stourbridge Canal"), and, on the English coast, the massive stone pier, the harbour, muddy at low tide, the tug, the sheds, the warehouses, or it may be perhaps the wooden fences that protect and preserve the fore-shore—the beauty of the whole, which is unquestionable, being obtained by a most subtle arrangement of line, a perfect sense of proportion, a perfect delicacy of handling. Coarser people of more ordinary vision, addressing themselves, as by a *parti pris*, to these themes, have treated them with brutality. But, on these themes, it is the distinction of the treatment of Mr. Short



that in rendering them with fidelity and patience—even with love—he yet somehow, in the brief phrase of Mr. Browning—

“Puts colour, poetising.”

Yes, a certain measure of poetry must certainly

embrace of draughtsmanship, much sense of design, and a very exceptional control over the technical resources of the etcher's art.

The work of Mr. C. J. Watson is nearly always absolutely sturdy and sterling. It has tended, too,



GWENDDYDD.

(Reduced from the Drypoint by Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A.)

be claimed not only for the “Evening, Bosham” and the “Sleeping till the Flood,” but for the “Stour-bridge Canal,” mentioned already, and for the one of “Rye’s Long Pier.” This is called indeed, poetically enough in its suggestiveness, “Low Tide and the Evening Star”—and for the curiously clever little plate, “Wrought Nails,” a scene of the Black Country, which shows the sheds of the workers, and little trees untended and decaying, and a bit of waste land, ragged and dreary, with nothing of Nature left, but only the evidence of men’s grimy labours, of their hard, monotonous life. And, though up to the present, or until very lately, the field of Mr. Short’s own observation of the world may seem to have been limited, it is plain to any qualified student of his prints that he has gained the effects he wanted by a fine sketched economy of means, by a thorough

to become delicate; and when one compares it with Mr. Short’s, very likely the only thing which puts it at an obvious disadvantage is that (though one can hardly explain the matter) it has an air of being less personal. That, I admit, is no small affair. Judging from the work alone—and no one would desire to make the comparison except from the work only—one would say, “Here is a strong and capable hand, stirred by a nature much less sensitive than that which reveals itself in the etched lyrics of Frank Short.” Mr. Short records facts—not great and doleful dreams, like Mr. Strang or Mr. Legros—but he records facts poetically. Yet more absolutely matter-of-fact is Mr. Watson, who (I am speaking of him, of course, apart from his gift of colour) so far portrays things realistically that the personal, the individual, is comparatively absent,

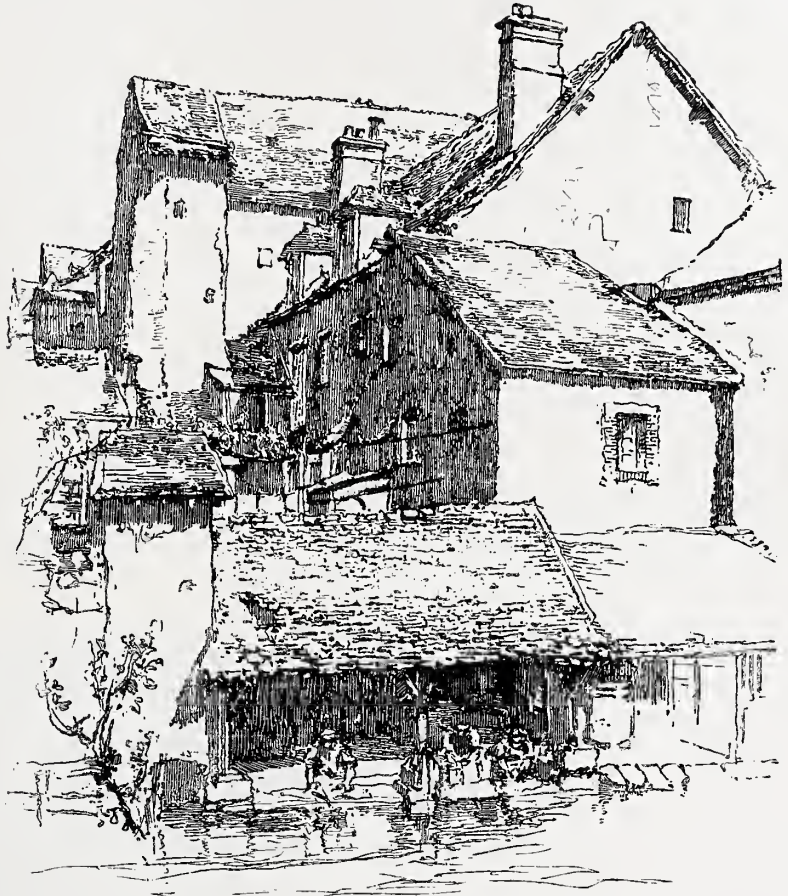


and his art can hardly be described in the phrase which does define Art generally—Nature beheld “à travers d’un temperament.”

But Mr. Watson, who has long been interesting, has of late years become within certain limits a quite first-rate craftsman, albeit still a little wanting in vivacity. It may be that his individuality—the individuality he has—has to be sought for in the soundness of his technique, and in the ripe judgment which he shows in treating subjects which are true etcher’s subjects. Practising his art during early manhood in Norwich, and being himself with his sturdy realism, as it were, a last echo of that “Norwich school” in which only Cotman was essentially and primarily poet, though he could be realistic, too, Mr. Watson came, a few years since, to London, and there he has developed his powers a stage further, there is no doubt; producing, in the first instance—since his residence in town, with its wider associations and its greater activities—plates admirable for directness and certainty, such as “The Mill Bridge, Bosham,” and then the “Chartres,” its gabled and dilapidated houses, rather; the back of Chartres—Chartres on the wrong side—and then the “St. Etienne du Mont,” its west front—that is, the front of one of the most curious and characteristic of the churches of Paris.

Some greater delicacy and flexibility of method than were before possessed, or than were even desirable, perhaps, for the subjects to which Mr. Watson then addressed himself, are evident in the “Chartres;” but they are yet more marked in the “St. Etienne” etching, which no true lover, no properly equipped student, of the achievements of the great original aquafortists will be able to examine without some thought of the wonderful plate of Méryon which bears the same title. Of the relative correctness of the two presentations—not, in my opinion, an all-important, though still an interesting matter—I will say nothing, or at least very little; but clearly it was Watson who had looked the hardest at the actual façade of which it was his one business to convey the impression. Still the immense solidity of Méryon’s etching gives it a realism all its own, along with all its poetry. The very simplification of the

facts must have been deliberate, and it accomplished its end. It would be ridiculous to suggest that a draughtsman of architecture so patient and thorough as Méryon could not have set forth each detail as well as the general character, had that been his aim. He had other aims, and this detail accordingly had



Chartres  
Guerin/Watson 1894

CHARTRES.

(Reduced from the Etching by Charles J. Watson.)

to be subordinated; for him there was the Collège de Montaigu and the corner of the Panthéon, and the weird shadows and the passing women, and the dark mystery of the Paris street. In a word, there was his genius and his message—fancy or fantasy. For Mr. Watson there was “land, the solid and safe,” as Mr. Browning moralises; the solid earth, or what the architect had put there—nothing else. And what the architect had put there Mr. Watson noticed—portrayed it with strength—portrayed it, too, with perhaps unwonted flexibility.

In simpler subjects than the “St. Etienne du Mont” Mr. Watson shows as well, or better, than there, a quality very characteristic of the truest of modern etchers—of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Short particularly—I mean, in what is more or less



architectural draughtsmanship, after all, an enjoyment of the evidences of construction. Very likely it may be said that that is a quality belonging to him as a good draughtsman, whether at the moment etching happens to be, or happens not to be, the medium of his work. I think not. There is something in the etched line that reveals especially the presence of this enjoyment, that calls for the certain display of it.

Mr. Oliver Hall, a comparatively little-known but distinctly interesting etcher (who paints, he tells me, a good deal in water-colour), has next to be spoken of; and if his work has one characteristic more than another—though grace and freedom are his characteristics too—the one that is most his own is the continual evidence his plates afford of this enjoyment in growth and build, in the traces of the way by which the object before him became the object that it is. Mr. Hall's object is more likely to be a tree than a church. He labours amongst sylvan and amongst pastoral scenes; and in method, as well as often in theme, he suggests Seymour Haden. Mr. Hall has not yet done very many plates: they number about thirty. He is not faultless, and he is not thus far very varied. But he

are wont to be, of whom alone I have spoken. But to the large public Macbeth and Herkomer and Axel Haig appeal without need of introduction—Macbeth and Haig appeal especially by treatment, and Herkomer mainly by subject. Herkomer's theme is generally a dramatic one, and into it he introduces such obvious interest of line and of expression as may be found in a woman with the picturesqueness of age, a man comely and vigorous, a girl with Anne Page's "eyes of youth." Mr. Herkomer has a story to tell us—sometimes the story of a life as it is told in portraiture, and he tells it with no absence of ability. But attractive as he well may be, clever as he most surely is, he rarely reaches exquisiteness; nor is there reason to think that the plate, the needle, and the aquafortis constitute in any special way his proper medium. Still he is a spirited, and can likewise be a graceful sketcher.

Macbeth's inventive work in etching does not want originality: but it is not the originality of an etcher in method or vision of the world, but rather the originality of his own painted pictures. These, or the effects of them, elaborate and interesting, he reproduces in the print. He deserves to have more said of him, though this is not the moment for saying it.



ROAD-SIDE TREES.

(Reduced from the Etching by Oliver Hall.)

is in the right track, and has shown no disposition whatever to leave it. He is a vigorous, frank, free sketcher, sketching sometimes "effects," as well as forms that vanish less quickly; and, in the realm of effects, the very spirited etching, "A Windy Day," is perhaps the best of that which he has done.

So much said, and yet nothing said of men a dozen times more popular than the single-minded etchers

Mr. Axel Haig, the third of these popular and accepted artists, has no painted pictures by whose method he may be inspired; but his able etchings of architectural subjects are nearly all of them, nevertheless, finished up to the corners. So much is actually set forth, with such elaborate and skilled pains—all the work being perfectly evident, no labour of omission having been undertaken, and little labour



of choice—that the imagination of the spectator has hardly a chance of exercising itself; his intelligence is well-nigh a superfluity.

Tissot, too, who may be reckoned in one sense of the English school, aims at the same effect in etching that he would have aimed at in a picture.

Mr. Roussel and Mr. Walter Sickert, Dr. Evershed and Mr. Percy Thomas, Mr. Inigo Thomas, Mr. Cameron, Mr. May, Colonel Goff, and Mr. Heselstine—two or three of these men being brilliant amateurs, and not professional artists—are, at least, in the ranks of the true etchers. They cultivate freedom, flexibility, and—in its proper measure—swiftness. Theirs, at least, are impressions, powerful or dainty.

Mr. Roussel and Mr. Walter Sickert, and Mr. Menpes, too, have learnt, I suppose, much from the later practice of Whistler, with whom Mr. Percy Thomas, a graceful draughtsman of ancient buildings

and the incidents of the river, was used, I think, to be associated. Inigo Thomas is a young architect, whom I most favourably remember by reason of the reticence and delicacy and the discreet grace with which—avoiding wholly the architect's probable fault of displaying only his own professional precision and learning—he indicated, to my joy, a year or two ago, the leading features of this or that church at Poitiers. Mr. May has looked steadily at Nature and at Seymour Haden, and more than one of his etchings take one pleasantly away into an English field, in hazy weather, under the boughs of an oak tree. Of much of these men's work it would be no disagreeable and no unprofitable task to write in greater detail. I must, indeed, crave excuse for the slightness and the inevitable brevity of that which has been said. So much there was to say, so many to speak of—so large a part has England borne in the Revival of Etching.



## THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, AND MR. TATE'S COLLECTION.

### IV.—THE GALLERY.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.



THE ground at Millbank is being rapidly cleared of the débris of the old prison, and soon upon the site there will be raised the building which Mr. Tate is presenting to the nation. To a brief description and criticism of the proposed structure, architecturally and artistically considered, I propose to devote this last article on the British Gallery.

In my first paper I concluded my reference to its plan and details by saying—"The exterior of the building is highly decorative, being a picturesque collection of Roman and Grecian features; but whether it is quite worthy of so important a monument as it is destined to become, is another matter, and one which should perhaps receive further consideration. The ground plan, however, seems admirable, although it may possibly be open to improvement." I was unaware at the time of writing that "further consideration" was even then being given to the plans, and that something much more imposing and much more worthy was being evolved out of the original designs. The architect, Mr.

Sidney R. Smith, F.R.I.B.A., of York Buildings, was already busy with important modifications, so that the building, as revised, demands a fresh description, which I here give, based in its practical details upon information received from him.

The gallery, which will stand back from the roadway and will probably be reached by an ornamental "drive," is approached by a grand flight of steps, having figures at the starting, symbolical of Painting and Sculpture. Passing under the portico, with its six columns and pediment over—with a sculptured group of Britannia at the apex—the visitor finds himself in a large vestibule; on either side are the wide circular staircases, which lead to the upper gallery of the Central Sculpture Hall, as well as to the Council or Grand Saloon, and the other offices situated on the first floor. The entrance vestibule has ranges of columns supporting the ceiling, which is vaulted, large arches being thrown across from side to side. This semicircular groining is often seen in Italian palaces. The columns themselves will possibly be of polished granite. Leading direct from the vestibule by three



doorways is the Central Sculpture Hall, lighted by an arcaded dome with a glass and iron roof, and surmounted by a bronze winged figure. This

The sectional drawing on the opposite page shows the Central Sculpture Hall as arranged, with sculptured figures, and so forth; but these, of course, cannot



THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

(Designed by Sidney R. Smith, F.R.I.B.A.)

Sculpture Hall has a large gallery running round—all top-lighted—and leads in the central portion from the octagon into the pendentives which support the inner circular lantern. The diameter of the dome is thirty-seven feet in the clear.

The picture galleries—all of which are top-lighted—are carried on central axes right and left of the Central Hall, as shown by the plan, with a general width of thirty-three feet, while at the back is a saloon for etchings and engravings. The main feature of this saloon is a large central bay, which will be embellished with a figure, a group, or possibly a fountain, and the eye will at once be carried from the entrance-doors right through the vista of the vestibule and Central Sculpture Hall to this feature. Anyone standing in the hall can from the centre see to both ends of the galleries. The matter of circulation throughout the building has been carefully arranged, so that no one, having once passed through a gallery, need do so again on his return.

be put in at present. At either end of the building are two pavilions, treated internally as octagons, and provided externally with domes. The further extension of the building, it should be observed, has been carefully considered; and when this has been carried out, two other domed pavilions will be placed at the other corners of the building, making four in all. In the basement are the students' rooms, picture-cleaning rooms, staff kitchen, and sitting-rooms. There are also arrangements for the heating apparatus, stores, and other offices.

The lineal wall measurement of the building at present (without calculating the future extension) is 1,500 feet, or thereabouts. This is nearly the same as at the Royal Academy, and equal to the new portion of the National Gallery, and nearly a third larger than the Piccadilly galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours and the New Gallery in Regent Street added together.

The exterior of the building will be Italian in style, and will be faced with Portland stone. The



figures, it should be noted, which are seen in the elevation in the attic story above the pediment, will not be erected at present; but assurances are given that when the time comes for putting them in hand, care will be taken that they will be executed by competent sculptors, and will be truly artistic in character.

The lighting of the galleries will be thoroughly good. There will be no inner skylights, as they are almost always a failure, on account of the light being obscured and the great difficulty of keeping them clean and free from dust. If testimony were required as to the mistake of inner skylights, comparison need only be made between the older portion of the National Gallery and that more recently designed by Mr. Taylor, of the Office of Works, while the Piccadilly, the New, and the Grafton Galleries further establish the superiority of the outside skylight.

The floors of the picture galleries will be of polished oak, but coloured marginal borders will, contrary to constant practice, be carefully eschewed, for they are reflected by the glass with which it is necessary in London to cover our pictures, with the result of seriously interfering with a view of the pictures. For the same reason the oak floors should have a flat polish, if it is not, indeed, better to cover them altogether with a dark grey felt.

When coloured decoration is introduced, it will be Pompeian in character, with "good warm reds and citron tones" for the background for the pictures; but it may perhaps be thought wise to consider the faded claret tones, which serve such excellent purpose in some of the rooms in the National Gallery. It is of course necessary to give first consideration to the general requirements of the pictures on exhibition, but the general style of the

building—the graceful renaissance of Italy's famous *cinquecento* period, with Grecian motives—must not be forgotten in the final decision as to mural colour.

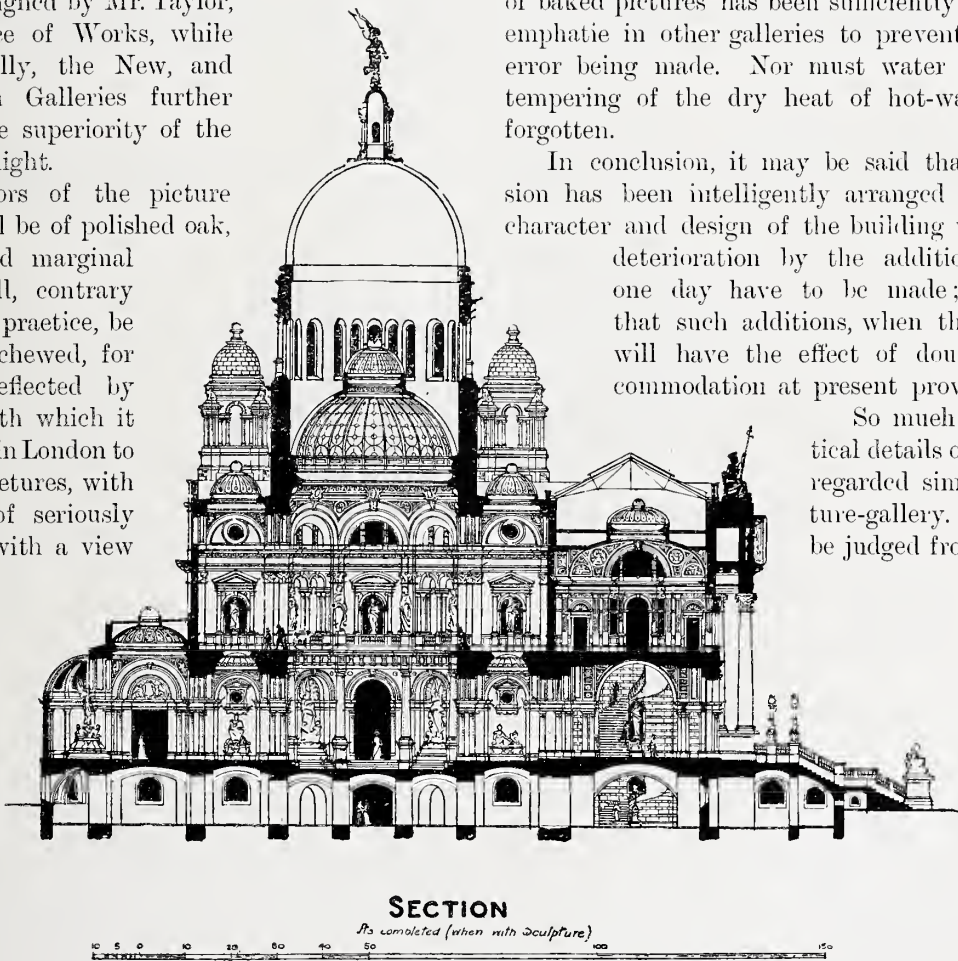
The ventilation of the galleries will be by the admission of fresh air through screens, to prevent the entrance of dust. It may, perhaps, be useful to suggest the further washing of the air by sprays of water, which has been so efficacious in one or two instances, and which is even simple enough to be applied to private houses. The extraction of the foul air will be by means of conduits and flues carried in the walls, and the warming will be by hot water on the low pressure system. It is to be hoped that the pipes will not be carried round the sides of the rooms near the walls—the experience of baked pictures has been sufficiently startling and emphatic in other galleries to prevent so grave an error being made. Nor must water trays for the tempering of the dry heat of hot-water pipes be forgotten.

In conclusion, it may be said that the extension has been intelligently arranged for, that the character and design of the building will suffer no deterioration by the additions that will one day have to be made; and, finally, that such additions, when they are made, will have the effect of doubling the accommodation at present provided for.

So much for the practical details of the building regarded simply as a picture-gallery. It must now be judged from the artistic standpoint—as a work of architecture. On this point I do not propose to detain the reader long, more especially as there is not much room for adverse

criticism unless it be of a carping nature.

The pile of buildings, as it stands at present in the drawings that accompany this article, may not be a work of genius; but it is certainly a work of talent, in which utilitarian requirements have been very skilfully handled and artistically realised. The arrangement of the plans leaves little or nothing to be desired. There is considerable dignity about the whole conception, and excellent

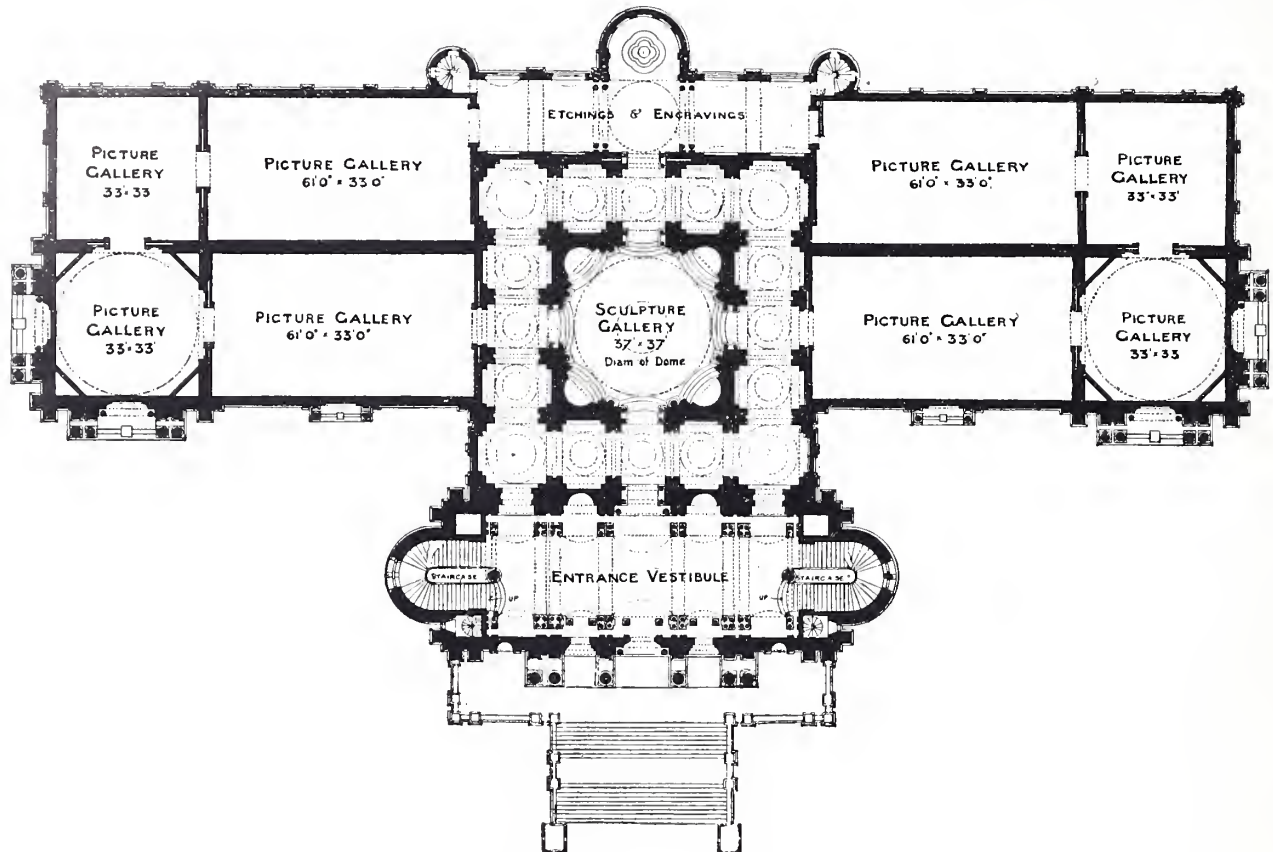




taste prevails almost throughout. The elevation is imposing without being fussy, and the projection of the central portion is very happy—giving a variety, a play of light and shade, and an appreciation of mass, which are only too rare in London, where of late years a strange flatness and monotony of façade has unaccountably been in favour.

difficulty of keeping so great an expense free from dirt is another standing objection.

Merely hinting at a possible lop-sided appearance through the great dome not being central over the chief mass of the structure—giving it perhaps a “jockey-cap” air—we may congratulate the architect on so good a feature as the “Newgate”



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

Two or three points, however, are open to criticism. In the first place, the wisdom of a great glass dome—and in a minor degree of the two minor ones—may seriously be questioned. The drawback of a glistening, glinting, more or less dirty cupola of huge size, but of excessive frailty of material, covering a building so dignified and solid, is surely obvious, and can hardly fail to appear incongruous and a little unfortunate; while the crowning drum and flying bronze figure will probably, in appearance, be threatening to sink through so light and brittle a pedestal. But seeing that the side windows pierced through the main drum just above the inner false dome would hardly yield light enough for the proper illumination of the hall below, Mr. Smith has doubtless felt himself forced into the adoption of glass. The

gallery, between the side pavilions and the central mass. But it is difficult not to help feeling that its simple dignity and forceful value are to some degree weakened and wasted by the string-coursing that is carried round on a level with the base of the columns. In the same way, the breaking of the plain face of the wall on each side of the portico, in continuation of the balcony course, is another disturbing element of weakness. Mr. Sidney Smith has doubtless aimed at breadth by these continuation-lines—a device that is too often adopted nowadays, with the general effect of sacrificing boldness and dignity, instead of securing the harmony and unity sought.

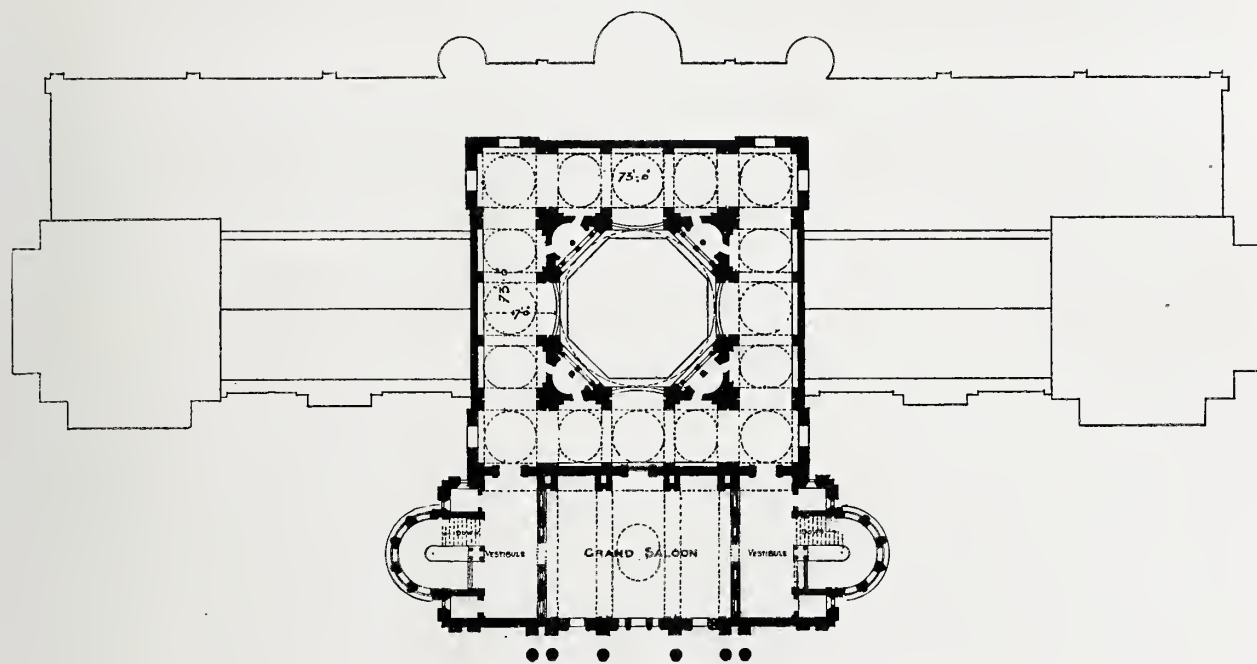
The sectional elevation on page 265 reveals the richness of the architect's design, its picturesque and its very considerable architectural



importance. But one artistic blot here strikes the eye. This is in the first floor—that on a level with the Grand Saloon. The entablature here is on too large a scale, thus necessitating heavy capitals and a size and width of pilasters altogether too great for their height. The result is a stumpiness which is only too common to see in this country in the work executed in the latter half of the century. I do not think that I am here expressing merely an opinion, and nothing more. Experience

view an error of taste has here been allowed to creep in.

Yet these details are, comparatively speaking, of small account relatively to the importance of the whole design, and militate but slightly against the sum of its merits. The modification of them would in the expert opinion of many remove any cause for criticism and render a remarkable work free from certain blemishes with which it appears threatened. But, even as it stands, the casket which



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



shows that the proportions set down by the nations who created their peculiar orders of architecture must be maintained; and that it is impossible to depart much from them, or violate the canons which have been established, without coming to grief. And in the present instance I submit—assuming, of course, that the drawing gives a correct impression—that from the artistic point of

Mr. Tate is presenting to the nation will be worthy of the gems it is destined to contain, and, in strong contrast with the East and West Galleries at Kensington, which Mr. Tate so stoutly declined, will form a most important and welcome addition to the best examples of monumental architecture of which within late years the metropolis has become possessed.





## THOMAS FAED, R.A.

By MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

IT has become a commonplace of criticism to charge Scotch painters with a lack of style. Eye for colour, breadth of handling, a certain vigorous originality our Northern brethren are allowed; but we have been told, and yet again retold, that these qualities rest for the most part on too slender a tradition of school. Now "school," in the sense referred to, may be taken to mean little but a superb tradition—a tradition which the innovator has had, in many instances, to all but set aside. To make my meaning plainer, I should say that art is of two sorts. Art—and it signifies little whether we regard the subject from the point of view of matter or method, of theme or mere technique—is largely creative, or, on the other hand, mainly mimetic. It is individual, or it is imitative. There are painters, in a word, who observe and paint what they see, and others who present what they are instructed to see, or what they conceive the masters painted before them. The first speak with the personal, the articulate note; the second with often the mere parrot voice of artistic convention.

That the output of Thomas Faed belongs to the former category is a matter which hardly needs demonstration. Born into the world, or rather appearing in the artistic world, at a moment when Frost's satin-slippered heroines and high-falutin' sentimentalities were in vogue, the young Scotchman brought an air of reality into the sphere of British *genre* painting which was as stimulating as the airs of his native stewartry. Something direct and virile was seen to belong to the work. There was observation in it, and observation, moreover, joined to a large and generous understanding.

It was life with its hopes, its passions, its despairs, its struggles, its fine prepossessions, its infinite humours, focussed and transmitted to canvas. And this at a moment when realism was not, when art

was both conventional and sentimental, when it was "literary," polite, and wholly non-alcoholic.

Thomas Faed was born on June 8th, 1826, at Gatehouse of Fleet, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in as lonely a spot, that is to say, as could be found in the lowlands of Scotland. It consisted of little more than a handful of cottages abutting on old Cally House, an edifice kept discreetly in countenance by a habitation called Burley Mill. The mill was tenanted by a millwright named Faed, and here, significantly removed from the usual art impetuses of civilisation, the boy Thomas first saw the light. It has been said of the

painter, as afore-time it was said of Wilkie, that he could paint before he could spell. The elder Faed, in truth,

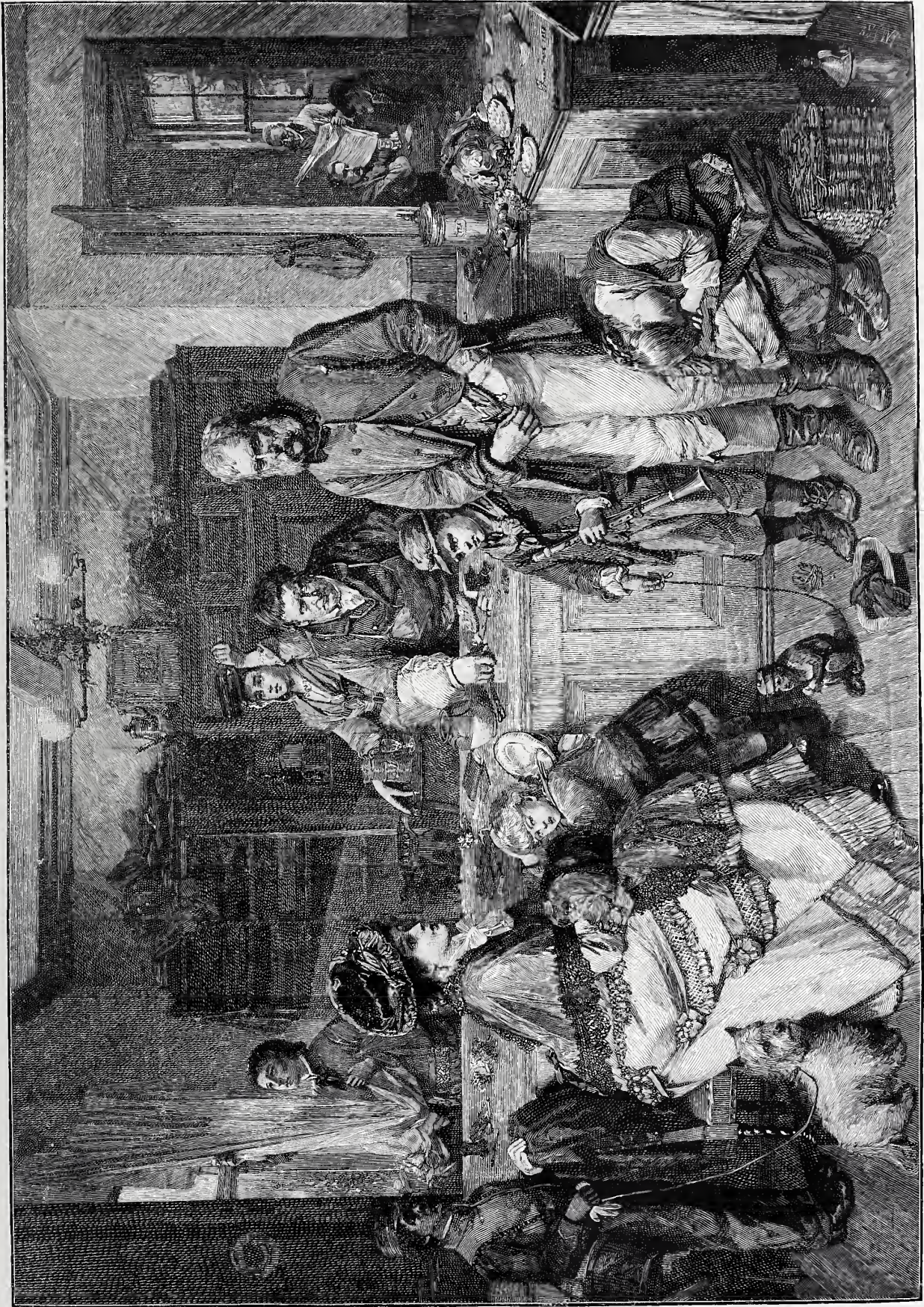
was an inventor, a dreamer—as inventors, it seems, must needs be—as well as a builder of mills, a fact likely enough answerable for what was untrammelled in his youngster's early training. Yet it was not for nothing that the future Academician was born a Scot. That something sturdy, that something indomitable, which is a birthright of the race, was in no small measure his. His very dreams, unlike those of the ambitious millwright, were destined to make his fortunes. For what if he fell in love with his comely nurse-wench at the somewhat premature age of eight, what if he had the poorest opinion of his schoolmaster and the poor race of dominies in general—another school



Your very self  
Thomas Faed

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)





FROM HAND TO MOUTH.  
(From the Painting by Thomas Faed, R.A. Engraved by J. M. Johnston.)







and a larger one, was significantly his from the beginning. An acute observer, not a trait, not a beauty of the exquisite scenery of the stewardry was lost on the growing boy. He began his art studies by laboriously copying sundry copies of old engravings—the much-admired production of a Faed uncle which at that time hung in the Burley Mill parlour—but he quickly turned to other and saner means of artistic self-training. Eye and hand were

Erskine Nicol and W. Q. Orchardson. It was a period brimful of health, and life, and stirring activity, of much talking and walking, of poetry reading and poetry writing, of all such charming indiscretions as are abetted by youthful prepossessions and the stimulation of toward surroundings. I have spoken of artistic indiscretions, and among them may possibly be numbered Mr. Faed's first exhibits. They were in the laboured style then



STUDY OF INTERIOR FOR "HIS ONLY PAIR"

(By Thomas Faed, R.A.)

exercised on out-door essays. In summer weather the very kiln-house was pressed into service, and the boy Tom would be found at his easel adventuring the difficult task of making the ragged country urchins "stand."

Yet even now the most imperious and seductive of all arts had allured an elder brother—John Faed\*—to Edinburgh, a brother who, with the kindly clannishness of the North, insisted on Thomas following him to push his studies in the Scotch capital. His unselfishness, his generosity, had its reward. Thomas Faed prospered and prospered amazingly. Gaining admission to the Art School of the Board of Trustees for Manufacture, already at the age of sixteen he had Sir William Allan for teacher in the antique class, and for fellow-students

\* John Faed has since become well-known by his exhibits in London and Edinburgh.

in high fashion, a style in all gravity surnamed "grand." They were illustrations of "The Old English Baron," and the like, themes of gloomy portent, scenes of dark imaginings. Luckily for the artist, and indeed for the world at large, these effusions did not sell. Thrown back on himself, the painter bethought him of the incidents and homely pathos of the early years spent at Gatehouse of Fleet, and set to work on a simple scene of Scottish peasant life, an effort which he sold for what he then considered the handsome sum of twelve guineas. This first essay at naturalism, at rustic *genre*, proved, in other ways, a success. Commissions followed, and honours, and unceasing activity as a necessary accompaniment of commissions; for the young man was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy at the age of twenty-three, quitted Edinburgh for London in



1852, and in three years time was exhibiting his celebrated "Mitherless Bairn" in Trafalgar Square.

This picture, which first set the London world a-talking, was, like many another of the artist's—like his masterpiece, "Worn Out," "They had been Boys Together," "The First Break in the Family," "His Only Pair," and "Baith Faither and Mither"—

Chancellor (a Scotchman, to be sure) made the canvas the subject of a panegyric at the annual banquet; the Press, headed by the *Times*, was unwontedly enthusiastic; and the public generally prepared for the epoch-making work called "Worn Out," which followed it at no distant date.

With anything like a detailed description of this



FROM DAWN TILL SUNSET.

(From the Painting by Thomas Faed, R.A.)

part and parcel of his actual experiences of homely Scotch life. For strange as it may seem to our eyes, jaded with ultra-naturalism, Thomas Faed was an uncompromising realist, and had only one motto, one watchword—which was also that of the great dramatist, Molière—"Observe." "I never see a picture or read a poem that impresses me deeply, that I do not notice everywhere the presence of the real," the artist has said, and has added the significant phrase: "So-called imagination is nothing more or less than a superior capacity for observation." This is plain speaking, and the author of "Worn Out" is a man with whom practice and precept are one. "The Mitherless Bairn" struck a note which appealed to the learned and the unlearned. "From Dawn till Sunset" was dubbed on all hands the picture of the year. A Lord

work we have now nothing to do. The outlines of the picture are known to all. With the homely Highland interior, with the wondering grey of dawn touching the fragile, querulous form of the sleeping child, and the rugged figure of the exhausted father by the bedside, we have most of us become acquainted. So have we no less with the other details and accessories of the pathetic Scotch scene, with the shabby coat of the rough nurse which serves to warm the sufferer, with the discarded picture-book, the bowl of food, and withal with the pregnant silence of the uncanny hour in which a mouse alone holds festival. "Worn Out," in a word, is probably as well known as any picture of the century. For not alone its subject, its technique, its very atmosphere has found imitators on all hands, but the very essence of its wholesome pathos,



its air of poignant reality, has passed into, and become a part of, the artistic expression of our time. It would be outside my purpose to mention names, and at best the cry of plagiarism is a sorry one, but the debt that English and Scotch alike owe to Thomas Faed would be difficult to gauge in its

eyes, but one inadequate enough, if we consider the painter's usual rate of trafficking.

This talk of traffic reminds me of an incident which occurred when Mr. Faed was engaged on the water-colour illustrated on page 275. He had nearly finished his study of the old Scotch-



EVANGELINE.

(From the Painting by Thomas Faed, R.A.)

entirety. The bare record of the fraudulent imitations of the artist's work would go to fill a chapter. In sooth, so many imitations of the painter's famous "Mitherless Bairn" exist, that the original was like to be discountenanced only the other day at Christie's. It fetehed, in consequence of the untoward rumour that the initial canvas had crossed to America, something under a thousand pounds. A goodly sum, perhaps, in many

woman, when her daughter arrived at the cabin, and honoured the painter with a lengthened inspection of his work. She said nothing, however, but moved in deep meditation to the door, and then again to the artist's easel. "Ech, sir," the woman broke out at length, "that's awesome like my mither! I wad like to buy it frae 'e." "Capital," said the painter, and asked her how much she would give. Much fumbling of pockets followed, and then:



"I'll gie a shilling, and a wheen apples 'am keeping for Candlemas." Mr. Faed explained that the sum was not quite an adequate one, as the sketch was worth some three hundred pounds. "Blethers!"

sense of mystery which belongs to all felicitous appreciation of atmosphere—just that strangeness which the radiance of out of doors brings to the dimness, the obscurity of the interior. More curious



"HIS ONLY PAIR."

(From the First Sketch for the Picture, by Thomas Faed, R.A.)

cried the now fairly irate Highlander, "the hale bigging (house), garden, and a' wadna bring half the sum!"

This water-colour, let me hasten to say, is one of the finest to which the painter has put his hand. In it is seen an amazing *verve* and breadth of handling, and more surprising, more alluring than any mere subtlety of technique, a witchery of lighting, a something pearly and jewel-like in its harmonies. The composition, it will be seen, is the simplest, and for this reason, if not for this reason alone, is strong, harmonious, and satisfying. In fine, the sketch has the vigour of an Israël's, the tenderness of a Frère. It is, moreover, only one of a brilliant series of early studies to be found in the painter's studio at the present day. A study of these studies is imperative, if we would come to any right understanding of the artist's initial methods. A glance at the roughest and hastiest of them proclaims their author a manipulator of the higher order. The handling is dexterous, the drawing learned, while the lighting has just that

still, in a century in which, unhappily, pigments do not wear; in an age when a ten-year old "master-piece" is too often found to have sunk and deteriorated—these sketches of half a century ago appear like the veritable creations of yesterday. Not a crack is to be found in them. Not the sign of a faded tone. They are as brilliant as a Terburg; as fresh, in short, as the work of any painter we admire for superlative purity of palette. A discriminating eye, an assured, a restrained hand, may have gone to bring about so desired a result. The use of nothing but the simplest colours, the painter avers, is the secret of their potency.

In the matter of theme the painter has, as we all know, been true to his early loves. For though thirty-one years a member of the Royal Academy, and a strenuous worker therein, Mr. Faed's yearly wanderings in the home-country have kept him in lively touch with native things. Something of patriotism may have gone to induce so invariable a habit; but a love of rod and gun, of moorland air,



and a braeing Scotch story has before now carried folk to the country north of the Tweed. For the rest, the artist is a capital *raconteur*. He has a hundred original anecdotes to tell, and to tell in the raciest idiom. The vigour of Thomas Faed's personality, in sooth, is expressed in all he loves; in everything to which he has set his hand. It is as powerful to-day, maybe, as at the moment the young man turned his face to London; for the charm, the vigour of a personality does not wilt and wither as do, alack! the cunning of eye and hand. This is so true that a critic of Mr. Andrew Lang's penetration would have us occupy ourselves firstly—it is true—with an artist's output, but later, and after the passage of years, with the individuality, the personality which produced it.

But the task is fraught with difficulty. The

nor the fiercest sorrow embitter, of such an one as I would now give an outline in the poor medium of written word? Little enough; for natures so rare of endowment demand the superlative in written language, and of the superlative in writing we one and all tire. With the qualities which call for such language it is a wholly different matter. Sturdy independence, unflinching loyalty, and exquisite tenderness of heart are not so often allied in a single human being that we can readily let the tale of such valiant qualities fade.

“To have passed through the portals of sorrow,” says the Chinese maxim, “is to become a man;” and those that, in enduring, have risen above the pains and pangs of misadventure, must needs be such as light others on their doubtful way. To be reminded of such natures is in itself a stimulus.



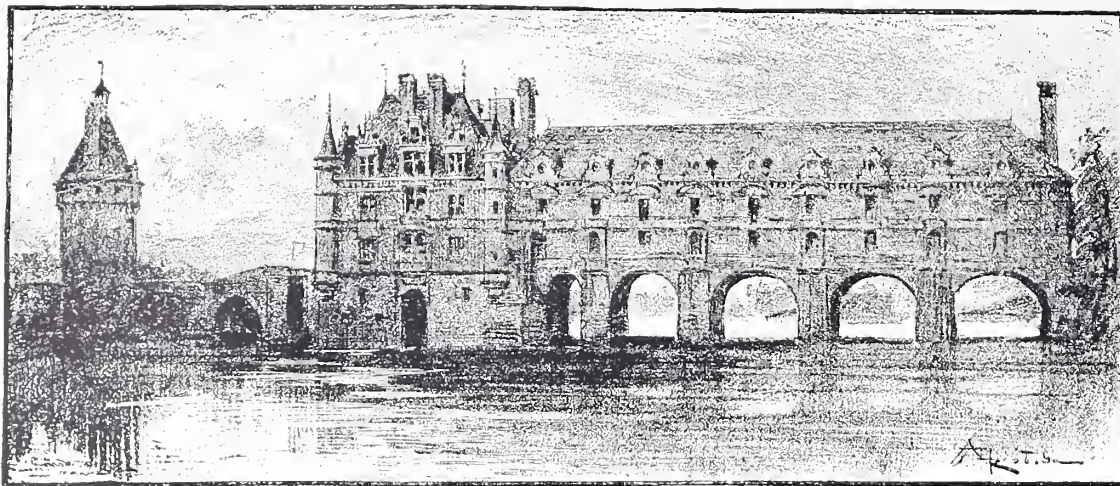
GRANNY M'LAUGHAN.

(From the Water-colour Drawing by Thomas Faed, R.A.)

lives of many men, otherwise distinguished, are not so invariably fair and seemly that we would pry into their every circumstance. To praise others, again, seems woefully like emphasising the obvious. What can be said of the kindly, the stalwart, the generous, of such an one as success cannot spoil

It reminds us that though life may give us rue as well as roses, its crowns of thorns—most pregnant symbol!—as well as flowers of Araby, there is much in the wearing of them. There is heroism, and the forgetting of self, which is in itself a mark of those most handsomely, most generously endowed.





THE CHÂTEAU OF CHENONCEAUX.  
 (Drawn by A. Robida. From "La Touraine.")

## RECENT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

### LA TOURAINE.

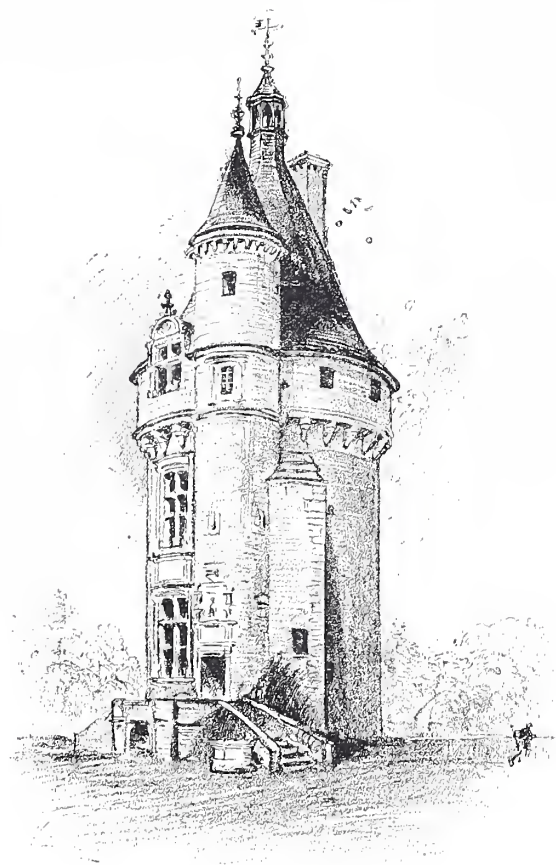
A WRITER who can illustrate his own writings, or an artist who can write about his own drawings in a way to satisfy both the literary and artistic critic, is a *rara avis*. Such exists, however, in the person of M. Robida, from whose latest volume on that portion of *La Vieille France*\* known as "Touraine" we have the pleasure to give some illustrations.

Starting from Blois, M. Robida takes his reader down along the windings of the Loire, and shows them, as only a very able artist can do, the marvellous picturesqueness of an old bit of country, picturesqueness that men like our Prout and Stanfield revelled in, and that is a perpetual delight, although for the moment the fashion of it in art has passed. It is the picturesqueness of

the work of the mediæval age, of the château, the clock-tower, the bastion, the town-gates, the palace dominating the town, as the Count or Baron once dominated the townsmen.

They are gruesome places, many of these old châteaux with their terrible legends of love and jealousy, of conspiracies and revolutionary meetings, of poor wretches incarcerated in dungeons down below the level of the rivers that lave the château walls. There were prisoners thrown into dungeons and left, whilst baron succeeded baron until no one remembered who they were or knew for what cause they were incarcerated. But they have their sunny side also, and there is many a story of happy lover, woven in with their history, and into the text of the book, to make it most delightful reading.

The illustrations, as will be seen by those in our pages, are most artistically rendered and



THE KEEP, CHENONCEAUX.  
 (Drawn by A. Robida. From "La Touraine.")

\* "La Vieille France." Texte, Dessins, et Lithographies par A. Robida. (Paris: à la Librairie illustrée.)



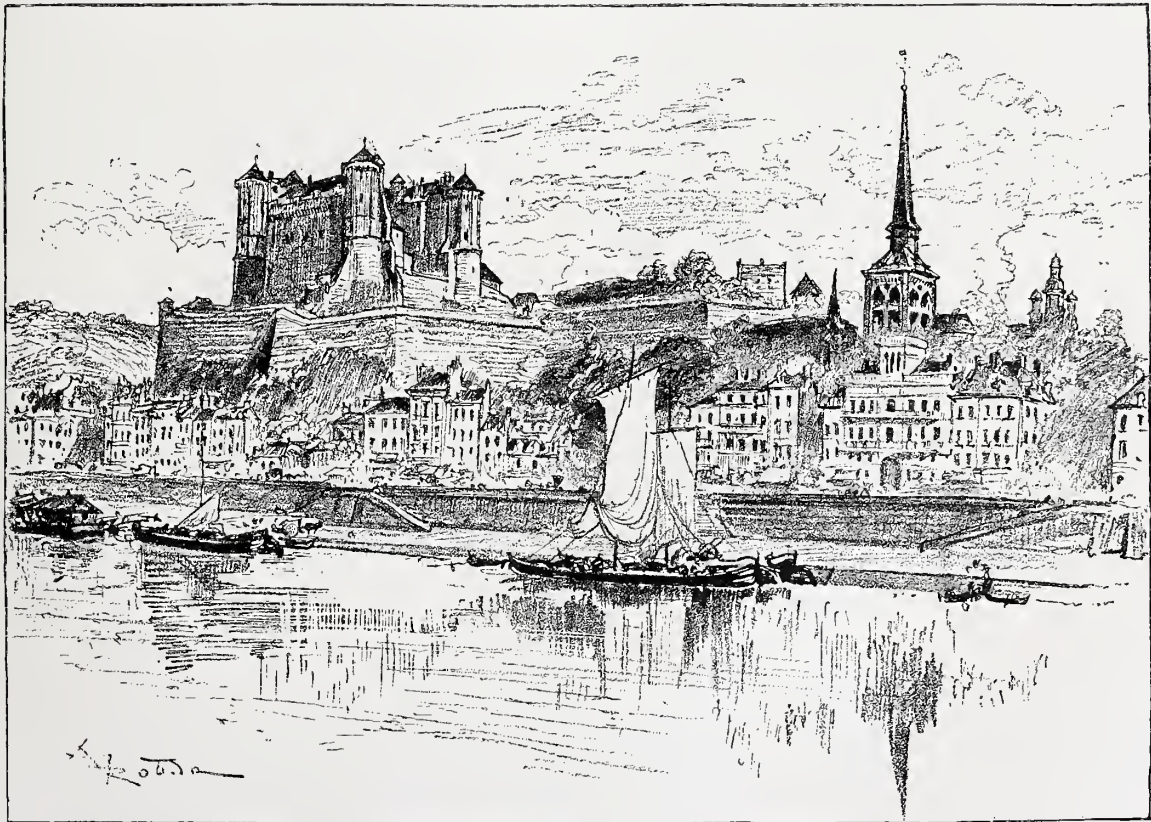


SABLÉ.

(Drawn by A. Robida. From "La Touraine.")

most admirably reproduced by lithography in a most unusual method of book illustration, but the designs are all put on the stone by the author and artist

—whose imaginative work in other directions is so well known. The full-page illustrations are lithographed in tint. It is a pleasant book to dream over.



SAUMUR.

(Drawn by A. Robida. From "La Touraine.")



## THE HUËTS.\*

In writing this elaborate monograph on the Huët family for the series known as "Les Grands Artistes," M. Gabillot has done good service to the history of art. Though we cannot admit, as the author avers, that these artists are little more than names to the outside circle of connoisseurs, we entirely agree that the extent of their talent remains unrealised, while the quality of that talent is certainly, on the whole, underrated. For this the father Jean Baptiste, the cleverest of the whole family, had but himself to blame: for

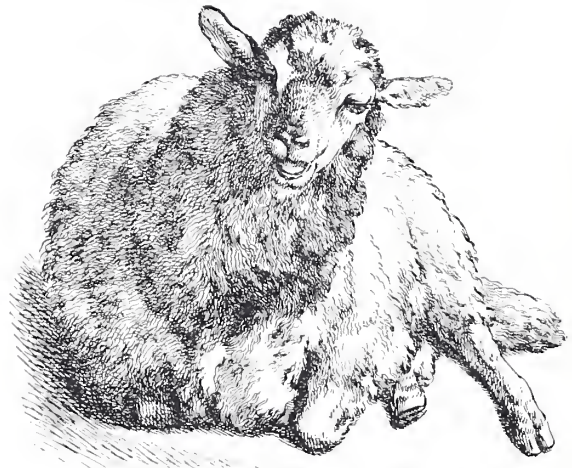


STUDY OF A SHEEP.  
(From "Les Huëts.")

though he possessed a gift and taste for animal painting and drawing quite out of the common order, he preferred to paint "pleasing pictures" in the "gallant," as well as in the more personal, manner of Boucher, with all the weakness and prettiness demanded by the debased taste of the day. "Huët begins," says the author, "with Boucher, continues with Vien and David, and ends with Prudhon." It

\* "Les Huët, Jean Baptiste et ses Trois Fils;" par C. Gabillot. (Paris: L. Allison et Cie.)

was, however, through his love of animals that he showed the best that was in him, and although the zoologists might sometimes quarrel with his studies, it is through them that he will maintain his artistic position. Although the book deals nominally with the whole family, it is chiefly to the father and his work, artistic and political, that its space is dedicated. Its profusion of illustrations are almost entirely confined to him—to his pastorals, his decorations, his studies and etchings of animals; but a few words are allowed to his sons Nicolas Robert, naturalist and water-colour painter; François Villiers, miniaturist



STUDY OF A SHEEP.  
(From "Les Huëts.")

and etcher; and Jean Baptiste, an engraver with his left hand—his right having been lost in battle. A copious bibliography completes the volume.

## "EGYPTIAN SLAVE."

BY NATHANIEL SICHEL.

ALTHOUGH comparatively unknown in England, Nathaniel Sichel, the painter of the picture which forms the frontispiece to this Part of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, has commanded a certain section of the popular taste in Germany by his representations of Oriental "types of beauty." An "Egyptian Slave" may be taken as a fair example of the large

number of works he has painted of this character—which, indeed, he was practically the first of German artists to introduce to the notice of his countrymen. Herr Sichel resides in Berlin, and is now about forty-five years of age. Many of his pictures have been published as plates, and have been received with great public favour.







V. Sichel, pinxt

By permission of the Berlin Photographic C<sup>o</sup>

EGYPTIAN SLAVE







Carols of the Year.



Strong June, superb, serene, elate  
With conscience of thy sovereign state  
Untouched of thunder, though the storm  
Scathe here and there thy shuddering skies  
And bid its lightning cross thine eyes  
With fire, thy golden hours inform  
Earth and the souls of men with life  
That brings forth peace from shining strife.

JUNE.

(Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)



## THE MEISSONIER EXHIBITION.

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE very excellently-arranged and, under the circumstances, surprisingly-complete exhibition of the deceased master's works, at Messrs. Tooth's

his finest finished pictures, including a good many which have since found their way across the Atlantic and into the collections of American



THE PIKESMAN.

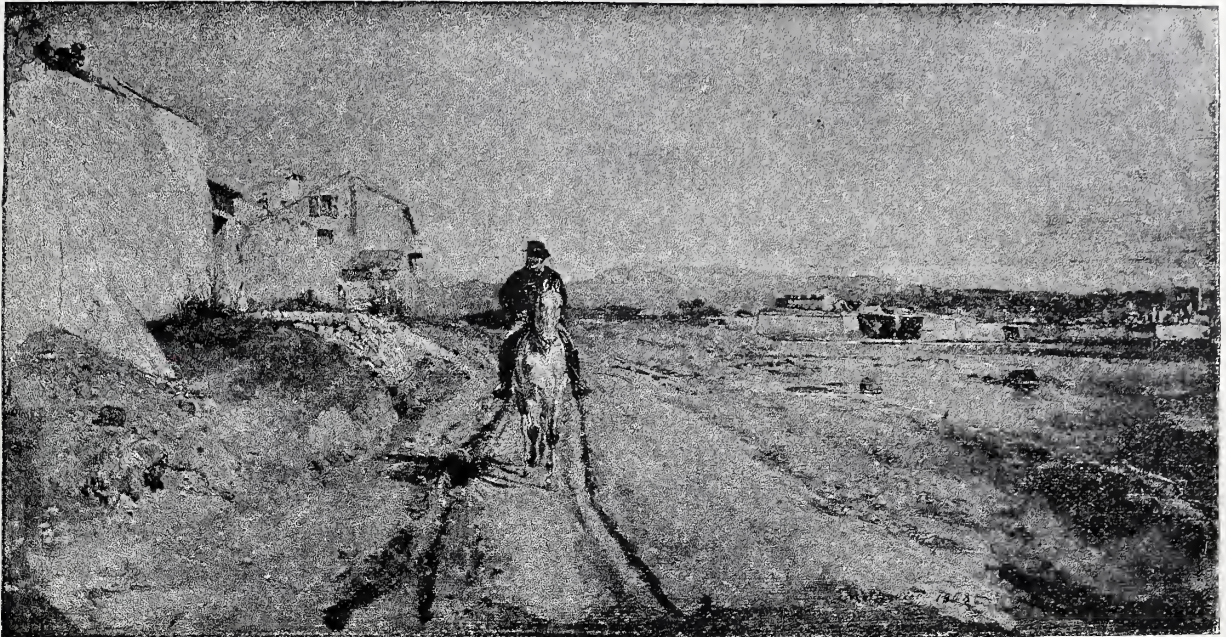
gallery in the Haymarket, is his third apotheosis. The first was the memorable exhibition, in 1884, at M. Georges Petit's gallery in the Rue de Sèze, of

millionaires. The second was the great display of paintings, sketches, preparations, water-colours, drawings, and models arranged in the same Parisian gallery, and which has just closed its doors in order that a good part of its varied contents might be transferred to London. Lack of space has prevented the inclusion of all, or anything like all, the myriad sketches and designs in oils and water-colours which had been left behind by the master at his death, and just now in Paris, where they were shown by the side of the finished works to which they had reference, gave so extraordinarily instructive an insight into his method. On the other hand, London may esteem itself lucky in being able to show three or four celebrated performances which the promoters of the Parisian exhibition were unable to obtain. Thus her Majesty the Queen has contributed "La Rixe," that typical achievement of Meissonier's earlier maturity; while Baron Schröder lends "Les Joueurs d'Echecs," "Le Portrait du Sergent," and "Le Peintre d'Enseignes," works all of them very familiar to the

admirers of the master, and popularised by various forms of reproduction. It is to be regretted, however, that the masterpiece of the series illustrating



the Napoleonic epic—the larger “1814” (Retreat of Napoleon before the Allies)—is not here; nor are a fabulous price, has made it the centre of an unsurpassed group of the master’s smaller *genre* pieces, in-



ROAD FROM LA SALICE TO ANTIBES.

we consoled for its absence by the presence of the smaller “1814,” long counted by Mr. Ruskin among including “Le Liseur Blanc” and “Le Liseur Noir,” has contented himself with letting Paris see his treasures,



A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY, 1870.

his possessions. M. Chauchard, the Parisian collector, but stops short of hazarding their journey across the Channel. Still, at Messrs. Tooth’s, each successive



phase of Meissonier's practice is so sufficiently exhibited that it is quite possible to come to a more definitive conclusion on the subject of his art as a whole than has hitherto been obtainable by the untravelled Londoner.

Here, as lately in Paris, the sketches, the preparations, the patiently-elaborated figures, destined afterwards to take their places in a complicated ensemble, are the real novelty and the real attraction to those already well acquainted with the show pieces. It had been pretty well known that the master gave way to no impulse or inspiration of the moment, and left nothing to chance; that the artistic vision, the realisation of the painter's and the dramatist's conception, as a whole, was less to him than its impeccable perfection of workmanship in every part—a perfection shown alike in the appropriate facial expression of every figure, in the details of every costume, the movement of every horse, the conformation of every rut in the high road. But here we actually see him building up the edifice bit by bit; previously elaborating as a separate entity every cuirassier in the splendid charge of the regiment past the saluting point, which is the main incident of "1807" (Friedland); designing as a portrait-study each distinguished member of Napoleon's staff in the melancholy retreat of the "1814." And not even abating his industry here, but studying with equal enthusiasm—if this be, indeed, the right word for anything so deliberate—every point in the middle and far distance, every passage in the framework of landscape. It must not be understood that I

wish to convey by this summary indication of the master's method the suggestion that his execution, wonderful as is its elaboration, has in any way that futile and overwrought finish which sacrifices real

breadth and mastery of execution to the superficial *tour de force*. On the contrary, if Meissonier rarely shows himself capable of that artistic subordination and sacrifice of the unessential which has marked some of the greatest art of these days—that of Jean-François Millet, of Corot, of Puvis de Chavames—he never condescends to mere tricks of execution, but remains ever in the successive phases of his career the master of the brush, the painter whose unique success is his achievement of a virile breadth of style, combined with a marvellous, yet hardly ever a misapplied, finish. Still it is quite possible to look on with wonder at the unabated energy, the strenuous effort involved in an artistic system of this kind, and yet to be of opinion that the art thus evolved must necessarily, and does necessarily, lack the elements of greatness, as distinguished from supreme ingenuity and executive skill. We do not find that Meissonier conceives his subjects as



STUDY OF A GUIDE FOR "1807."

true and convincing expression of which, as such a whole, all else must be subordinated. Or, if he did so conceive, the essence of the conception, its dramatic unity, its spontaneity and human pathos often evaporated during the processes through which it passed. Take, for instance, the "1806" (Jéna) in this gallery, or the more famous "1814," which has not found its way thither. Each figure is studied with a care and intelligence beyond praise, and charged, too, with





THE PRODIGAL SON.



STUDY OF AN OFFICER FOR "1807."

a rare amount of dramatic, as distinguished from human, intensity; but the various elements of the great subjects presented do not cohere with an inevitableness such as to communicate to the whole the enveloping atmosphere of human passion, of essential truth. We see in the "Jéna" the carefully and admirably devised groups of the Imperial staff, the calm figure of the Emperor himself, so dramatic in its enforced repose, the regiments charging in the

distance, the well-studied framework of landscape. But we get nothing of the epic vastness, of the indefinable, yet not the less real, dramatic atmosphere which should enwrap the whole; nothing of the power which a Raffet, for instance, would, by some genial intuition, manage to infuse into his most summary lithographs dealing with similar subjects. In the "1807," this great charge of cuirassiers, of which a word has already been said, is, perhaps,



GENERAL CHAMPIONNET AND HIS ESCORT.



taken by itself, Meissonier's finest achievement. Without sacrificing one jot of the accuracy of fact which is his artistic conscience, he for once gives way to a passionate enthusiasm. We seem to hear the very rush past of the horses, the war-cries of the young braves, as, sweeping past, they acclaim their master. But he could not bring himself to sacrifice to pictorial truth and unity his cunningly elaborated group in the middle distance — his Napoleon halting motionless and bare-headed amid his generals — the favoured soldier of fortune, who knows the gods propitious. The cleverness and command over facial expression shown in this passage stand in need of no praise; yet the elaboration *à froid*, in which the artist has here been unable to resist indulging, alters the character of the picture, abates

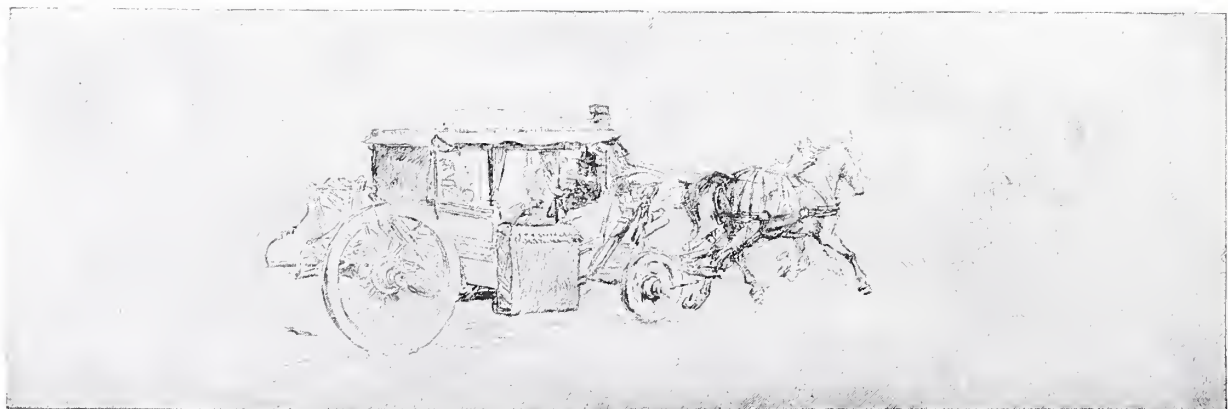
"La Rixe," this interrupted duel of two strong-limbed, sinewy soldiers of fortune, is a splendidly vigorous example of dramatic skill and verve,

to praise and describe which anew seems hardly necessary. The master had not yet, when he painted it, arrived at the stage of deliberate harshness of colour and that crystalline transparency of atmosphere which approaches so dangerously near to airlessness. Even here, however, his characteristic hotness of tint and general tone *will* make themselves felt, notwithstanding the evident seeking after richness and fusion in the colour-harmony. He is here more nearly akin to Metsu, who sinned often in the

same fashion, than to the subtler executant, Terborch, whose intuitive sense of colour was infallibly to be relied upon. From both these great Dutchmen,



SKETCH FOR "SAMSON" (1838).



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY COACH.

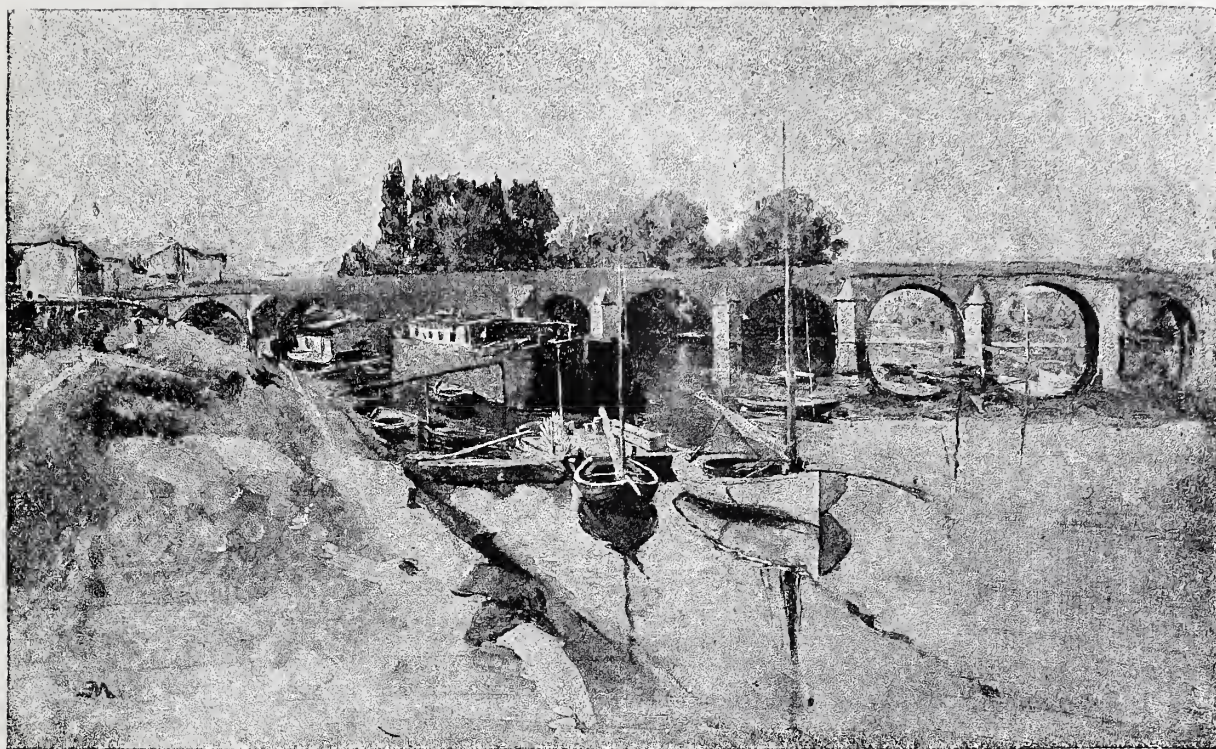
its spontaneity — as it were, freezes it up, and with it the enthusiasm begotten in the beholder.

who must, the one and the other, count among the chief artistic ancestors of Meissonier, he differs



absolutely in one essential particular. Theirs is a true and sympathetic, though an objective and undemonstrative, rendering of contemporary life in certain everyday aspects; his is the drama and the *genre*-painting of the stage, though it is the very finest of its kind, put before us, as it is, with a force, a skill, and an unerring good taste worthy of that temple of finished dramatic art—

this than they appear in some other works. Yet the whole, perhaps because it is thus painfully and evenly elaborated, fails to convince as a dramatic *ensemble*, and leaves the spectator—as often before Meissonier's best work—cold. The same criticism might apply even more strongly to the popular "Peintre d'Enseignes," so laborious in its development of a humorous situation as to lose that apparent



THE BRIDGE, POISSY.

the Comédie Française. "La Rixe" might indeed be a scene from a romantic drama of Hugo, or a novel of Dumas *père*; yet it is a picture complete in itself, and in no way such an illustration as must rely for half its power to move on a previous knowledge of the subject interpreted. Baron Schröder's "Portrait du Sergent," representing, as few admirers of Meissonier will need to be told, the limning by a humble member of the artistic *confrèrerie* of a magnificent sergeant, who, in all the immaculate smartness of his white-and-blue eighteenth-century uniform, poses, proudly conscious of his personal attractions, surrounded by a group of soldiers, divided between dubitative criticism of the artist and unqualified pride in the model. Nowhere has the master expended a more untiring skill, or achieved a greater success in elaborating military types in their finest shades than here; and the general harsh clearness of aspect, the insistence on every outline and every detail, are less displeasing to the æsthetic sense in a subject such as

spontaneity which is the highest attribute of a work of this class. Here the signboard exhibited with such satisfaction by the well-pleased artist to the disconcerted patron and amateur is the curious "Bacchus," studied ever so carefully by Meissonier, and the peculiarly audacious foreshortening of which furnished such an *attrape* for the critics.

The water-colour "Dragon de l'Armée d'Espagne" is a perfect representation of one of those *grogards* of the First Empire, whom Charlet, and, after him, Raffet, so loved to depict. Meissonier is at his best in these numerous single studies of Louis XIII. cavaliers and *fantassins*, of *redettes*, solitary horsemen, firm and proud in their saddles, of aggressive *militaires*. Here, in the preliminary stage, he often realises just that ease and *désinvolture*, just that spontaneity, so often longed for in vain in his complete performances. It is as if all the ardour, the audacity, of the master had expended itself in this fashion, and in the transfer from the study to the picture had congealed or evaporated.



## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

TO the death of Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., we have referred fully on p. xxxii of "The Chronicle of Art."



THE LATE VICAT COLE, R.A.  
(From a Photograph by Byrne, Richmond.)

The bas-relief of the late Alfred Stevens, of which a reproduction is here given, has been presented by M. Alphonse Legros to the town of Blandford, not



ALFRED STEVENS.  
(From the Bas-relief by Frank Wood.)

donor's respect and admiration of the deceased artist's genius. The tablet was executed by Mr. Frank Wood and will be erected in the Town Hall of Blandford.

Mr. J. M. Gray, the Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, who is engaged upon a work dealing with James and William Tassie, has been collecting a series of important personages modelled by them. These, now arranged in the gallery, number nearly a hundred examples. Among the rest is a remarkably fine head of Sir Henry Raeburn, regarding which a curious discovery has been made. It is cast in the white vitreous enamel paste used by James Tassie, but



SIR H. RAEBURN.  
(From the Medallion by Himself.)

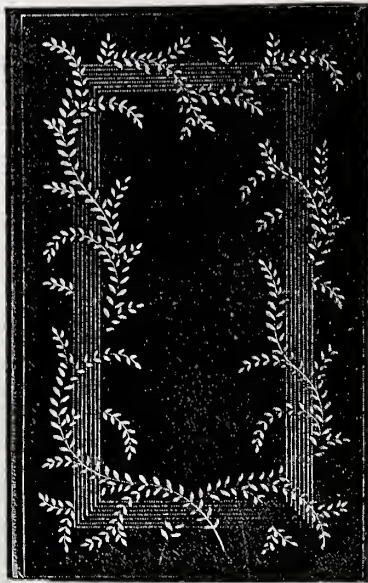


THE SENTINELS.  
(By G. F. Watts, R.A. In the City Art Gallery, York.)

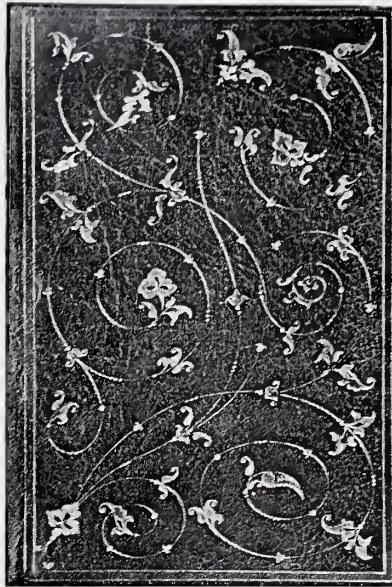
only as a memorial, in the place of his birth, of Stevens's life and work, but also as a tribute of the

executed in a manner very different from that characteristic of this artist. The boldness of its

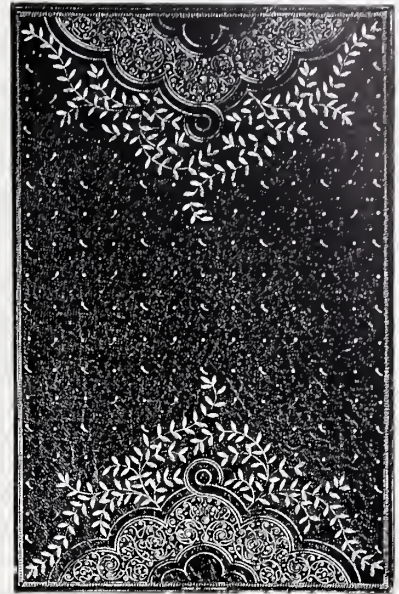




"POSTHUMOUS POEMS OF SHELLEY."



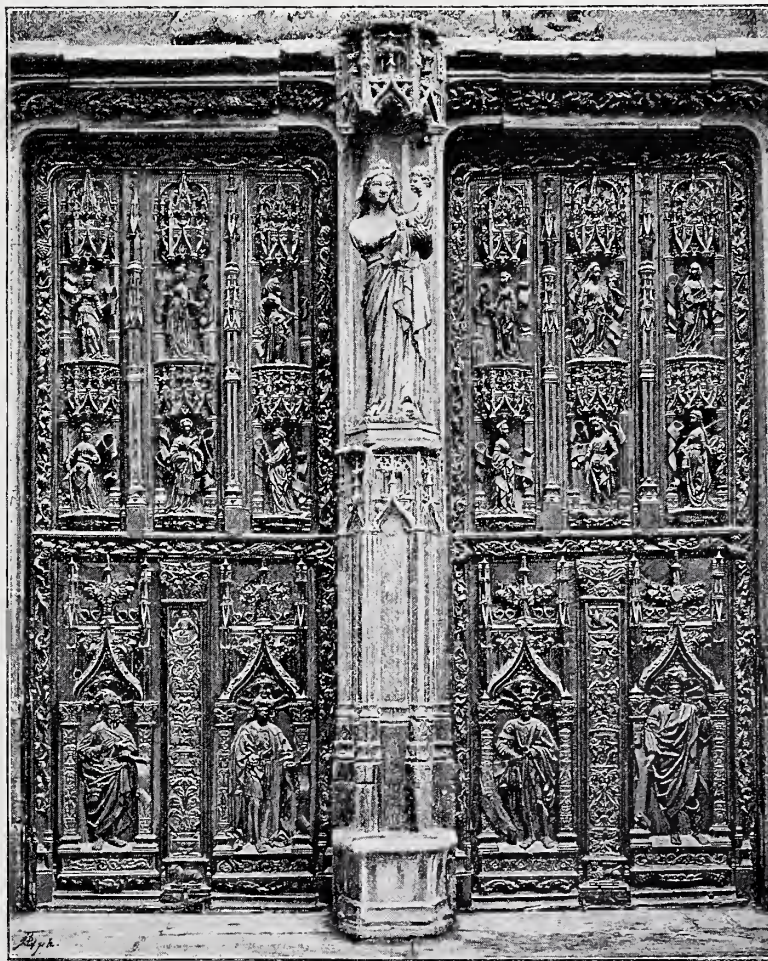
"THE ART OF BOOKBINDING."



KEATS' "ENDYMION."

(Bindings by Mr. Zachsdorf to be Exhibited at Chicago.)

handling led Mr. Gray to surmise that it was the work of Raeburn himself, who is known to have modelled occasionally; and, on inquiry, it was found that the tradition in the Raeburn family has always been that this is Sir Henry's work. We reproduce a reduced version of this very spirited head, the only existing experiment in plastic art by the greatest of Scottish portrait-painters, and one of the curiously few portraits portraying Raeburn—the well-known engraved oil picture with the hand laid on the chin, and a marble bust by Samuel Joseph, being the only



CAST OF THE DOORWAY OF AIX CATHEDRAL.

(Recently acquired by South Kensington Museum.)

others known. Mr. Gray appeals to collectors to aid him in completing his list of works by the Tassies, and would be grateful if any owners of medallions, &c., by them would communicate with him. He would then send them the list of the Tassies' medallions already drawn up, in order that they may aid him by adding particulars of any items in their collections that are omitted.

Reference was made in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for November last to the discovery of Mr. G. F. Watts's long-lost picture of "The Sentinels," in the City of York Art



Gallery. We have pleasure in giving a reproduction of it on p. 286, which, however, is not very successful on account of the difficulty experienced in photographing the picture. M. Zaehnsdorf has executed some excellent work for Chicago, of which the three reproductions on p. 287 will serve as examples. To the acquisition by the South Kensington Museum of the casts of the cathedral doors of Aix, reference was made in the "Chronicle of Art" last month.

The Nottingham Corporation Art Museum have lately acquired by purchase a very beautiful example of the work of R. P. Bonington. It is a view of the Piazza of St. Mark, Venice, the Church of St. Mark and the Campanile, being



PIAZZA OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

(By R. P. Bonington. Recently acquired by the Nottingham Art Gallery)

its dignified and severe grace. The modelling of the statue has been marked by some dramatic incidents which have tested the courage and determination of the girl-artist. Her first full-sized model was, in a cruel and dastardly manner, shattered to pieces while awaiting in the studio the approval of the Committee before being cast in plaster. Nor did Miss Redmond herself escape personal risk. Such was her spirit, however, that within a month the figure had again

taken proportions, and is now safely in marble, and on its pedestal in Upper O'Connell Street. Miss Redmond received her early training in the Dublin Art Academy, and continued her studies in Rome.

signed and dated 1826. The same authorities have also purchased Mr. La Thangue's important work, "A Mission to Seamen," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1891.

The statue of Sir John Macdonald, illustrated on this page, is the work of Mr. George E. Wade, and was unveiled at Hamilton, Canada, in March last. The large model for the statue is at present on exhibition at the Royal Academy.

The colossal statue to Father Mathew recently unveiled in Dublin is the work of a young girl, Miss Mary Redmond, whose model was chosen by the Centenary Committee for



SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

(By George E. Wade. Recently erected at Hamilton, Canada.)



FATHER MATHEW.

(By Mary Redmond. Recently erected in Dublin.)





IN THE GRIP OF THE SEA-WOLF.

(From the Painting by Matthew Hale.)

## THE NEW GALLERY.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THOUGH the New Gallery does not boast this year what it may perhaps consider its special *raison d'être*—the exhibition, in dominating or overwhelming quantity, of the mournful allegories of Mr. Burne-Jones, and of the somewhat frail and infirm types of humanity that are pleasing to his spirit—it has a new, and perhaps a better, *raison d'être* in the improved character of the show as a whole.

The one Academician who has been most constant to the New Gallery—Mr. Alma-Tadema—is still constant to it. He sends a portrait which does not perhaps altogether arrest upon its canvas the facile grace of Mrs. Charles Wyllie, but which is yet agreeable; and he sends in "Unconscious Rivals" a masterly, though small—shall we say a masterly *because* small?—example of his technique. Nothing is more successful in juxtaposition of colour or in flood of light. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse—still an Associate of the Academy, but certain before long, I should suppose, to be a full member—has in the New Gallery a single charming picture, "A Naiad"—with which the only fault that can

be found is that the type is not absolutely original. Nevertheless, in the absence of that complete vitality which should belong to mortals, Mr. Waterhouse's "Naiad" is seen to have been dramatically conceived, and the picture is endowed with great yet reticent and tender charm of colour, and with the attractions of dexterous and not too obtrusive brushwork. Mr. North, the new Associate, has a characteristic picture quite calculated to add to his not inextensive popularity—"Sweet Water Meadows of the West." Mr. Alfred East—who must be an Associate before long—has one of his more placid of rural compositions, "Labour and Rest." So placid is it that the labour itself is rest: at all events, it is restful to look at. Mr. David Murray has a large and interesting and perfectly English landscape, to which he gives the name of "Hampshire Hatches." The spirit of the flat lands—grass-grown and water-studded—that lie about the Avon, between Ringwood, say, and Christchurch, was thoroughly understood and rendered. The picture would be altogether admirable if the sky were more luminous and spacious; the skies



of Mr. Murray are a little apt to be open to the reproach which Hamlet levelled at his own flesh—the reproach of being “too, too solid.”

Mr. H. W. B. Davis is more detailed than usual in his picture of a stretch of country—hardly French this time—seen in gayish colour and pleasant light, and white with daisies and blue with violets. “Sussex Hayfields,” by Mr. Aumonier, is a bright and tender treatment of such a scene as the genius of De Wint was accustomed to endow with sobriety when he endowed it with charm. Mr. Edward Stott’s “Changing Pastures” is one of several canvases—amongst which are Mr. Padgett’s, Mr. Priestman’s, and Mr. Arthur Tomson’s—exhibiting a poetic intention, and seeking to realise it in work somewhat unconventional it may be in theme or it may be in effect.

Figure-pieces generally, and especially portraiture, have always played a large part in the exhibitions of the New Gallery—quite as much, indeed, when the show has been bad, as this year when it is creditable. We will speak of the portraits to begin with, and first among them of those two of Mr. Sargent’s in the North Room, which, taken in connection with his single work at the Academy, evince perhaps a greater range of interest, though hardly a greater manual skill, than he has hitherto displayed. The portrait of Mrs. George Lewis, even more than that of Lady Agnew (the wife of the head of the Dumfriesshire house of that name), is of a kind that may commend itself even to the unimaginative picture-seer, to the person who is incapable of meeting the modern artist half way. Yet it is attractive in technique, and at once agreeable and unflinching in its record of the model. It does not “jump to the eyes,” however, like that other portrait of Mr. Sargent’s—the “Mrs. Hugh Hammersly”—a lady so vivacious that, though she

is seated, she can be seated only momentarily on the sofa which now holds her, and dressed in a robe of fullest rose-coloured velvet, with silver lace and diamond stars. Mr. Sargent, though he has enjoyed painting the model, has enjoyed the accessories quite as much, and he has enjoyed perhaps most of all (since, I take it, he is but human) the delightful feat of distancing his contemporaries in sheer brilliance, in sheer audacity, and in sheer *chic*. And his accomplishment of that feat I suppose there are few to contest.

Mr. J. J. Shannon is, to some extent, a painter of varied character, more especially a painter of varied beauty, and most of all, perhaps, skilled in the agreeable presentation of modern attire; his people, too, always know how to wear the raiment so admirably made for them. Mr. Shannon has at the New Gallery a sufficiently sterling portrait of Miss Kennedy, painted for Newnham College, to the satisfaction, doubtless, of the subscribers, but somehow in itself less interesting and less memorable than the portrait of Miss Clough of a previous year. Mr. Shannon’s second picture this season—amongst



WATER-CARRIERS, SAN REMO.  
(From the Painting by W. J. Hennessy)

those, I mean, at the New Gallery—is a full-length portrait of Mrs. Prideaux Brune, standing in a Court dress of pale violet and French grey, and carrying her train as one not bearing it for the first time. The figure, though graceful and elegant as usual, has more weight than Mr. Shannon is accustomed to give. This is, indeed, wholly an advantage, as Mr. Shannon’s figures have at times been blamed for being a little papery and unsubstantial. Mr. Jacomb-Hood’s portraits are generally artistically conceived, sometimes even originally; but though the artistry is apparent in the contribution which he calls “A Study,” the originality is in a measure absent; since, while he conveys the features and



the colouring of Miss Norreys, the actress—the bright red hair, and the white flesh—he does this, to some extent, in the manner of Hemmer; indeed, it may be doubted whether the choice of Miss Norreys as the model was not prompted by memories of Hemmer's triumphs. Not that I think seriously that the picture is any the less acceptable for that. It is welcome, indeed, and it is good.

Among those pictures in which landscape and figure play almost equal parts, nothing is brighter, nothing more spirited or more vigorous, than Mr. Matthew Hale's "In the Grip of the Sea-Wolf"—the portrayal of an abduction resented energetically by the woman who is the subject of it, as some Viking of old, having landed from his ship on a strange shore, now returns to it, wading through the waters, bearing between his lips a sword, which

figure is neglected, or rather is altogether absent. Mr. Tuke takes care to ensure the interest of many planes in his so limited landscape, and a subtle atmosphere, and an arrangement of colour—bright green and lemon—at all events as agreeable as that which may be discerned in his larger canvas.

Mr. John Collier, in his "Tramp," with its landscape background—a figure interesting and picturesque upon the roadside—uses to good effect the blonde and ample model who has served him for the realisation of the splendours of the Lucrezia Borgia in his dramatic picture at the Royal Academy.

There is somehow less evidence at the New Gallery than there is at Burlington House of that inclination, which our younger painters have in part derived from France, to treat the mystic and



A SPINNEY.

(From the Painting by Frank Walton, R.I.)

has been a menace, and in his arms the struggling blonde, whose friends (a picturesque but powerless group) station themselves upon the beach as the alarmed spectators of the scene that is enacted. Landscape and the figure are about equally mixed in what must be the most popular, but is not altogether the most accomplished, of Mr. Tuke's two pictures, "A Greek Lemon-Gatherer;" whereas in the second picture—"A Corfu Garden"—the

to treat the religious. Yet the New Gallery holds one very conspicuous instance of that revived disposition for religious painting. It is Mr. Frank Brangwyn, the painter often of wind-swept decks and sometimes of the opulent colours of the North African and Mediterranean seas, who gives us the dignified and impressive treatment of a sacred subject, which he calls "Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh." The solemnity of the thing, and its



reticence, are what most of all distinguish it from certain of the attempts of the younger Frenchmen in the same field: and if in positive merits it cannot claim for a moment to be placed on the line of

of line and in the character selected. It is full, however, of the old suggestions of the Venetian palette, and of the incomparable grace and ease which belong to Mr. Watts as a matter of right,



THE NEW SONG.

(From the Painting by Mrs. Stanhope Forbes)

the achievements of the last great painter who possessed an inborn genius for religious painting—I mean Hippolyte Flandrin—it has only negative faults. It goes far beyond the point of promise—reaches the point of performance; nor should Mr. Brangwyn permit himself to be discouraged in the undertaking of serious work. The present picture should, indeed, form no isolated excursion into a realm with which, of course, Mr. Brangwyn has as yet to be familiar.

Almost equally ambitious, though less interesting perhaps in its ambition, is the "Boreas and Oreithyia" of Mr. Mitchell; remarkable and praiseworthy is it for its treatment of a robust and, notwithstanding the title, a somewhat modern nudity. Mr. G. F. Watts's little figure, "Jill"—a portrait, of course—is as simple as it may be in composition

and belong to him most of all when he is joyfully inspired by a refined and radiant childhood.

The sculpture at the New Gallery is this year, as it was last year, a little disappointing, when one considers how charming is the hall in which the sculpture is displayed, and how great, seemingly, the inducement to show it there. But though there is too much that does not rise above mediocrity—at all events, that does not rise above the tasteful efforts of the not particularly gifted—there are two or three important pieces. One of them is the "Scythe Man," of that always interesting artist, Mr. Rosecoe Mullins, which, though at first sight it may appear dangerously near in its likeness to one or two justly popular rural labouring figures in sculpture and painting—something of Mr. Thornycroft's, something of Frederick Walker's—has really the



spontaneity which marks Mr. Mullins's works, and the closeness of observation, and the taste poetic and refined. By the same sculptor there is a representation of the late Duke of Marlborough, whose abilities, not to speak of his qualities, the public was inclined to underrate. Mr. Stirling Lee's work is generally poetic; and there is some degree of interest in seeing the sketch design for an altar-piece, executed in St. John's, Cardiff, by a young

as Hamlet; this time the great actor of the Lyceum wears in a statuette the garments of Mathias, and the spirit of that character indeed "shines through him." It is not perhaps remarkable or unusual, but it is at least interesting to find that an artist like Mr. Ford—concerned for the most part with severe and ideal labours—seen at his greatest perhaps in such work as the Shelley Monument—is not only very far from incapable, but is, indeed, singularly



A MAID OF ATHENS.

(From the Painting by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.)

sculptor of great gifts whom Cardiff has given to us, and whom Wales is rightly minded to appreciate—Mr. Goscombe John. The medallions by Miss Effie Stillman are engaging efforts, not wanting in taste, though wanting, of course, in fulness of accomplishment when placed, in one's mind's eye, by the similar work which has of late come to be exhibited in the Gallery of the Luxembourg. Mr. Henry Irving has more than once been shown to be a favourite model of Mr. Onslow Ford. Mr. Ford has represented him with almost stately dignity

vivid and observant, when, in hours as it were of relaxation, he abandons the sublime and betakes himself to the homely regions of familiar portraiture. It may seem strange to speak of a statuette of Mr. Irving as Mathias—not of Mr. Irving in *propria persona*—as "portraiture," but the phrase is at least a compliment—a tribute to the actor's complete realisation of the part that he plays. We all know Mathias. No one in the world of Life is more living than this particular creation of the world of Art.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—CONCLUSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN my last article I stopped short while dealing with the most prominent among the subject-pictures; and at that point I resume the consideration of an exhibition which, whatever its failings, seems to have lost nothing of its hold on the loyalty and the interest of the public, if one may judge by the crowds that daily pack the rooms and, in the early weeks of the show, render a visit to the Academy a matter of some tribulation and physical exhaustion.

Historical painting, in its strictly limited sense, is represented by no great work — nor, indeed, of any strenuous effort. That the practice of it, in its most academic aspect, is not lost in England is proved by Mr. Calderon's "Elizabeth Woodville Parting from her Son, the Duke of York." The picture is well-composed and carried out in a manner that claims our respect, though it does not arouse our enthusiasm. In drawing it is excellent, and in quiet dignity, as well as in some of the types, it is suggestive of the modern Flemish school. Technical excellence of a higher sort has been aimed at by Mr. Seymour Lucas in "1588: News of the Spanish Armada." Here, in this picture of the wretchedness of crushed ambition, we have some admirable colour, and the problem of reflected lights, of atmosphere and its mystery, of character, and reticence in the expression of it. It was for this picture that Mr. Lucas went to Burgos and nearly lost his life; it is a satisfaction to see

that the journey has produced the most artistic work that we have yet from the artist's brush. The Hon. John Collier's "A Glass of Wine with Cæsar Borgia" is a very clever work, but unequal in the realisation.



"Thereto the silent voice replied,  
'Look up thro' night: the world is wide.'"

(From the Painting by Gerald E. Moira.)

Its chief success lies, of course, in the subject; but there is more subtlety of expression in the Pope's face than most painters have command of. The Machiavellian prelate is indeed an admirable character-study, better than the figure of Lucretia, and altogether superior to that of the hapless victim who is weak just where strength was most required. It is a pleasure to welcome Mr. Gow back to the class of work by which he gained his reputation, and which was hardly increased by the larger works by which in recent years he has attracted greater popularity but hardly greater artistic appreciation. In his three pictures he returns to canvases of small size, so well adapted to his pearly colour, his exquisite draughtsmanship, and to that

delicacy and precision of touch and quality of atmosphere which can best be compared with the most graceful work of Meissonier.

The painting of religious history or religious sentiment is every year less and less in favour. Why this should be so it is not quite easy to see. It is hardly enough to explain that commerce has taken the place of the Church as the patron of the arts, and that painting is now used for the pleasure of man which was once practised for the greater



glory of God. That the fact is so can hardly be denied; but that does not satisfactorily account for there being so few who care for art in this religious England of ours. It is not surprising that the most successful work should be one free from the trammels of history. I refer to "The Vision at the Martyr's Well," by Mr. G. H. Boughton—a picture remarkable no less for the charming silvery qualities of colour than for its sincerity, whether from point of view of technique or of feeling. Mrs. Adrian Stokes's "Angels Entertaining the Holy Child" has all the vigour characteristic of her, and is flavoured with an artistic touch well in harmony with the fancy of the conception and the primary treatment of colour and pose. To the "Rizpah" of Sir Frederic Leighton I duly referred in my first article.

Among works of imagination Mr. Watts's little "Endymion" takes high rank. It is by no means so graceful as the earlier version

of the subject which he has given us; but for quality and colour he has rarely surpassed this little canvas. Mr. Waterhouse is altogether admirable in his "Belle Dame sans Merci," though the expression of the lady is not sufficiently dignified for the subject. But the exquisiteness of sentiment and the delicate harmony of colour, well within the range which the artist has latterly set down for himself, place the work high in the front rank of the pictures of the year. Both in this picture and in the "Hamadryad" Mr. Waterhouse shows closer sympathy than ever with Mr. Burne-Jones in point of feeling, while retaining the greens, blues, and lakes of his own middle

period. Mr. Briton Riviere's "King's Libation" is of unusual dignity, even for the painter. It is true that the lions hardly explain themselves; but the Assyrian king, pouring out the sacrificial libation

upon the dead spoils of the chase, while his attendants stand behind him, is imagined with vigour and executed with vivacity. But the result is that—as in the case of the great marble original at the British Museum, which doubtless inspired the picture—it is not primarily the animal-painting which commands attention, but the spirit of the incident portrayed.

Turning to the pictures of later life, we find the charmingly reticent and beautifully-painted "Music" of Mr. Orchardson. It is long since the artist has shown us so poorly drawn a figure as this ten-heads-high lady sitting at a harpsichord of original construction. But the colour is so delightful, the painting so masterly, although so thin, that we would welcome the picture



MRS. SCHMALZ.

(From the Painting by Herbert Schmalz.)

even though it lacked the extraordinary distinction which characterises it. It is a pleasure to find young students like Mr. John Bacon and Mr. Moira so close to the front rank. The pictures of the former are both remarkable for their painting. The "Interval"—so strangely named—is, in spite of its great skill, less likely to please than "The Announcement." This large work, representing the return of a widowed daughter to her old peasant mother, is drawn with great vigour and with an ease which betokens a coming mastery. The composition is good and treated with high dramatic power, and the whole is admirable in colour. The picture is, indeed, in sympathy with the early works



of Holl and Luke Fildes; and there is little doubt but that Mr. Bacon's earnestness and skill may go as far as they if he direct his skill as wisely. Mr. S. J. Solomon, who has left the Classics for a while, has tackled one of the most difficult of all problems—contending and reflected lights at a modern dinner

instructive knowledge and taste. To Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Lighthouse" I have already referred. In powerful contrast, with its delicate open-air tones, is the powerful challenging colouring of Mr. Brangwyn's gorgeous "Slave-market"—an opulent piece of painting, which is the best example of Mr. Brangwyn's



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

(From the Painting by Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.)

party. That the heads are successful portraits of persons in society is little to the critic; but it is a good deal that a work of so much danger, and so full of pitfalls to the artist, should have been as cleverly brought to completion. The picture would be better for a little more work. The light hardly appears to be of the right colour, and the painting seems somewhat dry; but it is the handling of the subject which has earned the victory—its reticence and

work since he abandoned his sad seas and grey skies. Finally, I need only mention M. Nicolet's clever "Orphans of Amsterdam." This picture of a sewing-class improves greatly on acquaintance, and is good in its simple scheme of colours, earnest and sincere beyond most of the works in the exhibition.

The Black-and-White room offers little for remark; and the sculpture will form the subject of another article.



## J. W. NORTH, A.R.A., R.W.S., PAINTER AND POET.—I.\*

BY PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., M.A.

ONE of the most truly original painters of our times is Mr. J. W. North. Of this originality he himself is not aware, and was once greatly astonished to read in a criticism on his work that he had a strongly marked manner.

But all originality must approach perilously near mannerism. The danger is chiefly in its proclaiming the identity of the painter too readily. You spot a man's work at a glance, but do you prize it the less for that? I well remember the excitement in the days of Walker when we enthusiasts rushed into the Old Water-Colour Gallery, and after a hasty glance around the room darted upon the work whose aspect we recognised at a distance. Is it to be supposed that Henry Irving would attract the vast audiences if he were not so strongly marked in his manner? It is his originality that makes him peculiar, for his conventionality is based upon nature.

Much of the convention of the arts of former ages was based upon a true sense of nature, and the desire seemed to be uppermost to make them agreeable to the artistic eye. The different periods would no doubt demand a different kind of agreeableness, but that brutal realism which has only come into fashion since the advent of photography, is doing its best to cast out all former artistic conventions. Many of these pictures that I am alluding to, when photographed, seem to suggest direct photography from nature, rather than reproduction. This is no merit, far from it; it is the curse of *impersonality* in art. Let this question of personality be thoroughly understood. The only work of art that possesses the virtue of interpretation of nature emanates from a strongly marked personality. So it is with Mr. North. His work looks strangely out of place in any modern gallery where the dominant note is always the momentary fashion of the period. Mr. North strikes a note that is out of harmony with the noise of modern

fashion in art. Strangely enough it has always been out of fashion, therefore it is true to say that he was as much ahead of his times twenty years



J. W. NORTH, A.R.A.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by Prof. Herkomer, R.A. Engraved by W. Biscombe Gardner.)

ago as he is to-day. The note he strikes is crushed by sentimentalism, and by a type of art brought into this country by English artists who have attempted to graft a foreign manner on to their English natures, a type euphemically called Anglo-French. It is not difficult to drown so sweet a note as Mr. North's in the din of a modern picture gallery. But wait,—wait until the noise of mechanical, commercial art has subsided, and Mr. North's art will stand forth like a revelation, like a gospel of tenderness, of truth, and even of love. Thousands may not believe in the tenderness, or in the truth, and may fail to see the love of nature that he inspires through his work; but the man in the thousand may see it all, and he will be the gainer. Was not Turner accused of painting colours that nobody else saw in nature? And was it not an old lady (who has since become

\* A Lecture delivered in Oxford, 1892.



famous) who said to Turner that *she* never saw such colours in nature as he painted? which provoked the characteristic answer from Turner, "No; don't you wish you could, ma'am?"

Many a person might look in vain in nature to find all that Mr. North paints, paradoxical as this may sound. Mr. North is a seer, privileged by his natural gifts to open out a secret view of nature, and this is the mission of the poet—the very name of which indicates a "maker," or a "creator." He creates a manner of expression, of interpretation, hence he is removed by special powers from the mechanical or commonplace artist who may be merely clever. But this "seer" has waited twenty years, and still finds the public rush by him,—rush towards the meretricious work,—rush still, with only here and there a tender mind, who, dropping behind, finds the treasure; who *sees* with him, and understands his note. But Mr. North works, and he waits, and the day will most assuredly come when the public will find out whom they have passed by, and this will only, alas! repeat history. I pray it may come in his lifetime, and if in the appreciation the public overshoot the mark, as they are wont to do, the sin of over-appreciation will certainly be the lesser sin of the two.

But the waiting! It needs a strong artistic nature to resist a popular demand, especially when it means to the artist the bread of life. Never had Mr. North hit upon the popular taste, and it needs but a casual glance around an exhibition to see the number of "time-serving" artists who could attract the public eye long before Mr. North's transcendental art would do so. I used the term "time-serving." The pity is that the struggle for bare existence puts this kind of thing into a pardonable light. It is not the repetition of method that is the sin, it is the repetition of subject into which the struggling painter has been coerced by the public that causes the weaker artist to become "time-serving," and to repeat what has once proved to be a successful subject.

Repetition of style or of method of work is seen over and over again in North's work, but there never was a moment in his career when he gave the public the slightest thought whilst selecting his subjects. According to his inner poetic impulse (in German, "Drang") has he chosen his subjects, and selected from nature. This has often resulted in work that was as incomprehensible to the public generally as some of Tennyson's inimitable word-painting of nature has often proved to be. Again,—many and many a time have I watched the public passing by Mr. North's work,—passing it as not worth looking at. This is not to be excused, even if we own that some new adjustment of "the

mental seeing" is required, even as it is with Turner's or with Watts's work. I have watched the supposed lovers of water-colour art passing Mr. North's work in the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and settling down to a conventional drawing with loudly expressed approbation. Persons are, curiously enough, prepared to give an opinion upon a conventional work if it happens to have been accepted as the right form in art for a generation or so, and they are even prepared to stand by what they imagine to be their convictions. But there are others, ay and thousands, who are fearful of giving expression to their natural or common sense understanding, and so, either express nothing, or else merely express the customary thing upon a eustomary form of art, so as not to appear peculiar. I am prepared to acknowledge that there never was so much licence given to art, in regard to styles, as in our present times. Perplexing they must be to all but conservative minds, for there is the "insolence" which is supposed to mark originality, and there is the unconventionality which is supposed to mark a new departure. A perplexed mind moves away from all that troubles it, hence the uninitiated turn with relief and joy to a matter-of-fact picture of a matter-of-fact subject. That is plain sailing—all is clearly told, and the interest of the general public is arrested at once. But follow this same public in the National Gallery into the Turner room, and watch their facial expressions! How their faces lengthen, how their mouths drop and their eyes grow weary, and how soon they subside into a chair, only to dive into their pockets for a biscuit, feeling that that room was the place for a quiet "snack," for nobody need trouble about the incomprehensible pictures that cover the walls.

Although Mr. North's work brings fresh surprises each year to those who look for his work, *he has not changed the type of his work since he began his art career.* In Walker one can distinctly trace the transitional phases of one manner to another, and not a little curious are his first water-colour drawings, done whilst he was in the employment of the engraver who demanded drawings in the style of Sir John Gilbert—the father of all illustration in this country. The cold colouring of that early period—which did not leave him until he came into closer contact with Mr. North, is as singular, when one compares it to his ultimate work, as the early colourless indigo drawings of Turner are to his later golden period.

As I said, Walker became the good colourist when he came into close contact with Mr. North; of Turner one can say that he became the great colourist by the natural evolution of his unapproachable genius. Mr. North never deviated from



his earliest sense of colour, therefore we have in him a remarkable, if not unique example of a painter who had formed his style before he was ripe, and in ripening only added strength to the original direction. Let us dwell a moment on this noteworthy fact. We have first to confront the question of repetition, and we come at once to acknowledge the fact that limitation of range or of mental vision will not explain Mr. North's tenacity of purpose. Rather say that inordinate modesty, or want of confidence in himself, would reduce his field of experiment. Turner's abnormal capacity for work has perhaps never been equalled, therefore must not mislead us when judging others. Great Heavens! he actually sketched scenes in rough outline as he passed them in a coach. \* Ten thousand drawings were, I believe, mounted by Mr. Ruskin alone after Turner's death, and yet it is generally understood that nobody ever saw him at work.

It must be admitted that Mr. North is a slow worker, and produces little in the year. But the phase of nature that he sees is not only *rare in form*, but *rare in effect*. As he is most fastidious in the selection of the things he introduces into his composition, and would rather wait until he sees the thing he really wants in nature,—wait a year or two rather than alter his determination as to what he had in his mind, I am within the mark when I say his work is rare in form; and as he invariably paints effects that belong to transient moments of the day, I speak correctly when I say his effects belong to rare moments in nature. By weighing these facts we can form some idea of the reasons that cause him to produce little in the year. And when we take into consideration his temperament, which can only do one thing at a time—but must complete one work before a fresh work can be started, we have much explained. Let us, however, rejoice rather than deplore this limitation in this age of over-production, for we have from him only the best work he can do. It is nevertheless a torture to him to produce a work—torture when he commences it, torture when half-way through, and torture when finished. His fastidiousness and modesty would always prevent him from estimating his efforts at their true value, and his purity of aim would only add distress to the (to him) unsatisfactory result. His torture is not even over when the work is completed, for he has the still greater pain to suffer when he is compelled to confront the work in an exhibition. I say we should rejoice that his idiosyncrasy is not of that order to lead him into art vagaries or over-production, but of a calibre that holds the highest aim steadfastly ahead, which neither want of time, of

money, nor any other want or necessity, can obliterate or decoy.

We can scarcely quote a single artist, of at least the present century, who has not produced some commonplace art at the commencement of his career. But Mr. North is the exception. Even in his early wood-drawings we see the coming artist. Take as an example his drawings to the Poems by Jean Ingelow (1867) and Picture Posies (1874). All future tendencies are already determined in these drawings, not here and there only, as we see in many other men whose greatness we catch a glimpse of in occasional spurts of genius amidst the commonplace efforts. No, they are there, throughout, fixed, and soberly continuous. And in those very wood-drawings, despite their visible reserve of manner, we find the utmost cleverness of handling, a cleverness that would stand out now as much as it did twenty years ago. And this is saying much, for we are surrounded now by an extraordinary number of clever young wood-draughtsmen. But cleverness has, in all the arts, become such a common attribute that we are no longer surprised at it. Take music alone; why, when Liszt was young it was considered a great feat to play from an orchestral score on the piano. Difficult as this will ever be, it is done by almost every successful pupil of any musical academy throughout Europe at the present time.

The early batch of wood-draughtsmen—say of twenty years ago, to which I belonged, could have been of little use for such rapid work as we now see done in the *Daily Graphic*. But then we had higher aims. Not more than one in ten of these draughtsmen of to-day care to become painters, and it will run pretty hard with the tenth man to succeed in painting with that habit of haste upon him. He begets this fatal cleverness (Dr. Hans Richter calls it “*unheimliche Fertigkeit*”—in musicians, “*uncanny dexterity*”) that kills all the more sensitive fibre of the mind, and deadens the critical faculties, thus for ever eliminating the chances of self-reproach and of introspection.

But every age has its fashion of cleverness. If some of the young spirits of to-day had lived twenty years ago with their present art, they could only have been considered worthy of a lunatic asylum. But eccentric work in my early days came *only* from lunatics. Now it comes from cool, calculative, circumspect minds, who do the outrageous thing in a calm, businesslike way. There is so much repose in such methods. We have it in literature quite as much as in art. In art, of course, it supplies us with a good deal of unconscious humour. But to be serious again, art is a terribly serious thing, and not to be dealt with lightly, a lesson which the



youngest generation has yet to learn, and from none can this *fin de siècle* personage learn it better than from the consistent and eminently sane genius of Mr. North.

To those who are primarily attracted by big planning and robust composition Mr. North's work will often prove disappointing. One must look to painters like Cecil Lawson for such qualities. His work is so large and daring that it takes hold of the spectator with a grip that shakes him to the soul. But Mr. North's art possesses a vein of poetry that would often be missed at a casual glance. It is his attention to "little things" that has, in one way, given his work a singular charm of sensitive beauty, even by a loss, at times, of strength. Cecil Lawson's powerful cast of mind coerced nature into its own form of thinking, whereas Mr. North's humility,—which is at once his strength and his weakness,—would bring about a different relationship with nature. But I verily believe that Mr. North will be discovered and re-discovered from time to time. It would be hardly safe to say this of many painters now living.

His work may be less interesting to the public at large from the absence of the human element. Still the hand of man is invariably visible in his selection of subject. But it is his *prediction of fact* rather than the *realisation of fact* that makes me unhesitatingly declare Mr. North's art to be one of the future.

His art is neither captious nor forced, nor his labour ever inadvertently applied. The "indefinite beauty of nature" (his own phrase) has never been so well rendered except by Turner. There is a "measure" too in his work, that takes the place of order, but not sufficiently so as to make it intelligible to the mind that needs a plan to a picture or a glossary to a book. But who so well can give the perfume of nature, or the gentle divinity that underlies nature? There is just mysticism enough to proclaim him *prophet*, and there is just selection enough to proclaim him a realist of our times. His work bears quotation, and will get into our artistic vocabulary. Although he never startles you, he also never *starves* the *imagination* of the spectator, as so many clever artists do. There is a curious sense of *leisure* about his work, that in this manufacturing age is highly conducive to thought and reflection. Hence the lasting joy of his work—through the true depth of his interpretation of nature. And this interpretation brings with it certain attributes that raise the reality into poetic fancy. Hardly ever is there enough animation in his manner to make us sit up. He is not a John the Baptist—he is a gentle seer who would sit and worship nature silently, unseen,—being afraid of

bearing his own voice. Thus it is that his work receives strength towards the end. There is never a subduing or a cutting down—all is augmentation, filling up, and strengthening. Strength obtained through the channels of delicacy never resembles the strength that a first blow gives, which crushes quite as often as it prepares boldness of style.

In Mr. North's work the strength, though sparingly given, is never misplaced, and it never denudes. His work ascends as it progresses, and I think of all the painters of our day one can say that he has worked to *no model*. To use Emerson's words: "By experiment, by original studies, by secret obedience, he has made a place for himself in the world."

His works are the best of companions, for they embody tranquillity—arrived at through his method of handling masses, and by the *secret attention to detail*. Although his work is full of fascinating (technical) manipulation, he is nevertheless too little of the mechanic by nature to give a materialistic value to the aspect of his art. Indeed, the peculiar kind of ingenuity of his water-colour manipulation, and treatment of colour in that medium, are such as would never have come to a well-trained painter, or to a strong draughtsman. All nature is to him first a bouquet of colour which finally diverges and converges into distinct forms. He is apt to *under-draw* in his anxiety to retain the bloom of nature's colour, just as many of us who pique ourselves on good drawing are apt to lose colour by *over-drawing*. Definition destroys mystery, and without mystery there can be no charm of colour. Extreme sensibility may be counted as genius—it is only a matter of degree; and if it be not over-strong in one direction, the many claims from the temperament will most certainly lower it to mediocrity. Mr. North's *colour-sensibility* overpowers all his other qualities, and as a great colourist he stands side by side with Turner. It is this sensibility to colour that makes him linger over insignificant passages for the sake of colour-quality, and makes him disinclined to engage himself on the more prosaic necessities of mere drawing. Again, by an overpowering mental continuity in his character, it is difficult—nay impossible—for his mind to turn into new channels until the immediate work on hand has been practically completed. From the same cause he finds it difficult to turn from colour to drawing, having first started on colour thoughts. In most works of art of a spontaneous kind do we find some touch of petulance, or of indifference,—somewhere; it may be in a corner, or it may be in half the picture—but whatever torture Mr. North endures in the process of a production, these decomposing blots are never to be found in his work.



Carols of the Year.



Hail proud July whose fervent mouth  
Bids even be north and north be south  
By grace and gospel of thy word  
Whence all the splendour of the sea  
Lies breathless with delight in thee  
And marvel at the music heard  
From the ardent silent lips of noon  
And midnight's rapturous plenilune.

W. E. F.  
Britten

A. M. S. G. H.

JULY.

(Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)



## SKETCHING FROM NATURE: A WORD OF ADVICE TO THE INERT.

BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.



practice of sketching from nature, as we know it, is of modern growth. There was no such thing in the early ages of art, either in Italy, Flanders, Holland,

or Spain; men in those days loved art rather than nature, and though she was the source from whence they derived their progress and, to a certain extent,

their inspiration, she was studiously kept in the background.

The art of painting may be defined as the communication of ideas by means of forms as symbols. In early ages the idea was paramount, and a slight amount of verisimilitude was considered enough for the symbol, as in Giotto's work, where a dark pyramid suspended on the top of a pole, with a few forms of leaves traced in light upon it, did all the duty which was expected of a tree.

Truth of representation was not thought of as an end, but only as a means; but in due time symbolism ran its course and came to an end; there was no inexhaustible store of ideas to draw upon, and art had to become objective, or to risk repeating itself, as indeed it has done over and over again in the course of its history, and as it will go on doing as long as it is classified according to the nature of the ideas represented.

Ideas are few, and take a long time to work out. The masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance, the ceiling of the Sistine, and the Stanze of the Vatican merely gave expression to ideas which had been created centuries before in Athens and in Judæa. Michelangelo and Raphael invented a new form and a new manner of expression, but after three centuries and a half that form and that manner are still typical, and have not been superseded.

If we confine ourselves to the sublimest of human thought, the field of art is extremely limited, and every masterpiece tends to restrict it still more; the elements of the sublime do not increase and multiply with the world's growth; the epic tends to disappear, and has to be sought for in legends rendered lazy by distance, or in myths which are generally acknowledged to have no other foundation than fancy; and even in an art so purely decorative as architecture there seems little field for expansion.

In a tremendous crisis of the world's history, when the nations were mixed up, and opposite extremes were brought into contact, a new principle was evolved, the vertical was substituted for the horizontal, and a new scheme of ornamentation was invented.

Greek, Roman, and Gothic architecture still share the field between them, and all non-classified forms are merely modifications or combinations of these. Under these distressing circumstances, though the field is still open and we sit waiting for the great regenerator and innovator, whose advent may not be due for another century, what is the mass of art-loving and art-producing people to do? It is tedious to go on repeating old forms and symbols; the desire for novelty, though in one sense detrimental to art, is in another source of its interest. Nothing dulls appetite like prescience, and nothing is so stimulating as surprise, and therefore it has come about that nature, which is never the same in two places, which is always new and always surprising, has absorbed the attention of artists, to the exclusion of purely theoretical ideas. The naturalness of a representation has become the test of its value, which it can only be when the representation has no other aim than to be natural.

The practice of sketching from nature has grown up out of an ever-increasing love of inanimate nature, which, as I imagine, is stronger now than ever it was before. Of all the great artists of the past, Albrecht Dürer alone possessed it in equal degree. In his hours of serious work his mind penetrated into remote regions of mysterious philosophical inquiry, or he probed the secrets of the human heart, and revealed a depth of pathos never suspected before. But in his hours of relaxation it was his joy to draw natural objects; a plant, a feather, or a dead bird, it mattered not what, absorbed his whole mind, and became under his hand an object of undying admiration. He must have known by sight every tree and plant that grew, every bird that sung around the moat of well-walled Nuremberg; he must have known and loved them too, and we are still his debtors for that lesson in affection. What we now call country life and rural felicity existed not in his day. We now crowd into towns for business and for social comforts—men did the same in his day for safety. Country life at that time meant a peculiar liability, to perish in a morass, or to be strangled by the wayside; and the fate of Masaccio, who rode forth from the gates of Florence



and never was heard of more, was probably not an uncommon one in the fifteenth century. In our days the country flows into town and the town ebbs back into the country without ceasing; in our minds the former has become typical of hard work, weariness, and boredom, the latter of rest, recreation, and amusement; and of all methods of recreation and amusement none has ever been invented, and probably none ever will be invented, better than sketching from nature. It fills the whole mind, it leads us into silent, unfrequented ways, and it calls to life those faculties of meditation, those soul-questionings whose voice is inaudible in the noisy clamour of the world.

With what a tremor of joyful anticipation do we sort our materials and pack our kit before we start on a sketching trip; how sad is the homeward journey, and, alas! how disappointing are the results for the most part. Nature is ever there, ever beautiful, and ever confiding, but she is too lofty and too deep for us; she baffles us, and we cannot seize her meaning; again and again we try, we are never tired of it unto our life's end, and then we humbly and reverently lay down our pencils and confess that we are nothing worth—but we have been happy in the effort, supremely happy; what can we ask for more?

There are two ways of sketching from nature, and two spirits are called into play: one way leads to knowledge, the other to vanity; one spirit is that of truth, the other of ostentation.

The sketches of an earnest artist are merely records of facts—very often of one fact only chosen from the many: it may be merely a fact of effect, and the sketch is little else than a collection of dabs and washes of light and dark without precise form or outline, or it may be a fact of detail, in which ease, in the midst of unintelligible rubbings and smears, there will be visible one tree-trunk, with its lichens, the fissures on its bark, and the contortions of its roots; or else there may be only a group of plantains, with their broad-ridged leaves and their rusty seed spikes. In every case he has tried to render truthfully the fact before him, to find out all about something which he wished to know about.

The artist who is not in earnest, who is impelled by vanity, is careless of the facts before him; his aim is to produce a telling picture, even at the cost of sacrificing truth, and this is for the most part the way of amateurs, who have not yet learnt the art of making a picture telling.

Ye young ladies of Great Britain, charming ye are beyond those of any other land. It is sweet to see you, with the glow of health on your cheeks, seated on your campstools and plying the brush with your dainty fingers. Romeo wished to be a glove,

and the sulkiest of old professors might occasionally wish to be a camel-hair pencil. But for all that you are, many of you—the most of you as it seems to me—absurdly and perversely wrong in the matter of sketching from nature.

In the first place, amateurs in general will strive for the impossible, and attempt light-heartedly a task which the most accomplished artist would not venture on.

On one occasion I passed through Glencoe on a coach; we stopped to change horses in one of its wildest and most romantic gorges. On either side of us towered the steep quartz hills, their dark weather-worn cliffs rent, shattered, and fissured by storm and torrent, with huge mounds of loose fragments piled against their flanks like buttresses; at times a rugged storm cloud would surge headlong over their summits, filling every hollow and cranny with white seething mist, then it would lift again and a gleam of sunshine would light up the rugged tops and reveal the intricacy of its glittering crags. It was a sight to gaze at as if spellbound; to reproduce it or anything like it on paper or canvas never would have occurred to an artist as anything but a very serious undertaking. There were four or five young lady passengers, however, who thought differently; they unpacked their campstools and sat down on the roadside to sketch the scene *while the horses were being changed!* Shade of Turner and of all great mountain draughtsmen, could anything be more absurdly disproportionate?

On another occasion I was on board a steamer which plies from Oban to Crinan, and I saw a young lady deliberately sketching the coast which passed before her like a moving diorama; her drawing flowed like a river from page to page of her sketch-book, and only came to an end when there was no more paper left, which happened probably before we had gone two miles.

These obviously are instances of useless and abortive sketching, when it would be far more enjoyable, and an economy of paper, to watch and observe. It is a negation of the infinity of nature, of the endless resources of her beauty; it is in some sort an insult to her majesty to do such a thing, and it can profit no one but the man who provides sketch-books.

There are many and divers forms of unprofitable sketching, too many to enumerate in one paper; but one, the most flagrant and also the most common, calls for protest; and to make this intelligible I must travel by what Corporal Trim calls a “circumbendibus.”

There are two distinct sources of the pleasure which we derive from art: one is the evidence of the combining organising power of the imagination,



the other that of truth of imitation. These two may be combined in a great work of art; we may perceive, on the one hand, that there is unity and organic construction; that the picture before us is planned and schemed towards a given end; that it has a beginning, a middle, and an end; that it is a combination of imperfect parts which produce a perfect whole. This delights us, because it is clear evidence of the imaginative faculty which alone can do such things. On the other hand, it may appeal to our reflection and our senses by accurately representing the details and the aspect of nature; and this also delights us, because the instinct of imitation seems to be rooted in human nature. But we must remember that when we sit down to sketch a scene in nature we have nothing whatever to do with the first of these sources of pleasure; there is no combination, no organic construction open to us; all the facts, the outlines, and the masses are there before us, independent of our imagination; the narrow segment of nature which we have selected may be imperfect as a whole, it probably is so, because, though the unity and the organic construction of nature are evident enough, they embrace the whole visible universe, the entire kosmos, and the bit we select for illustration is only one of the imperfect parts which go to make up a perfect whole. It is, therefore, not in the province of sketching from nature to build up perfect works of art, which shall be what perfect works of art are, imitations of universal order and design, seeing that sketches are confessedly only transcripts of small fragments of nature. We must take our stand, therefore, on accurate imitation of details and aspect, as the soul source of pleasure open to us.

But this source of pleasure is a very wide one, and in the beautiful art of sketching from nature the imagination finds its proper field in seizing and rendering the character of the scene, whatever that prevailing character may be, peaceful or chequered, inviting or inhospitable; and every scene in nature has its individual character. She is subject to no inexorable conventional laws which compel all mountain ridges to assume the same outline, all trees to expand equally, and every brook to develop cascades. She is full of freaks and fancies; in one place she calls in the east wind to bend all the trees awry and to make bare patches under hedges, where the sheep are fain to go for shelter; in another, she bids things grow, trees to expand their long stretch of boughs, and the hawthorn and bramble to wage unequal war with the clematis and the honeysuckle.

In these things is to be found the inner soul and meaning of nature; and beautiful and admirable from every point of view it is when the artist

brings home to us that meaning, when he gives us some insight into the stupendous forces of destruction and resistance of which the world, as we see it, is the result. But what are we to say of those self-complaisant people who are not satisfied with that result, who think it not good enough, who must alter and amend, who must repair the ravages of the east wind and bend the trees straight, who must perforce curb the overgrown luxuriance of the sheltered boughs, and clip the honeysuckle and the clematis till they have brought back the scene into the orderly and colourless decorum of the school-room?

And this is what eight amateur sketchers out of every ten attempt to do. The fixed idea with such folk is not to represent a scene, but to produce a "pretty picture." They are for calling in imagination, the organising and combining faculty, which, for want of more solid pabulum, has been nourished upon epithets and the word-paintings of popular authors; they are for substituting their weak imaginings for those revelations, whose awful import we but dimly discern, which nature vouchsafes to those who wait upon her humbly and reverently.

Before my mind's eye there rises up an actual scene. It has been familiar to me for years past; it lies outside a house in the Highlands which has been my second home. In the distance is seen a range of hills; they are barren and rocky enough, but of no great height. Nearer are plantations and some fine elm and ash trees; nearer still is a stream, hardly worthy of the name of a river, which empties itself into the sea nearly opposite the spot where two herring-boats are drawn up. There are a few willows along its banks, and higher up, where the tide does not reach, its bed is a wilderness of water-worn boulders.

Again before my mind's eye I conjure up a picture of this scene as it would be represented by an average talented amateur. Everything has been enlarged and distorted, the mountains have risen to the altitude of the Alps or Pyrenees, and the stream has been expanded into something like the dimensions of the Thames at London Bridge, and by way of giving "figure interest" to the picture two men have been introduced drawing a net to shore. This is considered the way to make a "pretty picture." Whether that end has been attained I leave the reader to judge; but what is evident is that the sketch has lost all topographical interest, it is powerless to call up pleasant memories or to bring back vividly to the mind the happy hours we spent in a place we love, endeared to us as it is by associations.

This picture I suppose to be executed in what we



call the careful style. The talented artist has learnt, perhaps under the tutelage of an equally talented drawing master, how trees are to be done, how mountains and foregrounds are to be done; and he or she proceeds accordingly, whenever trees, mountains, and foreground are being sketched, to do them in that way.

But there is besides what is known as the "bold style," which may be described as a sort of return to elemental chaos, when the earth was without form or void, and indigo was upon the face of the deep. In this style we have the same exaggeration of the height and breadth of objects, without definite forms other than those accidentally produced by rapid dashes of a full brush. But in this style the scene is usually glorified by the introduction of gorgeous colouring; there is a lavish expenditure of cadmium, rose madder, and cobalt blue. Mountains particularly have a tendency to assume fashionable colours, and I have seen beautiful tints of violet in such drawings which no doubt would be exquisitely becoming in a bonnet, but which, from some cross-grained peculiarity of my mind, I have been unwilling to accept as representing anything in nature.

Now, gentle reader and gentle sketcher, if I fortunately am addressing such an one, what I have written above may sound ill-natured, and unnecessarily sarcastic, but, in the interests, I will not say of art only, but of your own satisfaction and enjoyment, were it not far better to stick to facts? It is as certain that as night follows day, that intellectual progress in any direction can only be attained by the rigorous pursuit of truth. There is no other road to knowledge, and everything we substitute out of our own minds or fancies which is not inspired by knowledge is an untruth, and therefore hateful and pernicious to our souls. At this season of the year, when so many happy people have released themselves from social thralldom, and are tasting the sweet companionship of nature, when the sketch-book and the pencil are in daily requisition, it does not seem out of place to publish a word of warning and advice, and to urge upon all the labourers in the field, however humble they may be, to maintain the dignity and integrity of art.

How shall the world gain by rapid conventional imaginings, and the presentment of things which never were and never will be? But the humblest record of a natural fact, so it be earnestly and conscientiously done, is of value, of unspeakable value to the person who produces it, in the way of discipline and training to the mind, and of value to the

world at large, because it tells of things which are beyond and above the human mind. And, moreover, it is a singular fact, *experto crede*, that though an object in nature, when seen with its surroundings, may appear ungainly and uninteresting, yet that object, when reproduced faithfully and isolated on the pages of a sketch-book, will be found to have acquired beauty and interest; it has passed through a mind, and has been in some way glorified by the love and sympathy it had evoked in that mind.

But I will not lose myself in metaphysical explanations, and I will only state most confidently as a fact that everything makes a good sketch, so that it be truthfully rendered, or, as Browning puts it—

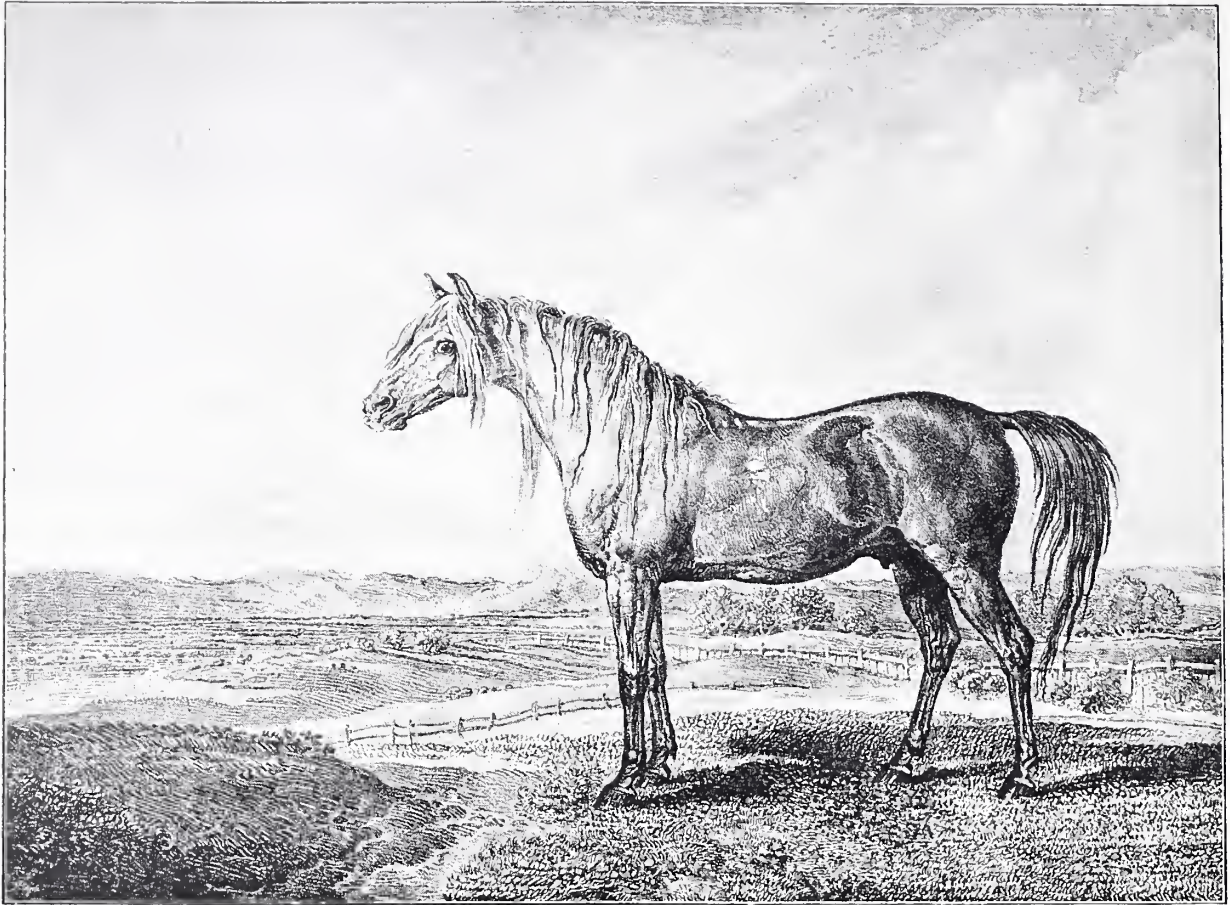
"One may do what'er one likes  
In art; the only thing is, to make sure  
That one does like it—which takes pains to know."

The amateur artist, or the beginner, must not allow himself to be led away by the example of great artists. Turner, it is a well-known fact, did not copy accurately the scene before him: but he had taken pains to know, and when he altered it was in obedience to the higher laws of art which he thoroughly understood. He had a rare faculty of abstraction, which enabled him at the same time that he was imitating objects before him to exercise the organising and combining faculties, to give play to his imagination, and to bring the whole into harmony with the requirements of art.

Such an achievement is obviously impossible to the inexperienced. What Turner supplied or took away was in obedience to the dictates of a knowledge of external nature, the most profound ever possessed by man. For an ignorant artist to attempt it would be to substitute falsehood for truth, to lose character and interest and to gain nothing in return.

Far away, over hills and dales, the sunbeams are chasing the shadows of the rolling clouds; on heath and common, on moor and fen, where the birds are flitting and the thistle down is drifting, where the leaves are rustling and whitening in the breeze, and the brooks are plashing and murmuring as they flow, busy mortals are sitting on their campstools, pencil in hand, with peace in their hearts, and all their cares forgotten. A blessed occupation truly is this sketching from nature, and a profitable one, also, it might be. With a little more earnestness, a little more self-forgetfulness, how valuable might be the results of all these efforts—efforts which now are wasted, and wasted, as I have repeated perhaps *ad nauseam*, because people are not satisfied with representing things as they see them.





COPENHAGEN.

(From the Lithograph and Painting by James Ward, R.A.)

## TWO FAMOUS CHARGERS: COPENHAGEN AND MARENGO.

A NOTE BY M. PHIPPS JACKSON.

IT was the ambition of my grandfather—the late James Ward, R.A.—to paint portraits of the horses which carried Wellington and Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo, and some time after the fight the first Duke of Wellington desired my grandfather to paint a picture of Copenhagen, then in honourable retirement at Strathfieldsaye. The illustration of the animal at the head of this notice is from a lithograph—also by my grandfather—from the original painting. Copenhagen was thoroughbred—grandson of the famous horse Eclipse—and belonged to the late Field-Marshal Grosvenor, who brought him from the city of Copenhagen. He was sold by the field-marshal to the Marquis of Londonderry, and purchased by Colonel Charles Wood for the Duke of Wellington for four hundred guineas. The Duke became attached to the horse, rode him at the Battle of Vittoria and in some of his campaigns, and finally at Waterloo, when it is related that, after being on his back for eighteen hours, he patted him on dismounting, when the game little animal—he was only about

fifteen hands high—lashed out as if fresh and sportive. He was a handsome chestnut colour, and died at a good old age at Strathfieldsaye in 1825.

My grandfather used to relate that whilst he was painting his picture many visitors were in the habit of going to see the famous animal, and, on leaving, would beg of the groom a souvenir of their visit. In response to this, the man—according to whether he received a shilling, half-crown, or larger sum—would present them with a few hairs, or even a lock, from Copenhagen's mane or tail. Seeing the Duke one morning, my grandfather said: "May I mention something to your Grace?" "What is it, Mr. Ward?" said the Duke. My grandfather then related the facts, adding: "If this goes on much longer, Copenhagen will have no mane or tail left." "Say you so, Mr. Ward," answered the Duke; "I will soon see to that." The Duke then visited the animal, and had him enclosed in a kind of cage, thus preventing the bestowal of further "souvenirs."

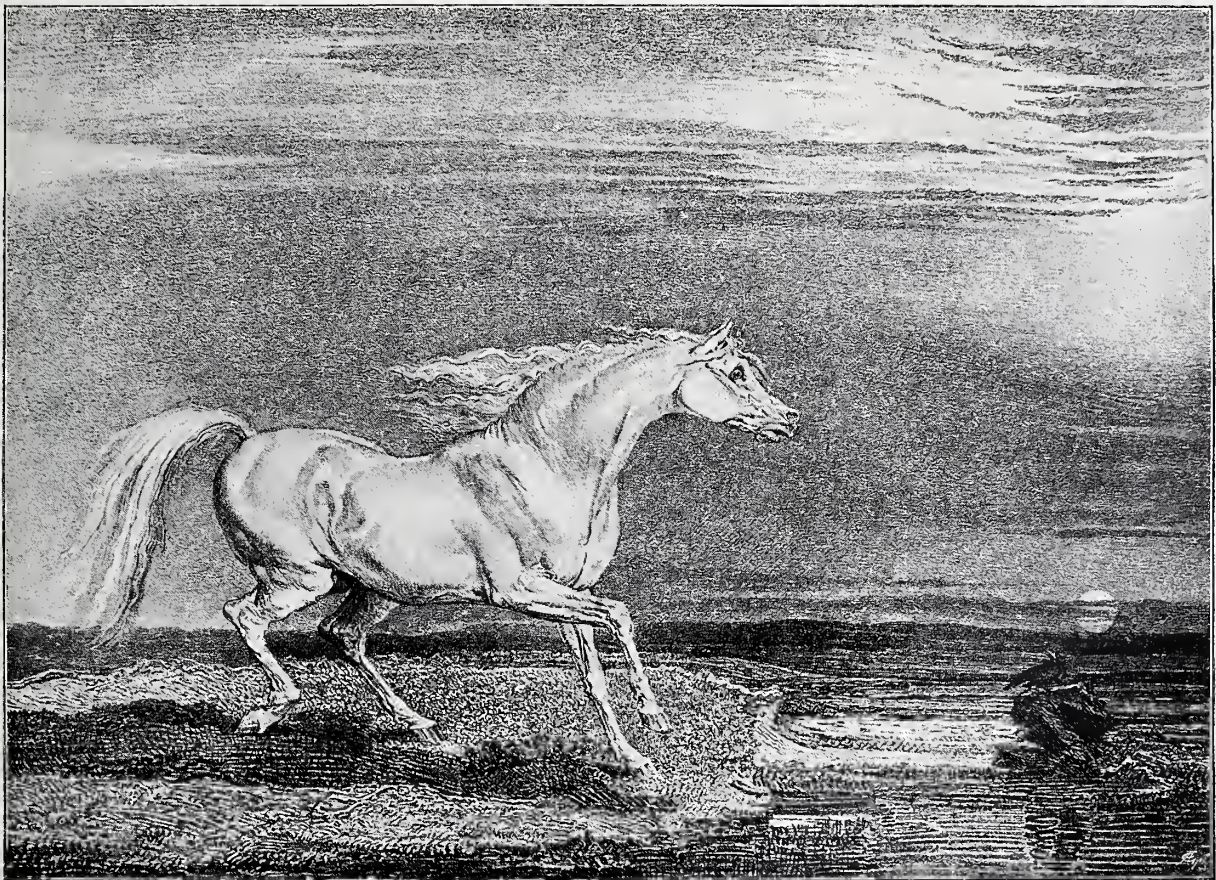
As to Napoleon's splendid barb charger, Marengo,



the horse, there is every reason to suppose, was brought by Napoleon, or one of his generals, from Egypt, and it was ridden by him in several of his battles, and finally at Waterloo. Without mentioning the names of living persons, I may remark that I have before me letters very recently received in which it is said: "General Angerstein (*i.e.*, Lieutenant-General John Julius William Angerstein, who died 23rd April, 1866) bought Marengo of Lord Petre, a relation of Captain Howard, who employed Mr. James Ward, the famous animal painter, to make a drawing of him. There is no doubt either as to Marengo's colour, which was white. I have repeatedly seen the horse, and knew his history from the time I was a boy." So much for direct personal evidence from one who is living. Lieutenant-General Angerstein, having bought the horse in this country of Lord Petre, about the year 1821, used the animal for stud purposes, and bred from it for years at New Barnes, near Ely. Among his progeny were Gimeraek—foaled in 1827—and

Carallia, foaled in 1831. From this it would appear that Marengo was alive in 1830, and his skeleton in the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall Yard, is that of an animal of considerable age.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born in 1769, and died in 1821. My grandfather, James Ward, was born in 1770, and died in 1859. Being, therefore, contemporary, the artist would be likely to be well informed on matters of his own time. It is, I think, only reasonable that Captain Howard, when he became the possessor of so famous a horse as Marengo, took good care to be assured it was the animal owned and ridden by Napoleon. The whole subject was table talk in my own family, and there are those other than myself, living, who can give testimony sufficient to convince any mind open to conviction as to the colour of Marengo, whether the horse was in the Battle of Waterloo, and who executed the picture at the Royal United Service Museum—which are all points that have been publicly questioned in the press.



James Ward Esq. Sc. Am. et Del. r

London Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> 1826

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Marengo  
Napoleon Bonapartes Dear Charger at the Battle of Waterloo  
The Property of Capt. Howard

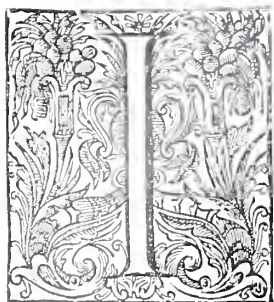
MARENGO.

(From the Lithograph and Painting by James Ward, R.A.)



## “HENDRICKIE STOFFELS,” BY REMBRANDT.

By JOHN FORBES WHITE.



It has been well said by Dr. Bode that the influence of a woman is to be traced in the art of Rembrandt at every stage of his career. First came his mother and sister, ever ready to sit to him, and they were followed by his fair young wife, Saskia van Ulenburg, radiant in smiles as she

appears in many portraits, and figuring in her jewels as “Samson’s Wife,” or “Queen Artemisia,” or “Cleopatra.” After her death in 1642 there appeared on the scene Hendrickie Stoffels, or Jaghers—doubtless the peasant-girl of Ransdorp, whom Houbraken calls the wife of Rembrandt. She entered his service as a girl, perhaps as nurse to the little Titus, Saskia’s only surviving child. Is she the girl whom Rembrandt painted several times about 1645, as, in the Dulwich picture, leaning at a window, at another time wearing the dress of the orphanage from which she came? Be this as it may, Hendrickie first appears personally in 1649, giving evidence in a law-court in regard to Rembrandt’s domestic affairs. In 1654 she had a daughter, whom Rembrandt named Cornelia, after his mother, and Hendrickie now occupies a prominent position in the household. She appears in many pictures, as in the splendid portrait of the Salon Carré, in the “Venus and Amor,” with her child in her arms, and as “Bathsheba,” all of the Louvre, and also in many other pictures. The painting reproduced on the opposite page represents her as raising herself from her pillow, pushing back a curtain with her strong peasant-hand, and looking with eager expectancy. The picture is instinct with life, for the woman seems to breathe, and the impression of the moment is given with great vividness. The workmanship is firm and solid, finished yet free in handling, while the modelling is masterly in its breadth and simplicity. The work bears the date 165—the last figure having disappeared. Smith, in his “Catalogue Raisonné,” gives the date as

1650, and Vosmaer accepts this; but the choice of colours and the painting are more akin to Rembrandt’s style about 1654. Hendrickie, if not beautiful, has a comely Dutch face, open and kindly. She was uneducated, for she signs important law-papers by a cross. But she played a noble part in the time of trouble which was now pressing on Rembrandt. After the disastrous sales of his effects in 1657 and 1658, when he was hunted after by his creditors, she and Titus appeared before the magistrates to get an arrangement made by which they alone should undertake the management of the household, selling the pictures and etchings which Rembrandt might produce, really as an infant in their hands, to be supplied by them with money for his needs. But even this well-meant scheme did not secure for the old painter freedom from care, for he continued to be harassed by pressing creditors. Yet in those days of gloom he did his noblest work, “The Syndics,” and “The Bride” of Amsterdam, the “Claudius Civilis” of Stockholm, and “The Family-piece” of Brunswick, rising superior to all the strokes of adverse fortune.

In 1661 Hendrickie made her will, bequeathing her means to her daughter Cornelia, whom failing to Titus, with life-rent to Rembrandt. She was faithful to the end, which came a few years before Rembrandt’s death in 1669. There is no proof that a marriage ever took place, though, in giving evidence before a court of law in 1662, she calls herself the legitimate wife of Rembrandt. If the marriage ever took place it must have been late in life, after Saskia’s fortune had melted away, for by Saskia’s will Rembrandt was to have the usufruct of her money only till his second marriage or death.

This picture was one of the gems of the “Old Masters” exhibition in Burlington House in 1883, belonging then to the St. John Mildmay collection, from which it passed into the possession of Mr. Wertheimer, of Bond Street. After his death it was secured for the National Gallery of Scotland, at the price of £5,500, by William McEwan, Esq., M.P., to whose munificence Scotland is thus indebted for one of its greatest treasures.







HENDRICKIE STOFFELS.

*(From the Painting by Rembrandt, in the National Gallery of Scotland. Engraved by Jonnard.)*







# STREET BALCONIES IN NORTH ITALY.

By H. E. TIDMARSH.



“KNEELING” GRATINGS, VIA S. ALESSIO, VERONA.

(Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)



It is some comfort to get to a subject where one may be unbound by rules and unnoticed by critics, and yet not be removed from all culture and beauty. Architecture, in all its theory and practice, offers a more enticing field for combat than any of the arts. Each one knows what is best, and whether it is good taste for the design of the building to be *in antis*, or *amphiprostyle*, or *pseudodipteral*, and whether the intercolumniation should be *pycnostyle*, *eustyle*, or *arcastyle*; while further debate, and even enmity, may be called out over the detail of doors and windows, capital and pilaster, and only those who have a special repertory of assertion and argument in hand care, in the presence of those who know anything of such matters, to venture an opinion, for fear of having to cry merey for their hardihood in uttering such crude remarks.

Amongst the few parts of a building which are free from such partisanship the Balcony stands conspicuous. This is greatly owing to the fact that the ancients did not use this feature, and so no classic models are left for us to study and to champion; but to some extent it is due to its being an outgrowth of our modern life and tastes, and, like such subjects as the fireplace, subject to varying treatment with the varying hour. It is strange that this feature has not been more used. Who that has felt the pleasure of stepping from the room

into the cool air, and for a brief space enjoying all the charm of the outer world, and then at will retreating to the shaded room again, has not come to look upon it as a real necessity to a perfect life? And so familiar are we now with some form of balcony on cottage wall or palace front that it is almost incredible that such a thing was unused by our forefathers. Refer to any set of drawings of Gothic buildings, such as Pugin's "specimens," and there is but one late attempt at a balcony, while amongst a hundred and fifty illustrations of upright windows in Parker's Glossary there is but one small turret-light which shows a balcony. Sumptuous bays and dainty oriels are everywhere, but our climate and our manners never felt the need of extra-mural airing places. Old castles had little wooden galleries hanging from their walls, through the floors of which the defenders poured molten lead and pitch upon the enemy beneath, but these were not balconies as we understand them. The whole genius of military architecture was opposed to such an outgrowth. Moreover, the climate of more northern lands would not encourage such external features, even when the manners were soft enough for the builder to study comfort and beauty. The seclusion of the ancients in domestic matters never allowed their houses to break out in little landings from which to view the street life or take the air, and so balconies were unknown to Greek and Roman. The still greater privacy of Oriental manners prohibited any outlook on the street but closely latticed oriel or window, and so the thing



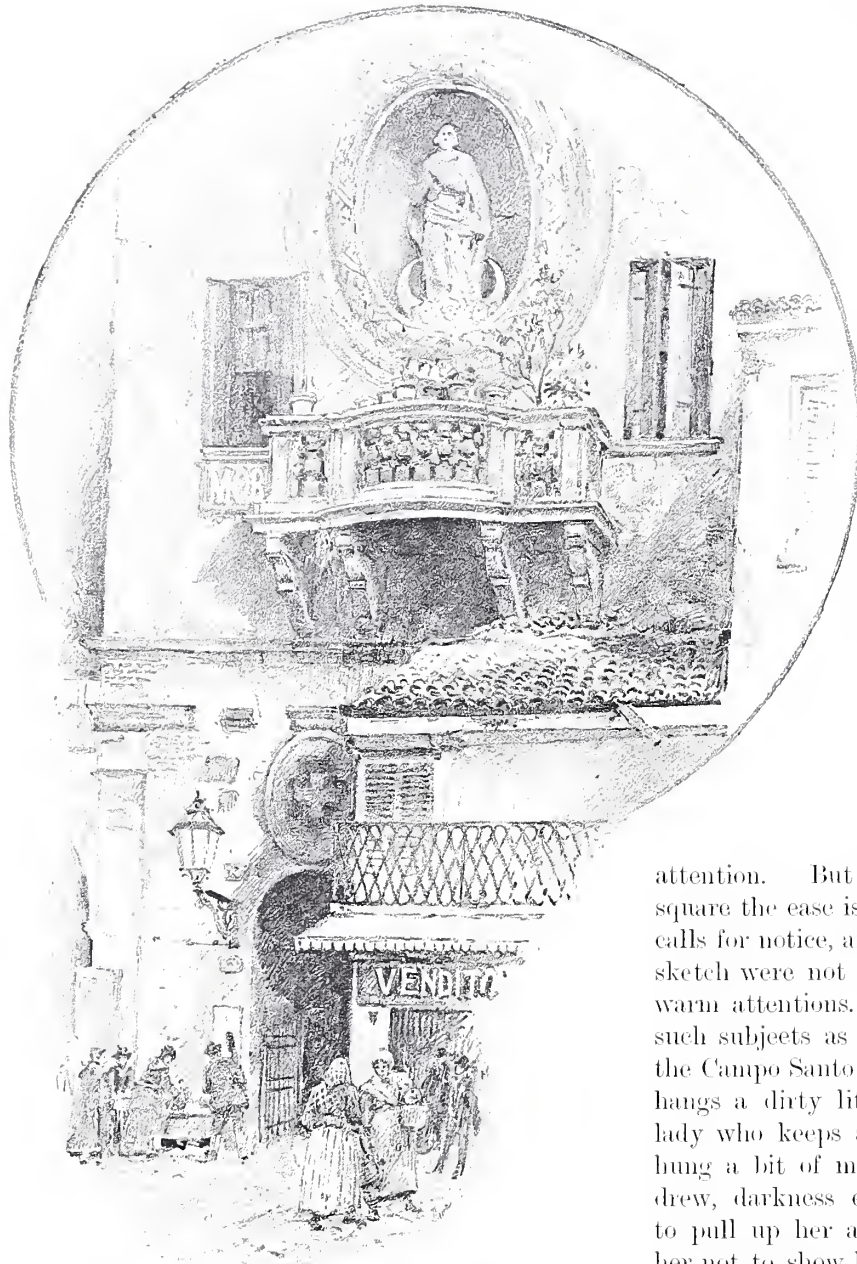
itself, as well as the name, becomes the almost exclusive property of soft sunny Italy.

It is said that the cramped position of Venetian houses compelled the inhabitants to find some other

unbroken by any trifles of the sort; but here, northwards, nearly every street is rich in them.

The most prominent and most famous of the balconies were those erected outside the town hall looking on the public square. From this point of vantage, called the Ringhiera, the podesta addressed the people; and the citizens, assembled "in parlamento" in the square, granted their assent to acts of government, and listened to the sentences proclaimed therefrom. The Broletto in most of the northern cities still retains its handsome and historic Ringhiera, always in front of a fine window. They may be found at Milan, Bergamo, Como, Brescia, Piacenza, and elsewhere. But these, interesting and important as they doubtless are, do not lend themselves to the treatment of the artist, like many on humbler buildings. The spectator is engrossed with the beauty of the whole building and its surroundings; his mind is surcharged with thoughts of the historic past with all its beauty and cruelty, and the less praised details fail to claim

attention. But in the back street or humbler square the ease is different. Here any bit of beauty calls for notice, and often one would gladly stop and sketch were not the natives so persistent with their warm attentions. This is strikingly the ease with such subjects as the little iron balcony I drew near the Campo Santo at Brescia. (See p. 314.) It overhangs a dirty little ditch or stream, and the old lady who keeps a tiny garden in the window had hung a bit of matting up to form a screen. As I drew, darkness came on, and the old dame came to pull up her awning; but the onlookers warned her not to show her unkempt head, and she, retreating into the gathering gloom of the little room, let me finish my sketch. The warm glow of sunset on the mat against the cold green shutters, and the iron rails niello-patterned on the sombre vegetation, was a picture only found in such a land. Very old balconies do not exist, for, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, the balcony, being by its construction and constant use peculiarly liable to decay and to become insecure, it is certain at some time to be replaced or else removed for the safety of life and limb. So with few exceptions most of them date from the



BALCONY ON THE CLOCK TOWER, MANTUA.

(Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)

way of taking the air than in their narrow lanes and waterways, and thus the balcony was invented there. This seems likely, for certainly in Venice and the parts of Northern Italy at one time under its influence, we find the most abundance and the finest specimens. The severely chaste palaces of Florence are without any such excrescences; the costly residences of the Roman nobles are likewise



fifteenth or even sixteenth century. One does not feel this to be a serious defect. There is something about the very thing that, be it what it may, it always looks well. Like a framed pencil drawing, let it be by the fist of any schoolboy, or the vain elaboration



NEAR THE POST OFFICE, VENICE, FROM THE BRIDGE VIA MERCEINA.

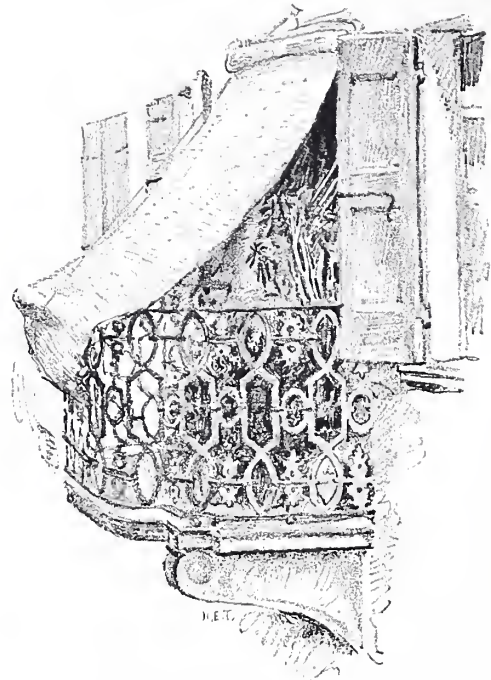
(Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)



of some boudoir miss, it always looks good decoration. The ponderous production on the clock tower in the Piazza delle Erbe at Mantua is a case in point. (See p. 312.) Late and heavy in style, underneath a "baroque" figure of the Virgin, and encroached on by the roof of a little wine shop, it is yet very pretty in its picturesque setting; but how I managed to get a drawing of it I can hardly tell. Mr. Street complains of being mobbed in Mantua as he tried to sketch, and I shared his fate and almost gave it up as useless.

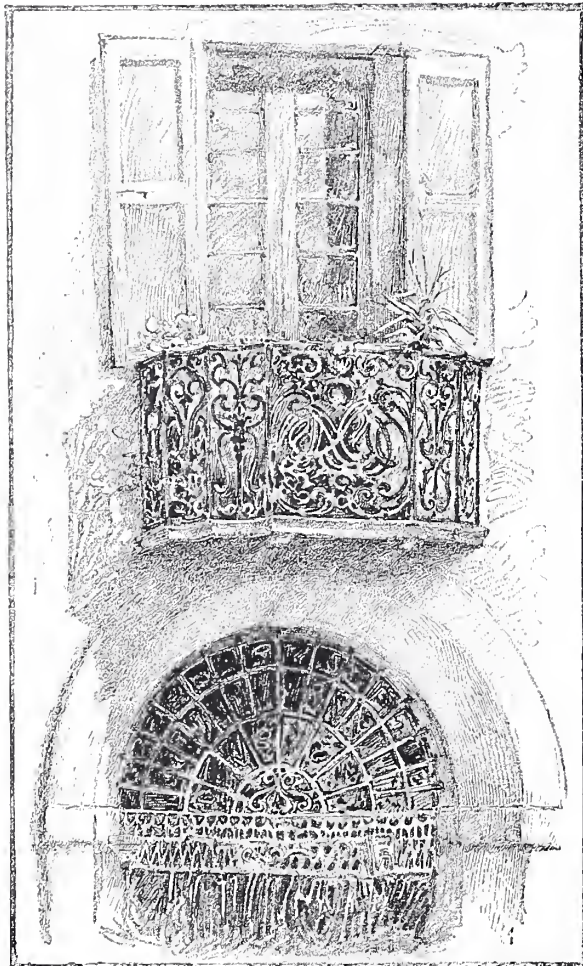
Another instance of this is a charming specimen of a wrought-iron balcony, late in date, in an old house near the Cathedral at Cremona. The doorway under it now forms the entrance to a smith's shop, and all sorts of iron, tool and ornament, dangle from the roof and grill. All day long, under this inverted forest of metal, goes on the

or smiling maiden bursts the window and comes to bloom upon the fragile slab, showing, through the interlacings, all their beauty and wealth of costume.



IN BRESCIA, NEAR CAMPO SANTO.

(Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)



NEAR THE CATHEDRAL, CREMONA.

(Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)

think of the hammer, and the sun steals round, casting delicious shadows on the broken plaster wall, and cool evening comes; but no courtly dame

In the neighbouring square the tawdrily bedecked mannaas and daughters are promenading round and round amongst all the other Cremonese, to the sounds of the excellent municipal band. A slattern woman may undo the creaky window and water the few plants that add their beauty to the rusty rails. Only this! There is some depression in the thought that everything has had its day. What it was it no longer is. Its old purposes have changed, and it is now allowed to decay, or else to be used by other men, and differently kept because differently loved. Where Petrarch loved and wrote the coppersmith hangs his wares; the floors which only knew the tread of dukes and titled dames are rotten with decay or melancholy as some little-used museum; the shades and cloisters where religious sentiment and disappointment found a refuge have changed to all the coarseness of the barracks; and the balconies where Boccaccio's ladies hung and heard the sonnets of their cavaliers are possessed by some thriftless lodger who only knows the toil and grime of hard existence, and never enters into the soul of the existence which produced the beauties of the past.

It is reasonable that the city of Romeo and Juliet should be chief in the land of balconies, and this, Mr. Ruskin declares it to be as far as regards



the strict effect of the balcony. Here there are some excellent specimens and several of the pierced-slab type. Beautiful as rare is the corner balcony in the Via Scala. Made of marble, delicately carved, and a cinquecento window frame behind, it at once proclaims itself to be a treasure saved from Time's all-destroying hand, though now a leather-cutter rents the house. In such parts of the town as are still left by the engineer with his improvements, one may find many a shadow-producing bit. There are few devices for breaking the perpendicular of the street more useful than the "kneeling gratings" on some old and dirty houses in the Via S. Alessio, which, though they are not balconies in the strictest sense of the word, yet serve as such as far as taking air and seeing up and down the street demand; for they are of the size a man may sit in.

For artistic effect as shade-producers the balconies of Venice stand pre-eminent, and most people will think that for number and beauty she is here also the unrivalled queen. The deep cavernous doorway of the palace is nearly always corniced by the window balcony of the next storey, casting its shadow on the splendid mass of dark beneath. Then above these windows protrudes another wide stone slab, lending mystery to their fine dark openings by its welcome shade. And so the next storey; till the roof-eaves fling their shadow on the topmost window openings. This is seen in the little study of a palazzo in a side canal which contains all the best features of the larger palaces (p. 316). A sail down the Grand Canal where the Byzantine and Gothic palaces hang out such wealth of balconies is far too much for one poor mortal to grasp in a short hour. To stand in front of them, or even to study a drawing of one, produces some such feeling as is felt on being in the midst of too great wealth of flowers. The excessive grace and beauty of the window tracery with the tender balustrades below, the colour and mosaic, and the ever-rippling water, seem too much for our dull-toned northern minds to grasp as really work-a-day things. The commonplace and no-art balconies which one finds in close congregation everywhere—as those overhanging a canal just by the post office shown in the large drawing on p. 313—are a great reaction from the order of the older and more orthodox sorts; but beautiful and useful in their profuseness, and an

illustration of how little one troubles about rules of art when judging the effect of street balconies. The oldest balconies are all of marble, and generally consist of slender columns supporting a top rail at the



IN THE VIA SCALA, VERONA.

(Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)

corners of which sit two little dogs, the whole supported by lion-headed brackets. They largely date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The same style appears in all the neighbouring towns, which were at one time under the domination of Venice, and it is therefore found in Padua, Vicenza, and Verona, just as one finds the lion on the column. In later years iron has been largely used, and the little drawing of the bent iron balcony, near the Salute, shows how beautiful such simple means may be in result, the almost trumpery materials yielding a very satisfactory production.

All this is greatly aided by the wealth of flowering green universally present, but notably so



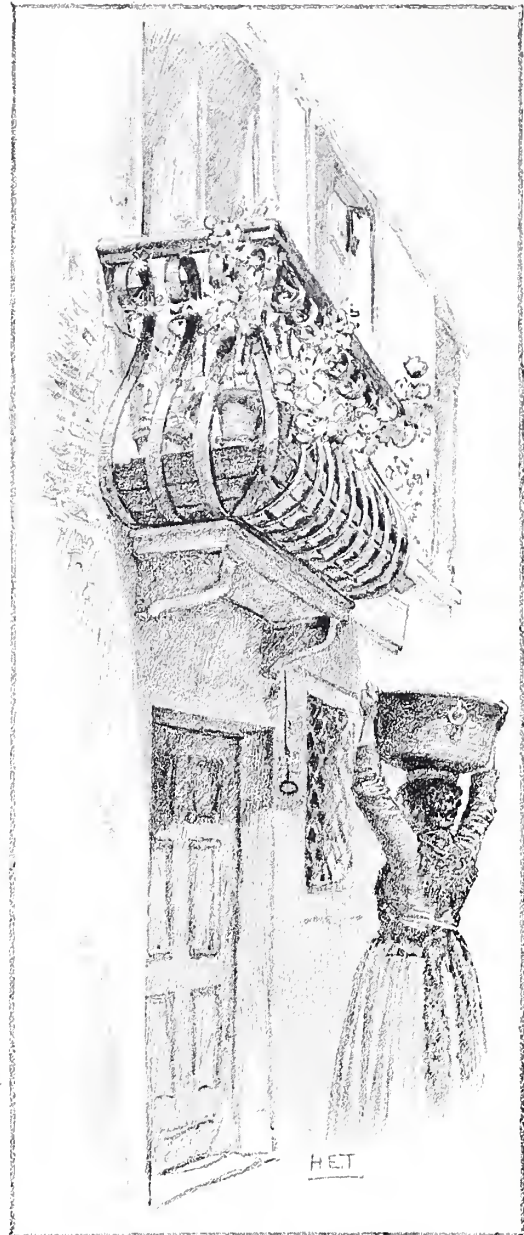
in the poorer houses. Often, as the "Stones of Venice" puts it, "the falling branches of the flowers stream like fountains through the pierced traceries of the marble," and everywhere, in good taste and in bad, in stone and in iron, in nakedness and clothed with verdure, these North Italian balconies meet and please the eye.

On a return from Italy, if one should choose the route through Germany, the almost sudden and complete disappearance of the balcony is quite a distress to the student of such matters. In Insbrück, Nuremberg, and on the Rhine, old examples are practically non-existent, as is natural in Gothic

Marseilles route or through the wooden architecture of Switzerland. In all these countries, as well as our



ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.  
(From a Sketch by H. E. Tidmarsh.)



AT PONTE DI MEZZO, VENICE.  
(Drawn by H. E. Tidmarsh.)

countries; but if one elects to travel through France the transition is a little less rapid, either by the

own, there are now any number of specimens "in the classical taste" of modern times, ponderous and heavy in cement and stone, trivial and cheap in cast iron, and, quite recently, beautiful and useful in moulded brick and terra-cotta. There seems to be a prospect that, despite the limitations of situation, without the inspiration of a wealthy past, and under a doubtful climate, the people of this country will yet add greatly to the beauty of their streets, façades, and the comfort of their lives by the further study and greater use of the balcony.





DITTISHAM ON THE DART.  
*Original Etching by David Law.*







## “DITTISHAM ON THE DART.”

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY DAVID LAW.

FROM its source among the rugged “tors” of Dartmoor to its union with the sea at Dartmouth the river Dart flows through scenery that is almost unsurpassed in England for beauty. Rushing from the moorlands a tumbling torrent, it is not navigable until about five miles from its mouth, where at Totnes it becomes influenced by the tides. It is this part which is the more widely known, and there is small reason for wonder that it has become almost hackneyed by the artist in search of the picturesque, for every few yards of its sinuous course reveals fresh vistas of beauty. The hills on either bank are clad with woods, which grow down to the water’s edge, and seem to stretch away to the sky itself, while here and there the red-tiled roofs of little villages and their grey-towered churches peep out from among the trees and lend a charming variety to the scene.

Mr. Law has chosen one of the most beautiful of the views as the subject for his etching, which forms the frontispiece to this part. Dittisham—the “village of plums” as it is locally known—is a quaint out-of-the-world hamlet, well worthy of more than the passing glimpse obtained from the decks of the fussy little steamers plying from Dartmouth to Totnes. Its one street—of which the cottages shown in the etching are but the outposts as it were—winds up the steep hillside, and from the church crowning its height may be seen one of the finest possible views of this part of the Dart Valley.

Of the etching little need be said—it is in Mr. Law’s happiest vein, although the connoisseur may complain that it oversteps the boundary of legitimate etching, and frankly adopts in parts the methods of line-engraving.

## THE PHILOGRAPHIC METHOD OF DRAWING.

BY JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.



SO far as dexterity in drawing embraces the science of perspective, it is surprising to all who take a learned interest in the matter how few there are of those making painting a profession—and their name is legion—who have an assured knowledge of the elements of their art.

Perhaps I am not exaggerating when I say that not more than five per cent. of our recognised figure-painters can apply their knowledge of the science of vision to what they project on the canvas. Of the men of the last generation I can at this moment remember only one—the late John Cross, author of “The Clemency of Richard Cœur de Lion,” in the House of Lords; but when turning to another branch of painting, some of the most famous men will be found wanting in this applied knowledge.

Turner, who is generally regarded as the chief exponent of English landscape art, and was in his day the Royal Academy “Professor of Perspective,” not only avoided literal translation of what he saw, but set at nought the restraints of optics, and, like

many another master before and since, was a law unto himself.

In respect of this lack of loyalty to nature, it is too often the wanton vagaries, and not the reverential virtues of genius, that are admired and imitated; but it must always be remembered that only in proportion to the permanent satisfaction which a picture gives to the mind’s eye, as well as to the seductive pleasure with which it flashes on the outward organ, can it be said to approach perfection.

This for many generations has been seen and felt by art-loving men. Some of them have devised or suggested mechanical contrivances for the correct rendering of linear perspective; but the perspective or foreshortening of irregular bodies has not hitherto received adequate attention.

In our own time the necessity of some such appliance occurred to the mind of John Ruskin, as it has, no doubt, struck many minds ever since the domestic use of window-glass. This he shows by the following remarks in his “Elements of Drawing,”—“The best way the student can learn it (perspective) by himself, is by taking a pane of glass, fixed in a frame, so that it can be set upright before the eye, at the distance at which the proposed sketch is intended to be seen,” &c. But he forgets to mention the first propounder of the idea, the incomparable and many-sided Leonardo da Vinci; nor,



indeed, does he name any of the members of that supremely authoritative and exalted trinity, composed of Leonardo da Vinci, Albrecht Dürer, and Michelangelo, all of whom thought much, and wrote much, on the subject. Personally Leonardo possessed all the elegances and accomplishments of an "Admirable Crichton," and intellectually he was the very "Aristotle of plastic science," adding thereto a deftness of hand, an encyclopedic quality of mind, an insight into the laws of nature, and a prophetic vision of all the possibilities of human ingenuity, which enabled him to anticipate by

centuries many of our so-called inventions. None, therefore, so likely as he to have devised a mechanical contrivance for the better mastery of drawing; and the moment we begin to appreciate the boundless character of his mental resources, that moment we cease to be astonished that he did so.

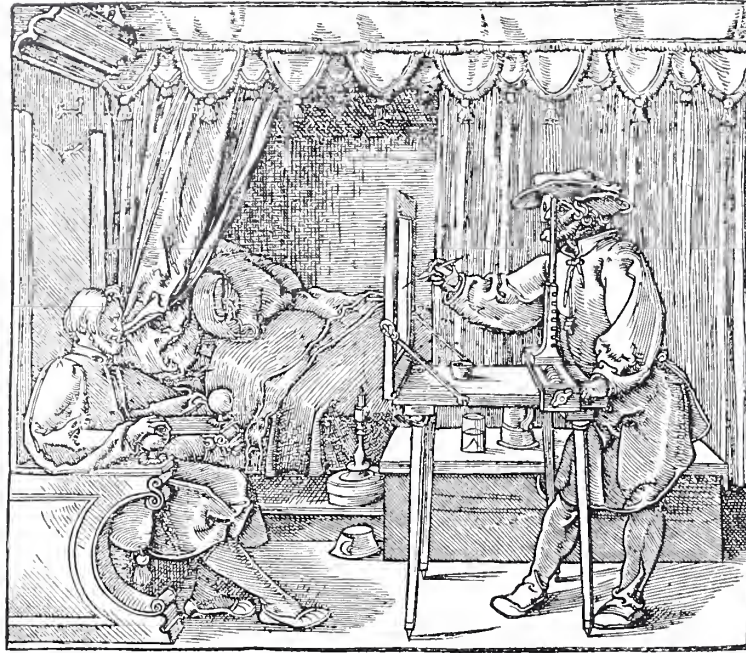
The opening words of his "Trattato della Pittura" establish the knowledge of perspective as the basis of all art, remarks endorsed at a later period by Michelangelo when he says, "The science of line is the groundwork of painting and of all the fine arts, and he who can raise himself to the level of mastery possesses a great treasure."

In Chapter xxxii. Leonardo says, "Habbi un vetro come un mezzo foglio di carta reale," &c., being, roughly translated, Get a pane of glass the size of half a sheet of "royal" paper. Set it up between your eye and what you want to draw, stand from it at arm's length, and, by means of some instrument, fix your head firmly. Shut one eye, and with brush or pencil mark on the glass what you see through it, take off a tracing, put this on good paper, and paint it if you wish.

These two passages of Leonardo's would alone suffice to prove that the illustrious masters of the Renaissance claimed for the conception and criterion of their works other bases than sentiment and custom.

Leaving aside for the moment all that Leonardo said in his method on optics, on the anatomy, the "ponderation" (equilibrium of bodies), and the dynamics of the human form, on the construction of drapery,

and on material processes, I only take up these two points, which seem to be the keynote and the axis of the whole. It would be a mistake to think that by "perspective" mere linear perspective is alluded to; Leonardo's word has a wider sense—it embraces and names at once all the human faculty of observation, and this faculty of observation his purpose is to strengthen and render more accurate.



ALBRECHT DÜRER'S DRAWING INSTRUMENT.

(From an Engraving by Dürer.)

But although this idea has been varied, modified, and expounded by many adaptors, it has never, so far as I am aware, been brought to such practical issues as in the series of philographic instruments invented and patented by M. Hippolyte Bourcey, a French artist who, like our own Madox Brown and the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, rather eschews than courts public recognition, and his gifted English pupil, Aimée Osborne Moore.

The eminent French painter, Jean Cousin, and the illustrious Albrecht Dürer put forward methods for producing the foreshortening of organic forms by means of plans and elevations, but they only obtained geometrical (or descriptive) projections.

There is, however, a well-known drawing representing an apparatus (see illustration signed by the latter) evidently intended to realise the suggestions of Leonardo already alluded to. Da Vinci alone pointed out the true road; our inventors have followed closely in his steps. They have tried to develop more fully his summary indications, and to realise practically in several forms the apparatus of which he only suggests the first principles.

The reader will please to imagine a series of simple mechanical contrivances, of which the first will enable him to reproduce accurately the contours of any object or group, living or inanimate, or the



perspective of any interior, from that of a mud-cabin to a cathedral, and of which the last of the series is simply a testing or correcting auxiliary. Between these are other graduated instruments; which guide, stimulate, and complete the education of the eye and of the plastic intelligence. The method is like all fruitful conceptions, at the same time single and double, and its simplicity lies in the self-correcting principle. An average intelligence gifted with ordinary sight can with these instruments avoid the usual optical illusions, and can produce on a plane surface the projection of any contours seen in space.

In putting this scheme into practice the following dual observation has been built upon—(1) We do a thing all the more easily that we have already done it—force of habit; (2) all other things being equal, we criticise a work with more truth when we are not ourselves its author. Hence in the series of instruments two distinct functions come into play—the imitation of forms which allows us to obviate or to rectify the errors of the uneducated eye, whilst it stimulates us to strain after accuracy in the reproduction of form. Then the inverse function, complementary to the preceding, and far more original, which consists in making the pupil produce almost unconsciously an approximate drawing, which he must correct and will correct all the more readily for the fact that he comes to it with the freshness of sight and firmness of judgment he might bring to bear on the work of any of his fellow-pupils. (See illustration.)



THE NEW PHILOGRAPH.

Such is in a few lines the summary of the intellectual edifice which has cost its authors several years of endeavour, and which appears to me to be the faithful exegesis of the great Florentine master's profound thought. Strange to say, whereas the many plagiarists of his idea have, through ingratitude or ignorance, omitted to mention the real source of their pretended discovery, our continuators of Leonardo claim to proceed directly from him, and in just

homage have placed his august physiognomy as a protecting agis above all their demonstrations.

Our illustration shows the working of what is called the "auxiliary philograph," or the pantograph from nature. Here we see a "portable philograph" screwed on to a small tripod-stand. The proper frame of this "portable" philograph is covered by a sheet of millboard figuring the larger drawing-board of the full-sized apparatus, thus: an opening cut in the millboard and covered with transparent gelatine is placed immediately opposite the movable bar and "diaphragm," or eye-piece, we look through. On to the full space to the right of this opening is pinned a sheet of drawing-paper. A small elastic pantograph is fixed to the left of the opening; a triangular-formed indicator, having a needle-point, moves along the elastic string, to the far end of which is attached a short lead pencil. By adjusting the sliding bar on which the hand is seen resting the field of vision is varied at will.

By carefully moving the pencil the draughtsman causes the indicator, at which alone he must look, to

follow on the transparent surface every contour of the model. The unnoticed outline traced thus on the paper while the eye is fixed on the indicator, will be similar to what is seen through the gelatine, and larger in inverse proportion to the distance between the fixed point and the indicator.

In conclusion, let no one think that the use of these instruments interferes for a moment with the individuality or the artistic in-

vention of the operator, much less with the sentiment of the picture. The philographic system is purely educational, whether used for the instruction of young pupils or by the artist for purposes of self-correction. It is simply a carrying out to something like exact realisation the thoughts of those great masters to whom painting was a science as well as an art, and whose devotion thereto constituted them the crowning glory of the Renaissance.



## SIR JOHN GILBERT'S GIFT TO THE CITY OF LONDON.

WE referred in the "Chronicle of Art" last month (p. xxix) to the munificent gift made by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., of sixteen of his works to the City of London Art Gallery. The remainder will appear in our next issue. The pictures, eleven of which are water-colours and five oil-paintings, have all been hung in one room at



THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD, NORTHALLERTON. (Water-Colour.)

the City of London Art Gallery. We have now pleasure in publishing reproductions of six of them.

the Guildhall Gallery, where they form a most welcome addition to the permanent collection.



DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER. (1891. Oil-Painting.)



"EGO ET REX MEUS." (1889. Oil-Painting.)





CHARCOAL BURNERS. (1889. *Water-Colour.*)



FAIR ST. GEORGE. (1881. *Oil-Painting.*)



"AN ARMED HOST DRAWN UP BELOW, A BATTLE IN THE SKY." (*Water-Colour.*)



## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.



(Designed by Lewis F. Day.)

IN connection with the Chicago Exhibition we reproduce herewith the cover of the Catalogue of the British Section and three examples of work from the large exhibit of furniture by Messrs. Colnson and Lock. The elections at the Royal Academy are referred to in the *Chronicle of Art*, p. xxxiii. We have to record the death on May 18 of Sir Thomas Alfred Jones, the

President of the Royal Hibernian Academy. After a course of study at the Schools of the Royal Dublin Society and Hibernian Academy, he adopted art as his profession in 1849, and in 1870 he was elected to the office he held until his death. At the sale of the Magniac collection the authorities of the Birmingham Museum thought it a fitting opportunity to enrich the decorative and industrial sections by the purchase of some specimens of gold and silversmiths' work, with the result that the objects we are about to notice were acquired for their permanent collection, which is undoubtedly the finest in the provinces. One of the most remarkable objects acquired is a coffer lock and key, in chiselled



HENRY WOODS, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Van der Weyde.)



J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Raymonde Lynde.)



THE LATE SIR T. A. JONES, P.R.H.A.

(From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

a projecting canopy decorated with open-work tracery surmounts a group of the Crucifixion, beneath which is a small statuette of a sainted pilgrim, probably St. James. Of goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work proper, two beautiful specimens were purchased. One is a hexagonal spire-shaped pyx or reliquary in silver-gilt, Flemish, about 1480, measuring  $15\frac{1}{4}$  inches high. The other example is a reliquary in rock crystal, with exquisite mountings of silver-gilt; it is German Gothic, about 1400, and is  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches high; the cup measures 4 inches in diameter. We are



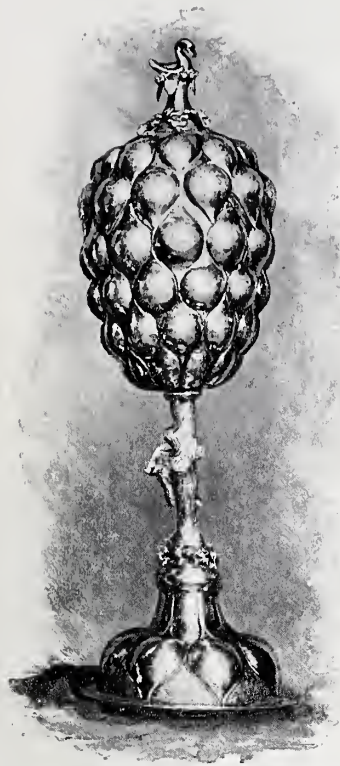
HENRY MOORE, R.A.

(From a Photograph by Ralph W. Robinson.)

iron, date about 1480. This fine specimen of Gothic metal-work was, in all probability, a special work of a master locksmith. In the centre division

told on very good authority that a certain well-known art-collector in Paris, now deceased, offered Mr. Magniac some years ago a sum of money for this





PINE CUP AND COVER.



METAL-GILT SHRINE.

WHITE  
TERRE DE PIPE A COCOANUT  
CANETTE, CUP AND COVER.

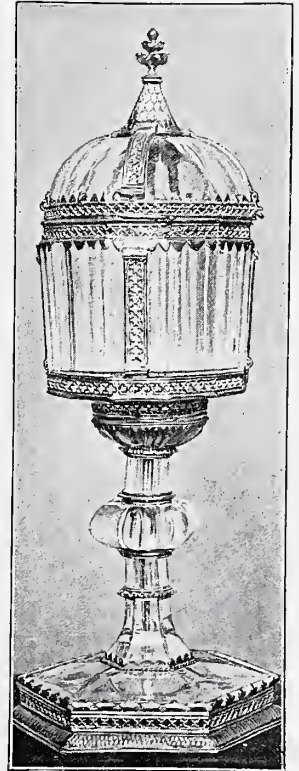
GRÈS DE FLANDER JAR.  
GILT METAL GOTHIC  
PINNACLE.



A RELIQUARY IN SILVER-  
GILT (1480).



COFFER LOCK AND KEY IN CHISELLED IRON.



A RELIQUARY IN ROCK  
CRYSTAL (1400).

METAL-WORK, ETC., FROM THE MAGNIAC COLLECTION.

(Acquired by the Birmingham Art Gallery.)

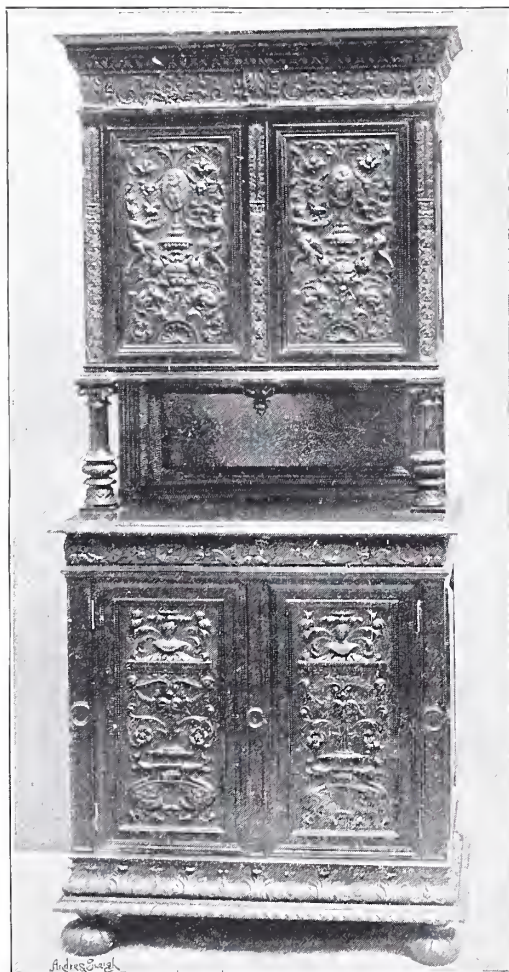


reliquary which was in excess of the amount paid by Mr. Whitworth Wallis for all the specimens recently purchased. With these objects may be mentioned three fine silver cups, one a "pine" cup and cover in silver (Darmstadt: end of the sixteenth century). Two other specimens were probably made at Augsburg. Another interesting object is a metal-gilt shrine, with circular column in the centre, the capital decorated with foliage on a square stand. Unfortunately, the little figure—or it may have been a crucifix—which surmounted the centre is missing. A small gilt-metal Gothic pinnacle is a fragment from the celebrated

tomb of Charles the Bold, at Dijon, which was broken off during the French Revolution, and bought from one of the mob by an old antiquary of that city, who sold it in 1853. There are three specimens of so-called Grès de Flandre ware, also a very fine tall white *terre de pipe* canette, which is an excellent example of old German pottery. The body is inscribed "HOFFART EIN BOSART ANNO 1591 DE UNKVISEN VERD EN GOT BESCHENEN EWIG." The objects constitute a very valuable addition to the Birmingham permanent collection, and should be of great service to the art-workmen of that city.



INLAID TABLE.  
(Exhibited at Chicago by Messrs. Collinson and Lock.)



CARVED CABINET.



INLAID CABINET.

(Exhibited at Chicago by Messrs. Collinson and Lock.)





ST. JEAN CHRYSOSTÔME.

(From the Painting by J.-P. Laurens.)

## THE SALONS:—THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.—I.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

COMMON consent is not always a safe guide to go by, especially in estimating the value and interest of an exhibition, and the fact that public opinion has pronounced this one of the Old Salon—as it may be shortly called—one of the dullest on record, need not necessarily be taken as final. Still, with the greatest possible desire to take a contrary view, it would have been difficult on this occasion not to agree to a certain extent with public opinion, so dreary was the impression left by the never-ending series of galleries, so lacking appeared to be all *raison d'être* for the great majority of works brought forward. It is not that the hosts of painters, veterans, and beginners, professors of *vue à jeu* and of *modernité*, stumbled or showed themselves insufficiently equipped to work from their own special standpoint; for it is rare indeed to find the Frenchman of to-day technically incapable,

and it is, as a rule, only the pontiff of some esoteric artistic faith who ventures to show himself disdainful or oblivious of technicalities. It is rather that the canvases which lined the walls of the Palais de l'Industrie were for the most part artistic exercises, square yards of official decoration, landscapes, the very vastness of which often caused the informing sentiment to evaporate, or clever efforts by artists to be someone else, and that someone else naturally a painter for the moment in vogue. Nevertheless the oppression and *ennui* produced by the Old Salon as a whole should not render us so unjust as to forget that it contained some dozen works of the first rank, and a good many more which were—judged from their own point of view—remarkable achievements. This should, perhaps, suffice; and we take, perhaps, an unnecessarily pessimistic view of the situation in judging the



display as we have done, seeing that the very vastness of the two competing shows, the lesser of them more comprehensive than our own Royal Academy, must cause the oases in the desert of commonplace to appear few and far between, and dilute the stream of artistic merit and originality until it scarce colours the ocean of mediocrity.

Of the sculpture, together with that contained in



Mlle. M. S.

(From the Painting by J. J. Henner.)

the New Salon of the Champ de Mars, it is proposed to treat in a separate article, and I must restrict myself for the moment to pointing out that even here—in the branch which has up to the present been the stronghold of the elder and more moderate faction—the same dreariness and lack of an adequate informing motive are apparent. The reason for the mediocrity of the display is, however, in a great measure to be found in the circumstance that many of the foremost sculptors, who have nominally remained faithful to the Old Salon, do not condescend to exhibit in competition with the younger men, being either overwhelmed with commissions, or else, it may be, unwilling to jeopardise the position already acquired in the hierarchy of French art. The radical rottenness of the system under which the

crowning distinction of the *médaille d'honneur* is conferred, has not often been more convincingly shown than in the according of the coveted prize, as it were inevitably, to M. Roybet's vast machine "Charles le Téméraire à Nesles." This practised master of sumptuous *genre* suddenly breaks out into romanticism on the most gigantic scale, and endeavours to depict that horrid scene in which Charles the Bold, in the very cathedral, the very sanctuary of the sacked city, presides on horseback, and in complete armour, at the indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children. What is really fine here is the rendering of the cathedral interior itself, in all the splendour of its thirteenth-century Gothic, at once solid and aspiring; and everywhere, too, are instances of brush-power of the executant revelling in *le morceau*, in a fashion akin to, but not copied from, that of M. Munkacsy. But here praise must end; for of the dramatic instinct, as shown, for instance, in Delacroix's "Massacre de Seio" or "Dante et Virgile," or even in the performances of such romantics of to-day as M. Jean-Paul Laurens or M. Rochegrosse, there is not a trace. Dramatic gesture, dramatic action, are quite absurdly caricatured or missed. Much better, although it is, after all, more a *pastiche* than a thing taken from nature, is the same artist's "Propos Galants," a *genre* scene, also on an excessive scale, showing in a style which is midway between that of Jordaens and Frans Hals, a flirtation between a *joyeuse commère* of opulent and mature charms and an ugly customer in an exotic costume which may be that of Hungary or Poland.

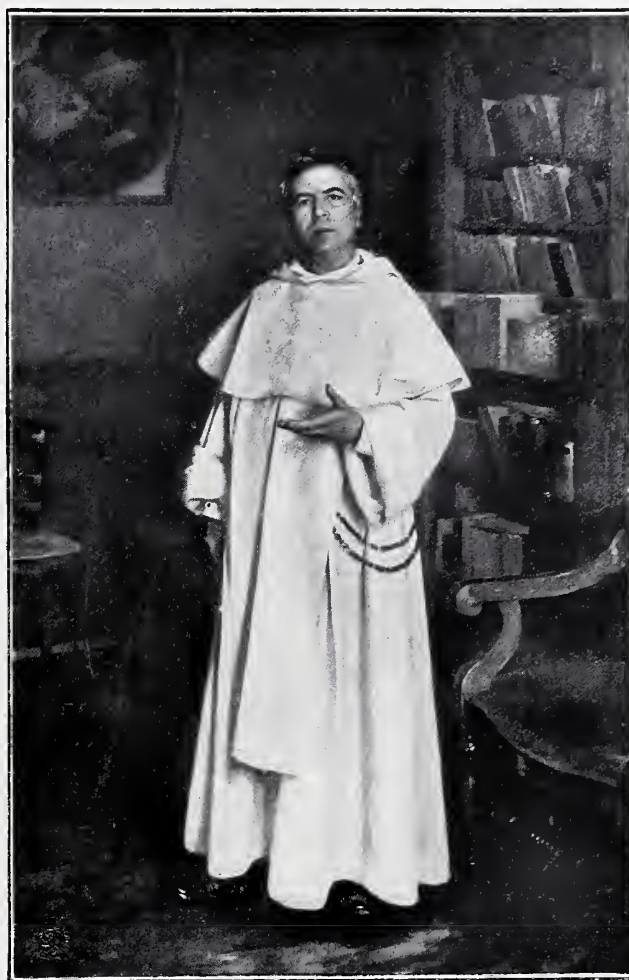
A vast expanse of dreariness too, conspicuously lacking in dramatic cohesion and interest, is M. Munkacsy's colossal historical decoration "Arpad," destined for the new palace of the Hungarian Parliament, and showing the national hero receiving homage from the representatives of the conquered peoples who have arrived to make submission. Of the decorative qualities of the whole it is not safe to judge until the immense acreage of canvas has been seen in the place for which it is destined, remembering that the ceiling for the Imperial Museum of Vienna which, when exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, failed to convince the connoisseurs of decorative art pure and simple, when placed in the great staircase of that fantastically splendid palace of art, at once asserted itself in the fashion intended by the artist.

The finest things in the Old Salon were really what those implacable doctrinaires of the new schools would call *vieux jeu*, but only the foolish and the hopelessly prejudiced would condemn them *a priori* on this ground. Two masterpieces of their kind are the two canvases of M. Jules Lefebvre: the



“Portrait du Général Bruyère,” and especially the “Portrait de Mme. Veuve Emile Raspail.” They may be—they are—after the fashion of this painter, over-hard in outline and uninviting in colour, but, for all that they have in them the elements of great art—a certain Florentine strength and resoluteness without any affectation of archaism. M. Lefebvre triumphs in this simple portrait of a widowed lady of middle age, whose personal appearance reveals no effort in the direction of personal attractiveness. The simple, unpictorial elements with which the artist has had to deal are combined with a masterly skill, an artful artlessness, leaving to the subject all its simplicity, and with it that reticent pathos which is of its essence. Exceedingly fine, too, is M. Cormon’s “Portrait du Père Didon,” a performance which, in our estimation, places him higher than do any of those vast prehistoric machines by which he has chiefly won his reputation. The eloquent preacher stands upright and white-robed in his neutral-tinted monachal study, furnished only with heavy tomes and a print of the Sixtine Madonna. The magnetic expression of one who both commands and supplicates, the dramatic but not melodramatic gesture which appropriately accompanies the penetrating glance, most completely, yet without unnecessary demonstration, express the subject; and higher praise than this, seeing what the subject is, it would be difficult to accord. M. Henner’s finest production this year is a “Portrait de Mlle. M. S.,” in which the modelling has that strength without hardness, that pastosity peculiar to the master, and the silhouette of the black-robed young lady is marked out with a rare and subtle elegance. The lighting is, if you will, false or wholly arbitrary, the flesh-tints of that deathly pallor which this artist affects; but, for all these drawbacks, we feel that a master has been at work here, and an unconscious, an unquestioning feeling of satisfaction quells criticism. M. Henner has cast his nets over us once more. His “Dormeuse” is a sister to that endless series of *nymphes* and *femmes couchées*, in which Prudhon’s successor and emulator has for so many years revelled. M. Jean-Paul Laurens, though he has, in deference to the taste of the hour lightened and brightened the tints of his palette, retains his old Hugoesque violence and exaggeration and his old dramatic vigour in “St. Jean Chrysostôme,” a canvas which depicted the aged preacher defying and anathematizing from the pulpit the Empress Eudocia, much as John Knox scourged with his tongue the elegant

corruption of Mary Queen of Scots and her French surroundings. I have never before been able to admire the pseudo-mysticism, the striving after pretentious allegory of that prominent *vibrante* M. Henri Martin, but must own myself captivated against my will by his “Troubadours.” The *pro-cédé* is not less mechanical than heretofore, the affectation of the diaphanous and the mystical not less pronounced; but somehow the subject is one



PÈRE DIDON.

(From the Painting by F. Cormon. Photograph by Braun, Paris.)

which admits of being happily and delicately expressed by these peculiar means. A small company of hooded and red-robed personages, who are rather poets of the Petrarcan type than Provençal troubadours proper, are seen conversing in the sun-traversed shadows afforded by a spacious forest of aspiring pines, while above in the still air, among the branches, are poised three white-robed, diaphanous beings, of the type dear to M. Puvis de Chavannes—the Muses or inspiring genii of the poets below. There is a completeness about the whole, a happy agreement between the subject



and its mode of expression, which it is hard to resist.

A *succès de curiosité*, but not much more, is the "Lady Helen Vincent—Panneau décoratif," in which, by a fantasy only to be explained as a play on the lady's name, M. Benjamin-Constant has depicted a fair English beauty, as little as possible of the classic type, as a Greek goddess enthroned, holding, like Pallas Athené, a Victory on the palm of her hand. The beholder is at first dazzled by the tempered

open, like the "Lady Helen Vincent," to the charge of meretriciousness. The colour is gay and sparkling without depth or real richness, and the *tour de force* in the rendering of the goldsmith's work and jewellery too evident. M. Bouguereau's large "Offrande à l'Amour" tells us nothing as to the style of this consummate but tiresome mannerist that we did not know before, and is, moreover, a rehash of familiar materials.

It is difficult to resist the misgiving, which grows and grows, the more one contemplates M. Bonnat's powerful, striking work, that the extreme admiration which we have all, at one moment or another, felt for it is a *péché de jeunesse*. Strength of characterisation, modelling of undeniable power—though stronger in seeming than in reality—are not to be denied to him; but the supreme quality of vitality, the Promethean spark, is absent, and the master's surfaces in the faces and hands of his portraits sadly lack elasticity, too much, indeed, suggest finely modelled clay. The striking "Portrait de Mme. B. . . ." (the artist's mother) is relentlessly faithful in depicting the decay of advanced old age, and yet tender as such a portrait can rarely fail to be; still it is far from deserving the extravagant laudation with which it has been received, or the adjective *stupéfiant* applied to it by one critic. A conception, grand in its simplicity, is the "Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Talbot," certainly one of M. Bonnat's most satisfactory achievements in a branch in which he does not often shine, though this again is open to the criticisms already formul-



THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.  
(From the Painting by Benjamin-Constant.)

splendour of the golden light which suffuses the form of the sitter, her splendid throne and brilliant draperies; but soon a certain flimsiness of modelling and execution, a certain cheapness and lack of style, will make themselves disagreeably felt, and explain why the work must be placed on a much lower level than that which it assumes to occupy. Much better is the same artist's presentment of the Marquis of Dufferin in his robes of scarlet and ermine, wearing the Orders of the Thistle and the Star of India—a faithful likeness, a brilliant *portrait d'apparat*, yet

lated against his work generally. A certain amount of attention and even admiration has been secured by M. Marcel Baschet's large portrait group, "M. Francisque Sarcy chez sa fille Mme. A. Brisson;" and, indeed, when the work is translated into black and white it reveals, in addition to its uncompromising strength of characterisation, a certain elegance of arrangement; but the execution of the piece is so unpleasant, its colour and general aspect so unredeemably ugly, that it is not easy in the presence of the picture itself to sustain one's admiration.



## OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS.

LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

ONE day, when Mr. Linley Sambourne made a successful appearance at a fancy-dress ball as Admiral Van Tromp, Mr. W. S. Gilbert quaintly observed: "One Dutch of Sambourne makes the whole world grin!" The jest was wider in the application of its sentiment than he who made it had any thought of. The humours of the artist, his quaintness of fancy wit and touch, are appreciated wherever art is understood, and by whomsoever looks for something more, even in a professedly humorous design, than that which is at first and immediately obvious. Mr. Sambourne, in fact, stands alone among comic draughtsmen in demanding a second examination of his work. A rapid glance rarely reveals to the beholder all that is contained and conveyed in a single drawing; and further examination never fails to awaken interest, apart from whatever inner meaning may meanwhile be discovered, in the artistic methods of the artist. This power Mr. Sambourne shares with Mr. Burne-Jones in painting, and Mr. Ricketts in serious pen-and-ink work—the power of compelling the spectator's intellectual attention, while responding to his aesthetic demands, to his love of fancy and of laughter.

When, early in 1867, Mark Lemon fell into admiration of a little drawing that was thrust into his hand, and declared that the young draughtsman who wrought it had a great future before him, he proved himself possessed of a faculty of critical insight, or of an easy-going artistic conscience,

uncommon enough even among editors. Few, indeed, who saw Mr. Linley Sambourne's early work, even throughout the first two or three years of his practice, would have imagined that behind those woodcuts, clever though they were, lay power and even genius, or that the man himself would soon come to be regarded by his fellow-artists as one of the greatest masters of pure line of his time. It was for him a lucky accident that it was not to another than Mark Lemon that the sketch was shown, or *Punch*, and the world too, perhaps, would have been deprived of a life's work at once masterful and original.

For Mr. Sambourne was being educated as an engineer at the works of Messrs. Penn and Sons of Greenwich when the change came that drifted him from the draughtsman's office to the more congenial atmosphere of the studio. Nor is he

alone among our living artists of distinction who have thus exchanged the engineer's desk for the artist's easel—Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, and Mr. Holland Tringham, and I know not how many more besides, have all of them made this happy pilgrimage from science to art. It was his office-companion in misfortune, Mr. Alfred Reed, who secured his friend's release from the thralldom of "the iron-bound profession" against which he chafed, by seizing the sketch to which I have already alluded and showing it to his father, German Reed. That gentleman submitted it to his friend, Mark Lemon, who had, about that time, been writing an



FROM "THE WATER BABIES."

(Drawn by Linley Sambourne. By Permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)



"entertainment" for the company at the "Gallery of Illustrations," and the result was an editorial summons to the sketcher, and an engagement which has lasted till the present day. It was thus that, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Sambourne found himself a regular contributor to *Punch*, though he had still some years to wait before the coveted position of a place at "the table" was awarded him.

Of artistic education Mr. Sambourne has had practically none. In the engineer's office he had learned how to use his pen, and he had learned, moreover, to put it to purposes which still survive in his draughtsmanship to-day. But beyond these six years of practice, and a life-school attendance extending over not more than a fortnight, he has had no more art-teaching than Behnes, or Caravaggio, or Raeburn, or Pordenone, or De la Fage, or Mr. Watts, or Mr. Hugh Thomson, or any of the serried rank of artists of mark, of past and of recent times, whose only teachers have been their own eyes and their own intelligence. In his earliest work with the pencil there was a curious delicacy in his use of the point; he could stipple up a shadow as accurately as a past-student of the South Kensington Schools. Of these early scraps—sketches anterior to those whose humour and skill had so effectually arrested the attention of Mark Lemon—I am enabled to set a few examples before the reader. Their main interest lies in the fact that they date from 1866—a year before the *Punch*-Reed episode—that they are drawn with pencil with the greatest care, and that they include the earliest political cartoons (Bright endangering his wings in the Reform flame, and Disraeli bringing up a reform measure) ever executed by the artist. For some time the young draughtsman went bravely on with the initial letters he was doing for *Punch*. These were devised by himself, carefully finished in pencil upon paper, and were submitted to the editor for approval. Those which were accepted were then redrawn upon wood: the rest found their way into an album, as a collective protest against editorial whims and mis-selection. Suddenly Mr. Sambourne was called upon for more important work than that with which he had hitherto been entrusted. This was the half-page head-piece, together with the tail-piece to the preface of Volume 53: but the commission was not so much intended as a compliment to him as a way out of a difficulty created by the sudden absence from town of Charles Keene. After that he was promoted to the small "Socials" and half-page "Socials." But neither his taste nor his talent was fitted to this work. Some of it he did well enough, founding himself now upon Leech, now upon Keene. But his character and originality

were too powerful to follow any man. He began to form a style of his own; and that style did not lend itself to the representation of modern life.

With strange rapidity an extraordinary development in his art took place. His profound study of the work of Albert Dürer, of Burgmaier, and their German contemporaries, together with a cordially appreciative sympathy for the humorous artistic fancy and method of Charles H. Bennett—who had died in April, 1867, the very month in which Sambourne first drew for *Punch*, and was for a short time succeeded by M. Ernest Griset—suddenly produced an artist of powerful individuality, the source of whose inspiration is entirely dominated by his own characteristic vigour of hand and intellect, whose originality is unchallenged, and who, in spite of his German study, remains thoroughly English in his art—more English, indeed, than his great senior on *Punch*, Sir John Tenniel himself.

From the point of view of the collector of drawings, Mr. Sambourne may be said hardly to have existed before 1889, for up to the end of 1888 the artist on that most conservative of journals had to draw his cartoons, political and topical, on the wood-block itself. The exigencies of time on a weekly paper, and the rejection of the modern method of photographing on to the block, by means of the electric light, these particular drawings by Mr. Sambourne and Sir John Tenniel (whereby the original drawings would have been preserved) had the effect of keeping those artists "off the market" altogether; for, of course, the wood-drawing, made upon the wood itself, was cut to pieces by the engravers. In the pages of *Punch* alone, therefore, are to be found the masterpieces of those two hands which have written their names so high on the artist-scroll of England's fame.

It is for this reason that there are no examples extant of those wonderful initial letters to the "Essence of Parliament" of Shirley Brooks—those intricate drawings which, covering nearly a whole page, were such miracles of invention, of fancy, and of allusion, swarming with figures, teeming with idea and subtle symbolism. But these things did not come at once. It was not until the "comic ent" idea was entirely put aside and his imagination was allowed full play that Mr. Sambourne fully developed his powers. And then it was that he revealed that, though a humorist (and a brilliant one, too) by necessity, he is a classic by feeling; though an impressionist by circumstances, he is a Pre-Raphaelite in love of accurate detail. His hand, since 1880, has been, for the most part, restrained by the orders of his Editor and by the vote of that council-of-peace that sits weekly round the famous table of



“Mr. Punch.” But examine his earlier work—examine, indeed, the few examples of the same sort such as were to be seen in his recent exhibition—the Fisheries Diploma, the “Water Babies,” and certain other drawings—and you will perceive with what loving care the whole is composed, every idea laboriously worked out and fitted in, and the whole built up with an ingenuity, a fancy, and a precision of thought and touch that for a time baffle the eye of the beholder who may seek at once to follow the thought of the artist and to track the hand of the craftsman. Of late his technique has become simplified, his imagination restrained, he works more to order than before, while he has gained in breadth what he has sacrificed in elaboration, in ingenuity, and in tone—obtained by the various inks he used. Moreover, his manner has been greatly changed by the adoption of “process” reproduction in place of wood-engraving—a substitution which, for the sake of its effect on Mr. Sambourne’s printed work, I cannot but deplore; for less than any man on the paper, save Sir John Tenniel, can Mr. Sambourne afford to throw away that beautiful quality which Mr. Swain almost invariably retained in his engraving, and which, a principal characteristic in his later work, must to a great extent disappear under the new conditions. Moreover, by “drawing for process” he has had to abandon his free-and-easy manner in the use of inks of varying force, and altogether the use of the pencil. The original delicacy of his style has been greatly modified; gradation of tone in shadow is almost gone. Always precise and accurate, Mr. Sambourne is now more precise than ever in his shading and in those portions in which mystery is of so much value. For the sake of managerial economy of time, the artist has further had to sacrifice to some extent the fine blacks that used to give so much richness to drawings. Even the absence of the accidents and shortcomings of the burin is to be mourned in reproductions which, while undoubtedly retaining with truth the original lines, are to a great degree coldly mechanical and matter-of-factly unsympathetic.

And, indeed, the new conditions are different enough from what prevailed when Mr. Sambourne first joined *Punch*, although it is but six-and-twenty years ago since that event occurred. But it must not be forgotten that *Punch*—Mr. Sambourne’s *raison d’être*—has changed too. When the journal was founded, art was in no way considered, or very little. Wit, satire, and pictures were the staple commodity. Art was not wanted. Indeed, when Sir John Gilbert contributed a few sketches to the early volumes, Douglas Jerrold objected that “we don’t want Rubens on *Punch*.” At the time when Sambourne’s genius unfolded itself, artistic merit

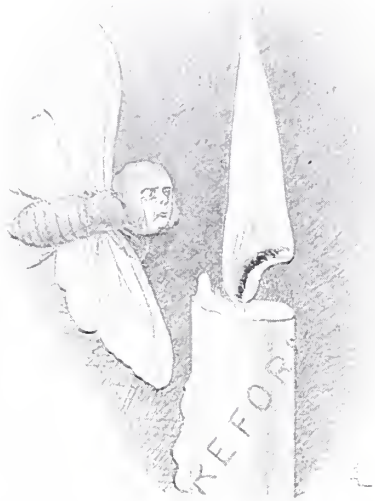
counted for a great deal more, but, in spite of the great excellence to which Sir John Tenniel and Mr. George du Maurier had already attained, the serious work of *Punch* as the exemplar of the finest pen-and-ink work that England has produced—as seen in the work of the artists already mentioned, as well as Charles Keene superlatively and John Leech in a minor degree—was not yet recognised by either paper or public.

Now, however, it is different. We can examine the sum of Linley Sambourne’s work, and criticise it at our leisure as fine art that must count for a great deal in the sum of English achievement in black-and-white. The artist’s personality, as it should, impresses us first, powerfully, irresistibly; but we cannot help feeling that of late years we detect the personality of Mr. Burnand as well. While under Mark Lemon, Mr. Sambourne, as an artist, was still unformed. Under Shirley Brooks was awakened that wonderful inventive faculty that was originally peculiar, in its own special aspect, to Bennett; under the *régime* of masterly inactivity—the happy policy of *laissez-faire*—of Tom Taylor, the talent had burst forth into luxuriance, not to say exuberance; and under Mr. F. C. Burnand, we see it schooled and restrained within severer limits—yet, in spite of outside control of which it is to a certain extent impatient, it is instinct with reserve force, strong, pointed, and epigrammatic.

And, withal, there has been no laming of the artistic power; the guiding hand has been too skilful to harm. We still admire that strength and virility that harmonise so well with the vigorous technique. The boldness, not to say audacity, of the pure line fits as splendidly as ever the dignity of conception—that dignity which is never entirely absent from the lightest, the most trivial sketch of the artist. I called Mr. Sambourne just now a classicist. But, be it observed, he is not a cold classicist. His figures, especially his symbolical female figures, of which he is so fine a draughtsman, may be as statuesque as a Grecian sculpture, but they are always flesh and blood, and just realistic enough to suggest a latent protest in the breast of Mrs. Grundy—to *suggest* a protest, nothing more. Then, his wit and his humour! his pure and dainty fancy (as seen in his drawings for Andersen’s Fairy Tales, which Messrs. Macmillan are to publish, to say nothing of his scores of charming creations); and his grace, his political acumen, and his perfectly inexhaustible invention! Look at his nursery and fairy tales as adapted and applied to modern instances, and see how originally and delightfully his playfulness asserts itself even in the treatment of the most sordid and matter-of-fact subjects. Examine his technique and his bold grace of line, and then you will be able to



understand their fascination for so great an artist as Mr. G. F. Watts, who once remarked to me that he would willingly exchange "such ability as he might



MR. BRIGHT AND REFORM.

(From an early unpublished Pencil Drawing by Linley Sambourne, 1866.)

possess in painting" for the power to draw a line like Linley Sambourne—an accomplishment which he had always striven for but never attained.

If I were asked what is the main feature of Sambourne's work, I should reply—his seizure of essentials. It is true that at one time he carried this into a manner which became a mannerism, all the more obvious for the obtrusion of the mechanical hardness which his engineering drawing had engrafted on to his fingers. So relentlessly did he follow in this direction that he came to giving us a vigorous map of a face—the topography of feature and expression—rather than the face itself, suggesting that not a pen, but a graver or a gouge had been his implement. It is curious to observe that it was this very quality that has lost Mr. Sambourne the artistic esteem of Professor Ruskin. The vigour and mauliness of the work could not otherwise than challenge the admiration of the Sage; but his sympathy could not go out to a man whose severe, and almost monotonous, deliberateness of manner offended his sense of flexibility and pliancy, and in his lecture on the "Art of England" he omitted all reference to Linley Sambourne when he had the artistic side of *Punch* under consideration. Mr. Sambourne soon perceived that the exaggeration into which he was falling from his suppression of detail and the emphasising of main lines was still further accentuated by the necessary introduction of caricature. With considerable force of character he grappled with himself, sacrificed a mannerism he had come to love, and straightway sought greater breadth

by importing greater similarity in the main and secondary lines. And we now perceive in him the decorative artist whose mechanical quality is not the least charm of his work, while he remains the brilliant executant who has stood absolutely alone for the past twenty years—not only on *Punch*, but among the pen-artists of the world. Amusing, too, he almost invariably is, truthful in his rendering of likeness (success being ensured by his method of the vivisection of facial expression), racy and incisive in treatment, almost unique among draughtsmen in his power of classic dignity, powerfully pathetic at times, rising with strange facility to great occasions. Actuality is his mission; upon the event of the hour his picture must be formed. His subject for the week is to be found only in the latest edition of the last newspaper issued; the printer awaits the block in a given number of hours. There can be no question of a failure, no freedom, as with the painter, to make a fresh start. There can be even no dallying with the subject, however elaborate, or bald, or unpromising it may be. A decision must be come to, and that rapidly; and once formed it cannot be altered. And there the artist sits, his watch hung up before



"MR. PUNCH" BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

(From an early unpublished Pencil Drawing by Linley Sambourne, 1866.)

him, "one eye on the dial and the other on the paper," knowing that at the appointed hour the drawing must be ready for the messenger.

Thus the majority of the four thousand designs which Mr. Sambourne has wrought for *Punch* since his first introduction to that genial philosopher have



been greatly hurried—hurried in thought as well as in execution. Many have been executed in a single day; the great majority within two days; a very few, indeed, have taken more.

But through stress of circumstances Mr. Sambourne has taken to heart the French saw—*hâter rous lentement*: he has learnt how to make haste slowly. He always thinks out his subject deliberately and decisively; everything is carefully studied. His composition is absolutely planned, elaborated, and fixed in his mind before he puts pen to paper; and the memoranda written, at first, around the edge of the paper are his sole aids as to the subjects and allusions to be introduced into the page. His pencil outlines, not only of picture, but of the expressions on the faces, are then made and not subsequently altered, lest the balance of the composition be disturbed; and then the lines are inked in. When that is done the "colour" is added by the shading lines, which are filled in, often arbitrarily enough; and it is worthy of notice that in work hurried for the engraver the colour is introduced by simple lines, and cross-hatching is as far as possible avoided. It is in this work that scamping, if any, may be traced; the fundamental lines are always right, and it is only the shading which suffers if the artist is pressed for time. It is sometimes the lack of precious moments which

For the rest, Mr. Sambourne's method of work is well known. Keen though he is of observation, his memory for detail is not to be compared to that of Sir John Tenniel; and, actuated by that desire for accuracy which is so desirable in a journal specially devoted to topical allusion, he avails himself extensively of the use of photography as *documents d'authenticité*. Every celebrity of the day, and in some degree of the past; members of Parliament; representatives of the Church, the Bench, the Bar, of Science, Law, Art, Literature, and the Stage; animals and birds in the Zoo and out of it; figures, nude and draped; costumes of all ages and all countries; sailors, soldiers, and the uniforms of every army and navy in Europe; land and sea and sky; botany, boating, nuns, hospital nurses, musical instruments—all are photographed, mostly by himself, and all are arranged in order, in self-defence against the demand for accuracy and the exigencies of haste. But when time offers Mr. Sambourne goes to greater trouble still. Does he want a special uniform? he begs the War Office to lend him one or two of its men. Does he want to represent Mr. Gladstone, say as Wellington (as he did Nov. 2, 1889)? he procures the loan of the duke's own raiment.

Mr. Sambourne's unlimited and candid use of photography is almost unequalled among artists; but that he makes a proper use of it is obvious from the fact that his drawings never betray that "sense of photography" which one often feels in looking at the work of certain painters. True, he may sometimes fail in his proportions; but that shows only the disadvantage rather than the benefit to be derived from the sun-picture by him who uses it. In the same way will Sambourne press figures from well-known pictures into his service, quite apart from that clever adaptation of famous canvases to the subject in hand, for which he has so great a special talent. At the back of his house is a paved courtyard wherein his servant poses as every character under the sun while he is photographed by his master, who then runs inside to develop the plate and dash at his drawing. Or Mr. Sambourne will



PENCIL SKETCH.  
(Drawn by Linley Sambourne.)



MR. DISRAELI AND REFORM.

(From an early unpublished Pencil Drawing by Linley Sambourne, 1866.)

has modified Mr. Sambourne's technique, and which, now and again, has brought wash, Chinese-white, and knife-work on to drawings which might otherwise have remained entirely free from these clever tricks and artifices.



photograph himself, or the model: or he will get his friends to sit.

When he was about to make the drawing of Lord Randolph Churchill as a sprite at sea on an egg-shell, he quickly made his little son strip and pose while he took a snap-shot at him. His genius for realism is great. When he was illustrating Kingsley's "Water Babies," and required to see how such a creature would look in a bottle of water for Darwin and Huxley to examine, he bought a small doll, weighted and sank it in a water-bottle, and so drew it with an amount of truth which would have been impossible had he merely trusted to imagination. I remember when he was engaged on his "Mahogany Tree" for the Jubilee number of *Punch*—one of the most popular drawings he ever made, showing the united staff toasting the paper—he had such a table duly laid for dinner in the courtyard with one person sitting at it to show the proportion, and photographed it from a window of the house at the necessary elevation. But for his love of realism he never could have done these things. But for his love of naturalism he never could have given us those wonderful studies of nature, such as his truthful drawing of water, and so forth; and but for this "Mr. Punch" would certainly never have printed one or two of his Norwegian sketches in which there was not, nor was there intended to be, the slightest humour or fun—nothing but a calm and reposeful love of nature, the deep, sad impression of the artist as he watches the northern sun dip in sleepy majesty behind the western waves.

Type and symbolism are his forte. Political allusion, humorously distorted, and satirical home-thrusts are as breath in his nostrils. One of his cartoons is often an artistic impeachment of grave import, notwithstanding the cap and bells. As with Rabelais, so with the cartoonist—he can use the pen to greater ends under cover of the motley, and encase bitter truths with the gold of a pointed jest. The morals he points are often as "big" as the work that conveys them: as cleanly cut and

silhouetted as the most incisive of the drawings. That is Linley Sambourne's work. "To carry it out successfully," as he himself has written in these columns, "you must be ready at a moment's notice to draw any conceivable thing under the sun, or in fancy far beyond it, any period, costume, or combination, ancient or modern, and deliver it over, good or bad, for public criticism in a few hours, and with a hard-and-fast limit of time."

Such is the man who has but recently made his first appearance before the public without the printing-press as Master of the Ceremonies. His art is no longer under the stigma of being ignored by the State, although the Royal Academy still declines to recognise the artist in black-and-white. Though he is, perhaps, the only man in the country who could rival the legendary feat of "Giotto's O"—for he will draw you a perfect circle with his pen—he is yet officially held to be the inferior of the line-engraver.

He has been made by *Punch*, and to a degree he is *Punch*; but his is the rare gift that his sense of fun, his sense of dignity, and his sense of art are equal. He will brook nothing more serious in his sallies than chaff and banter; for venom such as that with which Gillray drew is out of tone and out of harmony with the times. Yet his gentle art has made him enemies—has stung with the force of truth—as when but the other day the German Emperor for the moment confessed to smarting under the bâton-stroke of *Punch*, and excluded him from the Palace, just as Napoleon, Thiers, and MacMahon had in their time rejected him in sheer petulance from the borders of France. But Mr. Sambourne's eminence does not dwell on his smartness as a politician, not, primarily, on his keenness as a satirist or a humorist; it is as an artist that he claims recognition in a form which has not yet been fully accorded to him—a recognition which no one possessed of artistic feeling or interested in black-and-white, the most living and most potent artistic agency of our times, could for a moment think to withhold.



FROM "THE WATER BABIES."

(Drawn by Linley Sambourne. By Permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)



Carols of the Year.



Great August, lord of golden lands,  
Whose lordly joy through seas and strands  
And all the red-ripe heart of earth  
Strikes passion deep as life, and stills  
The folded vales and folding hills  
With gladness too divine for mirth,  
The gracious glories of thine eyes  
Make night a noon where darkness dies.

W. E. F. Britten.

Angus & Solihull

AUGUST.

(Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)



## MR. W. Y. BAKER'S COLLECTION AT STREATHAM HILL.

## II.—THE FOREIGN PICTURES

By ALFRED T. STORY.

AS stated in the first article dealing with this collection (see *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for May, p. 228), the pictures consist chiefly of works by

opposite sides of a wall. It is alike beautiful in composition and in the simplicity of its treatment. More ambitious in scope as well as in size is the



THE SONG OF THE SEA.

*(From the Painting by Carl Gusso.)*

painters of the modern English school, a large proportion of them being by living men. But there are some strikingly good pictures from Continental studios, which have the effect of giving contrast and variety to the whole. Three of the most noticeable of these bear the name of Eugene de Blaas. The principal and, at the same time, the most charming one is the artist's well-known "The Proposal," representing a couple of Venetian lovers, on the

same artist's "Siesta on the Lido." (See frontispiece.) There is the same simple treatment and harmonious colouring in this canvas as in "The Proposal," characteristics which are repeated in the third specimen of the artist's work, "The Time of Roses."

Two compositions by Thomas Cederström are equally worthy of notice. One—"Checkmated"—represents four monks round a chess-table. The





THE DEPARTURE FOR THE HONEYMOON.  
(From the *Painting by L. Marchetti. Engraved by Jouvard.*)







varied expressions on the faces of the four are admirable. This picture was greatly admired by the late Charles Reade, who borrowed it from the owner in order that a lady friend might make a copy of it—a feat which she accomplished, as the novelist confessed, but ill.

The other canvas, by the same artist, depicts a

Sea," by Carl Gusso, president of the Berlin Academy of Arts. (See p. 336.) Equally to be admired and praised is a small canvas by L. Chieliva, representing a flock of sheep before the gate of a house, with a woman and child looking on. The treatment of the light is very original, the effect being one that is not easily forgotten. The close juxtaposition of



CHECKMATE.

(From the Painting by T. Cederström.)

very different scene. Here we have a monk, "surrounded," as the proverbial Irish policeman would say, by two swashbuckler knaves, who, secure of their plunder, are tormenting and terrifying their poor victim by pouring into his ear one of their unedifying songs. While the one sings, the other claps the well-fed brother on the back, and challenges his approval, his broadly-laughing face strongly contrasting with the expression of mingled anxiety and horror on that of the monk. The subtle humour portrayed in these two pictures is no less admirable.

"In the Atelier," by E. Allan-Schmidt, is an exceedingly fine piece of *genre* painting, and a picture, entitled "Shocking," by Jan van Beers, is brimming with cleverness, albeit not altogether pleasing, on account, perhaps, of its suggested cynicism. A more gracious picture "to live with" is "The Song of the

some of these foreign pictures with calm English landscapes or peaceful interiors is sometimes very startling. Nor are the methods or the boldness of the "outland" artists less striking. Take the "Departure for the Honeymoon," by L. Marchetti, for instance. The full-page reproduction does justice to its general treatment and composition; but, of course, utterly fails to give any idea of the wealth of its colour. It is wonderfully painted, and, though a blaze of crimson, is gratefully novel and refreshing. The spirit, too, with which the conception is carried out should be a revelation to some of our more timid English artists. Another pleasing and pleasantly-surprising work is "L'Attente," by V. Palmeroli. It is hardly carried, perhaps, as far as it might be, but is very tender and beautiful in tone, while its harmonies of colour are of the subtlest.





THE OLD COUNCILLOR.  
(From the *Painting* by C. Seiler.)



THE TOWN DRUMMER.  
(From the *Painting* by Maurice Leblanc.)





Eugène de Blaas: pinxt.

A SIESTA ON THE LIDO.  
*(In the Collection of W.Y. Baker Esq.)*

Dujardin photos





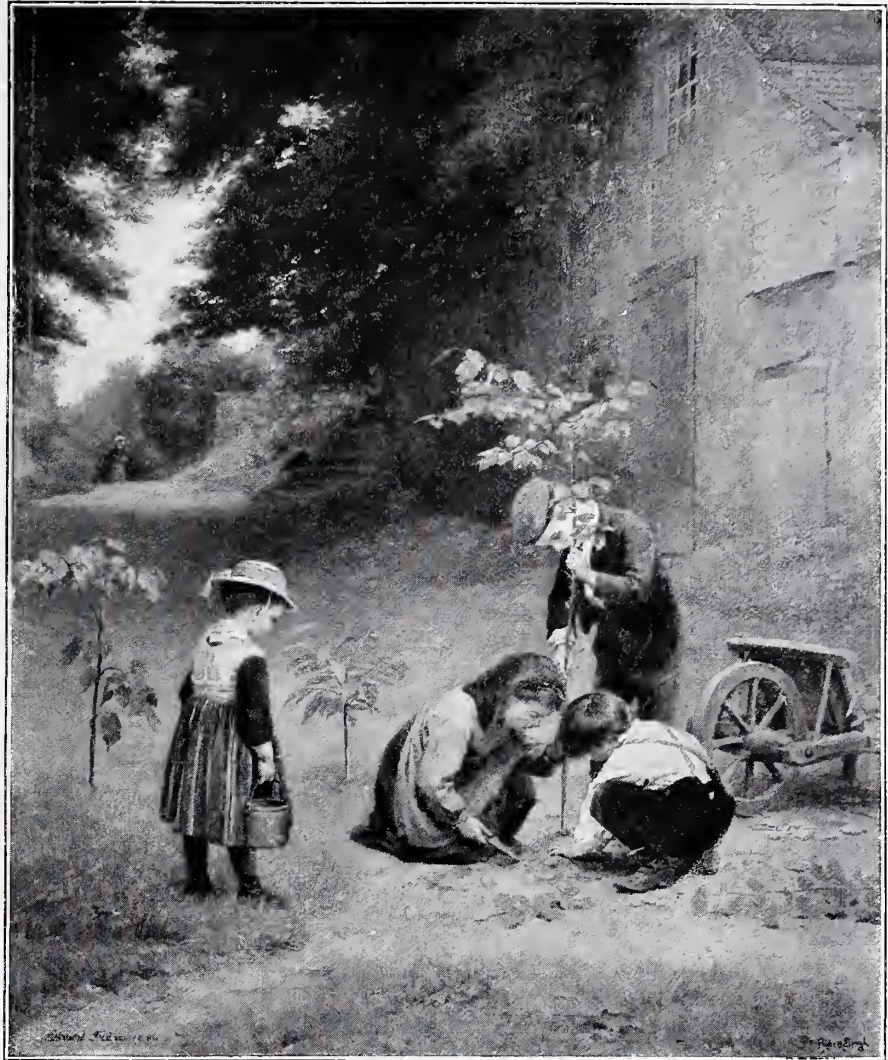


It would hardly be Mr. Baker's collection—so fond is he of children—if there were no Edouard Frère among its numbers. This delightful painter of *genre* subjects seems to be going a little out of fashion—partly, perhaps, by reason of his very popularity; but true lovers of art, and especially of nature in art, can never become indifferent to such pictures as "The Little Gardeners," with its almost naïve sincerity of treatment, and a childlike truthfulness of expression that well-nigh suggests its having been painted by a child, certainly by one with a child-like heart. Not even "Le Petit Saltimbanque" nor "La Poule aux Eufs d'Or" is more charming in its grace and simplicity than Mr. Baker's example of this favourite artist.

In a different style are the "Pursued," by the Belgian, W. Weltin, a very powerful piece of work, in which the face of the woman—one of the pursued—haunts one, so terrible is the pathos of its terror; a battle-piece, "An Incident in the Franco-German War," by Christian Sell, full of the movement and, one might almost say, the din and flash of war; and I may add, the effective "Town Drummer," by Maurice Leloir, the clever son of a clever father, both of whom are almost overshadowed by a still cleverer son and brother. In this, as in so many others of these foreign works, one is hard set to know which to regard the most—the daring of the conception, or its splendidly successful treatment. Equally pleasing in another way—that is, by contrast, both in method and subject—is the "Old Councillor," by C. Seiler, a reproduction of which is also given on the opposite page.

In addition to his "In the Atelier," E. Allan-Schmidt is represented by two other *genre* pictures, of which "The Armourer" is as highly-finished and almost as pleasing as the one already mentioned. There is also an "Armourer," by R. Ernst, as different in spirit and intention as it is possible to conceive; the

one being carried out with the minuteness of detail, and more than the excess of finish, of Meissonier, while the other is broader and more emphatic in treatment. In this case we are presented with a Moorish



THE LITTLE GARDENERS.

(From the Painting by Edouard Frère.)

interior and with characteristic Moorish figures. Amongst other works by foreign artists, all distinguished by varied excellences, mention should not be omitted of a small landscape "Bavarian Farm Lands," by Carl Heffner, the sky-painting of which is very effective; of a figure-subject, entitled "A Consultation" (three Moorish figures at a door), by L. Dentch; or of a couple of outdoor scenes, strangely suggestive of early daguerreotypes, striking, but not altogether pleasing, by Gilbert Mungler. These, together with interesting examples of Tito Conti, Lewis Brandies, and E. Tickell form, it must be confessed, a very representative and characteristic collection of the rank and file of foreign artists.





SWEET WATER-MEADOWS OF THE WEST.

(From the Painting by J. W. North, A.R.A., in the New Gallery.)

## J. W. NORTH, A.R.A., R.W.S., PAINTER AND POET.—II.

By PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., M.A.

AND now let me speak of the so-called "Walker School" in England, for I shall presently show what it owes to Mr. North.

This School was made patent by the genius of Frederick Walker, who died in 1875 at an early age. He had many enthusiastic followers, but of these few are left now, such is the power of the fashion-wave to beat back all good impulses, and even to press others upon us, whether we will have them or not.

"The Walker craze is over!" Thus spoke a picture-dealer not long since. It is already considered an antiquated style, in no way up to date. And he died only sixteen years ago! A spurt was given to his memory when Mr. Robert Macbeth began to etch his work. That again is passed now. He is not forgotten, however,—he is not known! Although he was the pet of a large circle of artists in his day, yet only sixteen years after his death you will only find one in every five of the artists of our day that knows his work, and only one in every twenty who really loves it.

After his death all his works were collected and

exhibited together in a gallery in Bond Street. It was about the first time, I fancy, that such collections were brought together in this country. The impression that that exhibition left upon those who were interested in his work will be indelible. Never had we seen such a series of works from one hand, and never, probably, was such a fascination exercised over painters and public. Either *we* were made of different stuff then, or the works were more worthy of unstinted admiration, for no other collection of works has elicited a fraction of the enthusiasm that the complete Walker collection exercised on us. In Walker we have the creator of the English Renaissance, for it was he who saw the possibility of combining the grace of the antique with the realism of our everyday life in England. His navvies are Greek gods, and yet not a bit the less true to nature. True poet that he was, he felt all nature should be represented as a poem. The dirty nails of a peasant, such as I have seen painted by a modern realist, were invisible to him. Nor did he leave out the faces of the peasants, in order to produce grandeur, as the French Millet did. He



started with some definite poetic notion, and nature came to his aid as the handmaid of the poet, without assuming the shape of instantaneous photography. Nature is overwhelming; she has too much or too little in each spot—in each square inch—for us to attempt to reproduce. The poet sees an idea that is imbedded in the mother earth; the “un-poet” fills his eyes and nails with the clogging earth and gets no further. If such a thing as realism were possible (realism in actuality), one ought to be able to paint the ground with real dirt. Thus it is that the true poet is far truer to nature than the surface-photographer or surface-painter. In Walker we received an aspect of nature, too, that was eminently lovable, the simplest subject being carried beyond the border-line of the commonplace. Man was beautiful to him, and nature was beautiful and lovable. He saw nothing else,—all else was shut out from his artistic sight. Nervous and sensitive to the degree of morbidness, he perhaps would never have completed any picture if dire necessity had not compelled him to work for money. Long sometimes would he sit, and watch the model, snapping his finger-nails together in nervous anxiety, before he was sure of what he intended to do. Then he worked rapidly. Only to a few trusted friends did he show his unfinished work. Not even the carpenter who packed his pictures (when he was in the country) ever managed to see them, so nervous was Walker of imperfect criticism. On these occasions Walker would invariably get the carpenter to leave the box in the passage, or in the studio, and order him away whilst he placed the picture back outwards into the box, leaving nothing for the carpenter to do on his return but to screw down the lid. He used to keep a man to take his work to the spot where his subject lay. But it was not infrequent that his mood for work did not come upon him—even after tootling on the flute—until the man had got tired of waiting, and left; and then with the sudden fit of work upon him, Walker would take up his six-foot canvas on his head, and carefully tilt it on one or the other side to prevent the passers-by from seeing the work.

Most strongly was Walker drawn to Mr. North, and these two men worked together many a year. This not only revealed the striking fact that Walker was strongly impressed with North's work, and even strongly influenced by it (so much so, that he changed his quality and character of colour under that influence), *but that Mr. North remained fixed in his own revealed type of art.* We have in this fact the strongest testimony of Mr. North's originality; and however much further Walker carried his art through his greater power of drawing and composition, Mr. North nevertheless stands as the

originator of the germ of that school to which we naturally give the name of the “Walker School.” Nor is there one jot of honour taken from Walker by this inference. Walker's identity was strong and unmistakable when it was once ripe, but we have seen him pass from the Gilbertian type to that of William Hunt, and finally to that of Mr. North—always, however, with a visible touch of his gradually developing identity. But in Mr. North we have no transitional states to show that he passed under the influence of any master. I cannot hold up this fact too prominently, for it entirely establishes Mr. North's position as an original type of painter. Before I studied his art very closely, I found it often difficult to explain certain traits that appeared to me, *then*, as imperfections or weaknesses. Now that I have watched, not only his work, but the man, more closely, I can plainly see that all those phases have a meaning, and are inseparable from so original an idiosyncrasy.

Having thus far followed Mr. North from a psychological point of view, we must turn to the closer study of his methods of work, which differ from the methods of all the painters I know. They are highly ingenious, but are most unacademic, and not what one would call professional. There is no flaunting of dexterity before your eyes to dazzle and surprise, and the very method in which he begins his work would warn off the modern spirit who wishes to declare his cleverness at the very first stroke. I am now speaking of his water-colour painting, for he is to me essentially a water-colourist.

Now, there have been, and are, endless types of water-colour painting. We have the “blottesque” of David Cox; the “blob-esque” of William Hunt; and finally the “scrub-esque” of the foreign schools in the water-colour medium. Much of the latter is a species of “carpet-pattern-making,” and can hardly be credited with the name of art. Yet I have seen such foreign water-colour drawings of large dimensions sent over (all unmounted) by the dozens, having been bought by the gross. I have watched a dealer turn over a pile of thirty deep, tossing them about as if they were colossal cards. In these the trees and other forms (all, by the way, in coarse imitation of Corot) were melted into the generally-depressing-cabbage-green-tones of the rest of the picture. Sometimes the subject treated was tolerable, and gave the drawing a certain air of breadth. Scrubbing is supposed to give breadth. The colour, as I said, was of a cabbage-green, with green-grey skies, and dull green-grey cattle. A dull, lifeless, bloodless world, invented by half-starving young artists, who could only get a decent sum of



money together by producing quantities. Alas for art! The very dexterity arrived at by these poor slaves was a curse to them. These drawings would be framed, separately, by the dealer, in gorgeous frames and sold at good prices to English people who only believed in foreign art, and who went to bed regularly and got up in the morning with the idea that there was no English school of painting. I fancy the green cabbages have killed many of these sufferers, because the craze for that kind of art is considerably less than it was fifteen years ago.

indicating the "blob" of colour laid on, are left visible, and when that kind of touch is seen throughout the work in an almost equal degree of finish. William Hunt, that artist of most exquisite feeling—feeling and simple sentiment, in contradistinction to poetical instincts—brought this kind of manner to very great perfection, both in his little figure and in his fruit subjects.

Without alluding to David Cox, the "blottesque" is frequently the sloppy, untidy, unwholesome manner of work that assumes to be bold. Noisy, slipshod

The "blob-esque" I call that type of water-colour painting where touches, more or less in-

art, often, that makes you feel the work is done by the foot of an elephant.



RAINY EVENING (FRED WALKER AND J. W. NORTH).  
(From a Sketch by Fred Walker, A.R.A.)



RETURN OF THE MUSHROOM GATHERERS (J. W. NORTH AND FRED WALKER).  
(From a Sketch by Fred Walker, A.R.A.)



We now come to Mr. North's type of work, for which I cannot find an adequate word. Suffice it that his manner requires a perpetual watch over details, and for the accomplishment of this, he has originated one of the most curious methods probably ever thought of by a water-colourist. It is not to wash in or wash out the groundwork; it is not to lay it in roughly, or in a blocking-out fashion first; nor is it to make a complete outline of the subject before starting. Mentally, he first sees his subject; then with a definite idea of what he is going to do, he may just put in a few charcoal lines, indicating the composition, or he may make a few lines in raw sienna or raw umber, so as not to have a blank white sheet to start upon. But the first significant touches are laid in with a stiff-haired brush, using warm colour *very* thickly, as thickly as it comes out of the water-colour tubes, but only dragged or rubbed on in a semi-dry condition. The consistency of this is of the greatest importance. If not dry enough it causes a patchiness; if too dry the colour does not come out of the brush. Blotting paper is indispensable for

regulating the consistency of the colour at this stage. In this way he "rubs in" his work, sometimes approaching the colour of the objects, but invariably leaning to the yellows and warm undertones. This gives the drawing almost an appearance of having been done with chalks of different colours.

In adopting this method I found I could continually suggest design and composition without the necessity of representing any object definitely. Further, the innumerable dots of colour on the paper prevented any thinness of quality in the wet layers of colour that followed. Walker, being ambidextrous, used to work with a knife in one hand and a brush in the other. With the knife he perpetually softened the tones laid on by the brush—that is—he employed this method when he gave up using body-colour. But I consider, as a matter of

principle, Mr. North's method far more advantageous, for it renders all the colour in its purity, being fully amplified by the myriads of little dot-colours, whereas Walker's method was apt to *undo* much in order to produce softness. I do not say that this is a good method for faces and figures, but for intricate nature where there are no ends and no edges, and no definite forms to *stop* the tones, it is invaluable. And what painter does not know to his despair the absence of "edges" in nature? How all his touches seem to stop the way, and clog all edge-mystery! Yet without such mystery we cannot get the true perspective of nature. Photography in this respect has taught a disastrous lesson to the younger generation, for in throwing aside the over-sharp negatives where there is no suggestion of pictorial art, they have naturally resorted to the more artistic or, as they would be called by the professional photographer, worse negatives, in which all planes and tones are *flat*, one against the other. That phase has distinctly got into the sight of the newer school of painters, and to my thinking, disastrously



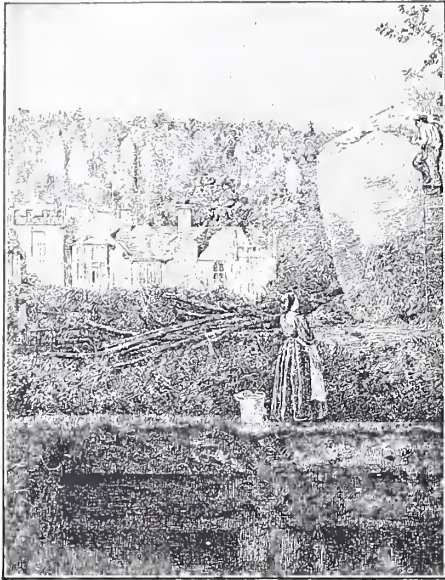
STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

(By J. W. North, A.R.A.)

so. Even in such a genius as Bastien-Lepage, we see the distinct influence of this kind of flat-tone photography—an influence that may have been nursed without really much companionship with photography. However, the rapidity and convenience of the process, the labour-saving and memory-saving apparatus, is not likely to have come into our midst without its good or baneful influence. I believe that photography has come most safely to those who have laboured in their youth at *instantaneous sketching* versus *instantaneous photography*. How differently we fought with difficulties, and how quick and retentive became our memory! But we cannot banish photography any more from the studio than we could banish machinery, steam, and electricity from our world. Let us only see that it does not destroy art.



To continue this digression a moment longer. To an imaginative mind, so called imperfect photographs often suggest a poetic aspect of nature, and are eminently useful as "suggestors;" some of those



REDUCED FROM "JEAN INGELOW'S POEMS."

(Pen-and-ink Drawing by J. W. North, A.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Dalziel.)

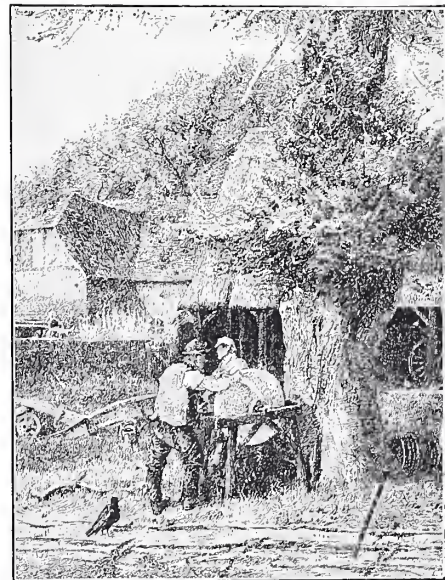
misty, out-of-focus photographs are most fascinating, and will often put a painter on a new track, always providing he is a poet at heart, and sees further than the surface of the photograph. But photography is often irritatingly useless, and the better it is the more useless it is.

Far removed indeed is Mr. North's view of nature from any form of photography—and therefore is not up to date. But the high "concert pitch" that he keeps up throughout a work, as a pupil of mine aptly expressed it, could not be easily attained by other methods than those I have described without endless labour. This dragged-on colour is a foundation for mystery, not only in colour but in form. Now a mere drop of pure water when allowed to rest upon this surface of dotted colour when in a horizontal position, would produce a beautiful, accidental tone, often impossible to attain by direct work, or by a succession of washes, because each dot is dissolved and floats into a general tone, and thus prevents monotony. I would give half my experience to be able to produce the same effect in oil-colour by similar means. But that is impossible in my hands at present, and I am only hoping that I shall drop upon some method which shall hold out to me the same advantages without loss of dignity to the stronger material. We may safely credit a water-colour painting with having the strength

of an oil-colour, but it is somewhat derogatory to the strength and dignity of oil-colour to have to own it looks like a water-colour.

To return to the first process of dragging on colour, I must point out that one can go on dragging on colour until a depth of colour is obtained that will prove eminently useful when the tone-wash is applied. Another point of importance is the necessity of keeping the colour very pure and very warm—that is, leaning strongly to the yellow side, as the tendency of such dragged-on colour is to be cold, and even purplish. Raw sicma, which will always remain the vital colour of the painter, is the safest, or aureolin and raw umber mixed are also most valuable.

We are now supposed to have a general but very rough idea of how a subject can be rubbed in in this way. No definite forms are drawn except let us say a few stems, or some broken leafage against the sky. It is well to remember that the further this first part of the work is carried the safer for the work. But it takes much moral and artistic courage to continue in this fashion without giving some attention to bits of detail, so as to satisfy the artistic appetite for finish. Personally, I find it well to hold back, partly because I am so constituted that I get too readily at finish, which often prevents me from giving the full interpretation of what I feel in nature, and partly because I know



REDUCED FROM "JEAN INGELOW'S POEMS."

(Pen-and-ink Drawing by J. W. North, A.R.A. By Permission of Messrs. Dalziel.)

that by holding back, I shall be more likely to retain a better tone of colour throughout the work.

Now we will continue this imaginary work and give some attention to leafage or definite form.



Should brilliant green leaves be required, the places for the leaves must be carefully cleaned by water, blotting-paper, and finally by the knife until the surface is pure white. If a lower-toned green is required, the process I shall now describe can be carried out *over* the dotted surface of colour without the necessity of erasure. It is the process of making greens by means of a systematic *superimposition of colour* and never by a *mixing of colour*. We thus secure the purest effect. But the surprise to me was the brilliancy obtainable by the very liquid condition of the colours. In the production of a green, Mr. North uses first, for instance, aureolin, with a very large quantity of water in the brush, and with but little colour,—that is, he places on the paper, according to the forms, a big blob of water with some aureolin in it, always keeping the paper surface *horizontal*, or else that blob of slightly coloured water will run out of its place. Now whilst this watery blob of yellow (which positively stands up on the paper) is still fully wet, Mr. North adds the blue into it (which should always be the genuine ultramarine) in an equally liquid state, touching the blob of yellow so as to allow the blue to run into it,—as it will. The horizontal position of the paper must be retained until the colour is quite dry. When dry you will see what delicious accidental tones you have obtained, and how the whole

brilliancy of both colours seems to have risen to the surface. Sometimes one can add more yellow, but always whilst it is still wet. Where there is much fine drawing—such as in leaves against the sky—it will be necessary to place them at once with a mixed green. In order to reduce colour or to scrape out certain branches, it is well to soften the colour already on the paper by breathing on it, then gradation can be obtained by scraping with a knife, as well as the finest lines of twigs.

It must be clearly understood that this method means the entire absence of body-colour. I always advocated the use of body-colour until I experimented in Mr. North's manner, and found how very

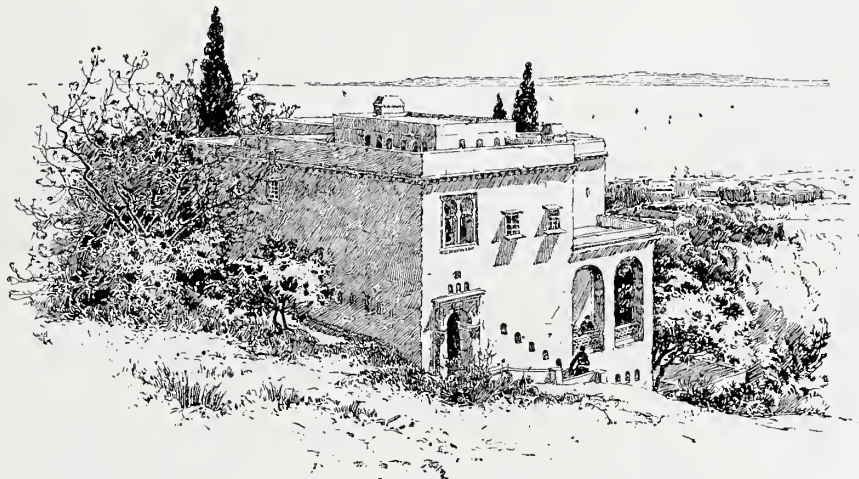
much more brilliancy one could obtain without it. But I always declared that the white, when used, should *not* show. This was my theory, which I tried to work out but invariably failed to do. With a little white, one can cover a surface more readily, but one deadens the colour thereby, as the tendency of the white is to make all tones grey and cold. The object of a colourist is to get the glow of nature's colour. And when Mr. North used body-colour years ago, he could only work against this cooling effect of the white, by infinite labour and trouble. There is no question about this Chinese-white being durable, or of its being a legitimate addition to water-colour painting. You can go further and say it enables you to get some tones that are impossible to get without it. It is simply a matter of feeling in the colourist. But the painter who has to satisfy a strong love of colour, will find Chinese-white a continual deadener of the glowing tones he endeavours to produce, whereas the painter who gives his principal attention to drawing and not to colour, will find Chinese-white greatly assist him in obtaining clever drawing

without much trouble. But having worked in both the methods, I declare wholly in favour of the absence of Chinese-white for water-colour painting.

I trust you have now gathered, among other things, that one of the features that a work of

art should possess is assuredly loveliness. And as the mere material has so much to do with the character of a work, the medium of water-colour stands at the head of all others for the production of this peculiar quality that we term "lovable." Unless a work possessed this all-endearing quality one could not live with it.

From the earliest Egyptian tempera paintings, to the Missals of the Middle Ages, and again to our own times, water-colour painting has gone through many changes and many phases until it reached its consummation in a single work by Frederick Walker called the "Fishmonger's Shop." But by its side must stand Mr. North's truly



MR. NORTH'S HOUSE AT ALGIERS, DESIGNED BY HIMSELF.

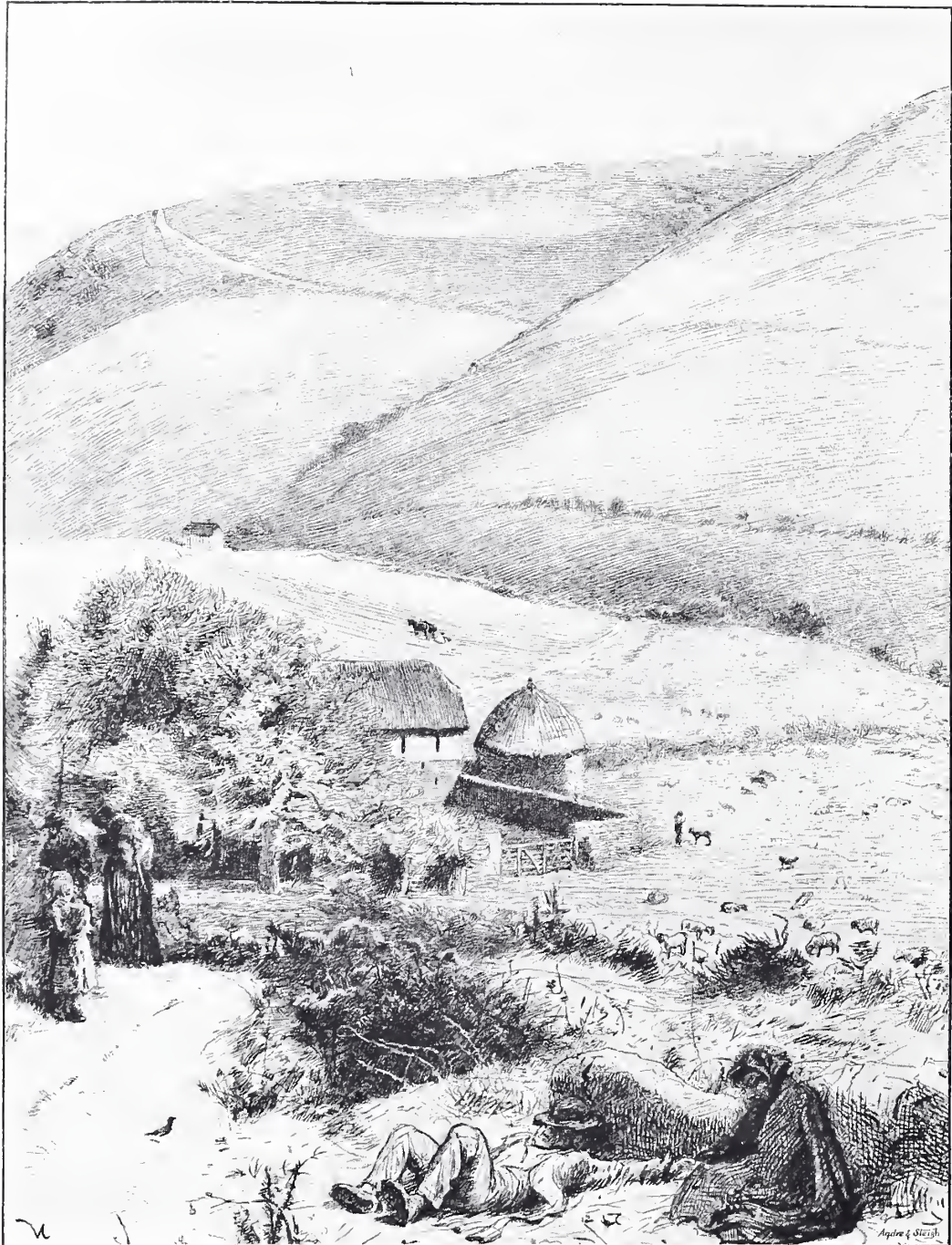
(Drawn by G. C. Haité.)



remarkable picture of "The Pear Tree," exhibited in 1892 at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

Let me now hope, in conclusion, that I have

will pay thousands for the work for which Mr. North now only gets hundreds, I am morally certain. But it really lies with you, the public, to bring about this change within a reasonable time,



FROM "JEAN INGELOW'S POEMS."

(Pen-and-Ink Drawing by J. W. North, A.R.A.)

opened out some new truths to you, and have succeeded in placing before your serious notice a painter whose name is yet destined to become a household word. That the Agnew of the future

so as to offer, before too late, some reward to this truly original and incorruptible painter, whose life has been one sacred devotion to the art that he considered the highest in his power to produce.





THE WESTMAN'S ISLANDS.

(Drawn by W. L. Telbin.)

## ICELAND.

By T. G. PATERSON.

ICELAND must always exercise a certain fascination on the imagination, as the refuge where the sterner spirits of the old Norse world found shelter across the stormy seas and amidst scenes as rugged and unconquerable as their own breasts from "the overbearing of King Harald." Such is the simple but graphic phrase ("fyrir ðfriki Haralds Konungs") in which the old Sagaman, who wrote the "Landnámabok" (the Domesday Book of Iceland), chronicles the chief cause which impelled so many of the more indomitable spirits of all rauks to emigrate from Norway and seek another world beyond the seas. Beaten as they were in fair stand-up fight by Harald Harfager, they were not conquered, because like the Englishmen, in whose veins so much of the old Norse blood flows, they did not know when they *were* beaten. There they could preserve untouched the freedom for which, like the Pilgrim Fathers of another age, they had sacrificed so much. And truly, in all its physical features, it was a very different land from their own pine-clad Norway. Iceland may be said to be a land of frost, and flood, and fire; of giant glaciers, icy jökulls, and lava-covered deserts; of volcanoes, sulphur mountains, and thermal springs. Its scenery abounds with mountain torrents, waterfalls, ice-scooped valleys, bold headlands, long winding fjords; you pass over scores of miles of country where the only alternation is from a lava-strewn plain to a morass, and from a morass to a long stretch of black volcanic sand. Mountains with the sharp serrated outline of the Sierra Morena beyond the nearer horizon, and beyond them a stretch of elevated ice-clad plateau. Such scenery as this is necessarily bold and savage in character. The Danes have a proverb, "God made the rest of the world, but the Devil made Iceland." Volcanic scenery is ever

penetrated by a spirit of weird desolation. Professor Bryce says, in a recent admirable article, that "Iceland looks as if it had been made by itself—by chance—by the uncontrolled action of natural causes, without any purpose to produce beauty." And indeed, were it not for the wonderful atmospheric effects, much of the Icelandic landscape would possess but little beauty. The sunsets are often very beautiful, and the ruddy reflections from lakes backed by purple mountains are very striking and picturesque. Moreover, on the snow-clad ranges the sky lends a colouring to the land, and an infinite variety of beautiful tints appears to illuminate the landscape.

When it rains unceasingly, when the wind blows a gale, and when the tops of the lowest mountains are obscured by thick leaden clouds which seem to press upon the earth, veiling it, as if "the twilight of the gods" and their last great battle with Fenris and Loki were indeed impending, then truly Iceland is dreary and unpicturesque in the extreme.

But the people who inhabit this desolate region of frost, and fire, and flood, who have suffered oppression in all its worst forms—misgovernments, war, pestilence, famine, earthquakes—have for a thousand years maintained a noble spirit of independence. They have preserved almost unaltered a language which is the parent of several languages of Northern Europe, and a literature which has but few counterparts—a literature of Eddas and Sagas, of mythological poems and semi-mythological prose histories. It has been well said that "there is nothing besides the Bible and the poem of Homer itself which can compare in all its elements of greatness with the Edda." William Morris says of the Volsunga Saga, "This is the great story of the North, which should be to our race what the Tale of Troy



was to the Greek." It must, moreover, be remembered that this literature was developed at a period

mail steamer, these islands tower up in perpendicular precipices, especially on the sea-front to the Western



REYKJAVIK BAY.

(Drawn by W. L. Telbin.)

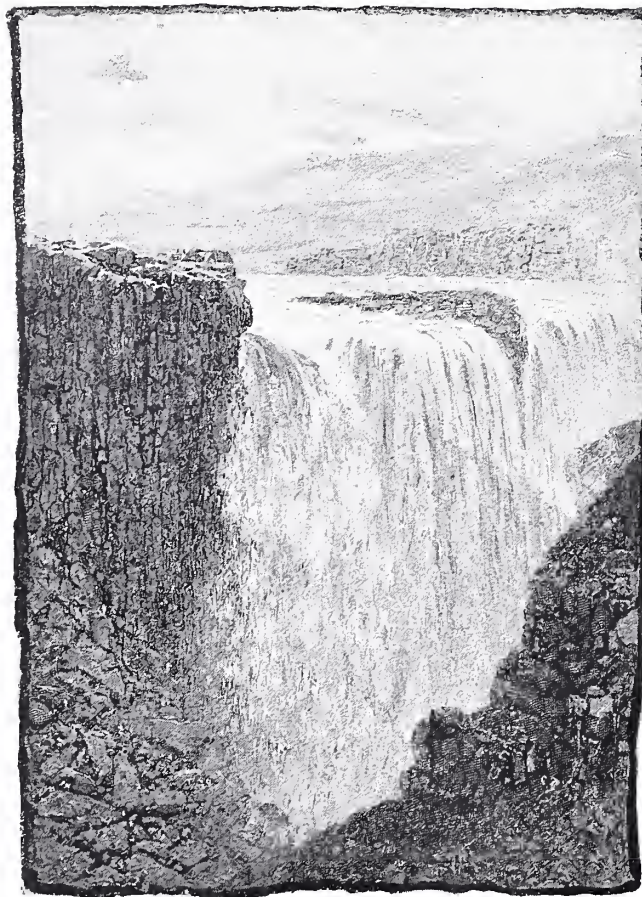
when many of the surrounding nations were not only without a literature of their own, but had not even commenced to form one.

Naturally the character and literature of the Icelanders have been materially influenced by the stern wild scenery of their birth-land, which is yet not without a majesty and beauty of its own, as will be seen from the land- and sea-scapes so admirably delineated by the pencil of Mr. Telbin.

The Faroe Isles, lying about midway between our own Northern Archipelagoes of Orkney and Shetland and the singular fragment of Scandinavian Europe which supplies the main subjects for Mr. Telbin's sketches, form a fitting portal for our entrance to the Land of the Vikings. Rising so abruptly from the sea that in many instances you could throw a biscuit ashore from the deck of the

Atlantic, to an immense height—in the case of Myling, in North-west Faroe, to the height of no less than 2,700 feet, forming one of the noblest sea-cliffs in the world. No more characteristic piece of Faroese

scenery could have been chosen than the bold rocky headland in North Faroe, which forms the subject of the illustration on the opposite page. It stands out like a giant sentinel keeping watch and ward over the North Atlantic, whose rollers are unchecked in their course by any intermediate land right up to the Palaeocrystic Ice. The twin "Drangr" at its feet (in which we recognise the same name as the well-known "Drongs" off Hills-wick Ness in St. Magnus Bay, Shetland), though comparatively dwarfed by their surroundings, are yet over 200 feet high, very similar to our own Isle of Wight Needles on a larger scale. The grey mists which hang



THE GULLFOSS.

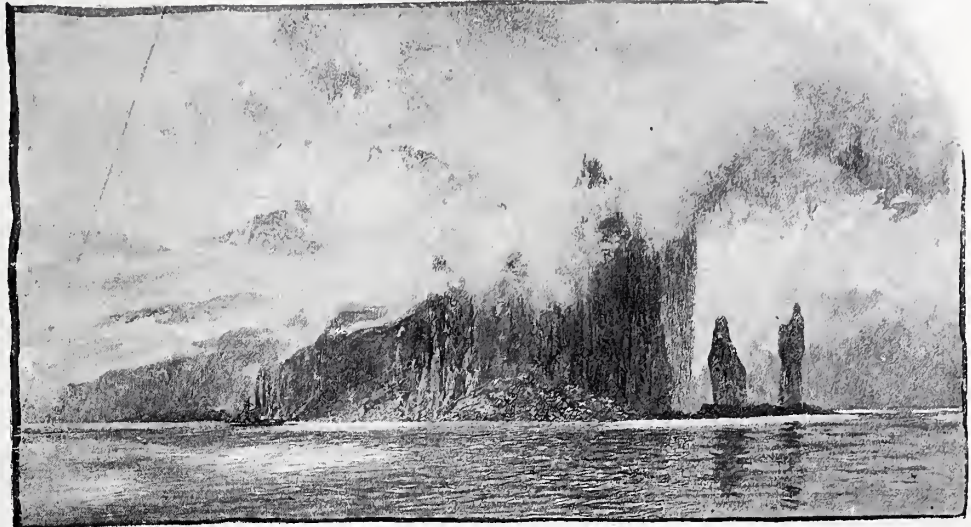
(Drawn by W. L. Telbin.)



around the summits of the mountains shed an air of mysterious grandeur about them.

Our first sight of Iceland brings us into a clearer, more vivid atmosphere. The Oræfa and Vatna Jökulls, which can be seen at a distance of 125 miles off at sea, rest like crisp, white clouds upon the horizon when the first "land fall" is made. A nearer approach brings them out in a magnificent range of snow-clad peaks, standing out in their maiden purity against a steely-blue sky. This northern abode of snow, while, of course, a mere pigmy compared with even the Alps, still more with the "Cailas" of the Hindu Khoosh and Himalayas, its highest peak being under 7,000

immense myriads of sea-birds, which in the breeding season positively darken the air when startled from their nests by the discharge of a gun from the passing steamer. They owe their name to the Irish serfs



CLIFFS ON THE FAROE ISLANDS.

(Drawn by W. L. Telbin.)

feet, has yet the immense advantage of rising directly from the sea-level, and thus presents a more imposing aspect than many inland mountain ranges of even double the altitude. Nothing can be more picturesque than the view of this snow-clad range on such a day as shown in our engraving, when "the thousand playful smiles of ocean's waves" are diversified by the spouting of a large "school" of whales in the near distance.

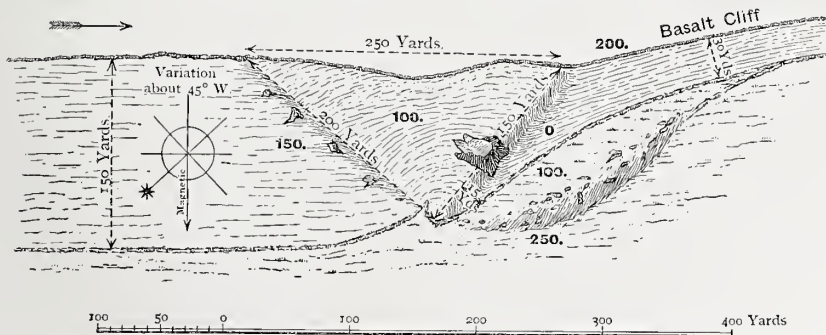
The Westmannaeyar or Westman's (Irishman's)

of one of the first Norwegian settlers in Iceland, who, after slaying their lord in a servile insurrection, took refuge in these islands from the vengeance of his family and friends. The latter, however, solved this little Irish question after the primitive manner of those days by "wiping them out" as effectually as Cromwell himself could have done.

These wild rocks, while without the majestic and mysterious grandeur of the Faroes, have a weird fascination of their own, surrounded as they are by the boiling tideways and "maelstroms" of the sub-arctic sea.

Rounding Reykjanes, the south-west extremity of the island, a few hours' steam brings us into Reykjavik Bay. Reykjavik, with a population of about 4,500 inhabitants, is a very unpretentious little capital, most of its humble edifices being of the modest type shown in the foreground of the drawing, while the houses of the mercantile

and official classes are of that familiar to us in a Norwegian seaport town. Looking out across the bay, one observes the island of Videy on the right, with the French man-of-war, which our neighbours across the Channel regularly send up for the protection of their very important cod fishery in



The Various Heights above the foot of the Main Fall are shown thus:—150.

PLAN OF THE GULLFOSS.

Islands, which are the next striking objects on the westward voyage along the south coast towards Reykjavik, are a small group of rugged, volcanic rocks rising abruptly from the Deucealedonian Main. Their jagged black outlines stand out boldly against the sky, and these cliffs are the nesting-place of



these waters, anchored off the point, and behind that on the horizon the long sweep of the northern shores of the Faxa Fiord, culminating in the magnificent bicuspid peak of the Snaefell Jökull. Nothing can be more lovely than the view of this noble mountain, especially when seen at sunrise and sunset, with the roseate rays of the orient and occident sun playing like a maiden's blush upon its pure snow-clad mass, symmetrical as Etna or Fusiyama. Rising to a height of about 5,000 feet, it is visible on a clear day from the south coast (over the intervening point of Reykjanæs) at a distance of nearly seventy miles,

white swirl and rush of the water down the rapids and the deep central chasm.

Two days' ride—in all seventy-five miles—over country across which you would not dare to take an English horse, as he would be dead-lamed at the end of the first hour's march, brings us to the far-famed Geysers. Properly speaking there is but one Geyser (gusher)—that which we generally designate the Great Geyser. The other *jets-d'eau* have all proper names of their own, such as Strókr (the Churn), &c.

The Great Geyser has the form of a flat trun-



BRIDGE ACROSS THE BRUARÀ.

(Drawn by W. L. Telbin.)

and it forms by far the most interesting object in the view from Reykjavik Bay.

From the capital on the Geyser-Gullfoss tour, the second day's ride brings us to the Bruarà. This large river, running in a basalt bed, forms a series of rapids for some hundred yards, while right in the middle of the river-bed is found a deep volcanic crevasse. Having forded the shallow part of the rapids, the hardy little Iceland ponies readily cross a narrow bridge of wet planks which spans the crevasse. To the north a wild tract of country stretches up in purple moorland *heidi* towards the snow-clad ranges of the Lang and Ok Jökull in the extreme background. The vivid metallic green, purple, and yellow of the vegetation along the river banks forms a pleasing contrast to the

erected cone, reared upon the slope of a hill overlooking an extensive tract of bog-land intersected by a river. On the hillside the height of this mound is some twenty feet, composed of siliceous sinter deposited by the water. The enclosed basin in its normal state, *i.e.*, between eruptions, resembles simply a pool of boiling-water of circular form, some fifty-six paces in circumference and  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep in the middle. The interior is as smooth as asphalt, and singularly regular in shape. A circular pipe descends vertically from the centre of the basin, and it is through this pipe that the water is supplied, keeping the basin full to the lip (which has a fretted appearance resembling coral), over which a small steaming rill continually trickles. Through this pipe also the jet of water, when the Geyser is in





THE GULLFOSS.  
(Drawn by W. L. Telbin.)



a state of eruption, is projected to a height which has been variously estimated at from 100 to 150 feet. The action continues for several minutes, though seldom exceeding six or eight. The intervals elapsing between the eruptions vary from hours to days: the eruptions being most frequent, as well as grandest, after heavy rains.

Unlike the Great Geyser, Strókr is a geyser which can be irritated into violent action by throwing in a quantity of sods, which block up the narrow pipe and thus cause the steam to accu-

mulate beneath them. The orifice is nine feet in diameter, but it narrows to eleven inches about twenty feet below the surface, thus making it quite easy to "take a rise" out of Strókr.

Last, and perhaps grandest and most glorious of all the subjects of our illustrations, is that magnificent waterfall, the Gullfoss (Golden Waterfall), the Niagara of Iceland, and certainly one of the noblest waterfalls in Europe (if Iceland is to be held to belong to the Old World rather than to the New). The Hvitá—one of the largest rivers in the island—after running for some distance through a tremendous volcanic gorge of black scoriaceous lava, where the pent-up stream is scourged and lashed into foam, as

it is driven along over the horrent reefs and ridges of its rocky bed, at length escapes into a wider channel, and shortly thereafter plunges in a mad torrent over what may be called the First Cataract—

broken and divided into some half-dozen falls by separating rocky ridges. A further course of some 300 yards of boiling rapids brings the stream to the verge of a tremendous cañon, into which it plunges majestically, with a roar which can be heard at the distance of some miles on a calm day. This second—the Great—Cataract, like its

American prototype, is divided midway by a small island, and the abyss into which it plunges crosses the main direction of the river-bed almost at right angles, resembling very much in its character the Mosioatunya or Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. Seen on a dull, gloomy day, when the Great Fall and its surroundings have no glinting sunshine to relieve their stern, wild grandeur, and when the drifting cloud-rack is illumined only by the lurid glare of a thunder-storm, as shown in our larger sketch, it does not require much stretch of fancy to imagine it a landscape from the scenery of the Inferno, or from the realms of Hela, the Proserpine of the Northern Mythology.



THE GEYSER AND STRÓKR.

(Drawn by W. L. Telbin.)



DISTANT VIEW OF ICELAND—WHALES SPOUTING.

(Drawn by W. L. Telbin.)



## SIR JOHN GILBERT'S GIFT TO THE CITY OF LONDON.—II.

WE here reproduce the remainder of the pictures comprised in Sir John Gilbert's gift to the Art Gallery connected with the Guildhall. The work. The five oil paintings have all been exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the water-colours, with the exception of "Edward III. at the



THE ENCHANTED FOREST. (*Water-Colour.*)

collection makes an imposing appearance, consisting as it does of sixteen examples of the artist's best work. "Edward III. at the Siege of Calais," have all been seen at the exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society.

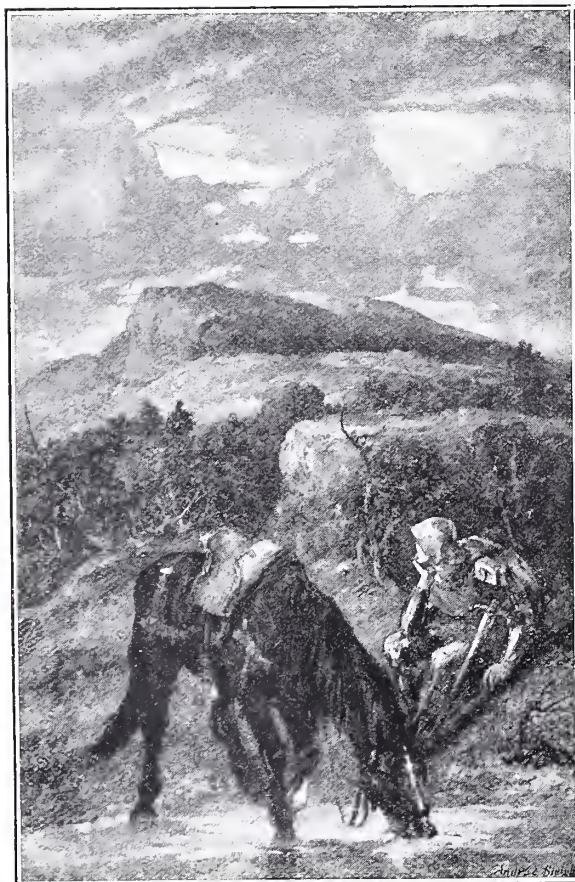


THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES PASSING ST. JAMES'S PALACE ON THEIR WAY TO THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM. (*Water-Colour*)





THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT. (Oil-Painting.)

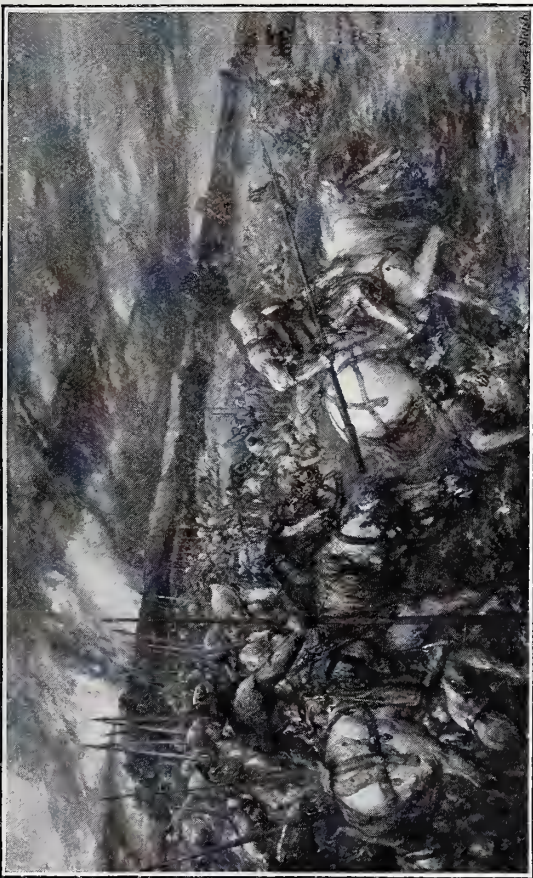


THE KNIGHT ERRANT. (Water-Colour.)

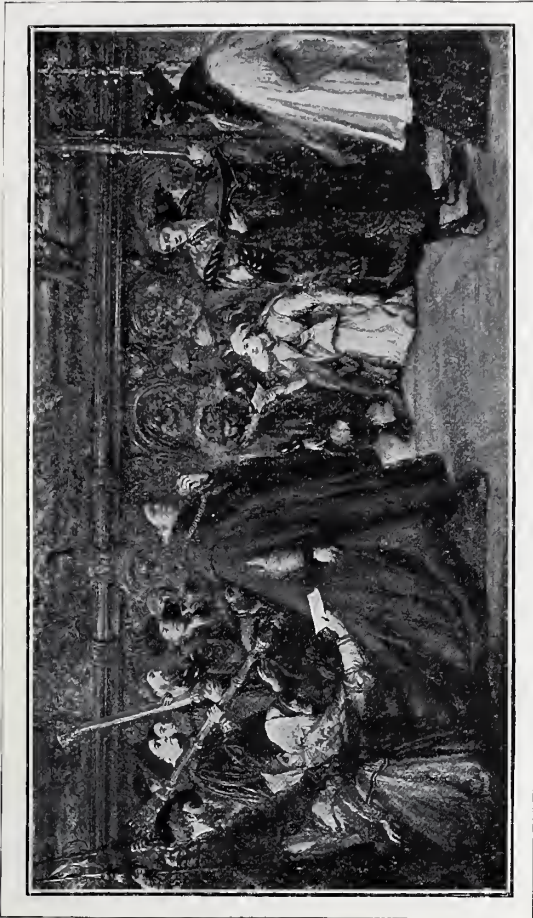


A BISHOP. (Water-Colour.)

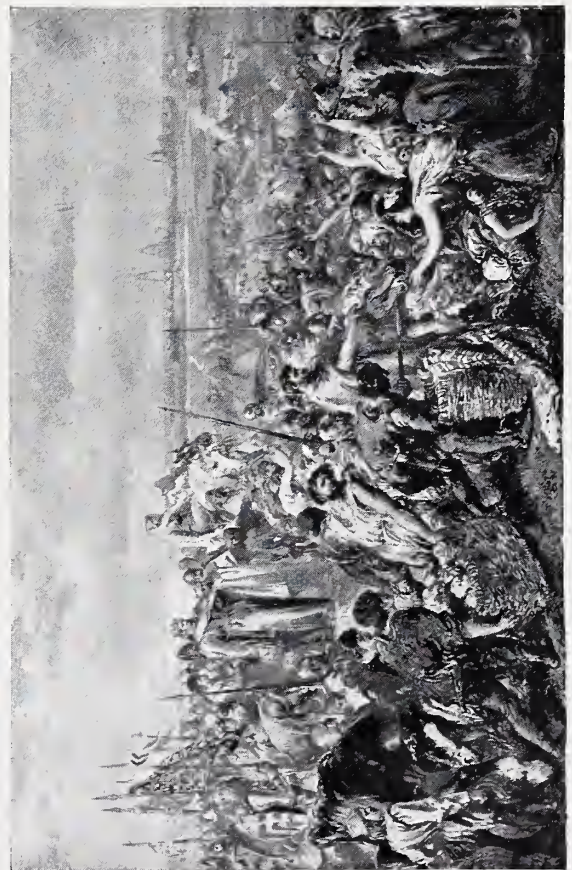




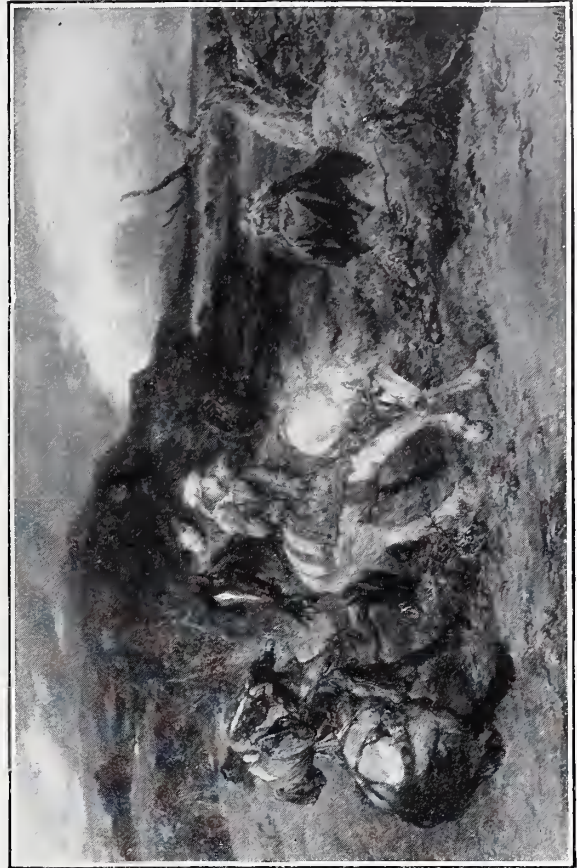
AFTER THE BATTLE. (Water-Colour.)



CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS WAY TO WESTMINSTER HALL. (Water-Colour.)



EDWARD III. AT THE SIEGE OF CALAIS. (Water-Colour.)



THE WITCH. (Water-Colour.)





SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE. (Oil-Painting.)

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 OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.
 

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WE referred last month in the "Chronicle of Art" (p. xxxvi) to the fact that M. Ferdinand Roybet had gained the *médaille d'honneur* at the Salon. His pictures were "Charles le Téméraire à Nesles" and "Propos Galants." We also recorded the election of M. Benjamin-Constant to the Institut de France, who was thus consoled in a measure for his defeat at the Salon by M. Roybet.



FERDINAND ROYBET.

(From a Photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.)

Several additions have re-

cently been made to the British section at the National Gallery. Reproductions of three of the pictures are here presented. "Beatrice Knighting Esmond," by A. L. Egg, R.A. (No. 1,385), was purchased from the fund bequeathed by the late Mr. Francis Clarke; and "A View in Hampshire" (No. 1,384), by Nasmyth, was bequeathed by Colonel Alexander B. Read. With respect to the third, "Salvator Mundi" (No. 1,382), it is impossible to believe that this feeble rendering of so great and fine a subject



BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

(From a Photograph by Eug. Pivov, Paris.)



should have come from the powerful brush of J. Jackson, R.A., to whom it is attributed; indeed, the son of the artist repudiates it altogether as the work

two makes the doubt of the former picture being genuine very strong indeed. This unsatisfactory canvas was presented by the Rev. John Gibson.



BEATRICE KNIGHTING ESMOND.

(From the Painting by A. L. Egg, R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

of his father. In the adjoining room to that in which this picture is hung is a portrait of the Rev. Holwell Carr by Jackson, which is peculiarly illustrative of the artist's manner; a comparison of the

The portraits of the late Duke of Clarence and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught were commissioned by the Chiefs of the province of Katuawar—in the Bombay Presidency—to adorn the walls of their



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

(From the Painting by Alf. U. Soord.)



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

(From the Painting by C. L. Burns.)



Durbar Hall at Rajkote in remembrance of visits paid by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in 1887, and the Duke of Clarence when he made

which is to accompany these other two portraits. The small terra-cotta group of "Greek Wrestlers," reproduced on this page, is the work of the late J.



VIEW IN HAMPSHIRE.

(From the Painting by P. Nasmyth. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

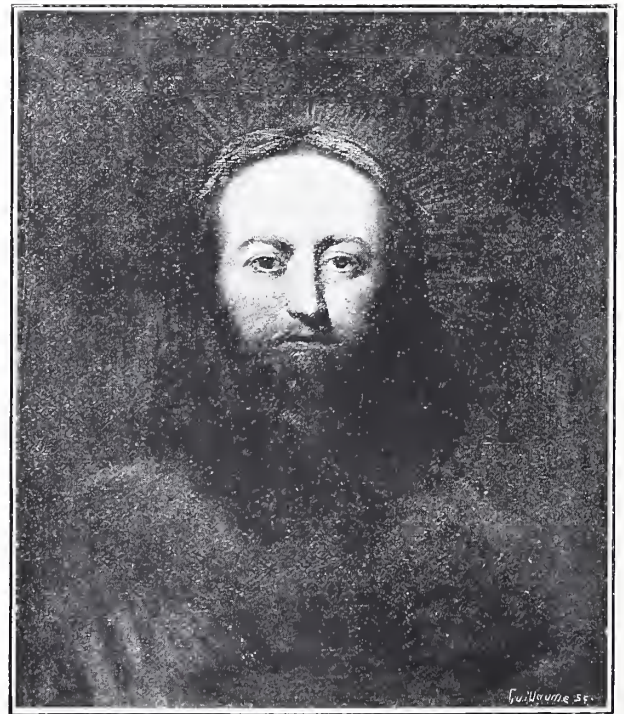
the tour of India. Both artists, Messrs. Alf. U. Soord and C. L. Burns, are pupils of Professor Hubert Herkomer, R.A., by whom they were recommended to the Prince of Wales. Mr. Macbeth Raeburn has executed a copy of Angeli's portrait of the Queen,

Gott, a sculptor who worked some years ago in Rome. The group, which is only 1 foot 10½ inches in height, expresses the best characteristics of Greek art. It was presented to the Nottingham Art Gallery by Mr. Henry J. Pfungst, F.S.A., of London.



THE GREEK WRESTLERS.

(From the Group by J. Gott. Recently presented to the Nottingham Art Gallery.)



SALVATOR MUNDI.

(From the Painting attributed to J. Jackson, R.A. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



## PORTRAITS OF CARDINAL MANNING.

BY WILFRID MEYNELL.

IT has been said that Cardinal Manning sat for his photograph in the service of his religion. The jibe had a certain aptitude, since the face of the

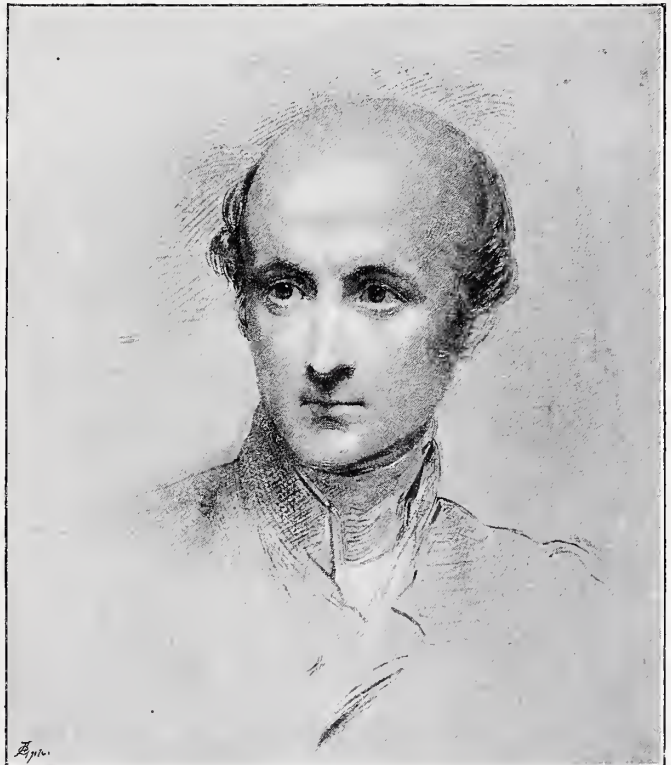


CARDINAL MANNING (1812).  
(From a Miniature.)

Archbishop was a sort of epitome of his faith. It was a map of a spiritual journey and a journey to Rome. The world in general is disappointed with its heroes' looks. Sir Frederic Leighton as President of the Royal Academy, and Manning as Archbishop—the generation is fortunate to have seen two faces exceptionally and exactly fitting the positions. What is responsible for the ideals which the world forms one cannot off-hand say. Sincere portrait-painting, one might think, should already have righted the world's expectations. But all other branches of the art have set themselves to create an ideal which the flesh does not ratify. No Old Master has dared to give an ascetic a mountainous figure; yet "the Angel of the Schools," St. Thomas Aquinas, had a girth as great as that of the Tichborne Claimant—so Lord Coleridge took care to remind us when Dr. Kenealy said that all stout men were stupid. Pope Pius IX. and Pope Leo XIII. were akin in the frugality of their fare; but if the portly Pius, rather than the lean Leo, now occupied

the Vatican, the imagination of the world would be differently affected, and there might not be so many cordial greetings interchanged between Windsor and Rome. Here in London, after Wiseman—the springs of his carriage once broke under his bulk—came Manning, scant of flesh. This was a great advantage he had over his predecessor, and over many of his contemporaries. He not only was an ascetic, but he also looked one.

The picturesque face has passed away; but no one can assert that while it was here it was neglected by painters of all kinds, by draughtsmen, sculptors, makers of medallions, photographers. To have a decorative face and boundless good-nature is, in these days, to be an industrious sitter. Applications for sittings came to Archbishop's House from all sorts and conditions of artists of the brush and of the sun; and what favour did Cardinal Manning ever refuse? "A man never feels so foolish as when the photographer tells him of the



CARDINAL MANNING (1844).  
(From a Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.)

uncovering of the camera," said he; yet who made himself so willing and so constant a victim? It was not always an Oules among painters or a



Barrand among photographers that made himself heard. Men with nothing but a doubtful fortune to commend them sought a sitting as a kindness which was somehow to get them out of a difficulty—and these were irresistible. Considering the number of portraits of the Cardinal that appeared in popular periodicals, one does not see how the cheap photographer of the suburbs made much capital by his negative; nor can one suppose the prevalent impression that the owner of Norfolk House would be a willing purchaser of every Cardinalial canvas was always justified. To make a list of these lesser performances would be to occupy space which is not here at command.

The father of Cardinal Manning was one of those merchant princes who in all times and places have been the most important clients of the artist.



CARDINAL MANNING (1882).

(From a Drawing by G. F. Watts, R.A., after the Painting.)

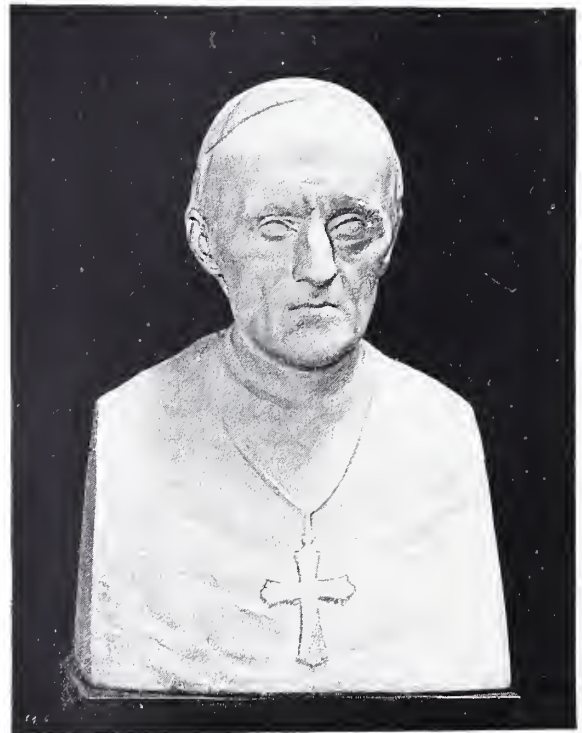
There is a portrait of him by Romney, and there is a bust by Chantrey. The bust recalls the British Museum bust of Caesar, which might pass, by the way, as a presentment of one of the Cardinal's nephews—the late Rev. W. H. Anderdon. Mr. Froude has dwelt on the resemblance between Caesar and Cardinal Newman. The likeness was far more apparent between Caesar and that other great opponent of Caesarism—Manning. The first portrait for which the inveterate sitter of future years consciously sat shows him as a child of seven, looking younger.

The portrait is a fancy one, but the eyes and the forehead of the future Cardinal are easily recognised. The child is on the sea-shore listening to a shell; and certainly no message from the sea could be more marvellous in his ears than the story of his own future destiny. The



CARDINAL MANNING (1879).

(From the Bust by Signor Raggi.)



CARDINAL MANNING (1887).

(From the Bust by Havard Thomas.)



sketch of the "delightful child" had a place on the walls of the library in the paternal house at Totteridge till burglars one night bore it away. It was next seen in a dealer's shop in London, and was repurchased, afterwards passing into the possession of his Eminence's sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Manning.

description of him as one of the three handsomest of his contemporaries.

The impressions of another Prime Minister are at hand. Lord Beaconsfield was a closer observer in the pen-and-ink portraits he drew in his novels than most people suppose. In "Eudymion" the Archbishop of Tyre—Nigel Penruddock—after his secession from Anglicanism goes to Rome, as Manning did. On his return to England "Nigel was changed. Instead of that anxious and moody look which formerly marred the refined beauty of his countenance, his glance was calm and yet radiant. He was thinner—it might almost be said emaciated—which seemed to add height to his tall figure.' Curiously enough, Thomas Mozley, an acute observer, who knew Manning first as an Oxford freshman, records that "he seemed taller" in the days



CARDINAL MANNING AND MR. H. REEVE.  
(From a Sketch by R. Doyle, in the British Museum.)

Cardinal Manning died while the Victorian Exhibition was in mid-career. Had it been opened a few weeks later there would have been a memorable addition to the collection of crayon portraits by Mr. George Richmond, R.A.—the portrait of Henry Edward Manning, Rector of Lavington, Archdeacon of Chichester, and Select Preacher before the University of Oxford. The Archdeacon was a very young archdeacon; but his baldness made him venerable in appearance, as he already was in official title. His brother-in-law, Henry Wilberforce, used to make it a playful grievance that, though really a little older, he was always supposed to be younger than the Venerable Henry Edward Manning, and that he was often asked to be quiet because the Archdeacon was speaking. Despite this premature baring of the already deep brow, the Manning of those days, no less than the Manning of later life, easily justified Mr. Gladstone's



CARDINAL MANNING.  
(From a Sketch by R. Doyle, in the British Museum.)

of the Vatican Council. The "moodiness" is certainly somewhat apparent in the Richmond portrait. It had not quite vanished from the photographs taken during the first years of Manning's Catholic



life in Bayswater. But there is no trace of it to be found in the features of the Archbishop, a title which he bore from the summer of 1865.

Round the walls of the dining-room at Arch-

Bishop Bramstone, saying he wanted a wife, adding the usual modest conditions—she must be young, rich, and pretty. “Oh, you are mistaken,” said the Bishop; “my name is Bramstone, not Brimstone—



CARDINAL MANNING (1888).

(From the Painting by W. W. Oulless, R.A.)

bishop's House are ranged a company of ecclesiastics—the Vicars Apostolic of the London district, as the predecessors of Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning were called. Cardinal Manning as he sat at his frugal meals faced the portrait of Bishop Bramstone. There was more than ordinary in common between the two men; for both had been born Protestants, and had been devoted husbands, before they wore the Roman purple. The Cardinal had a matrimonial story to tell of this predecessor of his. One day a male member of the flock approached

do not make matches." The latest addition to the collection is the portrait of Manning, painted more than twenty years ago. It shows him three-quarter face, inflexible of purpose, but without the mitigating tenderness and the illuminating spirituality of expression which marked him from all others in his later years.

Legros, in his etching, and Watts, in his oil-painting, well illustrated two of the Cardinal's characteristics—simplicity and austerity. These qualities give an interest and a distinction to works



which as portraits are otherwise less than successes. The clear surfaces in the face rendered by Legros are a vacant representation of the furrowed face of the Cardinal; and altogether it is the French abbé of high breeding and of a placidly Catholic existence from the cradle that is shown to us, and not an English leader of religious thought at a time when religious thought was in the throes of a revolution. In Watts's portrait there are the same conspicuous absences. One of the leading critics said of it: " 'Cardinal Manning,' in his red cape and

underlined the last words. "Show this to Mr. Watts," he wrote to me, "and say, 'See what comes of being true to life!'" But his playful quarrel with the portrait did not end with this. Standing before the photogravure of it, he complained of one aspect of it as a libel. "It has made me a little tipsy about the nose, because I am a tectotaller!"

Mr. Long's portrait is less good as a likeness, and it is destitute of the artistic character belonging to the portraits of Watts and Legros. While sitting to Mr. Long, the Cardinal one day arrived unex-



CARDINAL MANNING (1892).

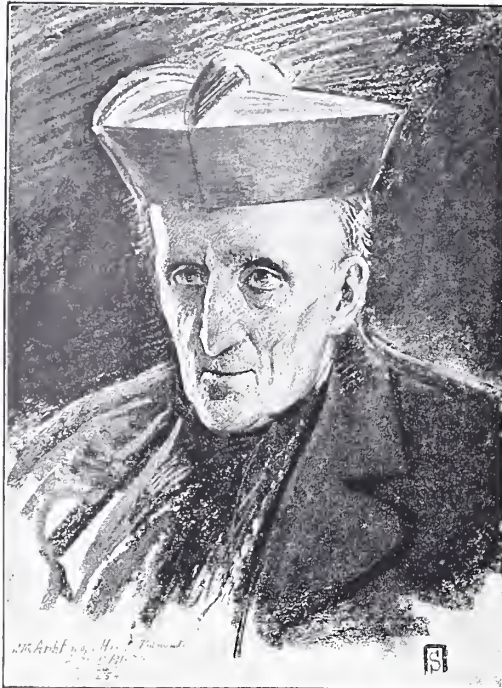
(From the Dry-Point by Mortimer Menpes.)

biretta, his strangely emaciated features loaded with thought, is intensely powerful and pathetic, but by no means one of the most agreeable of Mr. Watts's portraits." The Cardinal cut out the passage and

peetedly, and, by some accident, went into the studio where the painter was at work on an undraped model. All the Archbishop's sympathies were with Mr. Horsley on this point, and before his stern eye



the "shilling-an-hour victim" fled in dismay. "Poor thing," he said to the painter; "is she one of my



CARDINAL MANNING (1891).  
(From the Sketch by Ponsonby Staples.)

flock?" With the name of Mr. Oules closes the list of Academicians to whom his Eminence sat. The same painter had Cardinal Newman as a sitter two or three years before. Considering the success which Sir John Millais achieved with his Newman, one cannot but regret that he did not produce a companion Manning. Once I ventured to suggest that he should not miss so great an opportunity. "But I have no time," was his reply.

Among the latest of the portraits for which Cardinal Manning gave sittings were those of Mr. Ponsonby Staples and Mr. Mortimer Menpes. Mr. Staples's was a sketch in oils, made for the purposes of a large picture of the last public reception given by the Cardinal—a picture which is to be added to the collection at Archbishop's House. Mr. Menpes chose, and happily chose, the etching-needle to portray the lined face of his sitter. Of all the portraits of the Cardinal this is, I think, the most satisfactory. It has reproduced the gravity of the sitter without burlesquing it into dulness; it preserves his austerity without sacrificing his gentleness, and it gives him his spareness and the caverns of his countenance without the hard and forbidding angularity into which others have been betrayed.

This plate is unique, too, as bearing the signature of the Cardinal, made by him with the etching-needle upon the copper—an inscription which, of course, comes out reversed upon the printed impressions.

One thing must be said in excuse of the painters and others who somehow missed to get the real Manning, and that is the difficulty he had in behaving as sitters should. All his experience did not teach him to sit still. His activities were intense, and he could not keep his mouth at rest. If he was not talking he was smiling, silently expressing by his lips more than most men can by open speech. And this difficulty of composure was all the greater to him when he was face to face with artists, men differing from those with whom his duties commonly led him into contact—men whose frankness of mind and speech he much admired, and whom he found full of intelligence of a direct and simple kind, which particularly appealed to him. Artists, therefore, who asked Manning not to talk or move while they drew his mouth got, as a result, a mouth which somehow was not to be known as his at all.



CARDINAL MANNING.  
(From the Portrait by William Waterhouse, in the Possession of Mr. Elliott. Photographed by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)



Carols of the Year.

Hail, kind September, friend whose grace  
Renews the bland year's bounteous face  
With largess given of corn and wine  
Through many a band that laughs with love  
Of thee and all the heaven above,  
More fruitful sound than all save thine  
Whose skies fulfil with strenuous cheer  
The fervent fields that knew thee near.



SEPTEMBER.

(Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)



## JULES CHÉRET.

BY ROBERT H. SHERARD.

IT is M. Jules Chéret's idea that the most beautiful thing in the world is a bouquet of flowers, and it is his desire and ambition that each piece of

thousand-three-hundredth *affiche* or pictorial bill. It has been said of Jules Chéret that as time has gone on, and principally in order to distinguish his work from that of the hundred and one imitators of his style, he has modified his process, both in respect of draughtsmanship and of colouring, and that a very great difference, not to say improvement, is to be noticed between his latest work and that with which attention was first drawn to him some two-and-twenty years ago. This statement can be denied, and is denied by none more warmly than by the artist himself. He claims to have followed without a single deviation the line which, when he first began to paint for the streets of Paris, he struck out for himself: and this, indeed, he considers one of the triumphs of his artistic career—to have found his road at so early a period, and to have followed it to the end without wavering. His object was to produce "joyful, living, nosegay" work—to quote his own words—to brighten up the grey monochrome of the Paris streets, and to prove that a piece of work can be a work of art, even if only printed on paper and destined to be pasted in the street.

The striking originality of M. Chéret's work, both in the matter of colour and of design, results, no doubt, from the fact that he is the pupil, that is to say, the unconscious imitator, of nobody. His pictures are his own absolute creations. If influence of any sort may be traced in his work, it is at the best but a souvenir of Watteau and of Fragonard seen with the most modern of eyes, and this influence M. Chéret

is the first to admit, though he prefers to describe himself as working at the suggestion—in the pathological sense of the word—of Correggio, Franz Hals, and, above all, of Tiepolo, engravings of whose works cover the walls of his *atelier*. And though, no doubt, traces of the influence of Franz Hals may be found in some of the male figures of his more emblematic designs, just as to some degree



JULES CHÉRET.

(Drawn by J. Besnard. Engraved by Romagnol.)

work, pastel or poster, signed with his name, should produce the same effect of joy and life and colour as does the sight of a nosegay. To this ideal the artist claims to have remained faithful from the first, since the time when, an exile in London, he designed pictorial show-cards for a Regent Street perfumer and illustrated covers for a Strand publisher, till to-day, when he is giving the finishing touches to his one-



also the ethereal poses of the Parisian artist's females may have been inspired by the soaring divinities of the Venetian painter, there is certainly no living

of his figures are, it is pointed out, in most cases unnatural. It is contested that no men or women ever ran or danced or leaped as Chéret's men and



PANTOMIME.

(From the Panel by Jules Chéret.)

artist whose artistic atavism is less easy to define than Jules Chéret's. To begin with, his chief originality consists in a way of depicting movement which academically is wrong, and which his critics are never tired of reproaching him with. The attitudes

women run and dance and leap. Certainly, after the strict rules of draughtsmanship, the designs are incorrect, and no one is more ready to admit this than the artist himself. He will, however, defend himself by saying that what he above all desires is to



produce the effect of life and movement, that the means are justified by the end, and that in criticising the representation of a movement it must be remembered that when a person runs, or dances, or leaps,



(From a Poster in Colours by Chéret.)

each single movement of the many that combine to produce this effect of running, dancing, or leaping cannot be detected, and that it is the artist's right to choose which of the many single movements may best represent the entire combination. In other words, Chéret's designs may be compared to instantaneous photographs of moving beings, idealised and intensified to the point at which they shall best produce the effect of life and movement, the effect invariably aimed at by the painter. Idealisation and intensification—not to use the word exaggeration—are, indeed, the principal factors in M. Chéret's artistic process, and just as there never were such postures as he depicts, so never either were such men and women seen as his. And this, perhaps, is the chief charm of the painter who has come in an age of the crudest realism. His women are one and all idealisations of that particular daughter of Eve whose generic name is *la Parisienne*, a woman as distinct and different from the rest of her sex as

the Japanese *mousmé* is distinct and different from the Georgian or Circassian, a combination of grace and elegance and femininity artificially produced and enhanced by the arts and manufactures of the *coiffeur*, the mantle-maker, and the perfumer. To some extent typical of this most modern of human products are Mme. Réjane, Mme. Sizos, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and the little milliner-girls of the Rue de la Paix; but in no one person is the Chéret type, which is a synthesis of a dozen types, to be found. That this is so will be all the more apparent when it is remembered that M. Jules Chéret never uses a model for his designs, that his women are the pure creations of his brain, that his hand is guided by memory and imagination alone, and that it is one of his principles that exaggeration of type is indispensable if a striking effect is to be produced.

In the matter of colour, in which M. Chéret's originality is not less pronounced than in his design, it is economy rather than taste that influenced him in his choice. A separate stone having to be engraved for each colour used for printing his *affiches*, he was obliged, taking into consideration the purses of his clients, to limit the number of his colours, as also the quantities to be used in each *affiche*. Rarely has economy in the matter of artistic production been productive of such excellent effect. It has



(From a Poster in Colours by Chéret.)

been given to M. Chéret to draw from the three primordial colours of red, blue, and yellow—"the three shrillest trumpet-notes," as he calls them—



effects which other artists disposing of all their palettes may well envy. Strangely enough, the artist is alone to regret the restraint which a necessary economy imposes, and it is to his pastels, rather than to his *affiches*, that he points as the realisation of his ideas on colour, in the application of which he describes himself as being strongly influenced by the Japanese in their enthusiasm for bright tones. But in his colour, as in his designs, the object of his artistic work—that is to say, to produce an effect of joy and life as in a nosegay of flowers, is never lost sight of. M. Chéret is not only a painter, he is also a poet and a philosopher. It will be a revelation to many to hear that this joyous and exuberant artist, whose delight in life and movement and gladness is revealed on every wall in Paris, is one of the warmest admirers of that most melancholy of philosophers, the German pessimist, Schopenhauer. It is difficult to understand his assertion that he has been more influenced by his study of the mournful reflections of the ealamitous philosopher of Frankfort than by

brilliances of the red and the blue and the yellow. However this may be, the philosopher in many of M. Chéret's posters peeps out behind the painter. It is possible that in his heart of heart some element of satire influences him when he depicts his *Parisiennes* and, above all, their male companions; but if satire there be, it is so delicately applied that



(From a Poster in Colours by Chéret.)



(From a Poster in Colours by Chéret.)

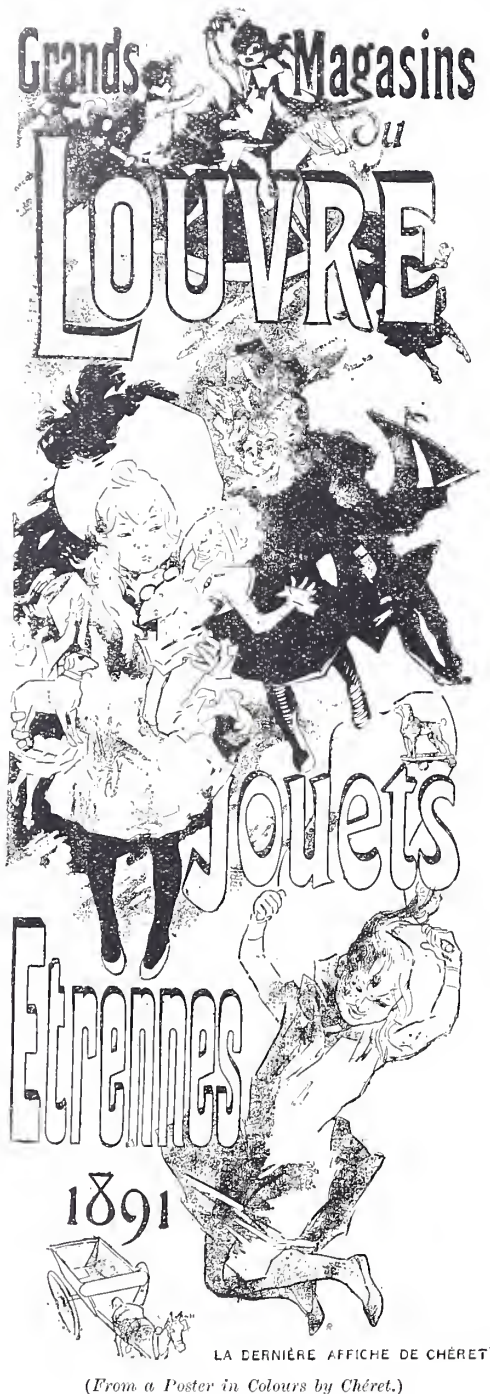
any other books which he has read, unless, indeed, it was by contrast and contradiction, the resolve coming to him to show in Schopenhauer's despite, that life is beautiful after all, that women and wine and song were rightly exalted by German philosophers of a more genial temper, and that if black there must be in this world, it should only, as in his posters, be used to throw into stronger relief the joyous

it is most generally overlooked. It is in other ways that the philosophy of M. Chéret manifests itself. Look, for instance, at the famous poster which he designed for the advertisement of M. Emile Zola's novel "La Terre." It is in its way as remarkable a work of art as Millet's "Homme à la Houe" or any other of the Barbizon poetisations of the sombre dignity of toil. This poster represented a weather-beaten peasant sitting by the wayside, and in the background was a melancholy landscape, with labouring horses dragging a heavy plough. This *affiche* produced an immense impression in Paris, and, no doubt, contributed in a large measure to the success of a book of which M. Zola has but little reason to be proud. All the pitiful story of the French peasant was in this figure and in this scene, and their creation at once raised the artist to the highest ranks. It is not, however, M. Chéret's fortune to be at liberty to choose subjects so entirely suited to his genius as was this. By the very nature of his enterprise he is obliged to apply his talents to such subjects as his customers propose to him. One day it is a patent rice-powder, another day a mowing-machine, on a third a popular amusement resort, on a



fourth a kind of petroleum or a speciality in straw hats that he is obliged to illustrate. Yet never did any Pegasus in any plough make a braver appearance. It is his to beautify and to idealise whatever he touches. What *tableautin*, for instance, could be more charming than the poster, a reproduction of which is given on p. 371, advertising the Poudre Diaphane—one of the Chéret *affiches* which is most eagerly sought after by the collectors. Side by

representation of the scene in the Opera *foyer*. But out of the thirteen hundred *affiches* which he



(From a Poster in Colours by Chéret.)

side with this may be ranked his poster advertising Grévin's waxwork show and depicting the



(From a Poster in Colours by Chéret.)

has produced—from the first, which was an advertisement of Valentino's dancing-rooms down to the one which he is finishing to-day, and which has this peculiarity, that for once the ballerina whom it is destined to advertise is shown in pink instead of the familiar vermilion—it would be difficult, so little has the artist's execution and formula varied, to pick out and select work as more remarkable than all the rest. Still, what may be considered Chéret's very best work are four panels, which were specially designed to meet the wishes of those who so greatly admired his work that they used to cover their walls with posters bought from the bill-stickers or from agents who came by them by nightly larceny. These four panels are entitled respectively "Musie," "Daneing," "Comedy," and "Pantomime," the third and fourth of which are illustrated on pp. 369 and 373. These panels, as are the others, were specially designed for decorative purposes, and are printed in eight colours on thick paper. The dress of the figure which idealises Comedy is in satin, of crushed-cherry colour. The naked breast is lighted up with moonbeams. The hair is of that Venetian red which



Mme. Sarah Bernhardt made fashionable, and with which, perhaps as a consequence of this, Chéret has other masks which in her caprice she has discarded. Behind her appears the serious countenance of M. de



COMEDY.

(From the Panel by Jules Chéret.)

endowed his typical *Parisienne*. In her hand, too heavy for her taper fingers, she holds a Pierrot mask, towards which she smiles; falling from her are

Pourceaugnac, the grinning face of Scapin, escorted by the comic apothecaries of the tradition of Molière. In the panel entitled "Pantomime" we are shown



a coquettish columbine playing with her fan while Pierrot whispers words of love in her ear and harlequin menaces with his bat. It was, doubtless, after looking at these panels that Huysmans wrote of Chéret's work: "Il y a mille fois plus de talent dans la plus mince des affiches de Chéret que dans la plupart des tableaux d'un Salon."

Now though Chéret has shown that when he is free to choose his subjects, and can give his artistic instinct full course, he can produce, as in his pastels and in these four panels, specially designed and executed for the lovers of his art, most excellent work, it is still not at all to be regretted that circumstances make it necessary for him to devote his time almost exclusively to the special work with which his name is connected. We might possibly be able to spare Chéret the pastellist, or Chéret the decorator, but one does not see what Paris would be without Chéret *Paffichier*. The very difficulties which the imposition of an often repellent subject lay upon the artist seem only to inspire him to greater triumphs. And doubtless also the contrast between the subject and its execution has much to do with the very sincere pleasure that the contemplation of these posters evokes. What, for instance, could be a more charming poetisation of that most prosaic of commodities, a patent toilet soap, than the picture, a reproduction of which is shown on p. 372, which represents the daintiest of damsels just about to use this particular article? The advertisement is there

in every detail, from the name of the manufacture in largest of letters down to a representation not only of the soap itself, but of the box in which it is sold, none other being genuine. Yet so deftly are these commercial items introduced into the picture that they in no way interfere with the artistic enjoyment that one feels in contemplating it. This is the idealisation of that art which the magnates of the Beaux-Arts so long refused to recognise, and which is known in France by the generic name of "les arts industriels."

M. Chéret proposes to hold an exhibition of as many of his posters as he is able to bring together, in London next year. The exhibition will unfortunately be incomplete, the artist having neglected to keep copies of all his works. Such as it will be, however, this exhibition cannot fail to be one of the most interesting to which the art-loving public has been invited for many years past. Interesting, not only by reason of the genius that inspired and executed these works of art, but by the intense modernity of their *raison d'être*. Here is work for the delight of the people, which sprang into existence—not at the bidding nor under the patronage of the great—but as an envoy from trade to the passers in the street. Here is the artist turned *trouvére*, and singing in the streets. It is one more proof of the democratic spirit which is the life-breath of trade, and a guarantee of the benefits which that democratic spirit must confer on the masses.

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### "THE BLIND GIRL."

BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

**T**HIS beautiful picture—which, as we have before stated, was presented to the Municipal Gallery of Birmingham by Mr. Alderman Kenrick, as a permanent record of the great success attending the Exhibition of Works of the English Pre-Raphaelites in 1891—ought by rights to have found its home in Liverpool. For with the most important public act of the Liverpool Academy is it connected.

The work was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856, when Sir John Millais had been three years an Associate and Pre-Raphaelitism was still unpopular. The colour in "The Blind Girl" was curtly adjudged by the *Art Journal* as being "most unnatural," and the same authority denounced the school as a "heresy," while "the manner of execution, so called, is so easy of attainment." Two years later it was exhibited at Liverpool, and was awarded the prize, though the public feeling favoured Abraham Solomon's "Waiting for the Verdict." Mr. Alfred Hunt, one of the judges, appealed to Mr. Ruskin, who wrote congratulating

him on the decision, and prophesied that when the Academy found—"as find they will—every year Pre-Raphaelite pictures gradually advance in influence and value, you will be acknowledged to have borne a witness all the more noble and good because it seemed to end in discomfiture"—adding that, generally speaking, one Pre-Raphaelite picture was worth any three others on the Royal Academy walls. So the Liverpool Academy was justified, and rejoiced in its action.

"The Blind Girl" was sold in the John Miller sale in 1858 for the sum of three hundred guineas; and at the Graham sale in April, 1886, for £871 10s., Mr. Agnew being the purchaser.

The scene of the picture is at Winchilsea. It will perhaps be remembered by the reader that the double rainbow was first painted by Sir John in the reverse order of coloration, and corrected later, as he himself admitted at a recent Academy banquet. It is the fine colour, the brilliant execution, the triumph of atmosphere, that make the picture great. M. H. S.





Sir J.E. Millais, Bart. R.A. pinxt.

London Photogravure Syndicate

THE BLIND GIRL.

*(By Permission of the Corporation of Birmingham.)*







## THE BINGHAM MILD MAY SALE.

ONE of the most important artistic events of the season has been the dispersal at Christie's of the collection of paintings belonging to Mr. H. paid only £4,543 for the last-mentioned pictures, nearly four times that amount was realised upon them on this occasion.



VIEW OF A LOCK.  
(From the Painting by Minderhout Hobbema.)

Bingham Mildmay, one of the partners in the firm of Baring. Consisting of some ninety works in all, principally by old masters, the collection contained some of the finest paintings that have appeared in the auction rooms for some years; fourteen of them were sold at Christie's eleven years ago in the Hamilton sale, and twenty others formed part of the collection of the Baron Verstolk van Soelen, which was brought to the hammer in 1846. As an example of the curious fluctuations of prices afforded by this sale, it may be stated that while Mr. Mildmay

Chief among these works was a "View on the Shore, Scheveningen," by Jacob Ruysdael (see p. 376), which was coveted by the authorities of the National Gallery, and purchased by them, after a spirited competition, for 2,200 guineas. The picture when sold in 1872 fetched but £68 as one of a pair; and in 1881, at the Marquis de Marigny's sale, the price rose to £216, so that the nation has had to pay dearly for this delay. It may be questioned, indeed, whether the purchase was a commendable one, when the fact is considered that the Gallery already possessed thirteen works by Ruysdael. Another of the pictures from the Dutch statesman's collection, which we also reproduce, was Hobbema's "View of a Lock," representing the Haarlem Sluice, Amsterdam, with the adjacent quays and buildings — a fine example of the master. Having realised



BAL CHAMPÊTRE.  
(From the Painting by Antoine Watteau.)





THE ARTIST'S WIFE.

*(From the Painting by Hogarth.)*

£425 at the Nieuwenhuys sale in 1833, it was purchased for £2,311 at this sale. The work of Pieter de Hooch was represented by two characteristic examples, the finer of which when sold in 1800 realised but £37, while at its last appearance on the auctioneer's easel the price was run up to 2,800 guineas. The other picture by this artist represented an "Interior of an Apartment," in which the principal figure was that of a lady sitting at a spinet. Whereas the Baron Verstolk paid £190 for this work in 1841, the price for which Mr. Colnaghi obtained it was £735.

The other pictures which were in the Verstolk collection were—the companion to the Ruysdael purchased for the National Gallery, secured by Mr. Agnew for 700 guineas; "A View on the Dutch Coast," by Ludolph Backhuysen, sold for £383—an increase of £70 on the price paid for it in 1846; "A View of a Mountainous Country," by Nicholas Berchem (£420), failing to realise by £140 the sum paid for it in 1836; "A Herdsman Pulling on his Stocking," by Karel du Jardin (£105); "A Calm Sea," by J. van de Capelle (£997); "The Bag-piper," by Adrian van de Velde (£525); "A Marine Piece," by W. van de Velde—for which £787 was paid in 1875—went for £640; a spirited painting, by Jan Wynants, of "Highwaymen Attacking Travellers" (£450); "A Hawking Party," by Philip Wouvenman, sold for but a third of the price attained in 1844, which was £651; and a "Battle Scene," by the same artist (£308).

The gem of Mr. Mildmay's collection was undoubtedly Watteau's "Bal Champêtre," and for this the highest price in the sale was reached, the competition to possess it being very keen. In spite of numerous cleanings the colours are quite brilliant, and the glow of the light as fresh as when painted, and it is no matter for surprise



VIEW ON THE SHORE, SCHEVENINGEN.

*(From the Painting by J. Ruysdael. Purchased for the National Gallery.)*





LEONORA DI TOLEDO, WIFE OF COSIMO DE MEDICI.

*(From the Painting by Angelo Bronzino. Engraved by J. M. Johnstone.)*







that Mr. Sedlmeyer had to pay 3,300 guineas for the work, as compared with £199 10s. paid for it in 1800. An illustration of this picture appears on p. 375. Another work of the first rank was that of "A Young Lady," described as a portrait of "The Artist's Wife," by Rembrandt. When sold in 1890 with the Redleaf collection, £1,690 was paid for it, and it realised on this occasion the sum of £2,667. "A Boy Angling," by Jan Wynants, described by Dr. Waagen as "one of the most beautiful works of the master," was sold for 1,280 guineas, a much lower figure than it reached in 1875 at the Bredel sale—£1,890.

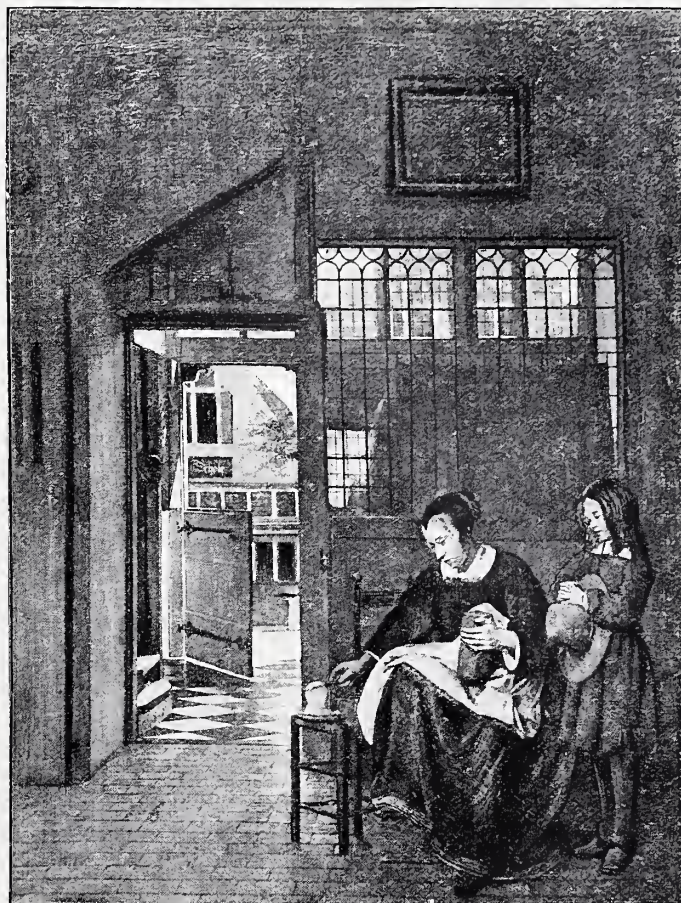
Among other pictures which had a declining tendency in price was a brilliant work by Jan and Andrew Both, entitled "Abraham with Hagar and Ishmael." This painting had fetched £3,094 in 1828, was sold again in 1875 for £4,725, but on this occasion it went for £1,145. The interesting portrait of Leonora di Toledo, wife of Cosimo de Medici, painted by Angelo Bronzino, of which we publish a wood engraving on p. 377, is a replica of one in the Uffizi Gallery, and was sold with the Hamilton collection in 1882 for £1,837, whereas it was bought this year for £819—less than half that amount.

Another instance of declining value occurred when the portrait of Queen Katharine Parr, by Holbein, was put up. This picture also came from Hamilton Palace, when it fetched £800, but a fourth of that sum was sufficient to buy it at this sale. Again, a portrait of James I., by C. Janssens, also from the Hamilton collection, went for £157, compared with £700 paid for it at the earlier sale. "A Portrait of a Gentleman," by Moroni, from the same collection, which brought in £178 then, was sold for twenty-five guineas, and one of "William, Second Duke of Hamilton," by D. Mytens, bought for £735 from the Blenheim collection in 1886, realised but £288. A characteristic painting by Isaac van Ostade, "The Cabaret," has shown a declining value at each of the recent sales in which it has figured, for while in 1880 it sold for £2,000, in 1889 for £1,575, it was bought this time for £1,522.

"A Saint," by Perugino, bought at the Hamilton sale for £504, was sold for a little under the half of that sum, and a "Portrait of a Venetian Admiral," by Tintoretto, from the same collection, for which

£1,155 was paid, went for £903. A "Portrait of Titian," by Figorio, which realised £120 in 1882, was obtained for £36. The picture reproduced on this page, "A Girl Making Lace," a fine example of Nicholas Maas, must also be included in this list, for it went for £1,680—£100 less than the price paid for it in 1875.

The only other pictures which call for individual



A GIRL MAKING LACE.

(From the Painting by Nicholas Maas.)

mention are Hogarth's portrait of his wife, which sold for £1,213—a large increase on the sum paid for it in 1874, viz., £378. A good example of Guercino—"Christ and the Woman of Samaria," which sold for £325 10s. in 1840, and double that amount on this occasion; "A View in Venice," by Guardi, which realised £125 in 1866, and increased its value to £661 10s. at this sale; and a "Portrait of the Marquis of Rockingham," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which fetched £693, compared with £577 10s., the price paid for it in 1888.

The total amount realised at the sale was £44,021.



## THE ROMANCE OF ART.

## ALLEGRI'S "NIGHT" AND "DAY."

BY LEADER SCOTT.



DRESDEN and Parma divide the honours of possessing Correggio's two masterpieces. The celebrated "St. Jerome," popularly known as "Il Giorno" ("The Day"), is at Parma, and Dresden, among six other works of the same master, prizes "The Epiphany," or "La Notte" ("The Night"), as the gem of them all. The two works are typical of the artist in different ways—the one of his exquisite expression through the medium of harmony and colour, the other of his sentiment through the medium of chiaroscuro. Both pictures have passed through so many vicissitudes that their story is quite a romance.

"The Day" was painted at the happiest time of the artist's life, when in the early days of a happy marriage all was touched by the rosy light of love. Antonio's only sister had died in 1520, leaving him very lonely, but he had now filled the void at his heart and hearth, for a young wife named Girolama Merlini, scarcely more than fifteen years old, reigned there. Before her marriage she appears to have been a dreamy, melancholy child with morbid ideas. Believing herself marked out for early death, she had made her will, leaving all her property (for she was a landed heiress to the extent of 251 ducats) to her uncles. However, life, not death, awaited her. She met the young artist, with whose name all Parma was then ringing, and who might any day have been seen in his perilous eminence in the cathedral dome. After that happy meeting, she, as Pungileone expresses it, "loosened the myrtle leaves from her tresses and wove them with roses." From that moment she "no longer lived for herself, and, praying for the help of God, she knelt with Antonio at the foot of the altar, and made solemn vows of inviolable faith, on which the priest gave them his benediction." The marriage was a complete union; Antonio never grew tired of her, and never left her except in cases of urgent necessity. Her forefathers had been *armigeri* (cavaliers bearing arms) for many generations to the Marquises of Mantua, which honourable office gave her the title of "Signora"—an unusual one in those days. She was said to be very beautiful, and if, as Pungileone says, the Madonna dressed as a zingara with the sleeping babe, now at Parma, is a portrait of her,

she was lovely in the deepest sense of the word, for that picture shows a most graceful figure and an expressive face full of sentiment.

At this happy time, when his fame was daily rising, the young artist received in 1523 a commission from a rich lady of Parma named Donna Briseide Colla, widow of Orazio Bergonzi, to paint an altarpiece for her family chapel in the church of St. Antonio. She promised him a payment of 400 *lire imperiali*, and some authors assert that she kept him in her own house during the six months he was working at it; but this is not proved, nor is it probable, as he possessed a house of his own in the town, and his bride had money. Wherever he worked it must have been with a light heart; and in the brilliant light and colour, the rich sunny atmosphere, and divine joy in the faces of his picture we read the outpouring of his most happy feelings. At this time of his life he used to sign his name in all kinds of playful ways, sometimes *Allegri* or *Lieto* (gay), sometimes Latinising it as *Lictus* (joyful).

The picture represents the Madonna holding on her knee the babe, whose feet Mary Magdalen is humbly kissing. Behind her stand two angels and St. Jerome with his lion.\* Though an anachronism, this last figure has given the name to the picture; like his symbolical lion, St. Jerome is the emblem of strength subdued by faith. He has a strong, manly figure, reduced by fasting, and holds a closed roll, on which is written "Glory to God!" Behind the kneeling Magdalen, with her glowing golden locks, stands an angel, with a divinely joyful face, holding an alabaster vase. Even the very landscape smiles.

Mengs says the colouring of St. Jerome is so soft (*così morbida sua pastosità*) that the flesh is more like that of a Venus. Baldinucci writes, comparing this picture with one of Raphael's: "Correggio surprises you less at first, but the surprise goes on increasing till, when you have seen it the tenth time, it seems unsurpassable, and under this picture Horace's line ought to be written, '*Hæc decies repetita placebit.*'"

Donna Briseide was so delighted with it that, besides the stipulated 400 lire, she sent the artist a

\* The presence of St Jerome is one of those anachronisms of which artists are so frequently guilty. However, saints are of every age, and they are more frequently used as allegorical than real characters. After all, the poets are even more inconsistent, for Virgil put Dido in Africa with Eneas, and Milton represents his infernal spirits with arquebusses and cannons.



useful present of some sacks of eorn, and two cars of flour from her *podere*, with a "pig so well fattened that it could scarcely walk." She must have kept the picture in her own house to enjoy it for a few years, for it was not till 1528 that she collocated it in her chapel in the church of St. Antonio; probably her increasing illness caused her to place it in safety, for she died in the same year, and was buried in the chapel. For more than two hundred years the picture remained there, and then its adventures began. Early in the eighteenth century Don John V. of Portugal saw it, and secretly contracted with Count Anguiscola, then *abate* of the church, to purchase it for 14,000 *ungheri* (460,000 francs), with 1,000 for himself, *per colui che avesse saputo maneggiare bene il contratto* (he who knew so well how to manage the contract).

It is a slight excuse for the *abate's* duplicity that he wanted the money to finish restoring the church. However, the Duke Filippo, hearing of the negotiations, forbid the sale of such a national treasure, and, to keep it more safely, had it removed to the cathedral, where it remained till 1756. The canons being warned by the troubles of the *abate*, took extra care of their precious charge, so much so that when a French artist asked permission to make a copy of it, he met with an obstinate refusal. After using all his arguments in vain on the venerable canons, the Frenchman appealed to the Duke himself, who summarily removed the bone of contention by sending a file of armed soldiers to carry away the picture from the cathedral, and escort it to his villa at Colorno, where it was placed in a high and well-guarded chamber. The year following he made an end of litigation by purchasing the painting from the *abate*, for the sum of 1,500 *zecchini* (sequins), besides paying 250 sequins for another picture to replace it over the altar. The artist Battoni had the commission for this.

The Duke presented "Il Giorno" to the nation, and it was placed in the Parma Academy; but even here it was not allowed to remain in peace. Napoleon came to Italy, and perpetrated his famous sacking of all its best artistic treasures. Again a file of soldiers carried away Correggio's picture, but this time they bore the French colours, and "Il Giorno" went over the frontier to Paris, in spite of Duke Filippo's munificent offer of a million of francs for its ransom. Although the military finances were not flourishing, the art-critics, MM. Monge and Berthollet, who accompanied the army as Napoleon's artistic agents, refused to accept the sum.

"St. Jerome" then went to France, and formed one of the trophies of Italy in Paris, till in 1815 Canova's diplomacy, while in power as Inspector-

General of the Belle Arti, obtained the decree for the restitution of the artistic treasures which Napoleon had taken from Rome, and he included this among them. Italy will be eternally grateful to Canova for this act, in which England went hand in hand with her by placing one hundred thousand francs at the sculptor's disposal to assist towards the expenses of sending the art-treasures home. Canova went to Paris himself to superintend the arrangements, and thence crossed over to London, where he was much fêted. His grateful country created him Marquis of Ischia, and gave him a pension of three thousand scudi. Great was the joy of the Parmese when the widow Briseide's picture returned to them again. They placed it with due honour in a kind of tribune especially arranged for it, and there it remains to this day in company with several of Correggio's other works, such as the "Madonna della Scodella," the "Ecc Homo," and the "Martyrdom of St. Placido."

There is at Mantua a smaller sketch in oils of this picture, thought to have been the original *bozzetto* by Correggio. It is signed, with the date December, 1524, and was once in the possession of the Duchess Amalia, who prized it so much that she refused to sell it to two Englishmen, though they brought her letters from her nephew the Emperor. She replied that to "please him she would give it for three thousand *doppie*, but she would not let it go out of Italy for six thousand, as she was sure any Italian would give more to keep it in the country."

In 1792 it belonged to Signor Francesco Maria Trezzi, of Parma. Whilst here, Felice Campi, an artist who had made Correggio his especial study, came to see it, and, overcome by his feelings, he burst into a torrent of enthusiasm. "Signor Trezzi," he cried, "you surely have a guardian angel who loves you, or it would have been impossible to secure such a treasure. I have studied the large picture thoroughly, but this sketch is even more surprising, for it proves how great Correggio really was. The being painted on a bit of oiled paper is only a proof of its originality, for that was Correggio's usual custom in making first sketches; then again, look how full of colour it is—just the peculiarity of his large works. Here you have the harmony of his composition, and his quality of tints, especially in the shadows, which the finest artists after him have not been able to imitate: all these are irrefragable proofs of its originality."

To this testimony we may add the internal evidence of the many variations between the picture and this sketch which would never have been made by a copyist. In the large picture St. Jerome has a very long beard, and his scarf is purplish; in this sketch his beard is short, and the scarf ultramarine, with yellow in the folds. The angel's hair has quite a different



glow in the picture; and you can distinguish all five fingers of the babe, whose head is turned towards the saint, while in the sketch, some of the little fingers of the hand, which here points to the angel, are hidden.

There is a good copy of "Il Giorno" in Florence, which was made by Barroccio, one of his earliest imitators.

Correggio's other masterpiece, "The Nativity" known as "La Notte" ("The Night"), now in Dresden, is entirely different to this in tone and feeling. On October 14, 1522, Correggio made an agreement with a gentleman from Reggio, named Alberto Pratonero, to paint an altarpiece for his family chapel in the church of San Prospero at Reggio, the price agreed on being 208 lire, or 47½ gold ducats. Whether the picture were painted at that time or not, it was not placed in the church till 1530. Possibly the order dragged on while Correggio's mind was full of other things—first, his picture for Donna Briseide, who, being a personal friend, probably kept him up to the mark by constant visits to inspect progress; then there was his work in the cupola of the Duomo, with a week now and then in the mythological bower of "Diana and the Loves among the Roses," which he was painting for the luxury-loving Abbess of San Paolo. Besides these, the family joys and cares caused by a wife and little daughters; and endless lawsuits—for his cousins disputed his inheritance from his uncle Aromani, and his wife's relations got up a lawsuit about her marriage-portion. There was, moreover, much fighting in Italy, and a visitation of the plague at that time. These were certainly enough distractions for an artist's temperament, which only flourishes when worldly cares do not intrude; but more probably the chief cause of the delay was that he had set himself a high ideal in this picture. He was working out a new effect of light, and was unable to satisfy himself. The picture represents the Nativity, but Correggio has evidently taken his inspiration not from the Gospel narrative, but from the account in an apocryphal book called "Evangelo dell' Infanzia del Salvatore," which relates that when Joseph came back with assistance to his wife, he found the cave filled with a divine radiance from the Babe, which was already born. The effect as represented by the painter is very beautiful; the sole light emanates from the body of the divine Child, and falls on the wrapt faces of the adoring shepherds. One of the most beautiful figures is a young girl, who shades her eyes with her hand from this mysterious effulgence. Pungileone, describing the group, says: "All the figures might have been drawn by an angel hand, and they seem to start out from the canvas, wanting only the power of speech." Above the shed is a choir of angels, of which the equally

enthusiastic Vasari asserts "they seem to have been rained down from heaven." This effect of light is not forced or artificial, as with the later Dutch painters, Schalken and Honthorst, nor a mixed effect, as in one of Raphael's paintings, where four lights (two emanating from angels, one from a torch, and another from the moon) are mingled. Correggio's light is delicate and *spiritual*, and seems to pervade everything, rather than to form shadows, while its unity is very full of religious meaning. The picture was at length finished, and in 1530 placed in the basilica of San Prospero at Reggio, with the following inscription: "Albertus et Gabriel Pratonerii, hæc de Hieronymi parentis opti. Mi sententia fie re volerunt. An. MDXXX."

Here it remained till 1646, when a rich churchman, ascribed in the Latin inscription as the "Illustrissimo Francus Perucius" (Most Illustrious Francis Peruzzi?), purchased it, and gave it to his parish church at Modena. It was afterwards acquired by the Duke of Modena, one of the D'Este family, and remained in the ducal gallery till 1746, when evil times fell on the petty principalities, which were distracted by the War of Succession and other disturbances. The Farnese dukes were already extinct at Parma and Piacenza, which were now ruled by Charles VI., and probably Francesco D'Este foresaw the fall of his dynasty at Modena, which, in fact, speedily took place when his successor, Ercole III., was deposed. In the face of coming misfortune Francesco felt justified in realising his art-treasures, and disposed of a hundred of his best pictures to the Elector Augustus III. of Saxony, who only paid 12,000 thalers for the lot; so "The Night" was packed up with six others of Correggio's works, including "St. George," "St. Sebastian," "The Reclining Magdalen," and one of the only two portraits he was known to have painted—that of his friend and family physician, Dr. Lombardi.

The Count Appoli Vezzani of Parma has what is thought to be the original sketch for this picture, but, as the outlines are hard and the handling wants light and grace, the question is doubtful. Counsellor D. Venanzio de Pagave had a sketch, now lost, which was believed to be original. Another sketch was in the Ambrosiana Library at Milan. The existence of so many of these sketches proves how much the artist pondered the subject before painting.

"The Night" has been copied many times. Giuseppe Logari, a Venetian artist, was sent to the court of Modena to copy it for the King of Portugal, and another copy is said to have been made by Annibale Carracci. The Queen of Poland, wife of Augustus II., had a fine copy made in miniature by Signora Teresa Concordi.

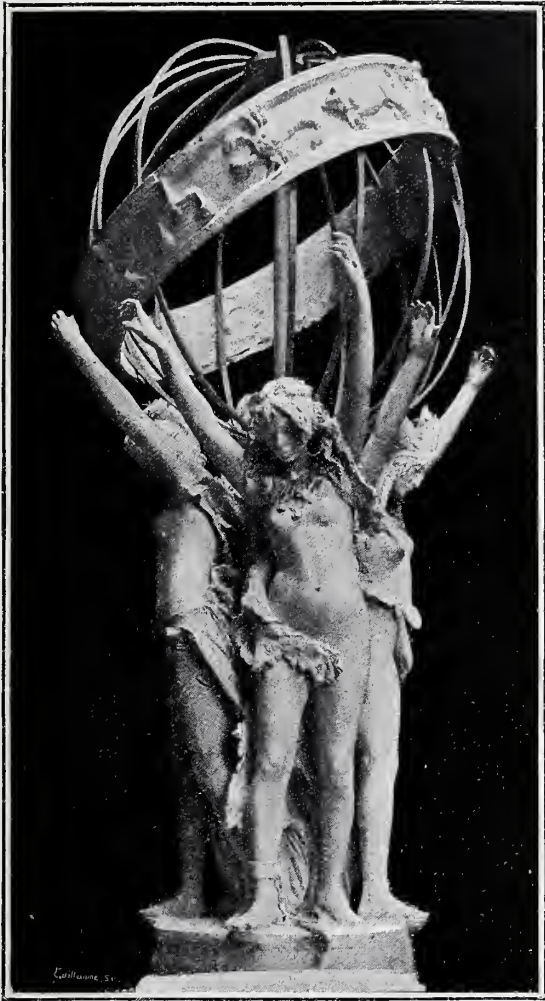


## DECORATIVE SCULPTURE AT CHICAGO.

OUR pages will be found to contain reproductions of such specimens of the statuary which decorate the World's Fair, Chicago, as have seemed

which holds aloft to the world the fire of the electric light at the gate of the Empire City of the Great Commonwealth. Though the source of its inspiration is apparent, "The Republic" is not wanting in dignity and serenity all its own.

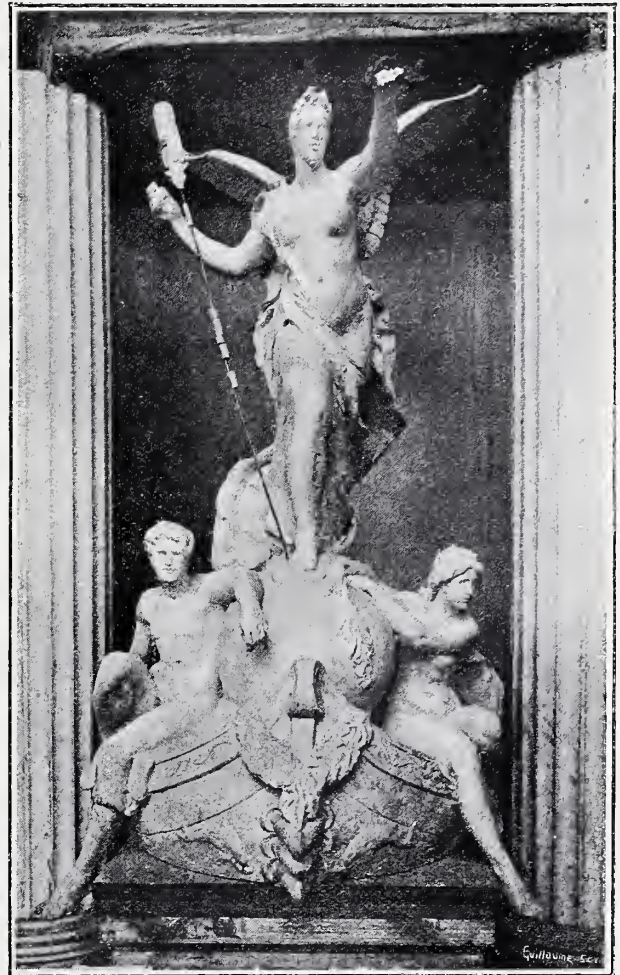
To convey a more tangible idea of its size, we have given a reproduction of the model of the head, with one of the sculptors standing at its base; and further ventured on a few significant measurements. From the chin to the summit of the head is fifteen feet; the head itself is twenty-four feet in circumference, taking the measurement outside



THE FOUR RACES.

to us most typical and most characteristic. It will be noted that they are all distinguished by a certain bigness of intention and freedom of execution which are, no doubt, very much in keeping with the national feeling and the purpose for which they were designed. There is, we think, an obvious desire to excel and exceed, and a not less obvious trace of haste employed to this end.

The gigantic draped figure of "The Republic," which occupies a prominent position at the Water Entrance to the exhibition, could not, we submit, well have pre-existed Bertholdi's mammoth "Liberty,"



THE GLORIFICATION OF DISCOVERY.

the hair; and the nose is sixty inches long. The arms are thirty feet from shoulder to finger-tips; the forefinger is forty-five inches in length, and ten inches round at the base. A fillet of electric





THE SPIRIT OF FIRE CONTROLLED.



THE REPUBLIC.  
(By Daniel French.)



ARCHITECTURE.



GROUP ON THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.  
(Designed by Martiny.)



light encircles the brow. It is the creation of Mr. Daniel French, and was erected by Mr. R. C. B. Atwood, the chief designer of the exhibition.

The roof of the Administration Building is decorated with groups, representing "Patriotism," "Tradition," "Liberty," "Joy," "Commerce," "Art," "Industry," and "Abundance," all being of heroic proportions—the work of Mr. Carl Bitters. Mr. Lorado Taft is responsible for the decoration of the Horticultural Building; Mr. John Boyle for that of the Transportation Building, while the Machinery Building owes its sculptural adornment to Mr. Waagen. The sculpture for the Woman's Building consists principally of figures typifying the feminine virtues and graces, and is designed by Miss Rideout—a fact very eloquent of the position woman is taking in Transatlantic art when we remember that the statue to Her Majesty, recently erected in Kensington Gardens, by the Marchioness of Lorne, is the first monument London owes to the talents of a woman. The two groups (one of "Agriculture," a figure—the flying folds

of which suggest rather unpleasantly the essential rigidity of the material—standing between a yoke of powerfully-horned oxen; the other, "The Four Races," reproduced on p. 383, supporting within their over-stiff arms a skeleton globe of hoops zoned by the signs of the Zodiac) convey an admirable idea of the decoration of the Agricultural Buildings, which has rested with Mr. Martiny.

To the group called the "Glorification of Discovery" we would call special attention. It is graceful in composition, and, though distinctly decadent, singularly graphic. The action of the inspired figure who sees the breakers foaming ahead, or the land of her unwavering faith, is excellent; and so is the alert and eager action of the man and woman at the prow, ready to spring from the galley and claim the new territory. Here we find effect vigorously and deftly given to an original and very poetic fancy. This and the sedate figure of "Architecture" and the group called "The Spirit of Fire Controlled" form admirable illustrations of the quality of the work exhibited, which fully meets the purpose for which it was commissioned—that of adorning an exhibition intended to eclipse not only anything of the sort ever dreamed of in America, but ever at-



HEAD OF THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.  
(Designed by Daniel French.)

tempted in any part of the world; and harmonious in feeling, as it all is, with the architecture it enriches, it produces a profound impression, even on those whose taste is fastidious.



## THE SALONS.—II.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## THE SALON OF THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

*(Conclusion.)*

A CONSIDERABLE popular success has been achieved by M. Joseph Bail's overlarge but genuinely humorous piece of *genre*, "La besogne

picture even to shrieking point. An excessively clever performance, such as only the artistic children of France have the skill and the patience to accomplish, is the "Salle des Conférences au Sénat"—a long perspective of this glittering saloon, overladen with ornament of the Louis XIV. type, such as causes the group of aged and far from imposing senators, scattered here and there over its whole length, to look shamefaced and conscious of their lack of value from a purely decorative point of view. Somewhere between the style of Emile Lévy and M. Bouguereau is the "Pauvre Paria" of M. Fritel, the artist whose "Les Conquerants" was one of the sensations of last year's Salon. On the knees of the Christ of Pitz, who sits enthroned, august, but full of mansuetude, lies prone and naked the miserable Paria, seeking from his woes the ultimate refuge. The draughtsmanship is throughout of characteristically French excellence, the dramatic grip of the pathetic subject an intensely strong one; on the other hand the self-consciousness, the undue striving after the stage-dramatic in effect, the pushing to the extreme point of a Hugoesque antithesis and a Hugoesque humanitarianism, repel three out of any four of those whom the work may detain against their will and blind them to its genuine merits. M. Buland betrays at once in his "Flagrant Délit" and "La richesse de la France—ceux qui ne se mettent pas en grève" his study and imitation of Dürer and the Flemings, and his consequent tendency to overwrought detail in the working out of the well-marked popular types of to-day which he selects for interpretation.



THE TROUBADOURS.

*(From the Painting by Henri Martin, in the Old Salon.)*

faite." A young assistant-cook, clad, not in the orthodox white, but in a jacket of flaming scarlet, sits amidst his splendidly burnished brass pans and the paraphernalia of a complicated task accomplished, and leaning back with the prenatually knowing air of the most hardened Parisian clubman, enjoys his *otium cum dignitate* in the shape of a cigarette and the *Figaro*. The execution is both broad and incisive, and belongs to the school of M. Vollon and M. Fouaee; but M. Bail is no intuitive colourist, and the scarlet of his young cook's jacket is self-assertive in the

The landscapes of M. Adrien Demont always exhale a certain tenderness, always have a significance of their own, such as in the transcriptions of nature is no longer the artistic fashion in France. He belongs in this respect, though not in technical style, to the group which contains M. Harpignies, M. Pointelin, and a few other *attardés* of the great school which has now died a natural death. I should like his poetic, vaporous landscape, "La Légende," better were it not for the white-robed diaphanous figure—a concession to the taste of the moment—which moves towards us in the foreground, unconvincing and bound by no



bond of inevitableness to the picture. In his "Don Quichotte" the figures of the rueful knight and his rotund squire are far more happily married to the landscape, which is by comparison broadly brushed, and altogether of a different character. M. Nozal's mannerism of touch and abuse of impasto stand less in his way than usual in those broadly and nobly conceived studies, "Lever de lune au crépuscule" and "Le tard dans les sables près Saint-Pair"—pathetic scenes of solitude and desolation these, such as hardly any English landscape-painter would venture to present. M. Camille Dufour may be said to have invented the grey southern, as distinguished from the grey northern landscape—the warm palpitating, yet veiled atmosphere, with scintillating points of light. In his "L'entrée du Port d'Antibes" and "Pont d'Ain" he shows no falling off; but, as is invariably the case in France, he has raised up all round him skilful imitators, some of whom, at least, equal their prototype so far as the imitation can equal the original. Among these M. Joubert comes first, with his "Le Colysée (*sic*) vu du Palatin," a view of the Colosseum and its environment, more artistic and less nakedly topographical than any that has been produced since Corot in his early days made himself the interpreter of Roman city scenery. Very striking is M. Calderini's "Tristesse d'Automne"—merely a stone terrace in a very civilised park, made splendid with *barocco* vases and monumental seats, but so drenched with autumnal rains, so marred by the falling foliage, so disquieting in its complete abandonment, that it conveys more completely the sense of desolation and sorrow for the waning year than would a scene of the most romantic and melancholy grandeur. The Alsatian painter, M. Zuber, notwithstanding a certain heavy insistence of touch, manages to convey admirably in his "Floraisons d'Avril" the bursting forth in all its delicate and ephemeral beauty of a southern spring; the same effect of tender-hued flowering almond trees well-married to the delicate blue of the sky being given by M. Yarz in his "Mars en Provence—amandiers en fleurs."

The landscapes of M. Desbrosses are perhaps not altogether defensible from the technical standpoint—so crude is the freshness of the green in "Le Plateau du moineau (Vosges)," so disconcerting the flaming mass of saffron yellow in the sunset sky of "Le chêne de l'étang de Blanpain;" but there is all the same in these vast pages of nature a spaciousness, a charm of solitude, not dissociated from suggestions of humanity, such as render us unwilling to dissect overmuch works which have given us a sensation of something nobly and deeply felt. Landscapes of varying merit are also contributed by many well-known paysagistes, such as MM. Français,

Harpignies, Pointelin, Lansyer, Japy, Busson, Delpy; by M. Pierre Ballue, Mlle. Lina Bill, M. Brozik, M. Duvent, M. Flahaut, M. Le Roux, M. Jean-Baptiste Olive, M. Saïn, and M. Monehablon—I select only a few out of the mass.

British artists make at the Salon of the Champs Élysées for 1893 an unusually good show with a group of works so familiar on this side of the Channel that it cannot be necessary to do more than enumerate those which have attracted our attention. Thus Mr. Alma-Tadema exhibits his "Portrait of M. Paderewski" and the "Roses of Heliogabalus;" Professor Herkomer, the large landscape with figures, "Our Village;" Mr. Lorimer his clever "Ordination of Elders in the Scotch Kirk;" Mr. Frank Brangwyn his "Pirates;" Mr. Carter a male portrait. It will be seen, moreover, in the succeeding article that the British element is even stronger and, above all, more attractive, at the Champ de Mars than in the parent exhibition.

#### SALON OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

In the preceding article I have vindicated the right of those French artists who still maintained erect the standard of the old schools to keep the high place which they had conquered for themselves by sheer excellence in working out their ideal from their own standpoint. I must now, in the face of the parrot-ery still raised by the diminishing number against the phalanx of the Progressists, record once more that they continue to march steadily and, on the whole, victoriously across the debatable land, and that, whatever their own position may ultimately prove to be, they will, for good or for evil, have renewed the technical processes of art from end to end, and imported into it once for all many things which were never there before. To those flies on the wheel of the coach who still weary themselves in efforts to arrest the advancing machine, much as they ludicrously opposed themselves a few years ago to the conquering advance of the Wagnerian music-drama, one can only reply once more, "*E pur si muove*"—the thing must go on; otherwise, as experience has taught us in so many famous instances, what was once the vivifying heat of artistic invention will become the ice of mechanically-repeated, meaningless formula. It is for this reason, above all others, that the Salon of the Champ de Mars, notwithstanding its many extravagances, has for the observant an interest apart from, if not above, that of any other modern exhibition of the year.

M. Puvis de Chavannes, not for the first time, in his great canvas, "Hommage de Victor Hugo à la Ville de Paris—Camaïeu," mars a design more august, more serene in its majesty, than any other



artist of the day could conceive, by the wilfully defective and even childish drawing of many portions of the design. For I decline to believe that the master who has produced such superb studies of the nude cannot do better than he has here done, and must continue to attribute his weaknesses to that desire to attain to a Giottoesque simplification

is a new variation of the master's favourite colour-harmony—no longer peach-bloom this time, but plum-bloom relieved against a vibrating background of light grey. Among the portraits of men the most attractive is that of M. Arsène Houssaye, *en robe de chambre*. There is no Whistler this year, no Sargent, no Cazin; but, in spite of this temporary



THE IRONERS.

(From the Painting by A. Edelfelt.)

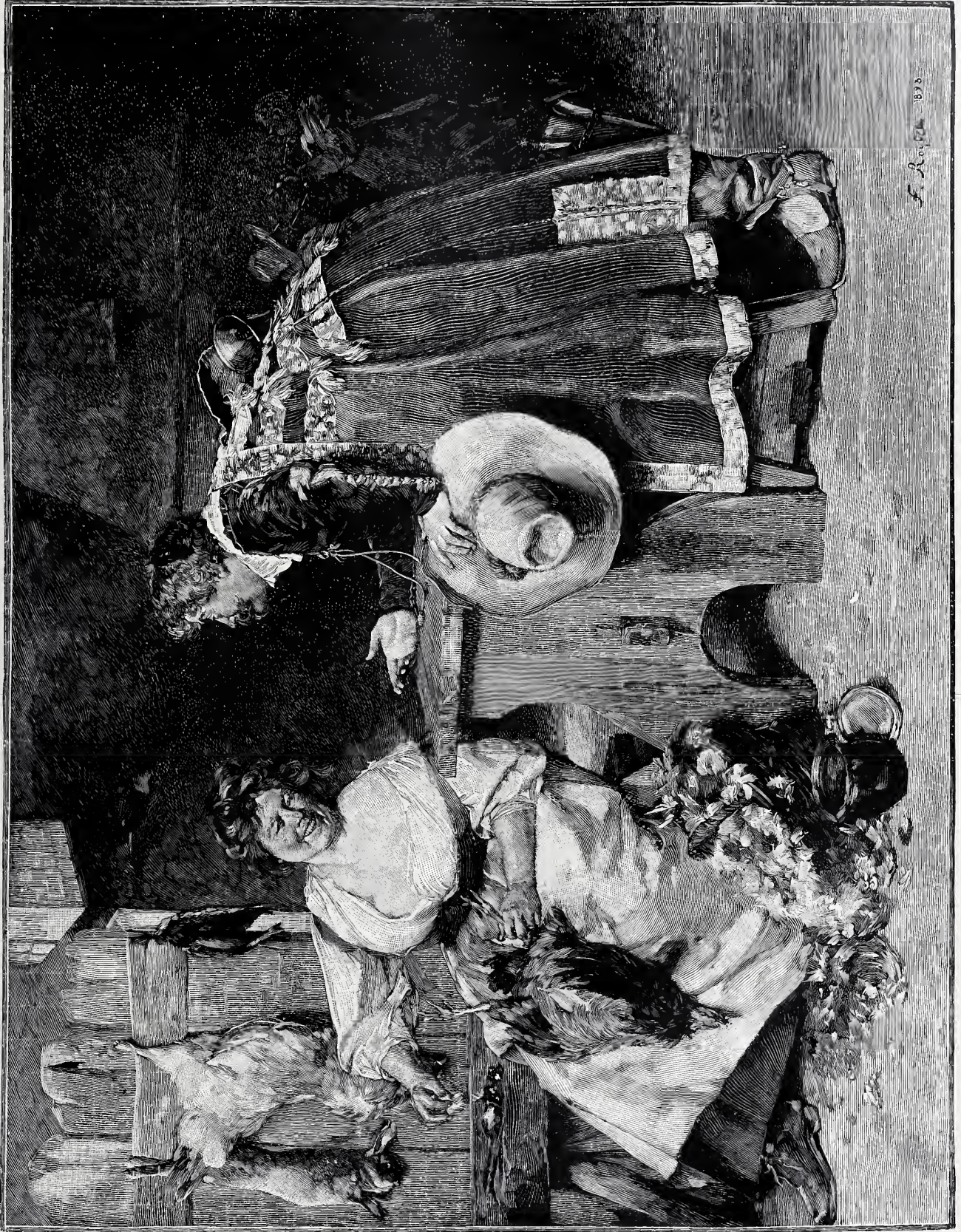
of the human form which is the only affectation of an otherwise noble master.

Nothing new remains to be said of M. Carolus-Duran, except that, much as in preceding years, he forces even the most reluctant, even those who are most repelled by the cold objectivity, the lack of intuitive sympathy which mars his astonishing executive talent, to stand before his canvases; so irresistibly does their mere pictorial strength assert itself. He is, however, even less interesting than usual, unless it be in the "Portrait de Mme. Carolus-Duran," dressed entirely in a deep violet-purple, a picture into which he has infused, and naturally enough, a certain pathos conspicuously lacking in his other productions. In the "Portrait de Mme. le Baronne de L.—" the attraction

defection of some of the most important members of the still youthful *Société Nationale*, the display as a whole maintains its interest.

A piquant novelty to the Parisians, hungering just now for some sort of not too robust idealism, for some form of modern, semi-decorative mysticism, has been the *début* at the Champ de Mars of Mr. Burne-Jones, who has been represented by three canvases, which it is not necessary at this stage to describe to the frequenters of English galleries: "The Depths of the Sea," the "Perseus" (the large and definitive version of the small work which appeared at the New Gallery), and the beautiful "Portrait of Philip Comyns Carr." Mr. Burne-Jones's style responds curiously to the tone of French art and literature in this transitional





PROPOS GALANTS.

(Engraved from the Painting by F. Roybet, in the Old Salon.)



period of reaction from an excessive realism, and he embodies very perfectly the languors, the mysterious, or would-be mysterious, symbolisms to which, strive as they may, the French—leaving Gustave Moreau, as an exception, out of the question—are unable to accommodate the lucidity of their genius. Look, for instance, how dangerously near to the ridiculous a gifted and charming artist like M. Aman-Jean may approach with “Venise, la Reine des Mers,” or some of his portraits, in which Parisian ladies vainly strive to assume that expression of *Weltschmerz* which is over here just now a little out of fashion.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret has now definitively matured his style on the basis of that of Bastien-Lepage, putting aside the relatively broad manner in which he indulged some years ago. A certain hardness and dryness of technique, a certain lack of spontaneity his admirers cannot help deploring; yet, in the presence of works such as he has shown this year, in which a heart-searching yet a decently veiled pathos informs the subjects chosen from broadly human and in no wise exceptional phases of everyday life, it is difficult to be critical, or to set limits to one's admiration. In “Dans la Forêt” it is the time of noon and the season of autumn in a forest; in a clearing a party of wood-cutters have gathered, sitting or lying at rest in an almost circular group to listen in rapt attention to a young itinerant fiddler, who stands, unconscious of pose in their midst, as he plays with absolute conviction some old-world familiar tune. There is nothing ambitious or aggressively pathetic in these rough peasant-labourers, and yet the painter makes the beholder in contemplating them dive deep into the mysteries of life—deeper far than any Pre-Raphaelite allegory could take him. It is, indeed, in art as elsewhere, from the expression of the problem of life, not from that of the final but inconsiderable accident of death, that is to be extracted the higher, nobler pathos; and this is why, with all its sincerity, its technical beauty and appropriateness, the life-work of such a master as Israëls must and will eventually take lower rank than it ought otherwise to have done.

Still more beautiful is M. Dagnan-Bouveret's portrait group, showing Mme. Bouveret with her boy seated lovingly on her knee. Given the artist's peculiar mode of execution, the arrangement of the figures is perfect, its unity of line and above all of sentiment beyond praise: rarely has the overmastering passion of maternity been more simply exhibited, or in more touching fashion. It is the inward look in the eyes of M. Dagnan's personages that is so strangely moving, but it must be owned that in “Dans la Prairie”—the study of a solitary woman standing, with a cow, in the foreground

of a limitless green plain—he a little abuses this sort of pathos, and detracts from the simplicity of his subject.

The veteran M. Israëls is represented by “Mauvais Temps”—an aged woman, guiding with painful labour a little cart over some ploughed fields under a threatening sky.

Herr Fritz von Uhde takes as his theme this year, not one of those religious subjects approached from the absolutely modern standpoint with which he has identified himself, but simply two rustic children in a landscape—treating, however, this simple piece of *genre* in the same reverent, tremulously human spirit which is his force in religious art. His method is derived from France, but he has the inestimable advantage of remaining national all the same. A certain pastiness and lack of certainty in the execution, in a subject such as this, place the Saxon painter, it must be owned, at a considerable disadvantage, as compared with some of his French contemporaries. On the contrary, his rival among the German artists of to-day in realism and modernity of treatment, Herr Max Liebermann, of Berlin, errs by an excess of impasto, and a decided coarseness of handling adding nothing to the powerful full-length “Portrait de M. — (en Costume de Sénateur de Hambourg),” and still less setting off the cleverly-illuminated “Orphelins d'Amsterdam,” which has been seen before, and, curiously enough—seeing that it is a picture by a Berlinese artist, appreciated, notwithstanding his nationality, in Paris—belongs to the Museum of Strasburg.

Last year M. Carrière's “Maternité” conquered many suffrages in virtue of its masterly composition, and the piquancy of the effect of brownish vapour enveloping his personages, and adding to his subject something of that pseudo-mysticism of which, as the note of the moment in France, I have already said a word. Now he sends a series of portrait-groups and portraits which, so far as this same brownish vapour will allow the spectator to divine, are characteristic as well as cleverly drawn and modelled. But, whatever excuse there might be for M. Carrière's depressing fog as suggestive of the troubles and clouds of maternity, there is none for its introduction *quand même* in all these diverse portraits. The method adds nothing to the subject, and is, therefore, without legitimate excuse; the *truc* of the brilliant, well-equipped artist, striving to gain the public at whatever cost, is but too apparent. But will what is so gained be held, or will not Fortune's and the public's favours prove ephemeral?

M. Picard, who should be well-known now to English amateurs from the interesting display of his work last winter at the Grafton Gallery, is another admirably well-endowed artist who appears to be

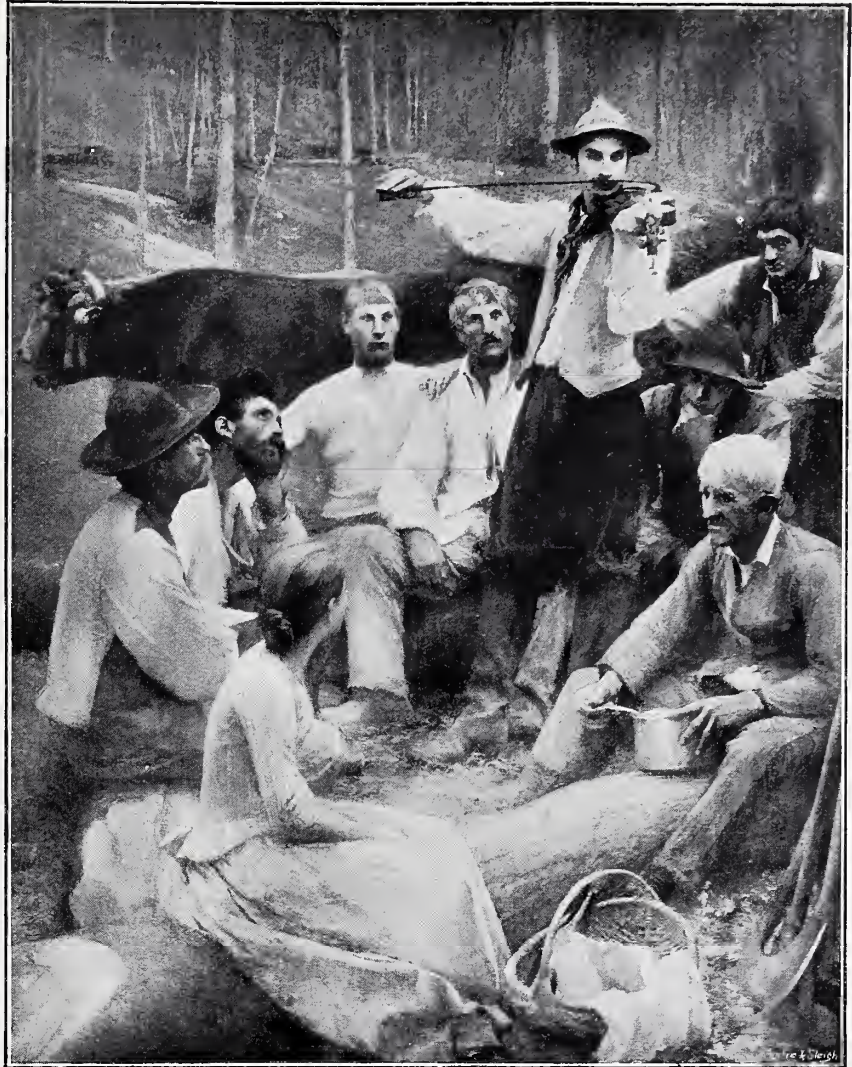


unable to settle down as yet to a definite style which should be absolutely his own. At present, he continues to amuse himself with curious studies of one and the same imperfect female model, coloured and lighted *à la Besnard*, only with an added piquancy and charm. His other contributions are Whistlerian sea-pieces, and portraits of a rare refinement and distinction, such as that of the "Princesse G.," in which the peculiar colour-harmony serves, not only the primary object of giving originality and beauty to the painting, but also, in some not easily definable way, helps to express the personality of the model.

The Swede, M. Zorn, whose frank, masterly impressionism has not yet in London received all the attention that it deserves, represents a phase of modernity widely divergent from that of M. Picard. His "Dimanche Matin—Daléarlie, Suède," was at the Grafton Gallery, where, as here, it appeared open to the reproach that, being mainly an impression, it did not instantaneously and convincingly impress. Admirable, on the other hand, is "Ma Grand'mère," and, most striking of all, "Ma Femme." This last is the living, breathing portrait of a young lady in a flaming scarlet gown spotted with white, standing at a half-open door near a large portfolio of drawings. The portrait has about it something characteristically and even aggressively *bourgeois*—this is, indeed, the key-note of M. Zorn's art—but it is irresistible, for all that: so intense is the vitality of the rendering, so full of vibration the atmosphere in which, thanks to his peculiar technical method, he has enwrapped his figure. The notable Finland artist, M. Edelfelt, floods his pictures as usual with a pale, northern sunlight, and, with a method developed almost entirely under French influences, retains an artistic personality vigorously and delightfully national. His most interesting productions this year are two singularly moving and impressive studies of extreme old age, "Finnoises Chantant des Chants Magiques," and "Lamentations." Without in any way striving to get away from the

homeliness of his types, he has brought out in these withered, trembling witches of a hundred years an element of almost sibylline grandeur.

With M. Gustave Courtois—the same artist whose masterly "Portrait of a Lady" at the Grafton Gallery has excited so much interest—we return to more academic methods. The "Portrait



IN THE FOREST.

(From the Painting by Dagnan-Bouveret. Photographed by Braun.)

de Mme. Spitzer," showing the widow of the famous collector surrounded by some of the artistic treasures but lately dispersed, is artistically complete, if pictorially uninteresting. "Inquiétude Humaine" is a large study of two entirely nude figures in a landscape—not Adam and Eve, as might well be imagined, but symbolisms with which M. Courtois has sought to keep abreast of the fashion of the moment. The picture, notwithstanding its ambitious aspirations, remains hardly more than a carefully-drawn, rather lifeless *académie*. An exquisite study of a nude male figure in a landscape,



curiously entitled "Un Soir sur le Bord du Lac Majeur," has a style, a rhythmic balance of proportion, which takes it out of the category of mere academical exercises. M. Ary Renan, who, notwithstanding intermittent excursions as a painter into the domains of M. Puvis de Chavannes and M.

convincingly asserted as on the present occasion. He continues his curious studies of the undraped human form in various lights, but shines chiefly in three singularly original and beautiful sea-pieces—"La Lune" (purchased by the Luxembourg), "La Nuit," and the daring rose-and-turquoise sunset scene, "Ciel Rose." More daring still, and not less happy in its perpetuation of a mysterious, fleeting moment in nature is "La Solitude." The sun has just gone down, sending a few parting golden shafts through the dense wall of sombre foliage walling in and shadowing into blackness a solitary pond; in the midst, uprising from a boat, stands, strangely pale and white against the dark, the naked form of a youth about to take his plunge into the uninviting depths of the still water.

M. Helleu, the eccentric and gifted artist best known over here for his pastels and his brilliant dry-points, sends a vast study, "Notre-Dame de Paris," in which he strives, with greater success than last year, to depict the interior of a Gothic fane flooded with rainbow-hued light, transmitted through a thousand jewel-like panes of stained glass. These rare and hitherto unattempted effects of illumination are hit off with the greatest subtlety; but what M. Helleu has not yet been able to combine with this impressionistic brilliancy is correctness and solidity of form, so

that even now his problem remains but imperfectly solved, since he has chosen to leave half-accomplished that side of it which interests him least.

It is distressing to be compelled by lack of space to neglect altogether in these notes on the Champ de Mars not only many artists of high distinction, but whole groups of works, such as the landscapes and the avowedly decorative performances. Thus I can say little or nothing about such kindred artists as M. Duez and M. Gervex—now moderates where they once belonged to the advanced guard—save to call attention to the "Silhouette de Parisienne" of the former, and the "Paquita (Balzac)" of the latter. M. Gervex's daring study is a lovely harmony in flesh-colour, pale-green, and cool grey; showing the



THE LAMENTATIONS OF ORPHEUS.

(From the Painting by Ary Renan.)

Gustave Moreau, has hitherto been chiefly known as an ingenious writer on the art of others, takes this year a much higher position than heretofore. His "Sapho" and "Les Plaintes d'Orphée" show him still the disciple of the masters just named, and in them the literary artist predominating over the painter. All the same there is about both performances a genuine lyrical charm, a distinction and pathos the attraction of which it is impossible to withstand.

No artist in the group of moderns is a more enthusiastic nature-worshipper, a more genuine *chercheur*, than the American painter, Mr. Alexander Harrison, whose reputation has hitherto been greater with the instructed than in the outer circle of the general public. His position in art has never before been so



hardly veiled form of a beautiful woman in Empire dress lying on a couch. Of this it might well be said that it is *purissimæ impuritatis*. I pass over, too, the curious portraits of M. Blanche, of Mr. F. W. Alexander, of M. Gandara; the fresh and piquant, if harshly-outlined, decorative study, "Diane," of M. Boutet de Monvel; the pretentious failure, "La Mort et le Bûcheron" (bought by the French State), of M. Lhermitte, who would do well to leave to others the dramatic and symbolical side

the splendidly broad and thoroughly legitimate performances of the Flemish artist, M. Courtens, the finest of which is the noble avenue of trees in autumn vesture, called "Soleil de Septembre." More willingly does one pass by, clever as they are in their mistaken fashion, the half-Spanish, half-Japanese eccentricities of the Franco-American painter, Mr. Dannat, and the no less clever Parisian character-sketches of M. Raffaelli, which last would gain vastly by being executed as pastels or



TWILIGHT AT VILLEFRANCHE.

(From the Painting by J. A. Muenier.)

of art; the huge official canvas, "Le Centenaire," of M. Roll. It is much harder to leave with only a passing word of praise M. Muenier's superb "Villefranche au Crépuscule," which embraces in one consistent whole the beauties of the decorative and the pathetic schools. And then we have, as usual, the blazing Provençal landscapes of M. Montenard; the powerful, if a little monotonous, "Marines" of the noted Dutch painter, M. Mesdag;

*fusains* instead of in oils. Deserving of the closest and most sympathetic study, on the other hand, is the curious series of studies of the Seine in winter by the Norwegian artist, M. Thaulow; and exquisite in their grey, demure fashion are the landscape-studies of M. René Billotte, the poet-painter in ordinary of the Parisian *banlieue*, of which, from an artistic point of view, he is the discoverer.



## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

IN the beauty of its design the Shaftesbury memorial fountain at Piccadilly Circus presents a striking contrast to the dull ugliness of the generality of our street sculpture, and Mr. Gilbert



THE SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

(By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.)

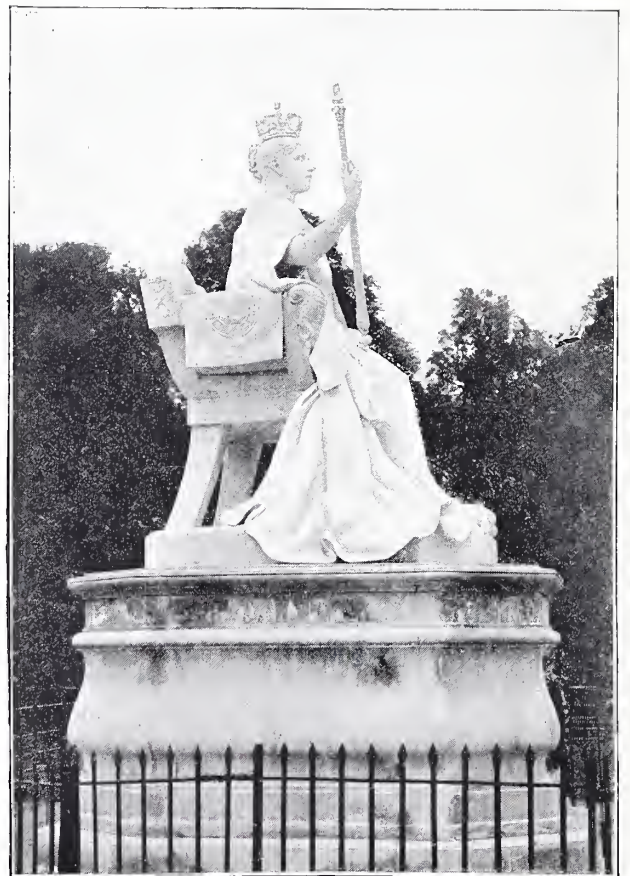
is to be congratulated upon the accomplishment of a work which, while beautifying one of our hitherto desolate open spaces, should do much towards the elevation of public taste in the direction of decorative sculpture, and secure freedom for the metropolis from any further additions of the old order of monumental monstrosities. The sculptor has introduced the method of combining two materials in his work, for while the body of the fountain is of bronze, the graceful figure which crowns it is of aluminium, as also are the drinking-cups. We reproduce a photograph giving a general idea of the design, which next month will be supplemented by some of the details.

Another addition, notable though less important as an artistic creation, has also been recently made to our public sculpture by the unveiling in Hyde

Park by the Queen of a statue of herself—the work of H.R.H. Princess Louise. It must be confessed that the artist seems rather to have aimed at the production of a figure typical of the dignity of the sovereign than at anything approaching portraiture. It is distinctly a work of beauty, and shows the Queen as she was at the time when she ascended the throne.

M. Roybet's success at the Salon was referred to in our "Note-Book" last month, and his work was critically examined in the article dealing with the exhibition in the same number. We reproduce on p. 395 his picture "Charles the Bold at Nesles," which, together with "Propos Galants"—engraved on p. 389—secured for him the gold medal.

The Dutch section at the National Gallery has



H.M. THE QUEEN.

(By H.R.H. the Princess Louise.)

been further enriched by the acquisition of two works (Nos. 1,386-7) by W. C. Duyster—an artist among the foremost of the second rank, hitherto unrepresented in the collection.



A pair of vases of exquisite design, one of which is illustrated on this page, which have recently passed into the possession of Sir William Robinson, K.C.M.G., Governor of Hong-Kong, has a curious

manufactured in the north of Japan expressly for the Tokio Exhibition of 1880. One pair was purchased there for the Emperor of Japan for £180, and the other by a Japanese noble. Owing to a reverse of fortune the latter dignitary had to part with his treasures, and the vases passed into the hands of a firm of bankers. After a great amount of bargaining they became the property of Mr. Stevens, of Hong-Kong, a well-known collector, who retained them until last year, when he, too, had to disperse his collection, and Sir William



PLAYERS AT TRIC-TRAC.

(By W. C. Duyster. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



CHARLES THE BOLD AT NESLES.

(From the Painting by F. Roybet, in the Salon of the Champs Elysees)



DAMASCENE VASE.

(In the Possession of Sir W. Robinson, K.C.M.G.)

interest for connoisseurs, for but two pairs of this design and workmanship are in existence. The vases, which are 1 foot 11 inches in height and 1 foot 9 inches in circumference in the widest part, are of bronze, inlaid with gold and silver, and were

Robinson became the fortunate purchaser of these beautiful specimens of Japanese art.

It is with pleasure we reproduce in these pages the bindings executed by Messrs. Riviere and Son for the first (the small square octavo) edition of



"The Merry Wives of Windsor," firstly because they are superb examples of the bookbinder's craft, but chiefly because they carry out so successfully the principle of retaining due relationship between the design of the binding and the character of the book it embellishes. Mr. W. G. Thomas explains that as the tulip,

"Whose leaves with their ruby glow Aids the heart that lies burning and black below,"

is accepted in the East as a token of a declaration of love, he adopted it as the *motif* of his design, as representing the amorous

sport of Sir John Falstaff. The perfect flower in all its wealth of colour is adopted upon the cover, and the ragged type on the *doublure* is introduced as suggestive of the knight's appearance after the rough handling he experiences in Windsor Forest. The binding is executed in red levant morocco, *doublé* with rich blue, the design being richly inlaid on various coloured leathers. The workmanship, whether as re-

gards tooling or inlay, has rarely been excelled. It is a pity it could not go to Chicago.



SOLDIERS QUARRELLING OVER THEIR BOOTY.  
(By W. C. Duyster. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)



BINDINGS IN INLAID LEATHER FOR EARLY EDITION OF "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."  
(Designed by W. G. Thomas for Riviere and Son.)



## SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR.

ROYAL ACADEMY, SALONS OF THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES AND CHAMP DE MARS.

By CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

IF we are to judge the position of modern sculpture by the three great exhibitions of the year—the Royal Academy, the Salon of the Champs Elysées, and the Salon of the Champ de Mars—we must infer that there is a moment of pause and exhaustion in the art, not less on the side of the independents, who, both on this side and the other, refuse to be trammelled by the weight of tradition, than on that of those conservatives who still more or less closely adhere to the accumulated precepts of the schools. It would not, however, be quite as fair as it might seem to draw the natural inference in the present case, seeing that among the absentees from the exhibitions are many of the leaders of modern sculpture. Among French artists who have not exhibited at all are M. Paul Dubois, M. Gérôme, M. Dalou, M. Chaplain (the medalist), and some others, while M. Rodin is only represented by a medallion bust. Over here we have greatly missed two very remarkable artists, whose works, as a rule, gave colour to the summer shows—Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., and Mr. Harry Bates.

The "Bellona" of M. Gérôme, which has been the sensation, the amusement of the Royal Academy, while, at the same time, powerfully asserting its pretensions to serious consideration from a higher point of view, appeared at the Champs Elysées last year, and was then shortly described in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*. It is not merely, as some who have stood with open mouth before the French artist's War Goddess seem to think, a costly and strangely-wrought plaything elaborated on a large scale, to serve as a nine-days' wonder, but a serious effort to revive the chryselephantine mode employed by the Greeks in such world-famous statues as the Olympian Zeus and Pallas Athenè of Pheidias, and the Argive Hera of Polykleitos. Only M. Gérôme has perforce substituted for the beaten and wrought gold employed by the

Greeks in their movable draperies many-coloured and silvered bronze. To tell the truth, the conception of the consummate French artist is not big enough or simple enough, and is not worked out on a sufficiently colossal scale to bear, without being smothered under it, the wealth of splendid, ingenious detail with which it is overlaid. Solemn, hieratic, gigantic must be the image which should emerge victorious from such unrestrainedly polychromatic treatment. [A reproduction of the statue appeared on p. 257 of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART* for June.]

The Anglo-Florentine Renaissance in sculpture continues to develop itself, although with rather less vitality than heretofore. It may be noted that, being founded on a fearless realism, corrected and rendered decorative by reference to the Florentine Renaissance of the Quattrocento, it follows in spirit in the traces of that Renaissance itself, the realism of which was refined and coloured by a constant reference to the classic art which the humanists had done so much to restore to the world with the classic literature. Mr. Onslow Ford sent to the Academy, beside the admirable bust of the American painter, Mr. J. McLure Hamilton, the bronze statuette, "Applause," one of those quaint pieces of half-sculptural, half-decorative art, in which he revels. On a bronze pedestal, incised with Egyptian designs somewhat freely treated, and flanked with statuettes



APPLAUSE.

(By E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

in the same style, crouches, in the attitude so familiar in Egyptian sculpture, the lithe figure of a nude girl, clapping her hands in rhythmic, ceremonial applause, which probably accompanies some unseen hieratic dance. The subject is a new and an excellent one; but the dainty little work, partly on account of the smallness of its dimensions, and partly because the modelling is not throughout of equal strength and subtlety, leaves the impression rather of an exquisite toy than of a serious work of art.



A Neo-Florentine of the Gilbert school is Mr. George Frampton, whose decorative bust, with the attractive title "Mysteriarch"—it is a disquieting, androgynous figure, with cuirass and helmet like that of a Verrocchio bust, or like one of Mr. Gilbert's own figures—makes so imposing an effect on its low



MATERNITY.

(By L. O. Roty. Exhibited at the Champs Elysées Salon.)

plinth in the Florentine mode, that its weakness of modelling in certain essential parts only by degrees makes itself felt. An open Donatello worship, but one not extending much beyond the surface of things, is shown, not for the first time, by the same artist, in the bas-relief, "The Vision." Where so many have failed to tread worthily in the footsteps of the mighty Florentine, it is no discredit to Mr. Frampton that he has here achieved but a partial success. He further exhibited the translation from plaster into bronze of his large group, "The Children of the Wolf."

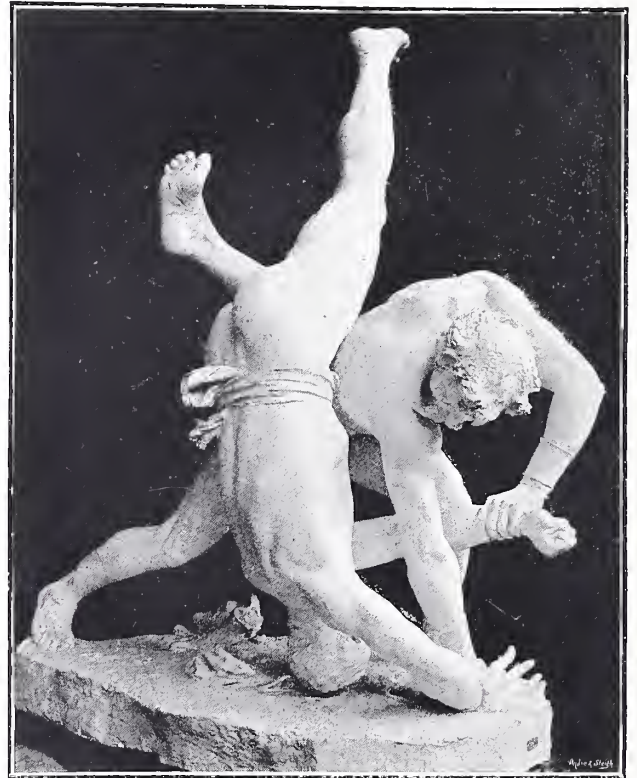
In Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Summer" it is needless to say that there is much to remind the beholder of the earnest and skilful artist who is one of the leaders of the English school; but surely the type of the nude female figure, rather spare and inclined to muscularity, is but ill-chosen to express the nonchalance, the voluptuous ease which we inevitably connect with the personification of summer!

Mr. Alfred Drury's "Circe" shows the baleful goddess in complete nudity, erect on a kind of tripod, round which riot not the usual hogs, typical of unrestrained sensuality, but the more decorative if, in this instance, much less significant wild boar. If we regard the work as mainly one of decoration, we may admire the elegance of the arrangement, and especially the pedestal, which would still further gain should it be carried out in bronze. Mr. W. Goscombe John, if he has not quite in his statue, "A Girl Binding her Hair," fulfilled the promise of his last year's "Morpheus," nevertheless gives evidence of great ability, and of a subtle skill in modelling the nude human form. The motive of the statue, alluring as it sounds, is, however, not altogether well chosen; or rather the difficulty is, perhaps, that the realistic conception of the subject

as a whole but ill agrees with its idealistic treatment in the working out. Mr. Thomas Brock's bronze bust, "Sir Frederic Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.," deposited as his Diploma work, shows that thoroughness of execution at the service of a not very personal conception, to which this able artist has accustomed us.

Among other noticeable things to be seen at the Academy were Mr. Adrian Jones's group, "Maternal Care;" Mrs. Emma Guild's powerful bust, "Henry Thode, Esq.," so vastly superior to her "G. F. Watts, Esq., R.A.;" Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins's "Memorial Tablet to the late L. C. Wooldridge, M.D.," in which a fine design is but heavily and imperfectly carried out; and Prince Paul Troubetzkoy's amusing but not serious piece of modelling, the little *maquette* for a monument to Dante.

The vast assemblage of sculpture in the garden of the Champs Elysées, while it excited hardly less



THE WRESTLERS.

(By F. M. Charpentier. Exhibited at the Champs Elysées Salon.)

admiration than on former occasions for the easy mastery shown by the average French sculptor over the technical difficulties of his art, must be pronounced nevertheless the least interesting that has been seen there for many years. There is no falling-off in accomplishment; but in the vast majority of instances the thing done is a mere academic exercise, and need never have been done at all.



We have evidently arrived at a moment of hesitation, of mental exhaustion, and *ennui* among the more orthodox French sculptors; the hand is still willing and able, but the brain can imagine nothing



BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

(By Auguste Rodin. Exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon.)

but repetitions and variations of old familiar successes. Thus M. Falguière's "Poésie Héroïque," an admirably poised and consummately modelled figure, full of physical life and energy, has been seen more than once before, in different attitudes, as "Diane," a subject to which its half Renaissance, half Parisian grace much more properly belongs. Under its present title it says nothing to us, having in its essence as little of heroic poesy as the age to which it belongs. M. Barrias, another master of the first rank, who, without being an eclectic, has shown himself singularly various, brought forward perhaps the most earnest and convinced work of the occasion—a marble statue, "La Nature Mystérieuse et Voilée se Découvre Devant la Science," executed for the Faculty of Medicine of Bordeaux. M. Félix-Maurice Charpentier's group, "Les Lutteurs," which had been seen in plaster at the Salon of 1890, obtained on its reappearance, much improved in marble, the *médaille d'honneur*, which we may assume to have been conferred entirely for rare excellence of technical execu-

tion, since the conception of this heavily and even imperfectly designed group of naked wrestlers had in it nothing either new or significant. Another of the best things here, M. Vital Cornu's marble group of the Death of Archimedes, called "Archimède, Martyr de la Science," was also seen in the same place in an earlier stage in 1890. M. Labatut, who in a previous year obtained the *médaille d'honneur* for a colossal nudity, "Le Travail," showed the same mastery of detail, the same tendency to over-elaboration in the modelling of flesh, in his "Caton d'Ubiqne." Amusing and delightful in its way, though scarcely belonging to a high order of sculpture, was the "Chiens Danois" of M. André d'Houdain, a group of dogs finely modelled in grey marble, lying at ease on a massive grey granite seat of a lighter tone. Yet another old friend (Salon of 1892) was M. Myslbeek's bronze "Crucifix," a powerful work, the passionate realism of which recalled that of the late Gothic art of the fifteenth century. As M. Chaplain, the greatest of living medallists, did not exhibit, the palm in this branch of the plastic art was easily borne off by his



THE FIRST COMMUNION.

(By R. de St.-Marceaux. Exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon. Photographed by Braun.)

follower and friendly rival, M. Roty, whose "Maternité," a medallion intended to commemorate the birth of a child, took its place as one of the most beautiful and spontaneous inventions of a modern artist, and



was, moreover, executed with consummate skill in that most difficult of methods, very low relief.

Though the exhibition of sculpture at the Champ de Mars contained nothing monumental or of first-rate importance as regards dimensions, it could not fail to interest, by the piquant audacity of its contents, even those who were most contrary to the principle, or lack of principle, here freely and even aggressively displayed. M. Dalou, as I have already pointed out, was altogether absent. M. Rodin showed only

M. René de Saint-Marceaux. His "Première Communion"—the marble statue of a young girl kneeling in prayer, clad in the simple white veil and robes of the first communion—is a triumphant *tour de force* as regards the rendering in massive white marble of the voluminous draperies, to which, without any tricks *à l'Italienne*, the sculptor has managed to impart a wonderful lightness of aspect. The main conception suffers, however, from an indefinable but very sensible lack of true pathos and sincerity.



PUDDLERS.

(By C. Meunier. Exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon.)

the life-size medallion-portrait, "Bastien-Lepage," superb for passionate truth and character, but carried out in an unconventional fashion better suited to the bust completely in the round than to that which, though nearly detached from its background, still partakes of the nature of the relief. Now definitively under the influence of M. Rodin, although still to a certain extent maintaining the Berninesque extravagance of his seventeenth-century style, is that skilful executant, M. Injalbert, who, besides two terra-cotta reliefs, showing the usual frenetical enlacements of nymphs and satyrs—more bold these in their disregard of the conventional decencies than, from an artistic point of view, successful—sent an "Eve," which in pose appeared a suppler and less extreme version of a well-known study of M. Rodin's. Quite another order of things is represented by that masterly *praticien*, but not very striking artistic personality,

Lack of sincerity is again the drawback in the same artist's "Jeanne d'Arc au Sacre," a more than life-size, full-length statue, very cleverly imitating the idealistic Gothic style of the thirteenth century, and which, in the Cathedral of Rheims, for which it is intended, will no doubt look much better than it did amid the palms and flowers of the Champ de Mars.

The powerful Belgian sculptor, M. Meunier, now known in England through the exhibition of his admirable small bronzes at the Grafton Gallery, sent to this Salon a series of works of the same type, in which the element of style imparted a kind of ideality *sui generis* to conceptions of uncompromising realism. Among these were the plaster bust, "Femme du Peuple," the pathetic and quite sculptural "Vieux Cheval de Mine," and a noble bas-relief, "Mineurs à la Sortie du Puits." Another very able Belgian, M. Van der Stappen, whom we have known chiefly as a master





SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A., D.C.L., &c.  
(By T. Brock, R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.)



of the higher decorative sculpture, in the Græco-Roman and Renaissance styles, showed himself an eclectic in the striking piece of generalised realism, "Les Bâisseurs de Ville—Repos," a remarkable performance, in the manner of M. Meunier, but lacking

even in his occasional excursions into the realms of mysticism—indeed, especially in these—a Parisian of to-day. Easy and original in pose, if a little lacking in accent, was the "Buste de Mlle. Salle de l'Opéra;" Rodinesque in excess the marble



BUILDERS AT REST.

(By C. Van der Stappen. Exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon.)

his passion and power to convince. M. Dampf showed himself a follower of M. Rodin, with a difference, in "Le Baiser de l'Aieule," but was all himself in his charming busts of "Mlle. X." and "Le Peintre Aman-Jean"—two thoroughly Parisian performances, with an agreeable aroma, nevertheless, of early Florence about them.

Last, but by no means least, may be mentioned M. Bartholomé, one of the most interesting—I had nearly said amusing—of the modern group; and

statuette "Jeune Fille pleurant." In respect of the charming relief "Le Secret," the main feature of which is a group of female figures, in the habit and much in the attitude of the Three Graces, one feels inclined to paraphrase Diderot's famous *mot* on the Graces of Falconnet; so difficult is it to imagine where in this particularly frank study "*le secret*" can lie. Best of all in the group of this artist's works are, perhaps, three "Etudes de mouvements," carried out in bronze of a ruddy golden hue.

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## "THE SPINSTER."

PAINTED BY EDWIN LONG, R.A. ETCHED BY J. DOBIE.

THE extraordinary popularity enjoyed by the late Edwin Long, R.A., which attended him throughout his life—although, curiously enough, he did not, till near the end, admit it—is not to be judged by those who only remember his wooden, ill-coloured figures of the last few years, when his powers seemed so suddenly to leave him. It was his literary ability, his dramatic power, which first held the public—such pictures as "The Babylonian Marriage Market," which gave people plenty to talk about: not its art, but its subject; as when Ruskin declared that it ought to be bought by the Anthropological Society. Then his religious compositions suited so well the middle-class, non-artistic ideas of the day; and people liked his subjects, quite forgetful that, as a rule, the pictures were only coloured illustrations on a large scale, in

which the dramatic motive excused, or entirely concealed, the stiffness of drawing or conventionality of brush-work. Exceptions to these criticisms are to be found in his well-known Spanish pictures, in which few of these faults are at all visible—on the contrary, they are full of life, and there are great vigour and freedom in their handling.

His single-figure studies, too, were—and in certain circles still are—highly popular: for Mr. Long had a very pretty talent for appealing to his public and tickling its imagination with attractive titles. Many of these works were, we believe, painted for Messrs. Agnew. "The Spinster" was exhibited at the Academy, and was highly popular. The plate has been etched by Mr. Dobie, in the manner which he has practically invented for himself.





Edwin Long, R.A. pinx<sup>t</sup>

J. Dobie, sculp<sup>t</sup>

THE SPINSTER.







## Carols of the Year.

OCTOBER OF THE TAWNY CROWN,  
WHOSE HEAVY-LADEN HANDS DROP DOWN  
BLESSING, THE BOUNTIES OF THY BREATH  
AND MILDNESS OF THY MELLOWING NIGHT  
FILL EARTH AND HEAVEN WITH LOVE AND LIGHT  
TOO SWEET FOR FEAR TO DREAM OF DEATH  
OR MEMORY, WHILE THY JOY LIVES YET,  
TO KNOW WHAT JOY WOULD FAIN FORGET.



OCTOBER.

(Poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Drawing by W. E. F. Britten.)





SGRAFFITO ORNAMENT, SCIENCE SCHOOLS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.  
(Designed by the late F. W. Moody.)

## AN ART TEACHER: THE LATE F. W. MOODY.

By OWEN GIBBONS.

WHEN the history of the new and powerful movement in decorative art of the last twenty years comes to be written, the name of Francis Wollaston Moody should not be forgotten as the originator of ideas which have in some measure influenced the decorative art of his time. His teaching was so intimately connected with the growth of the Science and Art Department that to understand the man and his work we must follow broadly the growth of the Government Art scheme.

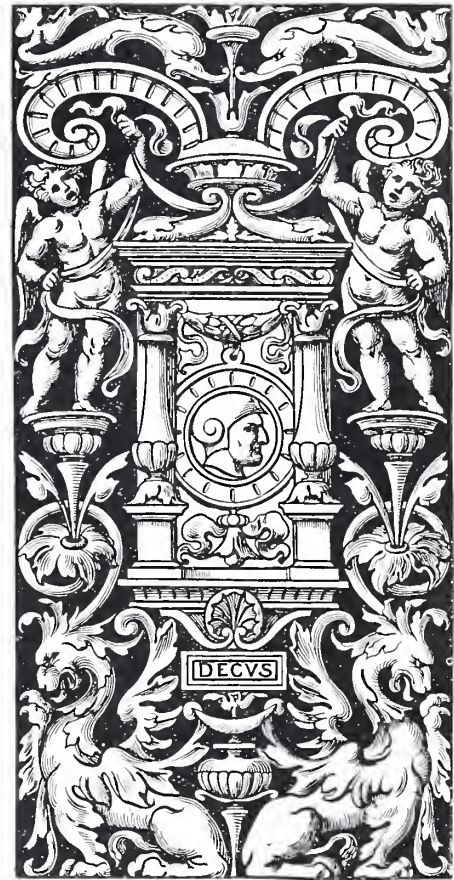


SGRAFFITO PANEL, SCIENCE SCHOOLS, S. KENSINGTON.

(Designed by the late F. W. Moody.)

The object of the Government in the formation of the department was to advance the teaching of art generally, but with a special endeavour to develop the knowledge of ornamental art, which should eventually influence the taste of the public, and at the same time produce artists in design. This was to be done by schools established throughout the country with a nucleus of objects of art for study, in the form of a museum and library at South Kensington, from which also selections could be lent on loan to the various schools. Moody, as a boy, had shown great love for art; and his father, who was a fine type of the old-style Church of England clergyman, encouraged him in his studies in every way. After having passed his college life, he spent a year under the instruction of Mr. C. W. Cope, R.A., and afterwards entered the newly-founded Art Training Schools at South Kensington. Having made his mark there, and shown his special capability for decorative art, he was introduced by Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A., to Mr. Godfrey Sykes, who was at that time over the decorative department of the museum. He had been a thorough student of Ruskin's works, and had been deeply

impressed with the strength and freedom of Gothic ornament: but the influence of such men as Alfred Stevens, Godfrey Sykes, and others of the same school, determined him in his choice of the Italian as the style to be essentially his own, although his



SGRAFFITO ORNAMENT, SCIENCE SCHOOLS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

(Designed by the late F. W. Moody.)

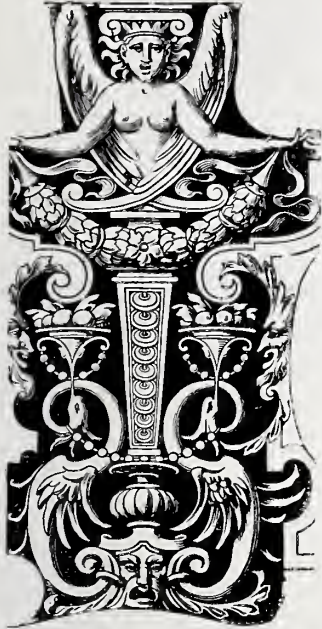
love for the freshness and variety of Gothic remained. A visit he made to Italy to make notes and studies for his copy of Raphael's "School of Athens" confirmed him in his style.

About the year 1865 he commenced his design for the "Ceramic Staircase" in the museum. This was an idea of Mr.—afterwards Sir Henry—Cole,



K.C.B., who always took a great interest in Mr. Moody, seeing, as he did, the original genius of the man.

Somewhat later Moody propounded his theory of instruction to the department, and a few advanced students were placed with him to assist him in his work. Having shown the success of his method, he was then appointed to teach in a separate studio. The prevailing idea of Moody's instruction was based on the old method of apprenticeships, and was intended to give the students a practical acquaintance with real decorative work, in which they should take some share, and where they could see him work, and help in anything artistic that was going forward in decoration in the museum.



SGRAFFITO ORNAMENT, SCIENCE SCHOOLS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.  
(Designed by the late F. W. Moody.)

At the same time lectures were given in the theatre at intervals, and classes held in advanced subjects—such as modelling and painting, and drawing from the life. Use was also made of the museum for peripatetic lessons, in which it was not unusual for many of the daily visitors to join.

The growth of the museum, under the able directorship of Sir H. Cole, was always a source of pleasure to Moody. As court after court was added, his admiration for the grand collection of fine ornament which was brought together increased, and he used to say that the South Kensington Museum collection was the only one formed with the purpose of teaching ornament.

An advance was then made by the department in establishing local museums, commencing with that at Bethnal Green. The mosaic panels introduced into the brickwork were from Mr. Moody's designs, drawn by his students, and executed in mosaic in the adjacent studio under his direction.

About the year 1871 the Science Schools were being built, and Sir H. Cole, with his usual vigour, determined to introduce a new means of decoration. Mr. Moody was commissioned to prepare designs for sgraffito, in which he had made some previous experiments, taking Vasari's work at Pisa as his model.

This was the brightest time in the art-life of Mr. Moody. His exuberant fancy could have full play, not only in a wide field of design in sgraffito, but in all varieties of mosaic, stained glass, and decorative painting, the actual work being carried out under his immediate superintendence. Following this came the Music School, near the Albert Hall, and much other work in various parts of London. It was at this time that he wrote his book, "Lectures and Lessons on Art," which has been so great a help to many of our art students. There are few who have read his book but will remember his strikingly original remarks and



MOSAIC PANEL, "DELLA ROBBIA," SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

(Designed by the late F. W. Moody.)

incisive criticisms. Only those who had the good fortune to know the man, and to enjoy his genial conversation and ready wit, can fully appreciate the force of his criticisms and sayings.

Although he was not to be classed as a great painter or modeller, yet his varied knowledge, good



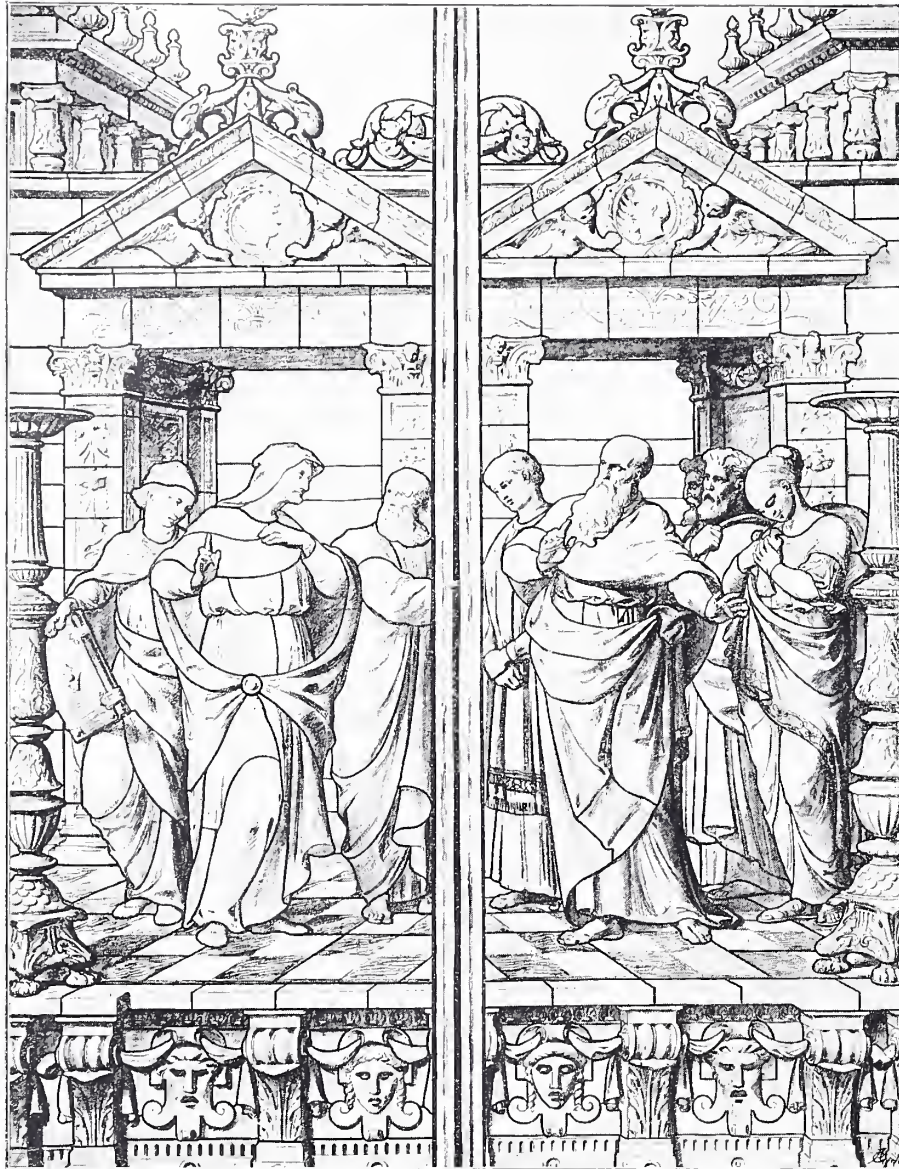
judgment, and comprehensive mind, with his felicity of expression, eminently fitted him for teaching in the higher branches of artistic education. He taught that the study of nature was a means only to an end. A direct copy of nature, with no

and everything in the house should be in harmony with it."

Architecture of the various styles and construction, so far as it related to design, he taught with success, his opinion being that "however strong in construction a building may be, if it does not look strong, additions must be made in some way to make it look so. A good piece of architecture will not leave a single uneasy impression on the mind." And further, that in high-class work it is necessary to use, "in construction, excess of material with skill; in ornament, redundancy with taste."

The lectures he gave on stained glass were very useful to the students, as much of this class of work was executed in the studio; so that all had an opportunity of seeing the actual work done, if they did not take part in it. On one occasion he made the following remark: "A good rule in designing for stained glass is, if the windows are small and the room dark, put richly-coloured glass. If, however, the windows are large and the room light, design light and delicately-coloured glass."

To Mr. Moody mosaic was a specially delightful study; its thoroughly architectural character seemed always to give him pleasure. The experiments at St. Paul's Cathedral in mosaic were most interest-



STAINED GLASS WINDOW, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

(Designed by the late P. W. Moody.)

other object, he admired as a proof of the photographic accuracy of the painter's eye alone; intellectually, he gave it no value. He used to say: "Keep in mind Emerson's saying, 'Art is nature passed through the alembic of man.'"

Moody was a thorough believer that "the proper study of mankind is man." For this reason he placed architecture, which is entirely human, as the foundation for all art, as he said, "Architecture gives the keynote; decoration, furniture,

ing to him, and when Mr. Burgis planned his scheme of decoration for the cathedral, Moody was associated with him in his work.

In one of his lectures on this subject he created much amusement by saying: "Mosaic should be firmly fixed. If a single tessera should fall from the dome of St. Paul's, it would go through a man's skull"—(looking round on his students with a smile)—"well, perhaps not through all skulls."

Mr. Moody's endeavour with his students was



to give teaching which would embrace a thorough knowledge of the principles underlying ornamental and figure composition. His lectures were full of wit and knowledge, and the illustrations he drew on the blackboard were truly marvellous. It was

He based his ornament on his material, and enunciated the principle that "in designing each material should be considered, and its characteristic qualities brought out to the full; wrought-iron, light and graceful; cast-iron, massive and strong; terra-cotta, plastic and free; silver, light and elegant; and gold, precious and rich in ornament. The true artist works up to the full extent of the special qualities of his material."



SGRAFFITO PANEL, SCIENCE SCHOOLS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.  
(Designed by the late F. W. Moody.)

often said that the work he produced in this way was well worth preserving. What he aimed at was to make himself clearly understood by each student: no expedient was lost sight of. If he referred to modelling, he at once took clay, and moulded it into the shape he was explaining; in drawing and painting he would use the same practical method of imparting his knowledge.

He had no sympathy with the mediocrity in teaching which obtained at that time in many schools, and which produced perennial scholars who never advanced beyond the merest rudiments. Moody's aim was real work, and to teach how high-class work in ornament could be accomplished.

In his own style of the later renaissance he designed with facility and power; but he was by no means bigoted, and had a love for all true art.

"Composition of line" was one of his strong points. He often directed attention to instances of it in the works of our English artists—Flaxman, Blake, and Stothard—men he had a great admiration for, as well as in the works of the Old Masters. He, at one time, expressed himself to this effect: "The most beautiful composition of line is that in which one outline runs out from behind another, blending with it, and producing new forms. This is seen to the greatest perfection in the human figure. In landscape the same arrangement of line is seen in hills and mountains."

The lessons given on decoration were excellent.

ing natural forms to ornament, there was much more required than at first sight appeared; and having drawn the acanthus ornament by the side of the natural plant to show his meaning, he said: "The acanthus ornament is rather the outcome of laws governing ornament than a copy from any natural plant."

With regard to colour, he said: "To paint in greys and low tones is safe, no doubt; but a colourist worthy the name will use colour." In decoration his opinion was that "beauty is the first thing to be aimed at; truth is not always to



DESIGN FOR MOSAIC PANEL FOR BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

(By the late F. W. Moody.)

be considered, for a gilded picture-frame is not solid gold."

Moody's advice to students who were studying from old examples is worth repeating: "Traditional art—such as the later Roman and Byzantine—



should be carefully studied. Here the knowledge of the way the best artists set out their work can be seen, for the tricks of art are remembered long after the skill and taste of the artist is lost. In a Byzantine capital the holes for the eyes of the acanthus leaves are drilled as for a fine Grecian work, but no skilled artist was there to finish it. In much of the later Roman work we see the drilling in the corners of the mouths and eyes to the right depth, but the workman could go no further than this rule."

In criticising students' work he was careful, as far as possible, not to give pain; but at the same time he would so clearly word his observations that no doubt could exist as to his meaning. Conceit he had a great dislike for. He once said to one of his students of this stamp, "It is possible for you to be as good a colourist as Titian, as grand a sculptor as Michelangelo, and to have the grace of Raphael; but I do not think you will." And followed it up by this further remark: "The old artists were not afraid of working on scaffolding out in the street. The modern artist wears a velvet coat and is careful not to soil his hands."

Method in study he looked upon as necessary to success. "Work in some method; a bad method is better than no method at all," he said. Not that each student was expected to do exactly according to a set rule in the studio; for of all things, Moody was anxious that each should cultivate his special gift and educate himself for some particular branch. He believed in noting rather the peculiar powers a student had, than in continually pointing out the failures, as many critics do; and he remarked: "When genius shows itself then comes the critic, and his business seems to me to be like that of a mower, to cut down all the luxuriant and beautiful and leave only an even lawn of mediocrity."

Moody was a believer in using all the newest information and knowledge; at the same time he would call attention to the great things which had been accomplished in the past under difficulties of which we know nothing. He said: "An old Italian artist would have journeyed a hundred miles to see 'Fau's Anatomy;' we each have a copy and do nothing with it."

Drawing from the antique was joined in his teaching with drawing from the life and with the study of anatomy, the aim of the study being to give power in drawing the

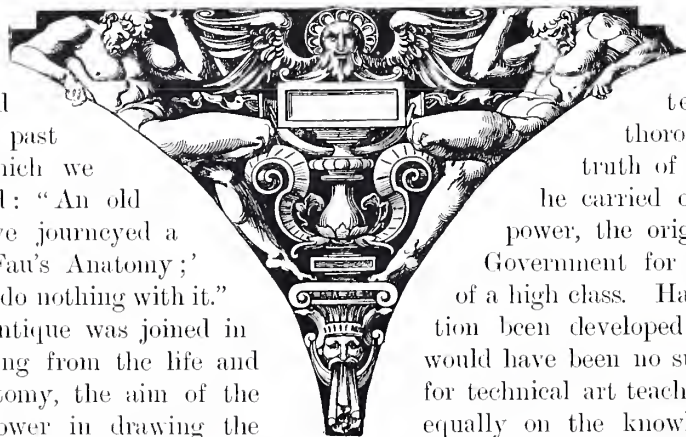
human figure. He would point out the drawing of Raphael and other Old Masters from the antique as the right style to work in. He did not believe in highly-finished shadings by students who could not *draw*. "Don't do much stippling; it's like whittling a stick, it only kills time. Why, after three or four months' work the drawing could not be sold for a shilling," he on one occasion said.

Expression, character, and motion Moody believed to be the greatest difficulties in art, and he endeavoured in every way to inculcate habits of observation and investigation into these seeming secrets of nature's art. Darwin's book on expression he advised all his pupils to study.

Having, as it were, walked through the studio and seen the way in which Moody taught and worked, it may be as well to add that the method of teaching employed was so novel that it attracted great attention amongst those who were interested in teaching art at that time. M. Galland, the celebrated Parisian painter and designer, and Professor of Decorative Art in the "École des Beaux-Arts," paid several visits to the studio, as did many eminent men from Germany, Holland, and other countries. The effect of this teaching has been considerable; perhaps more in stimulating a true enthusiasm for study than in forming a set style. His pupils can be found in almost all branches of decorative and artistic work, in manufactures as well as amongst the artists of merit who have made their names on the walls of the Academy or in our water-colour galleries.

Personally, Moody was of the most buoyant temperament, full of life and animation—a true friend and adviser, a thinker and worker, with a pungent ready wit and good judgment. Although apparently of robust constitution, yet through an unfortunate law-suit his health was broken up, and then came a stroke of paralysis which clouded his mind and eventually ended his life.

It can be said that he had an intense love of art, a thorough conviction of the truth of his principles, and that he carried out, as far as lay in his power, the original art scheme of the Government for teaching decorative art of a high class. Had his method of instruction been developed in other centres there would have been no such call as there is now for technical art teaching, as his system rested equally on the knowledge of art and work.



SGRAFFITO SPANDEL, SCIENCE SCHOOLS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

(Designed by the late F. W. Moody.)



## JULES BRETON: PAINTER OF PEASANTS.

BY GARNET SMITH.

AMONG the countless number of contemporary painters of peasants M. Jules Breton holds conspicuous and uncontested rank as poet and idealist. Year by year the realists, the devotees of *plein air*, increase and multiply; but at each returning Salon the critics salute Breton with a chorus of admiring eulogy, tempered only by the occasional and singular complaint that his creations are too poetical. Such mild inevitable forms of reaction are natural enough, and call for no remark for surely the realists are always with us, and these same critics would be the first to raise the cry that poetry is dead, and imagination the rarest gift of our present-day painters. M. Jules Breton's paintings are stanzas in a harmonious hymn to the sun, or "Chants du Crépuscule," poems of the mysterious twilight hour when toil in the harvest-field is at an end, and man and nature rest.

To be a painter of peasants nowadays is almost to be a pamphleteer. Each painter of peasants has a personal vision of country life, and this personal vision provokes literature. Critics fasten labels on him; and sooner or later, by way of approval or protest, he is compelled to enunciate his theory of peasant life, and explain, however unnecessarily, his temperament. But though we may believe that art is not literature, and that the literary criticism of pictures is a mistake, painting appeals not only to the eye, but also to the intellect, and thus literary criticism is inevitable. Now M. Jules Breton has a distinct position among painters of peasants. He

is an idealist, but an idealist who depends most thoroughly on reality. His early pictures, indeed, were elegant *genre*; but, as he has grown older, he has endeavoured, and endeavoured with success, to attain "the grand style." Again, at first, the elegance—prettiness if you will—of his peasant girls almost justified Millet's remark about the "Rappel des Glanuses," in the Luxembourg Collection, that "Breton always paints village girls who will not long remain village girls," meaning that their prettiness doomed them to quit the country, and probably for dubious careers. But take as examples of his completed manner "Le Fin du Travail" or "Le Goûter;" it cannot be said these robust, wearied girls and women are not true creatures of the soil. Certainly they have not dreamed, and will not dream, of another lot. "The peasant-girl only dreams by accident—when love comes, or



JULES BRETON.  
(Drawn by Himself.)

when night falls. M. Breton has learnt to surprise her at the hour of sunset, just as Millet has done during the hour of twilight. As a poet he perhaps poetises too much." So writes a French critic; and it is needless to say that the usual French critic, dominated by the prevailing doctrine of so-called realism, objects, above all, to poetry in painting. But in what are the girls of "Le Goûter" too poetic? They are even such as Millet would have painted them, flung on the ground in ungainly poses. More usually his peasant-women are tuned, as the critic rightly says, to the influence of the sunset, the effects of which the painter has studied



so seriously and so successfully. But the critic is surely not justified in his complaint of excessive poetry. Why should a painter zealously avoid all chance of depicting beauty? Roses as well as thistles grow in the country; and the peasant is sculpturesque if the painter does not close his eyes of set purpose. In the glow of M. Breton's sunsets any figure, however trivial, would be transfigured; and if he goes a step further, and selects figures that are noble, because of large limb and manifest bodily sanity, who can object? Strange enough, in truth, that a love of beauty should be objected to as a fault! Sometimes, indeed, M. Breton, as if to challenge his critics, gives us figures that are not poetic, as, for instance, in "Le Matin" or "L'Arc-en-Ciel," though he seldom goes to the length of his "Le Gôûter." Perhaps it may be said that there is majesty in the gesture of the girl seated on the donkey, who has turned her head over her massive shoulders to behold the wild sky in the "L'Arc-en-Ciel," but the lad and girl on the banks of the rivulet in the glow of "Le Matin" are in no way idealised. But if M. Breton consents occasionally to neglect beauty in the figures, he cannot consent to leave his landscape dull and prosaic. That would be too much to ask from him.

M. Breton has not left it to his pictures alone to show us how sincerely he regards country life in a poetic manner. He has written a volume of verse and an autobiography. These translations, so to speak, of his works in painting cannot be neglected by the critic, and some account of them is, if anything, more necessary than to dwell on special idylls in the long list of pictures in which the interest of the always poetical landscape and the more or less poetical peasants is balanced in varying degrees. At intervals of convalescence after illness during youth and manhood, caused by too absorbing application to his art, M. Jules Breton had clad in verse his love of the fields and peasant-life, and the ever-generous Théophile Gautier and the subtle Eugène Fromentin had encouraged him, towards 1870, to seek to add the laurel of the poet to the glory he had already won as painter. In this fresh form of expression he had found a source of new joys, and, as he says, "an outlet for certain aspirations which were beginning to give his painting a character somewhat too literary." Colour is much, but the cry of the heart calls for the sweet-sounding tender verse which can add movement to vision, and tell of the myriad murmurs of nature which are beyond the sphere of painting. His collection of "Les Champs et la Mer," poem-pictures of his native Courrières and the coast of Brittany, was followed in 1880 by the long pastoral poem, "Jeanne," of that Wordsworthian stamp which is so rare in French poetry, in spite of the precept and example of Sainte-Beuve. In "Jeanne" a

Wordsworthian minuteness of observation is united to a tenderness not to be expected from Wordsworth's austerity, a tenderness which lovingly dwells on the progress of a love idyll. And, much in the same way as Wordsworth infused, for sake of contrast, a strain of exotic feeling into his "Ruth," M. Jules Breton is led by his constant craving after the ideal, and possibly by an admiring study of the grandiose exoticism of Leconte de Lisle, to make his heroine no peasant-girl of his beloved Artois, but a foundling transferred thither from the Orient—a type of the primitive natural instincts, and thus opposed to the tender Angèle, child of a race purified by long ages of a mystic faith. The prolonged tension of his faculties in the composition of this poem brought on symptoms of so serious a nature that his medical advisers were compelled to counsel complete rest from poetry; and in publishing the definite edition of his poems in 1886, he announced that, by way of revenge, he was meditating a prose account of his childhood, of his life as an artist. He fulfilled his promise, and dowered us with gracious, sunny pages full of charm.

What need to deflower the book, to detach, like petals, passages full of the sights and sounds of his child-life in his father's garden, recollections of hours spent in the loft with the Callot-like engravings of the old books which once belonged to his grandfather—a soldier of the Revolution, who had been destined for the priesthood—pictures of the midsummer dances of the village maidens in the twilight, of the *ducasse*—the Scotch counterpart of which Wilkie has made known to us in his "Rent Day"—of Palm Sunday, and the ecclesiastical procession through the fields to bless the crops? Why remove from their setting the descriptions of the peasant-lads at their first Communion, or of the alto singer in the choir, which show so well that M. Jules Breton can see, when it is his will, with the eye of a Teniers, or mar by selection the later chapter that describes so intensely Douarnenez and the coast of Brittany? It is enough to say that M. Jules Breton is a charming painter and writes a painter's prose. He acquitted himself well, moreover, of the difficult task of recording the Eden days of childhood without reading into his recollections the philosophy of manhood; he has not forgotten that a child is a creature of sensation and not of thought. This painter of the sun erics again and again, "What sunny days are like those of childhood?" and, as an idealist, as a Platonist consciously or unconsciously, as a painter who believes that art is selection, he gives us recollections that breathe an exquisite tenderness, and depicts his household with delicate touches worthy of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, showing once more how true to the pole-stars of charity, duty, and gentle resignation are the



hearts of that French people whom we too often judge after the tinsel and morbid cleverness of poets and novelists who blaspheme and rebel against nature, and so gain fame.

Nor is it hard to see why M. Jules Breton should dwell so complacently on his recollections of childhood. Not only does he find in his childhood the

his return to his village, and united him to the peasants he had loved in his childhood, and with whose obscure joys and sorrows he fell in harmony now that he was their brother in poverty. After the first poignancy of disaster his love of nature redoubled, and his path was marked for him. Henceforth he was to be the painter of peaceful immen-



THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

(From the Painting by Jules Breton. Photographed by Braun.)

germs of his irresistible vocation, not only was the child "the father of the man," but the supreme lesson of his artistic life which he wishes to teach (admirable but not always applicable lesson) is that the best and fairest spectacle in the world is ever the one which a painter sees when first his eyes open to the sun in earliest childhood. He at first wandered amiss under the guidance of his masters at Ghent and Paris, and admired much against which he had later to revolt, as in nothing akin or useful to the expression of his own individuality. His various errors, or rather tentatives, in art, his alternate hopes and despondencies, his "Lehrjahre," brought him back to the sympathetic portrayal of the life of his native Pas-de-Calais. With Horace he learnt to repeat, "Quod petis hic est, Est Ulubris;" with Goethe and Carlyle to re-echo, "America is here or nowhere." The death of his father, and the misfortune—or fortune—of a change from ease to poverty, caused

sities, and of the simple beauty hidden to the eyes of most men. Dazzled by the splendour of the masters he had studied in art-galleries, it was long before he knew that he had but to open his eyes to find beauty around him, but henceforth he vowed his life and art to the land of his childhood. In later years the same lesson had to be learnt by him once more. He grew wearied of the oft-repeated spectacle, he felt no longer in its presence his wonted emotion and enthusiasm; all seemed trivial and common. Fits of melancholy and idleness supervened, and longings arose in him—mirages of sun-smitten elimes, visions of the Midi and Italy. But the gratification of his desires taught him once more that nature's sublime laws are manifested everywhere, that the use of travel was to lead him to a fuller comprehension of the tenderness, peace, and simple majesty of the country from which he had yearned to fly. "What remained in my head of those lively emotions provoked by the sight of



southern nature? Nothing from which I could derive advantage for my painting; but enough, however, to make me admire afresh, and still more than heretofore, the simple rural beauty which surrounded me."

When a painter expresses his theory of art, he reveals his temperament, and writes the apologia of his own personal view of nature. That M. Jules Breton, the painter of pearly distances, of blond tremulous atmosphere, of the serene ecstacy of twilight, the creator of "Le Matin," "Le Soir dans

of unity, harmony, and composition in painting; and, above all, he asks young painters to learn to "know themselves," to reverence the masters, to imitate them only in their indefatigable study of nature, to jealously guard their individuality. No painter, he affirms with truth, can attain the highest rank unless he stamps his works with the impress of his own personality, unless he earnestly sees for himself, and fearlessly follows the bent of his own individuality, careless of schools and doctrines. Nor will he allow them to become the passive mirrors of



THE HARVESTERS.

(From the Painting by Jules Breton. Photographed by Braun.)

les Hameaux de Finistère," "La Bretonne," "La Glaneuse," "La Fin du Travail," "Les Communiantes," and others, is a lover of the beautiful, a believer that the beautiful is the supreme aim of art, was to be discovered from each of his canvases; yet the pages in which he collected together his notes on aesthetics and the incidental exposition of his creed are full of interest. There is nothing new in his creed; but, then, why should there be? What he says is wise, and worthy of consideration by young artists who sacrifice to the contemporary fetiches of realism and impressionism. In these days of desperate eagerness to arrest the attention of a sated public at any cost there is little cause for fear that any supposed discovery in aesthetics will suffer neglect; but the arrogance of youth should learn that violet shadows and *plein air* are neither new nor remarkable, and that the calm sphere of beauty is not necessarily the sphere of mere academical convention. Specially does M. Jules Breton insist on the necessity

nature. A wood-cutter naïvely asked Théodore Rousseau why he was making an oak when the tree was there, already made; and M. Jules Breton, in his poem on the subject, holds that the rebuke, though ill-addressed to Rousseau, was entirely right and applicable to landscape-painters who are content to be mere passive imitators of nature. But it must not be supposed that M. Jules Breton's strong sense of the importance of individuality blinds him to the merits of others, and his characterisations of the leaders of the landscape movement of 1848, of his fellow-pupils in Drolling's *atelier*, especially Merson, Baudry, Henner, and Feyen-Perin, acquaintance with whom redeemed him from his early loneliness in the Paris of the revolution of February, and of his artist friends of a later date, beside their intrinsic interest, serve to define his own standpoint. For instance, we learn that he finds his own precursor in Léopold Robert, a painter of peasants now almost forgotten, but once acclaimed by Heine, Lamartine, and Alfred





THE TURKEY-MINDER.

(From the *Painting by Jules Breton. Engraved by Jonnard. Photographed by Braun.*)







de Musset, doubtless ready to seize the opportunity for lyrical enthusiasm offered by his Italian subjects. Léopold Robert's execution was not equal to his conception, and his letters reveal that despairing state of mind, that poignant tragic disenchantment of a poet or artist who is sadly conscious of the chasm between what he would do and what he can. Yet he had shown the way to the poetical treatment of the peasant, and had painted something of his soul and suffering on his imperfect canvases.

To exalt M. Jules Breton is not necessarily to

of these painted peasants of his with faces destitute of physiognomy, clad, or, rather, buried in roughly-hewn garments? His method is too often merely thick and muddy, although in time he learned to render atmosphere and became a master of low-toned harmonies. Théophile Gautier, who had begun by praising him, drew back before the dreary sombreness of much of his later work. Eugène Fromentin, in speaking of the Dutch masters, declared that, as a man, Millet might put them all to the blush, but asks anxiously, Has he left



THE COMMUNICANTS.

(From the Painting by Jules Breton. Photographed by Braun.)

depreciate other painters who have treated the same subjects from other points of view. For example, an appreciation of the mingled strength and delicate feminine ideal grace of M. Jules Breton does not prevent an admiration of the robust virility of Léon Lhermitte, who sees the noble heroic side of toil in his own manner. But though a younger painter—M. Émile Adan—charmingly continues the poetic tradition, the contemporary tendency is towards an unideal treatment of peasant life; sincere observation and a thorough mastery of technique is considered sufficient. The prevailing theory is that the true is the beautiful, and not, with Plato and M. Jules Breton, that the beautiful is the *splendour* of truth. And too often a deliberate selection of nothing but the ugly elements of truth seems to be made. With Millet the ease is different. He also was a poet, if not a lover of the beautiful to the same degree as M. Jules Breton. His view of peasant life is earnest and profound; but what

any beautiful pictures—is he their equal as a painter? And there are already signs that in the future he will be remembered by his drawings rather than by his paintings. Yet Millet is a master, by dint of his feeling for composition, and his deep religious sadness. It was right that he also should paint his view of life. “Have you seen joy in nature?” he would ask of those who complained of his perpetual sadness. “As for me, I have never seen it; at most I have seen, for a few hours, calm and peace.” In short, under each of his works one might inscribe the primal curse. “A troublous charm, even in ugliness,” says M. Jules Breton, who nears truth again in a criticism of the “Peasants’ Meal in the Fields,” exhibited in the Salon of 1853. “This painting, baked, so to speak, in the sun, austere and dun, rendered mysteriously the stupefying heat which burns the furrows in the dog-days: a dull glow wherein move panting, stifling, sweating beings with



strongly-marked callosities, thick lips, eyes in vague holes, silhouettes of figures simplified as in Egyptian art, clad in baggy garments swollen at elbow and knee; beings of a blind and sullen solemnity. His enemies saw therein the glorification of stupidity. Singular canvas, indeed, at the first sight. The tawny colour of the wheat seemed to spread in the red air that grew thicker and thicker towards the horizon, enveloping all with its monotint waves

The name of Bastien-Lepage inevitably recurs in this connection, though he was lost to us before he had wholly expressed himself or won his way to a definite practice of his theories. Bastien-Lepage was no poet, had little or no perception of beauty, was almost incapable of invention, lacked or disdained composition. From Manet and the early impressionists he caught tricks of method, derived in turn from the Japanese. Little would be gained,



ACROSS THE FIELDS.

(From the Painting by Jules Breton. Engraved by C. Maynard.)

beneath the lividness of the leaden sky. Was it sublime—or hideous? The public was perplexed what to think, waiting, as usual, for the word of order of the authorised critics. Certainly it was far from being charmed, and yet it did not abandon itself to that merriment from which it has not refrained in the case of more recent scandals; it bowed before an expression of a power; it felt itself in the presence of a profound creation, of a strange dream of a character almost prehistoric." And he proceeds to point out how Millet gradually added the element lacking at first—a depth of atmosphere, how emotional and sympathy-exciting are his pictures of the hapless resigned children of the soil, loved by him and exalted by his inspiration to the highest regions of art. But, he concludes, "stay your hand, all would-be imitators!"

however, by repeating or endorsing the common charges against him of want of atmosphere and of excessive simplification; it were of greater moment to ask if the hopeless stupidity on the faces of his peasants was the lesson he wished to teach, or merely a clever idiosyncrasy of method. But, without reserve, we may re-echo, after M. Jules Breton, that, as a portrait-painter, France, in losing him, lost its Holbein. As to the stupidity of the peasant, stupidity springing from his narrow lot and bounded range of thought, M. Jules Breton has told us how their stupidity, ignorance, and childish jealousy had afflicted his father and uncle, their would-be benefactors; but he sees in the peasant more than this, and knows, like George Eliot, that sympathy is the best method of study and criticism.



## THE LIFE OF PROFESSOR RUSKIN.\*

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE times have strangely changed since "Modern Painters" burst upon the world, and gave to art-criticism in its highest sense, and to æsthetic philosophy in its widest, a turn unprecedentedly suggestive and inspiring. But the popular taste has changed too, educated by Ruskin, modified by later writers, and tempered, for better or worse, by more recent theories. And, after the lapse of years, men who criticise the critic have forgotten—if ever they knew—in what manner Ruskin's theories were evolved, on what reasoning and motives they were based, the circumstances of their development or change, and, in some cases, the causes of their abandonment. It became thus highly desirable, if the story of his life and work was to be told at all—and that it *should* be told was, of course, inevitable—that the task should be accomplished ere unrecorded facts were forgotten, and before friends who could help had passed away. And, above all, it was essential that the biographer, to be competent, must be in close sympathy with his subject, personally familiar with his life, his work, and his philosophy. Such a one is Mr. Collingwood, who, like "the Master," is a graduate of Oxford, a scholar, and an artist, with a strong leaning towards philosophic thought, and an intelligent appreciation of "philosophic doubt."

The advantages of a long residence with Ruskin are constantly displayed throughout the pages of this very serious biography. It is a book in which the reader must not look for a light anecdotic story of a life that is full of material—for all its passionate intensity—for occasional humorous treatment. It is an earnest and highly intelligent survey of a career, in its artistic, literary, and philosophic bearings—its moral and economic views and its philanthropic schemes being the subject of microscopic analysis and clear and able exposition. That there are some errors of fact and judgment in a compilation of so complex a character was inevitable. One is bound to traverse Mr. Collingwood's statement that until Ruskin discovered them, and proved their excellence to the world, Botticelli and Tintoretto were "great unknowns." The assertion that Ruskin paid for the publication of Rossetti's poems is based upon a misconception, and the date attributed is incorrect. But these and a few similar mis-statements of minor importance will certainly be corrected in a second

edition. What is somewhat more serious is the (very natural) exaggeration with which Ruskin's influence and importance at the earlier period of his crusade are regarded—a tendency towards hero-worship and apologetic defence surely not necessary in connection with so great and impulsive a personality. For the rest it may frankly be said that no one else could have done the work so well as Mr. Collingwood; who had, indeed, already proved in his "Art Teaching of John Ruskin" that he not only knows "the Master's" synthetic philosophy to the very bottom, but that his grasp of it is amply sufficient to enable him to systematise the artistic, economic, scientific, and ethical teaching of Ruskin, and reduce it to a consistent and intelligible whole.

It is pleasant as we glance through these pages to recognise all the familiar landmarks in Ruskin's life, and to note the very diverse and interesting reasons of their importance. How in the sketching of an ivy-grown tree-stem Ruskin found the first basis of all his art-teaching is already well known; but Mr. Collingwood dwells rightly on the circumstance as testifying to that "sincerity in all things" which was the key-note, so to speak, of all Ruskin's teaching. Then we have the gradual change from the simple love of pure landscape art to morality—his transition from architecture to "Turner and the Ancients," and then to Christian art, to ante-Dutch and Flemish. We see how his mind passes under the sway of Loeke and Aristotle, and of Plato, and then we find how much of his study and his newly-fixed convictions are reflected in his "Seven Lamps [or laws] of Architecture." We are present at the writing of the "Stones of Venice;" we are invited to watch him as he illustrates his work with drawing and etching of his own; and we note the genuine modesty of the preacher as he begins to dominate the public with the force of his individuality, and take his proper stand in the intellectual world. For it soon became evident that his enormous industry, his innate modesty, and vigour and activity had produced a man *sui generis*, one whose influence was quickly felt and recognised by his compeers, whether they accepted his views or not.

Few of the incidents of Ruskin's life are passed over without full explanation or elaborate comment—how he threw his weight into the agitation for the better administration of the National Gallery; how he was attracted by our English Pre-Raphaelism—though, be it noted, he did not in any sense help to start it—and ultimately succeeded in obtaining

\* "The Life and Work of John Ruskin." By W. G. Collingwood, M.A. With Portrait and other Illustrations. In Two Volumes. (Methuen and Co. 1893.)



the proper recognition and representation at Trafalgar Square of the true Pre-Raphaelites; how his views of art in its bearings upon life broadened and deepened with experience: how, now become to be regarded by many as the dictator of taste,

the writer was in these later years overborne by his friends and the public, and persuaded into consent to the appearance of new editions. After he had passed forty years of age ethics rather than art occupied his mind; his religious beliefs became even

broader, and his creed, in consequence, had to be subjected to reconstruction. He had already flung back the constant reproach that was, and still is, in spite of all, being fastened upon him: "*I do NOT say in the least that in order to be a good painter you must be a good man; but I do say that in order to be a good natural painter there must be strong elements of good in the mind, however warped by other parts of the character.*" Then seeing the futility of his acts of philanthropy—in which the whole of his vast patrimony has now been expended—he began thenceforward to think of the salvation of Society, and became the preacher, the teacher, and the "Master." The weight was heavy for one of his conscientiousness and intensity of thought, allied to his weakness of physique; and a life of suffering and, towards the end, of shattering illness has been the price he has paid for a life of strenuous effort, of violent contention, industry, and philanthropic struggle.

To Ruskin's work as a man of science—as a geologist, a naturalist, an economist, and other branches of knowledge and thought—no reference need here be made, nor need any estimate be attempted of the results of his life's labours. The biography here under review must be read by those who would know these things, and would become properly acquainted, as in self-duty bound, with one of the master-minds of the century.



THE SCALA MONUMENT, VERONA.

(Drawn by Professor Ruskin.)

he made his way through his Edinburgh lectures and the practical efforts at the Workmen's College, through his metaphysical studies and philosophic intercourse with the best minds of the day, towards that code of morals which made up the sum of his teaching—a teaching which he never faltered in impressing with all the inspired fervour of a prophet of old. We are shown how up to the age of forty he was the art-critic—"he concluded the whole cycle of work by which he is popularly known as a writer on art. Since then art has sometimes been his text, rarely his theme." His books on art *lead*, we are told, to his final opinions: they do not express them—the reason why they were allowed to run out of print until

They will find the subject handled with striking ability, though it is confined within somewhat narrow limits; for the story of the friendships and "adventures" of Ruskin would have occupied over-long in the telling. This would require other volumes—such as the "Præterita" of Mr. Ruskin himself, and the anecdotic memoirs now in course of preparation by Mr. Arthur Severn. Nevertheless the readers of the book will make a far more thorough acquaintance with the man and his work than could otherwise be derived from an unassisted study of his books, and they will know how to make allowance for a certain enthusiastic tone, unavoidable, no doubt, in a biography indited during the lifetime of its subject.



## MICHELANGELO.

By CHARLES WHIBLEY.

FROM the outset of his career the late J. A. Symonds devoted his scholarship and energy to one period. Excursions he has made into other fields; but the Italian Renaissance, as it was the first, so it was the last absorbing interest of his life. An elaborate study, in seven volumes, of his chosen theme gave him his place as a critic; and the crown of his life is "The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti,"\* in some respects the sanest and soundest of his works. To define Mr. Symonds's place in literature is not easy. His poetry is but accomplished verse; his prose is too often in the Corinthian manner, and lavishly adorned with purple patches. But of his critical sagacity and of his faculty for research there is no question, and his "Michelangelo" is likely to remain for many years to come an unimpeached authority. It is written with a direct simplicity scarce expected of its author; it is well informed, admirably arranged, and withal free from partiality and eccentricity of judgment; so that, being neither pedantic nor sentimental, it is infinitely superior to Hermann Grimm's pompous work, while it possesses the further advantages of a comely appearance and adequate illustration.

There is nothing more capricious than the world's knowledge of its greatest men. Of one so scant a record is preserved that biography becomes guess-work. Of another's career no incident is concealed, and the difficulty of presenting a complete picture is enormously increased by the mass of surviving material. The biographer of Michelangelo has little need to exercise his imagination. There are no gaps to be filled, and very few questions of fact to be discussed. An enormous mass of letters and documents remains to perplex the biographer. Of the letters a goodly collection has got into print, and is easily accessible; but the critic's task is rendered ten times more arduous by the innumerable contracts, poems, and memoranda which are preserved in the Casa Buonarroti at Florence. Then there are the contemporary biographies of Vasari and Condivi, whose discrepancies must needs be reconciled or explained. The result is that while Donatello's works are the best record of his life, we have a certain knowledge of Michelangelo's character and adventures; indeed, he still lives, a wayward and interesting personage, quite apart from his art. During his own lifetime he enjoyed what is called in modern slang a "boom." For his contemporaries he was Michelangelo the "divine," the "stupendous." No-

thing that he did or said was deemed unworthy of remembrance, and doubtless many deeds of prowess and not a few witticisms were wrongfully attributed to him by ingenious flatterers. Nor may it be supposed that this respectful curiosity was due to the supremacy of the artist. Michelangelo might have done his work in comfortable obscurity had he not been a man of abounding temperament. But from the time that he first frequented the garden of the Medici to his death in Rome he exacted and generally won respect, and it is scarce strange that while his own generation regarded him with awe, he should have appeared to posterity something more than human.

The last word of admiration for Michelangelo was written long ago. Vasari and Cellini went far beyond the limits of judgment in their eulogy of the man and of the artist. Nor have the modern Germans lagged behind. What should Mr. Symonds add to the chorus of praise? He has indeed chosen the better part of prudence, and criticises his hero with discreet moderation. He is quite alive to the unpleasant colour of the "Last Judgment," and he dispels more than one myth of Michelangelo's inspired fury. It has been a legend for three centuries that Michelangelo saw a statue in every block of marble; that he attacked the stone with an impetuous disregard of model or design. His works, we have been told, were "struck off at a blow," and the sculptor has appealed to the popular imagination as what is called at the music-halls a "lightning artiste." But Mr. Symonds, quoting Cellini's treatise upon sculpture, has proved that Michelangelo's method, if less romantic, was far more workmanlike. At the outset it was his practice to work from a small model; but, "discovering latterly that the small models fell far short of what his excellent genius demanded, he adopted the habit of making most careful models exactly of the same size as the marble statue was to be." Could deliberation be carried further? Nor is this all. When he was satisfied with his full-sized model he would take charcoal and "sketch in on the marble the principal aspect, and then begin to work by removing the surface-stone upon that side, just as if he intended to fashion a figure in half-relief; and thus he went on gradually uncovering the rounded form." This is not the method of chance or fury, and Mr. Symonds was wise to insist that Michelangelo, like all artists, obtained by certain means the effect at which he deliberately aimed.

To read again the tragedy of Michelangelo's life is to be amazed once more at his energy and

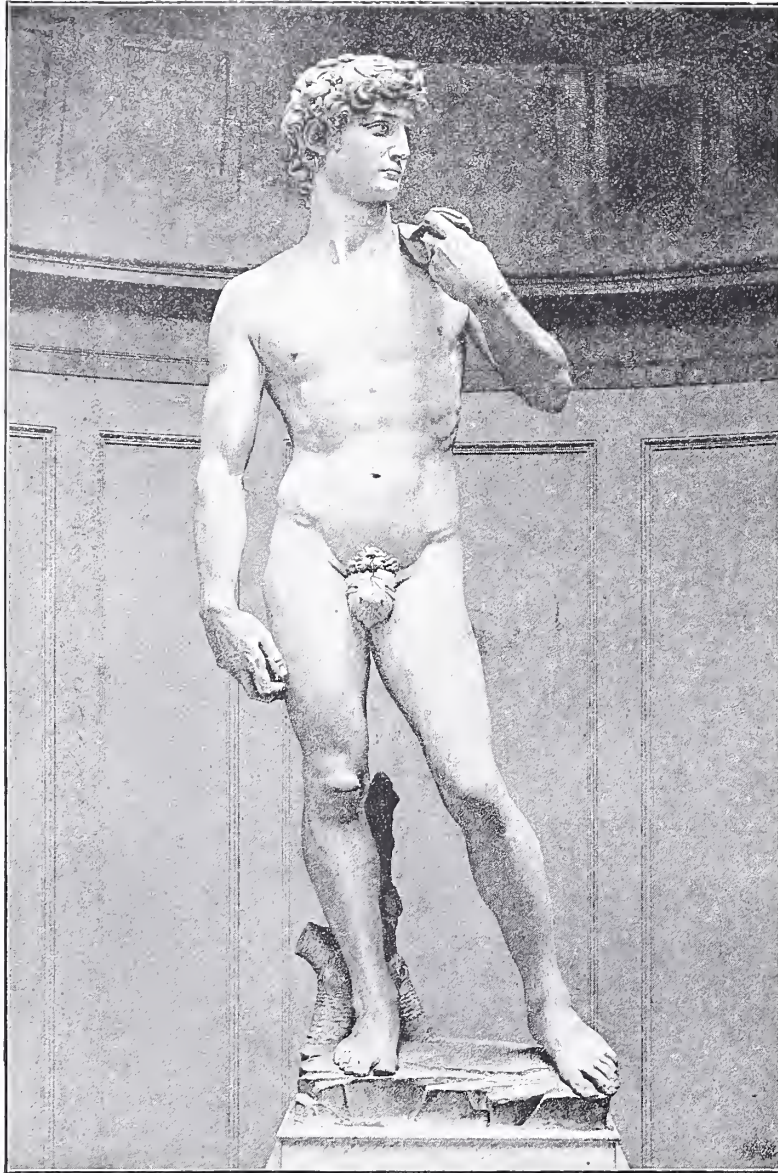
\* "The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti." By John Addington Symonds. Second Edition. (London: J. C. Nimmo.)



endurance. He was a sculptor by inclination and by temperament; yet while his vast designs of sculptured decoration were executed only in fragments, his frescoes—masterpieces of an art not his own—were finished at the bidding of a pope. In painting

phased anatomy. He is in complete contrast with Donatello and Raphael, his two rivals in the renaissance of the arts. That his was a more powerful temperament may be taken for granted; that they were the greater artists is beyond doubt. He was, in fact, as Mr. Symonds says, a Romantic, not a Classic. Ever intent upon the expression of character, he attempted to put such ideas into marble or upon canvas as cannot be conveyed in either of these materials. So that, while his own genius made him succeed splendidly, in spite of his uncontrolled ideals, he was the worst possible model for others. Though he never had a regular school, which Mr. Symonds suggests his temperament made impossible, he had pupils not a few, and he became an example to unnumbered painters who destroyed whatever faculty might have been theirs in the attempt to mimic the inimitable.

Mr. Symonds opined that Michelangelo was, in the Carlylean phrase, the hero as artist. Indeed, Carlyle was only deterred by his indifference to the arts from writing the sculptor's life. And if ill-luck is ever heroic, surely there is a heroism in the hapless fate which turned the commission of the Julian tomb into what Condivi calls a "tragedy," which condemned Michelangelo to waste years in fruitless quarrying and road-making, which drove him perforce to painting, when all the while his genius was set upon sculpture. Indeed, the one really heroic episode in the artist's life is his long and bitter encounter with Julius II.; and it was this struggle which appealed to the imagination of Thomas Carlyle. The Pope and the sculptor were well matched. If



DAVID.

(By Michelangelo.)

for its own sake he took little enough pleasure. The medium was contrary to his genius, and his famous frescoes are but so many sculptures in the flat. The invention, the draughtsmanship, the adaptation of design to space, are indeed remarkable: but you feel in every group the hand of the sculptor, and seldom recognise the touch or artifice of one born to express himself in paint. But in whatever medium he worked, strength rather than beauty was his aim. He had a constant love of contorted forms and em-

Julius did not always preserve the dignity of the patron, Michelangelo seldom assumed the obedience of the servant. "He is terrible," said the Pope; "one cannot get on with him." When the Pope demanded the sculptor's presence at Rome, Michelangelo tarried for a while at Florence, and then got no nearer the Sacred City than Bologna. Here the two tyrants encountered; and exclaimed Julius in anger, "It was your duty to come to seek us, and you have awaited till we came to see you." When



the Pope interrupted the progress of the Sistine frescoes by inopportune visits, Michelangelo always received him with a wanton savagery, and on one occasion (so says rumour) attacked him lustily with a plank. But you may catch an admirable notion of the Pope's own character in the following anecdote: When the sculptor was designing a statue of Julius, to be cast presently in bronze, he asked if he would like to hold a book. "What book?" exclaimed the Pope; "a sword? I know nothing about letters, not I!"

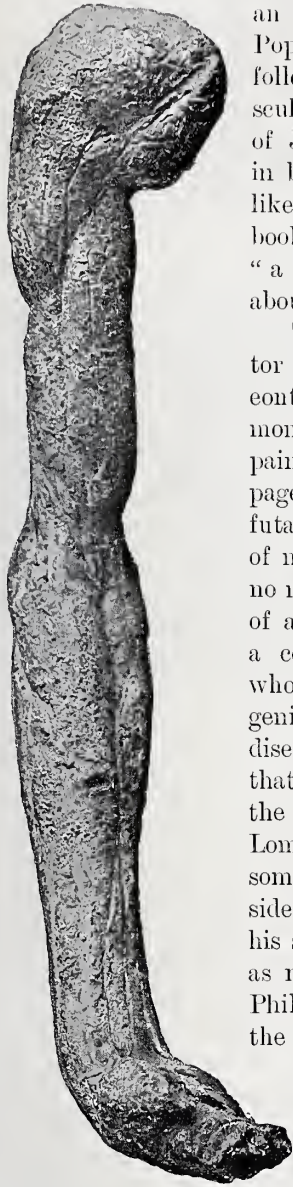
The character of the sculptor was, to be sure, a tangle of contradictions, which Mr. Symonds has been at the utmost pains to unravel. Indeed, the pages which are devoted to a refutation of the common charges of madness and hysteria are by no means the least valuable part of an excellent book. There is a certain kind of psychologist who holds that every man of genius is the prey of neurotic disease; and if it be granted that to be normally stupid is the only means of sanity, then Lombroso and Parlogreco have some measure of justice on their side. Now Signor Lombroso and his school are wont to denounce as madmen all save the perfect Philistine. Michelangelo was the victim of neurotic disorder,

say these critics; and, inasmuch as the ordinary provincial is not generally a sculptor of genius, they would adduce the "Moses" and the "David" as evidence of their assertion. He

was uniformly frigid towards women, argues the fadmonger, and he entertained for Tommaso Cavalieri a warmer sentiment than is usual amongst men. Therefore he must perforce have been a monomaniac. Again, he was in the habit of helping the deserving poor, and he would give his alms with such secrecy as to remain beyond the reach of gratitude—proof irrefragable, says Parlogreco, of congenital insanity. Moreover, while he was by nature courageous and even overbearing, he was at

times a prey to superstition and sudden timidity. With no better warning than a nightly vision he would take to instant flight—as during the siege of Florence—sacrificing thereby the precious obligations of honour and courage. Though he ever showed himself the most charitable of benefactors and the staunchest of friends; though he treated his nephew and his servant with the utmost consideration; though Cellini, Vasari, and many others could not speak of him without emotion; he was still subject to outbursts of passion, and quarrelled at times with the most intimate of his friends. And then, despite the simplicity of his life, he harboured a pride of birth which was wholly unjustified. Himself learned in all the learning of his age, he enjoyed the society of vulgar buffoons. In fact, he possessed no quality to which an astonishing defect did not at once give the lie; therefore, says the New Psychology, he was neurotic, hysterical, mad. The charge is not new. It was brought against him during his own lifetime. It has been repeated during the last decade. But as Michelangelo repulsed it with scorn, so also does Mr. Symonds insist upon its injustice. The man of genius is not amenable to the stricter laws of suburban life. As he confers a greater benefit than his fellows upon the world, so he may be forgiven if he be sometimes irritable, and not seldom melancholy or suspicious.

Of Michelangelo we prefer, with Mr. Symonds, to quote Ariosto: "Nature made him and then broke the mould." Meanwhile, in taking leave of this temperate and scholarly piece of biography we commend Mr. Symonds's analysis of Michelangelo's character to Mr. Nesbit and the other amateurs of an eccentric and dogmatic psychology.



WAX STUDY FOR ARM OF  
"DAVID."

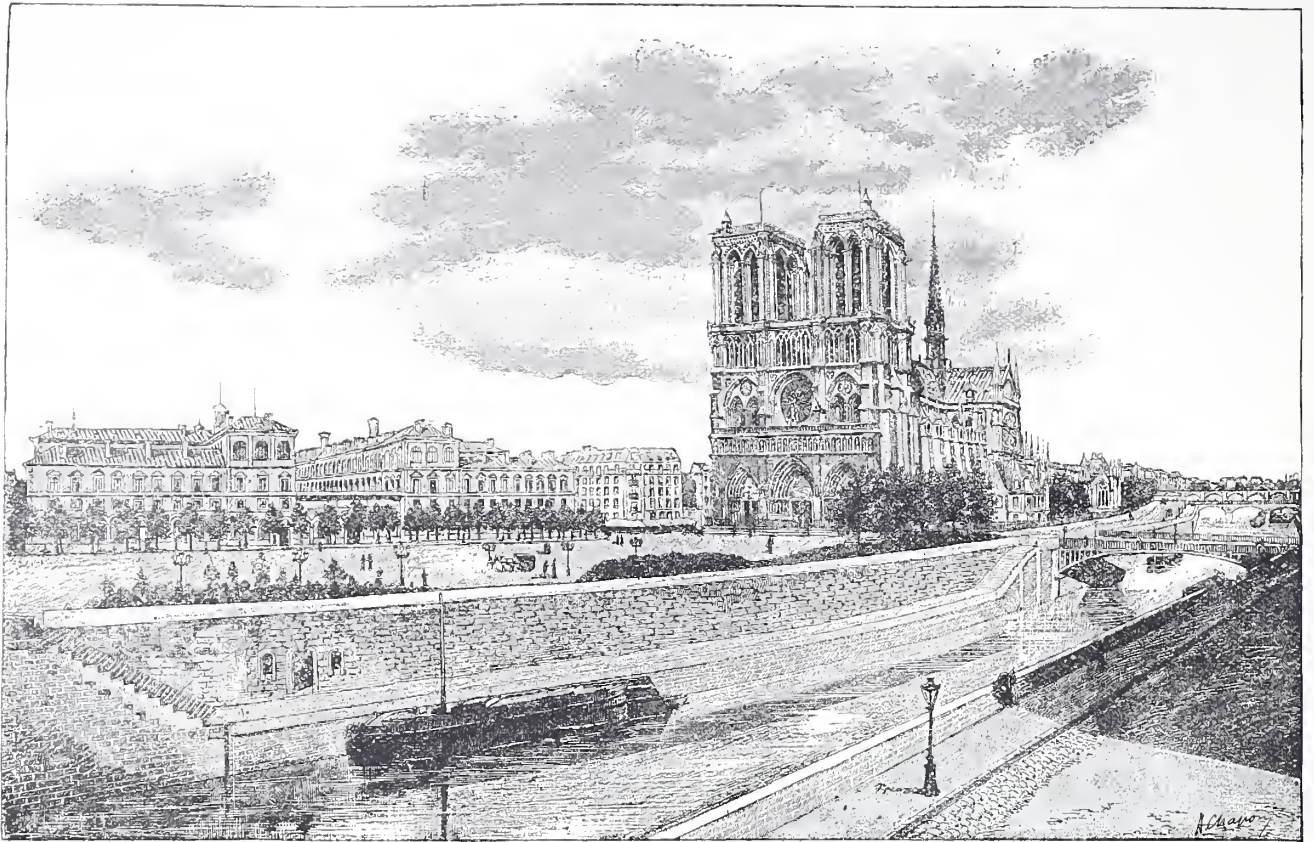
(By Michelangelo.)



WAX STUDY FOR LEG OF  
"DAVID."

(By Michelangelo.)





NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.

## NOTRE-DAME AND MEDIÆVAL SYMBOLISM.

BY SOPHIA BEALE.

IN 1839 Victor Hugo exclaimed in his "Notre-Dame," "Le temps est aveugle, l'homme est stupide," and verily, if ever a church proved the truth of this remark, it is the cathedral of Paris. There is not a square foot of the building which has not been scraped, patched, or re-carved. Perhaps it was inevitable, considering the state of the church after the renovations of Louis XIV. and XV., the desecrations of the Revolutionists, and the horrible restorations of the First Empire and succeeding governments. But still one cannot but lament that the church is wanting in what is the greatest charm of its sister of Westminster, the unrepairableness and dirt of ages. Notre-Dame has been excellently restored by Viollet-le-Duc and his associates, all that they did has been well and intelligently done; but still, one wishes that the original sculptures were there instead of copies, or adaptations from the cathedrals of Amiens and Reims.

The most destructive period in the old church's history was that between 1699 and 1753, when Louis XIV. piously but unfortunately carried out the "vow" of his father. This caused the demoli-

tion of the carved fourteenth century stalls, the *jube* (chancel screen), the cloisters, the high altar with its numerous *châsses* and reliquaries, its bronze columns, and gold and silver statuettes, the tombs and the stained glass. In 1771 the statues above the great west door, and the dividing pier with its figure of Christ, were cut away by Soufflot, the architect of the Panthéon, to make the entrance wider for grand processions.

The history of Notre-Dame is in a great measure the history of France. During the wars the standards taken from the enemy were suspended there; and after victories the old church rang with the glorious chant of the *Te Deum*. In 1185 Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem, who had gone to Paris to preach the Third Crusade, officiated at its high altar. Here, too, in the early part of the thirteenth century, St. Dominic preached from a book given him by the Blessed Virgin, who appeared to him after an hour's silent meditation, radiant with beauty, and dazzling as the sunlight; whether the congregation saw the vision or not, history does not relate. On the 27th of November, 1431, the child Henry VI. of

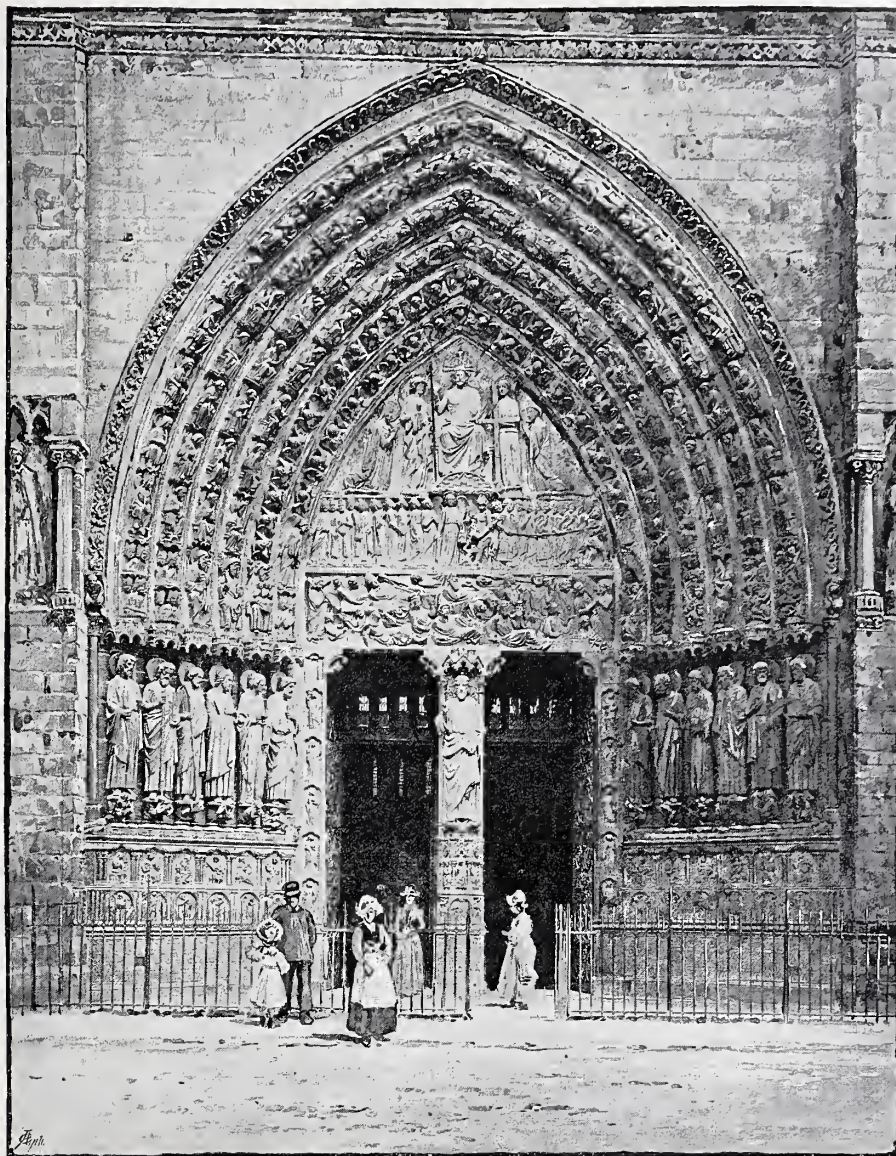


England was crowned King of France in the choir of the cathedral. But the pomp of this ceremony was soon eclipsed by a greater, the singing of the *Te Deum* to celebrate the retaking of Paris by the troops of Charles VII., in Easter week, 1436.

In the thirteenth century the Feast of the Assumption was celebrated with great splendour; the whole church was hung with rich tapestries, and the pavement covered with sweet-smelling flowers and herbs; but two centuries later, grass from the fields of Gentilly seems to have sufficed to do honour to our Lady on her fête-day. The same custom prevailed there as at the Ste. Chapelle and other churches; that of letting fly pigeons, and throwing flowers and torches of flaming flax from the windows, in celebration of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the day of Pentecost.

It must be remembered that the great churches of the Middle Ages were more the work of the people than of the nobility. The armorial bearings upon old stained glass are mostly those of the different guilds, the members of which, either as individuals or in their corporate capacity, enriched our churches in money and in kind; and thus the cathedrals became, not simply places for divine worship and prayer, but museums, and the centres of intellectual life. Their sculptures took the place of our books, and their contents were inducements to church-goings. Indeed in many cases the church was as much profaned in early as in later days, when the nave (as at St. Paul's) was used as a stock exchange and place of business. What we now find in museums our ancestors found in the churches; and the teaching which we now obtain from books, they gained from the sculptures. Hence the, to us, strange jumble of religious and profane subjects on the glass and in the carving.

The whole west front of Notre-Dame is a mass of symbolism. The four great buttresses bear effigies of St. Denis, St. Étienne, and two crowned women. These represent a very common conceit in the Middle Ages, viz., the Church and the Synagogue:



THE PORTE DU JUGEMENT, NOTRE-DAME.

the one proud and triumphant, the other humbled and defeated; the one with her head raised and her eyes fixed upon Christ, the other with her face bent down and her eyes blindfolded; the one with a diadem on her forehead holding up a cross and chalice, the other letting her crown, the tables of the law, and her standard fall broken to pieces. Above these figures is a row of the Kings of Judah, the ancestors of the Blessed Virgin, and crowning all, in the centre, is our Lady as Queen of Heaven with attendant angels, while on each side stand



Adam and Eve. The three portals bear the names of the Judgment, St. Mary, and St. Anne.

The *Porte du Jugement* (see p. 423) represents the complete scheme of the Last Judgment. The central pier consists of a pedestal decorated with figures, symbolising the liberal arts, upon which stands a statue of our Blessed Lord giving the benediction. The stylobate on each side is decorated with six medallions of the Virtues and Vices. The twelve Virtues are represented as women holding the attributes: the twelve Vices, as little scenes illustrating them in action. Guillaume Durand tells us that the virtues were represented as women, because they were man's nursing mothers. Hermas, in his "Shepherd," gives the list of virtues thus: Faith, Temperance, Patience, Magnanimity, Simplicity, Innocence, Peace, Charity, Penance, Chastity, Truth, and Prudence; while St. Thomas says the "Légende d'Or" taught the Indians that they were Faith, Baptism, Charity, the Flight of Avarice, Temperance, Penitence, Perseverance, Hospitality, the accomplishment of the will of God, the giving up of what God forbids, charity towards friends and enemies, and vigilance in all things. Sometimes the Virtues were represented as fighting the Vices; and sometimes the latter are personified by Sardanapalus for folly, Nero for iniquity, Judas for despair, Mahomet for impiety. The system adopted at Notre-Dame is simpler: and although it is impossible to give a detailed account of all these sculptures, yet one or two examples may serve to convey to the reader some idea of the plan carried out so fully by the mediæval artists. Let us take the two first bas-reliefs on the left of the statue of our Lord. The upper one is Courage, a woman seated, with a helmet on her head; in her right hand a large naked sword; in her left a shield on which a lion is represented. Underneath is Cowardice—a man running for his life, and looking behind him with an expression indicating the greatest fear. His sword has fallen out of its sheath in his hurry to escape. Behind him runs a hare, and above, upon the branch of a tree, sits an owl, which adds to the coward's terror. This was one of the least mutilated of the series, the symbols having remained intact.

On each side of the Virtues and Vices are four figures, Abraham, Job, Nimroud, and an unknown, which also symbolise the Virtues and Vices thus: Abraham, submission to God's will; Job, resignation and confidence in the Divine mercy; Nimroud, blind pride and impiety. Above the Virtues and Vices are the Twelve Apostles, resting upon brackets ornamented with figures and animals, which often aid us in deciding the personage represented above when no other means are available. It must be borne in mind that no work of the mediæval artists

was mere hazard; the entire doorway was designed as a whole to carry out a certain idea. Thus we find the mere position of the Apostles was intended to carry on and intensify the teaching of the rows of Virtues and Vices below them. What could be more significant than the placing of St. Peter over Faith, and St. Paul over Courage?

On each side of the doorway are the Wise and Foolish Virgins; the former, with their lamps burning, on the right of the Saviour, the latter, with extinguished lamps, on his left. Above them are the doors of Paradise—open for the Wise, closed for the poor Foolish ones. The tympanum is divided into three tiers. The lower one is the Resurrection of the dead, each side of the design being flanked by an angel blowing a trumpet. Above this is the Weighing of Souls: the Archangel St. Michael stands in the centre holding the scales. In one is a little personage with his hands clasped in prayer; in the other is another figure which has already thrown off its earthly form for that of Hell. A hideous demon stands by to receive this poor lost soul, while a little devil underneath the scale is treacherously pulling it down with a hook. On the right is the procession of the elect, showing various expressions of ecstatic joy—two friends, or a husband and wife, have joined hands after a long parting. On the left side are the damned being pulled along by a cord which is held by a demon in front, while another monster pushes the last soul by the shoulders. The first of the damned is a woman, emblematic of Eve having been the first to sin; but her followers are of both sexes, a motley group including bishops and monks, kings and princes, clergy and laity.

Above is the Supreme Judge sitting with His feet upon the world. He wears the cruciform nimbus, and has both His hands raised to show the stigmata. On each side is an angel bearing the instruments of the passion; and it is worthy of remark that whereas the cross on which He hung is held by the angel's bare hands, the nails which pierced His sacred body are enveloped in a cloth. Behind the angels are His Blessed Mother and the beloved Disciple, kneeling and interceding for the souls below. Both are young according to the tradition of the Western Church (only in the East is St. John ever represented as aged). The head of the doorway has six rows of figures, the lower ones on each side belonging to the Judgment subject of the tympanum. Thus, in the first row on the right, are two crowned figures, and above is an angel receiving the elect. In the next row is Abraham holding three little people on a cloth, symbolising his receiving souls into his bosom. In the third and fourth rows are two Patriarchs bearing palms, probably Isaac and Jacob. In the fifth and sixth rows are groups of the elect, crowned.



Turning to the left side we find: First, a cauldron full of hideous demons surrounded by flames, one monster with a fork pushing in a poor damned soul. Second, Death in the form of a miserably thin woman riding the pale horse of the Apocalypse; her eyes are bandaged, and in her hand she holds a lance; behind her rides Hell—a naked man in the act of falling off his horse. Third, a *mêlée* of demons, serpents, and damned. Fourth, one of the horsemen in the Vision of St. John, probably War or Famine. Fifth, a demon sitting upon and torturing one of the lost souls. Sixth, demons of most horrible forms, and toads, tearing the flesh of the damned. A great many of the devils have the heads and bodies of apes. Above these subjects, in the first rows, are forty-four angels; then follows a row of Prophets, fourteen in number—Moses, Aaron, Daniel, &c. These are succeeded by sixteen Doctors of the Church holding books. M. Didron remarks that Paris being a great seat of learning, the architect of Notre-Dame has given the Doctors precedence of the Martyrs. The fifth row contains eighteen of the latter holding palms in their hands, the three nearest the point of the arch being the three deacons—St. Stephen, proto-martyr, SS. Lawrence and Vincent. In the sixth row are the Virgin-Martyrs bearing tapers.

The upper part of the tympanum still bears traces of colour and gilding, and no doubt the whole was originally a mass of polychrome. Indeed, we find in M. Didron's "*Annales Archéologiques*" an account of these sculptures by an Armenian bishop named Martyr, who made a voyage to France between 1489 and 1496, in which he not only alludes to their being coloured, but describes them exactly as they now appear.

The decoration of the *Porte de la Vierge* is in the same character as that of the *Porte du Jugement*, the subjects being taken from the history of the Blessed Virgin. On the central pier is the Patroness of the Church holding her Divine Child, and as the second, Eve, bruising the serpent's head. As in all early representations, the ungainly beast is a species of dragon, with two short fore-legs and a long tail twisting round the historic tree. The tympanum is filled with the Assumption and the Glorification of the Blessed Virgin, as related in the "*Légende d'Or.*" In the door-head are Prophets, Kings, holy men, and angels. They all bear scrolls, and no doubt in the days of the Armenian bishop their names were inscribed upon them. Below, on the stylobate, are statues of St. John Baptist, St. Stephen, St. Geneviève, St. Germain d'Auxerre, and St. Denis bearing his head in his hands, attended by angels, whether for protection or for support it is difficult to say. Some of the bas-reliefs give the history of the Fall of the Angelic Host, some a Calendar repre-

senting the Earth, the Sea, the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and the occupations of each succeeding month. This subject is constantly found in mediæval sculpture, but rarely so fully developed as at Notre-Dame. The Signs of the Zodiac here follow the Ecclesiastical year, which commenced with the month of January.

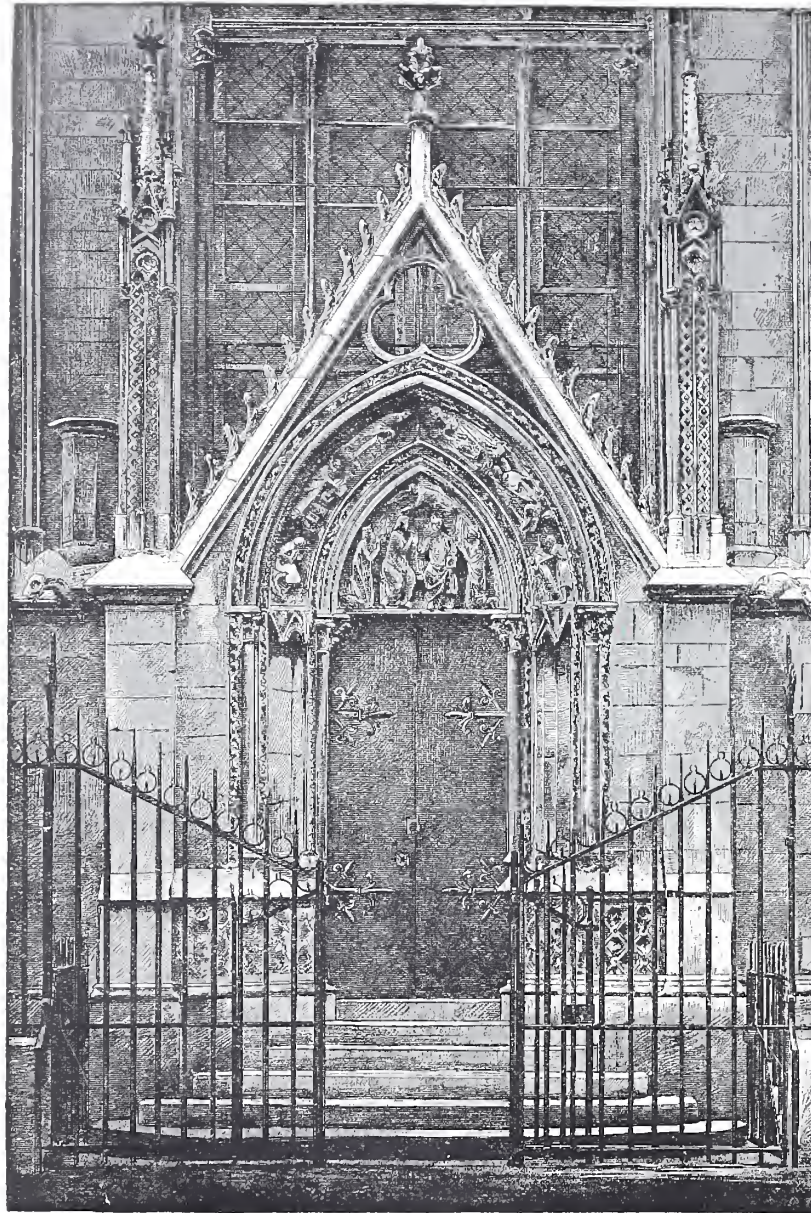
The *Porte Sainte-Anne* is the oldest of the three portals. On the central pier stands St. Marcel, ninth bishop of Paris, who died in 436. The Saint is clad in episcopal vestments, and has his right foot upon a two-legged monster with a serpent's tail, which issues from a winding sheet enveloping the body of a woman. The legend is quaint. "A woman of noble family, but who had much sinned, passed away, and was laid in her tomb with great pomp and ceremony. But behold what took place. A horrible serpent devoured her body, took up his abode in the tomb, and lived upon her remains. The inhabitants of the place fled horrified from their homes. But the blessed Marcel understood that it was he who should triumph over this monster; so, when the serpent, coming out of a forest was returning to his dwelling-place, St. Marcel presented himself before him, praying; and the monster from that moment seemed to ask pardon by bending his head and wagging his tail, and he followed the Saint for the space of three miles in the sight of all the people. . . . Then spake Marcel authoritatively unto him, 'From this day forth, go and inhabit the desert, or plunge thyself into the sea!' And since those days no trace of him has been seen."

The tympanum includes subjects from the lives of the Virgin and St. Anne. On one side is the kneeling figure of an aged king, crowned, and vested in mantle and tunic, unrolling a charter of donations. As the date is about 1137-80, it probably represents Louis VII., the friend of Suger, abbot of St. Denis, the hero of the Second Crusade, and the father of Philippe Auguste. On the right is a bishop in a similar position—no doubt the founder of the church, Maurice de Sully; and it is notable that, while the king is made to kneel, the churchman, his subject, stands. In the tympanum of the little *Porte-Rouge* are two more kneeling royal personages, probably St. Louis and Queen Marguerite de Provence. The legend connected with the beautiful wrought iron-work of the great west doors is one of many showing the lively faith in the devil which our ancestors possessed. On one of the scrolls is the figure of a man with the tail of a fish—the legendary portrait of the blacksmith, Biscornette; who being charged to forge the hinges in a given time, and finding himself behindhand with his work, determined to call in the aid of his Satanic Majesty. This personage arrived, put on the leathern apron, and worked so



vigorously that at dawn the doors were finished. Biscornette thanked his assistant, who politely presented the blacksmith with his horns in recognition of the event. Popular opinion in the Middle Ages

the church is said to be the statue of the Virgin which stands upon a pillar at the entrance of the choir: but it is more than probable that it is not the original. On the other hand, the alto-reliefs which



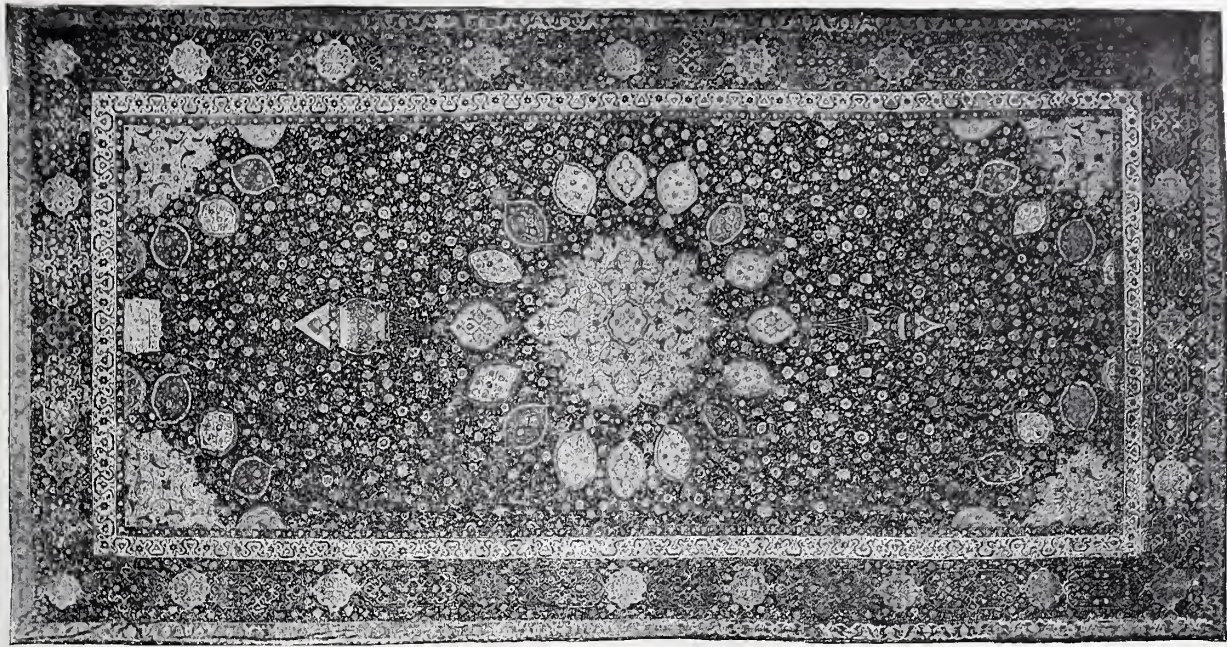
THE PORTE ROUGE, NOTRE-DAME.

always held that the devil could have had no hand in forging the central doors, through which the Blessed Sacrament passed, and that a curse was attached to the *Porte Sainte-Anne*, as it was never opened. But these degenerate times have at least proved that the curse was a myth, however much truth there may have been in the other tradition: for the door opens easily enough, and if it were kept closed in former times, it was for no fault of Biscornette's. Of course the blacksmith's name was born out of the legend. The oldest piece of sculpture in

encircle the choir are known to be of the fourteenth century, as on one of them is an inscription giving the name of the master mason, Jean Ravy, who commenced them, and also that of Jean le Bouteiller, who finished them in 1351, the former being represented on the last panel in an attitude of prayer.

History is silent as to the name of the first architect of Notre-Dame; but on the southern façade is a Latin inscription recording the finishing of that part of the church in 1257, and giving the name of the artist, Jean de Chelles.





PERSIAN CARPET.

(Recently acquired by the South Kensington Museum.)

## OUR ILLUSTRATED NOTE-BOOK.

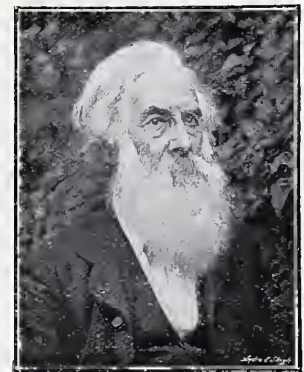
BY the generous assistance of a few private individuals the authorities at South Kensington—who had not sufficient available funds for the purpose—have been enabled to purchase for the Museum the magnificent Persian carpet of which a reproduction forms the heading to this page. Measuring 34 feet 6 inches in length by 17 feet 6 inches in breadth, the carpet, besides being of exquisite design and workmanship, is of more than usual interest, from the fact that it contains the date of its manufacture, thus affording help in estimating the age of similar examples. Although dating from A.D. 1535, the colours are, for the most part, perfect, the faded portions serving but as contrasts to the brilliancy of the remainder.



THE LATE AUGUSTE BARTHÉLEMY  
GLAIZE.

(From a Photograph by Mulnier, Paris.)

33,000,000 hand-tied knots—that is, 300 to every square inch—the quality of the texture of the fabric can be imagined. As regards the colouring and design, the central portion has a background of dark blue, thickly worked with floral devices in red and yellow, while the middle is occupied by a medallion composed of a light blue-and-red pattern on a pale yellow ground. Surrounding this are sixteen cartouches of various colours, those in line with the main axes of the carpet being green, while the intermediate ones are worked in yellow with red borders, and *vice versa*. Each of the corners is filled by a repetition of a quarter of the central device, while the border—three feet in width—consists of three parts, the central band being made up of alternate circular and oblong cartouches on a dark ground. The outer band is of light red, with green ornament, and that on the inner side of light yellow with red ornament. At the top of the carpet is a panel, with an inscription in



THE LATE EDWIN MOORE.

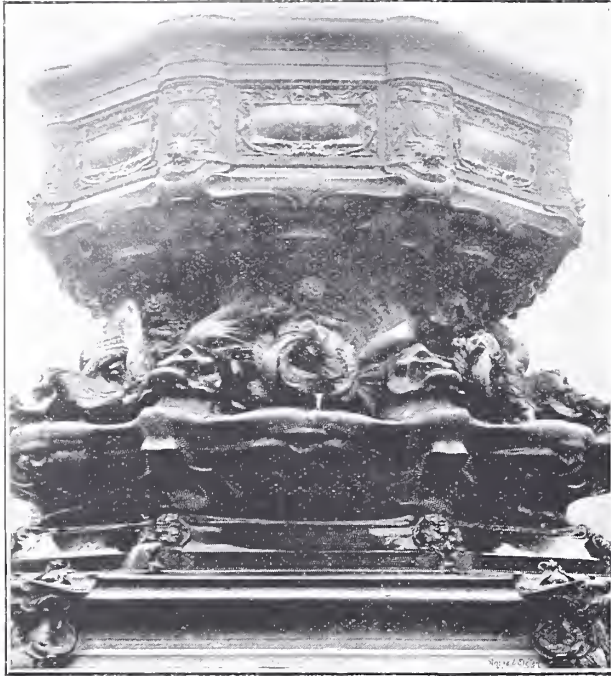
(From a Photograph by Mr. A. B. Burleigh.)



black lettering, of which the following is a translation:—

"I have no refuge in the world other than thy Threshold.  
My head has no protection other than thy Porchway.  
The work of the slave of the Holy Place,  
Maksoud of Kashan,  
in the year 942" (A.D. 1535).

By the death of M. Glaize, France has been de-



PART OF THE SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

(By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.)

prived of one of her oldest artists. He was born at Montpellier on December 15th, 1807, and studied under Achille and Eugène Deveria. His work was exhibited at the Salon for the first time in 1836. In 1842 he gained a first-class medal, and in 1844, 1848, and 1855 second-class awards, in the latter year also being decorated with the Legion of Honour. He held a great reputation as a painter of mural pictures, and was a successful pastellist and an expert lithographer. He is represented in the Luxembourg by "Quicksands," painted in 1863. Many of his principal works were based upon Scriptural incidents, among them being "Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery" (1875); a triptych, "Salome—The Death of John the Baptist—Herodias" (1873); "Christ Insulted;" "Susannah" (pastel); but he also executed works of historical subjects and some portraits. Among the most important of his general works are: "Allocution de l'Empereur à la Distribution des Aigles, 1852;" "Faust and Marguerite;" "The Blind Man and the Paralytic" (Fables of Florian) (1877); and "Dante Writing His Poem." For some years past

he had ceased to exhibit, but he had numerous pupils, and leaves a son, Pierre Paul Léon Glaize, who is an artist of no mean repute.

We have also to record the death of Mr. Edwin Moore, of York, who, although not widely known, was an artist of considerable talent. He was held in high esteem in the city in which he lived for his powers as an art-teacher, having occupied for fifty-seven years the post of drawing-master at the Friends' Schools in York. The deceased artist was the head of a family which exhibited extraordinary artistic talents, including as it does Mr. Henry Moore, R.A., and Mr. Albert Moore. The father, the late William Moore, of York, was an artist of ability, and no less than five of his sons have followed him in his profession, the whole of them on one occasion exhibiting simultaneously at the Royal Academy. Edwin Moore was born in 1813, and when he turned his attention to art,



SUMMIT OF THE SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

(By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.)

landscape and architectural drawings formed his principal work. In spite of the great claim upon his time caused by his duties as a teacher, he yet executed many paintings, including a series of the abbeys and monasteries of Yorkshire, and another of Border and Scotch castles.



In accordance with the promise given in the "Note-Book" in last month's *MAGAZINE OF ART*,

The sale of the Holford collection of etchings has already been fully dealt with in the *Chronicle of Art*.



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

(From the Etching by Rembrandt, lately in the Holford Collection.)



REMBRANDT LEANING ON A SABRE.

(From the Etching by Rembrandt, lately in the Holford Collection.)

reproductions are here given of the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, showing some of the details

We reproduce on this page three of the prints for which some of the highest prices were paid.



EPHRAIM BONUS.

(From the Etching by Rembrandt, lately in the Holford Collection.)



CHILSTON LANE, TORQUAY.

(From the Painting by G. B. Willcock, recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

of the work, which serve still further to display the beauty and imagination of Mr. Alfred Gilbert's design.

A first state of the "Christ Healing the Sick"—known as "the hundred-guilder" print—realised



£1,750; "Rembrandt Leaning on a Sabre" reached the extraordinary price of £2,000, and the "Ephraim Bonns," £1,950.

An interesting addition has been made to the



THE CAST SHOE.

(By George Mason. Recently acquired by the National Gallery.)

British section of the National Gallery by the purchase from the fund bequeathed by the late Francis Clarke of "The Cast Shoe," by George Mason (No. 1,388). The picture, which is placed on a screen in the second room of the British School, is a

delightful little work, and quite representative of the painter of "The Harvest-Moon."

From the same fund was also purchased the picture, reproduced on p. 429, "Chilston Lane, near Torquay," by G. B. Willcock (No. 1,389).

Among the presents bestowed upon H.R.H. the Duke of York, which have recently been on exhibition at the Imperial Institute, was a piano of chaste design and workmanship, manufactured by Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons. The instrument is designed to imitate a highly-decorated harpsichord, the case being of mottled mahogany, inlaid with ivory and marquetry. It is noticeable that the designer has, as in the case of the piano designed by Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A., reproduced in THE MAGAZINE OF ART some few months ago, evaded the diffi-

culties connected with the ordinary form of piano legs by substituting a light and not ungraceful framework, which, while affording the necessary support to the body of the instrument, lends an elegance which is altogether lacking in the average grand piano.



GRAND PIANO.

(Manufactured by Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons for H.R.H. the Duke of York.)



# THE CHRONICLE OF ART.

## ART IN OCTOBER.

### ENGLISH ART AT CHICAGO.

Judging from the published list of English pictures which have already been secured for the Chicago Exposition, the display will, as we feared, be but a poor one in the aggregate. It may present a very fair average "Academy;" but when other nations are preparing to exhibit their full strength, it is perfect folly on our part to be satisfied with showing a merely "fair collection." We have for years been waiting for the opportunity to overcome the ill-informed prejudice of America in regard to British art, which in the estimation of the States has generally stood on a level with that of British wine and British cigars. If we are not prepared to seize the opportunity now it has arrived, we had better stand aloof altogether rather than present our cousins with a sound basis for their present opinions.

### SHARKS AND AMATEURS.

When the "Artists' Alliance" was first floated, we took occasion to warn our readers against it, in spite of certain good names published upon its list of "Honorary Members"—simply on the face of its provisions and aims. Later on, when Morgan consolidated his bogus "societies" and issued the unique number of its organ, *The Pantheon*, we repeated our criticisms, which we were glad to see reprinted in quarters where, apparently, the valiant exposure by *Truth* had not penetrated. If ambitious amateurs and incompetent professionals are desirous of showing and, if possible, of selling their work, why do they not—instead of feeding sharks who are only too ready to batten upon them—why do they not form an "Amateurs' Artist Society," on co-operative principles, and worked by a paid official? Then they and the public would know exactly what to expect.

### DANGER FROM FIRE AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND BRITISH MUSEUM.

The newspapers have been aroused to something like interest by the statement of the District Surveyor for Bloomsbury that a fire recently broke out within a few yards of the British Museum, in a row of houses which ought, for the preservation of the Museum, to be razed, and the ground used as a belt of safety. Yet, people have remained entirely apathetic in spite of our repeated declaration that the National Gallery is in hourly danger from the barracks behind, which is not "within a few yards," but which *absolutely adjoins*, and in which fire has ere now broken out. The trustees and the Government assume a heavy responsibility in allowing this state of things to continue. Were they to reflect that probably as many fine works of art have been lost to the world by fire as now remain in it, and that this loss has often been caused by criminal negligence, they would probably not be content to run the quite probable risk of being one morning called upon to account to the nation for the total destruction of the national collection in Trafalgar Square. The trustees

of the National Gallery are in urgent need of more room. Why do they not at once formulate a demand to the Government for the threatening barracks on which to extend the gallery?

### EXHIBITIONS.

The autumn exhibition at the New Gallery must be pronounced a disappointment, without qualification. Its *raison d'être* is commercial and not artistic. The proprietors found the gallery lying empty and unproductive on their hands, and were, at the same time, conscious that they enjoyed an extensive connection amongst artists which would enable them to fill it in one way or another. But even given such conditions the best has not been done. This collection of pictures, old and new, of designs and sketches, lacks unity of intention; and such works as we meet now, not for the first time, have been so recently exhibited that we find them wanting in novelty and powerless to awaken memories. An exhibition strictly of sketches and studies of such artists as most affect the New Gallery would have been more interesting; or had the managers chosen to go farther afield, a West-of-Scotland, or other school, display might have proved as attractive as instructive. The place of honour is accorded to Mr. ALMA-TADEMA'S "Hadrian in England," exhibited at the Academy in 1884, and one of the most prominent pictures at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, since which date it appears to us to have been freshened. It is one of Mr. Tadema's biggest canvases, and its deep-toned scheme of colour belongs rather to the artist's earlier period than to that of his latter-day delight in classic forms and exquisite, but intensely modern, tints. An opportunity is given us of studying once more Mr. WATTS'S portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, and of admiring its sedateness of colour and Venetian amplitude of line. Mr. W. B. DAVIS is represented by two fine landscapes, "An April Evening" especially being suffused with a sweet and ineffable serenity. Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN'S "Labourers after Dinner" was painted as long ago as 1884; but it is one of the best and truest things he has ever accomplished. Still fresher in our memories is Mr. FRED HALL'S "Cinderella"—Cinderella of the German folk-lore—with wonderful sea-birds in plumage just a little too insistently accurate. In the court is placed the recumbent marble figure of the poet Shelley, by ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., which we saw at the last Academy in the east as it will appear in the complete memorial. Considered apart from the somewhat unreposeful accessories of the rest of the design, this beautiful work gains greatly in significance and charm. It assumes, in the finished form, a new subtlety and grace which it is very difficult to find words to express, and we are thus better able to understand the sculptor's reluctance to trouble his design by the introduction of the slightest drapery. The marble is very crudely placed on a high, oblong case, covered with green baize and located unpleasantly near the fountain. A little St. Christina, done in gesso, and coloured by Mr. FRAMPTON, deserves notice for its vaguely mystic quality; and the "sketches" in clay of Mr. ROSCOE



MULLINS show much spontaneity and vigour. Mr. BURNE-JONES sends a design one ninth the intended size, for the decoration in mosaic of the space over the chancel arch of the church of St. Paul at Rome. It is of great beauty of line and colour, the curves of the arch being happily repeated. In the centre the golden-brown and pitying figure of a beardless Christ stands with extended arms against the interweaving arabesques of the many-branched Tree of Life. On either side are adoring figures, and the Path to Heaven, charged with many a wayside symbol, winds back behind the sacred tree. The colours are those soft and solemnised blues, greens, and purples, of which Mr. Burne-Jones holds the secret. Two slight drawings from M. FERNAND KHNOFF, the Belgian symbolist, excite much admiration, on account of the delicacy and purity of outline and originality of colour. One is the face of a woman, with eyes which read the mysteries of the world of spirits, almost colourless itself, but aureoled with marvellous tawny-orange hair; and the other, a woman with arms of a prodigious length pushing a pallid flower towards a bust, the note of colour being a tablet of startling lapis-lazuli let into the cold marble-like composition. They also pique much curiosity as to their inner meaning. However, we have the painter's word that if he satisfies us on the æsthetic side he is content to be otherwise undecipherable. Mr. EDWARD STOTT's "Bathers"—lads bathing at evening in an inland pool—has been exhibited before, but under conditions which did scant justice to its dexterous handling and the luminous atmosphere which seems to literally suffuse and fill the whole space enclosed by the frame. The treatment of the figures of the nude lads against the strong light is exceedingly clever. The same artist's beautiful little picture, "Starlight," must not be passed unnoticed. A very delightful little canvas, tender and full of poetic feeling, is Mr. EDGAR C. WILLS's harmony in brown, "Among Thick Falling Dews"—a study of cattle and atmosphere. Miss HILDA MONTALBA's "Moonlight in Provence" is as remarkable for its extreme simplicity of conception as for its poetic charm. A very beautiful head, called "M. le Curé," is shown by Mr. WILLIAM WONTNER, a young artist educated at the Royal Academy Schools. Mr. MARK FISHER sends some fine landscapes with cattle; LORD CARLISLE, small Yorkshire "views;" Mr. MOUAT LOUDAN, a portrait; Mr. JOHN CHARLTON, an equine melodrama; Mr. POYNTER, a Diadumene first sketch; Mr. MELTON FISHER, a coloured illustration of Venetian carnival manners; Mr. THORN WAITE, a hayfield; and Mr. PERCY BIGLAND, a picture full of dramatic intensity, which reveals a new and powerful side to his artistic character.

Mr. Whitworth Wallis has succeeded in borrowing for the City of Birmingham Art Gallery an exceedingly fine collection of works by living English animal painters. The exhibition, which opened on October 3rd, contains many famous works, and will undoubtedly prove highly attractive. The thanks of the townspeople are due to the many owners who have so generously allowed Mr. Wallis to make selections from their collections. These include the Prince of Wales, Earl Spencer, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Armstrong, Hon. C. N. Lawrence, Sir Thomas Lucas, Sir William Hozier, Lady de Gex, and Messrs. Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., John Aird, M.P., N. G. Clayton, M.P., Colonel Hargreaves, Colonel North, Colonel Harding, Messrs. William Lomax, H. J. Turner, Henry Tate, Schumacher, Jesse Haworth, Reiss, Hugh Reid, John Dickinson, James Dunnachie, O. L. Evans, Mrs. Cross, the Corporations of Liverpool and Nottingham,

and many others. Mr. George McCulloch, of Melbourne, has most liberally lent ten works from the fine collection of modern paintings he is forming. It is impossible to do more than mention by name a few of the principal artists and pictures. The collection is fully representative of modern English animal painting, but no hard-and-fast rule has been drawn, and works have been included by artists who would not strictly be called animal painters. In each one, however, animal life, in some form or another, is the leading feature. Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., and Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., are largely represented by many of their best known pictures. There are fourteen by the former, including the beautiful "Circe and the Swine," "His only Friend," "Rizpah," "The Last of the Garrison," "Cave Canem," "Union is Strength," "The Herd of Swine," "Of a Fool and his Folly there is no End," and others; the latter can be studied in nine important canvases, including "Now Came Still Evening On," "Gleamy Day, Picardy," "The Pieardy Dunes," "Ploughing in Normandy," "Mother and Son," "The Way to the Sanctuary," "Lost Sheep," &c. Mr. JOHN M. SWAN, besides his two large and well-known works, "Maternity" and "A Fallen Monarch," lends a series of pastel studies of wild animals of the highest interest, and some vigorously modelled bronzes. Among the battle-pieces should be mentioned "Maiwand—Saving the Guns," and "The Midnight Charge at Kassassin," by Mr. CATON WOODVILLE; "Floreat Etona!" and "Patient Heroes," by LADY BUTLER; and "Bad News from the Front," "Balaclava," and "Ulundi," by Mr. JOHN CHARLTON. Mr. S. E. WALLER is represented by "One-and-Twenty" and "The Empty Saddle." The Prince of Wales lends "Tiger Shooting in the Terai," by Mr. H. JOHNSON, an incident of His Royal Highness's visit to India. Among other artists well represented should be mentioned MESSRS. F. GOODALL, R.A., A. C. GOW, R.A., ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A., ADRIAN STOKES, J. T. NETTLESHIP, J. S. NOBLE, DENOVAN ADAM, WALTER HUNT, R. MEYERHEIM, A. W. STRETT, BURTON BARBER, AUMONIER, R. BEAVIS, BASIL BRADLEY, SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., J. C. DOLLMAN, E. DOUGLAS, EMMS, PETER GRAHAM, R.A., FRED HALL, HEYWOOD HARDY, TOM LLOYD, LOGSDAIL, P. E. STRETTON, W. H. TROOD, and Mrs. ADRIAN STOKES.

The sixty-sixth autumn exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, which opened early in September, is a fairly representative one as regards the leading artists of the day. Mr. ORCHARDSON, R.A., the president, is unrepresented, but Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., sends three well-known works of the finest quality—"A Roman Amateur," "Pheidias and the Elgin Marbles," and "A Kiss." "Sie Transit," by Mr. G. F. WATTS, R.A., hangs near one of the latest Chantry purchases—Mr. F. D. MILLET's "Between Two Fires." Opposite to it is Mr. LOGSDAIL's enormous "Ninth of November." Mr. HENRY MOORE, A.R.A., sends a fine seascape, "Westwards." Among other important works are "Roman Campagna," by Mr. ADRIAN STOKES; "The Shadow of Evening," by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.; "Sunlight and Shadow," by Mr. WALTER LANGLEY; "John Pettie, R.A.," by Mr. A. S. COPE; "The Farm Ford," by Mr. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.; "The Mill Stream," by Mr. F. G. COTMAN; "Gleamers," by Mr. EDWARD STOTT; "The Glory of the Dying Day," by Mr. DENOVAN ADAM; and "Summer on the Cliffs," by Mr. JOHN BRET, A.R.A. Mr. ALFRED EAST is well represented by his poetic "Dawn." The Newlyn school has sent no work of importance, with the exception of Mr. CHEVALIER TAYLER's "First Communion," though MESSRS. GOTCH, BOURDILLON, and EDWIN



HARRIS are among the exhibitors. Professor HERKOMER fills up almost the whole of one of the smaller walls with his portrait group of a board of directors. Most of the portraiture is disappointing. MESSRS. JONATHAN PRATT, S. H. BAKER, E. R. TAYLOR, C. T. BURT, and C. W. RADCLYFFE are prominent exhibitors among the veteran local artists, while among the younger men, MESSRS. OLIVER BAKER, F. W. DAVIS, E. S. HARPER, MERCER, READ, GERE, and GABRIEL MITCHELL send excellent work. Mention should be made of a vigorous piece of sculpture, "A Clever Pass," a group of three young football players, by Mr. CRESWICK, the modelling master at the Birmingham School of Art. It is full of life and "go."

An important exhibition of modern paintings was opened in the Museum and Art Gallery of the Borough of Nottingham in September. Mr. WATTS, R.A., contributes his fine portrait of Mr. Walter Crane which attracted so much attention in the New Gallery Exhibition. The Council of the Royal Academy lends the Chantrey Bequest picture, "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation," by Mr. CALDERON, R.A. Sir J. E. MILLAIS is represented by his "Widow's Mite," lent by the Corporation of Birmingham; Mr. LA THANGUE has sent his "Mission to Seamen;" and Mr. BOURDILON is represented by "The Only Survivor." Mr. F. W. W. TOPHAM contributes a large picture entitled "Judas." There is also a very powerful landscape by Mr. DAVID FARQUHARSON of a Scotch Mountain River scene. Other important works by MESSRS. ALFRED EAST, H. CLARENCE WHAITE, J. HENRY HENSHALL, WYKE BAYLISS, F. BRANGWYN, WALTER LANGLEY, F. HAMILTON JACKSON, LANCE CALKIN, W. S. JAY, ROBERT MEYERHEIM, Mrs. ANDERSON, &c., are in the collection.

"Fen and Marshlands" is the title given to a collection of studies and pictures exhibited by Mr. DERING CURTOIS at the Maddox Street Galleries, Bond Street. The artist is somewhat aggressively impressionistic, and is fond of displaying his decisive brush-work with undue boisterousness on very small canvases. In choosing his subject his primary object is to secure a field for the demonstration of his own technical dexterity. His "Johnson Ward, Lincoln Hospital," is a case in point, the long straight line of beds affording an excellent exercise in the various values of his whites, but the angular attitudes of discomfort of the male patients refusing to be made amenable to his art. In a large picture, "Lincolnshire Gleaners," the veracity of his realism finds fine and fit expression.

#### REVIEWS.

Mr. EGERTON CASTLE has long been recognised as the very apostle of the art of fence in England—as the man to whom, even before the late Sir Richard Burton, Captain Hutton, Baron de Cosson, and Mr. Walter Pollock, the revival of the study and practice of the art is due. The revised edition of his "*Schools and Masters of Fence*" (George Bell and Sons) is, therefore, cordially to be welcomed, not only for the altogether admirable completeness of the conspectus, but for the exhaustive character of its greatly extended bibliography of the literature of swordsmanship. The book, which treats of fence down to the end of the eighteenth century, is at once scholarly and popular in manner, is profusely illustrated with cuts drawn from standard instruction books of all periods, and particularly with a series of collotypes representing a great number of the finest specimens of arms in the celebrated collection of Baron de Cosson.

The poetic qualities of Mr. LEWIS MORRIS'S "*Vision of Saints*" are too well known to render it necessary for us to say anything on the literary achievement. But in the new *édition de luxe* issued by Cassell and Co. the illustrations are such as greatly to enhance the pleasure to be derived from the forms into which Mr. Morris has cast what he terms "the beautiful Christian legends and records." These illustrations, admirably reproduced in typogravure—that process which has of late been brought to so high a pitch of perfection—have been wisely chosen from contemporary portraits as far as possible, and from the less-known paintings of the great masters. From St. Christopher to Elizabeth Fry and Father Damien portraiture attends upon the poems; the most interesting plates, from the point of view of rarity, being those of SS. Alexis, Marina, Adrian, Dorothea, Elizabeth, and Giorgione's St. Francis.

The new volume of the "Bibliothèque Littéraire de la Famille," published at the Librairie de l'Art, Paris, under the able direction of Monsieur LHOMME, deals with "*Les Femmes Écrivains*," critical notices accompanying selections from their works. The work has been carried out with great taste and discretion, and affords, as well as such a book can, an admirable view of the share taken by the gentle sex in the literature of France up to, and including, the contributions of Anne de Souza. The book is a delightful one, and, being copiously illustrated with reproductions of portraits of leading literary lights, is one likely to be of real service.

#### NOTABILIA.

Heer LOUIS TYTGADT has been appointed Director of the Academy of Painting of Ghent in succession to the late Heer Canneel.

It is said that some paintings by GIOTTO have recently been discovered in Verona in the "Palazzo" occupied by the prefecture.

BARTHOLDI'S great fountain has been opened at Lyons. This is the superb work which in these columns we urged in vain should be bought for England for erection on the finest site in London—Hyde Park Corner. It was for sale for a mere song after the Paris Exhibition.

It is humiliating to find that even the experts of the Louvre have had to own themselves bested by the forger-maker. The *Chronique des Arts* announces that an action is to be brought by the State against a skilful art-forgery who succeeded in planting upon the Museum a statuette of a male nude, apparently a fine Venetian bronze, for £1,600. It had already been refused by the British Museum.

It is announced that the famous Tretyakov gallery of pictures by Russian artists, including many by the imaginative painter, M. VERESTCHAGIN, artist and war correspondent, have been bequeathed by their late owner to the City of Moscow, together with a sum of money sufficient for their maintenance and for the extension of the gallery.

The resignation of Professor LEGROS from the Slade Professorship of Art, which will take place at Christmas, is a serious loss to University College. Whatever may have been the result of the friction which is believed to be the cause of it, the influence of Professor Legros for good was necessarily great, although, so far as we are aware, Mr. STRANG is the only artist who openly declares himself in feeling and manner the disciple of Mr. Legros.

The mosaics on the Daru staircase at the Louvre, which have been at length uncovered, have been received with a storm of disapproval. Tasteless, crude, and even violent in



colour, without elegance or style in the figures, designs suitable only for a café-concert, of heartbreaking mediocrity—such is the criticism of so temperate a connoisseur as M. Louis Goussier, who demands a speedy and complete removal of the whole.

Russia—that fruitful ground of so-called artistic discoveries—is the scene of a reputed find of a duplicate set of cartoons by RAPHAEL for the Sistine tapestries. Whether or not these are the works that were exhibited near Trafalgar Square a couple of years ago and failed to convince the English public, is not expressly stated, but we are told that “the owner is inclined to part with them for £30,000”—inclusive of course of the speculative story of how they came to be executed and then spirited away to Russia by the unconscionable Count Jagoutjenski.

Between thirty and forty years ago one of Mr. WATTS's finest earlier works disappeared from sight, and, in spite of newspaper appeals, no trace could be found of it. This was “The Sentinels”—a couple of young Saxons, accompanied by a hound, on watch-duty at the edge of a cliff. A few weeks since the present writer found the picture in the collection which the late Mr. Burton quite recently bequeathed to the City of York. An effort will probably be made before long to secure the loan of the picture for a London exhibition.

The first exhibition of pictures and works of art at St. Helens, Lancashire, held under the direction of the corporation, was recently brought to a successful termination. During the three months in which the exhibition was open, 18,231 visitors paid for admission. The exhibits were of a very varied nature, including examples of work by GUIDO RENI, SALOMON VAN RUISDAEL, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Professor HERKOMER, R.A.; terracottas by GEORGE TINWORTH, paintings by local artists, and photographs by professional and amateur workers.

The statement that £300 are still wanting to defray the cost of removing the Wellington Memorial to its proper place in the nave of St. Paul's is little to the credit of our artistic or military patriotism. It is to be hoped that this sum will be soon subscribed. But, as we remarked before, STEVENS was shockingly ill-treated both by the Government and the authorities of St. Paul's; nor was he properly recognised by the Royal Academy itself. Would it not therefore be a graceful act as well as a proper *amende honorable* were the Government, the Cathedral, and the Royal Academy to subscribe a hundred pounds a-piece?

Last month the second of the three Polytechnics intended for South London was opened by Lord ROSEBERY in the Borough Road. The building was formerly used as the Training College of the British and Foreign School Society and the school connected therewith, and has been admirably adapted to its new requirements by Mr. ROWLAND PLUMBE, F.R.I.B.A. Technical education forms the principal feature in the scheme, and we are glad to learn that Art Classes, more especially for instruction in design applicable to the handicrafts taught, are to receive a large share of attention. Four or five commodious and well-lighted rooms have been set apart for the use of students preparing for the South Kensington examinations, and in the direction of applied art there are classes for instruction in wood carving, metal work, photography, (for which a special studio with adjacent dark-rooms has been built), lithography, building construction and drawing, and on the women's side, art needlework. The institution has an endowment of £3,500, which the governing body are anxious to increase to £5,000 per annum.

#### OBITUARY.

We have to record the death of Mr. JOSIAH GILBERT, better known perhaps as an author on subjects of art than as an artist. Born in 1814, he entered the schools of the Royal Academy, and adopted the profession of portrait-painting with considerable success. Returning to the home of his forefathers in 1843 and settling in Ongar, he wrote in 1858 “Art, Its Scope and Purpose;” in 1869, “Cadore, or Titian's Country;” in 1871, “Art and Religion;” and in 1885, “Landscape in Art before Claude and Salvator,” and was principal author with Mr. Churchill of “The Dolomite Mountains.” He was a charming illustrator of his own pages, and a member of the Alpine Club.

The Trocadéro has lost its learned Director of the Museum of Comparative Sculpture, M. GÉOFFROY-DECHAUME. Born in 1816, and a pupil at the Beaux-Arts in 1831, he completed his artistic education under David D'Angers. His chisel was employed on the Arc de Triomphe, and he cordially seconded the efforts of Viollet-le-Duc in the intelligent restoration of many ancient monuments, notably at the cathedrals of Laon and of Notre-Dame of Paris. Among his best-known works are his “Mask of Béranger,” his bust of Barye, and his medalion of Corot. He was an officer of the Legion of Honour.

Herr KARL E. BIERMANN, one of the oldest landscape-painters of Prussia—having been born in 1802—was a member and professor of the Academy at Berlin. He is known best by his pictures of Swiss and Upper Italian scenery, a selection of which he exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and of which a number have been engraved.

The Academy of Berlin has lost another of its members in the person of the sculptor, Herr ALBERT WOLFF, who has been connected with its professional staff since 1866. He is well known by quite a number of public statues erected by him in the principal cities of the Empire.

A great master of industrial art has died in his eightieth year—M. EUGÈNE GOXON, the eminent caster by the waste-wax process. He learned the process from his father, Honoré Gouzon, and practised this, by far the most artistic and admirable method of casting statuettes and statues, with a success so distinguished that he was in the enjoyment of a State pension. He cast Gérôme's “Gladiator” and Dalou's “Mirabeau”—the latter a work which occupied him for the last seven years of his life. It has been said that the secret has been lost with him, but it is not true: Mr. Alfred Gilbert is a most expert executant of the process—nor is he the only one in England.

We have also to record the deaths of Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD SCHROEDER, of Pretoria, best known as a political caricaturist, and who bears the distinction of being one of the first native-born artists of South Africa; of Signor BARSAGHI, the sculptor of Milan; of Mr. GEORGE SHEFFIELD, member of the Manchester Academy of Arts—a draughtsman of considerable power; of Corot's pupil, M. STANISLAS LÉPINE, whose landscapes at the Salon since 1859, when he had just attained his majority, have always been of great merit and won their painter the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, together with an officership of the Academy; of M. EDMOND DE JOLY, the eminent architect of the Chamber of Deputies—a work for which he was created an officer of the Legion of Honour; and of the Dutch landscapist, JAN WILLEM VAN BORSELEN. To the death of Mr. THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A., we shall refer fully next month.



## SILVER-POINT.

Mr. C. P. SAINTON, whose charming studies of ballet-land executed in silver-point have been exhibited at the Burlington Gallery, has communicated to us the following notes on the art which he, following Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Legros, has cultivated so assiduously and successfully: 'Silver-point is one of the oldest mediums employed for drawing, examples being found in the British Museum, the Louvre, and in the galleries in Florence, amongst the masters being RAPHAEL, IL FRANCIA, PERUGINO, BOTTICELLI, GHIRLANDAJO, ALBERT DÜRER, LEONARDO DA VINCI, and HOLBEIN. The silver-point used for this work is a piece of pure silver sharpened to a point, which can be adjusted to an ordinary pencil-case or to a holder, enabling you to make a firm line, as with an etching-needle. The line produced by a silver-point is even throughout; unlike that produced by an ordinary lead pencil, it cannot by pressure be made thicker and governed as the draughtsman desires. Silver-point is in fact a process similar to dry-point, the difference being that it is done on paper with a chalk-prepared surface, a surface so prepared that the silver marks on it in delicate shades of grey, the expression of line being given entirely by pressure of hand, any alteration being impossible, as the surface of the paper forbids any erasure. If, for example, a wet hand should touch the paper, the line drawn by the silver-point becomes broken and loses its charm, and, should any erasure be attempted, the chalk surface is removed and the silver-point will no longer mark. In the British Museum there is a study by Botticelli, and in this drawing one will observe the lines are quite thick, as if drawn with a pencil, which proves that the artist must some time have used a *blunt* silver-point, which, if dexterously used, will give a soft and delicate shadow. But the exquisite charm of silver-point is generally due to the lines being drawn thin and clear, at equal distances, the shadow being expressed by the pressure of the hand exactly where it is required. Mr. Philip G. Hamerton says, 'There is no more lovely drawing in the world than that of some thoroughly accomplished master, when he is confined to pale tones, because he then gets relief and projection by delicate skill and not by main force.' I have always found the most difficult thing in silver-point is to get the half-tints and gradations from the light to the dark; any over-pressure, however light, being unalterable, and only disguised by all the drawing being worked up to the tone of this accident. This medium lends itself more to idealism than realism, and is peculiarly adaptable to rendering the faces and forms of women and children, as here is found a beauty of line not proper to subjects more severe. People sometimes find silver-point lacking in strength; but this one might suppose arises from ignorance of the subject, as strength in drawing is due firstly to outline, secondly to light and shade, the latter being only contrast of one depth of shadow to another. Why not, therefore, adopt a medium which answers this purpose, and in its delicate tints can only be a charm to an educated eye? After a student has learned the first rudiments of drawing there can be no medium more useful to his advancement in drawing than the silver-point, as he will find himself obliged to think of every line he is going

to make, and see the form of his drawing in front of him before he touches the paper; but as he continues his work the beautiful lines that silver-point produces will elate him and cause his work to be a pleasure rather than a study."

## OUR ARTISTS' CAMPO SANTO.

It has become an article of faith with Englishmen, or at least with those of them who care for art and for the glory shed upon the nation by its artists, that just as Westminster gives shelter to the remains of our literary heroes, St. Paul's should honour the greatest of our artists. From Reynolds to Boehm many of the greatest or most distinguished in the world of art have been laid to rest in St. Paul's crypt; and it therefore comes as a shock that, according to the Dean's reply to the family of the late Mr. Woolner, no more interments are to be made in the Cathedral. The reason given is that the foundations of the building are becoming unsafe, and that further perforation in the concrete bed is henceforth to be avoided! We may set aside the suggestion that this fiat is but a polite manner of declining to accord an honour somewhat ill-advisedly sought, as it appears to us; for it is obvious that at no future time can the Dean come back upon his words in the case either of artist or soldier. But if St. Paul's be indeed in so dangerous a condition, some fresh recognised place must be sought if we are to continue to honour the dead. In this difficulty, Mr. G. F. Watts's proposal might be taken into serious consideration, to erect a Campo Santo in Hyde Park, in which a simple memorial might be erected to all those who have deserved well of their country, whatever their position in life, and whatever the nature of their services.

## IN RE THE LATE EDWIN LONG, R.A.

In the action brought by the executor of the late Mr. LONG, R.A., against Mr. Norman Lamson, of Old Bond Street, to recover a thousand guineas, the price of a picture of the defendant's wife and daughter painted by Mr. Long for the defendant, no sum appears to have been agreed upon between the artist and the purchaser, and it was therefore left to the jury to assess the value of Mr. Long's work, which they did at the price claimed. It is not probable that actions of this character can be of frequent occurrence, as neither artist nor purchaser of a commissioned work is, as a rule, so unbusinesslike or complacent as to leave its price undetermined. Under similar conditions, however, the artist would doubtless be prepared readily to accept the judgment of a jury whose decision would be affected to such an extent by an inflated commercial reputation. The result—disquieting enough of itself—will come as a shock to most judges of art.

## RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. C. J. LAUDER, R.W.S., has been exhibiting at the Burlington Gallery a series of water-colour drawings of Venice as seen in the winter. Essentially architectural in feeling, the greatest merit of these little pictures is to be found in their accuracy of drawing; but the texture the



artist gives to the stones and marbles lacks reality. Mr. Lauder is said to have endured no little hardship in carrying out his determination to paint the Queen of the Adriatic out-of-doors and in the cold weather; and, as a result of his valorous choice of season, the blue note which dominates most Venetian studies is conspicuously absent. Before going to Italy, Mr. Lauder made many drawings of our London streets as they appeared to him in the brightness of a sunny July afternoon. It is a little disappointing to find that he differentiates so little between the London atmosphere observed under such conditions and that of hibernial Venice.

Mr. T. J. Larkin is to be congratulated on the taste and nice judgment he has shown in bringing together at his Japanese Gallery, Bond Street, a select collection of little pictures of the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century. It is the outcome of a recent industrious tour in the Netherlands, made by the proprietor of the gallery with a view to quickening his power of discriminating between the original and the insidious copy by the fresh and intimate study of authoritative examples. The most important picture is a landscape by JAN LOOTEN, 57 inches by 73 inches—an open roadway with figures, two or three trees rising in dignified relief in the foreground, and beyond a wide-stretching plain sleeping in golden tranquillity, beautiful by reason of the glorious serenity of the far-reaching distance, the balance of its elements, and the harmony of its rich brown-greens, with the soft blues and greys of the domed sky. It is a picture of ever-deepening charm, the companion composition to a similar work at Cassel, and one of the artist's finest efforts. A small full-length portrait of a burgomaster in black, by TERBURG, is a fine example of that artist's sedate strength and accurate appreciation of values. "The Jolly Sailor," a sketch attributed to FRANZ HALS, some deliciously calm seas by VAN DE VELDE, some unusually spirited WOUVERMANS, and an ice-scene by VAN GOYEN, remarkable for its perfect tonality, are amongst the most interesting of these pictures. A word of praise should be spared to the catalogue, with its crisp and neat biographical notes.

That Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket, has been mindful of the taste of those who have visited him in the past, his small autumn collection sufficiently demonstrates. But it boasts no other distinctive feature. Old friends send new pictures on familiar subjects. A delightful SEILER, "Amateurs," is offered to those who mourn Meissonier and love the microscopic. The CONRAD KIESEL, "At the Masked Ball," is of a richer prettiness than usual. Mr. BERTON BARBER'S "I Love Little Pussy" is not a successful variant of the inevitable theme. M. DIETERLE'S "Brittany Pastures" is a delightful study of cattle beneath a blossoming tree. M. MUNKACSY'S "Fair Embroidress" works in that wonderful window light of which he seems to possess the secret. Very breezy, strong, and healthy are two sea-scapes by Mr. H. MUSGRAVE. "Memories," by Mr. J. W. GODWARD, is a semi-classical figure, pensively posed, with daintily harmonised draperies. The most admirable canvas in the room is Mr. JOHN M. SWAN'S beautiful study of a lioness "In the Desert."

For the first time in the history of the "one-man," as they are called, exhibitions at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street the works shown have not been those of a living artist. The drawings of the late CHARLES ROBERTSON, who died just a year ago, having been only six months promoted to full membership of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, have been on view. It is to be regretted that Mr. Robertson took to water-colours so late

in his career. As an aquarellist and as an etcher—he was Vice-President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers—he found his proper vocation. His drawings vary greatly in merit and style. Those now shown, dealing with home scenery, reveal the influence of Mr. Birket Foster and the late Fred Walker. Mr. Foster has indeed in some drawings put in the figures, whilst certain studies of the Dart might almost be mistaken for his work. Working in the East, Mr. Robertson permitted himself more originality. His "Standard Bearer," an Arab standing outside a mosque at the door of which sit one or two of his comrades, is an example of his work at its best.

A very interesting competition exhibition has been held by the various students' sketching clubs of London at the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, Messrs. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A., and ARTHUR HACKER acting as judges. The merits of the exhibits were very varied, some of them being merely nursery daubs, and others sketches of distinct promise. The Royal Academy students carried off the chief honours in figure, landscape, and design. Streatley was successful in the animal contest, and Lambeth for sculpture. Messrs. BYAM SHAW, HAROLD SPEED, and H. POOLE, and Misses WAYLEM and HOMAN, took the first prizes.

By an exhibition held in the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, Mr. HOLLYER has again demonstrated the fine artistic qualities of his platinotype photographs. These photographs include reproductions from ancient and modern masters, besides works by members of the New English Art Club. The latter, by their nature, are not quite so satisfactory in result; but the exhibition as a whole is a triumph for Mr. Hollyer.

#### REVIEWS.

Mr. WILLIAM SANDBY, to whom we owe the "History of the Royal Academy of Arts," has done well in bringing together, before it was too late to do so effectually, the main facts in the lives of his ancestors, "*Thomas and Paul Sandby, Royal Academicians*" (Seeley and Co.). Their work in Windsor Great Park—where Virginia Water and the contingent landscape-gardening, besides other features of importance, are due to Thomas Sandby, then Deputy Ranger—is set forth; their pioneer labours as water-colour painters, their early achievements as caricaturists, their services in the establishment of the Royal Academy, and their place and work in the world of art, are all placed simply and agreeably before the reader. The claim is rightly laid for the share taken by the two brothers in the foundation of a true landscape school for England, studied lovingly from nature; and Paul Sandby's introduction of the once popular and pleasing art of aquatint, as well as the technical work of both artists, are fully gone into. The book is enlivened with many stories and anecdotes, and illustrated with capital portraits and examples of the artists' works, and is a solid contribution to the literature of artistic biography.

The great national catalogue of French art treasures, entitled "*Inventaire Général des Richesses d'Art de la France*" (Pion, Nourrit, et Cie., Paris), proceeds apace. We have often had occasion to refer to this monumental and admirable publication, which has now been advanced to "Province—Monuments Civils—Tome V.," and to call attention to the excellence and simple clearness of the scheme so comprehensively imagined and so carefully and exhaustively carried out. The work, when complete, will be not only a full catalogue of every art object in the



national possession, useful to the art student and the historian, but a national safeguard of more effective use than all the police and detective force in the country. The volume under notice deals principally with the contents of the Sèvres Gallery and factory, and with the museums of Besançon, Lyons, and Tours, and the use of it is greatly increased by the excellent indices and cross-references. It is humiliating to see from this book how little is known in those districts of France of the English school, which is represented by a couple or so of pictures which we should be almost happy to disclaim.

In his "*Illustrated History of Furniture*" (Truslove and Shirley) Mr. FREDERICK LITCHFIELD claims only to have set a "panorama" before his readers of the styles and evolution of furniture, without inquiring too deeply into the subject. It must be admitted that Mr. Litchfield might have laid claim to something more, for while his book presents in truth a very excellent and not overlaid panorama by means of his illustrations, his text is a compilation not unworthy of the extent and importance of this subject. Nor is it wholly a compilation. It is evident that Mr. Litchfield is not only a connoisseur, but a man of undoubted taste; and his original observations are of considerable value, particularly in the latter portion of the book. Within its scope, this is without doubt the best book on the history of furniture before the public, while in the matter of illustrations the author has carefully selected his blocks from an infinity of sources.

Taken altogether the thoroughfare which leads from the statue of Charles I. to that of Queen Anne is the most interesting in London. Its picturesqueness, its past history, and the rush of its present-day life, combine to make it unique. It is, as Mr. Justin McCarthy calls it, the "backbone of London." Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL and Mr. McCARTHY have been for an excursion together along this thoroughfare, from Trafalgar Square to the top of Ludgate Hill, and the result is a most delightful little book, "*From Charing Cross to St. Paul's*" (Seeley and Co.), illustrated by the former and with notes by the latter. Mr. Pennell has, of course, done his part admirably. With architecture he is always at home, though his treatment of his figures at times leaves something to be desired.

Another book on London which will probably compete with the last mentioned in its suitability for a Christmas present is Mr. LOFTIE'S "*Inns of Court and Chancery*," illustrated by Mr. HERBERT RAILTON (Seeley and Co.). Mr. Loftie's text is more learned than Mr. McCarthy's, and consequently not so gossipy, but some readers will doubtless prefer it on that account. The illustrations by Mr. Railton—well, they are by Mr. Railton with all his charm and all his mannerism. Probably Mr. Railton finds the writing which he invariably puts in the corners of his drawings valuable aids to their composition. Without doubt it fills up empty corners, but is it good art always to have empty corners which need filling in this way? Mr. Railton is so good a draughtsman that he need not rely upon an artifice of this kind to give his drawings interest.

The success of "*Herviette Ronner, Painter of Cat-Life and Cat-Character*" (Cassell and Co.), by Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN, has necessitated another and a cheaper edition. Since the publication of the album, a year ago, the name and work of Madame Ronner have become much more familiar in this country and more generally appreciated. In this finely-produced volume all the original photogravure plates are reproduced in typogravure, in consequence of which

this beautiful representation of the cat-world is now issued as an inexpensive Christmas book.

The observations of a painter of experience and repute are usually of interest. A book lies before us containing the results of the experience of Mons. J. G. VIBERT, the well-known French painter, who is also lecturer on the Science of Painting to the École des Beaux-Arts at Paris. "*The Science of Painting*" (Percy Young) is a translation revised by the author of his course of public lectures. The book is full of interest to the artist, some of it is even amusing, especially those portions which make fun of the scientific savant. The volume is practical throughout. It has one drawback: it is about as bad a translation as could well be made, the French idioms being retained almost everywhere verbally translated.

"*The Art of Sketching*" (Cassell and Co.) is not well named. Its title is misleading, and should have been the "Art of Making and Using Sketches," for the most instructive part of this little book to artists is that which treats of how to use sketches after they are made. The book is a translation by Mrs. CLARA BELL from the French of G. FRAIPONT, a Parisian artist who has had great experience in drawing for illustration, and the work is full of suggestions to the would-be illustrator as to how to get good material and how to use it to the best advantage. The book is well illustrated by M. Fraipont's own sketches.

It is Miss MARGARET STOKES'S intention in her "*Six Months in the Apennines*" (London: Bell and Son) to find a clue to the origins of Irish art, and to search for relics and memorials of her own countrymen in those cities of Italy where Irish missionaries long ago founded monasteries or established schools. The book is planned and executed in a spirit of enthusiastic patriotism, and it is packed with recondite learning and ingenious arguments. The travels of St. Finnian, St. Columban, and the rest, are accurately traced, and their influence upon Italian culture and religion estimated with wisdom and moderation. The field of Miss Stokes's research is small enough when we consider the broad continent of artistic history, but the investigation was well worth the making, and we trust that she will extend her view, as she proposes, to France, Germany, and the Netherlands.

The "*Dallastype Facsimile Shakespeare*" (D. C. Dallas, Garratt and Co.) is an excellent reduced facsimile reproduction of the first folio (of 1623). To see how good it is, the reader need only compare it with the reprint issued in 1864 by Mr. Booth, which it slightly exceeds in size.

From Mr. GULLICK comes a manual on "*Oil Painting on Glass*," including mirrors, &c. (Winsor and Newton), a decorative form of art with which Mr. Gullick's name is more or less identified. As that gentleman has probably carried farther the processes he describes and advocates than anyone else in recent times, he is evidently the authority to be consulted by those who wish to pursue this branch of applied decorative art.

Among the stirring Christmas books for boys issued by Messrs. Blackie and Son are "*Beric the Briton, a Story of the Roman Invasion*," and "*Condemned as a Nihilist*," both by Mr. G. A. HENTY, the king of story-tellers for lads: the former illustrated by Mr. PARKINSON, and the latter by Mr. WAL PAGET. The spirit and manly tone of Mr. Henty's work are too well known to call for criticism. "*The Thirsty Sword, a Story of the Norse Invasion of Scotland*," by Mr. ROBERT LEIGHTON, has the merit of dealing skilfully with an historical episode, while it is



soaked in gore. Mr. A. PEARSE illustrates it. "A Very Odd Girl," by Miss ARMSTRONG, is illustrated by Mr. S. T. DADD.

Mr. AARON WATSON'S striking romance for boys, entitled "For Lust of Gold" (Walter Scott), is at once imaginative and exciting. It is a well-told story of Sir Walter Raleigh and the search for the Eldorado, and is accompanied by admirable drawings by Miss GERTRUDE HAMMOND.

From America (The Osgood Art School, New York) comes a handbook on pottery painting with a ponderous title, "How To Apply Malt, Bronze, Lacquer, Dresden Colours, and Gold to China." One must be at least an amateur to understand the title, but for one who has risen to that dignity there is plenty of useful information in the book. Unfortunately, nothing is said as to where it can be bought in England.

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#### NOTABILIA.

The superb Spitzer collection is to be sold in Paris in April next, all efforts to dispose of it as a whole having failed.

After a long and heated debate the Liverpool City Council have ratified the purchase, for the Permanent Collection, of Mr. HORNEL'S "Summer;" but not before Mr. Rathbone threatened to resign in the event of an adverse vote. The advanced school of Glasgow is not yet well understood on the Mersey.

Doubt has unaccountably been thrown by a recent discussion upon the colour of Napoleon's barb charger "Marengo," which he rode on the field of Waterloo. But on this point the artists may well be listened to. By all painters, from DAVID to MEISSONIER (who worked always from reliable historical material), "Marengo" has always been painted white—including the portrait from life by JAMES WARD, R.A.; while the contemporary lithographs by RAFFET, CHARLET, and others should surely silence the doubters.

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#### OBITUARY.

"This is our friend Woolner, whom you wished to know," said a brother-like voice to the writer in a certain studio more than five-and-forty years since. Dante G. Rossetti was the speaker who thus stood as a sort of godfather to a friendship which lasted until, on the 7th of last month, death suddenly broke it with the thread of a nobly employed and honourable life, and sent Woolner across the inevitable bourne to learn that secret which the speaker himself similarly discovered about ten years before. In 1847, when this introduction was given, Woolner gained great access of honour among his fellow-students by means of an original statuette of elfin "Puck" standing on a mushroom, and, with an outstretched toe, nudging to warieness a drowsy frog upon whom a snake was stealthily creeping. This gem of fresh design and vigorous sculpture was at the British Institution in that year and confirmed the praises friends had lavished during its somewhat tardy progress towards completion. The real Woolner dates from this brilliant achievement, but his artistic *début* had been made long before, that is, long as the interval of time appeared to youths such as we were, and his relatively considerable seniority made it less wonderful to us that he had contributed to the Academy in 1843, and, in 1844, sent to the then world-attracting exhibition in Westminster Hall an admirable "Death of Boadicea." The fact is, we ought to have wondered at the genius and energy of one who, being just eighteen

years old, did so marvellously well. We knew that he was born in 1825 (Dec. 15) at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, in comparatively humble circumstances, and we soon learned that about 1838 he came to London, where, his art-promise being already great, no less a sculptor than William Behnes took him into his studio without a premium, and thoroughly instructed him in the technique of the art. Woolner could not have had a better master, and he served him faithfully for two years. In 1842 the pupil became a student in the Royal Academy, and there carried on the practice Behnes advised. Towards the end of 1848 the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was founded, and Woolner joined that ridiculously misunderstood society. When its so-called "organ" (!) *The Germ* appeared in January, 1850, he, who had always been a poet, had the first place with the original version of "My Beautiful Lady," of which three improved editions have since appeared with much *éclat*. Although his genius, courage, and skill ensured him many friends of distinction, Woolner's fortunes were yet to be made, and, ere many years had past, he determined to try gold-digging in Australia. This was in 1854. Success in making bronze medallions of thriving colonists (fine and masculine works they are) helped him better than "digging." In 1857 he returned to England, where, during his absence, his reputation had been enhanced by "Love," the statue of a damsel in a day-dress which was at the Academy in 1855. It was soon evident the tide had turned in his favour, and a long series of fine, thoroughly accomplished, and poetic statues, busts, and bas-reliefs came from his energetic hands, till last year, when he was finally represented by a bust of Sir Robert Rawlinson. As with Mr. Watts, so with Woolner, it became a sort of mint-mark for reputations of the higher sort that poets, men of science and learning, statesmen, and poets should sit to him for their portraits. Imperishable marble took life, so to say, in his hands, and it was to him the great tasks were confided of preserving for future generations the veritable aspects, as his noble mood and sympathetic art recognised them, of Wordsworth, Rajah Brooke, Tennyson (four times), Browning (twice), Macaulay, Dr. Whewell, Lord Lawrence, Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone (twice), Landseer, Newman, Professors Darwin, Sedgwick, and Huxley, Cobden, Kingsley, Dickens, Sir William Gull, Lord F. Cavendish, Carlyle, Sir B. Frere, Mr. Coventry Patmore, Sir T. Fairbairn, Sir W. Hooker, Sir S. Raffles, and others of renown. I must add to these the stately and vigorous "Captain Cook" which is at Sydney, and one of the finest instances of modern art, Her Majesty, Chief Justice Whiteside, the noble "Moses" on the apex of the gable of the Manchester Assize Courts, and instinct with prophetic ardour and force. The finest and aptest testimony of the nation's honour for the late Laureate would be placing near his grave at Westminster Woolner's *chef-d'œuvre* in portraiture, the "Tennyson" of 1873. Of Woolner's imaginative works I write on another page. Suffice it here to say that he was elected an A.R.A. in 1871, and, in place of Foley, an R.A. in 1875. In 1877 he became Professor of Sculpture in the Academy; this post, without having lectured to the students, he resigned in 1879. Courage in speaking his convictions, which were not conventions, and a royal contempt for trivialities, procured for Woolner many friends and numerous enemies. A more generous and faithful friend could not be, and the long-lasting affection of a host of distinguished men has testified to his honour. He was buried at St. Mary's, Hendon, on the 13th ultimo.



## ART IN DECEMBER.

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### MR. TATE'S TRIUMPH.

Sir William Harcourt, as we ventured to predict, has hastened to rush in where Mr. Goschen feared to tread. Mr. Tate has modified the conditions he set down before, and rendered it possible that his collection should become the nucleus of a truly representative collection of English Art. We know that he agrees to the condition of selection and rejection, so that a third, or thereabouts, of the total number of the works he offers can be accepted with the knowledge that they are entirely and beyond cavil worthy of the elevated purpose for which they are intended. But the Millbank site, which was first proposed by a military officer, is hardly a happy one. Of course, if the collection is good enough, it will attract; but such a gallery should not be as S. Paolo fuori le Mura, but *intra muros*, if it is to be of the greatest public use. Sir John Millais supported the Millbank scheme; but he was possibly not aware that its present inaccessibility could never be remedied by an underground railway, as the main sewer prevents it; nor by tramways, which Parliament, it is said, will never allow to be constructed in Westminster. We observe that Millbank is officially spoken of as "Westminster," as it sounds nicer. It recalls to mind the words of H. J. Byron, who was seeking to console a "reduced" couple for being constrained to give up their Mayfair mansion and retire to Camden Town: "Well, never mind, you know," he said, with his quaint knowledge of poor human nature; "you can call it Regent's Park on your notepaper!"

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

The best news in connection with the announcement that the Government has granted the Millbank site for the English Luxembourg, is not so much the fact that the nation is to inherit the cream of Mr. Tate's collection, as that Millbank is to be shared with the War Office. By this arrangement, the barracks at the rear of the National Gallery will be removed, and at last the imminent danger from fire, with which it has so long been threatened, will be avoided. The stipulation that the gallery shall be under the management of the National Gallery authorities is an admirable one; but we must admit that in the circumstances we should prefer to see the extension of the Board of Trustees by two or three members whose knowledge of Art and whose enlightened and expert sympathy with British Art will procure a better representation of it than has hitherto been apparent at Trafalgar Square.

### BONAPARTE'S LEGION OF HONOUR.

We have been favoured by Mr. FORD MADOX BROWN with the following communication:—"Not long ago, when I was at Manchester, a friend of mine there was appointed one of the jurors in a matter of art—not my art—in one of the great international exhibitions abroad. Their duties performed, the other jurors, seven or eight in number, were all presented with the cross of the Legion of Honour.

My friend alone did not receive one, the reason stated being that the English Ambassador had requested that the honour might not be conferred on any British subject, seeing that it would be against our laws. It was even declared that an Englishman, having on one occasion accepted, without previous State permission, such a foreign decoration, was arraigned before the judges and fined £200 for disobeying the laws. I do not myself understand the case, but this I know, that Englishmen, when spoken to concerning the Legion of Honour, entertain very singular notions on the subject. They will assert, for instance, that every foreigner you meet abroad, with few exceptions, wears the ribbon of the Order, that those who are without it consider themselves the favoured exceptions, that anyone who likes can have it for the asking, and so forth. On the other hand, people abroad have singular ideas regarding us. One that I have repeatedly heard, in various countries, is that all Englishmen are without exception mad; and another recently expressed opinion, in Paris at least, is that all well-dressed Britons are either pick-pockets or lords. Having myself been born abroad, where I spent many years of my childhood, I received many favourable impressions when very young. Among artists abroad, one never hears of anyone of merit, be he painter or sculptor, who does not form part of the Legion of Honour, chiefly among the higher grades. In the Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff one reads of the jubilation that took place at the schools when M. Jullien, the master, was awarded his decoration. The friends of an artist hold high revel when he passes from one stage of the Legion to a higher one. I remember in Manchester when Guilman, the renowned French soloist, was giving his recital there, his breast resplendent with orders and crosses, his friend, and in no wise his inferior, Mr. Kendrick Pyne, the organist of Manchester, was present, and I need scarcely say that no sign of *his* country's favour adorned his British breast. In country towns it is a festival abroad when this sort of men visit them. In English country towns musical festivals indeed take place, but not in honour of the musicians. It would not come naturally from them—better, perhaps, as it is. Crosses and pensions would naturally seek out those who might have power to assist in election times, and so become simply a perquisite of the Salisbury-Gladstone Cabinets. Art would only suffer from them. Let us leave our politicians and ambassadors to their little games. But I cannot forbear, even thus late, congratulating Mr. Whistler, affectionately denominated by the late D. G. Rossetti 'Jimmy Whistler,' on the high honour done him by the French Government, to which, in virtue of his birthright as an American citizen, our Government cannot say nay."

### RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours has during its sixteen years of existence done valuable work north of the Tweed. Water-colour painting is essentially an English art; but the annual exhibitions and the general



influence of the northern society have done much to promote among local painters its study and practice, and have greatly increased in Scotland the public interest in the works that are the outcome of this extended skill and knowledge. The fifteenth exhibition of the society, now open in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, is one of high average merit, and the improvement shown by two or three of the members is very satisfactory. At the same time there is a lack of drawings of outstanding brilliancy. We have greater variety of subject and treatment this year than usual, as several of the members have evidently gone for suggestions and models to more intensely sunnier climes than that of Scotland. Two of the honorary members contribute drawings—Mr. ALMA-TADEMA and Sir JOHN GILBERT. "Calling the Worshippers," by the former, is a characteristically-treated figure of a Roman girl, with the touch of blue sky, the marble, the scattered flower-petals, the leopard-skin, that Mr. Tadema knows so well how to paint. Sir John Gilbert's examples are a vigorous "Standard-Bearer" and "A Bishop." "Barges at Mouth of the Thames," by the President, Mr. FRANCIS POWELL, R.W.S., is marked by good composition and a feeling of air and motion. Mr. A. K. BROWN is represented by several drawings, pure in colour and tender in feeling. The largest of these, and one of the best in the room, is "A Grey Afternoon." Among the members who have found inspiration in Spain, and whose work has been decidedly benefited by their stay abroad, are Mr. J. G. LAING and Mr. ALEXANDER MACBRIDE. Mr. HAMILTON CRAWFORD's cathedral scenes are well-drawn. The Indian views by Mr. R. W. ALLAN are full of sunlight, and Mr. GARDEN SMITH's Avignon and Tarascon subjects show a most distinct advance on the part of this artist. Among flower-pieces Mr. JAMES PATERSON's "Lilium Auratum," Mr. T. MILLIE DOW's "Roses," Mr. GROSVENOR THOMAS's "Poppies," and one or two drawings by Miss BLATHERWICK merit special commendation for their genuine artistic qualities. Mr. W. Y. MACGREGOR, Mr. TOM MACEWAN, Mr. DUNCAN MACKELLAR, Mr. TOM HUNT, Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, Mr. E. S. CALVERT, Mr. A. D. REID, Mr. HAMILTON MAXWELL, Mr. JOSEPH HENDERSON, Dr. BLATHERWICK, and a few others, are contributors whose work is worthy of particular notice. In several of the exhibits there is a painful and depressing suggestion of all that is commonplace, and an absence of distinction of no good augury for the future of some of the members.

Photography is simultaneously developing in a marvellous manner in two opposite directions—on the side of pictorial art, and on the side of scientific utility. This double expansion, we have been told, is likely to have its effect upon the Photographic Society of Great Britain, which contains makers of pictures who think only of tone, quality, colour, and artistic attributes, and students of stellar and microscopic photography, and others who would deal with the properties of the actinic ray as a severe branch of applied mathematics. The results of these divided interests made themselves manifest in the exhibition of photographs held in the rooms of the Old Water-Colour Society; but at the Camera Club the artistic reigned supreme, the committee having invited the producers of the best photographic pictures for the year at home and abroad to exhibit their works, and thus to prove that the camera has become in the hands of the artist an instrument as obedient to command as the brush, and as capable of being made to reveal the artist's feeling towards Nature, and of reproducing her as she appears seen through his temperament. The days of "views" are long since gone by. The camera-

artist aims higher than mere topographical record, and does most certainly succeed in giving us beautiful landscapes, full of feeling and the suggestion of colour.

Very great interest has been taken in a small group of studies, portraits, and sketches by Prince PIERRE TROUBETZKOY, exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells'. The artist, who is Russian on his father's, and American on his mother's side, has spent his life in Italy, and came to England to settle only last year, when a portrait-study from his hand created a great stir at the New English Art Club. His work is a most emphatic testimony to the temperamental in art. His painting is free, bold, and direct, full of strong sunshine, and vibrating with the joy of life. He is a frank impressionist, if one may use a much-abused term. A portrait of Lord Dorner is a straightforward and honest presentment of an easy-going, contented, English gentleman, dressed in red-brown rough tweeds, seated hatless in the open, and caressing a weird collie. In a portrait of Miss Jeanne van der Nest we are again struck by the fidelity and strength, and the total absence of affectation. A pleasant sketch of the sea from Boulogne is spoiled by the clumsy drawing of a barge's sails, which are almost insultingly impossible. "White and Sunlight," an exercise in blue and white, is a study of bed-clothes drying on the Neapolitan shore, with a strip of harmonious blue sea beyond them. "Roses" is an idealised portrait. The delicious line of the bust, the luminous quality of the sunny air, and the pink echo of the rose's blush on the face of the girl, who bends to enjoy its perfume, evade words.

At Mr. Stephen Gooden's gallery in Pall Mall has been exhibited the "Story of the Year Round an Old Country House," painted in small oils by Messrs. W. G. NORTON and H. G. MOON. The owner of Gravetye Manor, Sussex, writes the introduction to the catalogue, which gives a vein of poetry to the little collection. A lover of nature's own legislation, on coming into his little estate, he made no attempt to garden the landscape, but left it to the landscape to provide the garden. Then he invited "two artists to stay and watch the changing beauty of the year on one spot of English ground." The result may perhaps be described as "Scenes from the Life of an English Gentleman-Farmer, treated *à la* Barbizon;" for though the soil is Sussex of to-day, the style is that of Fontainebleau of 1830. "Summer Evening, Mill Place Farm," by Mr. Moon, with its strong, undifferentiated green and its crimson-flushed sky, might deceive the unlearned in Daubigny; and many a less Coroteseque landscape hangs in triumph on English and Scotch walls than half a dozen of its neighbouring studies. "Mowing," by Mr. Norton, is as charming as it is small. In "Haytime: Sheep Down—Afternoon," he gives us that sense of distance in which most of these pictures are designedly wanting. In a word, the exhibition is a pretty idea put pleasantly into execution.

The little group of water-colour drawings, recently exhibited by Mr. W. W. MAY at the sign of Rembrandt's Head, Vigo Street, under the title of "Scenes on the Coast of Norway," may be best described as the pleasant record of a pleasant trip. Mr. May is happy in such tasks. Not long ago he went to Madeira and brought back a series of sunny sketches and studies which roused most agreeable memories in the minds of all those who saw them and had also wintered at Funchal. His Norwegian drawings are of like appeal: unaffected and pretty, crisply rendering the clear bright northern summer; easily understood and sure of their own *clientèle*.



## REVIEWS.

The continued popularity of the novels of Sir Walter Scott is sufficiently proved, if proof were needed, by the issue at intervals of new editions with fresh attractions. The public has but recently been startled by the fiat of men who should be safe guides in these matters, that Scott and Dickens alike had lost their hold upon English readers, in great measure owing to the advance of time and fashion and the evolution of taste. But as the publication of the sales of Dickens's works has swept aside, in the case of the one, the contention of the critic, so the vitality of the other is practically testified by the ever-increasing enterprise of publishers. Messrs. Adam and Charles Black are now producing, in inexpensive monthly volumes, an entirely new issue of the "*Waverley Novels*," under the title of "The Dryburgh Edition," each of which is illustrated by a different artist, for the most part young and popular draughtsmen of the day. "*Waverley*" and "*Guy Rimerlin*" are at the present moment before us, with nine engravings by COOPER from drawings by Mr. CHARLES GREEN, and as many by Mr. GORDON BROWNE—drawings admirably conceived, perfectly drawn, and characteristically full of life and character. The special type and paper of this new edition are alike excellent; but the chief feature of the issue is the absolute accuracy of the text—the establishment of a standard edition, which has been, not "reprinted," but set up from Scott's own interleaved and corrected copy. Introductions, notes, glossaries, and index are comprised in the volume. We confess we should like to see the scheme include Scott's historical works—the "History of Scotland," the "Life of Napoleon," and the "Life of Dryden."

The new "Border Edition" of the "*Waverley Novels*," published by Mr. John C. Nimmo, is at once a more sumptuous and more expensive affair. Each novel extends over two volumes, and is adorned with etchings, for the most part after well-known paintings bearing upon the subject. This scheme has the advantage that the best thought and the best hands may be considered to have been brought to bear upon the illustration of the story. Thus in "*Waverley*," the first volume of the series, we have RAEBURN's portrait of Scott, and LEITCH's "Tully-veolan," etched by Mr. BATLEY, HERDMAN's "*Waverley and Rose Bradwardine*," etched by Mr. DAMMAN, "Prince Charles Edward in Exile," etched by Mr. MACBETH-RAEBURN, and "*Waverley's Last Visit to Flora MacIvor*," etched by Mr. C. O. MURRAY, Mr. PETTIE's well-known "*Bonnie Prince Charlie*," etched by Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn, and "*Disbanded*," etched by Mr. F. HUTI, and so forth. Altogether, a dozen etchings, printed by Mr. F. Goulding, accompany the volumes. The manifest drawback of such a method of illustration is the sacrifice of consistency in the characteristics of the main figures, and in the general unity of sentiment which is usually looked for in book-illustration. On the other hand, in the case of a classic such as this, the necessity for harmonious realisation is hardly required. In any case, size, type, paper, and printing, to say nothing of the excessively liberal and charming introduction of the etched illustrations, make this, perhaps, the most desirable edition of Scott ever issued on this side of the Border. Another great and substantial advantage is Mr. Andrew Lang's editorship, under which it is produced. His own notes are valuable and not obtrusive, while his special introduction, besides being delightfully written, is interesting as dealing with contemporary criticisms by eminent hands, penned when

the writers were still in doubt as to the authorship. Mr. Lang's access to the Scott manuscripts at Abbotsford, and the further assistance lent him by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott (to whom the edition is dedicated) and others, impart a unique interest to his work.

A book unusually full of artistic charm and imagination has been put forth by Mr. J. FULLWOOD, R.B.A., under the title of "*Fairlight Glen*" (Waterlow and Sons). The author has collected—we would rather say invented, as we have never met them before—a number of legends connected with the "romantic beauty-spot near Hastings," and woven them into a mediæval fairy tale, now bright, now weird, always ingenious, and often striking in its poetical conception. We will not say that the text maintains an equally high point, but it is interesting, and possesses such characteristics of grace and originality that make it stand out, in its strong individuality, from any other book of the year. But its real charm is to be found in its illustrations, the chief of which are reproduced in a long series in collotype plates. The running of the water, in the form of musical notes, along a stream, their liquid gliding and "transport," give the artist the opportunity of designing a number of drawings as fanciful as they are charming and dainty, and as ingenious as they are quaint and sometimes poetically thoughtful. Even the minor embellishments—initials and tail-pieces—show a pretty taste for imagery and symbolism.

In his "*Life of William Cowper*," Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, the Principal of Olney Cowper School, has given us a biography, final and complete. More exhaustive than the excellent work of Southey, it is free from any of the blemishes which rendered Hayley's and Grimshawe's "lives" of little or no value. The main feature of Mr. Wright's biography—the result of extensive original research—seems to be the establishment of the fact that to a terrible dream which the poet dreamt in 1773, bringing home to him the despairing conclusion that he was damned, was due much of the misery of his tainted life. The book is a model of conciseness, crammed with fact, and well-written, but in a minor key which harmonises with the prevailing sadness of Cowper's life. The book contains many portraits; and it is interesting to observe that both the printers and the publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, are descendants of the Unwins of Castle Hedingham, who played so great a part in Cowper's life.

In "*Historic Houses of the United Kingdom*" (Cassell and Co.) an effort has been made to give in an entertaining and picturesque form the history of many of the chief mansions of the kingdom. A work such as this appeals equally to the antiquary and to the lover of history, of architecture, landscape, and art. Four-and-twenty of the chief "abbeys," "castles," "towers," "halls," and "places" are dealt with by popular writers and profusely illustrated in admirable wood-engraving and "process" by our leading artists of landscape and picturesque landscape. The result is an interesting, a beautiful, and eminently readable book.

In his "*Studies in Modern Music*" (Lecky and Co.) Mr. HADOW, the author, has brought together four admirable essays on music and musical criticism, on Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner. The result is practically a complete review of the musical development of the century, comprising as it does the French romantic movement, the kindred movement in Germany, and the reform of opera under the magic hand of Wagner.



Of the making of small instruction-books on the practice of art there is no end. From Messrs. Rowney we have received a work in three parts, entitled "*Practical Manual of Painting in Oil*," by Monsieur ERNEST HAREUX, the first dealing with still-life, interiors, &c., the second with landscape and marine, and the third with figures and animals. The advice generally seems to be good—better than the author's own illustrations. But we should hesitate to endorse the recommendations, borrowed from the Japanese, to study and "build up" animals by means of geometrical figures.

The photographs of the rank and file of camera-workers would probably be improved by a study and understanding of the subjects treated of in "*Studies in Photography*," by JOHN ANDREWS, B.A. (Hazell, Watson and Viney, Limited). Mr. Andrews has reasonable ideas, and indicates well enough the path which should be taken by the photographer who desires to produce the most artistic results possible. At the same time the author hardly seems quite at home in his subject, either in teaching it by word or by example. The illustrations are not just to photographic possibilities. It might have been better to have relied on others for the examples. But although the teaching is not vigorous or original nor the pictures good, the lessons repeated in the book are much needed by a great many photographers, some of whom will doubtless be beneficially influenced by a perusal of the work. "*Photographic Reproduction Processes*," by P. C. DUCHOCHOIS (Hampton Judd and Co.), is a handy and practical treatise giving concise directions for working the many and varied processes for obtaining photographic impressions in which silver salts are not employed. Only a very few even among practical photographers have more than a faint idea of the great number of interesting printing processes which have been worked out and invented in addition to the well-known platinotype, carbon, and the ferro-prussiate methods. Details for working these less-understood processes are buried away in the old journals, and M. Duchochois has brought them together, with some suggestions derived from practical experience. The methods include those employed for the reproduction of architectural designs, and for industrial and artistic purposes, such as photographs on fabrics, wood, and canvas.

#### NEW ENGRAVINGS.

"A Silent Greeting" was the title of one of Mr. TADEMA's pictures exhibited last year at the New Gallery. In the lap of a girl who had fallen asleep over her work a lover is depositing a bunch of flowers. The picture, which is the property of Mr. Tate, has been etched by Mr. LOWENSTAM, and is published by Mr. Stephen T. Gooden, of 57, Pall Mall. The head of the sleeping girl hardly seems satisfactory as a translation of Mr. Tadema's drawing; but the reputation of the etcher is enough to guarantee a generally successful result.

As affording a means of comparison between reproduction by etching and photogravure, another picture by Mr. Tadema ("An Earthly Paradise") has opportunely just been reproduced by the Berlin Photographic Company, and should be seen side by side with Mr. Lowenstam's etching. The results are so different, however, that it is not possible to say that one is better than the other; but the comparison is most interesting between the translation of the artist-etcher and the mechanical reproduction of the camera. Difference of taste will cause a difference in appre-

ciation. People who want "the picture, the whole picture, and nothing but the picture," will choose the mechanical reproduction, which is certainly most admirably made; but the etching will be the choice of those who prefer that a reproduction should be rather a suggestion in the spirit of the artist than a fac-simile of the work of art. Mr. Tadema has supervised both reproductions.

#### NOTABILIA.

Another version of Mr. WATTS's portrait of Tennyson, which appeared in our last number, is in the possession of Miss Bowman.

A monument to the memory of M. FEYEN-PERRIN, by M. GUILBERT and M. FARGE, has been erected at the Montmartre Cemetery.

MESSRS. FRANK BRANGWYN, J. A. LOMAX, and ALEXANDER MANN have been elected members of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours.

In a paper on "Picture Gallery Decoration," Mr. John D. Crace rightly points out by examples that, contrary to the general opinion, a good coloured, and not a low-toned, background is the best for the effective display of pictures.

Mr. D. C. Thomson, the well-known manager of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co., the art-dealers, has succeeded Mr. Marcus B. Huish as Editor of the *Art Journal*. Its late assistant-editor, Mr. Lewis B. Hind, is about to found a new magazine under the title of *The Studio*.

An insolently-worded, but perfectly just, appeal has been addressed to the Archbishop of Malines by the fantastic president of the "Rosy (+) Cross" Society of Paris, demanding the opening of the cathedrals under his charge, and the *gratuitous* exhibition of the masterpieces by Rubens, Memling, &c., which, he says, will make far more converts and repentant sinners than all the prelate's sermons put together.

The report of the Art for Schools Association for 1891 chronicles a quiet year in its history. Its progress has been sustained, though it is still greatly in need of further support. Continuous increase of work means continuous increase of expenses, and until a long-standing debt of about £200 is cleared off, the Association sets forth that it is obliged to keep its efforts far short of its original aims. It has lately sustained a severe loss by the resignation of Miss Mary Christie, the honorary secretary, who has been the life and soul of the Association since its original foundation.

#### OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. J. WILD, of the Soane Museum, a refined and accomplished master of the Arabian style of design and architecture; of Mr. A. R. VENABLES, at the age of eighty-six; of Mr. PAUL PEELE, the Canadian artist, who was born in London, Ontario, and after an art education at the Pennsylvania Academy, at the Royal Academy, and under Gérôme, gained an "honourable mention" at Paris, in 1889, for his "Life is Bitter," and a gold medal the following year, for "After the Bath;" of the distinguished art-writer, Mr. ALFRED MICHELS, whose "History of Flemish Painting," in ten volumes, "Vandyck and his Pupils," and other well-known works have formed the subject of bitter controversy; of Mr. WILLIAM H. HOPKINS, the painter of animals and sport, as well as of equestrian portraits, who began exhibiting at the Academy in 1853.



LONDON *v.* CHICAGO.

The Guildhall Exhibition has proved so satisfactory in all respects that the Corporation has most unfortunately decided to hold another this year. It is earnestly to be hoped that no such proposal will be persisted in. All the best pictures that may be available are most urgently required for the Chicago Exhibition, to which, as it is, collectors are hesitating to lend their treasures, and anything like a rival show in London would discount to no inconsiderable extent the result of our Chicago display. As we have already pointed out, our first and only real chance of the century of showing America the excellence of British Art, and of breaking down the prejudice which is so deeply rooted in our kinsmen's minds, is now here; so that any such ill-considered rivalry would be a piece of suicidal folly, offering owners a valid excuse for holding aloof. Moreover, this mania for lean exhibitions is being a good deal overdone; it is, of course, extremely pleasant and useful to have a continuity of such displays. But the result is that collectors' patience is rapidly becoming exhausted, and the time is near at hand when they will positively decline to deprive themselves longer of their treasures. In illustration, we may quote one notable case in which a good-natured owner of a famous picture, which he bought for a very large sum from the Academy some seven years ago, has so generously responded to all appeals, that he has never yet had his picture home on his walls at all! So that now, when he is asked to lend it for another twelve months or so to America, he not unnaturally declines; and the English display will be the poorer for it.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

The congratulations addressed to the students by Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON on their work for the competitions were doubtless well founded. For the Creswick prize, Mr. WIENS had painted a very student-like "Trout Stream," but distinctly suggestive of Millais' "Murthly Moss," and in the opinion of several members of the Academy not so able a work as that which hung beside it. Mr. LAURENCE KOE was successful in two life and one draped figure competitions, and gained also, with Mr. PHYSICK, the Landseer scholarships for sculpture. Mr. ISAAC SNOWMAN won the silver medal for the painting of a head from life; Mr. DAVID MCGILL the two first prizes for sculpture; and Mr. REGINALD ARTHUR and Mr. GEORGE P. WATSON the Landseer scholarships in painting. In several subjects for which prizes were offered there was no competition; and, curiously enough, in the department of landscape there is no teaching, although prizes are offered. It is supposed that landscape-painting cannot be taught; and just because such training is not attempted, say the irreverent, England has been pre-eminent in the art. One or two of the members have proposed the establishment of such a class, but the Council has not yet seen its way to adopt the suggestion.

## ALFRED GILBERT, R.A.

The election, on the 8th of December, of, as full Academician, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT gives cause for universal felici-

itation, and Mr. Gilbert, the Academy, and the public may all be congratulated on the event. The election has been represented as unanimous, but this is not precisely the case, for outstanding promises made by voters to friends had to be redeemed. It was, however, practically a foregone conclusion that Mr. Gilbert would be elected. He started off with 24 scratches, while Mr. Henry Moore received 4, Mr. MacWhirter 4, and Mr. Prinsep 4. These four names were consequently chalked on the black-board; and as Mr. Prinsep then considerably headed those who were running neck-and-neck with him, the ballot lay between him and Mr. Gilbert. The final contest then took place, when 40 voted for Mr. Gilbert, and 8 for Mr. Val Prinsep; and the members distinguished themselves by effecting the most popular promotion that has been made for many years past.

## MR. FAED'S RETIREMENT.

With great regret and deep sympathy we record the loss of painting sight by which Mr. THOMAS FAED, R.A., has been inflicted. As no hope of recovery has been held out, Mr. Faed has—with infinite consideration for others—at once resigned his membership, in order that he may make room for the selection of an Associate to fill his place, and, in consequence, for the election of an outsider to an Associateship. How favourably does this action compare with the selfishness of certain others for whom membership can mean no more than "retired Academician," as they no longer exhibit! To be more precise, and to come to names, can Mr. ARMITAGE, for example, be aware that he is deliberately excluding such an artist as, say, Mr. HENRY MOORE, simply because he does not care to give up a privilege of which he makes no use, and which means nothing to him, but very much to Mr. Moore and others who are excluded from membership, and still more to those now aging outsiders who would naturally be elected to fill the position left empty by the promoted Associates? This is a broad hint, and we hope it will be taken.

## PROFESSOR FRED BROWN.

The election of Mr. FRED BROWN to the Slade Professorship in succession to Monsieur Legros is an event of great portent in the English school of painting. It is, of course, regrettable that the Council of University College applied—as it is said they did—to the Royal Academy for its advice on the relative merits of the two candidates, Mr. Yeames, R.A., and Mr. Brown, and then having received a recommendation in favour of the former, markedly ignored it, and quietly elected the latter. The course was as impolitic as it was rude. But it is very well that, with two academic schools in London, such as are to be found at Burlington House and at South Kensington, another on the more "advanced" lines of the thought of the day should be established, in order that those who desire a more unconventional training should not be driven to France to study; and if Professor Brown succeeds in this he will have deserved well of his country's Art, and have fully justified his election.



## EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. Mendoza remains true to his colours, which are of the simplest, black and white. Other galleries and other dealers have given up this once most popular branch of art; but the St. James's Gallery is open for the tenth year in succession with a series of drawings in pen-and-ink, pencil, Indian ink, sepia, and charcoal. Some of the drawings exhibited are the originals of illustrations which have appeared in the three big pictorial papers. Their inclusion in a collection of works of art of a more enduring aim is sometimes to be regretted in those cases when they are drawn in such a manner as to make realism, and what is called actuality, their chief merit, and subtler and more winning qualities are sacrificed to this end. Some of them, however, are of more artistic value, and show beauty of line, grace of composition, and quality. They merely require "weeding." Mr. G. L. SEYMOUR is largely represented in Indian ink, his subjects being generally West-End streets in the sunshine and the season, full of sparkle and motion, though the rigid detail of the architecture suggests the camera. Extremely graceful and much more delicate is his "Façade of Rouen Cathedral," in pencil. Mr. EDWARD W. WAITES' minute landscapes might almost be monochromatic versions of Mr. BIRKER FOSTER'S drawings. There are style and life about Miss MARIAN LOGSDALE'S Venetian scenes, though this lady's method of ploughing in all her blacks of the same value in order to get a bright effect of sunshine is open to question.

Two ladies have been exhibiting at the Burlington Gallery, Bond Street, Miss M. R. HILL BURTON and Miss E. HART DYKE. Miss Burton is an amateur of spirit and distinction. Her Scotch and Irish sketches and her characteristic peasant studies are of decided promise. "An Irish Interior, Connemara," a family cowering in a mud hut over a fire, is good in colour, grouping, and spirit, and deftly handled, but the features of the faces would have repaid a little more care. Miss Hart Dyke has stayed at many country-houses, and has patiently reproduced their interiors; but it would have been wiser to have appealed to the sentimental interests of friends visiting in her own circle than to the public.

MR. ARTHUR SEVERN—the well-known member of the Royal Institute, and formerly of the Dudley Gallery—has somewhat tardily joined the ranks of the painters who claim a right to a "one man exhibition." Some others who have given themselves this joy before have deserved it less than Mr. Severn. For there is that about his works which places them rather at a disadvantage in miscellaneous exhibitions. In miscellaneous exhibitions the peculiarities of Mr. Severn's method are very visible, while certain qualities of refined and individual observation are apt, perhaps, to be hidden. Mr. Arthur Severn is—and has been for years—an especial student of sky effects, and of illumination, natural and artificial. For him not only sunrise and sunset, fog and misty dawn, but moonlight also, and the dark night illumined only by the lights of the town. As an experimentalist he is interesting, and, in any case, he is a painter who, whether France be his subject or river-side London—whether Amiens be attracting him or Lambeth—thinks and sees for himself. A career spent in such studious observation and record as his cannot fairly be pronounced ineffective.

We regret that we must hold over our notice of the collection of Mr. Burne-Jones's works at the New Gallery until next month.

## REVIEWS.

A service to students has been done by the republication, with amplifications and additions, of Mr. PHILIP G. HAMERTON'S "*Drawing and Engraving*" (Adam and Charles Black)—a work which, in its balder state, was first issued, and in a sense buried, in the mighty volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The volume is a small one, for the author has sought to place all the essentials, and the essentials only, of the history and technique of the arts before the reader with the greatest concision, and in the most laconic manner possible. It is impossible not to admire the tact and skill with which Mr. Hamerton has executed his task, of the taste and all but unflinching knowledge with which he has selected the etchings and other plates that illustrate his arguments and determine his points. He has brought his subject-essay entirely up to date, not only in the arts with which he primarily deals, but also in the descriptions of modern processes for reproduction, and in his contentions in artistic principles and arguments, which have quite lately been before the world. In such a book as this it is quite easy to find fault, and to challenge the writer on points which sometimes rest greatly on opinion. For all the writer's command of his subject and moderation in expression we cannot, for example, pass over his definition of drypoint, in his chapter on mezzotint, as "really nothing but mezzotint in line," for the suggestion is that the artist has to remove with the point the burr from a rocked surface. Certainly no one would suppose that a polished plate was the material worked on. In point of fact, dry-point comes nearer in the doing to line-engraving than to mezzotint. Nor can we admit the correctness of what he gives as the order of "importance" of the four kinds of engraving; had he said their "dignity" he might have been nearer the mark. Mr. Hamerton states that in Dürer's work "all are on the same plane;" but the example he gives of "Christ before Pilate" surely contradicts this assertion. He rightly takes Mr. Seymour Haden to task for having translated *peintres-graveurs* into "painter-etchers" when forming his Society, but has overlooked the fact that the distinguished President has already publicly declared his regret for what he owns to be an error of judgment. To Mr. Hamerton's remarks on the decadence of line-engraving in modern times, we should like to add that the decay of the art has declined along with the decline of dignity of the general comportment and manners; and that, moreover, the times move so fast that the public will no longer wait for a couple of years for the reproduction of a popular picture, when the quicker method of etching will give it them in months, or photogravure in weeks. We must entirely disagree with the author's remark on the printing of etchings, in which he minimises the undue assistance given by the printer. He says of Mr. Goulding, unquestionably the most admirable printer in England, that by him "shades are not added to the artist's work." But that is precisely what Mr. Goulding sometimes does; and we could point to work for the result of which as much credit perhaps was due to the printer as to the eminent etcher. We could mention other misconceptions of the author—such as that Cousens' work was genuine mezzotint instead of being a bastard method, or the idea that nowadays "tint process" blocks are produced by photographing through gauze, or that the adoption of the process in artistic publications is solely from motives of economy, instead of by reason of their greater capacity of rendering "effects"—we might mention these and more, but that we might



convey the impression that the usefulness of the book under review is seriously injured by what we cannot but consider minor blemishes. It is, in fact, a handbook that deserves, as it will assuredly command, a wide approval.

New volumes of the admirable series of "*Artistes Célèbres*" (L. Allison et Cie.—Librairie de l'Art) are appearing apace. On former occasions we have had to criticise certain shortcomings in department of the illustration of these scholarly critical biographies. We are glad now to observe a vast improvement; not only are the illustrations far more profuse, but they are infinitely better reproduced and printed than was the case in many of the earlier volumes. This is specially noticeable in the book devoted by M. DARGENTY to "Antoine Watteau," a more satisfactory tribute to the master, from the point of view of biography and criticism, than any with which we are acquainted. In his monograph on that sombre, at times almost morose, painter of gaiety and *fêtes galantes*, M. Dargenty has produced a very readable volume, written in an unusually spirited and sprightly manner; and, with much truth, he points out how the basis of Watteau's art is, in truth, landscape, in which the figures, with all their grace and beauty, are manifestly but secondary in the painter's estimation. The biography is well up to date, including as it does full descriptions of the two pictures and eighty-two drawings sold last year at the dispersal of Miss James's collection. In treating of "*Abraham Bosse*," M. VALABRÈGUE had the advantage of dealing with an artist not well known to the French public, and still less familiar to the English. Nevertheless, Bosse was an engraver and etcher of great originality, who in his plates has reflected with much spirit the life of the times of Louis XVI., and whose work is now so greatly esteemed by all connoisseurs of Bosse's art, both for the sake of its execution and its vigorous personality. Bosse's historical feud with the Royal Academy of France, and his consequent exclusion therefrom, are fully and exhaustively dealt with. France has had its Barrys, its Wrights of Derby, and its Sir Robert Stranges, too. Following up his studies on Rembrandt, Terburg, Hobbema, and the Ruysdaels, M. EMILE MICHEL has contributed a further volume on the "Breughel" family—which includes Peter the Elder, Peter the Second (known as "of Hell"), John, Peter the Third, John the Second, and Ambroise. This complicated family history and the extremely diverse work represented by its artistic labours are, of course, most ably treated by M. Michel; but we would protest against the author's curious statement that no example of any of the Breughels is to be seen at our National Gallery. He has been strangely misinformed.

"*Theory and Analysis of Ornament*," by FRANÇOIS LOUIS SCHAUERMANN (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., London), is a book which is intended as a handbook of instruction in ornament for students in Polytechnic classes and the like. M. Schauer mann starts with a recondite and rather unintelligible treatise on æsthetics, based on M. Cournot, fortified with references to Aristotle. Part II. deals with fundamental notions, such as "concrete" and "abstract" in relation to number, "curvity" (Heavens, what a word!), "declination," which, "even if complicated, embodies some of the following affections," viz., the "angulations," the "bucklings," the "branches," and the "tactions," illustrated by diagrams as remarkable as the names themselves. Then follow chapters on "plane surfaces," their dimensions and their "fundamental forms," their "harmonical lines," and various tadpoles and polygonal figures generated from these, also rhomboids and "assembled polygons," and all

the other heathenish jargon of the geometrical draughtsman; and so we sink deeper and deeper in metaphysical mire till we arrive at "dispositions," not the disposition of the designer, as one vainly hoped, but "agglomerated dispositions," and "orbicular dispositions," and "pennate dispositions," and as many other dispositions as this ingenious author has invented for the mystification of his faint but pursuing reader. At the end are twenty-eight plates of ornament, on the whole the very worst of their kind that the writer could possibly have selected. They are, without exception, execrable. The author refers in his preface to the Science and Art Department, probably with unconscious humour, for this book is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the policy of the Science and Art Department. It is an attempt to reduce to mechanical principles ornament, which is nothing if not spontaneous, nothing if not inspired and developed by the circumstance of the moment. It is lamentable to think that some poor wretch who might have some natural invention, such as would exhibit itself in notching a stick or in some rude imitation of the flower that took his fancy, is to have his mind obfuscated with such an unintelligible classification as this (see page 23)—

"ORDER AND FORM.

Order purely intelligible. Phenomenal Order. Logic.							
Mathematical Science. Architectural.							
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	Signs of Convention.		Draught.   Drawing."				

The "technical instruction" on which politicians are so eager may no doubt do wonders for the commercial prosperity of England, but it is an open secret among artists that it is inflicting a deadly injury on the art of this country, and if anyone wants to see how it is done, he will be very clearly enlightened by the perusal of Mr. Schauer mann's "Theory and Analysis of Ornament."

A fifth edition of Mr. JAMES PATON'S excellent "*Catalogue, Descriptive and Historical, of the Pictures and Sculpture in the Corporation Galleries of Art, Glasgow*," has been issued by Mr. Robert Anderson. This catalogue, by the Superintendent of the galleries, is one of the best of its kind, carefully collated and well edited, and accompanied by colotype illustrations. Mr. Paton has based his work greatly upon Waagen's "Art Treasures," and upon Sir J. C. Robinson's Report. At the same time there are a few alterations of ascription and other changes which are hardly intelligible without the explanations we had a right to expect from the author. For example, is there not something more than meets the eye in respect to the Palmas, or Giorgiones, and the extraordinary attribution of one of them to Bonifazio Veronese, which has always been considered a Palma? This, in fact, looks like a blunder. Surely when so many alterations are made in a catalogue such as this—which is more or less, and very properly, argumentative—reasons for changes should be vouchsafed. Have not Mr. Claude Phillips and Herr Bode interested themselves?

Of late years Japanese art and literature have all but monopolised the attention of those students who have looked to the extreme Orient for their subject matter. Perhaps a little for that reason we welcome with the more cordiality the "*Chinese Stories*" (William Blackwood and Sons), in which Mr. ROBERT K. DOUGLAS has paraphrased, if not actually translated, some of the popular literature and folk-stories of the Celestials. It is a book



which deserves and will receive considerable attention, as much on account of its freshness as of its literary interest. A principal feature of the book are the illustrations by Mr. PARKINSON, in which that artist has imitated with exceeding cleverness the manner of the native artist of China. An excellent example is to be found in "The Flowery Ones," on p. 144, but the character throughout is good. The only objection is that the skill of the English hand falsely suggests at first sight that the whole book is merely a clever parody.

A new edition—the seventy-sixth—of the "*Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Foreign Schools in the National Gallery*" has been published, and includes the recent bequest of Lady Taunton of the Francesca Mantegna (1381), entitled "The Holy Women at the Sepulchre."

#### NOTABILIA.

The late Colonel Lichtenstein's fine collection of arms and armour has been bequeathed to the Musée d'Artillerie of Paris, and will shortly be exhibited.

The *coterie* of young Scottish painters who have hitherto been known under the title of the "Glasgow School" have adopted the designation, and have formed themselves into a regularly constituted Society under that name.

Mr. JOHN BRETT, A.R.A., is adopting the Continental method (so long introduced in a modified form by Mr. G. F. Watts) of throwing open his studio to visitors. Henceforward, therefore, visitors will be admitted at 38, Harley Street on Wednesdays, from twelve to four, on production of their visiting-cards.

Mr. Hugh Woolner writes to us to say that, contrary to the newspaper report, no member of his family approached the Dean of St. Paul's with a view to the burial of the late Mr. Woolner, R.A., within its precincts. The injudicious proposal came quite unsought from a couple of the sculptor's admirers.

The cause of Sunday Opening proceeds apace. A few months ago the Bishop of London proclaimed his adhesion to the principle, and now the Home Secretary has committed himself and the South Kensington Museum to the scheme. He admits that he is still "sitting on the gate," but there is no doubt in which direction his sympathies tend.

As Miss ALEXANDER—"Francesca" of the "Roadside Songs of Tuscany"—has practically laid aside her exquisite pen, owing to failure of eyesight, Mr. Ruskin is anxious carefully to index every one of her drawings; and by his desire we invite all our readers who know of the whereabouts of such drawings, or their possessors, to be kind enough to communicate any such facts to Mr. Ruskin's secretary, at Brantwood, Coniston.

His Highness the Maharaja Gaikwar of Baroda has happily been struck with English art while he has been in this country. Sir JAMES LINTON has painted the portraits of the two young princes; and Mr. J. FULLEYLOVE, R.I., and Mr. J. ORROCK, R.I., have been commissioned to paint scenes in "the Dukeries," Clumber (the Duke of Newcastle's house), Thoresby (Lord Manning's), and Welbeck Abbey (the Duke of Portland's).

Great objection has been raised to the Millbank site offered to and accepted by Mr. Tate for the National Gallery of British Art, on the ground of its being practically a swamp, and the neighbourhood notoriously damp. Dampness is, of course, the mortal enemy of water-colour draw-

ings, and greatly, too, of other objects of fine art. But as the decision is now beyond recall, the architect must see to it as best he can, so that all manner of wet may be excluded from the foundations.

We regret to have to record the resignation by Mr. LOUIS FAGAN of his position of Assistant Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. For five-and-twenty years Mr. Fagan has filled the post, loyally and zealously; and he will be greatly missed by the visitors to the Print Room, where he invariably afforded all the assistance in his power to those who were in want of it. It is unfortunately the condition of Mr. Fagan's health which has deprived the public of the services of one of its most experienced and courteous servants.

Mr. G. F. WATTS has completed a new version of his beautiful "Love and Life," and has without question produced one of the most beautiful canvases he has ever executed. The design is well known, but the exquisite colour, so tender and subtle in harmony, has never been surpassed by the artist, nor sweet and spiritual expression more triumphantly realised. This masterpiece is to represent Mr. Watts in Chicago, and when the exhibition is closed he will present it to the American nation as his contribution to a permanent gallery.

Mr. *Punch* moves slowly, for, technically speaking, his conservatism is pre-eminent among papers. He has at length, however, on December 10th, 1892, p. 273, introduced a block mechanically engraved on zinc by "process"—all the illustrations having hitherto been wood-engravings. The motive is not the saving of time, for a wood-block, if not too elaborate, can be cut quite as quickly, or quicker; nor is the reason the undoubted economy to be effected. It is in reality artistic considerations which have overborne the human fallibility of the graver by automatic accuracy of the camera.

We congratulate the County Council on its polite rejection of the offer made by an American sculptor of a statue of Charles Dickens and Little Nell. The Council tactfully based its refusal on Dickens's objection to any statue being erected to himself. But that, of course, was only policy, for Dickens's horror of a statue was not more pronounced than Thackeray's dislike of anything like a biography being published of him; yet biographies of Thackeray are not wanting. No; the County Council has evidently more artistic taste and judgment than it cares to admit.

The astounding announcement has been made—and made, too, on authoritative information—that a certain prelate of this country has actually been removing fine fifteenth-century stained-glass from the casements of his dwelling, and after having it replaced by modern, and perhaps more convenient, glass, has positively given the old to the glazier in *part payment of his account!* We need hardly say that the real value of the glass was ridiculously in excess of what it was ignorantly supposed, and that it has since changed hands at an enormous increase of price. But the point is this: is an archbishop or a bishop a trustee of the residence in which he lives and its contents, which he enjoys, or is he its absolute possessor, to dispose of its treasures as he chooses? The question and the answer are surely of sufficient importance to warrant the matter being looked more closely into.

Our usual obituary notices are held over until the next part through lack of space.



## A "SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS."

We are enabled to announce that a movement is on foot which has for its object the establishing of a "Society of Sculptors." Such an institution, it should be observed, would be quite independent of the Royal Academy, and wholly free from any pecuniary objects or direct self-interest on the part of the members. The purpose of the new society—which is still in the embryonic stage—is solely in the interests of the art of sculpture, its dignity and its excellence. The main ideas, we are informed, upon which the original proposals were founded, were, firstly, to include within its fold every sculptor whom the mass of his fellow-workers consider a worthy craftsman—men, moreover, who can never hope to find themselves among the half-dozen members for whom the Academy by its constitution can find room; and, further, to exclude those who may be considered by the rest of the profession as undeserving of the status the Society would propose to confer. As the number of members would be unlimited, no such jealousies and heart-burnings could occur, such as are constantly charged against the Academy, for there would be no "Outsiders" except those who were deliberately adjudged undeserving by the rest of their profession. An important result would be to do away with the "Ghost;" for if this skilful spirit be good enough as an artist to act the Ghost, he will be elected as a member and be given his chance, his name being brought properly before the public—while the Ghost-Raiser will be routed by his rejection by general consent. It is said that certain members of the Academy itself will join the new (non-exhibiting) Society.

## EXHIBITIONS.

The collection of the works of Mr. EDWARD BURNE-JONES, A.R.A., at the New Gallery stands alone in the history of art exhibitions. No such completely exhaustive, comprehensive, and instructive display of the fruit of the art and life of one man has been held in England. The artist is represented at every period of his life. We can follow the development of his art under many maturing influences—the classic and literary traditions of Oxford, and the painter's love for Rossetti, and later for Rossetti's masters, the early Florentines. We see it slightly affected, now by Mr. Albert Moore, and now by Sir Frederic Leighton—since a great artist is ever sensitive to what is best in his contemporaries—until at last it reaches its full fruition in the magnificence of its unique individuality. At every stage we may study it, from the hastily-outlined memorandum and the elaborate sketch of part or whole up to the finished picture in oil, water-colour, or tempera. Ninety-two studies, sketches, and designs in pencil, crayon, Indian ink, sepia, pen-and-ink, water-colour, and metals on dark-toned paper fill the south room. Sixty-five finished works, including almost everything of first importance except the "Briar Rose" and "Perseus" series, the "Visit of the Magi," are to be found in the gallery. Early and extremely Rossettian pictures such as "Merlin and Nimuë;" the superb, but much later, "Laus Veneris," which outglows anything Rossetti ever did in the voluptuous sumptuousness of its colour; the mystic "Days of

Creation;" "Dies Domini," a vision of angels and the irresistible winds of heaven; the great "Wheel of Fortune;" "Sibylla Delphica," with its Mauresque folds; "A Sibyl," with its marvellous sheen of purple and violet; the "Depths of the Sea," of 1886, the one picture this A.R.A. ever exhibited at the Academy, when it bore the Virgilian legend, "Habes tota quod mente petisti, infelix"—the mermaid, unwitting of her disappointment, triumphantly bearing to her submarine home the burden of the corpse of the lover who could not breathe in her world, bubbles rising up from the dead sailor, but none from the live water-creature; "Phyllis and Demophon," the large 1870 water-colour study of the nude which caused its painter's temporary retirement from the R.W.S; three delightful portraits, one of a child of spiritual loveliness; the commanding "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid;" the rich-hued "The Mill," "The Hours," and "Un Chant d'Amour;" "The Beguiling of Merlin," painted with the artist's latter greyer delicacy and distinction; the "Wood Nymph," in her umbrageous bower; the Pygmalion set, and the six beauteous panels "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," "Day," and "Night"—all are here. In the vestibule are examples of gesso work. Only on the side of his stained window work does Mr. Burne-Jones necessarily remain unrepresented. To the realist this artist makes no appeal. He has created a world apart; a world of his own imagining, of romance, and of an abiding, tranquil beauty: a world peopled, not by men and women, but by heroes, saints, the holy dead, the divine and semi-divine, the legendary spirits of the past. This world has a scheme of colour, textures, a law of proportion, and a code of non-natural laws of its own. Its persons and things are but the poetic counterparts of the men, women, and realities of the material world. They are painted with a technique, with mediums, pigment, and metals especially adapted to their interpretation. In the south room may be verified the deliberation of the artist's purpose. The sketches and the studies are of humanity and mundane things. These same objects transposed to the finished pictures lose all actuality, and exist as in a dream. This is the key to Mr. Burne-Jones' art: it moves on a plane parallel to earth, and therefore nowhere in contact with it. Critical questionings, of course, present themselves. The Burne-Jones temperament is too rare for general sympathy. Most of us resent the sad and wistful monotony, the sexlessness of these unfleshly, over-tall, dusky-golden men and women. The idea presents itself that the author of their being could not laugh with Rabelais. The colour, so imperially full and glowing in the earlier works, grows grave and grey, if of a rare distinction, in the later pictures. Sir Joshua Reynolds bids us know that there are no such things as silks, satins, and velvets in art—only draperies. Mr. Burne-Jones has but one texture, a certain felt-like quality, with which he paints even the semi-diaphanous lawn which shrouds the "Sleeping Beauty." His folds are often artificially archaic and stiff, wilful imitations of the limitations of the *primitifs*, or purely arbitrary, as, for instance, in a little panel called "A Grey Graie." Many of the compositions seem to lack unity of design. The upper and lower halves of "The Golden Stairs" certainly want a common centre.



At times a very delightful sense of landscape is shown, as in "Green Summer" and the "Merciful Knight;" but in others there is a painful want of gradation in touch, and the law of values is openly defied. It is impossible, for example, simultaneously to enjoy and focus the figures and the spotty landscape in the Duchess of Marlborough's "Garden of Pan," if, indeed, the landscape can be focussed at all; but more irritating to the eye than any of these things is a curious method of painting flesh—limbs and faces—so abruptly against the draperies that it almost looks like pieces of inlaid tinted ivory. This is particularly noticeable in that beautiful picture "The Mirror of Venus," and the large water-colour "Caritas." Decorative all this work is in the highest and in a double sense—that is to say, absolutely and relatively. Absolutely, in that within its frame, its own natural frontier, every picture is beautiful in form, line, and arrangement, harmonious in refinement yet opulence of colour, a thing of beauty, complete in itself; relatively, in that it lends itself to the decoration of a room or hall, suggests a scheme of colour and design, and spontaneously strikes the key-note thereof. The longer the visitor stays with these works, the deeper grows his feeling of reverence, his conviction that he is standing in the presence of a master of all time.

Proof more convincing that they err who say that in art "subject does not matter" could not have been vouchsafed us than the group of water-colour drawings of "Gardens, Grave and Gay," by Mr. GEORGE S. ELGOOD, R.I., lately exhibited in the rooms of the Fine Art Society, Bond Street. More than half their charm lay in their choice of subject—the lordly pleasaunces of England, the Jacobean and Hanoverian gardens of Melbourne, Losely, Condover, and Levens, with their solemn cedars, prim yew-hedges, quaintly-clipped boxes, and fountains zoned by turf of live emerald, placed side by side with the terraced walks of the Riviera and Italy, of Nice, Mentone, Genoa, and Verona, where the geranium blazes to the sun, and the dusty-green cactus flaunts its crimson tassels. Mr. Elgood's art seems to us to stand midway between that of Mr. Fulleylove and Mrs. Allingham. An architect by early training, he has the sympathy for Nature drilled by man into stately order, and something, too, of the clear untroubled technique in obtaining effects of the former, whilst he shares to a great extent the latter's love for fresh and piquant masses of old-world flowers. Mr. Elgood is most at home, he tells us, when painting the tall spires of the hollyhock, maroon, sulphur, or flesh-hued, against the sombre yew, or long regiments of sunflowers in sage-green tunics with yellow facings, smart snapdragons, clustering roses, and sweet-williams, camped out behind the box border along broad gravelled paths. And where his affection leads him, he finds his best successes.

For a president of the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists the idea of illustrating a "P. & O. Voyage" is a peculiarly happy one. It has occurred to Mr. AYERST INGRAM. His pictures and sketches in oil and water—a sort of pictorial log-book—have been filling one of the rooms at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery in Bond Street. Little has escaped the industrious painter, and all the daily incidents of passenger life on board an ocean steamer are duly chronicled; but the general result is somewhat that of a panorama. Here and there some beautiful atmospheric effect is deftly presented, the rich note of some quaint costume pleasantly recorded, or a clever study made of moonlight and the yellow glow of lanterns.

"Paintings and Water-Colour Drawings by Various Artists" is a comprehensive classification; and the various works recently exhibited by the Fine Art Society had little in common except size. They were all small. Probably Mr. J. M. SWAN'S "Lioness and Cubs," a little picture full of that great artist's best qualities, was the gem of the collection. "The Skipping-rope," a *plein-air* study of pinafores rustic little ones at play in the sunny meadows, by Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES, was joyous and admirable in action. Two minutely-finished peasant pictures, "The Potato Harvest" and "Crossing the Downs," by M. P. SADÉE, possessed a special eloquence and charm.

Messrs. McLean, of the Haymarket, have lately been exhibiting a very comprehensive, though very small and carefully selected little collection of water-colours. An opportunity for seeing drawings so justly famous as DAVID COX'S "Peace and War—Soldiers entering Lancaster Castle," or DE WINT'S "Lincoln Cathedral, from Brayford," is always welcome. The former's "Flying the Kite," a stretch of heathery common, a couple of urchins suggested, fleecy white clouds "left," and an intensely blue sky, is surely one of the breeziest and most joyous little drawings ever swiftly committed to immortality. A good FORTUNY; "Soldiers in Hyde Park," by E. DETAILLE, showing, if nothing else, minute observation of London types; "Pascarella," a head very rich in colour, by Mr. EDWIN BALE; three excellent specimens of W. HUNT; a very fine PROUT; a strong example of the late Mr. T. COLLIER'S spacious landscape; and drawings by Messrs. HERKOMER, BIRKET FOSTER, GOW, and others, were included.

Thanks to the gallantry and courtesy of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, to which special attention was drawn when H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany declared the exhibition open, the Royal Female School of Art has been enabled to hold a two weeks' display of its work at the fine galleries in Piccadilly. The School is this year celebrating its jubilee, and turns out excellent work standing very high amongst the art schools of the kingdom, and having been under the superintendence of Miss Louisa Gann since its foundation. The exhibition consisted of three distinct sections, covering examples of the works of present students, prize-takers, and others; examples of the work of past students, amongst whom we find Mrs. NORMAND (Miss Henrietta Rae), Mrs. RHODA HOLMES-NICHOLLS, Mrs. ALLINGHAM, Miss BLANCHE JENKIN, Miss MARIAN EARL, and others who are now popular artists; and, lastly, a gift-collection of small paintings and drawings by artists living and dead, including MORLAND, E. W. COOKE, A.R.A., Mr. WEGUELEN, Mr. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A., Mr. CARL HAAG, and many of the past students, to be sold for the benefit of the building fund of the school. The works of the winners of the various very rich competitions—the Gilchrist, £50, tenable for two years; Mercers, £30; Queen's Scholarship, £60; and others—come up to a high standard in the various educational branches of art design. The landscape from nature class shows considerable promise, water-colour drawings by Miss LUCY GEE, Miss EDITH GITENS, and Miss AMY PAGET KEMP striking us as good and thoughtful students' work. Far more important, however, are the more industrial departments of the school, especially the chromo-lithographic studies, which, established for the last ten years under Miss Rushtons, turns out excellent work. Mrs. Holmes-Nicholls (Miss Rhoda C. Holmes)—Queen's Scholar in 1877, and now Vice President of the New York Water-Colour Society—is largely represented. "A Daughter of Eve," a large oil in her earlier



style, was surrounded by several water-colour drawings—"A Fisherman's Daughter" and one or two "impressions" of Venice and flowers, showing the most delicate artistic appreciation. "A White Morning, Venice," by Mrs. WRIGHT (Miss Catherine M. Wood, National Gold Medalist in 1879) suggested James Holland. Miss EMMELINE WEAVER's strong, if gloomy, portrait of Mlle. Anna Bolinska in black attracted great attention at the Royal Academy a few years ago; whilst Miss Marian Earl sent "What is That?" and "Bulldog Champion" to remind us of her claims as one of the best canine portraitists.

The exhibition of works by living English animal-painters, which Mr. Whitworth Wallis got together in the Birmingham Corporation Art Galleries, closed last month. During the time—just over three months—that the collection was open it was visited by no fewer than 282,852 persons, being more than half the population of the city itself. Of the excellent penny illustrated catalogue 25,000 have been disposed of, and the Sunday afternoon attendance amounts to 28,870, giving an average attendance of 2,220 in three hours for each Sunday. Already as many as six millions of people will have visited the Birmingham Corporation Art Galleries in seven years. This is the result of fine loan exhibitions, cheap catalogues, and well-arranged permanent collections.

The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Art Gallery, which was established in 1870, and has recently undergone reconstruction and reorganisation, was opened on November 11th by a grand function, presided over by the Mayor. The gallery is well lighted and arranged, and is one of the chief architectural features of the city. The directorship has been placed in the hands of Mr. T. Dickinson, who has conducted the principal art exhibitions, and been prominently identified with the promotion of art in Newcastle-upon-Tyne for many years past. The autumn exhibition just closed was of high merit, and one of the most important exhibitions of works by contemporary artists ever got together in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The collection contained many notable examples by leading English and Scottish artists, the works of the West of Scotland artists, who have been hitherto but rarely seen in Newcastle, causing much surprise.

#### REVIEWS.

The "Border Edition" of the Waverley Novels now being issued by Mr. John Nimmo has more than maintained its promise in the publication of "*Guy Mannering*" and "*The Antiquary*." Both novels are illustrated by ten etchings—five in each volume, the chief artists represented being Messrs. C. O. MURRAY, ROBERT MACBETH, A.R.A., J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A., CLARK STANTON, R.S.A., GOURLAY STEELL, R.S.A., F. S. WALKER, ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A., SAM BOUGH, R.S.A., and A. H. TOURRIER, amongst others; while among the etchers are Messrs. MACBETH-RAEBURN, R.S.A., DE BILLY, and ANSTED. The principle of illustration in the new edition is not so much that of special drawings and modern instances, but rather the selection of known works and popular pictures. The result, necessarily, is not equally successful in all cases; but it may safely be asserted that never before has an edition, so well printed with beautiful type on good paper, and illustrated in a manner so nearly approaching the orthodox *luxe* conditions, been put forth at so low a price. Another, and from the literary point of view, the principal, feature consists of Mr. ANDREW LANG'S

introductory essay and notes, historical and analytical, and with their resurrected criticisms of the day. The new edition cannot fail to be popular.

"We live in an age of inquiry," says Mr. BARR FERREE, the author of a pamphlet entitled "*Comparative Architecture*." The statement admits of no dispute; but why, with all the sciences which now exist to disturb our peace of mind, should Mr. Ferree add another to the list? He is not satisfied with the popular method of architectural study, and would, in fact, make architecture a branch of anthropology. His chapters, were he to compose a treatise, "would be headed, not with names of countries, but with names of influences—as materials, construction, climate, geology, &c." Of course there is no reason why the industrious pedant should not make a church or a temple the excuse for any number of moral or intellectual disquisitions; but there is this objection to Mr. Ferree's scheme—that architecture is not a science at all, and that, however deeply you study geology and anthropology, you have still to reckon with the genius of the architect. The builder of the Parthenon was Ictinus, not the Greek nation. Sir Christopher Wren was the creator of St. Paul's, and, for all the adulation of nameless masons, there is not a Gothic cathedral that was not planned and controlled by a single brain. It is the fashion just now to reduce all things to a few first principles, and we are quite prepared to be asked to study "Comparative Boot-laces" or the "Science of Base-ball." But why so personal and beautiful an art as architecture should be thus degraded we know not, and Mr. Ferree's pamphlet does not inform us.

Miss K. A. RALEIGH has made an excellent translation of Dr. Petiscus' "*Gods of Olympus*" (London: Fisher Unwin), and a better introduction to the study of mythology could scarce be found; for the author pursues an old-fashioned method, and is concerned with none of the ingenious theories wherewith modern scholars have loaded what should be the gayest of studies. In his pages you will find no reference to the science of folk-lore, which is now so fashionable; and you may read of the gods of Greece without troubling your head about Bushmen or Solomon Islanders. The book is, in fact, the more valuable, because it gives you an opportunity of renewing your interest in the Gods of Greece merely for their own sakes. It is also adequately illustrated, and equipped with most serviceable lists of authorities, while the index is precisely what it should be.

Who were the Etruscans none knows, and he were a rash scholar who would dogmatise concerning the Etruscan tongue. But scholarship in the ancient sense is not Mr. LELAND'S pursuit, and if his "*Etruscan Roman Remains in Popular Tradition*" (London: Fisher Unwin) solves no vexed question, it is a most attractive and entertaining work. He has collected from the inhabitants of the mountain district known as La Romagna Toscana an immense amount of curious lore, which none knows better than himself how to illustrate and explain. Magic and witchcraft play a great part in his scheme of research, and it is needless to say that he handles the subject with infinite knowledge and appreciation. In fact, despite the author's learning, the book is as readable as a collection of fairy tales, and the few illustrations are well chosen and efficiently reproduced.

The new magazine for ladies, *La Grande Dame* (Maison Quantin, Paris; and Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London), demands notice in this column by reason of its extremely artistic character. The cover alone is a beautiful piece of decoration in tone and colour, by Monsieur Grasset, which



is worth framing, while the whole production of the book is excellent. When it is said that the fashions by Worth, Virot, and other divinities of feminine worship are included amongst a mass of good literature by good writers, surely enough has been said in recommendation of the publication.

Mrs. VAN RENSSELAER, collaborating with Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL, has produced a very readable book on some of our "*English Cathedrals*" (Fisher Unwin). Twelve only are dealt with, but amongst them are Canterbury, Durham, Salisbury, Winchester, York, and London. Mr. Pennell's pen drawings are as good as usual, which is equal to saying they could not be better. The results obtained from his tint drawings are not always so satisfactory; the impressions are often too black and the pictures lack atmosphere. This is so in the case of the Canterbury (p. 24), Durham (p. 79), and some others. Apart from this blackness, which is observable more or less through the book, the printing and the paper are admirable; but with such very smooth, highly-surfaced paper very skilful treatment is necessary to avoid some excess of blackness, for it shows every particle of ink, and is not helpful in producing effects of atmosphere.

Rarely have poet and artist gone so harmoniously hand-in-hand as Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON and Mr. HUGH THOMSON in the former's "*Ballad of Beau Brocade, and other Poems*" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.). The book consists of those poems in Mr. Dobson's "*Old World Idylls*" and "*At the Sign of the Lyre*" which deal with seventeenth-century subjects, and would therefore enlist Mr. Thomson's especial sympathy. Never has the artist's fancy been more charmingly employed, nor with such dainty and graceful results. Nor does the grace of his pencil in any way interfere with his humour or his power of expression and character. And, moreover, the artist has been better treated by the process-engraver and the printer than he has been heretofore, so that the book marks a distinct advance in his art and a further step towards maturity and rare excellence.

Messrs. Gilbert, Whitehead and Company, who have succeeded to the colour-printing business of Keep and Company, deserve great credit for the manner in which they have produced the play of "*Othello*" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.). It is illustrated by the well-known painter Ludovic Marchetti. The printers have preserved wonderfully the touchy character of the original water-colour drawings, as well as the sparkling brilliancy of the colours so characteristic of Italian water-colour painters. The head- and tail-pieces are engraved on wood, and are mostly admirable pieces of work. Every leaf is mounted on a guard, and altogether as a specimen of book-making the result is most satisfactory; but it is a little doubtful whether the realisation of the Moor will find much approval with English people.

#### NEW ENGRAVINGS.

The Art Union of London offers its subscribers a choice of plates this year. "*Late for the Ferry*" is a large etching, made from his own picture, by Mr. ROBERT MACBETH, A.R.A. It is given to every subscriber of one guinea, in addition to his chance of a prize. Each subscriber of two guineas can have an India paper proof of a fine mezzotint engraving by Mr. G. McCULLOCH of a "*Souvenir of Velasquez*," painted by JOHN MILLAIS, R.A. Though called a "*Souvenir of Velasquez*," there is nothing

Spanish about the picture but its method: the subject, as will be remembered by those who saw it in the Royal Academy, or since in the Diploma Gallery, is a beautiful English child, and those who are fortunate enough to get this plate will possess a work that is quite as much a souvenir of Millais as of the great Spaniard.

#### NOTABILIA.

The Budget of the old Salon, as presented by M. Boissieu, for the year ending September, 1892, disclosed a property amounting to £40,000.

The new coinage, by Mr. T. BROCK, R.A., and Mr. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., is highly successful. We reserve description for a month, when we shall illustrate the new pieces, and treat of them of greater length than is in this part possible.

Professor HERKOMER's change of manner—a change to a much more loving and finished style of landscape art and general treatment—is to be recorded. This is due to his intercourse with Mr. J. W. North, R.W.S., with whom he has been for some time painting in Somersetshire.

The new stamps issued by the United States Post Office are very pleasing in point of colour, and equally of subject—when a strong lens is taken to them. But, aesthetically speaking, the fatal fault is that pictorial, instead of the purely decorative principle, has been adopted in their design.

As the authorities of the National Gallery of Scotland appear practically to have sealed up the gallery against the acquisition of new pictures, Mr. ORROCK has transferred from it to the Glasgow Municipal Gallery his presentation of fifteen water-colour drawings. These works, all excellent and characteristic of their kind, include two GEORGE BARRETS, two VARLEYS, four DAVID COXES, four PETER DE WINTS, a WILLIAM HUNT, a GEORGE CATTERMOLE, and a BOXINGTON. But might he not have kept them back for the National Gallery of British Art?

#### OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record, since our last obituary, the death, at the age of forty-seven, of M. ROBERT ROHMANN, the Russian landscape-painter, Knight of the Legion of Honour; of Herr ERNEST KLIMT, at the early age of twenty-nine, whose admirable ceiling paintings decorate the beautiful Burg-Theater of Vienna; of M. EUGÈNE BAUDOIN, the eminent landscapist, whose pictures of the Hautes-Pyrénées and of the Languedoc (such as "*La Récolte des Amandes*" and "*Les Vendanges*") gained him a "mention" in 1889, and his etchings another in 1884; of M. MOREAU-VAUTHIER, the sculptor, at the age of sixty-one, who, the pupil of M. Toussain, rapidly attracted attention, especially in 1869, with his "*Petit Buveur*"—a group that is now in the Luxembourg. His art covered as great a range as that of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, and gained him a considerable number of medals and "rewards," as well as, in 1877, the Knighthood of the Legion of Honour. We also have to regret the death of Monsieur PAUL LE RAT, the distinguished etcher, with whose work the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART are acquainted. In the translation of Meissonnier he was most applauded, but he was successful in his reproductions of the works of many modern masters. But the sum of his labours is not numerically great. He was born in 1849, and may be considered the pupil of M. Gaucherel.



## ART IN MARCH.

### MR. BURNE-JONES, EX-A.R.A.

The resignation by Mr. BURNE-JONES of his Associateship of the Royal Academy was not unforeseen, but was yet inevitable. As it is advisable that the circumstances under which the step was taken should be made clearly known, for fear of misapprehension or misrepresentation, we place the following statement before our readers. In 1885 the Royal Academy went out of its way to elect into its body an artist who had never sought that honour and who had not even carried out the required condition—the invariable preliminary step—of “putting his name down” as indicative of his desire for election. He had never exhibited at Burlington House; but the Academy, to its credit, took the initiative and made Mr. Burne-Jones an Associate. The graceful compliment was gratefully accepted, and as an acknowledgment the artist sent his “Depths of the Sea” to the Academy, where it was exhibited in a place of honour in Room IV. But nothing has since been done; no sign has been made that the Academy proposed to consummate its act—as it did in the case of Mr. Watts in 1867—by electing Mr. Burne-Jones a full member. For eight years matters have been allowed to remain in precisely the same condition, until Mr. Burne-Jones was brought to feel, every time more and more acutely as each fresh election was held, that he was being forced into a constant competition which he never sought, and which his principles and his sentiments have always condemned. At length he felt his position to be so false that he felt it would be a relief, alike for himself and for the Academy, were he to resign, and so escape from the *impasse* in which the Academy had for so long detained him. In explanation and justification of Mr. Burne-Jones’s action it must be stated that he has adopted his course entirely uninfluenced by any feelings of disappointment or vexation. But it must not be forgotten that the invitation of the Academy placed the artist on a footing wholly different to that of others who not only accept the conditions of election, but even clamour for the privilege. He had been invited as a guest and was then kept waiting in the hall among those fellow-artists whose views did not coincide with his own upon the subject; and, moreover, he had seen others, elected after him, asked forward into the council-chamber from which he was excluded. So he came to consider that what was at first a compliment had long since developed into an affront; until, with feelings of the utmost good-fellowship, he thought it better to resign a position he had not sought, and so make a vacancy for one of more congenial views. In a very temperate letter addressed to the Council, intimating his withdrawal, Mr. Burne-Jones gave expression to this feeling, reiterating his friendliness towards the body, individually and collectively, and he has declared his intention, when occasion serves, to exhibit from time to time among his former colleagues. It is obvious that from this regrettable incident the Academy is the chief sufferer—a fact keenly felt by its more distinguished members. The Academy’s business is to bring together the artistic talent of the country, and the triviality of excluding one of the greatest artists of the day, one of the most original geniuses of this country, for the reason that he has not exhibited with them in accordance with the rules will

assuredly be harshly judged by posterity. The folly—to use no severer term—of having ignored David Cox, George Barret, John Martin, John Linnell, Müller, and so many others of our great men, has been so universally recognised and condemned, as much inside the Academy as out, that it might have been thought impossible that so grotesque and serious a blunder could have been repeated. Still, such is the fact, and if Mr. Burne-Jones has chosen not to die a simple Associate—like Alfred Stevens, Fred Walker, George Mason, and other leading glories of the British School—when nonentities have been honoured with the possession of the magic letters “R.A.” as their only claim to immortality—he cannot be blamed for his decision. Mr. Burne-Jones no longer belongs to the Academy; but, let it be clearly understood, not from pique, but simply as a matter of *savoir-vivre* and of principle.

### THE RIVAL MEISSONIER EXHIBITIONS.

Owing to the feud between the widow of the late M. MEISSONIER and her step-son, the important exhibition of his works which was opened on the 6th of March at the Rue de Sèze will be followed by another—that of Mme. Meissonier—during the month of April. What this will be it is difficult to foretell, for the former contains more than eleven hundred separate things from the great painter’s hand. It was feared that Mme. Meissonier desired to include all the “studio sweepings” in the exhibition, to which the son naturally objected; but even if it does, it will also comprise Meissonier’s bronzes, cast by M. Bingen, under the direction of M. Paul Dubois; Mercié’s sketch for the Meissonier statue, destined for the Louvre Garden; M. Chaplain’s large medallion of the painter’s sepulchre at Poissy, and other interesting items. In addition, the widow will lend the works, left to her by her husband, which, after her death, are to go to the national museums.

### EXHIBITIONS.

As far as contemporary work is concerned, this year’s Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers is one of the best that has been held, and the arrangement of each important artist’s work in a group of his own tends to facility of reference and study. Mr. WILLIAM STRANG is represented as usual by a bevy of various inventions, ranging from the portraiture of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse (hardly an invention, indeed, but an appropriate record) to Giorgione-like compositions, such as the “Al Fresco,” or, again, to work of religious unction, like the “Conventicle.” The unction is more impressive than the pleasure; yet the “Al Fresco” has style. If, last year, Mr. Strang’s development was more marked than Mr. FRANK SHORT’S, the progress of Mr. Short is this season well accentuated. Many of his subjects, like those of the promising young Scotchman, Mr. Cameron, are from Holland, a country which, by its long sky-lines, its immense level pastures, and its quaint towns and towers, offers itself above all others to the etcher. Among the minor Dutch subjects which Mr. Short has treated, “The Dijk Bell” is singularly characteristic; only a person of sentiment and a lover of curious lines would have selected such a theme,



which is for the connoisseur, and not for the public. For the public undoubtedly is "Maxwell Bank, Gathering the Flock;" yet it is engaging at no sacrifice of sterling merit. A lady who is little known—Miss MINNA BOLINGBROKE—sends a remarkable dry-point called "The Loom." She has had the courage to treat the modern subject which, but a few years ago, would have been voted wanting in dignity and wanting in picturesqueness. Mr. C. J. WATSON is, as usual, chiefly occupied with architectural themes, but "Ponte de Cavallo, Venezia," is architecture and something besides, and though not directly suggestive of Mr. Whistler, runs him hard from the point of view of delicacy. Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL is freer than usual, his "Trafalgar Square," a composition in which the hand of the craftsman stops the moment the mental impression is produced, being in the true spirit of etching. Dr. ARTHUR EVERSHED is a very good amateur, and he—like Mr. HESLINGTON, in "Lymington River"—is seen to advantage this year. As certain of the younger etchers are inspired by Whistler, or it may be Méryon, so some follow the example of Seymour Haden. Among them is Mr. LAING—at least, it will seem so if we look only at "Au Bord du Canal, Charenton." Colonel GOFF, who had so popular a Hampshire subject last year, gives us a suggestive evening vision of the Métropole, Brighton. The immense massive house rises to the right of the composition, while to the left are the barred spaces and the quivering light of a famous Brighton sunset. In pastoral subjects, few men are more accomplished than Mr. HOLMES MAY. This year he has a whole group of them, drawn chiefly from the county of Surrey. Mr. DAVID LAW is agreeable and popular, but, pretty as he always contrives to be, his finish is, we fear, too obvious, his labour too apparent. Later on in the show, we come upon a group of etchings by Mr. CHARLES HOLROYD, a young artist the distinction of whose manner and the sincerity of whose work commend him to the best judges. He continues his "Monte Oliveto" series, and they are a group of great dignity, "The Coro" being, in conception and treatment, worthy of Legros, to whom Mr. Holroyd (albeit with an individuality of his own) owes so much. "The Lady's Guest House" is, perhaps, the most engaging of Mr. Holroyd's works: the spirit of the Past, of Italy, and of the mountains is in it. The subject could only have been so seen or so invented by a man of refinement. In at least one of his etchings, Mr. AXEL HAIG shows that he can sketch as well as elaborate, but his "Durham Cathedral," forcible and finished, is a good example of his better-known and more popular style. We have referred incidentally to Mr. CAMERON already. If he is more interesting this year than last, that is because he gets nearer to the exhibition of his own individuality. Mr. C. O. MURRAY and Mr. ROBERT BRYDEN expose works of various but undoubted merit. Mrs. HAMILTON's "Affection" is pretty and slight, and the things which in all the exhibition are most thoroughly opposed to her method are, of course, the book-plates of Mr. SHERBORN, of which we will not blame the elaboration, since, as line engraving in the high German fashion, to be elaborate is their first business. The book-plate of Sir William Anson is the finest of Mr. Sherborn's three—the broadest in effect, notwithstanding its complexity of structure, and in its treatment of conventionalised foliage recalling best of all the great work of Albert Dürer in his "Coat of Arms with the Cock." Going back again to free sketches, and sketches of landscape, no one certainly among the younger artists is more notable than Mr. OLIVER HALL. His "Windy Day, Angerton Moss," is a work in which pure line is admirably used to

convey an effect of weather and motion. "Kirkstone Pass" is a more restful and not less desirable composition. Our last words are kept for a desperately clever Frenchman—Monsieur HELLEU—with whom, as it were, the work of Art, according to the famous dictum, is "finished from the beginning." Apparently he aims always at the effects of slightness and rapidity, but the impression he produces is lasting. "Jeune Fille Couchée" has excellent freedom of pose; an etching of M. Tissot talking all at once to three ladies has at least vivacity and boldness; but it is in the "Profil de Jeune Fille"—a model of the utmost refinement treated with the utmost charm—that M. Helleu reaches his highest level. Some people compare him with Tissot. Perhaps Tissot used to be as clever. He was certainly never more dexterous, and never half as refined.

The special students of the earlier Italian art, and many who must take an interest in a painter who directly influenced such a leader as Michelangelo, have been enjoying, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, an exhibition of the art of Signorelli. Of course, no show of Luca Signorelli's pictures that could be held in England could by any possibility be complete: Siena and Orvieto hold too considerable a portion of his product to allow us to think that we know him absolutely when we know him only in London. Still, the Burlington Club has, as has been admitted, done all that was practicable in the fulfilment of its self-imposed labour. Loans from Sir Francis Cook, Sir Stirling Maxwell, Sir Charles Robinson, Mr. Ludwig Mond, Mr. Benson, Mr. Street, and the National Gallery of Ireland, have permitted us to examine no small quantity of the energetic designs of this robust master. From the Library at Windsor the Queen has lent one drawing. Sir Stirling Maxwell's "Pietà" has passionate expression, and withal a certain large grace. "The Feast in the House of Simon"—the picture from Ireland—was long ago reported upon by Crowe and Cavalcaselle as of Signorelli's fine tone, spirited in manner, and in good preservation. It will be well to remember in connection with this exhibition that one work of Signorelli's, "The Triumph of Chastity," is in our own National Gallery, though, according to Sir Frederic Burton, it has been somewhat feebly worked upon by another hand since it left the capable and almost austere master.

A leader of the Newlyn School, a realist, and an open-air painter, Mr. WALTER LANGLEY, R.I., whose water-colours, grouped under the title of "Fisher-Life," have been on view at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street, differs from his fellows in his training. He never studied in a French *atelier*: and his art is purely English, and developed from within himself. He gives us the fisher-folk of the Land's End district with unidealised strength and fidelity. The comeliness of his buxom maidens and the patient dignity of his old men owe nothing to imagination, everything to accurate observation. His people sit on the shore and wait—wait for the bidding of the sea. His light is silvery grey, all-pervading; and the moist sea-air holds it in solution. As a master of the actual technique of water-colours he has few living rivals. The quality of some of his work is matchless—so simple, direct, and serene. He is a little too conscientious in the matter of values. Some of his figures set in landscape come out of the frames. Sometimes a distant object is painted too forcibly, not for truth to the atmospheric effects of the "west countree," but for balance in composition.

Miss BARTON had the advantage of the larger field; Mr.



HARTÉ had the more consistently picturesque surroundings. That would appear to be the natural relation of London with Dordrecht in regard to pictorial value. But the exhibition at the Japanese Gallery would not bear out this theory altogether. The London mist, when it has not yet deepened into an opaque fog, but only veils London architecture into a semblance of the picturesque; the strife for supremacy between gaslight and the last of the daylight; the Parks; and the Embankment—all offer a selection to please the most rapacious seeker of subject. Let us exemplify the group of "Sweepers at Luncheon" in the Green Park, and "The Last Lamp, Thames Embankment," with its curving line of lamps: what subjects could be wider apart in their nature? Then the "Victoria Embankment" on a clear day, "The Row in the Morning:" how different in their daylight colour from the "South Kensington Station" at dusk, or Ludgate Hill with the slip of evening sky between the dark, tall houses. And the Alhambra, brilliant with blazing light, how much it suggests. It is doubtful if Miss Barton has exhausted the possibilities of subject in London. Those she has treated are handled broadly, and with a free use of body-colour, which at times results in atmospheric effect that appears to legitimise its use. Mr. Haité's pictures are in oil, and in every case broad in manner. Among them, a view of "Zwindrecht Ferry," a sketch of the beach at Schevening, a subtle contrasting of blue sky and bluer garments of a group of market women, and a free rendering of a quiet spot, are good examples of unaffected work.

#### REVIEWS.

Any work by Mr. W. C. BROWNELL, the author of that thoughtful and trenchant piece of criticism "French Traits," was certain to command attention. His "*French Art*" ("French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture," by W. C. Brownell. David Nutt in the Strand: 1892) is a treatise comparatively short, yet full of matter, containing preparatory chapters in "Classic Painting" and "Classic Sculpture" in France, and sections dealing successively with "Romantic Painting," "Realistic Painting," "Academic Sculpture," and "The New Movement in Sculpture." Our enjoyment in reading Mr. Brownell is a little marred by his leaning towards paradox, his manifest striving to unsay, as little respectfully as may be, what illustrious predecessors have said on any given subject; these, with a certain candid, rather than arrogant assumption of infallibility, being the drawbacks to which we must submit even in the subtlest and most trenchant American criticism. This is, however, of small importance in comparison with the felicitous and original generalisations which the author brings forward in his definition of the French artistic personality as a whole. Few will be found to differ with him in his estimate of French art as a national even more than a personal expression, as distinguished by clearness, compactness, measure and balance, by form, rather than by colour—in the sense in which colour is an innate gift—by a splendid rhetoric rather than by imaginativeness and poetry in the sense in which the Anglo-Saxon understands these qualities. We cannot agree with him altogether in his pronouncement that French painting "really began in connoisseurship;" that it was "eclectic at the outset." True, first the Fontainebleau school of already decadent Italian painting, then the neo-Catholic Bolognese school and the kindred styles of the seventeenth century stifled and overwhelmed true French art and true French instincts for more than two centuries;

but those instincts were nevertheless there, and they forced their way to the surface from time to time. The developments of painting and sculpture cannot well be dissociated in a question of national tendency such as this. The French sculpture of the fourteenth and the Flemish-Burgundian sculpture of the fifteenth century are, no doubt, higher and more unmistakable developments of realism than the as yet too little understood French painting of the corresponding periods. Nevertheless, we recognise in the work of the great painter and miniaturist, Jehan Fouquet; in a less degree in that of the Perreals, the Bourdichons, and their kind; in a greater degree in the refined and charming realism of the Clouet group—a more truly French art than that of Jean Cousin, Jean Goujon, and Germain Pilon, who succeeded them, and temporarily obliterated the native in favour of the already artificial and conventionalised Italian style. This view would explain the appearance in the midst of the artificialities of the eighteenth century of so exquisitely true and sympathetic a realist as Chardin, whom Mr. Brownell finds so much of an exception; and would account, too, for the searching truth tempered by vivacity of Maurice Quentin de la Tour, and of that most wonderful of portraitists in sculpture, Houdon. The author is at his best in dealing with the so-called Barbizon group, and almost lyrical as is his outburst with regard to Corot, no true student of that incomparable master—the worthy successor, because he is not, in the lower sense, the imitator, but rather the descendant of Claude—will be inclined to find fault with it. No less happy is he in placing on their respective planes, Jean-François Millet, Théodore Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz, and Daubigny. Where we must again join issue with the writer is in his statement of the psychological standpoint of Bastien-Lepage, admirably as he explains and appreciates the technical side of his art. It is true that, as distinguished from the powerfully coloured subjective art of Millet, the poet-painter, that of Bastien-Lepage is avowedly objective, and seeks to present humanity and nature as much as possible uncoloured by the personal view of its interpreter. None the less is it impossible to agree with the statement that "he does not view his material with any apparent sympathy;" that "if his pictures ever succeed in moving us, it is impersonally in virtue of the camera-like scrutiny he brings to bear on his subject." Modestly as the personality of the artist may seek to hide itself, it informs all that he does with a vibrant sympathy, with an indefinable pathos, in the highest degree suggestive of that "religion of humanity" to which we owe what is greatest and most distinctive in modern literature and art.

We have left ourselves but scant space to discuss the section which deals with sculpture, and must be content with stating that it is hardly less remarkable for suggestive and original criticism than that on painting. In "Academic Sculpture," the writer justly and temperately appreciates the merits of such men as MM. Paul Dubois, Mercié, Saint-Marceaux, Falguière, Barrias, and Delaplanche, calling attention at the same time to a certain lack of vigorous initiative, of true individuality in their work. The last section, entitled "The New Movement in Sculpture," is entirely devoted to a discussion of the protagonists of that movement, M. Auguste Rodin and M. Jules Dalou. All the author's most enthusiastic admiration is lavished on the former great innovator; and not without reason, seeing how irresistible is the power of his rugged passionate art. Still, we cannot but feel that Mr. Brownell is praising his hero too much through thick and thin, as much, indeed, for his



wilful and unnecessary eccentricities as for his commanding merits. After all, sculpture must, in its very nature, be above all things monumentally decorative—even before it is expressive and true; though both qualities are equally essential to the greatest art. It is by wilfully ignoring the first of these requirements that M. Rodin has produced in his long-expected “Bourgeois de Calais,” an agglomeration of superb Donatello-like figures rather than a true monumental group; that he has expended without completely satisfying himself or his real friends, the best of his genius on the great “Inferno Gates,” which are again rather an agglomeration of magnificent episodes than a homogeneous architectonic whole. The superbly decorative though pictorial rather than sculptural art of M. Dalon is essentially on a lower plane than that of his companion, yet it succeeds better, and will continue, not without reason, to obtain more universal acceptance, because, though the boldest of innovators, he frankly accepts those vital laws which M. Rodin so boldly and paradoxically sets at naught.

In his “*Renunciations*” (Elkin Mathews), Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE has proved that he is an artist both in words and in story-telling. The motives of these three short stories serve but as a peg for the telling; the plot and the *dénouement* are but secondary to the technical excellence of the literature, which is at once dainty and polished. Mr. Wedmore displays a refined style and a thoroughly artistic method.

The revival of the fashions of the “Empire period” and the “1830 style” in women’s dress has been treated very originally by Messrs. LIBERTY in an illustrated pamphlet issued by them under the title of “*Evolution in Costume*.” Herein are reproduced drawings of the old fashion-plates, and beside them are the “modifications” suggested and adopted by them. The result is in nearly every case admirable and graceful, good in design and artistic in effect.

M. MAURICE GRIVEAU is a most ingenious metaphysician, and his “*Éléments du Beau*” (Paris: Alcan) is the noblest monument of misdirected energy we have encountered for many years. The problem of aesthetics, says the author, has been approached from many points of view. Metaphysics, psychology, sociology, natural history, have all been called upon to explain a set of phenomena wherewith they can have no concern whatever. M. Griveau proceeds upon a novel plan—he approaches the difficulty by the new route of language. As a triumph of human subtlety, his work claims our admiration. It is almost incredible that one poor brain could arrive at such portentous results by so flimsy a method; for it must be confessed that from beginning to end the book is nothing more than word-jugglery. The real problem of the beautiful is never once attacked, and M. Griveau might have written his treatise round any other quality. M. Sully-Prudhomme, in an appreciative preface, says: “You offer to your readers not a nosegay, but a more profitable, if less seductive gift—an exact and complete catalogue of the laws of vegetation.” But where art is concerned the gardener is more amusing than the botanist; and, fortunately, we can turn away from this mistaken attempt at a synthesis to the concrete examples of beauty which are treasured in our public galleries; for in truth, one exquisite work is worth all the theories which misplaced industry has devised for its explanation.

#### NOTABILIA.

The annual dinner of the Artists’ General Benevolent Institution will be held at the Hotel Métropole on the 6th of May. Any donations or applications for dinner-tickets,

for this admirable charity will be gladly received and dealt with by the Editor of this Magazine.

MR. FORD MADOX BROWN, MR. WILSON STEER, and MR. HORNEL, are this year the invited guests of “Les XX.” in their Brussels exhibition.

We are informed that the decorations of the Guildhall, which we lately reproduced, were not entirely carried out by Mr. Powell. The designs were made by that artist, but they were carried into execution for the most part by Mr. PEPPIT.

MR. GEORGE DONALDSON, who as Vice-President of the “Jury des Récompenses” at the Paris International Exhibition and in other ways “has rendered service to art in France,” has been created a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A., has presented to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours a presidential chain and badge of the greatest beauty of design and workmanship, and has been elected an honorary member in graceful acknowledgment.

We learn from the *Kunstchronik* that, in consequence of the Marquis of Lothian having sold a “Madonna” by DÜRER, to Dr. Bode for four thousand pounds, the whole English Press is in a high state of dudgeon; for the picture ought to have gone to the National Gallery.

The Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy exhibition is this year composed of Mr. J. C. HOOK, Mr. E. J. POYNTER, and Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS (Painting); Mr. T. BROCK (Sculpture); and Mr. A. WATERHOUSE (Architecture).

“Impressionists”—“Independants”—“Incoherents”—these societies of the French artistic novelty-hunters, are not enough, it seems, to satisfy the cravings of the Parisian painter, whose desire to attract attention to himself at any price is stronger than his sincerity. So he has started a new society, for which he has found an excellent name—“Les Inquiets.” “The Society of Unrest” is good as a title, and thoroughly explicit.

The fourth centenary of the death of HANS MEMLING is to be celebrated with great pomp next year in Bruges, with historical processions, and a special loan exhibition of his works. It is well that such a celebration should be held; but is it not a little amusing to find so much anxiety to re-attach the glory of Memling to Flanders after it has been practically proved and accepted by all impartial persons that he really belongs to Germany?

Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., and Miss ROSE BARTON, the Irish water-colourist, were duly elected at the last meeting of the Royal Water-Colour Society. Professor Herkomer has recently so modified his manner under the influence of Mr. J. W. North, R.W.S.—in whose company he has been painting of late—that his more rapid method has given place to one suggestive at once of Mr. North’s work, of Fred Walker’s, and William Hunt’s. His contribution to the next exhibition of the society will exemplify this change in an agreeable manner.

Monsieur BENJAMIN-CONSTANT will probably send to the next Academy exhibition his newly-finished portrait of Lord Dufferin. This work is of startling realism, a portrait that for vigour and life-likeness might have been executed by Holl. The ambassador is represented in his Peer’s robes and chains of knighthood. The same painter will also contribute a remarkable portrait of Lady Edgar Vincent as a “Goddess of Beauty,” seated on her throne facing the spectator, with a golden apse behind her. It is very tenderly painted for so vigorous an artist as M. Benjamin-Constant, and will certainly attract attention.



## VANDALISM IN THE CHURCH.

In reference to the ecclesiastical vandalism to which we recently called attention, we have received several communications. Mr. W. WOMACOTT writes to us as follows:—"With respect to the last paragraph of notes on 'Art in January,' viz., the vandalism of a certain English prelate in removing valuable old stained glass from the casements of his palace, I am sure all lovers of such items of archæological interest will join in condemnation of this spoliation of Church property, and to thank you for drawing public attention to such an ecclesiastical scandal. What a howl of execration would go up in the House of Commons, and what a baiting the First Commissioner of Works would get, if, in his official capacity, he had committed such an act, and, moreover, concluded the transaction by parting with valued property (which can never be replaced) in part payment of the glazier's bill for 'best polished plate' or 'superior crown'! It is well known among archæologists, and, indeed, among Churchmen generally now, who the dignitary is, and to what residence your remarks refer. The question you lay before the public to consider is an exceedingly important one such as must not be shunned, in the interests of our ecclesiastical treasures. By the law of the land and by custom, an archbishop or bishop is bound to repair any 'waste' he commits, and to safeguard the buildings he occupies as beneficiary. Bishop Wood, of Lichfield and Coventry, was actually suspended (in 1687 A.D.) from his see, for a somewhat similar (though more aggravated) action, and the revenues of his bishopric were sequestered, and the dilapidations made good and paid for, by the firm and businesslike treatment of his Archbishop—Bancroft. The reparation of buildings lies in the administration of the Estates Committee of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the procedure is laid down in 23 and 24 Vict., c. 124. The holder of any beneficiary interest in ecclesiastical property is bound to uphold whatever a previous dignitary has held before him, particularly that class of fixtures known as 'necessariæ'—as distinguished from needless luxuries or ornament, termed by a Provincial Constitution of 1263 A.D. 'impensæ voluptuosæ.' There are civil penalties on incumbents for neglecting to repair dilapidations, and the commission of such vandalism as is referred to in the paragraph in your 'Notes' has been over and over again laid down as 'wilful waste' and dilapidation, for which there is, therefore—and happily so—a legal remedy. I think, sir, the case against the offending prelate is, therefore, a very strong one. He is not for one moment an absolute freeholder, and cannot in any way dispose of the treasures and heirlooms attached to his benefice."

But it remains to be established under what conditions the property in question was vested in the prelate.

## MR. SCHAUERMANN'S (?) BOOK ON ORNAMENT.

Mr. HUGH STANNUS writes:—"The notice in your January number of 'The Theory and Analysis of Ornament,' which was published last November, is entirely just in its condemnation of the text as jargon and the plates as execrable; but your critic has not mentioned the worst feature of the book. In order to understand that I quote the preface: 'This book has been compiled

. . . the author having been asked . . . why he did not write a book more in advance of the teaching of the present time. The study of ornament has made such rapid progress during the last twelve years that those books which were previously quite efficient have become obsolete . . . and the author has endeavoured to produce a book of practical use to teachers in their preparation for the tuition and examination of schools.—François Louis Schauer mann.' The Mr. Schauer mann who thus writes as the author of the book—which is in advance of the present time—is evidently well acquainted with the 'Théorie de l'Ornement,' by J. Bourgoïn, published by Lévy of Paris in 1873; and has not considered it too 'obsolete' to be copied throughout. His text from beginning to end is merely a mutilated and bungling translation from Bourgoïn's somewhat prosy work; and his figures (1 to 263) are simply bad tracings from those (1 to 284) in the original. It may be asked why has he gone to the trouble of making tracings when the originals were accessible for reproduction? and why has he omitted all mention of the true author? On these points he owes some explanation to the publishers (who, I feel sure, are in ignorance of the facts), as also to the public."

## ACQUISITIONS AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Some additions have been recently made to the collection of plaster casts in the Architectural Court of the South Kensington Museum. Not far from the entrance is a copy of the large portal of the western entrance of the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, at Aix, in Provence. M. DE CAUMONT, in the *Bulletin Monumental* (2nd Series, vol. i., p. 118), gives the history of this part of the cathedral:—"The Archbishop, Olivier de Pennait, who had just completed the nave, commenced it in 1477 in the presence of King René. The architects, Léon Alveringue and Pierre Soqueti, were entrusted with the work. The former executed the lower part of the façade as far as the apostles, whilst the latter did the rest. The great door of the central nave is magnificently carved; it was executed in 1504, and is stated to be made of walnut wood. Each of the two halves is divided into two unequal parts. The lower portion contains two persons, thought to be two prophets; the upper portion has six female figures, probably the Sibyls, arranged in two rows. The compartments are decorated with arabesques, and are separated by garlands of flowers and fruit, upheld by angels. The foliage which surrounds the niches of the statues is executed with great delicacy." On the opposite side of the same screen is another cast, taken from a chapel screen in Evreux Cathedral, which is carved in openwork with figures and Gothic tracery. The upper pilasters are decorated with Renaissance designs. The original from which this cast has been taken was executed in the early part of the sixteenth century, as it is quite evident from an examination of the ornament that it was made at a period when the Gothic style in France was gradually giving place to the Renaissance. On the other side of the same Court may be seen a copy of the octagonal font in the small chapel of St. John the Baptist in the Cathedral at Siena. The original was executed by JACOPO DELLA QUERCIA (b. 1374, d. 1438), the sculptor of the panels in the great doorway of San Petronio at Bologna. Panels sculptured in



relief ornament the sides, and it is interesting to note how the artist has passed from sacred story to profane. The following subjects are represented: "The Call of Adam," "The Birth of Eve," "Eve and the Serpent," "The Temptation in the Garden," "God calling Adam," "The Expulsion," "Samson and the Lion," and "Hercules and the Centaur."

#### EXHIBITIONS.

The current exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is a distinctly strong one. The landscape men are in great force. Mr. BERNARD EVANS'S "Valley of the Wharfe" is a very notable example of that fine painter's best and worst qualities; but the colour, despite its opulence, is a little monotonous and heavy, and the whale-like backs of the moorlands make the composition ponderous. Mr. JAMES ORROCK exhibits three admirable landscapes, better work than he has shown for several years; strong, broad, and direct. Mr. E. M. WIMPERIS is prolific, and his bold effective work shows signs of greater care than usual. Mr. ALFRED EAST, in all that he does, makes us feel that Nature has been observed through a poetic medium; and this subtle charm is not wanting in his "Streatley Bridge—Sunset." Mr. YEEND KING sends several dainty studies of the whitewashed walls and red tiles of remote English villages, showing in the quality of his work, whenever the subject is a little architectural, the value of his studies at Chmy some years ago. "Thirlwall Castle," by the veteran Vice-President, is an eloquent proof of great gifts retained long beyond the allotted span of years. Mr. HARRY HINE'S "Durham," cathedral and citadel rising in their massive Norman bulk above the city into the clear evening light, is the best of his many contributions. The "Villa of Lorenzo de' Medici," by Mr. EDWIN BALE, is charming in the effective simplicity of its composition—a long road, sweeping in an easy curve across the foreground, and the distance is shown bathed in tranquil light; one of the most poetic works in the whole exhibition. Mr. FULLEYLOVE sends many drawings of Venice, varying in size, but alike in firmness and delicacy of drawing and transparency of technique. No better work is shown than that of the two Edinburgh members, Mr. R. B. NESBIT and Mr. AUSTEN BROWN; indeed, we should be prepared to select the former's "Harrowing," a noble study of flat open country and sky, as the finest drawing in the galleries, so broad and strong is it, so simple and true, and so wholly unaffected. The latter's "New Bedding," a study of calves, is rich and warm in colour and Dutch in feeling; but his "Vagabonds," a gipsy encampment, reaches a more poetic level. The President, Sir JAMES LINTON, is represented by two delicately finished portraits, one of the wife of Mr. J. T. Wimperis, the architect, and the other of Miss M. Perrin; but the head and shoulders of a girl whose hair is bound with bluish green, and whose deliciously painted neck is circled by a string of deep coral above a dress of brilliant buttercup yellow, give him play for a rarer and richer harmony of colour, while it is altogether a more spontaneous effort. Mr. WALTER LANGLEY has expended his strength elsewhere; but his "An Interesting Chapter" worthily maintains his reputation. Mr. E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A., shows five drawings, one called "Peveril Point," a jewel-like study of the sunny sea in a clear atmosphere, shimmering with emerald, sapphire, and amethyst, bright, crisp, and sparkling in the sun. "In the Dumps," a little maiden seated disconsolate on the stairs, is exquisite in pose and expression, and wonderful in its handling of the draperies. In "The Helmsman" he succeeds in a

*plein air* effect. Mr. J. C. DOLLMAN continues to extract remunerative humour from highwaymen. Mr. ROBERT FOWLER illustrates Keats with the single and nearly life-sized figure of a maiden asleep amongst the poppies, an example of patient fidelity to a favourite medium. Mr. FRANK DADD has never succeeded in investing his faces with more character and humour than in his "In the Hands of the Philistines," nor has he ever shown more finished or dainty workmanship. Mr. EDGAR BUNDY'S old lady sitting meditatively in a picture gallery which he calls "Memories" is by far the best drawing we have seen from this rising artist, lower in its key of colour than usual, but much warmer in tone. Mr. ST. GEORGE HARE draws the head and bust of a woman in a very difficult position with a success no doubt gratifying to himself. A tribute of admiration must be paid to the beautifully illuminated and admirably balanced Georgian group, "Sir Roger de Coverley," by Mr. CHARLES GREEN, a marvel of smooth manipulation which occupies one of the two places of honour.

It would be impossible to inspect the contents of the new galleries in Grafton Street with any serious interest, and not to feel that the exhibition is one of importance. It is not easy to remember any collection in recent years so typical. A gathering of painters whose sympathies are varied in the extreme, an exposition of technical methods most comprehensive by reason of their diversity, and a collection of pictures with a very large proportion of them above the general exhibition standard—these three characteristics would lend importance at any time. In portraiture alone the catalogue is remarkable, an unusual feature of London exhibitions. The list is headed by Mr. WHISTLER'S portrait of Lady Meux, an example of painting which would take rank with the best Mr. Whistler has done of recent years, yet which lacks as a picture the decorative tendency so usually associated with this painter's work. Mr. J. J. SHANNON'S half-length portrait of Lieutenant Davey, hanging close by, has been painted with a view to decoration, if not of the Whistlerian school, and it is successful in a high degree. And then comes Mr. GUTHRIE, gaining great glory for the Glasgow band with his full-length portrait of the purple-robed Archbishop of Glasgow; a good piece of honest work. M. Clemenceau addressing a circle of electors is painted by M. RAFFAELLI in a strange and almost grotesque convention, suggesting a drawing by Steinle in its almost bizarre effect of black and white, although there is colour on the canvas. Then as to the portrait of "Madame R. J.," by M. BESNARD, described by the painter as "*Jaune et bleu*." On this example of M. Besnard's work much could be written. It is far more than a mere colour scheme of blue and orange carried through pale tones of mauve and purple in a silken gown, and pale yellow light playing on a face. The poise of the figure would have saved the picture in the presence even of bad colour. The note of the *decadence* is sounded here as only a great innovator dare sound it: that *decadence*, a word we hardly understand in England. There is a dash of its significance in Mr. BLANCHIE'S picture of "Sisters," who stand together in the upright canvas in the Long Gallery. Very different in character is Mr. MELVILLE'S portrait of a young girl seated at a white piano, arrayed in a black gown figured over with violet pattern in contrast with brilliant green and red wall decoration. Here is pure design, a daring instance, and a successful venture. The study in white, by Mr. DANNAT, tells of direct portrayal, and the treatment is one that would raise a portrait to the level of a picture. In landscape the collection is rich, for nearly all the minor examples are of a good standard. There is a



certain proportion of the landscape treated decoratively, and two instances, both belonging to the Glasgow school, may be selected in the Galloway scene by Mr. HENRY and Mr. HORNEL's "Summer." And, again, this same school scores a success by reason of the excellence of Mr. HARRINGTON MANN's "Youth of Paris." Mr. BRANGWYN, hitherto a realist, has not been able in his "Buccaneers" to lose all feeling for incident in the arrangement of reds and browns, dark-blue sea, and vivid landscape, and therefore is the work a little undecided on the point of "decoration or story." His panel "Eve" is purely decorative and good. But there is also good landscape painted in the romantic mood: Mr. PEPPERCOCK sends, among other examples, a splendid record of a deep pool, and tall surrounding trees, between the shadows of which on the surface of the water glints all the light that can escape from amongst the masses of driving grey cloud. In Mr. PATTERSON's "Maxwilton Braes," over which the heavily drooping clouds are dragging their shadows, there is a fine rendering of a difficult effect, well worth recording. SEGANTINI's "Punishment of Luxury," though imaginative in subject, contains much obvious and well-expressed reminiscence of the painter's favourite Alpine region. This is the work surely which was formerly known as "Nirvana." To return to a general description of the exhibition, what could better attest to the variety of mood, sentiment, and technique included in it than the fact that in the same rooms are to be found DEGAS' "L'Absinthe," and FELICIEN ROPS' "Une Attrapade," in which wonderful composition assists in telling a horrible story, almost side by side with specimens from the studio of FERNAND KHNOFF, such as the "Witch of Endor," and studies of kitten life by Madame HENRIETTE RONNER. Near to a Madonna by THEOPHILE LYBAERT, breathing the spirit of German Pre-Raphaelitism of the time of Steinle and Overbeck, hangs FRITZ VON UHDE's "Lord, Abide with Us," with its postulant German peasants in a modern village street. FANTIN LATOUR's "Siegfried and the Daughters of the Rhine," Mr. WATTS's "Daphne" and "Thetis," crowd close to "The Passing Train," by Mrs. MARIANNE STOKES, and the foliage of old trees in Kensington Gardens treated as "Green Brocade" by THEODORE ROUSSEL.

In their arrangements for their sixty-seventh annual exhibition, the Royal Scottish Academy have introduced several sweeping changes, which have tended greatly to improve the general appearance of the galleries. Of these, the chief has been the adoption of a much higher standard of excellence in the works accepted, and the restriction of the numbers which each artist may exhibit—in the case of members of the Academy, from seven to five, and in the case of outsiders, from five to four. The result has been that little more than a half of the pictures seen on former years are now hung, and then the 517 that have been admitted are all properly placed, so that they can be perfectly and easily studied. Another feature of the exhibition is the prominence—not by any means an undue prominence—with which the French-trained, impressionistic painters of Glasgow figure upon the walls; a sign—along with that of the recent admission to Academic honours of certain of the most capable of these painters—of the increasing acceptance of their aims and methods in the art-world of the North. One of the most popularly attractive of the works shown is Mr. G. O. REID's rendering of the baptism at Windsor of the Prince and Princess of Battenberg's infant, a work in which this clever *genre*-painter has successfully grappled with the difficulties of such a ceremonial subject. Sir NOEL PATON, for several years unrepresented

here, sends two small but effective and imaginative religious scenes, "Vade Satana" and "Ezekiel's Valley of Dry Bones." Mr. ALLAN STEWART, one of the younger artists of the North, scores a very distinct success by his "1746," depicting the departure of Charles Edward from Scotland after the disasters of "the '45;" Mr. HUGH CAMERON sends several of his refined and sweetly coloured scenes of coast and sea; and in various works, especially in his large landscape subject entitled "Shrimpers," Mr. ROBERT MCGREGOR attains that gentle, low-toned harmony of colour and lighting which is the constant aim of his art. Very different are the artistic aims of Mr. M'TAGGART. He was an "impressionist" long before the days of "impressionism," and has been striving for many a year to paint nature in the mass, Nature in her totality; to get her vivid colouring, her unity of atmosphere, her sense of endless motion into his canvases. Very successful in these directions is his large subject of "Blythe October" now shown. One of the most striking of the exhibits is Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE's "Midsummer," his diploma picture; he also shows two examples of his refined work in pastels, now so well known in the South. Among the landscapists, Mr. LAWTON WINGATE stands clearly first, and some interesting work comes also from Mr. W. D. M'KAY, Mr. ROBERT NOBLE, and Mr. JAMES PATERSON; while in his "Watching and Waiting," Mr. ROBERT ALEXANDER shows animal painting of remarkable excellence. In his "Hearts of Oak," Mr. W. HOLE deals with an ambitious battle-subject; and in his "Springtime," Mr. E. A. HORNEL indulges, as is his delightful wont, in a perfect revel of splendid but non-naturalistic colour. In portraiture the most important works are the three subjects, including a powerful and delicate half-length of Professor Blackie, contributed by Sir GEORGE REID, who also shows a refined example of flower painting. With the pastels by Mr. Guthrie, already referred to, the works of Mr. A. MELVILLE, Mr. H. W. KERR, Mr. E. ALEXANDER, and Mr. R. B. NISBET are the most worthy of the contents of the Water-colour Room; and the best things in the rather meagre display of sculpture come from Mr. PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

The thirty-second spring exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, which opened on 7th of February, and will remain open until 8th of May, is representative of much that is best in Scottish art of to-day. The body of young painters, loosely and not quite accurately designated "the Glasgow school," agree rather in the theories they hold regarding art, than in their actual art-practice. Among the ablest of the Glasgow painters who are bound together with common sympathies are Messrs. JAMES GUTHRIE, R.S.A., JOHN LAVERY, A.R.S.A., GEORGE HENRY, E. A. HORNEL, E. A. WALTON, A.R.S.A., JAMES PATERSON, ALEX. ROCHE, D. Y. CAMERON, and W. KENNEDY. These are all strongly represented in the Glasgow exhibition. Other Glasgow painters who show well are Messrs. JOSEPH HENDERSON, A. K. BROWN, A.R.S.A., TOM MCEWAN, D. MACKELLAR, MORRIS HENDERSON, JOHN HENDERSON, KERR LAWSON, HAMILTON MAXWELL, J. D. TAYLOR, J. MILLER, W. G. MILLER, and Miss BLATHERWICK. Portraiture is this year stronger than usual. Sir GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A., exhibits "Professor Gairdner" and "James Duncan," and among the portrait-painters represented are the late JOHN PETTIE, R.A., and Messrs. GREIFFENHAGEN, ROUSSELL, MOUAT LOUDAN, WIRGMAN, J. E. CHRISTIE, and R. C. CRAWFORD. Mr. COLIN HUNTER's "Burial of the Macdonalds," and Mr. DAVID MURRAY's "Hampshire Haying," are in conspicuous places. London artists, considering the counter-pull of the Chicago Exhibition, have been liberal



exhibitors, and several important pictures come from Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Munich, and Antwerp. Some excellent loan pictures give interest and additional educational value to the exhibition. The sculpture room is an important part of the Glasgow galleries, and much interesting work is shown there by young London men, such as MESSRS. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., HARRY BATES, A.R.A., FRAMPTON, LUCCHESI, DRURY, MAGILL, GASCOMBE JOHN, POMEROY, FORSYTH, and others. Mr. MACGILLIVRAY exhibits two admirable busts, and Mr. KELLOCK BROWN a striking head and a figure. A room has this year been given up to architectural designs and drawings.

To Scotchmen and those who know and love Scotland the little pictures of "The Highlands and Lowlands," by Mr. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, exhibited at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, Bond Street, especially appealed. A realist and a patriot, Mr. Farquharson displays more fidelity than imagination, a quality, no doubt, which endears him to those who treasure pleasurable or romantic associations with the actual friths and fells, glens and burns he depicts. He has sought most of his subjects in Aberdeenshire, and he is happiest in painting the fugitive gleam of winter sunset on desolate moor, tumid river in spate, or serried squadron of gloomy firs.

Mr. THOMAS McLEAN brings new pictures to the Haymarket every spring; but as his customers vary little, their taste makes itself felt as a constant quantity from year to year. Of the usual group of minutely finished little oils, SEILER's portrait of Frederick the Great, seated on a white horse at the head of his staff, is startlingly like a Napoleon the Great by Meissonier. Herr CONRAD KIESEL contributes an idealised odalisque in draperies of luscious hues, feeding some wonderfully painted pigeons at a marble fountain; and M. VASTAGH sends two splendidly massive heads of beasts, one of a lion, the other of a tiger; but the most pleasing of the foreign works are the beautiful studies of children, direct and masterly in handling, tender and natural in feeling, by the Russian HARLAMOFF. Two brilliant renderings of a breezy day in the English Channel by Mr. HENRY MOORE, a dainty arrangement in orange called "Anemones" by Mr. ALBERT MOORE, and some variations on the ever-popular fox-terrier theme by Mr. BURTON BARBER are among the British examples.

The works of two artists, natives of Nottingham, viz., THOMAS BARBER and JOHN RAWSON WALKER, at present form an interesting exhibition in the great gallery of the Nottingham Castle Museum. This is a continuation of the series of exhibitions of works by natives of Nottingham, which the Director, Mr. G. Harry Wallis, F.S.A., commenced in 1884 with works of Thomas and Paul Sandby. Mr. Wallis has been able to bring together on the present occasion, after much difficulty, about eighty portraits by Thomas Barber and one hundred and ten landscapes by John Rawson Walker. The works of these two painters have until now been practically unknown, except in the immediate neighbourhood of their native town, though both were in their day frequent exhibitors at the Royal Academy. Thomas Barber's portrait of Colonel Desbrowe, Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte, obtained a place of honour in the R.A. Exhibition of 1810, and it would be of interest to know where this portrait at present is, as also that of Mrs. Siddons, by the same artist, exhibited at the Academy in 1819. Rawson Walker was the inventor of a charming process of carbon or charcoal drawing, by which he obtained most beautiful results, especially effects of atmosphere.

## REVIEW.

"*The Evolution of Decorative Art*," by HENRY BALFOUR, M.A., F.Z.S. (Perceval and Co.), is just what it pretends to be, a short introduction to the study of pre-historic and savage art. Mr. Balfour is a man of science; he never wanders off into vague discourse on art in general, but confines himself to his subject, and holds the reader's attention. The most interesting part of the book is where (by the aid of illustrations, not always very attractive in themselves, but answering their purpose admirably) he traces the evolution of design, and shows how patterns have been modified in the course of generations. He explains to us, for example, that what appears at first sight to be a mere meaningless fret is the very image of a curly-tailed monkey; and how the highly-decorated stave-heads of the New Zealand chiefs, with their tongue-shaped ending, have actually reference to the Maori's practice of putting out his tongue at his enemy. One may hesitate at times to accept the conclusions of the author, but he makes no great demands upon our credulity; and if ever a notion is a little far-fetched, he has the wit to put it in the form of a suggestion. The book is not addressed to the artist in particular; but, if he should be given at all to speculate as to the beginnings of ornament, he will find in it substantial food for reflection.

## NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Amongst the latest publications by the Autotype Company are three pictures very diverse in subject, but all extremely well reproduced in photogravure—"Consulting the Witch," by Mr. FRED ROE; "Young England," a picture of horses by Mr. EDWIN DOUGLAS; and "The Carpenter at Nazareth," a somewhat decorative religious picture by Mr. WILLIAM LANCE.

Mr. Robert Dunthorne, of Vigo Street, has just published a set of etchings by Mr. DAVID LAW, illustrating the "Country of Burns." Mr. Law has tried to a certain extent to underline the æsthetic beauty of his work with literary meaning, and has, we think, succeeded. The series, seven in number, is more or less biographic. "Burns' Cottage near Ayr" gives us the poet's humble birthplace, seen through driving rain. In "Afton Water," "Alloway Kirk," "On the Nith," and "Lincleden Abbey" Mr. Law displays his liking for comprehensive subject and mastery of exhaustive detail.

## NOTABILIA.

Another step towards the completion of the Borough Road Polytechnic was accomplished on March 13, when Mr. Passmore Edwards formally opened the library, which has been well endowed. The art section of the catalogue contains works of a high standard both practical and theoretical, and includes several of Mr. Ruskin's principal productions.

An effort is being made at Colchester to acquire for that town the interesting and valuable collection of Romano-British antiquities brought together by Mr. Joslin. It is a matter of archaeological importance that this collection should be kept in the country, and as only £1,700 are required for the purpose, it is hoped that the appeal made by the local committee will be readily responded to, more especially as it is probable that, in the event of this not being attained, the collection will be bought for America.

Owing to pressure on our space the obituary and other matters are unavoidably held over.



## SIR JOHN GILBERT AND THE MUNICIPALITIES.

The generous distribution by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S., of his works among the Corporations of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, is one of those acts of patriotic munificence of which Mr. G. F. Watts has set so fine an example. It has for some years been known that Sir John did intend to leave his works to the nation. His first thought was to build a gallery for their reception, but his more recent decision is a far wiser one, by reason of its greater utility to the greater number. The recipients have shown their appreciation by a haste that under other circumstances might be called indecent. Members of the London Corporation called at once upon Sir John and secured for the Guildhall the cream of the collection. This consists of about twenty oil and water-colours, of a market value, it is believed, of more than £15,000. Half an hour later came the Liverpool representatives, post haste, and were also permitted to make their choice. The merits and characteristics of Sir John Gilbert's work are too well known to need description here, but it may be mentioned that they include "St. George and the Dragon" (1881), "Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey" (1888), "Lancelot" (1886), and "Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper" (1891) among the oil-pictures, and among the drawings, "Cardinal Wolsey on his way to Westminster Hall" (1887), "The Battle of the Standard" (1880), "The Knight Errant," "The Witch," "War," and "The Prince and Princess of Wales going to a Drawing Room." All the former have been seen at the Royal Academy, and the latter, or most of them, at the Royal Water-Colour Society's exhibitions. To Birmingham have been presented, besides eleven drawings, "The Triumph of the Victors," "French Cuirassiers," "A Windy Day," "Owen Glendower's House at Dolgelly," and a few smaller works. A considerable number of works included in the gifts will be presented shortly in the pages of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

## THE CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A very serious charge has been brought against the directorate of the National Gallery in the following letter, which, under date 5th April, 1893, Mr. JAMES ORROCK has addressed to us:—"On Monday last [Bank Holiday] a friend from the country and I visited the National Gallery, chiefly to see the English pictures. Of course, as before, we were unable to see the Turner water-colours, the 'Liber Studiorum,' the Dewints, &c., for the iron gates were barred against us. My reason for writing to you now, however, is to direct attention to the fact that in the English Gallery, No. XX., there are more cracked and perished pictures than are to be found in all the other galleries put together. No. 404, STANFIELD'S picture, 'Entrance to the Zuyder Zee,' on the left-hand side, is simply shrivelled and in 'islets.' LESLIE'S 'Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman,' No. 403, is as bad; while STOTHARD'S 'Greek Vintage,' No. 317, and WILKIE'S 'Village Festival' and 'Blind Fiddler,' are on the same road to ruin. We are, of course, informed that the use of bitumen is the cause of the damage, because it ebbs and flows according to the temperature. The Dutch, German, and

Italian Masters ran no such risk, because they never used bitumen. Will it be believed, however, although every schoolboy knows the fatal propensities of this colour, that no precautions are taken even to *palliate* the evil? on the contrary, means are adopted to *develop* it! My friend and I were *officially* informed on Monday last that the dry heat in the old *foreign* Masters' Galleries was tempered by the presence of water; whereas the galleries of our own masters, where it is *specialy* needed, no water is supplied. Is it intended rapidly to destroy from the face of the earth numbers of our valuable English pictures by depriving them of the only remedy against the searching dry heat to which they are constantly exposed? If, in a word, the foreign pictures without bitumen need moisture, how much more do those with bitumen require it? Let anyone examine the matter for himself by paying a visit to the National Gallery."

In the face of a heavy indictment such as this, the authorities at the National Gallery cannot remain inactive. We have ourselves paid a visit to Trafalgar Square, and can bear testimony to the allegations advanced with so much frank emphasis by Mr. Orrock. He has even understated the extent of the damage now proceeding. It is surely only necessary to place the facts before the notice of Sir Frederick Burton, to have immediate attention paid to them, and a stop put to this deplorable state of things. Sir Frederick, in his reply, hardly seems as yet to admit their seriousness. But we cannot agree with him that the English pictures are fore-doomed to perdition; nor can we see why the precautionary measures taken for the protection of foreign pictures should be denied to English. Water, says the Director, is only necessary in the foreign galleries as so many of the pictures are painted on panel. Very well; but is it not a fact that nearly three-score of English pictures are painted upon panel too? and being moreover tainted with bitumen, require the protection of water *still more* than the foreign works? And we cannot forget that several of our greatest treasures—notably those by Wilkie—are painted upon panel: masterpieces on which is largely based the claim of the English school for excellence.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN 1892.

The report of the National Gallery is, as usual, a satisfactory document. The urgency of the demand for extension of the gallery is strongly put, and can surely not be long resisted by the Government, especially as Sir Frederick Burton shows with so much clearness how the enlargement can easily be effected. Only two pictures have been bought during the year—the Jan Vermeer of Delft (which we recently illustrated) for the sum of £2,400—out of a Parliamentary grant-in-aid; and "Hogarth's Servants" (also illustrated in our pages) for the sum of £162 15s.—out of the Lewis fund. The bequests and donations include thirty-six numbers of varying importance, to most of which we have from time to time referred. Thirty-four pictures have been cleaned and varnished, but none as far as we see have been repaired, though some so urgently require it, and thirty-six have been put under glass; 505,787 persons have visited the galleries on public days, and 41,948 on student-days—the latter bringing in £1,048—



23,991 students' attendances were recorded throughout the year on the Thursdays and Fridays devoted to them; 1,093 oil-copies of pictures were completed—467 from the works of 89 old masters, and 626 from the works of 48 modern painters—and the total number of copies of the catalogue sold amounted to 16,067. The three-shilling edition of the foreign catalogue (a bulky volume) is referred to, as well as the appointment of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild to the vacant trusteeship of the late Sir William Gregory.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

Some galleries we enter with a predisposition to be pleased. Of such is that of the "Old Water-Colour Society." True, inferior work creeps even into a close exhibition; but it rarely falls below a certain standard. We regard the summer exhibition as one of unusual strength, and what is perhaps more fascinating, variety. Between the careful work of Mr. BIRKET FOSTER, of which "Fast Castle" is an excellent example, and the strong and masterful impressionistic art of the Glaswegian, Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE, exhibited in his drawing of the burning and busy quays of "Boulack," with the forest of slanting felucca yards barring the deep blue sky behind them, lies the whole field of British water-colour landscape. Within these extremes come Mr. THORNE WAITE, staunch in his adherence to the older traditions, with such broad and healthy work as the Dewintian "Over the Downs to Littlehampton," and Mr. R. W. ALLAN, a Scotelman whose instinct for nature is swift and true, grasping the essentials and handling them with masterly simplicity, whose colour-sense fully awoke when he visited India, and who has never shown better work than his "From Shore to Shore," a drawing of singular luminosity and transparency. Miss CLARA MONTALBA, in "A Visit to the Fleet, Venice," finds the poetry of vague colour, black, white, and green, in massive ironclads saluting. Mr. J. W. NORTH, in "The Mill Dam in the Wood," clothes the Somersetshire thicket with a veil of mystical white vapour, deftly suggesting the intricate tracery of an infinitude of bare brown branches. Nor is the variety less marked in the figure subjects. Mr. J. H. HENSHALL, an old Academy student, and one of the most dexterous of our aquarellists, sends "Magdalene," rather melodramatic in feeling and incongruous in composition, but technically a marvel; and an enlarged version of his clever and sprightly "La Coquette," which we reproduced last year. Mr. E. R. HUGHES' "Ame, I love," a white-robed youthful monk wistfully twirling a red carnation, is admirable in expression, delicate observation of values, and painting of drapery; and the artist is to be greatly congratulated on his increased freedom of touch. Professor HERKOMER's admiration for the late Fred Walker and the living J. W. North reveals itself in sincere and frank imitation in "Hagar," a peasant woman, who stands deserted and outlawed beside a sleeping urchin in a pleasant English lane. Rigid in outline, but attractive in its harmony of orange-browns, it shows great technical merit, and is strongly characteristic of its painter. In "Street Scene, Suez," Mr. HENRY WALLIS shows an elaborate piece of work, a shop-door with figures, in which the colour is treated from the vivid view-point of the missal painter. One of the pictures of the year is Mr. LIONEL SMYTH's "Boulogne: an Impression," a knot of buxom fisher-girls moving swiftly along the foreground, the great port, with its shipping, alert and bustling behind them—a spacious and spontaneous, most wholesome piece of work. Sir JOHN

GILBERT sends two characteristic Cervantes subjects, vigorous in draughtsmanship, romantic but humorous in feeling, black in the shadows. Miss Rose Barton, the new Associate, is, by a temporary inadvertence, absent from the catalogue.

The spring exhibition of that bellicose little body, the NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB, excites less interest than usual. Several examples of the work of the Parisian Impressionists, M. CLAUDE MONET, M. J. F. RAFFAELLI, M<sup>me</sup>. MORISOT, and M. DEGAS were displayed. But these do not call for the attention of the critic, as they were not exhibited by their painters for the purpose of challenging an English verdict, but by their English owners to give a certain *cachet* to the exhibition. One end of the gallery was occupied by an enormous canvas by Mr. C. W. FURSE, an equestrian portrait of the Master of the North Hereford Hunt, surrounded by the pick of his pack, in which the artist rose superior to the prize-ring and show-bench treatment generally accorded such subjects. It was faced by a posthumous full-length commission portrait of Mr. Bradlaugh at the Bar of the House, by Mr. WALTER SICKERT, still and monotonous in colour, and commonplace in technique; but strong, dignified, and unmistakably repeating the legend on the massive frame, "The grave alone shall make me yield." A portrait-sketch by Mr. SARGENT of Mr. Jefferson the actor accomplishes with breathless dexterity the task in which Mr. Sickert failed. Mr. WILSON P. STEER, one of the advanced members, sent an "impression" of the R.Y.S. week, fugitive white shapelessnesses in a mass of blue, conveying, nevertheless, a certain notion of breezy hurry and vibrating sulist air. Mr. AUBREY BEARDSLEY's weird drawings, "Salome" and "La Femme Incomprise," possessed a morbid attractiveness; and Mr. BRABAZON, the distinguished amateur, showed two of his rarely beautiful water-colour suggestions of light, colour, and landscape.

The Orrock loan collection of Old Nankin Blue China at the Fine Art Society's is composed of the choicest specimens of this lovely ceramic art. The pieces are nearly all of the Ming period, and are in perfect condition. The most striking are the two garnitures, composed of five pieces each, viz., three vases and two beakers. The garniture with the Chinese gods is, we believe, unique; and the one composed also of three vases and two beakers, and named the double-aster garniture, is almost as rare. The rich colouring of this set is extraordinary, and artistically considered, its rank is of the highest class. There are two other complete garnitures of fine pieces, one called the Dog-Lion set and the other the Vandyke set. Perhaps the most rare and curious vase is one called the gourd-pattern vase, which is made of *soft* paste, and much prized by American collectors. This vase has a genuine lid which is quaint and curious. The loan collection includes numbers of rare pairs of the finest Nankin blue: two jugs from the Blenheim collection, quite perfect, and two from a Dutch collection. Here we see the "Howell dish" and ewer, which is considered unique. The high-shouldered square six-mark bottle is of superb quality of blue and paste, and the drawing is clean and sharp, and the panels are artistically designed and richly covered. The Rossetti bottle with the monogram is beautiful and interesting. It represents the ho-ho bird with accompanying ornamental designs. There is an extremely rare and richly designed and coloured dragon basin, with an "agate" ground as living and deep as a Hawthorn pot of the highest class; about half a dozen "tiger-lily" ovoid bottles of the first quality, and all with perfect covers; as many "reticulated" bottles of equal beauty, and a large double-aster bottle with white top, which is the rarest of the rare; long Elizas by the



dozen, dragon bottles, warrior bottles, raised Hawthorn vases, and numbers more of aristocratic quality; and last, but not least, a Hawthorn jar with curious cover which cannot be paired. The collection for sale is composed of very good and brilliant pieces for the most part, and most of them in good condition. There are plates and bottles in plenty for the collector of small cabinet "examples," with six marks, jade, leaf, table, ring marks, &c. Some of the pieces in this collection are very fine, although for the most part small.

The Continental Gallery, Bond Street, continues to enjoy the monopoly of such work as it pleases M. JAN VAN BEERS himself to send to England. Six small pictures at the present time attest the wit, patient skill, and exquisite colour sense of this brilliant and eccentric genius. By far the most attractive of them is a small picture, less aggressive than usual in its evidence of labour, which is called "La Paresseuse." The figure is beautifully modelled, the piquant note of the pink against the black carrying out the sentiment of malicious sparkle and provocation of pose and expression. "A Fantasia in Morocco," mounted Arabs, in white burnous, furiously charging across the desert in the strong sunlight, by M. M. ROMBERG, is one of the many examples of the cleverness and audacity of Paris of to-day.

An exhibition of drawings by four black-and-white artists of great skill and individuality in their several ways—MESSRS. REGINALD CLEAVER, EVERARD HOPKINS, W. H. OVEREND, and FRED PEGRAM—was held during the month at the Hogarth Club.

At the French Gallery has been exhibited a selection of the works of Señor PRADILLA—a more interesting collection than has for a long while been exhibited within these walls. Pradilla is a draughtsman of consummate skill, and works with equal ability and effect on a colossal scale, or as a miniaturist. His colour is a little strong and vivid, but it is harmonious and well-ordered, and in his handling of his subjects he gives proof of enormous power. We like his historical subjects less than his street scenes, and although he is a master of expression, he appears to us to reach his apogee in his pictures of street crowds. Atmosphere, sunshine, life—these are to be found in his best works; and of these there are some examples to be seen in the extensive collection at Messrs. Wallis's Gallery.

#### REVIEWS.

We have received for review Monsieur MICHEL's superb monograph on "*Rembrandt: Sa Vie et son Œuvre*" (Paris: Librairie Hachette)—a work as masterly in its grasp and fulness as it is admirable in the profusion and excellence of its illustration; but as the book is now in the hands of Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who has undertaken to translate it for its English publisher, Mr. Heinemann, we reserve our notice until its re-appearance—merely recording at the present time our high appreciation of this monumental work.

The last issue of the Border Edition of the Waverley novels is "*The Heart of Midlothian*" (John C. Nimmo). There is no falling-off in the admirable manner in which these volumes are being produced; and in one particular there is a distinct improvement; the etchings are better, and better printed than some which have appeared in previous volumes. The frontispiece, "Effie and Geordie," by Mr. MACBETH-RAEBURN, from the painting by Sir JOHN MILLAIS, is a very admirable reproduction of the picture, and some of Mr. WALTER PAGET's drawings have lent themselves wonderfully to this method of reproduction.

In "*A Cackle about Trees*" (F. and E. Stoneham) Mr. CLIFTON, the Professor of Painting at the Royal Institution, Woolwich, talks to amateurs in a bright and chatty matter on the best methods of drawing trees. His "cackle" is accompanied by numerous illustrations.

"*A Portrait Gallery of Our Celebrities*" (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Limited, London) has now entered upon its fifth volume, and continues to maintain its high standard of excellence. The portraits are reproductions of photographs by Messrs. Walery, Limited, and serve as permanent records of persons of eminence of to-day in society and the leading professions.

When artists have to wander about for days looking for notes of detail or effect, the question of the weight of their sketching apparatus becomes a matter of considerable importance. Carrying his "traps" often takes much more out of a man than making his sketch. With the idea of affording the painter relief in this matter Messrs. Reeves have put upon the market a little "colour-box sketch book," which contains a sketch block 7 by 5, colours, box, and palette, brush, pencil, and india-rubber, and by an ingenious arrangement the whole apparatus only measures when together 7½ by 5½ inches and weighs but a few ounces, so that with a little water bottle which accompanies the "sketch block" one has all the necessary material for making water-colour notes within the compass of a few inches and the weight of a few ounces.

#### NOTABILIA.

Poissy, where Meissonier had his estate, and where he painted when he was not working in Paris, is to be adorned with a statue of the master.

ERRATUM.—We regret that, owing to a printer's error, the engraving by Monsieur Gusman, in our review of Mr. Hamerton's "Man in Art," was entitled "Silence" instead of "Silenus."

The superb collection of arms and armour belonging to the Baron de Cosson has been distributed at Christie's. Several of its finest pieces have been engraved in the pages of this Magazine.

Mr. MOUTAT LOUDAN, who has been appointed to the Westminster School of Art, in succession to Professor Brown, has established several new classes of applied art.

The annual banquet of the Artists' Benevolent Fund will be held at the Holborn Restaurant on the 21st of June, Mr. Henry Irving in the chair. Any subscriptions sent to this office will be duly forwarded and acknowledged.

Under the Home Rule Bill, it appears, Irish art education would become dissociated from that of England. If the severance from South Kensington showed any change at all in Ireland, it would almost necessarily be one for the better.

There is every reason to believe that, owing to the grave abuse of Show Sunday by the impertinent intrusion of uninvited strangers into artists' studios, the function will be greatly restricted next year, and by several eminent artists altogether discontinued.

PROUT's lost "Dover Pier," to which we referred some time back, has come to light. The owner, Mr. Alexander Bell, informs us that it is in his possession in South Africa, he having inherited it through his father from the late General Sir John Bell, of Cadogan Place.

Two thousand works, exclusive of those by members and associates, were submitted to the jury of the New



Salon, in the Champ de Mars. It is believed that 9,500 were sent in to the Royal Academy—a reduction of considerably over a thousand on last year.

Monsieur CHARTRAN, the painter of the portrait of the Pope, which, through the medium of reproduction, has met with such extraordinary success in France, Italy, and Austria, has been created a Roman Count, in acknowledgment of his achievement.

A portrait of Turner as a boy, by HOPNER, has been sold at Christie's. The chief interest about the picture is that, except to Dance, and on a couple of occasions to himself, the great landscapist never willingly, or indeed consciously, sat to any artist for his portrait. All other likenesses of him—and they are fairly numerous—have been executed surreptitiously.

Prince Sciarra has not been allowed to defy his Government with impunity. Owing to his having spirited some of his pictures out of the country, being well aware of the severe laws against such proceedings, he has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine £200, *plus* the value of the pictures and the costs of the prosecution. The verdict is unpopular, and permission to appeal has been accorded.

There is a disposition to erect a memorial-brass to the late JOHN PETTIE in St. Paul's Cathedral, in recognition of the great influence for good he exercised on the rising school some twenty years ago. An alternative proposal suggests a statue in his native village as a fitter monument. His executors have destroyed about threescore of his studies, &c., lest coming ultimately into the market, retouched by hacks and sold as genuine "Petties," they might hurt the artist's reputation.

#### OBITUARY.

The sudden death of Mr. VICAT COLE, R.A., at the age of sixty, occurred on the 6th of April. The main facts of his life have been fully dealt with in the pages of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*,\* so that they need hardly be repeated here. It may, however, be recorded that Mr. Cole's great popularity found its root not in the numerous pretty and rather characterless pictures of the Thames, which he produced during several years in obedience to an arrangement contracted with a dealer, but rather in the spacious and well-composed landscapes, so finely studied in their detail and often masterly in their execution, which he painted before he was admitted as a full member to the Academy. He never rose to the altitude and masterful solidity of Linnell; but beside the mediocrity of F. R. Lee, the only other landscapist in the Academy at the time of his election, he was a giant, and was hailed as a veritable genius by the public, who loved and could recognise and understand his scenes of pasturage and woodland, of heath and river, of hill and valley—always pleasant, always unmistakably English. We doubt if Mr. Vicat Cole would ever have become a great landscapist; indeed, we are convinced he never would, but had he not tied himself down to tickle the public taste with prettiness, and had he given freer play to his better artistic self, he would certainly have conquered a position on the roll of English artists which it is impossible now to award him. Yet certain early works of his, and several of his water-colours, take high rank in the sum of the national achievement. "The Pool of London," painted in 1888, and bought by the Chantry Bequest for the sum of £2,000, might almost have been a great picture,

\* See Vol. i., p. 149.

had the artist not unfitted himself for the execution of fine work through his dalliance with Mammon.

Mr. CLAUDE CALTHROP, whose sudden death is announced, was the pupil of Mr. John Sparkes and of the Royal Academy, where he gained the gold medal for historical work, and finished his artistic education in Paris. Since that time he has always been a popular Outsider, having the faculty of painting interesting pictures of a dramatic or an anecdotic nature. His technique was of a sufficiently high order to secure his pictures good places on the walls of the Academy, where for many years he has been an exhibitor. He was forty-eight years of age, and, by the way, was brother of the late Mr. John Clayton, the actor.

Monsieur HENRI SCHLESINGER, portrait and subject painter, who was naturalised French in 1870, was born in Frankfort in 1814, and after studying in Vienna, established himself in Paris, where he exhibited at the Salon regularly from 1840 to 1889. In the very first year he obtained a medal with his "Seductions of Life" and other works; in 1847 he gained a second-class medal; and in 1866 he was admitted to the Legion of Honour. His portrait of the Sultan Mahmoud Khan II. is at Versailles.

Monsieur LOUIS CABAT, who has died at Paris in his eightieth year, was known as an exhibitor at the Salon from 1833 until 1891. As a landscapist his merit was early recognised, having received a medal in 1834. At the International Exhibition of 1867 he was again rewarded; he was created a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1843, and Officer in 1855. He obtained the membership of the Institute in 1867, and in 1878 he succeeded M. Lenepveu as director of the French Academy at Rome. His early work was of the Romantic school, naturalistic and characteristic, as his "L'Étang de Ville d'Avray" and other of his works in the Luxembourg and the provincial galleries sufficiently prove; but later on he became more academic, even classic, in his composition. Yet he never lost his great technical skill nor compounded with his deep poetic sense and love of nature.

The death of Professor WILLIAM LÜBKE at Carlsruhe, at the age of sixty-seven, is the most serious loss to art during the past few months. A great critic of art, he was still greater as an art-historian, and his treatise on "Mediæval Art in Westphalia" (1853), "History of Architecture" (1855), "Ground-plan of the History of Art" (1860), "History of the Plastic Arts" (1863), and, chief of all, his two great books on the Renaissance of Art in Germany and France, have placed him on the highest pinnacle in his own line. "To Lübke belongs," says one writer, "after Kugler and Schnaare, the merit of having turned the attention of Germany to the study of art and the monuments of art in their historical relations." His professorship took him first to Berlin, and last to Stuttgart, where he died.

We regret also to have to record the death of the "father" of Russian painters, C. A. TROUTOWSKI, who was born at Kursk in 1826, and, after studying at St. Petersburg from 1845 to 1849, devoted himself to painting pictures of Russian popular life, finally serving as inspector of the Moscow School of Fine Arts from 1871 to 1880; of Mr. GEORGE EARLE, R.I., whose talent in water-colour painting was of a highly respectable quality; and of Mme. ANNA BELINSKA, the Hungarian artist, whose virile and Hans-like portrait of herself in the Academy two years ago attracted so much attention, and whose pastels were looked for with interest in the principal exhibitions of France, Germany, and Austria.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

The last elections of the Academy, which resulted in promotion to full membership of MESSRS. MACWHIRTER, HENRY MOORE, and HENRY WOODS, and the selection of Mr. J. W. NORTH as Associate, are here as usual dealt with in some detail. At the first "scratching" thirteen names were sent up, and of these there went on to the blackboard as many as nine: Messrs. Val Prinsep, Storey, MacWhirter, Boughton, Aitchison, Woods, Bodley, Leader, and Moore. Mr. MacWhirter and Mr. Moore, after the second voting, went up to the ballot, and the former was elected. At the next election twelve names came up, and of them eight went on the blackboard. Mr. Moore and Mr. Woods received the greatest number of scratches, and at the final tussle Mr. Woods was successful. The third election, owing to an accident, gave rise to some bitter feeling, and to one of the most painful scenes ever witnessed at an Academy election, but upon this point we do not feel ourselves called to enlarge, for, after all, the matter exclusively concerns the members themselves, and, as the final result was extremely satisfactory, the *contretemps* may well be passed over. Nine names came up, those passing on the blackboard being Messrs. Boughton, Bodley, Prinsep, Waterhouse, Leader, and Moore. Mr. Prinsep and Mr. Moore went up to ballot, and the latter was declared duly elected.

In the matter of the Associateship the paper handed round contained the names of as many as 141 candidates; but not more than twenty-two of these were recognised by the first voting, and only five got on to the blackboard. They were Messrs. Bramley, J. M. Swan, J. W. North, J. Sargent, and J. Farquharson. The final struggle lay between Mr. Bramley and Mr. North, and in the end the exquisite Somersetshire painter secured the victory.

## MR. BURNE-JONES AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In reply to our criticism of the action—or rather the inaction—of the Royal Academy in respect to Mr. BURNE-JONES which led eventually to that artist's withdrawal, we have received the following letter from Mr. E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A. :—

*The Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.*

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will afford me, as one who took part in the election of Mr. Burne-Jones to the Associateship of the Royal Academy, an opportunity of correcting, from my own personal knowledge and observation, the very considerable errors into which you have inadvertently fallen in your justification of his recent resignation of that position; and in doing this, I wish you, Sir, to understand that I am in no way discussing, or expressing any opinion upon, Mr. Burne-Jones's action in the matter—my sincere admiration for his great genius would in any case deter me from so doing—but am merely endeavouring to clear up those points in your article that I think likely to misinform your readers on the subject of this and other Academical elections. And I must, I fear, begin by destroying the foundation for the great body of your remarks, inasmuch as they are based on the assumption that the election in question was, in matters of form, of an unusual character. This was not the case. The candidate's "invariable preliminary step of

putting his name down," as you express it, has ceased to be a "required condition" since the year 1867, and was not, as you imply, abrogated for this special occasion. Candidates for Academical honours are proposed and seconded by members of the body, and in the case of the election referred to this form was duly observed. Mr. Burne-Jones's name appeared upon the Candidates' List, and, I need hardly say, he was immediately elected, the process of "scratching" and "balloting," habitually used by the Academy on these occasions, being, however, sedulously carried out. Speaking for myself and of those about me at the time, I can assure you that no pressure of any kind was put upon us by anyone, and that we were perfectly free to vote according to our inclinations. Nor do I think that this circumstance in any way detracts from the value of the compliment thus made, though it certainly invalidates any argument based on an assumed "invitation." With regard to your statement that Associates of later election than Mr. Burne-Jones have been passed over his head, I beg to inform you that, as a matter of fact, not a single painter has been so promoted; the sole instance in which this has been done was the case of a sculptor, admittedly of the highest eminence, who was selected to fill a vacancy created by the loss of a member of his own profession. Reading further in your article, I find myself moved to ask for information on the following point, which you would seem to have satisfactorily settled in your own mind, viz.: How far and in what way would the irksomeness and the breach of the principles of *savoir-vivre* involved in the disinclination to fulfil the obligations of an Associate (when one is an Associate) be alleviated and repaired by the imposition of the far heavier duties and responsibilities devolving on a full member? With reference to the animadversions upon the Royal Academy, with which you conclude, I must say it seems to me a little hard to hold that body responsible for its ill-fortune in being balked in its good intentions towards Mason and Walker, by the premature deaths of those bright geniuses. One curious point in this connection here occurs to me. This: It is observable that when any very considerable artist goes to join the heavenly company of Reynolds and Van Dyke the critics who remain simultaneously discover that his position in, and even admittance to, the Temple of Fame must perforce be left to the decision of posterity, and descant most prudently, as well they may, on the impossibility of forming a correct contemporaneous estimate of his powers; yet will they, almost in the same breath, upbraid the Royal Academy for having in some particular failed to exactly anticipate the aforesaid verdict.—Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully, E. GREGORY.

Mr. Gregory's defence of the Royal Academy seems to resolve itself into four points, so far as he charges us with "very considerable errors": (1) that there was anything unusual in matters of form in the election; (2) that Mr. Burne-Jones, after being elected Associate, had been "passed over" by Associates, who, elected after him, had been promoted to Academician; (3) that the position had become one of difficulty and unpleasantness for the artist; and (4) that the Academy has repeatedly allowed men of genius to die without being elected into its inner fold.

Our replies on these points are simple. (1) We assert



that the election of Mr. Burne-Jones *was* of an unusual character, seeing that he was elected without his consent being first obtained. The only precedent for a kindred act was the election of Mr. G. F. Watts in 1867; and, being once elected, Mr. Burne-Jones naturally had a right to consider that as in the former case he would be elected Associate and Academician in rapid succession, instead of being "left standing on the mat." Thus it is only a verbal inaccuracy on our part which Mr. Gregory establishes; the conditions of the election were quite exceptional, although Mr. Gregory was not aware of it. The foundation for our remarks thus stands intact. (2) We are obliged to Mr. Gregory for confirming our statement that Mr. Burne-Jones had been passed over in election; that it was by a sculptor, and not by a painter, is wholly beside the point, for sculptors are not always succeeded by sculptors. He *was* passed over, in favour of an Associate elected after him, and that when the unusual character of his election, to say nothing of precedent, would have justified the Academy—nay, almost required it—giving Mr. Burne-Jones the preference over men who were his Academic seniors. (3) Mr. Gregory's suggestion, so far as we understand it, is that the Associateship is a happier state than Academicianship, with its numerous duties and responsibilities. But, it seems to us, he has not seized the point of contention. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Burne-Jones would have shirked those duties, or that he would have found them irksome. He might, or he might not. The whole matter was one of sentiment and propriety, of compliment offered and invitation accepted. But the subsequent neglect is too recent a scandal for us to enlarge further upon it. (4) Mr. Gregory confines himself to the cases we mentioned of Fred Walker and Mason, who were left Associates to the day of their death; he wisely passes in silence over the other names. He asks, Is the Academy to blame when it is balked in its good intentions by Death? Certainly it is; for even the Royal Academy cannot expect Death to wait while it is making up its mind to dishonour an Associate by undeserved neglect, passing him over maybe time after time by the promotion of less worthy artists. It is hardly necessary to reply to Mr. Gregory's flout at the critics—a flout wholly undeserved: for was it not the critics who loudly demanded the recognition of Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Albert Moore, and many other artists, some of whom the Academy only discovered after the world was ringing with applause of them? After all, that Mr. Gregory should find it hard that the Academy should be upbraided for having failed to anticipate the verdict of the critics, is extremely complimentary—to the critics.

#### HANFSTAENGL *v.* HOLLOWAY.

If an illustration were needed of the intricacies in which the Copyright law delights and to which attention has been frequently called in the columns of this Magazine, an excellent and suggestive one is afforded by the judgment of Mr. Justice Charles in the recent case of "Hanfstaengl *v.* Holloway." The case was very important; but the judgment delivered, occupying nearly two columns in the *Times*, is, indeed, a satire on the absurd Copyright Acts, whose want of lucidity and consistency renders it necessary for a judge, in order to decide one point dealing with an infringement of copyright in a picture, to review and consider the Law of Copyright in all its branches, and, we might also add, in all its moods. The result, however, was satisfactory enough up to a certain point, and the judgment must be looked upon as a

notable addition to the armoury of the copyright owner as against the pirate, as it decided that any artistic work produced in a foreign country within the Berne Convention Union, in which copyright according to the law of such country is still existing, is entitled to protection in England as a copyright work, whether such work was produced before or after the Order-in-Council applying the provisions of the International Copyright Act, 1886, passed to carry out the provisions of the Berne Convention, came into operation, and, further, that registration of such a work in England is unnecessary. It would, of course, be unusual in a copyright case if some divergence of judicial opinion were not disclosed, and the present one was no exception to the rule, as Mr. Justice Charles, in the course of his judgment, expressed views diametrically opposed to those enunciated by Mr. Justice Sterling on a similar point in a previous case. It would be as well to note, moreover, that the infringement in this case consisted in copies of a picture, "made in Germany," being printed on cards for the purpose of advertising a trade in England, one card being produced *before* the Order-in-Council was published, and lengthy arguments took place as to whether the production of this card did not by virtue of an anomalous provision in the International Copyright Act, 1886, protect the infringer; and it would seem that if the production had been for pecuniary profit and not for the purpose of advertising, the defendants would have been invulnerable. The pirate evidently dies hard, but a new era for the copyright owner can be seen approaching, in the distance!

#### ART IN BRUSSELS DURING THE PAST SEASON.

Brussels has been overwhelmed with exhibitions and meetings. The Society "Pour l'Art" opened the season in November; then came the Aquarellistes, next the "Voorwaerts," and finally the "XX." With the exception of the Aquarellistes each of these societies is representative of an *idea*, the centre of much contention and many struggles. "Pour l'Art" has for its lode-star the painting of the ideal; its mission is to depict the highest aspirations of the age. At the *matinées* of this society addresses were spoken by M. JOSEPHIN PELADAN, the founder of the orders of the "Rosy Cross" and of the "Temple." His speeches were, of course, much discussed, and even laughed to scorn; the lecturer nevertheless gave utterance to an interesting and lofty scheme of thought. The "Voorwaerts" Society is but young, but it has on its roll many names which will become more widely known: MM. GILSOUL, LAERMANS, and OTTERAERE. M. Laermans is an artist of marked individuality, whose efforts are directed to depicting the peasant and artisan with minute fidelity, even in their more grotesque aspects and to the verge of caricature. The result is a fresh and unusual phase of life hitherto but little studied. This stamp of extreme naturalism is, however, visible in almost all the exhibitors at the "Voorwaerts" Society's rooms. They are above all else Flemish, like the name they have adopted. The "XX." have more pretensions to be cosmopolitan. They send invitations every year to foreign painters, and keep up with the larger life of Europe. Among the exhibitors this winter were Mr. FORD MADOX BROWN; Mr. HORNEL, the Scotch painter of idyllic subjects, and a striking colourist; TOULOUSE LANTREE, who records the picturesque manners and customs of Montmartre with violent extravagance; PETIT-JEAN and SIGNAC, neo-impressionists of the Paris school; CHARPENTIER, the sculptor; BERNARD, the decorator.



The list of strangers was completed by the names of TORN PUKKER, GOWSE, and HOLLEMAN. RODIN and ROPS, long recognised among the "XX," contributed as an added glory to their friends' show, the former a superb medallion head of Cesar Franck, and the second a number of sketches and water-colours. Among the works of the younger and more militant members of the "XX" the portraits by THEO VAN RYSELBERGHE were much remarked, the decorative drawings of GEORGES LEMMENS, and the dreams on canvas of JAN TOOROP. These are three names to remember as full of promise. During the course of the exhibition PAUL VERLAINE came from Paris to deliver a chatty discourse on contemporary poetry, and EDMOND PICARD gave another, on Henri de Regnier, the writer. By way of a new departure we may mention the creation of a Fine Art Society, under the presidency of the Due d'Ursel. This body, under the patronage of the State, will undertake the organisation of the general Fine Art Exhibition, which is held at Brussels every third year. Thus the State has devolved on private enterprise the task of conducting the official Salon.

#### RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

If reasons to justify the existence of the little body known as the Society of Lady Artists are hard to find, those for condemning it are obvious at its exhibition in Maddox Street, W. The walls present a dreary array of amateurish efforts, what is good being seen at a great disadvantage. Reference to the catalogue surprises us with the names of well-known and excellent artists who permit their work to be thus submerged—Miss NICHOLS, Miss KATE MACAULAY, M<sup>me</sup>. CANZIANI, Miss BLANCHE JENKINS, Mrs. SWYNNERTON, and Mrs. MARRABLE being amongst the most distinguished. The best piece of work is the "Thistledown," a still-life study by Mrs. R. H. WRIGHT, the scarlet pods, snowy down, and bronze vase forming a rich harmony of colour, the arrangement being decorative and the execution deft. Miss HELEN O'HARA sends one or two of her delightful wave studies, which have never yet received the appreciation from critic or public which they merit. Ladies are so gallantly treated at open galleries, it is a pity this society should court attention to defects common to their work.

We are so accustomed to see London painted in "the hour of the artist," when the light is dying, or when the mystery of fog makes all uncertain and fantastic, that Mrs. SOPHIA BEALE'S bright, crisp, water-colour notes on "A Summer in London," London in the June sunlight, came as a pleasant change. The most successful of them were two studies of roof-tops. From the parapet of an Oxford Street draper's the artist saw the slates, tiles, and chimney-pots of London spread at her feet like a sea, and so depicted them—not without poetry.

Mr. JOHN VARLEY, a grandson of the "Father of the British water-colour school," travels afield for his subjects. A little while ago his Japanese sketches and drawings filled the Japanese Gallery, Bond Street; more recently the harvest of a tour in India and Ceylon hung in their place. The artist possesses a broad technique and style which it is not difficult to imagine is hereditary, but his work, when seen in any quantity, lacks the note of piquancy. He appeals, of course, to a small audience, since the more familiar the scene depicted the more attractive the work of art; but those who know the East are loud in praise of his veracity, though some of them submit bright Ceylon might have been seen in vivid reds and

greens. Fidelity to local truth and local feeling probably finds its highest expression in Mr. Varley's fine drawing of the "Deserted City of Amber."

To Sir JAMES LINTON, P.R.I., and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, R.I., who are so often associated in affairs of art, it occurred jointly to illustrate Sir WALTER SCOTT'S "Rokeby" and "Marmion;" and the result, exhibited to the public on the walls of the Fine Art Society's galleries in Bond Street, has proved as felicitous as the original idea. Sir James finds himself peculiarly at home in dealing with the rich effects, stuffs, and armours of the period; and he has given us a little gallery of portraits of the heroes and heroines of Sir Walter Scott's romance, stately and gallant in bearing, marvellous in their opulent harmonies of colour, and which deliciously suggest a series in miniature of portraits from some ancestral hall. Mr. Orrock, in Scott's country, is *en pays de connaissance*, in his own land, and paints it with love which makes itself felt. In all that he has done this year he has been at his best; indeed, he himself confesses that while he has long known what he wanted he is only now beginning to feel that he knows also how to attain it.

Mr. ARTHUR CROFT, who has recently been showing his work at the Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street, is fond of covering huge sheets of paper with pigment. One of his drawings, which has just been re-exhibited, created some sensation in the water-colour room at Burlington House about fourteen or fifteen years ago. It was called "A Fragment of Nature's Architecture"—a black Cornish sea-cliff, the drawing standing about eight feet in its frame. Mr. Croft attempts Nature in such moods as she is least sympathetic to man; he attacks her fastnesses of Alpine snow, her foaming American cataracts, where absolute space is needed to render space.

A large picture, called "Dawn," recently exhibited at the Hanover Gallery, New Bond Street, has been the subject of much encouraging comment. It is the work of a Mr. A. J. WARNE-BROWNE, a young artist educated in the schools of Brussels and Paris, but now resident at Newlyn; and it deals with the miracle of Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee. The time chosen is the hour between night and dawn. The grouping, attitudes, and expressions are effective. As the picture is shown under conditions of artificial light, we hazard no opinion as to the colour or technical manipulation.

Messrs. Thomas Laurie and Sons, of Glasgow, have opened a beautifully-appointed gallery at 15, Old Bond Street, W.; and their first exhibition of "pictures, principally of the French School of 1830," has been one of the most important ever held in London under similar conditions. Some of the very best COROTS in existence—absolutely the finest in Great Britain—were brought down from Glasgow and the North, where so many Barbizonian masterpieces find a home. Amongst them may be mentioned "Le Soir: Rond des Nymphes;" "Le Soir," a wonderful harmony in dark slate grey, known as the "Black Corot;" an exquisite study of morning light called "Une Idylle: Rond des Enfants," and the well-known smaller "Lac de Garde." TROYON was superbly represented by his "Un Sous-Bois avec des Vaches," and by his "Bœufs à Labour," one of the pleasantest pictures of field labour ever painted. MILLET'S "La Gardienne du Troupeau," the shepherdess, unidealised, strong and true, seated in the midst of her flock knitting, is one of his greatest pictures; but the singular square composition of "Les Falaises de Gruchy" is far less attractive, despite its



many beautiful qualities. DIAZ was to be seen at his best in "Les Grandes Délaissées": a figure-picture—four semi-nude maidens in a dark wood, bewailing the flight of Cupid, who wings his way towards the blue sky, a splendid piece of decorative colour, and "L'Entrée de la Forêt," much lighter in touch, a Ruysdael-like landscape. THÉODORE ROUSSEAU'S "Une Allée de Village" is an open smiling village scene, very Dutch in feeling; and DUPRÉ'S strong and impressive arrangement of deep blues, soft greys, and olive greens, "La Chaumière du Bucheron," is singularly like a Constable, though achieved by a very different method. Single but distinguished examples of VELASQUEZ, GAINSBOROUGH, ROMNEY, REYNOLDS, TURNER, CONSTABLE, and FULLER, an American painter, very little of whose work passes out of his native country, made up this very exceptional collection.

In the collection of drawings now on view in the galleries of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street, Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE proves himself to be one of the great masters of drawing in line, and reveals the possession of qualities not usually associated with the expression of the humorous in art. A certain dignity of style, and marvellous precision and even severity of execution, are added to a brimming imagination which revels in the fanciful and the grotesque treatment of subjects, which dealing, as they for the most part do, with the topics of the day and of the hour, must have been done under pressure of time, and yet bear no trace of haste in their execution. To these qualities must be added a keen sense of beauty of line; and the statuesque grace and nobility of form given, for instance, to the symbolical figure of the French Republic, are eminently noticeable in all the drawings in which it occurs, whether whirled with resistless force in "The Descent into the Maelström" (17) or dallying on the balcony, coyly giving ear to "The New Tune" (53). Like all true humorists, Mr. Sambourne has his serious side, and the grim figure of the miner in "Striking Home" (26) is Düreresque in its quality: it is a *Melancholia* of the nineteenth century.

#### NEW ENGRAVING.

The picture by Mr. MORDECAI, which Mr. Harry Dickins has published under the name of "My Lady Fair, Arise" is of that pretty character which is sure to be popular. A youth, effeminate in appearance and deportment, with a sweet expression and with flowing hair, stands in Elizabethan costume fingering a harp. The feature of this plate is the mezzotint-work of Mr. NOEL KENEALY, a pupil of the Herkomer School. It is done with great feeling and delicacy, and adds considerable interest to the *bon-bon* subject.

#### NOTABILIA.

Mr. CHARLES SAINTON'S silver-points of "The Ballet" have been published in admirable facsimile.

The great Russian sculptor AN TOKOLSKY has had to leave his native land, as he comes under the ban of being a Jew.

The Director of the Glasgow Corporation Gallery is issuing excellent little photogravures of the chief pictures in the collection, at the price of five shillings each.

The death-sale of the late Mr. JOHN PETTIE'S pictures—those which were left in his studio—realised the small sum of £2,765, "The Traitor" being knocked down for 440 guineas.

M. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT has been elected to the Institut de France; but in the struggle for the *Médaille d'Honneur* of the Salon he has been beaten, though not badly, by M. ROYBET.

General Sir JOHN DONNELLY has officially denied the report of an alleged grave blunder at South Kensington in respect to the purchase of objects for the Museum. We understand, however, that those who bring the charge will seek to bring it home shortly.

The honour of Knighthood has been conferred on JOHN TENNIEL, the great *Punch* cartoonist—a compliment fairly earned and universally applauded. A Knighthood has equally been bestowed upon FRANCIS POWELL, R.W.S., P.R.S.W.S.

It is stated that Sir FREDERICK BURTON'S supplemental term of office as Director of the National Gallery will expire early next year, and speculation is already busy as to his successor. Three or four likely names are mentioned.

We are informed by Mr. SIDNEY R. SMITH, the architect of Mr. Tate's "National Gallery of British Art," that several of the objections taken to minor details of his design in the articles by Mr. Spielmann, published in this Magazine, are under reconsideration, and will probably be accepted.

Professor MIDDLETON, Slade Professor of Fine Art and Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, has been appointed Director of the Art Museum at South Kensington, under the new arrangement now adopted on the retirement of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, whereby art is no longer bound up in one person in unholy alliance with science.

The deplorable condition of many of the masterpieces in the Louvre—even in the Salon Carré—was recently called attention to by the art-critic, M. LOUIS CARDON, with the result that the matter has had the immediate attention of the authorities. Mr. Orroek's alarm-note in respect to the English pictures at the National Gallery has not been so respectfully treated.

Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., has considered it necessary, in face of constant misrepresentation, to state that he is not a native American, but was born in East Anglia, "near to the home of Crome and Cotman, and was taken soon after, as a baby, to the wilds of America. My father 'took out his papers' there, which naturalised his younger sons at same time."

The promised completion of South Kensington Museum has been again indefinitely postponed. The Government simply has not the necessary £400,000; and, moreover, the commencement of the buildings has probably served its turn, having been paraded by the Home Secretary before the Unemployed as one of the schemes which were to do so much to relieve distress and distribute widespread employment.

Her Majesty's Stationers in Dublin are bestirring themselves and working up their department into a state of great efficiency and business-like promptness. Mr. WALTER ARMSTRONG'S Report of the National Gallery of Ireland in 1891 is out already! And a few days later there has come the report of Mr. Armstrong's predecessor, the late Mr. Henry Doyle, for the same institution for the year 1890! As these reports cover as much as a page of print, this rate of speed is surely a thing to be proud of; but such feverish Governmental haste in artistic matters appears to us almost unseemly.



## ART IN JULY.

### MR. BURNE-JONES AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Returning once more to the matter of Mr. BURNE-JONES's retirement from the Royal Academy, it has been pointed out to us that in other cases besides that of Mr. Burne-Jones artists have been elected Associates without their consent being first obtained. Such, for example, was the case with Mr. Frank Dicksee: so that in the matter of election there was, as Mr. Gregory claimed, nothing unprecedented. It has further been represented to us that Mr. Burne-Jones's non-promotion was the result of a very natural resentment on the part of his fellow-members, who saw with regret that not only did he not assist in the schools—of which abstention he had, indeed, given due notice in acknowledging the compliment of his election—but after the first year he had never once assisted towards the attractiveness of the annual exhibitions; and it can never be forgotten by its members that it is on the public's shillings alone that the Academy subsists, on them that the schools, the pension-list, and the summer and winter exhibitions, are maintained. It was considered that Mr. Burne-Jones displayed marked contempt for the Academy, for after the non-success as showman of Sir Coutts Lindsay, to whom Mr. Jones was so much and admittedly indebted, he turned, not to the Academy—his accepted Alma Mater—but to an entirely new concern; and it was deeply felt that he did not even keep his name in the catalogue by the exhibition of drawings, from which the searching light of the Academy, to which he so much objected, could not detract. So while Mr. Burne-Jones was waiting for the bestowal of the full Academician'ship, the Academicians were waiting for some sign that it would be accepted and acted upon. This is all very natural, but it is surely not quite a lofty view to take. As one of our informants reminds us, even Academicians are but human; but is this earnest excuse of fallibility altogether what we should expect from our Immortals?

### RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

The Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours have this year, for the first time, opened their annual exhibition in the National Galleries, Edinburgh—an exhibition which is probably the richest that has yet been held by that body. It is distinguished by the broad and masculine style of workmanship of nearly all its prominent exhibits; by an absence of the timid and unintelligent stippling with the point which, until quite recently, has been the bane of English water-colour work in our own time, and which, indeed, is still only too visible on the walls of certain London displays of paintings in the medium. As aiding in turning the art in Scotland towards broader and more masculine methods, no name deserves better, no example has been productive of greater good, than the name, the example, of Mr. W. McTAGGART. Having thoroughly grounded himself by practice of the most searchingly detailed sort, Mr. McTaggart early perceived that not the petty details of nature, but her large effects, her broad relations of lighting and atmosphere, should be the aim of the highest landscape art; and—an impressionist in the best sense long before the word was so much as named—he has gone on ever since, striving for light, for breeze, for the motion and the brilliancy of nature, and has attained these qualities as few

living men have done. He is excellently represented in the present exhibition by five works, most of them thoroughly important, thoroughly typical of the aims and directions of his art. Among landscapists less absolutely individual in method, Mr. JAMES PATERSON, so well known in the South, and Mr. E. S. CALVERT hold a very high place. Obviously inspired, in the first instance, by the recent art of France, these two painters have attained excellent and quite personal results, the former in his broadly touched "Underwoods" and "The Fell;" the latter in the harmony and the gentle quietude of his pensive pastorals, entitled "A Landscape" and "A Woodland Glade"—works in which the component parts count for so little, in which effect and feeling make the chosen scene. Mr. R. B. NISBET is at his best in studies of Yorkshire moorland beneath wind-swept, swiftly-moving cloud masses; and a number of brilliantly tinted Eastern and Southern scenes come from Mr. J. A. ALLAN, Mr. G. D. ARMOUR, and Mr. JOSEPH CRAWHILL; while Mr. W. Y. MCGREGOR, who, until recently, has been working in the subdued key of the strictest sect of the French tone-painters, admits much force and variety of decorative colour in such works as his "Cambo." The most striking figure-picture is Miss C. WALTON'S "Queen of the Meadow;" and some admirable flower-pieces are contributed by Mr. T. MILLIE DOW.

One-man power seems to be growing an unfashionable force as applied to the minor picture exhibitions of Bond Street. No sooner were the walls of the Fine Art Society's rooms cleared of the joint collection of Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK than they were covered by the landscapes of Mr. F. C. COTMAN and the little figure and animal studies of Mr. PERCY MACQUOID, who are also fellow-members of the Royal Institute. Both combinations were happily bethought. Mr. Cotman, as becomes his lineage, sees nature under the strong influence of the English masters of the earlier part of the century, and gives us some very poetic studies of the Norfolk Broads in the purple hush of the evening and of the Yorkshire valleys veiled with the many-coloured mists of sunrise. Mr. Macquoid's preciser touch finds subjects in dainty and minute full-length portraits, such as his "Harold Peto, Esq." (in fancy dress), in crisp architectural studies, and in the realisation on microscopic scale of the gemlike splendour of the breasts of a group of peacocks sunning themselves outside an old park gateway.

During June and July Messrs. Dowdeswells, of New Bond Street, allowed themselves and their clients a respite from the various phases of modish art, and hung their walls with a very delightful collection of smaller works of the early masters of the British school, beginning with WILLIAM DOBSON, who died in 1646, including Sir PETER LELY, Sir GODFREY KNELLER, HOGARTH, THOMAS HUDSON (Reynolds's master), Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, ROMNEY, CROME, MORLAND, Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, CONSTABLE, COTMAN, DE WINT, ETY, LINNELL, STARK, VINCENT, HOLLAND, MÜLLER, and others, and concluding with JOHN PHILLIP, born in 1817. Such an exhibition could not fail to be deeply instructive, and offered a rare opportunity of tracing the development of the British school. But in many instances it did more than this, some of the exhibited pictures being of great



beauty. The luminous and sunny interiors, with figures of T. S. GOOD, Dutch in finish and charm, but wholly English in sentiment and subject; and a very fine group of figure studies by Morland, including "The Surprise," a young lady of a class less often painted by Morland, seated in a room, on a red sofa, were especially interesting. A large HOPPNER, "The Duchess of York and her Four Maids of Honour," occupied the centre of a wall. Hoppner enjoyed many palace commissions; and it is probable that he did many things quite as fine as this large canvas.

In a series of drawings exhibited at the Fine Art Society's galleries, M. N. A. ROUSSOFF showed that he has deserted Venice, with its palaces, canals, and lagoons, for Cairo, the Desert, and the Nile. His delight in architectural "bits" and his power to portray them have not failed him, and when the subjects are the narrow, shady streets of Cairo, with moving picturesque groups of figures and patches of bright colour, the gateways at which sit gossiping the street-vendors, or the cool court-yards of the Cairo coffee-house, or of the oil merchants, the results are excellent. But on leaving the city and getting into the open, the views on the Nile, whether at noon, on a grey day, at sunset or after sunset, are characterless and without distinction or freshness of observation. Two portraits of Signora Eleonara Duse show versatility on the part of the painter, and though thin and tricky in manner, one of them shows perception of character and power of modelling.

The Home Arts and Industries Association, founded in 1884, which recently held an exhibition in the top gallery of the Albert Hall, does a great deal of quiet and useful work, and deserves to be far more widely known and appreciated. Its object is to establish schools for the teaching of the minor arts, wood-carving, *repoussé*, iron-working, pottery, decorative needlework, and much else—the old English crafts, in brief, which threaten to disappear, in every estate, parish, village, town, and city in the United Kingdom. It has at the present moment hundreds of working branches by which it endeavours to develop the artistic taste of those who toil by day, and to teach them, firstly, how with little money to make their homes beautiful; secondly, that artistic skill and knowledge applied to inexpensive material will often produce an article of greater beauty and worth than many of the objects of costly elaboration which they covet. The society calls for money from the wealthy to furnish accommodation, material, and trained tuition; but, above all, for voluntary assistance from those possessing artistic knowledge, in imparting it to others. We were particularly pleased with the carved walnut furniture turned out by Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild's school, over which the estate carpenter, Mr. Heady, who was trained for the purpose, presides. But what is true of the fortunate estate of Ascott is true of hundreds of other schools connected with churches, guilds, parochial or estate institutions.

#### REVIEWS.

"*The Life and Letters of Washington Allston*," by J. B. FLAGG, illustrated by autotypes from pictures, is published by Messrs. Bentley and Sons in England, but it is manifest by signs patent to typographical, orthographical, and literary students, that it was not only written for the United States market, but actually "set up" there. As to the subject, no modern author on this side of the Atlantic and informed of the history of art at large, would have dreamed of a book in more than four hundred and twenty

closely printed royal octavo pages upon an artist whose merits were not much greater than those of Allston—who was a pleasing *genre* painter, an ambitious, historical, and tragedy painter, a respectable painter of portraits, an excellent companion of many English worthies, and a thoroughly amiable and accomplished man. He was born at Charlestown, in South Carolina, on the 5th of November, 1779, and of mixed English and French blood. The son of a planter, he showed some taste for art while quite a child, and painted a few pictures in his native state. He came to London when little more than twenty-one years of age, was introduced to Benjamin West, whom he naturally took to be the greatest artist of the day, entered the Royal Academy as a student under Fuseli, and, writing to a friend at home, observed, not without truth, that the majority of the portrait painters then in London "are the damndest stupid wretches that ever disgraced a profession." From London he went to Paris and Italy, where he studied the old masters with so much profit that he not only embodied some of their principles of art in his own pictures, but concluded, "Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese absolutely enchanted me, for they took away all sense of subject." Such was his compact and astute criticism, describing in a few words a great fact in design. After residing some time in Italy Allston returned to London and became a favourite in many of the best circles, achieved a considerable reputation, was elected an A.R.A., and would have reached the higher grade in that distinguished body if he had not left this country and settled at Cambridgeport, near Washington, U.S., where he died, apparently of heart disease, July 9, 1843. Mr. Flagg's enthusiasm, and the length, not to speak of the weight, of his book are accounted for by a genuine, but quite uncritical, admiration for Allston as an artist, by reverence for an eminent and honourable member of a family to which the writer is closely related, and by the existence of a good deal of interesting material in the shape of letters and anecdotes of and from Allston's friends. Many of them were men of note, and included B. West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, W. Collins, Washington Irving, Sir G. Beaumont, and others of that calibre, and, above all, S. T. Coleridge, C. R. Leslie, and Charles Lamb, with whom Allston was in close intimacy. Of Coleridge and Leslie the volume contains so much good and fresh matter that it is trebly welcome. A number of Leslie's letters contain such an abundance of noteworthy details that, for their sake alone, we are glad, big as it is, to have the work, as well as for the sake of Allston himself, whose personality is very interesting, and to whom the world is indebted for the best portrait of Coleridge. Of course, to patriotism rather than a mere error in criticism are we to attribute Mr. Flagg's repeatedly-stated convictions that Allston was an artist of the United States, which is not more true than that Washington Irving—his counterpart in letters—was an author of that country, in which he happened to be born. Even in England, where he obtained his *cachet*, Allston was not nearly so important a person as Mr. Flagg, naturally enough, imagines. That he threw into the sea a very considerable body of Coleridge's notes on Rome, the product of seven months' writing while with the artist in the Eternal City, as this text, p. 423 without further explanation says he did, goes far, if it is true, to cancel the world's obligations for this portrait of the author of so much that remains and is precious.

Under the quaint title of "*The Book of Delightful and Strange Designs*, being One Hundred Facsimile Illustrations of the Art of the Japanese Stencil-Cutter" (London: The



Leadenhall Press), Mr. TUER has issued a book of facsimile reproductions of some very curious and delightful specimens of art-workmanship from the deft fingers of the handicraftsmen of the far East. There have from time to time been brought to Europe, of late years, series of mysterious-looking brown paper sheets, cut and perforated in a marvellous tracery of delicate and refined patterns and designs; flowers, grasses, wild geese flying across the sun, butterflies flitting among bamboos, fish struggling through the waves, crayfish in lively attitudes of combat and active movement. No one could well make out what were the uses or what the methods of production of these singularly elaborate plates. It was found, however, that they were cut by Japanese art-workmen for the purpose of being employed in the hand-printing of coloured crêpes and cottons, such as the Japanese use for robes and sashes, and for the kerchiefs the ladies wear folded within the bosom of their dresses. Mrs. Ernest Hart, who possesses the most extensive and choice collection of these plates in this country, had recently an opportunity in Japan of studying the mode in which they are used by a system of hand-colouring and "reserve" hand-printing to produce the harmonious and carefully-graduated colouring and shading which make the Japanese crêpes and hand-printed cotton-stuffs objects of refined, though economical, art. In the *Manchester Guardian*, and in a paper recently read before the Japan Society (which is in course of publication, with illustrations, in the first volume of the Society's "Transactions"), she has described the process, and illustrated the results. Meantime, Mr. Tuer, who possesses a delightful series of similar stencils in smaller size, has been studying the mode of production of these stencil-papers, which turns out to be inimitable, by reason of its simplicity. Each stencil-plate, so called, consists of two sheets of paper, on which the most varied and astonishingly delicate tracery has been cut out by the use of a sharp knife, without any kind of mechanism, and with the aid only of the deft hand guided by the accurate eye. The process, then, is simplicity itself, and becomes thereby all the more remarkable. Mr. Tuer's commentary is correspondingly brief; and the book mainly consists of one hundred and five reproductions of the designs, which will prove fruitful in suggestion for patterns for fabrics and wall-papers, and for wall decorations. For non-technical readers they are pleasing from their grace of line, their perfect decorative sense, and the skill with which the most varied effects are produced by new combinations of simple methods. It is a very artistic book, and one which readers will take a delight in studying."

"*Practical Designing*" is edited by Mr. GLEESON WHITE (George Bell and Sons). It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Gleeson White to produce "A Handbook on the Preparation of Working Drawings;" for, whether it be possible or not to convey in the form of a short paper the technical information which is best obtained in the workshop, there can be no doubt that the very title of such a work as this is calculated to attract the many who have vague yearnings towards design, and no possible access to any factory. Mr. White has not succeeded in accomplishing the impossible; but he has enlisted under him a band of experts, who have all of them something to tell—and some of them tell it very well. Perhaps the best essays are those in which the authors, so far from confining themselves to the subject of "working drawings," discourse mainly upon the industry with which they are connected, and end *pro forma* with a few words upon the preparation of designs, prefacing them, it may be, by the statement that on that subject "there is little to be said."

Mr. MARCUS HUISH's clear, well-written, and pleasantly gossiping little handbook, "*Japan and its Art*" (The Fine Art Society, London), has reached a second edition, and appears in an extended and decidedly improved form. A great many defects and errors have been remedied, the lists of artists are much more complete, and a very useful chapter on Japanese modern art is added. We see very little in this country at present of the really good handicraft of the best Japanese workers. Most of it goes to America and France, which countries are free from the British notion that modern Japanese work is flimsy and ought always to be very cheap. The Chicago Exhibition will, we believe, undeceive Europe as to the alleged decadence of modern Japanese skill in art-work. Excellent work is still being produced for the benefit of those who are willing to pay fair prices for it. A defect in this otherwise improved new edition is an inferior chapter on Japanese ceramics, which, however, Mr. Huish states, is not from his own hand, and he is, therefore, only indirectly responsible for it. Whoever wrote it is sadly ill-informed on the subject and is unhappily deficient of the capacity of writing good English. This is the more to be regretted as among Japanese ceramics are to be found the very masterpieces of the decorative skill and genius of the people. Having before him the excellent works of Bing, of Franks, and of some other English authorities, it would have been easy for an ordinary literary compiler to have done something much better than this. Otherwise, the book is an excellent handbook. It is profusely illustrated, and though some of the illustrations are imperfectly executed from rather coarsely-cut blocks, on the whole the text and pictures are alike commendable, and the book is capable of playing a very useful part in spreading the knowledge of the subject on which it is written.

The issue for the month of May of the Border Edition of the Waverley Novels (John C. Nimmo) consisted of three volumes, "*The Bride of Lammermoor*," "*The Black Dwarf*," and "*The Legend of Montrose*." The frontispiece to the first volume is an admirable etching by Mr. MACBETH RAEBURN, from the well-known picture by Sir JOHN MILLAIS of "Lucy and Her Master." The "Bride of Lammermoor," popular as the story has always been, does not seem to any great extent to have attracted painters, for we find that the publishers are obliged to fall back more than usual upon original drawings for their illustrations. Mr. Macbeth Raeburn has supplied several of these, and has etched his own designs with very marked success. Five pictures by Scotch painters form the originals of the etchings to the "Legend of Montrose." There is no falling off in the admirable way in which this edition is being produced.

In "*Art for Art's Sake*," by JOHN C. VAN DYKE (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Limited, London), the author tries to give a fair and judicial account of the aims and methods of painters in this century. As befits a writer who would explain and compare the works of others, Mr. Van Dyke endeavours to keep himself in the background as much as is consistent with vigour of treatment. In his introductory chapter he says: "The most of what has been written about the technic of painting is record of personal preference or the upholding of certain schools or methods: little has been said about it outside the studios, and that little is often at variance with the practice of painters." His intention is to stand between the painter and those who know nothing of his art, its limits, or its capabilities. He is particularly fitted for this office, since with a very full knowledge of painting he retains a private sympathy with



literary ideas. He accepts the truth, and preaches it, that painting deals legitimately only with ideas proper to itself, and almost uncommunicable by other arts. Yet he is sufficiently with the public to feel that, in expressing its own ideas in its own language, painting can never reach the top of sublimity, and stand level with the spoken word. Thus as no one could call him a fanatic, his views and his championship of what he calls "Art for Art's Sake" are likely to be serviceable to painting, and comprehensible to the intelligent outsider. After this preliminary contention, that painting should be judged by its own laws and feelings, and not by those of another art, he goes on to treat the matter with which the painter deals, and, in successive chapters, devotes himself to the relation to nature of the colour, chiaroscuro, perspective, values, drawing, and composition of a picture. A final chapter deals with texture and brush-work. The style of the book is necessarily popular, and perhaps more care has been given to make things easily understood than to express them with profound truth; to find suitable illustration than to cultivate brilliance or beauty of writing. It would be unfair not to recognise the difficulties of explaining matter which is necessarily involved with dry technical detail, and much of which has never been expressed except in studio slang or the casual allusive treatment of art-criticism.

MR. HENRY WALLIS may be congratulated on the manner in which he has collected and arranged the matter which forms the first two parts of "*Typical Examples of Persian and Oriental Ceramic Art*" (London: Laurence and Bullen). Those who know the fine collection of Persian art at South Kensington will have noticed the admirable paintings executed by Mr. Wallis of Persian glass, which he has presented to that museum, and, knowing these, will not be surprised at the artistic beauty and rich colour of the illustrations Mr. Wallis has executed for this work; and, further, it may be a matter for our gratitude that he has given us his thoughtful, learned, and withal modest views respecting the history, origin, and antiquity of the pieces he selects. The whole history of Persian art has still to be written, and this contribution will come in among the authorities to be consulted, by whomsoever this work may be undertaken. Persian art seems to be the product of the meeting of the arts of the East and the West; the two influences that are here mingled are the Chinese and the Greek, through Byzantium. The panel (Fig. 1) in this work, if consulted in the original at South Kensington Museum, will give ample evidence of the distinct Chinese influence. This Chinese style crops up frequently in later times, when the Byzantium spirit had modified the original bent of the native school. The present unpromising condition of the arts in Persia may be traced to the fatal impulse which, in the fifteenth century and later, caused the young genius of Persia to study in Rome. This changed the whole line of thought and expression of Persian art from that time, and led to the importation even of the Madonna and Child, with St. Joseph in attendance, into the native practice, and altered the whole sentiment of the figure-panels and other decoration that were thenceforward produced. There is no evidence of this decadence in the objects Mr. Wallis has reproduced; they are perfect examples of lusted porcelain—a ware that was the forerunner of the Moorish lustre in Spain by many years. To the potter, collector, art-historian, and artist this work will be equally useful, interesting, and necessary.

"*A Record of Work*," by ALDAM HEATON (published by the author), would as a trade catalogue be a rather

distinguished performance; as a book it is—well, only a trade catalogue, although it contains a design or two by MR. R. NORMAN SHAW, R.A. The designs for stained glass are very unequal in merit, and appear to be by various hands. In the furniture there is little but what is already very familiar. When we read in the preface that "one has often to suppress a smile when one sees it taken for granted that the purchase of a 'Morris,' 'Walter Crane,' or 'Heaton' wall-paper is to make a room unquestionably beautiful," the smile we suppress is raised by the author's modesty.

We have also received the first volume of "*Ben Jonson*," of the admirable unexpurgated edition of Mr. Brinsley Nicholson (T. Fisher Unwin); "*The Merry Month*," by HENRY BALLYSE BALDON (T. Fisher Unwin); "*The Year-Book of Photography, 1893*" (Alexander and Shephard); "*The Practical Polish and Varnish Maker*," by H. C. STANDAGE (E. and F. N. Spon); "*Lantern Slide Manual*," by JOHN A. HODGES (Hazell, Watson and Viney, Limited); from the same publishers, "*The Amateur Photographers' Manual*;" and "*Elementary Photography*," by JOHN A. HODGES.

#### NOTABILIA.

The Spitzer Collection has realised a sum of £364,000.

"The Cast Shoe," by GEORGE MASON, has been bought for the National Gallery.

MR. BURNE-JONES has been elected a Sociétaire of the Société National des Beaux-Arts, and Mr. William Stott a Pensionnaire.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT'S superb memorial to Lord Shaftesbury has been uncovered in Piccadilly Circus. This magnificent product of a richly artistic imagination will shortly be illustrated in these pages.

MME. HENRIETTE RONNER, following the example of Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. John Brett, has thrown open her Brussels gallery, at 57, Chaussée de Vleurgat, to the general public on the presentation of the visitor's card.

A Photographic Salon is to be held in the autumn at the Dudley Gallery. The committee includes the names of nearly every photographer of the front rank, and an effort will be made to show the extreme artistic possibilities of the sun-picture.

The English Art Jury at the Chicago Exhibition is as follows: Painting, Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS and Mr. VAL PRINSEP; Sculpture, Mr. T. BROCK; Water-Colour, Mr. A. W. HUNT; Black-and-White, Mr. FRANK SHORT; and Architecture, Mr. MACVICAR ANDERSON.

No sooner has the Government granted the concession for which we have so constantly pleaded—the removal of the dangerous barracks behind the National Gallery—than they have decided upon erecting another in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Tate's gallery at Millbank. Why?

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S powerful indictment of the "new art criticism" appears to have made a deep impression. The diatribe was levelled at "the advancing fetish of technique," and aimed at reinstating thought, story, and "human interest" in the popular favour, whence latter-day critics have sought to drive them.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA and MR. ALFRED GILBERT have been "doctored" by the University of Durham. We last year deplored the fact that the University had steadily ignored the arts of painting and sculpture; it is satisfactory to find that she has at length discovered the fine arts.



## ROYAL ACADEMY REFORM.

It is about three years since the Academy reformed the regulations governing the admission of pupils to its schools, and now, after many years of appeal from without, of recommendation by Royal Commissions, and of scathing criticism in the press, it is about to reform the rules which regulate its summer exhibition. Instead of permitting eight works to be sent in by outsiders for selection, the Academy will henceforth—after the passing of the resolution by the General Assembly—reduce that number to four; while for members of the Academy the number will be reduced to six. As regards the latter proposal, it will be recognised at once as being put forward for appearance sake, for only one or two members avail themselves at present of the full right, and the actual restriction of privilege is to them a very trifling matter. But the effect will be to “choke off” the incompetent painter and impossible amateur, whose poor and often childish efforts have hitherto swamped the good work of able men, and rendered the task of the Selecting Committee a work of the utmost difficulty, and, very literally, of physical exhaustion. In point of fact, it is the person whose chance is smallest of getting his work hung who has always taken fullest advantage of the existing rule, and has reduced it to an absurdity under which both Academician and outsider have suffered. The reduction in the number of pictures sent in will raise the average of the work and make the duty of selection lighter and juster in its results.

## SALE OF THE HOLFORD COLLECTION.

Mr. Holford's collection of etchings by REMBRANDT formed the most interesting part of what we must be allowed to call the historic and eventful sale which took place at Christie's about the middle days of July. His Dürers were good—one of the best “St. Huberts” in existence realised £150, and a good impression of the “Knight of Death,” £145; but these things, admirable as they are as works of art, do not make much show beside the rarest of the Rembrandts. Indeed, the Rembrandt collection was both the finest and the most valuable that has been sold in our time. In prices, at least, and in some respects in quality, it surpassed the famous assemblage of the Duke of Buccleuch's, not to speak of the less exhaustive but still most interesting collections of Sir Abraham Hume, the Rev. John Griffiths, Mr. Seymour Haden, and Mr. Richard Fisher. The Duke of Buccleuch's Rembrandt etchings fetched altogether about ten thousand pounds; the Holford Rembrandt collection fetched something like sixteen thousand. Its great and most admirable characteristic was the singular excellence of the impressions of the master's landscapes; and, though these went for high prices, they must be accounted amongst things which are not “dear,” though they may be expensive. In original engraving nothing in the world, save the best work of Dürer, Méryon, and Whistler, comes at all near them. It is, therefore, not remarkable, but simply natural, that a most brilliant impression of the “View of Omval” should have realised £320, that the first state of the “Three Cottages” should have fetched £375, the first state of the “Village with a Square Tower,” £210, and the first state of the noble “Landscape with a Ruined Tower,” £145. The absolutely

sensational prices of the sale were fetched by two or three sacred pieces and portraits, of which it happens that hardly another impression in the same “state” as that in which they then appeared can again by any possibility be sold, such other impressions as are known in the same state being locked up permanently in national collections. Thus the “Rembrandt Leaning on a Sabre” realised £2,000, having been purchased by Mr. Deprez for Baron Edmond de Rothschild, while the first state of the “hundred-guilder print” (the “Christ Healing the Sick”) realised £1,750, or about four hundred pounds more than had been paid for the Duke of Buccleuch's impression—now, we believe, in the Berlin Print Room. The “Rembrandt in a Turned-up Hat” fetched £420; a most brilliant impression of a very rare state of “Rembrandt Drawing,” £280; a good third state of the “Old Haaring,” £190; a first state of “John Lutma, the Goldsmith,” £180; and the “Ephraim Bonus” (with the black ring), of which only three impressions exist in the world, £1,950. The “Sylvius” fetched £450, the noble portrait of “Coppenol,” the writing master, £1,350, and the favourite “Burgomaster Six” (he was not a burgo-master until a score of years after the execution of this etching), £380. These admirable prints—and we believe all the rest that accompanied them, and which, like them, are now scattered to the four winds—had been in the possession of their late owner for about forty-five years. Mr. R. S. Holford was scarcely a “collector,” properly speaking. He had not painfully and industriously searched and patiently waited. He had bought his treasures (these ones we mean) *en bloc* from the late Mr. Woodburn, one of the most eminent dealers of the last, or we might almost say of the preceding, generation. Mr. Woodburn had himself acquired very many of them from the collection of Lord Aylesford. He was an exceedingly good judge, and dealt at a period when, in the matter of Rembrandt etchings, a ten-pound note would go as far as a hundred pounds to-day.

## WALKER'S “HARBOUR OF REFUGE.”

Mr. WILLIAM AGNEW's munificent gift of “The Harbour of Refuge” to the National Gallery—presented in memory of his late wife—puts the nation in possession of a masterpiece of FRED WALKER's genius, which is not to be recognised to the full in the picture of “The Vagrants” that has hitherto represented him in Trafalgar Square. We will shortly present an engraving of the picture to our readers, and give some account of it. Meanwhile, we may remind them that the picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1872, when Mason contributed his “Harvest Moon,” and Sir John Millais his “Hearts are Trumps.” The almshouses in the picture, it may be said, were painted from those at Bray, and altered afterwards. The whole of the cottages were actually painted at that spot, the picture being with difficulty carried in and out of one of the little rooms. The statue was an afterthought; a statue was decided upon from the first, and search was then made for one, but it is not a fact, as some have stated, that it was suggested by the statue in Soho Square.

## A LEGAL POINT.

It is to be regretted that no judicial decision was obtained in the case recently brought by the Duc de la



Tremolle against Messrs. Christie and others on the interesting point raised as to whether an auctioneer can be restrained from selling a stolen picture. In this case two pictures, by ANTONELLI and PRATER respectively, the property of the Duke, were obtained from him by Mr. Thibaudeau, a dealer. The first he sold for £1,000, pledged the second to a solicitor, appropriated the proceeds, and absconded to America. On Christie's being instructed to sell the pledged picture, an action to restrain them was brought by the Duke; but it was held that they had been unnecessarily joined as defendants, and were dismissed from the action. The solicitor, however, bore the brunt of the Duke's attack, and, proving that his advance on the pledged picture was made in good faith, was held entitled to be repaid his money before restoring the pilfered property. Although, therefore, this case does not determine the important legal point referred to, it nevertheless affords a precedent of a solicitor successfully protecting his own interests.

#### "NATIONAL COMPETITION" DRAWINGS.

The severest critic of the Department of Science and Art could not honestly deny that there is among the works premiated at the National Competition for 1893, and now on view in the temporary building in the quadrangle of the Museum, a large amount of very clever work. Whatever we may think of the recent progress and the present prosperity of art, there is no doubt that the level of artistic accomplishment is higher than it was; and this, whether due or not at all to Departmental teaching, is very apparent at South Kensington. On the whole the honours are pretty equally divided among the schools. Of the eleven gold medals given, only two go to the same school; and in that case they go to the same student, William J. Smith of Leicester. Certain schools, nevertheless, are distinguished by the awards made to their students; they are Birmingham, Nottingham, Leicester, Glasgow, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Leeds. The apparent success of a school may not always be entirely due to the teaching there—one master may be more fortunate than another in his pupils—but it is clear from the work sent up by the towns mentioned that the teaching there is more than ordinarily adequate. Speaking of the works as a whole, an adverse critic could not say much worse than that the proficiency shown is largely in the direction of drawing and painting from the life, or still-life, or what may be called the pictorial direction; and the best that a friendly critic could say is, that in that direction the work is generally excellent. The question arises whether that is the direction in which the Department should exert itself. It seems that out of the already-mentioned eleven gold medals no fewer than five are for drawings from the nude or from the antique, one for book-illustration, three for architectural drawing and design, one for stencilling, and one for a design for mosaic pavement; only three, that is to say, are for design of the kind which is not taught at the Royal Academy and Slade schools. One has only to look at the works exhibited to see plainly that a great part of the students are more fit to paint than to design, that they mean to be painters, and that they will be. It may be argued that design is not to be taught—all that can be taught is technique. That is an argument which might be pushed to the point where it became a plea for the abolishment of national training-schools altogether. But even though it were only technique that could be taught, there is the technique of *practical design*, which is, at least, as worthy of encouragement as the technique of painting or modelling, and which is

really what the public has always understood (rightly or wrongly) that the schools of design were intended to do. Something of this they do, indeed, much more than they did; but they appear to be less successful in it than in the teaching of art in the more ordinary sense. Even among the designs for manufacture selected for award by the examiners some are far from being adapted to their purpose. It ought, at least, to be possible to teach students to make workmanlike and available drawings—to fit the students, in fact, to take a position in a factory. South Kensington should be by rights the recruiting-ground of the manufacturer in search of designers. We recommend his attention to the following promising students:—Mary Caldwell (Ref. No. 2), Robert Spence (8), Francis A. Heron (10), Blanche C. Davies (13), Margaret Winsor (25), Evelyn D. Foster (39), John E. Birks (47), William Amor Fenn (49), Caroline Thornhill (92), Margaret Giles (590), William Giles (591), William Hindley (592), William Dalton (627), and George Morrow (640).

#### EXHIBITIONS.

Some very interesting designs and pictures by Mr. THOMAS WHITBURN have been on view at the studio of Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street. Mr. Whitburn possesses imagination and invention, and these qualities display themselves in his work in a wealth of intricate *grotesque* grotesqueness. His choice of subject is always eerie and strange, drawn from pixie-land, the kingdoms of the hobgoblin, or the days of prehistoric man, which give his fantasy unbounded scope to reveal its quaint fertility. He is the inventor of a process of printing on wood, known as xylography, which produces at very little cost an effect very similar to that of inlaid woodwork, and which can be employed very happily on the "fitments" of a home, and especially on the framing of pictures, his uncanny conceits lending themselves effectively to decorative purposes. Indeed, we were so much impressed with the examples of this side of his art that we were surprised to find his process of such long standing, and yet so comparatively little known. Probably Mr. Whitburn's aesthetic predilections have stood in the way of the development of those commercial faculties failing which inventors usually leave the harvest of their labours to be reaped by others.

Japan passes into the position of one of those subjects which in Governmental and other examinations are classed as optional. It is not an essential part of a landscape-painter's education; but many artists "take it," and score useful marks, the last to do so being Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, whose hundred sketches and drawings of the land of the Mikado have been on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street, more for the sake of fame than fortune, seeing that, coming home from the East, the painter had stayed a while in New York, and had there found a ready market for the contents of his portfolio, but had sold with the general proviso that the purchase should not become absolute until the pictures had been shown in London. The strong individuality of Mr. Parsons is always more in evidence in his work than Japan. He arranges his landscape just as he arranged the gardens of Frome Sellwood or the open commons of Surrey. Instead of the clumps of old-world flowers, or the bushes of gorse a-bloom, beautiful in themselves, and painted against a distance also beautiful, we get foregrounds of rare lilies, wisteria, lotus, peach-blossom, and cherry-bloom—masses of bright colour which sometimes refuse to melt artistically into their environment. It is professedly as a



floral painter, or rather as a landscape garden artist, that Mr. Parsons sees Nature, and does not change his art with his sky. Those who have admired the artist at home will admire him abroad, since travel only emphasises his personal note. In an adjoining room we were shown how Mr. HUGH THOMSON has applied his rotund and clean outline to the illustration of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Ballad of Beau Brocade," with results gently humorous and wholly skilful and genial.

#### REVIEWS.

"*The Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons*," by the Baron J. DE BAYE, translated by T. B. HARBOTTLE (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is a handsome quarto volume, with broad margins, clearly and compactly printed, and copiously illustrated with engravings of those numerous objects, such as weapons, implements, ornaments, articles for personal and domestic use, and the like, to which the well-arranged sections of the text refer. M. de Baye is a systematic writer, who not only disposes his materials in good order, but treats them in a lucid and distinct manner, giving, first, in appropriate sections, the histories, so far as those cloudy and complex ethnographic themes are known, and without attempting to disperse the almost chaotic gloom which has gathered over the Britain of the fifth century A.D., when the narrative begins. These sections treat of the diverse, and from each other remote, invasions of our island by the Jutes, the first comers, who, quitting Jutland in 449, captured part of Kent, and had been known to the Romans, whose heirs they were, as Getae; secondly, the Saxons, or sword-bearers, a not uncivilised people, who, in 477, took what remained of Kent and spread themselves beyond its borders; thirdly, the Frisians, who came from between the Rhine and the Ems, and, though in relatively small numbers, occupied that province which, with enlarged boundaries, used to be called Mercia; fourthly, the Angles; and, fifthly, the most numerous and successful Anglo-Saxons proper, whose relics of goldsmithery and other crafts are superior and greater in number than other tribes have left us. The author emphasises the now widely recognised influence of Scandinavian art on the types and modes of the Anglo-Saxons, and through them (if not otherwise, but undoubtedly mostly by their means) upon the other tribes who took possession of this island and drove the Romanised natives into its nooks and corners as well as into the poor lands among dangerous mountains, where, during centuries of partial isolation, they did not improve in physical or mental qualities. Dealing with the sword—that all-important civiliser—the author is careful to notice the rarity of the weapon in Anglo-Saxon and German cemeteries, as in one hundred and eighty-eight graves at Little Wilbraham only four swords were found. This is not to be explained by the perishableness of iron when buried, nor does it seem likely; at least to the extent here urged, that sword-bearing was, in earlier Saxondom, at least, a very high privilege. More probable does it appear that, as with mediæval armour and weapons, swords passed from Saxon father to Saxon son, and were rarely interred with the seniors. Various examples of sword-inheritance will occur to the reader of ancient poetry. The spear was a favourite weapon in Saxondom, but, unlike the "white arm"—which was mostly enriched with patterns that are manifestly Scandinavian, and thus supply precious evidence of the nature of the arts in Britain—the occasional elegance of the spear-head is all that attests anything like art-feeling in the makers' minds. Kemble noticed a marked feature in the Saxon spear-heads, when intended to be

thrown, as javelins, by means of which the two sides of the leaf-shaped blades are not in the same plane: this would promote a rotary motion to the flying weapon, and thus develop its velocity and straighten its course. The angon, or shield-catcher, the scramas axe, a sort of broad-bladed battle knife, the battle-axe, or *Francisca*—the Frank's favourite weapon, the arrow, and the shield refer in this volume to martial Saxondom. Next to these come fibulae of various kinds, jewellery at large, girdle-hooks, beads of glass and clay (including, it is likely, whorls), some of which are manifestly Phœnician and of long descent (their analogues have been found in equatorial Africa, to the north of Scotland, and Scandinavia); balls of crystal—the rarity and importance of which are not overlooked here, although they are not, as we think they should be, referred to China as the place of their origin; hair-pins, combs, buckles, *situlae*, or buckets, glass vases which attest the influence of Roman design, and pottery, are the groups of subjects which lead up to a chapter of general considerations in regard to Anglo-Saxon graves. Of the tumuli which still distinguish the most important of these treasuries of ancient history and art—for such they have become—to say, as this text does, that they are "often near the sea" seems to us not sufficiently exact. For "often" we should read "mostly." This was especially the case with mounds of the earliest dates, when marauding chiefs were slain and their people did not hope to stay as conquerors. Although this work is purely a compilation, it is to be commended because the author understands his business and knows what is worth gathering and what may be thrown away. The numerous illustrations are sufficiently good, although they are not very artistic.

Messrs. Asher and Co., of Bedford Street, Covent Garden, are issuing, under the title of "*Monuments of the Renaissance Sculpture of Tuscany*," a set of reproductions of Tuscan Renaissance sculpture that is quite remarkable. We have long had an occasional reproduction in small size, by Allinari or one or other of the Florentine photographers; but this is a serious attempt by the well-known German publishing house of Bruckmann, under the directorship of Herr Wilhelm Bode, to get together a collection of all the good works known to exist in public or private hands. The reproductions are by the carbon process of photography, which is unalterable, and are on so large a scale as to give them special interest and value. If the promises of the prospectus are fairly carried through, as, no doubt, they will be, the collection will be unique. The work is being issued in parts, of which there will be about seventy, at intervals of three weeks.

The "*Monastery*" is the latest issue of the Border Edition of Waverley (John C. Nimmo). It is illustrated by ten etchings after drawings by Mr. GORDON BROWNE. One hesitates to hint a fault in an issue that is being carried through so creditably to everyone concerned; but we may be permitted to point out that it would have been better to have ten etchings by Gordon Browne rather than by other etchers after him, especially as some of them do not seem to have quite understood the artist. Of the several etchers to whom the drawings have been entrusted Mr. BATLEY seems to have been most successful in retaining the characteristic drawing of the artist.

In his third volume of "*La Vieille France*" (Paris: La Librairie illustrée), in which M. ROBIDA has dealt with the classic "*Provence*," this able artist and illustrator has not been so successful as with former volumes. With old houses, castles, and architecture generally he is quite at home, and Brittany and Normandy afforded innumerable



subjects after his own heart. But Provence is not to be illustrated by drawings, however good in themselves, of its ancient architectural details. "*Provence*" is a subject for the landscape-painter, and is beautiful as a bit of Italy. It is this landscape charm which is missing from the book, or is not successful when it is attempted. The book teems with picturesque drawings, but when all is done it is hardly "*Provence*" which has been illustrated.

The Delta Patents Company, of Glasgow, has just brought out a little invention for assisting artists to carry their wet canvases safely when sketching out of doors. It is on the principle of the ordinary rug strap; but projecting pieces of metal are so arranged as to come between the canvases and keep them apart. It looks as though, when tightly strapped together, the canvases would—if not very large—ride easily and safely. The "*Carrier*" is very light, both as to weight and cost.

#### NOTABILIA.

To Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE has been awarded a small gold medal for painting at the Berlin Exhibition of Art.

A fine "Portrait of a Man," by SOLARIO, has been bought by Mr. Walter Armstrong for the National Gallery of Ireland.

Mr. Henry Yates Thompson has presented DELAROCHE'S "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" to the Town Council of Liverpool.

The mezzotinting of Mr. G. F. WATTS'S picture of "Mount Vesuvius from Naples" has been placed by Mr. Dunthorne in the hands of Mr. FRANK SHORT.

The designs for the coinage by Messrs. H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A., Mr. E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., and Mr. POYNTER, R.A., have been on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum.

Viscount COBHAM and Sir CHARLES TENNANT have been appointed trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. To the annual report of this institution we shall draw attention next month.

The Committee of the Art Gallery of Cardiff have purchased for their permanent collection "Reposing: A Scene in Wiltshire," a fine example of the sheep and cattle pictures of the late CHARLES JONES, R.C.A., whose death we recently recorded.

The Holl Memorial—designed by Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, R.A., with a bronze plaque-portrait by Sir EDGAR BOEHM—erected in the crypt of St. Paul's, in Painters' Corner, will, it is to be hoped, make that interesting spot more than ever a place of artistic pilgrimage.

The magnificent collection of drawings and prints by Old Masters, formed by the late Mr. John Malcolm, of Pottallock, Argyshire, who recently died at a great age, has been lent by his son to the British Museum, and will probably be on public view in January next.

In criticising Mr. Tate's collection, Mr. Spielmann spoke of Mr. ORCHARDSON'S "Her Mother's Voice" as though it were the original picture. It should be explained that the canvas was the finished sketch for the picture, which is now in Australia. We may add that it is one of the few sketches that Mr. Orchardson ever finished.

A syndicate has been created for working a patent by which pictures can be hermetically sealed within their glazed frames, and thus preserved against the action of air, dust, and damp. If the object can be secured, doubtless, it will serve; but it is surely the action of light against which pictures most require protection.

More statues to be raised in France. Monuments are in course of execution to Grandville, Maxime Lalanne, Ribot, and Raffet. In England it is likely that one or two more terra-cotta discs may be inserted in the brick-frontages of certain houses in the by-streets of London, to the honour of artists and the glory of England and British art.

The scandalous neglect of the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain at the hands of the County Council is happily at an end, after the work had been subjected to destructive violence, and the spot permitted to be used as a playground by dirty and squalid children. Not so unexpected have been the insolent criticisms of ignorant babblers, who have charged it against such a master as Mr. Gilbert that the proportions of the flying Eros at the summit were incorrect.

Since the munificent gift to the Corporation of London by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.—who has, in recognition of his generosity, been presented with the freedom of the City—several offerings have been made to the Guildhall Gallery, and accepted. This is a gratifying testimony to its popularity; but there appears some danger lest those in authority permit the entry to the Gallery to become too easy.

The Holford collection of prints and drawings has realised £28,119. A drawing described as "Two Men: busts—silver, pen, with the monogram, and dated 1520, 7½ inches by 5 in.," was acquired by the British Museum for £635. It is to be hoped that this signature is more genuine than that upon the National Gallery picture, which was bought in 1854 from M. Joly de Bannemville—whose *bric-à-brac* collection has just been sold for £4,000—but which since 1888 has been recognised as being by Dürer's friend and student Hans Baldung Grün.

Mr. J. P. HESELTINE has been appointed to the vacant trusteeship of the National Gallery. As Mr. Heseltine is a true connoisseur of fine art—as is proved by his fine collection of pictures, drawings, bronzes, and medals, from which he has lent freely to the public exhibitions—his selection is highly to be commended. In some quarters it is feared that his leaning towards Italian Pre-Raphaelitism and Renaissance may militate against the exercise of breadth of artistic view in selection, especially in the direction of French and English art; but we believe these fears to be unfounded.

As an example of the remarkable correctness of some critical speculation we may quote the following testimony to Mr. ARMSTRONG'S perspicacity. When, some months ago, a so-called Franz Hals was on the point of becoming the subject of an action between Messrs. Lawrie and Mr. Wertheimer, the critic's opinion was invoked. He asserted his belief that it was by a pupil of Hals, who had been strongly influenced by Molenaer. Herr de Groot now declares that he has positive proof that the picture is by Judith Leyster, pupil of Hals, and wife of Molenaer!

The statements conveyed in the letter to the *Times*, under the signature of "Hamel," require some comment and correction. The writer asserts that certain figures of the Wellington Monument, which is being transferred to its proper place in St. Paul's Cathedral, "are placed in opposition to the designs of ALFRED STEVENS, as shown in his drawings at South Kensington Museum. The front of these groups is turned towards the aisle and the back view towards the nave. Stevens clearly intended the Duke's figure to lie with its feet to the west." The allegorical groups at the sides must have been seen by the writer during the few days after they had been accidentally misplaced by the workman and before the mistake was rectified. These and the effigy are now placed exactly as designed by Stevens.



## ART IN SEPTEMBER.

### THE DIRECTORSHIP OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Now that the time is approaching when the question of a successor to Sir FREDERICK BURTON must be decided, we may with propriety comment on this all-important subject. The main question is, Ought the director to be a painter or a non-painter? Now, it should be observed that the idea that a painter should preside is one exclusively held in England; it has long since been discredited abroad. Ever since the Munich and Dresden galleries were mishung and mismanaged, the artist-director has ceased to exist. Von Hübner at Dresden and Niessen at Cologne were the last of the race; and since then we have had Dr. Woermann at Dresden, Dr. Bode at Berlin, M. Lafenestre in succession to the Vicomte de Tauzia at the Louvre, M. Bénédict at the Luxembourg, M. Brédins at the Hague, Herr Bayersdorffer at Munich, and Signor Madrazo (son of the painter, but not himself an artist) at Madrid. The rule, in fact, is universal, on the equal ground of expediency and experience, and there seems no reason why the system should not be tried in England. It must be admitted—and admitted with ungrudging gratitude—that the *régime* of Sir Frederick Burton has been one of extraordinary success. True, Sir Frederick had his prejudices—being especially hostile to French, and, in a minor degree, to English art, and peculiarly favourable to the early Pre-Raphaelites; but he has made scarce a mistake in ascription, and but few in policy. [Such an error we must surely count the purchase of a fourteenth Ruysdael for 2,200 guineas, which might have been secured in 1872 for £68, or nine years later for £212.] But he has been a wise and beneficent ruler—wiser even and more beneficent than Sir Charles Eastlake before him. But these men are rare indeed; and it must not be forgotten that Sir Frederick practically ceased to be an artist when he became a director. But to see what is the power for evil of the average artist-director we must turn to the unfortunate rule of Sir William Boxall, R.A., at Trafalgar Square. The fact of the matter is that the artistic temperament is scarce fitted for the post; and the whole history of art is full of the errors of judgment—which are the result far more often of healthy and robust prejudice than what is usually understood by ignorance—committed by artists. The reason is obvious enough: for the sincere and earnest artist believes deepest in his own views and his own theories; he concentrates his artistic belief and his energies on his own artistic creed, which he very properly seeks to exalt, and which he tenaciously follows, for all his artistic soul is worth. Thus his natural breadth of view becomes usually narrowed down, and the catholicity of his artistic sympathies seriously impaired. There have been notable exceptions, as in the case of Fromentin and Émile Michel, who were sound and impartial critics upon the work of their brother-brushes; but exceptions they certainly were. But there is another, an all-important, consideration. The business of connoisseurship and of buying for museums has become far and away more complicated than ever it was, owing to the progress of the study of art of the past as one of the exact sciences, to say nothing of the activity of Continental rivals. How, then, is the artist, whose time, and probably his energies and his thoughts, have been monopolised by the practice of his

profession, to meet on equal ground those who have raised *expertise* to the height of a fine art? What chance has he in competition with those whose time has been spent in examination and re-examination, in complex comparison, research, and historical study?—which are absolutely indispensable nowadays to the man whose taste, judgment, and accurate knowledge justify him in placing his services and his abilities at the disposal of the nation. A proposal has been submitted to us which might perhaps, says its inventor, be adopted with success. It is this—that the directorship should, so to speak, be placed in commission; that it should be invested in a board of five, in which *expertise*, knowledge of technique, knowledge of nature, good taste, and catholicity of artistic sympathy should be represented in equal parts. The suggestion is all very well; but it must not be forgotten that each member on such a board might always have the odds of four to one against every single proposal; and, moreover, the present board of trustees is in theory a committee of taste.

### ENGLISH REWARDS AT CHICAGO.

It is impossible, without further information, to gauge the exact significance of the distribution of medals at the Chicago Exposition to the artists represented; but there is no mistaking the fact that the great factor to be considered is the success of the English section. This is the more satisfactory as we have more than once in these columns recorded our misgivings as to the effect of the exhibit which was to impress our cousins. That exhibit was only fair, nothing more; but at least it has had the effect of sampling the art of England in its comparative, though not in its superlative degree. In the combined classes of oil-paintings, water-colours, and black-and-white—the only details which allow of a complete comparison with other countries—we have the following totals. (It must be remembered that France, making impossible demands, withdrew entirely, sulking, from the competition. It must also be observed that there are a few cross-entries—such as Mr. Seymour Haden being included in the black-and-white section and not in that of etching.)

Great Britain ...	102	Spain ...	29	Italy ...	15
United States ...	95	Holland ...	27	Denmark ...	12
Germany ...	81	Austria ...	26	Poland ...	8
Japan ...	38	Sweden ...	16	Switzerland ...	2

The English artists who are included in this list, as well as in the subsequent lists of winners in the architectural, sculptural, and engraving sections, are as follows (allowances and adaptations being made for certain blunders of spelling in the telegraphic reports):—

#### *Paintings in Oil.*

Alma-Tadema, L., R.A.	Crane, Walter (Walter "Lane").	Graham, Peter, R.A.
Alma-Tadema, Miss.	Dicksee, Frank, R.A.	Hacker, Arthur.
Alma-Tadema, Mrs.	East, Alfred.	Herkomer, Prof. H., R.A.
Bartlett, W. H.	Fisher, Horace.	Hook, J. C., R.A.
Boughton, G. H., A.R.A.	Fisher, S. Melton.	Hunter, Colin, A.R.A.
Bramley, Frank.	Fletcher, Morley.	Joy, G. W.
Brangwyn, Frank.	Forbes, Mrs. Stanhope.	King, Yeend.
Brown, Prof. Fred.	Forbes, Stanhope A., A.R.A.	La Thangue, H. H.
Butler, Lady.	Goodall, Fdk., R.A.	Lavery, John.
Carter, William.	Gotch, T. C.	Leader, B.W., A.R.A.
Clansen, George.	Gow, A. C., R.A.	Leighton, Sir F., P.R.A.



*Paintings in Oil (continued).*

Linton, Sir J., P.R.I.	Osborne, Walter,	Stone, Marcus, R.A.
Logsdail, William.	R.H.A.	Stott, Edward.
Loudan, G. Mounat.	Onless, W. W., R.A.	Stott, William.
Lucas, Seymour,	Parsons, Alfred.	Swan, John M.
A.R.A.	Parton, Ernest.	Swymerton, Mrs.
Macbeth, Robt. W.,	Rae, Henrietta (Mrs.	Taylor, A. Chevallier.
A.R.A.	Normand, as water-	Thomson, Leslie.
Merritt, Mrs. Anna	colour, not cata-	Titcomb, W. H. Y.
Lea.	logued).	Tnke, Henry S.
Millais, Sir John, R.A.	Reid, John R.	Waterhouse, J. W.,
Montalba, Miss Clara.	Riviere, Briton, R.A.	A.R.A.
Moore, Albert.	Sant, James, R.A.	Weatherbee, G.
Moore, Henry, R.A.	(James "Lane").	Wood, Miss E. Stewart.
Morris, P. R., A.R.A.	Shannon, J. J.	Woods, H., R.A.
Murray, David, A.R.A.	Solomon, Solomon J.	Wyllie, W. L., A.R.A.
Orchardson, W. Q.,	Stokes, Adrian.	Wyllie, Charles.
R.A.	Stokes, Mrs. Adrian.	

That is to say, twenty-four Academicians and forty-seven outsiders.

*Paintings in Water-Colours.*

Alma - Tadema, L.,	Greenaway, Kate.	Lloyd, Tom.
R.A.	Hatherell, W.	Moore, Henry, R.A.
Contts, H.	Hayes, Edwin.	Parsons, Alfred.
East, Alfred.	Henshall, Henry J.	Raine, W.
Foster, Birket.	Hine, H.	Rivers, Leopold.
Gilbert, Sir John,	Langley, Walter.	Snythe, Lionel.
R.A.	Linton, Sir James,	Walton, E. A.
Gow, Andrew, R.A.	P.R.I.	Wyllie, W. L., A.R.A.

*Engravings and Etchings : Prints.*

Cameron, D. Y.	Hall, Oliver.	Menpes, Mortimer.
Dicksee, Herbert.	Hole, William.	Robinson, Gerald
Gardner, W. Bis-	Law, David.	(Mezzotint).
combe (Wood en-	Lowenstam, Leopold	Sherborn, C. W. (Line
graving).	Macbeth, Robt. W.,	engraving).
Haden, F. Seymour,	A.R.A.	Watson, Charles J.
P.R.P.-E.	Martyn, Miss Ethel.	

*Chalk and Other Drawings.*

Charlton, John.	Linton, Sir J., P.R.I.	Swan, John M.
Du Maurier, George.	Overend, W. H.	Tenniel, Sir John.
	Weguelin, J. R.	

*Sculpture.*

Ford, E. Onslow,	Leighton, Sir Fred.	Swan, John M.
A.R.A.	P.R.A.	Thornycroft, Hamo,
Frampton, George.	Pomeroy, F. W.	R.A.

*Architecture.*

Aitchison, Prof. G.,	Ashlin, G. C.	Brooks, James.
A.R.A.	Aston-Webb and E.	Jackson, T. G., A.R.A.
Anderson, R. Row-	Ingress Bell.	Waterhouse, A., R.A.
and, LL.D.		

What strikes one most is the catholicity of the awards and the generous neutrality of the jury as regards the schools of artistic thought here represented. In accounting for the absence of several eminent names from the aforementioned list, it must be borne in mind that several (with the exception of Mr. Watts's) were absorbed by the said jury.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Mr. GEORGE SCHARF's annual report is a highly satisfactory document. It is the thirty-sixth; and contains a list of no fewer than forty gifts, of which two-and-twenty belong to Miss Cracroft's Franklin Arctic Exploration Series. Among the others are the portraits of Lord Beaconsfield, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Alderman Boydell, John Burnet, Sir Richard Owen, and Douglas Jerrold; together with Lord Ronald Gower's beautiful little autograph portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough. Among the purchases is the portrait of Sir William Boxall, R.A. We observe the name of Hubert Le Sueur; but as he was but a practitioner here, whose chief works are the "Charles I." at Charing Cross and the "William, Earl of Pembroke," at Oxford, it is difficult to account for his finding a permanent resting-place for his fame in our

English National Portrait Gallery. The other chief points of history are three:—First, that the Treasury have agreed that unexpended balances may be, under conditions, drawn upon in future years, instead of being merely refunded as heretofore—a system, it may be observed, that was as much against the well-being of the Gallery as against common-sense. It is to be hoped that the concession may be extended to the other art institutions. The second point is the alteration of the names of two portraits on satisfactory evidence. Thus Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, becomes Thomas, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, Lord High Treasurer under Charles II., one of the Cabal Ministry, while Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, has all this time been masquerading under the name of Rachel Lady Russell, widow of the patriot. The third point deals with the new building, which it is hoped will be ready in part next spring. "The lighting," says Mr. Scharf, "is good, fire provided against, and all is well." The director has, we observe with pleasure, changed his view as regards the space in the galleries, which he now declares "may be considered sufficient for many years to come." With respect to Viscount Cobham, one of the new trustees, it may be explained that he is the son of Lord Lyttleton, of Hagley Hall, whom he succeeded, and comes of a distinguished literary family. Hagley itself contains a fine collection of historical portraits; and the Viscount, a highly-accomplished man, has always been deeply interested in the proper description of his own and other people's historical treasures. Sir Charles Tennant's collection of English art is too well known to need any special reference.

THE PRINT-ROOM AND ITS ACQUISITIONS.

The acquisition by the Print-Room of the British Museum of a collection of fine prints, chiefly after English artists—the gift of Mr. AGNEW, the donor of the "Harbour of Refuge"—revives the question as to whether the trustees should not obtain an Act empowering them to collect from print-publishers copies of all prints issued by them. The difficulties are two-fold, we allow: the first, the difficulty of drawing the line as to what is and what is not a print, and, further, as to whether a copy of each "state" ought to be lodged; and, secondly, the rapid extension of the Print-Room and the slight increase of staff resultant. But surely in so great an institution these should be comparatively small matters, seeing that the main principle of sending in prints has been agreed to by the leading publishers. Their condition that the sending in of a print should constitute an element of copyright is at once reasonable and convenient.

CARICATURE AND FISTICUFFS.

Ever since there was caricature—say, for the last two thousand years and more—and ever since there were thin-skinned, there has been periodical rebellion against caricature by the person caricatured. Antiphiles, the father of the humorous art of distortion, and inventor of the *grylli*, or grotesques, has a good deal to answer for in the matter of outraged feelings and personal attack. But never has caricature been so harmless and so kindly as that which is published to-day in our satirical periodicals. What would not Fox and Burke, Sheridan and Talleyrand, and others of a previous generation—what would they not have given to exchange the biting and bitter attacks of those venomous days for the chaff of Mr. HARRY FURNESS which so hurt the tender vanity of Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL? It is surely more contemptuous and offensive to say, as a journalist has



recently done in commenting on the protest of Irish members against Mr. Furniss's pictorial jokes, that "the Irish party desire to retain the monopoly of making themselves ridiculous," than to caricature a member's teeth or nose or legs? Personal peculiarities are always less offensive subjects for caricature than motives; and if Mr. MacNeill would know how much he has to be thankful for, he should examine the caricatures of Gillray, Rowlandson, Heath, and the Cruikshanks, and he will learn how the pencil of the pictorial satirist can be legitimately employed as a scornful goad, of which the point is steeped in the gall of venom. He will learn with what merciless rancour weaknesses or supposed misdeeds have been attacked in the past; he will ascertain how weak Governments and powerful Ministers and princes have been forced to subsidise the caricaturist to desist—which, to the artist's shame, he has accepted—and he will, doubtless, feel a touch of shame at having committed an assault, however technical, upon a man whose offence has been to have chaffed, in accordance with his recognised rôle, a Member of Parliament by showing him, "now as a potato, and again as a gorilla!" He should compare the relative importance of this incident with that cartoon of HB which, according to Talleyrand, nearly brought about a European incident of the direst import—yet which the said Talleyrand never sought to punish by punching and hustling John Doyle; and he should reflect that the very essence of caricature, accepted and understood by the whole world, save by Mr. MacNeill, is distortion of the truth and exaggeration of the facts.

#### THE ART UNION OF LONDON.

An exhibition of the Art Union prizes has been held; but we cannot congratulate the Society on the display. The Union was founded with a view "to promote the knowledge and love of the Fine Arts . . . to elevate Art . . . by creating . . . an improved taste." The prizes, such as have been shown this year, will do none of these things; and, if the Union does nothing to obtain and deserve the confidence of the public, its ultimate extinction is only a matter of time; whereas the careful selection of works of art, which will tend to do the things the Union was founded for, is as likely as not to win back much of the popularity it has so largely forfeited.

#### LIGHT, COLOUR, AND VACUUM.

A brief note appeared in the last issue of this Magazine to the effect that Mr. William Simpson was establishing a syndicate for the working of a patent, by which pictures and drawings could be kept *in vacuo* in a specially-designed frame. Mr. Simpson's happy idea is doubtless the outcome of the experiments conducted by Captain Abney and Dr. Russell at the request, in April, 1886, of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. That inquiry, which was conducted on the most elaborate scale and with the most minute and ingenious completeness, was the result, it will be remembered, of the discussion which had been raging in the *Times* between Sir Charles (then Mr. J. C.) Robinson on the one side, and Sir James Linton and Mr. James Orrock on the other. Among the many experiments which were conducted under various conditions were a series of sixty-three *in vacuo*. Of these thirty-nine were with single colours and the remaining twenty-four with mixed colours. In the first case it was shown that hardly any colour was acted upon by light at all. Here and there a slight change was to be found, but, in the words of the report, "in all cases the action was very feeble." Vermilion

certainly went black; but vermilion always does go black under the influence of any change, and the experiment merely proved once more the general experience. Prussian blue once more proved its instability; but all other colours passed triumphantly through the ordeal. It was conclusively proved that nearly all the colours which were sensitive to damp, and even under conditions of dryness are liable to injury by light, are unaffected by light when in vacuum. Even the incriminated mixture of indigo and Venetian red showed absolutely no change. So that if artists will but avoid colours known to be unstable the judgment of posterity may be challenged without the intervening buffer of Sir John Millais' two greatest Old Masters—Time and Varnish.

#### "SALVATOR MUNDI."

MR. PHIPPS JACKSON writes to us as follows concerning the reputed authorship of this picture:—

"With reference to your notes in this month's MAGAZINE OF ART on the recent additions to the National Gallery, I have no hesitation in saying that the head 'Salvator Mundi' is not the work of my father, the late JOHN JACKSON, R.A. The works of all artists of distinct eminence are, I apprehend, stamped with a certain individuality of manner. This is apparent in earlier efforts as well as when the painter has matured knowledge, ripened by practice and experience. My father's head studies were always bold and vigorous even when rough in execution, and they were one and all strongly characteristic. It will be for those with even a limited knowledge of art to judge how far the conventional and singularly weak 'Salvator Mundi' picture responds to those qualities. There are several other pictures by my father in the National Gallery or at South Kensington. The two finer, perhaps, are the presentation of his intimate friend, Sir John Soane, and that of the Rev. Holwell Carr, as they are full of character, fine modelling, and singularly rich colouring. I do not think it matters much, such a feeble elementary work as the 'Salvator Mundi' being exhibited, as it cannot affect my father's reputation. It is more unfortunate, I imagine, for those accepting pictures for our National Collection, I need scarcely add that I do not stand alone in my opinion, which has been emphatically supported by some of the best judges of art in this country."

#### EXHIBITIONS.

The autumn exhibition in the galleries of the Nottingham Art Museum will this year be composed of selected loan pictures, and the works of four painters, natives of Nottingham—viz., RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON and HENRY DAWSON, deceased artists; and MESSRS. LASLETT J. POTT and EDWIN ELLIS, living painters—will form a special feature of the exhibition. Besides obtaining fine examples of the above-named artists' works, Mr. G. Harry Wallis, F.S.A., the director of the museum, has also been able to obtain the loan of pictures by Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., Messrs. Peter Graham, R.A., G. F. Watts, R.A., Andrew Gow, R.A., David Murray, A.R.A., W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., J. Farquharson, John Charlton, H. S. Tuke, H. Clarence Whaite, P.R.C.A., H. H. La Thangue, The Hon. John Collier, and others. In addition to this exhibition there will be a fine collection of works in oil and water-colours by Walter Duncan, A.R.W.S., lent by Mr. Abraham Booth, of Gloucester.

An Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition was opened at Bristol on August 28th. The local industries are well represented in the former section, and there is an excellent loan collection of pictures to constitute the latter. Amongst these may be noted the well-known early work by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, "The Enemy Sowing Tares;" "Cupboard Love," by Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.; "Vashti



Deposed," by Mr. ERNEST NORMAND; "The Source of a River," by Mr. MACWHIRTER, R.A.; and "An *Al fresco Toilet*," by Mr. LUKE FILDÉS, R.A.

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REVIEWS.

Mrs. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSSÆLAER, who is known as a popular writer on artistic and architectural subjects, has set down in "*Art Out of Doors*" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) a miscellaneous series of reflections on parks and gardens, trees and architecture, with occasional digressions on public monuments and the relations of architect and client. Mrs. Van Rensselaer does not offer any system; her object is to inculcate good taste in garden design by detached observations on particular points—such, for instance, as that a Lombardy poplar is a useful tree in the right place, whereas the weeping-willow is nearly always bad in any place—a sentiment in which we very heartily concur; and the attentive reader will find numerous hints in the art of landscape-gardening as practised in America, and more especially by the eminent Mr. Olmstead, whom Mrs. Van Rensselaer considers the greatest exponent of landscape design that has ever existed, and, indeed, does not hesitate to rank with Michelangelo in his own particular art. For Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with that faculty for bold generalisation which distinguishes the modern American writer, has discovered that, besides the three old-fashioned arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture, there exists a fourth art—the art of landscape-designing—and this fourth art is pronounced to have far more affinity to painting and sculpture than to architecture. We here detect a fallacy, which has recently become very familiar to us in England, through the efforts of Mr. William Robinson and other landscape gardeners in defence of the mysteries of their craft—the fallacy that the landscape-gardener is or could ever be an artist in the same sense as a landscape-painter. The book is pleasantly written, and the writer has as far as possible avoided controversial matter; but it is the attempt to compromise between two incompatible positions of which we complain, and the real fault of the book lies in the total absence of any system. The writer has failed to see that if landscape-gardening is, as she supposes, a branch of serious design, it must, on the one hand, be brought into the family of the arts by a clear demonstration of its relationship, and of the general principles which must underlie it in common with its sister arts; and, on the other hand, if, as is asserted, it is an art in itself, the particular limitations which condition it, its legitimate and illegitimate modes of expression must be worked out, and clearly marked off from those of the arts with which it is supposed to be allied.

This first instalment of "*Ironwork*," by J. STARKIE GARDNER (Chapman and Hall), is most welcome. It deals mainly with the mediæval period, but it goes back to the remotest times at which iron was smelted, and the chapter on the early history of the subject is by no means the least interesting portion of the book. When it comes to the "manufacture of iron" and the work of the smith, Mr. Gardner writes as an expert; but he is never so technical as to be dull, even to those who know comparatively little of the subject; far from it: the fact that the writer is not a mere savant, but a man practically at home in the workshop—which fact is apparent on almost every page—adds incalculably to the interest of what he has to say. He divides his parable into two main sections, dealing the one with the "Art of the Blacksmith," the other with the "Art of the Locksmith," dismissing the work of

the transition period between those stages in a shorter chapter. The blacksmith, we are told, who hammered the metal hot, and relied upon heat and hammer for the effect of his grilles and door-hinges, was at his best during the thirteenth century; then came the transition period, when, by the aid of file and saw, vice and drill, he began to fashion it cold; and eventually, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, the use of sheet iron became general, and locksmith and armourer took the lead, and kept it. The book is not only full of information, but easy to read. The fault we have to find with it is that it might with advantage have been more fully illustrated, and that the general get-up of the volume shows a lack of taste. Some discrepancy in the style of the various cuts may be excused on the ground that the important thing is to illustrate the subject; but there is no excuse for illustrations projecting beyond the text and encroaching upon the margin, when it is so simple a thing, in these days of "process," to reduce them to the proportions of the octavo. This may be the fault of Mr. Gardner or of the "Committee of Council on Education;" whoever may be to blame, an admirable book is disfigured by some very ugly pages. The Department should set a better example.

We have received the first part of the "*Album Général de l'Ameublement Parisien*" (Hachette and Co.). It contains reproductions of numerous examples of furniture in the very highest taste as exhibited in France. The work, which is to be published monthly, promises to be a useful record of contemporary French art as displayed in the accessories of the house.

"Electrogravure" is the name adopted by the Swan Engraving Company for their particular process of photogravure. There is sometimes a good deal in a name, and it appears that this one has been chosen because electricity in some form or other has more to do in the production of the plates than anything else, and that of hand work on the plates there is practically none. This company has just produced a plate from Mr. Lorimer's picture exhibited two years ago in the Royal Academy and again this year in the Salon, entitled "Ordination of Elders in the Scottish Church." The plate, published by Messrs. Aitkin, Dott and Son, Edinburgh, is in every way an admirable reproduction of the picture.

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NOTABILIA.

The British Institution Scholarship in Sculpture this year has been awarded to Mr. SIDNEY PHYSICK, Silver Medallist and Landseer Scholar of the Royal Academy.

Mr. ALBERT H. WARREN has, on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, been awarded a grant of £100 out of the Royal Bounty Fund, "in consideration of his services to art." What services?

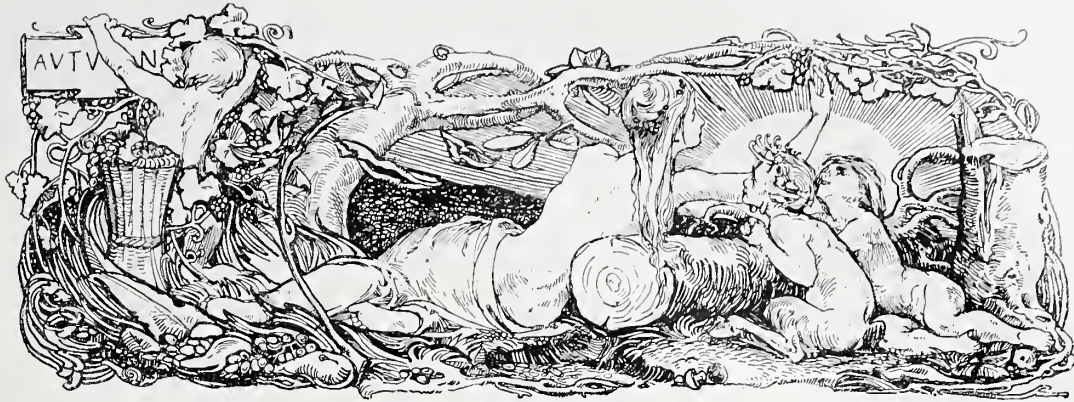
Mr. Agnew's gift to the Print-Room, referred to in another column of this Magazine, includes first states of thirty-five plates after Titian, Hoppner, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Landseer, Müller, Walker, Millais, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Briton Riviere, and Frank Holl.

M. FERNAND KHNOFF's symbolical picture, "I Shut My Door Upon Myself," which, founded upon the poem of Miss Christina Rossetti, was exhibited last year in the New Gallery, and was duly engraved in these columns, has been shown at Munich and promptly acquired by the Bavarian Government for the Pinakothek.

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*Erratum.*—The illustration on p. 379 was by a slip wrongly inscribed. It should have been "Interior of a Room," by PETER DE HOOCH.





(Drawn by Charles Ricketts.)

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