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*A Roman Boat Race.  
In the Collection of Alexander Henderson, Esq.*



R.D. Pullar

THE  
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# THE ART JOURNAL, 1898.

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SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A.

NO one has been born in England with a better eye than Sir John Millais had, or with a sense of delight more thrilling and intense than he felt in the mere impact of shapes and colours on his nervous system. Few, if any, have started on the voyage of art with a fairer wind of opportunity, and with a more confident crew of friends, while not many have aided luck with a stronger backing of talent and industry. As a mere school-boy he painted a picture like the work of a superannuated Academician, and no less virile. From that first canvas on the stairs at South Kensington, painted, was it not, at the age of fifteen? he had overcome the initial difficulties of picture-making, and had proved his ability in *pastiche*. Then it behoved him to show that he felt something at first-hand—that he could learn to do other tricks than the disposing of certain brown colours and certain conventional figures in a more or less decorative pattern.

Set early to the mill of nature, he was no untrained amateur, emotional, æsthetic, or cultured dilettante, but a real workman, with an eye like a hawk, nerves of steel, and an indefatigable frame. When he came out of the schools, he looked around him unbroken in spirit, untired in mind or hand, as fresh as a lark ready to soar; he looked, and without hesitation knew how the face of the world appeared. When he looked at nature in the sincere joy of an active and splendid youth, his good sense, his clear consciousness of his own sensations, and his very definite feelings of pleasure brushed away the films of traditions, unscaled his eyes, and showed him no dim uncertain vision of the world he was keen to enjoy. Nature seemed indisputable to Millais; in his youth they

might and did persuade him as to art, as to style and treatment, but never as to the aspect of the world. He dulled his own perception of that for himself, and his doing it was the great disappointment of British Art in this century.

Pre-Raphaelitism with Millais was but an essay in treatment, not the convinced expression of a realistic faith; a phase of technique, not the rendering of a poetic point of view. He was too young and too much alive in

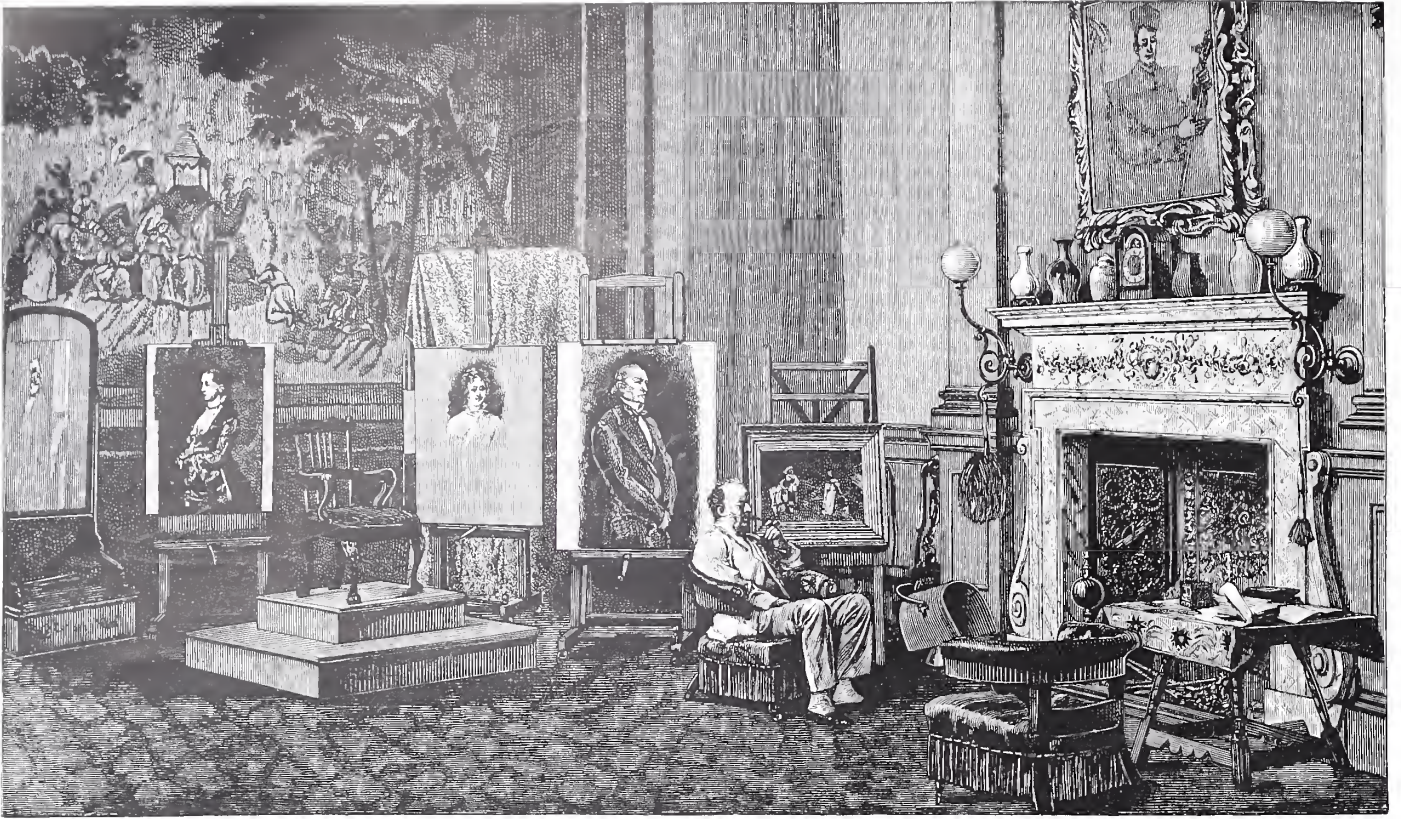
his senses to dwell in other men's dreams, and to mistake the second stage of pre-Raphaelitism, decorative and mystical in its ideal, for any just or adequate rendering of his own feelings about nature. Although neither large nor poetical, his perception was so keen and absolute that he could never quite destroy it; he seemed ever able to regain tone, and to see personally if only he could stir himself to an artistic interest in a subject.

By working much in a full-toned black-and-white *gouache* many Englishmen of our century have blunted the sensitiveness of their eyes to delicacies of value in colours. Fortunately, Millais did most of his illustration before that

particular process became commonly used, and his admirable drawings for stories cannot have done any harm to so strong a man. The causes that arrested the growth of his powers of imagination and the development of his feeling for style were other than this: more personal, and more complicated. We cannot regret the time he spent on black-and-white; to illustrate was one of Millais' gifts, an English gift, and as things have turned out perhaps his most successfully cultivated gift. Alas! that it should be so; an eye like his was not made



'Sweetest Eyes were ever seen.'  
By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.  
(By permission of Everett Gray, Esq.)



*The Studio of Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.*

to tell stories, but to see beauty; not to embroider anecdotes with "literary interest" and trivial incident, but to open revelations of tone, colour, aerial mystery, and sympathetic arrangement.

His 'Souvenir of Velasquez' was not quite a piece of impudent and impossible vain-glory. It was also an aspiration based on a certain consciousness of power. Of course, the picture is a mere imitation of some peculiarities of one or two canvases by Velasquez. Millais never lived for art as Velasquez did; never devoted himself for years to modelling, to the serious cult of beauty, to the steady and im-



*'A Souvenir of Velasquez.'* By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. (By permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co., Ltd.) From the Picture in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House.

proving discipline of an honest self-criticism. He had to become rich, he had his way to make with a most inartistic public, while from the outset Velasquez had secured his life-long patron, the connoisseur King; so that afterwards he had only his art to consider. To follow Velasquez in modelling was a hope scarcely beyond Millais' gift of eye; it was beyond his will, his taste, his judgment, and the resisting power of his enthusiasm.

I am not exaggerating what Millais could have done, because in passages of his pictures he has given proof of his natural aptitudes. One or two



portraits, such as 'Lady Millais,' shown in a late exhibition at The Grafton, contain bits of modelling as intimately observed and closely characterised as any flesh painting in the world. They are isolated, however, and do not form part of a large and nobly decorative scheme. Age, experience, the growth of taste and judgment, the slow preponderance of style over fact, never operated continuously to ripen Millais' art, and to make the expression of his eyesight artistic, consistent, tenfold impressive. He never did a picture quite worthy of his talent.

There is no painter in Europe who would have beaten Millais had he lived comfortably in the Latin Quarter on a few hundreds a year of his



'Mercy—St. Bartholomew's Day.' By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.  
(From the Picture in the Tate Gallery.)

own. But he was content to stop thinking, if not working, at an early stage, and who does so goes backward. He often painted without an idea — like a marvellous machine; he often took a low view of art and was pleased to make people gape with wonder at the exhibitions by some cheap display of common inartistic realism. He lacked style; no one has ever thought to apply the words grandeur, mystery, exquisiteness to his pictures. In his better work he showed a great variety of vivid seeing; it was not his eye that he killed, but rather the sense of beauty, the belief in art, the spontaneous growth of style which should be nourished on never-failing sincerity and enthusiasm. The character of a man's sight remains,



'An Idyll of 1745.' By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. (The Painting in the collection of Sir Alfred Wigan.)  
From the Etching by William Hole, R.S.A., which forms the Premium Plate to the Subscribers to THE ART JOURNAL for 1897.

but his view of the powers and beauties of art should ever widen and pierce deeper. So it was with Corot, so with Velasquez, and so it might have been with Millais. We look at the wonderfully vital, detailed, though raw work of the young Millais with approval, even as we admire the hard, early portraits of the Spaniard; but we expect the parallel to be continued. Now the Englishman stops opposite 'The Topers,' has no 'Surrender of Breda,' and shows us 'Little Miss Muffit' and 'Bubbles,' as pendants to 'The Spinners' and 'Les Meñinas.' In a word Millais never did justice to his gifts; he never learnt to clothe his own fancies or the reports of his own eyesight in a suitable and perfected garment of style.

One feels Millais' shortcoming deeply, because he was

the hope and boast of English Art in one's youth. To me, at least, it is painful to think that though God made him a great man, he did not make himself a great artist.

From the many occasions on which I have seen his work I feel almost sure that my view generally accords with my tastes, principles, and experiences, but I await the show of his work at the Academy in some hope that I may have slightly undervalued his art and underestimated the number and quality of the artistic and exceptional pictures. Long ago I used to brag of him in Paris, and when I was shown a good picture I would say "Wait till you see Millais." The Universal Exhibition of 1878 in Paris gave the first blow to my faith, and the show of Millais' work in 1886 at The Grosvenor Gallery scattered my illusions to the wind. 'St. Agnes' Eve' and 'The Gambler's Wife,' as far as I can remember, alone responded to my idea of Millais' power. The Grosvenor is now an old story, but one has had some opportunities of seeing Millais' work since, at the Academy and elsewhere, notably on that occasion when his 'Orphans' was hung beside Mr. Whistler's 'Miss Alexander' and Mr. Carolus Duran's 'Beppino.' The 'Lady Millais' of a later Grafton was a strong plea in his favour. Other portraits occur, too, as admirable, and make me curious to see his exhibition.

The late shows of Leighton and Mr. Watts had not many surprises in store for us, but I feel sure that we shall meet with them at the Millais commemoration. If he had not the art of either of these men he had a greater gift of seeing, a better aptitude for painting. What Millais threw away Rossetti cultivated, namely, the sense of beauty and the feeling for style; but the keen eyesight that Millais could not help having, the other man, for all his pains, could never acquire. Persons who have made an art, men like Rossetti, Mr. Whistler, and Mr. Watts, may have weak spots, and even a great many of them, but they have done their best for themselves and their ideal. They are artists, and they have expressed themselves to the world as Millais has never done. He has given us a few admirable observations, and some superb passages of paint, yet he has made no style, he has perfected no view of nature,



'The Huguenot.' By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A. Engraved by R. S. Danvers.  
(By permission of Messrs. B. Brooks and Son.)

*The White Birch, Concord.*



*From the Picture by Geo. J. E. Millard, Esq., P. R. A.*

*Chill October!*

*From the Picture in the Collection of Lord. Acquired by the permission of Messrs. The Agnew & Sons.*



he has exalted to poetry scarce any of the things he has felt with such keenness of sensation. Here was a Courbet, a Carolus Duran, a Manet perhaps, thrown away on trivial disconnected applications of mind. He was lost in prosaic considerations; he cared little for art better than his own; he had a prejudice against the great French School of his own time, and he thought the style and harmony of the Old Masters all varnish and age. He knew too much to be wholly wrong in this, and what time has done for many second-rate pictures it will do for some of his work. 'Chill October'—the sensation of the Academy in 1871, the best of his landscapes, perhaps the most luminous of any painted

in England between 1840 and 1870—must lose its open-air brightness, whilst it keeps a slightly overwrought aspect and a certain weakness of composition. His landscape generally—which, with the merits of high-toned colour, strong natural local tints, combines illogical finish, a want of focus and a lack of general impression—will certainly suffer, since its freshness must go, while its small composition and uneasy style will remain. But the rank colouring of his admirable early works will be softened; and his sympathetic rendering of facial expressions and human attitudes will appear the more plainly in such canvases as 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' 'The Huguenot,' and 'Ophelia.'

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

## THE 'BORIA AVALL,' THE 'PENA DE AZOTES.'

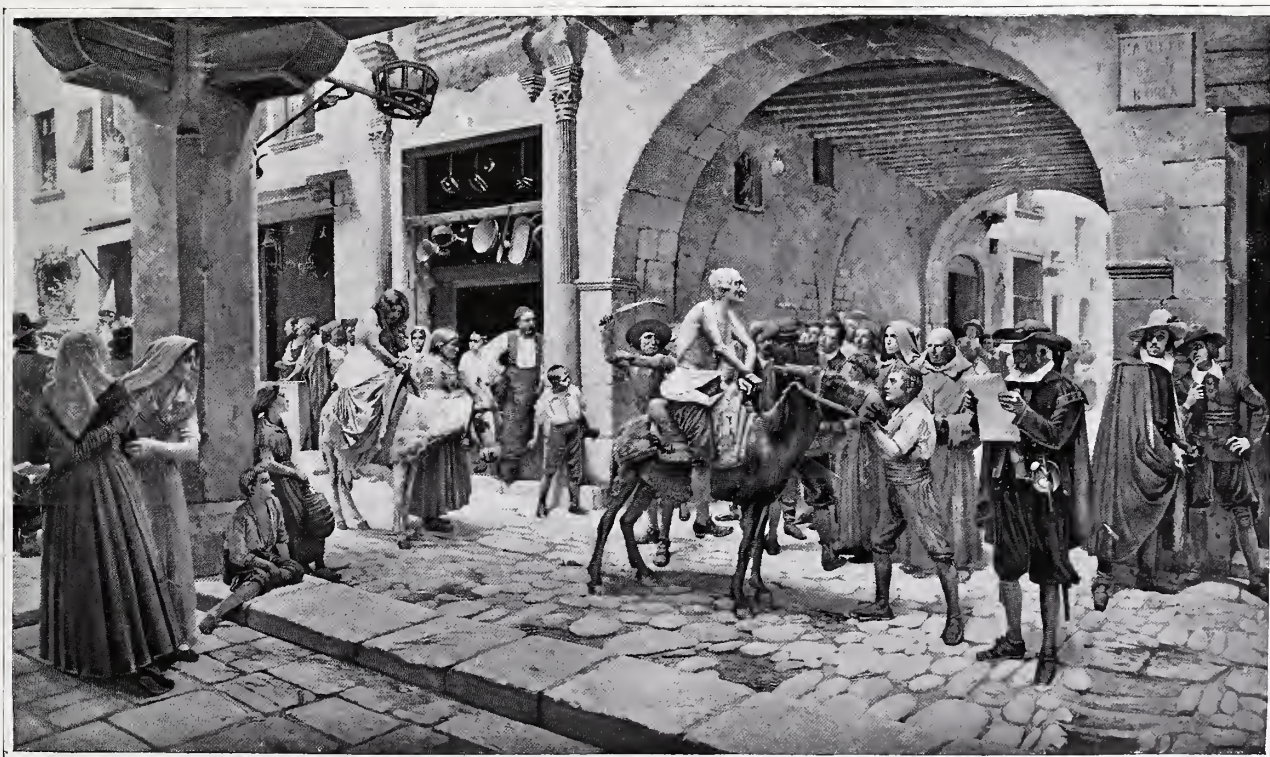


R. FRANCISCO GALOFRE OLLER is a native of Vals, a small town near Barcelona. He received his primary education in this city, and up to the age of seventeen, in obedience to the wishes of his father, studied chemistry as a future profession, but the love of art impeded all progress in a distasteful *métier*, and his

wishes being acceded to by his family, the young Galofre commenced his first academic studies under one of the best-known masters of Barcelona. Thus el Señor

Galofre Oller owes no part of his success to foreign teaching, travel, or other artificial aid, he belonging only to the academy of "Bellas Artes" at Barcelona, and by right of youth to the latest batch and generation of Spanish artists. The 'Boria Avall' may be reckoned as the first launch into historic art of our young painter, but two or three works from his pencil exhibited in Barcelona five and six years ago gave earnest of future power, although the 'Boria Avall' has soared upwards thousands of miles from these starting points, demonstrating how little fraternity exists between time and genius, for genius is born of the eternal.

The story of the 'Boria Avall' is taken from the dark history of the Inquisition; the epoch that of Philip the Fourth, King of Spain, seventeenth century. The word



'Boria Avall—Enforced Penance, or the Religion of the Inquisition.'

By Galofre Oller.

c



Senor Galofre Oller.

“Boria Avall” signifies a street “down,” “a decline,” which street still exists; “Pena de Azotes” means, translated, pain of stripes, or “the Scourge.” The “Pena de Azotes” was one of the favourite penances bestowed by the Inquisition, dreaded by the condemned, and loathed by the public of that time, more for the agony of shame than for the physical and cruel torture endured. The victims represented in this painting are supposed to be “Juda-santos,” Jew-saints, or baptized Jews. A number of such having remained after the general expulsion in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain, who conformed to the Catholic Church only to save their lives or property, but who in the privacy of their homes, continued to practise the religion of their fathers—a fact which roused the ire of the Inquisitors to such a pitch that spies were sent about, who, continually on the alert, surprised these unhappy beings in the crime of worship; these criminals were styled heretics or blasphemers. To these the “Pena de Azotes” was unsparingly administered; robbers, and women of notably bad character also, were included amongst the culprits, and even where the punishment of death was inflicted, the unhappy criminal had often the “Pena de Azotes” as the first scene in his drama, the cutting off of the ears as the second, and death—*divers modes*—as the final act. The Azotes were administered at certain corners of specified streets. The number of lashes administered depended on the gravity of the offence. To the Roman Code is due this relic of brutality. The same time

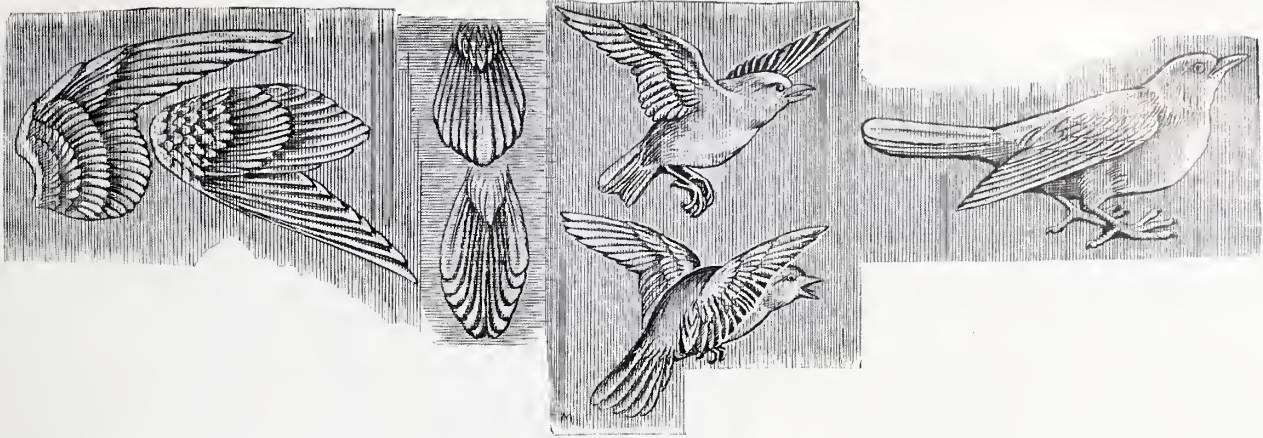
conquerors of Barcelona introduced the custom, refined upon by the more enlightened ferocity of the Inquisitors. The grouping of the figures in this composition; the expression which characterises each separate physiognomy, distinct, yet giving that “touch of nature” which makes the “whole world kin,” is admirable; the emaciated figure of the first culprit, the anguish of the look with which he gazes into vacancy; the shame-stricken woman, evident in the bent head, the abundant hair falling over so as partly to veil the bitter agony of that hour; the figure of the Alguacil, or clerk of the court, invested in all the majesty of the law and black velvet, as he reads aloud the sentence of the holy court; the parchment which almost trembles in those nervous fingers; the callous indifference evinced in the fat faces of the friars; the careless happy-go-lucky egotism, indifferent to the sorrows of the world around him, written in the countenance of the pot-and-pan proprietor (whose wares form an item of such wonderful relief, by the way), is a lesson in the school of realism not easily forgotten. The scientific logic of the donkey number one, who at the first ominous whir of the upraised scourge makes a hurried calculation with the mathematical accuracy arrived at by experience, and bolts, the movement proving abortive, represented in the restraining force resorted to by the owner standing on duty at the animal’s head; the awe-struck sympathy in the faces of the women; the indignant disgust of the men, who dared no protest in words—these are the details of a scene, true to its tradition, accurate to its history, which the mental vision, the poetic and artistic pencil of el Señor Galofre has conjured up, and which, if no other merit attached to his work, must command for him a place among the first creators in painting.

In the magic of his lights the artist has won golden opinions. The hallucination produced at first sight by the prodigious relief in some of the figures, and notably by the architectural incidents, is astounding. The sunshine which illumines the various crevices and streams down into the arched passage, contrasting with the flickering oil lamp placed upon a small bracket before a picture of the Virgin Mother, is a study. Even the rivalry of adverse criticism has not been able to deny the magnificent drawing of the ‘Boria Avall.’ The colouring is harmonious; in a word, the work is a success.

The painter of the ‘Boria Avall’ belongs to no particular sect; in art religion he is broad; technically speaking, he is nor ancient nor modern. Beauty culled from both is a favourite and practical theory of this painter—Nature in all her moods and tenses, while truth from whence or wheresoever it may come. The glory of the old school revealed in its ambient and relief consequent, as the power of the modern in its management and distribution of light, have been the academic principles adopted in the ‘Boria Avall.’

The picture is so called from the circumstance of the procession reproduced in these pages having taken place in the most public thoroughfare—of that epoch—in Barcelona. The street still remains in the old part of the city.

DELIA A. HART.



No. 1.—Studies helpful in bird carving, adapted from Japanese carvings in very low relief. An ornamental treatment is necessary if birds are to keep their place in carving. The wings and tail lend themselves to a highly ornamental treatment, as can be seen in the diagram.

## CUNNING WORK FOR CLEVER FINGERS.

### I.—WOOD CARVING—A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE.

I HAVE chosen Wood Carving as the subject of this, the first of a series of articles the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL has commissioned me to contribute, owing to its undoubted popularity among nonprofessional workers, and the reason for wood carving being so popular with amateurs is not far to seek. It is a craft calling into play the utmost amount of resource and hand cunning, as well as dexterity in the use of tools, while it does not leave out the higher attributes of fancy, ingenuity, and even imagination itself, wherewith to direct the fingers, and the "trick of the tools' true play." Casaubon in "Middlemarch" was recommended to take up turning as a relaxation to his serious and brain-wearing pursuit of discovering the "key to all the mythologies": wood carving would probably have suited him better as being more "brainy" than turning, without being too serious a strain upon the nerves.

I must assume that my readers are craftsmen, for it is not the intention of these articles to give preliminary instruction, but rather to direct their work, to suggest various methods of treating the material, how the amateur can best utilise his energy, and turn his labour to advantage; and above all to help him to original effort by essaying to show him how nature may be adapted to the requirements of each craft, to the end that all workers may be able to express their individuality instead of being content to be copyists or reproducers of the work of other minds and hands. For surely every one desires to be original, to express the ideas which are born in his brain—his ego, as it is termed. But to originate one's own designs is for most amateurs the difficulty, and comparatively few attempt it because they are not directed how to set about it; yet it is by no means easy to obtain designs. The few that are to be purchased are too often quite unworthy the labour involved in carrying them out, and it always seems to me a grievous waste of time to merely employ the fingers.

We know that there is nothing new under the sun, and it is given to very few to make a fresh departure in any branch of work. But it is possible to see old things in a new way, and by colouring them with our personality to give them new life. Old work, so powerful a source of inspiration and stimulus to most of us, instead of being servilely reproduced can be adapted and altered, and by

passing through our brain and receiving the impress of ourselves, comes out of our minds' mint with a new superscription: we hall-mark it, in fact.

The vine design, for instance, No. 2, was suggested by a panel of old German carving; yet the departures made are sufficiently important to enable me to claim it as original. One engineer friend who has made wood-carving his hobby, and has obtained considerable skill in the use of tools, gets his designs by taking rubbings of old carving he meets with in churches; but unless one exercises some skill in the selection and arrangement of such material, it is apt to look scrappy and wanting in unity of design. It is essential in planning out an



No. 2.—Sketch Design for carved table-top in which the Vine is used as the motif. The work is kept entirely flat, the effect being obtained chiefly by the "grounding-out," for beyond the veining of the leaves and the slight cutting away of one form to give relief to another coming against it, the actual carving ends there. It would be possible to treat this design as a carving in low relief. By planning the design geometrically it matters not from which side it is seen.

idea to have some notion of how the work will look as a whole, some central scheme which ties the work together and gives it a *one-ness*.

I must be pardoned for referring to my own work as a designer, but illustrations to such articles being as important as the letterpress, feeble as one's efforts may be, one can better illustrate one's own ideas, than find them illustrated for one, and I do not give them as showing *the* only way, but merely one way of treating wood, leaving each reader to take and reject what he will. He can adapt me just as I adapt material I come across. Wood carving has been so trammelled by the past that few carvers have had the courage to seek to get out of the groove precedent has indented "in the sands of time," as one given to poetical diction might say. This bondage of the past is sadly hampering to anything like originality. What we want now is work of to-day, the style of the nineteenth century instead of thirteenth century Gothic, Cinquecento, François I. and the rest of the "Schools." In my "Training of a Craftsman" (J. S. Virtue and Co., 1897), I have exalted the ego above all tradition and that adherence to precedent which so checks all original impulse, and to the amateur I say emphatically, Let your work be yourself: it is better that it should be that, and even rococo, than very chaste and in "perfect style," but a shadow of some one else.



No. 3.—These two fragments from the pulpit in the no-longer-existing church of St. Mildred, in the Poultry, London, were very characteristic of the time. The carving is in considerable relief, so that it can be undercut. The "frame," which was the border to each panel, would make a very good picture-frame, as the design is admirably adapted to wood carving.



No. 4.—This is a rough sketch of a portion of the carved panels forming the screen in Trinity College, Oxford. The workmanship is as fine as anything I know, and the whole being pierced, has a light and elegant appearance which is delightful. The design is very intricate, but the ingenuity with which the curves play into each other evinces much skill and resource. The wreaths and festoons are good instances of the seventeenth-century "conceits" so often met with in the decoration of the time.

I am no purist in the matter of style. Learn of every one, study in all schools, but copy no one. We are constantly having a critic starting up and claiming his *one* way of looking at nature and rendering his impressions as *the* way. There is no one way: there are at least nine-and-sixty. I am Gothic in sentiment, and for many years was blinded to the work which for convenience is grouped under the head of Renaissance. Yet the three old examples of wood carving I give are all of the latter school, and I have done this with intention, for so much amateur carving is merely a servile copy of Gothic work wherein the letter is seen, the spirit having escaped, that it appeared likely to lead to more useful ends to examine the work which is considered to be opposed to the Gothic tradition. The examples were so characteristic as well as excellent in themselves that that was quite sufficient reason to warrant me giving them had I no other. While a study of Gothic will give our work robustness, virility, and a feeling for nature, a study say of the screen by Grinling Gibbons—a fragment of which I give a sketch of in No. 4—will teach us grace and balance, a feeling for curves and ingenuity in the interweaving of scrolls; while the original at Oxford will reveal to us the possibilities of wood under the hands of a craftsman who could hold a gouge with a skill and unhesitating assurance—a contemptuous indifference—which makes him the greatest of English carvers. Yet because much of Gibbons' work is of the "papyry" finicking order, best styled rococo, some present-day craftsmen pretend to see nothing but what is bad in it. There may be no further any artistic salvation in the acanthus leaf in design, all that that mine could yield having been worked out until no ore remains for us, but it is a wilful narrowing of our sympathies to shut out from our purview the work of such a genius as this great seventeenth-century carver.

The two fragments, No. 3, from the pulpit in the no-longer-existing church of St. Mildred's show, the





No. 5.—Nature Notes used in making designs 6 and 7. It will be noticed that apples are anything but round, and their angular nature should be made a feature of in a carving based on the apple. "Truth to nature" is being true to the growth of the plant you base your design upon, however much you may ornamentalise certain features of the plant. If you depart from nature, be sure that you gain thereby.

festoon conceit adapted to a pilaster. A central rod supports the flowers and fruit, which are attached to it by ribbons, while an undulating scroll of foliage twists around it. The frame is one which has often been worked, and will continue to be carved, as it is so

thoroughly adapted to the needs of the carver. Many modifications of it are possible.

The study of old work should run parallel with a study of nature, and I would say that one is of no use without the other. Nature alone might suffice, but there is this danger to guard against, viz., a tendency to *imitate nature in wood*. What is meretricious in some of Gibbons' work is that when he refers directly to nature he is content to attempt to *imitate* his forms in wood, as though he were modelling wax flowers. Wood carving is not imitation, but carrying out a design, which is in itself an effort of the imagination, in wood by means of certain tools, the true use of which has to be acquired by much practice, and to learn how to adapt nature to the needs of the craft you follow is to learn how to design.

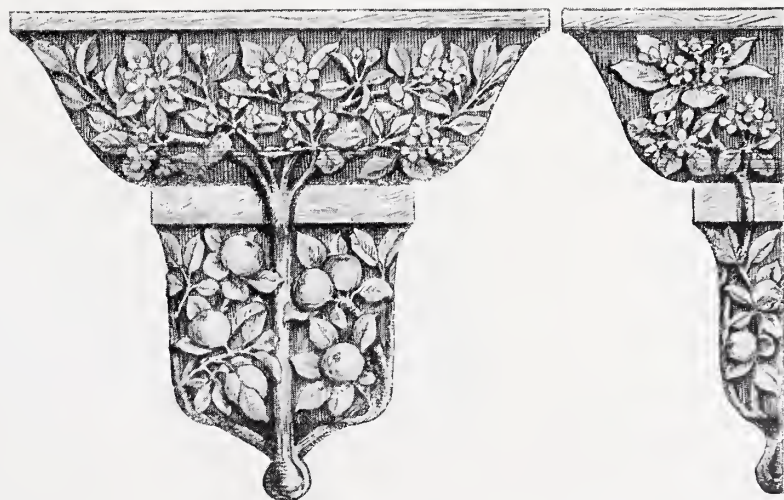
To emphasise the importance a study of nature is to the carver, I give a few drawings of the apple (No. 5), taken from one of my sketch-books, as a help to any one desirous of carrying out the lamp bracket (No. 6), or the clock bracket (No. 7), both of which are treated with a suggestion of the apple.

There is no reason why we should ever tell an untruth in a design, however much we may twist and pull nature about to suit our fancy or the exigency of the piece of work we have in hand. The growth of the leaves around the base of the stalks and their growth upon terminal branches can be told in our carving as truthfully as in a pencil study, but we let our fancy loose in the way we twist the stems or branches, arrange where the flowers and fruit are to come, and in the way we simplify the details so that we can render them adequately with the means at our command. It is obvious, for instance, that we

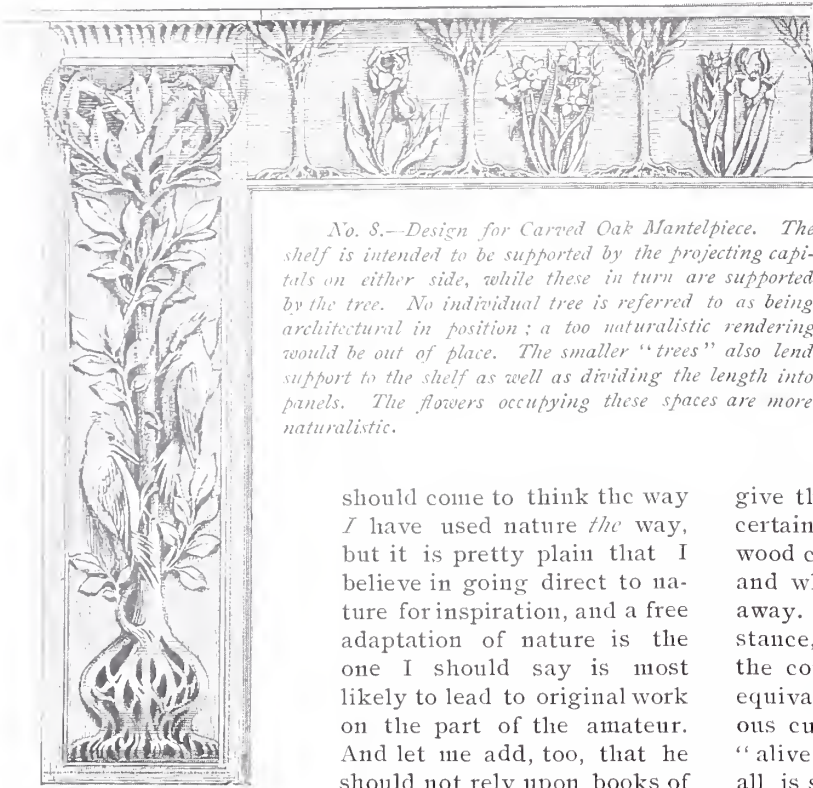
must depart from nature by simplifying her, or how shall we render the stamens in the middle of the flower? and our taste as well as ingenuity is shown in the way we do this simplifying. I do not wish to more than allude in passing to my own work, lest some reader



No. 6.—Carved Lamp Bracket, treated with decorative adaptation of the apple in bas-relief. The stems are highly ornamentalsed, but in other respects nature is followed.



No. 7.—Clock Bracket. The introduction of the flowers in the bracket portion is a decorative "conceit," though it is often possible to find an apple tree flowering and fruiting at the same time, while in such plants as the blackberry and orange it is the usual course.



No. 8.—Design for Carved Oak Mantelpiece. The shelf is intended to be supported by the projecting capitals on either side, while these in turn are supported by the tree. No individual tree is referred to as being architectural in position; a too naturalistic rendering would be out of place. The smaller "trees" also lend support to the shelf as well as dividing the length into panels. The flowers occupying these spaces are more naturalistic.

should come to think the way I have used nature the way, but it is pretty plain that I believe in going direct to nature for inspiration, and a free adaptation of nature is the one I should say is most likely to lead to original work on the part of the amateur. And let me add, too, that he should not rely upon books of studies or photographs of

plants, but should study nature for himself, to the extent of making studies of suggestive forms in pencil or other medium. Poor as such studies may be (though with a little practice I see no reason why they should be poor) compared with the skilled work one sees in books, you will never get to know a plant except by drawing it, and that, too, many times. Take the shape of an apple, how various it is! What beautiful angles its sides make! How "square" rather than round it is! How truthful you can be with advantage as you carve each apple, getting no two exactly alike! If you try to carve your apples without reference to nature, how tame, because mechanical, will the result be! Where the work of other men and times may be of help is in suggesting how you may pull and twist nature into quaint and cunning devices. If we look at the screen (No. 4) we find Gibbons did not evolve a design logically from some one plant, but he weaves together two or more distinct motifs. The scroll-work is evolved by the fancy of the artist, though the acanthus-like leaves show that such scroll-work was the common property of the time. But at the top he introduces two wreaths, one of laurel and one of blossoms, held up by ribbons, while lower down festoons of flowers naturally treated are suspended from the scrolls. These motifs are purely artificial arrangements, "conceits" we might term them, and I should hesitate to copy them. I lean to a design which is evolved from nature, like the vine in No. 2, without the introduction of such "conceits"; for though the tendrils and the main stem are highly ornamented, and the grapes introduced more as a background than as bunches of fruit, no artificial motifs as the wreaths and ribbons are imported into the scheme; and yet in the same breath I must confess to a fondness for the "festoon," which is certainly a conceit.

There is no more difficult subject to write about than design. Its principles, if it has any, elude analysis, while as for professing to teach it, I would as lief attempt to make a poet. You might produce a versifier and you might teach a student a certain number of "conceits" in

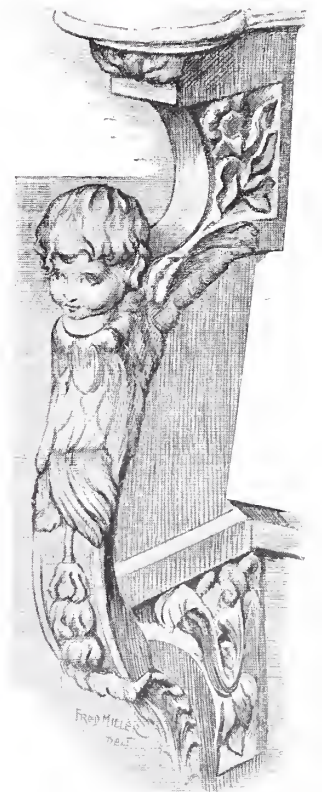
design, but designing is as much a mental attribute as an ear for music. It is directed by feeling and intuition, and conditioned by our point of view, and cannot be taught, though various books profess to do so.

Hand-cunning, however, can be taught, and I would recommend any one wishing for instruction in the use of tools, and how to set about carving, to get a few lessons of a practical carver, and then work on, beginning with simple work like the vine, No. 2, in which the "grounding out" is the most important part of the work, the actual carving being confined to taking down a form coming under another one, and here and there taking out a vein in the leaves (though this must not be overdone, for there must be no attempt to

give the appearance of "real" leaves). I like to see a certain severity, even a touch of the barbarian, about wood carving. I hate work which is as smooth as wax, and where every roughness and tool work is polished away. Let the tool marks show. In the apples, for instance, don't get the smoothness of a real apple, but give the contour by a series of well-directed angular cuts, equivalent to the facets of a gem. Crisp, nervous, vigorous cutting is what is wanted if your work is to look "alive." The work that palls upon one is that in which all is suave, genteel, decorous; where nature is suggested as successfully as in a waxen effigy.

In the illustrations I have drawn, it has been my endeavour to give variety of subject as well as of treatment, beginning with flat work, as in No. 2, suitable for a table top, which would practise one in "grounding out," going on to the two brackets Nos. 6 and 7, which are in relief, though not in very high relief, and then the mantelpiece No. 8, where the work is still in low relief. The shelf in this design is intended to be supported by two projecting brackets, and these would of course be carved out of two distinct blocks of wood, shaped for the purpose. The stem of the "tree" in the pilaster supports these brackets, which are carved with leaves, behind which I have indicated a bird nesting—a conceit, though a natural one.

The panel along the top is divided up by small "trees" severely treated, no direct reference to a particular plant being made, so as to be a foil to the more naturalesque plants



No. 9.—Sketch of one of the Choir Stalls in Cockayne Hatley Church, Bedfordshire. The fine carving in this church was brought from Italy early in this century. It probably dates from the early part of the sixteenth century, and is very characteristic in style, and fine in execution.

suggested by such well-known forms as the tulip, narcissus, and iris. Plenty of wood should be removed in carrying out this design, and I may remark that amateurs too often leave too much wood, a sure way to produce heaviness and clumsiness. Your carving should lie lightly and gracefully upon the surface of your wood, and this means "shifting" a good deal of your background.

In all work it is important to bear in mind the desirability of obtaining relief by not getting the same class of *motifs* all over the work. These "trees," therefore, I have just referred to, should be treated ornamentally (even the roots become ornament). The side panels again are much less naturalistic as they occupy an architectural position in the design, carrying as they do the shelf, while the "sprigs" can be much more naturalistic. The birds (suggested by the woodpecker) I have introduced to give a point of interest, and to break up the upright line of the trunk. Some carvers may prefer the panel minus the birds: it would be easy to leave them out and substitute leaves. The panel on the other side might have a squirrel or birds, like the nuthatch, for it is an indication of mental poverty to repeat such emphatic forms as birds.

Personally, I like the introduction of animal forms in carving: I prefer them, indeed, to the human figure, because too often the latter is so badly done—an insult to man, in fact. Gibbons and his contemporaries were fond of introducing angels' heads, and very beautifully they carved them. Those on the choir stalls at Cockayne Hatley Church, No. 9, are exquisitely wrought, though the drawing only indicates the main features of the carving. The treatment of the wings is particularly happy, and might, to a skilful carver, suggest a treatment of chair arms.

My advice to amateurs is, don't attempt the human figure unless you feel up to it; keep to foliage and ornament until you can venture on an animal form, and then if you feel confident in your powers essay a child's head, and then be sure and make a few studies from a living child. One sculptor I know finds photographs of children very useful in modelling heads. I should say that Reynolds' "angels' heads" in the National Gallery, and, indeed, his children generally, would be still more helpful, as the painter has simplified nature in his paintings, which would be a dis-

tinct help to the carver, for your carved head should be the antithesis of a wax doll.

In carving animal forms, one of the great difficulties is in knowing how to render textures. Hair, feathers, scales are not to be copied, you have to translate them into the language of wood. I thought it might be a little help to show how the Japanese carve such forms as wings, and in No. 1 will be seen some adaptations of Japanese work. A wing, when we analyse its structure, becomes a very ornamental form, and if so looked at, may be an interesting feature in carving. It is a good general principle, to direct the student to develop all ornamental suggestions wherever found. The hair of a child's head must be thought of as a series of curved forms, *and not as so many hairs*. A wing, again, is an arrangement of feathers and not a fluffy bewildering mass of down. Hair, again, must be indicated where we should put a little shadow if we were drawing the object, and not by roughing the surface all over with lines.

But when all is said, rendering surfaces is a difficulty which can only be overcome by considerable practice directed by a sense of fitness, which is what taste in wood carving amounts to. Just as the artist learns what to leave out, so the carver has to learn how he best can translate what he knows into the language of his craft. That this is *not* done by imitation is about the most definite counsel one can give, though it may be a great help to one, in difficulties, to go and see how some one else has worked either to know what to avoid or what to do.

If we train our artistic perception everything in time can be seen ornamentally. In the fish-panel, No. 11, the Japanese treatment of curling water has been followed, while the fish itself (the gurnard) has been made so ornamental by nature, that little was required to fit it for a carved panel. When you do introduce birds or other animal forms into your work, avoid getting them too pretty, as though they were Christmas cards. The quaint and grotesque is so much more effective in carving than the pretty-pretty. I would sooner have ugly carving than genteel. The mediæval monster turned into a water-spout is much more attractive to many than



No. 10.—Design for carved Bellows Front in high relief.



No. 11.—Panel of Gurnard and water, treated Japanesquely for low relief. The Japanese treatment of water, as of other forms, is most ingeniously ornamental, and is valuable as a course of study by all wood-carvers. The Japanese appear to think, or to see, all objects in what we call a decorative way, i.e., they develop the ornamental possibilities of the object, or else simplify it by showing great restraint in rendering it.



No. 12.—Design for carved Bellows Front. The bird, a quaint rendering of the long-eared owl, in high relief. A quaint, rather than a pretty, naturalistic rendering of birds or other animal forms is generally to be preferred. The Gothic grotesques are a good example to have before one in this class of work.

a wax doll, however beautifully modelled and coloured the latter may be. Let us get a little of the savage into our work rather than too much refinement—at least, that is my taste.

In sketching out a design, work full size on brown paper in charcoal, using it freely and seeing that the principal lines are happily placed, that the curves flow easily and are not broken-backed, and then you can begin placing the important details, afterwards adding the minor ones. The use of white chalk will enable you to get the appearance of roundness, and you can gauge to some extent the effect of your work. I say to some extent, for no drawing can render the effect of carving, and I have made no attempt to get this quality into my sketches, as I wanted them to be as plain as diagrams, so that the reader can see the details.

One well-known carver told me that he finds his men work better from rough charcoal sketches than from modelled patterns, as the cartoon does not trammel them as modelled sketches do; besides, while you are modelling your patterns you could half carve them, and to save time is surely an object with amateurs.

In No. 10, I give a treatment of a bellows front with a head blowing, as this suggests the purpose of the article carved. The carving is intended to be in half relief, so as to allow of some undercutting. The highest part of the ornamental wings would be in the same plane as the nose of the head, while the wood around the bend being cut away would give a depth of shadow which would greatly enhance the effect. Carving in high relief depends upon the masses of shadow—you have to think in light and shade. In No. 12 is another bellows front treated with a quaint rendering of an owl, to be carved in high relief. Such a work would be a good preparatory study to a head, so far as manipulative skill goes, for it is obvious that the further from the flat we get in carving, and the more our work approaches the round, the more difficult is it to carve.

As regards wood, oak of course is the most popular, and for such articles as brackets and fire-places very suitable. It is a good wood to carve. Lime and sycamore were used by Gibbons for his light work. Cedar and mahogany cut well, and for frames to be gilded good pine, free from knots, is excellent.

FRED. MILLER.

## 'A ROMAN BOAT-RACE.'

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.



CONSPICUOUS amongst a class of subject to which the distinguished President of the Royal Academy owes his popularity, this picture in a certain measure justifies the high position which he now occupies among his brother artists. After giving us early in his career a series of imposing

decorative works, among which the nobly conceived and finely executed design of 'Atalanta's Race' must always be remembered, Sir Edward Poynter has of late years painted a succession of smaller pictures of ancient Roman life. If in his earlier efforts the classical severity of drawing and academic composition often recalled the style of his lamented predecessor in office, Lord Leighton, the choice of subject in these later works naturally invites comparison with M. Alma-Tadema. Following the example of the famous Dutch master, he has applied himself to reconstruct the world of the ancients by the power of modern realism, and with a finer taste and truer classical feeling, has set before us a number of simple incidents from the private and domestic life of the old Romans. Sometimes he shows us suppliants in the temples of Isis or Venus, or scenes borrowed from the streets and market-place. Sometimes a graver subject—such as 'The Ides of March,' which now hangs in the gallery of the Corporation at Manchester—invites his attention, while at other moments a lighter theme arrests his fancy, and he paints a charming domestic group, such as Lord Hillingdon's 'Idle Fears,' or the lovely little 'Knucklebone-players,' that was exhibited at the New Gallery in 1891. The finest of all his achievements in this direction is the well-known 'Visit to Æsculapius,' which was bought by

the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, and is now one of the chief ornaments of the Tate Gallery.

The subject of the painting here reproduced is a boat-race on the Tiber. Stately temples, with marble porticoes and long colonnades, rise along the river banks; in the background are the Seven Hills of the Eternal City. Four galleys, sumptuously decorated with gold and carving, and hung with silken awnings, are in the act of starting for the race. Already the long line of oars flash in the sunshine, a track of snow-white foam glitters in their wake, and the fair young Roman girl seated in her own gilded barge looks out with an air of languid interest on her face. All the details of her form and surroundings, the gauzy draperies that cling to her white throat and arm, the amber necklace round her neck, the fan she holds idly in her hand, and the pomegranates in the basket on her lap, are drawn with the same mastery, and painted with the same exquisite care and finish. For the President's work is always marked by the same consummate technique and high degree of perfection. It is always graceful and decorative, if it keeps within strictly academic limits and lacks alike the warmth of human emotion and the divine fire of poetry.

This picture of 'A Roman Boat-race' was exhibited at the New Gallery in the summer of 1889, and is now the property of Mr. Alexander Henderson, whose magnificent collection includes some of the choicest gems of modern English art, the 'Days of Creation' and 'Briar-Rose,' by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and the 'Sir Galahad' by Mr. Watts. The etching we give our readers is the work of Mr. C. O. Murray, who has succeeded in reproducing the fine tone and delicate shades of the original painting, as far as this is possible in black and white.



*The Nile when leaving Philae.*

*From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

## FROM PHILAE TO KOROSKO.

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEO. MONTBARD.

**M**ONDAY, 4th February, 5 A.M.—We set out. The Nile of a bluish green, smooth as a mirror, reflects the harsh lines of the isle of Bigeh and the escarpments of the Arabian chain, hemmed at its base without any transition by a thin ribbon of date palms and tamarisks.

The steamer whistles repeatedly; then there is silence, broken only by the dull trepidation of the engines and the jerkymovement, astern, of a single wheel beating the water, which spurts up and falls in sprays upon the paddle board.

At once, on the left, a village presents itself coquettishly nestled in the slopes of the mountain, with its little white mosque and slender minaret darting up from verdant clusters of sycamores and palms.

Here, on the same side, a little farther on, solidly seated on the rock, a Coptic convent, half in ruins: a three-storeyed tower between four cupolas, above a block of masonry dominating a sort of bastion flanked by larger towers. A minute khouba rises above the abrupt cliff, its base resting on a band of cultivated land separating it from the river.

Opposite, Bigeh profiles its subverted summits. On its banks, obstructed every instant by lumps of granite, appear accidentally a hovel, a *sakieh* or a *chadouf*, a few palms.

On the Libyan side, sorts of granite moles advance, sombre spurs with shiny sides dipping in the Nile alternating with green oases, narrow strips of earth, wretched hamlets. Children with frail limbs, naked or barely covered with a pair of drawers, run upon the bank. A woman of lofty stature, in rags ill dissimulating her withered nudity, stands out sombre against the background of grey soil. Two lank dogs, with rough hair, devour a carcass stranded on the sand.

One is, indeed, in a new country entirely different from Egypt, and presenting, as it were, a foretaste of the Soudan.

The Nile compresses itself between the two chains. Behind us Philae appears quite small and as if crushed in the gigantic stone scaffoldings. Ever and anon a breach in this rampart of granite and porphyry displays an escape upon the desert, and there is then a long series of corroded ridges, of mounds hewn by the inclemency of the weather into fantastic silhouettes, of blocks with tormented lines, overhanging sinister gorges.

A spur of the Libyan chain now hides Philae. Before long, at a bend of the Nile, we lose sight of Bigeh.

After a moment the river widens. The cliffs in standing back discover other summits in the rear and take the aspect of mountains. The horizon, on the other hand, is barred by the bordering chains owing to the curves described by the Nile. This change in the scenery produces the illusion of navigating a lake.

A lofty promontory starting from the Libyan side penetrates boldly into the river. On its slope a village stands shelved in tiers with houses of the same dull grey as the



*A Young Girl of Dakkeh.*

*From a Drawing  
by Geo. Montbard.*

ground. One alone, its walls whitened with lime, makes a bright spot amidst this monotony.

The chain unfolds gloomy and yellow. Not a bush, not a blade of grass, not a lichen of any kind, not the least indication of life on the desolate heights! Nothing—death, complete and absolute.



A Boy of Dakkeh.

From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

And so it has been ever since the mass of water of the high levels, bursting its dykes, cut itself a passage through the waste. Eternal slaves, ceaselessly buffeted by the elements, the sands hasten on, upheaved by the winds, swept forward in floods, rolled along in cyclones and *khamseens*, invading everything, covering everything, obscuring the sun with their opaque veils.

In a furious hurricane they dash upon the uplands, assault the walls of stone, crush their flanks beneath their multiple layers, pitilessly flagellate their summits. Then, after the torment, when has ceased the conflict of winds, when the tumult of the elements has become appeased, and the terrible silence has again returned, the army of sands, of numberless and imperceptible grains of stone, resumes its habitual gait, its slow and treacherous march, skimming the ground, riddling the peaks with its subtle grit.

The more we advance the more the Nile, whose waters increase in limpidness, resembles a lake of the North. What accentuates the analogy is that false appearance of glaciers which characterises the Libyan side, giving one, in a latitude so different, with its moraines of basalt or granite, its *névés* of rusty sand, the clear vision, the

distinctly defined sensation, notwithstanding its unlikelihood, of a corner of the Alps or Pyrenees with heights gilded by the sun.

Hither and thither a cluster of mimosas, a group of slender palms, a solitary sycamore vegetate in a little land upon the bank. We pass a fisherman's boat—the only one we have met.

The Libyan side continues to unfold indefinitely its solitude of false glaciers. On its jagged crests stones fantastically balanced assume the forms of dolmen and menhirs. At their base, where a few palms cross one another, the sand touches the river. Granite begins to become rare, and is replaced by sandstone.

Through the rents in the Arabian cliff the downs descend to the Nile. It is now only at rare intervals that one catches sight of the slender antenna of a *chadouf*, of the light walls of an abandoned *sakieh*.

On the fore-deck the pilot searches the river, recognising the hidden shoals by the dark tint of the water. Behind him on a bench, sheltered by a tarpaulin fixed to an iron frame, three sailors converse in a low voice, whilst two others, one standing, the other kneeling, are reciting the evening prayer, their faces to the Orient.

5 P.M.—We leave on the right Debod, a temple recalling a little, in smaller proportions, with its three pylons, the disposition of that at Karnac. It was built by a certain Arkamoun, King of Ethiopia, who consecrated it to Isis, Osiris and Horus. A long quay of hewn stone runs parallel to the monument, whose façade looks the Nile whence crests of rock emerge. On a sandbank, opposite, fishermen, in the water up to their waists, are setting lines.

The mountains slightly recede, and the strip of land at their base widens a bit, particularly on the Libyan side, where silhouettes of *khoubas* stand out on the crests.

6 P.M.—The air is tepid and very dry. The crepuscule falls slowly. An Arab lights a tallow lamp, which he places forward to the left of the wheel. The movement on deck is violent. I sketch with difficulty.

7 P.M.—The banks become lower; their aspect in retiring is softer, less harsh, especially on our right, where the tops of the palms surpass the line of crests. The sandbanks still continue. We brush by one enclosed in a belt of rocks which stretch along the Arabian side.

8.20 P.M.—The Nile has become very broad; the mountains vanish in the distance, and the river freed from this stone corset runs at ease between its two borders. Night comes. We stop.

Tuesday, 5th February, 7.30 A.M.—The Nile, whose current becomes swifter, compresses itself between the two bordering chains which rise high and steep, with white streams of guano at their summits, and showing no passage along their abrupt flanks falling perpendicularly to the river. These are the gorges of Kalabasheh, of which I have made the large Drawing opposite.

We enter the rapids, which are extremely violent and bristling with dangerous breakers. The site is savagely grand: an accumulation of gigantic masses of stone built up in towers, in bastions, superposed in tiers, jumbled together in a thousand perplexing ways above an agglomeration of blocks fallen down, maintaining themselves in a fantastical equilibrium, walls of Titans rising on either side of the river, their menacing layers pierced with holes, split with deep gashes.

GEO. MONTBARD.

(To be continued.)



C. MONTEARD.

*The Gorges of Kalabashlik.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*



*Landscape, with Forge. By William Müller.*

## THE COLLECTION OF I. JULIUS WEINBERG, ESQ., DUNDEE.

THERE is a notion prevalent south of the Tweed that Dundee is a mere mushroom city of yesterday, wholly given over to commerce and manufactures, and the last place where one would look for traces of the civilizing power of the Fine Arts. This is a total mistake. The civic history of Dundee stretches far back into the haze of antiquity; and in the twelfth century Dundee was in immediate communication with London, and received special privileges from King John. As to the position of Dundee in the world of Art, it is sufficient to say that for many years it has held premier rank in Scotland for the sale of pictures at its exhibitions. Since these exhibitions were established some thirty years

ago, the totals of annual sales of pictures have exceeded those of either Edinburgh or Glasgow; and, indeed, there is no English provincial town, save Liverpool, that can show larger results than Dundee. This fact implies that there are private collections in the city and its neighbourhood which will compare favourably with those in almost any other large British centre except London. Only a few of these need be named to prove this assertion. The late Mr. G. B. Simpson was well known in the south as a connoisseur of rare ability; and the late Mr. J. C. Bell, whose second collection was recently dispersed, had a wide reputation of the same kind. Provost Orchar, of Broughty Ferry, has quite a unique collection, including several remarkable pictures by W. Q. Orchardson, J. C. Hook, and John Pettie; and the name of Mr. John M. Keiller, has long been familiar in every British art-centre. Since Mr. Keiller removed from Dundee, the foremost position must be assigned to I. Julius Weinberg, Esq., whose pictures are now to be examined in detail.

So long ago as 1856 Mr. Weinberg began to form his collection. He did not begin with any commercial purpose in view, nor did he set out with the priggish notion that he would confine himself to the works of one artist, and exploit that artist alone. Having a very refined taste, and a keen eye for the unobtrusive artistic merits of a picture, Mr. Weinberg purchased solely for his personal gratification; but his æsthetic temperament led him to choose pictures by men as yet of unrecognised genius, and he has thus become the possessor of works that have greatly increased in value since he acquired them. In one respect his collection is remarkable. He has many early pictures by artists who subsequently changed their style; and these have an historic as well as an artistic value, as they show the processes by which later styles were evolved. An early picture by Orchardson or MacTaggart, by John Phillip or Hugh Cameron, painted before the artist had assumed a later characteristic method, is as deeply interesting as the first literary sketches of Thackeray, of Dickens, or of Charlotte Brontë. Some of these early pictures by well-known artists are positively startling by the contrasts which they present to those later works in which some special mannerism of manipulation, colour-harmony,



*Connoisseurs. By Meissonier.*





*'Music hath Charms.'*

*From a Water-colour Drawing by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

or point of view was apparent. The dawnings of genius have always a peculiar fascination for the mind.

Starting with the notion that he would purchase pictures that pleased himself, Mr. Weinberg was not bound to any special school. His taste is cosmopolitan, and he can equally appreciate a picture reproducing a barren ravine overhung by tumultuous crags, a stretch of foaming, turbulent sea, or a market-place crowded with human figures. Nature and human nature in all their varied moods have an attraction for him, and a subtle harmony of colour holds him as by a spell. The pervading influence of his personality is visible in every part of his collection, and this is one reason why it exercises such a charm over the visitor. There is infinite variety; yet it is not a heterogeneous assortment of dissonant items such as one may see in an average exhibition. Not a single picture is without some particular merit which marks it off from the others; and excellence in every department of Art has been aimed at and accomplished.

A due regard for the fitness of things has prevented Mr. Weinberg from building a separate saloon for his pictures. Unless under special circumstances, a domestic picture gallery has a depressing effect; it seems like the consecrated spot where alone Art is to be worshipped. But the Weinberg Collection overflows in every part of the mansion. You find pictures decorating the dining-room; dominating the drawing-room; hallowing the billiard-room; making every bedroom pleasing to the eye; and relieving the lofty bareness of corridors and staircases. There is, therefore, an artistic tone throughout the mansion which exercises an influence such as could never be obtained, were all the works of art brought together in one saloon or picture gallery.

While pictures by Scottish artists preponderate in this collection, there are splendid examples of work by English and Irish artists. For many years Mr. Weinberg has made periodical visits to Spain, France, Germany, and Italy; and as he was always on the watch for choice

specimens of Continental Art to enrich his collection, he has been able to secure works by artists whose pictures are rare in this country. For instance, there is a splendid head and bust of 'A Bohemian Gipsy,' by Portaels, showing that richness of colour which is one of the artist's characteristics. Similar in subject, though very different in treatment, is 'An Albanian Girl,' by Vineia, of Rome. Here the face is sharply outlined in profile, the quaint, white head-dress contrasting strongly with the nut-brown complexion. Only the head is shown, but every line tells of consummate art. Another notable small picture is the 'Head of Sta. Rafeale,' by Rosales. The work is executed in sepia-tint, and the expression of resignation on the countenance of the sufferer is pathetic in the extreme. A splendid picture by A. L. Garrido, representing 'The Rape of the Sabines,' is notable for various reasons. It is a large canvas, with the principal figures grouped in the left foreground, the accessories being strictly Roman in character, and duly subordinated to the leading idea. The sunlight streams into the centre of the scene, while the chief actors are thrown into partial shadow, thus bringing out the delicate harmonies of the drapery in a striking manner. It is hardly credible that so ambitious and masterly a work could have been produced by a youth in his seventeenth year; yet the date is upon the picture, and the fame that Garrido has since attained fully justifies the promise which this production gave. Professor Max Schmidt's landscape, entitled 'The Coast of North Devon,' is worthy of examination as an example of the way in which a cultured artist regards the grey skies and frowning cliffs of this country. Here is a curious 'Landscape,' by Urgelles, of Madrid, which strangely recalls the methods of the Barbizon School. The subdued gloaming, the shadowy outlines of the trees, and the weird atmosphere of the whole composition present an almost Corot-like effect. Another work by a renowned artist is that called 'A Ruin,' in which Michel



*Young Navigators. By Josef Israels.*



*Study of a Female Head.*  
*From a Chalk Drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

has given a romantic interest to the dilapidated stronghold that overlooks a gloomy valley. Bright as sunlight and zephyr could make them are two views of Capri, by Lovatti. In one of these the rocky steeps are shown glowing in brilliant light; while the other is a view from the terrace looking across the bright blue waters to where Vesuvius stands in the far distance. A small picture on wood by Garcia, of Seville, shows the façade of St. Peter's at Rome; and another wood-panel is a faithfully painted landscape with sportsmen, by Marie Ten Kate. The Düsseldorf School is represented by Fey's 'Vintage Family at Sorrento;' by an imposing view of the Bavarian Alps, by Raven; and by a bridal picture called 'Past and



*A Mountain Daisy. By John Phillip, R.A.*

Present,' from the brush of Ingemay. The modern Italian School is exemplified by Lovatti's pictures already mentioned, and by a large landscape with figures, entitled 'The First Snow,' by Girolamo Induno.

Allusion has been made to Mr. Weinberg's success in obtaining early and late pictures by the same artist. One of the most remarkable contrasts thus afforded is in the case of Josef Israels. There is here a beautiful picture by this master, highly finished in every detail, representing 'Weber composing his Last Waltz.' The subject and style of this picture are quite different from the works which have made the name of Israels familiar throughout the world. His later style is represented by the beautiful picture called 'Young Navigators,' of which a reproduction is given; and this is a theme which he has worked out in many varied forms. Edouard Frère's different periods are illustrated by a small picture of an

(To be continued.)

'Interior at Ecouen,' showing a peasant girl seated at a cottage window, and by a large work of more recent date, 'The Bird-Trap'—two French children setting a primitive trap amid the snow.

The most valuable of all the foreign pictures is Meissonier's 'Connoisseurs,' which is reproduced full-size as an illustration to this article. It presents the chief characteristics of the artist's style—minuteness, accuracy, and artistic vigour—a very *multum in parvo* of art. In the same way the magnificent water-colour, 'Music hath Charms,' by L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., displays that careful attention to detail and that skilful manipulation which have gained for this artist a leading place in modern art.

There is no slap-dash impressionism in Alma-Tadema's work; he is conscientious and painstaking, and this picture shows him at his best.

The art-student will feel inclined to linger over the splendid 'Study of a Female Head,' executed in chalk, by D. G. Rossetti. The reproduction shows how perfectly the outlines are drawn, but it cannot give an adequate idea of the brilliancy of colour in the composition, even though the only colours introduced are red, black, and pale green. The flowing auburn hair, the noble contour of the neck, and the lambent flame that lurks within the dreamy eyes, make together a marvellous combination such as only genius of very high rank could have produced. There is poetry in every line of this work, and the suggestion of romance in every detail.

Different entirely in character, yet unique in its own way, is the magnificent large picture by William John Müller, entitled 'Landscape, with Forge.' There are few landscapists of Müller's time who have retained the position gained in their life-time so well as he has done. Nearly sixty years ago he leaped into fame after a long probation, and the pictures which he painted between 1839 and his death in 1845, are now of great value. This landscape is one of the finest ever produced by him, and was painted when he was at the zenith of his power.

Another great artist, who began his public career shortly before that of Müller was closed—John Phillip, R.A.—is especially well represented in the Weinberg Collection. Phillip was born in 1817, five years after Müller, and won his way, despite adverse circumstances, by the sheer overmastering force of his genius. It may be said that no modern artist, save J. M. W. Turner, ever displayed such a command of colour-combination as John Phillip. His

early pictures, painted in London between 1837 and 1841, were wonderful in their own way; but it was not until he had visited Spain, and studied the glowing works of Velasquez and Murillo, that he found his true *métier*. The charming picture called 'A Mountain Daisy,' was painted after his return; and the influence of the Spanish School is apparent in this composition. The subject is a simple Scottish lassie, clad in homely garb, holding in her hand a mountain daisy—the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" of which the poet sang. Her nationality is apparent, yet the artist has given to her a complexion such as might have graced a Spanish maiden. The humble "short gown" which she wears, with its lilac-tinted pattern, harmonises admirably with the pale orange neckerchief that covers her bosom; and the whole picture glows with brilliant and attractive colour. Verily, this is the work of a master.

A. H. MILLAR.

A Θ H

# THE DECORATIONS OF LONDON CLUBS THE ATHENÆUM

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE THOMSON.

ALTHOUGH a good deal has been written at various times concerning the history and development of the London Clubs, comparatively little attention has been directed, except incidentally, to the artistic character of the different buildings, and to the decorative details by which in many instances the interiors of them are distinguished. This disregard of a matter which is really of very considerable interest is, perhaps, to be ascribed to the fact that the internal aspect of each club is known to very few people outside the circle of its members, and is prevented by the jealously maintained privacy of these institutions from ever becoming familiar to the general public. A club is essentially a place apart, a haven of refuge from the bustle and stir of outside life, and its exclusive atmosphere is one of the things that are absolutely necessary for its properly ordered existence. But without invading this privacy it is possible to note that many of the club buildings, which, by their dignified exteriors add appreciably to the architectural effect of the streets of London, are within veritable storehouses of art. It is not so much that the decorative accessories which may have been collected in them are of exceptional rarity, or are even, in the majority of cases, of superlative quality. The pictures which hang on the walls are more often important historically than on æsthetic grounds, the furniture and fittings of the rooms are clearly chosen rather with an idea of comfort and convenience than with any intention of carrying out a scheme of decoration; but in the planning and design of the buildings themselves frequently appears the hand of a master craftsman, and in the details of adornment by which the finishing touches have been added to his structural devisings, there is constantly shown a sincere recognition of the intimate relation between architecture and the arts that are allied to it.

The fact that a club is primarily designed to serve a practical purpose, and that its mission is to be a meeting place for men whose tastes have much in common, affects, as a matter of course, the character of the building. There is an inevitable family likeness which belongs to the whole of the series that has to be considered. In them all the distribution and proportions of the rooms are roughly the same; in most of them the entrance-hall and staircase form an important feature;

generally the departure from the accepted type of structure is slight enough. But in the less permanent details there are many distinct differences. The London clubs mark the gathering together in groups of the many points of view of modern society; and each class of conviction has now a home peculiar to itself. The men who occupy themselves with the various forms of learning associate under a roof of their own; the defenders of the country fight over again their battles among themselves; the sportsmen, the theatrical leaders, the Bohemians who actively protest against present-day conventions, the politicians, and the clerics, all foregather with those who are in sympathy with their beliefs, and surround them-



*The Library of the Athenæum Club.*

seives with characteristically detached atmospheres. Therefore, each club-house has its own particular aspect, and reflects, with an artistic acknowledgment of the fitness of things, the general opinion of that section of humanity which it exists to accommodate. It is only natural that this reflection should be most obvious in those details of each building which depend for their completion less upon the preconceived intentions of the architect than upon the ideas of the clients whom he has to satisfy.

which are so often represented within its walls, and asserts by its appearance a dignified conviction of the vastly important part it has to play in the record of the social history of this country.

The Athenæum has always required from candidates for admission within its exclusive portals the one great qualification of distinguished intelligence. Its members must be men who have made for themselves conspicuous positions by the exercise of mental capacities of no ordinary kind. When it was founded, in 1824, on the initia-

tive of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty, he considered that it should be expressly laid down that no one should be eligible who had not published some literary or professional work, or was not a member of the Royal Academy, a Trustee of the British Museum, or a hereditary or life Governor of the British Institution; and the Committee formed to make the definite working arrangements included such men of note as the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., P.S.A.; Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., F.R.S.; the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, F.R.S., M.P.; Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., P.R.S.; Lord Dover, F.R.S.; Davies Gilbert, F.R.S., M.P.; Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., M.D., P.R.C.P.; Charles Hatchett, V.P.R.S.; Richard Heber, M.P.; Joseph Jekyll, F.R.S.; Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; Thomas Moore; Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; and Thomas Young, M.D., F.R.S.; with Professor Michael Faraday as temporary Secretary. By May 26th, 1824, the Club, which was known at first as "The Society," had gathered together nearly four hundred members; and



*The Staircase of the Athenæum Club—looking up.*

No club in London could be chosen as better illustrating the congruity between a special type of men and their surroundings than the Athenæum. It is eminently the home of intellectual activity. Most of those who belong to it base their claims to admission upon some marked achievement in the world of learning. Among its members are the leaders in literature, science, or art, who have gained their places in the front rank by strenuous effort to surpass the greatest masters in their respective crafts. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the building, as it were, summarises the professions

on that date it took possession of its first premises—12, Waterloo Place. At a dinner held to celebrate the formal opening, it was resolved to increase the membership to six hundred, and the present title, "The Athenæum," was adopted. A few weeks later, a circular was issued which exactly defined the purposes of the new institution, and declared it to exist for the association of individuals known for their scientific and literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the Fine Arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of Science, Literature, or the

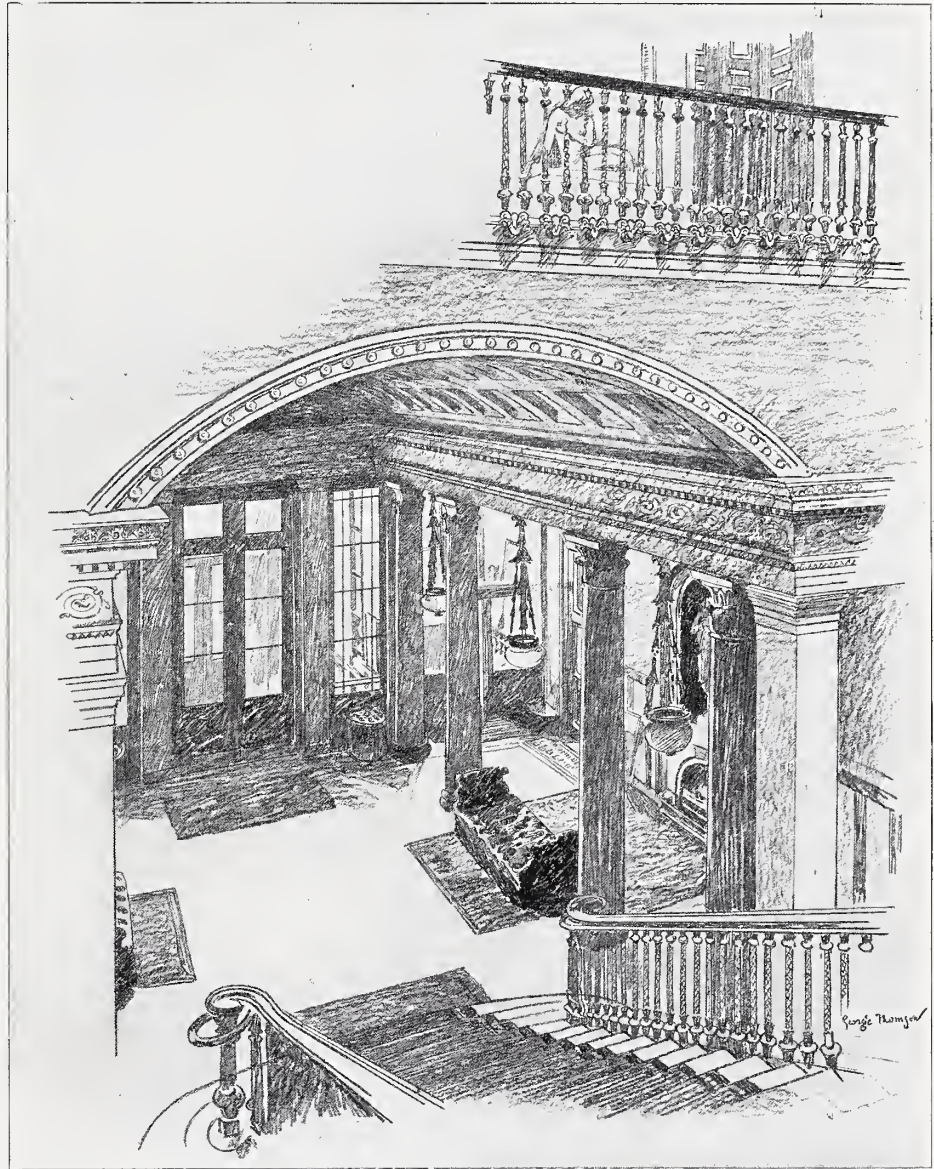
Arts. To these principles the Athenæum has adhered ever since; and it represents to-day the highest development of the national intelligence as completely as it did in the earlier years of this century.

It took only about three years to prove that a considerable extension of the club would be necessary to enable it efficiently to carry out the work for which it was founded. So, in 1827, it was decided to provide a permanent house on a scale which would admit of the much-needed expansion. A site was selected, part of the courtyard of Carlton House, which had just been demolished, and to Decimus Burton, one of the greatest of our classic architects, was given the commission to design a suitable building. Another three years elapsed before this, the present home of the club, was ready for occupation; and it was not until the middle of February, 1830, that the migration from Waterloo Place to Pall Mall was finally accomplished. By then not less than a thousand candidates were waiting for admission; and though, by 1835, the membership had increased to twelve hundred, a very large proportion of those who were anxious to join were compelled to remain outside. At the present time the difficulties that have to be faced before the widely coveted honour of election can be secured are quite extraordinary, and a candidate is condemned to some eighteen years of suspense before his name can appear in the ballot.

Concerning the building with which we are familiar to-day as the centre of so many interesting and important associations, it is possible to be quite legitimately enthusiastic. It is externally an admirably designed and proportioned example of modern classic architecture. Its reticence and good taste mark its purpose quite as clearly as the statue of Athene, the work of Baily, which stands over the portico to personify the accumulated wisdom within, or as the frieze, reproduced from that of the Parthenon, which bids the passer-by to understand that the association of Art and Learning has no inherent incongruity. Within, the building entirely fulfils the promise of its exterior. The beautiful entrance-hall, with its rows of pillars, copied from those of the Temple of the Winds, at Athens, its coffered ceiling, and its floor of Roman mosaic, leads to a magnificently proportioned staircase panelled with slabs of richly coloured breccia. On either side of the hall is a mantelpiece serving as a pedestal to a statue which stands in a niche above, and directly facing the entrance, in a recess in the wall of the staircase, is placed a gilded reproduction

of the Apollo Belvedere, flanked with tall columns and relieved against a background of deep Pompeian red. On to the hall and staircase open a number of finely designed rooms, richly but not elaborately furnished, and for the most part lined with the book-shelves which contain the huge and varied library that is one of the chief glories of the club.

But, æsthetically, the main interest of the interior lies in its decorations. These were carried out by a committee of three members—Sir E. J. Poynter, Mr. Alma-Tadema, and Mr. A. Lucas—and were com-



*The Staircase of the Athenæum Club—looking down.*

pleted in 1893, after having been in progress for about four years. They are in many respects unique, and give admirable evidence of the sincere manner in which these distinguished artists appreciated the greatness of a rare opportunity. For the hall and staircase, Mr. Alma-Tadema was chiefly responsible, and the details throughout bear ample testimony to his ingenuity and feeling for colour combination. The pillars which support the coffered ceiling are of a bright golden yellow, and stand on bronzed bases, and between them are placed settees which show in their design a clever adaptation of a classic model. The dado round the hall is panelled with

white, green, and grey marbles; and the ceiling, though mainly creamy white, has in each panel a coloured conventional pattern which relieves its uniformity and adds touches of brilliancy to the general effect. There are about sixty-four of these small original designs of Pompeian origin and delicate workmanship. The marble panels of the staircase are in rich tints of red and yellow; above them is a bronze key-pattern ornament in relief, the projection of which is accentuated by a cleverly introduced line in aluminium, a material of which Mr. Alma-Tadema has made considerable use in the drawing-room. The walls above the dado are panelled in shades of golden yellow, and the ceiling again is kept white, so that the effect of the whole arrangement is brilliant and yet delicate.

In the drawing-room, a magnificent room occupying the whole width of the first floor, Mr. Alma-Tadema's decorative sense is very plainly in evidence. The colour scheme is distinctly original, and acquires a particular character from the large surfaces of aluminium which occur in the ceiling and are combined with gilding in the capitals of the columns supporting the roof. The walls of the room are hung with green brocade, against which the yellow columns tell effectively. The ceiling itself is divided into three panels by cross beams. Of these panels the centre one is domed, and is decorated with ribs of aluminium on a ground of warm grey; the frieze

below is blue with a running pattern in gentle shades of white, red, and yellow. The side panels are in gradations of yellow, surrounded by a key pattern in pale greens and cream colour. The beams are all covered with aluminium, and the mouldings are diversified with touches of bright colour. The doors, which are prominent features in the design of the room, are warm white, gilt here and there, and surmounted with the three Greek letters  $\text{A}\Theta\text{H}$  in gold. Small details of colour are also introduced with admirable discretion.

On the ground floor, with a pleasant look-out upon the gardens of Carlton House Terrace, is the dining-room, which was undertaken by Sir E. J. Poynter. He has adopted here a Pompeian scheme, in which the dominant colours are golden yellow and black for the walls, and greyish white, pale purple, and green for the ceiling. The yellow panels of the walls are relieved with warm brown, and in the narrow dividing black panels small quantities of bright blue add variety and brilliancy. The woodwork of the doors and windows is painted black, but monotony of effect is avoided by the addition of geometrical patterns, narrow lines of yellow, blue, and grey, which diversify the black surfaces and give them life and sparkle. The ceiling, which is in architectural character exceedingly simple and severe, has been so treated that it becomes distinctly rich and elaborate; but the colours used in it are so gentle that the room loses none of its fine proportion, and remains brightly lighted and cheerful.

A much more dangerous colour experiment was attempted by Sir E. J. Poynter in the morning-room, where the ceiling has been coloured a deep but vivid blue, accentuated with lavish gilding; and yet the result is an exceedingly happy one. This room, with its gorgeous ceiling, its walls of gold Japanese leather, and its woodwork of broken brown—suggested, it is said, to Mr. Alma-Tadema by the contemplation of a brown earthenware tea-pot that chanced to be among the properties of the club—is wonderfully sumptuous and daring, and its moderate size permits the whole decorative effect to be appreciated at a glance.

The smoking-room, a later addition to the building, and ingeniously contrived below ground under part of the garden, is arranged rather for comfort than for show. It is chiefly white, with a dado of terra-cotta and red, and is pleasantly lighted from above by a glass dome. It is the only apartment in the club furnished with works of art, and contains a number of framed prints and engraved portraits of deceased members. In the centre of the room is a large stuffed owl, the emblem of Athene, solemnly presiding over the deliberations of the members. An archway from the smoking-room leads into the billiard-room, also below ground, and innocent of special decoration. A small terra-cotta statuette of Thackeray, by Boehm, which stands on a bracket, gives, however, a touch of interest; and the colour treatment of the



*The Drawing-Room of the Athenaeum Club.*





The Smoking-Room of the Athenæum Club—looking towards the Billiard-Room.

smoking-room lobby in green, white, and gold, by Mr. Alma-Tadema, makes this part of the building worthy of note. The several rooms containing the library, on the first floor, are also without decoration; indeed, any attempt to ornament them would have been impossible,

South Library, the only concessions to Art are a couple of busts, one of Pope, by Rysbrach, and another of Dr. Johnson; indeed, throughout the club there is little recognition, apart from the decorations, of the arts of the painter and sculptor. A portrait, by Opie, of Dr. Johnson, and a few prints, are all the pictures that appear; and sculpture is represented only by the busts in the library, the statues in the hall, and two casts from groups by Baily, which are placed on the upper landing of the staircase. Still, by its magnificent encouragement of decorative art, and by the opportunity which it has given to two of the chief living artists to appropriately adorn a building of the greatest architectural merit, the Athenæum cannot be said to have failed in its duty to that branch of knowledge which it partly exists to recognise.

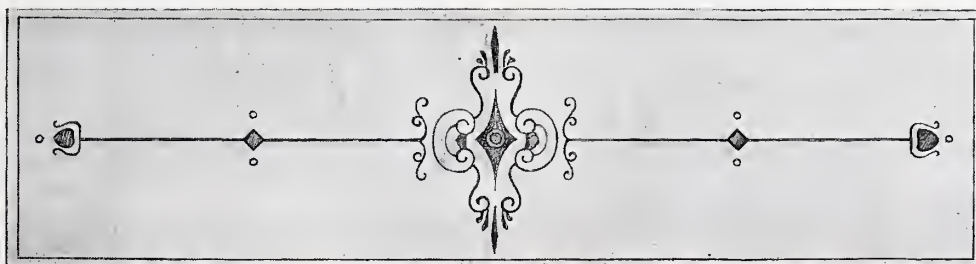
A. I. BALDRY.



A Frieze. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

as every corner is crowded with books, and there is no space for anything else. In the room known as the

(The series to be continued.)



A Panel in the Ceiling of the Athenæum Club. By L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

## IMPORTANT ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THE number of high-class illustrated books has been smaller than usual this season, but there are indications of a strong reaction, and we hear of many important works in preparation for the coming year.

The book which has raised the most expectation during the passing year has been the authorized life of Her Majesty, entitled "QUEEN VICTORIA," by R. R. Holmes (Goupil and Co.). The simplicity of the title leaves the imagination free to fancy what it will, but few could have foreseen such a striking success as the publication has proved. Mr. Holmes' text, revised by the Queen, and printed "By Royal Authority," has related the personal history of Her Majesty with skilful force and genuine good feeling, combined with the dignified reticence to be expected from one holding the important position of Librarian to the Queen. The letterpress was printed in the ateliers of THE ART JOURNAL, and on paper manufactured near Balmoral, by the Culter Mills Paper Co., one of the best makers of fine printing paper in the country. The illustrations were selected by the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL from the Royal Collection, and in many cases they proceeded on a new basis. Most of the ceremonial pictures painted for the Queen are crowded with small figures. These works would have proved very unsatisfactory, even in a large book, so the idea was adopted of taking from each picture only the central portion with the Queen herself and her own family. The result is that pictures, long since relegated to the shades of history, have been invested with new interest, and even with artistic effect.

Another successful publication, dealing with London Society, is the series of important drawings, entitled, "LONDON,

AS SEEN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON" (Lane). The second visit of this accomplished American artist to London has taught him many things, amongst others to be civil to his English relations. He admits this himself in his preface, stating: "I believe an American enjoys London more during his second visit. He is sure to be older for one thing, and with very little left of the prejudice he once had. He is not so apt to wear a sensitive patriotic chip on his shoulder, and for this reason he will give London a better opportunity to know him." Besides this, the drawings are more searched, more refined, and he is content to dwell more thoroughly on what is the attractive and to cease caustically poking fun, which at first looked like bad judgment. With years has come the discretion to be expected, and this series of splendid drawings places Mr. Charles Dana Gibson in the front rank of modern artists. If *Funch* requires a recruit, here is one ready made, for he is nearer Du Maurier than any other, and his art is developing on even a higher plane.

Another book, also a masterpiece in its way, is "WINDOWS: A BOOK ABOUT STAINED AND PAINTED GLASS," by Lewis F. Day (B. T. Batsford, 94, High Holborn). Many books have been written about stained glass, but mostly from the historical point of view, while this volume, packed full of interesting material from first to last, is the outcome of the experience of over a quarter of a century. Mr. L. F. Day is too well known as a designer, and one of the examiners of South Kensington, to need any introduction. His pen often adorns these pages on subjects on which no one disputes his high position. The book now under notice is a labour of love; amply illustrated and carefully printed, it will long remain an authority on its subject.

Although having a modest sub-title, Mr. A. G. Temple's "ART OF PAINTING IN THE QUEEN'S REIGN" (Chapman and Hall) is a very satisfactory performance, and the volume is one that will be found as useful as it is comely. Beginning with Turner and Landseer, it includes Millais, Rossetti, Walker, Albert Moore, and all the artists of our own day. The illustrations are fairly good, and the general arrangement of the work excellent. Mr. Temple again justifies, as he has already done so often, the great esteem in which he is held by the City Fathers. From Chapman and Hall also comes "AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION," held at South Kensington, 1896. Mr. J. Fisher, the hard-working head-master of Bristol School of Art, has acted as editor, and supplied a few notes. The illustrations, although in a somewhat old-fashioned process, are excellently chosen, and the volume ought to be in the possession of every art teacher in the country.

"MODERN ARCHITECTURE," by Heathcote Statham (Chapman and Hall) is a valuable illustrated book, written in a popular way, by one of the highest authorities on architecture. The volume does not aim at technical instruction, but is one dealing with the best modern work in a manner which ought to secure it a permanent place in the library.



All Souls College, Oxford.

From "Windows."

By Lewis F. Day.

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

THE Birkenhead Pottery, founded by Mr. Harold Rathbone, has only been in existence four years, but its enamelled and coloured earthenware, in the style of Della Robbia, is already famous. Much of the work done during these four years has, of course, been experimental, but the experiments have resulted in the evolution of many valuable and individual methods. In the manufacture of architectural faience, Mr. Rathbone has been particularly successful, and it is interesting to learn that many important commissions for this kind of work have been executed at Birkenhead, including an angle-nook archway for Lord Radnor's house, at Folkestone, and the fountain, which Mr. T. E. Colcutt has designed, for the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel. The ornamental details of the Savoy fountain (portions of which are illustrated this month) have been carried out from the designs of Mr. Harold Rathbone.



Chimney Side in  
"Della Robbia" Ware.



Two Panels of Praying Angels  
in "Della Robbia" Ware.  
Designed by Miss E. M. Rope.

A large measure of local support has been accorded to the Birkenhead Pottery, in the progress of which great interest has been shown by Mr. Allan, the sculptor, who has recently taken up his abode in Liverpool, in connection with the University School of Architecture and Applied Arts. Another artist who has settled in the great northern seaport, Mr. Anning-Bell, has modelled some charming panels in low relief, which



Central Panel in a Fountain to be erected in the Courtyard of the Savoy Hotel. Designed and modelled by Harold Rathbone.

have been reproduced in the Pottery with great success. Employment has also been found for a number of youthful apprentices or pupils of both sexes, who have been trained to decorate vases and other articles with original designs. These designs are criticised daily by Mr. Rathbone, with the object of drawing out the individual character of



Capital and other Details (unfinished) of Portions of the Fountain to be erected in the Courtyard of the Savoy Hotel.



Panel in "Della Robbia" Ware, for Overmantel Insertion.  
Designed by Miss E. M. Roife.

the artist, and thus developing and improving his or her particular faculty. This effort "to restore to the worker the individual interest and pleasure in daily work and creation"—to use Mr. Rathbone's own words—is one of the most interesting features of the Birkenhead experiment.

Since its foundation, early in 1894, the Pottery has attracted the attention and gained the sympathy of many eminent artists and designers, including the late Lord Leighton, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Alma-Tadema, the late William Morris, and Mr. Walter Crane. Examples of the Della Robbia ware have been purchased by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Marchioness of Lorne, the last named of whom has shown a great personal interest in the work, and has promised to pay a visit to the Pottery at an early date. It is pleasant to record that the wares manufactured at Birkenhead are advancing in public as well as in artistic favour, and that an enlargement of the Pottery is contemplated in the near future.



Panel.  
By Miss Esther Moore.

Miss Esther Moore, some of whose designs are reproduced on this page, has studied the sculptor's art in Paris, as well as in London, but her artistic training has been chiefly directed by Mr. Lantéri, the modelling master at the Royal College of "Art." For some years past Miss Moore has exhibited regularly in the sculpture galleries at Burlington House, but lately her attention has been given principally to decorative work in metal, and she has designed and executed, among other things, many admirable panels in

quaint and original. Two interesting examples of her work in this direction were in progress when I visited her studio in Bedford Park, but neither, unfortunately, was in a sufficiently advanced state to photograph. The panel "Even-song" (emblematical of a sunset sky), was designed, together with two smaller lateral panels, for the front of a piano. The design has been carried out in silver. "Tragedy" is one of three small bronze panels which were designed for the ornamentation of a book-case containing a complete set of Shakespeare's plays and poems. A third illustration shows a graceful clasp, in which the harmony of line, which distinguishes all Miss Moore's work, is particularly apparent.



Ariadne. Panel in Low Relief  
by R. Anning-Bell.  
Carried out in "Della Robbia" treatment.

A gold medal has been awarded to Messrs. Woollams & Co., for the admirable collection of wall papers shown by them at the Victorian Era Exhibition. The collection contained examples of the representative wall papers of the last sixty years—1837-1897.

Most of the interesting examples of ancient needlework, exhibited last month by Messrs. Howell & James, were of Spanish origin. The chasubles, altar-frontals, and other ecclesiastical examples were, I was informed, collected from the poorer Spanish churches and monasteries, whose custodians often substitute the cheapest modern imitations for their ancient treasures. In England such things soon find purchasers, who buy them as a rule for presentation to churches—both Catholic and Anglican. The chasuble, a piece of seventeenth-century Spanish work, which is illustrated this month, was one of the best examples of its kind in the exhibition. It was in excellent condition, considering its age, and the colours of the silks, with which



Piano Front in Silver. By Miss Esther Moore.



*Bronze Clasp. By Miss Esther Moore.*

it was worked, had lost little of their pristine richness and brilliancy. Of the altar-frontals, exhibited by Messrs. Howell & James, two were particularly remarkable. One of these was of salmon-coloured silk, decorated with floral designs in pale fawns, blues, and greys; the other of coarse canvas, worked all over with gold-coloured silk thread, the border ornamented with a quaint pattern of conventionalized animals and flowers. Of ancient needlework, other than ecclesiastical, there were many fine specimens. One of the most striking was a satin quilt, of an exquisite poppy-red colour, embroidered with an elaborate and intricate design.

W. T. WHITLEY.



*Back of Chasuble (Messrs. Howell & James.)*

## CAMERA CRAFT.

THE close of the recent season of "greater" exhibitions was unusually brilliant, for it was marked by a show with several new and distinctly advanced features. The fact that it occupied the spacious and handsome rooms of the New Gallery, in Regent Street, was very fully appreciated by photographers, who have been used to see their work displayed in somewhat dingy quarters. Perhaps I should not even say "displayed," for too often the exhibitions consist of far too many pictures, far too closely packed together. At the exhibition in the New Gallery, however, they were really displayed; especially in the invitation collection which filled the West Gallery, where every individual frame had ample space, and was prevented from jarring or being jarred by its neighbours. This result was largely due to the fact that the selecting and hanging were in the hands of the same decorative artist, Mr. George Walton, who was responsible for the draping and furnishing of the exhibition room. In most cases, too, the frames were designed and made by Mr. Walton, with the result that the decoration, the frames and the pictures, became a harmonious whole, decidedly more attractive than the usual picture show, whether of photographers' or painters' work. A canopy of white gauze, loosely festooned in the roof, gave a pleasant diffusion to the light, and hanging ribbons, with metal clasps and pendants, served to break up the walls into comparatively small compartments. Pedestals and brackets, with large vases filled with growing plants and dried grasses, further served to break up the wilderness of floor which makes most picture shows look so bare when only a few visitors are in the room; and a few pieces of furniture, of simple but handsome design, occupied the centre of the floor space.

1898.

In the competitive section it was satisfactory to note



*Entrance to Competition Room.*

I



Room containing "Kodak" Pictures by Royalty.

the large number of hitherto unknown workers, including very many foreigners, whose pictures would make a useful addition to the older exhibitions. Amongst a wilderness of pretty, petty, meaningless snap-shots, it was a pleasure to find constantly, often in prints of almost microscopic size, ample evidence of thought and intention—definite, good, and sometimes even novel ideas, well conceived and well executed. Amongst many new names, a few of the well-known workers stood

prominently on the prize list, and notable amongst them was Eustace Calland, with a prize of thirty guineas for his 'St. Martin's-in-the-Fields,' which I mentioned last month as one of the chief pictures in the Photographic Salon.

The propriety of great money prizes is distinctly open to discussion from the craftsman's point of view, and I think photographers are generally agreed that the better thing is the elimination of all awards, or at most the system of the Royal Photographic Society, which gives a small number of medals of equal value—in bronze. Of course, the purpose of the Eastman Exhibition was purely commercial, and for photography generally it has done a valuable work in bringing forward so many hitherto unknown exhibitors.

Amongst the most important of these new recruits were the five or six Royal ladies for whom was reserved one of the walls of the West Gallery. Although so many of our princesses are well known as enthusiastic photographers, very little of their work has been seen. In 1895, at the Imperial Institute Exhibition of Photography, a number of examples of ceramic decoration from negatives by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales were shown, but these did not prepare us for the varied, and in some cases excellent, work which was shown at the New Gallery by the same Royal lady, and by her daughters and other relatives. Of course, much of the work was purely in the nature of pleasant records of friends met or places visited, but even these showed considerable technical skill, as well as artistic taste in grouping and lighting. Several of the groups of two or three figures were exceedingly good, and some of them would have taken a good place in any good photographic exhibition, even if they had come from unknown workers.

I am sure that photographers fully appreciate this public joining of their ranks by the Royal ladies, and that further contributions from them will be greatly appreciated in our exhibitions.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.

## SOME WINTER SHOWS.

A VERY representative collection of the work of Josef Israels, in oil and water-colour, was open early last month at the Goupil Gallery. It included productions of various periods, and illustrated in a remarkable way the achievement of his long and busy life. One of the finest pictures was 'Quand on devient vieux,' an old peasant woman cowering over a fire, a wonderful study in low tones; but there was scarcely less evidence of his rare power in 'The Rabbi,' an old man reading, and in the grey coast subject, 'The Philosopher,' an extraordinarily direct and expressive piece of well-recorded observation. The show, as a whole, was dignified and impressive in no ordinary degree.

One of the best characteristics of the New English Art Club is the manner in which, year by year, it succeeds in making its exhibitions legitimately interesting. The exhibition which occupied the Dudley Gallery during November and December, was better than many that have preceded it, a well-balanced and judiciously varied statement of sound beliefs. In landscapes the show was especially strong. Professor Brown

showed two of the finest canvases which he has as yet exhibited, in his delightfully luminous and delicate 'Nidderdale,' and his finely-designed composition, 'The Mill Stream.' Mr. Francis Bate, too, was seen to especial advantage in a well-understood and ably expressed woodland subject, 'Through the Trees,' a fine study of colour and light and



Poster. By Josef Israels.

shade; and Mr. Steer's 'Knaresborough' was full of subtle colour and atmospheric effect. Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. J. L. Henry, and Mr. Moffat Lindner contributed smaller canvases of great merit; Mr. D. Y. Macgregor, a large and impressive composition in low tones, 'The Quarry'; Mr. Bernhard Sickert, a pleasant study of 'St. Ives Harbour'; and Mr. Bertram Priestman, four admirable works, of which the most fascinating was 'Under the Chestnuts,' an exceptionally happy harmony of silvery colour, painted with complete refinement. The best water-colours were Mr. Brabazon's 'Murcia,' Mr. Lindner's 'Dordrecht,' and Mr. A. W. Rich's 'Lewes,' and a 'Sussex Pasture.'



*Under the Chestnuts. By Bertram Priestman.*

The third collection of "Masterpieces of the English School," exhibited by Messrs. Agnew for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, occupied their gallery during November and December. The pictures were selected with admirable judgment, and the artists represented could, in all cases, be studied to the very best advantage. The gem of the exhibition was Constable's magnificent 'Stratford Mill,' painted in 1820. A couple of fine examples of George Morland, 'The Stable' and 'The Post-Boy's Return,' were among the best of the gathering; and Hoppner was shown at his best in the fascinating portrait of 'Miss Frances Beresford,' and in the equally attractive 'Lady Elizabeth Howard.' Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Daughters of Colonel Carteret Hardy,' if less masterly

than some of his more famous canvases, had all his merits of style and grace of arrangement; Sir Joshua Reynolds was well represented by his 'Fortune-Tellers' and 'Lady Anne Fitzpatrick'; and Gainsborough by 'Mrs. Drummond' and 'Lady Rodney.' Turner's superb 'Walton Bridges,' and almost as remarkable 'Sheerness,' with its noble sky, rivalled in importance, and perhaps surpassed in power, the great Constable. A. L. B.

## PASSING EVENTS.

MR. ALFRED WATERHOUSE has been elected Treasurer to the Royal Academy, in succession to Mr. J. C. Horsley, who retired last August. It was a curious coincidence that both candidates for the post should have been architects, Mr. T. G. Jackson running very close, and it was only the President's casting vote that decided in favour of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse.

MR. HENRY TATE has instructed the builders to proceed with the work of completing the National Gallery of British Art. The work will be finished in two years, and will more than double the size of the present space available for pictures and sculpture.

THE election of Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., to the Presidentship of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, in succession to the late Sir John Gilbert, came as a surprise to the general public. Mr. Waterlow will prove himself in every way worthy of the honour which has been conferred upon him, and the election has been well received. The other candidate was Professor Herkomer, R.A.

MR. WHISTLER has gained his appeal against the French court's decision in Sir William Eden's favour. Mr. Whistler retains his picture, and his indemnity is reduced to forty pounds, while the baronet pays the law costs.

## OBITUARY.

BY the death of Sir John Gilbert we lose an artist, who during his eighty years of life, laboured incessantly in the profession of which he was latterly one of the most prominent leaders; and he made for himself a position that was the result of no passing fashion, nor of any whim on the part of the public. From his first appearance as an exhibitor, in 1836, to the year of his death, he was actively at work; and during this period of some sixty years the sum total of his production amounted to nearly four hundred oil paintings and water-colour drawings, and to some thousands of black-and-white designs.

THROUGH the death of Mr. J. B. Burgess, R.A., the Academy has lost one of its most assiduous members. John Bagnold Burgess was born at Chelsea on October 21st, 1830. His most famous picture was 'Licensing the Beggars, Spain,' which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876, and purchased in 1883 for £1,165 10s., for the Royal Holloway College Gallery, where it now hangs. Amongst his other principal exhibits at the Academy were—'Bravo Toro' (1865); 'The Favourite Padre' (1866); 'Kissing Relics in Spain' (1872); 'Childhood in Eastern Life' (1878); 'The Genius of the Family' (1881); 'An Artist's Almsgiving' (1886); 'The Sculptor' (1890). Last year he sent one picture, 'A Mothers' Meeting in the Country.'

## RECENT BOOKS ON ART.

"THE CHIPPENDALE PERIOD IN ENGLISH FURNITURE," by K. Warren Clouston, Debenham and Freebody, and Edward Arnold. The author of this quarto volume disclaims, in her preface, any pretence "to the dignity of a history," and addresses herself frankly to amateurs. Those interested in the productions of Chippendale, the brothers Adam, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and the rest of the men responsible for the English variants of the French Styles of the eighteenth century, may gather from the illustrations a very fair idea of the fashions of later Georgian furniture. He must have a robust stomach who finds it all beautiful: still the best of it is



*The High Street, Totnes. By Joseph Pennell.  
("Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall.")*

worthy of emulation—not of imitation: there is nothing in it to discourage the designer in his righteous endeavour to do something which shall better represent the days we live in than that dull mimicry of old work which is so carefully fostered by those who have nothing of their own to give.

After ten pages of preface to "THE CERAMICS OF SWANSEA AND NANTGARW" (Bemrose), Mr. William Turner belatedly asks: "What is it that is claimed for this book?" and answers, with unexpected promptitude, "It is the history of two factories in which the very best of our British porcelains were produced." Mr. Turner has apparently put himself to endless pains to immerse the reader in a pool of information more or less referring to his subject. Unquestionably the porcelain of Swansea and Nantgarw is of a high order—Billingsley, Baxter, Pardoe, and Pollard, being the artists associated with it in its best days. Collectors will find a copious index

of marks most useful, but by far the most instructive parts of the work are the coloured illustrations of the ware, which have been excellently reproduced.

The final chapter of Messrs. A. Stephenson and F. Suddard's book on "ORNAMENTAL DESIGN FOR WOVEN FABRICS" (Methuen) makes one regret that they did not keep more strictly to their text. It was a good one, not hackneyed, and one upon which men affiliated to the Yorkshire and Bradford Technical Colleges should be well qualified by experience to speak. As it is, a great part of their book is devoted to the recapitulation of what has been said before concerning ornament in general, its planning, and the principles which govern it.

Seldom do we find so much arduous labour concentrated on an artistic book as in the fine volume "EARLY FLORENTINE WOODCUTS," by Paul Kristeller (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.). Beginning with a charming preface, where the writer's lightness of touch and easy delivery make the reader find the forty pages too short, the book deals minutely with every woodcut known to have been issued in Florence between 1490 and 1550. The second part of the work is devoted to reproductions of 193 early woodcuts, well chosen and adequately reproduced.

"HISTORIC ORNAMENT."—Two volumes by James Ward (Chapman & Hall). The more we know about ancient ornament (and we are every year learning something fresh) the more difficult it becomes to compress into a volume or two the gist of what we know. A work like this can never take the place of the more exhaustive works of Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez, Worsaae, Hildebrand, Lane-Poole, and others; but at least it calls attention to them by its many excellent illustrations.

Space compels us to say only a few words on "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DEVON AND CORNWALL," by A. H. Norway (Macmillan), with illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson. We reprint one of Mr. Pennell's artistic sketches, and warmly recommend the book.—"THE HILL OF THE GRACES," by H. S. Cowper (Methuen), describes the author's interesting visits in 1895-6 to Tripoli to study the megalithic ruins. The illustrations mostly from photographs.—Among Messrs. Bell's recent publications are "DECORATIVE HERALDRY," by G. W. Eve; "PORTRAIT MINIATURES," by Dr. G. C. Williamson, with well-chosen, but not well-reproduced, illustrations; "HISTORICAL PORTRAITS," by H. B. Wheatley; and "BROWNING'S POEMS," with painter-like illustrations by Byam Shaw; "THE THREE CRUIKSHANKS," by F. Marchmont (W. T. Spencer) is a bibliographical catalogue describing about 500 works, and it will be useful until a thorough life of the celebrated George Cruikshank is undertaken.

"THE YEAR'S ART FOR 1898" (Virtue) has become indispensable to artists and collectors. Its information about exhibitions, galleries, and the prices reached at all sales are not to be found elsewhere, and the lengthy directory of artists, well kept up-to-date, is of the greatest utility to all connected with the arts.







An original Etching by — and Saw. N. C.

St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall

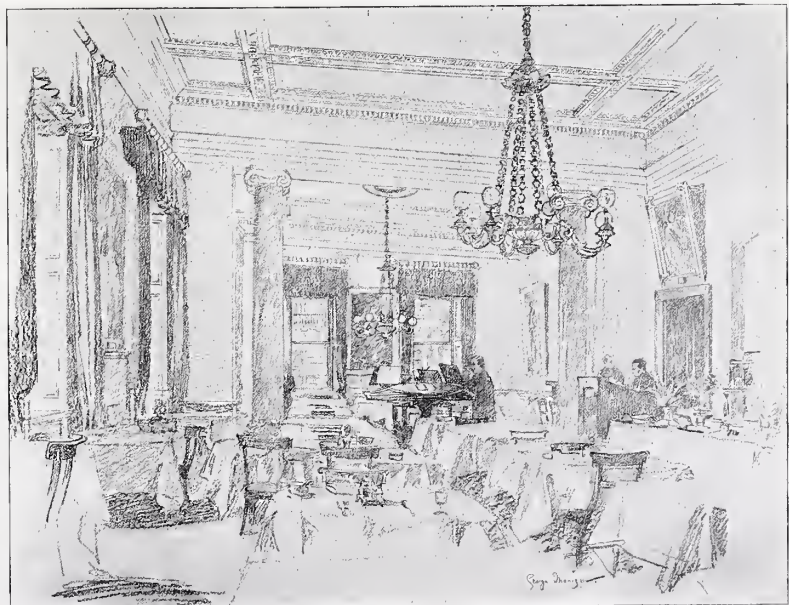


WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE THOMSON.\*

THE history of the United Service Club, like that of many of the chief institutions of the same type now existing in London, is one of gradual development and of progress through various stages. When this great meeting-place for the leaders of the two services was first founded, on May 31st, 1815, by General Lord Lynedoch, Viscount Hill, and other officers, it was known as the General Military Club, and was limited to army men only. It was nearly a year later, on January 24th, 1816, that the scope of the club was extended, and the officers of the navy joined those of the army on the roll of membership. To mark this extension the present title was adopted, and on February 16th, 1816, the United Service Club began a career which has year by year gained in distinction and importance.

Some years, however, elapsed before the club took possession of the fine building in Pall Mall which it now occupies. Its first home was in Waterloo Place, where a special club-house was erected for its occupation. The foundation stone of this was laid on March 1st, 1817; but only ten years later a move to other quarters was decided upon, and a lease of a suitable site in Pall Mall was taken. The Waterloo Place house was sold to the Junior United Service Club for £15,000, and the new building, from designs by the celebrated architect, Nash, was at once commenced. It was ready for opening by November, 1828, and was completed, at a cost of nearly £50,000, by the following midsummer. After thirty years some further additions were found to be necessary; so in 1858, a new wing was built on the site of an ad-

joining house, and the club in its present form was then finished. It is a spacious place, with a solidly dignified exterior, and containing a splendid suite of large rooms thoroughly well adapted for their particular purposes, and excellently suited by their ample proportions to accommodate the sixteen hundred members who are now on the books. The obvious intention of the architect throughout has been to make the whole building comfortable, sacrificing little to mere display, and aiming rather at an effect of general fitness than striving to gain an architectural sumptuousness by inappropriate devices.



*The Dining-Room of the United Service Club.*

\* Continued from page 25.

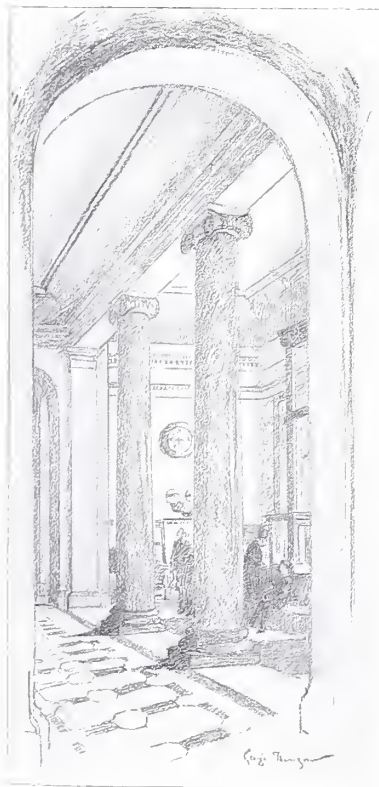
There is, as a fortunate consequence, a very happy reflection of the character of the club in the general appearance of the interior of the building. The pervading atmosphere is one of sturdy and substantial homeliness, decorously free from any touch of flippancy, and conceding nothing to those lighter aspects of existence which may fairly be regarded as unlikely to attract men whose lives have been governed by the formalities of the services. A respect for discipline and a love of order dominate the place. Everything expresses the preference of the members for surroundings which are in keeping with the associations of their profession. Not even in their moments of leisure can these warriors ignore their responsibilities; their armour is never entirely laid aside, and the consciousness of having serious duties to fulfil seems to be one that never dies out. Therefore, even in the retirement of the clubhouse, the habit of watchfulness asserts itself, and the suggestion of repose and forgetfulness of the outside world, with its fierce striving and constant turmoil, is hardly to be perceived. The whole building is stamped with an air of activity, and makes no pretence of offering to the serious thinker or quiet dreamer a haven to which he can fly for refuge from his fellow-men. Here is a colony of birds of passage, coming and going; men who gather from all parts of the world to meet and recount experiences, and then scatter again in many directions, wherever they may be called by the demands of their service or the needs of their country. All this movement and change affects the character of the club. It cannot be a home, because the majority of its members have duties and responsibilities which make impossible the selection of any permanent dwelling-place; it becomes, instead, a kind of social head-quarters, at which every now and then some busy officer appears to report himself, and to consult those of his own order

about details of his profession, or to which, as a kind of Information Bureau, he hurries for a few moments to hear the latest news from those distant parts of the world in which he may himself have almost immediately to take up work which is ready for him to do.

As a result, the rooms in the United Service Club have little of that æsthetic individuality which marks so definitely those of the neighbouring Athenæum. There is apparent in them no obvious intention to satisfy, by a carefully considered decorative



*The Grand Staircase of the United Service Club.*



*The Vestibule of the United Service Club.*

scheme, the artistic tastes of contemplative people; and they do not suggest that there is among the members who use the club any general desire for special luxury of appointments or for particular elegance of detail. They are designed, instead, to please by what may be called negative qualities, by an absence of everything which would be likely to cause divergences of opinion or to excite active criticism. All the æsthetic merit which comes from judicious use of space, from fine proportion, and from thoughtful attention to the purpose which each room is planned to fulfil, they can justly claim; but in all the lesser decorative details there is little evidence of any deliberate intention. The effect which is presented is that which is characteristic of any large house whose inmates prefer solid comfort to fanciful trifles. The furniture, the hangings, the various odds and ends which help to make the rooms habitable, are substantial; the general colour effect is sober and low-toned; the whole atmosphere is impressive and dignified, because it is reserved and unassertive. The great library, with its range of windows overlooking the gardens of Carlton House Terrace, its crimson curtains and gilt cornices, and its perspective of massive columns, is thoroughly suited to serve as a background to the groups of Empire-makers who are often gathered within its walls. The morning-room, the coffee-room, the smoking-room, the writing-room, and the smaller Stewart library, show no departure from the same principle of quiet reticence. There is little variety in their arrangements, and no studied attempt to depart from an accepted pattern is to be perceived.



*The Drawing-Room of the United Service Club.*

The chief architectural feature of the club is the grand staircase. This is treated with the same simplicity and absence of unconviction that distinguish the rooms, but the ample space allotted to the central hall, the generous width of the stairs themselves, and the vigour of the great coffered dome above, help to produce an effect that is eminently persuasive. Here, too, is the most definite concession to abstract æstheticism that the club can boast, for the colour treatment of this hall was undertaken originally by that great decorator, Owen Jones, and no modification of his scheme has since been permitted. What he aimed at was clearly to preserve, if not accentuate, the spaciousness of the hall and staircase; and with this intention his whole colour combination was pitched in a high key. The scheme is one of pale greens, greys, and white, relieved by running patterns of bright red, and by conventional designs in warm orange red and bright blue in the coffering of the dome. The general harmony is delicate and luminous, agreeing well with the large plain surfaces presented by the architect, and emphasizing rather than concealing the solid simplicity of his design. Another characteristic of the staircase is the manner in which it is approached from the smaller entrance-hall. This does not open, after the usual fashion, directly into the central space, but is divided from it by a wall masked by a row of columns, at the end of which an archway gives access to the staircase. This arrangement detracts, perhaps, to some extent, from the immediate impressiveness of the main hall, but serves the useful purpose of making it available as a lounge, and of securing to it a degree of privacy which would not have been possible had it communicated directly with the street. A certain amount of effective contrast is also gained by the

sudden transition from the limited space of the entrance to the comparative vastness of the staircase; the device is quite a legitimate one, and requires no defence.

Whatever may be lacking in decorative variety in the treatment of the club-house itself is amply atoned for by the richness of the array of pictures and pieces of sculpture which crowd the walls of the rooms and fill the nooks and corners of the corridors. Examples of many of our more notable artists have been secured by or presented to the club, so that the collection which has resulted is as valuable artistically as it is historically interesting. The great majority of these works of art are, as might have been expected, portraits—some of which are original paintings and others copies from notable canvases. One of the most admirable of the originals is the large full-length of 'Lord Lynedoch,' painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a masterly piece of handling, fine in design and rich in colour. It hangs over one of the mantelpieces in the coffee-room, and at the opposite end of the same room is another full-length of 'Lord Saltoun,' by the same artist. Near by are Sir Francis Grant's well-known portrait of 'Field-Marshal Viscount Gough,' Sir Godfrey Kneller's 'John, Duke of Marlborough,' Sir W. Beechey's 'Admiral Earl St. Vincent,' and H. W. Pickersgill's 'Earl de Grey, K.G.' In the morning-room is another painting by Sir Francis Grant, of 'Field-Marshal Lord Raglan'; and among the other pictures on the walls are an interesting study of General Gordon by Mr. Lowes Dickenson, and the ably executed full-length of 'The Duke of Cambridge,' by Mr. A. S. Cope, which appeared in the last Academy exhibition. Of the many canvases which hang in the large library on the first floor, the most remarkable are Sir Francis Grant's 'Queen Victoria,' Sir Peter Lely's

'King Charles II.,' Sir Godfrey Kneller's 'King James II.' and 'King George I.,' and the copy by Sir M. Shee from Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of 'King George IV.,' and in the writing-room are two more pictures by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of 'King William III.' and 'Queen Mary,' and two portraits of 'King George III.' and 'Queen Charlotte,' by Allan Ramsay.

The most important canvas, however, which the club possesses is placed on the Grand Staircase, where it is seen under particular advantages of lighting, and under conditions which permit of its being examined at a convenient distance. This is the great picture of 'The Battle of Trafalgar,' by Clarkson Stanfield, perhaps the finest example of his powers which could be selected. It is painted on a large scale and with perfect confidence; it is designed and composed with the best judgment; and in its sense of atmospheric effect, and its expression of delicate gradations of tone, it bears comparison with the greater pictorial achievements of the present century. It has, too, the merit of being in perfect condition; no loss of luminosity or subtlety has marred its



Portrait of Lord Lynedoch.  
By Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A.

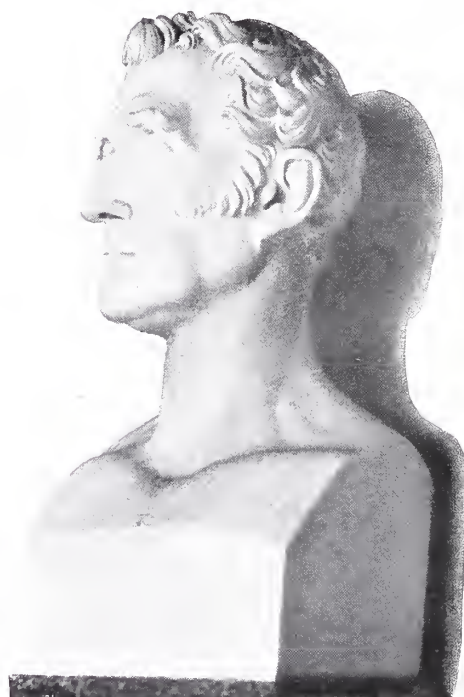
charm, and no mechanical change has occurred to defeat the intentions of the artist. Facing it on the other side of the staircase is a large representation of 'The Battle of Waterloo,' by G. Jones, a painter of battle pieces whose reputation was higher in by-gone years than it is to-day; and appropriately hung on the other two walls are portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, Admiral Collingwood, and Lord Hill. The whole group serves as a vivid reminder of a stirring time in our national history, and commemorates worthily successes of which we may justifiably feel proud.

At the foot of the staircase, in the Grand Hall, is another notable work of art, Flaxman's bust of Lord Nelson. In this is seen an aspect of the sculptor's ability which is, to some extent, calculated to surprise those students of his work who are inclined to recognise his classicism and regard for style rather than his power of realistic expression. Here he is emphatically a realist, a judicious observer of facts, aiming especially at securing an exact representation of the personality of his sitter, and succeeding admirably in his

interpretation of the living man. The bust is superb in its vitality and strength, full of character, and yet marked by the best type of artistic reserve. But both in the modelling of the face and in the treatment of the uniform coat, there is shown the mastery of the man who knows what to select and what to leave out, and yet does not hesitate to assert his own artistic conviction in every detail. By way of instructive comparison may be instanced Marochetti's bust of Lord Cardigan, which stands also in the Grand Hall, and Pistrucci's colossal head of the Duke of Wellington, which is placed under the colonnade in the entrance-hall. Marochetti has



Bust of Nelson.  
By Flaxman.



Head of Wellington.  
By Pistrucci.



*The Battle of Trafalgar.*  
By Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

pinned his faith to realism, and Pistrucchi to style, and neither have attained to anything approaching the artistic level which Flaxman has reached, seemingly without an effort, in the 'Lord Nelson.' Pistrucchi's 'Duke of Wellington' is magnificent as a technical exercise, a most able piece of handling, abounding in energetic display and superbly indifferent to commonplace facts; but it is to be regarded rather as a personification than as a portrait. The sculptor appears to have been led away by his own enthusiasm about his subject, and has idealised his sitter out of all knowledge.

However, these contrasts help to make the art collection of the United Service Club especially interesting. There has seemingly been no set conviction at work in the gathering together of the many fine things which are to be seen there. The only dominant idea has been to secure whatever seemed appropriate to the atmosphere of the place, and in agreement with the tastes of the members. Just as the building and its decorative treatment reflect the view of life taken by men who are by inclination and habit prepared for action rather than repose, so the works of art that they prefer are renderings of scenes that they can parallel from their own experience, or portraits of heroes whom they look up to as their worthiest models. In one sense, it is a pity that the picture-collecting of the club should not have been carried out with more consistent intention. If, instead of depending upon the generosity of individuals, or the occasional enterprise of groups of members, an arranged scheme had been followed, a quite remarkable gallery might by now have been gathered within the building. An array of battle-pieces, representing the greatest of those military and naval achievements which have left their mark upon our political history,

1898.

and have influenced permanently our development as a race, would have been quite appropriately placed in an institution which has indirectly played a prominent part in the work which the nation has, during this century, set itself to do. Such a collection would have been supremely convincing, full of interest as a record of the past and abounding with stimulating suggestion for the future. It would be to the United Service Club what the library is to the Athenæum over the way, an assertion of the purposes to which the building is devoted. Even if the pictures were limited only to those that represented events in which members of the club were concerned, the total result would be, by now, of extraordinary significance; and these illustrations to our national roll of fame, showing how step by step we have risen from a condition in which we had to fight for our very existence, to the place which we now hold at the head of the civilised communities of the world, would have served valuably to encourage the patriotism and devotion of the soldiers and sailors who have now, and will have in the future, to defend what we have gained by so many sacrifices.

However, the next best thing to a display of pictures of action, is to show what the men were like who led our forces on land and sea through the campaigns that have covered with renown the British name; and the portraits with which the club is filled, permanently present to the spectator vivid reminders of the actual personality of the great leaders whom it is the ambition of every present-day defender of the country to emulate. If there are not many other canvases on the walls as impressive as the 'Waterloo,' or the 'Trafalgar,' there is, at least, a growing gallery of paintings which will interest many generations and provide for our written

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*The Writing-Room of the United Service Club.*

records those touches of actuality which are so helpful to the imagination, and so valuable as incentives to historical study. Pictures of incident take, in a sense, the place of books; but portraits add to reading a personal note, and give the student a feeling of intimacy with the individual whose actions he finds described. It may be as a result of this conviction that the members of the club have surrounded themselves with the particular works of art that are to be found in

the rooms; they have been anxious to see before them the men whom by repute they know so well, and they prefer reminders of persons to representations of events that may possibly clash with their own mental pictures. Whatever may be the cause, it is clear that a definite, though perhaps unconscious, opinion has guided them; but it has put a well-marked stamp on all their surroundings.

A. L. BALDRY.

*(The Series to be continued.)*

## 'MRS. MARK CURRIE.'

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GEORGE ROMNEY IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BY the acquisition of this beautiful portrait the Director of the National Gallery has filled one of the most serious gaps in the collection under his charge. Although there are several other specimens of Romney's work in the Gallery, there were none of his characteristic portraits, and this fine 'Mrs. Mark Currie' is all that could be desired.

Romney spent most of his life in direct rivalry with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the incidents of this somewhat unhappy conflict mark the weakest spots in the character of the first President of the Royal Academy. Romney and Reynolds, it is well known, divided the connoisseurs

into opposing camps, and the President usually spoke of Romney in a slighting way, and Romney retaliated by never sending his pictures to the Academy. All this, however, did not prevent Romney rising steadily in popular favour, and at one time his income rose to three or four thousand pounds per annum.

Although by no means the equal of Reynolds in intellectuality, nor of Gainsborough in spirituality, Romney had yet the happy means of catching a fleeting and piquant expression, and the immense prices his works have fetched in recent years are more likely to increase than otherwise.





MRS. MARK CURRIE.

BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY





*Landscape, with Elm Trees.*  
By Charles Keene.

## ILLUSTRATIONS AND ILLUSTRATORS.

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL is one of the most interesting artists whose residence is now in London. In the face of the coldness usually extended to men who "only" work in black-and-white, and also of the natural difficulty any artist coming from a distance must encounter in the metropolis, Mr. Pennell has achieved, and will certainly maintain, one of the first places amongst our known artists. American born and becomingly patriotic, he is yet, when questions of art are concerned, more English than our own people, and no one has more strongly upheld the artistic claims of the *Punch* artist, Charles Keene.

In the very beautiful volume recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin and Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., entitled "THE WORK OF CHARLES KEENE," Mr. Pennell has brought together such a gallery of artistic productions as more than justify his exuberant approval of them.

Daring, almost, in the way in which space is lavished on each specimen of Keene's work—for no one but Mr. Pennell has been able to persuade a publisher to be so splendidly great in his ideas as to permit only one small block to a folio page—the examples are displayed to their best advantage. The printing also is exceptionally clear and good; and most of the blocks are accompanied by facsimile representations of the original drawings. These fac-similes tell their own tale of the reason of the present failure of the wood-engraver. Probably no greater champion of individual artistic work exists than Mr.

Pennell; but again and again he is forced to acknowledge—as every impartial judge must—that the wood-



*Study in Ink for "Robert."*  
By Charles Keene.



Original Drawing by Charles Keene.

CULTURE FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.—Philanthropic Employer (who has paid his workpeople's expenses to a neighbouring Fine Art Exhibition): "Well, Johnson, what did you think of it? Pick up an idea or two?" Foreman: "Well, yer see, Sir, it were a this way. When us got there, we was a-considerin' what was best to be done, so we affinted a Deppertation o' three on us to see what it were like; an' when they come out an' said it were only Pictures an' such, we thought it a pity to spend our shillins on 'em. So we went to the Tea-Gardens, and wery pleasant it were, too. Thank yer kindly, sir!"

engraver (and many of Keene's drawings were cut by men considered in the front rank as engravers) has deplorably failed in his mission.

Taking these strongly characteristic drawings of Keene, and comparing them with the originals, one feels the engraver not only did not succeed, but that he actually and absolutely failed, and necessarily his place has been filled—to every one's regret—by something which may be machinery, but which, after all, is very nearly accurate.

The illustrations which accompany this notice show something of Keene's versatility; but it is, of course, as an artist of character he is best. 'Robert' was his own creation, and no successor or imitator has approached Keene in the waiter. 'Culture for the Working Classes' is the original of a *Punch* block which made a great impression when it was published in 1877. To Mr. Pennell's volume, which has about 130 illustrations, there is added a very full bibliography of Keene's work, prepared by Mr. W. H. Chesson.

Were it not that we have noticed at some length the previous editions of "PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN" (Macmillan), also by Mr. Pennell, we ought to devote much space to the much enlarged and now practically complete third edition. To the student and lover of black-and-white work this is the best book in the world. The illustrations are choice, numerous, and well reproduced.

One more illustrator (who, however, is better known as

a painter) is treated in the beautiful book entitled simply "DETAILLE," by Marius Vachon (Lahure, Paris). This is a glorified monograph, filled with plate and text illustrations, mostly from pictures already well known to the world through the house of Goupil. The war of 1870 figures largely at the beginning, but M. Detaille has painted many other battles besides those he has himself witnessed, down to the portrait of the Prince of Wales and Duke of Connaught at Aldershot, which the Prince presented to the Queen at the Diamond Jubilee.

"THE PRINT GALLERY" (Grevel) embraces a series of about one hundred folio plates from engravings published in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Many have been reproduced in other works, and are well known, but the series brought together in this way form a useful album for the student. It is regrettable, however, that while the selection is good, the process by which the plates are produced is not adequate to show all the strength and beauty of the originals.

The collecting of book plates becomes daily more popular, and many people with a little leisure find it a pleasant task, and not too expensive, to gather together these individual designs. Mr. H. W. Fincham has prepared for the assistance of such collectors an elaborate book of reference, entitled, "ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN BOOK PLATES" (Kegan Paul). The list extends to over 1,500 artists, and 5,000 book plates are enumerated and described, and it is illustrated with reproductions of many of the more important examples.



*The Castello Vecchio of Mantua.*

## THE CAMERINO OF ISABELLE D'ESTE, MARQUISE DE MANTUA.

A MODEL EXHIBITED IN SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

**D**URING the great Art epochs in Italy it was customary for the young princesses, who were called to share

the tumult of their court, and devote themselves to study and meditation. Generally elegant and refined, always restricted in size, sometimes consisting even of one single room hidden in the depth of the thick walls, or in



*Bust in Terra-Cotta of Jean François II., Husband of Isabelle d'Este. In the Museum at Mantua.*



*Ceiling with the Device of Isabelle d'Este.*

the lot of the *Condottieri* -- the old *Capitani del Popolo*, leaders of the nation, made hereditary Marquises and Dukes through successive investiture -- to make for themselves, in the rude fortresses in which they were doomed to live, little chosen retreats, where they might escape from

the towers which rose from the moats, some of these retreats, access to which was only granted to the courtiers through the signal favour of those princesses, have become thanks to the genius of the painters, who excelled themselves to serve their mistresses, real treasures of art.

Simple *studiolo* for retirement and correspondence, in which were little rooms called *camerini*, intended for the familiar intercourse of poets and humanists, the charm of these choice places was so great that the most famous of them were known by the name of *paradiso*. If the name arose sometimes from the magnificent views seen from the crenellated walls, which bristled with defenders



*The Musical Notes of the House of Este.*

*The Ceiling of the Salon de Musique.*

on the slightest alarm, it was more frequently suggested by the delights of solitude, and the calm felt by those who secluded themselves in order to taste the pleasures of the intellect. Urbino, Mantua, Ferrara, Spoleto, Forli, and many other towns and principalities had their *paradiso*. The *camerini* of Alabastro, of Castello Rosso of Ferrara, the *Paradiso* of Castello Vecchio of Mantua, and that of Reggio, which, for the greater part, have lost their richest decorations, are reckoned among the most celebrated in Italy.

After several prolonged visits in Mantua to the *camerini* of Isabelle d'Este, which have escaped miraculously from the marauders of Aldringhen at the time of the siege of Mantua, and assisted by the voluminous correspondence of the Marquise with the artists of her time, we tried with pen and pencil to replace in their original frames the works with which the famous Marquise had adorned them—at that time it was only an artist's dream—a work of imagination, but that dream

has become a reality through the Director of the Department of Science and Art in the South Kensington Museum, who has executed a model of the Camerino, which is to be placed in one of the halls of the Museum. It is reproduced in the proportion of two-thirds of its actual size, with its rich ceiling, its delicate mouldings, its lovely figures, brilliant with gold and vivid colouring, and faithful representations of the paintings, the subjects of which were prescribed by Isabelle to the great artists of her court.

It was in 1884 that the Department of Science and Art began a series of models, examples on a reduced scale, selected from various parts of Italy, of the most remarkable specimens

of the art called "Decorative," applied to buildings of limited size.

The execution of these has been entrusted most frequently to artists of the same district, but the pupils of South Kensington School of Art have in many instances collaborated with them. This unique collection, which will go on increasing, if there is space, affords valuable instruction to those who have not had the good fortune to see the originals, and it has the great advantage of presenting the pictures in their true setting.

The list of models executed up to the present date is as follows:—

- 1884. La Chapelle de Ste. Catherine at Milan, painted by Luini, in the church of St. Maurizio called Il Monastero Maggiore (in the proportion of one-tenth) copied by Mr. Palin, a pupil of South Kensington School of Art; this artist has lately finished the decoration, including figures and ornaments, of the McEwan Hall of the University of Edinburgh.
- 1888. Half of the "Salle des Saints" in the Borgia apartments of the Vatican, painted by Pinturicchio; reliefs in stucco by M. Adolfo Consolani, a Roman sculptor, copy of paintings by Count Lemmo Rossi Scotti of Perugia (scale one-tenth).
- 1888. The large arched Hall in the Villa Madama of Rome, the entire work of Charles Annibale Mariani of Perugia (one-tenth).
- 1893. The Chapel of San Pietro Martire, in the church of San Eustorgio of Milan; the relief by Mr. Adolfo Consolani and the paintings by Professor Gnoli of Rome (one-tenth).
- 1893. The half of the Hall of the Cambio of Perugia; the construction and woodwork by Charles Annibale Mariani; frescoes by Perugia copied by Count Lemmo Rossi Scotti of Perugia (one-third).
- 1893. Fragment of a painted Hall in the Palais Machiavelli at Florence; copied by Mr. W. H. Allen, formerly a pupil at the

South Kensington School of Art, now Professor at the School of Art at Farnham, Surrey (one-fifth).

1893. Part of the Tribune of the Chapel in the Palais Riccardi at Florence; painted by Benozzo Gozzoli (one-seventh).  
1897. One of the sides of the Camerino de la Peinture of Isabelle d'Este, a room of the Paradiso in the Reggia at Mantua; copied by Mr. W. H. Allen (two-thirds of the original).

The daughter of Hercules, first Duke of Ferrara, and of Eleonor of Aragon, was sixteen years of age in February, 1490, when she made her grand entry into Mantua, and crossed the threshold of the Castello Vecchio, leaning on the arm of her husband, Gian Francesco Gonzaga, fourth Marquis. Endowed with precocious genius, a desire for knowledge, and a sensitive nature, devoted to artistic pursuits, after her first year

at Mantua she sent for her former tutor, resumed her studies, and busied herself in seeking a retreat in this rude dwelling, built in the fourteenth century by Bartolino of Novara, the same engineer who had built for her great-grandfather the Castello Rosso of Ferrara.

Louis II., the patron of Mantegna, had already changed the appearance of this residence in the interior by ordering his Court painter to ornament the walls of the Sala de Sposi; but there was nothing suited to the life of a daughter of the House of Este, accustomed to the splendour of Schifanoia, and brought up under the care of a refined and cultured Princess, the chaste Eleonor of Aragon. The husband of Isabelle, Jean François, was twenty-four years of age, already a soldier of note—Venice, Naples, Milan, and Charles VIII. himself, his opponent, clamoured for the support of his arms. If the new Marquis was delicate and fragile in her early years, Gian Francesco was, in the same degree, rough and rude in appearance. His portrait by Mantegna, which represents him at the feet of the Virgin, in full armour, in the 'Madone de la Victoire' of the Louvre Museum, painted in fulfilment of a vow made at the battle of Taro, and also his medallions, in heroic style, do not give us any idea of his ferocious aspect. An anonymous bust in clay in bold relief, a genuine work of art, without grace, yet showing skilful workmanship, preserved in the Museum of Mantua, establishes the fact and throws doubt on contradictory likenesses. Isabelle, however, was ready to love him, and, if the private life of this famous soldier was neither

more nor less free from blame than that of the Condottieri of his time, he was gentle to his wife, indulgent to her artistic whims, and was able to leave the government of his state to her wisdom during his long wars and continued raids. In his will he renders her this fine tribute, that he had found in her "a wonderful mind, capable of any undertaking, however exalted its nature."

The life of Isabelle d'Este ought to be written. Of all the princesses of Italy she most deserves to find panegyrists. The attentive perusal of her correspondence gives a high idea of her taste for art, and her great enthusiasm. Along with the worship of the beautiful and the love of truth, she combined such warmth, energy, and perseverance, that she humbled herself before the independent genius of Leonardo da Vinci, forgave the insults of Perugino, as well as the indifference of Giovanni Bellini, and as soon as she beheld the masterpieces obtained from these artists with so much difficulty; she forgot everything, and effaced resentment by renewed benefactions.

A shrewd, prudent, studious woman, and a generous Mæcenas, Isabelle was capable of admiring and understanding everything in literature and art, and was the centre of a group of artists, poets, scholars, and cultured men of the world.

There are three periods in her life represented by three of those retreats, in which are mirrored the leanings of her mind, the truth of her taste, and even the image of her soul, for on all three she has imprinted herself. We have followed the Marquise into each of these resorts, where she could gather in her day all the brilliant minds which formed her literary court.



*Door of the Salon de Musique.*



*Isabelle d'Este.*

*From the Drawing by Leonardo da Vinci  
in the Musée des Offices, Florence.*

We shall pass rapidly over the first period in order to dwell longer on that of the camerini called "Il Paradiso," the representation of which is now shown by the Department of Science and Art.

Isabelle first kept house in the Castello Vecchio from 1490 to 1520, in a little narrow tower overlooking the trenches, rather under 5 feet in width by 10 feet in length. A *salottino*, lighted from the level of the floor by a square-paned window of 20 inches, pierced a wall of 60 inches in thickness. Two people could scarcely turn in it. The flat-arched vault, covered with light panelled woodwork, with gilded mouldings on a blue ground, represented the different *impres*e of her coat-of-arms alternating with real masterpieces in decorative art. The *Studiolo* was the name given by the Marquise to this miniature chamber, gilded like a reliquary. At a later period her husband broke through the turret wall, threw an arch over the moat, and erected on the parapet communicating with the castle draw-bridge a *palazzina*, where the young Marchioness found a private dwelling, and three little camerini, which still remain to the present time, but in a pitiful state of desertion.

About the year 1500 Isabelle was already in correspondence with the artists of her time, having proved herself an insatiable lover of art, turning her husband's ambassadors into collectors on her behalf, tormenting painters and artists of all kinds, buying incessantly without regard to expense, and exercising her spirit of inquiry in every direction; ancient statues, medals, Venetian glass, engraved glasses, musical instruments, enamels, rich stuffs, jewelled articles, porcelain, and valuable pictures ordered from the masters most in vogue. The space became so inadequate that Isabelle begged her husband to install her in the Palace Bonnacolsi, an old residence of the captains of the nation, abandoned by the Gonzaga for the Castello Vecchio, and up to the present time called the "Corte Vecchia."

She continued, however, to live in the Castello, but arranged, under the name of "La Grotta," a large space in the old Gothic residence, where her collections, carefully classified and placed in good lights, might be admired by all the foreigners who visited the court of Mantua.

Having become a widow in 1519, the Marquise added an entire dwelling to the Grotta, and in 1520, her son having asked her to give up, entirely, that part of the Castello which she occupied, in order to make it a residence for his young wife Eleonore Marguerite Paleologa, daughter of the Marquis of Montferrat, Isabelle quite settled down on the ground floor of the Palace Bonnacolsi, close to her collections, completing the whole by a fine "Cortile" of splendid architecture with a colonnade, on the frieze of which may still be read this long inscription:

"Isabelle d'Este, petite-fille des rois d'Aragon, fille des ducs de Ferrare, sœur, épouse et mère des Marquis de Gonzague, a fait construire en l'an MDXXII. de l'enfantement de la Vierge."

In Isabelle's second period her life is clouded—her son Frederick, created Duke of Mantua, had almost alienated himself from his young wife. His mother had no longer any place in the council. She was honoured for her rank and her grand personality, but times had changed, and she henceforth took for her motto, as a symbol of her life, "Nec spe nec metu" (Without hope or fear). Pure spirit, henceforth the art, the music, the poetry and correspondence with the poets Castiglione, Bembo, Aldemane, Nicolo de Correggio, Mario Equicola, Antimaco,

Paride Ceresara, Galeazzo Bentivoglio, fill up her life. The friendship of the Duchess of Urbino, her sister-in-law, is also a solace to her. It is under such circumstances that she prepares for the third time to change her abode. Her son, assisted by Giulio Romano, transforms everything. He has just added a whole palatial wing to the Corte Vecchia, and at the top he gives orders to arrange a large suite of sixteen rooms, richly embellished, becoming the widow of a great prince.

This is the "Paradiso," the windows of which all overlook the gardens and the lake formed by the waters of the Mincio. In order to complete it to her mind, adjoining these vast apartments and on the same level, Isabelle reserved for herself three diminutive chambers, three private camerini, with a secret entrance; the first devoted to music, the second to painting and books, the third to conversation. The gossip of the town and of the Court melts away before reaching up to her. This is her last asylum, for here her days ended. No princely dwelling better preserves the impression of her who arranged it; everything here speaks of her—her full name, her initials intertwined on the blue and gold ceiling, alternate with her *impresi* and her *motti*.

The *Schede*, or cards for the game of *Loto*, the notes of music of the House of Este, which she had adopted, the Alpha and Omega, the number XXVII. (remaining an enigma to us) and the eagle of the escutcheon of Ferrara are scattered everywhere throughout the frieze.

The deep embrasure of the only window, the floor of which is raised by a stage, affords yet another retired nook in this smallest of retreats. Here she had her writing-table, and, within reach, the old-fashioned cabinet in which she put her favourite books, her lute, and her clavichord. There she planned, from thence she sent out to all parts of Italy those letters which stimulated her collectors and teased those artists, so tardy in executing her orders. Here she unbosomed herself to her friends at Urbino, Bologna, or Ferrara. If the Princess lifted her eyes her glance fell on Andes, now Pietole, the humble hamlet which gave birth to Virgil, "the Swan of Mantua," to whom she raised a statue, the model of which she had previously begged from old Mantegna. If she lets her gaze wander to the far horizon towards Governolo, where the Mincio and the Po mingle their waters, she perceives, slowly advancing, the Bucentaure, the messenger of Alphonse d'Este, her brother, and of Lucrezia Borgia, who brought to her, regularly, news from Ferrara. This is, indeed, the paradise of the Marquise.

The "Grotta" still remained on the ground floor, kept for her collections properly so called, but she had carried into these camerini her favourite books, her jewels, and her most valuable pictures. The music-room, ornamented with woodwork, with *intarsiatura* of rare woods, empty now of the Masters' canvases, and of which the ceilings, the friezes, and all the decoration form a masterpiece of exquisite taste and delicacy, communicates with the Camerino de la Peinture by a door of white marble overlaid with plaques of porphyry and adorned with medallions representing Poetry, Eloquence, and Wisdom, from the chisel of a great sculptor and medallist, Cristoforo Romano, to whom we owe the medallion of Isabelle, roughly embedded in the wall and cutting ruthlessly the woodwork which it abruptly breaks. This superb door is too grand for these little camerini, and we feel sure that the Marchioness had it brought from her Grotta on the ground floor into her new dwelling.

CHARLES YRIARTE.

(To be continued.)





*Where the Smuggler came ashore. By William McTaggart, R.S.A.  
In the possession of James Lindsay, Esq.*

## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF ART IN SCOTLAND.

THE attention which the work of the younger Scottish painters has, of recent years, been attracting on the Continent and in America, and the influence they have been exerting upon the art of their own country, make the study of the present condition and tendencies of Scottish Art, as a whole, one of considerable interest and importance. For this it must be studied on the spot. To form a true opinion of its variety from what is to be seen in the more important exhibitions in London or abroad is impossible. In the one case only the London Scots (and but a portion of these) will be seen, in the other only the young and adventurous painters of the west; and some of the finest Scottish artists have exhibited little or nothing outside their own country. Since the last Grosvenor exhibition, and the Grafton Gallery show of 1893, the younger Scots have not been seen in London as a group, and, although reference may here and there be made to the work of men who are in London, this paper will practically be confined to the consideration of work produced in Scotland.

During the last fifteen years a change affecting both the standpoint of the artist and the ideal of technique has been passing gradually over Scottish art. It is not necessary to go deeply into history to show this, an indication of the ideals which prevailed in the early eighties will suffice. In landscape there was, as there had always been, a sincere love of nature, and many of the pictures of that time possess truth of observation and a careful noting of the phenomena of light and colour. But, for the most part, they dealt with the obvious and external, and they were all but innocent of selection, concentration, arrangement, the elements of Great Art. In portraiture the photographic predominated over the artistic; and in genre, despite the contribution of Scott Lauder's pupils, many of whom had, however, gone to London, the old ideal of anecdote and incident conceived in a literary way still held sway. Technique was rather

neat and deft than powerful and expressive; draughtsmanship had little style; colour, though strong in the primaries, was without charm; while the key and manner in which most men worked tended to thinness and poverty of result. Thus it was among the older painters. With many of the younger the influence of the then recently deceased George Paul Chalmers, himself a true and charming if not a great artist, was strong, but it was not wholly healthy. Perhaps more than anything else it was responsible for the neglect of that thorough and sincere study of reality, so essential to the student, for the more dangerous attractions of charm and quality of colour, which has been, one is afraid, very hurtful to the work



*Golden Autumn. By J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A.  
In the possession of James Lindsay, Esq.*

of the men who were trained under his auspices or in the methods he introduced. But among the older Scottish painters at that time, in addition to Orchardson, and others in London, there were artists of a higher order. McTaggart and Wingate, Fettes Douglas and George Reid, and a few more, while Herdman and Noël Paton were strong in ideas, if not in paint. Herdman died in 1888, and Douglas, whose work occupies a much lower place than its great merits of design, colour and technique deserve, in 1891. Sir Noël Paton paints but little now, Alexander Fraser's work shows the sad effects of age and infirmity, and McTaggart, although producing the finest things he has ever painted, has almost ceased to exhibit. The others are happily more in evidence, and one or two of them have matured in the interval.

We in Scotland have become so accustomed to Sir George Reid's great power of rendering likeness and character, that we are too apt to forget its value and rarity, and to ask for a more purely artistic expression than is perhaps compatible with the qualities his work possesses in so uncommon degree. Besides, the more obvious defects of the President's style, the excess of small and over-incisive drawing in his heads, and the detachment of head from the background, are of the kind that time deals kindly with; and in some of his more recent work there is evidence of an increased appreciation of pictorial arrangement and of a growing freedom in handling which has always been masculine and virile. But 'tis matter of regret that the demands which

Sir George's practice as a portrait painter make upon his time have seemingly kept him from painting even one of those occasional landscapes which sometimes made one think that his real strength lay in that direction.

The characteristics of Hugh Cameron's art are almost the antithesis of the President's. His drawing lacks decision and emphasis, his technique fulness and grip, his ideas are not sufficiently materialised, tendencies which are more marked in his work now than when he painted 'The Lonely Life,' and other memorable pictures. On the other hand, his sentiment is often charming, and always refined, and with it his delicate sense of colour is in full sympathy. Robert Alexander's work also, although it has usually been fuller in tone, is more refined than strong. His drawing is sensitive

rather than distinguished, and sometimes, and perhaps increasingly of late, he seems as if he were afraid to use colour of anything like a positive nature. But the result is invariably harmonious, pleasant in colour, refined in tone, and expressive in draughtsmanship, while it reveals a subtle and sympathetic observation of animal life. He does not endow animals with qualities they do not possess, but uses their beauty of form and colour associated with some simple motive of action or repose for a pictorial purpose. But, if one touches sentiment in the pictures of Cameron and Alexander, one passes into the realms of poetry in the landscapes of Lawton Win-

gate. As works of art, they are faulty in design and lacking in monumental impressiveness, but like snatches of the most exquisite song they are pregnant in suggestion, and thrilled with the rapture of intimate contact with nature—qualities as precious and as rare as the architectonic beauty of classic art. These little pictures of his, so simple in motive, so slight in subjective interest, are like to retain their charm far longer than most of the ambitious art which makes a stir in the world to-day. Scarce more than sketches many of them, but of a spirit so rapt and so attuned to nature's harmonies, as to possess qualities of enduring interest.

The recent work of William McTaggart, little of which has been seen by the public, is full of wonderful animation, of supreme artistry, and of an insight into life and nature of the highest order. The gamut of feeling expressed runs from laughter and joy

to tears and tragedy, from child-play to disaster. His handling, which in his earlier years was marvellous in its precision, delicacy, and detail, has gradually given place to a manner as remarkable for freedom, power, and suggestiveness, which reach their highest in such a picture as the magnificent 'Storm' (surely one of the most wonderful renderings of the tumultuous agitation of a great elemental disturbance ever painted), at present in his studio, or the 'April Snow,' recently on view at a gallery in Edinburgh. His drawing is looser and less accurate than it once was, but for this there is compensation in greater suggestiveness and vitality of gesture, while the richness, beauty, and emotional power of his colour have enormously increased. Always striving to give fuller expression to the vision of the world which is his, it is



*Professor W. Robertson Smith.*

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

not strange that now and then he fails; but in this striving lies the secret of his great success, of the vitality which stamps all he does, and of the supreme satisfaction which comes whenever, and it is not seldom, he expresses himself completely. In variety, power, and originality he is the most imposing figure in Scottish Art to-day, and one of the few great artists of our time.

The Art of these men, interesting and vital, even splendid, as some of it is, presents no very coherent artistic creed; each man seems to approach nature and to use paint in his own way. Sir George Reid, Robert Alexander, and, one may add, Robert MacGregor, a slightly younger painter, have an appreciation of tone, not full in pitch but true in values, and in colour perfect grey and subdued harmonies; while McTaggart and Wingate love more splendid colour, and are more concerned in the emotion and pure beauty of nature than in naturalistic representation. The method of McTaggart and Wingate is in its essence impressionistic, that is, dependent for unity of effect upon focus, concentration of material, and expressiveness of handling. In these respects, it pre-dates, as does that of Chalmers, whose work possessed somewhat kindred qualities, the art of the Glasgow men, who are usually supposed to have invented, or, at least, to have imported, them from France; but, at the same time, it is unlikely that it had any direct influence upon the younger school, which, in addition, possesses qualities which are not evident in the pictures of the older men.

The new elements, which have gradually gained and now possess the ascendant in Scottish painting, first appeared about 1880 in the work of two landscape painters, W. Y. MacGregor and James Paterson, and it was round the personality of the former that the movement centred. Gradually they were joined by others, John Lavery, James Guthrie, E. A. Walton, Alexander Roche, and George Henry, to name only those who were in the beginning most intimately associated, and by 1885, when they made a strong appearance at the

Glasgow Institute, the movement had assumed definite form. At first they were most interested in tone, and in breadth and power of technique, qualities which were not strongly marked in the painting of the time; while they were determined to have nothing to do with the literary element so much in favour. There was, as has been indicated, art in Scotland which possessed beauty and significance, and even some of the qualities they were striving for; but in the reaction they would have none of it. But, although they were in revolt, they kept their eyes open, and came under the influence of some

of the finest art, not only of the present but also of the past. It is to this, combined with the instinct for style which they had from the first, that the element of classicism, which marks the work of the stronger men among them, is due. They were more concerned in fulness and depth of tone than in naturalistic values, and, although some of them came under the influence of Bastien-Lepage, their work always possessed a pictorial motive. From the first they had a definite aim, and what they have borrowed has only been used to attain it. This striving for strength of tone and fulness of painting resulted, in some cases, in blackness of colour, in others, in heaviness of handling; but gradually, as mastery

came, these defects to a great extent disappeared. After the first struggles with the manner of expression, regard for design began to reveal itself, and then, after a few years, Henry and Hornel flashed upon us with their potently coloured decorative phantasies, which were, in a sense, the negation of the solidity and sobriety, the sense of values and of form for which the others had battled so strongly. With both there was, however, a clearly indicated desire to find a fuller technical expression, to respect the limitations of the medium, and to regard pictorial fitness of subject.

As was perhaps to be expected, the new ideas met with opposition and ridicule. Those who held them had to fight their way step by step, without the aid of a brilliant literary advocate like the pre-Raphaelites, or the prestige



*Winter Landscape.*

*By W. Y. Macgregor, R.S.W.*

of a school and a master like the Edinburgh group in the fifties. But they believed in the æstheticism they embodied in their pictures; they stood by one another; they were supported by a small but intelligent group of art lovers, and they have at last attained success. People have become accustomed to the new methods, and rather like them. One is, of course, constantly told that men who were painting extravagantly a few years ago are settling down to paint soberly and in earnest; but, in reality, the change is not so much in the artists as in the attitude and understanding of critics and public. Of their earnestness and sincerity there ought never to have been question—it was self-evident. There was, as was all but inevitable, too much of the spirit of protest in some of their work, and the points upon which they laid stress were often unduly accentuated; but in essence the pictures they are producing now are one in spirit with those of the earlier days. The changes which have taken place are for the better, however, and represent a higher degree of culture, a fuller sense of style, a more dignified conception of Art.

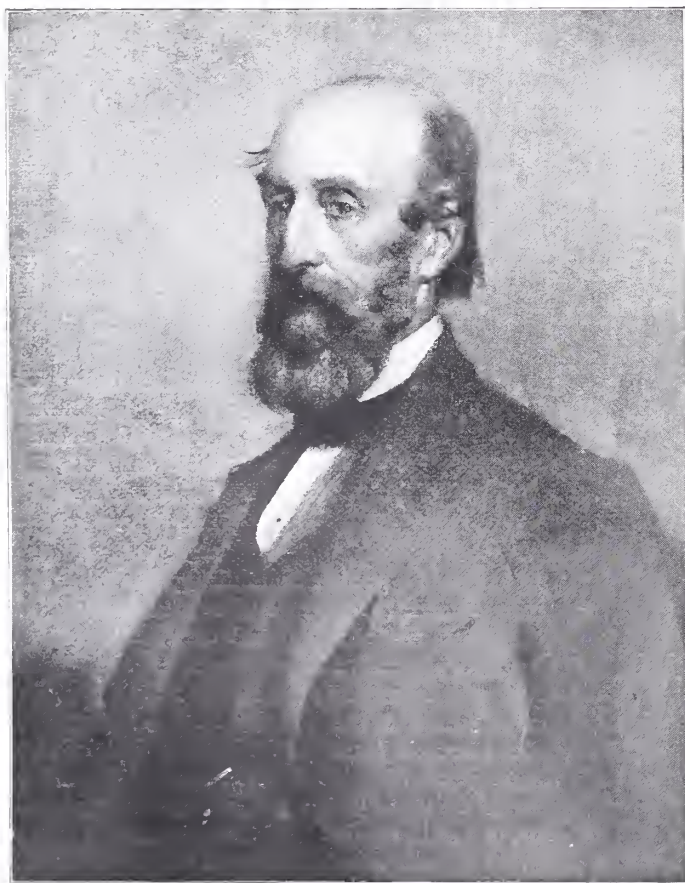
Guthrie's early pictures revealed him as a realist or grim and stern humour; the essays in *plein-air* which followed ensured mastery of values; while more recent work, in which many of the more complex problems of



*Harmony.*

*By George Henry, A.R.S.A.*

design and technique were tackled, broadened his conception of art and matured his mastery of expression. For some years now these qualities have been combined in his pictures, and ensure them a very high place in contemporary art. In power to express the personality of a man in a way at once convincing in character and refined and distinguished in art, Guthrie has perhaps no living rival. His work unites within itself the two great qualities of artistic strength—force and delicacy. One is not so sure that E. A. Walton's progress has been all gain. The increase in mastery in his case does not quite compensate for a subtle and indefinable decrease in passion, which is more evident in his landscape (although it now and then reveals flashes of the old intense spirit) than in his figure work. But he is always the artist; everything he does has the interest which only belongs to an artist's work, and some of his later pictures are exceedingly interesting in technique. John Lavery has developed a brilliant and striking manner, and has made more of his talent, perhaps, than any of the others. His sense of design, fine eye for subtle colour schemes of grey and black or white, able handling, and ideal of picture-making, are of a high order, but his interest in life seems superficial, and he paints a pretty woman not so much as she is but as a conventionalised type. Of recent years Alexander Roche has been devoting himself more to portraiture and figure subjects; but, happily, he has not altogether abandoned the motives in which figure and landscape were associated, and has recently completed a woodland scene, in which a group of children lie like a great wreath of flowers among the shadowed foreground grass. It possesses in rich measure that mingling of decorative grace and intimate feeling for nature which charms one in his finest work. He is more in love with beauty than his fellows, and all his work is coloured by a delicate fancy. These qualities serve him well when painting women: his portraits are instinct with the charm and grace of femininity, and full of character;



*Bailie Sinclair.*

*By James Guthrie, R.S.A.*

while in the borderland between portrait and picture he has done exquisite things. W. Y. MacGregor, after doing much sterling work, was laid aside for some years; but during the past three or four he has definitely proved his right to a high place as a landscape painter. His recent pictures have rare dignity and beauty. In them the rhythm of line and mass is distinguished, the colour reticent and grave, yet resonant and finely balanced in design, the handling instinct with strength and style,

*(To be continued.)*

the sentiment splendidly solemn. He is not a realist in the ordinary sense, his landscape is essentially abstract; but, at the same time, it is full of reality and often noble in spirit. The present style of James Paterson shows less obvious change than that of the others. In the early days his work was the maturest in the group, and to-day it is marked by the same qualities of sentiment, design, and technique which distinguished it then.

JAMES L. CAW.



*Pottery by Mr. Firth. Kirby Lonsdale, under Mr. Harris.*

## ART FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

THE relation of art to life is not easily to be determined. It is not, on the one hand, the mere gilding on the surface of sterner reality which it was taken forty years or so ago to be; on the other, it cannot seriously be accepted, for all the claims of æstheticism, as the aim of existence. Art is neither a mere plaything nor an end in itself. The phrase "Art for Art's sake," if it means anything more than a confusion of the means with the end, is a rather too glib expression of the truth (obvious enough, though not generally apprehended) that the artist is largely influenced in his work by considerations purely artistic. To him, that is to say, and to him only, artistry is of the first importance: "Art for Art's sake" is his way of saying "there is nothing like leather."

To the "unco'" practical, art is nothing; to its devotee, it is everything. Each may, from his point of view, have a very strong case, but neither speaks for mankind. To the great majority art counts for something. They may not be artists, they may not be amateurs, they may not concern themselves much about it; but they are attracted by what pleases them, repelled by what shocks them, influenced, whether they know it or not, by the art about them; it affects their comfort, their happiness, and indirectly their actions. The relation of art to life becomes then a human rather than an artistic question. What does art do for man, and what can man do for it? that is the question. It is not going too far to say that it has made us happier; and it is because we recognise that fact that we are inclined to resent the too, too practical (?) conditions of modern life, which clip closer and closer the wings of workmanship, and reduce it to something like bald mechanism. Our compassion is aroused on behalf of the mutilated worker, even though he may have grown so accustomed to his shorn condition as not acutely to feel it, and we foster, with even sentimental care, any languishing industry in which art happens not yet to be extinct.

Whatever, then, the ill-treatment to which art is subjected, it is not, for the moment, neglected, nor

likely to be. We take art, in fact, too seriously—unless it would be more accurate to say, we do not take it seriously enough! For we magnify into art, and often into "fine art," whatever may have any impress of artistic treatment, and dignify by the name of artist the workman of common capacity. Having outgrown the mistaken idea that art was, as it were, merely the finishing touch to polite education, we are beginning to think it the birthright of the working man. In one sense it may be that. The artistic temperament is not the monopoly of the cultivated classes; high and low, rich and poor, alike inherit it—or do not, as the case may be; but in how many of us is the artistic instinct so dominant as to count for much? All the world and his wife may have some little artistic feeling; yet it is as much a mistake on that account to call everyone artist as to regard art merely as the accomplishment of the relatively idle classes. When, in an obituary notice of Sir Henry Doulton, we are told that at his works some 400 "artists" were engaged on the work of "design," it is clear that there is some difference of opinion, not to call it mistake, as to what is an artist, and what design may be.

Art and workmanship are not merely of common descent, they are so intimately allied by intermarriage that they cannot easily be separated (and ought not to be); but to call mere craftsmanship art is to flatter it rather than to do it honour; and by such flattery the glory of art is tarnished. Is art so small a thing? we ask; then, indeed, the claims of the artist are preposterous! What is the real state of the case? We shall best serve art or industry when we realize the difference as well as the connection between the two. Let us try and see things as they are, not as we would have them. Better, no doubt, a tint of rose-colour over all than a sad shade of grey—pessimism gets us no further—but, best of all, the white light of truth.

The connection between this train of thought and "Art for Winter Evenings," not perhaps at first sight apparent, will be seen when it is told, that it was pro-



*Embossed Copper Work,  
by the Yattenden Class under Mrs. Waterhouse.*

voked by a visit to the exhibition of work held by the "Home Arts and Industries Association," whose avowed aim it is, to fill up the idle hours of lads and girls, to train their eyes and fingers, to encourage the labouring classes to take a pride in beautifying their homes, to revive old handicrafts, and to impart to the poor some culture and a knowledge of art. All this is admirably meant; and that it is earnestly pursued is shown at its exhibitions, which year by year reach a higher level of excellence. There was here and there an exhibit in last year's show which was obviously out of place at the Albert Hall. What, for example, have Limited Companies, even though they abstain from tradelike and workmanlike practices, to do with Home Arts? But, on the whole, the crafts there represented were such as could comfortably be carried on in cottages. Spinning, for instance, and hand-weaving, lace-making and needlework, wood carving and inlaying, metal and leather embossing, basket-work, and suchlike. Most of the work, too, was as well done as could fairly be hoped, some of it much better than might have been expected. How far this is all genuinely Home Industry it is impossible (in the absence of more definite information than is vouchsafed to the outsider as to the conditions, local and other, under which individual classes are carried on) to say.

The attempt to make classes self-supporting may easily lead, in spite of the timely warning of the Association, to a perversion of the educational ideal into the direction of commerce. It looks, indeed, as if some of the classes were conducted with a view to trade, whilst others had been formed with the simple object of finding work for idle hands to do. One thing is clear, that the Association is carrying on very useful work, and that there is in it the machinery for doing untold good in rural districts and elsewhere. It is no slight thing to have found employment for winter evenings in the country. It

is more to have turned it to educational account, and to have led industry into the way of taste. That has been done with most remarkable success in the case of the repoussé work of Keswick and Yattenden and the wood inlay of Pimlico. The delicacy and restraint of work like this is plainly due to the directing genius of the school, and not to the natural instinct of what Mr. Chatband called "The Human Boy." He "soars" instinctively into naturalism. The untutored production of workman and workwoman shows everywhere the urgent need of guidance. A gorgeous display of cushions (which the judges in a moment of unusual, but nevertheless ill-judged, leniency admitted to the Albert Hall) encrusted with beads, beetles' wings, and spangles, the very sight of which made you want to scratch your head, was an instance, perhaps, of misdirection—everything, of course, depends upon the taste of the guiding spirit of the school, which should not itself want guiding—but the very idea of class-work implies control, and that with a firmer hand than is often apparent in the conduct of Home Art classes. "Voluntary" attendance and "informal" teaching may, very likely, be the only conditions on which villagers will go to school; but school it is, and should be, disguise it as we may under the cloak of recreation. It is no doubt difficult

to get together a class, and keep it together through the winter; but timidity will never hold it; and the teacher who is afraid of scaring away pupils, will not attract them either. Amiable and well-meaning teachers are not enough, they must be strong and capable.

The necessity of teaching needs to be insisted upon, because there is just now a fantastic notion abroad that the young idea wants only to be encouraged to do what is in him, and he will put forth art. The contrary is proved, again and again at every exhibition of domestic industry, to be the case. The assertion that boys of



*Embossed Copper,  
by the Yattenden Class under Mrs. Waterhouse.*



Wood-carvings, by the Sandbach Class

twelve produce work "which would do credit to a trained designer," simply proves that the user of such words does not know what trained design is. To say that "at the next exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society the board-school boy will have to be reckoned with" is sheer nonsense. A large amount of childish work there may be there—the rather feeble protest of its organisers against trade work—but it has not yet come to that. The astonishing impromptus of infant genius turn out always to be memories. It is a common error to suppose that originality is common. Invention was always rare, and always will be.

One may sympathise entirely with the aims of the Society over which Earl Brownlow presides, and appreciate to the full the admirable work it has done and is doing, and yet question its wisdom in insisting upon the *minority* of certain arts, and its right, in any case, to include among the "minor" arts *Design!* Here, again, is that misconception as to the scope and meaning of art already once before referred to in this article. It appears from the Annual Report of the Association that it has been considering the "advisability of encouraging Industries rather than Arts." That surely is the direction in which its real usefulness lies, in encouraging industries, —industries which, indeed, afford some scope for artistic feeling, and perhaps artistic skill, but which are not arts, and have no pretensions to be such, even in the "minor" degree.

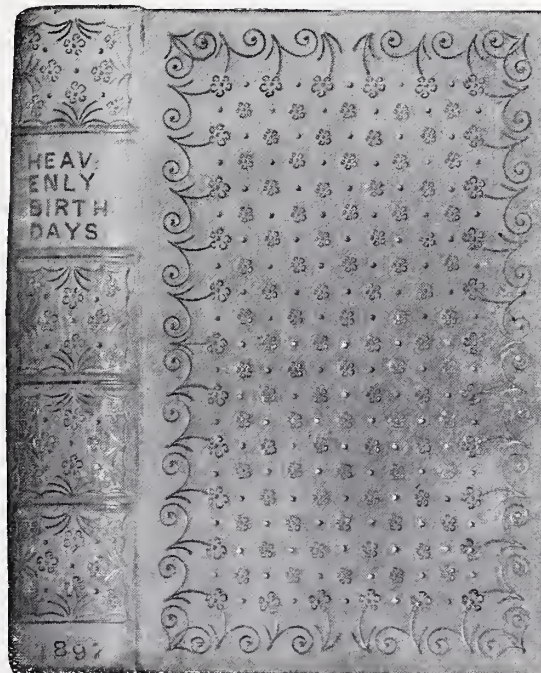
The illustrations here given of work done in Home Arts Classes may appear to belie this assertion. But for how much of the "art" there shown is the *worker* responsible? The forms of the Kirby Lonsdale pottery (page 49) were obviously set before the potter by Mr. Harris, and the design for leatherwork (page 52) provided by his daughter. The discreet choice of models



under Mr. Kennedy.

followed by the Sandbach carving class (above) may safely be attributed to Mr. Kennedy, and the reticence of the simple tooling from Leighton Buzzard (below) to Miss Bassett. Again, it is the taste of Mrs. Waterhouse which appears in the beaten metal from Yattendon (page opposite), and the refinement of the Hon. Miss de Grey, and the Hon. Mrs. Carpenter, which charms us in the work of their classes at Pimlico (page 52).

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the simpler and less ambitious the work it undertakes the more likely the Association is to do good. The question even arises, whether its title is not rather too high sounding. The word "Art" may have served its purpose of commending the notion of evening classes to those who would not have been attracted by anything less lofty. But, in truth, industry is about as high as such class-work ordinarily reaches, or is ever likely, except under quite exceptional circumstances, to reach; and to call it art is, in the first place, to encourage the simple villager to think much of himself, and, in the second, to provoke criticism of his work from a standpoint whence it must inevitably (though, as it may happen, unjustly) suffer. It is hopeless, of course, to suggest that the Association should rectify, or reconsider, its title. But is that



Tooled Bookbinding,  
by the Leighton Buzzard Class under Miss Bassett.

word "Art" really necessary, even as a bait? Is no one otherwise to be lured to industry? Craftsmanship, as we know, borders, at its best, upon art; but beginners in craftsmanship should not be tempted to look upon themselves as artists. The best of us, probably, take our artistic vocation too seriously. It would be better for us, and for our work too, if we rated ourselves modestly as workmen, leaving it to others to accuse us of art, and to Time to convict us of it!

What, after all, is it that the supporters of Arts and Industries desire in the kindness of their hearts to do? Presumably to keep the rustic at home, to provide for his leisure hours occupation at once pleasant and profitable, and which shall moreover in itself make for culture. That is an excellent ideal; and all that and more they do; but there are signs of a tendency on the part of Village Industries to get beyond control, and drift in a technical direction never intended by their promoters. This is perhaps inevitable; the stream flows that way; and the villager who finds in class that his bent is in the direction of handicraft, naturally pursues it. Classholders cannot, of course, help that. But let the rustic not be tempted by the showy colours of art to enlist lightly under its banner. The ranks are already crowded. It may be safely assumed that whoever has in him the qualities which go to success in craftsmanship will find his way there; it is impossible nowadays to miss the way; there are signposts all along the road; and there is no occasion to make the smooth path smoother.

One more reason for modesty on the part of the village industries: it will be a bad day for them if ever industry on the larger scale should see in them a rival. There is some danger in making classes support, as they naturally should do, the cost of conducting them, by means of a percentage on the work sold. Buyers, unfortunately, are not discriminating; some of the worst things sell most readily; good work is thereby not encouraged, and the class is drawn into that competition in cheapness which makes it more and more



Wood Inlay,  
by the Pimlico Class under the  
Hon. Mrs. Carpenter.

impossible. There is just a chance that persons even of local importance may not be persons of taste; and, when by their purchases they think to encourage a class, they may sometimes undo what the teacher has been doing: the argument of ready sale carries all before it. The surer way to help Home Industries is to subscribe towards them, to support classes, known to be worthy institutions, rather than individual learners, as to whose capacity not every well-meaning person is in a position to judge. It is better for students *not* to earn money—though it is perhaps economic heresy to say so. An admirable plan is that of Mrs. G. F. Watts, who sets her class to work on the decoration of a chapel at Compton. Such work, done under right direction, is an education in itself; and there is a special interest attaching to work so done. Direction, as before said, is all-important. In many a case teachers themselves require it, and, happily for themselves and for their class, feel the need of it. One of the most useful works the Association can do is to keep them supplied with models, constantly renewed, and to insist upon pupils following them, until they can show reason why they should be left to their own devices. It is in the attempt to imitate a good thing that we arrive most certainly at appreciation of its worth. Encourage learners to do their own work *out of class*;

it will be all the better for their acceptance *in class* of the authority of the teacher.

There is, perhaps, among patrons and promoters of Home Arts a suspicion of that sort of impracticality which would fain revive a condition of things long past, and exhausts its energies in calling the irrevocable back. Some of us, no doubt, would like in our hearts to see a return to Arcadian life; but the saner of us do not look forward to that as being within the range of present possibility. Let us be content with trying to make life simpler. The good work of the "Home Arts and Industries Association" will be best done by keeping strictly within the lines of *industry which cottagers can carry on at home.*

LEWIS F. DAY.



Repoussé Leather,  
by the Kirby Lonsdale Class  
under Messrs. Harris.





*The Skylark. By Leslie Thomson.  
In the possession of J. Shedden Scrimgeour, Esq.*

## LESLIE THOMSON.

THE many Englishmen who speak with terror of technique as of something unholy and material, may admire Leslie Thomson without wagging their heads over the decline of British orthodoxy. Mr. Leslie Thomson makes no alarming parade of cleverness; indeed, if he were uninspired one might say that he is sometimes clumsy. So was Constable, and so at times was even Millet, yet each of them has touched us with his potent poetry, and has ennobled our vision of the world

about us. Mr. Leslie Thomson, too, without any swagger of style, can make us feel what he saw and felt, but he perceives less of the strange, the awful, or the violent than either of these great men; his sentiment though strong is essentially quiet, and finds natural expression in unaccented English scenery—a flat country running in subtle lines, with here and there a bouquet of trees, or a great cloud in the sky emphatic as a monument. Constable, you will say, painted lowland England, but

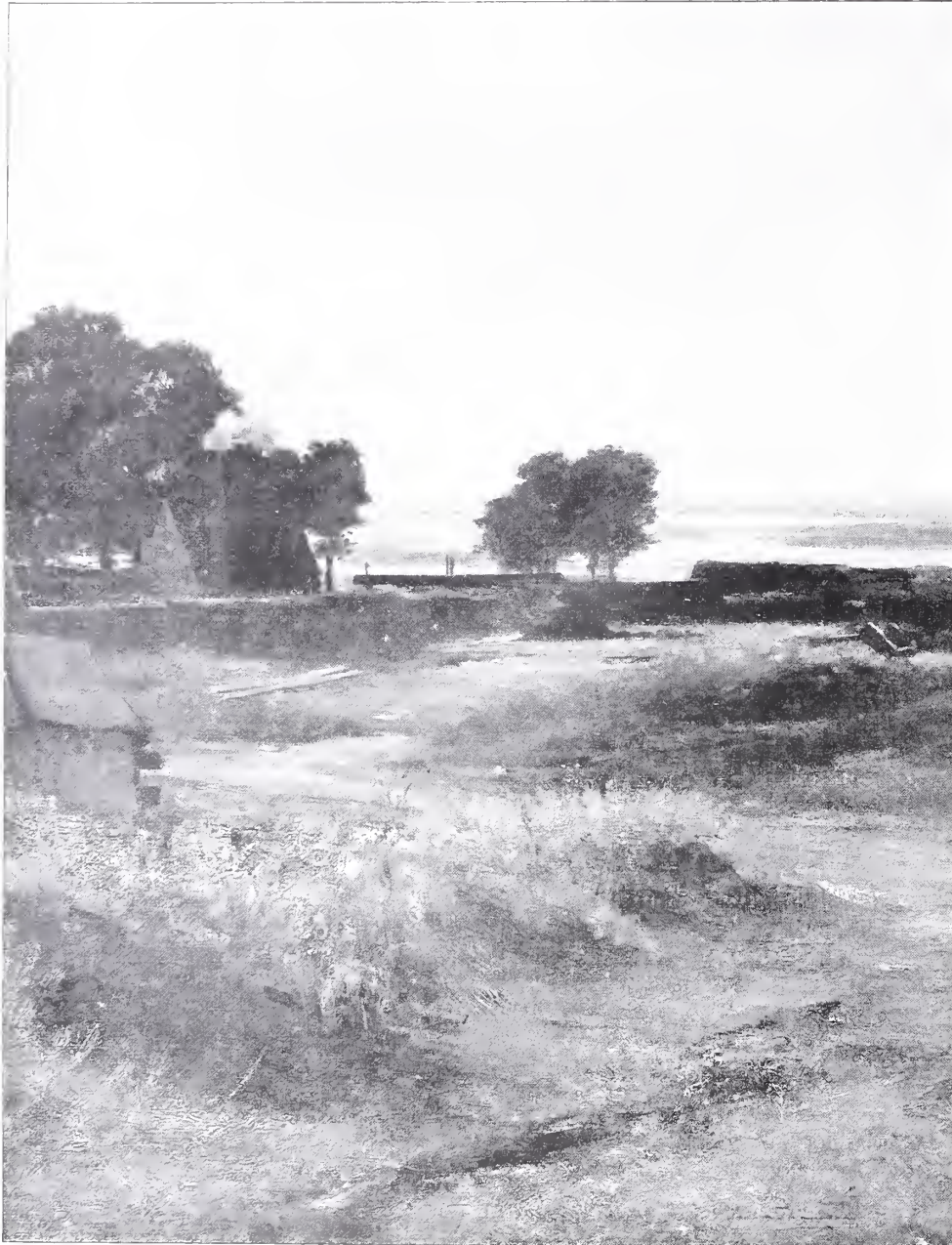


*Early Summer. By Leslie Thomson.  
In the possession of R. Nicolson, Esq.*

even when he was not building up vast rugged trees close at hand, he chose to show the landscape stormy, wind-blown, and heavily beclouded, or sparkling with a thousand raindrops, and traversed with distracted gleams of sunlight. Millet painted plains, but he made them awful rather than tranquil, and he saw them as the

Indeed, his masses of form, although broad and strikingly placed in the composition, are seldom emphasized in the direction of boldness of line. On the other hand, his work is never vulgar, trivial, or garish; all we could bring to his charge would be an occasional lack of snap in his forms, an occasional weightiness of tone, and now and again a rare lapse into realistic bitterness of colour.

Mr. Leslie Thomson has never reached the heights of technical supremacy upon which Corot and Millet dwell. Probably he will never wield a brush with their incomparable magic; he may never attain their sense of values; but already he has learnt to express his personal sentiment as plainly to the world as these men expressed their mightier and more heroic moods. No one worships these great Frenchmen more fervently than I do, yet I will say frankly that a good Leslie Thomson has a character of its own which makes it as recognizable as greater and more beautiful works. Leslie Thomson is essentially an English landscape painter—one might almost say the English landscape painter. Amongst really good living men of the younger schools he is perhaps the one upon whom the all-pervading Continental influence has worked in the gentlest way, and with the least perceptible alteration of natural sentiment. It is for this reason that he seems to recall Constable, Cox, De Wint; while he uses oil paint rather according to the later French fashions. In modern art we must place his name amongst such names as Peppercorn, J. M. Swan, A. Lemon, G. Clausen, Muhrman,



*Near Southend, Essex.*

*By Leslie Thomson.*

Paterson, Laidlay, Macgregor, and other eminent painters of landscape whom it would be tedious to enumerate. Comparisons of good, better, best, between work that is fine enough to have a character of its own, are perhaps worse than unmeaning and misleading, yet the nature of writing almost compels one into something of the kind. Suffice it, however, to discriminate a little the kind of merits of Mr. Leslie Thomson. He has scarcely the decorative ensemble, the rapt poetry of Mr. Peppercorn, or the powerful logic and subtle values of Mr. Arthur

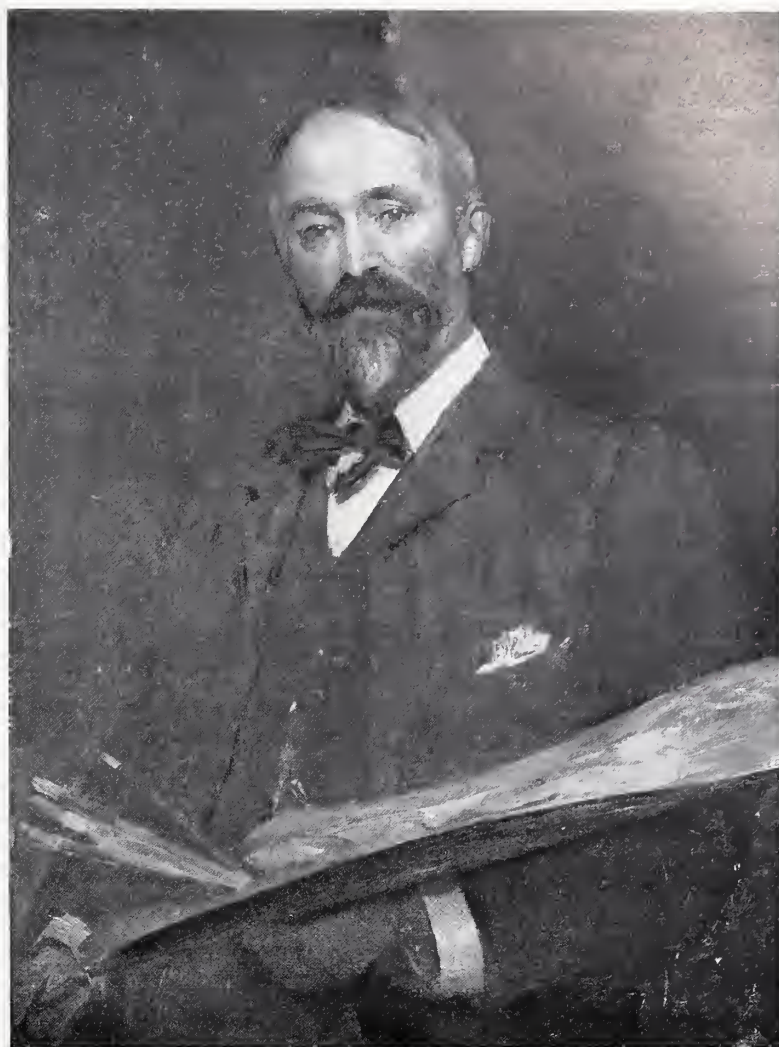
setting of colossal and strenuous figures. I do not mean to say that a Leslie Thomson looks gay, shallow, or over-elaborated; I would rather say that it has a sense of repose, sober dignity, of sad serenity, of modest undisturbed naturalness. Like most sincere men before they reach the full maturity of their powers, this painter is unequal. Sometimes he constructs his landscape forms with delicate precision and a subtle flow of line, at other times he draws ruder, bolder, or more flaccid shapes, and then the sentiment of the picture lies chiefly in its tone.

Lemon; but he is quite as imaginative and every whit as sincere as either of them.

It is no easy task to render the impression made on one by Mr. Leslie Thomson's art. One feels inclined to call him in the same breath artless, and yet essentially an artist; artless because he puts on no side, and when he happens to feel tamely he paints tamely, and refuses to rely on decorative swagger—in a word, because his technique is less admirable than his profound feeling for nature; artist because he never trusts to association with words, or to the fashionable reputation of show scenery; above all, because for twenty years during the change of schools the same mood of feeling has been expressed more and more convincingly in his successive works.

The touching but undefinable beauty of a sincere view of nature makes the merit of Mr. Leslie Thomson's art rather than the exquisiteness of a finished style. The greatest, the most subtle artist, if he painted on a picture by Leslie Thomson, might invigorate a form here, or touch a value there, but I cannot imagine him meddling with the general aspect of the canvas. That claims the right to live with as much authority as a Corot, a Constable, or a Rossetti. This seems high praise, but I think not too high, for I speak of good examples only; and when a Leslie Thomson is good, it is unlike anything else; it lives in its own land and under its own conditions of being. As the work of all sincere, unsophisticated Englishmen, the work of Mr. Leslie Thomson depends on personal sentiment rather than on mastery; and so I feel that my views of nature and art would suffer more from the loss of Leslie Thomson than of some men perhaps more

finely educated, and also perhaps better endowed.



*Mr. Leslie Thomson.  
From a Sketch by Edwin A. Ward.*



*Blackwater, Essex. By Leslie Thomson.  
In the possession of Mrs. Fergusson.*



*Sunshine, Normandy. By Leslie Thomson.  
In the possession of Curtis F. Thomson, Esq.*

To me, for many years a critic of pictures at home and abroad, he has something to say that no one can say for him; to me at least he has revealed a neglected corner of natural poetry, a corner touching the fields of Constable, Corot, Dupré, Troyon and others, yet not quite comprised in their boundaries; a corner small, if you will, but not altogether overrun by the footsteps of other men. In fact, this painter is one of the distinctly English poets, as certainly as Cowper, Crabbe, or even Wordsworth.

Mr. Leslie Thomson's first appearance at the Academy was in 1873, with a small picture, 'On the River,' a canvas long and low in shape like many of his later works. It was very favourably noticed at the time in *THE ART JOURNAL*. Since then he has exhibited regularly at Burlington House, at the New Gallery, at the Grosvenor, at Suffolk Street, and also at the galleries of the Institute. For some time he was one of the Royal British Artists, but lately he has become a Member of the Institute. Many of his pictures in these and other exhibitions linger pleasantly in one's memory. Three pictures from the New Gallery occur to me as illustrating different phases of Mr. Leslie Thomson's art. First there was that ravishing canvas, 'By Summer Seas' (1893), unexpectedly composed as an upright, the top half blue sky and floating clouds, the lower, rocks, sand and sea, with the small nude figures of bathers. Yet the arrangement lacked neither unity nor beauty, while the colour delighted the eyes with its exquisite mellowness, and its suggestion of a warm, tender atmosphere. Second came that bold, powerful marine, 'Through the Blue' (1895), in which sea and sky put on their liveliest hues



*The Homeless Sea. By Leslie Thomson.  
In the possession of Capt. J. Audley Harvey.*

under the fierce light of a summer sun. Both these are now in the collection of Mr. McCulloch. The third was 'Ophelia' (1896), a poem in the low tones of rich and shadowy darkness. Each of these fine pictures is only one among many of its kind. Mr. Leslie Thomson has painted, and is now painting, canvases like the first-mentioned, in which the poetic and unusual appearance of nude figures in an English scene is supported by a romantic treatment of the landscape. The larger elements of the effect remain natural; something in the handling, in the key of colour, in the distribution of the masses, in the choice and subordination of detail, gives dignity to the scene, makes the surroundings suitable to the figures, and re-

moves anything like incongruity and strangeness. Style and artistic feeling are sufficient to the task without any fantastic violation of fact and illumination. 'Through the Blue' was one of the painter's vigorous and more matter of fact renderings of nature. He has done better since, perhaps, but this picture may stand as an example. I will add, however, two or three others of the same kind that have appeared lately at the Institute. 'Winchelsea Meadows,' a study of juicy English verdure, is a happy instance of Mr. Leslie Thomson's fine sentiment for the broad aspect of a scene. Here is neither niggling detail nor smart brushwork, not even an extraordinary subtlety of value; yet from the canvas one receives the impression of looking through the eyes of a sincere, poetic, and withal judicious lover of landscape; one whose feeling guides him infallibly to the masses and definitions of true importance, whose sense of art rather leads him to subordinate his handling to the design of nature than to impose upon his motif an arrogant and distant nobility of convention. The princely overriding of some great artists produces, I admit, a most lofty intoxication, but such is not possible to one of Mr. Leslie Thomson's temper. 'Axmouth,' and a larger river scene, 'Afternoon on the Broads,' were exhibited at the Institute in 1896. Of 'Axmouth,' *The Times* said that "it is as good as a Daubigny," and that "some day it will be the fashion to think it so." One of the best of Mr. Leslie Thomson's works in drawing and composition, it is indeed not altogether unlike Daubigny's 'L'Ecluse d'Optevoz' in the matter of treatment, though nothing like so powerful a picture.

It is chiefly, but not exclusively, in the South of England that Mr. Leslie Thomson works. Dorset, with the neighbourhood of Poole Harbour, Sussex, with the flats of Winchelsea and Rye, the Eastern Counties, with their rivers and broads, are storehouses of congenial motifs for this artist, who delights in long flat lines of mud and brown grass-grown land, surmounted by plumes of dark foliage and towers of cloud. But if Southern England has been long endeared to him, he has not deprived himself of the advantage of study in other kinds of scenery. Out of his huge collection of sketches, which to me are as good or better than his pictures, you might see many that have been made abroad, in Normandy and Brittany. One of a church on a hill, overlooking the sea, was painted in Millet's part of the country, and Mr. Leslie

Thomson has begun already to work on this subject, which demands firmer planes and more precise forms than the motifs he usually selects.

Some of the illustrations to this article have been mentioned, or perhaps, in some cases, variants of their subjects. Others are 'Early Summer,' a river scene with nude figures bathing, and 'The Homeless Sea,' a wild, desolate coast marine, with a battered wreck on the sands. 'Sunshine, Normandy' and 'The Skylark' are rustic scenes containing figures in harmony with the landscape. 'Blackwater' and 'Near Southend' are lovely compositions of flat Essex scenery, in which prominent objects have been admirably placed, and adapted to the flat lines of the landscape. Nothing could be more subtle than the long lines of the Blackwater mud flats, or better suited to show off the great stranded barge that lies in the foreground.

stones and trivialities at his feet, broods on a vast sky and distance. During the late period of transition from realism to style, from observation to art, the work of Leslie Thomson has set an example much needed by men inclined to mannerism and formula; for in a world of change nothing seems more ephemeral than decorative fashions, unless they are based on emotions coming directly out of reality. I do not mean to say that art like Mr. Leslie Thomson's is the only kind that can please. A specially subtle perception of form, of colour, of value, of arrangement, indeed a genuine sensitiveness to character of any sort, can give pleasure by itself, provided it is not marred by one unpardonable fault—the total lack of Impressionism. As I use the word—that is, in its widest sense—this opinion will not seem too exaggerated, for most people would admit that there is no hard-and-fast division between all painters and one particular school



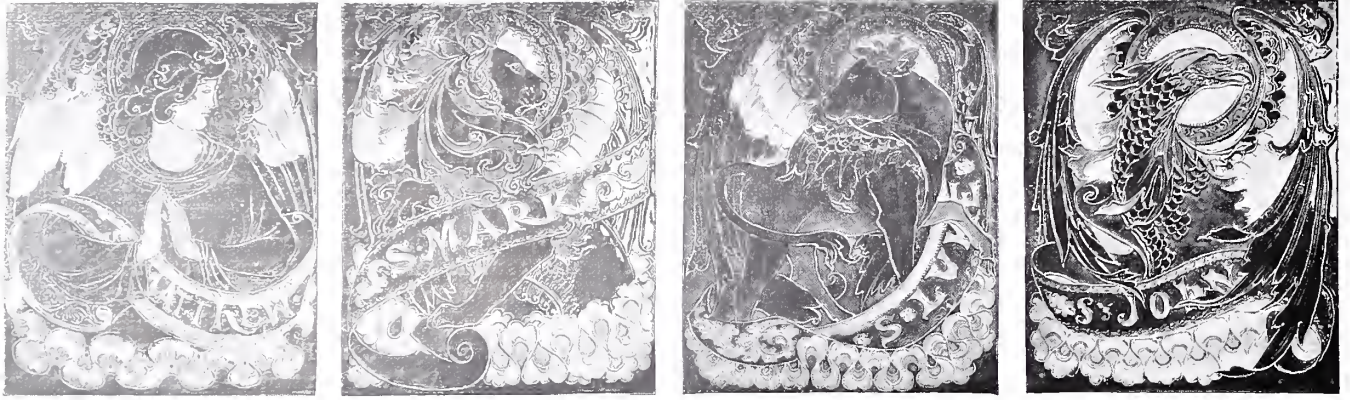
*Axmouth.*

*By Leslie Thomson.*

It will be seen that I have not proclaimed Mr. Leslie Thomson as an impeccable artist, or set him up as a model of all-round perfection. In each of several points you might be able to name some one his superior, and yet his imagination has conceived a kind of beauty in landscape which admirably agrees with his temperament and his powers of execution. He has not Harpignies' precision of drawing, Corot's exquisiteness of colouring and brushwork, or Troyon's subtle perception of values; but he can extract the essential poetry of an effect that he admires. He sees tone broadly in a gamut of sober hues, and he preserves the aspect that he has noted by an instinct which keeps him right in touching subordinate definitions, in cutting up a mass, in restraining or giving play to local colours. His art is sympathetic with the quiet mood of the fisherman, with the dreaminess that comes over the solitary walker on moors in grey weather, or at the fall of evening when his eye, overlooking the sticks and

called Impressionists. On the contrary, one sees every degree of the possession and the lack of Impressionism. To my mind the complete lack of it means the æsthetic death of every good gift or quality in the painter. A painted statement, whether made by form, colour or tone, must be formulated by art, must be made the subject of impressionistic treatment, or it will be stifled by niggling, by contradictory facts, by the multitudinous and irrelevant gatherings of an unemotional and unselective observation. In fact, any quality in art may please that is permitted to impress us without contradiction or interruption. I cannot call a man an artist, however intelligent, patient, or observant he may be, who does not seek to give point to his observations by the use of style, and to preserve the essential from the interference of the trivial by the practice of some kind of impressionism.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.



"The Evangelists." Panels in Glazed Faience. (Messrs. Doulton & Co.)

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.



Gilt Leather Paper. (Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.)  
Designed by Lewis F. Day.

THERE are few places in London more interesting to visit than the great Potteries at Lambeth, with which the name of the late Sir Henry Doulton is inseparably connected. The Potteries, which stand on the Thames' bank, nearly opposite the Tate Gallery on the other side of the river, were founded in the year of Waterloo, but they had been in existence for more than half a century before the manufacture of the famous salt-glazed pottery known as Doulton ware was commenced. Until 1867 the Potteries had

were employed in them. The employment of women has always been a great feature of the Lambeth management, and in some of the studios a score or more of girls were to be seen painting the pottery, or decorating it with ornamental patterns in raised outlines. The modellers' studios were very interesting, although Mr. George Tinworth happened, unfortunately, to be absent on the day of my visit, and I was unable, therefore, to see the work of that accomplished artist. Mr. Broad (the modeller of the statue of the Queen at Gravesend) was, however, working upon two immense spandrels, with allegorical figures of Night and Day, intended for the entrance archway to the hotel at the terminus of the Great Central Railway. In another studio Mr. M. V. Marshall was adapting his inventive talent and manipulative skill to the ornamentation of vases with modelled forms, animal and floral. Mr. Marshall, by the way, designed the panels in faience with raised outlines, "The Evangelists," which are illustrated this month. For the modelled decoration of the large vase shown in another illustration Mr. F. Pope was responsible.

Throwing rather than moulding is encouraged at Doulton's, and there are some exceptionally skilful workmen among the Lambeth throwers and lathers. I saw some good specimens of their work which had been executed for one of the competitions for potters organised by the Turners' Company, in several of which the Lambeth men have carried off prizes.

turned out nothing but stoneware of the ordinary commercial kind, but in that year some vases, well shaped but exceedingly simple in decoration, were made by way of experiment. These vases, some of which are still to be seen in the museum at the Lambeth Potteries, met with sufficient approval from artists and connoisseurs to justify experiments on a larger scale. Progress was rapid, and examples of the new ware were shown at Vienna in the Exhibition of 1873. Five years later, at the Paris Exhibition, the Grand Prix was awarded to the Doulton ceramics, and they have since gained honours innumerable.

Originally established on a very modest scale, the Lambeth Potteries now cover a vast expanse of ground, and Mr. Gandy, who showed me over the studios and workshops, told me that fifteen hundred people



Vases in Salt-glazed Stoneware. (Messrs. Doulton & Co.)



*The "Day Lily" Wall Paper. (Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.)  
Designed by Walter Crane.*

Mr. Walter Crane has just designed a very beautiful wall paper, the "Day Lily," for Messrs. Jeffrey, of Essex Road, Islington. It has been printed on grounds

of purple, dull Indian red, and other colours, but the purple paper with its golden suns and its lilies traced in greenish blue is the richest in effect. The "National," another new design of Mr. Crane's, in which the figures of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick are displayed alternately with the arms of Britain, is also printed on grounds of various hues, on two or three of which gold has been effectively used. The embossed paper, printed from a new and fine design by Mr. Lewis F. Day, of which an illustration is given, is treated in gold metal and transparent lacquer. It is as sumptuous in appearance as a hanging of old Spanish gilt leather. I saw, also, many other fine designs at Jeffrey's, by Mr. Heywood Sumner, Mr. Stephen Webb, Mr. Macmurdo (one of whose patterns, the "Rose and Moth," was printed upon a kind of fine, silky-faced canvas), Mr. Sidney Haward, Mr. Walter West, and others. Mr. Jeffrey told me incidentally that many years ago several papers were designed for the firm by Albert Moore.

The bronze clasp, designed and modelled by Miss Esther M. Moore, which was described and illustrated in this article last month, has just been purchased by the Science and Art Department, for the South Kensington Museum.

Regent Street has probably undergone fewer structural changes during the last fifty years than any of our chief thoroughfares, and until the recent demolition of Hanover Chapel, no modern building had been erected between Oxford Street and Piccadilly Circus. The palatial block of shops and offices which is rising on the site of the old chapel, is being built for Mr. T. H. Brooke Hitching, from the designs of Mr. G. D. Martin. The upper

part of the building is to be of white Portland stone, and in the lower portions terra-cotta, granite, and bronze will be largely used.

W. T. WHITLEY.



*The "Dancing Panel" Frieze. (Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.)  
Designed by Stephen Webb.*

## MONUMENT TO THE LATE WILLIAM OWEN STANLEY OF PENRHOS.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., has lately completed and erected at Holyhead a monument to the memory of the late the Hon. William Owen Stanley of Penrhos brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley, Lord Lieutenant of Anglesea and for thirty years member of the House of Commons.

It is a work on which Mr. Thornycroft has been engaged for some time, and is placed in a chapel specially built for its reception on the south side of the choir of Holyhead old church, and is visible through wide arches opening into the choir and transept. In style it is Italian Renaissance, and consists of a life-sized recumbent statue, with winged angels at the ends; the one with inverted torch representing "Death," the other, "Immortality," placing a wreath on the pillow. The whole is executed in white Carrara marble—except the steps below, which are of polished Anglesea Serpentine marble. In front is a finely wrought iron grille extending across the chapel.

The chapel was designed by the late Mr. Baker, the



*Monument to the Honble. William Owen Stanley of Penrhos.*

*By Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.*

architect, and completed by his partner, Mr. Harold Hughes, and it is lighted by stained-glass windows from the designs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

## ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY DAVID LAW.

"Who knows not Michel's Mount and Chaire,  
The pilgrim's holy vaunt?  
Both land and island twice a-day,  
Both fort and port of haunt."

STRANGE and delightful miniature of its great prototype, Mont St. Michel of Brittany, what wonder that legends galore should have gathered about it—legends pagan, legends Christian. What wonder that it has been fought for, and venerated, sung, and painted, by all lovers of the strong, the strange, the picturesque—from Giants, Phœnicians, holy hermits, Spenser and Milton, down to the nineteenth century, the Newlyn School, and Mr. David Law.

*Careg-luz-en-luz*—the white rock in the wood—from prehistoric days has been the abode of the marvellous. Its origin, for instance, is an unusual one. For its

enormous granite masses were piled up, over two hundred feet, for his dwelling-place, by the famous Giant Cormoran, whom we all knew and dreaded in nursery days. And there the giant was slain by the dear and heroic friend of our childhood, the immortal Jack. But in the story we are not told how hard the giant's wife, Cormelian, had to work, in carrying from far inland those enormous masses of white granite of which the Mount is made. And how one day when Cormoran slept, she thought, poor wretch! to save herself trouble, and gathered up in her apron a huge mass of greenstone that lay handy. Alas! for Cormelian. Her lord awoke, and saw that she was carrying greenstone to his white rock in the wood; for then, says the legend, Mount's Bay was fertile land, and thick woods



grew all along the coast. In his fury he gave her a mighty kick. Her apron string broke. And the "Chapel Rock" fell upon the sand, where it lies to this day.

In Saxon days a holy hermit took possession of the Mount. And to him, as to his brethren on the coast of Brittany, came no less wondrous a visitant than the dazzling Archangel St. Michael himself, bidding him build a church upon the Mount. That was about A.D. 495. Spenser knew all about it, for he says—

"In evil hour thou heest in hand,  
Thus holy hills to blame;  
For sacred unto Saints they stand,  
And of them have their name.  
Saint Michael's Mount, who does not know,  
That wards the Western coast?"

And William of Worcester, in 1490, speaks, in describing the Mount, of an "Apparicio Sancti Michaelis in monte Tumba, antea vocato *Le Hore Rok in the Wodd.*"

On the holy spot, which was strongly fortified, Edward the Confessor founds a Benedictine Abbey in 1044, which in the Conqueror's reign is affiliated to its twin Mount and Abbey of St. Michel across the Channel.

St. Keyna, too, has something to say to it. "A little without the castle there is a bad seat in a craggy place called St. Michael's Chaire, somewhat dangerous for access, and therefore holy for the adventure." To St.

Michael's Chair—which formed part, it is now believed by the unbelieving, of the monk's stone lantern to warn ships at sea—to St. Michael's Chair, St. Keyna gave the same power as to her well on the mainland; and whichever, man or wife, first sits in this perilous seat will rule the house for life.

For eight hours out of the twelve, and sometimes for days together in bad weather, the Mount is cut off from the mainland—the causeway, a quarter of a mile long, being covered by the tide. But

"The great vision of the guarded Mount,"

as Milton calls it in "Lycidas," is inhabited. Above, the monastery crowning the rock has been turned into a castle by its owners, the St. Aubyns, who bought it in the seventeenth century. Below, the fishing village nestles at its foot, doing its trade in copper ore, and pilchards, and china clay, as it did when the Phœnicians came to Ocrium, as Ptolemy called it, when kings fought for its possession. And the surf beats on the rocks, and fishing boats skim across the bay, as in Mr. David Law's charming etching. And Man reckes not of Giants and Giant-killers, of Hermits or Archangels, any more.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.



*In the Lowlands of Holland.*

*By R. W. Allan.*

## PICTURES AT EXHIBITIONS.

ONE of the most interesting features of the winter exhibition at the New Gallery, is the mixing together of pictures of different dates and styles, which seems to have been the main motive in the formation of the collection. There is great value in a show which gives opportunities for the comparison of the work of masters of many nationalities, for it has the effect of presenting within a convenient compass a brief history of art, and of summarising the development of present-day methods and modern points of view. The range of achievement which is illustrated here commences with comparatively early Italians, continues through the great painters of the Netherlands, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, Holbein, and their contemporaries, and ends in the British School of this century. Even in the one British section there is wide variety, for not only are the earlier men, Wilson, Morland, Gains-

borough, Raeburn, Lawrence, Hoppner, Romney, Constable and Wilkie, reasonably represented, but an adequate display is also made of the later painters, George Mason, Pinwell, Walker, Eddy, Rossetti, and Albert Moore. Although the fullest representation is accorded to Rossetti, whose pictures and drawings occupy an entire room, to many people the main interest of the show will be the part played in the collection by the half-dozen canvases of Albert Moore. Fortunately, these have been chosen with much discretion, and are quite acceptable as assertions of his claim to rank among the chief of our greater masters of the art of painting. Not only is 'The Quartette,' one of the greatest of his earlier successes, to be found amongst them, but also his masterpiece, 'Reading Aloud,' his superb technical exercise 'Midsummer,' and three other notable works—'The Toilette,' 'An Embroidery,' and 'White Hydrangeas.'



*Launching the Salmon-boat.*

*By E. A. Waterlow, P.R.W.S., A.R.A.*

Of his smaller pictures it would be hard to find one which more thoroughly expresses his instinct and habit as an artist than 'The Toilette.' The exquisite sense of decorative fitness, the perfect ability to combine and harmonise the most delicate subtleties of colour, the keen appreciation of suave and flowing line, and the incomparable power to realise physical beauty of the purest and most ideal type, which scarcely ever failed to distinguish his productions, are seen here in their



*The Toilette. By Albert Moore.  
From the Picture in the possession of Graham Robertson, Esq.*

highest development. The picture fascinates by its absolute completeness. It is free from the smallest discordance, without one jarring note, and suggests less the labour of a craftsman than the creative thought of a wizard, whose imaginings take form as he directs. This fairy-like suggestion is helped especially by the colour scheme, by a harmony of hues which chime with one another like a ring of silvery bells. Indeed, the whole thing might be described as a vibration in tones of silver, accentuated by a happy note of greater insistence, which makes more persuasive the purity of the rest. The draperies are either clear white, or gently tinted with the palest creamy yellow and warm grey; the accessory details, the cushions and brocades behind the figure, are in delicate shades

of green and pale yellow, the background is warm white; and to give value and exact meaning to these subtleties, the girl's head is wreathed with bright orange silk, and a small flicker of the same colour is introduced in the drapery which lies at her feet. The accent of the greens is given in the vase which stands on the floor beside her. The consummate skill of the artist is shown in the manner in which these parts and inner details of his harmony are placed and distributed, so that nothing is assertive or conspicuous, and no contradiction of the scheme of the picture is to be perceived. The motive appears to be the iridescence and play of colour in a silver surface—in a surface which, despite its reflection of other tints and its own variety, remains silver beyond all doubt; and so delicate has been Albert Moore's perception of colour relation and balance, so exact his judgment of the proportion of the colour areas, that, though he has lost no opportunity of expressing the facts of his subject, and has omitted nothing that would make it convincing, he has yet preserved the perfect consistency which gives the whole its supreme beauty. Such art as this has every right to rank in the fullest exposition of the work of the British School, if not of the world; and the opportunity of seeing these pictures separated from the modernities of the ordinary art sale room, and associated with the selected masterpieces of many centuries, is one that cannot be too highly valued.

The annual "Landscape Exhibition" which is held by a group of prominent painters at the Dudley Gallery has already become an institution, and has taken a definite rank as one of the best shows of its kind that is to be seen during the winter. This year is presented the third of the series, and, with one exception, the list of contributors is the same as on previous occasions. Mr. J. Aumonier takes the place of the late Mr. Hope McLachlan, but Mr. E. A. Waterlow, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. J. S. Hill, Mr. R. W. Allan, and Mr. Peppercorn continue to exhibit admirable evidences of their close study of nature. The large picture, 'Launching the Salmon-boat,' by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, which occupies the post of honour in the gallery, is interesting because it marks a phase of his art which is, in a sense, unfamiliar. It is stronger in character, more decided in treatment, and more robust in its intentions than those elegancies of

landscape with which he has built up his reputation. The effect he has attempted has greater force of contrast and deeper tones of colour than he habitually selects; and he has painted it with distinct vigour and freedom of hand. He has rendered with excellent judgment the glowing colours of the sunset sky, against which the dark of the sea tells effectively, and he has suggested well the movement and action of the figures in the foreground, whose momentary occupation gives the picture its title. He has managed successfully an undertaking full of difficulties; and his effort is the more welcome because it proves how much vitality there really is in his art. Mr. R. W. Allan, too, introduces us to a compara-

tively novel phase of his capacity in his picture of Dutch cattle in a marsh. So much of his later work has dealt with the stormy seas and rocky coasts of Northern Britain, that this gentler study of quiet atmosphere and pastoral tranquillity comes somewhat as a surprise. It is restful, serious, and dignified, designed with discretion, and with a thorough understanding of the charm of delicate aerial perspective. But at the same time it is powerfully handled, and lacks nothing of directness and sound intention. It is, certainly, a valuable addition to an exhibition in which there is nothing that can be dismissed as unworthy of attention.

A. L. B.

## PASSING EVENTS.

SOME rearrangements and additions have recently been made in the South Kensington Museum. The rooms formerly containing the Chantrey Bequest Works are now hung with the water-colours which were previously on screens. The two rooms in the Cross Gallery connecting the Indian Section and Science Collection, are devoted to Cairene Art, textile fabrics, and embroideries from various parts of the Turkish Empire, and other interesting specimens of Eastern work. On the ground floor of the Indian Section an important addition has been made to the plaster casts by a collection of ornamental details from the Palace of the Great Akbar at Fathpur Sikri, near Agra. Another Old English Room has been set up in the Western Arcade of the South Court. It is from an old house at Bromley-by-Bow, and belongs to the early years of James I., the date, 1606, having been carved on the outside of the house.

SIR WYKE BAYLISS, F.S.A., President of the Royal Society of British Artists, delivered an interesting address to the Students of the Hornsey School of Art, on the occasion of the Annual Soirée and Distribution of Prizes. He took as his subject, "The Bogeys of the Studio." The first, he said, was the fear that the ever-increasing number of artists would make art commonplace; the second, that the artist must not be thought to work for money; and the third, that the golden age of art was past, and also that the English are not an artistic race. The speech contained much sound advice and encouragement to the students of the School, which appears to be in a flourishing condition.

THE plate for 1897, issued by the Art Union of London, is an excellent Etching by Mr. Leopold Flameng, after Mr. E. A. Abbey's picture, 'Richard,

Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Anne.' This striking work will be remembered as one of the chief features of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1896. Mr. Flameng has succeeded in the difficult task of making a satisfactory reproduction of a picture which relied much on the colouring, and he has, moreover, fully maintained the powerful dramatic effect of the subject.

MESSRS. J. GÜLICH, Mortimer Menpes, W. W. Collins, Dudley Hardy, Charles Sainton, and David Green have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

SIR WOLFE BARRY, the engineer of the Tower Bridge, has commissioned Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., to paint a picture in oils of the bridge, and Mr. Arthur Severn to represent it in water-colours.

THE widow of the late Mr. E. Armitage, R.A., has bequeathed £10,000 to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund.

THE two Paris Salons have decided to occupy during 1898 the Galerie des Machines on the Champ-de-Mars. There will be one entrance, and the rival exhibitions will only be divided by a buffet. The charge of one franc will admit visitors to both Exhibitions, two-thirds of the receipts going to the Société des Artistes (the Old Salon), and the other third to the Champ-de-Mars (the New Salon). The entire proceeds of the tickets for the *jour de vernissage*—equivalent to our Private View days, for which, however, a high price is charged—will be handed over to the Société des Artistes Français.



From a Drawing by Miss Julia Eustace.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE master of Michael Angelo has a special claim to respect, and the large etching published by Mr. C. Sedelmeyer, Paris, 'PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNA TOURNA-



*Portrait of Giovanna Tournabuoni.  
Etched by Armand Mathey from the Picture  
by Domenico Ghirlandaio.*

BUONI,' is deserving of more than ordinary notice. The etcher, Mr. Armand Mathey, already known as an exquisite master of the needle, has excelled himself in this splendid plate. It is, in our opinion, one of the finest etchings of our time, as it retains all Ghirlandaio's naïveté and finished detail, while as an independent work of art it is a great achievement. Giovanna Tournabuoni was a Florentine gentlewoman of the fifteenth century, who married Lorenzo Tournabuoni in 1486. Her features in this portrait are identical with those of a figure in Ghirlandaio's fresco of the 'Visitation' in the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, painted for Giovanni Tournabuoni, father of Lorenzo. The original picture was exhibited for a long time at the National Gallery in London, prior to its acquisition by Mr. Rodolphe Kann, of Paris.

Many debatable questions are raised in Mr. H. W. Singer's excellent book on "ETCHING, ENGRAVING, AND OTHER METHODS OF PRINTING PICTURES" (Kegan Paul), and any one wishing to learn the extreme view possible to be taken by an artist who opposes all process work should read this work. It also contains a number of excellent illustrations by Mr. W. Strang. Entirely opposed to Mr. Pennell and Mr. Gleeson White, there are many truths in Mr. Singer's warm denunciation of photographic reproduction; but while these processes continue so excellent, and wood-engravers, etchers, and other reproductive artists remain so undisturbed in their incapacity to carry out their commissions, it is useless to decry what the original artist of the design prefers—that is, an artist or illustrator who draws on canvas or paper would rather have his work go forth to the public well reproduced mechanically than badly represented by another branch of art.

"THE PROGRESS OF ART IN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE," by T. S. Robertson (Gay & Bird) is a useful little book by a writer who seems to be trying his strength, and scarce knows how to use it yet.—"THE CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION," by Frederic Shields (Elliot Stock) is a modest record of Mrs. Russell Gurney's enthusiastic generosity in restoring and decorating the little church off Bayswater Road, opposite Hyde Park.

Among the many excellent photographs at present finding their way into the market none excel the spirited productions of Mr. F. H. Worsley-Benison, of Livingstone House, Chepstow. We reproduce his really marvellous 'Flight of Sea Birds'; and although our block scarcely shows the movement of the gulls around the rocks, the large photographs published mark the small details of the birds perfectly, while the general effect is eminently artistic.



*Flight of Sea Birds from the Stack Rocks, Pembrokeshire.  
From a Photograph by F. H. Worsley-Benison.*





*Swan Classic Engraving Co.*

*Engraved by J. M. Swan, 1888.*

*From the Painting by J. M. Swan, A.S.A.*

### *The American Tiger*

*From the Painting in the Collection of George Gould, Esq., New York*



*Magpie and Stump.*  
By David Cox.

## DAVID COX.

DAVID COX was the sweetest singer of all landscape painters: the Burns of our Art, who found his themes at his door, and sang them in his "native wood-notes wild" with a sympathy that, perhaps, surpassed in its intensity the sympathy of every member of the glorious brotherhood. He seemed grateful for the power to appreciate Nature in her beauty and simplicity, and felt no lack of the idealisms and visions which so often go to the composition of feverish and restless members of the craft. To him the soft morning and evening light was like music which kept time and tune with his spirit. He loved Nature as we love his pictures, for her sweetness rather than for her grandeur, although he not unfrequently rose to the vivid representation of her mightiest effects of storm and tempest. His mode of expression was direct and simple, and, like Burns, he convinces us that what he says could only be said in the language which he employs—the most forcible shorthand interpretation of Nature which could be used by a true impressionist. Cox was, in fact, the master of all the impressionists in landscape painting. He was brilliant, pure, rich, strong, and tender in his colouring, and never missed the "accident" and "travelling light" of Nature.

In expressing, with unerring instinct, the storm-sky, the dripping rain-cloud, and the scudding cloud-shadows on woods and uplands, Cox has never had a rival. This power, like Turner's, was the result of most careful and severe training in what, again borrowing a phrase from another vocabulary, may be called the "scale practice" in Art, a training which, like that of skilled musicians, was the basis of the wonderful technique of all our water-colour masters. It became a second nature to him, and enabled him fluently to carry

MARCH, 1898.

out his theme. Muddiness and dirtiness were abhorrent to his nature, as 'The Vale of Clwyd' and 'Changing Pasture' amply prove.

Cox's abiding desire was to strike off his drawing as direct as possible by "the first intention," and lift the colours here and there for half grey-lights, finishing up with the knife for the high-lights. The first colour was put down at once with a full-flowing brush, and with a strength and brilliancy that remained to the end. Every tint that was added stood as *colour*, and neither deadened nor sullied those underneath. The shadow-parts of his work, like Morland's oil-painting, were religiously protected against additions to the first-intention painting, and the travelling lights were also as jealously left on the white paper, like snowflakes, to the end, and then



*Carting Home the Plough.*  
By David Cox.

delicately tinted and opalesced to suit the sky influence of the picture. Cox never floated in the whole drawing, as was Turner's practice, while the entire paper was wet. On the contrary, he painted with a full and flooding brush on the dry paper, and left cumulus clouds and cirrus clouds sharp and clear, according to the design of the work, and dashed warm and cold tints into the flooded colour before it dried. He also "lifted" halflights before the colour dried, and he certainly excelled all the masters in producing the fascinating "accidents" of the skies. In this particular gift Cox stands out alone. Those who have lived with and carefully studied his drawings can vouch for the truth of this statement.

Turner, by wetting the whole of the paper, got more infinity of broken colour; but Cox, by his method, was brighter and fresher, his handling, in addition, giving the breezy feeling of the air. In a word, in Cox's landscapes, beyond all others, we feel the presence of ozone, and it is, as it were, the breath of our nostrils. Cox generally painted on paper with a coarser grain than that which Turner used, and, in later life especially, drew and loosely shaded in his studies with black chalk or charcoal. I myself possess several of this class, and



*Gipsies crossing the Common.*

*By David Cox.*

most of them are done from nature, with marginal notes added here and there.

This great painter was often ignominiously stigmatized as "one of the drawing masters," and when he painted in oil, his work was laughed at, and pronounced "thin and watery." The laughter and scornful jibes, however, have long ceased. The ignorant and jealous have been silenced by the "leaveners" who, as Mr. Ruskin says, have compelled the mocking multitude to accept, as a matter of faith, that which they could not understand. "Thin and watery!" quotha. Who painted richer, or with a fuller and purer brush? He had lessons in oil from Müller, who was one of the greatest of our masters. Was Müller's method thin and watery? And was he not also a master in water-colour?

As I have said elsewhere, he was the prince of sketchers in this medium. Cox, Müller, Morland, and Bonington are the pride of our school as to the method of painting, for they were the purest, simplest, and most direct of all. To prophesy is hazardous, but the augurs who, years ago, foretold the rank of Cox and Holland (another of the despised and rejected) as oil-painters were in the right, the proof being that, to-day, the best collections



*Young Waltonians.*

*By David Cox.*



would be deemed incomplete without examples in both mediums by those masters.

The ordinary observer, or non-observer, declares flippantly that Cox could not draw; but the keen observer who has insight of the right sort knows that he could draw, and that with a master's hand, all things belonging to his field of art. Cox was bred a miniature painter. He also painted scenes for Macready. Consider the extent of the gamut which the two facts comprehend! The name of the miniaturist who instructed Cox was Fielder, and he executed subjects for lockets and snuff-box lids from Teniers, Ostade, and other Dutch painters.

in Morland; but all which bears upon and belongs to the true dignity of landscape painting will be found in Cox's work, depend upon it. No man ever painted figures and other incidents in landscape with finer fitness or truer character, and in depicting the leading features, such as trees, buildings, and skies, he was a veritable master. Serious and bright, instinctive with character, yet gravely free from caricature, are the works of David Cox, while their colour is the colour of nature. The greys in the shade-part of his clouds possess a silvery truth which makes one feel the air in the sky; and no matter how strong and deep the dark



*Flying the Kite.*

*By David Cox.*

Cox's master at Macready's theatre was a painter named De Maria, and Cox in after-life frequently spoke of him as a most accomplished scenic artist—in fact, a master in his line. In addition to his practice as a miniature and scene painter—the opposite poles of practice—David Cox had lessons in water-colour painting from John Varley. Cox had, from his earliest knowledge of them, admired Varley's drawings, and this led to his choosing him for his teacher. Varley had scarcely a rival as a master of technique in water-colour painting.

From this prodigious range of art practice Cox struck the balance, and became the greatest of all "short-hand" painters of character. His aim, like that of the late Charles Keene, was to express as forcibly as possible what he had to say in the most concise language. Not being an academic figure-painter, sane men do not look for the academic qualities in Cox any more than they do

thunderous rain-clouds may be, one still feels it possible to breathe.

The artistic instruments Cox played upon were of themselves tuneful, and the music he produced from them was spontaneous and free from affectation. He took God's work as he found it, and gave us impressions which recall many a happy day in the land—our land!—he loved, and whose varied freshness and beauty he depicted with such lasting fidelity. To quote the words of my late friend, the biographer of David Cox: "He had a way of his own in looking at Nature, and in recording what he saw and felt, and lost no time in considering whether it would be better to endeavour to see with other eyes, and work according to other methods. There was a still small voice which said, 'Rely on yourself! Have faith in your own nature, and in the faculties with which you are endowed.' His aim in Art

has to look at the subjects he proposed to delineate with a view solely to their interesting qualities, and to treat them in a simple, natural, unaffected manner. They never say, 'Look at me. I am a miracle of Art, none but the highly cultivated can measure my excellence!' No; but they say, 'I am that sweet green lane down which you loved to stroll when a child to pluck the blue-bells on the hedge-banks, and the may-blossom from the overhanging boughs. I am that breezy common across which you often scoured with your playmates; when the windmill, like a thing of life, whirled its sails in the fresh gale, and the bonny lark, as Burns says, carolled above your head!'"

And yet Cox's pictures are miracles of Art, and are truly for the highly cultivated taste. They are, for that matter, for the most highly cultivated taste, since those who know and appreciate this art can know and appreciate any art, if the opportunity be given.

High art or low, Cox, like Burns, lives in the hearts of the people, and, like Homer, his ballads are sung from door to door. As I have already said, Cox excels all the painters of landscape in giving us the "accident" of Nature—in colouring, in composition, in the placing of his figures, and in the portrayal of incident of every kind. Of all the painters of landscape, Cox has had by far the largest following. His influence has been felt, perhaps, more powerfully than that of all the landscape painters put together. He is one of those rare spirits Hood perceived when he said in "False Poets and True" (a sonnet to Wordsworth):—

"Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud  
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space.  
The noisy day is deafen'd by a crowd  
Of undistinguish'd birds, a twittering race;  
But only lark and nightingale forlorn  
Fill up the silences of night and morn."

JAMES ORROCK.



*Carting Vetches.*

*By David Cox.*

## 'THE AMERICAN PUMA.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN M. SWAN, A.R.A.,  
IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE J. GOULD, ESQ., NEW YORK.

THIS large and important picture was completed by Mr. Swan last year, but up to the present it has not been publicly exhibited, although many connoisseurs are disposed to consider it one of the artist's finest works.

An American Puma, in the depth of a forest, has caught and killed a gigantic macaw, and has settled to devour his prey. He is startled with a movement close at hand, and he turns to look at the serpent making its way down the bank. This is the moment the artist has seized, and the dramatic situation forms the basis of a splendid work of art.

The subject is really greatly subordinated to colour and tone, and the painting, full of strong warm tones,

with the variety of low-toned greens to be found in a forest, is a regular *tour de force*, wherein the gay purple-and-gold plumage of the large parrot forms a striking contrast.

Mr. J. M. Swan's reputation is higher in America than it is in England, otherwise he would have been chosen a Royal Academician before this. Rumour has it, however, that Mr. Swan is too busily occupied with his art to pay all the attention necessary to Academical conventions and traditions, and probably he feels more proud to be the author of a great painting like 'The American Puma,' or a fine bronze, of which he is fond of modelling, than to be a full member of the Royal Academy, with all its powers and privileges.



*A Brindled Rabbit. By Edwin Alexander.  
In the possession of Wm. Home Cook, Esq.*

## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF ART IN SCOTLAND.\*

**B**UT one phase is over for all practical purposes: the decorative patch is a thing of the past. E. A. Hornel, it is true, still produces those wonderful and brilliant arrangements in unleaded stained-glass which once attracted so much attention, but the novelty has worn off, and the artist's skill is not what it was. It was never great art; its attraction was that of the uncommon and the bizarre, and time and repetition have withered the charm it once possessed. It is different with George Henry; for the exaggeration and audacity which gave his pictures of the past a distinct place, obscured his very real powers as a colourist and his strong grasp on reality used pictorially, which, in his later work, are revealing themselves. He has sown his artistic wild oats, and despite the brilliance and beauty of the passion-flowers which here and there spangle his past, his most recent pictures stand on a higher and more distinguished plane. In these the colour problem has been handled in a way at once far subtler and more convincing than before, while the sentiment they embody in its sanity and grace is of a higher and more poetic order. Henry's work has always been of great interest, now it shapes as if it would have permanent value.

In result the purely decorative motive, which underlay work of this description, has not been useless. It has demonstrated the charms and legitimate claims of colour for its own sake, while in passing it has left a more conscious feeling for the necessity of arrangement in mass and colour as the basis of pictorial design. Technically, however, it has not been innocuous, for the tendency has been to secure a strong and striking effect without consideration of the means employed. Mr. Hornel and his comrades almost succeeded in forgetting all that has been done by the masters of technique in the past, and treated oil-paint as if it had been some new material.

The inclination to slur drawing and definition, which the methods employed induced, is also to be regretted, but with the reaction from the forced result, which is in progress, an alteration in technique has also come. As is



*Jack, Son of Charles Darling, Esq.*

*By W. F. Yule.*



*Reverie.*

*By Alexander Roche, A.R.S.A.*

the case with most reactions, there is a disposition with some of the men to run to the opposite extreme, and use paint in too thin a manner.

Of the slightly younger Glasgow painters—none of the new men is old—Stuart Park is perhaps the most able and personal. D. Y. Cameron, who has done admirable work as an etcher, has yet to reveal his personality as a painter; David Gauld and Harrington Mann have not yet fulfilled the promise of their earlier work; George Pirie is experimenting with technique, and for the present takes only a secondary interest in what he has to say; but Park's art, if exceedingly limited, has a note and a distinction of its own. Although somewhat lacking in form, his pictures show a real passion for the beauties of texture and colour in flowers, and his technique, with its carefully considered and most expressive brushing, and exquisite impasto, is admirably suited for their expression.

The subject-picture as commonly understood has few followers among these men. They have seen incident so often treated as anecdote, and not in its pictorial fitness, that they are afraid to tackle it at all; and from this there has grown up among a certain set a belief that it is illegitimate in painting. They have failed to grasp the fact that art resides not in the subject, but in the way in which it is looked at and in the manner and style in which it is treated, and subject which is truly pictorial, if it has the least suggestion of story, is almost as much distrusted as that which is purely literary. With some of the landscape men there is a disposition to stereotype nature on certain lines, to use a formula which is not only out of keeping with her infinite variety, but which tends to limit art itself. The greater of the older men, McTaggart and Wingate, possess an individuality of vision, and a passion for nature, beside which the artistic interests of all but one or two of the younger school pale

and become colourless. Of course, an artist is usually more in harmony with certain effects than others, and if he feels only one mood of nature acutely he is certain to return to it again and again. It is so with Macaulay Stevenson. He is so in love with twilight over woodland and lake, with dim shadowy colour betwixt green and grey, that he will not or cannot see nature otherwise; and, if his pictorial ideas seem to be derived in this respect, his pictures have qualities which are personal to himself. Others are unduly influenced by the work of some artist of greater power among themselves, or by that of certain of the French and Dutch masters who have been an influence with the whole group. After years of literalism and too much of an inartistic convention, we are in danger of too much affected artistry. The mere copying of nature has become unfashionable, and we are like to have in its place a convention, which, however interesting in itself, has no real significance until it is illumined by individual thought and observation. But, as a rule, beneath this defect—which is, perhaps, an inevitable outcome of the transition through which painting has been passing—there is a genuine if not a profound love of nature which, as the manner becomes more familiar, is likely to assert itself more and more. In this connection one may mention the landscapes of Grosvenor Thomas, which are beginning to show a closer study of nature with no loss of artistic grace.

In the east of Scotland a number of the younger painters suffer from want of conviction. They have lost touch with the older school, in which most of them were trained, and have not yet come fully under the sway of the new. The result is compromise, and compromise on a point like this is dangerous if not fatal. Besides,



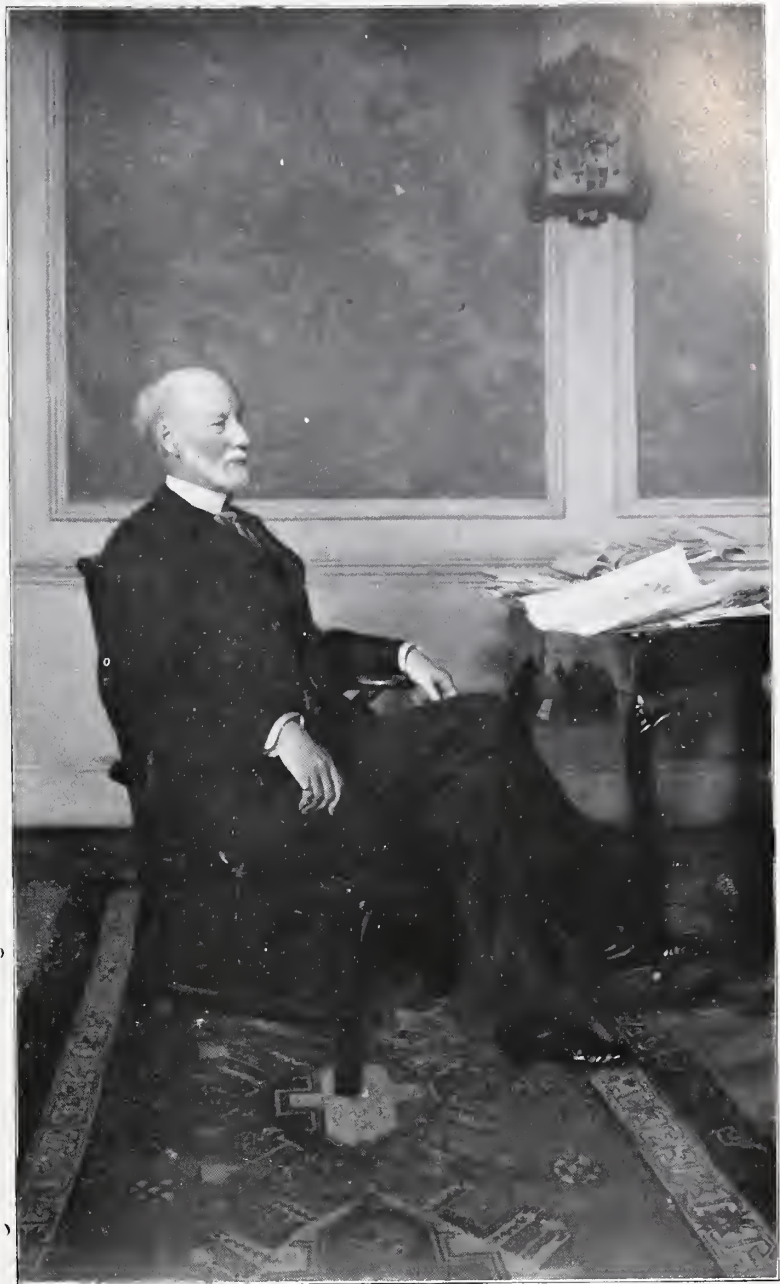
*White Lilies.*

*By Stuart Park.*

experiments in the decorative mosaic and patchwork style are out of place now that the stream is setting toward a finer mode of expression, a more refined use of colour, and a more dignified ideal of design. And yet they are made by men of considerable talent, who might, if they would only be true to themselves, do something worth while. There are others, however, who show a truer appreciation of the finer elements in the new movement, and these, for the most part, display considerable individuality. W. J. Yule in particular reveals a gift of technical expression of a high order, and a personal vision of great charm. He possesses that simple, serious, and scrupulous style which, according to Sainte-Beuve, goes far. The simple and unforced beauty, the sincerity of observation, the delicacy and distinction of statement in his pictures promise great things, which, as his work is not yet mature, are the more likely to be fulfilled. The brilliant talent shown by Robert Brough also raises hopes; which are, however, less secure, for his very evident cleverness and facility are not the best guarantees for a lasting success. Among others whose pictures possess promise and good qualities are R. C. Robertson, S. J. Peploe, David Muirhead, and George Smith. Edwin Alexander, who is, however, uninfluenced by the western ideas as regards technique, is doing very remarkable work in water-colour, over-delicate perhaps for so young an artist, but full of beauty of colour and distinction of draughtsmanship. His drawings of birds and animals are exquisite and, in their own way, masterly, while, in a series of Egyptian sketches, he has given what is almost a new view of the East. The water-colours of R. B. Nisbet, who founds his results, but unfortunately not always his methods, on the old English School, also possess a certain style.

Of painters who had attained considerable popularity ten years ago, John Smart and Beattie Brown still produce the conventional landscapes associated with their names; W. D. Mackay is painting his delicately observed views of nature, with a more careful noting of values than before; Campbell Noble, after excursions in various directions, seems to have settled down to a Turneresque view of things; Robert Noble adheres to his admiration for the work of some of the early English masters translated into his own bituminous fancy in colour; G. W. Johnstone and others continue to paint pleasant and sincere, if unemotional work. In the west A. K. Brown, whose landscape has for long been delightful in its truth, delicacy, and simplicity, seems to attain a fuller and more artistic expression with the passing years, and Joseph Henderson's sea-pieces are more vigorous in handling and fresher and more vital in colour than they were a decade ago.

The old Scottish conception of the genre picture is carried on with considerable skill by Tom McEwan, Henry Kerr, Tom Hunt, Martin Hardie, G. O. Reid, and one or two more, but, when one considers the great success of "kailyard" literature, it is surprising

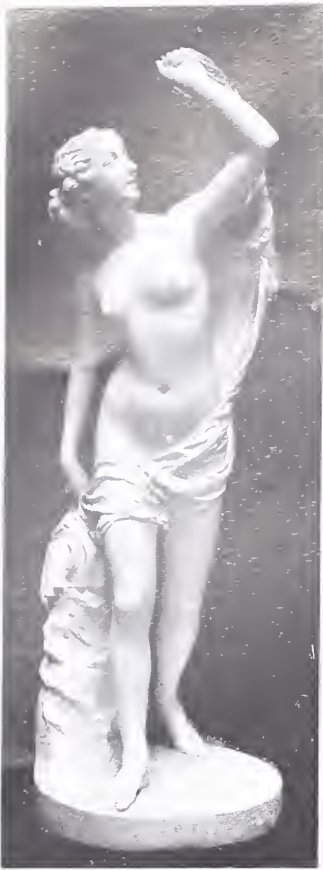


*Sir Graham Graham Montgomery of Stanhope, Bart.*

*By J. H. Lorimer, A.R.S.A.*

although perhaps not to be regretted) that it should command a decreasing number of votaries in paint. But it is of the nature of a survival from an earlier period, and the recentralising of artistic ideals has dealt it a heavy blow. With a few, of whom J. E. Christie may be taken as a type, one finds the old convention reappearing in a new dress, in which it hardly seems at home, the older and daintier method being more in harmony with the ideas expressed. Somewhat similar material is used by Robert MacGregor, but his standpoint is much more pictorial, and his technique more refined and complete. He was perhaps the first Scottish genre painter to apply a rigorous study of tone to his work; he is a capable draughtsman and a pleasant if restricted colourist, and, although he has learnt much from some of his modern Dutchmen, his pictures have an individuality and sentiment of their own.

J. H. Lorimer also, although preserving to the full his own personality, has learned much, particularly as regards



*Echo.*

*By D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A.*

tone and colour, from contemporary movements. While in his subject pictures (usually charming interiors with figures) he is perhaps too closely bound by what is before him, and never lets himself go, and in portraiture he retains that primary interest in character, which was the chief concern of the older school, his technical equipment is, of its kind, remarkably complete, his observation is acute, his colour often delicately harmonious, his sentiment always refined. The only Scottish painter who has made a speciality of the military picture is Robert Gibb, whose work is always marked by careful study of circumstance, effective incident, and patriotic sentiment. He is also one of the ablest of the older portrait painters, who include men like Joseph

Henderson and R. C. Crawford in their ranks.

Sculpture in Scotland has suffered much from a desire to attain the ideal of abstract beauty and immobility upon which pseudo-classicism rests. The majority of Scottish sculptors have been afraid to reveal themselves, and so have failed to touch the people; while their work does not appeal to those acquainted with what has been and is being done elsewhere. The ideal of technique has also been exceedingly restricted. There has been a disposition to model for marble and bronze as if there were no essential difference in the treatment involved, and to attain surface finish at the expense of more essential qualities. During recent years, however, more vital elements have appeared in the work of a few Scottish sculptors. Of these Pittendrigh MacGillivray is the most personal and accomplished. He brings a wider outlook, a more cultured intelligence, and a more forceful individuality to his task than any of his fellows. The characteristics of his work are fire and energy of conception, and he expresses his ideas with a vigour of style and an appreciation of decorative effect which are almost new in Scottish sculpture. His range of subject is wide, his treatment reveals a true understanding of the nature of the materials he works in, and his conception of sculptural motive is almost invariably appropriate. While his rendering of children and women is sympathetic and keenly sensitive to beauty, he has, in a series of busts of men, shown a remarkable grasp of more strongly marked character. His ideal and decorative work is less known, but it also is marked by high qualities of conception, design, and technique, and, given greater opportunities, he may justly be expected to do memorable things. The admirable character and the expressive and sound modelling, united to a certain

feeling for style, revealed in several busts by McFarlane Shannan, a young Glasgow artist, suggest possibilities of power; while in a number of fancy pieces he has also shown considerable charm of invention and design. The work of the older men is more conventional. That of D. W. Stevenson, whether portrait or ideal, suffers from a conscientious desire for a finish and completeness beyond that which his artistic impulse demands; but it is always sincere, and marked by sterling qualities of its own. His portraiture is admirable in its simple veracity, and if his more imaginative figures are lacking in high poetry and style, they are always refined, and in their own way completely realised. W. G. Stevenson's is less serious in purpose and more lively in manner. Perhaps his best, although not his most important, work has been modelled for silver and on a small scale, while he is almost the only Scottish sculptor who has treated animal life. Of the others resident in Scotland, John Hutchison, the only modeller trained in the school of Lauder; W. Birnie Rhind, who has carried out much architectural carving, in addition to figures and busts; and Kellock Brown, who is perhaps more a decorator, and has done some charming things in repoussé work, are the more prominent. Sculpture has never received much encouragement in Scotland, and even when opportunity offers (specially if something more important and costly than usual is wanted), a stranger is too often chosen, and sometimes without sufficient investigation into the possibility of getting it done at home. It would be nothing if the work secured were essentially finer in quality than could be obtained from a Scotsman; but it is not always so. One or two schemes at present in prospect in Edinburgh and Glasgow present chances of encouraging native talent, or of obtaining sculpture which will have an artistic value and an educative influence, and it is to be hoped that they will not be lost.

As the æsthetic movement of which the Arts and Crafts Society is the present embodiment was an indirect outcome of the pre-Raphaelite movement, which centred in Rossetti, so in its evolution the Glasgow group of painters has produced a distinctive phase of decorative art. Several of the artists themselves executed mural decorations and designed stained-glass, employments which have not been without an influence in their easel pictures. Some of this work was admirable in spirit and design, but the ladies and the men, who have more recently been devoting their attention to decoration, are too much inclined to eccentricity of treatment. They seem to prefer the bizarre to the refined, the exaggerated to the simple, the neurotic to the normal, and whenever the human figure is introduced it is debased in type, contorted in anatomy, and forced in expression. At the same time the work they are producing is interesting, and sometimes fascinating; but it is morbid in spirit and, one is afraid, not altogether unaffected in inspiration. Perhaps the simpler furniture of Herbert McNair, and Mrs. Newberry's really charming designs for embroidery are the finest, as they are certainly the sanest things yet produced by this group of art-workers.

The increased interest in decoration which these efforts indicate is further accentuated by a serious attempt to employ mural decorations in public buildings. It is in Edinburgh, however, that the most important schemes of this nature have been carried out. Mrs. Traquair has shown in her decorations in the Catholic Apostolic Church a real gift for the work. Founding her colour, as she obviously does, upon mediæval illuminations, and designing in much the same spirit as the more mystical

of the pre-Raphaelites, her panels possess great brilliance and charm of colour, and real intensity of feeling. Here and there, the amateur peeps out, but the spirit she throws into her task and the fine taste she displays usually carry her through. If William Hole's paintings in an Episcopal Church are less striking and imaginative, he is technically more competent, and in the extensive decorative scheme he has just commenced in the Scottish Portrait Gallery, he will have ample scope for his powers as a decorative artist. George Walton, who designs charming interiors and furniture, has also executed some refined and personal mural decorations, and interesting work of a similar nature has been done by W. S. Black, Robert Burns, J. Duncan, and others.

As regards the position of the principal art societies in Scotland, it may be said that the R.S.A. is at present in a more healthy state than it has been for years. After a long battle the claims of the West of Scotland have been practically, if not fully and adequately, admitted, and the institution has become, what it was for some time only in name, the Scottish Academy. But the liberalising policy must for full success be continued and extended, and the claims of rival groups and of individuals settled upon merit alone. The Water-Colour Society and the Glasgow Art Club continue to prosper; but the Society of Scottish Artists (although its recent exhibition was in some ways a success), owing to its halting policy and the failure of some of its more prominent members to support it as they ought, is hardly justifying its existence.

Ever since Scotland had artists of her own, since Wilkie went to London in the beginning of the century, art in Scotland has suffered from the southward flight of her sons, and that, despite this constant drain, she should still be able to show so many capable artists, is good proof of her artistic vitality. It is therefore matter of regret to all Scottish lovers of art that the Glasgow group, whose work has been, for a good many years, the most interesting and vital in the Scottish exhibitions, shows signs of breaking up. For this the western city itself is largely responsible, for although it has boasted loudly of its school of artists, it has not done what it might to retain them at home. Walton and Lavery have been in London for a considerable time, and now Guthrie and Lorimer divide the year between there and Glasgow. What is to be less regretted, in that it retains them in Scotland, MacGillivray, Roche, and Paterson have come to Edinburgh. But



*Memorial Bronze in Glasgow Cathedral.*

*By Pittendigh Macgillivray, A.R.S.A.*

it may be that this dispersion will enable each to work out his own individuality more fully, while the effects of the movement have already been wide and salutary. Scottish art has become known and respected abroad, and by the confession of foreign critics, it has influenced painting on the Continent. In London, the work of the younger men is commanding increased attention, and at home the wide-spreading effects of the new æstheticism are quite apparent. The Glasgow Institute, as the home of the new ideas, has been pervaded more or less by them for years, and even the Scottish Academy shows are becoming impregnated with a new spirit. And these effects are visible not only in the pictures of the originators and their followers, but in those produced by men who were in the beginning strongly opposed to the movement. A fuller and more expressive technique is in fashion, a more just regard for tone is generally evident, a new sense of decorative charm, and an increased regard for unity of effect have appeared, while the painted anecdote is almost a thing of the past. Much of the work at present produced is of a tentative nature, for, except the leaders, few of those in the new movement have fully found their feet; but as the finer elements of the new become more widely incorporated with the finer qualities of the old, the result should be a richer and fuller art. At no period in Scottish painting has a sense of style been so prevalent, and when the work of the greater of the older generation, at home or in London, is added to that of the more complete and personal men in the new, the art of Scotland to-day becomes comparable, in its kind, with the best in Europe.

JAMES L. CAW.

U



*Pastoral.*

*By Macaulay Stevenson.*



*The Temple of Wady-Sebona.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

## FROM PHILAE TO KOROSKO.\*

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY GÉO. MONTBARD.

FROM the base of the rocks of the Gorges of Kalabashéh, mentioned in my last article, powerful spurs fall in brusque resaults into the Nile amidst a multitude of reefs, while their crests crudely cut out in the azure their dull, rugged summits.

Isolated blocks: rose granites striated with irised lines, shining basalts, red porphyries spotted with white, emerge on every side.

The current increases in intensity, and fringes with foam the foot of the Cyclopean walls.

The *Acacia* manoeuvres with remarkable precision amidst the shoals.

The river soon expands in a picturesque archipelago. Here appears an island where, amidst mimosas, euphorbia, thick black-currant bushes with yellow blossoms, appear the dilapidated walls of an abandoned

village; there, are islets of granite resembling even-trated castles; farther away, on a neck of land sloping

between two jetties of basalt, are some wretched straw huts, beside clusters of date palms and a few tobacco plants.

And everywhere—in the hollows, the clefts, the wrinkles of the rocks, the platbands of silt, the mounds of sandstone—the sand, the abominable dust of pounded crystalline rocks and sandstone, finds a place, depositing its perfidious sheet; describing on the enormous piles of basalt or granite, the entablatures of stone, the reddish dolmen of porphyry, its white arabesques, which the breeze from time to time raises aloft in a blonde cloud that falls back again into the river.

Little by little the picturesque confusion of capes, islands,



*A Boatman of the Nile.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

\* Continued from p. 14.





*On Board the "Acacia."—The Evening Prayer to Allah.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*



*In Shallow Water—Sounding.*  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

islets, becomes clearer, the current gives way, the banks expand again, the Nile resumes its breadth, and shortly afterwards we pass Kalabasheh, with its stone quay half fallen away, and the pylons of its temple towering above the trees and low houses.

A barge passes by loaded with broken straw piled up in an elevated cube.

In these regions the village houses are of stone, covered with a rough coat of yellow mud, and take the form of small pylons. At the bottom of the gently sloping banks, planted with lucern, trefoil, tobacco, fall chaplets of rock.

From Kalabasheh the bordering chains have continued decreasing in height, giving us rapid visions of the desert.

Abou-Hor.—The Nile becomes narrow again between naked, steep cliffs. The steamer clings close to the Arabian side. Then the chains open again and the river resumes all its width. On its banks, the high square houses of the villages, which dazzle with great distinctness in the green transparency of the waters, rise in shelves surrounded by lofty walls.

Everywhere a profound silence. Few or no animated beings: hardly a boat, at rare intervals a flight of wild duck crossing the river. Frequently a sort of roughly constructed slip cuts the waters; a primitive jetty built of blocks piled one upon the other, serving to stay the force of the current, also to turn it aside so as to protect the talus of the land. Always sandbanks, deserted shores.

The Arabian plateau, strewn with cones and mounds, descends to the Nile, bordered by a green thread of bushes, facing the Libyan chain, which runs in a low perpendicular wall with its summit bristling with heaps of fallen rocks.

We pass the *dahabieh* "Chons," flying the American flag, and descending the Nile.

Here is a village. The houses are grouped around a graceful *khoubba*, the sepulchre, one of the sailors tells

me, of a venerated sheikh. The tops of the cultivated banks are shaded with tamarisks, the base encased in a cordon of shining black rocks, looking as if dipped in tar.

We leave the temple of Dandour, standing against the Libyan rocks about two hundred yards from the river, and a few revolutions of the wheel farther on, the village of houses with vaulted roofs, or disposed in terraces and covered with stalks of *sorgho*.

Boats fastened to the shore, *sakiehs* surrounded with grass mats, *chadoufs* beneath palms, a constant coming and going on the banks, animate and convey gaiety to this little corner in Nubia.

12.30.—Gherf Hussein appears on the Libyan side—a fine village of very well mud-built houses with flat roofs. Hewn in the rock is a temple, bearing the cartouch of Ramsesti.

Since a brief space, we have been in the tropics.

The Nile, which makes a bend towards the west, has quite lost its aspect of an Alpine lake. Encumbered with sandbanks and reefs, its blue sheet of water extends between the distant low Arabian groups and the Libyan plateaux, sparkling in the sun.

2 P.M.—Now, on either side, the downs, cut up with thousands of hillocks, cones, reddish violet peaks coated with black or grey spots like marks of leprosy, come and die in gentle and prolonged undulations on the banks, which they partially cover. Near some stunted tamarisks two or three low hovels, surrounded by walls and half embedded in the sand, stand out like blots of ink against the golden Libyan ochre; frail dwellings, whose inhabitants live on the meagre produce of the land at the river-side, for which they struggle, day by day and foot by foot, against the encroachments of the desert.

The Arabian block is also desolate, but wan and morose, with its grey sand and its denuded flanks. Nevertheless, its slightly sloping banks present more cultivable land, are better preserved against the invasion of the sand, and one perceives some hamlets among the mimosas and tamarisks.



*A Woman of Dakkeh.*  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

In front of us, to the south, behind the blonde expanse of Libyan sand, profiles the Arabian chain, all bristling with violet streaks.

2.30 P.M.—We are in sight of Dakkeh, to the west. The villages are more primitive, and the houses, more summarily built, resemble the huts of Egyptian fellaheen. The Arabian mountains are still in the distance, but sketched out in very tender blue against the grey background of the sky.

We land, and visit the temple we perceive at two or three hundred strides from the river.

A group of natives, who from afar have been watching our approach, rush on to meet us. Women, tall in stature, with firm well-modelled features, surround us. Their look is hard and assured, and their black hair, arranged according to the ancient Egyptian method, is spread out in flat bands upon the forehead, and falls on the sides in thin tresses greased with mutton fat or castor oil. They smile at every moment, displaying their sparkling white teeth.

Draped Roman fashion, in yellow linen of the same shade as the bandlets wound round the mummies, they have a large copper ring fixed in their nose. Their arms are encircled by massive silver bracelets with heavy twisted fringe, and, suspended at their necks, hanging down on their bare breasts, are amulets, square reddish-brown sachets of greasy leather, having lost their first colour of garnet or lemon by constant friction against the flesh.

Young girls, clothed about the loins with thongs of leather ornamented with beads, surround us—a little scared and very curious. By the hand they grasp wide-awake-looking brats, as naked as worms, a queer sort with their balloon-shaped stomachs.

Beside them, lean adults pull us about with impudent familiarity, and plague us with demands for baksheesh.

All this brawling band follow us, harassing us with their solicitations, offering to cede to us against ready cash the most extraordinary articles: necklets of beads, or shells, dried lizards presented as young crocodiles, beaded hip-garments, jackals' or camels' bones, fowls' eggs, pieces of European plates baptised with the name of antiquities, and so forth. An urchin under three, yelling louder than the others, insists with piercing intonations on selling us, in spite of all, his Pharaoh, a crippled porcelain statuette of the Virgin Mary, stranded there heaven knows how.

And around us caper about in their exuberant gaiety of mudlarks this bevy of primitive creatures with rudimentary brains, big children possessing a very restricted number of ideas, an extremely limited quantity of notions of things.

But beneath those half-closed eyelids, between those long, silky lashes, what superb eyes of intense and luminous black, sparkling spangles of gold with a reflex of jet, upon those faces of sombre velvet toned with red! What innate ease, unconsciously elegant, beneath those rags royally draped about them, from which, at every movement, escape acrid odours of wild beasts, mingling with those peculiar smells exhaled from the interior of temples and speos! What supple and artless grace of expression in those savage physiognomies, and what elasticity in every gesture!

Here we are at the temple, still accompanied by the encumbering escort of dealers. They penetrate into it with us, trotting at our heels, dispersing with endless laughter and comical horseplay at the least abrupt movement on our part, to return at once, pushing against one another, so as to approach nearer to offer their in-

congruous goods. The temple, of rather fine appearance from a distance, reveals all its dilapidated condition as soon as one approaches it. Except the pylon, which is fairly well preserved, the remainder is almost destroyed. The walls have half fallen in, the paintings are effaced, the sculptures mutilated. Founded at the period of Ptolemy Philadelphia, by Arkamoun, and consecrated to Thoth, it was successively added to and restored by Augustus.

We quit the ruins and regain the *Acacia*, followed



*Boat on the Nile.*

*From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

by the turbulent crowd. Once on board we throw these poor creatures a few small coins, and whilst they struggle for them amidst an uproar of cries and struggles, rolling in clusters in the river, and issue from it glittering with water, soiled with mud, the steamer moves off, and resumes its course towards the south.

This neighbourhood is pretty well deserted; you go miles without meeting a human being. There is one, two even, on the Arabian shore; habitations also; a woman in an earthy-coloured gown, with a long, floating black veil, who passes by carrying a load of grass on her head in a *kouffa*; another, in a white tunic drawn in at

the waist, is reaping a plot of ground near a set of four *chadoufs*, rising in stages from the Nile to the crest of the bank, which is very lofty, and, amidst the mimosas and palms, affords a glimpse of the houses of a wretched hamlet.

Far away before us, beyond a low line of fields, the dentated profiles of indigo-blue mountains are cut out. One of the peaks, which we have already been seeing for some time, considerably surpasses the summits of the others. To our left, in the distance, behind the green fringe of the bank, are scattered the sombre peaks of the desert, looking like tents of giants.

Through the curves made by the Nile the perspective varies singularly, and sometimes leaves us strangely perplexed. The two bordering chains, following the capricious course of the river, cross one another, penetrate into one another, and seem at every moment to move from left to right, from front to rear, and *vice versa*, instead of keeping in their respective places. At one moment the Libyan plateau streaming with light is before us, with the Arabian block forming a sombre background of peaks of violet mauve inclining to blue; then still preserving its dazzling rays of burnt ochre, it leaps behind the Arabian mountain, which then occupies the foreground. After that it slants off to the east, repasses to the west, runs towards the north, flies to the south, shows itself once more to go in hiding again, always followed or preceded by its old Arabian accomplice. One day the sun rises on our right, the next on our left.

And these changes, these sudden *chassés croisés*, these incomprehensible volts, are renewed at every moment. The two chains become entangled in such a manner

that one finds oneself completely astray when seeking to re-establish the topography of the place.

On the Arabian sands, all punctuated with rocks and fragments of stone, profiles a string of women, their heads loaded with *kouffas*, who advance in Indian file on a line with the telegraph poles. A few boats are moored on the opposite shore, where a little fertile land covers the banks, ascending in gentle flights to the houses of a small hamlet.

5 P.M.—We pass in front of the peak on the Arabian shore, which we had perceived so far away. Among the palms on its slopes are grouped the well-built houses of a fairly large village. On the opposite side of the river, one notices two or three upright columns—the ruined gateway of the Temple of Korti.

The Libyan side straightens a bit. Opposite, the Oriental chain remains the same—flat, with its background of peaks and hillocks—but leaving between its base and the Nile a pretty large zone of arable land, where there are lines of villages almost touching one another. The white cupola of a Sheikh's tomb springs up vigorously against the grey tint of the habitations. *Sakiehs*, *chadoufs*, are scattered in great number at the river-side, surrounded by grass mats, guaranteeing the men or beasts manœuvring them against the burning sun.

The top of the banks is quite a moving gaiety—one continual defile of men and animals: Arabs on little black donkeys, camels swaying beneath heavy loads, a woman pushing a flock of goats before her, another leading a cow by a leash, a third coming along with a bundle on her head, children leaping and tumbling down at the water's edge.

GEO. MONTBARD.



On the Libyan Chain. Curiously-balanced Stones affect the form of Dolmen or Menhirs.

From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard,



No. 1.—Original Design for Tray or Plaque, suggested by *Lilium Speciosum*. The foliage in low relief, while the flowers are intended to be beaten up. The leaves might be merely outlined, and the basket-work background punched on.

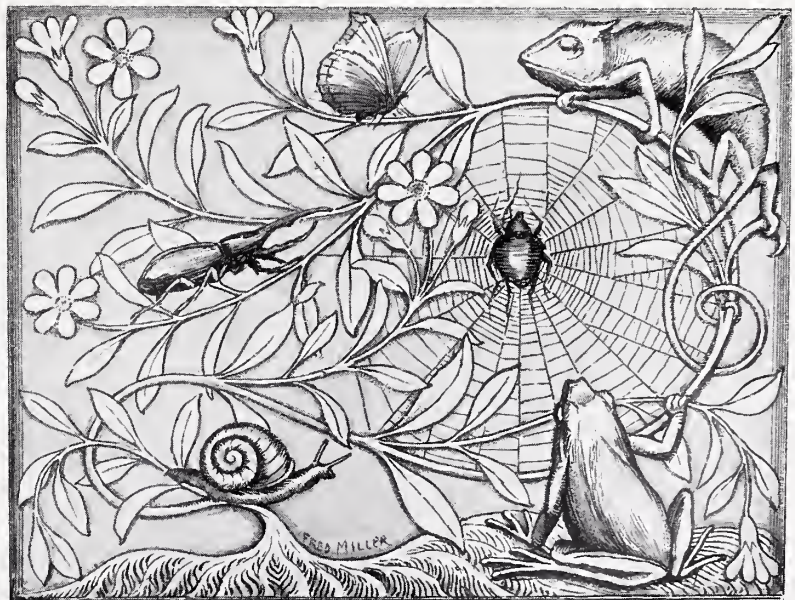
## CUNNING WORK FOR CLEVER FINGERS.\*

### II.—BEATEN METALWORK OR REPOUSSÉ; METHODS AND MODIFICATIONS OF TREATING SAME, WITH THIRTEEN SUGGESTIONS IN DESIGN.

THERE is no more fascinating craft the amateur can take up than work in beaten metal. Metal seems to give a distinction to a design, however poor in itself it may be. Just as a bitten or engraved line on copper has, when printed from, a quality about it which a line produced by any other means lacks, so a pattern produced by the beating up and hammering of metal has a "preciousness" which gives it an unique value, and makes the work itself of absorbing interest. So delightful is the surface produced by hammering, whether it be silver, copper, brass, pewter or steel which we work in, that there is a danger of the craftsman being indifferent as to the design he beats out, because anything looks fairly well when wrought in repoussé. We might paraphrase that couplet of Longfellow's—"Lend to the words of the poet the music of thy voice," lend to the skill and tasteful ingenuity of the designer the "preciousness" of beaten metal.

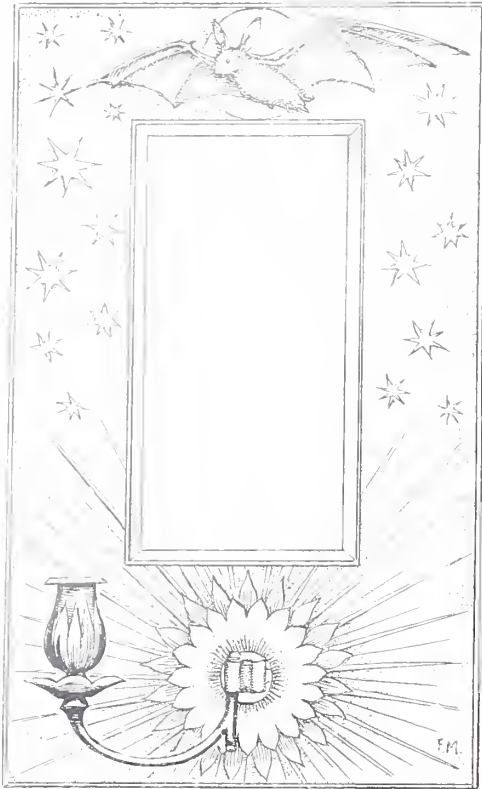
An appropriate design is one in which the peculiar qualities of beaten metal are brought into well-considered prominence, for a design should always be conditioned by the method of reproduction. Now, in repoussé we produce the design partly by beating out from the back and partly by work from the front. One can, for instance, start by outlining the design by punching from the front, and having done this, bed the metal in pitch, and beat up some portions of the design from the back, so as to obtain more or less relief. The amount of relief depends upon the amount of beating, for it is possible to hammer up copper into considerable relief—from half-an-inch to an inch from the flat is possible,

but there is always the danger of breaking through the metal when you beat it up to this extent. The design can swell out and retire (one might liken it to the ebb and flow of the sea), find itself and lose itself, and by thus judiciously beating up the metal we give it variety and accent. We must exercise selection in settling what part of our scheme we beat up in high relief, for the effect of a completed work largely depends upon the way we leave some portions in very low relief while we develop other portions, and to one or two features in our design we give considerable prominence by beating



No. 2.—Original Design for Tray. The foliage to be in very low relief, while the frog, chameleon and insects can be in higher relief.

\* Continued from page 12.



No. 3.—Original Design for Hanging Candle-holder with either a mirror or plain metal in centre. The stars and rays in very low relief, while the sunflower and bat should be in higher relief.

up into still higher relief. We must avoid, too, covering the whole surface with work. Don't be afraid of "spaces to let." All work depends for its effect upon relief; a



No. 4.—Original Design for Candle-holder with mirror or plain metal in centre. The stars and leaves in low relief, while the flowers and owl in higher relief.

plain space should follow a busy one, one in low relief a portion in high relief. Then the surface itself, produced by hammering, should be valued. If we examine a

piece of nicely wrought metal we find that the hammer marks produce a series of facets which alone gives the metal a "preciousness," and in silver such a surface is far more beautiful than highly polished plate. While engaged upon this article

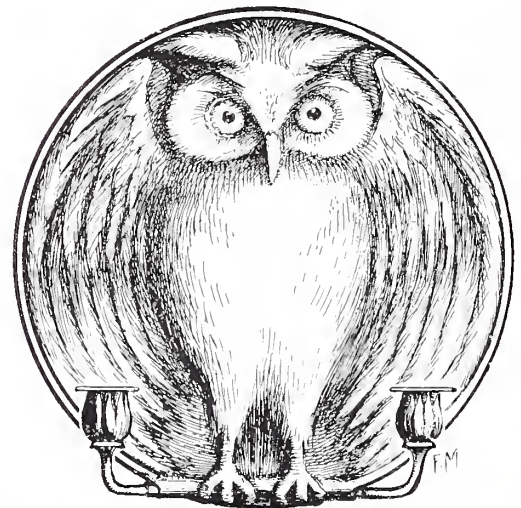


No. 5.—Heraldic Beast.

I went to see my friend Mr. Alex. Fisher, who is as skilful a metalworker as he is an enameller, and he happened to have a large work in hand of Christ upon the Cross, beaten out of silver. The work, which forms a crucifix for a church, is some two feet high, and the head itself was in almost full relief, which is very considerable when we consider that it is beaten out from the flat.

The best metal to beat is copper, as it is very tough and elastic. Brass is harder, and therefore more brittle. Silver is pleasanter than brass to work in, but more brittle than copper. Steel is used, and Mr. Fisher worked a châtelaine belt in it. Pewter was frequently used by the seventeenth and eighteenth century craftsmen, and Mr. Ashbee has used pewter very effectively for electroliers. It is softer than copper, and can be beaten easily.

There is a method of eating away a portion of the copper with nitric acid and either leaving the parts not acidified, or beating them up slightly so as to give them further relief. The edges of the design left in relief by the acid should be punched round, so as to mark it through at the back, and this alone gives further relief to the pattern. You might transfer your design to the metal and then paint over with Brunswick black the portions *not* to be eaten away. When this is quite hard, pour upon it the acid. If it were a tray, then you have only to cover the sides with black and pour in the acid. If it be a flat surface, then you must make a parapet of



No. 6.—Original Design for either a Dish or Wall Sconce to hold two candles. The dish is intended to be concave, and a quaint rendering of the carved owl wrought into it.



No. 7.—Original Design for a Panel for Side of Fire-place or other purpose, treated with a decorative rendering of seaweed, sea-horses, fish and shell. The wavy lines in background can be punched in, bitten in with acid, or omitted.

wax, to keep in the acid. Pure nitric acid works quickly and you had better perform the operation out of doors, as the fumes are very objectionable. You must also see that you have well covered your copper with the Brunswick black, as the acid will eat its way through any pin-hole that may be left, and this the acid will soon enlarge. If you find the acid attacking any part you do not wish acidified, pour it off into the bottle, wash well with warm water, and when dry touch in the places with black. In cold weather the action of the acid is quickened by warming the metal. As for the length of time the acid must remain on, nothing very definite can be said. When the acid is new it works quicker than if it has been used before. From a-quarter to half-an-hour would produce a very decided result.

The surface given by the acid is a broken one, but not unpleasant.

The first and second of our illustrations might be largely wrought by acidifying away the background. In the second design the whole of the background could be removed to a certain depth by the acid, and then the whole covered with stopping-out varnish—such as is sold by Mr. Rhind for etchers—and the spider-web marked out on this ground and further acidified.

The frog, chameleon, and insects could be beaten up and wrought in repoussé, as could the foliage, though it would do, I should say, to merely hammer an outline round the edges, leaving the foliage just in the relief obtained by the acid; but these and other considerations must be thought out by the worker for himself.

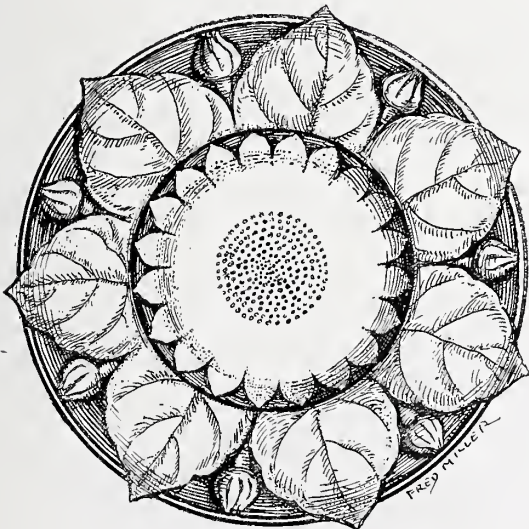
In No. 1, either the basket-work background could be eaten in, and then the design beaten up—particularly the flowers at the corners—or the whole of the background could be eaten away and then the work covered with stopping-out varnish, the basket-work scratched away on this and bitten in.

The acid has a tendency to eat its way into the edges of the design, so it is as well to paint your black a little beyond the edges of the pattern to allow for this. Etching on metal might be developed by an ingenious amateur. You could cover your metal with a soft wax ground similar to that used by etchers, and then by scratching this away with a fine bradawl or other tool, and applying acid, you can eat in the lines so scratched away. Afterwards you can beat up some portions from the back. The tool you use to scratch away the ground should not be too fine, as your lines want to be coarse enough to tell at a distance.

At the late Victorian Exhibition were to be seen some very excellent repoussé work. There was one tray in which the design, consisting of a decorative treatment of foliage, was kept just in very low relief and flat in character, while the background was punched over with basket-work in the style of No. 1. Flat work of this nature suitable for trays, doorplates, &c., should engage the beginner's attention before going on to dishes and other articles, which require much beating, for it is obvious that the further removed our work is from the



No. 9.—Heraldic Dragon, suggested by the Sixteenth-century Renaissance, in which the blending of animal or human form with ornament is often met with.



No. 8.—Original Design for Repoussé Dish suggested by the Sunflower. If desired the leaves, which come outside the circle, can be modified so as to come within the circumference. The flower forms the hollow of the dish.

flat metal the greater the skill and knowledge required to treat it successfully.

Sconces or candle-holders are capital articles to engage the tyro's attention when he has mastered the rudiments of the craft. I give in Nos. 3 and 4 suggestions for two candle-holders for hanging on the walls. In both cases the centres could either be flat metal or mirrors. The



No. 10.—Design for Dish, treated with a decorative arrangement of the Opium Poppy. The edge is shown pierced, but if desired it can be wrought with a plain edge so as to avoid the cutting out of the edges.

stars and rays in No. 3 are to be in very low relief. The bat might be beaten up a little further, while the sunflower could be in fuller relief, and in the centre the pieces to hold the candlesticks must be brazed on. The candle-holders themselves could be beaten out by those



No. 11.—Design for Repoussé Bowl, with a decorative rendering of the Ragged Tulip. The frog and snail are introduced to give variety to the design. The base to have a border of butterflies ornamentally treated.

skilful enough to undertake such work, or you could get them cast for you by a brass worker. No. 4 presents no special difficulty. The leaves should be in lower relief than the flowers, while the stars should be no more than just seen. The owl in the moon at the top could be beaten up further, so as to make it a distinctive feature in the sconce. The outside edges of these candle-holders should be beaten into rounded rims, as it would give a work a very papery and thin appearance to end with just the edge of the flat metal.

Quaint renderings of animals look very effective in repoussé, and the reader will gather from the designs accompanying these notes that I have a *penchant* for the quaint and grotesque. A touch of the savage or barbaric certainly seems to me to suit repoussé. The heraldic treatment of animal forms, as instanced in Nos. 5 and 9, can be most effectively rendered in beaten metal.

A fireplace I saw in a house was decorated with a number of copper panels, about six inches square, put together like tiles to cover the lower part of the chimney breast. Some of these squares had quaint animals wrought on them, while others were plain hammered metal, and a very striking feature in the room was this hammered copper. No. 9 was suggested by sixteenth-century Renaissance, the blending of animal forms with ornament being a very noticeable feature of such work. The reader can obtain many suggestions from old work which he can adapt to his special requirements.

I confess I am more at home on such a design as No. 7, in which nature is only simplified and arranged to suit the space to be covered. This class of design would appear to me to be more within the scope of the amateur, as the material can be found in museums and books on natural history and botany, while considerable scope is left for the individual to express himself. On the other hand, the work known as "Renaissance" does not leave one much liberty of action. It is a mine that has been very thoroughly worked in the past, and, for myself, I feel so trammelled and bounded by precedent that my volition almost deserts me. It is like attempting to breathe the air of a hot orchid house; I prefer the more bracing air outside. Coming back to the design No. 7, it will be seen that the forms used are very familiar ones, the sea-horse (an animal made for the ornamentist), the gurnard, a fish which nature has ornamented for one, and the seaweed with the hollow vessels which keep the weed afloat. Such a plant is obviously adapted to the needs of the craft, and to make it growing out of a shell is a perfectly natural conceit, as well as giving another object of interest to the panel. It is hardly necessary to say that the seaweed would be kept in very low relief—barely seen in those parts where it comes against a more prominent form. The wavy lines in the background can be punched on, acided in, or, if thought *de trop*, they can be left out.

Coming to dishes, we have a simple treatment in No. 8, suggested by our old friend of decorative art, the sunflower. To give a little variety I have carried the leaves beyond the outer rim, which would, of course, necessitate the cutting away of pieces all round. If that is considered inexpedient, the leaves can easily be brought within the circumference of the circle. The centre part of the dish constitutes the flower, the petals of which are intended to be wrought around the sides. The centre of the dish could have a number of small circles punched into the copper with a steel punch. Punches of various designs are often used in metal work, especially in backgrounds. I believe some purists object to their use; but I am no purist in this sense, and to



needlessly trammel oneself is the way to court defeat. I can quite think, however, that such punches can be misused. They were frequently employed by the workers of the past, if that be any warranty for using them now. The other dish, No. 6, I have adapted for the purpose of a sconce. The whole dish is intended to be concave, and the designs just brought out, giving the head chief prominence. There is no reason why this should not be made into a dish by leaving out the candle-supports.

The dish, No. 10, and the bowl, No. 11, were suggested by the work of Mr. Gilbert Marks, whose beaten silver has recently given him a deservedly high place in this craft. The poppy is a very favourite form with designers, for both leaf and flower are beautiful, and full of decorative suggestions and possibilities. The amount of ornamenturising that has been done is to arrange the flowers and leaves alternately and in a wave-like line. Such designs as these should be drawn in free-hand, so that though a general symmetry and balance is preserved, no two forms are quite alike. I have ventured to cut out the edges of the dish, following the forms. It would be more trouble than having the dish circular, but I fancy the effect would be rich—at least, I see no objection to such a treatment, on paper. If the edges were cut as suggested in the design, it would be well to hammer the edges so as to curve over, and thus avoid the sharp edge of the metal being seen.

In beating out a bowl from the flat considerable skill is necessary, quite apart from that required in beating out the pattern on it. At the County Council School in Regent Street, a test of skill is to beat out what is known as a tomato-shaped bowl. Such a bowl as that in No. 11 would have to be wrought in two pieces, the bowl proper in one, and the foot or stand in another, and then brazed together. The tulip (the ragged variety) is the plant used, and nature has only been modified, not departed from. Skill and ingenuity can be shown in a design by the way a leaf can be made to wrap around or go at the back of another, and so bind the whole design together to make it one. The foreshortening of forms

can only be suggested, and a certain simplicity must be preserved so as to avoid crowding and confusion. Have a few well-defined forms and give prominence to parts of the design, leaving others to almost loose themselves. The introduction of the frog and snail may be objected to by some. I have a feeling that the design is made more interesting as well as being helped by the introduction of animal forms, as they can be made interesting in themselves as well as being a foil to the plants. The border of butterflies on the base is better, it seems to me, than introducing a floral border, as we then confine our foliage to one particular part of the bowl.

The Dutch were fond of beating up figure compositions, and one often sees plaques treated with designs after Teniers and Ostade. I have made a couple of simple designs, Nos. 12 and 13, to show how I think figures should be treated when wrought in beaten metal. It is surely a very different business modelling figures to be cast in bronze, or carved in stone, to beating up a dish in which a figure is introduced into the scheme of decoration. A pictorial treatment seems to me wrong, and the beating up of metal after a picture by Teniers, and that on a circular dish, is not likely to lead to so effective or harmonious a result as where the figure is schemed out and made to take its place in the design. A fanciful idea, therefore, as the young Neptune on the back of a fish (No. 13), or the one of Night (No. 12), where the boy carries a torch of stars, appears to me more a decoration than a man smoking a pipe, or a woman feeding swans, for in the one case you are removed from the actual, and taken into the world of the imagination, where anything is possible, whereas if you go in for a realistic design, the limitations the craft imposes on you are chiefly felt.

In the thirteen designs I have made to illustrate the subject in hand I have endeavoured to include as wide a range of subjects as possible, because, addressing as I do amateur craftsmen, the suggesting of ways of treating metal is, I fancy, the best way of helping my readers.

FRED. MILLER.

(The Series to be continued.)



No. 12.—Original Design for Plaque, representing 'Night.' The boy carries aloft a torch of stars and is riding upon an owl.



No. 13.—Original Design for Dish, with figure of Infant Neptune seated on a fish, with ornamental treatment of waves in background.

## THE COLLECTION OF I. JULIUS WEINBERG, ESQ., DUNDEE.\*

THE later career of John Phillip, R.A., marks an epoch in the history of Scottish Art. From 1838, when his first picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, till 1851, when ill-health led him to sojourn in Seville, he was content to paint simple Scottish subjects; in a meritorious style, certainly, but limited by the conventionalism in colour which then prevailed in Scotland. He was in danger of remaining a Scottish artist of more than average ability, "thirled" (to use a national term) to the current traditions; and it is stated

that he was taunted by his London companions as merely capable of painting scenes and characters from his native land. His eyes were opened by his first visit to Seville. The glowing colours by which he was everywhere surrounded awoke within him his dormant sense of harmony, and his study of the works of Velasquez and Murillo taught him how to reproduce on canvas the brilliant effects which he saw around him. This visit revolutionised all his methods, and he never returned to the stereotyped Scottish style which he had

first adopted. His second visit to the Peninsula was made in 1856-57, and in 1860 he returned thither for the last time. In Mr. Weinberg's collection there are three of Phillip's pictures which serve to illustrate these three periods in his career. The small picture of a cottage interior with figures, called 'A Highland Home,' is not dated, but evidently belongs to the artist's earliest period. The beautiful picture (reproduced on page 20) entitled 'A Mountain Daisy,' was painted after his return from Spain in 1852, and clearly shows how his idea of colour-harmony had been expanded. The third of Mr. Weinberg's pictures is not on so large a scale as his 'Early Career of Murillo,' but it displays as deft manipulation as the very finest of Phillip's works. It is named, 'The Music Lesson,' and was painted in 1860, at the time when the artist was engaged on 'La Gloria.' The story which the picture tells is unmistakable. The handsome Spanish music-teacher has declared his affection for the brilliant lady-pupil, and she is shyly giving him a *billet-doux* containing a favourable answer to his suit. The mechanism of the picture, alike in drawing and colour, is masterly. The complexion of both figures is marvelously wrought, and the



*The Music Lesson.*  
By John Phillip, R.A.

\* Continued from page 20.



*In the Picture Gallery.*

*By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.*

delicate tints of the arm showing through the muslin sleeve are strikingly realistic. It would seem as though the artist had set himself a problem in the harmonising of colour. The prevalent colours are verdant green and red, the latter being in three shades; yet so skilfully are these placed in opposition that the whole effect is charming. The reproduction shows the form of the picture, but gives only a faint idea of the brilliant colouring.

The influence which Robert Scott Lauder exercised upon those of his pupils who have since attained renown is now being tardily acknowledged. A teacher who directed the early studies of such accomplished artists as W. Q. Orchardson, John Pettie, Peter Graham, Robert Herdman, and Hugh Cameron, and laid the foundations of their later renown, must have had many admirable qualities; and it is noteworthy that the earliest works of all these artists bear the distinct impress of Scott Lauder's mannerisms. In Orchardson's juvenile pictures this influence is especially noticeable. The Weinberg Collection contains two of Orchardson's early works, and one of a later date, when the artist had struck out a line for himself. 'The Bather' shows a nude female figure, immersed to the waist in a silent pool, the flesh-tints having the peculiar uniformity which was decidedly Lauderesque. The other early picture is 'Figures at a Cottage Door,' and shows a mother seated by the entrance to her humble homestead, nursing her infant, while other children play around her knee. The more recent work, entitled 'In the Picture Gallery,' belongs probably to about 1870, though it is not dated. The figure and the accessories are almost identical with the picture 'A Hundred Years Ago,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1871, and reproduced in *The Art Annual* for 1897 which treats of the life and work of W. Q. Orchardson. A beautiful young girl, bearing a basket of flowers, has been wandering through the picture gallery, when she suddenly comes to a mirror panelled in the wall. She pauses before her own reflection, and gracefully adjusts a flower in her hair. The pose is easy and natural, and there is no meretricious colour to distract the attention of the spectator. It is a mildly humorous satire upon feminine vanity. The contrast between the early and the later style of Hugh Cameron—another of Scott Lauder's pupils—is shown in two of his pictures. 'Waiting On' represents an aged figure seated in an armchair, watching the daylight fading as life is ebbing swiftly away. The whole tone of the picture is sombre, as befits the subject, and is quite unlike the sunny pictures which have more recently come from Cameron's easel. To the latter class belongs the glowing scene called 'Pleasures of the Sea,' showing a youthful mother leading her child from the sandy beach into the rippling, many-tinted water, the youngster exhibiting every sign of "mirth and youthful jollity." The subjects which Hugh Cameron now paints are similar in character to those which Josef Israels has made familiar, though there is a very marked difference between their styles. It has been well said that "in the works of Israels the spectator feels that the atmosphere is bitterly cold, and that the little ones are shivering; but Cameron's world is an abode of happiness."

The names of two artists widely different in style are often associated and for an inexplicable reason. George Paul Chalmers, with his dreamy, mystical ideas, and his deep rich colouring, had little in common with the robust realism of Sam Bough; yet one of the most successful Exhibitions ever held in Glasgow was ex-

clusively devoted to pictures by these artists. In the Weinberg Collection, G. P. Chalmers is represented by three early pictures—a delicate water-colour landscape called 'Through the Fields'; a suggestive figure-sketch in oil of 'A Brittany Peasant'; and a brilliant little picture of a girl in a scarlet cloak, which might appropriately be named 'Little Red Riding Hood.' There are five pictures by Sam Bough in this Collection, all marked by that virile power which was his chief characteristic. The finest of these is a large water-colour entitled, 'Styhead Pass, Cumberland,' which was regarded by the artist himself (from whom it was purchased) as one of his best works. The point of view is artistic. The spectator looks upwards through the Pass, with steeply sloping rocks on each side, covered with myriad-tinted autumn leaves, the shadows darkening intensely as the overhanging cliffs seem to meet in the distance. The other pictures are 'Bylaff Glen, Isle of Man'; 'In Cadzow Forest,' a favourite subject with Sam Bough; 'Naworth Castle'; and 'The Old Man of Hoy, Orkney.' The name of Sam Bough naturally suggests that of Horatio MacCulloch, who may be regarded as the father of the modern school of Scottish landscape. He took up the work where Patrick Nasmyth and Thomson of Duddingston had left it, and he improved upon their academic style by painting in the open air, thus obtaining effects that could not be gained by the most laborious studio-work. His 'Valley of the Tay,' in the Weinberg Collection, is an excellent example of his best work, and is full of sunlight and atmosphere. Following in MacCulloch's wake, and improving upon his methods, come the three greatest living Scottish landscapists—Peter Graham, W. McTaggart, and J. MacWhirter, the two latter being well represented in this Collection.

Like other eminent artists, William McTaggart has changed his style of painting very decidedly, and the extent of that change may be estimated by an examination of some of his pictures in this collection. In his early days he painted with strong colours, his landscapes being wrought with bright greens and mellow browns, the details finished minutely, and the whole effect extremely pleasing. His style somewhat resembled that of early pictures by Alexander Fraser or Sam Bough in the scheme of colour and the brilliancy of the contrasts. Four splendid specimens of McTaggart's first period are the companion pictures 'Spring' and 'Autumn,' 'The Old Well,' and 'A Summer Sea,' the last being a masterly seascape without figures, representing a wave breaking upon a solitary beach. About twenty years ago McTaggart fell under the spell of Impressionism, and his later pictures, though full of suggestiveness, lack the minute details which some critics deem essential in a finished work. But the Impressionism of a competent artist who has mastered detail-work is very different from the nebulous sketches of the young Impressionist, who often does not complete his picture from sheer incapacity. McTaggart's beautiful picture called 'Venturing' was painted in 1876, when he was in the transition stage; and the reproduction of it given here shows how admirably it has been conceived and wrought out. John MacWhirter has also passed through several phases during his artistic career. He began as a vigorous painter of Scottish landscapes, using strong colours, and duly subordinating detail to general effect. No one of his contemporaries excelled him in painting the infinite variety of colour in the stems and foliage of mountain-ash, beech, or birch; and his point of view in a landscape was always highly artistic. A visit to Italy led MacWhirter to adopt warmer colouring than he had

previously used, and his pictures of Venice, Gironi, and other Southern scenes seemed the work of quite another hand. A subsequent sojourn in Switzerland modified his Italian colour-scheme; but when he returned to Scotland he reverted to his original subjects and methods, painting not less powerfully because of his temporary divagation. The three pictures by him in the Weinberg Collection are in his most recent style. The subjects are scenes in Inverness-shire. 'The Ravine, Fall of Foyers,' and 'The First Snow, Glen Affric,' are excellent examples of his work; though the large picture, 'Autumn Floods' (reproduced for this article), is one of the grandest landscapes he has ever produced. It has all the elements of a wild Scottish scene—the foaming and turbulent torrent, the rugged and barren rocks, the hardy mountain trees, clinging with insecure hold to the crevices in the precipitous banks of the rushing stream, and the hazy distance where crags o'ertop each other in wild confusion, combine to form a picture of imposing grandeur. It may be necessary to state that this picture was the first landscape painted by MacWhirter from the subject, and was finished by him on the spot. The later work, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, was a studio-picture, somewhat different in point of view and dimensions.

The varied work of W. F. Vallance is fairly represented in this Collection. In his youthful days Vallance developed on the lines that have since been chosen by



*Autumn Floods.*

*By J. MacWhirter, R.A.*

Erskin Nicol. He made comic water-colour sketches of Irish humorous incidents, two of these—'The Invitation' and 'A Home Ruler'—being quite in this vein. He then turned his attention to landscape, and his deftness in this department of art is shown by pictures of 'Edinburgh from Craigmillar,' and 'On the Corrib, Galway.' For many years he has confined himself almost exclusively to marine subjects and shipping, one of his earliest pictures of this kind being the large canvas entitled, 'Washing the Nets, Loch Fyne.' Two sketches by Sir J. Noel Paton are especially worthy of notice. One is the first study for the figure in 'The Pursuit of Pleasure,' which is emblematical of "destruction before and terror behind." The other is a beautiful sketch of the head of a Greek girl, named 'The Captive,' and dated 1873. Three pictures by Sir W. Fettes Douglas are

characteristic examples of his careful work. These are 'The Alchemist,' 'The Broken Rivet,' showing an armourer at work, and 'Head of an Old Man.' James Cassie's name is still respected as that of a very capable landscapist. There are three of his pictures here—'The Old Cronies,' an early figure sketch; 'Near Oban,' a lively marine landscape; and 'The Frith of Forth,' a splendid work, which was hung on the line in the Royal Academy. Alexander Fraser, in his best days, was the worthy rival of Sam Bough, and he has seldom produced finer bits of colour-harmony than his 'Drawing-room at Barncluith,' his 'Roslin Chapel,' or his 'St.



*Venturing.*

*By W. McTaggart, R.S.A.*

'Mary's Well'—the three representative pictures that belong to Mr. Weinberg. Other pictures by Scottish artists of note, which cannot here be described in detail, are these:—'Moorish Girl' and 'Moorish Dancing Girl' (Robert Gavin); 'Glen Rosa' (John Docharty); 'Rising of the Mist' (John Smart); 'Girl of the Roman Campagna' (Robert Herdman); 'First Break in the Family' (an early work by Tom Faed); 'A New Song' (George Hay); 'Courtyard in Seville' (W. E. Lockhart); 'A Wounded Enemy' (a large picture representing a scene from "Old Mortality," by W. B. Hole); 'His Cabin Door,' and 'An Irish Jintleman' (Erskine Nicol); and works by John Burr, J. B. Macdonald, Joseph Farquharson, J. Lawton Wingate, James Drummond, David Farquharson, Joseph Milne, and R. Scott Temple. A small figure-subject, by George Manson, showing a fisherman at his cottage door, is entitled 'Mending his Nets.' These names alone are sufficient to show the catholicity of Mr. Weinberg's taste.

Three of the gems among the English pictures in this collection have not yet been mentioned. These are, 'Summer Evening,' by John Constable; 'The Close of the Day, Redhill, Surrey,' by John Linnell; and 'Passau, on the Danube,' a water-colour sketch by Birket Foster. The pictures by Constable and Linnell are unmistakable, so full are they of the characteristics of these two masters; but it is rather a surprise to find Birket Foster making a very striking sketch of the quaint architecture of Passau, and obtaining his effects by a sparing use of colour. 'The New Neighbour,' by the late H. Stacy Marks, representing a seal and an adjutant in the Zoo, is in this Collection. It was engraved in *The Graphic* some years ago. Here also is the original sketch for W. P. Frith's scene from Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man," showing Honeywood introducing the bailiffs. Two fine examples of the work of J. W. Oakes



*Torquato Tasso in Prison.*  
By Alessandro Focosi.



*The Trysting-Place.*  
By Gabriel Max.

are 'Evening on the Conway,' and 'On the Calder, Cumberland.' A splendid large seascape, by Henry Moore, bears the title 'Lowestoft—First Boats away'; while another work by the same artist is the view of 'The Estuary of the Duddon.' The other well-known English and Irish artists represented are George Cattermole, Mark Fisher, Heywood Hardy, Edwin Hayes, G. G. Kilburn, and J. Herbert Snell.

Two of the pictures by foreign artists in the Weinberg Collection are worthy of special notice. The late Alessandro Focosi, of Milan, whose work deserves to be better known in this country, painted about thirty years ago an impressive scene, called 'Torquato Tasso in Prison.' The story of the hapless poet's misfortunes has been often told. Himself the son of a poet, he began to write poetry in his eighth year, and was received into the household of Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara, after the publication of "Rinaldo." He was then about twenty years of age, and he formed a romantic attachment for Eleonora d'Este, the Duke's sister. Whether the lady returned his love or not is unknown, but the Duke became furious when he heard of the circumstances, and ordered Tasso to be confined as a lunatic in the Convent of St. Francis, at Ferrara. He escaped from his prison, and wandered over various parts of Italy for two years. Returning to Ferrara in 1579, he sought to regain possession of his manuscripts, including his "Jerusalem Delivered," but the Duke treated him with disdain. On the pretence of a petty quarrel he was again apprehended, and placed in the Hospital of St. Anne as a confirmed lunatic. Here he remained in strict durance for seven years, during which time he wrote his second great poem, "Jerusalem Conquered." This is the period which the artist has selected as the subject of his picture, the figure being life-size. Through the intercession of the Duke of Mantua, Tasso

was liberated; but the rest of his life was spent in penury and misery. At length he was invited to Rome by Cardinal Aldobrandini, and preparations had been made to crown him as the Laureate of Italy, when death suddenly interposed, and he expired on the very day of his apotheosis. The other notable picture is by Gabriel Max, and is named 'The Trysting-Place.' This gifted artist is chiefly known in this country by his head of Christ on the kerchief of Veronica—a picture more remarkable for its trickery than for high art. At Munich, where Max studied under Piloty, he has achieved fame by works of a different kind. His early pictures had generally a suggestion of the horrible in their subjects—'The Martyr on the Cross,' 'The Lion's Bride,' and 'The Anatomist'—but there came a period when he abandoned this class of subject, and chose rather such peaceful scenes as that depicted in 'The Nun in the Cloister Garden' and 'Adagio.' It is notable that the figure of the woman in the latter picture is the same as to costume and pose as is that of the lady in 'The Trysting-Place.' The artistic manipulation is a marvellous exhibition of skill. Every detail is most minutely finished, yet the general effect is strikingly impressive. The finest picture by Gabriel Max is the notable work called 'The

Orphan,' which was purchased for a large sum by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

There is one department of the Weinberg Collection which merits particular notice, though it cannot here be examined in detail. Mr. Weinberg has one of the largest and most valuable collections of etchings in Scotland, if not in the United Kingdom. His set of Meissonier etchings—all artist's proofs—includes almost every picture by that artist which has been etched, and in one case at least—'Vive la République!' a scene at the barricades—the impression is unique. All the famous etchers who have successfully handled Meissonier's pictures—Bracquemont, Achille Jacque, Ruet, Vion, Courtrai, Le Rat, Lamotte, Spinelli, and others—are here represented; and possibly there is no other collection of etchings in existence so complete in this respect. Besides these, there are original etchings by R. W. Macbeth and David Law, and etchings by Rodriguez, Brunet-Debains, Jean Jacquet, Löwenstamm, and others, after famous pictures by Troyon, Corot, Rossetti, Constable, Millet, and many more. The rarity of the etchings (especially of the Meissonier set, which are all signed by the artist) gives exceptional interest to the Weinberg Collection.

A. H. MILLAR.

## THE POSSIBILITY OF REVIVING A TASTE FOR HIGHER FORMS OF DECORATIVE ART.

THE present congested state of the art world seems to urge an inquiry whether new channels for artistic activity might not be found. The public, sated with pictures, or confused by the multiplicity of styles, have ceased to buy, the artist pipes, but nobody dances. If he complains, he is told that he should devote himself to something useful, and decoration is rather vaguely suggested as the proper field for his energies. But is there any greater demand for decorative work, or could the demand in any way be stimulated? Certain signs there have been of late that public taste might be led in that direction. The decorations at St. Paul's and the Royal Exchange might be quoted as showing a revival of interest in that form of art. The question, however, really is, whether the higher forms of decoration, such as frescoes, mosaics, and wall-painting dealing with historical or allegorical subjects, can ever in modern life excite that spontaneous interest and demand which is the *sine qua non* of vigorous art. We may nurse and coddle an exotic into some semblance of life, but if it be an exotic, and have no real root in our modern world, we might as well spare the labour.

Without pretending to hold a brief on one side or the other, it might be worth while to inquire what are the tendencies which, in modern life, make for or against such a revival. To take the latter first, it is obvious that, with a climate and atmosphere such as ours, the external decoration of large buildings is almost thrown away in many days in the year, while damp and dirt, unknown in southern climes, obscure and finally destroy them. Again the hurry and strain of modern life leave little opportunity for the enjoyment of serious art in any buildings where business is transacted. Churches, it is true, seem to offer a more favourable field, but there the puritan instinct is apt to interfere, and the superior claims of the poor on money so spent are sure

to be urged, not to mention that to believer and unbeliever alike, though for different reasons, the material presentment of religious symbols and personages has become distasteful. Most difficult of all, perhaps, to deal with is the unwillingness of the modern man to make that effort which the enjoyment of anything like serious art demands. His literature must be chopped into "Tit Bits," and his art is apt to take the form of a "Pick-Me-Up." The conditions of modern life can hardly be said to stimulate the æsthetic sense. There is more comfort; but the finer preceptions are dulled by the monotony or dreary surroundings of the toil that produces it. Decorative art especially seems to demand that keenness of sense which distinguishes barbarous peoples. Among them the love of decoration is an instinct, and needs no encouragement. Primitive instincts, however, do not die, though they may become latent. When the demand for every kind of illustration is as keen and widespread as it is at present, we have no right to say that the modern man is at all less anxious than were his ancestors to satisfy the lust of the eye. It is, perhaps, here that we find one of the great stumbling-blocks in the way of a survival of interest in the higher forms of decorative art. The wall-paintings of Italy were the picture-books of the people. But now, even the babe in the nursery is supplied with "art" picture-books, which might be mural decorations, so irreproachably flat are their tints. With such a flood of cheap and portable pictures as we have, it is hardly to be wondered at if people refuse any more to strain their necks in looking at pictured walls and ceilings. The artist, indeed, knows that mural decoration stimulates and demands the best qualities of his art, but to the ordinary person it is no more than a picture in an inconvenient place.

It may be that these and other tendencies of our time

are hopelessly against such a revival as we are discussing, but as a great French artist has said, "Il faut savoir résister son temps." Art is a perpetual protest against the commonplace, and perhaps in this direction too need only dare to succeed. If as kindly foreigners suggest, we are a nation of shop-keepers, we ought to be well aware that no commodity makes its way simply by reason of its excellence. It must be pushed by the enterprise of its producer. That the higher forms of decoration should not be lost is a matter of great and real importance to the artist; the easel picture does not by any means exhaust the capabilities of art, and is apt to degenerate into pettiness and insignificance when the higher forms of decorative art are neglected. If the public care for the one they should not neglect the other. Again, in the execution of large decorative works the artist has to obtain assistance, and the workmen so trained would learn more in a few weeks than in years of dull plodding under the guidance of South Kensington. To teach decoration by mere rule of thumb, as the originators of the Kensington system fondly imagined, is impossible. It is, perhaps, the most unteachable and the most innate of all forms of art, and the nation is beginning to see that it has wasted money in such attempts to provide more artistic training for its workmen. In this country the artistic faculty has always been too much in the hands of individuals. It is rare that anything like a school has established itself. In the direction of originality there may be some gain in this, but there is a loss of impulse to the general artistic faculties of the nation. We cannot afford to waste the leaven which should leaven the lump, heavy enough as it is in a nation which gives most of its energies to politics, trade, or religion. Nothing so much as the execution of large decorative work would promote cohesion in the artistic world, and bring the higher minds into contact with the lower, thus widening and strengthening the base of the nation's art. Without any Utopian hopes of sudden change in the taste of a people, it is impossible to overlook signs of increasing interest to decorative art. Not only have large sums been easily found for the decoration of St. Paul's and the Royal Exchange, but in the case of the humble poster, which is the involuntary decoration of many of our public buildings, considerable sums are constantly being spent

to secure improved designs. It may be the motive is a merely commercial one, but that is immaterial. A demand for simple and effective designs has been stimulated, and we may, perhaps, look forward to the day when, instead of an unmitigated nuisance, the poster may become a thing of joy and beauty. If, as is the case both here and in Paris, it has been found worth while to establish shops where such designs, with the disfigurements of their commercial origin still upon them, are bought and sold as works of art, surely we may argue that the appetite for decorative work is not dead, and that the public is already stretching out a hand of welcome to those artists who have not thought it degrading to use the first opportunity presented to them. The very quality which is most lacking in English art is exactly that which the poster stimulates, namely, conciseness and effectiveness of design. From the very beginning our national art has always tended in the direction of a rather feeble and pretty realism. Take any of our exhibitions, and it will be found that the predominating form of art is the "pretty bit," so dear to the hearts of most of our artists. There is no hint, in most cases, of those larger and more intellectual qualities which are essential to design. The Japanese, it is said, are in the habit of giving prizes for the design which is expressed with the fewest lines, and we should be wise if we could follow their example. Take any of our public monuments, and the same fundamental weakness is generally evident. Pretty bits may be found in plenty, as in the Albert Memorial, but the whole is sacrificed to the part, there is no grasp of general lines. As an ornament it might be pretty, as a monument it fails. To advocate a wider use of decorative art when what we have is hardly satisfactory, may seem rash, but any improvement can only come from practice. Supposing the many institutes which are springing up in our provincial towns, with their handsome and well-appointed art schools, were to make a beginning, and entrust to their students the decoration of their walls—what a field for youthful talent and enthusiasm, what a training for future and more important work! With local history and local traditions for subjects, what palaces of art might not arise all over the country! stimulating at once the generosity of patrons, the pride of the townfolk, and the wholesome rivalry of students.

OSWALD VON GLEHN.

## CAMERA CRAFT.

IF it is true, as Max Nordau contends, that the painting of the life of cities is one of the surest signs of "degeneracy," I think we shall soon be driven to class quite a number of photographers amongst the degenerates. Just as the exhibiting of a very attractive picture of a flock of sheep, with sunlight strong upon their backs, led to quite a fashion for sheep pictures, so the suggestion given by one or two London photographers a few years ago, has been taken up in many directions. Fortunately, London is such a many-sided subject that the result of its "discovery" by the knights of the camera cannot be so monotonous as in the case of the sheep picture; and I think that the tendency to portray our beautiful city is one to be most strongly encouraged.

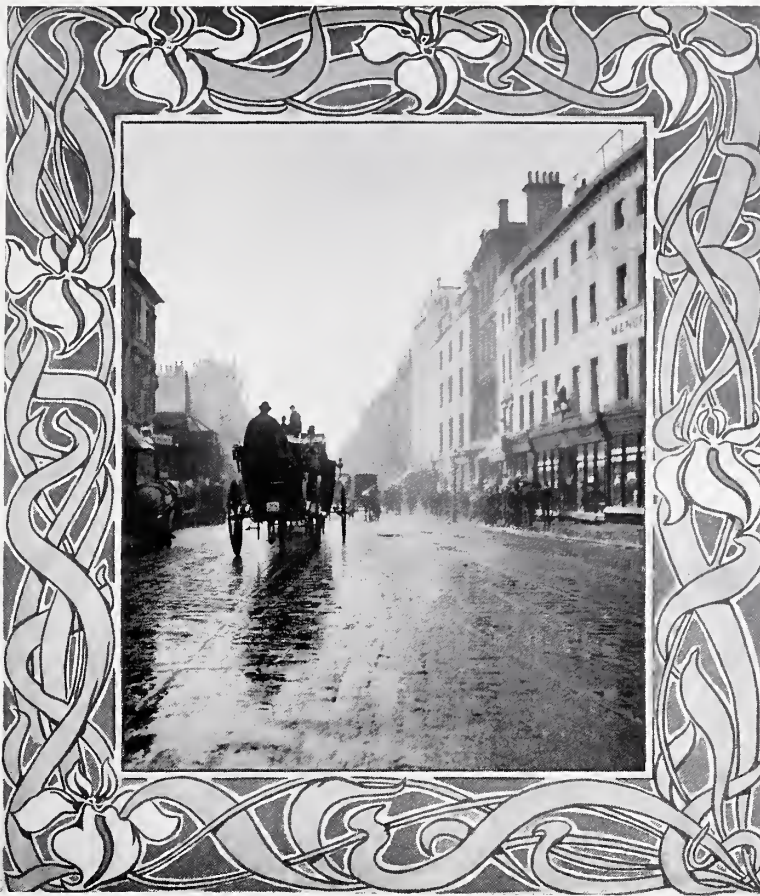
As Battersea Bridge, pictured by Whistler, was one of the first subjects to direct the attention of painters to

the pictorial possibilities of London, the Tower Bridge, sometimes called the professional beauty amongst London bridges, was the first to fascinate the photographers. In fact, it has fascinated them to such purpose that some of us, who attend the exhibitions pretty regularly, are anxious that it should have a rest for a time.

Of course, I do not mean to say that London scenes were never photographed before E. Dochree showed his Tower Bridge, and other beautiful Thames sunset pictures, at the South London Exhibition. Such a suggestion would ignore the work of such men as John Werge, whose instantaneous views of street life, taken about 1854, were wonders of their time. It would ignore the work of Horatio Nelson King, of the late Wm. Bedford, of W. Brooks, and of the late F. W. Edwards—to mention only a very few from amongst a great number. These men did wonderful work, made most valuable



records of our cathedrals, palaces, and halls of justice or of trade, but their object was not pictorial, and their results are simply very fine, well-selected "local views." Dochree's work, on the other hand, was distinctly pictorial, and distinctly made its mark. Perhaps one should hardly say that his style was followed by others, for I think the truth is rather that his success encouraged a number of others who had already been working on the subject, to bring forward their productions, and that the attractiveness of the whole caused a number of new workers to join the band, and in



*A Wet Day in Oxford Street,*

*By George Davison.*

some cases to far outstrip the original workers in their devotion to the work. It is difficult—nay, impossible—to place in any chronological order the various typical workers and their pictures; and it is well to remember that many very fine isolated works had been produced before anyone gave attention to London as a special subject. For instance, 'The Houses of Parliament, from Lambeth Pier,' by F. de P. Cembrano, and one or two of the late Richard Keene's Thames scenes, will probably never be surpassed in their own way. But in some rough chronological order, we may place the

later men, and an early position belongs to E. Evelyn Barron, a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, who has spent much time in a careful study of the Thames below bridge; and especially of that fascinating portion known as The Pool, where the shipping, the lighters, and the wherries are ever mixed in an apparently inextricable confusion, which yet has elements of order, and much pictorial value. The chance here given of contrasting the afternoon and evening sun, and the western clouds, with the black hard outlines of the shipping, and the heavy masses of smoke from the steamers and tugs, has been well improved by Mr. Barron. His pictures give us many phases of the busy river life, usually with an emphasis on the mist and mystery.

John H. Gear, who has just taken the medal of the Royal Photographic Society, is another able worker who is occasionally enticed away from his favourite Essex mud-flats by the attraction of the Thames, and who has made much good work below the bridge. In fact, I am not at all sure that he would not find on our great river an even more profitable field than on the marshes.

The sunshine of London, and the



*Christ's Hospital.*

*By Freeman Dovaston.*



*Caldecott's Monument at St. Paul's Cathedral.*

*By Freeman Dovaston.*



*The Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey.*  
By Freeman Dovaston.

poetry of the streets, were discovered somewhat later than the charm of the river, and a great impetus to the study of this side of a myriad-sided subject was given by a single picture, exhibited three years ago at the Photographic Salon — Eustace Calland's 'Brompton Road.' I have mentioned this picture in some detail in a previous month's notes, for the number of epoch-making works is somewhat small, and one is liable to need to refer to them many times. This picture brought out Charles H. Emanuel's 'On the Terrace, Richmond,' which, although not a London picture, falls naturally into the same class. But it did more, for it induced George Davison to give more attention than he had hitherto given to the subject. His 'Railway Bridge—Steel, Steam, and Fog,' reminded one of Mr. Pennell's etchings, and was one of the most satisfactory of a very varied series of works. This year the rain-drenched streets, and especially Oxford Street, have attracted his attention, with the result that he has given us many



*London under Snow.*  
By Paul A. Martin.

his attention to provincial rather than to London subjects. I refer to Frederick H. Evans, who has a way of extracting the very soul of poetry that is in architecture—a way that no other worker can equal.

There is yet another school of students of London—the night photographers. First amongst these, in point of time, was Walter Edmunds, who exhibited in 1894 or 1895 a couple of pictures of 'London by Night.' Paul A. Martin, who took up the work about simultaneously with Mr. Edmunds, exhibited his results a year later, and immediately scored a great popular as well as an exhibition success. He found that one secret of these night-time pictures was always to have a reflecting foreground—either a wet pavement or some more extensive water, as the pond on Clapham Common, or the fountain in Trafalgar Square. One or two of the American workers very quickly followed Mr. Martin's suggestion, and, developing the idea on their own lines, produced equally

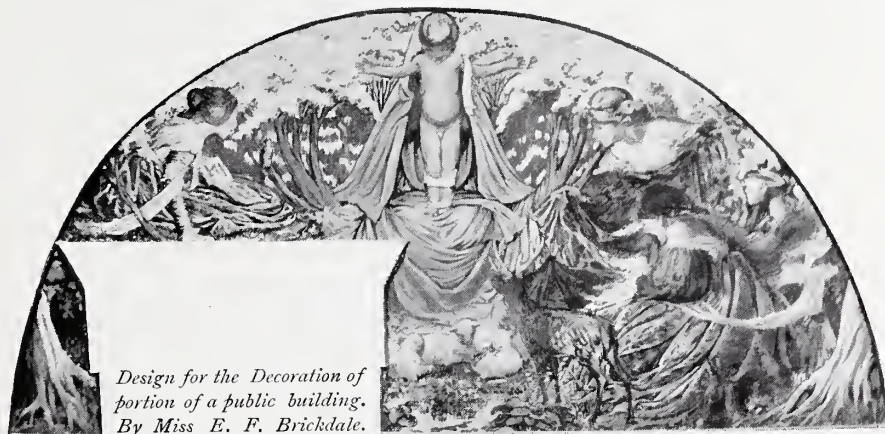


*Staple Inn.*  
By Freeman Dovaston.

successful work. 'The Plaza by Night,' of Alfred Stieglitz, already has a world-wide reputation, and W. A. Fraser, another member of the New York Camera Club, has made good use of the heavy snow of last winter as a foreground subject.

But New York is not my present subject, although it is pleasant to know that the work resulting from the photographers' discovery of London has been noticed across the Atlantic, and has borne fruit amongst the foremost American amateurs.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

AS the gold medal for historical painting was withheld at the recent distribution of prizes to the students of the Royal Academy, exceptional interest attached to the award for figure competition, next in importance to the great prize, the premium of £40 for the best design for the decoration of a portion of a public building. The students who competed had to fill a space of the same shape as the lunette over the doorway of the refreshment room in the basement at Burlington House, where two other lunettes have already been decorated with designs carried out on a large scale by previous prize-winners in the same competition. The subject chosen by the President and Council of the Royal Academy was 'Spring,' and the competitors for the prize were unusually numerous. Among the designs exhibited in the Fifth Gallery at Burlington House on the evening of the distribution of the awards by Sir Edward Poynter, were some of very inferior quality, although two or three, including the one to which the prize was awarded, were high above the average in merit. Of the unsuccessful designs, perhaps the best was one in which Spring—symbolised by a graceful girl—was shown walking through fields of lilies and blowing a horn to welcome the sun, which showed itself

just above the horizon. The result of the competition for the prize for decorative design was a triumph for the girl students of the Academy Schools, for the premium of £40 was deservedly awarded to Miss Eleanor F. Brickdale, for the admirable design which is reproduced on this page. Spring is represented by an infant standing in the lap of Mother Earth. On either side of the

central figures stand groups of wood nymphs, bearing offerings in their hands, while other symbols of the vernal season are to be seen in the blossoming hawthorn trees, the young lambs, and the May grass and flowers. Miss Brickdale, whose 'Spring' shows good qualities of colour as well as of drawing and composition, passed into the Royal Academy from the Crystal Palace School of Art. Although she is still a student in the Academy Schools, Miss Brickdale has exhibited more than once at Burlington House, and she has lately executed some graceful and decorative work in black and white.



*Vase in salt-glazed Stone-ware.  
(Messrs. Doulton & Co.)*

The vase, of which an illustration is given on this page, is an excellent example of salt-glazed Doulton ware. The lizard, and the flowers and foliage, in high relief, with which it is decorated, were modelled by Mr. F. Pope.

W. T. WHITLEY.



*Headpiece. Designed by Jas. Allan Duncan.*

THE recent Royal Academy elections, held on January 19th and February 2nd, did not furnish the public with any very startling surprise, except in the case of Mr. Lionel Smythe. The four Academicians elected were Mr. B. W. Leader, Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. George Aitchison, and Mr. Seymour Lucas, and the three Associates were Mr. H. H. La Thangue, Mr. Lionel Smythe, and Mr. C. Napier Hemy. Mr. Leader's success was the most agreeable, for there is no question about the genuineness of the popularity of his work with the general public. The promotions of Messrs. Gregory and Seymour Lucas are both well deserved, and Mr. Aitchison's services to the Academy, as Professor of Architecture, gave him a strong claim to the full honours. Messrs. La Thangue and Hemy have both proved themselves worthy of a place amongst our leading painters, if only on the strength of their contributions to last year's Academy. Mr. Lionel Smythe's work is little known, for he has contributed sparingly to the Academy Exhibitions. In 1889 his water-colour, 'Germinal,' was purchased for £105 by the Chantrey Bequest.

THE colossal equestrian statue, 'Energy,' upon which Mr. G. F. Watts has been working for many years, has been accepted by the nation, and the Treasury have agreed to bear the expense of casting it in bronze. An admirable site for the statue has been found in Hyde Park, at the end of the Serpentine.

IT is always pleasing to record the appreciation of the British School of Art on the Continent. At the Exhibition now being held at St. Petersburg, the Emperor paid over £5,000 for five pictures. Two of them were by the President of the Royal Academy, 'Neobule' and 'An Offering,' and the others were 'Napoleon on the Way to Exile,' by Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., 'Delices d'Amour,' by Mr. L. Alma Tadema, R.A., and 'Consultation,' by Mr. Topham.

TWO new portraits have been hung in the National Gallery. 'Portrait of the Artist,' by Madame Vigie Le Brun, and a 'Portrait of the late Mr. Russell Gurney, Q.C.,' by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

MANCHESTER will continue to hold its Annual Exhibition after all. It will be remembered that a few months ago it was suggested that the Autumn Exhibition should be discontinued on account of the lack of accommodation, it being considered necessary to devote the whole of the available space to the permanent collection. Naturally there was an outcry against the suggested abandonment, and, after a lengthy considera-

tion, the City Art Gallery Committee have decided to provide additional rooms.

THE following are some of the recent additions to the Birmingham Corporation Art Gallery:—'Statue of the late Dr. Dale,' by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, R.A.; 'Portrait of Sir James Smith,' first Lord Mayor of Birmingham, by Mr. J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.; 'Charity,' by M. Bouguereau; 'The Sheep Drove,' by John Linnell, and 'Salisbury Cathedral,' an early water-colour by Turner.

THE announcement that the Government has decided to proceed at once with the new buildings at South Kensington is very welcome. Mr. Webb's design will be adopted with certain modifications, and £40,000 a year is to be voted during the next ten years towards the cost of the new buildings.

A VERY important sale of drawings and pictures by Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher, Greuze, and others, comprising the fine collection of M. Léon Decloux, was held in Paris in the middle of February. The sale was under the charge of M. Paul Chevalier, of 10, Rue Grange Batelière, who is now the recognised chief of the auctioneers selling artistic works in Paris.

WITH reference to the reproduction in THE ART ANNUAL of 'The First Cloud,' by Mr. Orchardson, we are requested by the Director of the National Gallery of Victoria to point out that the original of this fine picture is in the Public Gallery at Melbourne, and that the canvas in the Tate Gallery is a replica, differing in some slight particulars from the first carrying out of the subject.

#### OBITUARY.

WE have to record the deaths of two retired Academicians, Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, which took place on January 9th, and Mr. William Charles Thomas Dobson on February 1st; Mr. Stacy Marks was born in 1829, and began to study at the Royal Academy School in 1851. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1871, and a full Academician in 1878, retiring a few years ago. Mr. Dobson was born at Hamburg in 1817. He studied at the Royal Academy, under Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1860, and an Academician in 1872. His best-known works are 'The Charity of Dorcas,' painted in 1855 for the Queen; 'The Child Jesus going down to Nazareth,' now in the collection of Baroness Coutts; 'The Picture Book'; 'The Good Shepherd,' and 'Rebecca.'

## PICTURES AT EXHIBITIONS.

IT would hardly be possible to improve upon the exhibition of the works in water-colour by the late Sir John Gilbert, which was brought together last month in the gallery of the Royal Water-Colour Society. Though, of course, only a tithe of what he produced in water-colour could be placed in the gallery, enough was shown to prove that in losing him we have been deprived of one whose place we can scarcely hope to see filled so satisfactorily. Indeed, the modern school would scarcely give us an artist of such characteristics. The methods of the present day do not encourage the unfettered fancy, and the freedom in the application of technical devices, which made his work superlatively impressive. We are now too precise, too bound down to stringent realism, to allow ourselves to be carried away by the romantic influences that dominated him and stirred him into magnificent activity.

Few of his paintings better illustrate his view than the 'Timon and Apemantus' here reproduced. It is a decoration complete and exhaustive, yet it is at the same time a revelation of his intimate knowledge of a life-long companion. It shows an intimacy



*Timon and Apemantus.*  
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A., P.R.W.S.



*Stormy Weather.*  
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

that has never degenerated into disrespect; a worship that has never been exaggerated into fanaticism. Every touch that he has put upon it expresses his love for her, every line declares his study and his observation. The picture, indeed, is one that summarises his whole endeavour, and makes intelligible all the principles of his art.

To compare with it Mr. MacWhirter's 'Stormy Weather,' which is one of the most successful of a group of drawings exhibited by him in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, is instructive, because it defines the difference between romance and reality. Mr. MacWhirter paints with power and confidence what he sees, Sir John Gilbert showed what he understood. While the latter artist gave us mental images, the former presents reflections of actual facts. That he does so with great skill, and with due judgment of scenic effect, is undeniable. His draughtsmanship is sound, his colour rich and telling, his representation of atmospheric qualities powerful and dramatic, and his faithful accuracy is beyond question, but what he tells us is but an anecdote. From Sir John Gilbert we had epic poems.

## RECENT ART BOOKS.

THE story of the inner struggles of the young artists who composed the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is displayed with new light, and shown in the profoundly interesting "LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM" (Fisher Unwin). These letters, dating from 1854 to 1870, are annotated with consummate skill by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who elucidates each letter in such a way that the narrative is complete throughout. Dr. Birkbeck Hill brings to his task a thorough knowledge of the whole situation that is extremely convincing; nothing has escaped his notice, and so ungrudgingly does he apply himself to explain each obscure sentence in the letters, that the notes form an important part of the work on Rossetti's own writings.

THE Castle of Chantilly, given by the late Duc d'Aumale to the French nation—the Wallace collection being a fitting pendant for the English—is so full of treasures of art, brought together by the first of collectors and connoisseurs that the gorgeous volumes, now in course of publishing by Plon, Nourrit & Co., of Paris, are necessary as well as acceptable. Two years ago the first volume appeared, and the tome now under review deals with the French School alone. The text is written by F. A. Gruyer, of the Institute. There are forty aquatint plates, which in this volume are really excellent, and the letterpress is compiled with earnest exactitude. If Mr. Claude Phillips produces an equally worthy volume on the Wallace collection, he may rest content—but it will not be easily done.

WHATEVER certain artist-critics may say in their own defence, it is certainly a mistake for a painter to offer a critical estimate of his compeers. He is sure to be prejudiced in his views, and to lean to the narrow judgments of his particular clique or party. These are the very glaring defects in Mr. Martin's "GLASGOW SCHOOL OF PAINTING" (Bell), a book which ought to have been undertaken by a critic accustomed to write, friendly with all, but partial to none. This book begins with a preface by Mr. Newbery, of the Glasgow School of Art, and we may say frankly we should have preferred had he undertaken the whole work. Why Mr. Crawhall should be included and Mr. Tom Hunt left out—they were both born in the North of England—seems inexplicable, and there are other omissions equally serious. The illustrations are well printed, especially those by Lavery and D. Y. Cameron.

THE immediate and deserved success of Mr. T. R. Way's "RELIQUES OF OLD LONDON" has encouraged the artist to prepare other twenty-four lithographs, and issue them with notes by Mr. Wheatley, on "LATER RELIQUES OF OLD LONDON" (Bell). The drawings are mostly from the East End of London, the Strand and Westminster. They are well chosen, and are drawn with somewhat more freedom than the first set, and in consequence they are still more acceptable. One of the best is St. Ethelburga's Church, in Bishopsgate Street, with the shop-fronts built right across the window of the much covered-in church.

TO continue to harp on a string already well worn seems to be the object in Mr. Henry Gaëlyn's little book, "J. F. MILLET AND RUSTIC ART" (Stock). The author has really nothing new to tell the British public, and we suspect the book is meant chiefly for circulation in America. In the "MAGAZINE OF ART," so long ago as 1889, Mr. D. Croal Thomson expressed the same ideas, and received the thanks of Madame Millet for his exposure of the Sensier claim of disinterested friendship towards the peasant painter, and since then several volumes and many artists' books have been written to the same end.

IF there is one book more necessary than another to the English connoisseur, it is one that deals comprehensively and correctly with the English National Gallery. The new edition, being the fifth, of Mr. Edward T. Cook's "POPULAR HANDBOOK TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY" (Macmillan), answers this description, and we know, from constant use of it, that it is quite indispensable. This new edition is enlarged to embrace the many important pictures added to the collection during recent years, and this has necessitated a re-arrangement of the plan of the book, which is now in every way convenient.

AFTER the reader is able to pardon the extraordinarily bad printing of the letterpress, "THE LETTERS AND PAPERS OF ANDREW ROBERTSON" (Eyre & Spottiswoode), miniature painter, is really very interesting. Robertson was a presentable, amiable youth, who rapidly made friends, and the story of his career is set out in his letters here printed. The editing of this, the second edition, is done by his daughter, and fairly well done, but the paper is so bad, the type so badly made ready, and the making ready, so far as it goes, not carried out, that all pleasure in the work is largely discounted.

ARISING out of the articles the authoress contributed to "THE ART JOURNAL," in 1896, "PICTURESQUE DUBLIN, OLD AND NEW," by Miss Frances Gerard (Hutchinson), makes an uncommonly interesting volume. With nearly one hundred illustrations, mostly from drawings by Miss Rose Barton, every point of interest in the Irish capital is touched, and many racy anecdotes are quoted of the life in that gay city.

MR. William Nicholson's "ALMANAC" for 1898 (Heinemann) is supported by rhymes by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The drawings are equal to the artist's reputation. "SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN," by Sidney Heath (Chapman & Hall) is certain to be popular in the nursery; while "VERSE FANCIES," by E. L. Levetus, with designs by Cecilia Levetus, will be as attractive for readers of older years. "BABY LAYS," by A. Stow, to be read to the very youngest, has well-drawn illustrations by E. Calvert.

THE BUILDER ALBUM OF ROYAL ACADEMY ARCHITECTURE, 1897 (*The Builder* Office) is a large folio of reproductions of the most interesting drawings of the year, quite indispensable for architects and building contractors, and useful for art writers and artists.





*From the Painting by Albert Moore*

*Engraving*

*An Embroidery  
In the Collection of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Sir John Dary.*



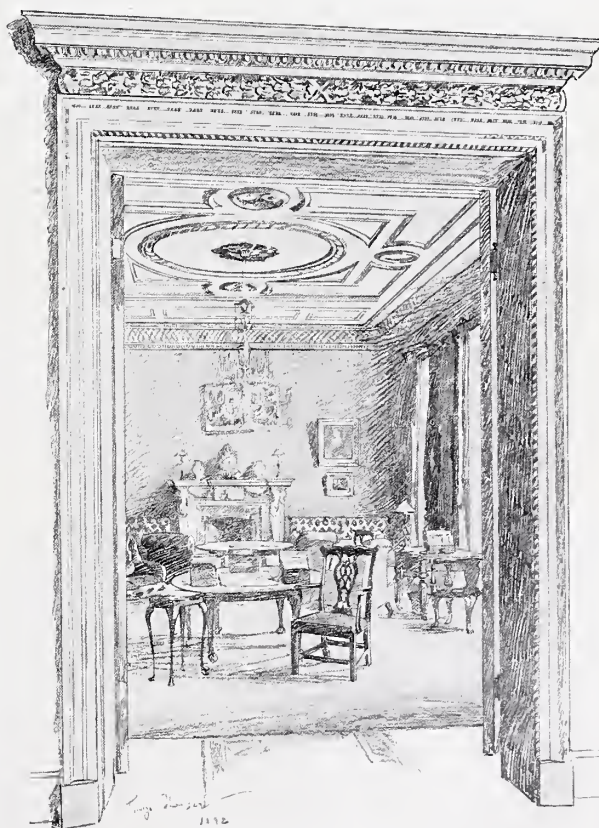


WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE THOMSON.\*

AS a thoroughly characteristic example of the manner in which men who have views in common upon many subjects impose upon their meeting place a distinctive atmosphere, the Arts Club ranks among the most notable institutions of its class that are to be found in London. The particular idea of life which it illustrates is that of individuals who are artistic by instinct, and by preference of simple tastes. The rooms in which they gather to compare notes and to discuss matters of professional interest have gained a kind of personal æstheticism, reflecting beliefs and convictions which may be unconscious, but are none the less active on that account to affect the surroundings in which the leisure moments of the men who hold these convictions are spent.

From its first inception, indeed, the Arts Club has been intended to provide workers in what may be called the solitary professions with a place in which association with one another, and with non-professional sympathisers, would be possible. It was instituted "for the purpose of facilitating the social intercourse of those who are connected with, or interested in, Art, Literature or Science," and from its original purpose it has never since departed. What was in the minds of its first promoters is well expressed in a letter written in 1862 by Field Tal'ourd to T. W. Angell, making the suggestion which has since been proved by results to have been excellently well-timed and appropriate. This letter is one of the treasures of the club, and hangs on the wall of the small library. It is worth quoting, because it summarises conveniently much that makes intelligible the aims of the association. "My dear Angell, I was talking to Arthur Lewis a few days since about the desirability of establishing a club or place of meeting for the large art element of society in London, when he or Jopling said that you had entertained a similar idea last year, and I since hear that you still are desirous of furthering this scheme. I feel so certain that the material is about for the formation of the most agree-

able and social society in London, that it seems a pity not to take some little trouble to get it together. Everyone to whom I have spoken has been favourably disposed to the idea, and really it would seem only necessary to collect a list of names by personal application to form a nucleus to the thing and start at once. I think the more quiet and unpretending the start the better; if the thing

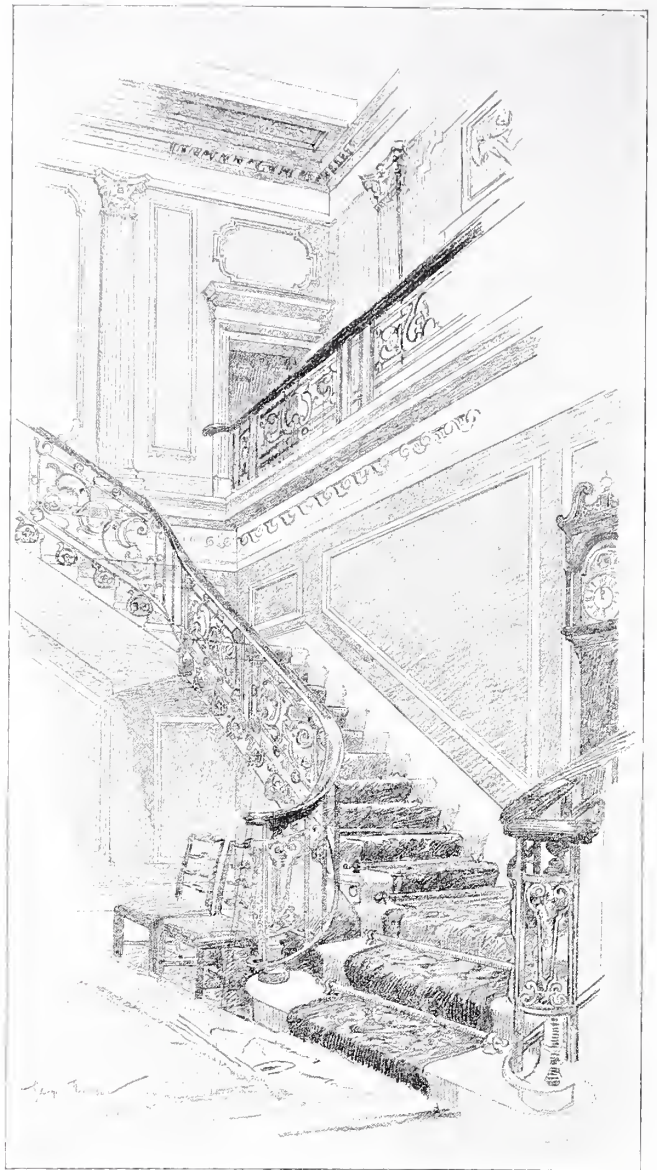


Door of the Drawing-Room of the Arts Club.

\* Continued from page 38.

has any vitality in it, it will grow fast enough. Lewis has written down a list of between fifty and sixty men likely to join, and it seems to me that the first hundred names would be procured amongst the personal friends of some half-dozen men of our own set. So far from anticipating any difficulty in getting members, I believe the trouble would be to keep out—of such a society—persons who had no claim to belong to it. To succeed, the thing should be inexpensive. The proprietary system should be adopted; no liabilities. In fact, a sort of cross between the Garrick and the 'Café Greco' (without its dirt), where it would be the rule to be sociable. No swells as such, though I think it would be most desirable to get the names of well-known men at the start. Could we not meet and talk this over? I don't want to appear in this matter in any way as a promoter. Let any half-dozen men who like the idea meet and talk the thing over and put it into shape; before making any appointment of this kind I should like to hear if our ideas on this subject agree."

Apparently the agreement that Field Talsourd desired was very promptly arrived at, for the year after this letter was written the club was started with a membership of two hundred and fifty, and took possession of the house in Hanover Square, which it was destined to occupy for more than thirty years. At first the idea of an unconventional place, a tavern with sanded floors and clay pipes for the members, was adopted; but this did not last for many weeks. Something that would give a greater degree of comfort was very soon found to be necessary, and the excess of unconventionality was definitely abandoned. Since then the record of the club has been one of continuous progress. In 1866 the membership was increased to three hundred, eleven years later to four hundred, and, after being fixed at four hundred and fifty in 1895, was extended to six hundred when the club moved in December, 1896, from Hanover Square to its present house in Dover Street. During all this period there has been no change of any moment in



*The Staircase of the Arts Club.*



*The Chandelier on the Staircase of the Arts Club.*

either constitution or customs, and, with the exception of an attempt, that was not for long persisted in, to limit candidature to professional workers only, no revision of the original scheme has been tried. The club remains, as it was at first, an easy-going place without formality or unnecessary restrictions, characterised by a spirit of wide hospitality that admits the temporary guest to the privileges and freedom enjoyed by the members themselves, and distinguished as perhaps the only institution of its kind where smokers are not relegated to a special room, but are permitted to enjoy themselves at large in every part of the building.

One of the special features of the Arts Club has always been its close connection with the Royal Academy. In bygone years it was regarded as having power to influence the elections at the older institution, and membership of the club was considered as a stepping-stone to the Associateship. Even now the custom, sanctioned by long observance, of making merry on election nights at the Academy, is religiously kept up. Directly the proceedings at Burlington House are over, the majority of the Academicians and Associates who have been present adjourn to the club, where a felicitous speech is delivered by a member who has for many years been accustomed to officiate on these occa-

sions, and the health of the newly elected is drunk with enthusiasm. The scene is always an animated one, marked by genial freedom, and possessing a great deal of quaint character. Another way in which the club used to declare its relation with art politics was by its encouragement of the Artists' Volunteers. For a long time part of the club premises in Hanover Square was used as the headquarters of the corps, and all the official business was transacted in a garden pavilion which stood at the rear of the old house. Quite recently the value of the association was recognised in yet another fashion, for its rooms were found to provide an excellent and convenient meeting-place for the official members of the British Section of the Brussels Exhibition, and there the arrangements were made for what proved to be a very important assertion of the position occupied by British art. In many other such ways the club has played a useful part in our art world, and it gives no sign of losing either its authority or its influence as years go by, and it gains more and more of the respect due to well-conditioned age.

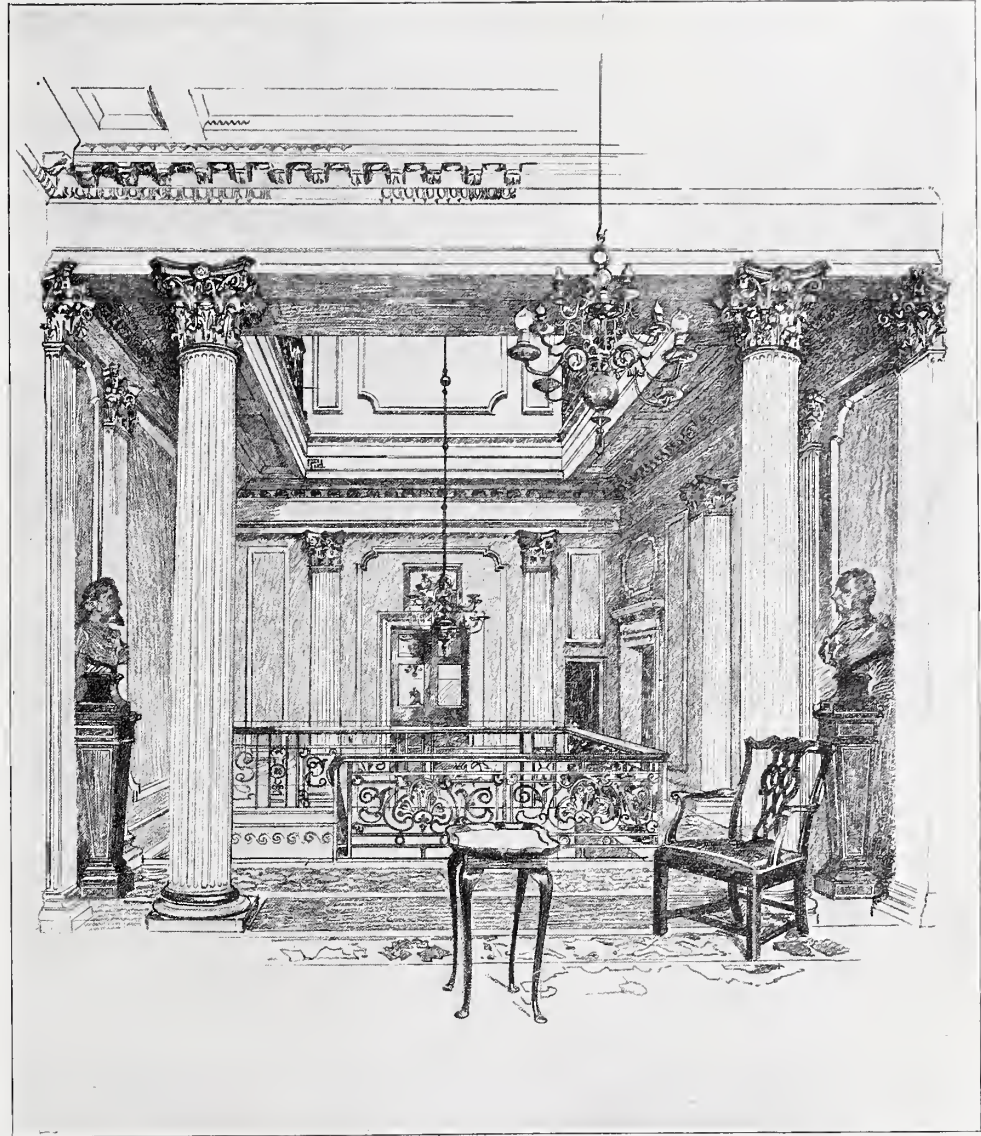
It is natural that an institution carried on under conditions that are in many ways exceptional, should house itself in a manner of its own. Palatial formality would hardly lend itself to the sort of sociability that artists and their associates desire. Geniality would wither among the surroundings that are appropriate to a great congeries of men who use a club merely as an occasional resting-place, and have no special wish for constant contact with their fellow-members. But the

Arts Club exists to throw together workers who have kindred ideas and mutual sympathies, and so its rooms have an air of domesticity rather than dignified splendour. The present house in Dover Street was for many years the residence of Lady Stanley of Alderley, and in fitting it for the use of many men instead of a single family, care was taken to preserve as far as possible its air of homely comfort. No changes that were not absolutely necessary were made in its structural arrangements, and the decorations, the fine plaster ceilings marked with the monogram of the late occupier, and even the general colour treatment of the rooms and passages have been retained.

The result is distinctly attractive; and it is quite

conceivable that to many of the members who have worked through the long hours of the day alone in a studio, or in silence at a writer's desk, the cheery atmosphere of the club should suggest the pleasantness of a home without domestic worries or family anxieties.

Yet homely as the club-house is, it lacks nothing of architectural dignity. On the contrary, it has claims to be considered rarely picturesque, and more than ordi-



*The Landing on the Staircase of the Arts Club.*

narily fortunate in the appropriateness of its decorative details. Nothing in the building is obtrusive or obviously designed to attract wondering attention. Yet in almost every part it lends itself admirably to illustration. The entrance hall, with its walls of Pompeian red, and its well-proportioned staircase, produces an excellent impression of pervading good taste. It strikes at once a persuasive note of restfulness, and marks at the outset the character of the whole interior. The first impression is confirmed when on the first-floor landing is reached the pleasant lounge, overlooking the street and separated from the stairs by Corinthian columns, where on festival nights the members gather to greet one another, and to compare notes on the latest items of

professional gossip. Here the walls are treated in a scheme of pale grey-green and cream colour, relieved with a few touches of gold in the capitals of the pillars and pilasters; and in the centre of the open space above the staircase hangs the great brass chandelier which is one of the more notable possessions of the club, a piece of old Dutch metal-work adapted to modern needs and fitted for the electric light. On this floor are the chief rooms: the billiard room, quaintly irregular in shape, and remarkable especially for the wide arch beneath which the table is set; the smaller drawing-room with its grey-green walls and its ceiling decorated with pale pink, grey-green, and gold, and the large drawing-room more sumptuously schemed in shades of deep red, and especially noteworthy for the rich detail of its ceiling, and for a great marble mantelpiece elaborately carved. From this room double doors open on to the main landing, giving a



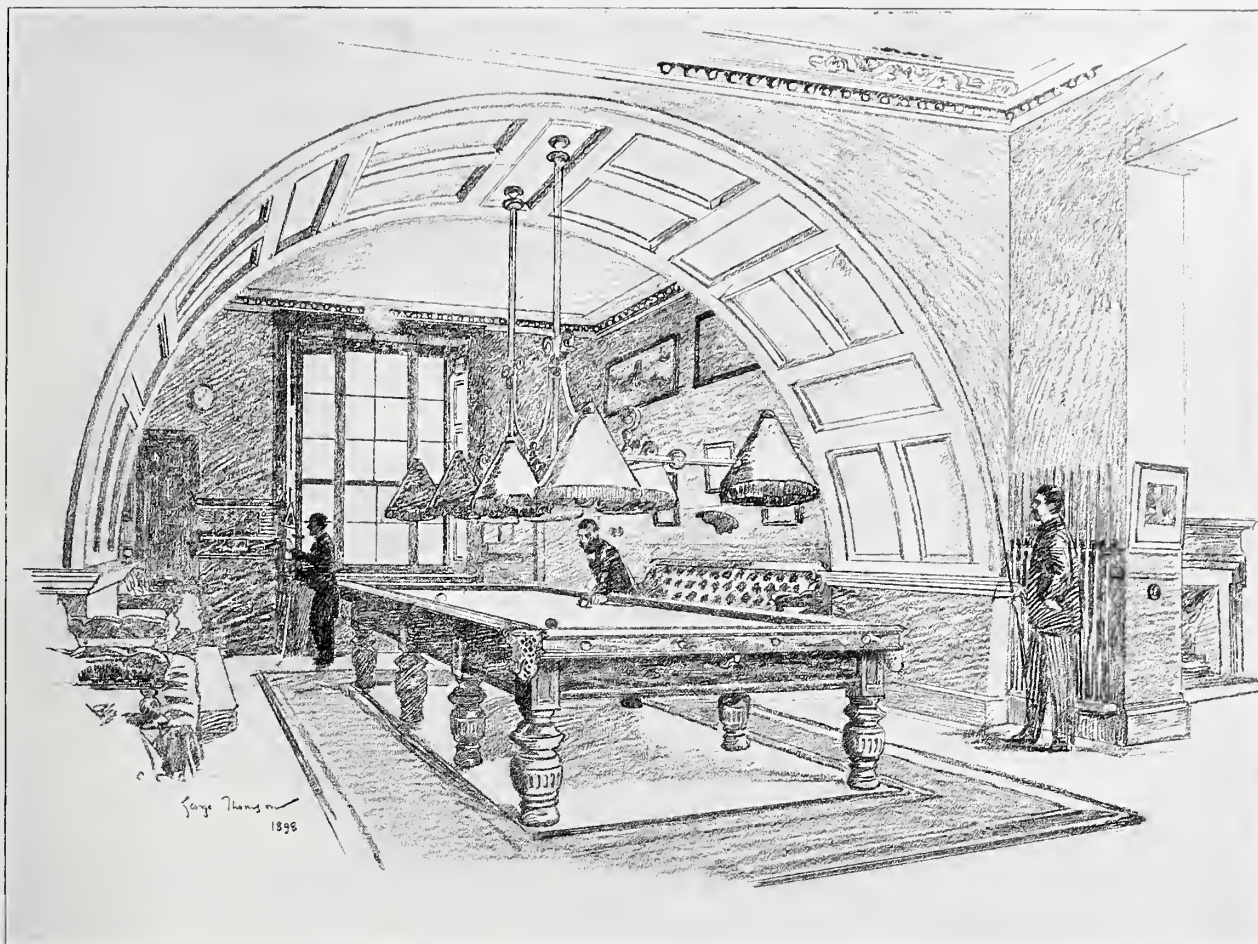
*Door of the Small Drawing-Room of the Arts Club.*

fine perspective with effective contrasts of colour and light and shade. On the ground floor are the large dining-room running through the whole depth of the house, the private dining-room, and two smaller rooms used as libraries; and on the upper floors are bed-rooms, for the convenience of members living in the country. At the back of the house, and reached from the large dining-room, is a terrace overhung with trees, where in the summer-time may be enjoyed some of the pleasures of the open air. The house is, in fact, suited throughout for social functions. It is so constructed that it will hold a large number of people without seeming overcrowded; it has been possible for this reason to make it available for club purposes without spoiling, or even seriously affecting, its domestic character and its pleasant aspect.

In the furnishing of the rooms, a wise reserve has been exercised, and comfort again has been the chief consideration.



*The Drawing-Room of the Arts Club.*



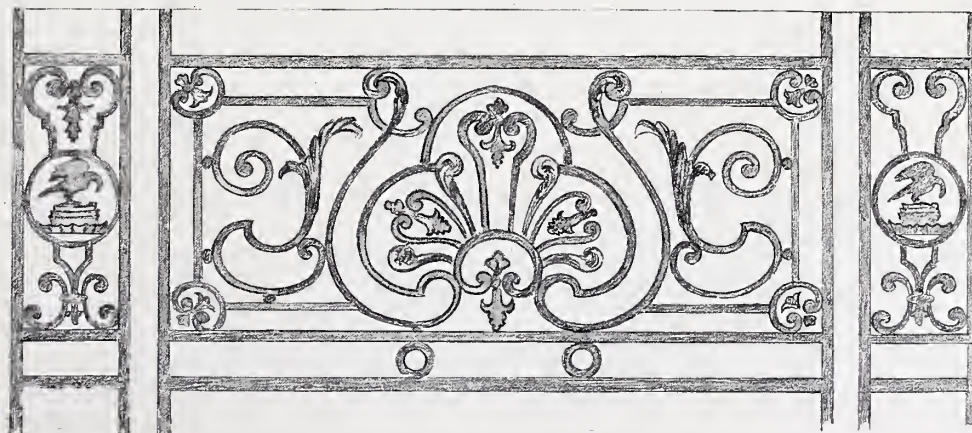
*The Billiard-Room of the Arts Club.*

Nothing appears in the place which is not honestly substantial and useful. In the collection, too, of works of art which adds to the interest of the institution, there is no evidence of any preconceived convictions as to the fitness of things. It reflects the variety of opinion which is natural enough where many phases of thought are represented and many experts are constantly assembled. The two busts which adorn the staircase, that of Lord Leighton, by Mr. Brock, and that of Sir John Millais, by Mr. Onslow Ford, are appropriately placed in the club as memorials of two of its oldest and most valued members, but the pictures and drawings, some of which are permanent belongings and others temporary loans, express no intention but the decoration of the rooms. Among them are many things of definite importance:

'The Lady with a Lemon,' by Dobson, an admirable painter who flourished a couple of centuries ago; a sea-piece by Hamilton Macallum, and his charcoal cartoons that hang in the billiard-room; original etchings by Mr. Macbeth; mezzotints by Professor Herkomer; Mr. Natorp's bas-relief portrait of Robert Browning; and drawings by Charles Keene, are all possessions of which the club may well feel proud; but the only spirit which such a pleasant aggregation reveals is a catholic appreciation of what is best in all schools. In its recognition of art the club is as true to its principles as in all the other details of its history. It imposes no restrictions and advances no dogmas; it exists simply to be sociable.

A. L. BALDRY.

*(The Series to be continued.)*



*Panel of Staircase Railing at the Arts Club.*



*The Restoration of one of the Sides of the Camerino de la Peinture, with Paintings by Mantegna and Lorenzo Costa.—A Model at South Kensington Museum.*

## THE CAMERINO OF ISABELLE D'ESTE, MARQUISE DE MANTUA.\*

A MODEL, EXHIBITED IN SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE Camerino of the Pictures now claims attention.

The decoration, which is very rich, is less personal, although still delicate in detail. Round it is woodwork divided into panels concealing deep presses, and painted lightly with foliage and flowers. Above this entablature, the space as far as the frieze and the brackets supporting the soffitto is divided into three equal parts by little columns—"candelabri"—of exceedingly rich workmanship, and these spaces are filled now with painted canvases possessing neither talent nor great subject, the work of a shameless brush, but executed for a temporary purpose.

One particular detail of the decoration is very important for the study of these camerini, and determines the solution of the problem of their restoration. We read on the door that opens into one of the panels, the following inscription:—"Fer. Gonz, Dux Man VI. Mont. Ferr IV.," which we translate thus:—"Ferdinand Gonzague, sixth Duke of Mantua, fourth Marquis of Montferrat."

Now this Gonzague—born in 1587, Cardinal till 1612, when he renounced the purple to put on a crown, and married a Princess of the Medici family—in recording his visit here by his signature, informs us of alterations

\* Continued from page 44.

which he had made in the Camerino. We no longer see the little building which Isabelle had designed and realised; and the anachronism is a flagrant one, for the Marchioness had been dead for seventy years.

It is the correspondence of Isabelle with the artists of the time at which she planned the decoration of her room for painting, and issued her orders for it, which enables us to reconstruct it, or at least to picture to ourselves what the original decoration of her Camerino was.

These letters, which we have in our possession, written between 1497 and 1507 to Mantegna, Perugino, Giovanni Bellini, Lorenzo Costa, Francia, to Raphael even (by the hands of Castiglione the friend of Sanzio) and also to Leonardo da Vinci, not only clearly prescribe the subjects of the paintings—they do more, they give very minute and strenuous directions, and to prevent the artist making any mistake in the required size, Isabelle even had the forethought to enclose in her letter two threads, one giving the breadth, the other the height of the canvases to be painted. Along with these letters, as confirmation, we have also a valuable document, the catalogue of the *objets d'art* deposited in the Grotta, made a long time after the Marchioness's death, and found in the Archivio Gonzaga by Carlo d'Arco; and

we read in it, among other names, those of Lorenzo Costa, Perugino, Mantegna, with this note: "La Virtù che scaccia li virtù," and "Un Marte e una Venere che stano in piacere con Vulcano et un Orpheo che sona, con nove Ninphe che ballano." A very clear description of the subjects represented!

What has become of these works? They have no place in the catalogues of Charles I., who came into possession of the greater part of the pictures of the Gonzague about 1627. Yet the King himself, with his own hand, in the Inventory belonging to him, preserved at Windsor, has specially marked the paintings of the same origin with these two words, "Mantua Piece."—Can they have become the plunder of the rabble who, in 1630, sacked the Reggia of Mantua for three days?—Not at all!

—They no longer formed part of the collection, and had been sold secretly by the Duke of Mantua to the emissary of Cardinal Richelieu, at the time when, having accompanied Louis XIII. to the Pas de Suse, the great statesman carried away those works in order to beautify, in 1632, his castle of Plessis at Richelieu, in Poitou. Where have they disappeared to now? And from whence can they be replaced (to give our readers a representation of a part of the Camerino of the Pictures in the lifetime of Isabelle) in the three panels in which the sixth Duke of Mantua, Ferdinand, finding them empty a century and a-half after her death, put the coarse sketches which are still there?

We can also answer this from Isabelle's correspondence. We gather from it that Mantegna had done the first picture, and, in his extreme old age, had succeeded amazingly in charming Isabelle by painting for

her 'Le Parnasse,' an immortal work, and also 'Minerve triomphante des Vices,' the two subjects of which had been minutely detailed by the Marchioness.

After acquiring these two pictures as a nucleus, Isabelle wrote to Lorenzo Costa, Perugino, Giovanni Bellini, and to Francia, saying to them again and again, to awaken their enthusiasm: "Remember that your picture will be placed in my Camerino between two Mantegnas"; and Bellini, humbly replying that he was not clever enough for it, refused to comply with her order, and asked leave to paint a fancy which he worked out beautifully, and sent to her; but Isabelle, thinking it out of harmony with Mantegna's work, the subject being sacred, said it should adorn her bedroom, and not her Camerino. In this way, by a succession of steps, all

indicated by the statements of Isabelle herself—we find in the Louvre Museum a series of five canvases, bought at Mantua by Richelieu himself, hidden during the period of the Revolution, in consequence of the emigration of the Duke of Fronsac, a descendant of the great Cardinal, then legally purchased, in 1801, from the two daughters of Richelieu, his heirs, and placed in the Paris Museum by the architect Dufresny and the antiquary Visconti; we trace their identity by the description of the catalogue of 1560.\*

The works are entered in the present catalogue of the Louvre Museum, under the numbers 175, 176, 251, 252, and 445. Two are from the hand of Mantegna, two from Lorenzo Costa, and one from Perugino. These are un-

\* For the proof of the purchase of the spoils of the Camerino by Cardinal Richelieu, see the book, "Recherches sur les Collections de Richelieu." Paris. Plon et Cie., Publishers. Also Documents par Edmond Bonaffé, 1883.



*La Madone de la Victoire (Jean François II.)*

*From the Picture by Mantegna, in the Louvre.*



*Minerve triomphante des Vices. By Mantegna.*

*Formerly in the Camerino of Isabelle d'Este, now in the Louvre.*

doubtedly the works ordered from these artists by the Marquise de Mantua, for the purpose, avowed repeatedly in her letters, of decorating her Camerino of the Pictures. The sculptured *candelabri* intended to separate the works from one another on the wall of the Camerino have never been removed, and divide it into three equal portions. We had only to shut out, by an effort of imagination, the temporary pictures of the eighteenth century, and put in their place three of the four Richelieu canvases, which fit exactly into the spaces, as they all measure 1 mètre 92 centimètres by 1 mètre 60 centimètres.

To make a complete restoration, we should perhaps substitute for the painted wood of the seventeenth century the woodwork with the *intarsiatura* of the time of Isabelle; but, as no part of the original decoration remains, we had no authentic basis, and have confined ourselves to the reproduction of what is there at the present time.

A tradition to this effect already existed. The old catalogues of the Louvre Museum corroborated the procuring of the pictures bought from Cardinal Richelieu. What one did not know was the very place that these works occupied in the immense Reggia. The new element in their history is the discovery of the secret from the ruins, or rather the restoration. It is through the comparison and agreement of Isabelle's letters with the

building itself that this conclusion has been reached. The three subjects, 'Le Parnasse,' 'Minerve triomphante des Vices,' and 'La Cour d'Isabelle d'Este,' were prescribed or dictated. Isabelle conceived the idea, submitted the design to the courtiers who surrounded her, and sent to the artist a plan of the work written by her own hand. Her middle-man in this business was a certain Paride Ceresara, a humanist, a poet, and (strange designation!) something of a magician. Mantegna, who was seventy years of age when he finished these two first pictures, followed with docility Isabelle's fancy; Giovanni Bellini refused to work on a prescribed plan.

'Le Parnasse' is the masterpiece of the painter; the episode of Apollo making the Muses dance is a prodigy of grace, youth, and beauty. In 'Minerve triomphante des Vices,' Mantegna was less at home—Luxury at the feet of the Satyr, Idleness and Indolence standing still in the mire, afforded real difficulties to be surmounted. The theme of the *invenzione* given by the Marquise, is reproduced in tapestry on a streamer round a tree at the left: 'Divines Compagnes des Vertus célestes qui reviennent parmi nous, chassez, repoussez de nos demeures ces hideux monstres, les Vices.'

'La Cour d'Isabelle d'Este,' by Lorenzo Costa, placed in the centre panel, is not, in our opinion, equal to the other two in fine painting and splendid drawing.



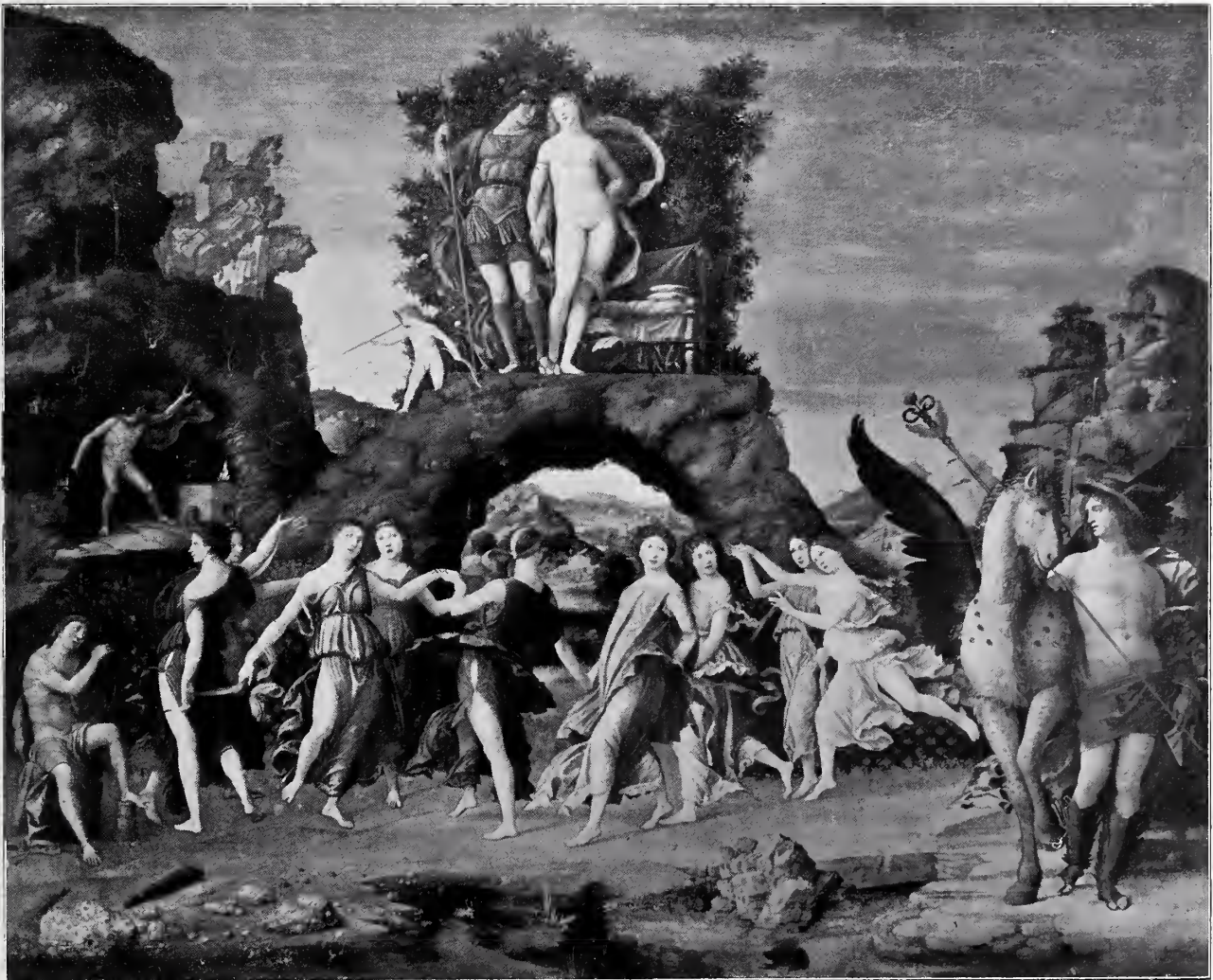
It is, however, very suggestive. Vasari, who knew the work, calls it by the title 'La Marquise Isabelle en compagnie de Dames qui se livrent au Plaisir de la Musique.' It is certain that we have in it (on a very small scale, unfortunately) a portrait of the Marchioness, in the figure crowned by Love, who stands upright on the knees of a woman seated at the foot of a tree. A warrior leans on a halberd, which has just cut off the head of the Hydra. Lying on the river bank is Castiglione, that famous Count of whom Raphael has left us a magnificent portrait, and the author of the celebrated book "Il Cortigiano."

It is now two years since, in the course of our studies in Art and History at Mantua, we expressed this wish in "La Gazette des Beaux-Arts," of Paris:—"If through one of these international agreements which are but the

dream of men of letters and artists, we were allowed to take for an hour from the Italian Gallery of the French Museum 'Le Parnasse' and 'Minerve triomphante des Vices,' of Mantegna, and 'La Cour d'Isabelle d'Este' by Costa, and to place them on the same wall of Isabelle's Camerino, divided by the identical *candelabri* which formerly surrounded them, we should have before us the exact representation of the Studiolo of the Paradiso in the time of the divine Marquise."

To attempt such a restoration was beyond the power of a writer enamoured of works of art; but now the Department of Art and Science has realised this dream as far as possible; one cannot but be grateful to those who originated the erection of the new model of the Camerino of Isabelle d'Este.

CHARLES YRIARTE.



*Le Parnasse. By Mantegna.*

*Formerly in the Camerino of Isabelle d'Este, now in the Louvre.*



*A Derbyshire Village.*  
By Peter De Wint.

## PETER DE WINT.

THE Dutch and Scottish "blend" has produced, in Peter De Wint, the great colourist of our landscape school, which means the greatest landscape colourist of any school. On his father's side he was Dutch; on his mother's, Scottish; and in art these nations have always had a strong sympathy with each other, and a singularly healthy spirit. Raeburn, Wilkie, and Thomson of Duddingston, would not have disgraced the school of Rembrandt, Hals, and Cuyp, for indeed they belonged to that brotherhood of colourists, and sang together in tune and harmony. The Dutch and Scots have ever been healthy painters, with an instinctive abhorrence of morbidity and eccentricity. There are many scientists who maintain that genius comes from the mother. Assuming their theory to be sound, Scotland may fairly claim De Wint as one of her gifted children. It cannot be denied that the small tract of country south of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, together with the strip of east coast, as far north as Aberdeen, has produced more colourists than any district of anything like the same size within the British Isles.



*Martello Tower, near Hastings.*  
By Peter De Wint.

The proportion of Scottish members in the Royal Academy, at all periods, affords curious proof of this assertion.

De Wint was celebrated as a water-colour painter, and his originality in this medium is as marked as that of any of the masters of the English School. He was also a master in oil-painting, being one of the distinguished group of water-colour painters whose oil pictures are now acknowledged to be in the first class. Of course he had to suffer the fate of all men who are known and accepted for one class of subject produced in a certain medium, and De Wint's medium being water-colour, like that of Cox and Holland and several others, his oil pictures were belittled, not to say condemned. An

ignorant public, backed by the jealousy and prejudice — jealousy taking the lead — of certain members of the oil-painting fraternity, was the cause of De Wint's suppression as a painter in a medium which not a few of his alarmed rivals all but denied him the right to employ. The two celebrated oil pictures that are now at the South Kensington

Museum are "object lessons" to those interested in this not uncommon phase in the life of an artist struggling for a position. He had to die to achieve it, but he is *there*, with the other immortals. It is stated by Mr. Walter Armstrong, in his life of De Wint, an admirable work by the way, that those pictures were stowed away for years in a loft. Mrs. Tatlock, the painter's daughter, offered them at last to the National Gallery, but Sir William Boxall refused them on the ground of want of room! Nay, he would not even condescend to look at them. Space in plenty was always ready, however, for immensely costly works by foreign artists. Even if those De Wints were offered to-day, not as a gift, but at a high price, it is more than probable that, like the Stark

an honour. The statement is misleading. Numbers of artists of undoubted distinction had, and still possess, De Wint's pictures and drawings. The fact is Constable *felt* De Wint's art as he did Richard Wilson's, for it was the work of a painter whose instinct led him to make suggestive pictures of nature. In the best, that is to say in the truest sense of the term, De Wint's was impressionist work. He loved to paint landscape in its grand and solemn moods, and to aid him in the exposition of this feeling for grandeur and solemnity he nearly always executed his drawings on "Creswick" paper—a material that was made by that famous paper-maker, in graduated shades of ivory tint. The ground was thus prepared for his blooming and luscious colouring; for



*Harvesters, near Windsor.*

*By Peter De Wint*

and others, a place in Trafalgar Square would be found for them. They were, as a matter of fact, offered, after Sir William Boxall's declining to have anything to do with them, to South Kensington Museum, where space was not only found, but places of honour allotted. The discerning public can now judge what manner of oil-work De Wint, "the drawing master," could produce. What are we to say of irresponsible "authorities" who servilely wait on fashion, while genius is shown the door? Those two Kensington De Wints would have conferred high honour on our National Gallery: deprived of their association, to quote Mr. Walter Armstrong's words, Constable's 'Cornfield, and Hay-wain,' and 'Valley Farm,' are left without two of the best companions they could find in Europe.

Some stress has been put on the fact that Constable, having a strong sympathy for De Wint's art, bought one of his pictures, this being—as it is alleged—the only instance of a painter of eminence who did De Wint such

his feeling, like a rare musician's, was for the interpretation of the ripe and mellow Cremona, and not for that of the screaming modern instrument.

His love of deep colour, and "first intention" work, often led him to, as it were, swallow up his *drawing*, and this practice afforded the ignorant, as in the case of Constable, a chance to decry his "shameful point drawing." But let those who are so ignorantly censorious be more cautious than "the erring Associate" when he, in his shallowness, denounced Constable for the same defect. It were well if "the erring Associate" were to advance his knowledge of the subject by examining the drawings of Constable at South Kensington, and the De Wints at Birmingham. But this by the way. De Wint painted numerous studies of still life of every kind which were frequently before his pupils. Like all great colourists, such as Etty, William Hunt, Müller, and Holland, he loved flowers and frequently painted them.

De Wint flooded his paper, and drove the running



*Aysgarth, Yorkshire.*

*By Peter De Wint.*

colour in masses, deep into the paper, the lay-in was therefore rich and full in the extreme, and looked like mosaics, or the marbling of jasper. With his divinely discerning eye he looked for, and found, those massed mosaics of nature where an ordinary vision would have been hunting up details. De Wint was not blind to the details, but he was gifted with the capacity to see more. Those details being to him lesser truths, he sacrificed or ignored them for the greater truths of colour, and tone, and chiaroscuro. No painter disturbed less his first lay-in than De Wint, for strength, luminosity, and wealth of colour in tone and harmony were his life. Body-colour he disliked; and, indeed, never used it save in points of high light or the "incidents" in his pictures. It is invariably absent from the general work, including of course the sky. He loved to strike hard with vermilion and rich ochres, in parts of his full-coloured foregrounds; but such opaque colours were used as a foil of colour, not Chinese *white*, and they lighted up, as it were, the blooms of transparent tones which so abundantly filled the other parts of his drawings. Now and again he would wake-up his picture by cutting out masses with a knife, toning these down afterwards to suit the effect.

De Wint was not a diligent student of cloud-forms. He seemed invariably to divide his landscape into solid earth and impalpable air. The great "values" we hear so much of now-a-days, were constantly practised and expressed by De Wint; grand cumulus clouds, with a scudding sky after rain, he seldom painted; and the loveliest of all skies, the grey-fringed clouds, overlaying darker masses of grey, as well as the ray-like cirrus, and half-lighted clouds floating in an expanse of blue, he seldom attempted. The rain-cloud, too, he rarely painted; in short, as a painter of skies, he was in no way to be compared with Turner, Cox, or Fielding. Cox and Collier were, *par excellence*, the painters of cloud-land, and when Collier especially was accused of ceaselessly painting moorland and common, he was in reality arranging for a grand and brilliant display of studies of clouds. As a painter of windy skies with silver masses of vapour after rain, as well as an absolutely truthful, yet poetical, delineator of the character of moorland landscape, Collier has had no rival: certainly no superior.

His death, which occurred recently, has made a gap in the ranks of water-colour painters which no one can fill.

De Wint, of all landscape masters, was, in spite of his "breadth," one of the best draughtsmen of "incident" that ever lived. He studied deeply the character of every pictorial foreground weed, and no man could draw cattle, boats, and other things better. Those who have lived with De Wint's pictures, and have compared them with the works of other masters, know the truth of this statement. De Wint's artistic character may be summed up as follows: He was the greatest colourist of any school of landscape art. He was an "ideal impressionist," and understood "values" of all kinds, natural and artistic. He knew the details of nature thoroughly, but he looked at general effect, as one might at a grand building, preferring this to the niggles of minute work alone. He felt that nature was strong and rich and always in tone, and in distance and sky tender and delicate. As a composer, like

Cox, Müller, and Constable, he selected his subject from nature, and always from the best point, altering it as little as was consistent with harmony of lines and arrangement of masses.

De Wint, of all landscape painters, although always broad and grand in effect, was nevertheless a master-draughtsman of all landscape "incident." As one of the Four Pillars of our great water-colour landscape art he, in quality, stands out. De Wint is—De Wint, although no man knew the traditions of picture-making, as practised by the great masters, better than he. As a matter of course he was unappreciated except by a modicum of judges, who have influenced the masses, and made him fashionable: nothing more. One can remember the time when his works were stigmatised as "daubs of dirty colour." Lastly, De Wint, like many colourists, often missed the gradation from foreground to extreme distance, for he loved virgin colour and hated "washing." In gradation he was excelled by Fielding and Barret, and, of course, by Turner.

The French, as a rule, seem to have no appreciation of this "value" of gradation into space, and, therefore, at present, Constable, De Wint, and Crome are preferred to Turner and some other of our great masters. The French, however, have been just and generous to us in our art, for they have given it a higher place than has been assigned to it by our own people. They will ultimately provide for it a worthy pedestal.

The information I have offered was, in a large measure, given to me by the late Mr. Coltman, of Leicester, one of De Wint's pupils, and supplemented by my friend and master, the late Mr. W. L. Leitch, who knew De Wint, and who, after his death, received a number of his pupils. I take this opportunity of giving De Wint's colours, which were furnished to me by Mr. Mills, the senior partner of Newman & Co., the well-known old-established artists' colourmen of Soho Square. De Wint's box was designed by himself, and had bright metal instead of white enamelled leaves upon which he mixed his colours. De Wint used hard cakes, which he kept soft with water when in use. The chief colours were as follows:—Vermilion, Indian red, Prussian or cyanine blue—called De Wint's blue—brown madder, pink madder, sepia, gamboge, yellow ochre, burnt sienna,

purple lake, brown pink, and indigo. Some were added in half-cakes, viz., orange ochre, vandyke brown, olive green cobalt, and emerald green. The selection of the most simple colours for the tone of his pictures showed his strength and manly artistic nature.

It is to be hoped that before long the beautiful Henderson collection of De Wints, in the "cellars" of the National Gallery, will be seen to better advantage, especially as the authorities are of opinion that their present habitation is an unsafe place to exhibit those drawings and the Turners on bank holidays. Numbers of visitors to the National Gallery have been disappointed on the holidays in question, especially those whose opportunities are few, who selected the days so set apart to study the two masters' works. The iron gates which grimly guard those lower regions were, however, locked, and when the disappointed student enquired the reason, an

official answered that the authorities considered the exhibition of the water-colour Turners and De Wints on such public holidays unsafe! Why should the public, many of whom come from the country, and whose only chance of seeing the drawings is on a bank holiday, be denied the opportunity of studying those masterpieces, in common with visitors who inhabit the higher latitudes? The best art-judges in the country would gladly pay homage to the drawings, even in the "cellars."

[Since the foregoing was written the De Wints in question have been removed to South Kensington Museum, where they can be seen in all their freshness and beauty of colour. What a fearful mistake it was that the Henderson Cox's, which have been so seriously rubbed and scratched, were not located also at South Kensington, instead of being permanently injured at the British Museum.]

JAMES ORROCK.



*Near Aysgarth, Yorkshire.*

*By Peter De Wint.*

## 'AN EMBROIDERY.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY ALBERT MOORE.

THE position which Albert Moore held, when alive, among the artists of this century, was exceptional, for he could not be attached to any school, he followed no existing tradition, and was never the centre of any group of imitators. His art was his own, the outcome of a peculiar individuality, and the result of a course of study inspired by his own aesthetic inclination. What there was of other men's ideas in his work was adapted and altered to suit his personal belief. He based himself in spirit upon the Greeks, and learned from what they have left the secret of dignity and masterly design; he examined, with close attention, the Japanese, and solved the subtleties of their exquisite colour; but his productions were definite statements of his convictions, expositions of a creed that he had formulated for himself. Mentally, he was an idealist who created a world of his own, in which his imaginings took the form that he expressed in his pictures; but in practice he was a devoted and sincere realist, supremely faithful in his regard for nature, and minutely careful in his record of the details that he thought worthy of attention. Hardly anyone has equalled him in the representation of textures, and no one has surpassed him in his conception of physical

1898.

beauty and in the splendid adaptation of the lines of the human figure to the exigences of design. He sought to decorate, not to be a mere gossip in paint; and it is because he so completely realised this, the greatest ambition that an artist can feel, that he is worthy to be ranked among our chief masters.

'An Embroidery' shows the qualities and characteristics of his method to admirable advantage. The purity of the type he has presented, the perfectly judged placing of every line and mass, the simplicity of motive, the atmosphere of dignity and reserve which he has suggested with such unerring instinct, are all features of his art; and the perfection of his design is proved by the manner in which the picture bears the loss of the subtle colour which is one of its charms. His scheme of creamy white, silvery grey, and warm brown, lighted by touches of yellow and salmon pink, cannot be implied in black and white; yet the whole effect lacks no completeness, and the artist's intention loses none of its power to fascinate. Such work is for all time, independent of passing fashion; and whatever may be the form in which it is reproduced, its persuasiveness will remain.

F F



Three Panels for a Reredos in relief, intended for a Hospital Chapel or Church.

By Miss E. M. Rope.

## WHAT THE CLERGY AND ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION IS DOING FOR ENGLISH CHURCH ART OF TO-DAY.

WITH SOME EXAMPLES OF THEIR WORK.



Cartoons for Window in Stoke Poges Church.

By Louis Davis.

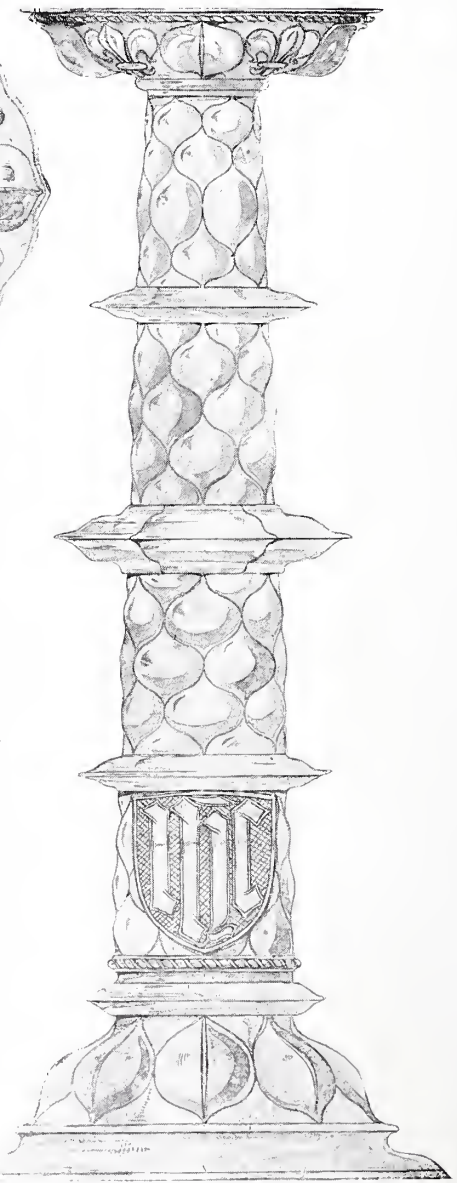
HOOD speaks in his ode to Rae Wilson of those people who think they are "pious when they are only bilious," and a good many very worthy folk have an idea that any work of men's hands dedicated to the service of religion must be good because of its sacred use, and never for a moment criticise it as a work of art. Yet if they would turn back to the description of the building of the Temple, they will find that Solomon took great pains to secure the services of cunning workers in the various crafts, and evidently went far and wide to

obtain such craftsmen. I will ask any reader who wishes to become critically acquainted with modern church art to walk into the first half-dozen churches he can find open on a week-day, and view the stained glass, metal work, wall decorations, carving and painting, with the same thoughtful appreciation he would bestow upon the works in a modern exhibition, and I think he will come to the conclusion that a large proportion of this "church work" is manufacture pure and simple, the product of machines and factories, and not of men and artists. Why is this, when there are men and women, well-trained in their several callings, only waiting for the opportunity of being employed, who would give honest, earnest work in return for a fair wage; craftsmen who would put themselves into their work, and enable us to escape the bondage of those conventions which make the bulk of "church work" so commonplace and dead? Why, if we can get the work of artists, alive with thought,



imagination, intention, and loving labour, should our ecclesiastical authorities be put off with the sham *simulacra*, to use a favourite word of Carlyle?

At the second annual meeting of the Clergy and Artists' Association—with whose work and aims I hope to make the readers of *THE ART JOURNAL* acquainted—held last December at the Bishop's House, Kennington, one speaker bluntly stated, as the reason for this lamentable waste of money annually spent on sham religious art, that the clergy do not seek out the cunning workers, but go to emporiums for what they need, instead of employing artists



Design for Church Candlesticks in St. Michael's Church, Croydon. By W. Bainbridge Reynolds.

to supply their wants. This was a daring assertion to make in the presence of a Bishop and a large number of clergy, but if not the whole truth, it went very near the mark. But I am inclined to think that the speaker (who, by the way, is a sculptor) rather overlooked the fact that a cleric who is satisfied with the work of the factory is so because he does not see the baseness of it. Were he cognisant of the difference between good art and sham, he would not be put off with a simulacrum. His academic training enables him to distinguish between one school of theology and another, but the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, as the old epigram phrased it in the dispute between the rival merits of Handel and Bononcini, escapes the cleric because he has not been trained to distinguish such differences—differences which are, after all that may be said, matters of perception rather than of reason.

The society which I am bringing before my readers evidently feels this; hence its name "Clergy and Artists' Association." Clergymen are upon its committee, and one of its chief functions is to bring those clergymen who want to secure the services of artists to execute any work that may be required in their churches in contact with those who are best fitted for the work. The association exists primarily for the improvement of art in churches, and I take it that it is to a large extent therefore a teaching body, its pupils being the clergy and those of the laity who are interested in church art; for the improvement in our ecclesiastical art must come from within. We shall always find, if we look back, that a brilliant period of art has coincided with the discriminating and



*Painting on Retable. All Hallows Church, Southwark.*

*By Louis Davis.*



*Painting on Retable. All Hallows Church, Southwark.*

*By Louis Davis.*

appreciative patron, for the law of supply and demand holds here as it does elsewhere; though this fact must not be lost sight of, that in the old days the factory system was to a great extent unknown, the artist came in direct contact with his patron (was often even clothed, housed, and fed, at his expense), and the conditions therefore were much more favourable to bringing out all that was in the worker than they are in these days.

Browning makes Andrea del Sarto say:—

"What would one have?  
In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—  
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,  
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,  
For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo and me  
To cover."

What do the ecclesiastical art patrons of to-day have? Certainly not the work of the greatest artists of the time: too often work that would not be tolerated were it seen anywhere but in a religious building. The Clergy and Artists' Association have, therefore, taken rooms at 6, Millbank Street, Westminster, where examples of the work of the artist-members are on view, and where the would-be patron may obtain all necessary information and be brought into personal contact with the worker, so that instead of buying No. O on page x of a catalogue, he has an original work designed and wrought for him, in which he can take an active personal interest. I confess I have never been able to understand why a would-be art patron goes to a firm or a dealer to get supplied. It would seem to me so much more interesting and in every way delightful for the patron to know something about the artist whose work he purchases, to be brought into personal contact with the worker, and to feel that he



*Centre Paul of Revedos in Earsham Church,  
Suffolk. Oil-painting.*

*By Reginald Hallward.*

is helping him to express himself. If pictures are what he requires he can go to some of the many exhibitions and note down the names of those whose works appeal to him, and go and visit them in their studios, and buy off the easel, if he do not in the exhibition. With regard to works of Decorative Art this plan has hardly been possible, for until within the last few years—since, in fact, the “Arts and Crafts” have held their triennial shows—works of applied art have not been brought prominently before the connoisseur, though in the architecture room at the Royal Academy some few decorative artists have an occasional design hung upon the walls. It is to remedy this state of things that the association under review has been started, and the measure of success it has enjoyed shows that it is supplying a want. The society is supported by voluntary contributions, for no commission is charged to those artists who obtain work through the association, though they have generously made donations to its funds. The expenses are incurred chiefly in paying an assistant secretary and the rent of the rooms. The honorary secretary and founder of the association is Mr. Reginald Hallward.

The Church is still a most important patron of artists, and it is grievous to see the large sums annually wasted on worthless productions, when for the same expenditure works of beauty, a delight for all time, might have been obtained; and the lay patron has not been the worst offender, for the architect has often come as a middle-man between him and the artist, and the intervention has been on occasions to the disadvantage of both. Architects, especially the older men, have been warped by the “views” they have held as to what is appropriate, and have gauged work too much from an historical and antiquarian standpoint instead of as the best work

of living artists. It is well known how the late William Morris refused to paint windows in the style of the Middle Ages, and, in consequence, not only quarrelled with the architect, but also lost many a commission for a window because he would not be “architecturally correct.” The late J. D. Sedding set an excellent example to other members of his profession by searching out artists to do the decorative work, as can be seen in the church he built in Sloane Street. The work of the old craftsmen is so interesting to us because in it we see their earnestness, skill, and love—themselves, in fact, in their work; and if the work we are doing in the nineteenth century is to be a delight to those in the centuries to come, it must be sincere—alive with vigorous impulse, modern in the best sense. Unfortunately, progress in ideas is very slow, and it is long before the old order changeth giving place to new; hence we find that of the many thousands annually spent on Art in churches, a large proportion goes in securing mediocre commonplace work, conceived in a conventional and carried out in a mechanical way.

Sir W. B. Richmond—who, for the while, has relinquished easel pictures, to devote himself to carrying out the decoration at St. Paul’s—gave the address at the meeting before alluded to, and he cautioned the Association not to increase too rapidly, but to be content to pursue their way quietly and with all sincerity, and so avoid the danger of commercialism. As soon as commerce takes Art in hand, it becomes mere manufacture, and, as the Clergy and Artists’ Association is founded to fight this commercialism, Sir W. B. Richmond’s advice was in season. He alluded to the excellence of English Art of the Middle Ages, and pointed out that no such



*Cartoon for Wall-painting. Eastleigh Church, Devon.*

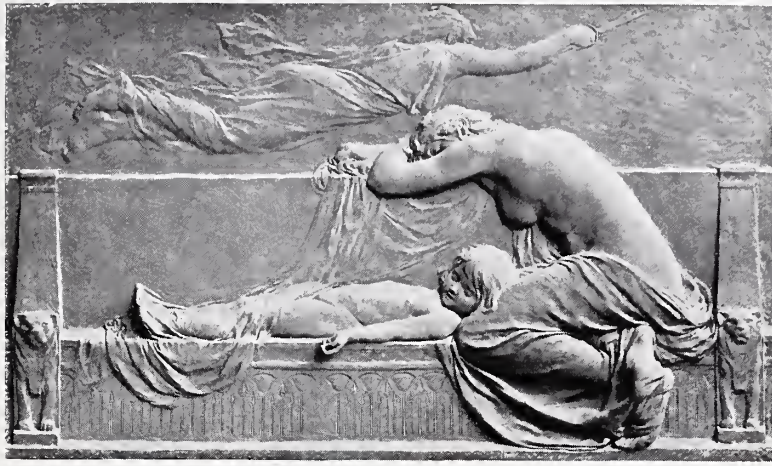
*By Reginald Hallward.*



beautiful miniatures and illuminations were to be seen, as in the Arundel and Norwich Psalters and the Apocalypse in the Bodleian; and for Sculpture, that seen in Ely, Lincoln, Exeter, and Wells Cathedrals, for grandeur of style, was second to none. English churches, too, were more highly decorated than were those in France or Italy.

Then came the foreign element, when Italian painters and sculptors thrust aside English artists (as in the case of the work carried out by Henry VII.), and it was not until the early years of the present reign that English Ecclesiastical Art was revived. And the speaker went on to say that the revival was largely due to the Oxford movement. Arthad something to say about religion, as it ministered to that desire for beauty outside our lives. The movement was led by Pugin, and carried on by Barry; and the failure of the enterprise of decorating the Houses of Parliament was due to the employment of fresco, which cannot stand the atmosphere of London.

With this revival came the demand for Church-work, and the demand being greater than the supply, firms were established, who did a thriving business; profit-mongering, as William Morris



*The Death of the First-born. Panel in Relief.  
By A. G. Walker.*

called it, soon supplanting the aims of the founders of the firms. Sir W. Richmond amused his audience by describing how the patron would go to a firm, say of glass-painters, who would bring a series of cartoons out of a drawer, from which to select, and if the one chosen did not fit the particular window, it could any size, said the salesman.

The speaker was vehement when he said that our Church Art should be the expression of our national life, and he urged the clergy to move on and not always follow in the same rut, but allow the artist some latitude, and not always tie him down to reproduce a hackneyed rendering of a well-worn theme. They were not to look upon bad drawing as necessarily devotional, nor on mawkish sentimentality as piety. The heroism of Englishmen might be pictured on our church walls, and Sir William pointed this remark by alluding to the then recent Margate life-boat disaster, which displayed as much courage on the part of those fishermen who ventured their lives to save others, as the early Christians in Rome did in the cause so dear to them. People, he thought, were more likely to catch the



*Oak Pulpit in Teddington Church. Designed by A. H. Skipworth. (The upper portion of canopy is not yet completed). The pulpit is enriched with nine panels in relief, executed in gesso and coloured, representing scenes from the lives of the English Saints, St. Columba, Aidan, etc. At the back of the pulpit there are three panels representing the Angels of the Revelation. The canopy is decorated with colour and gilding, with cherubs' heads on the panels and against the pier.*

enthusiasm of such acts if they were appropriately and reverently pictured on a church near the scene of the disaster; and he went on to remark that the entire book of the Psalms was unused, that the Parables were also rarely used, and that they might be treated with an entirely modern environment. It should be added, however, on behalf of other speakers, that this view was shown to be attended with dangers. Its abuse in practice was referred to, and the view was expressed that Art in churches should not dwell too much on local and contemporary instances, but on their more austere expression, whether of valour, loyalty, devotion, or sacrifice, belonging to all time.

I fancy many of my readers will endorse these last remarks, for the usual ecclesiastical wall or glass picture is entirely wanting in actuality; it is a lifeless production and moves us not because there is no sincerity in it; the man who wrought it did not himself believe in what he was doing, and this want of sincerity on the part of the worker is fatal to any form of art. That the Parables are capable of a different treatment, the drawings Millais made in the sixties are an evidence, and had he been commissioned to carry them out on the walls of a church we should have got work that would live through the ages. Many of the illustrators of Dalziel's Bible, at the same time that Millais drew his Parables, could have given us excellent work had they been encouraged to turn their talents in a decorative direction. It must be remembered too that about this time Leighton painted his celebrated decoration in Lyndhurst Church.

Sir W. B. Richmond has set an example that might be followed with advantage by many painters who complain that they cannot sell their pictures. He has, for the while



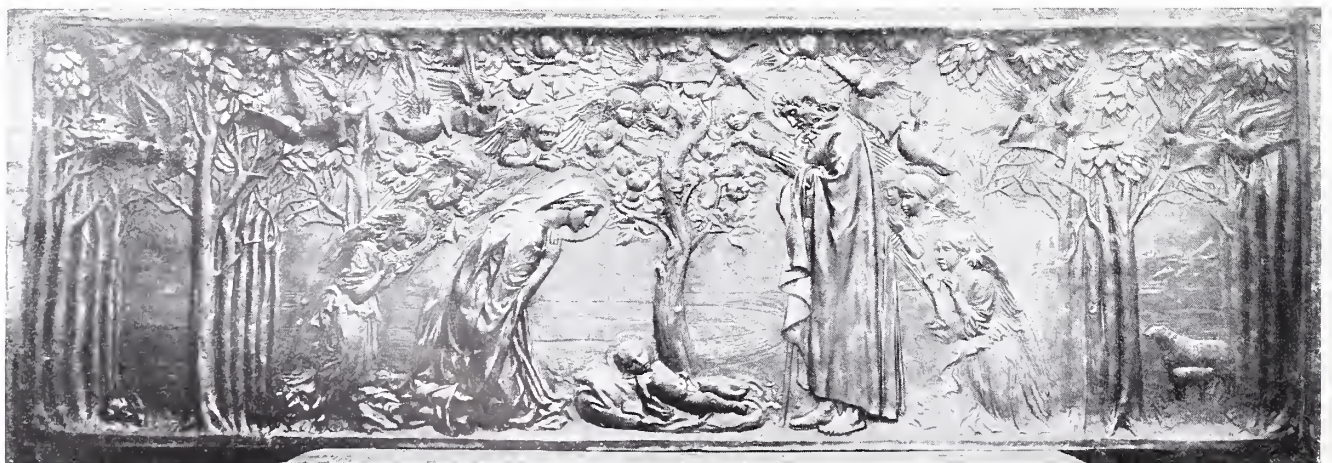
Side Panel of Reredos in Earsham Church, Suffolk.

By Reginald Hallward.

which was hardly the case when I was a youth. There has come with this intelligent appreciation more liberal conditions, so that the artist has no longer to follow certain conventions or to work shackled by rules imposed by ignorance and prejudice. One of the points emphasised by the honorary secretary of the Clergy and Artists' Association, was their desire to restore fine painting and architecture in the church decoration of our day.

It is no part of my present purpose to offer any criticism on individual works produced in connection with the Clergy and Artists' Association. I have been enabled by the courtesy of those members of the society who have done work through its instrumentality to reproduce some examples in these pages, and I shall leave them to speak for themselves.

FRED. MILLER.



Front of Altar in the Chapel at Welbeck Abbey, in copper-gilt.

By Conrad Dressler.



*The Plains of Philippi.*  
*"Julius Caesar," Act 3, Scene 2.*

## TWO IMPORTANT THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS.



*Mark Antony—"Julius Caesar,"*  
*Act 3, Scene 2.*

with conventions, and so dominated by rules and customs, as the theatre. It is the haunt of tricks and devices, the scene of endless artificialities and rule-of-thumb contrivances, which are so childishly obvious that their power to deceive the spectators who have to accept them is scarcely explicable. There has been, on the whole, little progress in theatrical affairs towards any sincere appreciation of artistic subtleties; and the spectacular material which satisfied generations long departed is still used, almost without modification, to attract the present-day public. The reason for this is not difficult

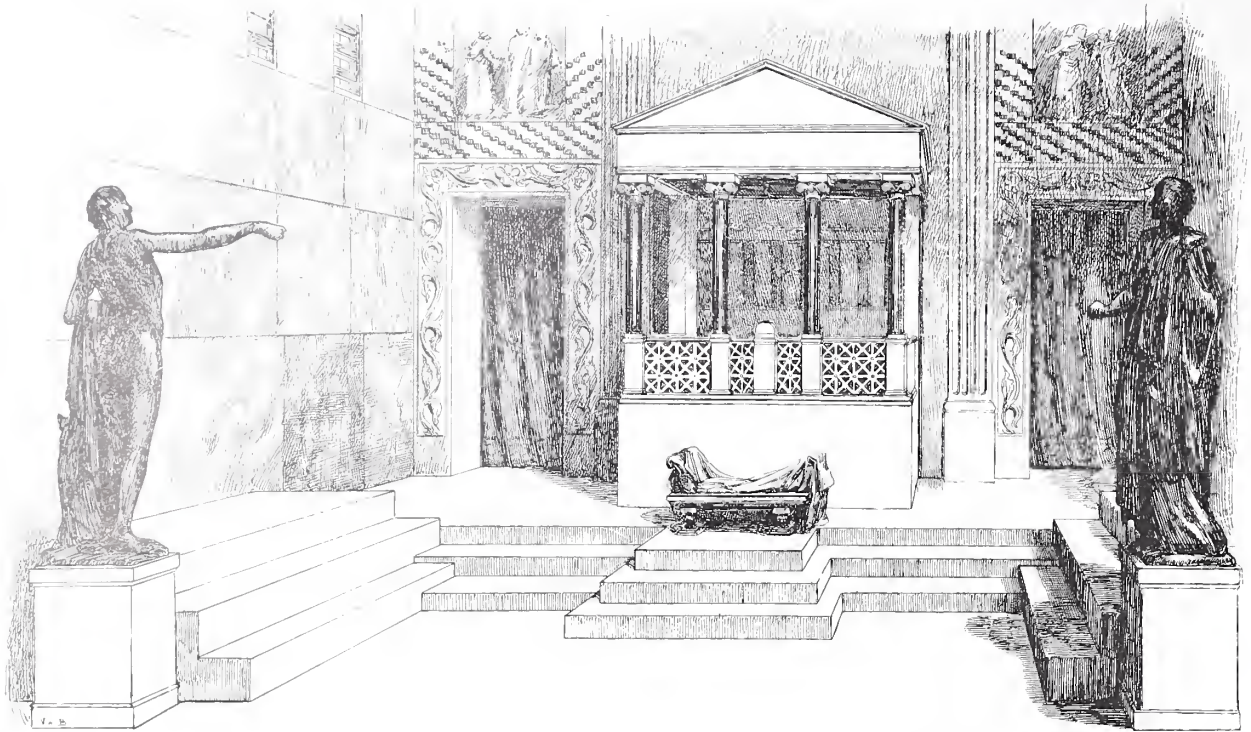
AMONG the many spheres of influence in which an artist may legitimately make his authority felt there is none that offers opportunities so wide and advantages so considerable as are afforded by the stage. In the mounting and setting of spectacular plays the chance of gaining effects of colour and picturesque groupings of people and things is one of rare value. The stage is, as it were, a huge canvas on which can be depicted a constantly changing succession of pictures full of actual movement, and possessing that special quality of vitality which results from the use of living figures in the compositions that are presented. Yet, oddly enough, there is no place so hedged round

to understand. A theatre is a business undertaking, carried on by business men who have an excellent acquaintance with the manners and customs of the profession with which they are connected, but, for want of any real contact with the painter's point of view, appreciate only in the most superficial way what are the pictorial possibilities of the stage. It is natural enough that new departures for which there is no precedent should be rare in the theatrical world, and that stage managers, scene painters, and costumiers should shrink from experiments which imply serious disregard of tradition, and an incursion into wider Art fields, with the landmarks of which they are almost unacquainted.

But all the more on this account does every effort on the part of the leaders of the theatrical profession to join hands with pictorial art deserve the most appreciative recognition. The widening of the limits of artistic endeavour is something for which all people who have real æsthetic beliefs are always anxious, and they naturally rejoice to find on their side those managers of theatres who have the intelligence to see possibilities beyond their immediate surroundings. That the movement towards a sincere union between the stage and the studio is making real progress is proved by the two productions which have this winter gained well-deserved



*Calpurnia—"Julius Caesar,"*  
*Act 1, Scene 3.*



The Senate House.  
"Julius Cæsar," Act 1, Scene 5.

success. In *Julius Cæsar*, as presented by Mr. Beer-bohm Tree, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, as Mr. George Alexander has mounted it, there is afforded the most persuasive evidence that the co-operation of the picture painter is regarded as essential for the completing of a really irresistible appeal to the public. Both plays have been surrounded with a wealth of detail, and have been invested with an atmosphere of picturesque variety that only an artist accustomed to the contriving of elaborate compositions could provide; and in them both considerable concessions have been made to the desire of the better class of theatre-goers to see something more æsthetically satisfactory than could be ensured by observance of the ordinary stage conventions.

It is beyond doubt to the supervision exercised by Mr. Alma Tadema over the work of the scene painters and costumiers that must be ascribed the beauty of the stage pictures which are presented in rapid sequence in *Julius Cæsar*. From the very opening of the play the eye is delighted with rich harmonies of colour and with ever-changing groups, each one of which seems more attractive and more complete than that which has pre-

ceded it. The first scene, 'A Public Place,' with its suggestion of wide space and brilliant sunlight, is cleverly arranged to serve as a background to the crowds of citizens and sightseers who gather to greet Cæsar as he passes triumphantly to and from the Senate House;

and the effect gained by the contrast of the reds, purples, and whites, which predominate in the Imperial procession, with the warm greys, blues, and browns of the unofficial costumes, is extremely impressive. It is sumptuous and dignified without being heavy, and solid without loss of sparkle and vivacity. Quite a different note is struck in the next scene, 'Brutus's Orchard,' where the white-robed Brutus meets his fellow-conspirators, and plans among the shadows of the night the downfall of Cæsar; and an even more effective change is made when to this moonlit garden succeeds the gorgeous interior of 'Cæsar's House.' Here, fittingly enough, the colour is again glowing and insistent, an arrangement of deep reds, orange, and golden browns, judiciously schemed to relieve the brighter hues of the dresses. A fine picture is presented when Cæsar in the Imperial purple, with Calpurnia in her grey-green robes beside him, receives



Beatrice—"Much Ado about Nothing."

Act 2, Scene 1.

the senators in their official garb of white and red. The combination is a daring one, but in its result succeeds beyond all question. It is artistically one of the finest moments in the play.

In the fifth scene, 'The Senate House,' there is less scope for variety, and the chromatic effect resolves itself into a massing of red and white against a background in shades of grey-green. Yet by its very simplicity the arrangement becomes curiously impressive, adding effectively to the dramatic significance of the tragedy of Cæsar's death. Everything is in keeping, consistently quiet and significant; and there is no jarring note to take away the spectator's attention from the action of the play. The scene itself does credit to the painter, Mr. Harker, who is responsible for all the five which are seen in the first act.

The remaining three were painted by Mr. Hann. The most ambitious of them is 'The Forum,' which stands all through the second act. It is remarkable for its intricate design and for its treatment of architectural detail, but by its elaboration it loses something of its importance and solid strength. Yet there is much to admire in the appropriate atmosphere of the scene when the crowd, swayed by the words of Antony, gather round the bier of the dead Cæsar. The whole effect becomes congruous when the stir and turmoil of the mob give the needed touch of action; and the insistence of the painted surroundings ceases to seem exaggerated while the shouting and gesticulating citizens fill every inch of the stage. It is only during moments of comparative quiet that any doubt as



Beatrice—"Much Ado about Nothing."

Act 1, Scene 1.

to the fitness of the design is felt. Of the two scenes which are used in the last act, the second, 'The Plains of Philippi,' is the more interesting. It is agreeably reserved in colour and simple in its arrangement, and is particularly commendable on account of the suggestion given of vast extent of distance by the clever aerial perspective of the back-cloth. Its reticence is the more valuable because the action of the play brings on to the stage the opposing armies of Antony and Brutus, and crowds all the available space with gorgeous colour and with the glitter of warlike trappings. A landscape in more decided tints would have been out of place, for it would have quarrelled with the more important facts of the pictorial scheme. As it is, it ends effectively a series of pictures all of which are attractive, and some of which have every quality of a fine painting save that of permanent statement.

At the St. James's Theatre the costumes are, on the whole, more obvious than the scenery. *Much Ado about Nothing* does not, as a play, give such great opportunities to the scene painter as *Julius Cæsar*. The story is a domestic one, not a piece of history, and therefore calls for daintier treatment and a lighter touch. So, with good judgment, the setting has been kept quiet and free from elaborate display; and the brilliancy of the stage pictures is secured by the care taken over the colour combinations produced by the juxtaposition of bright-hued dresses. For this welcome gaiety great credit is due to Messrs. Arthur Melville and Graham Robertson and Mr. Karl, by whose joint labours the colour scheme of the play was perfected, and the delightfully



Hero—"Much Ado about Nothing."

Act 3, Scene 1.



Hero—"Much Ado about Nothing."

Act 1, Scene 1.



Beatrice—"Much Ado about Nothing."

Act 4, Scene 1.



Sketch for 'Leonato's Orchard,'  
"Much Ado about Nothing," Act 2.

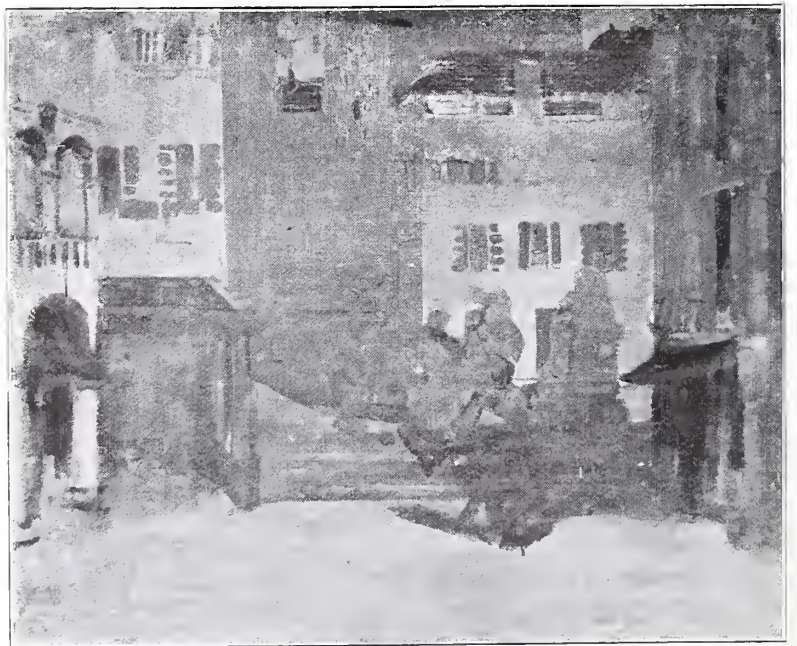
appropriate fitting of the dress to each character has been devised. In the St. James's production Mr. Melville and Mr. Robertson acted as advisers, as Mr. Alma Tadema did with *Julius Caesar*, and in both plays Mr. Karl's ability in preparing the actual drawings from which the costumes were made by Messrs. Nathan is very well illustrated. In *Julius Caesar* the scope for fancy in devising quaint details of personal adornment is necessarily limited, but in *Much Ado about Nothing* the opportunities are endless, and they have certainly been turned to excellent account. Every scene sparkles joyously, every group is a feast of colour, and yet nowhere is there any departure from good taste. It would have been easy to carry gorgeousness beyond its due limits, and to spoil the charm of the play by a hint of vulgarity; but nowhere is any such hint to be perceived. Riot never degenerates into licence, and happy brightness never becomes mere empty glitter. The effect is, in a word, consistent and properly thought out, hence its delightful quality.

The sketches for all the scenery, except the elaborately built up church interior, designed and painted by Mr. W. Telbin, were provided by Messrs. Melville and Graham Robertson. In the 'Court of Leonato's House,' the characteristic sense of design which distinguishes all Mr. Melville's work is most apparent, though in the working out, Mr. Ryan, who painted the actual scene, would seem to have lost some of the brilliancy of contrast which is always the merit of Mr. Melville's pictures; and another typical study is that adapted for the "Dogberry" scene, one of the most artistic effects in the play, and one of the happiest arrangements of light and shade that has ever been managed on the stage. The most sumptuous set of all is the 'Great Hall of Leonato's House,' in which an excellent pictorial device is turned to account

and a valuable contrast of colour is gained by the relief of the strongly lighted interior against the deep blue of the midnight sky without.

But all these scenes are with excellent judgment designed not to be pictures by themselves, but to serve as effective backgrounds to the action of the play. Against them the dresses, whether singly or in groups, arrange themselves in a fashion that is always delightful. From the first scene, where in a harmony of golden yellows, browns, and dull reds, the accents are given by the green, heliotrope and white gown of Beatrice, and the geranium red cloak and silver armour of Benedick, to the last, where the wedding guests, gathered in the great hall, provide a gorgeous display of mingled colors emphasized by the black and silver dress of Don Pedro and the black tunic of Antonio, there is nothing that would not please an artist's eye. In the church scene, perhaps, the figures are a little over-weighted by their surroundings, but the picture is still an effective one, brilliant, yet delicate, and

marred in colour, if it is at all, only by the inappropriate crimson worn by Benedick, which is somewhat out of harmony with the brighter colours round about, and with the masses of white in the robes of the priests and acolytes. Altogether the production deserves to rank as one of the chief artistic successes that have been achieved upon the stage. It is a definite attempt to make a play really pictorial; and it is an attempt that has not failed, because reliance has been placed upon experts who are qualified to deal with pictorial material. That in one season there should be presented such a dainty display as this *Much Ado about Nothing*, and such a well-ordered and sumptuous spectacle as *Julius Caesar*, and that both should prove so exactly suited to the popular taste, must be regarded as an indisputable proof of the value of real art in the theatre.

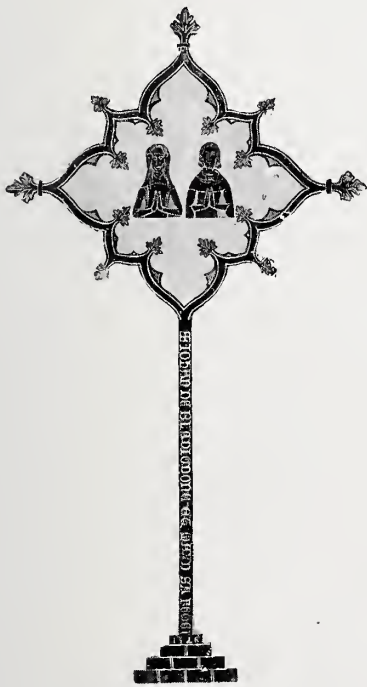


Sketch for 'A Street,'—"Much Ado about Nothing," Act 3, Scene 2.



No. 1.—Portion of Border of Brass to Jan J. Clays and his wife, in the Church of Our Lady, at Nieuport, West Flanders.

## MONUMENTAL BRASSES: THEIR LETTERING AND ORNAMENT.



No. 2.—Brass to the memory of 'Johan de Bladigdone et Maud sa feme,' in the Church of East Wickham, Kent.

grateful for the unprofitable research of which they have gathered the fruits. And now designers and craftsmen—makers of the household goods that the domestic person, in his heart, really loves and worships more than all the painting or statuary ever exhibited—these are finding that for them also have the historians of the lesser arts preserved a mass of priceless material, masterpieces which have survived the chances of many hundred years.

The study of monumental brasses and slabs has been hitherto the peculiar birthright of the uncompromising antiquary. He has given hours to deciphering inscriptions, and tracing descents by means thereof. He has fought fierce but unremembered fights with obdurate and scornful parsons for the better preservation of the objects of his affection. Even has he sacrificed his very health in making laborious rubbings in cold and draughty churches for the sole delectation of himself

THE increasing attention justly paid to the handicrafts—perhaps even a little at the expense of the Fine Arts—is resulting in a keener appreciation of many of the lesser-known mediæval crafts. We are learning to value good workmanship; and to look for it in hitherto almost unexplored by-ways. The antiquaries—once a much-abused generation—are reaping the reward of years of patient and unassuming labour; great painters have even condescended to historical accuracy in matters of costume and the like, and have been

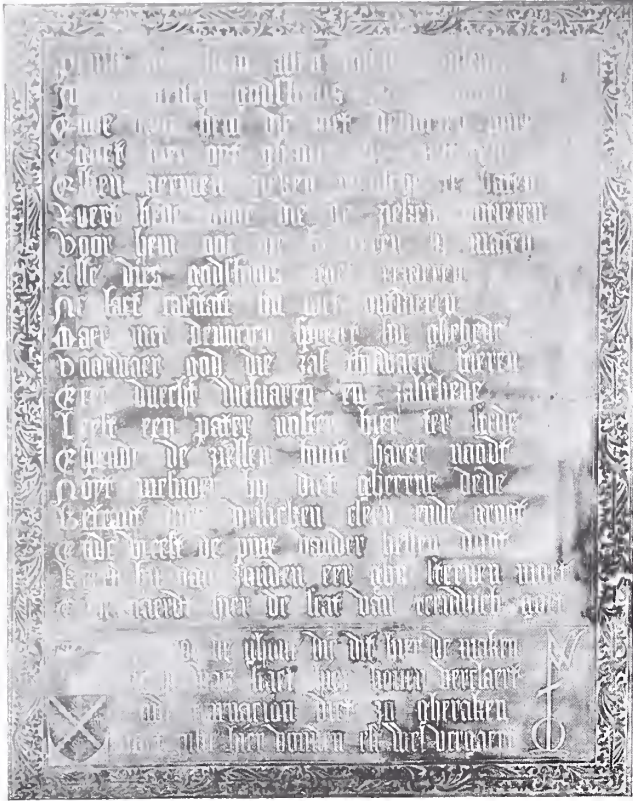
and the two or three of his sect. So that a kind of prejudice has sprung up against the very subject—the British craftsman is slow to travel in unaccustomed ways; and the very name seems to have made him afraid. "Brasses" were a curious sport for old gentlemen of weird tastes, but of no other avail—let them go!

Yet how shortsighted is this view. Too much may, perhaps, have been made of the genealogical and heraldic value of these memorials; but that is only the fault of those who, having eyes, see not. For a representative collection of rubbings of brasses and slabs will afford a complete and accurate record of the costume—military, ecclesiastical and civil—of the whole period from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. It will illustrate the various weapons and utensils in use during that time, trace the development of architectural styles, and throw much unsuspected light on social history. And lastly, it will give a superb set of examples of lettering and ornament, practicable in the extreme by reason of the very nature of the material in which they have been wrought. The intention of this paper is to indicate shortly, by means of a series of typical examples, some of the especial characteristics of this old craft; not so much with any hope of a revival of its former glories, as with a view to suggesting it as a most fruitful field of study for all interested in practical art.

It is hardly necessary for our purpose to devote much time to a consideration of the origin of the custom of incising obituary inscriptions or records on slabs of stone or metal. We may shortly summarize what is known by saying that it is not until the twelfth century



No. 3.—Slab to the memory of George de Niverville, at Niverville (Namur).



No. 4.—Brass to Pieter van Muelenbeke, formerly in the Chapel of St. John's Hospital at Bruges.

that the art in anything like its later form manifested itself. At that time effigies in low relief, with a portion of their lines actually incised, first made their appearance; and also plaques of enamelled copper used for similar purposes. During the succeeding century, however, a progression was made to the simple slab of stone or brass plate, incised with figures and inscriptions; as well as to more complex arrangements of inlaid coloured stones or mastic, or combinations of enamelled plates with the other materials. To this period belongs our third illustration, a rubbing from the incised slab to the memory of George de Niverlée, at Niverlée (Namur). This piece of work is of fine execution; the lines of the drapery being especially well conceived, as are also the decorative wyverns at the feet of the mailed figure. The lettering is good, of a mixed character frequently found at this time, and the whole design—in the original 9 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft.—is an excellent example of masterly simplicity. The inscription reads: + ANNO . DOMINI . M.C.C.L.X. SECUNDI . QVINTO . NONAS . MAII . OBIT . GEORGIVS . MILES . DENEURELEI . ES . SIT . TIBI . PROPICIA . GEORGI . VIRGO . MARIA. A line is drawn through GEORGI, and the letters MILM . PIA . are inserted immediately below.

In the fourteenth century, the ornamentation of slabs and brasses became much more elaborate, architectural canopies and niches in which the figures were placed being especially remarkable. To this period belong also a fine series of floriated crosses, one of which we illustrate. Unfortunately, these are rarely found in a perfect condition; in our example the figures, the lower portion of the cross and part of the stem are all that is left of the original: the remainder being a restoration, certainly faulty in the characters of the date. This brass, to the memory of JOHAN DE BLADIGDONE ET MAVD SA FEME, is in the Church of East Wickham, Kent, and is a fair type of its class.

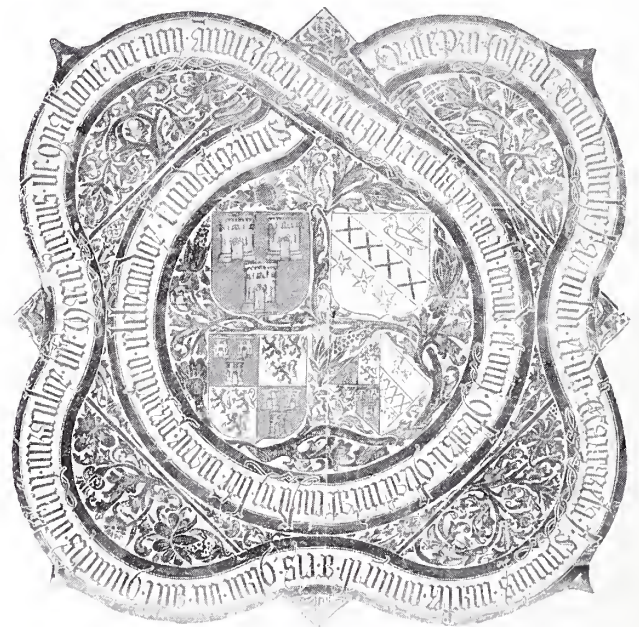
Neither of the foregoing examples is remarkable for

richness or elaboration of ornament. Those qualities, as so often found in the handicrafts, were developed by later generations of craftsmen, among whom the pride of facile execution and competition of mere technical skill took the place of that stern reticence in which the earlier masters delighted. In looking at the treatment of the wyverns in the slab of George de Niverlée, one must concede that the artist, if he had so desired, could have filled his panel with the very luxury of ornament. But his strength lay in selection; and he knew well how to give the highest possible value to what few lines he used by rigidly avoiding every form that would clash with them or degrade them to mere incidents in a diaper.

But the later artists are by no means to be despised. In the finer examples their work often gains, if only by the storing of wealth, almost as much as it has lost of simplicity and dignity. And it is to this class that the student will look for material and suggestion; not treating the specimen before him as a whole, but analysing it, so to speak, into all its pleasant elements of pattern, lettering, scroll, or emblem.

The brass of Jan Clays and his wife, in the Church of our Lady, at Nieuport, West Flanders, is a superb specimen of craftsmanship. The main design is a seated angel vested in alb, amice, and crossed stole, and supporting a large escutcheon on which appear the arms of Clays and De Hondt most beautifully worked. This is enclosed within a rectangular border of ornamental foliage and grotesques, among which run scrolls bearing the inscription in Gothic characters. At each angle is a quatrefoil panel with an emblem of one of the Evangelists, and the long side lines are broken also by the employment of two similar panels with the armorial bearings of the two families. The whole brass is 8 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. We reproduce, as a headpiece, a portion of one border, which will give an idea of the excellence of the lettering and ornament, and also of the really fine treatment of the Evangelistic symbols. The date of the work is 1468, and a rubbing of the whole brass (as, indeed, of those which form the subjects of our other illustrations) can be seen in the very large and valuable collection in the National Art Library, at the South Kensington Museum.

We give, on this page, an example of excellent lettering



No. 5.—Centre of Brass to Master Bernardin van Hove, at the Church of St. Saviour, Bruges.



surrounded by an ornamental border in which, as with so much good decorative art, an effect of adequate richness is produced by quite simple means. This is a rubbing taken in 1856 from the brass of Pieter van Muelenbeke, formerly in the Chapel of St. John's Hospital at Bruges.

The verses form, as will be readily seen, an acrostic on his name; and the capitals are, perhaps, as good a set as could be readily found of their special form. The small letters are also well written, but with some excess of formality, due doubtless to the suggestion of the material: such ornaments as are used do not sufficiently well combine with the integral form of the letters themselves.

The Church of St. Saviour at Bruges supplies us with our next illustration, a quatrefoil which forms part of a memorial to several members of a family who died between 1517 and 1533. In addition to the portion reproduced, there is also a lozenge overlaid with an inscribed scroll, forming the frame to an effigy of Master Bernardin van Hove, notary ecclesiastic and scrivener in the court of the Bishop of Tournay. It is the only known representation on an incised brass of an officer of this rank. We have, however, chosen to reproduce the portion

given, for the sake of the excellent treatment of the foliage which fills the various compartments of the quatrefoil. The lettering will also repay close examination, a curious and beautiful interlacement of the terminations being well worthy of note. The inscription runs:—*Orate . pro . Johē . de . Coudenb'ghe . F. Arnoldi . et . doct' . Margarēta . F. Symōis . macfer . cōiugib' . ac . eis . q . santē . vel . affitē . q . iunctis . officij . miraculor . btē . Marie . v'ginis . de . q . passione . nec . non . āniuersarij . f'petui . in . hac . ecclia . pro . ātib' . corūdē . et . oim . q .*

*fratru . q . fratnitat' . eiusdem . btē . marie . perpetuo . celebrandor . fundatoribus .*

English brasses are easily distinguishable from those by Continental craftsmen. The latter, as a rule, employed a single plate, covering it with a sometimes bewildering profusion of ornament, architectural and otherwise. As we have already pointed out, this is generally very fine in detail, but in complete effect it fails to equal the more simple and dignified result

obtained in this country. Instead of one large plate of formal shape, the English artists employed several of varying outline, band, shield, quatrefoil, or the like, sinking them into the stone, and so gaining a contrast giving high value to the shining surface of the metal. But it must not be assumed that every brass found in England is of English workmanship. In the Eastern Counties especially are to be found many which are of undoubtedly Flemish origin; and for the sake of their intrinsic merit, as well as for their local interest, we are able to reproduce rubbings from two of the best known.

The first, in the Church of St. Mary Quay, Ipswich, is a memorial to "Thomas Pounder, Marchanns, and Somtime balie of Ipswiche" and "Emme Pownder his wiffe." The former died, as

the inscription informs us, in the year 1525; the latter was probably still living when the brass was made, inasmuch as a blank space is left for the date of her death to be inserted.

This is a good example of the fine Flemish work of the period. The lettering is beautifully spaced and proportioned, the ornament in the best style of the Renaissance as developed in the Low Countries. The faces suggest faithful portraiture; and one may be pardoned for pointing out the spirit and pride in his calling which gave the



No. 6.—Brass to 'Thomas Pounder, Marchanns,' and his wife, at the Church of St. Mary Quay, Ipswich.



No. 7.—Brass to Peter, son of Nicolas Palinck, and his wife, at Alkmaar.

“merchant’s mark” precedence in the composition over the shields of arms to which the family were entitled.

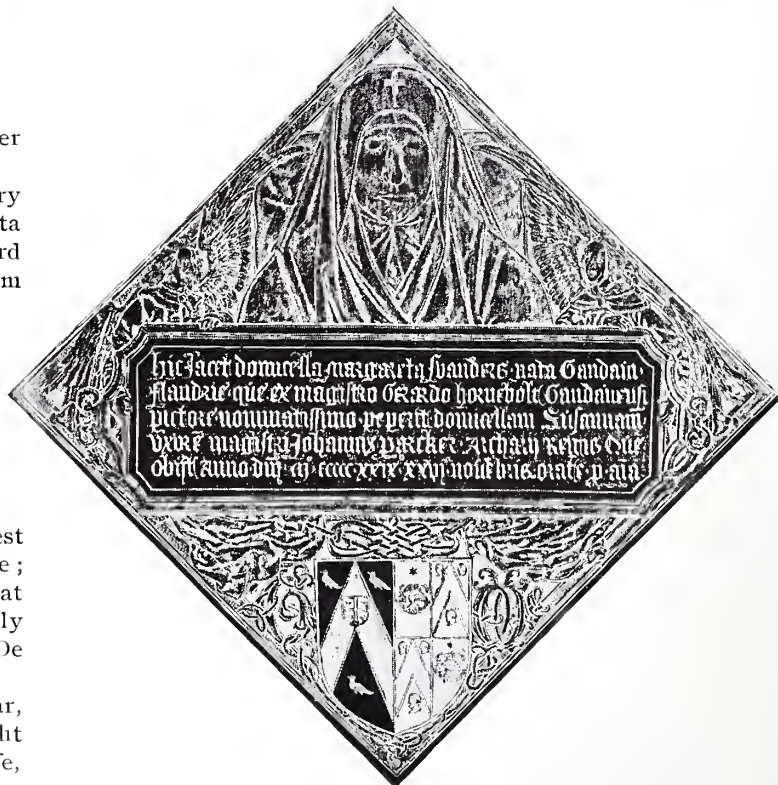
Our second example of foreign work in this country is the interesting diamond-shaped brass to “Margareta’s Vanders,” which was designed by her husband, Gerard Hornebolt, the painter, and erected by him in Fulham Church, where it still remains. This is of rare shape and exquisite design. The peaceful and dignified face in its grave-clothes, the artistic treatment of the supporting angels, the simple boldness of the label, and the dexterity with which the drapery dies away into mere interlacements—making a frame suitable for the shield of arms and initials of the painter and his wife at the foot of the panel—all combine to stamp the composition as of the highest order. Gerard Hornebolt was an artist of some repute; and in leaving the subject it may be pointed out that the name of his wife should not be read, as is usually the case, “Saunders,” but is the equivalent of “De Vandere.”

Our last specimen is a rubbing of a brass at Alkmaar, to the memory of Peter, son of Nicolas Palinck, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, and Josina Van Foreest, his wife, the dates of their deaths being 1546 and 1541 respectively. The figures are somewhat coarsely represented, clad in

grave-clothes. Above them is a shield bearing the arms of Jerusalem, and supported by two angels and palm-branches. The shields on the side borders—which are not seen in the reproduction—bear religious symbols, the wheel of St. Katherine and a Vernacle. The faces in this case also are portraits, the Museum at Alkmaar “containing two portraits on panel of the persons here commemorated” (Weale).

It is impossible, within the limits of so short an essay, to do justice to the whole of a subject of these dimensions, but enough may have been said to indicate how varied and valuable is the field open for the research of the student. There has been in our day too great a tendency hitherto for amateurs of art to confine themselves exclusively to one only of its branches. The goldsmith has hardly ever sought for inspiration from the engraver, or the designer of stained glass from the old illuminators—to take two cases. And in the matter of these brasses we have another instance. Surely they are worth consideration in connection with the early history of engraving. The attribution of the invention of this art to Finiguerra has been long ago disproved, and its authentic origin placed a good half-century earlier. But we need not, in dating it even at the beginning of the fifteenth century, shut our eyes to the existence of a process at least two hundred years older, and practically identical except for the final operation of taking a rubbing or print. The art of engraving on brass or stone was well known and widely spread over the whole of the north-west of Europe during that period, and it is easily conceivable that it should at last have occurred to some long-forgotten commercial genius of the Middle Ages that herein lay a means of supplanting at a cheap rate the rare and costly works of the miniaturists.

However this may be, we are fortunate that the nature of the materials utilized has endowed the present generation with so many well-preserved specimens of the art; and this in spite of vandalism of the grossest and most unintelligent kind. The unfortunate habit of laying



No. 8.—Brass to Margareta’s Vanders, in Fulham Church.

brasses in the floors of churches has been especially destructive; not only by reason of wear and tear by the feet of the devout; but by the exceeding carelessness of the custodians of ecclesiastical fabrics as to what became of the old memorials, when new pavements or repairs were undertaken. Still, it is to be hoped that these days of cold neglect are well-nigh at an end; and that the revival of intelligent interest in the crafts, which is perhaps the most characteristic feature of con-

temporary art, will of itself tend towards the efficient preservation of materials so valuable for the study of ornament, of history, of costume, and of the rare art of writing good letters. A rubbing itself has often artistic qualities which scarcely reveal themselves in the original; and an exhibition of representative examples on a large scale would, probably, come as a revelation to the art-loving world.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.



*Sweden.*

*By Carl Greger.*

## CAMERA CRAFT.

AN important sign of the growing recognition of photography as a means of artistic expression is the increasing extent to which photographic pictures are used for home decoration. I do not refer to the portraits of celebrities, local views, and snapshot efforts of amateur friends, which are stuck everywhere in too many homes where artistic taste is lamentably absent. These things are mere abortions, having no proper connection with pictorial photography, and only affecting it in so far as they tend to give to people of taste a strong prejudice against all things photographic. The pictures to which I refer as being increasingly used are those individual works of which even a master in photography can only produce a very limited number, and which it is quite impossible to print by the dozen, even when the satisfactory negative is in existence.

There are now many photographic subjects, possibly two or three hundreds in the world, which may fairly be considered as masterpieces, and any one of which is, at least, as worthy of suitable framing and hanging, with its own particular place in the decoration of a room, as are a very great number of the engravings and photo-gravures after painters' originals which now hold honoured places on our walls.

Perhaps the oldest systematic attempt to fairly represent pictorial photography is that of the National Museum in connection with the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, U.S.A., through its official photographer, Professor T. W. Smillie. It is only within the past two years that Mr. Smillie has obtained an appropriation for the purchase of such works, but for many years he has been collecting such as he could obtain by exchange or gift, and in the space which he is even now arranging for their reception he will have a very fairly representative

collection of the pictorial work of the two hemispheres—the first collection of this description ever exhibited by a National institution. Of course many of the photographic societies and camera clubs have collections of work; in some cases confined to their members' productions, but more frequently selected from the pictures shown at their open exhibitions. The finest collection of this kind is owned by the Royal Photographic Society and its affiliated societies, but good collections are also in the possession of the Camera Club (London), the Liverpool Photographic Society, and several other societies and clubs in England. The American societies almost invariably own collections of greater or less value, and I was interested, on recently visiting the rooms of the Boston Camera Club (U.S.A.), to note that the nucleus of the collection was a fine exhibit (perhaps two dozen examples) of the work of Frank M. Sutcliffe, of Whitby.

The best of all these collections, however, is in the hands of George Timmins, of Syracuse, N.Y., a wealthy American amateur photographer, who has given much time and money to the gathering and arranging of really representative works. The rooms and halls of Mr. Timmins' home are almost entirely free from non-photographic pictures, and the effect, from a decorative point of view, is eminently satisfactory. The collection now numbers about three hundred and fifty examples, but Mr. Timmins is constantly modifying it, replacing some of the less satisfactory works as he is able to obtain better examples by the same artists. In May, 1896, the collection was placed on exhibition in Syracuse, and at that time consisted of two hundred and seventy-eight prints, from some eighty photographers.

In the making of such a collection of works there is very ample scope, not only for art knowledge, but also



*Tissington Spires.*

*By the late Richard Keene.*

for a special study of the subject in hand. It is by no means a matter of money and time alone; and the results can be made instructive to an extent far beyond the educational value of a collection of good prints. One of the very first difficulties arises from the fact that the photographers often have their own pet subjects, and are loth to be represented in a permanent collection by the works which an unprejudiced critic may consider their best. This is especially liable to be the case where a man has appreciably changed his style in the course of years. He may be anxious to withdraw and suppress the earlier work, even though it was stronger and more characteristic than the later. Even if the later work is considered the better, the collector can convey most useful lessons by having examples of each period, showing the growth of a style; and in some cases the obtaining of the earlier examples will be a matter of no little diplomacy. Perhaps the best example of changing style is the veteran photographer, H. P. Robinson, whose periods may be exemplified by 'Fading Away,' an extreme example of composite printing, by 'Carolling,' perhaps the very finest of his "landscape with figure" subjects; and by 'The Quarry,' one of the best of his pure landscapes. Frank M. Sutcliffe is another worker whose distinctive style has changed, and who is strong in both; another is Lieut.-Colonel J. Gale; and yet another very good example is Shapoor N. Bhedwar.

When one comes to attempt a list, however inadequate, of the workers and the works which should be included in a representative collection, one is faced by the great difficulty of knowing what to choose and what to leave out, and the following list must be accepted as very imperfect, for it omits many names of quite equal standing with many of those which are included. In pure portraiture one might well begin with H. H. H.

Cameron's 'Miss Bagge,' W. Crooke's 'Miss Maefarlane,' or 'Lady Mary Lygon,' Alfred Stieglitz' 'Portrait of my Father,' H. Van der Weyde's 'Mrs. Kendal,' and J. Craig Annan's 'Little Princess,' or 'Sibylla.' Of course there must be one of Frederiek Hollyer's portraits, but it is very difficult to select one from the great number of his works—perhaps 'John Rnskin' would be most permanently satisfactory. And there should be examples from Ralph W. Robinson, Miss Frances B. Johnston, Hollinger, and others. In the figure studies one should include James A. Sinclair's 'The Water-Carrier'; Alfred Stieglitz' 'Scurrying Home'; O. G. Rejlander's 'Garibaldi,' and 'The Crossing-Sweeper'; R. Eickemeyer's 'The Kitten's Breakfast'; Shapoor N. Bhedwar's 'Before the Bath,' and 'After the Bath,' his 'The Mystic Sign,' and perhaps one subject from his series of 'The Naver Ceremony'; J. S. Bergheim's 'Magdalen'; F. Holland Day's 'Ethiopian Chief'; and examples by C. Puyo, Count von Gloeden, Guglielmo Plüschow, Charles I. Berg, and Will A. Cadby. In more strictly genre studies (some of the figure studies properly belong to this class) we should have Frank M. Sutcliffe's 'Water-rats' and 'Stern Reality'; J. Craig Annan's 'Ploughing in Normandy'; Mr. and Mrs. Anckorn's 'Spinning'; Lyddel Sawyer's 'The Boat-Builders,' or 'Tam o' Shanter and Souther Johnnie'; R. Demachy's 'A Fan' or 'Study for a Poster'; Adam Diston's 'The Smithy'; H. P. Robinson's 'Fading Away,' and 'Carolling'; Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett's 'Spinning-wheel,' or 'Peeling Apples'; John E. Dumont's 'Melody'; and Mrs. S. Francis Clarke's 'Aha!' or 'After Mass.' Landscape (and seascape) should include one or more works by Dr. P. H. Emerson, George Davison and A. Horsley Hinton (who might be represented by 'The Reed Harvest,' and also by one of his later works). There should be 'Tissington Spires,' by the late Richard Keene; Bernard Alfieri's 'The Derelict'; Carl Greger's 'Snowdonia,' or one of his Dutch landscapes; Alfred Clement's 'Sand Dunes'; Paul Lange's 'Hardanger Fiord'; A. R. Dresser's 'Corbière Rocks'; F. Boissonas' 'Night in January'; J. Kidson Taylor's 'Sunrise'; Charles Job's 'Sunset on the Marshes'; and examples by John A. Hodges, W. B. Post, Dr. Hugo Henneberg, the Chevalier Lafosse, F. H. Worsley Benison and Colonel Gale. In architecture the choice would be exceedingly difficult. Frederick H. Evans' 'Stairway, Lincoln Cathedral' would be one example, and 'The Strangers' Hall, Norwich,' by J. Bulbeek & Co., would be another. Edgar G. Lee's 'Castle Garth' should be included, also Harold Baker's 'South Ambulatory, Westminster,' and examples by Freeman Dovaston, Bolas & Co., John H. Avery, and Charles H. Oakden. A few animal subjects would be worth including, such as 'Deer,' by A. G. Wallihan; 'Highland Cattle,' and 'Young Lesser Whitethroats,' by Charles Reid; 'Sunfish,' by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt; 'An Owllet,' by R. B. Lodge; and 'The Home of the Ospreys,' by Cherry Kearton. Amongst the unclassified should be one of Paul A. Martin's series of 'London by Night,' with one of Alfred Stieglitz' and one of William A. Fraser's on similar lines. H. T. Malby would contribute one of his flower-pieces, and Mrs. Carine Cadby one of her decorative weed studies.

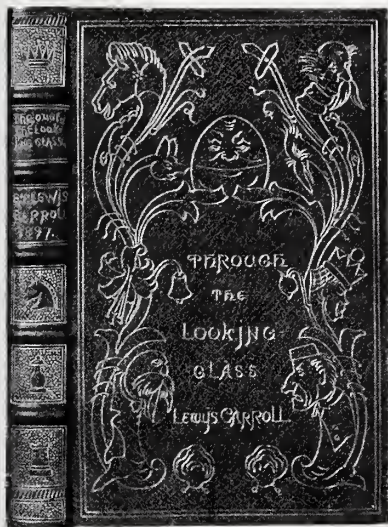
Such a collection would by no means exhaust the excellent available work, yet every example would be chosen for its artistic quality, and almost every example would be so far distinctive that anyone well acquainted with the work of our leading photographers could name the producer of any of them even if he had never seen that particular picture.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



*Workers in Copper and Silver.  
Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts.*

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.



*Example of Bookbinding.  
Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts.*

in the congenial atmosphere of Bedford Park, where several artists were at that time taking houses and building studios. The Chiswick students gained many successes in the Government examinations, and so far as the quality of the work done in the school was concerned, the expectations of its founders were fulfilled. Nevertheless it was found after a time that the students, though industrious, were not sufficiently numerous to enable the school to pay its way, and six or seven years ago a scheme of reconstruction was decided upon. Under this scheme it was arranged that various handicrafts, wood-carving, metal-work, bookbinding, etc., should be taught in the school, in addition to the regular drawing, painting, and design.

1898.

THE Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts, in which so much good work has recently been done, was built about seventeen years ago in the midst of that picturesque little colony known as Bedford Park. It was originally intended to devote the school entirely to Art, and it was confidently hoped that the institution would thrive, and grow rapidly

The reconstruction was carried out by Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., Mr. J. T. Carr, and Mr. Burchett, the last named being then the head master of the school. It was agreed that besides holding classes for instruction, endeavours should be made to obtain commissions which could be carried out in the school, and thus give a more practical direction to the training and work of the pupils. Soon after the reconstruction Mr. Burchett retired, and Mr. Bernard Collier was appointed Art Master and Director, Mr. Purdon Clarke acting as Honorary Director of the Crafts Classes. Mr. Collier, under whose charge the school has since remained, is an accomplished designer, as well as a draughtsman and painter, and he has taught many of the workers in the different departments to become successful designers in their own particular branches.

Mr. Collier has himself supplied the designs for the more important commissions which have been executed in the School. He designed, among other things, the gold chain and the great silver-gilt mace which were made not long since at Chiswick for the Mayor and Corporation of Widnes. Miss Hewitt, a pupil of Mr. Collier,



*Bookbinders.  
Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts.*

K K



*Rose-Water Dish in Repoussé Copper.  
Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts.*

was, until recently, responsible for many of the designs carried out at Chiswick; but she has now accepted an appointment at the Falmouth School. Miss Hewitt designed covers for several of his books for the late Lewis Carroll, and the binding of these books was in progress when the author died. The cover of "Through the Looking-Glass," on which are portrayed the Walrus and the Carpenter, and other characters in that delightful book, is shown in one of the illustrations which accompany this article.

Another illustration shows some of the Chiswick bookbinders at work. The two students in the background are working at the sewing presses, and the young lady on the extreme right is engaged in "finishing" a volume. The curious-looking implements which hang

in a long row on the screen behind the figures are the "rolls" of various kinds which are used in the tooling. In a third illustration the copper and silver workers may be seen. This department is one of the busiest—and certainly the noisiest—at Chiswick. Some very good repoussé work is done here, and some capital examples of the women students' skill in this direction were to be seen a few weeks ago at the Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists at Suffolk Street. There is a special department for embroidery at Chiswick, and another for decorative leather-work.

The wood workers are very numerous. This department, in which carvers, cabinet-makers, and carpenters are employed, is directed by Mr. Arthur Heady, from whose designs much of the work is executed. Most of the wood workers and nearly all the staff of instructors in the School generally have received their training at Chiswick, and of this fact Mr. Collier is justly proud.

The visitor to the Chiswick School cannot fail to notice the keen interest that the students take in their work. The lackadaisical air which characterises so many of the ordinary art schools is conspicuous by its absence. At Chiswick everyone seems busy, and the chief workshop, where wood-carvers, cabinet-makers, copper workers, and bookbinders work side by side, is a sight worth seeing.

So many commissions have been executed in the classes, that when, some time ago, the Middlesex County Council considered the question of making an annual grant, it became necessary to divide the School into two portions—a teaching side, under Mr. Collier, and a commercial side (The Chiswick Art Workers' Guild), under the direction of Mr. J. T. Carr, who has always taken a peculiar interest in the welfare and management of the School. So far, the success of the Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts has been remarkable, and it is possible that in the near future its sphere of usefulness may be largely extended, for the Middlesex County Council are now negotiating for the purchase of the building, with a view to making it the Central Institute for Technical Education in the western division of the county.

W. T. WHITLEY.

## SOME PORTRAITS BY BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

**B**ENJAMIN-CONSTANT, membre de l'Institut, the best-known and most respected of the old academic French masters, has some interesting new portraits now on exhibition in Paris.

Until lately it has been as a painter of large historical pictures or Oriental subjects that the great man has been best known and admired, but during the last few years he has instead devoted himself almost exclusively to portraiture, and has become in consequence the leading portrait painter of France. He is one of the few who combine the three important characteristics not often found together, those of being fashionable, popular, and artistic. But he is successful in causing the wealthy to vie with each other for the privilege of sitting to him, the public to flock to see his work when on exhibition, and the artists to accord to him their praise and approbation. For that reason these three latest portraits of his now at the annual exhibitions of the Cercles Volney and Boissy d'Anglas—the two best art clubs of Paris, both counting him among their most honoured members—are creating quite a stir of interest and enthusiasm,

not only in the Paris art world, but in the social world as well.

It was two years ago that Benjamin-Constant painted the portrait that was his greatest success, the best work that he had as yet accomplished, and that to which he owes his present reputation—the portrait of his son, here reproduced. It was then exhibited first at the Cercle Boissy d'Anglas, where it caused such interest and received so much applause and approbation as have seldom before been equalled, and were only surpassed by the praise again lavished upon it when later in the spring it was once more on exhibition at the Salon des Champs-Élysées. Here it was given the medal of honour, and bought by the Government to be placed in the Luxembourg galleries, where it now hangs admired by all, the best-known and most talked of portrait in Paris. Strong and masterful, full of simplicity and freedom, a quiet harmony of deep dull tones, with nothing in the surroundings to detract the eye from the intellectual thoughtful face, it rests a perfect masterpiece.

Although this portrait of his son is considered as his

best, it is followed closely by one he has just completed of M. Gabriel Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and which is now at the Boissy d'Anglas. It is a three-quarter length. He stands facing us, with his hands leaning on the back of a chair, a small, earnest, nervous-looking man, with a refined expressive face. The colour and composition are quiet and harmonious; he is in black with a dark background touched with yellow; at one side hangs a heavy red and gold brocaded curtain; the light catches the gold here and there, and partially rests on the back of the chair, revealing the strongly modelled delicate hands, giving a bit of colour to the otherwise sombre hues. It is all kept so subdued that, as in the portrait of his son, nothing distracts the eye from the marvellous face. Gazing straight at you, the eyes partially veiled by glasses, beneath a broad intellectual brow slightly wrinkled in thought, are full of expression and character. This work can be studied and returned to again and again, one never wearying, always finding in it something new and of interest before unnoticed.

His two portraits at the Cercle Volney are one of Mr. Frederic Ayer, and the other a smaller one of a beautiful woman. This latter, a head only, is a charming bit of colour, full of brightness and vivacity, showing a brunette with a fresh complexion, smiling lips and eyes; *décolleté*, with a red rose at her shoulder, giving a brilliant dash to the white gauzy bodice and golden background. This is quite a departure from his usual work, as he seldom paints women, or treats anything in

the same light, superficial way, but though this is a most attractive portrait, both in the colour scheme and treatment, the one of Mr. Ayer is felt to be much superior, doubtless because it is worked up in the usual strong, earnest, and thorough way of which M. Benjamin-Constant is such a master. For brilliant and powerful as are most of his, this portrait of a bright, good-natured-looking elderly man with a white beard, seated, dressed in a fur coat, compares well with any that the artist has done, and stands out from among the surrounding portraits pre-eminently as the best, the admired of all.

Benjamin-Constant is one of the few men who invariably move one to admiration, and is perhaps the only man who is thoroughly academic, and not in the least impressionistic, who can yet hold one's attention as he does. But this is due not only to the thoroughness with which his portraits are worked out, but because, though all carefully studied, they are not in the least laboured; they are spontaneous but not careless,

though academic not hard or full of detail, broad and free, but with no visible technique.

That he compels attention can be seen by the crowds continually surging around his work, all endeavouring to get but a passing glance. But now that these exhibitions of the Cercles Volney and Boissy d'Anglas are taking place, there will be no more of his work exhibited until the Salons open in the spring, when all the world will await with interest to see what new things he will then bring forth.

L. L. PHELPS.



Portrait of his Son.

By Benjamin-Constant.

## PASSING EVENTS.

THERE seems at present to be some little uncertainty as to the fate of the project for holding an exhibition of International Art at Knightsbridge this spring. Some of the more notable men, whose names appeared at first on the list of the executive committee, have withdrawn—among them Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mr. Arthur Melville—and the largeness of the scheme has thereby been appreciably diminished. If the artists who still remain succeed in organising a really representative show, they will be entitled to a great deal of credit; but if, in consequence of these withdrawals, or because of any lack of judicious arrangement, they find themselves unable to make the result of their labours really creditable, they would be wise to postpone the exhibition till a more favourable moment. There would be no point in gathering a collection of second-rate work; there would, indeed, be no reason for going on with the idea unless it promised developments distinctly above the average. London is already overdone with Art shows, and to add another of no especial importance would only be to tax

the patience of the public. Whatever is done must be done well, and with a definite touch of novelty; to invite people to inspect the ordinary jumble of British and foreign work would be a serious mistake.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is, as usual, cosmopolitan in its character, comprising examples of many various styles and expressions in Art. It is to be regretted that at present the space at disposal is by no means adequate to do justice to the demand made upon it by the yearly increasing number of good works sent for exhibition.

There are several fine loan works—'Shelling Peas,' by the late Sir John Millais, so charming in its dainty freshness and spontaneity; also a small early work of Miss Siddall (Mrs. Rossetti); an excellent portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of 'Kitty Fisher,' large and simple in its treatment of grace and beauty; another of 'John Angerstein, Esq.,' retaining all its original freshness. 'The Fur Jacket,' by McNeill Whistler, is rare in quality

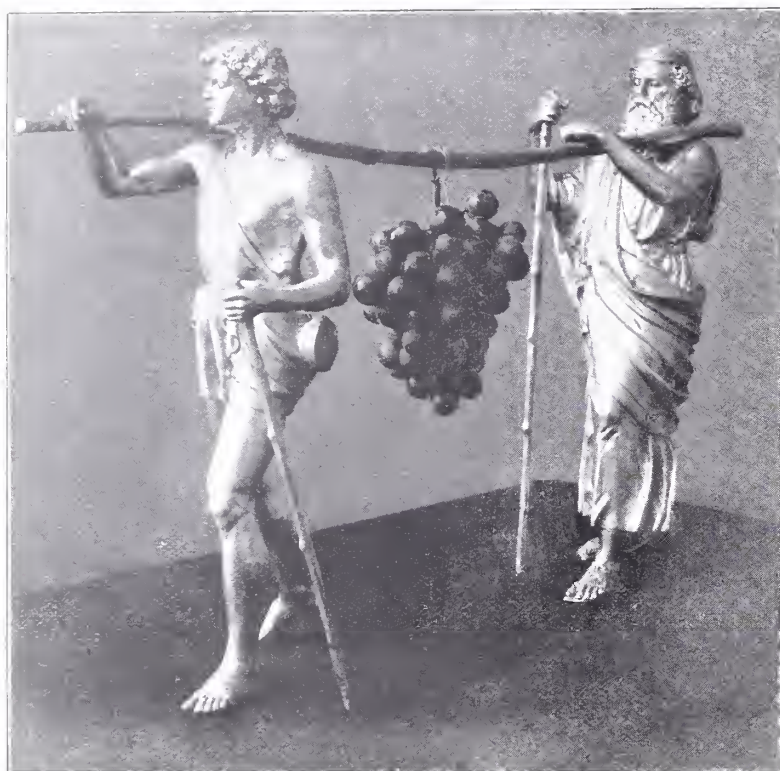
of tone and distinction. Sir Noël Paton's 'Luther at Erfurt' reminds one strongly of the pre-Raphaelite days in its earnest treatment of detail. An early Orchardson, 'Testing the Sword Blade,' is distinguished in colour and treatment, and somewhat deeper in tone than his later work. A powerful example of Cecil Lawson, 'A Pause in a Storm,' is fine in its suggestion of nature's grandeur. There is also one of Sam Bough's pictorial sunsets, and good examples of Alex. Fraser, Constable, Sir E. Landseer, Maris, Ribot, Corot, Israels, and others. Amongst recent work are an accomplished portrait by James Guthrie of 'Ex-Bailie Osborne,' and others by R. C. Crawford, J. Lavery, J. Henderson; Alex. Roche's 'Olivia'; and the large portrait of the well-known 'Sir Thomas Lipton,' by Professor Herkomer; T. Millie Dow's 'Eve,' beautiful in colour and refined decorative

R. W. Allan; and a finely-executed 'Study of a Peacock,' by E. Alexander.

The sculpture is also good, though not, as yet, so much encouraged as it deserves; G. Frampton, Onslow Ford, J. M. Swan, A. Drury, and A. McF. Shannon being well represented.

On the whole, the Exhibition shows the good work done by the Institute in encouraging the art impulse which has sprung up in Glasgow, and developed a body of painters with freshness and originality of aim; also of placing every opportunity of seeing fine works, so essential in educating to a high standard all interested in Art.

THE illustration given here is of a group designed as a centre-piece and modelled by W. Grant Stevenson, R.S.A., Edinburgh, for the Marquis of Bute, representing the return of the spies with the grapes of Eshcol. The younger figure, with loins girt and a water-bottle slung over his shoulder, walks with the elastic step of youth, while the venerable patriarch, more fully robed in Eastern costume, has also a characteristic action. The figures, which are twenty-one inches in height, are executed in solid silver by Messrs. Smith and Sons, goldsmiths to the Queen, 47, George Street, Edinburgh, and are a good example of the silversmith's art. This unique idea emanated from the Marquis, and besides being an ornament, the group will be utilized to carry real grapes on the dining-table. The photo is by Alex. A. Inglis, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.



*The Return of the Spies with the Grapes of Eshcol.*  
Designed and Modelled by W. Grant Stevenson, R.S.A.

treatment; J. E. Christie's 'Wheel of Fortune,' brilliant and vivacious in colour; Colin Hunter's powerful transcript from nature, 'The Pool in the Wood'; T. Hunt's 'Royal Caledonian Hunt, Cadzow Forest, in the Olden Time,' is full of go and movement and good in tone; 'Whither' and 'Jezebel,' by Byam Shaw; a finely drawn, sympathetic picture by Gustave Courtois, 'The Vespers'; H. J. Draper's 'Foam Sprite'; J. P. Jacomb-Hood's 'Jairus's Daughter'; and a strong representation of West of Scotland open-air pastorals and breezy sea-pieces—many revealing strong admiration for the poetic romanticism of the Barbizon School, others adhering to the traditions of national art, and here and there decorative treatment predominating. All the local artists are well represented: A. K. Brown, J. Henderson, A. B. Docharty, R. McG. Coventry, Macaulay Stevenson, A. Black, W. Pratt, G. Pirie, and others. The water-colour room is also interesting; in the centre a fine example of J. Maris, 'The Sisters'; two of Clara Montalba's Venetian scenes; a fresh 'Coast Scene,' by

ton as a centre of artistic authority would be by no means impossible. But whoever is appointed must be an admitted leader in the Art world, and he must be allowed real scope for the exercise of his powers of organization and reform. If he finds it necessary to modify, or even abolish, the present system, he must not be hampered by official obstinacy, for upon him will depend the future of an institution which is full of great possibilities. It is especially in the Art School that changes are needed. For many years it has been bound down by a set of regulations that are out of date. As a consequence, the Government Art has lost its authority, and has ceased to be recognised as valuable even by those very people whose wants it was intended to supply. Practically the whole of the leading designers of the present day, are men who owe nothing of their education to the Department. That this should be so is a severe commentary upon the South Kensington methods. If the new Principal can make the head school once more efficient, he will deserve well of the whole Art world.







Painted by George Meusem. A.P.S.

Engraved by H. S. Reid.

*The End of a Long Day.*  
By permission of the West Australian Government, the Owners of the Picture.



*Going to the Fair.*  
By George Barret.

## GEORGE BARRET.

GEORGE BARRET, is the next of the Four Pillars of the great English School of Water-colour Painters. Like Claude, Poussin, Turner, and Wilson, Barret was imbued with an irresistible feeling for classical landscape; and in these days, when little or nothing but direct studies from nature are asked for, Barret's classic work is thrust aside and libelled as artificial and conventional. In landscape, however, the classical painters were not more conventional than the famous figure-painters. Studies of details and general composition were made for their grand pictures, and the posing and grouping of the occurring figures were artistically, or, if you like, conventionally, placed in the work, so as to make a picture. In fact, they were as studied and as conventional as the most classical Claude in existence. If, therefore, the works of the renowned figure-painters are accepted, why not those of the great landscape painters? Admitting that classical landscape be artificial and conventional, this description of it can only apply to the building-up of the subject, the delineation of which can be reduced to bare *outlines*. Those great masters painted gradation from foreground to extreme distance; they represented light, space, tone, purity

and depth of colour, grace of lines and the balance of parts; moreover, they produced a grand unity of the whole as to harmony and keeping. Can such faculty for perceiving, such feeling for the intense poetry of the scene, and power of infinite expression be successfully claimed by the new "fiddle-players" whose crutches merely take them to roadside nature, and bring them home again? Besides, such studies, or pictures (so-called) transcribed direct from nature, are either in their small way arranged

or composed, or taken haphazard in the manner of the volatile photographer who snaps his instrument at that which comes first. To the densely ignorant, however, any more or less apparently faithful reproduction of an aspect of nature, selected or unselected, has a charm, and the term "unconventional" makes his heart leap! Put the case otherwise. Are we to place a commodity called a picture, which has, without selection, been literally painted from nature, like a coloured photograph, on a level with the accomplished work of a gifted artistic mind? If the verdict be given in favour of the great, the true, the creative artist, then it is only reasonable to conclude that the best composer in respect of artistic arrangement of



*Milking Time—Twilight.* By George Barret.



Harlech Castle.

By George Barret.

lines, masses, and colour, the painter whose work displays in every touch the always felt but well-nigh indescribable spirit of his art, will, as heretofore, reign supreme.

One of Barret's *unconventional* practices was to paint light and brilliancy, and to represent space, and as a painter of light he has had no rival, save and except Cuyp. For the satisfaction, however, of the purely unconventional mind, be it noted that he frequently painted subjects of every-day nature. The author of "The Earlier English Water-colour Painters" refers in his essay on George Barret to the master's drawings of English subjects, and he gives as an example the 'Timber-waggon,' which I have the honour to possess. It is my good fortune to have, also, in my collection other English subjects by George Barret, 'Twilight,' 'The Inn-door,' and 'Going to the Fair,' being amongst the number. Barret may be said to have brought the art of pure water-colour painting to perfection. In his book, which is written in the form of letters, called 'The Theory and Practice of Water-colour Painting,' he clearly describes the gradual development of the art, from the early days of *tinting* with pure colours drawings which had previously been painted in black-and-

white, or in neutral colours. He ascribes to Warwick Smith (so named because the Earl of Warwick was his patron) the honour of first emerging from this dark and sombre process. It was reserved, however, for the celebrated members of the "Old Society" to complete what Smith had begun. William Hunt and Barret perfected the use of the pure colouring, and it would seem as though they have left behind them works which it would be impossible to excel. Barret's process was less direct and rapid than that of Cox, De Wint, or Turner. His method was to paint first in clear, limpid colours, brilliant and thin. He afterwards added more colour to these washes, and continued the operation until

the work in that respect was done. He then "lifted" colour nearly all over his drawing, invariably giving full value to the first, bright lay in. He also washed and granulated his skies, and scraped and cut out clouds, which he could not, by his system of painting, otherwise leave sharp and clean. Barret was as original in his method as any of the Four Pillars, and there are many refined and instructive judges who prefer his work to any other. At times, one is sorry to say, he fell into the trap of using Indian red in the shape of washes to give tone to the first condition of his drawing. The examples of his



Morning. Classical Scene.

By George Barret.

art upon which, oblivious of the consequences, he used Indian red, have manifestly undergone a change, and become what is termed "foxy." Fortunately, however, they are but seldom met with.

Of all the great water-colour painters, Barret was the least appreciated, and, after a hard and desperate struggle for a livelihood, he died in poverty. A quarter of a century ago beautiful drawings by this splendidly original master might have been purchased for a few pounds. The price in these days for *one* of his first-rate drawings would have made him independent.

In oil, like Cox, Holland, De Wint, Fielding, and John Lewis, he was also a master, and as original as he was in

nephew were sold as his uncle's work. They were painted, however, in good faith by the essentially inferior relative of the master, and sold by him as his own handiwork at a modest price. He was a pupil of his uncle's, and undoubtedly a skilled water-colour painter. So far as the nephew of Barret was concerned it was no forgery, but certain dealers made it one. The fraud was discovered at Coventry. At the time of the disclosure there resided at the town in question an expert who possessed a choice collection of drawings by the English masters. It so happened that a friend, who was also a collector and connoisseur, paid him a visit. To the collection I have mentioned there had quite recently been added



*Evening. Classical Scene.*

*By George Barret.*

water-colours, with the same peculiar feeling for light, atmosphere, and purity of process. It is not too much to say that a fine oil-painting by Barret will hold its own with great paintings in that medium by any of the masters. It may be mentioned for the satisfaction of the unconventionalists that his best oil pictures are nearly all English in subject. He was fond of painting horses and cattle, and his knowledge of tree forms and foreground vegetation was both minute and extensive. His figures were quaint and sometimes clumsy, but always artistic and in harmony with his style.

Since the world of Pictorial Art began, it is doubtful whether a more prodigious swindle has ever been palmed on the public than what is known among connoisseurs and collectors as the Barret Fraud. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, of drawings which were painted by Barret's

what appeared to be a choice and brilliant Barret. It was duly admired, and "passed," but *by lamplight*—the visitor, however, making the remark that he would much like to examine the drawing by daylight. Next morning it was submitted to another and more careful inspection, when objection was taken to the placing of the figures and cattle in the landscape, and a doubt was cast upon the signature as well as the touching of the foliage. The owner, who was unquestionably a fine judge, and his contention therefore entitled to the utmost respect, stoutly disputed every point and argument advanced to prove the spurious character of the drawing. Thus far it had been a conflict of connoisseurship and expertness: opinion against opinion. The visitor—and sceptic—was, however, as sure of his ground as a man who was perfectly familiar with every stroke in



*The Timber-Waggon.*

*By George Barret.*

“the handwriting” of the master could be, and he said, “Take the drawing out of the frame!” This was done. When the drawing was held up against the light there blazed, as it were, before the fevered eye of the expert the following words in the water-mark: “JAMES WHATMAN, TURKEY MILLS, 1867.” Barret had been

dead just a quarter of a century before that sheet of paper was manufactured! Numbers of these spurious Barrets are “floating about,” and in private collections, and it is possible that many so-called experts will be deceived by them for evermore.

One—and possibly the chief—reason why Barret was unappreciated by dilettante was in consequence of the somewhat laboured and pedantic look which his pictures had. He was, in fact, too classical in his work, and lacked the “rush” and “go” of the swift sketcher from nature. He had not the swing and travelling light of David Cox, or that master’s sharp and accidental dash in scudding sky or dripping rain-cloud. The weight of tumbling water or the *abandon* of a wild sea he never attempted to realize, nor could he be happy to leave the blooming mosaics which we find in the shade of a De Wint. No, Barret had other aims. He must perforce “lift” his colour all over his drawing to bring forth tone, chiaroscuro, and oneness of pictorial harmony. Above all, his soul was only satisfied where his landscape was bathed in sunshine. If these qualities, superbly felt and expressed, make a master, then was Barret a master without a rival. As I have said before, he was as original as any of the other Three Pillars, and it is not too much to say that some of the most cultivated and sensitive among connoisseurs would choose a fine Barret before all others.

JAMES ORROCK.



*The Carrier Team.*

*By George Barret.*



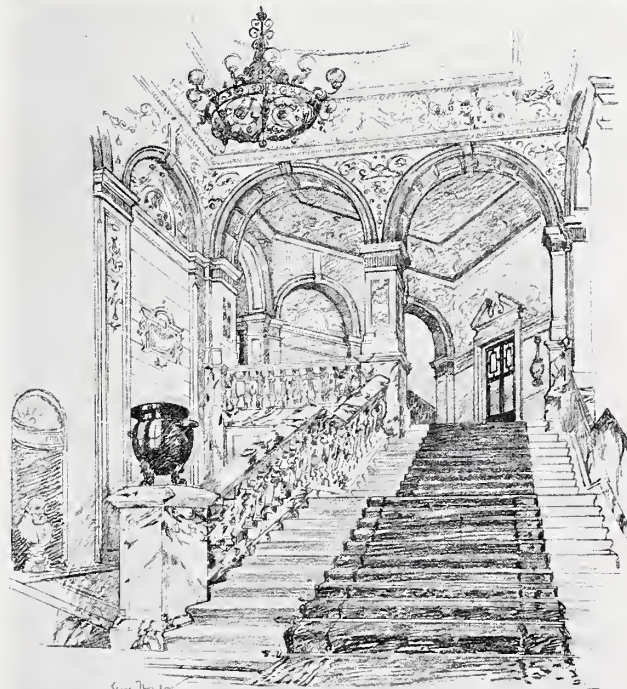
WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE THOMSON.\*

THE point of view from which such an association as the Constitutional Club has to be considered is, in many respects, a peculiar one. The whole character of the place is unlike that which distinguishes other institutions of the same sort, and the atmosphere which belongs to it is the result of conditions that hardly exist elsewhere. For one thing, the Constitutional Club is not limited in its scope nor designed to fulfil only one particular purpose; for another, its membership is not confined to men following the same profession or possessing merely a community of tastes. It exists to uphold no exactly defined tradition, and has no reason for narrowing its operations within fixed bounds. On the contrary, its policy is to be comprehensive and to do everything on a large scale, so as to gather under its roof a veritable multitude of members. The one bond of union between the men who belong to it is the holding of the same political creed, a general agreement on Imperial questions, which creates a common ground on which very diverse personalities can meet and mutually sympathise. For the proper carrying out of the purpose of the club a long roll of members is necessary, and consequently a building of great size, and planned on particular lines, has had to be provided. At present there are between six and seven thousand names on the list, and a large proportion of these represent people who con-

stantly use the club rooms and take an active part in London life. Under such circumstances, the need for enormous rooms, and for structural arrangements which will allow the work of the attendant staff to be done efficiently and promptly, is absolutely imperative. Any cramping of accommodation would have been fatal to the prospects of such an institution, and would have made impossible the growth of its influence. Any failure to grasp the importance of care with regard to practical details of planning would have destroyed the convenience of the building as a meeting-place, and would have condemned it as a club in the opinion of the men whose co-operation was most desirable. To erect a house which would

satisfy so many requirements was a task calculated to tax severely the resource of the architect; and it is greatly to the credit of Mr. R. W. Edis, on whom was laid the responsibility of the design, that he should have succeeded so well in an undertaking which presented such a multiplicity of points for consideration.

Of course, the connection between the character of the club and the æsthetic aspect of the building itself is very apparent. There has been no gradual evolution to leave signs of other conditions of existence, or to mark stages of growth from small beginnings to present-day development. The whole thing is a new creation, as modern in its appearance as it is in its intention; and both in



*The Staircase of the Constitutional Club.*

\* Continued from page 101, 1898.



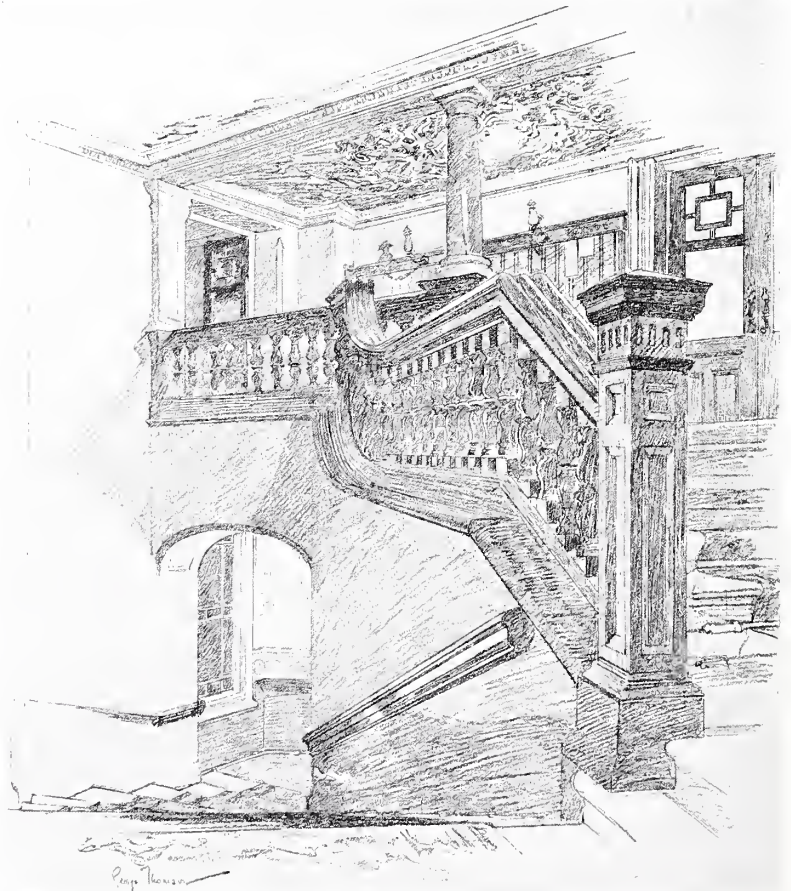
*The Inner Hall and Staircase of the Constitutional Club.*

starting and working out the dominating aims have been identical. The sense of restful separation from the outside world which distinguishes many of the older clubs, the suggestion that the business of life must be ignored, and the daily striving and competition forgotten inside a haven planned for reverie and repose, are not perceptible in such a busy hive as the Constitutional Club. Here everything reflects the energy and activity of a community which is always on the move. People come and go; there is constant bustle and stir; everyone is in a hurry, and has the air of having looked in, for a moment only, in a brief interval between two urgent engagements. The whole gathering vibrates in response to the notes that are being hourly struck in the political world, and there is a perpetual ebb and flow of excitement which repeats the fluctuations outside. All this gives to the club its characteristic atmosphere, and explains the circumstances under which it has become rapidly and certainly a centre of wide-reaching influence.

Yet, in one sense, it was born fully grown. The intention of its promoters was, from the first, to make it an important factor in the furthering of party politics; and when it was first instituted nothing that was likely to help on the end in view was forgotten. The building was erected as it stands now, ready to accommodate its thousands, and no want of faith in the

future was allowed to discount the success that was rightly foreseen as inevitable. The site chosen was in a busy street, in the very heart of the most animated part of London, where it would be easy to keep a finger upon the pulse of public life. There was no thought of avoiding the haunts of men, or of seeking for some quiet corner out of reach of the crowd, a nook to which the roar of the traffic could not penetrate. Somnolence was by no means to be an attribute of the club, and therefore any old-world flavour in its surroundings would have been altogether incongruous. So Northumberland Avenue, itself a new creation, was selected as an appropriate place, within easy reach of the many buildings from which the government of the country and the management of its affairs at home and abroad are directed, and yet in immediate proximity to those business quarters where the commercial interests of the nation are controlled. Half-way between the City and the West End, on the outskirts of Westminster, within a walk of the terminal stations of more than one main railway line, and yet actually in the centre of the district where amusements of all sorts are to be found, Northumberland Avenue is exactly the place for a club whose members wish to lead the life of busy Londoners. Whether they want to work or play, to attend to business or to excite themselves over politics, every facility for whatever kind of occupation they prefer is at their very door.

But convenient though the site is for the purposes of such a club, as a simple space of building land it can hardly be described as ideally suited to the requirements of an architect who has to erect a building for the use of men gathering in hundreds or even thousands. In fact the difficulties that Mr. Edis had to face in the preparation of his plan, and in designing an appropriate eleva-



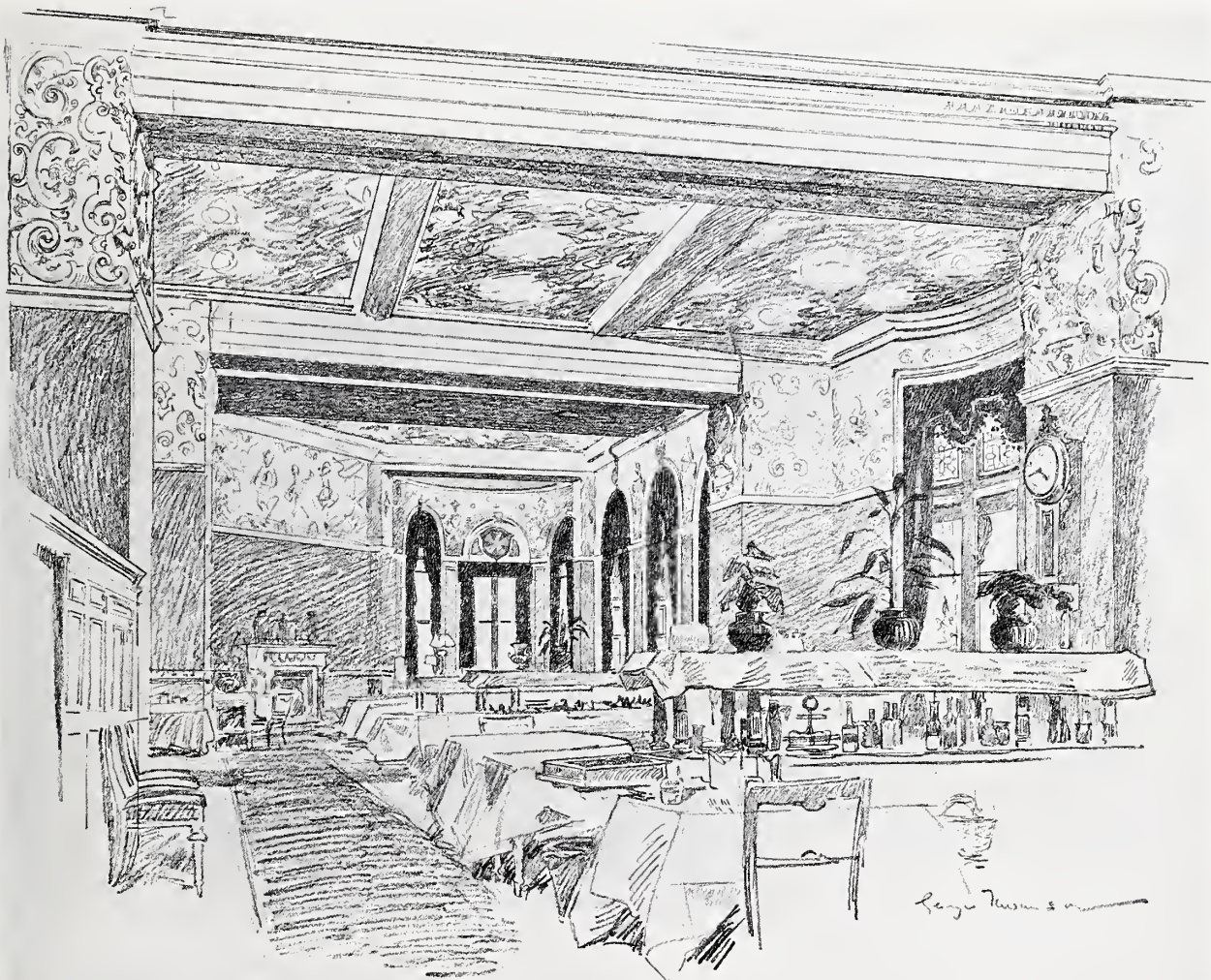
*The Staircase, Upper Landing, of the Constitutional Club.*



tion, were very considerable. For one thing the shape of the ground was irregular, and from the back it was overlooked by older houses with rights of ancient lights; and for another the æsthetic intentions of the architect had to be supervised by the uninspired officials of the Board of Works. All sorts of troublesome legal questions and building regulations had to be dealt with, and it was only after much consideration that the clubhouse, as it is, became a definite and accepted fact. Externally it breaks away very markedly from the architectural tradition which was followed with regard to the other buildings erected in Northumberland Avenue,

tal columns on either side of the projecting windows on the lower storey, and to mark the main entrance. These decorations were modelled by Mr. G. J. Frampton, and are good examples of the application of low relief details in terra-cotta.

Internally the ingenuity of the architect's planning is very well worthy of note. He has turned to decorative account the irregularities of the site, in arranging the accommodation required inside, quite as effectively as he has used them to gain external picturesqueness, and yet he has wasted none of the ground in unreasonable striving after mere formality. The conventional plan



*The Dining-Room of the Constitutional Club.*

for the elevation is neither in style nor material like that of the huge blocks, the hotels and offices, which face the rest of the street. The Constitutional Club comes as a valuable spot of colour and as a useful break of continuity in what is rather a dreary range of dingy splendour. Its front of red and yellow terra-cotta, which was perhaps too brilliant when first put up, has toned into an agreeable warmth, and is rich without being garish. The style employed, a species of German Renaissance, contrasts effectively with the would-be classic of the houses opposite and on either side, and gives opportunities, that have been turned to good account, for gaining elaboration of detail and variety of projection and light and shade. A decorative feature of some importance in the exterior is the use of ornamen-

adopted in many of the older club buildings, in accordance with which much of the available space is sacrificed to the erection of an imposing staircase, has not been followed, and the idea of having a vast central hall, from which the chief rooms open, has not been adopted. Yet the staircase, as it is constructed, is one of the most picturesque features of the interior, and on its turns and angles are to be found the best architectural bits in the club. It is set at an unusual angle in a corner of the building, and by its placing, leaves on each floor the greatest possible amount of space available for the large rooms which are needed to accommodate the great number of members who, day by day, occupy the place.

The main entrance, in Northumberland Avenue, leads

into an outer hall, which is spacious and practical rather than specially ornate. What decorative effect it has, results from its well-considered proportions, and from the use of richly-veined marble for the walls and floor. A flight of steps gives access to the central hall, an octagon 30 feet in diameter, with a richly moulded ribbed ceiling. This apartment is remarkable for a certain well-restrained



*A Corner of the Library of the Constitutional Club.*

gorgeousness, and is handsomely decorated in a scheme of grey and brown gold. Each face of the octagon is occupied with an arch of grey and white marble, and at each angle is a pillar of the same stone, with a gold capital. In the spandrels above the arches are figures outlined in brown upon a gold surface, and the plaster ornament on the ceiling is in the same tone of brown gold. Beneath one of the arches is a doorway opening into the large ground-floor morning-room, which is 120 feet long and 30 feet wide, and overlooks Northumberland Avenue. In spite of its enormous size, this room by no means lacks an air of comfort, for any hint of bareness is avoided by the use of low tones of colour in its decoration. All the woodwork is painted in a warm shade of red, the walls are deep bronze green, panelled with a patterned material of terra-cotta and dull gold. The ceiling is of white moulded plaster, picked out with pale green grey, and the pillars supporting beams that divide the ceiling into panels are red marble with white capitals.

On the first floor, and above the morning-room, is the great coffee-room, 140 feet long and 30 feet wide, occupying, with the library which adjoins it, the whole length of the street front; and above, again, on the second floor, are the smoking-room and the chief billiard room. In general character, the coffee-room resembles the morning-room; it has a similar plaster ceiling, and its length is broken in the same way by pillars; but recourse has been had to a simpler scheme of decoration in red and white. The smoking-room, however, is more varied in

its colour treatment. The walls are green above a red dado, the dividing pillars are green marble, with gold capitals and red bases, and the ceiling is white. All three of these chief rooms depend largely for their effect upon their ample proportions; their vastness is impressive, yet they are not to be reproached for seeming either empty or coldly formal.

In dealing with the staircase the architect has been able to allow himself more decorative freedom than in the rooms. Considerations of simple utility have not limited, in the same way, his inclination for sumptuous effect, and he has given to this part of the building a distinct character very definitely expressed. The main flight of stairs leading from the ground to the first floor, starts from the octagon hall under an archway opposite to the morning-room door, and ends at the landing on to which the coffee-room opens. The same creamy white and grey veined marble chosen for the octagon hall is used for the dado and balustrade of the staircase. The walls above the dado are divided into panels by pilasters, and above each panel is a lunette with a painted decoration. The walls themselves are pale creamy yellow, with painted formal patterns in light shades of warm brown. The steps are white marble; and the ceiling, in white moulded plaster, picked out with pale yellow, is ornate to the verge of over-elaboration; from it hangs a large hammered iron electrolier. At the top of the stairs the landing is reached through another arch of grey and white marble, and from it starts the smaller staircase to the second floor. This winds curiously, but its irregularity has the advantage of giving some quaint effects of perspective, and of allowing a very picturesque piece of planning on the second-floor landing. Constructively, the management of the staircase throughout is interesting, and, decoratively, it is more worthy of attention than anything else in the club.

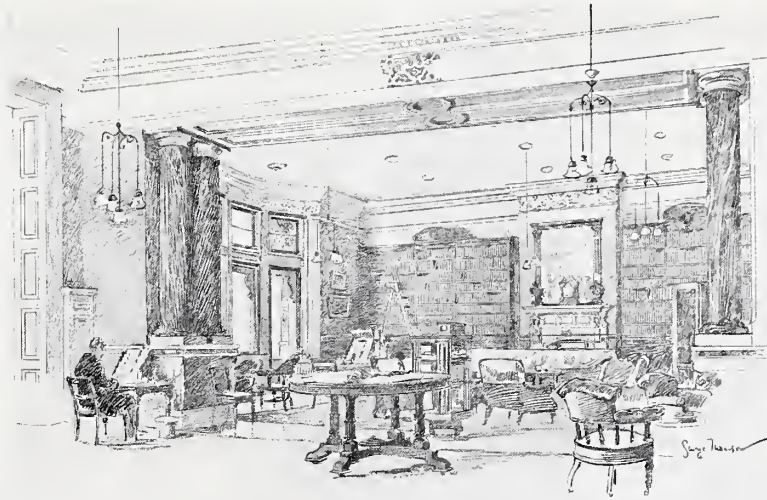
What gives its particular individuality to the interior, is the use of materials which are naturally well adapted for architectural adornment, and of accessories that lend themselves well to the completion of an ingenious design. The bold veining of the marbles that are turned to such good account in all directions is, as a matter of pattern, far more effective than any surface painting could ever have been, and it diversifies agreeably wall spaces that would have otherwise presented many difficulties of treatment. The stone that has been preferred is peculiarly happy in colour, and especially suited for a building which, with all its gorgeousness, cannot afford to sacrifice its aspect of comfort and practical convenience. There is no suggestion of chilly stateliness, nor any note of unfitness in this selection of a permanently decorative material, for the nature of the interior in which it had to be applied has been clearly kept in mind. The moulded plaster, too, by its richness of detail and elaboration of form, gives to the vast expanses of ceiling and the immense lengths of frieze, which are found in the larger rooms, a pleasant freedom from merely blank spaciousness, relieving by gentle effects of light and shade surfaces that would have taxed the skill of the most practised artist to scheme successfully in colour. Here and there, especially on the staircase and in the inner hall, a little stained-glass is introduced into the windows; but it is used with great reserve, and rather with the idea of enlivening the broad effect by small touches of brilliant colour than with any intention to make a conspicuous feature of the windows themselves, or to treat them as vitally important in the general decorative arrangement. In fact, there is all through a praiseworthy intention to observe the sound æsthetic

principle that ornament should be subordinated to construction, and should depend rather upon clever use of necessary material than upon the introduction of details having no real connection with the actual structure. Both externally and internally the architect has made the most of the legitimate opportunities for departing from the beaten track that were presented to him, and his success proves the extent of his originality.

Altogether, the building must be regarded as an architectural achievement of a quite notable type, and concerning its fitness for the purposes of such a club there is no room for doubt. Its completeness in every detail

is undeniable; there is nothing to hamper the work of the staff, and nothing to diminish the comfort of the members. Modern ideas and modern habits have left their mark in every corner, and the tone that has resulted is essentially that of the present day. No one who enters the building can misunderstand its character, or can fail to appreciate the manner in which its mission is being fulfilled. It is a hive, but it is full of workers only, and the merely contemplative man, whom the busy Londoner would probably describe as a drone, would scarcely find its atmosphere a congenial one. A. L. BALDRY.

(The Series to be continued.)



The Upper Smoking-Room of the Constitutional Club.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.\*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

### SIR ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A.

Born 1780. Student R.A. 1796. A.R.A. 1808. R.A. 1811.  
Treasurer 1820-1850. Hon. Ret. R.A. 1859. Died 1867.

THE artistic world at the commencement of the nineteenth century, at any rate as far as sculpture and architecture were concerned, was animated by a marked endeavour at a closer approximation in style to the chaste severity of pure Greek art. Extended exploration and the advanced enlightenment of antiquarian research had produced a feeling of dissatisfaction with what had hitherto passed as respectable in the classic style. The good old useful Palladian architecture was no longer in vogue. In sculpture the reign of the gods and goddesses, nymphs and fauns, and Roman emperors of the perwig period, was over. It can scarcely be wondered at, for the Greek craze was rampant everywhere; the very dandies were then styled "Corinthians," and the "girl of the period" emulated in her dress the scant simplicity of the Greek chiton. In those

days the Antique School of the Royal Academy, at present so much despised, was in the very zenith of its glory; Fuseli, its enthusiastic keeper, shouting to the students, "The Greeks vere Gods! the Greeks vere Gods!"

On this great wave of Classic Revivalism Sir Robert Smirke and Sir Richard Westmacott, twin brethren Academicians, with steady hands and unimpassioned hearts, without encountering let or hindrance of any sort, steered their respective courses to honours and success; whilst others, less fortunate, like Haydon, were dashed to pieces on the rocks of overweening ambition, or, like the modest Flaxman, left stranded on the cold mud-flats of neglect. Sir Robert and Sir Richard both possessed the happy knack of exactly satisfying the popular taste. Every building that was entrusted to Smirke for execution, whether theatre, post-office, church, or museum, was sure to possess the required amount of classic simplicity and dignity, the Ionic portico and pediment generally forming the most important feature in the design; whilst in all the

\* Continued from page 188 of THE ART JOURNAL for 1897.

monumental figures from the hand of Westmacott that haunt our public squares, churches, and cathedrals, we plainly perceive a more or less successful amalgamation of the modern gentleman with the hero of antiquity, a result greatly due to the skill bestowed on the heavy draperies with which they are clothed; which draperies, besides giving a classic aspect to the figures, ingeniously help to support them on their pedestals.

Perhaps the most successful example of the genius and skill of these two Academicians may be found in the building of the British Museum, where the sculpture of Westmacott adorns the pediment of Smirke.

Sir Richard's figures, although, of course, a long way behind those of the Parthenon in point of art, fill their spaces well, and help much in the matter of decoration towards the general effect; whilst Sir Robert's work, in spite of the hostile criticisms to which it has been subjected, is grand and dignified in the noble simplicity of its proportions, and, as it stands at present, is one of the few modern public buildings in the metropolis of which the nation may feel justly proud. The fine open space in front of the British Museum, which allows so ample a view of it from Great Russell Street, may have something to do with the satisfactory feeling which it affords us, but much is undeniably due to the good taste of the architect in the arrangement and design of the various parts and proportions.

Sir Robert Smirke was the eldest son of the painter, Robert Smirke, R.A. He was born in 1780, and received from his father a careful training in the knowledge of art. He did not choose painting, however, but architecture as his especial study; and entered the Schools of the Royal Academy in 1796, obtaining the gold medal in 1799 for his design for "a National Gallery for Painting." He subsequently made a tour in Italy, Sicily, Greece, and Germany, from which he returned in 1805. The first fruits of this journey were the "Specimens of Continental Architecture," published in folio, 1806, and he also contributed largely to Donaldson's "Antiquities of Athens," and other works.

Through the position and influence of his father and other friends, Sir Robert had, when still a young man, opportunities



*Jupiter and Ganymede.*

*By Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A.*

in the Ionic style, together with their uselessness, is scarcely compensated for by their imposing classic appearance. The College of Physicians, the Union Club, and the United Service Club in Charles Street, Regent Street, were also executed from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke.

Modern Architecture having no real style of its own, is peculiarly liable to the fickle changes of fashion, and an architect, if he wishes to keep in constant employment, has to partake considerably of the accommodating character of the celebrated Vicar of Bray; it is not, therefore, astonishing to find Sir Robert taking up occasionally work in the Gothic style, the revival of which was so soon destined to supplant the classic in public favour. Thus in 1830-31 he designed the Library of the Inner Temple in Gothic, and about the same time was employed to restore York Minster, after the fire of 1829.

In later years Sir Robert worked much in conjunction with his younger brother Sydney, and of this union of effort the Oxford and Cambridge Club affords a good example.

Smirke was elected an Associate in 1808, and a Royal Academician in 1811. In 1820, on the resignation of John Yenn, he was nominated by the King, George IV., to fill the office of Treasurer. That his services in this post were appreciated may be gathered from the fact that when, in 1840, he wrote and asked the Council to "make arrange-



*Portrait of Sir Robert Smirke, R.A.*

*From a drawing by George Dance, R.A.*

ments for the appointment of a new 'Treasurer,' as he "felt unequal to the fulfilment of the duties," he was both by that body and the general assembly unanimously requested to reconsider his decision. With this request he complied, and consented to remain in office as long as his health would permit. This proved to be till 1850, when he wrote that he again found himself under the necessity of desiring to resign the office. His resignation was accepted with many expressions of regret, and of flattering reference to his zeal and ability, and the uniform accuracy and attention he had shown in the discharge of the duties of treasurer for thirty years.

Increasing infirmities and consequent inability to attend any meetings at the Academy and take any part in its affairs, induced him in 1859 to express the wish to resign his Academicianship and make way for a younger man; a step which, as he tells the Council in his letter, he should have taken sooner, but that he had heard it was intended to bring forward a measure for establishing a class of Honorary Retired Academicians; as that, however, had not been done, he would delay no longer. His resignation was accepted and communicated to the Queen, who was pleased to express her approval, and her "full appreciation of the liberality of the motives which had actuated Sir Robert Smirke"; and a highly laudatory address was presented to him by his colleagues. His death took place eight years after, on April 18th, 1867.

It may be mentioned here that the class of Honorary Retired Academicians above referred to was established in 1862.

### SIR RICHARD WESTMACOTT, R.A.

*Born* 1775. *A.R.A.* 1808. *R.A.* 1811.  
*Prof. Sculpt.* 1827-1856. *Died* 1856.

Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., was born in London in 1775, and was the son of a statuary in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. He first learnt his art in his father's studio, and afterwards, at the age of eighteen, went to Rome, where he became a pupil of Canova. Being a diligent and capable student he soon made rapid progress, and gained the gold medal for sculpture of the Academy of St. Luke, for a bas-relief of "Joseph and his Brethren," and shortly afterwards the first prize for sculpture at the Academy of Florence. In 1796 he returned to England, and exhibited his first work at the Academy in the following year. His marriage took place shortly afterwards, and he settled down to a prosperous career at 14, South Audley Street, not far from the residence of his father. His work received rapid recognition. Commissions poured upon him from all quarters, and his being appointed to superintend the arrangement of the Townley Marbles in the new building of the British Museum showed that his taste and judgment were highly appreciated.

Amongst the best poetic subject works by Westmacott are 'Cupid and Psyche,' executed for the Duke of Bedford, and now at Woburn; 'Euphrosyne,' for the Duke of Newcastle; 'A Nymph unclasping her Zone,' the property of the Earl of Carlisle; 'The Distressed

Mother' (a duplicate of the monument to Mrs. Warren), for the Marquis of Lansdowne; 'A Sleeping Infant,' 'Devotion,' 'A Gipsy,' 'Cupid captive,' and many others all more or less somewhat in the style of Canova.

Westmacott helped largely to further encumber our cathedrals with examples of the large pseudo-classic monuments to departed worthies so much in vogue at that time. Of such are his of Pitt, Fox, Spencer-Percival, Addison, the Duke of Montpensier, General Villettes and Mrs. Warren in Westminster Abbey; while in St. Paul's he is answerable for monuments to Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Lord Denman, Lord Collingwood, Captain Cook, Sir Isaac Brock, and Generals Pakenham and Gibbs. In the old hall of Lincoln's Inn is a statue by him of



*Eagle and Vulture disputing with a Hyena.*  
By Philip Reinagle, R.A.

Lord Erskine, one of Locke in University College, and of Warren Hastings in the Cathedral of Calcutta. The statue of Fox in Bloomsbury Square, that of the Duke of Bedford in Russell Square, and of the Duke of York on the column in Waterloo Place are amongst the best-known of his street monuments.

His adaptation of the Monte-Cavallo statue, entitled 'Achilles,' cast from canons taken at Waterloo, which stands at Hyde Park Corner, has been severely criticised; the substitution of the property shield and sword for the reins of the horse, which the original figure is represented as holding, being especially taken to task.

Westmacott, as we have said, was elected an Associate in 1808, and in the very short space of three years was promoted to the full rank of Academician, being chosen on the same night as James Ward and Sir Robert Smirke in 1811. He presented as his Diploma work a high relief entitled 'Ganymede,' of which we give an illustration. In 1827 he succeeded Flaxman as Professor of Sculp-

ture, and continued to hold the post till his death. The first lecture he delivered contained a glowing eulogy on his gifted predecessor, in which he says:—"If to have procured esteem whilst living, and to have rendered himself useful to his fellow labourers, both by his practice and the examples he has left us, demand applause, few men have died with stronger claims on posterity." And in another lecture the following passage occurs:—"But the greatest of modern sculptors was our illustrious countryman, John Flaxman, who not only had all the fine feeling of the ancient Greeks (which Canova in a degree preserved), but united to it a readiness of invention and a simplicity of design truly astonishing. Though Canova was his superior in the manual part and high finish, yet in the higher qualities, poetical feeling and invention, Flaxman was as superior to Canova as Shakespeare to the dramatists of his day."

The honour of knighthood was conferred upon Westmacott in 1837, and the same year he received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. This period marked the termination of his active career, as he executed very few works during the last twenty years of his life. His death took place on September 1st, 1856.

#### PHILIP REINAGLE, R.A.

Born 1749. Student R.A. 1769. A.R.A. 1787. R.A. 1812.  
Died 1833.

Philip Reinagle, of whose parentage little is known,



Statue of Francis, Duke of Bedford.  
By Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A.

was one of the first students admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy after its foundation. He subsequently became a pupil of Allan Ramsay, the Court painter, under whom he studied portraiture, and exhibited his first picture at the Academy in 1773. Up to 1785 his contributions to the exhibition were exclusively portraits, but he then abandoned this branch of art and took to depicting hunting scenes and sporting subjects in general, in which he met with great success. The Sportsman's Cabinet is the name of a publication by him in which are found correct delineations of the various kinds of dogs used in the field, taken from life, and engraved by John Scott. Reinagle was an excellent copyist of the old Dutch Masters, and many small pictures after Paul Potter, Berghem, Vandervelde, Du Jardin and others, now regarded as original, were made by him. His feeling for landscape was considerable, and he assisted Barker in painting many of his panoramas.

Reinagle was elected an Associate in 1787, on the same day as Sir Francis Bourgeois and W. R. Bigg, and it is interesting to note that whereas Bourgeois was advanced to the Academicianship in six years' time, Reinagle had to wait twenty-five years, till 1812, and Bigg twenty-seven, till 1814. Like Bone, Reinagle's art does not seem to have been of a remunerative character. In 1798, we find him appealing to the Council for £150, which was granted, "to save him and his family from ruin," and in 1820 he was placed on the Pension List. He died on November 27, 1833.



From a Drawing by Miss Julia Eustace.



No. 1.—Design for Over-Door.



No. 2.—Design for Over-Window.

## CUNNING WORK FOR CLEVER FINGERS.\*

### III.—FRETWORK: ITS POSSIBILITIES AND DEVELOPMENTS, WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.



No. 3.—Geometrical fillings adapted from Keltic designs.

THE exceedingly jejune and trivial character of the Fretwork designs offered by the firms who cater for amateurs, will doubtless induce many readers to exclaim "there are no possibilities in fretwork, and it is only fit for schoolboys." On the lines of the ordinary photo-frame, pipe-rack, and other "fancy" articles of fretwork there certainly appear to be small possibilities in the craft, but this is not necessarily the fault of fretwork itself. I want, in the space at my command, to see what really are the possibilities of fretwork, and to suggest various uses for the same—what, in the hands of a craftsman, can fretwork be made to yield.

A fret is a form produced by wearing away, or cutting away, some portions of the material so as to leave other portions in relief. The parts removed are usually cut away by a band saw stretched in a frame to keep it perfectly taut, and is worked either with the hand or fixed in a machine, which, by

\* Continued from page 83.

means of a treadle, is made to work up and down with considerable rapidity. The saw being very narrow, the most intricate shapes may be removed with ease, and to reach many of the spaces to be cut away, it is necessary to start by gimbleting a hole through which the saw can be passed. The saw, therefore, must be readily adjustable, so that the upper end may be passed through the hole to enable it to reach those spaces shut in, as it were, and which cannot otherwise be got at. A very familiar form of fretwork are the old piano-fronts, which consist of elaborate geometrical designs, but in the newer and better pianos they are now seldom, if ever, seen. The pattern was entirely produced by the portions cut away, though occasionally the oval centre had a moulding glued on to it to bring it forward.

Such works as these may be termed pure frets, and though I do not see why fretwork cannot be considerably modified and developed, as I shall hope to show later on, much may be done, and great variety of design may be obtained, by merely cutting away those portions not required.

What one feels about so many fretwork designs in the market is their commonplace uninterestingness. They are either geometrically dull like the piano-fronts, or characterless like the photo-frames. The geometrical designs were admirably adapted technically to the requirements of the craft, but they showed no invention



No. 4.—Diaper of various shaped Flowers slightly conventionalised.

1898.



No. 5.—Design for Chair-back and Arm.

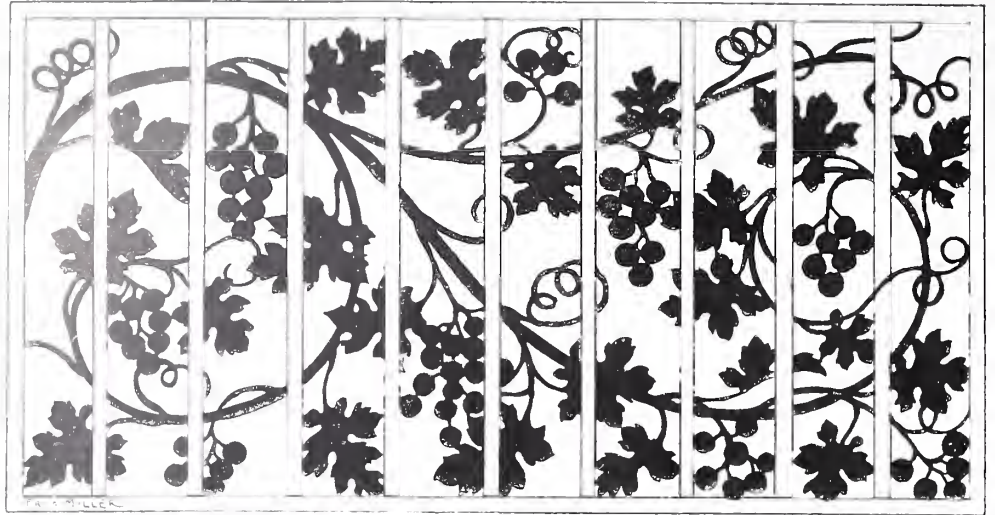


No. 6.—Scroll Diaper which may be continued to fit any space.

or freshness of idea. In the designs I have made to illustrate these notes (and which I am, therefore, perforce obliged to allude to), I have endeavoured to get away, so far as my ego will allow, from the stock designs, and though my readers may not care to attempt any of them, they may set them thinking and impulse them to efforts in a somewhat newer direction. And this is, after all, the most useful service designs drawn by another hand can perform for any craftsman. If I go to a museum for inspiration, it is not that I

merely copy what I sketch when it comes to attempting original work, so much as the impulse one receives from seeing good work; it starts the mind on a fresh track; and it is in this spirit that I offer my own efforts to the reader. To call all or any of them original would be to claim too much. I am influenced by what I find around me just as I hope those I address are, and if one really tries to put oneself into what one does, to tinge what one attempts with one's personality, one is original to the extent of the ego with which one hall-marks one's work.

A glance at a piece of fretwork tells you that the design is largely conditioned by the craft. Great limitations are put upon one, and therefore, in attempting original work, the method of reproduction must not, for a moment, be lost sight of. Take the flower diaper, No. 4. Here we have a simple fret consisting of forms suggested by flowers just touching each other, for the more we "tie" the design together, the less liability is there to breakage. Small isolated forms are very easily snapped off, even in the cutting, but we protect them by making all projecting forms touch each other wherever possible. The



No. 7.—Design founded on the Grape. The uprights could form a sort of grille and be independent of the fret, or glued at the back of the fret to strengthen it.

endless varieties of flower-forms could make such a fret diaper very varied and would be a good exercise in ingenuity. I started making a companion design of leaves of various shapes, but this idea I will leave to my readers to work out, as I have already encroached upon the space the editor has allotted me.

One can be geometrical in feeling without being conventionally so, and the scroll design, No. 6, which could be continued *ad lib.*, is an illustration of this. If I were filling a definite space with such a pattern, I should first arrange my chief scrolls, and then, when these were placed agreeably, add the details.

The idea of the over-window and over-door, Nos. 1 and 2, was suggested by two I saw in the house of a friend who had them cut out to her own design. So effective were they (the design in my friend's case was Oriental in character) that I cannot do better than pass the idea on to my readers. The over-door can have a shelf at the top, with an edge as I have suggested, upon which may be placed old china, while below and inside the fret a curtain may be hung. Unless the door opens the reverse way, the

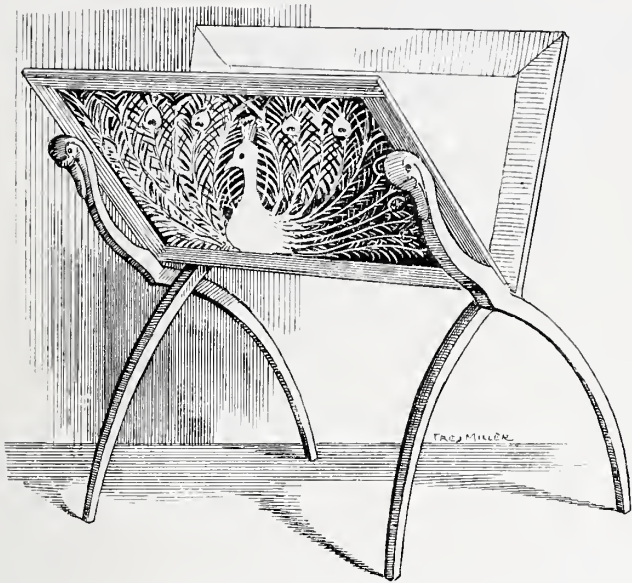
fretwork must not come too low so as to interfere with the opening of the door. The tulips suggested the design. In the position which such articles would be placed, some distance from the eye, a bold design is essential, as a "small" finicking design would be quite out of keeping.

The chair back, No. 5, was suggested by one exhibited some ten years ago by "The Century Guild," at the Inventories Exhibition, designed, I believe, by Mr. McMurdo. It struck me on turning over an article I wrote for the *Builder* at the time, that chair-backs are a capital use to which to put fretwork. Each one might be different in



No. 8.—Symmetrical design founded on the wild Rose. The left-hand half shows where a little carving could be put.

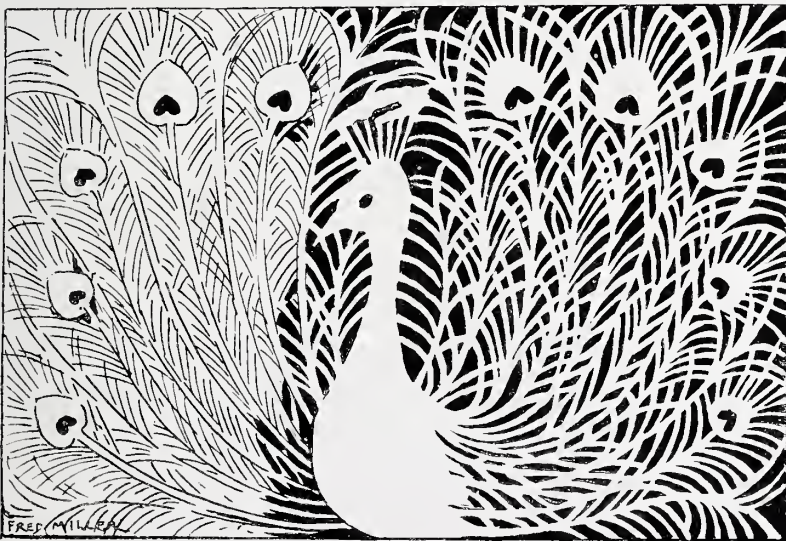




No. 9.—Design for opening and closing Portfolio Stand with fretwork sides, the detail of which is seen in No. 10.

detail, and yet, with certain general traits, so as to give the appearance of oneness when the chairs are seen together. The design may be almost considered pure ornament, though a lily was in my mind when I drew it. The arm is an addition of my own, but I think it would look very effective. It would be necessary to have chairs made specially, but if you find out a chair-maker to the trade, you can get a good plain chair made at a very reasonable price.

The two geometrical fillings, No. 3, are taken from Keltic crosses, casts of which are in South Kensington Museum. These early designers evinced a great love of, and considerable ingenuity in, evolving the most intricate "strap" work patterns. I have shewn where the "straps" go over and under, and it would greatly add to the effect of such a fret to slightly lower, with a flat chisel, the straps passing under. This would involve no difficulty which a little practice could not overcome and it would be developing fretwork in a perfectly legitimate way. If these two designs be cut as simple frets much of the effect will be lost, as the "under and over" nature of these Keltic designs is their distinctive feature.



No. 10.—Design for sides of Portfolio suggested by the Peacock.

It would be a good exercise in ingenuity to try and evolve fresh combinations in this direction.

It is sometimes necessary to use the same plants again and again in design. The grape, in No. 7, is a case in point. It is a plant that fulfils all a designer's requirements, and will continue to be employed for decorative purposes as much in the future as it has been in the past. The trellis work gives character as well as supports the design, and to show more distinctly the floral portion I have left the trellis white. At an artist friend's house I saw the top portion of a recess which he had filled with shelves, occupied with upright lattices, forming a receptacle for canvases and other artist's clutter. It occurred to me that to add a fret to these lattices would be a very attractive feature in a room. The grape portion might be cut out of pine and then the lattices, say of mahogany, might be glued on to the back or front, or if the design be cut out all in one piece, then I see no reason why the grape portion should not be stained, the leaves in green, the stems in brown, and grapes in purple. Transparent oil-colours, such as Prussian blue, raw sienna, burnt sienna, Vandyke



No. 11.—Panel based on Sunflower. The white lines show where a carver's gouge could be used with advantage.

brown, gamboge, rose madder and madder brown, thinned down with turpentine, would do, or you can get liquid stains. Such a design as this grape one should be carried out fully natural size, above rather than below it.

A portfolio stand might be composed of two fret-cut sides, and such a design as the wild rose, No. 8, would be suitable. The stem, as will be noticed, is made a distinct feature, and was the first consideration in making the design, the flowers and leaves being to a great extent after-considerations, or at all events dependent upon the disposition of the stems. The design is symmetrical, which emphasizes the ornamental character given to it by the stems. On one side I have shown how the effect can be helped by veining the leaves, etc., but this veining must be kept very simple; one down the centre of each leaf would be enough. The disposition to become too naturalesque should be



No. 12.—Fish panel, with background of ornamental water. The markings on the fish are given with a carving tool.

checked, as the ornamental character inseparable from fretwork should be preserved, nay developed, wherever possible, rather than lessened.

In Nos. 9 and 10, I have shown what I consider the most original design I have here attempted. It is based on the peacock, and it occurs to me that some very effective designs might be wrought on these lines. A design for the stand for the portfolio is also given.

A picturesque fire-screen might be made by hinging together three or four fretwork panels. A fillet might be screwed on to the margin, to take a sheet or sheets of glass so as to check the heat. I have suggested, in Fig. 11, a panel based on the sunflower. Here again the lattice work is introduced to give strength and character to the design. In sketching the design this should be indicated before the floral part is finally decided upon, so that the forms may be worked in effectively with the lattice. A reference to No. 7 will show that the grape design (as well as the sunflower), is influenced by the lattice work, and if in making the design you simply put the lattice in arbitrarily, after the floral part is drawn, some parts of it will be cut off in a clumsy fashion. In the panel of sunflower, I have indicated the veining of the leaves and the details of the flowers which can be done by a carver's tool. Here again the floral part might be stained, or the lattice got out of a different wood and put at the back of the fretwork. There is no reason why some amount of carving should not be done to fretwork. Many of the carved screens,



No. 13.—Bird in fretwork. The white lines are given by a gouge, but they can be omitted.

such as that in Trinity College, Oxford, are fret-cut as well as carved. The Japanese introduce carved fretwork into their cabinets, and very effective and dainty it is. It would help the fret cutter in original work to study some Japanese work, and also some of their books of design, which are procurable at art booksellers like Batsford's in Holborn. The carved fret could be glued down on to a

panel of a cabinet. It need not masquerade as a piece of pure carving, but could be frankly shown to be what it is—a fret laid down upon a panel. I would even recommend the fretwork being cut out, say of light or white wood, and laid down on a dark one.

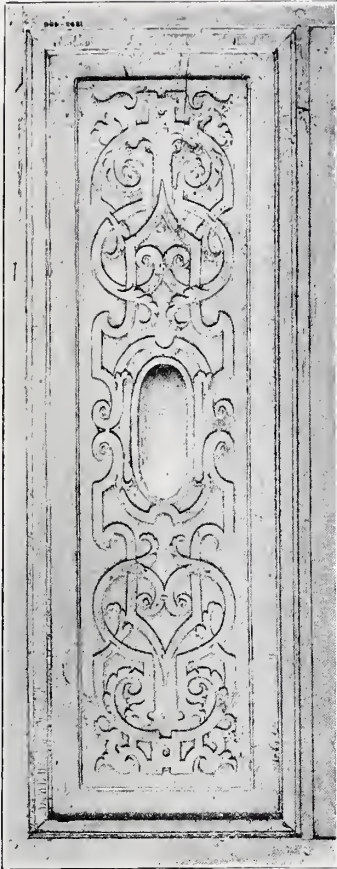
Another use to which frets may be put to is the ornamentation of a cabinet, as I have shown in No. 16. The shelves are got out in the usual way and the cabinet put together; though, of course, the two sides must be fret-cut before the hanging cabinet is put together. In the side indicated the pattern is formed, as will be seen, by the portions cut away, whereas, in most other cases, it is by the portion left that the design is formed. The Japanese frequently adopt this plan of cutting out the design itself, and it would be good practice to make positives of some design, say the rose or grape, and see how they would come if cut out

instead of being left a *negative* as opposed to a positive treatment.

To return to the cabinet. The frets are got out of, say,  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wood, and then glued on to the edges of the shelves and sides. It seems to me that a very good effect might be obtained by such a treatment as that indicated in sketch. One should always try and use one's labour to some effective end, and that is why I endeavour to indicate to what uses fretwork can be put; pipe-racks and photo-frames are two of the poorest uses to which fretwork can be applied and do little to encourage the craftsman to put out his full strength. So much work



No. 14.—Portion of a pierced and carved doorway in South Kensington Museum.



No. 15.—Door Panels, in South Kensington Museum, of French "strap" work of the sixteenth century.

amateurs engage in is directed to such poor purposes that the work itself ceases to interest. In one of George Eliot's novels ("Felix Holt," I think), ladies' fancy work is described as innumerable stitches taken to produce what neither the worker nor anyone else wants, and this remark would apply with equal force to much male handiwork. My impression is, a conclusion forced upon me during the preparation of this article, that there are many more possibilities in fretwork than most of us dream of, and that it only needs thought for it to be capable of considerable development.

Animal forms can be rendered in fretwork if treated as silhouettes. The Japanese cut out flying birds very effectively, but

space prevents my giving an example of this form of fret. In No. 13, the bird itself is left and the background is formed of ornamental tracery. The details of the

bird's plumage can be engraved as I have indicated, but in order that the fret itself shall be effective, such an attitude should be chosen as displays as much of the bird's form as possible. A reference to Japanese designs will be very helpful, as their treatment of birds is not only characteristic but highly ornamental.

In the fish panel, No. 12, the details of the form certainly require engraving, for the mere silhouette of the fish is not as interesting as the bird, and needs, therefore, assisting with carving. The background is an ornamental rendering of water.

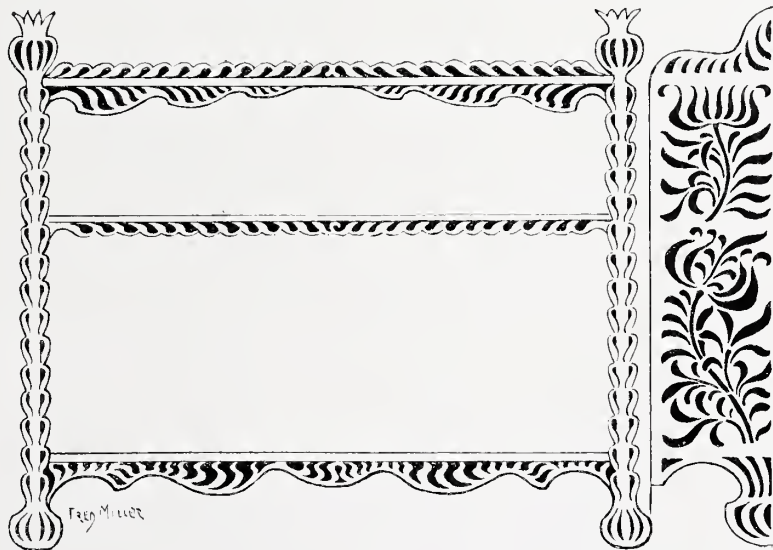
I spoke just now of carving as applied to fretwork, and I cannot better illustrate the subject (No. 14) than by reproducing a small portion of a carved and pierced doorway of Norwegian workmanship, a cast of which is in South Kensington Museum. The effect of this old work is intricate but exceedingly rich, and, without slavishly copying it, some good suggestions may be derived from a study of it. The fantastic creatures wrought into the ornamental foliage add great interest to the work. In some of the Keltic crosses may be seen snake-like creatures most ingeniously entwined, and wrought with the ornament, of which they form an integral part. Chinese dragons and heraldic beasts could be adapted for fretwork. In this Norwegian doorway there is a fertility of resource which evinces great decorative skill. A mirror frame treated on these lines would be effective.

The example No. 15 I have given is one of four door panels, a cast of which is in South Kensington Museum. It is an excellent example of "strap work" carving, but much of the effect could be obtained by fret-cutting with carving added. Door-panels would look well ornamented in this way with frets glued on to them, suggested by this stout work.

The block was made from a photograph of the whole of the door, one of a series sold in the Museum.

FRED MILLER.

(The Series to be continued.)



No. 16.—Cabinet ornamented with frets laid on. In the ends the design is produced by what is cut away.



*Mrs. Nicol of Roscobie.*

*By Robert Brough.*

## ROBERT BROUGH, PAINTER.

**T**HAT this young painter possesses genius—the gift and inborn faculty that come before the years—it were rash to allege. Without doubt, however, he has the

artistic instinct and power of expression which, in their maturity, are the chief elements of genius. And he is wonderfully mature for his years.



*Sketch for 'Twixt Sun and Moon.'*

*By Robert Brough.*

He shot above the London horizon somewhat suddenly from the North. The possession of a distinctive and brilliant style attracted attention, won him quick critical recognition and welcome, and created a hope that he might remain. Should he fulfil the expectations he has excited, his success is likely to be as phenomenal as his appearance.

Though not an Aberdonian, Mr. Brough came south from the "Granite City," which, as the birthplace of

art. It stimulated study and flavoured privation. He worked at the easel chiefly in the early morning hours, often by gaslight, living cheaply in lodgings, and painting as opportunity offered. The preliminary schooling tells how hardly won may be the seeming ease of the style we know. Hardship happily left no scar. One of Mr. Brough's earliest works was the portrait of himself at seventeen (1889), here reproduced. The boyish face betrays no sign of suffering. Light, most likely, and endurance,



*Fantaisie en Folie.*

*By Robert Brough.*

*R. Brough*

Jamesone, Phillip, Sir John Steell, Sir George Reid, and others, has made for itself a place of unique distinction in the history of Scots art. Mr. Brough was born, in 1872, at Invergordon, Ross-shire, and went to Aberdeen in boyhood. He there attended school, and was, in time, indentured to Andrew Gibb & Co., lithographers, amongst whose earlier apprentices was Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. While serving his time, Mr. Brough entered the evening classes of the Aberdeen Art School, under Mr. J. P. Fraser. He there learned drawing, but did no work in colour.

Painting was the occupation of his leisure, or rather, his real work during the intervals of industry. For, as a lad, he had the young painter's unvarying dream of

came from love of art. The colour is of the simplest, but something of the later touch, and a good deal of the later discrimination are in the little canvas. The chiaroscuro is managed with a subtlety and deftness most remarkable in an untrained youngster.

On the day when he completed his apprenticeship Mr. Brough abandoned lithography as a business and went to Edinburgh. In 1891 he there competed for admission to the Royal Scottish Academy Life School, and was successful. In his first year he took three special prizes, the Chalmers bursary, the Stuart prize for figure composition, and the Maclaine Watters medal. He attended the School for two sessions, and during that time worked at lithography, designed music covers, and made portraits in chalk. He next went to Paris, and for four months studied under MM. Laurens and Constant. In the summer of 1894 he returned to Aberdeen, and last year, while holding his northern practice in reserve, he

## THE DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

A NEWLY-FOUND PORTRAIT BY GHIRLANDAIO OF AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

IN the little church of Ognissanti, Florence, celebrated for one of the earliest and most beautiful works of Botticelli, has just been discovered an altar-piece by Domenico Ghirlandaio, which will be of great interest to the student of history as well as of art, containing as it does, presumable portraits of all the then living members of the Vespucci family, including the celebrated Amerigo and his sister the Bella Simonetta, mistress of Giuliano dei Medici.

Vasari, in his *Life of Ghirlandaio*, wrote: "His first pictures were in Ognissanti in the Vespucci Chapel, where is a dead Christ and Saints, and above, in the arch, a *Misericordia*, in which is the portrait of Amerigo Vespucci, who made the navigation of the Indies." And Bottari, in his addition, added the following note: "In the remodelling of this Chapel in 1816, when it was given up to the Baldovinetti, the picture of Ghirlandaio was whitewashed over." The other day, in removing an altar-piece by Matteo Rosetti, the fresco was discovered behind it, not whitewashed over but merely covered over by the picture.

There is no question of the authenticity of the painting, and the upper part, containing the portraits, is very characteristic of the best style of the master, but the *Pietà* itself has been so badly repainted as to be at first sight hardly recognisable. The two principal figures of the Madonna and dead Christ bear evident marks of late 16th or early 17th century style, and are coarsely and vulgarly restored, and the landscape also, entirely made over, shows no trace of the careful love of detail and delicacy of execution of Ghirlandaio. It is in the characteristic studied grouping of the figures, which gives so wooden and photographic an appearance to so many of his groups, that we recognise his hand behind the repaint, and in the faces of the two saints, to the extreme right and left, and the figure with clasped hands in the middle, which have suffered least from restoration. The *Misericordia* above, is, on the contrary, in a state of very

good preservation, and a good example of his work, the figure of the old man especially being one of his most sympathetic portraits, and the simplicity of feeling in the whole group admirable.

The chief interest for the moment to the Florentines lies in the supposed portrait of Amerigo himself, the young man with dark hair nearest the Madonna of Mercy, not unlike the Poliziano in the fresco of Santa Maria Novella. It being granted that the group is of the Vespucci family, which I see no reason to doubt, this identification is probable, for Amerigo being nearly the same age as Ghirlandaio, who could have been little more than twenty when he painted this fresco, it is the only secular figure which corresponds in years. Of the others it is possible that the old man with white hair is a portrait of his father Ser Anastagio, and the half-effaced figure of the monk behind, that Fra Antonio, his uncle, who was the friend and follower of Savonarola; while the personage between him and the bishop may be the celebrated Guidantonio Vespucci, ambassador at the court of France, to whom Amerigo acted at one time as Secretary of Legation. These are merely conjectures; and of the bishop and the monk I can give no suggestion. Among the group of women it is interesting to notice the likeness, not strong, but certainly apparent, to Piero

di Cosimo's portrait of the Bella Simonetta, in the collection at Chantilly—the only authentic portrait of her, by the way, which exists, the so-called Botticelli of the Pitti Palace having long ago been rejected by students as being neither by that master nor a portrait of the celebrated beauty.

But putting aside historical interest, this *Misericordia* is of great artistic value, as being, perhaps, the most youthful production of Ghirlandaio's brush, and showing greater sympathy of feeling and spontaneity than most of his later works, and the discovery of the fresco has added importantly to our knowledge of the history of the artistic progress of the master.

MAUD  
CRUTTWELL.



*The Fresco by Ghirlandaio recently discovered in Florence.*

*By permission of Messrs. Brogi.*



No. 1.—*Venetian Mirror Frame,*  
*Sixteenth century.*



No. 2.—*Tuscan Mirror Frame,*  
*Sixteenth century.*



No. 3.—*Tuscan Mirror or Picture Frame,*  
*from South Kensington Museum,*  
*Fifteenth century.*

## MIRRORS AND FRAMES.

FROM very early times, the decorative and plastic treatment of mirrors and their frames engaged the attention of the artist and craftsman, and it is interesting to briefly outline their development from quite archaic days to the later Renaissance of the eighteenth century, and to note some of the varying phases of design in their treatment.

In antiquity and the earlier Middle Ages mirrors were small, either carried in the hand or attached to the girdle, and the chief material used in their manufacture was bronze, or some alloy that could be highly polished and gave a certain amount of reflection.

We do not find any evidences of glass being used for mirrors until quite a late period, though it is of extremely early origin, some of the first instances being found in Egypt, and dating back to nearly two thousand years before the Christian era. It was from here that the Romans first imported it, and used it extensively for making imitation gems and copies of cameos for those who could not afford the originals, much the same as at the present day, when the production of similar articles has become a recognised trade.

Glass was much used by the Romans for mosaic work, and for lining the walls of baths and other rooms, upon which much of their richest decoration was lavished; and though panes of glass have actually been found in their original positions at Pompeii, it was not until the

thirteenth century, and then but seldom, that glass began to be used for mirrors, the reflecting surface being backed by a sheet of metal.

The Egyptian and Etruscan mirrors of excellent, if somewhat primitive, workmanship, are chiefly remarkable for the engraved designs on the back, consisting of ornaments and figures representing daily life, or from mythology and legend.

Like these the Grecian ones were generally circular or spatulate in shape, but show a distinct advance in their

decoration and artistic treatment; indeed, it is doubtful whether they have ever been excelled for beauty and exquisite sense of fitness for their purpose. They were all hand mirrors, the reflecting surface varying in size from five to eight inches in diameter, and the two illustrated from the British Museum may be taken as typical examples. In one (No. 4) the handle is formed of a figure of Aphrodite, bearing on her head the circular disc, some six inches in diameter and moulded on the



No. 4.—*Grecian Hand Mirror*  
*from the British Museum.*



No. 5.—*Grecian Hand Mirror*  
*from the British Museum.*

edge; two winged figures of Eros, terminating scrolls, support it, and the upper rim is surmounted by a fox pursuing a rabbit, on either side.

The other example illustrated (No. 5) is larger, the disc being nearly ten inches across, very delicately moulded, with a wide margin of interlacing ornament. The handle is perforated, and encloses a group of Aphrodite and Adonis, beautifully modelled in full relief, and the squareness of the frame contrasts in a charming manner with the circular disc above it, which is crowned at the top with an intertwining floral border, with amorini playing in the centre.

Though widely separated in years, the mirrors of the early Mediæval days greatly resembled the antique ones, as they were still circular plaques of polished metal, and from the twelfth until the end of the fifteenth centuries were carried at ladies' girdles, or in the pocket, and the decoration was confined to the handle or the frame, which was of ivory, wood, or metal. In the Harleian MSS., in the inventory of household furniture at the various palaces of Henry VIII., frequent mention is made of glass basins, ewers, bowls, &c.: "An ewer of jasper colour," and again "a great fountayne of glasse," but none in connection with mirrors, though we find that "fourteen lookinge steele glasses" are at Westminster in charge of Sir Anthony Denye. These would doubtless be hand mirrors, or in some portable form, as it was customary at this period for much of the household furniture, tapestry and fittings to be taken about from house to house, as the owner occupied his various residences.

But it is in Venice, the cradle of art industry in the Middle Ages, that we find the earliest examples of glass in mirrors. It had long been a great centre for the manufacture of glass beads, imitations of precious stones and small ornaments, as the Egyptians had done years before, and the trade in these extended to all parts of the world; indeed, the beads imported from Venice into Africa during the Middle Ages are said to be still actually employed as money by some of the tribes of the interior.

It was not until the sixteenth century that glass mirrors were manufactured as a regular trade, owing to the difficulty of obtaining glass in any considerable size; but when mirrors hung on the walls came more into fashion, the hand mirrors lost much of their importance. The glass was of excellent quality, pure and uniform in colour, and the Venetian glass workers formed themselves in 1564 into a corporation, which they jealously guarded, and heavy penalties were enacted against any who betrayed the secrets of the guild.

The frames of pictures during the Middle Ages, and particularly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, partook of the architectural character of the buildings they were in, and were generally used in churches and oratories, enclosing religious subjects or pictures of saints, and were mostly imitative of small Gothic shrines. When the classical Renaissance swept over Europe, this Gothic feeling gradually became transformed, and the fashion quickly changed, though for some years mirror and picture frames in Italy had partaken of the distinctive character of the new style.

In the beautifully illustrated work, "*Le Cornici Italiane*," by M. Guggenheim, the Italian frame is traced consecutively throughout its varying stages—from the austere severity of the Gothic shrine to the rich luxuriance of the Renaissance. They were nearly always of wood, and the early frames were often painted and covered on the plainer portions with some stencilled

pattern, or overlaid with gesso and richly coloured and gilt; indeed, the gilding of these Italian frames is one of their most noticeable features. They were often divided up into three or more divisions, generally with a central one wider than the two sides, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries nearly always treated architecturally with frieze and cornice, pilasters, caps and bases, the ornament and relief partaking of a strong classical feeling and the detail being more or less derived from antique sources. Another favourite treatment from Lombardy was the frame enclosing an arch with its sides and top receding in perspective, and the picture set as it were at the end of a vista of arches and tessellated marble pavements.

The very beautiful Tuscan frame, from the South Kensington Museum, illustrated here (No. 3), is of wood, carved and gilt, with a band of small flowers (the delightful forget-me-not flower found in so much of Grinling Gibbons' and the French work of later periods); the top has a projecting well-moulded cornice, and at the bottom is a bracket carved with scrolls and acanthus leaves, bearing a shield of arms in the centre, emblazoned with the coat of the owner, a very favourite treatment in the frames of this period.

In shape they were oblong, and the enclosing frame severe and architectural in character, and it is in the circular ones that we find the first steps towards the freedom of later times. In the circular one illustrated (No. 2), there is a wide border of fruit and flowers, richly carved in high relief, and tied with intertwining ribbands at regular repeating intervals, showing the architectonic feeling strongly marked; then as the early carvers felt their way they allowed themselves licence to indulge in all richness of strap work, wondrous scrolls, ribbands, and figures carved in very full relief at the top and sides, the oval Venetian one illustrated (No. 1) being a characteristic example.

Perhaps it may be truly said that during the early years of the Italian Renaissance, when their universal use set in, the treatment of frames, whether for mirrors or for painted pictures, reached its highest state of perfection, and, as a consequence, they found their way all over Europe, and it is for this reason that we find so much of the seventeenth-century work based upon them.

They were generally carved in soft woods, either in lime, pear-tree, or willow, and the mirrors were square or oblong. That they were valued can be seen by studying the numerous examples shown in the Dutch and Flemish pictures of the early part of the seventeenth century. In the paintings of interiors by Metz, Netscher, Mieris, and many others, mirrors some twelve to eighteen inches and more high, of oblong shape and standing on a table, are constantly shown, and from the prominent position they occupy were evidently uncommon and highly prized.

Some were furnished with ornamental borders, in which small pieces of cut glass served as decoration, and others were set in those fine ebony frames, with bold mouldings and that peculiar wavy ornament, the first introduction of which has been attributed to Hans Schwanhard in 1621.

With the introduction of the classical taste into England, and the immigration of Italian artists, it was only natural that the treatment of frames, whether for mirrors or pictures, should follow the prevailing fashion, though it was not until the Restoration that mirrors came into general use. Frames enclosing spaces, as for instance the panels in chimney-pieces, were treated with strap-work, festoons and garlands of flowers, masks



and other details, but they partook of an architectural character, and formed part of the general design, and were not used in the same way that the Italians employed them.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, glass works for mirror-making were established in England, and then probably by immigrants from the Low Countries; though in the earlier part of the century the manufacture of glass mirrors was practised by Sir Robert Mansel with the aid of Italian workmen, and we read that some had been made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at Crutched Friars, by one Jacob Venaline, an Italian.

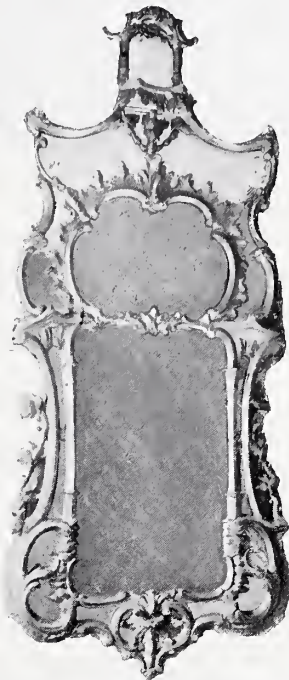
In 1670 the Duke of Buckingham introduced workmen from Venice, and established them at Lambeth, from which manufactory proceeded for years most of the small mirrors with the delicately bevelled edges, and which are still met with in many old houses. In France again, owing to the influence of Colbert, glass mirrors soon rivalled in quality the Venetian ones, and a fresh impetus was given when plate glass was introduced in 1691.

As with most other foreign innovations, so with mirrors and frames, and during the seventeenth century they rapidly sobered down, and lost to a great extent the exuberance and richness of the earlier Italian examples. In England during the last half of the century they were small, and the frames simple, and the glass was gently bevelled on the edges, about an inch in width, and following the line of the frame. These plates were square or oblong at first, shaped only at the top, and then later both top and bottom, with simple graceful curves and hollows, the bevelling on the glass corresponding with the outline of the frame. Sometimes the upper part of the plate, to which all the shaped outline was confined, was in a separate piece, and figures and patterns were cut in the back after the manner of an intaglio, and left with a dull surface and the mercury showing through, much in the style of the Venetian mirrors of the sixteenth century, of which a beautiful example from South Kensington Museum is

here given (No. 7), though the cutting of the English ones never attained such a high standard of excellence.

Another favourite treatment is met with in the seventeenth century, and examples can be seen at Chatsworth, Hampton Court, and numerous other places. The mirror being limited in size, was joined with strips of shaped and coloured glass, covering the joints, or used as a border, with cut glass or metal rosettes to fasten it together; the mirror was divided into panels by these divisions, and the effect of the coloured glass on the plain was very effective. This treatment was generally confined to chimney-pieces, or the large fixed mirrors between windows, and formed part of the fittings of the room. In the Stewards' Accounts preserved at Haddon Hall, among a number of very interesting items, we find in the year 1637, "Pd. for 4 Venice beere glasses, 2 glasses to put into the greate lookinge glasse in the gallery, and a sun glasse, the sum of 16 shillings," which most probably had reference to a mirror of this kind; and again in 1639, "Pd. for a lookinge glasse for my little Mr. the sum of 10 pence," doubtless for a small hand mirror.

As the century advanced, and after the introduction of plate glass and the facilities for making larger sheets became easier, frames were more ornamental and sometimes very beautiful. Grinling Gibbons, who had long been at work upon St. Paul's Cathedral and other work for Wren, carved a great many frames, wall panels, chimney-pieces, and other fittings, and gave a distinctive character and style to his work, that makes it particularly captivating. The frame illustrated (No. 8), if not executed by him, is in the style that he founded, and the idea of the knot of ribbands at the top, from which the border of fruit and flowers descends on either side and meets again below, is singularly happy. Contemporary with this are the crowd of mirrors of all sizes and shapes, and generally made in mahogany or pine-wood gilt. The glass is bevelled and shaped at the upper corners, and has a simple moulding with a small inner member carved and



No. 6.—Chippendale Mirror in the possession of Mr. David Isaacs.



No. 7.—Venetian Mirror from South Kensington Museum, showing Glass with engraving on back.

gilt, and around is a flat wide margin of wood cut into quaint and fantastic outlines; sometimes there is a perforated circle in the upper portion enclosing a quaintly shaped bird of attenuated outline, and with a preposterously long beak. These mirrors, varying in outline and detail, are very common, and have been more copied and reproduced than any others. They are generally attributed to Chippendale, though upon what ground it is difficult to conjecture, as they are altogether too slight and insignificant to bear comparison with his work.

Chippendale, as is well known, published a work called the "Gentlemen's and Cabinet-Makers' Directory in the Gothic, Chinese, and Modern Taste," in 1754—the "modern" taste being that which he adapted from the French. His book was more or less a trade catalogue, and with those of his contemporaries and successors were distributed all over the country. It is interesting to read a list of the subscribers to his work—for amongst a long list of his patrons, we come across the names of many "joyners," carpenters and enamellers, his fellow-workers Ince and Gillow, Mr. James Payn an architect, Mr. Rivington the bookseller, and one "William Franks," a bricklayer, who must surely have been an enthusiast in his love of furniture to subscribe to a work that in those days must have been costly.

In his furniture he confined himself to working in solid mahogany, with little if any inlay; but his mirror frames and girandoles were carved in lime or other soft woods richly gilt and burnished in parts, and form an altogether distinct style by themselves. Nearly all are based upon the French ones so much in vogue at this time, and were they not illustrated in his book, it would be difficult to understand that they were executed by the same men who made the solid and dignified furniture of this period in England.

In the example illustrated (No. 6) the mirror proper is in two parts, which again are enclosed by a narrower border of glass, subdivided by a carved framework of wood, gilt and burnished, and surmounted by a small panel; the whole showing, in the sinuous lines and reversed curves, a strong French influence, combined, as in the pagoda-like enclosure at the top, with a feeling for

Chinese detail, doubtless based upon the researches of Sir William Chambers in China, who for some years had been popularising the style in this country.

With the advent of Heppelwhite and his school, the exuberance of Chippendale's work lost much of its attractiveness, and a quieter and more refined treatment came into fashion. Like his predecessors, Heppelwhite published a book on furniture, "The Cabinet-Makers' and Upholsterers' Guide," and in it we find illustrations of dressing and other mirrors, with frames inlaid with various woods or painted and varnished.

Girandoles, which were exceedingly popular at this period, were usually carved and gilt, or coloured in keeping with the decoration of the room. They were for candles, with a backing of either white or coloured cut glass, and generally hung against a wall, and were often of very fantastic outlines.

The pier glasses most in fashion at the time of writing, in 1787, were either square or oval, with simple moulded frames, ornamented at the head with open work of quiet and refined character, and at the bottom with festoons of the well-known bell flower or wheat ears, and occasionally with candle brackets at the sides or coupled at the bottom.

Throughout the remainder of the eighteenth century, and during the whole of the Adams and Sheraton periods, mirrors and frames, though varying greatly in detail and still showing a strong tendency towards classical sources, were perhaps more genuinely English than at any other period, and it was only when the decadent spirit of the early part of this century utterly quenched the artistic life of the country, that the decoration of mirrors and their frames was abandoned.

They form such a simple yet beautiful means of brightening a room, that if looked at only from the standpoint of mere usefulness, they deserve a better fate than they have met with in this century, and now that articles of daily use are again engaging the attention of our cleverest artists and craftsmen, we can confidently look forward to the time when a fresh impetus will be given to the designing of mirrors and the renaissance of an art worthy the close of the nineteenth century.

E. GUY DAWBER.



No. 8.—Picture Frame after the style of Grinling Gibbons, early eighteenth century.



*The Chrysanthemum Frieze. (Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead.)*

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

SOME friezes of paper pulp, decorated in a singularly artistic manner, have been made lately by Messrs. Wylie & Lochhead, of Maddox Street, and of Glasgow. They are embossed, but in an unusual manner, the outlines only of the designs being forced into relief, while the flat space between the raised lines are afterwards coloured in oils. The colouring is done entirely by hand, with the brush, and the resulting tones, broken and relieved by the raised lines, have that charm and accidental effect which is absent from mechanical printing, however good. One of these friezes, the 'Chrysanthemum,' the original design for which was exhibited by Mr. Arthur Gwatkin at the Academy in 1896, is illustrated at the top of this page. Several other of Mr. Gwatkin's designs, including the 'Iris' and the 'Poppy,' have been reproduced with raised outlines by Messrs. Wylie & Lochhead, and Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson's quaint and interesting 'Ship' frieze has also been printed in the same manner. These friezes can, of course, be coloured as desired to harmonize with the decorations of the rooms in which they are fixed.

I saw another striking frieze, somewhat similar in motive, though not in design, to Mr. Hamilton Jackson's 'Ship,' at Messrs. A. Sanderson & Sons, of Chiswick. This was Mr. H. W. Wilde's 'Sea-horse' frieze, in which Roman galley

figure in the place of the seventeenth-century ships seen in Mr. Jackson's design. The 'Sea-horse' frieze was designed by Mr. Wilde to accompany his fine wall-paper, known by the same name, which Messrs. Sanderson are also printing. Striped wall-papers, judging by the number one sees everywhere, appear to be very much in vogue just now. There are some designs in simple stripes, printed by the Chiswick firm, in fawn, grey,

and other pale, delicate tones, on a material exactly resembling cambric, which are very attractive. Here, too, may be seen many new examples of the flock papers, once almost universally condemned, but now again fashionable, as well as some graceful Louis XVI. designs by M. De Gruchy.



*Lamp in Brass and Silver.*

*Designed by Miss Esther Moore.*

The introduction of the electric light has opened a new and extensive field to the designer and the metal-worker. One of the ablest of the numerous artists who have turned their attention in this direction is Miss Esther Moore, the sculptor, by whom the lamp illustrated on this page was modelled. Miss Esther Moore's work, specimens of which are always to be seen in the sculpture galleries at the summer exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and occasionally at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition and the New Gallery, has, on several previous occasions, been illustrated and criticised in THE ART JOURNAL.

The present example is distinguished, like all Miss Moore's work, by its originality of design and its good modelling. The globe and stand are of brass, but the supporting figures, as well as the principal one which bears the flower-like lamp, are modelled in silver.

An interesting exhibition of French pottery, which did not, perhaps, attract as much attention as it

deserved, was held last month at the Hanover Gallery, New Bond Street. The vases, plaques, and other objects shown were the work of M. Edmond Lachenal, a French artist who displays in much of his work a commendable feeling for form, and an appreciation of tender, refined colour. M. Lachenal's modelling also, is of far higher quality than that which is usually seen in works of ceramic art.

W. T. WHITLEY.

## CAMERA CRAFT.

THE Exhibition arranged by the Royal Photographic Society at the Crystal Palace, and opened on April 25th, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is the greatest show of photographic matters ever known; and has more or less of an international character. The centre of the great nave of the Palace is filled with the exhibits of manufacturers and merchants in photographic apparatus, but still there is ample space left for displays which, anywhere else, would be large exhibitions in themselves, of the pictorial, scientific, and historical sections. A demonstration which fairly belongs to both the last-named departments will be the taking of Daguerreotype portraits by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, the official photographers, who have held their position in the Palace ever since the old Daguerreotype days. There will be the best of living picture projection, and "photography in natural colors," by all the recent methods. In the pictorial section separate "alcoves" will be devoted to the works of many of the acknowledged masters. Not only British workers, but also a few representative men from the United States and from the Continent have contributed their work, and a very catholic spirit must have ruled the committee which arranged for the filling of the spaces, for work of every "school," from the oldest to the newest, are to be seen.

Another exhibition of the greatest possible importance from the pictorial point of view is The North-Western Photographic Exhibition in Manchester. Apart from the fact that the arrangements for the Manchester Exhibition were novel in many ways, the show is interesting as one of a series of protests against the domination of London in the development of artistic photography.

The growth of a very strong Scottish "school," and the great success

of the recent Glasgow Exhibition, spurred the men of the North-west to demonstrate that they, too, possess individuality and power. Though the work of outsiders was not entirely excluded—for there is an "invitation section" of pictures by celebrities honoured of the committee—the bulk of the exhibition is devoted to the work of residents within sixty miles of Manchester.

Even these people were not allowed to submit their efforts individually, but had to first offer them to their local photographic societies; and the societies' officers submitted approved collections of their members' work; which collections (so far as accepted) are hung in blocks. Whether this is the best way to secure a fine exhibition seems very doubtful, though it certainly tends to encourage the photographic societies. Other novel and entirely admirable features of the exhibition, are the absence of awards, of entrance-fees, of wall-space charges, and of charges for admission.

Amongst the Northern workers who are just outside the limits of the North-Western Exhibition, one who has already made a good position, though I doubt whether his work has had the recognition it really deserves, is Edgar G. Lee. His 'Castle Garth, Newcastle,' is reproduced herewith. This was one of the medalled pictures of the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition of 1895; and if I am asked exactly why it is introduced here, I fear I must confess that it was intended to lead up to a few pictures of London antiquities, and to a sermon on the duty of all photographers and sketchers to secure the features of the many historic buildings which are so quickly passing away. But the subject is a large one, and editorial commands unduly limit my space this month, so London must wait.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



Castle Garth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

By Edgar G. Lee.

## THE ART MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

TO a visitor who goes for the first time to North America, the artistic wealth of the people there becomes almost embarrassing in its wide-spread magnificence and consistency. Neighbourhoods of which the people of England know nothing, cities even of a size to command respect and interest of which the stay-at-home has only a very vague idea, are surrounding themselves with all kinds of decorative art and easel pictures in a way that must have the greatest influence in the near future of both Europe and North America.

During the early part of this year it has been my privilege to visit most of the Eastern Cities of the United States, and also the collectors in Montreal where the principal galleries of pictures are to be found. In all I examined about forty private collections, together with the Public Galleries and Museums of New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, Washington, and Philadelphia.

While it may be frankly stated that nothing comes up to the level of the National Gallery of England, the Louvre, or the South Kensington Museum, yet these various Galleries and Museums are likely at no distant date to become serious rivals of the very best collection in Europe.

One salon, for example, in the Art Museum of Chicago, contains a series of paintings by old masters, mostly of the Dutch and Flemish schools, wherein the visitor might readily believe himself in the Louvre or in the Rijks Museum of Holland. In the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York, the collections of Blue and White China, and other decorative objects, are equal to the same divisions in South Kensington, although they cannot be held to surpass it: while in the principal portion of its collections, under the careful guidance of Mr. Thomas Armstrong, South Kensington has accumulated treasures that never can be rivalled, or even approached.

At Boston, the New Public Library and its splendid decoration absorb the whole artistic interest for the moment. A noble building, nobly planned and practically useful, is being decorated by American artists, and by M. Puvis de Chavannes of Paris. These decorations have successively been on exhibition in London and in the Salon, but no one has any idea of their real magnificence and appropriateness unless they are examined *in situ*. Mr. J. S. Sargent's rich and wondrous panels show with peculiar force in the positions for which they were prepared. In the Royal Academy, where they were exhibited in 1894, these decorations seemed bizarre and almost savage in their intensity of colour. At Boston they appear subdued yet rich, even powerful, but still perfectly appropriate, and admirably decorating their position. M. Puvis de Chavannes has been equally fortunate in his decoration of the entrance. In the Paris Salon these panels appeared lacking in harmony and colour; at Boston, which is their resting-place, they lend further dignity to an already dignified staircase.

Mr. Abbey has scarcely been so fortunate in his 'Quest of the Holy Grail,' decoration for the frieze of the "Delivery Room" of the Library; but, as the work is still incomplete, it is not possible to judge finally. Mr. Sargent has also much to do to complete his hall, and Mr. Whistler has been approached with a commission to paint a large dome-shaped panel in the public Reading Room seating three hundred readers, and it is hoped that before long he will be able to begin the work.

The Museum of Fine Arts of Boston, ably presided over by General Loring, is full of interesting works, many by Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston and Benjamin West, together with examples of all the European schools, from Botticelli to Whistler and Sargent, together with two splendid Rembrandts given by Mrs. Fredk. Ames as a memorial of her husband.

In New York the movement in Art is always very great. Besides the semi-public galleries, such as Messrs. Knoedler's, Schaus's, Tooth's, Goupil's, and Cottier's, there are occasionally Art sales of high importance held by the American Art Association—one of the best organized sale-rooms in the world. I have been present at sales of pictures in various parts of the British Isles, in France, and in Holland, and know the methods of procedure very well; but it appeared to me that the American Art Association had hit the happy mean between the prose of business and the poetry of Art.

Mr. T. B. Clarke holds genial sway in New York artistic circles: his knowledge and judgment are acknowledged, and he is the friend of the best American Art, both by his own collection and his influence. The mansions of Fifth Avenue are being filled with good works of art and decoration, the suburbs are following in the direction, and the increasingly fashionable Lakewood—three hours' from New York—will some day contain the finest collection on the American Continent.

In Canada the centre of Art is found in Montreal, the business capital, where the political and railway magnates reside. The great chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the most versatile and interesting of men, has a private collection of pictures and Oriental Art of magnitude and beauty. One of the Senators of Canada has exquisite taste in all he possesses in his beautiful house and his splendid pictures, many of them famous all the world over. Another gentleman, as well known in Birmingham as in Montreal, has several notable works, and the collection of Lord Strathcona contains a famous Turner and the *chef d'œuvre* of Jules Breton. The Art School is presided over by a master of experience and ability, and the architectural professors of the great McGill University are inculcating a healthy knowledge of the oldest of the Arts.

At Chicago there is an Art School with nearly two thousand pupils, and an organization of the most active character. The Art Institute is a fine building, first occupied so short time ago as 1893, and yet it appears to be almost complete in its departments. During my several visits, there were lady lecturers taking round groups of ladies and discussing, in an interesting and intelligent manner, the sculpture of Greece and Rome. Art masters were giving lessons, and in the galleries were the ordinary public, some seeking for education, but of course most for pleasure. The inhabitants of Chicago are fond of their Art Institute, and they show their partiality by bestowing on it many rich gifts.

The private galleries of Chicago are fewer in proportion to population than Montreal, but they are nearly equally rich in their contents. One brilliant Rembrandt stands out in my memory, and the palace of Mr. Potter Palmer includes several celebrated pictures.

D. CROAL THOMSON.

(To be continued.)

## PASSING EVENTS.

THE Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have decided that the Associateship of the Royal College of Art is to be granted to all those who, having passed satisfactorily through at least two years' training in the Royal College of Art, or National Art Training School, have obtained the Art Master's Certificate, Group I. and two Certificates of other groups. Applications for the Diploma of Associateship should be made by those past students of the College who are qualified for it under the above rule, to the Secretary, Department of Science and Art, South Kensington.

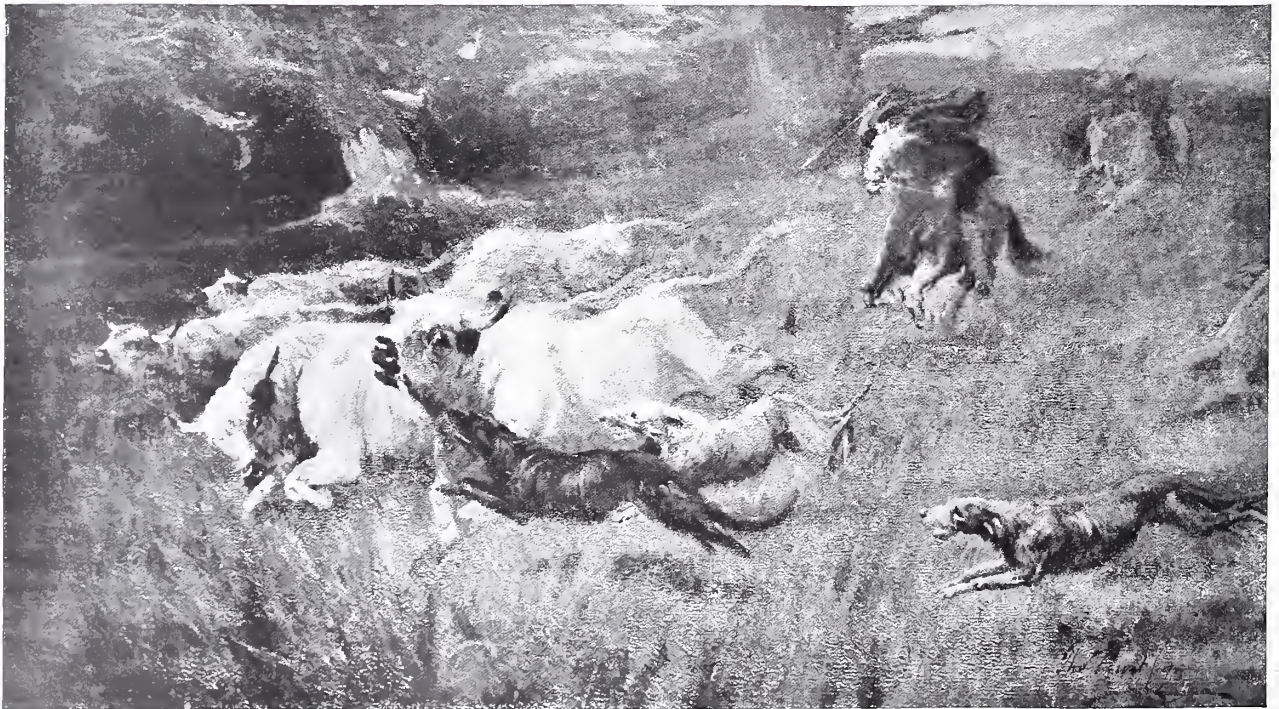
BY the death of Mr. E. P. Brandard, the old school of line-engraving has lost one of its last survivors. Born in 1819, Mr. Brandard became apprenticed to his brother the late R. Brandard when quite a lad. He was an ardent admirer of J. M. W. Turner, and engraved several of the master's famous works in the National Gallery and South Kensington Museum. Amongst other artists whose works he engraved were Constable, Birket Foster, Wouwerman and Alfred Hunt. He executed several excellent plates for the earlier numbers of THE ART JOURNAL.

AMONG the many interesting pictures which adorned the walls of the Glasgow Institution, we find Mr. Thomas Hunt's large picture, 'A Royal Caledonian Hunt,' one of the best. Mr. Hunt has been painting very strong work the last few years, and his personality is so strong, that it is little wonder he is becoming a

power for good in his adopted city. Mr. Hunt's knowledge of art is extensive, and he strives to paint up to his exalted ideals. In his later work he has succeeded in coming very near it, and he is undoubtedly an artist to be reckoned with in the future.

AN Exhibition of the Paintings and Water-colour Drawings of Mr. H. Clarence Whaite will be held in the City of Manchester Art Gallery, in June and July next, under the auspices of the Art Gallery Committee, and it is desired that anyone possessing works by Mr. Whaite, and willing to lend them to the Exhibition, will communicate with the Curator, City Art Gallery, Manchester.

THE Sixty-ninth Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, now open in Dublin, is a very good one, one somewhat remarkable feature in it being the large number of contributions from well-known Scottish painters, and the amount of excellent work from lady artists. The leading Academicians are well represented, Mr. Walter Osborne chiefly by two portraits which have previously been hung at the Royal Academy, Mr. Catterson Smith also by portraits, Mr. Williams by his able transcripts of Irish scenery, the veteran William Osborne, by a number of charming idylls of animal life, and Mr. Inglis, Mr. Alfred Grey, and others, by characteristic landscapes and studies of animals. One of the most important and best works is from the easel of one of the youngest members, Mr. Henry Allan, who, in his



*A Royal Caledonian Hunt, Cadzow Forest, in the Old Time.*

*By Thomas Hunt.*

'Episode of the Rebellion of '98,' a very large canvas, has given undoubted evidence of the possession of a powerful imagination, and of great technical ability, the dramatic force of his picture, the well-balanced colouring and the fine drawing, leaving nothing to be desired. Mr. John Sargent's famous 'Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth,' the Hon. John Collier's 'Joyce and her Grandfather,' and a charming study by Mr. Orchardson, naturally have the effect of dwarfing, by comparison, much of the other work, but they have added greatly to the value and interest of the collection. The sales have been miserably few, and the Royal Hibernian Academy stands in some need of enlightened patronage from the Irish officials and aristocracy who love their beautiful land and desire to assist native talent.

THE members of the Royal Institute of British Architects have presented to their gallery, an excellent portrait of their ex-president, Mr. Penrose, by Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A.

MR. HERBERT J. FINN'S Exhibition opens on 16th May until 10th June at the Modern Gallery. The most important work comprises four drawings of Canterbury Cathedral, and the beautiful old Christ Church Gateway, showing its mellow crumbling age. The work for this season is confined exclusively to Kent—the garden of England—and includes many seascapes and landscapes. A powerful drawing is the fishing fleet leaving Ramsgate Harbour, in bright morning sunlight. The Corporation of Maidstone are (at Easter) showing a loan collection of fifty of Mr. Finn's pictures.

WE reproduce here a bust of Edward VI., which has been lately unveiled by the Marchioness of Bristol at King Edward's School, Bury St. Edmunds. It is a Jubilee Memorial, subscribed for by old scholars, and is appropriately



Bust of Edward VI. at King Edward's School, Bury St. Edmunds.  
By Mark Rogers, Junr.

placed in a niche over the scholars' door. The portrait is based upon what contemporary authority can be found at Windsor and the National Portrait Gallery, and an attempt is made to show the thoughtful face of a student who would be interested in the welfare of schools, so many of which are due to him and his advisers. King Edward's School at Bury is supposed to be the first of his founding, this being commemorated by the date 1550 on the pedestal. The work is by Mr. Mark Rogers, jun., and our engraving is from a photograph of the model.

THE Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association will be held on May 19th to 23rd, at the Royal Albert Hall.

THE Brotherhood Publishing Company is now circulating, under the title, "What is Art?" a translation of a work by Count Tolstoy. This title was anticipated in 1885 by Mr. J. Stanley Little, and used by him for a book on Art, published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein. Mr. Little has had in preparation, for some time past, a second edition of his work, and there seems to be some prospect of a conflict of title. Count Tolstoy's book was originally announced as "On Art," but it issued from the press in this country under the title to which Mr. Little has, apparently, a prior claim.

THE care taken by M. Paul Chevallier, of Ruede la Grange-Batelière, Paris, in his preparations for Art sales, is admirably shown in the beautifully illustrated catalogues he issues. M. Chevallier is the chief art auctioneer of France, and his catalogues are known all over the world as models of good taste combined with attractiveness to a possible purchaser. His example is being followed in America, and in a limited way in Holland, and doubtless the auctioneers of London must soon follow suit.



North-west Tower and Cloisters, Canterbury.  
By Herbert J. Finn.

## RECENT BOOKS ON ART.

"MILLAIS AND HIS WORKS," by M. H. Spielmann (Blackwood), although produced confessedly in haste while the Millais exhibition was open at the Royal Academy, is really a well-considered account of the late President's work, with several illustrations, amongst them the fine portrait of Mr. Gladstone here reproduced. "THE TWO DUCHESSES" (Blackie) embraces the correspondence between Georgiana and Elizabeth, both Duchess of Devonshire, with other highly placed personages, between the years 1777 and 1859. Mr. Vere Foster, the well-known philanthropist, has edited the work, which is illustrated with excellent reproductions of the period. The letters being written by people moving in the best circles, are full of movement.

THE well-printed volume on "BOW, CHELSEA, AND DERBY PORCELAIN," by William Bemrose (Bemrose and Sons), is a very important addition to the history of porcelain in this country. Mr. Bemrose has devoted much time to the matter, and has proved that many specimens hitherto classed as the manufacture of Bow or Chelsea, were made in Derby. He is not able to find the exact date when porcelain began to be made at Derby, but it was certainly before 1750, the usually accepted date. The site of the Chelsea works is defined, and many points hitherto obscure are cleared up. The illustrations are well chosen, and as might be expected from one so well experienced as the author, the production is worthy of the subject.

ANUMBER of interesting pamphlets have recently appeared. "THE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM," by Cecil Torr (C. J. Clay), wherein the writer suggests it is not impossible it will be proved that Christ during His Ministry ought to be represented as less than twenty

in place of more than thirty years old, as artists usually do. "LEIGHTON, MILLAIS, AND WILLIAM MORRIS" (Macmillan) forms a lecture delivered to the students of the Royal Academy by Sir W. B. Richmond. It is an exposition of academic training, and it is specially hard on students with tendencies towards impressionism. "JAPANESE ART—BOOKS RELATING THERETO IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ART LIBRARY," explains itself, while the paper and print is as unpleasant as Government publications still continue to be, even when dealing with good art. "THE REPORT OF THE ART COMMITTEE OF THE BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION" (Clowes) records the distinguished success of British Art at the exhibition last year, and especially the work done by Mr. Isidore Spielmann, who acted as Honorary Secretary.

TWO charming little books of Poems claim attention. "LIFE OF LIFE," by A. L. Salmon (Blackwood), breathes the spirit of a lover of nature. "SPIKENARD," by Lawrence Housman (Grant Richards), is a series of devotional love-poems carrying the sensitive expression of realistic religion.



*Portrait of the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone.*

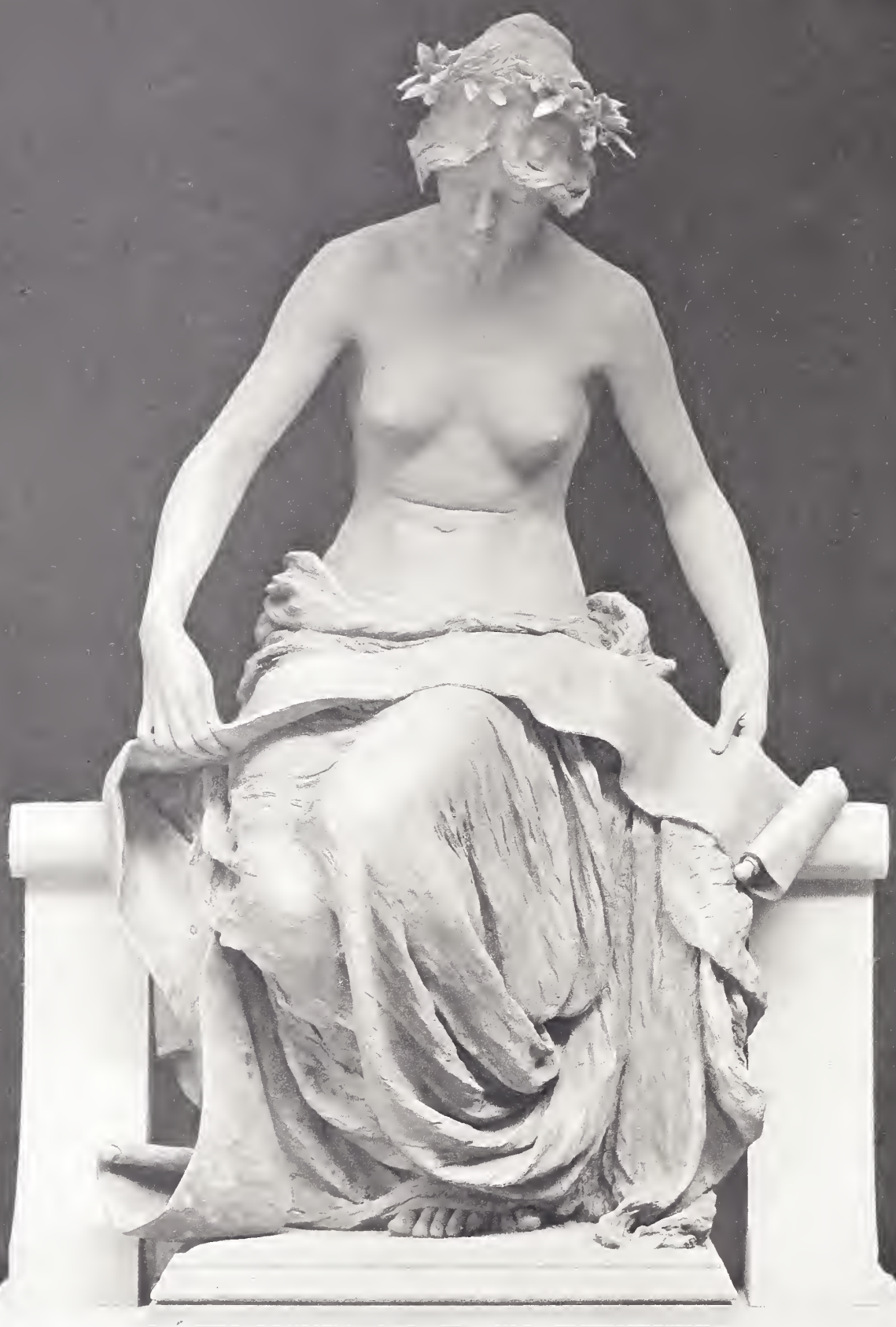
*By Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.  
("Millais and his Works"—Blackwood.)*

MESSRS. BELL'S Cathedral Series is continued with excellent monographs on "PETERBOROUGH AND NORWICH," and Messrs. Service and Paton issue illustrated editions of "THE CAXTONS" and "CRANFORD." Other smaller publications are "ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHY," by G. A. T. Middleton (Hazzell). "A HANDBOOK TO PASTEL" (Barbe). "A HANDBOOK FOR WRITERS AND ARTISTS" (Deacon), a guide to the publications of London, with an excellent introduction on the means new contributors should take in approaching Editors. "THE EVERGREEN ALMANAC" (Geddes, Edinburgh), with decorative line designs.





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KNOWLEDGE.

BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R. A.



*Old Shoreham (p. 170).*

*By David Murray, A.R.A.*

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1898.

“**T**HAT the best Art of England can hold its own against the world” is indeed a trumpet note to sound, and worthy of Millais as man and painter—worthy to be remembered in conjunction with the recent exhibition of the master’s work at Burlington House which so bravely backed up the challenge. Here was an opportunity for those whose eyes were made for seeing; whose ambition could be fired by the object lessons of a great artist’s triumphs; and whose disappointments could be lessened by the spectacle of a great artist’s failures. The time was ripe for such a display.

Although a general truism is always open to a particular contradiction, it is safe to say that it is in the open court of the Royal Academy that the cause of British Art is annually tried and found wanting or sufficient. The leaven of canvases required, satisfying the righteous canons of art, is not high. Should this leaven contain an inner ring of works of genius, then, indeed, the reputation of an Academy is made by this brilliant minority. The last two exhibitions were manifest examples of the decrease of both the leaven and the ring. Causes have been found in the co-incident gathering of misfortunes and discouragements. Loss of leadership and lack of patronage produced a corresponding deficiency of enterprise and enthusiasm, and the art world looked anxiously for some sign to announce the inevitable reaction. Thus did the Millais exhibition come as a portent and as a stimulus. By its successes and its failures the young artist, and even also the painter of standing, received just that incentive necessary to make

JUNE, 1898.

the 1898 Academy show a general advance, and a real “leap towards the light.” Not that by the mere output



*The Fold (p. 163).*

*By Edward Stott.*

*By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons, owners of the copyright.*

of labour can the accomplishment of a great picture be achieved, and no one knew this better than Millais when he wrote, in a spirit of sound philosophy, the words:—"It is not given to every man—not indeed to any—to succeed whenever and however he tries. The best painter that ever lived never entirely succeeded more than four or five times, however high his general average may have been." Then follows the strong personal touch which should profit the striving painter:—"I may honestly say that I never consciously placed an idle touch upon canvas, and that I have always been earnest and hard-working, yet the worst pictures I ever painted in my life are those into which I threw most trouble and labour and I confess I should not grieve were half my works to go to the bottom of the Atlantic—if I might choose the half to go."

Assuredly the example and precept of Millais have their results in the one-hundred-and-thirtieth annual exhibition of the Royal Academy. The influence is shown in a curious way, and that with regard to the late President's fierce championing of bright colours. In the present exhibition there is a perceptible heightening of tone. Many artists, hitherto accustomed to low keys of colour, have strung their canvases to a higher pitch, and others, whose delight has always been found in strident hues, have sought refuge from the charge of tub-thumping on canvas, in the excuse that posterity will be in time for the mellowness of their pictures.

Whilst attributing, however, to the Millais exhibition, much of the renewed zeal and energy, the results of which are apparent now at Burlington House, the effect of Sir Edward Poynter's lead should not be overlooked. In the article on last year's Academy, occasion was taken to refer to the Presi-

dent's labours in connexion with the adequate representation of British Art at the numerous foreign exhibitions which demanded the official attention of the head of the Royal Academy. The fact, also, that at home popular interest and enthusiasm were almost entirely absorbed by the unique national thanksgiving of 1897, had much to do with the contrasting display of art apathy. It is to be seen then that the reaction this year has been materially strengthened by example and leadership.

Not since 1880, when Sir Edward Poynter painted his famous Chantrey picture 'The Visit to Æsculapius,' has the President finished such an important work as the 'Skirt Dance.' Three years ago a picture he exhibited foreshadowed the present canvas (see THE ART JOURNAL, 1895, page 174). It is at once characteristic of the artist's absolute bent for that form of art which is classical and academic—which makes a direct appeal for intellectual appreciation. Horace still exercises sway over the painter's choice of subject, although the wantonness of the Ionic dance, which came under the lash of the poet, when he bewailed the decadence of the Romans, is scarce suggested in the

gracefully poised figure of the young dancer. The setting of the picture has afforded the artist a fine opportunity for classical elaboration of composition. Marble-pannelled walls and a richly tiled pavement, bounded by a circular marble seating, associated with the garden

house of a Roman villa, form excellent accessories to the illustration of the theme. Lolling and chatting, and anon gazing in admiration at the movements of the dancer, groups of Roman maidens (*maturæ virgines*) are seen on the cushioned circle, throwing into clear relief the figure of the young girl clad in diaphanous pink gauze, revealing the perfect outline of her



*William the Conqueror granting a Charter to the Citizens of London (p. 176). By Seymour Lucas, R.A.*



*Morning, Isle of Arran—"All in the blue unclouded weather" (p. 172).*

*By J. MacWhirter, R.A.*

*By permission of J. Murray, Esq., of Aberdeen, the owner of the copyright.*



*Love Triumphant (p. 172).*  
*By G. F. Watts, R.A.*

shape. Away beyond is the rich blue sky, seen through the marble pillars, with the green ivy and the pink of the oleander. A picture such as this attacks all those problems which the figure painter of the classical school delights in setting himself, and Sir Edward's own words in this connexion are worth quoting: "I consider that practice in this form of art is the best preparation for any style which the student's natural tendencies will lead him ultimately to adopt, demanding as it does the highest sense of beauty, and involving the greatest difficulties in drawing and design."

This insistence on the importance of mastering the drawing, painting and composition of figures is naturally extended to the landscape painter, and this leads by an easy transition to the consideration of the work of Mr. H. H. La Thangue. Here is a painter who can dominate his landscapes with figures fulfilling all the demands made by that higher order of landscape painting which earns Sir Edward Poynter's praises. In the 'Travelling Harvesters' of last year was seen the first full expression of this power, and although the 'Gleaners' was a more restrained and a more refined piece of workmanship and feeling, it was in the large picture that Mr. La Thangue found the positive outlet for his great gifts. Just as his advance was clear and unmistakable

—making an irresistible claim, as was remarked at the time, for those Academic honours since worthily accorded—so this year is it abundantly evident that the young painter has more than maintained, and in fact greatly strengthened, his position. The problem picture has always one obstacle in the way of spontaneous appreciation, and that, as it were, its self-consciousness. Once dispel the feeling that one is looking upon a *tour de force*, the overmasterliness of a work gives place to orderly admiration. In the 'Harvesters at Supper' (opposite), Mr. La Thangue has painted the companion work to last year's 'Travelling Harvesters.' Both are obviously triumphant overcomings of problems of light, but the lurid glare—even garishness—of the earlier work is not in the present Academy's picture. The moon is up in a windy sky, and the

last grey flickerings of twilight are commingled with the light from the fire burning brightly beneath the broth pot in the field. Around the fire are placed, with unerring truth and effect, the tired harvesters, whose faces reflect the glow, and there is no evasion of difficulty in the interposition of the kneeling figure of the woman placed between the firelight and the spectator. It is again, however, that one turns from the gallery picture to one of smaller dimensions, to find the most artistic expression of Mr. La Thangue's powers, and assuredly it is not necessary to go further than to the fine colour scheme of 'Bracken,' reproduced here, with its marvellous

vista of trees on the left of the composition, of alternate shadow and sunlight.

It is not to be wondered at, when looking at some of Mr. La Thangue's work, and it should be added, Mr. Edward Stott's, if thoughts arise as to an English Barbizon in the midst of the Sussex pastorals, for the beckonings of nature to these two men appear to be made quite as strongly as ever they were to Charles Jacque and François Millet in their refuge near Chailly-en-Bière. Mr. E. Stott answers the call in the language of Millet. To him nature is always pleading with tenderness, softness and mellowness. "The beautiful idea has no relation to size," and, like Millet, Mr. E. Stott finds ample room for his inter-



*Bracken (p. 164).*

*By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.*

*By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons, owners of the copyright.*

pretation of the beautiful in the confines of a small canvas—a width of twenty-nine inches sufficed for the glorious 'L'Angélus.' And if there be any comfort in the information to those artists who find themselves, season after season, with pictures left on their hands, let them learn that Millet frequently had only one canvas on which to paint, and that his wont was, in those days of poverty, to scrape off the old picture before beginning another. In the last Academy, Mr. Edward Stott's poetical transcript 'Sunday Night,' a picture in one of the smaller rooms, was much admired by those who have eyes for seeing, and now in 'The Fold' (page 161), is to be seen one of the finest pastorals of the year. If true art be to conceal itself, here is abundant proof of elaborate workmanship concealed beneath the garb of perfect simplicity. The



*Harvesters at Supper (p. 164).*

*By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.*

*By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons, owners of the copyright.*

scene is one nightly unfolded to the painter at Amberley, and issimply that of a boy with his collie penning the sheep. Just above the horizon the moon is rising and the pale orange yellow of her light tinges the stretches near. A furrowed field and the blue and green of woods lie beyond the fold, and on the backs of the folded sheep plays the silver-blue light of twilight. Everything in the little work is in perfectly balanced tone. The figures of the boy and the dog are kept well within the scheme and are painted with consummate restraint of handling. The entire canvas is covered by a veil of breadth, concealing the fine manipulation and delicacy of brushwork which have been exercised in this exquisite picture.

The spirit of mediævalism which animates much of Mr. Boughton's compositions has not been lacking in

son's poem, when the 'shadows of the world' which appear on the highway are those of a happy and careless throng, the entire scheme being a tender harmony of colour decoration. The fair-haired page, decked in crimson, and holding a hound in leash, makes a fine centrepiece for the composition, and to the right and left are symmetrically balanced groupings of glad court damsels, with minstrels, and red-cloaked market girls. Across the stream the knights riding two and two fulfil the composition with gay touches of colour on the streamers of their lances, and the simple background of landscape, with the grey-towered Camelot in the distance, sends into relief the figures in the foreground, the colours of whose costumes are subtly blended and form an effective scheme in which pale salmons, blue greys, and warm pinks are



*A Moorland Road (p. 172).*

*By E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A., P.R.W.S.*

the singularly decorative conception of 'The Road to Camelot,' which is reproduced here as an extra plate. He has chosen his theme from Tennyson's 'Lady of Shalott,' and it is interesting to mark the difference between the inspiration which the poet has afforded Mr. Boughton on this occasion and Mr. Waterhouse previously. In 'Mariana in the South,' and the 'Lady of Shalott,' we have the intensely tragic side of Tennyson's verse fully illustrated. The passage to Camelot for Mr. Waterhouse is that broad stream flowing thither on which the corse of the lady, "lying robed in snowy white," floated down. For Mr. Boughton, the wondrous vision of picturesque life and movement passing down to Camelot, on which the lady was forbidden to look, save as reflected in the clear mirror before her, has been the attraction, and has called forth his powers of conjuring up its realization on canvas. Thus we have a picture faithfully depicting the gayer side of Tenny-

son's poem, with here and there a stray purple. So truly is the picture attuned and composed that it seems a ready answer to the charge—alas! too often true—that the national idea of composition is to see a picture "par morceaux détachés," for the simple reason that too frequently there is no unity.

Mr. Frank Dicksee has not painted this year a picture of the class of 'The Confession,' which was just enigmatical enough in meaning to draw public attention to it on that account, rather than by its really fine merits of technique. Nor have the higher flights of imagination tempted him again, as in last year's 'Dawn.' He has had recourse to a subject which continues the series of richly decorative paintings demanding all the cleverness and sureness of limning luxurious accessories found in the works of the Venetians. A swarthy lover seeks to further his suit by the offer to his haughty love of a silver Cupid, bound and captive, as emblem of his





*Miss Irene Blair (p. 177).*  
*By Luke Fildes, R.A.*

passion. This is a quite sufficient motive for the composition, "An Offering," and Mr. Dicksee has painted the chief figure with considerable power. The richly adorned white robe sends up the warm flesh tones. The pose of the figure is admirable, and the picture wins a success equal to that of 'The Mirror' in the 1896 Academy; a picture which was eulogized by the foreign critics as typifying the force of technique, which is the possession of the leaders of the British School. For some time portraiture appears to have kept Mr. Solomon from those subjects of mythical fancy, on which his early reputation was based. It is a far cry from 'The Birth of Love' to Temple Bar, even if time and circumstance be that of the Diamond Jubilee and the quasi-mediæval trappings of the Lord Mayor and retinue, awaiting the approach of the royal procession. As a civic record of a memorable scene, the picture 'On the Threshold of the City' (above) will increase in interest, and the artist has spared no pains in reproducing the group of notables and their surroundings with an exact regard for truth to detail.

Mr. Arthur Hacker, however, while launching into portrait painting, the fate of the successful artist, always contrives to be represented in the Academy by one picture



*On the Threshold of the City. June 22nd, 1897 (p. 165).*

*By Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.*

who—released from his labours on the Hanging Committee—has signalized his return to his craft by returning to what Bacon



*Memories (p. 108).*

*By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.*

of the incoming cavalier from her, almost hides him from the spectator. This concession to mystery should be

at least, which shall appeal to his circle of admirers, now grown accustomed to his studies of romantic fancy. Reference is made to the small canvas entitled 'Memories' (below). In a garden long since untended and run wild, a woman sits on the old seat, apparently given up to thoughts of the past. The dark shadow behind her head and the black cushion at her side strike that mournful note inseparable from Mr. Hacker's work, in great contrast to the glad colour of flowers dotted all over the picture—a charming rendering of a tender fancy.

Surely a maiden in a garden directs thoughts to Mr. Marcus Stone, who—released from his labours on the Hanging Committee—has signalized his return to his craft by returning to what Bacon describes as his own "alley." In 'A Welcome Footstep,' apart from the obviousness of the painter's illustration of the title, there is a decided picturesqueness and a daintiness of detail and colour not easily to be overlooked, even by those who are prejudiced against love on canvas. Mr. Stone has centred his picture on the wonderful expression with which he has endowed the maiden. The bush of hawthorn which entirely removes the sight



*Surrey Sheep Pastures (p. 170).  
By B. W. Leader, R.A.*

*By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons, owners of the Copyright*



Lake of Geneva, from Chexbres—"Clear placid Leman" (p. 172).

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

recognized, and the picture wins additional favour by the splendid landscape background of the hilly meadow and woodland, lit up by an autumn sunset.

Year by year the British School of landscape-painting adds to its strength, and, taking as a time-mark the year 1870, when Millais exhibited his 'Chill October,' it is interesting to note the great general advance of landscape artists in this country. "Go first to Nature and arrive at Art," was the motto which Millais put into practical use, and how this golden rule is now followed may be seen abundantly on the walls of the Academy. Yet, with this increase of landscape painters of undeniable gifts of expression, the authorities of Burlington House have not satisfactorily reckoned, and it remains as a reproach to the Academy that such an important and popular branch of art should be so sparsely rewarded by official recognition. Mr. Leader's recent promotion to full honours adds interest to his exhibits this year, and in his 'Surrey Sheep Pastures' (p. 169) and his other fine landscapes must be recognized pastorals of exceeding charm of tone and composition. Hampstead, beloved of Constable, lured Mr. David Murray last year. The can-

ality and point of view is on all his works, and this affinity of style certainly over-rides any objection as to repetition of subject-essentials. His three exhibits this year maintain this high standard, and the one chosen for illustration here, 'Changing Pasture,' is a fine example of Mr. Hunter's powers. The scene is on Loch Duich, shut in by the mountain group known as The Five Sisters. A luminous atmospheric effect is produced by the lowering clouds and the glimpses of clear light; and the rich purples and greens of the distant hills are repeated throughout the scheme. The majestic loneliness of the setting is enhanced by the one touch of life in the composition—the ferry boat in the middle distance with its freight of sheep, two sturdy shepherds and a collie. A ruined castle on the left helps the theme, and the artist certainly succeeds in conveying the impres-



Changing Pasture (p. 170).

By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.



*Above the Mill (p. 170).  
By David Murray, A.R.A.*

sion of the coolness and the vault-like silence of the scene.

Mr. MacWhirter approaches his native scenery from a different starting point, and his picture 'Morning' (p. 162) is a light and airy transcript of silver sea off the coast of Arran. As was seen last year in 'Alpine Meadows,' he does not confine himself to Scotland, and his view of the 'Lake Geneva' from Chexbres (p. 170), contains many pleasing passages of colour.

A breezy change of subject has exercised Mr. Waterlow, whose 'Moorland Road' (p. 166) is distinctly one of the landscape successes of the year. He has quite caught the spirit and atmosphere of the heathery wolds; the painting is direct and decisive, and shows Nature at first hand.

Mr. G. D. Leslie's 'The Ash Grove,' given here, breathes an air of tender quietude, and the graceful figure in the foreground is placed with fine effect.

In the Academic ring Mr. Clausen stands almost alone, and the reproach levelled at his colleagues is that they do not seek and find to honour others without the pale who love Nature in her veiled and mellow moods. 'The Harrow,' which we reproduce on this page, continues the pastoral series of which 'Ploughing' was such a noticeable example last year. In the present picture the remarkable atmospheric effect associated with Mr. Clausen's art is not so evident as usual, and stress is laid on a recalcitrant grey "dobbin" which fills a great part of the foreground. The beauty of tone apparent throughout the canvas is in direct contrast to the ungainliness of this animal, even if it is depicted with extraordinary cleverness.

Although the wheels of the Academy grind very slowly, keeping pace as a rule, with



*The Ash Grove (p. 172).*

*By G. D. Leslie, R.A.*

the virility of his art, which mere lapse of time apparently does not diminish, it might be said that in this canvas he has reached the climax of his powers. The grandeur of the theme, sustained throughout the entire composition, overcomes certain obvious defects in the modelling of the recumbent figures which evidently, in the allegory, typify earthly love. As a young god, the central figure

of universal Charity, stretches his arms and wings up to the golden clouds above the distant sea. The richly coloured robe which falls from his body seems to divide the picture into the two parts demanded by the allegory. In its solemnity and dignity the work stands alone, and in that respect is another illustration of the master's splendid isolation — an isolation akin to that which Sanzio saw in Michelangelo.

It is fitting now to turn to the work of an artist from whom some great achievement is always



*The Harrow (p. 172).*

*By George Clausen, A.R.A.*

*By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.*



*"Phyllis is my only joy" (p. 176).*

*By Seymour Lucas, R.A.*

expected and generally found. Just as Mr. Watts stands alone in that high world of imagination and mystery, where only the loftiest and noblest spirit prevails, so Mr. Waterhouse has made a domain for himself in the region of classical imagination.

His task in some respects is made more difficult. The broad and serious truths of Mr. Watts' allegories are at once apparent and felt. It is the duty of Mr. Waterhouse to breathe new life into, and restore, as it were, on canvas, the forgotten spirit of classical poetry. His art is to concentrate himself on the pulse of the myth, and make his whole picture throb in unison. Objection has frequently been made to what is colloquially described as "the family likeness" of his figures. But when the painter shows this effect it has apparently been done deliberately, in order to accentuate



*Portrait of a Gentleman—Bronze (p. 177).*

*By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.*

and sustain the motive each and all represent—just as there is a resemblance among musical instruments of the same kind. Early on entering the Academy is the observer face to face with 'Flora and the Zephyrs.' The central figure of the composition sits near a fountain attended by her sister-maidens as the wind-god swoops down through the trees and breathes his wooing words into her ear. Just as Flora is attended, so Zephyrus has his company. The crouching figures of the young virgins protecting themselves from the encircling winds, gather up the picture and centre the interest on Flora, who already seems won and garlanded in pleasing captivity by a white rose chain. This then is the theme, treated with consummate ten-

derness. The purple and scarlet hues of the surrendering nymph are repeated in the anemones and poppies which



*Commerce and Sea Power (p. 177).*

*By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.*





*The Letter (p. 176).*

*By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*



*A Gilded Cage (p. 177).*  
By F. Goodall, R.A.

stud the rich lush grass at her feet, and the softest blues and greys touch tender notes of colour throughout the scheme. Similarly in the 'Ariadne' we have this symphony of expressive tones in a picture which seems to be pervaded with the true spirit of classical romance.

If the admirers of Mr. Abbey felt that the note of the superbly dramatic 'Richard III.' was not repeated with similar force and certainty in last year's 'Hamlet and Ophelia,' all doubts should be set at rest by the barbaric majesty of the Scene from 'Lear,' a subject which, under the title of 'Cordelia's Portion,' inspired Madox Brown to the production of one of his finest compositions. The dominant figure in Mr. Abbey's commanding decoration is Cordelia, and it is impossible to resist the colour-charm in which she is invested. Her yellow-green vestment with the deep blue border set against the green robe of France, and opposed to the menacing reds and blacks of Goneril and Regan, is a triumph of originality. As in Richard III. there is a strong suggestion of motion, and the drooping figure of Lear sustained by his pages and followed by his men-at-arms from the left to right of the canvas gives this note. The dramatic figure of the sisters in the attitudes of dignified indifference and mock courtesy are splendidly realized, and the foot-light effect discernible throughout the picture certainly adds to the intensity of the composition. Unmistakably in this important group, Mr. Abbey has reached a very high level and is going far to prove, by this magnificent series of object lessons, that his decorative style is capable of giving the fullest expression to dramatic

motives. Already he is beginning to receive the tribute of imitation and here and there on the Academy walls the efforts of faithful followers may be observed.

Years ago, Mr. Watts offered to decorate the interior of Euston Station with the 'History of Cosmos,' and was refused. The Gresham Committee, in the interests of commerce, are taking steps to complete a scheme of panel decorations for the walls of the Royal Exchange, and Mr. Seymour Lucas exhibits in the present Academy his panel illustrating 'William the Conqueror granting a Charter to the Citizens of London' (page 162). This is in every way a successful attempt to grapple with a difficult task. The colour scheme is direct and simple, and the massive architectural features of the interior are fine aids to a decoration which is, of necessity, nearly six yards high. In 'Phyllis is my only joy' (page 173), Mr. Seymour Lucas is represented by a very different canvas. A seventeenth-century interior has been chosen, and a delightful composition evolved by the aid of richly coloured accessories and two well-painted and well-posed figures.

The tendency to adhere to a favourite exercise in painting is becoming somewhat pronounced in the case of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who again sets himself the task of solving the difficulties of showing on canvas the effect of the intermingling of artificial light and twilight. 'The Letter' (page 175) bears a strong family resemblance to the 'St. Ives' of last year, and, as before, the figures introduced are drawn with telling force, and grouped with much skill, although the general atmospheric effect is not so convincing as in some previous essays of a similar character.



*"Children of the Chapel," Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace (p. 177).*  
By W. F. Yeames, R.A.

*The Illustrated London News & Co. Ltd.*



THE ROAD TO CAMELOT.  
BY G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.



Mr. Frank Bramley's 'A Dalesman's Clipping' (page 179) is a capital choice of subject, presented with much fidelity, and at the same time much picturesqueness. The picture is really a carefully sustained key of greens and greys, and the road on the right of the canvas makes a fine avenue of light. Mr. Bramley has built up a reputation by depicting every-day passages in country life; the simplicity of his themes finding expression in much soundness of painting.

Mr. Frederick Goodall, who, it may be recalled, reached full academic honours thirty-five years ago, still shows signs of much artistic industry, and no fewer than six of his works hang in the present exhibition. Two of these are Nile scenes—so long associated with his art—three portraits (including one of Mr. Henry Blyth), and the sixth, a decorative Eastern interior which is illustrated on page 176, entitled 'A Gilded Cage.' The two previous Academies contained only one example by another senior Academician, Mr. W. Yeames. Early in Gallery III. may be seen his 'Children of the Chapel' (p. 176), a very dexterously arranged portrait group of Chapel Royal choir boys, quite devoid of the slightest self-consciousness in their pose and expression. In the opposite corner of the room Mr. Wyllie's 'Commerce and Sea Power' (p. 174) is well placed. Fifteen years have gone by since he painted his Chantrey masterpiece, 'Toil, Glitter, Grime and Wealth,' and there are many who would gladly welcome such another canvas. Of late Mr. Wyllie seems to have affected a tighter method of brushwork, and to have laboured the detail of his subjects at the expense of breadth. This may perhaps be accounted for by Mr. Wyllie's great marine knowledge, and undoubtedly his pictures appeal to a wide circle of nautical enthusiasts. The title of the picture chosen for illustration has a timely aptness. A battleship, 'The Goliath,' has just been launched, and is being towed to the dock gates. Colliers and traders go by, and a spirited dash is imparted by the barge in the foreground, with

1898.



*The Golden Horn (p. 177).*

*By Frank Brangwyn.*

her topsail rucked, ploughing through the flood. The threatening gray sky intensifies the splashes of colour and the flags on the battleship.

On this page is Mr. Frank Brangwyn's 'The Golden Horn,' most unworthily skied, and, as a sea-piece, quite the antithesis in style to Mr. Wyllie's work. Mr. Brangwyn's colour is firm and low, his gold is beaten gold, he treats the sea as a decoration, as Mr. Abbey might see it. Next but one in the catalogue to Mr. Brangwyn's clever sea-piece is Mr. Luke Fildes' imperious portrait, 'Miss Irene Blair' (p. 167). The sitter has apparently given the

painter no difficulty in choosing a natural and characteristic attitude. The head and neck are finely pitched, and the firm setting of the left hand and arm is in telling contrast to the languid, yet disdainful, right, toying with the pendent necklace. Altogether the presentation is decidedly picturesque and animated, and suggestive of Mr. Fildes in his more introspective moods. How far this gift of characterization may be displayed in sculpture is well shown in Mr. Onslow Ford's 'Portrait Bust,' reproduced on page 174. And it may here be stated that this anonymous title is quite ineffectual in attempting to conceal the identity of that well-known connoisseur, Mr. George McCulloch.

In the hierarchy of art the modern portrait painter has come to be accounted of the first degree. Periods of debasement, of mediocrity and of flatness have regularly intervened in British art since the time of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence. With the ascendancy of Mr. Sargent, who founded his individuality of expression on the basis of a faithful receptivity of the practice of

M. Carolus Duran, the art of portrait painting in this country has been raised again on its high pedestal. Each Academy now brings to itself a crowd of observers anxious to see the latest products from the master's easel; eager to understand the painter's attestation of character; ready to accept every mannered intonation, and to worship each new manifestation of versatility. Mr. Sargent's



*In Evening Shade (p. 180).*

*By G. A. Storey, A.R.A.*

development of style is now a law unto itself, and among the art revenges of Time is the public acceptance of this autocracy. This year Mr. Sargent takes advantage of his academic privileges, and exhibits eight canvases as his maximum allowance. He has thereby erected a standard against himself, and it is palpable that certain of the octet become lowered when comparisons are made. Among the eight there is no glimpse of fascinating childhood, as was seen in the 'Laura Lister' last year. The 'Portrait of a Lady,' in the central gallery, continues the galaxy of female portraits, which by this time must be numerous indeed. The setting shows a concession to the early British School in the adoption of a low landscape background, but there is much enigmatical brushwork on the right of the canvas. The effect of this low-lying ground is to enhance the tallness of the figure, whose left hand and arm are pitched so curiously as really to suggest *gaucherie*. The lady is the American heiress, Miss Leiter, of Washington, the sister of Mrs. George Curzon. That *bravura*, inseparable from Mr. Sargent's portraits of women, is directly supplied by the streamers which flaunt from the lady's shoulders. Perhaps the portrait of 'Mr. Asher Wertheimer' best displays the painter's possibilities of reproducing his subject on canvas, with all those subtleties of insight and of suggestion—*doublures*, as it were, of character or of personality.

The modelling of the face and hands is that modelling well learnt from the master of modelling who painted 'The Countess of Warwick,' in Gallery VI. The point of view is Mr. Sargent's. It is his wont to catch his sitter unawares and to fix, in the spirit of the most certain impressionism, that unconscious and fleeting attitude or expression which is the living index to character. To risk a photographic simile: just as instantaneous photography is the climax of the science, so this development of portraiture is the apotheosis of "the likeness."

This gift of introspectiveness is shown by Mr. Orchardson in the dignified presentation of Viscount Peel, and where the subject, as in the case of 'Miss Fairfax Rhodes,' demands a softness, a daintiness of treatment, the eminent painter has been more



*Ethel* (p. 183).

By Ralph Peacock.

Purchased for the Chantry Collection.

than equal to the task. It is appropriate to notice here Mr. Orchardson's mellow interior 'Trouble' (on this page), conceived in the true mood of genre, and handled with rare delicacy and that power of realizing distances which few artists seem to possess. The last Christmas ART ANNUAL gave a large reproduction of this picture in the biography of Mr. Orchardson then published.

The two portrait studies by M. Carolus Duran should be vivid object lessons to the ambitious student. The 'Countess of Warwick,' already alluded to, despite a certain tawdriness of background, is a triumphant exercise in the gradations of monochrome, whether it be shown in the cunning differences of shades in the blacks of the dress or in the tender nuances of the flesh tones. Should the student be anxious to learn how to group two or three figures, let him mark the gracefulness and

repose of the group 'Madame Georges Feydeau and her Children.' To turn from these to Mr. Herkomer's 'Sir George Taubman-Goldie' is to be face to face with a question that fifty years hence, perhaps, may be answered. The strident realism of the flesh painting is wonderful, and the portrait is such that nine out of every ten observers will not fail to recall its vigorously coloured textures. When those great Old Masters—*pace* Millais—Time and Varnish, have done their work, will this portrait wear that grand and mellow veil of breadth worn now by Rembrandt's masterpieces? Mr. Herkomer's large composition, 'The Guards' Cheer,' is a very courageous exercise in portraiture on a grand scale, evoked by the national thanksgiving. The difficulty of attuning the military scarlets in the picture has not been wholly met, but the composition makes such a clear appeal to public sentiment and loyalty that criticism is, in a sense, disarmed. The figure of the fair child in the foreground touches unerringly a very human chord, and is symbolic of the honour which future generations will render to the Queen whom present and past generations have venerated.

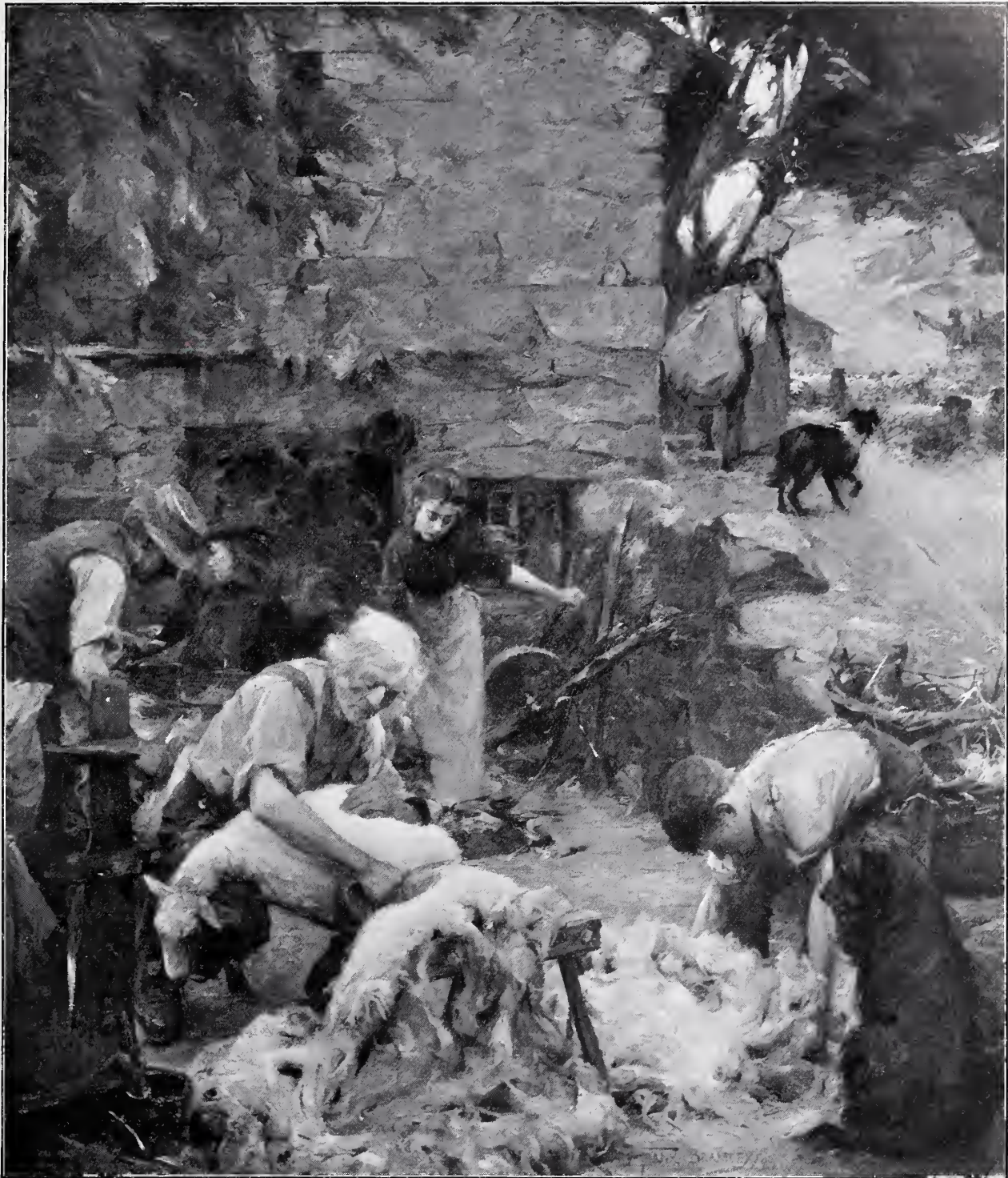
The President's rendering of the Duchess of Somerset, in a dress as Lady Jane Seymour, relies mainly on the richly decked costume denoted, which has been reproduced with extraordinary verisimilitude of detail and colour such as



*Trouble* (p. 178).

By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

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*A Dalesman's Cliffing—Westmoreland (p. 177).  
By Frank Bramley, A.R.A.*



*The Happy Valley (p. 183).*  
By William Stott (of Oldham).

Holbein would have delighted in displaying. Mr. Shannon, from whom much is nowadays expected, sends five examples, of which 'The White Mouse,' a delicately drawn portrait of a child with posies, is a worthy successor to the green-robed 'Jill' of last year. Honourable mention should be accorded also to such work as Mr. William Carter's 'The Artist's Mother'; the portrait of Mr. Briton Riviere, by Mr. H. Riviere; the full-length of a lady, by Mr. R. Jack, in the central gallery; Mr. Greiffenhagen's subdued composition, 'Miss Sybil Waller,' in the same room; Mr. Charles Sims' clever study, 'Mrs. Sims'; Mr. Spencer Watson's 'A Westminster Priest'; and Mr. Henry Tuke's 'Miss Muriel Lubbock.' Mr. Hacker and Mr. Solomon have been much occupied in portraiture this year, and the former's 'Mrs. Samuel Butler' has been chosen as the pendant to Mr. Sargent's figure in the third room. Of Mr. Solomon's portraits, his most successful is the 'Mrs. S. J. Solomon,' which hangs next to Mr. Hacker's 'Memories.' The Hanging Committee has quite evidently made a reduction in the number of portrait examples admitted, and some day perhaps a daring but welcome reformer will arise and not only hang an individual portrait painter's works together, but hang all the portraits in the Academy in one room.

Two such dissimilar masters as Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. J. M. Swan are each represented by work in every way worthy of their great reputations. 'The Conversion of Paula' is the title given by Mr. Alma Tadema to an exquisite classical fancy which has given him full scope for conjuring up a scene of patrician luxuriousness, limned with that vivid-

ness and mastery of colour and detail always present in his work. Mr. Swan's 'Fortune and the Boy' is a delicate study of prismatic colour against the fine flesh of the recumbent figure. 'A Broken Solitude' continues the series of animal pictures, and is a rare scheme of gradated greys relieved by the palest greens on the margin of the pool made by the broken ice, into which the stealthy polar bears are peering. Mr. Croft's historical scenes are so spiritedly rendered that a larger canvas from his hands would be much welcomed. 'Charles II. at Whiteladies' shows the monarch and his body-guard arriving in hot haste after the battle of Worcester and clamouring for refuge. The picture which we reproduce opposite is of good quality of colour, that military painters as a rule seem to lack.

The wild fury of waters occupies Mr. Napier Hemy in his large sea-piece 'Wreckage' (p. 183), in which there is realistic suggestiveness of a spray-laden atmosphere. The hauling party of mariners is very strenuously drawn, and the painting of the sea is unlike anything else in the Academy, save perhaps the breakers in his brother Mr. T. M. Hemy's 'Wreck of the Foudroyant.'

Generally speaking, the marines in this year's exhibition are not unusually strong. Mr. Tuke's 'An Idyll of the Sea' contains a well-sustained key of full light and colour, and other works which should be singled out are Mr. Harry Van der Weyden's 'Passing Clouds'; Mr. Edmund Fuller's 'A Fair Wind'; Mr. Fred Cotman's night scene, 'Harbour Lights, Lowestoft'; Mr. R. W. Allan's 'A Winter Storm'; Mr. Edwin Hayes' 'Weighing Anchor'; and Mr. Thomas Somerscales' 'A Coming Squall.' Mr. Brett's incisive colouring is manifest in all his exhibits, of which 'Trevose Head' is the most effective. Another old member of the Academy, Mr. G. A. Storey, has essayed a romantic landscape, 'In Evening



*Sparklets (p. 182).*  
By R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

By special permission of H. V. Rudston Road, Esq.





*Charles II, at Whiteladies after the Battle of Worcester (p. 180).*

*Ernest Crofts, R. A.*

Shade' (page 177), wherein two modern nymphs are shown taking advantage of the stream in some sequestered glade.

'Sparklets' (page 180) is the catchy title chosen by Mr. Macbeth for his rendering of one of the society crazes of the hour—a fancy dress ball at one of the fashionable skating rinks. The emphasis of colour observable is naturally due to the artificial lighting of the scene. There is no want of action in the composition, and its hanging, beneath a funereal subject, provides one of the examples of the Committee's eccentricities. A picture with a strong human motive animating its inception is Mr. Frank Topham's 'Rescued from the Plague, London, 1665' (page 184), and in giving an illustration of this work it is interesting to reflect on the change of fashion in art, and to recall how prolific was the output in historical and anecdotic genre only twenty years ago.

Two ambitious pictures in this year's Academy are the works of young men, Mr. Herbert Draper and Mr. Byam Shaw, each of whom has shown, in previous exhibitions, work that seemed destined, by its promise, to be succeeded by some great achievement. Mr. Draper is steeped in the romantic-classical school of Leighton, and has endeavoured to breathe new life into the Icarian myth. His rendering, 'The Lament for Icarus' (on this page), is decidedly original. The son



*The Lament for Icarus (p. 182).*

*By Herbert J. Draper.*

*Purchased for the Chantrey Collection.*

hero. This suggestion of mournful pity is further enhanced by the harp or lyre which one of the nymphs holds in her hands. From the sea in the front of the rock rises a third siren, whose flesh tones are finely painted, and make an effective contrast to the warmer

tones of the other maidens. There is a curious Leightonian affinity in the general composition, and even in the picture of the lolling bacchante in 'Autumn,' Mr. Draper's smaller work, there are reminiscences of Leighton's 'Garden of the Hesperides.' Mr. Draper has, however, made an unquestionable advance, and the purchase of his larger picture under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest comes as a fitting



*Milking-Time (p. 183).*

*By Yeend King.*

*Purchased for the Chantrey Collection.*

recognition. Mr. Byam Shaw's large canvas, 'Truth,' is of a quite different source of inspiration but equally ambitious. He aroused attention last year by a striking imitation of the manner of the pre-Raphaelites in his vividly coloured 'Love's Baubles.' In a measure he has shaken off much of the dry incisiveness of the touch in the present composition, although evidence remains of that 'pointillisme' which Rossetti himself detected in his own pictures. Mr. Shaw's conception of the clothing of the naked truth—"to shut her from their eyes"—is redolent of that fine comedy which, now and again, Madox Brown brought into play—for instance in 'The Baptism of Edwin.' There is the touch of genuine humour in the face of the ermined king as he catches the unctuous expressions of the tiring women who hold the green robe as a preliminary concealment to the unclothed representative of truth.

Another young painter who is forcing his way through the ranks is Mr. Charles Sims, who follows up the allegorical picture, 'Wine,' of 1896, and last year's fine open-air scheme, 'Childhood,' with an idyllic fancy which he calls 'A Fairy Wooing.' Originality of treatment is at once perceptible. Lying on her back in a dell alive with elves and pixies, such as Thomas the Rhymer saw, a fairy receives the kisses of a boy sprite who is suspended in the air by his gossamery and prismatic wings. A quiet,



*In Realms of Fancy (p. 183).*  
By S. Melton Fisher.  
Purchased for the Chantrey Collection.

restrained, and perfectly handled portrait of a young girl (which does not even lose in quality by being placed next to 'Les petites Amies' of M. Bouguereau), Mr. Ralph Peacock's 'Ethel' (page 178) has been purchased out of the Chantrey Bequest, and should be useful as an example of tasteful workmanship. A similar honour has been paid to Mr. Melton Fisher's 'In Realms of Fancy' (on this page), another canvas kept well in tone, and showing much charm of grouping. The remaining Chantrey selection, Mr. Yeend King's 'Milking-Time,' which we illustrate opposite, is at least some indication of a desire on the part of the official authorities to reward a distinguished landscape artist, even if doubts arise whether the work chosen represents its creator at his best.

Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, makes a welcome return to the Academy, although, for the time being, he has renounced those mythical subjects of the sea which have so often provided him with such opportunities of individual and decorative treatment. 'The Happy Valley' (page 180) is a large idealized landscape broken into beautiful transcripts of colour by a winding stream, near which a youth and maiden saunter. Mr. Stott, of Oldham, certainly succeeds in isolating himself as it were in his art, and it cannot be gainsaid that the results of this individuality justify him in the methods he has made his own.



*Wreckage (p. 180).*  
By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

Mr. Hook's land and sea scapes still bear evidence of gifted handling, and Mr. Alfred Parsons' large landscape, 'The Mooters,' is clearly an endeavour to bring into play in a single canvas all the resources of the well-equipped painter of nature. The picture shows many *facets* of the artist's craft, and ranks high in consequence. Those who are watching Mr. Alfred East's achievements will find much to appreciate in the pair of landscapes juxtaposed in Gallery X. For some time Mr. East appears to have been on a plateau of accomplishment—undoubtedly excellent—but it is this very excellence which rouses expectations of seeing some indisputable work of genius. Mr. Coutts Michie's 'A Golden Homestead,' which hangs near Mr. East's clever contributions, shows a further advance, and is a picturesque rendering of a corner in Aberdeenshire. 'Changing Pastures, Holland,' by Mr. Gaylord Truesdell, should be mentioned as containing evidence of clever handling; and if pains be taken in searching among high-pitched surroundings, 'A Grey Day, Old Amsterdam,' may be found in the Eighth Room, attesting to the true love of harmony possessed by James Maris. Nor should mention be omitted of Mr. Niels Lund's Newcastle scenes, reminiscent of M. René Billotte; Mr. Arthur Meade's cloud and sunlight study, 'Landing of the Danes in Dorset'; Mr. Owen Bowen's 'An April Day'; Mr. Wetherbee's romantic setting 'A Placid Stream'; and the tiny view, 'The Bridle Path,' by Mr. Henry Harwood, hanging over Mr. Alma Tadema's work. Mr. Noble Barlow, Mr. Thomas Mostyn (whose Constable effect, 'The Cloud,' is finely composed), Mr. Ridley Corbet, Mr. Joseph Farquharson, Mr. Arthur Lemon, Mr. George Haité, Mr. Arnold Priestman, Mr. Bertram Priestman, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Arnesby Brown, are names, too, which are associated with landscape work of much distinction. Mr. Leslie Thomson is not represented as worthily as at the New Gallery, where he and Mr. Peppercorn, who does not exhibit at the Academy, unquestionably divide the honours. Of the general subject pictures, which the exigencies of an illustrated article make it necessary to allude to only in brief terms, Mr. Val Prinsep's 'A Student of Necromancy' shows a new and successful departure. The Hon. John Collier's penchant for curiously lighted interiors is well satisfied in his canvas, 'Trouble,' and Mr. T. C. Gotch's vein of superstitious decoration finds expression in the convent scene, 'The Awakening.'

The uncommon colouring and grouping of M. Eugène Burnand's 'Lansquenets of the Fourteenth Century,' give a distinction to the last room, and among the cabinets in the Ninth Gallery—which contains Mr. Edward Stott's beautiful pastoral,



*The Bather—Bronze Statuette (p. 184):  
By Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.*

described at the outset of this article—are many small works which will well repay a close inspection. Mr. Dudley Hardy's contributions, chief among which is 'The Widow'—a sombre and poetic interior—are of much merit. A young painter, Mr. William Shackleton, sends an unusual exercise in colour, called 'The Reliquary,' and Mrs. Murray-Cookesley's character study of Miss Ellen Terry as 'Imogene,' Mr. Frank Mura's 'Grazing,' and Mr. Philip Burne-Jones' portrait of his distinguished father, demand particular mention.

Rarely has the Water-Colour Room held a more daring experiment than Mr. Byam Shaw's Abbey-like decoration, 'The Queen of Spades.' Even more than his picture in the stronger medium, 'Truth,' already noticed, this work strikes that note of forcefulness and individuality which will make Mr. Shaw a painter with the strongest claims to recognition.

The Sculpture Rooms this year are graced by many noble and decidedly less conventional examples of an art which does not meet with the appreciation in this country extended to it abroad.

At the present time India seems to be calling for the more important work of our best men, and in the present Academy, Mr. Onslow Ford has two strikingly modelled figures, forming parts of the monument to the late Maharajah of Mysore. Of these the symbolic representative of 'Knowledge,' conceived and fashioned with sureness and delicacy, makes a distinguished frontispiece to this number.

Mr. George Frampton, who always shows evidence of striking out new paths for himself, sends 'A Bronze Memorial,' which well illustrates the possibilities of sympathetic meaning and decorative expression open to the original-minded sculptor anxious to treat his art as an effective adjunct to architecture. The city of Leeds also has shown a proper encouragement of the art of the sculptor in commissioning Mr. Alfred Drury to bring his powers to bear on the appropriate designing of a series of bronze figures for electric lighting purposes. Lastly, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's exquisite statuette in bronze, 'The Bather,' another manifestation of this artist's consummate modelling, finds worthy illustration here; and honourable mention should also be made of Mr. Andrea Lucchesi's allegorical composition, 'The Crash of Doom,' which is the final number in the Academy catalogue.



*Rescued from the Plague, London, 1665 (p. 182).  
By F. W. W. Topham.*



*Silver Mines, Broken Hill, N.S.W.*  
By J. S. Diston.

## AUSTRALIAN ART AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

ALTHOUGH it cannot be said that the collection of pictures by Australian artists at the Grafton Gallery is productive of any startling surprises, it is by no means to be dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration or unfit to be judged by the ordinary standards. The school represented is a new one, of recent creation, and, as yet, only partially developed; but even during the comparatively short period of its existence it has established a record of achievement that is thoroughly sound and interesting. The work which colonial artists are doing is seen to be of excellent quality, and full of promise for the future; not, perhaps, marked by any extraordinary originality, or novelty of point of view, but thoroughly intelligent in its adaptation of the devices of other schools. Only here and there in the exhibition does any sign appear of what may be called local individuality of art—that is to say, which is inspired by conditions peculiar to the place in which it is produced; but the pictures which show most plainly this particular character are the most worthy of attention among those that have been brought together. Mr.

Arthur Streeton's landscapes, for instance his 'Purple Noon's transparent Light,' 'Golden Summer,' 'Australian Pastoral,' and his admirable water-colour drawing 'Mittagong, N. S. W.,' are thoroughly novel in their manner of treatment, and excellent both in colour and in expression of atmospheric effect. Mr. Tom Roberts, too, chooses subjects that are quite characteristic of the country, and treats them in a fashion entirely his own. Mr. E. Phillips Fox, in his 'Portrait of my Cousin,' his very skilfully painted group 'The Art Students,' and his delightful portrait of 'Ade-

laide, Daughter of Professor Tucker,' shows more plainly the influence of European schools; and Mr. John Longstaff bases the sound method, which he displays in his large 'Portrait Study,' quite obviously upon a Parisian training. Less exceptional in manner, but especially interesting on account of their subjects, are Mr. J. S. Diston's 'Silver Mines, Broken Hill, N.S.W.,' and the 'Types of Aborigines,' by Mr. B. E. Minns; for the first drawing shows a landscape motive which could not have been found anywhere except in Australia, and the second illustrates with vivid appreciation of character the racial peculiarities which mark distinctively the old native stock fast disappearing as civilisation advances in the great continent.

The great value of the exhibition as a whole lies in the fact that it reveals very plainly that the Australian art movement is rapidly becoming one which must be seriously reckoned with. Artists in that part of the world are unquestionably in earnest, and are anxious to establish a school which will take a high rank among those of older



*Golden Summer.*  
By Arthur Streeton.

creation and wider experience. That they are setting about their task in no half-hearted spirit is proved by the flourishing condition of the chief Australian Art Societies. Such an association as the Art Society of New South Wales, with a membership of over two hundred, its exhibition rooms, life, antique, and painting classes, and Art Union, is a factor of very great importance in the vitality of a new movement.

After the comparatively weak show last year the New Gallery has made a conspicuous recovery. It has thrown off the tendency to dulness and commonplace that seemed to be creeping over it, and has returned to its old position as a place where the best pictures of those schools which have other aims than merely to be popular are to be seen displayed to advantage. Sir Edward Burne-Jones shows a 'St. George' which is admirable in its dignity and fine design, and a smaller picture, 'The Prioress's Tale,' which is one of the most powerful arrangements of vivid colour that he has produced for many years; Mr. Sargent's three portraits that prove beyond question how rapidly this artist is maturing into real and consistent stability; Mr. J. J. Shannon a couple of charming arrangements of delicate tints; Mr. Alfred East a large landscape that is as successful in its decorative management as in its thorough interpretation of nature; and Mr. Watts three canvases that reach the highest standard of his deeply intellectual and imaginative art.

A prominent place is taken in the show by Mr. Edward Stott, who contributes two pastorals that thoroughly endorse the claim to a place in the front rank of our rustic painters that his work during recent years has soundly established. Of these canvases the 'Gleaners' is a luminous and brilliant expression of light, very rich in effect, but at the same time very subtle in its tone relations and in its suggestion of atmosphere. The hour chosen is late afternoon, when the low rays of the sun light up every part of the landscape and by their diffused brilliancy destroy the strong relief of the various details. The other canvas, 'The



*The Art Students.*  
By E. Phillips Fox.

Watering-Place,' is quite as skilful in its management of refinements of tone, and quite as thorough in its workmanship. The gradations are even more remarkable for their exquisite delicacy, and the expression of the various planes of the picture is very well considered. The colour is quiet, a scheme of grey and brown, with some small bright touches to relieve and accentuate the rest.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours contains, as usual, a good many fine landscapes and very little figure work of importance. Mr. Colin B. Phillip's 'Wet Day in a Welsh Village,' Mr. E. A. Waterlow's 'Pool among the Hills,' Mr. James Paterson's 'Moniave,' and Mr. R. W. Allan's 'The Church at Beccles,' are the most notable in the first section; and the 'Perseus and Andromeda,' by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Wainwright's 'The Alchemist,' and Mr. Arthur Melville's 'Gitana Dancing-Girl,' are the best in the second; but, perhaps, the works most worthy of attention belong to neither class. The charm of Mr. Weguelin's 'Pan, the Beguiler,' lies in the realism neither of the sea background nor of the figures which occupy the foreground, but in the decorative atmosphere of the drawing as a whole. The astonishing force and impressive dignity of Mr. Melville's 'Venetian Night,' and the exquisite colour and light and shade of his 'Grand Bazaar, Muscat,' are gained not so much by close attention to nature as by the exercise of his own sense of selection and arrangement; and the beauty of Mr. Clausen's 'Going Home' is perhaps independent of fidelity to facts. Yet these are the drawings by which the exhibition can most worthily claim to be remembered.

To say that the New English Art Club has abandoned its distinctive character as a home for progressive and protesting art would scarcely be accurate, but it has certainly shed its eccentricities, and has become more sober and reserved as it has grown up from wild youth into sturdy maturity. It is characteristic of the change that has come over the



*Types of Aborigines.*  
By B. E. Minns.

society that such a picture as Mr. George Thomson's 'St. Paul's' should have been given a place of honour in the latest exhibition. There is no hint of flippancy in this serious and distinguished canvas, no suggestion that the artist was, in painting it, more concerned with fancies of technique than with solid considerations of style and manner. He has, on the contrary, approached his subject with all respect, and has aimed especially at giving to it a severe and classic aspect. The effect which he has expressed depends for its persuasiveness upon the reticence of a man who has the discretion not to state every detail of his case, but prefers to make his points by large generalisations, and by dealing with broad facts. There is no triviality in his argument, and it is for this reason the more conclusive.

The picture galleries round the foot of the Haymarket always contain works of interest to the collector. Mr. Thomas McLean, now one of the oldest establishments in London, keeps in the front with



*St. Paul's.*

*By George Thomson.*

*By permission of Mr. E. J. Van Wisselingh.*



*The Watering-Place.*

*By Edward Stott.*

*By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons.*

pictures of English and Continental masters and fine examples of the modern Dutch painters—Israels, Maris, and Mauve—are usually to be seen on his walls. Messrs. Tooth of recent years have devoted themselves greatly to French art—they have just opened a pretty gallery near the Madeleine in Paris—and Dagnan-Bouveret, Bouguereau, and Jules Breton are always hung in their rooms. Messrs. T. Wallis & Son, in Pall Mall, have just opened their annual exhibition. One wall of the large gallery is devoted to Barbizon pictures—with several notable Corots, and a superb Rousseau; another wall to old English pictures, and one to the modern Dutchmen, wherein one of the finest examples of James Maris is included.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co., of the Goupil Gallery, lower Regent Street, exhibit a collection of the works of M. Toulouse Lautrec, one of the most extreme of the followers of Degas. His subjects are unlikely to commend themselves to old ladies, but their execution is undeniably clever.

## CAMERA CRAFT.

PERHAPS the most striking feature of the North-Western Photographic Exhibition was the extent to which the workers had ignored the few conventional ruts into which the competitors at our London exhibitions so strongly tend to run. At Manchester there were no medals, and no judges, hence a chance was given for the exhibitors to submit pictures pleasing to themselves, instead of attempting to send those which they might believe to be pleasing to some other person.

The fact, also, that many of the exhibitors had never submitted anything for the recognised London exhibitions, and possibly had seldom, if ever, seen the exhibitions themselves, worked strongly in the direction of variety and individuality.

Amongst many faults, inseparable from the work of those who have had but few opportunities of comparison and criticism, there was very much to praise; and especially a certain freshness and virility of which we

find nothing in the work of the modern mud-flat school. This was perhaps most strongly shown in some of the snowscapes by Harry Wade—scenes amongst the hill country of the Pennines. In some of these, in spite of composition that might, perhaps, be improved, there was a sense of atmosphere, space and distance, which is too seldom rendered in photography. Tulloch Cheyne had a

series of wonderful landscape and cloud studies, fascinating in their vigour and boldness, in spite of obvious exaggeration, and equally obvious and very extensive brush-work. The Rev. G. H. Carson and Joseph Marsden both took as their subjects views of manufacturing towns, and both treated them with much success. Alfred Marlor had a fine lot of landscapes; George Hilderley had good landscape, and figure work; and an unusually strong collection of landscape was shown by John Westworth.

R. Kinnings' "home studies," in which he depicted such homely subjects as boyish raids on the family jam-cupboard, were thoroughly good, though the variation of the theme was not always sufficient in the different versions.

Perhaps the strongest exhibit in the whole show was that of N. S. Kay, whose portraiture is very fine, and only excelled by some of his genre studies, notably those entitled, 'By dainty fingers deftly sewn,' 'A Little Bridesmaid,' and 'A Critic.' An almost equally good

collection, of a totally different character, was the architecture of A. Rothwell, an entirely new exhibitor, and a very young worker.

If I have only spoken of the practically unknown men, it is because there is not space to treat of such well-known workers as Mrs. Hignett, T. Lee Syms, Dr. Llewellyn Morgan, John Bushby, Dr. J. W. Ellis, Paul Lange, T. Morley Brook,

been gathered of such good class work, but it was full of object lessons. The very size of the collection makes it impossible to adequately criticise or describe it in these pages, and it is equally impossible to select for reproduction two or three pictures which can be considered specially typical or representative. The three which I have chosen, 'Low Water,' by Charles Job, 'At the Fountain,' by J. W. Wade, and 'Sunbeam' by Thomas Manly, have the merit that they are recent productions and by men of the younger school. Further, they are plain straightforward work, free from trick or strong mannerism, and, to this extent at any rate, illustrate one of the most useful lessons of the exhibition, which is that while technical methods are largely matters of fashion, whatever artistic quality may be in a work is good for all time.

Arranging the works of some of the recognised leaders in separate alcoves, a new plan in these exhibitions and including pictures without regard to date, gave a good opportunity for making a true estimate of each man's ability, and for comparing it with that of his neighbour.

SNOWDEN  
WARD.



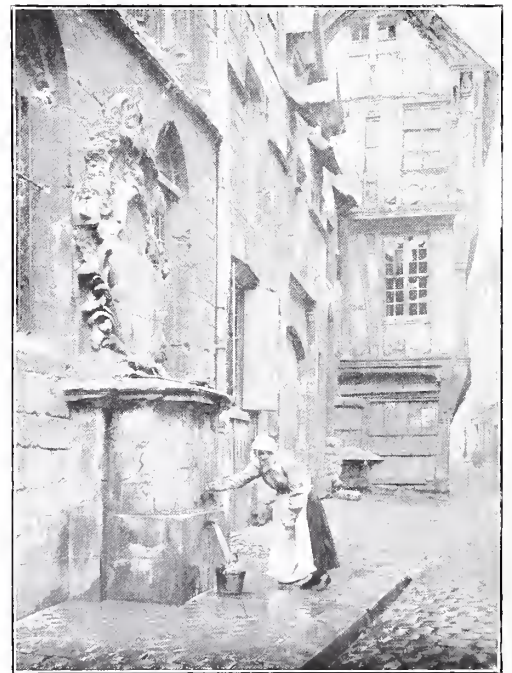
*Low Water.*  
By Charles Job.

T. Glazebrook, S. L. Coulthurst, W. Lamond Howie, J. W. Wade, James Wood, A. E. Casson, James Leadbeater, and others, who well maintained their positions.

The exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, occupying the whole nave of the Crystal Palace, was a wonderful success from the pictorial point of view. Not only was the pictorial section the largest collection that has yet



*Sunbeam.*  
By Thomas Manly.



*At the Fountain.*  
By J. W. Wade.





*The Battle of Wakefield—portion of a Frieze.*

*By Henry C. Fehr.*

## THE SMALLER DECORATIVE WORK AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



*'Night'—plaque.*

*Design in silver.*

*By Frank Lutiger.*

EXAMPLES of decorative work are fewer in number than they were last year, in the Sculpture Galleries of Burlington House. There are, however, some interesting things in the present exhibition, although there is nothing of special distinction; nothing, for instance, to compare in quality with that beautiful ewer and rose-water dish by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, which stood in the centre of the Lecture Room in 1897.

Mr. Nelson Dawson and his wife exhibit an attractive little casket in

silver and enamel (1939), made for the city of Oxford, for presentation to the Prince of Wales, and the same artists are also responsible for a girdle in cloisonné enamel and silver (1849). The girdle is composed of square medallions of enamel, set in frames of silver and connected by slender links of the same metal. The colours of the enamel—harmonising tones of grey, blue, and green—are quiet and subdued, and the design of the silver-work simple almost to severity. The general effect, however, is admirably decorative, both as regards colour and form. There are two other girdles in the exhibition, the modelled 'Design for Waist-Belt' (1904), by Miss Maud S. Hamilton, and 'The Four Seasons' (1947), a lady's belt in silver and ivory, by Mr. Richard Garbe; but neither of these is so good as the example shown by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson.

Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., exhibits some striking ornaments (1864) carried out in gold and enamel, decorated with pearls and opals, and made, I believe, for the

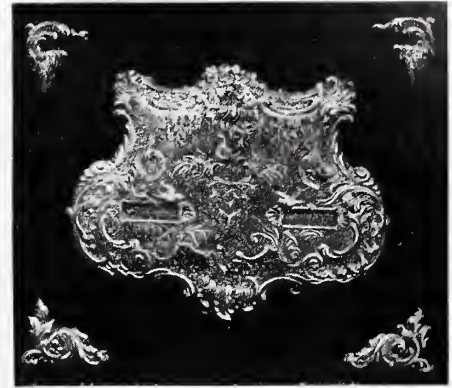
artist's wife. Amongst other noticeable objects in the Lecture Room must be mentioned 'A Drinking Horn' and a silver-gilt stand (1910), the work of Mr. W. Goscombe John, an illustration of which is given on this page.

Mr. Goscombe John's drinking horn is of heroic size, and a draught from it would surely suffice to quench a Gargantuan thirst. The cover of the horn, a model of a castellated building, surmounted by the figure of a harper, is a very elaborate piece of work, and the horned and winged dragon, which rests one of its claws on a huge crystal ball and supports the great drinking vessel, is excellently modelled. Illustrations are given also of Mr. Henry C. Fehr's coloured frieze in low relief, 'The Battle of Wakefield' (1931), and of some small examples of silver-work by Mr. Frank Lutiger (1943).

These pieces of silver, all of which are shown together in one case, comprise a quaint little Louis XV. Calendar which one might at first sight mistake for the clasp of a waist-belt; a plaque with a well-modelled figure of 'Night,' and a pin tray ornamented with minute but elaborate floral designs.

Other work which should be noticed, includes a huge decoration for a studio door (1846); a low relief in brass made by Mr. George Simonds for Mr. Alma Tadema; a curious design for a door-knocker (1851), by Miss Helen Langley, and the imposing model of a bronze candelabrum (1808), by Mr. H. A. Pegram, which is to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

W. T. W.



*Calendar, Louis XV. Design in silver.*

*By Frank Lutiger.*



*A Drinking Horn and Stand—silver gilt.*

*By W. Goscombe John.*

## PASSING EVENTS.

THE following works at the Royal Academy Exhibition have been purchased under the terms of the Chantry Bequest:—Mr. Herbert J. Draper's 'Lament for Icarus,' Mr. Ralph Peacock's 'Ethel,' Mr. Melton Fisher's 'In Realms of Fancy,' Mr. Yeend King's 'Milking Time,' and a water-colour by Mr. Alfred Glendening, Jun., entitled, 'Haymaking.' Illustrations of all except the last-named will be found in the article on the Royal Academy Exhibition in this number.

WE are officially informed that the Wallace Collection, at Hertford House, Manchester Square, will not be ready for public inspection until early next year. The structural alterations in the building necessary for the proper accommodation of the collection and for the convenient access of visitors have proved very important and will take until the end of the year to complete.

THE Corporation of Glasgow have commissioned three Scottish artists—Mr. John Lavery, R.S.A., Mr. E. A.

Walton, A.R.S.A., and Mr. Alexander Roche, A.R.S.A.—to execute three panels for the Banqueting Hall of the Municipal Buildings, illustrating incidents in the history of the city, for which they will receive 500 guineas each.

MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A., Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, and Mr. Colin B. Phillip (son of John Phillip, R.A.), have been elected members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

THE Guildhall Exhibition of Works of the French School will be opened on Saturday, June 4th.

WE print a reproduction of 'Springtime,' by Mr. A. K. Brown, a picture just purchased from the Royal Glasgow Institute by the Corporation of that city. Mr. A. K. Brown has met with great success in recent exhibitions, and it affords us much pleasure to reproduce his sweetly poetic picture of the most delightful time of the year.

WILL those of our subscribers who have not yet obtained THE ART JOURNAL Premium Plate for last year kindly note that June 30th is the last day for sending in 1897 coupons.

THE death of Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A., on the morning of the Royal Academy Banquet, has cast a gloom over the present exhibition at Burlington House. As Keeper of the Royal Academy, a position which he has held for over ten years, Mr. Calderon was respected and beloved, not only by his brother Academicians, but by the students and all with whom he was brought into contact by his official duties. Mr. Calderon was born at Poitiers in May, 1833. He began studying art in 1850, but it was not until seven years later that he came prominently before the public, his 'Broken Vows' being one of the best pictures of the 1857 Academy. This work was the forerunner of those many subject pictures which have always been popular with the public. The most famous are 'The Gaoler's Daughter,' 'The Return from Moscow,' 'After the Battle,' 'Her Most High, Noble and Puissant Grace,' 'Home after Victory,' 'Young Lord Hamlet,' 'Whither?' (his diploma work), 'Renunciation' (now in the Tate Gallery), 'Princess Elizabeth parting from her Son, the Duke of York,' one of his finest pictures, which has yet to find a home, and 'Ariadne.' He is not represented at the present Exhibition. Mr. Calderon was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1864, and the full honours were conferred upon him in 1867. Some of Mr. Calderon's later works attained a quality in colour which makes it quite possible, as time goes on and the swing of the pendulum of fashion in art takes us back to earlier styles, that they will again be sought after by the best connoisseurs. In our opinion Mr. Calderon's later works have never received the attention they deserve.



'Springtime.'

By A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A.

From the picture in the possession of the Corporation of Glasgow.

## ART PUBLICATIONS.

EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A., who died in May, 1896, is better known to the present generation by his valuable prize to Royal Academy students than by his own works. Being 79 when he died, the date of his chief works lie so far back that they are not very well remembered. His widow has therefore done a good and pious deed in arranging with Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., to issue a large folio of "PICTURES AND DRAWINGS OF EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A." Mr. Armitage's style of art has entirely gone out of fashion at present, and for the time, at least, all the coldly classic works of the school of Delaroche, of whom Armitage was a favourite pupil, receive little attention from the art student eager for something fresh. Yet there can be no doubt that the fault of the present-day student is slipshod drawing, and it would do any of our young men good to see the care an artist like Armitage took in all his preparations for pictures. As an example of Mr. Armitage's style we have chosen the picture 'Faith,' a work full of movement and restrained passion, dignified in the central figure, and successful as a picture of elaborate composition.

Very unostentatiously and quite successfully Mr. Will Rothenstein has reached the end of his series of Lithographed Drawings entitled "ENGLISH PORTRAITS" (Grant Richards). These portraits include the Bishop of London, Mr. John Sargent, R.A., Professor Sidney Colvin, Professor Legros, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Miss Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving, and about a score more, every one being a little masterpiece of itself. These lithographs are slight in detail to a degree, but for

that reason they suit the manner of production thoroughly and the artistic charm is preserved in a notable way.

Of recent plate publications the reproduction of the last drawing by Sir John Millais has a claim to attention. Sir John was rightly very much interested in the South African book by his son, "A BREATH FROM THE VELDT," and this photogravure, 'The Last Trek' (issued by Messrs. Sotheran, Piccadilly), gives the painter's interpretation of a sketch by this son.

"PICTURES OF THE YEAR" (Virtue), with high-class reproductions of works in the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the English Art Club, is very well printed. As it contains only works actually exhibited (while several other publications have a large proportion of rejected pictures), it is the most trustworthy for those wishing to have a true record of the exhibits, or for those at a distance unable to visit Burlington House.

For those who wish readily to understand the figures on Grecian pottery, we can recommend Miss S. Horner's "GREEK VASES" (Swan Sonnenschein) as a handy guide. Miss Horner has carefully described the chief vases in the British Museum and in the Louvre, and having a clear style and full knowledge of her subject, she makes the study as interesting to the beginner as it becomes to the student of many years' standing.

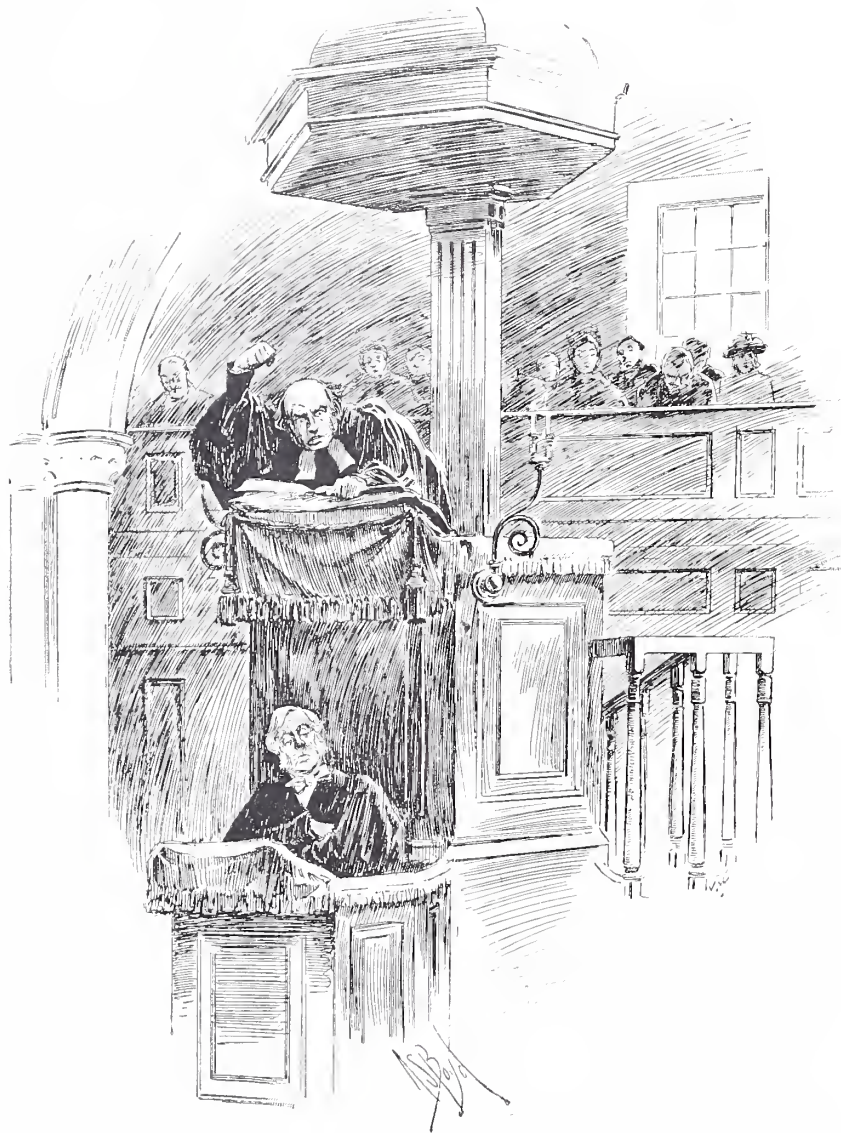
While fulfilling the useful purpose of providing a really scientific list for the use of students of the



'Faith.' By Edward Armitage, R.A. (From the Memorial Volume.)

University, the "CATALOGUE OF THE GREEK VASES IN THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE," by Professor E. A. Gardner (University Press), has also another important end in view—this is to inform the friends of Cambridge University of the gaps which still exist in the collection. These gaps are somewhat serious. Professor Gardner's admirable introduction tells the story and technique of Greek vase-painting, and it is believed that the gifts of graduates of the University will soon fill the vacancies.

We have delayed mentioning the new modelling paste called "PLASTICINE," until we had tested its capabilities.



"Some unco dingin' knocks."

Drawn by A. S. Boyd for "A Lowden Sabbath Morn."

This is prepared under the direction of Mr. W. Harbutt, of Bath, and it is put in trade by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who also publish Mr. Harbutt's excellent treatise on its uses in modelling, and generally in artistic, educational work. It is with pleasure we recommend "PLASTICINE," which is easy to manipulate, has no smell, and is not affected by heat or cold.

Messrs. Phillip issue two sets of designs, "ARTISTIC STUDIES," one in outline and the same in tint, which are

useful for teaching young children the first ideas of form and colour. Prof. A. M. Hilderbrandt, of Berlin, publishes through Messrs. Gravel a small folio of twenty-five new "HERALDIC BOOK-PLATES," all a little formal, but individual and well suited to their purpose. "LES TIEPOLO," by H. de Chennevières of the Louvre (L'Art, Paris), is the new volume of "Les Artistes Célèbres." "HEREFORD" continues the handy series of Cathedrals published by Bell, and Mr. Selwyn Brinton begins the "RENAISSANCE IN ITALIAN ART" with Part I. (Simpkin, Marshall), treating of Florence, Pisa, and Siena.

Mr. A. S. Boyd's illustrations to R. L. Stevenson's "A LOWDEN SABBATH MORN" (Chatto & Windus) have been a labour of love. Mr. Boyd's knowledge of Lothian peasants and their manners is as complete as Stevenson's. His drawings, of which we print an example, place in pictorial view the poet's thoughts, while they greatly enhance the descriptions by emphasizing what the writer rightly left vague. The dead author has been happy in the living artist.

"THE SONG OF SOLOMON," illustrated in a series of modern drawings by H. Manville Fenn (Chapman & Hall) forms a singularly beautiful album. Taking the words in their literal meaning—strongly opposed therefore to the traditional interpretation—the artist has produced a set of drawings of remarkable beauty, with strong promise for the future.

Great praise cannot, unfortunately, be given to "THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH," by Mrs. Arthur Bell (Bell & Sons). The text shows evidence of haste; the illustrations, although occasionally good, are not satisfactory; and it seems a pity a book should occupy this title when, sooner or later, a more complete work must be undertaken to deal with the greatest rival of the first President of the Royal Academy.

"PHOTOGRAMS OF 1897" (Dawbarn & Ward) is under the direction of our valued contributor, Mr. Snowden Ward, and it brings together the movements of the year illustrated with many reproductions. "THE DIRECTORY OF THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT" (Eyre & Spottiswoode) gives the regulations for Schools of Art and their returns, and it is an indication of the vastness of the administration. "PHOTO-AQUATINT AND PHOTOGRAVURE" (wherein however the Goupil Process is not described), "PHOTOGRAPHIC MOSAICS," an American record of work done up to 1898 (both Dawbarn and Ward), and "ANIMATED PHOTOGRAPHY," a description of the cinematograph (Hazel) are recently published. "GLASS-BLOWING AND GLASS-WORKING AMATEURS" (Dawbarn) opens out a new field for experiments of an uncommon nature.





Mezzotint by R. S. Benson

Jessica  
From the picture by Lord Leighton, P. R. A.



*Victor Hugo Monument.  
By Rodin.*

## RODIN.

A VISIT to Rodin's studios is a revelation, to those who know not that under his hand the great art of sculpture lives in all the vitality, beauty, and power of the past. It has been said that he has imitated the ancients; the truth is he has studied the true principles of art. He is the only living sculptor who has original genius—something which belongs to him alone, from which he can draw continually yet never exhaust. If we stand before Rodin's works, we forget all other modern artists. In England the artist who most nearly approached him was Alfred Stevens; against him, too, has been cast the reproach that he imitated the old masters; but by degrees this foolish criticism has been silenced. Stevens will yet be recognised as one of the finest artists that England has ever possessed, and the mantelpiece at Dorchester House will be as highly valued as the 'Angelus' of Millet. From the multitude of Rodin's works it is difficult to choose, when all examples are so good. Those have been chosen, which show him as the powerful designer, the great sculptor, the portraitist, and the imaginative artist. Amidst all his excellence, his prodigious invention in imaginative work is that which strikes us most forcibly. His creations are often terrible beings, full of despair.

The great door, covered with stories from Dante, reveals to us Rodin's intensity and strength. The work is the dream of a dying poet—strange, extraordinary. Look at 'L'Appel aux Armes,' which is here reproduced—can we not hear the cry ring out afar, stirring the fighting blood of the nation, to avenge the wrongs of humanity?

Rodin's work is often a Gothic dream, a sort of frenzy

of the Middle Ages expressed through a splendid artistic organization. The Victor Hugo Monument (which we illustrate) is a marvel of imagination and reality. The great poet is listening to the voices of the winds and waves, whilst the muse whispers her inspiration into his ear. The finest part of the work is the face of the poet. His strength and greatness are splendidly indicated. Victor Hugo did not like posing for the monument for any length of time—one can imagine the irksomeness to a man of his vigour—Rodin, therefore, made a series of small drawings, from one side and another, from above and below, and from these drawings he worked. He has seized V I C T O R



*Portrait of Rodin.  
By Prof. Alphonse Legros.*



*L'Appel aux Armes.*

*By Rodin.*

Hugo's expression during his many conversations with him. The great poet is represented at the end of his dreams. 'The Kiss' (p. 196) is all grace and tenderness, and the modelling of the female form is masterly and exquisite. Rodin's power of expression is evidenced by such a group which is in strong contrast to other work, in which his strength is almost brutality. It is this wide power which stamps him as a genius. He handles his clay as the poet his pen; it is the willing instrument of his mind, and the wide scope of his great thought finds expression in the marble—pliant to him—whether

he tells us of tenderness, force, joy, or pain. Rodin's power is essentially dramatic; 'The Kiss' is almost a farewell to life. It is in marble; so also is 'Perpétuelle Idole,' in which the absolute subjection and abandonment of worship is finely expressed. 'Ève après le péché' is a figure in bronze. Does she not show us in her whole attitude and bearing the sin and pain of all coming generations? She is entering the world of suffering, the future mother of our race, a splendid physical form, but with the mysterious consciousness of inevitable shame which is to haunt her sex for ever. Rodin rends the heart of spectators by his creations; his are no cold representations of mere form, though the form in itself is superbly rendered; they are living beings, instinct with human tragedy.

One day Rodin's genius was discovered, the next he was famous; later he was hated by an imbecile public, and a fragment of this public will always remain, because Rodin is the first artist for form and style. It is said that he has killed our modern Art; was its life worth preserving? After all, is it not a poor period of commercial and commonplace Art?

Rodin may be classed as an artist who has overturned existent theories, a sculptor who has had the greatest influence on our age. If we admit the force of the outcry against him, we must also recognise that a man who has so strongly affected the public mind, is a genius; were it not so he would have perished long since.

An army of imitators has followed this leader; the army will perish but the leader will live on, and he will be pardoned for the mass of bronze and marble wasted under his influence.

One of the first to recognise Rodin's value was Legros, who is always unerring in his judgment. His fine etching of the sculptor is well known, also the portrait in oils which we here reproduce. When Rodin's enemies were loudest in condemnation, a volume of his drawings and studies appeared which stamped his art for ever as the strongest of our day.

His latest drawings show consummate knowledge. They are reckoned by himself to be the synthesis of his life's work, the outcome of all his labour and knowledge. We regret that they are too large for reproduction here. He draws them rapidly, almost as he might write; they

are direct, fine conceptions of nature, are masterly in execution, and have a look of old Greek paintings on vases, or paintings from Herculaneum. They have been wonderfully reproduced by a new method, and published by the successors of Messrs. Goupil & Co.

The topic of the moment, in Paris, is the Balzac Statue. It was ordered by the Société des Gens de Lettres, who, with a want of artistic intelligence which we ought scarcely to expect from such a quarter, worried the sculptor to produce the statue within a certain time. Rodin has none of the qualifications needed for turning



out work to order in a given space of time. Had he this commercial activity, he would not be the genius he is; but the accumulated intelligence of the Société des Gens de Lettres failed to understand that an artist should be left absolutely free. Rodin naturally held firm, his character is too strong to yield to unreasonable insistence, but his highly strung, nervous nature suffered. At last the Balzac is completed, and now the Société des Gens de Lettres refuse to accept the work, as they consider that it bears no resemblance to the great novelist. Wherein does genuine resemblance consist? In the mere copy of features, or in the expression, the mien, the attitude which his nature *took on* in life, in the representation of the vitality which created his special work? We look at the statue and *feel* it is Balzac—Balzac with all his power of picturing to himself the world he peopled, the world in which he walked. The celebrated dressing gown is hastily caught round his shoulders, the arms not even thrust through the sleeves, and he walks the room whose walls were, by his imagination, hung with the works of the great masters.

The satire of human vice, the penetration of human weakness, the strength, the reality which are found in his work, are all here in the statue, whether the features accurately reproduce those of the master or not. Rodin works for all time; of what avail would it be to give Balzac's face, with photographic detail, to posterity? After generations will know the man he was, far better by Rodin's statue. It may be said that many portraits of Balzac have appeared, none of them bearing much resemblance to one another; why, therefore, should there be such narrow insistence on the statue being accurately like. Balzac was an indomitable fighter, as every great man is who has originality of thought, and whom the ignorant public refuse to recognise. We find this expressed in the *movement* of the statue; it seems to show us the long, hard struggle, the dogged determination of the great master, who wrote twenty-four volumes *pour faire la main!* He was not merely a novelist, he was an epoch, the history of a generation.

The statue (which we reproduce here) was first modelled nude—we have seen it in that stage of development—and Rodin made seven designs before he satisfied himself with his production, if it can be said that a genius is ever satisfied.

To quote his own words—"J'ai tant cherché, tant rêvé, tant médité; j'ai tant lutté pour la matérialisation de ma pensée; j'ai si souvent voulu faire une œuvre qui fût digne de celui qui en était l'expression humaine, que je ne sais pas si vraiment j'ai réussi—Non, je ne sais plus—J'ai cru—mais j'ai hésité—et j'aurai besoin maintenant du recul des mois, des années—pour voir—pour juger."

One of Rodin's countrymen, more artistic than "La Société des Gens de Lettres," has, we are told, purchased the statue; it will stand in his grounds till perhaps the



Balzac.

By Rodin.

nation may recognise that the representation of one of their greatest men, sculptured by one as great as he, ought fitly to belong, not to an individual, but to all the race.

There is, as we have all heard, a great project in the world of art—to make a monument which shall be the Apotheosis of Work, to which all great sculptors shall contribute; the project comes from Monsieur Armand Dayot. A joint work of this kind seems, to some artists, impossible to carry out. Dalou refuses his co-operation. He says that for nine years he has worked at this scheme himself and is opposed to its being the work of several artists. Probably he thinks he can execute it himself—the illusion of an artist in his decadence. Rodin is enthusiastic, but, with his usual justice, says that the scheme has been given to France by Constantin Meunier, who some years ago sent from Belgium to the



*The Kiss.*  
By Rodin.

Champs de Mars, some very fine bas-reliefs, representing miners at their daily toil. Rodin, with an imagination ever inexhaustible, has already conceived a design for the monument. His idea is an imposing and graceful structure, entirely *architectonique*, made with open arches and enclosing a column on which should be sculptured bas-reliefs, each bas-relief representing a different labour. Thus the sculptors could divide the work, and there would be perfect equality between all. At the base of the monument, Rodin suggests that there should be four open spaces, in which could be represented the toil of the

sea and the toil below the earth's surface. The more unskilled labour should be represented on the lower part of the column, and in upward progress those which need the higher intelligence, till on the summit should stand an allegorical group, which could be seen from the outside; a group representing perhaps labour, or night and day. At a convenient distance from the column, and within the outside structure, there should be a gradually ascending slope, which would enable visitors to study all the bas-reliefs on the column, in such a way that only one bas-relief should meet the eye at a time, and thus there would be no confusion of the artistic conceptions. Rodin would not exclude writers from contributing suggestions, and says any thinker is fitted to add to the scheme. He is so fertile in invention that if any artistic scheme is spoken of, his grand imagination at once takes possession of it, and the whole subject is outlined by his master mind.

This column would have more *raison d'être* than the monuments which merely immortalise destruction!

There are five examples of Rodin's art at the International Exhibition now open in London; all interesting. That which we prefer is the 'Study in Stone'; the woman's figure emerging from the stone is very incomplete, but how fine it is in form—the back, the pose of the whole figure, the head, scarcely indicated, leaning on the crossed hands which are supported on the knees. The modelling of the side of the body which is most shown, is exquisite and has the quality—which Rodin has the power of expressing in an extraordinary degree—of tender, supple, yielding woman's flesh.

Rodin has enormous studios in Paris, but lives at Meudon, from whence he comes up by boat. His house is beautifully situated, with exquisite and varied views on all sides. In his studio at Meudon are fragments of the finest Greek and Egyptian Art. The house is decorated and furnished with simplicity and taste, it bears the impress of its master. Anyone who knows the great sculptor must feel the charm of his simplicity and kindness.

The house at Meudon stands on a hill; there one might fancy one's self hundreds of miles away from a city; all around is light, and air, and wide expanse. It is a fitting home for such an artist, whose work is true to—and one with—nature.

CHARLES QUENTIN.

## THE ART MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.\*

AT Cleveland, in Ohio, the beautiful boulevard, Euclid Avenue, contains three collections of pictures, one famous for its Whistlers and Degas, and another for its Vandyke, and Rubens, and Romney. This city was, perhaps, the most surprising to me, for my knowledge of Cleveland was of the most elementary nature, and I was not prepared to find an avenue of mansions, extending several miles in length, with pictures and *objets d'art* of the finest quality.

Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, is only three hours from Cleveland, and it is already well known in art circles in Europe by its great institution called the Carnegie Art Gallery. Under the specially energetic directorship of Mr. J. W. Beatty, the Carnegie Gallery, with its £10,000 per annum to spend in the purchase of pictures, is likely to be the greatest factor in the development of Art in the United States. One of the most handsome buildings devoted to art, a kind of classic Trocadéro, the Carnegie Gallery, the gift of the presiding genius of Pittsburg, contains, each autumn, a collection of pictures gathered together from all parts of Europe and America. The exhibitors choose their own jury, and the jury selects and hangs the pictures, so that the exhibitors have full control of their own works. Pittsburg contains at least half a dozen private collections of pictures. One of the

\* Continued from page 157.

best women portraits by Raeburn has a home there; Troyon is the glory of another; Rousseau of another; and many fine works of the English School are there to be found.

Washington has now the new Corcoran Gallery open, very quiet and scholarly in appearance, and devotedly directed by General Barbarin. The pictures are not yet of the highest order, but many good canvases are here placed. The private collections are few for such a fine city, the best being one in the suburbs, containing a fine gallery of French and Dutch modern pictures, and a few old English, and a collection of Oriental Art objects, very complete and well-arranged.

At Philadelphia one finds the central point of Art in the country. In that city there are two or three kindred spirits who devote every leisure moment to the cultivation of the Fine Arts. One of these collectors knows probably more of the best qualities of painting than any man in the United States, and he is more than able to hold his own with the first connoisseurs of the Old World. These gentlemen are connected with others in the direction of the Wilstach Collection in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; they have already purchased pictures by Raeburn, Delacroix, Constable, Courbet, Whistler, Swan, and Bastien Lepage; and this will very soon be a collection of altogether the first quality.

D. CROAL THOMSON.



The Editor in Canada. (Sleigh of the Honble. G. A. Drummond, Montreal.)



*A corner of Mr. Hal Hurst's Studio.*

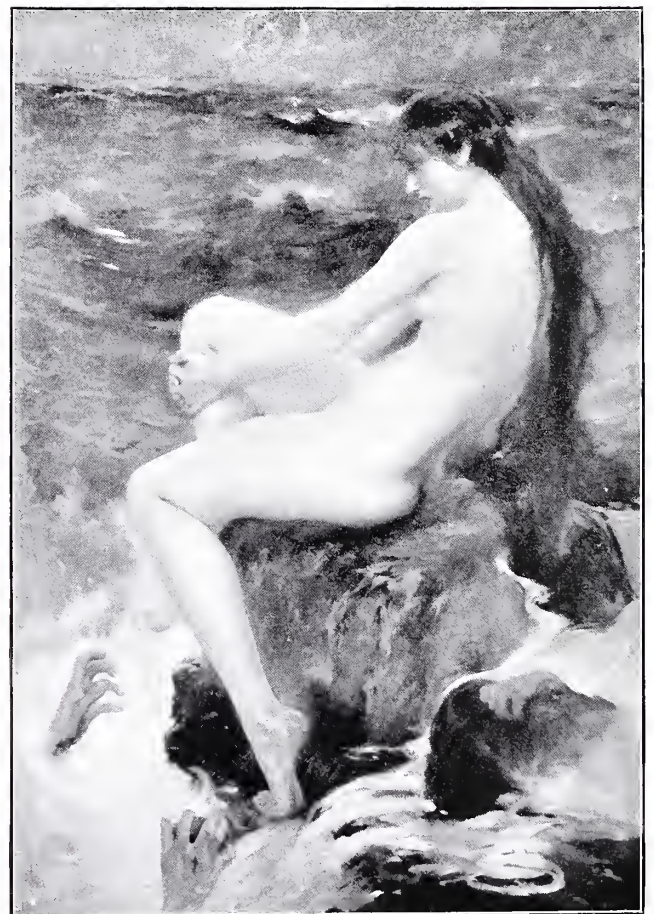
## MR. HAL HURST, R.B.A., AND HIS WORK.

AS a black-and-white artist Mr. Hal Hurst's name is well known to the public, and, although as a painter he is yet in the springtime of his work, his paintings are worthy of the interest which they have already created, and are alike noticeable for his use of bright, primal colours, which from his brush are always harmonious, as well as for their characteristic fancifulness and refinement; while it is evident that delicacy of form appeals to the sensibilities of the artist no less than bright and bold schemes of colour.

With the exception, of course, of his portraiture, in which direction Mr. Hurst has already displayed so much ability, it may safely be said that all the work which this artist has so far achieved has been the outcome of his own inner consciousness, an attempt—and I think an exceedingly interesting and successful attempt—to put on canvas an ideal, a poetic vision. He is, indeed, an ardent disciple of romanticism in painting as opposed to the artist who paints things "as he sees them," and who, in this sense, avoids the creative.

In treating of Mr. Hal Hurst's work it will be possible in the course of the article to describe inferentially what I conceive to be the points aimed at in his work, the conditions under which it is done, to see how far those aims are attained, and perhaps to glance at what I conceive to be the limitations of his present achievements, or more properly speaking, the lines on which it is to be hoped Mr. Hurst will continue to exercise and yet further develop the great ability which is undoubtedly his.

In one essential respect it may be said that Mr. Hurst's paintings are the direct outcome of his black-and-white work. In making this statement I do not mean that the subject or intention is similar, but, in making this passing reference, I may point out that it is as the illustrator



*The Syren.*  
*By Hal Hurst.*

of the romance that Mr. Hurst has done his best work as a draughtsman. In the main his sketches are pictorial representations of what he has conceived to be the image presented to the mind of the writer whose romance he is illustrating. The portrayal of incidents and events, of scenery and character, has only in the remotest degree formed any part of the artist's black-and-white work. Beauty, life, movement, the play of fancy—these are its attributes, and so when the artist has sought the relief of colour, for which Mr. Hurst has so keen an instinct, he has almost invariably depicted such purely fanciful and poetic conceptions as 'An Incantation,' 'The Capture,' 'The Syren,' and 'The Spirit of the Water-Lily,' wherein he has given us the embodiment of an idea, charming, delicate, and fanciful, a pleasant phantasia, the surroundings and background purely decorative, the central interest—the nude figure of femininity etherialised. In such work Mr. Hurst has not merely displayed his appreciation of form and his fine sense of colour, but has always brought his composition well together, and, however imaginative the subject, has never lost sight of pictorial appositeness. One might well expect that what may be so vivid and definite in the imagination should prove elusive in the handling—a coarse touch and the vision has vanished, but Mr. Hurst's pictures are particularly notable for delicacy of treatment; in fact, they reveal what perhaps I may be permitted to describe as "the light hand" in painting.

It is the merest truism, that the painter of the visionary and ideal not less than the painter of the purely decorative—although relying on his inner perception for his motive, by which I mean that the source of his inspiration is from within, and not from without—must needs go hand-in-hand, to some extent, with the sternest realist in obtaining his means of expression from nature; and though imaginative work makes a greater demand on the creative power of the artist than on his imitative and perceptive ability, it will be admitted that so far as the expression of his vision is untrue to nature it is an inartistic conception.

It is no ill-compliment to the artist to say—and he would be amongst the first to admit it—that as far as painting is concerned, apart from portraiture, his work as a colourist is to be regarded as largely tentative and by way of experiment, and the closer one examines the work which he has so far achieved, the greater is one's conviction that he possesses a natural ability which the most arduous efforts and prolonged art education cannot give, and in so far as one is delighted with his work both for its promise as well as its inherent qualities, one feels that with more time at his disposal for painting, and with

consequent greater conservation of energy, Mr. Hurst will become even more daring in his experiments, and will add to his work even yet greater subtlety, definition, and increase of strength. Nothing could well be more graceful, more alluring than his delineation of the nude; one could not desire a lighter touch. The facility of his painting is indeed wonderful, and nothing could be more masterly than the breadth and rapidity of his technique; nor will anyone grudge him the splendid effects which he obtains with a quick and full brush, and a facility



*Faith.*

*By Hal Hurst.*

which enhances the *verve* and charm of his work by giving it added strength and breadth of effect.

It is interesting to note that, as the veritable antithesis to the ordinary method of building up one's picture from careful studies made from models who have been posed for the principal figures, in Mr. Hurst's case the idea is conceived as a complete picture, and the artist at once begins work on the canvas without making any preliminary study. In such a method—the rapidity and spontaneity of which in this instance implies so rare a facility—there certainly is the advantage that the artist's work may carry with it a certain spontaneity and *vim*, and a concomitant danger that in the hurry to give the conception



*The Spirit of the Water-Lily.*  
By Hal Hurst.

actuality, painting difficulties will be merely avoided and not overcome. There is so much to be said on both sides of this question that it could not be compressed into an article, but in this case, at all events, one danger at least is escaped—and I have had opportunities of observing the non-escape of an artist from the pitfall more than once—it often happens that the action and feeling which an artist puts into the preliminary studies is not attained in the finished work.

Moreover, Mr. Hurst's method is in itself an illustration of the object which he strives to attain. He is an intense admirer of the work of Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., who obtains with a single touch what many never gain by the most painful process of elaboration, and it is this simplicity of method with the spontaneity of result, which Mr. Hurst has set up before him as a motive and an ambition.

Mr. Hal Hurst's earlier art tendencies were purely instinctive, and as a matter of fact he did his first published sketch before he went through his art training at Paris. Born in 1865, he was the eldest son of Henry Hurst, the African traveller and publisher, and began his artistic career by making sketches of eviction scenes in Ireland for a paper, and subsequently went on the staff of the *Philadelphian Press*, afterwards doing similar work for several New York papers, gaining for himself no little

renown in America, not merely for the quality of the work but also for the rapidity with which it was done; but, wisely determining not to be led away by journalistic success, he threw up an excellent position in order to go through the art schools in Paris, where he studied at Julian's, and under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paularens, for whose striving after colour he has a profound admiration. At Constant's he had the good fortune to be changed down to the front side of the school and came under the immediate tuition of Bouguereau. After his return to London, he attained instant popularity as a contributor to most of the better-class magazines and periodicals. During 1886 he painted 'The Syren' and a life-size portrait of his wife, both of which were shown in the Academy, his picture 'Faith' being exhibited in the Academy of the following year. 'An Incantation,' reproduced amongst the illustrations to this article by permission of the owner, Mr. Peter Keary, was exhibited at Liverpool in 1886, whilst visitors to this year's Academy will be attracted by Mr. Hurst's excellent work as a colourist, in the canvas entitled 'The Capture.'

'The Spirit of the Water-Lily' is an excellent example of the grace and freshness of Mr. Hurst's art; the bough on which the nymph is sitting hardly bends with her weight, the pose is fascinatingly natural, and the composition admits of the vivid colouring in which the artist delights. The picture is conceived in schemes of green, and the truly fairy-like wings, opalescent and reflecting many soft hues, serve to give the necessary mystic effect. The subject, I believe, was suggested to the artist by one of Mrs. Richardson's poems in "Songs of the Old Dramatists."

In the picture 'Faith'—a woman exhausted, saved from the sea, lying prone on the shore, with a crucifix in her hand, and in the middle distance a cross rising from and reflected in the sea, a strange light over sea and land—there is a quality of paint which makes this one of the most noteworthy of the artist's efforts, whilst the arrangement of the composition gives the theme added force.



*A Portrait.*  
By Hal Hurst.



Mrs. Hal Hurst.  
By Hal Hurst.

In 'The Syren,' the flesh-tints of the figure are thrown up in vivid relief by the dark green of the surging water, and the fact that the sky above the high line of horizon is broken up by the bright sunlight of the morning, tends to heighten the tragic note which is effected in the portrayal of the convulsive hands clutching at the ragged rock, or at thin air, in the hope of salvation from the deep. It is a truly opulent piece of colouring, and is remarkable for its strong contrast, not only of co-

lour, but of sentiment; the woman, bright sunlight, the surging waters,—and death.

'An Incantation,' apart from its air of weird mystery, is venturesome in its vivid colour-scheme, the brightest colours, blues and gold in juxtaposition, the fire-light and reds; subdued, however, by the darkness of the night, for the incantation is taking place at the hour which is supposed to be, most favourable to the efforts of those who are versed in the occult.

Of the picture marked 'A Portrait,' although there is some excellent workmanship in it, I confess that a certain artificiality of the pose and background somewhat worries me; but there is much in this picture that is commendable, although the subject seems too obviously posed for a portrait.

If, however, I venture to make this slight adverse criticism, it will merely serve to bring into contrast the praise which, with equal humility, I would accord to the full-length portrait of Mrs. Hal Hurst. Here, although the subject is the same, the pose is as natural as in the preceding picture it seems to me artificial; the rendering of the drapery is beyond praise, and the whole composition, whether in regard to tones, position, or colouring, is indeed good to look upon. It is indeed a very fine and effective piece of work.

The portrayal of the nude, with the sensitiveness and truth with which Mr. Hal Hurst has portrayed it, leads one to reflect on the difficulties with which such

a task is attended, on account of the lack of education afforded to the world of art, and the want of observation on the part of the public. The dress of to-day gives little scope to the painter, who, generally speaking, is constrained to seek his inspiration in the themes of the past. It is not surprising that, under modern conditions, the portrayal of the nude is either feebly sketchy or deliberately vulgar. Through the absence of that *bête noire* of the artist—sham modesty—and as the outcome of the all-powerful law which one may term "manners and customs," the Greek artists were educated and inspired. Thus it is that the landscape painter of to-day flourishes, for, like the master of portraiture, he is free to go straight to nature, and no matter whether his work be good, bad, or indifferent, there is no one eager to describe it as indelicate and lift holy hands of horror. In the instance of the pictures to which I have already alluded, the modelling of the nude is not only deft and clever—it is the expression of an ordered and natural refinement.

In concluding this necessarily brief review of the work of an artist of great ability, and whose appreciation of form vies with his love of colour, let me add that, although time and experience will improve the painting "quality" which he evidently so much desires, and which he has so largely attained, it is to be hoped that, as he attempts new colour problems and boldly attacks, in order to overcome, every new painting difficulty, he will move on to the goal of his ambition without sacrificing what appears to be a rudimentary motive in his procedure, namely, the endeavour to obtain the complete expression of his conceptions without losing the art which he has already attained in such exceptional measure,—that is, the enhancement of the grace, delicacy, and breadth of his work by the added charm of an all-too-rare spontaneity.

ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE.



An Incantation. By Hal Hurst.  
By permission of Peter Keary, Esq.

## 'JESSICA.'

BY LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

A MEZZOTINT BY R. S. CLOUSTON.

THIS fine mezzotint by Mr. R. S. Clouston is taken from the picture called 'Jessica,' by the late Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy. It is one of a class of pictures which this accomplished master frequently painted, at all stages of his career. These small heads of girls—half children and half women—are familiar to every one. We could name at least a score of them, little English girls out of the slums of Whitechapel and Kensington or dark-eyed Italian children, with brown skins and jet-black locks, from the Pisan Maremma or the Campagna of Rome, Viola and Fatima and Zeyra and Bianca—we remember them all—Letty with the soft brown curls and yellow handkerchief, and Moretta with the green robe and loosely coiled hair, who looked so charming when she appeared again only the other day at the Ruston sale at Christie's. This little 'Jessica' belongs to the same period, and must have been painted somewhere about the seventies. In many ways, however, the subject of the picture differs from the type usually chosen by Lord Leighton. The features are not of that pure Greek outline in which his soul delighted, the nose is irregular, the lips are full and pouting. But the soft curves of brow and chin, the long throat and thick locks have a subtle charm of their own, shy young grace which appealed, we feel at once, to the painter's instinct, and satisfied his inborn love of beauty.

And to us, at least, this young face with the wistful eyes and gentle air recalls a touching incident

connected with the great painter who was with us not so long ago. It was a foggy winter's morning in 1896, and the streets leading eastwards were thronged with crowds hurrying towards the great Cathedral, where the dead painter was to be laid with due honour that day. Painters and poets, princes and peers, dignitaries of Church and State, were all wending their way to pay the last homage to the great master suddenly taken from our midst. That morning, as a crowded omnibus stopped in Westminster on the way to the City, a voice was heard asking in broken English if this were St. Paul's. The speaker was a young Italian girl with large brown eyes and shabby straw hat trimmed with black ribbon, who sat huddled up in the corner. The other passengers smiled at the question and told her that this was not St. Paul's but Westminster Abbey. Presently it transpired that the child was an artist's model who lived in Hammersmith, and had never been further east than Hyde Park. When she was asked what brought her so far from her usual haunts, she replied that she had come for the sake of the dead painter, the "Signor Presidente," as she called him. She had sat to him several times during the last weeks, and up to the last few days, until he could paint no more, and the brush literally dropped from his hand. And he had been so good to her and to her sister, and now they told her that he was dead, and was to be buried in St. Paul's, and she felt that she too must come with the rest, and pay him her last tribute of grateful affection.

## A REMINISCENCE OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SIXTY years ago I came from Aberdeen to London to learn my profession of engineering. Being acquainted with John Phillip, who also came from Aberdeen, and who was then studying at the Royal Academy, I was introduced by him to some of his fellow-students, W. P. Frith, Augustus Egg, H. O'Neil, and Richard Dadd, who, with Phillip, constituted "The Clique," as they called themselves.

These five youths, all diligent students and ardent aspirants to fame, had very different views as to the fields of art which they intended to cultivate, and as to whether their goal should be fame or fortune.

Dadd proposed to devote himself purely to works of imagination. Frith said he intended to paint pictures of ordinary life, such as would take with the public. Egg thought his field should be illustration of famous works. O'Neil determined on painting incidents of striking character, appealing to the feelings. And Phillip desired to illustrate incidents in the lives of famous persons.

Dadd lodged in Great Queen Street along with a chum, a clerk in the City. As they shared a large room which served for sitting-room and studio, it was here that "The Clique" met, usually one evening a week, and after an hour or two devoted to art, closed the sitting with a modest repast, consisting of bread and cheese and beer.

They were by no means exclusive; on the contrary, they always extended a ready welcome to several friends, among whom I had the honour to be included.

Those friends, as well as the members of "The Clique," sat for their portraits to Dadd, who painted

them in appropriate characters; one who had an oriental look, appeared as a Pacha; another, who made verses, was shown as the Poet with "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling;" a third, who was thin and bony, appeared as Cassius with his "lean and hungry look," and so on until no room was left on the walls of the studio.

The weekly meetings of "The Clique" were principally devoted to the selection of subjects for illustration and the adjudication of honours to those whose illustrations were considered best. In order to obtain disinterested judgment, the sketches were submitted to one of the guests, generally to me, though I had no pretensions to such critical qualifications as were necessary for the office entrusted to me.

The subjects chosen were incidents chiefly from Byron or Shakespeare; and of all the illustrations produced, Dadd's, if not most accurate in drawing, were certainly the best in treatment. The sketches were in pen-and-ink outlines with thick shadow lines.

The meetings of "The Clique" ceased on Dadd's departure to fulfil a professional engagement. He was employed by a noble lord to paint a number of panels in one of his apartments, choosing his own subjects provided they were purely fanciful. Over this work poor Dadd let his imagination run riot, and no doubt became mentally affected by the severe strain to which his faculties were subjected. I say nothing of his future history, perhaps the most tragic that can be conceived. "The Clique" was broken up, and there was an end to all our happy meetings.

JOHN IMRAY.





*Medal of the Duc Philippe Marie Visconti.  
By Pisanello.*



*Portrait of Pisanello.  
By himself.*



*Reverse of the Medal of King Alphonse  
of Naples. By Pisanello.*

## AN ITALIAN REALIST OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

### VITTORE PISANELLO OF VERONA.

THERE are few artists of the past who have aroused in our own time such keen interest and attention as the Veronese painter-engraver, Vittore Pisano, or Pisanello; and most suggestive studies have appeared in turn from Continental critics, including Bernasconi, Friedlander, Reiset, De Tausia, Armand de Heiss, Bode, Wickhoff, Eschudi, Venturi, Uzielli, Ephrussi, Gruyer, and Ravaissou. Writing in these pages (*THE ART JOURNAL*, 1895, pp. 37-38), Dr. J. P. Richter, in his historical studies upon the Veronese School—studies which students impatiently look forward to possessing in volume form—admirably summed up the part played by this original and independent worker.

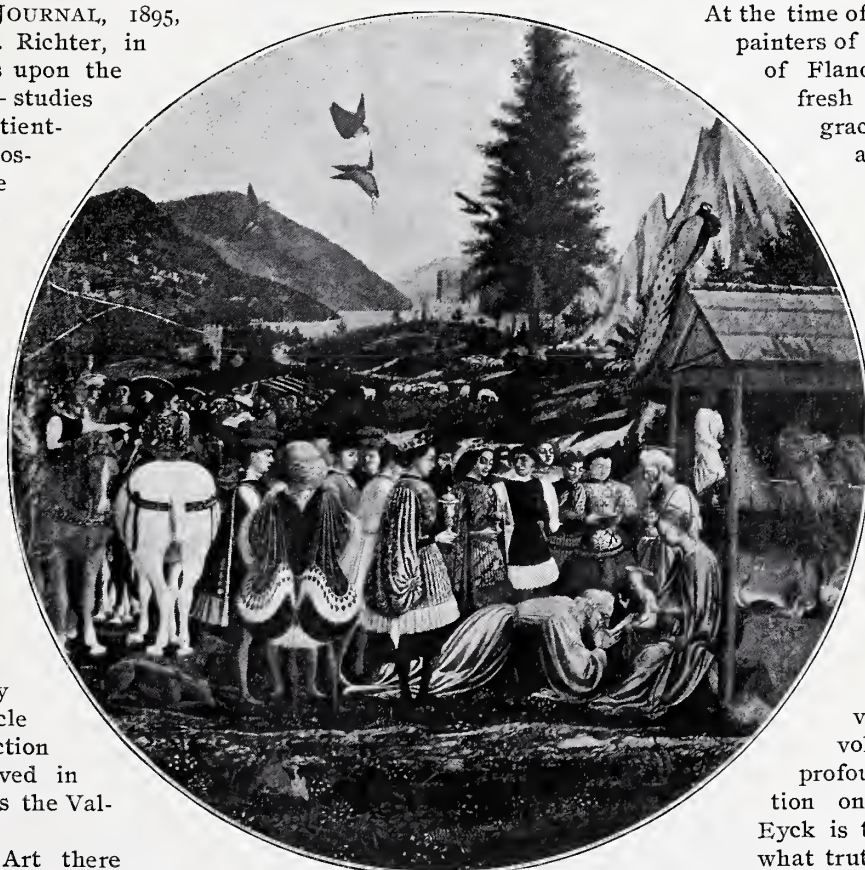
Only venture to enter into a field where so many eminent writers have been labouring before me, in the hope of being able to clear up a few points that even yet remain obscure, and I shall more especially consider in this article the important collection of drawings preserved in the Louvre, known as the Valardi Collection.

In the history of Art there are two kinds of development, both equally interesting to study: the one is the organic evolution of a principle, that regular and sustained effort and triumph of discipline which end in the formation of a school; the other is found in the experiments made by independent spirits

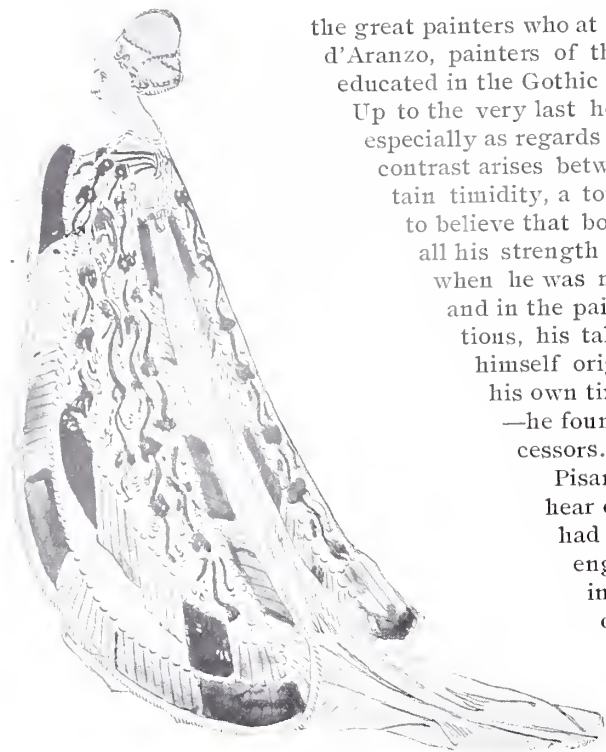
impatient of tradition's yoke, who, renouncing custom as well as propagandism, own no teacher but the inspiration of their own genius. If it also happen that one of these independent workers make his appearance during an epoch of transition, at a time when styles and tendencies in Art are shifting, his case becomes a particularly interesting one. And this is exactly what happened with Pisanello.

At the time of which we speak, the painters of Italy, as well as those of Flanders, were making a fresh effort to give more grace and freedom to their art, to approach nearer to nature. At Florence, true to the methods of work peculiar to the Italians, they proceeded in a scientific way; I mean to say that they took as a basis the reforms of positive science, such as perspective and anatomy. At Bruges, the centre of the rival school, only experience and observation guided the revolution. These were profound, brilliant; to mention only the brothers Van Eyck is to remind the reader what truth these masters knew how to put into the expression of their countenances, what freshness into their colour.

Only the general outlines are known of the life of this reformer. Vittore Pisano, or Pisanello, as he is more generally called, was born at Verona about 1380. He produced most of his work in his



*The Adoration of the Magi.  
By Pisanello.  
From the picture in the Museum of Berlin.*



*Study of Costume.*

*By Pisanello.*

*In the Collection of M. Léon Bonnat.*

native town, but worked also at Venice, at Pavia, at Milan, at Ferrara, and at Mantua. His frescoes, his easel pictures, his drawings and medals were commissioned and sought after by aristocratic patrons, the Visconti and the Sforzas, the houses of Este and Gonzague, the Popes, and the King of Naples. He is known to have been at work in Rome between the years 1428 and 1432, and about 1434-5 he returned to Upper Italy, where he offered to the Marquis Lionel d'Este the portrait of Julius Cæsar (*Divi Julii Cæsaris effigies*), for which he was paid only two gold ducats. From 1439 to 1441 he was at Mantua, working for the Marquis Gian Francesco Gonzague. He received there, in one payment, an instalment of one hundred and eighty ducats, but had much trouble to obtain the full settlement of his dues. After a short stay in Ferrara, we find him again, about 1443, in the service of the Gonzagues. He painted for them a picture on canvas representing the First Person of the Trinity, and decorated with frescoes a chamber which partly fell down in 1480. Finally, in 1449, he was working in Naples, where, amongst other commissions, he executed medals for King Alphonso and Inigo d'Avalos. After this time every trace of him is lost.\*

If we may judge from the medal in which Pisanello has represented his own likeness, he was a man of a lively and jovial nature, with a countenance that is open, yet not without a certain touch of slyness. MM. Armand and Heisse have expressed doubt as to the authenticity of this medal, holding that it is no older than the end of the fifteenth century. But as an impression of the medal was seen upon the lead tiles of the roof of the Palace of Saint Mark at Rome in 1467, there can be no question as to its age, or that it is at least contemporary with Pisanello.

Of the master's first studies and early essays we know nothing. In all probability he frequented the studios of

the great painters who at that time were making Upper Italy famous, Altichieri and Jacopo d'Aranzo, painters of the frescoes of the Saint of Padua. We must think of him as educated in the Gothic tradition and experiencing great difficulty in shaking off its yoke. Up to the very last he could not break away from some of the traditional formulas, especially as regards the rendering and arrangement of draperies. It is thus that the contrast arises between the boundless freedom of some of his drawings, and a certain timidity, a touch of archaism, in others; so that one almost hesitates at times to believe that both came from the same hand. I will add that he only employed all his strength and put forth the whole of his immense powers of observation when he was not hampered by recollections of the past. It is in portraiture, and in the painting of animals, that he is incomparable. In classic compositions, his talent was at its weakest. Indeed, before costume, he only showed himself original and independent in so far as he attempted the fashions of his own time; if he attacked religious or classic dress—the toga, tunic, etc.—he found himself as embarrassed amongst its folds as any of his predecessors.

Pisanello had probably passed his fortieth year at the time we first hear of him, when he was executing a commission that inferred that he had already achieved a reputation. This was in 1422, and he was engaged in completing the decoration begun by Gentile da Fabriano in the great hall of the Palace of the Doges at Venice. Pisanello depicted an episode from Venetian history, 'The Sons of the Emperor Barbarossa imploring their father to make peace with the Venetians.' This painting disappeared at the end of the fifteenth century.

No artist of the First Renaissance, however independent, had a temper less academic than Pisanello, none troubled himself less about the traditions of iconography, and I might even add, about what might reasonably have been demanded from him. Suppose he is commissioned to paint a subject from the Gospels or the legends of the Saints; you perhaps imagine that he will go to work to study closely the text which he is about to illustrate, and to detach its moral; that he will apply himself to give his personages the utmost majesty or the greatest expression of which he is capable. Not in the least; in light-hearted caprice he beats about the bush and runs after the first butterfly that comes forth, and out of the fine sketches gathered on either hand he creates, not the mere situation, but the actual theme of his picture.

Such are (or were) the frescoes of the Pellegrine Chapel in the Church of St. Anastasia at Verona—St. George mounting his steed to deliver the princess, St. George putting his sword into the sheath, and St. Eustace caressing a dog (these two last were destroyed). What originality of detail, how picturesque, charming if you will, but yet how wholly pointless as concerns the nominal theme! What had interested him were experiments with certain effects of foreshortening, the unexpected results of certain outlines, and most of all the study of two men who hung balanced upon a gibbet. These had nothing whatever to do with the subject, but no matter! they had struck the artist—for there are six different studies of them in a drawing now in the Malcolm Collection—so he determined to give them a place beside St. George, the only concession that he made being to relegate them to the background of the composition. Notwithstanding the improbability, the unsuitability of such a motive in a religious composition, they appear again in another of his pictures, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' in the Berlin Museum, which was produced in his studio, if not by his own hand; here, again, the gibbet makes its appearance in the background of the landscape.

Thus his studies from life were the chief things for which Pisanello cared, whilst the adaptation of these studies to the necessities of composition was only a secondary consideration. In a word, he introduced into a religious theme motives—whether good or bad—more

\* U. Rossi, *Archivio Storico dell'Arte*, 1888, part I., pages 453-456. The latest researches upon the biography of Pisanello will be found in the work of M. Gustave Gruyer (*Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 1893-1894), and in that of M. Venturi (*Jahrbuch der K. Pr. Kunstsammlungen*, 1895).

or less accessory, which interest in ethnography or nature had led him to study. It will be understood how artificial and unconvincing the conception of his historical paintings are from this cause.

Besides the paintings in the Palace of the Doges and in the Church of St. Anastasia, Pisanello ornamented with frescoes the Church of San Fermo, also at Verona (he painted for it an 'Annunciation' which is still extant); the Castle of Pavia, where he painted representations of tournaments, of fishing, of hunting, embellished with greyhounds and hares, with tigers, leopards, hunting-dogs, stags, wild boars; the Castle of Ferrara; the Convent of Corpo di Cristo, founded at Mantua in 1420 by the Marquis Paolo Malatesta; the basilica of St. John of Lateran at Rome (1428-1432), where he illustrated the history of St. John the Baptist; as well as many other churches and ducal palaces.

Although many of these fine studies have disappeared, we know enough about them to be able to affirm that, in them all, the artist showed himself absorbed in the depicting of curious types, in seizing some instantaneous and characteristic attitude, in solving problems of perspective and foreshortening, rather than in creating a grand monumental composition after the style of Masaccio, or in appealing to feeling by pathetic traits like Giotto. His mind was of an analytical turn, a stranger to all idea of synthesis. To entitle him to take a place amongst the greater painters — with Masaccio and Mantegna — he needed the power to fuse more completely all these antagonistic elements, to draw a conclusion out of them, to affirm his ideal with more emphasis.

The easel pictures by Pisanello are few in number. We may mention first his 'Virgin appearing to Saint Anthony and Saint George,' in the National Gallery. Scant trace of religious feeling is there in this composition, where the two principal actors stand in the near foreground with an air of affected haughtiness (the one accompanied by his faithful pig, the other with his dragon and wearing an immense sombrero hat), without even appearing to suspect the presence of the divine beings rising into the sky.

In the 'Adoration of the Magi,' in the Museum of Berlin, which is certainly a choice example from his studio, the human figure regains the position that rightly belongs to it. We see displayed the picturesque costumes dear to the master, the extravagant accoutrements which remind one of the *costumes de folie* of the time of Charles VI. But Pisanello soon remembers the studies of his heart: the ox and the ass of the stable at Bethlehem alternate with the camels brought by the Magi; the horses, one seen from the front, the other from behind, are balanced by greyhounds, as in the frescoes of St. Anastasia; a peacock struts upon the roof of the stable; while in the air above we are treated to a combat—the result of which is scarcely in doubt—between two falcons and a heron.

1898

Of Pisanello's other religious compositions, the most beautiful is that which is known to us by a drawing in the Vallardi Collection, the 'Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter.' Here there is not only unity of conception, graceful and harmonious grouping, but also impressiveness and genuine religious feeling.

Following M. Venturi, we must also see in the Madonna in the Louvre, hitherto attributed to Gentile da Fabriano (No. 1279), a production of the School of Pisanello.

From a comparison of the drawings with the pictures it would appear that the proportion of the former to the latter is abnormal; one finds as many as forty or even fifty studies for a single picture.

I have deduced still another conclusion: that the paintings of Pisanello were never numerous, and that those we know, together with those mentioned by Fazio and by Marc Antonio Michiel, comprise all, or practically



*Vision of St. Eustace.*

*By Pisanello.*

*From the Picture at the National Gallery, London.*

all, the works of the Veronese painter. Still more than in composition, Pisanello—it was the logical outcome of his temperament—excelled in portraiture. Photography has for a long time made us familiar from afar with the portrait of Lionel d'Este, which formerly belonged to the Morelli Collection, and is now in the Museum of Bergamo. In 1893, the Louvre purchased the companion to this portrait (formerly in the Bamberger Collection), a remarkable head of a young woman, in which all the connoisseurs at once recognised the hand of the master, and which has revealed to the Parisian public what refinement, and at the same time strength, Pisanello put into his likenesses.

On comparing this portrait with that of Lionel d'Este, Marquis of Ferrara, preserved at the Museum of Bergamo, Mons. George Lafenestre and Mons. Gustave Gruyer have formed the opinion that it represents Marguerite de Gonzague, the second wife of the prince. Mons. Felix Ravaisson, on the other hand, who knows so

3 G



Study of a Head.

By Pisanello.

In the Louvre.

thoroughly the masterpieces of the art of Greece and of the Renaissance, is inclined to identify as the original of the portrait in the Louvre, the *sister* of Marguerite, Cécile de Gonzague, one of those learned women of whom Italy has produced so many.

What remain to mention of Pisanello's frescoes and pictures are insufficient to give the measure of the master. We must seek other sources of information if we wish to appreciate as we should the independence of his vision, his skill in grasping the dominant character of each face and in rendering it to its most fugitive traits; also the fearlessness of his foreshortenings, and a certain unexpectedness that recalls irresistibly more than once the great modern Japanese draughtsmen. These incomparable qualities we are fortunately able to study in their completeness, at once so varied and so imposing, from the drawings left by Pisanello.

The draughtsman in Pisanello was in advance of the painter, hence we find so many sketches, as full of spirit as they can possibly be, become tame and smoothed down in passing into painting. Moreover, in him the creator yielded to the observer; he shows himself powerless to weld his materials together, to fuse the many curious notes of life that he made; his compositions seem sometimes little more than medleys of incoherent motives.

The recent publication of the valuable album, preserved in the Louvre, known as the Vallardi Collection,\* has enabled me to study more closely the powers of this peerless draughtsman. The highest praise that one can bestow upon the Vallardi Collection is to recall the fact that for a long time all the drawings of which it is composed were attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. It was in this belief that the collection was purchased by the Louvre for an enormous sum; it was also under the name of Leonardo that the most characteristic drawings

of Pisanello were published, up to the last editions of the work of Charles Clément.

By far the greater part of the Vallardi Collection consists of drawings in silver point or by pen, sometimes faintly tinted. The most distinctive features of the work are the spareness of the figures, the extreme certainty of the drawing, the lined and rugged features of the human beings, the extraordinary effects in foreshortening, and the marvellous definition and delicacy in the animals—apes, quadrupeds, birds. The great compositions only shine by the absence of these qualities; fine composition was not the master's *forte*. On the other hand, we find all the necessary preparations for composition, from the hasty sketches taken from the model, up to the figures studied from the point of view of their disposition in the *ensemble* of a picture. And then what correctness of feeling, what keenness of vision into the laws of animal motion, here in the flying bird, there in the apes walking or climbing, again in the recumbent ox raising itself!

It is desirable, at this point, to correct an error that has long been received. It has been the custom to praise Pisanello as the peerless animal-painter. But in the fifteenth century there were no animal-painters, strictly speaking, no more than there were painters of still-life or landscape. These departments of Art, which have now been so long distinct, were then classed with historical painting, and never, emphatically never, did it so much as occur to a Quattrocentist to give to any animal whatsoever the honour of a separate picture: it was just the same with flowers, still-life, and landscape; it was only at long intervals that one meets with even the portrait of a man. Animals were only accessories in religious or secular compositions.

It is necessary to make this point clear to be able to understand the part played by the countless animals of every species scattered throughout Pisanello's drawings. They are his studies for the animals which the artist proposed to introduce either into his pictures or his medals; and, indeed, of the Vallardi Collection there is scarcely a quadruped or a biped, carnivorous or ruminant, which is not to be found carried out in some one or other of the works of the master. The horses, dogs, and camels find their places in the 'Adoration of the Magi,' and in the 'Vision of St. Eustace' the very birds are perched in odd corners. The goats and the eagles appear in the medals.

From the painting of animals to the painting of ethnography, of different races of men, was not a great step. Pisanello handled with the same freedom and the same precision the delineation of foreign types, such as the Kalmuck, with his flattened face and high cheek-bones, his almond eyes and Chinese eyebrows.

In other respects Pisanello did not live in Venice with impunity. The Oriental curiosities that appeared there year by year often attracted his interest: he took pleasure in copying the motives of Arabic architecture, the jewels and fabrics of Byzantium, the faïence of Persia; perhaps sometimes even something Chinese fell in his way. These imitations break out in certain drawings in the Museum of Prints and Drawings at Berlin, leading one to think that they are the work of the master himself, and not of one or other of his pupils. Such are the lions' heads, the conventional flowers, the various designs for ornament, which carry reminiscence of Persia; on the other hand a winged lion suggests Byzantine influence, whilst the seated dog sketched upon the same sheet owes its existence—or I am greatly mistaken—to some Chinese bronze.

\* Published by Giraudon, 17, Rue Bonaparte, Paris.

Plants and flowers equally occupied Pisanello's attention, and he reproduced them with learning and refinement. Landscape, on the other hand, never advanced with him beyond a rudimentary stage, which is easily explained. An incorrigible analyst and dissector, he experienced as much difficulty in the arrangement of trees, rocks, plants and flowers, as he did in grouping his figures into a composition.

More even than his pictures and drawings, what spread afar the reputation of Pisanello were his medals in bronze, in which he fixed imperishably the countenances of the principal personages of his time, princes and princesses, *condottieri* and men of letters.

Parenthetically I should like to set right an error still generally accepted, and in which I myself long shared. According to all historians, it was Pisanello who revived the art of the medallist, lost during all the Middle Ages. He was the first since the fall of the Roman Empire, we are told, to think of the plan, not of stamping the likenesses upon a coin, but of making bas-reliefs in wax or clay to form moulds from which casts in bronze could be taken. As a matter of fact, whether or no the Venetian master really did revive this method, even if he created these likenesses, the refinement of which is only equalled by their restraint, love of truth and the tyranny of discovery compel us to admit that half a century before his time an isolated attempt had been made in this same direction, and it is possible that Pisanello was in no wise aware of it.

This point disposed of, it is to be observed that no medallist of any age knew how to put more dignity, suavity, or grace into his portraits; their execution, too, is as sober as it is varied. By the help of reliefs, as slight as those of the next century are thick and heavy, and of almost imperceptible flat spaces, manipulated with inimitable ease and power, Pisanello reproduced in turn the cunning tyrant Philippe Marie Visconti, Duke of Milan; the chivalrous sovereign Alphonse d'Aragon, King of Naples; Lionel d'Este, Marquis of Ferrara; the daring adventurer, Nicolo Piccino; Sigismund Malatesta; François Sforza; Don Inigo d'Avalos; and *savants* with minds sharpened by study like Decembrio and Victorin de Feltre.\* Moreover, he knew how to render the grace

\* Mons. Venturi gives credit to Pisanello for the three medals of Alberti



Portrait of a Princess of the East.  
By Pisanello.

and *abandon* of youth; witness his superb medal of the daughter of Mantua, Cécile Gonzague, in contemplation of the Blessed Virgin.

The drawings of the Vallardi Collection enable us to verify the processes through which Pisanello's impressions passed in being transferred, by the shaping tool, from paper to wax or clay; they show us to what lengths of elimination and abstract he carried his work. In inverse proportion to the elaboration of the sketch is the severity of the medal.

The date of the death of Pisanello is not known. For some time it was believed that he died in 1456, on the authority of a letter written from Rome by Charles de Medici to his brother Peter, on the 31st of October about

that time, to inform him that the writer had acquired a number of silver medals from a "*garzone del Pisanello il quale morì a questi giorni.*" As this letter bears no date, Mons. Venturi endeavoured to prove, by a series of ingenious deductions, that it belonged in reality to the year 1451. Thanks to Mons. Umberto Rossi, we now know that the real date is 1455. But Mons. Venturi goes on to tell us that the death referred to is that of the *garzone* of Pisanello, not of the master himself. He observes, with much force, that from the commencement of the year 1450 we find no more mention of works being executed by Pisanello, while in the years immediately preceding, these references abound. Interesting as the problem is, it is necessary, at present, to resolve to leave it without solution.

The qualities which have won Pisanello so eminent a position are concerned wholly with his realism, his power of rendering nature under her most varied aspects. Of poetic fancy he has hardly a trace, any more than of religious sentiment or dramatic force. He left mystic visions and transports of faith to his contemporaries Gentile da Fabriano and Fra Agelico, pathos to Donatello, grand style and wealth of detail to Masaccio.

hitherto attributed to Alberti or to Matteo de Pasti ("*Jahrbuch der K. Pr. Kunstsammlungen,*" 1895, p. 76). The medal of Toscanielli, celebrated by the poet Basinio, has disappeared. (Uzielli, "*Sui Ritratti di Paolo de Pozzo Toscanielli fatti da Alesio Baldovinetti e da Vettor Pisani,*" Rome, 1890.)

What occupied his attention and aroused his enthusiasm was the art of depicting the character of men and things, the peculiarities of their structure, their actions and movements, the variety of their countenances and the angles in which they present themselves to an observant eye, free from all bias. In this respect he has no rival. But while his gift of observation was keen, his powers of composition were dull. He resembled in this the great Leonardo da Vinci, who experienced so much difficulty—even he—in grouping with a view to common action in a single scene, sketches no whit less precise than Pisanello's, though very differently treated. Pisanello's imperturbability corresponds somewhat with that of the eminent Tuscan painter Piero della Francesca, who, like him, set himself to reproduce—in his frescoes

at Arezzo amongst others—in any manner, like photographic views, outlandish types, portraits of contemporaries, accidents of light or effects of perspective.

The example of independents like Pisanello is intended to teach us that art does not progress in straight lines, like the positive sciences; that sudden leaps are numerous; that the intuition of genius supersedes in a moment the slow and laborious progress of successive generations. Certain of Pisanello's drawings might as well be dated the nineteenth century as the fifteenth; they could not show more sincerity or freedom if made in our own time. And, moreover, geographical divisions melt away before the daring of a great master. The spirit of Pisanello has been caught, without our recognising it, by the draughtsmen of the Far East.

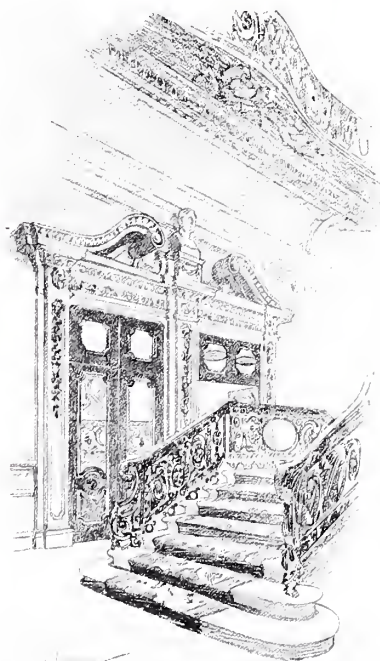
EUGENE MÜNTZ.



WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE THOMSON.\*

IN point of age the Army and Navy Club ranks third among the institutions with a membership drawn from officers in the two services. It was founded more than sixty years ago on the initiative of a group of army men, headed by Sir Edward Barnes, who had returned from abroad to find that the crowded list of candidates clamouring for admission to the United Service and Junior United Service Clubs, imposed upon any new-comers, anxious for election, a long period of tedious waiting. At first the idea was to make it a purely military club, but this intention was almost immediately modified in deference to the strongly-expressed opinion of the Duke of Wellington, who insisted, as a condition of his acceptance of the position of patron of the new association, which he had been asked to take, that officers of the navy and marines should be eligible for membership. A condition so

\* Continued from page 137.



*The Dining-Room Doors  
at the Army and Navy Club.*

reasonable was promptly acceded to by the promoters of the scheme, and the countenance of the Duke was secured on his own terms. In this way the Army and Navy Club was brought into existence, and started on a career which has since been a distinguished and remarkable one.

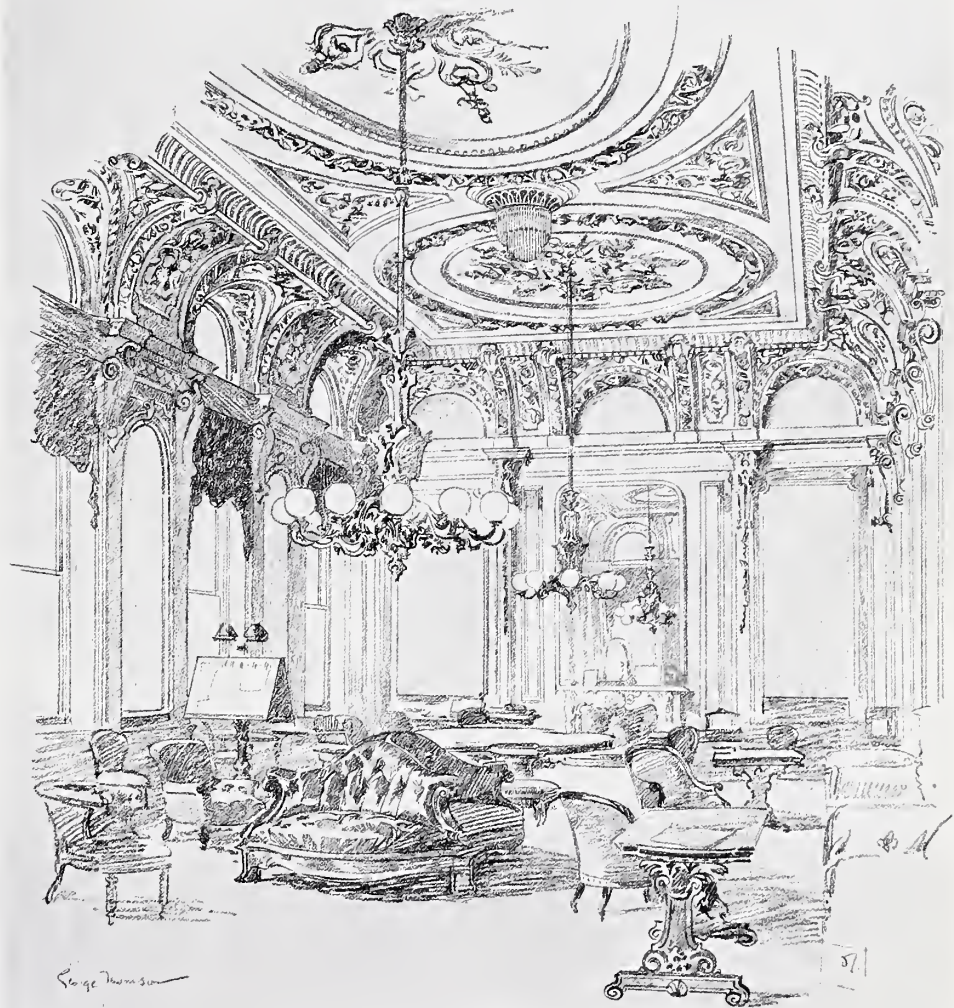
The first home of the club, in which it commenced operations in 1838, was a house at the corner of King Street and St. James's Square which had some while before been occupied by Lord Castlereagh. For some ten years it retained these premises, until the need for more ample accommodation began to be urgently felt, and the erection of a really adequate building was decided upon. After a little consideration the site on which the present house stands was secured by buying the freeholds of Lord De Mauley's residence in St. James's Square and of other premises in Pall Mall, at a cost, including the outlay necessary to

prepare the ground for the builders, of something over £50,000. There, on May 13th, 1848, the foundation stone of the sumptuous place in which the club is now housed was laid by Colonel Daniell, of the Coldstream Guards; and the work of completion was so actively pushed on that by the middle of February, 1851, the members were able to take possession of the new building, on the erection and furnishing of which a further sum of £64,000 had been expended. The architects responsible for the design were Messrs. Parnell and Smith, who adopted as a motive the Palazzo Rezzonico, at Venice, an example of palatial architecture very well suited by its dignified proportions and richness of detail for adaptation to the purposes of an institution socially important, and not lacking in historical associations. During the period covered by the building operations the club moved from the corner of King Street to 13, St. James's Square, and temporarily occupied what was then known as Lichfield House, because it had belonged to the Earl of Lichfield, a Postmaster-General during Lord Melbourne's administration.

To the Pall Mall site a certain amount of history belongs, for it is claimed that one of the houses in Pall Mall which was pulled down to make room for the club stood on ground which had been previously in the occupation of Nell Gwynne; and that it was here that an incident occurred to which Evelyn refers in his diary. He mentions having seen Charles II. conversing familiarly with "an impudent comedian, Mrs. Nellie, as they called her," who was looking over the garden wall of a house on the north side of Pall Mall. The theory as to the exact position of this house is apparently supported by certain title-deeds relating to a grant by that king of some pieces of ground forming part of "Pell Mell Field," which deeds are preserved among the club archives. Some corroboration of this idea is also provided by the fact that Lord De Mauley's residence, immediately adjoining, which was also pulled down, contained several personal relics of Nell Gwynne, notably the mirror which is now over the mantelpiece of the club smoking-room. The connection between the past uses of the ground and those to which it is now devoted is not perhaps in any sense important, but there is a certain quaintness in the association, and the tradition has always been recognised by the members. A portrait by

1898.

Sir Peter Lely, which is reputed, but probably erroneously, to be that of "the impudent comedian," hangs above the mirror and helps to keep green the memory of "Mrs. Nellie," who, whatever her faults, has distinctly left her mark upon our national history. From Lord De Mauley's house came also two marble mantelpieces, by Canova, exquisite examples of decorative sculpture, one of which had originally been brought there from Malmaison, the palace of the Empress Joséphine.



*The Morning-Room at the Army and Navy Club.*

From the very beginning, one of the chief characteristics of the Army and Navy Club has been its hospitality. It was the first of the military clubs which allowed to its members the privilege of introducing friends, and it has never, in its later developments, departed from the principles which distinguished it at the outset. Some interesting incidents in its history have resulted from its habit of hospitality to strangers of note, whose connection with the institution was often long and intimate. One notable instance is afforded in the case of the Emperor Napoleon III., who was admitted as a guest while the club was in possession of its first house in St. James's Square. He was then living, as an exile, in King Street, St. James's, occupying an unpretentious lodging and in by no means flourishing



*The First Landing on the Staircase at the Army and Navy Club.*

circumstances; and in this gathering of the members of our two services he found what was for the time almost a home. He was among congenial spirits, and surrounded by men sympathetically disposed towards him, and it can hardly be doubted that the welcome he received from them helped not a little to alleviate the weariness of his period of waiting for the development of events which was eventually to bring him to the French throne. That he recognised and was grateful for the kindness shown to him during his residence in England appeared later on when he became President of the French Republic, for in 1849, the year following his accession to power, he presented to the club the fine piece of Gobelins tapestry which now hangs on the staircase. When after the disaster of Sedan he returned to end his days in England he resumed his honorary membership, and was a constant visitor to the building in Pall Mall. He is said to have frequently expressed his pleasure at the manner of his reception there, and at the way in which he was treated without formality and simply as a private individual.

As an architectural example the club-house is marked by many distinctive features, though in its general planning and arrangement it follows the same lines as the other buildings designed about the same date and for similar purposes. Its exterior is finely proportioned and decidedly ornate, and the frontage in Pall Mall worthily takes its place among the other imposing edifices by which it is surrounded. The interior is more than usually florid, inclining rather to sumptuous redundancy than to the severe formality of the United Service or the simple and elegant classicism of the Athenæum. The

effect aimed at by the architects was one of richness, gained by the use, wherever possible, of plaster ornamentation in high relief, and the result is a sort of riot of detail, which is, however, consistent enough in style and quite reasonably accurate in its adherence to the decorative tradition of the period adopted for imitation. A certain amount of discretion is shown in the preservation of a right relation between the scale of the decoration and the size of the room in which it is employed. In the more spacious apartments plain surfaces are few, and ceilings and walls are loaded with complicated adornments; but a simpler scheme has been followed in the smaller ones, and any suggestion of over-weighting has been judiciously avoided. Generally the effect is not lacking in variety, and the building is by no means unsuccessful as an exercise in the lavish application of ornamentation. It is certainly a good example of the result obtainable by the use of devices which were in fashion some half-century ago, and it has a definite interest as an illustration of the history of domestic decoration during the Victorian era.

The arrangement of the entrance-hall and staircase is not unlike that which distinguishes the United Service Club. The main doorway from St. James's Square does not open directly upon the grand staircase, but into a vestibule, from which access is gained through swing doors into the central hall, a spacious and finely proportioned apartment in which the greater part of the space is occupied by the



*The Staircase at the Army and Navy Club.*



staircase. The planning of this staircase is in some ways unusual, for it rises from either side of the hall to a lower landing, then in a single flight to another landing a few feet higher, and there divides again so as to make a double approach to the first floor. Under the lowest landing is a curiously placed fireplace facing the coffee-room door. On the ground floor, besides the hall and the coffee-room, are the great morning-room and the lower smoking-rooms. The coffee-room, which has an end window overlooking the square, is long and lofty, and is decorated in a scheme of pale colour which adds to its apparent size. The walls are divided into panels by pilasters of pale yellow marble, and in the centre of each panel is set alternately a portrait of some naval or military celebrity and a large mirror, the wall space round being coloured in pale tints of grey, yellow, and pink. The ceiling is divided by beams, and the panels are filled with plaster ornamentation in high relief.

The morning-room on the opposite side of the hall is even more elaborate in effect, though its colour scheme is a simple arrangement of green and white. The walls are again divided by pilasters, carrying boldly treated ribs, which curve with the coving of the ceiling to the flat centre panel. Plaster decorations on a large scale, and used with considerable freedom, fill both the flat of the ceiling and the coving below. In this room a pleasant effect is gained by the introduction of lunette lights above the windows, which look out on Pall Mall and St. James's Square. They serve the useful purpose of brilliantly illuminating the upper part of the ceiling, and of giving a sense of space and lightness to what might otherwise have seemed an over-elaborate design. In the smoking-room there is less architectural formality, and, perhaps, more picturesqueness, for the space is more broken up, and a certain irregularity of planning has been turned to pleasant account. There are really two rooms connected by arches, which carry part of the superstructure of the building. The inner one is lighted by a lantern, and the outer by windows overlooking a side street, an arrangement which gives variety of light and shade, and shows off to advantage the delicate colouring of the walls, panelled in white upon a ground of blue-

green. Here the plaster details are used with much more reserve, and are limited to comparatively simple forms on the ceiling, and to trails of ivy leaves introduced with remarkable elegance in the wall panels.

On the first floor there is more division of the space. Instead of two or three large rooms there are four of medium size, besides committee rooms and others required for executive purposes. The chief apartment is the library, which occupies part of the Pall Mall



*The Coffee-Room at the Army and Navy Club.*

frontage; and adjoining it is the drawing-room, a pleasant lounge furnished with every consideration for comfort and cheerfully overlooking the busy world without. Over the vestibule is the visitors' drawing-room, the smallest of the three. It is remarkable especially because it contains the finer of the two Canova mantelpieces, a gracefully proportioned piece of decorative sculpture with supporting female figures in classic draperies. On the end wall of this room is displayed one of the treasures of the club, presented to it by Colonel Godfrey Rhodes, a piece of old Chinese tapestry representing the 'Procession of the King of the White

Elephants.' These three rooms are alike in their scheme of green and white decoration, with elaborate plaster ceilings and dark green hangings. The visitors' dining-room, which is used sometimes for the purpose implied by its name, and at others as a second library, is also on this floor. It is an exception to what would almost seem to be the colour rule of the club, for it is treated in shades of red instead of in the prevailing green and white. It is above the coffee-room, and looks out into St. James's Square.

The art collection of the club is of some importance, and includes many works which are not only æsthetically valuable, but historically interesting as well. Among the examples of sculpture are colossal busts, of the Queen, executed by Mr. Gilbert in 1887, and of the Duke of Wellington, by Behnes; and in a niche on the staircase is a graceful figure of a nymph by Holme Cardwell. A bust, by Count Gleichen, of the Duke of Cambridge, the President of the Club, stands in the entrance-hall. Portraits, by Hoppner, of Frederick, Duke of York, and William, Duke of Clarence, hang in the coffee-room; and in the smoking-room is Lely's picture, reputed to be of Nell Gwynne, but probably representing another Royal favourite, Louise de la Querouaille, who was afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth. A very interesting relic hangs in the visitors' dining-room, the miniature of Lady Hamilton, which belonged to Nelson and was found in his cabin after the Battle of Trafalgar. Scattered through the rooms are many other pictures,

portraits, and engravings which commemorate individuals or events connected with the history of the club, and mark instructively the part that it has played in the stirring period through which it has existed.

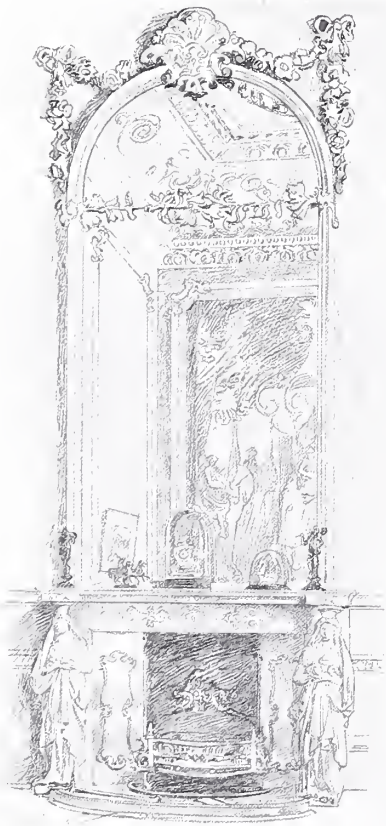
Round an institution of such a type and so inseparably bound up with the life of our times, much quaint anecdote and many curious little details about passing fashions have inevitably gathered. Numerous sidelights upon our social history are provided by the

traditions of the Army and Navy Club, and the names of many men who were conspicuous figures among their contemporaries are to be found on the roll of members. To one of these individuals, the famous "Billy" Duff, a captain in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who was one of the wildest and most notorious of men about town, is to be ascribed the origin of the nickname by which the club is even now usually distinguished.

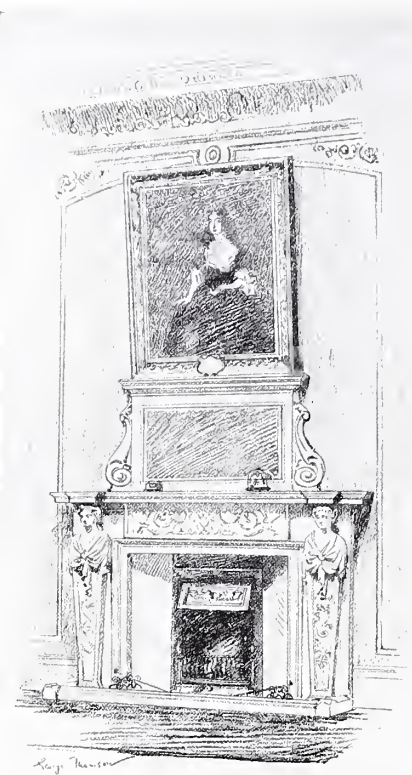
As "The Rag" this dignified association of heroes has been familiarly known from its earliest years, and so universally accepted is the title that it still serves as a means of identification with many men who might find some difficulty in remembering the exact official designation of the club. As so often happens, the name originated in an accidental occurrence. "Billy" Duff arrived late one night at the club-house and called for supper. The fare offered him was so meagre that he angrily condemned the whole institution as a "rag and famish affair," much to the delight of the other members, who readily adopted the nickname. Captain Duff, pleased by their appreciation, set to work to design a club button, a ragged and tattered starveling hungrily gnawing a huge bone; and this button, with its motto, "Rag and Famish," surrounding the figure, became the badge of the club, and was constantly worn by the members when in evening dress. The contrast between this profession of abject poverty and the generous hospitality which has always been characteristic of "The Rag," gave point to the erratic captain's half-serious jest, and doubtless the very inappropriateness of the symbol had most to do with its ready adoption. Certainly neither rags nor starvation are in evidence in the present building. Its aspect of solid comfort and serious magnificence is very characteristic, and marks it as the meeting-place of men who, whatever the vicissitudes of their profession, are very well able to appreciate and enjoy a considerable degree of luxury in their moments of leisure.

A. L. BALDRY.

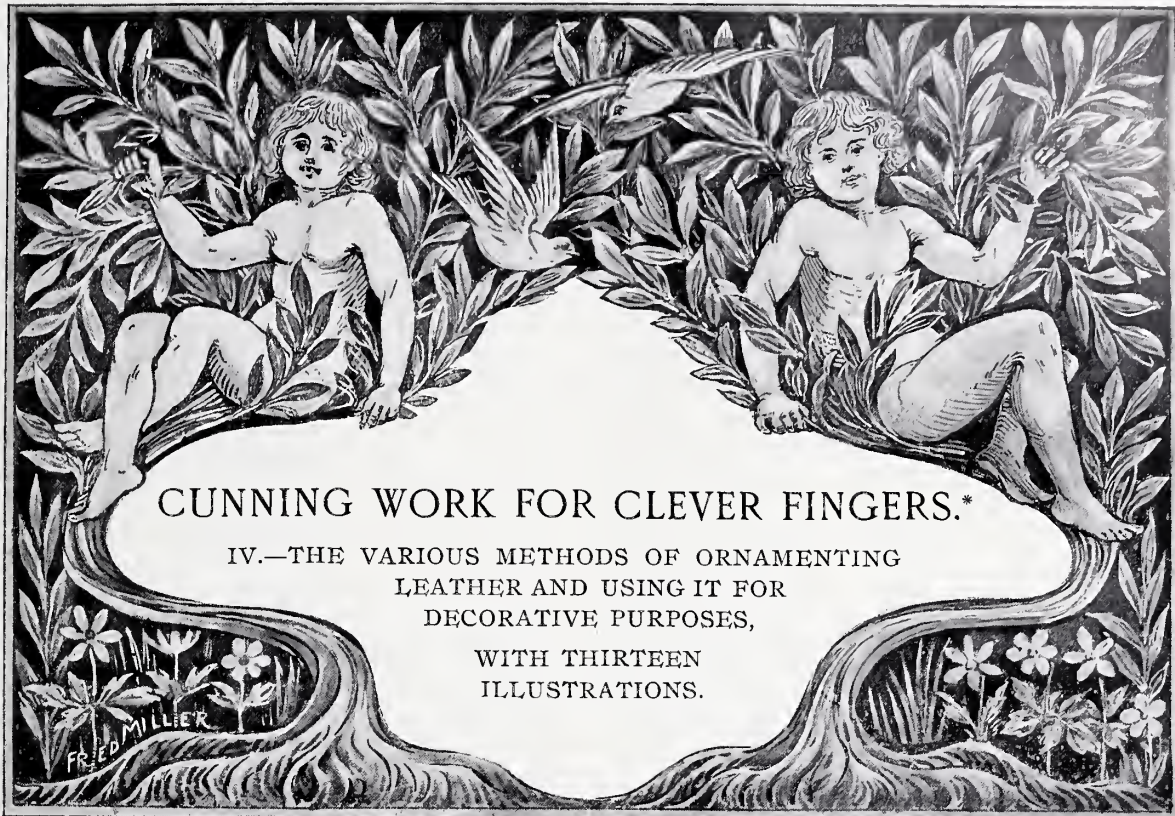
(The Series to be continued.)



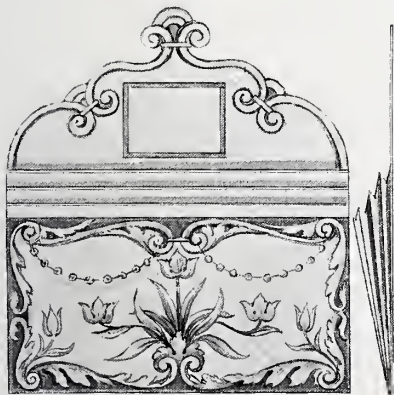
A Fireplace at the Army and Navy Club, with Mantelpiece by Canova.



A Mantelpiece and Nell Gwynne Mirror, with reputed Portrait of Nell Gwynne, at the Army and Navy Club.



No. 1.—Design for Leather Decoration, introducing figures which can be produced by poker work, or it could be wrought by tooling and embossing, the background being "punched" over.



No. 2.—Design for Wallet. Decorated with incising and embossing.

THE ornamentation of leather falls into three categories, tooling, incising and embossing, and poker work. The application of colour to leather, except as a stain, is something added to leather and cannot be considered as a craft springing out of the nature of the material

and developing the material in a way peculiar to itself. are admirable, and the work is more within the scope of amateurs than "tooling," we will first consider its possibilities, and very briefly its technique, which I take from an article contributed by Mr. H. Jacobsen, an eminent worker in his way, to a contemporary.

The design to be wrought must be made full size, and a tracing taken on stout tracing paper, which is then laid over the leather, well damped beforehand with a sponge. With a hard point the design is now gone over, thus leaving an impress upon the leather. Forcutting the outlines, the leather is put on a board of hard wood—or better, a stone slab or sheet of thick plate-glass. A small sharp knife is used, held like a penholder, the sharp edge in front, and it is advisable to start the cutting at the commencement of the design. With light pressure, the knife is led along the outlines, pushing it forward and

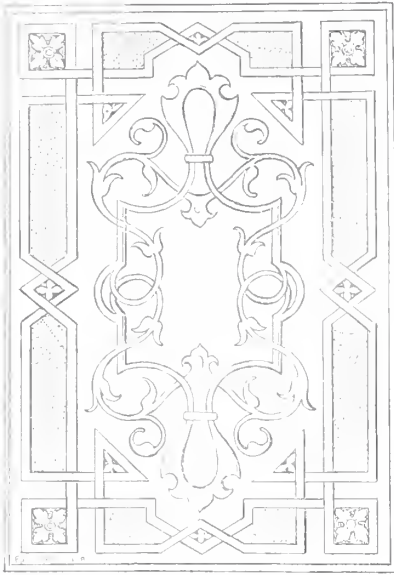


No. 3.—Design for Book-cover. Suggested by the twisting of a tendril around a stem; to be produced by tooling or incising and embossing.

In the first case the pattern, which consists of lines straight or curved and small patterns produced by stamps, is done with brass tools, heated sufficiently that when pressed upon the leather they leave a hollow impress which may be further emphasized by having gold-leaf pressed into these indentations. This form of leather decoration is known as "tooling," and is the oldest and most beautiful form of bookbinding we have. But I shall only incidentally touch upon it here, as it is a subject that has been treated in these pages on more than one occasion, and numerous examples of the work of some of our eminent modern binders has been given, to which I refer the reader who is interested in this work.

Some attention has been given to leather embossing within the last few years, and as the effects obtainable

\* Continued from page 145.



No. 4.—*Panelled Design, modelled on sixteenth-century work; to be incised and embossed. The dotted spaces represent punched surfaces.*

liminary work. The cutting finished, the space between the ornaments must be pressed down. This is done as follows:—First, slightly wet the leather with a sponge dipped in clean cold water; then take the “modelling” tool, and with the point go over the incised lines, laying them open. This done, use the broad end of the same tool, and press the space between the ornaments down, so that the latter come into bold relief. This process requires to be done with some force, and it must likewise be executed carefully and evenly, so as to bring the ornament well out. By continually wetting the surface the work is made easier.

In order to make the modelling process more interesting and the work more artistic, the leather is cut underneath that part of the ornament which it is desirable to raise. For this part of the work, take the undercutting knife in the right hand, and cut in a nearly vertical position underneath the ornament, whereby the leather will be split according to the size of the design.

To obtain relief, the leather must be punched up from the back, being first wetted; and the amount of relief depends upon the force which is used. But to preserve these hollowings, they must be filled up at the back with modelling wax. This must be pressed home with dry hands, as the presence of any moisture will prevent the adhesion of the wax to the leather. The wax must only just fill the hollows, for if it project beyond the plane of the leather, it will make it uneven when the leather is laid down upon the millboard or other surface it is to cover.

Punching the surface of the leather will give a different texture, and also give prominence to the ornament. “Star” and “ring” punches are used of various sizes, according to the dimensions of the work to be wrought, and by keeping the leather moist and giving each punch a sharp blow with a hammer, it is permanently indented.

By working the leather from the back and punching down the surface, quite sufficient relief will be ob-

at the same time supporting it with the fore-finger of the left hand. Straight lines are better cut with the help of a ruler. The leather, whether thick or thin, must be cut exactly *half through*; for if cut too deeply, the material is weakened, and if too lightly, the ornament is apt to be indistinct. The greatest care must be taken over this part of the process, as the after success largely depends upon this pre-

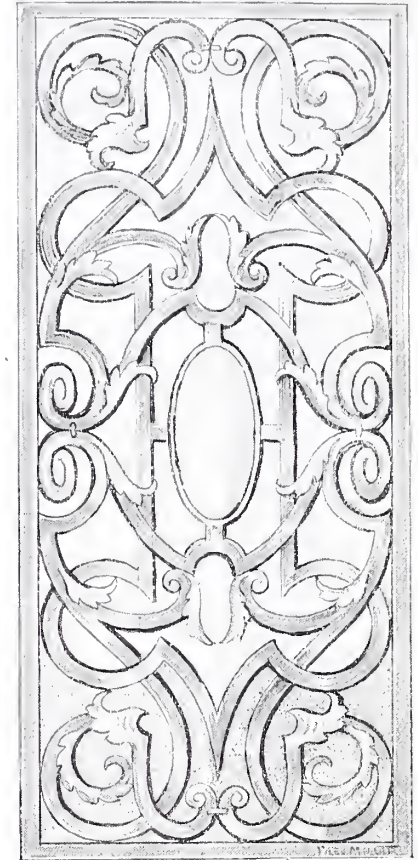
tained for chair-backs, or seats, where it would be inadvisable to use wax. It is only in book covers, box covers, and suchlike articles, that higher relief should be attempted, and then the use of wax is indispensable.

The process reads simple enough, and it is one in which a sufficient technique is soon acquired, so that the amateur is enabled to produce very creditable work in a short time. Leather is indeed a pleasant material to work, as it is very responsive to the touch, so that a work does not have to be in hand so long that all interest in it vanishes. On the contrary, an effect is quickly obtained;

though, of course, leather embossing can be wrought to a high degree of delicacy. It is obvious from the brief description given that thick leather, such as pig skin or stout calf, yields the best result, as the very depth of material gives the worker so much more scope.

The natural colour of the skin, too, seems to be more suitable to the process than dyed leather like morocco, though some workers stain portions of the design with liquid dyes. If this be done artistically, the effect is enhanced, as the natural surface of the leather is in no way impaired. Miss Bassett, in the bindings wrought under her direction at Leighton Buzzard, uses stains upon the leather, keeping the tint very pale, afterwards varnishing the leather with the proper medium.

I am inclined to think that quite sufficient relief can be obtained without the necessity of using wax at the back. Miss Bassett produces some effective calf bindings with blind tooling (*i.e.* tooling without the use of gold), with some parts of the design in low relief. For book covers it is undoubtedly a mistake to raise the design too highly, as these portions would soon rub and become shabby.

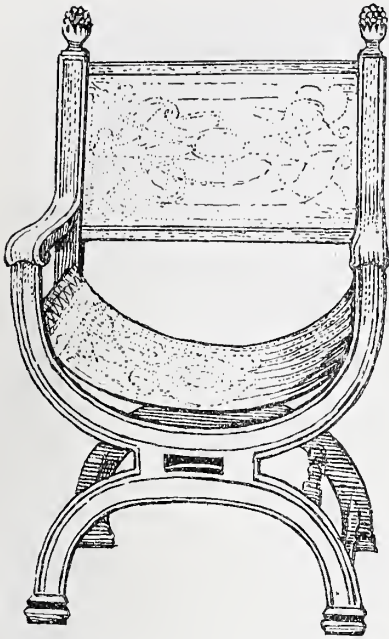


No. 5.—*Design for Chair-back, suggested by sixteenth-century work. Strap-work ornament to be incised and embossed. The background can be punched over, as indicated.*



No. 6.—*Chair Seat. To go with Design No. 5.*

Those readers who have got their 'prentice hand in will have no difficulty in trying experiments in new directions, suggested possibly by these notes; but to the beginner, it would certainly be advisable to get a few lessons under a practical binder. Method is so much quicker acquired



No. 7.—Design for Chair with leather back and seat. See Figs. 9 and 10 for the details.

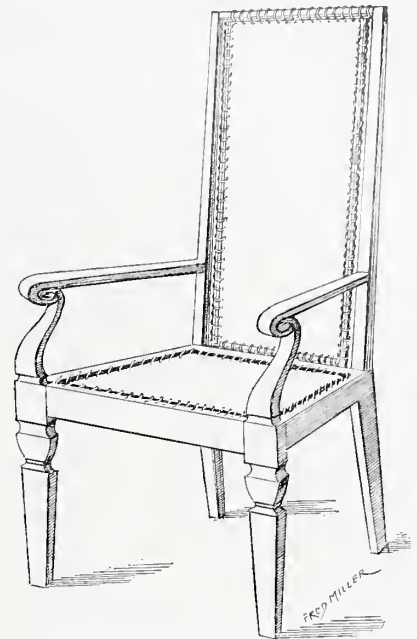
by seeing than by hearing, while the use of tools can alone be imparted by practical demonstration. With a basis of knowledge it is easy to add fresh methods to one's existing craftsmanship.

There has been a revival of embossed and painted leather for wall-coverings, screens, and other purposes, to which old Spanish leathers are put, and I see no reason why the amateur should not essay works of this kind. The

difficulties are certainly not as great as they are in book-binding, for you have only to decorate flat pieces of leather—as the joining of these together, so as to cover a large surface, only requires the care a paperhanger gives to expensive wall-papers. The effect of the old Spanish leathers is due to two things, the rich colouring, in which gilding plays an important part, and the embossing. The leather had, I believe, a backing of thick paper glued on to it, and this kept the portions hammered up in relief. The manipulation would have to be effected, to a large extent, while the backing was plastic. I have an idea that the skin should be manipulated in the way I have described by being beaten out at the back, and those parts in low relief pressed down from the front, and that if two or three sheets of good stout brown paper were well soaked in glue and the back of the leather also glued, and the paper then pressed well home, those portions in relief should be again pressed out from the back before the backing dries, as well as the leather being pressed down from the front until the required relief be obtained. Or it might be enough merely to glue thicknesses of paper on to those portions in relief, well work-

ing them into the hollows; though I should say—for I have not yet put it to the test of actual experiment—that the effect could be carried further if you had the paper all over the back, as there would then be so much more substance to manipulate. The leather might be incised, and treated in much the same way as I have already described, though from what I remember, the Spanish leathers are blind-tooled in front. Of course the work should be freer and the designs bolder than in a book cover.

As regards the colouring, two plans can be adopted: to dye or stain the leather, or paint it solidly in ordinary oil colour. I shall certainly try the former plan, as it seems a pity to lose the surface of the leather, which you do if you paint it, though this was the plan adopted by the old Spanish craftsman. The transparent colours used by artists could be used, mixed with some hard-drying varnish such as amber or copal, and floated on the leather. Prussian blue, cobalt green, terre verte, viridian, gamboge, raw and burnt sienna, madder brown, Indian yellow, and golden ochre thinned with a little turps, and then mixed with varnish, ought to give one a fine palette. The colours could be blended on the leather, and can, of course, also be mixed beforehand; but your scheme of colour must be decided upon, and your manipulation must be rapid, as when these varnish colours get tacky, it is almost impossible to use them. They should be floated on freely, and not touched again after they have



No. 8.—Design for Chair with back and seat in leather, laced. See Figs. 5 and 6 for details.



No. 9.—Design suggested by German work of the fifteenth century, for incising and embossing, with background punched over.



No. 10.—Design supported by Heraldry, to be wrought by incising and embossing.



No. 11.—Design for Book-cover, for incising and embossing, or tooling.

begun to set. Semi-solid colour could be introduced in spots, say the flowers of a design, or in the one I give, No. 13, the bird, animals, snake, and frog could be slightly heightened with white or cream used transparently. The leaves could be in rich varied greens, made of Prussian blue, raw sienna, golden ochre, gamboge, or Indian

yellow, in varying proportions, and the stems in madder brown.

The animals should be in high relief, and the leaves might be incised at the edges, while the stems and ribs down centre of each leaf could be tooled on. The background could have its surface broken up by being punched over with disk punches; and they should not be as small as those used on a book cover, as the surface to be decorated is so much greater. The foliage part of the design, as will be noticed, is an ornamental treatment of a tree planned as a series of scrolls, and could be continued indefinitely. A dado of a library or smoking room would look very rich decorated with leathers; so, too, would a screen. A design planned to repeat in much the same way as a wall-paper does, or as the old Spanish leathers did, would be suitable, as it materially lessens the work of having to sketch each section separately.

I recently saw at a friend's studio some leather panels decorated with figure subjects executed in poker work. I could not tell how they were done, as I saw them hanging on the walls, though I was charmed with the effect and little dreamed they were specimens of poker work in leather. The subjects were taken from Teniers' pictures, and were the experiments of a well-known artist, and I confess they exhibited so many decorative possibilities that I cannot do better than call my readers' attention to this treatment of leather. Of course by "poker" work I do not mean work done with an ordinary poker, heated to redness, but by one of those specially contrived apparatus called pyrographs, in which the platinum point is kept red-hot with spirit. They cost from 10s. 6d., but many more effects are obtainable with them than is possible with an ordinary poker. Quite fine lines can be produced; and these specimens I have referred to had almost the effect of broadly executed etchings.

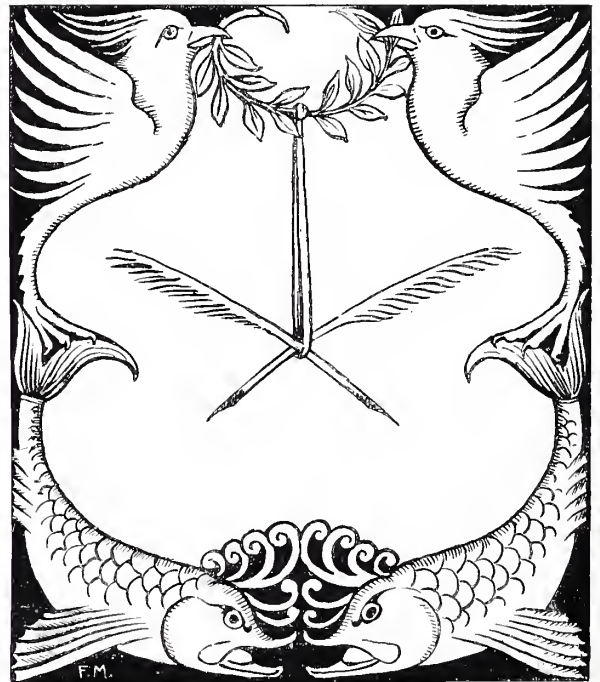
I am convinced that some admirable decorative schemes can be produced in this way, for the method of executing is rapid, and could soon be acquired, the technical difficulties being small. The design I have given (No. 13) for embossed leather could be treated just as effectively in poker work, and those parts intended to be in relief could be raised up, the hot iron taking the place of the incising tool or knife. Book covers of a certain class of design could be treated in this way, such as the one with butterflies in the corner (No. 11), the lines and ornament and background being burnt on, and the butterflies raised up from the back. The other one (No. 12), with birds and fish, might also be so rendered, helped out by pressing

up portions of the design into relief; for it is intended that the bird and fish portion should be slightly modelled.

Leather gives the poker work a different value to what wood does, as it burns in a different way, and for panels of a cabinet some charming effects can be obtained. Even if no colour be added the effect is very good, but by rubbing over a little colour, as was done in these panels I have referred to, the method of production is almost wholly disguised; and it heightens the charm of work to conceal the way the thing is done.

With the three processes of "tooling," "incising" and "embossing," and "poker" work, either employed singly or in combination, the craftsman has great resources at command, and a very varied class of effects are within his reach. I should have no hesitation in using all three in the same piece of work, so long as you keep within your means and make no attempt at imitating one kind of work in another medium. I spoke of the examples of poker work I saw as being after Teniers' pictures, but they were not wrought to imitate engravings. The composition of the pictures was given and some indication of colour, but the pleasant warm light brown of leather was made to play an important part in the general scheme, which is an essential point in all craftsmanship. The material one works in should be highly prized and the utmost value given to it, else what is the use of working in leather if, when our work is finished, all trace of leather be lost? I imagine one uses leather as one does other materials, because if rightly used it will yield a certain class of effects such as nothing else will give us. It was this consideration that made me advocate the employment of dyes with transparent colours in tinting leather, so that even here the surface of the leather shall not be obliterated, but made to yield its quota to the finished result.

In speaking of the designs I have schemed out to accompany these hints, I may point out that they must be looked upon as suggestive notes or diagrams, and in no way as indicating the effects to be obtained by the processes used. Only photographs of actual work can render, in even a faint degree, the look of work in leather. A line,



No. 12.—Design for Blotter Case; the fish and bird portions to be in relief. The markings can be tooled or incised.



No. 13.—Suggested design for embossed leather Wall Hangings. The dotted lines show where the joins might be made. The animal forms to be in relief. This design could also be treated in poker work.

for instance, tooled on or an incised line cut into leather is in no sense rendered by a dark line on white paper. There is a poverty about the latter which is apt to make the diagram far from attractive or effective, but not having actual work to photograph, I was compelled to make sketches. Of course, I kept steadily before myself the method of production, and endeavoured in all cases to draw such effects as could be adequately rendered by the means employed. No. 2 is a design for a wallet to hang on a wall to contain papers, with a place for calendar. The decoration could be tooled and embossed or incised and embossed, but the beating up of certain forms like the tulip flowers is essential in such a design if the full effect is to be obtained. These flower forms might be further accentuated by being tinted with dyes. The dark parts around the edge of the wallet might be punched with stars. The making of the wallet itself would present no difficulty to one used to working in leather. It should have a backing of good *hard* millboard to hang against the wall, the divisions for papers could be flexible, and if the front were made of a stout piece of calf, it would not require any backing, though this is a matter that can be left to the worker's discretion.

The cover design, No. 3, is designed to suit tooling, though it could also be incised and embossed. It is a highly ornamentalised treatment of foliage, a distinct

feature being made of the twisting of the stems around the supports, which could be adequately rendered by tooling or incising.

No. 4 is suggested by a class of design to which the name Renaissance is loosely given. A book-cover of Mr. Jacobsen's suggested the present design. The portions enclosed by the "strap work" border is intended to be punched with stars or dots. This "strap work" is a distinct feature in the work of the sixteenth century and is most ingeniously twisted and planned.

As regards the designs, Nos. 5 and 6, I have modelled them upon some strap-work carved panels, French work of the middle of the sixteenth century. This strap work is so obviously fitted for being reproduced by incising and embossing, and is in itself so ingenious and effective, that I could not give, it seems to me, more suitable schemes of decoration.

Chair backs and seats are obviously such admirable articles to engage the amateur's attention that I have devoted some space to making designs for these purposes. I give also two sketches of the chairs themselves. Those readers who wish to get chairs made to a particular design should find out a chair-maker to the trade and get an estimate, when it will be found that the charge is not so heavy as they anticipate. Of course, large and elaborate chairs, such as those sketched, would cost some five pounds at least, but then they are imposing pieces of furniture. In the one, No. 8, the leather for back and seat is supposed to be "laced" in position with stout leather thongs (and so is the seat in No. 7), but this need not be adhered to.

The other two designs, Nos. 9 and 10, are of quite a different genre, the latter being heraldic in character, while the former is an old German treatment of foliage or seaweed. The embossing here would come into play with great effect. In the heraldic beast the foliated background should be kept pretty flat, so as to give prominence to the animal. Heraldry is full of decorative suggestiveness, and might be drawn largely upon by designers.

No. 11 would be suitable for tooling, and though I have elsewhere suggested that the butterflies should be beaten up, this is not essential, as if the background be punched over quite sufficient relief would be obtained.

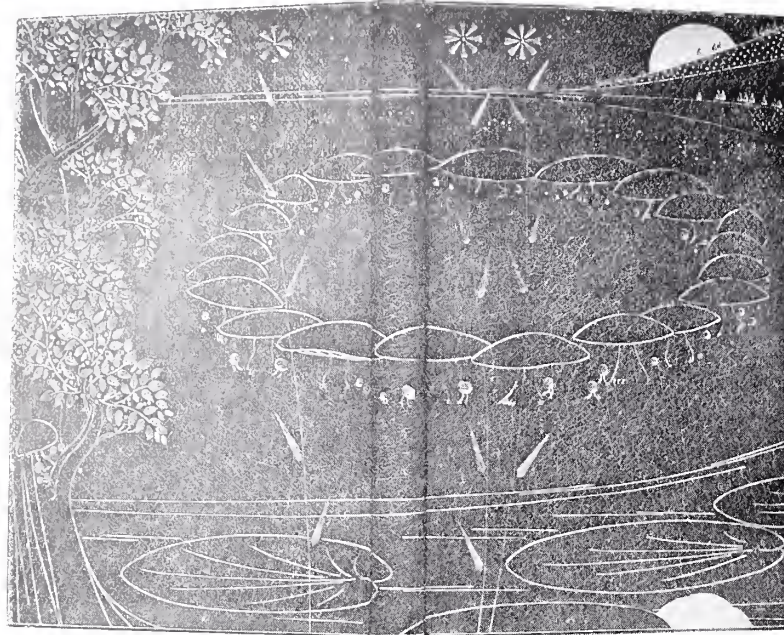
No. 12 might be considered somewhat rococo, but in endeavouring to get away from the class of design one is familiar with one must experiment. It would be easy to carry out this for a blotter or music folio, and I think it would look effective. In using animal forms in this way the general shape of the creature only is considered, no reference to a particular species being made.

No. 13 I have already spoken about in connection with embossed Spanish leathers. Quaint renderings of animal forms give interest and variety to a design, and if treated quite simply and ornamentally need not frighten the amateur away by fear of difficulty. A study of heraldic beasts will be of use in showing how to simplify and ornamentalise nature.

Figures in decoration should, to a great extent, be treated as animal forms are—being simplified and thought of more as "shapes" than as representations of persons. By choosing children or cupids we escape many of the difficulties inseparable from adults. I have endeavoured in the head-piece to this article (No. 1) to make them part of the general scheme, the foliage being just as important as the boys in the design. Such is a design that could be wrought in poker work.

FRED. MILLER.

(The Series to be continued.)



No. 1.—Binding of Drayton's *Nimphidia* and the *Muses Elizium*.  
By R. Rivière & Son.

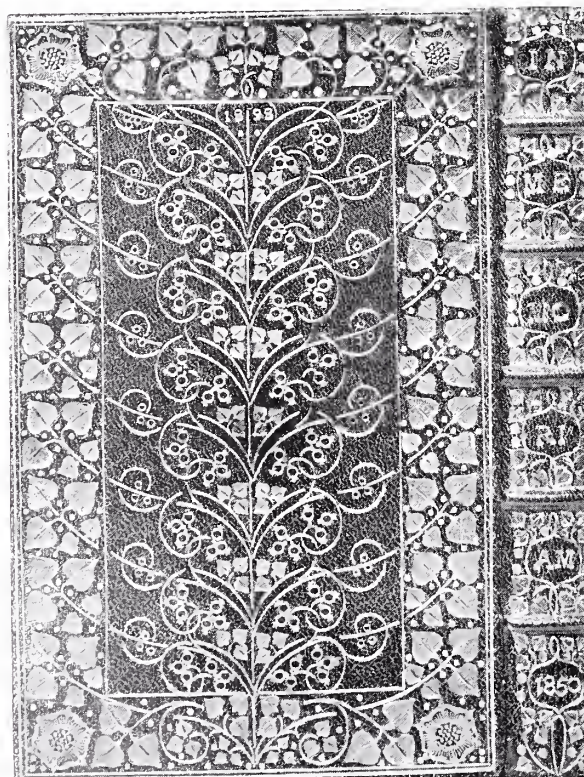
## MODERNITY IN BOOKBINDING.

SUCH is the production of books in these days, and such their accumulation, that the luxurious binding of them in leather becomes more and more a luxury, indulged in not so much by the lover of literature as of binding. It may even be questioned whether the connoisseur very often opens his beautifully bound books except to show how beautifully they open; and whether to bestow upon a volume the full dignity of morocco, is not something like the promotion of a speaker to an Upper House, where his words do not count for much. Binding, that is to say, strictly so called (to sew in cloth, it would be contended, is not to bind), is by no means a practical and useful art, but a matter of *luxure*. All the more reason, therefore, that it should be perfectly done, that the forwarding should be beyond reproach, the leather sumptuous, the tooling exquisite.

An exhibition of Modern Artistic Bookbindings opened by Messrs Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co., at the Goupil Galleries, in Bedford Street, gives us an opportunity of seeing how far our living English

craftsmen fulfil this ideal, at least in so far as concerns the beautiful book; of the actual binding it is not so easy to judge without handling the volumes, which glass cases do not permit. In the matter of art, however, their claims stand here confessed.

There has never been much doubt about the skill of the best English binders, not merely in forwarding, but in finishing; and if the "tooling" of the French has sometimes been preferred, it has been rather on the score of taste than of precise workmanship, precision of workmanship being in fact the virtue, or the vice, inherently belonging to English artizanship—although, by the way, of the three binders of the century best known to fame in this country one was French by name, one German, and only one English. Where the art of tooling has from the first failed, and that not only in England but universally, is in originality. Since Roger Payne's time, at all events, there was, until lately, no sign of individuality; binders even of the highest repute, were content to finish books "in every style but

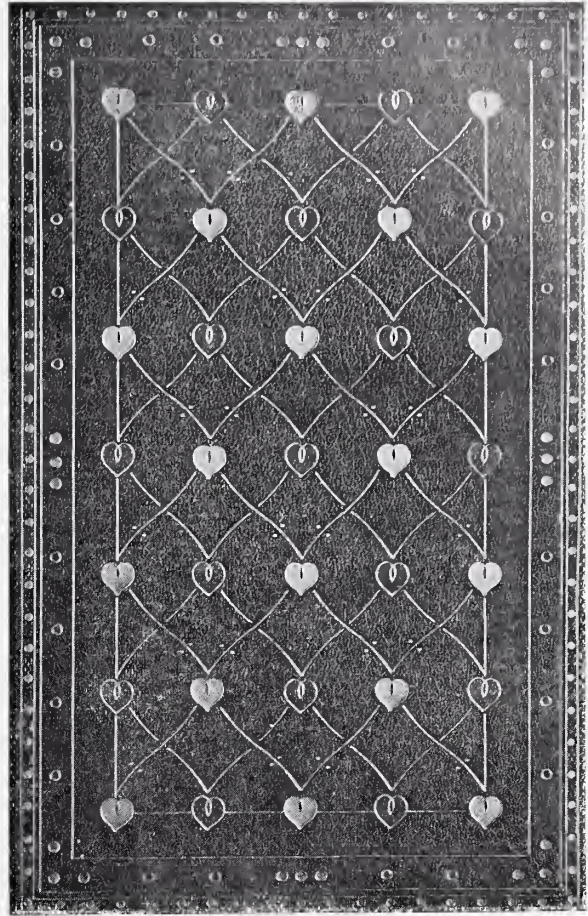


No. 2.—Binding of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.  
By Douglas Cockerell.



their own." This reproach is no longer so true as it was. A considerable proportion of the works exhibited at Bedford Street are, it is true, in direct imitation of sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century bindings, more or less tasteful in design, according to the model chosen, but invariably rather dull; still there is about an equal amount of work shown which aims deliberately at being new, and achieves that end, at the cost sometimes, it must be confessed, of qualities one is accustomed to regard as belonging to, if not essential to, fine binding.

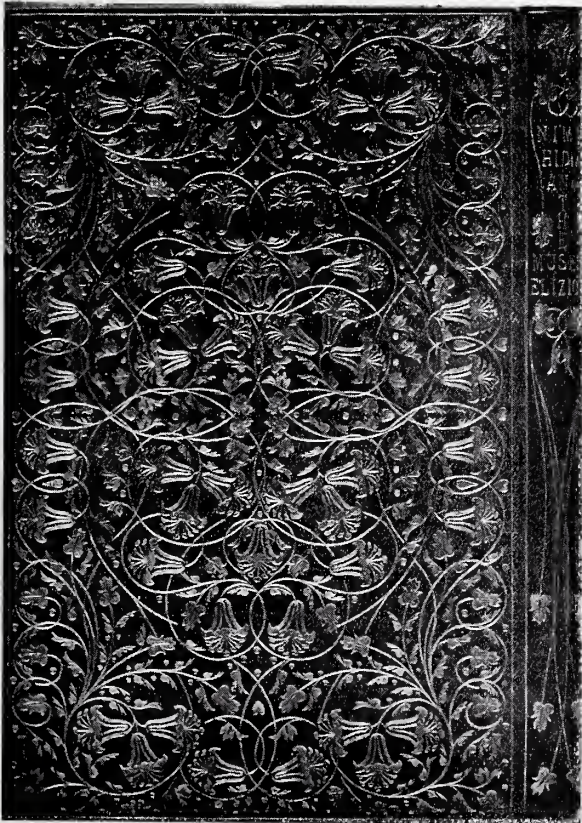
The innovator most in evidence is Mr. Cedric Chivers, who starts off anew in the two directions of modelling and painting. Not that there is anything very new in embossed leather: the Germans have long been doing admirable work of this kind, and Miss Shepherd's modelling is not to be compared to the vigorous execution of Herr Huibe of Hamburg, or of his pupil Herr Jacobsen, who was not long ago resident in London (and is yet, perhaps); but there is a lightness and a delicacy of touch about her work which has a charm of its own, and the tinting of it is delicate and pretty, almost too pretty for the binding of books, except such as may be meant for the drawing-room table. The Guild of Women Binders show also modelled bindings of various degrees of excellence, which seem to indicate some connection between that guild and Miss Shepherd. Another process "patented" by Mr. Chivers, is one practised, as we learn from Mr. Fletcher's helpful introduction to the catalogue, by James Edwards of Halifax, as long ago as 1784. By it vellum-bound books are decorated in polychrome. The design, it seems, is painted on paper; this is pasted on to the boards, and then covered with vellum that has first been rendered



No. 4.—*Doubleure of Ex Bibliotheca.*

Designed by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson and  
executed at the Doves Bindery.

By permission of the Rev. S. A. Thompson Yates.



No. 3.—*Binding of Drayton's Nimphidia and the Muses Elizium.*

By R. S. B. Watson.

transparent. Edwards painted his designs upon the under-side of the vellum itself, which seems a rather more workmanlike, though not perhaps such an easy, thing to do. The rather filmy effect of the colour seen through the skin is not unpleasant; but these painted bindings inevitably remind one of the printed boards of trade bookbindings; they lack both the severity which seems so right in a well-bound book, and the preciousness which belongs to tooling—if only it were not so stereotyped in pattern. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson (No. 4) was (probably) the first among modern binders *persistently* to build up tooled patterns in his own way, and so to give us characteristic work of his own, work which has already its imitators, some of whom exhibit specimens of their work looking at first sight as if they had escaped somehow from the case enclosing the books from the Doves Bindery.

The most original of our modern bookbinders is Miss E. M. MacColl, who, with the aid of her brother Mr. D. S. MacColl, has worked out for herself a new method, described in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1896, p. 147: that of drawing with the wheel instead of impressing with small stamps. The wheel, of course, is not a new implement; but her use of it is. Her method has its obvious limitations; that, however, is rather in its favour, so long as it compels a characteristic form of design, which Mr. and Miss MacColl have certainly adopted. Precisely how far the rather wild swirl of line conspicuous in their work is compelled by the instrument employed, and how far it may be wilfully "up to date," is a matter of

interesting conjecture. The awakening of the spirit of originality is indicated further in more isolated instances, in the designs, for example, of Mr. Douglas Cockerell (No. 2) and Mr. R. S. B. Watson (No. 3), which are worthy of all praise. The so-called "Sutherland Decoration" of Mr. G. T. Bagguley, in lines of rather pale bright colour on vellum, is also a new departure, but it cannot be said to go beyond rather garish prettiness; and one does not recognise in the diapers of Mr. Leon V. Solon the hand of that clever young designer. Messrs. Birdsall & Son, Roger de Coverley, Fazakerley, Kelly & Son, W. T. Morell, John Ramage & Co., R. Rivière & Son, J. Zaehnsdorf, and others, exhibit many excellent bindings, not for the most part far enough removed from the time-honoured trade patterns to excite any very keen

interest in their design. Of old-established and well-known firms Messrs. Rivière & Son seem most alive to the new movement, some of their designs (No. 1), if not absolutely original, reflecting very distinctly the influences of modern innovation and invention.

This interesting exhibition reveals not only what is being done in the way of designing on new lines, and of working in new methods, but the cost at which novelty is bought. Was it worth doing? Not always. It depends in each instance upon the thing done. Beauty and fitness are much too high a price to pay for novelty; but failure itself is welcome as evidence of vitality, which until quite recent years has not been very apparent in bookbinding design.

LEWIS F. DAY.

## CAMERA CRAFT.

THE recent Crystal Palace Exhibition brought forward very few unknown men, and thereby maintained its intention of not competing with the regularly established annual exhibitions, at which it is expected that only new work will be shown. There were two new workers, however, who will add greatly to the available force of the camera-men, and both of them, curiously, were introduced by commercial firms.

Mr. Histed, of South Audley Street, was not entirely unknown to photographers, but many of them had not at all realised his power in portraiture until they saw a considerable number of examples of his work brought together by the Platinotype Company, and heard them described by their enthusiastic admirer, Mr. E. J. Humphery. The second novelty of the exhibition was a complete bay of the work of the Brothers Hofmeister; for the exhibition of which we are indebted to the Rathenow Optical Factory, a well-known Continental lens-making concern, and particularly to its English representative, Mr. Henry F. Purser. Though shown as examples of work done with the Rathenower lenses, these pictures were curiously independent of ordinary technique, and proved far more attractive to the pictorial worker than to the technician. The whole collection of some fifteen or twenty very large pictures were fine, though varied, examples of gum-bichromate work—the process described in outline in a recent issue of THE ART JOURNAL. The favourite pigment was a dark brown, though in some cases, where the subject seemed suitable, a strong green was used, while others, again, were in a very deep blue or black. The themes were all from homely, everyday life—a man on a ladder gathering a crop of runner beans; a hay-wain loading in a barn; fishermen working through ice-holes; a grandmother crooning over a child's cot, or cooking the simple cottage meal. In breadth and vigour of treatment the work goes beyond even that of Robert Demachy, who has hitherto been the "broadest" of our gum-bichromate workers; but its most striking characteristic is the decorative arrangement of a small number of parts. In some of the works there was scarce any subject that one could recognise, but the arrangement of the masses of light and shade was sufficient to guarantee that here was the work of a master. Of course, such work as this must suffer enormously in the great reduction necessary to fit the printed page, and also in the translation of its brown pigment into the printer's cold black, so that in selecting one of the subjects for reproduction, I have leaned to one

that would suffer least in the process, rather than to one which is specially representative of the series.

It is understood that the Brothers Hofmeister will submit some of their work to the Pall Mall and the Salon Exhibitions in the coming autumn, when it will be sure to attract attention.

Those who have been in touch with photography for some time will remember many names of men who have done good pioneer work in this branch of the craft, and



*A Sparrow Hawk.*

*By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.*

though their main object in the past has been technical or scientific, a proportion, and a rapidly increasing proportion of the work has some artistic value.

The first name that occurs to one in this connection is that of Dr. P. H. Emerson, whose 'Birds, Beasts and Fishes of the Norfolk Broads' gave to many photographers their first idea of the possibilities of stalking with the camera. Dr. Emerson's aims were largely artistic. Still older in this connection is Charles Reid, of Wishaw, whose studies of the wild life of North Britain are wonderfully complete, and whose decorative pieces, charming little arrangements of small birds and leafy boughs, are worthy of being more widely known.

In America, more than one of the professional guides and trappers has taken to camera work, following the lead of A. G. Wallihan, the post-master of a tiny Colorado hamlet, who spends most of his summer-time shooting and photographing, and who has produced a series of unique pictures. Most of these examples are chiefly useful as the raw material for painters and illustrators, and many of them give impressions that could not be obtained in any other way. For instance, one of the subjects is an American "lion," or puma, caught in mid-air as it was springing from a tree to the camera. Several studies of deer, stalked to within twenty or thirty yards, are full of life and expression; and there is a great variety of other subjects—bears, rocky mountain sheep, and the smaller cats.

The work of Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, of Washington, who has recently given much attention to the photographing of American birds, beasts, and fishes, has the advantage of being produced by one who is a trained naturalist, as well as an enthusiastic photographer. The sparrowhawk, reproduced opposite, may be considered fairly typical of his dainty treatment, which should appeal alike to the artist and to the scientific worker.

In England our best-known naturalist photographer is Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S., whose enormous series of subjects ranges from popular humorous studies of kittens, puppies, and the monkeys and pelicans of our Zoo, to the best specimens of animal life from almost all the zoological gardens of the world, and to the great game of America, Africa and India, photographed in its native haunts.

The bird pictures of R. B. Lodge, who seriously took up this class of work a little time before the Brothers Kearton, are very well known, and his recent studies amongst the marsh birds of the Guadalquivir, and amongst the birds of Holland, are full of useful suggestion for the artist who is unable to give the time necessary for studying, at first hand, the ways of these creatures.

An interesting event of the present season has been the publication, by Messrs. Cassell and Co., of the second

1898.



*The Grandmother.*

*By Th. and O. Hofmeister.*

book by the Brothers Kearton, entitled, "With Nature and a Camera." The first Kearton book was simply natural history illustrated by photography, and though an excellent and painstaking piece of book-making, it had no such claims upon the literary or the artistic world as has the later work. The publication of this book marks a stage in the progress of an important application of photography, and has done something also to spur photographers to further effort. On the technical side it has been especially useful as emphasising the value of flash-light in these natural-history studies. The wise old owl reproduced on the next page is from a flash-light portrait, and in the photographing of insects, of snails on grass stems, and similar very small and very difficult subjects, the same method has been used with great success.

The topic of the month is the Photographic Convention, to be held in the second city of the Empire—proud Glasgow. This annual foregathering has become so strongly a part of photographic life that few of those "who are anybody" would willingly miss the occasion, and the Glasgow week (July 4th to 9th) promises to eclipse all former meetings in more ways than one. The president, John Stuart, with W. Goodwin as acting local secretary, and with George Mason (a former president), J. Craig Annan, William Croke (of Edinburgh), and a few other hard-working spirits, have arranged a series of most enjoyable picture-making excursions; while the general committee, with F. A. Bridge as secretary, and



*A Barn Owl (by flash-light). By Cherry Kearton.  
From "With Nature and a Camera" (Cassell & Co., Ltd.).*

many of the journalistic and other photographers of the Southern shires as assistants, has prepared an excellent programme of instruction and entertainment for the evening meetings.

Glasgow is the first city which the Convention has

visited for a second time, hence, pride in the honour of having been twice selected has combined with a desire to eclipse the success of the former Glasgow meeting and of those held at other centres in the interval. The city authorities are giving every facility for photographing or sketching in the magnificent modern civic buildings which adorn so many parts of Glasgow, and the few antiquities of Glasgow itself, as well as the many historical and picturesque spots in the neighbourhood, will be made equally accessible to members of the Convention.

Though the railway companies from the South do not offer special facilities for the Convention, there are cheap tourist tickets by ordinary trains, and one or two still cheaper excursions which will very well fall in with the Convention dates. From Glasgow itself, however, the railway and steamboat arrangements will be unparalleled, for the party is large enough to charter its own trains and steamers, and has planned a few fascinating trips. Perhaps the most popular trip will be on Thursday, the 7th of July, when the largest steamer of the North British Railway Co. is chartered to take the party to the Mudhook Club's regatta. They will explore the Gareloch in the morning, pass around a part of the course of the regatta to catch the groupings of the famous yachts as they start on the various races, and in the afternoon will touch at Rothesay, returning in the evening through the Kyles of Bute.

Tuesday's excursion, which includes Stirling, the Forth Bridge, and Edinburgh; and Friday's trip, which takes the Highland Railroad to the head of Loch Lomond, and thence by special steamer down the whole length of that Queen of Lochs to Balloch; will be equally attractive in their way, and even more varied than the regatta day. Equally good arrangements have been made for the smaller excursions.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

A COLLECTION of English lace formed an interesting addition to the summer exhibition of the students' work, held recently at the Grosvenor Life School. The lace was made by Mrs. Bruce Clarke's Industry, and was exhibited under the patronage of Princess Christian. The fact that it was shown in Mr. Donne's studios, side by side with paintings and drawings, seemed to give a certain colour to the claims of the lace-makers who regard their handicraft as an art rather than an industry; although the days have gone by when Dürer drew designs for "Lacis," or when Watteau—in an idle moment—sketched the pattern shown in this exhibition as his handiwork.

Perhaps some day—following in the footsteps of these great men—our own artists will deign to turn their attention to the art of lace-making. And here it may be as well to throw out a word of warning against the error, too often made, of embarking on design with an insufficient knowledge of its application to a particular industry. Nowhere is this more fatal than in designing for the lace-maker.

The Watteau pattern, by-the-way, was a reproduction of a design published in THE ART JOURNAL, 1895, p. 296, in connection with an article on "The Laces of Queen Margherita of Italy." These, however, were examples of the highest form of the lace-maker's art. They were needle-wrought, but pillow alone reigns to-day,

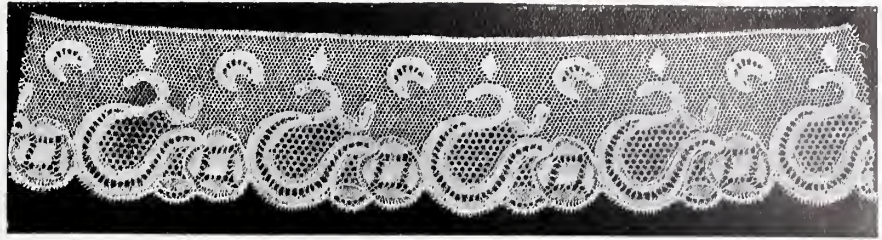
although it is rumoured that Devon is once more taking up the higher method. Glimpses of its departed glories were to be seen among the "Old British Laces," lent to Mrs. Bruce Clarke for exhibition by various owners, where Devon showed itself a dangerous rival to the Low Countries, and their so-called "Point d'Angleterre." Illustrations are given on these pages of two examples from Mrs. Bruce Clarke's collection—a piece of Devon and another of English Lille.



*Modern Honiton Spray. Currants.*

It is interesting to note that the design of the latter, though apparently conventional, is in reality an accurate representation of the echinoderm from which it takes its name. A word of praise should be given to the admission card to this exhibition, which was designed by one of Mr. Donne's pupils.

The antependium, or pulpit frontal, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, was shown last month at the exhibition of Art Embroideries and Needlecraft, held at 25, Old Bond Street, the London show-rooms of Messrs. J. Harris and Sons, of Cockermouth. It was made of green Harris flax and silk cloth, the lilies worked in their natural creamy shades, and the cross in the centre enriched with touches



English Lille—the so-called "Bucks Point." The Holothurian.

of Japanese gold thread. The interweaving of the two materials in the flax and silk cloth gives a beautiful surface and texture, and the fabric is, therefore, particularly suitable for church vestments. Among the church vestments, at the exhibition of Harris fabrics, was a very fine stole of the colour known as "church red." Another striking stole, surprising in its jewel-like effect, was of green flax and silk cloth, richly embroidered in



The New Fountain in the Courtyard of the Savoy Hotel.

flax and gold thread. A large and elaborately worked bed-spread, in white linen, was prominent among the embroidered articles intended for domestic use. Ornamented with a conventional floral design in nicely graduated tones of blue and orange, pale red, pink and yellow, the bed-spread was a good example of fine and varied stitchery.

Mr. Harold Rathbone's fountain, in Della Robbia ware (some of the sketches for which were illustrated in the January ART JOURNAL), has now been erected in the place for which it was designed, the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel. The fountain, which is about fourteen feet in height, looks extremely well in its present position. The general colouring is in blue and creamy white, and the slightly roughened and unequal surface of the Della Robbia work is a great improvement upon the usual mechanical smoothness. For the architecture of the fountain Mr. T. E. Colcutt is responsible, but the design and modelling of the ornament were carried out entirely by Mr. Rathbone, at his Birkenhead pottery.



Antependium in Flax and Silk Cloth. (Messrs. J. Harris & Sons.)

W. T. WHITLEY.



No. 1.—Panel in Embossed and Coloured Leather. Porlock Weir Class, under Miss Baker and Mrs. Cuninghame.

## HOME ARTS AT THE ALBERT HALL.

THE annual exhibition of Home Arts and Industries, at the Albert Hall, does not fall off in interest.

Certain things, such as the metal-work from Keswick, scarcely strike one as quite so fresh in design as they



No. 2.—Oak Chest. Locking Class, under Miss Gimingham.

seemed a year or two ago; and the terra-cotta work, for example, due to the inspiration of Mrs. G. F. Watts, Compton (Surrey), a kind of carving in clay, interesting as it is in a way, is not nearly so satisfactory on the smaller scale of the specimens now exhibited; it is rude to the point of archaism, if not of brutality. On the other hand, there is a massive wooden door from Compton, carved in neo-Scandinavian fashion, from a design by George Redmayne, which is very remarkable—though the splitting of the timber suggests some carelessness or want of judgment in the choice of the material—and there is some very vigorous wood-carving, not quite finished, from Welbeck (Notts), by A. H. Evans and others, designed by Joseph Phillips. It is rather interesting to compare some panels of his (No. 3), for churchwork evidently, with other of his work, as evidently done under the influence of Mr. Falkner Armitage, with whom he once worked. His Gothic is distinctly modern—the kind of thing which would fall quietly into its place in some grey old country church, and yet in no way imitates any mediæval mannerism. The artist has learnt the lesson of old work well enough to be himself. Apropos of carving design it is amusing to find a small trypticle frame carved by Miss M. A. Heath, of Leigh (Tonbridge), with, on the inside of the folding wings, some ornament, which, coloured as it is, green, is more suggestive of gesso, or embossing, than of carving. If an amateur had done this it would have seemed as if he did not know what characteristic carving was. Mr. William Aumonier, who designed it, certainly does—no man better. A man is free, of course, to indulge a fancy, especially if it is a pretty one; but it is to be hoped that Home Artists will not take this as a type of what wood-carving design should be: it is only an artist's fun. The oaken lamp and pot stands, simple and solid, by the same class, show practical purpose on the part of someone. If work like this can be done by ploughmen (as we are told it is), or carving such as that on the oak chest (No. 2) from Locking (Somerset), by a gardener, then, rude is it may be, it more than justifies the establishment of Home Arts Classes.

From Southwold (Suffolk) come some well-carved wooden bowls, and from Mayfield (Sussex); others more elaborate but not quite so satisfactory from Ascot (Bucks), a small cupboard by William Heady, and from many a class creditable work of the kind: wood-carving is, in fact, thoroughly well represented. There is much good copper-work and some silver from Keswick, and especially well-designed repoussé from Yallenden (Berks), as well as

beaten brass from various quarters, which shows the high level such work has reached in village classes. It may be noted, however, that there is rather a plethora of peacocks, the brood perhaps of last year's fowl in brass and copper, but all alike descended, whether their plumage be pierced or merely beaten up, from the beautiful birds in Mr. Walter Crane's embossed wall-papers.

The Sandringham exhibit is distinguished by a leather screen, decorated in "poker-work," by the Princess Victoria of Wales; but the most important shows of leather work come from Bedfordshire and Somersetshire. The book-covers and the like from Leighton Buzzard, chiefly, it seems, by cripples, are pretty in a florid way, though not very pleasing in colour. The repoussé work from Porlock Weir (No. 1) is at once severer in conception and firmer in execution, and has about it generally a quality which deserves the title of design. A notable feature of the show is the inlay from Pimlico, designed by the Hon. Miss de Grey, who has not only a quaint fancy, but a real sense of colour. Good inlay comes also from Mrs. Carpenter's Class, Little Gaddesden (Herts), and an amusing tea-table from Ashbridge (Herts), for whose cunning ornament Lord Brownlow is responsible. Potting is not an art very readily adapted to pursuit in the home, but Mr. Firth manages to send from Kirby Lonsdale some good pots, covered with grey or other coloured slip, through which a pattern is scratched down to the lighter body.

Of women's work par excellence there is, amongst other things, the Langdale linen, lace from Beer and Sudbury (but one misses Mrs. Bruce Clarke's stall), serge from Stonehenge, and a variety of homespun and homewoven fabrics, shown by Miss Clive Bayley, whose heart is wholly in her work. Needlework of a barbaric, but none the less artistic, kind (it reminds one in effect of certain Turkish work) comes from Ireland, and more finished embroidery from Aldeburgh (Suffolk) and Windermere. Some of this is copied from Oriental sources. It is always a moot point "whether it is nobler in the mind" to be content to copy a thing known to be good, or to try and do the best one can out of one's own imagining; but to judge from one or two of Miss Garnett's own inventions, there was no need for her to go all the way to Crete for inspiration.

Space fails in which to say more. Of the so-called "Developed Industries" enough to say that they are developed enough to stand alone, and obviously belong no more to Home Arts.

LEWIS F. DAY.



No. 3.—Carved Wood Panel. Welbeck Class; designed by Joseph Phillips.





*The Circus of Love*

*From the picture in the Collection of Messrs. Peabody, Cambridge, Eng. Lond. A.*

*Painted by George F. Dowell*





*The Old Curiosity Shop.  
By Birket Foster.*

## THE COLLECTION OF SHARPLEY BAINBRIDGE, ESQ., J.P., LINCOLN.

UNDER the shadow of that splendid monument of Gothic architecture, Lincoln Cathedral, which can be seen so far that even from the main railroad of the Great Northern Company fifteen miles away it is still visible, it is little wonder that art holds powerful sway.

Lincoln was for long the home of Peter De Wint, whose praises were not long ago sung in these pages, and artists and art collectors seem to spring naturally from the soil. The collection of pictures which has made the auction dispersals of 1898 notable came from Lincoln, where Mr. Ruston had within recent years brought together many famous works, both ancient and modern: Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Romney, with Burne-Jones, Watts, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Other and almost equally important collections are in the vicinity, and as time goes on these are likely to become the home of many famous works of art.

One of the most agreeable is the collection now under notice, which, though not rising to the dignity of a gallery, contains, as may be seen by our illustrations, some very notable pictures. Mr. Sharpley Bainbridge is a well-known merchant in the city of Lincoln, and as he has been a constant student of art since his boyhood, his house is full of all kinds of treasures. Mr. Bainbridge's pictures are the chief part of his collection, and it is to these that we shall address ourselves specially.

The most important picture is the one of which we publish a large plate. The original of this, 'The Elixir of Love,' is a very important water-colour which, exhibited in the Old Water-Colour Society in 1870, remains in the most perfect condition of colour and harmony.

'The Elixir of Love' was painted by George J. Pinwell, the friend of Frederick Walker and George Mason, and it

is very well known by the splendid etching by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, which was published by Messrs. Tooth. Our plate is necessarily much smaller, but as it is taken direct from the original a comparison of the two will not be



*The Entrance Hall of Mr. Sharpley Bainbridge's House.*



*Ye Wassail Bowle.*  
By F. M. Swan, A.R.A.

uninstructive, and will not, we think, cause our reproduction to take a second place. Our plate may be said to be one of the best we have ever presented to our readers.

'The Elixir of Love' is a representation of the surroundings of a charlatan who is offering for sale a love potion suitable to all ages and both sexes. The elixir is to be taken under certain directions, and by effort of will it is supposed to make it possible to bring back or create love in any one to whom the recipient's affections turn. Thus we see the young girls holding up the little phial, half in wonder, half in hope. In front of others, but a little behind, are the young men who are ready to be the honoured objects of the elixir. In the centre of the picture are an old couple who hope the wonderful phial may bring them back to the love of younger days, and it is to be noted the wife is more interested in the potion than her husband. On the nearer side of the market cross, on which the stranger offers his liquid, a mother is seated with a babe in arms, and it is not difficult to know to whom her affections will go. Further round a wandering minstrel wearily wonders to whom he would aspire should fortune grant him cash enough to pay the "physician's" fees.

And so the story goes on, everyone wishful to buy the elixir of love, which for the moment seems to carry with it a remedy for every ill; and the artist has followed out the idea to the end. A fine lesson is this picture to the young artist of to-day, who foolishly ignores subject, who refuses to crystallize the thought and feeling of his surroundings, and who thereby loses nearly all his influence. Pinwell, like Walker, was wise in his generation, and having preached to his fellows, he preaches to all time forward.

George John Pinwell, the least-known member of the group of young painters which, between 1865 and 1875,

took artistic England almost by storm, was born in London in 1842. He died at the early age of 33, after a life made sad and painful by much ill health. His reputation has been steadily growing, and although he cannot be reckoned on the same level as his friend and master Fred Walker, his individuality has gradually detached itself from the other members of the group, and with such exquisite works as 'The Elixir of Love' and 'The Princess and the Ploughman,' his position is amply secured.

Pinwell was only two years and a-half the junior of Walker, and he only survived him by three months. There were many points in the careers of the two friends which were similar, and although Walker deserves all the honour that has been paid to him, Pinwell has remained much less known. It therefore gives us special pleasure to publish beautiful reproductions from two of his finest pictures.

Pinwell began to draw for the Brothers Dalziel to illustrate their edition of Goldsmith's works issued in 1863-4, and these designs were so spirited and artistic that he soon obtained regular employment in this way. He made designs for *Good Words*, *The Sunday Magazine*, *Once a Week*, and other publications, and for Dalziel he made nearly a dozen illustrations for the famous popular edition of the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Pinwell was elected an Associate of the Royal Water-



*Washing Day.*  
By George Clausen, A.R.A.



*The Princess and the Ploughman.*  
By George J. Pincock.



*The Old Peasant,*  
By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.

Colour Society in 1869, and a full member the following year, but he did not live long to enjoy the high reputation that was gathering round his name. After a journey to Tangiers he returned to England, and he died in September, 1875.

'The Princess and the Ploughman,' a water-colour painting of nearly the same dimensions as 'The Elixir of Love,' is much less crowded with figures, and the group of attendants who gossip aside is entirely subordinate to the figure of the Princess, who, enamoured of the toiling Ploughman, has come to hold converse with him in the open fields.

The colour of this beautiful drawing is richly golden, and the cleverness of the composition is expressed in the statuesque simplicity of the principal figures.

Mr. Bainbridge is specially happy in the possession of these two superb drawings, which raise very highly the whole level of his collection.

Another feature of Mr. Bainbridge's collection, is the superb series of works by Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A. We believe we are correct in stating that a warm friendship exists between the artist and this owner of several of his finest productions.

The largest picture by Mr. Clausen in the collection is the one over the mantelpiece, as dimly shown in our illustration of the dining-room. This painting, sometimes called 'He loves me, he loves me not,' but more prosaically 'Summer Afternoon,' may be taken as an expression of the charm of the fields in fine weather. The

young girl idly pulls the petals which tell her of her lover's attitude, while the real charm of the picture lies in the rich colour of the landscape and the general beauty of the composition.

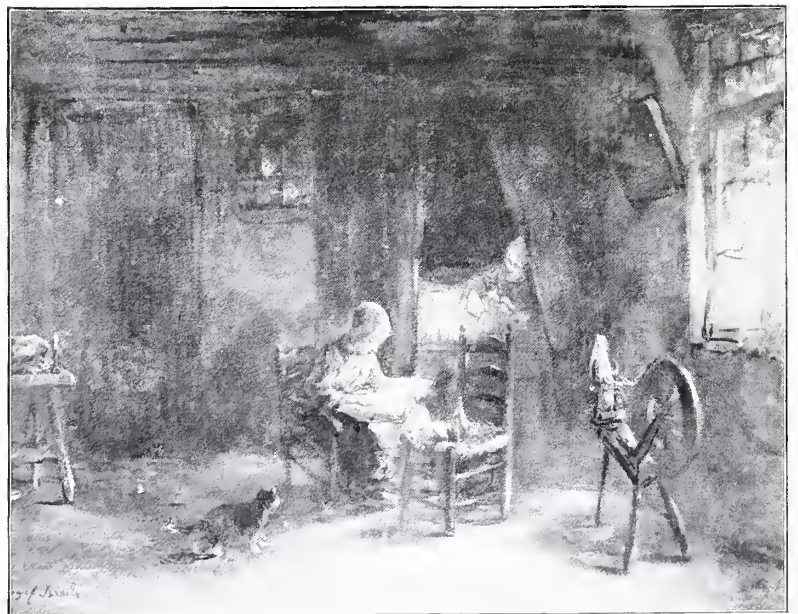
Of an earlier period and much smaller in size is the 'Washing Day,' a water-colour drawing full of exquisite harmony and as agreeable a work as the artist ever produced. The young Dutch housewife, laden with the household linen already white, is on her way to the bleaching fields, and her sabots have just echoed over the simple plank bridge across the swollen water. The subject is simplicity itself, but it is rendered important by the artistic method of treatment. Mr. Bainbridge's most important Clausen, and possibly the finest work the artist has produced, 'The Mowers,' will be described with several others and illustrated in a succeeding article.

An artist who has a strong analogy to Mr. Clausen is the painter of 'The Old Peasant,' which is here reproduced. Mr. H. H. La Thangue, although like Mr. Clausen having a foreign-sounding name, is also like him a pure Englishman, even if at some remote period his ancestors came from the Continent.

'The Old Peasant,' by Mr. La Thangue, which is one of the less important works of the artist, is painted with the square touch which has been found so acceptable in recent years. The old man is working in the blaze of the sunshine; he grips his hoe with vigour; if old he is still full of energy.

The little picture by J. M. Swan, A.R.A., 'Ye Wassail Bowl,' is a richly coloured sketch in water-colours for a series of Christmas cards this great artist once amused himself by making. The wassail bowl is being brought in by the mistress of the household, while the assembled guests in the old baronial hall hail her entrance with lively shouts of welcome.

Another artist who is very well represented in the collection is also a personal friend of the owner. This is Mr. Birket Foster, of whose work Mr. Bainbridge has a large series in water-colours. In the next paper we shall render several of Mr. Birket Foster's works, and chiefly 'The Haymakers,' one of the best drawings he



*Grandmother's Comfort.*  
By Josef Israëls.



*The Dining Room in Mr. Sharpley Bainbridge's House.*

has produced. Meanwhile we head our present article with a drawing which is entirely different from anything usually associated with Mr. Birket Foster. As a rule one expects children in the fields, or by a rivulet, with typical English landscapes. Here is an old man in a rugged interior, well named 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' The only evidence of playfulness is the white kitten who rubs herself against the antiquary's footstool. Everywhere else is filled to overflowing with vases, plates, dishes, jars, and countless *objets d'art*. No better evidence of the versatility of this popular artist could be given, and throughout the very complete collection of his works in Mr. Bainbridge's possession, a considerable variety of subjects and methods of work may be found.

A picture with which Mr. Bainbridge is justly satisfied is Mr. R. W. Macbeth's picture, well known from the etching, entitled 'The Sacrifice.' The picture is visible

in our view of the dining-room. A lady of last century, whose only ornament left is a wealth of lovely auburn hair, has come to the hair-dresser to make her final sacrifice. The last chapter alone is before us, but it needs no great imagination to supply the previous history of the now forlorn and forsaken woman.

The only foreign picture of importance in Mr. Bainbridge's collection is a gem by Josef Israëls, 'Grandmother's Comfort.' The granddaughter reads from the family Bible to the old peasant, now bedridden. This is one of the Dutch master's most notable water-colour drawings, and the breadth of treatment, combining with the fine tone and colour, render it a very desirable possession. Finally, we have the little English picture by Samuel Palmer, the friend of Blake, and himself an exquisite poet-painter. This small work is full of the most gorgeous colouring, and is very characteristic of Palmer's composition and style.

*(To be continued.)*



*Sunset. By Samuel Palmer.*



No. 1.—Silver Cup.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.



No. 2.—Silver Cup, with red enamel top.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.

## CHALLENGE CUPS, SHIELDS, AND TROPHIES.

IT would tax the wit of Panurge to explain why, in the revival of metal work nowadays, the grim convention of the necessary ugliness and commercial value in the ordinary Challenge Cup should still hold such sway over the athletic mind. A Trophy, it appears, must be of silver, and must be executed "according to the traditions of the ancient Chinese School," that is to say, "the Trade" in the strict acceptation of the term. A work of art, however modest, is for the most part, it seems, incompatible with athletic aspirations; we must have shiny silver, either bulky or apparently bulky, and this silver must be duly scabbled over with the patterns

of the unknown and untrained Ghost who works for the Cheapside shop. Athens gave her athletes a crown of olive, but we give ours a badly spun and intrinsically useless lump of silver, upon which we inscribe names and dates in the various types selected from a printer's catalogue.

My plea here is that the Trophy shall be regarded as a work of Art, and that we shall throw Dagon on his face. My remarks are therefore addressed mainly to the benevolent people who wish to appear as donors of cups, and to suggest that they shall in future spend their money not at the ordinary silversmith's shop, but go to



No. 3.—The Boys' Swimming Shield.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.



No. 4.—The Girls' Swimming Shield.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.

Mr. Fisher, Mr. Nelson Dawson, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. Frampton, or to other workers in metal who have the interest and the beauty of the Trophy at heart and will give it a character of its own; to do this, however, they must abandon their conventional ideal. Henley, Bisley, Epsom, Oxford and Cambridge, the public Schools, the Board Schools, and every swimming, football, cricket, racquet, and tennis club in England, might hand down an honourable name for itself if it devoted its few sovereigns in varying degrees to the making of a work of Art rather than to the purchasing of a piece of mere ugly bullion.

I may perhaps be permitted, as a donor of Cups, to state how pleasant a thing it is to feel that one's giving is not merely a commercial consideration. Some years ago I gave a Challenge Cup to the London School Swimming Association (I give an illustration of the Cup here, No. 5); it represents three boys bearing a bowl round which runs the inscription "that the boys may learn to be fair in their bodies and make beautiful things with their hands." Different schools compete for the Cup, and for the youthful swimmer I make every year a little silver medal which is supposed to hang with a white silk ribbon round his neck. The Fabian Club gave for the same competition a shield designed by Mr. Walter Crane, and one or two other instances might be quoted, such as Mr. Frampton's beautiful medal for Winchester, in which



No. 5.—The Ashbee Swimming Cup.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.



No. 6.—Two Bronze Parti-Gilt Sugar Basins.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.



No. 7.—Two Bronze Cups.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee and W. Hardiman.

care and thought on the part of the donor or initiator of a Trophy, as distinct from that lavished upon it by the artist, does definitely enhance its value.

As for the pleasure the donor experiences, that is surely a pleasure worth considering. One piece of human labour, with thought expended on it for the end in view, is surely a finer trophy than a machine-made article of which there are many thousand others alike, all to be seen in the Bond Street and Cheapside shop, and that have been turned out with the grinding indifference of the average Birmingham factory. Unless I much misjudge the quite simple and healthy aspirations of my young swimmer or the mere human nature in him as he grows to be a man, he will value more at the end of his days the little disc of hammered silver that was hung about his neck with a white silk ribbon, and that paid him the special

compliment of being made specially for him, than he will the machine-stamped tankard, pencil-case, and butter spoons of which there are so many thousand others just alike. To the donor of a Trophy we may say then, "Consider, good donor, the intrinsic value of your Trophy, and you will in so doing give, both to yourself and to those whom you wish to make happy, more happiness."

From the point of view of the maker of Trophies, the plea for making them intrinsically beautiful involves the whole question of the humanising of the workshop. It is not against individual

Firms that we constructive artists are tilting. We bear no illwill against any of them; on the contrary, in most cases where we have had dealings with them, where they have come to us for designs and approached us on a definitely business footing, they have treated us honourably and liberally. What we fight against is the system, and the system by which Trophies are manufactured by the great firms is, when all is said and done, most disastrous to the Trophy. Even if a big firm were occasionally to employ a Framp-ton, a Gilbert, or even a Flaxman and a Stevens to make a series of designs for it, we should not be remedying the system much by such a proceeding. What we want, in objects where the intrinsic value is the prime consideration, is to encourage talent and imagination in the maker of things. It is the workshop standard that has to be raised, and this is much more important than the encouragement of individual designers, — you must raise the standard from within, not from without.

Speaking as a designer of these things, and as one whose object it has always been to train up around me a body of young workmen who shall not only be capable of carrying out a design with understanding, but themselves fashion designs of their own, and thus gradually create a definite workshop tradition, I know how much better it is to develop than to discourage workshop individuality; but of this I may speak in another place, for the present I am dealing with Trophies only. The two little Trophies, Nos. 3 and 4, were designed for Archdeacon Wilson for the swimmers and athletes of Rochdale, the one for the boys, the other for the girls. The

one shows the young athletes in their various exercises: swimming, diving, boxing, running. The other is a shield for the girls; it will be seen that one little circle

of maidens runs round the dish on the sands while another little circle swims round with them in company. The two pieces, Nos. 7 and 9, are designed and executed respectively by W. Hardiman and W. A. White, the former with my assistance. No. 9 shows a plaque set with inlaid discs of blue enamel placed like gems. It is a quite simple piece of work, and the grey and turquoise blue of the enamel tells well against the bronze surface of the metal. The rest of the pieces (Nos. 1, 2, 6, and 8) are from designs of mine executed at Essex House by W. Hardiman or other members of the Guild of Handicraft.

Much may of course be said for utility in

a Trophy, and as much against anything in the nature of mere ornament here as elsewhere; but the one question involves the whole consideration of table service and beautiful metal-work, and the other the greater consideration of how far mere ornament is desirable at all. With neither of these have I here for the present been engaged; my plea has been that in a Trophy the *personal element* and the *intrinsic value* shall receive due consideration, and there to-day I leave it.

C. R. ASHBEE.



No. 8.—Two Gill Cups.

Designed by C. R. Ashbee.



No. 9.—Plaque.

Designed by W. A. White.





*St. Cecilia. By Hans Thoma.  
From an Oil Painting.*

## HANS THOMA.

IN these days of realism, of pictures which leave no play for imagination, pictures in which each thought is carried to its full complement and in which the informing theme is impressed and reimpressed with feverish fervour, to meet with the works of Hans Thoma is to experience an unwonted sensation of pleasure. They carry us back to the land of our lost ideals and the old stories of the fireside. Here we live again in the atmosphere engendered by Hans Andersen and Grimm's fairy tales. Here is a man who looks out on the world with child-like, unsophisticated eyes. From his canvases there rushes to our tired senses a whiff of mountain ozone, the scent and sighing of the fir trees, the hurrying of brooks and the merry singing of torrents. We appear to have come across a forgotten master of the Dürer epoch, or rather a descendant from the school of the Little German masters, who has caught but a faint reflection of your realistic, nervous, modern life. Even anatomical disproportion, imperfect technique, and at times over-vivid colouring, strike no discord. We see further than these, we penetrate to the thought that inspired and understand with our hearts as well as with our eyes the simple tale of love, or home, or country life that moved the artist. We lie beneath the trees once more and listen to the myriad music of the full summer day, or we tread the swelling earth quivering with the mysteries of spring. In the canvas entitled the 'Wonders of Spring,' we seem to feel the soft caressing breath of the blossom-laden air, the intense greenness of the first grass is before our eyes, and in the still, bare, brown limbs of the distant trees, we anticipate the joy born of the first soft days, the gladness that the long, drear winter, so lately with us, has only left those barren reminders, which will soon be robbed in millions of glistening leaves. The down-droop of the boy's attitude and the languor of his move-

1898.



*Archers. By Hans Thoma.  
From an Oil Painting.*



*Forest Idylls. By Hans Thoma.  
From an Original Lithograph.*

ment tell of his simple perplexity at the mysterious change, and the uncovered head speaks his uncomprehending reverence. Spring is a favourite subject with this artist of the woods and fields, and in his frequent repetition of the theme may be sought a key to his art. He loves the wonders of Nature, his own character is fresh and wholesome and unspoilt. He seeks his subjects among the ever-changing, ever-beautiful Black Forest scenery and the highlands of Germany, those lonely, slightly stern, and somewhat archaic landscapes that explain the German character and the German style of art. For as Friedrich Schlegel has it, "The German artist either has no character of his own, or he has that of the old German masters, and is true-hearted, a worthy burgher and somewhat awkward."

Hans Thoma was born in 1839, on the 2nd of October, at Bernau, a little village in the Black Forest. As a boy he learned the trade of a watchmaker. As he grew older the delicacy of the work became distasteful to him, and he was set to decorating the faces of clocks and cases of watches, having shown from the beginning strong artistic tendencies. Even this occupation was too finicking for him, wherefore he learned to draw posters and to paint sign-boards. This was more to his liking, for it allowed of the exercise of his muscular artistic energy. In this larger branch he was able to give scope to his unhampered ideals, could dash in those broad free movements which give his art that out-of-door character so far removed from technical limitations or realistic boundaries. In the Black Forest was passed all Thoma's childhood, and he filled many sketch-books with drawings of the peasants and the woods that surrounded him. He drew things as he saw them, never temporizing nor altering; without master or critic he acquired confidence in his powers and his judgment.

His colours were crude, but they were sincere, and when by chance one of his works fell under the eye of Johann Wilhelm Schirmer, an artist then much in vogue in Germany, esteemed for his artificial classicism, he recognised instantly the ability which lay behind the rude attempts. Thus encouraged, Thoma at the age of twenty entered the Academy at Karlsruhe, of which Schirmer was the director. Here he remained for ten

years, learning all he could of technicality or form, though in point of fact he was too old to learn his alphabet. At his master's death, feeling that his influence was not lasting, and also that the conventional classicism to which Schirmer tended was not in sympathy with his talent, Thoma left Karlsruhe, and went for a short time to Düsseldorf, where he very naturally felt himself out of sympathy with the stolid, commonplace, over-finished productions of that school. From Düsseldorf he went to Paris, where he found himself in the presence of men whom he could admire and from whom he could learn. He was not in search of a master, it is true, but was rather in search of those who, treading the same way, shared aims with himself, who could influence without directing him. Thoma immediately found what he sought in Rousseau, Corot, and most of all in Courbet. In Courbet he recognised a brother soul who worked entirely from his own standpoint, catering for no public and following his personal inclinations. Thoma now fully realised for the first time that he too must

work out his own artistic salvation like those painters of the *paysage intime*.

Heedless of criticisms, which from the very nature of his work were unsympathetic and harsh, he entered the path dictated to him by his genius, a path which he has never abandoned, from which he has never swerved. After his Paris sojourn, Thoma returned to his own country and lived for a time in Munich before settling finally in Frankfort-on-the-Main. At Munich the Piloty school, with its bright colouring, its dramatic scenes, its studio property canvases, was then in full vogue. No wonder Thoma's works received no recognition, and were sneered at by all beholders. Exhibition doors were, of course, rigidly closed to such bold departures from the beaten path. Thoma was undaunted. For forty years he worked steadily and industriously, spending his winters in Frankfort, and his summers in the neighbouring Taunus woods, or the Black Forest, the land of his birth. He ever returns thither with renewed love and admiration of the grand scenery whence his ideals have been drawn. During all these years Thoma worked alone and unknown. After the continual rejection of his pictures by one after another of the exhibitions to which they were sent, he at last ceased to submit his work for exposal. Nevertheless he had found a circle of admirers, small but enthusiastic; to their admiration he listened, and to please them he exerted his utmost power. But they were admirers only; nothing that Thoma did was criticised by them, hence he had no friendly hand to guide him and help him to overcome some of those roughnesses and imperfections that characterise the style he thus immovably made his own. Nay, he learnt rather to over-emphasise his peculiar qualities. His utter indifference to public opinion has led him further than he realises, so that he oftener works in direct opposition to the taste of the majority; for whom, on the other hand, he would disdain to cater.

It was only when the German art world woke up to perceive that all German art had succumbed to the dictates of Parisian studios, that national characteristics had been entirely smothered by artificial finish and technical rules, that Thoma was discovered. He had held himself aloof from the battles waged by the artists who strove

after realism, had proceeded unhindered, undisturbed upon his tranquil way, no matter what surged around him, painting his peasants and his own slice of the German country. To an Englishman is due the honour, so to speak, of discovering Thoma to the art world at large. He saw some of his pictures and bought them at once, recognising their eminently naïve and original merits. An Anglo-German, established in Liverpool, followed suit, buying up as many of Thoma's pictures as he could lay hold on, with the result that in 1884 the Liverpool Art Club opened an exhibition of Thoma's works. No less than sixty-two examples were found to be in English possession. The English critics could appreciate the first-hand impressions of this vigorous son of the soil, his strong love for unvarnished nature, the pure Pan-like element that vibrates through his landscapes. As an essentially German painter Thoma stands alone. Boecklin, to whom he has often been compared, while preserving many of his true German characteristics, has been superficially affected by the classicism of Italy, although his national traits cause his interpretations to incline toward the solid and the powerful. Thoma, on the other hand, is thoroughly Teutonic in every inch of his work. He is the portrayer of that German landscape which is neither heroic nor wildly beautiful, that has about it something uncouth and yet withal home-like, full of gloomy suggestive poetry, whence tales of elves and gnomes and earth spirits had need take birth, spirits not always purely benevolent, but always ingenuous and true to nature.

It was when the English pre-Raphaelite movement spread to the Continent that the heavy conventional



*Spring. By Hans Thoma.  
From an Oil Painting.*

academic work of the day gave way before it. Then a place was found in his native land for work like Thoma's, in which the finish of the picture never obtrudes itself to the point of detracting from the central idea. See, for example, his 'Archers'—what could be stronger, more redolent of life and motion than the three nude figures? If the colouring is exaggerated we forget it in the sensation of freedom engendered. Again, if at first sight pictures like his 'Spring,' or a 'Ridge of the Black Forest,' impress us with their too vivid greenness and the absence of chiaroscuro, we succumb in the end to the sense of brilliant sunshine, to the music of the dashing stream. In judging Thoma's colouring, too, we must remember that the long years of childhood and early maturity, when impressions are easiest taken, were spent in a country of brilliant hues, where the air is cold and pure, bringing out into sharp relief all the clearness of outline and form, where the shadows are marked with strong distinctness. Something of this is reflected in all Thoma's works, especially in those of the heights, the cloudless sky, the distant mountains, the stunted vegetation—all speak of their clarified environment, of the brilliance of the uplands. When 'Spring' comes, it gives a tender note to these scenes, the sky is overshadowed by a soft haze that spreads itself above the landscape, endorsing with grace the figure of a peasant boy playing a flute and three children resting under the shelter of an unseen tree which casts the dappled shade of its new-formed leaves about them. In 'Summer' the scene is bathed in clear light, but this time it is the plains that are overspread with the concentrated sunshine. The branches of the trees stand out in bold black relief upon the



*Spring motif. By Hans Thoma.  
From an Oil Painting.*



*Portrait of the Artist. By Hans Thoma.  
From an Oil Painting.*

sky, and the figures of boys and girls who dance, quiver with the vibrating heat that suffuses the canvas.

If Thoma was ever accused of painting all his pictures in the cold characterless studio light, surely this 'Summer' exonerates him from such a reproach. Here each detail is brought into prominence by the penetrating light, showing that such a picture could but be conceived and executed out of doors.

In strong contrast, but also showing that Thoma has overcome the heaviness of his early tendencies, is his 'Mermaid.' The figure, outlined in brilliant light, stands clearly against the radiating beams of the rising moon. If the body is a trifle overmodelled, as is the German wont, its life and individuality is not detracted from on this account.

Of Thoma's portraits, among the best is that of himself. Against a background of green trees in full fruit stands a vivid representation of the artist, looking out upon the world with eyes that have not lost their boyish faith and still see a world of wonders. Faithfully has he reproduced his own lineaments, and once more it is impressed upon our minds that an artist is often his own best portrayer. Another of Thoma's portraits is that of a lady sitting near a vine-covered arbour. She plays a lute, and the graceful pose and natural colouring lend a charm which we feel must be characteristic. A portrait of an old lady, Thoma's mother, shows the artist in his full power and strength. Not a line but speaks of the firm surety of his pencil, and in these features, crossed and recrossed by the tracks of sorrow, suffering, and joy, we read in the clear firm eyes the whole story of a long life full of all the gifts life has to give, as well as the reflection of a strong character.

Thoma occasionally chooses to paint his pictures in a gamut of two or three colours, bringing all the objects within these arbitrary lines. In this wise he often produces marvellously attractive results. Sometimes in the borders with which he surrounds his pictures, he evolves

from the variations of one shade a scheme of decoration which lends a double charm to the encircled work.

Thoma has lately taken to black-and-white work. In this medium, so peculiarly fitted to his talents and idiosyncrasies, he is able to produce fine results. He is specially attracted to lithography and also to algraphy, because of their simplicity of technique, for throughout his works he depends for his effects chiefly on simple strong lines and spare modelling. Like Blake, with whom he has some mental affinities, he loves to colour his lithographs by hand. Sometimes he will in this wise devise a border to his pictures carrying out in the frame the dominant idea pervading the canvas. Indeed, Thoma's frames are often as much an integral part of the picture as the picture itself. An example of this is furnished by the portrait of a Black Forest peasant. The old man, with his strongly marked features, in which time and exposure to wind and weather have marked their furrows, gazes out of a canvas three-quarter length. Behind, at a great distance, so that it becomes a miniature, is seen a bit of his own rustic landscape with uplands and cornfields, in which a brace of oxen are ploughing. On the upper portion of the frame the sun is seen rising above these fields, on each side are heavy-eared barley-stalks, while below are drawn the signs of the zodiac, and four little children grasp in their arms the emblems of the four seasons. Indeed, the symbolical plays a great part in Thoma's art; but his is a simple untutored symbolism that has nothing in it of the occult, obscure, or far-fetched.

One of Thoma's great charms is his true German fantasy. His nature is a very poet's nature, and though he sees the world as it is, and in so far is a realist, yet every object in nature—trees, flowers, streams, clouds, and sky—have woven around them to his mental vision some German or Märchen ether. As a boy, living his silent life in that silent dreamy Black Forest, looking upon the world around him, and seeing it so fair, drawing



*The Sower. By Hans Thoma.  
After an Original Lithograph.*

his own day-dreams, he often knew not where reality ended and the dream-world began. It seems as though he did not know it even now, and herein lies the exquisite charm of Thoma's work, its utter unconsciousness, its unstudied straightforward simplicity. His fantastic works reflect some of the uncouthness of the folk legends, the native imaginings of a child; they have also all a child's freshness and distinctness.

Quite recently Thoma has taken up water-colour painting, a medium peculiarly well suited to reproduce his idylls. What he would like to do above all else would be to paint in fresco, but unfortunately for this medium there is next to no demand in modern and above all in northern life. His constant striving is to represent air and space, and he thinks he could do this best on walls. So he treats his water-colours somewhat as though they were frescoes.

He has been sometimes compared to Millet, and in their lives and their treatment of peasant life there is some analogy. But Thoma does not confine himself to peasant themes; indeed, not to any class of themes in particular. He paints whatever takes his fancy—legends, dreams, Scripture themes, portraits, landscapes. Hence he cannot be classed.



*Ridge of the Black Forest. By Hans Thoma.  
From an Oil Painting.*

It is difficult to find an artist more thoroughly German than Thoma in his tastes or his qualities. Faultless he is by no means. His works can bear no minute criticism, they are unequal, they have their shortcomings, colour and line are not always perfect; but after we have said all we can against them, we feel we would not alter them if we could, lest in altering, their subtle charm should vanish. As they are they are right as reflecting his personality, his character; they bear that sense of intimacy which is the

stamp of all his work. At the present time the International Exhibition at Knightsbridge contains five of his paintings in oil and eight of his lithographs.

Notwithstanding his early lack of success, Thoma greatly objects to be considered a misunderstood genius. In a letter to a friend he writes: "I have never, all my life, laid too great weight on the slights I have received. I must distinctly state that I never felt myself a martyr, but I have had the happiness to go to my work nearly always with a sense of gladness. Do not regard me as an artist suffering under the pressure of the Philistines. I was quiet and not unmodest, but a certain wantonness helped me to hold my own against the Philistines. The consciousness that in the end I, too, should be found to be right, has never left me."

HELEN ZIMMERN.



*The Mermaid. By Hans Thoma.  
From an Original Lithograph.*

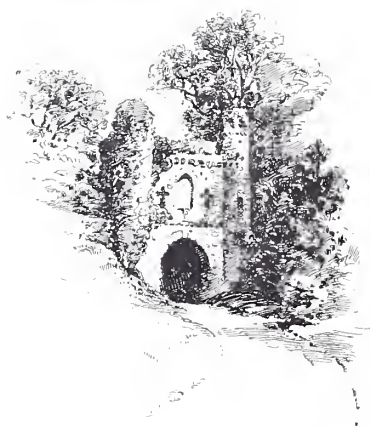


The "Red Cross" Inn and the London Road, Reigate.

From a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.

## REIGATE.

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. G. KITTON.



Gateway, Reigate Castle.

From a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.

THOSE who are familiar with the natural beauties of Surrey agree in saying that it is pre-eminently an artist's county. Indeed, many well-known painters have taken up their residence in this attractive part of Southern England, in order to be within easy reach of such fascinating scenery as that af-

forded by the hills and dales, woods and commons, for which Surrey is deservedly famous. Its picturesque towns and villages, too, offer unusual attractions to wielders of the brush and pencil.

As recorded in Domesday Book, Reigate was originally called "Cherche-felle" (meaning *Church-field*), its modern designation being probably a contraction of "Rigge Gate" (from the Anglo-Saxon *hrycg*, a back), signifying

was then naturally considered of some importance; while to-day this quiet little place is more familiar to cyclists and other tourists in search of pretty scenery, a large number of whom annually wend their way through the placid streets *en route* for the "Queen of Watering-places" or for more distant Portsmouth.

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Although Reigate has not actually escaped the ubiquitous railway, it cannot be said that its old-world characteristics have materially suffered through the introduction of the "iron road"; nor has the "jerry builder" been very busy, as yet, in this delightfully rural neighbourhood. Perhaps such a happy condition of affairs is due to the fact that the commercial activity of the district is centred at Redhill; which, although two miles distant, is really an integral portion of the Borough of Reigate, and the position of which, on the main lines of two important railway systems, renders it more generally accessible.



Church Street, Reigate.

From a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.

the passage through the ridge of the North Downs. The approach to Reigate from the little railway-station is, for the most part, pleasantly shaded by trees overhanging the roadway; which, before entering the town, passes through a lengthy tunnel, whence we emerge into the very heart of the town. This curious subterranean passage (constituting one of the "lions" of Reigate) was constructed more than seventy years ago, in order that coaches and other traffic to and from the Metropolis might travel by a less circuitous route than that afforded by the old London road.

The Town Hall, the most prominent edifice in Reigate, occupies a conspicuous position at the junction of the two main arteries of the town, High Street and Bell Street. It is built of red brick, and, although the style is one that is not likely to inspire the artist, this remarkably plain structure, surmounted by a wooden

Some two or three centuries ago there stood upon the northern side of the town an ancient castle, which, although now but a name, calls up memories of frowning walls and feudal domination, while the remains of moat and keep seem to give reality to the venerable fortress that has long passed away. Reigate Castle is supposed to have been founded before the Norman Conquest, and Dugdale alludes to it as belonging to William, Earl Warren, who, in 1216, surrendered it to Louis, the Dauphin of France. We learn that when, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the castle was destroyed, its stones were carried away from time to time to form the road leading from Reigate to Buckland; a similar fate, alas! that has befallen many an ancient structure which Time or the "restorer" had levelled to the ground.

Mention must be made of a very interesting remnant



*The Market Place and Town Hall, Reigate.  
From a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.*

clock-turret and vane, presents to the eye an object which is not displeasing in its general effect, nor out of harmony with its environment. The lower part of the Hall was formerly an open "pitch market," but the arches have been filled up and windows inserted. It used to be called "The Market House," and was erected in 1708 upon the site of an ancient chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, then recently destroyed. The Town Hall has, in its day, witnessed much political excitement, for here it was that Whig and Tory candidates "harangued the 'independent electors' of the borough; here local attorneys and London counsel have argued out many an abstruse point; here felons and murderers, and lesser evil-doers, have had their 'hearing'; here many crowded audiences have been held by the words of those versed in science and literature, or devoted to the claims of humanity and religion." Contiguous to the Town Hall there once existed a smaller building, denominated "The Clock House," which was utilised as a prison for felons and other misdemeanants.

of antiquity still existing in the Castle grounds, viz., a crypt or cavern called "The Baron's Hall (or Cave)," which is entered by a series of steps forming a gradual slope of about two hundred feet. Concerning this cave tradition says that it was the scene of various consultations on the part of the barons who took arms against King John, extorting from him the grant of the great Charter of Liberties—a legend which historians declare to be unworthy of credence. It seems probable, however, that the Earl of Surrey and other prominent dignitaries who endeavoured to preserve their neutrality in the grand contest between the King and his more indignant subjects, held secret consultations in this very crypt; which, by the way, is cut out of the sand-rock.

Reigate Priory is believed to have been founded early in the thirteenth century, by William de Warren, son of Hamelin, for a certain new order of "Friars," who had obtained a "Bull" from Pope Innocent III.

The Rev. John Foxe, author of "The Book of Martyrs," lived at the Priory, and it was here that Archbishop



*A bit of Bell Street, Reigate.*

*From a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.*

Fisher died in 1656, his body being conveyed thence for interment in Westminster Abbey. Another distinguished resident was Lord John Somers, President of the Royal Society during the early years of the last century, concerning whom it is recorded that he was the first who, by pointing out the merits of Milton's "Paradise Lost," rescued that immortal poem and its author "from the obscurity in which the prejudice of Party had so long involved them." The present building, now the home of Lady Henry Somerset, was erected for the most part in 1779, on a site a few yards north of the previously-existing religious establishment; it is designed in the classic style, and consists of a central structure with lateral wings. Of its many fine apartments, the most remarkable is the highly ornate entrance-hall, containing a beautifully-sculptured chimney-piece, brought from Nonsuch Palace\* at the time of its demolition in Charles II.'s reign. It is Corinthian in style, with side recesses, and rich strap-work; in the centre appear the arms of the Howard family, over which are displayed two winged figures in bold relief, supporting a coronet. From a point in this attractive demesne we may look for miles across the Surrey Weald, and the writer will ever recall with pleasurable emotion the scene which presented itself when, at the twilight hour of a summer's evening, he gazed upon this prospect,

\* Some authorities are of opinion that this chimney-piece came from Bletchingley Place.

the solemn radiance of the rising moon imparting a new glory to declining day.

Situated on elevated ground, at the eastern extremity of the town, is the old parish church, the most pleasing approach thereto being by Church Street and Chart Lane. Adjoining the steps leading to the churchyard there stands an empty, forlorn-looking house which never fails to attract a stranger's attention, for, every window in front being smashed, the various apartments are exposed to all weathers, while the building itself is so smothered in ivy (which is gradually finding its way into the empty rooms) that it becomes impossible to determine the character of its architecture. The desolate appearance of the place, however, is strangely relieved by the well-tended flower-beds belonging to the deserted dwelling, the brilliant blooms being protected from possible depredation by an iron fence, the gate in which is carefully locked. Tradition has it that the property is "in Chancery," where it will doubtless remain until the clinging ivy refuses to support the decaying structure within its vigorous embrace.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, dates from the twelfth century, and comprises several periods of architecture, the most ancient portion probably being the nave, with its Early Pointed arches. Some drawings of the interior, executed in 1828, represent it as then having the old-fashioned, picturesque high pews, a lofty pulpit with sounding-board, a rood-screen, and galleries between the arches of the nave; another drawing shows that the north-west corner of the tower was, at that time, surmounted by a wooden turret and vane. In 1876 the tower was practically rebuilt, while the rest of the church underwent thorough restoration; all its quaint features were of course removed, by which the sacred building was deprived of much that imparted to it the charm of antiquity. It contains some interesting and curious monuments; as, for example, the large altar-tomb, with arched canopy, of the Elyott family, and the alabaster



*Mill Chapel, Reigate.*

*From a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.*





*The Town Hall, Reigate.  
From a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.*

monument, having effigies of Sir Thomas Bludder and his wife, at the feet of which reposes a grotesque figure of a child, while a long Latin inscription records that husband and wife died within one week, in 1618. The most famous of those interred here is Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, and the descendants of the first Lord Howard of Effingham, with their wives.

Readers of THE ART JOURNAL will be interested to know that John Linnell, the artist, was interred in the cemetery adjoining the church, and that his tomb may be found on the western side of the Cemetery Chapel.

From the churches to the inns is often but a step in the social history of our old country towns and villages. This, to some extent, is the case at Reigate, where the principal hostels are the "White Hart" (immortalised by Rowlandson) and the "Swan." During the reign of George III. the "White Hart" reached the pinnacle of fame, for at that period it was the principal resort of all who travelled by coach to and from Brighton and Portsmouth. The King himself frequently "put up" at the "White Hart," and the rooms he occupied are still shown to visitors. Not the least interesting of its earlier associations is the fact that Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist, occasionally made his home at this agreeable retreat; here, indeed, he wrote the story "Old Court," one of the characters in which, Clarence by name, took up his quarters at the "White Hart," "which he found in all respects as comfortable as his old friend had represented."

Following the excellent example of Ainsworth's hero, I "scaled the North Downs," the summit of which

is familiarly known as Reigate Hill. He would be callous indeed who did not feel amply rewarded for the toilsome ascent by the enchanting panorama which lay before him,—a view which is considered by some as the loveliest in Surrey, for on a clear day it not only extends over a large part of Surrey and Sussex, but also comprises portions of Hampshire and Kent. Near the horizon rises the beautifully-undulating range of the Southern Downs; looking westward we may distinguish Betchworth, Boxhill, and Rammore Common, while beyond are Leith Hill and Hind Head. More to the east, and at a distance of seven miles, the White Hill forms a prominent bluff, and such landmarks as Tilburstow Hill and Crowborough Beacon (the latter being the highest eminence in the forest range of Sussex) can readily be recognised; while, looking in a northerly direction, we may obtain a glimpse of the towers of the Crystal Palace and of its great glass nave glittering in the sun. Not the least attractive feature of this fascinating prospect is Reigate itself, nestling far below in the valley, its church towers rising out of the trees, and its clustering dwellings imparting to the scene that requisite touch of human interest without which the picture would be incomplete. From such a point of vantage one is able to realise how pleasant is the situation of "the good old town," and how preferable it must be to live thus surrounded by Nature's beauties, here so lavishly displayed, than to struggle for existence in the midst of the turmoil and grime of the great and ever-increasing Metropolis.

F. G. KITTON.



*The Priory, Reigate.*

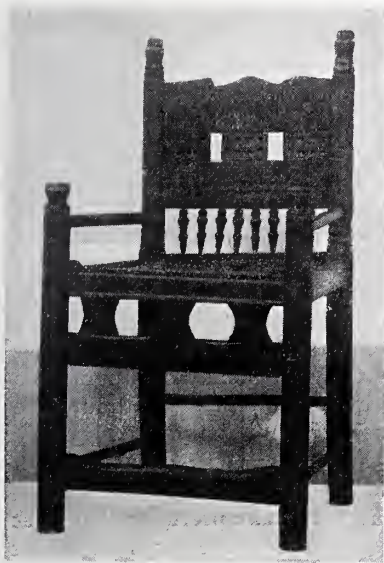
*From a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.*



No. 1.—Beer Jugs, Flat Bread Box, and Cheese Box, from Setersdal and Thelemark.

## A NATIONAL ART.

### NORWEGIAN WOOD-CARVING.



No. 2.—Bride's Chair. (Setersdal.)

IN the early days of the pilgrimages in search of what was pleasant to the eye, one went, like everybody else, many times over to the towns where everybody else goes and has gone, and will go—Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, Dresden, Berlin, Madrid, and we should have been fools to have done aught else. And we go there still. But there comes a time to every one

when he realises that somehow it is the by-paths of these same lands, rather than the great towns where art treasures are so richly accumulated in galleries, that give him after all the real harvest of enjoyment. They pay him best, if he wants to see the home life of the people, and to judge how far there is still left to the people themselves, whose treasures are now massed in the capitals, any pleasure in things beautiful—how far there remains to the homes, and in the life of the country folk, any trace of an art which is really a "popular" art, done by the people, for the people—not merely for the rich among the people—as an increase of the pleasure of their own lives, and apart from direct purposes of commerce. Such arts, always of necessity confined to the humbler domestic uses of life, can alone claim to be "popular" art, and in the true sense "a National Art."

It is indeed obvious that no other arts can well come very closely within the range of their sympathies. The great independent arts of painting and sculpture have with some peoples never come within their ken, with other peoples have been removed from their ken by

growth of circumstance. Even in Italy, where, thirty years ago, the people at large had a rare share of sympathy with the great Art of their past, centralization on the one hand, and the fatal policy of "entrance fees" to the town galleries, has to a great extent removed from the people a very cheap and quite unique source of education. But nowhere else has such opportunity really existed in modern days. We have been taught to believe, and some of us perhaps still believe, that it did exist in Athens under Pericles, and in Florence under the Medici, very nearly in perfection. It was indeed just ten o'clock by Mr. Whistler's watch, was it not? before we were quite assured that nothing of the kind had ever been, and that never at any time had art been really for the people, nor of the people.

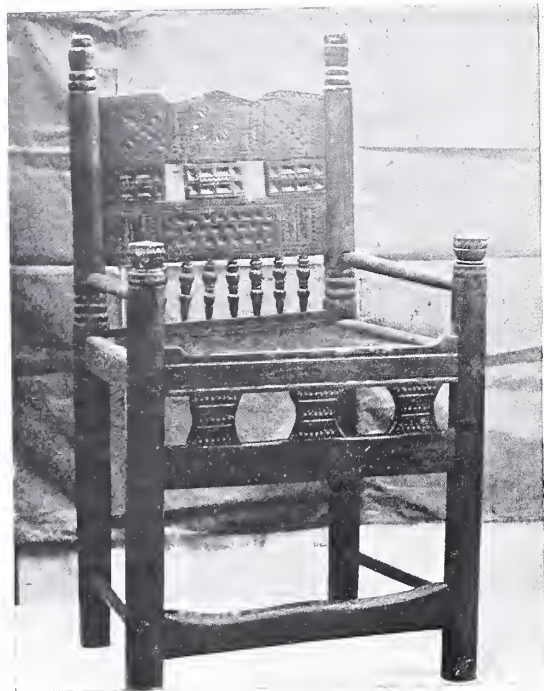
And certainly, to-day, if any art exists at all anywhere which is of the people and for the people, done by themselves for themselves, it will be found only in the fireside arts which here and there still survive among certain peoples of Europe. They are hard to lay your hand upon, for many crafts which first occur to one do not, on a little examination, answer the required definition. The jewellery of the Abruzzi, the shapely potteries of Italy, the earthenware of the Triana of Seville, and the like, are all homely pleasurable wares for home consumption, but they are still the work of specialists,



No. 3.—Box for Flat Bread. (S. Norway.)

Wimble ones; articles of commerce, therefore, sold to peasants to peasants, and so outside the definition by which we have limited ourselves.

There is, however, one country of Europe in which there are one or two corners still retaining the last relics of a real, living, domestic art. The day of their ending is close at hand, but a year or two ago, one might yet find, in the outlying valleys of Sætersdal and Thelemark, and Gudbrandsdal, in South-West Norway, bonders' homes in which almost every article of use was pleasant to the eyes and a thing to be desired. Of the iron-work and jewellery I shall perhaps be allowed to speak later; at present I will confine myself to the wood-carving. In Sætersdal, especially, every man seems to be a born carpenter, and a born wood-carver. The axe craft and the skilful use of the knife, indeed, is common to all Norwegians from north to south, from Christiansand to Hammerfest. But the wood-carvers' art seems to belong especially to the south-west corner, and in proportion



No. 4.—Carved Chair, 18th Century—about 1770. (Sætersdal.)

as we go north from thence, we find that particular art instinct gradually dying out, till, when we have reached the borders of Lapland, we hope for it in vain, even among the Scandinavian portion of the population. I am not furnished with a good reason for the prevalence of the instinct in that corner of the land. The people of Sætersdal, indeed, claim to be of a race distinct from the rest of their neighbours, and certainly their physical peculiarities say something for their claim. The dark hair, light grey eye, and easy, almost graceful build, is a contrast to the usual type of the flaxen-haired, sturdy, broad-shouldered, fair-faced Norwegian. But then, if race lie at the bottom of it, one is at a loss to explain why the Thelemark folk, who make no such claim to special descent, should have the instinct very nearly as strongly, unless indeed one is prepared to invent a theory that the Sætersdal folk were the initiators, and that their influence spread from their own centre, lessening as it passed farther away. We know, however, of no evidence to support this theory and had better, for the present, be content with the fact.

The Sætersdal valley is a long straight valley containing the river Otter, and running up almost due north, some 140 miles from Christiansand. The valley is in parts very narrow, seldom very broad, and bounded for the most part by rocky heights on both sides, from which low mountain tracts stretch away, interspersed with patches of rough pasture, eastwards to Thelemark, and westwards to the North Sea. The permanent population is practically confined to the valley, the mountain tracts being used only during the three warm months of the year for purposes of summer pasture, from about June to August 15th. A road of a rough description runs from Christiansand to Byklum, some 30 to 40 miles from the head of the valley, but the last portion has nothing more than bridle tracks and footpaths to offer, and the way out of it is over the high fjeld on one side to Suldal, and over a desolate mountain district, on the other, to Thelemark. The folk of these dales have, for several centuries past, kept themselves to themselves, and were, forty years ago, as completely out of the European world as if they had lived in Siberia. Even Christiansand was reckoned a far cry: and when one launches one's villainous Norsk at the head of these long-suffering dalesmen, they are apt to reckon that one must "come from Christiansand"! But to this state of comparative isolation an end is rapidly coming. Of late years the long line of lakes have been navigated by steam launches, bringing small instalments of the outer world from the bottom of the valley. "Health resorts" are springing up on the shores of the lower lakes, and "tourist huts" on the upper wilds. A railway is being made, and before another generation has grown up in the valley one of the quaintest and most old-world corners in Europe will have become much as other places are.

And it is in this place that it is still hardly too late to find the survivals of an art instinct which has always been part and parcel of the lives of the people. Hitherto—asking the reader to accept my "hitherto" throughout—as applying to the date of the invasion from without—the valley has been almost entirely self-supplying, especially in the upper parts. In the long winter months the men with axe, and knife, and forge hammer, the women with spindle, loom, and needle, make pretty well all that the household needs. In the three or four short summer months, all hands alike, women and men, are needed to get in the hay, and make ready provision for another winter. It is this simple life which has been hitherto lightened by a delight in making things about it pleasant to the eye. Will the life be happier when commerce has added to it many wants of which it has never before been conscious, and taken from it a pleasure which will assuredly never return to it?

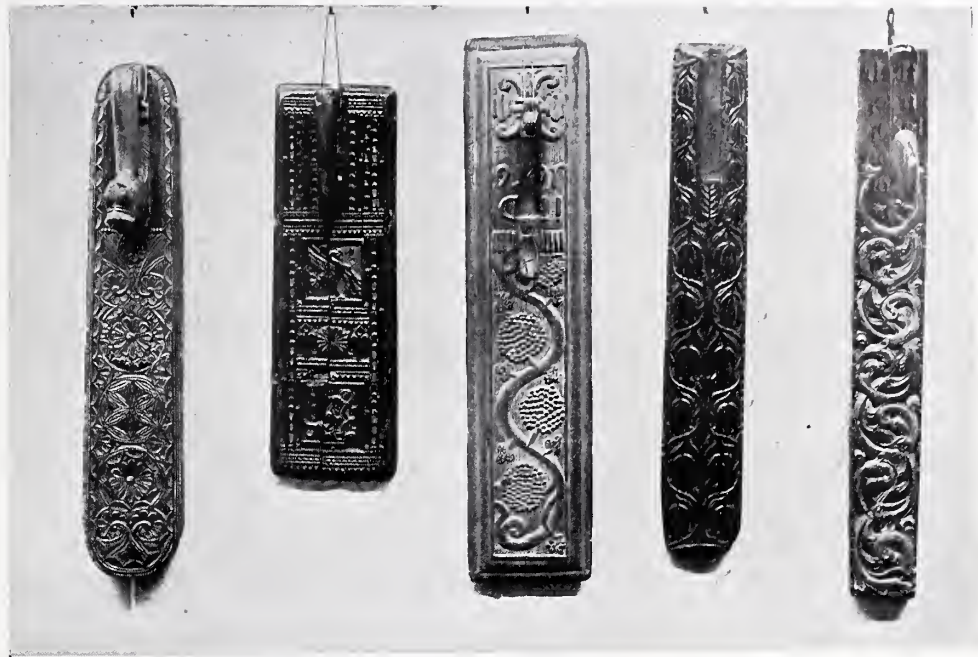
Go into a Sætersdal "Stabur," which is a little store-house (elsewhere called a "Stolpe-bud"), always built apart from the dwelling-house, as a precaution in case of fire. Here you will find the family treasures, and family stores; and a queer mixture they are. The lower room is commonly devoted to milk, flour, cheese, fladbrod, and all the utensils connected with the making or keeping of these. Some spare wooden horse-collars, mangling boards, and various odds and ends, will hang upon the walls. If you have hit upon a good "Stabur," you will possibly find one and all of these articles a thing of pleasure. They will be, all of them, quaint yet serviceable in shape; all of them will have some carving on them well devised, in the right place, and of the right quantity. It will answer moreover the best of all tests that one can put to applied ornament. It never interferes with the strength nor the utility of the article to which it is applied, and it invariably increases the

pleasure of using and looking at it. It is, in fact, instinctively *right*.

Amongst the wooden vessels you may perhaps find a few "important" pieces, a couple of hundred years old or so, probably the work of some well-known member of the family, or for some other reason specially preserved. These do duty on great occasions at family gatherings, and very often bear inscriptions painted, with a date. The latter addition helps not a little in forming a connected view of the descent of Norwegian wood-carving. These older objects have a strong flavour of the Late Iron, or Viking age.\*

Indeed, I hardly think that anyone who looks at a sufficiently extended series of these indigenous carvings could fail to see their lineal descent. The tendency to involved and interlacing patterns; the absence, as a rule, of animal, or human, or plant form; and the clear, firm surface cutting, are all traditions of the early age. A bowl (No. 7), in Charterhouse Museum, bearing the date of 1784, is a particularly fine instance of a design which would not look much out of place if it had lost its way amongst the antiquities of a Scandinavian collection. The bowl measures, including the queer square handle and the spout, 17 inches across, and must have been cut from the lower part of a pine tree of great size. The way in which this bold yet involved design is dispersed over the outer surface—very difficult indeed to cover without cramping or forcing—is quite masterly. A smaller one of similar design is in the writer's collection. Hardly less characteristic is another large bowl (No. 7) in Charterhouse Museum, which bears no date but would seem to be about the same age.

I have already said that (till quite recently) Norwegian carved ornament was on the whole somewhat marked by the absence of animal, and human, and plant forms. Exceptions to this rule are, however, by no means rare (No. 5). Both animal and human shapes were in these cases highly conventionalized. The traditional style, too, of the Viking age which we spoke of as running through the Norwegian wood-carving meets with a certain number of exceptions. A considerable number of designs occur which seem to be traceable to a later inspiration, a sort of Renaissance influence, which shows itself in fine



No. 5.—Hand Mangles. (Norway.)

running friezes of well-managed leafage, and a free and graceful treatment of plant form. A very pleasant and simple design occurs on a mangling board (No. 5) in Charterhouse Museum (undated), in which a kind of tulip is used with good effect. No trace is felt here of the indigenous art of Scandinavia, and I have met with the same evidently foreign influence, *apparently* Italian, in one of the finest bits of Sætersdal silverwork preserved in the valley (it may, indeed, have left it by now). This is a bride's belt of silver gilt, which used to be kept in a well-known "Stabur"—itself one of the richest bits of house carving in the dales—at Öse, at the north end of Byglands Vand. I do not possess the explanation of this influence, whence it came and when—but the fact is apparent enough.

Quite Byzantine in its feeling is the "saddle" (No. 7) of a harness suit, bearing date 1724, and adorned with two sculptured lions whose tails curl back from the holes through which the reins were to pass. It is cut out of a bough—an elbow—of soft deal, and the commonness of the material, here as in other instances, tells its own tale very eloquently. These were objects of daily wear and tear, produced readily as they were wanted, and without any idea of their lasting long, or being of value. The fact helps to assure us of the part such work plays or has played in the daily life of the people.

Geometrical patterns abound at all dates of the art. Although the skill required either to design or to achieve such patterns ranks far below that which is needed for such designs as we have been describing, yet it is very possible indeed to put this kind of design in the wrong place, or to make it poor and unhappy in its effect; or, on the other hand, to do it



No. 6.—Carved Chair, 19th Century—about 1870. (Sætersdal.)

\* The connection is seen even more strongly in the silversmith's work, which has been in the hands of peasant jewellers for the last 1,200 years.

rightly and with just effect. And the geometrical patterns of the Sætersdal and Thelemark carvers are disposed upon their ground with singular happiness. They are, of course, merely the usual circles, chevrons, squares, and lines, but they fill their spaces rightly, and their application to their object is, it will be generally found, based upon the utility of the objects which they decorate. Thus, a beer jug (No. 1) made out of thin staves hooped together is not a suitable surface for carrying high relief: a flat relief or a geometric pattern, sometimes burnt instead of cut, comes to the rescue, and the result is often very quaint and pleasant.

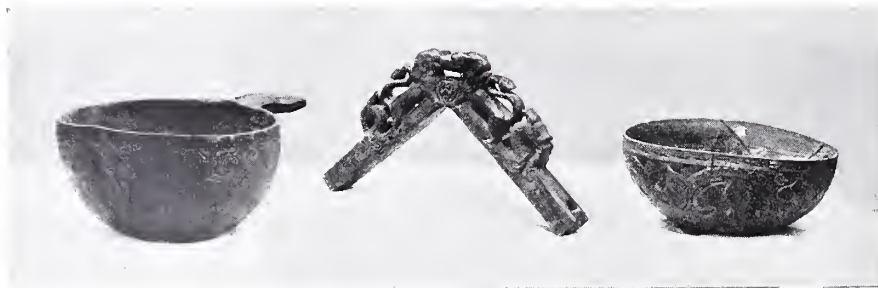
Above all, the Norwegian designers always instinctively obeyed the cardinal rule, that no ornament should be applied in such a way as to interfere with the complete use of the article. And again they never applied their ornament in such a way that it is hidden or obscured at the moment when the article is being applied to its proper purpose. Never is a large word, and I use it, of course, with a possible reserve. But I have examined many hundreds of examples of Norsk carving (done before the year 1870, always understood), and both in museums and in the houses of their owners, and I cannot recall an instance where this unconscious rule of common sense (without which no robust art can exist) has been violated. You never, for example, find the seat of a chair covered with elaborate carvings or paintings. That imbecility is left for the milking-stool school of decorators in other climes. Indeed, the fact, that all the carving for which I claim admiration has been done to use and not to sell, accounts in itself for this healthy element in the Household Art of Norway. On the other hand, in the carving executed in recent years which finds its output in the fancy shops of Bergen, Christiania, or Trondhjem—work all made to sell and never to keep—the rules of common sense and good taste are as freely violated as they are amongst our own amateur craftsmen at home. In fact, the old workers were quite unconsciously reticent; the new workers are consciously garrulous.

Nor is it only in this sensible restraint and right use of ornament that the peasant craftsmen of Sætersdal, Thelemark, and Gudbrandsdal stood so high; for actual design and sense of proportion they were nearly as good. You will find still—if they have not been all cleared out in the last two years—in many of the poorest bonders' houses of Sætersdal, tables and chairs rudely fashioned, no doubt, but with a certain proportion and dignity which makes them very pleasant to the eye. I think especially of a chair (No. 6) from a lonely farmhouse

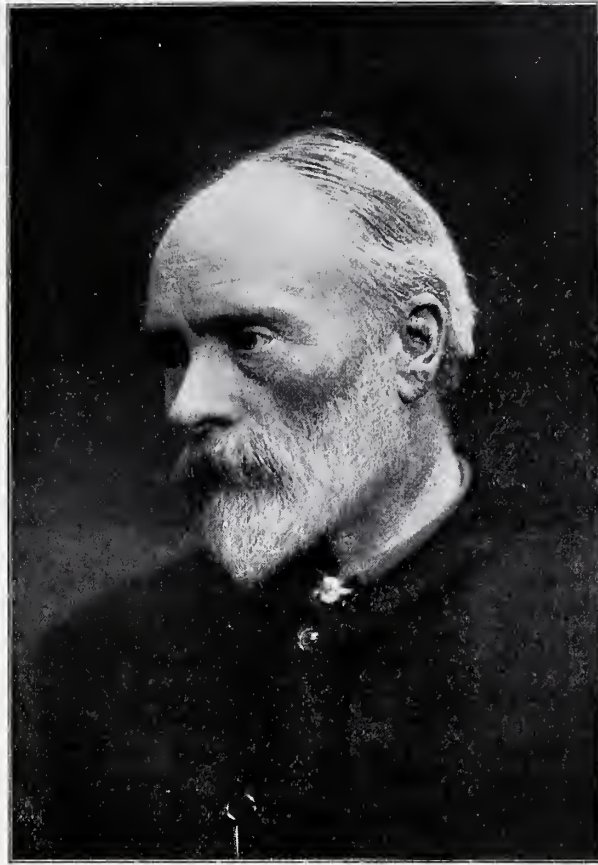
far up the valley, made for himself out of birchwood by one Knudsen, some twenty years ago (the maker is still alive and a man of about fifty, I think). The house had many other chairs hardly less excellent. The recesses where one slept (or, alas! slept not) were not less to be desired. They were evidently a family of born designers, but I grieve to say that they had been discovered by a Bergen firm for whom they were executing, in the winter hours, carvings "to pattern," such as the soul of the tourist and the fancy shopman delight in. One of the bride's chairs (No. 4), probably from the same valley, now to be seen in Charterhouse Museum, is again a good instance of what may be produced by the simplest of means rightly employed. The construction is rough. The material is pine and birch: the decoration is simple chip carving. But the proportions are so good, and the whole thing is so simple and so quaint, that the costliest material could do no more for us.

I would be gladly convicted, if anyone will convict me, of being a mere pessimist when I say that an art which was at once so original and so healthy, and which has done so much to gladden lives and brighten homes, is destined to do so no longer. But no one, I fear, who knows Norway, or who knows indeed the course of cause and effect in Art, without knowing Norway at all, will be of those who doubt my conclusion. Apart from the causes to which this article has so freely referred, the mere facility of transport, the approach of the railroad, new roads, and the multiplication of small steamboats on the lakes, brings into these once-remote valleys the tide of modern supply. Cheap iron goods, cheap pottery, find their way readily into homes where for centuries before all needs had to be supplied by ingenious use of wood. The bedstead once of wood is gradually changing into iron; the old wooden wassail bowl to the earthen jug; the old wooden beaker into the cheap glass tumbler; the wooden harness into leather; the infinite varieties of wooden cheese vats, butter tubs, milk bowls, and the like, with which every sæter was filled, are to pass into the cheap potteries of Stafford or of Hamburg. I am not saying which is the best, all I do say is that these things all gave employment, in the long winter nights, to the knife and the chisel. The men shaped them and carved upon them, while the women spun and sewed. As these wooden things cease to be needed, so also will the art that went with them. The winter nights are very long in Norway—will they seem less so now that this pleasure is gone?

GERALD S. DAVIES.



No. 7.—Beer Bowls (1784) and Harness Saddle (1724.) (Sætersdal.)



*Photo, J. Thomson, 70a, Grosvenor Street, W.*

*Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.*

## IN MEMORIAM—EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

*Born at Birmingham, August 28, 1833; died in London, June 17, 1898.*

ONCE more the hand of Death has struck down one of our great English painters. Two years ago we had to lament the loss of two successive Presidents of the Royal Academy—Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais. To-day we sorrow for a master who was undoubtedly the greatest of those outside the ranks of the Academy, if, indeed, he was not, as his brother artists in France with one voice proclaim, the most distinguished and most representative of English painters. Rossetti died in his prime, sixteen years ago, and William Morris passed away in the rainy autumn days of 1896. Now Edward Burne-Jones, the devoted follower of the one, the life-long friend of the other, has been suddenly snatched away in the fulness of his strength, and in the flower of his genius. Mr. Holman Hunt, who stood by his younger comrade's grave on that lovely midsummer day when his ashes were laid to rest by the Sussex shore, and one older and greater still, Mr. G. F. Watts, are left alone of all the famous group who revived the art of England, and have made it glorious during these last fifty years.

The death of Burne-Jones has left a gap which no one else can fill. Whether we look at the world of art, or at the large circle of his immediate friends, his loss is alike irreparable. There has never been in the past—there is never likely to be again—anyone in the least

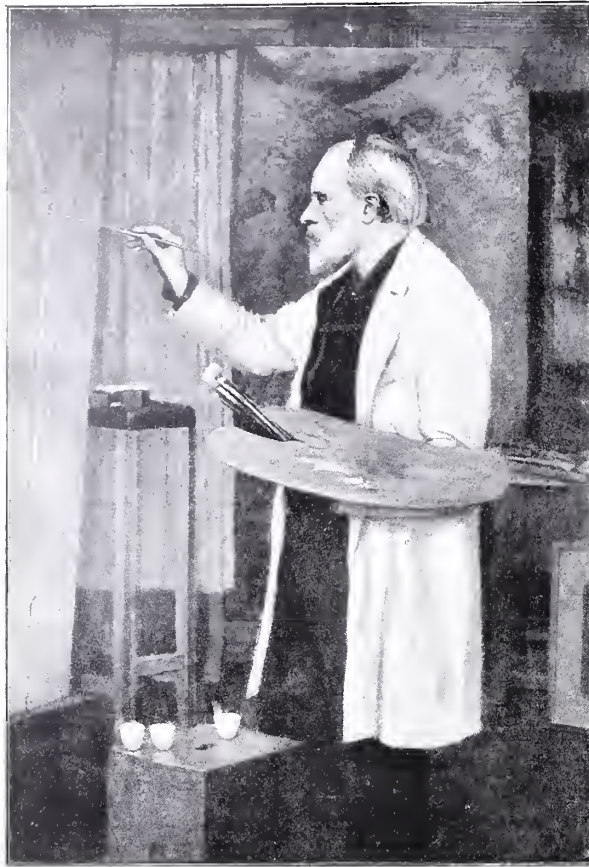
like him. He was altogether unique in his personality and in his painting. This is hardly the time to speak of the deep and true affection which he inspired, of the infinite charm and grace of his presence. The loss is still too fresh in our minds; our tears for him are not yet dried. But in these pages, which claim to be a record of contemporary art, it is right and fitting that we should do reverence to the great master who is gone, and lay our tribute among the laurel wreaths which are still green upon his grave.

The story of his life is well known, and need not be repeated here. We all know how, from the dreariest and most prosaic surroundings, out of the most unpropitious circumstances, his passion for beauty and poetry fought its way upwards into the light, and how the friendship of Morris, the inspiring influence of Rossetti, and the generous help of Ruskin, set his feet in the right paths. We know, too, with what high faith and courage he clung to his ideal, and how, a true knight, without fear and without reproach, he rode forth on the quest of the mistress to whom his service was pledged. By slow and painful steps the young artist gradually acquired the mastery of craftsmanship often denied to those who begin to paint comparatively late in life, and laboured during long years of neglect and solitude to perfect his art. The gentlest and most

sensitive of men, he shut his ears resolutely to the scorn and ridicule that fell to his share, and worked steadily on, careless of money and of fame, painting those great pictures which have been the wonder and delight of our generation. Then suddenly all this changed. The exhibition of his 'Days of Creation,' of the 'Mirror of Venus' and the 'Beguiling of Merlin,' at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, first revealed his genius to the public. The Graham sale, nine years later, showed the wide popularity which his works had attained, and the high prices which he could command. And only the other day the 'Chant d'Amour,' which was among the Graham pictures, changed hands again at Christie's for 3,200 guineas, while, on the same occasion, the 'Mirror of Venus,' which formerly belonged to Mr. Leyland, was sold for no less than 5,450 guineas.

During the intervening years a long roll of deathless works have issued from the master's studio. In quick succession came the great religious pictures of the 'Annunciation' (1879), the 'Resurrection' (1886), and the 'Dies Domini' (1887); the 'Golden Stairs' (1880), the 'Wheel of Fortune' (1883), 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid' (1884), that work which excited so much admiration at the Paris Exhibition in 1889, and the 'Depths of the Sea' (1885), the only picture which the painter ever exhibited at the Royal Academy. The great Briar Rose series was finally completed in 1890, and may be said to have raised the master's fame to the highest point, while the 'Star of Bethlehem,' which he painted for the Corporation of Birmingham, was finished in 1891, and followed by several other subjects from the story of Perseus and the Romaunt of the Rose.

Side by side with his work in oil and water-colour painting, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, as is well known, executed an immense number of designs for stained-glass and mosaic, for tapestry and needlework, which have borne his fame to the far corners of the globe, and have made his name a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken. The grand mosaics of the American church in Rome, the glowing windows of St. Philip's at Birmingham, are among the finest instances of his skill in decorative design; while the splendid "Chaucer," which, two years ago, was published by the Kelmscott Press under the direction of Morris, will be



*Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.  
From the Portrait by his son,  
Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart.*

ever memorable as the crown of his efforts in book-illustration—the last joint work of the two friends who had been so long intimately associated together, both in art and life.

During the last six years repeated attacks of illness had undermined the master's strength, and some traces of physical weakness may have been detected here and there in his work. But how could we complain of a painter who gave us such exquisite visions of loveliness as the young Aurora, who, in her flame-coloured robes, came dancing along the house-tops, clashing her cymbals to awake the sleeping city, or that dainty version of the Prioress' Tale, which illumined the walls of the last New Gallery, like some richly-coloured page from an ancient missal? Certainly there is no trace of weakness or failure in the two great pictures which still hang in the master's studio—the noble

monochrome of 'Love's Wayfaring,' with the finely-modelled forms and faces, so human in their passion, so varied in their expression, and the great Avalon, with the sleeping King watched over by the mourning Queens, at which the painter worked up to the last hour of his life. Both were rapidly approaching completion, both now, alas! are doomed to remain for ever unfinished.

To all his work Burne-Jones brought the same rich scholarship and wide culture, the same intense love of beauty in all its thousand forms, the same passionate, romantic imagination, and more than any other painter of modern times, he had the faculty of unlocking the ivory gates and transporting us, without effort, into the world of his own dreams, a world where all is real and living, but where the grass never withers and the flowers never fade; where love and truth endure, and death and change can never come. And now all this is over. The enchanter's wand is broken, and in the summers that are to come, we shall look in vain for the master's works in their accustomed places. But as long as any love for Art shall live in English breasts, the name of Edward Burne-Jones will be remembered and cherished as the last great Romantic painter of the nineteenth century.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

\* \* \* THE ART ANNUAL for 1894 forms a monograph by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady) on Burne-Jones and his Work, and it contains many reproductions from the artist's principal productions.





*The Whistler Wall at the International Art Exhibition.*

## INTERNATIONAL ART AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

THE artistic success of arranging to hold an exhibition in London of the works of advanced painters of all nations is the best reply to those who seemed to think that every such attempt is doomed to fail. No better collection was ever offered to the public anywhere, and with a very few exceptions the works exhibited have been recently produced, and the greater number are the labours of the past twelve months.

The time of year selected makes the experiment rather risky from the commercial standpoint, for the other summer collections absorb the attention of the public to whom art is an incident only; while those to whom a high-class exhibition is an event are so few in number that it is well-nigh impossible for them to make it "pay"; the shillings taken at the door and the commissions on pictures sold will scarcely cover the obviously large expenditure.

The executive, therefore, ought not to be dismayed by the appearance of a monetary loss when they make up their accounts, but rather arrange to hold their exhibition in the autumn, when, without the rival popularity of the Royal Academy, the general public will attend numerously enough to fill the exchequer, so that a balance remains on the right side.

But, as we have said, as an artistic success the exhibition is one of the most brilliant held in London. All the artists, of whom we see an occasional and solitary example, are here represented by a group of several works: Degas, Puvis de Chavannes, Whistler, Hans Thoma, Segantini, Thaulow, Rodin, Manet, Matthew Maris, Beardsley, Vierge, Klinger, and Lavery, each show a number of works, and all of a characteristic kind.



*Thames in Ice. By J. McNeill Whistler.  
From the Collection of J. J. Cowan, Esq.*



*Vagabond Musicians. By E. Manet.  
From the Collection of M. Durand Ruel.*

The oil paintings are hung in a series of large square rooms from whence the light of glaring day is subdued by muslin blinds and white velaria, so that the tone of light is already refined before it reaches the pictures, and thus every work is made to look its very best. Each picture is hung separately and only occasionally do two frames touch, nothing is hung too high nor too near a fighting neighbour, all the modern theories of the exhibition of pictures are carried out, and in our judgment the result is both restful and stimulating: restful because the spectator is not troubled with more than one work to examine at a time, and stimulating because the variety

triumph, is Mr. Whistler, who is chairman of the executive council. The artist, whose signature is the famous butterfly, is properly treated with marked distinction in the arrangement of his contributions. The best part of a wall is dedicated to his works, and we are fortunate in being able to give in one of our illustrations an idea of the position occupied by these pictures. The most important of all, by permission of the owner as well as of the painter, we reproduce in large size. This picture, 'La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine,' was painted to occupy the chief position in the renowned Percode Room in Queen's Gate, London, when it was in the possession of the late F. R. Leyland. Probably the best of the superb series of whole-length pictures painted by Mr. Whistler, this 'Princesse' is fine in drawing, in composition and in colour, and it gives distinction to the collection from which it comes.

The smaller picture, 'Thames in Ice,' is equally strong in lustrous tones, and it forms a striking example of the rapidity with which the painter achieved a position, as it is quite an early picture. The girl 'At the Piano,' which, like the preceding, was long in the collection of Sir Seymour Haden, has also never been publicly exhibited, and in its way it has never been excelled. The Valparaiso was illustrated in these pages (1897, page 291), and this delicate and beautiful crepuscule loses nothing by being shown with the vigorous earlier pictures.

Alongside are three little etchings by the late Mrs. Whistler, whose death two years ago was such a terrible blow to her husband. This generation will probably never know how much influence for good this



*Le Bassin d'Argenteuil. By Claude Monet.  
From the Collection of M. Durand Ruel.*



*Rose and Silver—La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine. By J. McNeill Whistler.  
From the Collection of Wm. Burrell, Esq.*



*Miss Kitty. By J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.  
From the Collection of the Carnegie Art Gallery,  
Pittsburg, U.S.A.*

lady had on her husband's art. These little works reveal the delicacy of her thought and of her touch, and how capable she was to enter into the projects her many-sided partner always had in hand. It is like laying another laurel wreath on her last resting-place to show these bright little gems alongside her husband's finest works.

E. Manet's 'Death of Maximilian' is familiar to Parisian audiences, but is new to England. In the large canvas, the methods of this remarkable pioneer can be studied. It is a work for a gallery, and sooner or later it will find a position in some national



*Portion of a Portrait.  
By John Lavery, R.S.A.*



*One of the Public.  
From a Drawing by A. Ludovici.*



*A Table in the Exhibition.  
From a Drawing by A. Ludovici.*

collection. Much discussion has taken place as to the position of the soldiers and their victims, but it is a fact that the rifles were placed so near that the powder must have scorched the fatal wounds they made. Manet's other picture of 'The Musicians,' which we illustrate, has the dignity of an old master already, and its colour has toned to the quality a fine collection requires, so that some day it too may be found in a public gallery.

Claude Monet, whose name is so similar, paints in a way entirely different, as may be seen from his 'Bassin d'Argenteuil, on the Seine.' Daylight of the purest and brilliancy of the finest are Monet's ideal, and in this charming picture we have a fair specimen of his earlier work.

Of men living in London Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Kitty' is a good example. This bright portrait of the artist's daughter has been crowned with a medal at the important exhibition in Pittsburg of the Carnegie Art Gallery, and in the permanent collection there it has been placed, as one of those forming a nucleus of what is bound in the future to be one of the finest collections of modern pictures in the world.

Another portrait, of which we reproduce a portion, is by the Glasgow painter, Mr. John Lavery, one of the cleverest of our younger artists, and a devoted disciple of Mr. Whistler. Mr. Lavery contributes also a remarkable portrait of himself and his little daughter, a picture not yet entirely finished, but already proving to be one of the best of the painter's portrait pictures.

Puvis de Chavannes, whose decorative pictures are always a feature of the New Salon, sends only one cabinet picture, 'A Man Reading,' very fine in quality, and unusual because of its smallness of size. Hans Thoma, of whose life-work we have just given an account (page 233), is represented by a series of pictures which render his position well assured with our collectors, for although his works have a certain eccentricity in composition and drawing, it is the eccentricity of genius, and it is likely to become more acceptable the more it is seen. The same may be said of his countryman, Segantini, another painter we have discussed at length in these pages (1895,

1898.



*Danceuses à leur Toilette. By Degas.*

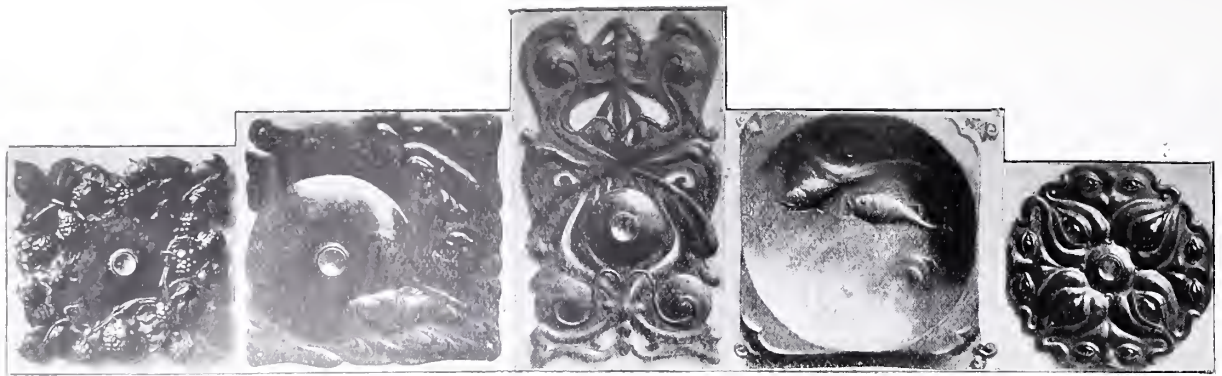
*From the Collection of M. Durand Ruel.*

page 69). His single example is the dreadful subject 'The Doom of the Unnatural Mother,' but the painting of the landscape and the haunting character of the suspended figures mark distinction if not high genius.

Besides the oil paintings and sculpture a special display has been made of drawings in water-colour, pen-and-ink, and lithographs. Mr. Joseph Pennell exhibits eight of his pen-drawings from churches in France, the Marchioness of Grandby several examples of her delicate pencil portraits, Mr. Walter Crane a number of water-colours and designs for toy-books, Mr. A. Ludovici (who has executed two drawings for this article) various clever sketches in water-colour.

The exhibition has been far more of a success than can usually be obtained in the first year of any such project, and the difficulty for the committee next year will be to make a step even further forward without losing sight of artistic charm and novelty.

THOMAS DARTMOUTH.



Five Bell Plates.  
(Mr. Edgar Simpson.)

## THE ART METAL EXHIBITION.



Wrought-iron Chandeliers for Fifteen  
Candles.  
(Messrs. Perry and Co.)

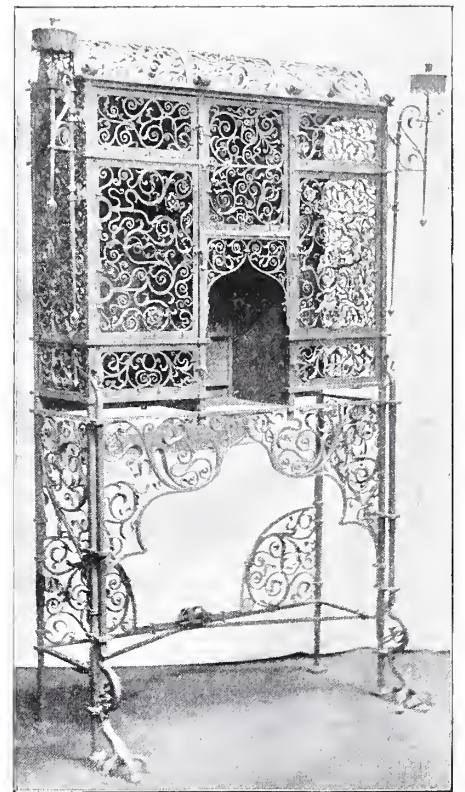
THE exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, although interesting enough, was curiously limited, so far as its modern side was concerned. Work in iron and brass and copper was to be seen upon all sides, but the craftsmen who handle the more precious metals were practically unrepresented. One would naturally have expected to find examples of silversmiths' and jewellers' work at such an exhibition. Jewellery, however, was altogether absent, and silver work was to be seen only upon one stall—that of Messrs. Barkentin and Krall.

The loan collection, shown in St. Stephen's Hall, was remarkable for its fine show of weapons. The Queen sent a beautiful arquebuse made in 1606, the stock elaborately inlaid with figures in ivory; some fine pistols, and a long fowling piece, with fluted barrel, made in France in the time of Louis XV. A singular revolving eight-chambered arquebuse came from the Royal Artillery Institution at Woolwich; and among other curiosities in fire-arms were a Spanish breech-loader of 1778, and a repeating flintlock gun made in 1700, both lent by Major Farquharson. More interesting still were the swords. Lovers of the "white weapon" could see, among many examples at the Aquarium, ancient rapiers and daggers from the armoury of that master of fence, Captain Alfred Hutton; Highland dirks and claymores, lent by Lord Archibald Campbell; and a sword, with a beautifully damascened blade, once the property of James I., and now in the royal collection at Windsor. Several well-known artists were among the exhibitors of swords and daggers. Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., for instance, lent from his collection a number of fine weapons, dating from 1400 to 1760. Mr.

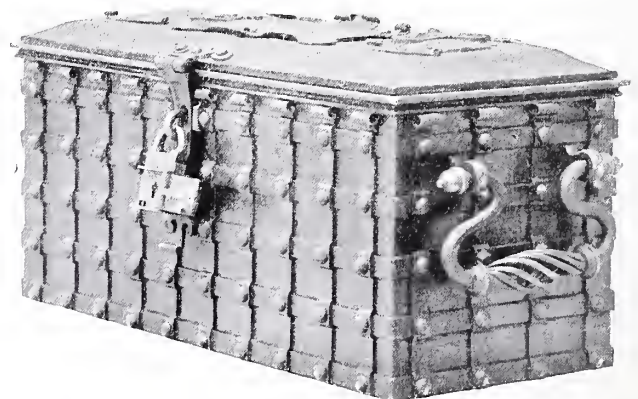
J. F. Sullivan lent swords and stilettoes of German, Italian, and English make; and Mr. G. C. Kilburne, Georgian rapiers.

Armour was naturally a great feature of the exhibition, and some very fine examples of the handiwork of the ancient smiths were shown by the Queen, the Dukes of Norfolk and Westminster, Lord Zouche, Major Williams, Mr. J. F. Sullivan, and Mr. Percy Macquoid.

A very happy idea was the exhibition of a collection of old Sussex



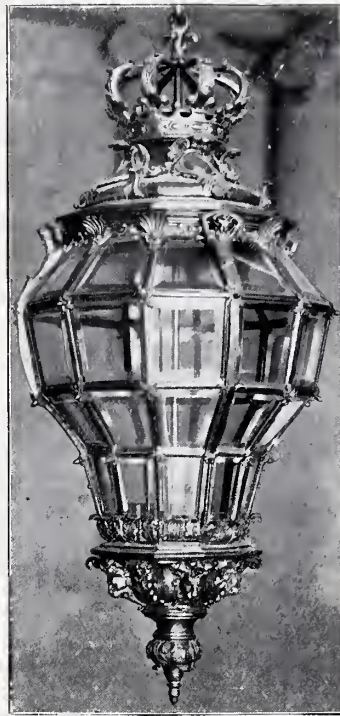
Cabinet in Wrought Iron.  
(Messrs. Thos. Potter and Sons.)



Chest in Hammered Iron.  
(Messrs. William Bailly and Sons.)



*Louis XV. Bracket for Three Candles.*  
(Messrs. Drake and Gorham.)



*The "Versailles" Lantern.*  
(Mr. Thos. G. Litchfield.)



*Candelabrum in Ormolu.*  
(Messrs. Miller and Sons.)

ironwork. The cast-iron firebacks, chiefly seventeenth century, with their quaint figures and inscriptions, were well worthy of examination, and the gallery in which these and other examples of old-fashioned domestic metal-work were shown was one of the most interesting in the exhibition. Some specimens of old Sussex ironwork were also to be seen in the case of exhibits lent by Mr. R. Garraway Rice, F.S.A.

Modern metal-work was shown in the main building of the Aquarium, though here, too, a certain amount of ancient work might be seen. Some fine old hammered ironwork was included among the exhibits of Messrs. Thomas Potter and Sons, of 44, South Molton Street—a balcony and gates, forged by Mathias Hett in 1710, and now the property of H.R.H. the Marchioness of Lorne.

The modern work shown by Messrs. Potter was of special interest, and an illustration is given of one of their most striking exhibits, an elaborately designed cabinet of wrought iron. A capital replica of the famous Southwell lectern was also shown. Some curious old work was shown by Messrs. W.

Baily and Sons, of 71, Gracechurch Street—complicated locks, and cumbrous plate chests of two hundred years ago. A very fine modern iron chest, made some time since by Messrs. Baily for presentation to a freeman of the Ironmongers' Company, is shown in one of our illustrations.

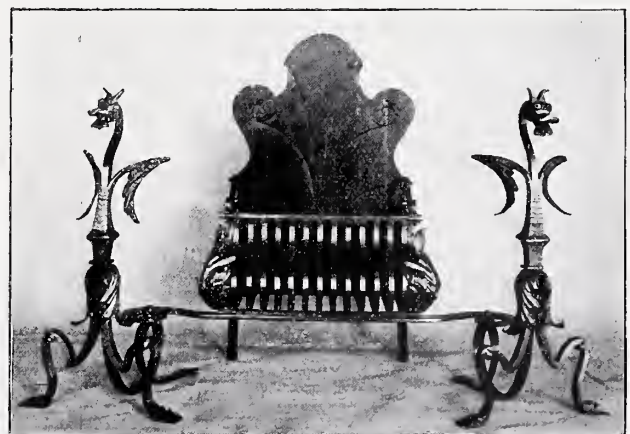
Good wrought-iron, copper and brass work was exhibited by Messrs. Keeling, Teale and Co., of 102, Mount Street; and quaint candlesticks and sconces by Messrs. Drake and Gorham, of 66, Victoria Street. Beautiful gas and electric-light fittings in chased and gilt ormolu, wrought iron and bronze, came from Messrs. Perry, of 17, Grafton Street; wrought and repoussé work in various metals from Mr. George Wragge, of Salford; and hall and staircase lanterns of fine design from Mr. T. G. Litchfield, of 3, Bruton Street.

Something should be said, too, of the striking display of work in brass and bronze made by Messrs. Miller and Sons, of 178, Piccadilly; and of the work in repoussé copper exhibited by Mr. Edgar Simpson, of Nottingham.

W. T. WHITLEY.



*Sign in Wrought Iron and Copper.*  
(Mr. George Wragge.)



*"Griffin" Dog-Grate.*  
(Messrs. Edgar Keeling, Teale and Co.)



*Glasgow Cathedral. From Mr. Geo. Eyre Todd's Book.*

## PASSING EVENTS.

THE National Gallery has recently received the splendid portrait, by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., of Mr. Gladstone, presented by Sir Charles Tennant. It has also acquired by purchase the two wings of the altarpiece, of which the 'Vierge aux Rochers,' now in the Gallery, formed the central portion. They represent angels playing on musical instruments; and the first is stated to be the work of Lionardo da Vinci, in conjunction with Giovanni Ambrogio de Predis, his pupil, and the second to be wholly the work of the latter. It will be remembered that Dr. Richter has frequently attacked the ascription to Lionardo of the central composition, which was bought from the Earl of Suffolk's collection, in 1880, for £9,000. He asserts that the genuine picture is in the Louvre.

AMERICA'S position in the art world has been further consolidated by the promotion of Mr. Abbey to full Academic honours. The eminent artist's advance has been made at a very opportune time, and there can be no doubt that the versatile genius of the draughtsman and painter has thoroughly merited the result of the ballot. Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Swan, and Mr. Murray were close up in the voting, and these painters will probably be near the mark on a future occasion. Mr. Abbey's rapid advance is even more remarkable than Mr. Sargent's. Mr. Sargent was elected an Associate in 1894, and received full honours in 1897. Mr. Abbey's Associateship dates from 1896.

BRITISH Art continues to meet with high honours at the foreign exhibitions. The jury of the International Art Exhibition at Vienna awarded eight gold medals to British exhibitors. Gold medals of the first class were bestowed on Mr. Abbey for his 'Hamlet'; to Mr. Hacker for 'The Cloister or the World'; to Mr. Onslow Ford for his statue 'Echo'; and to Mr. Alexander Harrison (who, by the way, is not represented in this year's Academy) for his 'Arcadia.' Four painters who may be considered typical of the forces to be reckoned with outside the pale of Academic honours, received

small gold medals. The artists thus honoured are Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. William Stott of Oldham, Mr. Ralph Peacock (one of the recipients of Chantry distinctions this year), and Mr. R. B. Nisbet. The American artist, Mr. F. A. Bridgman, who is a frequent exhibitor at Burlington House, also won a gold medal of the second class. At the Salon, however, Mr. J. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A., is the only British painter to whom a medal has been awarded.

"THE BOOK OF GLASGOW CATHEDRAL," (Morison Bros., Glasgow) is edited and partly written by Mr. George Eyre Todd, whose fame as a poet and author is steadily increasing. No more satisfactory work could have been produced, and the publication is equal to the task of adequately setting forth the history and romance of the impressive building of which Glasgow is properly proud. Mr. Eyre Todd is supported by chapters prepared by various authorities, and the appropriate illustrations by Mr. D. Small, H. Railton, and others, are well reproduced.

COPYRIGHT and its eternal difficulties are receiving careful attention at the hands of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to consider Lord Herschell's Bill "to amend and consolidate the law of copyright," and the Bill proposed by Lord Monkswell "to amend the law relating to copyright in periodical works, lectures, abridgment, and otherwise." The Committee of the Printsellers' Association are naturally astir in the interests of Art publishers, and the clauses in the Bill, dealing with the clear definition of artistic copyright, are hailed with great satisfaction. Mr. Arthur Lucas, the Art publisher, in his capacity as delegate, assured the Select Committee of the hearty support to the Bill offered by the printsellers and publishers, but suggested that it should be more strongly drafted to permit greater powers of search in cases of proved piracy. In his evidence he stated that the clandestine trade in pirated prints was especially successful, and that as the law stands—in its anomalies and contradictions—it is a very difficult matter to stop these nefarious practices.







Printed by Charles Butler.

*The Haymakers.*

*From the pictures in the Collection of Joseph Bonbridge, Esq. London.*



*Courie.*  
From a Drawing by David Small.

## ST. FILLANS.

THERE are some days of travel which stand out apart from others in our remembrance, and leave a deep and lasting impression upon the mind. Such was the evening when I first saw St. Fillans, the village at the eastern end of Loch Earn, in the Highlands of Perthshire. It was one of those warm and brilliant days—*jours de cristal* as they call them in Western France—when the transparent clearness of the atmosphere lends every object in the landscape a richer and deeper hue. The blue-green water of the loch lay sleeping under the wooded promontories, the red berries of the rowans gleamed among the yellow leaves of ash and beech, and the russet and golden tints of the bracken; and all the air was filled with the radiant purple of the heather. Each ravine or opening glen along the mountain-side was touched with delicate blueness, and the far-off peaks shone like spires of liquid amethyst under the western sky. Not a breath of wind stirred the lake, not a sound was heard but the murmur of the bees in the heather, and the occasional twitter of a swallow overhead, or the bleating of the sheep in the meadow on the farther shore. And down there, at our feet, lay the bright little houses and gay flower-gardens of St. Fillans, rising in tiers from the waterside, with masses of scarlet tropæolum clinging to the rocky terraces. A wooden foot-bridge crosses the Earn where it flows out of the lake under fine old forest trees, and the straggling street of the old *clachan* follows the course of the stream for half-a-mile up the glen. Here and there the white walls of a crofter's farm were to be seen high up on the hills, and down below patches of harvest-field where the women and boys were reaping the grain and the red shocks of corn caught the glow of the evening sun.

After the wild grandeur of the West coast, after the splintered crags and savage glories of Glencoe, after the storm-wreathed hills of Morven and the desolate reefs of

Mull and Staffa, there was a southern brightness and richness, a pleasant sense of warmth and colour, such as travellers in North Devon feel when, after crossing the high ridge of bleak moorland, they come down suddenly upon Clovelly. St. Fillans is indeed, as poor Fred Walker found out long ago, a painter's Arcady: every-



*The Earn at St. Fillans.*  
From a Drawing by David Small.



St. Fillans.

From a Drawing by David Small.

thing in the landscape composes itself so well. Each turn of the road reveals new beauties, at every step you find yourself face to face with some fresh picture. The mountains run down to the lake in such graceful lines, the road runs along the water's edge through groves of noble oak and tall ash and birch, and one majestic plane tree spreads its boughs over the green meadow in front of the inn, where the boats are moored to the wooden landing-stage. Old thatched roofs and low irregular houses group themselves in the most picturesque fashion

along the steep banks, and the women hang out their clothes on the huge grey boulders that are set in the white foam of the rushing torrent. The post-office is half-buried in a bower of roses and large white daisies. The foot-bridge over the river looks as if it had been dropped down there on purpose, and even the quaint lead cupola of the kirk, rising against the purple heather of the Phuir Mohr, seems intended to complete the picture. The blue smoke curls up delicately against the background of richly coloured bracken, and the very sunbeams seem to linger lovingly about this romantic shore.

St. Fillans is as rich in ancient traditions as it is in natural loveliness. Oldest of all is the legend of the Celtic saint who has given his name to the village. A monk of Fife, whose father came of a noble Gaelic race, while his mother was an Irish princess, St. Fillan was the apostle of these mountain regions, and in the opinion of one eminent antiquary, Sir Daniel Wilson, had greater claims than St. Andrew to be the patron saint of Scotland. He founded churches both at Strathfillan and Killin, on Loch Tay, but Dundurn, as the village which now bears his name was formerly called, remained his favourite cell.

Here, on the conical hill which rises immediately above his ancient chapel, the good Saint was wont to spend hours in prayer, and the hollows worn by his knees in the rock are still shown. There he died in the middle of the eighth century, and his followers from Killin and Strathfillan came to Dundurn to bear away his remains. Together they journeyed as far as Lochearnhead, where their ways divided, and the strife over the Saint's corpse waxed so hot between the two parties that they drew their daggers, and a bloody fight would have taken place if it had not been for the Saint's miraculous intervention. Two coffins appeared on the bier instead of one, and both the men of Killin and those of Strathfillan went their way in peace, each party being satisfied that they bore the Saint's true corpse. St.



Loch Earn, from the hill near Cowie.

From a Drawing by David Small.



*Loch Earn, with Neishes Island.*

*From a Drawing by David Small.*

Fillan's arm, which, when he was alive, is said to have thrown out a shining light while he was engaged in copying the Scriptures, was preserved as a sacred relic in the Abbey of Inchaffray. Before the battle of Bannockburn took place, Robert Bruce, who had a special devotion for St. Fillan, ordered Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, to bear the silver shrine which contained the precious relic into his camp. But the Abbot, fearing lest his convent's greatest treasure should fall into the hands of the English, brought the empty shrine without the Saint's arm. As the English army came in sight, the Abbot said mass, and passed barefoot along the ranks of the kneeling Highlanders. Suddenly the door of the shrine, which he held aloft, opened, and St. Fillan's luminous arm was seen blessing the Prince and his followers.

"See!" cried King Edward, who, from the opposite hill, saw his foes on their knees, "see! they kneel for mercy."

"They kneel, Sir," replied the knight at his side, Ingelram de Umfreville, "but not to us. These men will conquer or die."

And the issue of the battle showed that he was right. The victory which followed was ascribed by the Scots to St. Fillan's help, and Bruce raised a Priory to his honour on Tayside.

The walls of the mediæval chapel that was built in the fifteenth century, on the site of St. Fillan's original cell, are still standing in the meadows at the foot of the Saint's Hill, near the old farmhouse of Dundurn. All manner of quaint devices are worked upon the crowns of the gables, and one of the tombstones under the walls is adorned with a rude carving of Adam and Eve clasping hands at the foot of the Tree of knowledge, while an angel hovers in the air, holding a drawn claymore in his hand. Here,

in this spot consecrated by the prayers and reverence of ages, the Stewarts of Ardvourlich and a few other families have been buried from time immemorial, "ever since the battle of Bannockburn," one old woman informed me, "when the Romans were chased away for good and all." "The right of burial here, however, is strictly limited to a few of the oldest families on Lochearnside." "The others," my guide informed me, "go to Comrie."

A few hundred yards farther, in the depths of a romantic and beautifully wooded glen, is St. Fillan's Well, which was for centuries the goal of pilgrims from all parts of Scotland. Here, within the last hundred years, cripples and sufferers from all kinds of diseases, bodily and mental, were brought at certain seasons of the year, and, if unable to walk, were carried thrice round the well, and bathed in the waters of this northern Lourdes. This is "the blessed well, whose springs can frenzied dreams dispel, and the crazed brain restore," of which the palmer speaks in "Marmion," and Sir Walter tells us in a note, that within his own memory lunatics had been left all night bound to a stone at the holy well, in the confident belief that the Saint would cure and unloose them before morning. Here, too, where the giant beeches and grand old wych-elms spread their leafy boughs over the stream, the Wizard of the North turned, as to the fount of Celtic poesy, and sought inspiration for that song which was to wake the notes of long-forgotten romance, and thrill the heart of Scotland as it had never been thrilled before.

"Harp of the North! that mouldering long has hung  
On the wych-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring,  
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?"

So the poet addressed his lay, not without reason. For here, at St. Fillan's spring, we are in the very home of Celtic legends and Highland romance. Here, within a



Dundurn Hill.

From a Drawing by David Small.

few miles, are the site of Fingal's castle and of Ossian's grave.

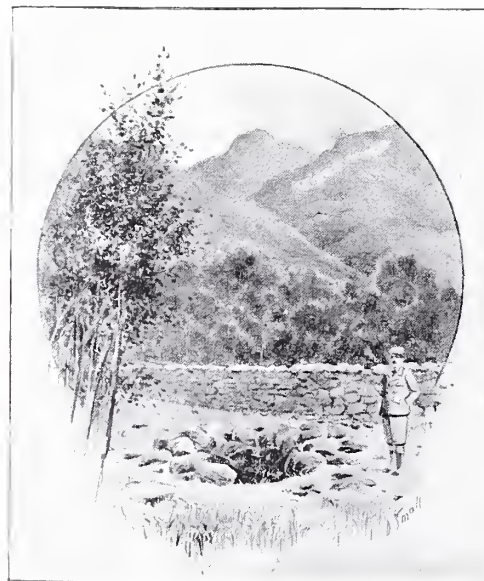
"In this still place, remote from men,  
Sleeps Ossian, in the narrow glen."

This way Malcolm Canmore marched when he led his army north, to avenge his murdered father, and the witch's prophecy was fulfilled that Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane. From St. Fillan's hill we look down upon Glenartney, the royal deer forest that was for centuries the favourite hunting-ground of the Scottish kings. It stretches far away over hill and vale to Drummond Castle, the home of the great family which traced its descent from the Magyar thane who piloted Queen Margaret safely over the North Sea, in the year of the Norman Conquest. Here Robert Bruce chased the deer in Glenartney, after his coronation at Scone Abbey, and almost lost his life in hunting one of the white bulls that roamed wild in the great Caledon Wood.

Here James IV., that Paladin of monarchs, often came for love of the fair Margaret Drummond, whom he would gladly have made his queen; and on one occasion "slew thirty score

of hart and hynd, with other small beasts, as roe and roebuck, wolf and fox and wild cats." Here Mary Queen of Scots and Darnley spent Christmas a few months after their ill-fated marriage, and kept high festival at Drummond Castle, and went hunting in Glenartney together. The fortunes of the Drummonds were closely bound up with that of the Stuart princes,

and more than one of their race risked all in the King's cause. Here, in 1644, Montrose raised the standard of King Charles, and encamped on the Knock of Crieff and held Stratherne for his royal master. Down in Glenalmond just beyond, the clans gathered in the Earl of Mar's rising, and here in "the forty-five" a gallant band of Highlanders met at the Kirk-o'-the-Glen and took the Sacrament before they joined Prince Charlie. But of the hundred and twenty men who heard mass that day in the chapel of the glen, not one returned to his father's home. The Prince himself sought shelter at Drummond Castle on his retreat after the battle of Stirling; and Jean Gordon, the brave Duchess of Perth, pulled down the greater part of the mansion rather than let it fall into the hands of the



St. Fillans Well.

From a Drawing by David Small.

Hanoverian army. The famous gardens here were laid out two hundred and fifty years ago by the second Earl of Perth, and visitors from all parts still come to wonder at their loveliness, and to look down from the lofty terraces at the broad expanse of Stratherne stretching below, from the rounded forms of the wooded Ochils to the far-away peaks of the Grampians.

The whole district is full of great memories. Not a strath or stone, not a hill or valley but has its tale to tell. History and legend, reality and romance, are strangely blended together. We move, as it were, in a land of dreams, and shadows of the past fall across our path at every step. We see the turrets of Ardvoirlich rising out of its ancestral trees, on the shores of Loch Earn, and recall the stirring scenes described in the "Legend of Montrose." Once more the chieftains gather round the noble Graeme, and swear to follow wherever he may lead. Once more we hear the faery maiden, Annot Lyle, tuning her harp to some of the wild songs which she had learnt from the Children of the Mist. "The woods in which we had dwelt pleasantly rustled their green leaves in the song, and our streams were there with the sound of all their waters." We follow the glen under the steep crags of Ben Voirlich—the hill of bellowing—by the clear pools where "the stag at eve had drunk his fill, . . . And deep his midnight lair had made, In lone Glenartney's hazel shade." Once more the gay call of the hunter's bugle wakes the echoes of the mountain side. Once more we see that gallant train sweep through the forest shades, over the "wild heaths of Uam-Vahr"—Uam Vahr, where Alan Breck and his comrade lay all night in the heather, as they fled from the pursuit of King George's redcoats.

But darker tales come to mingle with these gentle memories. These richly wooded banks of Loch Earn, this

grassy hillside, where the Highland cattle feed so quietly in the peace of the summer evening, have witnessed many a fierce and bloody deed. Yonder green island, with its feathery birch and ash rising out of the blue waters, was once the stronghold of the Neishes, a small clan or sept, who were at deadly feud with the McNabs of Tayside. One Christmas time, when the Laird of McNab had sent to Crieff for supplies of food and drink with which to make good cheer at Yule, the Neishes attacked his servants on the way home, and robbed them of their stores. The wrong which had been done him rankled deeply in the old chief's breast. At last, on New Year's night, he stood up in his castle hall and spoke out to the twelve stalwart sons whom he saw gathered around him. "The night is the night," he said, "if the lads were the lads." The grim meaning of the words was not lost on the young men. With one voice they cried, "The night *is* the night, and the lads *are* the lads." So they went forth, carrying their boat on their shoulders, and, rowing across Loch Earn to the island, fell upon the Neishes in their sleep and murdered the whole clan. One man alone escaped, left for dead among the corpses, and from this solitary survivor the few Neishes still to be found in Stratherne are descended.

For more than a hundred years Glenartney was a favourite haunt of the Macgregors, and, at the present day, the chief of the clan still lives close to Lochearnhead. A mile or two farther on, are the famous Braes of Balquhider, which was for so long the home of this "old, proscribed, nameless, red-handed clan." "For," in David Balfour's words, "the Macgregors were in ill-blood with Highlander and Lowlander, with the Greames, and the McLaurins, and the Stewarts." Every man's hand being against them, their hand was of course directed against every one.



*St. Fillans from the Hill.*

*From a Drawing by David Small.*

"Son of the Mist!" cried the dying outlaw to his grandson, "be free as thy forefathers—own no lord—receive no laws—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—enclose no pasture—sow no grain—let the deer of the mountains be thy flocks and herds! If these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxons and of such Gael as are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour and freedom. The sons of Diarmid—the race of Darlinvarach—the riders of Monteith—my curse on thy head, Child of the Mist, if thou spare one of those names, when the time shall offer for cutting them off. Live free—requite kindness—avenge the injuries of thy race!" Such was the creed, such the sole law owned by the wild race who made their home in these mountain fastnesses. Here, in the lonely glen, under the grassy braes, from which they had expelled the McLaurins, after a fierce struggle, the Children of the Mist had their gathering-place, and met at the Auld Kirk of Balquhiddy, in the dead of night, to go forth on their warlike forays:

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,  
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day!"

Here the savage murderers of Drummond Ernoch placed their victim's head on the altar, and each Macgregor in turn laid his hand upon the bloody trophy, and swore a solemn oath to defend the men who had done the deed. Here half-a-century later, lived the great cateran, Rob Roy, that favourite hero of romance, whom Sir Walter has painted in such vivid colours as the terror of the wealthy and the friend of the poor, and who, in the opinion of the old gardener, Andrew Fairservice, was a man "ower bad for blessing and ower gude for banning."

Here Rob Roy used to drive the cattle which he brought home from his Lowland raids, up from Glenguilas by the wild mountain track past the waterfall of the Glen of the Roe, and down into Balquhiddy. Here he fought his last battle with Stewart of Invernahyle, close to the spot where he sleeps to-day, in that most poetic of all Highland churchyards. The mountain torrent brawls over its stony bed at the foot of the glen, and high upon a grassy mound are the ivy-clad ruins of the Auld Kirk. Tall Irish yews stand round its crumbling walls, and the tombs of Celtic heroes, inscribed with quaint figures and rude characters, lie buried deep in the long grass.

Rob Roy and Montrose—Celtic saint and Highland cateran—Burns and Sir Walter—these are a few of the names which rise to our lips as we float down the waters of the loch, or watch the shadows gathering over Ben Voirlich's purple head. And yet, after all, the memory that is most present with us at St. Fillans is not of Scottish birth. It is that of an English painter who came to die here, in this little Highland *clachan*, far away from home and friends. For it was at St. Fillans that Frederick Walker, the painter of 'The Plough' and 'The Harbour of Refuge,' died two-and-twenty years ago. Here he came, not once only, but several times, for his summer holiday. When the Academy opened its doors, and his picture was hung, he would rush off to Scotland, and throw himself with keen zest into the outdoor life and sports which he so thoroughly enjoyed. It was in Perthshire—at Stobhall, where Mr. William Graham was then living—that he painted his charming watercolour of a lady walking in a garden of tall white lilies. But St. Fillans was the place which he loved best of all. And to-day in this his Arcady, as he called the lovely village on Loch Earn, there are still some honest souls who remember the English painter. The first man whom I asked about him shook his head, and went on breaking

stones in silence. But presently he looked up, and nodded in the direction of an old woman with smooth white hair and black eyes, who stood at the door of her cottage, one of those low houses with old thatched roofs which are still common in St. Fillans. She was over seventy, and her whole life had been spent under the same roof.

"Frederick Walker—English painter," the labourer repeated slowly. This time there was no mistake. "Knewed him?" cried the old lady, hobbling forward with the help of her stick. "I should think I did." Then she told us the whole story. She had known Mr. Walker well. He often came and sat in her house, and showed her his pictures. He was always out-of-doors, painting here and painting there, up and down the loch-side, in the village street, in the meadow across the bridge, wherever you might go. And he was always so cheerful, in such high spirits, it did one good to see him. Sometimes he brought one friend with him, sometimes another, careless, light-hearted young men like himself, and they talked and laughed, and were "very free" together. But the last time he came alone, and looked sadly changed. The journey had been too much for him, and he told us how the doctors had sent him to some place abroad, but that this had done him more harm than good, and he came back again, for he would not die away from home. "And yet after all," added the old lady mournfully, "he was to." And then for a few days he was out and about again, and the last time she ever saw him, he was sitting in his favourite meadow across the bridge, painting the head of the loch. It was a lovely day towards the end of May, when the hawthorns were white with bloom, and the broom was golden all up the glen. After that they never saw him again, but she heard as he was ill—very ill—and the doctor from Crieff was sent for, and a nurse, "a very tidy body, too," and they did all that could be done for him. And they sent for his sister from England, but when she came it was too late; he was already dead. It was sad, very sad. She came to see them, and talked of her brother and cried, and they were all very sorry for her. "For it's always hard, when our own are the first to go. And now folks say he's a great painter, and his pictures fetch a deal of money, and the last sketch he made that day by the loch-side was sold for a great many pounds. But he's awa', he's awa'!" And the old woman wiped her eyes with the corner of her blue apron and repeated the words in a strangely pathetic tone. That was all twenty years ago and more, and since then there had been great changes in the village. The inn-keeper was dead, and his wife had gone away, and the old inn with the parlour and the bedroom above in which the painter died, was built into the new hotel, and the landing place had been railed in, and the doctor and nurse were both of them dead, and most of the old folks who knew Fred Walker were gone.

And there are new villas along the shore, and golf-links on the hill-side, and big shooting parties with a crowd of gillies behind them, walk by the inn on their way to the moors, and coaches drive up the glen twice a day, and cyclists flash by on their wheels at all hours. But still the mountains stand about St. Fillans, and the crimson light of sunset lingers on the heather where his footsteps trod and on the loch-side where he painted his last picture. And in spite of the lapse of time and of the changes of the years it is good to know that the young English painter who died so early is not quite forgotten here, in his own Arcady.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.





*Jewel Casket in wrought steel and champlévé enamel. Recently exhibited at the International Art Exhibition, Knightsbridge.  
By permission of the Rev. Thompson Yates. Designed by Alex. Fisher.*

## THE ART OF THE ENAMELLER, AND OF MR. ALEX. FISHER IN PARTICULAR.

AMONG the revivals in the art crafts which have taken place during the latter part of the present reign that of enamelling on metal holds a worthy place, and yet until within the last few years it was, so far as this country was concerned, as much a lost art as that of glass painting, to which it, of course, bears a distinct affinity. Mons. de Laborde points out that the real origin of painting in enamel in France grew out of the practice of painting in enamel colours on window glass, which was carried to such perfection in Western Europe in the fifteenth century. This kind of glass painting must be distinguished from that of the earlier school, in which the effect is obtained largely by the use of coloured glass leaded together into a sort of mosaic, the actual painting on the glass being confined to tracing outlines and patterns in opaque brown. In enamelled glass windows coloured fluxes are put upon the glass, which is then placed in a muffle, and such a heat applied as melts the colours on to the glass, as well as giving them their proper tint and translucence.

But the word "enamel" is used here in its strictly limited application, that of a metal object more or less coated with a flux, in which there is some colouring matter, which is made to adhere by being subjected to such heat as will melt the enamel on to the metal. At one end of the scale we have those advertising show-cards of enamelled iron, and at the other those choice and beautiful works of art such as Mr. Alex. Fisher exhibits at the Royal Academy. The enamels are silicates coloured with metallic oxides; thus the greens are from copper, the yellows from iron or silver, the blues from cobalt, the reds from gold, and purples from manganese. The artist in enamel generally buys his colours as lumps of coloured glass, which he proceeds to grind up into powder, mixed with water or other liquid, and applies to the metal with a brush. The metal can then be placed in a small fireclay muffle, heated by a Bunsen burner to melt this enamel on to the metal. The firing of the colours, though only a matter of a few minutes, requires skill,

knowledge, and judgment, or instinct, for the enamels only assume their proper tint when fired to the right temperature, under-firing and over-firing having equally to be guarded against. As an old glass and pottery



*"Olivia."—Enamel Plaque in translucent enamels. The FLESH COLOUR is obtained by the use of NOTHING BUT TRANSLUCENT AND SEMI-TRANSLUCENT ENAMELS.  
By permission of J. Russell Buckler, Esq. Designed by Alex. Fisher.*



*Adoring Angel.—In repoussé silver. Part of a large cross.*

*Designed by Alex. Fisher.*

—those first applied requiring greater heat to fuse them than those used subsequently. The charm of an enamel is its gem-like colour. A fine one looks as though it were coloured with gems melted into a picture, and this translucence is the unique property of the craft of the enameller. The nearest approach to it in pottery painting is the underglaze method, where the glaze, melting with the colours, gives a semi-translucent quality; but this at its best is not as "gemmy," or as Mr. Fisher prefers, as "precious," as an enamel, for the ware itself has very little if anything to do with the result, whereas in an enamel the metal itself is seen through the colours, where they are transparent. But in any design of an elaborate character, say a figure composition, a certain opacity in the flesh tints, for instance, is desirable, and it was early discovered that tin has the property of rendering glass an opaque white, acting upon it much as cream does in tea or coffee, and in the finest examples of the enameller's art the opaque enamels play into the translucent ones, thus securing great diversity of effect. In some of the old Limoges enamels the figures will be opaque, while the background is a deep translucent blue.

It may be well to state that enamels on any metal such as brass, in which tin is used as an alloy, will become opaque when fired, as the tin in the metal will fuse and enter into the enamels. Copper, silver, and gold, are therefore the three metals employed for translucent enamels, and in order to lessen the initial cost thin plates of silver and gold are placed on the copper, which the melting of the enamels fixes in position. The introduction of gold and silver as a ground adds greatly to the

painter long ago learned that fire is a good servant but a bad master, and the enameller too soon learns this, for nothing but failure is before him if he fail in this respect.

One of Mr. Fisher's fine enamels has to be fired each time fresh colour is put on, and this means that his work has to undergo this dread ordeal, not once, but possibly a dozen times, which adds greatly to the worker's anxiety, and the risk of failure. The enamels are made to fire at various temperatures

completed effect, for the same enamel on each of these three metals will have a different quality of colour, as the metal, shining through the enamel, changes its tone. The range of colours is in these days a very wide one, our chemical resources being so much greater than it was two or even one hundred years ago. A large number of enamels can be purchased in lump, and are sent here chiefly from France, but a skilful enameller makes a few choice ones for himself,—their manufacture being largely a trade secret.

The amateur, however, need not trouble himself very much about the chemistry of his craft, as he can purchase all he requires, and so devote himself to mastering the method of using the enamels to the fullest advantage.

To most amateurs the word Limoges is synonymous with enamels, but as Mr. Starkie Gardner points out in the "note" appended to the catalogue of the important exhibition held last year at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, "It is a remarkable fact that the most extensive and persistent use of enamelling is found in our own country. The Britons were the first people to enamel on bronze, and there can be no doubt that the oft-quoted passage of Philostratus, written early in the third century, to the effect that the barbarians of the ocean possessed the art of pouring colours on bronze, which they fix and petrify by fire, applied chiefly, if not wholly, to the British."

From the few examples that have come down to us, we find these early enamels are of two classes: those with Celtic decoration always applied to the trappings of man or beast; and those showing classical or Roman influence, these latter taking the form of cups, vases, and trinkets. The colours are opaque, and principally red, yellow, green, and blue, but a plaque found in London has a white ground with a Roman design in colours.

In Ireland the art of cloisonné enamelling was highly developed at a very early date, and some fine examples are to be seen in the Dublin Museum.

The mention of the Ardagh Chalice will recall these



*Figure of Aphrodite in silver and enamel.—The wave from which she is emerging is in translucent green enamel with crest of white.*

*Designed by Alex. Fisher.*

*By permission of Sir Thos. D. Gibson Carmichael, Bart., M.P.*

early works to some readers: the enamels here are translucent cloisonné, on silver and gold. This class of work produced by Celtic hands in England, may be seen in the Alfred jewel in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and three brooches in the British Museum.

Limoges, which quickly became the home of enamelling in Europe, is first heard of in this connection towards the end of the twelfth century. Mr. Gardner thinks that at first these enamels were turned out wholesale for exportation. The workers were humble artisans setting about their task as quickly and economically as possible.

Some examples have gold hatchings introduced, and though the metal was largely covered with opaque white, in parts of the design the metal is inclined to show through, which gives great brilliancy to the whole.

The earliest-known enameller in this style is Nardou Penicaud, who was living in 1539. The high note of colour struck by Nardou was continued by Léonard Limousin, whose works are dated from 1532 to 1560. This great enameller has been called the prince of enamel painters. In portraiture Limousin achieved his highest triumphs.

The family of Courteys is a familiar one, the works of Jean being very numerous. A large number of works about this time were painted *en grisaille*, or, as we might say, in monochrome. The Penicaud family practised in this style, as did Limousin. Jean Court dit Vigier and Pierre Raymond are two other names intimately associated with Limoges.

These artists of the sixteenth century had one great advantage in the matter of designs,

for they drew upon the skill and imagination of some of the greatest painters of the time, and we find designs after Albert Dürer, Raphael, Giulio Romano, and Leonardo da Vinci, to mention only four, reproduced. It would be interesting to know whether these Limoges enamellers made "arrangements" with the painters to use their designs, or whether questions of copyright had not then arisen to disturb the brotherhood of artists. It is one of the weaknesses of modern applied art, that the designs are so inadequate, so much less excellent than the skill shown in their production; and that must be so when expense is such a consideration. Artists like Mr. Alex. Fisher naturally prefer to reproduce work from their own pencils, but there are a number of good enamel-

lers whose training as draughtsmen does not warrant them originating their own designs, and if they could call upon the art around them, as these sixteenth-century enamellers did, some very excellent works might come from their hands. The amateur can, to a great extent, do this, for where the work is done for himself, and is not offered for sale, there is nothing to prevent the private individual adapting the work around him to suit any purpose he may have in view.

If we compare the work of the great Limoges enamellers with the best work of to-day, we shall find no falling off in technique. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that it excels the old work, in variety of colour and in a certain opulence, which we find, for instance, in some of Mr. Fisher's pieces. The palette is much more extended, for one thing; but that is not always an



*Portrait of Lady Elcho in translucent enamels. The flesh entirely painted with enamels.*

*Designed by Alex. Fisher.*

*By permission of the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham.*



*"The Voices of the Night," in translucent enamels, set in beaten steel.*

*Designed by Alex. Fisher.*

unmixed blessing, as there is so much greater opportunity to go wrong where the means are extended. There is the danger, for instance, that the enameller will seek to accomplish what the painter on ivory, for example, should effect, instead of developing the peculiar resources of his own art. The sixteenth-century workers kept well within their limits, and there is, in consequence, a harmony between the means and the end, which gives us a sense of oneness that is seen in all good work. But *they* were *not* always right, for in some examples by Pierre Reymond and other painters *en grisaille*, we find them imitating the methods of the wood-cutter, giving shadows by means of hatched lines, instead of allowing the dark ground to show through the white enamel. It is easy to see how this came about, for the enamellers had before them the contemporary woodcuts of Albert Dürer and others, and forthwith sought to imitate them, a thing they ought to have avoided. This tendency to imitate in one art what it is the prerogative of another to give us, has ever to be guarded against.

Enamelling has always gone with fine metal work, and we find Benvenuto Cellini introducing enamelling on his jewellery. This translucent enamelling on gold gave accent and richness to the design, and adds charm and interest to all goldsmiths' work. Mr. Alex. Fisher, whose work illustrates these pages, is as much a worker in metal as he is an enameller, and in many cases we find him enriching his metal-work with enamels. George Frampton, the sculptor, an appreciation of whose work I contributed to THE ART JOURNAL last year (page 321), uses enamels to introduce spots of colour in his bronzes, and there is no doubt much might be done, and will be done, in this direction.

Mr. Nelson Dawson is another worker in metal who introduces colour by means of enamels. It is such an exquisite colour art, that there ought to be a great field before it for the decoration of furniture, picture frames, and applied metal-work; and as the very simplest form of design gives the enameller scope for the display of his resources, it need not be so very costly. The very finest work, such as the examples here given, cannot be produced for shillings, because the time occupied in painting them, as well as the loss by accident in the



Triptych, in enamel and bronze.

Designed by Alex. Fisher.

firing, has to be paid for. But a far less ambitious scheme of design, and a much simpler method of reproduction, would be quite sufficient for many decorative purposes.

Enamels fall into four classes:—

If the metal is modelled in high relief by casting, chasing, or embossing, the enamel is employed as an incrustation. Cellini's jewellery is an example of this method of *incrusting*.

If the space to be enamelled is beaten or cut below the surface of the metal and then carved or beaten in low relief, so that when the transparent enamel is placed over this the modelling is seen through it, giving an extremely beautiful brilliancy to the enamel, and at the same time a very fine sense of form to the modelling, we have what is known as *basse-taille*. It had its origin in Italy in the thirteenth century, and was carried to perfection by Cellini and his pupils. One of the finest examples of this method is seen in the St. Agnes Cup in the British Museum, the enamel being of great splendour on fine gold.

Where the enamel is treated as a kind of inlay, the spaces to receive it being gouged or beaten out of the metal, it is known as *champlevé*. The early British enamels are examples of this method, and it is the simplest and oldest form of enamelling.

[*Niello* is the name given to a black composition made of silver, lead, sulphur, and copper, which is laid, in the form of powder, in lines or cavities prepared for it on the surface of silver. It is then passed through the furnace, where it is melted, and becomes incorporated with the metal. It is mentioned as early as the beginning of the ninth century.]

Where the "cells" to receive the enamel are produced by thin strips of metal soldered on by their edges to the surface of the metal to be decorated, it is known as *cloisonné*. It was practised by the Egyptians as far back



Eldorado, set with jewels, in translucent enamels and steel setting.

Designed by Alex. Fisher.

as the Twelfth Dynasty, and largely by the Chinese and Japanese, whose *cloisonné* work is among some of the best ever produced. The enamel is generally opaque, and is put into the cells as a thick paste. After it is fired the article is rubbed down with stones until the whole surface is smooth, which brings out the colour of the enamels, as well as giving it a soft precious surface like some beautiful fruit. Great skill is shown by the Orientals in fastening on the cloisons, which largely form the design, the most intricate patterns being produced in this way. In Ireland the art of *cloisonné* enamelling was developed until it exhibits, in the Ardagh Chalice, a quite masterly technique.

Another and rare form of enamelling is to form the design of wire, soldered together very much as the leads in a stained-glass window, and then fill in the spaces with translucent enamel, which is fired without any background. Mr. Fisher showed me as an example a lamp formed in this way, and the light shining through the enamel produced a most beautiful effect. This work is called *plique à jour*, and requires great technical skill to produce.

The other great branch of the art are *painted* enamels, and it is here that we find the utmost skill and hand-cunning. In the other processes the metal work is of the first importance, but in painted enamels the effect is obtained almost wholly by the skill of the painter.

Battersea enamels fall into this category, though they differ from the old Limoges enamels in having the metal first covered with opaque white enamel, and the decoration is then painted on this ground in vitreous colours, similar to those used by china painters. The absence of the transparent enamels, and the fact that the metal itself plays no part in the effect, rob these Battersea enamels of that gem-like quality we demand in an enamel. I hope I have made it clear to my readers that in the fine work the effect is largely obtained by some portions being transparent, so that the underneath metal—gold, silver, or copper, as the case may be—glistens through the colour, giving it that gem-like quality which is so precious, and in some portions being opaque, and also in the *pâte sur pâte* quality which a dark colour, seen partly through an opaque one, yields.

Mr. Alex. Fisher is a worker in all the processes, but naturally gives his own time chiefly to painted enamels,

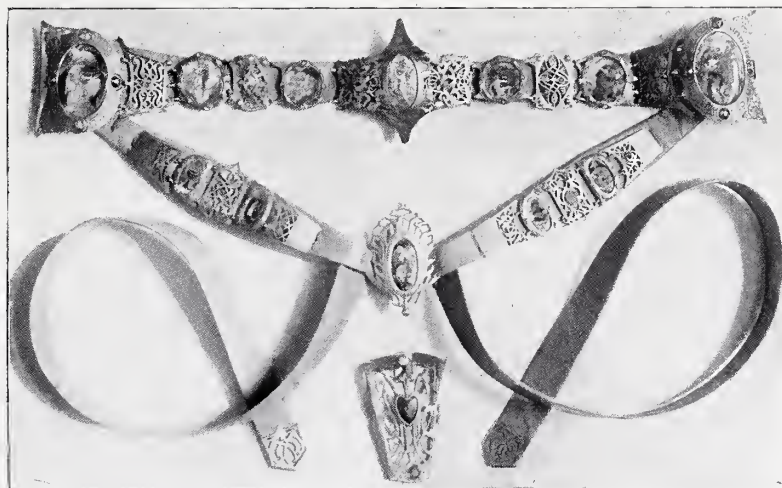
and the examples here given are entirely of this class. It is about eleven years ago that a M. Dalpayrat, a Parisian enameller, came to London and gave a series of demonstrations, at Mr. Armstrong's initiative, before the students at South Kensington, where Mr. Fisher was spending two years as a national scholar. He was familiar with enamelling in pottery, having been trained in this craft, which his father before him followed, and this accounts for the rapid progress he made in the art which he determined to master. He saw that the Limoges workers went from glass enamelling to that on metal, and Mr. Fisher was working in a familiar field in practising enamelling on metal.

"I resolved," he told me, "from the outset to master the whole subject, and commenced to experiment on the making of enamels, so that I might understand completely their capabilities and how best to develop them. This was, needless to say, a very arduous undertaking, being more the work of a chemist than an artist. Except from the scraps of information, often misleading, I obtained from old books, and from modern French and German authors, I worked entirely without assistance; and after innumerable failures I arrived at some degree of success. I now make all my best colours, which, of course, I only do for myself; and I have enamels which, when fired upon copper, are equal to the best of other makes when fired upon gold. Where I can buy any that are of use to me I do, for there are several enamels which require no special knowledge to make."

The first recognition Mr. Fisher's work received was at the Armourers' and Braziers' Exhibition, at which he was awarded a prize of ten guineas, the judge being Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A. He is a regular contributor to the Academy, where several of the works illustrating this article have been shown, and I have no hesitation in saying that no craftsman has carried enamelling further than Mr. Fisher.

Mr. Fisher is a member of the Art Workers' Guild, and it was from a member of this guild that my attention was first called to his work. It is this sort of mutual help such a society affords its members, besides being a public recognition of the solidarity of interest that should exist between all artists, that will make—nay, has made—it such a tower of strength, an oasis in the deserts of commercialism.

FRED MILLER.



Girdle, in enamels, from Wagner's Operas, set with jewels, wrought steel links, mounted in suède.

Designed by Alex. Fisher.



*His Favourite Song AFTER the Honeymoon. From a Drawing by Max Cowper.  
Reproduced by permission from "The Pall Mall Magazine."*

## SOME CONTEMPORARY ILLUSTRATORS:

MAX COWPER, STEPHEN REID, CLAUDE SHEPPERSON.

WE are sometimes told that the art of drawing in black-and-white is the art of the nineteenth century, practically the only branch of pictorial art left by the great ancients to us moderns to carry to full maturity. It cannot be denied that we are giving it a great amount of attention; devoting, as we are, even feverish energy to its development. Things are moving so fast that already the conditions under which the great illustrators of the last generation—Keene, Millais, Fred Walker, Leighton—worked, have largely passed away. The profession has become overcrowded, and the pressure daily becomes greater. The art attracts the attention of the best pictorial and decorative artists of our time. Innumerable books, leading and misleading, have been written upon both its theory and practice. Enormous though the output of the illustrated press be, that press is already insufficient to provide employment for all the artists of even decent ability who seek a living by working for it.

Where the struggle is so keen, and so much interest and activity are being shown, some progress ought surely to result. It may be of some little use to try to estimate where we stand, and whether we are making any real progress, and, if so, in what direction it is tending.

As regards the capabilities of the leading men who are devoting themselves to black-and-white, I need not add much when I have already said that it is attracting all that is best in the art of our time. Work of the highest value is being done, and the general level of average excellence steadily rises. Before speaking of those illustrators whose work is reproduced with this article, it may be well to recite briefly the main conditions under which the art is carried on at the present time. Rigid and arbitrary these conditions are, it must be admitted, and when they are fully considered, one's wonder is that they do not prove still more discouraging than is actually the case.



*At the Theatre. From a Drawing by Max Cowper.  
By permission of the Editor of "Madame."*



*The Conspirators.*  
From a Drawing by Claude Shepperson.

The man who paints a picture must not, of course, lose sight of the possibility of selling it. But, compared with the painter, who can select his theme where his fancy listeth, who can take his own time and consult his own moods of inspiration over its execution, who can work it out in his own way without interference, having at command a medium that is adequate for all his requirements, and able to place his own direct handiwork before the eye of his public; the illustrator is a veritable bond-slave.

He is expected to make a decent drawing of any subject—congenial or otherwise—that is given him. He has to work rigidly to time, often to produce his work in frantic haste, knowing that it will be judged at critical leisure. He is controlled and restricted, perhaps sometimes harassed, by the ideas and requirements of the editor or publisher who has given him the commission. Finally, his work emerges to the public through the medium of an imperfect process directed by an apathetic printer. Under such conditions, is it to be wondered at that it is sometimes hard to say where “Art” comes in?

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that while deploring these conditions, I am not prepared with any remedy for them. Certainly the editor cannot help himself. Dr. Johnson’s definition of a lexicographer—a harmless drudge—fits the modern editor “like a glove,” so to speak. He has a large quantity of miscellaneous material to be illustrated, and someone must do it. The paper must be got to press at the appointed time, and the artist must be hurried to deliver his drawings. He has his ideas of what his public can stand or prefer, and the illustrator is expected to conform to them. I have heard that some editors inflict personal fads upon their unfortunate staff. Some will have none but their own idea of pretty women represented in their illustrations, others object to men with beards, and so on. There is an old legend that in the office of a semi-religious monthly the standing instructions to the illustrators forbid that the young men



*The Laundry Maid.*  
From a Drawing by Claude Shepperson.

By permission of “The Idler.”

and young women in love stories shall be represented within a less distance than six clear feet from one another. These little eccentricities are in the main harmless enough, and I do not think that the general body of black-and-white artists have any serious complaint to make either on the head of lack of editorial appreciation of good work, or of harassing and vexatious restrictions upon their artistic freedom. The worst that can be said is that the average editor is timid, exhibiting a tendency to ask rather for pretty pictures than to encourage the heroically artistic.

The necessity of making his work popular bears more directly perhaps upon the artist working for the press than upon those following other walks in art. In so far as this kept a man from putting forth his artistic best it would be, of course, entirely hurtful, but, speaking generally, I do not believe that the service of the public need involve any such sacrifice.

If one considers for a moment what men have shown themselves possessed of genius in the use they have made of the art of black-and-white, one finds also that they are the men who are most broadly and universally popular. A man may complain that the range of subject to which he is restricted is distasteful to him, but hardly that he dare not put forth the highest artistic power of which he is capable for lack of public appreciation. Where the artist is harassed and restricted is in conforming to the limitations of the processes by which his work will be reproduced, and of the ink and paper which



*The Lovers.*

*From a Drawing by Claude Shepperson.*

delighted his own generation is an achievement so wonderful, especially when that generation means a hundred million readers, that any man ought to be satisfied with it. Let it be written on my tomb, 'His generation read his stories.'" Some such advice is worthy of consideration by the dissatisfied illustrator. Let him content himself with the thought that his generation enjoys his drawings, and stifle, if he can, the aspirations of the "last infirmity of noble mind." The fact that all our work is ephemeral has its redeeming side, when we consider the vast quantity of trash that passes for illustration, the ghastly, ubiquitous half-tone blocks, the greasy ink and horrid glazed paper that are at present necessary for the production of the high-class illustrated periodical. How thankful we shall be when our methods and processes have improved—as they must and will—to forget what has gone before!

The drawings reproduced with this and the subsequent articles furnish valuable and interesting comparisons of the present possibilities of the processes. The group of artists who are here represented have not been selected with any special purpose, but gathered together they represent very fairly the various branches of the art of drawing for the press at the present day. Mr. Max Cowper, who works largely both for the magazine and

will represent it to the public; matters upon which I wish to speak later.

I have sometimes heard men complain of the disheartening effect of the ephemeral nature of their work. It is no uncommon thing to see as much thoughtful composition, telling arrangement, learned mastery of detail, and "blood and sweat" generally, put into a small illustration appearing five inches high as would more than furnish an eight-foot canvas. I was noticing only recently, in a little penny weekly paper, some drawings from the pen of a well-known illustrator to which these remarks might fairly apply. It is undoubtedly mortifying, from one point of view, to put forth every week work that has a permanent art value, which yet will be dead and discarded so soon as the following week's paper appears. In this respect the illustrator differs from his brother the painter, that he has to keep turning out work of a high level of excellence to make a reputation, instead of building up his fame upon certain permanent masterpieces. Even then, though—and this is intended for consolation—the illustrator has the advantage over the actor and the musician, whose performances must be enjoyed by personal attendance of their public, and die with the breath that carries them over the footlights.

Speaking of literary fame, Sir Walter Besant recently wrote the following very sensible advice to his fellow-authors—"For my own part, I think that simply to have

the newspaper press, is represented by a line-drawing, 'After the Honeymoon—His Favourite Song,' and one in wash, a brilliant study of the audience of a theatre seen from the footlights. Like a sensible artist, he leaves to others the hopes and possibilities of future improvements in our processes, and concentrates himself upon getting the very best results out of the means we have. His work, both in wash and line, is vigorous and telling, and his drawing is free and often masterly. He always knows exactly what he can do, and does it; recognising that at present it is necessary to meet the engraver halfway.

These remarks apply to Mr. Cowper's work in both methods, but he prefers the line process, for reasons which I shall enter into more fully in another article. He tells me that his aim is to satisfy the public and to give the best artistic work of which he is capable at the same time, and he scouts the idea that a man need dilute his art or palter with his conscience in order to please the average reader. Some men are driven to black-and-white because they find no encouragement as painters in colour, but Mr. Cowper is enthusiastic in his art, and finds in it complete artistic preoccupation. The problems of light and shade, of brilliancy and effect, of composition and balance, and the possibilities of suggesting colour offered by black-and-white drawing absorb his whole-hearted interest and devotion.

This article is not in any sense a comparative one, but





*The King's Entrance.*  
From a Drawing by Stephen Reid.



*"Come, Lasses and Lads."*  
From a Drawing by Stephen Reid.

I may be allowed, perhaps, to bracket Mr. Claude Shepperson and Mr. Stephen Reid together in one respect, viz., that the work of both has to suffer heavy toll as regards quality and feeling in the process of reproduction. THE ART JOURNAL has every known reproductive resource at its command, and the reproductions accompanying this article are examples of the very highest and best work that it is at present possible to do. Personally I am more than satisfied with some of them, knowing as I do what the limits of possibility are. Moreover, THE ART JOURNAL has always taken the lead in these matters, and no place is more appropriate than its columns to advocate artistic improvement, or ventilate artistic dissatisfaction. Beautiful as these reproductions are, I should like to see them still more beautiful. However fine the artist's line may be, there is a limit to the fineness with which it can be reproduced. At present we cannot reduce the thickness of a line etched in zinc beyond a certain point, if it is to print at all without becoming broken and rotten. Consequently, while we reduce the size of the drawing, the breadth of the lines does not reduce in proportion, and the result is a coarsening of quality and a disturbance of the values. At present, therefore, artists who express themselves in a convention so fine and delicate as that of Mr. Shepperson or Mr. Reid, must concede a good deal to the process. In a recent letter to me, Mr. Shepperson wrote that—"The present process of reproduction in England is most discouraging to those whose aim is to do good work, and unless there is a great revolution in this method, there is little hope of published black-and-white ever reaching any great measure of perfection." I believe that those

who are in advance of the process are the pioneers of progress, and my sympathies are rather with those who make the process-man come up to them, than with those who go down to the process-man. Mr. Shepperson can, if he chooses, employ a convention that gives the process no particular difficulty, as in 'The Conspirators' here reproduced. But in the reproduction of 'The Lovers' or 'The Laundrymaid,' much of beauty and refinement is inevitably lost. The reproductions will show that Mr. Shepperson is a superb draughtsman, one who aims to get colour into his work. He delights in "costume," of the detail of which his learned mastery is remarkable. His convention is so magnificent, that I sorely grudge the loss of it in the process of reproduction. Examine the grace and elasticity of the line employed in 'The Lovers.' What strength and precision of drawing, what sweep in the flowing garments, what beauty and meaning in the modelling, what movement in the figures, what instantaneousness in the pose!

Mr. Stephen Reid is a younger artist of great promise, who may be said to be still finding himself. He too takes pleasure and delight in "costume," and he has an innate—almost exuberant—feeling for decoration, which is manifest in all his work. He employs his pen to produce tone and mass instead of line, so that his drawings are often more nearly reproduced by the tone-process than by the line-block. Gradation of values, variations of texture, broken shadows, half lights, even a certain enveloping atmosphere, Mr. Reid produces simply by multiplicity of fine strokes of a pen, with

remarkable manipulative skill. The eye, as it runs over the drawing, feels no line, but mass and texture solely. Mr. Reid is one whose best work is yet to be done.

(To be continued.)

In another article I propose to consider our present methods of reproducing and printing the illustrator's work, and their effect upon our artistic progress.

H. W. BROMHEAD.



*A Sketch at Quimper, Brittany.*

*By Birket Foster.*

## THE COLLECTION OF SHARPLEY BAINBRIDGE, ESQ., J.P., LINCOLN.\*

A COLLECTION of pictures which embraces over fifty examples of Mr. Birket Foster necessarily contains some of the artist's finest works, and 'The Haymakers,' of which we make a large plate, is probably the most complete picture he has painted. It is a water-colour drawing of important dimensions, and the colour is fresh and pure, as one would expect in such a subject. The haymakers are making merry in tossing the hay, and while the grown woman, a little way off, is gravely continuing her duties, and the man on the cart in the background has no thought of play, the younger people are equally busy in tossing the hay over each other. This is the charm of haymaking, that while the frolic and fun are at their highest the work is still proceeding, for the hay is being turned over towards the sun, which is all that the woman beyond, with all her gravity, is able to accomplish.

Of Mr. Bainbridge's other works by Mr. Birket Foster, there are many of the smaller gems for which the artist is deservedly famous. One of the best of these we reproduce in these pages, 'The Ducks,' with a passage of full daylight and brilliant colour kept in charming harmony by the keen artistic intelligence of the artist.

As may be seen from our view of Mr. Bainbridge's Drawing Room, there are many small works in the collection, the majority being, as has been mentioned, from the brush of the popular Mr. Birket Foster. The 'Sketch at Quimper,' which we reproduce, is one of these smaller drawings, and we have chosen it for illustration, as it shows another side to Mr. Birket Foster's art, and one quite different from 'The Haymakers,' 'The Ducks,' or 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' printed at p. 225.

Amongst the drawings are two very artistic figures sketched in by the President of the Royal Academy. One of these designs by Sir Edward Poynter we reproduce. It is dated December 4th, 1878, and is a study for one of the President's earlier classical works. It may not be generally known that Sir Edward Poynter has several portfolios filled with such drawings, many of them in the highest state of completion. In some ways these drawings, being direct from nature, are of more artistic interest than finished pictures, and at the Burne-Jones sale in July it was found that from the commercial point of view also, the values of such studies and designs are very high, and as much in proportion as the larger and more completed works.



*A Drawing by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.*

\* Continued from page 229.



*The Drawing Room of Mr. Sharpley Bainbridge's House.*

One of the largest pictures in Mr. Bainbridge's collection hangs in the Staircase: 'By Order of the Court,' painted by Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., and exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1890. In a Cornish cottage a sale by public auction is taking place, and the household goods are being dispersed to the highest bidders. The attendant holds up a small ornamental clock, for which one of the women eagerly bids. The others look on indifferently, while the auctioneer, in the daily course of his duties, regards the matter entirely from the monetary point of view. Yet underneath all is the artist's sense of sympathy for the poor people being sold up, the pathos of the situation for them, the hopes and fears of which this is the sad termination.

There are other works in the collection by Mr. Stanhope Forbes: 'Fishing on the Coast,' painted in 1891, with boats and rocks, and fine distances. Also pictures by Mr. Orchardson: 'Talbot and the Countess,' engraved for this Journal in 1871; by Mr. Mark Fisher, of 'Old Cottages,' and some specimens of Mr. Logsdail, the youngest artistic production of Lincoln, together with a large water-colour of 'A Venetian Fruit-seller' by Dr. Riaz. Space fails to tell of the Japanese prints by Utamaro, the porcelain and the carved sideboards, and of the hundred things filling up corners, each displaying the wide taste of the collector.

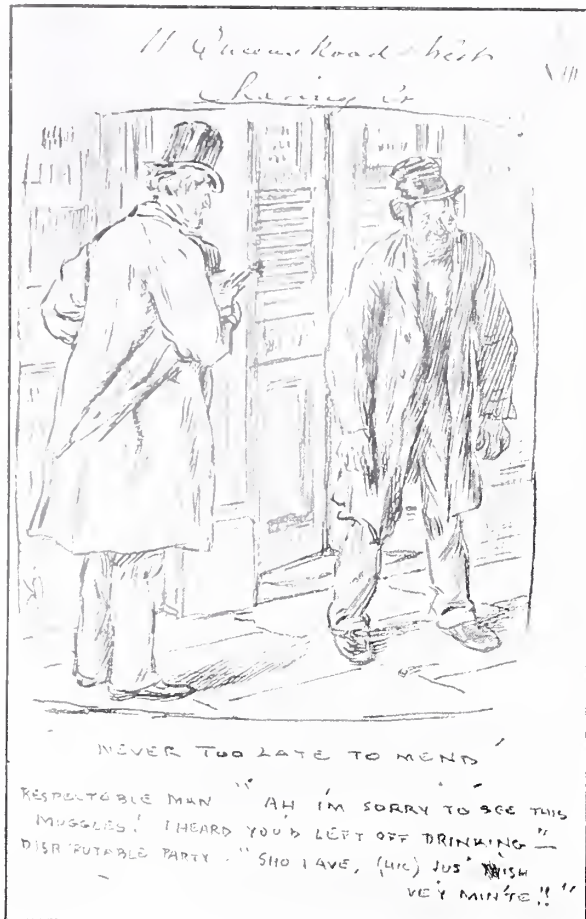
Mr. Bainbridge also has a series of Charles Keene's drawings, which are as artistic as they are humorous. Mr. Joseph Pennell has lately done ample, if tardy, justice

1898.

in his biography of Keene to the high artistic qualities of this remarkable *Punch* draughtsman. There were two subjects he never tired of drawing, one a drunken man, and the other a meek curate. With the curate the present public are still fond of joking, both in



*By Order of the Court.*  
*By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.*



From a Drawing by Chas. Keene.

real life and on the stage; and if, happily, a drunken man no longer affords the heartless unthinking laughter he provoked a generation ago, there is still the tradition amongst older people, and without joining in the laugh we can at least understand the reason for the smile. But, apart from the somewhat silly subjects in both cases,



The Ducks.

By Birket Foster.



THE ARCHERY MEETING.

CURATE (to fair stranger): "I perceive you are not a Toxophilite!"

FAIR STRANGER (promptly): "Oh dear no, Church of England, I assure you."

From a Drawing by Chas. Keene.

the artistic charm of the drawings are very great, whether in the well-built "respectable man" or in the old-fashioned founced dress of the pert young lady.

We leave until the end consideration of the great picture by Mr. Clausen, 'The Mowers,' not great because of its size, for the canvas is only about 50 by 40 inches, but great because of the fine composition, the good tone, and the strong colour. Of all Mr. Clausen's works we think this is one of the finest in all these qualities, and therefore at least one of the very best pictures he has painted. Bearing in mind the Chantrey picture,

'The Girl at the Gate' (THE ART JOURNAL, 1890, page 167), the Western Australian picture (see page 149), entitled 'The End of a Long Day,' Mr. McCulloch's 'Plough,' Mr. J. S. Forbes's 'Stone Gatherer,' and Mr. Bainbridge's own other fine examples, none of these are better than this, and if the reader sees no merit of the best kind in the picture now before him, he may take it for certain that Mr. Clausen's beautiful art cannot touch him. 'The Mowers' was exhibited both in the Royal Academy and in the Paris Salon, and the picture is still remembered by many as one of the best in these collections.

It has been impossible to enumerate all the pictures in Mr. Bainbridge's rooms, or to do more than indicate his other art treasures, but enough has been said to show how much can be done in an ordinary dwelling-house such as thousands in our wealthy land enjoy.



*In the Collection of Sharpley Bainbridge, Esq., J.P., Lincoln.*

*The Mowers.*

*By George Clausen, A.R.A.*

## THE PASTIMES OF SOME ARTISTS.



LARGELY autobiographical, the new issue of *Who's Who* contains brief details concerning about three hundred leaders in the realm of art. These life-stories deal, not only with the professional achievements of the artists so distinguished, but also with the forms of sport and pastime to which they turn for recreation.

Exactly fifty distinct modes of relaxation are thus represented, although half of them offer only one or two exponents, while fifty other sports practised by the various other professional classes do not happen to have been recorded by any artist as a favourite recreation of his own. Thus no painter claims an interest in ethnology or archery, astronomy or badminton, dog-fancying or fives, football or horse-breeding, microscopy or the collecting of coins. Similarly only Miss Mary Duffield, R.I., seeks relaxation in systematic botany and entomology; only Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A., keeper of the National Gallery of Scotland, in bowls; only Mr. Joseph Knight, R.I., in ceramics; Miss Marian Chase, in croquet and needlework; Mr. Edward Fahey, R.I., in dancing; Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I., in driving; Mr. Harrison Weir, in fruit-growing; Mr. Claude Hayes, R.I., in hockey; Mr. R. B. Nisbet, R.I., in philately; Mr. F. G. Colman, R.I., in quoits; Mr. Thomas Huson, R.I., in wood-turning; and Mr. William Parkinson, in carpentering. Mr. A. D. McCormick, R.B.A., and Mr. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., seek relaxation in mountaineering; Miss Chris Hammond and Mr. Hemsley, R.B.A., in playgoing; Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., and Mr. Frederick Sandys, in skating; Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., and Mr. Harry Quilter, in whist. Amateur acting is indulged in by Mrs. Jopling and Mr. Max Ludby, R.I.; archæology by Mr. Lockhart Bogle, Mr. William Simpson, R.I., and Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A.; athletics generally by Mr. H. M. Paget and Mr. Jacomb Hood; mechanics by Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.A.; natural history by Mr. Louis Wain and Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A.; photography by Mr. H. W. Cave and Mr. C. E. Johnson, R.I.; volunteering by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, R.I., and Mr. Albert Warren. The chess-players are Mr. T. B. Kennington, Mr. Sandys and Mr. F. M. Skipworth.

Of the five fencers one may mention Mr. Bate, Mr. Hal Hurst, R.B.A., and Mr. Arthur Melville; of those who ride to hounds, Mr. John Charlton, Mr. F. D. Millet, and Mr. Caton Woodville; of the swimmers, Mr. J. E. Christie, Mr. James Ward, and Mr. Henry Woods, R.A. Several artists, such as Mr. W. P. Frith, Mr. B. W. Leader, A.R.A., Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., and Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., profess to find their chief relaxation in the exercise of their profession; while Mr. J. W. Whympier, R.I., Mr. Joseph Knight and Sir Noël Paton find their pastime in other branches of the fine arts. The delights of field sport generally are

recognised by Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., Mr. Melton Prior, and Mr. Leslie Ward; of home and foreign travel by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, Mr. MacWhirter, and Mr. Caton Woodville; of music by Mr. James Orrock, R.I., and Mr. T. W. Wilson, R.I.; of yachting by the Chevalier Edward de Martino, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., Mr. Haynes-Williams, and Mr. Edwin Hayes, R.I. Walking is indulged in by Mr. David Farquharson and Mr. Birket Foster, R.W.S., Mr. J. T. Nettlehip and Miss Chris Hammond; billiards by Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. Arthur Hopkins, R.W.S., Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., Mr. Fred Pegram and Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A.

Ten pastimes are left which, by their numerical popularity, would seem to hold the first place in the affections of modern artists.

They are as follows:—

CYCLING .. .. .	53
GOLF .. .. .	24
ROWING .. .. .	22
ANGLING .. .. .	21
SHOOTING .. .. .	16
LAWN TENNIS .. .. .	15
CRICKET .. .. .	14
GARDENING .. .. .	14
BOOKS .. .. .	13
RIDING .. .. .	12

As examples of horse-riders, may be mentioned Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Arther Hacker, A.R.A., Mr. Phil May and Mr. S. J. Solomon, A.R.A., and amongst those who have recourse to books are Mr. J. W. Whympier, R.I., Mr. H. A. Olivier, R.B.A., and Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A. The gardeners include Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., and Mr. G. D. Leslie, Mrs. Ernest Normand and Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A.; the cricketers Mr. E. A. Abbey, A.R.A., Mr. Lucien Davis, R.I., Mr. Buxton Knight, Mr. H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., and Mr. W. J. Laidlay; the tennis-players, the Hon. John Collier and Mr. W. B. Davis, R.A., Mr. Fred Villiers, Mr. D. Croal Thomson, and Mr. Charles Whympier. Amongst those who shoot are Sir Arthur Clay and Mr. C. W. Furse, Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., and Mr. G. W. Joy; amongst the anglers Mr. Thomas Crowther and Mr. Dendy Sadler, Mr. C. P. Sainton and Mr. C. J. Staniland, R.I.; amongst the rowing men Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.A., Mr. Ernest Parton and Mr. Julius Price, while among the golfers occur the names of Mr. T. C. Gotch and Mr. George Wetherbee, R.I., Mr. Yeames, R.A., and Mr. Claude Hayes, R.I.

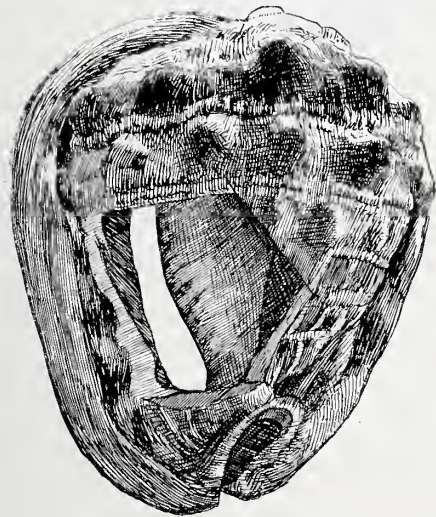
The supremacy of cycling is as marked in the world of art as in other professional spheres, and one need only select out of a large number names so various as Mr. Frank Bramley and Mr. Alfred East, R.I., Mrs. Elizabeth Forbes and Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., Mr. Haité and Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., and Mr. Yeend King, R.I., Mr. J. H. Lorimer and Sir Francis Powell, and Mr. E. A. Waterlow, A.R.A.

These examples will serve to show that when men turn from the studio they find their relaxation more frequently in the exercise of the physical than of the mental powers, and that the profession of art has as large a share as any other vocation in the maintenance of the manlier English sports.



No. 1.—Stages of Mr. James Ronea's Portrait Cameo at South Kensington Museum of Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., cut from a *Cassis rufa*.

## ON THE WORKING OF SHELL CAMEOS.



No. 2.—*CASSIS RUFa*. Shell from which Mr. James Ronea's Cameo of Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., was cut.

THE costly and difficult art of engraving precious stones, which found favour with the ancient Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, and Egyptian Gnostics, the art to which the names of Theodorus of Samos, the engraver of the ring of Polycrates, of Pyrgoteles, of whom Alexander the Great

darker layer as a background.

The artists of the Renaissance were far from being mere students of ancient arts, but, inspired by them, they became also inventors, and left few possible mediums untried. Hence, a practically new branch of art, the cutting of shell cameos, sprang up during the sixteenth century, and flourished for about two hundred and fifty years. If worthily employed, there is great charm in it, though being of a softer and more opaque texture, shell cameos do not bear comparison with those of stone.



No. 5.—Renaissance Cameo in the British Museum, cut on the back of a *Cypræa tigris* shell, representing a winged Centaur.

was the patron, of Tryphon, and of Dioscourides in the age of Augustus, added lustre, became practically lost at the decline of the Roman Empire, but was revived at the Renaissance under the influence of the Medici family in Italy.

In early times intaglios were seen more frequently than gems cut in relief, because they could be used as seals, but advantage was also taken of the peculiarity of certain stones, such as sardonyx, which consists of two or three colours, suggesting the idea of carving a subject in the light layer, with the contrast of the

The Etruscans and Phœnicians incised patterns and figures in outline on the separated valves of the small clam-shell named *Tridacna squamosa*, and carved heads on the thick hinges, but they do not appear to have made cameos, not having discovered the adaptability for that purpose of the Bull's Mouth (*Cassis rufa*), with a red sardonyx ground, the produce of the Islands of Bourbon and Ceylon.

The other kinds of shells which have proved most desirable on account of the thickness and whiteness of the outer limy coat of the shell, and the richness of the colour of the inner surface, which in life is beneath the epidermis of the mollusk, the colour being secreted by the mantle of the animal, are the Black Helmet (*Cassis tuberosa* or *Madagascariensis*, though not derived from the island but from Jamaica, Nassau and New Providence), white upon a ground called onyx varying from black or dark claret colour to lighter shades; the Horned Helmet (*Cassis cornuta*), with yellow or orange ground, which is apt to separate from the white layer, and the Queen Conch or Fountain Shell of the West Indies (*Strombus gigas*), in colour a brilliant pink, which, however, is liable to fade on exposure to light, notwithstanding which it forms some of the most tempting ornaments in modern



No. 3.—16th Century Italian Cameo in the British Museum, with film of upper layer left over background.



No. 4.—Portrait of a Man on a broken 16th Century Italian Cameo in the British Museum, with film of upper layer left over background.



No. 6.—German Cameo in South Kensington Museum, date 1570, representing 'The Death of the Virgin.' Cameo on a shell consisting of three layers, probably *Gasteropoda Ptenobranchiata Zoophaga*.

Italian shops, the bas-relief, more often than not the head and wings of a cherub, being carved in the firmer pink layer, and the white one reserved as the background, thus reversing the usual and most durable method.

Originally pearl-shell was a favourite medium for bas-reliefs and intaglios, especially for sacred or ecclesiastical subjects, but it was monochromatic; and many cameos made of several varieties

of Turbines or Wreath-shells, affording a relief of opaque white upon a pearly ground, formed part of the famous museum of Albertus Seba, whose collection was dispersed at his death in 1730.

In the third volume of Seba's curious catalogue, entitled, "Locupletissimi rerum naturalium thesauri accurata descriptio, et iconibus artificiosissimis expressio, per universam physices historiam," on plate LXXXIV. are three engravings from two nautilus shells carved by C. Bellekin, Nos. 1 and 2 being different views of the same shell, that from the side representing the 'Rape of Europa,' and the front view showing a broad band separating the side subjects, consisting of an arabesque of flowers and leaves, ending, on the narrowing convex curve as it turns under into the cup-like lip of the shell, in a bold heraldic design, all of which are carved in relief. No. 3 is another shell with the same subject, though differently treated; but this is only incised. Plate LXXXV. reproduces twenty-three designs on portions of pearl-shell, twelve of which were carved by C. Bellekin, the subjects being Biblical and mythological.

Experiments have also been tried upon the spotted backs of a certain cowry (*Cypræa tigris*), one example of which may be seen in the collection of somewhat poor modern carved shells in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and another of far greater interest, of which we give a sketch (No. 5), in the Mediæval Room of the British Museum. It represents a winged centaur, galloping and armed with club and shield. The colours are beautiful and varied, but flow one into another, causing the design to be rather indistinct, and very little depth of material was available for the relief.

German artists of the sixteenth century were fond of carving as cameos crowded scenes from sacred history, a few of which belong to South Kensington Museum. The authors are unknown, though they are occasionally signed with initials, as is the case with the one we have chosen for our illustration (No. 6), which is also dated 1570. The subject is 'The Death of the Virgin,' and is white relieved off slate-colour.

The earliest cutters, the men who did not regard their work as a craft only, but as an art, did not always seek the greatest contrasts, but frequently left a delicate film of white over the darker ground, as in the two little white and grey examples we have sketched (Nos. 3 and 4) in the Mediæval Room, of the broken portrait of a man



No. 7.—*CASSIS TUBEROSA* (Black Helmet), carved with a Nineteenth-Century Italian Cameo.

and of the little figure hurrying on with spade and horn, both Italian work of the sixteenth century.

Among a large number of shells of any species, only a very small proportion is serviceable to the cameo-cutter, for several reasons, such as the entire absence of colour in the under layer, or impurity in the upper layer, or worm-holes in it, against which one has constantly to be on one's guard. Even if the quality of the white be good, the colour layer is liable to be so thin that it would certainly split or flake if a portion were to be cut out of the shell to be carved separately; but on observing this an Italian workman will trust to the strength of the entire shell, and carve part of the back, as in the nineteenth-century cameo of our sketch (No. 7). This is a specimen of a pale, fawn-coloured *Cassis tuberosa*, on which the design is 'Hebe and the Eagle,' and the background is so pale in reality that the contrast would be slight were it not that its transparency allows the deep shadow in the interior of the shell to show through.

The most reliable shells are *Cassis tuberosa* and *Cassis rufa*. The colours in each are darkest near the mouth, gradually lessening in intensity as they recede, more rapidly in *Cassis rufa*, from which only one fair-sized piece can be cut, whereas five similar pieces, and several smaller ones, might be cut from a Black Helmet. We give drawings of *Cassis rufa* (Nos. 1 and 2), from which a portion has been cut after an outline has been marked upon it, and four other pieces of shell showing the continuation of the process, the final result being a portrait of the late Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., the original being executed by Mr. James Ronca, a pupil of Benedetto Pistrucchi's brother, and given to South Kensington Museum as "Illustrations of the Process of Cutting Shell Cameos."

The outer layer of the bosses round the dome of the Black Helmet is considerably thicker than on the other parts of the shell, and renders them useful when one wishes to obtain a high relief, as in the head of Medusa (No. 9), after an antique intaglio in the British Museum; but the carver must be careful lest the under layer be

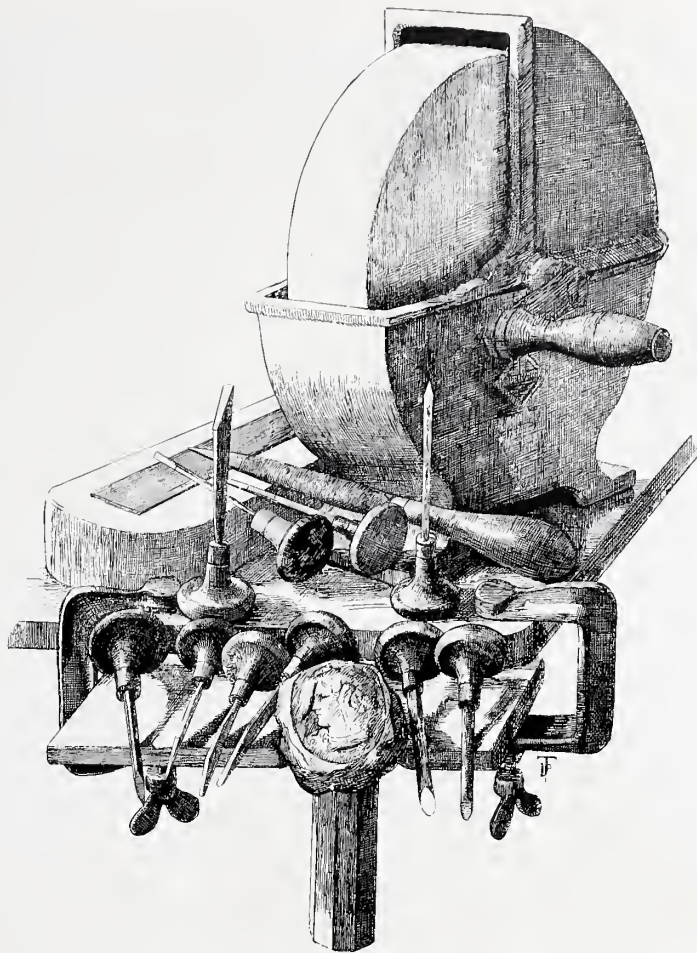


convex also, when an unwary cut might expose the dark background where least desired.

Emery powder, in water trickling down over a tin wheel turning on a spindle by means of a treadle, is used in cutting the shell in pieces like the Ronca cameo, after which the cameo-cutter can begin his work.

The apparatus for this occupies far less space than that for cutting stone cameos, very similar to that used in engraving glass, for instead of the large board covering the wheel and treadle which turn the spindle holding many variously-shaped iron tools, over the points of which oil and diamond dust have to be rubbed before the slightest impression can be produced on the stone, a portion, half a yard square, of a firm table will hold easily all the tools required.

Before one can begin the actual modelling of a subject, there is a good deal of hard and purely mechanical labour in getting rid of the discoloured surface and useless ridges of the upper layer, which in texture should be harder than alabaster. If one wishes to carve a head in profile, it is usual to take a piece of shell like the first two figures in the diagrams of Medusa (No. 9), draw on it an oval, and then reduce it to that size and bevel the white edges. This can be done very quickly by means of a small grindstone turned with a handle over a trough of water, the shell being held at right angles to the surface of the stone, and turned in the left hand gradually till the oval is perfect; and then judgment is required as to the slope of the bevel, and any other irregularity it may seem safe to part with. This is the only sure way of reducing the shell, since any attempt to saw or cut it would probably cause it to



No. 8.—Group of Tools used by a Cameo-Cutter, showing also an unfinished Cameo fixed on a handle resting in a notched bracket.

split or scale. When this state is reached the design should be drawn roughly in outline on the shell, as in the second figure of illustration No. 1.

A handle must now be attached to the shell, and this can be formed by taking a roller of wood long enough to be grasped firmly by the hand, and about an inch and a half in diameter, to one end of which the shell must be fixed with a large lump of cement, a kind of coarse sealing-wax consisting of tar, resin, and brickdust; which, of course, has to be heated over a flame, care being taken to dip one's fingers in water before pressing the hot cement round the edges of the shell. However, first it is most important to take a piece of paper, and, holding the shell tightly against it, to make it the exact size of the oval by rubbing

a file quickly over the edge of the shell under the paper, causing that to be cut accurately. Then the paper must be soaked in water and laid over the under side of the shell to prevent the hot cement from cracking it, so that it only adheres to the handle by the edge of the thin, coloured, underlayer.

After the cement is cold, having screwed to the table by means of two holdfasts a small piece of wood with a notch in it to grip the handle of the cameo to keep it from slipping, one can begin by rubbing with pumice-stone and filing all discoloured portions and remains of ridges, and much of the background, leaving only a thin coat of white all over the coloured ground, which it is really better to preserve till the cameo is nearly finished to prevent scratches, although Mr. Ronca uncovered his background quite early in his work. It will now be necessary to make a more careful outline drawing in



No. 9.—Head of Medusa, adapted from an Antique Intaglio in the Gold Room of the British Museum, and carved on a portion of a *CASSIS TUBEROSA*.

pencil on the shell (and this may need to be repeated at different stages), for the actual carving is about to be begun.

Ten different little steel tools (No. 8) should be procured (though with three one might dispense), fixed in round wooden handles, which remain in the palm of the right hand, while the steel end of one comes out between the thumb and second joint of the index finger. Three of the tools, those least needed, are similar in character, but of graduated widths, being flat and square at the tips, and useful as planes. Three others have rounded ends like gouges; the seventh and eighth are sharpened till they terminate in flat ovals, all edges of which can be used by a skilful carver; the ninth is a pointed oval, the two sides of which can be used as scrapers and the point in engraving a line; and the tenth is really an engraver's burin, diamond-shaped, though sharpened to a different angle, the point of this also serving as a graver, and the two side edges as planes or scrapers.

The tools become constantly blunted, and should be sharpened on the best quality of Turkey-stone moistened with olive oil, the stone being sunk into a stand of plaster-of-paris or wood to keep it firm.

Before attempting to carve the shell itself a beginner would do well to practise on a piece of grey lava, in

order to obtain knowledge of the uses of the different edges of his tools, for this can only come by personal experience, and beyond a statement that the three gouge-like tools are excellent for cutting the profile of the cameo, a description can be of no avail.

When the carving is accomplished, the background should be rubbed all over with the end of a square-sided stick of boxwood, cut to a flat point, and dipped in crushed pumice-stone and oil; then into a china water-colour saucer a little rotten-stone (Tripoli) should be scraped and mixed with a few drops of sulphuric acid, into which the end of the boxwood stick should be dipped and rubbed over half-an-inch at a time of the dark background of the shell to polish it, care being taken to rub it dry with a clean piece of white cotton or linen before touching the remainder of the shell, because if it remained damp, instead of polishing the surface the acid would eat into it, and perhaps spread to the white.

When all the background is polished, the cement should be heated over a flame to remove the handle; the shell should be washed with soap and water, and the white carving rubbed gently with a smooth piece of pumice-stone, to prevent it from shining, and the cameo is completed.

L. BEATRICE THOMPSON.

## VELAZQUEZ LYING-IN-STATE.

A DRAWING BY G. R. AYLMEER.

VELAZQUEZ, whose work has been not inaptly styled the "Theology of Painting," died in the year 1660. The manner of his death was somewhat peculiar for an artist. Being not only Court Painter but also Palace Marshal to the King of Spain, he was called upon to make the long journey and assist at the ceremonies and rejoicings in connection with the marriage of Philip IV.'s sole surviving daughter. Long hours in the saddle, and the responsibilities incurred by his official position, played sad havoc with his constitution and brought on a fever which ended fatally. The nation mourned him. The king—the cold and self-contained Philip—gave his courtiers to understand (we are quoting Palomino, an official successor of Velazquez) that he dearly loved and prized the dying painter; and sent his own physician to try and save him.

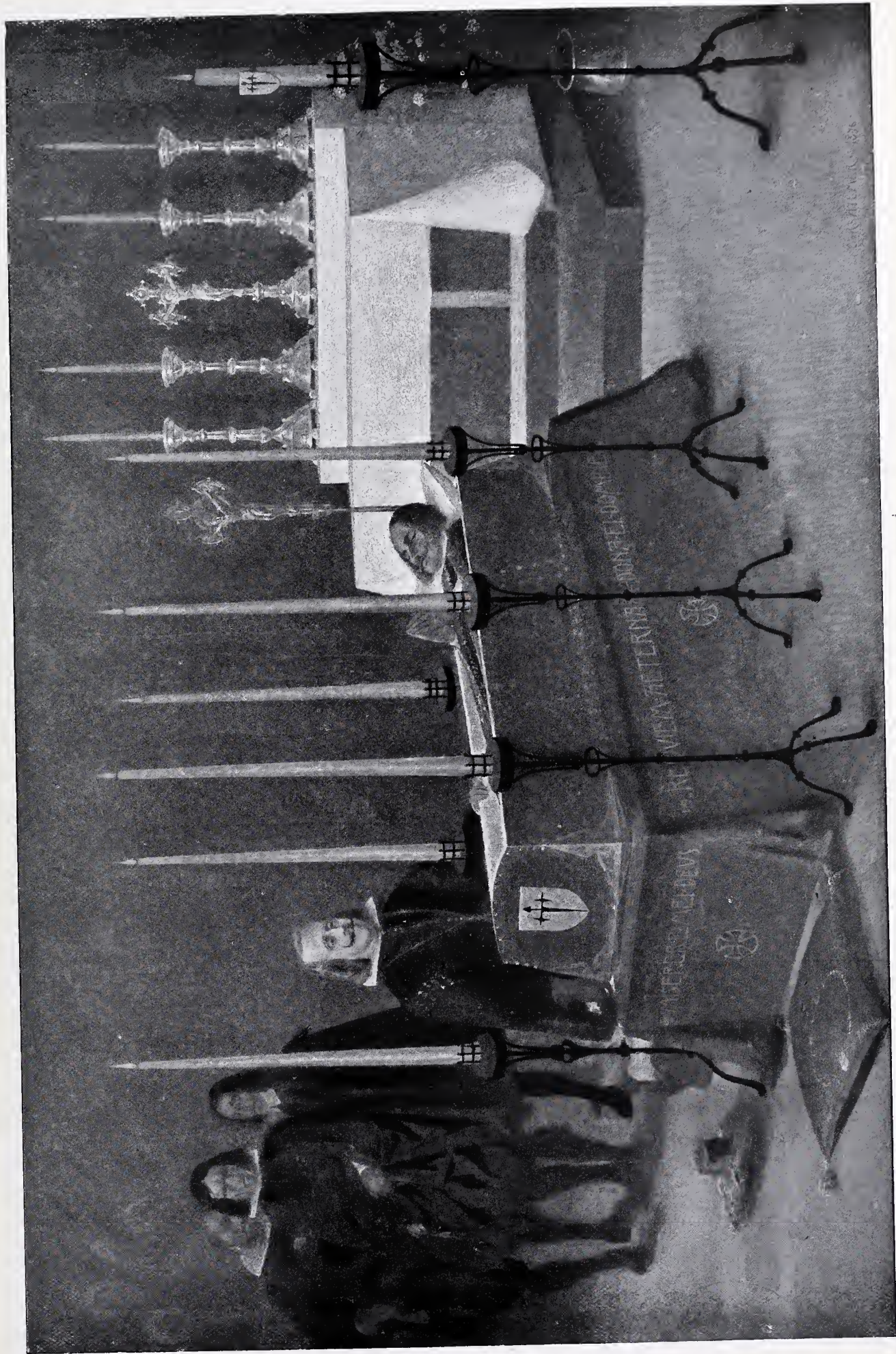
The scene in the death-chamber was an eminently dramatic one, well befitting the end of him who, by the cunning of his brush, had made so many of the great events and persons of the world's history to live again—a priceless bequest to the ages which have succeeded. The Patriarch of the Indies was present and administered the last sacraments with all the solemnity of the Catholic ritual. Then, with a prayer on his lips, the spirit of the master passed quietly to rest.

The Knights of the Red Cross of Santiago (Velazquez being the first painter admitted to membership) took the body and enveloped it in the mantle, together with the sword, spurs, badge and chain (the insignia in solemn chapter) of that noble order. Thus clothed, he is brought,

as shown in Mr. Aylmer's design, into the chapel in a coffin velvet-covered and surmounted with a cross, and laid before the black-draped altar. The pallid, sickly flicker of the yellow candles adds to the gloom that silence and the deepening shadows impose. On the frescoed walls the halos of pale saints gleam like crescent moons from out the darkness. Amidst all the trappings of woe lies the lifeless form of the great master, his hands joined in prayer upon his breast like the sculptured figure on the tomb of a Knight Templar.

A strange stillness reigns, broken ever and anon by the subdued voices of those keeping vigil and praying for the repose of the departed soul. Noiselessly and almost unperceived a stately figure enters, clad in sable hue relieved by the spotless linen worn at the wrists and throat, and the chain and pendant of the Golden Fleece which sparkle on his breast. With a sigh he kneels on the *prie-dieu* and gazes upon the waxen features. It is the king, come to perform an act of homage to genius and take a long farewell of his lamented friend.

When night came on the body was carried with reverent hands to the parish church of St. John, where the obsequies were celebrated with great solemnity, in the presence of many nobles and chamberlains. The court, of which he had been so bright an ornament, went into mourning for the dead painter. The Church, the mysteries of whose faith he had illustrated with the wealth of his original genius, laid upon his tomb the tribute of her love and blessing.



VELASQUEZ LYING IN STATE.  
FROM A DRAWING BY G. R. AYLMER.

G. R. Aylmer



## THE LADY OF ELCHE.

THE 'Venus de Milo' and the 'Winged Victory' no longer reign supreme over the sculpture in the Musée du Louvre. There has at last presented itself a formidable rival to these unquestioned beauties, who, temporarily at least, must gracefully share the homage and attention of all Art lovers.

The new-comer is modest and unpretentious, being the head and shoulders of a woman; and at first sight, she could hardly be called a beautiful one. Interesting, yes. And like all women who are interesting rather than beautiful, this new Spanish lady first attracts one's attention and then holds it for ever. With each fresh visit to her, one finds oneself more deeply attracted by the calm, earnest face, with its sweet mobile mouth, in which one would be sure to find sympathy; for those only who have known sorrow can sympathise, and it is the very sadness of this face that enhances its charm.

This new 'Lady of Elché' is in sculpture what Leonardo da Vinci's 'Joconde,' better known as the 'Mona Lisa,' is in painting. Neither being exactly beautiful, but each possessing that charm which is worth so much more, they both are gifted with an expression so subtle and mysterious, so unfathomable as to incite in the breasts of their admirers an unquenchable longing to see into the depths of their souls. They are both women who have lived and known the world, and drawn their own conclusions on life. These are their secrets. These secrets we can read to the extent that we would instinctively turn to Da Vinci's masterpiece to share with us our happier moments, while it would be to my 'Lady of Elché' that we would confide our sorrows in the certainty of being understood.

To our 'Lady of Elché' is attached a double mystery; the mystery of her face and the mystery of her birth. Who and what was she? Who was the author of her being? Was he a master and philosopher, carving in stone as an epistle to posterity his thoughts on the vexed problem of life, or was he a simple sculptor, faithfully reproducing to the best of his ability, and with no attempt at understanding it, the face of his sitter, calm with its sad sweetness? Is it a woman or the idea of a man that we admire across the un-

bridged chasm of the centuries? These and many other questions, which are exciting the students of antiquity, it is impossible to answer.

This bust was discovered only last September, at Elché, a dozen miles to the south-west of Alicante, in Valencia, Spain, by some peasants who were tilling the soil. Earlier in the summer other heads and fragments had been found near the same place, but were taken at first to be the heads of early Christian saints. But they came to the knowledge of the Museum of Archæology at Madrid, which at once got possession of them, not yet knowing what they were, but feeling, doubtless, that they were worth having. Here a special study of them was made by Monsieur Léon Heusey, who decided on calling them Greco-Phœnician, which school of sculpture flourished on the Iberian Peninsula before the coming of the Romans. When this, the finest and latest discovery, was unearthed, M. Pierre Paris, of Bordeaux, was at hand, and, appreciating the beauty and value of it, informed Monsieur Noël Bardac of his find, who instantly acquired it to present to the Louvre. All this was done so quickly and quietly that the transaction was concluded before the knowledge of the discovery reached Madrid. Thus it is to the quickness and appreciation of one man, and to the generosity of another, that we now owe the pleasure of having her in the Louvre instead of in some museum at Madrid.

This masterpiece was cut out of the soft stone of the country about seventeen hundred years ago, but is still in a marvellous state of preservation; owing, doubtless, to its lengthy burial. The earth had caked upon it so hard that it has been impossible to remove it all without damage to the sculpture. But where it has all been taken off, one discovers traces of red; enough to convince us that the whole bust was once highly coloured in a naturalistic way. The lips are quite red, as are also the fold across the forehead, and the garment seen beneath the many elaborate necklaces. The exquisitely shaped eyes are hollow where the pupils should be, which is accounted for by experts by the supposition that the pupils were made of some coloured stone, set into the eyes.



*Female Bust found at Elché, near Alicante, Spain. Now in the Louvre.*

The barbaric richness of the head-dress makes an interesting contrast to the Grecian purity of the face. The head-dress itself, which is in the shape of a mitre, rather on the back of the head, was doubtless made of gold, partially covered with some kind of cloth. Then the wheel-like objects on either side the head, and which effectually prevent one's getting a profile view of the face, are probably of gold filagree, richly studded with jewels, and held in place by a jewelled band above the forehead.

The whole effect is so magnificent as to justify us in supposing this wonderful woman to have been a Queen. It is regal attention she daily receives in her glass case, for she is acknowledged to be one of the most valuable possessions in the Louvre. She holds her reception far from her rivals, as she is placed in the old apartments of Henry IV., at the extreme end of the Louvre, which are now occupied by the Assyrian collection of archæological fragments. Thus it is that one has to make a special pilgrimage to her court.

K. E. PHELPS.



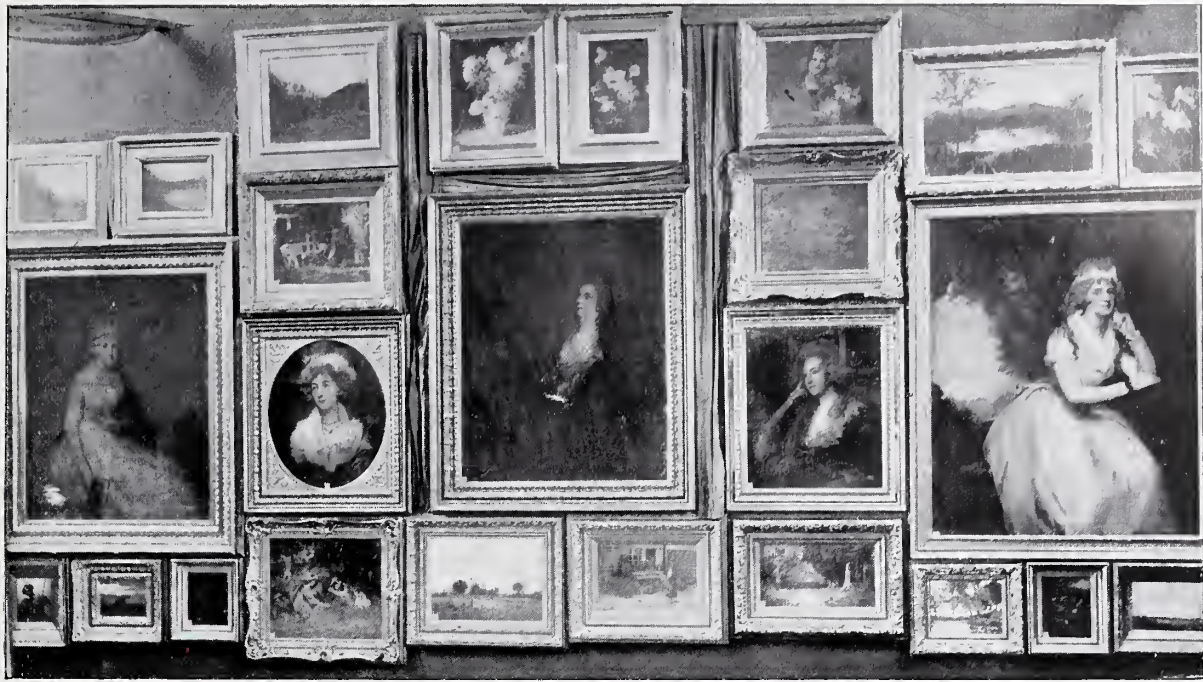
*At the Gwynedd Ladies' Art Society's Exhibition, Conway.*

## THE GWYNEDD LADIES' ART SOCIETY, CONWAY.

THIS interesting and successful society was established in 1894, and opened its first exhibition to the public on Whit Monday, 1895. It has held yearly exhibitions since, each a distinct advance on the previous one. The present one, the fourth, is certainly another great advance. The Society has been fortunate in gaining four new honorary members, who all send good work. Mrs. E. M. Ward sends a picture, well remembered in the Royal Academy some years ago, 'The Young Pretender at Saint-Germains,' a very fine work, executed with all her well-known technique and wonderful truth to nature, and which has attracted a great deal of attention. So also has Madame Louise Jopling's 'Elaine'; and the fine head 'Tito Melema,' which is very strongly painted. Lady Bayliss has two very sweet little water-colours, 'Dahlias' and 'Roses'; and Miss Rose Magnus has a powerful and true effect of lamplight on flowers.

Turning to the members' works we see some good subjects well treated, among them Miss Maud Salmon's charming 'Country Lanes' and 'Spring'; Miss Whaites several pretty Welsh landscapes; Miss Holmes' 'Dunluce Castle'; Mrs. Woodward's 'Stokesay Castle'; Mrs. Gough's 'Apples and Ivy'; Miss Jay's 'Pickering Valley,' with good atmosphere; Miss Bellis' 'Noon-day,' a Swiss scene well rendered, but requiring a little

more finish; and Miss Dora Thomas' 'Fferm Farm,' in which the local colour is good. Well represented by 'An Old English Village' is Miss Georgina Laing, and so is Miss Woodcock by her excellent 'Maentwrog'; while Mrs. Edith Hodson sends some of her usual clever street scenes. There is fine work in Mrs. Sophie Marr's luscious fruit pictures, notably the glasses, flask, &c., and her flowers are refined and rich in colour. Miss Hughes' 'Chrysanthemums' are good; and Miss Mason's beautiful 'Wreath of Roses' will claim more than a passing glance. In painting cattle and poultry, Miss E. B. Holden shows a master hand; her 'Highland Shelter' is a fine monochrome. 'Pietro' is a good Italian subject strongly treated by Miss Christie; and the portrait by Miss Sidley, of the little daughter of William Sever, Esq., is charming. Mrs. Watts, Miss Ridgway, Miss Cresswell, Miss Ghent, Mrs. Sibley, and Mrs. Darbishire send pictures of old buildings and picturesque cottages, true to nature; and Miss Perrin and Mrs. Sutcliffe excellent flower pictures. The Exhibition will remain open daily from ten o'clock A.M., until six o'clock in the evening up to the end of September. Visitors to North Wales would do well to take a day at Conway, to see the Exhibition, and the quaint and picturesque town, with its noble Castle, walls, towers, and ancient buildings.



*Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, and others, at the Peebles Fine Art Association.*

## PASSING EVENTS.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN lends two Rembrandts to the Amsterdam Exhibition. The Duke of Westminster sends six, including the famous 'Man with the Falcon.' Among other English patrons are the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl Derby and Earl Spencer. The one hundred and ten examples have been insured for the sum of one million; the valuation in each case being special, without regard to any possible market fluctuation.

SINCE 1887, the year of the enlargement of the National Gallery, the new rooms have not required re-decoration until just recently. The walls at present are a little fiery in tone, but time will greatly mellow this. The Da Vinci triptych (with the pendants by Predis, his pupil) is now complete; and with regard to Dr. Richter's charge against the genuineness of the central part of the composition, many judges will consider his arguments weakened by the juxtaposition of what are known and admitted to be pupil's works.

A FORECAST of the Report of Sir Francis Sharpe Powell's Select Committee to inquire into the administration and cost of the museums of the Science and Art Department, shows many important recommendations. First it is urged that, "with a view to the efficient and economical management of the museums in London, it is deemed paramount that there be an Education Minister of Cabinet rank, having a seat in the Legislature, aided by a Parliamentary secretary." A weeding out of spurious specimens is also recommended, and a system of public demonstrations by experts is advised.

IT is not often that the Court of Chancery essays art auctioneering, but in the case of the Deepdene collection, consisting of Dutch and Flemish pictures—Hope family heirlooms—Mr. Justice Romer decided that it should be sold. Recourse was not taken, however, to public auction. The collection was valued and then submitted to semi-private tender; and in this connection

the growing tendency to dispose of collections privately should be noted. In the articles which have appeared in THE ART JOURNAL on art sales, this form of art dealing has been frequently mentioned. For the Deepdene collection, the tender of £121,550 was accepted. This is a very imposing figure, and exceeds any total of a public picture sale obtained for a long time.

ONE of the most creditable local exhibitions ever held outside our large cities, is that open during August in Peebles, by the Fine Art Association there. All the supporters of art in the district readily sent contributions, with the result that a finer group of British portraits has seldom been seen in Scotland. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Raeburn, represented by first-rate examples from the collections of Sir Graham Montgomery, Major Thorburn, Mr. R. P. Pattison, Mr. Sanderson, and others, made the position of this small collection very high. Our illustration represents a portion of one of the walls. Besides the older masters there was a very fair collection of works by living Scottish painters, Mr. A. K. Brown and Mr. Dobson, who, with Major Thorburn, hung the pictures, being well represented.

THE Council of the Royal Academy has appointed Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., to fill the position of Keeper in succession to the late Mr. Calderon.

THE Lord Mayor's banquet and reception "in honour of art," at the Mansion House and Guildhall, will revive the eternal point of discussion as to the club-like exclusiveness of the Royal Academy. The Right Hon. Horatio Davies, in carrying out the happy idea of bringing together French and English artists—diametrically opposed to each other in method—and leavening the whole with a goodly company of collectors and critics, has proved once for all that the lion and the lamb can consort together. M. Armand Dayot, representing the French Government, has since bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honour on the Lord Mayor, and another official decoration has been worthily awarded to Mr. A. G. Temple, the able Director of the Guildhall Gallery.



*Modern London—The Thames Embankment.*

*By Catharine Weed Barnes Ward.*

## CAMERA CRAFT.

THE two great exhibitions now looming so near are providing the chief topic of conversation, and already some of the fore-handed workers have had private views of the prints they propose to submit to the selecting committees. The majority, however (and here, I think, is a kindred link between photographers and painters), will only decide at the last minute, though they may have been working on two or three, or half-a-dozen, prints for months.

There is every prospect of two thoroughly strong exhibitions this year, and I am quite safe in predicting that both the Parisian school and the American school will be particularly well represented unless they decide—as is possible with several Americans—to withhold their work because some of it was so shamefully destroyed by the packers last year. I know that the work has been done, because a good deal of it has been submitted for the annual record of pictorial photography, which I have the honour of editing; and very praiseworthy work has come from some of the entirely unknown men.

Quite a little flutter has been raised in the exhibition dove-cot by the appointing of A. Horsley Hinton as one of the judges for the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition. No one doubts Mr. Hinton's suitability for the post, but it has been pointed out that he has, in his own journal, attacked the principle of journalist judges, and has stated most emphatically that no editor of a photographic journal ought to judge an exhibition because he cannot be unbiassed. The present case is somewhat

complicated by the fact that Mr. Hinton was not elected, since only the requisite number of judges was nominated and willing to serve. This leaves a loophole for the suggestion that if there had been an election the result might have been different; though most people believe that Mr. Hinton would have been returned near the head of the poll. The developments of the incident are being keenly watched.

Another incident bearing upon this exhibition—if not upon both of them—was the enjoyable conversation given by the Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford to the Royal Photographic Society and to the Bibliographic Society; of both of which the noble earl is president. This was in the Grafton Galleries, and the sight of that excellent suite of rooms led many members of the Royal Photographic to ask whether it would not be possible to secure them for the annual exhibition, in place of the less satisfactory gallery in Pall Mall. In such a suite it would be possible to properly deal with the technical, the professional, and the applied sides of photography, which are, at present, very inadequately represented; and the idea was very popular. The suggestion also arose that it might be possible to make some arrangement whereby the Linked Ring, the men who now support the Photographic Salon, should hold their exhibition in one of the rooms, thus bringing the two shows under one roof. Of course, there are serious difficulties in the way of such a reunion of dissimilar elements, but the thing is so desirable that surely the difficulties can be sur-





*Old London—Leather Lane on Sunday Morning.  
By Catharine Weed Barnes Ward.*



*Old London—Wych Street and the Jack Sheppard House.  
By Catharine Weed Barnes Ward.*

mounted; especially since several of the members of the Linked Ring, including its secretary, have recently been elected to the Council of the Royal Photographic Society.

Two technical advances in photography have come forward during the past few months, and both have interest for artists. The more important is the invention of Sczeganik, the patentee of the most recent method of telegraphing pictures, who has now applied photography to the control of the Jacquard loom. By a process akin to that of making half-tone blocks he converts the photographic copy of any object into a series of dots, and using this dotted copy as the control-plate or switch-board of a complex electrical machine, regulates the raising of the proper threads of warp for every "pick" or throw of the weft. In this way, any portrait, landscape, or other subject can be reproduced in damask, tapestry, or other woven material in one or two colours.

The second novel application of photography is the Electrorama, which has recently been exhibiting in Westminster. It consists of a glorified magic-lantern, projecting a series of views, with overlapping edges, upon a great circular screen. The total effect is a panorama some four hundred feet long by forty feet deep, and extending round the whole of the room. The spectators stand on a hill in the centre, and the picture has the great advantage over a painted panorama that it can be changed every few minutes. The electrorama seems to have secured less financial support than its ingenuity deserves, but probably it will be re-opened before long.

And now, just a few words on a subject to which I directed attention in March—the picturesque side of London. In the former case I referred to some of the many very able workers who have done so much to preserve a record of the charming spots that are fast dis-

appearing; now a few words may be said about the doomed spots themselves. Just around Holborn is the saddest place at present, for a wealth of picturesque and historical material is going or gone. The old Bell Inn, one of the last inns with its old central square complete, has just gone; Furnival's Inn, with its wealth of Dickens associations, has gone, too, as have the two fine old corners of Leather Lane, which made it one of the most picturesque entrances in London. The old Magpie and Stump, in Fetter Lane, is down; and the old White Horse, immediately opposite to it (rich in memories of coaching days), is announced "to let on building lease." Took's Court, Cursitor Street, the home of Mr. Snagsby (though called Cook's Court by Dickens), will not remain long. Leather Lane has been sadly changed during the past few years, and is very different from what it was when Barnaby Rudge and the George Gordon rioters passed along it; but it is still most picturesque when the open-air market is in progress.

Another district where many good things are doomed is that around the foot of Drury Lane. One of the most interesting houses in Wych Street, the one in which Jack Sheppard was apprenticed, must fall to pieces within a few months, even if it is not pulled down; and there are a host of charming places within a few yards, for is not the Old Curiosity Shop but a few yards away? and has not the old George the Fourth (sacred to Dickens as well as to Jack Sheppard) been pulled down within the past few months?

On this subject one could write for a long time, but the gist of the matter may be summed up in an appeal to photographers and to painters to preserve us some record of the disappearing treasures.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



*"Embroiderers" (Chiswick School of Arts and Handicrafts).*

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

THE exhibition of the work done during this, practically its first year, at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, at Regent Street, is decidedly interesting. It includes not only the usual drawings, models, and designs, but specimens of work in stone, glass, lead, and other metals, bookbinding, and enamelling. Throughout there is a good deal of artistic intention, and a fair amount of achievement. There is taste in the book-

binding, for example, and colour (of an accidental kind) in the enamels, and a right sense of adaptation in the glazing and other lead-work; but some of the workmanship is extremely rude; and there is to be noted too generally a want of that precision and workmanlikeness of execution which students should not be allowed to underrate. The coarseness spoken of is illustrated in the colour-prints inspired by Japanese block-printing. Some of them have artistic qualities which point to their having been designed by artists scarcely to be classed among County Council students; but the engraver has not always taken the trouble to make his blocks register. It is part of the art and craft of printing in colours to make the blocks fit. The engraver who does not do that



*Mantel and Overmantel in New Zealand Woods.*



*Sideboard in New Zealand Woods.*



Example of Embroidery (Chiswick School of Arts and Handicrafts).

may be an artist, but he shows neglect of craftsmanship, which from the educational point of view is the more important thing. The most practical of the designs exhibited are those for glass and furniture. The modelling is distinctly good.

The amateur students of drawing and painting, who figure so largely in ordinary schools of art, are not welcomed in Regent Street, where admission to the classes is confined as strictly as possible to professional workers in certain trades, such as that of the goldsmith, silversmith, bookbinder, and enameller. Technical instruction is given in all these trades, and there are classes besides for the study of general decorative design, modelling, drawing from the life, lead casting, stained-glass work, and stone working for architects. Last session more than five hundred apprentices, learners, and improvers, many of them admitted without fees, and the remainder at merely nominal charges, registered their names, and the capacities of the class rooms were often severely taxed.

In two of the illustrations which accompany this article are shown a sideboard and mantelpiece, in the



Embroidered Linen Bedspread.  
(Messrs. J. Harris and Sons.)

house of Dr. James Irving, of Christchurch, New Zealand. The sideboard and mantelpiece are not particularly remarkable in design or construction, but their interest lies in the fact that they are made entirely of



Pin-Tray in Silver.  
By Frank Lutiger.

carefully selected specimens of the beautiful ornamental woods indigenous to the colony. In the sideboard, for example, the slab and upper frame are of Remu (red pine), the panels in front are of knotted Silver Pine, and Fuchsia has been used for the framework of the doors and drawers. The ends (which cannot unfortunately be seen in the photograph) are of mottled Kauri and knotted Totara. A Japanese plaque has been inserted as a centre panel into Dr. Irving's New Zealand wood sideboard, which bears on its shelves examples of the English work of Doulton and Elkington, as well as of Japanese bronze and pottery. In the



Cabinet in English Brown Oak (Chiswick School of Arts and Handicrafts).

construction of the upper portion of the mantelpiece, including the mirror frame, Fuchsia has been exclusively used, but the panels beneath are of knotted Silver Pine and wavy Totara, while those below the bookcases are of knotted Kauri. Dr. Irving is, very properly, proud of these beautiful woods, and some time ago he gave several specimen panels to the late Sir Julius Von Hast, by whom they were brought to England and placed in the galleries of the Imperial Institute.

The industrious embroiderers seen in one of our illustrations are students at the Chiswick School of Arts and Handicrafts, where much admirable needlework is done in the classes directed by Miss Blair Leighton. The oak

cabinet illustrated is also an example of Chiswick work. It was constructed and carved by workmen trained in the school, from a design by Mr. Arthur Heady. The hinges and other metal work were also made at Chiswick. A third illustration represents a portion of a bedspread embroidered in Harris flax thread. The bedspread was recently shown at an exhibition of needlework held by Messrs. Harris and Sons, at 25, Old Bond Street, where its beauty of colour and excellent workmanship attracted great attention.

The dainty little pin-tray in silver, by Mr. Frank Lutiger, was exhibited at the recent Academy, together with several other examples of the work of the same artist.

## REVIEWS.

VERY well chosen is the title "SIDE LIGHTS OF NATURE IN QUILL AND CRAYON" (Kegan Paul) for the volume of essays by C. T. Edwardes, accompanying the charming series of drawings by G. C. Haité. The writing of Mr. Edwardes is perhaps not quite up to the artistic level of Mr. Haité's work, but together they make a delightful book.—"THE BLESSED DAMOZEL" (Duckworth), by D. G. Rossetti, and introduction by his surviving brother William, has been decorated by a series of drawings by W. B. Macdougall. These drawings are mostly conventionalised flowers, with little direct connexion with the poem. The ink being printed very heavily, retains a somewhat unpleasant scent.—"REX REGUM" (Bell), by Sir Wyke Bayliss, is a painter's study of the Likeness of Christ, with many interesting illustrations. This book requires close study, and deserves serious attention from all interested in religious art.—"HOLBEIN'S DANCE OF DEATH" (Bell), a series of wood engravings, facsimiles of the original edition, with the advantage of a short introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson.

As a labour of love, Mr. G. G. Napier has prepared a charming volume, "THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT" (Maclehose), illustrated with etchings, drawings, and sketches. The text is clear and full of information without being tiresome, and it is written in a bright and captivating way.—Old Northcote, as he was familiarly known, was a figure bridging over last century and this, who seems to have special fascination for our own time. Mr. Fisher Unwin has published "MEMORIALS OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTER," by Stephen Gwynn, which gives many piquant anecdotes of Northcote, who was born under George II., and lived to paint Mr. Ruskin.—"THE PROCESS YEAR BOOK FOR 1898" (Penrose) is a capital volume, and the printing throughout is excellent. We like the work of the Swan Electric Engraving Company the best of all.—"PHOTOGRAPHY ANNUAL, 1898" (Iliffe), is a thick book of incalculable interest to photographers.—"THE ROMANCE OF GLASS-MAKING" (Partridge), by Walter Gandy, is a sketch of the history of Ornamental Glass treated in a popular way, amply fulfilling its title, and moderately illustrated.—"The Royal Societies Club," one of the most select of literary and artistic bodies, has issued a list of rules and members.

"A GUIDE TO THE GUILDHALL" (Simpkin, Marshall), issued by the authority of the Corporation, is

well done for sixpence, and certain of a large sale.—"St. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY" (Bell), by the Rev. Canon Routledge, makes high claims for the mother church of the south, and is very well up to date. "LINCOLN," another of Bell's Cathedral Series, adequately describes one of the finest Gothic buildings we possess.—"LEAMINGTON SPA" (Dawbarn & Ward), with notes on Warwick, Kenilworth, and Coventry, is likely to prove useful in a county not too well supplied with good guide-books.—Messrs. Simpkin issue a complete and well-illustrated guide to "Copenhagen."

A remarkable series of reproductions of Drawings by Constable has been issued by Mr. Rischgitz, Linden Gardens, W. In all there are forty-two, chosen from the gifts of Miss Isabel Constable to the British and South Kensington Museums, and they show the equal skill of the master in sepia, chalk, pen-and-ink, and pencil. For the student they are invaluable.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have in preparation an important work entitled "QUEEN VICTORIA'S TREASURES AT WINDSOR CASTLE," and they state that one of their objects in issuing the publication is to show that it is not necessary to go to the Continent to obtain the best colour work. They draw special attention to the fact that the whole work will be executed in their own offices on English-made paper. The illustrations will be from water-colour drawings by Mr. William Gibb, and the letterpress by the Marquis of Lorne.

DE VLAAMSE SCHOOL, 1897. Antwerp, J. E. Buschmann.—A perusal of this publication, "The Flemish School," affords almost as much interest to the student of philology as it does to the lover of art, in that it contains specimens of the latest productions of the modern Flemish, Dutch, and German literary schools as well as pictures of ancient and modern masters. Embracing as it does, subjects ranging from ancient copper-plate engravings to crayon drawings and the most modern of picture posters, we find pages dedicated to Jan Van Beers next to some weird, masterful drawings by the hand of the Finnish artist Axel Gallen, together with a host of original, and, in some cases, hitherto unpublished sketches and studies by other less well-known Flemish artists of the impressionist school. Not in all cases have the publishers been successful in their illustrations. Though evidently a considerable amount of trouble has been taken with the plates, the average falls distinctly below the English standard of pictorial reproduction.





"EVENING."

PAINTED BY PETER GRAHAM, R.A.  
IN THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.



*The Djebel Toski from the South.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

## FROM PHILÆ TO KOROSKO.\*

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEO. MONTBARD.

WE overtake a *dahabieh* with the British flag astern. Now, with very rare exceptions, there are no more of those prolonged sunsets, lingering in an immense frame of fertile, wooded plains, expanding indefinitely between the Arabian and Libyan chains, lost in the mauve vaporous distance, as in Egypt.

Here, in the austere region, in the immediate neighbourhood of the desert, everything passes in haste in a restrained space. The near vicinity and elevation of the chains partly bars the sky; smooth fire-screen of stone, shrouding from us the powerful play of light, the magic effects of colour. Behind the dreary heaps of crystalline rocks and sandstone descends the radiant orb, and immediately the lofty wall darkens against this background of fire which fringes its outline, its tormented crests with a bloodlike line of scarlet, the river fills up with shadow, here and there from a fissure in the rock, from a rent in the mountains, bursts a flash of gold, with a short and blinding reflex in the gleaming waters, and it is all over; all goes out, mingling with the livid tints of the crepuscule.

6 P.M.—The Libyan sand takes a purplish mauve tint. To the Orient expands the Arabian chain, grey and leaden, with villages of the same colour, well built, surrounded by high walls pierced by rare gateways, which convey to them the appearance of fortified enclosures. Villages succeed one another, almost without interruption, on the shore, studded with a few trees, or at times having a oasis of barley or lucern advancing far into the sand.

6.30 P.M.—The Nile looks like a sheet of liquid gold. The Libyan mountains

of a warm black, glazed with mauve, contrast with the Arabian slope of cold violet grey. On the upper deck, near the pilot, a sailor stands erect, his arms stuck to his body, praying, his face turned towards Mecca.

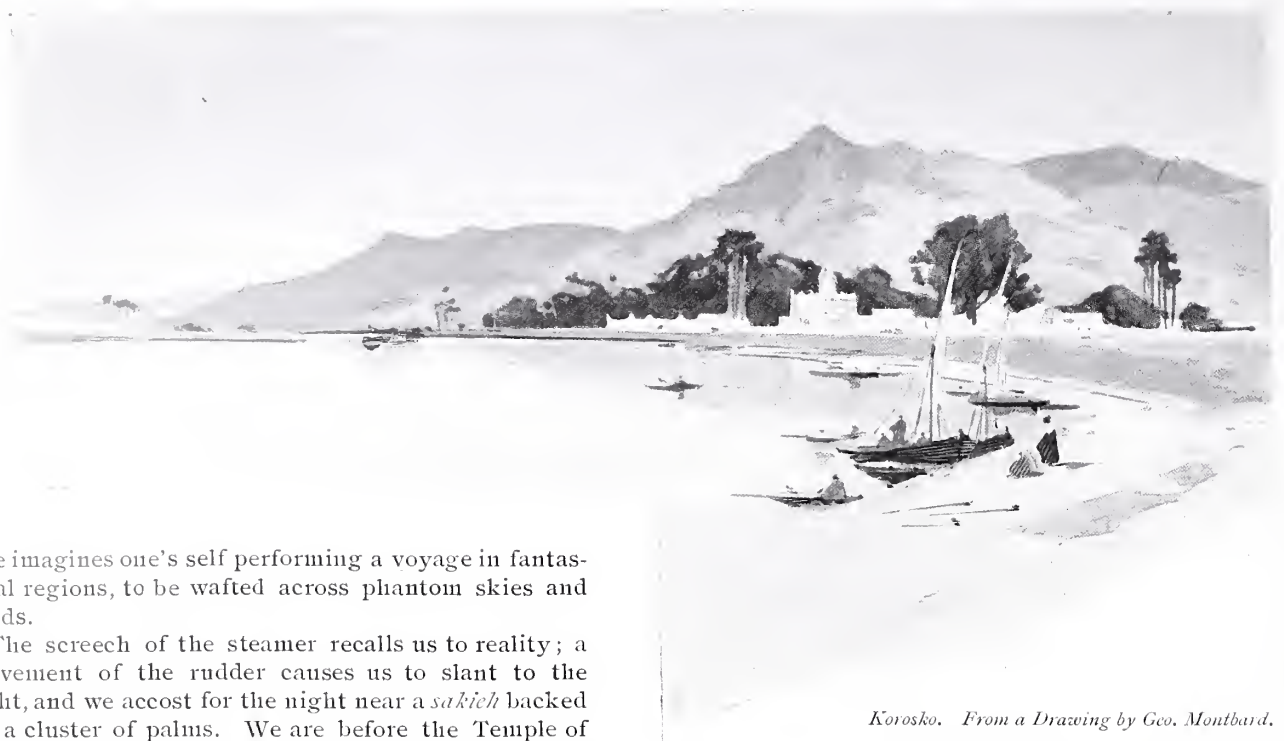
7 P.M.—The Nile is of an imposing width; the air calm and tepid. Night has come, delicious night with a soft brightness of crepuscule. The moon shines rosy in the scintillating swarming of the stars; and beneath the pale radiance of the heavens, the Libyan sand takes tints of amber glazed with purple. In the motionless waters is reproduced the harmonious palette, attenuated ochres of the land, tender blues, spangled with the stellar fires of the firmament.

The reflections are of a transparency so pure, so distinct, that one no longer distinguishes the water, which seems to have suddenly vanished, to give place to a second landscape identical in form and colour, real and tangible like the other, but upside down. And willingly



*Korosko from the North. From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

\* Continued from page 78.



*Korosko. From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

one imagines one's self performing a voyage in fantastical regions, to be wafted across phantom skies and lands.

The screech of the steamer recalls us to reality; a movement of the rudder causes us to slant to the right, and we accost for the night near a *sakieh* backed by a cluster of palms. We are before the Temple of Wady-Sebona—the Valley of Lions in front of the village of the same name standing on the opposite shore.

Two hundred paces from the bank is a poor hamlet, five or six hovels set up and enclosed in a quadrangular wall, pierced by a gate on the east and another on the west. Frequently, as you ascend the Nile, you meet with these sorts of enclosures surrounding the small villages or isolated hamlets on the confines of the desert. They are a protection for the inhabitants, whom they shelter against the continual surprises of marauders. At nightfall the gates close on the people and on the cattle who are driven in there, to remain shut until the following morning at daybreak.

One perceives a little farther on, at five minutes' walk, the temple, or rather the part of it not yet covered up by the sand.

We land, desirous of visiting the ruins on this beautiful clear evening. At the village, on the broad dry earth benches dabbled against the exterior of the encircling walls, Arabs are stretched out asleep, enveloped in their burnouses; others, squatting down, smoke and talk. When we pass by, the dogs bark, furtive shadows precipitately disappear. The ground softens, we sink into the sand up to our knees. Before us profile the dark

silhouettes of pylons, three parts buried in the sand. From time to time a shapeless block starts up from the ground. It is one of the Sphinxes, mutilated or decapitated, that in other times formed an avenue ending at the Nile. Two Colossi rear up in front of the pylons.

We penetrate into the first courtyard. The silvery reflex of the moon lights up the broad strips of wall springing from the sandy waste, cut by brusque shadows. One can barely distinguish the lines of the huge figures of gods or kings incised in the blocks of sandstone.

We climb over one of the pylons of the temple built by Rhamses II., clamber out to the enormous courses, set up more than three thousand years ago, and from there we look.

In the overwhelming silence, in the austere and mysterious majesty of night, beneath the limpid sky constellated with stars, the kingly river expands placid, immense, with imperceptible murmurs, illuminated by the diaphanous brightness irradiating from the celestial vault. Beside the pale column of light trembling on the waters reflected by the astre of Isis, the red blotch of the lantern of the steamer sparkles like the monstrous eye of a cyclop, tracing in the river its glaring trail of fire.

And amidst this calmness, oppressive by dint of being profound, amidst the dull palpitation of the darkness, the fathomless infinity of ambient tenebrae, between these two deserted immensities calcined by the sun, covering thousands of leagues swept by the *khamseens*, from the Atlantic to the Indus, you are seized with a vague distress. Then, tormenting our mind and escaping from its grasp, come the hallucinating ideas of the infinity of the unlimited, and suddenly starts up in its implacable irony the insoluble problem of the why and wherefore of things. A fright overcomes you in presence of this



*The Nile near Korosko.*

*From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*





*The Desert from the Observatory of Korosko, looking North.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

formidable unknown thus abruptly evoked, thought re-absorbs itself, as if paralyzed, and in this rout of our reason, face to face with the absolute, one feels in the brain that painful sensation, so intolerably wounding for our pride, as an intelligent being, which is the flagrant constation of our complete impotence in view of the enormousness of our desires, the perception clearly defined, as evident as an axiom, of the inanity of our existence, of our pitiful weakness, of the little that we are, notwithstanding the tremendous efforts we make to be something, of the very, very, very small point we occupy in this corner of space.

Wednesday, 6th February, 8 A.M.—The Djebel-Sarradourat is on our left, a chain of high, arid, naked mountains, almost touching the Nile, and which continue for some time. In the distance we perceive Mount Koroski and the houses of the village, forming a thin white line, and appearing very small at the foot of the lofty mountain crowned with a Lilliputian block-house. We accost alongside of two steamers moored to shore.

The *Acacia* sets out again at ten o'clock. We have two hours before us, just sufficient time to reach the block-house and cast a glance across the desert. The high bank with a steep incline is protected against the encroachments of the river by paving, broken up in places, of great rounded boulders. Some half-demolished stone steps built into the talus, reach to its summit, which is shaded by massive sycamores between two strips of low walls. The head of each of them, raised five or six feet, in the form of an obelisk, is ornamented with a Soudanese lance stuck into the top by the staff.

Along the pathway bordering the shore, are mud hovels, tumble-down huts. Next comes a powdery plain of sand and earth mixed together, planted with fields of barley and cotton, with plots of beans and lupines, where old negresses are bending down at work.

On our right resound the calls of bugles, and in the clouds of dust, Soudanese soldiers are drilling, commanded by English officers in white helmets.

Here on our left is the negro village, a chequer-board of hard-mud huts separated by narrow alleys. There live the families of the soldiers we see manœuvring. The women are doing their cooking in the open air, and amidst the odours of the roasting viands, the smoke from the dishes they are preparing, the dusky housewives go briskly about, joyously addressing one another at every moment, gossiping, shining with grease.

A lot of little, lively, naked brats, with ebony skins, teeth sparkling with whiteness, wallow upon the ground covered with detritus, among cats, dogs, sheep, goats, pigeons, turkeys. All these jump about, cry, mew, bark, bleat, cluck, knock against one another, squabble, amidst a tumult deafening and droll.

We are at the foot of the mountain. Zigzag paths score with clearer lines its blackened and harsh flanks, devoid of any kind of vegetation. Obstructed with rocks which intercept the way at every step, caved in, traversed by ravines in places, sometimes stopping short, cut by an abrupt gorge, they oblige us to go continually out of our way, which makes our walk very fatiguing.

At length we attain the summit, where the block-house has been erected—a low tower in hard stone, a sort of observatory whence the approaches from the desert are overlooked. A post of five or six Soudanese have the guard of it; great, thin, strapping fellows with faces as black as night, in fawn-coloured tunics and breeches, chamois leather cross-belts, feet cased in British lace-up boots, their dry legs wound in list of dark-blue woollen material, the skull decked with a hard fez covered with white linen, cut by a vertical black band on which the number and initial of their regiment are set out in brass.

They are very perky with their burnished-barrelled Martini-Henrys slung across their shoulders, are these



*Korosko from the South. From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*



*Wady-Seboua. From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

people of sombre mask, with energetic features attenuated by an expression of very great gentleness. They approach us, and with much good-humour do the honours of the block-house, guiding us to the upper storey by the wooden staircase roughly adjusted in the wall.

Thence the eye embraces all the country, looks down upon immeasurable solitudes expanding indefinitely to the four cardinal points—black, desolate, burnt, calcined by the sun, hollowed into gullies by rains, turned topsyturvy by storms, ravaged by winds—the desert! Sombre circle of which we are the centre, and having the appearance of a prodigious volcanic island absolutely round, of a world come to an end, and lost in profound azure.

Around us, beneath a white sun in a leaden sky, to north, to south, to east and to west, everywhere is a black ocean of rocks, peaks, heaps, mounds, plateaux, wastes, rubbish, cut up with gorges and ravines, ploughed by the dry beds of torrents, strewn with human bones and skeletons of wild animals—landmarks for caravans. Everywhere the gloomy immensity, a sinister silence; everywhere death with its frights, its unutterable terrors.

In this chaos of stone and sands, cracking, corroding beneath the implacable sun, gleam in places the blueish flash of the Nile, twisting between the naked mountains, like a river of diamonds mounted in an ebony setting, whilst on its left, starting straight for the south, unroll the pale, grey zigzags of the route to Khartoum.

Grandiose chaos of infernal splendour, which for thousands and thousands of centuries is inexorably tormented by sun and rain, sand and wind, merciless factors who never seek repose, handling and rehandling the stone, whilst externally modifying its aspect, its contours, its colours: here metamorphosing into castles the eruptive masses of the granites or porphyries, splitting their hard sides, polishing their massive necks; there, throwing up in ramparts the lavas or basalts; farther on, attacking the sandstone, probing the soft parts, hewing, chiselling with capricious fancy, and velleities of art, into the horizontal strata, sapping the bases, so as to make the summits overhang in the form of Titans' tables, boring the rocks, from part to part, or sharpening their crests into tapering needles, or rounding them into domes; raising up marvellous palaces, church towers; or else, again, sculpturing into the friable stone monstrous profiles of animals, appalling theories of warriors.

Powerful, irresistible forces, they settle down obstinately to their work, opening breaches, widening gorges, scooping out precipices, launching the sand in a hurricane into the plains without an end, burying beneath the rusty dust of the micaceous quartz or the blueish winding sheet of pulverised sandstone, the enormous blocks of granite, the Titan-like chaplets of scoria, the black streams of lava; scattering on the ground blackened fragments of stone, brilliant lamels of crystal, remains of petrified trees; casting with mathematical precision spheroids of stone—strange collection, giving you the



*Arab in Prayer. From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

illusion of parks of artillery abandoned in the rout of vanquished armies; incessantly modifying the aspect of these lifeless things.

And this spectral architecture, these lugubrious simulacres of men, of apocalyptic beasts, stopped thus in immutable postures, standing out on the sombre azure of the sky, or the livid penumbra of the gorges, these scattered phantoms of stone, seeming to be watching over the desert, these dead things, parodying life, but a superhuman life of gnomes or larva, of beings, or tenebrous things perceived amidst the agony of some horrible dream, add still more to the terror of this redoubted spot.

And one is in a hurry to leave, to once more see inhabited places, to escape from this nightmare of stone, from this invincible obsession of nothingness which overwhelms you, strains you in all the fibres of your being, giving you that same sensation, so singularly poignant, that one experiences in a mortuary chamber.

Below, on the road to Khartoum, a caravan slowly advances in a southerly direction, like an enormous caterpillar. At the commencement of the route is the English cemetery, then the square of huts of the Soudanese, where swarms the black, antlike tribe; and farther on, the Soudanese companies manœuvring. Then comes the line of houses at Korosko, echeloned along the bank, bordered by sycamores and palms, the mosque with walls striped white and red, the tomb of a Sheikh beside it, and the Nile, making an abrupt turn to the west, between the two deserts.

GEO. MONTBARD.

*(To be concluded.)*

## ONSLow FORD, R.A.

THERE was nothing, if I remember rightly, which infuriated that erratic genius, Edgar Allan Poe, like the talk of reconciling the obstinate oil and water of poetry and truth. While at once a poet whose inspiration has passed into a by-word, and an artist who forced himself to work on principles mathematically stringent and correct, he yet, as we know, was never tired of expatiating on the "radical and chasmal differences" between Naturalism and Romanticism. That he called them "the truthful and the poetic modes of artistic expression" matters little. The demands of the one, he argued, were drastic. In enforcing a truth, he said, "we must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, unimpassioned. In a word, we must be in that mood which as nearly as possible is the exact converse of the poetical."

Now though Poe, unlike his brother poets, Heine and Merimée, never applied his analytic faculties to considering the plastic arts, the above sentences might easily be applied to the art we are about to consider. For the artist, be he sculptor or painter, is first of all a poet. Edgar Allan Poe's definition, therefore, immediately conjures up for us the great names which stand at the head and front of widely opposing schools. Let us take the painter Degas as an instance. As a master of line, one of the greatest possibly since Ingres, his methods are as interesting in themselves as they are germane to the subject in hand. For just as the painter Watts has been openly accused of borrowing his inspiration from Alfred Stevens, so, on the other hand, Degas can easily be proved to have been distinctly sculptural in his early tendencies. A disciple of the ultra-Naturalistic school to-day, the depicter of squalid ladies in their bath-tubs, of furiously ugly washerwomen, Degas' early works reveal him a Classicist of an uncompromising order. With him a figure was invariably studied from a threefold aspect. It was studied, that is to say, first in the nude. Secondly, the drapery was considered as drapery, the final drawing consisting of clothing the figure in the manner so laboriously decided on. The method, it may be urged, is merely the usual classic method. A method the student is apt to start life with. Now this is precisely the point I wish to urge. If a naturalist of Degas' order has only come by his naturalism by so lengthy and laborious a process, it is sufficiently startling to think that the subject of this article—Mr. Onslow Ford—practically began his career as a Realist.

For the fact is indisputable. A few tentative efforts we know Mr. Onslow

Ford to have essayed, but the work which indubitably brought the young sculptor into prominence—indeed, placed him in the foremost rank of modern exponents of his craft—was the audacious effort called 'Folly.' That this small statue, brimful as it is of originality and *verve*, and more particularly of that quality we call modernity, that this work defied well-nigh every classic convention, we need hardly re-state here. The very *abandon* of the poise, the daring realism of the lower extremities (to mention only one detail commented upon by adverse critics), was enough to proclaim the 'Folly' a child of artistic revolt. It is safe to say that in England the world was hardly prepared for so drastic an innovation. Yet even in England it was acclaimed. The trustees of the Chantrey Bequest purchased the statue, and in so purchasing it paved the way for the greater work to come. For who knows if either that *magnus opus* of the sculptor's, the Shelley monument, or the later and wholly delightful imaginative piece called 'Echo,' would have seen the light but for the initial reception of the earlier essay?

It is always difficult to determine to what exact extent an artist moulds the taste of his time, and to what degree, on the other hand, he himself is coerced by circumstances. The subject of this article, it need hardly be said, was born, or rather reached adolescence, at a moment when that modern movement, at times somewhat grandiloquently called "the Renaissance of English sculpture," was beginning to stir the dead bones of the plastic arts. How far, it may be asked, was Mr. Onslow Ford directly responsible for the movement, and to what extent was he merely the child of the great upheaval? Possibly even a brief consideration of the artist's life may shed some light on the problem.

For the history of an artist (the great Cellini always excepted) is the history of his work. And the statement holds good in all ages. Was it not Charles Keene who said that the only really dramatic incident of his career was a visit to his dentist? Personally, I am ignorant as to whether Mr. Onslow Ford has been subjugated by even Mr. Charles Keene's especial form of *Sturm und Drang*. The outward events of the sculptor's life, at any rate, can be given in a dozen lines. Born at Blackheath in 1852, Mr. Ford commenced sculptor at Munich, first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, was elected an Associate of that body in 1888, and a full member in 1895.

In youth, the sculptor confesses to having had little or no taste for Greek. No taste, that is to say, until the requisite passion for things Hellenic was



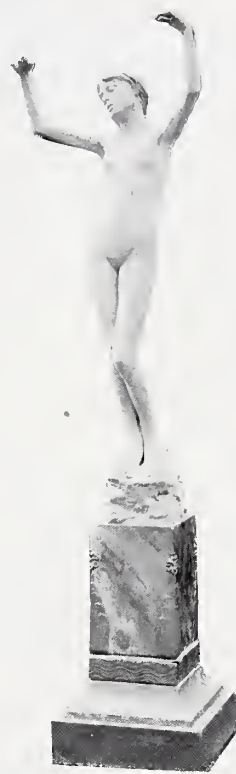
*Applause.*

*By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.*

born of a visit to Munich. Here the boy fell under the influence of Professor Wagnmüller, and though not working actually in the studio of the well-known professor, may practically be said to have received his art impetus under his guidance. The two years spent in the Bavarian capital, at any rate, were profitable in every sense. Some degree of technical knowledge was gained. The habit of strenuous labour was acquired. A habit, it may be said, that has clung to the sculptor, and merely augmented with the passing years. At the same time, in 1875 the student set his face in the direction of London, and knocking at the doors of Burlington House, first exhibited a bust of his wife. The monument to Sir Rowland Hill followed. It was the result of a competition, the final result being, as we all know, the erection of Mr. Onslow Ford's statue at the Royal Exchange. As was natural, commissions followed, and Mr. Ford, finding temporary lodgment in a studio adjoining those of Mr. Gilbert and Sir Edgar Boehm, soon found himself tackling the portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Reed. There was another portrait, however, which beckoned to the young sculptor with an even more alluring finger. Mr. Onslow Ford had happened on the Lyceum Theatre one evening during a representation of Hamlet, and to portray Sir Henry Irving as Hamlet became from that moment an obsession. There were difficulties to be encountered, of course. There was the initial difficulty of approaching a busy actor, a second and greater difficulty in inducing the busy actor to sit. But to a young man with any grit in him, obstacles only exist to be overcome. In a single interview Mr. Ford overthrew more than his enemies. He captured his Hamlet, and with the willing co-operation of Sir Henry Irving the fine Irving-Hamlet statue came into existence.

The monument to Lady Lanyon called 'In Memoriam,' of which a copy is to be found at Dresden, followed hard on its heels. The 'In Memoriam,' together with 'Linus: a Dirge,' were, as a matter of fact, the direct forerunners of the celebrated 'Folly,' a work I have already spoken of as marking a turning point in the young sculptor's career. For there are works, and many in their own way admirable ones, which seem the mere product of technical labour, of science, of skill. There are others which seem to breathe forth the very breath of their creator as he has forged it in the white heat of some supreme executive moment. Imagination and all the forces of an artist's personality go to build it up. The former work is known as the respectable, often the highly respectable output of talent, the other as the indescribable product we know by the name of genius. Such a work is, of course, the absolute revelation of the personality behind it. For it cannot be too often said that Art is a point of view, a work of Art being before everything else an expression of personality.

I take it, then, that the 'Folly' was not only the revelation to the world of a talent hitherto practically unknown to it, but better still, a revelation to the artist himself. We know ourselves, strictly speaking, only through expressing ourselves, and the actual accomplishment, the concrete output of the artist, constitutes his definite profession of faith. In the 'Folly' Mr.



*Echo.*  
By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.

Onslow Ford declared his with a candour refreshing to witness. Even the nude, life-sized Shelley, audacious, unconventional and astounding as it proved itself to be, was hardly more daring in its realism. There was actuality in the little statue. It was clearly what the French call "observed." Moreover the figure was seen with an eye which openly disdained the usual popular roads to recognition. It was modelled with a hand which would have nothing to do with the pious formulas of convention. In setting about his task I imagine Mr. Onslow Ford saying something in this wise: "You imagine there is anything ugly in Nature? I undertake to prove to you the contrary. The first immature young model who knocks at my door shall be my argument. Her feet are claw-like, her knee-caps and ankle-bones prominent? Give me a couple of hours and some handfuls of clay, and I undertake to make you love these very deformities."

Personally I own that I do. For my part I would alter nothing in the 'Folly,' as I would alter nothing in the still finer 'Echo.' For in both statues I find a quality which for the moment I find in no other sculptor, I mean a certain kind of loving fidelity in Mr. Ford's very realism. The phrase, it is true, smacks somewhat of platitude. It

sounds more like a catch-word than a genuine definition. For what do we mean, properly speaking, when we speak of the "loving fidelity" of this or that particular artist's rendering of nature? For the most part we mean little or nothing. We are simply slipping into the egregious language of art cant. The fact is love is a bias as much as hate, and the eye trained to a "loving fidelity" is the rarest of artistic equipments. Where, for instance, is it to be found? We have, as we know, whole institutions devoted to "loving" conventions. We have, on the other hand, the ruthless, remorseless fidelity of a sculptor like Rodin. We have the "cold, accusing" fidelity of Mr. Sargent.

Mr. Onslow Ford's fidelity is made of different stuff. In his realism there is no sort of pose—there is no sort of attitudinizing. If he approaches truth, it is with no dogmatizing tongue, no flourish or parade of new methods. To this day the attitude of the sculptor (perhaps the most successful sculptor of modern times) is that of a learner, a student. His art, a very grave and tender art, as seen in his imaginative pieces, is, therefore, the apotheosis of what we call naturalism. In his work nature's realities may be given us, nay, are given us, shorn of petty subterfuge. But the eye which could see and recreate for us the dead Shelley on the stormy shores of Viareggio, was surely one that could look lovingly on the face of death, the hand which portrayed the impassioned poet, one that could caress even marble.

It is time, however, to descend from generalities to particulars. It is time to record the birth of 'Peace,' the first statue to see the light in Mr. Onslow Ford's present studio in St. John's Wood. Nor must the monument erected by the Royal Engineers to General Gordon, at Chatham, go unnoticed. In it Mr. Onslow Ford essayed the task of mounting a popular hero on a camel. A task sufficiently daring when we take into considera-

tion the difficulties insuperable to the undertaking. The fantastic and delightful 'Singer' followed, and with hardly a pause, the sculptor undertook the now well-known Maharajah of Durburjah's commission—the commission which resulted in the two statues 'The Dance' and 'Music.'

Coming to the year 1892 we find the famous Shelley monument, now one of the chief attractions of University College, Oxford, proving itself the most notable exhibit of the year at Burlington House. Freely criticised, ardently discussed, and passionately admired by different sections of the public, the work is still too fresh in our memories to warrant any detailed description of it here. The same may be said of the heroic equestrian statue to Lord Strathnairn, a statue with which we are now no less familiar at Albert Gate. More than one imaginative effort, however, remains to be described. There is the 'Applause,' a work in which the sculptor, emulating (or perhaps more strictly speaking forestalling) M. Gérôme, introduced not only jewels but coloured metals into the decorative scheme of his work. There is the noble and wholly beautiful statue 'Echo,' now one of the chief treasures of Mr. George McCulloch's Gallery at Queen's Gate.

The miniature monument to Professor Jowett, the heroic Huxley Memorial, designed for the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, together with the chief labours involved in the marble statue to the Rev. Dr. Dale of Birmingham, may be said to be merely a part of the sculptor's output for 1897. For Mr. Onslow Ford's labours are unremitting. Even this summary does not speak of the whole gallery of contemporary portraits for which the sculptor is responsible—a gallery which includes the busts of Sir John Millais, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Rivière, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Sir William Agnew, Mr. George Alexander, M. Dagnan-Bouveret, and a posse of other celebrities. For I take it that Mr.

Ford looks upon "busting" a brother Academician as a pure piece of recreation from severer toil—such toil, for instance, as is involved in his task for the present year.

That task, it is hardly necessary to say, includes the important monument to the late Maharajah of Mysore. A part of which monument—the two beautiful striking emblematic figures of 'Knowledge' and 'Justice'—are already familiar to readers of THE ART JOURNAL. The first embodiment, realised for us in the form of an exceedingly fair and well-proportioned female figure draped about the lower extremities, bends musing over an open scroll. The second, and perhaps more imaginative figure, that of 'Justice,' sits robed in chain armour, while with lowered eyelids and sibyl-like mien, she holds the scales aloft in her uplifted hand. Indeed, let us hope that the central figure of the late Maharajah (an heroic-sized figure in full state costume and mounted on a splendidly caparisoned horse), will be finished in time for exhibition next year, so that we may see and judge so notable a work as a whole.

Of Mr. Onslow Ford's two journeys to Italy it is impossible to speak in an article so brief as the present one. For the moment it must suffice us to know that Naples—reached picturesquely by sea—was the artist's primary bourn. There is a fable, as we all know, that the stranger has merely to drink the waters of a certain Roman fountain to ensure his return to the City of the Seven Hills. From an artistic standpoint, Donatello is the spring to which every sculptor must, sooner or later, seek to assuage his thirst. Small wonder, then, that Mr. Onslow Ford, who was so happily inspired by the great Florentine in his exquisite 'Study' of a young girl in 1891, should turn, on his second visit, to Florence as a city set apart, a city worthy of a separate pilgrimage, one to be dedicated to Donatello, the master craftsman of the Tuscan Renaissance.

MARION HEPP-  
WORTH DIXON



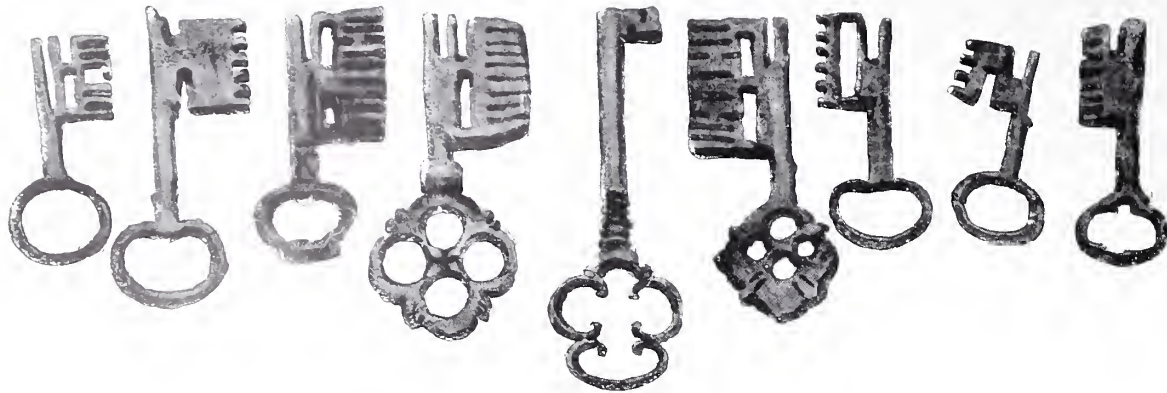
Monument to Lord Strathnairn at Albert Gate, London.

By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.



*Monument to General Gordon at Chatham.*

*By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.*



No. 1.—English Keys dug up at Salisbury.  
From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.

## SOME WROUGHT-IRON WORK IN AND ABOUT SALISBURY.



THE wrought-iron work noticed in this paper—sketches of a brief visit to Salisbury, and rambles here and there in sight of its spire, does not pretend to in any way exhaust the neighbourhood, though it is sadly evident that Restorer and Rust have been busy here.

It seems there are but very few old bits at the Cathedral—two grilles, north and south of the choir, are in design a repetition of the form made use of in the initial letter of this article. The one filling a wide ogee arch, which is part of Bishop York's tomb, who died in 1256; the other is a smaller arch, which is supposed to be part of the tomb of Bishop Bingham, who died in the year 1247. And joining the first of these two, the Hungerford chapel or chantry (No. 7), of fifteenth-century work. This formerly stood in the nave over the tombs of Walter, Lord Hungerford and his Lady—it was removed in 1778 to its present position by the Earl of Radnor, and used as a pew by that family. It is in design, on stone base, a series of bars, with slightly ornamental uprights at the angles; it supports a canopy edged with pinnacles, pediments, and shields of arms—these, with shields painted on the door and other places, contain the Hungerford sickle, &c., in colour and gold.

The famous steel chair at Longford Castle (No. 10), is, indeed, a very remarkable work of art—it was made by Thomas Ruker at the city of Augsburg. The following description and history has been obtained by kind permission at Longford.

“The exposition of it is well known to contain a prefiguration of the four great monarchies of the world; viz., the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. The head of this latter empire the Emperor of Germany affects to be, and, in compliment to Rudolphus, this history of it is deduced by a representation in the several compartments (of which there are more than 130) of select and remarkable events immediately connected with it, from the destruction of the City of Troy to the time of the Emperor himself.

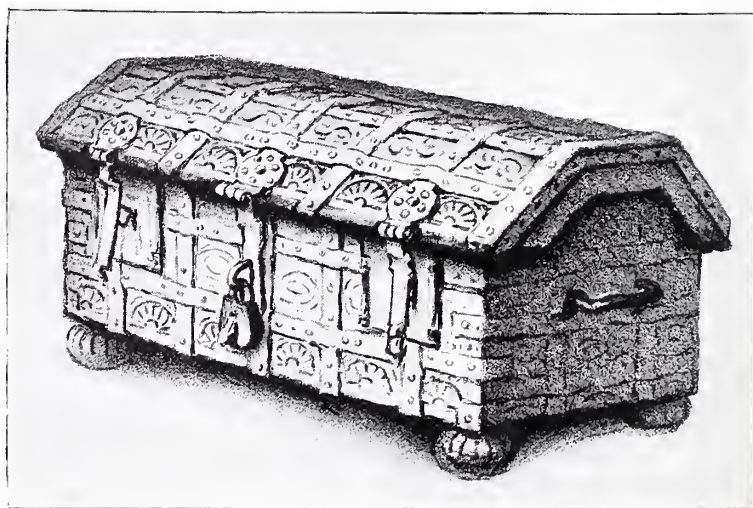
“The chair was a present from the City of Augsburg (whose arms, the hop, are at the top of the back) to the Emperor of Germany, Rudolphus the Second, whose bust is also in the back—about the year 1577.

“Ruker's signature is on a place just under the seat, and behind—‘fecit anno 1574.’

“The back of chair (No. 9) represents Nebuchadnezzar as asleep, and the statue about which he dreamt as standing before him, and just adjoining is a representation of the king on his throne, and Daniel before him explaining the dream.

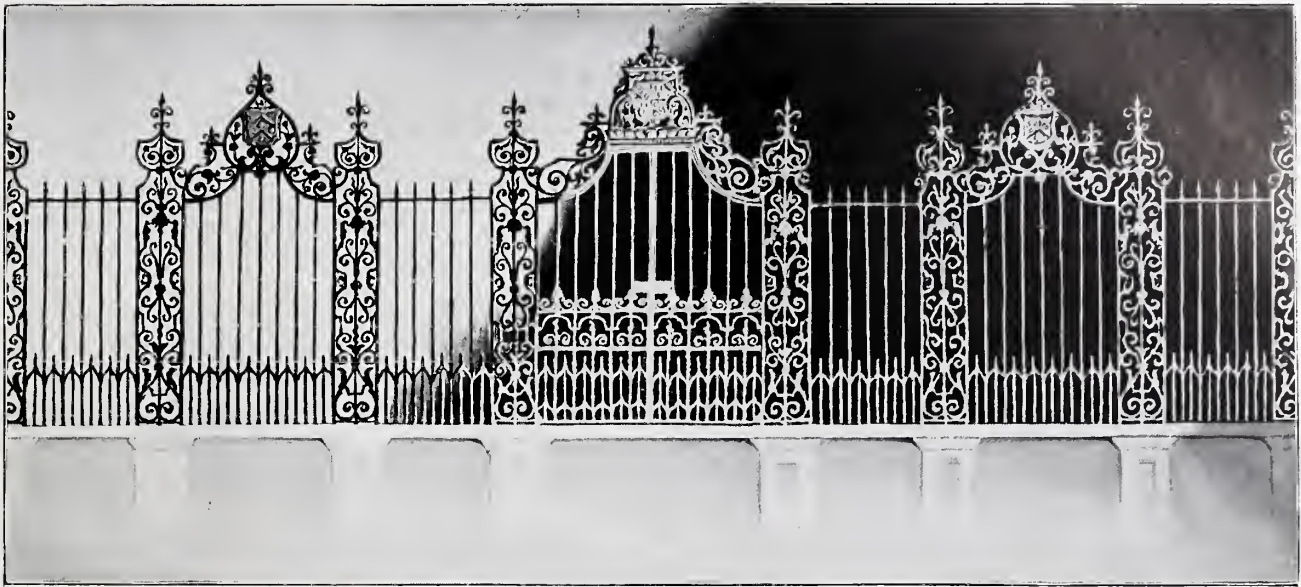
“It was placed in the Musée des Curiosités, at Prague, until the Swedes looted that place in 1648, when the chair fell into the hands of a noble family of the name of Brander—Mr. Gustavus Brander settled in England towards the close of last century, bringing the chair with him, and, living by the sea, feared that the chair might be injured by rust, he offered it for sale to Jacob, second Earl of Radnor (great-grandfather of the present peer), who purchased it about the year 1790.”

The greatest height of the chair is fifty-six inches, and the width of back twenty-seven. It is in excellent preservation, but if examined at the back it will be seen that the large figures, two on each leg or stand, corresponding to those in the front, have been removed, and



No. 3.—Coffer at Wishford Church.  
From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.





No. 4.—Railings at St. Thomas's Church.

From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.

apparently two small portions, also behind, are missing in the uprights of the back. It seems the figures in question are known to be in a private collection, and some effort has been made to recover them, but the

owner was unfortunately not willing to part with the same.

The railings in St. Thomas's Church (No. 4) are at the east end of the Guild Chapel, called St. John the Baptist, and is south of the Choir; they were erected in 1714 by the Ayre family, whose arms form part of the design. They are about six feet high; a portion of the centre opens.

At the Museum, among other iron work, some Italian keys (No. 11), are good, but perhaps the most interesting objects here are the things dug up when draining the city some thirty years since; of these a large collection of keys will at once be noticed (No. 1), showing examples from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. A few of the latch-keys are very quaint, others show curiously modern shapes, though these were found with some other keys at least as old as the fifteenth century. Here also two keys, though not peculiarly noteworthy as works of art, excite special interest from the fact of their having been discovered at Old Sarum when excavating the foundations of the Cathedral, which were plainly visible in a very dry season by reason of the crop of corn changing colour, the land on which it stood being now under cultivation. The large key was near the site of the west door and the small one near that of the high altar. If these keys, as is conjectured, belonged to this building, they come within the



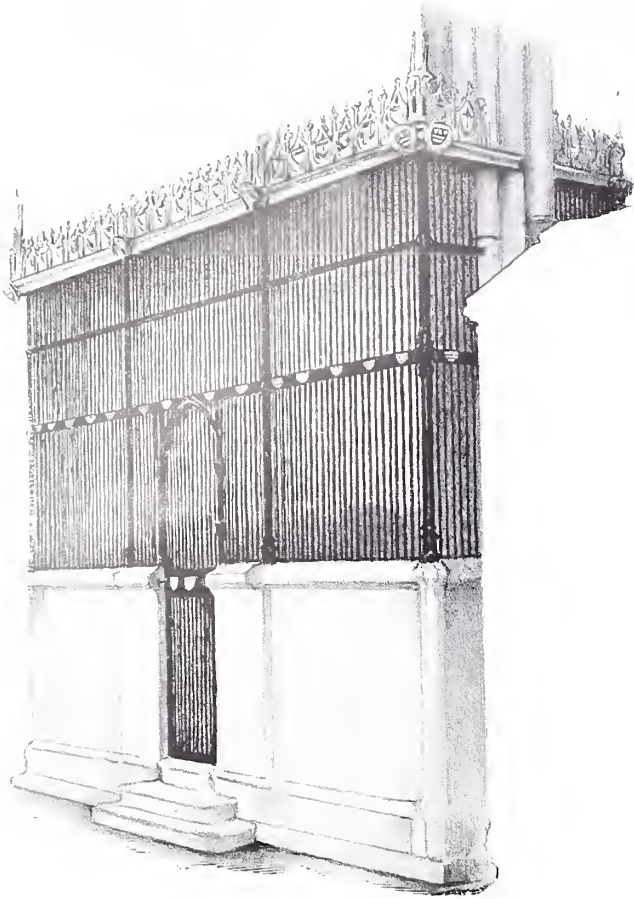
No. 5.—Tomb at Wylke Churchyard.

From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.



No. 6.—Vane at East Knoyle Church.

From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.

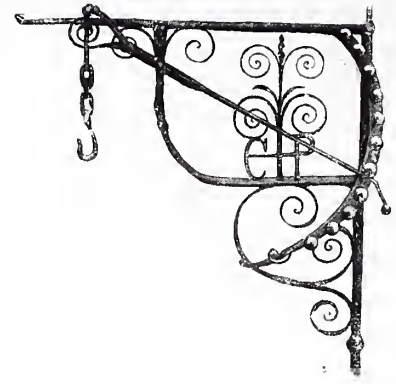


No. 7.—The Hungerford Chapel at the Cathedral.  
From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.

years 1075—1220; the Cathedral Church being founded by Bishop Hermannus, or Herman, who removed the stool here from Sherborne about 1075. Keys have a way of getting lost at the best of times; some of the stated reasons for Old Sarum being abandoned, which took place about 1220, would facilitate matters. According to Holinshed, "The Soldiers of the Castle and Chanons of Old Sarum fell at odds insomuch that after open brawls they felle at last to sad blows"—and, touching on these "Castellanes and Chanons," again, "It happened in a rogation week, that the Cleargie going in solemn procession, a controversie fell betweene them about certain walks and limits which the one side claimed and the other denied. Such also was the hot entertainment on each part, that at the last the Castellanes, espieing their time, gate between the Cleargie and the towne, and so coiled them as they returned homeward, that they feared any more to gang about their bounds for the year. Heereupon the people missing their bellie-cheare (for they were wont to have banketing at everie station, a thing commonly practiced by the religious of old wherewith to link the Commons unto them, whom any man may lead whether he will, by the bellie, or as Latimer said, with beefe, bread, and beere), they conceived a deadly hatred against the Castellanes." And the following gives some hints too

—"for as much as your church is built within the compass of the fortification of Sarum, it is subject to so many inconveniences and oppressions, that you cannot reside in the same without corporal peril, for, being situated on a lofty place, it is as it were, continually shaken by the

collision of the winds, so that when you are celebrating the Divine offices you cannot hear one another, the place is so noisy; and besides, the persons resident there suffer such perpetual oppressions that they are hardly able to keep in repair the roof of the church, which is constantly torn by tempestuous winds; they are also forced to buy water at a great price, nor is any access to the same without a licence of the Castellan. So that it happens that on Ash Wednesday when the Lord's Supper is administered at the time of synods and celebrations of orders and on other solemn days, the faithful being willing to visit the said church, entrance is denied them by the Keepers of the Castle, alleging that the fortress is in danger." It is from the Pope's indulgence



No. 8.—Crane at Compton Park.  
From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.



No. 9.—Back of the Steel Chair at Longford Castle.

granted for the translation of the Church—so they went down in the valley.

Interesting or beautiful as a work of art is by itself, and excellent as a museum is for things out of place or really in want of a home, there must be a peculiar charm and value lost when taken from long association or from the spot where it was placed by the man who made it. The poise of the vane at East Knoyle Church (No. 6), seen from the village street is very fine—one can feel the smith's satisfaction on its completion—it is the finishing touch to a beautiful tower. The sketch of the iron alone cannot give its true value. This general effect—the end and aim of design in much of the older work, seems to have been a matter of course; a lump of clay, a bit or two of iron in the hand of an isolated workman, became lines of beauty that are unrivalled in later times. However this was arrived at, good work and a meaning to it was never absent. In this example much enjoyment is apparent in the little bits and twists, the odd creature's head and the rest, but the use of the vane was kept well in mind.

The tomb in the churchyard at the village of Wylde (No. 5), is also a fine bit of proportion; the size may be gauged by the width of the gate, which is forty-four inches. It is much rusted. To whom erected was not apparent.

From Compton Chamberlayne Park, the seat of Charles Penruddocke, Esq., are two interesting examples—a crane for hauging a pot over the kitchen fire (No. 8), and a treasure coffer. The crane, evidently local work of the eighteenth century, is in its upright bar some forty inches. The coffer is probably Italian—it is en-

tirely of iron, and about twenty-eight inches in length; very interesting workmanship is in the leaf ornament about the springs of the locks under the lid. At the top is an arrangement of nail heads; under one of these a keyhole is concealed.

A large coffer in Wishford Church (No. 3), of carved wood banded with iron, has a bold fine effect in its flatly beaten roundels, well nailed.

The chained book (No. 12), is at Great Durnford Church; it is Bishop Jewel's "Apology," ordered to be chained and read in all churches in England by Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles the First.

The other book-chain is now in the Museum; it came from the Cathedral. In gleaning these few bits of decorative workmanship, other things of iron have naturally been noticed. Of these, interesting specimens of Armour and Arms are to be found in such Halls as those of Wilton and Compton House and the Salisbury and South Wilts Museums. Here also are examples of the cutlery for which Salisbury was so long famous, knives possibly used by cordwainers and curriers, others for personal use and carried in the girdle. With these "wedding

knives," as they were sometimes called, will be found stamped leather and ivory sheaths, with fetter-locks from Clarendon and the river Avon, iron shoe, of unknown date, from Old Sarum, &c.

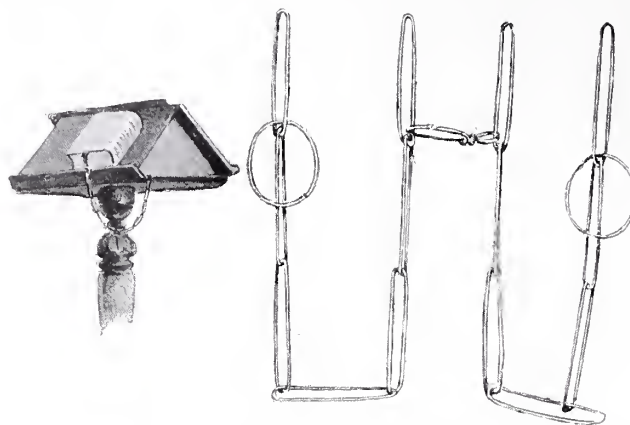
It is interesting to note that the unique iron fork, of Anglo-Saxon period, was found at Harnham, the village by the river that perhaps formed the nucleus of Salisbury. Leland in his pleasant style says: "Harnham Bridge was a village long afore the erection of New



No. 10.—The Steel Chair at Longford Castle.



No. 11.—Italian Keys at the Museum.  
From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.



No. 12.—Chained Book at Great Durnford.  
From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.

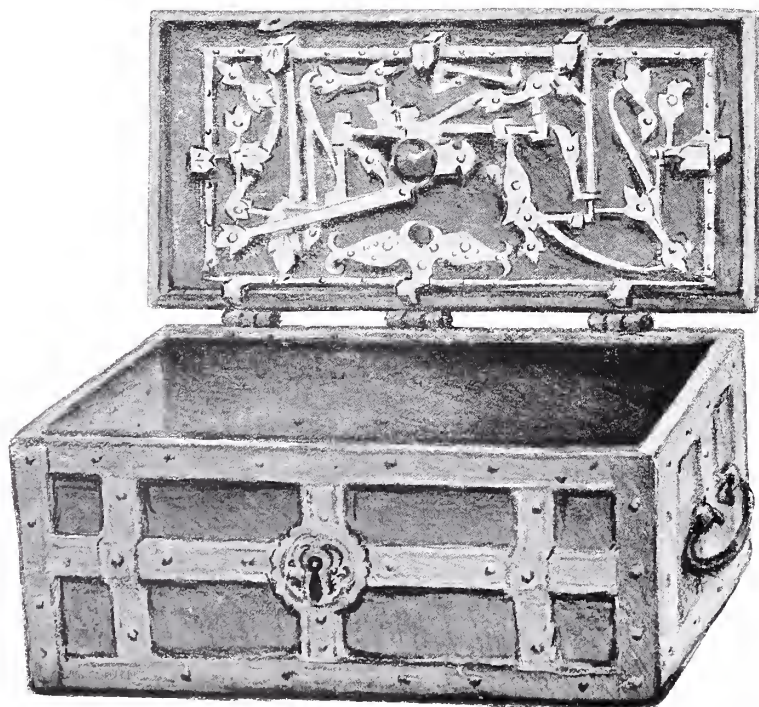
Saresbyri, and there was a church of St. Martine longing to it," and he comments on Old Sarum, and the reason for the change, as follows: "Sum think that lak of water caussed the inhabitants to relinquish the place; yet wer there many wells of swete water. Sum say that after that in tyme of civile warres that castelles and waulled townes wer kept, that the castellanes of Old Saresbyri and the Chanons could not agree, insomuch that the castellanes upon a tyme prohibited them cumming home from procession and rogation to re-entre the town. Whereupon the bishop and they consulting together at the last began a chirch on his own propre soyle: and then people resorted strait to New Saresbyri, and builded ther; and then in continuance were a great number of the houses pullid down and set up at New Saresbyri. Osmund, Erle of Dorchestre, and after Bishop of Saresbyri, erected his cathedrale church ther in the west part of the town: and also his palace whereof now no token

is, but only a chapelle of Our Lady yet standing and maintenid. There was a right fair and strong castelle within Old Saresbyri, longging to the Erles of Saresbyri, especially the Longespees. Much notable ruinous building of this castelle yet there remaynith. The diche that environid the Old Town was a very deep and strong thynge."

Here, it is sure, came many a proud artificer in iron, for every knight must have required his smith's constant attention, and it can be understood that here he would be entitled to many privileges as good, if not better, than some of those said to have fallen to the lot of the king's smith in the Welsh Court—to wit, a place at meat next that of the domestic chaplain, and a draught of every kind of liquor brought into the hall.

One with an eye for indirect evidence of iron work, will, at the Cathedral, note with special interest the stone effigy of a knight habited in a coat of mail, supposed to be William Longespee, Fair Rosamond's son—and with an interest in the workers of that metal will, at Longford, pause before that charming achievement—the portrait of Egidius by the hand of the Blacksmith of Antwerp.

GIDEON FIDLER.



No. 13.—Coffer at Compton Park.  
From a drawing by Gideon Fidler.



"The Rush for the Tram."

From a drawing by Ernest Goodwin.

By permission of "The Morning Leader."

## SOME CONTEMPORARY ILLUSTRATORS.\*

WARWICK GOBLE, ERNEST GOODWIN, CHARLES PEARS.

I PROPOSE to discuss in the present article our methods of engraving for, and multiplying the artist's work, by means of the printing press, and I think everyone who has given those matters any attention will agree with me that, in respect of them, we are still a very long way indeed from anything that can be called artistically satisfactory. I will even go so far as to say that the whole present method of reproducing wash drawings and photographs and printing them on the type press is artistically wrong in principle. I hope it will be understood that I am not referring to the intaglio processes of reproduction, photogravure, etching, and the like; and I wish to reserve the question of the reproduction of pen drawings for separate consideration.

Of course the practical artist has to take what processes he finds and get the best out of them that he can. It is not my present purpose to

point out how fine that "best" often is. Rather I want to dwell upon the fact that at present the artist is far in advance of the process, and that he is kept down by the lack of a more adequate and direct method of putting

his work before the public. Of course some men are more hampered by the process than others, while some lose less in the transformation their work undergoes. What I demand is a process of reproduction that will abolish the marring grain of the half-tone block, and by which the artist's tone, colour, and, most important, texture will be reproduced in perfect facsimile. My ideal process must combine the tenderest and softest greys of lithography with the rich, profound shadows of etching, absolutely free from either flattening of the perspective or distortion of the values. I want to be able to reproduce the artist's drawing exactly as he has drawn it save for the improvement of reduction, and to print the block along



Pencil Study.

By Warwick Goble.

\* Continued from page 272.



"Another Concert of Europe."

From a drawing by Ernest Goodwin.

By permission of "The Star."

with type, by means of an ordinary press upon an un-surfaced paper, and in an ink as "dead" in surface as Chinese ink itself. The practical person will tell me I might as well ask for the moon; but no harm can come of cherishing ideals, and I am bold to add that, until these conditions are realised, the production of illustrated periodicals can never be artistically satisfactory.

As we all know, the half-tone block is the modern substitute for the wood-engraving. A great deal of sentiment has been poured out upon the decay of the wood engraver's art. With much of this I have little sympathy. First-class wood-engraving will never be extinct, but that the inferior and cheap wood-engraving has gone for ever is something to be thankful for, and that half-tone is a distinct and admirable improvement upon it is undeniable. I am glad to give the half-tone process credit for what it has done, and have no wish to detract from the ingenuity and skill to which its invention was due.

The faults of the half-tone process are well enough known to those who have had experience with it. For a mechanical process it is a remarkably capricious one. From good originals, satisfactory even to the process-man himself—so far as he can tell—the result of repeated attempts is often quite disappointing. The strong and brilliant drawings in which one took pride, come out dull and muddy; the values and quality are gone, the distances confused, and the whole flat and lifeless. In vain the engraver is asked to try again. He falls back on stock trade explanations as—that the drawing "would not negative well," or that it was "so exceedingly difficult to etch."

My own experience has led me to form the opinion

that the disappointment frequently arises from the inevitable and inherent destruction of the *texture* of the artist's work which is necessary in photographing it through the half-tone screen. A moment's reflection will show how essentially important a factor the texture of a drawing is to its effect. When this is destroyed or distorted by the grain of a process block, the result is an unknown quantity. That some drawings suffer more than others is true, though neither the reason nor the remedy is always clear.

But one's chief quarrel with the half-tone process lies in the fact that in several ways it is leading us astray. Recognising that there is something not altogether pleasing in the average flat and dull process block, the enterprising mechanical engraver is endeavouring to remedy its deficiencies by having it worked all over by hand in the old wood-cut style, cutting away half-tones, working up coarsely and crudely the outlines of the drawing, destroying any traces of the artist's feeling or texture the grain has not already removed, and running amuck generally. The result is often a piece of hideous patch-work, a kind of bastard engraving, neither a satisfactory reproduction of the original, nor an artistic interpretation of it in another medium such as the old wood-engraving often was. It is running with the hare of faithful mechanical reproduction, and trying at the same time to hunt with the hounds of translation into another artistic medium. I do not say that certain blocks have not been improved and even beautified by what is called the "wood-cut finish," especially in America, where manual skill and dexterity are carried to such a high pitch; but I submit that the promise of development lies in the improvement of the mechanical processes now employed, and the realisation of the ideal conditions of reproduction for which I have asked above.

At present there seems no prospect than that we shall continue under the bondage of the half-tone block, the requirements of which are so exacting that they have revolutionised the printing of magazines, and involved the sacrifice of much that one would have wished to preserve. To print fine-grain blocks with 150 dots or more to the inch, and to get any life or brilliancy into the impressions, it has been found necessary to employ paper with a highly-polished surface, heavily coated with chalk, such as that upon which these words appear. This is done to prevent any ink being absorbed by the paper, as any absorbency inevitably causes dulness and flatness in the impression. Further, an ink is used that is as brilliantly luminous and glossy as it can possibly be, giving that unpleasant, varnished, shiny effect in the shadows which the printer considers so beautiful. Only by such materials as these can decent results be got out of the half-tone block. Printed on common super-calendered paper, which, by the way, is far pleasanter to handle than the coated paper, it usually comes out dull as Thames mud itself. The despair of the artist, the printer, the paper-maker, the editor, and often of the very process-man himself, the half-tone block also inflicts a most serious injury upon the pen-draughtsman.

Most illustrated journals employ the line process as well as the half-tone;—the latter, of course, for wash drawings or photographs, the former for direct reproduction of pen-drawings. Unfortunately the same conditions as to paper and ink do not suit both, and as a badly printed half-tone block is the most awful disfigurement on a printed page that it is possible to conceive, every effort is concentrated upon the half-tone blocks, and the line reproductions are left more or less

to take their chance. The printer gets the impression that, because they give him less trouble, they are less important. It so happens, however, that the line-block conforms very much more closely to the ideal requirements of illustration than the half-tone. It can be printed—nay, it is *best suited* by being printed—upon a paper with an absorbent, unpolished surface and with an ink that is quiet and non-luminous. Some of the reproductions of pen-drawings the *Daily Chronicle* has produced upon rough "news" paper, and with common "news" ink (albeit of slightly better quality than that ordinarily used) have, in spite of the bad colour of the paper itself, been far more artistically satisfactory than they would have been if printed with expensive glossy ink on a high-class "art" paper. In the good time coming, to which I venture to look forward, we shall, of course, have one perfect process that will reproduce anything that is set before it, whether drawn in lines or in masses.

It is an editorial axiom that the public prefer wash-drawings to those made with pen and ink, because they are supposed most nearly to approximate in effect that great popular ideal—the photograph. It is far from my intention to advocate the banishment from our illustrated periodicals of reproductions from drawings made by the brush, or those from oil paintings or photographs. I recognise, of course, that these are essentially valuable and interesting, and that it is impossible to do without them. All I ask for is that the methods of reproduction shall be perfected, so that they involve no sacrifice in important artistic respects in their production. As we stand now, thoughtful persons are more and more realising that the greatest possibilities of artistic pro-

gress in illustration are offered by pen-drawing for direct line reproduction. This is a process that offers hopes of improvement and development, of something really to be gained by working at it. On the other hand the best progress that can be gained from the grain block—try to tinker at it how we may—will be by utterly discarding it for something better, so soon as that something comes along!

Mr. Warwick Goble, represented here by two admirable pencil-studies, is an accomplished and careful illustrator working mainly for reproduction by the half-tone process. From considerable experience he has learned to get out of it the utmost brilliance that it can be made to yield. Mr. Goble never makes wash a shield for bad or meaningless drawing; one reason, by the way, why some indifferent artists prefer wash-drawing to the pen.

The illustration of newspapers has called into existence the artist-journalist, whose department it is, at the shortest notice, to illustrate the moral of the hour. The qualities this work requires are special; fertility of idea, humour, satire, simplicity and directness of expression, and above all rapidity of execution. The drawing, 'Another Concert of Europe,' by Mr. Ernest Goodwin, here reproduced, was decided upon, composed, and drawn within the space of half-an-hour. Again, look at 'The Fight for the Tram' by the same artist. Columns of type description would not put before the eye so vividly the horrors that take place nightly on the Surrey side of Blackfriars bridge. These drawings must be considered for what they are, rapid sketches rushed through between one edition and the next of an evening paper, with no time for reconsideration or redrawing. A man learns to be swift and sure, to work under pressure and excitement, and to find them stimulating. Drawings of this kind are often printing in the paper within two hours of the time the first stroke was put upon paper. And yet, in spite of all this, I seem to see in these drawings qualities that are highly artistic. The movement and colour of the crowd are well suggested, even the composition of the drawing is praiseworthy. The alarm of the lady imprisoned within the tram by the



*Bradda Head.*

*By Chas. Pears.*

*By permission of Mr. John Lane.*



*Pencil Study.*

*By Warwick Goble.*



Drawing by Charles Pears.

By permission of Proprietors of "Pick-me-up."

fighting mob is one of the comical touches that give brightness and point to the whole. It is difficult, too, to withhold admiration from the admirably realised devil in 'The Concert' drawing. It is a conception that grips you with a certain grotesque—almost Japanese—charm; that you carry away and do not easily forget. Mr. Goodwin combines with a remarkable swiftness of execution a powerful and telling use of line. His work is found in both monthly and weekly illustrated periodicals, but it is by his drawings for the daily press that he has elected to be represented here.

I should add that the blocks printed here are specimens of Mr. Goodwin's work as etcher as well as artist.

The work of Mr. Charles Pears is characterised by striking originality and "downrightness"—sometimes almost violence—of method. Pursuing the dashing and the clever instead of the pleasant or the pretty, he is one of the most uncompromising of the artistic "stalwarts" now working for the press. I recently asked Mr. Pears whether he had ever made a "pretty" drawing. He did not think he had, or, at least, could only recollect one example of his work that could fairly deserve that epithet. The qualities that his work evinces are ease and audacity of technique, arrangement of lights and shadows in striking and unusual ways, the power that arrests attention, and the skill

that compels admiration. The drawing reproduced here from *Pick-me-up* is an excellent example of his method. The treatment is broad and free, the lights and darks are in powerful—not to say violent—contrast. The effect given is undoubtedly brilliant, and combines a certain "swagger" that takes one captive by sheer force of arms, so to speak.

Mr. Pears works mostly upon grained paper, with which he finds himself able to obtain an astonishing range of effect. His wash-drawings are most careful studies of tender tones of different value—as in 'Bradda Head,' here reproduced—getting out of the half-tone process a certain suggestive and poetic mystery that one would have hardly thought possible. I credit Mr. Pears with a remarkable insight into the artistic possibilities of the half-tone block, an insight of which, as will be seen, he is also able to make skilful use. He enlists its very vagueness and indecision into his service.

In conclusion, I should like to add one word of qualification to what I have said about our processes. I wish it to be understood that I am asking for what—at present—is impossible, but I do not desire to be taken as demanding what is absurd. Mr. Hamerton, reviewing Mr. Pennell's "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" some years ago, appeared to think that he had made a point by demonstrating that reproduction turned a pen-drawing into something else. "The original quality of the ink in the drawing," he said—"the ink that has flowed from a pen—is lost in the reproduction, which is in thick printers' ink, more or less heavily stamped on paper, not gently led by the pen's point." Quite so. I suppose if one prints the whole of a drawing in one simultaneous impression, one cannot reasonably expect to get the same effect as one does by drawing it a line at a time with the pen's point. Surely the fact that a drawing—whether pen or wash—becomes something else in reproduction is beside the mark.

No one expects to have a miraculous multiplication of original drawings; in other words, to have a reproduction that is at the same time an original drawing. What is wanted is a process of reproduction, that in transforming an artist's drawing into an illustration for a book, does not lose or dissipate one atom of the precious qualities of the original, that is as artistically satisfying in every way as a *reproduction*, as the original is as a *drawing*.

I will conclude with a simple illustration of my meaning. The phonograph is a wonderful and admirable instrument for the reproduction and record of sound. Mr. Pennell has said that the skill of the pen-draughtsman is as difficult of attainment as that of the violinist. I wonder, supposing one had never heard Paganini himself, whether some idea might be gathered of the master's power and skill by listening to a phonographic reproduction of one of his performances—if such existed. Through the buzz of the instrument's clockwork, and the metallic resonance of its transmitter, perchance some faint ghost of the great violinist's charm might possibly percolate to the hearer. It has seemed to me that often enough the work of the illustrator, when it reaches the public, has undergone a transformation similar in kind, has suffered a loss almost as great in power, in intensity, in *timbre*, as one finds in listening to the phonographic reproduction of a musician.

H. W. BROMHEAD.



## THE CHIEF PICTURE SALES OF 1898.



SIXTEEN years ago the news was brought to Edwin Long that on one afternoon at Christie's two of his pictures had fetched £10,920 between them. Those were the days when Mr. Martin Holloway was determinedly acquiring that collection of works by British masters now to be seen in the Royal Holloway College Gallery, at Egham. Long's 'Babylonian Marriage Market' appealed to him. He bid £6,615, and secured it. And yet the artist, it is said, was originally paid as much as 7,100 gs.

It is opportune now to recall the above when dealing with the art sale season just concluded. Whatever Long's feelings may have been in finding his pictures in such high repute in the open market, it is pleasant to think that Sir Edward Burne-Jones lived to see his beautiful work, 'The Mirror of Venus,' announced as sold at Christie's, amid the applause of all ranks of connoisseurs, for the great sum of 5,450 gs. Not, as in Long's case, was the satisfaction of the painter diminished by the knowledge that a higher price had already been paid. In 1892 the work had fetched 3,400 gs. in the Leyland Sale—a sum much in excess of the artist's commission. A few weeks after the Ruston Sale, which included this 'Mirror of Venus,' the great idealist died, and a fitting climax to a Burne-Jones year was provided by the sale of the works left in the master's studio at his death. Perhaps no auction of modern times can be properly compared with it. The many admirers and friends of Leighton bought his remaining studies and sketches with amiable eagerness. To secure a pastel drawing or slight water-colour, in the Burne-Jones sale, was to win a fight. Twenty-eight pastel drawings sufficed to produce £5,000. Eighteen water-colour drawings fetched £7,000. Of the finished pictures, 'Love and the Pilgrim,' the New Gallery work of 1897, dedicated to the poet Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, aroused the keenest competition, eventually reaching 5,500 gs.—fifty guineas more than was paid for 'The Mirror of Venus.'

In one afternoon ninety lots, chiefly composed of studies, sketches, and unfinished works realised nearly £24,000, and those who have strenuously held that Burne-Jones' art was nearer to the æsthetic conscience of the nineteenth century than many believed, were thoroughly vindicated. Coming to the details of the sale, the following are the chief figures:—'Departure of Knights in Quest of the Holy Grail' (30 in. by 54), 610 gs.; a smaller study, 300 gs.; 'Dream of Lancelot at the Ruined Chapel' (39 in. by 48), 650 gs.; 'The Stoning of Stephen,' 150 gs.; and 'The Nativity,' and 'The Crucifixion,' 390 gs. The water-colour drawings included:—'Head of Nimue,' 500 gs.; 'The Masque of Cupid,' 235 gs.; another, 340 gs.; 'The Birth of Pegasus,' 130 gs.; 'Miriam,' 170 gs.; 'Charity,' 210 gs.; 'Feeding the Dragon in the Garden of the Hesperides,' 180 gs.; 'Sir Galahad at the Shrine of the Holy Grail,' 400 gs.; 'The Nativity' and 'The Crucifixion,' 400 gs.; 'The Masque of Cupid' (12 in. by 57), 350 gs.; 'St. Cecilia,' 720 gs.; 'The Tree of Life,' exhibited at the R.B.A. in

1897, with the Latin scroll "In mundo pressuram habitis sed confidite ego vici mundum," 770 gs.; 'Paradise,' 520 gs.; and 'The Last Judgment,' a set of three, 600 gs. Finally, there were the following studies and pictures in oil:—'Study of a Female Head,' 210 gs.; 'A Girl's Head,' 135 gs.; 'Head of a Woman,' 100 gs.; 'Study of an Attendant in The Briar Rose,' 105 gs.; 'Study for Mary Magdalen in The Morning of the Resurrection,' 185 gs.; 'The Wheel of Fortune,' 250 gs.; 'A Female Study,' 145 gs.; 'Mary Magdalen at the Tomb,' 135 gs.; 'Death of Medusa,' 100 gs.; 'Perseus and Andromeda,' 440 gs.; 'The Knight in The Briar Rose,' 130 gs.; 'St. Nicholas,' 180 gs.; 'Mermaid and Babies,' 170 gs.; 'The Challenge in the Wilderness,' 255 gs.; 'The Sirens,' 490 gs.; 'The Garden of Pan,' 100 gs.; 'Elijah in the Wilderness,' 950 gs.; 'Love Praying to Mercury for Eloquence,' 200 gs.; 'Hill Fairies,' 310 gs.; another, 100 gs.; 'The Wizard,' 530 gs.; 'The Fall of Lucifer,' £1,000.

In after years frequent reference will be made to the details of this astonishing sale. But, as before suggested, the Burne-Jones note was first struck in the Ruston Sale, when the Monk's Manor Collection made its appearance, and when 5,450 gs. was bid for 'The Mirror of Venus.' The sale was no less a triumph for Burne-Jones' master, Rossetti, three of whose works realised 7,550 gs. between them. Since 1886, the year of the Graham Sale, the pictures by the pre-Raphaelites, which have from time to time made their appearance at auctions, have always proved to be profitable investments. The Graham properties were especially successful from this point of view, and there can be no doubt that it adds greatly to the zest of collecting pictures, for the owner to feel convinced that his acquisitions will increase in market value. It is safe to prophesy that, in the case of the works of the pre-Raphaelite school and its followers, for some time to come there will be a considerable demand for them. The Ruston Rossettis were particularly characteristic. The 'Dante at the Bier of Beatrice,' is a smaller edition of the Liverpool Gallery work, except that the larger work does not contain the two subjects of the predella—Dante crying in his dream and Dante recounting his dream. In 1881 the Liverpool work realised 1,000 gs., and in the Graham Sale of 1886 the Ruston specimen fetched the same amount, which again was trebled on May 21, 1898. An exactly similar increase marked the disposal of 'La Ghirlandata,'—1,000 gs. Graham Sale—3,000 gs. Ruston Sale. The third Rossetti, 'Veronica Veronese,' the well-known figure of a female in green dress, holding a violin, rose from 1,000 gs. in the Leyland Sale, 1892, to 1,550 gs. Reverting to the Burne-Jones examples, after the excitement had subsided on 'The Mirror of Venus' reaching 5,450 gs., the 'Chant d'Amour,' which many judges admire most of all, fell at 3,200 gs.—only a small increase on the 3,150 gs. of the Graham Sale. The pair of drawings 'Dawn' and 'Night,' seen in the Leyland Sale, 1892, realised 1,050 gs. In an article of this kind, which professes to afford useful reflections on the tendencies of the art market, it is interesting to make a note of the fact that Messrs. Agnew & Sons, the chief

English firm of dealers, were by far the largest purchasers of the Burne-Jones subjects, and the three Rossettis mentioned, also fell to their bids.

Another feature of interest connected with the Ruston Sale was the inclusion of three works by Mr. G. F. Watts. The proclaimed intention of the great Victorian painter to leave his best pictures to the nation (already there have been abundant instances of his art benefactions) will reduce the number of his works to be seen in the open market, and, in fact, those which crop up from time to time are generally the examples submitted in the Rickards' Sale eleven years ago. 'The Eve of Peace,' which then fetched 950 gs., went for the increased price of 1,350 gs.; the portrait of Lady Lilford showed an advance from 395 gs. to 450 gs., and the portrait of the artist himself realised 650 gs. Gainsborough's 'Lady Chorges,' which rose from 350 gs. in 1878, to 2,000 gs. in the James Price Sale, 1895, fell back a little, and was sold for 1,850 gs. On the other hand, Turner's 'Falls of the Clyde,' jumped from 330 gs., in 1874, to 880 gs. A glorious Rembrandt, the rugged portrait of 'Nicholas Ruts,' also increased its price in the Adrian Hope Collection, 1894—4,700 gs.—to 5,000 gs. Del Sarto's beautiful 'Pieta,' however, which had fallen from 1,700 gs. in the Novar Sale, 1888, to 1,040 gs. in the famous Dudley gathering of 1892, had a further drop to 600 gs.; but a Vandyck, 'Virgin and Child,' doubled its selling price of 500 gs. in the Blenheim Sale of 1886. The Ruston properties also included Lord Leighton's 'Moretta,' 450 gs.; J. Linnell's 'Arcadian Shepherds,' 155 gs. (410 gs. Gibbons' Sale, 1883); W. Müller's 'Splügen Pass,' 320 gs.; 'The Virgin and Infant Saviour,' by Francia, 480 gs. (Dudley Sale, 500 gs.); and four fine portraits of saints by Luini which averaged 350 gs. each. Two works by P. Moreelse, 'Maria Alewyn' and 'Dirck Alewyn,' realised respectively 660 and 680 gs. Of the water-colour drawings, J. F. Lewis' 'Arab Scribe' again fetched a goodly sum, 560 gs., as against £483 in the Harris Sale, 1872, and the demand for De Wint's incomparable examples was illustrated in the bid of 500 gs. for one of his famous 'River Scenes.' The principal portion of the Ruston catalogue—100 lots sold on the afternoon of May 21—totalled the mentionable sum of £43,007. The chronicle of art sale contains records of far more important dispersals, but in respect of the names of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Watts, the Ruston Sale will be long remembered.

But for the commanding interest established by the Ruston and the artist's sales in the works of Burne-Jones, the 1898 season would have been chiefly associated with the name of Millais. The exhibition at Burlington House had unquestionably renewed the enthusiasm for the late President's genius, and the Renton Sale, on the day of the Academy banquet, afforded the master's admirers an opportunity of showing their appreciation. As a result, five examples totalled 10,600 gs. almost half of the aggregate realised by the whole of the 133 lots. The highest price was obtained for 'The Order of Release,' which, in reaching 5,000 gs., equalled the Millais record obtained for 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' in the Kaye Knowles Collection, 1887. The work had appeared before at Christie's, in the Arden Sale, 1879, when it fetched £2,835. Originally it was exhibited in the Academy of 1853, where it occasioned very much discussion, as to questions of detail, and was then sold for £400, a considerable sum at that period. The picture illustrates Millais' passionate regard for small truths and has always been a popular favourite. The equally well-known 'Black Brunswicker' (the companion work to 'The Huguenot') also fetched a high price, falling to Messrs. Agnew for 2,650 gs., an appreci-

able advance on the £819, secured for it in the Plint sale, 1862. 'Yes,' 'Urquhart Castle,' and 'Afternoon Tea,' completed the quintet, realising respectively 1,000 gs., 650 gs., and 1,300 gs. With the exception of the last-named all had been seen in the winter exhibition at Burlington House. A beautiful example of the art of Mr. Luke Fildes, entitled 'Playmates,' was sold for 700 gs., and two Hooks, 'Mushroom-Gatherers' and 'Castle-Building,' for 480 gs. and 400 gs. Sir Edward Poynter's 'Corner in a Villa,' fetched 880 gs., and his 'Corner in the Market Place,' seen in the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, 1887, 800 gs. A pair of water-colours by Fred Walker, 'The Music Lesson' and 'The Governess,' small illustrations (5½ in. by 8) for the *Cornhill Magazine*, were well sold at 205 gs. and 200 gs.

From the Millais Sale of last year, certain pictures were resubmitted on July 2, and, as almost invariably happens on such occasions when high reserves have been fixed in a former sale, the subsequent prices showed a marked depreciation. 'The Ruling Passion' or 'The Ornithologist,' with its portrait of the late T. Barlow, R.A., as the old naturalist, now reached only 850 gs., compared with £1,785 last year; and 'Time' fell from £441 to 260 gs. Vandyck's 'Time clipping the Wings of Love,' a favourite picture of Millais, who wrote the note about it:—"It is the fate of all poetical work to be more or less disregarded; very few feel or appreciate it; hence my obtaining this valuable work for an old song." Last year £1,102 was the bought-in price, which was reduced on July 2, to 800 gs. On the same day Burne-Jones' four pictures, representing 'The Story of Pygmalion,' painted originally for Mr. Frederick Craven, in whose sale, three years ago, they were bought in for £3,675, now were again bought in at 2,800 gs.; but it must be admitted that the series cannot be ranked amongst the painter's best achievements. Corot's 'La Chevière,' reached the good price 1,600 gs., and a river scene by the much-discussed French artist, M. Harpignies, 'Au bord de l'Oise,' 210 gs.; Mr. Stanhope Forbes' 'The New Calf,' which was certainly one of the features of the 1896 Royal Academy, failed to exceed 400 gs. Other pictures which should be noted were J. C. Hook's 'Little to earn and plenty to keep,' 550 gs.; T. S. Cooper, 'From a Sketch in Skye,' 260 gs.; Sir E. Landseer, 'The Best Run of the Season,' 265 gs.; N. Diaz, 'Children in Fontainebleau,' 290 gs.; Meissonier, 'Valentine,' 400 gs.; J. F. Lewis, 'In the Harem,' 590 gs.; G. Mason, 'When the Shadows of Evening Fall,' 250 gs.; L. Deutsch, 'A Street Scene in Cairo,' 270 gs.; and B. W. Leader, R.A., 'A Bright Sunny Afternoon,' 380 gs.

Another sale which marked the 1898 season was the Grant Morris dispersal of pictures, and water-colour drawings, formerly housed at Allerton Priory, Liverpool. The drawings were especially well received, three by De Wint realising 1,560 gs.; Turner's 'Malmesbury Abbey,' from the Novar Sale, 780 gs. (£735, 1878); and a tiny study (5½ in. by 7) of Millais' 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' 280 gs., as against 95 gs. in the Knowles Sale, 1877. Mr. Briton Rivière's 'His only Friend,' drawn in 1871, reached 270 gs.; 'The Treat,' by J. Israels, 200 gs.; and J. Holland's 'Rotterdam,' 250 gs.; and 'By the Rialto,' 220 gs. Of the pictures, the late P. H. Calderon's 'Her Most High and Puissant Grace,' which was in the Paris Exhibition, 1867, and realised £535 in the Collic Sale, 1876, showed a decided falling off in going for only 220 gs. Another depreciation was T. Faed's 'Silken Gown,' 240 gs., as against £755, in 1878. Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Roman Flower Market,' for which £640 was obtained in 1873, now advanced to 880 gs. The highest priced picture in the sale was L. Knaus' 'Cup

of Coffee,' 1,050 gs. Israels' 'Anxious Family,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1874, fell at 950 gs., and that Van Marcke's pictures are much sought after was proved by his 'Homestead,' attaining 820 gs. James Maris' 'Seaweed-Gatherers,' also reached a good figure, 880 gs.; and a work by one of the founders of the Barbizon School, T. Rousseau, 'In the Forest, Fontainebleau,' went for 400 gs. Another Liverpool collection, that of the late Mr. Robert Rankin, contained a few noticeable lots; Mr. Agnew beating the Morland record by giving 1,250 gs. for the exquisite 'Post Boy's Return,' which, in the Fish Sale, 1888, realised 710 gs. The previous maximum for a Morland was paid by Mr. Charles Wertheimer, in 1895, for 'The Visit to the Child at Nurse,' 1,050 gs. The Anglo-Frenchman, Bonington's 'French Coast Scene,' attained 1,000 gs.; J. Linnell's 'Timber Waggon,' 500 gs.; Morland's 'Going to the Barn,' 400 gs.; and Mulready's 'The Widow,' 460 gs. A portrait of himself, by Sir David Wilkie, fell at 300 gs.; and a landscape by R. Wilson, 'View on the River Mawddach,' 380 gs.

The miscellaneous properties on May 7, comprised a few examples of the early British School. Romney's 'Mrs. Crouch,' realised 1,300 gs.; a 'Head of Lady Hamilton,' 400 gs.; Reynolds' 'Captain Toning,' 410 gs.; and Gainsborough's landscape, 'Repose,' which had fetched 1,400 gs. in the Price Sale, 1895, declined to 900 gs. A fine example by Nattier, 'Portrait of the Duchesse de Rohan,' sold for 1,100 gs.

It is not often that Christie's rooms are filled with such a number of family portraits as those seen in the Bilton Hall Sale. These were historically interesting rather than artistically important, and were formerly the possessions of the essayist, Addison, and the Countess of Warwick,

whom he married on the death of the sixth earl. Although no great prices were obtained, the sale attracted an unusual number of distinguished connoisseurs. On the same day the only sale of any importance of Old Masters took place. From the Boyle collection came an excellent Teniers, 'A View of the Chateau of Teniers,' 650 gs. Various properties included a fairly good Rubens 'The Repose of the Holy Family,' 1,300 gs.; Paris Bordone, 'A Lady, as Venus,' 720 gs.; Melchier Hondecoeter, 'The Birds' Concert,' 360 gs.—a larger example of which fetched 1,500 gs., in the Adrian Hope Sale, and a Van der Neer, 290 gs. The success of the early British Masters, in previous seasons, was recalled by Romney's 'Madam Susan Joue'ne,' which reached 3,000 gs.; and the same master's 'Marchioness of Townshend,' bought in at 5,200 gs. A Hoppner portrait, 'Mrs. Inchbald,' the famous actress and dramatic writer, which in Christie's rooms, rather over twenty years ago, fetched only a few pounds, now sold for 1,000 gs.

Summing up the season it is best described as the Burne-Jones year. But for the sales in which examples of his art were included the chronicle of pictures at auction would be comparatively tame. The American War with Spain has doubtless had much to answer for in the dearth of sales of the first importance. Again, as before pointed out in these articles, private deals are on the increase; values of classic collections have become somewhat easily and accurately estimated owing to the numerous auction standards known alike to owners and dealers, and purchases *en bloc* are frequently preferred to the glamour of a sale—triumphant though it may be—in the public auction-room.

A. C. R. CARTER.

## 'EVENING.'

BY PETER GRAHAM, R.A. FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE MCCULLOCH, ESQ.



Initial by Miss E. Gulland.

HERE is no quality more helpful to an artist in his mission of persuading and convincing the public than that of obvious intimacy with the material that he selects for use in his pictures. The closeness of his own study is illustrated in his work, rounding it off and perfecting it in all those details of expression which are essential to make the whole result absolutely acceptable; and

his personal beliefs are stated in each canvas with a degree of definiteness that leaves no opening for question about his intention.

Yet this clearness of conviction is very far from being an invariable characteristic of modern painting. Some men are habitually experimentalists, constantly in search of new paths, and never quite sure whether the one they are following at the moment leads them in the direction they really want to go. Others are too ready to subordinate themselves to passing fashions, prepared to meet any demand which may arise, and to work under the orders of some small but noisy section of the public. Either habit leads to uncertainty of expression,

1898.

and to a vagueness of statement which is entirely unsatisfactory.

It is because Mr. Peter Graham has been habitually consistent in his regard for a particular class of subject that he has established himself in the front rank of the artists who have a definite hold upon the taste of present-day art-lovers. He is a specialist in Scottish scenery, a close and sympathetic student of the effects which are to be found in rich variety in the picturesque districts of Northern Britain, and his interpretation of the motives which he finds there is marked by complete appreciation of their inherent character.

In such a canvas as his 'Evening,' a personification of Scotland as it appeals not to the tourist, but to the native, there is ample evidence of his thorough understanding. He has not painted merely the facts of the scene as they would have presented themselves to the observer who was simply in search of a good subject. He has not even preferred a motive which would have given him a chance to display his capacity for designing an imposing arrangement of lines and masses. What he has seized upon was the chance of expressing the influence exercised upon his own personality by the subtle spirit of the country to which he belongs, and by which his artistic nature has been shaped.

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*A Gipsy Encampment.*

*By Geo. Morland.*

## THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF NORMANTON.

SITUATED as it is in the centre of one of the most picturesque districts of Hampshire, Somerley, the country seat of the Earl of Normanton, is by the charm of its surroundings well calculated to fascinate every lover of typically English scenery. The house stands in a park, of which the natural beauties have been so judiciously preserved that the effect presented is one of perfectly wild and unconventionalised nature; and from the windows the outlook across the rich Avon valley to the quaint old town of Ringwood, and to the higher ground of the New Forest beyond, is full of variety, and delightful in its abundance of pictorial detail. Rolling hills, thickly wooded with tall fir-trees, and densely overgrown with masses of rhododendrons and tall bracken, slope gradually to luxuriant river meadows studded with great oaks; and every here and there open glades or stretches of heather-clad down vary the character of the scenery, and contrast effectively with the deep shades of the woods. In all directions the landscape painter would find abundant material, subjects quite admirable in their unstudied arrangement; and without straying beyond the limits of the park he could

occupy himself almost indefinitely with endless motives of the most diverse type.

But fascinating as Somerley unquestionably is to everyone who is responsive to the beauty of Nature's informality, the house itself has an even greater attraction to all students of superb artistic achievement. It is the home of a collection which is in many ways of quite extraordinary importance, rarely interesting, not only because the masters represented in it are men of note in the history of art, but also because the examples of their work which have been brought together are, almost without exception, splendid in quality and essentially illustrative of the best side of their capacity. The gallery is, in fact, one in which the proportion of pictures that may fairly claim to rank as masterpieces is unusually large; and it has the merit of being strong in the productions of a few schools rather than diffusely representative of a great many shades of artistic belief. This concentration of interest gives it a character somewhat unusual; a pleasant type of specialism belongs to it, and sets it to a great extent apart from the general run of the more prominent private collections.



*The Fire-place in the Earl of Normanton's Gallery.*



*The Young Archer.*  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

For one thing, it depends very largely for its importance upon the manner in which it represents our native school, and upon the assertion which it makes of the splendid capacity of several British artists. For another, it presents certain masters in a new light, and shows some phases of their ability which are not generally known. Especially remarkable is the series of canvases by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which are included not only some of the most typical examples of his graceful and dainty portraiture, but also some of the happiest of his digressions into decorative art. Gainsborough, too, is seen to rare advantage; and by such painters as Morland, Richard Wilson, Nasmyth, Sir Thomas Lawrence, G. H. Harlowe, R. P. Bonington, and Hogarth, there are pictures which can worthily be reckoned as among the most successful which these always capable workers have left as evidence of their skill. It is the same with the foreign masters. Rubens, Murillo, Vandyck, Greuze, Canaletto, Ruysdael, Cuypp, Teniers, Claude, and others of equal note whose productions have places on the walls, may be studied without reservation, and without any hesitation as to the artistic value of the particular achievements that have been selected to illustrate their methods. The collection is indeed one which will repay the closest examination—one to linger over and frankly enjoy, rather than one which is impressive chiefly because of the sensational character of the work of which it is composed.

In any detailed discussion concerning its attractions, the first consideration must quite obviously be given to the great group of paintings by Reynolds. These number between thirty and forty, and summarise very adequately the range of the artist's practice, showing, in a fashion quite convincing, the varieties of his technical method and the refinements of his invention. The most imposing canvases in the series, are the seven large

allegorical figures typifying the virtues, "Justice," "Temperance," "Charity," "Faith," "Hope," "Prudence," and "Fortitude," the original designs executed by Sir Joshua for the west window in the Chapel of New College, Oxford. They are marked by a certain classical severity, by a preference for large simplicity in distribution of masses, and for the use of delicate colour; but their very freedom from demonstrativeness either of line arrangement or chromatic treatment makes more dramatic the expression of

their motives. Less imposing, but even more fascinating, is the exquisitely treated picture of 'Elizabeth, Lady Herbert, as Una,' an admirable example of the dainty representation of childish innocence in which Reynolds excelled. Among the many delightful canvases of this type which he has left it ranks almost without a rival. It is perfectly appropriate in sentiment, superbly skilful in execution, and, in its use of artistic conventions, it is quite exceptionally judicious. Another study of childhood, the girl with a kitten, sometimes called 'Felina,' shows the artist in a lighter mood. This picture, painted in 1787, from his niece, Theophila Palmer, is an amusing little character sketch, expressed with just the right amount of fanciful lightness, and handled with delicious subtlety.

These particular canvases, with some others equally interesting, were purchased at Christie's in May, 1821, by Welbore Ellis, second Earl of Normanton, to whose excellent taste the formation of practically the whole gallery is due. They had belonged to Mary Palmer, Marchioness of Thomond, Sir Joshua's niece and heiress, and on her death in 1820 they were sold with the rest of her collection. In connection with this sale, an anecdote may be quoted in evidence of the estimation in which the pictures were held even then. At the time Sir Thomas Lawrence was at work upon the full-length of Diana, Countess of Normanton, which now hangs over the mantelpiece in the picture gallery at Somerley. She chanced on the day of the sale to be sitting to him, and Lord Normanton, who was present, mentioned that he intended to buy the 'Lady Herbert, as Una.' Lawrence at this seemed curiously concerned—so much so, indeed, that he could hardly continue painting; and when Lord Normanton returned, he eagerly asked whether that one canvas was included among the purchases made by his lordship. When the painter heard that it was, he again



*Elizabeth, Lady Herbert, as Una.*  
*By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*



*Felina.*

*By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*

showed considerable annoyance, and finally explained that he had himself hoped to possess the picture, and had left with the auctioneers a commission to buy it for him. He congratulated Lord Normanton, however, on having acquired the seven allegorical figures, which were, in his opinion, the finest artistic productions to be seen in Europe, with the one exception of the works of Michael Angelo. That this high opinion was shared by other people than Lawrence is proved by the fact that Lord Normanton was a few years later offered a large sum of money by George IV. for this series, and not long later a still larger amount by the Trustees of the National Gallery. More recently another offer has been made by an American, who was prepared to pay many thousands for the privilege of possessing examples so unique of the superb skill of Reynolds, but happily the family had the courage to refuse to part with treasures of such rare quality.

way back to England, after a stay in Rome. But the very strong resemblance which it bears in all its characteristics of brushwork and design to the best of Sir Joshua's work certainly justifies the belief that no artist of less commanding capacity could have painted it; and the supposition as to its authenticity is greatly strengthened by the record of the sale, by his executors, in 1796, of a picture which in composition and treatment corresponded exactly with this one at Somerley. No such doubt could be entertained about the full-length of 'Lady Elizabeth Hamilton,' a child in a dress of rose-pink brocade, trimmed with lace; or about the especially beautiful portrait group, 'The Misses Horneck.' Both are conspicuous features of a collection, which asserts in a fashion absolutely convincing, the greatness of Sir Joshua's ability, and completely defines the position which he holds for all time in the front rank of our native school.

A certain amount of history attaches to several of the other paintings by Reynolds at Somerley. There is an excellent bust portrait of himself in early middle age, a strong, masculine piece of work; and there is an earlier picture, 'A Boy Reading,' painted in 1747, which is considered on very good authority to be his own likeness. Lord Normanton also possesses one of the five versions of 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' which Sir Joshua is understood to have executed, a fine production splendidly handled and admirable in its mellow colour. Concerning one picture, the 'Boy in a Wood,' also known as 'The Young Archer,' there is a degree of doubt whether it is rightly ascribed to Reynolds, for some authorities attribute it to Hugh Robinson, an artist who died in 1790, while on his





*Temperance.*  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.



*Fortitude.*  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.



*Hope.*  
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

The finest example of the scholarly work of Sir Thomas Lawrence which is to be found at Somerley is the full-length of 'Diana, Countess of Normanton,' the wife of the second Earl, and daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, to which reference has been already made. It is very characteristic of the President's somewhat formal manner and is painted with astonishing dexterity. In colour it is brilliant and effective, schemed in bright tones, and very gay and luminous in effect. The dress is white, and round the arm is draped a yellow shawl; while the scarf which is thrown round the shoulder and rests on the balustrade beside the figure is black, with some touches of brilliant colour in the embroidered fringe. The landscape and sky which serve for background, are pitched in a key equally brilliant, so that the picture, as a whole, despite the lapse of years since it was produced, is exceptionally vivacious and appears to have lost little of its original sparkle. It is certainly fully worthy of the prominence given to it in the gallery, and it bears well its juxtaposition with the other fine works by which it is surrounded. On the right of it hang an unusually powerful Murillo, 'The Slave,' otherwise 'A Man with a Basket of Fruit,' a delightful Canaletto, and a small 'River Scene in Guelderland,' by A. Van de Neer; on the left a 'Holy Family,' by Innocenzo Francucci, another Canaletto, and a small 'View on the Lago di Como,' which is a quite admirable instance of the skill of Richard Wilson. The Lawrence makes a quite appropriate centre to the group, and asserts itself with due emphasis.

The mantelpiece above which the picture hangs is an artistic relic of very real value. Originally it was in the house of Rubens at Antwerp, and after passing through various hands it was purchased by the second Earl of Normanton at the time that he was busy with the alterations and additions to Somerley. It is a remarkable piece of decorative sculpture, full of rich and florid detail very broadly treated, and designed with a certain redundancy which does not, however, degenerate into excess.

Description of the chief of the remaining pictures in Lord Normanton's collection must be reserved for a second article. Among those that must be fully noted are his Gainsboroughs and Morlands, the exquisite Nasmyth, and some of the more remarkable works by foreign masters. There is no lack of matter for artistic comment in a survey of his treasures; the difficulty is rather to select, among so much that is excellent, the things of most commanding interest. So much judgment was originally displayed in the gathering together of the different works of art, and in later additions so much regard has been paid to the traditions of the house, that what is now presented there is a complete and consistent summary of an important chapter in art history. It must suffice later on to make from this some useful quotations, and to select what will illustrate them most effectively.

A. I. BALDRY.

(To be concluded.)

## THE EXPOSURE OF SOUTH KENSINGTON.



*From a Drawing by T. Runciman.*

VEN for many years past the manner in which the Science and Art Department has fulfilled its educational mission, and the nature of the control exercised by its officials over the South Kensington Museum and the Art Training School have excited an amount of criticism more or less bitter, and of comment more or less disparaging. Certain experts on Art questions have attacked the administration of the Museum and the whole system under which Art

conducted in this country. Apologists for the Department have answered these attacks from time to time with vague charges against its critics, alleging various petty motives for the vehemence of the outside protests, and striving to blind the public to the real points at issue by reckless denunciation of even the most temperate opposition. But at last, as a result of the prolonged enquiry made by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, the real position of affairs at South Kensington has been disclosed, and the causes of the long-continued controversy have been plainly revealed.

Certainly the report of this Committee justifies everything that has in the past been said against the working of the Department. It would hardly be possible to imagine a more complete endorsement of the unofficial opinion, or a more scathing indictment of a system which we have for many years been bidden to regard as infallible. There is scarcely any branch of the operations which are supposed to be carried on for the advancement of Art education that escapes adverse criticism. In all directions faults of the most glaring kind are found, and instances of maladministration which are almost incredibly absurd. The whole management of the South Kensington Museum is honeycombed with incompetence and want of judgment, and its numberless deficiencies are pilloried without mercy in the report, which ranks as one of the most outspoken and forcibly-expressed State Papers that has been issued for many years. We may well be thankful for this plain speaking, for it puts clearly before the public facts which, though known to the few who have watched the progress of the Department, would scarcely have been believed by people less well informed; and it disposes effectually of the arguments of the Secretary of the Department, who was bold enough to assert, in his

defence of his particular pedestal, that no Parliamentary enquiry was necessary, and that he considered no reforms were required.

How far this claim that the Museum is a kind of nest of perfection is justified may be judged from the comments of the Committee and from the list of recommendations attached to the report. The general administration is said to be based on "faulty and defective organisation"; the financial accounts are "confused and confusing"; important documents and papers have a trick of disappearing; imperfect records, or none at all, are kept of breakages and thefts, and details about the too-frequent fires which have occurred in the Museum are suppressed; the circulation section is run more with the idea of pleasing local exhibition promoters, who wish to draw the shillings of their townspeople, than with proper consideration for the proprieties of Art education; the show of working models in the Science Museum is "practically worthless for the artisan who wishes to see modern machinery"; there are "indications of acute controversy between persons in official positions at or in connection with the Museum"; and there are columns of other remarks of the same type. But the one section of the report which most significantly summarises the methods in vogue at South Kensington, is that relating to the Art Library. In an Art Museum the Library might reasonably have been expected to be a piece of perfection, and to be conducted on lines that would leave no opening for criticism. Yet it appears that to this essential centre of light and leading the palm must be given for inefficiency and disorder. The Committee declare it to be, theoretically, "one of the most important branches, so far as students and craftsmen are concerned;" but actually they find it without a special staff; worked by assistants drawn from the ordinary staff of the Museum, and not tested as to their qualifications by any examination in literature; and controlled by a Librarian who is allowed no voice "even in the most insignificant purchases." As a natural consequence of this mismanagement the library has been for years in a scandalous condition, with a catalogue full of childish errors, a system of control that has allowed of duplicates being gathered into it by the dozen, and a policy which has excluded from it a vast number of books of the utmost importance to students and writers on Art.

That this is the condition approved by the Secretary of the Department appears from a little piece of the internal history of the Museum. For some while before August 13th, 1897, the post of Librarian was occupied by Mr. Weale, a scholar of considerable attainment. He happens to be a man of capacity and energy, and during his tenure of office he, to quote the report, "reduced the Library to order, reorganised the system of cataloguing, swept away old abuses, and he has overtaken much of the accumulated arrears." As almost the only officer of the Museum whose authoritative knowledge of his particular subject is beyond question, he was last year called as a witness by the Select Committee, and gave evidence as valuable as it was outspoken concerning the South Kensington abuses under which he had suffered.

For this frankness, as the Committee plainly consider, he was summarily dismissed a week after Parliament was prorogued, although previously an extension of his appointment had been asked for and strongly recommended. This dismissal the Committee, in its final report, stigmatises as "most culpable," and declares it "a grave public scandal that a Civil Servant should have been treated in this manner;" and it affirms its "irresistible conclusion that the nature of Mr. Weale's evidence was the sole cause of his dismissal." No doubt it was the sole cause; the Secretary of the Department is a military man, and from him Mr. Weale received the sort of treatment that is usually meted out to a subordinate who criticises his superior officer.

Exactly similar restrictions to those which hampered Mr. Weale in the Library made ineffectual the efforts of Mr. Sparkes for the good of the Training School. He is a man with a reputation as an organiser and administrator, but all his recommendations of reform were disregarded, and the very necessary changes he advised were never carried out. His reports were treated with

indifference, officials were selected to work with him who had no real acquaintance with the duties they had to fulfil, and he was hedged round with all sorts of irritating annoyances. Now that in his place Mr. Walter Crane has been appointed, it will be interesting to see whether the same policy of stupid opposition will be persisted in, or whether the school will be allowed to benefit by the real control of one of the chief living exponents of decorative art.

The one hope for the future lies in the carrying out, in their entirety, of the recommendations of the Select Committee. The Secretary is to be removed from the Museum, and to have a separate office in Whitehall; the Directors for Science and Art are to be men of real technical knowledge, and are to have enlarged powers; officials are not to be shifted from section to section, but are to remain where their special knowledge will be of use; and, above all, a Board of Visitors—a Vigilance Committee, in fact—is to be created. These are the chief points insisted upon, and may be taken as a fair sample of the whole.

## CAMERA CRAFT.



HOLIDAY months are dull times for the journalist who would deal with pictorial photography; for, though many of the workers are busy in the field, their results will not be seen until the exhibition season opens—if, indeed, they are seen at all this

year. A few active people have already prepared some exhibition work, and some of us have seen samples, but not a word of detail must be given before the exhibitions open.

It has been remarked, and with much truth, that very little really good picture-making is done when photographers work in parties, as at the Photographic Convention, or at societies' excursions. The Convention is a very good case in point, for there we have the greatest crowds, the greatest hurry and bustle, the greatest number of plates exposed, and the smallest number of presentable results. At several of the Convention excursions considerably over a thousand exposures have been made in one day; the record being held by the recent Loch Lomond trip with a

1898.

total of just over seventeen hundred. Of course, most of the Conventioners, like most of the attendants at societies' rambles, are bent on enjoying the social side of the affair, the companionship and the scenery, and have no serious intention of picture-making. They are willing to take the little necessary trouble to secure pleasant

mementoes of enjoyable days, and many of the exposures result in small prints for exchange amongst friends, and in lantern slides for the amusement of the photographic societies.

On the whole, the principal value of excursions to the *real* picture-maker is in giving him a very rapid survey of many "fresh woods and pastures new," to some of which he may return at later date with serious intent. But even at the Convention, and on busy excursions, some of the members have done excellent work, so that it is a mistake to say, as has been done of late, that these trips are absolutely barren. The late Richard Keene, for instance, always did sound work; and one or two of his very best pictures were made at Salisbury on the brief excursion from the



"Seven times one."

By Catharine Weed Barnes Ward.

Bath Convention. His son, C. Barrow Keene, has exhibited fine Convention results, especially from some of the Shrewsbury excursions; John Stuart has had pictures from both the Shrewsbury and the Leeds Conventions at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition; and J. B. B. Wellington's well-known 'Salhous Broad' was made at the Yarmouth Convention. These instances which occur at the moment, are but samples of many which might be cited.

While societies' excursions are, as a rule, productive of but little really pictorial result, there are notable exceptions, as in the case of the Hackney and the South London Societies, both of which have had exceptionally well-managed excursions, whereat their members have made many medal-winning pictures. The difficulty in these cases, and especially with the South London's excursions, has been that so many people have photographed the same object in the same way, from the same spot, that the members' class of the society's own exhibition has proved a very monotonous affair.

A proposal recently made by the able journalist who writes the photographic column in the *Glasgow Evening Times*, for the improvement of the pictorial work done at the Convention, is not without value, though it is doubtful if its adoption would have the desired result. The suggestion is that J. Craig Annan or A. Horsley Hinton should conduct a special picture-making party, and, though such a course would not be likely to result in a great number of excellent works, it would result in many members of the party learning some of the things to be avoided. The American Convention has a distinctly educational section, devoted to demonstrations in portraiture; and there certainly seems no real reason why the Britons should not follow the same example, with modifications suited to circumstances.

American photography has been a good deal before the British societies this year, in the form of papers read and lantern slides shown, at the Convention and in London. Some of the British critics, too, are beginning to realise that it is possible for workers in different countries to have different ideals, and that some of the American work may depart from British traditions and standards because the Americans are not attempting to work up to these traditions and standards. The old idea was that if the work did not fall in with our notions it was bad work, but this is being revised, and, simultaneously with the American production of much better work, is growing up a British catholicity which will enable us to appreciate and profit by American initiative.

The whole field of American photography is too large for my roaming, but I may now, and in later issues, speak of one or two factors which are influencing the formation of an American "school." One of these, not the least important, is the admission of women into all the American photographic societies, and encouragement to work on a perfect equality with the men. Though this freedom has not been used so greatly as might be wished, it has tended to bring to the front a good number of women workers, most of whom deal with genre and figure subjects, following on the excellent lines of Miss Alice Longfellow, Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett, Miss Elizabeth A. Slade, Miss Mary E. Martin, Miss Emma J. Farnsworth, Mrs. J. O. Wright, Mrs. Edith L. Lounsbury, Miss E. V. Clarkson, Miss Catharine Weed Barnes (now Ward), Miss Frances B. Johnston, and others. Of Miss Johnston's recent work more than one example has been given in these pages; and in the present issue is a single subject picture, made nine or ten years ago, by another of the ladies mentioned.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



Panel in Wrought Iron.

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

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

THE panel in wrought iron which is shown in the illustration on the opposite page, was designed by Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., for the decoration of the hall of the Drapers' Company. Mr. Jackson's graceful design has been admirably carried out in the workshops of Messrs. Baily and Sons, of Gracechurch Street. Some interesting work by Messrs. Baily, one example of which was illustrated in *THE ART JOURNAL*, was shown in the spring at the Art Metal Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium.

In the decoration of the great hoarding which surrounds the new building which they are erecting in Oxford Street, Messrs. Waring and Gillow have set an example which is, unfortunately, likely to have but few imitators. Not many business firms would consent to sacrifice, for the sake of artistic effect, the revenue which they might have received by letting a space so admirably adapted for advertising purposes. The Waring and Gillow hoarding, which is decorated with a simple but effective stencilled design, in white, yellow, and sage green, is an ornament to the thoroughfare in which it stands.

Some curiously interesting specimens of ancient handwoven table linen, to which considerable historical interest attaches, were to be seen recently at the show-rooms of Messrs. Walpole, at 89, New Bond Street. The linen was the property of certain descendants of Colonel Belford, an English artillery officer, who fought at Culloden, and was fortunate enough, after the battle, to capture the carriage of the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward. The linen shown at Messrs. Walpole's was found in the carriage, and had evidently

been lent to the Prince by some of his supporters. Part of it had belonged to Euphemia, Countess of Wigton, whose name, and the date 1739, were woven into several of the pieces. The Countess was a widow at the time of the second rising, but her late husband had been a strong supporter of the Jacobite cause, and his sympathies with the Old Pretender had caused him to be imprisoned in 1715.

The linen, which was presumably woven in Scotland, was in wonderful preservation considering its great age, and the patterns of the tablecloths were singularly elaborate. Its colour, too, was good, and almost bore comparison with the snowy whiteness of the many fine examples of modern linen with which it was surrounded at the Bond Street show-rooms. The Countess of Wigton's table-cloths and serviettes were probably woven in farm-houses and cottages, by men and women whose methods were not altogether dissimilar from those of the handloom weavers who are employed to-day by Messrs. Walpole in and around Waringstown, County Down. It

was curious in comparing the old with the new linen, to notice how fashion has affected the size of the serviette, for those once used by the Countess were almost as large again as the modern examples. One of these, by the way, of a new and interesting pattern, is shown in an accompanying illustration. The design, with its storks and its feather-scroll border, is one of the most attractive of the many which have been introduced this season by Messrs. Walpole. Judging by some of the patterns, the stripe would seem to be almost as popular just now in linen as it is in wallpaper.



*New Pattern in Linen.*

*(Messrs. Walpole Bros.)*

W. T. WHITLEY.

## PASSING EVENTS.



REMBRANDT is very much *en évidence* at present. The Loan Exhibition at Amsterdam, open for the next month, will merit lengthy attention at our hands. Meanwhile, we may note that the National Gallery has purchased, out of a special Treasury grant, two Rembrandts, formerly the property of Lady de Saumarez. These portraits are of

a 'Burgomaster' and a 'Burgomaster's Wife,' and the fine selection of the great Dutchman's works in the National collection is much enriched thereby. Accuracy in connoisseurship is nowadays, we hope, always attained where public purchases are concerned. In 1866, however, the National Gallery bought as a Rembrandt the fine, but spurious, 'Christ blessing little Children' for £7,000, now catalogued as 'School of Rembrandt.'

ON the nineteenth of this month Mr. Thomas Armstrong retires from the post of Director for Art at South Kensington, which he has occupied since 1881. Mr. Armstrong, who is identified by his numerous friends as the prototype of Taffy in Du Maurier's "Trilby," has seen great changes in the demands of Art education during his association with the Science and Art Department. At one time Mr. Walter Crane's name was mentioned as a likely successor, but his recent appointment to the Principalship of the Royal College of Art removes him from the list of candidates. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. Herkomer, and Sir James Linton are names mentioned in official circles. With regard to the Report of the South Kensington Select Committee, however, the future officer will probably be called upon to give his whole time to the work, which would make the appointment of a busy artist practically impossible.

IN the Royal Academy exhibition of 1837, Mr. G. F. Watts exhibited a picture—recently rediscovered after many years—entitled 'The Wounded Heron.' The veteran painter's record is one long devotion to the expression in art of the nobility of sympathy, and in the last few weeks he has been engaged upon a subject which he calls 'An Angel of Sympathy.' The canvas typifies the sorrows of a girl over the lifeless body of a bird slain, as it were, on the altar of fashion.

AT the opening of the Twenty-eighth Annual Autumn Exhibition held at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, Sir William Forwood stated that over £200,000 worth of pictures had been sold by means of these displays. This amount gives a very good annual average; although of recent years it may be noted that the average has not been maintained. Liverpool is, unfortunately, not the only instance of a decadence from "the good old times" when artists were glutted with commissions.

OCTOBER is the month which witnesses the active resumption of artistic effort. Exhibitions will be held at Newbury, Derby, Winchester, Cardiff, Aberdeen, Oxford, and Brighton. At Aberdeen the Corporation have undertaken to expend the sum of £500 in the purchase of one picture to be added to the permanent collection. Nearly £3,000 worth of pictures appears to be the sum annually realized at the successful exhibitions held in this city. The Institute of Painters in Oil has its receiving day on the 8th. A cluster of artists' birthdays are contained in the month. Mr. Eyre Crowe (October 3); Mr. Walter Severn, President of the Dudley Gallery (October 12); Mr. Luke Fildes (October 18); Sir Wyke Bayliss (October 21); Mr. Alfred Bryan (October 30). On the 20th Sir William Agnew completes his seventy-third year. Mr. T. S. Cooper, R.A., attained the great age of ninety-five on September 29.

FOR the next competition for the Prix de Rome, the announcement is made that a deviation has been decided upon from the classical or mythological subject hitherto invariably set to the candidates. The subject to be illustrated will be scriptural; the incident chosen being 'The Troubling of the Pool of Bethesda.' The change is decidedly interesting, although hardly reactionary. Imitators of the neo-realism of Jean Béraud, or of the more dignified art of Dagnan-Bouveret, Von Uhde or Liebermann, will scarcely find much scope in the choice of subject.

ALTHOUGH the book is, we understand, already out of print, we wish to give a warm word of praise to "British Miniature Painters and their Works," by J. J. Foster (Sampson Low; and Dickinson, Bond Street). With sixty reproductions of the finest miniatures from the Queen's collection, and others of nearly equal importance, the well-printed and portly volume is likely to be a memorial to the knowledge and patience of the author. Mr. Foster, with the devotion of an enthusiast and the experience of a life-time, has achieved high distinction in the publication of this volume, and it is satisfactory to know that his labours have been so quickly appreciated. Readers of this Journal will recall the series of beautifully illustrated papers Mr. Foster contributed to our pages in 1896, a great part of these being incorporated in the present publication.

IT is indeed seldom that an artist of standing has the time or the patience to study the dry details of Art history, and for this reason we are all the more grateful for the quarto volume of 600 pages, wherein M. Stanislas Lami, a well-known Parisian sculptor, has brought together the facts known about French sculptors from the Middle Ages to the first half of the seventeenth century. Under the title "Dictionnaire des Sculpteurs de l'École française du moyen âge au règne de Louis XIV" (H. Champion, Paris), M. Lami has consecrated years of evening work to the compilation of dry details concerning artists, only a few of whom we seem now to know. As no book has ever been prepared before on the subject, this work necessarily becomes a standard, and the scrupulous care evident in all the details makes it worthy of this position.

Supplement to  
THE ART JOURNAL,  
OCTOBER, 1898.

STYLE IN FURNITURE, OLD AND NEW.

"WHAT'S become of Waring?" asked Robert Browning, in a long poem. But the quotation has not been used so far, by the well-known firm of the same name in their advertisements, and now that a branch of it has been established in Sloane Street the query is even less pertinent. The premises there fitted up to display examples of their interior decoration and furniture, are exceptionally interesting. It is encouraging to discover that the directors of a commercial enterprise like Messrs. Waring's, are not only anxious to satisfy the demand of rich and fashionable clients, but are anxious also to recognise the newer developments of artistic taste, and to provide for those whose ideal is the present or future, no less than for those whose ideal is based on past precedents. The fact that the French styles, chiefly those of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., and the English so-called "Adams" manner, have practically monopolised our "Society" interiors for years past, need not depress the most patriotic Briton too deeply. The French styles and their acclimatized variants, at their best, are well-bred, grammatical and polished, if somewhat tedious on repetition. Against them it may be urged that work in a prescribed style restrains individual expression, and prevents the artist carrying out his own idea, that it cramps his hand and thwarts his ingenuity; but on the other hand it keeps back much innate vulgarity from those who are not creative artists, and curbs the wild fancy of ignorant, if energetic, seekers after novelties. What crimes have been committed in the name of Gothic, when, in place of the definite style of any given period, some three centuries of precedent were drawn upon, mixed, and served up with all sorts of modern additions and adaptations, resulting in gruesome anachronisms; or in later years in the "so-called" Japanese craze, when from a few pieces of matting, jars, and slight woodwork, the whole complex fittings of an English home were evolved, the bottoms of trays

torn out to act as panels for overmantels, and bamboo made to supply framework for permanent furniture in a sober English house. Orgies of this sort, mildly popular for an hour, warn us to look askance at mere novelty, whether it comes from home or foreign sources; but all the same, endless repetitions of the best style pall and grow wearisome. It is pleasant, therefore, to find that Messrs. Waring, while keeping their reputation for excellent work—conceived and carried out with due observance to the important features of past style—are also developing the modern British style, which, on the Continent, is recognised as "Morris," or "Queen Anne," or "Arts and Crafts," but yet waits a distinctive and logical title.

The chief feature which characterizes all the various rooms fitted up at Sloane Street to supply models for clients, is their excellent colour. Whatever be their diverse merits individually, and these are neither few nor unimportant, the dominant success which rules all alike, is that each has its own scheme of colour, well conceived, well elaborated, and adapted for the particular purpose for which the whole room has been fitted. Thus we find more obvious harmonies of white and sea-green, white and old

rose, mahogany and dull, soft, peacock greens, and the like, and others far more complex yet never crude, never "spotty," never commonplace, and at times so good that a painter might use them as backgrounds for his subject pieces.

Nor is good colour by any means a common feature in palaces or cottages to-day. As a nation it is to be feared that our sense of good colour is lost. The so-called "esthetic" movement of the seventies recognising the immense difficulty of managing bright

pigments harmoniously, sought refuge in secondary and tertiary shades, and by success in these unquestionably led the way to better things. To-day we find harmonies



*The Grand Staircase.*



Corner of the Chelsea Fitted Bedroom.

of far more vivid hues attempted and conquered; as here we meet with gaiety of colour which escapes alike vulgarity and dullness. It is clear that surroundings of depressing, if beautiful, colours affect the nerves of people more than they guess. A wet day in a country house, with sodden lawns and swaying trees outside, and dull peacock-blue hangings, citron and soft brown decoration inside, inflicts needless depression on its inmates. So, in a gloomy London street, interiors need positive colour, whether in light schemes or rich, something that helps to dispel the gloom outside and to supply the cheerful surroundings which Nature in a good temper most usually offers a human being out of doors.

If all people had clear ideas of what they wanted, then it would be best that each householder should express his own taste in his own house. But, apart from the fact that the taste of the master and mistress of the establishment rarely agree on all points, it is to be feared that the average couple, judged on the evidence of their drawing-room alone, are artistically colour-blind; or else the outrages inflicted on their more sensitive friends would not exist. For such people it is best that they should entrust their whole *ménage* to such a firm as Messrs. Waring, and enjoy the taste of trained advisers. It is quite true that no home furnished by outsiders can ever possess the individual charm of one where every item has been chosen by the owner, provided (and the reservation is of the first importance) that the owner possesses educated taste. What passes for "taste" is usually a reflection of other people's. Does one hostess study the Japanese art of arranging flowers on a dinner table, all the world, followed by the suburbs, becomes conscious of "taste" in the same way, and sticks its flowers upright between the folds of leaden zigzags placed at the bottom of a dish, instead of classifying them in specimen glasses as they did but recently, or mixing them, as they did still earlier, in epergnes and hideous centre-pieces. But to consider the new fashion

as evidence of the growth of "taste," much more as revealing the originality of the ten-hundredth imitator, would be absurd.

So if the great public is without personal desires and cannot imagine the appointments of a room beforehand, and hunt patiently for the right paper, the right furniture, the right carpet, and the right hangings, to carry out its preconceived scheme, then it were best to leave the whole matter in the hands of experts. But many people can adapt or alter a scheme to their own taste if they see it in actual substance before them. By means of these specimen rooms Messrs. Waring show, not merely the items which they advise you to use together, but the effect of the whole placed within walls and ceilings decorated to accord with the furniture, carpets, &c.

Beginning in the corner of the first show room, planned as portion of a hall, we find balustrades of Italian walnut of a pleasant colour, a high panelled dado with somewhat elaborate carving in the style of François Premier, and above this a frieze of most admirably executed "Spanish" leather work; veritable leather, but modern. The boldly ribbed ceiling has peculiarly excellent detail of ornament, based on the pomegranate. The lift (which offers an alternative to the wide, easy-rising, flight of stairs) is fitted as a tiny boudoir, style Louis XVI., painted white, with "old rose" striped tabaret in panels. Thence we reach a little room in Louis-Quinze style, with white painted woodwork and moulded ceiling, the walls hung with charming silk brocade of rose colours, broken by touches approaching salmon; and from this pass to a boudoir in Louis-Seize style with all white panelling, moulded and smirched ceiling, conforming to the best models of the period.

Next is the so-called "Chelsea" bedroom, a most effective and charming little apartment, that, by virtue of



Angle-Nook in the Chelsea Room.

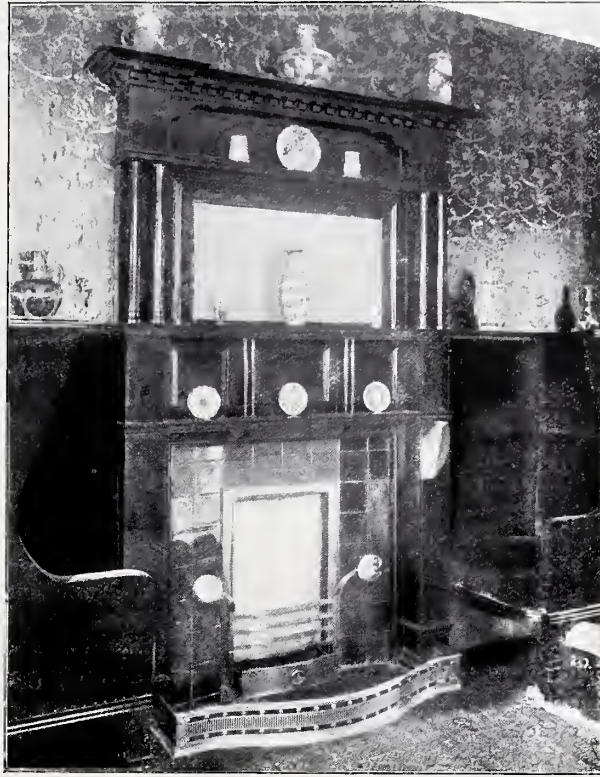


ingenious fitments, though barely twelve feet square, gets plenty of floor space. The colour of this bedroom is as fresh and as gay as that of a piece of old Chelsea china. Its woodwork lining the walls, and most conveniently broken up with book shelves, cupboards, and fixed mirrors, is painted a green that is well-nigh white, so faint is its colour; and the chintzes are of bright design, such as William Morris loved. A bedstead, in which well-wrought iron plays its part, but leaves the construction of painted wood harmonising with the rest of the fittings; washstand and dressing table so ingeniously incorporated with the fitments and cupboards of the room, that their presence is hardly suspected at first sight; and an ingle-nook, which

is an deal cosy corner for two, make up the chief appointments. Above the woodwork is a frieze, light and gay. The windows are casements of opalescent glass in simple leading. The handles of the drawers, cupboards, and the like are specially designed and wrought; the very panelling of the doors and drawer-fronts, flush with the framing, has a touch of its own. The mantelpiece is especially graceful in design, and admirably simple. A few details such as the twisted columns of the shelves, the turned rails in the upper part of the bench-ends of the ingle-nook, might perhaps be simplified with advantage, but taking the whole as a whole, it is distinctly comely, admirably convenient, and marvellously compact.

A very satisfactory carpet, wherein peacock-blue predominates, covers the floor. Nothing could be less based on precedent than is this room, and that it is so good, although so novel, speaks well for the taste of the art-director of the firm to whose design it is due.

Next we come to a library interior where fixed



*The Library Fitment.*

held to describe the colour scheme; which, however, is nearer that of a ripe pomegranate in sunshine, with its dark-green foliage, than of the prevailing Jubilee decorations of baize and woollen fringe, which the mere words suggest.

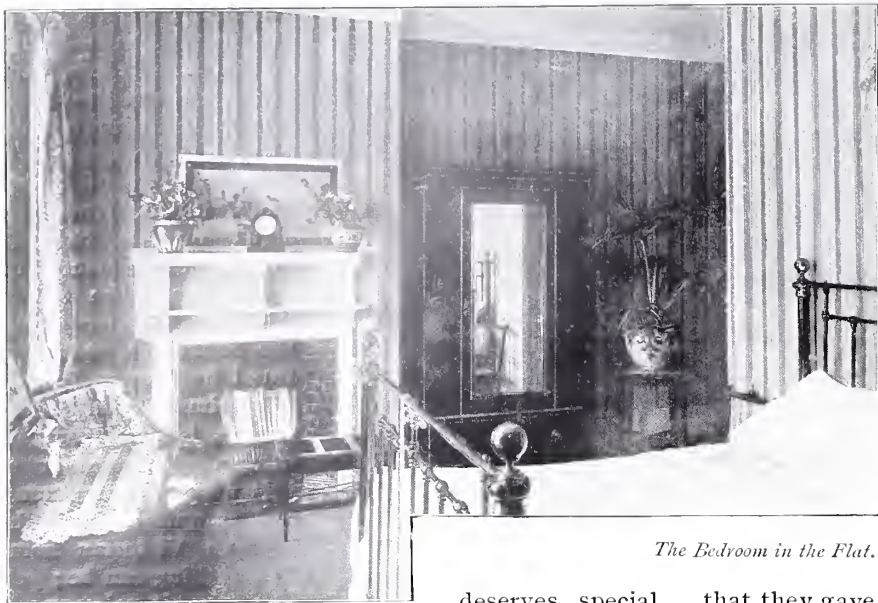
A dining-room, in what it is convenient to call the Flemish style, has a very notable mantelpiece of oak inlaid, and panelling of oak, surmounted by a stencilled arras. The decoration and design of the fireplace are so clearly evident in the illustration here given that it would be superfluous to describe them. In this room are superb examples of Spanish braziers, and a fine "Hispano-Moresque" cabinet, with the diamond-shaped

plates of pierced metal over velvet, which distinguish these pieces of Iberian furniture.

The next room is an excellent example of Italian Raphaellesque decoration which still finds favour with many. The really beautiful composition of marble, with bass-reliefs in type-metal, flanking the sides to the grate proper,



*The Flemish Dining-Room.*



*The Bedroom in the Flat.*

deserves special note. From this we enter an "Adams" room, with pale-green striped brocade papers, and enriched plaster-work on walls and ceiling, including several Flaxman panels. Chairs, and tables in painted satinwood, reproductions of old examples, accord delightfully with the scheme of the room.

Passing through a little vestibule, hung with arras, stencilled with a series of apple trees rising from the floor to the ceiling, we enter the first of the rooms of a "typical" flat, decorated and furnished completely: so that intending occupants of pleasantly situated but often small rooms, may see exactly how the furniture and the fittings look under the same conditions.

The dining-room of this flat has a novel and most admirable fireplace, wherein copper panels play a prominent part; the walls are of stencilled arras with gold for its groundwork, upon which transparent lacquers in harmonious blues and greens supply the floral forms of its pattern. The chairs are simple, but not unduly severe, the sideboard and buffet excellently in accord. The dining-table is most ingeniously wrought, after an old Flemish example, so that it may be extended to double its normal length by simply pulling out flaps at either end. The room is distinguished; and worth selecting as a sample of modern good taste, to show the Continent what England is doing for middle-class homes. The drawing-room and bedrooms, if less notable in detail, are pretty in colour, and offer comfortable typical appointments for people of good taste, who dislike "affectation," whether artistic or Philistine.

On the whole, the most drastic critic of commercial design, if he be just, finds singularly little to condemn here, and much to praise. Vulgar tastes have a right to indulge themselves, and if they demand more ornate decoration than is here seen no doubt it could be supplied; but Messrs. Waring's standard, while not too remote for common nature's daily need, is far above the average. It would be safe to affirm that in the first hundred luxuriously-appointed houses within a stone's throw of the Sloane Street estab-

lishment, very few, if any, would show better taste than is here offered the casual buyer. People forget often that for anything absolutely out of the common run, not only is unlimited money necessary, but unlimited time as well. We are all in a hurry to-day, and few, if any, would yield to a demand for five years' preparation to build and furnish a house. Yet five years would be far too short a time to decorate and furnish, if each item were entrusted to some artist of note. Supposing one had the money to pay for this, and the wit to choose the right architect, the right sculptor, the right mural-painter, and the rest, the bare thought of managing all these and a dozen art-workers so carefully

that they gave you of their best within any reasonable period is too appalling to contemplate. If people to-day want Art quickly they must call in commerce to assist them. Under the circumstances they are not likely to obtain the priceless craft of a Cellini or even of a Grinling Gibbons, but they can acquire work equal to the best average of their time, which is after all much what happened in the splendid days of the past. The average was higher then, perhaps; but no little of it was executed for reasons as purely commercial as those which rule to-day. Perhaps people were less impatient *then*, and more willing to wait as well as to spend money; if so, that is the real reason why much of the art—so-called—of to-day is merely excellent craft and tasteful design. To find things practically waiting your order, means that they must be prepared to suit the average taste, or rather, as we see here—taste above the average, but still not exceptional. Promptitude and despatch are mercantile qualities, and those who demand them must not expect others which cannot co-exist with them. Messrs. Waring will decorate at need a cottage of gentility or a palace; and a millionaire or emperor in a hurry could hope for nothing better.



*The Dining-Room in the Flat.*





1871. Signal, Picking up, Perry, Colchester, N.H.

Gudabany



*Maternité. By Rodin.*

## RODIN.

### SOME FURTHER NOTES ON HIS RECENT WORK.\*

IT is often said that Rodin is not a talker. True, he is not garrulous, nor has he the Parisian's gift of talking about nothing; but few men can talk so well when any subject interests him. The absolute reality of the man places him far above those who are deemed brilliant. It is a rare pleasure to hear him talk of Art; to walk through his studio and rooms at Meudon, full of statues, groups, busts, and to hear him speak of his own work and that of other men.

It is incredible how much work Rodin has done. On the Boulevard d'Italie, in a quiet out-of-the-way part of Paris, he has a house which stands back from the street, in the midst of a garden, and here

\* Continued from page 196.

NOVEMBER, 1898.



*La Pensée. By Rodin.*

from time to time he works quite alone, seeing no one. The house itself is old-fashioned, with well-proportioned rooms, and mouldings in good taste, and this remote, poetic place is peopled with the phantasms of the master's brain. There is no room for ought else; upstairs, downstairs, in all the rooms, in the cupboards even, are figures, groups, bas-reliefs, innumerable. A world of dreams, all white and silent, yet full of life because the birthplace of undying beauty, and teeming with creations. Here Rodin dreams, far from the noise of Paris; far from the curious who go to his studio in the Rue de l'Université that they may say they have been there and

*Frère et Sœur.**By Rodin.*

praise or laugh at what they do not understand according to the society they chance to be in; far from the envious and evil-tongued; far from the artists who have won ephemeral success, who carry in their minds a semi-consciousness that they are wrong, and hush that inward whisper by finding some imperfections in the great master.

Why is it that Rodin is not truly understood? Because the public and the average artist look for the story in his work, and in a fine group they see only that the lines are beautiful, that the design is intricate and well conceived; they do not recognise that the true greatness of his work lies in its strength and the truth of its modelling. These are the qualities which make Rodin's work fine sculpture, and in these he surpasses all other living men. In his latest and finest creations he equals the best Greek work, for in common with the Greeks, Rodin has, in his best productions, combined powerful modelling, great delicacy, and truth to nature.

Strength, truth and tenderness, are they not the highest development of life, the utmost expression of all genius?

The lines of Rodin's drawings, and the profiles of his sculpture, have breadth and fulness; they are never poor or weak; the line is so developed as to be almost encircling—the word scarcely conveys the meaning intended.

*Chez M. Rodin, Boulevard d'Italie.*

This quality, so difficult to describe, is that which alone renders work complete, and it exists in the best Greek and Egyptian Art, in the drawings of Raphael. &c. Few can see this; perhaps only great artists and a narrow circle who *feel* without actual knowledge,

and recognise greatness from simple love of all things great. When Rodin exhibits a really splendid piece of work, the public regret that it is not finished! They cannot understand that a fine fragment is all the more complete because the master has put all his strength into this fragment, has not cared to make it entire, or to carry out all

*Chez M. Rodin, Boulevard d'Italie.*



*Le Printemps.*  
By Rodin.



*L'Age d'Airain.*  
By Rodin.

the details, when perchance the model may no longer be there, or the master's brain and hand may be attracted to other things.

Do any of us miss the Venus of Milo's legs, or do we wish for the Belvidere Torso to have its limbs? We only feel how beautiful is all that we see. We ought to feel the same about Rodin's work. The 'Winged Figures,' designed for the top of a column, are full of beauty, their unfinished arms are full of movement, and the whole group is a dream of grace and airy motion. These unfinished groups give us a strange sense of Rodin's power. So strong is the effect produced by what is already achieved, that the rough stone which remains seems, even in its incompleteness, to carry out the conception satisfactorily.

Rodin models straight from nature, from fully developed, beautiful form. Many artists content themselves with *moulages sur nature*, and they work from these; such work is necessarily false and lifeless. Rodin understands nature in every aspect. Some really good artists seem to have seen only that side of nature which appealed personally to them; Rodin, like Shakespeare, sees life just as it is; he shows us perfect form, impressed with every emotion. In truth, he is a Poet with a boundless imagination.

Does not 'Le Printemps' tell us all the passion and tenderness of youth? The very attitude of the two beings whisper of unbroken illusion and faith in the infinity of love. The modelling of the man's body and arm, the firm lines, the very embodiment of strength, contrasts with the yielding supple flesh of the woman,

in his work the faithful and perfect representation of fine human form. He would perhaps say that he simply models truly and strongly what he sees, he forgets the old truth that the Poet was the *Seer* oftentimes.

'L'Age d'Airain' is one of Rodin's most famous statues, though it has not been reproduced in England. There is not one weak point in the simple, strong modelling of this fine figure, which is almost Greek in its perfection. It stands in one of the rooms at Meudon, and as Rodin showed it, he said: "This is man just waking to the strength and glory of his manhood." He has a charming way of talking of his own work. *Oui, c'est très beau*, he says quite simply of a fine piece of work. And sometimes just in one or two words he makes you understand the conception, the entire idea of some design or group he shows. At Meudon the other day, he took a little group of nude dancing girls, a mere sketch in plaster, which no doubt he will one day produce in marble, and placing it on an overturned vase he said: "See, they are the spirit of the wine." And truly these lovely dancing figures were the very essence of *abandon*, forgetfulness, joy of life, all that wine sometimes gives us, in spite of the cruelties of fate.

What fine, clear, strong modelling there is in the head 'La Pensée.' It stands in the Atelier Rue de l'Université, and one gets a glimpse of the Dante door, and fragments of other work in the background. 'Frère et Sœur' gives a true representation of undeveloped childhood and rounded babyhood. The very pose is characteristic of the awkwardness of *l'âge ingrat*, the ungracefulness which yet has a touching beauty of its own.

Rough, strong, and keen is the 'Head of Rochefort.' The master seems to have chiselled it with a sure, swift hand, and a determinate force indicative of the subject he had to deal with; there is no caressing touch as in 'Le Printemps,' yet what splendid work, with the Gothic feeling apparent in some of his other work.

'Maternité' must appeal, first, to every artist by its strength of modelling, its truth, its exquisite delicacy, its loveliness of pose; and must appeal secondarily, to human feeling by its tenderness.

Sculpture such as Rodin's has a future before it. For long years the public have been contented with *photographic* sculpture — cold, uninteresting, lifeless, with so-called accuracy of detail. They resent the return to truth.



*Head of Rochefort.*

*By Rodin.*

The Art which is true to nature can never die, though years pass and only here and there arises a man, a genius, who can express the truth. How gladly do the public ignore such a man, if it be possible, and cackle about inferior artists! Perhaps they unconsciously feel that their praise or blame of such men as Alfred Stevens, Legros, Rodin, is valueless.

All that Rodin produces now is fine, varied in conception, but unvaried in strength and truth; the work of a great Poet, a great Master, whose religion is "*la probité dans l'Art, le travail assidu, et la volonté.*"

What can we not look for from his brain and hand? Let us do him honour by learning to understand and love his glorious work.

CHARLES QUENTIN.



*Winged Figures (unfinished).*

*By Rodin.*





*Landscape, with a distant view.*

*By P. Nasmyth.*

## THE COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF NORMANTON.\*

QUITE appropriately, the gallery at Somerley, being peculiarly rich in the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, contains some altogether admirable examples of his great contemporary and rival, Gainsborough. Indeed, by this master was painted the picture which, among the many notable works of art in the house, stands out conspicuously as the chief gem of the whole collection. It may fairly be questioned whether Reynolds, with all his superb command of technical devices, and infinite resource in the practice of art, could have surpassed, or even equalled, the portrait of 'Lady Mendip.' It marks the highest development of Gainsborough's exquisite subtlety in matters of execution; it shows to perfection his power of realising minute details of facial expression; and by its purely artistic qualities of colour modulation and harmonious combination, it takes its place among the very best of the masterly canvases which support his claim to be regarded as the brightest light in British art history. As a piece of pure brushwork nothing could be finer. The modelling of the full, fleshy face, the intricate details of the laces and trimmings of the dress, the complex lines of the powdered hair, are stated and defined with unflinching certainty, and yet with a deli-

cacy of touch and sense of style which give to the picture, as a whole, a vivid persuasiveness that belongs only to the work of a craftsman of consummate skill.

Another important portrait by Gainsborough hangs in the gallery, a serious, dignified presentment of William Pitt, which is treated with admirable reserve and freedom from exaggeration. It was originally in the collection of Lord Radnor, an ardent admirer and follower of the great statesman; but his son, who was a politician of a very different type, sold the picture to Lord Normanton, and declared he was glad to get rid of it, for he hated the sight of it as much as he hated the man it represented. The vehemence of his political antipathies had, however, the good effect of making possible a notable addition to the treasures which were at the time being gathered at Somerley. In addition to these two portraits, Gainsborough is represented there by some quite typical examples of his skill in landscape. The large canvas, 'The Cottage Door,' shows excellently his masculine sense of composition, and his wonderful ability in arranging the details of his subject; and the smaller 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,' is equally interesting as a sensitive and judicious study from nature, in which the charm of the open air is preserved

\* Concluded from page 315.



*Lady Mendip.*

*By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.*

with rare success. This picture is, perhaps, unfinished. Its slightness of handling and freshness of texture suggest the preparatory stages of a work which the artist intended to carry further; but they have the effect of giving a particular brilliancy to the colour, and an unusual degree of delicacy to the atmospheric gradations. The quality of the painting as a whole is that of a fluent and well-considered sketch, lacking nothing of the necessary decision, but without any insistence upon details unimportant in the pictorial scheme.

There are several other landscapes in the collection which are well worthy of association even with Gainsborough's happiest efforts in this branch of art practice. Morland's 'Gipsy Encampment' (p. 310), for instance, is a magnificent piece of work, robust and unaffected, and, both in arrangement and execution, fit to rank among the chief productions of a painter who was surpassed by few among his great contemporaries. It is remarkable especially for its breadth of touch and solid directness

of statement; but it is scarcely less admirable as a faithful record of a subject which he may quite possibly have seen. No suggestion of artificial composition, or of fitting in details in accordance with a preconceived plan, mars the reality of the picture. It is absolutely literal and exact, and yet it is so completely pervaded by a sense of style that its realism gives no hint of vulgarity, and its truth tends not the least in the direction of coarseness. The scene represented is frankly taken from low life, and the people who play their part in the rustic drama are but a set of wandering outcasts; but the artist has had the good judgment to subordinate squalor to picturesqueness, not in modern fashion accentuating the outward and visible signs of poverty by way of making an appropriate

appeal to a sentimental public, but using only an appropriate informality that is quite in keeping with the unkempt naturalness of his landscape surrounding. In another large canvas, a 'Coast Scene: Horses bathing,' he depends almost entirely for the success of his picture upon his sympathy with nature. His real subject here is the breezy freshness of the sea-coast, and human interest plays a part of no importance. The pearly grey-ness of the sunlight softened by the sea mist is the motive he has selected, and this he has interpreted with the same magnificent simplicity that makes his 'Gipsy Encampment' in its way a classic.

A view of art very different in its manner of expression, and yet akin in its sincerity and literal fidelity to fact, is illustrated in the 'Landscape, with a distant view,' by P. Nasmyth. Where Morland is free, almost careless in his manner of recording his observations, Nasmyth is precise, accurate, and studied. His interest in nature is that of the minute observer, who examines every detail,



*From photographs by Messrs. E. Day and Son, Bournemouth.*

*Interiors of Somerley.*



*Landscape, with Cattle and Figures.*  
By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

fearful lest he should, by overlooking even the most trivial point, make less complete the statement of his convictions. In this picture nothing is left to chance or to happy suggestion, and no lack of thought has made possible any misconception of the artist's meaning. Yet the result is not simply a piece of pedantic display of exact knowledge: there is exquisite elegance, and yet impressive force in the canvas. As an exhibition of superb draughtsmanship, as an assertion of technical skill of the most notable type, and as a proof of infinite ability in composition, it is acceptable without question; but it is admirable also on account of its sympathy with the charm of the open air. The painting of the stretch of river valley seen in the "distant view" is delightful in its delicacy and its management of aerial perspective; and the foreground, with its rich variety of colour and judicious massing of deep tones, is quite convincing in its strength. What is, perhaps, the greatest charm of the landscape as a whole is, however, its decorative quality. It is a memorable effort in design, carefully thought out and as carefully carried through; but it escapes conventionality, because the artist, with all his learning, has not forgotten to make the study of nature the governing principle of his art.

The list of pictures by other men of note in the British School, who are well represented at Somerley, would be a long one, if each work were considered and described in right proportion to its merits. It must suffice to mention some of the more important, without going into detail about each one, and to record the presence in the gallery of those which have more than usual interest. Certainly, it would be impossible to praise too highly the great portrait-group, 'The Graham Family,' by Hogarth, which shows to perfection his skill as a colourist and his power as an executant; or the two admirable Boningtons, 'A View in Rouen' and 'A View in Venice.' Two interesting sketches for pictures, one by Sir E. Landseer for 'The Highland Cradle,' and the other by Sir David Wilkie for 'The Reading of the Will,' are also valuable, historically and artistically; and there are canvases by Creswick, John Crome, Etty, W. Collins,

Romney, Opie, and Sir Francis Grant, that are prominent even in such a collection of fine things. One picture, perhaps by its definite character and high merit as a technical achievement, claims more detailed description. This is 'The Mandolin Player,' by Frederick Yeates Hurlstone. The artist, a pupil of Beechey, Lawrence, and Haydon, was a man of distinction during the first half of the present century, and his works are to be found in many important collections. He was active in art politics, and gained a certain amount of notoriety as an opponent of the Royal Academy, against which body he gave evidence at the Parliamentary enquiry in 1835. Of his ability he has left many proofs, and this picture by him, in Lord Normanton's possession, fully justifies the estimation in which he was held. It was painted in Rome in 1835, from an Italian boy who was at the time celebrated as a model, and it shows strongly the influence upon the English artist or the atmosphere of the country in which he was temporarily at work. The colour is peculiarly rich and luminous, a scheme of red, deep blue, and brown, and the brushwork, though careful and precise, is full of expressive charm.

Slight as the subject is, and simple as the arrangement and mode of treatment are, the canvas is one that cannot be overlooked. Its curious persuasiveness compels attention, and gives it a quite unexpected importance.

Chief among the pictures by foreign masters is the great study by Rubens of 'A Lioness.' The title by which this is known is 'A Lion rolling in Play'; but it is very questionable whether the artist did not intend rather to represent the death struggle of a wounded animal. The



*The Mandolin Player.*  
By F. Y. Hurlstone.

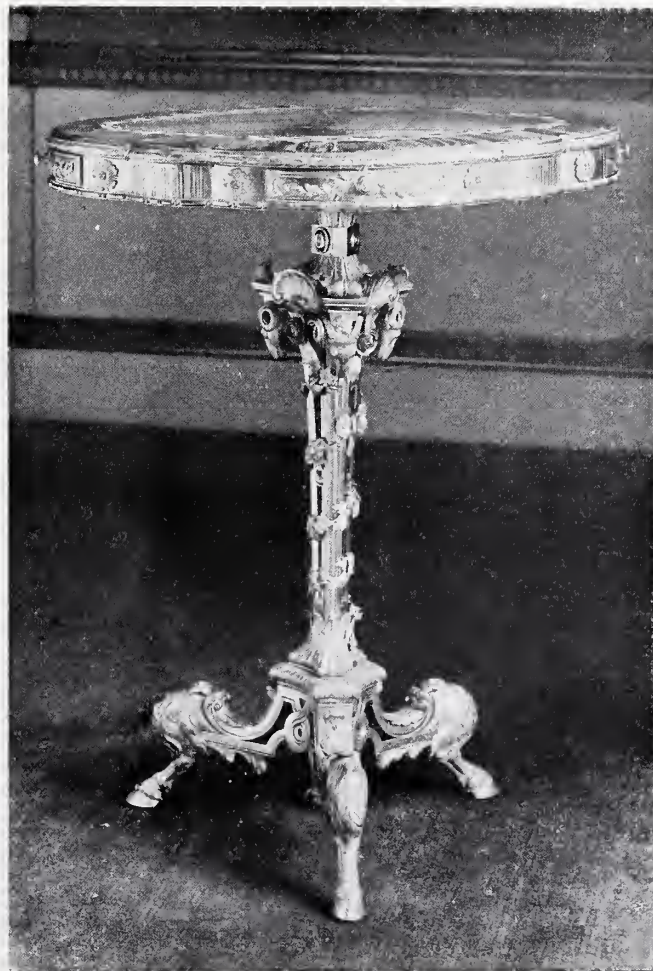
*Moses striking the Rock.**By Murillo.*

contortion of the body, and the expression of the snarling mouth and fierce eyes, are far more suggestive of a muscular spasm caused by suffering, than of voluntary movement arising from a pleasurable emotion. However, if the title is a debatable one, there is no room for doubt concerning the quality of the work itself. The drawing of the lithe, muscular back and massive limbs, the painting of the furry coat, and the management of the rich and varied colour are all masterly in the highest degree. None of the technical power which distinguishes all the greater productions of the artist is lacking, and no want of command over the intricacies of his craft diminishes the value of the effort he has made. The success to be credited to the picture is altogether independent of its subject; no dramatic suggestion or ingenious illustration of a well-known story is to be found in it, and no interest outside the canvas itself makes an appeal to popular sympathies. It is essentially a studio exercise, an exhibition, pure and simple, of infinite knowledge of the practical side of the painter's profession; and, as such, it claims a place of honour among the masterpieces of the gallery.

If there is at Somerley no other foreign picture of quite the same rank,  
1898.

there are certainly many others which are admirably representative of the schools to which they belong. Of the greater Dutchmen, Cuyp, Teniers, Ruysdael, Paul Potter, Wouvermans, and their contemporaries, there are excellent examples; there are several extremely characteristic Vandycks, and some early Italian compositions of very high merit.

Murillo, too, may be studied to advantage, for, in addition to the 'Man with a Basket of Fruit,' which has been already mentioned, there are by him several smaller pictures which adequately illustrate his refinements of style and command of colour subtleties. In his 'Moses striking the Rock,' a sketch for the large picture in the Church of the Hospital of the Charity at Seville, there is ample evidence of the vigour of his imagination, and of the readiness of resource which was one of the most obvious merits of his artistic method. By Titian there is a fine replica of the 'Venus and Adonis,' a notable picture which was described by the *Times* critic, on the occasion of its appearance in 1882, at Burlington House, as "important and certainly genuine, the most excellent of the many repetitions, not improbably the famous picture of the Farnese Collection." Altogether, Lord Normanton may be said to be the fortunate



*The Steel and Gilt Table formerly belonging to Charles I.,  
now in the possession of the Earl of Normanton*



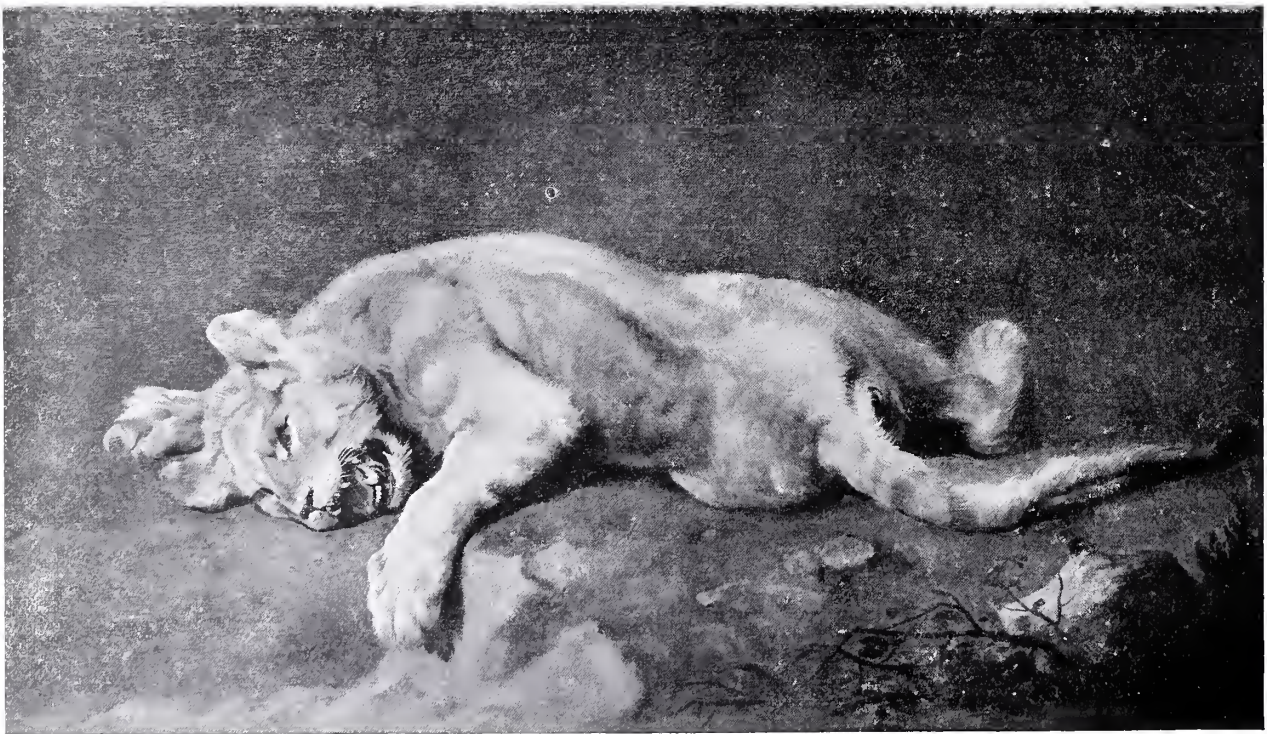
*At Somerley.—The Virtues. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.  
From a photograph by Messrs. E. Day and Son, Bournemouth.*

possessor of a gallery which very conspicuously maintains an unusually high standard.

The furniture and art objects, other than pictures, were mostly collected by the third Earl of Normanton, who also re-modelled the interior of the house and introduced the decorated ceilings and cornices which adorn the chief rooms. Many things are to be seen there that have interesting associations, artistic or historical; and some few may be classed as rarities of much importance. The

successive alterations and additions in more recent years have changed its character and greatly modified its appearance. As it stands now, it is a country house designed for comfort and not for show, domestic rather than palatial in its type, and conveniently adapted to residential purposes. It looks, in fact, like what it is, the home of a man of taste, who prefers pleasant surroundings to empty formality and unnecessary display.

A. L. BALDRY.



*A Lioness.  
By Rubens.*



The Island of Keltch.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

## FROM KOROSKO TO WADY HALFA.\*

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEO. MONTBARD.

TEN A.M.—Here we are on board. Cook's two steamers leave, ascending the river. Ten minutes after we follow. The pilot of the last boat—barefooted, muffled up in a monk's cast-off frock, with cowl drawn over his head, the white plaits of his under-robe depassing at the bottom—manœuvres the wheel.

The Libyan desert penetrates at every moment into the river. In the fissures of the blocks vegetate a few stunted mimosas. The rare spots not invaded by the sterile cliffs present a slope of some thirty feet, planted with peas and onions. A long sandbank borders the Arabian shore.

Now, no more chirping of birds, no more wagtails hopping about on deck, no clusters of sparrows clinging along the cords; not even, in space, one of those voracious falcons who, in Upper Egypt, turn in circle in bands above one, with piercing cries following the steamer, watching for what is cast overboard. Naught but vast silence, in which resounds only the beating of the stern wheel amid the dull roll of the drum of the machine. Everywhere an immense stretch of water between two deserts; one dark and dull, with bluish tints; the other yellow, hemmed with a thin green belt.

Two boats are fastened to the Libyan bank. In the desert sand, almost blending with it, appears a block of houses in its square enclosure. At the top of the bluff shore, in the shade of a group of palms, rear the ruined walls of an abandoned *sakieh*.

The Libyan chain spreads out calcined, dismal, discovering from time to time a strip of mould on the bank. The Arabian side advances in a point to the Nile, covered with habitations grouped among groves of palms: the village of Derr, and farther on Tomah. The river is majestic in amplitude. A great sandbank follows the Arabian shore. Opposite, the Libyan plain unfolds, very green, shaded by palms and mimosas. The hillocks sink down, flatten in slightly undulating waves. Villages succeed one another: mud houses mingled with huts made of sorgho grass. Tongues of alluvium stretch into the desert.

2 P.M.—A little farther on the Libyan chain develops

into an interminable wall, supporting the mass of sand. Camels wend their way along the sward at the riverside shaded by mimosas. The rigid cliff continues for a fairly long distance, with its clumps of mimosas; then the gently-sloping land is clothed in brilliant vegetation: sheets of lucern, fields of beans, peas, tobacco plants. Among a group of Arabs, one of whom holds a flag, a European is taking notes, sheltering himself under a parasol—some government official in the exercise of his functions, no doubt. The monotonous wall ends at last. The riverside maintains its smiling aspect, with its planted squares forming a chessboard of green, brilliant in tone, varied in shade; its crest shaded with mimosas; and, beyond, the infinite plain of sand. On the Libyan slope the mimosas grow thick, and very high. From the sands start up, with the appearance of bastions, groups of habitations always protected by their indispensable



A Barabra.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

\* Continued from page 293.



*The Pilot on one of Cook's Steamers.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

with bluish peaks. The Libyan bank runs straight bordering the desert, a vast flat surface obstructed by a multitude of hillocks, whereas the Arabian chain rises, projects in a cape in an abrupt pile of rocks dipping into the Nile. Here and there from a crevice issues a scorched shrub. The perpendicular cliff is pierced with broad, dark openings—the entrances of speos. On a block of rocks, plunging in the river, starts up a sort of ruined castle: Kasr el Ibrim; and between the base of the block and the cliff appears a little Kouba, the tomb of Sheikh Ahmed.

These walls, gutted after successive attacks and occupations, these broken-up structures of the old fortress,

square enclosure of walls. Then come rows of palms, behind which one perceives villages, also surrounded by walls. Opposite, palm-groves alternate with villages. Sakihs succeed sakihs by numbers, in the shade of mimosas, carved out on the desolate background of the Arabian mountain, black, lofty, scarped, cleft with gorges, through which the eye plunges into the desert, all bristling with harsh crests,

along with the abandoned houses of the neighbouring hamlet, are all that remain of the Parva Primis of the Romans. There stopped, in days gone by, the Greek and Roman conquerors; there also was the northern limit, which the Nubian populations did not depass.

To the south the shore falls on either side, flat and sterile. In the distance the cymes of mountains stand out boldly in dark blue against the light azure of the sky, their jagged summits and wasted flanks forming a violent contrast with the dull plane of the desert.

Those are the mountains of Toski.

We are, it seems, in the crocodile region. One of the sailors has for some minutes been scrutinising with attention a vast sandbank which unfolds before us. All at once he points out with his finger on the white expanse two black lines, resembling blind rays of shadow projected by some relief in the ground. They are two crocodiles taking their siesta in the sun. The *Acacia* advances, the two sombre spots remain motionless. Then suddenly, when the steamer is only a hundred yards from the beach, the two shadows move slowly, gain the river, and silently disappear in the waters.

After Kasr el Ibrim the Libyan shore continues low and dry. The sand comes to expire in a gentle incline at the water's edge. The Arabian slope, shut in by sandbanks, preserves the sparkling beauty of its vegetation, with its flowery bank, its draughtboard of cultivated fields, its numerous villages which one perceives through the date-palms and tamarisks. Ever in the distance, towering above the landscape, the summits of Djebel Toski stand out sharper.

4 P.M.—The Arabian shore remains fertile, exuberant with life, presenting interminable lines of palms and smiling villages, correcting with this gaiety the austerity of its background, formed by the naked and sinister chain of mountains, sinking in undulations, broken from time to time by the rugose crest of a contrefort, the sharp point of a peak. The telegraph poles échelon straight, bare, regularly spaced out along the bank.

We are opposite Djebel Toski, a peak ramifying from the Arabian Mountains and rearing up isolated, with the aspect of a redoubt, in the midst of the arid plain. It was at this spot a few years back that the Soudanese, commanded by twenty English officers, crushed the Mahdi's troops.

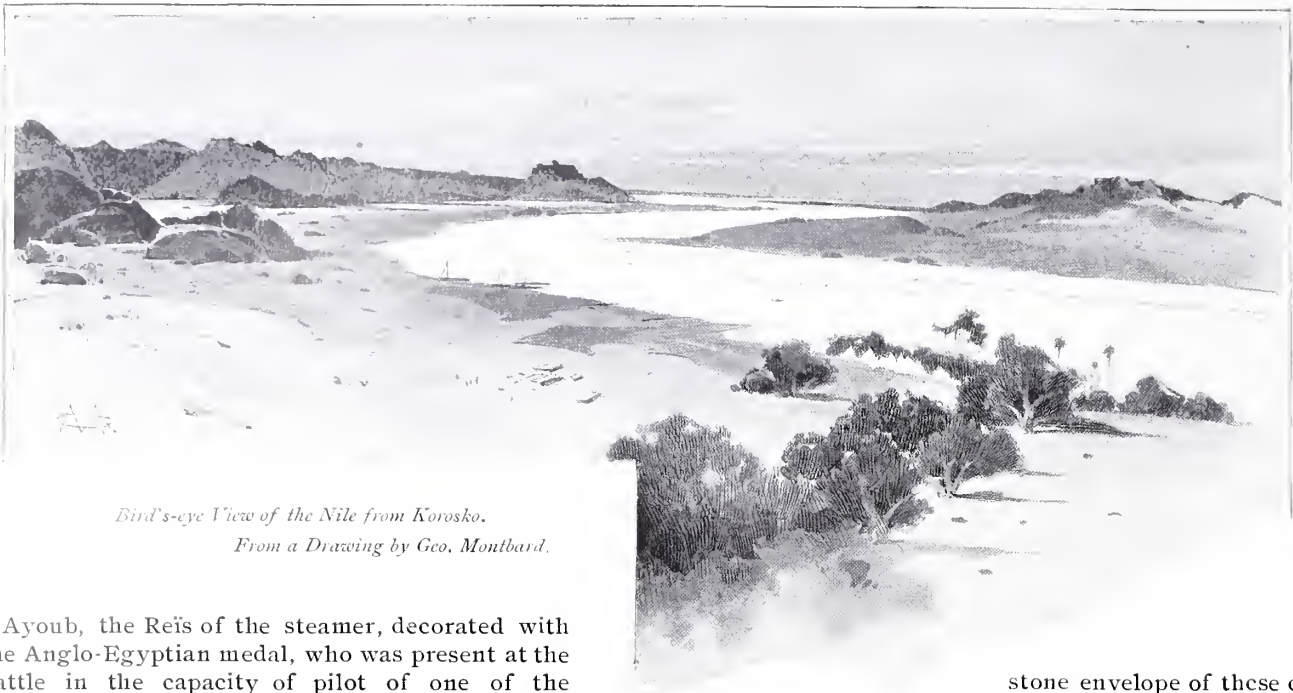


*A Walled Village. From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*





*Kasr el Ibrim from the North.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*



*Bird's-eye View of the Nile from Korosko.  
From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

Ayoub, the Reïs of the steamer, decorated with the Anglo-Egyptian medal, who was present at the battle in the capacity of pilot of one of the Egyptian boats, relates to us the stirring incidents of the combat. He wears two yellow leather amulets on each arm, which, he tells us, protect the anterior limbs from gunshots, while suspended at his neck, and falling below his girdle, he has another larger charm in red morocco, guaranteeing the remainder of his body from bullets—except silver ones, he adds.

Another sailor of the crew possesses three of these amulets, which preserve him from headache; he assures us that he has not suffered from this complaint since he has had the charms on him.

7 P.M.—We are at Abou Simbel. We stop for the night and go on shore. The night is mild and starry. The moon shines limpid in the firmament. Pale glimmers spread through space, glide over the abrupt rocks, on the sheets of crushed calcareous stone, in white bluish waves, infinitely soft, subduing the hardness of the spurs, conveying a something spectre-like to the sands, an air of enormous winding-sheets.

The two temples hewn in the rock are separated by a broad cutting, constantly engulfing an avalanche of sand, which at the least breath of breeze streams in fine dust to the Nile. The little temple consecrated to Athor, hollowed out by the great Ramses in honour of Queen Nefartari, "the royal spouse whom he loves," rises perpendicular, reflecting in the waters of the river its lacteal whiteness. The grand temple bathed in shadow emerges austere from the sombre flow of sand.

Its gigantic façade forty yards in height rises imposing and straight, cutting with its scorched summit the scintillating vault of heaven. Similar to crushed Titans, the four colossus with mutilated limbs repose, superb in their rigid attitudes, their backs to the stone wall; formidable guardians of this sanctuary opening in the entrails of the earth.

In the intense calm of things, in the ambient penumbra, the monstrous silhouettes of the Pharaoh, with grave hieratic lines, with immutable faces, raise their powerful forms wavering in vague outlines and faint details.

These royal figures, with gaping wounds scarring their august faces, their gigantic limbs arrested thus in the immutable peace of eternal repose, strangely impress you. You almost wonder if some supernatural existence of a gnome does not palpitate beneath the hard

stone envelope of these contemporaries of Ramses. One would like to decipher the enigma sealed beneath these impenetrable masks, to interrogate these impassable witnesses of bygone ages, to tear from them the vision of the terrible scenes their gloomy eyes contemplated, to surprise the weighty secret of these mute depositaries of centuries.

And we move noiselessly, quite small, sinking up to our knees in the sand, which at each stride trickles down in tiny cascades; we wander on, hesitating, insignificant, pitiful, weighed down by the serene amplitude of the ravaged splendours of this grandiose statuary, imperishable monument of antique genius, remaining like an imperious defiance flung to future times by the sublime workmen of distant epochs.

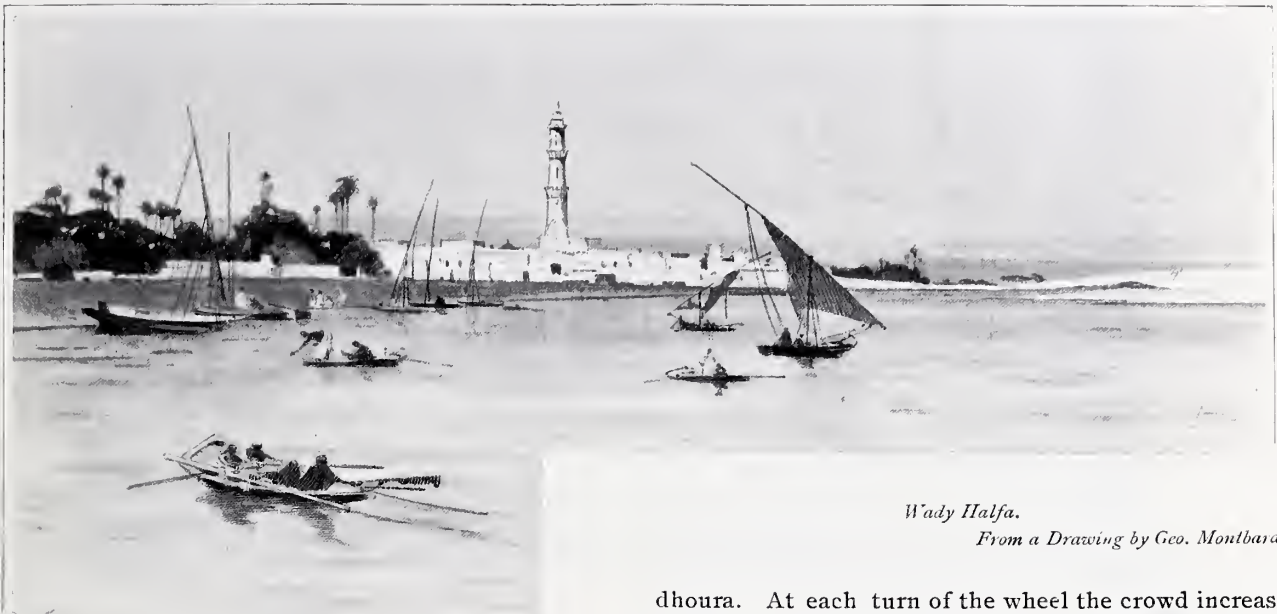
Thursday, 7 A.M.—We set out. Passing Djebel Hada, a lofty mountain of the Arabian chain, we leave on the left the ruins of Kasr Faras. The shores are low on both sides, still battered with innumerable hillocks with violaceous peaks on the Libyan incline; enlivened with a few strips of cultivated alluvion, interrupted by points of rocks bathing in the Nile, on the Arabian slope. Before us the isle of Faras, all planted with trees; one village to the north, another to the south, reposes in the shade of its foliage, the fresh verdancy of its fields of lucern and beans, in the middle of the river—at this point very broad.

10 A.M.—The Nile continues very vast. Sand beds are seen on every side. An isle flanked by a bushy islet appears, covered with palms, amongst which one perceives groups of habitations.

The desolate monotony of the Libyan chain, flat and dry, is relieved from time to time by the green patch of a bouquet of mimosas, the tuft of a date or of a forked down palm. A plantation of small tamarisks stretches out in line, resembling a row of young pines, interrupted at times by advancing rocks falling in the Nile.

10.15 A.M.—We are three-quarters of an hour from Wady Halfa.

The Libyan side is still low and sandy, but the Arabian slope rises, and bristles again with its army of blocks of peaks, of hillocks with ravaged flanks. Its bank is cultivated, bordered with palms and villages. Then, little by little, it becomes less fertile. It is only here and there that



*Wady Halfa.*

*From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*

one catches sight of the green round clump of a solitary sycamore. At every moment the riverside is cleft by jutting rocks, or sheets of sand tumbling into the river. The Libyan slope, on the contrary, is decked in verdure; beautiful vegetation covers its gently inclined banks. Villages are numerous, and the sakihs actively manoeuvred. The edge of the water is bordered by sandbeds.

11 A.M.—In the distance, a slender vertical line ascends in the azure above an alignment of palms. This is the minaret of Wady Halfa.

We pass a craft gliding under sail in a mild breeze. All the people are crouching down with heads muffled up. They are shivering with cold in this temperature, whose heat overpowers us.

A great movement of human beings and animals takes place on the Arabian bank. Bands of women advance, their heads hidden beneath burdens of all sorts. An urchin crushed under an enormous koufa trots along, pushing a goat before him; a Barabra follows, draped in white, chatting with a negro perched on an ass; a woman walks by, almost disappearing in an enormous truss of

dhoura. At each turn of the wheel the crowd increases. Now, there are uninterrupted files of women and children, hurrying forward, their heads loaded with koufas and packages. Everybody alert, noisy, goes along gaily, one after the other, following the line of telegraph poles, on the bank thinly carpeted with verdancy. Hither and thither a dilapidated, earthy ramshackle hut is seen.

The Libyan shore is sad, blank, yellow and flat. We begin to distinguish the houses of Wady Halfa. The sun is burning. On the Arabian side we perceive a graceful Kouba with grey walls, close to some large rectangular buildings. The animation on the bank increases at every moment. It becomes an interminable procession of men, women, children, asses, camels, a living flood proceeding towards the town.

The Libyan shore, low, of a reddish yellow, recedes indefinitely, unrolling the hem of its green banks. Its black flaps of isolated gourbis, the very sombre low walls of hamlets emerging from the sand, stand harshly out against the clear ochre tone of the arid ground which extends, darkening slightly on approaching the river. On a sandbank parallel to the waterside, a pelican rests gravely, close to a troop of geese.

We pass before a grey village preceding Wady Halfa, with its flotilla of boats secured to the quay. Then, arrived before the town all white beneath the ardent sun, we stop.

GEO. MONTBARD.



*The Nile a few miles south of Toski.*

*From a Drawing by Geo. Montbard.*



No. 1.—Two Pepper Castors, Serviette Ring, and Silver Knife.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.

## ON TABLE SERVICE.

I CONTINUE my rambling discussions from page 232, and now take up the subject of table service.

Last time we dealt with the question of intrinsic beauty in the Trophy; the same applies perhaps to the service of the table, but I would prefer in this instance to regard it as its æsthetic quality. It is part of our modern commercial vanity to imagine that in order to

be beautiful, things must be costly, and this stupidity applies more perhaps to the silver of our tables, our knives, forks, teapots, milkjugs and spoons than to anything else we use; we can have beautiful platters, however, without their being of the gold that the banquetters of Leo X. flung into the Tiber after they had supped. I am often distressed to think of the vulgarity

of these same banquetters, and place it almost on a par with the vulgarity of some of our own diners, who have not the good taste to fling some of the silver work they have upon their tables out into the streets of Belgravia.

We need neither gold nor silver in order to have the service of the table beautiful. I have purchased in the back streets of Milan and in the King's Road, in Chelsea, little pieces of pewter and little halfpenny dishes which my good housekeeper has told me she considers eyesores when guests come, but which none the less are more beautiful objects than some of the best Minton and Wedgwood of the modern make. What I want to insist upon, however, is that the table and its service can be made as beautiful by a simple arrangement as by a costly one, provided only we treat it as an object of beauty in itself, consider the intrinsic interest of every piece we place upon it, and regard the whole from the point of view of one scheme, more especially a scheme of colour.

Let me suggest one that I have used myself and find always charming. A plain white stoneware service of the old Wedgwood form without any pattern upon it, such as are still to be had by



No. 2.—Silver Dish. Designed by C. R. Ashbee.

application to the Wedgwood Works, at Etruria, from the designs of the old Josiah, who in truth had the good taste to see that it was not necessary to fling ornament over his white surface if he kept his outlines and forms well designed. With white service on the white cloth, or if you prefer a sage-green cloth, you can put some green Powell glass and some few pieces of silver, but not too many; but if your purse does not run to it you may have copper silvered, which, when oxydised, often looks just as beautiful. I give in Illustration No. 5 a dish cover in copper of this oxydised silver; its square form is due to the necessity for designing it to fit a blue china dish with squared corners. No. 2 gives another such dish, but differently designed and also in silver; then if you wish a decanter in which to put your wine, let it again be a simple piece of Powell glass of the better patterns, and I give here a little illustration of one such Powell decanter that I have recently designed for the glass works with the intention of combining the silver mount with the old flask shape; this one happens to be green, but it might just as well be white to hold the beauty of the red wine; illustration No. 3 shows it. I based the pattern of the glass upon some old sack bottles that I discovered in the foundations of a building that took the place of an old Elizabethan inn on Chelsea Embankment: it was doubtless bottles of that shape, good solid glass, from which Falstaff and his worthies drank their sack.

Then you may do something with your knives and forks. I wish we could see some new patterns of knives and forks. There seems to be nothing else in the ordinary shop but either the terrible bulbous bilious forms of the early Bloomsbury period or the interminable copying of Adams silver in the last century. Of course we know very well that Adams silver is very beautiful, and doubt-

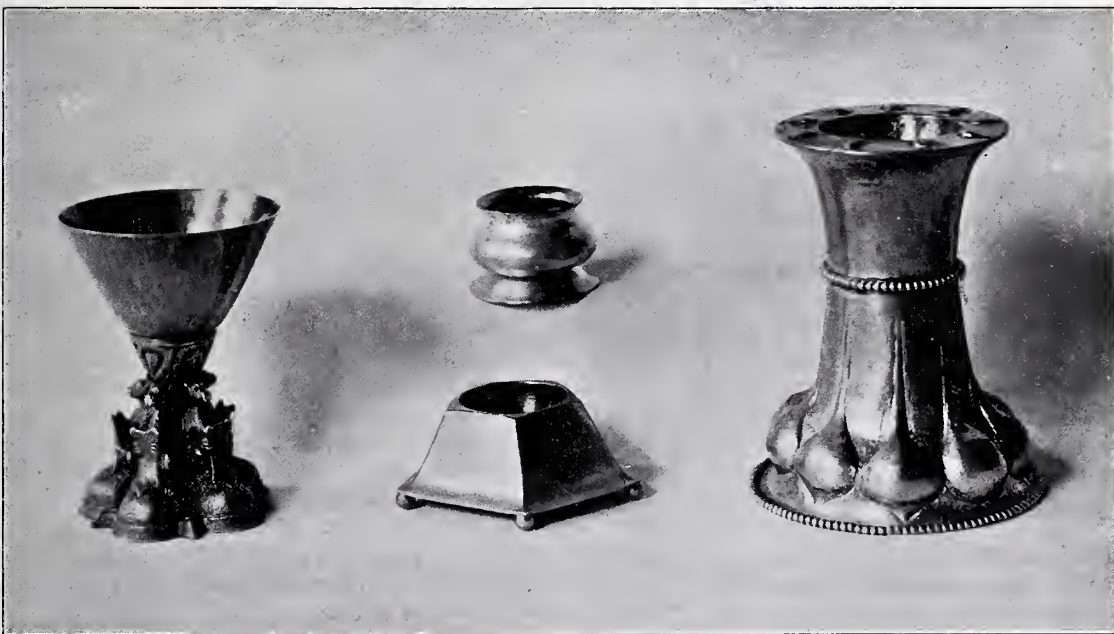


No. 3.—Decanter of Powell Glass, with Silver Fittings.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.

less to repeat it is beautiful, and in better taste than early Bloomsbury, but I would not like to misjudge the human imagination to such an extent as to suppose that nothing whatever in the wide world can be invented equal to Adams patterns. I often myself pick up pieces of old bone and ivory, old Turkish cigarette mouthpieces and odds and ends that any jay would envy me for,

and I make designs for the treatment of these as knife and fork handles, and to those who have neither the imagination nor the courage to invent anything new I commend this as a very pleasurable and not very costly plan for bringing a little invention into table service.

Illustration No. 1 shows some specimens of a more original nature in a group



No. 4.—Four Saltcellars. Designed by C. R. Ashbee.

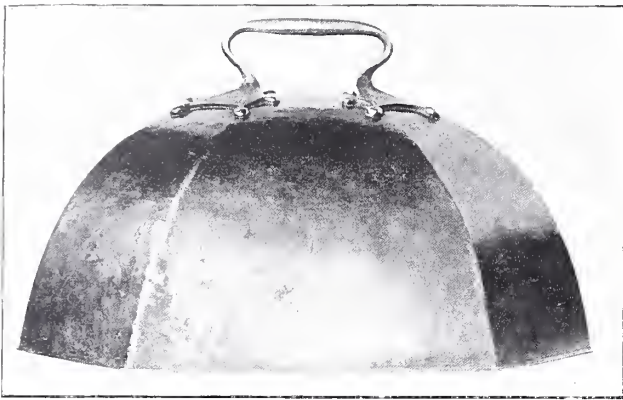
of pepper castors, a napkin ring, and a silver knife with a handle of some stone of the nature of jasper; and illustration No. 4 shows a little group of saltcellars of various forms, some of them set with stones of one kind or another. Doubtless some of my readers have seen that wonderful cabinet in the Uffizi in Florence, where are the Italian 16th-century cups and tankards, and if they have, they will have noted how the Italian designers of metal work discovered for what purpose really it was that God invented beautiful stones, for as plainly as the sun shines in the sky, has He told the craftsmen who fashioned the glories that stand in those cases, how the precious stone which is too heavy for the human form to wear—the jade, the agate, the jasper, the crystal—is to be used for pouring libations to Him.

At present these beautiful stones are not used at all; we see them in the lapidaries' shops at the sea-side, cut as occasional curios from the thousands that lie on the beach, and they fetch fancy prices in collectors' cabinets; but I would like to see some of them on every table, used for some purpose or other, and the colour matching with the colour of the dishes and plates. In the

last of my illustrations (No. 6) I show a muffin dish and cover, which also is a perfectly simple and straightforward piece of work; beyond a little play of fancy that the workman has expressed upon it (for it, as well as all the other illustrations, are from Essex House Works), there is nothing to say about it; like them it merely seeks to drive home the lesson of the æsthetic quality of table service.

There is one thought, however, that might be added to this little homily, and which the economical housewife will perhaps take to heart, though she is probably perfectly well aware of it; plainly stated it is this: that if there is more to see on the table there need be less to eat, or more expressly stated, if you make your table beautiful and please the eye, you can, without feeding your guests on the lilies of the æsthete, be less considerate of the more costly requirements of the stomach; and no one shall say that what Mr. M'Coll has in his essays on modern art called the lust of the eye is not a lesser sin than gluttony. Strange, is it not, how much ethics there may be in a mere dish-cover!

C. R. ASHBEE.



No. 5.—Metal Dish Cover.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.



No. 6.—Silver Muffin Dish and Cover.  
Designed by C. R. Ashbee.

## GODALMING.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY PERCY ROBERTSON, A.R.E.

SURREY—that most popular and populous of our Southern Counties, has few more untouched, old-world spots to show, than the little town of Godalming. What does it matter that red-brick villas and masters' houses mar the beauty of the wooden slopes to the north—that hundreds of Carthusians play cricket and football about the great new Charterhouse that crowns their heights—that every farmhouse for miles about "lets lodgings," or is seized upon and transformed into a delightful dwelling place, by distinguished writers and artists? Godalming reckes not of such innovations. Down in the flat green meadows the little old town lies sleepy and peaceful, its streets of half-timbered or old red-brick houses as quaint and narrow as ever, crawling up to the woods of the south-western hills; every garden rich with flowers in their warm shelter; while

its noble church stands guard between the meadows and the town.

In his admirable original Etching, Mr. Percy Robertson has given us, besides a well-conceived composition, the real charm and character of the place. The sluggish Wey, creeping along between the marly banks, so slow, so lazy, that the current does not stir the lily pads. The haymakers carrying their last loads of the lush grass of the water-meadows. The passing cloud in the hot summer sky, that throws the church and middle distance into strong but luminous shadow against the sunlit town and hills. Hindhead, lying faint and far in the eye of the glowing west. While the smoke from the tall chimney of the tan-yard gives a pleasant accent to the picture, which has evidently been thought out with loving appreciation of nature.

R. G. K.



*The Salutation. By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.  
In the Collection of Joseph Henderson, Esq.*

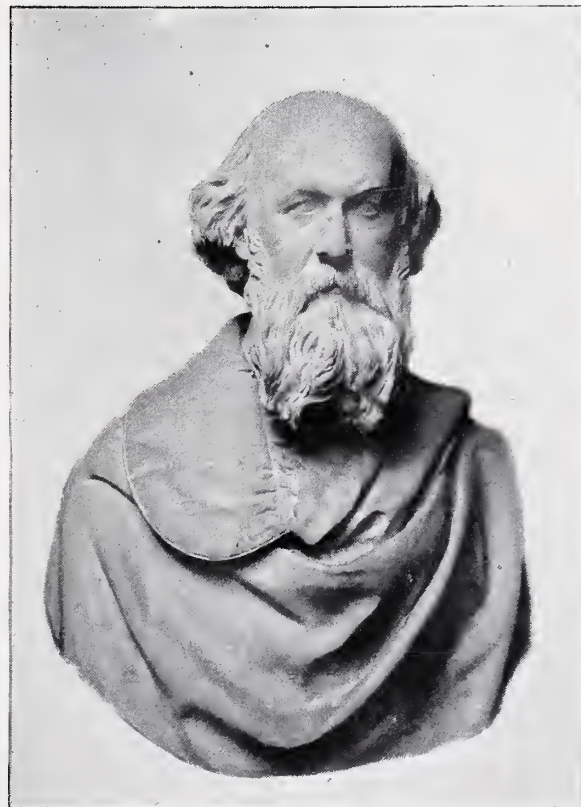
## ROBERT SCOTT LAUDER, R.S.A., AND HIS PUPILS.

LOOKING behind the more recent developments of the art of Scotland, there are in its history two distinctly marked stages. In the latter half of last century, the outburst of literary genius which found its triple culmination in Burns, Scott, and Carlyle, was accompanied by a co-ordinate display of the national faculty for Art. The period which opened with David Allan and closed with Roberts included Raeburn, the Nasmyths, Wilkie, Sir William Allan, and Thomson of Duddingston. They were the founders of an art distinctively Scottish in portraiture, landscape, *genre*, and history. They lent it, moreover, an impetus which carried it forward through various phases of conventionality to about the middle of the present century. The second stage was reached between 1840 and 1850, when the more prominent Scots painters included President Sir William Allan, John Watson Gordon, Drummond, Harvey, the Lauders, Horatio Macculloch, and David Scott.

But by their side a new generation was coming into view. The Faeds were beginning to show themselves about 1847, along with Robert Gavin and John C. Wintour, and

in 1848 the alternative name of W. J. and W. Q. Orchardson first appears in the catalogue of the Royal Scottish Academy. His picture, 'Sketching from Nature,' was hung beside the 'Christ teaching Humility' of Robert Scott Lauder, and the circumstance proved of happy omen for their subsequent relation as teacher and pupil.

Thereafter, under a slightly changing name—for cataloguing was not in those days an exact science—Mr. Orchardson exhibited in nearly successive years, 'An Interior' (1849), 'The Astrologer' (1851), 'Prince Charles Edward and the Caterans' (1852), and 'Wishart's Last Exhortation' (1853). Finally, in 1854, 'The Cottage Door' and a portrait represented W. Q. Orchardson as known to fame. Of the younger men who preceded him, both Thomas and John



*Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A.  
By John Hutchison, R.S.A.*



*Christ blessing the Bread. By Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A.  
In the Collection of D. B. Dott, Esq., Edinburgh.*

Faed and Robert Gavin held closely by the earlier tradition. With Wintour, on the other hand, the art of landscape painting as practised by Thomson, the Nasmyths, Milne Donald, and Macculloch, by the "brown" and the "docken" schools, was virtually brought to a close. In parallel manner the art of the earlier portrait and figure painters was lost in the larger, purer art of Mr. Orchardson, and in the latter part of his academic career he was a recognised leader amongst the pupils of Robert Scott Lauder, Master of the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh.

The selection of these two names—Wintour and Orchardson—shows that, while the new revival, the movement away from convention, was begun in the earlier part of the decade 1840-50, it only reached a climax amongst the pupils of Lauder. Conversely, while the present purpose is to emphasise and define the Lauder influence, it is impossible to ignore the other influences contributing to the revolution in Scots art which followed his coming. Amongst these, that of the English school is the first and strongest. Wintour, for example, studied under Sir William Allan, but when he took up his life-work his real masters were Constable and Turner. Alexander Fraser attended the Trustees' Academy under the mastership of Thomas Duncan, but, as he confesses, learned nothing. He was affected by Lauder, but his true teachers were Muller and Cox.

Sam Bough sat exactly fourteen times in Lauder's class, but his education was finished long before he reached Edinburgh, and his chief teachers were Wintour's and Fraser's—Nature and the English masters, Muller, Cox, Constable, and Turner.

To make this matter perfectly clear, and to separate the pupils of Lauder from the students of earlier and alien masters and methods, the class-roll of the Edinburgh Trustees' Academy may be consulted.

Firstly, however, Robert Scott Lauder was appointed Director in the Antique, Life, and Colour Department of the School on 16th February, 1852. Going back eight years from that date (1844-5), the names of Robert Gavin, Erskine Nicol, Wintour, and Thomas Faed occur upon the roll. Mr. Orchardson made his first appearance on 19th January, 1846, and during the Session 1845-6 attended all the classes, including the Antique and Life. In the next session his name recurs along with those of Alexander Fraser, Faed, and George Lawson—presumably George A. Lawson, sculptor. At this time, after 1845, Thomas Duncan was the Master. The next names of note are those of Robert J. Herdman and John Hutchison. The former was in the Ornament Class in 1847-8, and entered the Antique and Life on 17th April, 1848. Mr. Hutchison entered the Ornament Class on 20th March, 1848. Mr. Joseph Henderson made his first appearance on 12th February, 1849, and amongst his class-mates were George Aikman and William Brodie. Mr. Henderson entered the Life Class on 13th June, 1850, and his last recorded appearance as a student of the Antique was made upon 2nd December, 1852.

It may here be noted, as showing the quick spread of Lauder's reputation, that while Messrs. Henderson, Orchardson, and Hutchison had left the Academy either at or shortly prior to Lauder's going, they all returned in order to enjoy the benefit of his instruction. Beginning his studies in 1846, Mr. Orchardson is described by one of his class-mates as a capable draughtsman and an accomplished painter, before Lauder's time. He enrolled himself, nevertheless, in the Session 1852-3; although, it must be added, he gave up the morning class after one or two sessions, and was by no means regular in his attendance at the evening class.

Following the class-roll throughout the decade 1848-58, the names occur of virtually all the artists who rank high amongst Lauder's students. In order to avoid nice, but idle distinctions between scholars attending the Academy prior to Lauder's directorate, but who afterwards studied under him, and those who had no other Master, all those may be described as his pupils, whatever their earlier tuition, who were in his class in his second session, that of 1853-54. The fact is that some of those who had studied with previous teachers—notably Orchardson, Cameron, Hutchison and Lawson—are most fervent in their praises of Lauder. For the session mentioned, the list includes George Aikman, Hugh Cameron, Peter Graham, R. J. Herdman, William Q. Orchardson, John MacWhirter, George Paul Chalmers, William McTaggart,



George A. Lawson, Alexander Burr, John Burr, Thomas Graham, John Hutchison, John Pettie, W. F. Vallance, and Alexander Brodie.

Mr. George Hay came later, and the strict limit of the roll is not reached until January, 1864, when Mr. Lauder resigned, but the further massing of details might only confuse the issue. Let it rather be pointed out that the artists enumerated do not form a school in the accepted sense of the term. The Lauder method was not scholastic, but educative. He made no attempt to impress himself upon his pupils, to fetter them by rules, and mould them into uniformity by the enforcement of mechanical methods. He took them as he found them, however fashioned and endowed, and directed his efforts to the development of such gifts as they possessed. He encouraged them in the search for means and ways of self-expression.

Whatever affinities may be found to exist amongst Lauder's pupils are, therefore, based upon individual differences left untouched by the Master. His method may be thus formulated: "It is not for me either to re-fashion, distort, or inspire. If the breath breathed into your

nostrils was heated with the fire of genius, let us nourish and guide the gift to flourish and fructify in freedom; if born a dunce, I cannot make you a genius. Mediocre talent may only be led up to the confines of respectable proficiency. I am your mentor, not your maker. You leave me your fuller selves, without twist, disfigurement, or brand. Do ye for your own souls and talents the rest." So Lauder acted, and growing in liberty his pupils never lost their original selves in their Master. For results, the class-roll may be reverted to. The pupils there enumerated grew up together without either jealousy or envious comparison. "We are no Lauderites," they virtually say, "for you are you, and I am I."

Upon the whole, it is likely to be admitted that the elastic and discriminating method of Lauder is preferable to any other resting upon the cutting out of artists by rule and square. He was guided to lay aside the pruning knife, and to leave our Camerons, Burrs, and Grahams to burgeon as they grew. So, happily, we have Orchardson, McTaggart, and the others, to illustrate the diversity or individuality marking his mastership and the results of his training. That they studied under Lauder, is all

1898.



*Christ meeting the Disciples on the way to Emmaus. By Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A.*

*At the Albert Gallery, Dundee.*

they have in common, except—and the exception is telling and far-reaching—that they all work, or have worked, in his spirit, controlled and impelled alike by the inspiration of the teacher and the marvellous personal magnetism of the man.

In all else they are distinct. Hutchison blends Scots vigour and realistic propriety with a feeling for the chaste purity of the classic ideal. Lawson warms statuesque immobility and repose with the suggestions of human passion. John Burr paints and polishes an idyll, and while mixing his colours with pathos does not forget the more purely artistic beauty of the painted phrase. Orchardson leans to the intellectual and dramatic side of art. He makes us forget the laboured intricacy of his method in its seeming simplicity, and by rare graciousness of manner, and the fascinating charm of his style, leads us away from thoughts of profoundly studied experiments and studio toil. He paints action and expression, throws a volume into a gesture, a biography into a figure and face. McTaggart sees a figure and his impression is not of form, feature, and drapery, but of flowing lines and bright colour. His seas are harmonised



*The Sermon by the Sea.* By J. MacWhirter, R.A.  
At the Albert Gallery, Dundee.

impressions of music and power. Cameron finds an ideal above every reality; he rounds off the angularities of life and nature, and tones down their crudities, as summer mist softens the glare of the sun. He lingers between passion and pathos, and rarely leaves the refinements of soothing semi-tones. To Chalmers, art was a mysterious problem awaiting solution. He aimed at a perfection beyond human attainment, and spent his life in a dream of beautiful colour and the transformations of light. Pettie is all decision and strength. He is sensuous where Orchardson is intellectual. He seizes an incident and paints a pæan, a ballad, a joke; but whatever it may be he starts out with a clearly defined purpose, and never wanders from the strict line leading to its attainment.

In a similar manner the entire roll might be traversed from end to end. There is neither duplication nor scholastic mannerism. The universal aim is self-expression. Each pupil strives to give artistic form to his own creation, his own thought, feeling, and fancy. No two painters of landscape stand further apart in respect of style than MacWhirter and McTaggart, and the latter is even further from Orchardson in portraiture. In *genre* who could dream that Orchardson, Pettie, Chalmers, and Burr had sat at the feet of one Gamaliel? Standing amongst Lauder's pupils one feels how little in Art can be lent that is worth borrowing, and that all that is worthy of imitation is inimitable. Better probably than his own fast-fading works, his students keep the Master's memory green, and mark the most brilliant period in the history of a decadent school. Such a body of gifted men, men of all degrees of talent and genius, clustering round one Master is a rare phenomenon. That they have immeasurably enriched British Art cannot be gainsaid. That their coming in a group marks an epoch in the progress of Scots art goes without saying. Of wider interest and deeper significance is the part they have

played in conferring something of a distinctive character upon the British art of the Victorian era. Amongst them, moreover, is a resting-place from the battles of the schools, and a starting-place for later endeavour.

Biographical details concerning Lauder scarcely fall within the scope of these papers, except those bearing directly upon his preparation and fitness for his position as teacher. For five years he studied at the Trustees' Academy under Andrew Wilson—who was Master from 1818 to 1826—and thereafter went to London, where for three years longer he practised drawing at the British Museum, and painting in a private life-class. Returning to Edinburgh about the time (1826-1844) when Sir William Allan assumed the directorate of the School, he acted occasionally as his assistant and substitute. In 1833 he married a daughter of the Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston, the latter having for some time been his friend and instructor, chiefly in *chiaroscuro*. He passed to the Continent after his marriage, and for five years wandered about the great art-centres of Europe, Munich, Venice, Rome, and others, practising his art in presence of the masters, notably Rubens and Giorgione, while closely studying their works. Returning to England, he painted a Crucifixion, and startled both critics and connoisseurs by draping the figure of Christ. It was one of a long series of Scripture subjects—'Christ walking on the Sea,' 'Christ teaching humility,' 'Peter denying Christ,' 'John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness,' and the two here reproduced—which Lauder painted at intervals throughout his career. With these he alternated many scenes from Scott and the ballad-makkers, 'Trial of Effie Deans,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Glee Maiden,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' 'Claverhouse ordering Morton to be shot,' 'The wounded Moss-trooper,' and 'Border Life in the Olden Time.' These, with portraits and such works as 'Burns and

Captain Grose,' show the wide range of his art.

It is difficult to judge him now, impossible to do so with confidence, his pictures having in many instances faded almost to the vanishing point; but there can be no question that, at his best, Lauder was one of the few British artists possessing any claim to greatness. He was too broad in his conception of art to be described by a word. He was not, that is to say, a colourist in any exclusive sense, but, like any Greek, he loved beauty, whatever form it took. He saw it in the balanced masses of pure colour of the Italian masters, rather than in the mysteriously wrought colour-texture of Rembrandt and Velasquez. He saw it in grace of form, in propriety of expression, and in effective grouping.

Hence his drawing was well-nigh perfect, as the beautifully modelled hands in 'Christ blessing the Bread' amply demonstrate. His 'Christ appearing to the Disciples on the way to Emmaus,' illustrates his ideality in the almost superhuman majesty of the Saviour, and the semi-divine love glowing in His face.

It is, in any event, clear that he was no bungler or mechanic, but an accomplished artist, refined in taste, lofty in thought, and grave in manner, who, in 1852, was appointed head of the Trustees' Academy. He left the Ornament and Architecture classes to Messrs. Christie and Dallas, and took the Antique and Life into his own hands, with John Ballantyne as assistant. In the Antique he did not set single figures before his students, but grouped a number of the casts. The master's purpose in arranging the groups was that, while studying the world's highest ideals of the human form, his pupils should also be acquiring a knowledge both of light and shade, and of perspective.

Mr. Orchardson has said that it was the atmosphere Lauder threw around them that made them artists. He awakened the spirit that urged them on the quest for knowledge. He was an inspiring force rather than an instructor. For nine months in the year the students worked hard from eight in the morning till eight at



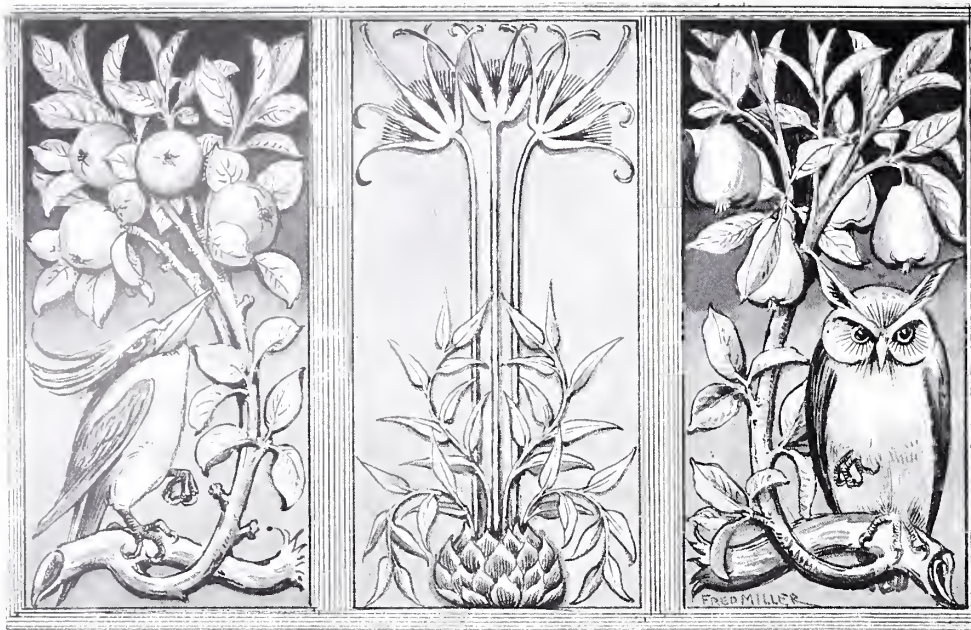
*Disbandel. By John Pettie, R.A.  
At the Albert Institute, Dundee.*

night, with only two hours' interval, and it is not surprising to hear that, while attending his classes, two lads actually lived upon rusks—enthusiasm kept them alive.

Unfortunately, illness cut short Mr. Lauder's directorate. In 1861 he was disabled by paralysis, and, after lingering on for eight weary years, he passed away on 22nd April, 1869. The bust here reproduced by John Hutchison, R.S.A., one of his few sculptor pupils, was done when he was in his prime, and is accepted by those who knew him best both as an admirable likeness and an insidious exposition of character.

EDWARD PINNINGTON.

(To be concluded.)



No. 1.—Panels for Decoration of Coffin (see No. 3). The one on left is suggested by the apple, and that on the right by the pear, while the centre one is still more ornamental in character. The birds are suggested by the laughing jackass and long-eared owl.

## CUNNING WORK FOR CLEVER FINGERS.\*

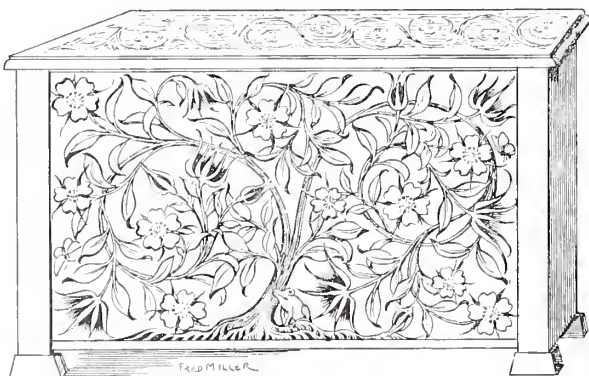
### V.—GESSO, OR PAINTING IN RELIEF, WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

GESSO is the name given to a material which can be used while moist with a brush and loaded on the surface to be decorated in greater or less relief. This hardens as it dries, so that when the moisture has quite evaporated the composition is both durable and capable of receiving colour. Skill is soon acquired in using gesso, as it can be made of the consistency of thick cream, so as to come freely from a long-haired brush. The worker can paint gesso over gesso until the required relief is obtained, and that without waiting for the former coat to harden. For the decoration of wood gesso is admirable, and it is a great gain, as those who try it will admit, to be able to obtain a certain amount of relief in painted decoration. Not that you wish in any way to imitate carving, for that should not at all be the aim of the worker in gesso, but instead of painting

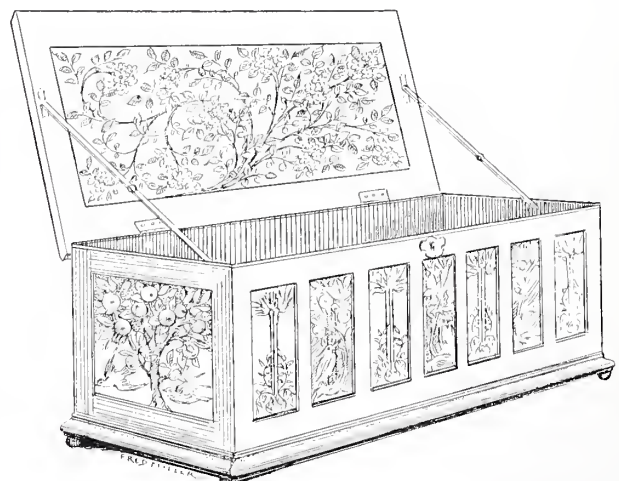
up your decoration to obtain quality and relief, you can easily develop the design you are working by giving prominence to certain portions of it by putting the gesso on thickly in these places. As I am chiefly addressing amateurs, I can fancy the question being asked, "Why take the trouble to obtain this relief; wouldn't painted decoration be sufficient?"

To that I reply: Relief is relief, and it gives a very different effect to the design to have it carried out in low-relief than if it were merely painted, as no amount of skilful brush-work can produce the effect gesso has; and, furthermore, an amateur will find working in gesso a fascinating occupation, yielding a more satisfactory result than can be obtained by paint alone. He will see

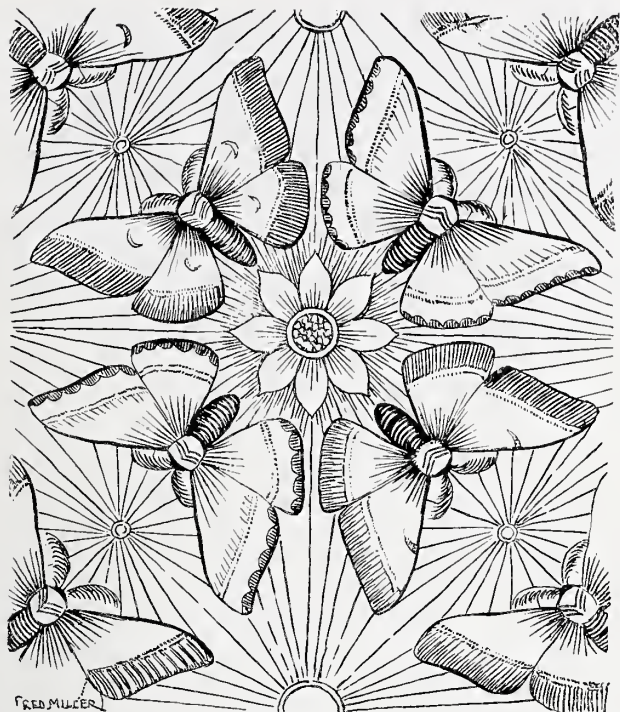
\* Continued from page 217.



No. 2.—Decorated Writing Cabinet, the front to be made to let down. The design is a free treatment of some flowering shrub, though no direct reference to any one plant is made. As will be noticed, the stems are made an ornamental feature.



No. 3.—Design for Coffin, with decorated panels and lid. For details see No. 1.



No. 4.—Design for a Diaper of Ornamental Moths, with a filling of lines or rays. The moths could be largely reproduced by stencilling.

his work growing under his fingers (or his brush), and by obtaining success (of a kind) at the outset he will be led on to attempt more difficult effects, and unconsciously therefore develop his craft. In painted decoration, on the other hand, the amateur is apt to find the difficulties increase rather than diminish in carrying the work as far as is desirable, and there is the likelihood of his finally giving up in despair owing to the condition of muddle reached in his attempt to produce a finished result. Gesso, unlike paint, seems such a pleasant material to play with. You blob it on and bring out your design by getting the gesso on thicker and thicker in places as your fancy or copy suggests, and you never reach that state of imbecility which is arrived at all too soon by the amateur oil-painter. It is like modelling in this respect, that many an amateur who cannot paint an object can give an adequate rendering of it in clay, as he can finger and tool the clay about until he produces the desired effect. There are more ornamental possibilities in a craft like gesso than in painting, as is seen by carrying out the same simple design both in paint and gesso. It will have a quality and value in the latter which it cannot have in the former, unless a great deal more technical skill is possessed by the painter in oils than the worker in gesso, and this quite apart from the uses to which gesso can be put where painting would be of small effect. To make this clear, take a picture, or other frame, say of oak. We could, by putting some simple running-pattern upon it in gesso, break up the flat surface of the frame agreeably, and this after very little practice in the use of our new material, but to obtain a decoration of equal ornamental value in painting would require a much longer

1898.

apprenticeship, and then, however well it might be painted, it would not be in relief, and this alone makes gesso of use as a decorative agent where paint would be of small service.

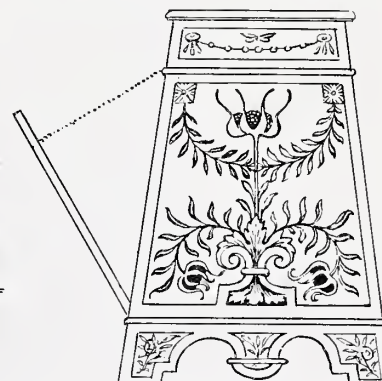
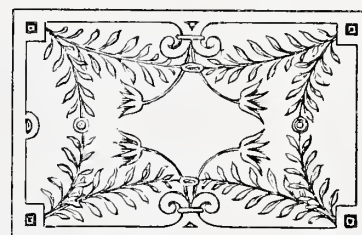
Mr. Reginald Hallward, three of whose gesso panels are here reproduced, uses plaster of Paris and fish-glyce, and tells me that it makes admirable gesso, easily manipulated when warm, and drying very hard. He sizes the wood first, and this can be done with gluethinned down with boiling water. Of course, this must be allowed to dry before applying the gesso. Mr. Hallward, who works a good deal in this material, tells me that he relies upon the brush almost entirely. He takes the gesso up in a rather long-haired brush (a rigger), and lets it flow out on to the panel, and this gives a certain "blobby" quality to the decoration which makes it differ from stained plaster or other work in relief. The worker merely repeats the operation where he requires higher relief until it is obtained. Of course, there is a limit to the amount of relief that should be attempted, for the worker must remember that he is not a sculptor carving a bas-relief, but a decorator painting in relief, and his work should therefore be frankly what it is, work in gesso, and not masquerade as carving.

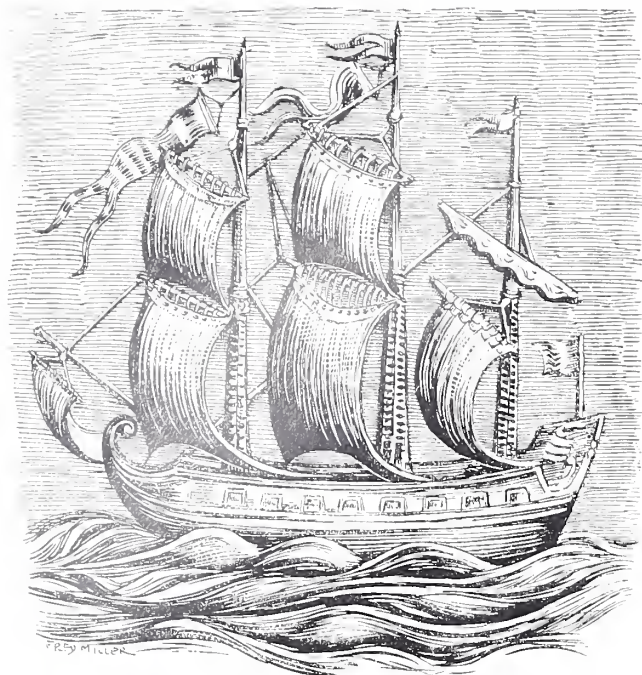


No. 6.—Panel founded upon the Sunflower, with quaint bird.



No. 5.—Design for a Stool or Coal-box, decorated with ornament suggested by Venetian work of the sixteenth century. The top and sides (showing how the front should be made to let down) are shown. Gilding could be introduced with considerable effect.





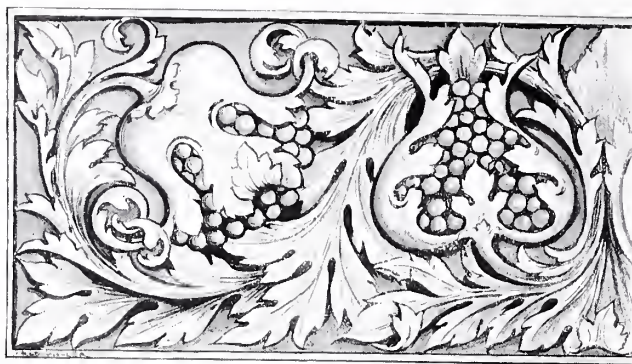
No. 7.—Quaint Ship, suggested by a carved panel in the pulpit of the now destroyed Church of St. Mildred's, Poultry.

Gesso can be tooled up with sharp instruments, and scraped down and otherwise manipulated, and if sharpness of contour is desired then the knife can be used freely.

Where any considerable amount of relief is desired cotton-wool or fibre should be soaked in the gesso and stuck on the surface, and the form built up in this way, as when this foundation has dried more gesso can be painted on if a better surface is required. The wool keeps the gesso hollow to some extent, and there is no danger of it cracking as it dries.

What is known as a "brush-work" design suits gesso, as by holding the brush upright the gesso can be made to flow from it pretty freely, so that the work has a spontaneous appearance. Scrolls, curves, and continuous forms made up of curves can be rapidly put in after a little practice. A round, long camel-hair pencil, not too small, does well for general work, as it holds a lot of gesso, and a good deal of effect can be obtained by just pressing on the brush to spread the hair in the broad part of a leaf, and gradually lifting the brush up, so that as the end of the leaf is neared, the point only is used. It is difficult to describe in writing what is meant by "brush-work," but those who are familiar with Japanese decoration will follow me. A Jap takes a full brush of colour, and by dexterously pressing on the hair as the leaf widens, he is able to suggest the form without drawing an outline. What artists call accidental qualities are obtained in this way, and there is always a greater charm about that which comes by a happy accident (though it requires a very skilled directing judgment to give the "accident" its proper turn), than that which is the product of calm deliberation, and it is easy to understand why. Work looks the more lifelike the more spontaneous it is, and technical skill should exhibit itself in certainty of utterance, so that you have not to resort to stippling, and small dodges of that kind, to hide your blundering and bungling. And apart from that it is well recognised by all workers that effects will come by accident which cannot be obtained by deliberation.

I have said nothing so far about colouring gesso, for,



No. 8.—Continuous Scroll Design, suitable for decoration of a frieze or frame, suggested by Italian cinque-cento work.

of course, it is not left in its raw state. It takes oil colour most pleasantly, and here again "happy accident" comes to one's aid. Mr. Reginald Hallward gave me a good tip, and that is to put the colour on, and then wipe it partially off by passing a rag over the work, which will remove the colour in those parts in highest relief. The colour can be used fairly thinly, diluted with varnish and oil, and much may be done with transparent colours. You should not wish to lose the crispness of the gesso, and it is obvious, therefore, that one must avoid painting thickly. At the outset the beginner should have a panel, and use it for experimental work, getting used to the medium first of all, and then he can try colouring it in various ways, and so learn the direction his efforts should take. Gilding is a help to gesso, and with a little practice the amateur can get sufficiently expert to be able to use gold leaf with much effect for *touching up* and accenting parts of the design. This can afterwards be coloured with transparent colours, so that the gold shows through. This is a very different business to gilding a flat surface, which requires much practice to accomplish successfully.

As for the uses to which gesso can be put as a decorative agent, so many objects suggest themselves that I had better devote a little space to this subject, and it will also afford me an opportunity of saying something about the illustrations I have drawn to accompany this article. Let me repeat here, what I have had occasion to say in former articles, that these illustrations must be looked upon as pictorial notes or practical diagrams, for they in no sense represent the effect of gesso. This can only be seen in the figure panels, which were photographed from actual work.

No. 2 is a small Cabinet, the front of which might be made to let down to serve as a writing slope, while the inside could be fitted with divisions for papers, etc. The decoration is a free treatment of foliage somewhat highly ornamentalised, no particular reference to any one shrub being made. The main stems are developed into an important feature, and should be first considered, as they are the skeleton which is clothed by the leaves and flowers. This design might be worked on the plain wood if it were oak or other choice wood, or it can be wrought on pine and the whole coloured white, and then the design tinted in colours used transparently.

The Italians, in the sixteenth century, used gesso largely in the decoration of furniture, and coffers and linen chests were among the articles so decorated. I give a sketch in No. 3 of a Coffin, the panels and lid of which can be decorated in gesso. In our headpiece, No. 1, three of the panels are shown on a larger scale, so that the reader may see clearly the details. A certain uni-



No. 9.—An Art Cover Repeating Diaper Design, founded on the Japanese rose (*Rosa rugosa*). Certain features of art, such as the bracts at base of flower and leaf-stalks and calyx, are ornamentally developed.

formity of arrangement should run through the panels, as they are seen side by side, and so form one work, and to that end I have arranged the main stem somewhat ornamentally in the apple and pear panels. The birds I have introduced are not transcripts of nature, but are slightly ornamented too—made “quaint” looking, as it would be out of keeping with the general scheme to introduce birds treated quite naturally amid such conventionalised surroundings. The middle panel is of a yet more ornamental character, so as to act as a foil to those on either side. I had some sort of lily in my mind when I drew this, and even the ornamental base was suggested by a lily bulb, but the object was to design something in harmony with, and yet contrasting with, the foliage panels.



No. 10.—Three Gesso Panels from the Pulpit of Teddington Church. Designed and executed by Mr. Reginald Hallward.

In designing the apple and pear panels nature is only made subservient to the decorator's wishes. A stem, for instance, *might* be twisted into any shape, and one does not tell an untruth by twisting them as I have done. For the growth of the leaves and fruit nature has been strictly adhered to, though very much simplified. In colouring the panels rely upon the gesso for much of the effect, and that dodge of wiping off the colour ought to give a good result. The backgrounds could be put in in transparent blues, getting it lighter towards the bottom, unless a good wood such as oak be used, and then even the oak could be stained. The colouring must not be thought of as painting from nature, but tinting in an agreeable manner reliefs.

A Diaper like that suggested in No. 4 could be made effective in gesso. The moths need not be raised all over, but the gesso could be used to emphasize them. Thus a sort of outline might be put around the insects, and the ornamentation of the wings could be suggested by the gesso, as also the ornament on the background. I see no reason why stencilling should not be resorted to in such a design. Gesso would stencil in a blobby manner, which would yield some happy accidental effects when coloured. The moths could easily be treated as stencils by cutting the four wings separately.

The ornamentation on the Stool or Coal-box, No. 5, was suggested by some Venetian furniture of the sixteenth century, in South Kensington Museum. The actual making of the article need not cost much, as its value could be made to depend upon the decoration. The idea was to make a combination stool and coal-box—the *utile* with the *dulci*.

The Panel of sunflower, No. 6, is conceived in much the same spirit as the panels in No. 1. The foliage is arranged to suit the shape decorated, and that is about all the conditions observed, except that very little foreshortening (or drawing in perspective) is attempted. This “flat” way of treating nature is not necessarily good decoration, as some think, but to draw in perspective, and still more to paint a foreshortened form, is much more difficult than to treat one flat.

Gesso can be very helpful here, as these forms nearer the eye can be actually in relief, but it is better to keep well within one's capacity, and not to attempt too much.

Man will always go back to the past for ideas. What was done a century ago “commands a respect and veneration to which no modern

work can pretend," and so we meet with quaint ships in decoration. I think the reason such *motifs* are used is that they strike us as so much more pleasing than the present make of such objects. The modern ironclad may be a good decorative *motif* in an age when man goes about in flying machines, or is shot through tubes as are telegrams, but at present we prefer a galleon or a galley to a monitor or ram. The one drawn, No. 7, is taken from a carved pulpit that was in a City church now destroyed, and is a contemporary portrait of a ship. Always go first-hand to the fountain-head of inspiration, and if you elect to use old *motifs*, do not work from some modern rendering of them, but turn back to contemporary examples.

The decoration of a frame in gesso is so obviously a capital way of employing one's time, that it might be thought I ought to have given more space to such objects, but it is so easy to adapt designs for the decoration of frames, that I thought it better to be as varied as possible in indicating the objects which might be decorated. The design, No. 8, comes under the head of "scroll-work," and for that reason is well fitted for displaying the qualities of gesso. The leaves can just be heightened with the gesso—accented as it were, rather than put in thickly with it. The berries in the fruits again can each be put in in gesso, while the "cup" can be more pronounced than the leaves which fill out the space, so as to give prominence to this feature in the design. Breadth of effect is obtained by giving prominence to some parts of the design, while other parts are "thrown away." A design, therefore, which looks somewhat confused on paper, need not necessarily be so when carried out full size,

as we can simplify it by the way we reproduce it. This remark applies with particular force to the all-over repeating design founded upon the wild-rose, No. 9, which looks, I am afraid, very confused. But if the flowers and berries are wrought in high relief, and the stems and leaves little more than outlined or accented with gesso, this confusion would, I think, largely disappear. Here again nature is merely adapted, and certain features, such as the bracts at base of leaves and flower-stalks, dwelt upon and developed ornamentally. In carrying out a design which has to be repeated many times, it is well to make a tracing of it the size you are going to work it, and prick it over with a needle upon a cloth on the wrong side. This is termed a pounce, and by rubbing it over with powdered charcoal or chalk in a canvas bag, an impression is obtained which will guide us in working.

The three figure-panels are reproductions of three panels in a pulpit in Teddington Church, designed and executed by Mr. Reginald Hallward, the Hon. Sec. of the Clergy and Artists' Association, an account of which was given in the April number of THE ART JOURNAL (p. 110).

The material used by moulders for the decoration of picture frames is made of whitening soaked in very diluted glue, gelatine, boiled linseed oil, and resin. To save the trouble of making it, most frame-makers would sell a would-be worker some of the composition. It must be used while moist, as nothing can be done with it when it dries. Fine mortar, plaster of Paris, and diluted glue is another composition used.

FRED MILLER.

## CAMERA CRAFT.

THE harvest of the year has been garnered into the two great exhibitions; the critics have threshed and winnowed the heap, and the workers have saved, let us hope, some seeds of suggestion and encouragement from which will spring the richer harvest of next year.

It is difficult to give, in a few pages, any very adequate account of the individual works, but there are some few general considerations upon which one must touch. The rivalry between the two exhibitions is less bitter than in the past, though the difference in the character of the work is as great as ever, in spite of the fact that the Salon has abandoned many of its eccentricities, and the further fact that many of the Pall Mall exhibitors



*Evening on the Chase.*

*By W. Smedley Aston.*

are painfully working on the lines of some of the Salonites of two or three years ago. It is distinctly unfortunate that so many of the minor workers are endeavouring to please the selecting committees of the exhibitions rather than to satisfy themselves with their pictures, with the result that much of the work submitted, and some of that which is accepted and hung, lacks all sincerity and originality. The Pall Mall suffers most largely from this difficulty, but the Salon is by no means absolutely free from it.

The standard of both exhibitions is undoubtedly higher than ever before, and it is a comfort to find that the supporters of each are very well satisfied. Pall Mall would be a better and more interesting show if it had





*An Old Salt.*  
By George Hankins.



*Robert Romanes, Esq.*  
By W. Crooke.

but half the number of pictures—not because half of them are appreciably less meritorious than the other half, but simply because they are hung too thickly to be well seen, and the heavy insistent frames, combined with the general low tone of the prints, makes it difficult for any one to struggle into prominence unless it is very big, or happens to be one of the few brilliant or white-mounted examples. A few years ago there was a strong revulsion against the eternal white or light-tinted mounts, the critics preached against them, the few low-toned and dark-framed prints received all the attention; and the photographers who patronise this exhibition have taken the hint with fatal unanimity. The result is that the hanging committee of this year has evidently had the greatest difficulty to get any feeling of life and variety into the general appearance of the room; and that the result, under the electric light, is very sombre. Under good daylight the whole exhibition, as well as many of the individual pictures, improves immensely.

The absence of many well-known names is a notable feature of both exhibitions, and the very considerable advance made by several of the comparatively new men is no less striking. Perhaps the most important panel at Pall Mall is the one devoted to architecture, in which three almost unknown workers are very strongly represented. Two of these are brothers, and it is difficult to know whether to admire most the 'Busy Street—Cairo' of Clifford Young, or the four very fine interiors by his brother Eustace. Certainly the interiors, especially 'Le Promenoir' and 'Départ du Grand Degré,' introduce us to an entirely new style in architectural photography, and are examples which may well have a beneficial influence on the craft. The two Eastern interiors, 'Islam' and 'Sultan Hassan,' by C. C. Branch, are almost, if not quite, equally noteworthy. The medal in this section to C. S. Baynton, is well won by a conscientious and able worker, who has long maintained a high level, and whose 'Norwich Cathedral,' a small portion of

the work behind the choir, is thoroughly pictorial photography.

John Stuart, with two very good pieces of ruined architecture, and a noteworthy piece of portraiture, scores heavily, and takes a position several steps in advance of that which he held last year. So does Miss Muriel Bell, a lady who has been progressing steadily, and whose half-dozen portrait studies are well worth their places.

The Viscount Maitland is strong and versatile, with seven large and praiseworthy landscapes at Pall Mall and six at the Salon. His work combines in an unusual degree originality and assurance; for while his works are novel and varied in treatment, they do not suffer from any appearance of being experimental.

The north-country school has every reason to be proud of its representatives. W. Crooke has never shown more sterling work than his four things in this year's Salon; Craig Annan has six thoroughly fine examples of figure work (with one that is perhaps an experiment rather than a quite satisfactory picture) in the same gallery: W. M. Warneuke has a striking portrait study, 'Pauline,' in the position of honour at Pall Mall, and also a daring but very successful 'Mademoiselle,' in which subject, arrangement, treatment, and framing, all help the main purpose in a most satisfactory way. I have mentioned John Stuart, but it remains to speak of Charles Sweet, of Rothesay, who may now fairly claim his place in the ranks of the Scottish "school," on the strength of three great (in more senses than one) examples of portraiture.

In the Salon, two men seem to stand out as having distinctly advanced their positions—the Baron A. de Meyer Watson, with a series of portrait studies, including at least two which touch the present high-water mark in their own line; and Ralph W. Robinson, who is strikingly successful in several widely differing ways.

The veteran, H. P. Robinson, has one charming picture



*Shadows of Departing Day.*

*By John H. Gear.*

of a flock of sheep in a roadway; as good as anything he has done. He has also a sunny out-door scene in his best style of ten years ago, which makes one wonder if his change of style has been for the better, and a couple of landscapes in the newer style which are certainly the least satisfactory of his exhibits this year.

Frederick Hollyer's portraiture is as good as it always is, and the same may be said of H. H. Hay Cameron. George Davison has again shown his versatility by firm command of a comparatively new method. Harold Baker has good work in both places, though, as one of the judges at Pall Mall, he enters there as "not for competition." R. W. Craigie has a good portrait piece in the Salon, and bright landscapes at both places.

A. Horsley Hinton, one of the Pall Mall judges, is not so strongly represented by his three pictures in that place as by the half-dozen at the Salon. The whole series represents a radical change from methods which Mr. Hinton has made very strongly his own, and, taken altogether, the change is a good step, and a proof of the artist's strength. In one or two of the pictures there

seems evidence of at least two sources of light, a difficulty which has beset artists of the brush as well as those of the camera, but 'The Headland,' 'Suffolk Meadows,' and 'The Harbour' at the Salon, and 'Summer Flood' (reminiscent of last year's 'Melton Meadows') at Pall Mall, are very worthy work, leaving but slight room for criticism.

The foreign exhibits are fewer and very much smaller than before, and are mostly to be found at the Salon because its promoters have always specially invited and cared for the foreign exhibits. Robert Demachy, with a dozen small but charming decorative pieces, lives up to his deservedly great reputation. Captain Puyo has four dainty out-door costume studies. Dr. Henneberg, Paul Bergon, R. le Begue, Maurice Brémard, Maurice Bucquet, Ach. Darnis, Pierre Dubreuil, Paul Naudot, Otto Scharr, and several others, do their fair share to maintain the interest of the exhibitions.

A strong new addition to the foreign section is the work of the brothers Hofmeister, whom I mentioned in connection with the Crystal Palace Exhibition, and whose 'Grandmother,' reproduced in the July (1898), issue of this journal, is amongst the pictures at Pall Mall.

The American exhibitors are numerous and send many good things, but the work of two of the recognised leaders, with well-earned reputations, is somewhat disappointing. Alfred Stieglitz has very few examples, and these branch in two directions (neither of them quite successful) from his well-known work. They are experiments—interesting, but not yet convincing. Miss Frances B. Johnston has but two heads, both good, yet somewhat disappointing after the number and variety of her last year's works. F. Holland Day still charms and still puzzles us with his mystic fancies and facile production; and two of his friends, Miss Mary Devens and Francis Watts Lee, are new recruits well worth their places. Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears has three pictures hung, one of them (127 at the Salon) amongst the half-dozen portraits of the year. Rudolf Eickemeyer has three very noteworthy things at Pall Mall; and many another American photographer is very worthily represented.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.



*Examples of small pieces of Danish Porcelain.*

*The Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Copenhagen.*

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

THE bronze gates illustrated on the next page have recently been made for Mr. George McCulloch, whose fine collection of pictures was not long since described in a series of articles in *THE ART JOURNAL*. The gates, which are admirable in workmanship and exceedingly decorative in appearance, are the work of Messrs. Jones

and Willis, of 43, Great Russell Street, and they have been fixed in the porch of Mr. McCulloch's house in Queen's Gate. The masks and dragons which figure so prominently in the design were first modelled in wax, and the work itself, though highly chased, has been allowed to remain unpolished as it left the craftsman's hands.



*Letter Cabinet in Italian Walnut.  
(Messrs. Salviati, Jesurum and Co.)*

The standard lamp, for five electric lights, is another excellent piece of work executed for Mr. McCulloch, by the same firm. The lamp is of hammered iron, the surface finely finished, and afterwards bronzed.

In the minds of most English people the name of Salviati is connected only with mosaics and Venetian glass. But the business founded by the late Dr. Salviati at Murano, and in London, at 213, Regent Street, was a few years ago combined with several other Italian art industries into one large firm, and the house of Salviati, Jesurum

and Co., now manufacture, chiefly in Venice, great quantities of lace, embroideries, metal-work, and furniture, as well as the famous glass wares. A specimen of their modern Italian furniture is illustrated this month—a beautiful little cabinet in walnut wood to hold letters and papers. Messrs. Salviati, Jesurum and Co. are just now engaged upon an important commission for the Queen—a large mural decoration in mosaic for the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore.

Quiet harmonious colour and simplicity of form, combined with an exquisite surface quality, distinguish the examples of Danish porcelain which are just now to be seen at the exhibition of Ceramic Art at 294, Regent Street. Tender greys, fawns, and blues, creamy whites, and the palest of reds, are the prevailing hues, and of really crude or unpleasant colour there is not a trace on any single piece. Some people may perhaps complain that the colours err on the side of reticence and sobriety, but to those of artistic tastes the delicate tones of the Danish porcelain should give great pleasure. Strong colour is not, however, altogether absent, for here and there on the shelves one sees pieces painted in blues and purples of singular richness and depth.

All the work comes from the Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Copenhagen.

W. T. W.



*Standard Lamp in hammered iron.  
(Messrs. Jones and Willis.)*



*Gates in Bronze for Mr. George McCulloch's House in Queen's Gate.  
(Messrs. Jones and Willis.)*



Vases in Danish Porcelain.

The Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Copenhagen (see p. 351).

## PASSING EVENTS.

SOUTH Kensington will be much enriched by the gift of the famous Waldo-Sibthorp collection of German silversmiths' work of the sixteenth century. Some of the examples are at present on loan in the Museum, and convey a good idea of the value of the collection.

MR. WATTS has been called "The English Titian," and full of good works as he is, the hope may be piously expressed that he may attain the great age of his Venetian exemplar—99. His latest project is to start a Gallery of Every Day Heroism, in which memorials will be placed of deeds of worth by humble folk. The records will be in terra-cotta, or something equally durable. Here surely is a chance for a little public spirit. Could not a prize be given at the Royal Academy Schools, or even in the National Art competition at South Kensington, to the best illustrations of a few inspiring subjects? Such tests as 'Solomon's Judgment' and 'Joshua at Jericho' might then gain a well-earned rest.

LANCASHIRE has always been a good field for Art when practical encouragement was required. The local Arts Guild at Bolton endeavours to enlist as many lay members as possible, in order that they may come under the influence of the artistic section. As is properly borne in mind, the hideousness of some manufacturing towns is preventable, so long as "unqualified powers" do not exercise a monopoly in taste.

IT is announced that the famous collection of Oriental curios formed by that Marquis of Dalhousie who was Governor-General of India fifty years ago will shortly be dispersed in Edinburgh. Many of the lots are relics of the historic "Sack of Delhi," when the Persian conqueror looted over £60,000,000 worth of booty. An emerald bow ring, with an inscription commemorating the exploit, will be offered privately. The translation is:—"For a bow ring for the King of Kings, Nadir, Lord of the Conjunction at the subjugation of India, from the jewel house it was selected 1152" (A.D. 1739).

THE keeper of the Holloway College Gallery writes that Edwin Long originally received 1,700 guineas, not 7,100 guineas, for 'The Babylonian Marriage Market,' mentioned in the article on "Art Sales" last month. A similar mistake, he points out, occurs on p. 328, Vol. I., of W. Roberts' interesting "Memorials of Christie's."

AN absurd story of the finding of Gainsborough's lost portrait of the 'Duchess of Devonshire' has been served up as something fresh by the London *Daily Mail*. This enterprising paper has been made to look very foolish, for the story was published three years ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the picture described is not the famous, and lost, masterpiece.

AN interesting Exhibition of Artistic Bookbinding was held last month at the Howard Gallery, Sheffield. Amongst the list of exhibitors were Messrs. J. T. Cobden-Sanderson, Cedric Chivers, Roger de Coverley, A. A. Turbayne, and Miss J. Birkenruth.

SEARCHING through some old French books the other day, one was induced to make a translation of an interesting passage which is an opinion on the then newly-formed English School, written by M. Levesque (of the Académie des Inscriptions) in 1792. "The beautiful should enter largely into the character of the English School, since loveliness is so common in England as to meet the eye of the artist everywhere. If this beauty is not precisely academic, it is at any rate in nowise inferior. The English School will make itself remarkable by its truthfulness of expression, because the national freedom gives natural play to the passions."

MESSRS. W. H. BEYNON & CO., of Cheltenham, have recently published four Etchings by Edward J. Burrow, two of 'Corpus Christi College, Cambridge,' and two of 'Magdalen College Tower, Oxford.' The plates are executed in good style, the two Oxford subjects being very successful.





Ed by John P. Little, N. Y.

Engraved by W. Heydemann



*The Carnegie Art Gallery, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.  
Messrs. Longfellow, Alden and Harlow, Architects.*

## THE CARNEGIE ART GALLERY.

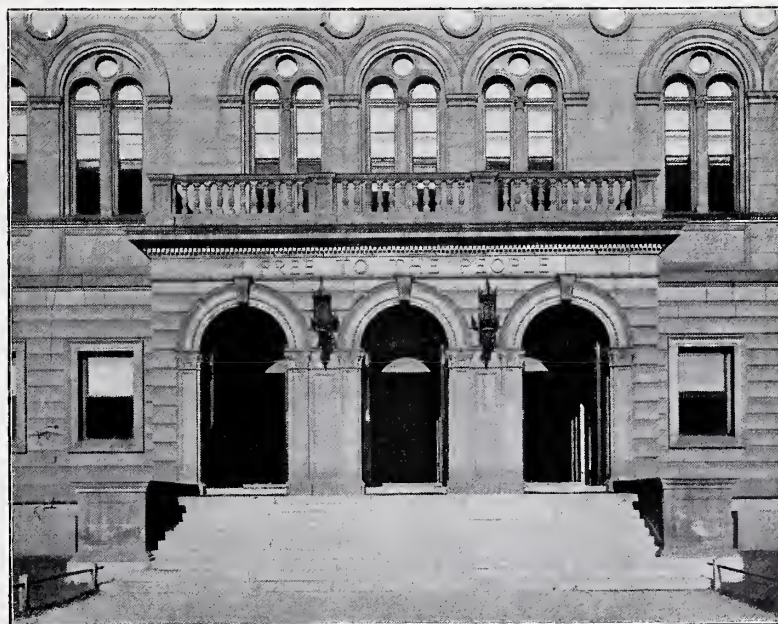
**T**HE Carnegie Art Gallery in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is one of the youngest of the artistic institutions of the world, but it is likely to prove one of the most influential.

It was only in 1895 that the Carnegie Institute was founded, it being a gift to the City of Pittsburgh by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the well-known philanthropist and the head of a vast organisation of iron-workers employing many thousands of men and large capital. Mr. Carnegie gave almost one million dollars, *i.e.* £200,000, to erect this building, and it embraces, besides the Art Department, a Museum of Natural His-

tory, a Library, and a Hall for Music. Our view of the Institution shows the character of the building which has been the result of this munificence. Without doubt

it is one of the finest of the many noble buildings in the United States, and vastly superior to our "pepperbox" National Gallery, or the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam, and it holds its own well with the chaste beauty of the buildings of the Louvre.

Besides bearing the cost of this building, Mr. Carnegie made an endowment of another million dollars for the Art and Science Departments of the Institute. This endowment has made it possible



*Entrance to the Carnegie Art Gallery.*



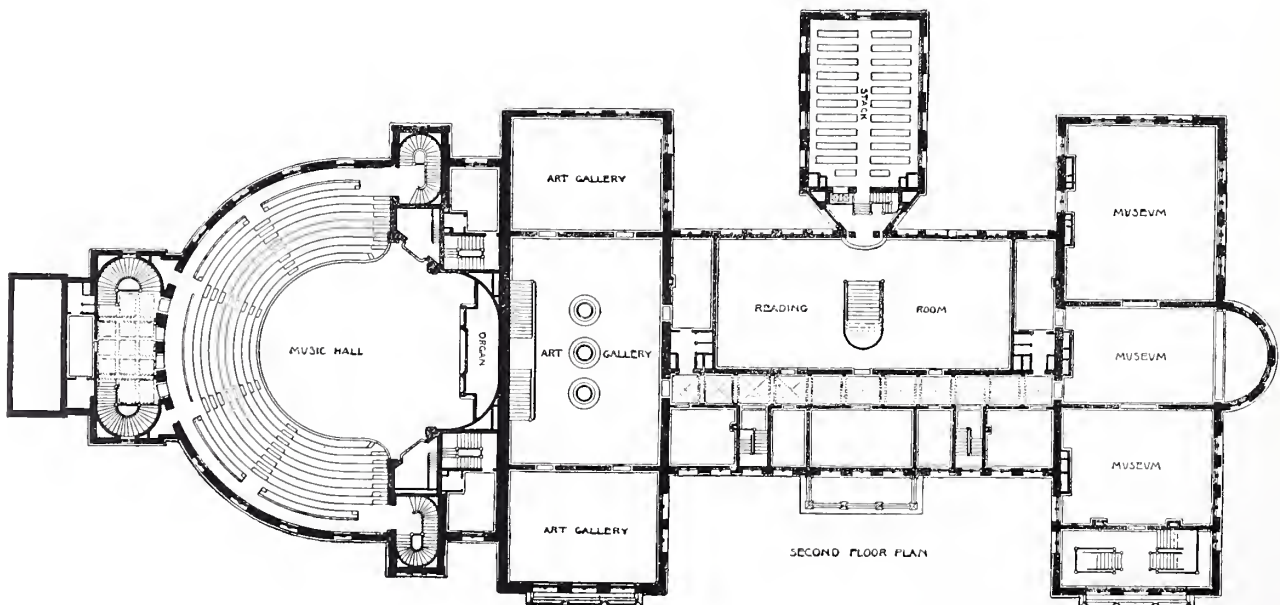
*Interior of the Carnegie Art Gallery.*

to hold an important Annual Exhibition of pictures, and a large sum is being expended annually in accumulating a permanent collection of high-class works. It will of course take many years before this collection can show a large number of exhibits, for even interest on a million dollars does not go far in the purchase of fine pictures; but it is almost certain that the wealthy magnates of Pennsylvania, numbers of whom are highly cultivated men, and several deeply interested in art, will give or bequeath representative works, which will, as in the case of the National Gallery, speedily increase its importance.

The Carnegie Art Gallery is entirely free to the people, and this is engraved in deeply cut letters over the principal entrance. According to the Document of Institu-

tion, no charge can ever be made for entry into the Institute, so that an endowment of some kind was absolutely necessary to carry on the work. It may be anticipated that as years go on we shall hear more and more of the Carnegie Galleries, and if the name of the city in which they are situated, Pittsburgh, sounds in British ears unpoetic, if not absolutely prosaic, yet as artistic associations gather around it, it is likely that ideas of a more elevated character will be accepted.

President McKinley, who gave an address on the second anniversary of the founding of the building, said that, "All who love knowledge, who enjoy art, who believe in progress, whose aspirations are upward, are here welcome, and will find themselves at liberty to follow their chosen pursuits in response to the founder's



*Plan of the Carnegie Institute.*





Interior of the Carnegie Art Gallery.

inscription that his donation is, and shall be, free to the people. For such was this temple reared, magnificent in its proportions, of classic beauty, and with a liberality of equipment and management second to none either in the old world or the new."

The Art Department is under the Direction of Mr. John W. Beatty, and when he came to London to arrange for the first annual exhibition in 1896, it was my good fortune to be able to introduce him to many of the principal artists in this country. The Exhibition of 1896 was indeed one of the most representative held since the 1889 collection in Paris, and the British Painters having given their support to the undertaking, their works came before the American public in a way which must ultimately be of great benefit to them.

Each year an Exhibition is held in the Galleries, and I have been urging Mr. Beatty, in place of having what may be called an ordinary Exhibition each year, rather to devote himself to one country or school for each Exhibition, so that he might have a cycle of examples of the greatest artists living in the various countries to-day. Mr. Beatty and his Council may be of opinion that it is undesirable to push the claims of one school too strongly at a time, but if he followed this plan he would achieve a distinction for his Exhibition that no ordinary collection can ever hope to attain.

Another feature of the Exhibitions at the Carnegie Gallery is that the exhibitors themselves select the jury who are to judge and hang the pictures. There is an advisory committee in London, in Paris, and in Munich. The London committee includes Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Swan, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Abbey, and Mr. Alma-Tadema. The Paris committee is formed of Mons. Puvis de Chavannes, Mr. Whistler, M. Lhermitte, M. Dagnan-Bouveret, and M. Benjamin Constant, and the best-known member of the Munich committee is Professor Franz Stück.

Last year Mr. John M. Swan was invited to Pittsburgh at the expense of the Institution, and, with the American artists, he assisted in arranging the collection. It is

proposed thus to obtain each year the aid of a similar competent painter from Europe, to unite with his American confrères in making the best use of the picturesque for exhibition.

The plan we print will give, with the views, some idea of the size of the Institution. The Music Hall, for example, can accommodate with comfort fully two thousand people, while the Reading Room is nearly one hundred feet long.

The Music Hall is provided with an organ worthy of its position, and free concerts of the highest class are given frequently. The Museum is equally well provided, and the Library is rapidly filling up its accommodation for three hundred thousand volumes.

One interesting feature of the Library—one which, however, is little known on this side of the Atlantic—is the Children's Room, where the young people of Pittsburgh are invited to see all the children's books and publications in the world.

It is too early yet to say what effect on the people this institution will have, but as its claims become better known, there is no doubt that its influence will ultimately be very widespread. In any case, the wealthy men who draw their incomes from the smoky furnaces surrounding the city of Pittsburgh are fulfilling a noble duty in supporting such an institution. No one in the State of Pennsylvania need feel that he or she can be hindered in the pursuit of art, or science, or music with an Institute like this, free to help them so long as they require it.

The city of Pittsburgh in receiving such an institution incurs indeed a heavy responsibility. With an organisation like the Carnegie Institute, there ought to be achieved the rearing and educating of men and women of culture able to take their places amongst the best people of their time. *Qui vivra verra*, and we may surely hope for the best.

D. CROAL THOMSON.



*The Syndics.  
By Rembrandt. At Amsterdam.*

## THE REMBRANDT EXHIBITION.



*The Queen of Holland.*

THE Coronation of the young Queen of Holland has been celebrated by the gathering together of the largest collection of pictures by Rembrandt which has ever been exhibited at one time. Not fewer than one hundred and twenty-four pictures by the master were exhibited at the new Town Museum at Amsterdam, and the Exhibition has been extraordinarily popular, having attracted not only connoisseurs and Rembrandt admirers

from all parts of the world, but also the general populace of Holland itself. A heavy charge—two gulden and a-half, or about a dollar—was made for admission, but this does not seem to have damped the ardour of the connoisseur, and during the whole time of the Exhibition, from the 8th September to the 31st October, the well-lighted rooms were crowded with enthusiastic admirers of the painter.

It is satisfactory to British people to know that by far the finest pictures in private hands were contributed by collectors in England and Scotland. It must be said, however, in justice to America, that while the Director was indefatigable in searching for pictures throughout

Europe, he made no effort to obtain the loan of the many fine examples of Rembrandt in the United States. Doubtless the Director thought that the twenty per cent. duty on pictures returning to America would be entirely prohibitive; but had he been as energetic and as wide-awake as Mr. Temple of the City Art Gallery, he might have been able to arrange, as our Lord Mayor did, to have the loan of pictures, and have obtained the United States Treasury's consent to their returning free. Had this been done, the collection would have been strengthened by such great pictures as 'The Gilder' and 'The Burgomaster of Delft,' in the possession of Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, and the superb 'Standard-Bearer' in the collection of Mr. George J. Gould.

The strength of the Exhibition lay in its completeness from an art-historical point of view. Examples of Rembrandt's method of painting in oil were shown from the work produced when he was twenty-one to one which was painted almost in the last year of his life, and between these dates there were specimens of nearly every manner of painting he adopted.

It is not to be supposed that every picture in the collection was equally good, and it may frankly be said that from the ordinary visitor's point of view—that is, of one who expected to find a collection of masterpieces—the Exhibition distinctly failed. Out of the hundred and twenty-four pictures, only about fifty were interesting of themselves, and of these only twenty-five or thirty were of the highest quality. Of this number, about twenty of the best came from this country.

The earlier pictures, though they were not altogether above reproach, showed in a very curious way the later styles of the painter, and therefore they were particularly interesting to the student. The best of these was

'Judas bringing back the Price of the Betrayal,' the property of Baron Arthur de Schickler, of Paris. About this picture a curious story is told. Michel, while preparing his work on Rembrandt, found a description of the picture in a contemporary biography and recognised from it this picture, which he had recently seen in a shop in Paris. There can be no doubt that this picture is a genuine work by Rembrandt, and the only comment to be made on the story is that it is very surprising that Michel did not, from the picture itself, discover who was the painter, but had to wait until he read the contemporary description to be assured of its authenticity.

Another fine early work was the study of the father of Rembrandt, in the possession of Mr. Fleischmann, of London. And the best of the earlier manner one indicating the later development very strongly is Captain Holford's splendid 'Maerten Looten.' This picture, like the earliest examples, is a little tight in execution, but it is a magnificent work of art, and a splendid achievement by a young man of twenty-six. Had it not been dated 1632 it might easily have been taken to have been painted several years later.

Another fine portrait of this period is that of Lysbeth, Rembrandt's sister, with a profile turned to the left. in the possession of Madame Jacquemart, of Paris. The eye is, perhaps, too small, but the general quality of the picture is singularly interesting.

Of 1635, Mr. Leopold Goldschmidt, of Paris, contributed a fine study of an old man, very strong in colour, and showing a close connection with the Duke of Buccleuch's splendid portrait of the artist, painted in 1659. Of the same date as Mr. Goldschmidt's picture was shown, from Edinburgh, the portrait of an old lady seated, very similar to the celebrated 'Madame Jacobs Bas,' in the Rijks Museum.

Of the subject pictures by far the best was the 'Salutation of the Virgin,' from Grosvenor House, which, with the 'Simeon' at the Hague, and 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' in the National Gallery, shows the high-water mark of Rembrandt's art up to 1640. The picture

we illustrate, 'The Lady with a Fan,' was lent by the Queen from the great collection in Buckingham Palace. The reproduction sufficiently shows the charming quality of this truly magnificent picture, one of the greatest pieces of the artist, and one that assisted in raising the level of the whole exhibition.

The year following the painting of this picture saw the completion of the masterpiece of Rembrandt, usually known as the 'Night-Watch.' At this exhibition this picture was placed as it was originally intended it should be, that is, with the light coming from the left side. In

this room it was better seen than this generation has ever been able to view it. At the old museum in Amsterdam, where it was placed closely fitted to the size of the wall (for the canvas had about three feet cut off the left side, and something off the foot and right-hand side to make it fit), it looked well, but during the last half-dozen years, during which time it has been in the Rijks Museum, it has never been satisfactorily shown. The Rijks Museum, built specially with a view to showing the 'Night-Watch,' has been a deplorable failure, and even the arrangement of the pictures within that gallery leaves much to be desired. The 'Night-Watch' was seen at this temporary exhibition with all the glamour of



*The Lady with a Fan. By Rembrandt.*

*From the Buckingham Palace Picture.*

a half-light stealing across the picture, which rendered it full of poetry and fine mystery, and these in every way helped the master's great composition.

Of the same date is Lord Iveagh's 'Lady pointing with her Right Hand,' which, with Captain Holford's 'Portrait of an Old Lady,' displayed in another direction Rembrandt's wonderful variety of character painting. In fact, in this exhibition the Duke of Westminster's five pictures, and the four of Captain Holford, embraced everything that is finest of the painter, and outside the 'Night-Watch' and the 'Syndics' carried all the honours of the show.

It must have been satisfactory to visitors from Glasgow to see the place of honour given to the three pictures belonging to the Corporation. There is still plenty of

discussion about the 'Man in Armour,' and some of our leading English artists are not disposed to admit the work to be by Rembrandt; but we venture to think that a careful study of this picture will at least reveal the splendid painter-like qualities of the work, although it must be admitted that certain passages leave a feeling of uneasiness in the mind, somewhat difficult to explain.

Mr. Rudolph Kann's portrait of Rembrandt's son Titus shows also the highest quality, although perhaps the portrait of the same boy, from the Earl of Crawford, was a picture of still more exalted character. The latter picture, known as 'The Unwilling Pupil,' is a most beautiful work, but in its present condition its highest qualities are not visible.

Mr. Leopold Goldschmidt, of Paris, is exceptionally fortunate in the possession of the portrait of Rembrandt's 'Cook,' and the same can be said, with even greater emphasis, of the owner of the superb piece from Montagu House, an old lady reading. Madame Jacquemart's portrait of 'Dr. Tholinx' is one of the greatest of the later pictures, and it has been cleverly suggested that the success of this portrait probably led to the commission for the 'Syndics,' which was completed a few years later.

Space fails us to do more than mention the grand portrait of 'Rembrandt with his Palette,' from Lord Iveagh's collection; 'Rembrandt as an Old Man,' strong and good, from the Duke of Buccleuch's collection, and the two half-length portraits from St. Petersburg in the collection of Prince Jousouf. The 'Syndics,' the other picture which we illustrate, forms, with the 'Night-

Watch' and the 'Anatomy School,' the great trio of Rembrandt's artistic career.

The 'Syndics of the Cloth Hall' represents five worthy Dutch merchants with their clerk, and in subject is prose itself. But in execution this is probably the finest of all Rembrandt's work, the most virile, the most masterly, and one of the half-dozen greatest pictures in the world.

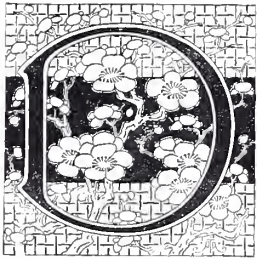
Several pictures were exhibited in the Amsterdam collection which it might be judicious not to mention; but we think it is a little questionable for well-known French artists and the custodians of public galleries to exhibit over their name pictures which at the least were undesirable to be shown as works of a great master.

Comment also is necessary on the singular fact that, while the Director of the Exhibition could obtain very valuable works from England, he was not able to secure the portrait of the 'Burgomaster Six' in another part of Amsterdam, nor the portrait of 'Madame Jacobs Bas' in the Rijks Museum, nor the 'Anatomy School' from The Hague. It appears that while the 'Night-Watch' and the 'Syndics' are the property of the town of Amsterdam, the 'Anatomy School' and 'Madame Jacobs Bas,' being State property, could not be removed. Doubtless, however, had the matter been taken in hand in proper time, the Dutch Parliament would have been willing to allow these works to have been hung, so as to make the great Exhibition in connection with the coronation of their Queen entirely satisfactory.

A.

## 'THE THREAT.'

AN ETCHING BY W. HEYDEMANN, AFTER JOHN PETTIE, R.A.  
FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.



DIFFICULTIES of a very exceptional type are presented by those subjects which involve the treatment of physical exertion, and these very difficulties are the most fascinating to every worker who brings to bear upon his art a spirit of real enthusiasm. The representation of strong action and of effects of

momentary movement is a problem in technicalities with which artists of all periods have delighted to occupy themselves. That such an artist as John Pettie should have chosen to grapple with such a motive as 'The Threat' is on this score perfectly intelligible. He was essentially a man with the courage of his æsthetic convictions, who had no hesitation about attempting serious undertakings. Happy audacity invariably distinguished his work, and the success with which he constantly treated material apparently unpromising amply justified him in his ambitions. He rarely failed, even where he tempted fortune by the greatness of his intention; and by sheer mastery over technical intricacies, he carried to happy completion things that an artist of less skill and power of concentration would probably have abandoned in despair.

An excellent illustration of his ability is afforded by this picture, 'The Threat.' It is certainly a success both as a piece of design and as a demonstration of technical power; but it is almost a triumph over the impossible.

The figure is little more than half length, so that the opportunity of telling the story by the action of the whole body was lost; the adoption of armour with its rigid lines and definite form prevented any dependence upon muscular action; the simplicity of the surroundings in which the figure has been set, did not allow the use of accessories to explain the incidents in the painted drama. Everything is expressed by the character in the face and the wonderful vigour of drawing in the hands. In these, the only evidences of animation which the picture affords, the clearest explanation of the title is provided. The features of the knight are full of angry determination, of fierce resolve to dare everything to gain the point in dispute; but in the hands there is a fiercer threatening of prompt chastisement, and of penalties to be imposed without mercy. They reveal, indeed, the whole nature of this envoy from the camp of the enemy, and suggest that to him has been entrusted the delivery of an ultimatum, because he is proof against cajolery, and not to be turned from his path by specious pleading. He is above all a man of action, who makes as brief as possible the interval between a threatening word and a telling blow. The artist has represented him at the limit of his patience, angrily hurling the last defiant word of an argument that has plainly been a bitter one, and prepared at once to make the final appeal to the sword; and the picture in its assertion and its grasp of the situation is as definite as the mediæval language which is being employed.

# PICCADILLY.

WITH SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY CHARLES PEARS.



*Initial.*

*Drawn by Chas. Pears.*

REATHES there the man" who never heard of Piccadilly? Probably there breathe a good many, even in London, for the abyss of human ignorance — spite the Board School — is wondrous deep. Yet everybody who counts knows his Piccadilly for better or worse, and only a desire for symmetry of treatment makes me begin at the beginning with a word of bald geographical description. Piccadilly is a street in the West End of London, running east and west, with a considerable dip in the middle. In pre-historic times 'twas (one fancies) a pleasant green hill footed by a small lake, succeeded by a stretch of meadow.

It is "bounded," as school books say, on the north by Mayfair, on the south by St. James's and the Green Park, on the east by Piccadilly Circus, and on the west by Hyde Park Corner. It is a typical London street of the better class, and yet of the older type. In place of such regularity as dominates the Paris boulevard, you have admired confusion, picturesque disarray. The houses are of every size, every style of architecture. Burlington House might serve for palace; Apsley House, the Rothschild mansion, and the like are fit abodes for great nobles. There are luxuriously fitted club-houses whereof the Junior Athenæum may serve as sample. And the other extreme? You have models (174 and 175, for instance), of those queer, narrow two-storey houses of which our country towns are full. "An Englishman's house is his castle." What strange influence that quasi-legal maxim has had on English building!

A castle must be self-contained, and so our poor prefers to live in a house as small as may be, but altogether his own, to occupying a nook in some spacious mansion, as his like does in France, nay, even in Scotland. In modern London that sentiment is fading away, in witness whereof you shall presently discover next door to the quaint brick building some century or two

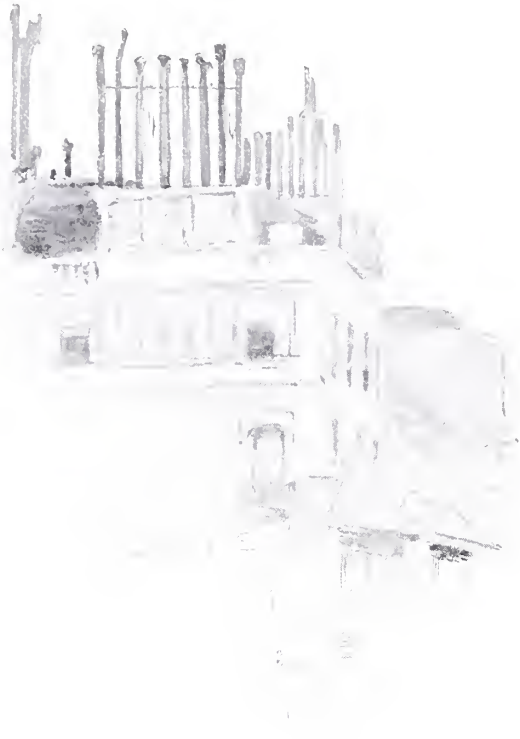
old, a new structure that seeks the skies with a boldness which the loftiest "land" in the old town of Edinburgh could scarce emulate, rivalling that also in the number and variety of its tenants. Of the shops a word will be said presently. There is a church—St. James's to wit—of a very odd exterior. It is one of Wren's, and better visaged inside than out. Houses of entertainment—from gorgeous hotels to plebeian but not less gorgeous "pubs"—are only mentioned to be passed over.

And the architecture? Every style has been laid under contribution. Thebes and Athens are alike represented. The architects are debtors to the Goth and to the Greek. They have disdained neither Renaissance nor Queen Anne models, but the tendency is always towards greater size and magnificence. If the century found Piccadilly brick, it is leaving it marble. The diversity comes out in another way, the buildings have a fine English individuality about them. They strike the street at any angle, they refuse to toe the building line, as it were. Some, as Devonshire House, present to you (or did so the other day) but the blank wall of their court-yard. Others protect themselves by iron railings. Others are right on the pavement, and the sitter in some of their windows might, if he were so minded, pat the heads of the passers-by. I think all this positively delightful. The architects of the great avenues of other capitals were sadly lacking in invention, or they forgot the deadly, the appalling effect of monotony. The first impression is brilliant, but it speedily passes away, and



*"Foggy" Piccadilly.*

*Drawn by Chas. Pears.*



*A Sky Line, Piccadilly.*

*Drawn by Chas. Pears.*

there is nothing to vary or renew the charm. Yet one must not rate the pleasure of diversity too high. Piccadilly Circus, for instance, spite its recent doing up, the poor Gilbert statue in the midst, and so forth, is but an incongruous jumble of buildings, and Hyde Park Corner is marred by the like muddle. The reason is plain — regularity and symmetry show better in a place or a square than in a street.

Each prominent London street has its own characteristics. The commercial air of Cheapside impresses the wayfaring man, though a fool. The least intelligent foreigner would spell out a connection between Fleet Street and journalism; Oxford Street breathes prosperous middle-class affluence, and Piccadilly in many a material sign, in the aspect of those who tread its footpaths day after day, or roll prosperously along its carriage ways, signifies at every turn wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, birth, distinction, and high breeding. How plainly the gigantic private residences, gigantic although the ground on which they stand is so precious that it might well seem paved with gold, show forth these things! You need scarce cross their thresholds to discover that each house is a museum of beautiful and costly things, furniture, plate, pictures, all that the highest civilisation can con-



*St. James's Church, Piccadilly.*

*Drawn by Chas. Pears.*

tribute to gratify every material, nearly every spiritual, desire. The shops, too, plainly cater for a luxurious class of customers. They exist to satisfy not the grosser needs, but the finer tastes. Exotic fruits, prints and pictures, jewels, scents, and suchlike are the staple commodities. The butcher and baker, you fancy, modestly seclude themselves in the side alleys. But in the street itself, you note a distinction or division. Taking St. James's Street as the boundary line, you discover that the part to the east is much the more crowded and bustling, also it is more populous than the western portion. In the evening the former is crowded by a gay cosmopolitan assemblage. You hear more languages than Babel's Tower could furnish, all sorts and conditions of men, on pleasure rather than business bent, jostle one another on the pavement. As to the western segment, one notes that the very best (socially speaking) folk in London inhabit the adjacent ways. You understand that the local man on the street is as like as not noble, or baronet, or millionaire. But-ton-hole the chance passer-by,



*Evening, Piccadilly.*

*Drawn by Chas. Pears.*

pluck your momentary *vis-à-vis* by the sleeve, and as like as not you have caught a celebrity. He may turn out a Tartar, and the experiment, though not devoid of fascination, cannot be recommended. But general rather than individual experience will best serve your turn. Take then your Piccadilly.

To see "this radiant and immortal street," as Mr. W. E. Henley hath it, at its best, choose some afternoon in May, when the sun is shining on the long, burnished, sumptuous array of carriages, the ever-moving throng of well-dressed men and gorgeously apparelled women on the pavement, glittering on the tall line of houses on the one side, and the trees and fresh verdure of the Park which through half its length lines the other, and you have a picture of England's wealth, strength, and beauty, such as ought to make any Englishman proud. Darker sides the picture may have, insolent parade, cruel scorn of poverty, selfish and foolish luxury, but the brighter is at least as true, and all in all you may fully accept the merry spectacle as good. But England is an historic country, Piccadilly is before all else an historic street. Great and distinguished as is the crowd that to-day treads its pavement, there is a company of shadows still greater and still more distinguished, for it includes all who have dwelt around this spot or moved over these stones. Let us look for a little into its past records, to see what amusement and instruction they can furnish for us to-day.

The learned are not at one as to the origin of the name. A map, *temp.* early Elizabethan, marks the place as the way to Reading. A century afterwards the district had its now well-known name, whereof several explanations were current. *Pickadil* was the skirt of a garment—the

houses then rising in this part were the utmost verge of London; but the same word denoted a stiff collar worn by the bucks of the period. One Higgins, a tailor, was lord of much land hereabout; he had made a fortune by a supply of this foppery, and his own fancy or popular wit so dubbed the district. Again in good King Charles's golden days a gaming house was opened there in 1634, and this was probably the place commemorated by Clarendon in 1641 "as a fair house for entertainment

and gaming, with handsome gravel walk with shade, and where were an upper and lower bowling green, whither very many nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation." This was Piccadilly Hall, and some said the district was called after it, though that etymology like enough put the cart before the horse. Of the wits of the time who frequented the place, Sir John Suckling is far the most interesting. "He played at cards rarely well, and did use to practice by himself a-bed, and there studied the best way of managing the cards. His sisters coming to the Péccadillo bowling

green crying for fear he should lose all their portions." He himself had a curious contempt for those lively verses which raise him out of the "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and thus in artful words did he condemn his own art—

"Who priz'd black eyes or a lucky hit  
At Bowls above all the triumphs of wit."

The district grew apace, but it was well into the last century before any houses fronted the Green Park. Up till 1721 a sort of official stop was put on its growth by a turnpike which stood where Berkeley Street now runs into the main thoroughfare. Beyond that was the Great



*Nocturn, Piccadilly.*

*Drawn by Chas. Pears.*



*Park Lane, Piccadilly.*

*Drawn by Chas. Pears.*

Western Road, unpaved, haunted by the highwayman, as many an honest citizen venturing on the dark nights found to his cost. In that year the said turnpike was removed to Hyde Park Corner, and the intervening space soon filled in. Statuary shops then abounded, so that it was like the Euston Road, a sort of vulgar Athens, yet had it sufficient rusticity to attract citizens o' Sundays. A number of houses of entertainment were cause or effect of the weekly outings. One famous hostelry was the "Pillars of Hercules," which has a nook in our literature, since Fielding makes his Squire Weston put up thereat. And now Piccadilly in outline at least stands complete. But one must remember that it had been for long previous a main thoroughfare.

Many a legend of much more modern date clings round

the last house on the north side of Piccadilly just before Hyde Park. This is Apsley House, and its building is said to have been the most distinguished act of Lord Apsley, second Earl of Bathurst. But it is best known as the residence of the Great Duke of Wellington, who purchased it about 1820, though he had occupied it some time before. His presence might still seem to haunt the mansion. His study is preserved as he left it. There are many precious works of art, obtained from Spain, but honestly obtained. Thus a Correggio was taken from the French during the flight after Vittoria, restored to the Spanish Government, and by them presented to the Duke. A noble bust by Canova, and many portraits, one by David, recall the Duke's great military rival. It was in the great hall here that the Waterloo Dinner was held in great state on every 18th of June whilst the Duke lived. If another memento was needed, there is the statue of the Duke by Sir J. E. Boehm, which was a sort of successor to the hideous equestrian monster, as Thackeray called it, erected in 1846.

Hard by was the house of Nathan Meyer de Rothschild, who frankly confessed that the only music he loved was the rattling of money; yet had the old Jew a pretty wit. A Russian prince coming to see him on business was curtly requested to take a chair. Somewhat ruffled, he explained who he was. "Very well, take two chairs," was the quaint reply.

Not one, but a perfect galaxy of famous names are connected with the Albany, a set of chambers for single men called after the Duke of York and Albany, second son of George III. George Canning, Lord Byron, Lord Lytton, Macaulay, Sir Charles Napier, are only a few of the sojourners. Here, too, Sir Francis Burdett lived in 1810, when the Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons came to conduct him to the Tower. He barriaded his chambers for two days, yet when his visitors, who must have used very little violence, at last obtained admittance, they found him teaching his son Magna Charta. One fancies the situation did not quite come off! And so with this genuine comic touch let us end our stroll along, and gossip about, Piccadilly.

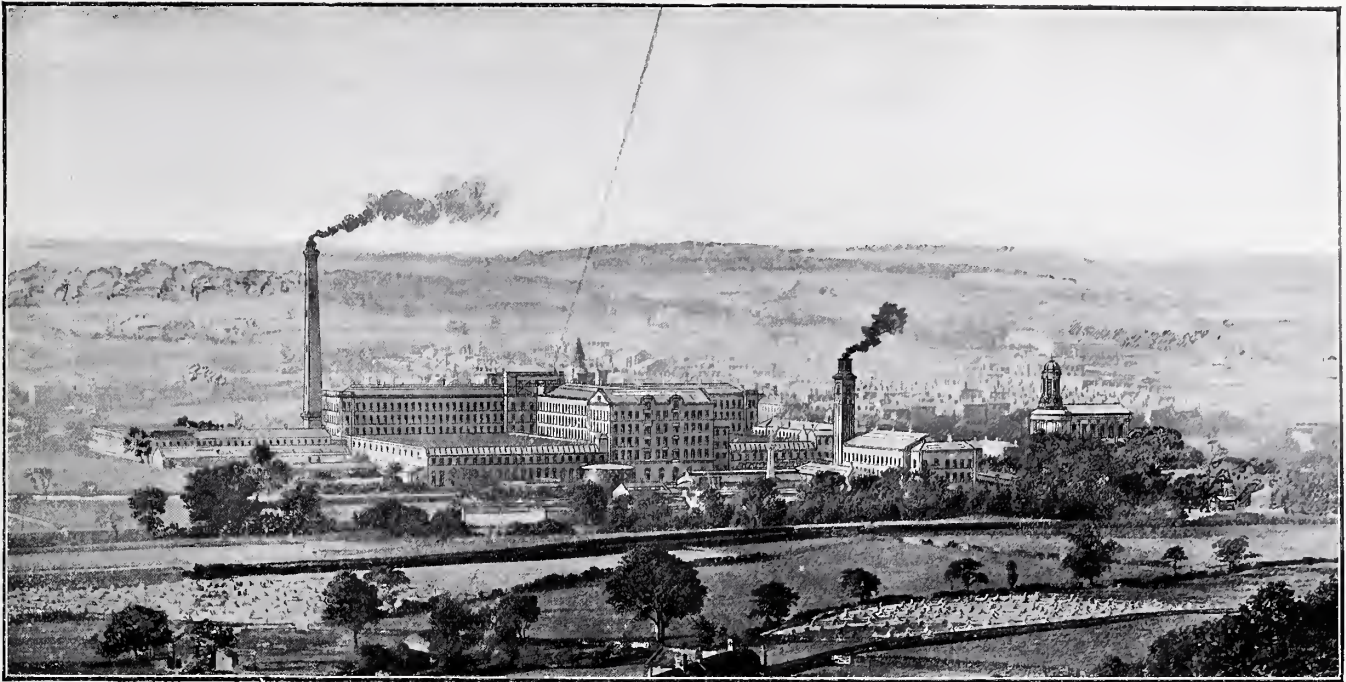
FRANCIS WATT.



*Piccadilly from St. James's Park.*

*Drawn by Chas. Pears.*





*View of Sir Titus Salt and Co.'s Works.*

## SALTAIRE.

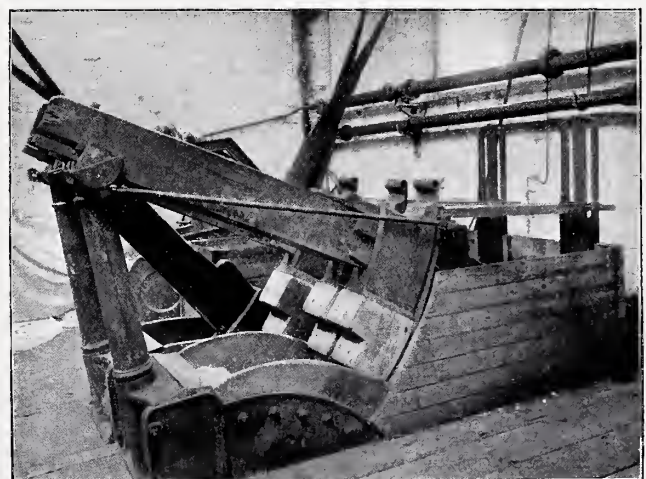
THE gigantic enterprise at Saltaire has sprung from the effort of one man, Titus Salt, who, when quite young, introduced to the Bradford wool-trade a particular Russian variety called "Donskoi." The unkempt appearance of the material caused it to be regarded with disfavour; until he took a mill of his own and proved how excellent a result could be obtained. Later, by the same intuitive foresight, he recognised in advance the value of the fleece of the alpaca, of which three hundred bales had awaited a customer so long that they were on the point of being re-shipped to Peru. In due time a then unfamiliar staple, mohair, was also introduced by him successfully.

But the stages which marked the career of Sir Titus Salt cannot be recapitulated here, however briefly. The town on the Aire takes its name from him, and the firm of Sir Titus Salt, Bart., Sons & Co., although since 1893 its *personnel* has been in other hands, still trades in his name. The enterprises, commercial and social, which he founded not merely flourish, but are still forging ahead under its present directors, who not only keep up the reputation of the great industry, but have introduced improvements bringing it well in the van of the modern army of commerce.

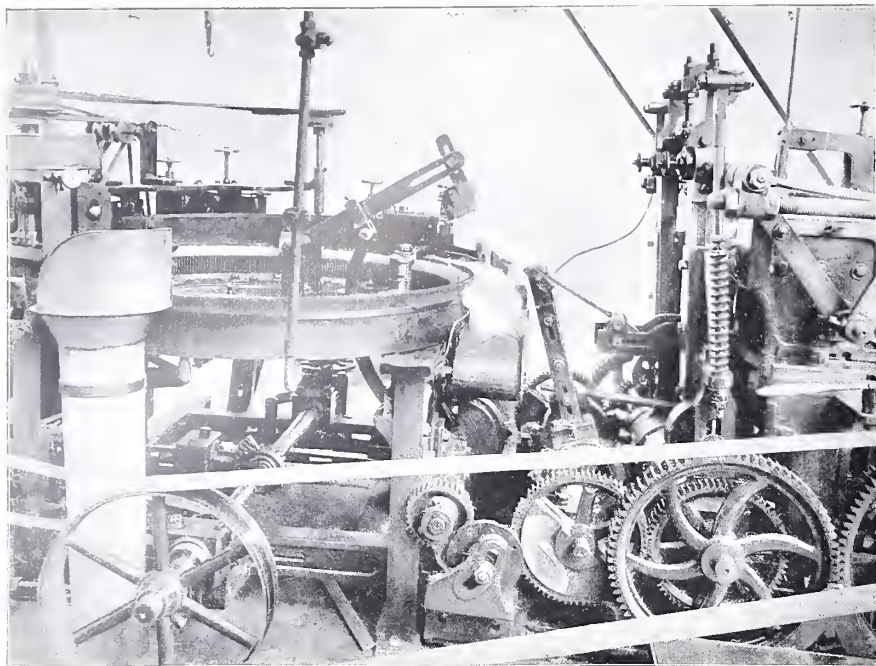
In a tour of inspection of the Saltaire works the latent poetry of manufacture is forced upon a visitor. For here amid superb scenery is a well-lighted, well-ventilated stone building, or rather many fine structures all sharing the same qualities, wherein work some two thousand six hundred men and women, boys and girls, all looking far healthier and happier than would the first two thousand that passed out of any London railway at any hour of the day. The hands fail to enlist our sympathy, and look as if they would resent sentimental commiseration if it were offered. Indeed, it is not perhaps stretching fact too far to believe that some of them at least feel the honour of carrying on day by day a great commercial enterprise as keenly as could any of the partners. This aspect of factory life may be exceptional; first, because of the situation and appointments of the factory, and still more from the "model village,"

as it has been called, where the employés live. It is not every factory that has hundreds of well-kept cottages (eight hundred and fifty, to be exact), co-operative stores, a beautifully appointed park (with opportunities for cricket, tennis, boating, swimming, fishing, and other sports), reading rooms, science and art schools, a hospital, many other institutions catering for their physical and mental needs—and not a single public-house.

Design of a sort occurs in the prosaic stuffs which are the chief products of the company. It is true that the skill devoted to the design of a piece of trousering seems at first sight more nearly akin to mathematics than to design as usually understood, and that the colouring applied to such things is chiefly occupied in effacing brilliant hues and avoiding striking harmonies. But that is a superficial view. After studying the progress of designs for these apparently "patternless" goods, and looking at the vast number of subtle combinations in colour they require, we find that skill, ingenuity, and positive invention are all there, but within far more restricted limits than in any other kind of decorated



*Machine used for fulling.*



*Combing Machine, showing the Fringe of the Mohair as it appears round the circle of the Comb.*

fabric. It is also true that a very large number of silks, woollens, and the like are made at Saltaire with patterns that are as distinctly "decorative" as any which the public have learned to recognise under that elastic term, but these need not be discussed at length, good as they are, as, for the moment, we are more concerned with the process than the product.

In the waiting-room is a stuffed animal, possibly an "alpaca," and in the director's office a stuffed goat of the sort that furnishes "mohair." But to strange eyes these visible sources of the factory's staple suggest only specimens for the Zoological Gardens, and raise a wonder that beasts apparently so rare should exist in sufficient numbers to afford such a monstrous quantity of "wool" (using the term colloquially and not in the technical sense) for this gigantic factory, which, after all, is but one of England's great weaving places.

The quantity consumed yearly may be imagined from a visit to a huge storehouse in the upper part of the building, where, in the autumn, thousands of bales are housed. This enormous dimly-lighted room looking out across the canal to wooded hills and steep crags seems strangely quiet after the bustle of the factory, and to bring near the far-off countries across the silent highway whence all these bales come; especially as one's cicerone, familiar with the countries whence they are imported, recounts tales of his travels in Russia and the East, and anecdotes of the uncivilised life of the pastoral districts that raise the wool.

The preliminary cleansing of the fibre need not detain us. From this it goes to the drying chambers, and thence passes through long shoots to another department ready to be carded and combed. The object of the "carding" is to produce a continuous band or "sliver," of which the fibres cross and recross in various ways. Although the process looks simple enough, it is most ingenious; the result is that the wool is delivered in a huge basket, a fluffy, shapeless mass, light, and suggesting the stuffing of a cushion.

If it were possible to describe the machines that sort the various lengths of hair, and commence the process that ultimately produces a yarn or thread for weaving,

it would repay pages of detail; but such intricate machinery is far too complicated to explain unless accompanied by many diagrams. As you survey the hundreds of machines, all doing their part in the conversion of various substances into threads of yarn, you feel that you are face to face with the impossible. That it could be achieved at any cost would be doubtful, were it not going on before your very eyes; but that all this vast preliminary effort yields ultimately a piece of cloth or fabric, which the world and his wife buy for some trifling sum, to wear in the ordinary routine of daily life, is much too absurd a statement to credit while you are eye-witness to the elaborate preparation.

Amid the hum of machinery, the movements of the busy work-people, each absorbed in his own duty, you stand silent and dazed.

Thus, when you ought to be grasping matter-of-fact statistics, you feel inclined to dream and forget Gradgrind "factuality," in quest of the sentimental. Perhaps the recurrent note of the symphony which is being played by the wheels is only the commonest ditty of sordid profit: for the moment it seems the wildest flight of human ingenuity. You say to yourself "all this effort is for trouserings and dress-suits, tailor-made costumes, and morning frocks;" but you do not believe it any more than when on a hill, looking over a fertile valley, you realise all its husbandry goes to provide ultimately loaves of bread and joints of meat. It is rather like a scene in *Das Rheingold*, where the Nibelungs hammer out vessels of gold; the factory becomes an abnormal place—you have forgotten that the work-people are waiting the welcome pause to have a smoke and lunch to discuss cricket or local politics, and are tempted to regard them as actors in one scene of the great drama of Western activity *versus* Eastern dreaming.

After a visit to the factory, reading a technical account of the combing machines, whose object is to adjust the fibres in parallel straight lines and to remove the short curly wool, known as "noils," from the long and straight kind known as "tops," with a vivid memory of the machines previously seen, it is possible to comprehend vaguely the process you have watched. But to translate such an impression into phrases devoid of technical terms so that a casual reader could grasp the facts, seems not worth attempting, for it would be far more likely to add confusion. Between the visits to shed after shed in lifts, or by staircases, you endeavour to assimilate and try to understand the interesting details your courteous cicerone tells you. To him it is a daily experience; to you it is (despite dozens of visits to other factories) a new glimpse of the commercial wonderland of to-day; so, trying to curb your sentiment to his sober yet equally enthusiastic view, you prepare yourself anew for the next step which carries the work nearer completion.

Then, on and on through room after room, walking through endless vistas of machines, which are tearing, sorting, cleansing, and bringing the native fibre nearer something familiar, you at length reach the spot where



*View of the Room in which the winding and warping of the Yarn is carried on.*

wool has become yarn, and spools (was it seven thousand, seventy thousand, or seven hundred thousand in daily use?) are being unwound and re-wound. The spinning-room, you are told, is one of the largest rooms without pillars in the world. It looks it, and you do not feel inclined to dispute the assertion. But the wonder is that all these pretty girls and bright-eyed boys, who seem as if life were a fairy-tale, should be qualified to be custodians of the hundreds of machines it holds. Their business is to walk between the machines and watch the revolving spools and bobbins, mending any thread that breaks. As the director explains, his ideal is to see them all with their hands behind their backs, vigilant but unemployed, for that means all is going right.

At this point, however, one must hurry over the intermediary stages, including the process of "gassing," or "genapping," which strips the yarn of any loose fibre by passing it through a gas-jet which slightly singes it; "warping" and "sizing" may also be left without comment. With these it has reached a stage ready for the weaver's loom, and so enters a totally distinct section of the works.

In many materials the warp used, whether it be of wool, cotton, or silk, must be dyed before weaving. Hence we find rooms devoted to dyeing, and some of these offer rare subjects for the painter. In one you see great loose skeins (as it were) of the yarn passing over huge drums, some half-dozen on each, the drums revolving in tanks filled with the steaming dye, which impart vivid colours to the yarn—this pale yellow, another deep tawny brown, and so on. Then you reach indigo vats, with colours on the surface of the tanks that recall Mr. Waterhouse's

amous picture 'Circe Invidiosa,' emerald green passing to cobalt blue, through every shade between, lurid and fascinating to a colourist; while the steam at times catches the many colours like the mist in the *Götterdämmerung* when it is well-staged.

After dyeing, the yarn is again washed, this time with soap in the distilled water obtained by the condensation of the steam given off by the great engines that run all the numerous machines. Then comes the final dressing of the yarn and its preparation for the weaver. In one room you see it like bundles of telegraphic wires stretched taut on posts; not, however, like wires singly, but in groups, which, as they are separated by fingers running through them to test their quality, feel polished and equal along the whole length, perfectly accurate threads, not more varying in surface than is a polished steel needle. In other places great implements (recalling the winders that schoolboys use to make skeins of silk from their pet silkworms' cocoons) are slowly at work, each one revolving vertically and drawing to it a radiating mass of threads. This shed would supply an etcher or "dry-point" man a subject to exercise his powers of pure line, a subject so difficult that one wonders it has not been attempted. At last the yarn is ready in gigantic skeins to be woven.

The weaving itself is the next stage; hundreds of looms are at work, some by Jacquard for patterned goods, others devoted to weaving plain fabrics. To visit each in succession is perhaps the most interesting part of an average visitor's round. For here he can see plain fabrics, chequered and striped cloths for tailors, *crêpons*, and dress fabrics of gorgeous quality and design, all growing

into being inch by inch under his eyes. But the process of weaving at this day ought to be familiar to everybody. Scarcely an exhibition of any sort at South Kensington, Earl's Court and elsewhere, but has had some looms in active work, to the delight of crowds of spectators. Among the materials produced are some with most cunning surfaces; *crêpons*, "blistered *crêpons*," and all sorts of fancy substances, evolved by such ingenious developments of machinery that it almost seems as if humour played a part in the process. Having lingered beside the looms, you think that the end of the show is reached, that nothing remains but to roll off the woven fabric and send it to fulfil its purpose in the market. This is not so. On the contrary, the bulk of the cloth or dress-stuff, be it what it may, has still an exciting time before it. For until you reach the dye-works at the other side of the canal bordering the river, the fact that so much pure white material was being made visible aroused no curiosity. Then, however, as you learn that this "white samite, mystic, wonderful," is intended for men's dress clothes, frock-coats, and the like, and has yet to be dyed, the surprise is genuine enough.

For if one had thought of the matter before, one would have assumed that wools of greys and browns would be used for black cloths, seeing that the result was to efface the natural tint; but for best melton, broadcloth, and the like, only the best white wool will suffice, and so the spotless white fabric, first passed through a heating chamber, is plunged into vats, where it revolves in limp coils around huge wheels and takes various preparatory shades of colour until indigo blue or pure black is reached. If the surface is not to retain the ribbed surface familiar in many varieties, a curious treatment is applied. The white cloth in huge limp folds is placed in a sort of box where two big automatic mallets strike it alternately; the stuff moving the while until the diagonal texture is beaten down and the felt-like surface is obtained. Then it is dyed; but even after that another process awaits certain qualities that are passed between rollers over razor-like blades, which shave the surface, and leave a hard, thin, shiny fabric used for wearing in hot climates.

From this to the hydraulic presses, where each length

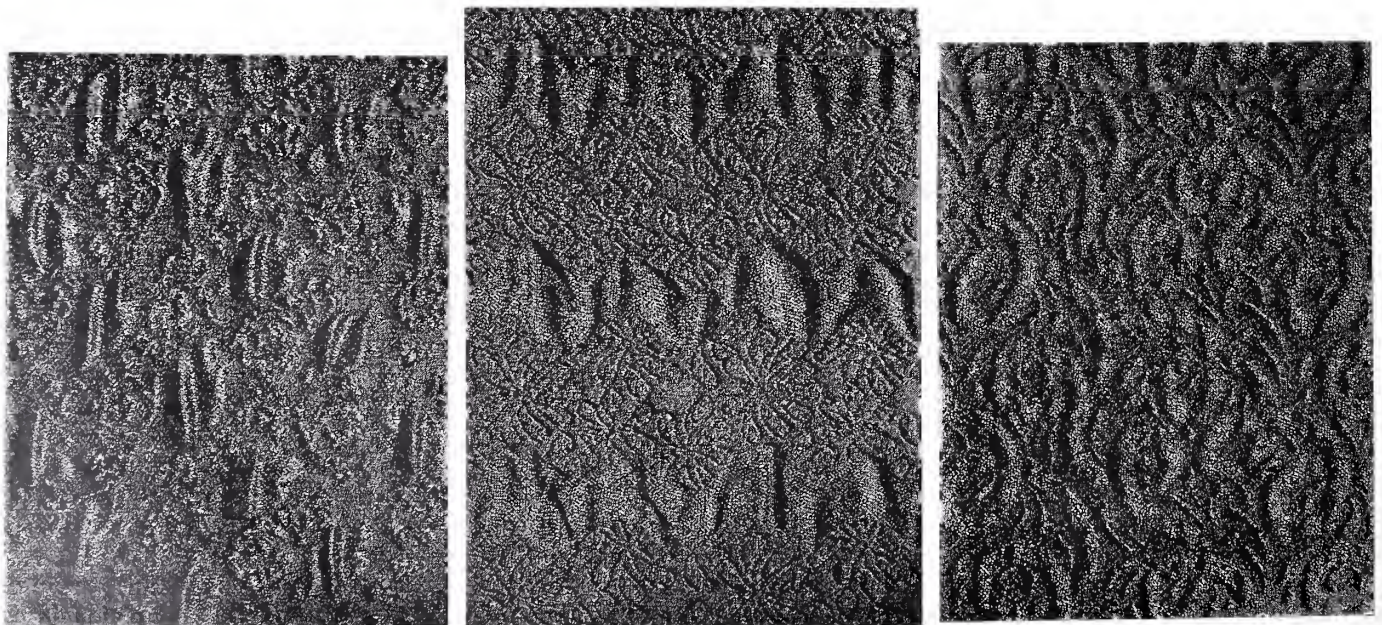
is folded between layers of polished cardboard, and submitted to great pressure, it is a short step to the final stage, where at the end of a long room smartly-dressed employés are handling the familiar-looking rolls your tailor lifts down to perplex your choice of a new suit. The end of the story has come, and the poetry of manufacturing has given way to the prose of commerce; for a tailor's shop can hardly excite the most realistic of "minor poets" to sing its praise.

In another part of the building is the designing room, where patterns are being evolved, and set out in working drawings by the skilful head designer and his assistants. These go to another room, devoted solely to punching the "cards" for Jacquard looms, which cards look to an uninitiated eye like pieces for a game of dominoes for giants; not limited to "double nines," but bearing infinite varieties of spots formally arranged.

Leaving the works, the town of Saltaire tempts one to linger and describe the beauty of the place. The fine architecture of the church, whose tower faces the gate of the factory, is especially worth notice; the whole building is an admirable example of the style of the Italian Renaissance. The excellently appointed Schools of Art and Science, occupying a large and handsome building; the day-schools; the hospital and almshouses all deserve record, especially the Art Schools, where technical education had been carried to a very high standard long before London awoke to its need. Indeed, excepting possibly the famous Technical Schools of Philadelphia, it would be difficult to adduce an equally well-appointed and well-managed establishment. Herein are all varieties of looms, each being worked with samples of plain and patterned fabrics; rooms for the study of the life-model, painting, design, sculpture, and others devoted to specially local requirements, such as setting out the patterns for weaving, and so on.

To do the theme justice would need a volume, not a few pages. To any visitor interested in the progress of British manufacture, a visit to these works is an object-lesson of vast importance, for here we see visible proofs of the commercial position of England, which events show to-day to be really the base whereon rests the destiny of the great Empire.

GLEESON WHITE.



Three Samples of Crêpon Dress Material.



*Girls bathing.*

*By William McTaggart, R.S.A.*

## ROBERT SCOTT LAUDER, R.S.A., AND HIS PUPILS.\*

KNOWING Lauder's pupils and their works, and finding their differences little more than sympathetic variations upon developed artisthood, it is barely possible to imagine his having adopted a method of teaching obliterative of individuality. His directorate is one continuous and destructive comment upon modes of instruction based upon a false assumption of the radical identity of artistic gifts and of the flaccid plasticity of genius. That the artists previously enumerated are as they are, is to be credited mainly to the Master's method. They were trained to be themselves, and to that end he repressed himself. He followed no arrogant obscurantism, but allowed his pupils to make their own precedents, as saying to himself in diffident respect for genius undeclared: "How may I know who, amongst these, may one day be my master, may have a God-gift far excelling mine?" The men themselves, their preferences, tastes, and temperaments are, accordingly, reflected in their works. That Mr. McTaggart should have been less broad and more dainty, and that Mr. Orchardson should have been broader, and less dainty and fastidious, are imaginings that touch the incongruous. That they should be the painters known to the world strikes one with the force of the inevitable.

'The Salutation,' by Mr. Orchardson, given in the first paper (p. 339), is a case in point. It shows how faithfully and sincerely, in keeping with the Lauder principle, the painter has followed and worked out his own artistic ideals. It is an early picture, and takes us far back towards Mr. Orchardson's spring days in Edinburgh, when influences of all sorts,

internal and external, may be assumed to have been most active and effective. It is a painted act of old-time courtesy, and recalls a day when deference was more devotional, and respect more chivalrous, in expression than now. The artist, moreover, is in his theme, and feels its sentiment.

This is set down deliberately, for Mr. Orchardson never leaves us amongst the petty affectations which exclude subject from the artistic ken. He may not impress by brilliancy of imagination, but, on the other hand, he parades neither ignobility nor sensuality. He is deluded into limning no sin, as if the exposure of its naked



*The Haunted Chamber. By George Hay, R.S.A.*

*In the Collection of William McTaggart, R.S.A.*

\* Concluded from page 343.



*Kismet.* By Thomas Graham, H.R.S.A.

In the Albert Gallery, Dundee.

ugliness made for righteousness. He neither preaches in colour, nor makes it the vehicle of homiletic prosing. He is an essentially well-bred man of the world, who leaves the curtain hanging over the dark places of life, and sees in passion chiefly a disagreeable disturbance of the tranquillity of culture. He is, probably, most thoroughly at home watching the high comedy of life in old England and France—in the 'Queen of the Swords,' 'A Social Eddy,' 'Voltaire,' and 'Madame Récamier.' At the blazing Voltaire, "with torn frills and deranged hair," we are made to shrug our shoulders, with the Duc de Sulli, as at a social solecism. There is here no shallowness of feeling, but simply adhesion to historic truth, coupled with the critical taste which both led to the painter's intense appreciation of the artistic potentialities of the eighteenth-century drama, and guided him to seize upon the supreme moment of its enactment. "Everybody is sorry, inconsolable, everybody shocked; nobody volunteers in avenging." So says Carlyle, and somehow we

share the prevailing indifference. Voltaire rudely disturbs our equanimity.

The artist is the man's double. The style is a perfectly natural evolution from chastening self-discipline and an exquisite sense of refinement. Mr. Orchardson is too thoughtful to be impulsive, and in his work there are neither grace-notes nor curlycues. His style is his own, and in the whole history of art there is no finer example of steadfast evenness of development. The painting of 'Voltaire' and 'The Farmer's Daughter,' is seen in its incipency in 'The Salutation.' The painter of the former works is only the Edinburgh student at a later period of life, for although we may cut Wilkie into periods, we cannot do so with Mr. Orchardson. The early work displays the feeling for form that pervades the masterpiece, and takes us to the beginnings of that intricate interweaving of colour-texture which stamps every work of the painter's maturity. The drawing is firm without hardness, the decision of outline being softened by the relative values of figures and backgrounds.

Chalmers looked for harmony in a wider range of colours than Mr. Orchardson. He found—as in 'The Legend'—unity of design in a richly varied scheme of colour. For him, the better part of art resided in colour. His every study is an experiment in analysis. He probes the mysteries concealed in light: how it touches a young cheek with the bloom of the peach; turns yellow hair to living gold, and ashen locks to silver. He follows the sunbeam into the interior of a hut to find out how from peat-smoke it extracts tenderest notes of faint blue and cool grey. He seeks the secret in the shaded pool, in the mists of the mountain-side and Highland valley, and in the veiled glories of the Scottish gloaming. He is an alchemist seeking the elixir of light. Chalmers's aim was always purely artistic, whether his theme were a face, a flower, a landscape, or took him into the undefined field of *genre*. He stands by himself in a single-hearted devotion to pure art, as distinguished from the art which, being primarily aimed at the rendering of subject, is bent to illustrating the poets and historians, embodying an allegory, inculcating a creed, pointing a moral, or adorning a tale.

A little incident narrated by Gibson brings Chalmers and John Pettie significantly together. When, in 1853,



*Auld Robin Gray. By Hugh Cameron, R.S.A.  
At the Albert Institute, Dundee.*

Chalmers first went to Edinburgh, he took lodgings in a lofty tenement in one of the streets branching off Princes Street, and there Pettie used to visit him. Sometimes his stay was prolonged until it was too late to go to his own home. Art was an endless theme, and, going to bed, the two friends continued their conversation until they fell asleep, "and their talk was all about colour." Without the Rembrandtesque subtlety of Chalmers, Pettie had all his love of colour. He is the embodiment of force and action, the painter of striking effect, who runs up and down the whole scale of subject-feeling, from the sentimental humour of 'Two Strings to her Bow' and 'The World went very well then,' to the tragedy of 'The Death-Warrant,' 'The Threat,' 'The Sword and Dagger Fight,' and 'The Drumhead Court-martial.' Between these extremes he touched a distinct melodramatic chord, and many an outburst of Scottish patriotism occurs upon the canvases of the successive years. So he painted with a zest and *abandon* that were almost ecstasy 'The Chief's Candlesticks.' So he could have painted *Simon Danz*. Place the hale and sunburnt old sea-captain amongst the comrades of his buccaneering life upon the Spanish Main, group them in the shadow and shine of the flickering fire of blazing brands, and Pettie could have painted *that*.

With MacWhirter we enter upon a new train of ideas. He is the travelled and versatile student of nature. He paints everything pertaining to the life of the world, from wild-flowers to the grace of the silvery birch and

sweet-smelling hawthorn. With the nonchalance of courage and energy, he seeks the snowy pass, in which he plants his 'Vanguard,' and the rocky solitude over which the riven and storm-scarred 'Monarch of the Glen' presides. He oscillates between simple beauty and vasty grandeur, between realistic truth and the suggestions of the ideal. His 'Sermon by the Sea' (given at p. 342) is of the order of paintings which tempt us to read into them more than the artist thought. The painted scene becomes an allegory. The real sermon is more eloquent than pastoral homily. The rocks are the trials of life; the glistening haze upon the sea is the dulling veil of human doubts and fears; and through the silvery mist questioning eyes are strained to catch the outline of the distant shore. Did the artist mean to put language into colour, and more into his picture than paint? It is better to find a meaning without asking, but no inferior work ever made such suggestion, or prompted such questioning. While portraying the form of nature MacWhirter makes us conscious of the pulsing of another life, of another and commanding presence, and landscape art goes no higher than when it takes us out into the open, and asks, "Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?" Mr. MacWhirter has under control a style unusually elastic, and readily adaptable to his rapidly changing themes. There is in him, moreover, an element of humour—seen in his donkey on the stormy shore—

"A great while ago the world begun  
With hey-ho, the wind and the rain"—



*A Sou'-West Breeze.*  
By Joseph Henderson.

and he is keenly alive to the majesty of nature. His distinguishing characteristic, nevertheless, is the rare sense of beauty reflected in 'The Lady of the Woods,' 'The Three Graces,' and many landscapes in which the dominant note is neither the sublime nor the picturesque, but the beautiful, most beautiful when most impressive, and most impressive when touched with melancholy. The art is no less *recherché* because the sentiment is strong.

The Burrs painted domestic idylls and anecdotes. Aside from a few portraits and landscapes, John Burr rarely produced a picture without a story; which, however, he relates in artistic terms. In 'The Careless Nurse' the colour is both tender and rich, the blue of the drowsy nurse's dress, and the gold of her hair, being brought in a very charming way into subdued relief against the cool greys of the floor and the browns and red-browns of the setting.

Similarly unobtrusive schemes of colour, based upon softly harmonised semi-tones, occur again and again amongst the works of Lauder's students. Perfected in one direction by Orchardson, they are of the essence of the art of George Hay, and enter largely into the finest works of Hugh Cameron. Hay takes us back to the ways and superstitions of long ago. He paints 'In Days of Yore,' 'A visit to the Spaewife,' 'A Street Incident in the Sixteenth Century,' 'Shopping in the Fifteenth Century,' 'The Jacobite in Hiding,' 'The Street Singer,' and 'The Haunted Chamber.' Nicety of manipulation and harmony, sweet and low as a lullaby, are preferred before strong contrasts and striking effects.

In Mr. Cameron we find the modesty of reserve, the tuneful suggestiveness of murmured airs. In portraiture he seeks the normal mood, the habitual expression, and reads character by divination. In shoreland landscape he deals in clouded ambers and delicious pearly greys, blues like the sky shot over with translucent

clouds of white, in browns of autumn leaves, in pinks of dawn, and reds of sunset clouds. He catches floating hair with the sunlight in it, and faintly flushes a youthful face with the mantling blood. He paints 'Going to the Hay,' 'The Rivals,' 'Reading to Grandfather,' and 'Auld Robin Gray,' here reproduced. We see only the sorrowing Jenny of the song, and in all these works the treatment is obviously in accord with the simplicity of the subject. A low scheme of colour warmed with a few rich tones describes them all.

Mr. Cameron, however, left the style indicated for one of which a good example occurs in 'The Timid Bather,' of last Royal Scottish Academy exhibition. In all his paintings of that class, the fancy is poetic and the manner is correspondingly melodious. Colours lose their decision and

subside into tenderer tints as the painter floats them in the sheeny haze upon peaceful seas. Possessing exceptional intellectual breadth and strong reflective tendencies, Mr. Cameron's view of art is singularly catholic. To him none of its forms are common or unclean. He is as ready to justify realism as either symbolism or mysticism. In art there is room and to spare for all. In his own practice he has, of late years, followed an art more purely subjective than that of his early life. He wanders thoughtfully by the shore of Largo Bay, and there dreaming his picture, like Corot, he paints his dream.

McTaggart, Henderson, and Vallance, are all marine painters, the last-named in a more exclusive sense than the others. We, at any rate, know Mr. Vallance best as the painter of 'The Busy Clyde,' 'Forging Ahead,' 'A Grim Nor'easter,' 'Knocking on the Harbour Walls,' and 'Reading the War News,' here given. It is a scene of peace, into which the news comes from the war, boats resting buoyantly upon a placid sea, their reflections mingling with the opals of the sunshine. The aerial



*Reading the War News.* By W. F. Vallance, R.S.A.  
In the Scottish National Gallery.



perspective is especially fine. In the haze the distant boat is but a wraithlike shape, and the far-off city is shadowy. This is in Mr. Vallance's softer mood, but in 'Knocking on the Harbour Walls' he strikes a stronger note. He paints the tempest, the lashing surge and flying scud, the struggling yawl and anxious watchers on the pier, and we hear the wail of despairing suspense—

"O mither, where is my faither, mither,  
An' where can my ain love be?"

Mr. Henderson paints the sea of Scottish bays and firths, a living, jubilant, musical sea, which flings a veil of foam over jutting rocks, and throws itself in playful ripples on a sandy, pebbly shore. There is vigour in the salt wind, and there is a beauty few painters catch, both in its changing hues of blue and grey-green within the bay and in the warmer tints borrowed from seaweed in the shallows, and from the greys and umbers of the beach. To such aspects of the sea there is no end. The wind may either freshen or fall asleep; seabirds may wheel, and wheeling, flash their white wings in the sun; clouds may gather and break and pass, and in every change is a new effect. Long ago Mr. Henderson painted cottage interiors and a wide range of landscape. Of late years his great successes have been portraits. Virtually, he paints everything, turning from 'The Gladsome Sea' to 'Where Breakers roar,' then to 'Kelp-burning' and 'Mending Lobster Creels,' and thence to his last year's masterly portrait of Sir Charles Cameron.

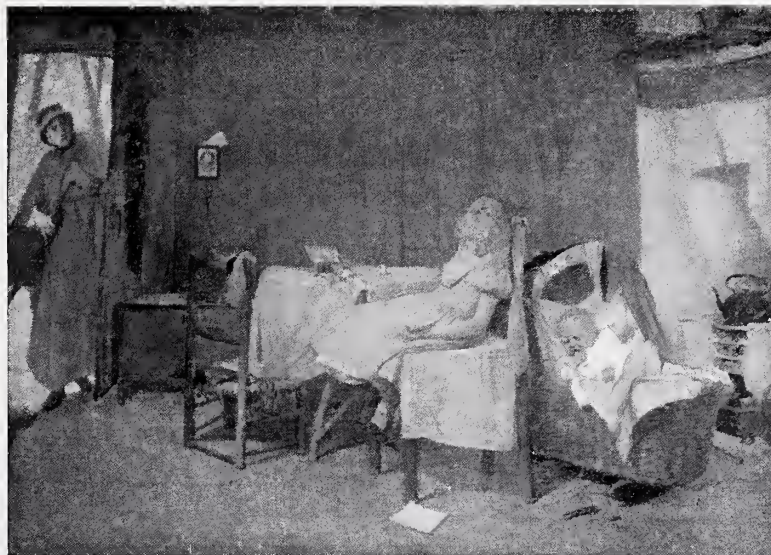
Similar versatility and a remarkably elastic style are amongst the more obvious attributes of Mr. McTaggart. In 'Moss Roses'—portrait of a lady and child—we see the colourist; in 'Kilkerran Loch,' 'Holidays at Crail,' 'Over the Harbour Bar,' 'Girls bathing,' and 'Enoch Arden,' we see the painter of sea and shore; in 'Lochaber no more,' 'The Fisherman's Daughter,' 'Willie Baird,' and 'The Sailor's Yarn,' we read idylls of the fishing village and the lament of emigration. Than

McTaggart, no living painter can better render, and with greater power, the hollow ocean ridges and white-crested waves riding towards the shore. Both eye and ear are filled with the insolent majesty of storm, and the heart feels its terror. If we turn to 'April Snow,' remorseless power is exchanged for peace and the soft silence of pallid repose. For sweetness of colour this picture is unsurpassed in the painter's practice. An impression more poetic and refined, one feeling its spell may hardly dream. It is, moreover, a recent work, but—born in 1835—Mr. McTaggart's greatest work has yet to be painted. It exists in outline, and when finished will place McTaggart securely amongst the New Masters. With it, however, travail has been long, for self-criticism is keen when aims are high, and when the imagination is filled with a vision of something greater in thought, and nearer artistic perfection in tone and colour, than has yet been accomplished.

Of Mr. Tom Graham's command of colour 'Kismet' is an exceptional instance, perfectly coherent in design, and rich but cool in effect. For simple purity of tint, translucent carnations roseate with health and touched by the sun, coloured drapery tossed in the wind and giving a seeming hue to caressing summer airs, for skies of fathomless sapphire, the painter of 'The Lass that baits the Line,' and of many other visions of lissom grace and dowered womanhood, need have scant fear of overpowering rivalry.

Taking Lauder's pupils as a whole, we may now realise in part, and perhaps dimly, how they turned out mannerism and convention, and set up individuality and the sincerity of self-expression in their places. They first made beautiful colour a distinct motive in Scots art. They first substituted subjectivity and creation for realism and reflections of the actual. They pointed the way to combining imagination with polished *mécanique*. They first disclosed the enchantments of pure art.

EDWARD PINNINGTON.



*The Careless Nurse.* By John Burr.  
In the Collection of William McTaggart, R.S.A.



No. 1.—Panel modelled upon French Renaissance work of the seventeenth century. It is more adapted for staining, and would present no special difficulties if carried out with the brush. Work of this character is largely employed in elaborate inlaid furniture, and I give it for the sake of variety and because I deemed it right to direct the student's attention to this class of design, though my predilection is to work trammelled only by nature, as in No. 2.

## CUNNING WORK FOR CLEVER FINGERS.\*

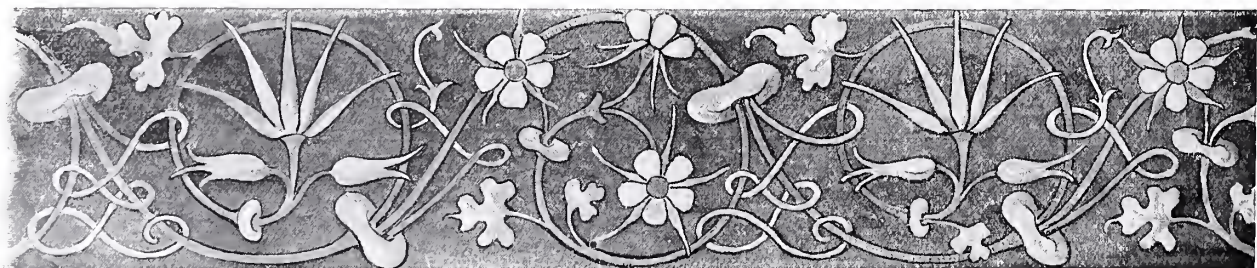
### VI.—INLAYING IN COLOURED WOODS AND STAINED-WOOD DECORATION. WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE WRITER.

AT the exhibition this year in the Albert Hall of the work executed under the stimulus of the Home Arts Association were some clever and original designs carried out in coloured wood inlays, showing that those responsible for the treatment had stepped out of the groove, and by thus breaking away from tradition had obtained some novel and striking effects. I shall in the space at my disposal take a brief survey of the craft of the inlayer, and by directing the reader's attention to some of the methods that may be followed, open up to him fresh possibilities, and, I hope, start his mind on a new track.

An important consideration in studying any branch of work is to approach it with an open mind. In Gilbert's "Trial by Jury," the judge's refrain is "from bias free of

\* Continued from page 348.

every kind"; and the designer can with advantage take this charge to heart, for the first thing one has to do in making an original effort is to forget, or banish for the while, all the familiar devices and well-worn ways—to disinfect, as it were, one's mind, and then there is some chance of it acting with freshness, and doing something that has not been done before in quite the same way; for, of course, we all know there is nothing new under the sun. To be one's self, to act spontaneously from one's own initiative, and free from self-consciousness, so that one gives expression to what is within—one's ego, in fact—is to be original, I take it, and therefore style is individuality, the expression of one's self. This idea is insisted upon in my "Training of a Craftsman"; and in two or three of the criticisms which have appeared

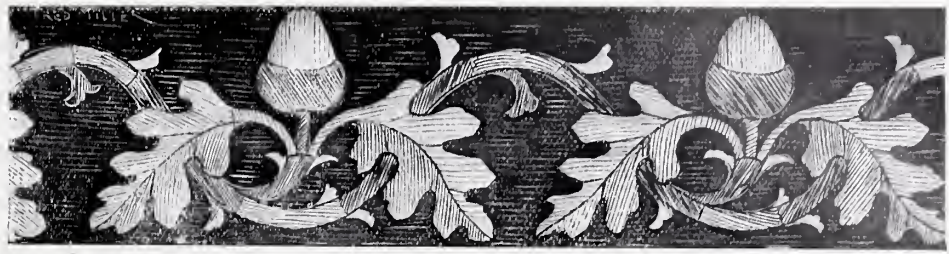


No. 2.—Ornamental repeating Border in which nature is only hinted at, no one plant being taken, but suggestions from many. The seed pods and flowers are modelled on the Columbine, but the ornamental planning of the design is the first consideration.

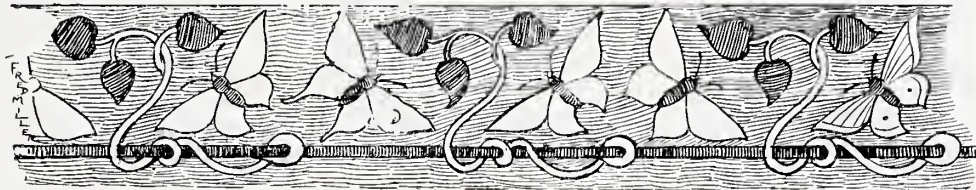
the critics have censured me for advocating such a doctrine, because there will be no "style" in work done under such a controlling idea, they say. I fail to see what these critics mean, for if a man doesn't give himself in his work, what does he give? The personal note is everything, the one quality which makes one's work live and interest other people. The following of tradition—the being trammelled at the start by what *has* been done—paralyzes the worker, and in thus being but a shadow of some one stronger than one's self is to always be behind.

It is not necessary to enunciate such a truism that we are all the result of what has gone before, for what we have seen and studied passes into our being, becoming part of our mental fibre, and whether we will or not, it is bound to find expression in any effort towards originality we make; but that is not the same thing as putting on some other worker's glasses, and seeing everything as he saw it. If we are going to make an original effort (not quite the same thing, by the way, as being original) we must forget what has been done, we must leave the well-worn path and strike into the unknown. Whether that will bring us to goal is another matter; but many of us are willing to forego what the Academicians call style (which I take to mean the falling into a certain definite groove, so that we can be pigeon-holed in the critics' mental bureau) for the sake of individuality.

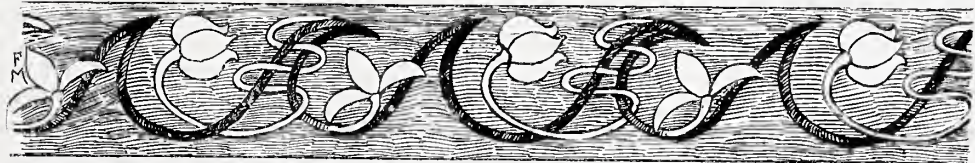
In the craft of the inlayer, for instance, one cannot,



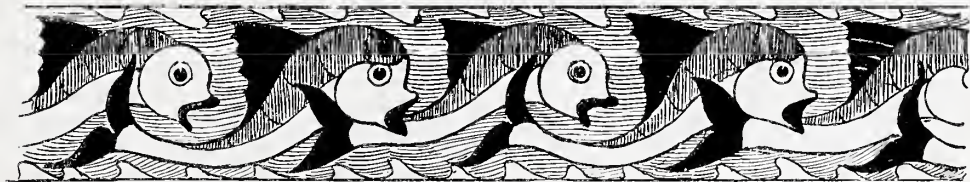
No. 3.—Simple Border, founded on the Oak. Only the simplest facts of the plant are taken, while the stem is treated as pure ornament.



No. 4.—Continuous Border of conventionalised plant and insect forms. The leaf stems are made into an ornamental feature. The insects might be formed of mother-of-pearl or ivory.



No. 5.—Simple continuous Border, in which the stems are made the leading feature, nature being only distantly suggested in the "fruit" and "leaves."

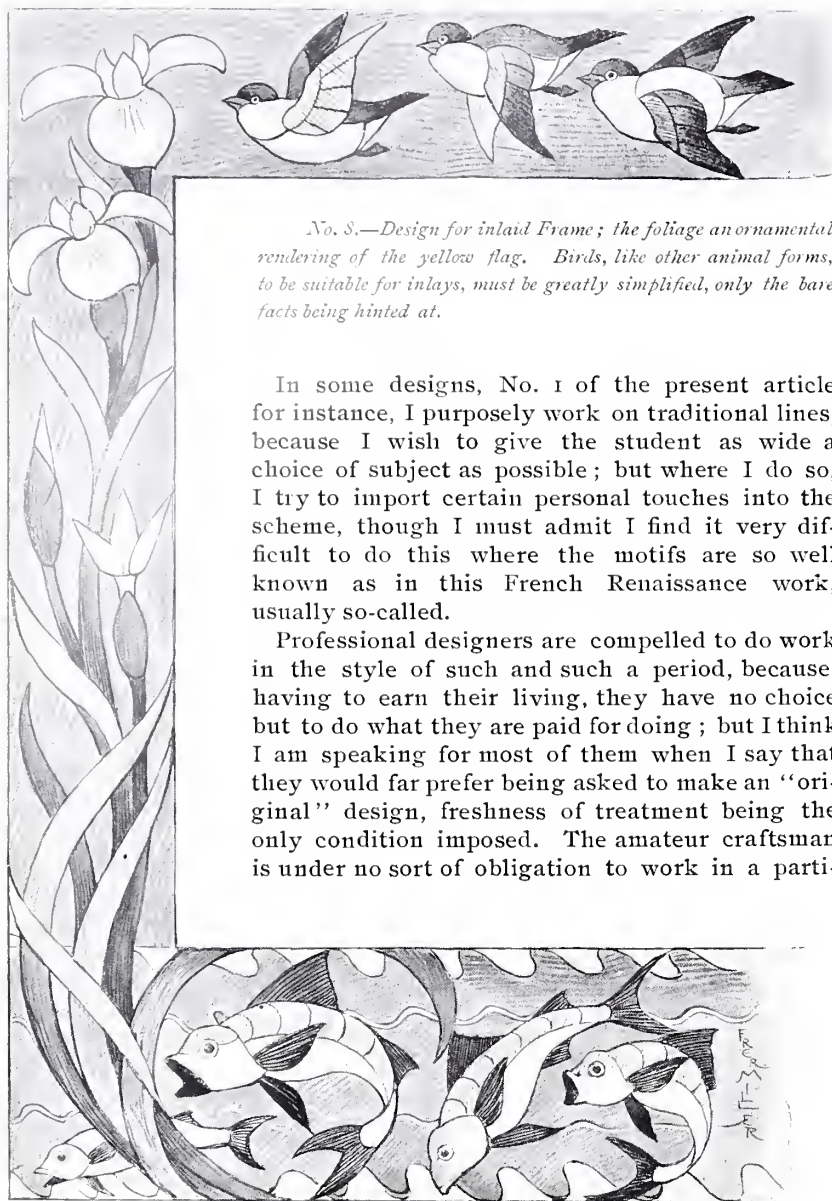


No. 6.—Border formed of two repeating fish-like forms; at the top and bottom are borders of "waves."

unfortunately, forget the dozens of well-known patterns which one has seen on furniture. This traditional art, with its well-recognised formulæ, shackles us, preventing all free movement; and I confess from long experience, that to sit down to make a series of designs, to write down a few thoughts of the various crafts which it has been my privilege to do in this volume of THE ART JOURNAL, is made difficult by reason of the associations clinging around me, like so much ivy which, if given free growth, will eventually strangle the tree upon which it climbs.



No. 7.—Border, which can be repeated ad lib., of alternate plant and animal forms. These latter could be varied so that no two were alike, while the foliage portion is the same in each section.



No. 8.—Design for inlaid Frame; the foliage an ornamental rendering of the yellow flag. Birds, like other animal forms, to be suitable for inlays, must be greatly simplified, only the bare facts being hinted at.

In some designs, No. 1 of the present article for instance, I purposely work on traditional lines, because I wish to give the student as wide a choice of subject as possible; but where I do so, I try to import certain personal touches into the scheme, though I must admit I find it very difficult to do this where the motifs are so well known as in this French Renaissance work, usually so-called.

Professional designers are compelled to do work in the style of such and such a period, because, having to earn their living, they have no choice but to do what they are paid for doing; but I think I am speaking for most of them when I say that they would far prefer being asked to make an "original" design, freshness of treatment being the only condition imposed. The amateur craftsman is under no sort of obligation to work in a parti-

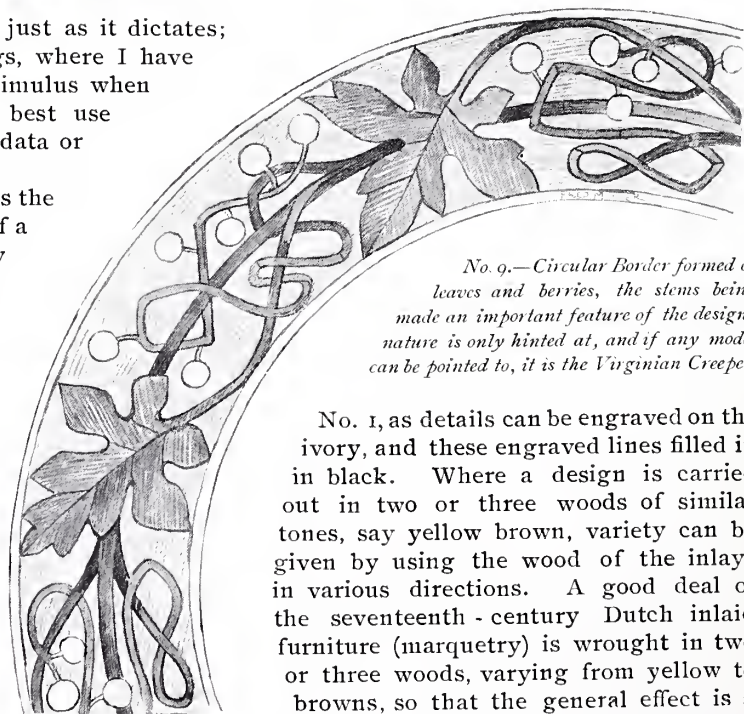
or a leaf-stem until it becomes a purely ornamental feature, take what we want, and leave out what we do not want of the plant or form selected as the basis of our design; and according as we do this with fitness, ingenuity, balance, suitability to method of reproduction, to that extent shall we be successful.

The amateur must remember that designing is not taking a natural form and reproducing it in a certain conventional way, but is developing ideas suggested by nature, and carrying them out harmoniously. The final result may bear so distant a resemblance to the natural form as to be recognised only by ourselves. One might with advantage remember Rubinstein's aphorism that "grapes are nature, but wine is art." Our design can bear the same relationship to nature as champagne does to the grape, which is sometimes a very distant one. As I shall give a brief description of each design, we will pass on to the technical consideration of inlaying.

Those amateurs taking up the craft would do well to get half-a-dozen lessons of a cabinet-maker used to inlaying; for in large firms some men are kept for nothing else, though most good cabinet-makers understand simple inlaying. It is possible to obtain the most beautiful coloured effect in inlaying, as we can use any material, from wood, in its infinite variety of colours, to mother-of-pearl, ivory, and metals. I have seen some quaint effects produced by inlaying light oak with pewter, while some refined and beautiful ones have been produced by using engraved ivory, especially for the class of design seen in

cular groove, but can give rein to his fancy and do just as it dictates; and I can only hope that some of my strivings, where I have imposed no artificial conditions, will act as a stimulus when my readers essay something original; for the best use they can put my designs to, is to use them as data or notes, and not as dogmas.

In designing inlays, the first thing to remember is the method of reproduction. The design is composed of a number of pieces which have to be cut out of very thin wood (veneers) and let into the surface to be decorated. A certain simplicity, even severity, should characterise our design. We must think of everything as a shape, as a silhouette in fact, and *not* as a transcript of nature. A certain ingenuity, therefore, should be displayed in the way we combine our forms, seeing that there is no chance given us of showing our skill in giving a "true and faithful coppie" of the natural form, such as can be shown by the painter. Nature can be taken, indeed must be taken, as our guiding principle, but must be made wholly subservient to our fancy and the requirements of our craft. We can take the utmost licence with nature, twist a stem into a zigzag, continuous scroll, or other geometrical device, develop a tendril



No. 9.—Circular Border formed of leaves and berries, the stems being made an important feature of the design; nature is only hinted at, and if any model can be pointed to, it is the Virginian Creeper.

No. 1, as details can be engraved on the ivory, and these engraved lines filled in black. Where a design is carried out in two or three woods of similar tones, say yellow brown, variety can be given by using the wood of the inlays in various directions. A good deal of the seventeenth-century Dutch inlaid furniture (marquetry) is wrought in two or three woods, varying from yellow to browns, so that the general effect is a harmony in browns.

There are two points to be observed in inlaying: to cut the pieces accurately to fit into the recesses made for them, and to thoroughly glue them in with fresh, strong, boiling hot glue, so that there is no danger of the inlays coming out; a weight should be kept upon them until the work is dry. In patterns repeated a number of times the design should be transferred to the wood by marking it over carbon paper with a hard-point, and also on the inlays themselves from the same tracing, as this will tend to insure accuracy; but care must be exercised in cutting out the spaces and the inlays, for there is always the danger of departing from the transferred lines. Where light woods are used, detail can be put in by engraving, and then rubbing in some dark colour. Thus the veins in leaves can be indicated in this way; but there must be no attempt at imitating a woodcut, for I would rather have no engraving than too much.

The Japanese, who are very skilful inlayers, carve many of the objects in low relief, and then let them in. I think it would be very little more trouble, and would give variety to work, to have some few details in relief while the rest of the work is flat. The berries, for instance, in No. 9 could be in slight relief, as could the acorns in No. 3. If the work is to be French-polished, then the whole of the work must be kept flat, unless the worker could trust himself to glueing in the portions in relief after the polishing is finished.

A perfectly legitimate form of wood decoration, and one comparatively easy to produce, is to reproduce the design by staining the wood. Very much the effect of inlaying is produced in this way, though there is no reason why stained-wood decoration should not be developed on its own lines, and not masquerade as something else. A light wood should be used, so that the various coloured stains will tell, which they would not do on a dark wood.

The design can be outlined with a fine rigger or sable liner, or a free working pen can be used with stain in lieu of ink. An effective form I have seen this stained decoration take is to put in a background of dark brown, using the stain freely, so that instead of obtaining a perfectly flat ground you get a broken up surface, darker in some places than others. The design of seaweed and sea-horses, No. 11, would be suitable for this treatment, as would Nos. 1 and 12. There are several makes of stain sold, among them Stephen's. Transparent water-colours could be employed, as could those in oil diluted with turpentine; but transparent woodstains better preserve the grain of the wood, and when French-polished give a very pleasing result. The polishing should be done by a professional, as few amateurs get into the knack of using a rubber, which is the way the polish is put on, and the decoration will be spoilt if the polishing is badly done. All the designs given could be reproduced in staining, though certain modifications can be made, as one is not so tied down where you use a brush and a liquid as when you inlay.

It now remains to append a few notes on the illustrations themselves, so I will take them almost in order. The reader will understand that little or no attempt is made to give the effect of inlaying, that being next to an impossibility for one thing, and then again my chief object is to give the student suggestions which he must work out for himself, adapting and modifying them as circumstances demand.

No. 2 is very ornamental in character, the details being distributed around a central line running through the centre of the border. All the details are suggested by various plant-growths, the columbine being specially drawn upon, though by no means adhered to, as the entwining tendril has no counterpart in the aquilegia.

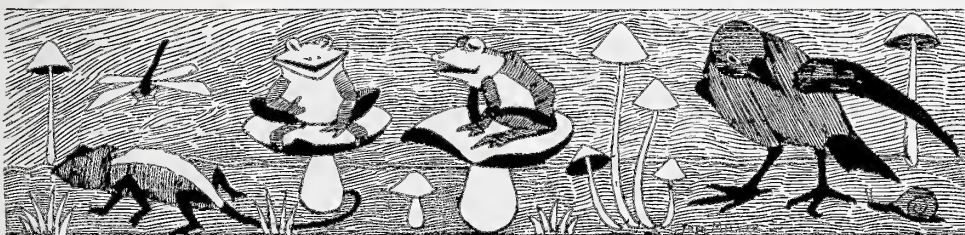
No. 3 is founded upon the oak, but only the shape of the leaves and acorns is followed, the stem being treated as pure ornament. In taking nature as a basis it does not follow that a close adherence to fact is obligatory. Your skill as a designer is shown in the way nature is modified and adapted to suit the work in hand. A certain simplicity is a necessity of the case, for our inlay is not like a brush of colour which can be used with spontaneity and rapidity, but is hard and inflexible, and a slow operation as compared with painted decoration; therefore the utmost economy of means should be displayed, so that the maximum of effect is produced with the least expenditure of time. This does not imply that the work should be done hastily and scamped, but that the design should suit the means of reproduction. In selecting the woods, arrange them so that you obtain relief between the different parts of the design; a kind of light and shade, as it were.

No. 4 is of simple character; but if some choice material, such as pearl shell or ivory, could be introduced into the butterflies, the effect would be enhanced. If a light wood be used the worker could add to his work, and possibly to the effect of the design, by engraving a few markings on the butterflies, as I have indicated on one of the insects.

In No. 5 I started with the central line, which forms a series of curves, and then I proceeded to fill out the spaces with two forms, one suggested by a seed-pod and the other a triple leaf;



No. 11.—Panel of Seaweed, highly ornamentalised, and Sea-horses. The seaweed is made to fit the space and form a background and as a "conceit" (though it has its warranty in nature) grows out of a shell. This design would reproduce in stains.



No. 10.—Quaint renderings of Frogs, Bird, Lizard and Insects, with Fungi. Animal forms are effective in inlays, but must be kept very simple.

and to add to its ornamental character I developed the stalk, making it entwine about the central line, very much as a nasturtium stalk will. In this border, nature, though suggested, is hinted at in a very distant way, no direct reference to any one plant being made, as was the case in No. 3.

The border composed of highly ornamented fish, No. 6, would look effective in inlay, and would present no special difficulty in carrying out. In using animal forms for such work nature must be very much simplified—merely the generalised shape taken, no reference being made to any one fish. In the next design, No. 7, the animal forms are treated as ornaments, and are so arranged as to occupy the spaces. Beginners must fight against the tendency of being too natural in their efforts to invent their own patterns. Think of all objects as shapes. If it be a bird, for instance, don't think of feathers and colour, but of the simple facts of wings, head and beak, tail and feet, and forget all else.

No. 8 shows a treatment of a mirror or other frame. The foliage part of the scheme is more naturalistic than several of the other designs, and is a simplified rendering of the yellow flag. As regards the colouring, this need not be natural in the sense of having green leaves. You might strive for a harmony in yellows and browns, getting the necessary relief by opposing a light colour against a darker one. Stained woods can be purchased of veneer merchants, and if desirable a great variety of colour can be obtained in this way, but simple harmonies with the use of only a few woods are to be preferred to a more extended palette.

No. 9 would do for a border at the edge of a round table. A distinct feature is made of the entwining stalks. A harmony in reds and warm browns would be suitable as regards colouring, taking autumn foliage as a guide.

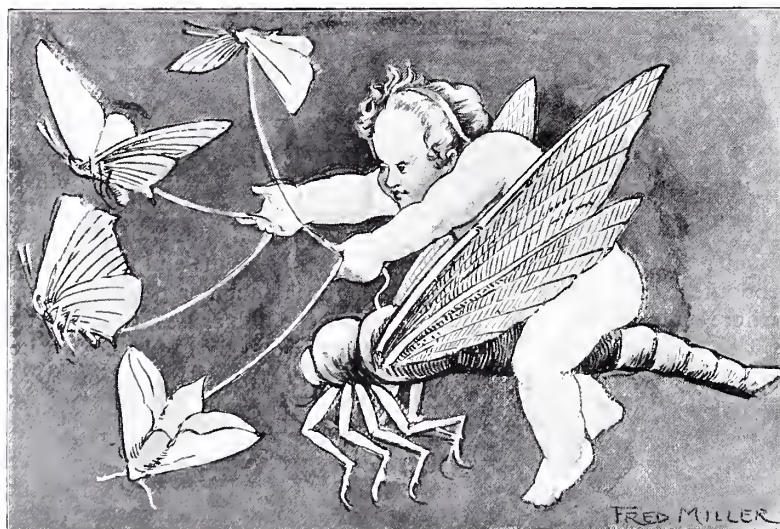
The introduction of birds, frogs, lizards, insects, and animals into inlays, gives a good deal of character to work. Such objects, as I have elsewhere hinted, must be no mere transcripts of nature, but they must be designed as carefully as the ornamental details, and treated as ornament rather than bits from nature. A feature is made

of animal forms in No. 10, and to add to the "quaintness" of the effect fungi are introduced as accessories.

Seaweed is full of ornamental suggestions, and though many designers have used it with considerable effect, this order of the vegetable kingdom is too much neglected by them. The panel, No. 11, would be very suitable for stained-wood decoration, as the background could be floated in, not evenly all over, but darker in some places than others. The sea-horses are very ornamental creatures, and give variety and interest to the rest of the design.

Figures have always been introduced into inlays Nos. 1 and 12. In some cases boxwood or ivory have been the materials employed, and the details have been engraved on, and filled in with black. Of course this is an added difficulty, and should not be attempted by the tyro unless he feels capable of doing this with some success. In fact figures are best avoided unless they are adequately rendered, as if badly done they mar the whole effect. They would present far fewer difficulties if reproduced in stain, as the outlines and details can be put in with a pen or fine brush. As regards the figures themselves, they should fit in with the general scheme of decoration, and really form part of the design. The French in their decorations in the last century were very successful in introducing children or cupids into the scheme, one reason being that they are rendered with comparative ease as compared with figures of adults, and they look graceful and fanciful in the bargain. They are certainly more within the scope of amateurs than "grown-ups." That class of design grouped under the name "Renaissance" has much in it that a designer can study with profit, for it is full of ingenuity and is usually very well planned, with a nice sense of balance and proportion. The objection I have to it as a source of inspiration, is that it is exceedingly difficult to be individual where all the motifs are so well known—even hackneyed. I have endeavoured to import something of my own into the example given, but I confess to feeling very trammelled and arid in ideas when I work in a field that has already been so well gleaned.

FRED MILLER.



No. 12.—Ornamental Figure Panel of boy riding on a dragon-fly and driving insects. This could be reproduced in stained decoration.

## PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.—AN APPRECIATION.

IF the remark attributed to Savonarola be true, that every painter paints himself, there is none to whom it could be more peculiarly applicable than to the great artist whose recent death has deprived France of one of the worthiest of her sons, and the world of art of one of its princes and noblest exemplars. It is difficult to appreciate aright the whole achievement of Puvis de Chavannes; it is impossible, at the moment, to measure the width and depth of his influence. No man ever loved Beauty more truly, served her more loyally; none ever more unceasingly maintained and worked toward a high ideal. As man and artist, Puvis de Chavannes was of the few whose like are at all times rare, and whom the influences of remorseless competitive energy, at any hazard to art, are now perhaps more than ever withholding.

When, on a recent dull October afternoon, he was laid to rest in the graveyard at Neuilly, not far from the studio where he painted so many of his later pictures and designs, it was realized by one and all of the unusually representative body collected to show him this last tribute, that they mourned not only the loss of the greatest French artist of the day, but also of one of the best and noblest of men, to know whom was an honour and delight and whose name is justly revered by the younger generation as that of a great inspiring influence. For forty years Puvis de Chavannes worked unceasingly. His earliest canvases reveal how native to him was a sense of the exquisite severity, the austerity of beauty; and from the time of pictures such as his 'Young Girl with a Little Child,' or the beautiful and mysteriously lost 'Solitude' of 1857, to the magnificent mural painting of 'The Muses hailing Genius, the Messenger of Light,' now in Boston, U.S.A., his work has been invariably individual, uplifted in beauty, supremely distinguished.

It is not commonly known that Pierre Puvis de Chavannes was the son of an eminent engineer who had a profound influence upon his development. Pierre was intended for his father's profession, and from early boyhood was trained to that end. Not only this rigorous training in technical exactitude, but the elder M. de Chavannes' wholly Latin temperament and bent of mind, led Pierre to an early maturity in appreciation of the severe and explicit line, of absolute definiteness of form, and the distinction of perfect proportion in detail and harmony in mass, such as in any age or period is very uncommon in one so young.

Born in Lyons in 1824, he was about one-and-twenty when he became a pupil of Henri Scheffer, whose Paris atelier was then much frequented. A few days convinced him that he had nothing to learn there except along lines of achievement which he was already convinced were unworthy of the ideals to which he had been trained, and which had become his own. Perhaps the most admired painter then in Paris was Couture; so to his atelier young Puvis de Chavannes went in eager expectation. He admired the brilliant work of this remarkable artist, though he found in it a vehemence foreign to his own temperament and choice: but all question of his falling under the influence of this powerful leader was ultimately put an end to by the arrogant insistence of the master himself. For Couture, as before long he discovered, insisted that his pupil must paint an object only as he saw it through the eyes of the master; and as this was for him not only an unwise but an impossible means, the young artist made up his mind there

and then, not only to work out his artistic salvation in his own way, but thenceforth to avoid all cliques and schools whatsoever. It was an attitude from which he never departed. By himself he found the way to win some of her most exquisite secrets from nature: by himself he worked through and towards an ideal vision; and by himself he succeeded. To-day his vast and splendid achievement is witness to his individuality, his constancy, and his genius.

Said a friend to him once: "You have worked a little like the gods, alone and apart; and in this you have had the supreme fortune, that you have never had to make your ideas bend one centimètre." To which Puvis de Chavannes replied smilingly, "I don't know how the gods work" . . . . Adding gravely: "I could never have given anything but the best that was in me." The whole man is there; the indefatigable student, the dreamer of beautiful dreams, the superb master.

Though so much a dreamer, though so dreamlike many of his creations, Puvis de Chavannes was a realist in the truest sense. Everything that he did was studied from nature, and his imagination was always based on actuality. On the other hand he did incur the reproach of those who declared that he traduced life by overmuch beauty; that he was a victim to that passion for beauty which overcomes so many ardent souls, and never represented any individual, or object, or aspect of life, save under the bewitching but unreal charm of an impossible ideality. To this he was ever wont to reply: "Art is not the replication of actuality, but the quintessence of many realities. The only living art is that which is realistic; but it depends on what we mean by realism. There is no need to quarrel; there is ample room between Hogarth and Lionardo."

In this country Puvis de Chavannes is known only by repute, except to those who have seen his work at the Pantheon, the Hôtel de Ville, and elsewhere in Paris, at Rouen, Amiens, Poitiers, Lyons, Marseilles, Boston, and other places. I doubt if any even of his easel pictures are here. Of the earlier of these, his favourite was that sometimes 'Solitude,' sometimes 'The Breton Priest'—though it was not painted in Brittany, but at Biarritz—painted so long ago as 1857. This is the picture which was stolen at the time of the Commune and has never been heard of since. 'The Prodigal Son,' and 'Orpheus' are admittedly among the finest of the smaller works.

But it is as a decorative painter that Puvis de Chavannes has his supreme place. There is no modern work so literally inspired with light. 'Luminous'; that is the idiosyncratic word for him—luminous thought, luminous design, luminous painting. And what grace, what distinction, what exquisite and often solemn beauty, so Latin in its noble austerity, so Greek in its frank joyousness! From the familiar studio in the Place Pigalle, or that at remoter Neuilly, what masterpieces have gone forth for the last quarter of a century or more!

It would be difficult to estimate adequately what is his finest achievement. Some consider, and I understand the artist himself implied as much, that the magnificent fresco of 'Genius, the Messenger of Light,' at Boston, is his chef-d'œuvre. Others, that his St. Geneviève series in Paris, or his 'Ave Picardia Nutrix' at Amiens, or his

\* \* Four illustrations of the works of Puvis de Chavannes are given in THE ART JOURNAL for 1896, pp. 190-2.

'Doux Pays' and 'Pro Patrie Ludus,' or his 'Radegonde at Poitiers,' or the magnificent series of four great mural designs at Lyons, or the hemicycle of the Sorbonne, or the 'Inter Artes et Naturam' at Rouen. It is, perhaps, largely a matter of temperament as well as trained taste. For myself, I care most, among these superb decorative masterpieces, for the 'Massilia' and 'Porte de l'Orient' at Marseilles, the 'Bois Sacré' at Lyons, and 'Genius, Messenger of Light' at Boston—as, among the most beautiful and typical of his large decorative panel-pictures, I consider his 'Doux Pays' the visible reverie of a great poet with his soul in the beautiful past, and his eyes on the enduring beauty which underlies present actualities.

Let me end this brief appreciation with a characteristic anecdote narrated by a friend. Before he had finally

decided upon the subject of his painting (the great Boston fresco of Genius), Puvis de Chavannes happened to pass a summer evening at the Cirque d'Été. Here, at one moment, the circus ring was draped in black, and a woman in flowing white rode on a black draped horse, and danced a Grecian dance. Then without effort she floated apparently into the air, a dazzling white light as of moonshine full upon her against the dark background. Out of this vision, born from it and his own suddenly uplifted insight, came the now famous masterpiece of 'Genius.' "It was something of all beauty," said Puvis de Chavannes, speaking of the episode once. We may take his words, and apply them to his own great achievement, his life-work; truly, it, too, in the widest and highest sense, "is something of all beauty."

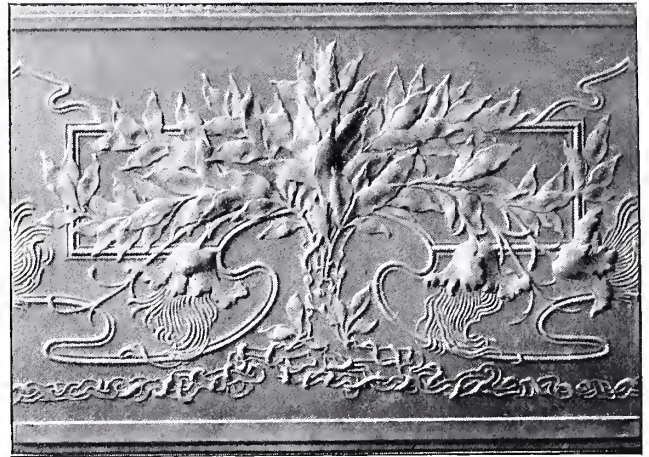
WILLIAM SHARP.

## THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF TO-DAY.

LAST month, in the beautiful old hall of the Ironmongers' Company, in Fenchurch Street, an exhibition was held of designs, models, and examples of work in metal. The articles exhibited had been sent in for competition for a number of prizes offered by the Ironmongers' Company to founders, designers, craftsmen, and apprentices, living and working within the Metropolitan area. The total sum offered in prizes was more than a hundred pounds, and among the judges were



Dado. Designed by G. C. Haité. (The Anaglypta Co., Ltd.)



Frieze. Designed by G. C. Haité. (The Anaglypta Co., Ltd.)

Professor Aitchison, R.A., and such notable workers in metal as Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., and Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A. Yet in spite of the liberal prize list and the high professional standing of the judges the result of the competition, judged by the exhibition at Ironmongers' Hall, was disappointing, for the work shown was not remarkable either in quality or quantity. Among the best things in the exhibition were a design for a gateway and railings in cast iron, for which Mr. J. Harved Smith was awarded a prize of ten pounds, and the models and designs of Messrs. Onslow Whitney, R. Quiller Lane, and Arthur C. White. It was curious to notice that one of the prize works, a small model of 'Napoleon in Exile,' was made as far back as 1847.

Some interesting additions have just been made to the large series of wall and ceiling decorations in relief, manufactured by the Anaglypta Company, of Darwen. The Anaglypta decorations already included many admirable specimens of Elizabethan, Renaissance, Gothic, Moorish, Persian, Japanese, and other styles, and the new examples, two of which are illustrated on this page, are well worthy to rank beside them. All are from the studio of that able designer Mr. G. C. Haité, whose work in this and other fields of decorative art has on previous occasions been long described and illustrated in this journal. The graceful simplicity of the dado design is exceedingly attractive, and the frieze embodies one of Mr. Haité's happiest ideas.

W. T. W.





*Sixteenth-century Florentine Altar-cloth.*

## BRIC-A-BRAC AT THE NEW GALLERY.

THE Autumn Exhibition at the New Gallery includes this year a very interesting collection of bric-à-brac contributed by Signor Bardini, of Florence. The South Room is devoted to it, and it flows over into the Hall and the North Room adjoining.

There is a sort of consistency, no doubt, in the haphazard way all this is put together, very much as a dealer throws things about his shop in apparent confusion, so that customers may have the gratification of discovering the thing that takes their fancy, and like it all the better because they have found it for themselves. The result is, however, that one passes many things worth seeing without noticing them; that one is inclined to distrust quite genuine things, because of the rather shabby company in which they are found; that appreciation is made difficult, and criticism all but impossible—for it would involve an amount of hard study which the collection, valuable as it is, hardly deserves.

And the catalogue does very little to help us. The objects in the various cases are not so much as numbered. It is irritating enough not to be able to study this or that kind of thing without seeking examples of it amongst things with which it has no sort of connection; still more annoying, when you have hit upon the thing you sought and refer to the catalogue to find out something about it, to learn only that the case contains "Bronzes, Majolica, and Cuir Bouilli" (159). No one wants to be told that. We look to a catalogue for information.

The place of honour among pictures and cassone-fronts is given to the 'Judith' ascribed to Botticelli (and here illustrated), interesting if only for its likeness to the painting in the Uffizi, but inferior to it both in design and drawing. The marble busts round the South Room range from the Antique (there is rather a fine head from the Borghese Collection, 122) to Bernini. The florid pedestals

on which they stand (143—152) are themselves objects of interest, and so are the Renaissance tables bearing the glass cases. The bronze bust of Gregory XV (124) is a prominent feature in the room, whereas the little group of Samson and the Philistines by Cellini (case 162) is placed too low to be fairly seen. Sundry wooden shields in the South Room (case 141) and some little marriage-caskets in the Hall (case 170) are worth attention for the gesso decoration enriching them, but they are sadly out of repair: there is a point at which objects once beautiful can only be described as shabby.

Italian earthenware is abundantly represented—painted, lusted, and scratched; there is amongst other things a brilliant plate bearing the signature of Maestro Giorgio; but most of the faïence is of rather ordinary pattern: the two-handed jug on the next page is chosen for illustration because it is decorated in a way barbaric indeed but interesting, if only for its naïvety, and not tediously familiar. A pair of chalky blue vases with earthen flowers and fruits in them of the della Robbia type are triumphs of ugliness.

Conspicuous among the textiles are some fine Persian rugs (134-8) and a pale-tinted panel of Florentine tapestry by Ubertini (139). The embroidered cushions (140) are not in any way remarkable; but there is a 16th-century altar-cloth (123) which is. It combines in an unusual, and, strange to say, satisfactory way, the heaviest and the most delicate needlework, the highest relief and the flattest: it is quite an epitome of stitching. The illustration heading this article gives only a portion of the massive superfrontal. Two other frontals (103 and 127) are attractive less for their partial embroidery, though that

is good, than for the sumptuous 15th-century velvet of which they are mainly composed. The patterns are old friends, but it is a treat to see velvet such as this, in



*"Judith,"*  
*Ascribed to Botticelli.*



*Italian Earthenware Jug.*

for a catalogue, however much it is wanted.

golds and silver and three separate thicknesses of pile. Many other things there are worth seeing in this heterogeneous collection; terracottas, picture-frames, glass, crystal, armour, candlesticks, church plate, enamels, ivories, musical instruments, and what not; but this is not the place

The modern jewellery in the North Room is in strongest contrast to the old work. There is about it a general appearance of trying to do something new, but beauty is often sacrificed in the attempt. M. Eugène Feuillâtre shows considerable skill, if not much real accomplishment; M. René Foy is more accomplished, but his trinkets are all too heavy; there is not much that a woman of refinement would covet. The enamels of M. Georges Fouquet are happier; certain of his forms are still heavy, and his colours are occasionally too self-assertive; but there is elegance in his necklets, and design in his finger-rings. The notable thing about this French work is its superiority in technique to much that Englishmen think worth exhibiting. The taste in it is of the kind which has gained for the French the reputation they enjoy.

LEWIS F. DAY.

## BIRMINGHAM AND WORCESTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE present Autumn Exhibition of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists is generally accepted to be the best yet held within its walls. The variety and excellence of the pictures by local exhibitors are remarkable, while some of those sent by artists residing outside the Midland metropolis are of the highest merit. First, we will briefly refer to a few of her native artists and

their works. There may not be a David Cox or a Burne-Jones discoverable amongst these at the present moment, but her younger sons are full of real promise, and her elder living exhibitors keep up the quality of artistic productions upon which their reputations have been secured. Among these latter none perhaps is more appreciated than Mr. T. C. Burt, in the days gone by a pupil of David Cox; but with a distinct individuality of style. In harmony of colour and pleasing selection of subject, he is difficult to equal in the Midlands. The 'Old Willows by the Rea,' and particularly his 'Harvest Time,' exemplify his tone and treatment of trees, fields, sky, water, and human and lower animal life. The like may be said for the 'Ancient Dovecote,' and other small examples by Oliver Baker. The figure and interior work of Jonathan Pratt is also worthy of note. In flower painting the name of W. J. Muckley has more than local significance; it is known far and wide, and his 'Roses' is one of the best pictures we have seen from his easel. Of the host of younger talent we cannot now, for want of space, do more than refer to the work of Walter J. Morgan, 'The Blue-Coat School.' This depicts a procession of the boys leaving the time-worn seminary. The mixed character expressed by their faces is very cleverly managed; and the green trees overhanging the churchyard in close proximity to their line of march enhance the effect of their quaint attire.

In 'Love Triumphant,' by G. F. Watts, R.A., the grand allegory is conceived in a most masterly manner. By the same artist is the portrait of Mr. Walter Crane, which shows wonderful power of representing the main characteristics of this well-known artist. 'After the Gale,' H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., is one of the most "eye-fixing" and meritorious pictures in the Exhibition. It tells vividly the story of a wounded seaman being brought towards shore by his comrades after the storm has spent itself. The rough, sympathetic brotherliness and satisfied consciousness of duty expressed in the faces of the boatmen, strike home to the heart at the first glance, and prepossesses us in favour of the picture, and its fine technique will satisfy the exacting critic. Mr. J. P. Beadle's picture, 'The Masqueraders,' represents a night scene outside the Paris Grand Opera.

There are many other fine pictures: particularly 'The Countess of Warwick,' by Carolus Duran, 'Peace be to You,' by Mr. J. H. Bacon, Mr. Fred Jackson's



*The Blue-Coat School. By W. J. Morgan, R.B.A.*

'Rescue of the Carvella off Runswick,' Carl Schloesser's 'Incorrigible,' the Hon. John Collier's 'Death of Albine,' Mr. Sant's 'Puck,' Mr. Moffat Lindner's 'Afterglow,' and Mr. Walter Crane's 'The World's Conquerors.'

The excellent gallery known as The Worcester Corporation Art Gallery, a department of the Victoria Institute—the 1887 "Jubilee" Memorial of the city—has rapidly grown in the favour of artists of repute, as may be judged by the high-class exhibits hung in the present collection, the third annual exhibition, which comprises some three hundred works.

The suite of rooms contains three galleries and a spacious vestibule, admirably lighted with double-ceiled toplights, and with electricity. Invaluable direction in hanging the pictures was given to the committee by Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A.—who is at present residing in Worcestershire—and the general effect is very successful. The practice of separating each work is adopted, and, as no picture is hung high, every contribution is seen to advantage.

Among the principal works are:—'In a Cottage: Nightfall,' by Mr. H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.; Mr. T.



*Victoria Institute Art Gallery, Worcester.*

C. Gotch's 'The Heir to all the Ages'; 'Miss Graham's Portrait,' by Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A.; and Mr. Arnesby Brown's 'Herald of Night,' which it is expected will be acquired for the permanent collection. Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., contributes 'Hallowed Ground'; Mr. Hacker, A.R.A., a portrait, 'Michael Tomkinson, Esq.'; and Mr. Sigismund Goetze, 'The Divine Sower.'

## PASSING EVENTS.

QUITE a revival in public art institutions throughout the country seems at hand. Bradford will soon have an art gallery worthy of the city's industrial enterprise. Fittingly the donor of the new institution is Lord Masham, who has made, and been made by, the city. The gallery will cost £40,000, and will be named after Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom. Mr. La Thangue was for a time settled in Bradford, and became President of The Arcadian Art Club. Mr. John Maddocks has played the part of Mæcenas to many of the promising young men, and has always done much towards promoting a right-minded public interest in the city of his adoption.

THERE is also a report that at length Newcastle-on-Tyne is to have a proper Art Gallery, and we trust the rumour is well founded.

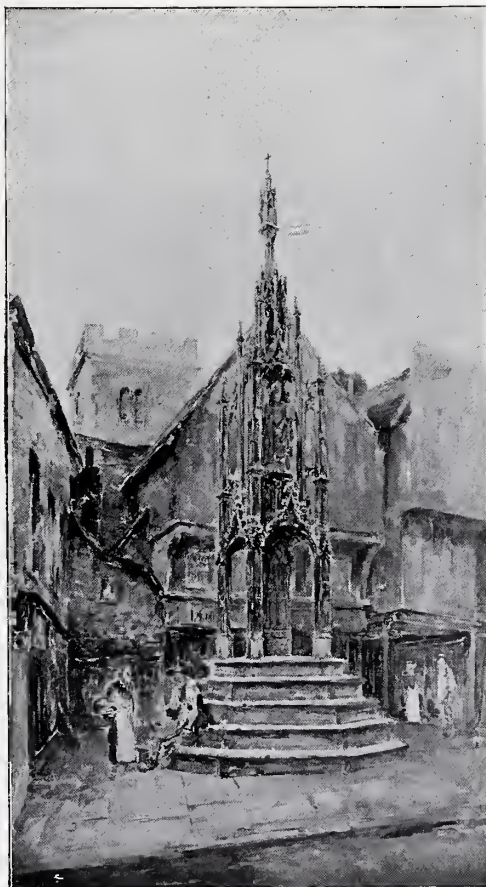
MANCHESTER apparently intends, too, not to be left behind. At a recent gathering of gentlemen who watch over the City Art Gallery, the pertinent observation was made that, as Manchester was admittedly ahead of London in such seemingly municipal privi-

1898.

leges as paving, water supply, and lighting, so some progress should be made in art enlightenment. Mr. Phythian urged that in Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam, the authorities struck out a new line away from existing centres. Some systematic combination of their various public galleries seemed also necessary. With regard to the City Art Gallery, for some time past the accommodation has been entirely inadequate.

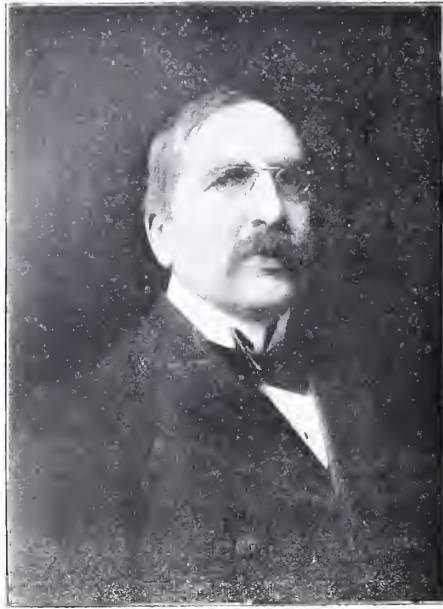
THE exhibition of the recent work of Mr. Herbert J. Finn at the Modern Gallery, Bond Street, was particularly strong in the architectural work, and this promising artist continues to make good progress with his drawings of English Cathedrals.

THE Exhibition at the Art Gallery in Manchester is worth more than the passing notice which is all we can here give it. It is confined strictly to the work of members of the Northern Art Workers' Guild, local men all, with the exception of Mr. Walter Crane and three other honorary members. It gives, therefore, a tolerably exact measure of art and workmanship in Manchester, which proves to be not only higher,



*The City Cross, Winchester. By Herbert J. Finn.*

but more individual than one would have thought. Among the exhibits most deserving of notice are, the pottery of Mr. William Burton (Master), the furniture and iron-work of Mr. Edgar Wood (Past Master), the stained-glass of Mr. W. J. Pearce and Mr. A. L. Duthie, the metal-work of Mr. J. Smithies and Mr. J. E. C. Carr, the modelling of Mr. J. R. Cooper, the designs by Mr. H. Cadness, the painting of Miss S. I. Dacre, and the embroidery of Mrs. E. E. Houghton. The interest of the catalogue, produced in excellent style by Mr. H. C. D. Chorlton, member of the guild, is greatly increased by a series of practical papers by the members on the Crafts they follow. The Northern Art Workers' Guild, which was inaugurated only in July 1896, begins to bear fruit.



*The late Mr. Gleeson White.*

THE Leighton Collection at 2, Holland Park Road, has been further enlarged by 500 drawings presented by the late President's sisters, Mrs. Sutherland Orr and Mrs. Matthews.

IN the second of his course of lectures at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Mr. Humphry Ward, in dealing with English Art in the Eighteenth Century, pointed out the curious fact noted by Mr. Ruskin in connexion with the Art of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Posterity acclaimed his failures as successes and denounced his successes as failures. That is to say Reynolds' "grand style," in which he believed, is forgotten, whilst his portraiture, which he considered quite secondary, is immortal.

MR. HAWES TURNER, the new Keeper and Secretary, in succession to Mr. C. L. Eastlake, was formerly one of Mr. Balfour's secretaries. The emoluments of the post are a salary of £350, rising by £20 annually to £500, and an allowance of £250 per annum for accounting duties. Considering the special and technical qualifications required for the Keepership it would be a wise thing if the power of appointment could be transferred from the Treasury to the Trustees of the National Gallery. A curious rule governs the office of Director (filled by Sir Edward Poynter). The lease of office is five years, which can be extended. Sir Edward is now completing his fifth year, having been appointed in May, 1894.

THE death of Mr. Gleeson White, one of our most valued contributors, has come as a great shock to his friends. He went with the Art Workers Guild, this summer, to Italy, and, unfortunately, he there received the germ of typhoid fever, and he returned to London only to die on October 19th, at the age of forty-seven. Up to ten years ago, Mr. Gleeson White was occupied as a bookseller in Christchurch, Hants, and his development in London was as rapid as it was brilliant. For many years he has written occasionally for THE ART JOURNAL, and for this very issue he had prepared the article on Saltaire on an earlier page, and another on Messrs. Wardle's establishment at Leek for publication next year. Mr. Gleeson White, with a knowledge of the difficulties of young literary and artistic people in Lon-

don, was ever full of sympathy with them, and many of the younger generation mourn him as a real friend.

MR. POMEROY, who has received the commission for the Gladstone bust to be placed in the House of Commons, has been acknowledged now for some years as a talented sculptor. His gracefully fashioned 'Nymph of Loch Awe' (reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL, 1897, p. 184) was purchased out of the Chantrey Bequest last year.

NORWICH MUSEUM will receive, under the will of the late Mr. J. J. Colman, a valuable selection of works of the Norwich School, and Cardiff will be enriched by a benefaction from the executors of the late Mr. Pyke Thompson.

IN the ensuing YEAR'S ART, 1899, Mr. Carter intends to give a more cosmopolitan air to the work by adding to the Directory a list of the artists who form the numerous British, Colonial, and American colony established in Paris. The Portrait Series will comprise some of our more earnest collectors, with succinct details as to their artistic treasures. A list of the more important sales made at their public art exhibitions should have, too, more than a passing interest for painters and their patrons.

IT is truly astonishing that no English architects of standing should have entered into the competition for the building of the University of California. This series of buildings will be one of the finest in the whole world, and will take at least twenty-five years to complete. A jury, consisting of representatives from France, Germany, and the United States, with Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., for England, deliberated at Antwerp in October on the plans received, with the result that three French, six Americans, one Australian, and one Swiss firm, eleven in all, have been selected to participate in the final competition. This will take place next June, and the jury will go to California to decide the final selection.

THE ART ANNUAL, being the Christmas number of THE ART JOURNAL, contains an account with many illustrations of the Life and Work of Lady Butler—Miss Elizabeth Thompson. By error the owners of 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers' in that publication have been wrongly given. The title ought to have stated that the picture and copyright belong to the Executors of the late John Whitehead, Esq.

THE Twelfth Voucher for the Large Premium Etching, 'The Toils of Day are Over,' by David Law, R.E., after B. W. Leader, R.A., is issued with the December Number. Subscribers are requested to forward the twelve vouchers, together with the two shillings, by post, direct to the publishers, J. S. VIRTUE & Co., Ltd., 26, Ivy Lane, London, E.C. Subscribers will be supplied as soon after receipt of their vouchers as possible, but in the large number supplied a certain delay may be unavoidable.



*Lord Archibald Hamilton.*  
By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.  
(Baron Ferd. de Rothschild.)



*Mrs. L. S. Norton.*  
By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.  
(Alfred de Rothschild, Esq.)



*Lady Mulgrave.*  
By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

## ARTISTIC BOOKS.

IT is seldom that it falls to the lot of a critic to review a book so worthy of commendation as Mr. Walter Armstrong's "GAINSBOROUGH, AND HIS PLACE IN ENGLISH ART" (Heinemann). Thoroughly exhaustive, embracing everything hitherto published about the painter, with some important original matter added, well written in scholarly English throughout, and beautifully illustrated with many fine things, the great tome is worthy of its subject, and is a well-merited honour to the writer. For several years Mr. Armstrong, the present director of the National Gallery of Ireland, has been preparing for this splendid work, and the fact that it takes its stand easily at the head of art publications of the year, tells to what purpose he has concentrated his efforts. The illustrations we print are small reproductions from the large plates in the volume, of which there are seventy-two, all well chosen and well reproduced.

Mr. Edward Pinnington is to be warmly congratulated on his well-considered and beautifully printed work on "THE ART COLLECTION OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW" (Annan, Glasgow). With its 25 photogravures by Annan,

the volume adequately fulfils its purpose, and enables the still little-known Glasgow collection to take its proper position amongst the galleries of the world. Some discriminate editing might have improved the earlier portions of the text, notably the two first paragraphs on page 5, but the rest is good reading, and the beautiful plates, notably the fine 'Holy Family,' by Titian, could not be better.



*The Pink Boy.*  
By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.  
(Baron Ferd. de Rothschild.)

"THE ROYAL ACADEMY, ITS USE AND ITS ABUSE" (Simpkin) contains an indictment of the authorities of Burlington House, by W. J. Laidlay, himself a fairly capable artist never very well treated at the Exhibitions. So long, however, as the Academy offers to painters a space "on the line," and in addition a pension to self, widow, or children, so long will our artists offer themselves for election, and eagerly compete for a place within its circle. The living artist is too bitterly well acquainted with the uncertainties of hanging committees, and of life itself, to be able to ignore—except in rare instances, like Burne-Jones—the solid advantages of the magic letters which appear at the end of the names of our foremost artists.



*Agit entertained by the Ladies. By H. J. Ford.  
(From the "Arabian Nights.")—Longmans, Green & Co.*

"ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART" (Archd. Constable), ably translated by H. M. Poynter from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne, is a splendid essay on the Pre-Raphaelite School from the purely Parisian view. It is a book for every young artist to read and ponder, for his concluding chapter is full of ripe experience and well-stated truth.

Mr. Andrew Lang's Fairy Book is this year "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS" (Longmans), with nearly seventy illustrations by Mr. H. J. Ford. We print one of these charming drawings.—Of children's books, the ever-welcome Henty volumes (Blackie) deal with "ABOUKIR AND ACRE," and "BOTH SIDES THE BORDER," the first with illustrations by W. Rainey, particularly full of figures and incidents; the Border book with vigorous and artistic drawings by Ralph Peacock, whose Academy picture was purchased for the Chantrey collection.—Mr. Railton's and Mr. Jellicoe's illustrations to "THE OLD CHELSEA BUN SHOP" (Nimmo) are as refined as ever.—"THE TROUBLES OF TATTERS," by Alice T. Morris (Blackie), is very artistically illustrated by Miss Alice B. Woodward. We should like to see this talented artist try some more ambitious work.—"AN ALPHABET OF ANIMALS," by Carton M. Park (Blackie), follows the style of Mr. Nicholson; the tiger, mice, and camel are

dedicate a return to earlier fashions in designs. Their multitude is as great as ever, and it must be a very fastidious person who cannot find something to please. The printing of Messrs. Tuck's cards is always first-rate.

Mr. W. Macdougall continues his fine decoration of poetry in Keats' "ISABELLA" (Kegan Paul), but his figures do not yet bear favourable comparison with Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti.—Very interesting is the monograph on "KING RENÉ'S HONEYMOON CABINET," by Mr. J. P. Seddon (Batsford); a description with illustrations of panels painted by Maddox Brown, Rossetti, and Burne Jones in 1861 for a working cabinet for Mr. Seddon.—"PIPPA PASSES," with drawings by Leslie Brooke (Duckworth)—drawings which suggest a great future for the artist, several of the plates being noble in line and character.

"FORGOTTEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS," by A. W. Tuer (Leadenhall Press), brings together the cream of children's books of the past century, mostly of a kind such as have, perhaps happily, been superseded long ago. Yet the interest in making a collection such as this is never ending, and occasionally an artistic treasure may be found. For example, on page 472 of Mr. Tuer's book, there are three pretty cuts by John Bewick, the talented brother of the father of English wood-engraving.

extraordinarily powerful.—"NOTHING BUT NONSENSE" (J. Bowden), by Mary Kernahan, is particularly well-carried off by the laughable coloured prints of Tony Ludovici.

"ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE," by L. R. Crosskey (Blackie), is a simple yet scientific exposition of the earlier steps in perspective, and is particularly suited to school use.

The Christmas Cards of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons seem to indicate



*From a Drawing by Miss E. Galland.*





A HERALD OF SPRING  
BY WALTER CRANE  
SKETCH FOR THE PICTURE  
IN WATER COLOUR  
EXHIBITED AT THE DUDLEY  
GALLERY IN 1872





Headpiece.  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
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## THE WORK OF WALTER CRANE.

### I.—INTRODUCTORY.



THE NOTION OF A WORKER IN ART UNDERTAKING TO WRITE A COMMENTARY UPON HIS OWN WORK MAY SEEM A STRANGE ONE, YET THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR IT, IF IT IS NARROWED DOWN TO WHAT MIGHT BE CALLED

the natural history of the work, the sources from which it sprung, the influences under which it developed, and the aims and ideals by which it was inspired.

However impossible it may be to give anything like a complete view of one's life's work, at all events a man ought to know *something* at least about his own offspring, although there are many clever people nowadays who are quite ready to give him every information on that point, including much that has, to the subject, at least the charm of novelty. In the course of life's journey the traveller's pack that we take with us undergoes many vicissitudes, and many things once thought essential are cast to the winds. We constantly have to revise our outfit, though we continually add to it. Yet, looking back, we see that certain things we considered at the time of little account served their turn, and often influenced the whole course we have taken since. Like the traveller we like to recall the various hostleries that sheltered us, the brave heraldry under which we encamped, which form afterwards unforgettable landmarks upon our road.

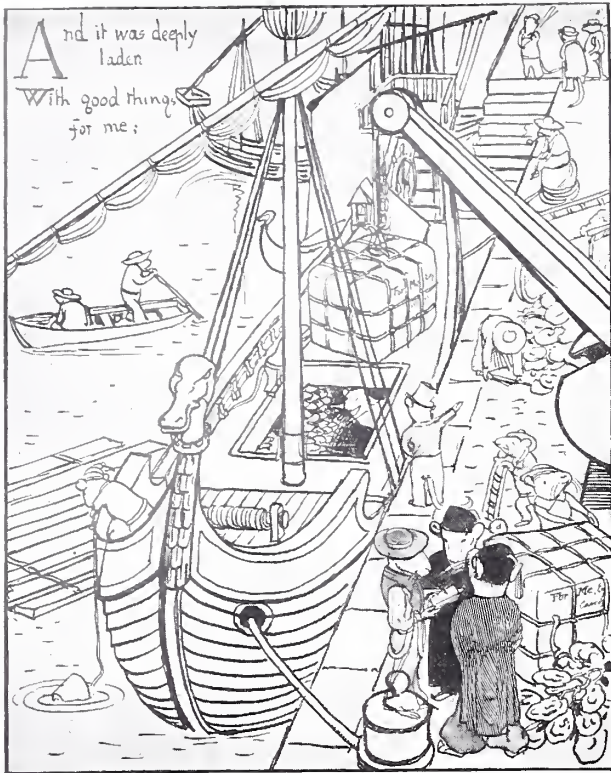
It seems just as possible to be born with pencil and paper in hand as with silver spoon in the mouth (as we are told is the fate of some), but being the son of my father I cannot remember life without those primal necessities—I mean pencil and paper—or, as in those days were the child's principal drawing materials, *pencil and slate*. The facility which comes of early and constant practice, and the imitative faculty (evolved, I believe, in all by

seeing work going on), were entirely fostered by the circumstances of my early life, and confirmed by early practical direction.

Recollections of the age of seven or eight years include certain fancy portraits of gentlemen in the large-patterned waistcoats of the early fifties, which I had the temerity to attach to certain studies of hands made by my father when painting his portraits and afterwards cast aside. These, so embellished, were shown to visitors, who expressed amiable surprise—especially at the skill with which the original hand was produced! Undaunted by these early successes, and in spite of the apparent attractions of gunpowder, percussion caps, and old helmets, I remained faithful to pencil and paper, while essaying to depict scenes from the Crimean war, illustrations to Scott, alternating with copies from Frederick Taylor and Sir Edwin Landseer. A passion for drawing animals carried my early studies in that direction, and was afterwards strengthened by study at the Zoological Gardens. But these early years of which I am writing were spent at Torquay, and it is to that neighbourhood that I owe my early impressions and love of the sea and landscape.

Being brought to London at the age of twelve, my childish ideas were naturally much influenced by the sights there. I distinctly remember the excitement of seeing the Academy Exhibition of 1857—the year of Millais's 'Sir Isumbras.' Living quietly in the western suburbs, from which, at that time (before metropolitan railways) fields and farmsteads were easily accessible, my outdoor studies and sketching of animals went on, but my father possessing a copy of John Ruskin's first volume of "Modern Painters," I was soon attracted by the eloquent descriptions of nature and of Turner's pictures therein. The sight, too, of certain works of some of the leading pre-Raphaelites had a great effect, even at fourteen. I read Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," and sought to draw trees with every leaf showing.

From "The Fairy Ship."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
Published by  
Mr. John Lane.



A set of coloured page designs to Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," were, I think, my earliest effort in the way of book decoration, and I wrote out all the poem; this was a true forerunner or germ of the method of later work. These were shown by a friend of the family to Mr. Ruskin, and also to Mr. William James Linton, the famous wood-engraver, poet, and chartist.

The former praised them, the latter at once found room for me in his office, at that time in Essex Street, Strand, the windows overlooking Fountain Court, Temple, and I was formally bound apprentice for three years to learn the art of drawing on wood for the engravers. I was in the midst of what was then a flourishing craft.

To this circumstance may be attributed the determination of my work in the direction of book illustration. I was put to all sorts of work, from diagrams for medical books and trade catalogues, to illustrations of stories, and even to work which would now be described as that of a special artist to an illustrated paper. I also had opportunities of seeing the work of many different artists on the wood, from John Tenniel to D. G. Rossetti and Fredk. Sandys. At Linton's office, too, I first made acquaintance with the work of William Blake (as he, Linton, did the reproductions for Gilchrist's book). All these influences no doubt had their effect, as had the possession of the now famous Moxon's illustrated Tennyson of 1857, for which I saved up my pocket-money, though the designs which fascinated me were those of Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Millais exclusively.

Such influences, however, were not much in evidence till later, I think. A certain trade-prettiness was then in demand with publishers, and as there was one's living to get at sixteen, one had to endeavour to meet the supply or starve.

Journals like "Once a Week," however, were introducing the newer and stronger school of artists to the public. Tenniel, Leech, and Phiz still represent the older style, but artists like Millais, Charles Keene, Fredk. Walker,

G. J. Pinwell, M. J. Lawless, and Fredk. Sandys, gave a distinct character to the journal in its best days, in which it seems to have recently been re-discovered by some, with all the triumph of original patentees, that English art reached its high watermark.

I soon became a contributor to "Once a Week" myself, as well as to "Good Words," and later, but on one occasion only, to "Punch."

The publication, by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of "The New Forest," by John R. Wise, in 1862-3 (after my indentures with Linton had expired), gave me further opportunities of cultivating a love for landscape; but, though the book was successful, the drawings made during a tour through the district with the author, did not show any very marked leanings as to style—which perhaps, at seventeen, would be too much to expect. They, however, received praise from G. H. Lewes in "The Cornhill," and the work was the means of bringing me a valuable friend in the author.

I did not forget, however, that my first love was painting, and strange to say, a very early effort, 'The Lady of Shalott' (again) found a place in the Academy Exhibition of 1862.

This brought me a patron, a Scotchman too, who actually gave me further commissions, and I went on painting small pictures, illustrative of Keats and Tennyson, for this gentleman, for two or three years, until, my modest efforts being steadily refused at the then almost only door of a painter's opportunity, the R.A., I suppose he got tired, although I did not, but continued to carry on painting, with my book-work, and worked at life study in the evenings at "Heatherleys."

The opening of the Dudley Gallery as a general exhibition of water-colour drawings in 1866, gave a new opportunity of exhibiting pictorial work, and I had a drawing accepted, and continued to exhibit there every year until its dissolution or part absorption into the Institute in Piccadilly.



From "This Little Pig went to Market." Designed by Walter Crane. Published by Mr. John Lane

## II.—EARLY TOY BOOKS.

THE illustrative traditions which mostly obtained favour with publishers were not then of a very high order. The gift book of the early sixties chiefly relied upon the pretty bits of Birket Foster—certainly very pretty—the picturesque and romantic style of John Gilbert, and the neat drawings of John Tenniel, G. Dodgson and S. Read, for old houses and scenery, E. Duncan for sea and ships, and sometimes a stray Millais or Madox Brown to give a dash of piquant pre-Raphaelite flavour. This was the general recipe, and these represented the general influences in book illustration when I began work. It is true that the late Mr. H. S. Marks published some decorative panels as illustrations to nursery rhymes—figures in bold outline and flat colour on yellow to represent gold backgrounds, as he has since done much work of the same kind.

It was not until about 1865, in the coloured designs made for some toy-books, that anything like a new departure in treatment is observable in my work of this kind.

The first were a set to "House that Jack Built," "Cock Robin," "Dame Trot and her Comical Cat," I think, published by Warne & Co. I certainly remember this firm requesting (through Mr. Edmund Evans, the engraver and printer who sent me the work), that some children I designed for another book "should not be unnecessarily covered with hair"—long hair being at that time considered a dangerous innovation of pre-Raphaelite tendency. By 1869 and 1870, with "The Fairy Ship," "This Little Pig," and "King Luckieboy," the style of the coloured toy-books became clearly marked. With these, then issued by the house of Routledge, the series commenced which ended in 1876.

The set of toy-books, done in association with Mr. Edmund Evans, who printed them in colour for Messrs. Routledge, showed a gradual development; and, comparing the first (which were really done to order, and



From "The Three Bears."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
Published by  
Mr. John Lane.

almost to a given pattern) with the last, the change of feeling is complete. In the first few I was limited to three colours, that is to say, the key block and a red and blue, any gradation being rendered on the colour blocks by graver lines. "Sing a Song of Sixpence" was produced in this way, and shows perhaps a more distinct decorative aim than others of this time. The figures in this were without backgrounds, and the text formed part of the design with large blue and red more or less Gothic initial letters.

Well, ten years generally counts for a good deal, and in the course of that time many things had had their effect.

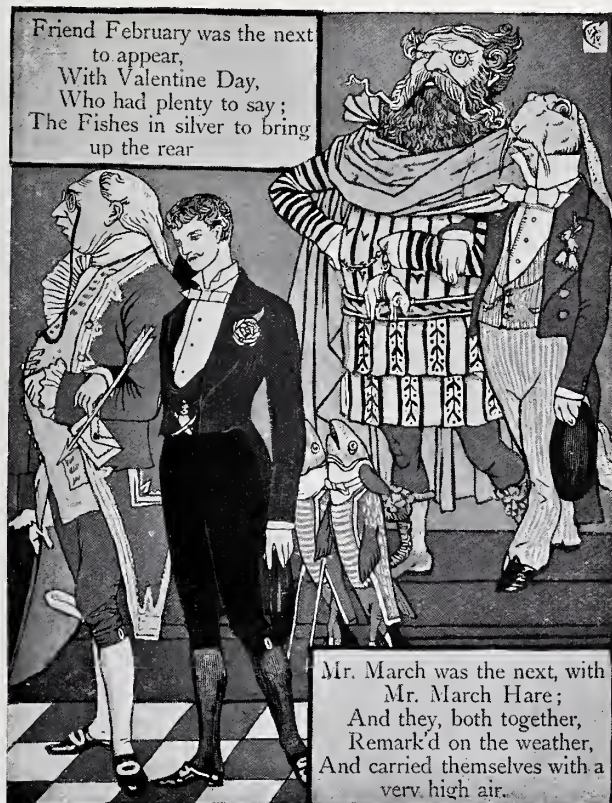
About 1865, I think, Japanese fans and prints began to appear in London shops, and about this time, at a country house in Cheshire, I met an officer in the navy, whose ship had been in Japanese waters, and he had a sheaf of colour prints, which he considered merely as curios. Finding I was struck with them, I suppose, he gave me a handful, and their influence is certainly discernible in the treatment of the toy-books after this date.\* Black was used as a colour as well as for outline, hatching disappeared, and tints as harmonious as possible, within the somewhat crude and limited range of printing ink, were sought after.

Mr. Edmund Evans was known for the skill with which he had developed colour-printing applied to book illustration, and I was fortunate in being thus associated with so competent a craftsman, and so resourceful a workshop as his.

The departure was a new one, and was not at once responded to. The new toy-books were issued with a number of others of a very different type, and were not specially differentiated in their style of cover and get up till later. The publishers issued a selection in a red cloth-covered volume with the title "Walter Crane's

\* In the background of one of the designs in "One, Two, Buckle my Shoe," done in 1867 or 1868, I think, occurs a Japanese scene which I remember adapting from a crape colour print.

From "King  
Luckieboy's  
Party."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
Published by  
Mr. John Lane.



Picture Books.  
(Routledge,  
1874-5.)

Picture Book," unknown to me, and this seems to have been a success. My sixpenny toy-books, of which I used to do two or three each year, were presently issued in a specially designed cover, and continued until 1876.

My marriage in 1871, and the long visit to Italy which followed, must be counted as important influences on my work.

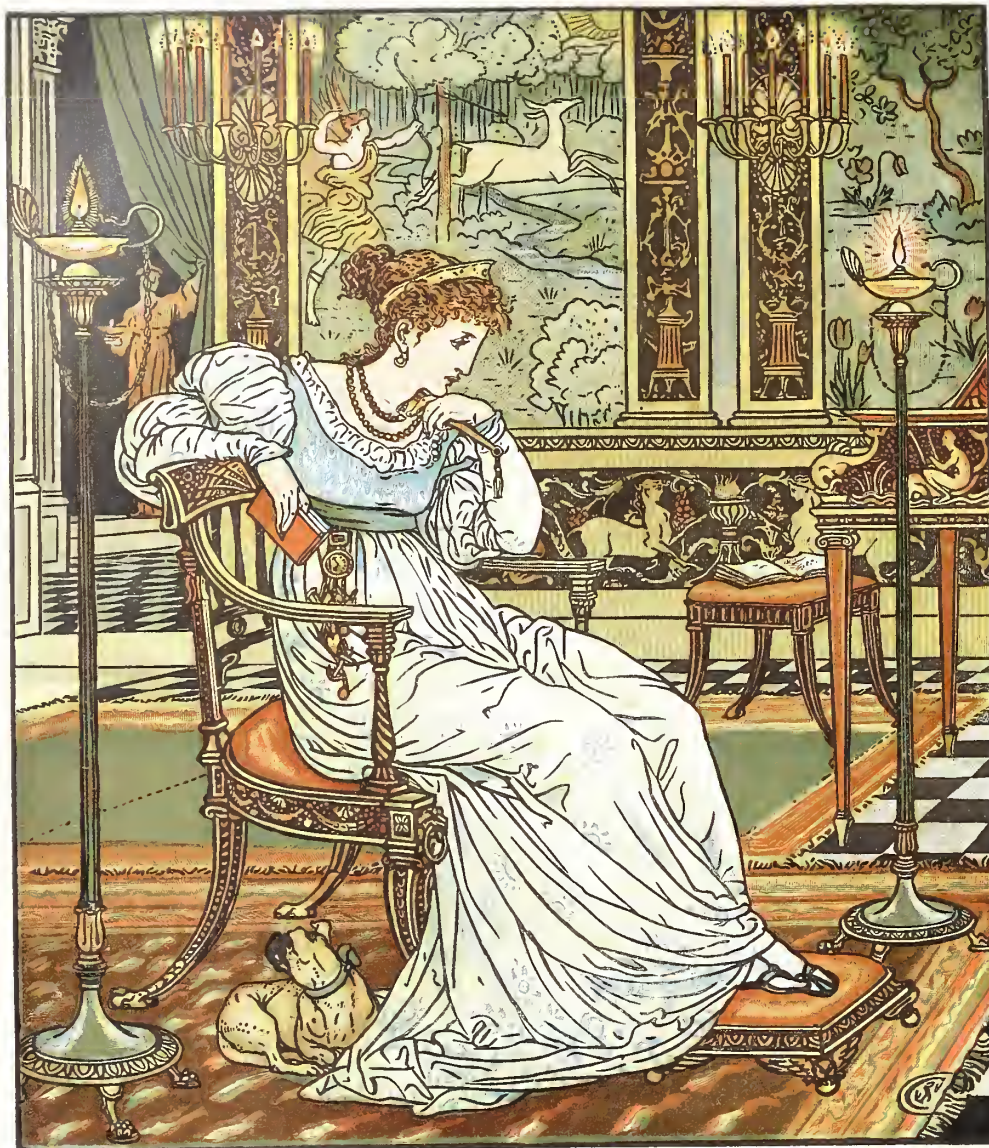
One had previously fed upon the early Italian school at our National Gallery; and such painters as Paolo Uccello, Benozzo Gozzoli, Carlo Crivelli, Botticelli, the early Venetian school, and Mantegna, had long been one's most cherished masters; as well as Albert Dürer prints, and the Parthenon sculptures at the British Museum.

In the larger series of shilling picture books, which was started after my return to London in 1873, these influences, confirmed and blended with Japanese influences and those of the forms of later Renaissance art, are to be

traced here and there in the treatment and accessories of these designs, which were more elaborately printed than the former toy-books. Eight in all were issued: "The Frog Prince," "Beauty and the Beast," "Goody Two-Shoes," "Princess Belle Etoile," "An Alphabet of Old Friends," "The Yellow Dwarf," "The Hind in the Wood," and "Aladdin."

The Italian influence is also discernible in the designs for the sixpenny toy-books which appeared from this time onwards—as in "Bluebeard" and "Jack and the Beanstalk"; culminating, in a still more marked way, in the treatment of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," which closed the series in 1876.

I had been accustomed to introduce into these children's book designs not only pictorial ideas which influenced one at the time, but any passing impression, or whim of fancy and form, as in details of dress, furniture, and decorative pattern; and though the production of these books could hardly be regarded by either designer or printer as exactly lucrative, they led the way to other work, and had considerable indirect effect, besides being an unfailling source of amusement and interest—at least to their designer—and a means of suggestion in details of design in decoration and colour schemes of various kinds.



From "The Hind in the Wood,"  
Designed by Walter Crane.  
Reproduced by permission of Mr. Edmund Evans.  
Published by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd.

### III.—BOOK DESIGNS.

A MORE direct attempt to introduce current ideas and passing phases of thought and art, science and literature, and to unite them in a sort of mock cosmical, fantastic, and allegorical medley is illustrated in the set of designs I made, with verses, entitled, "Mrs. Mundi at Home," which were photo-lithographed from my drawings (made the same size), and published by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. in 1874-5.

The general idea was that Mother Earth, or the Spirit of the World, as a grand dame gives a party, and invites the great Lord Sol and Lady Luna, with all her neighbour planets and principal astronomical luminaries, with the four seasons, and the elements, rain, hail, frost, snow, dew, and in addition to these the deities of the sea, together with all sorts of human notabilities and nationalities, the whole forming a fantastic masque for the introduction of more or less satirical or punning allusions to the fashions and furore of the day.

The ideas were perhaps too much mixed to be generally appreciated. At any rate I never understood that the work was ever popular; but again it afforded the author vast entertainment, and even drew from one distinguished

From "Princess Belle Etoile,"  
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Evans.  
Published by  
Messrs. George  
Routledge and  
Sons, Ltd.



selected and arranged by Miss Crane, as before. (Routledge, 1874-5.)

This, too, was almost equally successful, and still sells along with "The Baby's Opera," from the house of Routledge. To make a triplet, "The Baby's Own Æsop" followed in 1887, a sufficient interval to allow of certain differences in conception and treatment both of pages and pictures, and there was no music in this case.

The subject, and perhaps the effect of a second visit to Italy, may account for a more classical or Italian feeling in some of the full pages than is shown in "The Baby's Opera" and "Bouquet." It is not, therefore, quite so simple or direct in its appeal to childhood, and, indeed, was not intended so exclusively. The wisdom of Æsop is not easily exhausted, "not even by the youngest of us." The attempt to specialise certain kinds of work for children is not always successful, and it frequently happens that entertainment in the shape of books and pictures in-

artist—Mr. Linley Sambourne—a very sympathetic letter; all the more generous as one was at that time comparatively unknown. "Sic transit gloria Mrs. Mundi," as one of my reviewers said, in a friendly notice of the work in the Belles Lettres section of *The Westminster Review*.

In 1877, still in concert with Mr. Evans, "The Baby's Opera" was planned. My sister, who had supplied most of the renderings in verse of the old nursery tales to fit into the little tablets left for the legend on my toy-book pictures, collected and arranged the tunes; but only music type was used. I made the pictures and the borders, and Mr. Evans did the printing. The price was five shillings, but there was *no gold on the cover!* The book was weighed in "the trade" balance and found wanting, in fact it "would never do."

The public, however, thought differently. An edition of ten thousand was immediately sold out, and another was called for, and the book has been in demand ever since, having reached its fiftieth thousand.

It was followed in 1879 by a companion, "The Baby's Bouquet," a book of the same size and general plan; that is to say, it consisted of fifty-six pages, twelve full-page pictures, and every page bordered: the whole printed in colours, including the cover design, and with music

1898.

tended for them have an attraction for their elders or *vice versa*. There is at least one great advantage in designing children's books: that the imagination is singularly free, and let loose from ordinary restraints, it finds a world of its own, which may be interpreted in a spirit of playful gravity, which sometimes reaches further than the weightiest purpose and most solid reasoning, assisted by the most photographic presentations of form and fact. It appears to me that there is a certain receptive impressionable quality of mind, whether in young or old, which we call child-like. A fresh direct vision, a quickly stimulated imagination, a love of symbolic and typical form, with a touch of poetic suggestion, a delight in frank gay colour, and a sensitiveness to the variations of line, and contrasts of form—these are some of the characteristics of the child, whether grown up or not. Happy are they who remain children in these respects through life.

"Baby's Own Æsop" had its origin in a MS. of some verses entitled "The Wisdom of Æsop," condensed, which were sent to me by my old master, W. J. Linton, who had taken up his abode in the United States.\*

\* Just as I am completing these notes, I learn with sorrow of his death at Newhaven, Conn. With W. J. Linton passes not only an historic link in engraving tradition, but a genial and sympathetic spirit only too rare.

From "Baby's Opera."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
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permission of  
Mr. Edmund  
Evans.  
Published by  
Messrs. George  
Routledge and  
Sons, Ltd.



These verses, with a few changes here and there, I used as the text of my book with its present title.

Whatever other influences may have contributed to the character of these three books, it is certain that they were designed in a congenial atmosphere, and in full view of child-life around one, and in the observation of the ways of animals and flowers, and in a studio surrounded by an old garden and orchards and meadows—although not much beyond the four-mile radius from Charing Cross—but now cleared off the face of the earth by an electric railway.

In 1879 my old friend, the author of "The New Forest," showed me a scheme he had for a Fairy Masque, and proposed that I should illustrate it. I was staying with him in Sherwood Forest at the time, and most of the designs were done there.

The work was published by Messrs. Sotheran in 1881, but it was some time in preparation, as I could only complete the designs in the intervals of other work; and the preparation of the plates in photogravure by Messrs. Goupil (now Boussod, Manzi) & Co., also took time.

The drawings were all made in pencil, the grey, silvery, soft effect of which was well rendered by photo-

gravure, the designs being slightly reduced in size. They were made mostly, as I have said, in the country under the direct influence of the actual forest scenery of Sherwood; and although there is no attempt to realise any scenery, the lines of the tree boles are utilised with the groups of figures, and the general feeling was no doubt more distinctly of the forest side—"of Flora and the country green"—than it might otherwise have been. Certainly the work of my friend was steeped in the knowledge and love of the country, and was the product of the solitary life of a sensitive and scholarly mind, and of an ardent love of wild nature. He was also a profound student, a naturalist, and an advanced philosopher; and a man of letters of uncommon qualities, showing both humour and satire, but, like so many able writers of our days, much obscured in anonymous reviewing, and never realising full sympathy and appreciation for his original work. His work already mentioned, "The New Forest: its History and Scenery," remains a standard one, however. John R. Wise is buried at Lyndhurst, so that his grave is shadowed by the forest he loved so well. Peace and honour to his memory—and may the fairies lightly dance where he lies.

From "Baby's Own Æsop."  
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Evans.  
Published by  
Messrs. George  
Routledge and  
Sons, Ltd.



In between the works mentioned many less important book designs were done in the way of frontispieces and occasional illustrations, titles, covers, &c. Many of these I have forgotten, or have never seen since.

There were two books published by Messrs. Cassell about 1870, in which I had a hand, and which perhaps had more claims to remembrance. One was "The Merrie Heart," a collection of nursery rhymes; and the other was entitled "King Gab and his Story Bag," by William Marshall. A page illustration in the latter furnished the motive for an early picture now in the South Kensington Museum, called "The Three Paths."

The series of stories by Mrs. Molesworth was commenced about 1875, by Messrs. Macmillan, and I was invited to do the illustrations—a set of seven to each and a title-page device. The first was "Tell me a Story," and the series is now quite a large one.

In 1880, I undertook the illustration of Miss De Morgan's "The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde and other Stories," which was also published by Messrs. Macmillan. The designs were arranged as headings with the titles of the stories, initial letters, and full-page pictures engraved upon wood. A large-paper edition (with the cuts on

India paper, mounted) was published. This work, I think, led to the idea of doing an illustrated edition of "Grimm's Household Stories," by the house of Macmillan.

My sister made a translation of about half the "Hausmarchen" of the brothers Grimm, and this, with about a dozen full-page designs as well as headings, initial letters, and tail-pieces to each story, was published in 1882. The drawings were done about a third larger, and all were photographed upon wood and engraved by Messrs. Swain.

A large-paper edition was also printed of this work. The printers were Messrs. R. & R. Clark, of Edinburgh. For this firm I afterwards designed a set of twenty headings, one of which appears on the opening page of this number. These headings were used to decorate "The Claims of Decorative Art," a collection of my papers published by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen in 1892.

The design of "The Goose Girl" (reproduced on page 9), from the "Grimm" volume, was seen at the time by my friend, the late William Morris, when I was at work in my studio one day. He called to ask me to do him a design capable of being worked in arras tapestry, which he was at that time practically engaged in reviving.

From "Baby's Bouquet"  
Designed by  
Walter Crane  
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permission of  
Mr. Edmund  
Evans.  
Published by  
Messrs. George  
Routledge and  
Sons, Ltd.



He saw this design of the Goose Girl, and taking a fancy to it, asked me to reproduce it as a large coloured cartoon, 8 feet by 6 feet, which I accordingly did; and it was duly worked out by him and his assistants as a tapestry. The cartoon was afterwards exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery at a winter exhibition of decorative designs. It therefore has a dual existence as a black-and-white book illustration and also as a tapestry.

Another work in progress about this date, in association with Mr. Evans, was "Pan-Pipes," a book of old songs—the music arranged by Mr. Theo. Marzials. In this one returned to book decoration in colour, the tints being of a more subdued and reserved order than those adopted heretofore. This, however, was supposed to be more in character with the old-world flavour of the songs and tunes, so tastefully arranged by Mr. Marzials. Here, again, ordinary music-type was used, which one would be hardly content with now, in that more complete search for the unity of the page we have learned of late, and which the Kelmscott Press has done so much to inform and enlighten.

In 1883 "The English Illustrated Magazine" was started by Messrs. Macmillan, and I was applied to by

the then Editor, Mr. Comyns Carr, for a design for the cover.

Under that cover appeared "A Herald of Spring," in the form of four decorated pages, the text being written out, in the way I had previously adopted in the designs to "The First of May." This was followed by "Thoughts in a Hammock," similarly treated, and, later, by "The Sirens Three," a series of quatrains inspired as to form, by Fitzgerald's famous translation of Omar Khayyám. Each page in this work was also treated as a decoration, the verses written out, and forming part of the quantities of the whole design. The poem appeared in the magazine in instalments through the year 1884, and was finally published in complete book form by Messrs. Macmillan in 1885, with a dedicatory sonnet to William Morris, and a newly designed title-page, cover, and other small ornamental additions, the verses being also printed in plain type apart from the designs.

In these verses and designs no less than an attempt was made to express a certain conception of the universe founded upon the relative conceptions of modern philosophic thinkers, and to cast them into definite poetic form. The sense of awe, of inevitableness, of the action





*The Art of Engraving, London, R. Wallis & Co. Ltd.*

### THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.

BY WALTER CRANE

FROM THE PICTURE EXHIBITED AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY IN 1884. NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF  
HERR ERNST SEGER, OF BERLIN, BY WHOSE PERMISSION IT IS REPRODUCED HERE.



of necessity, of the tragedy of human life, and also the wonder of its gradual evolution from the dim obscurity of the past—the different epochs of art and thought in the ages of the world, and all seemingly controlled by the ebb and flow of the tides of time and fate—these are the main ideas of the verses and the designs, and under the pressure of such thoughts. And in view of the spectacle of the present struggle for existence in the human as well as the natural world, when the seer of the vision is brought to the verge of despair, he has another vision—of Hope who draws

“the painted veil  
of things that are,”—

and then discloses the possibilities of the future, when man, triumphing over nature (by obeying her laws) and his own selfish passions, shall realize a true social order in harmony with his own better nature and higher aspirations.

Next in order appears “A Romance of the Three R’s.” The three parts which compose this volume also existed as separate books. These were “Slate and Pencilvania,” “Little Queen Anne,” and “Pothooks and Perseverance.” The idea was a playful fantasia upon the motives of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, taking the troubles of the novice in his or her efforts to acquire the usual educational rudiments, as the source of a series of fanciful incidents and adventures, with a play upon words and meanings.



same firm about this time, or shortly afterwards, was also produced by the same method; the drawings being made upon lithographic plates of zinc with the brush. This was “Echoes of Hellas,” which had its origin in a series of tableaux and dramatic interludes arranged by various artists, among whom were Mr. G. F. Watts, Lord Leighton, Mr. Henry Holiday, and myself,—the author of the libretto being Professor Warr, and several distinguished musicians writing the music of the songs and choruses—such as Mr. Malcolm Lawson and Sir Walter Parratt.

The matter of these performances was gathered into a book under Professor Warr's editorship, and I designed accompaniments, in the form of friezes, borders, and figure groups, representing the leading incidents, and forming decorations upon each page. The work is in three parts, the first dealing with the “Tale of Troy,” the second “The Wanderings of Ulysses,” and the third “The Story of Orestes.” These

classic themes of course presented a variety of subjects by no means the easiest in the world to treat, and yet by their very nature and associations extremely attractive to a designer in line. It was curious that in the spring of the next year I was enabled to pay a visit to Greece, and thus realize in some measure the desire of years.

Lithography again was one of the methods of reproduction used for the next work, published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., “Flora's Feast: a Masque of Flowers,” which bears the date 1889 on its first edition. The book had its origin in some rough sketches done to amuse a little girl. These were afterwards re-designed, carefully drawn in outline, the outlines photo-lithographed or processed, and the proofs carefully coloured as a guide to the chromo-

From “Grimm's Household Stories.”  
“The Goose Girl.”  
Designed by Walter Crane.  
By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

From “Grimm's Household Stories.”  
“The Goose Girl.”  
Designed by Walter Crane.  
By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.



HE designs are characterized by a different feeling to the earlier picture books, both in idea and colour, and have a different effect also, owing to their having been drawn on zinc lithographic plates, and also printed in colours lithographically. Another work undertaken for the

From "Pan-pipes,"  
Designed by  
Walter Crane,  
Reproduced by  
permission of  
Mr. Edmund  
Evans.  
Published by  
Messrs. George  
Routledge and  
Sons, Ltd.

**THE THREE RAVENS**

1. There were three ra - vens sat on a tree, Down, hey down, hey down, hey down; They were as black as  
they might be; With a down. And one of them said to his mate, "Now where shall we our  
break - fast take?" With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.

2 There lies a knight in yonder field,  
Down, hey down, &c.  
All foully slain beneath his shield;  
With a down.

His hounds about his feet you see;  
They guard their lord right faithfully;  
With a down, &c.

3 His faithful hawks above him fly;  
Down, hey down, &c.  
No bird of prey dare venture nigh;  
With a down.

Eut yonder comes a fallow doe;  
And to her knight she straight doth go;  
With a down, &c.

4 She lifted up his lifeless head;  
Down, hey down, &c.

She kissed his wounds, that were so red;  
With a down.  
She buried him before the prime;—  
She died herself ere eventide;  
With a down, &c.

lithographer. The scheme of Flora calling the flowers from their winter sleep, and these appearing in order through the seasons of the year, is simple enough, and gives entire freedom in designing the different groups of flowers, which are personified in a way that aims at expressing their different characters and constitution by emphasizing certain structural features of each flower, utilising petals and stamens, &c., as details or adjuncts to a fanciful costume. This book proved as great a favourite as was "Baby's Opera," and has passed through several editions. There is something, I suppose, in universality of appeal—and everybody loves flowers.

"Queen Summer" followed "Flora's Feast" as a kind of not unsuitable companion, if not necessary complement, although the conception and treatment were in many respects very different. The germ of the idea had existed a long time in MS., in verse form, in my desk, and when, as now, called upon to form the thread on which might be strung a series of designs, soon took definite shape. The style of design, type of costume, and form of lettering, is more mediæval than "Flora's Feast," and here and there lightly suggestive of the German renaissance, perhaps, with its plumed flat caps and fluttering mantling; but then it must be remembered that the whole idea of the thing is mediæval, with its tournament and accompaniments. The floral dresses, however, follow the same principle of utilising and emphasizing the structural characteristics of the flowers represented.

The same year (1891) appeared "Renaissance: a Book of Verse" (London, Elkin Mathews). This included "The Sirens Three," before spoken of (without the illustrations), as well as other verses, both earlier and later. These were decorated with headings and frontispiece, colophon and other devices in black and white.

In this year also I collaborated with William Morris in

producing the illustrated edition of "The Glittering Plain," issued from the Kelmscott Press. He designed all the ornamental borders and title and initials, while I supplied the little pictures enclosed by them. I doubt, however, if I was ever quite Gothic enough in feeling to suit his taste.

In 1891, at the invitation of the Fine Art Society, a representative exhibition of my work was arranged in their large room in Bond Street. It included pictures in oil and water-colour, decorative designs, cartoons and wall-papers, relief work in gesso, and a large number of the original drawings from the books which I have mentioned here.

In the autumn of this same year a visit to America was decided upon, and at the suggestion of the late Mr. Henry Blackburn, the authorities of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts were approached, with the result that I received an invitation to bring over the collection shown in Bond Street to form an exhibition there. This was accordingly done, and the good ship *Cephalonia* in due time bore the Crane family and this freight over to Boston. This was in October, 1891.

Before leaving London Mr. G. F. Watts had done me the honour to ask me to sit to him for a portrait. This was painted in the studio at Little Holland House in about six sittings, with an interval of about a fortnight between the fourth and two final sittings, I think. This picture would be remarkable if only for the fact that it was received, when exhibited at the New Gallery the following summer, with unanimous approval. It is commonly held, indeed, to be one of the finest works of the great master. One cannot but feel that one was fortunate in happening to have been the subject, since there can be no doubt either of the quality of the work or of the artist who produced it.

From "The First of May,"  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission  
of Messrs. H.  
Sotheran & Co.



Our American cousins had certainly heartily re-echoed the appreciation with which the coloured picture books and other published designs of mine had been received at home—more especially at Boston, where the feeling for, and interest taken in, English art and literature, and English intellectual and social movements is much more marked than in other cities of the States.

If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, I had had reason to feel flattered, since certain firms in both Boston and New York had long before this put forth pirated editions of certain of my books. More gratifying were the private tributes I had received from time to time

from Americans as to the estimation in which my work was held in their country, and many had been the enquiries as to when I might be expected on transatlantic shores.

One certainly met with many delightful people and many excellent friends, a great deal of curiosity, and in Boston, at least, a very decided interest in one's work, as shown at the Art Museum there under the able and courteous direction of Colonel Loring, the archaeological and classical learning of Professor Robinson, and the enthusiasm and extraordinary knowledge of Japanese Art of Professor Fenelozza. I look back with pleasure to my association with these gentlemen at that time, as well as to many other most valuable and interesting acquaintances made not only at Boston, but at New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. There can be no doubt, however, that in some quarters one's avowed sympathy with socialism and the struggles of the worker towards economic freedom considerably discounted the appreciation extended to one's work as an artist—but this is a sort of thing, strange as it may seem, quite possible to meet with in any so-called "free" country. My impression was, however, that from this point of view, and certainly from the point of view of the labourer, the United States were far less free, and social sentiment was far less advanced, than in tradition-ridden old England. All the more one valued the frank friendship of men like W. D. Howells, Dr. Emerson, and Henry D. Lloyd.

As to artistic results of the visit in book-work, there is the "Wonder Book" of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which I was commissioned to illustrate and decorate with designs in colour, by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of the Riverside Press. This occupied a good deal of my time, the whole of the drawings having been made during my stay, and, as it happened, mostly while on a visit to Florida, in a little timber house in the woods; the oleander in bloom, and the beautiful red bird of those regions flitting about, but—as a counterpoise to these attractions—a temperature of over 80 degrees!

Some four black-and-white illustrations to a "Dante," for children (!), by Miss Harrison, of Chicago; an allegorical design for "The World's Fair," for *The Chicago Herald*; and "Columbia's Courtship," for Messrs. L. Prang and Co., of Boston, were among other works done while in America. The latter was a series of twelve designs in colour, representing by typical figures a short history of the United States, with accompanying verses; the same set of designs as a series of detachable sheets doing duty as "Columbia's Calendar." They were remarkably well reproduced by Messrs. Prang, whose reputation as colour printers stands very high in the States.

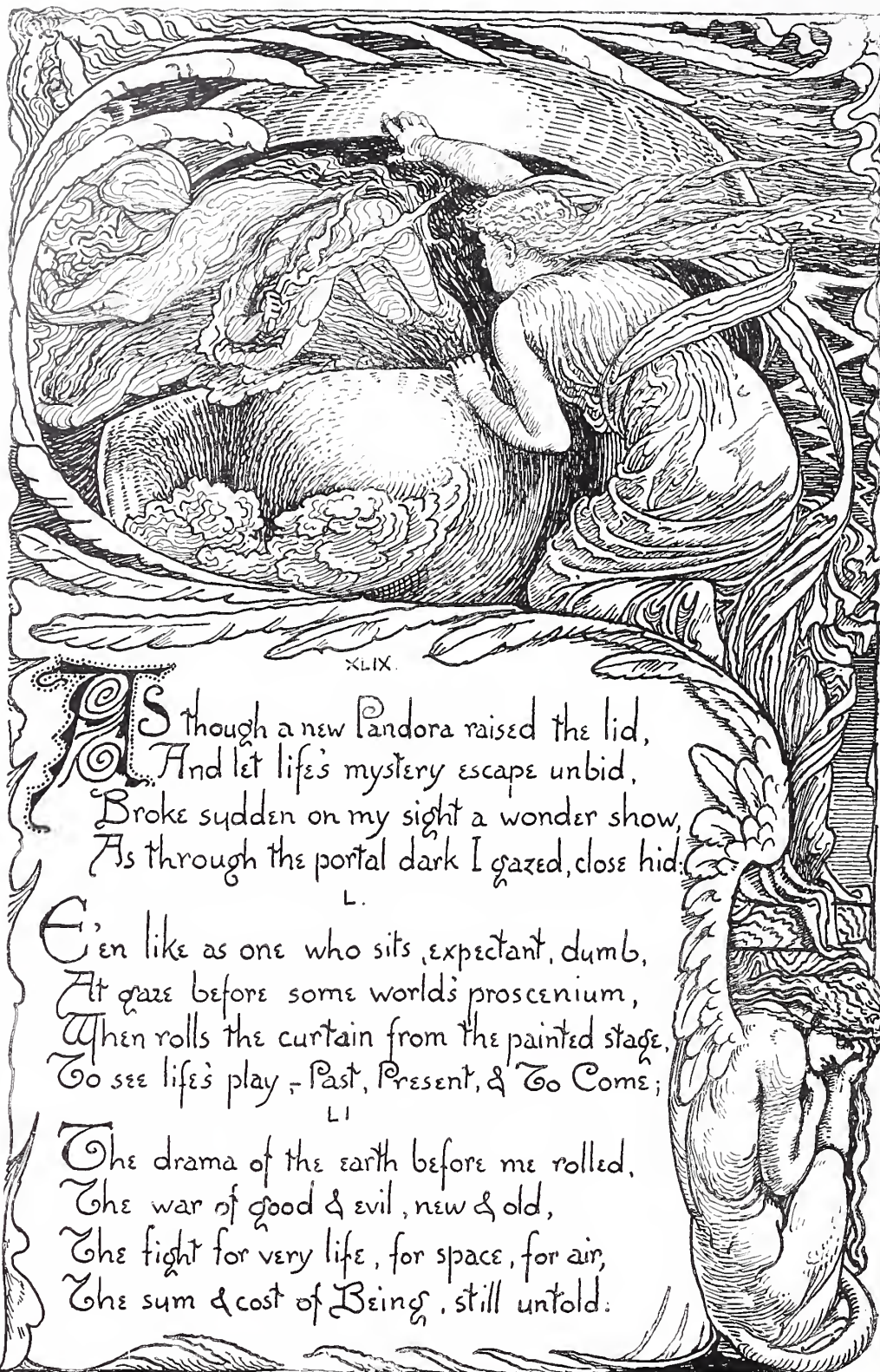
The next book undertaken after my return to London in August, 1892, was of American origin, and for the house of Houghton and Mifflin—"The Old Garden," by Margaret Deland, whom I had met in Boston. The style and arrangement of the illustrations were different again. They were in colour, and somewhat lightly vignettted around the text—known as small-pica Caxton—in the form of headings and half-borders, or springing as foliation from initial letters. The flower-figures recalled the treatment adopted in "Flora's Feast," but on a smaller scale. The cover design, which was printed in colours, is given on page 17. Both this and the "Wonder Book" were printed in Boston and the blocks prepared there, and both, it seems to me, are extremely creditable to American engravers and printers, and the colour effect is remarkably faithful to the original drawings.

The next important work was the illustration of Shakespeare's "Tempest" — a set of eight designs (pen-drawings) and a title-page, done to the play on the invitation of Mr. Duncan C. Dallas, the inventor of the Dal-lastype process, by which the drawings were reproduced. The work was published by Messrs. Dent and Co., and issued simply as a set of designs without the text. The opening design is reproduced on page 18. The leaf-border designed for the title-page was afterwards adapted by Mr. Dent for his "Temple" Shakespeare (though not improved by reduction), for which I supplied title-pages—one for each play.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" followed "The Tempest," and was treated in a similar way, as a set of pen-drawings, reproduced in fac-simile by Mr. Dallas's process, and also published by Messrs. Dent. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was the third of the sets, but this was issued in book form by Mr. George Allen.

Mr. Allen about this time proposed an illustrated edition of "Spenser's Faerie Queene," which, curiously enough, had been a dream of mine in earlier days, as the antique form, the beauty and chivalric romance, with the vivid allegory, and fine sense of decorative detail of Spenser's poetry were extremely alluring. The task, therefore, of designing a series of full-bordered pages, one, and sometimes two, to each canto of the six books of the poem, besides headings, initial letters, and tail-pieces to each canto, though formidable, was a congenial one, and I undertook it with peculiar interest. The exigencies of publication demanded the delivery of the material for one part each month, which meant very close and continuous work, difficult enough, when circumstances obliged one to attend to other work at intervals, to say nothing of the continuity having to be broken every month by a visit to the Manchester Municipal School of Art.

The work was commenced in the summer of 1894, and the last designs were sent in at Christmas, 1896.



AS though a new Pandora raised the lid,  
And let life's mystery escape unbid,  
Broke sudden on my sight a wonder show,  
As through the portal dark I gazed, close hid.

E'en like as one who sits, expectant, dumb,  
At gaze before some world's proscenium,  
When rolls the curtain from the painted stage,  
To see life's play — Past, Present, & To Come;

The drama of the earth before me rolled,  
The war of good & evil, new & old,  
The fight for very life, for space, for air,  
The sum & cost of Being, still untold:

"The Shepherd's Calendar," with twelve full-page designs, a double title-page, two borders used alternately throughout the book, and the emblem devices accompanying the page designs to each eclogue, not inappropriately follows "The Faerie Queene" in 1897; but this was at the instigation of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

This work completes the list of works of any importance in the way of book designs of mine which have appeared up to the present time, unless one may mention the reissue of the old toy-books through Mr. John Lane, which commenced with "This Little Pig," "The Fairy Ship," and "King Luckieboy," at Christmas, 1895. Messrs. Routledge having sold me the original blocks,



these books being, many of them, out of print, it was thought that if revised and printed on larger paper, with accompaniments of new designs for end papers, and served with new covers, they might again appeal to the public as former favourites in a new dress; and this hope has been fully justified.

The first three were followed, in 1896, by "Mother Hubbard," "The Absurd A.B.C.," and "The Three Bears"; and last Christmas, by "Cinderella," "Puss-in-Boots," and "Valentine and Orson."

Thus, after about a quarter of a century, the early toy-books are still alive, and they may be said to have appealed to two generations of children, having enjoyed the distinction of being thumbed and torn up in the nursery on the one hand, and on the other, of a dignified repose in the drawers of the collector.

## LABOUR CARTOONS AND DESIGNS FOR THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

ALLUSION has already been made to the present writer's sympathy with the Cause of Labour and the Socialist Movement. The relation of these to art, the question of economic production, and the conditions of labour as they affect the production of art, and the status and spirit of artist and craftsman, was very forcibly brought home about the year 1884 by William Morris in his numerous published papers and addresses given all over the country. John Ruskin, long before this, had, from a slightly different standpoint, been driving home much the same truths in his politico-economic writings, such as "Unto this Last," "A Joy for ever, and its Price in the Market." He had been a voice in the wilderness, however—the scorn and scoff of the professional economists; and everyone went on buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, with perfect unconcern, as if "The Song of the Shirt" had never been written.

A collapse in trade, however, after a tremendous run of prosperity, with its grim accompaniment of crowds of famishing unemployed, did more than any amount of

1898.



From "A Romance of the Three R's." Designed by Walter Crane. By permission of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., Ltd.

talking or writing to lay bare the foundations of our social state. A band of active socialists gathered together in London and preached in season and out of season upon this text. William Morris, successful artist, manufacturer, and poet as he was, threw himself and the weight of his social position and credit into the movement.

Among the literature of the time which had its effect upon the present writer's mind—already predisposed by J. S. Mill's and by Ruskin's teaching—was a paper on "Art and Socialism," printed at Leek, in Staffordshire. Personal friendship and correspondence with the author, of course, helped as well as the views from the purely economic side by other able men like H. M. Hyndman, G. B. Shaw, Laurence Grünland, and others.

The immediate outcome as regards design were certain cartoons published in *Justice* and *The Commonwealth*, some referring to passing events, but mostly directed to the embodiment of the principles of socialism and unmistakably inscribed with legends expressing the political aims and social aspirations of the party. These cartoons have lately been gathered together and re-issued in book form with the verses written to accompany them from time to time. They date from 1886 to 1897.

The principal one, and one, perhaps, which has the most claims to artistic interest, is 'The Triumph of Labour,' a design made in 1891 and published for the May-day of that year. This was a brush drawing in line, photographed, and engraved on wood by Henry Scheu, an accomplished Swiss engraver, at that time living in London and working for *The Graphic*. The print was published with the legends in three languages, English, French, and German, and so went over the Continent.

A smaller design drawn by me upon wood and engraved by the Brothers Leverett, was printed in 1888, as a Christmas card, on the occasion of the printing exhibition at Toynbee Hall. It bore a well-known text from Isaiah, and the intention of the design was to suggest the promise of a new social epoch bringing hope to the labourer.

## DECORATIVE DESIGN.

ANOTHER allied movement with which one has been closely connected, and which has very decidedly influenced the art of our time, is that of the revival of design and handicraft which the late William Morris and

his colleagues initiated by starting workshops and producing furniture, textiles, stained glass, and decorations of all kinds.

Another phase of the movement was entered when a few designers gathered together from time to time under each other's roofs and discussed subjects connected with the theory and practice of their art.

The little society (which first met at Mr. Lewis F. Day's house) became in course of time absorbed into a larger and more comprehensive one, named "The Art Workers' Guild," which drew together all kinds of artists and craftsmen for better acquaintance with each other's aims and methods; and the vitality and usefulness of the idea is proved by its flourishing condition.

In the course of time another movement, with a distinct practical object, grew out of the guild, and partly as the outcome of an agitation commenced in the summer of 1886, in favour of a really comprehensive exhibition of the art of the country as distinct from the purely pictorial character of the Academy exhibitions. This afterwards was narrowed to a very hopeless and ineffectual plea for the reform of the Academy (chiefly as regards the method of electing the Hanging Committees), owing to the action of some of the leading spirits in that agitation, who were not prepared to jeopardise all their chances of election to that body.

The group of designers and craftsmen interested in the artistic handicrafts who had joined the agitators, however, seeing the chances of a comprehensive exhibition rather remote, parted company, and re-formed as "The Combined Arts," or finally, as "The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society."

After many difficulties they (or I may say we) opened the first exhibition at the New Gallery in the autumn of 1888. I have mentioned the show of designs and cartoons only which was held at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881; since then no attempt of the kind, so far as I know, had been made. Here was an endeavour not only to show designs and working drawings, but also to exhibit the finished work in different materials of the handicraftsman, who would show his work and acknowledge his individual responsibility in the same way as had hitherto only been open to the painters of easel pictures.

Many fine artists and good workmen in different crafts have thus come to the fore; and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that the arts of design and handicraft have

The fond Convolvulus still clings,  
The honeysuckle spreads his wings.



From "Flora  
Feast."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane  
By permission  
of Messrs.  
Sell & Co., Ltd.

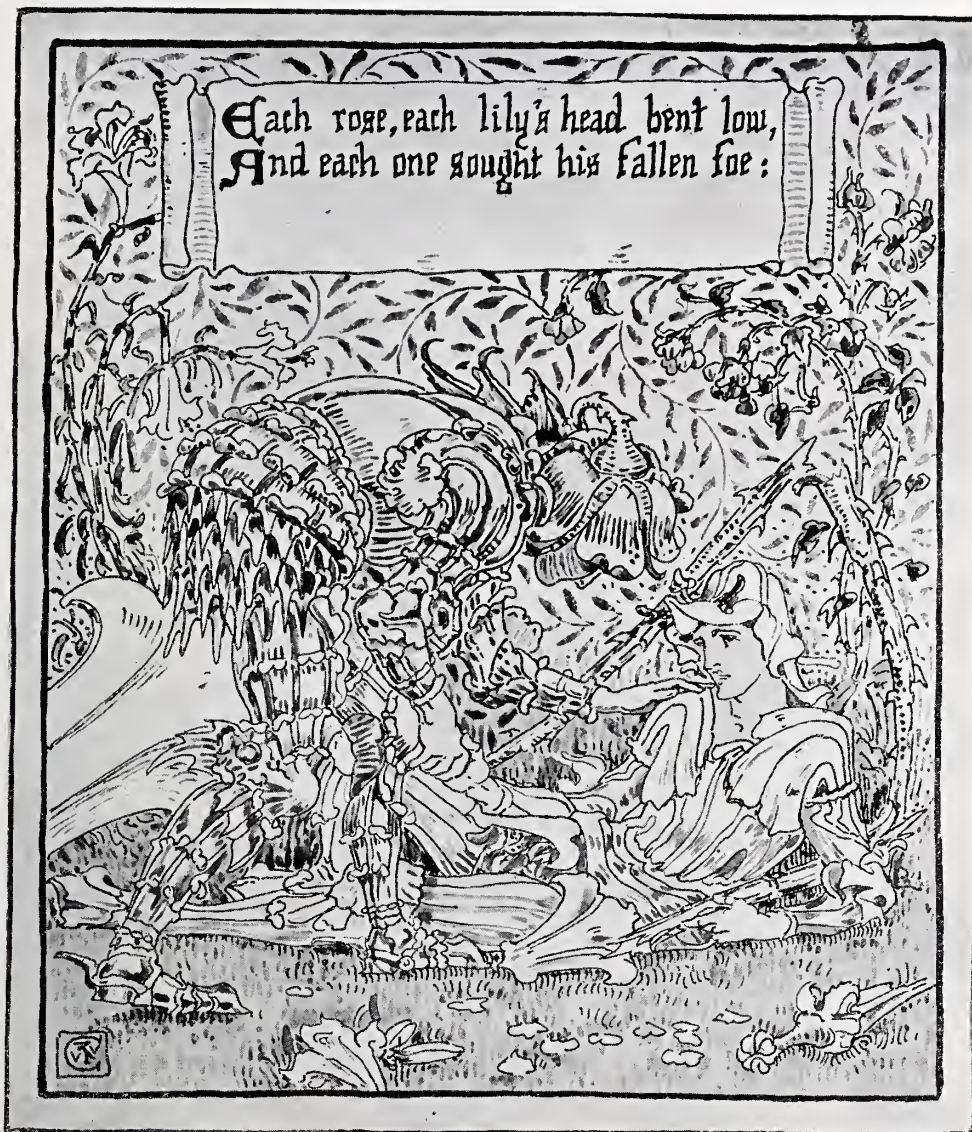
been distinctly recognised, both in this country and on the Continent, as occupying an important position, having acquired a character of their own, founded on the essential principle of the necessary relation of design to its conditions and the limitations of the material of its execution.

Personally, one approached decorative design rather from the painter's and book designer's point of view. In seeking material for harmonious backgrounds one became interested in the design and construction of furniture, of mural and textile patterns, of painted glass, of tiles and pottery, of gesso and plaster work.

From "The House that Jack Built," and the palace of "Beauty and the Beast," one was gradually led to decorate a modern citizen's dwelling. The ornamental side cultivated in the toy-books developed into special designs for wall-papers and friezes, for embroidery and tiles.

My first wall-paper was, naturally, a nursery one, and contained the pictured stories of "The Queen of Hearts," "Little Boy Blue," and "Bo-Peep," arranged in three





natural world, the forms of which it sometimes adopts. My essays in textile design have not been so numerous. My first were some embroidery designs, and in the early days of the Royal School of Art Needlework I did a good many designs, both figure-work and floral, to be worked there.

My first attempt at a pattern for weaving was for a Manchester firm. It was a woollen curtain heightened with silk, and the design consisted of the moon—Luna in her ship—alternating with stars. This covered the main field, upon a blue ground. The border showed an arabesque enclosing figures of the hours, and in a deep dado-like border at the bottom appeared the chariot of the sun in the circular disc, this repeating in a row in the same way as moon and stars above.

Years afterwards I met with this curtain in a sleeping car of the Southern Pacific on my way from San Francisco to New York.

Another Manchester manufacturer made a bold venture in some designs of mine for printed cottons (dress fabrics) to celebrate the Jubilee year of 1887. There were two designs produced, one of which I give on page 24, which is a kind of apotheosis of the British Empire expressed in a figurative sort of way.

Then there is a printed tussore silk produced at Messrs. Wardle and Company's works, at Leek, from a design of mine, embodying the four seasons and the sun and moon.

Messrs. Templeton have recently produced a carpet design of mine, in Wilton and Brussels, a pattern of daffodils and blue-bells with a border of iris.

A design for a damask table-cloth has been very successfully reproduced by Messrs. John Wilson and Sons. Its theme is the Five Senses, represented by typical figures in compartments formed by scroll work on the field of the cloth, with a border of animals of the chase. The motto:

May soul with sense united be,  
Good cheer and pleasant company;  
And if Beauty meet with Wit,  
The company, though few, is fit.

was in the first drawing (reproduced on page 25) used on the subsidiary borders, but it was an objection that the words were necessarily reversed in repetition, and so, ultimately, a small repeating leaf-pattern was used instead.

## GESSO AND PLASTER RELIEF WORK. = = =

MY earliest attempts at modelling were with some London clay from a suburban brick-field, I think, and

vertical divisions, and repeating, of course. This was for machine printing from a roller.

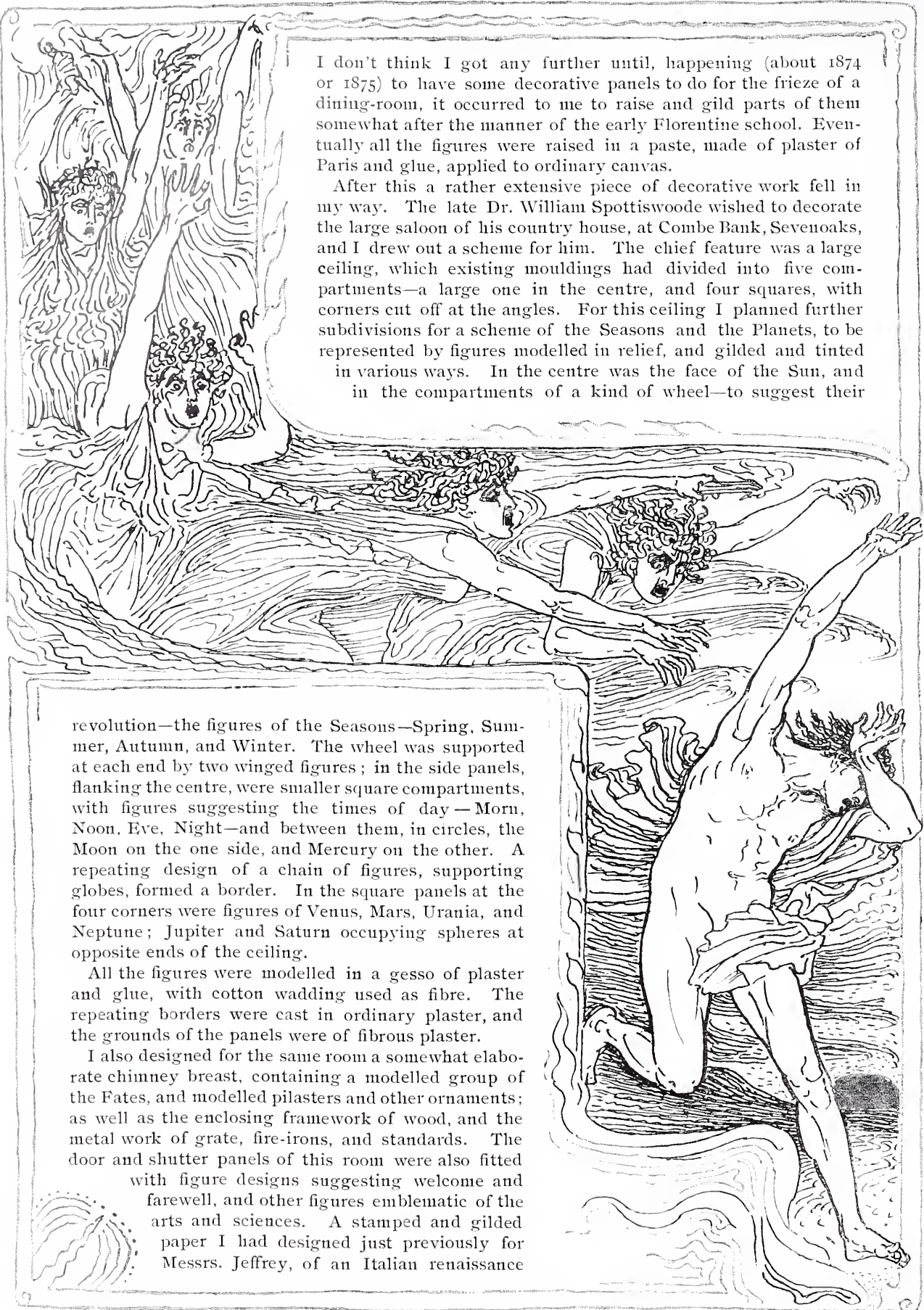
Then Messrs. Jeffrey and Co., who, from the first, have produced my wall-paper designs, wanted a block-printed paper, and the result was the "Margarete," which was also offered as a wall-decoration, complete in itself, by the addition of a dado of lilies, a frieze of symbolic figures, and a ceiling.

A long series of designs has followed, produced by the firm of Jeffrey and Co., ever since these first efforts (about 1875, I think), and naturally they show considerable changes of style in the course of years, coming under the different influences which have affected the character of one's work from time to time.

A comparison of the later designs with the early ones shows the use of a more flowing character of line in the general structure of the pattern, and a richer and more redundant detail for the most part, although this is sometimes a matter controlled by the requirements of particular papers—simple or sumptuous. On the whole, one is inclined to return to comparatively simple motives in pattern and colour as more in keeping with the character and purpose of the material and the method of production, but one cannot resist the natural tendency, in the practice of any art, towards growth and evolution—as it were, an almost unconscious impulse, leading one on in the working out of certain ideas of form and line, as if design were, after all, bound to obey the laws of the

From "Queen Summer."  
Designed by Walter Crane.  
By permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

From "Echoes of Hellas."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission  
of Messrs.  
Marcus Ward  
& Co., Ltd.



I don't think I got any further until, happening (about 1874 or 1875) to have some decorative panels to do for the frieze of a dining-room, it occurred to me to raise and gild parts of them somewhat after the manner of the early Florentine school. Eventually all the figures were raised in a paste, made of plaster of Paris and glue, applied to ordinary canvas.

After this a rather extensive piece of decorative work fell in my way. The late Dr. William Spottiswoode wished to decorate the large saloon of his country house, at Combe Bank, Sevenoaks, and I drew out a scheme for him. The chief feature was a large ceiling, which existing mouldings had divided into five compartments—a large one in the centre, and four squares, with corners cut off at the angles. For this ceiling I planned further subdivisions for a scheme of the Seasons and the Planets, to be represented by figures modelled in relief, and gilded and tinted in various ways. In the centre was the face of the Sun, and in the compartments of a kind of wheel—to suggest their

revolution—the figures of the Seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The wheel was supported at each end by two winged figures; in the side panels, flanking the centre, were smaller square compartments, with figures suggesting the times of day—Morn, Noon, Eve, Night—and between them, in circles, the Moon on the one side, and Mercury on the other. A repeating design of a chain of figures, supporting globes, formed a border. In the square panels at the four corners were figures of Venus, Mars, Urania, and Neptune; Jupiter and Saturn occupying spheres at opposite ends of the ceiling.

All the figures were modelled in a gesso of plaster and glue, with cotton wadding used as fibre. The repeating borders were cast in ordinary plaster, and the grounds of the panels were of fibrous plaster.

I also designed for the same room a somewhat elaborate chimney breast, containing a modelled group of the Fates, and modelled pilasters and other ornaments; as well as the enclosing framework of wood, and the metal work of grate, fire-irons, and standards. The door and shutter panels of this room were also fitted with figure designs suggesting welcome and farewell, and other figures emblematic of the arts and sciences. A stamped and gilded paper I had designed just previously for Messrs. Jeffrey, of an Italian renaissance

From  
"A Wonder  
Book."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission  
of Messrs.  
Harper and  
Brothers.



character, containing such elements as peacocks, amorini, cornucopiæ, and other emblems, was used to cover the walls.

An illustration of the ceiling design from the original scale sketch is given on page 27.

My next decorative work of the kind was the dining-room of Mr. A. Ionides, at 1, Holland Park. The scheme here comprised a coffered moulded ceiling in square panels, with a design of a branching conventional vine in low relief, framed in by mouldings enclosing a repeating small pattern of curling tendrils flush with the framework, and having by way of a boss at the intersection of the angles an inverted Greek wine cup or clyx—an allusion to the Rubaiyât of Omar Khayyâm, a quotation from which forms the border to the panel inserted over the mantelpiece.

The frieze was also panelled in squares containing subjects moulded in plaster, illustrating the Fables of Æsop, the panels being divided by vertical pilasters with an arabesque design, also moulded.

The whole frieze and ceiling were silvered, and then tinted with coloured lacquers. Mr. Philip Webb had previously designed the woodwork of the room, including a sideboard and the mantelpiece; and I afterwards decorated the panels of these with raised designs in gesso, modelled with the brush. That is to say, I supplied the designs, the actual work being done, *in situ*, by two assistants—the late Mr. Osmund Weeks (who also assisted me in the Combe Bank work), who moulded and fitted the frieze and ceiling panels, and Mr. Leonard Ball.

In the same room were also placed two electric-light branches and a set of finger plates from my designs, the models for the latter, made in gesso, being illustrated on page 26.

Another somewhat extensive work in gesso and plaster relief was undertaken by me for Sir F. Wigan, at Clare

1898.

Lawn. A repeating frieze symbolising the arts was modelled by me, moulded by Mr. Weeks, and fixed in the picture gallery.

An extension to the house was designed by Mr. Aston Webb, who also called my services into requisition to design and model friezes in gesso and plaster for the drawing-room and library. That for the drawing-room consisted of a frieze divided into panels by pilasters or panels filled with a treatment of the linen-pattern, the vertical rigid folds and lines of which contrasted with the lines and masses of the figure groups between them. These were modelled in gesso. The subjects bore more or less on the lighter side of life as befitted the uses of such a room. Music of different kinds, dancing, conversation, were all suggested in different panels by groups of figures, in which was attempted a treatment of modern costume adapted to decorative purpose.

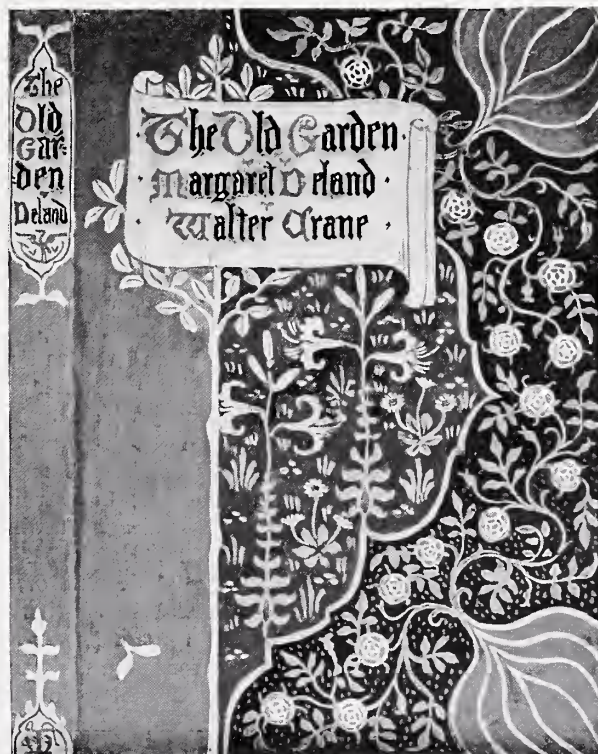
The doors, and other panels in the woodwork below, were also decorated with gesso panels in relief, with patera upon the flat parts of the framing.

In the library was placed a frieze playfully suggestive of the history of books and the different characters of their contents, by means of groups of amorini, in panels divided by pairs of flat fluted pilasters. In one, for instance, would be the scribe at work with his pen; in another a Gutenberg at the hand-press. Then, too, groups suggestive of philosophy, science, classical lore, voyages and travels, history, and romance, appeared in the series.

This frieze was modelled in gesso and cast in fibrous plaster, toned afterwards to a dull ivory tint, and in parts relieved with bronze gold. The walls were covered with the paper known as "Corona Vitæ," after my design.

Bolder relief, necessitated by the conditions of lighting, was adopted in a later plaster frieze—in this case modelled first in clay on fibrous plaster ground and moulded by Mr. Priestley—designed for another room of Mr. Aston Webb's, a dining-room for Sir Weetman Pearson, at Paddockhurst.

The scheme of this one was a frieze, divided into



Book Cover.  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission  
of Messrs.  
Harper and  
Brothers.

panels of various lengths according to the structural divisions of the wall, embodying, by means of typical groups, a sort of short and playful history of locomotion and transport.

The principal panels on one side showed primitive man with his squaw and child on foot, he carrying his game across his shoulders, she her baby at her back in the manner of the Indian and the gipsy, and the child she is leading dragging a primitive toy—a reindeer—after him. A group of wild horses is in front of them; two men are struggling to hold and to mount two of the horses, while a third, to typify man's conquest of the horse, and the advantage it gave him, is riding off, triumphantly poising his spear.

There is here a break caused by the arcade of a music gallery, and on the other side the story leads on to the launching of the primitive canoe by the early boat-builder, or lake-dweller, who has placed his family on board and is pushing off. They are regarded curiously—or rather looked back upon—from a passing wagon of the primitive Aragon type with solid wooden discs for wheels, drawn by oxen. The family, with the household stuff, sits inside or on the shaft, and the patriarch walks alongside the oxen with his goad and his dog.

A considerable jump in time must be pre-supposed between this and the next panel, which, however, occurs at the further end of the room, and represents transport by water by means of the canal boat. Two boys of the Sandford and Merton period watch the wonder, having respectively a toy ship and a toy cart and horse in their hands.

This panel is balanced by one showing a stage-coach with four-in-hand careering along the road, with inside and outside passengers, and the guard blowing his horn.

Then we cross to the window side, where the panels are more subdivided. Here the navy and the railroad appear, the nursemaid and perambulator, the bicycle, and finally the motor car, rather fancifully treated.

Then balancing each other at each end of this portion of the frieze, which runs narrow over the tops of the windows, are allegorical figures, namely, Labour and Science giving wings to the wheel by means of which Labour and Science give wings to the world.

Finally, in the panels divided by the projection of the chimney breast, are placed symbolical subjects: one being the Genius of Mechanical (or Engineering) Invention uniting Agriculture and Commerce; and the other, the Genius of Electricity uniting (by the telegraph) the parts of the earth—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. These two panels are reproduced as samples of the treatment on pages 28 and 29.



From "The Tempest,"  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission  
of Mr. Duncan  
C. Dallas, and  
Messrs. J. M.  
Dent & Co.

The frieze has been toned, by wax and colour rubbed in, to a darkish ivory tint, as the wall below it is panelled in mahogany.

## DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS.

MY first designs for stained glass, I think, were some small panels for a library window in an American house, at Newport, R.I. These were executed by Messrs. William Morris and Company, at Merton. The same firm also carried out two designs I made for the doors of the Picture Gallery at Clare Lawn—single figures, typical of the two sides of Art—*Speculum Naturæ* and *Sphæræ Imaginationis*. A larger work was a three-light window, designed for a Church at Newark, New Jersey, and carried out by Messrs. J. and R. Lamb, of New York. The subject was "St. Paul preaching at Athens," and the figures were on a large scale—about ten or twelve feet high.

The next work in glass was a complete set of windows for "The Ark of the Covenant"—the Church of the

From Spenser's  
"Faerie  
Queene."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
Published by  
Mr. George  
Allen.



The maske of Cupid, & th' enchanted  
Chamber are displayd ;  
Whence Britomart redeemes faire  
A moret, through charmes decayd .

Labour  
Cartoon.  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.



Agapemone—at Stamford Hill. It was a new church, designed and erected by Messrs. Joseph Morris and Son, of Reading. My designs for the apse window, or rather the three two-light windows forming the apse, contained in the centre the symbols—the Lion of the Tribe of Judah and the Dove. In the window to the left, the subject was the Translation of Enoch; and in that to the right, the Translation of Elijah. A sketch for the last window is given on page 30.

The two-light aisle windows were filled with floral designs, such as the rose, the lily, the vine, the fig, the olive, the iris, and were lighter in tone than those at the east and west ends. The large four-light west window had a design of the rising Sun of Righteousness. The figure of a man was on one side, and of a woman upon the other, adoring; four angels above carried a scroll with the text, "Then shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." Smaller (two-light) windows at the ends of the aisles contained figures on the one hand of "Sin and Shame," and on the other of "Death and Disease," which are supposed to be driven away with the shadows of the evil night at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness.

The glass for these windows was executed by a new artist, Mr. J. Sylvester Sparrow, who shows remarkable feeling for depth and richness of colour, and has made effective use of Messrs. Britton and Gilson's glass, invented by Mr. Prior, with the "antique" glass of Messrs. Powell.

Another large work in glass design now on the point of completion is a five-light perpendicular window with tracery, in which Mr. Sparrow, as the glass painter, again co-operates with me as the designer and cartoonist. A reproduction of one of the lights is given on page 30, which may give some slight idea of the general style and treatment of the design, though not of the glass itself; for glass is one of those things which must be actually seen *in situ* to be properly judged.

The lead line is so important an element in glass design that I feel no cartoon can be considered really complete without the leads being put in. In fact, I think the design in lead line alone ought to be fairly complete and agreeable as an arrangement of line even without the colour, and as such it may in plain glass have a separate life, although, of course, the leads and the glass are really mutually dependent; and in a fully-coloured window one hardly thinks of the one without the other. As to treatment, of course much depends upon general conditions, but I think it may be quite possible in designing to go far in a pictorial direction, so long as the result is in harmony with the architecture, and appeals primarily to the eye as a pattern of lead line and colour—a network of jewelled light.

## TILES AND POTTERY.

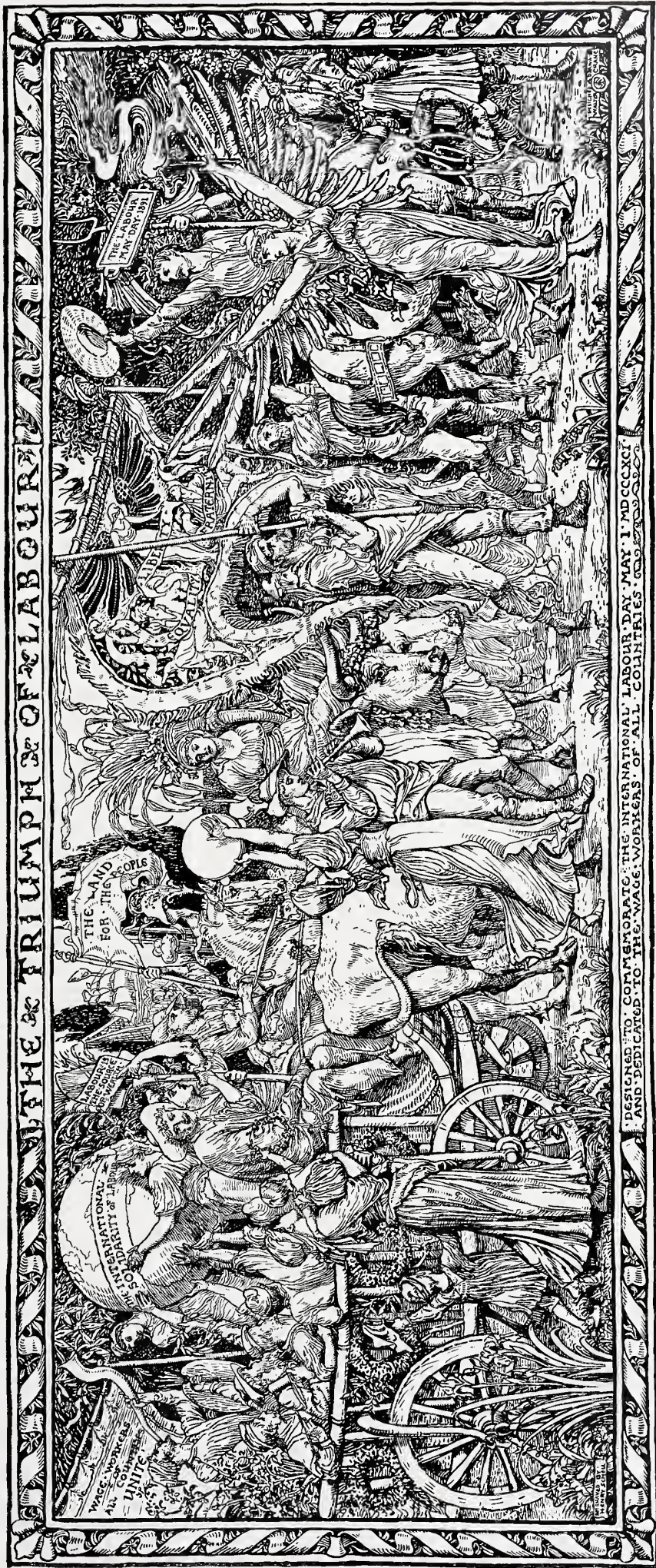
IN these directions my work has been very limited, but my first beginnings date some way back to the late sixties, and to a first visit to the Potteries, when I made, through a friend in Cheshire, the acquaintance of the Wedgwoods at Etruria, and painted for them afterwards some figures of the Seasons and the Ten Virgins upon vases of their cream-coloured ware. I also designed for them a border for a kind of encaustic inlay they had invented, applied to the decoration of a chess-board; and this went with the vases, I think, to the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

About 1874 or 1875, I think, I designed some sets of six



[An offering for May-Day 1894 from  
Walter Crane]

"The Triumph  
of Labour."  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.



THE TRIUMPH OF LABOUR

DESIGNED TO COMMEMORATE THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR DAY MAY 1 MDCCCXI  
AND DEDICATED TO THE WAGE WORKERS OF ALL COUNTRIES



and eight-inch fireplace tiles for Messrs. Maw and Co. These, in the first place, consisted of figures much in the style of my nursery books, of such characters as Mistress Mary, Boy Blue, Bo-Peep, and Tom the Piper's Son. These were etched on copper in outline, and printed and transferred to the tile, and afterwards coloured by hand. The treatment did not differ much from the treatment of similar subjects in the full pages of "The Baby's Opera"—in fact, I rather think that the square form, size, and treatment of the six-inch tiles really suggested the adoption of the same size and treatment for the book, which must have been planned very shortly afterwards. This affords an instance of the suggestive influence one kind of method has upon another.

A set of eight-inch tile designs (produced in the same way) of the Seasons of the Year and the Times of Day was more ambitious in aim and classical in treatment. The subjects were connected by a slight repeating design by way of open border above and below, which covered the joints when the tiles were placed one above the other in the jambs of a fireplace.

A set of six-inch tiles, representing by single figures in circles the Four Elements, was designed for the same firm a little later. These were relieved upon backgrounds of solid colour of the same tint as the outline.

Then for the Paris Exhibition of 1889, I designed a vertical panel and two friezes to be inserted in a set of wall tiles painted with a pattern designed by Mr. Lewis F. Day. "Labour" was the theme of these designs—Ploughing, Sowing, and Reaping. These tiles were produced in lustre ware.

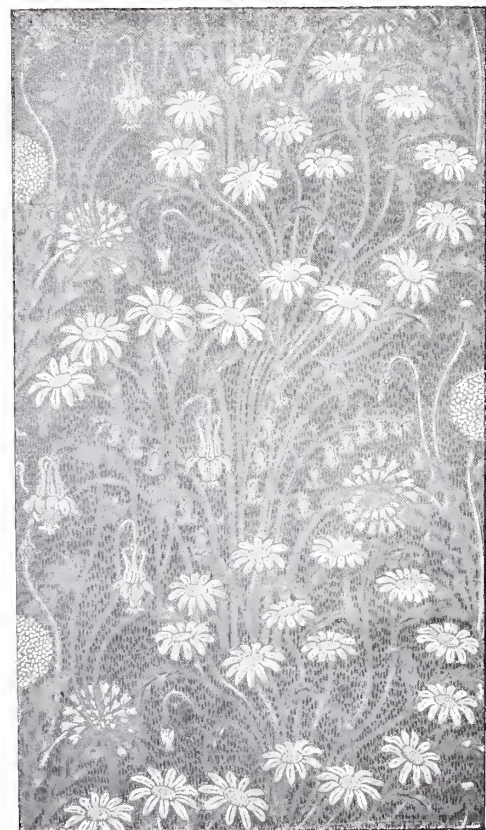
For the same firm also I designed a set of vases for lustre ware, giving the sections for the thrower, and painting on the biscuit the designs, which were copied on duplicate vases in lustre. These were exhibited at one of the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions. The reproduction on page 31 gives an idea of the contours of these vases and the general effect of the designs.

## EASEL PICTURES.

IT now only remains for me to speak of another class of my work, namely, painting. In this case the last is also the first, as painting was the first craft I attempted, and it is the one I return to after following other kinds of design.

I think I mentioned my first ambition was to excel in animal painting, and this led me into the fields to stalk (in a peaceful manner, but requiring fully a sportsman's patience) cattle, and sheep, and ponies, whenever I could get a shot at them with my pencil or brush. The site of what is now the artistic suburb of Bedford Park—at one time an open common—was the scene of some of my early struggles with Nature on four legs. These legs may be said to have carried me to a patron, and to have been the means of transacting a purchase, as quaint and primitive as it was unexpected. I had sketched a milkman's pony—shaggy and wall-eyed, I remember—and the proprietor came forth to take him by the fore-lock (which was ampler than Time's) back from the common to the shafts. He saw the sketch, and said if I would come along with him he would give me a glass of milk for it. His yard bordered on a part of the common, and the bargain was soon concluded—swallowed, I should say—on my part.

I was quite satisfied, as it gave me free entry to the milkman's yard, full of cocks and hens, cows and calves. The live stock included a most attractive black and white



"The Meadow"  
Wall-paper.  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission  
of Messrs.  
Jeffrey & Co.





"The Peacock Garden"  
Wall-paper.  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission  
of Messrs.  
Jeffrey & Co.





· NEPTUNE'S HORSES · BY · WALTER CRANE ·  
· FIRST · SKETCH · FOR · THE · PICTURE · EXHIBIT ·  
· ED · AT · THE · ROYAL · WATER · COLOUR · SOCIETY ·  
· IN · 1892 · & · THE · NEW · GALLERY · IN · 1893 · 4 ·  
· NOW · IN · THE · COLLECTION · OF · HERR · ERNST ·  
· SEEGER · BERLIN ·



"The Senses"  
Table-Cloth.  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission  
of Messrs.  
John Wilson  
and Sons.



flowered train of pale yellow borne by little boys. A crowd of nymphs and shepherds precedes and follows her with garlands, and with lambs sporting about them. Behind is seen the figure of a youth in a steely grey cloak, snatching the flowers in the lap of one of the nymphs. This was intended to suggest the

"Rough winds that shake the darling buds of May."

'Amor vincit Omnia' was another processional picture painted about 1875—an allegory on the theme of the surrender of an Amazonian city, with a background full of Italian reminiscences, and, no doubt, influenced by Spenser's "Faërie Queene."

Ever since my early success at the Royal Academy, in the old days of Trafalgar Square, I regularly knocked at the Exhibition doors year after year, but always, save for *one* exception, in 1872, with the same result. Looking down the lists, which used to be posted up for the information of anxious enquirers, under C., it seemed to me that Crawford, Crampton, Crowley, and Crossley, were always hung, but—I'm "hanged" if Crane was!

However, fortunately for me, I had other strings to my bow—or other ways of appealing to the public; and so, after 1877, with the walls of the Grosvenor open to me in 1898.

Bond Street, I ceased from troubling Burlington House—which, I dare say, remained quite unconscious of any relief.

It must be said that in building and promoting the Grosvenor Gallery, which opened its first exhibition in May, 1877, Sir Coutts Lindsay afforded an ample opportunity to many new or less known artists not seen at the Academy, to show their work fairly to the public—especially the work of Edward Burne-Jones, who really (despite his memorable early work at the Old Society of Painters in Water-colours) then became known as a painter for the first time to the general public. His chief works were shown here year after year, for ten years or more. J. McNeill Whistler, Arthur Lemon, Alphonse Legros, R. Spencer Stanhope, J. M. Strudwick, Miss E. Pickering (now Mrs. De Morgan), Matthew Hale, Jacob Hood, W. Padgett, J. D. Batten, M. R. Corbet, Prof. G. Costa, the brilliant but short-lived Cecil Lawson (who made his fame there), all were regular supporters of the Gallery; and I was also in-

invited to contribute, and continued to send my principal works there until 1888. My first and one of my largest pictures at that date had a place in the Gallery the first season, 1877—"The Renascence of Venus." This picture was afterwards purchased by Mr. G. F. Watts, who has always shown a most generous appreciation of my work—an appreciation not likely to be lightly regarded, coming from so great an artist.

'The Fate of Persephone' followed the next year, and 'The Sirens' in 1879—now in the possession of Mr. Graham Robertson. In 1880, 'Europa' and 'The Laidley Worm' were my subjects; in 1881, 'Truth and the Traveller,' a tempera picture on canvas, appeared—the others named all being in oil. 'The Roll of Fate,' with the lines from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, was exhibited in 1882:—

"Would but some wingèd angel, ere too late,  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,  
And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate.  
O, love, could you and I with him conspire,  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits,  
And then remould it nearer to the heart's desire."

Portions of a painted frieze I had been engaged upon

The General  
Mechanical  
Instruments  
and  
Engineering  
Works, Ltd.  
A. & S. P. Co.  
at Paddock-  
hurst.  
Designed by  
Walter Crane.  
By permission of  
Sir Westman D.  
Pearson, Bart.,  
M.P.



Gallery by the former Directors of the Grosvenor, and this appeared to mean, practically, the transference of the principal Grosvenor exhibitors and supporters to the new venture in Regent Street. I forget if I had any work there the first year, but either then or the next I sent a drawing called 'A Water-Lily'—a single figure in diaphanous white drapery among reeds and water.

Being elected an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society about this time. I think that gallery absorbed such time and energy as I had for easel work, which was not very much in the years 1888, 1889 and 1890, partly owing to other kinds of work, and partly owing to my connection with the Art-workers' Guild and the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, over both of which bodies at that time I was chosen to preside; and, of course, in the early stages of starting a society like the latter, a great deal of time and energy was necessarily consumed by those most closely concerned with its organization. Decoration and book-work, already spoken of, filled up much time also. 'Sunrise,' 'Flora,' and 'Pegasus,' were my principal drawings of this period, though I generally contributed a number of landscape studies to the Gallery in Pall Mall East.

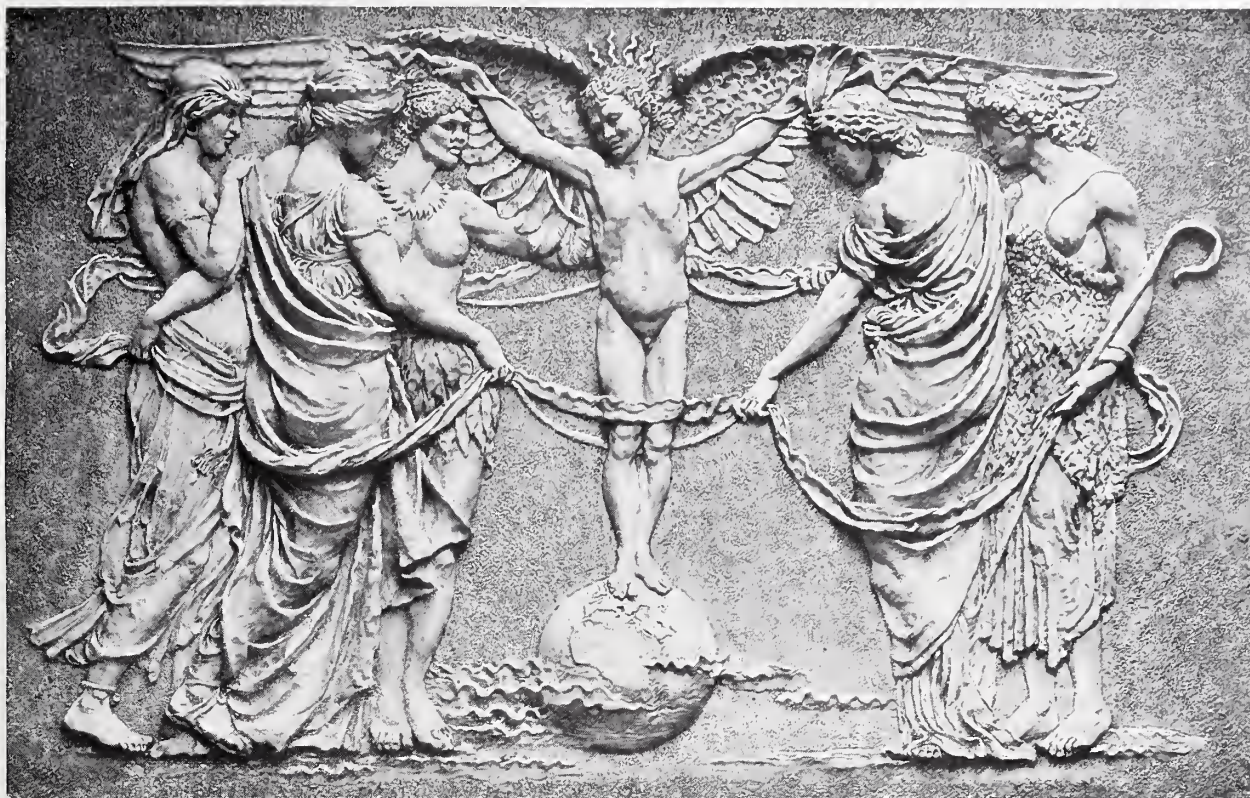
During my visit to America, beyond the book-work and the frieze at Newport, R.I., before spoken of, my principal works in painting and decoration had been two large mural pictures for the Women's Christian Temperance Building, in Chicago, representing Temperance and Purity, and Justice and Mercy, each by female figures with emblems; also some designs for mosaic panels which I undertook for Mr. William Pretzman, an English decorative artist living at Chicago, and my good friend and kind host. In speaking of mosaic design—that is to say of tessellated cartoons to be worked in mosaic—perhaps I may mention here that when Professor Aitchison was building the late Lord Leighton's Arab Hall to enshrine his wonderful Persian tiles, I was applied to for designs for the mosaic frieze to surmount them, and prepared several cartoons for the different portions—

antelopes, palm trees, sirens, ships, peacocks, sphinxes, cockatoos, and a snake and eagle in combat formed the principal ornamental units in this frieze, which was executed partly by Messrs. Salviati, Burke & Co., and partly by the Murano Company, I think, and all the panels were done at Venice. Other designs for mosaic were some panels for another house of Mr. Aitchison's design, that built for Mr. Stewart Hodgson, in South Audley Street—designs of single figures with attributes, representing Earth, Air, and Fire, and also stags drinking, and Satyrs and a vine.

On my return from America, inspired, no doubt, by the close companionship of the ocean, both on the Nantucket coast and on the voyage, I commenced my picture, 'Neptune's Horses,' exhibited at the New Gallery in 1893, together with a water-colour—'A Fairy-Ring.' I had shown a first sketch for the 'Neptune's Horses' in the previous Winter Exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society, and this is reproduced here as an extra coloured plate. By a curious coincidence Mr. Watts also exhibited a picture at the New Gallery at the same time as mine, entitled 'Sea Horses'; but though the main idea, of the foam-crests forming white horses with tossing manes, was the same, Mr. Watts' picture showed a wave breaking at sea, while mine depicted waves breaking upon a shore—though my first sketch expresses the former idea.

The same season at the Water-Colour I had 'A Masque of the Five Senses' and 'Poppies and Corn.' 'The Swan Maidens' appeared at the New Gallery the next year (1894) with 'In the Clouds' and 'Lilies'; 'Ensigns of Spring' being my chief water-colour work.

'England's Emblem,' now in Berlin, followed at the New Gallery in 1895—Saint George, in armour on a white horse with red housings, charging at the Dragon, which lies upon the desolated land, breathing fire and vapour of smoke. In the background a river winds to the sea past a neglected plough left in the furrow, and beyond are seen the pale cliffs of Albion; inland, dark against a lurid sunset, are suggested the gaunt forms of factory



"The Genius of Electricity uniting the Parts of the Earth."  
A Plaster Frieze at Paddockhurst.  
Designed by Walter Crane.  
By permission of Sir Weetman D. Pearson, Bart., M.P.

chimneys. 'Lohengrin' appeared the same year at the Water Colour. The motive was suggested by hearing the opera at Bayreuth.

'The Rainbow and the Wave' was my next picture, and offers a very different conception, both in treatment and sentiment. It was an attempt to embody another impression or vision of the sea and the forces of nature in elemental play. This picture may fairly be taken to represent my later feeling in painting; 'The Bridge of Life' stands for the Italianised allegorical feeling of the middle period; while 'The Herald of Spring' represents my earlier time.

But few more pictures remain to be recorded, namely, in water-colour, 'Britomart' and 'Summer'; and in oil, 'Britannia's Vision'—my New Gallery picture this year. It is an attempt to present in allegorical form the outlook of the country, political, economic, and social, in the year 1897, conceived as a pictorial scheme. While so many can discern in paint the face of the sky and earth, may it not be possible also for others to discern the signs of the times? The picture seems to have proved more than usually irritating to the professional newspaper critics, with whom, indeed, from the first my pictures (in England at least) have found but little favour. At the Water-Colour, 'The Dawn' and 'The West Wind' complete my list, except a few studies of landscape, for which I have never lost my love, and which has been my chief school of sentiment and colour.

As to the general theory of Art which has influenced my practice, or perhaps has been evolved from it, if one may attempt to put it into words, it is something like this: Art of any kind is a means of expression—at its best, the highest and most beautiful means. It is a language, in short, of the most delicate and sympathetic kind, having many varieties or, as we might say, dialects.

But these varieties seem to fall into two main divisions, which have their different exponents.

On the one hand there is the art which springs directly out of nature—the record of impressions, or a rendering

of the forms, facts, and accidents of the external world—more or less imitative in aim. On the other there is the art which is indirectly influenced by nature—the record or re-creation of ideas, which selects or invents only such forms as may express a preconceived idea, as a poet uses words—more or less typical, symbolical and decorative in aim.

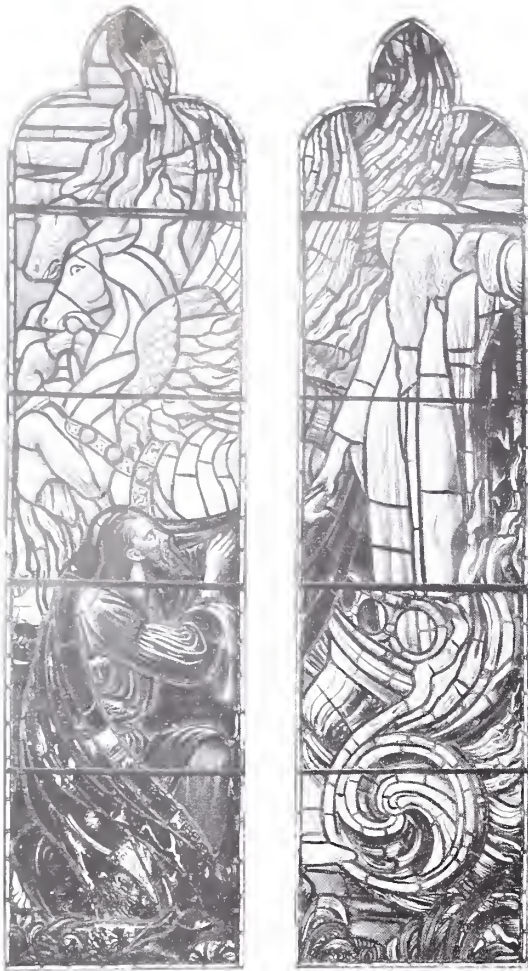
The artistic imagination and selective individual feeling may work in either kind, and the two kinds may occasionally overlap, and even be practised as distinct by the same artist; but, broadly speaking, the first is the record mainly of the *outer vision*; the second is mainly the record of the *inner vision*.

The first obviously depends much upon fidelity to the forms and aspects of nature; the second but little. The artist may draw entirely from memory, or invent freely as he goes on, and nature may become quite transfigured in his hands.

At all events I feel convinced that in all designs of a decorative character, an artist works freest and best without any direct reference to nature, and should have learned the forms he makes use of by heart.

We draw or paint, perhaps, as much influenced by what we know and feel as by what we actually see; and although between the artist who always works in the presence of nature—whose themes and motives are always taken directly from what he sees—and the artist who works from the result of past impressions, or by a kind of selective memory and creative imagination, there would appear to be a great gulf, the difference might sometimes be reduced to one of degree. The mind of the first kind would exercise its selective artistic function in the treatment of the work as it progressed, leaving out no essentials, and subordinating secondary facts to the main or central facts, which form the means for the expression of the motive of the work. His artistic powers might be concentrated upon the aim of impressing upon the mind, through the vision, the beauty, the mystery, the suggestiveness of some effect of light

Stained Glass Window of the Church of "The Ark of the Covenant," Stamford Hill. Designed by Walter Crane.



actually observed—the golden dream of a summer afternoon—the stormy light of an autumn sunset—a city wrapped in the grey mists of morning or evening, when everything is lost in mystery, illumined here and there by a speck of light like the sparkle of a jewel amid the folds of diaphanous drapery; such effects as these could not be grasped and fixed at once, in all their entirety, as they appear in nature. The artist, however much of a realist, is driven to invent some species of short-hand—some method of representing to the vision such scenes. Each has to be passed through or absorbed by his mind and imagination; and it is upon this process of absorption—a kind of artistic summing-up of the essential facts or features necessary to dwell upon—that the artistic value of the work will ultimately depend. The power of the pictorial artist comes out in this direction.

I should be inclined to extend the meaning of the term *portrait*—to make it more comprehensive, so as to cover, or designate, in fact, the aim of the naturalist, or pictorial artist, and to differentiate him from the ideal, inventive, or decorative artist. Creative power may be important to the former however, just as naturalism may be important to the latter, but both would come out or be exercised in a different way and by different methods of expression.

In a really satisfying portrait of a person, we ask for more than a fairly accurate map of the features; we expect more. We feel there is often all the difference in the world between portraits of the same person by different hands. One, perhaps, might be more correctly described as a landscape—or a landscape treatment of a personality; another as a purely decorative arrangement; in a third, the subject may appear merely as a kind of

peg upon which to hang various theories of painting. At last, perhaps, we find the character we know in a picture, it may be uniting or combining some of the same qualities—the face instinct with life and thought—a living presentment of a human being—a portrait—a portrayal in every sense of the word. Examination and comparison between such a work and others less convincing only reveal greater subtlety of draughtsmanship, perhaps, or a lighter hand in painting, a more delicate and a more complete perception. The painter's language—his own particular kind of convention—appears to be in more complete relation to his conception of his subject, his mental and manual power are both greater—he is a master, that is all we can say.

In what we call an *ideal* work, we may be moved by qualities quite remote from any skilful representation of nature or natural effects.

A representation it will be, but it is a representation not of a concentration of the mind upon the translation of certain natural aspects or features—the sum of certain selected observations—but it will be the result of a concentration of the mind upon the translation of its own inner vision—the sum not only of certain selected observations, but of the power of memory and imagination, stimulated, it may be, and enriched by all sorts of direct impressions from nature, but rather used as words and sentences to express certain harmonies of line, or form, or colour, consciously created, and not necessarily founded upon some motive directly observed in nature.

The ideal artist may, of course, derive as much suggestion from the external aspects of nature and the drama of every-day life he observes around him as the naturalist, but he uses his material in a different way.

We might be interested in a naturalistic picture of navvies reposing upon a railway bank in their dinner-hour. There would be plenty of room for artistic treatment—character, lighting, tone, and colour.

We might also be interested in a picture of a sleeping Endymion, full of mystery and poetic suggestion—and



Stained Glass Window of the Church of "The Ark of the Covenant," Stamford Hill. Designed by Walter Crane.





Lustre Ware Pottery. Designed by Walter Crane. By permission of Messrs. Maw & Co., Ltd., Benthall Works, Salop.

yet it is quite possible the painter of the latter might have derived his suggestion from a navy reclining upon a railway bank.

The naturalist is content to watch the eddies, the surface lights, the lucent shadows, the bubbles of the stream. The idealist cannot help seeing nereids therein.

The decorative designer, again, may rely almost entirely upon certain rhythmical arrangements of line, certain harmonious combinations of form, which, though they may correspond to certain lines of construction or movement in nature, may not really suggest or represent any natural organic form at all. He may, again, make use of certain natural forms, such as birds or flowers, in his scheme of line as his notes of form.

Design of this sort is of the nature of a kind of music appealing to the eye, and relying upon the association of ideas of linear beauty and harmonious suggestion.

The various technical conditions and limitations belonging to the various handicrafts, or the necessities of manufacture—to which the designer has to adapt his conceptions, his schemes of surface pattern, his linear compositions—these (conditions and limitations) really form the instruments upon which he plays.

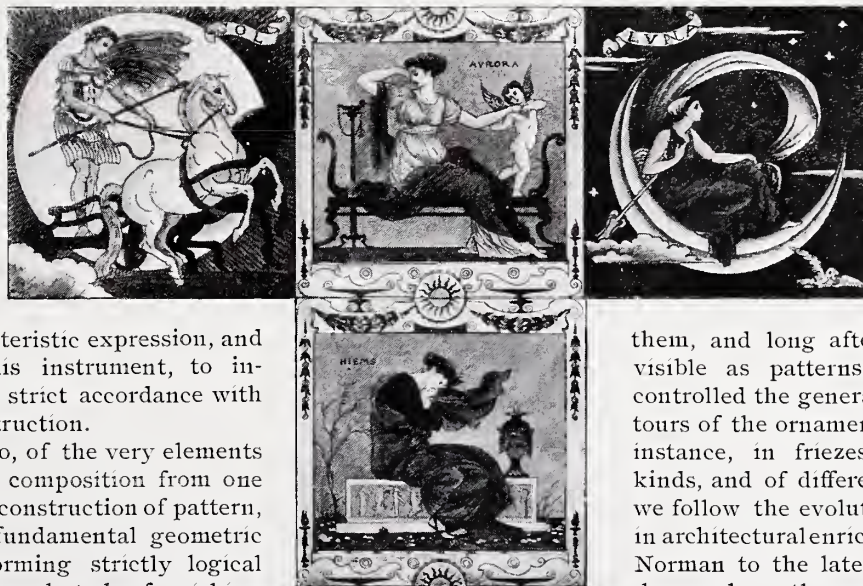
The true musician does not try (or want) to make the violin imitate the harp, or the violoncello, or any other instrument, he desires as an artist to give each instrument its own characteristic expression, and seeks, whatever his instrument, to interpret the music in strict accordance with its nature and construction.

In the matter, too, of the very elements of design or linear composition from one point of view of the construction of pattern, there are certain fundamental geometric bases, not only forming strictly logical patterns in themselves, but also furnishing

a consistent structure or kind of linear skeleton or scaffolding upon which, or by means of which, may be built and extended the varied and delicate fabric of surface design, which may either (for primitive purposes and simpler processes), severely emphasize the rigid geometric logic of the linear plan—square, or circular, or diagonal as the case may be—or disguise it almost entirely by a redundant superstructure of floral form. The limits of individual choice, taste, or invention, within this realm of design have never yet been discovered; although, no doubt, as in the natural world, types and species may be identified, and there appears to be an irresistible law of evolution, not only in the field of design regarded historically, but also as regards each individual or local development.

Under the operation of such a law we may observe how generally any kind of design—say, in pottery, textiles, or metal work—begins at first severely restricted, simple, and logical. In early art of all races apparently the beginnings of pattern consist in the repetition of certain constructive lines or of symbolic units. Horizontal lines emphasizing the shoulders or rims of vessels,

enclosing the repeated form of the sun's circle; zigzag and meandering lines for water; sharp, indented points for fire. The fret and the serpentine lines almost seem to divide the primitive pattern world between



Tiles Designed by Walter Crane. By permission of Messrs. Maw & Co., Ltd., Benthall Works, Salop.

them, and long after they were actually visible as patterns by themselves, they controlled the general disposition and contours of the ornamental elements used, for instance, in friezes and borders of all kinds, and of different periods of art. If we follow the evolution of ornament, say, in architectural enrichment, from the severe Norman to the later phases of Gothic, we observe how the recurring points of the

zigzag border form sufficient and pleasant linear contrast and relief to the massive simplicity and dignity of the round arch and the plain wall. The more complex dog-tooth serves the same office to the Early Pointed, and seems a lineal descendant of the zigzag. Then, with the use of more elaborate and deeply concave mouldings, the desire to enrich their hollows and get an extra sparkle and richness of light and shadow, and counteracting lines and masses against the recurring sweep of the mouldings, knot, and flower, and leaf, curling under and over in serpentine lines, or cut into isolated units, appear. Floriated crockets spring from the sides of gables, which break into the full blossom of the crocket at their crests. Then to control the exuberance of the carved stone-work, the architect again uses severe verticals and horizontals; or, rather, buttresses and parapets being necessary to meet the altered demands of structure in large windows and low-pitched roofs, artistic use is made of them. So the eye is gradually led back, and after the luxuriant invention and intricate carving of flamboyant work, is prepared to welcome the severe lines of column and lintel, of frieze and pediment of classical tradition, with its more restricted range of subsidiary ornament, and its main decorative interest centred upon the sculpture of the human form.

Something analogous to these changes may take place in the work of an individual artist (and every artist

would do well to remember the relation of all the arts to architecture). While he may be only conscious of striving after his own particular artistic ideal of technical perfection or harmonious creation, he may really be under the sway of an irresistible law of evolution, under which his temperament, acted on by his surroundings, has its seed and spring and flowering time, like any flower of the field.

However, apparently free and individual—and let us by all means have as much individual freedom as possible—we are still but units in a comprehensive scheme. We are related to our contemporaries—to our age—to past ages—to our immediate predecessors, as our successors will be related to us. Time alone may put that relation in its true light, as it will determine the position of every artist; but I think we ought to be none the worse artists for realising these things, and possibly better men and women; and such a point of view ought certainly to help us in clearing our own path and determining our direction.

From the great universal storehouse every artist after his kind quarries out his material. Years of work and experiment teach him its properties, and give him facility in dealing with it, until he finally forms from it the speech and language which seems to him best fitted to embody and convey to the world what he has in his eye and mind.

WALTER CRANE.

Portrait of  
Walter Crane.  
By G. F. Watts,  
R.A.





The Art Journal London J. P. Hartog & Co. Ltd.



From the Painting by Lady Butler.

Etched by G. O. Murray.

*Floreat Etona!*

In the Collection of A. C. Perkins, Esq. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co. Publishers of the Large Po-

1877. It is detached from 'The Art Annual'

# THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

## LADY BUTLER.

LADY BUTLER, when she made her name famous as Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the painter of 'The Roll Call,' achieved one of the most sudden among enduring reputations. To the great public—from the Prince of Wales, who made her praise the point of his speech at the Academy Banquet, to the eager crowd that required, as it did in the day of David Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler,' a policeman to control it in the exhibition, and that was, one morning, doomed to disappointment because the Queen herself had commanded that the picture should be withdrawn from its place and come to her, as she could not go to it—to all of these the name of the young artist was a new one. They had the added pleasure of a surprise in her achievement. Yet, to those who knew her, there was nothing astonishing about it. Nor, in the nature of the case, could there be. Only by hard work and long labour, united to the initial capacity which is born and not made, can any such result be achieved, except in the pages of a "realist's" novel. The kingdom of heaven comes by violence; and by no less comes any triumph of human art. And this painter had done violence to her youth; her days had been days of discipline, given over to obser-

1898.

vation, to application, to technical study. Enthusiasm and the vocation to be a painter might lighten the toil, but the toil had to be there.

In early childhood that vocation was known to her. At the age of five she was already drawing, without

science, but with spirit. For the development of any talent she had, she was happily situated. Her mother was an amateur artist—"the rightness of those drawings of hers humiliates one," wrote Mr. Ruskin to one of her daughters in later years. Her father, too, was a connoisseur in most things, and able to give his child the encouragement that has been withheld, by ill-luck, from most children of decisive talent in the arts. A man of leisure, he devoted it wholly, for some twelve years, to the education of his two daughters, who had no other schooling than his. He loved travel; and the "grand tour" he had made when he left Cambridge did not settle him down as a stay-at-home; nor did a subsequent visit to America. He had no ties to bind him to England, for an attempt, made in



*Lady Butler in her Studio, 1898.*

conjunction with John Evelyn Denison, to carry Weymouth in the Free Trade interest, failed, as did another half-hearted effort to enter Parliament. He and his wife,

Therefore—who owed to Charles Dickens their first introduction to each other—became constant searchers after sunshine. Dickens joined the Thompsons before their dilatory wedding-journey was over; and he had not long left the young couple in Switzerland when he wrote to them congratulations, appearing in his published "Letters," on the birth, at Lausanne, of the eldest of their two children, the subject of this sketch.

All her early years were divided between Italy and England. The Eastern Riviera gave sun to her winters, and the summers found her in the heart of the "Home Counties." Despite exacting "home-lessons," she had, in the companionship of a sister, freedom to run about on the hills of Nervi, or to watch the horses at their farmhouse work. The familiarity with animal life was peculiarly favourable to the Rosa Bonheur aspirations of the little girl; and her power of observation was stimulated



*Edward the Black Prince and King John of France (his prisoner) riding into London (p. 3):  
Early Composition. By Lady Butler.*

by the dramatic and expressive manners and actions of the Italian peasantry. Everywhere the family went—with a more than Badaween fondness for liberty of movement—the child's head was out of the window, whether of hotel or of diligence, watching, with an inexhaustible interest, the changing of horses, the action of soldiers, the ever-varying humours of the roadside. In Kent hop-gardens and the parks of Surrey, her eyes were always at work. The movement of the cricket-field was a delight to her, and so, too, was the labour of the cart-horses in the hay-field. Drawing she had by nature, as Dogberry held that mankind in general had reading and writing. Indeed, drawing came to her as the easiest of the three. To reconcile the conflicting claims, her father devised the plan of reading aloud to her while she sketched. History, ancient and modern, could be thus instilled—whatever breaks were necessary when languages had to be acquired and sums done.

There is a tradition that sums were the *crux* of the little girl of eight in the billiard-room which served for a school-room in the old palace on the Mediterranean, the Villa de' Franchi, where the most roving of families was constrained by the beauty about it to linger. The back-windows looked out on hills of olives. On the right, twelve miles away, were the Bay of Genoa and the long line of snow-peaked Apennines leading down to the sea. To the left was the promontory of Porto Fino, the favourite



*Early Sketch (p. 3).  
By Lady Butler.*

walk of the little girls, when they tired of playing in their garden, a garden of vine, olive, maize, flowers, and corn, descending, terrace by terrace, to the rocks, with a fountain of marble, warmed through by the sun, its basin lined with maiden-hair, playing at the junction of each flight of steps. Into that school-room one morning, as the little girls remember, a robust Englishman walked when they were in the middle of the multiplication-table; and it will not be the fault of Charles Dickens, who took the rôle of pedagogue with hilarious emphasis, if they ever forget that nine times nine makes eighty-one. Parents who, like Sir Austin Feverel, are always in search



*Early Sketch (p. 3).  
By Lady Butler.*

of "a system," may be ready to hear that the scheme of accomplishments which this father devised for his girls included their proficiency as riders, as swimmers, as markswomen with the billiard-ball and the bullet.

That devoted father and teacher died in 1881. "Of himself he has left no vestiges," wrote one in "A Remembrance" of him. "The delicate, the abstinent, the reticent graces were his in the heroic degree, and he had always prayed temperate prayers, and harboured probable wishes. His sensibility was extreme, but his thought was generalised. \* \* His darkening eyes said in the extreme hour 'I have compassion on the multitude.'"

Lady Butler's first regular artistic studies were made in England. Entering, with other students, upon the elementary course of design at South Kensington, she saw herself at so long a distance from the "life" at which she aimed that, for once, she nearly lost heart. Her sketch-books, dating from her early and middle teens, show her already able to draw with verve, and with full promise of the strength time was afterwards to reveal. That she was to be a mistress of movement was indicated by these drawings, samples of which we reproduce here. It was "the life" she wanted at South Kensington, and did not get. So she withdrew from the classes, took lessons in oil-painting from Mr. Standish, sketched at home, and



*Early Sketch (p. 3).  
By Lady Butler.*

then, armed with specimens of her work, presented herself again at the doors of South Kensington, hoping to move the authorities, so that they might relax the official routine, and allow her to go on at once to draw from the antique, if not from the living model. The then headmaster, Mr. Richard Burchett, looked at her work, and she had her desire. He at once admitted her to the advanced rooms, and before she had finished her course there she began to send to exhibitions, first to the Society of British Artists, which rejected her, and then to the Dudley Gallery. To that "nursery of young reputations" she offered a water-colour sketch of 'Bavarian Artillery going into Action.' It was hung, and was followed each season by other drawings in water-colour. Critics are supposed to be blind; but critics at once remarked the new hand. They recognised in her an artist who through animal-painting, through landscape, through portraiture, was finding her way to military painting—a branch of art in which England had hitherto won no victories. In her they made welcome one who, despite her sex, was to do among us what De Neuville and Detaille were preparing to do in France. Here was a painter who had thrown off falsity, and was done with convention; who had decided, in short, to study the soldier for herself, to see the unit where others had seen the group. Mr. Tom Taylor, of the *Times*, gave the first word of encouragement. The *Pall Mall Gazette* mentioned her vivacity with Fortuny's;



*The Cistercian Shepherd and his Flock (p. 22).  
By Lady Butler.*



Study from life for  
'A Desert Grave' (p. 15)  
By Lady Butler.



Studies for 'Camel Corps' from life (p. 10).



Study from life for 'A Desert Grave'  
(p. 15).  
By Lady Butler.

and the *Saturday Review* spoke of her faces as the outcome of a dramatic imagination almost Shakesperian.

A return to Florence began for Lady Butler, who had now entered her twenties, a course of close training under the eye of an excellent draughtsman, Signor Bellucci. Sedulously, day by day, she worked in his studio in one of the quietest paved streets of the city—Via Santa Reparata; and, when the heat drove the master for a holiday in the country, the undaunted pupil varied her course by copying the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio in the cloisters of the great popular church, the Santissima Annunziata. She rose early and breakfasted alone to make the most of her time; and no amusement or distraction, not music even or dancing, had power to tempt her from the labour that was also delight. It was, perhaps, the pious association of the place, no less than the suggestion of her mother (who had already joined the Catholic Church, into which she was followed at later dates by her husband and her daughters), that led her to choose a religious subject for her first important picture in oil-colour. It represented 'The Visitation,' and showed the figures of the two women, the old doing homage to the young, in a golden glow of light. Begun in Florence, it was finished in Rome, where it was exhibited and where it received "honourable mention."

She was now done with study, except in the sense in which an artist is all through life a student. Her thoughts turned to England, and to the Royal Academy, whither, therefore, she sent 'The Visitation.' It was rejected, and came back on her hands, with a hole through the canvas. Next year she sent again. Again she was rejected. With a third attempt her name had an entry in the Academy catalogue; and 'Missing'—an imaginary incident of the Franco-German war, showing two wounded French officers with one mount finding their way across a desolate country in the wake of battle—was hung, though hung out of sight. It had its admirer even so, however, for it found a purchaser.

Moreover, a manufacturer from the North shortly

afterwards gave the happy artist a commission to paint a picture for a hundred pounds, a picture for which she

had long had an idea. It should be named 'Calling the Roll after an Engagement in the Crimea,' and should show the survivors of a battalion of Guards, after an engagement, as they fell into line on the snow, to answer to their names called out by a sergeant passing, roll in hand, along the ranks. Beside him was a mounted field officer, himself and his charger besmirched with the dust of a hard day's fighting, with a look in his face from which the sternness of command had faded, giving place to the grief with which he noted the ravage of battle in his ranks. The artist's family, who had settled for the time in the Isle of Wight, where a modest studio had been built for her in a garden, did not smile upon the idea—it was, they said, too dismal. So that to her belonged the double credit of her choice and of her fidelity to it. The sketches she made in Ventnor were transferred to London, where a studio was taken in The Avenue, South Kensington, and where the picture of some hopes, but of far greater realisation, was painted during the winter of 1873-4.

Rejected and damaged; rejected; accepted and skied—that had been the progressive record of Lady Butler's contributions to Burlington House; and now the work of

the year was to be accepted and hung upon the line. How much more it was to be, nobody could guess. But the first rumour of success reached the young artist in her house in the Isle of Wight in a note from Mr. Herbert, R.A., one of the selecting committee. "The decisions being now over," he wrote, "I may tell you with what pleasure I greeted the picture when it came before us to judgment. I was so struck by the excellent work in it that I proposed that we should lift our hats, and give it, and you, though personally unknown to me,



Study for 'Camel Corps' (p. 16).  
By Lady Butler.





*The Camel Corps (p. 16).  
By Lady Butler.*

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round of huzzas, which was generally done. You now know my feelings with regard to your work, and may be sure I shall do everything, as one of the hangers, that it may be seen on our walls." That was an end to anxiety about its acceptance at any rate, and the varnishing ticket duly arrived.

Then came the private view, then the papers of the following day, then the night of the banquet. The Prince of Wales, paying his tribute to the picture, prophesied for the artist "a great future"; and the Duke of Cambridge, who spoke as a seasoned soldier, and one who had himself shared the perils and glories of the Crimean campaign, frankly confessed: "It is astonishing to me how any young lady should have been able to grasp the speciality of soldiers under the circumstances delineated in that picture. I looked at it the other day for a long time," added the then Commander-in-chief, "and I was struck by the military character which pervades the grouping and expression of the piece. I have no doubt, if the young lady continues to produce such pictures, she has the prospect of becoming a most distinguished artist, and one of whom the country will have reason to be proud."

What the Academicians and Royalties had said, the public repeated, the critics ratified. It is not given to many masters of the arts to have the approbation of the profession, yet to move the breasts of the million. But an audience of the whole people listened to this young girl's story. They shortened its title from that of the catalogue into 'The Roll Call,' thus giving the picture, as is usual in the case of anything they greatly care for, a name of their own. The public press was full of it. Wild stories were set afloat about the artist; a quarter of a million of her photographs were sold; the very retirement of her private life, and the simplicity of her nature, fostered the public curiosity, and she became, in spite of herself, and wholly through her work, a lion. The mere fact that the painter was not a man, but that her subject was the soldier, touched the popular heart; so unexpected in English art was the association of the soldier and the woman.

All that season, therefore, the Academy crowd merged, and struggled, and precipitated itself upon the left-hand corner of Gallery No. 2; and when the exhibition closed, the picture of the year made another little visit—a very touching one. Miss Florence Nightingale, even then confined to her room by chronic suffering, wrote to the artist to ask that the representation of her dear old friends, the soldiers of the Crimea, might be taken to her bedside; and so it was. Moreover, separate from the soldier interest, or that of the association of the soldier and the woman, was the interest that was strictly feminine. In the triumph of one woman, the generous dared to see a new opening for all women in the world of art, a hint of some further deliverance of the hand-bound sex.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, in the *Daily Telegraph*, gave expression to that hope in the course of a notice which is now old enough to have a new interest of its own. "Miss E. Thompson," he said, "a young lady scarcely



*Our Picnic on Camels, Alexandria (p. 16). Memory sketch.  
By Lady Butler.*

heard of hitherto, with a modest, sober, unobtrusive painting, but replete with vigour, with judgment, with skill, with expression, and with pathos—such expression



*Study for 'Camel Corps.' From life (p. 16).  
By Lady Butler.*

as we marvel at in Hogarth for its variety, such pathos as we recognise under the rough or stiff militarism of Horace Vernet—has shown her sisters which way they should go, and has approved herself the valiant compeer even of most famous and most experienced veterans of



Sketch of Officer at Tent-Pegging. From life (p. 18).  
By Lady Butler.

the line. To the unselect many, to the general public, Miss Thompson is as new as the Albert Memorial at Kensington; and it is for that reason that we hail her appearance with this honest, manly Crimean picture, as full of genius as it is of industry. We say that this sign is a wholesome one; because in every work of art-excellence executed by a woman, and command-



Sketch of Scots Greys Officer 'Lemon-Cutting.'  
From life (p. 18).  
By Lady Butler.

ing public acceptance and applause, we see a manacle knocked off a woman's wrist, and a shackle hacked off her ankle. We see her enlarged from wasting upon fruitless objects the sympathies which should be developed for the advantage of humanity. We see her endowed with a vocation which can be cultivated in her own home, without the risk of submission to any galling tyranny or more galling patronage."

The artist must have felt happy to be told that, by her hit in her profession, she had made new possibilities for her sex; nor was she, even with that, at the end of her triumphs, which must have become a little monotonous had she not taken them all as an artist should—lightly and aloofly. The crown of them came when the Queen gave her a bracelet, and expressed her wish to be the possessor of the picture. To Her Majesty, therefore, it was ceded by its owner, Mr. Charles Galloway, on condition that the artist should paint him another in its place, which she willingly did. 'The Roll Call' now hangs at Osborne, and it may be of interest to add that a copy of it has lately been made in oils by the Princess Louise.

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In the following year, 1875, 'Quatre Bras' was exhi-



Sketch of Officer at Tent-Pegging. From life (p. 18).  
By Lady Butler.

bited at the Academy. It was an attempt to illustrate the demeanour of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of British Foot at Quatre Bras on the 16th of June, 1815. Captain Siborne, who knew every inch of the ground, was the authority whom the artist relied upon when he said that the square of the Twenty-eighth and the Royals took up their position "in a field of particularly tall rye." There they were assailed by the enemy's cavalry, comprising cuirassiers and Polish Lancers, who closed a series of unsuccessful attempts by a charge delivered simultaneously against three faces of the square. The failure to break their formation "was productive of much levity among the younger soldiers"—and these are in the front line, with their insupportable mirth—

"And that remembered laughter  
Was all untuned to pity and to awe."

The impression made by the artist the year before was

repeated. "The picture," said Mr. Tom Taylor in the *Times*, noticing it at the head of all, "is the most remarkable second step, after such a first as rendered an advance all but impossible."

The *Daily Telegraph* gave almost an entire article to the single picture, saying, "We have devoted so much space to this young lady's performance because we are satisfied that it is the 'Quatre Bras' picture to which the



Study for 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers' (p. 9).

By Lady Butler.

public at the Royal Academy on this opening morning will most eagerly flock." But there was one voice, and that the most prized among critics, that had yet to be heard. Mr. Ruskin had not written for fifteen years till that year his "Notes on the Royal Academy." Frank as ever, he confessed: "I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it, than I did Miss Thompson's; partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing." Then he adds, in generous amends: "But it is Amazon's work this, no doubt of it; and the first fine pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had;—profoundly interesting; and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. Of course, all that needs be said of it, on this

side, must have been said twenty times over in the Journals; and it remains only for me to make my tardy genuflection, on the trampled corn, before this Pallas of Pall Mall;—and to murmur my poor words of warning to her, that she remember, in her day of triumph, how it came to pass that Atalanta was stayed and Camilla slain. Camilla-like the work is—chiefly in its refinement, a quality I had not in the least expected, for the cleverest women



Study of hands for 'Qual e Bras' (p. 8).

By Lady Butler.

always show their weakness in endeavours to be dashing. But actually, here, what I suppose few people would think of looking at—the sky is the most tenderly painted, and with the truest outlines of cloud, of all in the exhibition;—and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below—is wrought, through all the truth of its frantic passion, with gradations of colour and shade of which I have not seen the like since Turner's death." There is nothing to add to that.

"If all men were like you, it would be worth while to be a woman," said the Baroness to Prince Otto; and if all critics were like Mr. Ruskin, it were worth while indeed to be a painter. The care devoted by the artist to her soldiers' hands is shown in the studies here given.

There is no need to follow in detail the repetition of these popular triumphs. 'Balaklava'—the return of a handful of the Light Brigade up the brow of a hill after the famous charge—was the next picture. It was separately exhibited, as also, a year later, was 'The Return from Inkerman.' Two stretchers with wounded officers are being carried. Beside one, rides a staff-officer on his pony. Some Grenadier and Coldstream Guards are moving off to the right, beyond the French ambulance; and farther afield, in the gathering mist of that November day, are the ruins of Inkerman and the heights from which, early in the morning, the Russian guns played on the artillery of the 2nd Division as it struggled up to the ridge over which the troops are now passing, and on the brow of which was the fierce fight around Pennefather's guns. The dead belong to the British; no Russian soldier passed during that day beyond the crest of the ridge. The picture was exhibited, not only throughout England, but at the International Exhibition in Paris in 1877.

In 1879 were exhibited 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers,' and 'The Remnants of an Army,' two pictures which might illustrate the beginnings and the endings of war-making. The recruiting scene was painted in Ireland—a country which has supplied the British Army with so many of its braves in all ranks, from Wellington's day to Wolseley's. By her marriage with one of these, General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., the painter of heroes became the wife of a soldier of experience in every corner of the earth, who has entered Africa from four sides, fought with fever and forest in Ashanti, and faced the solitudes and snows of the Great Lone Land, at home equally in the Red River Expedition or in command of that "campaign of the cataracts" which went to Khartoum; one who in lighter mood has picnicked with Lord Wolseley under the Pyramids, in a luxury of far-fetched associations, on a bit of the imperishable pemmican they had eaten together by their sledges

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# 'LISTED FOR THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

BY LADY BUTLER.

BY PERMISSION OF THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE THOS. WHITEHEAD, ESQ.





*Portrait of a Charger (p. 16).*  
By Lady Butler.

in the extreme north of another continent, while their dogs curled themselves up in sheltering snow; and one, moreover, who has included the pen in his armoury, and "could have written all my books about landscape and picture," Mr. Ruskin says in "Our Fathers have told us." The two right hands which had done so much strenuous work in separate departments were joined together by Cardinal Manning in 1877, Lord Wolseley, the chief beside whom this comrade had often stood in the hour of triumph, now reversing the rôle and witnessing this conquest of amity, of all conquests the most enduring.

What the artistic possibility of Ireland may be, she has had few artists of her own to show; but we have a hint of it in the solemn but brilliant lighting and scenery of "Listed for the Connaught Rangers," which forms one of our extra Plates, and in the noble types of Lady Butler's two young peasants. They leave their native



*Studies of hands for 'Quatre Bras' (p. 8).*  
By Lady Butler.

1898.



*Study of my Syrian Pony. From life (p. 16).*  
By Lady Butler.

glen with a tender regret concealed under masculine reserve, and march with a steadfastness, but yet with a melancholy, in keeping with the atmosphere and the scene. The aspect of landscape and sky presents a peculiarly pure effect of Irish climate after rain. The very air of such days seems to be twice washed; the earth has the freshness of the weather, and the sky is swept, in all its regions, clear of mist. Lady Butler studied the scene of her plain but significant drama in her favourite glen amongst the hills of Kerry, a place where the local colour of the hillsides is deep, and the air limpid with the peculiar limpidity of a moist climate. The clearness of the dry sky—the higher Egyptian, for example—has often been described; but not so often the transparency of the sea-surrounded airs of our own isles, in certain winds, and after the flight of rains and clouds from sea to sea again. Lady Butler's young peasant recruits have been obliged to confess themselves beaten in the fight with poverty, barrenness, and the vague authority to which, it is to be feared, the Irish peasant has only too intelligibly inherited a tendency to attribute some, at least, of his troubles. They have had to give up the fight for agriculture, and to quit the soil, and they abandon it, with no feeble or complaining hearts, in one of its most beautiful phases. In the midst of the wild glen a disroofed cabin or two stand as a sign; and these poor wrecks are not introduced into the picture by any violence, or for the sake of forcing a dramatic effect. Glens like this have their disroofed cabins as a common incident of their deepened solitudes. Nor has the artist put any great emphasis

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*Memory Sketch in Alexandria (p. 16).*

*By Lady Butler.*

upon the pathos of such a vestige of defeat; the hopeful young soldier, who casts a glance upon one of the lost homes of his people, does not march to his own new life with an enfeebled heart.

In 'The Remnants of an Army'—a favourite picture with the artist, and now in the possession of the nation in the Tate Gallery—we have Dr. Brydon and the miserable pony which is to sink down dead at the very moment it has borne in safety to Jellalabad, besieged by the Afghans and garrisoned by the English, the only man who escaped the common massacre of General Elphinstone's force of 16,000 men—the mortal tragedy of 1842. The artist has shown the fugitive raising himself with a final effort to look towards the friendly walls, in sight at last, whence already issues a group of soldiers who have been anxiously awaiting tidings of the army, and will have them now from this solitary fainting figure discerned while yet far off upon the arid plain.

All of these pictures, painted in the 'seventies, had their day of

crowds, of congratulations, of controversy. But the *furor* did not pass with their disappearance into private



*Study of Egyptian Donkey-Barber. From life (p. 16).*

*By Lady Butler.*



*Souvenir of Egypt (p. 16).**By Lady Butler.*

collections; for, with one exception, each picture was engraved, and the impressions went out in unparalleled numbers. They are to be found, not only in the mess-rooms of the British Army, but, you might say, in Clubs, Homes, and Institutes all the way from John o' Groat's to Land's End; they are familiar in the Colonies and in the United States; they are to be seen in the shop windows of Moscow, where Prince Louis Napoleon bought 'Scotland for Ever!' (p. 13), to give it to the Czar, Honorary Colonel of the Scots Greys; and one at least of them hangs in the private apartments of the Emperor of Germany, a present from the Prince of Wales. Works already so familiar in engravings we shall not need to reproduce; but there is one exception, the 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers,' of which no engraving has been made before.

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About this time the question of Lady Butler's admission to the Royal Academy began to be publicly discussed. Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser had been nominated among the first thirty-six immortals—Mary Moser, the daughter of the man who did more than anyone to found the Academy (from which Sir Joshua at first stood aloof),—and "Miss Angel," the beloved of half the painters of her time. But no woman had ever been deliberately and openly elected. There had seemed to be a delicacy, or some sort of difficulty, about it; and long tradition had come to confirm, as it were, the reluctance of man. Real difficulty, to some eyes, there seemed to be. Would the woman Academician attend Council meetings, or be on the Hanging Committee, or teach in the schools? The questions were asked conclusively, as if they supplied their

own answer. And dark hints remained behind. Yet were there some signs of relenting; and at a meeting of the Academy, in 1879, a woman's name appeared upon the slate. The method of voting at Burlington House is somewhat complex; but in the first ballot Lady Butler had the highest score—12 votes out of a possible 52, Mr. Herkomer following with 10, and a number of odd votes being scattered and lost over a dozen other names. A second vote for those candidates who had secured four or more votes in the first ballot gave Mr. Herkomer 18 votes, Lady Butler 16, Mr. Dicksee 8, and 10 votes unequally divided between two others. The final ballot between the two most favoured candidates gave Mr. Herkomer 27 votes and Lady Butler 25. Two votes, transferred, would have won the battle for women. But that was not to be; and the opportunity, like so many others, once lost, was lost for long, if not for ever. The old arguments resumed their sway. A woman had so much advantage over a man in the public interest given to her work merely as a woman—what could she desire further? Then again, Lady Butler was delayed in the completion of one of her pictures, and the Queen asked that she might be given a week's grace, so that she had the Academician's sending-in day instead of the outsider's. Thus she got her privileges without election; and all because she was a woman! So said the forty and odd; and, so saying, they shut the door of Burlington House on women with a clang.

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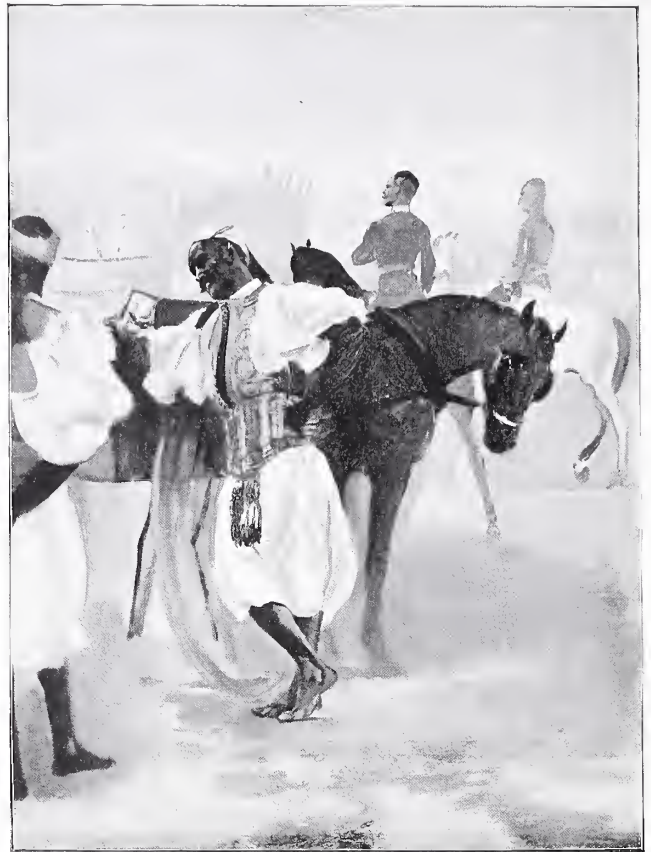
It was not to be hoped that such a decade of production would occur again in the life of an artist. Yet the 'eighties were well employed by Lady Butler, despite her willing distractions as a wife and mother. Early on the list

came a work that ranks among all her works, in the opinion of some, as the greatest; and, at any rate, has only two others to dispute for the place of honour—'Scotland for Ever!' (reproduced opposite). "Battle moments," as Mr. Walter Armstrong has well said, in speaking of these canvases, "to be interesting, must be taken at their most dramatic moments." "That," he adds, "was the secret of Lady Butler's success in 'The Roll Call,' the 'Quatre Bras,' and the 'Scotland for Ever!' The moments of waiting are dramatic, the fury of attack is dramatic, the reaction of victory is dramatic, but moments which are neither one thing nor the other are not." Furious indeed was the "fury of attack" in this charge of the heavy cavalry at Waterloo.

A sentence in a manuscript account of the scene by an eye-witness—Mr. James Armour, rough-rider to the Scots Greys—gave Lady Butler the title for her picture. "Orders were now given"—so the account ran—"that we were to prepare to charge. We gave our countrymen in front of us three hearty huzzas; and, while we waved our swords in the air, several swords were struck with balls. The Highlanders were then ordered to wheel back; when they did so we rushed through them; at the same time they huzzaed us, calling: 'Now, my boys, Scotland for ever!'" The regiment, as all know, was almost annihilated in the charge. Lady Butler shows in front the squadron leader; his trumpeter's place should be at his left hand, but the horse of the trumpeter, feeling his rider reeling, has wavered and become engulfed in the front rank. Still he goes on, and has hardly finished sounding the charge before he is struck. That causes the pressure of horses—all, save the officers', of a heavier breed than that now in use—in the front rank. The battle-cry has been uttered by most of the men, who, with lowered sabres, are delivering their charge under deadly artillery and infantry fire.

Writing about this picture to a friend, the artist, whose technical knowledge of uniforms, to their least strap and last button, is a detail of her general realism of representation, said: "Happily for the effect of this ever-attractive regiment, the Scots Greys have changed their costume comparatively little since Waterloo. The bearskin caps are, if anything, taller than at that date; and at the back of this towering and imposing head-dress is still worn the white horse of Hanover in silver. The peak of the Waterloo head-dress, however, has disappeared, much to the advantage of the general effect. The French eagle on the accoutrements dates from Waterloo, where they took a French standard. In 'Scotland for Ever!' the Highlanders can be seen charging behind the Greys. Some of them caught hold of the troopers' stirrup-leathers in their national enthusiasm, and, half running, half hanging-on, plunged into the charge together with them. I twice saw a charge of the Greys before painting 'Scotland for Ever!' and I stood in front to see them coming on. One cannot, of course, stop too long to see them close."

The defence of Rorke's Drift in January, 1879, gave Lady Butler an opportunity to paint that gallant guarding of our Commissariat Stores, made by Lieut. Chard of the Royal Engineers, Lieut. Bromhead, and eighty men, against the victorious Zulus from the field of Isandula. Bags and bis-



*Study of Syce for Picture of Cairo Races (p. 16).*

*By Lady Butler.*

cuit-boxes made the hasty barricade, and as soon as darkness fell the fire began from a force of some three or four thousand Zulus, flushed with victory. At all sides they penetrated the barricade, to be repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The morning dawned, and Rorke's Drift had still been held; Lord Chelmsford's force was seen approaching, and Rorke's Drift was saved. The Victoria Cross rewarded the two prime heroes of that night of deadly peril, who lived to tell the tale of it



*Portrait of a "Barb" (p. 16).*

*By Lady Butler.*



*"Scotland for Ever!" (p. 12). By Lady Butler.  
From the Picture belonging to the Corporation of Leeds.*

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*Egyptian Study. From life (p. 16).*  
By Lady Butler.



*Syce. From life (p. 16).*  
By Lady Butler.



*Egyptian Study. From life (p. 16).*  
By Lady Butler.

and to see their words translated on to this canvas, the commission of the Queen.

In 1882 Lady Butler exhibited in the Academy her 'Floreat Etona!' an etching of which forms the frontispiece of this Annual. It depicts an incident in the attack on "Laing's Neck," as it was told by one who witnessed it: "Poor Elwes fell among the 58th, He shouted to another Eton boy (adjutant of the 58th), whose horse had been shot: 'Come along, Monck—Floreat Etona!—we must be in the front rank,' and he was shot immediately." The cry, which was the last uttered by the young soldier eager for glory, is significant of the spirit of enterprise with which the English man and boy alike enter upon war—which is, in part, the spirit of sport. It has been averred that sport rather than war—the chase, the emulation of a "record"—is the chief inspiration of such a British charge as this. But sport never was sufficient to inspire the devotion of the heart of the soldier eager for a place "in the vanguard" for his old school's sake. The consciousness of acute personal peril is really the central feeling of a soldier, new or old, who devotes himself, even though the impetuosity of the moment may shake that con-

sciousness to silence. Sport and battle have each a share in the aspiration, gravity, and happiness of a worthy fight, as an Englishman understands it. If there is evident joy in the serious affair of war, is there not an extraordinary seriousness in the trivial affairs of the cricket-ground and the hunting-field? But the internal emotion of the fight is the hasty secret of the soldier's soul, whatever his nationality, and is none the less profound because it is mingled with the lighter heroisms. In 'Floreat Etona!' Lady Butler grapples with the foreshortening of energetic movement, and her drawing and her dramatic sense of action carry one another through a rigorous ordeal.

In 1885 was exhibited, in the Academy, 'After the Battle' (reproduced on page 19), an episode in our war against Arabi Pasha in 1882—a war in which the artist's husband served. It shows the arrival of Lord Wolseley and his Staff at the Canal Bridge of Tel-el-Kebir, where our victorious and now loudly cheering infantry had halted in their hot pursuit of the enemy flying westward. The Commander-in-Chief reached the bridge almost as the foremost files of the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders gained that point; and, dismounting on the short causeway leading to the drawbridge, he there dictated



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*Feeding the Khedive's Horses (p. 16).*

By Lady Butler.



*Registering Fellahs for the Conscription at Luxor in 1885. From life (p. 16).*

*By Lady Butler.*

the order for pursuit by the cavalry and Indian Division, and the despatch home that was to announce a victory for England. Lady Butler chooses for her moment in the picture that just before the General has dismounted. It is the moment of the decision of the victory, and the slight frame of the General has not relaxed from the long strain of watchfulness and command. He reins in his pony suddenly, and the staff ride up rapidly behind. Sir John Acland comes up with a question as to pursuit; Sir Redvers Buller follows, his horse shying at a dead Arab. On the other side, Sir William Butler bends down to speak to a soldier on the right. The Gordon and Cameron Highlanders are grouped on either hand, or are on the way down to quench their thirst in the canal. In the middle-distance is seen the camp of the Egyptians; and by the railway, and beyond, rise the heights of Tel-el-Kebir brightening in the early morning.

The Nile Expedition of 1885 had its melancholy memento in a canvas called 'A Desert Grave.' The accounts brought home from the advance of the River Column on Khartoum moved Lady Butler to make this record of the braves who lie, as General Earle and Colonels Coveney and Eyre lie, and as Lord Avonmore lies, in graves as lost in the desert as is "Eden in the world." Of the first three of these, whose dear lives were the cost of an engagement with a force of Arabs emboldened by the news that Khartoum itself, not far distant, was the Mahdi's, Sir William Butler had written: "At sunset we laid them in their sleep. In a small spot of green, within sound of the waters of the great river, they lie side by side in their long rest. A solitary dôm-palm alone marks the spot; around, the rugged rock-desert of the Monassir spreads its awful desolation. Many a year will go by ere

the footstep of a fellow-countryman passes these lonely graves; and even if semi-savage man leaves these undisturbed, the wind and the sun soon smooth them down into desert level again; but it may be that the tradition of the place will linger in the native mind, and some old Arab, who, as a child fugitive in the opposite islands, listened at nightfall to the roar of cannon that told that the white 'Emir el Kebir' had fallen, will point out to future travellers the spot where the English strangers lie at rest." Such a picture as that exhibited at the Academy of 1887, representing a typical burial in the arid wilderness, with that hungry hole in it, is only the more precious because "no man knows the sepulchre" itself. The studies of the camels, two of which are given on p. 4, had, for the artist, an evident fascination which grew as time went on.

In 1889 was sent to Burlington House 'To the Front,' a large picture of French cavalry leaving a Breton city on the declaration of war, with which is associated the 'Study of French Dragoons' on page 20; and in the following year was exhibited 'Evicted'—another picture of Irish life; a sequel, it might be said, to the 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers.'

The 'Halt on a Forced March' (p. 21) was in the Academy of 1892. The stress of the situation is only too apparent in men and in horses—especially in the horses. In their faces, as well as in their action, is that expression of suffering which can be studied, in peace as well as in war, from the too-frequent model to be found at the corner of the nearest street. This picture illustrated the Peninsular War.

A sojourn in Alexandria, while her husband was in command, varied by visits to Cairo, to the Pyramids, and to the Holy Land, yielded the artist many subjects, large and small. Some of the sketches of the period are here



Sketch of Scots Greys at the Aldershot Manœuvres. From life (p. 18).

By Lady Butler.

reproduced: 'Our Picnic on Camels at Alexandria' (p. 6), a reminiscence of Lady Butler's first ride on camel-back, (an experience she found to be less dislocating than she expected); the 'Portrait of a Charger' (p. 9); the 'Study of my Syrian Pony' (p. 9); the memory sketch of what may be called the Rotten Row of Alexandria (p. 10); and the 'Study of an Egyptian Donkey-Barber' (p. 10). In 'A Souvenir of Egypt' (p. 11), we have an introduction to the national goatherd, a floundering figure of romance, and his rather flurried flock—as to which the artist herself will have something to say later on. The 'Study of a Syce' (p. 12), the 'Portrait of a Barb' (p. 12), the three studies from human life at the top of page 14, the group of the Khedive's horses 'Feeding' (p. 14), and the animated scene at the 'Registration of Fellaheen for the Conscription' (p. 15)—these give in sufficient variety samples from the scenes of picturesque life in Egypt as they presented themselves to the eye of the English observer. A series, also, of oil-paintings on panels bears the names 'At Korosko,' 'On the Nile Bank,' 'Wady Halfa, looking North,' and another of the same 'looking South.'

But the 'Camel Corps'—which we reproduce on p. 5, as well as two or three of the preliminary studies (p. 4)—remains as the most important achievement of this period. About a charge of camels there is an extraordinary strangeness. It is an amazing medley of all ungainliness in movement, a multitude of legs that seem like staggering stilts, yet each one with a separate character, a sensitive balance, a sure grip. The negro riders, too, are all individuals, with even their own characteristic furies at the pranks of the beasts they are lashing along. In

truth, to ride a camel in a charge must be somewhat like riding in a dream, where things take weird and baffling transformations, and the neck of your mount is suddenly contorted into a serpent. Apparently, when an excited negro pulls his rein, the camel's neck turns up, turns back, and writhes away. The speed and energy of the picture are those of the very action.

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The Academy of the year 1896 found Lady Butler back again with Wellington and that Campaign of Waterloo which, with the exception of the Peninsular War, seems to have been her chief source of inspiration. True to her purpose of tracking the drama of war in the individuality of the soldier, the painter has allowed us to see at close quarters the character of the men waking on the field to what was for many their last daybreak. 'Dawn at Waterloo' (opposite) is a picture with a wide extent of ground, a broad sky, a concourse of figures, hill beyond hill, and a general view of all the accessories of the camp. But it is principally a picture painted in order to let us know something of a dozen men who hear the réveillé and rise from their sleep in the cloudy dawn, or are to be wakened by their comrades. Two of these in their "young weariness" are still asleep; the somewhat older men are alert, and meeting the new day with grave faces. Yet it is a young fellow in whose still-heavy eyes the foreboding of the day of death seems to be most manifest. The shadows of the night linger in the hollows of his eyes, while the cool light of dawn strikes on the figures, the accoutrements, the bright accessories of the uniforms, and all the prominent accidents of the plumed

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DAWN AT WATERLOO.  
BY LADY BUTLER







"Halt!" (p. 18). By Lady Butler.

By permission of the Executors of the late Thos. Whitehead, Esq.



"Gallop!" (p. 18). By Lady Butler.

By permission of Charles F. Galloway, Esq.

and belted army in its bivouac. This portentous but simple face—with all its drama the face of a plain soldier—is the very centre of the picture; the other figures have somewhat less solemnity, but each has a human character and a personality, and each redeems the idea of war from the cruel generality of numbers. An army must needs be a body of men amongst whom the unit is counted, indeed, but hardly valued. Lady Butler seems to make amends to the man. A particularly fine passage of the picture is the line of white horses to the left passing away into the distance with their delicate heads relieved by the light.

In 'Steady the Drums and Fifes!'—of which an important engraving is shortly to be published—we have at once a picture of war and a picture, you may say, of childhood, a poignant combination. For her example of high courage and control the painter has taken boys—the most excitable and impulsive, new to terror, quick to violence—and shown them drawn up under fire on the ridge of Albuera, thus confronting their youth with death, their impulse with discipline. It is from one of

1898.

Cardinal Manning's *Pastime Papers* that the artist took her quotation for the Academy Catalogue of 1897 in praise of this valour of endurance. "The highest courage of the soldier," he wrote, "is said to be the standing still under fire without returning it. It is the self-command of duty in obedience to authority. In a forlorn hope there is the excitement of action and the forgetfulness of self that comes with it. But to stand under fire, still and motionless, is a supreme act of the will." As such it is shown by the artist in what must rank as one of the most important of her works. To look from one to another of the band of boys with their various characters and tempers as they face the bullets and are forbidden even the action of their instruments (for the music is hushed) is to go through a drama of boyish life. The artist has not shrunk from the too great pathos of a child of nine or ten consciously shaken by the fear of death and yet proud of his disciplined attitude; nor from the brutality of a much older lad inclined to bully his comrades into quietness; nor from the writhing death of the boy whose hand clings round a little comrade's ankle. The usual

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*Aldershot Sketch from Life (p. 18).*

*By Lady Butler.*



*Aldershot Sketch from Memory (p. 18).*

*By Lady Butler.*

attention has been paid to the uniforms of the regiment and the time—the “Die-hards” in the Peninsular War.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1898 contained a smaller canvas by Lady Butler—‘On the Morrow of Talavera.’ The men of the 43rd are seen bringing in their dead on litters, and the Duke and his staff stand aside to see and to salute the sad procession. The general salutes the bugler, promoted by death to rank above a field-marshal. The soldiers really walk upon the ground;



*Aldershot Sketch from Life (p. 18).*

*By Lady Butler.*

you feel the weight of their burden, the greater heaviness of the end of the litter where rests the head of the dead.

Besides these Academy pictures, lesser work was done industriously during the same years, in oil and in water-colour, by Lady Butler. The old habit of sketching the incidents of travel did not lose its hold in later journeys. A residence at Aldershot during her husband's command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, gave her the good opportunities she utilised in sketches such as those on this page, and in her drawings of ‘Scots Greys at Manœuvres’ (p. 16) and of officers at ‘Tent-pegging’ and ‘Lemon-cutting’ (p. 7). ‘Halt!’ and ‘Gallop!’ (p. 17) are pen-and-ink drawings of earlier date. With them may be classed ‘Trot’ (p. 29). Those were subjects after her own heart and hand. That of tent-pegging, indeed, was an old favourite, for her ‘Missed’—showing a Bengal Lancer out of luck in the stroke—had been published in a coloured supplement of the *Graphic* in 1875. That was a drawing in water-colour, a medium which the artist has often used. ‘On Duty,’ a trooper of the Scot Greys,

‘Scots Greys advancing,’ ‘Watering Horses,’ and ‘Cavalry at a Gallop,’ date back, like ‘Missed,’ to the seventies. So do the ‘Grave of Keats’ (p. 27) and a number of sketches, monkish and military, made in Florence and Genoa, the light of which they reflected; and a set of subjects suggested by the Franco-Prussian War, mostly Uhlans. ‘The Despatch-Bearer’ was of later date. So, too, was ‘Threshing Corn in Brittany,’ reproduced on p. 23. To an album here and there have other water-colour sketches been contributed, one such quite lately to the album of the Princess of Wales, ever among the most interested onlookers at Lady Butler's art. It shows an officer of the Princess's own regiment of Hussars, and very like it is the figure reproduced on p. 28.

The life at Aldershot was one of many and varied incidents. The presence of the Duke of Connaught was an attraction; and the visit of the Queen in 1894 became the occasion of her spending a night in the Camp, and of her sitting down, for the first time, to dine with her generals. After that dinner was a “tattoo,” at which the attendance of the Queen became more historic, because the Empress Eugénie and Prince Victor Napoleon were among the party. The scene at the review on that afternoon, too, was exceptionally brilliant, the uniforms of the Prince of Wales and of the Commander-in-Chief, and the hussar-dress of the Czarévitch, having an unwonted set-off in the Circassian uniforms of the attendant Russian officers. On another occasion it was the duty and pleasure of General Butler to escort through the Camp three men whose names must still ring by association in the ears of British soldiers—Prince Murat; Ney, Prince de la Moskowa; and Massena, Duc de Rivoli. They came accompanied by M. Pietri, the Empress Eugénie's secretary; and their hostess, at lunch, must have felt very near to the great Napoleon when she—the painter of ‘Quatre Bras’—conversed with these descendants of his marshals and the King of Naples. The Camp had its German field-day—and memories of Waterloo were not absent then either—when the Kaiser, in the August of 1894, was present in the uniform of our 1st Dragoons, of whom he had been made honorary colonel. As the squadron who escorted him to the ground marched forward he galloped to their head, and led them himself past the saluting base, where floated the German standard. A great many German officers were with him. They seemed much enchanted with the Highlanders, and looked in the funniest way down at the goat which marched in advance of the Welsh Fusiliers—as dogs look at some curious crawling thing. A few months later



*After the Battle (p. 14).  
By Lady Butler.*

*Copyright reserved by the Artist.*



*Study of French Dragoons. From Life (p. 15).*

*By Lady Butler.*

another visitor was made welcome in the North Camp, the Empress Frederick, who had a "private view" of the 'Dawn at Waterloo' before it went on to Burlington House.

The first published Black-and-White work of Lady Butler appeared in *The Graphic*. To *Once a Week* had been despatched, unavailingly, one or two of the efforts of childhood. But the young *Graphic* had still a very young illustrator when her large blocks of 'A Florentine Harvest' and 'A Reception at the Vatican' appeared in its pages. They were wood-blocks, and they were wooden. The progress of illustrated journalism is made apparent by contrasting the production of these drawings with that of the sketches contributed by the same hand some twenty years later to even the *Graphic's* daily offshoot, with its seven times told speed of issue. In the prospectus of that new paper, which made also a new era in the history of the daily press, the proprietors, pluming themselves on the prosperity of

more artistically unmanageable. The red of his coat is an impossible colour to an Arab, who, if he wears red at all, wears it of shades exquisitely harmonized with his surroundings; and as to that well-loved and honoured British scarlet in the desert—alas!" On the other hand, the coat of Karkee drab, worn by the majority of our troops when in good campaigning order, was so exactly the tint of the desert as to render the solid warrior, at a little distance, all but invisible even to the eye of the observing. Once, however, this very invisibility of the Karkee uniform gave the artist a strange impression. "It was at Wady Halfa, on the second Cataract, late in the afternoon, and a burial party thus clad were carrying a dead comrade covered with the Union Jack towards the little cemetery in the desert; and as they moved over the plain obliquely away from me, with their backs to the low sun, nothing could be seen of them but the black shadow of each soldier as it was projected upon the back of his front-rank man. One thus saw literally a little troop of shadows moving towards the grave, with

their first venture, said: "This success is greatly due to the fact that it has been fortunate enough to number on its staff artists whose names and works are familiar as household words, such as Luke Fildes, Herkomer, Woods, Elizabeth Thompson, Caldecott and many others,"—a list, alas! that is intact no longer. This appeal to the past was really a prophecy for the future, and when the first number of the *Daily Graphic* appeared on the first Saturday of 1890, it contained five sketches of Lady Butler's, with accompanying letter-press of hers, on 'Our Troops in Cairo.' "How well I know," she writes, and our own reproductions of her work in Egypt justify the quotation—"how well I know the aspect of our soldiers in the different vicissitudes that our occupation of Egypt calls forth. From Alexandria to the very fringe of the fighting land in the Soudan I have been interested in studying them. There is something *piquant* in the incongruity of the British soldier's appearance in the streets of Cairo, but I could not imagine anything



*Halt on a Forced March (p. 15).  
By Lady Butler.*

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Another Portrait of Lady Butler in her Studio, 1898.

the stiff automatic motion peculiar to the military funeral step; and in the midst of these phantoms shone out, in vivid colours, the flag that shrouded their burden. The faint sound of the Dead March in Saul, so frequently heard on the Nile shores of late years, came towards me on the desert wind, and I thought it had never sounded so sad before. But of all the heart-moving sounds, by the way, that cast poetry around the soldier's life on the Nile, there is none to surpass that of the Scottish pibroch when, under the African moon, after a day of conflict with the enemy, it wails over the freshly-made graves of its fallen laddies."

The sketches of "A Winter Voyage through the Delta," contributed to the same paper in 1891, had also their accompanying notes, one of which seems to belong by right to our own 'Souvenir of Egypt.' "As the short Oriental twilight deepens into the swift-falling night,

strange figures appear, moving homeward along the high mud-banks, against the wild red sky full of wind. Goat-herds driving in their flocks with shrill calls and whistles, water-buffaloes, with cinder-coloured hides and huge salient bones, ridden home by the children, and the ever interesting and most picturesque camels—all in jet-black silhouettes when against the Western light—come and creep into their shelters for the night." Different indeed is the feeling and the atmosphere where, in a like subject, Lady Butler had long before depicted a white-robed young Cistercian monk, book and crook in hand, taking his sheep to fold (p. 3)—a suggestion for a truly pastoral picture of "Merry England"—the very name of the magazine in which it appeared. Other Black-and-White works of Lady Butler are well known—her illustrations for the early edition of her sister's Poems, for a recent edition of Thackeray's "Ballads," and for her husband's "Campaign of the Cataracts."

Wherever Lady Butler has pitched her tent she has taken her palette with her. The homes which her husband has made have been made under stress of military duty, though they might well have been decided by preference and free choice. Of the life in Ireland, Brittany, and Egypt, and at Aldershot, mementoes have been mentioned already. There were old days at Plymouth, where three out of Lady Butler's six children were born, and where was improvised a studio in which 'Scotland for Ever!' was painted. At Dover, the present residence of Sir William Butler, in virtue of his Constablership of Dover Castle and his command of the South Eastern District, the same rule has been followed; and in that improvised studio in the Constable's Tower Lady Butler is seen at work in the photographs taken purposely for this periodical. It is the studio of a hard worker rather than of a *petit-maitre*. About her she has gathered



Water-colour Drawing of "Threshing Corn in Brittany" (p. 18).

By Lady Butler.

her art-trappings, and each one of them has its history or its use. On the business-like walls are no evidences that she has ever given herself to the subtleties of *bric-à-brac*; no pieces of precious colour droop from screens; no stuffed peacocks stand gaily on guard, and no orange trees in flower tempt you to linger. It is an ascetic work-place rather than an æsthetic show-room. A grim row of old uniforms—relics of the Peninsula and Waterloo—may break a blank wall and give a dimmed vision of

colour. A little fancy will fill those empty clothes. Bygone types of our army seem to walk again in the little coatee, the tall shako, and the immense stock—the round-faced, well-nourished, and smooth-shaven men who fight in the Waterloo scenes of "Les Misérables."

These discarded things have been put to use artistically and they may be again. So have the relics of later fields, helmets from Gravelotte and Sedan, an odd chasseur's cap and a needle-gun, a bundle of assegais and spears, a Zulu's shield pierced through and through with bullet-holes, and his wicked little wooden mace, with its sharpened edge. Such studio properties are dear to the heart of the military painter. In a familiar passage in "The Newcomes," Thackeray praises that Art for which he had so much more aspiration than capacity, as giving the sweetest rest to the mind, between the moments of invention and inspiration, in the finish of leaf or flower, and all the pretty accessories of *genre*. And if, according to Emerson's rather mystical words, "there is no body without its spirit or genius," then no spirit is more individual than that which inhabits the forms of accoutrements and arms. It is a genius full of significance; and to capture it with intelligence of mind and hand is to perform one of those feats and manœuvres that military art, no less than military science, demands.

Not smiling female models in historical gowns, nor the male professionals with their abnormal biceps or Herculean shoulders, are the accustomed sitters in this particular studio. The soldier is at home here, or the professional model who happens to be an old soldier, and who finds the drill of the barrack-yard no bad preparation for the discipline of the platform. To paint action from a pose has been no doubt a constant fret to Lady Butler's spirit; but that is how her own creative imagination has been her necessary colleague and needed friend. The essential, Lady Butler explains, is to seize the heart of a thing. When this mental effort has been made with success, there is never any mistake about it, and no violence of movement, no noise and no attitudes can make amends for the lack of it. This seizing of the very heart and centre of an action is as vital a matter of necessity in art as it is in literature. It is not big



Exterior View of Lady Butler's Studio at Dover Castle.



*The Entrance Hall, Dover Castle.*

words nor emotional phrases that prove the author's true mastery—his very repose proves it. And, as Lady Butler speaks—her hands busy the while with her brushes, touching a figure, a horse, or a cloud—we are reminded how nearly akin are certain of the literary and the artistic capacities, and how they meet in simplicity of aim and in directness of vision. To see aright is the beginning of things; secondly, to remember what has been seen. And Lady Butler, though she has horse after horse for her models, yet trusts also to knowledge and to memory for those details of type, breed, character and expression, upon the accurate rendering of which so much of her achievement as a painter depends. Nor has she trusted in vain; sometimes the truth of sight is at war with the convention; and then the challenge of the spectator is lightly given, as it was in the case of the position of the legs of the horse in 'The Roll Call.' A correspondence in *The Times* brought forth the evidence of experts in support of the painter's vision and version. Photographs of some of her horses in repose have been mistaken for photographs from life—an unconscious compliment to the veracity and exactitude of presentation; and when instantaneous photography was invented and applied to the action of horses, it completed the proof that this lover of the four-footed model had rightly observed, and had rightly recollected—having, in fact, what somebody calls the artist's gift of collodion on the retina. That gift is indispensable to the painter of movement. It is not for him to make a mere transcript of what is placed or fixed before him. It is his to memorise a moment, to recapture what fled as instantly as it came, to seize the transitory, and to leave it so, yet to lend it permanence.

In Dover Castle a military painter is indeed at home—at home with its ghosts of traditions as well as with the instant duties of to-day. "Third in mediæval rank among the Cinque Ports," writes Mr. Montagu Burrows, "Dover has long been reckoned their indisputable chief. Its geographical situation renders it just as important to the National safety and convenience in the nineteenth century as it was in the first. \* \* \* Britons, as well as Romans and English, seized on its heights as the natural defence of a harbour which was never large nor deep"—but which is going to be both the one and the other before many years are over, as a precaution, not indeed against France (which you see from Dover Castle), but against Germany. There, on Dover heights, stands the basement of the *pharos* which guided the Roman ships along a dangerous coast; and there is the little river the Britons called the Dwr, from which

Dover takes its name. In the Domesday Book it has its place as a flourishing seaport; and monks mingled with the soldiers and the sailors on its wharves. Eadbald built St. Mary's within the Castle precincts, where he placed a number of Canons—not cannons, remark. St. Martin, in a church of his own, ruled over the late summers here as he did across the Channel.

Earl Godwin, whose "Tower" is still pointed out at the Castle, was given by Dover the third penny of the rent due to the King for the Port, and he gave the town in return his love, so that when Edward the Confessor required him to punish it for its defence against his kinsman, Eustace of Boulogne, "the Earl would not consent to the inroad because he was loth to injure his people." In the Middle Ages, Dover was a great place of resort for pilgrims passing that way, and the Maison



*The Dining-room, Dover Castle.*

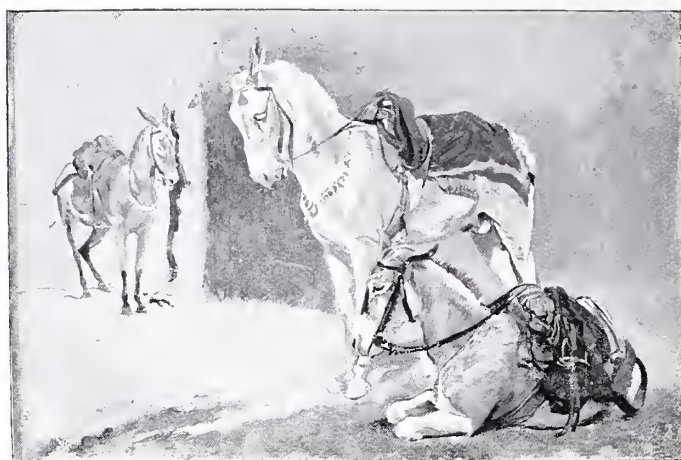




The Drawing-room at Dorer Castle.



*Study of Egyptian Donkey from Life (p. 30).*  
By Lady Butler.



*Study of Egyptian Donkeys from Life (p. 30).*  
By Lady Butler.

Dieu of Hubert de Burgh opened hospitable doors to civilians coming from the Continent, as also to soldiers returning from foreign service, who had free quarters there for a fortnight. Henry VIII. further fortified the town, and Queen Mary recites, in a document, that she herself, as well as her "late father and brother of famous memory, pitying the great number of shipwrecks, have caused great and excessive sums of treasure to be bestowed upon the making of a pier or mote into the sea." The Stuarts reorganized the ruling of the Port; successive modern Governments have built the Admiralty Pier; and successive future Governments will carry on the new harbour and the new fortifications at an immense expenditure of labour and money.

So it seems, as you stand to-day in Dover Castle, that a great part of English history has passed beneath its towers. Arrivals, meetings, communications with France and with metropolitan Canterbury, treaties, captivities, seem to people its story with figures—most of them melancholy. As to the imprisonments that took place in chambers within the enormous walls of the Keep, it is difficult to imagine what that doom would be, for the many years it generally lasted. One little room, and nothing to read! Geoffrey Plantagenet is believed to have died in such conditions as these. Stephen probably died here—as a King and in the Constable's Tower, however, not as a captive in the Keep. The beautiful ruins of a chapel are within this Keep, but the later exterior church is built over constructions of remoter age, for the Romans found some kind of stone-work upon this hill that commands the Straits. On the steps of the donjon Charles I. received his bride, fresh from France, and, finding her very

small, looked to see whether she had heels to her shoes or not; or Henrietta Maria so explained his glance at her feet, and with great liveliness showed him her little shoes.

It is only too probable that malefactors were hanged out of the windows of the studio over the fosse. In the garden of the Constable's Tower is a small tower on the very verge of the hill, still called Queen Mary's Tower, having been built by Mary Tudor, when she lost Calais. Here she used to sit looking across at the French territory she so mourned to lose. The dining-room at the Constable's Tower was once the Council-hall. It is an apartment with a groined roof and walls of huge thickness, hung with the arms of all the successive Constables. The fosse is of great depth, and, as it sweeps down hill, it can never have been a moat with water. It is now full of forest trees—the most leafy place in the rather bare country-side. Across it lies the drawbridge that gives ingress to the castle; a little sally-port opens some distance away along the grey wall. A flock of jackdaws build upon these stony heights.

There is an under-region of subterranean passages about which legends exist. As is always the case with such mysterious roads, popular fancy, greatly impressed, has suggested unlimited things—underground ways to Canterbury, for example. A secret way certainly exists into the

town of Dover, which lies close below the Castle hill, with its assemblage of thin blue slated roofs over dingy brick—by no means an architectural town. But the old harbour, rich with the colours of sails and salted timber, and delicate with rigging, is beauty enough for any town. Moreover, there is, of course, a new little suburb springing up, daintily built of



*The Sugar-Cane Market at Luxor. From Life (p. 30).*  
By Lady Butler.



*Drawing by Lady Butler for "Preludes" (p. 22).*



*Keats's Grave in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome (p. 18).*

*By Lady Butler.*

brick, with tiles for its roofing; but this is a little way up the valley.

Lady Butler, the chief window of whose studio commands the town, has a mind full of its associations in history. But a sketch or relic, lying here or there in her studio, recalls distant scenes, and carries her mind upon far travels. The most indelible impression is that made by Egypt, even in modern politics the land of mystery; with its ancient people—"ambiguous," Dr. Jowett rather happily called them—and its modern types, subject to the wear and friction of influences and races far removed from them in genius. The very "syces"—or grooms—of Cairo remain as a vivid memory with Lady Butler, whose drawings of them have been already seen. They look, she says, like animated bronzes of Mercury, as, in their brilliant Turkish costumes of muslin, they run, bare-legged and swarthy, before their masters' carriages, shouting to clear the way. A sketch of the Pyramids reminds Lady Butler of her first visit to them.

"It was made on the last day of November, 1885, a sweet gentle morning, with limpid air. We started

before noon in our carriage with our dragoman, and were soon taken at the usual hand-gallop over the big iron bridge, with the colossal green lions at each end, which spans the wide Nile, and along the acacia-shaded road which runs for a long distance in an imposing straight line to almost the base of the great Pyramid. As we sped along, passing through mud villages, with their palms and rude domes and minarets, we saw the highest group of Pyramids, and the Sphinx and tombs rising grey and stern at the very edge of the desert, where it meets the bright green of the cultivated land; and, from the first moment I saw them afar off, I knew I was not destined to be disappointed. All the apprehensions caused by some travellers' tales utterly vanished as we drew nearer and nearer these wonders of man's work—so pathetic in the evidence they give of their builders' colossal failure to accomplish what they imagined they had done when they sealed up these



*Portrait of a Lady (page 31).*

*By Lady Butler.*



*A Hussar Scout (p. 31).*  
By Lady Butler.

elaborate hiding-places of the dead. We first strolled a little way by ourselves, and then we went to the Sphinx and rested in its broad shadow. The 'calm eternal eyes' which have been looking across the plain for over four thousand years, gave me a consciousness of awe which was with me for days. After visiting the Temple of the Sphinx, we climbed to the entrance of the north face of the Great Pyramid, and had, on the one hand, an exquisite view of Cairo in sun and shadow, under a sky of the most beautiful cloud forms; and, on the other, a lovely pearly and rosy desert, stretching away into the grey and golden west. Driving home in the afternoon, we met shepherds guiding their flocks along the road, and carrying tired lambs upon their shoulders. There were buffaloes and oxen and ploughmen going home from their work in the soft mysterious light. And as soon as we were over the iron bridge we were in the suburbs again. The gas lights were being lighted, and Tommy Atkins was about!"

Also a great contrast in its own way, was the stay at solemn and secluded Luxor, after the stay at military and commercial Cairo. "The hotel is deep set in palm-trees and mimosa, and groups of Arabs hang about the garden all day. Close by lie the ruins of Luxor and Karnak, and across the Nile is the Dead City of Thebes, with its mountains and the tombs of the Kings. Thither bound, we rode seven miles over sand and stones and rocks of rosy and yellowish grey, full of golden and reflected light, up to the unspeakably arid mountains on which rain never falls, and which are pierced from base to summit with sepulchres four or five thousand years old. After going through three of these—those of Rameses IV., Rameses IX., and Seti I.—I climbed to the very top of one of the mountains, and I had one of the epoch-making views of my life—the Nile Valley, opposite mountains, and silver river winding away towards Assouan, into the mysterious Soudan, where so many of our countrymen lie at rest."

All England seems to have felt this singular fascination—once in Egypt it seems impossible to come out of her. So did a poet say, with a prophecy of doom which must still ring in many an ear. Yet a far more ancient poet and prophet had said: "Out of Egypt have I called My Son"; and

Lady Butler, looking at the conscription scene at Luxor, could only anticipate the time when the Christian Faith should illumine the lives of men and women who seemed to her to have penetrated to the farthest gloom of misery and squalor.

"We went," she says, "to see the registration of young men as conscripts for the Egyptian army—a most extraordinary scene. Led by the English consul through the village to the courtyard, we had to fight our way to the door, up a very dirty alley, crowded with the female relatives of the wretched youths inside. Some of these women were hardly more sightly than the mummies we had seen in the Boulak Museum. But the mummies at least were quiet; and these poor creatures were going through antics to express their grief, working their skinny arms like the arms of marionettes, and wailing, but in a clacking way, as though their faces were only skulls. Once inside, we were taken to a divan and had coffee (horrible stuff), which we surreptitiously threw away, and from this vantage point we watched what passed before us. At a rickety table sat the officials and the sheikhs of the villages from which the young men came—splendid men these sheikhs, in elaborate turbans and silk robes. The doctor sat a little aside, and as each proposed conscript, in his one miserable garment of camel's hair, was pushed forward, the doctor examined his eyes, teeth, hair, &c., and, if he was passed, two gendarmes seized him and cuffed and hustled him to the standard, where he was measured. If below the minimum, he was pushed back to his people. If his height was as required, he was thrust by the nape of the neck into the group of chosen conscripts. Sometimes an old father or mother would come up with the boy, pleading his bad sight, or his weak chest, or his lameness. One old woman was so importunate that the attendants pushed her back. The poor mummy-like bundle of skin and



*A Member of the Scots Greys (p. 31).*  
By Lady Butler.



*"Trot 1" (p. 18). By Lady Butler.  
From the picture in the possession of the Trustees of the late John Galloway, Esq., The Cottage, Old Trafford, Manchester.*

1878



*A Trooper of the 17th Lancers (p. 31).*

*By Lady Butler.*

bone fell down, and was so energetically pulled up again that I could look no more, fearing her arm would come off. She might have been four thousand years old by her appearance. They would not believe one father who showed them that his son had one leg shorter than the other, and a long time was spent in pulling his short leg straight as he lay writhing on the ground. The doctor at last came to the conclusion that he was curable, and away he went to be measured, and then cuffed into the ranks of the chosen. Some of the heads were a mass of disease—some pronounced by the doctors to be hopeless, and some hopeful. No wonder if soldiers who were so recruited scatter like sheep as soon as a determined enemy comes among them, and if their bones lie bleaching by thousands in the Soudan. This registration takes place once in five years. As I left the surging mass of unfortunate humanity, I felt sick and sad.

“Indeed, the unutterable filth and squalor of the people here lessen the enjoyment of the matchless beauty of light and air, of mountains, temples, and palms. How shall these people be brought up to a Christian level of thought? Where can the work begin? The little European Mission has eighty scholars in its schools—Christian, Coptic, and Pagan, all who wish to come! They are wonderfully well taught by the Christian

Brothers. Three or four languages are learned, geography, botany, history, natural history and the three R's; and I was surprised when I visited the school to hear the ragged Arab boys say their lessons in excellent English, and to see their beautiful French writing. The priest at the head of the mission is an Italian Capuchin.”

Also at Luxor was drawn ‘The Sugar-Cane Market,’ given on p. 26, and to the same date belong the two studies of Egyptian donkeys reproduced at the top of that page.

The further operations for a reconquest of the Soudan in the name of Egypt, but by the might of England, and the understanding that our occupation of Egypt is no mere transitory stay—these things have indicated a special prominence in the illustrations and the letterpress for this phase of Lady Butler's career.

Of that career this is neither the time nor the place (nor am I the writer) to attempt any critical estimate. I shall not do that most gratuitous of things—answer for Posterity's opinion about the art of our day:—the altitude of Watts, the vitality of Sargent, the light that never was on modern English pictures of sea and land until it was painted by Clausen, by La Thangue, by Stanhope Forbes. But this, after all, is to prophesy. Under stress of admirations still strong in their sway from the Academy Exhibition of 1898, one is carried away to do, in digression, the very thing that was directly renounced. Let Posterity have her rich heritage unmortgaged by any predictions of to-day, by any admirations handed



*A Trumpeter of the Artillery (p. 31).*

*By Lady Butler.*



*In the possession of W. Clarence Watson, Esq., Colworth, Beds.*

*A Quiet Canter in the Long Valley (p. 31).*

*By Lady Butler.*

on by way of conditions to the succession. It is enough to know that Posterity, whatever its judgment of the workmanship, will respect the workman who has respected it and himself by the production of only his best work. That, at any rate, has been Lady Butler's benefaction to her contemporaries, from first to last—alike in the early 'Portrait of a Lady' (p. 27) and in the recent 'Dawn at Waterloo,' and in the work of all the years that divide them. Hence it has been hers to hear praise that must be precious to her—to find her draughtsmanship quoted by Millais as a glory of the British school, and to know that Meissonier, almost on his death-bed, offered homage to her name.

Lady Butler has done for the soldier in Art what Mr. Rudyard Kipling has done for him in Literature—she has taken the individual, separated him, seen him close, and let the world so see him. Nor is he studied less individually in her larger and more peopled compositions, or even in minor groups such as that seen in 'A Quiet Canter in the Long Valley,' reproduced here, than he is in such single figure subjects as 'A Hussar Scout' (p. 28), 'A Member of the Scots Greys' (p. 28), 'A Trooper of the 17th Lancers' (p. 30), and 'A Trumpeter of the Artillery' (p. 30); drawings executed for "St. Nicholas," the excellent children's magazine.

The realistic revolution has extended to all the Arts. In some of them its results may be more reasonably lamented than in the others. Some epic largeness will, of course, be lost in the modern fashion, something of the generalities of noble classic art must disappear, but the gain is a gain of truth; and when, in the place of Classicism, the world accepted Romanticism, with its insistence on human characteristics, it must have foreseen the acceptance of Realism, with its love of human accidents. And if there is one phase of Literature and Art in which the new and moving spirit is more welcome than in any other, surely it is the military. The stolid,

generalised methods of old school-histories, with the cheerfully dull formula at the end of each record of a Roman campaign, "and all the garrison was put to the sword"—these had their counterpart in the panoramic battle-painting which was the boast of France before the dawn of the anecdotal age. War seen from a distance, from the distance of conventionality and heartlessness, whether by writer or by painter, is both stupid and inhuman. It is noble in detail only, and it is of all things the most intimately concerned with experience—that watchword of Realism.

It fell to the fortune of Lady Butler to be in her own Art, in this particular, a representative of her time. Paradoxical as it may sound, her Art is part of the Humanitarianism of the Century—the Humanitarianism that will lighten that century's retrospect in the day of its death; is a result of it, and is also perforce a cause. For she has exposed the horror of the slaughter by simply centralising it; she has given to the victim of war the single personality that has its appeal to all others of the human family. It is no longer a marionette that is "put to the sword," but a brother who has been done to death. The situations and emotions of history and of actual life may, or must be, idealised; but the situations and the emotions of war are in themselves dramatic as the direct course of life and death can make them. Elsewhere, give place to the illusion, the dream, the convention, if you will; but in military painting make way for the Man. "All the glories of France," flaunting in the halls of Versailles, are not so glorious as a group of De Neuville's soldiers keeping one another warm under a bank of snow. That knowledge came to Lady Butler by instinct, and it has come to all her generation. She made her appeal; and there, sure enough, was the response. She and it had one purpose—the recognition of the Man—noble, devoted, pathetic, enduring; or, it may be, wretched, commonplace even—but still the Man.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



Sketch of 'The Roll Call' (p. 6).

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By Lady Butler.

## LIST OF LADY BUTLER'S PRINCIPAL PICTURES.

The following are the most important of the OIL PAINTINGS & WATER-COLOURS by LADY BUTLER.

- |       |   |       |  |
|-------|---|-------|--|
| 1867. | 'Bavarian Artillery going into Action.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.)                             | 1875. | 'Quatre Bras.' Exhibited at the Royal Academy.   |
| 1868. | 'Miss Alice Thompson.' (Dudley Gallery.)  |       | 'On Duty'—A Trooper of the Scots Greys. (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.)              |
| 1870. | 'The Visitation.' (Exhibition of Religious Art in Rome.)  |       | 'Bersaglieri.' (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.)                                       |
|       | 'French Artillery on the March.'  |       | 'Vintage in Tuscany.' (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.)                                |
|       | 'Uhlans returning from a Raid.'   |       | 'Vintage in Tuscany'—The Wine Press. (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.)                 |
| 1871. | 'Wounded and taken Prisoner.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.)                                       | 1876. | 'Balaclava.' (Fine Art Society's Gallery.)   |
|       | 'Ploughing in Vineyards in Florence.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.)                               |       | 'Scots Greys advancing.'—Sketch at Aldershot. (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.)        |
| 1872. | 'Standing at Ease'—Bersaglieri Recruits—Genoa. (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.)                      |       | 'Vintage in Tuscany.' (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.)                                |
|       | 'Chasseur Vedette.' (Dudley Gallery.)   | 1877. | 'The Return from Inkerman.' (International Exhibition in Paris.)                                 |
|       | 'French Cavalry drawn up under Fire, waiting to Charge.' (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.)         | 1878. | 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers.' (Extra Plate.) (Royal Academy.)                              |
|       | 'Reminiscences of Rome.' (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.)   | 1879. | 'The Remnants of an Army.' (Royal Academy.)  |
| 1873. | 'Missing.' (Royal Academy.)   | 1880. | 'The Defence of Rorke's Drift.' Exhibited by Command of the Queen in the Royal Academy.          |
|       | 'Drilling the Drummers, Genoa.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.)                                     | 1881. | 'Scotland for Ever!' (page 13.) (Exhibited separately at the Dudley Gallery.)                    |
|       | 'Drivers watering their Horses.' (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.)                                    | 1882. | 'Floreat Etona!' (Frontispiece.) (Royal Academy.)  |
|       | 'French Artillery on the March.' (Dudley Gallery.)  | 1885. | 'After the Battle.' (page 19.) (Royal Academy.)  |
| 1874. | 'The Roll Call.' (page 32.) (Royal Academy.)  | 1886. | 'A Desert Grave.' (Royal Academy.)   |
|       | 'The Ferry'—French Prisoners of War, 1870. (Water-colour.) (Dudley Gallery.)                          | 1889. | 'To the Front!' French Cavalry leaving a Breton City on the Declaration of War. (Royal Academy.) |
|       | 'Choosing Models at Rome.' (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.)                                       | 1890. | 'Evicted.' (Royal Academy.)  |
|       | 'Gallop!' A Reminiscence of Woolwich. (page 17.) (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.)                 | 1892. | 'Halt on a Forced March.' (page 21.) (Royal Academy.)  |
|       | 'Halt!' A Reminiscence of Aldershot. (page 17.) (Black and White.) (Dudley Gallery.)                  | 1895. | 'The Camel Corps.' (page 5.) (Royal Academy.)  |
|       | 'Charge!' A Reminiscence of the Life Guards at Wimbledon. (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.) | 1896. | 'Dawn at Waterloo.' (Extra Plate.) (Royal Academy.)  |
|       | 'A 10th Bengal Lancer Tent-Pegging.' (Water-colour.) (New Water-colour Society.)                      | 1897. | 'Steady the Drums and Fifes!' (Royal Academy.)   |
|       |   | 1898. | 'On the Morrow of Talavera.' (Royal Academy.)  |

Several of these pictures may be seen in public, or semi-public, collections. 'THE REMNANTS OF AN ARMY' is in the Tate Gallery; 'QUATRE BRAS' is in the National Gallery at Melbourne; 'SCOTLAND FOR EVER!' is in the Town Hall at Leeds; and 'STEADY THE DRUMS AND FIFES!' is in the possession of the Regiment whose bravery it commemorates—the "Die-hards" of the Peninsular War. Of the two pictures purchased by the Queen, 'RORKE'S DRIFT' is at Windsor, and 'THE ROLL CALL' is at Osborne.











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